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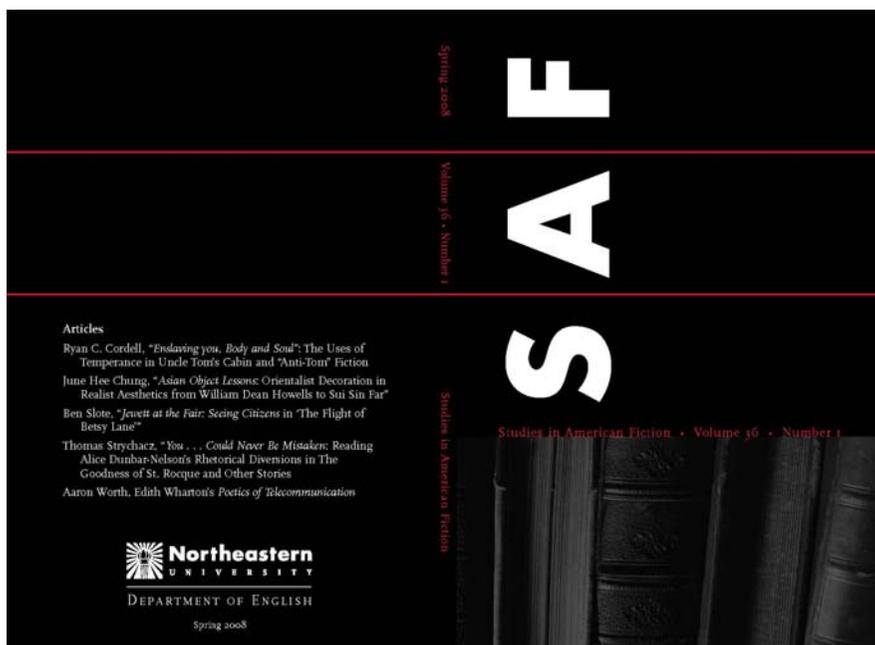
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Martha C. Carpentier, *The Deracinated Self: Immigrants, Orphans, and the "Migratory Consciousness" of Willa Cather and Susan Glaspell*

THE DERACINATED SELF: IMMIGRANTS, ORPHANS, AND THE “MIGRATORY CONSCIOUSNESS” OF WILLA CATHER AND SUSAN GLASPELL

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On May 10, 1931, in the *New York Times*, Brooks Atkinson bewailed the awarding of the Pulitzer Prize to Susan Glaspell for her play *Alison's House*, performed by Eva Le Gallienne's repertory company. "If the drama prize were for Miss Glaspell personally," he writes, "every one would purr with satisfaction. For nearly a quarter of a century she has been an influence for good in the literature of this country." But *Alison's House* "does not represent her fairly" and Atkinson castigates the Pulitzer committee for "passing silently over 'Brook Evans,' the novel she published three years ago" which he calls "the finest transcript of her mind." This is reminiscent of another Midwestern woman writer who similarly won the Pulitzer Prize for a work that was not considered her best, *One of Ours*, and who similarly should have won it for a novel she had published four years previously, *My Ántonia*. Indeed, Atkinson compares them: "Like Willa Cather, who also comes out of the Middle West, Miss Glaspell has been seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. . . . Those who come from that wide, freely populated territory, where farming is still a basic industry, are likely to have a breadth and tenderness of mind that is no longer common among Eastern writers."¹

Situating their comparison in a common sense of place is appropriate for these writers, both of whom were deeply affected by the migration of their families from east to west; in Glaspell's case, not during her own lifetime as was the case with Cather, but during the waves of migration westward of the 1820s–1850s, first to Ohio and Kentucky and finally settling in Davenport, Iowa. Although Glaspell did not live through the westward migration herself, as her most recent biographer Linda Ben-Zvi has shown, her paternal grandmother and namesake, a "spinner of a mythology of pioneering," lived with the family throughout Glaspell's childhood and influenced her profoundly. Ben-Zvi writes that the word and concept that "remained constant" throughout her work on Glaspell was *pioneer*: "Pioneer . . . defines the direction of Glaspell's own life and the ways in which she continually pushed against fixed boundaries, assuming an independence that she saw as a legacy from her ancestors."² But this is only the beginning of the remarkable parallels between the lives and work

of Susan Glaspell and Willa Cather.

Born three years apart, Cather in 1873 and Glaspell in 1876 (ironically, Cather claimed the centennial year for her birth while Glaspell disavowed it, dropping six years from her age), both of them became prototypical turn-of-the-century "New Women." Both were well versed in the classics and pursued academic university educations "at a time when less than two percent of American women attended college" (Ben-Zvi, viii). Cather was "excused from the 'first prep' year typically required of students from small high schools"³ when she went to the University of Nebraska, while Glaspell entered Drake University in Des Moines as a junior, "waiving two years because of her Latin certificate" (Ben-Zvi, 35). Both took rigorous courses of study including Greek, Latin, French, and English literature, Cather graduating in 1895 and Glaspell in 1899. Both were involved while at college in literary, journalistic, and oratorical pursuits, publishing essays in their respective college journals, the *Hesperian* for Cather, and the *Delphic* for Glaspell. Both had significant careers in journalism that began very early: "just out of high school" Glaspell began contributing to the *Davenport Morning Republican* and published a weekly column, "Social Life," in the *Weekly Outlook* from 1896 to 1897, while Cather "was not yet twenty years old" when she began "doing a regular column for the *Nebraska State Journal* as well as miscellaneous reviews" (Ben-Zvi, 30; Stout, 38). After graduation both women returned home where they continued working for newspapers to make money, Glaspell at the *Des Moines Daily News*, where she covered the state legislature and the murder trials that were to influence her work later on. For both writers journalism provided an important apprenticeship and during these years they began publishing their short fiction in prestigious magazines such as *Harper's*, *Munsey's*, *Scribner's*, and *McClure's*, a form of artistic expression and financial support they both would continue to pursue successfully.

Joseph R. Urgo has argued that "the central theme, the overarching myth, the single experience, that defines American culture at its core is migration."⁴ Urgo believes that the restless travels, "transatlantic crossings," and "detachment" of the "lost generation" of the 1920s did not indicate their rebellion from the norm (as they often liked to think), but rather "in becoming homeless citizens of the world, [this] generation was being incorporated into a great fact of American existence: migratory consciousness" (7–8), and for him Cather best "articulates the cultural mode of thought produced by migratory consciousness" (5). Glaspell, too, lived and expressed in her work the American "migratory consciousness." With her college friend Lucy Huffaker, she

spent 1908 traveling in Holland and Belgium, living in the Latin quarter “immersed in Parisian bohemia” and supporting herself with advances on her novels and fees from her short stories, just as Cather had done in 1902 with Isabelle McClung, sending articles back to the *Nebraska State Journal*.⁵ In 1896 Cather took a job as editor of the *Home Monthly Magazine* in Pittsburgh, while in 1902 Glaspell enrolled at the University of Chicago for one term, and these cities functioned for both women as urban stepping-stones on their eastward migration to that mecca of the arts, New York City, where they entered the most productive periods of their careers.

While travel remained inspirational for both writers, neither could be described as “homeless citizens” like some others of their generation. Janis Stout maintains that the “tension between Cather’s . . . restlessness and her profound homing urge is evident again and again in the patterns of her life” (27). When Cather moved to Greenwich Village in 1906 to undertake editorial work at *McClure’s* she fulfilled her need for a “single established home” in the apartments she shared in New York with Edith Lewis, which, added to her summer retreats in New Brunswick and New Hampshire, enabled her dual identity as “incessant traveler and homebody” (Stout, 27). Similarly, Ben-Zvi writes that “to have a home of her own was immensely important to Susan.” She quotes from one of Glaspell’s unpublished notes: “Home is what we want to be. Where we feel at ease with ourselves. Home is faith—purpose. Many are homeless. Must get back home” (146). Glaspell established her life-long home with her husband George Cram Cook in their summer retreat on Cape Cod, 564 Commercial Street, Provincetown, wintering with him in various apartments on Milligan Place, Greenwich Village, during the Provincetown Players years 1915–1922. In 1922 they left for a two-year stay in Greece, where Cook died in 1924, and in later years she lived for a time in Chicago and London.⁶

By 1912, the year Cather left journalism to commit herself to fiction and published her first novel, *Alexander’s Bridge*, Glaspell had already published two critically acclaimed novels, *Glory of the Conquered* in 1909 and *The Visioning* in 1911. In 1912 she published a collection of her short stories, *Lifted Masks*, and during the years 1913–1918 when Cather was producing her epic novels of the plains, Glaspell and Cook with other friends performed their first plays on the Provincetown wharf in the summer of 1915, moving the Players to New York the following year. It is not my purpose here to detail the exciting ferment of these years nor the important contribution Susan Glaspell made to American drama with the eleven plays she wrote, co-produced, and often acted in. J. Ellen Gainor observes that “at the

height of Glaspell's theatrical creativity she was held to be one of American theater's leading figures, if not its shining light," and she quotes from Ludwig Lewisohn, who wrote in 1932: "Susan Glaspell was followed by Eugene O'Neill. The rest was silence; the rest is silence still." My purpose is rather to provide a more cohesive overview of her life's work with greater focus on her fiction in relation to that of Cather.⁷

The year 1915 saw two novels portraying the genesis of the "New Woman" from her roots in a provincial Midwestern town toward a cosmopolitan life of action and achievement: Cather's *Song of the Lark* and Glaspell's *Fidelity*. Eight of Glaspell's plays, including *Trifles*, were collected and published in 1920, and while Cather was producing her darker "problem novels" of the 1920s, Glaspell published two of her most important long plays, *Inheritors* in 1921 and *The Verge* in 1922. After Glaspell's return from Greece, aside from her Pulitzer Prize winning play *Alison's House*, she turned her attention fully to novel writing, producing six over the ensuing years until her death in 1948, one year after Cather's: *Brook Evans*, 1928; *Fugitive's Return*, 1929; *Ambrose Holt and Family*, 1931; *The Morning is Near Us*, 1940; *Norma Ashe*, 1942; and *Judd Rankin's Daughter*, 1945. While "Glaspell's plays almost always prompted widely diverging critical opinion, which ranged from adulation to flat dismissal"—a diversity perhaps to be expected in reaction to such an innovative experiment as the Provincetown Players—readers may not be aware that her novels were critically well-received, popular, and widely read not only in the U.S. but abroad.⁸ *Brook Evans* "settled comfortably into second place on the *New York Herald Tribune* best-seller list in August 1928" and its excellent sales in America and England led Paramount Pictures to film it, with a screenplay by Zoë Akins.⁹ *The Morning is Near Us* was the Literary Guild's Book of the Month choice for April 1940 and sold more than 100,000 copies, while *Fugitive's Return* shared the best-seller list with *A Farewell to Arms* in 1929.¹⁰ Of course Glaspell's novels did not receive universal praise, but critics generally acknowledged the integrity of her artistry: "So much of an individual is Susan Glaspell one knows in advance that a novel from her pen will not be an ordinary book," wrote Percy Hutchison, reviewing *Fugitive's Return* in the *New York Times*, and John Chamberlain in his *Times* review of *Ambrose Holt and Family* wrote, "the artist of dignity and integrity, no matter what the state of the nation, can always find a more or less dignified theme. We would not swear to it, but Miss Glaspell at least poses the possibility," while Rose Feld, also in the *Times*, opined that *Norma Ashe* was "told with the simplicity and emotional restraint of a fine artist."¹¹

Where there are such similarities between two writers, the dif-

ferences must equally claim our attention. By turning to an analysis of some key stylistic and thematic similarities and differences in the work, I hope to reach a better understanding of the most striking difference between them: Cather's consistent presence within the canon of respected American writers as opposed to Glaspell's disappearance from American letters until the ground-breaking work of Marcia Noe and Gerhard Bach in the 1970s and Mary Anne Ferguson's inclusion of Glaspell's short story "A Jury of Her Peers" in her 1973 anthology, *Images of Women in Literature*.

Cather and Glaspell both have an aesthetic fundamentally grounded in the dichotomy between migration and homestead that includes the use of spatial imagination and memory as narrative techniques. Urgo has termed this dichotomy the "Catherian 'Great Divide,' . . . between homelessness and rootedness" (48) and in his development of Cather's "spatial dialectic" (66), he reads her as privileging the traveler over the settler:

All Willa Cather's great settlers (Ántonia Shimerda Cuzak, Alexandra Bergson, Godfrey St. Peter) carry within their minds the dream of flight or the memory of escape. Likewise, all her great travelers (Jim Burden, Carl Linstrum, Tom Outland) harbor fantasies of settlement and permanence. These characters, paired as they are, constitute emblems of the American crossroads. Willa Cather expresses in many ways the idea that journeys, desires, and acts of seeking are more valuable than destinations, consummations, and acts of finding. (57–58)

Janis Stout acknowledges her indebtedness to Urgo, but "sharply disagree[s]", seeing Cather as "writing from a conflicted sense of yearning toward *both* settlement and movement" (327), and the repeated motif of balanced pairing itself supports her reading. Urgo's "crossroads" is a wonderful trope for Cather's vision, but the loop or circle better describes Glaspell's. Like Cather and other modernists of their generation, Glaspell believed in the rebellion of the individual against (and necessary departure from) the limitations of small-town conventionality, and she too portrays a binary of home/travel, community/isolation, settlement/autonomy; however, Glaspell's "migratory consciousness" is ultimately all about *return*. Rootedness is fundamental to her concept of identity, rootedness in place and rootedness in the past.

For both authors, therefore, memory functions as a powerful structural element in their fictions. Urgo argues that "Cather's sense of memory includes . . . discarding recollections" because the "future

belongs to those whose suitcases are packed with keepsakes freely bartered for spatial autonomy" (37–38), but while it is true that immigrants must be able to slough off the past in order to create new identities in new environments, there is little evidence for the value of forgetting in Cather. Quite the contrary: the entire text of *My Ántonia* is a paean to Jim Burden's memory, while in *The Song of the Lark* Thea Kronberg's art is repeatedly sustained by "the earliest sources of gladness she could remember."¹² Memory is as crucial to the traveler's sense of self as it is to the settler's (perhaps even moreso), and Cather emphasizes this by centralizing the Professor's memory of "Tom Outland's Story" (itself a memory), at the crux of her tripartite narrative in *The Professor's House*. As in these texts, memory is often a key structural element in Glaspell's novels. For instance, *Fugitive's Return* also uses a tripartite structure that centralizes memories of the past within a present-day narration: in Chapters 1–18 Irma Lee Shraeder, having lost both husband and child, tries to commit suicide but she is rescued by friends and sent to Greece where she encounters an archaic agrarian community; Chapters 19–34 portray her recollections of familial, social, and gender conflicts growing up in the American Midwest in the early years of the twentieth century, leading to the dissolution of her marriage; Chapters 35–48 return to the present-day Greek setting where Irma enacts a cathartic resolution to the childhood conflicts that will allow her finally to return to "the old house on the hill."¹³ Whereas for Cather memory is externalized by storytelling, either by a first-person narrator or as layered narratives within the text, for Glaspell memory is a resurrection of the past through internalized third-person monologue, a cathartic process derived from Freudian free association and emulating the *anagnorisis* of Greek drama.¹⁴

For Glaspell the emphasis is on psyche; whereas for Cather it is on culture, or as some have argued, empire. This difference marks their use of classical antecedents, a modernist aesthetic in which they both participated. Cather's models were "primarily Virgil's *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and *Aeneid*," combining "the Virgilian celebration of the countryside and the Virgilian epic of state founding" in a technique that is fundamentally pastoral (Stout, 110). Glaspell's classical models were Plato and the Greek dramatists, and her technique is fundamentally dialogic and dramatic.¹⁵ There is little omniscient exposition in Glaspell's novels and, unlike Cather's fictional world, the landscape in Glaspell's work does not have a life of its own; rather, similar to the expressionistic sets she experimented with in her plays, it functions metaphorically to express her protagonists' psychic states. Glaspell's

“acute spatial sense” (Ben-Zvi, 146) is thus intimately connected to her evocation of memory.

Archaeological sites are, by their very nature, metaphors for memory. Similar to the way in which Freud used the stratified historicity of Rome as a metaphor for the unconscious in *Civilization and its Discontents*, Glaspell wrote in *Norma Ashe*, “Just as there are buried civilizations, so in the span of one lifetime there are buried selves.”¹⁶ Cather understood, too, that the ideas evoked by such a setting were like “an act of remembering” (*Song*, 373). Both Cather and Glaspell situated fictional migrants within archaeological sites that meant a great deal to each of them personally, resulting in powerful evocations of the collective unconscious of an ancient human past. Several scholars have discussed Cather’s 1912 trip to Arizona and New Mexico and the ways in which it “affected her emotionally, spiritually, imaginatively, erotically” at a crucial juncture in her life.¹⁷ Glaspell’s 1922–24 trip to Greece was also a watershed, as important to her later fiction as Cather’s trips to the Southwest in 1912 and 1925 were for hers. It occurred at a crucial juncture in her life as well: the Provincetown Players were splitting apart, divided by Eugene O’Neill’s desire to move his productions to Broadway in opposition to Cook’s uncompromising vision of a non-commercial writers’ theater.¹⁸ Then, while in Greece she lost Cook, the person nearest to her and the one who had inspired (some would say bullied) her to turn her hand to the theater in the first place. Just as for Cather ten years previously, it was time for Glaspell’s creativity to move in a new direction, and it was the ancient landscape and people of Greece that inspired her.

Every description Glaspell ever wrote about the experience, and she did write about it copiously—in letters to her mother; in her biography of Cook, *The Road to the Temple*; in a lovely elegiac essay, “Dwellers on Parnassos”; in a long story, “The Faithless Shepherd”; and in her novel *Fugitive’s Return*—indicates that for her the trip was an inspirational return, to use the Bergsonian term, to *origines*. She and Cook trekked from Athens to Delphi where they lived for several months near the ruins of the Temple of Apollo and the Dionysian theater which had been excavated by the French in the 1890s. There she “delighted in . . . studying the fallen columns” and as Glaspell herself describes, in contemplating “the little plants of soft velvet-gray” growing up between the stones of the amphitheater, reminding her of “the god Dionysus . . . said to be buried” there and of the origins of Athenian drama in Dionysian ritual.¹⁹ In an unpublished poem among her papers Glaspell evokes the connection to the past she experienced through touching the remains of the temple: “It was my

hand—my hand upon the broken column—first felt / another moment / . . . I live again in what lived then, / And what lived then moves now in me.”²⁰ It was not only the ancient ruins that inspired her, but also the contemporary peasants still living an agrarian life according to primordial seasonal rhythms predating the achievements of fifth-century Athens, as she wrote to her mother:

Here we are, in the little mountain town of Delphi, the place of the old temples . . . to be here makes that beautiful old civilization so real. . . . I wish you could see this town. George was saying last night that it seems like something even older than Greece. Of course what it is, is the mountain shepherding life of Greece, at the very beginnings of the nation, and seeming much as it must have been in those first days.²¹

In *The Song of the Lark* and *The Professor's House*, Cather uses the remains of ancient Native American cliff-dwellings as the avenue for her characters, Thea Kronberg and Tom Outland, to ascend and to transcend humanity. Cather represents the cliff-dwellings as high up Panther Canyon, a liminal space perched between the “thrilling blue of the new sky” and the sun-drenched clay that releases Thea from “the enslaving desire to get on in the world” (369). Thea’s “understanding of those old people” is a nonverbal semiotic that “came up to her out of the rock-self on which she lay . . . feelings transmitted to her . . . [that] were not expressible in words, but seemed rather to translate themselves into attitudes of body” (376). Also for Tom the locus is high above humanity, atop Blue Mesa, where the deserted Anasazi village sits in “immortal repose . . . looking down into the canyon with the calmness of eternity.”²² Despite the closeness Thea attains that summer with her lover, Fred Ottenburg, what she takes away from the cliff-dwellings is a renewed dedication to the art that ultimately isolates her. As Fred comments, “I, too, am an instrument” along Thea’s way toward the lonely pinnacle of artistic achievement (391). The “Cliff-Dwellers had lengthened her past,” reminding her that she “had older and higher obligations” than temporal human relationships (382–83). Similarly, the orphan Tom Outland begins exploring the Mesa with the first truly “happy family” (176) he has known—his friend Roddy Blake and the old cook Henry—but his “adventure” becomes a “religious experience” only in isolation: Henry dies of a snakebite in the mesa, and after Tom returns from a fruitless expedition to interest the Smithsonian in excavating the site, he finds that Roddy has sold many of the relics and rejects him (227). Tom calls his solitary experience thereafter “my high tide. Every morning, when

the sun's rays first hit the mesa top, while the rest of the world was in shadow, I wakened with the feeling that I had found everything, instead of having lost everything" (227). Having lost humanity, Tom has found God.

Glaspell interprets the experience and effect of contact with an ancient civilization differently from Cather—not as ascent and transcendence, but as descent and catharsis, leading away from isolation, toward community. Bereft of husband and child, Irma starts her journey from a place of total isolation and loss of identity, and travel for her, as for most immigrants, enables creating a new identity in a new land. Using the tickets and passport of another woman who can't go on her planned trip to Greece, Irma takes her name, Myra Freeman, which like the name Tom Outland, signifies the wanderer's liberation. But whereas Tom discovers in the Anasazi ruins a dead culture that affirms and validates his solitude, Irma finds in Delphi a living history that embraces her into the "rhythm" of human continuity. As one striking example, the female mummy discovered by Tom and named by the men "Mother Eve"—the matriarchal avatar of a primordial faith (significantly, she is redefined by Father Duchene as an adulterer whose husband justifiably murdered her)—can be paralleled with Irma's *becoming* a living avatar of the ancient past. To excavate old Delphi, the French had to relocate the existing village further up Mount Parnassus, off the ruins of the Temple of Apollo and Dionysian theater. Glaspell, however, situates Irma's fictional house "within the sacred precinct" (Glaspell, *Fugitive's Return*, 49–50). Dressed in fabric woven by Greek women "so near the color of stones that had once been temple that when she walked among them she seemed of them," she is deified by the villagers as "the Kyria of the Archai" (Lady of the Ruins). Similar to Thea, Irma experiences the past in a nonverbal bodily semiotic communicated through the stones themselves and through the women's art of weaving, as well as pantomimic enactments on "the stage of the old theater" (54):

Though the Kyria did not speak, and understood but little Greek, she and Stamula would communicate with each other at the loom. . . . To express what they meant, they would often have to act things out. . . . [I]t was as if in learning to work at the loom she had found out how to let her hands, her body, do other things for her. . . . Talking to each other in this way made them more humorously and more deeply acquainted than if they had been able to talk with words. A thing said by acting seemed to mean, not only the thing said, but something of which it was a part, something underneath. (64–65)

This “something” larger of which she is a part is not accessed via air or sky as in Cather’s rendition, but found “underneath.” Irma’s friend Stamula takes her to a “lowered place, as a cellar, though small; as a grave, though large,” where, as she indicates to Irma, “the little shepherd girl, Constantina, had been ravished” (69). Glaspell further identifies this “hollowed place in the temple” with the *omphalos*, the holy stone of the Delphic Oracle, regarded in ancient times as the navel of the world. Irma “would go down into this place and, herself silent, put questions to the long-silent Oracle” (94).²³ Irma asks “Whose was the first voice? Who first spoke? A shepherd girl—like Constantina?” By identifying the sibyls of the Oracle with the raped and ostrasized girl, Irma conflates the dead past with the living present. Unlike Tom who loses Henry and Roddy, or Thea who cannot marry Fred, Irma forms a sisterhood with Stamula and motherhood with Constantina, whom she adopts at the end of the novel. Tom’s and Thea’s connection with *origines* in the primal space is ultimately a transcendent extra-human experience, while Irma’s is ultimately a communal affirmation.

Janis Stout writes that “by the age of eleven Cather had undergone two major displacements” as her family migrated first to Nebraska and then moved into the town of Red Cloud. The “defining event” of her early life was displacement, with a “pervasive” effect on her fiction in the “recurrent motifs of departure and return” (12–13); therefore, when writing of immigrants, Cather “wrote of herself covertly, in disguise” (106). For Glaspell, too, the immigrant, migrant, and orphan represent covert expressions of a deracinated self; however, Glaspell’s displacement was not one of space, but one of class. As mentioned above, she did not migrate with her family; rather, as Ben-Zvi has perceptively shown, her ancestors had been among the founding families of Davenport, but due to improvidence in her grandfather’s and father’s generations, “the Glaspell fortunes had diminished . . . from owning large tracts of land . . . to living in a rented house in an area of poor dwellings in ‘the flats,’ near the river” (17). As a child growing up Glaspell found herself marginalized by the “rising dynasties” (4) of the nouveau riche and she felt keenly the “class differences that made her an outsider in the very community her first ancestors settled” (17). Whereas Cather moved, Glaspell was ostrasized, and this had pervasive effects on Glaspell’s fiction as well. For Ben-Zvi, it “may help explain in part Susan’s desire to cast her eyes back . . . to reconnect with an earlier time and the . . . values that had shaped it” (4). It also may help explain Glaspell’s consistent critique of capitalism, from her first exposure to socialism in the Monist Society founded by Cook

and Floyd Dell and expressed, perhaps somewhat naively, in some of her early short stories and 1911 novel *The Visioning*, to her astringent analysis of how the ungoverned capitalism of the 1920s destroyed ideals, families, and lives in her 1942 novel *Norma Ashe*.²⁴ It also allowed her to move imaginatively from center to margin and to identify her protagonists with the Other in ways that are complicit rather than binaristic or oppositional.

As critics such as Elizabeth Ammons, Mike Fischer, and Janis Stout have shown, Cather's ethnocentric portrayal of immigrants is problematic for late twentieth-century and twenty-first century readings. "Cather's sympathetic, even celebratory attitude toward immigrants" is expressed only "within a narrowly selective range of ethnic origins and a hierarchical vision in which immigrants were marked . . . as lower class" (Stout, 161). Also difficult is Cather's erasure of Native Americans in some texts and uncritical acceptance of their deracination in others: "To ignore them and to ignore the history of their displacement in novels that avow their historical foundation is a major distortion" (Stout, 157). For Ammons, "Cather's racism and ethnocentricity undercut her attempt to create" an innovative art,²⁵ but Stout's uneasy stance towards Cather's conservatism is marked by her repeated assurance that "pervasive racism" was "a habit of mind Cather shared with her culture" (73), that Cather's white, northern European "immigrants reflect fairly accurately the prevailing preferences in the United States at the time at which she was writing" (154), and that anti-Semitic stereotypes were "so deeply ingrained in Cather and in her culture that she was scarcely aware of them" (227). "Race," concludes Stout, "is a difficult issue throughout Cather's work and one that can easily disrupt our response to its beauty. This is not to say that she was a racist, but that she participated in a racist culture" (221).

That the participation in, and promulgation of, racist cultural ideologies is, to some degree a matter of choice, however, is evidenced by those who choose not to do so. Susan Glaspell was quoted in 1921 by journalist Alice Rohe as remarking, "I am interested in all progressive movements, whether feminist, social or economic . . . but I can take no very active part other than through my writing."²⁶ J. Ellen Gainor reads this statement, not as an apology for lack of involvement, but as Glaspell's expression of commitment through her writing to the progressive politics she believed in: "we may conclude that Glaspell chose her writing, particularly her drama, as her political platform, her form of activism. . . . [It] must be seen as a political act."²⁷ Glaspell celebrated the ideals that drove immigrants to make a new life in America, but unlike Cather she was just as concerned to portray the underbelly

of American prejudice and resistance to inclusion of the Other within its bounty, not only in her drama, but throughout her oeuvre from her earliest short stories in *Lifted Masks* to her late novels, in particular *The Morning is Near Us*, a novel that explicitly contests halcyon myths about the immigrant experience, and *Judd Rankin's Daughter*, the 1945 novel in which Glaspell took a direct stand against the anti-Semitism expressed by many of her friends at the time. As she wrote in an unpublished typescript, defending the protagonist of *Judd Rankin's Daughter*: “she even fights savagely at times, even against her best friend, in the race prejudice scene. And here the author can say what she feels about race prejudice, the menace of it to the world we are trying to shape.”²⁸

This difference between the two writers is strikingly illustrated by their differing treatments of Blackhawk. Fischer and Stout have shown that Cather's renaming of Red Cloud, Nebraska in *My Ántonia* after Blackhawk—the chief who was defeated in 1832 and whose tribal lands became much of Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin—was a “nostalgic tribute” that participated in the ideological process of romanticizing deracinated tribal people as the “Vanishing American,” just as the actual naming of Red Cloud in 1870 after the last chief of the Oglalla Sioux further west had been.²⁹ Glaspell's orientation to Blackhawk was also nostalgic, but far more personal. Ben-Zvi describes “the stories her grandmother told of the early settlers and of Blackhawk, in addition to her own reading of Blackhawk's *Autobiography* and the histories that settlers published” as providing Glaspell with “different narratives” to draw on than the stereotypical bloodthirsty savages, depraved heathens or noble children of nature. For Glaspell Blackhawk was a potent image of loss, debts owed, and eternal promise, “not only a symbol of white injustice done to Indians but the standard against which subsequent generations must measure themselves” (6–7). She uses him as such to good effect in her play *Inheritors* in which she contrasts the foundational American democratic ideals of equality and inclusion against the burgeoning nativism and xenophobia of the 1920s.³⁰

Inheritors is a four-act, three-generational play that opens in 1879 with “Grandmother Morton” telling a young salesman, who wants to buy land from her son Silas, about her participation in the Blackhawk War of 1832. When he concludes, “I guess you believe the saying that the only good Indian is a dead Indian,” she responds: “I dunno. We roiled them up considerable. They was mostly friendly when let be. Didn't want to give up their land—but I've noticed something of the same nature in white folks.”³¹ Grandmother Morton and her son Silas

are successful pioneers like Cather's Alexandra, who arrived in the 1820s with nothing, but whose hard labor on the land has brought success and stability. She tells Smith that they would not have survived their first winter without the Indians' help, and expresses her conflict between regret for the defeat of Blackhawk and ownership of his land:

This very land—land you want to buy—was the land they loved—Blackhawk and his Indians. They came here for their games. This was where their fathers—as they called 'em—were buried. I've seen my husband and Blackhawk climb that hill together. (*a backward point right*) He used to love that hill—Blackhawk. He talked how the red man and the white man could live together. But poor old Blackhawk—what he didn't know was how many white man there was. (105)

Into this historical background Glaspell brings the European revolutionaries of 1848 who immigrated to the United States seeking asylum and freedom. Silas Morton, characterized as a passionate visionary trapped by necessity and inheritance in a life of farming, wants to donate Blackhawk's hill to "plant a college, so's after we are gone that college says for us . . . 'That is why we took this land'" as a tribute both to the Native chief and to Felix Fejevary, his beloved Hungarian neighbor who brought learning and culture into his life: "You said things that woke things in me and I thought about them as I ploughed. And that made me know there had to be a college there Thank God they drove you out o' Hungary!" (113–15).

The rest of the play takes place in 1920, on the fortieth anniversary of Morton College. Felix Fejevary's son is now, after a Harvard education, "an American of the more sophisticated type" (119) who wants Morton College "to take our place as one of the important colleges . . . of the Middle West. But we have to enlarge before we can grow" (131). In courting the industrialist Senator who chairs the state appropriations committee, however, it is made clear to Fejevary that only "a one-hundred-per-cent-American college" (119) will get state funding—and Professor Holden, who has spoken out for a former student now jailed as a conscientious objector, will have to go, as will the immigrant Hindu students protesting against British occupation. Glaspell, with great irony, pits the ideals of the past against the political expediency and financially motivated compromises of the present:

FEJEVARY: I think we'll have to let the Hindus go.

HOLDEN: (*astonished*) Go? Our best students?

FEJEVARY: This college is for Americans. I'm not going to have foreign revolutionists come here and block the things I've spent my life working for. . . .

HOLDEN: What happened?

FEJEVARY: One of our beloved Hindus made himself obnoxious on the campus. Giving out handbills about freedom for India—howling over deportation. Our American boys wouldn't stand for it. A policeman saw the fuss—came up and started to put the Hindu in his place. Then Madeline rushes in, and it ended in her pounding the policeman with her tennis racket. . . . I'm disgusted. My niece mixing up in a free-for-all-fight and getting taken to the police station! It's the first disgrace we've ever had in our family.

HOLDEN: . . . Wasn't there another disgrace?

FEJEVARY: What do you mean?

HOLDEN: When your father fought his government and was banished from his country. (134–35)

In a series of dramatic confrontations with the adults in her life, Madeline Fejevary Morton comes to understand fully the consequences and sacrifices of her protest—jail, marginalization, isolation—but, as the true “inheritor” of her grandfathers Silas's and Fejevary's passion and vision, she commits herself to defending the Hindu students: “They're people from the other side of the world who came here believing in us, drawn from the far side of the world by things we say about ourselves. Well, I'm going to pretend—just for fun—that the things we say about ourselves are true” (139). Glaspell's protagonist identifies herself with Hindu students of color as the moral and logical imperative of America's democratic ideals, in a manner quite different from Jim Burden's adoration of *Ántonia* and Lena in Cather's *My Ántonia* where the “immigrants who stir his affection are not only like himself in being newcomers but also in being white—a term that then meant not only not-black but also not-Italian, not-Asian, not-Jewish,” and they remain safely distanced from him in class (Stout, 154).

Within this “narrowly selective range of ethnic origins” Cather's immigrants are American success stories: they fight against hardship and circumstance to become empire builders, whether empires of land like Alexandra Bergson's, of business like Lena Lingard's, of wealth like Tiny Soderball's, of family like *Ántonia* Shimerda's, or of art like Thea Kronberg's. But they do not accomplish this alone. Whether they settle or migrate, they are buoyed and sustained by familial and communal supports without which they would not be able to achieve all

that they do. Alexandra must persuade her brothers to invest in more land when everyone else is selling out, for without their labor she would fail, just as without her brains they would fail. When *Ántonia* returns with her illegitimate child, they are taken in by her brother and even though she becomes a “drudge” on the farm for a time, she is given a second chance to develop. And what would Thea Kronberg have become without her all-male cheering squad?—Ray Kennedy, Dr. Archie, Johnny, Wunsch, Harsanyi, Fred Ottenburg. Putting to rest young Thea’s qualms about her moral responsibility for a tramp’s death, Dr. Archie articulates Cather’s “exceptionalist” philosophy (Stout, 81):

“Ugly accidents happen, Thea; always have and always will. But the failures are swept back into the pile and forgotten. They don’t leave any lasting scar in the world, and they don’t affect the future. The things that last are the good things. The people who forge ahead and do something, they really count.” (176)

Cather, who “makes connections between her main characters’ ambitions and the nation’s movement toward empire” (*Urgo*, 130) writes here “as a proponent of Manifest Destiny” (Stout, 237). Only a voice of enormous optimism and self-confidence (or, as Stout puts it, “only a writer blinded by the imperialist aspirations so dominant in her day” [109]) could assert through a character who himself becomes a model of capitalist success, “The things that last are the good things.” Only a writer who “takes empire as a political fact” (*Urgo*, 132) could write that “people are foreordained to help . . . the winners win, and the failers fail” (Cather, *Song*, 156).

Susan Glaspell saw the world, and particularly women’s lives, quite differently. Many of her protagonists (usually second-generation children of immigrants and migrants), are deprived of familial and communal support because their behavior does not conform to societal conventions and norms. Whether because of their sexuality as in Ruth Holland’s affair with a married man in *Fidelity* or Naomi Kellogg in *Brook Evans* who, when she conceives an illegitimate child, is forced to leave her father’s house and marry a man she despises, or because of their political beliefs as Madeline in *Inheritors*, or because of their art as Claire in *The Verge*—Glaspell’s women are not admired for being exceptional; they are shut out for being different.³² Thus they become exiled wanderers, orphaned by necessity.

This difference, along with both authors’ deep ambivalence toward community—Cather’s desire to escape and Glaspell’s longing to return—are well illustrated by their portrayals of orphans. Cather’s

orphans, Tom Outland and Myra Henshawe (*My Mortal Enemy*), are solitaries who sever human ties and pursue a self-imposed exile: first Tom betrays Roddy, then abandons marriage into the Professor's family for death in war, while Myra chooses the option that will cut her off from her uncle's love and wealth, then equally despises her husband Oswald's clinging love, turning to the Catholic faith as she approaches death. The orphan for Cather is the wanderer who can afford to despise humanity for, seeking only the divine, he or she need not return to the human family. Glaspell's orphans, however, are all children—perhaps a projection of the child within—and adopting an orphan involves restoration of the child to the lost homeland, metaphorically, psychologically, and literally.

Glaspell's first use of an orphan appears in a 1927 story, "A Rose in the Sand," revised from a one-act play she had written ten years earlier, "The Outside," that does not include the orphan. Orphans appear in Glaspell's work only after the trip to Greece, a result, I believe, of the devastating effect of her contact there with Greek refugees sent back from their homes in Smyrna by the Turks in 1922. Glaspell and Cook were staying with a Mr. and Mrs. Lamb in Salonika (now Thessaloniki), a port in northeastern Greece on the Aegean Sea, where the Lambs worked for the Y.M.C.A. and were involved in distributing supplies left behind after the war by the Red Cross to the refugees. Glaspell went with Mrs. Lamb and other American women several times to the barracks where the refugees were housed to help with the distribution. She found the "uprooting" of these people particularly "harrowing" and wrote to her mother of the "heartbreaking experience. They were crowded around the shed where we were working, many of them women with babies and little children, all holding up their slips [of paper] anxious to be taken at once, for fear the things would run out. And they did soon begin to run out." Disastrously, a few nights later another ship arrived, the *Megale Hellas*, carrying 10,000 more refugees who could not be accommodated:

It was of course packed with people, mostly women and children, as the men are held prisoner by the Turks. There was simply nothing to be done about them . . . So they began getting off the ship, exhausted, dazed, hungry people, and there was nothing for them to do but lie down in the streets, and nothing for them to eat. It was the saddest thing I ever saw in my life, and I shall never forget it.

Glaspell continued, "many children are alone, as families have been separated," and the image of those orphans must have haunted her for

years.³³ From then on immigrants and orphans coincide or are conflated in Glaspell's novels, for the deracinated immigrant seeking asylum is orphaned, just as the orphan is a deracinated migrant seeking a new home. Both seek to return to that which is lost, and so Glaspell charts a fundamental human longing to return that is exacerbated by societal change and upheaval.

The immigrant, the orphan, and the American "migratory consciousness" achieve their fullest expression in Glaspell's 1939 novel, *The Morning is Near Us*, a study of the psychological effects of displacement in three generations, as well as an exploration of the American "melting pot" myth, and a prolonged dialogue between life and death in which home and memory are crucial to connect the living with the dead. The protagonist, Lydia Chippman, was sent away by her parents, John and Hertha Chippman, at the age of fifteen, to live with a wealthy aunt—why, she does not know, but she knows she wasn't wanted:

When you aren't wanted by your own family you think there must be something wrong with you. What was it? If only they had told her. All her life she had been different with everyone else because they hadn't told her.³⁴

Lydia never returned, living a migratory existence for nineteen years—Greece, Egypt, Turkey, Arabia, Mexico—with her aunt's legacy, instead of funding a room of her own, opening a road without end. Rootless and aimless, she is unable to form meaningful human ties, traveling intermittently with people she chances to meet: "but finally they would go back to their own lives, and then she would be alone for a time, then with other people. Since she was not to go home, it didn't matter where she was" (52). Until she adopts a three-year-old orphaned Greek girl, Koula; then, when she "must consider bringing up a child, she thought anew of herself as a child, and it made acute all the old homesickness" (52). She accompanies some archeologists to the Yucatan, and there also adopts a seven-year-old "part Indian" boy, Diego, whose parents "died of a sickness they contracted" while migrating to Mexico (44).

Lydia's identification with both children is racial and psychological, founded upon their common experiences of difference and exile, whereas Cather's Mexicans in *The Song of the Lark*, for instance, are romanticized as racial and ethnic Other. It is made evident to the reader through others' observations and memories of Lydia that "her looks had always been—well, not like any of the rest of them" (18). "[W]hat a strange-looking girl she had been. She didn't look like anyone else—

Chippmans or anybody . . . she was too dark for that” (28–29), indicating early on that her displacement had something to do with ethnic or racial difference and illegitimacy. While observing Diego outcast from other children at play, Lydia thinks, “‘Why, he’s like me,’ . . . Then she took him for her own. It had not been hard to do. No one else wanted him” (45). In contrast, Thea stands apart from Spanish Johnny and the Ramos boys at the Mexican Ball as the white object of desire, her “hair and fair skin . . . bewitch[ing] them” (290). While Thea and her mother oppose the “racial prejudice” of the rest of Moonstone, the Mexicans, characterized as “‘lovely dancers’” with “a kind of natural harmony about their movements,” are valuable to them solely for their “usefulness” (287–89, 298). Singing for the first time “for a really musical people,” Thea is uplifted when “these warmblooded people débouched into her” (292). She consumes their individual differences “as if they had come from her in the first place” (293), whereas Lydia catches herself romanticizing Diego and reaffirms his individuality: “Perhaps he would become a great artist, she thought—though smiling at herself, knowing that all Mexicans are not artists. He would be himself, she knew that” (45).

Lydia is finally summoned home by her father’s will, which states that unless she returns to claim the old family homestead, the land will be given to the Cemetery Association to accommodate the growing town’s dead. The novel opens with these two loci—house and Graveyard Hill—juxtaposed, with death encroaching on life, and twice already “those bars that fenced the dead had moved nearer the house” (5). The empty house itself has a kind of “House of Usher” darkness and deformity that signifies the past dysfunction of the family within, which Lydia with her new children can heal. And Glaspell is very clear that the immigrant children represent, not only the future of this family, but also of America. Arriving with their “baskets of maguey-fiber, string bags, serapes and pottery,” the children immediately sense that “to be unlike other people was to be wrong” (43). Only Lydia’s dual status as foreign and familiar forces her brother Warren to consider accepting them:

Foreigners were getting out, with their emigrant bags and baskets. The town didn’t want any more foreigners—not enough work for Americans. . . . He gave a start and looked at the woman with the two foreign children. But she was foreign too. Or—was she? Not foreign to him were those quick movements . . . nor foreign the dark eyes so alive. (55–56)

By creating an endearing protagonist who doggedly challenges racism

and ethnocentrism, Glaspell's novel, like her play *Inheritors*, represents a "political act" very different from Cather's idealization of northern European immigrants and support for the exclusionist views that resulted in the Immigration Act of 1925 (Stout, 152). Warren tells Lydia:

"I should think you would have adopted Americans."
 "Where would I get the Americans?"
 "Well, then English—or even French; or even German."
 "But these were the children who needed to be adopted. They just came my way. They're nice children. You'll like them."
 "They'll seem odd here, I'm afraid."
 "Oh, well, what's the difference? We can't all be Americans." (66)

When Lydia and her children share a Fourth of July celebration with Judge Kircher—a first generation German immigrant who parallels himself with Diego, remarking, "I was about his age when I came to this country" (184)—she reads from the Declaration of Independence, establishing that the "noble words" of that document must apply equally to all immigrants regardless of race or country of origin, that is, if America is going to "pretend that the things we say about ourselves are true" and attempt to fulfill the myths of its founding.

Slowly Lydia uncovers the "secret" so long withheld from her, the story of her mother, Hertha's, life—another orphaned immigrant. Her Scandinavian name and "flaxen braids" immediately suggest a comparison with Cather's Thea, but Hertha's life tells the opposite story of immigrant experience. Her parents were not settlers but remained migratory as barge operators on the Erie Canal—the waterway created by immigrant labor that opened up access in 1825 to the first great westward migration of American settlers—and when both of them die in a storm Glaspell reminds us of the immigrant lives lost in westward expansion, as Cather does with the death of Ray Kennedy on the railroad in *The Song of the Lark*. But unlike Ray's death, which enables Thea to "forge ahead," Hertha's life is crippled. Orphaned, she and her brother were split up and sent, very likely as indentured laborers, to different families.³⁵ She never saw her brother again, and the source of Lydia's information about her mother's past comes from her discovery of a cache of unsent letters Hertha wrote to him until she reached the age of fifteen. She ran away repeatedly from the abusive family in which she had been placed, until John Chippman discovered her one day wandering "up by the cemetery" (157); the Chippmans paid off the indenture and adopted her, but despite finding a home, Hertha's past isolates and silences her, "because it makes

me different—what happened—doesn't it?" (166–68).

After finding the letters Lydia cannot comprehend how her mother could have rejected her, condemning her daughter to the very displacement and exile she herself had endured (175). Convinced "something else happened; something farther along" (176), Lydia eventually learns that when their parents died, John Chippman could not control his desire for Hertha and coerced her into marrying him, violating her dependence upon him—the only remaining tie in a life of loss—as well as her "horror" at having repeated sexual relations with her "brother" (281). Glaspell thus conflates the immigrant, not only with the orphan, but with the rape victim, associating ethnic deracination with gender depredation. The novel ends in a somewhat bizarre tale of incest, adultery, and guilt that, seeking to attain the dimensions of Greek tragedy, perhaps stretches the parameters of realist narrative beyond what they can bear.³⁶

Discovering finally that John Chippman is not her real father, but rather a vagabond "French Canadian . . . dark—like you. . . . He just came here. Then he went away" (288), Lydia's character fully expresses the American migratory consciousness:

Who were her grandparents? . . . She didn't even know their name. And her own father—she didn't know his name or what manner of man he was. She didn't know where he came from, where he went, whether he now walked the earth or was in his grave. (271)

A "wanderer" who yet longs for "roots in a life she knew" (295), Lydia illustrates exactly the "Catherian 'Great Divide,' . . . between homelessness and rootedness" that Urgo and Stout both discuss. And, as Carol J. Singley has argued, adoption holds a "metaphorical power to express a range of feelings about personal, familial, and national identity, including the longing for lost origins; the embrace of new beginnings; and the interplay of competing loyalties to self and others," all of which Glaspell explores through Lydia's complex position as orphaned daughter (of an orphaned mother) and adoptive mother.³⁷ Several times Lydia plans to take flight, but, perhaps like *Antonia*, she is grounded by children: "She wouldn't have stayed had it not been for the little girl born in Greece and a boy who was half Indian. . . . They'd been homeless—they'd been wanderers. She'd made them believe this was their home" (Glaspell, 108, 249). With Lydia's new multi-ethnic, single-parented, adoptive family Glaspell uncannily predicts "the advent of 'open' adoption in the 1970s," and presciently "redefines this fundamental social unit" by illustrating that family does not require ties of blood, only ties of love. If, as Singley further maintains, "adop-

tion is central to American literary experience and essential to understanding the complex tensions that help define a national culture," then Glaspell's novel participates vitally in the construction "of American mythic identity."³⁸

Given some of the extraordinary similarities between the lives and works of Willa Cather and Susan Glaspell, it is reasonable to inquire why all of Cather's novels are available today in deluxe "Willa Cather Scholarly Editions" by University of Nebraska Press or in paperback Vintage Classic Editions, while not a single one of Glaspell's novels is in print in the U.S. (two are available in the U.K. from Persephone Books Ltd., *Fidelity* and *Brook Evans*). Perhaps the answer is as simple as the fact that Cather published most of her novels with Knopf, whereas Glaspell published hers with Stokes. Alfred A. Knopf founded the New York publishing house that bears his name in 1915; it merged in 1960 with Random House which was owned by Knopf's close friends Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer, and Knopf, who did not die until 1984, retained editorial control. Since Vintage is a subsidiary of Random House, Cather's novels have enjoyed over eight decades of continual reprinting by a publisher who believed in, and was clearly invested in, their value. In contrast, the Frederick A. Stokes Company, founded in 1881, was acquired by the J. B. Lippincott Company in 1941, three years after the death of Stokes. His sons retained only "an advisory capacity" in the company after the merger and, with J. B. Lippincott installed as president, it was clear that editorial policies would change, as they indeed did.³⁹ In 1942 Lippincott notified Glaspell that it "planned to surrender the metal plates of her books, except for *The Road to the Temple* and *The Morning is Near Us*," to be melted down for the war effort. "Deeply shaken at the thought that her novels might never be reprinted," Glaspell "begged Lippincott to reconsider" keeping the plates for at least three of her other novels, but although Lippincott later published *Norma Ashe* in 1942 and *Judd Rankin's Daughter* in 1945, "not one novel was reprinted after its initial success had died down" and, as Barbara Ozieblo concludes, Susan Glaspell's "longer fiction was clearly doomed."⁴⁰

While it may also be true, as some Glaspell scholars have suggested, that Glaspell's self-deprecation contributed to diminishing her legacy, such an inquiry must lead eventually to the vagaries of the canon, which can never be simply explained.⁴¹ Glaspell's reputation suffered, as did that of other American women writers including Cather, from the professionalization and exclusion of women from the academy during the 1920s through the 1950s, a period of white male anxiety about the "feminization" of literature and promotion of

a nationalistic literary identity, necessarily masculine, to be “consonant with the new role of the United States as a dominating world power” during and after the wars.⁴² It also suffered, as did Cather’s and that of other twentieth-century women writers, from the masculinist bias of Anglo-American modernism as it was promulgated by Pound and Eliot especially and thereafter by the first generation of widely influential critics of modernism, such as Hugh Kenner.⁴³ In addition it suffered, as has the work of many male and female American writers, because her style, embracing as it does psychological realism, naturalism, and expressionism, does not accord with the New Critical aesthetics which dominated literary taste within and without the academy well through the 1960s. However, none of this explains why Glaspell, unlike Cather, was effaced from American letters until the 1970s, both her innovative contribution to American theater in the Provincetown years and her four decades of fiction writing, resulting in an oeuvre of rare breadth and depth with significant achievements in three major genres: drama, short story, and novel.⁴⁴ I have tried to suggest that this may be due in large part to Glaspell’s adherence to progressive political ideals well past the end of the Progressive era. Both Willa Cather and Susan Glaspell are American myth-makers, but Glaspell presents the most sacred of American myths as contested—it is the plurality of voices and ways of being that to her are inherently American, rather than a hegemonic monomyth of personal and national destiny.

Notes

¹ J. Brooks Atkinson, “Pulitzer Laurels,” *New York Times*, May 10, 1931: X1. ProQuest Information and Learning Company, March 27, 2007 <<http://proquest.umi.com.ezproxy.shu.edu>>.

² Linda Ben-Zvi, *Susan Glaspell: Her Life and Times* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2005), 20, xii; hereafter cited parenthetically.

³ Janis Stout, *Willa Cather: The Writer and Her World* (Charlottesville: Univ. Press of Virginia, 2000), 15; hereafter cited parenthetically.

⁴ Joseph R. Urgo, *Willa Cather and the Myth of American Migration* (Urbana: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1995), 5; hereafter cited parenthetically.

⁵ Barbara Ozieblo, *Susan Glaspell: A Critical Biography* (Chapel Hill: Univ. of North Carolina Press, 2000), 42.

⁶ Just as *McClure's* editor Viola Roseboro lured Cather to visit Cos Cob (see Merrill Maguire Skaggs, "Young Willa Cather and the Road to Cos Cob," in *Willa Cather's New York*, ed. Merrill Maguire Skaggs [London: Associated Univ. Presses, 2000], 51), so too was she instrumental in Glaspell's discovery of Provincetown. For two summers Glaspell rented Roseboro's Provincetown cottage until she and Cook purchased their home on Commercial Street in 1914. This is only one of the more uncanny touchpoints between Cather and Glaspell, which, given the proximity of their residences and lives in Greenwich Village, is only to be expected (another is their mutual friendship with Floyd Dell). Although Glaspell published short fiction in *McClure's*, it was not during Cather's tenure there. There is no evidence that they ever met and, if Deborah Lindsay Williams' discussion of Cather's competitive relationship with Zona Gale can be taken as exemplary of her deeply ambivalent attitude toward her "literary sisters," particularly those from the Midwest, then it is not surprising ("Pernicious Contact: Willa Cather and the Problem of Literary Sisterhood," in *Willa Cather's New York*, 211). Glaspell, however, did enjoy reading Cather's work (Ben-Zvi, 318).

⁷ J. Ellen Gainor, *Susan Glaspell in Context: American Theater, Culture, and Politics 1915–48* (Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 2001), 1; readers interested in Glaspell's career in theater should also see Ben-Zvi and Ozieblo.

⁸ Gainor, 5. Glaspell's *Brook Evans* was the first novel published by Victor Gollancz in 1927 when, according to Barbara Ozieblo, literary London "lionized" her (*Susan Glaspell*, 245). Today Glaspell continues to find appreciative readers, scholars, and performers in England, Spain, France, Germany, Brazil, China, and Japan.

⁹ Ozieblo, *Susan Glaspell*, 235–36.

¹⁰ Ozieblo, *Susan Glaspell*, 307.

¹¹ Percy Hutchinson, "A Sensitive Novel By Susan Glaspell," review of *Fugitive's Return* by Susan Glaspell, *New York Times*, Nov. 10, 1929: BR4; ProQuest Information and Learning Company, March 28, 2007 <<http://proquest.umi.com.ezproxy.shu.edu>>. John Chamberlain, "A Tragi-Comedy of Idealism in Miss Glaspell's Novel," review of *Ambrose Holt and Family* by Susan Glaspell, *New York Times*, Apr. 12, 1931: BR3; ProQuest Information and Learning Company, March 27, 2007 <<http://proquest.umi.com.ezproxy.shu.edu>>. Rose Feld, "The New Works of Fiction," review of *Norma Ashe* by Susan Glaspell, *New York Times*, Oct. 18, 1942: BR7; ProQuest Information and Learning Company, March 27, 2007 <<http://proquest.umi.com.ezproxy.shu.edu>>.

¹² Willa Cather, *The Song of the Lark*, rev. ed. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1937), 369. Hereafter cited parenthetically.

¹³ Susan Glaspell, *Fugitive's Return* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1929), 324. Hereafter cited parenthetically.

¹⁴ Glaspell and Cook's first play, *Suppressed Desires* (1915), was a spoof of the Freudian craze amongst their bohemian crowd. For an excellent discussion of Glaspell and Cook's use of Freud in regard to this play, see Ozieblo, *Susan Glaspell*,

65–70. Nevertheless, in a letter to the *New York Times* protesting the review of *Suppressed Desires*, Glaspell indicates how seriously she takes Freudian theory:

To the Dramatic Critic:

It seems to me that in calling “Suppressed Desires” a jeering travesty on psychoanalysis you are forgetting what the play is leveled at. It is having fun with the people who went off their heads about psychoanalysis—went “bugs”—when this subject reached the first circle in New York to know of it—some years in advance of reaching other circles. If you had known some of these people as we knew them you would certainly have felt them legitimate game for some form of comic treatment. The psychoanalysts knew them, and writers on psychoanalysis and practicing analysts have been among the play’s best friends. Surely there is a real distinction here. You are not making fun of a thing when you make fun of people who are absurdly uncritical about that thing.

Mr. Cook and I have been students of psychoanalysis for a number of years and we feel it a bit unfair to put us in the light of people unaware of its significance.

Susan Glaspell
Provincetown, Mass., Feb. 2, 1920.

“In the Mail Bag,” *New York Times*, Feb. 15, 1920; ProQuest Information and Learning Company, Mar. 2, 2007 <<http://proquest.umi.com.ezproxy.shu.edu>>.

¹⁵ For discussions of Glaspell’s use of Aeschylus and Euripides see Martha C. Carpentier, *The Major Novels of Susan Glaspell* (Gainesville: Univ. Press of Florida, 2001), chapters 2 and 7. For Sophocles, see Marie Molnar, “Antigone Redux: Female Voice and the State in Susan Glaspell’s *Inheritors*” in *Disclosing Intertextualities: The Stories, Plays, and Novels of Susan Glaspell*, ed. Martha C. Carpentier and Barbara Ozieblo (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2006), 37–44.

¹⁶ Susan Glaspell, *Norma Ashe* (New York: J. B. Lippincott, 1942), 59.

¹⁷ Sharon O’Brien, *Willa Cather: The Emerging Voice* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1997), 403–20; see also Stout, *Willa Cather*, 124.

¹⁸ See Ben-Zvi, 251–57. According to Barbara Ozieblo, Glaspell made an effort to follow O’Neill to Broadway with her play *Chains of Dew*, but it was unsuccessful (“Susan Glaspell and the Modernist Experiment of *Chains of Dew*,” in *Susan Glaspell: New Directions in Critical Inquiry*, ed. Martha C. Carpentier [Newcastle, U.K.: Cambridge Scholars Press, 2006], 7–24).

¹⁹ Ozieblo, *Susan Glaspell*, 202; Glaspell, *The Road to the Temple*, ed. Linda Ben-Zvi (Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2005), 320. Like most modernists, Glaspell was well-versed in Nietzsche; see Carpentier, “Apollonian Form and Dionysian Excess in Susan Glaspell’s Drama and Fiction,” in *Disclosing Intertextualities*, 35–50.

²⁰ “Stones that once were [a] temple.” Typescript of a poem, with the author’s ms. corrections, unsigned and undated. The Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection

of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.

²¹ Letter to Alice Keating Glaspell, June 18, 1922. The Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.

²² Willa Cather, *The Professor's House*, Vintage Classics Edition (New York: Random House, 1990), 180; hereafter cited parenthetically.

²³ Myth, as immortalized in Aeschylus' *Oresteia*, supports Glaspell's rendition of the *omphalos* of the Oracle at Delphi as overtaken by the Temple (and patriarchal religion) of Apollo. Space does not permit an adequate discussion here of these and other mythological allusions in *Fugitive's Return*, a modernist masterpiece in this regard; see Carpentier, *Major Novels*, chapters 4 and 5.

²⁴ For more on the Monist Society, see Glaspell, *Road to the Temple*, 158–65; see also Ben-Zvi, *Susan Glaspell*, 80–84 and Ozieblo, *Susan Glaspell*, 37–39.

²⁵ Elizabeth Ammons, *Conflicting Stories: American Women Writers at the Turn into the Twentieth Century* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1991), 134.

²⁶ Ozieblo, *Susan Glaspell*, 138.

²⁷ Gainor, *Susan Glaspell in Context*, 264.

²⁸ "On the subject of writing." Typescripts, with the author's ms. corrections, unsigned and undated. The Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.

²⁹ Mike Fischer, "Pastoralism and Its Discontents: Willa Cather and the Burden of Imperialism," *Mosaic* 23 (1990): 31–44; Stout, 157–58.

³⁰ As J. Ellen Gainor and Linda Ben-Zvi have shown, *Inheritors* expresses Susan Glaspell's protest against the Espionage and Sedition Acts of 1917 and 1918, as well as against the U.S. government's increasing censorship of free speech and prosecution of conscientious objectors during American involvement in the First World War. See Gainor, *Susan Glaspell in Context*, 112–42; Ben-Zvi, *Susan Glaspell*, 217–34.

³¹ Glaspell, *Inheritors*, in *Plays by Susan Glaspell*, ed. C. W. E. Bigsby (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1987), 103–57; hereafter cited parenthetically.

³² Like Cather, Glaspell portrayed loving and supportive men as individuals, such as Ruth's friend Deane Franklin in *Fidelity* or Ambrose Holt in the novel of that title, but they are themselves curtailed by patriarchal gender expectations. See Kristina Hinz-Bode, "Social Rebels? Male Characters in Susan Glaspell's Writing," in *Disclosing Intertextualities*, 201–22.

³³ Letter to Alice Keating Glaspell, September 28, 1922. The Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.

³⁴ Glaspell, *The Morning is Near Us* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1939), 49; hereafter cited parenthetically.

³⁵ See Marilyn Irvin Holt, *The Orphan Trains: Placing Out in America* (Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1992), 33, for more on the status of orphaned children as indentured laborers in the Midwest.

³⁶ As the *New York Times* reviewer Edith H. Walton remarked, with its “taut drama” that “shades often into frank theatricality,” this novel “reminds one that Miss Glaspell is a playwright.” “Susan Glaspell’s New Novel and Other Works of Fiction,” review of *The Morning is Near Us* by Susan Glaspell, *New York Times*, March 24, 1940: 74; ProQuest Information and Learning Company, March 2007 <<http://proquest.umi.com.ezproxy.shu.edu>>.

³⁷ Carol J Singley, “Teaching American Literature: The Centrality of Adoption,” *Modern Language Studies* 34 (Spring-Fall 2004): 76–83.

³⁸ Singley, 76–78.

³⁹ “Book Publishers Announce Merger,” *New York Times*, May 17, 1941: 13; ProQuest Information and Learning Company, Mar. 27, 2007 <<http://proquest.umi.com.ezproxy.shu.edu>>.

⁴⁰ Ozieblo, *Susan Glaspell*, 269. It is interesting to note here how closely academic publishing follows in the footsteps of commercial publishing. Despite the growing market for regional cultural capital, University of Iowa Press, unlike University of Nebraska Press, as of this date, has shown no interest in reissuing any of the works of its native daughter Susan Glaspell, although they have recently reissued Patricia L. Bryan and Thomas Wolf’s *Midnight Assassin: A Murder in America’s Heartland* (originally published in 2005 by a commercial press, Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill), a book about the Margaret Hossack murder trial which was Glaspell’s inspiration for her most famous play and story, “Trifles” and “A Jury of Her Peers.” Interesting financially stressed academic presses in reissuing any novel that is not an already a bankable name has proven, for this author at least, to be impossible. It is hard not to conclude that canonical decisions are reinforced by commercial interests even by presses whose mission is to broaden known boundaries of canonicity for an academic market. In fairness it must be added that University of Michigan Press has made a significant investment in Glaspell, reissuing *Lifted Masks*, Glaspell’s 1912 collection of short stories, in 1993 (edited by Eric S. Rabkin); publishing Linda Ben-Zvi’s anthology, *Susan Glaspell: Essays on Her Theater and Fiction*, in 1995; and J. Ellen Gainor’s *Susan Glaspell in Context: American Theater, Culture, and Politics 1915–48* in 2001. Another press with a growing list of Glaspell titles is McFarland, which reissued her biography of George Cram Cook, *The Road to the Temple*, in 2005, edited and with an introduction by Linda Ben-Zvi.

⁴¹ For Ozieblo Glaspell “ceded center stage to the men she loved,” *Susan Glaspell*, 3, 5; Mary E. Papke also refers to Glaspell’s “spectacular job of effacing herself to the point of nearly complete self-erasure” in her biography of Cook (“Susan Glaspell’s Naturalist Scenarios of Determinism and Blind Faith,” in *Disclosing Intertextualities*, 20).

⁴² Paul Lauter, “Race and Gender in the Shaping of the American Literary Canon,” in *Canons and Contexts*, ed. Paul Lauter (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1991), 22–47.

⁴³ For discussions see Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar, *No Man’s Land: The Place of the Woman Writer in the Twentieth Century*, Vol. 1: *The War of the Words* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1988) and Bonnie Kime Scott, *Refiguring Modernism*, Vol. 1: *The Women of 1928* (Bloomington: Indiana Univ. Press, 1995).

⁴⁴ Today general knowledge of Glaspell’s work continues to be limited by the widespread anthologizing of one play, *Trifles*, and the short story she based on it, “A Jury of Her Peers,” a not uncommon fate for American women writers rediscovered by second-wave feminist literary critics. Imagine, however, the loss to American letters if knowledge of Cather’s oeuvre were limited to *O Pioneers!* As Elizabeth Ammons wrote, now over 15 years ago, it is “precisely that paradigm of literary-history-as-horse-race, with one track and one kind of winner” that fosters the “elitism that has allowed ‘in’ one or two women—usually Wharton and Cather—thus divorcing them from other women writers . . . and consigning those writers not plucked out to oblivion” (18).

