

CRW 6166 (22C5) Studies in Literary Form Fall 2015
M 9-11 CBD 234

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HE HAD ENEMIES, FOR INSTANCE, IN THE STEEL TRUST

ENGLISH 684!
Advanced Fiction Writing
(Or, Literature as a Class Weapon)
Fall 1999

UPTON SINCLAIR, Visiting Professor

Office: Watson 621
Phone: x6894
Hours: T Th 2:00-3:30 (or by appt.!)

COURSE OBJECTIVES:

In this course students will use journalistic techniques and sexual repression to write socially engaged, morally outraged fiction with unambiguous endings. Students will also grow their own food on the narrow but fertile strip of land that runs between the Junior Faculty Parking Lot and the Graduate Student Parking Lot. On Wednesdays we will fast.

REQUIREMENTS:

Each student will research, write, and self-publish four novels—three will be submitted to the entire class during the semester and the last one will be submitted to me at the end of the term in lieu of a final exam. Students are responsible for completing the assigned reading on time and for securing sufficient funds for publication. Class will be run as a cooperative, democratic experiment in communal living, much like my utopian project Helicon Hall, overlooking Englewood, New Jersey, where I spent four wonderful months in the winter of 1906-07, living harmoniously (and platonically) with dozens of others until the house burned down and I barely escaped from the top floor! Frequent visitors to Helicon Hall included John Dewey and a young Sinclair Lewis (before John Barleycorn got him). I have always suspected arson. We will use the workshop method.

POLICIES and GUIDELINES:

No firearms allowed in class.

I will not accept late novels.

Students will abide by the Honor Code. While I expect you to share your ideas, criticism, crops, and love of social justice, your novels should be your own work and not something you found on the Interweb.

Drafts of your novels should be typed on a manual or electric typewriter. I will not accept handwritten novels.

Dress appropriately for workshop. Ladies, please, no “tube” tops!

If I am assassinated at some point during the semester, carry on with the assigned work. I will rejoin you, if at all possible.

Please double space and use one-inch margins.

No alcohol and no sex during the semester.

I find that a tablespoon of sand helps with constipation!

No romance novels. No fantasy novels. No coming-of-age novels. No father-son hunting trips. No literal vampires (metaphorical blood-sucking is fine). No beach houses. No divorces or affairs. No suburban malaise. No point of view stunts. No fragmentation. No gentle fading of the light. No ice cubes rattling in cocktail glasses. No coitus against walls. No ambiguous narrative stances. No subtle shifts. No celebrations of chaos. No rhythmic evocations. No irrelevant beauty.

SCHEDULE OF READINGS:

Week 1: Norris, *The Octopus* and Sinclair, *Oil!*

Week 2: Howells, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*

Week 3: Chopin, *The Awakening*

Week 4: Bellamy, *Looking Backward* and Donnelly, *Caesar's Column* (**Novel #1 due**)

Week 5: Dreiser, *An American Tragedy* and Sinclair, *Boston*

Week 6: London, *Iron Heel*

Week 7: Dos Passos, *U.S.A. Trilogy*

Week 8: Gold, *Jews Without Money* (**Novel #2 due**)

Week 9: Dahlberg, *Bottom Dogs*

Week 10: Vorse, *Strike!*

(**Note:** Class will meet at Labor Finders on 14th St.)

Week 11: Roth, *Call It Sleep* and Sinclair, *Dragon's Teeth*

Week 12: Wright, *Native Son* (**Novel #3 due**)

Week 13: Conroy, *The Disinherited* and Sinclair, *The Jungle*

Week 14: Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*

Week 15: West, *A Cool Million* (**Novel #4 due**)

GRADING!:

Grades are the filthy lucre of the American education system. They are a part of the system of rewards (for a *job* well done, for good *work*) that pits students against one another in a ruthless battle for limited resources, that helps sort the winners from the losers, and that ultimately prepares students to take their slots as interchangeable cogs in the capitalist machine. You will not receive a grade for this course unless the dean makes me give you one, in which case a “B+” is satisfactory, an “A-” is good, and an “A” is exceptional.

This, above, is the work of Chris Bachelder, a predecessor of yours who sat in your very seat, or some of your very seats, not too many years ago. He was able to write this (from his second book, US!) because he read Upton Sinclair and one of my own syllabuses of the sort I am now refusing to write. We are going to read some authors and borrow and steal from them, and admire and repudiate them, so that down the line we can have fine funny ideas and be better writers for it, as Mr. Bachelder has done. Okay? Good! This the purpose of the course is clearly stated at the outset!

The weekly readings are selected with two general things in mind.

One: Each author can be looked at as a stylist or technician, some more “writer-conscious” (see Updike, item #1 in your Appendix), some more, shall we say, recessive. We can read them and discover their tics, tricks, default phrasing, narrative moves, etc., in the matter of the style itself, and also for their general concerns and postures with respect to the world (their vision, if you will). I like to call the stylistic essence the footprint or fingerprint of a writer; an example of such a fingerprint can be seen patently in Hemingway item 14 in the Appendix (and latently in other items). The fingerprint and the vision are those aspects of a writer that a satirist seizes upon and exaggerates, and not infrequently a writer over time comes to dwell on his or her own tricks to such an extent that he unwittingly satirizes herself (patent in Hemingway item 15 in the Appendix).

Two: The authors we will read occupy different positions on what I call the Spectrum of Credulity, sometimes fixed positions and sometimes positions that can seem to resonate or move. I hope that the readings constitute the breadth of the spectrum and the more interesting of the positions on it.

We will read a writer, divining, if we can, the stylistic fingerprint and a feel for the vision, and then write something

a lot like it, a little like it, or nothing like it, howsoever it should happen, confessing or not confessing, aware or not aware of, "influence." If you do this you then have ten things, ten little pieces of writing, inspired by getting a feel, or trying to get a feel, or feeling no feel, for the writer, and these will not be, at least overtly, the kind of things you write when you sit down to Be Yourself. They will not be The Real You that you take into the Other Workshop where you then have to listen to That Noise. We want one page of this per writer. You may write more, arguably you should write much more, but for class we want it short and perfect.

At this moment I am moved to consider how bad Kerouac looked the last time I looked, a writer I was fond of as a wee trying to chart the waters of who merits mimicry. I tender this thought apropos of nothing I can detect beyond accident of thought, and illustrative of nothing, and instructive of nothing, except if it is. All writing, perhaps I mean to say, is some species of mimicry and anti-mimicry, conscious and not. And that is what we are about (purpose of course gratuitously restated clearly at the outset!).

I want you to develop one of your ten pieces, the one that has energy and speaks most to you, into a longer piece. We may review these in later classes, frighteningly not unlike as in Workshop, or we may not, we may just hold to our position of not wanting to tolerate That Noise. Field trips, such as to the bowling alley, may be contemplated instead.

I also want you to try a small Talk-of-the-Town type piece on one of the authors. It will be called A Poking Around. It will begin this way: "We recently ran into our old friend [Karen von Blixen]."

From that opening it is your baby. Like, say: "She'd been out to her house on the edge of Nairobi and seen what her executors have done with the place in the interest of the literary-tourist dollar. She was disturbed by the larger-than-life photo of her face on her studio wall which makes her face look as if she was badly burned, not as if she was just spectrally wrinkled from old age. 'Like I was in one of Hemingway's plane crashes,' she said, and asked us for a smoke. We did not sense that she minded the photo that much and told her that smoking has gone radically out of style since she quit the Game of Life."

Your Poking Around will not have to be as silly as this one. It should involve a biographical curiosity or a literary observation you have picked up in wandering the writer's neighborhood. Poking around in biography and Further Reading are indicated for the performance of a good Poking Around. Any writer on our list may be poked around.

House rules:

Grading is as per Sinclair above, taken from my own syllabus of yesteryear and hard to state better today.

Avoid last-minute writing. Read the stuff and play at it hard and have fun doing it.

No email distribution. Hard copy to class, period.

No food in class unless it is dry baked goods, of quality, in quantity for all.

If your cell phone goes off, remove it with yourself to the street and keep going and return the following week (French system).

It is not unlikely that we will devote some time to proper usage, that which can be taught, I once thought. You will be given a document by that name.

The weekly reading will come from the books below (any edition will do; I will indicate the publisher of the copy I use, but you may use any). We will not usually read the entire book. Scans of the partial-book readings will be available so that you do not need to acquire the book, but you may want to. The scans are in this dropbox:

<https://www.dropbox.com/sh/t6sxyfw5cg0ai69/AACP4CwHV9wXoFgCsTo5kh3Ya?dl=0>

The books I do suggest you buy are at the textbook-adoption site. We will have read the Pierre Bayard and the Percy Lubbock (also in dropbox) before classes begin. The Rulfo is only at the adoption site. The Durango, at site, will be our last reading, for dessert. I have included some intros; these can be useful, and they can be insufferable. Like chiropractors they will cause no harm and may do some good.

Turgenev, Sketches from A Hunter's Album (Penguin)
intro, Khor and Kalinych, Yermolay and the Miller's Wife,
Raspberry Water, District Doctor, My Neighbor Radilov, Clatter
of Wheels

Diderot, Jacques the Fatalist (Penguin)
intro, to page 51, or thereabouts

Kleist, The Marquise of O & Other Stories (Penguin)
intro, Michael Kohlhaas, The Beggarwoman of Locarno, St. Cecilia
or the Power of Muscic, The Foundling

Dinesen, Seven Gothic Tales (Vintage)
The Old Chevalier, The Monkey

O'Brien, At Swim-Two-Birds
intro from Reader, to page 29

Stein, Three Lives (Vintage)
The Gentle Lena

Bernhard, The Lime Works (Knopf)
Updike review, to page 31

Becket, The Expelled and Other Stories (Penguin)
First Love

Rulfo, Pedro Paramo (Grove) purchase
entire

Taylor, The Old Forest and Other Stories (Doubleday)
The Gift of the Prodigal, The Old Forest, A Friend and Protector

Paley, The Collected Stories (FSG)
Two Ears, Two Lucks; Goodbye and Good Luck; The Used-Boy
Raisers; Gloomy Tune; Enormous Changes at the Last Minute;
Dreamer in a Dead Language; Zagrowski Tells

Durang, Vanya and Sonia and Masha and Spike purchase
entire

Below is what the dropbox should look like. I am leaving in the Kb data to indicate the length of the readings and because I am not deft enough to delete them without effecting format chaos. You will see that the Lubbock, entire, is in the dropbox, should you not wish to purchase it. There is no good reason for my including this facsimile of the dropbox mainpage here but I am compelled to do it, probably as some kind of compensatory gesture for my being ebrained. (Bachelder is picking up on that too, bless his wicked heart.) There are items in the box we likely will not read.

PADGETT DROPBOX

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[bernhard the lime works.pdf](#)

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Powell, CRW 6166, F15, schedule

(holidays: Labor Day, M 9/1; HC, F 10/17; VD, T 11/11; TG, 11/27-28)

Aug 24 Introduction

Aug 31 _____

Sep 7 no class _____

Sep 14 _____

Sep 21 _____
Oct 28 _____
Oct 05 _____
Oct 12 _____
Oct 19 _____
Oct 26 _____
Nov 02 _____
Nov 09 _____
Nov 16 _____
Nov 23 _____
Nov 30 _____
Dec 07 _____

Consider

- 1) My best stories come out of nowhere, with no concern for form at all. --Barry Hannah
- 2) I can take a sentence apart and tell you why I did it; obviously that's the key to the whole thing, being able to write a sentence, and I've got a sense of what my sentences ought to do. --Pete Dexter
- 3) Learn to play your instruments, then get sexy.
--Debbie Harry
- 4) Some people run to conceits or wisdom but I hold to the hard, brown, nut-like word. --Donald Barthelme (character)
- 5) Art is not difficult because it wishes to be difficult but because it wishes to be art. --Donald Barthelme
- 6) There is at the back of every artist's mind something like a

pattern or a type of architecture. The original quality in any man of imagination is imagery. It is a thing like the landscape of his dreams; the sort of world he would like to make or in which he would wish to wander; the strange flora and fauna of his own secret planet; the sort of thing he likes to think about. This general atmosphere, and pattern or structure of growth, governs all his creations, however varied.

--G. K. Chesterton

7) Did it happen? Could it happen? Should it happen? You do not want the first answer to be yes. The second should be a strained maybe. The third answer should be a resounding Yes!

Fiction is implausibility rendered plausible by an accuracy of sentiment conveyed by precision of utterance. Fiction must be a doozie, and it must be a gratifying doozie. The doozie quotient must be high: plausibility of account over probability of event. And you must at all cost forestall "So what?"

8) A good story is the author's private idea of what makes a very good day. It chronicles a heightened moment of his or her dreams.

9) What we do in a fiction class is often not what we should do. We should not perorate incoherently on the precious nuances of intent. We should state plainly and simply where the disbelief becomes unsuspected, or where the taut wire of precision goes loose and the bubble of fantasy breaks. There is something that makes a formative work difficult to read, unlike authoritative work that you gladly keep reading. In a workshop we should spot that which keeps us from wanting to keep reading. One need go no further than that.

Workshop Appendix
Powell

[These are quotations from various sources about writing that I find useful on an ad hoc basis. Keep this appendix with you in class. It is also useful as a whole document that can lead you into the authors and their collective-library (Cf. Bayard) neighborhoods. Wandering the neighborhoods is how you learn to read and write.

1. Harold Ross, the founding editor of this weekly, was wary of, among other things, "writer-consciousness," and would mark phrases and sentences wherein, to his sensibility, the writer, like some ugly giant squid concealed beneath the glassy impersonality of the prose, was threatening to surface. Writing, that is, like our grosser animal functions, could not be entirely suppressed but shouldn't be performed in the open. Yet fashions in aesthetic decorum change. Modernism, by the spectacular nature of its experiments, invited admiring or irritated awareness of the experimenting author. Intentionally or not, the written works of James Joyce and T. S. Eliot and Virginia Woolf and Gertrude Stein and Ernest Hemingway were exercises in personality, each provoking curiosity about the person behind the so distinctive voice. Postmodernism, if such a thing exists, without embarrassment weaves the writer into the words and twists of the tale. Italo Calvino's "If on a Winter's Night a Traveler," the mirrors and false bottoms of Vladimir Nabokov's "Pale Fire" and "The Gift," John Barth's self-proposed and exhaustively fulfilled regimens of tale-telling--all place the writer up front.

--John Updike, "Writer-consciousness," The New Yorker, Dec.25,1989, 103.

2. Interviewer: Don't you write more about the mind than about the external world?

Barthelme: In a commonsense way, you write about the impingement of one upon the other--my subjectivity bumping into other subjectivities, or into the Prime Rate. You exist for me in my perception of you (and in some rough, Raggedy Andy way, for yourself, of course). That's what curious when people say, of writers, this one's a realist, this one's a surrealist, this one's a super-realist, and so forth. In fact, everybody's offering true accounts of the activity of the mind. There are only realists.

--interview, Paris Review, Vol 23, #80, Summer 1981, 200-201.

3. I was trying to write then and I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced.

. . . but the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion and which would be as valid in a year or in ten years or, with luck and if you stated it purely enough, always, was beyond me and I was working very hard to get it.

--Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, 2

The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an "objective correlative"; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately released.

--T. S. El

It is agreed by most of the people I know that Conrad is a bad writer, just as it is agreed that T.S. Eliot is a good writer. If I knew that by grinding Mr. Eliot into a fine dry powder and sprinkling that powder over Mr. Conrad's grave Mr. Conrad would shortly appear, looking very annoyed at the forced return, and commence writing I would leave for London early tomorrow morning with a sausage grinder.

--By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, 132-133

4. Int.: What's your greatest weakness as a writer?
Barthelme: That I don't offer enough emotion. That's one of the things people come to fiction for, and they're not wrong. I mean emotion of the better class, hard to come by.

--Barthelme, interview, Paris Review, ibid.

5. What must wacky modes do? Break their hearts.

--Barthelme, workshop

6. Then there is the other secret. There isn't any symbolism (mis-spelled). The sea is the sea. The old man is an old man. The boy is a boy and the fish is a fish. The shark is all sharks no better and no worse. All the symbolism that people say is shit. What goes beyond is what you see beyond when you know.

--Hemingway to Bernard Berenson, 1952, SL 780

Keep them people, people, people, and don't let them get to be symbols.

--to Dos Passos, 1932, SL, 354

. . . a writer should create living people; people not characters. A character is a caricature.

--DA, 191

7. There doesn't have to be any connection between Enoch and a criticism of humanism. As a fiction writer, I am interested first in Enoch as Enoch and Haze as Haze. Haze is repulsed by the shriveled man he sees merely because it is hideous. He has a picture of his new Jesus--shriveled as it is. Therefore it certainly does have meaning for Haze. Why would he throw it away if it didn't? Its meaning is in its rejection. Haze, even though a primitive, is full of the poison of the modern world. That is in part responsible for some of the comic effect. Of course that isn't all there is in it and when I wrote it my mind was not primarily on these abstract things but only on what would Haze and Enoch do next, they being themselves. . .

--Flannery O'Connor to "A," 1960, The Habit of Being, 403

8. Mice: Do you know what is going to happen when you write a story?

Y.C.: Almost never. I start to make it up and have happen what would have to happen as it goes along.

--By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, 217

I am becoming convinced that anybody who gives anybody else advice ought to spend forty days in the desert both before and after. Anyway, when I told you to write what was easy for you, what I should have said was what was possible for you. Now none of it is easy, none of it really comes easy except in a few rare cases on a few rare

occasions. In my whole time of writing the only parts that have come easy for me are Enoch Emery and Hulga

--O'Connor to "A," 1957, HB, 241

It is strange that in both these novels, what makes them possible as novels, I mean what makes them work, is the same thing that detracts or lowers the interest. I couldn't have written WB without Enoch. It would have been impossible mechanically. . . . you turn and twist and try it every possible way and only one thing works. What you are really twisting about in is your limitations, of course.

--O'Connor to John Hawkes, 1959, HB, 353

I am very much taken with your books and their wonderful imaginative energy. The more fantastic the action the more precise the writing and this is the way it ought to be.

--to Hawkes, 1950, HB, 292

9. I try always to do the thing by three cushion shots rather than by words or direct statement. But maybe we must have direct statement too.

--Hemingway to Owen Wister, 1929, SL, 301

Eschew the monumental. Shun the epic. All the guys who can paint great big pictures can paint great small ones.

--Hemingway to Maxwell Perkins, 1932, SL, 352

Some people . . . run to conceits or wisdom but I hold to the hard, brown, nutlike word. I might point out that there is enough aesthetic excitement here to satisfy anyone but a damned fool.

--from "The Indian Uprising," Barthelme

Prose is architecture, not interior decoration, and the Baroque is over.

--DA,

191

10. Nobody really knows or understands and nobody has ever said the secret. The secret is that it is poetry written into prose and it is the hardest of all things to do.

--Hemingway in How It Was, Mary Hemingway, 352

Int.: Why dialogues?

Barthelme: The opportunities are those of poetry

without the stern responsibilities. Dialogues are rather easy to write but there are some fine points. The sentence rhythms are rather starkly exposed, have to be weirdly musical or you send the reader off to Slumberland posthaste.

Int.: They're Beckett-y. Are they Beckett-y?

Barthelme: Certainly they couldn't exist without the example of Beckett's plays. But I have other fish to fry . . . There's an urge toward abstraction that's very seductive--

Int.: Art about art?

Barthelme: No, I mean the sort of thing you find in Gertrude Stein and hardly anywhere else. . . I'm talking about a pointillist technique, where what you get is not adjacent dots of yellow and blue which optically merge to give you green but merged meanings, whether from words placed side by side in a seemingly arbitrary way or phrases similarly arrayed, bushels of them . . .

--Barthelme, interview, Paris Review, *ibid.*

. . . [Stein] had published three stories that were intelligible to anyone. One of these stories, "Melanctha," was very good. . . She had also discovered many truths about rhythms and the uses of words in repetition that were valid and valuable and she talked well about them.

But she disliked the drudgery of revision and the obligation to make her writing intelligible.

--Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, 17

11. Turgenieff to me is the greatest writer there ever was. Didn't write the greatest books, but was the greatest writer. That's only for me of course. . . Chekhov wrote about 6 good stories. But he was an amateur writer. Tolstoi was a prophet. Maupassant was a professional writer, Balzac was a professional writer, Turgenieff was an artist.

--Hemingway to Archibald MacLiesh, 1925, SL, 179

Int.: If you had to recommend one influential writer, perhaps one who might be most helpful to students--

Peter Taylor: Turgeniev.

Int.: Why?

Taylor: . . . these envelopes, that kept going . . .

--Powell interview of Taylor, ca. 1985

12. Flaubert is a great writer but he only wrote one great book--Bovary--one 1/2 great book L'Education, one damned lousy book Bouvard and Pecuchet.

--Hemingway to Paul Romaine, 1932, SL, 360

Barthelme: I suspect that the starting point for the essential Beckett was Bouvard and Pecuchet and that Bellow's Henderson the Rain King is a fantasia on the theme of Hemingway in Africa.

--Bartheleme, interview, Paris Review, *ibid.*

13. Int.: Your own influences--whom would you like to cite as your spiritual ancestors?

Barthelme: They come in assorted pairs. Perelman and Hemingway. Kierkegaard and Sabatini. Kafka and Kleist. Kleist was clearly one of Kafka's fathers. Rabelais and Zane Grey. . .

--Bartheleme, interview, Paris Review, 187.

14. He had turned at bay as soon as he had reached this cover and he was sick with the wound through his full belly, and weakening with the wound through his lungs that brought a thin foamy red to his mouth each time he breathed. His flanks were wet and hot and flies were on the little openings the solid bullets had made in his tawny hide, and his big yellow eyes, narrowed with hate, looked straight ahead, only blinking when the pain came as he breathed, and his claws dug in the soft baked earth.

--from "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," Hemingway

A girl came in the cafe and sat by herself at a table near the window. She was very pretty with a face fresh as a newly minted coin if they minted coins in smooth flesh with rain-freshened skin, and her hair was black as a crow's wing and cut sharply and diagonally across her cheek.
--MF, 5

As I ate the oysters with their strong taste of the sea and their faint metallic taste that the cold white wine washed away, having only the sea taste and the succulent texture, and as I drank their cold liquid from

each shell and washed it down with the crisp taste of the wine, I lost the empty feeling and began to be happy and to make plans. --MF, 6

15. "I can make a landscape like Mr. Paul Cezanne. I learned how to make a landscape from Mr. Paul Cezanne." Hemingway spent several minutes looking at Cezanne's "Rocks--Forest of Fountainbleau." "This is what we try to do in writing, this and this, and the woods, and the rocks we have to climb over."

--from "Portrait of Hemingway," Lillian Ross, 1950

16. The second clerk took a tape measure from his pocket, saying he thought Hemingway was a size 44 or 46.

"Wanta bet?" Hemingway asked. He took the clerk's hand and punched himself in the stomach with it.

"Gee, he's got a hard tummy," the belt clerk said. He measured Hemingway's waistline. "38!" he reported. "Small waist for your size. What do you do--a lot of exercise?"

Hemingway hunched his shoulders, feinted, laughed, and looked happy for the first time since we'd left the hotel. He punched himself in the stomach with his own fist.

"Where are you going--to Spain again?" the belt clerk asked.

"To Italy," Hemingway said, and punched himself in the stomach again.

--Ross, *ibid.*, 52

17. Lillian Ross wrote a profile of me which I read, in proof, with some horror. But since she was a friend of mine and I knew that she was not writing in malice she had a right to make me seem that way if she wished. I did not believe that I talked like a half-breed choctaw nor that it gave a very sound impression of some one who gets up at first light and works hard at writing most of the days of his life. But I had just finished a book and when you have done that you do not really give a damn for a few weeks. So I did not mind it although I knew it was harmful to me just as the Life piece was. There was no harm intended and much received. But I am still fond of Lillian.

--Hemingway to Thomas Bledsoe, 1951, SL, 744

Ernest's suite was well attended when I got there. In the center of the sitting room was a round table on which rested two silver ice buckets, each containing a bottle of Perrier-Jouet, a huge blue tin of beluga caviar, a salver of toast, a bowl of finely chopped onions, a bowl of lemon

slices, a salver of smoked salmon and a thin vase containing two yellow tea roses. Around the table were Marlene Dietrich, Mary Hemingway, Jigee Viertel, Charles Scribner, Sr., and George Brown. Off to one side, with a stenographer's pad on her lap, sat Lillian Ross of The New Yorker. . . . Lillian Ross, in her corner, was taking rapid shorthand notes for a profile of Ernest she was doing for The New Yorker. ("It was a shorter hand than any of us knew," Ernest was to say a few months later.)

--from Papa Hemingway, A.E. Hotchner, 35-36

18. All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened

--BL:EH, 184

[Stein] thinks the parts that fail are where I remember visually rather than make up

--Hemingway to Fitzgerald, 1929, SL, 310

...everybody's...offering true accounts of the activity of the mind.

--Barthelme, interview, Paris Review, *ibid.*, 201

Which is true? Truth is greatly overrated, volition where it exists must be protected, wanting itself can be obliterated, some people have forgotten how to want.

--from "The Sea of Hesitation," Barthelme