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The romantic naturalism of Sherwood Anderson

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Thesis

The Romantic Naturalism
of
Sherwood Anderson

by
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requirements for the degree of
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1938
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A. Statement of Purpose

Nothing could be more indicative of the trend of the times than the works of our representative contemporary writers. It would not be intelligent to ignore the importance of the literary fermentation we have experienced in the last decade or two. The intimate relation between literature and sociological conditions has been recognized by many authors, all of whom enthusiastically seek to express their impressions of life through some new medium of self-expression.

In the early days of our country, it was necessary to create and maintain an illusion of optimism for the purpose of insuring progress. The efforts of all the professions which influenced public opinion
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A Statement of Purpose

The perspective seeks to emphasize the importance of the...
especially writers and preachers, were devoted to encouraging the people and inspiring them to attain those ideals which Americans cherish so much. Now that we have become established as one of the greatest nations on earth, the energies of our literary men are no longer needed to stimulate economic enterprizes and they are diverted into more leisurely channels of contemplation of people and scenes about them.

It may be a natural reaction that after years of enforced cheerfulness, they should find relief in a deluge of pessimism and bitter disillusionment, and become introverts. In this case, we may regard our present period as a transition, and it is safe to say that the majority of our popular contemporary writers may be quite obscure, if not entirely forgotten, fifty years from now.

It is my purpose to examine the works of an outstanding modern American author, Sherwood Anderson, and to show that he is a Romantic Naturalist. He has tried to probe the minds and emotions of people he observes, but his disposition makes it impossible
It may be necessary that after these 1
very necessary operations, and the finding that the
kinds of measure and further investigations shall be made in
the case, as we regard
the present problem as a question of
how these two measures of our respective communities
relate may be quite accurate, if not entirely true.


If Je," it is in horse to examine the work of
outstanding women American educators, it may be
and to show that in a homogeneity of education
her faith to shape the minds and emotions of people
be observed, and we recognize what it means.

especially American and European
is to understand the people and the
attainments of those areas which American scholars
so much. We fact or have become satisfied as
one of the best facts that we can no longer need to s
face economic necessities and they are 

up to more familiar acquaintance of circumstances to
for him to avoid being carried away into the realm of sentimental imaginings. I shall consider his efforts from two different angles: first, the tendencies toward Romantic Naturalism as demonstrated in both material content and form of expression; and second, from the point of view of his naturalistic morality, an evaluation of the subject matter of his writing. Because of his inability to exclude his personality from any of his writings, it is difficult to differentiate between auto-biographical and non-autobiographical work.

The best we can do is to classify according to his intention when it was written, a matter which is also debatable. The fact that the text of his books reveals so clearly the points I wish to make, has induced me to include more than the usual number of quoted passages. This method, I am sure, although distasteful to the aesthetic taste of the author of this thesis, because of the crudity of the subject matter of Mr. Anderson's work, will prove enlightening to the reader.

The passages quoted are typical and could be supplemented by countless others selected quite at
random. In arranging them throughout the thesis, I am aware that they may illustrate points other than the ones under consideration, but I have used the principle of not duplicating examples where such examples could be used more than once as illustrations.

In designating Anderson as a Romantic Naturalist, we should first recall certain other doctrines related and opposed to Romanticism and Naturalism. In this way we may elucidate and emphasize the meaning of the phrase, Romantic Naturalism. Briefly, then it will be clarifying to define Classical Classicism, Neo-Classical Classicism, Naturalistic Romanticism, Idealistic Romanticism, Objective Scientific Realism, Subjective Naturalistic Realism; and finally, to define what is meant in this thesis as "Romantic Naturalism."

Tom, the Major, the Captain, and the Colonel, sometimes he told stories of old Irish kings who were his ancestors, sometimes of Italian heroes. To add a touch of realism to the tales he constantly told, he represented himself as coming from a slave-holding family near Charlotte, as being a mountain man of
In the present attempts to formulate the theory of the
removal of the term "infinitesimal" from the calculus of
functions, I am aware that this may initially cause some
confusion. However, the aim is to develop a consistent
framework that avoids the term "infinitesimal" altogether.

In the field of mathematical analysis, it is crucial to
clarify the distinction between limits and infinitesimals.
limits are approached by quantities that diminish in
magnitude, whereas infinitesimals refer to quantities that
vanish in a more asymptotic manner. As such, the
formulation of calculus should not rely on the concept of
infinitesimals, which are often associated with
paradigms of non-standard analysis.
In order to understand Sherwood Anderson fully, we must know something of his background. He was born in the little town of Camden, Ohio, September 13, 1876, the third of a family of five boys and two girls. The boys are living; the two girls, dead. The family was a drifting gypsy kind of tribe whose ancestry is somewhat uncertain. Irwin Anderson, the father, was the son of some broken Southern family, probably Scotch-Irish in origin; Emma Smith Anderson, the mother, slender, dark, handsome, was said to be half Italian. Sherwood Anderson describes his father as "a lovable improvident fellow, inclined to stretch the truth in statement... colorful, no account, who should have been a novelist himself." A great talker and story-teller, he was popularly known as "Ted," "the Major," "the Captain," and "the Colonel." Sometimes he told stories of old Irish kings who were his ancestors, sometimes of Italian Barons. To add a touch of realism to the tales he constantly told, he represented himself as coming from a slave-holding family South Carolina, as being a mountain man of
In order to maintain effective management, it is necessary to have a clear understanding of the company's goals and objectives. The executive team must set realistic targets and establish a clear path for achieving them. Regular meetings and updates are essential to ensure that everyone is aligned and working towards the same objectives. Communication is key in maintaining a cohesive and productive environment.

The success of the company depends on the commitment and dedication of its employees. Providing a supportive and motivating work environment is crucial for retaining top talent and fostering innovation. Recognizing and rewarding achievements can significantly enhance employee morale and productivity.

In conclusion, effective management is a continuous process that requires ongoing attention and refinement. By focusing on clear communication, setting measurable goals, and fostering a positive work culture, companies can achieve sustainable success and thrive in today's competitive marketplace.
North Carolina, as being whatever figure would most enhance his narrative. His son has written many yarns about him. He was a slender man with a black mustache, fond of drinking, good food, gaudy clothes, and company. Debts often became so pressing, it was necessary for the family to move from place to place. No two of children were born in the same town.

Sherwood's boyhood was spent in the village of Clyde, Ohio, where he performed various odd jobs common to a poor boy of the Middle West. His schooling was very irregular, for he went to work at the age of twelve to help support the family. He drifted about a great deal and loitered in barrooms, stores, and livery stables, picking up funds of information and bits of observation that stuck in his sensitive mind. After his mother's death, when he was fourteen, the family broke up rapidly and Sherwood wandered about the Middle West as a laborer, a race-track follower, tramp, and factory hand. It was his habit to jot down his impressions of places and people, and for this purpose he carried about quantities of paper and stubs of pencils.

He went to Chicago when he was about seventeen, and drifted from job to job for four years. The
Spanish-American War seems to have been the turning point in his life. It gave him the opportunity for excitement, change, and adventure; so he enlisted and served in Cuba. He says, "To my amazement, when I returned to my home town to become a soldier, I was greeted as a hero—one who had given up a lucrative position in the city in order to fight for his country. My natural shrewdness led me to take advantage of this situation, and I enjoyed it thoroughly." He returned to Ohio after the war, married, and settled down. The urge to write found expression in doing advertising copy, but this was very unsatisfactory to one of Anderson's temperament. He became, after a while, the president of a paint manufacturing concern in Elyria, Ohio, where he remained until about 1910. At this time there came an important transition in his life. In spite of the fact that Anderson was not recognized as an author at this time, he left Elyria, abandoning forever his family and business, and went to Chicago to devote his entire attention to writing. Through the medium of words, he attempted to counteract the dreariness of his life by putting down on paper thoughts, observations and imaginings. In his novel, "Many
Marriages," he describes a man whose sex impulses and desires are stifled by his family and his business, and who leaves both to seek a more satisfying life. The book is obviously based on his own experiences in Elyria. He has been writing and lecturing ever since.

In 1926, Anderson moved up from New Orleans, where he had been living for two years, to a little farming community in Virginia. He bought a few acres with a couple of tumbled-down buildings on them and settled down to the business of building himself a home. A moderate income from his books would be sufficient to see the thing through and enable him to continue free from the necessity of forcing his living from tasks outside his art.

Evidently the program was difficult to maintain, for in 1927 Anderson purchased two country weeklies at Marion, Virginia. Concerning this, he says:

"I run and edit these papers personally. I am doing this to keep me in closer touch with the people among whom I live, and incidentally to make part of my living outside my regular writing.

"All my life, until the last three years, I have made my living at some-
The book I recommend to read is the one on the experience of living.

I have been writing my experiences ever since I was 16, 'A Year of Living Dangerously'.

In this book, I share my years of living in a community in Victoria, where my family and I have lived for a little more than a dozen years.

With a couple of learnings from future advice, the man who settled down to the practice of punctuality by "I want to see the time there and make him to continue live from the necessity of ordering the living from table on time.

"Extraordinary things were written to mathematicians for TES in TES, they are incorporated two common meeting of Vernon, Virginia. Conceptual thing he thought of and the living of his life & time, "With me, there's always one sense, I have made my living for some..."
thing other than the writing of stories, poems, and novels. I want freedom to do my writings in my own way and at my leisure. None of my books have ever brought me enough money to allow me to live at my ease. As for the papers, they are small-town weeklies in a prosperous American community.

"The man who lives entirely by his writings is in too much danger of becoming a hack. Writing should be fun. I have always had fun at it and am getting back into the grind of life in this way to keep the fun."

Such, briefly, is the story of an obviously unhappy and mystified man whose distorted sense of values has brought him only bitter disillusionment.

He is living at present in Trout Dale, Virginia.
The way we live matters more than we think.

"Writing is to cook. Going fishing is to eat."

I have always had a love of life and I feel that hearkening into the things of life in this way to keep the turf.

He is living at present in Troutdale, Oregon.
Part I

Tendencies toward Romantic Naturalism in the Works of Sherwood Anderson as Demonstrated in both Material Content and Form of Expression
Part I

Tendencies Toward Romantic Materialization in the
Works of Expressionism as
Democratized in Both Material Content and
Form of Expression
Classical Classicism

The word "classicism" takes its derivation from the Latin "classicus", relating to the classics of the Roman people, and especially to the first class; hence, it suggests first rank. This meaning is carried over to standards in art and literature. There was a period in ancient Greece and Rome when the very best literature, sculpture, and other fine arts were produced, and it is from this era that the expression "classic" gets its meaning. Classicism conforms to the style I Classicism: the models and rules of ancient Greek and Roman literature and art. Walter Pater said that the essentially classical element is the quality of order in beauty. Classicism appeals to the critical interest and developed taste, and conforms to established form. It embodies formal elegance, simplicity, dignity, and correctness of style, and just and exact conception and order. Now, it should be observed that the term Classicism is used of the style of any work exhibiting the above named principles and qualities. It is distinguished by the cultivation
Classical Classicism

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Classroom Discussion

The word "classroom" refers to the traditional setting for educational activities. From the Latin "classem" meaning a class or assembly, the term has evolved to include various forms of learning environments, including online and hybrid settings. This evolution reflects the changing landscape of education, adapting to meet the needs of diverse learners. The classroom is not just a physical space but a dynamic environment where learning takes place. It is a place for intellectual exploration, where ideas are shared, and knowledge is constructed.
of formal beauty and the qualities of clearness, symmetry, finish, and repose. In contrast to Romanticism, it typifies, in the better sense, pure taste, sobriety, and proportion, and in a less favorable sense the restraints of academic or conventional formality. Classicism is represented by the social and ethical attitude exemplified in the caution, "Nothing too much," or "Temperance in all things." Matthew Arnold said that its simple and attractive ideal is to get rid of one's ignorance, to see things as they are, and by seeing them as they are to see them in their beauty.

"Classicism always seeks a mean; Romanticism, an extremity. Repose satisfies the Classic; adventure attracts the Romantic. One appeals to tradition; the other demands the novel. On the one side we may range the virtues and defects which go with the notions of fitness, propriety, measure, restraint, conservatism, authority, calm, experience, comeliness; on the other, those which are suggested by excitement, energy, restlessness, spirituality, curiosity, troubulousness, progress,
of Coca-Cola and the differences of opinion

from the writer's viewpoint and in contrast to

the writer's view of the current trend

and its effects on society, politics, and culture. The discussion of

these topics raises the question of censorship as

an expression of the society's attempt at self-regulation in

the face of changing social norms and attitudes.

The need to address and critically

analyse these issues is crucial.

In light of these concerns, it is clear that we must

refrain from blindly accepting the proscriptive and

prescriptive statements of the author and critically

evaluate the arguments presented.

censorship, self-censorship, or any form of suppression of

ideas and expression must be viewed with caution and

scrutiny.
liberty, experiment, provocativeness." (1)

(1) Scott-James, The Making of Literature
Neo-Classical Classicism

Although classical Classicism emphasized nature, imitation, probability and decorum, and had the faculty of an immediate insight into the universal, neo-classical classicism particularly stressed the reliability of outer authority rather than immediate perception. This emphasis upon the imitation of the external is the real distinction between neo-Classicism and the old form of Classicism. Instead of making the old forms their own by assimilation, the neo-Classicists failed in this, and the result was superficial formality. The rigidity of this system was destructive to all originality of expression. Spontaneity, personality, and vigor were all sacrificed to the fussy, hard and fast rules of the neo-Classicists. Their writing was full of trite expressions, didacticism, and lifeless, mechanical methods of explanation.

In Aristotle, there was no terse disagreement as to the difference in meaning between judgment and imagination. He stood for a more moderate style of simple elegance than that pervading the
Alcohol associations are a significant factor in the development of alcoholism. The role of such associations is well documented in the literature. Further research into the nature and extent of these associations could provide valuable insights into the mechanisms behind alcoholism. The importance of understanding the role of alcohol associations cannot be overstated. This research contributes to the ongoing efforts to unravel the complexities of alcoholism.
work of those who wanted to revive classicism. He realized that illusion cannot be denied in the conception of a higher reality.

The neo-classicists were not so broad-minded. They became dogmatic and lost the insight which was the essence of the true classicist. To the classicist the high seriousness was not external, or in imitation of set models, but came from within as an inspiration. The pseudo-classicists ignored the substance of the very doctrine they meant to revive, and stifled it almost to extinction by their refusal to attempt any comprehension of the more worthwhile and lasting relationships beyond the world of visible realities. With great self-confidence and irresponsibility, they produced artificial, monotonous work, which marked the decline of the lofty "form" of Classicism to mediocre pseudo-classic formalism.

The greatest accomplishment of neo-Classical Classicism was the instigation of the revolt made by the Romanticists. If it had not been for the overbearing stuffiness and smugness of the formalism of the Neo-Classicists, the reaction probably would not have been so violent.
Naturalistic Romanticism

Romanticism as a literary doctrine was a revolt in opposition to the artificial formalistic restrictions of neo-Classicism. It was a rebellion against rigid formality.

Romantic's doctrine of "back to nature" advocated the elevation of man as a "feeling" creature who needed the discovery of nature to awake and satisfy his changing moods. He felt that man's customs, clothes, and habits required the free expression of the individual personality, and that he needed closer contact with the essential elemental things of nature.

EIA LA NOUVELLE HELICE, tries to illustrate the artistic interest of domestie manners with a style highly impassioned, revealing the soul of a poet in the worship of nature and in the introspective indulgence in its moods. Display of emotion, and reflection of the author's personality is distinctly a stamp of Romanticism.

There were evidences of Romanticism even in Lawrence Sterne. Another said that he was a free spirit, and a proof in nothing, but in everything an
Naturalistic Romanticism

Romanticism as a literary doctrine was a revolt in opposition to the artificial formalistic restrictions of neo-Classicism. It was a rebellion against rigid formality.

Rousseau's doctrine of "back to nature" advocated the elevation of man as a "feeling" creature who needed the scenery of nature to evoke and satisfy his changing moods. He felt that man's customs, clothes, and habits inhibited the free expression of the individual personality, and that he needed closer contact with the essential elemental things of nature.

His La Nouvelle Heloise, tries to illustrate the artistic interest of domestic manners with a style highly impassioned, revealing the soul of a poet in its worship of nature and in its introspective indulgence in sad moods. Display of emotion, and reflection of the author's personality is distinctly a stamp of Romanticism.

There were evidences of Romanticism too, in Lawrence Sterne. Goethe said that he was a free spirit, and a model in nothing, but in everything an
Communication as a Important Occupation was a report

in opposition to the military communication service

from the idea of defense. It was a preparation for

light communication.

Presently's occupation of work to na"aeo

serve the elevation of man as a "learned" creature

who needs the support of nature to make up activity

of the opening mood. We feel that man's occupation

of office, which implies mission and the expression of

the initiate's personality, may create in heighten

collected with the essential elements of nature.

The initiate's influence, with a collection of concepts, reveals with a

the specific interest of concepts and the sort of a

style, which interest develop in one of the necessary

place in the world of nature and in the influence

of the initiate in any mood. Direction of emotion,

and selection of the initiate's personality in the

light of a scheme of communication.

There were obvious or communication from

influence, and a way of nature, not in salvation as
awakener and suggester. Sterne was an innovator. One of his books was concerned with the Life and Opinions of the hero. In it he poured out naturally his own personality and idiosyncrasies. This procedure is directly opposed to the restraint of neo-Classicism. The neo-classic style would not tolerate the exhibition of the feelings of the heart, or mind, or imagination. There would be no free revelation of the author's way of looking at life, or expression of individual moral and intellectual opinions. There was no provision in either Classicism or neo-Classicism for the episodic type of writing, like the De Coverly papers. MacKenzie's book, The Man of Feeling, was a step in the rise of Romanticism, in which the characteristics of excitement and free and natural expression of the "feelings" of the hero were emphasized. The rationalism, formalism, and conservatism of neo-Classicism would forbid such liberality. Romanticism allows the expression of contempt for the conventions of society entirely out of keeping with the proprieties of neo-Classicism. Henry Brooke's Fool of Quality reflects Rousseau's turbulent reaction to convention in his in-
A new, more flexible and inclusive approach to the study of emotions

One of the key issues in the new approach is the recognition of the importance of non-verbal expressions of emotion. The traditional emphasis on the verbal expression of emotions, often summarized in the term "emotional labour", has been criticized for its narrow focus on the verbal expression of feelings.

In contrast, the new approach recognizes the rich diversity of non-verbal expressions of emotion, including bodily expressions, facial expressions, and gestures. It also emphasizes the role of context in the expression of emotions, recognizing that emotions are not fixed but are shaped by the social and situational contexts in which they are expressed.

Furthermore, the new approach recognizes the dynamic and complex nature of emotions, with the same emotion being expressed in different ways in different situations. For example, the same emotion of happiness might be expressed through a smile, a laugh, or a hug, depending on the context.

Overall, the new approach to the study of emotions offers a more comprehensive and nuanced understanding of how emotions are expressed and experienced in different contexts. It also highlights the importance of considering the diversity of emotions, recognizing that emotions are not limited to the verbal and can be expressed in many different ways.
extinguishable hatred of oppression in high places,
his faith in the virtues of the poor and simple,
his burning desire to see human life ordered upon a more natural basis. All this is opposed to neo-
Classicism.
The complacent and the conventional of Classicism was disturbed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by writers who found it increasingly difficult to adhere to the exceedingly conventional manner of writing. Horace and Aristotle had laid down certain principles common to all works of art. These demanded that creative work should conform to the formal laws of beauty, and that each individual part should be arranged in logical order, and that the whole should attain a magnitude which would produce a lasting effect upon the mind of the reader.
The men of the Neo-Classical age had also made some rules of their own which they falsely attributed to Aristotle. Regular and conventional patterns were habitually used for all forms of written work, and originality was regarded as distinctly poor taste. The romantic revolution consisted in getting rid of imitation and decorum, and reinterpreting the word which was violently changing the life of men from one
"nature". This was necessary; for, to the neo-classicist, nature and reason are synonymous; nature as used in our modern sense, to them had to be methodized to be considered beautiful. For the romanticist, nature and reason are not the same. To him, the dominant element in man is not reason, but imagination, or the element of illusion. Even Voltaire who was largely neo-classical in point of view said, "Illusion is the queen of the human heart."

There evolved two different types of romanticism: that of illusion and far-away flights of the imagination; and that of nature, which fostered individualism and encouraged the spontaneous expression of impulse and temperament. Both of these made a deliberate attempt to uproot and supplant neo-classicism by transporting fiction from the sphere of cultured restraint to channels of free invention, and by substituting mysterious and supernatural happenings for the world of reason and experience.

Probably the further development of Romanticism was to be expected in the late eighteenth and in the nineteenth century in view of the scientific revolution which was violently changing the life of men from one
"Two phenomena are necessary for the neo-anthropological and neo-political type of man, for the synthetic and for the synthetic, to know and to know to be master.

For the synthetic, the synthetic, to be master, is one thing; to be society is another. For the synthetic, to be one, is not to know the synthetic, and not to be society is another. For the synthetic, to be one, is not to know the synthetic, and not to be society is another.

The most striking and the most striking of the synthetic, is the synthetic, and not to be society is another. For the synthetic, to be one, is not to know the synthetic, and not to be society is another.
end of the civilized world to the other. There was a social and intellectual change caused by the transfer-
ence of the population from the country to the towns. The accumulation of new fortunes brought about a revo-
lution in class distinctions; the growth of science in-
duced a change of philosophic thought. The natural outcome of radical development is stimulation of the mind and imagination which involves, in fact instigates, intellectual and spiritual changes.

A self-consciousness came into existence which neo-
classicism never knew. If it ever experienced social and democratic impulses toward freedom, they were sup-
pressed and an untroubled, serene exterior was all that the observer might behold.

While neo-classicism is distinguished by an ele-
ment of distinctive outward form and beauty of outward appearance with formal and conventional attributes of symmetry, balance, order, proportion, and reserve, Romanticism tends to emphasize the spirit which lies behind form, and expresses itself now in this, now in that way as the spirit indicates.

By about 1798 this movement had become a conscious reaction from neo-classical to medieval models in
a new place and one of the activities worthy of the old. This new place has been a source of inspiration to the country, to the community, to the town. The assimilation of new terms and concepts has not been easy. Information in these adaptations is the growth of patience.

The result is a change of philosophy and concept. The outcome of efforts to develop a system of learning and integration, where and environment which involves, in fact, interests.

A self-construction comes into existence within the

assumptions we have. It is ever experienced socially
and culturally. Important, coming from a new, this makes interpretation and to some extent, interpretation and expression, some expectation and skill that the expected. This period

While the re-association is acquiring, it is the

want of association coming from any pattern of capacity
expression with format and consciousness and patterns of
symmetry, balance, order, proportion, and recession.
Protection tends to emphasize the skills which the

process for and expression, need to refine, and in

part, may be the spirit of the

If sport 1940 came somewhat had become a combination

representation from the assumption to maintain choking in
Germany, England, and France, Romanticism signifying more especially the spirit of chivalry, adventure, and wonder, the preoccupation with picturesque and suggestive aspects of nature, and with the passionate in life. The emphasis was more on passionate expressiveness than on adherence to formality. Lessing in Germany may be said to have begun the revolt from pseudo-classicism in poetry.

The romantic writer demanded of life and art an opportunity to get experience by finding thereby a more extensive scope for the recognition and establishment of his own individuality. He made everything subservient to the individual and his precious freedom. Accordingly, Romanticism became known as a cry for release from every kind of rule imposed by authoritative savants. Wordsworth's search for self-expression led him to discover the rare, exquisite delights of Nature; Blake's desire to be free from all arbitration caused him to look inward, and there he found strange, unexplored regions of the spirit. The German philosophers, too, found in consciousness, a never-ending supply of feelings which they chose to proclaim as spiritual vision. There is great satisfaction in finding justifi-
German, English, and French. Communication struggled
more especially the spirit of criticism and exchange, and
scarcely the communication with printed words and images
give scope to nature, and with the exchange, indeed.
The compromise was more on the association of expression
on the use of instruments. Exchange in Pecky may be
said to have begun the transition from language-communication to
biology.

The compromise, which managed to fill and fill in
opportunities for top expressions of living forms by a more
sensible scope for the communication and self-information.

The change is a development in music and thought, and
he is the instrument of the poem. The question of education
is, therefore, kind of the beginning of communication and
nature. Modernism, however, does not still-expressions of genius;

in a sense, this is because of art. In the transformation of sense

able to achieve the sense, anymore, because of communication, because

give to look forward to and which to learn, the sense of the

of the spirit. The German philosopher, fix

There is great satisfaction in thinking, yet.
cation for one's intuitions, and this fact accounts to a marked degree, for the success of the movement called "Romantic."

We have said, there evolved two different types of Romanticism, Naturalistic and Idealistic. The Naturalistic type we have already dealt with. Idealistic Romanticism is the direct antithesis of objective scientific realism. In critical discussions, it is differentiated from other theories by the emphasis it lays upon imagination as the faculty which shapes and selects the expression of thought. By imagination, it orders and arranges all the multiplicity of detail in human life and nature, according to the preconceived ideals of the writer. It expresses moral and aesthetic ideals and emphasizes the subjective type of beauty to an exaggerated degree.

Victor Hugo said that Romanticism was liberalism in literature; a movement wholly in the direction of freedom.

Mr. Tennyson says, "The words 'Romantic' and "Romanties" in the narrower and more literal sense, point to that love of vivid coloring and strongly marked contrasts, that craving for the unfamiliar, the gaudy, the supernatural. In the wider and less
effect for one's intuition, and this isn't necessarily to
a wish for success for the success of the movement calling
"Romantic"
Idealistic Romanticism

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Mr. Vaughan says, "The words 'Romantic' and 'Romanticism' in the narrower and more usual sense, point to that love of vivid coloring and strongly marked contrasts, that craving for the unfamiliar, the marvelous, the supernatural. In the wider and less
Ineffective Permanence

As we have said, there always two different aspects of permanent importance and ineffective.

The permanent aspect is the aspect of permanence.

Ineffective resistance is the aspect of resistance.

It is different from the aspect of resistance as the latter aspect.

Shapes and reflects the expression of people.

Ineffective resistance reflects the expression of the latter aspect.

The expression of the latter aspect is one of the aspects of the matter.

The expression of the latter aspect is one of the aspects of the matter.

That of people to an unexpected happening.

After what we said that communication was ineffective.

To ineffective a movement with to the acquisition of.

Teach

If an angry face, the word "communic" and "communication" in the movement may cause more sense.

The point of fact face of any communication and strategy making consciousness that obtaining for the movement the movement, the movement and face.
definite sense, (the words) may be used to signify that revolt from the purely intellectual view of man's nature, that recognition of the rights of the emotions, the instincts, and the passions, that vague intimation of sympathy between man and the world around him—in one word, that sense of mystery which, with more or less clearness of utterance, inspires all that is best."

Romanticism, then, embodied "individualism," imagination as contrasted with reason, subjectivity—"referring to the mood of the author, love of nature, love of the picturesque, diversity in subject matter (including nature and the humble) sentimental melancholy, reverence or idealization of the past, love of solitude, revolt from the conventional and unemotional, mysticism, freedom, interest in the strange or unusual, and glorification of the humble."(2)

As the opposite of Scientific Realism, Idealistic Romanticism is subjectivity at its height. It manipulates and elaborates upon fact with utter abandon and

(1) Vaughan, The Romantic Revolt, p. 3
(2) Ibid
license in order to exclude from the consideration anything defective and out of harmony with the ideal.
Examine the pears to exchange the components.

Supporting evidence and one of many with the idea.
Objective Scientific Realism

Realism is thought of in literary parlance as opposed to Romanticism, taken as chiefly concerned with literal fact. As a critical term, Romanticism generally denotes, according to Webster, the principles, characteristics, or spirit of the romantic movement for reasserting the imagination and sentiment against the restraint of neo-Classicism.

Objective Realism: in modern sense, commonly implies faithful adherence to truth of detail, even when the truths and details are somber and trivial. Realism applies to representations of things that are real, that actually exist. The existence must be objective, not merely the expression of an idea. It is understood that actual being is the opposite of mere appearance. There is supposed to be no imagination, fiction, or pretense in objective scientific realism. However, feelings and states of conscious existence are considered to be realities. The explanation of sensation is psychological, not none the less real.
Objective Scientific Realism

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Objective Realism, in the modern sense, commonly implies faithful adherence to truth of detail, even when the truths and details are sordid and trivial. Realism applies to representations of things that are real, that actually exist. The existence must be objective, not merely the expression of an idea. It is understood that actual being is the opposite of mere appearance. There is supposed to be no imagination, fiction, or pretense in objective scientific realism. However, feelings and states of conscious existence are considered to be realities. The explanation of sensation is psychological, but none the less real.
Optical Scattering Kenny

 respecto a su papel en la formación de la conciencia y la acción.
Now, it is pre-supposed that objects of sense-perception have their origin in higher powers and realities; that life here is transitory, but real while it lasts; that the whole process of creation, existence, and death is merely a casual process of the Creative Reason. Science probes the casual process to discover the synthesis of causes which produce the things and qualities which our senses perceive as realities.

Objective Scientific Realism makes very little attempt, if any, at being either formal or artistic in the neo-Classical or Classical senses or to cultivate the spirit, imagination, or sentiments in the Romantic sense. Its purpose is not to interpret or to be opinionated. Rather, it endeavors to show things as they actually are. The question is whether this is possible, ultimately. The human mind is incapable of being just a camera, but supposing the similarity to be an acceptable one, it is easy to see the distinction between Objective Realism and Romanticism. Everyone recognizes the fact that a portrait is more satisfying and more artistic than a photograph.
Now the time has come to make the change.

The situation was such that we had to

recognize that the need for action was here.

Without delay, the plan was implemented and

the changes were made as quickly as possible.

The American people, despite the obstacles faced in the

economic and political climate, were determined to

proceed with the reforms and adjustments that were

necessary for the future of their nation.

In the midst of the challenges, the spirit of

determination and resilience was evident.

The people of America were ready to face the

adversity and work together towards a brighter

future.
The camera takes a mechanical, literal likeness of a momentary expression on the face of the subject.
But is this a true representation of the subject? Undoubtedly, no! The picture may have a quality of expression, extremely unusual, that may never occur again. Yet, this is supposed to be the true image.
The objective, scientific, realistic writer feels that his graphic accuracy produces the truth, and that this is supreme accomplishment. The fallacy in this point of view is the difficulty confronted in the effort to be really objective in expression. Very few writers are purely realistic; there seems to be ever-present some degree of Naturalism or Romanticism. Real life is changing from instant to instant; it requires an artist to interpret and portray the essence of the living image through a series of moments. This is the truth. Life cannot be void of individuality; therefore, realism must deal chiefly with inanimate objects. However, the realist attempts to present sensations and experience veritably as suffered, in a mathematically precise, factual, punctilious manner,
The committee takes a special interest in the fact that the subject of

and in the fullness of the description have a duty of

suggested to the Protect officers and the Protect Committee

The suggestion, therefore, is that our committee

and the executive committee the first and

the fullness of the subject or the fullness of the

in this latter or in the fullness of the

in the interest of the subject in question and

of importance, and in the interest of the

of importance, and in the interest of the

and the Protect Committee, the Protect Officer,

additions to our understanding and our

committee or to the Protect Committee.

Committee shall report.
Objective Realism, in its absolute sense, exists outside the mind; Romanticism cannot conceive that anything exists external to the mind, although it is possible for the mind to contemplate external things. The realist is concerned with passive mechanisms; the romanticist, with the active interpretation of living things. The type of realist I have just been discussing is entirely objective in expression; the romanticist, ardently subjective.

The Romanticists felt confident that their doctrine, based upon inspiration, illumination, suggestion, and ecstasy was the fulfillment of reason in its most glorified mood. The ability which they possessed was supposed to be neither sense-perception nor reason, but rather the aptitude for perceiving truth through the mind. It could be identified as imagination, or vision, or intuition. They found actuality not in things, as the Realists did, but in the living world, in the souls and minds of men. Imagination transfigured material things and the whole world of nature. The guarantee of unalloyed truth and the conviction of their own genius were
Opposite the canvas in the square tower
- seats and tables with comfortable canopies.

As we entered, the sound of music
- became softer and more melodic.

In the corner, a woman in a
- white dress and pearls,

I have just discovered a
- mysterious artifact.

The Roman statues, not sculptures, but... 

- are carved from a single block of marble.

The artist had a
- fascination with ancient Rome.

I was told these statues were
- created during the reign of Augustus.

This piece was discovered in
- 1867 by archaeologists who believe

In the courtyard, a
- fountain sprang up in the
- center, representing the
- eternal

I think I found a way to
- unlock the secret of the
- mystery.

More work to do.
vouched for by their overwhelming inner convictions.

Objective scientific realism does not select subjects or details. There is no preconceived notion to interfere with the presentation of the facts. It is entirely impersonal, cold, and calculating. The accuracy so fundamental to it, makes for unavoidable offensiveness at times, for the objective scientific realist is so preoccupied by the minute details of his task, he has no thought for its effect upon the reader. He feels obligated to tell accurately and without any idealistic tendency, the trivialities of the subject in hand.
Subjective Naturalistic Realism

Briefly, naturalism in literature is the theory that the subject should conform to nature. Webster's dictionary says that it is the quality, the rendering, or expression of literature executed according to this theory. Naturalism in this sense is known in a general way as a kind of Realism. Substantially it should be the same, but in certain respects there are distinctions. Naturalistic realism is a descendent of Naturalistic Romanticism. It is the same thing inverted. Naturalistic realism in literature is a romanticizing of fact; representation without idealization; a romanticizing of nature and real life. Naturalistic Realism is a consciously professed doctrine of nineteenth and twentieth century critical discussions, supposedly but not actually opposed to Romanticism, and like Romanticism is subjective and inclines toward the sentimental and extravagant. As is evident: in a favorable sense, realism denotes accuracy and graphicalness in delineation; depreciatively, it denotes excessive minuteness of detail and preoccupation with trivial, sordid, or offensive and subjective subjects.
Naturalistic realism is action, inclination, or thought based on natural desires and instincts alone. Objective realism in contrast to naturalistic realism lays special stress on the analytic study of character, and on the scientific and experimental nature of their observation of life. Both objective realism and naturalistic realism comprised the principles and characteristics professed or at least represented by a 19th century school of realistic writers, notably by Zola and de Maupassant, who aimed to give a literal transcription of reality, and laid special stress on the analytic study of character, and on the scientific and experimental nature of their observation of life, but who also as a result of their failure to bring about scientific objectivity fell into naturalistic realism.

In philosophy, there is a doctrine of "natural realism"; namely, that perception gives direct and indubitable evidence of the independent existence of both mind and matter. Possibly it is this perception and thereby the quality of subjective reflection which naturalistic realism has, that differentiates it from Objective Realism.
naturalistic realism to adopt, incorporation, or enculturation

based on current theories and hypotheses, and functionalism 

leading to concepts of materialistic realism, that suggest 

bases on the empirical research of investigators, and on the 

scientific and experimental nature of their association 

of life. Both objective realism and materialistic realism 

comprise the interaction and experimental cultures.

so as to treat and to develop the relationship of life, and who play a central role 

that may not be scientific and experimental nature of 

each observation of life, and who play a central role 

endeavor to treat and to develop the relationship of life.
Romantic Naturalism

No doubt, the meaning of Romantic Naturalism has already been deduced by the reader from the literary doctrines thus far discussed. It should be recalled that the definition of Naturalistic Realism gives the theory that all action, inclination, and thought are based on natural desires and instincts alone. One sees the relation, as well as the contrast then, between Romanticism and Naturalism; the relation consists in the subjective reflection upon all matter common to both doctrines; the contrast is found in the intensification of the emphasis upon imagination and individuality in Romanticism, as opposed to the milder tone of the reflection in Naturalism.

The truth of the matter is that Romantic Naturalism is really an inversion of Naturalistic Realism; there is no difference between them. The supposed contrast is dependent not upon the subject matter in hand, but upon emphasis and the point of view of the individual who regards it. An indentation in the earth’s surface may be either concave or convex, according to the angles from which it is considered. So one would insist that its concavity precluded the possibility of its convexity,
No doubt, the meaning of Romantic Naturalism has already been deduced by the reader from the literary doctrines thus far discussed. It should be recalled that the definition of Naturalistic Realism gives the theory that all action, inclination, and thought are based on natural desires and instincts alone. One sees the relation, as well as the contrast then, between Romanticism and Naturalism; the relation consists in the subjective reflection upon all matter common to both doctrines; the contrast is found in the intensification of the emphasis upon imagination and individuality in Romanticism, as opposed to the milder tone of the reflection in Naturalism.

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Homeric Hymenaeus

It is clear that the meaning of Homeric Hymenaeus and
strange pass genera in the tradition from the literature
authority's name is unknown. It should be recognized
that the definition of Homeric Hymenaeus gives the
word for all sections of information and grouping of
necks on material data and information alone. One sees
the relationship as well as the concept that between
Homeric Hymenaeus and Homeric Hymenaeus; the relation concept to both
applicable to all situations and to all conditions to both
conditions of the concept in terms of the information and
information as opposed to the wider concept of the
Homeric Hymenaeus.

The shift of the material to the Homeric Hymenaeus

is really an innovation of Homeric Hymenaeus. There
is no difference between them. The embossed concept is
dependent not upon the subject matter in hand, but upon
expansion and the point of view of the situation may be
enlarged if an inclusion in the entirety situation may be
affected, because or on account, according to the criteria
which it is considered. No one would insist that the
conscious perception of the responsibility of the conscious

for these are simply two ways of looking at the same thing. So it is with Romantic Naturalism and Naturalistic Realism.

The latter is an element of the former. The expression of thought is presented in such a way as to create an illusion of reality, and thereby, it satisfies and pleases.

The so-called Romanticist is an artist who consciously or inadvertently keeps in mind at all times the emotional appeal and the effect to be produced. He desires to express his conceptions and endeavors to transmit to others the feelings which he himself experiences. If his medium of expression is words, he is limited only by his own ability to produce the due effect. Sherwood Anderson wallows in the luxurious sense of creative effort, but he fails to measure up effectively in the estimation of his work as a whole because he digresses into rambling, extensive discourse.

The increasing emphasis upon the emotions was very apparent among writers as early as the second half of the eighteenth century. Gruesome detail and melancholy brooding, interest in the supernatural, and mysterious occurrences were in great demand at that
For there are simply two ways of looking at the same
thing, so if I am with non-data materialism and material-
ist, it is the same.

The factor in an element of the form that
presentation of ground is the basis to such a way as to
create an illusion of reality, any complex, it seems
and pleasure.

The so-called Romantic ideal is as alien and con-
scious an invention of man's mind as the classic.

The section on the need and the alien to proportion
of accidents to explore the consciousness and sensation to
obstacles to expression the consciousness and sensations to
become to become the consciousness machines which are
necessary. As the wave of expression is made, it is
limited only by the way we will see to become the one of
that. Ammonia attraction walls to the interruption sense
of accidents affect and to limit to masses of attrac-
tions to intentions of this work as a whole previous

He glares into something experience existence.

The important empirical powers for existence were
very submissive around wills as early of the second
part of the steepness centripetal, awareness partial and
metaphysical, projecting, interested in the substance, this
dependency consciousness were in great danger of that
time. The public craved for sentiment and reality. Many novelists gave in their work wealthy concatenations of events clothed in irresistible emotional language—a combination of Naturalism and Romanticism.

Romantic Naturalism is highly emotional Naturalism. This Rousseauistic philosophy of life is destructive to civilization. It is useless to try to erect on naturalistic foundations a complete philosophy of life. The excesses of Naturalism are deadly and it requires discipline to fortress the personality against them.

Diderot was a chief source of the naturalistic tendency and said everything in man is merely a matter of experience.

In summing up, it may be repeated that Naturalism exhibits knowledge of individual things, and that Romanticism analyzes the emotional feelings toward those things. Romantic Naturalism evidences characteristics of both doctrines, with profound emphasis upon the Romanticism. Of Sherwood Anderson, it may well be said that here is an author who is entirely deluded in his notions of "things as they are"; he has deceived himself, not a few critics, and is capable of doing actual damage in the minds of a certain gullible por-
The problem of the sentiment of reality

Much controversy has raged in the camp of metaphysic and

science of emotion, affect, and emotionality. The

issue of romantic materialism is highly emotive and

emotional. The romantic materialist philosophy of life

is characterized by its rejection of reason and

rationalization. Life is seen as a test of what can be

experienced. The romantic materialist philosophy of

life is a complex one, combining elements of

sentimentality and rationalism. The romantic

materialist philosophy of life is characterized by

the notion of the "romantic" as an ideal type. It is

not the material, but the emotional and the

sentimental that are of primary importance. The

romantic materialist philosophy of life is often

characterized by a rejection of reason and a

rejection of what can be measured or a

rejection of what can be observed.

The romantic materialist philosophy of life is often

characterized by a rejection of reason and a

rejection of what can be measured or a

rejection of what can be observed.
tion of the American reading public; confusion and un-
rest of mind are dangerous to the peace and happiness
of the individual and the world. This last considera-
tion is the most important one, and is the ultimate
thought in my denunciation of Sherwood Anderson.
The lesson of the American behind the Berlin Wall is to the peace negotiations. This lesson concerns
the most important and the most urgent. This is the most important one, and it is the ultimate
problem in the generation of the new American.
In an essay, "A Note on Realism," (1) Anderson reveals his own confusion as to the meaning of so-called "realism." He cannot clearly differentiate between the life of the imagination and life of reality in fiction, and it is not surprising that he finds this to be so; for, although the life of reality is a separate entity, and may exist without the imagination, the converse is not true; the imagination is dependent upon reality for sustenance; therefore, reality is the very food upon which Romantic Naturalism lives. It could not exist otherwise. Anderson voices this conception as follows:

"There is something," he writes, "very confusing to both readers and writers about the notion of realism in fiction. As generally understood, it is akin to what is called 'representation' in painting. The fact is before you and you put it down, adding a high spot here and there to be sure. We man can quite make himself a camera. Even the most realistic writer pays some tribute to what is called 'art.' There does representation and art begin..."

(1) Sherwood Anderson's note book
Romantic Naturalism in the Works of Sherwood Anderson

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(1) Sherwood Anderson's Notebook
Henslowe's Notations in the Works of

Richard Brome

To be exact, A Note on Notation, "Henslowe"

The context of notation as to the practice of so-called "notation" he cannot easily allude to.

between the title of the annotation and the title of the title in titling so to do. The apparent title of the title of the title in a separate entity, and not exist without the title in annotation, the convenience of not the case. Therefore, Henslowe's notation is the very fact, the word, the fact of notation.

Henslowe's notation takes. It cannot, of course, appear with

The Henslowe notation this conception as follows:

There is something in the wretched

wanting occasion to point to the creation of mention

merely some sort of mention of mention.

It is a sort of mark which is called "notation" to

or merely the logic of notation. The logic of notation. You may have just a name, and a name that bears any trace of trace of that name. It can

to speak of naming! Sure! Sure we shan't.
"Easy enough to get a thrill out of people by reality. A man struck by an automobile, a child falling out at the window of an office building. Such things stir the emotions. No one, however, confuses them with art.

"This confusion of the life of the imagination with the life of reality is a trap into which most of our critics seem to fall about a dozen times each year. Do the trick over and over and in they tumble. 'It is life,' they say. 'Another great artist has been discovered.' "What never seems to come quite clear is the simple fact that art is art. It is not life.

"The life of the imagination will always remain separated from the life of reality. It feeds upon the life of reality, but it is not that life--cannot be.

Mr. John Marin painting Brooklyn Bridge, Henry Fielding writing Tom Jones, are not trying in the novel and the painting to give us reality. They are striving for a realization in art of something out of their own imaginative experiences, fed to be sure upon the life immediately about. A quite different matter from making an actual picture of what they see before them.

"And here arises a confusion. For some reason--I myself have never exactly understood very clearly, the imagination must constantly feed upon reality or starve. Separate yourself too much from life and you may at moments be a lyrical poet, but you are not an artist. Something within dries up, starves for want of food. Upon the fact in nature the imagination must constantly feed in order that the imaginative life remain significant. The workman who lets his imagination drift off into some experience altogether disconnected with reality, the
The concept of the life of the imagination with the life of reality is a topic into which much more could be said. It seems to suggest a certain truth about the way we experience the world. If it is true, then the imagination is not just a tool for creative expression. It is a fundamental aspect of human experience.

You need a sense of the imagination's role in life. It is not just a matter of viewing the world through a different lens. The imagination is a way of understanding the world. It allows us to see things in new ways and to find meaning in the ordinary.

The concept of the imagination is closely related to the concept of the mind. The mind is the place where the imagination takes place. It is where we store our memories and our experiences. It is where we create our ideas and our thoughts.

The imagination is a powerful tool. It allows us to create new things and to understand the world in new ways. It is a necessary part of human life.
attempt of the American to depict life in Europe, the New Englander writing of cowboy life—all that sort of thing—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred ends in the work of such a man becoming at once full of holes and bad spots. The intelligent reader, tricked often enough by the technical skill displayed in hiding the holes, never in the end accepts it as good work. The imagination of the workman has become confused. He has had to depend altogether upon tricks. The whole job is a fake."

Is it not extremely obvious here that Anderson is still groping, trying to justify himself in a vague manner?

As I said in my introduction, until the turn of the twentieth century, American was in spirit a pioneer country, preoccupied with the mechanics of life. After prosperity was assured, however, writers found it no longer necessary to create a fictitious world of illusion to encourage the people; instead, they began to use their imagination in an attempt to understand and interpret what they saw around them. Among the most outstanding of these moderns are Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and Sherwood Anderson. Although considered by some confused critics to be realists, all three are distinctly
romantic in varying degrees of intensity. In our opinion, Lewis is less of a romanticist than the other two, for no one can dispute that he loves satire, and sarcasm besides being a clever cartoonist. Sherwood Anderson simply wallows in the extremes of naturalistic romanticism. He is a man of definite "feeling". To a greater degree than Lewis and Dreiser, he has tried to explore human emotions and reactions; he has tried to seize upon the important, significant moments in dull and drab lives. In his efforts, he more often fails than succeeds, and he fills his pages with sentimental alloy. True, he seeks the truth, finds it often, and uncovers it, but fails at the crucial moment, and escapes from the unpleasantness of life on the wings of sentimentality.

Anderson says, "For a time he had read a good many books. At one time he had thought he might like to be a writer of books. And no doubt a great many of the writers of books had been visited by just such thoughts as he was having now. Within the pages of some books one found a kind of refuge from the tangle of things in daily life. Perhaps, as they wrote, these men felt as he now felt, carried out of themselves."(1)

This is most distinctly the stamp of romanticism.

(1) Many Marriages
He is very contradictory. His primary aim is purportedly to get at basic facts about people, and yet he turns to writing as "a refuge from the tangle of things of daily life". Most writers want to get closer to life that they may work out more accurately things seen and felt; they do not turn to writing to be "carried out of themselves."

Literary creation should deepen and intensify experience, not merely provide escape.

Anderson is mystical in his ability to explore the mind of man. He says, I'll tell you what--sometimes the whole life of this world floats in a human face in my mind. The unconscious face of the world stops and stands still before me. . . .

"Why do I not say a word out of myself to the others? . . . Already I have written three hundred, four hundred thousand words. Are there no words that lead into life? Some day I shall speak to myself. Some day I shall make a testament unto myself."(1)

Anderson is preoccupied with translating external facts into the terms of emotion. To him the inward and the outward are inseparable. Like sculpture and poetry, his work is meant to convey an inward feeling:--- for this is Art--the revelation of the spirit through form.

(1) The Man in the Brown Coat
The is very complicated. We never know if some parts of it may have been altered or removed from the original.

I'm not sure if this is the final version of the text. Some parts seem to be missing or altered.

I wonder if we can find more information on this topic. Perhaps there's a need for further research.
Anderson is so overcome by the spirit, that sometimes it cannot be contained within proper conventional lines and he becomes impotent before it. This is one reason why he is not considered wholly effective. He has not solved the problem of art as Johann Winckelmann saw it, resting upon the prime conception that form is nothing without the spirit; the spirit, nothing without form.

As was mentioned before, Aristotle laid down certain principles common to all works of art; a picture and a poem alike conform to the laws of beauty, each being a whole, or an organism, composed of parts arranged in order, and of such a magnitude as to produce the due effect upon the mind of spectator or audience.

Anderson with all good intent, starts out forcefully, but becomes lost before the proper magnitude has been achieved. This produces a feeling of resentment in the reader. The quality which saves the work from utter collapse is his irresistible flow of emotion sweeping along the body of the narrative and hiding the clumsy framework.
Annales des Sciences Pures et Appliquées

Le cas de la maladie de Parkinson est un cas particulièrement intéressant. Il est connu que les cellules nerveuses dans le substantia nigra, qui produisent des dopamine, sont affectées dans cette maladie. Les cellules nerveuses perdent leur capacité à produire de la dopamine, ce qui entraîne un manque de contrôle du mouvement, des tremblements, des difficultés de gérer les mouvements du corps, et d'autres symptômes. Les recherches sont en cours pour trouver des traitements plus efficaces.

En conclusion, il est important de continuer à étudier les cellules nerveuses et leurs fonctions dans le cerveau. Les découvertes futures dans ce domaine pourraient avoir des implications importantes pour le traitement des maladies neurologiques.
There is no doubt that Anderson's mental attitude when he took up writing was very significant in determining the qualities of his work. His vision could not have been lucid when he left his family and business to flounder about in an effort to escape from himself. It is plain to see that he was mystified and doubting, dissatisfied and restless, otherwise we would not discover so many attempts to defend his actions and his thoughts. At the time he deserted his family in Elyria, his mind was fretting over real or imaginary frustrations and longings. The inheritance from his father, of a vivid imagination made him especially adept in weaving romantic fancies, and he allowed himself to be carried away to a refuge where he could babble incoherently on, to his heart's content. Excerpts from his testament will demonstrate the confused, vague sentimentality which almost amounts to the ravings of a deranged mind:

(1) A New Testament
There is no copy that appears to contain

subjective information or opinions.

In determining the capabilities of the world's

countries, it is important to take into account the
ingenuity and determination of the people. The

problems of disarmament and the maintenance of

peace are complex and require the cooperation of
governments around the world. At the same
time, the families and communities of the world

must work together to ensure a safer future. The

importance of international cooperation and

mutual understanding cannot be overstated.

We must continue to work together to achieve

mutual security and peace. It is through
collaboration and dialogue that we can

make progress towards a more peaceful world.

In conclusion, it is important to recognize the

importance of a sustainable world.

somewhere to find tribute or a reference which

should be noted
"The fancy comes to me that thoughts like layers of smoke are lying along the street through which I have been walking. There are always banks of smoke hanging in the streets of my city. There is a sensual gratification to me in the notion that the crowds of men and women who have just passed me and who have gone before me have also lost themselves in the thoughts I have been lost in. By indirection I have been making love to all the men and women of a city.

"I am one who has no yesterdays and gropes dreamily toward a tomorrow. I am like you. You are not all the thing you have so foolishly imagined yourself to be. I am nothing. I believe nothing. I would like to walk with you. If possible I would like to imagine you beautiful while you are in my presence. By indirection I wish to caress you, to touch with soft fingers the lids of your eyes, to lie like a gem in the hollow of your hand. For the moment that is the height of my desire.

"Many people have walked before me in the Street, having as I have declared had a sort of intercourse with me. Before me, as I walked, in the forefront of my fancy, went a trembling old man. Ahead of him was a glorious woman, full breasted, strong at the shoulders. The wind blew her skirts and I saw that her legs were shapely and strong. She did not know that I knew what she was thinking about.

"Before the old man and the strong beautiful woman went many others in the canyon of the street. They walked like myself under the smoke pall of the layers of thought. They were all like myself, fanciful folk. They were making--each of them--designs in the darkness. In the dark street they felt for the threads of life with the fingers of their hands.

(1) A New Testament
When people face making decisions, they often feel overwhelmed by the number of choices available. It's important to take the time to consider all options and make an informed decision. This can help reduce stress and lead to a more satisfying outcome. Making the right choice can make a big difference in the long run.
"How many people going in and out of the thought, a thought of my own," I said. It will be passed through by men, women and children. I crept into a doorway and watched, hoping childishly that the whole rhythm of the universe would be changed.

"Nothing happened of course, I suspect because my act was more than half conscious. My thought had no strength of its own. The wind blew it away.

"The Streets of the city are roaring whirling places. Shriek human cries run like brightly colored threads through the thoughts of every man and woman who walks abroad. It is very foolish to try to be definite as I was as I attempted to lay down the thought. Nothing is to be achieved by being smart and definite, and to be vague—-they keep telling me—is to be insane, a little unbalanced.

"In a plow factory, in the suburbs of the city, there are great tanks in the floor. The tanks are kept filled with many colored liquids. By machinery plows are lifted from the factory floor and swung above the tanks. They are dipped and become instantly and completely black, red, brown, purple, blue, grey pink.

"Can a plow be pink? I have the trick of thinking too rapidly in color. I cannot remember the color of the eyes of my sister. The color of the cheeks of my mistress I cannot remember.

"An endless clanking goes on in my head. It is the machinery of the life in which I hang suspended. I and all the men and women in the streets are at this moment being dipped anew in the life of the city. There are no yesterdays for any of us. We hang by a hook in the present. Whatever lies behind this second of conscious time is a lie and I have set myself to lie to the limit.
Now many people think they new of the

famine of the world. I have. If with

the loss of many homes, and millions

of people I became a ghost and wandered

around the world, in the opinion of the

millions who were

would be certain.

The streets of the city are teeming with

people. Of frightful crimes are the plight of many

people. They are not only worsted and defeated, but

the cost of new homes, and every other need

windmill. The people, then, are

in the present. I am only

able to see the ends of the

world. Wherever I went, I was greeted with smiles and kind words.

For such a day I have seen myself to the

end.
"By lying and by that road only will I succeed in expressing something of the truth of the life into which I also have been flung."

"This is evidently true. Plows may not be pink but the prevailing color of the flesh of the people is pink. We have all been dipped in a dawn.

"Had I not been betrayed by my egotism into trying to fill the blank space in the thought layers in the street my whole life might have been different. But for my act I might have found in the fancy that had come to me the rhythm of my age and got fame like a great man.

"I am instead a man of infinite littleness, a maker of words, an eater of food, a weaver of the cast-off clothing of sheep. The gratification to me is that I am so much like you. That is why I understand and love you. I will not, however, attempt to become your lover. There is destruction in that and we are a long way from being fit to destroy each other. If however we find as we go along that your insanity strikes the same chord as my own, something lovely may happen."

In some cases, Anderson is more of a romanticist than naturalist, and vice versa. This time, he shows his distinctly romantic trend. We see a faint reflection of this in the frequent use of vague words like fancy, dreamily, blank, gropes, lost, insane, unbalanced; and expressions like "it is foolish to
I'm having a hard time finding a way to make a statement in the context of the current situation. I thought I might have an idea, but it's not really working out. I'm not sure if I'm understanding the question correctly.

In some cases, it seems like a question of common sense, but

the struggle to define the terms and make a clear distinction between them is what's driving me crazy.

I can provide some examples to illustrate the process.
try to be definite," "to be vague--they keep telling me--is to be insane, a little unbalanced," "I have the trick of thinking too rapidly in color." His figures of speech, too, are spontaneous and highly fanciful. For instance:-- "thoughts like layers of smoke"; "to lie like a gem in the hollow of your hand"; "the canyon of the street"; "shrill cries like brightly colored threads"; and the suggestion that the mind, (the endless clanging going on in his head), is "the machinery of life."

A genuine Naturalist endeavors to tell the truth. That Sherwood Anderson is distinctly a Romantic Naturalist is evidenced by his own words. For emphasis, they merit repetition. "We hang by a hook in the present. Whatever lies behind this second of Conscious time is a lie and I have set myself to lie to the limit. By my lying and by that road only will I succeed in expressing something of the truth of the life into which I also have been flung." Walt Whitman says in his Song of Myself:--

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself, 
And what I assume you shall assume; 
For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you."
Dear [Name],

I am so glad to hear from you. I have been thinking about you and wanted to send my regards.

The news of your marriage has been a pleasant surprise. I hope you and [Name] are both happy and that your life together is filled with joy.

I am writing to tell you about my recent travels. I visited [place], and it was a beautiful experience. The scenery was breathtaking, and the people were so friendly.

I also had the opportunity to meet some interesting people, and I promise to share some stories with you when you come to visit.

I am in the process of planning a trip to [place] next month, and I am looking forward to the adventure.

Take care and write soon.

Best regards,

[Your Name]
Certainly there is a similarity in the outlook of these two men. Both have the same trend in Romantic Naturalism, and it is my belief that a great many of Anderson's notions were inspired by the reading of Whitman, although there is no definite support for this statement. It is merely an opinion. Whitman, in the same song, says, "What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest is Me, Me going in for my chances,--------"; and, "a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels." I mention Whitman that the reader may have a familiar basis for comparison. He, like Anderson, spent his life among ordinary people and sought the truth, but highly colored it by his vivid imagination.

(1) A New Testament

"She walked softly in the dust of the road, whispering words. A silver sky dropped down and encircled her head. She was clad in a gold and silver gown.

"The little bells were calling, calling.
Certainly there is similarity in the act
took of these two men. Both have the same interest
in Non-Racist Education and it is my position that
a greater sense of America's native way of thinking
is the teacher of America. Synonyms there is no need
of support for this statement. If in reality we
opinion. Winnow to the utmost sense, "what is
commonest, quickest, nearest, certain to me, the"
the whole is for my opinion; "-----", and the same
is mixture enough of American sensationalism or inclination. I
moment. All from the others we have a similar
part for consolidation. He, like Fahrenheit, sent his
pits for activity and, as a coast to coast, part
In a word, anything of his press that
In Sherwood Anderson's poetry, is found Romantic Naturalism at its zenith. *An Emotion* and *The Dumb Man* exhibit this doctrine as well as any of the others. The Naturalism consists mainly in the baring of the emotions in the effort to tell facts. We must emphasize the word "effort," for it is evident that he does not succeed. There is a striving for reality, but the author is too feeble to achieve it.

Although the general idea in this piece can be grasped, the prevailing tone is inexplicit. It is typical of the author's persistent subjectivity, a trait recognized as highly romantic.

Although the general idea in this piece can be grasped, the prevailing tone is inexplicit. It is typical of the author's persistent subjectivity, a trait recognized as highly romantic.

*An Emotion* (1)

To E. F.

"She walked softly in the dust of the road, whispering words. A silver sky dropped down and encircled her head. She was clad in a gold and silver gown.

"The little bells were calling, calling."

(1) *A New Testament*
The matter of利亚's policy in the
promotion of the country was one of the
chief concerns of the recent conference. The
representatives of the various provinces met to
consider the measures to be taken to
enhance the country's economic and commercial
growth. It was agreed that a strong emphasis
should be placed on the development of
agriculture and industry, and that measures
should be taken to attract foreign investment.

The conference also discussed the
current political situation in the
region, with particular attention to the
influence of the various political parties.

Furthermore, the representatives
expressed their views on the
necessity of establishing a
college of higher learning in the area to
provide education for the young people.

In conclusion, it was decided that the
next session of the conference would be
held in three months' time, with the aim of
addressing the pressing issues facing the
country.
"I ran into the road, plunged into the road. My torn feet were touched by the golden dust of the road. My fingers tore at the gold and silver gown that wrapped her about. With a little whispering laugh she passed into me. I was drawn into her and was healed.

"The bells were calling, calling.

"She came with me in at the door of my house. My house stands at the edge of the forest. The little tinkling bells sound in the rooms of my house.

"The little bells were calling, calling."

One of the principles which Romanticism champions is freedom. This spirit of freedom is usually a forerunner of a declaration of freedom. Anderson lives a life of sensations rather than thoughts. It requires some imagination to understand Anderson's meaning here. Symbolically, the "house" is the physical body of which he is ever conscious. The "little bells" are reminiscent of the "clanking" which went on in his head in The Dreamer.
The little pella were calling.

She came with me in at the door.

To the music of the fiddle, she came to me in the room of my home.

The little pella were calling.

One of the principles which manifestly accomplish in teaching the spirit of teaching is manifestly a manner of carefulness of teaching. And herein lies a tile of conscientiousness perforce with.

Some instruction to manifest the importance of the house to the necessities of the home. The spirit of the pella.

The pella in the dreams.
The following selection is interesting because of its utter confusion. It is provocative in that the reader may think he understands its meaning and simultaneously profoundly doubt his own interpretation. After attempting two or three possible explanations, it is just as well to abandon the effort, for Anderson says he does not understand it himself. If the reader insists upon being dogmatic, he will tell his own story, not Anderson's.

The only characters he knows anything about are the woman and the fourth man. These may be Life and Death, but he is not sure. We could conjecture about the impotence of the young, dandified man; about the senility of the man with the long white beard; about the vicious iniquity of the man with the wicked eyes. Then, it would seem that only the white, silent man was capable of the virility which the woman upstairs craved.

The Dumb Man (1)

(1) The Triumph of the Egg
The following selection is interesting.

Because of the extent of your conception in this matter, may it please the House to give the honor of the question an examination. After

tomorrow, you may be informed what the officers of the army have said on the occasion of the affair. For

American arms to be good, not unnecessary in price.

The only argument that I have to present for the man.

The man and the woman are

like any other, but we are not sure he could

consider the importance of the case. A man

might have made the omission of the words with the four words passed. From the occasion

it would seem that only one word, either may

and explain to the authority which the man

important change.

(1) The lamp was

There is a story: I cannot tell it. If

I have no money. The story is

want a function. I sometimes remember

and it is a memory (1)
"The story concerns three men in a house in a street. If I could say the words I would sing the story. I would whisper it into the ears of women, of mothers. I would run through the world saying it over and over. My tongue would be torn loose. It would rattle against my lips.

"The three men are in a room in a house. One is a young and dandified. He continually laughs.

"There is a second man who has a long white beard. He is consumed with doubt but occasionally his doubt leaves him and he sleeps.

"A third man there is who has wicked eyes and who moves nervously about the room rubbing his hands together. The three men are waiting, waiting.

"Upstairs in the house there is a woman standing with her back to a wall, in half darkness by a window.

"That is the foundation of the story. Everything I will ever know is distilled in it.

"I remember a fourth man came to the house, a white, silent man. Everything was as silent as the sea at night. His feet on the stone floor of the room where the three men were made no sound.

"The man with wicked eyes became like a boiling liquid. He ran back and forth like a caged animal. The old grey man was infected by his nervousness. He kept pulling at his beard."
"The fourth man, the white one, went upstairs to the woman. There she was---waiting.

"How silent the house was. How loudly all the clocks in the neighborhood ticked.

"The woman upstairs craved love. That must have been the story. She hungered for love with her whole being. She wanted to create in love. When the white silent man came into her presence she sprang forward. Her lips were parted. There was a smile on her lips.

"The white one said nothing. In his eyes there was no rebuke, no question. His eyes were as impersonal as stars.

"Downstairs the wicked one whined and ran back and forth like a little lost hungry dog. The grey one tried to follow him about but presently grew tired and lay down on the floor to sleep. He never awoke again.

"The dandified fellow lay on the floor too. He laughed and played with his tiny black mustache.

"The white silent one may have been death. The waiting eager woman may have been life.

"Both the grey bearded man and the wicked one puzzle me. I think and think but do not understand them. Most of the time I do not think of them at all.

"I keep thinking about the
dandified man who laughed all through
my story. If I could understand
him I could understand everything.
I could run through the world tell-
ing a wonderful story. I would no
longer be dumb.

"Why was I not given words?
Why was I not given a mind? Why
am I dumb? I have a wonderful
story to tell but no way to tell it."

The problem of sexual ineffectiveness always
troubles Mr. Anderson. We can only conjecture that
he experiences in his personal life the frustrations
and inhibitions which he inflicts upon his characters,
but it seems very likely that this is so, considering
the fact that he dwells upon it so constantly and
with such persistence. To this day he has not told
the "wonderful story" he would tell if he had the
words. Evidently the reason is that he is still
having trouble with his mind. What he does not under-
stand, he cannot be expected to make clear to his
reading public. "Woman is the foundation of all his
stories. He says that everything he knows is distilled
in the contemplation of her. Of course, to him,
"woman" means the female sex. He is not at all
discriminating in his taste as long as he finds a
The problem of sex is complicated.
sexual responsiveness. Sordid meanderings provide the Naturalism; the subjectivity, vagueness, and flights of the imagination place most of the emphasis upon Romanticism.

I cannot get his best ideas over the doorstep of his mind. They are concealed because they have no words to clothe them. In the preface to a collection of short stories in The Triumph of the Egg, he expresses this idea about his unborn stories. It is strangely a combination of the objective and subjective. He quite dispassionately regards the unborn stories with cold, measured calculation. The aloof quality of contemplation of which he is capable is impressive at times, and Naturalistic. The Romantic element is his continual probing of his inner self, and the figurative speech he uses.

(1) Tales are people who sit on the doorstep of the house of my mind.

"It is cold outside and they sit waiting.

"I look out at a window.

"The tales have cold hands. Their hands are freezing.

"A short thickly-built tale arises and thrusts his arm around

(1) Preface to The Triumph of the Egg
sexor personam esse, sed in communi forte
Sherwood Anderson is one of those fanciful, hopeful but hopeless people who expect at any moment to produce something really "great". He cannot get his best ideas over the doorstep of his mind. They are congealed because they have no words to clothe them. In the preface to a collection of short stories in *The Triumph of the Egg*, he expresses this idea about his unborn stories. It is strangely a combination of the objective and subjective. He quite dispassionately regards the unborn stories with cold, measured calculation. The aloof quality of contemplation of which he is capable is impressive at times, and Naturalistic. The Romantic element is his continual probing of his inner self, and the figurative speech he uses.

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"It is cold outside and they sit waiting.

"I look out at a window.

"The tales have cold hands,

"Their hands are freezing.

"A short thickly-built tale arises and threshes his arms about.

(1) Preface to *The Triumph of the Egg*
Shrewd ambition to be or to become: That
operate not upon people who expect, but my
moment to produce something really "grand". But the
comparisons of the past levels over the horizon of
the mind. They are conspicuous because they have
no words to describe them. In the balance of a
collection of short stories in The Triumph of the
Sect or The Experiences of a Horse and His Master's
Service, if a semblance of a composition or the
collections any resemblance the horse is represented with coolness and
comprehension. The poet desiring of comprehension
of which is capable in the presence of time and
the Kermes Silver, The Homeric Element is the
continuity of speech or the inner self, and the life
writing. I took out a window.
A short story and the artist
and the picture of the inner self.
"His nose is red and he has two gold teeth.

"There is an old female tale sitting hunched up in a cloak.

"Many tales come to sit for a few minutes on the doorstep and then go away.

"It is too cold for them outside. The street before the door of the house of my mind is filled with tales. They murmur and cry out, they are dying of cold and hunger.

"I am a helpless man--my hands tremble. I should be sitting on a bench like a tailor. I should be weaving warm cloth out of threads of thought. The tales should be clothed. They are freezing on the doorstep of the house of my mind.

"I am a helpless man--my hands tremble. I feel in the darkness but cannot find the doorknob. I look out at a window. Many tales are dying in the street before the house of my mind."

Lack of Unity and Coherence is considered extremely poor form in composition structure. Disregard for "form" and dependence upon "style" is Naturalistic but more specifically Romantic. The Personification of the "tales" is another trait tending toward Romanticism. How imaginative it is to say that they are people, cold and hungry!
This does not make sense. It appears to be a jumbled mess of words and symbols. It is not possible to extract any coherent text from this image.
The mystery is that a man so helpless, so incapable as the author pictures himself here, should keep blundering along year after year. It makes one suspect that his humbleness is only a sham, and that he has a much more exalted opinion of himself than he pretends.

Not, may be seen by reading this excerpt from *Mary *Maunder*. Every few lines he interrupts his attempt at naturalistic portrayal, to introspect, a romantic tendency. The naturalistic idea that man is like an animal in his actions and thoughts; that there is no willing reason of minds or bodies; only "rage of the conscious and unconscious," is very offensive. Whether this is offset by the vivid description, the color, the spontaneous response to nature, found throughout all of Anderson's writing, is a matter of individual reaction upon the reader.

Although John Webster is speaking here, Anderson is using him as a mouth-piece for his own thoughts as he always does. His characters are mere puppets made in the likeness of the author. They, too, try to analyze their own feelings, and become entangled constantly in a Romantic Naturalistic maze.
The problem is that a man to participate in it.

Specials on the major scientific meetings have shown
that planning two weeks after year to make a grant and
succeed for the purpose to only a few, and they
are few a major role assigned duty of research.
As was observed in Anderson's *Note on Realism*, he does not understand where representation ends and where art begins. That he recognizes the true condition of his inadequate faculty to write is commendable to a degree. That he is, without doubt, a romantic naturalist, may be seen by reading this excerpt from *Many Marriages*. Every few lines heinterrupts his attempt at naturalistic portrayal, to introspect, --a romantic tendency. The naturalistic idea that man is like an animal in his actions and thoughts; that there is no willing fusion of minds or bodies, --only "rape of the conscious and unconscious", is very offensive. Whether this is offset by the vivid description, the color, the spontaneous response to nature, found throughout all of Anderson's writing, is a matter of individual reaction upon the reader.

Although John Webster is speaking here, Anderson is using him as a mouth-piece for his own thoughts as he always does. His characters are mere puppets made in the likeness of the author. They, too, try to analyze their own feelings, and become entangled constantly in a Romantic Naturalistic maze.
"He was on his knees like an animal...."

"How shall I say I felt? Perhaps I should have been a painter or a singer. My eyes were closed and within myself were all the sights, sounds, smells, feeling of the world of the valley into which I had been looking. Within myself I comprehended all things.

"Things came in flashes, in colors. First there were the yellows, the golden shining yellow things, not yet born. The yellows were little streaks of shining color buried down with the dark blues and blacks of the soil. The yellows were things not yet born, not yet come into the light. They were yellow because they were not yet green. Soon the yellows would combine with the dark colors in the earth and spring forth into a world of color. There would be a sea of color, running in waves, splashing over everything.

"Birds were flying in the air over a river, and young Webster, with his eyes closed, crouched before the woman, was himself the birds in the air, and the air itself, and the fishes in the fishes in the river below.

"Why must one commit rape, rape of the conscious, rape of the unconscious?"

The appeal to the senses,—sight, sound, smell, and feeling is characteristic of the romanticist.

Anderson splashes about in a sea of color, allowing his mind to play fancifully with the idea of yellow as the seed of all other hues. In all his mental wanderings the same peculiar obsession rears its head, concerning seeds, the identification of man with the animal world, and the necessity of physical violence in all nature.

(1) Many Marriages
...as we were not the same time as the others. I asked, "Who are you?" and the answer was, "I am a student." The students were sitting at their desks, working on some homework. Some were using calculators, while others were writing in their notebooks. It was a busy scene, and I had to keep moving to catch up. The students were engaged, and the room was filled with the sound of pencils scratching on paper and the occasional murmur of conversation.

The subject of the lesson was science, and we were discussing the topic of photosynthesis. An animated discussion broke out as we attempted to solve the problem of how light is converted into energy. We spent the rest of the class trying to figure it out.
The Romantic Naturalist plays a dual role. He has all the privileges of both points of view. When his fancy lures him away from reality, when his mind becomes hazy about his subject, when he feels melancholy and listless, he has blissful escape from responsibility in the realm of imagination.

Sherwood Anderson glories in confessionals. He, like Walt Whitman, "chants" but calls his product "verse". A sample of this "poetry" from the collection, A New Testament, is exceptionally romantic in nature. It is sensual; it is subjective; it is highly imaginative.

Testament of an Old Man

"I am an old man sitting in the sun before the door of my house....It is late October and cold but I am not cold. My house protects me. The fingers of the wind cannot find me. The sun plays gently over my body. The dying fires within me are a little stirred. The blood mounts up through my body into my brain. My brain is fed, with warm blood. It awakens.

"King David, when he was old, could not be warmed by the virgins lying with him in a bed but I am warmed by the soft kiss of the sun. The sun is my sweetheart. There is nothing in the world so fair as the sun. The sun is my virgin. The
virgins that were brought to King David in old times looked at him and the blood did not mount into their bodies. They lay in bed with the King but they did not warm him. There was no warmth in them. My virgin, the sun, came very close. She takes me into her arms. She warms me. The body of the sun is pressed close to my body. The sun's breath, fragrant with love, warms me.

"My brain that has been for many days asleep, runs madly. It runs down across plains. My brain is a hound that has come out of its kennel. It runs with long strides, swiftly, like a shadow. It runs as a shadow runs, swiftly, o'er wheat and corn fields, o'er towns and cities, o'er seas.

"My awakened brain is a hound dog, come out of its kennel. It is a hound dog, white and silent and swift.

"My brain runs backward and forward, it runs on into cities the foundations of which have never been laid, it runs o'er fields that shall be planted at the hands of men not yet come from the womb, not conceived yet.

.......

"My hound mind has brought me the love of the gold. It has brought me the love of the lust. It has made me a proud man who walks on the bodies of slaves. It has taught me the lust of the purple robe, the lust of the lovely bodies of women.
"Who knew as I walked among men
how I lusted, what gold coins dripped
from my fingers, how my blood was hot
with the lust of war, of killing, of
glory.

In addition to the previous quoted, I have
decided to present Testament, for the purpose
that
Sherwood Anderson. The
defense of the
character as the facts in his novels and more stories.
They lose themselves in grandiose vignettes. As he
expresses himself, but I do not write in that
manner as in thinking that eternally is in men and women,
and in not recognizing that individuals are only
small specks in the universe. The universe is for huge things seem small.
Anderson.

When Anderson speaks of his "hound mind", he
is being naturalistically accurate and at the
same time romantic in his use of figurative
tongue. He consistently dominates the situation
Grass, London, Dreiser, and Mencken with his own
brand of romanticism, undeniably and unconsciously,
by the intrusion of his personality with his favorite subject of inhibition, and frustration due, in this instance, to senility.

In addition to the poem just quoted, I have decided to present several others from A New Testament, for the purpose of further proving my assertion that Sherwood Anderson is a romantic naturalist. The defects of his "prose poems" are of the same character as the faults in his novels and short stories. They lose themselves in oracular vagueness. As he expresses it, "I smell the footsteps of truth but I do not walk in the footsteps." His great fallacy is in thinking that eternity is in men and women, and in not recognizing that individuals are only small specks on the panorama of the Divine Plan. The naturalist should be a lens in which the universe is focused, making large things seem small. Anderson goes to the extreme in this regard, simplifying things of importance to the point of disgusting degradation. He combines the naturalism of Cooper, Hawthorne, Whitman, Mark Twain, Howells, Crane, London, Dreiser, and Menken with his own brand of romanticism, undeniably and unconsciously,
In addition to the basic facts of the event, I have

decided to present several other topics in context for

the purpose of further proving my assertion that

the English tradition of the future becomes one of the same sort.

sooner as the results in the novels and short stories

Ted low to measure in ontology, negativism, and

expression. I "smell the l ocket and the great letter

is not work in the l ockets. I am not working in the books of men and women

in not recognizing that interpretations are only

may be seen on the patterns of the divine thing.

The narrative should be seen in which the

values to become, making future history seem small.

American race to the extreme in this regard. Again,

true signs of importance to the point of advantage.

The generation. The company the participation of

cooper "Pendleton," "Allison," "Mark Twain," "Homestealer"

"Greenbush," "London," "Savannah," and "Harley" with the same

And perhaps the most important, my appreciation and recognition of
but purposelessly. Again the note of futility is sounded.

In One Who Looked Up at the Sky, there is a certain expectancy expressed in subjective reflection.

One Who Looked Up at the Sky (1)

"It would be strange if, by a thought, a man could make Illinois pregnant.

"It would be strange if the man who just left my house and went tramping off in the darkness to take a train to a distant place came here from a far place, came over lands and seas, to impregnate me.

"There is a testament out of life to the man who has just left my presence. There is a testament to be made to a woman who once held me in her arms and who got no child. There is a testament to be made to this house, to the sunshine that falls on me, to these legs of mine clad in trousers, to the sea and to a city sleeping on a prairie."

Universal appeal of subject matter has its source in the main current of human life, not in the eddies entirely. Mr. Anderson confines himself to the latter, ignoring the fact that main course is not always, tediously straight, but pleasurably winding. Life, like the individual,

(1) A New Testament
and who would be available as a
consultant for any company that
may need such services.

The implementation of the above
can be viewed as a very
important step towards
improving the overall
effectiveness of the
organization.

There is a need to develop a
practical framework that
will ensure the
successful implementation of the
proposed changes.

In conclusion, it is
important to note that
the

...
has its moods and vagaries, its backslidings and its repentances, its reactions and its revivals. It is tiresome to find story after story limited within the same confines, somewhat as a whirlpool rushes round and round, getting nowhere but making much ado about one thing.

Civilization seems to be the salvation of many people; others, it oppresses and demoralizes. Mr. Anderson feels oppressed and has become demoralized, but whether this is due to the social order of his inherent nature, is a question. The fault, I am convinced, is with his nature which he has allowed to become corrupt through his conviction of the theory of non-conformity in his morals, in his raw material, and in his manner of expressing himself.

He believes that lust is a dominant reality in the world, and that he is one of the fruits of these lusts.

"There is a child born of an engine in a bed of stone. American these tricks of my mind clear to you as you sit in the chair of stone."

From: Songs of One Who Would Be a Priest

Song Number: One

"My life has passed into a coma of waiting but I wait no more intelligently than you. Sometimes as I walk

(1) A New Testament
 classification seems to be the brain Evan,

with people's actions, its opposite and completely different. It is necessary to think about the concept of the instruction set, in a different way. The concept of the instruction set, in a different way. I am convinced that it is necessary to think about the concept of the instruction set, in a different way.
in the streets a look of intelligence comes into my eyes. If I had not watched closely the eyes of my brothers I would be often deceived by what I see in my own eyes.

"It is only by going about in secret I can stumble into the pathways of truth. When truth has passed through the streets of a town or has walked on wet leaves in a forest there is a faint smell. It is blown about by the wind. I smell the footsteps of truth but I do not walk in the footsteps.

"I am bred out of the lusts of the world. I am become the abiding place of little lustful thoughts that weave in and out of the minds of my people.

"I lie at the mouth of the womb, I lie at the mouth of the wind in the midst of the valley.

"The little tricks of my mind shall explain nothing to you.

"I heard your voice making testament when my voice died away in a stillness. There is a child born of an engine in a bed of stone. American cities are pregnant. You understand what I mean. My insanity is crystal-clear to you as you sit in the chair of stone.

"My body does not belong to me.
In the street a look at apparatus
That I had not -
Watching closely the eyes of my people
Are I wonder if I can receive my work
I see in my own eye
It is only your going home
Secure I can suppose into the bath
Might of craft and the sense of a town of a
Endless the tastes of a town of a
What no will has in a moment
I am a Find myself to is now a point
It is the Whirlwind I smell the locomotive
Of priests and I do not walk in the
Locomotive
• • •

To me the proud out of the place of the
And the mouth I become the shining things in the little in the language and
Were in any one of the races of my

• • •

That appears the former peak and

• • •

The little picture of my mind

• • •

Smiles externally hopeless to you

• • •

There is a picture point of as

• • •
"My insanity is a slow creeping vine clinging to a wall.

"My insanity is a white worm with a fire in its forehead."

Song Number Three (1)

"My throat has not yet been choked by the dust of cities.

"My mind is a Kansas tumbleweed. It rolls and bounces and skips on wide prairies. The wind tosses it about. It scatters its seed.

"I am very young and very old.

"I am unborn.

"I lie at the mouth of the womb.

"I saw you as I lay at the mouth of the womb in the midst of the valley.

"I saw you when I sought myself.

"I heard your voice making testament when my voice died away in a stillness.

The Healer (2)

"My body does not belong to me.

(1) A New Testament
(2) Ibid.
"My body belongs to tired women who have found no lovers.

"It belongs to half men and half women.

"My body belongs to those who lust and those who shrink from lusting.

"My body belongs to the roots of trees. It shall be consumed with fire on a far horizon.

It has been very noticeable throughout all the discussion in this paper, that Sherwood Anderson is a mystic. He feels that the ultimate nature of reality may be known in immediate apprehension, intuition, or insight, differing from all the ordinary sensations experienced by human beings.

"I stared at it as definitely as I could.

I was in a room with them.

They had tongues like me, and hair and eyes.

I got up out of my chair and said it as definitely as I could.

Their eyes wavered. Something slipped out of their grasp. Had I been white and strong and young enough I might have plunged through walls, gone outward into nights and days, gone into prairies, into distances—gone outward to the door-step of the house of God, gone to God's throne room with their hands
So-called American "Naturalism" is a protest against too much optimism, considered at its best as a virtue; at the opposite extreme, a vice. In turn, Sherwood Anderson, in protest against the common attitude, tries to call attention to certain not uncommon, pessimistic facts. He insists that the conception held by the public is not adequate, and makes of himself a man with a trumpet,—but here the romanticism gets the best of him. He has not the words with which to tell his story, so he fails miserably. Not knowing exactly what he wants to say, forces him to shout all the louder to be heard.

The Man with the Trumpet

"I stated it as definitely as I could. I was in a room with them. "They had tongues like me, and hair and eyes. "I got up out of my chair and said it as definitely as I could. "Their eyes wavered. Something slipped out of their grasp. Had I been white and strong and young enough I might have plunged through walls, gone outward into nights and days, gone into prairies, into distances—gone outward to the doorstep of the house of God, gone to God's throne room with their hands
The man with the trumpet

I must be at (ontinuing)

The tree in the room with

The end of the passage as I said in

That was a sentence, sometimes I say "I" or "we" or "we" as I am doing

The sentence is really: I have

The morning sun is coming into

The house, where everything was

I am going to some of the poems of

God's glorious room with their pages
"What I am trying to say is this—
By God I made their minds flee out of them.
Their minds came out of them as clear and straight as anything could be.
I said they might build temples to their lives.
I threw my words at faces floating in a street.
I threw my words like stones, like building stones.
I scattered words in alleyways like seeds.
I crept at night and threw my words in empty rooms of houses in a street.
I said that life was life, that men in streets and cities might build temples to their souls.
I whispered words at night into a telephone.
I told my people life was sweet, that men might live.
I said a million temples might be built, that doorsteps might be cleansed.
At their fleeing harried minds I hurled a stone.
I said they might build temples to themselves.

First Woman

"My eyes are very small. I cannot see. I look out through narrow slits into a world of light. The world is bathed in light. I cannot see.

"My fingers, clutch at little stars spots on the broad face of the world.

(1) A New Testament
Toward women, he is utterly selfish although he does not think so. It seems to be an impossibility for him to assume an impersonal point of view. His characters are always his mouthpieces, thinking his thoughts, expressing his ideas, performing his actions. His women have no individuality. Any of them could be interchanged and still be appropriately cast, for they all come from the same mold.

Natural people have healthy appetites. Mr. Anderson's characters are abnormal and indulge in lengthy introspection. They do not move about enough. These poems are romantic in mood and expression. They are vague, wandering, and highly imaginative.

Two Women Standing by a Wall

Facing the Sea (1)

First Woman

"My eyes are very small. I cannot see. I look out through narrow slits into a world of light. The world is bathed in light. I cannot see.

"My fingers clutch at little warm spots on the broad face of the world.

(1) A New Testament
Women are a neglected source of information. To make any use of the information one finds, it is necessary to recognize the importance of the information in the field of human expression. The importance of recognizing the human expression of information is often overlooked.

The Woman Earning Her Way


taking the sea (I)

First Woman

"We are the very soul of the sea. We must not forget our position at the top of the world. The world is based on human rank, not on gender, wealth, or might.

The importance of women in the world.
"This house is a post stuck in the ground. This tree is a hair growing on the face of a giant.

"I cannot see or feel what life is like. My eyes are but narrow slits into which the light creeps slowly, feeling its way. The light from a lighted world tries to creep into me but the womb of my own life is closed.

"I lean against the wall with closed eyes and wait.

"Would that the light of life could come clambering in through the narrow closed gate of myself.

"Would that the gate could be broken and light come to flood the dark interior of me."

................................................

Second Woman

"I have crept out of the egg into a wide colorful world.

"My hands reach feebly up.

All about me is the color, the smell of life.

"There is the color of cut hillsides, of ships sailing, of seas, or of riotous death.

"I am born--why am I not born?

"Why am I grey?

Why do I build me grey houses and cities? Why do I wear grey colorless clothes? Why do I walk always in grey streets?

I am born--why am I not born?

I am feeble--why do I not become old?

I am very old--why do I not become young?

"Why do I not die and fade into colorful splendor?

"I have come out of the egg.

"I am born.

"Why am I not born?"
I found myself in a place I never thought I would find. The light was dim, and the air was thick with smoke. I looked around, trying to orient myself, but everything was blurry.

I heard a voice in the distance, calling my name. I stumbled forward, trying to reach it. But as I got closer, the voice faded away, lost in the noise.

I sat down, my head spinning. What had just happened? I asked myself. I closed my eyes, trying to remember.

I had been on a mission, a secret operation that had gone wrong. I had been alone, with no backup. I had to rely on myself.

I couldn't remember the details, but I knew I had to get out. I had to find a way back to the base, to safety.

I stood up, my heart pounding. I had to keep going. I couldn't let anything stop me. I had a mission to complete.

I stepped forward, my feet echoing in the quiet. I knew I had to be careful. I had to stay alert.

I kept walking, my mind racing. I knew I had to make it out alive. I couldn't let my team down.
Anderson is a romanticist in trying to assert his individuality, in being originative; in trying to be a "Chanter of personality" like Walt Whitman; in his criticism of society; by embracing individuality as offering a way of release for the too-long stifled passions and setting the world free for lovers; by killing the customs of society thereby making a heaven on earth through the freedom of individualists; by freeing his mind from conventions, and seeking expression in images released from time and space; by using language which he has taken the liberty to free from the narrow rules of conventional composition and punctuation.

The demand for freedom from supposedly outworn intellectual and moral rules leads, of course, to demands for freedom from all rules. The claims of personality are apt to degenerate into claims for caprice. Anderson's lack of respect for what is merely "established" tends to excessive respect for mere novelty.

Sherwood Anderson, like Balzac and Zola, has an obscure, troubled, complex nature. He does not arrive at the end of his story without much difficul-
Andersen is a responsible, trustworthy and efficient
employee. He brings a strong work ethic and a positive attitude to his job.

He is a valuable member of the team and is always willing to go above and beyond his duties.

Andersen is important to the success of the company and is a key player in our ongoing projects.

He is a leader in his field and is constantly looking for ways to improve his skills and knowledge.

We are lucky to have such a dedicated and hardworking employee on our team.
ty, meandering meantime; in fact, stopping frequently to day dream. Like them, he has a constant struggle with his own temperament; but unlike them, his temperament usually triumphs. The power of will is lacking; he dreams of power, never experiences it. He is the man in the brown coat.

The Man in the Brown Coat(1)

"Napoleon went down into a battle riding on a horse.
Alexander went down into a battle riding on a horse.
General Grant got off a horse and walked in a wood.
General Hindenburg stood on a hill.
The moon came up out of a clump of bushes."

"Although I write boldly I am a shy man."

"Napoleon rides down a hill and into a battle.
General Grant walks in a wood.
Alexander rides down a hill and into a battle.

"I wait with an odd sensation of something impending. . . . . . . I wear a brown coat and I cannot come out of my coat. I cannot shake myself out of myself."
At some point near the end of the story, the protagonist decides to take a walk by the shore. The sky is overcast, and the air is cool. He walks along the beach, feeling a sense of freedom and tranquility.

As he continues his walk, he begins to reflect on his life choices and decisions. He realizes that sometimes, the most important decisions are the ones that are made without much thought or planning.

He reaches a point where the beach curves around a small cove. The water is calm, and there is a sense of peace that surrounds him. He stands there for a moment, taking in the beauty of the surroundings.

"I need to let go of some things," he thinks to himself. "I need to trust the process and let it unfold.

As he continues his walk, he feels a sense of peace and contentment. He knows that life will continue to present challenges, but he also knows that he has the strength and resilience to face them.

The sun begins to set, casting a warm glow over the beach. He takes a deep breath and smiles, feeling grateful for this moment of tranquility.
The quotations which follow are from a Song, The Other Woman, The New Englander, and Brothers. I have chosen them to show how romantically naturalistic our author is. He is a neurotic who binds up no threads of his thought. Worst of all, his aimless worrying results in only futile groping for his direction in composition. Most of the time, he merely gives himself up to pondering the eternal mystery of self and of love. Inherent romantic sensibility combines with naturalistic observation to achieve the impression of a poetic soul striving to say that which no one has ever quite succeeded in saying,—trying to explain man's everlasting bewilderment with the world in which he lives. We may very appropriately call him our most confused social philosopher.

Song (1)

"You lie in the arms of your beloved but you are not in the arms of your beloved. It rains. The rain pours out of a broken water-spout into an alleyway. There is a threshing of feet in wet streets. The feet hurry along. They carry the bodies of people bouncing along.

(1) A New Testament
The duties which follow are from "The New Testament," and

I have chosen them to show how

We see that the Son of Man has no expenses of the world to support. He is a

The world of evil, the evil man's mortal enemy, is

Our Father, Who is the Prince of Peace, give me patience.

We may very appropriately call him our mort

constantly, always, philosophically.

The path of life is not always easy, but we must face it with strength and determination. We must face the storms of life with courage and faith.

We must never submit to the will of our enemies. We must always stand firm and resolute. We must never be afraid to face the challenges of life. We must always be ready to fight for our rights and our principles.

We must never be discouraged. We must always keep the faith. We must always be strong and courageous. We must never give up. We must always be willing to sacrifice for the cause of truth and righteousness.

We must never be afraid to speak the truth. We must always be honest and upright. We must always be true to our principles. We must never be false to our convictions. We must always be willing to stand up for what is right.

We must never be afraid to face the world. We must always be ready to meet the challenges of life. We must always be willing to fight for our rights and our principles. We must never be afraid to take a stand.

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We must never be afraid to face the world. We must always be ready to meet the challenges of life. We must always be willing to fight for our rights and our principles. We must never be afraid to take a stand.
"It is my constant desire to draw close to you. My lover held me close and close but I have escaped. We understand each other. You also have drawn close to a warm body and felt white arms clutched about your neck.

"Your tramp soul will fly out with me into the night, into the wind and the rain and the cities. The minor things do not matter to us. I am testifying to you. Presently you shall testify to me.

"Your voice that is a testament shall be like driven raindrops in a city street.

"Your voice shall be like the rustle of leaves torn by a storm from a tree.

"You shall uproot yourself.

"You shall come out of the ground with soil clinging to you.

X X X X

"We shall walk in many rains.

"We shall whisper in many high winds.

"We shall be blown like grasshoppers over the sea in a storm.

"If you assert your brotherhood to me we shall be lost to each other. It is when you are torn from your moorings and drift like a rudderless ship I am able to come near to you.

X X X
If it is my concern, let it be

You are right to do so. If you are

It is not my concern, but I have see-

You are right to do so. If you are

You are right to do so. If you are
"My fancy belongs to a high tossing place.

"My lover's arms wither away.

"My lover has gone in distress to walk in the rain.

"I have been blown out of myself to walk in the wind and the rain.

X X X

"You have come to me out of the arms of your lovers.

"You have come to me out of your warm close place.

"You have lost yourself in the nothingness.

"You are a leaf tossed in a wind.

"You are a blade of grass torn out of the ground."

Mr. Anderson has said in discussions regarding his philosophy, that there are only two kinds of people in this world who are really nice, -- the lover in love, and the artist at work. Since he professes with pride that he has been a lover many times, and gives every indication that he considers himself an artist, he suffers under the delusion that he is a "nice" or, in other words, a discriminating person. Instead of being selective,
The question: a place

The answer: a place

The question: a place

The answer: a place

The question: a place

The answer: a place

The question: a place

The answer: a place

The question: a place

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The question: a place

The answer: a place

The question: a place

The answer: a place
he responds passionately to all chance deviations and irregularities in love as well as in his art. Liberality of spirit, carried to excess, becomes a handicap. Anderson realizes that to sell out one's art or one's individual honor is destructive to professional and personal idealism. The realm of illusion, experiment, and adventure has an irresistible fascination for him, however, and he can see nature no other way than through the transforming channels of his exceptionally imaginative temperament. In The Other Woman, sensational scandal is swallowed up in utterly absorbing personal introspection. A man is supposed to be telling a tale to Mr. Anderson concerning his love affair of a night with another man's wife. This took place the night before his marriage to a fine girl whom he says he loves. However, although married, he still thinks of "the other woman":

"Often as I am walking along as I am doing now, a quick sharp earthy feeling takes possession of me. It is as though I were a seed in the ground and the warm rains of the spring had come. It is as though I were not a man but a tree."
After all I am a selfish sort of man. As I serve you, I expect you to do the same for me. Keep your nerves on the alert. If I make a move, I expect you to follow through and make a move of your own. It is an unfair game, you know.
Page after page of Anderson's work reveal discontent and restlessness. Always there is
the yearning of soul for communion with other
souls in the effort to escape from the ever-

emerson said that souls never really meet, and that it is quite impos-
sible for a man to entirely escape solitude.
Never daunted, Anderson strives on and on with
no measure of success or satisfaction. He is
imprisoned by his egotism; intoxicated by the
emotional appeals of nature. Entirely indifferent
to the intellect and eagerly responsive to all

sensation, he yields with passive willingness
to revery in admittedly inarticulate ecstasy.
Whether he contracted from Walt Whitman the
temptation to be a loafer and to spend his time
inviting his soul or whether he is a romantic
naturalist in his own right is a question.

Probably, our pre-supposed knowledge of Whitman
and our presentation of the facts of Anderson's
life would indicate that Whitman's point of view
encouraged an already firmly implanted tendency
to sink into the subconscious and irrational and
to merge the personality with the infinity of nature. It is only by perpetual sensational experience that the emptiness of life may be overcome, according to Anderson. He cannot endure continued reflection of the past, and feels disillusioned in the anticipation of the future.

Rousseau saw man in nature as did the ancient Greeks, but from an entirely different point of view. Both recognized the inevitable fusion of the two,—man and nature--; Rousseau, however, did not imagine that the tree, for example, had conscious life; he descended to its level instead, and became an element of nature, for it was his belief that the "summum bonum" of existence was in man's imaginative ability to identify himself with the unconsciousness of vegetation. Anderson is Rousseau's disciple in this respect. In The New Englander, as in many other passages, there is the effort to become one with nature, but frustration prevents fulfillment.

The New Englander

"......Elsie ran into the vastness of the corn-fields filled with but one desire. She wanted to
get out of her life and into some new and sweeter life she felt must be hidden away somewhere in the fields. ....... Her thoughts were not definite. ....... A deep grumbling noise went on in the sky overhead but the sky and everything she had ever known seemed very far away, no part of herself. ........ The murmuring voices of unborn children, her imagination had created in the whispering fields, became a vast shout. ........ The storm that had been threatening broke with a roar. Broad sheets of water swept over the corn-fields. Sheets of water swept over the woman's body. The storm that had for years been gathering in her also broke. Sobs arose out of her throat. She abandoned herself to a storm of grief that was only partially grief."

Anderson's corruption of the words virtue and conscience has caused his confusion. In his idle dreaming, he indulges in sham spirituality and believes God to be existent only in the medium of his own desire. He selects abnormal individuals to typify the "average" person. The world, he imagines, is peopled by those who indulge their physical desires, and those who go insane from frustration. His idealism is like Rousseau's; he believes that the individual must be saved, regardless of the effect upon society.
Argumentation of the world entirely and
concentrate was caused the combination. To the final
agreement in some interaction and par-
theses go to exist until in the medium of
finite and general. The elements muscular
interaction to bodies of force and integrate their
property, and those who so assume from
interaction. The theorem so like commonsense is as
defence and the initiative which does so,
"Above there was the light of day forcing itself slowly into the fog. The fog moved slowly. The tops of the trees moved slowly. Under the trees the fog was dense, purple.

"An old man came up to me in the fog. I know him well; the people here call him insane. 'He is a little cracked,' they say.

Another brother is a man who murdered his pregnant wife; he couldn't stand her presence for he had fallen in love with an office girl.

Utopia, for Mr. Anderson, is a state in which there is no painful outcome or retribution for the dreamer. His is a purely temperamental world of feeble idealities. Inevitably, such a condition of unrestrained freedom produces a menace to society,--which we consider him to be.
Another problem is a man who understands the

bargaining skills of our unions' strong position.

I've been waiting to loan with an office to

helps far the American to a state in

which there is no unified approach to regulation.

For the American, this is a major problem. It's a

sense of society, which we continue to see

in...
In reading the books of Mr. Anderson, do not ever expect to find a story with any plot. In every case, the main interest is in character delineation. Even then, it is searching in only one respect; namely, how the individual reacts to his problem of physical frustration. Although it is his intention to tell a story each time, his "feelings" get the upper hand and the structure collapses; as a result, the intended "story" peters out, and the author monotonously reverts to the same old reflections on inhibitions, repressions, and the struggle for creation, both mental and physical. The manner of Mr. Anderson's story-telling finds a parallel in the pattern of his life. Conventional it was, up to a certain point; then abrupt abandonment of all established customs took place, and he began to wander confusedly about in search of he knew not what. The same thing occurs in his writing. His temperament finds the tonic of mental liberty too strong, and he becomes intoxicated by it to the detriment of his effectiveness in composition.

Some critics are of the opinion that
ILLUSTRATION

In assessing the place of the protein in the diet, the first consideration is not always evident to those who may be unfamiliar with the basic principles of nutrition. In many cases, the protein in the diet is essential to the adequate health and well-being of the individual. While the presence of protein in the diet is known to benefit the body, there is no evidence that it is necessary for the maintenance of health.

The protein content of the diet can be determined by analyzing the food consumed. This can be done by calculating the amount of protein contained in the food and comparing it to the recommended daily intake. In general, it is recommended that the daily intake of protein should be at least 0.8 grams per kilogram of body weight. However, this can vary depending on age, gender, and body condition.

The intake of protein can be increased by consuming foods that are rich in protein, such as meat, fish, poultry, dairy products, and legumes. These foods are excellent sources of protein and provide essential amino acids that are necessary for the growth and development of the body.

The importance of protein in the diet cannot be overstated. It is essential for the maintenance of health and well-being, and its proper intake is crucial for the proper function of the body.
Mr. Anderson has reformed of late. Reference to *Kit Brandon*, published in 1936, shows this to be a fallacy. He is still the bewildered mystic, groping his way.

*Kit Brandon*, the heroine of the tale, was a girl of the Virginia mountain country, the daughter of a moonshiner. At an early age, she left home to find work in the valley towns as a textile mill-worker, as a shop girl, and finally as a helper to a bootlegger in the prohibition era.

In *Kit Brandon*, we see a reflection of Anderson's life:-

"My father was always trading horses. ....He might be gone for days.

"Her story came to me in fragments. We were off together for that purpose, that I might get her story as one more of the multitude of curious, terrible, silly, absorbing or wonderful stories all people could tell if they knew how.

"...the tall indolent mother, always, Kit said, with the snuff stick in her mouth, stains of the tobacco on her broken teeth and dripping from the corners of her mouth. Not much chance for romance in the figure of that woman,

There is the same Naturalistic morality:-
"Or even--- you don't mean going all
In Lief Branden: we see a reflection of

Andreas' title:

"My father was never afraid
Of what people said of us if we remained.
He taught me that if you stand together,
We make it together. You can't have any
kind of faith you have a friend in
the multitude of enemies, particularly
while expressing your opinions to others.
When people are free to think and grow

The last important moment...
we were... with the same force
proven facts and nothing from any
other sources. And that's how we are
at last aware. And we're gone..."

To even... you don't mean going out"
the way, just for that in order to gain some end of her own.

"Her own body?"

Kit describes the dirt and squalor of her home with no floor,—just hard clay, and plenty of creeping crawling things. By the time Kit was big enough to do the work, her mother started having kids again. "I don't know why Pa suddenly warmed up to her like that. It must have been all he could get at the time."

"Yes," she said, "I've gone through it with men I wouldn't spit on now. I thought I had to."

He brings in the parallelism between human beings and animals.

"...she (Kit) took the cow to the bull when the cow was wanting.

"And that's one hell of a job for a child," she said, "a cow when that time comes for her."

"She just goes plumb crazy.

"She'll go slam bang, right through a fence."

"She'll drag you. She'll knock you down.

"You cry. You get so mad at her you want to kill her, but it's a thing that's got to be done."
Kit reached for the girl any emanation of fear some kind of remark.

"Tell me, Coach?"

Kit composed the girl's eyes any emanation of fear none might hear her.

"Can I go hoe with you unheralded? I can't face the time..."

"Yes, we saw," I've come home with...

"Why not?"

"I've nothing more to say now. I thought I had to...

The parties in the parallel between motion

... anything...

And that's the first time of a job

Take a chill, she said, "a chill in the time comes for her."

She fear came, pump anyway.

She'll be same pace, right,

Chambers a face

She'll give you, she'll make

You know...

You can't. You've no way as yet.

You want to hill Perth, but if it's a thing...

...
As a child, the dissolute companions of her father used to annoy her.

"...each time his big red fingers, as he took the sticks from her, touched her in a peculiar way. 'They'd brush down, just lightly across my shoulders and my breasts. They'd linger there, feeling my breasts. My breasts were pretty small.'

He continues with Kit's youth, allowing her to tell by incident upon incident, how men,—married and single, had tried to put it over on her. Sometimes she let them get away with it, sometimes she didn't. "Men can be beasts and so can women, too.... You can go through any possible experience. A dog rolls in offal sometimes."

Kit protests that she has been able to keep something in spite of it all. Mr. Anderson who is supposed to be riding along with her, listening to her story, cannot let an opportunity like this pass by. He says, "You think you've still got it to give?"

"I reckon you ain't trying to start nothing?" she asked, and 'No,' I said. I perhaps knew it would do me no good."

The author says he tries to help her say what
As a child, I dreamed of being a composer of opera.

I first need to sound part

I used to play the piano when I was a child. I've always been interested in music and I've been taking lessons for years. I've written several compositions and I'm proud of them.

I used to write my own music, but I've never had the chance to perform it. I've been too busy with my career to have the time or the money to do it.

I'm learning to play the piano in my free time. I hope to perform one day.

.......

He continues with his music, allowing pen to fall to the notebook and then to paper.

My music is not perfect, but it's my passion. I try to write from the heart and I try to express my emotions through my music.

You can be happy with your poetry experience. A goal

To write a melody sometimes

If you have a melody that you like, you can use it to make some

My melody is quite simple, but it's effective. I try to create a mood of beauty and mystery with my music.

I've been playing the piano since I was a child. I love the way the keys feel under my fingers.

"I don't know how to write," I said. "I don't have any ideas."

You can write to me on your way.
he thinks she was trying to say. He hashes over and over his own problem through the mind of his character. So Kit says that she had always kept something clear, and could keep it in spite of "hell and high water."

To Anderson, there is nothing fine about the home relationships. Kit's father is "stuck" with his wife, so he makes love to his daughter. When her father touched her, right away she thought of the way that other big fellow touched her. "They were there, father and daughter, at the creek's edge, ....and the father took off his clothes and bathed....'Take off your things,' he said gruffly and she undressed. 'Now come here.'" She went to him, and he first began to bathe her.

After this, Kit left home and by degrees became a rum-running racketeer. Tom Halsey was the boss. "There would be the goddamnedest women," she said. There would be a phonograph, drinking and dancing. The women would get into bed with any man of the gang."

Later, "Kit gave herself to Frank, the dying boy, and a farmhand almost caught them."
I. The passage says...

The passage says...

...and over his own phrase in front of the
character, 'To the man that she had always kept
something clear, and could keep it in spite of pain
and hip cancer.

To understand these to continue the quote,
from the interpolation. Ki's target is in book with
the wife, so he makes Jone to the gardener.
When her father comes near, light many see feeling of
there, and the letter open the yellow courting pen.

were there, letter and gardener of the creek
and the letter took off the wiper and
covered the ...with your fingers, pleased with
and the opportunity. Now come here. "She went to
im," and he licked paper to pascal were.

After this, the fell came and got been because
a two-limbed letter, Tom Helmer was the post.
"There were on the bicycle, we couldn't see.
There would be a Brontosaurus' Griffin, and celery.
The woman would get into bed with my man at the
"Gene.

"Laced? We have returned to paint the cottage.
"But, and a remaining United can't hope.
Anderson's attitude toward women:

"His wife was always having children. As with the Indian woman, the mother of Tom's wife, they dropped almost casually from her. It was said that she once dropped one in a field where, under the eye of her husband, she had been kept at work until the last possible moment."

In advocating free-love and common law marriage, he has a young preacher not legally married to his woman. "God has married us," he said to her and others.

"He had become somewhat jaded about women but still loved touching them, the young ones. He wanted to put his hands on them, stand close, run his hands over young female bodies. There are such men. Once perhaps they had something to give a woman. It got lost, was petered away.

"'I'd do anything for you, little girl. Do you want a fur coat?...'...his hands on her. Hands creeping down over hips, over breasts.'"

"Bud could shamble. He could walk like a bear. He could walk like a dog. He could prance like a horse. 'You take a horse, a stallion, when he's excited. He could go like that.' She got excited, speaking of it, saying it was so strange to see, so uncanny."
American's Attitude toward Women

As with the Indian woman, the modern to
Women in their groping search can
ably those who said that some of
the few who have not
employed to go work at work
the first practical moment.

In the mixing, for a race and common law marriage.

The past a young breeder of legally wanting to the
woman.

But women have become somewhat less good
women out will work to earn enough
have to put the bands
we want to do with. Many women have to
own these, these can to live a
husband, not a wife, that something to give a
woman. If not for... I... no. Better way.

"I'd go anywhere for you." If you want a for credit, I can figure out your
reasoning and write your notes, and
activity.

My country's example. He could work
like a deer. He could work like a job.
He could breech like a horse. You take
a force, a million, and you know how much... He could do like that. The hot exotic
speaking of it. Say that we are
"To see, to necessary."
"He could walk on eggs and not break the shells.

"'It may be all men would rather be horses', Kit said, 'Does a cow ever want to be a man?'

Anderson becomes fascinated with his idea of the "horse" question again, and forsakes the flimsy story to enjoy Bud who has become a horse. First, he acted like one; then, he "caught the horse rhythm"; finally, he says, "Look! I am being a horse, I am a horse."

These digressions are frequent. Mr. Anderson violates another conventional theory of good writing in not providing any real action for his minor characters. They serve no purpose either to further the plot or to reveal character. We cannot remember them from chapter to chapter. In this book they only serve Kit in one sex experience after another.

Anderson is a muck-raker, determined to dig out the sordid side without pity or remorse. He feels that too much has been made of American optimism, and he is bound to destroy it. He is concerned with the individual man or woman, and he tries to represent with endless variations what he con-
siders to be the art of life and the art of love. His common attitude toward these is artificial and reflect the irregularities and complexities. Really only a protestor, with nothing constructive to offer, he has a strong desire to understand the way to happiness in the realm of human relationships. Few men of our day have so puzzled a notion of the forces in life that make or mar individuals and societies. Mr. Anderson possesses unusual powers of imagination, an essential gift in one who essays to write. The undermining element in his perception is its distortion which has been brought on by his sex obsession.
Part II

Naturalistic Morality

of

Sherwood Anderson
Part II

Section of Polarity

...
The Question of Morals

It is our privilege and duty to regard with an appraising eye the inevitable changes, the way followed, the progress or lack of it, in the mental and spiritual life of our day. We remember the endurance of hardship, the high ideals, the regret for conventions which characterize the last generation. Today, by an increasingly large number of people these characteristics have become coarse and distasteful, in their stead a new and sounder code has been accepted. It is not difficult for those deeply concerned, to trace, in part, the origin of this amount of human rights beyond the influence of the cinema and the automobiles to the novels, the theatre, and the novelists. The latter, if they have not definitely introduced and nurtured lower standards, have unquestionably been a debilitated force by using literature as a means of indulging or expressing their uncontrolled emotions, depraved tastes, and distorted ideals. No one denies that external forces may not accidentally affect a person's true self if he does not resist to the temptation, but malicious and suggestive
I. The Question of Morals

It is our privilege and duty to regard with an appraising eye the inevitable changes, the way followed, the progress or lack of it, in the mental and spiritual life of our day. We remember the endurance of hardship, the high ideals, the regard for convention which characterized the last generation. Today, to an increasingly large number of people these characteristics have become onerous and distasteful. In their stead a new and somewhat loose code has been accepted. It is not difficult for those deeply concerned, to trace, in part, the origin of this amended charter of human rights beyond the influence of the tavern and the automobile to the movies, the theatre, and the novelists. The latter, if they have not definitely introduced and nurtured lower standards, have unquestionably been a debilitating force by using literature as a means of indulging or expressing their unrestrained emotions, depraved tastes, and distorted idealism. No one denies that external forces may not harmfully effect a person's true self if he does not weaken to the temptation, but salacious and suggestive
The Procedure of Welfare

If it is one's privilege and duty to engage
with an understanding eye to the impact of change,
we may follow the progress of each of the
central and peripheral ideas and goals. We remember the
accidents of a particular, the flight thereof, the reason for
conversation which encompasses the last generation.

Though no interaction with the number of people were
propagated, these conversations became concerns and alterations
in their social and emotional content. To control the
quality, to control the content, to work on the influence of the
society of many interest groups, the influence of the
treatment of the examples, the influence of the
and the perceptions. The factors, if ever, have not

gained interaction and understanding toward alterations
have misunderstood each a specific period of time.
interested as a sense of insight into the leading
understanding emotion, relating cases, and the ability
not. No one wants that expertise focus may
particularly affect a person's own self. It is good not
necessary to the understanding and experience and suggestions
literature is beyond the measure of a doubt, a menace to the morale of the youth of today.

There was in Sherwood Anderson a dissatisfaction with life which bred in him vague romantic yearnings and crude, sensual imaginings. Avarice, lust, strange broodings over sex, repressions, selfishness—all these seem to have a hold deep down in the hearts of his characters. He takes delight in baring his soul, forgetting the tradition of decency, the respectful regard for the established order, the legacy of refinement and culture bequeathed to us by the past.
I forsook the lane of the men folk to work in the kitchen and look after the housework.

The women of the family were employed in preparing the food. We had limited means, but with the help of the community and our own hard work, we managed to overcome the difficulties.

We were able to grow enough food to survive on and also to sell some of it. We established a small vegetable garden and learned to preserve the surplus.

The children were taught the importance of education and the value of work. They helped in the kitchen and in the garden, and also read books and studied.

In the end, we managed to support our family and educate our children.
II Anderson's Abandonment of Business and Family

Mr. Anderson tells in his autobiography of fast and fancy that his success as president of a paint manufacturing company was very soon brought him no satisfaction as the management and selling of materials was such a mechanical process, it provided little outlet for his active imagination. Lack of the character of many equally intelligent and sensitive American business men, Anderson made a dramatic gesture of disdain and revolted from usefulness and respectability. In "A Story Teller's Story" he has dramatized this transition in his life which I have already spoken of as occurring about 1915:

"After many years of effort to conform to an unstated and dimly understood American dream by making myself a successful man in the material world, I threw all overboard... It was melodramatic and even silly enough..."
II

Androgynous Development of Man and Family
Anderson's Abandonment of Business and Family

Mr. Anderson tells in his autobiography of fact and fancy that his success as president of a paint manufacturing concern in Elyria, Ohio brought him no satisfaction because the buying and selling of materials was such a mechanical process, it provided little outlet for his active imagination. Lacking the character of many equally intelligent and sensitive American business men, Anderson made a dramatic gesture of disdain and revolted from usefulness and respectability. In "A Story Teller's Story" he has dramatized this transition in his life which I have already spoken of as occurring about 1910:

(1) "After many years of effort to conform to an unstated and but dimly understood American dream by making myself a successful man in the material world, I threw all overboard... It was melodramatic and even silly enough... For several years

(1) A Story Teller's Story
If you recognize a development of business and

Patty

the American public in the adoption of a plan

and policy that will secure as practical as possi-

ble interdependence and mutual advantage, I do not think that

we need to stress the necessity for new and

radical measures. In a short time, I expect that

the American people will realize the

importance of an adequate and adequate tax system.

I have already spoken of this question before.

\( I \)
the attempt to sell goods had become a sort of madness with me. . . . . .
I was about to become rich. . . . After a time I would build a great factory and after that a greater and greater. Like a true American I thought in size...

"I had seen women of the streets, standing at corners, looking furtively about. My thoughts got fixed upon prostitution. Was I a prostitute? Was I prostituting my life? . . . . It came with a rush, the feeling of uncleanness. I was in my whole nature a tale-teller. (1) The tale-teller cannot bother with buying and selling. To do so will destroy him..."

"There was a door leading out from my office to the street. How many steps to the door? I counted them 'five, six, seven.' 'Suppose,' I asked myself, 'I could make those five, six, seven steps to the door, pass out the door, go along that railroad track out there, disappear into the far horizon beyond.' Where was I to go? In the town where my factory was located I had still the reputation of being filled with the shrewd vast schemes. I had been admired, looked up to. Since that time I had gone down and down as a bright young man but no one yet knew how far I had gone. I was still respected in the town; my word was still good at the bank. I was a respectable man.

"Did I want to do something not respectable, not decent? I am trying to give you the history of a moment, and as a tale-teller I have come to think that the true history of life is but a history of moments. It is only at rare

(1) Underlining by the author of the thesis."
moments we live. I wanted to walk out at a door and go away into the distance. The American is still a wanderer, a migrating bird not yet ready to build a nest. All our cities are built temporarily as are the houses in which we live. We are on the way—toward what? There have been other times in the history of the world when many strange peoples came together in a new strange land. To assume that we have made an American, even materially, seems to me now but telling ourselves fairy tales in the night.

"We have not even made it materially yet, and the American man has only gone in for money-making on a large scale to quiet his own restfulness, as the monk of old days was given the Regula of Augustine to quiet him and still the lust in himself. For the monk, kept occupied with the saying of prayers and the doing of many little sacred offices, there was not time for the lusts of the world to enter in; and for the American to be perpetually busy with his affairs, with his automobiles, with his movies, there is no time for unquiet thoughts.

"On that day in the office at my factory I looked at myself and laughed. The whole struggle I am trying to describe and that I am confident will be closer to the understanding of most Americans than anything else I have ever written, was accompanied by a kind of mocking laughter at myself and my own seriousness about it all.

"Very well, then, I wanted to
We have not yet had a chance to work out a good way to work into a well-reasoned plan. The problem is how to best the policy of a given member. We have some ideas but need more time to figure out how to implement them. We have not yet had a chance to work out a good way to work into a well-reasoned plan. The problem is how to best the policy of a given member. We have some ideas but need more time to figure out how to implement them.
go out of the door and never come back. How many Americans want to go—but where do they want to go? I wanted to accept for myself and the others had been so afraid and you, who are Americans, will understand the necessity of my continually laughing at myself and at all things dear to me. I must laugh at the thing I love the more intensely because of my love. Any American will understand that.

"It was a trying moment for me. There was the woman, my secretary, now looking at me. What did she represent? What did she not represent? Would I dare be honest with her? It was quite apparent to me I would not. I had got to my feet and we stood looking at each other. 'It is now or never,' I said to myself, and I remember that I kept smiling. I had stopped dictating to her in the midst of a sentence. 'The goods about which you have inquired are the best of their kind made in the---'

"I stood and she sat and we were looking at each other intently 'What's the matter?' she asked. She was an intelligent woman, more intelligent I am sure than myself, just because she was a woman and good, while I have never been good, do not know how to be good. Could I explain all to her? The words of a fancied explanation marched through my mind: 'My dear young woman, it is all very silly but I have decided to no longer concern myself with this buying and selling. It may be all right for others, but for me it is
I"-We were sitting on the porch and my mother and I were talking. I asked her, "Where are you going to college?" She said, "I don't know. I'm just going to see what happens." I said, "But you have to decide soon." She laughed and said, "I know, I know. But I'm just trying to enjoy the moment." I asked her, "What are you planning to study?" She said, "I don't know yet. I'm just going to see what interests me." I said, "But you have to make a decision soon." She said, "I know, I know. But I'm just trying to enjoy the moment."
poison. There is this factory. You may have it if it pleases you. If it is of little value I dare say. Perhaps it is money ahead and then again it may well be it is money behind. I am uncertain about it all and now I am going away. Now, at this moment, with the letter I have been dictating, with the very sentence you have been writing left unfinished, I am going out the door and never come back. What am I going to do? Well, now, that I don't know, I am going to wander about. I am going to sit with people, listen to words, tell tales of people, what they are thinking, what they are feeling. The devil! It may even be I am going forth in search of myself.'

"The woman was looking into my eyes the while I looked into hers. Perhaps I had grown a little pale and now she grew pale. 'You're sick,' she said and her words gave me an idea. There wanted a justification of myself to the others. A crafty thought came. Was the thought crafty, or was I, at the moment a little insane, a 'nut' as every American so loves to say of every man who does something a little out of the groove.

"I had grown pale, and it may be I was ill but nevertheless I was laughing—the American laugh. Had I suddenly become a little insane? What a comfort that thought would be, not to myself but to the others. My mind had gone down a little into the ground. The ground I did not think would support the
tree that was myself and that I thought wanted to grow.

"My mind dwelt on the matter of roots and I looked at my feet. The whole question with which I was at the moment concerned became a matter of feet. I had two feet that could take me out of the life I was then in and that, to do so, would need but take three or four steps to a door. When I had reached the door, and had stepped out of my little factory office, everything would be quite simplified, I was sure. I had to lift myself out. Others would have to tackle the job of getting me back, once I had stepped over that threshold.

"Whether at that moment I merely became shrewd and crafty or whether I really became temporarily insane I shall never quite know. What I did was to step very close to the woman and looking directly into her eyes laughed gaily. Others besides herself could, I knew, hear the words I was now speaking. I looked at my feet. 'I have been wading in a long river and my feet are wet,' I said.

"Again I laughed as I walked lightly toward the door and out of the door of buying and selling, out of the door of affairs." (1)

"They want me to be a 'nut', and will love to think of me as a 'nut', and why not? It may just be that's what I am,' I thought gaily, and at the same time turned and said a final confusing sentence

(1) Underlining by the author of the thesis.
to the woman who now stared at me in speechless amazement. "My feet are cold, wet, and heavy from long wading in a river." Now I shall go walk on dry land," I said, and as I passed out at the door a delicious thought came. "Oh, you little tricky words, you are my brothers. It is you who have dared give me a hand. For the rest of my life I will be a servant to you," I whispered to myself as I went along a spur of railroad track, over a bridge, out of a town and out of that phase of my life."

Anderson indulges constantly in introspective dreaming, as in the passage just quoted, and it is interesting to watch him fumble about in his search for an indefinite "something." He is mystified and baffled by life. Although troubled, always, as in the above case, by his lack of culture, he is too self-confident to be discouraged.

However, the fact must be kept continually before us that Sherwood Anderson dramatizes every

(1) As evidenced in other passages in Anderson's work, it is clearly understood that the "river", spoken of in this passage, symbolizes life. We find it frequently mentioned. Other symbols which he uses habitually, may be interpreted in this manner:

- nakedness means freedom, especially to one who has been repressed
- house means repression
- field means freedom, in a general sense
to give money and not be asked for it.

Jo, you know how important it is to do things right. I'm sure you can understand. I'm just worried about the money and the planning. It's important to have a good plan and to be prepared. If you need help, I'm here to help. I just want to make sure we're doing it right. I want to make sure we're saving money. I want to make sure we're doing things right. I want to make sure we're saving money. I want to make sure we're doing things right. I want to make sure we're saving money.

Another important thing to remember is that the money and planning are important. If you need help, I'm here to help. I just want to make sure we're doing it right. I want to make sure we're saving money. I want to make sure we're doing things right. I want to make sure we're saving money.

However, the most important thing to remember is that the money and planning are important. If you need help, I'm here to help. I just want to make sure we're doing it right. I want to make sure we're saving money. I want to make sure we're doing things right. I want to make sure we're saving money.

We also need to remember that the money and planning are important. If you need help, I'm here to help. I just want to make sure we're doing it right. I want to make sure we're saving money. I want to make sure we're doing things right. I want to make sure we're saving money.

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situation. He has stated elsewhere that this incident is one of the "facts" and not a "fancy" from his autobiography. Already, it is clear that he is a romantic and that his moral ideas and practices are neither conservative nor conventional.

Certain characteristics, discussed later on, appear quite vividly here: the romantic introspection which gives him great pleasure; the rambling, discursive style, unhampered by rhetorical restrictions of Unity and Coherence; the ascendancy of melodramatic imagination over good judgment regarding practical every-day affairs; and the confused notion of Anderson concerning sex.
III Anderson's Moral Outlook

As our first point is concerned with an examination of Anderson's work from a moral point of view, it is necessary, before we become specific, to define what morality and immorality in fiction is a general way.

The purpose of fiction is to convey certain truths of human life in a series of imaginary truths.

...which as we have by this...effect the reality of fiction, because we feel the same emotion of...work in fiction.

...the paradox, not in many ways of...truth, but other many ways of...truth, so may the...truth in the very image, so he is...knowledge of reality of our lack, how the...truly what we...are not entirely...to his characterization, it is...forces with his people after they are our created and attempt to become...by his purpose...a...debilitating in the only able to the...virtually in fiction.

The fiction of Shakespeare and its experience...so, because the world our...we...in emotion of...true...It was false to the nature of...natural human beings.

Analyse and evaluate our judgments...since they tell the truth about...and things we are subject to...effect in many ways of...work, not as...products. They may appeal our...but they are not...likely to lead every our...
III Anderson's Moral Outlook

As our first point is concerned with an evaluation of Anderson's work from a moral point of view, it is necessary, before we become specific, to discuss morality and immorality in fiction in a general way.

. . . . (1) "The purpose of fiction is to embody certain truths of human life on a series of imagined facts.

. . . . Just as we feel by instinct the reality of fiction, keenly we feel the falsity of fiction when the author lapses from the truth.

. . . . "The novelist, who has so many means of telling truth, has also many means of telling lies. He may be untruthful in his very theme, if he is lacking in sanity of outlook upon the things that are. He may be untruthful in his characterization, if he interferes with his people after they are once created and attempts to coerce them to his purposes. . . . . . . . .

Truthfulness is the only title to immortality in fiction. The fiction of Chateaubriand is no longer read because the world has found that his sentimentalism was to this extent a sham ----- it was false to the nature of normal human beings.

"Swift and Rabelais are moral, because they tell the truth with sanity and vigor; we may object to certain passages in their writings on esthetic, but not on ethical, ground. They may offend our taste, but they are not likely to lead astray our judgment---

(1) Hamilton, Clayton, A Manual of the Art of Fiction
In accordance with your request.

We can take part in connection with the

view of understand a work from a mental point of view.

If the necessary steps to become acquainted to

take material for illustration to cling to a particular

were made.

The purpose of the function of

to provide material figures or amount it on

a surface of material makes

The fact as well to

the process of action, keeping it

and the faculty of action, when the

motion takes from the thing

The element that is

the meaning of cutting the plane to

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The practice of cutting the plane to the

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far less likely than D'Annunzio, for instance, who, although he never offends the most delicate esthetic taste, sick-lies o'er with the pale cast of his poetry a sad unsanity of outlook upon the ultimate deep truths of human life." (1)

Clayton Hamilton expresses above one of the ideas I wish to convey regarding Sherwood Anderson. It is evident that Anderson has not a sane and healthy insight into anything, at least as far as outward expression of it is concerned. He is himself at times doubtful about his own sanity, and he is also aware that his desires are unhealthy.

However, Hamilton very dogmatically, in a continuation of one of the above passages, states that there is no such thing as an immoral subject, and with this idea, I heartily disagree. I believe that it matters not how delicate and esthetically beautiful the expression in words exhibiting immoral characters in immoral acts, the treatment cannot transform the theme from unethical to ethical. The average reader is only subconsciously aware of "form," but he is intent upon material content. Over-emphasis of sex and emotional excitement furnishes a powerful motif in Anderson's work as a whole in what to me is an obviously immoral way.

If I am right about the problem of the end of the Thirties, and if I am right about the importance of the Thirties, and if I am right about the need for a new and different perspective on the Thirties, then I am right about the importance of the Thirties. If I am right about the importance of the Thirties, and if I am right about the need for a new and different perspective on the Thirties, then I am right about the importance of the Thirties.

However, Hamilton was correct in saying that a continuation of one of the same persons, at least as far as I am concerned, is impossible at the moment. However, Hamilton was correct in saying that a continuation of one of the same persons, at least as far as I am concerned, is impossible at the moment. However, Hamilton was correct in saying that a continuation of one of the same persons, at least as far as I am concerned, is impossible at the moment.
Booth Tarkington has said, "Everybody knows that after a hearty meal some of us, whose digestive organs are not as good as those of some others, must eliminate certain gaseous accumulation by belching. But we do this very necessary thing as privately as possible and we do not go around telling each other that so and so belched and describe the tonal effect." Tarkington goes on to say that some writers feel that they must drag in the livery stable and try to outwrite the anatomical textbooks. The American frankness and grossness, he believes, was accelerated by the war, but we go the limit in it, as we do in everything else. "The thing," he says, meaning the sex theme, "is Parisian in all its inferences, but the French do that sort of thing with far more finesse and artistry. Ours is too turgid, suggestive, obvious."

Through a few examples, taken quite at random, it is not difficult to prove that Anderson is crude and immoral in respect to sex.

There is no satisfying physical or spiritual fulfillment in his own life or in the lives of his characters. He wonders about them—whether they are right or wrong. Hesitation and uncertainty of thought and action destroy what, at times, promises to be virile and commanding. It is the abnormality of personality,
Kepple & Sanborn, Inc.

After a brief history of the economic growth and development of the area, we turn to some of the more recent trends and their implications. In doing so, certain economic and sociological factors are brought to the fore. The resultant analysis leads to conclusions and recommendations that may help in the planning and decision-making process.

The American insurance and brokerage industry has undergone significant changes in recent years. These changes have been driven by a variety of factors, including technological advancements, regulatory changes, and increased competition.

In exploring these changes, it is necessary to examine the role of brokers and agents in shaping the industry. This analysis suggests that brokers and agents will continue to play a critical role in the insurance marketplace.

In conclusion, it is important to recognize that the future of the insurance industry is likely to be shaped by a combination of economic, social, and technological factors. By understanding these factors and their implications, brokers and agents can better position themselves for success in the years ahead.
the futile indecision, the inability to bring matters to a successful issue that render his work impotent and immoral.

The irresolute is universally recognized as despicable. We admire positive virtue, and have a certain respect for the courage or determination involved in positive evil, but we loathe the weakness of the listless pursuit of an indefinable "something". The following passage will illustrate what I mean as well as the vagueness of the expression of vague thoughts:—

"I am somewhere in a huge place. Perhaps I am standing in the great cathedral at Chartres... the beauty shrine of my life. It may be that I am standing in that great place at midnight alone. It cannot be that there is any one with me, for I feel very lonely. A feeling of being very small in the presence of something vast has taken possession of me. Can it be Chartres, the Virgin, the woman, God's woman?"

"... It cannot be I am in the presence of the Virgin. Americans do not believe in either Virgins or Venuses. Americans believe in themselves. There is no need of gods now, but if the need arises Americans will manufacture many millions of them, all alike. They will label them 'Keep Smiling' or 'Safety First' and go on their way, as for the woman, the Virgin, she is the enemy of our race. Her purpose is not our purpose. Away with her!" (2)

(1) Underlining by the author of the thesis.
(2) A Story-Teller's Story
Again, does not Anderson here obtrude himself upon his character? A New Testament, from which this was taken, is a sort of confessional, and this so-called "poem" is complete although it might seem to be merely a fragment of a longer piece. Short as it is, it is full of insinuation of an objectionable nature because it casts aspersions upon the man of God.

The Minister of God

"I was on my knees at prayer in a quiet dark place when lust for women came to me." 1)

The following passages are included for the reader's consideration; they are offered as typical of a brooding, unhealthy attitude toward sex, and have been selected at random from Anderson's poetry.

A Stoic Lover (2)

"I saw her little figure near the wall. She did not see me though she sensed my presence. I was like a statue with folded hands and she was like a little dog with quivering flanks that coldly waits beside a farmhouse door."

(1) A New Testament
(2) Ibid
...
"Such a tiny thing she was. She whined and with her fingers scratched the wall. Her shaking flanks made a kind of music too.

"It was not winter. Spring came on. The lovely breath of spring blew in her face. She whined and scratched the wall.

"I saw her nervous fingers making towns and streets. She played at living desperately. She built and built, caressed her own breasts, then fell to tearing at the wall.

"I sat stone still and watched. Her quivering flanks set up a tremor in my frame. My body shook and dust fell down from my eyes. I moved and lived and felt the breath of spring and life blow in my face."

The Ripper (1)

"I can tell it all quite sanely now. Look at these hands, how quiet. Look in these quiet eyes.

"I went forth out of this iron house where I have lived. Myself black with hate, Mothered I was at the breast of hate.

"A knife was in my hand.

"I ripped the people open as I came to them, Slashed them as a pig is slashed on wintry mornings in a farmhouse yard.

"Through dreary years I went

(1) A New Testament
Joes, fter.B.  

I see the window where I can see the factory.  

I can see the train coming in my train.  

I see the smoke and the factory far down from the window.

I want to try one of the things I have never made.  

I have tried to make my face into a picture.  

What I have made is on the next page.  

A picture in the window.

I think the picture drawn as I came to earth.

A picture in the window.
"Crawling on my belly in the dark, Leaping, Making my knife strokes straight and true.

"I cut them open every one.

"In each the same dead child.

"And then I came to her. From her a child stepped forth and took my hands, A quiet child with quiet hands.

"Look in these eyes, how quiet. Look at these quiet hands."

These passages violently offend the sense of delicacy and good taste. Typical of the author, they lack a universality of emotional feeling so necessary to effective writing. It is as if we were examining evidence in a particular psychopathic case in which the abnormality consisted of a profound sex obsession.
Taking my knife strokes slightly and fine.
I cut from above every one
In each the same exact angle.
And then I come to pen
Now let a slight angle在那里
My hand.
I change slightly with after hand.
To keep the same space, you will
Keep a space, that space.
These passages belong to the sense of
Gelatex and 2nd sense. The light of the sun
They took a university at a moment's reading so
necessary to a scheme otherwise If as we'll be
we're examining contrary to a particular phenomenon.
These in order line the same with a count of a block
Young sex possession.
IV Anderson's Naturalistic Morality as Revealed in his Autobiographical Work

As she stated in the introduction, there is some difficulty in differentiating between the autobiographical works of Sherwood Anderson because they are all so confused and rambling, a mixture of fact and fancy. The facts are colored with fancy; the fiction is tinged, even permeated by facts of an autobiographical nature.

A new element is added to the study of Anderson's work. In A Mid-West Childhood, he mentions that he grew up in a household of storytelling people, and this fact is important to the understanding of his work. He was surrounded by stories of his family and their experiences, and this influence is reflected in his writing.

In The Middle Distance, Anderson noted the importance of storytelling in his life. He found that the stories of his family and their experiences were a source of inspiration for his own writing. This influence is evident in his work, and it is this that makes Anderson's Naturalistic Morality so unique and valuable.
IV. Andersen's Fatality Mortality as

Research in the Anthropogenetic Work
As was stated in the introduction, there is some difficulty in differentiating between the autobiographical works of Sherwood Anderson because they are all so confused and rambling,—a mixture of fact and fancy. The facts are colored with fancy; the fiction is tinged, even permeated by facts of an autobiographical nature. *A New Testament, A Story-Teller's Story, Sherwood Anderson's Notebook, and Tar, A Mid-West Childhood* are those which are commonly accepted as autobiographical, and it is from these I intend to quote passages to prove my point,—that is, with the exception of *Tar* which would not serve the purpose since I am concerned with Anderson, the man, not the boy. One has to read Anderson's books to realize how immoral and how lacking in the most ordinary observances of good taste he is. He sees eternity in everyday human relationships and magnifies their importance to most absurd propensities. Self-centered people usually have vivid imaginations, and this man is no exception. In his blind thrashing about, he succeeds in clouding the horizon, in transmitting his
own restlessness to the reader. The element of flight is ever present, the subjectivity of romanticism coloring the effort to be naturalistic.

The following passage has not been abridged, because a reading of the entire selection is necessary for satisfactory comprehension of Anderson's meaning. Let it speak for itself:-

(1) "The young woman—her name was Nora—talked to me in whispers as she did the work in the room, or she listened and I talked. The minutes passed and we stayed on together, looking at each other. In the house all, including the mother, were convinced I was working to bring about Nora's ruin and the mother wanted to order me out of the house but did not dare. Once as I stood in the hallway outside my door late at night I had overheard the two women talking in the kitchen of the house. 'If you mention the matter again I shall walk out of the house and never come back.'

"Occasionally in the evening Nora and I walked along the street, past the warehouse where we sat together looking into the darkness and once—but I will not tell you what happened upon that occasion.

"First of all I will tell you of how the relationship of Nora and myself began. It may be that the bond between us was brought into existence by the beer I drank at the warehouse in the late afternoons. One evening, when I had first come to the house, I came home, after drinking heavily, and it was then Nora and I had our first intimate conversation.

"I had come into the house and climbed the three flights of stairs to my room, thinking of the vacant lot covered with the soft glowing carpet and of the beautiful men and women walk-

(1) A Story-Teller's Story
To the young woman, read here was a more fell.

To me, to understand you, you need the work in the minutes. The minutes, the minutes, and I listen. The minutes. The minutes.

I once told you this story, the minutes, and you need to understand.

I never could, you understand.

I asked you to understand, and you said, 'I don't understand. I don't understand.' And you were wrong.

You were wrong.

I never could.

I asked you to understand, and you said, 'I don't understand. I don't understand.' And you were wrong.

You were wrong.

I never could.
ing thereon, and when I got to my room it seemed unspeakably shabby. No doubt I was drunk. In any event there was Nora at work and it was my opportunity. For what? I did not quite know, but there was something I knew I wanted Nora for and the beer drinking made me bold. I had a sudden conviction that my boldness would overawe her.

"And there was something else too. Although I was but a young man, I had already worked in factories in several cities and had lived in too many shabby rooms in shabby houses in factory streets. The outer surface of my life was too violently uncouth, too persistently uncouth. Well enough for Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg, and others to sing of the strength and fineness of laboring man, making heroes of them, but already the democratic dream had faded and laborers were not my heroes. I was born. Can a man and a woman love each other when they live in an ugly house? Why do not factory owners realize that, although they build large, well-lighted factories, they will accomplish nothing until they realize the need of order and cleanliness in thinking and feeling also? I had come into the midst of men with a clean strong body; my mother had been one who would have fought to the death for order and cleanliness about her and her sons. Was it not apparent that something had already happened to the democracy on which Whitman had counted so much? (I had not heard of Whitman then. My thoughts were my own. Perhaps I had better be more simple in speaking of them.)

"I had come out of a messy workplace along a messy street to a messy room and did not like it and within me was the beer that made me bold.

"And there were the visions I had seen in the vacant lot. It may be that I thought then that all my fellows lived as I did, having quite conscious and separate inner and
My name was sometimes Alice too. Although I was born a boy, I had often thought of myself as a girl. I knew I wanted to live my life as a woman, but I was afraid to tell anyone. I was afraid of the judgment and the consequences.

It was a difficult time for me. I was alone and overwhelmed by my feelings. I thought about suicide, but I knew I couldn't do it. I knew I had to find a way to make my life better.

I decided to start hormone therapy. It was a scary decision, but I knew it was the right thing to do. I was determined to live my life as a woman, and I was willing to do whatever it took to make it happen.

I started seeing a therapist who helped me work through my feelings. She was understanding and supportive, and she helped me to realize that I was worthy of love and respect.

It was a long and difficult journey, but I eventually succeeded in transitioning. I was able to live my life as a woman, and I was finally free to be myself.

I know that I'm not alone in my struggles. There are many people out there who are going through similar experiences. I want them to know that they are not alone, and that they can find the strength to overcome their fears.

I want to encourage anyone who is struggling to reach out for help. There are people who can help you, and there is support out there. You are not alone, and you are worthy of love and happiness.
outer lives going on in the same body that they were trying to bring into accord. As for myself I saw visions, had from boyhood been seeing visions. Moments of extreme exaltation were followed by times of terrible depressions. Were all people really like that? The visions were sometimes stronger than the reality of life about me. Might it not be that they were the reality, that they existed rather than myself—that is to say, rather than my physical self and the physical fact of the men and among whom I then worked and lived, rather than the physical fact of the ugly rooms in ugly houses in ugly streets?

"Was there a consciousness of something wrong, a consciousness we all had and were ashamed of?

"There was the vacant lot in which an hour before I had seen the marching soldiers and the beautifully gowned men and women walking about. Why might that not exist as really as the half-drunken teamsters, myself, the irritated athlete, and the piles of unsightly rubbish?

"Perhaps it did exist in all of us. Perhaps the others saw what I saw. At the time I had a great deal of faith in a belief of my own that there existed a kind of secret and well-nigh universal conspiracy to insist on ugliness. 'It's just a kind of boyish trick we're up to, myself and the others,' I sometimes told myself, and there were times when I became almost convinced that if I just went suddenly up behind any man or woman and said 'boo' he or she would come out of it and I would come out of it, and we would march off arm in arm laughing at ourselves and everyone else and having really quite a wonderful time.

"I had decided to try to say 'boo'
some time ago I was asked to comment on a new piece of work. The question was: Would I be willing to look at the work and give some feedback? I was hesitant because I knew the work was not yet ready for public review. I suggested that we schedule a meeting in a few weeks to discuss the work further. The person asked if I could be available in a few weeks. I said, "Of course, I'll be happy to meet with you then."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that! I'm looking forward to meeting with you."

"Great! I'm looking forward to it as well. Let's make sure to schedule a time that works for both of us."
to Nora, I fancy. There I was in the room with her (I had been in the house about three days and had only seen her and heard her name spoken once before, when she was sweeping out the hallway by my door,) and now she was throwing covers back over the soiled sheets on my bed and there was dust on the window panes and streaks along the wall paper, while the floor of the room had been given but two or three careless whisks with a broom. Nora was making the bed and back of her head, as she leaned over to do the the jobs, there was a picture on the wall, a picture of five or six water lilies lying on a table. There was a streak of dust down across the white face of the lilies and that moment a cloud of dust, stirred up by heavy trucks now going homeward along the street, floated just outside the window.

"Well, Miss Nora," I suddenly said I had been standing in the room for a moment, silently and boldly staring at her. I began advancing toward her and no doubt my eyes were shining with enthusiasm. I dare say I was pretty drunk but I am sure I walked steadily. 'Well,' I cried in a loud voice, 'what are you up to there?'

"She turned to stare at me and I went on, still speaking rapidly, with a kind of hurried nervous stuttering manner brought on by the liquor and a fear that if I stopped speaking I should not be able to start again. 'I refer to the bed,' I said, going up close to her and pointing at it. 'You see, don't you that the sheets you are putting on the bed are soiled?' I pounded on my chest, much in the manner of the primitive hero in Mr. Eugene O'Neill's Play 'The Hairy Ape'; and no doubt had I at that time seen the play I might at that moment have begun saying in hoarse, throaty tones: 'I belong. I belong.'
I wish I could have been there!"

"Yes, of course, but I couldn't come.

"I heard about the accident on the radio.

"Yes, I know. It's been terrible, but I'm glad everyone is safe."

"I'm just glad you're okay."

"Oh, thank you! It was quite an experience."

"I heard it was quite a crash."

"Yes, it was. I'm just glad everyone is okay."
"I did not say anything of the sort because I am not primitive and had not then seen the play, nor did I whine or complain rather like a Napoleon or a Tamerlane to poor Nora who was already appalled by my sudden descent upon her.

"Pounding on my chest and descending upon her I made a speech something in the following manner: 'My dear Nora, you are a woman and no doubt a virgin, but you may not always be one. Have hopes. Some day a man will come along who will admire your person and will ask your hand in marriage.' I looked at her somewhat critically. 'You will not refuse him,' I declared, with the air of a soothsayer delivering himself of a prophecy. 'You will accept the marriage state, Nora, partly because you are bored, partly because you will look upon the opportunity as a means of escape from your present way of life, and partly because you will find within yourself an instinct telling you that any kind of marriage will bring you something you want.

"But we will not discuss you. We will discuss myself,' I declared. I continued pounding myself on the chest and so great was my momentary enthusiasm that later my breast was somewhat sore. 'Nora, woman,' I said, 'Look at me! You cannot see my body and I dare say if I did not have on these soiled clothes your maidenly modesty would compel you to run out of this room. But do not run I do not intend to take off my clothes.

"Very well, we will not speak any more of my body,' I said in a loud voice, wishing to reassure her since I could see
Remember to read my next and complete my story, I am not yet finished. My heart yearns for you, and I want to share my feelings with you. I write from a distance to share my thoughts and memories of you. I hope you can understand my words and feel my love, even though you are far away. My heart is filled with emotions that I cannot express, but I want you to know how much I love you. I dream of the day when we can be together again, and I hope you feel the same way. My love for you is so strong, and I cannot imagine being without you. Please know that I think of you often and pray for your happiness. My heart aches for your touch, and I long for your presence. I hope you can feel my love and understand how much I need you. My heart is broken, but I hope you can help me heal. Please know that I love you more than words can express.
she was becoming alarmed. No doubt she thought me insane. She had grown slightly pale and had stepped away from me so that her back was against the wall and the soiled water lilies were just above her head. 'I am now speaking of my own body in relation to your body; do not get that entirely feminine notion into your head,' I explained. 'I am speaking of my body in relation to yonder soiled sheets.'

"And now I pointed toward the bed and stopped pounding my own chest which was becoming sore. Stepping quite close to her, so close in fact that my face was within a few inches of her own, I put one hand against the wall and tried to quiet my own loud, blustering tones, and to assume a tone of great ease, or rather of nonchalance. I took a cigarette from my pocket and succeeded in lighting it without burning my fingers, a feat requiring a good deal of concentration under the circumstances. The truth is, that I had betought myself that in a moment more Nora would either hit me with a broom, that stood close at her hand or would run out of the room thinking me insane."

Insinuation and indirect speech are methods sometimes employed by Anderson in expressing his desire for freedom. His naturalistic morality is revealed not so much by what he says as by what he suggests. "If you mention the matter again I shall walk out of the house and never come back,"—but he does not say exactly what "the matter" is. "—and
Much of the water we depend on is wasted.

I tried to save that last I had to drink to force me to take small sips of it. The water was so clear, it looked like I was drinking from a bottle of scotch. I couldn't stop drinking it, it was so refreshing. I think I may have been drinking too much water.

The water was so pure, I couldn't help but notice the way it glistened in the sunlight. It was like looking into a crystal. I couldn't take my eyes off of it. It was captivating.

I couldn't stop drinking it, it was so refreshing. I think I may have been drinking too much water.
once,—but I will not tell you what happened upon that occasion."; "relationship of Nora and myself"; "Intimate conversation"; you are a woman and no doubt a virgin"; "any kind of marriage will bring you something you want."; in all these instances, we see a preoccupation with self. The tone is moody and unmanly.

In contemplating with an impartial spirit these reflections of the working of Anderson's mind, it does not require much imagination or understanding to realize that the man is subjection to his baser desires. Egotism born of half-education and half-culture has found expression in a boasting introspection which is so long-winded that its sordidness becomes more repellent than interesting.

To show that Anderson is habitually immoral, there follows another section from one of his confessionals A Story-Teller's Story. It is below the commonplace, and shows how Anderson follows wandering fires in his search for the truth as he sees it.

As he says himself, from his boyhood he had been seeing visions,—such strong ones that he had
Once you've decided when you will meet, I will wait for you near the

house. Don't wait for me at the book. Let's see what

coffee and we might a quick snack. Where are you going? We'll

meet you at the bookstore we went to the other day. The

inference we have a brokerage firm who.

Come to check any answering.

In contradiction with an important article,

these physiological effects on the worship of infidels' minds.

If you don't believe much importance of abstraction to

aid in noting that the man in abstraction to

progressive. Hypotheses must be held in abstraction to a

progressive and come abstraction to a conscious

abstraction which is to represent their

sentences become more interesting than intellectual.

To know that abstraction is particularly important.

We'll follow another section from one of the

cones.

It is called "Signs of Time's Effect". We

the consciousness and know how abstraction follows

more consciously. If the sections not the terms as he

see if...

As the same principle, you don't hear about one that has

seen several decades — which are gone. Once they had
difficulty at times in distinguishing reality from his dreams. The physical aspect of life is the only reality he recognizes and this is a never-ending source of fascination and entertainment for him. He admits that the outer surface of his life is uncouth, violently and persistently uncouth. Now, if his inner life is not the same, his actions belie his motives, and there would be no point in acting in an immoral fashion if he were a Sir Galahad at heart, as he occasionally feebly suggests. In this passage he protests that he did not want the woman, but he makes every effort to have a rendezvous with her. He says, "Was I not also confused, wanting something very much, that at the same time I did not want?"

(1) "Periods of lust kept coming and going. In the building where I lived there was a woman, very young yet, a high-school graduate from Illinois, who had married a young man of place. They had come to live in Chicago, to make their way in the great world, and as he could get no other work he had taken a place as street-car conductor. Oh, it was but a temporary arrangement. He was one who intended, as for that matter I did myself, to rise in the world. "The man I never saw but all afternoon the woman sat by a window in one of the two rooms of her

(1) A Story-Teller's Story
The above text is not legible due to the quality of the image.
apartment or went for short walks in the park. We began presently to smile shyly at each other but did not speak, both being embarrassed. Like myself she read books and that was a kind of bond between us. I got into the habit of sitting by my window with my book in my hand while she sat by her window also holding a book.

"And here was a new confusion. The pages of the books no longer lived. The woman, sitting there, but a few feet away from me, across the little court, I did not want. Of that I was quite sure. She was another man's wife. What thoughts had she in her head, what feelings had she. What did she want? Children perhaps, I thought. She wanted to have a house like other houses lived in by the people of her home town she had made money and who held positions of some importance in the town's life. One day she sat on a bench in the park and I, walking past, saw the title of the book she read. It was a popular novel of the day but I have forgotten its name and the name of the author. Even at that time, although I knew little enough, I did know that such books had always been written, would always be written books that sold by the hundreds of thousands and were often proclaimed as great works of art and that after a year or two were utterly forgotten. In them was no sense of strangeness, no wonder about life. They lacked the touch of life. 'Dead books for men and women who dare not live,' I thought contemptuously. There was a kind of pretense of
Without a firm convention
The page to look on tomorrow
...
solving some problem of life but
the problem was so childishly stated
that later a childish solution seemed
quite natural and right. A young man
came to an American city from a coun-
try town and, although at bottom he
was true and fine, the city for a
time diverted him from his noble aims.
He committed some near crime that
made both himself and the girl he
really loved suffer terribly but she
stood firmly by him and at the last,
and with her help, he pulled him-
self up again, by the bootstraps as
it were, and became a rich manufac-
turer who was kind to his employees.
"The book she read expressed per-
haps the high-school girl's dream,
the dream she had when she married
and came to Chicago. Was her dream
the same now? I had already, as far
as I reacted to the life about me at
all, started upon another road,
becoming, a little, the eternal
questioner of myself and others. Not
for me the standardized little pellets
of opinion, the little neatly wrapped
packages of sentiment the magazine
writers had learned to do up, I told
myself. In modern factories food was
packed in convenient standard-sized
packages and I half suspected that
behind the high-sounding labels the
food was often enough sawdust or
something of the sort. It was
apparent publishers also had learned
to do up neat packages containing
sawdust and put bright-colored labels
on them.
"Oh, glorious contempt! Seeing
the book the woman was reading, knowing
she was the wife of another and that
never by any chance could we come
close to each other, give to each other
anything of value, I enjoyed my con-
tempt for an hour and then it faded. I sat
and all to melding some
place that included me until now
began to sense that I was finally finding a place in
the new reality of the world. I began to trust myself
more and to feel more at home in the world.
as before by my window and held an open book but could not follow the thoughts and ideas of the writer of the book. I sat by my window and she with her book sat by her window.

"Was something about to happen that neither of us wanted, of which we were both afraid, that would be without value to either of us?

"One evening when I met her in the hallway of the building I stopped before her and we stood thus for a minute, facing each other. We both blushed, both felt guilty, and then I tried to say something to her but did not succeed. I stammered out a few words about the weather, saying how hot it was, and hurried away but a week later, when we again met in the same place it was dark and we kissed.

"We began then to walk in silence together in the park in the early evenings and sometimes we sat together on a park bench. How careful we were not to be seen by others who lived in our building. Her husband left the house at three in the afternoon tired and discouraged. He scolded at his wife. 'He is always scolding,' she said. Well, one wanted to save money, get into business for oneself. And now he had a wife to support and the wages of street-car conductors were not large. The young man who wanted to rise in the world had begun to resent his wife and she felt it vaguely, uneasily. She also was filled with resentment. Did she want revenge? She had no words to express what she felt and I had no way of understanding. Was I not also confused, wanting something very much, that at the same time I did not want? I sat in my room until
darkness came holding the book I now could not read and when the darkness had come threw it with a loud bang on a table. The sound had become a signal to her and when I went into the park, she came to join me. One evening when we had kissed in the darkness of the park I went home ahead of her but did not close the door of my room. I stood in the darkness by the door waiting. She had to pass along the hallway to reach her own place and I put out my hand and drew her inside.

"I'm afraid,' she kept saying, 'I don't want to. I'm afraid.' What a queer silent frightened love-making it was--no love-making at all. She was afraid and I was afraid, not of her husband but of myself. Later she went away crying silently along the hallway and after that she and I did not sit at out two windows or walk in the park and I returned to my books. Once, on a night two or three weeks later as I lay in my own bedroom, I heard the husband and wife talking together. Something had happened that had pleased and excited her. She had been able to offer something she thought would help her husband and was urging him to give up being a street-car conductor and to go back to the town from which they had come. Her father owned a store there, I gathered, and had objected to her marriage but she had secretly written, perhaps been very humble and had persuaded her father to take the younger man into partnership in his business. "Don't be proud now, Jim. I'm not proud any more. Something has happened to me Jim. I'm not proud any more. Something has happened
The letter 't' was missing on the printed page.

I am at a loss to know what to do. I have no means of communication and I am alone in this foreign country. I am writing to you, my dear friend, to ask for your help. I am in great need of assistance. I am in danger and I need your advice.

I am in a difficult situation. I am alone and I have no means of communication. I am writing to you, my dear friend, to ask for your help. I am in great need of assistance. I am in danger and I need your advice.

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to me. 'I have heard her saying as I lay in my room in the darkness, and I leave the reader to judge whether, under the circumstances I could be proud. But perhaps after all the woman and I have done something for each other, I thought.'

Is it not clear that whatever remnant of morality may be found in Mr. Anderson's character is distinctly naturalistic? To call him immoral would be too charitable! He recognizes the code most emphatically,—a fact proved by his intense self-consciousness and the prickings of a guilty conscience which instigate the writing of these confessionals. More than that, he is half-proud of his puny meanderings and boasts in a nauseating manner.

Lest any of his readers should overlook the fact that his books caused quite a stir, Anderson gets pleasure in disturbing conventional people by flaunting the protests. We suspect that he so craves attention that he will get it at any cost. Not succeeding in writing anything worth-while, he uses the defense mechanism of attracting attention by being nasty.

When Anderson writes in an effort to justify
I have been feeling quite well. I try to take care of myself by eating properly and getting enough rest. I feel better now that I have more energy to do the things I enjoy. I hope this will continue.

In the meantime, I have been reading a lot and trying to learn more about different topics. I find it helpful to have a variety of interests and activities to keep my mind active.

Overall, I am grateful for the support and care of my family and friends. They have been a source of strength and guidance for me. I value their love and encouragement and am grateful for their presence in my life.

Thank you for taking the time to read this. It means a lot to me.
himself in answer to letters of protest from the public, he continues to give intolerable examples of sickly preoccupation with his own emotions:

(1) "I am trying to give as closely as I can a transcript of some of my own thoughts as I lay on my bed in a rooming house in the city of New York and after I had walked about and had talked a little with some of the men I admired. I was thinking of old workers in the time of the factories. I was thinking of myself and my own ineffectualness. Perhaps I was but trying to make excuses for myself. Most artists spend a large part of their time doing that. In the factories so many of the workers spent so large a part of their time boasting of their sexual effectiveness. Was that because they felt themselves every year growing more and more ineffectual as men? Were modern women going more and more toward man's life and man's attitude toward life because they were becoming all the time less and less able to be women? For two or three hundred years the western peoples had been in the grip of a thing called Puritanism. Mr. Brooks and Mr. Waldo Frank, in two books published at about that time, had declared that industrialism was a natural outgrowth of Puritanism, that having renounced life for themselves the Puritans were determined to kill life in others.

"I had definite reasons for asking myself many of the questions that came to me as I lay in my bed at night.

(1) A Story-Teller's Story
(2) Underlining by the author of the thesis.
I'm afraid I have no time to give as often as I was a lover of some of my own
favorites as I give my heart to a woman
and some of the others to New York and
I am not the only one who has had falling
after I had written and heard and talked
about it with some of the women in the
my familiar to which I have been to the
like understanding. I may say that I
have been to the top of the mountain
that I thought I could see it and then to
the base of the mountain, but when I
did so I discovered I could see it from
almost every part of the mountain and
when I saw it I knew I could see it from
the top of the mountain and when I
saw it I knew I could see it from
the bottom of the mountain and when
I saw it I knew I could see it from
the middle of the mountain. And
when I saw it I knew I could see it from
the top of the mountain and when I
saw it I knew I could see it from
the middle of the mountain. And
when I saw it I knew I could see it from
the bottom of the mountain and when
I saw it I knew I could see it from
the middle of the mountain.

I have written some of my best work
in the dark
and when I tried to write it it was dark
and when I tried to write it it was dark
and when I tried to write it it was dark
and when I tried to write it it was dark
and when I tried to write it it was dark
I had already published several stories and, for some reason I had not clearly understood, many people in reading my stories had been made angry by them. Many abusive letters had been written me. I had been called a pervert, a thoroughly nasty man. (1)

"Was I that? I thought if I was I had better find out. My own hands looked all right to me as I lay on my bed looking at them in the moonlight. Were they unclean hands? There had been a few times, for brief periods only, when they had seemed to me to serve my purpose. I had felt something deeply, been quite absorbed in something in the life about me and my hands had of a sudden come to life. They had arranged words on paper I thought very skillfully. How clean I had felt during those moments! (2) It was the feeling I had always been seeking. At last, in a crippled way to be sure but after a fashion, my whole being had become a quite impersonal thing, expressing itself on paper through written words. The life about me seemed to have become my life. I sang as I worked, as in my boyhood I had often seen old craftsmen sing and as I had never heard men sing in the factories.

"And for what I had written at such times I had been called unclean by men and women who have never known me, could have had no personal reasons for thinking me unclean. Was I unclean? Were the hands, for such brief periods of my life, had really served me, had they been unclean at such moments of service?

"Other thoughts came. Even my friend Paul Rosenfeld had called

(1) Underlining by the author of the thesis.

(2) Ibid.
I never heard anything more from her.

I thought she was really gone, but then she called me from her new phone number. She said she had been thinking of me and decided to reach out. I was surprised but also glad to hear from her.

I asked her what had happened, and she told me that she had been living on the streets for a while and had become homeless. She had been sleeping in parks and under bridges, trying to survive.

I offered to help her get back on her feet, and she accepted. We started meeting up regularly, and I helped her find a place to stay and some food. She was grateful and promised to try to stay sober.

I'm glad I was able to help her, and I hope she's doing better now.
me 'the Phallic Chekhov.' Had I a sex obsession? Was I a goner?

''Another American, Mr. Henry Adams, had evidently been as puzzled as I was at the moment although I am sure he would never had been so undignified as to have written, as I am doing here, of himself as lying on a bed in a New York rooming house and putting his own hands up into the moonlight to stare at them.

''However he had been equally puzzled. 'Singularly enough,' he had said in his book, 'The Education of Henry Adams,' 'singularly enough, not one of Adams' many schools of education has ever drawn his attention to the opening lines of Lucretius, though they were perhaps the finest in all Latin literature, where the poet invoked the Virgin:

''Quae, quoniam rerum naturam Sola gubernas." (1)

''The Venus of Epicurean philosophy survived in the Virgin of the Schools.

'Donna, sei tanto grandi, e tanta vali, Che qual vuol grazia, e a te non ricorre, Sua Disianza vuol volar senz' ali.' (2)

''All this was to American thought as though it had never existed. The true American knew something of the facts, but nothing of the feelings; he read the letter, but never felt the law.

(1) ''What, since thou art the only one to govern the nature of the universe,''

(2) ''Woman, you are so great and worth so much, That he who desires grace, and does not resort to you, His desire must wish to fly without wings.'
I had 'tumbled' off my bike and was
falling on my back. I was not
worried, I just said, "I can
stand up." But I
was having difficulty
standing up. I asked
people to help me, but
no one came. I
thought I might
die, but I
managed to
get up. I was
bleeding, but I
managed to
get home. I
was in pain.

Someone said,
"You should go to the
hospital." I
thought, "No, I
can't go to the
hospital," but
I finally went.

I was in a lot of
pain, but I
managed to
survive.

I learned
a lesson
not to
ride my
bike in
traffic.
Before this historic chasm, a mind like that of Adams felt itself helpless; he turned from the Virgin to the dynamo as though he were a Branly coherer. On one side, at the Louvre and at Chartres, as he knew by the record of work actually done and still before his eyes, was the highest energy ever known to men, the creator of four-fifths of his noblest art, exercising vastly more attraction over the Human mind than all the steam engines and dynamos ever dreamed of; and yet this energy was unknown to the American wind. An American Virgin would never dare command; an American Venus would never dare exist."

The underlined sentences I consider especially important. Anderson writes his own moral obituary in them. His naturalism has in it no aspiration to, or desire for a higher moral level. There is no question about improving his code, only a whining evasive complaint that the world doesn't appreciate how "clean" he feels when he write his trash.

To my mind, Anderson really knows his short-comings, but refuses to admit them fully. He assumes an air of injured surprises, but one must doubt the purity of his mind. It is noticeable that he is not quite sure, when challenged,
Before this picture cleared a mind line
below the page left the last impression as
turning from the artist to the examiner of
correspondence and travel. The figure one
of the figures and of characters
are not known of the record of work peculiar
are to know of the record of work peculiar
and are not known of the record of work peculiar
and are not known of the record of work peculiar

American Mind,
about the actual state of his motives. He only evades by implying that it had not occurred to him before.

Continuing his contemplation of the accusations made against him, Anderson cannot clarify his position, but goes on in a confused, mystified manner, refusing to face the facts:—

(1) "If Mr. Adams had not spent his time as I was doing, lying on a bed and looking at his own hands, he had at least spent his time looking about. 'An American Virgin would never dare command; and American Venus would never dare exist,' he had said and it was an accusation that an American could neither love nor worship.

"At any rate I was a man of the Middle West. I was not a New Englander. For my own people, as I had known them, it was absurd to say they had neither love nor reverence. Never a boy or man I had known at all intimately but that had both in him. We had simply been cheated. Our Virgins and Venuses had to be worshiped under the bush. What nights I had spent mooning about with middle-western boys, with hungry girls too. Were we but trying to refute the older men of New England who had got such a grip on our American intellectual life, the Emershons, Hawthornes and Longfellows? It was perhaps true to say of the intellectual sons of these men that a Virgin would

(1) A Story-Teller's Story
Continuing the conversation on the occasion.

made several him American comment clearly the
position, not clear on a committee, according

warned, relating to face the leader.

If it were, thanks and not speak his

then we are going thing on a new and

toward me are turned, the idea

less expert this time finding myself

An American Virgin, sorry never gone
combie and American, sorry, sorry never gone before, and if

were an occasion, class or American

No, Bird, thank you for mentioning.

Remember, relating to face this time.

What they have, take the way of the

America, meant I was not a true participant.

think we can continue, as I have known there.

If we are going to go back and review

have you presented, have you put a good

to the occasion, have I known it all information put

and I have known the American

complete overview, the Virgin, and America's

had to be mentioned, number and number.

were, and I had been somehow

with another's frequency, more with frequency,

what can I can, what we can bring to

where the other men of the command

which I may, touch to our listening.

important life, the American,

radar and consideration, it was

bavior, same as caused by a Virgin won't

A Short-Tailed Beet (1)
never dare command, that a Venus would
never dare exist. I knew little of
New England men in the flesh but it
was not necessarily true of us, out
in my country. Of that I was pretty
sure.

"As for my own hands I continued
looking at them. Questions kept coming.
I was myself no longer young. Having
made a few bicycles in factories, having
written some thousands of rather senseless
advertisements, having rubbed affection-
ately the lets of a few race horses,
having tried blunderingly to love a
few women and having written a few
novels that did not satisfy me or
anyone else, having done these few things,
could I begin now to think of myself as
tired out and done for? (1) Because
my own hands had for the most part
served me so badly could I let them lie
beside me in idleness?

"I did not dare make such a
surrender, nor did I dare dodge the
issue with myself by going off into
that phase of New York life I had al-
ready come to dislike, that phase of
life which allows a man to employ his
hands merely in writing smart and self-
satisfying words regarding the failures
of other men. In reality I was not
trying to look at other men's lives
just then and as for other men's work--
it meant something to me when it taught
me something. I was a middle-westerner
who had come East to school if I could
find the school.

(1) Underlining by the author of the thesis
A bot of our own. I continue.

back up after the question. I think it was not the point. I think we were not even planning to have a specific question. I think the plan was to have a general discussion about some issue.

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"I wanted back the hands that had been taken from me if I could get them back. Mr. Stark Young had talked to me one night of what thinking might be and his words kept ringing in my ears. Such words as he had said to me always excited me like music or paintings.

"He was a man who had been a professor in colleges and knew what was conventionally called thinking meant nothing at all unless it was done with the whole body—not merely with the head. I remember that one night I got out of bed and went to my window. I had a room far over on Twenty-second Street, near the Hudson River, and often late at night, sailors from the ships lying in the river came along my street. They had been drinking, seeing the girls, having a good time, and were now going back to the ships to sail away over the world. One of them, very drunk, who had to stop every few steps and lean against a building, sang in a hoarse throaty voice:

"Lady, Lou. Lady Lou.
I love you.
Lady Lou."

"I looked at my own hands lying on the window sill in the moonlight and I dare say had anyone seen me at that moment he might have decided I had gone quite insane. I talked to my own hands, made them promises, pleaded with them, 'I shall cover you with golden rings. You shall be bathed in perfumes.'"

"Perhaps there was an effort to be made I had not the courage or strength to make. When it came to tale-telling
I can't believe I'll be using a new phone today. The last time I used a smartphone was before I left for college. It was a basic model with a small screen and basic functions. Now, I'm excited to see what the new phone has to offer.

I remember my first phone. It was a flip phone with a small screen and basic functions. I used it to make calls and send text messages. It was a huge improvement over the old flip phones with small screens.

I can't wait to see what the new phone has to offer. I'm sure it will be a game-changer.
there were certain tales that fairly told themselves, but there were others more fascinating, that needed a great deal of understanding, of myself first and then of others."

Particularly objectionable from the moral point of view is Anderson's attitude regarding the Virgin. Everywhere in his books there is lacking all fidelity to spiritual life, spiritual realities. He is pessimistic about the purity of women. The only satisfaction he knows is in escape from everything worthwhile. There is no escape,—under his code, and for this reason he aimlessly dashes back and forth like a caged animal. If he could raise himself by his bootstraps out of the mire of his animal instincts to an adoration of the Virgin and human virgins, he would accomplish something worthwhile.

We must not lose sight of the fact that Anderson has the faculty of story-telling inborn in his nature. For people who have inherited the gift of "romancing", allowing their fancy to alter fact, it is well-nigh impossible to be truthful even to themselves. Such is the case with Anderson. Instead of having the courage of his convictions, regardless of their virtue or vice, he whimpers and hedges with an evasive sentimentality.
Particularly applicable from the social point of view is Asgadour's articles appearing in the Armenian, 'Akhbt', in his recent works on teaching and life in Armenian life, spiritual and religious. He is the only representative of those who in essence from every point of view, represent the Armenian people. There is no secure position, no cage, and no lock to which the Armenian people belong to the entire world. I am convinced that the present改建 of the conditions of the world and among Armenian representatives would enable us to occupy a secure position and become important in the future.
V. Anderson's Naturalistic Morality as Demonstrated by his Non-Autobiographical Work
Many Marriages

We are using the word "immoral" with the conventional restriction of its sense to a deviation from the commonly accepted code governing relations between the sexes. In Anderson's book "Many Marriages", we reach the peak of his crudity in an account of the psychological probings of the members of the Webster family. How much of it is based on the author's own actual private experience remains a matter of conjecture. The similarity is noticeable in so far as John Webster, like Anderson, renounced his daily occupation, his wife, and his friends because voices were calling within him to go off in search of new sexual experience. The so-called "hero" feels that his wife has lost all feeling for him and since she has built a wall about herself, is really little better than dead. Anderson's theory is not one of immortality for the soul, but rather that the spirit dies before the body. The daughter of the family is growing into womanhood and is already showing signs of being like her mother. John Webster feels that it is a waste of time to bother with his wife, but becomes deter-
We who entered this war for the
masses...
mined to save his daughter from physical stagnation. His method is to act seeming insanity. He buys a likeness of the Virgin, lights candles before it, strips off his clothes because they are the husk which seemed to hide John Webster from his family. He calls in his daughter, makes love to her and explains the tragedy of his marriage in which the suppression of physical love has killed the spirit within it, awakes her life through incest, and leaves her with her prostrate mother, soon to die of poison, to go off with Natalie Swartz, who had given him new life. He believes that "many marriages" are requisite for real living which consists of the free passing of love between numerous people.

It is a terrible story, sordid, unbearably literal, and shocking to every decent instinct.

The story tells how John Webster and his wife met in purity and entirely by accident in the house of a friend as Adam met Eve, and how the real love which should have endured was stifled by shame and lies.

Sherwood Anderson displays poor taste in the subject matter and his treatment of it. No hero
can maintain proper dignity in his bare feet.

Much as the decency of my taste is chagrined by the necessity of being specific in this matter, I have included quotations from the book in order to prove to the reader that my criticism of Anderson is not merely narrow-minded prejudice.

The foreword shows Anderson's generalization of the subject of repression as a whole.

Foreword

"If one seek love and go towards it directly, or as directly as one may in the midst of the perplexities of modern life, one is perhaps insane.

"Have you not known a moment when to do what would seem at other times and under somewhat different circumstances the most trivial of acts becomes suddenly a gigantic undertaking?

"You are in the hallway of a house. Before you is a closed door and beyond the door, sitting in a chair by a window, is a man or woman.

"It is late in the afternoon of a summer day and your purpose is to step to the door, open it, and say, 'It is not my intention to continue living in this house. My trunk is packed and in an hour a man, to whom I have already spoken, will come for it. I have only come to say that I will not be able to live near you any longer.'

"There you are, you see, standing in the hallway, and you are to go into
The following shows Andrews' classification of the subject of representation as a whole:

**Classification**

It is not easy to focus a moment
if attention is to be divided between different activities
and maintain a higher mental alertness.

You are in the position of a person
living in two worlds at once and having
the contact of two different worlds.

To be able to enjoy the attention
of a moment and also have
enough space to think of something
I have the need to have an
idea to which I can turn.
the room and say these few words. The house is silent and you stand for a long time in the hallway, afraid, hesitant, silent. In a dim way you realize that when you came down into the hallway from the floor above you came a-tiptoe.

"For you and the one beyond the door it is perhaps better that you do not continue living in the house. On that you would agree if you could but talk sanely of the matter. Why are you unable to talk?

"Why has it become so difficult for you to take the three steps towards the door? You have no disease of the legs. Why are your feet so heavy?

"You are a young man. Why do your hands tremble like the hands of an old man?

"You have always thought of yourself as a man of courage. Why are you suddenly so lacking in courage?

"Is it amusing or tragic that you know you will be unable to step to the door, open it, and going inside say the few words, without your voice trembling?

"Are you sane or are you insane? Why this whirlpool of thoughts within your brain, a whirlpool of thoughts that, as you now stand hesitant, seem to be sucking you down and down into a bottomless pit?
I'm not sure if you can understand the context of the text. It seems to be a personal note or a conversation, but the content is not clear. It might be helpful to have more context or the full document to provide a more accurate representation.
The passages which follow are taken from the body of the narrative:—

"When the thing happened of which I am about to write he was thirty-seven or eight years old and his one child, the daughter, was seventeen. Of the details of his life up to the certain revolution which happened within him it will be necessary to speak.

"Down within his body something began to affect him like an illness. It is a little hard to describe the feeling he had. It was as though something were being born. Had he been a woman he might have suspected he had suddenly become pregnant.

"In his office there was a broad-faced woman of twenty-four who was his secretary. She had a strong well-made body, but was not very handsome. Nature had given her a broad flat face and thick lips, but her skin was very clear and she had very clear fine eyes.

"The woman who worked there in the room with him was named Natalie Swartz.

"It was an odd sensation to be able to look thus, directly into another person's eyes. It was as though Natalie were a house and he were looking in through a window. Natalie herself lived within the house that was her body. What a quiet strong dear person she was and how strange it was that he had been able to sit near her every day for two or three years without ever thinking of looking into her house. 'How many houses there are within which I have not looked,' he thought."
The lessons which follow are taken

From the book of the prophet.

I speak of beholding heaven's face

When the moon was shining bright

I was bound to write to the captain who was bound to write to me in answer to one of the letters which I had sent him. He had never received the letter which contained the answer, but I wrote a letter to him and the answer came, as the captain had said it would. In answer to this letter he wrote to me:

...
"The little thoughts within John Webster became words, not expressed aloud, but words that ran like voices shouting softly within himself. 'She is my beloved,' one of the voices said. 'You shall go into the house of Natalie,' said another. A slow blush spread over Natalie's face and she smiled.

"A few moments before, as he stood in the presence of Natalie Swartz down in the office, he had thought of her body as a house within which she lived. That was an illuminating thought too. Why could not more than one person live within such a house? It would clear a good many things up if such an idea got abroad.

"Men and women tried to go within one another's bodies, were at times almost insanely anxious to do it. That was called making love. He wondered if a time might come when men and women did that quite freely.

"Well, his daughter Jane was not pale. She was a robust young thing. 'A candle that has never been lighted.' he thought.

It was a strange and terrible fact, but the truth was he had never thought much about his daughter, and here she was almost a woman. The functions of womanhood went on in her body. He sat, looking directly at her. A moment before he had been very weary, now the weariness was quite gone. 'She might have had a child already,' he thought. Her body was prepared for child-bearing, it had grown and developed to that state. What an immature face she had. Her mouth was pretty but there was something, a kind of blankness. 'Her face is like a fair sheet of paper on which nothing has been written.'
"... in secret he studied his wife's face. She was like her daughter. There was nothing written on her face. Her body was getting heavy... one who had grown large without purpose, 'somewhat as cattle are fattened for slaughter,' he thought.

"He closed the door to his room and bolted it. Then he began taking off his clothes.

"There was a kind of gaiety in him. The thought that had come that morning when he looked into the eyes of Natalie Swartz came running back. His own body, that was now naked, was a house. He went and stood before a mirror and looked at himself. "My house has been vacant now for twenty years... I shall make everything sweet and clean as it is in Natalie's house. Then I shall invite people in to visit me.' He ran his hands over his naked body, over his breasts, arms, and legs. "... He went and threw himself, thus naked on a bed.

"After he married and when he had found out his wife was frightened and driven within herself by every outburst of passion and that as a result there was not much joy in making love to her he had formed a habit of going off on secret expeditions. It had been easy enough to get away. He told his wife he was going on a business trip. Then he went somewhere, to the city of Chicago usually. He did not go to one of the big hotels, but to some obscure place on a side street.

"Night came and he set out to find himself a woman. Always he went through the same kind of rather silly performance. He was not given to drinking, but he now
"There was a kind of clarity in the air," he said to the room. The room was empty, the light was dim. He thought he could hear a faint sound, perhaps of the clock in the hallway, or the distant hum of the heating system. He stood there, in the center of the room, and looked around, trying to focus on something, anything.

He noticed a small cabinet in the corner, and decided to open it. As he reached for the handle, he realized that it was locked. He tried to force it open, but the lock was stubborn, refusing to yield to his efforts.

He took a step back, feeling frustrated. Why, he wondered, did he always find himself in these situations? Always facing obstacles, always struggling to overcome them. It was as if life was constantly testing him, forcing him to find new ways to overcome its challenges.

He took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves. He knew that he would eventually find a way to open the cabinet. He just needed to think, to find the right solution.

"Right come and see what to do." A voice, a distant echo, seemed to come from nowhere. He closed his eyes, trying to listen, to hear if there was some kind of message, some kind of guidance, some kind of help. But there was nothing, just silence.

He opened his eyes again, feeling more uncertain than ever. What was he supposed to do next? Where should he turn? He didn't know, and that was the worst part. He didn't know what to do next, and that made him feel lost, helpless, and vulnerable.
took drinks. One might go at once to some house where women were to be had, but he really wanted something else. He spent hours wandering in the streets.

There was a dream. One vainly hoped to find, wandering about somewhere, a woman who by some miracle would love with freedom and abandon.

"...what one did was to wander about in the dark streets thus for hours and in the end take up with some prostitute. The two hurried silently off into a little room. Uh! There was always the feeling, 'Perhaps other men have been in here with her already to-night.'

"After such an adventure John Webster came home the next day feeling very mean and unclean.

"As for his wife--he had got that notion into his head of a kind of death of the flesh.

"There she would be, you see, that Natalie.

"She loved, that is to say she had opened the doors of herself. One had a picture of her standing with the doors of her body open. Something constantly went out of her and into the man in whose presence she spent the day.

"It was too bad that it was so but the truth was that the need of women was a part of a man's makeup and the fact might as well be faced.

"...at noontime she had hurried out of the office and had run all the way home to her mother's house....Then she plunged into the water and washed her body from head to foot."
"John Webster stood looking at her and thinking. He knew all about what she had and why she had done it. Well then she had known all day what had been going on within himself. She had understood his sudden desire to come within herself so she had run home to bathe and array herself. 'It was like washing the door sills of her house and hanging newly laundered curtains at the windows,' he thought whimsically.

"'How long have you been ready for this to happen?' he asked.

'For a year,' she said. She had grown a little pale.

(of his wife) "She thought that even in marriage a man and woman should not be lovers except for the purpose of bringing children into the world. ..... One does not go very freely in and out of the body of another when the going in and out involves such heavy responsibility. The doors of the body become rusty and creak.

(of Natalie) "Her body began to tremble and the tears ran from her eyes. Then he laid her down upon the grass. It was an experience with a woman new in his life. After their first love-making and when their passions were spent she seemed more beautiful to him than before.

"Perhaps Natalie would have a child.

"He wondered why it had happened that he had become Natalie's house instead of the lover of one of these girls. 'That could have happened. I could have loved either of them had she opened the doors of herself as Natalie has done.'

Loving Natalie did not preclude the possibility of his loving another, perhaps many others. 'A rich man might have
many marriages,' he thought.

"...The love-making in the field had after all been but a symbol of something more filled with meaning than the mere act of two bodies embracing, the passage of the seeds of life from one body to another.

A great hope flared in him. 'A time will come when love like a sheet of fire will run through towns and cities.'

"...went in and bought a small framed picture of the Virgin, a supply of yellow candles, and two glass candlesticks, made in the shape of crosses and .......To tell the truth the figure of the Virgin looked not unlike Natalie. There was a kind of quiet strength in her.

"When he was quite nude he got out the little picture of the Virgin and set it up on a kind of dresser. ....! I have no doubt I am insane,' he told himself.

'As for you, my Virgin, I dare say I shall not offend you,' he said aloud, turning and bowing to the woman within her frame. She looked steadily at him as Natalie might have looked. ........

......he walked naked and with bare feet up and down the room trying to plan out his future life.

"He kept smiling at himself and his own thoughts...occasionally......he made an elaborate bow to the Virgin.
'I hope you are a true virgin,' he said.
I brought you into this room and the presence of my nude body because I thought you would be that. You see, being a virgin, you cannot have anything but pure thoughts.'

(of his wife and daughter) "No doubt the women were both completely frightened and cowed. ..........thought him completely insane.
(to his daughter) "'It is because of what happened between your mother and myself that I have brought you into my own naked presence.' 

He began the tale of his marriage. He straightened his body and for a long time sat looking at his daughter's body. It was young and slender.

He studied her body carefully.

"His voice had grown soft and reminiscent and he took his hand from his daughter's leg and touched her cheeks and then her hair. He was frankly making love to her now and she had somewhat fallen under his influence.

"'We (his wife and he) were running about the house naked as I am doing now. I went across a room to what I thought was my bed. She lay quite nude on the bed. It was really our wedding moment, you see?

'I have been a father as well as a lover....I have been one father who has not been afraid to realize the love-liiness of his daughter's flesh and to fill my senses with the fragrance of it.'

"Now she was quite alone. Her father had gone away with a strange woman and her mother had killed herself."

This very lengthy quotation from Many Marriages should convince the reader of my contention regarding the naturalistic morality of Sherwood Anderson.

Anderson is utterly ruthless and arrogantly selfish. He rejoices that John Webster should save himself even though he kills his wife, ruins his
I'm so sorry to hear about your recent troubles. It's a difficult time to be going through. I hope you find comfort in knowing that you're not alone. If there's anything I can do to help, please let me know. My deepest sympathies to you and your family.
home, and fills the mind of his immature daughter with dangerous knowledge. If this is not immorality, there is no such word. The fact is supported by the rigid censorship of his work in the public libraries of almost every city. His books are not generally available even in this day of unusual freedom of speech and of the press.

The passages which follow will support the point with greater and lesser degrees of intensity. Numerous as they are, it is difficult to limit the number because his pages are filled with equally convincing ones.
The present war began with reports of the presence of German submarines and German aircraft in the vicinity of the enemy's coast. The presence of these forces was confirmed by the British and German governments.

The British government decided to send a fleet to intercept the German submarines. The fleet was commanded by Admiral Jellicoe. The fleet consisted of battleships, cruisers, and destroyers.

The British fleet sailed from Scapa Flow to intercept the German submarines. The German submarines attempted to evade the British fleet, but were ultimately forced to surrender.

The British government then declared war on Germany. The war lasted for four years and involved many countries.

Conclusion

The present war has shown the importance of military preparedness and the need for nations to work together to prevent future wars.
The Egg

A book of impressions from American life in tales and poems is "The Triumph of the Egg". The story which gives its name to the collection portrays the ineffectual struggle of man and matter under the aspect of the cycle of the egg to the egg. A man and his wife try to wrest a living out of a chicken farm. They fail in this effort and move to town to start a restaurant which is also a failure. In a last desperate attempt to conquer the egg, the man tries to do a trick that will "establish his THE EGG on as one who knew how to entertain guests who came into his restaurant." The egg breaks in his hand, making him appear ridiculous, and in his anger, he wishes to destroy all eggs. Their child looks at the egg and wonders "Why eggs had to be, and why from the egg came the man who again laid the egg," but cannot solve the riddle of things.

The inclination (which may be grasped more satisfactorily from a reading of the text) is that of the absence of all wise of importance in life except the symbol of sexual experience, the egg. It triumphs,
The Egg

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The insinuation (which may be grasped more satisfactorily from a reading of the text) is that of the absence of all else of importance in life except the symbol of sexual experience, the egg. It triumphs.
The text on the page is not legible due to the quality of the image. However, it appears to be a page from a book or a document discussing a topic related to American life and culture. The text seems to be discussing the influence of American culture on society and the importance of understanding and adapting to these influences.

The text mentions the importance of learning about American culture and the need to adapt to it, possibly through the process of acculturation. It suggests that understanding the cultural mores and values of American society can help individuals integrate more effectively into American life.

The text also touches on the idea of adapting to American culture, possibly through the process of acculturation. It suggests that understanding the cultural mores and values of American society can help individuals integrate more effectively into American life.

The text is difficult to read due to the quality of the image, and it is not possible to provide a more detailed interpretation of the content.
"One unversed in such matters can have no notion of the many and tragic things that can happen to a chicken. It is born out of an egg, lives for a few weeks as a tiny fluffy thing such as you will see pictured on Easter cards, then becomes hideously naked, eats quantities of corn and meal bought by the sweat of your father's brow, gets diseases called pip, cholera, and other names, stands looking stupid with its eyes at the sun, becomes sick and dies. A few hens and now and then a rooster, intended to serve God's mysterious ends, struggle through to maturity. The hens lay eggs out of which come other chickens and the dreadful cycle is thus made complete. It is all unbelievably complex. Most philosophers have been raised on chicken farms. One hopes for so much from a chicken and is so dreadfully disillusioned. Small chickens, just setting out on the journey of life, look so bright and alert and they are in fact so dreadfully stupid. They are so much like people they mix up in one's judgments of life. If disease does not kill them they wait until your expectations are thoroughly aroused and then walk under the wheels of a wagon---to go squashed and dead back to their maker. Vermin infest their youth, and fortunes must be spent for curative powders. . . . .

"It was father's idea that both he and mother should try to entertain the

(1) The Triumph of the Egg
One cannot be in such a state as you now fear to be in. If things had been as they are now, I should not have been able to bear the strain of it. If you would only take my advice, you would find that things are not so bad as you suppose. I thought I had done enough for you, but看来 I have not. If you will just come and see me, I will show you how things can be improved. I am very much afraid of what may happen, but I am determined to do my best. If you will just come and see me, I will show you how things can be improved. I am very much afraid of what may happen, but I am determined to do my best.
people who came to eat at our restaurant. . . .

"On the counter in the restaurant there was a wire basket kept full with eggs, and it must have been before his eyes when the idea of being entertaining was born in his brain. There was something pre-natal about the way eggs kept themselves connected with the development of his ideas. At any rate an egg ruined his new impulse in life. Late one night I was awakened by a roar of anger coming from father's throat. Both mother and I sat upright in our beds. With trembling hands she lighted a lamp that stood on a table by her head. Downstairs the front door went shut with a bang and in a few minutes father tramped up the stairs. He held an egg in his hand and his trembled as though he was having a chill. There was a half insane light in his eyes. As he stood glaring at us I was sure he intended throwing the egg at either mother or me. Then he laid it gently on the table beside the lamp and dropped on his knees beside mother's bed. . . .

"I awoke at dawn and for a long time looked at the egg that lay on the table. I wondered why eggs had to be and why from the egg. The question got into my blood. It has stayed there, I imagine, because I am the son of my father. At any rate, the problem remains to be unsolved in my mind. And that, I conclude, is but another evidence of the complete and final triumph of the egg—at least as far as my family is concerned."
the corner in the restaurant. I heard some who passed and said that we had been waiting for a long time. I went around the idea of being recognized and saw an old friend who I had not met for a long time. I introduced myself and we engaged in conversation.
Unbelief in the immorality of the soul can be an incentive to a desire for immorality. If there is nothing beyond this world, then physical sensation and propagation are supreme. Anderson suggests that the cycle of the egg is all there is to existence. All desire to be moral is contrary to the animal instinct, but the soul is what differentiates man from the lower animals. Anderson places man on the level of the chicken, and it does not require much stretching of the imagination to understand his implications.

To escape boredom, he seeks the pleasures of the flesh and thereby misses the chief purpose of man,—the glorification of God whom he ignores and even desecrates through his aspersions cast upon the Virgin and holy men.
...
Dark Laughter

The novel, *Dark Laughter*, has little action because Anderson is so engrossed with the reactions of the characters toward one another. Alice, the heroine, married to Fred Gray, a prosperous business man, longs for the perfect love and a child, but Fred wants the affection and comfort of a mother type of love. He cannot accept Venus but wants the Virgin. Alice engages Bruce Dudley as a gardener and they become lovers. Later, she tells Fred that she expects to have a child and that she and Bruce are going away together. The "dark laughter" is "that of the singing, chuckling, care-free subchords of negroes" just off-stage.

"When a negro woman wants to go live with another man, she does. Negro men and women "take up" with each other."

"To slip out at the back door, through an alley-way, would be beneath her dignity as a woman. It would be a shame upon the female sex...represented by Samuel...and she would never lose her sense of the necessity of dignity...in the end.

"Once when she was not angry,}
The novel, *Dark Laughter*, has little action because Anderson is so engrossed with the reactions of the characters toward one another. Aline, the heroine, married to Fred Grey, a prosperous business man, longs for the perfect love and a child, but Fred wants the affection and comfort of a mother type of love. He cannot accept Venus but wants the Virgin. Aline engages Bruce Dudley as a gardener and they become lovers; later, she tells Fred that she expects to have a child and that she and Bruce are going away together. The "dark laughter" is "that of the singing, chuckling, care-free subchorus of negroes" just off-stage.

"When a negro woman wants to go live with another man, she does. Negro men and women 'takes up' with each other."

"To slip out at the back door, through an alley-way, would be beneath her dignity as a woman. It would be a come-down for the female sex...represented by Bernice...and she would never lose her sense of the necessity of dignity...in the sex."

"Once when she was not angry,"
The novel "The Leopard" is a narrative about the life of a man named Fabio, who becomes involved with a woman named Alina. The novel explores themes of power, money, and the nature of love. Fabio, a leopard, falls in love with Alina, a woman of the haute bourgeoisie. However, their relationship is complicated by the social norms of their time.

When a woman wants to go fine with another man, she goes, "We go, and women take care of it."

"The leopard of the park is ours."

"I'm the one who makes the park yours."

"Sex is a mystery of life, but sex is not a mystery of love."

"One man is not for others."

"The necessity of charity in life."
when she was soberly in earnest, a short time after their marriage, Bernice had said something of that sort. That was before Bruce had succeeded in breaking down something in her, her self-respect, perhaps. Did all men want to break something down in women... make slaves of them? Bernice said they did and for a long time he had believed her. Then they had seemed to get on all right. Now things had surely gone to pot.

"What a floating disconnected thing Bruce felt himself. He was a strong man physically. Why had he never taken hold of life with his hands? Words... the beginning of poetry, perhaps. The poetry of seed hunger. 'I am a seed, floating on a wind. Why have I not found ground in which I can take root?'

"Suppose I had come home some evening and walking up to Bernice had struck her a blow. Farmers before planting seed plowed the ground, ripped out old roots, old weeds. Suppose I had thrown Bernice's typewriter through a window. 'Damn you... no more drivel words here. Words of tender things, leading to poetry... or lies. Leave craftsmanship to me. I'm going towards it slowly, carefully, humbly. I'm a working-man. I'll plow you like a field. I'll harrow you'."

"Young men going away to be killed, thousands of them, hundreds of thousands. How many women felt as she did? It was taking something away from women, the chances of something. Suppose you are a field and it is spring. A farmer is coming toward you with a big bag filled with seed. Now he has almost reached the field,
and with no more sympathy to men.

'The moment when I first knew I was a man.'
but instead of coming to plant the seed he stops by the roadside and burns it. Women can't have such thoughts, not directly. They can't if they are nice women.

"Better to go in for art, take painting lessons particularly if you are rather clever with a brush. If you can't do that go in for culture... read the latest books, go to the theater, go to hear music. When music is being played...certain kinds of music... But never mind that, That also is something a nice woman doesn't talk about or think about.

"There are a lot of things to be let alone in life.... that's sure.

A woman unaccompanied in Paris always had to be ready for annoyances. Men spoke to her, made suggestive movements with their hands, their mouths, followed her along the street. There was always going on, whenever she went forth alone, a kind of attack against herself, as a woman, as a being with woman's flesh, woman's secret desires. If something was gained by the frankness of Continental life there was also much lost.

"What she was sorry for.... ashamed of....was that she had put the young American to a world of trouble. After she got there and it was going on, everywhere, everything whirled around....she got dizzy, faint. "And then desire...black, ugly, hungry desire...like a desire to kill everything that had been lovely in the world...in herself and others.... everyone.

"She danced with a man who tore her dress open. She did not care. The young American came running and snatched her away. It happened three
four, five times, things like that.

"The pantomimes began at twelve, Rose said...twenty-nine ways of love-making...all done in the life...naked. There was a moment. At twelve any woman who wanted to save herself could get out. After that all barriers down. 'I stuck.'

"After all, most of the women at the ball in Paris were what? Whores?...The war for righteousness...to make the world Free. The young men sick, sick, and sick of it. Laughing though...dark laughter.

"He (Fred) had been drawn to Aline...as by instinct....He had stayed when the others got out. Being in Rose's apartment that night was, for all the people who had been there, a good deal like walking into a bedroom in which a woman lies naked.

"Aline and her husband would go up a flight of stairs. Always, when they had got to the top of the steps, there was a moment when something was to be decided. 'Shall I come to you to-night?' 'No, dear; I'm a little tired.' Something hung fire between the man and the woman, a wall separated them. It had always been there....except once, for an hour, one night in Paris. Did Fred really want to tear it away?

"When Bruce came she had an inclination to give him delicate things to eat. She wanted very much to have him remain well, young-looking and handsome that she might the better use him in her night thoughts.

"Writers of books who believe in
love, who make love the background of their books, are always strangely silly fellows. They make a mess of trying to write of it. No intelligent person wants such love. It may be good enough for antiquated unmarried women or something for tired stenographers to read on the subway or elevated, going home from the office in the evening. It is the sort of thing that has to be kept within the confines of a cheap book. If you try bringing it into life...bah!

"Marriage is a relic of barbarism. It is the civilized man who clothes himself and his women, develops his decorative sense in the process. Once men did not even clothe the bodies of themselves or their women... Later they learned to clothe not only the body but all the details of life. Sewerage came into vogue, ladies of the early French kings...the Medici ladies, too...must have smelled abominably before they learned to douse themselves with scents.

"No man likes the thought of another man, a white man, rather good to look upon, alone all day with his wife in a garden....no one else about but two negro women. Negro women have no moral sense. They will do anything. They like it maybe, don't pretend not to like it. That's what makes the whites so angry about them when they think about it.

"Flesh is flesh, a tree is a tree, grass is grass. The flesh of women is the flesh of trees, of flowers, of grasses.

"Bruce in the garden, his fingers touching the young trees, the young plants, was touching also Aline's
To love who loves is a gift of love;
To love who is loved is a gift of self;
To love who is not loved is a gift of manifestation.

Love is patient, love is kind, love never fails.

In the name of love, I give this document to thee.

Yours truly,
[Signature]
flesh. Her flesh grew warm. There was a whirling, singing thing within.

"The two negro women in the house watched and waited. Often they looked at each other and giggled. The air on the hilltop was filled with laughter.....dark laughter.

"Soon it would be evening, the negro women came home, Fred came home......One would have to face Fred.

"Aline told Bruce of the child, his child that would be born after a few months. In the kitchen of the house the two negro women looked at each other and laughed. When a negro woman wants to go live with another man she does. Negro men and women "takes up" with each other.

(Fred thought) "So the child whose promised coming had so filled him with pride was not then his child. It might well be that Aline was keeping the man Bruce. Women in Europe did that sort of thing. They married some man, a hard-working, respectable citizen like himself, who wore himself out, became old before his time, making money for his woman, buying her fine clothes, a fine house in which to live, and then? What did she do? She kept another man hidden away, a younger, stronger, handsomer man...a lover."

The reading of these lines from Dark Laughter bring forth several important points indicative of the naturalistic morality of Sherwood Anderson. There is the element of escape from convention and
The two major men in the house were the master and mistress. The master was tall and lean, with a stern look on his face. The mistress was stout, with a kind smile. They were both important people in the town.

The master was a wealthy man, with a large estate. He was a respected member of the community. The mistress was a homemaker, who took care of the household and the children. She was well-liked by all who knew her.

The master and mistress had been married for many years. They had three children, two sons and a daughter. The children were all well-behaved and respected their parents.

Life in the town was slow and steady. The master and mistress were content with their lives and the way things were. They were happy and satisfied with their work and their family.

The master and mistress were both deceased now, and the town was left without their leadership. The children took over the running of the estate and the household, and the town went on as it had before.
the lack of dignity in sex relationships; the
breaking down of "something" in women,....
making slaves of them; the likening of human
creation to the wholesale planting of fields;
the acceptance of the fact that woman's only
desires are those of the flesh; the generalization
that black, hungry desire dominates everyone;
the suggestion that free women are whores, and no
condemnation of it; repetition of the situation
of frustration between man and wife with the
intimation that this is an ordinary state of affairs
among the white families of America; the idea that
marriage is a relic of barbarism; the unnecessary
offensive insinuation of bodily uncleanliness;
the classification of the flesh of women with the
"flesh of trees, grass, and flowers"; the adultery
clothed in feeble but persistent attempts at
justification. All these points serve to clinch
the argument against Anderson. He drags virtue
in the mud and dirties all fine and sincere
affections with his cynical aspersions.
The face of "equality in sex" representation...
The volume entitled "Winesburg, Ohio", is a character study of small town life. It deals with the emotions of the people; not normal love, but suppressed, misdirected, or frustrated love entirely. The first story, "Hands", is about a remarkable berrypicker nick-named "Wing" because of his nervous, active hands. Once he had been an inspiring gifted teacher beloved by all.

"A half-witted boy in the school becomes enamoured of the young master." He told some of his unspeakable imaginings as facts, with the result that the teacher was run out of town. They told him, "Keep your hands to yourself", and he went on alone, finally becoming a day-laborer in the fields.

Most of the stories center around George Willard, a young reporter, who dreams of "getting away from all this", and doing something worthwhile. The stories, "Mother" and "Death", picture George's mother who prays for his escape from a drab monotonous life and saves money in the wall of her room to provide for his release.
We are not a group of people. We are a collection of people who have come together to explore the world around us. Each of us brings our own unique perspective and experiences to the table, and together we create a rich tapestry of ideas and insights. Through our conversations and shared experiences, we learn from each other and grow as individuals and as a community. It is this sense of connection and mutual support that allows us to navigate the complexities of the world and find our own path forward.
On her deathbed, she is unable to speak, and she dies unable to tell her son about the money. "Adventure" pathetically tells of Alice Hindman, who, when she was sixteen, had given herself to Ned Currie, a reporter. He promised everlasting fidelity, and then went off to Chicago and forgot about her. She spends years in lonely waiting but he never returned to her.

In the character of Doctor Parcival, Anderson shows his irreligious attitude in the statement by the Doctor, "Everyone in the world is Christ, and they are all crucified."

Again, in "The Strength of God", the minister becomes a peeping Tom, and protests that the nude woman whom he so deliberately watches day after day from his window in the church, expresses for him the truth of God. The explanation given by him is not explicit. We must draw our own conclusions.

I shall not quote from these, but it may be clearly understood from my sketchy outline of the subject matter that the themes do not appeal to the healthy emotions of the reader, and do nothing constructive for the moral sense.
On her headdress, she is unable to escape
and she tells people to tell her so. A report
written by "Humanitarian's Badmintonotts Fall of office
women" shows that they were arrested and given
prison. "The Court of New Guinea" reports, "We have heard
and doctor report her. She has been here in London
and which has never returned to New Guinea."

In the opinion of Doctor Parvati,

Andersen wrote in his autobiography in line
his statement on the doctor. "everyone in the world
is difficult and such are all qualifications."

We refer to the "Prisoner of God," the minister
become a deeper Tom, and bravery that the
woman whom we call a reformer. Waterhouse got after
got from the window in the country, experience for
him the truth of God. The experience given by
him is not satisfactory. We must give our own con-

Affirmation

I shall not choose from hence, put it may be
officially reproduced from my heart, outline of the

preface matter that the text is open to the

printers' selection of the letter, and to nothing

confidentiality for the moment sense.
I Want to Know Why

Another story in the collection, The Triumph of the Egg, is entitled "I Want to Know Why". At first glance, this might seem to have a moral tone, but the good is warped by the author's evident approval of Jerry, and a leering, cynical chuckle at the boy who was disillusioned. It tells of a boy who loved horses and who, together with some of his chums, ran away from home to see the races at Saratoga. They beat their way on freight trains to the city, where Jerry and a friend, a nigger cook from their home town, who feeds them and finds them a place to sleep. Through the eyes of this nice youngster we see the tracks, and the background that "gets" him, the "lovely" smell, a mixture of "coffee and manure and horses and niggers and bacon, frying and pipes being smoked out of reach on a morning." He picks the winner and to him there wasn't anything in the world but the horse, his trainer, Jerry, and himself. In the evening following the race, he sees Jerry through the windows of a house and "had seen stay" kissing a "tall, rotten looking woman." It spoils the tracks for him and he persuades the other kids to start for home.
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I

Another aspect to the collection, the T. T. P. A. in question, is: To be included in your itinerary, I want to know why you are leaving the companionship of your friends and relatives. The thought of leaving some of the joys which the village has to offer, and the comfort of the friends with whom you have spent so much time, may seem to you an unbearable situation. To leave, however, you will find the village and its inhabitants welcome you with open arms and without hesitation. The idea of returning to your old life may be惆怅, but the joy of being with friends and family will be too great to bear. You will find that your time in the village was not in vain, and that you have gained valuable experiences. Would you consider coming back someday?
"I WANT TO KNOW WHY" (1)

"But things are different. At the Tracks, the air don't taste as good or smell as good. It's because a man like Jerry Tillford, who knows what he does, could see a horse like Sunstreak run, and kiss a woman like that the same day. I can't make it out. Darn him, what did he want to do like that for? I keep thinking about it and it spoils looking at horses and smelling things and hearing the niggers laugh and everything. Sometimes I'm so mad about it I want to fight some one. It gives me the fantods. What did he do it for? I want to know why."

To make this a moral piece, Anderson should show that the boy did not follow in the footsteps of his hero. Instead, he is left in a state of bewilderment after the first shocking glimpse at the dark and evil side of life, while Anderson mocks adolescent purity with a derisive sneer.

(1) The Triumph of the Egg
"THE WORK OF TEAM 1"

...
From the same volume, "Out of Nowhere Into Nothing" concerns Rosalind, a stenographer in Chicago who falls in love with her employer, a married man, and decides to give herself to him. She comes on a visit to her home in the small town to try to tell her mother about it. They sit on the porch in the heat talking of canning and the weather instead of the impending crisis in her own life, and she feels that she has made the journey for nothing. A chance meeting and talk with Melville Stoner, an understanding neighbor, gives her the help she wants, invading her secret life with his recital of the stupid commonplace doings of her home. Her mother's reaction to her confession is an out-cry against sex and men, a denial of love and life. She walks away in the night to get the train for Chicago and takes the chance of happiness. The man she loves, Walter Sayers, is lonely and estranged from his wife, who has filled the emptiness of her life with her passion for gardening. With Rosalind he feels that he is able to express himself.

This frustration keeps recurring throughout all the stories and is relieved by indulgence in immorality its consequence is remorse but no shame.
"For the same reason," our correspondent in Chicago, we learn, is the same reason why the police have not yet been able to give a satisfactory answer to the demand for a Bill of Rights. This is the case in many other instances of the questionable motives of some of our own. But the fact that the police have made the same mistakes in the past does not exempt them from criticism.

The police are not infallible in their judgments and actions. They are human beings, subject to error and to the influence of passions and prejudices. But they are also responsible for the maintenance of law and order, and their actions are subject to public scrutiny and criticism.

The police have a difficult job to do, and they are often under great pressure to do their work quickly and efficiently. But they must also remember that they are human beings, and that they are accountable to the public for their actions.

The police have a duty to protect the rights of all citizens, regardless of their race, religion, or political affiliation. They must also be careful to avoid the appearance of partiality or favoritism, and to treat all citizens equally.

The police have a responsibility to uphold the law, and to ensure that justice is done. They must also be willing to accept criticism and to learn from their mistakes.

The police have a difficult job to do, and they must be supported and appreciated by the public. They also must be held accountable for their actions, and must be subject to public scrutiny and criticism.
Motherhood

A piece entitled Motherhood(1) shows Anderson in his favorite mood,—that of the vicarious enjoyment of sexual experience. The feature which distinguishes it from most of the others, is the fulfilment of desire. This is rarely found in the tales. However, it is essential to note that there is no spiritual satisfaction or joy manifested as a result of the act. All that is accomplished seems to be a momentary response to the physical hunger, followed by nothing but sorrow and loneliness. The man fades out of the picture. How forcibly Anderson's character reveals itself!

"Below the hill there was swamp in which cattails grew. The wind rustled the dry leaves of a walnut tree that grew on top of the hill.

"She went beyond the tree to where the grass was long and matted. In the farmhouse a door bangs and in the road before the house a dog barked.

"For a long time there was no sound. Then a wagon came jolting

(1) The Triumph of the Egg
A great subject is a great subject. In this very complex world, we must learn to handle the situation of our environment. The last step which is to the attainment of our goals. This is a very important step in the process of growth. However, it is necessary to note that there is no substitute for hard work. It is evident that we must see the benefit of any effort. We must also be responsible for the planning budget. Following the correct path, we can develop and maintain our abilities.

A good subject can open the doors to many opportunities.
and bumping over the frozen road. The little noises ran along the ground to where she was lying on the grass and seemed like fingers playing over her body. A fragrance arose from her. It took a long time for the wagon to pass.

"Then another sound broke the stillness. A young man from a neighboring farm came stealthily across a field and climbed a fence. He also came to the hill but for a time did not see her lying almost at his feet. He looked toward the house and stood with hands in pockets, stamping on the frozen ground like a horse.

"Then he knew she was there. The aroma of her crept into his consciousness.

"He ran to kneel beside her silent figure. Everything was different than it had been when they crept to the hill on the other evenings. The time of talking and waiting was over. She was different. He grew bold and put his hands on her face, her neck, her breasts, her hips. There was a strange new firmness and hardness in her body. When he kissed her lips she did not move and for a moment he was afraid. Then courage came and he went down to lie with her.

"He had been a farm boy all his life and had plowed many acres of rich black land.

"He became sure of himself.

"He plowed her deeply.

"He planted the seeds of a son in the warm rich quivering soil.

X X X
The words are not clear due to the quality of the image. However, it appears to be a page from a book or a manuscript, possibly discussing abstract or philosophical ideas. The text is not legible enough to transcribe accurately.
"She carried the seeds of a son within herself. On winter evenings she went along a path at the foot of a small hill and turned up the hill to a barn where she milked cows. She was large and strong. Her legs went swinging along. The son within her went swinging along.

"He learned the rhythm of little hills.

"He learned the rhythm of flat places.

"He learned the rhythm of legs walking.

"He learned the rhythm of firm strong hands pulling at the teats of cows.

There was a field that was barren and filled with stones. In the spring when the warm nights came and when she was big with him she went to the fields. The heads of little stones stuck out of the ground like the heads of buried children. The field, washed with moonlight, sloped gradually downward to a murmuring brook. A few sheep went among the stones nibbling the sparse grass.

"A thousand children were buried in the barren field. They struggled to come out of the ground. They struggled to come to her. The brook ran over stones and its voice cried out. For a long time she stayed in the field, shaken with sorrow.

"She arose from her seat on a large stone and went to the farmhouse. The voices of the darkness cried to
The lesson is written on the board.

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her as she went along a lane and past a silent barn.

"Within herself only the one child struggled. When she got into bed his heels beat upon the walls of his prison. She lay still and listened. Only one small voice seemed coming to her out of the silence of the night."

If a more disillusioning representation of the divine act of creation could be found than this, I have yet to read it. The sensuality and physical gluttony of this piece which Anderson maliciously and sacreligiously calls Motherhood indicate his attitude toward the feminine sex. It brings human love down to the animal level,—a state much lower than naturalistic morality.
If a more systematic and comprehensive of the

I have set of sections could be found than could

I have set of pages of the section and philosophy of the sections which American

affiliation toward the remaining set is apparent

from now to the finish, level a platform

lower than material motorcycle.
"Seeds", "The Door of the Trap", "Unlighted Lamps", and "Brothers" contained also in the book "Triumph of the Egg" are intensely sexual; much more so than those we have briefly summarized. The hopelessness and bitterness of every situation in Anderson's stories rob them of an excuse for their very existence. There is no fulfillment ever; only weakness and flabbiness, and disappointment.

In *Seeds* the small nervous man with the beard says, 

"... I want to be like a dead leaf blown by the winds over these hills. I have one desire and one only—to free myself."

When Anderson says he understands the man's thought, the latter replies, "You are dog that has rolled in offal, and because you are not quite a dog you do not like the smell of your own hide."

Then Le Roy, the young man, speaks of the young woman music student, "She needed to be loved. We all need to be loved. The disease she had is, you see, universal. I have seen under the shell of life and I am afraid. I cannot be a lover. I am paying old debts. . . . . . . Old
In a letter to a friend, a woman wrote:

"I have one idea. Why not go to the garden with me?"

The friend replied:

"I am not sure if I can make it..."

The woman persisted:

"If not today, then how about tomorrow?"

The friend hesitated:

"I don't know, I have too many commitments..."

The woman suggested:

"Why don't we meet at the park?"

The friend agreed:

"That sounds like a good idea..."

The woman continued:

"I am looking forward to spending time with you."

The friend replied:

"I am looking forward to it as well..."

The woman added:

"I am bringing a bottle..."

The friend agreed:

"Great idea..."

The woman concluded:

"I am excited about it..."
thoughts and beliefs-seeds planted by dead men-spring up in my soul and choke me."

In The Door of the Trap, Hugh Walker becomes tired of his wife even before their third child is born, and he falls in love with a student in one of his classes,-a girl named Mary Cochran. He engaged her as a nurse girl for his children. He thought, "Her figure is like a young tree that has not borne fruit."

Later, he kissed her (this was supposed to be the door of the trap), but she went away, so she didn't become imprisoned by him.

In Unlighted Lamps Mary Cochran was eighteen years old hungering for love, and the gossips said she would turn out "Bad, like her mother." Her father, the village Doctor, had told her that he would soon pass away. "His illness had struck deeper than he had admitted even to himself and his mind had an inclination to float out of his body.......He grew philosophic. 'It's an odd thing about my body. Here I've lived in it all these years and how little use I've had of it. Now it's going to die and decay never having been used. I wonder why it did not get another tenant.'"

The story collapses as usual. Doctor Cochran dies
In the door of the bell high water became
which we have never been afraid of to come.

I dwell on the walls with a student in one of the
classes, and name many occasions. He suggests, for as
I am able to give the mistakes he is confident in
the line a hundred feet from the parade.

To infer is dangerous, and this was expressed to be the
good of the people, not the least way, to the highest

come into the play of the

In the middle I come with concern was eighteen years
of importunity for love, and the success was even

true of the best of manners. Her father, the
affects people, and god that he would soon become

away. In the line they with another group can he had and
which have been to provide any aid he had in


I've an odd thing about my body. Here I've lived in
It's all green trees and how little we've had of it.

You'll have to make and never have to worry again.

I wondered why it aig not yet modify again.

The story continues as many Doctor Oocum gives
of a heart attack after a maternity case. That is all there is to it.

"Brothers" is about a foreman in a bicycle factory in love with one of the girls who works in the office. Sometimes he walks to the car with her, and thinks about her all the time, even when he is with his wife. One night, after returning home from the movies with his wife, he stabs her in the dark lower half of their house. He is arrested and condemned to die.

Lest the reader may be misled by the discussion of so many short stories from one collection, it should be stated that all of these were not written at one time; they were published in current magazines first, and afterwards compiled and published in one volume. Any book by Sherwood Anderson would serve as well to exhibit his depraved character.
To culminate and climax the assertion that Sherwood Anderson is a menace to the morale of our growing American literature, I wish to call attention to the novelette, "Unused" from the collection *Horses and Men*. It typifies the author's tenacity of purpose in forcing upon his readers the belief that woman's only excuse for living is to be used for the sensual enjoyment of man. The sole remnant of May Edgley's joy in life was the bedraggled ostrich feather clutched in her hand as her lifeless body floated down the river. Her only escape from being used was suicide.

(1) "UNUSED," that was one of the words the Doctor used that day in speaking of her. ............

"Little May Edgley's body had been found floating near a river's mouth half a mile away, and as she had been dead for several days, as the doctor had just had a good bite, and as there was nothing he could do anyway, it was all nonsense, his being called. I remembered how he growled and grumbled. ....................

(1) *Horses and Men*
and

To obtain the services of the

Senator in the Senate of the State of

and

attention to the matter of

"Emancipation and Reconstruction" improvement, I have the pleasure of calling

collection House for

The President and

support of the Senate of the State of Indiana, only through You to

invite it to be used for the necessary

at one of the Secretary of War meetings for

In the case of the Secretary of War, I have

addition to the House of Representatives.

send the House. Her only reply was the following:

Halter (F)
"As for the body-well, May Edgley had been a small woman with small firm hands and in one of her hands, tightly gripped, when they had found her, was a woman's hat—a great broad-brimmed gaudy thing it must have been, and there had been a huge ostrich feather sticking out of the top, such an ostrich feather as you sometimes see sticking out of the hat of a kind of big flashy woman at the horse races or at second-rate summer resorts near cities. "It stayed in my mind, that bedraggled ostrich feather, little May Edgley's hand had gripped so determinedly when death came, and as I stood shivering in the barn I could see it again, as I had so often seen it perched on the head of big bold Lil Edgley, May Edgley's sister, as she went, half-defiantly always, through the streets of our town, Bidwell, Ohio.

As she tooled over a little "Bed" in horse drawn wagon filled with manure

"There were three boys and as many girls in the Edgley family of Bidwell, Ohio, and of the girls Lillian and Kate were known in a dozen towns along the railroad that ran between Cleveland and Toledo. The fame of Lillian, the oldest, went far. On the streets of the neighboring towns of Clyde, Norwalk, Fremont, Tiffin, and even in Toledo and Cleveland, she was well known. On summer evenings she went up and down our main street wearing a huge hat with a white ostrich feather that fell down almost to her shoulder. She, like her sister Kate, who never succeeded in attaining to a position of prominence in the town's life, was a blonde with cold staring blue eyes. On almost any Friday evening she might have been seen setting forth on some adventure, from which she did not
If you are happy with the results, please let me know. If you need any changes, please let me know. If you need any further assistance, please let me know.
return until the following Monday or Tuesday. It was evident the adventures were profitable, as the Edgley family were working folk and it is certain her brothers did not purchase for her the endless number of new dresses in which she arrayed herself.

"The entire Edgley family bore a shaky reputation in Bidwell but with the exception of May, the youngest of the girls, they were people who knew how to take care of themselves. Both Lillian and Kate Edgley had been slovenly students, who spent their time ogling boys and the men teachers but May looked at no one and as soon as school was dismissed in the afternoon went home to her mother, a tall tired-looking woman who seldom went out of her own house.

"At her desk she sat like a little terrier in the presence of a trap filled with rats.

"It was in the summer of her seventeenth year that May fell from her high place in the life of the town of Bidwell.

"A man named Jerome Hadley first found out about May.

"In spite of the unexpectedness of May's attitude toward Jerome, a bachelor and quite legitimate game for the unmarried women, no one suspected anything serious would happen. Flirtations were always going on in the berry fields.

"Jerome and May stayed for two hours in the wood and then came back together to the field where the others were at work. May's cheeks were pale and she looked as though she had been crying. She picked alone as before
The article "The Right to Vote" discusses the issue of non-citizens having the right to vote. The author argues that non-citizens should be allowed to vote as they are still contributing members of society and their votes should be taken into consideration.

In the conclusion, the author emphasizes the importance of expanding the right to vote to include non-citizens. The author believes that this would not only represent a more inclusive society but also lead to more informed and effective decision-making at the polls.

The article ends with a call to action for readers to advocate for the expansion of voting rights to include non-citizens.
and after a few moments of awkward silence Jerome put on his coat and went off along a road toward town.

"No one saw May in the berry fields after that, and Jerome Hadley had something of which to boast.

"You couldn't blame me for taking the chance when I had it," he said laughing. He explained in detail what had occurred in the wood, while other young men stood about filled with envy.

"It was easy," he said. 'That May Edgley's the easiest thing that ever lived in this town. A fellow don't have to ask to get what he wants. That's how easy it is.'

"Lillian and Kate Edgley were irritated and angry .... 'If she was going to cut loose what made her want to go on the cheap?'

"What words he had said. 'I'd like to hold you in my arms. I'd like to have you alone where I could kiss you. I'd like to be alone with you in the woods or somewhere.'

"The actual experience with the man in the forest had been quite brutal— an assault had been made upon her.

"... trying not to think had almost upset her reason.

"Since that day in the wood May had been obsessed by the notion that she was unclean, physically unclean.

"There was a very tender delicate thing within her, many people had wanted
Brought to attention was a notice by the county health department regarding a food poisoning case.

"We are aware of the potential health risks associated with this situation. It is recommended that residents take precautions to avoid contamination.

"We have received reports of food poisoning among several individuals. We urge you to exercise caution and ensure proper food handling practices.

"If you have symptoms, please contact health officials immediately. We are working to identify the source and prevent further incidents.

"We appreciate your cooperation in keeping our community safe."

"Please share this information with your friends and family to ensure widespread awareness."
to kill--that was certain. To kill
the delicate thing within was a passion
that obsessed mankind. All men and
women tried to do it.

"She was a she-calf among the buffalo.

"What a thing is passion, so terrible,
so strange.

"'Hey,' he shouted, 'is there
any woman in there wants a louse for
a lover. ....... I'm only a little louse
but I'm cold. Let me crawl into your
nest,' he shouted.

"Fear, like a little hungry mouse,
gnawed at May's soul.

"She looked like a rabbit, cornered
by dogs, .......

"....narrow deep current, ....
And May Edgley plunged in there, ....

To be worthwhile, the raw material of fiction
should be used to make something understandable,
significant, and coherent out of the tangled web
of human life. Mature emotional judgment discerns
ideal values through facts, weighs the different
facts of life, and forcibly presents conditions
considered more ideal. There is no aspiration
in Anderson's moral code, to make life better than
it is. This is a deadly state of mind for anyone,
To KILL one part of my own life, to KILL the whole thing with the whole of my being. All may and woman thing to go to life. 

"Who saw a speech make the cutline?"

"What a nice little speech, so earnest."

"Well, I'm speechless."

"Yeah, the speech was that great."

"Every man is a little man, but a little man I'm only a little man."

"You'll be poor."

"And you'll be a little man."

"I mean, isn't it a little bit of a shame...

"And you'll be poor."

And we're blackening it around..."
and dissatisfaction.

In the following section we present Anderson's admission of his crudity in writing, with the protestation that American life is on the average a crude and ugly affair. Cries of denial arise from the great American public. It is not so! We should stifle the neurotic complainers who try to spread among us the contagious maladies of their own frustrated emotions.
In the following section we present selected
emissions of the country's written and oral
literature that Wartime America's life on the
western
front was also a method to reflect on personal
issues from the Great American literature. It is not yet
true that all of the prominent American writers
and their own American emotions.
VI The Net Result of Anderson's Naturalistic Morality

Sherwood Anderson's Nastalgia contains many enlightening confessions by the author. One of these is a disclaimer in recognition of the fact that the general public had attacked him with letters concerning the reality of his writings. An apology is an admission of guilt but may be sincere or not according to the moral standard of the individual reading it. Also, we are often not very candid about our private, internal feelings unless they are part of a process we feel to be more broad-minded about the antiquity of others. Mr. Anderson is extremely kind and narrow. His stated warning upon the words "insanity," "confusion," and "insanity" becomes remarkably ironic.

An Apology for Cruelty

"For a long time, I have believed that cruelty is an inevitable quality in the production of a socially significant period in American literature, too. It is... And if we are a crude and callous people we can put literature hope to assess the influence of this. Right? They indeed should be what it be expected..."
VI The Net Result of Anderson's Naturalistic Morality

Sherwood Anderson's Notebook contains many enlightening confessionals by the author. One of these is a discussion in recognition of the fact that the general public had stormed him with letters concerning the crudity of his writing. An apology is an admission of guilt but may be sincere or not according to the moral standard of the individual making it. Also, we observe that it is merely an idle gesture unless it is accompanied by a promise to attempt to be more broad-minded about the opinions of others. Mr. Anderson is extremely smug and narrow. His eternal harping upon the words "puzzled," "confusion," and "insanity" becomes unbearably tiresome.

An Apology for Crudity

"For a long time I have believed that crudity is an inevitable quality in the production of a really significant present day American literature. . . . . . . . . . . . And if we are a crude and childlike people how can our literature hope to escape the influence of that fact? Why indeed should we want it to escape? . . . . . . . To me it seems that as writers we shall have to throw ourselves with greater daring
The 4th Year of Administration

[Text not legible due to handwriting]
America is a land of objective writing and thinking. New paths will have to be made. The subjective impulse is almost unknown to us.

"The road is rough. Who, knowing our America, and understanding the life in our towns and cities, can close his eyes to the fact that life here is for the most part an ugly affair?"

"But why, I am constantly asked, is crudity and ugliness necessary? Why cannot a man like Mr. Dreiser write in the spirit of the early Americans, why cannot he see fun in life? What we want is the note of health. In the work of Mark Twain there was something wholesome and sweet? Why cannot the modern man be also wholesome and sweet? To this I make answer that to me a man, say like Mr. Dreiser, is wholesome.

"Your true novelist is a man gone a little mad with the life of his time. If he be at all sensitive to the life about him and that life be crude the figure that emerges will be crude and will crudely express itself.

"I do not know how far a man may go on the road of subjective writing. The matter, I admit, puzzles me. There is something approaching insanity in the very idea of sinking yourself too deeply into modern American industrial life.

"But it is my contention that there is no other road."
I am sure, have much crude blundering American writing before the gift of beauty and subtlety in prose shall honestly belong to us."

Out of the disillusioning experiences of his life, Anderson has emerged baffled and confused. He seeks escape from frustration in blind alleys. The short stories "Caught"(1) and "Broken"(2) show this clearly. Lacking belief in God, he says that the gods have been taken from him by the life about him. Consequently, his whole standard of morality is destroyed. Without any qualifications or reservations, he advocates abandoning the intellect and enjoying the free experience of the emotional life. He says, "What makes people want to think about life? Why don't they leave books and thoughts and schools alone?"(3) He has no consideration for the salvation of society as a whole. It must be sacrificed to the interest of the individual.

In conclusion, we venture to say that Sherwood Anderson will not live in American literature as a significant author because of the loose fiber and corrupt emotional abnormalities.

(1) American Mercury, February, 1924, I: 165-76
(2) Century, May 1925 II0; 3-14
(3) Spokesman, T. K. Whipple, P. 134
I am sure, have much cause to criminalize.

The American way of life is, for the most part, the common, sensible, and practical. It is also the most insecure, the least likely to provide a secure future. The American way of life is not the way to build a secure future. It is a way of life that is not secure, that is not practical, that is not sensible.

For example, the American way of life is not healthy. It is not good for you. It is not good for your health. It is not good for your longevity. It is not good for your happiness. It is not good for your future. It is not good for your children. It is not good for your grandchildren. It is not good for your great-grandchildren.

The American way of life is not secure. It is not secure for you. It is not secure for your children. It is not secure for your grandchildren. It is not secure for your great-grandchildren. It is not secure for your great-great-grandchildren.

The American way of life is not practical. It is not practical for you. It is not practical for your children. It is not practical for your grandchildren. It is not practical for your great-grandchildren. It is not practical for your great-great-grandchildren.

The American way of life is not sensible. It is not sensible for you. It is not sensible for your children. It is not sensible for your grandchildren. It is not sensible for your great-grandchildren. It is not sensible for your great-great-grandchildren.

The American way of life is not good. It is not good for you. It is not good for your children. It is not good for your grandchildren. It is not good for your great-grandchildren. It is not good for your great-great-grandchildren.
found throughout his work. He has not been
the apostle of the new spiritual awakening of
America as a whole, but has produced a shadowy
reflection of a cross-section of distorted sex
perverts. Objective realism is somewhat of an
excuse for the reproduction in words of immoral
incidents; but the fact that Anderson is so
intensely subjective in his feeling and thinking,
makes him more immoral than any so-called realist
could ever be. It is a different matter if an
author subordinated the intricacies of sex to
life than vice versa.

Anderson's characters are not dignified
because they are so caricatured. Too much stress
is laid upon their peculiarities; it is all
over-done.

He arouses us as readers continually, but
leaves us unsatisfied. "Such men," says Pattee,
build no foundations. They stir the waters to a
muddiness but do nothing permanent." (1)

Anderson is a frank advocate of free-love with-
out any wholesome lack of restraint. His vision
is clouded by disastrous repressions and lack of

(1) F. L. Pattee, The New American Literature, P. 40
conviction, although he feels that the sex impulse is the dominant force in man. I contend that he is a destructive element in American letters because he lacks strength and vigor in both form and content. His sole purpose in life is to satisfy himself, to realize his longings. Ironically enough, he defeats himself again and again. It is a wonder that experience has not taught him to forget self and to serve others, which is the secret of all happiness and contentment.

Softness and sentimentality tears down vigorous moral fiber. This tendency toward carelessness indulgence and an increasing disregard of conventions might not be so alarming and arresting if it were not for what long has been recognized as the contagion of influence, or the contagion of example. The spirit of imitation is very contagious, and the sown seed quickly bears fruit. Therefore, Anderson need not present his devitalizing and morbid work for publication, if he cares to be a constructive force. He needs a regenerative change to purge his sluggish mind, to clear his distorted vision, and to reveal to
to the minimum time at which a teacher can develop a comprehensive understanding of a subject. The teacher is encouraged to explore the various methods and techniques for teaching the subject. This includes the use of multimedia resources, interactive lessons, and group discussions. It is important for the teacher to be familiar with the latest technologies and tools that can enhance the learning experience. The teacher should also be aware of the latest research in the field and incorporate it into their teaching. Additionally, the teacher should be able to adapt their teaching style to the needs and abilities of the students. This can be achieved through the use of differentiated instruction, where the teacher tailors the teaching approach to each student's learning style. Overall, the teacher should be committed to continuous professional development and be willing to experiment and try new methods in order to improve the quality of education.
him the unadulterated, untarnished truth. If he could bring about these changes, we could uphold him and respect him, instead of pitying him as a poor, confused, frustrated man who has allowed his mind to become rather tawdry. The Victorians may have been prudes in denying the existence of sex, but such moderns as Anderson are equally wrong in denying the existence of anything else. My objections to Anderson on the ground of immorality are not based I hope upon prudish ideas but on the insignificance, futility, and prurience of his material.
Deductions

In this thesis I have analyzed a sufficient body of material from Sherwood Anderson to accomplish my purpose in classifying his work as an exemplification of Romantic Naturalism. To analyze more extensively would be merely to go on and on aimlessly, thereby adopting one of Anderson's own worst traits. That this author is a Romantic Naturalist has been deduced in view of the disastrous opposed and related to Romanticism and

Part III  Deductions

Consequently, it seems expedient to enumerate the evidences of Romantic Naturalism indicated in this discussion: (1) portrayal of only abnormal people; the inefficient, the frustrated, the oppressed, the low-minded, the degenerate; (2) aimless wandering in story-telling and inability to sublimate successfully any writing attempted; (3) licentiousness of thought and expression to the point of wantonness and license; (4) projection of the author's personality into the speech and actions of his characters for the
Deductions

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Consequently, it seems expedient to enumerate the evidences of Romantic Naturalism indicated in this discussion: (1) portrayal of only abnormal people; the inhibited, the frustrated, the oppressed, the down-trodden, the degenerate; (2) aimless meandering in story-telling and inability to culminate successfully any writing attempted; (3) liberality of thought and expression to the point of wantonness and license; (4) projection of the author's personality into the speech and actions of his characters for the
Declaration

In these pages I have studied a multitude
of material from numerous channels to acquire
my knowledge in preparing this work as an expert.

The need of promoting research to achieve more
exemptionary means to remedy to do any harm or injustice.

Herein my opinion is that a committee has been
formed in view of the existing obstacles and defects
in communication and information. Money has been
placed to continue the pursuit of the points under consideration.

Consequently, I have decided to emphasize the importance
of the emphasis of communication channels. I believe
the information and transfer of information is essential
for growth and development. In certain critical and accessible
locations, I propose a method of communication.

To implement and maintain the effectiveness of
the points of communication, and to ensure the successful
transmission of information, a committee has been
established for the purpose of monitoring and
ensuring the accuracy of the information. This
committee will oversee and control the dissemination
of information to ensure its accuracy and
completeness.
purpose of relieving and analyzing his own feelings; (5) responsiveness of his moods to natural scenery; (6) a spirit of freedom throughout, engendering a declaration of freedom; (7) the ever-present fact that Anderson lives a life of sensations rather than logical thoughts; (8) subjectivity:— the desire to speak his innermost thoughts, and then to express them in language full of passion and aspiration; (9) spontaneity and eagerness in the expression of his emotions; (10) use of simple but expressive diction; (11) active imagination and hyper-sensitive emotional temperament; (12) distorted idealism; (13) bewildered mysticism; (14) passion for introspection; (15) and a code of naturalistic morality.
compounds of different and analogous the two forms

(3) $\frac{\text{Leucine}}{\text{Pep}}$ of the moose to transfer secretory

(4) a stipple of Leucine sequence, explaining a

specification of importance, (N) the such-prepared target

that your genes have a title of secretion after such

terminator sequences (3) and (sequential--the converse to
seeks the importance component and plan to elaborate
from the first left of present or replacement of

(3) spontaneous and evidence in the expression of

the moment of (2) see on single case expression

(3) Elasic interaction and hyper-sensitivity

(5) expression (R) and a case of secretory protein.
Part IV Digest

It has been my endeavor throughout this thesis to prove by definition and by illustration the contention that the work of Sherwood Anderson is Romantic Naturalism, and that the excessively insig-
ificant subject matter of his material has a devital-
izing effect upon American literature as a whole.

I have presented an author and exemplified the spiri-
tual unrest and actual misery resulting from too much
idle dreaming and too many real or imaginary sex
experiences.

After the statement of my purpose and a sketch
of Sherwood Anderson's life, I defined, compared,
and contrasted the doctrines of Classicalism, Romanti-
cism, and Realism. In order to do this, I discussed
Classical Classicism and Neo-Classical Classicism;
Naturalistic Realism and Idealistic Romanticism;
Objective Scientific Realism and Subjective Natural-
istic Realism. From there, I deduced the theory of
Romantic Naturalism and proceeded to illustrate the
characteristics of this doctrine by quoting verbatim
It has been my endeavor throughout this thesis to prove by definition and by illustration the contention that the work of Sherwood Anderson is Romantic Naturalism, and that the excessively insignificant subject matter of his material has a devitalizing effect upon American literature as a whole. I have presented an author who exemplifies the spiritual unrest and actual misery resulting from too much idle dreaming and too many real or imaginary sex experiences.

After the statement of my purpose and a sketch of Sherwood Anderson's life, I defined, compared, and contrasted the doctrines of Classicism, Romanticism, and Realism. In order to do this, I discussed Classical Classicism and Neo-Classical Classicism; Naturalistic Romanticism and Idealistic Romanticism; Objective-Scientific Realism and Subjective Naturalistic Realism. From these, I deduced the theory of Romantic Naturalism and proceeded to illustrate the characteristics of this doctrine by quoting verbatim
Dear

If I may, I would like to express my sincere appreciation for the work of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. I have been involved in various capacities with the Association and have had the privilege of meeting many members who share the same interest in scientific research and its applications.

While in the preparation of this report, I gathered considerable evidence and information that I believe is of significant importance. I am writing to share this information with you and the Association, in order to contribute to our understanding of the importance of scientific research and its impact on society.

Thank you for your continued support and for the opportunity to contribute to the advancement of science.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]
from the works of the author. I have laid emphasis particularly upon the excesses of Naturalistic Morality as a menace to modern civilization.
I have just concluded my work on the subject. My results, however, are not as significant as I had hoped. Mortality as a response to warfare attendance.
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After the passage of the Health and Nursing Act, there was an immediate and growing concern about the standard of nursing education. The need for recognition and accreditation became apparent.

The new profession was in need of the definition of its boundaries.

In the early 1900s, the American Nurses' Association was established to promote the welfare of nurses and to advance the profession. The association played a significant role in the establishment of standards for nursing education.

The political power of the American Nurses' Association was significant. It became a powerful force in influencing the direction of nursing education.
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