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UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE

WALDO FRANK'S TREATMENT OF WOMEN

A Dissertation

Submitted to the Faculty

Of the Graduate School of the University of Louisville

In Partial Fulfillment of the

Requirements for the Degree

Of Master of Arts

Department of English

By

Mary Hodge Cox

1942

NAME OF STUDENT:.....

TITLE OF THESIS: Waldo Frank's Treatment
Of Women

APPROVED BY READING COMMITTEE COMPOSED OF
THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS:

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INTRODUCTION

Originally, I had planned to write a thesis on the portrayal of modern women in contemporary fiction, and, for that purpose, I read and studied many of the novels, written since 1900, that contain a thoughtful and careful presentation of woman and her problems during these forty years of changing social conditions. I then chose ten writers who I thought had made a genuine contribution to the analysis of modern women, and I began a more intensive study of their books. This led, ultimately, to my decision to confine my research to Waldo Frank, because his portrayal of women seemed more penetrating and comprehensive than that of any of the other writers whose works I had contemplated. The explanation for this lies in the fact that his fictional treatment rests on his careful reflection upon the problems of woman as well as on a definite philosophy of man and society.

Due to the fact that he has written his fiction at fairly regular intervals since 1917, he has been able to manifest a growing recognition of the changes in the position of women since that date. He himself has been constantly and vitally alive to the world about him, and we have the added advantage, therefore, of seeing his

vision expand in ever-widening circles of perception.

Limited to Waldo Frank, the problem for my thesis became two-fold:

1. An analysis of the background of Mr. Frank's fictional treatment of women.

2. An analysis of the fictional treatment itself.

These constitute, accordingly, the two parts of my thesis.

The materials which I have used in making these analyses are his novels and essays and the biographical data which have been published and that which were kindly furnished me by the author both by correspondence and in an interview.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

WALDO FRANK'S LIFE AND LITERARY CAREER

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An adequate understanding of Waldo Frank's treatment of women requires a three-fold background:

1. A knowledge of his life and literary career.
2. A knowledge of his ideas as stated in non-fictional form.
3. A knowledge of his novels and the place given to the problems of women in them.

Part I of this thesis contains an analysis of this material, a chapter being devoted to each of the above-mentioned requirements.

Chapter I must not be construed as an attempt to write a biography of Mr. Frank, for I feel that the time is not yet ripe for that kind of work. Such a colorful, creative person, still in the prime of life and still intensely in love with life, will no doubt bring forth other worthy productions, and these very experiences of his which I record will culminate in still greater literary achievements.

Most of the biographical material used in this chapter was obtained from Mr. Frank himself. An interview with him in Chicago on January 10, 1942, together with facts which he has written me, gave me the desired information.

In his literary productions, Waldo Frank has always

been concerned chiefly with artistic development, social problems, mysticism as expressed in cosmic consciousness, and in the integrated person having a sense of the Divine. All of his works exhibit these major interests, the emphasis being placed first on one and then on another during the different periods of his writing career. The chart below gives some indication of the shifting emphases as related to his works.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Fiction</u>	<u>Non-Fiction</u>	<u>Major Characteristics</u>
	<u>Unwelcome Men</u>		
1917-1920	<u>Dark Mother</u>	<u>Art of the Vieux Colombier</u> <u>Our America</u>	Apprenticeship. Shows interest in art, social problems, mysticism, and search by individuals for integration.
<hr/>			
	<u>Rahab</u>		<u>Art Consciousness</u>
1920-1926	<u>City Block</u> <u>Holiday</u> <u>Chalk Face</u>	<u>Virgin Spain</u> <u>Salvos</u> <u>Time-Exposures</u>	Chief interest is in aesthetic presentation. Concern for social problems, mysticism, and integration are present. Socialism vs. aestheticism.
<hr/>			
	<u>New Year's Eve</u>	<u>Re-Discovery of America</u>	<u>Social Consciousness</u>
1926-1935	<u>Death and Birth of David Markand</u>	<u>America Hispana</u> <u>Dawn in Russia</u>	Balance between mysticism and socialism. Search by individuals for integration.
<hr/>			
	<u>Bridegroom Cometh</u>	<u>In the American Jungle</u>	<u>Cosmic Consciousness</u>
1935-1940	<u>Summer Never Ends</u>	<u>Chart for Rough Water</u>	Fusion of the integrated person having a sense of the Divine with cosmic consciousness.

1. His Apprenticeship

Actually, Waldo Frank's literary career began about the year 1893, when, as a very precocious lad of four, he wrote his first play. Having been born into an upper middle class family, his creative ability, thus asserting itself early, was given every opportunity for development. His liberal, metropolitan background and his advantages, culturally, socially, and educationally, prepared him for the full flowering of his fertile mind. He was of mixed Northern and Southern parentage, his father being a New York lawyer who was quite interested in social reforms and his mother a gifted and talented musician from Alabama. His deep mysticism and his abiding faith in God are the traditional characteristics of his Jewish ancestors. His parents guided his early training wisely and well, and a novel which he wrote when he was sixteen was withheld from publication by his father, although the lad had already found a publisher who wished to undertake the publication of the book.

Indications of the broad educational training he was to receive and the cosmopolitan outlook he was to acquire from traveling widely, studying in many countries, and becoming intimately acquainted with men and women in all walks and conditions of life were manifested early. The year 1906 was spent by Waldo Frank studying in Lausanne, Switzerland; he ranched in Wyoming for two years, 1911-13; then there followed another year abroad, spent chiefly in Paris and

Germany; back in New York, he left the comforts and luxuries of his own home and lived for the next twelve months on an East Side block similar to the one which he used as his setting for City Block. In 1917, he traveled to the Southwest, and he says, "That first experience with the Hispanic and the Indian were to have a lasting effect on my life work."

In the meantime, he had finished the grammar and high school courses in the public schools of New York, had graduated from Yale in 1911, and had done some journalistic writing. He was dramatic critic for the New Haven Journal Courier during his last years at Yale; he wrote for the New York Evening Post and Times while in Wyoming; and for the next two years he was a free lance writer, trying his hand at several different types of creative work.

Such was the liberal background and the educational training which produced Waldo Frank, already known as a rebel and as a young writer who not only forsook the beaten and conventional paths, but who even dared to blaze new trails of his own. Several plays which he wrote during this time were termed "too unconventional" for production or publication. Having been financially independent of publisher's opinions and people's tastes, he was able to develop his own ideas and plans in his literary career.

He founded the Seven Arts Magazine in November, 1916, with James Oppenheim. It was a magazine dedicated to the arts in America and designed to give young writers the

opportunity to publish their works. Mr. Frank, as its associate editor, must be given a large share of the credit for the aesthetic tone of the magazine and its great value as a forerunner of many similar ones which were to appear later. In it were published several articles and editorials written by him that set forth his views on American life and its artists. These were to be crystallized at a later period into his firm beliefs and used as basic themes for his novels and essays.

The novels, The Unwelcome Man and Dark Mother, written during this period, indicate his tendency toward a frank and constructive criticism of social conditions; the rebel of Yale records graphically the rebellions of individuals against the mores of society. The psychological studies which he made of his characters are penetrating, showing already a tendency to delve deeply into the actions of people.

In December, 1916, he married Margaret Naumberg, the founder of the Walden School in New York City and a pioneer in applying psychoanalysis in education. Although they were divorced in 1925, one finds several references in his later novels, The Death and Birth of David Markand and The Bridegroom Cometh, to the sort of educational work and the type of school which Miss Naumberg sponsored. Alma Magoon, his second wife, whom he married in 1926, was probably more interested in social conditions and labor movements than had been his first wife, for she came from the industrial

town of Manchester, New Hampshire, and gave Mr. Frank much of the factual material which he used in depicting the town of Marling in The Bridegroom Cometh.

It is from his mother, more than likely, that Waldo Frank inherited his love for music and art, and this innate interest in the aesthetic, cultural things of life would naturally be cultivated and trained by parents such as his were; such tastes and tendencies were developed and intensified by his years of travel in places where the art and music of the people are such an integral part of their life. His next published work, as well as the next period in his writing career, is due in a large part to his love of the aesthetic. While he was in Paris, he had met certain members of the Theatre du Vieux Colombier and had become friends with the director, Jaques Copeau. When this production was brought to New York, Mr. Frank wrote a literary criticism in which he relates faithfully and graphically the history of the Vieux Colombier from its beginning in France to the time of its sojourn in New York. The appearance of this book is important because it presages that period in Waldo Frank's writing when the outstanding characteristic is his art consciousness.

His determination to think things out for himself and to form his own conclusions regardless of the opinions of others is well demonstrated in his refusal to fight during the First World War. Being an American socialist who was

convinced we should stay out of the war, he registered, not as a pacifist or as a conscientious objector against war, as so many accounts have said, but as an objector to that particular war. He wrote me that he is still proud of his decision; that Dark Mother was written in 1920 while waiting to go to prison because of his refusal to fight. He concluded:

"In order to make sure that unconsciously my objections were not due to fear, I imaginatively stood myself up before a firing squad day after day for a whole winter; feeling that I should be willing to die for my refusal."

By the next year, he was clearer in mind and happier, and Our America was written. Many of his ideas and much of his factual material for this book came from his travels in the Southwest. In it, he gives a painfully accurate description of the state of America and what he calls the American reality. It was the first of his books to be translated into French.

The period of apprenticeship logically closes with the appearance of Our America, for soon after this he went abroad, and, when his next books appear, one finds certain other characteristics emphasized which were not so evident in the apprenticeship period. Those ideas which serve to differentiate him from all other modern writers are present, even in the experimental period, but it is as though the author were sharpening his tools for the finely chiseled work of subsequent years.

2. Art Consciousness

The aesthetic is outstandingly predominant in his works of this second period, reaching its peak in Virgin Spain, a book published in 1926. Being a history of the cultures, religions, and influences that have produced the Spain of today, it is truly a work of art in its presentation. As the author describes the scenes of this country, its peoples, customs, amusements, religions, music, and art, it is as if one were beholding, one after another, great paintings depicting these things. This book was the result of his first trip to Portugal and Spain in 1921. Of Spain he says, "I fell in love with that country. I had commitments to write popular articles to pay my journey. Instead, loving Spain, I spent several years studying her, reading her great literature, revisiting her in 1924, and the result was Virgin Spain."

He finished Rahab in Paris in the summer of 1921, having written on it during his travels in the United States and at odd times since 1915. City Block, which had been written at various times simultaneously with Rahab, was published while he was living in Darien in 1922.

The material for Holiday, which was written while he was living at Darien and published in 1923, was secured while Mr. Frank was on a walking tour of the South with one of his friends. He liked the Southern negroes with whom he came in contact as they journeyed from one farm to another.

Often their meals were given to them by some family of fine, friendly negroes. They visited their churches, and the description of the negro revival meeting in Holiday is his impression of these church services which he attended. One night, at a "protracted" revival, the preacher asked both of these young men to speak. Waldo Frank was quite impressed by their sincerity and goodness, and he wanted to tell them so. He spoke to them at length, and they listened so attentively that he was sure they appreciated what he had said. As they walked home, his friend was strangely silent about Waldo's speech, and finally the latter asked him what he thought about it.

"It was all right," was the unenthusiastic answer.

"Well," retorted Mr. Frank, "the congregation seemed to like it, at any rate. They listened very attentively."

"Oh, yes," was the rejoinder, "they were impressed because they had no idea what you were talking about."

Rahab, Holiday and City Block are aesthetic creations. Frank's mysticism, his use of symbolic material, and his religious fervor have full sway in these three books, and it is here that we find his expressionistic writing at its best. In several instances, the author resorts to sheer poetry for his expression of intense emotion. The musical cadences rise in rhythmic motions clear and free. Beautiful figures of speech, lyrical crystallizations, and breathtakingly poignant scenes are the chief characteristics.

The flame and color of his myths and symbols are artistically poetic and are used to present various moods and depths of feeling. They are arranged with pauses, like rests in music, drawing out of the characters their inmost thoughts in lyrical form. Beach traces his futuristic manner to German influences, particularly "the influence of post-impressionistic painting and sculpture." ¹

Chalk Face, a novel which the author terms a "mystery" story, was published in 1924. Mysticism and symbolic figures, together with its clear aesthetic treatment, are the links that bind it with this period. It was at this time, also, that Salvos appeared. The latter is a collection of essays which Mr. Frank wrote at various times on the arts... the theater, plays, poets, novelists, and the American scene in general.

The books written during this period carry, deeply embedded in their artistic presentation, sharp criticisms of existing conditions. Contending forces seemed vying for prominence... socialism versus aestheticism. His manner of portraying prostitution in Rahab is an eloquent plea for a deeper, more humane treatment and understanding of those women who, for the most part, have been forced into this type of life by the evils and inequalities in our own society; Holiday is a cry against race prejudice and an urging for

1. Beach, Joseph, The Twentieth Century Novel (New York: The Century Co., 1932), p. 495.

greater Christian tolerance toward the negro; City Block contains the working out of many of his theories regarding modern society of today.

The works of this period remind me in some respects of the man Mr. Frank is today. One notes just a touch of imperiousness and pride flashing through the genuine humbleness and gentleness of the man himself; the unusual kindness and the understanding which he has for the ordinary, common people are mixed with the barest manifestation of that heritage which is his from high-born, gently-bred ancestors; his love for humanity and his ability to discount the errors and mistakes of his fellowman are the outgrowths of that development of himself and that broadening process through which he has put himself which give him the right to scorn the insincere and to be intolerant of those who are untrue to themselves. These very contradictions are evident in the works of this period. He brings to us the problems of the lowly and the oppressed; their lives, no matter how sordid, are dealt with kindly and understandingly; yet the stories of these very humble people are presented in the most artistic manner possible.

As he himself traveled and observed keenly human life in many places, he incorporated that wider, broader view into his novels. The aesthetic form was his, but expanding sympathies and ideas must find expression, and the works of the next period take on a deeper significance.

3. Period of Social Consciousness

Because of this growing concern in social conditions and in the lives of people everywhere, especially in the United States, his social consciousness takes precedence during this period over every other characteristic and interest. He seems to have struck a balance between mysticism and socialism, evident in his writings from 1926 to the publication of The Death and Birth of David Markand in 1935.

In 1926, he traveled in France, Egypt, Palestine, and settled in the Ile d'Oleron off the coast of France near Bordeaux. There he wrote 50,000 words of the first draft of David Markand ... and tore it up. Mr. Frank himself tells of the next happenings:

When I returned to the United States, I was asked by both Croly of the New Republic and by the editor of the Saturday Evening Post to do a series of articles on American life. I turned down the Saturday Evening Post offer, which would have meant a fortune but a diluted job, and accepted the New Republic offer, although it meant giving up Markand.

The articles which appeared in the New Republic formed the nucleus for Re-Discovery of America, published in 1929. It is a criticism of American life and culture, with an analysis of our European background, and an offering of a plan for our emerging from the "American jungle" in which we find ourselves. This book is analyzed in the second part of this chapter.

At the end of that year he returned to the writing of

David Markand, only to get an invitation from Mexico and Argentina to lecture. He was weeks in arriving at his decision to postpone the book again and accept this offer.

This was a triumphal journey, recorded in Waldo Frank in America Hispana, published by the Instituto de las Espanas of Columbia University. He was most enthusiastically received by the several South American countries he visited and was even lent a government aeroplane in which to travel. In Buenos Aires he became a popular figure. The subjects he discussed appealed to the intellectual tastes of the Argentines, and he attracted large audiences. He was the first envoy to Buenos Aires of the Argentine-North American Cultural Institute.

When he returned, he wrote America Hispana (1931); and he then edited a book called Tales from the Argentine (1930), containing seven stories by the most important writers of that country. This was the first of a series of Spanish translations.

His play, New Year's Eve, was published in 1929. Mr. Frank observed at the time of publication that no work of his had been so long in the process of creation. The theme came to him in 1914; he tried to write it in 1919 and again in 1923 but failed to find scenaric frame and form that suited his subject. It was written in 1925, revised in 1927, and again in 1929.

After the writing of America Hispana and the death of

his father, he felt that he needed a vacation. He chose Norway, as he says, "to get the tang of the tropics out of my eyes". He could not resist going to Russia, however, instead of Norway, and Dawn in Russia was written in one month on his return. It was published in 1932.

Then, he returned to The Death and Birth of David Markand, but he says "there were six months of painful transition before I could return to the mood of the novel. When it came to the final chapters, I retreated from New York to Argentina to write them: a friend lent me a house near Buenos Aires, another lent me a ranch in Patagonia, and there I finished the book."¹

The Death and Birth of David Markand was written, therefore, during the time Mr. Frank was studying the peoples of many countries, living with them, and evaluating critically their problems and their ways of living ... and it was completed after the full weight of his conclusions had been formed. He had studied labor conditions in Kansas in 1919-20 when he worked for many months with the Non-Partisan League of that state; he had seen the results of the new regime in Russia when he traveled there; labor conditions in Spain were familiar to him, and the Socialist-Communist-Peoples Front struggle was being waged hotly in France at the time he was living there. These experiences prepared him well for the factual material on workers' organizations and labor movements which are presented in

1. Written to me in a letter, February 16, 1942.

David Markand.

Current Biography for 1940 adds this information on his beliefs pertaining to the labor organizations and movements:

After the First World War, Frank veered sharply to the Left. He was forced slowly but surely into the arms of radicalism though "he did not surrender without a protracted inner struggle". He accepted the doctrine of class struggle and the ends proposed by Marxism - "the establishment of collective society" but never in orthodox Marxist form.

The Death and Birth of David Markand and The Bridegroom Cometh developed the theme the "only swift maturity of a mass party of revolutionary Communism, manned by Labor and by enlightened guards of petty bourgeoisie and intelligentsia, can destroy American Fascism by destroying Capitalist system before it has time to enter the last period of paroxysm, euphoria and catalepsy."

Frank, however, was no communist, and at the time of the Trotsky trials had definitely broken with them.

At the outbreak of World War II, Frank believed that "with every ounce of our economy, of our political prestige, we should make ourselves non-belligerent allies of the Allies." It was because he felt this belief was not shared clearly enough by the New Republic that he resigned from the magazine in May 1940. This created quite a stir, for he had been a consistent contributor to the magazine and long a member of the staff.¹

The Death and Birth of David Markand is the result of years of thought and work; it contains some of his most mature and deeply rooted opinions on conditions in our country and the state of society as it exists today. The period following, beginning as it does with the publication

1. Frank, Waldo, Current Biography for 1940, (New York, H. W. Wilson Co.,) p. 312.

of The Bridegroom Cometh, shows more smoothness in presentation and more mellowness in incorporating his opinions into fictional form, but he still maintains his interest in social conditions.

4. Period of Cosmic Consciousness

The fusion of mysticism and socialism into cosmic consciousness, out of which emerges the integrated person having a sense of the divine in him, is the outstanding characteristic of the writings of this period. There is a great difference between the individual and the person, and The Bridegroom Cometh and Summer Never Ends are concerned primarily with the portrayal of the individual striving to become a true person.

Waldo Frank explains in Chart for Rough Water the difference between these two terms.

The individual was born with Socrates; before that time, the integer of consciousness was the group. Analytic thought separated the individual from the group and from nature, and concepts and ideas established his command over the world about him. Platonic Universals fortified the position of his ego and endowed him with the idea of individual immortality. An individual, however, is incomplete and chaotic unless something else is added. Without the integration of the divine into his life, he is a breeder of chaos.

An individual is made whole and true and becomes

a person if he partakes of the divine. When an individual knows that his life has purpose and direction because God is in him, he is then a person. To use his exact definition: "The individual integrated in his Cosmos, I call the person."¹

Mary Donald in The Bridegroom Cometh is the author's person; she is the well-integrated being who incorporates a belief in the Divine into her life. Danya Petersen in Summer Never Ends is a fine example of the individual. The chief characteristic of these books that place them definitely in this period is the keen analysis of each character with emphasis upon the place they occupy in the social structure of our civilization.

Chart for Rough Water, published in 1940, contains Waldo Frank's own conception of how our nation particularly happened to be in the condition in which it found itself in 1940, and his suggestions for getting on solid ground again. It is a frank and clear-cut treatment of social conditions; much space is devoted to a study of our becoming integrated into a society of persons, all believing in and admitting into our lives the Divine element.

Mr. Frank was before the war, American correspondent for La Nouvelle Revue Francaise and for Europe, both Parisian publications. He is a lecturer at the New School for Social Research, New York City. At the present time,

1. Frank, Waldo, Chart for Rough Water (New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co., 1940) p. 127

although he is busily engaged in writing a novel and working out the general plans for still another one, he is on his way to South America to lecture in several universities and cultural centers in Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile.

These last activities, going on as they are even as I write this, will substantiate my statement in the beginning of this chapter that the time is not yet ripe for a biography; that more works may be expected from Mr. Frank which will add to his contributions in the field of literature and history. Whatever he produces in the future will be filled with the sincere purpose which dominates his life and with the clear convictions which guide him in forming all his conclusions.

PART I

CHAPTER II

WALDO FRANK'S IDEAS ABOUT SOCIETY AND ABOUT WOMEN

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This chapter is devoted to an analysis of Waldo Frank's fundamental ideas about modern society and the social structure of our own country. He has published four books which set forth his beliefs and conclusions and in which he points the way out of our "American Jungle", as he calls our present-day habitat. These books are: Our America (1919); Re-Discovery of America (1929); America Hispana (1931); Chart for Rough Water (1940). These are the sources for the material which I shall use. In addition to these books, I shall use quotations from Dawn in Russia (1932), for the author makes some comparisons and contrasts between customs in our country and Russia which set forth his own ideas very clearly.

This chapter is divided into two sections: A treats of his beliefs concerning modern society in general; B is devoted exclusively to his tenets regarding modern American women. I have made this division, thus separating his ideas regarding women from the rest of the material because, since I am making a study of Mr. Frank's treatment of women, I should like to emphasize his fundamental beliefs relative to them.

A

HIS IDEAS ABOUT SOCIETY

Since Mr. Frank is one of the few present day novelists who have formulated and crystallized into words ideas and conclusions about our modern society and then have created novels and characters which embody these fundamental beliefs, it is obvious that one must understand thoroughly his principles and opinions in order to make a clear analysis of his literary creations. This section, then, is a diagnosis of this material. His ideas in regard to society are grouped according to the plan he employs in Chart for Rough Water:

- (1) The Present State of Our Society
- (2) What Has Happened
- (3) What Can Be Done About It

The Present State of Society

An analysis of his theory of chaos is this:

A state of chaos completely dominates the social structure of the United States today. It dwells in the hearts and souls of our millions of people, and we have generated and nourished and disseminated profusely its poisonous rays until our nation is enveloped in its fumes.

Mr. Frank's theory of chaos is:

Selfhood is falsehood, unless it is experienced as a relative focus in the unity of all men and all being. The usual "self" is a flashing and fusing of moods, a flux of memories and behaviours split from the unity of life. Its "separateness" is its deletion of the whole that makes it. Such "self" is the root of all disease; multiply it and it

is the modern chaos.¹

Since the beginning of the twentieth century, the American man has been the most lonely creature in the world; he is an inhabitant of the great American jungle - - a savage,

possibly bright and enterprising, who by no concepts transcending the immediate needs of sense have made this nature theirs; men who have not learned to assimilate their world together with their personal desires into some kind of Whole. The jungle can but perpetuate itself through ceaseless proliferation of chaotic power.²

He elucidates this:

We, too, live beneath the whelm of what is our external nature; live on the defensive; live submissively beneath the play of forces alien to what we recognize as human and creative. We, too, have no highways in our wilderness, no signposts. And while the jungle lords it over us, we, too, real savages, respond with worship, model our divinities from its most looming and most cruel forms, adore its spawning and, immersed in the impervious Skein, are happy with scant survival.³

We are a nation of "gloomy, restless, harried, and neurotic people".⁴ Our present is filled with a lack of comfort, a lack of strength, a lack of the very things we sell our lives to gain.

Statistics shout their message of insanity, neurosis, torpor, disillusion, tiding upon this land of gold in which everything is for sale and nothing delivered...⁵

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1. Re-Discovery of America pp. 210-11.
 2. Ibid., p. 70.
 3. Ibid., p. 71.
 4. Frank, W., op. cit., p. 110.
 5. Ibid., p. 224.

Our family life is so disintegrated that we are unable to give to our youth the security and discipline and soul-satisfaction which are so essential if they are to have life and have it more abundantly.

Finally, in our undisciplined youth there are dark reservoirs of hunger to serve, of unrequited idealism, of passion, which for want of a better course might be hurried down the sluices of race prejudice and violence. And our liberals and socialists, too (like those who helped forge the slavery of Mussolini and Hitler, and who failed to avert the disgrace of France and Britain), are fettered to an impotent rationalism which simply does not touch the springs of human action. ¹

We need but to look closely at ourselves to discover these seeds of chaos which are in reality man's humiliation.

Now turn from the outward visible debacle of Europe's proud modern era to our own intimate world. To the state of the American family; to unemployment; to the confusion in our youth; to the false standards of "freedom" that have so sadly "released" American women into sterile shallows and deprived American men of a necessary nurture. Consult your own life: the stifled good in you, the starving strength, the thwarted dreams. In your character, and your brother's, you will find fears, confusion, frustrations, dwindling faiths and values which, in the transmutation of crisis become the fuel and the traits of Fascism. ²

Our so-called "practical" men, those to whom America looks for the solving of her ills financially and

1. Chart for Rough Water, pp. 21-22.

2. Ibid., p. 95.

economically, have not aided us in finding our way through the Jungle; on the other hand, they have added to our chaotic condition.

They solve the question of life by begging it. They exalt some fragment-person, caste, church, state, property, reason- and declare its autonomy over all. Their course is the strewn breakage of spirit, which is wholeness. No matter. Since they coin money and bury their dead, they are called "practical" men. Since they fulfill the process of decomposition whereby life is renewed, they are practical men. ¹

We are a people who today do not accept the "integer of our Great Tradition" ² - which, defined, is the knowledge that individual man partakes of the divine, which is his way of naming the universal and of naming it good and of naming it his. It is the knowledge that his life has purpose and direction because God is in him. ³

Our current arts, music, painting, literature, and other forms of creative work are also the victims of this condition of American life. Our artists cannot create Wholeness for people who are chaotic and who demand works of art as diseased as they themselves are. Mr. Frank makes this statement: "The average American book aims to titilate some flabby woman (in partnership with a box of candy)." ⁴

A work of art is a particular constructed body from which is to be derived the experience of unity between the self and what

1. Re-Discovery of America, p. 216.
2. Chart for Rough Water, p. 101.
3. Ibid., p.50.
4. Dawn in Russia, p. 167.

is not self. It is the simplest as well as the ultimate expression of wholeness. In a jungle of deliquescent, unassimilated forces; in a field of Power whose action, as we have seen, is against this marriage of self with non-self, art will struggle feverishly and fecklessly. In such a world, it will be most cryingly needed, most passionately sought for, most difficult to achieve. Often it will be corrupted wholly from its aesthetic purpose, to become a mere mirror or apology of Power. Often it will emerge impure from its matrix of the world, maimed by the forces it should fuse, stifled by the traditions which should nourish it. ¹

This same chaos is to be found in our art, therefore. Our art expresses no unbroken wholeness, it sings no great song of unity, because we are so blinded by our jungle that we have no conception of what art really is. We do not find today poets and artists who express the Great Tradition. They do not have that belief and faith which make masterpieces.

Much of our ills can be traced directly to the dearth of leaders during the past century. Our progressive movements have failed; there has been a failure of morale and ethics; a failure due to the fact that our intellectuals lacked the humility to go to man's soul and spirit before they began large-scale work. Our leaders have been shallow men with visions more shallow still, and they could lead the people to nothing better than their own shallowness.

1. Re-Discovery of America, p. 128.

Thus Mr. Frank gives us a picture of America today. He says that he would not be able to paint such a gloomy picture if he did not, with eyes filled with love and faith, see some hope for us, if he did not know that we are capable of saving ourselves.¹

What Has Happened

Forces at work and movements, begun and ended long before the discovery of America, brought into being those currents which bore ever onward the seeds of our modern chaos.

During the Middle Ages, Europe was an "alive organic body" ² whose heart, mind, and soul were the Mediterranean world of Egypt, Judaea, Athens, and Rome. This part of the world supplied Europe with its spirit and vigor because it within itself was one spirit. These people had certain convictions and laws which "made the House - organs that made the conceptual body - of Western Europe. Surely they were, and substance, of the experience of western men ... Within them men lived and died, and created beauty and found truth: men before Isaiah, men after Shakespeare ..." ³

There were differences of opinion among the intellectuals of these countries, to be sure, but these differences were not fundamental or racial or cultural.

But those laws which established the spiritual anatomy

1. Conference with him. (Also) Chart for Rough Water, pp.22-23
2. Re-Discovery of America, p. 11.
3. Ibid., pp. 12-13.

of Europe, the foundation blocks of the House, vanished -- disappeared -- when the searchlight of science, reason, and modern thought attacked them.

European man, bereft of revelation, fell back on the science of sense; bereft of that he fell back, for surety, on self. Now the surety of self was taken from him. If time and space might be configurations of his thinking, cause and effect become mere relative sequence, and the thought which found all things within this time and space was turned destructively upon itself. The great Body of western experience broke down; and we were hurled into modern chaos.

You can gauge the state of Europe's cultural decomposition, by contrasting it with the Body wherein Dante dwelt. Everything there had its place, moved with purposive rhythm into the Whole. From God to priest, from Emperor to serf, from Heaven to Hell, from star to atom, from good to evil, all was integral ... That Whole is gone. ¹

The span between the Thirty Years' War in Europe, 1618-1648, and that of the first World War is the modern era. It was established by that "century of genius",² the seventeenth. It was consolidated by the eighteenth and nineteenth, and "the twentieth century, before it was two decades old, announced its end." ³

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were shallow because they accepted the concept of the individual without the divine, which alone could make him whole and true.

1. Re-Discovery of America, p. 14.
2. Chart for Rough Water, p. 28.
3. Ibid.

Such a brief time for the life of a culture, certainly one which began with such promise and power, is strange. Its great men agreed on one thing only - that decay had already set in before it was half ripe.

The growth of such disintegration from the time when life was good on the Mediterranean shores is soon told. In the Christian Middle Ages of Europe, the people believed in what the Gospels taught: salvation. It was a wonderful truth for the peasant and serf, for their life on earth was a hard one, and they had only their belief in a better world to sustain them. They looked longingly toward the true life with all its glory and comfort. Such a belief leads one to call the Middle Ages comparatively successful.

It was clear that the modern value was not to be salvation, however. In Protestant countries, salvation was relegated to the domain first of princely provincial authority, then to private opinion. In the Catholic countries, church power dimmed and was finally disestablished. Then state and public education disclaimed all rights to the preaching of salvation. Art and literature soon ignored the subject.

Beneath all the many contingent reasons, the basic cause of the humiliation of man in the modern world is his forsaking the Great Tradition. It has been somewhat different and has had many forms during the several centuries, but its essence has never changed. The nature

of the disease is this:

The individual soul, fed and grown great by its awareness of the divine within it, believed it could dispense with the divine. It had learned freedom within religious Necessity-the one true freedom. Now it decided to destroy Necessity. The ego was its own, it decided; its efficient cause would no longer be God or Cosmos, but self-served by self-sufficient will and reason; its principle of action would no longer be service to God (a kernel of intuitive truth in the idea of salvation) but self-circumstantial well being.

This rebellion of the ego, grown great by the truth of the Great Tradition, against the Great Tradition, brought about man's humiliation.¹

The sense of the Whole was destroyed, and this sense

Mr. Frank defines in this manner:

Wholeness is no mere desired goal; it is the origin and the end of all our creative being. Wholeness is one in life as in letter, holiness and health. Wholeness must be both personal and social, in order to be either. Individual man cannot achieve his health unless he live, consciously, within a Whole that holds all life.²

This Wholeness is the background of value which alone can make valid the America we desire. Religion, which the modern world has discarded, in its highest sense is the deliberate building of a whole, and this brings up for consideration the mystics. A mystic is this:

Now there are certain men who know the unity of the Whole of Being--including, of course, themselves--in the same way that any man knows the unity of his person. These men have been called the mystics. Their sense

1. Chart for Rough Waters, p. 51.

2. Re-Discovery of America, p. 19.

of Wholeness, without abandoning the personal which is its core, reaches beyond it. Since they are called mystics, it is well to call their sense of the Whole the mystic sense.¹

He goes even further in outlining this Mystic, the person whom we find so often in his novels:

The mystic sense of the Whole, since by definition it transcends the person, must transcend and transform the personal will. The man whose "universe" is but the tool of personal desire has no real universe at all: he has reached the order neither of pure science nor of religion.²

This mystic sense, then, whose absolute perfection is religion, is "the latest and least developed sense of man."³

"...no true sense of the Whole can suffer the exploiting of its knowledge to partial, personal ends. In it, the sense of selfhood, by definition, becomes transfigured; knows immortality in the act of knowing the mortality of the person.

. . . . The mystic sense of the Whole is unthinkable, also, without the personal core. But it differs basally from the personal whole-sense in that it is no longer absolutely personal: body and person become the focus for the immediate experience of what is beyond (although including) them; the common sense of self is transfigured into the sense of life.

The true mystic is a naturalistic monist, in whom man's instinctive impulse to assume a whole, and intellectual effort to create one have joined and become integrally conscious.⁴

From these definitions of a mystic and the mystical

1. Re-Discovery of America, p. 24.
2. Ibid., p. 27.
3. Ibid., p. 28.
4. Ibid., pp. 28-29.

sense, one may make the immediate application that:

To be unconscious of the Whole is to live in terms of the part as if it were the whole: and this-the way of animals and practical men - is to be unconscious. To be conscious of the Whole is to live in terms of the Whole expressed through its parts; and this - the way of the mystic and man - is to be conscious.¹

In this manner, one begins to arrive at the true reason for the present condition of the human beings who compose our modern world. Science, having destroyed this mystical sense of the Whole, fulfilled our chaos, but its complete work was not finished, even then. "It had to bring a monster in our midst; an anarchic mindless master in place of God, to trammel us and rule us. It put upon disrupted modern man the embodiment of his own dissociate will. The Machine . . . "2

Today the machine is intricately bound up with man's will. To understand thoroughly why the machine has contributed its share in fostering and disseminating chaos, we must have clearly before us its relation to will. "The full-born individual man"³ in its highest sense came from Jesus. In Jesus, to incarnate the individual's bond with the universe, there is love: actual tender love of all life. To render it dynamic there is will, and this will as exemplified in the life of Jesus is the greatest contri-

1. Re-Discovery of America, p. 212

2. Ibid., p. 39

3. Chart for Rough Water, p. 110.

bution of the Galilean teacher. His teachings were no passive campaign, but one requiring action and will. The individual as a being responsible for the nation and the world was born, and this universal individual survived far into Christian Rome.

There came into being, however, conservative and containing forces which demanded that the masses crucify their will. Now the humble brotherhood in God lodged in a will for ego survival which "corrupted christianity's divine intuition with all the lust for aggrandizement, all the will for being separate, which sullied the great Catholic republic and doomed it."¹

When the world, following the scientists and the discoverers into action and progress, began to move and to know motion, "this progress made of mankind an infinite measure".²

Within this amazing world of newly infinite man, the intellect was bound to lose prestige, and to give way to the will. The intellect considers, defines, makes finite. The intellect knows no infinity. But the will acts, moves - its world, from indefinite, grows infinite. Duns Scotus and William of Occam had, before their time, declared the independence of will: from the disintegrant north had come this note that was to shatter the symphony of Europe.³

The wilful individual went his way, and two adventures may stand for the whole release known as the modern era:

1. Chart for Rough Water, p. 115.
2. Re-Discovery of America, p. 35.
3. Ibid., p. 35.

(1) the discovery and settlement of America (2) the invention, exploitation, and proliferation of the machine. The modern machine is the product of the "individual will released from medieval synthesis",¹ and it will free man when man is once free from his present enslavement of the will. From a spiritual Whole, men became wilful atoms, and, having completely lost their God, they began to worship their own desires. "Therefore the machine, most perfect symbol of personal desire, was turned into an idol: man identified himself with it and made it the object of his self-adoration."²

Man has been "humiliated" by the age of the machine and reason and individualism, not because the machine is evil, not because the individual is absolutely false, not because reason and a life of reason are wrong: but because, as they have expressed themselves, the individual and reason and the machine represent a halfway house in the growth of man, a transition world from which man is challenged by his own growth to emerge in order to live more consciously in the depths of his whole nature; and from which at the same time he is pulled back and down, being still left with too many cultural tools and concepts of his unconscious past.³

And finally: "It is still nakedly the symbol of man's personal will imposing itself over the world outside him. Therefore, it embodies no consciousness of Wholeness; it is not yet creative; it is dissolute and destructive . . ."⁴

Closely allied with the machine age and will is another creator of chaos, Power.

1. Chart for Rough Water, p. 120.
2. Re-Discovery of America, p. 44.
3. Chart for Rough Water, p. 121.
4. Re-Discovery of America, p. 43.

It was not accidental that Nietzsche, who was a child of Europe's chaos and who refused all unity to life, deified the will-to-power. Power is the god of the one who accepts only himself. Power is the imposition of the one upon the external world. In the polity of Power, what counts is the one: what must survive is the same one. All outside this one must submit or be destroyed. Power is the expression of the brute, of the savage, of the child, of any being whose self-awareness has not spread beyond the majesty of personal will. Wherever energy remains in the stage of individual enhancement, it becomes Power. The genesis of Power, therefore, being the denial or unawareness of wholes beyond this individual enhancement, is chaos; and the production of Power is more chaos. For Power refuses to die within some synthesis greater than itself. A mass of power-persons cannot integrate, can form no organ or true society: they make the herd whose sum is the cumulation of self-assertive atoms. ¹

The reign of Power in America threatens to bring upon us complete ruin, for he who accepts the primacy of Power crucifies the sense of the Whole which is within him. He will lose his freedom and creativity and become a servile creature to the monster he worships, for Power renders a man passive.

Since Love is a creative act, depending for its existence upon the fusion of any one thing with another so that the two become one, it is the antithesis of Power. "It may even be more powerful than Power, but it is not Power." ² Because this theme is a common one in Mr. Frank's novels, I wish to quote at length what he has to say about the relation of Power and Love.

1. Re-Discovery of America, p.79.
2. Ibid., pp. 79-80.

My contrasting definitions of Power and Love are justified by the common experience of our life. The child begins with the assertion of his masked ego: he is a power-person; and he must be, ere he be ripe for love. Unless Love transfigure his ego, he will, however, remain a power-person: spiritually immature, creatively unproductive. But he cannot achieve the stage of Love, without going through the stage of Power. The natural infancy of human spirit is an experience of Power; by means of Power this spirit is cultivated and developed. Only the ego which is strong, self-assertive, prone to Power, is ripe for Love. Love is no submergence of a weak personal will in others: it is the masterful, conscious fusion of the strong ego with life. ¹

Thus we come again to the true condition of our society today. Our deplorable state, as we have shown, is not the result of some accident or unfortunate catastrophe, but the fruition of centuries of acts and deeds which moved slowly toward chaos. Mr. Frank sums up this state of affairs in this manner:

Barbarism (a state in which man accepts an untransfigured nature and adjusts to it and finds his values in it) lives on the plane of Power; and it is precisely in consequence of this that barbarous man is spiritually alone, forming no integral society but a pack or a herd, and that nature, although he adjusts to it perhaps with consummate skill, remains ideally external, humanly uncreated - remains a jungle. ²

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America is a herd longing to become a true society--frantically longing. It is a living plasm, a potential Whole, and it must reach its organic health or rot and die. It strives to achieve this goal of Unity, which is the fruit

1. Re-Discovery of America, pp. 79-80.

2. Ibid., p. 82.

of Love, by exercise of Power. It legislates, it organizes, it marshals loyalty into institutions which, serving specific ends, are mere machines. It endeavours, that is, to force our birth and growth. Thus, we enact laws regulating morals; thus gather in Rotary Clubs and Ku Klux Klans. Our purpose is good, it is to create a spiritual active Whole from the chaos which we feel within us. But since the means we use is Power-child of Chaos - we perpetuate our chaos.¹

What Can Be Done About It

Even yet, man may change the jungle which is our American dwelling at the present for a way of life that is infinitely more satisfying. This very jungle may become material for "creative articulation".² Man can achieve Wholeness by abandoning his mad scramble for survival and exploitation and by cultivating a sense of truth and beauty and universal joy.

There is a growing conviction that something is wrong. We have begun to question the efficacy of Power and to seek the cause of our lovelessness, to question why our love, placed in the domain of Power, is worse than futile.

We are a "capturable" people - we who have never remained captured have never become settled. It is possible for us to end social chaos and come into a nation of Wholeness, but each individual must find that wholeness within himself. He will bring truth to bear upon a new world just beginning, not for "any issue in time or person,

1. Re-Discovery of America, p. 83.

2. Ibid., p. 70.

but for the joy of the eternity of the moment lived in the image of God." ¹

Self and the will of self must be crucified.

The experience of true Wholeness is a light that can be centred sharp or wide; illumining by its focus what is called self, what is called the nation, what is called the cosmos. ²

Even the machine can mean wholeness if wholeness is in us.

Suppose that man achieves this wholeness in terms of his action. The machine then may become a means toward this wholeness - a means of fusing his control over nature with his control over self. At once, it will be a symbol of his spiritual growth. ³

The possibility of integration is encouraging, therefore. Past cultures have built the mature body; in intellectual, technical, and social parts, man's body is mature.

All that is needed is for these complex elements to integrate. That is the true maturing: the art of the spirit. The individual integrated in his Cosmos, I call the person. ⁴

"To integrate the Great Tradition into our American life" ⁵ is the fundamental necessity. This is the new value which will move and integrate the people. There is only one way of finding it, and that is by finding ourselves. We must synthesize the values of medieval Europe and the modern age both in Europe and America.

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 310.
2. Ibid., p. 211.
3. Ibid., pp. 42-43.
4. Chart for Rough Water, pp. 126-127.
5. Ibid., p. 156.

The value of Christian medieval Europe was supernatural salvation by grace. That is the simple Thesis of hopeful, helpless individuals The Thesis value set us forth in life; fed us energy and dream. The antithesis value is transitional; it helped man possess the body of his machine, to free him in it. But it has outlived its moment in our organic articulation and must go . . . unless Antithesis moves into Synthesis, it will destroy us.

The essence of the Thesis remains: the eternal is in man and man's need to be saved is really his need to live the eternal in his nature.

The Antithesis value of well-being marks the reaction from the Thesis. Man's home, it replies, is here on earth: let him conquer the earth and establish his salvation here; let him be happy here.¹

When these two are merged, with reason preserved as a generalizing instrument of control, you have the Synthesis. Finally the person (that individual through which the Cosmos speaks) instead of the unreal individual: salvation that lets us live our lives now by the knowledge, will and experience of persons rather than salvation in another world; and

. . . instead of grace blindly bestowed by myth, the grace of our creative intuition of the God in us, leading us, with reason to help, to create human relationships, cities, countrysides, nations, in which persons can live. And instead of an illusion of well-being premised on the denial of man's tragic dimensions, of man's mystic dynamism which take their revenge for their neglect by reason in such mad movements as Fascism, a harmony of the whole of human nature.²

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 157-8-9.
 2. Ibid., pp. 159-60.

Synthesis must be the keynote of our existence. How? Our cultural criticism must be revolutionized by the acceptance of the new value as the norm; schools and colleges must revolutionize their disciplines by the norm of the new value; it is high time to found a new political party which shall understand Blake's deep dictum that true politics is religion; underneath all, there must be persons and groups of persons. The synthesis value is more integral and urgent than a compass. It is the latent potential of our loves and loyalties. It will carry us through. ¹

A socialized state of America which shall be a union of persons and of groups of persons working in an economy of plenty,

A union of peoples in a confederation of peace is no idle Utopian dream - It is the true beginning. ²

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 161-171.

2. Ibid., p. 176.

B

AMERICAN WOMEN

Mr. Frank has made a careful and comprehensive study of the position of women in this American Jungle of clashing wills and dominant Power. A presentation of his convictions and conclusions seems a necessary background for an accurate analysis of the position of women as presented in his novels.

The order in which my material is presented is the same one which Mr. Frank uses in his chapter "Our Women" in The Re-Discovery of America. All the material for this section has been obtained from this source, from letters which I have received from the author, and from a conversation which I had with him.

In order to be able to discuss the problem of women with any degree of lucidity, Mr. Frank first examines meticulously certain myths concerning them.

1. It is said that American women are very independent, due to the industrial revolution. This is an erroneous statement, because their nature, molded by eons, could not be changed in the short span of fifty years. Then, too, women have always been in industrial work, the difference being now that the work has shifted from the home. That is true of men's work also.

To judge the men of a land in the whole context of their world, and to judge the women who share the world, by a few special cases, is silly and romantic. Many of our

hard-headed interpreters of women are closer to the minor poet who sings of woman as a Thing Apart, not wholly human, than they would like to be told. Since girls in a modern Paris office feminise that office into something redolent of old France, and since girls in an American office do not feminise it at all, clearly the office and the fact that girls are in it are not the crux of the matter.¹

2. The claim that women are the strength of Puritanism, sex-censorships, and personal prohibitions in America is equally false. Men first set up the ideals of Puritanism both in Europe and in America.

The ideals of Puritanism are not alone a man's concept of the world; they are hostile to women. It is not natural for women to disdain the senses and the body; to be transcendental. It is abhorrent to her to repugn sex, to seek values in the hereafter, to slight this life in mystical evasions. Nor is it natural for woman to be a restless pioneer, to disdain the soil, to idealise motion and change. . . . And whatever organic resistance Puritanism has met in the United States has been due in large part to women. While pioneering, Puritanism's ally, was the cry of the land, woman's aloofness from its alien ideals was overcome by her need to conform. As soon as conditions allowed, her veritable nature—the nature, indeed, of any woman loosed from the bond of man-made culture—spoke: she showed herself emotionally honest, spiritually child-like, sexually alert. The clear, unconsciously rebellious savage whom we call the flapper may stand for the essential woman of America, left unchastened and uncultivated in our stockaded towns and at last released by the fall of the stockades.²

1. Re-Discovery of America, p. 184.

2. Ibid., p. 185.

American democratic rules, and not the women, are responsible for sex-censorships. Our laws merely reflect the attitude of the masses, and that attitude in our country is that sex is a private matter that must not be discussed.

3. The third myth to be exploded is that the United States is a matriarchy. This to Frank is ironically false.

If the American woman has been forced by the conditions of our Jungle to become an agent of masculine behaviour, to accept ideals that corrode her strength, to live a life that belittles her home, to imitate man and always in subaltern ranks; if her struggle for a place has pushed her into man's business, man's politics, man's art, where is her rulership? Is it logical to say that women are strong in a land where men have forced them to act as if they were replicas of men? There is probably no country in the world where woman has had less chance to be woman, less cogency as woman, where she has been so entirely on the defensive; and where the re-establishment of woman in her organic role is so sorely needed, as in ours, for the fulfillment of the folk. This false idealising of the American woman's "might" (in her heart she detests it) is the American man's compensation for his failure to let his woman live; a failure from which he suffers as a man. The cure for all this nonsense, with which distinguished visitors and lecturers regale us, is to see what happened to women in our forming world. . .¹

Having been uprooted from their homes in Europe to seek a new life in America, women worked hard to make a home here. Religion and morals, because they were the strongest hold women had on their men, became a will-

1. Re-Discovery of America, pp. 186-7.

expression by means of which the women tried to touch their men. Ethical and mystical tenets were of use in helping her make a home in the chaotic world.

The American pioneer was not a good lover, and his failure was not due to dangerous and arduous tasks. "His failure as a lover lay in his very issuance from Europe."¹

We have studied the process of atomisation that made the American man a particle of Power -- a driving instrument of action and self-will. Love we have defined as the principle of union, of order, of creation - the act whereby the two or the many become one; and Power is the imposition of a self on any object by destruction or absorption - the principle of chaos. Any man whose impulse is Power is a bad lover. For² how can a man make love, who does not love?

And thus the American man, dominated by Power and not by Love, became the maker of chaos in the relationship between him and woman. He no longer found fulfilment in his wife. It is not strange, then, that marriage faded and divorce began its ascendancy. Because woman and her family became merely a means, the end of which was Power, and since man did not fulfil her, "as a creative being" she was not fulfilled."³ It is true that "Much of the male American's emotion (which American women need to become women) goes to the machine."⁴ The woman suffered from this lack, and, bereft and frantic, she followed into masculine chaos.

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1. Re-Discovery of America, p. 188.
 2. Ibid., pp. 188-9.
 3. Ibid., p. 190.
 4. Ibid., p. 93.

Woman became what she must, in a reign of Power. She went after her man: she went outside herself to be like her man - to win from herself what she had always gotten from the man she had lost. Self-Fulfilment - the fallacy of Power. There begins the spectacle of women who worship self, since their men worship self: of men and women turned from one another and hence barred from the sole true self-fulfilment which is the union of the self with another self, of the one with the world. The men had their outset in the nucleus of their own personal will; they were immature, yet they were beginnings of men. But the women began by doing violence to their nature, by taking men's will as their outset.¹

By imitating men and by struggling against the depreciation of home values, "our women became poor cooks, unsatisfactory wives, neurotic mothers".² Their tool of morals and religion, which they had vainly used to save their homes, began to be used as a weapon, "destructively, aggressively, to sterilize the world, since they were sterile".³

She has learned that all this business of imitating men and of resorting to other substitutes was doomed to failure. Today,

. . the feminist movement is dead. Woman reverts to the sources of her womanhood: to a new, hard, shrewd, unsentimental femaleness. She is an atom: from the fruit of the experience of her mothers, comes this seed of a folk. She is pure of the old seasons, purer than man, readier to dawn. Man cannot win her by tugging the old chords of sentiment, tradition, law - chords himself has cut. He must begin, to meet her beginning. And it may be that

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1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 190-1.
 2. Ibid., p. 191.
 3. Ibid., p. 192.

the first step in the creation of a Whole from our American chaos will be the union of man with this new Eve who was not formed from his rib . . .¹

The aloneness which his women experience, he sees as arising in part from their refusal to relinquish their will. It is due also to the same elements that make our chaos, for this same chaos renders the men inadequate to fulfill her needs. He defines this aloneness thus:

The individual who is false is insecure; and the individual who is convinced of his own separate, substantial ego is false. His aloneness, which is his conscious boast, is his unconscious anguish. He knows, more organically than all his proud assertions, that there is chaos and a lie in him. He distrusts himself. Therefore, he distrusts others; particularly those who are most kin to him and with whom he will strive to form a group.²

Thus there are many problems confronting the modern woman that must be solved before she emerges from the state of chaos in which modern society finds itself. To become wholly integrated, to incorporate within themselves the Great Tradition, to find the place and the work which God has for them to do, to become, in short, persons, are the essential means of solving the problems.

A description of the women in Russia as Waldo Frank sees them will serve to draw an enlightening contrast with American women:

There is intense emotion in Russia's personal life. Women here are women indeed.

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 193.
2. Ibid., p. 279.

They march unafraid into the public turmoil; they work beside men in factory, mill and office. When they travel they sleep beside men, when they bathe - if need be - they bathe naked before them. They are unafraid of their bodies, they are so accepting of essential womanhood that they can forget about it when other phases of life absorb them. In their sexual relations, they meet men freely - spirit to spirit, unaided and untrammelled by conventions. Yet how womanly they are! how ripe in their tenderness and loyalty to their own natures! Here, in the Soviet Union, the Strindbergian warfare of the sexes seems to have no meaning. Here is no male will (the morbid will of the novels of D. H. Lawrence) pitted against a "terrible mother". Childlike and wise, these Russian men and women of the new age seem to share in the work of making it - in the ecstasy of peopling it. Each has what the other needs to share fully. "Let us work - and play - and let us love - together."¹

Mr. Frank has always had a love for what woman actually is and has seemed to be able to understand their problems and positions. Because of his sympathy for them, he has been their confidant in many kinds of troubles and on every sort of occasion. He insists that they have had a raw deal. His women characters have certain traits and appear in certain lights, because, as he stated, he has certain experiences and makes certain observations which are multiplied many times over before he draws his conclusions. As we analyze his women, we shall see that he deals with them sympathetically always, never failing to present their side of any problem fairly and sensately.

1. Dawn in Russia, pp. 51-2.

PART I

CHAPTER III

THE NOVELS AND THEIR THEMES

PART I

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THE NOVELS AND THEIR THEMES

The purpose of this chapter is to give a synopsis of the novels and to sort out the basic themes. The synopsis seemed desirable in itself, since several of the books are out of print; it also serves as a background for the analysis of the major aspects of Mr. Frank's treatment of women in the second part.

The main point of this overview of the novels, however, is to arrive at the basic themes pertinent to the treatment of women. A chart of these themes is given for handy reference.

Unwelcome Man (1917)	Dark Mother (1920)	City Block (1922)	Rahab 1922	Holiday (1923)	New Year's Eve (1929)	Death and Birth of David Merckand (1935)	Bridegroom Corneth (1939)	Summer Never Ends (1941)
1. God is in every human and has a plan for each one.	_____	Found here.	Found here.	Found here	Found here.	Found here.	Found here.	Found here.
2. Deep significance of a child's being reared in a home of love and understanding; tragic conditions are the result if the opposite is true.	Found here.	Found here.	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here
3. Shallowness and emptiness of modern women.	Found here	Found here	_____	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here
4. Inability of women to find fulfillment in children without the love of their husbands.	_____	_____	_____	_____	Found here	Found here.	Found here.	Found here.
5. Importance of rejecting ways of actions and attitudes that entail frustration and negation of life.	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here
	6. Girls are taught to suppress their emotions until they are incapable of emotion; the desirability of marrying for wealth and position.	_____	_____	_____	_____	Found here	Found here.	Found here.
	7. Young girls do not plan to bring fidelity and stability to their husbands in married life.	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	Found here	Found here.
	8. Men engrossed in business — the slaves of power and the machine — make poor husbands and lovers.	Found here	_____	_____	Found here.	Found here.	Found here.	Found here.
	9. Living just for each other and having no regard for humanity in general bring frustration in marriage.		_____	_____	_____	Found here	Found here.	_____
	10. Love and understanding are necessary for fulfillment.		Found here	_____	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here.
			11. Will plays an important part in our lives.	Found here	_____	Found here	Found here	Found here.
			12. An understanding of the inner life of the prostitute is desirable.	_____	_____	Found here.	_____	_____
			13. Sex hunger often brings death.	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here.
			14. Men are weak and inadequate, failing to satisfy women.		Found here	Found here	Found here	Found here.

The Unwelcome Man (1917)

The Unwelcome Man is the story of Quincy Burt and his struggles to understand his family and the world with which he comes in contact and to be understood by them. It is really the story of Quincy and his individuality against everyone whom he knows. The book is divided into three sections: Number I covers the period from his birth to his entrance into college; Section II relates his struggles during his three years in college; the third describes his next two years spent in the business world.

Quincy struggles throughout the first period to adjust himself to his family: the father, Josiah, who blamed Quincy's birth for all the ills that later befell the already too-large family; the mother, Sarah, who tried futilely to be an integral part of her family; to Rhoda and Adelaide, his sisters; to Marsden, the crippled brother, and to Jonas, the lively favorite of his father.

Period II is distinguished by Quincy's struggles to become adjusted to college life; his love for Professor Deering and his falling in love with Deering's beautiful wife, Julia; his sexual experience with her, and his decision to leave college because he cannot adjust himself.

Period III depicts his entrance into the business world; shows his efforts to court Clarice Lodge and his failure; and his final acceptance of the business world as the only life bearable.

The psychological study of Quincy as he tries to live peaceable in the world with other people and still maintain his own identity is the main theme. The author's firm conviction that one should reject ways of living and acting that entail frustration is a part of this theme. After one of Quincy's breaks from the beaten path, the author takes time out to observe:

And, now, the Park was behind him. The adventure stood at its climax. And if there be gods who cease at times their celestial indifference, when the gleam of a real heroism smarts in their dull eyes from earth, they were now watching Quincy. Learn the book of life and the nature of the heroic becomes plain. It is the deliberate negation of what is sense and rote, of that which the interminable average makes life; it is the disavowal of all laws, the compliance with what is but a shadow, a shred, and a suggestion. It is the leaning on an instant and the despising of all time. It is the paradoxical resolve to prove a spot of star greater and wider and more important than the mass of earth. It is the truth. And it is even more, for it is the acting on it. ¹

Quincy fails to be a hero, for he accepts those tenets of life which the author sees as the breeders of our chaos. More than that, he is one of those who deliberately become "unconscious of the Whole" living "in terms of the part as if it were the whole; and this - the way of animals and practical men - is to be unconscious." ²

The mystical experiences which are to be perfected to an artistic entity in his later novels are Quincy's. Then, too, in Clarice, one sees the worldly, shallow girl

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1. Frank, Waldo, The Unwelcome Man (Boston: Little, Brown, and Co., 1917), pp. 125-6.
 2. Re-Discovery of America, p. 212.

who is incapable of giving to Quincy the stability and the sound basis for living that he needs.

Dark Mother (1920)

Dark Mother begins the story of David Markand which is continued later in the book, The Death and Birth of David Markand. This book is really the battleground on which are fought the conflicts between Markand, the dreamer and idealist, and his friend, Tom Rennard, the hard, disillusioned, worldly-wise, young lawyer. It is the story of David's efforts to integrate himself and fit into the world where he must earn his living. It is also the conflict between Tom and his sister, Cornelia, for the mastery of David. Tom sets out to destroy David's faith, shatter his dreams, and disillusion him completely. Tom, like Quincy in the first novel, has sold out to the world and its evil, and he, out of sheer envy of David's ability to stand proof against the world, would destroy him. Cornelia, the successful sculptress, learns to love David, and she strives to counteract Tom's influence and assist David in preserving the best that is in him.

David has come to New York, after the death of his mother, to work for his uncle, Anthony Deane, who is head of a large tobacco firm in New York. David is always bewildered by the business world, but he is never drawn into it. He lives with the Deanes where he falls in love with his

cousin, Lois. When he leaves there, after being disappointed in her, he lives with Tom Rennard. Tom and his sister had run away from an impossible situation at home years before and had wrested from the city success in their lines of work. They were not happy, however, for they seemed to be an ill-fated pair. Cornelia eventually introduces David to Helen Daindre, a young scientist, whom he marries. She does this as a final gesture to save him from Tom, and then she commits suicide.

Several themes appear here. The eternal struggle of a human to become an integrated personality, the search for a full life, and his efforts to live the eternal in his nature are found in David's struggle. The author is painting the evolution of a full, integrated person, and, if the work of art remains unfinished in this book, we find that David achieves this integration in The Death and Birth of David Markand and The Bridegroom Cometh. These three embody well the monistic naturalism that Mr. Frank sees as essential to the true mystic and the real person, for in David and Mary Donald (Bridegroom Cometh) we have the instinctive impulse to assume a whole joined with the intellectual effort to create one, thus becoming integrally conscious.

One finds in Marcia Duffeld, the girl with whom Tom has a love affair, the willingness to indulge in sex relations with a man who cannot be her husband, and the ultimate acceptance of a loveless marriage for financial

reasons while she plans to see often the man she does love. There is the suppression of natural feelings in Lois and Muriel Deane, and they would not think of marrying anyone who did not qualify socially and financially. One finds, too, the falseness of society, the shallowness of its women, and the ineffectualness of the business man as a good lover and husband.

City Block (1922)

This is a collection of short stories told about the people who live in one single block in New York City. It is composed of fourteen stories whose characters overlap and relate to each other, although most of the stories could be published independent of the others. I use these plots and characters in the development of my thesis, but I have given a synopsis of each story as I have used it. That makes it unnecessary for an overview of each one of the stories at this time.

Rahab (1922)

Rahab portrays the life of Fanny Luve as she runs a house of prostitution in New York City. It is a story of how Fanny came to accept this sort of life and leads to a deep understanding of the prostitutes who live with her. The setting is in such a house, and Fanny recalls all the years of her life as she sits and talks to a man who has

come there to see one of the girls.

Fanny Dirk as a young girl had given herself to her lover, Harry Howland Luvé, and after their experience, he decided that they must marry. After marriage, he drank and gambled continuously as he pretended to complete his college course. Then one night he became mixed up in a particularly revolting brawl where a woman was found half-dead, and his evil life caught up with him. His gambling debts were heavy, and he simply disappeared to keep from facing the consequences.

Fanny did not hear from him, although she waited patiently and trustingly during the days of her pregnancy and the birth of their child, Edith. She had borne the pity, scorn, loneliness, and the gossip of the little town for eight months after Harry left when she met Leon Dannenberg, a Jew from Washington. He accompanied her to her home, and through her sexual experience with him, she learned that she still loved her husband and saw clearly again that she must wait for his return. Because Leon believed in her and in her ultimate mission in life, she began to believe in herself. Throughout her life, this one experience with Leon is a guiding light.

Harry spent two years in drinking, gambling, and adulterous living. He was converted and became a preacher, however, before he returned to his home. Fanny, completely happy over his coming, listened to his recital of his sins,

forgave him before he had told them, and assured him of her faith in their future. She then confessed to him her one experience with Leon, and Harry cast her out, refusing to live with her or to own her as his wife. He would not let her have their baby, Edith, and she went forth from home and friends, condemned utterly.

She passed through a period of despair in New York, questioning even the existence of a God whom she believed had cast her away irrevocably. She secured a job in the firm of Christopher Johns, a lovable, kindly man, and it was not long until she had consented to live with him. This relationship lasted two years, and she terminated the affair because she believed that further association with her would only poison him.

It was then that she, sick and despondent unto death, met again Clara Lonergan, a girl with whom she had worked in John's office. Clara nursed Mrs. Luve through a long period of severe illness, and it was Clara's love and concern for Mrs. Luve that caused her to decide that there might be something in life for her to do.

She did not falter in her worship of Clara when she learned that both she and all her girl friends were "kept" women, and Fanny eventually met them all. Their men were crooks, law evaders, and corrupt politicians, but Fanny came to like them instead of judging them. They, in turn, respected this serious, quiet, understanding woman. Thus

it came about that a house was rented, and Fanny became the mistress. Through her six years of keeping this house of prostitution, the friendship and love between her and Clara was the one glorious thing in Fanny's life.

Because she refused to betray one of the men who came there by letting him be trapped in the House, a policeman who had frequented it from the first closed the place, and Clara and Mrs. Luve were thrown into the street. Clara died of pneumonia, but Mrs. Luve opened up another house with other girls.

Fanny is a woman whose inner spiritual life is in seemingly sharp contrast to her outward condition and behavior. Believing on God and calling upon Him frequently, she is, nevertheless, an associate of crooks and prostitutes. She has been able to reconcile the one to the other because she had first learned to love Clara, and later, she heard the stories of the other girls' lives and was able, through understanding, to love and accept them. By nature, Fanny is a mystic whose soul is suffused with a deep, abiding faith in God and in the fact that He has some place for her to work, some mission for her to fulfill.

This belief in God and that He has a job for her is one of the main themes of the book. Fanny comes to be a fully integrated person because she comes to love and understand people; she refuses to judge them and condemn them, for that is the way to death. Waldo Frank, in this book,

reveals his belief that even prostitutes have a right to our understanding, and that often they are forced into this kind of life because of the harshness of social conditions. Our wills and the great influence which wills have upon our lives are demonstrated here. The use of poetic symbols to reveal the soul of Fanny is very effective.

Holiday (1923)

This is the story of the affinity existing between a white girl, Virginia Hade, who lives in White Nazareth, and John Cloud, a negro boy, who lives in Black Nazareth, parts of the same town on the Gulf coast. Lank John Cloud, a magnificent yet tragic negro, is portrayed in the background of his home, his mother, and his fiancee, Mary Certier, who cannot bring him peace because of his longing for Virginia. She is seen in her work and in her relation to father, brother, and the entire white colony. They are both filled with yearnings and longings which they cannot understand and yet which tear their very souls and alienate them from their families and friends.

They come together one afternoon on a hillside, acknowledging their yearnings. It is he who finds strength to leave with no more than a straining of bodies together, a tense handclasp, and a look of unutterable longing. She resolves to wash herself clean of her desires and restless urgings by giving John up to the mob. She tells her father

and brother of John Cloud's effrontery in daring to look at a white girl, and they organize a mob and hang him.

The characteristics of this book are: the manifestation of Virginia's evil will which poisons all whom she touches; for seeking for peace and fulfillment; the blood taint transmitted to children by their parents; and the fact that sexual desires often bring death.

John's mother is a mystic, and Virginia Hade is the woman who denies the way of salvation in life because of the deep-rooted prejudices of her family and her people.

Chalk Face (1924)

Chalk Face is the only one of Waldo Frank's books which I did not use. It added nothing to my study of women, and I am omitting it from this overview and from my thesis.

New Year's Eve (1929)

The play, New Year's Eve, relates the stories of three families who are close to each other in friendship and love. The setting for the first act is a New Year's Eve party at the home of the MacShanes a few minutes before 1900 is ushered in. Two married couples and an engaged one are there to welcome in the new century. The opposing forces and the characters may be seen from this table:

Laura MacShane loves Albert Benison and is to have a baby by him, although she is married to Samson.

Nancy Bowe is the opposing force to Laura. She is engaged to Benison and intends to marry him.

Holt Trubody LaCledede loves Samson MacShane,
although married to Calvin.

The MacShanes have two children; the LaCledede's
have one and are expecting another.

Albert Benison is the opposing force to Calvin
and Samson.

Alan is first the spirit of Laura's unborn child,
then he becomes later the motivating force.

In the first scene, Laura renounces Albert and refuses
to take his love, electing to remain in MacShane's home as
his wife and mother of their children. Albert pleads for
love to triumph, but he had his chance once to marry Laura
and shirked the obligation he thought it would entail.
The spirit of Alan is present even as they drink their
toast to the unborn children of the future.

The next five scenes present these children sixteen
years and twenty years later. Lawrence, the poisoned son
of the MacShanes, loves Cleo, the poisoned daughter of the
Benisons. They hasten to their self-destruction.

Trubody, the son of the LaClededes, has rushed to war
to escape the hate in his home, and he returns, blind and
broken, only to love Nan, the wife of Benison. She leads
him to his destruction. These various forces and lives are
disjointed, ruined, miserable. Alan alone, the child of
love, loves and understands. It is he who brings peace at
last to the MacShanes.

The central theme of this play is that children born

into a loveless union are poisoned. Strongly developed, also, is the idea that people who deliberately renounce love and cling through fear to conventionalized standards accept that way of life which leads to misery and evil. It is Waldo Frank's idea again that to love is to live; that to accept attitudes and circumstances which lead to frustration and negation of life is to create chaos and disintegration. Through the loves of these younger people, we see that often sex hunger brings destruction and death. That life is holy - and that there is a truth which one can live by if he only searches for it are other themes found in this play.

The Death and Birth of David Markand (1935)

The Death and Birth of David Markand is the modern American man's Odyssey. David Markand, a successful and prosperous business man, decides suddenly to resign from his business, leave his home, wife, and two children, and go into the world in search of himself and a truth to live by, -- in fact, to learn the real meaning of life and his place in the scheme of things.

He makes this decision after he learns that his wife, Helen, has joined the Catholic Church as a result of her efforts to find a deeper meaning to life and for something to fill her emptiness. He provides financially for Helen and the children, but his son, Tony, dies soon after he leaves. Some months after David leaves, a daughter is born to Helen.

David goes first to Clermont, the old home where he was born. Here he meets and loves the happily-married Polish man, Stan Poldiewicz, and his Kansas bred wife, Christine. Deborah Gore, a widow who had known his mother, comes to mean much to David. After her jealous son has spread rumors about David and Mrs. Gore, they flee Clermont before the mob, and Deborah goes as far as Chicago with him. Seeing him determined to continue his search, she feels that her mission is over and returns to Clermont.

After a series of adventures with men and women from all classes of society and all occupations, David arrives at the home of Phil Dwelling in Kansas. Christine is there, too, for her husband has died. Here Markand helps Phil and his wife Hester in their efforts to organize the farmers.

David goes next to Chicago. Helen and the baby come there to see him, but he realizes that he is not yet ready to return to her way of living. Instead, he secures a job in a slaughter house and works until he has a complete breakdown. Two Mexicans, Juan Fierro and his wife, Marita, take care of him until he is well. It is then that he meets the wealthy, spoiled Theodora Lenck, wife of a packing house executive who is too weak to hold her love or interest. She and Markand are physically attracted to each other, and they live together for more than two years, each trying desperately to find themselves and ultimate peace with the other. Ted takes him South to the New World School in Lucy, Alabama, in

her efforts to possess him completely. Her refusal to surrender her dominant will to his, and her dissatisfaction with less than all of him eventually separate them. She goes to Hollywood and later kills herself.

Markand becomes allied with the labor movement and looks to his work with them for his salvation. After he sees his friends, John Byrne and Jane Priest, killed in Howton because they are labor organizers, he makes his way to Washington, and, as he gets in touch with Helen, through his lawyer, Tom Rennard, he realizes that he can now return home. He knows "that it was the awakening will, within the body of death that was still he and the city and the world: the will to overcome itself at last, and be reborn." ¹

This work is more than the wanderings of one man. It is an indictment against the entire structure of society in America. Waldo Frank wrote this at a time when he had accepted the tenets of the class struggle. He believed in the establishment of collective society but never in the orthodox Marxist form. His leanings toward labor and its organization are seen both in this book and in The Bridegroom Cometh.

The entire structure of sex life and its influence is treated. The emptiness of women's lives, their lack of emotion,

1. Frank, Waldo, The Death and Birth of David Markand.
(New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1934),
p. 541-2.

and their inability to surrender their own wills are dominant themes. Power, wealth, and the yearning for power destroys the love life of Americans, and our men are weak, inadequate, and unsatisfactory as husbands and lovers.

The part that the will of an individual plays in every phase of life is treated in this book, the force and clash of wills and the havoc wrought by failure to subordinate them being shown. The taint placed upon children who are born into loveless unions, and the heritage of the child of love receive attention, too. The failure of modern women to be good mothers and the lack of fulfillment through their children, as well as the failure of man to find satisfaction in sexual relations with modern women because she is shallow and devoid of feeling, is the dominant note. Frank goes far in his effort to bridge the gap between man and the prostitute by means of sympathetic understanding of her way of life.

Deborah Gore is the mystic and the seeker; Helen Markand seeks fulfillment in the church; Christine Poldiewicz has complete satisfaction in the love of her husband, and hers is the pattern of death in her love-life. Jane Priest, Lida Sharon, Marita Fierro, and Deborah are the women who serve; Hester Dwelling, Helen Markand, and Theodora are those who live for their own satisfaction. These, together with the prostitutes, are the types of women he portrays in this book.

Deborah Gore, through long years of striving, becomes

a person; David Markand is well on his way to accepting only that which is good and which brings satisfaction; he has discarded the worthless and the useless, and he feels that he is now ready to meet life with love, understanding, and service.

The Bridegroom Cometh (1939)

The Bridegroom Cometh is the story of two sisters who, born into a lower middle class family in a small town, go to New York to live and fulfill their destiny. It is really the story of Mary Donald's spiritual quest; of her search for an integrated identity and for the things that make a person. It is the relating of her struggles and wanderings and searchings to find the work and the circumstances that will fill satisfactorily her life and the longings of her soul.

The Martha and Mary of Biblical fame are symbolical of the two sisters in this story. From earliest childhood in Marling, Martha and Mary had been totally different in their outlook on life, in their desires, their ambitions, and their perceptive instincts. Their father was deeply religious, looking always for the Second Coming of Christ and leaving the welfare of his girls to the uncertain and unsympathetic care of his second wife, their stepmother.

It was Mary who absorbed the greater part of Clive Donald's religious teachings; its hopes and fears, its warnings and its promises had entered her soul, and she was

never able to renounce them nor loose completely their hold upon her. Sensitive, introspective, and questioning, Mary is indeed a creature of impulses. She is seeking, always seeking, for that higher life, that deeper meaning which will satisfy the inmost depths of her being. She yearns, too, to know herself.

She breaks away from home, works her way through college, goes to New York, and takes up social service work. Unsuccessful at this, she pursues her studies at the University until she meets Willem Taess, a wealthy Jew whom she eventually marries.

She lives with Doris Granes and her husband, Peter, while she goes to school in New York. Doris was her sociology teacher at Winant, but her ideas were too revolutionary for that respectable college, and she is discharged. Mary had loved her very much and followed her to New York. Mary is not happy there nor successful in her job with the Children's Protective Society which she secures after completing college. In an effort to secure peace and contentment, she marries Willem whom she does not love. She leaves him, goes to Clermont to see her blind grandmother, and there her life tangles for a while with those of Sarah and Luke Carns. Her sexual experience with Luke enables him to start life again with Sarah.

After leaving there, she has many experiences until she enters the work of the Labor Movement, through the

influence of Dolg, the Russian organizer. She meets Lida Sharon, whom David Markand had met and liked in Lucy. Mary loves Lida and tries to integrate her life in the Labor organization as Lida has done. This is not possible, however, and she falls back on David Markand for help. David had returned to his wife only to find an adjustment for lasting happiness impossible; he, too, is seeking fulfillment in his work with the labor people but has failed to find it; he and Mary, through love for each other, find themselves and true life in their love. We can know that they, as real persons, will love and serve humanity at the same time they are finding happiness with each other.

Martha, on the other hand, takes a business course and works in the mills at Marling. She is sultry and passionate, has absorbed none of the religious teachings of her people, and is scornful of restraint. She gives herself wholly and fully to Sid Harvard, and she follows him to New York where she lives only for the deep, all-satisfying love she receives as his wife. Sid, a gangster and bootlegger, is killed, and she, unable to live without him, drowns herself at Loomis Lake where she has gone with Mary to visit her father.

The inability of modern men to satisfy women is an ever-recurring theme, manifested chiefly in Peter Granes and Willem Taess. The desire for power and his affiliation with the business world, together with his fear of life

and his inability to break away from his mother, kept Willem from living a full life with Mary. Mary, in her search for the meaning of life, sees again and again its futility if one doesn't love deeply. All movements and all works are unsatisfactory if there is not love as a motivating force. The emptiness of sexual relations where there is no affinity, and the "raw" deal given women are found in this novel. That a belief in God and the incorporation of the Great Tradition in one's life are necessary for complete integration is emphasized. Children born in hate are tainted, and many mothers are bad mothers. The author's sympathy for the labor movement is found here also.

Mary Donald Taess is the mystic, and she becomes the full, integrated woman which Waldo Frank believes is essential if we are to abolish chaos. Martha is the antithesis of Mary. Doris Granes seeks for some way out of chaos, but she only plunges deeper into her unrest and emptiness.

Summer Never Ends (1941)

Summer Never Ends is a record of a man's search for peace and happiness, but it varies greatly from that of David Markand. This story tells of the seeking of a disillusioned husband and father for a secure and satisfactory foothold in a world that is rapidly disintegrating about him.

Mortimer Crane, a successful Wall Street lawyer, is

giving his mercenary, shallow, worldly wife a divorce when the action of the story begins. He is concerned about the lives of his son and daughter, both born of a loveless union and both groping blindly for what the world has to offer. Leila, his wife, has ruined all their lives. Yet, years ago, he deliberately chose a career that would bring money, power, and social position to him; in so doing he turned his back on his one big interest, the cause of the laboring class. He deliberately turned his back, too, on Judith, the strong character, his childhood sweetheart and the woman with ideals, the one who would have given his life meaning. Now he realizes the shallowness of his existence and the tragedy of his choices.

Danya Petersen, a young college girl, comes to his office to talk with him in regard to her thesis, and he snatches at happiness by falling in love with her. Danya is a self-contained, successful, efficient young woman whose father is a radical without a job and whose mother supports him and her son uncomplainingly. Danya's friend and the man she thinks she will marry, is a young Jew, Herbert Stein, who has completed his law course but who doesn't seem to be able to adjust himself to the world and secure a job. He depends upon Danya completely for love, sympathy, and support morally. He lives with his sisters. He is a decadent character who needs all that a strong woman like Danya can give, but who, even then, would never amount

to much. Danya permits herself to be entertained by Mortimer, and she says she can even love him if she wills to do so. She gives herself to him on several occasions in his apartment, but each attempt at sexual satisfaction is a failure. Mortimer loves her and feels that he must have her.

He ruins himself financially to give his former wife the alimony she desires and to set his children up independent financially of either parent. He then decides to take some cases for the Labor people and begin his life again. He goes to see Judith, and she opens his eyes to some extent to the course he must pursue. He returns to his children in an effort to bring harmony and peace in their lives and his by uniting them all in one home. Herbert kills himself because Crane takes Danya away from him, and Danya alone moves on to her ultimate goal, sure of herself and her ability to direct the outcome of her life.

The themes to be found in this last novel by Waldo Frank are the emptiness of sexual relations that are devoid of love, as is demonstrated by Dagney and Crane; that children are poisoned by loveless marriages such as Crane's and Leila's. Judith Swift is the woman who serves and who has found that love is the key to ultimate redemption; Leila is the shallow, self-satisfied woman, and Dagney in her peculiar way seeks contentment. That men are weak and have nothing to offer women is brought out well in this nove. The part

that will plays in the relation of men and women is the key note to the relationship between Dagney and Crane.

We have seen Waldo Frank's development as an exponent of certain ideas and as a creative writer; we have traced his beliefs and opinions regarding modern American women in relation to his conceptions of society and the universe and have seen how he incorporates these ideas into his treatment of women in his fiction.

Now we shall examine his presentation of modern women and their problems in more detail. This will be done in terms of his fictional presentation of:

1. Modern Women in Relation to Sex.
2. Modern Women in Relation to Marriage.
3. Motherhood and Girlhood.

PART II

CHAPTER I

MODERN WOMEN IN RELATION TO SEX

PART II

CHAPTER I

MODERN WOMEN IN RELATION TO SEX

The purpose of this chapter is to show the relation between modern women and sex as presented in Waldo Frank's novels. From his first novel, The Unwelcome Man, to his last one, Summer Never Ends, there is a gradual change of thought, a deepening of the significance of sex, and the addition of sociological and psychological points of view. This growth and expansion in Mr. Frank's conception of the importance of sex relationship fall into four distinct patterns. They are as follows:

1. The biological. In this pattern, the attractions and desires are purely physical, and sex relations have no greater importance than the mere satisfaction of biological urges.

2. The transcendental. I use this term as it means the reaching beyond human experiences into the spiritual, mystical, and superphysical. This sex pattern calls for more than the physical act, for Mr. Frank integrates it with mystical experiences that lift it beyond the scope possible in the first pattern. There is also contained in this a justification extending even to the prostitute. It is here that he finds an artistic treatment for the sexual act.

3. The social-psychological. This pattern emphasizes the emptiness and frustration of sexual experiences where there is no love, and the lack of both love and deep feeling in the restless, lonely women of today. Mr. Frank now attacks the problem from both a sociological and psychological point of view, giving serious consideration to sex relations as a universal, all-embracing problem which confronts every human being.

4. The personal. The fourth pattern interprets the universal problem in terms of the individual or the person. None of the wide scope of the third pattern is sacrificed, but, rather, it is intensified as he now translates the experiences into the life of the person or the individual.

There is a relationship between these four patterns of sex behavior and the four periods to which his literary works belong which will appear more fully in the analysis of each sex pattern.

1. The biological sex pattern is to be found in the books, The Unwelcome Man and Dark Mother, both of which were written during the experimental stage.

2. The transcendental sex pattern is to be found in Rahab and Holiday and in the collection of short stories, City Block. These books are the outstanding examples of his work during the aesthetic period.

3. The social psychological sex pattern is developed thoroughly in The Death and Birth of David Markand,

the book that is the outgrowth of the period of social consciousness.

4. The personal sex pattern is typified in Summer Never Ends and The Bridegroom Cometh. The latter deals with marriage particularly, and the sex problem assumes importance rarely except in relation to marriage. Since that problem will be considered in another chapter, I shall make only a passing reference to the material in The Bridegroom Cometh.

1. The Biological

Sex relations have no greater importance than the biological one in the books, The Unwelcome Man and Dark Mother. Neither the significance attached to the act nor the reactions are ever deeper than physical disturbances.

Quincy Burt's experience with Judith Deering is the sole treatment of sexual relations in Unwelcome Man. There is a mere mention of such experiences on the part of Quincy, but it is no more than a suggestion. Even Judith's actual feelings are never directly analyzed, neither before the act nor afterward. It assumes no greater importance for her than the attraction that an older woman often feels for an unsophisticated boy when she finds herself lonely, or when she has the desire to feel that she has helped him in some way to be a better person. Quincy was not equal to carrying on the affair, and it ended with the one night they

spent at the hotel. Even this meeting is not described in any detail, and, compared with the sensate descriptions one finds in Mr. Frank's later works, it is of little or no importance. It is true that Quincy suffers terribly that fall and eventually quits school, but the sexual act itself did not cause these disturbances; it was Quincy's nature that caused him to tangle this affair with his love for Judith's husband and his own actual cowardice.

Several sexual experiences are recorded in Dark Mother, but they, too, are the satisfying of desires, and even the physical aspects are dismissed lightly. Tom Rennard and David Markand have intimacies with women, but these are broken off at will with no one experiencing more than a passing feeling of pain.

Marcia Duffield suffers considerably when Tom ends their affair summarily, but the fact that she plans to marry unwisely and without love cannot be said to be an absolute outgrowth of the affair, for, in her circumstances, such a marriage would have been planned anyhow.

David Markand and Anne, the servant girl, left alone in the Deane home for a few weeks one summer, satisfy their physical cravings when she slips into his room at night, but after several such experiences, she withdraws, as a good servant should, and it is never mentioned by either one again. A few sentences suffice for putting the intimacy in its place:

But the heat did not stop: nor the wearing away of will and the rebellion of nerves. Anne came again. It had nothing to do with the wide remainder of their lives. It was somnambular.

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All one week, Anne's step on the threshold of his room was gone. David fumbled in bare feet along the tunneled hall. His flat palm felt her door. It was locked. The end-sweet end of unreplenishment.

No word further: no glance toward the past to open it once more.¹

Lois, his cousin, liked to play around with the idea of loving David, and he thought he loved her, but she never gave anything but a few kisses, and David felt that she was too young to know passion.

This calm acceptance of sexual relations can last but a short time, however. Mr. Frank himself grows beyond that, and his own sympathetic probings into human lives and his expanding awareness of the problems of women naturally lead him into deeper analysis of the problems of sex. This can be seen readily enough in his works of the next period.

2. The Transcendental

From the pattern of pure physical satisfaction which he presents in his experimental stage, Mr. Frank now turns to problems of greater significance. The artistic treatment

1. Frank, Waldo, Dark Mother, (New York, Boni and Liveright, 1920) pp. 43-44.

of sex in this transcendental manner suggests that the author is trying to free himself from something repulsive in the sex relationship by translating it into the highly aesthetic language of mystical realism. There is also an indication that Mr. Frank is trying to bridge the gap between men and prostitutes by presenting the latter in the most humane light possible in Rahab; he tries to span the gap between negro and white in Holiday.

Rahab

There are two themes developed in the presentation of the sex problems in Rahab. The first is this: If we are to live richly and abundantly, we must have a sympathetic understanding of people and a love for them; these two characteristics will transfigure even the life of the prostitute. The second theme is the clear conviction that God has a place for each of us to fill and a task for us to perform, and it is our business to search until we find it.

Rahab is the story of Mrs. Luve who becomes a "madam" presiding over a house of prostitution. Her mystical experiences, her talks with God, and the gigantic struggle to bring her life into line with what God would have, give us a new light on the life of a prostitute. We are even willing for her Bible to be her most intimate companion in such surroundings and experience no feeling of

sacrilege that it is so. It is in such a setting that we meet and come to know well four of the girls who are prostitutes. Mr. Frank tells us those things about each girl which win our sympathy before we are aware of the fact that they are prostitutes. Each one of them has had that in her life which not only has forced her into this way of living, but which, when we see it through the loving, understanding eyes of Mrs. Luve, creates a sympathy for the girl and causes us to look less severely on her. The harshness of life and of society or the cruelty of fate has forced her to sell herself, and one can do nothing but condone her life and wish her well.

Clara Lonergan worked in the same office with Mrs. Luve. She was not happy; she was restless, tired; her parents had been unhappy foreigners, and her home was something she could not want to remember. When Fanny saw her, Clara's eyes were "very black, very large, dry and within themselves like windows of some hidden world having no faith in the sun."¹

Then, when Fanny Luve was down and out, ill and penniless, it is Clara who waits on her, brings the doctor, buys the medicine, and moves her into her own apartment so she can care for her better. Clara and Fanny love each

1. Frank, Waldo, Rahab, (New York, Boni and Liveright, 1922), p. 89.

other, and it is the tenderness that Clara has for Mrs. Luve that makes us willing to love her, even when we learn she is a "kept" woman.

Tessie Liebovitz and Susan Sennister come to see Mrs. Luve before we learn what they are, and Tessie's story makes us willing to accept her and say "Bravo!" to her, no matter what her life may be. Her Jewish father had sacrificed all he held dear to send Tessie to New York to take violin lessons. She was told that her fingers were too short, and some doctor offered to stretch them, and, in so doing, broke them and ruined all her chances for a musical career. She had to send her old father money, and she took the easy way.

Susan was warped and twisted and hard - life had made her so. One feels sorry for her as she says:

"I believe in the power of Hate,
I believe in the truth of Sin.
I believe in the failure of Truth."¹

Thelma is the girl who stays with Mrs. Luve when the Law steps in and closes her house; Thelma rents another place and gives to Mrs. Luve the kindest treatment possible and sees that she has the best of everything.

There is a great amount of good in each of them; much to admire.

Mrs. Luve, of course, is the central figure. Driven from her home and her baby because of one sin, she seeks

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 194.

always to know the truth about God and Christ. She comes to realize at last that God is near and that He has a purpose in life for her. She says:

"When I came to New York, my coming meant one thing. . . . All my life was a hideous jest unless my coming to New York meant one meaning."

"What was that meaning?"

"When I know, I won't be any longer where you are." ¹

When she was ill and penniless and almost dying, she cries hysterically:

"God! You aren't much for me. But I believe in you. Do you hear? Even now. I am not rotten, God. I have done wrong, God. You must hear me, for I believe in you, somehow, my Father. . . . I am leaving the world. But I have been a part. I believe that, God. I have been a part and you need all parts. You have needed me, God? . . .

"Say you have needed me, God for a part something. Whatever it is. You've done with me now. But you've used me. Haven't you used me, God? You're casting me in the ash-heap I know. Can't you say at least 'Thank you' before I am gone?" ²

After she has been for some time with the prostitutes, she seemed to have them clear.

These men and women were no accident. They had words now she understood. They had wills now - here was the wonder of her life - that touched her own. Not Harry's will had touched hers. Not her child's, to eat her's up. Not christopher Johns'. And Leon's . . . Leon's will had stood beyond her, over the ken of her horizons.

These wills touched hers! - these wills of women disgraced, of men criminal and broken, outlawed and dissolute. ³

1. Rahab, p. 123.

2. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 158-9.

3. Ibid., p. 219.

She came to feel that she had come to New York just to be with these lives. The House which she ran became a reality, the one success on her tree of failures, and she gave herself wholly to the House. She did not judge them - the prostitutes, the gamblers, the lawbreakers who came there - she understood them and loved them.

That is why, years later, when Samson Brenner sees her, there are "centers of glow, thrown from the woman, solid like her spirit. He was aware of loveliness." ¹

(Again) She seemed a chaste woman with burnt eyes.

He could not help seeing her, seeing her more and more. Frail slain fingers resting upon a table warmer than her hand. She all a sapling broken in frost . . . standing seasons dead. ²

When she had accepted the last one of them and had loved them through understanding, it is no wonder that "from the wreckage of her features there was born a smile making them clear and sharp, making them fair and high. A Light shone in them". ³

Holiday

The sexual hunger of John Cloud, the tall, stalwart, proud young negro living in Black Nazareth, for the lonely, rebellious white girl, Virginia Hade, of White Nazareth,

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1. Frank, Waldo, op. cit., p. 14.
 2. Ibid., pp. 15-17.
 3. Ibid., p. 250.

will offend the prejudices of many readers, but the sex problem transcends, somehow, the race problem between black and white, and becomes an elemental thing, larger than either the white girl or the negro boy.

The town seethes in the hatred of white for the blacks. The chaos of the town enters Virginia Hade. We see her first:

She walks down the aisle. The grace of her strong way is broken by a strain vising her hips and her dark eyes that meet the gleam of the candelabra. She is tall and firm, but her harmony is broken and her eyes are not happy.¹

She cannot sleep when she goes to bed. She thinks -

- I am afraid of sleep. That's why my eyelids tremble and burn; that's why my hands hold rigid on my brow.

Thrust out your arms. That's right. Lie all stretched out. There is a poison in your body, and it lurks in knots.

If you draw in your leg, the poison lingers.

If you cradle your face upon your elbow, so . . .

Your lips close to your breast . . .

The poison lingers.

Stretch out clear like a rod. Then you'll be clean.

O I want to go to sleep, I am weary.

O I want to wake up.²

She goes on to call the night a "raping nigger"; the dream world is a Nigger too; the world is a dark flame; her insides are dark. Then she muses that perhaps death

1. Frank, Waldo, Holiday, (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1923), p. 44.

2. Ibid., pp. 64-65.

is white; perhaps her soul is white. Then, again:

- O I'm unhappy. That's why I
can't sleep.
O I thresh about all day in straw
. . dry, dry . .
O I wrestle nights against dark forms
of my soul
Breaking upon the dry white of my breast
Saying No . . saying No.
- My soul's not white!
Death's white: my soul wants to live.
It cries to live,
It sings to live,
It stirs within me like an unborn babe,
bleeding to live, all bloody with my blood . .
And my white breast says No.

- Why does the world say No?
Why don't I dare to learn how to say
Yes? ¹

John Cloud's mother senses his longing, and she is afraid of the look in his eyes. She wants him to marry the negro girl, Mary Cartier, who loves him. Even though he decides to do so, "he longs away".

His body lies prone and sweetly wakeful within the magic of his folk. Yet part of him is uncovered, longs beyond: no glowing blanket of his folk can touch it.

He thinks:

- There's a white dream stands between my
mouth and Mary's
A white sunbeam in my soul.
I'll climb it. That's what it's fo'! I'll
vault with the white sunbeam!
Empty pale world . . world of the Free,
Wait till I come an' warm you: wait till I
come an' fill you.

- Mary, the world is proud: world's a white

far-away woman,
 But she's waitin' fo' me to pour my flame
 inside her.
 That ain't hate, Mary: she is waitin' fo' me!
O Mammy, you're wise!
O Mammy, how little wisdom helps when you're cold. ¹

Inevitably, these two sex-hunger souls are drawn together. It is a half-holiday, and he goes along a stream to the land's high edge - a wooded knoll near a deep pool in the stream. He dives in the cool water for a swim. Virginia Hade goes to that same place. Mary Cartier, watching, questioning, says

- Why?
 He went that way,
 What moved him?
 She went that way,
 What moves her?
 He and she
 And I
 An' the slidin' sun
 And Nazareth risin' risin'
 Risin' flame? ²

When John comes out of the water, he sees Virginia sitting there, quietly, waiting. As they talk together, a warm bond draws them close, throbs tensely, moves them nearer together. Then, at her suggestion, they rise to exchange knives, and his hand touches her - - - their bodies are close.

But still her body is beyond his clasp:
 he is possessed by it, he cannot grasp it.
 Within his eyes her body's moving form invade
 him. He is transfixed, he is displaced and

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 62.
 2. Ibid., p. 153.

wracked and marvelously broken . . filled with this sweet unbearable trample of her flesh within his breast, within his heart and loins.

- I am John Cloud. John Cloud! His hand drops hers. Both of his hands fall limp. "Will you exchange?" she whispers. In her voice, the voices of many wills collide to silence. For a moment she is his creature there: a sterile moment. For he obeys her: takes her knife, gives her his own crude blade. Above the knives is darkness. He seeks to see her. - I am John Cloud. Nigger.¹

And, as he sees her features, drawn and hard, he walks away. Virginia, left alone, weeps and pities herself. Whether it is the frustration of her desires which John deliberately refuses to satisfy, denying both himself and her; or whether it is her desire to overcome the loathing she feels for herself because she has wanted a negro; or whether she hopes to stamp out forever the burning desires which torment her soul; or whether it is a mixture of all these, - - - she turns John over to the mob. As they hang him for daring to look at a white girl, Virginia finally sleeps.

This pattern incorporates the sex desire that can only bring death, and Waldo Frank presents it again in the case of Martha and Sid in The Bridegroom Cometh - a sex hunger that can end in nothing but death. There is also in this case a deliberate betrayal of the man for whom the girl feels a yearning. The tragic frustration in

1. Frank, Waldo, Holiday, p. 170.

this instance has deep significance that takes on the element of the psychological and the sociological. It points the way to the embracing of the sexual relationship as a universal problem, wider in scope than the artistically transcendental treatment given it in this period.

3. The Social-psychological

The social-psychological pattern of sexual experience becomes universal as it is presented in The Death and Birth of David Markand. The sympathy and understanding with which Mr. Frank portrays the prostitutes in the transcendental pattern are emphasized in this period, also, for the story which the author tells about each girl permits us to see her in a kinder light; and knowing her personally takes away all condemnation.

Lois Pollard is pitiful in her loneliness and lovelessness. She is not needed by anyone, and she is seeking something with which to fill her life. Betty Milgrim, frank, honest, and young, comes from a small Ohio town. Her mother worked in a mill until she took sick, and Betty manicured nails in a barber shop until she saved enough money to come to New York. She yearns for financial security and the day when she can afford to get fat. Lucy, revengeful like Virginia Hade when her passions know frustration, is motherless, and her father gives her nothing but those things which destroy her. She is restless,

wilful, and unhappy. Irene's parents were of the lowest class, and when she sees what a hard time her mother was having as a good woman, she left home to become a bad one. She has never had a chance to be anything better. Theodora Lenck's life has been empty, and one feels sorry for her because she has never had a man who could satisfy her, or bring to light her latent possibilities. Jane Priest's terrible experience when her step-father tried to become intimate with her leaves us wishing her any sort of happiness.

In addition to the incorporating of the transcendental characteristics, there is the added emphasis on the emptiness of the sexual act and the ultimate frustration when there is no love. The frailty and shallowness of modern women is the main theme of this pattern. That there are sociological reasons for this condition may be seen from the stories told above.

David Markand's sexual experience with Lois was a failure. "Her breasts were weak and limp, her body was wan like a flower too long out of the sun . ." and "Her body touching his was soft, frail, strengthless, bringing pity." ¹

The consequences of this act and of her entire way of living may be seen from their conversation some weeks later. She says:

1. Frank, Waldo, The Death and Birth of David Markand, p. 30.

"You've taught me something. Until last week, I was true to Charley. I've had a bit of a love affair now, and I liked it. Sure I don't love you. But I love myself, see? That's all a woman needs. If she loves herself enough she can always find a man to help her . . . "

"You'll hurt yourself."

She lit a cigarette. "I'm hurt already."

He looked at her, not knowing how to answer.

"In ten years, Devie, no one will want to kiss me any more. Well, for ten years, why not devote myself to the one thing I have?"

"And then - ?"

"To hell with then."

"Lois, you can't fool me. No woman argues herself into love affairs, like this. They come natural, or not at all."

"What is natural, nowadays?" 1

The sociological indictment against a way of life that permits such a fine, rich young woman to come to this state is strong and unmistakable.

His attempted intercourse with Betty Milgrim goes wrong when he kisses her. "Her lips tasted frail, girlish, passionless. . . its taste had cooled him. Can one lie with a woman, he asked himself, without kissing her mouth?" 2

As he was about to leave, "He stood silent, and he saw her. Not the vague summons of his own desire; he saw the objective creature . . . near." 3 The pictures of her hard life and her struggles came to him, and he simply could not take her. He tried to analyze his feelings after he had reached home. He only knew that "life that had

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1. Frank, Waldo, The Death and Birth of David Markand, p.66.
 2. Ibid., p. 72.
 3. Ibid., p. 72.

been strange and far away had suddenly been strange and near. Intolerable. He had run away from the girl's intolerable nearness." ¹ Then the solution comes:

- And where is the need gone? His body has no hunger. Something has changed. The cold water as he took a shower . . . he feels close to it, close to the street floating in globules of sound through the open window, - Is nearness to life a substitute, which he has somehow won, for nearness to the body of a young woman? He knows what he is going to do! That is nearness to life, the good feeling ²

Thus from his sexual experience arises feelings that are universal in meaning.

When Markand would have taken that which Lucy Demarest offered, he was repelled by the touch of her breasts.

"There was something in them weak and infirm: the deficiency was of the woman". . . . "He touched her throat with his mouth . . . the same sense of shallow frailty stopped his passion." ³

Then there was Irene in Kansas. He knew his desire to be thrust against "the emptiness of this woman." He says she was "emptiness incarnate". ⁴

By her hand he knew her. Weakness. Pitiful will of a child to live and to have pleasure. Bravery of brown suit, bravado of her laughter; the stifling of her senses, almost in birth, by her will, in order to get

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1. Frank, Waldo, The Death and Birth of David Markand, p. 76.
 2. Ibid., pp. 76-7.
 3. Ibid., p. 163.
 4. Ibid., p. 209.

dollars, dollars. He was revolted, not by the child-hand but by its clutching the bill. He was moved too violently from his passion to feel pity. 1

Irene, in order to do her business well, never permitted herself to feel at all; she remained passionless. Markend decided that he must see her again and arouse some show of passion and feeling in her. This he does, quite skillfully. Snarling curses at him, she leaves, filled with hate for the man who aroused her. Thinking over the damnable part he had played, he said to himself:

You wanted to make her feel, you lusted to make her feel. Just to take her and use her, passively, as she consents to be used, was not enough. You had to trick her into feeling. And what if her salvation, playing this game of hers, is to feel nothing? You didn't think of that. Shrewdly you played on the child, broke her defenses, roused her, shattered her. She felt in the end - what? Your will. 2

His life with Theodora Lenck begins with the urge to satisfy their physical desires, and this they do, impersonally, for some time. Theodora soon yearns for more than that, however. She begins to feel dissatisfaction.

All else, even his coming close and his heeding the subtle hungers of her body, was her will and her action. And she was learning that the soul of her will was not to want of him, but that he should want and use her by his own law. Since he was always hers, she was not his, and so she did not have him. Since

1. Frank, Waldo, The Death and Birth of David Markend, p.209.
2. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 225-6.

he moved as she willed, she did not move him. Only when he swam alone was he moving of himself . . . in the cold water that somehow was the world and was between them. ¹

Theodora could never surrender her will, however. Perhaps the fear created in her at the thought of surrendering her old life; perhaps it was the lack of love. Markand feels this struggle in her.

In loneliness, and in pity, he holds her hand: pity for her who seems so childlike, spreads to enclose him also. Will it remain always pity? Might not self-pity turn to fear, and make him rend her? He sees her body which can be so passionate and certain: body of the thrust of her will . . . leaving her behind, childlike and bereft in the shadows. His will has won her nothing, save to make her vulnerable, and to ward off from her his love which she alone desires. ²

She yearned for his love more and more, and, as the months passed, with no lessening of their passion, she found that it no longer fulfilled her nor released her. She grew tired. He reasons out their relationship in terms of her will:

He knows now why he and Theodora Lenck have lived together: the passionate conspiratorial game they have played so harmonious together, he for his own end, she for hers. Through her, he hopes to re-incorporate himself in the world, in the person, of the old David Markand. . . Ted? She wants me to save her, through love, from her own will: but in terms of her will! in the same damned world of her will! She wants her heaven without giving up a spot of her beloved hell. We are accomplices each of each. ³

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1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 365.
 2. Ibid., p. 379.
 3. Ibid., p. 387.

There comes the time when Ted knows that she cannot live without the loving of this man and yet she can no longer accept what he gives. He tells her:

"You want to separate us from everything in the world. That's your idea of love. I can't do it. You know I care for you; I care for you now more than I ever did. But I've never felt our relationship could be separate from the world; which would mean that I, personally, could be separate from the world. . . . For you can't be alone, Ted, there is no being alone - not even with a lover." ¹

Inevitably, "she was alone, now, with her will to be loved wholly, to possess him wholly. And her will, deprived, turned on her; it was cold, it was loneliness itself! and rent her". ² Because neither of them loves the other enough, the affair must end in tragic frustration. Ted, seeking surcease from her sorrow and loneliness, takes an overdose of sleeping powder when she finds that fame in Hollywood is empty of comfort, too.

Again, a whole way of life is responsible for the tragedy. I shall not attempt to analyze this affair psychologically, for that is not my task, but there is a wealth of material in this one sexual affair and its complications - enough, I should think, to keep a psychologist busy for some time.

Seeing the sexual problem as a universal pattern, Waldo Frank now gives us two other experiences that are entirely different. Lida Sharon is the social worker who

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 399.

2. Ibid., p. 405.

has given up her entire personal life to carry on her work. She is not remarkable in strong sexual feeling, and she accepts her work in the labor movement as a substitute, only to find that it doesn't fulfill her. This conversation between her and David illustrates my point:

"I don't find you pretty, Lida, that's a fact. And I don't mind telling you, a bit; for I'm sure plenty of men do find you more than pretty."
 "You're clever. And you're a liar. You know I'm not attractive to men."
 "How should I know that? I don't believe -"
 "Well, it's true, David."
 "Does it hurt?"
 "It hurts like hell. But what of it?" 1

At another time, as they talk of work in the labor movement, David says, "Lida, there've been times when I felt sorry for you. Because I didn't find you physically pretty. I was a damn fool, then. I'm not sorry for you. You are happy." 2

What an analysis of their problem is here!

He sat on the bed, and touched the hair of Lida that shone like black flame in the luminous night. He was at ease with her so, and she with him: she wanted no other than his hand's light touch on her hair. Then Markend knew that sex, as men gave it form, could be a lie: what was this between them, but a continuing of his impersonal union, and of hers, with the dark earth singing? He could not give it other, truer form. And this, Lida knew. If he now touched her sexually, he would harm her. Women are wise, he thought. They know when the sexual embrace is truth, the sole truth . . . and when it is false. Ted. - knew. This quiet pause with Lida is whole, and

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 438.
 2. Ibid., p. 447.

she accepts it. With Ted so much more, and yet, since it was not whole, so desperate little! Why should I not give Ted what she could accept? Because I could not, she had to die. Because she was destined to die, I could not wholly join her. ¹

Jane Priest is the girl whose stepfather attempts to force her into the sexual act with him, and Markand and John Byrne find her as she is attempting to run away. They take her along, and she and Byrne, working together in the labor movement, come to love each other. They live together for months without the benefit of a marriage ceremony, and they are very happy. Markand, watching, "knew the quality of Jane in her intimate life with Byrne, how in their embrace the balance to Byrne's dominance was struck: she then was dominant, his was the ecstasy of surrender." ² She believed in God and that He was in all things, and nothing could shake her in this belief.

They were happy. . . Jane, to her man, had the savor of the earth's fruit; Byrne to Jane Priest was the earth's iron and fuel and straight pine, made by the God in whom she still believed to be a man and to walk among men and to lead them to the benison of fulfillment. ³

Markand watched them as the months passed. Byrne, "from all his journeys and conferences, came back, tender, to Jane." ⁴

The body of Jane, when they first found her, was sultry hot, as if it had lived sunless and breathless: now, beneath her poor clothes, it had a quiet fervor. She had seemed, with

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1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 448.
 2. Ibid., p. 464.
 3. Ibid., p. 469-70.
 4. Ibid., p. 477.

her stoop, flat-chested; now her head held high revealed her breasts tenderly and proudly. Her eyes like Byrnes's were the color of dawn; but they had softened and deepened with this gladness of her body. Byrne too had changed; he was less tense, more boyish; the grimness of his mouth had ripened into repose. There was a current alternant between these two; and it was impossible to say with whose strength Byrne worked eighteen hours at a stretch, conferring with stubborn Irish and inarticulate Slavs; or with whose vision Jane returned from her drudgery at night to become a woman delicate and watchful.¹

The sexual life, giving complete fulfillment, has love -- deep love from the man for the woman and from her for him. They are both busy doing the work which they love and which they feel they were destined to do; she believes in God and in His direction. They have much in common, both in mind and in spirit, to give body and soul to their sexual life. These things, then, bring fulfillment.

4. The Personal Pattern

The sexual pattern in Summer Never Ends focuses sharply on the individual, Dagny Petersen, and the man who wishes to become her lover and husband, Mortimer Crane. All the themes of the other patterns are touched in this book, but the experiences of these two form the sole basis for the plot of the novel. The part that will plays in sexual acts is emphasized here, as it was in the affair between Theodora and David; the emptiness of modern women and the frustration

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 477-8.

from lack of love are important also.

The lovelessness of modern life is the note sounded early in the novel when Mortimer Crane and his son are talking. Crane has just asked Somerset what he knows about what girls want. The boy's answer is:

"Well, I know how to hate the bitches. They love that."

"How do you express your hate?"

Somerset joined his hands behind his neck and laughed in his father's face. "That's not so easy to tell, old man. It's called making love."

"Hating?"

"Hating," the boy replied.¹

Dagney had been going with an unfortunate youth, a law student, for some time. She felt sorry for him and wanted to be kind to him, knowing that she was all he had that he cared for. When Crane tells her she does not love Herbert or she could not enjoy his caresses, she answers, "Then I will love him. I'll learn to."

He then asks her to swear by her mother that she loves Herbert. She answers, "If I choose to love him, I shall love him."

When passion draws them closely together in a long embrace, Mortimer asks, "What you felt in my arms doesn't count?"

She replies, "Not if I choose."

When he asks her if she was ever moved that way when Herbert kissed her, she told him that she was not. "But

1. Frank, Waldo, Summer Never Ends. (New York: Dwell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941), p. 45.

it's unimportant?" he asks.

"If I choose." 1

She permits Herbert to kiss her, too. Two of these times are described:

He kissed her. She did not return his gentle pressure on her lips; passive, she permitted him to drink the life he needed. And when he moved away, again to see her, there she was, cool, observing him.

He took her in his arms, holding close to his body the slenderness of her shoulders, and on his mouth her mouth that did not resist, that slumbered, and that told him nothing. 2

This same passiveness and calm acceptance are seen when Herbert asks her to go some place with him and spend the night. She felt his crying need to be close to her, and her one answer was, "Come." When he can find no room suitable for her for the price he can pay, she accepts that calmly, too.

"Why," Herbert said, "did you come along when I wanted to take you to a room? Why did you come away so easily, when I said No: it was too horrible? You didn't care, one way or another. You are horrible."

"What should I have done?"

"Care!" he cried. "Care to do something - enough to strike for it! Care not to do something - enough to fight against it." 3

She says that she does not believe in God; moreover, she has told Herbert she will marry him, but she has no intention of doing so unless he fails to succeed. In that case, she will marry him to help take care of him, but the

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 104-5.

2. Ibid., p.67.

fact that she doesn't love him would not matter.

When Mortimer makes love to her, she responds readily enough, but she fights for a long time against further intimacy.

He knew he could not really make her out. She seemed to him a virgin, and yet not a virgin; her eyes were distant and cool, her mouth was close and warm; she was submissive and she had a will of her own; her body, when he held her, was wonderfully his, and at that moment, evaded him. But whatever she was, bound him; there was no contradiction in her that did not weave the bond. He knew he did not know her; and he knew he must. Imperceptibly, treacherously, his will had come into his passion. At the end of the deep, final embrace, he will know. - I won't touch her till she knows it is important! But she knew: he saw her mouth faintly parted in what might be the beginning of an outcry against hurt, against fear. And resolving not to touch her again, he touched her. ¹

When she does, at last permit the sexual intercourse, he knows complete frustration, for she is a sudden deadness -- a great abyss - complete emptiness. A second time the same thing occurred.

At that instant, Crane knew not only what he must do; he knew what he was going to do, and what would come of it. He hated himself because of it. He hated her because of the abyss in her which lost him. He was full of hate, and he knew it: his passion and his delight were swollen with hate as a tumor with black blood. This was loveliness, he knew as he took it, and it was hateful. ²

Studying over the unhappy affair,

Crane saw that there remained a final act for his death. He would have to finish off his

1. Frank, Welldo, op.cit., p. 102.

2. Ibid., p. 294.

dying, as hate had finished off the love between him and Dagny. Hate. There was the secret! there was the source of the pain! He heard his son on the Huntington terrace: I hate the bitches . . . meaning he made love to them. - If I had acted differently when she was here and in my power, perhaps she would have loved me; perhaps at that she loved me better than I loved her. Hate crowded her out. - Where in my life has there been room for love? Had he lived . . . and all of them . . . lives where alone hate could live? Did hate bring together the bodies of lovers? did hate bear the children? ¹

Judith, the woman whom he loved as a boy, hears the story of Dagny from Mortimer.

"Your Dagny is evil."

"Judith!"

"What she wants in you is not foolish; it is evil!"²

He realizes that these are not jealous outbursts, but that Judith is really sincere. She tells him that Dagny does not love him, or she would have acted differently.

"That's what draws her: your confusion," Judith spoke softly. "She has an appetite for confusion. She'll make a good thing out of it." ³

She adds, later:

"She loves your confusion; probably also that Jewish boy's confusion. I can't blame her. What else have you men got for women nowadays? Perhaps she'll get over it. If she ever meets a man that's clear." ⁴

Conclusion

Women and sex! Mr Frank's conclusions are clear.

He has definitely established the fact that sexual relations

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 199.
2. Ibid., p. 199.
3. Ibid., p. 200.
4. Ibid., p. 200.

without love have very little if any satisfaction. Furthermore, these relations have more meaning and significance than the mere physical act. He has a genuine desire to lead people to see the circumstances which more often than not force prostitutes into the business--at least, he himself has a deep understanding of them that transcends all blame and censure.

Modern women are empty and shallow unless they have become a person - as Jane Priest. They need sexual relations, and nothing else quite takes the place of that. He places much of the blame of women being as they are squarely on the shoulders of the men. They just haven't much that's worthwhile to give to women - sureness, love, stability, or understanding.

Lastly, combining the transcendental, the social-psychological, and the personal, there is the belief that God is in us all and that He has a place in our hearts and lives. He sums this up in a letter which he wrote me on January 28:

God is in every man - every self. That I know with an immediate certainty that has no equal. And I do try, in my poor bungling way, to realize, as I talk with my brothers and my sisters, and as I look out on the historic scene, that GOD IS in them all. It is a frightful paradox; and the sole threshold to truth.

PART II

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THE TREATMENT OF WOMEN IN RELATION TO MARRIAGE

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This chapter is an analysis of modern marriage as presented by Waldo Frank, the emphasis being placed on a study of the particular problems of the married women in the novels. The analysis proper is preceded by a brief sketch of the pertinent background.

Background

Waldo Frank has had an opportunity, because of years of living in and traveling through all European countries, South America, and the United States, to study widely and deeply this human relationship of marriage in all its complexities and varying aspects. That he has definite beliefs and principles concerning all American life, acquired from years of intensive study and keen observation, was set forth in the second chapter of Part I. Working honestly and sensitively and with continuous vision upon life, he has shuttled back and forth between an analysis of social aspects and the using of his conclusions in his fiction.

The best embodiment in fiction of his conception of marriage is found in The Bridegroom Cometh. It was written after he had reached the full years of his experience and can be considered as a most mature piece of work. His idea for this story had its origin in the fact that his second wife, Alma, came from Manchester, New Hampshire, which is just

the sort of mill town that he has given us in Marling. She had known how the mill workers lived and some of the problems they had to face. Mr. Frank's conception of Mary Donald was, in its initial stages, that of his wife. As he gathered his factual materials in Manchester, however, and as his other characters and the plot took shape, Mary grew away from his wife and became an individual in her own right, far different from what he had originally conceived her to be. She became a person, totally unlike anyone he has ever known.

The problems confronting modern married women are presented in The Bridegroom Cometh from women's perspective; they are primarily those of women; in the attempts at solving the difficulties and stabilizing relationships, we are concerned chiefly with the women - - their actions and reactions.

For comparisons and for different points of view, I shall use the marriages in City Block, Death and Birth of David Markand, and some references to Summer Never Ends. The stories in City Block are included for three reasons: it is one of his earliest works dealing lucidly and carefully with marriage; the stories are told impersonally, as if the author were just taking a peek into the lives of these people, the book being written quite objectively; and, thirdly, the themes running through some of these marriages not only forecast his ideas regarding our society

and marriage, but they are the very themes which are developed more minutely and thoroughly in depicting the success or failure of this relationship as he portrays it in his later books.

Much of the factual material in City Block was obtained during the year in which Mr. Frank lived on an East Side block in New York City. People he met and observed at that time gave him the nucleus for some of his ideas, plots, and characters which are found in the stories.

In The Death and Birth of David Markand, the central figure is David, and all the events are more or less subordinated to him; they are seen from a man's point of view, or they are presented in their relationship to his actions. The marriages which have been discussed at any length, therefore, are seen from a man's perspective.

One marriage in Summer Never Ends has been dissolved before the story opens, and the reader looks on while the husband completes arrangements for the divorce; the other marriage is not between principal characters. These two, therefore, can be viewed objectively.

Since Waldo Frank's marriages may be classified as those which bring frustration and those which produce fulfillment, and since there is a gradual elaboration in the later novels of the themes in City Block and the addition of new attitudes which lead to an ever-widening perspective on the part of the author, it is necessary to make an analysis of the marriages in all four of these

books.

Analysis of the Marriages

That "all happy families resemble one another, every unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion"¹ is conclusively proven by the fictional marriages of Waldo Frank. The few successful ones, as we shall see, conform more or less to one pattern, but each unhappy marriage is a failure because of certain conditions and circumstances which are peculiarly its own. Because of this fact, I shall analyze the one general pattern for the marriages that bring fulfillment and that we may call happy ones. The marriages that end in frustration and unhappiness will have to be studied separately in order to present clearly all the factors which Waldo Frank sees as contributing frustration. The analysis will present the several types of marriage and the treatment of two phases - - the physical and the psychological.

Marriages of Fulfillment

Three marriages of fulfillment which may be found in City Block are: Anna and Michael Suchy, Lotte and Isidor Rabinowich, and Mr. and Mrs. Benati; one the The Death and Birth of David Markand: Marita and Juan Fierro;

1. Tolstoi, Count Lyoff N., Anna Karenina, p. 1

one in Summer Never Ends: Dora and Oskar Petersen.

These five unions which bring contentment and happiness to the husband and wife are, first of all, those made by the lower middle class - - the struggling working people who have very little education and no financial security. The women, without exception, are the peasant types - - ignorant, uncultured, but loving and good. The men are of the same class - - hardworking, content, and unquestioning. There is a complete lack of physical attractiveness, both in the man and in the woman. Although they have neither the mental possibilities nor the worldly comforts of an average family, they are content with each other and their children, asking nothing better of life than what they have.

How little physical attractiveness without other qualities means in a marriage seems to be emphasized in all these, especially that of the Benatis. Her son, looking at Mrs. Benati, thinks:

Mama seemed ugly because she had so thick a skin: olive-green, leathery, always a little oily. And her black hair was a mane - I have seen her break a comb in it. But it was good to look at mother. Her grey eyes were deep. Her hands were sweetly cool! Her voice was low, it throbbed so very quiet. No wonder father who was young and had a voice like a cornet loved mother who was fertile with mellowness, who was kind and deep and quiet like a harvest field . . ugly mama whose smile made me sad, so full it was of beauty. 1

The element of understanding, seasoned with compassion, must be present if the marriage is to be one of fulfillment; it may or may not be a part of deep, abiding love, and the author portrays it both ways. The marriage of Lotte and Isidor Rabinowich is a good example. Lotte was filled with compassion and understanding for her husband and for the whole world. She gave to him and to their child the wealth of a great soul, pouring out upon them the mercy and kindness that heal the world. Then, too, "there was a light shining within the lives of Lotte and Isidor Rabinowich", ¹ and that light was the mutual adoration which they heaped upon their son. As the mother looks at him and then at her husband, she breaks into this chant:

- O you who work beside me and who are weak,
Whose weakness I share and shall share always,
Behold we have brought forth strength!
- Our path is darkness we must walk it
Our bed is darkness there we must lie.
Shadow is the world.
Shadow is the world.
Behold we have brought forth light!

- My flesh is yours whom I could never love,
Behold it has brought forth Love! ²

These husbands are unprepossessing, slow, awkward men who will never rise above a day-laborer. Neither big business nor power will ever come between them and their wives, for their ambitions and possibilities do not point the way. The fact that the women are too busy with work and home and children to harbor discontent, to brood over

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p.121.
2. Ibid., p. 125.

their condition, or to find fault with their husbands, goes far toward accounting for the success of the marriages. Something of this is given in the marriage of Dora and Oskar Petersen particularly. Dora worked hard all day in a delicatessen and came home to prepare dinner for her family. Oskar worked sometimes, but more often he did not. He stormed and raved and muttered sometimes about being the head of the house, but Dora went placidly on, managing always. This scene is typical:

The fifty year old father, the fifteen year old son, were both subjects under the benevolent reign of two women: a matriarchal state more typical than Americans like to admit. They never had a word to say to one another, having as to their body needs no common grievance and cultural interests as mutually alien as those of the average Ecuadoran and Alaskan. This, too, is typical. . . . It was always a jolly good morning, something of a feast day, when Dora baked.

Dora sat with her two men, her knees wide-spreading the taut grey skirt and her bare elbows on the table. In some form not physical, she loomed and bulked, although in fact both men were as tall as she.

It was hot in the shaded room, the beer was good (she had a bottle also for herself), and the men were good. Not a bit of them would she have changed! . . . There were always her men who needed to be taken care of. And she knew her men: knew the faintest wrinkle on their souls and she knew their skins.

Since he was her man, Oskar was a good man to Dora; even though prone to lunacy, like all men. 1

Marriages of Frustration

City Block

The marriages of frustration as presented in the short stories in City Block need to be considered because the reason for their failure in each case forms one of the basic causes for the frustration in the marriage relationships which are presented in a more complex and complete analysis in The Death and Birth of David Markand and The Bridegroom Cometh.

Sophie's marriage to Victor Breddan in Murder is one of complete frustration and great loneliness for her. Her husband permits his ambitions for a future in politics to shut out completely Sophie and her desires. Because her first baby is born dead and the doctor refuses assurance that she can have another one successfully, Victor decides that he cannot jeopardize his future by going in debt to try again. He becomes completely absorbed in his career, changing into the cold business man who never sees that his wife is starving for love and companionship. He robs this quiet, dignified woman of the normal, full life which she is so capable of receiving unto herself.

Her husband was full with his ambitious life. She came to know the hard will of her husband . . . She did not understand, but she felt that it was cruel. She received his cruelty, the seed of fear that lives in cruelty like a seed in a hard shell she received also. She was a woman, she was a receiver of seed. She was a woman who needed another seed than the hard will of her husband.

He lay beside her at night. He was very

near and aloof: a dull knife that her love threw herself upon, and that would not cut her. She was all whole: Like a knot she lay writhed beneath her man who would not cut her and loose her. She went forth from him into the hammering world: it also would not loose her. ¹

Esther Lanich is Under the Dome: Aleph is miserable and unhappy, dwelling in complete chaos because she has no love in her heart for anyone. One of Waldo Frank's recurring themes is manifested here: that one must love if one is to live. Esther despises her husband, hates her baby, and has nothing but scorn for all humanity. She is afraid of life and will not let her pent-up soul pour warmth upon her family.

Dora Carber and her husband Godfrey, portrayed in Candles, live the marriage wherein each is solely dependent upon the other and both are completely shut away from the rest of the world. They, lost in each other, do not admit people into their lives. When her baby is born dead, Godfrey is glad, because he has wanted nothing to come between him and his wife. When she realizes that he does not try to understand her suffering over the loss of the child and that he hurts her cruelly by deliberately refusing to become one with her in this tragedy, all life seems to go out of her, and he, too, becomes hopelessly bewildered and lost. Theirs is a marriage of complete frustration because they have lived for themselves alone,

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 37.

never permitting the love for fellow-humans to widen their hearts and broaden their souls.

In the story, Ecclesia Sanctae Teresae, Mrs. Lipper reveals to the priest to whom she has come for advice that her marriage to Clarence is a failure because she has never been able to give herself fully and wholly to him. She loves him and has never denied him his physical rights, but even in this sexual fulfillment she has not been able to become fully his. The priest is drawn irresistibly to her on this Christmas Eve, and they come together - searching, seeking. After their sexual intercourse, which both seem powerless to prevent, "her eyes were different eyes. They were the eyes of a woman wise and sure of herself." 'I have something now to give at last to my husband!' she says." ¹

The Death and Birth of David Markand

Many of the themes which Waldo Frank presents so simply in these short stories are treated with sociological and psychological significance in the marriage of David and Helen, analyzed thoroughly in The Death and Birth of David Markand. After eleven years of married life, during which time they have two children, they find themselves unhappy, both suffering from a sense of frustration. They

1. Frank, Waldo, City Block, pp. 298-9.

feel that their marriage means little apart from the physical aspects, and Helen has turned to the Catholic church in an effort to find some meaning in life. There are three phases to Helen's quest for the absolute: faith in materialism; faith in materialistic man who is without faith; faith in Catholic anti-materialism.

Always, ever since we married, in my search for a truth to live by, I have been absent from you. Why? Because you would not seek with me. You made me do it all alone. But now I have found the truth, its first gift is to bring me back to you, since all along I left you only because I needed truth in order to be really close, really yours.

Have you ever been concerned in my need to understand? Think back, David! When we married, I gave up my work at the Institute under Conrad Westerling. You never really knew what that meant. . . what it did to me. It was giving up a life. Conrad was a magnificent materialist, sure that truth could be measured, and only what could be measured was true. I believed this also. When I loved you, that faith died. For Conrad loved me, more than you, and yet his scientific faith meant less to me than you who had no faith at all. I adored something in you a million million times more - it was not to be measured, it was not passion, David, not yet. Yet it was strong and true. For years, to be your woman was my religion and my life. I lived wholly in you. . . that was my truth. Until I realized it could not last, because you yourself did not accept it. How could it be truth for me when you did not believe this truth, yourself? You were asleep, living in sleep, and seemed to need no truth. Living less like a man than like a plant. Just growing where you happened to have taken root. I could not stifle my mind any more.

I began my search again for the truth I must live by! That search, I made alone. Always alone. While you went on sleeping. . . .

What I want you to see, Dave, is that you left me alone in that crisis. You never saw or felt, no . . . not when you were closest

in my arms. But now, I have found what I sought. . . And now, you must be with me. A woman can seek alone, if she must, without her beloved. But when she has found the truth, that is life: and I must live it with you.¹

David's point of view is different. He sums up the reasons for their unhappiness thus:

I see it now. I need to be clear of you . . . It's your sureness, everything strong I feel strong in you, perhaps, that I must run away from . . . Until I am free of something in me that is dying; my whole world in me, Helen, that is your world, and must die. It will not die and set me free, until I find a new world to take its place.²

A clear insight into their years together may be seen from their thoughts and words on the night when Helen reveals to David that she has definitely joined the church. Both of them had been restless and unlike themselves for some time. He was as one waking from a deep sleep and feels life unreal:

Helen sensed her husband's state, and thought she understood. Longer than he, she has been aware of a trouble, like a rising tide in him. -- He is not made for the animal existence we have led, and at last, at last! comes the beginning of the end: restlessness, vague unhappiness, then seeking, and then finding! She had been through it all a little earlier than he, as was right in a woman who unconsciously assumed her greater maturity and strength. She has found, after what search! the heaven. Now on the anguished and glorious threshold, she will wait to take her husband's hand that they may go in together. Helen feels the man's physical desire storming against her in the quiet room, and it frightens her and calms her. For two weeks, such crucial days! she has deftly

1. The Death and Birth of David Markand, pp. 412-3.
2. Ibid., p. 344.

avoided his caresses, and in his strange way of long unconsciousness and sudden action, he seemed unaware of the unusual deprivation until this hour. But tonight she must speak to him first! She dare not put it off, an Authority higher than her comfort spoke to her this morning. How will what she has to say blend with this hunger of her man, kindling her own, to let their bodies, in silence, know each other? -- There will be no embrace tonight! Why not wait rather with my words? After the caress and the sweet release, when he knows afresh that I love him, let me speak! No, it would be an outrage to him; love cannot rise on cowardice. Much as she rejoices in his desire, knowing the full food her body is to him and the mortal life that his has been to her... knows the woman born at last and at last able to be known. ¹

David, waiting for her to come to him, looked at her books.

Does one know his wife, he pondered, when her mind is full of unshared worlds like these? Well, she does not share my business. What the hell is business, a shallow bag of tricks! But the books one silently lives with? Instinctively, Markend knew they did not matter. Their many voices negating one another were remote from the heart of living. He thought of his afternoon with Lois, of his need now for Helen. - You live with a woman, eat and sleep with her, beget her children; you live within her, year after year consuming her beauty like food. But do you know her? ²

Both of them, then have a feeling of frustration; they have missed something soul-satisfying in their relationship. Helen seeks to find her peace in the church, and David searches for fulfillment. Yet, both speak of the deep love for the other; as far as they themselves are able to tell, there is nothing but love for each other in their hearts. They have been liberal-minded with each other.

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 37-8.
2. Ibid., p. 40.

David relates this phase of their lives together:

He had been almost unexceptionally true to Helen through no virtue; she held him. A single handful of times in eleven years of marriage, he had casually dropped into bed with some woman, always when Helen was away or unavailable. He always told her and she, convinced of his love, seemed not to care. (At the time of her operation, she said to him: "Dave, I can see that this is hard for you. Can't you find some pretty woman, just for a while?")¹

Her news that she had become a Catholic after all these years stunned him:

This was serious, this was no "intellectual conviction" found in her books. If she had told him she had lain with a man, as he with Lois, it would have hurt him more, and been less serious; he would have felt her less far and less lost. This was an infidelity, although to know it was amazement, more destructive than a man's mouth on her breasts which he loved, yes, than a man's passion within her flesh that was his home and his altar. . . . She was whole, and he for the first time outside her. He felt himself crumbling as a leaf dropped from a tree and lying upon autumn.²

On the other hand, Helen is convinced that everything will soon be all right between them, and, relying on that feeling and on her faith in her church, she is marvelously patient with him as he fights his battle alone. He is ultimately unable to enter into her security, and, disposing of his business, he leaves home to wander in search of himself and the true life which he knows he will find.

Helen does not despair, however, for she believes he

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 33.
2. Ibid., pp. 40-1.

will eventually come back to her and that their marriage will be an ideal one. Although she seems so sure of her happiness and her peace now, she does not become a better mother or wife. She does not mean any more to society than she had ever meant. She lives for herself and her family. Waldo Frank lets us see clearly this fact when he gives us the picture of Helen praying in the church. A very poor woman is kneeling beside her. The son of this pitiful creature had been hurt in the foot and needs an X-ray made. She was praying for money to save her boy from being a cripple.

The two women rose at the same time, and Helen smiled at the wan, sweet face in the gray shawl. "Instead of her smile, "thought the woman, "I wish she'd give me the money for that X-ray." But Helen, despite her closeness to all men and women, did not hear her.¹

How utterly she failed to satisfy David may be seen in The Bridegroom Cometh. He had returned to her from his wanderings, and again they had tried to live together.

(Markand was thinking of the evil in the world.)

--You have to know evil in yourself to know evil; you have to know yourself. And the dogmas of most socialists bar the possibility of self-knowledge. I've gotten pretty wise; but what is self-knowledge that doesn't act? Another name for evil? He thought of his wife, Helen: she and her Catholics believed in evil; but not in action against it. They turned to a magic called the Sacraments to get rid of the evil. --And the magic generates another sort of evil. I don't believe in magic; not knowing where to turn, I turn impotently wise, emptily wise?

.....

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 92.

A Catholic church behind him and above him shouldered the city. He thought of his wife who was wholly in the hands of the Church: the long attempt at peace between them upon some mild collaboration or at least tolerance, was failing. War was ahead with his beloved Helen. Winter..And the night above the cold, monumental church was soft.¹

Helen's peace, therefore, was for herself alone - a sort of blind satisfaction that embraced no obligations to her fellow men or to society in general. When Markand meets Mary Donald Taess and knows a great love for her, he has found a person - a well-integrated human being who has preferred any sort of deprivation to a life of shams and shallow pretenses. She was the one who ends his loneliness and his search - she was his answer to his years of questioning.

Helen and David had lived for themselves, both blind to the world, both sleeping. From the sense of their frustration, Helen accepted the church for her substitute, and David, repelled by what he knew to be a mere substitute, went forth to seek life as it should be lived.

The inability of modern men to satisfy their women is found in the marriages of Lois Pollard and Theodora Lenck.

Lois is restless and lonely. David "saw that under the soft features, her face was of hard structure. Here was simple strength, given to Lois by her race. But the

1. Frank, Weldo, op. cit., p. 363.

baffled hunger in her eyes made the strength remote like that of a tigress in a cage." ¹

David tried to place Lois on the day he has his sexual relations with her. "He could not see her clear, she was neither the woman of today nor the girl of the past. All he could feel in her was a void." ² Married to Charley Pollard for years, Lois had a sense of frustration that she tries to allay by furnishing herself an apartment, a hide-out, and there she takes David. She says to him:

"Charley's all right and I suppose I love him. Anyway it's been easy to be true to him, if that means something. But he's a bore, and he could get along without me, and so could Junior since they took him from my breast when he was three months old. I've not done a real thing for him since, for there's always been a nurse or a cook or a doctor or a teacher that could do whatever it was lots better. What I could do best was pay for them. Yet I do love him. More feelings that do nothing."

"What would a feeling be, that does something?"

"A thrill. When a feeling changes you, even if it's a pain, it's a thrill. And when a proper woman has one or sees one coming, she's got to stop it! It was a thrill giving birth to Junior: that was a feeling that did something. And if women were honest they'd tell you (lots of them at any rate), they's love to have a baby every year." ³

Theodora Lenck had failed to find fulfillment with her husband, an executive of the meat packing industry in Chicago.

. . . his wife was sorry for him.
Lenck was a failure of hers, and she knew it.

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p.65.

2. Ibid., p. 17.

3. Ibid., pp. 28-29.

Maybe, she thought, the big job and the war will give him more confidence. She smiled, and Leighton Lenck grew pale with promised ecstasy. If he could once possess her, he was cured of his feebleness. She had done what she could, eagerly giving her body in return for what he gave her. But her eagerness was not the love he needed. It was will... good will, perhaps...and will could not enter him to give him strength, it could only touch him to destroy him." ¹

She had many lovers, seeking surcease from frustration, but they all failed to satisfy her. Instead of going to England with her husband, she went away with Markand. After their affair is over, she goes to Hollywood, but that life is empty, too, and she kills herself.

Christine and Stan Poldiewicz

Christine and Stan love each other devotedly, and there is the great bond of understanding uniting them. Yet their marriage ends in frustration and death because they have shut out the entire world and have broken all contact with their friends, families, and loved ones. They try to be everything to each other, and they are not able to make a satisfactory adjustment with society in general.

Hester and Phil Dwelling

Hester loves power and money, and she does not hesitate to place these gods of hers above love and sympathy. She pushes unambitious Phil to the front in every way possible,

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 358.

deliberately killing all emotion and affection which might have existed between them. She says:

"In the days when I still dreamed of love, what did I care for politics or power or women's rights? It's only as I saw the hollowness of the thing that I grew sensible. Lovemaking and seriousness don't go together. Either a woman's a fool, wanting a man to kiss her body, or she is sensible and finds a work in the world." ¹

The Bridegroom Cometh

The three marriages of the women of secondary importance in The Bridegroom Cometh form a complete background for a full presentation of that of the main character, Mary Donald Taess. Although all the marriages end in frustration, it is in this novel that the author definitely tells us how a marriage of complete fulfillment may be had.

With the three themes for a background -- Martha as an example of the woman who gives up all contact with the world and with other people in order to live for her husband alone, only to find that this ends in frustration and death; Doris Granes as the highly intellectual woman who finds modern man too shallow to satisfy her; and Lida Sharon as the one who gives her life willingly in order to serve humanity and the cause of labor with which she is affiliated, never thinking of herself -- one finds the marriage of Mary and its outcome a complete presentation of the problems

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 283.

confronting modern woman in marriage.

Mary is the mystical seeker who yearns for the good elements which she finds in the other three marriages and who suffers absolute frustration in her life with Willem Taess because the evils found in other marriages permeate her own. She is ever seeking, both within herself and in others, for those qualities which will produce a perfect Whole, and she will not accept less than this.

We shall, therefore, make an analysis of the other three marriages before considering that of Mary.

Martha and Sid Harvard

In order to understand the marriage of Martha and Sid Harvard, one has to study briefly their relations before this time. Martha had met Sid when she was but a child, and she never forgot him. It was as if she were moving steadily toward him in everything she did. When she had secured a job in the same mill where he worked, she saw him again, and it was not long before she was going to his home for sexual indulgences.

. . . Martha does not know where she is going. What matter? It is right! Everything is in its place; everything that happened, or could happen; because everything is within her need of Sid: and that is everything, and is right. Moving across town through the April gloaming, Martha was not going anywhere and was not moving; since everything lives within her heart and her heart is steadfast.

By law of the same fixed possession, she foresees and foresees nothing. She has no image of the man she is to be with, of the place where she will find him, nor of what he will do, what she will feel of his hands and mouth. No fear she has and no joy; almost no interest. All these are deviant emotions of the soul or flesh when sundered from one another." ¹

In giving herself completely to him, she was doing that which she must.

She lay while he worked, searching, strong, quiet. This was not pleasure, this was not joy: this was pain; but had it been so great as to burst her flesh, it was nothing: it was the search of life in life for life. ²

Then:

A shadow stirred in Marthe . . . something to fear. It was fear! Death . . . Near her! She became herself, feeling death there! herself separate dreadfully from the naked man beside her, to whom she was joined forever. ³

Sid was the perfect gangster type - the nihilist; hard as nails; eager to make money the easy way and fearing nothing but poverty. He had used many girls before Marthe, but she held him. He once said:

" . . . Christ, I been with you months already! I tried a couple of others, I got to admit they don't taste so good. I don't like it. And it's all your doin'. Why, you fat little bitch, until you come along, it was never like that. No sooner'd I have a girl, then I was ready for the next."

"You're hurting me!"

. . . .

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1. Frank, Waldo, The Bridegroom Cometh, p. 16.
 2. Ibid., p. 161.
 3. Ibid., pp. 161-2.

"Hurtin' you? If you don't like it, get up and get out. Why don't you? You're a Goddamn cute bitch; think you got me? . . . Just wait. I ain't anchorin' to no woman. I want more . . . 'n you ever heard of." His hands were still hard on her breasts; but his eyes were childish.

"Sure, you're pretty swell. Compared to the other janes in Marling you got me any time and every time." His hands, convulsed, hurt her. "What does that prove? How do I know what New York's got? Some day maybe, you'll look as cheap to me as a French Canuck woman looks to me now, seein' you."

. . . And Martha closed her eyes, shutting in to herself the sweet boyishness, as he kissed her . . . the death.¹

They met in New York some months after Martha had followed him there. The joy was mutual:

And it was easy, this violence of birth: this sudden revelation through his presence that life is in her, now she lives! who but an instant before had not been living . . . the sudden birth, yet easy as to stand letting the air and his voice into her lungs.

"Martha," he whispered huskily. "God! Come let's get out o' this."

She saw, first, an impossible thing: Sid seemed smaller - Something has shrunk him; then she saw irrelevant things: the smart gray hat, the blue serge under the gray top coat. She felt in the face more drawn and in the eyes more feverish, the little hungry life that was the man, and she its hunger! Her heart came alive for him in pity of the hunger, and in fear of the folly and the danger she illogically felt in his prosperous clothes. She said nothing: his hand bit with the old brutality into her flesh, and she followed.²

Sid took her to a hotel, locked her in, after having provided well for her comfort, and told her to remain there until he came to get her for their marriage. She did not

1. Ibid., pp. 188-9.

2. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 190-1.

try to find Mary or to see her, but one day they met, and Martha invited her to dinner. When Mary asked pertinent questions about Martha's life, she did not answer her, pretending not to hear.

Martha and Sid lived in a suite of rooms in an expensive hotel, and it was evident that they had plenty of money to spend. In fact, he became exasperated with Martha because she could not spend more for her own desires. He had no regular working hours.

Martha used the word often: "Sid, when will you be home?" "I was home all day." It was like when she bought things and had them sent to "Mrs. Sidney Harvard". Her love was real, so was Sid's: why was its world unreal? Seeing no one did queer things to you. You were lonely, and yet you were afraid even to see Mary. Your husband never brought a friend to the house, you were never invited out with him, you wondered, but you knew it must be.

- Must be! That was the word for everything since his hand drew her from the subway station, from the crowds making a fuss about nothing . . . they called it Peace.¹

Sid went out usually about four in the afternoon, returning about midnight. "Then came the best hours. Often there was a hot excitement in his eyes, a twitch of his mouth, and when he loved her, Martha felt he was racing to his refuge, passionate less for joy of her than for escape from some danger."²

His being a bootlegger and working with a ring of

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., pp. 220-1.

2. Ibid., pp. 223-4.

criminals made them lead an unnatural life. When she asked Sid why this or that must be, his inevitable answer always was "Must be." That became her world and she lived in it and accepted it.

One glimpses Martha's feelings in this passage:

Martha wanted Mary to come; she wanted Mary to be here now with Sid; alone, she dreaded Mary's presence. She's gotten used to being alone. Words with bellboys, waiters, manicures, milliners, modistes, words with chance ladies in the lobby, were words of silence. And living with Sid was also living in a silence. Being alone! the words with Sid brought nothing close, the sweetest hours with Sid were the most perfect absence. Mary was presence. Now Martha knew that the gray Marling kitchen, the school, Loomis Lake, the hotel at Sunlight, had been real, because of Mary! She made things real! - I don't want her near me! Martha tried to think of Mary: - Maybe she's lonely, maybe the kid needs me? She could not make Mary alive; her loneliness threatened, overwhelmed her in its own panic. For a moment it glanced through Martha how this life of absence with the man she loved emptied her, except of submission and cruelty! - Must be! And the twinge went . . . even if Mary is in trouble. ¹

Mary knew that Martha was not completely happy, that something was wrong, even if she and Sid did love each other. "Mary saw Martha married to a man she loved and who loved her, and both (she knew not how) against the world. Her heart overbrimmed for Martha . . . with her man against the world." ²

Martha's world had closed in on her, crushing her heart, because she had excluded everyone from her love,

1. Frank, Weldo, op.cit., p. 224.
2. Ibid., p. 230.

sympathy, and understanding but Sid. Could she have the baby she wanted so badly, hers might not have been such a tragic fate, but Sid angrily demanded that she have an abortion as soon as he learned of her pregnancy. Martha had wanted this baby, and when he had such a fit of rage at her even suggesting such a thing, she thought of killing herself. He dressed her, looking at her all the while with his black eyes.

- I'm safe, she said to herself. Until he kills me.

Only his eyes were important; they were not speaking the kind words, they lived their own life . . . not caring for her life, not caring for his life. They were leading her now to death. She had always known it would be.¹

.

Sid was angry, because something lived between him and Martha's body. He was killing it, double-quick time, God damn it! but there it was! Martha's body had been unfaithful, and Martha couldn't help it, and that was just what made it bad. If a man touched Martha's body, it would be easy: he would kill the man and Martha. This intruder had crept in where no life must be but his own flesh, and he could not kill Martha. He knew he could not kill her, it was not her doing. It, he will kill! but it has lived in her as his own root; it throbs, it grows in her! Sid's anger, possessing him, did not speak to him. He did not know why he sat nervous in the car, why he hated Martha yet longed for her and felt he must talk sweet: why he sat cowed like a licked boy.²

Martha's heart and soul were hurt by the abortion, but she did not talk. Months later Sid was killed. For days Martha had waited for him to come, and then she knew

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 261.

2. Ibid., pp. 261-2.

that some rival mob had finished him. As she told Willem, "If he was alive in Hell, he'd speak to me." 1

Martha seemed asleep, too stunned to talk or grieve or weep. Mary tried to break the terrible calm within Martha, but she could do nothing. It was as if she had died, and in her eyes there was emptiness, "the void of an immense possession gone forever." 2

Martha existed for some months, but her life was over, and nothing Mary could do ever aroused the least animation in her. It was merely the ending of days when Martha slipped into Loomis Lake one night, drowning herself. The death she had felt in her relationship with Sid had overtaken her.

Martha's love for Sid is an example of Mr. Frank's belief that woman's hunger and man's hunger, sexually, often bring death. The Martha-pattern is similar to that of Christine and Stan Poldiewicz in The Death and Birth of David Markand, in that the wife gives up friends, family, and world to be close to her husband. The end is the same - death.

Doris and Peter Granes

Doris Granes, Socialist, teacher, and writer, is hard, worldly, and unbelieving when the reader first meets her; but one senses that she has great possibilities. She finds nothing in her married life with Peter to call forth the

best that she is capable of being. He is a newspaper writer, a cynic, and a shallow thinker.

The relationship of Doris and Peter is far from an ideal one. Even while Doris is teaching at Winant, one becomes aware of Peter's jealousy and his attitude toward their union:

Peter was jealous! Of course he loved his wife. He looked at her now, the lush full body sprawling on the sofa, the milky skin; and the thought that any man might taste these treasures . . . his! . . . sickened him with rage. He was sure he loved Doris; but when he got a chance at a sweet girl in New York, didn't he take it? Hadn't he slept with five since the War somehow made them more accessible, as if lying down in bed with a young man were the next best service to laying down one's life in a trench for Democracy? And Peter was sure that Doris loved him. But if he, although he loved Doris . . . ? More than one woman, while he was helping her strip off her chemise, had told him that she loved her husband. Styles change. They used to say: "He doesn't understand me". Now, it's "We love each other; but we understand each other's need of freedom", How the devil can he ever know with Doris here alone? ¹

He was expecting of his wife that very fidelity that he was unwilling to give to her and that he had no scruples in destroying in someone else's wife. He desired a married life that calls for the double standard - an outmoded custom in our day and age.

Once Peter, finding Mary alone in the apartment, tries to make love to her, but she repulses him, asking, innocently, how he would feel if another man kissed Doris.

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 169.

Immediately, he is a flame of jealousy, trying to force Mary to tell him if Doris has a lover. She shames him for the very thought and he is silent, glad she had given him back his security in his wife.

Mary knew then that Peter was at war . . . that he had no peace within himself. She, however, had been worried about Doris ever since she came to New York, for she had known immediately that the teacher whom she adored was not happy. When she entered the apartment for the first time, she knew that "Doris was never there",¹ spiritually, wholly. She worked until noon on the book she was writing, but it was not at home. Peter never spent a quiet evening at home, in fact Mary scarcely saw him except when there was company or a party. Mary asked herself questions about Doris:

Is Doris happy? at peace? . . . were questions as impossible to the vague emotion wherein she held Doris, as years before they would have been about Jesus. That emotion did not break; Mary could not judge, nor doubt Doris was wise and true. But within the acceptance, here in her home, were facts that must be seen: Doris flaming from her room, torn with anger, "I can't work!"; Doris in ugly temper against Mary, her husband, the world. This was not all Doris: she could be charming, motherly, tender. But Doris also was at war . . . While the street shouted Peace, Peace was undiscovered!²

One day, coming home early, Mary surprised Doris with her lover, Edgar Drew, a friend of Peter's. She knew, as soon as she saw them sitting guiltily on the sofa that he

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 196.

2. Ibid., pp. 199-200.

was her lover.

Mary saw him, the clever hands, the smooth small head, the well-fed body: No God smote him! Doris, too, got up. It was a pain, the seeing them together, as of her arm bent back till the flesh tore.

The door opened and shut, they were together in the hall. The door opened again, Doris was there.

Mary could not lift her eyes, she was all shame. Doris stood for a long moment over Mary rigid in her chair, her head down, clutching the seat as if it whirled in an abyss. She sat heavily on the sofa.

"Well?" she said.

Mary felt the woman's will, the loved one's, prod her eyes upward. She lifted her head and looked at Doris. She wanted to run away, she wanted to cry, she wanted to fling herself on Doris, kiss her and say: Forgive me!

"Well," Doris repeated, "I'll say it for you. You know it now my dear. He's my lover." 1

Summing up her excuses for her guilt, Doris reached the actual reasons for the bad situation.

" . . . I'm glad about this. I'm going to talk to you, Mary. To begin with Peter: he mustn't know. If Peter knew, it would simply smash him. He's a child, he clings to me like a mother. His smartness earns him a good living; just the same, he's brittle as a biscuit. All the strength he's got is his security in me: thinking I love him alone."

"All right, that's Peter. What about me?"

Doris Solberg Granes got up; her hands clutched her throat, then fell to her haunches and she paced the floor, a peasant woman. Mary watched her.

"There's only half-men in this two-dimensioned town. I'm a woman who needs a man. God, I do! I'll tell you, two half men don't make one man, despite all the mathematics."

Again she sat on the couch. "Don't you dare blame me, you damn little Puritan. Wait till you're a woman. . . . You're not born yet, and that's why you sit there and judge. Sure, two half men don't equal a man. Not twenty half men equal a man (and maybe, I've had twenty). And trying to do a novel, that don't equal a man, either. But when you're a woman you take what you can get. Even the half men. You hold on to it. You don't say: the True, the Wonderful, or nothing. Not by a long shot. Not when you're hungry," ¹

Mary, out of her deep hurt, humiliation, and disillusionment, struck Doris full in the face. She began to see her more clearly, and knew that Doris's mind was "hurting her, hurting the secret place where one must live. A womb in her was being blighted. By her mind? Mary remembered what the biology professor had explained about the radium lighting the live tissues of our bodies. Mary was sorry for Doris: she deserved better than the Peters and the Drews". ²

Fear, too, played its part in the failure of this marriage. Doris admitted it one day in conversation with Peter.

"Sometimes I'm scared! Where are we going, Peter? Suppose we ever stopped . . . falling?"

"We'd land somewhere."

"You feel it, too? that we're falling?"

"Sure, we're falling. . . . we're all falling. And if we ever land . . . smash!"

"I'm scared." ³

To Mary's first party in her new home sometime later, Peter comes exceedingly drunk. The smash-up for him has

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 202.

2. Ibid., p. 216

3. Ibid., p. 218.

arrived.

"I'm celebratin' tonight, Mary. Just dishcovered somep'n and I'm celebratin'. Doris got a lover. Doris and Drew . . . just found out. . . ."¹

And yet these two go on living together, even though they make each other miserable and unhappy. Perhaps Dolg is right when he says of them all:

..So far are you gone in your dissolution, that you love your chaos, you who spread chaos (ah! England), you make a god and a philosophy of your chaos.

.
 . . . Individuals as such are formless; individuals as such are not real. Making themselves into truth, as individuals, they are lies, they are destruction of form, they are your chaos! . . Demons they are, as our friend from Peru knows. An individual who believes he's real as an individual who tries to act as if his uniqueness had form . . . is a demon. Only in so far as individuals enact the collective whole and know themselves to be abstractions apart from the collective whole, do they have form, do they live.

.
 (Then to Peter specifically) I'm talking about life, Granes. And you - you are part of the principle of chaos.²

Lida Sharon and Kurt Doll

Lida and Kurt married because the officials of the workers' movement wanted them to be married and go to Howton to organize the workers. He was twenty, ten years younger than Lida. He wrote party publications and poetry about

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 355.
 2. Ibid., pp. 398-9.

labor and the organization. Lida had worked in the Movement for years, and the officials considered her good because she always obeyed orders without questioning their rightness. She was a friend of Mary Donald's, and the two had lived together for a long time. Lida and Kurt had been lovers for some time.

Mary in bed lingered in the closeness of these two. She knew the sporadic lovers of Lida's past: casual, unfortunate comrades who needed consolation or just a woman, and Lida was safe. Why not? She knew how these men, taking for their weakness, giving only of their weakness, had cast a spell of sleep on Lida's body that accepted its own joylessness, its own worthlessness. But Kurt and Lida were close and her body lived! Lida was whole in his devotion and wonderfully strong; he, the sprite-child with the spark mind, was earthed in her! and he enriched as a young tree its soil.¹

But Mary felt that they didn't love life enough, that they accepted death too easily. When she knew they were willing to be sacrifices for the labor movement in Howton, because that was where John Byrne and Jane Priest had been killed when they went there to organize the people, she tried every way to keep them from going. The Party felt that the reason Jane Priest had been murdered was because she was living with John Byrne unmarried, and so they had ordered the marriage of Kurt and Lida. As one of the men told Mary:

"Well, you see, in case anything does happen to 'em it'll look a lot better in the bourgeois press, they'll play it up a lot more if they were a respectable married couple."²

1. Frank, Waldo, The Bridegroom Cometh, p. 582.
2. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 606.

Mary appeals to Lida to refuse to go through with it, but Lida's ever-recurring answer is that she must obey orders and that she must go because the Party wants it.

Lida says to Mary:

"Mary, you're a bad soldier."
 "You think I'm afraid to die?"
 "No, Mary. That's the hardest and bravest of all. To go ahead when you don't see."
 "I don't want to see, I want to feel."
 "We have to be ready to give up feeling." ¹

That was Lida and her marriage - "To the fulfillment in Howton, to the flower of sleep that is death." ²

Mary and Willem

Mary had suffered greatly because of the failure of Doris's marriage; she suffered infinitely more because she sensed death itself in Martha's marriage; her longing for children and her love for them, together with her sensitive, tender feelings which filled her body, made her suffer; the fact that Martha had submitted to an abortion was almost unbearable. She was all feelings, and she was ever searching for the peace and ultimate satisfaction which she knew she would find somewhere. Willem Taess, the wealthy Dutch Jew, loved her and wanted her to marry him.

That Mary was always unutterably tired and weary and that Willem was unfailingly kind to her and suggested restful, quiet recreations; that she longed for peace which she had never found and that he and his mother's house

1. Frank, Waldo, op.cit., p. 615.

2. Ibid., p. 617.

seemed to possess; that her body lacked and hungered and she believed Willem could satisfy her; that her contact with children and Martha's tragic abortion hurt her; all these influenced Mary in her decision to marry Willem. None of them, however, would have caused her to make up her mind, had she not seen one evening that Willem really needed her badly. When she made him admit it, "all his need entered her body". ¹

"You've always felt I want to take care of you, Mary. . . It's true. I want you to need me. It is I who need you."

She lifted his face from her lap. She felt strong for the first time, knowing she was conquered. ²

They agreed to get married at Christmas, and he proposed that she continue her studies at the university after their honeymoon. He was thoughtful of her and most generous, loving her with his whole heart.

Their wedding night which was spent in the Pullman of a fast moving train, revealed to Mary one weakness of her husband. Willem could not break through his fear sufficiently to possess Mary. She knew he was frightened when he did eventually come to bed, and she finally held him close until he fell asleep.

"She awoke in the gray dawn, the night of violent motion and violent aloneness within her. . . ." ³ When they arrived at the hotel, the next morning, and were alone,

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 284.

2. Ibid.,

3. Ibid., p. 288.

She wanted him to make love, she wanted him to tear off the dainty white candlewick from the bed; it was warm in this room, the sun glowed the curtains, and she wanted to lie with Willem and be open to him. Willem looked toward the bed and then he sat in a chair. It was morning, they could hear guests chatter down the hallway. Mary knew her husband could not dare make love with the world awake and impinging. Doubtless there was a proper time for making love, not a night on a train, not a morning. . . Mary looked at Willem, she saw the hands that had caressed her breasts and his soft mouth. . . . She saw him. - This is my husband. The sensitive long face in which solitude dwelt: - This is my husband; the heavy eyes: - This is my husband, and the mouth too frail. ¹

That night she knew they must be one:

in that oneness she must know at last why there is life.

He sat, murmuring her name, his eyes upon her, his body not yet moving.

- I must be the strong one? Only at the beginning. Only to free his strength. ²

She was satisfied that all would be well after their marriage was consummated. She was happy.

The ecstasy of her will daring at last to know itself alchemied all that happened.

The ecstasy of her woman will was great and sufficed, the ecstasy of knowing: - I am a woman now, and this is my man! She loved when he slept, gradually falling from her as a child from its mother. ³

The next morning, Mary awoke before Willem. She looked at him. "Mary saw Willem without his eyes, the face unlighted. For an instant Mary knew this was not the face to see the world with; the thought, unbearable, glanced off into a shudder." ⁴

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1. Bridegroom Cometh, pp.288-9.
 2. Ibid., p. 289.
 3. Ibid., p. 290.
 4. Ibid., p. 290.

Mornings were happy times with them until the papers were brought, and then into his sense the world came and lived. He knew this, yet he could not refrain from having the papers. He knew that he must go deep to find Mary and give her all of himself, which was all that she demanded. She was not easy to arouse, as other women, and it must be he in his entirety if he were to keep her.

And Willem was divided.

Reading the news of the world, he sensed the barrier that living in the world made from the full knowing of Mary which alone could win her. The leakage of energy and will into this alien world of news weakened him from Mary and made him need her.¹

Willem's absorption in his business and his utter dependence upon his wealth was forever driving them apart and holding them asunder, but he was powerless to prevent it. He was not strong enough to break the hold his mother had on him, either, for he went to see her every night after work before he went to his and Mary's apartment for dinner. He was selfishly blind to all the misery and poverty and sorrow in the world, and he steadfastly refused to assume any responsibility for alleviating the distress of the downtrodden. He smothered Mary in luxury and resented any attempt of hers to reach out a helping hand to the unfortunate. It was not as if he wanted to be like this, for Willem was a good man in every sense of the word; it was fear - fear that his own world of security would tumble;

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 291.

fear that if he once began any sort of reform work his own peace would be gone.

Another problem of Mary's was the matter of children. There was in Mary a great understanding of children and a yearning for them. That was why her work with the Parent's Aid had been so upsetting, tiring, and unsatisfactory to all concerned. Mary sympathized with the children too much, and at night in her hotel room she could not sleep for their presence in her heart and soul. "All she remembered was the faces of the children".¹ They seemed to be crying for her to give them a body.

Her nights, sobered from the day's sweet care of children, grew sad and hard. Soon the melody of the children, bitter-sweet, made all she felt in life its accompanying music.²

When she received the assignment to take the children to the clinics and the parks, she dreaded the end of the day when she must be separated from them. Throughout this phase of her life, what children meant to her and did to her soul is depicted poignantly and heartbreakingly. Yet, when she and Willem are married, she refuses to have children. She learned that her mother-in-law expected her to have a baby as soon as possible, and she knew that Willem wanted one, but something inside her refused.

-I can't love. I'm hard. That's why
I can't give you a child, Willem, my husband.
I'll use you. I vowed I wouldn't use you,

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 257.
2. Ibid., p. 282.

between them, and Mary decided to forget what she had seen and be happy with him. He solesced her with:

"Darling, don't think I don't understand. It's like you to have gone there. Yesterday, you sensed something wrong and terribly sad. You had to find out what it was. I admire you for it. But we're helpless, love. What can we do? The most we can do is spoil the little joy we have. Oh darling, can't we be happy just with each other?"¹

There came to be in Mary the part of her which cried to be allowed to live and then the other part which begged to be lulled to sleep. That struggle kept her tired and weary. Such thoughts went through her mind as she worked in her apartment. She began to think! She knew something was wrong with the world. And then:

Am I wrong? Better read the book before you jump at conclusions. I don't want to; I don't care. But something is the matter, I feel it in Willem. I have always felt it. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day. All days, I used to know are evil. And then I forgot. I wanted to forget. I wanted . . . The beds are aired enough . . . Cold! Imagine this cold and no warm place to go in all the world! But you would die. Imagine dying, and then waking in such a cold forever! Oh, I want to be warm. . . Willem, dear, I want your bed to be warm. With you, warm . . .

- I don't want to know. I don't want to want. Dearest husband, I want to be warm.

- Shout it! Do you hear me, God? I don't want anything else! I don't want to believe in the noble words you once put in the mouths of Prophets. Hello, God, please listen. I WANT TO BE WARM.

1. Bridegroom Cometh, pp. 303-4.

- Beware.
- Be warm and beware. What have they to do with each other?
- I don't want to BEWARE, I want to be WARM.¹

Her discontent with her life of ease and her unwillingness to live a life of lovelessness grew as her senses awoke. On the night when she had seen Martha suffer so tragically because of Sid's death, Mary is returning home from Martha's hotel. She is walking through the tenement section near the river when she sees a woman standing in the dark in her yard sobbing. She did not cease crying or try to hide it when she knew that Mary was seeing her. Already upset by her sister's great grief, Mary analyzes herself:

Mary walking down the street lighted only by a woman's sobs sees, as if dying, her whole life in a day. From the desolate, ecstatic dawn of the gray kitchen whose ceiling is the sky where Jesus waits, she sees the long freeing of her soul that was a rending of the flesh; the long quest upon the horizontal earth for another Heaven, for another Jesus. The long search, the never finding. The long day; at the end weariness, night and sleep. Night, not of this street but of her home and marriage, lighted by a woman's sobbing. Her love with Willem has been a conspiracy for sleeping. Her marriage a sleeping.

- He will not want to wake.

As if asleep, Mary walks away from Martha toward home where she can go on sleeping. Ah, forever! With Willem's money and Willem's weakness and Willem's need to sleep upon her breast, she will be safe from waking.

But while Mary sleeps, she says to herself:

- I sleep.

While she yearns away from the wound torn in her sleep by Martha, it is lighted by the

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 338.

woman, no less real, who stands and sobs
before an iron gate. While she hurries
toward home, she knows: - This is sleep,
and she was not born to sleep. The peace
she has known and loved . . . Jesus, Willem
. . . she knows is a sleep before life.
She knows she was born to awake. ¹

Willem knows he has failed with Mary. She seemed to
by saying to him, "Live with me the true life; danger and
failure. Discard your mother." ² And Willem seems to be
unable to believe in madness even though it is true and
even though it is life. He must have his comfortable
place, his warm bed. Mary tells him she must go away
for a while, and she decides to go to Clermont.

Mary stays with Sarah and Luke Carns and visits her
grandmother and the places where her mother lived and
loved as a child. She learns that Sarah and Luke are
unhappy.

Mary saw: Luke Carns whose whole life
lay beyond his wife's was fond of her, and
Sarah who was grown into her husband, who
could not live without her husband, hated
him. This steadfast seeing made Mary strong,
and strength was a new joy. Sarah distrusted
what she felt in Mary: it was outside her realm,
and her husband liked it. ³

She saw "a boy imprisoned in his body." ⁴

Sarah told Mary that she would kill with an axe any
woman whom she finds with Luke. That very day, Luke takes
Mary to his hideout - a little cabin deep in the hills.

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 369.

2. Ibid., p. 383.

3. Ibid., p. 411.

4. Ibid., p. 411.

He tells Mary he knew she was not married right. Then he confessed that he has needed to make love to her. Seeing his great need, she permits the sexual intercourse, but none of the experience touches or arouses her at all.

The next day he takes her again to the cabin, but Mary refuses a second intimacy. He then tells her how lonely he is, that his soul is dead. Luke admits that he has needed to steal some of Mary's life because he lives with deadness. Mary, too, has always felt Luke's great hunger. Being loved by Sarah, he says, is like "bein' loved by one o' them sandstorms you read about in the Sahara Desert. . . There ain't much difference between the love of certain folks and hate." ¹

"You didn't love her; that's when it happened. I know!" Mary spoke as if she were reading a new exciting text within herself. "When love is blighted, there's hate." ²

Of Mary and her trouble, he says, in answer to her assertion that she is not wonderful or else she would not be in trouble, "Asoul can get in trouble because she's brave. That's you. A soul can get in trouble because he's a coward. That's me." ³

He then reveals that once he was an honest man, human and sympathetic. Sarah, soon after they were married, began to insist on his making more money, even if it meant his being a rascal in his dealings with his fellow men. He had

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 425.
 2. Ibid., p. 425.
 3. Ibid., p. 424.

never thought enough of money to be dishonest to get it, but when his wife insisted, he threw principles to the winds and sold out his self-respect. The joker was that after he became the fellow who was getting rich in any manner possible, his wife refused to live in the new house he wanted to build for her, refused to touch a penny of his money, and made her own by taking boarders. She had nothing but contempt for him. Their lives became meaningless, and he had no respect for himself until Mary, in giving herself to him, restored some of his belief in the man he could have been. Mary told him:

"We're both no good, Luke Carns. I won't let my husband give me anything better than a swell apartment. You wouldn't let your wife give you anything. She was decent enough to refuse the swell house."

"I loved her well enough, Mary."

"Don't you dare use the word! Sarah's better than you, because she loved you. Willem's better than me." ¹

"That's why we came together," Mary kept on thinking aloud, her hand in his.

"God! a man and woman can come together, just because they have no love!"

He let her hand go, and his mind went back to his wife. The girl was telling the truth. He had never been tender, never called for Sarah's tenderness. Now he saw them both . . . their sons grown away or dead . . . go down the hill together toward death. Tenderly. - We're old. But we can still be decent. As from a gray gloaming with Sarah at his side, he looked at Mary ablaze in her youth. A world he has left. - But there is another world. At that instant, for the first time, Luke Carns accepted his life: his heart was full of tenderness for Sarah. ²

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 426.

2. Ibid., p. 426.

Mary has given to Sarah Carns her husband, and she has the pleasure of seeing them together, contented and happy, before she leaves Clermont.

Mary writes Willem from Loomis Lake a few weeks later that she is leaving him. In the letter and later in talking to him, she gives as her reasons that she could not live in his world; it was poison for her; it was choking her to death with loneliness; and she did not love him.

Willem, pathetic in his deep love for Mary and in his great need for her, realizes that he cannot hold her longer. From the depths of his sorrow, he tries to make financial arrangements for her, but she refuses his money.

Years later, after she has tried many jobs and has failed, to some extent, even with the Labor Movement which she has joined, she meets David Markend. She is ready for him and his love. For the first time she feels herself waking. "Mary knew that to wake was to love. To wake and to love were one." 1

This coming together of these two persons points the way to a marriage of fulfillment and happiness.

Conclusion

Marriages, according to Waldo Frank's fictional presentation, are of two kinds: frustration and fulfillment. There are many contributing factors to both of them, social as well as personal. The physical aspect of the marriage

relationship has little to do with the success or the failure of the unions. Although he devotes much space to descriptions of the physical phases of marriage, he uses this high sensateness as a means of getting into his fundamental philosophy - - the importance of the psychological element.

The recurring psychological themes which the author sees as bringing frustration are expressions of his ideas concerning women and their relation to men and to social conditions.

The havoc that is wrought by strong individual wills is emphasized. Mortimer and Leila Crane in Summer Never Ends get a divorce ending their unsatisfactory marriage, and Mortimer's thoughts as he looked at her express the author's ideas concerning wills.

She was shut from him, she had always been shut from him, she in her will, he in his will. There could be no marriage of wills, he figured. He thought of his parents' marriage. They had both believed in God, believed that in marrying and bringing children to the world they were doing God's will. They had submerged their own wills. It had not been a perfect marriage, far from it: but it had been a marriage! ¹

Marriages without love and sympathetic understanding cannot bring happiness. Crane, in thinking over his life with his wife, said:

He had been in love with his wife; but it seemed to him now that this meant to love himself . . . even as Leila had loved herself in love with him. And during the years of

1. Frank, Waldo, Summer Never Ends, pp. 88-9.

disillusion after he knew Leila was lost, he had had his love affairs - not many. He was a satisfactory lover, the women made that clear: not for a moment in those episodes had he loved the women! 1

That women often demand so much in the way of social position, luxuries, and financial security that men sell their principles for money is portrayed in several instances. This is typical.

And although Leila knew she had done the managing: the weaning her husband away from labor to corporation practice, the making of the right set in Murray Hill and Huntington, Long Island, the selection of the children's schools, everything. . . she blamed the failure on Crane. Crane sat with his nervous cigarette at his desk, waiting: he had loved her fairly . . . so it seemed to him, and he had given her everything she asked for. It was a puzzling modulation. She had married the "tribune of the people"; and, deliberately, she had destroyed him. She had wanted a husband earning big money, devoted to her ways; and when she had got him, she despised him. 2

Husbands and wives who live solely for each other without universal love and without bringing into their hearts a full understanding for other people cannot hope for satisfactory marriages. This course often leads to a refusal to have children, and Mr. Frank believes strongly that children are a necessary part of any happy marriage.

The love of power, machines, and money spread chaos in the homes and prevent those who are slaves to such things from becoming an integral part of their homes and families. Fear, which is often present in the hearts of

1. Summer Never Ends, p. 15.

2. Ibid., p. 12.

men and women, is a product of our power-machine servitude, and such fear corrupts marriage relationships and brings frustration.

Women who, because they have not received from the men the respect, love, and moral security which they have a right to expect, have become restless, dissatisfied, and empty. Frank says:

Women are most clamorous for "rights" in lands where culturally they have counted least. Witness England or the United States, where for all her liberties woman is spiritually sterile.¹

He portrays several women who are intellectually strong and desirable in every respect, yet they have been unable to find men who were capable of bringing out the best in them.

These contributing factors to frustration are social and psychological. They are problems that can be solved if men and women, starting at the beginning, will bring about a change in their own lives and then attack the evils existing in modern society.

There is a way to insure marriages of fulfillment. When American society becomes composed of integrated persons who are Whole - persons believing in God and incorporating in their lives a love and a concern for universal mankind, and when these persons, integrated in their cosmos, marry other persons, then the union will be one of absolute

1. Frank, Waldo, Virgin Spain, p. 247.

fulfillment. Such a marriage, permeated with that greater love, which not only includes the husband and wife, but which embraces all peoples and life itself, will be a source of complete fulfillment, dispelling all doubts and chaos.

PART II

CHAPTER III

MOTHERHOOD AND YOUNG GIRLHOOD

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Two aspects of Waldo Frank's treatment of women remain to be studied: those of motherhood and young girlhood. Since there is less material on these, I shall analyze both of them in one chapter. An analysis of the relationship of these types to the problem of sex and marriage will serve at the same time as a correlated recapitulation of his treatment of women.

A. Modern Mothers

The outstanding aspects of Waldo Frank's treatment of modern mothers are: the mother and child relationship, the longing for motherhood, and parental influence. The mother and child relationship appears in Unwelcome Man, New Year's Eve, The Bridegroom Cometh, and The Death and Birth of David Markand. The longing for motherhood is seen best in The Bridegroom Cometh and Rahab. For a discussion of the parental influence, I shall use New Year's Eve, Death and Birth of David Markand, and Summer Never Ends.

The Mother and Child Relationship

Waldo Frank's first novel, The Unwelcome Man dwells at length on the mother-son relationship. In the beginning

the emphasis is placed on Quincy's need of his mother's understanding, when he, as a little child, finds himself in an alien world. She recognizes their affinity and knows that Quincy and she are kindred spirits, but she deliberately refuses to acknowledge this for fear a close relationship with him will raise a barrier between her and the rest of the family. This denial of Quincy's inmost need by Sarah, the mother, causes him to build up, as a defense mechanism, a feeling of resentment against her that turns to sheer animosity.

But his looking up and within himself made it as if Sarah and her last-born had been alone.

She was seated on her favorite cane chair. At her knees stood Quincy, half leaning against them, his hands in hers, his head on a level with her eyes. And so, facing each other, they remained. There was a pathetic similarity between this aging woman and this growing boy. Their faces were long and drawn; their heads were generously moulded. The eyes of both were a deep blue-grey that reminded one in her of faded violets, in him of violets that were fresh but in a shadow. Even their mouths were alike - large, tender-pointed, mobile. And at this moment, there played upon them a tremor like the echo of a single pain.

Sarah shifted her gaze. To her, this searching intercourse between them had become almost unbearable. It was as if, in this deep sympathy that had annealed them, lay infidelity toward the others to whom she was attached. For Quincy could not be the only one. In the rapt intensity which drove his spirit toward her, and in her impulse to respond just so intensely, just so wholeheartedly, it was as if, easily, it might be brought about that there should be no others. But such a blessed

gift was not ordained for Quincy. Sarah repulsed her passionate inner gesture of bestowal; she beat down this mother in her which threatened to clasp Quincy to the exclusion of all else. She summoned her sense of duty, her social sense, her common sense... And deliberately, coldly, though she knew not the full nature of her act, she broke this blinding, seething current that threatened to submerge the pair, one with the other.¹

When Quincy is grown, and the opportunity for winning him no longer presents itself, Sarah tries to tie him to her by arousing his sympathy for her, by telling of all she has done for him, and by endeavoring to keep closely affiliated with his affairs. None of these methods serve her purpose, however.

Sarah realized when Quincy was a baby that the children could never take the place of her husband nor satisfy the void in her life when he coldly withdrew from her. It was to regain the loving regard of her husband that Sarah struggled, and Quincy could always feel the presence of his father come between him and his mother, even when they were closest.

The mother and son relationship is found again in Mrs. Taess and Willem in The Bridegroom Cometh. Mrs. Taess has him chained to her so firmly that even Mary, his wife, cannot break the hold. When Mary suggests to Willem that they move from his mother's into an apartment of their own,

1. Frank, Waldo, The Unwelcome Man, (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1917) p. 53.

"He lay infinitely far away, beside her; his mother his mind, his mother the skin of his body. Underneath she must find what is not his mother. . . . She moved her hand upon his. He moved his hand away. He was his mother's child, petulant, not yet hers . . . to be created hers." ¹

To satisfy Mary, he consents to move, but he promises his mother that he will come to see her from work each evening before he goes home to Mary for dinner. The fact that the drive is a long one and out of his way home only serves to show his devotion more. He says to her, "I am your boy. I will never forget." ²

Mrs. Taess keeps him by making him feel sorry for her and by leading him to acknowledge what a wonderful, self-sacrificing mother she has always been. Mary sees her in a different light, however, and it was the breaking of an antique dish by the servant Djuna, that led Mary to see the real Querida Taess.

Querida stared at the disaster; her eyes gorged on it and were young with an open hatred.

This woman taking the dish (Querida Taess) loved no human being! . . . No love for Lilie, no love for Willem! . . . She loved not the lives of her children: what she loved was a death, and her children's place in it. . . ³

Mary knew at last that this mother was "a monster", ⁴ a person whose life fed on death and who would break her

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1. Frank, Waldo, The Bridegroom Cometh (New York: Doubleday Doran and Co., 1939), p. 321.
 2. Ibid., p. 325.
 3. Ibid., pp. 318-19.
 4. Ibid., p. 319.

children. This led her to say to Willem "there aren't any mothers in the world".¹

Helen Markand, in The Death and Birth of David Markand, has three small children, and the problems she faces in rearing them are felt keenly by her. She realizes, too, that their coming has called for readjustments between her and her husband. It is here that we find Waldo Frank presenting the duties and obligations of motherhood in a broader sense.

The children were born and they were the beginning of a rift in which her mind, long slumberous in her husband's flesh, must stir again. It was not that their love weakened; even their physical need for one another, after a pause, returned with a new deep wonder that dimmed the glamor of the first year. But Helen was no longer perfect in her man; there were the children, the children. They called her forth from her David, led her in myriadly branching ways to efforts, plans, fears, joys, that were not David. She was still close to her man, far closer than to her children; there was no moment when she did not know that she loved him and needed him more than she did them. But theirs were the innumerable tentacles of the hours. Into the intricate everyday web of the ties of her children, her husband could not enter. He was not even aware of them and of their danger. Each day he went to work, returned to romp with the babies and to do the little chores she put into his way in the piteous effort to bring him inside the weave; each night, he lay with her. Avail-less. That perfection, luminously white, of her and him alone, not so much in the world as making it, was gone. And Helen learned that children were no substitute. Though she diapered them and fed them and bathed them and took them walking, and sang to them, they were themselves . . . spreading each day farther into their own

1. Bridegroom Cometh, p. 320.

dimensions. She must follow them to protect and sustain them, she could not make their world her own. That world was hers, not in the joy of self-fulfillment, only in the strain of responsibility. Was she an unnatural mother? Then she knew:- New York and America are full of mothers like me. Came an illness and a resolution. She hired a competent nurse, buying her freedom. But it was a delusion. She learned soon enough that freedom was nothing without fulfillment. ¹

It was then that Helen became converted to the Catholic faith, and she developed a different philosophy concerning them.

Helen was happy. Her world had meaning. . . . Her children had meaning. She could love them at last without torture (and she knew that no pain, unless suffered consciously for God, was good). The burden of Tony and Martha had been well nigh unbearable to Helen. They were hers, how could she be sure that she was right, doing and thinking right at every instant for them? Now, thank God! she knew they were not hers; she understood the insufferable pride in assuming they were hers. Had she created them? did she understand the mystery of their blood and eyes? God had worked the miracle of their life within her body, and she had borne them. They, like her own life, were lent unto her soul a little while, to bear as bravely as she might. If she did well, the virtue was not hers; if she failed, although she did her best, the same Grace that had given absolved her. To be responsible in the actual flesh for her children had been unbearable, she knew, because it was a lie. Could she foretell every possible wagon in their path, every possible germ, every possible poison of word or gesture that a playmate might spread? Her fury of responsibility assumed that all this, and no less, was expected of her: and it was a fury of pride. Now she was light. Her children, like herself, were in God. Life was inscrutable, at times

1. The Death and Birth of David Markand, pp. 55-6.

glorious, at times cruel. She tried to make it beneficent for her children. This also was part of life, part of their life; that they should have a mother who did all she could to make them strong and clear. But the ultimate was life itself, and its creator was God. ¹

One does not feel, however, that Helen has become a better mother; in fact, it seems as if she has shifted her responsibility to God, and she denies the very problems that motherhood should bring. I make this deduction because she never seems to grow into a mother-person; she derives no fulfillment from the fact that she is a mother. Tony, the little son, dies; she admits that the young daughter, Martha, irritates her and that she does not have the right kind of love for her. The last picture we see of Helen is when she is trying to get the baby out of the room in order that she may be alone with her husband's letter. Joining the church did not make a better mother of her.

These mother-child relationships which I have discussed are unsatisfactory; they bring happiness neither to the mother nor to the child. There is something definitely lacking, and this lack is felt by Mary Donald as she works among children and longs for them. This leads us then to the second phase of our study.

2. Longing for Motherhood

The yearning for children comes to Mary in The

1. The Death and Birth of David Markand, p. 53.

Bridegroom Cometh as she works for a children's protective agency in New York.

. . . Children. Mary completed her final visits late, and returned to the hotel. As the sun drooped, the heat rose. Her room, facing east, was cool; a breeze breathed moistly in, auguring thunder and showers. Mary undressed and bathed and lay on her bed. Children . . . It was not a voice, not even a thought: it was the stir of an organ in her flesh dying at the surface of sense in her fatigue and the good ease of her room and the memory, inexplicable painful, of Martha: children . . . Martha . . . nothing. Mary was sorry she had not brought her good organdie dress for dinner; but she comforted herself, no one looked at you in this hotel whose steel machine was featly fended in cretonne and pastel courtesy. Children . . . She dined well, and went straight to bed and to sleep; the fatigue of the day's height and yesterday's depression overwhelmed her. And still beneath her ease, the visceral voice: children . . . 1

As she tried to write her reports, "all she remembered was the faces of children And always the faces of children. . . . always her own body." 2

She liked her new job because it gave her an opportunity to care for the children and be with them more.

When she was with her children, she forgot all else . . . the city, the echoed burdens of the world, herself. It was a sweet intoxication to dwell within the children, share the play and fears of children, and yet have power to guide them, even at times to make them happy. Children, she felt, were a world. And she loved it. Had someone forced her to declare what was wrong with the other world: this sultry, sodden summer, these sullen people,

1. The Bridegroom Cometh, p. 256.
2. Ibid., p. 257.

she would have said it simply, It's too different from the children. Many of the little ones were hard cases: they came from asylums where no love had mellowed their animal egoism, from boarding homes where their little lusts and ugly habits were ingrown like cancers. Often, they were unruly, perverse, but Mary was not troubled, because she saw the problem from within, doubly: from within the heart of the child which always she found sweet and from within the adult world which she blamed for all she found bitter. ¹

Yet it was intoxication. . . and each night the awakening. Each night, the children were not there! her touch upon their lives led to no hold. The sweeter she felt them, the closer saw them (every child she knew became for her a passionate problem), the more dreaded the separation. ²

"I'm selfish," she said to Willem. "That I make a child a little happier does not make me happy. I want to give them more . . . always. And because I can't, I want to give nothing." ³

Her nights, sobered from the day's sweet care of children, grew sad and hard. Soon the melody of the children, bittersweet, made all she felt in life its accompanying music. ⁴

This yearning for children is not satisfied in Mary, for, having married a man whom she does not love, she refuses to have them.

Mrs. Luve, in Rahab, having been driven from her home and her baby by her husband, grieves deeply over the separation, and her longing for her baby is at times almost

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1. The Bridegroom Cometh, p. 281.
 2. Ibid., p. 281.
 3. Ibid., p. 282.
 4. Ibid., p. 282.

unbearable. The pain she felt as she moved away from Edith on the train was "one pain . . . one moment. Pain. She saw that it was not a thousand pains, weeping in gray wings mistily about her. She saw that it was Life".¹

The depth of her longing may be gathered from these:

Edith my child! Soft hands upon my arms,
soft lips upon my mouth biting me with such
savage softness. Edith? O my soft love whom
I held all about me . . . who held me all. You
are gone.

-I shut my face in my hands and you are about
me, my Baby. Only you. Your hands and your
hair and your little mouth. Edith, Edith . . .

-I shut my eyes in my hands and you are about
me, my Baby. I am a baby with you. Our flesh
is one: our hands are one like petals entwined
in a flower.²

Such deep emotions as those of Mary and Mrs. Luve in their longing for a child are not found in the mothers who have children. Perhaps Helen Markand's words were quite true when she thought "how she and David, and soon their children, rattled about in chaos!"³

Waldo Frank's belief that the feelings which parents have for each other will determine to a great extent the kind of dispositions and characters their children have is one of his recurring themes. A study of his fictional treatment of this phase of the problem will be helpful.

1. The Bridegroom Cometh, p. 282.

2. Rahab, p. 131.

3. The Death and Birth of David Markand, p. 60

5. Parental Influence

Waldo Frenk emphasizes the fact that there will always be something lacking in the children who are born of parents who do not love each other. He goes even further by expressing his belief that what parents are and how they act have a definite influence on the children. The positive side of this psychological truth is to be found in the description of the place David Markand held in his parents' lives. In describing David's mother, he says:

Her husband was a wise man of many talents, abused and unmastered; his agile mind served to rationalize his passions; he lacked the staying power and the steadfast light which he loved in Martha. That love, and her love for that love, were incarnate in their child without whom they would have flung off from one another, as their minds often flew and their moods. David held them; David was the life deepest and most real in them: their desire.

And David's flesh now knew how his childhood's being with his parents had been good, strength-making. The storms he had witnessed of his father did not disturb him. For his father's eyes were tender. He took him along, when he hunted for mushrooms; he romped with him under the trees of their garden; he let him puff his pipe and was proud when the child did not sicken. At times, like one child with another, he yelled at him, even struck him: which, as one child of another, David understood. And the eyes of his mother, whatever storm brooded or burst in the house, were always full of peace when they beheld him. Until her death, even after her death, her eyes beheld him 1

After his father died, his mother and he were closer

1. The Death and Birth of David Markand, p. 147.

together than ever before. All his faith and goodness come from this relationship. In Dark Mother, David has come to New York to live and work, having lost his mother sometime before. He thought of her:

She had died that May. Until a few years ago she had talked a great deal with him. Their talk dwindled. The open space of their few words became an easeful place for him to lie in. He withdrew more and more to it.

He loved his mother. But his love remained at the depth where it began: one with his needs when he was an infant and she nursed him, a child bruised against the world and she consoled him. She was gone: but the glow of her motherhood still warmed through his life. Like his love, his loss was mute. He did not know how deeply he loved, he did not know how deeply he had lost his mother. ¹

This relationship that David knew with his parents is in his thoughts as he tries to discover what is wrong with Harold Gore and his mother, Deborah. He and Harold have some words one day when Harold tells him to leave his mother alone and not come near her again.

But he held on; and with his rage mastered, came now a deeper vision. - The boy has never grown up; he knows it, he resents it, he blames and hates his mother for it! Why? She was a woman knowing, in the dim way of all of us, there is a world and her own small part in it. Why had this normal knowledge escaped her son? For he did not know his place in the world: that was the cause of his resentment, his jealousy, his pride. Was it that he had not had his place as a child? The warm central place within the world of his mother? Seeking now vainly in the world of men what his child

¹. Frank, Waldo, Dark Mother, p. 6.

soul needed? The anger was gone. Markand knew that he had had his central place with his parents: Tony and Martha had it. From it, perhaps, alone might come to a man courage and power to go on without it, in in the world of adults.

Markand looked at the two, and there was another presence in them both! Samuel Gore had molded the youth and had molded the woman. Her dark spirit against her man - Markand felt it! - was in her love for her son. Out of her lean, supple body had come this youth: the color of their skin, of their eyes and hair, was one; but had come also the dark coil of her spirit against the father. They are one, all three, bitterly wound within one another, making their own world. ¹

Deborah's married life, from the day she became a bride, was one of terror, fear, repressions, and misunderstandings. Her children had not been born of love, and all died but Harold. Now, as they quarrel, one sees the effect of such a marriage on the child:

" . . . I ain't ashamed of my life."
(Deborah to Harold) He understood the slur to his father. Never once did she say a good word of his father . . . or any word . . . she never linked her life with his father or with him.

.
He recoiled, dimly understanding that her fear was an old fear, older than he; understanding again the slur, in her fear, on his father. ²

"This I'll tell you," Deborah clasped the edge of the table with both hands. "Do not strain too hard my love for you."

"You don't love me. You never loved me."

"I loved you."

"You lie."

"I don't lie, Harold. But we are strangers."

1. The Death and Birth of David Markand, p. 132.

2. Ibid., p. 159.

When you are like this, we are strangers."

"You lie! You never loved me, because you hated father. That's why we are strangers."

She looked at him silent.

"Go ahead, deny it!" He was half weeping.

"You don't dare. Why if you love me, don't you say it?"

Her gaze at her son hardened for she knew that she loved him, and that she must hate him, also. ¹

Summer Never Ends presents a similar problem of parent-responsibility. Judith Swift had married a man whom she did not love fully. Her son was wild, unstable, and decadent. She felt that her job was to look after him and try to reclaim him through her love and kindness, since he had been poisoned by her feelings for her husband. She says to Mortimer Crane, the man whom she had loved in their youth:

"Larry is a part of my marrying Gray. That was the irresponsible act. And you were in it."

"Go on."

She took his hand, held it pensively; then dropped it. "There's nothing more. It's not easy to say - yet so much harder to know! I know it, and Larry feels it in me; that's important and more hopeful for him than all your reasonable methods. If Larry comes to know it himself, he's saved." ²

Then Mortimer sums it up:

"I was afraid of your love for me and of my love for you. You've told me that, and it's true. I felt no responsibility for us . . . for the life between us. To get on in the world was more important. That's what you're saying. And from that irresponsibility of mine

1.- The Death and Birth of David Markand, p. 160.

2.- Summer Never Ends, p. 193.

toward you, came yours . . . your irresponsibility in marrying Gray. Then, Larry . . ." ¹

He applies the reasoning to himself, and, because he acknowledges that fear was back of his love for his wife, he saw his own children as the product of fear. The imperfections in both of them are but the offspring of the flaws in his life with his wife. Judith does not see her case as hopeless, however, but she knows for a certainty how to deal with her son.

"You think it's wonderful of me not to be more upset by what happened tonight. It's that I know, dear, that love will work, love will win - because nothing else works, nothing else wins!" ²

The best example of the influence which a loveless marriage has on children is to be found in the play New Year's Eve. In each of the three couples, one party loves someone besides the person he or she is married to. Yet they live together and have children. Something is wrong with all the offspring - they are social misfits or disintegrated humans - except Alan MacShane, the only one begotten in love. His mother, Laura, had permitted herself to have one afternoon with the man whom she loved, and Alan was their child. In direct contrast to all the other children, he is loving, kind, understanding, and intelligent.

1. Summer Never Ends, p. 194.

2. Ibid., p. 194.

Laura, as she sees the wreck of all their homes and lives, decides she is to blame because she did not leave her husband and marry Albert Benison many, many years ago. She says:

For that ruthless act, behold the issue. Albert married Nan in desperation. Albert hurt Nan. And the hurt of Nan has passed to Trubody - to Holt. And the hurt of Nan and Albert turned to poison in Cleo, and married with the poisoned soul of Laurence. Laurence, poisoned in our home. And Laurence and Cleo dead. And Trubody is blinded. And we are here, again, alone. . . What will you do with me? ¹

The hurt of the child in the home without love is typified in this conversation between Trubody, the boy who has come back from war blind, and his mother, Holt. He told her he had volunteered because war was an escape from home, an opportunity to get away.

"The situation is not without its humor, mother dear. To protect me, you stayed. Your mother-sense it was that drove me away into that shambles.

Holt: I am the one who blinded you.

Trubody: Trying to blind me -

Holt: Don't!

Trubody: To your own misery, married to a fool, A vain and sounding fool. Married to a caricature of your dreams. Yes, mother. ²

Later:

Trubody: You suffered. That is all you had to do with my birth. I should have stayed with you. I knew how my enlisting would hurt you. I was glad I was not of draft age, so that I could enlist - so I could

1. Frank, Waldo, New Year's Eve, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929) p. 70.

2. Ibid., p. 70.

hurt you. I wanted to blind myself so much. To my love for you; to the humiliation of my father with his hideous gestures; to the irony of Lucy - flashy Lucy, being the child of you. Well, I succeeded. Blind -

Then he continues:

You wanted always to serve beauty. You want to still. I see you, my mother. Long ago, perhaps, your eyes were open to the truth of father. Still, they dream. . .

Holt: For you. When you were born, already I knew how wrong I had been in him. Only your life made me dare face that death. ¹

Laurence, in talking to his dad, says he loves Cleo because there is nothing else in all the world to love. When he grows too rude, MacShane reminds him that his mother suffers when he acts in this way. Laurence replies:

Don't make that appeal to me. Why is she incompetent as a mother? What right has she to bring from me what should be natural or not at all? Is she responsible for what I am? or not? If not, let her clear her mind of me. If so, then whatever I am, she has her deserts . . . ²

MacShane admits: Mother is not happy. I have given her what I had. She is not happy. That is the meaning of failure. Grace is unhappy. My daughter. That is the meaning of failure. Larry is morbid, morbid in love of a morbid girl, morbid in hatred of us. That is failure. ³

Alan is getting at the root of Laurence's trouble when he says to his mother:

-
1. New Year's Eve, pp. 70-71.
 2. Ibid., p. 84
 3. Ibid., p. 89.

The house! That is what has sickened Larry! The words of this house. There is something wrong in this house. ¹

But his mother sees them all poisoned and filled with evil because the parents have murdered life.

Definitely, Waldo Frank finds that modern women are deficient in the qualities that make for real motherhood. Leila Crane, in Summer Never Ends, has no concern at all for her children and no love for them. The mothers whom I have discussed have let other interests come first, or they have children who are miserable. David Markand and his mother are the sole exceptions. Mr. Frank is ever seeking the well-integrated person, and, as in Mary Donald, his characters are striving for personal fulfillment. It is striking, therefore, that he has not created a mother who is a person; that he has not presented the evolution of a mother-type who fulfills her destiny and becomes the integrated mother.

One of the characters in New Year's Eve expresses what Mr. Frank has implied in several instances and what he probably believes implicitly: "A woman who has felt nothing is a slave when she is a mother." ²

B. Young Girlhood

I shall give an analysis of the young girls found in Waldo Frank's novels first, and then I shall relate these

1. New Year's Eve, p. 93
 2. Ibid., p. 59.

types of girls to his presentation of the mother, marriage, and sex.

The novels which I use are Unwelcome Man, Dark Mother, The Bridegroom Cometh, and Summer Never Ends. The young girls in the first two are not important characters within themselves, but they assume their place because of their relationship to the young men. One never sees them as separate individuals, and Mr. Frank does not devote much space to a psychological analysis of their characters and actions. The sisters of Quincy Burt in The Unwelcome Man are analyzed briefly in their relation to him, and they are seen through his eyes. The girls in Dark Mother are presented through David's experiences, Cornelia Rennard being the only one whom we see through her own analysis. Both of these books were written during the Experimental Stage of the author's career.

The last two novels which Mr. Frank has written return again to the young girl characterization, but there is a great difference to be seen in the manner of treatment. The girls which we find in The Bridegroom Cometh and Summer Never Ends are analyzed and presented as individuals; they dissect themselves; other characters sum them up; and the author helps develop them fully from psychological and sociological angles. These two books belong to the periods which I have termed that of Consciousness of the Person.

Rhode and Adelaide are contrasting characters in

The Unwelcome Man. Adelaide loved her brother, Quincy, unselfishly and understandingly, but there was a certain embarrassment which held them apart until Quincy came to prefer Rhoda and her selfishness.

It was the common mistake of most people to call Rhoda the prettier of the two. Such are the triumphs of an aggressive spirit. For although the younger (Adelaide) was essentially the finer girl, her subdued nature shone forth badly beside the obvious brilliance of her sister.¹

And meantime, near Rhoda, in whose cold, perverse, spoiled beauty his ironic instinct had caused him to seek a haven, there was another sister, yearning for his companionship.

But Adelaide's eyes were diffident, and her way was quiet. Quincy knew about her only that she was in Rhoda's graces, and therefore to be tacitly envied and resented.²

Adelaide yearned for her brother's love and confidence, but the deeper her feelings were, the less articulate she became, and it was Rhoda, cold, proud, and indifferent, whom Quincy yearned to have as his companion. This conflict is seen throughout the book; Adelaide has no boy friends and no lovers, while Rhoda is very popular. Rhoda gets married, and we have every reason to believe that no man ever discovered the true gold hidden within the reticence of Adelaide.

Some of her characteristics are to be found in Cornelia Rennard, one of the girls in Dark Mother. The same motherliness toward her brother is to be found,

1. Unwelcome Man, p. 81.
2. Ibid., pp. 85-86.

although it is much more pronounced in Cornelia, and she penetrates much more deeply into the life of her brother than does Adelaide. In fact, Cornelia is a second mother to Tom, and for years they are closer together in love and understanding than most brothers and sisters. He fills her life completely until David Markand comes along.

Cornelia is a sculptress who has come to New York to make that her life's work. She has already won prizes and fame and seems on the road to genuine success when Tom brings David to her studio. She falls in love with David, and that brings about the eventual rift between her and Tom. Success and fame soon are empty words to Cornelia. Her life and mind were chaos.

She had never needed to find the word for what she felt toward David. Often, she needed to say to herself in self-assertion: I am a woman. Her life brought doubt of that. Were women supposed, like her, to live alone and work, and have no home, and have no one to care for? Her instinct despaired often of the life she gave her body and her mind. In protest, sometimes it would speak: am I a woman? But here was a harmony so deep it required no voice outside itself: in what she felt toward David. ¹

How strange it all was, what an ironic time of it the world was having with its men and women! She had yearned to escape in order to be an artist. She had left home, risked life. She and Tom had starved, while she pursued her dream. Here she was: Cornelia Rennard, sculptress. And ashes in her hand. But what was more than strange: she did not seem to care. ²

1. Frank, Waldo, Dark Mother, pp. 313-4.

2. Ibid., pp. 328-9.

When she and Tom learn of the death of their father,
Tom remarks:

"Father was a happy man: he had a place to go, from this desecrated world. Father was a strong man: he had his God. Where is our God, Cornelia?"

(Then he answers himself:)

"We have no gods. We have lost the old one. We have won no new ones." ¹

Then Cornelia tells him that they both are unhappy.

"Are we that?" he asked her. "Have we the strength to be unhappy? To remain unhappy? Oh, how I wish I could believe that!" He was grasping both her wrists. He dropped them.

"No," he said. "It's a lie. We are nothing. We are not even martyrs. I with my Law - my successful rotten Law. You with your paltry, remunerative Art! We are on the way. Something is on the way, through us, perhaps, through the wilderness of life. We are they who shall fall by the wayside." ²

Unhappy Cornelia, the loving, the kind, and the understanding girl, in order to save David from Tom, gives him into the arms of another girl, and she commits suicide. It is a case again, like Adelaide, of just such a girl not being desired at all by men, and their life lacking fulfillment.

Clarice Lodge, in Unwelcome Man, is the girl Quincy had met and liked when she was sixteen. She entered society the next season, and Quincy did not see her for several years. She is now a young woman, hard, cold, blase, but for Quincy, this night, she can be her old, girlish self.

1. Dark Mother, p. 318.
2. Ibid., p. 319.

Mr. Frank then gives this criticism of society and girls:

The City's intricate machinery for bringing about what is already there - an engine for making paper leaves grow on real trees - creates a pathetic dualism even in its girls. It provides well that the gulf of after-marriage between their natures and their positions may be sure to have had time to widen. Already in their choice of friends, girls know the limitations of the laws that bind them, develop a technique of evasion, straddle two mounts in order to ride two ways. And if later, as a clear due of this, they are torn limb from limb, man with his insect vision blames their desire to ride, instead of the false direction in which they have been placed.

It was with some such canny calculation that Clarice welcomed Quincy. She knew well the sort of man whom she must wed. She was able to judge how his capacity for filling certain major needs of a conventionalized life must unfit him for many pleasant matters. She was well-prepared to split herself in two, dally with Quincy - while she went on hunting for a husband.¹

Clarice despised the life she lived, and she had become completely disillusioned. She loved all the things Quincy had once stood for, but she knew she must persevere in this world of hers and that she was willing to do so. That was why Quincy sensed in her "the strange admixture of tenderness and flint, joy and detachment, which Clarice displayed".² He saw her, intellectually radical, emotionally set and conserved - more than existing, living with a clear efficiency and a firm conscience!"³ She had completely mastered all her emotions until they served her purpose well, but in so doing, she had become hard and

1. Unwelcome Man, pp. 325-6.

2. Ibid., p. 327.

3. Ibid., p. 327.

demanding. When she is rebuking him for not utilizing all his talents to become something better than he is, he asks her what she has to give him to help keep him real except a set of rules; she has no answer for that, for she has no strength to give him. She had "no power to bear and no heart to quicken"¹ his great need if he were to become a person. Clarice needed, as much as he, to become a real and a live person, but she was not willing to crucify her will until she could help them both change their lives.

This same kind of girl, with a few variations, is to be found in Lois Deane, one of the young ladies in Dark Mother. David, her cousin, thinks for a long time that he loves her, and while he lives in the Deane home she, sixteen and seventeen, and he, twenty, play around at being in love. David would have been very serious indeed if Lois had responded just as seriously.

Lois is a very likeable, friendly girl, and she possesses the characteristics for becoming a truly happy, well-integrated person. When David kissed her first, she answers his questions by asking:

"Do you think, if you hadn't been nicer, and cleaner, and everything, I'd let you kiss me?"

Her liked her intimacy. It flattered him. He did not wish to tell her of his work at Mr. Devitt's, and how easily he might have stayed there long and forever. And she liked his

1. Unwelcome Man, p. 370.

reticence, feeling its power. She liked the veiled promise of pleasure and strength that he suffused from all of his big being. It frightened her.¹

When David later gives her a kiss of passion, she becomes angry.

Something started up in his breast and beat against his breathing, hurt him.

Not the denial of the kiss. It was the sudden pierce of her insensitiveness. She had not cared to understand how he cared for her. And when he had longed for her mouth, her mood had not changed!

If only it had! If only she had been moved - though it was in denial.

He had at times believed he saw her little body stir with passion when he was near her. But so faintly, so containedly. Never in doubt of her control. Something she tasted in exquisite moderation and enjoyed. In her denial she was cool. It was as if her hunger for a closer kiss were a question answered in her catechism: one she knew all about; one she had learned the answer of by rote.

There she was smiling, chatting. She had already forgotten.²

It was this way throughout their courtship. She deliberately denied herself the feeling she might have had for David because she had been trained to look for something else from society. The same thought which was expressed back of Clarice's philosophy is found in this:

Seated at the wide round table with Muriel and her mother, she instinctively inquired into her own future freedom: and in this mood studied them. She studied their dress; she studied their activities. She absorbed their judgments and their pleasures.

She was sixteen. A spirit of gayety and candor danced in her heart. But she had no

1. Dark Mother, p. 60.

2. Ibid., pp. 92-93.

knowledge to build a mansion for it: to train and cherish it: to give it weapons wherewith to confront the world. It was dancing, this unblemished spirit, dancing itself to death. For it was the daughter of the sun, and it breathed no fresh air; it had been born careless and frail and all about it walls of convention: it was starved and forced to feed upon itself.¹

Lois knew alread the inwardness of marriage. There was much talk of this at the luncheon table. She had the right contempt for the girls who married unmoneyed men for love: for the men who risked their future - their finances - in alliance with unmoneyed girls:

And Lois knew already the inwardness of friendship. Muriel and her mother had friends. They kissed them and flattered them and entertained them. At the luncheon table they discussed them. No one but was a tissue of deceptions, of selfishness, of deceit. Their morals were largely obstacles they were forever dodging. They flirted - with fops or fools. They angled - for goldfish. They were miserable at home. One was none too anxious to have children. One was none too faithful to her husband. All of them were none too good at all.²

David came to realize that Lois would never let herself care for him, and he eventually gets over his feeling for her.

The presence of Muriel and Lois fretted his nerves: spiced them; taunted them. But if their lives, their thoughts, the gay deckings of their bodies called forth sex, also they stifled it. David wondered if it would always be so, even when they were married. For a reason he could not name he decided he would not want to be a husband to Lois. There was a curious contradiction in these girls: something counterfeit; perhaps

1. Dark Mother, pp. 77-78.

2. Ibid., pp. 78-79.

something thwarted. David once saw a great red flower - Muriel's in a vase on her table. Thinking of other things, he smelt it: his mind went rushing toward it, finding it odorless. He crushed it. He had never felt the least impulse to crush a fragrant flower. Muriel and Lois were roses, but they had no perfume. He thought, if he held such a lover, he should want to crumple her. It might mysteriously be a way of having satisfaction. Living in the house with Muriel and Lois, he found they sharpened his senses, yet blunted his will: heightened his needs, yet dwarfed his power to get them.¹

Along these same lines of choosing husbands that are economically satisfactory, we have the example of Marcia Duffield, in Dark Mother, who has decided to marry a man named King because he is wealthy and can pay her mother's debts. She loves Tom Rennard who comes to her to beg her to marry him. They have had strangely satisfying intimacies, but Tom had put a stop to it because he could not afford to marry a poor girl. He now tells her they will manage somehow. Marcia then admits she wants him but will marry King. Then, she says that Tom can be her lover, an antidote for the husband. He can be her adventure - her release from prison, and that will make her marrying King bearable.

David Markand meets Helen Daindre, and Cornelia urges him to go see Helen. Soon, David feels that he loves her, and he, asks her to marry him. In The Death and Birth of David Markand, we find that they do marry, but Dark Mother

1. Frank, Waldo, Dark Mother, pp. 118-19.

leaves them just as they become engaged. Helen is a serious, hardworking girl who is a student in medicine. She intends to employ her science in expert work among the children and mothers of the city.

"She was at once lovely with youth and indestructibly firm with a quaint mother-sense. Her stalwartness was about her girlhood, protecting it, as her strong full body was about the dance of her eyes. . . . She was steady; her thrust in life was sure and long".¹

Martha and Mary Donald, from earliest childhood had been utterly different in disposition, although they were twins. Their childhood and young girlhood had known no pleasures and many deprivations. Their father and step-mother believed in teaching them about Christ and letting all worldly comforts go. Martha was sullen, hard, and cold. She knew exactly what she was going to do in life, and she never permitted anything to cause her to deviate from her course. She simply paid no attention to the discomforts of her home, for she knew she would be there only long enough to go through school and get her a job and get out. Then she met Sid Harvard, and from then on no boys interested her. She wanted Sid, and she waited until she could get him. She was selfish, and all the religious teachings in the world would not have affected her. She absorbed none of them.

1. Dark Mother, p. 337.

Mary was sensitive, loving, and good. Both she and Martha had to get part-time jobs as soon as they could, and they never had either clothes or the pleasures that most girls had. Mary became the mystic--the seeker; she was deeply religious and craved love from those whom she loved. These quotations will show the difference:

Here is the key to Martha. She accepted coolly the cruel strata of luxury and toil in the hotel, because her hunger was in another world. Similarly, she managed the boys, fending off with ease their lusty, clumsy passes for her hands, her mouth, and without anger, without judgment, because hers was a different longing. . . . Her life was simply the form of it, the growing and preparing form of love. ¹

It was all, for Mary, a new confusion added to confusion: too immediate it had come, this summer in the hotel, upon the confusion of Winant. Her inward life was chaos, and as she struggled . . . mutely, unconsciously . . . to bring it into order, always new elements poured in, of chaos. ²

To outsiders, Mary was industrious, timid, silent. "But within the rising chaos of her life rose Mary's need to master it: to find a solid center that she might call her life." Mary never lost her belief in Christ; she never found peace until she found deep, abiding love, but she was not content with less than what fulfilled her.

Grandmother Otis, blind and dying, told in a beautiful way the difference between the two girls:

"Last night, I heard the whippoorwill. There's a Yankee bird. It cuts straight through

1. The Bridegroom Cometh, p. 119.
2. Ibid., p. 433.

the night. My grandfather told me of the nightingale in England. There's a different bird! It swallowed the night, it sang with the night in its throat. A heavy burden. It couldn't cut through the night, bearing that heavy burden. Whippoorwills could fly across the ocean."

"You're not a Yankee, Martha. . . . You're a nightingale and the night is in you. "Tears were in the eyes of the old woman. "You can't cross the sea, heavy laden with night, dear Martha. Happy Martha. . . ."

"Martha, don't be afraid to die. You and your husband, you will die. Not alone. . . . Her voice yet clear, but weaker: "Ann, you are alone. Mary is your child. Mary. . . . is. . . . alone."

And now for the first time, Margaret Otis turned aside, facing straight toward Mary. "You cut through the night." ¹

The young girls discussed thus far have conformed more or less to their training and environment and have not strayed far from the conventional path. They have been singularly free from such ultra-modern influences as cocktail hours, highball dates, jazz sessions, and swing. Waldo Frank does not consider these problems in relation to his young girls until he presents Lillie Taess in The Bridegroom Cometh.

Lillie had been reared in a quiet, cultured, refined Jewish home by her mother and brother. Willem tells Mary on our first introduction to Lillie that she has been acting as if she wanted to kick over the traces. She has been going with a loud, restless, modern bunch who flirt and look

1. The Bridegroom Cometh, p.433.

for thrills. Mary went with Lilie sometimes to places where she met her friends, and she found them a strange lot. The boys insisted that they loved nothing and no one, and the girls made no demands on the boys for affection or understanding. Each had something the other wanted - it was fair exchange.

Mary was trying hard to be a woman; and it was woman that these young people had no use for. That was why the girls were bobbing their hair, banting the hips, developing and showing their legs. They were trying to be variants of boy, a bit softer and smaller, with breasts permitted if they were not too large. It was a world without women. And a world without the words by which Mary had been nurtured: good, evil, sin, God, duty . . . were not denied by these young people many of them older than Mary; they were not even conceived.

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They knew a thousand times more than Mary; they had traveled, studied music, read the magazines and latest novels. But under the plumage they were wingless birds running a high temperature trying to fly. That's what made them so dependent on the boys. The boys gave them a life, even if it was always followed by a flop. And they knew the flop was coming: they did not even believe in the possibility of flying! ¹

Mrs. Taess did not seem to be greatly worried about Lilie. She worried a lot about her eating the right food, wearing the right clothes, having a good time, and eventually marrying a man in their set with money and social position. But what Mary called her life -- her soul and her salvation -- worried Mrs. Taess not at all.

1. Dark Mother, p. 337.

Then there comes the day when Lilie told Mary she had been to the apartment of a man and had permitted some intimacies, but for Mary not to worry - - she knew how far to let him go and when to make him stop. She said she did not even love the man - - it was just for a thrill. Once, Mary went to a speakeasy with Lilie, and she saw the women there "sheathed . . . the women in their furs were ruthless-hard as if they knew where they were going and were not sure of arriving." ¹ Mary took Lilie home with her as soon as she could get away.

Mary sensed the girl's body sing with tension: it was a lovely body, it was hungry, it was seeking its own peace. ²

She tells Mary that no one is any good, that most people are scared, that life is rotten, and "to hell with it." Her life is mapped out, anyhow. She must marry some rich Jew with a good family name, whether she loves him or not, for love doesn't make any difference. We see her very much in love with a South American soon, but she will not marry him. She will come very, very close to him and enjoy him, but when she marries, it will have to be someone of whom her mother approves.

Just such a girl is Mathilde Crane in Summer Never Ends. It is the same wild, thrill-seeking set of young folks, the same irresponsibility, the same selfish yearning

1. The Bridegroom Cometh, p. 339.

2. Ibid., p. 344.

for pleasures. Her father admits that they have not taught Mathilde the right values in life. Dagny Petersen, the main character in the same book, has been discussed thoroughly in the chapter on sex, but I wish to point out the differences and the similarities in her, Lilie, and Mathilde.

Dagny did not move in the same social circle, and, therefore, the loose, idle crowd is not her companions. Dagny works for her living and has had a hard struggle. There is a seriousness and a purpose to her life that these young people lack. Dagny, however, does not believe in God; she spends no time in preparing her soul and her inner life for better, finer living. She is hard and uncompromising; whether she has sexual relations with Crane or with Herbert Stein or with both makes no difference to her. She has no conscientious scruples against lying or living a lie if it will serve her purpose. There are no moral principles to form a foundation for a good life. That she will move selfishly and coldly on her way is an assured fact. Herbert complains that she doesn't feel deeply about anything, and she admits to Crane that it doesn't make a great deal of difference whether or not she loves the man she marries, and she doesn't expect to respect him.

In Dawn in Russia, Waldo Frank reports a conversation which he had with a young girl who worked in a kitchen when

she was not studying medicine. She was built like a peasant mother, and her body was hard like the springtime. She asked questions.

"What do American girls do?"
 "They work in factories and offices, when they have to."
 "What do they do, when they do what they want to?"
 "They enjoy themselves."
 "How do they enjoy themselves?"
 "They go to dances, to the movies; they eat candy, they 'pet'".
 "Don't they have any work which they enjoy?"
 "I doubt it . . . as a rule."
 "Why do they work?"
 "To get money, of course."
 "What do they do with the money?"
 "They spend it on themselves."
 "Don't they think of anything but themselves?"
 "Not often."
 "Why do they think they are alone?"
 "To have a good time."
 "How do you spend your spare time," I asked her, "when you are not studying medicine or working in the kitchen? Surely, then, you enjoy yourself?"
 "Of course." And she explained how she spent it: she had a class of illiterate mothers, every night. Also she had her Party meetings (she was a Young Communist). And there was a lot of reading to be done, along non-professional lines. ¹

These young girls, patently, are the key to Mr. Frank's treatment of mothers, married women, and sex. In his presentation of the younger generation of women one can see why he has no integrated mothers who find fulfillment in motherhood. Let us sum up the characteristics of these girls and see just how they fit into his picture of women in general.

1. Their mothers have given to these young girls the

1. Frank, Waldo, Dawn in Russia, pp. 191-2.

false standards of life. Lois, Lilie, Marcia, Mathilde, and Clarice have been reared to marry a man of financial value and of good social standing. They have been taught just how to evaluate all other things in relation to this one important item. Time and effort and thought and worry have been spent on their clothes, their looks, their actions, and the kind of friends they have, but no time has been consumed in worrying about their souls and hearts. No effort has been spent in teaching them to live more fully and deeply. They cannot, therefore, bring to marriage and motherhood the richness and depths which is required if either or both are to bring fulfillment.

2. They have learned early to suppress their feelings until they have become creatures of shallowness and emptiness, incapable of genuine emotion. Lois, Clarice, Dagny, Rhoda, and the several girls we studied in the chapter on sex, are emotionally bankrupt. We have seen how futile they are in sexual experiences. One can understand that women of such cold, frozen, and shallow feelings could never stir their husbands to any depths, and their marriages, therefore, are as devoid of satisfaction as they are of emotion. Nothing brings to my mind a picture of complete frustration more than these words: emotionless mothers. There are such women, but it is an insult to the word mother. Motherhood is founded and based on the full heart and the sublimated emotions coming from the heart.

3. The hardness and selfishness which one sees in these modern girls likewise do not make for happy marriages or good mothers. Women's wills must be subordinated to that of her husband and children so that, blended, they form one, if the home is to be a happy one.

4. They deny God; they laugh at what Waldo Frank terms the "Great Tradition"; religion has no part in their lives. They, as Helen Deindre Markand did, will discover that marriage is too great a strain and that motherhood cannot be borne unless one has God to rely upon, to believe in. To build a home that is Whole and to rear children that are worthwhile, one must have a genuine belief in God and the teachings of Christ.

5. As Mary Teess observed in Lillie and her crowd and as is manifested by Dagny Petersen toward Herbert, girls demand nothing of a man in a moral sense, chiefly because they expect to give nothing in the sense of moral fair play. These modern women want money, luxuries, security, social positions; the men, as Mortimer Crane and Luke Carns, sell their souls to get it, and the women have no respect for them for doing so.

6. Love has no place in their lives. They cannot love deeply because of the reasons given above. Mr. Frank says that to live is to love. The conclusions are obvious.

7. Those who have depth and character and are capable of genuine understanding, such as Adelaide and Cornelia,

do not appeal to the men.

8. Mary, the mystic, the seeker, the one who becomes, through endless searchings, a real person, would make a wonderful mother and an excellent wife for the man whom she could respect and love. She will not bring children into the world in an irresponsible manner, into a home devoid of love, and, for that reason, remains childless.

9. The young people whom he portrays in The Bridegroom Cometh and in Summer Never Ends, such as Lillie and her crowd, Mathilde and Somerset Crane, and Dagny Petersen, live for sexual thrills and experiences. The author does not condemn this practice of loose sexual relationships, but he does say, in Virgin Spain:

Sexual virtuosity in women is a slow process nurtured at the expense of the maternal passion.¹

10. Finally, the author says:

My own experience is, that Americans of the so-called young intellectual classes are the least vitally concerned, the least spiritually quickened of any I have encountered. Literature is less to them than a sport (which has its rules of excellence): it is a liquor in which the ingredients, as with bootleg whiskey, are of no importance. Everything, good and bad, is poured into the punch-bowl; the point is, to refill it often and quickly.²

Such characteristics which have been transmitted to these girls by their parents and friends are breeders of

1. Frank, Waldo, Virgin Spain. (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1942, Revised Edition), p. 247.

2. Frank, Waldo, Re-Discovery of America, p. 228.

chaos. They will poison husbands and children in turn with it. That is why women are restless, dissatisfied, and unhappy. There is no foundation of stability, no interest in work, none in humanity. Two conversations on the part of fictional characters indicate a consciousness of the problem of modern women.

One conversation is between Willem and Doris, when he asks her for advice about making his marriage a success and winning Mary. Doris says:

There's a new race of women in this country. . . . The new race of woman in America means just that: the emergence of mind. So they must reject the foods of the vegetables . . . the simple sun and water women used to get along with. ¹

". . . Women have been swung off their base, here in America. Much more than in many countries of Europe, where men love women and therefore let them be themselves . . . on low terms, I admit. Here, men don't care for women; women have lost that sense of themselves that comes from being really loved by men. So they've gone over into a man's world. Thought like men. . . ."

"And -?"

"It doesn't work! We've got to have minds of our own. And that means starting with our bodies."

"A good woman's mind's got to begin by rejecting all the ready-made, man-made mind-foods. Got to begin by discovering her body." ²

The other is the opinion of Dolg, the Russian Communist, given at a party one night when Mary is present. Dolg says that some women here in America remind him of Shakespeare. When pressed for an explanation, he says:

1. Frank, Waldo, The Bridegroom Cometh, p. 380.
2. Frank, op.cit., pp. 380-381.

"It's the discrepancy in his plays between the fresh loveliness of word and character on the one hand, and the heavy action . . . It's the out-of-placeness. 1

"The split in Shakespeare's plays, between the temperament of the characters and their action: that is also England.

"American life sometimes seems to me the fulfillment of England's curse . . . this split. Here are women deep-seeing, strong, lovely as Shakespeare's song: and as sad! Homeless women. Trying to act as parts of an alien, man-made machine. I refer to capitalism." 2

"I knew," laughed Peter, "it'd all end in an attack on our social system."

Dolg said quietly: "I can understand American men of certain kinds defending capitalism. They have a good time till they get licked. But all women have a bad time." 3

That the men are in a large measure responsible for this state of affairs has already been shown. But the solution is left to the women. Like the whippoorwill which cuts through the night, they will have to do that finding and that traveling . . . alone.

1. Frank, op.cit., p. 392.

2. Ibid., p. 394.

3. Ibid., p. 395.

CONCLUSION

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1. The Problem.

"The essestial cause of the tragedy of American woman is that American men do not like women. They use them, of course: as mothers, nurses, and sexual objects are used by immature men, but they do not like what is essentially women. Women, realizing this, have denatured themselves, in their desperate need to please -- and American women are an unhappy lot even as American men are an unrealized, unvital, unvirile tribe. This is the greeatest menace to the promise of American culture." 1

Succinctly and frankly expressed, that is Waldo Frank's view of modern woman. Because she has long since realized that men do have this antagonism toward her, woman has gone after the men, going outside herself to win from herself what men had always given her. She has gone into the world of men in an effort to become like them. She has sought to dominate in the home and in the world of finance and business where she works with the men and for them; she has matched her will with his, determinedly and doggedly. She is learning today that such a course is sterile and suicidal, ending always in frustration. Knowing intuitively that all such efforts would end in frustration, she has become,

1. Frank, Waldo, Letter to me, September 8, 1941.

dissatisfied, and filled with longings for an infinitely better life than that which is hers. This is woman today in America as Waldo Frank sees her.

2. The Source.

The source of this problem is two-fold. In the first place, man, as an instrument of power, not of love, worships power and fills his heart with a love for the machine. As such, he is the generator of chaos. Into this field, in a desperate effort to achieve fulfillment, woman followed man. In the second place, isolationism has played its part in the problem. The very chaos, generated by power, has thwarted and twisted the natural love in our hearts and has isolated the women from the men, preventing them from becoming integrated into groups of other women and into some field of work. They have become homeless creatures, alone and lonely, in a world where men are incapable of giving them love because they themselves are loveless.

3. The Solution.

The solution of this problem, as given by Waldo Frank, lies in the development of integral persons realizing the divine in the human, with a sense of the whole, personally at work upon a universal mission instead of petty individualistic aspirations.

4. The Fiction.

The presentation of this view in fictional form shows

a certain development in the author's outlook. In his earlier novels, the focus was on sex; later, it changed to marriage; and, then, lastly, to an emphasis on womanhood and her universal problems. This shifting focus was based, however, on a fundamental outlook that was formulated early in his career and represents an unfolding of beliefs that he has had from the beginning. It is as if he embodied in his earlier fiction those concepts which were nearest to him personally at the time, but as he himself opened to the greater world, other ideas, which he had nurtured all along, expanded until they embraced all that had been expressed before, taking unto themselves at the same time the new and wider fields of survey until sex and marriage and motherhood unite under the all-embracing term - - womanhood.

5. Limitations.

In giving us this fictional view of modern woman, he presents her almost exclusively from a man's point of view. This, and the fact that his portrayals are those of the writer from the big city, are his only limitations.

6. Polarity.

In his treatment, he gives us women in terms of two opposite poles: frustration and the striving toward integration. Many minor factors help to bring about ultimate frustration, but over all there is the major

cause -- the inability of the individual to become a person. Those who have refused to accept frustration as their portion are the ones who, through universal love and an incorporation of the Divine in their lives, have been able to integrate themselves in such a way as to become persons.

7. Factors Determining This View.

This view is to be accounted for by the position of women in the twentieth century. Their economic independence, their sexual freedom, and their forsaking those very feminine traits so inherently theirs in order to become like men, have brought about a restlessness and an inner dissatisfaction which have resulted in psychological frustration.

Another contributing factor to the presentation of women in this manner is Waldo Frank's own background and experience and his intellectual outlook. The fact that he is a cosmopolite and a world traveler accounts for his taking sexual freedom and prostitution for granted in a way that a regionalistic writer would never do. Such a broad, tolerant outlook enables him to treat all matters pertaining to sex in a sensate manner, free from all inhibitions.

His intellectual outlook is one of monistic materialism and of a mystical optimism. He believes that God is in man. He once made this statement:

God is in every man - every self. That I know with an immediate certainty that has no equal. And I do try, in my poor bungling way,

to realize, as I talk with my brothers and my sisters, and as I look out on the historic scene, that GOD is in them all. It is a frightful paradox; and the sole threshold to truth.

He is also optimistic about the future of America. "I may as well say before I strike the deep notes of danger that I would not strike them, did I not have hope as well as love for the American destiny",¹ is one of his early remarks in Chart for Rough Water.

He has also said:

For we have seen that America is capturable, that it needs to be captured: nor would such leadership be a tonality strange to our land with its great mystic tradition and with the attuning spirit of its aboriginal cultures. It would be fulfillment.

In a symphony, each note rises and speaks and disappears forever. Many notes are grouped to make melodies and themes; are interwoven to fill chords; and these, too, tide and fall. All the innumerable notes lift their instant voices, and pass, and only the symphony remains. Such would be our nation; save that its creator would not be "outside" the music. He would be the individual note, itself - the group of notes, building the structure of the Whole by knowing the Whole and by living it, personally, in its several parts.²

8. Evaluation.

The value of Waldo Frank's views lies chiefly in two accomplishments. He has worked out his own philosophy of life based on wide experience and deep thought. It is a philosophy that has been evolved through years of living

1. Chart for Rough Water, pp. 22-23.

2. Re-Discovery of America, pp. 259-20.

with many people of several continents and observing closely how they live; of coming in contact with the intellectuals and the leaders of various countries and learning their views; and of studying the fundamental concepts of the writers of all ages. This philosophy of his permeates his fiction, giving body and substance to his characterizations.

He shows keen insight into the problems of modern women and the difficulties they encounter in attempting to adjust themselves to modern society in a way that will bring lasting fulfillment. One does not find in his fiction that personal irritation against women that characterizes the approach of so many present-day men writers. He himself has a great love for what woman actually is, for her very nature, and he feels that he understands our American women. I have found no women writers whose presentation of the twentieth century woman is as comprehensive nor whose philosophy is as acceptably sound as that of Mr. Frank. Many women writers have dealt with only one phase of the problem, and others have handled the changing status of women superficially with no attempt being made to point the way out or to solve any of the problems confronting them.

Waldo Frank not only makes an honest endeavor in his fiction to present women, but he tries to analyze carefully all contributing factors that have made her what she is. Instead of portraying her as a necessary evil to be endured

by men, and dismissing her as such, Waldo Frank gives us her background, her training, the influence of husbands and friends, and the social adjustments she has been forced to make. Then, she stands forth, the woman whom birth, environment, education, and American culture have produced. She is the twentieth century Women!

Mr. Frank remarked recently that:

Will is the curse of American women. An artist knows that his own will must be crucified to become a part of a greater freedom. He does this willingly, submerging himself in order to produce an integrated piece of work. Women today want to hold on to their will: they will not permit this personal will to become crucified in order to become a part of a greater Whole. They cling tenaciously and stubbornly to their own individual wills, but they will have to learn that they, too, will have to submerge themselves if they are to become a part of that greater freedom, if they are to produce an integrated piece of work.¹

1. Conversation with me, January 10, 1942.

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