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## Willa Cather Today

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# WILLA CATHER TODAY

JAMES E. MILLER, JR.

From 1947, the year Willa Cather died, until today, Cather studies have expanded from a Nebraska cottage craft to an international industry. During this time the number of publications about her life and work has become formidable. Recently I made an assault on the ever taller mountain of Cather material, and although I have not reached the peak, I have spent considerable time slogging up some treacherous slopes. What I present here is a bundle of my own biases, selective in nature, without any pretense of comprehensiveness. I would like first to take a brief look at three works on Cather which, though they may at first glance appear to be striking out on new paths, actually lead (in my view) to dead ends. They are perhaps a representative selection in that one essay may, in a loose sense, be con-

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sidered feminist, another sociological, and the third psychoanalytical.

The first of these is Blanche H. Gelfant's "The Forgotten Reaping-Hook: Sex in *My Antonia*." This essay, which appeared in the journal *American Literature* in March 1971, may be seen in part as a product of its tumultuous times. On the opening page, the author says that she is going to "challenge Jim Burden's vision of the past" and adds, "I believe we have reason to do so, particularly now, when we are making many reversals in our thinking."<sup>1</sup> With those times now behind us, and some of those "reversals" not so firmly established, I wonder how well Gelfant's "totally new reading" holds up.

The author begins by proposing to expose Jim Burden as a "disingenuous and self-deluded narrator" and adds, "Once we redefine his role, *My Antonia* begins to resonate to new and rather shocking meanings which implicate us all. We may lose our chief affirmative novel, only to find one far more exciting—complex, subtle, aberrant."<sup>2</sup> This is the first of many of the essay's misleading assertions: the author is not performing a salvaging of a novel through reinterpretation, as suggested, but rather attempts a savaging—a slash-and-burn operation

that, if successful, would destroy Cather's *My Antonia* and most of her other work.

The essay is long and its argument devious, but a few sentences should give us a sense of its exotic polemical thrust. "Jim Burden belongs to a remarkable gallery of characters for whom Cather consistently invalidates sex. . . . Though the tenor of her writing is normality, normal sex stands barred from her fictional world. Her characters avoid sexual union with significant and sometimes bizarre ingenuity, or achieve it only in dreams. . . . Cather's heroes have a strong intuitive aversion to sex which they reveal furtively through enigmatic gestures."<sup>3</sup> Further on: "Though this interpretation may sound extreme—that the real danger to man is woman, that his protection lies in avoiding or eliminating her—it seems to me the essence of the most macabre and otherwise unaccountable episode in *My Antonia*. I refer to that grisly acting out of male aversion, the flashback of Russian Pavel feeding the bride to the wolves."<sup>4</sup> Still further on: "To say that Jim Burden expresses castration fears would provide a facile conclusion: and indeed his memoirs multiply images of sharp instruments and painful cutting. The curved reaping-hook in Lena Lingard's hands [as she appears in Jim's sexual dream of her] centralizes an overall pattern that includes Peter's clasp-knife with which he cuts melons; Crazy Mary's corn-knife . . . ; the suicidal tramp 'cut to pieces' in the threshing machine; and wicked Wick Cutter's sexual assault."<sup>5</sup> And finally: "Jim's need to reenter childhood never relents, becomes even more urgent as he feels adult life vacuous. . . . This Romantic mystique of childhood illuminates the fear of sex in Cather's world. Sex unites one with another. Its ultimate threat is loss of self. In Cather's construct, naively and of course falsely, the child is asexual, his love inverted, and his identity thus intact."<sup>6</sup> This last statement comes from a cluster of simplistic arguments: that Willa Cather's dressing in a middy blouse and duck skirt reveals that "she tried to hold on to childhood through dress"; and that such child figures as the boy Godfrey, who emerges in Godfrey St. Peter's fancy near the end of *The*

*Professor's House*, represent a "regressive pattern" signaling Willa Cather's "longing for death."<sup>7</sup>

If we may take this essay as a feminist reading of *My Antonia*, it appears to be indicting the book, and Willa Cather's work as a whole, as antifeminist. There is a virulence in the critical attack that is disproportionate to the assumed revelations of Willa Cather's psyche. A reader of the essay might ask, what is driving this critic to rage? Is it really possible that the closing lines of *My Antonia* suggest to her only Jim Burden's need to "reenter childhood" because of his fear of sex? Read those lines:

This was the road over which *Antonia* and I came on the night when we got off the train at Black Hawk and were bedded down in the straw, wondering children, being taken we knew not whither. I had only to close my eyes to hear the rumbling of the wagons in the dark, and to be again overcome by that obliterating strangeness. The feelings of that night were so near that I could reach out and touch them with my hand. I had the sense of coming home to myself, and of having found out what a little circle man's experience is. For *Antonia* and for me, this had been the road of Destiny; had taken us to those early accidents of fortune which predetermined for us all that we can ever be. Now I understood that the same road was to bring us together again. Whatever we had missed, we possessed together the precious, the incommunicable past.<sup>8</sup>

Surely the emotion here has its own excuse for being and is familiar to us all in moments of deep nostalgia. Our critic's interpretations here and elsewhere in the novel give us not persuasive insights but convoluted distortions. If this essay represented feminist criticism in general I would want to save Willa Cather from it, even if it meant giving her back to the much-despised "phallic critics."

A second example of criticism is James Schroeter's 1965 essay, "Willa Cather and *The*

*Professor's House*." We might label the work sociological criticism, inasmuch as it interprets the novel as a commentary on American social structures and changes. Its major claim is that *The Professor's House* is an anti-Semitic novel in its portrait of the Professor's son-in-law, Louie Marsellus. Through him, claims Schroeter, Cather is saying that "the Jew is a money-maker rather than a creator, a traditionless aggressor who invades from the outside; he threatens and destroys the past; and he symbolizes what is wrong with the present. . . . If the Professor can be taken as a symbol of America, then Willa's 'message' is simply that America is falling into the hands of the Jews."<sup>9</sup> Suggesting that Louie Marsellus is based on Jan Hambourg, who in 1916 married Isabelle McClung and thus deprived Willa Cather of the one who had been her closest, most intimate friend for many years, Schroeter adds a psychological dimension to his sociological analysis:

The portrait of Marsellus must have come from both roots [psychological and cultural]. Otherwise one can hardly account for the vigor of Miss Cather's hatred or the consistency with which she has worked it into the symbolic scheme. But no other portrait of a Jew Willa Cather ever did has anything like the same development or is fueled by anything resembling the same degree of creative energy. In fact, there is no other example in her novels of a major anti-semitic strain.<sup>10</sup>

It is startling to go from Schroeter's essay to a rereading of *The Professor's House* and to see how little the actual portrait of Louie Marsellus squares with Schroeter's analysis. In fact, Louie Marsellus is one of the most congenial characters in the book, and the Professor likes him more than he likes his own daughters. It would be easier to read the novel as antifeminist or antimarriage than as anti-Semitic. As for Jan Hambourg lurking beneath the surface of Marsellus's characterization, there is the warm dedication to him of *The Professor's House* itself: "For Jan, because he likes narrative,"

Schroeter calls this "one of the nastiest dedications any first-rate writer has ever appended to a first-rate book."<sup>11</sup> He reaches this amazing conclusion because, he says, *The Professor's House* is so "deliberately anti-narrative." Clearly the dedication was an embarrassment to Schroeter's thesis about the book and had to be dealt with in one bold stroke. But Willa Cather would surely not have wasted a dedication on someone she did not like, with an inscription so subtly insulting that even Hambourg might not have recognized it as such. Further, *The Professor's House* has quite a lot of narrative, even in the parts dealing with the Professor, and especially in the section devoted to Tom Outland.

A third example of criticism taking a wrong turn is found in Leon Edel's *Stuff of Sleep and Dreams: Experiments in Literary Psychology*, published in 1982. In an essay entitled "A Cave of One's Own," which is a revision and elaboration of the essay "Psychoanalysis" in his book *Literary Biography* (1957), Edel, like Schroeter, finds major importance in Willa Cather's relationship with Isabelle McClung and in the trauma she experienced when Isabelle married Hambourg in 1916. One paragraph summarizes Edel's thesis:

Here we touch the heart of our psychological analysis. We can see what brought on the depression of Willa Cather's middle years in the very midst of her success, and we can understand why she wrote that "the world broke in two in 1922 or thereabouts," for we know that to her search for inner security, going back to childhood, was added the deeper sense—hardly irrational from an adult point of view—that she had been cast off, that her beloved had turned from her to another. The reality was that Isabelle had moved forward in life and had married. Willa Cather had been unable to move forward; for her there had been a "divorce," and this represented a regression. In her novel, Cather is so identified with her professor that she is unable to supply a "rejection motif" for his despair. All she could say was that the world

was out of joint for him—as it was for her. This depression is described in the first part, in the account of the professor who doesn't want to keep pace with his family, although his work has been crowned with success. The professor grieves not for a lost love; he is simply alienated.<sup>12</sup>

The theory and practice of "literary psychology" throughout Edel's work and in this latest book have my respect and admiration; indeed, his ideas have influenced my own work. What I object to in Edel's essay is not that he stresses the relevance of the Willa Cather-Isabelle McClung relationship to the emotional depth of *The Professor's House*, but rather, that he assumes that Cather's feelings on losing Isabelle McClung to Jan Hambourg caused her to identify so closely with the Professor that she was "unable to supply a 'rejection motif' for his despair." Edel's assumption is that *The Professor's House* is a crippled novel:

The two episodes relating to the professor [Parts I and II of the book] hardly constitute a novel; they convey a picture of his deep depression, which nothing in the book really explains. . . . His wish to die is at no point sufficiently motivated by the facts of small-town life, the general hopelessness of the Philistine surroundings. To believe so intensely in art and the religion of art, and to have created so fully, and yet at the same time to be overpowered by a sense of futility and ineffectuality—these are the contradictions we discern within the professor.<sup>13</sup>

Edel concludes, "The world did break in two for [Willa Cather]. One part of it moved on; she remained stranded in the other. And *The Professor's House*, in its very structure, contained this break. It is an unsymmetrical and unrealized novel because Willa Cather could not bring the two parts of her broken world together again."<sup>14</sup> It seems strange to me that Edel would assume, in a novel as brilliantly executed as *The Professor's House* is throughout, that somehow Cather's feelings disabled

her imagination in only one regard—that of providing sufficient motivation for the Professor's deep depression, a failure rendering the book "unsymmetrical and unrealized."

#### A PROBLEM OF AMBIGUITY

*The Professor's House* is a major Cather text about which a considerable body of contradictory critical commentary has accumulated. Rather than summarizing what is in the record—for example, the treatment of the house symbolism by E. K. Brown and the handling of the mythic dimension of "Tom Outland's Story" by David Stouck—I want to point to some aspects that have been slighted or omitted altogether.<sup>15</sup> I have chosen *The Professor's House* because I consider this novel and *My Ántonia* to be Willa Cather's masterpieces. In my opinion, contrary to Leon Edel's, *The Professor's House* is indeed a fully realized novel that was never meant to be mechanically symmetrical; the motivation behind the Professor's deep depression gives the work its fascinating complexity and its teasing profundity.

Before commenting on these matters, I want to show how I believe the Cather-McClung relationship and separation are relevant to the impact of the novel. For explanation, I turn to a quotation from T. S. Eliot referring to *Four Quartets*. Eliot was dissatisfied with his draft of "Little Gidding," and in some frustration wrote to John Hayward, who was reading and criticizing the poem as it was being written: "The defect of the whole poem, I feel, is the lack of some acute personal reminiscence (never to be explicated, of course, but to give power from well below the surface)."<sup>16</sup> Cather would have understood perfectly Eliot's meaning here because she was, I believe, committed to writing out of strong and passionate feelings, but leaving her "acute personal reminiscence[s]" "well below the surface" from where they could supply their "power." Thus Edith Lewis's paradoxical comment on the novel makes sense: "*The Professor's House* is, I think, the most personal of Willa Cather's novels—and for that cause, no doubt, is given a more symbolic

expression than her other stories."<sup>17</sup> Because the novel lies so close to passionate intensities, it required "a more symbolic expression" to keep the personal experience beneath the surface.

In a presentation copy of *The Professor's House*, Willa Cather wrote to Robert Frost: "This is really a story of 'letting go with the heart' but most reviewers seem to consider it an attempt to popularize a system of philosophy."<sup>18</sup> Many critics have written about the structure of the novel, using Willa Cather's own hints in a well-known quotation from *Willa Cather on Writing*, in which she says she was trying "two experiments in form," the "academic sonata form" and the "square window" often found in Dutch interiors looking out to sky and sea.<sup>19</sup> These analogies have their relevance. But there is a carefully wrought structure in the interior action of the novel, suggested by Cather's characterization of the story as a "letting go with the heart." The Professor's disenchantment with his life is profound, as we begin to learn on the first page when we witness him unable and unwilling to make the move from the old house into the new. We soon learn that his disenchantment has been a long time growing and is virtually complete, related as it is to Tom Outland's death in the war, the shoddy products of a consumer civilization, and the crass commercialism of a materialistic society that includes his wife, his daughters, and their husbands. At the same time, the Professor does not give up his moral responsibility when he finds that the housekeeper Augusta has lost her life savings in an investment scheme, or when he learns about the hard times suffered by his colleague Crane, the faculty member in physics under whom Tom Outland was working when he invented the gas that was later to enrich the Professor's daughter, Rosamund, and his son-in-law, Louie Marsellus. Thus Godfrey St. Peter is detached about his own interests but involved when the serious interests of others are in question.

It is in this state of crisis that the Professor begins the inexorable movement suggested by Cather's phrase, "letting go with the heart."

The final release in this "letting go" comes in the climactic scene near the end, when St. Peter almost dies of asphyxiation from the stove gas. The Professor lives, but something dies in his soul—the Kansas boy that has come back to him in his crisis. It is this other, younger self that he "could not consciously have relinquished," but which he lets go. The evocation of the youthful St. Peter, who is then destroyed, provides the structural backbone of the book.

In Book I, as St. Peter's soul sinks lower and lower, his imagination moves back and forth over his past in search of answers to questions he does not know how to phrase. When he and his wife, through Louie Marsellus's largesse, are at the opera *Mignon*, he exclaims to her at intermission, "We should have been picturesquely shipwrecked together when we were young." She replies: "One must go on living, Godfrey. But it wasn't the children who came between us." The Professor thinks to himself: "The heart of another is a dark forest, always, no matter how close it has been to one's own." Later that night, St. Peter finds himself longing for a scene of his youth that did not include his wife—in a ship along the southern coast of Spain, at the time he was conceiving the design of the master work he would write.<sup>20</sup> The pull into the past accelerates with the several evocations of the image of Tom Outland, and finally, after his family departs for Europe, the Professor begins to edit Tom's diary and is led to recall the night Tom Outland told the full story of his past. Thus Book II is framed as a reminiscence of the Professor, his listening presence felt on every page.

This long recollection—"Tom Outland's Story"—is followed almost immediately in Book III by a strange metamorphosis. As the Professor enjoys the luxury of his solitude and cultivates a "novel mental dissipation," he begins to enjoy a "new friendship": "Tom Outland had not come back again through the garden door (as he had so often done in dreams!), but another boy had: the boy the Professor had long ago left behind him in Kansas, in the Solomon Valley—the original,

unmodified Godfrey St. Peter." This creature is strange indeed:

He was a primitive. He was only interested in earth and woods and water. Wherever sun sunned and rain rained and snow snowed, wherever life sprouted and decayed, places were alike to him. He was not nearly so cultivated as Tom's old cliff-dwellers must have been—and yet he was terribly wise. He seemed to be at the root of the matter; Desire under all desires, Truth under all truths. He seemed to know, among other things, that he was solitary and must always be so; he had never married, never been a father. He was earth, and would return to earth. When white clouds blew over the lake like bellying sails, when the seven pine-trees turned red in the declining sun, he felt satisfaction and said to himself merely: "That is right." Coming upon a curly root that thrust itself across his path, he said: "That is it." When the maple-leaves along the street began to turn yellow and waxy, and were soft to the touch,—like the skin on old faces,—he said: "That is true; it is time." All these recognitions gave him a kind of sad pleasure.<sup>21</sup>

This extraordinarily beautiful passage is something of a prose poem, suggestive of deep religious experience, evocative of Zen and other oriental philosophies and mystic beliefs. It appears subterraneously related to those latter portions of "Tom Outland's Story," in which Tom, all alone on the mesa, realizes that the mesa is "no longer an adventure, but a religious emotion": in this state he seems "to get the solar energy in some direct way."<sup>22</sup> Yet I have seen no discussion of *The Professor's House* that has come to terms with these emotions.

Accompanying this primitive boy Godfrey is a conviction on the part of the Professor that he is approaching death. Even though a doctor pronounces him healthy, the Professor is possessed by the "instinctive conviction" that he is "near the conclusion of his life." With this conviction comes a reconciliation to the

"loneliness of death," to the "thought of eternal solitude." When the Professor learns of the imminent return of his family, he realizes that his greatest desire is to be alone: "Surely the saddest thing in the world is falling out of love—if once one has ever fallen in." And: "Falling out, for him, seemed to mean falling out of all domestic and social relations, out of his place in the human family, indeed." It is when he has gained this self-awareness that St. Peter has his brush with death. As he awakes, the room is "pitch-black and full of gas." He debates with himself as to whether he'll open the window: "He hadn't lifted his hand against himself—was he required to lift it for himself?" The next thing he knows, he is lying warmly covered under the protective scrutiny of the sturdy, deeply religious, always practical Augusta. She had heard "a fall" and had rushed up to find him "lying on the floor"—evidence for the reader that St. Peter had made the attempt to open the window, had not yielded to the attraction of death. But in the life-and-death crisis, he had experienced "a moment of acute, agonized strangulation," the "letting go with the heart."<sup>23</sup>

What none of the readings of *The Professor's House* has done is to acknowledge the intentional ambiguities of this remarkable ending. Ambiguities cluster around the crisis scene, around the nature of the boy Godfrey and his visitation, and around the meaning of what it is the Professor relinquishes, or lets go. Yet throughout these chapters, Willa Cather's style has never seemed more sure of itself, the control never more certain and firm. Though one critic has noted that youthful doubles turn up in other stories—such as "The Garden Lodge" and *Alexander's Bridge*—no one has explored in depth this recurring motif or the relation of all these figures to that remarkable evocation of youth at the end of *My Antonia*.

These are tasks for the future, but I wish to suggest the relevance of one line of inquiry. In *Alexander's Bridge*, the little boy that the man Alexander remembers leaps "from his bed into the full consciousness of himself. That consciousness was Life itself. . . . There was only

one thing that had an absolute value for each individual, and it was just that original impulse, that internal heat, that feeling of one's self in one's own breast."<sup>24</sup> The boy Godfrey seemed to the Professor "to be at the root of the matter; Desire under all desires, Truth under all truths." Perhaps the key terms in these two conceptions are Self and Desire, the things that attach most firmly to life, to people, to things. During the whole of *The Professor's House*, St. Peter has observed with revulsion the desire for things in all those about him. Yet there is a "Desire under all desires" that endures—at least in the boy Godfrey as brought to life by the mature Professor.

In exploring these ambiguities, I am drawn to the oblique relevance of a text I have come to know through my reading and teaching of Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet*. The text is the work of Meister Eckhart, the fourteenth-century German mystic. After Mr. Sammler has his vision of death on the battlefields of Israel's Six-Day War, he returns to New York and to the reading of his beloved Meister Eckhart. Here is a passage from the text that Sammler pores over:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit." He is poor who has nothing; and that spirit is poor which, like the eye that is poor, being devoid of color, is very sensitive to it. To be poor in spirit is to be sensitive to other spirits. God is a spirit and the fruits of his spirit are love, peace and joy. Empty poverty that owns nothing and is clean, changes nature; the pure can make water flow uphill and do other wonders of which I may not tell you now.

If, therefore, you will find perfect comfort and joy in God, see to it that you are innocent of creatures and creature comforts. Certainly, as long as you can find comfort in creatures, you cannot find the true comfort. It is only when nothing but God can console you, then he will be a real consolation and you will find delight in him and with him. If what God is not gives you comfort, you are neither here nor there [i.e.,

neither of the world nor of heaven]; but when creatures are no longer comforting and suit you not at all, then both here and there are yours.<sup>25</sup>

In many ways, St. Peter has become truly "poor in spirit," has become sensitive to this poverty in others, and can no longer find comfort in creatures.

But the ambiguities persist, and it is possible to see—as some have seen—St. Peter's state at the end of the novel not as beatific but as willfully alienated and indulgently moody. When deconstruction criticism comes to hover around Willa Cather, I predict that it will alight with alacrity on *The Professor's House*. Deconstructionists will delight in teasing contradictions to the surface of the text and there worrying them to a frazzle in language that itself will enable the ambiguities to proliferate endlessly.

## TWO NOTABLE CRITICS

There are two critics whose writing I would like to recommend to anyone beginning to work on Cather. The first of these is Dorothy Van Ghent, whose pamphlet *Willa Cather*, published by the University of Minnesota Press in 1964, remains, in my view, one of the most brilliant summary views of Cather's work available today. In just a few paragraphs, for example, Van Ghent points out some important connections among the ghostly child versions of the leading characters in "The Garden Lodge," *Alexander's Bridge*, and *The Professor's House*. The work is filled with valuable insights that could not be developed in so brief a volume—insights worth further pondering and deeper exploration.

The other critic is Bernice Slote. She created the foundation on which we are all standing. She had the scholar's passion for accuracy in detail and the stylist's passion for rightness in the rhythms of phrase and sentence. What she has left us in her Cather legacy is a series of essays, books, and compilations that will endure as long as Cather endures. In her chapter on Cather in *Fifteen Modern American Authors*



(1969), she concluded with a short section entitled "Directions." She listed three that she saw then, and I believe they endure in studies of Willa Cather today. They were (1) "increased emphasis on psychological or personal relationships with writer and work"; (2) "greater attention to the analysis and definition of form and the deeper involvements of style and material"; and (3) "world views rather than regional concerns, including emphasis on history, myth, the total human experience."<sup>26</sup> Today we might want to add to these some special categories, such as feminist criticism.

Critical work on Willa Cather will continue to add to our understanding of this major twentieth-century author and, through her, of ourselves and of our origins. I would like to close with the words of Bernice Slote: "Whatever adds to our knowledge of the artist's creativity enriches our concept of man himself; what the artist shows us of the human experience deepens our understanding of our own lives and the lives of others. So by studying the art of Willa Cather—both its means and its end—we may find some illumination of a peculiarly American, and yet very personal experience. Like her own country, she was herself and she was everyone."<sup>27</sup>

#### NOTES

1. Blanche H. Gelfant, "The Forgotten Reaping-Hook: Sex in *My Antonia*," *American Literature* 43 (March 1971): 60.
2. *Ibid.*, pp. 60–61.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 61.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 74.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 75.
6. *Ibid.*, pp. 78–79.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 77.
8. Willa Cather, *My Antonia* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1949), p. 240.
9. James Schroeter, "Willa Cather and *The Professor's House*," in *Willa Cather and Her Critics*, ed. James Schroeter (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1967), pp. 372–73.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 376.
11. *Ibid.*
12. Leon Edel, "A Cave of One's Own," in *Stuff of Sleep and Dreams: Experiments in Literary Psychology* (New York: Harper and Row, 1982), p. 236.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 223.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 239.
15. See E. K. Brown, *Willa Cather: A Critical Biography*, completed by Leon Edel (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1953); and David Stouck, *Willa Cather's Imagination* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1978).
16. Helen Gardner, ed., *The Composition of "Four Quartets"* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1978), p. 67.
17. Edith Lewis, *Willa Cather Living* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1953), p. 137.
18. Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, *Willa Cather: A Memoir* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1963), p. 215.
19. Willa Cather, "On *The Professor's House*," in *Willa Cather on Writing* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1949), pp. 30–32.
20. Willa Cather, *The Professor's House* (New York: Vintage Books, 1973), pp. 94–95, 106.
21. *Ibid.*, pp. 263–66.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 251.
23. *Ibid.*, pp. 267–82.
24. Willa Cather, *Alexander's Bridge* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1977), pp. 39–40.
25. Raymond Bernard Blakney, trans., *Meister Eckhart: A Modern Translation* (New York: Harper and Row, 1941), pp. 53–54.
26. Bernice Slote, "Willa Cather," in *Fifteen Modern American Authors*, ed. Jackson R. Bryer (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1974), p. 61.
27. Bernice Slote, "A Gathering of Nations," in *The Art of Willa Cather* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1973), p. 248.