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The Bill Casey Award

The Bill Casey Memorial Fund annually awards $100.00 to the author of the best article, story, or poem appearing in each volume of *San Jose Studies*. Friends and relatives of Bill Casey, a faculty member at San Jose State University from 1962 to 1966, established the fund at his death to encourage creative writing and scholarship. The recipient of each award is selected by the Committee of Trustees of *San Jose Studies*.

The Bill Casey Award in Letters for 1978

has been presented to

Stanton Garner

for his article

"Fraud as Fact in Herman Melville's *Billy Budd*"

The Committee of Trustees also awards a one year subscription to *San Jose Studies* to the author of the best work (exclusive of the Bill Casey winner) published in the categories of (1) poetry, (2) fiction, and (3) articles. The 1978 recipients of these awards are:

Poetry	**Lucha Corpi**, whose poems with translations by Catherine Rodriguez-Nieto appeared in May 1978.
Fiction	**Tonita Gardner**, whose short story "Strawberries Romanoff" appeared in May 1978.
Articles	**Francisco J. Ayala**, whose article "Between Utopia and Hades: Should Mankind Steer Its Own Evolution" appeared in November 1978.

ARTICLES

Jane Lathrop Stanford and the Domestication of Stanford University, 1893-1905

Roxanne Nilan

IN 1893, Jane Lathrop Stanford became the administrator of a 30 million dollar estate which included a major interest in one of the country's important railroads and the sole financial responsibility for a newly created California university. Known primarily as the quiet, pious and devoted wife of Leland Stanford—U.S. Senator, former California governor, and President of the Southern Pacific Railroad—Jane Stanford was to surprise even close friends with her broad grasp of the financial operation of the Stanford estate, her courage during financial crisis, and her tenacity of purpose.

Leland and Jane Stanford founded the Leland Stanford Junior University in 1885 in memory of their only child, Leland Stanford, Jr., who had died the previous year at the age of fifteen. Although the University opened in 1891 with a proposed endowment of over 20 million dollars, 465 students, and a bright future, Senator Stanford's death in 1893 left it financially and legally insecure and organizationally incomplete. The Founding Grant of Stanford University, which defined its scope and organization and provided for its endowment, contained two unique provisions. The grantors, or the surviving grantor, reserved the right to exercise all of the functions, powers, and duties of the provisional board of trustees. The grantors, or surviving grantor, also reserved the right to alter or amend the nature, object, and purposes of the University and the powers and duties of the board of trustees. As surviving grantor, Jane Stanford chose to utilize these rights until she reassigned them to the Board of Trustees in 1903.

The photographs accompanying this article are from the Stanford University Archives, Stanford, California.

Jane Lathrop Stanford and her son, Leland Stanford Jr., c. 1880

A strongly built woman of above average height, Jane Stanford possessed a stately and gracious presence. She approached every task with complete seriousness, never hesitating to express her ideas and opinions. Thrifty and pragmatic in domestic affairs, she believed strongly in frugality, orderliness, moderation, and propriety. She could also, however, be emotional and impetuous in her actions, and she expected constant sympathy from her family and friends.

Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Stanford, who had found happiness and fulfillment in her role as wife and mother, acquired a position of financial independence and potential power eagerly sought by feminists throughout the United States. She now had a clear choice of roles—to exert her influence as business woman and sole financial backer of Stanford University, or to relinquish control of the estate to business managers, and, instead, to follow her previously domestic and submissive life. The sixty-five year old Mrs. Stanford accepted her new responsibilities unhesitatingly. Leland Stanford had stated upon creating the University that "the children of California shall be my children" and Mrs. Stanford assumed this task with great solemnity. With faith in God and in Leland Stanford, she was determined to devote the rest of her life to implementing her husband's plans. "Mother of the University" in her own mind, she soon became such in the minds of all her "Stanford people." The operation of Stanford University would be, for the next twelve years, a domestic affair.

I

The financial security of the University had been assured by the Founding Grant of 1885. The grant stated that the Gridley Farm (22,000 acres in Butte County, California), the Stanford Vina Ranch (55,000 acres in Tehama County), and the Palo Alto Stock Farm (8,000 acres in Santa Clara County), with "all other property, real or personal, which we, or either of us, may hereafter convey or devise to the trustees named herein or their successors upon the trust that it shall constitute the foundation and endowment of the University herein provided. . . ."[2] Estimates of the Stanford estate ran as high as 30 million dollars.[3] The University was to receive over two-thirds of that estate upon the death of both founders. This endowment would exceed those of all the major universities in the United States.[4]

Until the deaths of both Leland and Jane Stanford, however, Stanford University possessed in its own right little more than its buildings and approximately ninety thousand acres of unproductive land. The fabulous endowment was merely *proposed* in the Founding Grant—no gift of money was given to the University to be controlled independently by a University business office or treasurer. Instead, funds were allocated to David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, by the Stanford Business Office in San Francisco when he submitted specific requests. Funds for construction were

handled directly between the San Francisco office and the contractors and architects. Jordan was satisfied, however, for his budgets were "limited only by Mr. Stanford's statement that he should have all the money that could be wisely used, and that a modest beginning was expected and desired."[5] As the size of the student body and the faculty grew, the optimism of the Stanford campus community abounded. "No shadow larger than a man's hand could be discerned anywhere on the horizon, except perhaps in the extreme reluctance with which the Business Office in San Francisco conceded even the modest scale of expenditure," wrote University Registrar Orrin L. Elliott.[6]

But that bright picture changed rapidly with Senator Stanford's death two years after the University opened. Jane Stanford, now the administrator of the Stanford estate and surviving grantor to the University, was faced with a business depression affecting her major investments, uncooperative business associates in the Southern Pacific Railroad and the Pacific Improvement Companies, and legatees demanding their share of the Leland Stanford fortune. To add to her problems, the estate was indebted to the Pacific Improvement Company for loans withdrawn by Senator Stanford, with the consent of his three partners, for construction of University buildings. There was also a stockholders' liability of 7 million dollars, Stanford's share of the 28 million dollar debt of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The estate was immediately tied up by the Probate Court, and income to the University stopped.

Advised to close the University until the financial situation improved, Mrs. Stanford isolated herself for two weeks of prayer and meditation. She emerged to announce that the University would remain open as long as there was any chance for its survival. Herbert C. Nash, Senator Stanford's secretary, gave Mrs. Stanford's first message to a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter:

> "Mrs. Stanford says that she feels it will be her solemn duty to carry out the great work which had been so successfully inaugurated. She told me to state further that she was thoroughly conversant with the details of the Senator's plans and was familiar with all his wishes. Her life will be devoted to completing the task which was left unfinished. She will endeavor to do just what the Senator would have done had he lived."[7]

Mrs. Stanford would expend much effort to make the University financially and legally secure and to carry out her pledge.

Her first worry—and President Jordan's—was to find immediate income for the University until its share of the legacy was released. A beginning was made when the probate judge fixed her household allowance at ten thousand dollars a month (her normal monthly expenditure up to this time) and ruled that the faculty of the University were technically her servants. Mrs. Stanford reduced her staff from seventeen to three and dropped her own expenses to $350 a month. The balance was sent to President Jordan for salaries. In order to pay for equipment and other needs, Jordan shaved salaries ten percent.

This monthly sum was not a gift of the probate court but a sum derived from estate earnings. Unable to collect dividends from railroad stock or to sell stocks and bonds from the estate, Mrs. Stanford turned to the previously unproductive Vina Ranch, a viticultural experiment in Tehama County which was actually costing the estate five hundred dollars a day at that time. The inventory of $500,000 worth of brandy was immediately sold; 150 employees were fired outright and the salaries of most of the rest reduced. Although the wine and brandy operations were continued, acreage was also leased to farmers for one-third of the profit derived from the crops. By 1895, Vina was finally paying its own way and eventually began to show a profit.

In May 1894, the United States Government filed a contingent claim against the Stanford estate for the amount of $15,237,000, Leland Stanford's share, with interest, of the government's construction loans made previously to the Central Pacific Railroad. These loans were not yet due and, according to California law, the stockholders of the corporation were no longer personally liable for the debt, but the legal outcome could not be presumed. The possibility of a long, complex law suit threatened great expense to the estate and discontinuance of the University. While the suit was pending, distribution of the estate to other legal claimants under the probate proceedings could not continue. Again advised to close the University, Mrs. Stanford's response was characteristic: "Up to the present time I have kept the University going, and I expect to keep right on the same as I have done."[9] This suit not only placed further financial burden on Stanford University, but was regarded by Mrs. Stanford as a personal attack upon the honor of her husband. His name, and the name of the University, must be vindicated.

The suit continued through the California Circuit Court and the Circuit Court of Appeals, each handing down decisions in Mrs. Stanford's favor, to the U.S. Supreme Court. When a favorable decision was finally received from the Supreme Court in March 1896, pandemonium reigned on the Stanford campus. In a letter read to a crowd of students and faculty gathered in the Quad, Mrs. Stanford thanked them for their sympathy and loyalty, and President Jordan told them that they could do anything but "tear down the buildings or paint the professors."[10] The United States Post Office was promptly painted Stanford red (greatly improving its appearance, as President Jordan said). Upon settlement of the court case, Mrs. Stanford proceeded with payment of all debts and legacies, and the estate was discharged by the probate court by the end of 1898.

The future again looked bright. Jordan, thinking of temporary retrenchment, had promised in 1893 to operate the University on whatever funds Mrs. Stanford could supply. Now, obligations long delayed had to be met. "The University was presumably ready to take a long breath, fill up gaps in its faculty, bring salaries to normal, correct inequalities, provide long needed equipment, and begin to realize the brilliant future Dr. Jordan had preached so persuasively in season and out."[11]

Mrs. Stanford, however, had different ideas about the next steps to be taken,

and as surviving founder, she retained control of the funds now available to the estate. President Jordan had administered the University efficiently, and, without foreseeing the consequences, had assured Mrs. Stanford over and over that the University was doing well. It appeared prosperous and was respected throughout the country. Mrs. Stanford concluded that Jordan could continue in this manner and would not attempt any unnecessary expansion; there were enough students and faculty for the present. She intended now to carry out Senator Stanford's plans for the completion of the University buildings which they had discussed before his death. This she saw as her own cherished task; if left to the trustees, fruition would come too late.

Mrs. Stanford had already stated her intentions regarding use of money from the estate in her address to the trustees in 1897:

> "We should not be ambitious to increase the present number of students—eleven hundred—for some years. If our Heavenly Father spares me to become the actual possessor of the property it was intended should be mine, it would afford me great satisfaction to add some necessary buildings—the chapel, library building, chemical building, and two additions to the museum."[12]

President Jordan also saw the need for buildings, but after "six long years," as he phrased it, he had anticipated relief for faculty salaries and the purchase of needed equipment as well as funds for the expansion of certain departments and introduction of others. For the next five years, Mrs. Stanford and President Jordan sparred over Jordan's yearly budget proposals in which he carefully explained each expenditure, each increase in costs or salaries. Mrs. Stanford had the obvious advantage, but Jordan satisfied himself with the knowledge that while she kept a strict hand on the finances, her frequent trips abroad after 1898 to take various "cures" kept her at a distance from the daily operation of the University.

Salaries were raised to a competitive level, new professors hired, and needed equipment and books purchased. Each year Mrs. Stanford cautioned against unnecessary expansion and waste. Her plans never changed.

> "I have thought much on these lines, feeling assured I would be pleasing the dear one gone to go on slowly and not expend money for an additional number of students, professors or teachers. . . .the running expenses must be kept where they are until I feel thoroughly justified in further expanding and enlarging. . . .I would greatly appreciate taking a little ease after the hard struggle and many personal deprivations for six and a half years, and I cannot but feel in a sense appalled at the big sums you quote."[13]

Reports (usually from Charles Lathrop, Mrs. Stanford's brother and business

manager) of "extravagance" at the University distressed her. She reprimanded Jordan when he hired new professors or assistants or bought new equipment without having previously discussed the matter with her. She became particularly critical of his outlay of money for additional new salaries. In May 1903, she wrote to him, "I have always felt that I should be consulted in regard to the making of all appointments, particularly when such appointments would call upon me for a larger outlay of money."[14]

With regard to funding, Stanford University had a particularly domestic arrangement. Mrs. Stanford, opposed to seeking other financial support (although some other gifts were accepted from family and close friends, such as Thomas Welton Stanford and Timothy Hopkins), provided over ninety percent of the University's operating funds. Leland Stanford had believed (as had everyone else) that the proposed endowment of Stanford University would be more than sufficient to provide income for the University's first quarter century. Beyond those twenty-five years, he felt that the University would have gained friends who would interest themselves in its progress and contribute to its support. At no time were the students of the University to be asked to contribute more than a nominal registration fee, nor were the Trustees of the institution to be approached.

Unfortunately, Senator Stanford's plans could not easily be carried out due to the financial crisis following his death. Mrs. Stanford, determined to follow her husband's intentions, refused to consider an alternative source of funds while the Stanford estate was restricted by lawsuits. She refused to consider President Jordan's suggestions of raising the registration fee above ten dollars and was distressed to learn her friends and members of the Board of Trustees had been approached by Stanford professors for contributions for specific needs.

In 1895, when funds were particularly tight, the Hildebrand Library of about four thousand volumes and one thousand pamphlets was offered for sale to the University. Mrs. Stanford decided she could not afford the purchase and considered the matter settled. Members of the faculty then tried another source. Mrs. Stanford responded to President Jordan:

> "It has pained me very much that the Professors think they have the liberty to apply to any of the Trustees for money. These Trustees were not appointed with the idea that they would ever be called upon to aid in supporting or helping the University in a financial way. When they were solicited to aid in purchasing the library which Professor Fugel[sic] was so anxious to secure for the University, I did all I could to prevent it, although I knew full well what an advantage it would be to the University to secure it. It was deeply mortifying to me that I was not able to purchase it myself but it was far more mortifying to me that the Trustees were solicited and did come forward, and, with the aid of the Professors, made the purchase."[15]

Jane Lathrop Stanford, c. 1900

The University kept the library, but Mrs. Stanford insisted that the Trustees be repaid.

Mrs. Stanford objected strongly to such solicitation of funds not only in view of her husband's opposition, but also because she found it an intimation that she could not adequately provide:

> "Imagine my surprise when Dr. Gardner a few days ago applied to me for permission to collect money from the congregation to be present at the Baccalaureate Sermon for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the Guild. It struck me as peculiarly officious that anyone connected with the University could consider for a moment that they had a right to collect money from anyone. I took it as a reproach upon the memory of my husband and upon me that money should be solicited for any purpose connected with this University, and there is something radically wrong when such instances will occur, and I am made unhappy and miserable. . . ."[32]

After years of dealing with President Jordan's budget requests and ideas of expansion, she stated her position in 1903 bluntly:

> "Instead of allowing you a 'free hand' and to use your best discretion for the salary roll, I think it is absolutely necessary for me to use my best discretion, as probably I know better what I can afford than anyone else, and I alone am responsible for the payment of obligations. . . .The fact is entirely lost sight of that the Leland Stanford Junior University is a charity institution and supported entirely by one person."[17]

The public soon gained the impression that Mrs. Stanford refused all offers of help for the University and enjoyed the role of "Lady Bountiful." It is true that she was used to the role of benefactress and gave, unasked, generously and graciously to many charities, particularly those involving children. She disliked being solicited for money, however, and "begging letters" were rarely answered. It is not surprising that she disliked appearing in what she considered a begging role.

> "President Wheeler of the [University of California] is making himself and the Institution of which he is the honored head, a perfect burden, a byword, because it is really a begging institution. All sorts of artifices are employed to extract from the people large and larger sums for its support, and our Institution and my work here, must never be disgraced by becoming a begging institution."[18]

As Mrs. Stanford intended, Stanford University gained the reputation of a wealthy school requiring no outside financial help. This did little harm during

its first years when she was able to meet its needs. When control of its supposedly fabulous endowment was finally received by the University, however, it was substantially below many other American universities in financial backing and could not expand beyond its position as a good local college without additional income. After Mrs. Stanford's death (and in contrast to her policy), Stanford University would have to establish an office of development devoted to soliciting funds beyond the Stanford community.

Mrs. Stanford's relationship with President Jordan suffered periodic setbacks, usually over budgetary matters. It was seriously marred, however, by the "Ross Affair." In the late 1890s, sociology professor Edward A. Ross gained notoriety following several years of political activism in favor of the free silver movement, municipal ownership of utilities (including the railroads), and Japanese exclusion. While Mrs. Stanford found his opinions personally objectionable, her main concern was the reputation of the University which, she felt, would be damaged by hasty espousal of political and social fads. The founders had intended the University to be free from the pressures of political partisanship; the apolitical nature of the University was now endangered by Ross's activities.

Publicly, Mrs. Stanford affirmed President Jordan's power as defined in the Founding Grant to "remove professors and teachers at will," giving him full responsibility for clearing up the matter; however, privately she pressed for Ross's dismissal. She disagreed with Ross's economic theories and was indignant about the idea of municipal ownership of the railroads, but she was particularly shocked by his anti-Japanese stand. Mrs. Stanford identified such attitudes with the earlier anti-Chinese movement instigated by Dennis Kearny and its resulting "reign of terror" which had pervaded San Francisco. Ross, she felt, was a racist.

Mrs. Stanford wished Ross to go quietly, as a gentleman; President Jordan surmised that the activist had little intention of doing so. A man whose administrative style had strongly impressed the academic community, Jordan now vacillated between pleasing Mrs. Stanford and upholding his image. After several confused attempts at compromise, which engendered misunderstandings between Jordan, Mrs. Stanford, and Ross regarding the latter's reappointment to the faculty, Jordan finally asked Ross to resign in November 1900.

To ensure public sympathy, Ross promptly issued his version of the dismissal to the press on November 14, 1900. He had been dismissed arbitrarily by Mrs. Stanford, he declared, over the opposition of President Jordan. The actual roots of dissension were immediately blurred by extreme public reaction to the touted issue of academic freedom.

The entire matter proved to be greatly embarrassing to the University, particularly to its President. Mrs. Stanford was thenceforth disturbed by the notoriety the University received from the incident. Having assumed that in her absence (she was again traveling in Europe) Jordan would handle the situation

discreetly and with dispatch, she failed to understand that Jordan had no control over Ross's continuing press statements. Her trust in Jordan was shaken; following the incident, she increasingly questioned his actions in the areas of salaries, hiring, planned growth of the academic program, and faculty control of student conduct.

In response to a request by Jordan in 1903 for development of a university, rather than college, program, Mrs. Stanford indignantly proposed to the Board of Trustees complete reorganization of the academic program and questioned Jordan's original selection of the faculty. In a confidential letter to the trustees in 1904, she suggested specifically which departments and faculty members could be eliminated, implying that Stanford University appeared to be an extension campus of Indiana and Cornell Universities, with which Jordan had been affiliated before coming to California and from whence he drew many of the Stanford faculty.

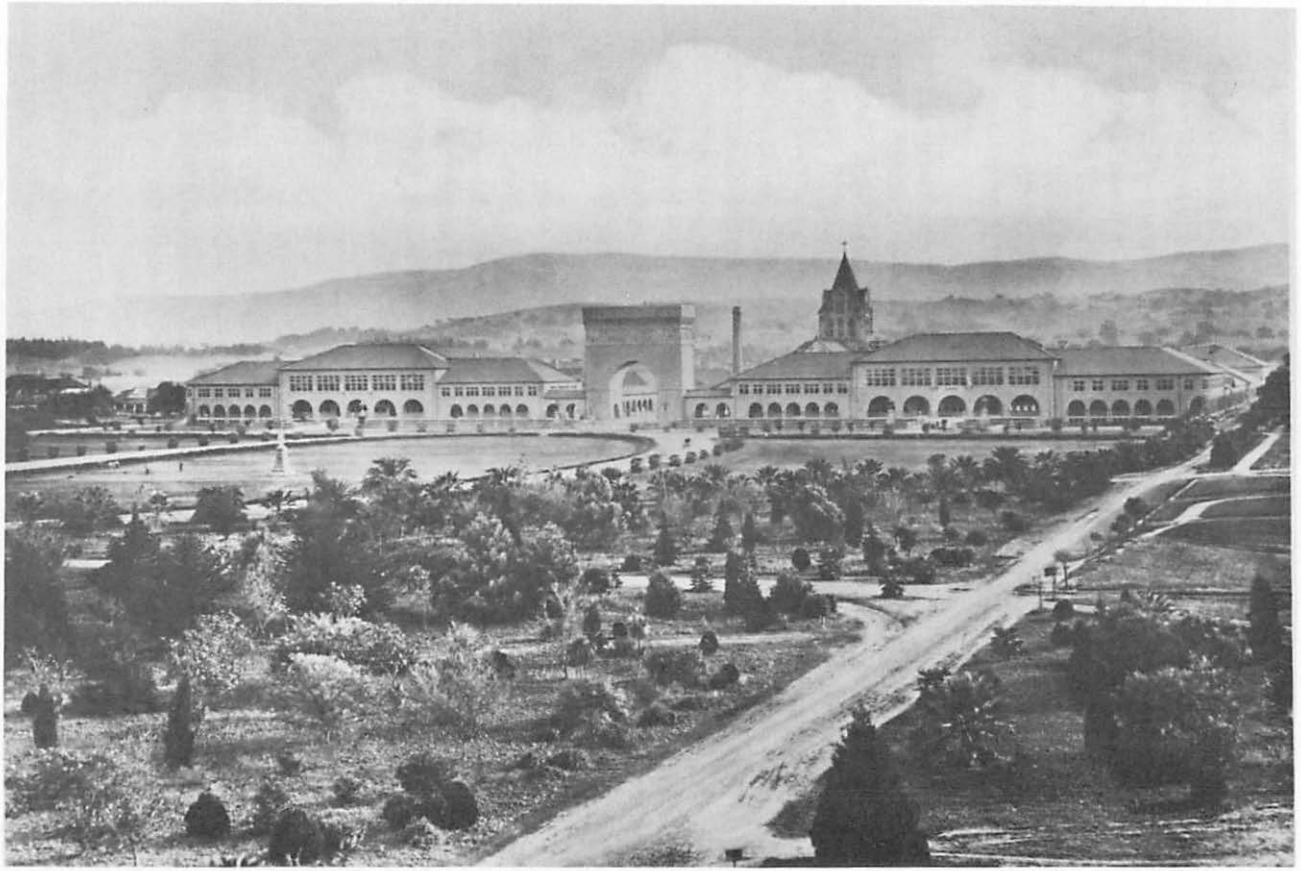
Mrs. Stanford began indicating privately that she was thinking of taking a more direct role in the operation of the University. George Crothers, Stanford alumnus, secretary of the Board of Trustees, and confidant of Mrs. Stanford's, was aware of at least three addresses written by Mrs. Stanford designed to force the resignation of President Jordan and certain others. Crothers convinced her that under those circumstances she would not be able to secure an appropriate replacement for Jordan and implied that the Trustees would have more success. "Her resignation [of her powers to the Trustees in 1903] was doubtless largely motivated by her conclusion that her ideas in this and other matters would make more rapid progress if she resigned and let the Trustees act. Before she resigned she said she had pledged a majority of Trustees to retire Dr. Jordan."[19]

Rumors abounded that Mrs. Stanford planned to replace Jordan with George Crothers, a prominent San Francisco lawyer. She valued Crothers' friendship and guidance because of his service to her in preventing a legal disaster for the University and perhaps because he resembled young Leland Stanford, Jr. Crothers later claimed to have declined Mrs. Stanford's request that he groom himself for the presidency.

II

Leland and Jane Stanford both believed that it was their personal responsibility to supervise the construction of all necessary University buildings before their deaths. In this aspect of the early growth of the University, the influence of Mrs. Stanford is most clearly seen, for it is here that she deviated most drastically from the original plans of Leland Stanford.

While employing landscape architect Frederick Law Olmstead to create the master campus plan and the eminent Boston architectural firm of Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge (successors to H. H. Richardson) to design the buildings, Senator Stanford had insisted on a number of personally selected major design



The Stanford "Quadrangle," c. 1905. Note Mrs. Stanford's church steeple and memorial arch.

elements and had maintained strict on-site control of construction. The master plan devised by Stanford and his architects consisted primarily of a series of laterally connected quadrangles, providing for orderly future expansion. Arcades with rounded arches would connect buildings within the quadrangle and provide a link between quadrangles. Stanford wanted a distinctly California style of architecture, one reflecting California colors and suited to California weather. While the influence of H. H. Richardson is obvious, the Stanford architectural style is reminiscent of the romanticized view of California missions with arcaded courtyards, red tile roofs, and rounded arches.

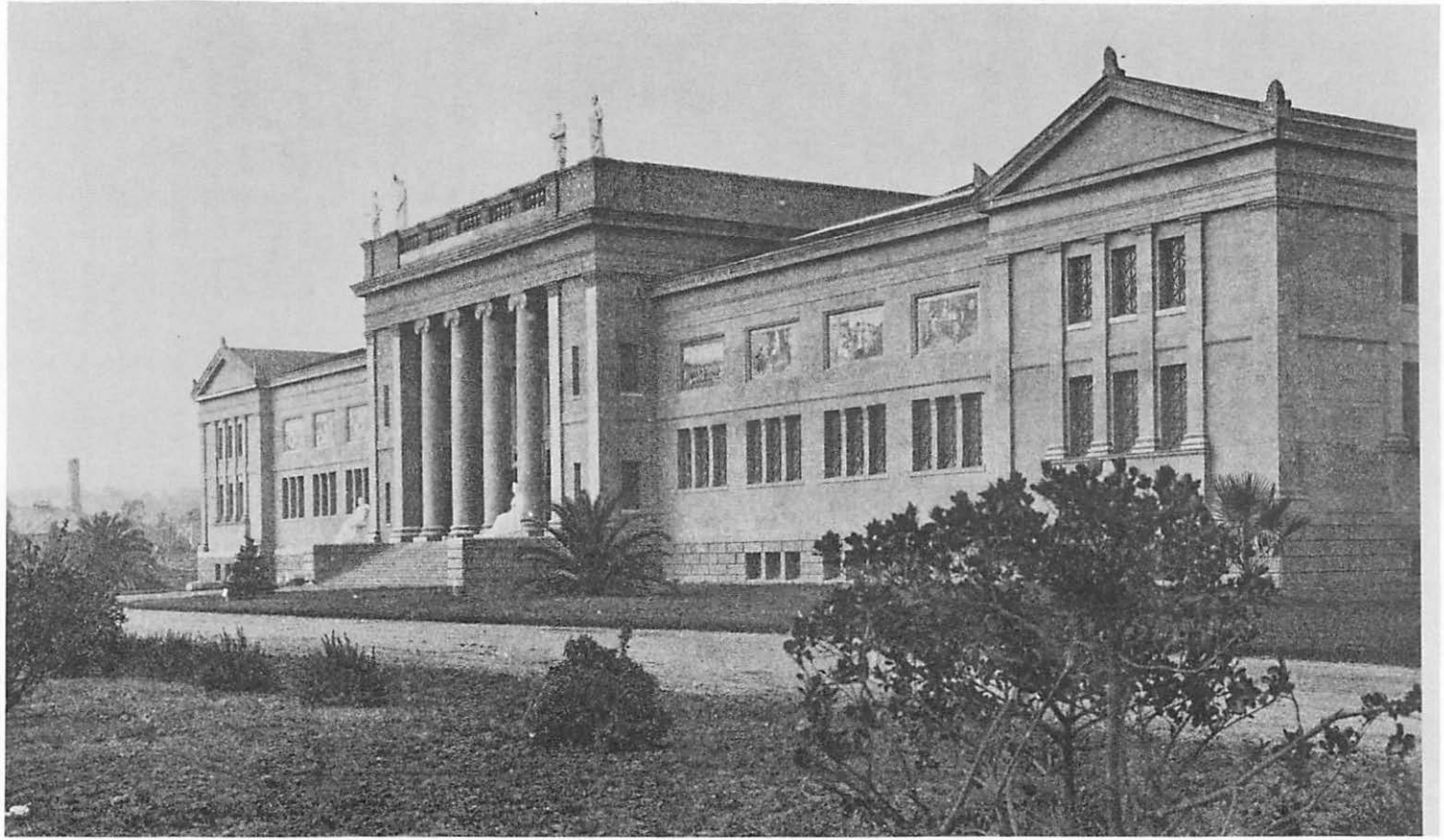
The association with Olmstead and with Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge had been dissolving slowly since 1889 and was essentially broken before the Senator's death in 1893. Little work was done from 1891 to 1893; all construction stopped with the beginning of probate proceedings. Much remained to be completed when funds again became available, and Mrs. Stanford was determined that the physical plant—her personal responsibility—would be finished before her death. Accordingly, the period President Jordan was to name the Stanford "stone age" began. Mrs. Stanford directed the bulk of her energy and funds to construction. Local architects and builders were hired; Charles Lathrop, her brother and business manager, was to see that Mrs. Stanford's wishes were carried out while she was away from the university.

The main quadrangle was finished in accordance with the original Stanford plan, but the design of the Memorial Church, prominently placed in the inner quadrangle, was subject to several striking alterations, the most obvious of which was the facade of Venetian mosaics inspired by San Marco Cathedral. It is doubtful that Senator Stanford would have been delighted with the introduction of this new, non-California design motif which so enthralled his widow. To those who argued in favor of placing the library at the focal point of the quadrangle, Mrs. Stanford maintained that the influence of the church upon the students' development was crucial. In her mind, the church stood not for a particular doctrine, but for moral conscience.

> "Don't think that I believe that any particular creed or that even the church itself is capable of making saints of some folks. Such things are not matters of creed; . . . I mean that men and women should be sound at the core, whatever their doctrines may be."[20]

Adhering to the original Stanford plan, Mrs. Stanford placed the nondenominational Memorial Church at the heart of the University.

After 1902, Mrs. Stanford deviated somewhat radically from her husband's master plan by constructing four buildings along Palm Drive and ignoring the quadrangle expansion plan. She also introduced a style completely foreign to the campus—Neo-Classicism. The Museum, designed prior to the Senator's death and considered to be Mrs. Stanford's project from the beginning, reflects her architectural preferences. Originally intended for the quadrangle, the



The Leland Stanford Junior Museum

Museum's Neo-Classical architecture influenced its relocation along Palm Drive, away from the Quad. A separate architectural firm, Percy and Hamilton of San Francisco, drew up plans based upon the design of the National Museum of Athens, which Leland Stanford Jr. had much admired. The main building was constructed of reinforced concrete by engineer Ernest Ransome and was completed by October 1891.

Mrs. Stanford probably had little interest in Ransome's innovative use of concrete, but it was much cheaper than the sandstone masonry of the quadrangle—a great asset in the eyes of Charles Lathrop. She was pleased enough with the sharp look of concrete to authorize its use again in the construction of the new library, gymnasium, and two wings added to the museum. The Ransome method of reinforcement was not used, however; a cheaper method of construction was substituted. The library and gymnasium originally had been planned for the quadrangle, but Mrs. Stanford relocated them along Palm Drive to balance the chemistry building and the Museum and selected again the Neo-Classical style for their design.

The quality of construction of the newer buildings was soon to be tested. On April 18, 1906, just over a year after Mrs. Stanford's death, an earthquake shook the San Francisco Bay region with an estimated force of 8.25 on the Richter scale. Buildings constructed under Senator Stanford's supervision fared reasonably well; the later buildings erected with no engineering and very little architectural supervision suffered great damage. The new library, gymnasium, and the wings of the Museum were completely and irreparably destroyed. The high steeple of the church collapsed, blowing out the facade of mosaics onto the courtyard of the inner Quad.

An investigative committee of two engineers and an architect was appointed by the Board of Trustees to survey the damage and to estimate the cost of repair or reconstruction. The committee, in its report submitted in June 1906, emphasized:

> "It arrests attention that the inner quadrangle with but two exceptions should have escaped injury almost entirely and that the zone of greatest damage. . . lies entirely without the inner quadrangle. Though it is a fact that the buildings of the inner quadrangle are but one story structures, the evidence is unmistakable that the mechanical workmanship of these structures is superior to that of the outer buildings, and while we feel that this latter condition may have been the result of a later and subsequent necessity for retrenchment in expenditures of money, our opinion is that a large percentage of the sum total of damage was caused by and was the direct result of the disregard of simple constructive principles, both of design and workmanship.[21]

Charles Rutan later pointed out:

"You may have noticed that the earthquake did not affect any of the buildings we had built except the chimney on the power house which toppled over. We give the credit of this to Governor Stanford, as he told us his theory for withstanding earthquakes was to have broad footings under the walls, and in our two story buildings we made the footings six feet wide by his orders."[22]

Had Senator Stanford himself lived to complete the physical plant, the earthquake damage, estimated at about 2.2 million dollars, might not have been so severe. However, he had already allowed deviation from the original quadrangle plan to please Mrs. Stanford and had agreed to her choice of the radically different Neo-Classical style for the Museum.

III

To both Senator and Mrs. Stanford, the students of Stanford University were the reason for its existence, an attitude clearly expressed at the Opening Day ceremonies, October 1, 1891:

"You, students, are the most important factor in the University. It is for your benefit that it has been established. To you our hearts go out especially, and in each individual student we feel a parental interest."[23]

The Stanfords demanded a University policy of no tuition in order to provide an excellent college education to the serious student from every economic background. And *serious* those students must be. Mrs. Stanford had no intention of encouraging those "bound to infest the institution as the country grows older, who wish to acquire a university degree or fashionable educational veneer for the mere ornamentation of idle and purposeless lives."[24]

The Stanford "boys and girls" were both a delight and an immense worry to Jane Stanford. She enjoyed their freshness and was greatly pleased when the students recognized her or went out of their way to entertain her. In response to an invitation and two tickets from Esther Keefer, student manager of Stanford's women's basketball team, to the team's first game, Mrs. Stanford wrote:

"I have the usual weaknesses of human nature to highly appreciate all tender, kind attentions from the young. I sometimes feel that all I have left to me and all that I can claim in Earth life are the love and prayers of the students of Stanford University."[25]

She was particularly concerned with the students' moral education, hoping that Stanford graduates would go on to live honorable and productive lives, while contributing to the welfare of the community. Mrs. Stanford had a strong sense of propriety, and expected, as had her husband, a parental type of

supervision of student activities. Her original picture of the University, long before plans were formally drawn up, consisted of a series of cottages with about twenty students, whose personal habits, manners, and activities were supervised by the teacher in charge:

> "Every care will be taken to make these cottages homes in the real sense of the word. . . where the day begins and ends in prayer, and where each individual is brought under refined discipline. Those cottages intended for boys will be about a mile distant from those occupied by girls. I think it will be a splendid opportunity for boys and girls to learn how to conduct themselves toward each other in a refined and decorous manner."[26]

Though the students were ultimately housed in dormitories and some boarding houses, Mrs. Stanford let it be known that she expected them to behave as proper ladies and gentlemen. Concerned especially about the women students, she personally hired and fired the mistresses of Roble Hall, the women's dormitory. She heartily approved of musical, social, and athletic events, although she frowned upon disorderly conduct at such events just as she disliked disorder in any person or assembly.

Objecting only to those college pranks which involved the rights of the public or moral turpitude, Mrs. Stanford envisioned a set of precise, orderly written regulations; here she differed with Dr. Jordan, who also believed in a strong code of ethics, but unlike the Stanfords, felt that the University could not assume a parental role.

> "If your college assume [sic] to stand *in loco parentis*, with rod in hand and spy-glasses on its nose, it will not do much in the way of moral training. The fear of punishment will not make young men moral or religious—least of all a punishment so easily evaded as the discipline of a college. . . . A college can not take the place of a parent. To claim that it does is mere pretence. You may win by inspiration, not by fear."[27]

Jordan firmly insisted that no written rules govern the students. Describing Stanford's system in 1897, he wrote:

> "The institution has no rules to be broken. Nothing allowed by the laws of California is forbidden by the faculty. Hence, in general, no punishments are threatened or administered. A student is fit to stay in the University or he is not."[28]

In place of rules, the students were expected to abide by a Fundamental Standard of student conduct:

"Students are expected to show both within and without the university such respect for order, morality, personal honor and the rights of others as is demanded of good citizens. Failure to do this will be sufficient cause for removal from the university."[29]

Though hoping for some sort of written regulations, Mrs. Stanford initially accepted Jordan's experiment at discipline. During the years of financial difficulty, few problems arose. A sense of pioneering, enthusiasm, sympathy for Mrs. Stanford's and Dr. Jordan's predicament, and common goals prevailed.

The situation began to change as the student body grew and the sense of pioneering and struggle under a common hardship faded. Discipline under Jordan's system had proven to be somewhat arbitrary, and Mrs. Stanford sympathized with students who, in the absence of any written regulations, were unexpectedly dismissed or suspended by the faculty Student Affairs Committee. Bypassing Jordan, in an address to the Trustees in 1902, Mrs. Stanford began to press for some sort of written code that would be incorporated as an amendment to the Founding Grant: "It shall be the duty of the Board of Trustees to make general laws providing for the government of the University, and to provide for just and equitable rules of discipline."[30]

A year later, the Board tried to circumvent responsibility by passing a resolution that the President should be requested to make and to enforce rules of discipline governing the conduct of students. Given Dr. Jordan's disposition against rule-making, nothing came of the resolution until the next spring. In early 1904, when adopting the original Articles of Organization of the Faculty, the Board of Trustees provided that the president of the University "shall be primarily responsible for the enforcement of discipline in the University," and that "all general University regulations, statutes and rules. . . shall be initiated in and passed by the Academic Council.[31]

Jordan agreed to ask the Advisory Council to consider the question of a code of rules, and the issue came to a head in late 1904. Mrs. Stanford, increasingly worried about the female students, had expressed concern to George Crothers. In a letter to Horace Davis, Vice-President of the Board of Trustees during Mrs. Stanford's presidency, Crothers wrote: "Before Mrs. Stanford left for New York, she made a vigorous protest to me against the laxity of student discipline, especially as to the girls, and expressed herself very radically as to the whole system of coeducation."[32] Cautioned by Crothers that coeducation at Stanford might be at stake, Jordan agreed to certain changes. Jordan reported to Judge Samuel F. Leib, chairman of the University Committee of the Board, outlining arrangements, such as placement of housemothers in all of the sororities, but went on to insist that:

"as a matter of fact the girls of the University form the part of the institution most careful as to their behavior, most self-respectful and most

trustworthy in essential matters. In spite of the idle talk of gossips of all degrees, it is rarely that any young woman on the Campus puts herself in a position where one would not like to see his daughter."[33]

Even Crothers, who toyed with the idea of hiring a professional detective to work with the Student Affairs Committee, had to admit to Mrs. Stanford that "in view of almost total absence of restraint, the conduct of the students in general is exceptionally good."[34]

In February 1905, the Advisory Board adopted the recommendation made by the Student Affairs Committee that it was undesirable to adopt specific rules, that rules would undermine the attitude of co-operation on the part of the women students with the Presidency and Student Affairs Committee, and that "such regulations would be difficult to form, and very much more difficult to enforce, and their mere existence would probably exert an influence whose moral and intellectual effect would be undesirable."[35] Whether Mrs. Stanford would have challenged this conclusion soon became a moot point. On February 28, 1905, she unexpectedly died while in Honolulu.

Mrs. Stanford's concern for the discipline of the women students and the doubt she developed in her last years regarding the effects of coeducation on serious study have since colored the public's view of the founders' original intentions. Leland Stanford was firmly convinced of the value of coeducation. His address to the proposed Board of Trustees on the founding of the University expressed his general view of women's rights:

"We deem it of first importance that the education of both sexes shall be equally full and complete, varied only as nature dictates. The rights of one sex, political or otherwise, are the same as those of the other sex, and this equality of rights ought to be fully recognized. . .."[36]

While Mrs. Stanford had originally envisioned a boy's school at Palo Alto to memorialize her son, Senator Stanford pointed out that the statement "the children of California shall be my children" meant both boys and girls; the decision was made for coeducation and Mrs. Stanford stood firmly by that decision. When construction slowed on the women's dormitory, necessitating delayed admission of women, she insisted that if women were to enter the University, they must enter at the same time and on equal footing with the men. She ignored criticism from Harvard and Yale businessmen and pressure from a Catholic group hoping to establish a separate girls' school at Menlo Park under Stanford auspices.[37]

Mrs. Stanford had her own rationale for coeducation:

"I want in this school that one sex shall have equal advantage with the other and I want particularly that females have open to them every

> employement [sic] opportunity suitable to their sex. I believe by so educating them they will be made stronger physically and mentally and better fitted for wives and mothers, and I believe that if the vocations of life are thrown open to them, without their engaging in anything unsuitable to their sex, they can add another twenty-five percent to the power of production of the country, and this will go far towards realizing the possibility of giving comfort and elegance to every person."[38]

By 1889, after experiences in administering the Stanford estate and problems with her husband's business associates, she became keenly aware of the need for women to have a voice in the protection and management of their property. Correspondence with Susan B. Anthony, begun in 1888 with a donation of two hundred dollars to the campaign for women's suffrage, developed into a long and sympathetic friendship. In her correspondence with Miss Anthony, Jane Stanford showed an increased awareness of the inferior political and economic status of women.

While asked several times to take part in the campaign in California for the amendment to grant women the vote, there is no evidence that Jane Stanford appeared in public to speak on the issue. She was not a political woman—as the mother of a university she could not take a public political stand. She also had another concern: while the campaign for the California amendment was being conducted, Mrs. Stanford's mind and energies were devoted to the financial survival of the University. Her support of the campaign was apologetically reduced to private encouragement.

Reflecting the preferences of her time, Mrs. Stanford never swerved from her belief "that of all the walks of life a woman may be destined to tread, there is none higher, or more beauiful, or influential, than that of a loving, intelligent wife and mother."[39] Thus, while accepting, and, in fact, becoming a "new woman" working outside the home, Mrs. Stanford maintained the belief that while a woman could have a career or marriage and a family, she could not have both. Once married, that role took precedence. She had enjoyed and felt fulfilled by her own role as wife and mother and had never really given up that role. After 1893, she defined herself not as a business woman but as the mother of the University.

In light of these beliefs in favor of the education of women, Jane Stanford shocked everyone in 1899 by limiting the number of women who could register at one time at Stanford University to five hundred. The limitation, set as a condition to her gift of over ten million dollars worth of property to the University, could hardly be ignored by a stunned President Jordan. The action brought much criticism both from within and outside the University as equal rights for women had become a popular issue among liberal thinkers. She won the support of two of her strongest critics, President Jordan and University Registrar Orrin Elliott, by insisting that her action did not stem from prejudice against women as students and by emphasizing her belief in the refining influence of women both at the University and in the world in general. Her

rationale was expressed in her 1899 address to the Trustees, upon the presentation of her gift, as a fear that the increasing percentage of women students (up to forty percent in 1899 from twenty-five percent in 1891) would lead eventually to a majority of women. Stanford would gain the reputation of a women's school, an accusation that was already being circulated and a reputation entirely unacceptable for a memorial to a young man.

Mrs. Stanford did not anticipate any major increase in the size of the student body; in fact the limitation of five hundred fixed the percentage of women at Stanford at 35-45% until after World War I. As enrollments climbed during the 1920's, however, the Board of Trustees was faced with a growing dilemma—Stanford University, founded firmly on the belief in equal education for both sexes, was becoming a boys' school. In 1933, with the ratio of women down to fourteen percent, the Trustees repealed Mrs. Stanford's limitation.

IV

Steeped in the social ideas which defined feminine behavior in late 19th century America, Jane Stanford faced, along with many American women, a difficult choice of roles. Her choice was immediate; she refused to jeopardize the position of respect and honor she had gained as wife and mother and attempted instead to domesticate the University. Vacillating between role and reality, Mrs. Stanford implemented policies regarding the operation of the University which were at least confusing, if not contradictory. The complex financial needs, ambitions, and growing diversity of the Stanford University community simply could not be administered as one would administer the needs of a household; as a result, a number of her policies proved short-sighted in later decades and were amended or reversed by the Stanford Board of Trustees.

An important offshoot of Mrs. Stanford's domestic approach to governing Stanford University, however, is the spirit that binds Stanford students and faculty to the University even today. This family feeling, assumed by Mrs. Stanford and encouraged by President Jordan and the administrators who followed, is an outstanding characteristic of the Stanford community. Graduates continually return to the University to give financial support, to teach, to administer, and to guide. While a similar attitude exists at many colleges, Stanford's spirit is couched particularly in terms of family loyalty and responsibility.

Mrs. Stanford's relationship with President Jordan is of special significance, for if Mrs. Stanford was the mother of the University, then Jordan was its stepfather. Between them, they operated the University, promoted its idealism, and educated thousands of students. Their relationship was one of compromise—most often on Jordan's part—and one of mutual support. Regardless of their many disagreements, Mrs. Stanford continued to depend upon, and express gratitude for, President Jordan's sympathy and understanding of the burdens he in part shared with her. While Mrs. Stanford began privately to express

strong opposition to Jordan's methods and threatened to remove him, she hesitated to take final action and continued publicly to express her support.

Jordan, an idealistic and ambitious administrator, made enemies at the University who then gave voice to their enmity in correspondence with the anxious and emotional Mrs. Stanford. Many of the disagreements between Jordan and Mrs. Stanford can be traced to complaints and fears of others. Jordan ultimately chose to ignore his many differences with Mrs. Stanford and, after her death, praised her devotion to the University, her loyalty to her husband's plans, and her business ability. His praises set a pattern: Mrs. Stanford has retained her position as Mother of the University to the present day.

NOTES

[1] Bertha Berner, *Mrs. Leland Stanford: An Intimate Account* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1935), pp. 98-99.

[2] *Stanford University: The Founding Grant with Amendments, Legislation and Court Decrees* (Stanford: Stanford University, 1971), p. 9.

[3] Leland Stanford's estimate of his estate was about thirty million dollars. David Starr Jordan, *Days of a Man*, 2 vols. (Yonkers, N.Y.: World Book Company, 1922), 1:367.

[4] Orrin L. Elliott, *Stanford University: The First Twenty-Five Years* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1937), p. 251.

[5] Ibid., pp. 50, 252.

[6] Ibid., p. 86.

[7] *San Francisco Examiner*, 23 June 1893.

[8] *San Francisco Examiner*, 6 June 1894.

[9] Elliott, *Stanford University*, p. 267.

[10] Ibid., p. 268.

[11] Ibid., p. 282.

[12] Jane L. Stanford, "Address to the Trustees," 1 June 1897, Jane Lathrop Stanford Papers, SC 33b, Stanford University Archives, Stanford, Calif.

[13] Letter, Jane L. Stanford to David Starr Jordan, 16 December 1899, Jane Lathrop Stanford Papers. Also quoted in Elliott, *Stanford University*, p. 288.

[14] Letter, Jane L. Stanford to David Starr Jordan, 18 May 1903, Jane Lathrop Stanford Papers.

[15] Letter, Jane L. Stanford to David Starr Jordan, 15 April 1896 [sic], Jane Lathrop Stanford Papers. This 1895 letter was misdated. The effort to acquire the library was encouraged by Dr. Julius Goebel, Professor of Germanic Philology and Literature.

[16] Letter, Jane L. Stanford to David Starr Jordan, 18 May 1903, Jane Lathrop Stanford Papers.

[17] Ibid.

[18] Ibid.

[19] Interview, Orrin L. Elliott of George E. Crothers, 23 March 1932, p. 10, Orrin L. Elliott Papers, SC 7, Stanford University Archives, Stanford, Calif.

[20] John C. Branner, *One of Mrs. Stanford's Ideals* (Stanford: Stanford University, 1917), p. 6.

[21] Henry A. Schulz; J. D. Galloway and J. B. Leonard, "Report on Conditions of Buildings. . . and Damages Resulting Thereto from the Effects of the Earthquake of April 18, 1906, submitted June 18, 1906. . . ," Preface, Stanford University Archives, Stanford, Calif.
Calif.

[22] Letter, Charles Rutan to J. K. [sic] Branner, 10 June 1910, Stanford Architecture Papers, SC 125, Stanford University Archives, Stanford, Calif.

[23] Elliott, *Stanford University*, p. 88.

[24] Jane L. Stanford, "Address to the Trustees," quoted in George E. Crothers, *The Educational Ideals of Jane Lathrop Stanford* (Stanford: Stanford University, 1933), p. 14.

[25] Letter, Jane L. Stanford to Esther Keefer, 4 April 1896, Jane Lathrop Stanford Papers.

[26] Quoted in Elliott, *Stanford University*, p. 454.

[27] David Starr Jordan, "College Discipline," *North American Review* 165 (October 1897), 404.

[28] Ibid. p. 405.

[29] Ibid., p. 406; *Leland Stanford Junior University Sixth Annual Register, 1896-1897* (Stanford: Stanford University, 1897), p. 25.

[30] *Stanford University: The Founding Grant*, p. 20.

[31] Stanford University Board of Trustees, *Report of the Organization Committee upon the Organization of the Faculty and Articles of Organization of the Faculty of the University as Adopted. . .* (Stanford: Stanford University, 1904), Chapter II, sec. 3 and Chapter IV, sec. 6.

[32] Letter, George E. Crothers to Horace Davis, 22 November 1904, Horace Davis Papers, SC 28, Stanford University Archives, Stanford, Calif.

[33] Letter, David Starr Jordan to Samuel F. Leib, 21 October 1904, Horace Davis Papers.

[34] Letter, George E. Crothers to Jane L. Stanford, 4 June 1904, Horace Davis Papers.

[35] Report, Committee on Student Affairs to Advisory Board, 2 February 1905 and Advisory Board to David Starr Jordan, 10 February 1905, Committee Actions, vol. 1, Student Affairs Committee Records, SC 16, Stanford University Archives, Stanford, Calif.

[36] Elliott, *Stanford University*, p. 132.

[37] Jordan, *Days of a Man*, 1:420.

[38] Jane L. Stanford, "Address to the Trustees," November 1894, Jane Lathrop Stanford Papers.

[39] Lavinia Hart, "Mrs. Stanford Talks of Her Life Work and of Woman," *New York World*, November 1899.

The Pragmatic Woman in Edward Bok's *Ladies' Home Journal*

Esta Seaton

WHEN, in 1889, Mrs. Cyrus Curtis, pleading the pressure of her domestic duties, resigned as editor of the six-year-old *Ladies' Home Journal*, her husband, the magazine's publisher, chose as her successor a young man who, by his own admission, seemed ill-prepared for the job. Years later, in his autobiography, Edward Bok commented: "it is a curious fact that Edward Bok's instinctive attitude toward women was that of avoidance. He did not dislike women, but it could not be said that he liked them. They had never interested him. Of women, therefore, he knew little; of their needs less."[1] Nevertheless, to judge by the subsequent profits, Curtis had made an astonishingly good choice.

Edward Bok, who was to be the *Journal's* editor for the next thirty years, was as remarkable a combination of energy, ambition, talent, and brilliantly mediocre intellect as was ever fathered by the Horatio Alger tradition, a living testimonial to the American faith that a poor boy, virtually self-taught, could, by dint of hard work and ability, achieve success and wealth, and—not to leave one detail unrealized—marry the boss's daughter. Brought to this country from the Netherlands as a child of seven, Bok left school at thirteen to work as an office boy for Western Union. At 21 he was working at Scribner's as a stenographer; within three years he was running Scribner's advertising department; three years after that he became the youngest and highest-paid magazine editor in the country.

If he was not an authority on women, Bok was an authority on success: he took over a modestly prospering periodical and turned it into the most widely circulated women's magazine in the country. And in the process he developed a significant variation on the Genteel Tradition's concept of the "lady" that prepared a way, however beset with roadblocks and obstacles, for the American woman's move into an actual—as distinct from a merely rhetorical—place in the economic life of the country.

That development was not intentional. Bok did not come onto the scene with any notions about changing the social status quo, and he was too fully in accord with traditional attitudes to question the then existing definition of "true womanhood." According to that definition the "true woman," in her role as wife and mother and through her qualities of purity, modesty, gentleness, lovingness, and the consummate wisdom that comes not from the head but from the heart, nourished within the home all the most precious and important values of society. Agreeing with the vast majority of his contemporaries, Bok believed that a woman's place was in the home, and that it was in the best interests of the woman herself and of society at large that she stay there. One of his earliest editorials opened with a tribute to women for the advances that they had made in the nineteenth century: "It is the first century of woman, then, in which we are privileged to live,—a century redolent with woman's advancement, and a harbinger of her greater progress." But having admitted so much, Bok then qualified his acceptance of this progress with a ringing statement of the exalted functions of the woman in the home:

> It is not expected, nor is it desirable that women assume the duties which God intended for men, and just so far as woman enters man's domain does she inflict injury upon herself and her established position. God conceived two sexes of the human race that there might be an equality of labor and duties. He constituted man for his particular mission and has pointed the way to woman by placing her in the home and at the side of her children. . . . The laws which govern our nation, made by the mind and hand of man, find their fountain head in the training of the woman in the home. . . . Man in the outer world is her emissary, carrying out the ideas she early implants in his mind. . . .No woman need ever feel that her mission is an insignificant one which makes her the educator of the men entrusted by God in her keeping.[2]

A practical but unintellectual man, Bok preceived no pressing need to question the ideology of his day, no motive to fly in the face of public opinion which was, after all, identical with his own, on the subject of women. All he intended to do—so he said in his autobiography—was to continue with Mrs. Curtis' idea of "making a magazine of authoritative service for the womanhood of America, a service which would visualize for womanhood its highest domestic service."[3] If he subsequently did introduce ideas into the magazine which modified the concept of the true woman promulgated by the Genteel Tradition it was not because of any radical theories about womanhood and the home but because other values, pertaining to other areas of life, caused him to come to certain contrary conclusions.

Edward Bok was a pragmatist, a self-made man who lived squarely in the center of the actual hustle and bustle of his society, and particularly in the center of the American marketplace. Deeply committed to the work ethic himself, he could not be comfortable with the Victorian phenomenon of the idle

woman who merely served as a symbol of her husband's financial status; his thrifty Dutch mind recoiled at such waste. While for at least twenty-five years the *Journal*, under Bok, held on as best it could to the Victorian myth that a woman's morally ennobling nature was the prime source of her value to her family and to society, the magazine simultaneously developed a formula that more concretely embodied the values of America's industrial-business society: a formula that attempted to give to housekeeping the status of a profession and which credited the businesslike housewife with directly contributing to her husband's success and earning capacity.[4]

The first feature series Bok ran that attracted widespread attention, a series called "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men," struck the note that Bok was to elaborate on through all the years of his editorship: that a wife could be of practical help to her husband's career. The series ran for three years and was announced in the December 1890 issue with these words: "All know of such men . . . while their wives, for the most part, are comparatively unknown, although in many instances they have been the molders of their husband's successes."[5] In subsequent issues *Journal* readers learned how such men as the Reverend T. De Witt Talmage, William McKinley, Thomas Edison, and Leo Tolstoy were helped to success by their wives. The help ranged from Mrs. McKinley's rather vague encouragement and unspecified "practical advice" to Mrs. Talmage's quite specific assistance by virtually acting as her husband's confidential secretary. Mrs. Tolstoy was credited with "transcribing" her husband's books and also was said to manage the family's finances. When, in 1893, the *Journal* began publication of William Dean Howells' "The Coast of Bohemia," homage was paid to his wife: "Mrs. Howells has always been a true helpmate to her husband in his literary labors . . . . He is in the habit of consulting her about his plots, and he submits to her everything he writes, before it is permitted to reach the printer."[6]

If most of this sounds like empty rhetoric, nevertheless it does represent a move, if not actually in the direction of what Thorstein Veblen had called "the everyday demands of industrial life," then at least in the direction of a tangible accounting of the value of one's life. Bok believed in success; he believed that it was what all worthwhile men wanted. The magazine was unusually consistent in its advice to women that they should marry steady, serious, hard-working men—the kind of men who would be successful. Bok set this line as early as a June 1890 editorial: "See that your husband is a good business man; unless he is, he will not be able to make for you a proper home." Even the magazine's fiction, for all its emphasis on romantic love, managed to convey this practical message—though usually in more oblique terms than in the non-fiction. The romantic heroines marry only when they are in love; but by some stroke of good fortune or innate good taste, they generally fall in love with men who are—or give promise of becoming—good providers. Married to such a man, a woman had a definite role to play. The magazine urged women to be—assured them that they were—tried to teach them to become—helpful wives of successful men. Such a wife might not, to be sure, actually assist her husband in his work,

as Mrs. Tolstoy had supposedly done, but she could provide a comfortable, restful home where her tired businessman husband could, in effect, refuel his energies.

There was, however, an even more practical—and measurable—contribution that a wife could make: she could be an economic asset to her husband by the wise management of her household. And such wives—the efficient housekeepers, the women who were careful with money—were the kind of wives that men wanted. At least, so the *Journal* informed its readers. In April, 1892 Bok stated quite bluntly that girls should realize that young men had to make their way in the world and that they needed women who could help; a girl must convince the man she was to marry that she could manage his home and live on his income.

> Frugality, womanly instincts of love for home, an eye to the best interests of her husband and the careful training of her children—these are the traits which make the good wife of to-day, and which young men look for in the girls they meet. Men may sometimes give the impression that they do not care for common sense in their sweethearts, but there is nothing they so unfailingly demand of their wives. [p. 12]

Five years later Bok made this point most succinctly: "A woman is lovely in a man's eyes in proportion as she is womanly in her tastes and careful of his earnings."[7]

When, in 1904, the magazine ran one of the opinion polls it was so fond of conducting and asked one hundred men about the kind of girl they wanted to marry, the quality most frequently mentioned was "a domestic tendency." One man answered in a phrase that the *Journal* itself might have dictated: "I think the happiness of the home depends much upon what might be termed the executive ability in household management."[8] The magazine took the values of a business society and domesticated them. The ideal woman was loving, tender, sympathetic, a source of inspiration and encouragement, but she was also practical, sensible, self-disciplined, and knowledgeable about money, as competent at her job of running her home as her husband was at running his business.

The *Journal* not only domesticated the values of the business world, it also took over its vocabulary. The man in the 1904 opinion poll who used the phrase "executive ability" was echoing the commercial language that the magazine was already using by the late 1890's to characterize the role of the housewife. Bok labeled housekeeping as a profession in an 1899 editorial in which he taxed men for not appreciating the importance of the work done by their wives:

> it is highly important that we should all . . .regard housekeeping as what it really is: a profession and an art calling for just as much training, study and clear brain work in a woman as any profession in which a man engages, and equally as important . . .[9]

By 1907 the housewife was being called a business woman and her work was being explicitly compared to the jobs a woman might hold in the business world.

> Thousands of women are seeing for themselves that the typist or salesgirl is not a business woman. . . . For whoever has real responsibility has business, business with the world-at-large; and the homekeeper is a business in exact proportion to her success in the undertaking. . . . The finest recognition and appreciation by the world of a woman's business ability comes not to the woman in the business world, where she is at a constant disadvantage with men as natural toilers . . . whose success she may share but never equal or eclipse, but to the woman who is a successful homekeeper. At her feet the world lays its best homage because she is the really successful business woman.[10]

Unfortunately for the *Journal's* position, this successful homekeeper was a business woman who did not bring any money into the household. And wiggle as the magazine might, there was no really effective way for the *Journal* to deal with that difficulty. From the beginning of Bok's editorship the magazine had acknowledged that the issue of money was the sinister snake in the domestic garden of Eden. Its earliest attempt to smooth over the trouble was the recommendation that men provide their wives with a definite allowance. The magazine's view was that an allowance would not only give a woman some sense of financial independence but it would also provide her with the opportunity to learn to handle money wisely. In the first issue that Bok officially edited, Elizabeth B. Custer wrote that if she were a man she would explain the family's financial situation so that the wife could "gauge her domestic and personal expenses by my income. I would be patient with her and teach her to manage an allowance."[11] The allowance was also one of Bok's answers to women's wanting to get jobs. In 1901 he reported that he received many letters asking if it were possible for a wife and mother to earn a little extra money from outside work "without detriment to the interests of the home." To this question he issued a strong NO in answer. But he did offer the allowance as an alternative solution. And he urged that it be as generous and as definite an amount as possible so that the wife wouldn't have to go to her husband "like a beggar." Bok evidently felt quite strongly about this matter since he then went on to make a rare concession:

> I have no hesitation in saying that if the truth were known it is just this humiliating dependence upon a man for every little trifle that a woman needs that is making thousands of women restless and anxious for outside careers. This is the only fair excuse I have ever been able to see for the hysterical rantings of the modern advanced woman. In that particular she is right, and is absolutely justified in filing a protest.[12]

The solution was, of course, a feeble one. Since the real issue was productivity

in financial terms, an allowance no matter how "generous and definite" could not mask the disquieting fact that no matter how efficiently the housewife performed her duties the family income was tied not to her performance as a housekeeper but to her husband's performance in his job. The remarkable Charlotte Perkins Gilmore had early seen through to this basic economic truth when, in her 1911 book *Does A Man Support His Wife?*, she remarked "What she [the housewife] gets out of life is not proportioned to her labors, but to his [her husband's]."[13]

For the most part the *Journal* held off on a direct confrontation with the problem of the dollars and cents productivity of the housewife. Even as late as 1913, when the magazine printed a series of articles by Ida M. Tarbell adapted from Miss Tarbell's book significantly entitled *The Business of Being a Woman*, the issue could only be settled on a purely rhetorical level. Setting the problem of the housewife in its historical and sociological context, Miss Tarbell acknowledged that the housewife had been displaced from her older and valued role as a genuine producer in an agrarian society. Although Miss Tarbell did not approve of the movement of women into the spheres traditionally occupied by men, she expressed considerable sympathy and understanding for their motives in wishing to make such a move. She conceded that the emphasis of society was such as to make a woman feel that her domestic role was indeed narrowing and unsatisfying.

> It makes a dependent out of her. It leaves her in middle age without an occupation. It keeps her out of the great movements of her day—giving her no part in the solution of the ethical and economical problems which affect her and her children. . . . *Something is weak if the woman is or feels that she is not paying her way.*[14] [italics mine]

But if the housewife was no longer paying her way as a producer, she was assured that her essential importance was undiminished since she was now required to function as a "supervisor and executive." Thus, Ida Tarbell, who herself enjoyed a career of major importance, could only offer American women the same verbal formulation that the *Journal* had been offering for so many years.

Indeed, the verbal formulation was about to reach even more grandiose heights. By 1914 and for the five years following, the *Journal* not only viewed housework as a form of business but as a veritable science, a view that would be encouraged by the demands on women's ingenuity that resulted from the food shortages after the United States entered the war. But even before the war-time economy gave the status of a patriot to the efficient housewife, the magazine was issuing strong statements about the need to study market conditions and food prices carefully so as to be an intelligent consumer.[15] In 1915 the *Journal* was using the phrase "The New Housekeeping," and an October article by that title explained how women were running their homes with less work and less money by utilizing the combination of "scientific management" and "labor-

saving tools." (The vocabulary is significant.) The magazine was making greater use than ever of a double-pronged approach to the housewife's situation: to make her work less arduous and at the same time seem more challenging and vital. Unfortunately success with the former tended to cancel out success with the latter. Labor-saving devices and packaged foods, while making the housewife's task easier, inevitably also turned what she did accomplish into a far less impressive achievement. The paradox of this situation was implicit in a 1918 advertisement for packaged pancake mix. Mr. Dick is praising the pancakes and Mrs. Dick answers: "They are good, but that's because I'm using Aunt Jemima pancake flour now . . . all I have to do is add a little cold water . . . . Not even your foolish wife could ever make a failure of that."[16] Good pancakes but a foolish wife: not even Aunt Jemima could resolve that dilemma! However, the full implications of that particular paradox were not yet consciously recognized in the pages of the *Journal*. The stress on the connection between the efficient, economical management of the household and the war effort helped to keep those implications buried. Indeed, the difficulties created for the housewife by wartime shortages offset, at least temporarily, the labor-saving advantages of the new aids to cooking and housework.

At any rate, the magazine maintained its emphasis on the vital importance of the work being done by the housewife. And the *Journal* also persisted in its conviction that if the housewife did her work well, then she should receive recognition as having, in effect, helped her husband to earn his living, and that she was therefore entitled to her share of his wages. In a December 1916 editorial, "The Wife and A Man's Wages," Bok made exactly this point—which was, of course, merely a somewhat stronger variation of the point that the *Journal* had been making for many years about the housewife's contribution to her husband's business success. So, in quite familiar terms, the editorial commented that: "The average man doesn't seem to realize that the wages paid to him are not earned exclusively by him—but by his wife as well. If she keeps him healthy by giving him wholesome food to eat—if the atmosphere is pleasant and stimulating at home he will do better work at his job. . . . as his partner in his earning capacity she is entitled to her share."[17]

A very explicit version of the formula that the value of a comfortable home could be assigned monetary value actually shows up in a 1916 short story "When Lila Turned Wage-Earner." In this story a wise friend advises the wife to give up her $1200 a year secretarial job. What is needed, the friend counsels, is the "highest economic efficiency" for the husband and wife as a team. "Your twelve hundred is not clear gain. Cort [the husband] pays for it. He's paying already—in nerves and brain, in dollars and cents. . . . Cort will be a big success or a big failure . . . it's up to you which. For Cort needs his home."[18] Interestingly, the friend who is delivering this advice is herself a suffragette. Thus, the story manages to confirm the *Journal's* traditional solution of the efficient housewife while also patting the "new woman" (who had for so long been the magazine's old enemy!) on the head for having the brains and the insight to see the situation in its correct light.

The *Journal* had already begun to alter its view of the "new woman" (i.e. the suffragist, the feminist, the woman who chose a career rather than marriage) several years prior to this 1916 story. As early as 1914, with war breaking out in Europe and nation-wide suffrage for women increasingly imminent in the United States, the *Journal* began to emerge as a strenuous champion of what it called "the busy woman." The title of the September 1914 editorial announced that "The Day of Folded Hands is Over," and so eager was Bok to encourage the busy woman that he managed to find solace in the recent dance craze (a fad that the magazine had previously viewed with considerable disapproval) because the interest in dancing had made women more active.

> These women will not be satisfied to return to their previous lackadaisical state . . . from this point they must go on—not necessarily dancing, but working, doing something. And that is the slogan of what we call the "new woman": work! Not work for money, necessarily, but work for work's sake: work for one's own sake, work for other's sake: work for the town, the city and the State. The feminist movement is bound to crystallize into that great truth: the day of the idle woman is over: the day of the busy woman is here.[19]

The crucial shift of emphasis here is the mention of work "for the town, city . . . the State." The *Journal*, under Bok, had never approved of the idle woman, but the active woman it was now praising was the woman who was busy outside of her home as well, busy serving her community, not any longer at second-hand (i.e. by inspiring her husband to be a better, more moral person) but through her own activities.[20] And this new approval was also broadening out to the woman whose activities were actually bringing money into the household. The loud "No" with which Edward Bok had answered the woman who in 1901 wanted to augment her family's finances had lost its resonance. In 1915 the magazine ran a contest for the best letters on the subject "How I Helped My Husband to Make More Money." The winning letters were published for several months, and an editorial note proudly declared that this was "one of the most stimulating series of articles *The Journal* has ever published."

But if the magazine was now aggressively providing encouragement for the married woman to make a financial contribution that was more tangible than efficient housekeeping, the essential conceptualization was still, at least verbally, in terms of being a "help-mate." When in April, 1917, the *Journal* carried an article about a woman who became a landscape architect, it was very clearly explained that she did this only after her husband's health failed and he was forced to give up his job. And especially interesting are the woman's efforts to sustain her husband's ego. "My husband accompanies me upon most of my expeditions. . . . He is the man of broad vision; I am the developer, the detail subduer."[21] In the midst of change, the traditional balance between the sexes was being stubbornly perpetuated. And a much more regressive position had

been taken in the February 1917 issue by the Plain Country Woman, the *Journal's* most conservative feature writer of this period. She expressed grave misgivings over the consequences of the married woman becoming, as she put it, a breadwinner: ". . . our best ideal of love implies protection. It places upon the man the responsibility of caring for the woman he loves and the children born of that love. When this arrangement is controverted . . . it reverses sex characteristics and sets up an unnatural condition which is repulsive to the finer sensibilities."[22]

Nevertheless the *Journal* in the 1914-1919 years did get carried away—often very inconsistently—by what it saw as a radically new world hovering over the horizon. In the same June 1916 issue in which the short story heroine Lila was advised to give up her job, the magazine ran an article by that famous prognosticator H. G. Wells, who made some dramatic predictions. The continuation of the trend toward smaller families, he announced, would mean that married women would not be kept busy in the home and would seek employment outside the home in ever-increasing numbers. As a consequence, marriage would no longer have to be based on material necessity. And as a further consequence, he foresaw that the marriage based on personal compatibility and not economic dependence would be "altogether more amenable to divorce than the old union based upon the kitchen and nursery . . . . Marriage will not only be lighter but more dissoluble."[23] The prospect of more dissoluble marriages must surely have caused some breath-catching among the *Journal's* more conservative readers.

The *Journal* was to print even more radical predictions and proposals. A high-water mark of a kind was reached by two fiction serials "Mildred Carver, U.S.A." in 1918 and "Mary Minds Her Business" in 1919. The former, reflecting the *Journal's* now almost obsessive commitment to the concept of community service, came up with a proposal for a law requiring all citizens, men and women alike, to spend a year in service to their country upon reaching the age of 18 (the quasi-Fascistic overtones are particularly disturbing: one had to obey all rules, accept all restrictions, because "we are working for the United States"). The latter serial featured a heroine, Mary Spencer, who runs the family factory, pays her women workers at the same rate as the men, and ultimately works out a job partnership arrangement for married couples: husband and wife each to work four hours a day and receive the same total salary as the man alone would have earned for a full day. The situation provides the occasion for a number of rather polemical statements. One woman heatedly confronts her husband: "What do you understand by a woman's work? Do you think she ought to have all the meanest, hardest work in the world and get paid nothing for it, working from the time she gets up in the morning till she goes to bed at night? . . . there's no such thing as man's work, and there's no such thing as woman's work. . . . Work's work, and it makes no difference who does it, as long as it gets done."[24] Mary Spencer's solution to the domestic work that has to be done is to build efficiency bungalows with all kinds of labor-saving

housekeeping devices for the working couples and to set up a nursery for their children.

More temperate and closer to reality were the comments of William Howard Taft writing in the March 1919 issue. Former President Taft, after mentioning that he thought that giving the women the vote would help them to get equal wages with men, touched on the question of the working wife as a threat to the home (the "foundation of our society," as he termed it). But he concluded hopefully, if somewhat vaguely, that "many married women are so situated that without destroying their homes they may, by earnings from useful labor, add to the attractiveness and comfort of such homes."[25]

With Mary Spencer, the *Journal* saw that in order to free women for work outside the home measures had to be taken to reduce the amount of work within the home. And in its efforts to do so the *Journal* was printing suggestions that, taken to their extreme, would indeed threaten the existence of, if not the home, then at least of the household. A January 1919 article asked "Will the Kitchen Be Outside the Home?" Its answer was to point to the possibility of the community kitchen. Zona Gale similarly asked "Shall the Kitchen in Our Home Go?" in March, 1919, and her conclusion was that the kitchen would very likely be replaced by hot-food services. Also in the March 1919 issue the author of the feature "The Ideas of a Foreseeing Woman" suggested that women get together and run their homes on a team basis, just as they had run canteens during the war. The following month this "foreseeing woman" demolished an even more sacred aspect of the housewife's role than that of feeding the family: she advocated that children be sent to boarding schools and to summer camps, not only in order to lighten the mother's work but—and this was the really startling admission—because experts and specialists could do a better job of rearing the child. Short of such exile for the children, she suggested that groups of mothers band together so that one mother would supervise the entire group of children in turn, leaving the others free for that period. Zona Gale reappeared in the *Journal* in May, 1919 with an article that pushed the objection to housework about as far as it could be pushed. Her very dramatic contention was revealed in her rhetorical title, "Is Housework Pushing Down the Birth Rate?" Her answer, of course, was yes. She cited a British economist who maintained that "to eliminate the perpetual demands of purchasing, preparing and cooking food, and washing the cooking implements, is our only chance of preventing the birth rate from falling to a level which means, in a few generations, racial extinction." Here was an authoritative answer, Miss Gale wrote, to those who argued that "the organization of housework and feeding on a principle of centralization would 'break up the home.' " On the contrary, she claimed, the home was in danger if something wasn't done to make housework easier!

Zona Gale's logic is, at best, hard to follow but the direction she means to go in is clear enough. What is not clear is whether Bok ever realized that such plans for the drastic simplification of housework would further undermine the value of the contribution that the housewife was—as the magazine had for so long claimed—making to the total economy. The evidence does suggest that the

writers in the *Journal* thought they had found a formula that would bring into existence the best of all possible worlds: a vastly simplified household that would nevertheless provide the woman who ran it with prestige and importance, and also allow her the time to function as a worker out in the business world if and when necessary. The most persuasive and detailed presentation of this view was a series of articles called "Made-in-America Martha" which ran from September through November, 1919. The articles were particularly interesting because they went into very specific detail as to how a woman could combine being both a wage-earner and a wife and mother. The narrative form of the series was actually a framework for the presentation of suggestions on how to simplify and systematize housework and on how to manage on a limited budget. In addition, the series provided a picture of what the *Journal* in the closing months of 1919 saw as a workable arrangement for a marriage.

Dick, Martha's husband-to-be, comes home from the war with a crippled leg. He wants Martha to give him up because he will never be able to make more than a small salary. Instead, Martha suggests that she hold a part-time secretarial job after their marriage. In an interesting inversion of the *Journal's* earlier idea of the housewife as a partner in the home, she asks Dick, "Is there any difference. . . between my working outside the home for money, or working inside as guardian of your money? Your reasoning is out of date."[26] She cuts down on all unnecessary frills to keep the housekeeping easy; they eat simple, one-dish casserole meals. In the October installment Martha helps a harassed and overworked neighbor to simplify her housework and persuades her to join a cooperative group that buys its food directly from the farmer, thus eliminating the profits of the middleman and cutting down on the cost. (As Martha explains this procedure, one gets the impression that she might have squeezed a course in economics into her busy schedule!) In the November installment Martha has a baby and she promptly hires a "home assistant" to come in for four hours a day. (The nasty word "servant" has been banished, as have any invidious social distinctions: the home assistant is a competent, middle-aged woman who is helping her son through college.) A cooked-food service supplies the family meals. Then Dick needs an expensive operation and the undauntable Martha persuades a friend to start a nursery where she deposits her baby and goes out herself and gets a full-time job. Despite all this display of initiative and independence, however, Martha is not a career-woman. She is first and foremost a housewife, though she is the 1919 version, a housewife who takes a job when it is necessary, who utilizes every labor-saving aid she can find, and who runs her home with superlative efficiency—in short, the housewife as businesswoman plus scientific manageress, all wrapped together in a package with a familiar label: "the helpful wife." Thus, she is, in a way, the culmination of all that the *Journal* had been advocating in the course of the thirty years that have been studied. Moreover, the package was still being delivered through the vaporous but comforting rhetoric in honor of the housewife's unsurpassed importance: in a statement that sounds like the distilled essence of a point the *Journal* had been making for some three decades, Martha extolls the role of the housewife to her

distressed neighbor:

> Housekeeping, it seems to me, is the biggest job we women have, if we only saw its full range. Nothing out in the world is so closely related to human happiness and welfare. It is a job that can't be measured in actual results; one has to see beyond and around the routine of it to understand its subtle connection with the things that are happening out in the world.[27]

Significantly, Martha does not continue in her job. Dick has an operation that cures his crippled leg, and he finds a well-paying job as a construction engineer. Then, he and an architect friend plan a housing development replete with all sorts of labor-saving devices and facilities for promoting community enterprises such as a cooked-food service and a communal bakery and laundry. And in this veritable soap opera ending, Martha is triumphantly returned to a home from which drudgery has been eliminated but which continues to provide her with "the biggest job we women have," in which presumably she and Dick will live happily ever after.

The actual experiences of American women in the years after 1919 make it all too clear that the women of this country were not to achieve the happiness and satisfaction that Martha did as a paragon of household efficiency, and expose the emptiness at the heart of Martha's supposed triumph. Edward Bok had tried as best he could—within the confines of a mass-circulation magazine that, like American politics, has to please the great numerical center—to give the role of women a definition that would bring it into accord with the dominant American ideals of financial value and tangible achievement. But the unavoidable fact is that housework does not create financial value in our economy. Indeed, housework, as it became more mechanized, was to be increasingly devaluated in the twentieth century. And even if Bok's concept had worked on a practical level, it did not work on an ideological one. The delineation of the housewife as a "business woman" did not accord with society's definition of femininity. One of the major dilemmas that the *Journal* had to struggle with throughout the entire thirty-year period of Bok's editorship was just this problem of reconciling the traditionally feminine qualities—softness, passivity, dependence, unworldliness—with the value the magazine accorded to efficiency, practicality, self-reliance and intelligence. Indeed, the basic incompatability of these two sets of qualities accounts for a good deal of the magazine's inconsistency and for the sense the reader today gets not merely of the magazine's trying to balance on a tightrope but of sometimes trying to go in two different directions at the same time.

Perhaps Edward Bok's efforts have their most lasting value in whatever insights they provide for us now looking back over the vista of more than half a century. They reveal to us some of the formidable difficulties (especially for an organ of the mass media) involved in the attempt to modify the ideological structure of a society. In her book on women's magazines, Helen Woodward wrote that whereas for Mrs. Hale, the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, "the

female of the species had been a lady, for Edward Bok she was a woman. Sarah Josepha Hale had built iron fences to protect her sex from its own weaknesses. Bok began, methodically and with determination, to break these fences down."[28] Mrs. Woodward may be crediting Bok with more force than he actually exerted. Yet Bok did discard the Victorian view of women as delicate, fluttery, ethereal creatures whose femininity was enhanced by a total absence of good sense, and substituted for it a far more serviceable ideal, sturdier and more practical, livelier and more intelligent, a human being who was given a sense of her own value that bore some relationship to the realities of the world outside her kitchen door. To that extent, Edward Bok's *Ladies' Home Journal* did serve as a factor in the drawn-out, often faltering fight that ultimately brought women to their present point, able now to make a vigorous—and perhaps even successful—demand that they be accorded a central place in the functioning economy.

Notes

[1] Edward W. Bok, *The Americanization of Edward Bok* (New York, 1920), p. 168.

[2] *Ladies' Home Journal*, March, 1890, p. 8. Hereafter references to the *Journal* will be by date only.

[3] *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, p. 167.

[4] The *Journal* was, of course, not alone in its efforts to elevate housekeeping to the status of a profession. As Christopher Lasch has pointed out, this was a fairly common position taken by those midway between the fervent feminists and the angry anti-feminists in the late nineteenth century. With some wryness Lasch remarks: "This argument was a somewhat more sophisticated version of the old cliché that women as wives and mothers ruled the world from behind the scenes. Now women were urged to see that the most humdrum details of marketing and household economics had repercussions felt in distant capitals of trade and commerce . . ." (*The New Radicalism in America* [New York, 1965], p. 48.) While there is a good deal of truth in Lasch's assertion, he does ignore the very real impulse, quite genuine in Bok's case, to make applicable to the home the values of the business world.

[5] Dec., 1890, unnumbered page preceding p. 1. Articles in this series appeared in 1891, 1892, and 1893 issues.

[6] H. H. Boyesen, "Mr. Howells at Close Range," Nov., 1893, p. 8. As late as 1917 an unnamed philosopher in an article called "The Women Back of Them" is quoted as saying that he could not explain a man's greatness until he had met the man's wife. The author of the article then goes on: "It was the confidence of his wife that helped the great Joffre win the Battle of the Marne. . . . Charles M. Schwab will tell you he'd not be the steel man he is if he hadn't been tempered by his wife." (Oct., 1917, p. 3.)

[7] Nov., 1897, p. 14.

[8] Carolyn Halsted, "The Kind of Girl They Want to Marry," Feb., 1904, p. 4.

[9] April, 1899, p. 20. It should be said to the *Journal's* credit that throughout this thirty-year period its service features were excellent. To that extent, it did provide real and practical help to the housewife who aspired to the "professional" heights the magazine kept telling her she could reach.

For the curious who would like to know how much the average housewife had to do in this period, a 1905 article by Maria Parloa "How to do a week's work without a servant" in the January issue provides a detailed account. This was the schedule for Monday: "up at 5 a.m. and wash one or two boilers of clothes; prepare and serve breakfast—have washed clothes scalding while eating; clear table, put away food, put dishes to soak; air chambers and bedding; finish washing; wash dishes and clean kitchen; prepare midday meal; if time before dinner, do the chamberwork—if not, do it after dinner dishes are washed; take clothes from the lines and fold; prepare supper; retire early."

[10] Jan., 1907, p. 6. Bok's approach here served a double purpose: it bolstered the status of housework and served as yet another argument against women going out to work.

[11] Elizabeth B. Custer, "If I Were A Man," Jan., 1890, p. 4.

[12] March, 1901, p. 16.

[13] Quoted in William L. O'Neill, *Everyone Was Brave: The Rise and Fall of Feminism in America* (Chicago, 1969), p. 40.

[14] Jan., 1913, p. 24.

[15] To help her be efficient, the magazine provided the housewife with imposingly scientific explanations of the kind of nourishment that was contained in various foods, along with quite complicated charts detailing the carbohydrate, fat, protein, and mineral content of foods. Indeed, an article by C. F. Langsworth of the Department of Agriculture in the April 1915 issue was so technical that the housewife might have felt the need of a degree in chemistry in order to understand it. Once the country was in the war, the technical information was directed toward helping women to conserve food or to find substitutes for scarce food. By the latter months of 1917 and all through 1918 the magazine was filled with articles on how to cook without butter, make desserts without eggs, and concoct soups out of stale bread and chicken feet.

Overdone as all this may sound, most of the service features and information articles designed to help women to understand and cope with the effects of the war on the home-front were excellent.

[16] Jan., 1918, p. 70.

[17] Dec., 1916, p. 36.

[18] June, 1916, p. 68.

[19] Sept., 1914, p. 6.

[20] April, 1915, p. 31.

[21] Leila V. Suydam, "When I Found My Niche," April, 1917, p. 111.

[22] Feb., 1917, p. 40.

[23] H. G. Wells, "The Woman and the War: What It Has Already Meant and What It Will Mean," June, 1916, p. 62.

[24] Dec., 1919, p. 176.

[25] William Howard Taft, "As I See the Future of Women," March, 1919, p. 27.

[26] Sept., 1919, p. 55.

[27] Oct., 1919, p. 146

[28] Helen Woodward, *The Lady Persuaders* (New York, 1960), p. 65.

MARK TWAIN'S FAILURE: SEXUAL WOMEN CHARACTERS

EMMANUEL DIEL

The photographs accompanying this article are from The Mark Twain Papers, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

SEVERAL critical writers, including William Dean Howells, Bernard DeVoto, and F. R. Leavis, have discussed what could be termed the "sexuality gap" in most of Mark Twain's fictional women. Howells, Twain's contemporary and frequently his editor, said in 1901: "I do not think he succeeds so often with that [woman] nature as with the boy nature or the man nature, especially because it does not interest him so much."[1] DeVoto, editor of *The Portable Mark Twain* (1946), discusses Twain's "vivid gallery" of characters in the introduction: "But there is a striking limitation: nowhere in that gallery are there women of marriageable age. No white women, that is, for the slave Roxana in *Pudd'nhead Wilson* lives as vividly as Old Man Finn himself. . . . That gap has never been accounted for." Leavis, in an introduction to the Harcourt Library edition (1962) of *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894), notes that "Mr. DeVoto makes the point that she [Roxana] represents a frank and unembarrassed recognition of the actuality of sex, with its place and power in human affairs, such as cannot be found elsewhere in Mark Twain."

In this paper, I will seek to account for the gap by citing evidence that Twain, probably because of guilt feelings and fears about his own sexuality, believed women became "spoiled" after they entered the age of sexual activity, which he put arbitrarily at just over 15; and that he either consciously or unconsciously skirted the "spoiling" aspect in his woman characters. His guilt and fear could have come from two sources: the Puritan view that sex was for procreation only and that any enjoyment of it was sinful; and the Victorian scientific view that excessive sex, or even excessive thoughts about sex, was debilitating. Fear of being debilitated by sex is akin to castration fear in Freudian terms.

The word "vivid" is an important qualifier in DeVoto's discussion of Twain's "gallery." He does not mean that women of marriageable age do not exist in Twain's literature. He means simply that, with the exception of Roxana, they are not vividly portrayed. My own findings are that Twain developed two types of female characters vividly enough. At one end of the spectrum were prenubile Becky Thatcher of *Tom Sawyer* and others of her type who flitted in and out as minor characters. At the other end were Aunt Polly and other homespun older women, usually spinsters or widows, who were in sexually inactive circumstances. In between and generally unrealistic were virgin-by-choice Joan of Arc and young women who in real life likely would be sexually active, interested, or interesting. On a continuing spectrum, his sentimentalized Joan of Arc would be toward the Becky Thatcher end of the scale, while the other women of marriageable age would slide off toward the Aunt Polly side. Scenes with sexual connotations were avoided, or as DeVoto puts it, handled "mawkishly."

A question which must be addressed is whether Twain's concept of women merely reflected the milieu of his times (1835-1910). It was a gilded age of double standards. Men who corrupted business and politics in pursuit of wealth insisted on high, often prudish, morality in their wives, sisters, and daughters. Wives were cast in the dual role of manikin on a pedestal and "mother of my children" by men who, if they could afford it, frequently kept mistresses for their "baser passions." Other men found outlets in prostitutes, servant girls, saloon girls in the West, and frequently, slave girls in the South. Mainstream America shared Victorian England's suspicion and fear of sexual desire. But as Steven Marcus points out,[2] beneath the official culture of sexual restraint there was a growing tide of lust and pornography. The sexual revolution was beginning, not only as an underground movement, but in the writings of *avant-garde* authors. It is doubtful that Twain knew of *My Secret Life,* the 11-volume sexual autobiography of a Victorian Englishman who claimed to have had intercourse with 1,000 women and girls. But he wrote and privately circulated a bit of pornography himself called *1601,* collected a notebook full of dirty jokes, and must have known about the literary impact of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary.* He also knew of the writings of his contemporaries in America. Although he satirized business and political aspects of the gilded age—and then became one of its practitioners—Twain was not *avant-garde* about sexual mores. His literature reflected the "official culture" of his times, not the underlying sexual revolution.

Twain's upbringing in a family which never displayed affection, coupled with the Calvinistic teachings forced upon him by his mother after his father died, must have given him more than his share of guilt feelings about sex. One proof of this is the fact that other writers of overlapping years did not avoid sexual-social themes. Even Howells, who from his editorial throne enforced a bland type of realism which excluded bedroom scenes, wrote about social and psychological problems of love, marriage, and divorce. Henry James deeply explored the complexity of woman's nature and touched upon adultery and

sexual deviation. Bret Harte and Stephen Crane wrote about prostitutes, Frank Norris about rape, and Theodore Dreiser about how to succeed as a mistress. Even the reclusive Emily Dickinson had sensuous passages in her poetry which rivaled those of Walt Whitman.

To understand the women in Twain's literature, we must first turn to the women in his life: his mother and the other women who influenced his writings. His mother, Jane Clemens, and her humorous imitations of the speech and mannerisms of her step-mother, Polly Lampton, became Aunt Polly of *Tom Sawyer* and the other motherly characters. But more importantly, she gave Twain the foundation of guilt which obviously influenced his attitudes toward religion and the depravity of man and must have influenced his feelings about sex. When Twain was an impressionable boy, his previously nonreligious mother was stricken with guilt at the death of her youngest son, Benjamin, and became temporarily an enthusiastic member of the Presbyterian church. Twain said later he learned "to fear God and dread Sunday school"[3] in that childhood exposure to the Calvinistic doctrine of a stern God and the innate sinfulness of man. Although he tried to kid about religion as a young man, the psychological base had been laid for a nagging conscience and ingrained sense of human evil which plagued his later years. Added to this are the facts that his parents' marriage was devoid of love and that when he was eleven, his mother made him promise on his father's death bed to be a "better boy." Before she cast him out into the literary world as a newspaper apprentice when he was thirteen, his mother completed the sowing of guilt. And if she did not, his lifelong friendship with the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell, who apparently introduced him to the "sinners in the hands of an angry God" sermons of Jonathan Edwards, must have capped the job.

Twain's wife carried on with the training begun by his mother. Olivia Langdon had fallen on icy pavement at the age of sixteen, injuring her spine. For the next two years, she was bedfast until a faith healer got her on her feet. "From that time on, she was able to live a normal life and assume responsibilities, though she could never walk more than a few hundred yards without stopping to rest, and she never became actually strong."[4] One of the responsibilities she assumed was to marry the rising author, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, known as Mark Twain, when she was 24 and he 34. Her health was fragile throughout their marriage, but she bore him four children and the marriage is generally regarded as having been a happy one. But she became an "idolized invalid" in her last years, and part of the prescribed treatment for her lingering illness was that Twain stay out of her room, except for short visits.

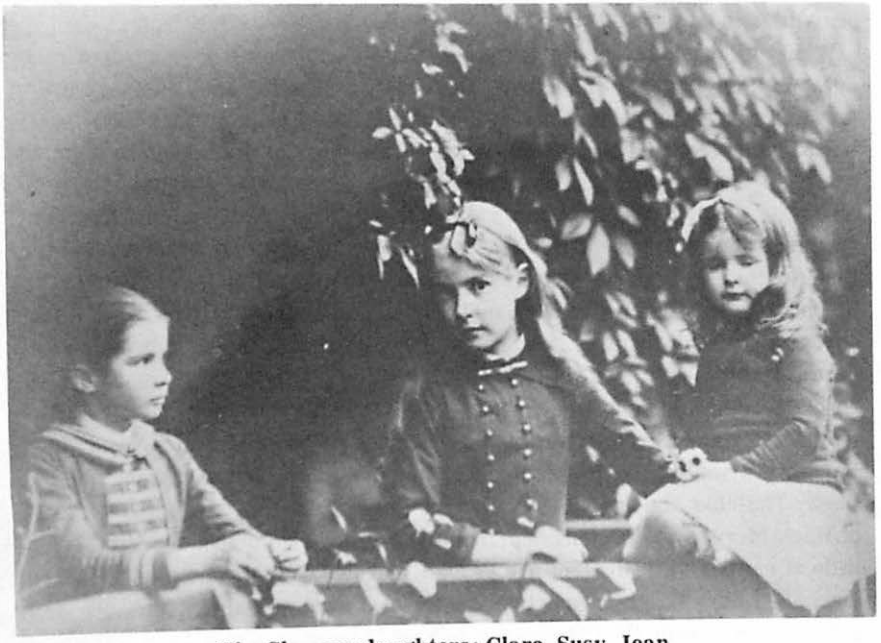
Literarily, Olivia became Twain's censor, sounding board, and super ego more than his inspiration. Van Wyck Brooks,[5] discussing her role in these respects, calls her a "puissant personage" who "edited Twain" as well as his works, thereby "feminizing" him. Brooks belittles her literary judgment as shown by the fact that she preferred *The Prince and the Pauper* over *Huckleberry Finn* when Twain was working on both manuscripts. It was not sex, however, but irreverencies and "cuss words" that she found to delete. To

Olivia Clemens, wife, censor, "idolized invalid"

Twain's literature, Brooks concludes, the marriage was "a case of the blind leading the blind. Mark Twain had thrown himself into the hands of his wife; she, in turn, was merely the echo of her environment."

A more kindly if less well-spelled view of Olivia's censorship comes from their daughter, Susy, who wrote an adoring biography of Twain when she was thirteen and fourteen. "Ever since papa and mamma were married, papa has written his books and taken them to mamma in manuscript and she has expergated them," Susy wrote.[6] Born March 19, 1872, Susy was the eldest of three Clemens daughters. The others were Clara (June 8, 1874) and Jane, almost always called Jean (July 26, 1880). A son also was born, but he died in infancy (1870-1872). Only Clara survived Mark Twain, and the deaths of Susy and Jean, along with that of his wife, contributed to the dark period of his old age.

There were "happy family circle" years at about the time he was writing *The Prince and the Pauper* and Susy was writing her biography of him. But the daughters became increasingly estranged from him after they passed their early teen-age years. Even favorite Susy, according to Hamlin Hill,[7] began to remain in her room to avoid him and eventually escaped by enrolling in Bryn Mawr College, where she once walked out in embarrassment from a lecture he gave. Diary entries of Jean quoted by Hill reflect a pathetic longing for love and



The Clemens daughters: Clara, Susy, Jean

sexual experience, but Twain kept her much of the time in sanitariums and "homes" because of her epilepsy. Hill calls her almost "the daughter Mark Twain wanted to forget."[9] Clara, seeking a career as an opera singer, fell victim to severe stage fright perhaps induced in part by Twain's watchful restrictions of her love life. She also was in sanitariums or "rest homes" in the last years of her father's life. It seems significant that relations between Twain and his daughters deteriorated to the breaking point at about the time of the daughters' sexual awakenings.

Some of Twain's darkest literature came during the years Isabel Lyon lived in his household as secretary-house manager (1902-1909). His literary output of that decade included parts of *The Mysterious Stranger* manuscript, *Which Was the Dream*, "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," and *What Is Man?* All were bitter attacks upon man's morality and Christianity. Unlike Olivia, who "edited Twain," Miss Lyon was enthralled by his deterministic philosophy and fed his ego with undeserved praise and with names such as "the King." She served him faithfully for seven years without a raise in pay and held his complete trust until Clara questioned her financial accounts. This happened at about the time Miss Lyon was having an affair with the man she later married. I find it significant that Twain, after dismissing her, denounced her not only as "a liar, a forger, a thief, a drunkard, a sneak, a humbug, a traitor, a conspirator," but also as "a filthy minded and salacious slut, pining for seduction and always getting disappointed, poor child."[9] He had become aware of her sexuality, and it shocked him.

While still in good standing, Miss Lyon was given the duty of being chaperone or "Aunt Polly" to the "angel fish" with whom Twain surrounded himself in his last four years, 1906-1910. This succession of young girls in their early teens began with Gertrude Natkin, 15, when Twain was 70 and ended with Helen Allen, also 15, a few weeks before his death. In all, there were about a dozen to whom he wrote scores of letters calling them "dear," "adorable," and "unspoiled." Twain apparently sought adulation and affection from them more than anything else as he basked amid their "purity" in the "pure" white suits he had taken to wearing year-around. But it also is likely that he had a latent sexual interest in them as surrogates of his idealized "lifelong sweetheart," Laura Wright.

So ethereal was Mark Twain's secret love for Laura Wright that it could be likened to the love of Petrarch for "Laura" in the 1300s. For his Laura, Petrarch invented the Italian sonnet. Out of Laura Wright, Twain created Becky Thatcher and undoubtedly also the remembered 15-year-old sweetheart of Hank Morgan in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.* Probably a little of her went into Joan of Arc as well. Harold G. Baetzhold,[10] who tracked down the Laura Wright connection, quotes Twain as recalling that she "wasn't yet 15" when Twain, then 22, met her in New Orleans on a riverboat. Baetzhold found this schmaltzy passage in Twain's autobiography, written in 1906 when he was 70:

Isabel Lyon, secretary, denounced in the end as a "salacious slut"

> Floating upon my enchanted vision came that slip of a girl of whom I have spoken—that instantly elected sweetheart out of the remoteness of interior Missouri—a frank and simple winsome child who had never been away from home in her life before, who had brought with her to those distant regions the freshness and essence of her own prairies. . . . I was not four inches from that girl's elbow during our waking hours for the next three days.

But after the idyll ended, Twain never saw her again—except regularly in his dreams and every once in awhile in his fiction.

Just as Laura Wright was the model for his prenubile and virginal girl characters (as well as for his real-life "angel fish"), so was his mother the basis for several motherly but sexually inactive characters. In addition to Aunt Polly, there are in *Huckleberry Finn* the Widow Douglas, who adopts Huck but is "so decent" that he "lit out;" her sister, Miss Watson, a slim spinster who "prayed a lot" and owns Nigger Jim; and "Aunt Sally," Aunt Polly's sister who, although married, has a doddering husband alluded to repeatedly as "old." Close relatives elsewhere include Ursula, the protective maid of Marget in *The Mysterious Stranger;* Judge Driscoll's widowed, childless sister in *Pudd'nhead Wilson;* and even Roxana in her older years—the same Roxana whose sexuality was cited as an exception to the usual "mawkish" treatment Twain gave to that subject when he did not avoid it entirely.

Roxana is only one-sixteenth Negro in *Pudd'nhead Wilson,* "and that part didn't show," but she is a slave girl nevertheless and speaks a slave dialect. When she gives birth to a son, she does not want to risk having him "sold down the river," so she switches identities of her son and a boy born on the same day to her mistress. Twain gives Roxana sexual attraction in a number of descriptive words and phrases: "majestic form and stature," "statuesque," "stately grace," "rosy glow of vigorous health," "eyes brown and liquid," "heavy suit of fine soft hair," "easy, independent carriage," "a high and sassy way." She was passionate, complex, and beautiful. Her seducer, she reveals years later after telling her spoiled son, "You's a nigger," was a high-quality white of "ole Verginny stock" who got the biggest funeral in town when he died. So there we have it: sex between a gentried white man and a slave single girl who was one-sixteenth Negro. But unlike Theodore Dreiser's Sister Carrie, Roxana does not climb the social ladder by going from bed to bed. She does have something going with the black giant Jasper, whose suggestive advances she parries humorously, but to whom she pays a farewell visit before going "chambermaiding" on a riverboat at the age of 35. Otherwise, Roxana grows old and becomes an Aunt Polly or mammy to her son, whom she comes to love, even though he sells her down the river.

Neither do Twain's other woman characters of marriageable age emerge as real people. Joan of Arc's virginity, which she protects by such acts as sleeping

in her armor, is stressed more than the phenomena of the peasant girl's military successes. She is too much of a saintly figure, a savior, to have sexuality, except possibly as a bride for Jesus Christ. Twain's other women in this age range are gabby, someone to tease, as Sandy in *A Connecticut Yankee;* in need of protection, as the Wilks sisters who are saved by Huck Finn from being bilked of their inheritance; or wooden, as Marget in *The Mysterious Stranger.* Marget has a suitor, but they sit together gloomily "not even holding hands." And when he beats a theft rap against her father, she does not embrace him as a lover; she praises him as a good lawyer.

In *A Connecticut Yankee,* it is Hank Morgan who sleeps in armor as he rides forth on a knightly mission with Sandy. Her sensuous qualities are pale alongside those of Roxana. She is "comely enough," "soft and modest," but "a perfect ass" who talks, talks, talks all day with a result that is "nothing but wind." Twain leaves her out of the story for 82 pages (140-222) by having Hank park her in a nunnery while he goes about his business. Frankly, I was surprised when they wound up married and the parents of a child three years later. Hank explains that he married her "for no other particular reasons, except by the customs of chivalry she was my property." I think it was because he made her a surrogate of the 15-year-old telephone operator sweetheart he left behind in Connecticut. In any case, the marriage becomes "the dearest comradeship that ever was," a case of "friendship of man and wife, where the best impulses and highest ideals of both are the same"(p. 249). What impulses and ideals? Her giddy talkativeness of earlier chapters? Either she stopped babbling or he grew to like it.

While Twain generally steered clear of sexual interest in his major fiction, he did not exclude it from his nonfictional and philosophical writings. Early in his career, he appeared to be humorously abashed by it. In a San Francisco newspaper article, he likens the abbreviated costumes of actress Adah Menken to diapers. In a review of a girlie show in New York, he terms the costumes "a shrewd invention of the devil"—but the review was meant to be humorously favorable. In *Innocents Abroad,* his first major book (1869), he tells of placing his hands before his eyes as French girls danced the can-can—but he viewed them through his fingers. In *1601,* his little-known venture into pornography, he envisions an America in which men copulate only once every seven years.

Twain's articles and speeches about such social topics as women's suffrage—he opposed it—reflect the prevailing male views of the day. But his philosophical writings on sex must represent his own views, although he attributes some of them to Satan and some to Eve. Twain's *Letters from Satan* include one in which Satan reports that man imagines he will go to a Heaven devoid of "the supremist of his delights, the one ecstasy that stands first and foremost in the heart of every individual of his race—and ours— sexual intercourse."[11] In another, Satan states that a woman is "ready for action, and *competent* from the time she is seven until she dies of old age," while a man is "only briefly competent," dwindling in performance and ability to give

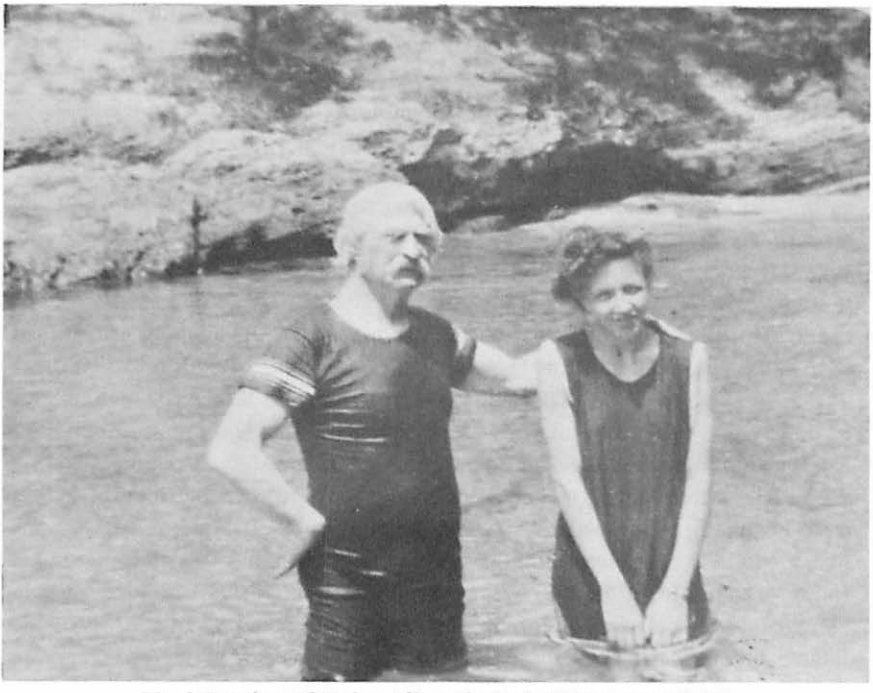
satisfaction after age 50. In "Eve's Diary," written as an eulogy to Olivia after her death, Eve states that a wife sacrifices her innocence to her husband "because he is mine, and is masculine."

Twain, then, knew more about sex and women than his major literature indicates. What proofs do we have that guilt feelings and "castration fear" about his own sexuality caused him to classify women as "spoiled" or "unspoiled" according to the beginning of their sexual activity, which he put at just over 15?

He called sexual intercourse "the supremist" of man's delights. The best direct proof that he felt guilty about such delight is the statement, via Eve, that Olivia "sacrificed her innocence" to his masculinity, which is probably his euphemism for lust. His *1601* and "Letters From Satan" concerning dwindling male sexual competence fit the fear-of-debilitation theory. Beyond that, there is the indirect proof of his mother's "sacrificing of herself" in a loveless marriage, and her teachings (and those of the Presbyterian church) which filled him with feelings of inborn sin. If he felt guilty about sexual enjoyment, or fearful of the supposedly debilitating effects, a natural psychological next step would be to blame sexually attractive women for arousing his libido and ultimately, his guilt or fear. A Russian contemporary, Tolstoy (1828-1910) felt guilty anger about his sexual appetitite and symbolically murdered his wife by having the character Poznyshov murder his for the same reason in "The Kreutzer Sonata." Perhaps Twain "murdered" his by shocking her to distraction with *What Is Man* and the other philosophical writings she must have considered sacrilegious. Instead of airing his guilt feelings in fiction, as Tolstoy did, Twain expressed his in philosophy, identifying himself with Satan and Olivia with Eve: Eve's innocence once again defiled by the devil. How guilty can a man get?

Two other proofs of my hypothesis are his letters to the "angel fish" praising their "unspoiled" status and his frequent idealistic references to the age of 15. Laura Wright "wasn't yet 15" when he met her, and that's the way he kept her in his dreams to the age of 70 and beyond. Hank Morgan in *A Connecticut Yankee* is reminded of the sweetheart he left in Connecticut: "Fifteen! Break—my heart! oh, my lost darling! Just her age who was so gentle, and lovely, and all the world to me . . ." (pp.81-82). In "Old Times on the Mississippi," published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1875, he tells of a pretty girl of 16 who visits the pilot house of his riverboat, and "I fell in love with her." But she switches her affections to a rival, whereupon Twain says, "Little I cared; I loathed her anyway." Finally, among the Mark Twain Papers explored by Hill is a letter to the widow of a childhood friend, Will Bowen: "I should like to call back Will Bowen & John Garth & others, & live the life, & be as we were, & make holiday until 15, then all drown together."[12]

As another proof of my thesis, I cite his emphasis on the virginity of Joan of Arc, who for that very reason remained "unspoiled" beyond 15 to the ripe age of 19. Not only did she sleep in her armor, she was "modest and fine," "pure in mind and body," "unspoiled," chose a seven-foot giant called Dwarf as her



Mark Twain and Helen Allen, the last of the "angel fish"

bodyguard, wore men's clothes to protect herself in prison, and hence "she carried her good name unsmirched to the end." She could easily have been a 19-year-old "angel fish."

If my hypothesis is rejected, what are the alternative explanations for Twain's repression of woman's sexuality?

"His wife wouldn't let him" is one theory. It fails because avoidance of the theme, except in a kidding way, began in his writings before he met her. And while her censorship was real and restrictive, she found occasion to exercise it more against irreverencies and "cuss words" than against sexuality.

Howells, quoted at the beginning of this essay, thought Twain was simply more interested in men and boys than women. Are there homosexual implications in that view? Coming from Howells, I think not. He probably would have been shocked at such an interpretation. My answer to Howells is to ask why Twain did not plead for visits from men and boys in his old age instead of from young girls.

But what about the possibility of homosexual tendencies? Leslie Fiedler raises that question in his essay, "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey!"[13] Nigger Jim does call Huck "honey" frequently, and there is ample opportunity for a homosexual relationship between them in *Huckleberry Finn.* If Twain meant to portray one, he pulled a fast one in sneaking it past the double censorship of his wife and Howells. If this was one of Twain's purposes, he must have had in mind the stereotyped view of sexual license in the Negro, akin to eating watermelons and tap dancing, rather than any homosexual thoughts of his own. He may also have been showing the white man's envy of the alleged sexual freedom and vigor of blacks. The best thing about Fiedler's essay is that it shows an archetypal pattern in American literature of white man (or boy) coached by black man (or Indian): Natty Bumpo and Chingachgook of *The Last of the Mohicans;* Ishmael and Queequeg of *Moby Dick;* Huck Finn and Nigger Jim of *Huckleberry Finn.* To Fielder's list, we can add Ike McCaslin and Sam Fathers from William Faulkner's "The Bear" and the white man-Indian man relationships in recent television shows such as "Cochise" and "Daniel Boone."

Could it be that Mark Twain did not know about the sexual revolution others were beginning to write about? This is the most unlikely explanation of all, as he undoubtedly came into contact with a variety of sexual situations along his route through life: itinerant newspaperman; riverboat pilot; resident of gold camps in Nevada; frequenter of western saloons; visitor to the Sandwich Islands before they were named Hawaii, to San Francisco in its heyday, and to New York saloons; traveler on a cruise ship; speaker on lecture tours. To say that he did not know about sex is to say that he was blind.

Only my theory of guilt and fear about his own sexuality adequately accounts for the "sexuality gap" in his major fiction. He could not keep women with sexuality out of his life, but he could and did keep them out of nearly all of his fiction.

If that gap is now accounted for, the mystery that remains is, why did Twain choose a slave girl as the one woman whose sexuality was vivid and acceptable? Was she part of his stereotype of "black license?" Was passion somehow less sinful if directed at a slave girl? Was Roxana based on someone in his own "secret life?" These questions I leave for others to answer.

NOTES

[1] William Dean Howells, "Mark Twain—an Inquiry," *North American Review* (Feb. 1901); Reprinted in *American Prose and Poetry* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1970), pp. 890-896.

[2] Steven Marcus, *The Other Victorians* (New York: Basic Books Inc., 1964).

[3] Caroline Thomas Harnsberger, *Mark Twain: Family Man* (New York: The Citadel Press, 1960), p. 58.

[4] Harnsberger, pp. 54-55.

[5] Van Wyck Brooks, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* (Cleveland: The World Publishing Co., 1920), pp. 112 ff.

[6] Quoted by Milton Meltzer in *Mark Twain Himself* (New York: Bonanza Books, 1960), p. 139.

[7] Hamlin Hill, *Mark Twain: God's Fool* (New York: Harper & Rowe, 1973), p. xxv.

[8] Hill, p. xxvii.

[9] Hill, p. 242.

[10] Harold G. Baetzhold, "Found: Mark Twain's 'Lost Sweetheart,' " *American Literature* XLIV (1972), 414-429.

[11] Quoted by Hill, p. 247.

[12] Hill, p. 9.

[13] *The Collected Essays of Leslie Fiedler*, Vol. I (New York: Stein and Day, 1971), pp. 142-151.

POETRY

Leonard Nathan

THE AFFAIR

The old plum outside my window
has lost all but a few blossoms
this morning after a sweet merciless rain.

Williams says love is unworldly.
After all these years I don't know
what the world is. I imagine things.

I imagine a girl rising
like a dancer, pleased with her own body
as though it were a lovely young friend.

Now I imagine her eating breakfast,
seriously scanning the news by her plate,
a promising student of things as they are.

I imagine that to lose almost
every blossom and still imagine
something beautiful after is simply love.

Old plum, what are we anyway
but things as they are, persistent spirits
hopelessly in love with the other world?

THE MISSED BEAT

You've heard that pause
in summer when the crickets skip
a beat, as though the earth
was shifting to a new rhythm
that only things pressed to its pulse
would detect and adjust to.

Somewhere back in the forties
I must have missed a shift,
being in the city much
where crickets are kept out
by ordinance, a steady traffic
of noise clear through sleep.

Anyway, my steps
since then have been a little off,
my balance poor. These nights
I listen to that country music
to get the time again
to move the way I must.

THE HUNT

Something strange
ripens deep in August
under the endless sigh
of falling water
and sunlight slanted through branches
down on the dusty amber
of a solitary doe.

Think of a boy there,
barrel lifting, or yourself,
just as she looks up
aware exactly
of what you are and melts then
away, easing her shadow
under rusting leaves.

A desertion, yes,
and a kind of love
or prayer that comes
to this: what you are,
left pure in the stillness,
exactly known and the shame
of that knowing.

COMPANIONS

Many little companions
sharp as teeth
outwait the last man awake
into his pale sleep,
the last ember
into its ash.

There's something else
to being human
and little fur-bearers
approach to feed
silent and dim
on that strangeness.

What is it, what,
they wonder, drawn
fearfully in over dreams
of upturned faces shut
to starlight, so close,
so far away.

Susanne Juhasz

REPLY

for Josephine Miles

"Don't you often seem to plant seeds
  and then dig them up
    to see if they're growing?"

your words, your image, but my hand
  on the wet dirty root.
    I just did it again.

how do you always know? do you always? are you sure?
  these days, years now since I left you
    on your front patio, in a straight-backed chair

these days I don't come knocking,
  my pockets stuffed with questions
    but trying to look smart

things are different now
  I teach my own classes
    with a yellow rug on my office floor

and yet, your words in the mail seem omens
each letter a magic bean
I decipher them avidly

and yet for days since I opened the envelope
as I walk up the path across campus
I've been arguing with you

I keep tugging at your words
stuck like arrows in my heart
they sting!

I ought to fence the area
post it Private Property
then root out weeds and beanstalks

last winter I sat in the audience
you read your poetry
small in your chair

everyone tense from your spell
suddenly applauding
and me crying into a handkerchief

because it was you,
not a famous poet,
you

"Is it not possible
that a slower pace and more peaceful enjoyment
would work well all around?"

but I'm striding out
in a plumed hat and high boots
intent on conquest

I've drawn a map
and want to see the penciled lines
bloom into roads and rivers

of course I love my plants
my special few, brooding in pots
on my desk and typewriter table

on afternoons I watch them
with a gaze that strokes their leaves
like a lover's finger

of course they have roots
white and coiled into symbols
hidden in the soil

why should I poke with a fingernail
when I know how they dream
and send slow currents up the stalks?

"Is there any way of getting the focus
off yourself
for the sake of a wider understanding?"

visiting you at Christmastime
people come from Ohio, New York, Tokyo
you know everyone

mulled wine in jade cups
holiday cookies, raisins and orange peel
we each choose a gift from your table

you are a message center
at the end of one wire, me
you have deep lines on your face

a tree or a poem seems thankless
if it hasn't sent forth shoots
leading back to someone's fingers

the heart is a quiet clearing
in another person's forest
the center and periphery

the trail to the gingerbread cottage
is marked by string, not crumbs
the spool will wind backwards, homewards

there's my jade plant and your green cups
my yellow rug and your wooden chair
my poems and yours

I want you sitting with a pencil in your hand
your words useful as teacups
as delicate, as full

FICTION

THE HONORARY *APACHE*

H. H. Morris

THEY had begun their European summer with Paris, and Harry Bassom had needed only three days to learn to loathe the city. It was a sister to New York—impersonal, hurried, littered, eager to cheat the unwary rube. Rube, mark, pigeon, john, sucker: Harry had worn all those titles too many times to appreciate anyone or anyplace who tried to take his money in a con game.

Yet tonight he was deliberately being the mark. He and Martha, his wife, and Jeanie, his 16-year-old daughter, and Sophia, Jeanie's friend from Syracuse, had paid for a chance to play the gaping American rubes adrift in the city of lights and sin. Their bus had just crossed the Seine. That damn river seemed to be everywhere, Harry thought. He decided to use it as the basis of a service-club joke.

He said, "Are we on the right bank or the left bank?"

Martha continued staring out the window. Jeanie fell for the question.

"The left," she said, turning around in the seat in front of him.

"What if we turned the bus around and went the other way? Would it be the right bank then?"

No one laughed with him. Harry sank back in his seat and tried to hide his disgust.

The night club tour had been his idea, but they had accepted it eagerly this afternoon. Everything had gone fine until they hit the first club. It was a dive. Harry had said so. To prove his point, he had directed their attention where two B-girls hustled half-drunk customers.

Martha had said softly, "Count on you to know one when you see one."

"So what?" had been Jeanie's response.

Nothing impressed Jeanie. Harry had expected such a reaction. But Martha's remark rankled. He wouldn't pretend that he had been the perfectly faithful husband, but he had done his cheating with discretion. He had never forced her to choose between her pride and her need for security. That should count for something.

Martha turned from the window to ask, "What's this next club like?"

"I don't know," Harry said. "The only one I've heard of is the last one, The Lido."

Deserted warehouses and grimy office buildings lined the dimly lit street when the bus stopped. The guide, speaking in his precise English, told them that they must walk the rest of the way and assured them that there was no danger. Then he headed down a well-illuminated alley.

Some of the tourists played the game, the women clutching the men in mock fear. Both Harry and Martha knew that the tour would take them only to safe places, while Jeanie and Sophia assumed the desperate teenage facade of sophistication to prove that they belonged on this adult adventure. Plodding along the dirty alley, Harry watched the fascinating swing of Sophia's hips. He quickly checked Martha with a sidelong glance. If she had noticed his gaze, she ignored it.

Lust brought no shame. Years ago their marriage had died, had become an empty form preserved for "the sake of our child." But this moment of desire embarrassed Harry. The girl was 17, eight months older than his own daughter. She was their guest on this European tour. Looking at her and wondering what the young flesh under her slacks would feel like was akin to incest.

The small night club was at the end of the row of streetlamps. Harry smiled to himself as he found one more parallel between Old World and New. Political clout still counted, regardless of what language the politicians spoke or what currency they collected as the fruits of their power.

They filed through the door, past the hostess with her mechanical smile. They sat upon row after row of benches, each bench with a small table in front of it. Other tour parties already occupied the back of the room, so that Harry's group wound up seated in the very front, next to the small performance area with its scarred wooden floor. A waiter deftly handed each person a glass of sweet white wine of a poor vintage.

Jeanie leaned in front of her mother to ask, "Dad, what are those pictures supposed to be?"

They were on the wall, above and between the fake balconies that gave the club its name. The artist had tried to copy the style of Toulouse-Lautrec. He had failed.

Harry said, "I think they're supposed to be scenes of medieval student life. It's proof that we're on the left bank."

Harry sipped at his wine, wanting to get his money's worth, expecting a lousy floor show, hating the sweet drink. A heavy-set *chanteuse* carried a microphone onto the small performance area while a combo set up by the door. She sang two long songs. She missed being another Piaf by the same wide margin that the nameless artist had missed being a second Toulouse-Lautrec. After she had finished wailing, the dancers came out. Harry resigned himself to seeing another display of nudity, another parade of bored beef on the hoof.

They were *apache* dancers. Their skill surprised him, made him suddenly think that the tour wasn't just for rubes and suckers. He glanced at the others in his party and saw that they, too, were impressed by the performance. The whole style of dancing came from another world, one which the middle class carefully avoided. It was a world of criminals, a place where violence lay barely concealed beneath the surface of every experience. Harry lost himself in the show.

Just before the end, the tone of the performance shifted subtly, as though the dancers had remembered the tourists packing the club and returned from their own private world of grace and skill. A tall, thin woman, the mistress of ceremonies, the one who had done virtually no dancing, looked around the club. Her gaze rested on Harry Bassom. One of the male dancers walked across the floor to tower over Harry.

"You will help us with our last number, *M'sieu?*"

"But. . . I can't. . . ."

"It is simplicity, *M'sieu.* She will not throw you out the door. We have never lost a customer."

Several people chuckled.

Jeanie said, "Go on, Dad. Be a sport."

He could earn her approval—perhaps; with Jeanie it was always perhaps—by joining the act. He already had Martha's disapproval. Simply by being noticed he had embrrassed her. Harry always managed to come on as the clown prince at any party they attended; the following morning she inevitably castigated him as the damn fool. He stood. A few people applauded as the male dancer led him over to stand by the girl.

She leaned close to him and said, "Whenever I dance up to you, sir, hold me by the waist. Not tight. Try to move with me. All right?"

"All right," he said, grinning weakly.

The combo hit the music, getting together six measures into the number. The girl spun away from Harry and into the arms of the muscular male dancer. He picked her up, almost sweeping the floor with her long hair. He did a half twist, set her down, and shoved her toward Harry.

Harry braced himself to catch her weight. Just before she reached him her seemingly uncontrolled spin became a gentle turn. She floated softly into his arms. He grasped her waist, noticing for the first time that she was dressed differently from the other women. They wore low cut dresses. She wore a hard

bodice above her skirt, a garment that suggested the Middle Ages depicted in the paintings. Harry shuffled clumsily back and forth, letting her lead. He looked up and saw Jeanie and Sophia smiling encouragement. He hoped it was encouragement instead of mockery. He tried to ignore Martha's set frown.

The burly male dancer advanced menacingly. Even though he knew the menace was illusion, Harry felt a tingle of fear. These dancers were good. He could easily imagine them beneath a dim streetlamp near where the Bastille had towered over its neighborhood. The man would be a criminal, one who took pride in his evil; a cigarette would dangle from his lips, while a knife was near at hand. He wouldn't take kindly to a stranger messing with his woman. She might flirt, or even whore—but outside of business hours her body was for him alone.

The girl whirled away from Harry, moving toward the male dancer. Again came the ritual of lifting and twisting and tossing, man treating woman as though she were a sack of vegetables. She once more floated gently into Harry's arms. He knew that he was supposed to be involved as an honorary *apache* dancer, but he couldn't stop enjoying the performance from a spectator's viewpoint. He wished they had picked another victim from the crowd. Even Martha might have unbent and enjoyed the performance if he hadn't been involved. No one knew her in Paris.

The third time the dancer threw the girl at Harry the music began to beat faster. The woman moved energetically in front of him as he grasped her waist. Concentrating on following her around the small dance floor, Harry remained unaware of the movements of her hands. Only when she had completely unlaced the bodice and spun suddenly away, leaving him with the garment in his hands, did he realize what had happened. The crowd applauded wildly as she stood across the floor from Harry, her breasts bare. Jeanie and Sophia led the clapping. Martha failed to move her hands.

The partially nude woman came over to Harry and took the bodice from him. She leaned forward and kissed his cheek, her breasts pushing against his arm, one nipple brushing the back of his hand. It was a meaningless gesture, an act she performed with several tourists every night. There was no thrill in it for Harry—which, he thought, might be the reason she had selected him in the first place. Maybe he had that man-of-the-world look that suggested the ability to separate illusion from sexuality.

"Thanks, *M'sieu,*" said the male dancer, shaking his hand in a crushing grip and escorting him back to his bench.

"You were great, Dad," Jeanie said.

Martha glared at her daughter.

After musicians and dancers took one last bow, the various guides began shepherding their parties into the alley and back to the buses. Several of the men smiled at Harry, but all of them drew back without saying anything when they saw Martha's anger.

They took the same seats in the bus, Sophia in front of Martha, Jeanie in front of Harry. When he laid his hand on the back of his daughter's seat to steady

himself as he slid into place, Harry felt her reach up to grip his hand briefly. He wished he could see her expression. He carefully avoided looking at Martha.

The next club was noisier than the first, and if it contained B-girls or hookers, Harry failed to identify them. Smoke made breathing hazardous. The group stayed only a few minutes before heading for The Lido, but in that time they watched three dancers strip completely naked and posture for the audience. Harry was glad when they left.

At The Lido each person received a small bottle of champagne. While Martha tried to freeze Harry with her deliberate silence, Jeanie and Sophia deluged him with questions. Their earlier attempts at sophistication had ceased; they were two teenagers on a grand adventure and grateful for an experienced guide. When the show began, Harry was in a mood to enjoy it. Even the champagne was good. The lavish spectacular impressed him as being nothing more than another *Folies*, but he had no complaint if the girls were happy.

The bus returned them to their hotel shortly after two.

Jeanie said, "Thanks for a wonderful evening, Dad."

"It was very nice, Mr. Bassom," Sophia added.

"Why end it now?" Harry said. "The sidewalk cafe across the street is still open."

"I have a headache," Martha said.

Harry went to the desk for the keys. The three women conversed in a low tone—too low for him to make out their words. They were probably talking about the next day. He dreaded the morning. He dreaded every morning. The hotel had given them two rooms connected by a bath. Three women in one bath made life intolerable, especially when they had to catch tour buses early in the morning. He wondered if he should give up shaving and grow a beard.

"We have a plan," Jeanie announced when Harry returned with their keys.

"You can go in through our room," Sophia explained.

"Let me take your mother upstairs."

"Nonsense," Martha said, her tone letting Harry know that her words were a lie. "This hotel is perfectly safe. And I don't need your father to lead me to my room."

"All right," Harry said, savoring the momentary shock on her face.

The waiter at the cafe worked hard for his tip. He suggested a white wine to go on top of champagne. He was the romantic Frenchman with the girls, complimenting them lavishly, making them feel wicked and wanted. Both girls seemed so pleased with the wine that Harry hid his distaste. Why the hell did the French turn a grape into a basis for alcoholic soda pop? But even that complaint paled when he thought of the open delight Jeanie was taking in his company. It had been three years since she had even admitted that his being alive might provide some convenience for her.

"Why is mother mad?" she said.

"She's embarrassed."

"And mad. At you. It wasn't your fault."

Harry said, "I could have refused, I suppose."

"But you'd have made a spectacle of yourself."

"That's the hell of that kind of situation. You're a spectacle no matter what you do. That damn woman took me by surprise."

Sophia said, "You mean you honestly didn't notice what she was doing, Mr. Bassom?"

"No. I was too busy trying not to trip over her feet or mine to realize she was undressing herself."

It was a happy laugh. Harry didn't mind that it was at his expense.

Jeanie said, "You know, Sophia, it's impossible to understand fathers."

"I know," the other girl said.

"Here I've gone all these years thinking that he was a prude. Now I see him surrounded by naked women and not even blinking. And it's my mother, who always wants her little girl to tell her everything, who gives cynical advice about men, who can't stand nudity."

Harry started to object. He should object. But he didn't. It might be a cheap victory, one gained unfairly. Nonetheless it was a victory. God knew what went on at home while he was out making a living. Maybe the reason Jeanie had looked on him with such contempt the last three years was that she had taken a cue from her mother. Maybe this damn trip was worthwhile, was good for something more than culture bunions and church knee.

He escorted the girls up to their room and said good night. Jeanie kissed one cheek while Sophia kissed the other. He tried to look paternal, to suppress the thoughts of the lush teenager on his right. He had to quit thinking about Sophia's body. Playing the antique lecher would destroy everything he had gained this evening.

He went through the bathroom into his own room. He cracked his knee on the bidet. That said something about the French, but he wasn't sure what. He turned on the light and undressed. The glare awakened Martha.

"Are you drunk?" she said.

"No."

"You really made an ass of yourself tonight. And in front of your own daughter. I don't. . . ."

"Shut up!" he said.

His sudden anger took her by surprise. She shut up.

Harry said, "Forget the domestic tranquility act. Be a bitch for six countries, or however many the travel agent lined up. It doesn't matter any longer, Martha. You've shown your true nature. And Jeanie noticed."

He turned out the light and slid between the cold sheets. He was brave and tough now, ready to end the charade. He wondered how much nerve he'd have left in the morning.

REVIEW ESSAY

The Hogarth Letters:

Bloomsbury Writers on Art and Politics

Selma Meyerowitz

THE Bloomsbury Group and its role in British literary, artistic, social, and political life have often been subject to controversy. The Group grew out of a select Cambridge University undergraduate society, The Apostles, and took shape around 1904 during informal gatherings at the home of Virginia and Vanessa Stephen in the Blooomsbury section of London. The original members of the Bloomsbury Group were Cambridge undergraduates Lytton Strachey, Sydney Saxon-Turner, Clive Bell, and Leonard Woolf. To this group were added the Stephens—Virginia, Vanessa, Thoby, and Adrian—Duncan Grant, Roger Fry, Maynard Keynes, Desmond MacCarthy, and E. M. Forster. For many people, Bloomsbury represents an intellectual elite, a closed society based on private friendships and a philosophy which had no practical or political orientation. Others, however, recognize that a wide range of literary, social, and political issues stimulated Bloomsbury Group members, and diversity of opinion enlivened their weekly discussions. Moreover, a common commitment to experimentation in the arts and to social criticism characterizes their work. Bloomsbury writers expressed their concern with the social, artistic, economic, and political issues affecting individual consciousness and national and international life.

The Hogarth Press provides important insights into Bloomsbury thought and art. Leonard and Virginia Woolf began the Press in 1916 as a hobby, but it soon developed a serious purpose: to publish works by new writers that commercial and more conservative publishing houses would reject. Since Hogarth was not concerned about the popularity of its publications, it ventured into experimental or controversial material. In the 1920s and 1930s, for example, Hogarth published several pamphlet series with distinctly political and social commentary. If a single volume can indicate the philosophy toward art, literature, and politics of both the Hogarth Press and the Bloomsbury Group, it may well be *The Hogarth Letters*. This collection of eleven letter-essays written in 1931 and 1932 reflects the major concerns of Bloomsbury members: social and political affairs are represented by essays on imperialism, the state of the church, disarmament and British politics, and the psychology of fascism; the arts are discussed in essays on poetry, the novel, and painting.

The letter-essay is particularly appropriate considering the social climate of the early 1930s. The rise of fascism caused extreme social change and developments in international politics which threatened traditional forms of self-expression and communication. As individual rights were being destroyed by totalitarian governments, the need to assert one's personal voice became important. The letter-essay emphasizes the individual voice and interpersonal communication through its one-to-one relationship between writer and reader. Because it directly reveals the writer's unique personality, the letter-essay is essentially dramatic and psychological, yet its form also creates a structure of intellectual debate which clarifies thought and merges personal expression with social commentary.

World War I had an enormous impact on Bloomsbury as it did on Europe. Leonard Woolf described the pre-World War I era as a period of social progress during which the hope developed that man might become permanently civilized.[1] But the outbreak of war, the resurgence of brutality, and the use of scientific advances for destructive purposes shattered social optimism and indicated how modern man had relapsed into barbarism.[2] Bloomsbury was thoroughly anti-war, but more importantly, its members realized that it was not sufficient to condemn war; one had to work toward a system of preventing war. During the post-World War I period, the key political issues were disarmament, international government, and imperialism. The League of Nations grew out of the belief that a formal body for international government was necessary to prevent the recurrence of war. Bloomsbury supported this approach to world peace. In 1922, when Leonard Woolf stood for Parliament as a candidate of the Labour Party, the foreign affairs section of his platform supported the League of Nations. Woolf's recognition of the importance of an international system of laws to regulate relations between nations had developed earlier, and in 1916, he published *International Government*, a study for the Fabian Society. Further, a list of Hogarth Press publications reveals several works on the League of Nations, suggesting Bloomsbury's commitment to international peace.[3]

In *The Hogarth Letters*, the issues of disarmament and international government are addressed by Viscount Cecil. Directing his comments to the British politician Brownjohn in "A Letter to a Member of Parliament on Disarmament," Cecil argues that disarmament is a central concern of the British public. Although he recognizes that internal affairs, such as unemployment, the state of industry, tariffs, and taxation, are important to the British electorate, Cecil emphasizes that foreign affairs are crucial to the British economy because it is still tied up with "payments for past wars and preparations for wars in the future."[4] War would threaten the economic survival of Britain, since the nation is dependent upon other countries for both food supply and industrial raw materials. Peace is also essential because of Britain's relationship to its Empire. Commonwealth countries are asserting nationhood; the unity of the Empire, already in a precarious state, would be further strained by international war, and Britain might be left without the support of its Empire nations.

Cecil urges Brownjohn to respond to public opinion and support international government. He cites newspaper commentary and mass demonstrations as indicating the general public's view of war as "a mad and evil thing"(12). He claims that the public favors the League of Nations as a means of preventing international disaster. Yet, Cecil notes, British politicians continue to ignore the strong public support for preventing war. As a result, the electorate is beginning to consider party issues "stale and narrow" (13); the political candidate who indicates concern with international peace and has constructive ideas for preventing war would find a wide base of popular support.

Cecil also addresses himself to the shaky status of the League. He points out that huge expenditures on armaments negate the League's main function and make its moral authority seem a farce. The crucial point about disarmament is that it is not "feasible unless it is universal, and no one nation unaided can achieve it"(17). The League was based on the concept that mutual assistance against aggression would protect nations from external threats without compelling increases in armaments. Military aggression would be an international crime, for which each nation would accept responsibility and express condemnation.

Cecil's comment on imperialism and its relation to international peace, British politics, and economic survival is reiterated by other Bloomsbury writers. Leonard Woolf had been a civil servant in Ceylon where he grew to dislike imperialism and its destructive effect on native culture. Woolf considered the liberation of the colonies and the dissolution of the British Empire as a key problem of the post-World War I period.[5] Similarly, in *The Hogarth Letters*, E. M. Forster comments upon the destructive cultural influences of imperialistic domination. Forster's correspondent in "A Letter to Madan Blanchard" was a member of an East India Company ship which was shipwrecked in the Pelew Islands in 1783. According to the captain's journals, Blanchard decided to stay on the islands; his refusal to return to England is for Forster a rebellion against constricting cultural conventions at home. But

Forster considers the Pelew Prince, Lee Boo, who returns to England with the ship as a more serious aspect of imperialism. A pawn in the imperialists' plans, the Prince is to be educated in England and sent back to rule the islands as an Englishman would. When Lee Boo dies of smallpox, Forster sees his death as a comment on the incompatability of cultures which imperialism provokes, as well as a symbol of the islands' independence from colonial rule.

Bloomsbury understood that international government and the end of imperialism would not ensure the end of international conflict. Leonard Woolf, for example, was fascinated by the concept of communal psychology, which he defines as those beliefs and desires held by individuals forming classes or nations. Communal psychology is based on social standards of value which can cause communal actions.[6] Woolf analyzed the history of civilization in terms of a recurring struggle between the forces of civilization—reason, freedom, democracy and communal altruism—and the forces of barbarism—unreason, intolerance and tyranny.[7] The rise of fascism in the late 1920's symbolized for Woolf a turn toward the communal psychology of barbarism. Woolf believed that fascist ideology was based on the lowest standards of value, specifically fear, hatred, greed and aggression—qualities more appropriate to the criminal element of society than to its political leaders. Like Leonard Woolf, E. M. Forster was appalled by the dehumanization of culture caused by fascism. He saw a terrifying empty look in the faces of the Nazi young and commented that "you cannot go on destroying lives and living processes without destroying your own life."[8] Both Woolf and Forster considered political beliefs to be an indication of social and personal ideals.[9]

In *The Hogarth Letters*, Louis Golding's "A Letter to Adolf Hitler" is an anti-fascist statement which indicates Bloomsbury's reaction to fascist ideology.[10] Golding considers Hitler to be the most notorious of contemporary anti-semites. He parallels the anti-semitism of Hitler's youth with that of the young boys in his Lancashire infant school who considered Jews to be Christ-killers and with that of the adolescent millhands in whom anti-semitism was more venomous because "life in so few years had become so much bitterer for them. They wondered . . . why . . . and they blamed this alien, palpable race thrust down in their midst" (13). Later, at Oxford, Golding observed another example of anti-semitism in young gentlemen who uttered "scurrilities concerning Jews in general" (17). The Great War with its social idealism seemed to hold out the promise of an end to persecution of the Jews, but it merely suspended the hostility temporarily. After the war, a "fury of Jew-hatred" broke out, which Golding regarded as "a product in the defeated countries of the psychology of defeat" (19).

For Golding, social expressions of anti-semitism are not as significant as archetypal anti-semitism, an elusive, continuing hatred that would exist even if there were no motivating causes. Archetypal anti-semitism cannot be eradicated, for it is a phenomenon of human existence rather than a product of social circumstances. It reflects man's continuing inclination toward the forces of barbarism which oppose the impulses of civilization.

Although Bloomsbury was very concerned with political and international events, it also attacked social institutions and conventions, as "A Letter from a Black Sheep" by Francis Birrell indicates. Addressed to his cousins in England from his home in France, Birrell attacks both the middle-class Englishman's philistinism, commenting "I know you never cared about poetry," and love of English countryside, which he describes as "stupid little hills and commonplace copses"(6). After a visit to his cousins, he adds insult to injury by writing, "I thought you were the stuffiest set of provincial fools I'd ever met in my life, frightfully sweet and all that, but unimaginative beyond words"(7). Even more an object of Birrell's scorn is the way English society is bogged down in sterile traditions and class-consciousness. To Birrell, each Englishman is in competition with his neighbor for the status of gentleman, and thereby participates in a meaningless snobbery, "aping a social system, which no longer has any real existence"(7). Birrell also attacks the public schools for creating elitism and self-satisfaction, while actually contributing to a mingling of "the territorial aristocracy with the commercial middle-class [that] has produced a hybrid which lacks the better qualities of each"(8).

Birrell does not find it surprising that England no longer leads the world as it did through the eighteenth century. English society is hopelessly provincial; it is not open to foreign influences; it is unable to set standards because it is "so damned antiquated . . . so badly educated"(20-21). Also lacking is the social and personal freedom which exists elsewhere. Birrell maintains that censors, official and unofficial, are stifling all creative instincts.[11] He measures the conservatism and repression of English culture by the fact that young English people "live like exiles in their own country and are always flying abroad to get a breath of fresh air"(17). Like these young Britishers, Birrell is an exile in France because he finds English society too restricting.

Middle-class conventions and institutions are not the only subjects of social criticism in *The Hogarth Letters*. "A Letter to an Archbishop" by J. C. Hardwick, a priest, criticizes the Church, not its ideology, but its relation to society. Religious irreverence was part of Bloomsbury's intellectual rebellion against restricting social conventions, and although Hardwick was not a member of Bloomsbury, his analysis of the role of the Church suggests the nature of Bloomsbury's rejection of religion. Hardwick observes that the Church had an important place in society during the Victorian period: "the social position of the beneficed clergy was high, the British public was behind them, and there was no shortage of men or money"(8). A stable social structure and shared social beliefs reinforced church doctrines. Yet the fall of the Church from its position of "cultural pilot" was inevitable because it failed to develop new ideas to counteract changes in society: the increasing materialism and technology; the Education Act of 1902 (which secularized religion by giving rise to a new type of middle-class child who was materialist, utilitarian, and anti-religious); the new Press and its worldliness and nationalism; and social welfare programs, which influenced individuals to look to the state rather than to the Church.

During the Great War, the Church enjoyed a temporary resurgence of popularity, but Hardwick points out that the war produced "mental penury"—four years of catch-words, slogans, and misguided idealism (19). Again, the Church failed to meet changes in social and economic conditions with intellectual advances. This failure constitutes for Hardwick the "religious and mental debility" that is destroying the Church (26). The Church can "no longer originate and create; it can only repeat and copy" (29); it is conservative and hostile to new forms of expression. Hardwick condemns this death-ridden state and comments, "all genuine religion, like all genuine art, is kept alive by change. . . . to be afraid of change is to be afraid of life" (30). The salvation of the Church lies in the hands of creative individuals; however, young men are rejecting the Church because they know it is not a place for intellectual freedom and creativity. As Hardwick appeals to the Archbishop to reorganize and rejuvenate the Church, he echoes both Bloomsbury's rejection of dead social conventions and its belief that intellect and creativity must regenerate social institutions.

Bloomsbury's attention to national and international political issues and to social institutions is related to its concern with the arts. Indeed, Bloomsbury recognized that social and economic conditions affect the artist and that art forms respond to changes in social and personal experience. Virginia Woolf emphasizes this point in her essay "The Leaning Tower," as she examines the post-World War I situation of the writer. Before August 1914, society's structure was stable and the artist's tower, symbolizing his elevated position in society because of middle-class birth and expensive education, was secure. After 1914, the tower was no longer stable because World War I threatened both the organization of individual societies and the foundations of civilization. Thus, Woolf comments, writers and artists could no longer avoid taking a political stand about changes in the social environment.[12]

Virginia Woolf is clearly sympathetic to the challenges the new generation of artists faces. In *The Hogarth Letters*, her well-known essay "A Letter to a Young Poet," addressed to John Lehmann, focuses on the plight of contemporary poetry. The mass reading audience of 1931 demands literature that is exciting and amusing, and the poet cannot disregard his audience. He must maintain contact with "life," but he must not cater solely to the tastes of the mass audience. He must not become submerged in the actual and the colloquial which fail to stimulate imagination or provide a fusion between reality and imagination. Also, the poet must not become obsessed with himself. He must find a relationship between the self, which for Woolf is "the central reality," and the world outside (20). Through the power of rhythm, an element basic to all forms of life, the poet may find a unified vision of "the relation between things that seem incompatible yet have a mysterious affinity" (22). Woolf urges experimentation as a means of rejuvenating the state of poetry, discovering the poetic voice that can express contemporary experience, and maintaining a relationship to the long tradition of past poets.

Peter Quennell's "A Letter to Mrs. Virginia Woolf" provides an interesting

parallel to Woolf's comments on contemporary poetry. Quennell recognizes that the artist is a "creature of his social and political setting," that practical politics and the state of society affect the artist's thought and work (20). Yet Quennell does not attribute the difficulties of the contemporary poet to an insensitive public or an unstable social structure. Instead, he sees poetry as growing narrower in its scope. Compared to ancient times, when the poet was at the center of all learning and expression, the contemporary poet has a much smaller terrain. As new genres developed, poetry lost several elements: the religious, dramatic, narrative, and philosophic. Quennell nevertheless sees an important function for poetry, a function that no other literary genre can fulfill: the expression of emotion with "a crystalline sense of words" and, thus, the discovery of authentic, expressive language (15). Like Virginia Woolf, Quennell argues that the poet must find a balance between the inner self and the outer world, a continuity of tradition combining the poetry of the past with a new poetry appropriate for the society in which he lives.[13]

The comments about poetry by Woolf and Quennell are similar to Virginia Woolf's discussion of developments in the novel. Her essay "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" is a literary manifesto which argues that changes in society and personal relationships during the early years of the twentieth century have necessitated a new approach to the novel. She rejects the materialist approach to character and experience of the Edwardian novelists, particularly Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, and H. G. Wells.[14] Seemingly, she would disagree with Hugh Walpole's argument in "A Letter to a Modern Novelist," which essentially supports the Edwardian approach to literary conventions. Both Walpole and Woolf examine, however, the dilemma of the contemporary writer and the problems of developing craft while maintaining a meaningful relationship to the audience.

Walpole addresses his letter to a nephew who has solicited his uncle's opinion on his first novel. Walpole finds the work lacking the qualities of strong writing and uses Anthony Trollope's novel *Barchester Towers* as a standard of comparison. Trollope presents all human passions, from which the plot develops; thus, the social conflict over the church, which is the center of *Barchester Towers*, also reveals human nature in relation to multiple social and personal contexts. Trollope draws the reader into the work through characters which Walpole describes as those "great normal figures that triumph through the world's literature" and exist beyond the literary work (23). In contrast to Trollope, the modern novelist (according to Walpole) creates characters who are a minority and thus "foreign" to two-thirds of his readers. Further, the influence of Henry James has caused the modern novelist to feel that his work should represent, rather than state, the theme. Thus, the modern novelist does not allow his reader to enter into the work by giving him full information as Trollope does, but instead, turns his reader into an observer who watches the writer investigate his material and shape his work. Walpole objects to any tendency to alienate the reader, and he proclaims the importance of moral values, urging the new generation of novelists to expand their art and solidify

their relationship to the reader by generating moral themes.

Like the literary artists of Bloomsbury, the visual artists were preoccupied with changes in society and the way these changes affected their art forms. An especially important influence on Bloomsbury was the First Post-Impressionist Exhibit in 1910, organized by Roger Fry. The English public reacted strongly against the new style in painting, but Bloomsbury's art critics and painters—Fry, Clive Bell, Vanessa Bell, and Duncan Grant—supported the new movement. In "A Letter on the French Pictures," Raymond Mortimer's comments on the visual arts and Impressionist painting reveal Bloomsbury's attitude toward art.

From a Bloomsbury address, Mortimer directs his letter to friends in the country who have entertained him in typically gracious upper-middle-class style and have promised to meet him at The French Exhibition. He is skeptical whether they will benefit from the exhibit unless they can recognize the revolutionary nature of the paintings. Mortimer points out that this exhibit should cause a reorganization of the viewer's perceptions; one should leave "a changed person, or rather with changed eyes," ready to see the world anew (6). Like Clive Bell and Roger Fry, Mortimer believes an important relationship exists between the painter and his audience:

> All art is a collaboration between the artist and his audience, he is sending you messages, so that you must keep your eyes open . . . and use your imagination to reconstruct what is going on in his mind. It is fatal to be passive, and to take it for granted that the picture is what it is. (13)

Although Mortimer credits his correspondent Harriet with aesthetic taste, he asserts that she does not use her eyes, but instead relies on intelligence, or academic and historical standards of judgment. He urges her to approach The French Exhibit with sense response only and, like the artist who sees everything new, to develop a new mode of seeing. For Mortimer, the Impressionists are particularly important because they capture the appearance of things most truthfully; they do not state all the facts, just as we do not observe all the details when we look at something. Their mode of representation is implicit rather than explicit and thus stimulates imagination.

Through their diversity of subject matter and point of view, the eleven letter-essays published in the Hogarth Letter Series are striking examples of social, literary, and artistic opinion in England during the early 1930s. These essays also indicate that those concerns which preoccupied Bloomsbury writers and artists affected English society as a whole. Virginia Woolf's image of the artist in a leaning tower being influenced by social, economic, and political forces reasserts Bloomsbury's focus on the relationship between social experience and literature and graphic art. Although part of the established upper-middle class through birth and education, Bloomsbury was critical of social and political institutions. Believing that man's intellectual freedom and the survival of the arts are related to these institutions, Bloomsbury argued that if

institutions deny freedom and fulfillment to individuals, they should be changed. The social upheaval of the 1930s made Europe, including Bloomsbury, aware that social values and conventions and political ideology could threaten individual and social survival. *The Hogarth Letters* reveal that Bloomsbury writers used literature, and especially the Hogarth Press, to express their political consciousness and their views on the role of art and literature in society.

Notes

[1] Leonard Woolf, *Beginning Again: An Autobiography of the Years 1911 to 1918* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1963), p. 87.

[2] Leonard Woolf, *International Government* (New York: Brentano's, 1916), p. 5.

[3] Titles of Hogarth Press publications on the League of Nations can be found in *A Checklist of the Hogarth Press, 1917-1938*, J. Howard Woolmer (Andes, New York: Woolmer-Brotherson Ltd., 1976).

[4] *The Hogarth Letters* (London: The Hogarth Press, 1933). All page references in the text refer to this edition.

[5] In his 1922 platform, Leonard Woolf also called for the abandonment of imperialism and for self-government in India, Ceylon, and Africa.

[6] Leonard Woolf, *Downhill All the Way: An Autobiography of the Years 1919 to 1939* (London: The Hogarth Press, 1968), pp. 201-03.

[7] Leonard Woolf, *Essays on Literature, History, Politics, Etc.* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1927), p. 149.

[8] E. M. Forster, "Nordic Twilite," in *England Speaks, A Symposium*, A. P. Herbert, et. al. (New York: Macmillan Company, 1914), p. 82.

[9] Leonard Woolf, *Quack, Quack!* (London: The Hogarth Press, 1936), p. 78.

[10] See also Leonard Woolf, "Hitler's Psychology," *Political Quarterly*, (Oct.-Dec. 1942), pp. 373-83.

[11] See Clive Bell, *On British Freedom* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1923), for further discussion of British censorship.

[12] Virginia Woolf, *The Moment and Other Essays* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1948),pp.134-35.

[13] The remaining two letter-essays, "A Letter to a Sister" by Rosamond Lehmann and "A Letter to W. B. Yeats" by L. A. G. Strong, discuss poetry. Lehmann focuses on the nature of poetic creativity, and Strong analyzes Yeats as an example for contemporary poets.

[14] Virginia Woolf, *The Captain's Death Bed and Other Essays* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1950), pp. 94-119.

ARTICLES

Mateship and Isolation in the Modern Australian Novel

James R. Nichols

This article was presented at the 1976 Conference on 20th Century Literature at the University of Louisville and will appear in the selected papers of that conference at a later date.

AT the beginning of Katherine Pritchard's novel *Working Bullocks*, a particularly severe blow befalls the male protagonist Red Burke. His off-sider, Chris Colburn, is killed in what very well might have been an avoidable accident. Red is a lumberman and driver of a team of bullocks which he uses to haul logs out of the dense Australian bush and hills along the east and south coasts of the continent. Chris, his off-sider, is the man who works on the road beside the moving wagon and keeps it rolling steadily and without mishap. He is also the younger brother of the girl Red will marry at the book's conclusion. In most other instances the death would have been regretful and pathetic but hardly crucial, for Pritchard makes it clear that although Red is hardly a virtuous or overly-sensitive individual, he does love his comrade, and the accident is one for which there is no real culpability. Yet in Pritchard's novel, this one occurrence becomes the defining point for the plot action which follows. Chris's sister initially rejects Red for what she considers his inhumane carelessness and egocentricity. She loved her brother deeply and his death has an almost irrevocable effect upon her. This in itself is not surprising, but if we then discover that this same independence of will which makes Red Burke so different from his fellow workers also causes them to reject him not so much because of the accident itself, but because they suspect him of not caring about his offsider, his mate, then the accident and subsequent action acquire more significance. Red loses his job, is unable to stay with anything else he tries, and is constantly ostracized by his peers.

The comaraderie between Chris and Red was common between bullockers and their off-siders; close friendships were expected in the harsh and lonely environment of the Australian bush where one man could not successfully compete alone. Mates were a physical and psychological necessity in Australia, and even the first convicts and settlers were quick to mention this in their early journals and narratives. Central to the Australian self-image was and is a sense of social, group identity almost unknown to the American. Critics such as T. Inglish Moore have repeatedly outlined the necessity for the Australian to define himself in relation to another person, another man who suffers and endures.[1] In one of his poems Randolph Stowe has his narrator say the following:

> And I came to a bloke all alone like
> a kurrajong tree
> And I said to him, "Mate—I don't need
> to know your name—
> Let me camp in your shade, let me sleep,
> till the sun goes down."[2]

Note that the mate is a "bloke," anyone at all, but specifically not a dignified, respected, or singular individual. He is alone like the solitary kurrajong tree enduring the heat and the glare of the sun. Thus the pathos is this: that through his own suffering he can alleviate the suffering of the narrator. Faceless and without identity, "I don't need to know your name," he gives shade and relief from the sun. Within that shade and companionship, the narrator's pain and tension slough away. He finds sleep until the sun goes down. The image implies a rejection of intellect, a distrust of knowledge, a profound fear of self-awareness which brings only fear and isolation from the rest of humanity.

This is quite different from the American vision and essential myth. (Indeed, Barry Argyle in his recent book suggests that mateship may be more protective myth than psychological reality.)[3] In America, the land from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and beyond was fertile and relatively accessible. Supposedly, the country was open to those who would possess it, and in spite of the innumerable hardships that actually awaited the pioneer, works like deCrevecoeur's *Letters from an American Farmer* created the enduring myths of early America: give a man an axe, a good plot of bottom land, a team of horses, and of course a wife, and he could conquer the world. During the early and mid-1800s it was hard for a politician to even think of the Presidency if he had not a background of log cabin solitariness and a good eye for squirrel shooting. The myth of the American West with its lone, gun-toting cowboys is a logical extension of these earlier attitudes.

In Australia, however, a radically different development occurred, and an early bush ballad tragicomically laments:

> They've all got a mate but me.
> They've all got a mate but me.

Forced to travel halfway around the world in ships that sometimes had a death rate among the hold and steerage passengers of up to 30% and 40%, almost-dead British convicts were unloaded on a continent which then attempted to kill them all. During the voyage to Botany Bay, it was actually advantageous for ship's masters to ensure high death rates among the prisoners because the British government negotiated contracts which paid a stipulated amount per prisoner for each voyage whether or not the prisoner reached Australia. For every dead prisoner, therefore, there was a larger amount of money in the owner's pocket, since dead prisoners need not be fed, clothed, or attended to. As a consequence, the treatment aboard ship was brutal beyond imagination, and eventually some ship's masters were sentenced to death by the Admiralty when the entire story was explosively revealed by the English press. Thus for the convict to stay alive at all was an ordeal, and when he arrived in Australia he had usually already formed strong alliances with certain of his "mates" in order to face and beat the system. The hold of a convict ship was not a place for individualists.

Once ashore, conditions became worse, not better. The country was uninhabited (except for the aborigines and they didn't count), full of some of the most poisonous snakes on the planet, isolated from all civilization, extremely cold in winter (June), and terribly hot in summer (January). Added to this was a thin, lush belt of impenetrable bush and mountain country along the east and south coasts and an interior which formed one of the largest and most profound deserts in the world. Again, in order to survive, the convict and early pioneer was forced not only to rely upon his neighbor, but to seek him out and face this harsh, new environment as part of a group rather than as an individual. J. P. Matthews in *Tradition in Exile* writes:

> Obviously, the first attempt to achieve self-sufficiency and independence on the part of the free settler without means failed in Australia, . . . The next step was dictated to him, and usually meant the end of his dreams. Many free-settlers and their families became the dependents of the larger estates; for in Australia, while large land grants accompanied by large initial capital meant corresponding large profits, the marginal level of production remained far above the heads of those with small grants and virtually no capital. Here is the origin of another facet of that class bitterness still to be found in the country. Already present in the convicts and their descendants, it was reinforced in the smaller free settlers who found themselves, after the failure of their first enterprise, in a state of equal or greater dependency than that which they endured in England. Those of them who rebelled joined the nomadic bush workers, dependent for their special position in bush life upon membership in a class or group. The ideal of self-sufficiency had to be exchanged for that of the doctrine of mateship and for the self-sufficiency of their class. An attack upon it or on one of its members threatened all the others. Paradoxically, the principles of unionism in Australia had their origins in the frustrated dreams of man living by and for himself. . . . [4]

Henry Lawson, the 19th Century Australian balladeer stated it differently:

> Then we'll all meet amidships on this stout
> old earthly craft,
> An there won't be any friction 'twixt the
> classes fore-'n-aft.
> We'll be brothers, fore-'n-aft!
> Yea, an' sisters, fore-'n-aft!
> When the people work together, and there
> ain't no fore-'n-aft.

In his book *Australian Accent*, John Douglas Pringle suggests that this need for group strength, for companionship and mateship, led to a distinctly democratic and socialistic spirit in Australian culture. Pringle cites the example of a distinguished British scientist who, after asking a hotel porter to bring his bags from his room, is told, "Why don't yer do it yourself?—yer look big enough." This, says Pringle, is a common Australian attitude; there is no class distinction which delineates a servant-master relationship. Instead, the culture is characterized by a strong sense of communal identity. For instance, it is still a universal custom in Australia for a lone passenger in a taxi to sit in the front seat beside the driver rather than in the back seat and thus imply the master-servant relationship of a rich man and his chauffeur.[5]

Physically then, the environment and the situation demanded mateship. If a man was to survive he had to do so within a community. The bush brought floods in the winter and droughts in the summer, and it was only by working as a group that settlers could survive. Patrick White's novel *The Tree of Man* is a spiritual history of the settling of the Australian bush. Stan Parker and his young wife, Amy, battle flood, fire, drought, and constant loneliness. Even as the bush slowly becomes settled, man is still an intruder, himself perilously fragile before the awesome and indifferent power of the Continent. If man lives at all, it is only to endure, not to overcome. The land defeats all comers. If they do not accommodate themselves to its harshness, it will and does destroy them completely. In H.H. Richardson's trilogy, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*, it is the desert barrenness, its suffocating heat, and the Australian sun which help to physically (as well as mentally) break Mahoney. He dies an insane child, having been denied an identity by the very land he had come to settle. Unable to adapt to the "commonness" of his Australian life, Mahoney lives a solitary and pathetic existence. He is called upon to abandon his absurdly impracticable "British" sense of social station and personal identity. This he cannot do and so he must die. Richardson then grimly notes:

> And, thereafter, his resting-place was indistinguishable from the common ground. The rich and kindly earth of his adopted country absorbed his perishable body, as the country itself had never contrived to make its own, his wayward vagrant spirit.[6]

And so we come full circle. Pritchard's Red Burke must (it is a moral imperative) come to define himself in terms of his community. Mateship is not just friendship. It is as Pringle notes—a sense of socialistic democracy—brotherhood and equality with your fellow human beings. It is the protection of the individual by the group from the ravages of the natural environment, its solitariness and loneliness, and finally from Heaven itself. As Stowe so tragically suggests, "the mastery of silence alone is empire," and G. H. Gibson in *My Mate Bill* sings: "He'll draft them blamed Angoras in a way, it's safe to swear, as'll make them tommy seraphs set back on their thrones and stare."[7] Thus, mateship also became the responsibility of the individual to the group. He must help if he is to be helped.

When he visited Australia in the 1920s, D. H. Lawrence saw in mateship the realization of his long-desired "man-to-man" relationship which *Women in Love, Aaron's Rod,* and so many of his other novels investigate. It was an inner giving, a loss of personal, isolated freedom in order to gain the greater, more expansive freedom which intimate human inter-action afforded. In the novel *Kangaroo,* the nascent Birkin-Gerald relationship outlined in *Women in Love* attains more definitive proportions in the characters of Somers and Kangaroo. Midway through the novel, Jack Callcott, Somers' neighbor, outlines the nature of mateship—the relationship Kangaroo desires to have with Somers.

> 'You and Kangaroo will catch on like wax, as far as ideas go,' Jack prognosticated. 'But he's an unfeeling beggar, really And [sic] that's where you won't cotton to him. That's where I come in
>
> . . .
>
> 'Come in to what?' laughed Somers.
>
> 'In a job like this,' he said, 'a man wants a mate—yes, a mate—that he can say anything to, and be absolutely himself with. Must have it. And as far as I go—for me— you don't mind if I say so do you?—Kangaroo could never have a mate.
>
> . . .
>
> 'Men fight better when they've got a mate. They'll stand anything when they've got a mate,' he went on again after a while. 'But a mate's not all that easy to strike. We've a lot of decent chaps, stick at nothing once they wanted to put a thing through, in our lodge—and in my club. But there's not one of them I feel's quite up to me—if you know what I mean. Rattling good fellows—but nary a one of 'em my cut.'
>
> . . . 'Now I feel," he said cautiously and intensely, 'that if you and me was mates, we could put any damn mortal thing through, if we had to knock the bottom out of the blankety show to do it.'

And finally Callcott in a state of fervent exhaltation says:

> . . . if we was mates I'd stick to you through hellfire and back, and we'd clear some land between us. I know if you and me was mates we could put any blooming thing through. There'd be nothing to stop us.[8]

Somers does not accept Jack Callcott's offer of mateship, and later he is unable to accept mateship with Kangaroo as well, but Lawrence has identified the core of the phenomena. Mateship is an almost mystical relationship, a spiritual and emotional marriage between men which frees them from the bonds of their own petty individuality. Lawrence saw it as one end of the polarity of Lordship and equality. Mateship was men striving toward unity rather than separation. It was an essentially creative force rather than a destructive one (the beginning of the world rather than the end). To engage in such an intense and demanding relationship—so potentially destructive of an individual's identity if either person was unable to meet the challenge—a man had to be a complete and supremely self-confident ego. The concept of mateship, therefore, implies not merely the conjunction of men out of physical necessity alone, but delineates the entire problem of the spiritual and moral outcast in a world which forces him to make compromises. To be a mate is to admit one's essential humanity, to value another human being as you value yourself, to humble yourself and admit weakness (to be vulnerable). It is at its core a deeply intimate and emotional experience.

Such a relationship is, quite naturally, extremely difficult to achieve and it should not be surprising that 20th century Australian authors have expressed a marked pessimism concerning the possible perfection of human interaction. Stan Parker, in White's novel, never finds a mate, and it tortures him all his life. Mahoney, in Richardson's novel, afraid and pitiably vulnerable in his isolation, never admits that he wants one. Heriot in Randolph Stowe's *To The Islands* is accompanied against his will by an aborigine while on a trek to seek his own death. Thus the possibility of mateship still remains a tantalizing but unreachable dream in many Australian novels, and the image of Christ—a symbol of moral and ethical isolation, misunderstood and rejected Godhead, individual responsibility and personal vision—has become more and more dominant as the century progresses. Given the existential bias of our age, mateship is a chimera at once hoped for and despaired of, both a possible heaven and the hell of our fruitless imagination. To the 19th Century grazier on the edges of the great Australian deserts, to the bushrangers or the squatters, mateship might have been a physically realizable necessity. To the 20th Century urban clerk, it is not only physically dispensable but emotionally a terrifying maze which he enters only reluctantly and at great cost to himself.

Richard Mahoney in Richardson's trilogy is an early example of this terror. He is a small, reticent, shy man who achieves success in a new and burgeoning country largely through the offices of a good and sensible wife, clever and substantial friends, and a great deal of good luck. Mistakenly, he believes himself to be the author of his fortunes and continues to divorce himself from

the very people who have given him what he has. Finally, when Mahoney's fortunes begin to disintegrate under his own inept management, we see the actual terror which has always surrounded his life. At times snobbish and priggish, but also a truly virtuous man, Mahoney is unable to bend, unable to cope with the intimate and practical world about him. Constantly misunderstood even by his wife, Mahoney absurdly continues his attempts to live a spiritual and moral life which fails to meet the practical demands of his present situation. Pathetic and isolated, he is forced to live and act in a world the chaos of which increasingly terrifies him. He faces the problem by not facing it. The ultimate solution to the terrors of a disinterested or malevolent universe is insanity, and Richard Mahoney slowly edges toward this inevitable step, inadvertently describing his humanhood, his mateship with all men.

> All sense of injury, of mortification, of futile sacrifice was wiped out. In its place there ran through him the beatific certainty that his pain, his suffering—and how infinitesimal these were, he now saw for the first time—had their niche in God's scheme (pain the bond that linked humanity: not in joy, in sorrow alone were we yoke fellows)—that all creation, down to the frailest protoplasmic thread, was one with God, as a drop of water in a wave, a note of music in a mighty cadence. More: he now yearned as avidly for this submergedness this union of all living things, as he had hitherto shrunk from it. The mere thought of separation became intolerable to him: his soul, ascending, sang towards oneness as a lark sings its way upwards to the outer air. For, while the light lasted, he understood: . . .[9]

Mahoney, however, doesn't understand. He is in the last stages of his mental decay here and ironically this highly intelligent but fragile intellect, which heretofore has insisted upon its own separation from a brutal and vulgar world, now yearns only for death—union with God-head and perfect abstraction. Mahoney doesn't see that his rejection of mateship—of the brotherhood of man through recognition of sin and human weakness—is an inescapable consequence of Adam's sin, thus a condition for being truly human. Instead he insists upon the isolation (and suffering) which superior virtue ensures. He rejects man and longs for God. Tragically, Mahoney is not Christ, and no man can be so presumptuous as to claim the cross. The martyrdom of Christ (his perfect suffering and isolation) is Christ's only to claim. Mahoney's somewhat euphoric image of a lark, singing upwards to find ultimate union with all creation, is just that—an overused literary image—characteristic of Mahoney's inability to face the real world. Actually Mahoney proceeds toward insanity—complete and final separation from creation. Immediately after this passage Richardson notes:

> Then, as suddenly as the light had broken over him, it was gone again, and again night wrapped him heavily round; him, by reason of the miracle he had experienced, doubly dark, doubly destitute.[10]

Significantly, Mahoney's wife's name is Mary, and during the last years of his illness and insanity, she becomes in fact his mother caring for him, loving him with maternal tenderness and protecting him from a world which has never really accepted him. Richardson's trilogy was completed in 1929. Another more recent and much praised work which investigates the same phenomena is Randolph Stowe's *To the Islands*, an aborigine phrase which means "to die." Stowe's protagonist is a layworker in his 67th year who has spent his ministry upon an outback mission for the aborigine. Now, he is confronted with a number of younger workers on the mission who consider his ways outmoded and his moral perceptions invalid. In truth, Heriot is somewhat of a strict and condescending moral tyrant upon the mission, and finally, out of fear and frustration he throws a large stone at Rex, a recalcitrant and aggressively boorish aborigine. In the mistaken belief that he has killed Rex and thus proven correct the charges that he has lost sympathy and love for the aborigines, Heriot runs away on a solitary journey northward "to the islands" in an attempt not so much to expiate his sin as to discover his lost soul. Following him and then traveling with him is an old aborigine "friend" named Justin, who actually leaves his own wife and family to accompany Heriot on his trip and, in a dramatic reversal of roles, to protect Heriot from the dangers of the bush as the old man has heretofore attempted to protect the aborigine and thus bring him to God.

Heriot's entire life has been devoted to human love and the brotherhood of men, yet he finds himself at 67 isolated from his fellow man and bereft of moral certainty. Justin unknowingly tells Heriot the truth when at the beginning of the journey he suggests that Rex may still be alive. Heriot replies:

> 'Can't you see, it doesn't matter if he's dead or not. All that matters is that I wanted him dead. But he died. I know. Sister bond can't raise Lazarus.'

The aborigine answers simply: "Brother, I sorry, but you got to come back."[11] Heriot, however, doesn't go back; he refuses and leaves his mate confronting a dilemma. Justin, a brown aborigine, can neither force Heriot, a white man, to go back with him, nor leave, for if Rex is dead, the tribe will accuse Justin of letting the murderer escape. When, ironically, Heriot next forces Justin to suggest again that Rex might still be alive, the old man pleads that if this were so, then by leaving he would be accused of allowing Heriot to die in the barren hills and desert. In other words, Justin himself would be guilty of murder.

Like Christ, Heriot enters the desert to be tempted and proven true.

Forgetting that he is only a man and so must live with his imperfections, Heriot has the audacity to claim divine suffering for himself. It is Justin, loving and living firmly within the actual world, who constantly reminds Heriot of the impossibility of his quest. Burdened with the white man's gun when Heriot can no longer accept the responsibility of even feeding himself, Justin offers Heriot a lower but attainable reality—spiritual brotherhood and human friendship in this world. Heriot, in turn, cannot accept his own imperfection—his own humanhood—and so he seeks suffering, expiation, and eventually death.

As Justin's and Heriot's strange journey continues, they are sought by a small search party from the mission composed of Bob Gunn, a mission worker, an aborigine tracker, and Rex. Unknown to Heriot, Rex, the image of his own ineffectual and wasted ministry, has been deeply changed by the priest's attack upon him. Previously, Rex had hated Heriot because of his seeming mechanical sense of virtue and justice, but when he discovered that Heriot was capable of human anger and frustration—intimate emotional contact with others—Rex felt himself responsible for Heriot's actions. The old man, however, is not found by the search party, and Justin is forced to leave when the bullets for the rifle run out and he can no longer "kill others to keep us alive" as Heriot suggests. Justin uses his last bullet to kill his horse and provide meat for Heriot, but it is a gratuitous act. (Paradoxically, Justin also combines aspects of Kent in *King Lear* and Good Deeds in *Everyman.*) Heriot has come to the cave of Wolaro (God) at the edges of the northeastern cliffs. "This is home," he says, and later he kneels among the bones of sacrifice, staring blindly into a sun which rises over an ocean bereft of islands. Aghast, he intones, "My soul, my soul is a strange country."[12]

Indeed, this is all that can be said. In his poetry Stowe has intoned, "What is God but a man unwounded by his loneliness."[13] Those who reject the palpable reality of mateship have only a strange and incongruous country through which to walk. And they have no help. Voss, in Patrick White's novel of the same name, exhibits an even more frightening and awful aspect of man's desire for individual identity and so, ultimate power. Modeled by White consciously after Hitler, Voss is driven by his intense megalomania to attempt a crossing of the Australian desert with a small band of chosen followers. He sees himself as a Superman whose very will is enough to ensure completion of the journey. Thus he refuses human companionship and attempts to be God. Judd, both his companion and antagonist on the journey, is a former convict and sees in Voss's separation from humanity a demonic evil. To him, Voss is Satan. Only Laura, the spiritual wife of Voss, who actually communicates telepathically with her lover as he suffers (again in the desert) knows the truth. Voss is a man and that very choice is not his. If a man seeks to be other than man, he will be humbled. It is God's stern and inevitable justice. In a visionary fever, Laura says:

> When man is truly humbled, when he has learnt that he is not God, then he is nearest to becoming so. In the end he may ascend.[14]

Laura's vision is the only definite victory in an otherwise terrifying novel. Voss and Judd do not become mates; they represent unalterable polarities in man. Voss strives for knowledge and lordship, Judd for feeling and equality. The desert-crossing fails. Among the white men, only Judd survives, and he is found twenty years later either insane or as Laura again suggests, "simply a poor creature who suffered too much." Voss, whose life and journey parallel Christ's with fierce accuracy (his father was even a timber merchant), finally dies in the desert that Christ walked through. He dies humbled, actually seeking (at least allowing) death at the hands of an aboriginal savage—an image of that very side of life for which he had the most disdain.

White's finest novel *Riders in the Chariot* investigates this same theme even more completely through an apocalyptic vision in which its four main characters, Mordecai Himmelfarb (the color of God) a German Jew, Ruth Godbold an Australian bourgeoise mother, Mary Hare (the "Hare" reminiscent of the traditional hare painted at Mary's feet in so many medieval paintings, signifying the lust over which Mary triumphed), and Alf Dubbo a visionary aborigine painter represent aspects of the four riders in the chariot. The novel is much too protean to deal with at any length here, but White outlines the life stories of each of his four major characters until an Easter week not many years after World War II. Then the events of the Passion are reinacted with Himmelfarb being crucified on Good Friday by a group of drunken anti-semitic Australian "workmates."[15] He dies in Mrs. Godbold's house, and Alf Dubbo paints one of his last pictures "The Crucifixion" after seeing Himmelfarb untied and still barely alive in the home. Dubbo realizes what Himmelfarb never understood, that "it had not been accorded to him [Himmelfarb] to expiate the sins of the world."[16]

This, I suggest, is the vision of Australian mateship: humility and uniquely human love. To reject mateship is to reject human contact and ultimately humanity itself. In *Riders in the Chariot*, Himmelfarb mistakenly chooses the path of Christ's Passion because he has saved himself and not his wife from Nazi terror. He considers this an unforgiveable act of cowardice and seeks expiation. It does not matter to him that he could never have saved his wife anyway. He feels that he should have died with her. Himmelfarb's deep affection for his own suffering is actually a debilitating and perverse form of Pride, Satan's sin. It is, therefore, significant that White does not let Himmelfarb die on the cross itself. We are men, and while Himmelfarb sought his own expiation (an essentially selfish act), Christ died for all men which ultimately even Himmelfarb cannot do.

The answer is for man to be man, to recognize his common bond of humanity in mateship. Man cannot strive alone, and loneliness—or hate or fear—is most truly the opposite of love. Man thus needs the spiritual child of Laura and Voss—which is Mercy. He attains salvation through grace not merit.

Notes

[1] *Social Patterns in Australian Literature* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971), pp. 202-237.

[2] "The Land's Meaning" in *A Book of Australian Verse*, ed. by Judith Wright (London: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. 283.

[3] *An Introduction to the Australian Novel* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972), pp. 138-141.

[4] (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1962), pp. 21-22.

[5] (London: Chatto & Windus, 1958), p. 99.

[6] Henry Handel Richardson, *Ultima Thule* (New York: Norton, 1962), p. 314.

[7] *Poetry in Australia*, Vol. 1, ed. by T. Inglis Moore (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1965), p. 94.

[8] D. H. Lawrence, *Kangaroo* (New York: Viking, 1960), pp. 101-03.

[9] *Ultima Thule* (New York: Norton, 1962), p. 200.

[10] Ibid, p. 201.

[11] Randolph Stow, *To the Islands* (London: MacDonalds, 1962), p. 107.

[12] Ibid, p. 208.

[13] "The Land's Meaning" in *A Book of Australian Poetry, ed. by Judith Wright* (London: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. 282.

[14] Patrick White, *Voss* (New York: Viking, 1957), p. 381.

[15] Patrick White, *Riders in the Chariot* (New York: Viking, 1961), p. 436.

[16] *Ibid*, p. 449.

A Little Survival Arithmetic

L. H. Lange

USING only a very little bit of arithmetic, it is possible to generate disturbing observations about some of the savings efforts being recommended to the citizenry today. Our savings accounts, time certificates, and deferred compensation plans are in many cases giving us only the illusion of good return, and the retirement plans of many people may be badly flawed.

Everybody knows that the annual inflation rate in the United States is at least 7% annually in recent years. Thus, it is quite clear that ordinary 5% or 5.25% passbook savings accounts should hold only small amounts of our money. Furthermore, the ordinary savings bonds which we used to buy for our children (and encourage them to buy, too) are not defensible—especially when the federal government then rubs it in by taxing us on the 6½% interest by which the funds have grown!

Given these obvious facts of simple arithmetic, it is easy to be attracted by the newspaper ads which show tables like the following one, tables usually accompanied by the attractive observation that our dollars will double in less than nine years if we deposit them at 7.75% interest compounded daily.

Table I

How $1000 will grow at various rates of interest compounded daily. Parentheses indicate equivalent simple annual interest rates.

At end of only:	7¾% (8.06%)	7½% (7.79%)	6¾% (6.98%)	6½% (6.72%)	5¾% (5.92%)	5¼% (5.39%)
1 year	$1080.57	1077.88	1069.83	1067.15	1059.18	1053.90
2 years	1167.64	1161.82	1144.53	1138.81	1121.87	1110.70
3 years	1261.72	1252.29	1224.44	1215.29	1188.26	1170.58
4 years	1363.38	1349.82	1309.94	1296.89	1258.58	1233.66
5 years	1473.23	1454.94	1401.41	1383.98	1333.07	1300.16
6 years	1591.93	1568.24	1499.26	1476.92	1411.96	1370.24
7 years	1720.20	1690.37	1603.95	1576.10	1495.52	1444.10
8 years	1858.80	1822.01	1715.94	1681.93	1584.03	1521.94
9 years	2008.57	1963.90	1835.76	1794.88	1677.78	1603.96
10 years	2170.41	2116.84	1963.94	1915.41	1777.07	1690.42
20 years	4710.68	4481.03	3857.07	3668.78	3157.98	2857.52

Table I indicates that a $1000 time certificate of deposit held for 6 years at 7.75% interest compounded daily will be worth $1591.93 at the end of those six years. It also indicates that this particular investment yields a return at the rate of 8.06% simple annual interest. Is this a good deal? Surely, it *is* better than leaving the $1000 in a fruit jar, but it is *not* a particularly good deal, if we take into account the effects of inflation and income taxes. For a person whose combined federal and state income tax rate is 35%, for example, the $591.93 increment—the reward for saving—is reduced by $207.18, so that the $1000 actually grows to only $1384.75, not $1591.93. But now comes this further question: What (in *addition*) has *inflation* done to the value of these dollars during those six years? Well, at an annual inflation rate of 7%, what now costs $1000 will cost $1000(1.07) = $1070 one year later and will cost $1070(1.07) = $1144.90 two years later—*i.e.*, $1000(1.07)(1.07) = $1000(1.07)^2 two years later. After six years at a 7% annual inflation rate, the $1000 initial cost has become $1000(1.07)(1.07)(1.07)(1.07)(1.07)(1.07) = $1000(1.07)^6 = $1500.73 (which is very easily calculated these days with one of those ubiquitous, marvelous yet inexpensive hand-held calculators). So, a six-year saver of $1000 has $1384.75 available to pay for something that will cost $1500.73. The saver is out $115.98, or, to put it another way, this six-year saver must add $115.98 to get back to the starting point!

Table II is an easily constructed chart which contains that example, along with additional information for several different inflation rates and several different income tax rates.

Table II

What happens to $1000 at 7.75% interest compounded daily for *six years*, for several inflation rates and several combined federal and state income tax rates:

After income taxes at this rate	$1000 will become	At a 5% inflation rate, a $1000 cost has grown to $1340.10 and you have gained	At a 6% inflation rate, a $1000 cost has grown to $1418.52 and you have gained	At a 7% inflation rate, a $1000 cost has grown to $1500.73 and you have gained
0%	$1591.93	$251.83	$173.41	$91.20
20%	1473.54	133.44	55.02	—27.19
25%	1443.95	103.85	25.43	—56.78
30%	1414.35	74.25	— 4.17	—86.38
35%	1384.75	44.65	—33.77	—115.98
40%	1355.16	15.06	—63.36	—145.57

At least two conclusions jump out at us from Table II. (1) Inflation can hurt our savings badly, and (2) the saver is well-advised to try to diminish the effect of income taxes somehow.

Perhaps, then, *deferred compensation* plans will help. Nowadays, it is possible for some people to lay aside a part of their monthly income as "deferred income." Such income is not taxed until it is collected during retirement years, when the applicable tax rate may be smaller (because total income is smaller). In many instances, the money laid aside each month is put into a savings account which draws that familiar 7.75% compounded daily. As an example (using Table I, above, or the more convenient Table III, below), if $100 is laid aside each month for the last ten pre-retirement years, the saver could then each month pick up (and pay taxes on) $217.04 for the next ten years. Similarly, $150 laid aside each month for ten pre-retirement years would yield 1.5 times $217.04, or $325.56 each month for ten years.

Table III

At 7¾% interest compounded daily,	
$100 will grow to:	$217.04 in 10 years
	$234.53 in 11 years
	$253.43 in 12 years
	$273.85 in 13 years
	$295.91 in 14 years
	$319.75 in 15 years
	and $694.00 in 25 years

Here is an instructive example with inflation and tax considerations thrown in: suppose Ms. Jones is 30 years old and expects to live until she is at least 80. Using Table III, we can calculate that if she lays aside $144 each month (in the way described above) until she retires at 55, she can then receive (and pay taxes on) $1,000 each month for her years between 55 and 80. That certainly sounds *great*! (According to Table III, $100 will grow to $694 in 25 years. If Ms. Jones wishes to end up with $1000 per month, she needs to invest 1000/694 = 1.44 times as much, namely, about $144.) But now suppose further that the average annual inflation rate over all those years has been held to 7%. After 25 years at that 7% inflation rate, a $144 bag of groceries would then cost her $782 out of the $1,000 she would be receiving! We are forced to hope that her income taxes would not exceed the remaining $218. So, if the income tax rate is not over 21.8%, she is triumphantly about *even*! (At a 6% inflation rate over 25 years, the $144 cost would rise to $618; at 8% it would rise to $986.)

Here's another example using Table II. Six years before retirement, Mr. Smith decides to put away $6000 into the type of time certificate with which the table deals, because he wants to buy a new trouble-free car upon his retirement. According to the table, if his combined income tax rate over those last six years of employment is 30%, his $6000 will grow to (6)($1414.35) = $8486.10. With 7% inflation, a car which would have cost him $6000 six years before retirement will now cost him (6)($86.38) = $518.28 more than he had laid aside (*not to mention* the fact that the sales tax will be greater, too, because it is applied against a larger amount now). (With only a 6% inflation rate, Mr. Smith would have to come up with only (6)($4.17) = $25.02, plus the extra sales tax.)

Another realistic example involves a couple, the Browns, who have planned an extensive European trip that would cost them $8000 this summer. They decide instead to lay away the $8000 for six years, under the conditions above, and then take that trip upon their retirement six years hence. Well, again using Table II, the Browns can quickly see what will face them on retirement day. If

their experienced tax rate is 35% and if the inflation rate is about 7%, their layaway amount will have grown to (8)($1384.75) = $11,078, but, unfortunately, this will be (8)($115.98) = $927.84 *less than* the cost to which that $8000 trip will have grown. They will be short about $927.84! This last example involves something that makes matters *even worse:* if what a dollar will buy for the Browns in Europe has been going down, added to tax rates and inflation rates will be the specter of declining exchange rates!

Oh, it's all so *dismal!* What is a person to do with money? How shall we plan? Is there anything that makes good sense?

Various responses to those questions are possible. One of my friends, who has a good professional position, says that he fully expects, in the face of all of this, to *work* for the rest of his life. Another friend, a professor, tells me she is "on the verge of cancelling *all* my 'deferred' deductions and buying a Porsche after all."

Another colleague comments in the following way on the questionable virtues of saving now to enjoy later. "As a thermodynamician, I never was very optimistic, since:

> The First Law says you can't win; the best you can do is break even.
> The Second Law says you can break even only at absolute zero.
> The Third Law says you can never reach absolute zero.

So, I agree that there is good reason for 'let's live it up now.' But, unfortunately, the old fable of the cricket and the ant reminds us with its moral that it is better to speculate on something to live on when the winter comes!"

A 7% inflation rate is not at all out of line with what has actually been experienced in the USA in recent years. In the summer of 1974, the consumer price index was leaping ahead at an annual rate of 15%, while in 1971, the 4.4% inflation rate was held to be so dangerous that the President imposed wage-price controls. Such numbers are sobering, especially for the aged and for the unhealthy. In some other countries, inflation is very much worse—and of such stuff is an international economic conference made. At home, we are driven to advise our children to be prudent, to be sure, but also to be prudent about being prudent, for there are all sorts of conflicting time values associated with money. Get educated, get good employment, preserve your good health, and do *not* put off all your merrymaking and good living to those "golden years." I am reminded of that old monk (was it in *Lost Horizon*?) who at one rare moment of excess said that even in moderation one must practice moderation.

SOME ARITHMETICAL DETAILS

Some readers may appreciate a few paragraphs concerning the numerical details behind the observations above. For some, such details may well not be

their "cup of tea" to be sure, but others may crave such entertainment, reminding them of their high school algebra days. Excellent hand-held calculators abound these days, and some of the problems discussed in this article provide noteworthy opportunities for their use.

An important and frequently occurring assertion is the one which says that "7.75% interest compounded daily is equivalent to 8.06% simple annual interest." This particular matter forms the basis of several of the tables above and is worth the little time it takes to verify it.

The old familiar formula "I = PRT" means that to calculate the Interest, we must multiply the Principal by the interest Rate by the Time involved (in years). Thus, if we invest an amount P at 7.75% interest for one day (which is 1/365 of a year), the interest is the product (P)(0.0775)(1/365). Thus, at the end of one day, we have P + (P)(0.0775)(1/365), which is equal to the product (P)(1 + 0.0775/365). Call that amount Q. For the second day, it is the amount Q which is invested, so that at the end of that second day, we have Q + (Q)(0.0775)(1/365), which is equal to the product (Q)(1 + 0.0775/365). We now recall the meaning of Q to see that, in terms of the amount P with which we began on the first day, two days of investment have now caused P to grow to the amount (P)(1 + 0.0775/365)(1 + 0.0775/365); *i.e.*, $(P)(1 + 0.0775/365)^2$.

Investment of an amount P in this way for a whole *year*—*i.e.*, for 365 days—causes it to grow to the amount $(P)(1 + 0.0775/365)^{365}$. Calculation of this latter factor—call it $F = (1 + 0.0775/365)^{365}$— yields F = 1.080573411.... (on a sufficiently good quality calculator, say). Looking at this value of F, we quickly see where the "8.06%" figure comes from in the ads which display tables such as Table I above. (Look in particular at the first entry in Table I, namely, $1080.57, which is simply the value of (P)(F) for P = $1000.)

If the factor F is applied two times to a principal P = $1000, we need to calculate F^2. This turns out to be 1.16764..., verifying what Table I tells us will happen to $1000 invested for two years at 7.75% compounded daily. Similarly, we can quickly verify that table's assertion that $(\$1000)(F)^{10} = \$2170.41$.

How long does it take for money to double at this rate? To answer this question, we must solve for Y, the number of years, in the following equation: $(P)(F)^Y = 2P$; *i.e.*, we need to find Y so that $F^Y = 2$. This is a neat little problem which employs the logarithm feature of a hand-held calculator. The answer is Y = 8 years and 11 months and 10 days and three hours—an amount which is, indeed, "less than nine years," as those ads promise.

All of the entries in Tables I, II, and III, above, can be rather easily verified with the calculators available nowadays.

NEST EGGS

Upon retirement at age 66, Ms. Beverly has a nest egg of $30,000 in addition to a pension. It is her intention to use a little of that money (and the interest it generates) to augment her pension income each year—to offset the effects of

inflation and to enjoy life generally. According to the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, she can expect to live about 16.7 more years. See Table IV, below.

Table IV

	Additional years expected	
	Female	Male
65	17.5	13.4
66	16.7	12.8
67	16.0	12.2
68	15.3	11.7
69	14.6	11.2
70	13.9	10.7
71	13.2	10.2
72	12.6	9.7
73	12.0	9.2
74	11.4	8.8
75	10.8	8.4

Suppose that the $30,000 is invested at an effective annual rate of 6%—meaning that, after taxes, the $30,000 grows in one year to $30{,}000 + 30{,}000(.06) = (1.06)(30{,}000) = 31{,}800$. Ms. Beverly decides that, at the end of each year, she will draw out $2,100, which is 7% of the original $30,000. Is there enough money so that she can do this for at least the next 16 or 17 years? Longer? How long? Getting the answer to this problem takes a little doing. The fact is that Ms. Beverly may take out $2,100 each year for 33 years and still have a little left.

Suppressing the details of how one can solve such problems, Table V below answers such questions. The entry 33.4, for example, refers to the problem just stated above.

Table V

Effective annual investment interest

		5%	6%	7%	8%	9%
	6%	36.7				
Percentage	7%	25.7	33.4			
of original	8%	20.1	23.8	30.7		
nest egg to	9%	16.6	18.9	22.2	28.5	
be withdrawn	10%	14.2	15.7	17.8	20.9	26.7
each year	11%	12.4	13.5	14.9	16.9	19.8
	12%	11.04	11.9	12.9	14.3	16.1
	15%		8.7			
	20%		6.1		6.64	

(Entries show nest-egg life in years)

For another example of the use of Table V, suppose Ms. Clarke has a $100,000 nest egg invested at an effective annual interest rate of 8%. According to the table, she could take out $12,000 each year for 14 years and still have a little left. (See the entry 14.3.)

(If any reader wishes to have the few pages of formula derivation which lie behind Table V, just write to the author.)

Notes on Contributors

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