

# The SINCLAIR LEWIS SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

VOLUME FIFTEEN, NUMBER TWO

SPRING 2007



Ted Fleener at the Lewis family marker, October 16, 2006,  
North Star Cemetery, St. Cloud, Minnesota.  
Photo taken by Diane Fleener.

## CLAUDE LEWIS AND THE LEWIS FAMILY PLOT IN ST. CLOUD

TED FLEENER

On October 27, 1911, Phillip Bernard Lewis, son of Dr. and Mrs. Claude B. Lewis, died of brain fever (in all likelihood meningitis) at the age of almost 17 months. One can almost picture the sad young father going to North Star Cemetery in St. Cloud, Minnesota, to pick out a final resting place for his son. When he did so he found a spot high on a hill near the entrance to the cemetery. He purchased 12 plots for \$12.50 each. Nearly one hundred years have passed since that sad day, and Dr. Lewis and other family members have since been laid to rest in the site he selected.

The life of Claude Lewis is a constant thread in the life and work of Sinclair Lewis. He was the older brother, the one who saved Sinclair's life on at least one occasion, and

Claude Lewis *continued on page 12*

## NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF DOREMUS JESSUP: SINCLAIR LEWIS'S *IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE* AND THE INFLUENCE OF SLAVE NARRATIVES

EDWARD DAUTERICH  
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Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here* is an often neglected novel that is particularly important to understand and interpret, not only for the cultural connections that can be made between the novel and the present, but more particularly for its connections to another political form of writing: the slave narrative. Any discussion of the novel will benefit from recognizing the connection between it and the tropes of the slave narratives, a connection which previous criticism on Lewis has failed to mention. Both the narratives and Lewis's novel were directed toward a political purpose, and both succeed through the use of similar figurative devices.

In 1935, Sinclair Lewis published *It Can't Happen Here* to mixed reviews. Many of the critics at the time found the novel to be inferior to his other works, and those who saw value in it recognized mainly sociological portents of impending doom for the United States. Typically, the reviews lambasted the characters as one-dimensional and the piece itself as didactic. Regardless of the work's aesthetic value, there are reasons to take it up and reconsider it again.

In 1985, James T. Jones suggested that Lewis's writing has been "effaced from the canon of our national literature" (213), and in 2005, not much has changed. Lewis is too often neglected outside of a few literature, sociology, and history departments. When Jones wrote his essay, he explained why

Doremus Jessup *continued on page 14*

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## The SINCLAIR LEWIS SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

The Sinclair Lewis Society Newsletter is published twice a year with help from the Publications Unit of the English Department at Illinois State University, Normal, IL 61790-4240.

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## A CITIZEN OF THE MIRAGE (PART III)

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SINCLAIR LEWIS

*"A Citizen of the Mirage" is a short story written by Sinclair Lewis that was published in Redbook in 1921. Part I was published in the Spring 2006 issue of the Newsletter and Part II was published in the Fall 2006 issue. Part I introduced a brisk young man, Leonard Lamb Shanklin, Ph.D., as well as the president of the University of Daily Life, Basil Quaero. Quaero's university, founded on the principle that its scholars should learn practical lessons and receive no grades, is having a bit of a problem recruiting students. Part 2 left off just as Leonard is promising President Quaero to fill his university with a thousand students in five years.*

### "A CITIZEN OF THE MIRAGE"

Basil Quaero's fist banged the table. His great voice tolled: "Am I a child, that I must be lied to? People are to be attracted to a place of freedom by removing the alarming feature of freedom. You want to tell me tactfully that I'm not practical. But I know it already! I'm a citizen of the mirage. I live in a future that may never come. But you—See here, young man, what do you expect to get out of this for yourself? What pay?"

"Oh, those sordid details—"

"Don't lie!"

Leonard snarled: "Well, then, what annual interest do you get from Pusey's endowment?"

"About one hundred thousand dollars."

"All right. I'll put this place on the map for three per cent of the present and all future endowments, and I'll see to it that we do get future ones! You admit you're impractical.

You can't appreciate the chance I'm taking. I'm now getting six thousand a year!"

"Really? Now, Doctor, I believe you salesmen have a phrase about 'selling the idea.' Go on! Sell your idea to me! I'm the ultimate consumer, and I'm full of levity and waffles."

Leonard had learned the tremendous secret that a grin wins more sympathy than logic. He did grin, at nicely adjusted intervals, throughout his exhibition of gymnastics. He made himself believe that he believed that he detested all conventions. He was panting for the chance to associate with a professor of dishwashing, and a lecturer on winning strikes.

At the end Quaero chuckled: "You're a good jobber, Doctor. You inspire us local dealers. Some day I may give you a good order."

"Pardon me, I don't seem to understand," Leonard said stiffly.

Quaero's eyes were grim. "You ought to. I've called you a capable salesman. That's honest praise, isn't it? Now let's forget our troubles, and go see my chickens." The grimness turned to wistfulness. "I would like to have students. Yes. Not die a failure. Only—Come, let's get out in the sunshine and I'll stroll into town with you."

The moment Leonard had returned to the home office of the Vigilance Chemical House, he procured a private stenographer for evening work, and began to make out schedules of the things he could do with the University of Daily Life—while, of course, retaining its distinction as a testing-ground for experiments. They were beautiful prospectuses, in black and

————— A Citizen of the Mirage *continued on next page*

## CONTRIBUTORS

*The editor of the Sinclair Lewis Society Newsletter would like to thank everyone who contributed to this issue by writing articles or sending in notes.*

*These people include Frederick Betz, Edward Dauterich, Maurice Fisher, Diane Fleener, Ted Fleener, Ralph Goldstein, Sally Hoople, Jacqueline Koenig, William Kraemer, Joyce Lyng, Quentin Martin, Steve Paragamian, Robert Reilly, Dan and Mary Stroeing, Kirk Symmes, Michael Walters, and Phyllis Whitney.*

A Citizen of the Mirage *continued from previous page*

red typing, with quantities of figures, parentheses, dashes, signs, asterisks, subheadings, and indentations, and they were each bound in highly refined pale-blue vellum fastened with the shiniest brass clips to be found. He sent these to President Quaero at the rate of one a week. Each fortnight he saw to it that some educational magnate wrote to Quaero recommending him as a person of learning and touchingly beautiful character.

Quaero answered, sometimes — after this fashion:

I wonder if your dreams, expressed in plastic typewriting, are not more wonderful than my old-fashioned desire to be a Socrates — with disciples in peg-top pants and these new overcoats with dainty belts. I am raising buff Orpington chickens. They are very nice. I am, sir,

Yr. obed'nt serv't  
Basil Quaero

It was in March, six months after Leonard had discovered the University, that he had a telegram from Quaero, saying only: "Am ill, come see me."

Leonard started for New Ratersford two hours later.

He found the old man in bed, attended by a female grenadier whose defeated but still earnest ambition was to keep her patient from smoking. Quaero's own bedroom was not like the chintz and mahogany room in which Leonard had slept. It was an old-book shop, with an aged spiral-poster bed covered with a fantastic crazy-quilt. Quaero lay back, a pipe amid his beard, and beamed on Leonard.

"Nothing serious, my boy. Touch of jaundice. But the doctor tells me I must stop overdoing. I confess I am tired. Apparently I must compromise. The average undergraduate doesn't care to live in my mirage. Go ahead. Take the shop. I planned to make it a magic shop, to sell moonlight and seven-

leagued boots, the cap of invisibility and the key to fairyland, but no one comes to the mushroom ring any more — all the girls with red cloaks and market-baskets must have died when radio came in, and the winds were harnessed to carry racing-tips. So you may turn the shop into a dry-goods store. But do try to carry fast dyes."

Then Leonard knew that the poor dodderer was madder than ever, but he was polite, and patted Quaero's pillows, and got him to sign a little paper saying that in case of Quaero's death, absence or serious illness, Leonard was to be in charge of the property and policies of the University.

He knew that legally Quaero was trustee of the University funds: and that though he had not used it, he had a charter from the State legislature empowering the University to grant degrees. But he had not known till now that W. I. Pusey, the benefactor of the school, though he had given the grounds and buildings outright to the foundation controlled by Quaero, still retained personal possession of the endowment fund, and gave the interest of it yearly.

Even in the endurable event of Quaero's death, then, Leonard would have to please Pusey. But that didn't worry him. Pusey and he were both practical men, both great salesmen. Besides! The letters he was going to write to Pusey! He started them that day, with a masterfully modest note in which he announced that he had been permitted to crawl under the same sod above which Basil Quaero soared.

Quaero approved of Leonard's writing to Pusey, but the only address he could give was in care of Dolson & Door, Pusey's Boston lawyers. It was Mr. Dolson who answered. He called Leonard "Esqre," and said that Mr. Pusey desired him to

————— A Citizen of the Mirage *continued on page 8*

## NEW MEMBERS

*Welcome to the new members who have joined the Sinclair Lewis Society since the last issue.*

John J. Han  
St. Louis, MO

Jim Lewis  
Marion, IA 52302

John Lewis  
Bloomington, MN 55420

Ken Lewis  
Rice, MN 56367

Roger Lewis  
Holmen, WI 54636

Helen Zanetti  
Georgetown, TX 78628

## LOUISIANA POLITICS AND *IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE*

FREDERICK BETZ

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY-CARBONDALE

*The American Scholar* (Autumn 2005) includes an essay, "The Rise and Fall of David Duke: How Holocaust Memory Broke the Code of Right-Wing Populism" (60-72) by Lawrence N. Powell, a professor of history at Tulane University, whose book on *Troubled Memory: Anne Levy, the Holocaust, and David Duke's Louisiana* (Chapel Hill: U of North Carolina P) appeared in 2000.

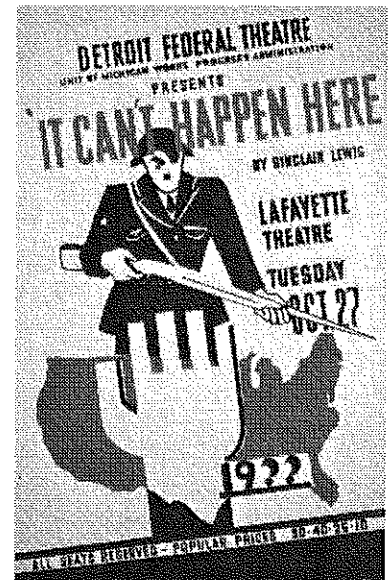
Powell recounts how a Holocaust exhibit in Baton Rouge in June 1989 and subsequent efforts of the Louisiana Coalition Against Racism and Nazism, of which he was a founding member, helped defeat David Duke in the off-year gubernatorial election in 1991. In early 1989, "an affluent New Orleans suburb had sent Duke, a Nazi enthusiast and former Ku Klux Klan wizard, to the state House of Representatives as a Republican" (60). "Winning the 1990 Republican primary for a U.S. Senate seat, Duke emerged as a serious challenger to the long-term Democratic incumbent, J. Bennett Johnston, who was reelected. The following year he defeated Governor [Charles "Buddy"] Roemer, who had become a Republican, in the open primary, earning the right to face [former Governor Edwin] Edwards [...], and along the way, he won favor with the moral-majority wing of the state Republican party" (62).

The Holocaust exhibit "seemed out of place" in the Louisiana Capitol, "a monument to Huey Long, the governor who pushed the building to completion early in the Great Depression," for Long "was perhaps the closest the United States has come to producing a genuine dictator," and "briefly, before his assassination [in the Capitol] in September 1935, he was the hope of Hitler sympathizers [...] looking for someone to lead an American fascist movement" (60). "Many in the crowd [to witness the opening of the exhibit by Governor Roemer], like [Anne] Levy, were aging Holocaust survivors who had settled in New Orleans" (61). "Just as the governor was about to speak, she saw David Duke enter from the House side of the capitol and move slowly through the exhibit [...] (61). Levy approached Duke and asked him what he was doing at the exhibit, since he had, after all, repeatedly denied that the Holocaust had ever happened. Duke denied that he had ever said so, but rather only that it was exaggerated. He "kept trying to get away from Levy, but she pursued him until he finally

left the room" (61).

"In Republican runoffs for senator and governor, Duke polled a commanding majority of the white vote—nearly 700,000 ballots in the gubernatorial election" (62). He "blamed the hard times on the black poor, which set white have-littles, many of them blue-collar Reagan Democrats, against black have-nots," and "behind appeals to middle-class racial grievances and the preservation of 'European' heritage," he "was also sounding classic fascist themes of cultural unity, purification, and renewal" (62). "The challenge," therefore, as the Louisiana Coalition Against Racism and Nazism "saw it, was not to pull alienated voters out of Duke's camp but instead to keep him from allying with educated conservatives and business groups, as fascists had done in Europe" (63).

"Understanding the high-turnout Louisiana governor's election of 1991 that repudiated David Duke requires," then, "factoring in analogies to the Holocaust" (67). "The black electorate," who "took the lead opposing Duke," were "less moved," of course, "by images of the Holocaust than by memories of segregation and disenfranchisement" (68). But "by the second week of the campaign, most of Duke's opponents, political and religious, had begun referring to him as 'a Nazi sympathizer' and not just an ex-Klansman" (69). "Evidence that voters were viewing the election from the perspective of the Holocaust can be inferred," according to Powell, "from the ethical energy the runoff had released into the electoral politics of a state better known for hijinks than high principle" (70). "If the Holocaust symbolized contemporary chaos and racial



Poster image provided by Dan and Mary Stroeing

Louisiana Politics continued on next page

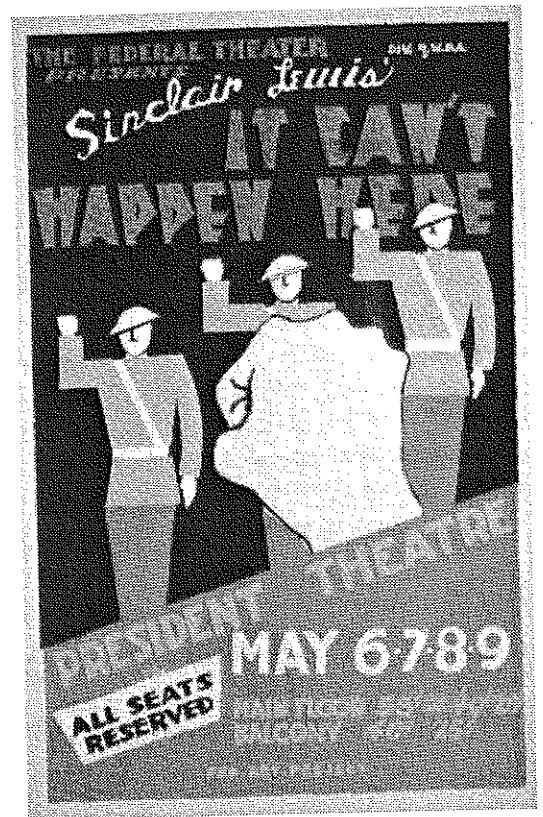
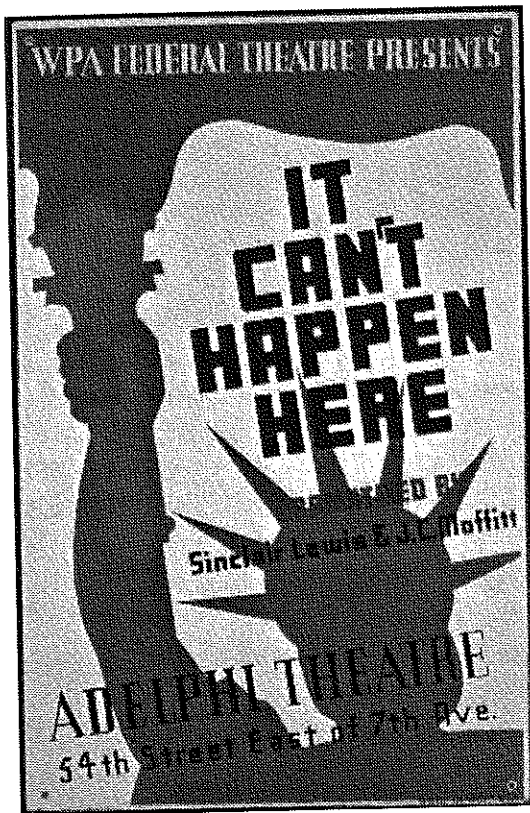
Louisiana Politics *continued from previous page*

division, so did the divisiveness engendered by Duke's political insurgency. If the rise of Hitler dramatized the susceptibility of ordinary people to the pandering of racial demagogues, so did the crowds flocking to Duke's massive rallies. If Nazism rode to power through democratic means only to demolish democracy, so, too, was Duke veering down the same path" (70).

Powell cites Jack Wardlaw, a political reporter for the *Times-Picayune*, who, drawing on Louisiana's own experience ("If fascism ever comes to America, we'll just call it something else," Huey Long is rumored to have said), best articulated the analogy, while also referring to Sinclair Lewis's cautionary tale *It Can't Happen Here*, without, however, mentioning that Huey Long had actually served as the primary model for Lewis's dictator-president Buzz Windrip. "Make no mistake," Wardlaw wrote, "the agenda of radical and terrorist groups like the Klan and the neo-Nazis is to sow racial discord and rend this country asunder so that they can step in and pick up the pieces. It happened in Germany. If you think it can't happen here, read Sinclair Lewis's chilling 1935 book entitled *It Can't Happen Here*" (70).

"It would be nice to report," as Powell notes in conclu-

sion, "that the ethical energy released by the election resulted in racial and religious reconciliation in the Bayou State" (72). It did not work out that way, however. "Although Duke's electoral support withered almost as suddenly as it sprouted, as protest movements of this kind often do, so did the interracial coalition that had defeated it" (72). In 2000, Edwin Edwards, who had capitalized on the notorious campaign bumper sticker in 1991, "Vote for the Crook. It's Important" (69), "went to federal prison, where he is serving a 10-year sentence for extorting kickbacks from casino operators" (72). "Duke went to jail as well for bilking supporters and then gambling away their contributions [...]. He served 15 months in a federal penitentiary [...]," and "he is now living in the Florida parishes of Louisiana peddling hate on the Internet" (72). But Duke "scored one of the classic victories-in-defeat that punctuate American electoral history," for he "shifted the agenda": "Before his eruption into Louisiana politics, the debate was over fiscal reform; after he arrived it was all about race" (72). "Things could have been a lot worse. That they weren't," however, "has a lot to do with Anne Levy's inability to forget and her unwillingness to let us forget" (72). *✍*



Poster images provided by Dan and Mary Stroeing

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## DOROTHY AND RED

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Sinclair Lewis Society member Sally Hoople is married to Don Hoople whose aunt, Ruth, was a close friend and classmate of Dorothy Thompson when they both attended Syracuse University as part of the class of 1914. In 1963, when Vincent Sheean's *Dorothy and Red* was published by Houghton Mifflin, Ruth Hoople reviewed the book for the *Syracuse Post-Standard*. Sally Hoople sent us a copy of the review, printed on November 17, 1963 (6), excerpts from which are reproduced below.

"Mr. Sheean has written as a personal friend of both Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis. His concern for them is evident throughout the book. The material he presents, gathered painstakingly from letters and other documents in the Syracuse University and Yale University libraries, reveals a marriage ill-fated from the beginning. As Sheean says, the letters are a merciless exposure. But how much was life and how much the habit word-spinning had cast upon them? Some of those who have also known Dorothy and Red wish that she might have lived to write her own story. But above the tragedy of their marriage emerges a portrayal of two brilliant persons who contributed much to the life of their times."

After a summary of their marriage, she notes "But gradually her public position became unbearable to him. In the end his was the fame of a widely known writer, hers was

that of a name known to the corner druggist, the taxi driver, the hairdresser, the headwaiter. She became a national as well as an international figure." She discusses Dorothy's career in radio and her column, "On the Record," which began in 1936. As others have noted, Sinclair and Dorothy had different interests; she was also troubled by his drinking. "By the time of Dorothy's rise to the position of an American oracle they had both reached a place where it was impossible to avoid the ultimate estrangement. Red could not see the difference between a permanent historical reputation such as his and a dramatic writer's such as Dorothy's had turned out to be. In the end, her career became her life. She had immersed herself in it as a necessary anodyne against the failure of the marriage, as she often said."

Sheean notes that "practically every American knows, more or less, who Red was; the younger people have no notion of Dorothy." But he feels that she was a very important journalist, and Ruth Hoople agrees. She writes, "Quite possibly she was the greatest journalist America has ever known, whether in print or by living voice on the radio."

She concludes with much praise for the book and the couple he writes about. "Mr. Sheean writes with affection and insight of these two he knew so well. His book is a tribute to them both." ✍

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## A STUDY IN THE SYNERGY OF GIFTEDNESS: SINCLAIR LEWIS AND THE INFLUENCE OF MEDICAL RESEARCH ON HIS WRITING

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MICHAEL E. WALTERS

CENTER FOR THE STUDY OF THE HUMANITIES IN THE SCHOOLS

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Many American writers from the 1920s to the 1960s had fathers who were medical doctors, e.g., Ernest Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, and John O'Hara. Sinclair Lewis was the first American to win the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1930. He grew up in a small town (Sauk Centre, Minnesota), and was influenced by his father's medical methodology of observation,

research and analysis. This essay is based on the excellent biography by Richard Lingeman entitled *Sinclair Lewis: Rebel from Main Street* (2002, Random House).

*Arrowsmith* (1925), a story about the medical profession, is one of Lewis's enduring works. The illnesses he described were related to social and cultural factors. In this respect it is as timely today as when it was first published. Besides his father, Lewis was influenced by a neighbor in Hartford, Connecticut—Dr. Thomas Hepburn, an expert in venereal disease. He

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Synergy of Giftedness *continued on next page*



Synergy of Giftedness *continued from previous page*

was also the father of the great American actress and Academy Award winner, Katharine Hepburn.

Lewis demonstrated synergy with the American bacteriologist, Dr. Paul De Kruif, who had worked at the most famous medical research center in the world during the 1920s, the Rockefeller Institute, and is still a world renowned research institution. De Kruif worked so closely with Lewis on *Arrowsmith* that he was considered to be a co-author who received 25% of the royalties. He particularly helped Lewis to understand the relationship between medical research and public health. For example, they went to the Caribbean to study public health problems in a Third World setting, and then proceeded to England where they interviewed some of the top scientific experts in tropical diseases. The synergy between De Kruif and Lewis showed how the sensibilities of a scientist and a gifted writer can produce an artistic fusion, as Lewis described in a letter to the writer and editor, H.L. Mencken: "Paul De Kruif proves to have as much synthetic fictional imagination as he has scientific knowledge, and that's one hell of a lot...." (Lingeman 227).

A Citizen of the Mirage *continued from page 4*

"express gratification for your communication of 11<sup>th</sup> inst."

Chaste advertisements on the front pages of all magazines announced that the University of Daily Life was prepared to give the degrees of B.A., M.A., and B.S. Leonard filled out a complete teaching staff. Somehow he failed to ask candidates for positions whether they favored turning colleges into jolly Montessori schools, with the students cutting up red paper instead of smoking pipes and singing glees.

And the subjects which he planned for the coming year were curiously similar to those of most small colleges. It was the same round of Latin, history, mathematics. Quaero interfered by engaging teachers in grocery-store keeping, matrimony, and other incredible subjects, but Leonard so arranged the catalogue that they were made to sound almost decent. He called the grocery-keeping class "Commercial dietetics," presented the instructor with a gratuitous Bachelor of Science degree, and so timed the hours of the class that it would conflict with all the popular courses.

One subject Quaero persistently refused to admit, till it should be demanded by the students. That was Greek. Quaero had the poor taste to assert that he had never met anybody except a bootblack who could speak any kind of Greek. He boisterously insisted that it would be better to take up Yiddish. Now, Leonard regarded Greek as elegant. He did not frequently sit up very long after midnight to read it, but he felt that it

Two of the most significant characters in *Arrowsmith* resonate with today's American society. At the time Lewis wrote this book, the medical profession was considered a preserve for white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Lewis created a black doctor, Dr. Oliver Marchand, who was educated at Howard University. Second, the mentor of the main character, Dr. Martin Arrowsmith, was a German-Jewish laboratory researcher named Dr. Max Gottlieb. When the book was published, almost every major medical school in the United States had a quota system for Jewish students.

Lewis saw the medical researcher as a paradigm for the humanism of the twentieth century, and described this paradigm as the "religion of science" and "the religion of work" (Lingeman 224-25). Lewis also believed that a writer should follow both "religions." Although he won the Pulitzer Prize for *Arrowsmith* in 1925, he refused to accept it. The composition of the book represents a study in the synergy of giftedness. Dr. Martin Arrowsmith's sensibility as a gifted individual continues to inspire gifted students and their teachers. ✍

distinguished a select soul from ordinary business men. He shrugged at Quaero's vulgarity—and waited.

Leonard knew that the first students would come from near-by territory. He whispered about New Ratersford, and a neighboring town of fifteen thousand, that there wasn't going to be any more crazy nonsense at the University; that parents could not only save railroad fare, but be assured of A1, high-class educations for their buds, right here near home. As the University was coeducational, Leonard spoke to every women's club within twenty miles. He was an honored guest at all the best houses, and the nicest people in the county became his unpaid agents.

To the increasing number of inquirers he sent out a handsome new catalogue. He received letters from Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors in small adjacent colleges which lacked the magnificent equipment of the University of Daily Life. He sent them Form D13, which he privately called the "affectionate-fatherly-come-on spiel."

Forty miles away was a city of over a hundred thousand. Leonard ran up there, and was dignified but cordial to managing editors of newspapers. He hinted that the story of W. I. Pusey's millions and Basil Quaero's beard would make

————— A Citizen of the Mirage *continued next page*



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## PUBLICATION OF *THE AMERICAN MIDWEST*

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Indiana University Press is pleased to announce the recent publication of *The American Midwest: An Interpretive Encyclopedia*, edited by Richard Sisson, Christian Zacher, and Andrew Cayton, 1916 pages, 354 black and white photographs, ISBN 0-253-34886-2, cloth \$75.00.

This first-ever encyclopedia of the Midwest seeks to embrace this large and diverse area, to give it voice, and help define its distinctive character. Organized by topic, it encour-

ages readers to reflect upon the region as a whole. Each section moves from the general to the specific, covering broad themes in longer introductory essays, filling in the details in the shorter entries that follow. The Midwest emerges as a place of ideas and innovations, reforms and revivals, and social and physical extremes—a place of great complexity and continual fascination. For more information, go to [http://www.iupress.indiana.edu/catalog/product\\_info.php?products\\_id=41525](http://www.iupress.indiana.edu/catalog/product_info.php?products_id=41525) ⚡

*A Citizen of the Mirage continued from previous page*

a “dandy human-interest story.” But he received the local correspondents when they came, and they wrote less about the beard than about the magnificent future of the University. They failed to state that in seven years there had never been any students. They agreed with Leonard that “those folks up in the city are jealous of our progress down here.”

Basil Quaero had recovered his strength, but he seemed content to sit reading books dusty with the rubbings of old leather bindings, and watching Leonard buzz. Legally the secretary was subject to his orders, but without comment he let Leonard make promises, start enterprises, engage assistants. After a few hints from Leonard, Quaero gave his power-of-attorney to sign checks against the endowment fund.

But Quaero awakened when on the twenty-second of September, three hundred students matriculated for the first real year of the University—three hundred eager young heads in the chapel where, a year before, and dismal year after year before that, nothing had appeared save dust-motes in the sunbeams, and a cynical old spider listening from the edge of the lectern. In a new cassock—Leonard had dragged him into town to have it fitted—President Quaero stood before his first students. But he was not eloquent. He merely stretched out his arms, and faltered:

“May God give you swift feet and pure hearts and golden tongues! I am not your president; I am your servant; and I am not worthy even to be your servant, for of such as you is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

He sat down, trembling. His hands, on the arms of his great chair, were still open, as in greeting, the quivering fingers raised and arched. It was Secretary Leonard Lamb Shanklin, Ph.D., who finished the ceremony, and had the students laughing by his jolliness in telling them what good times they were going to have—and would all upper-classmen who had entered

for English B3 kindly see the registrar at once? They were gathered together in the spacious grove of Academe—and dormitory room-rent was to be paid at the end of each month. Now they would gratify dear old Prexy Quaero by giving the college yell, which he, the secretary, had himself composed. All together now:

“Daily Life! Daily Life!  
Free of care! Free of strife!  
Yip-te-doodle—yip-te-doodle,  
Well, well, well!  
Dear old Alma Mater—  
U.D.L.!”

During the third triumphant repetition Leonard looked at Basil Quaero. The old man was smiling, but it was a fixed smile, as though his face had frozen while in that expression. Leonard reflected that it was the first time he had even seen him with a hypocritical look.

Gradual were the changes that Leonard produced, that first year, and very tactful. In looking over Beidelman College and Musical Seminary he had met a junior who was equally efficient at sitting in on a round of roodles, and in presiding at the Anti-gambling Committee of the Y.M.C.A. Bellings, Joseph Bellings, this youth was called, and he came to the University of Daily Life as a senior, and Leonard’s assistant. Bellings was a smooth, friendly, brisk young man, a genius at sympathetically listening to other people’s troubles. Leonard sent him out among the undergraduates—and a week later the undergraduates petitioned President Quaero to add Greek to

————— *A Citizen of the Mirage continued next page*

A Citizen of the Mirage *continued from previous page*

the curriculum. Without Greek, they indicated, they could not enjoy making welsh-rabbits or fussing a game. Quaero sighed, and gave in.

Their next demand, after another suave round of pastoral calls by Joseph Bellings, was for intercollegiate athletics. Quaero called a mass-meeting. A student who, curiously, happened to be Bellings' room-mate, arose and with tears and lamentation represented the students as robbed of college spirit, of the chance to meet men from other universities. The students looked at one another and began to feel ill-treated. Two men quoted "A sound mind in a sound body" in Latin, and one tried to quote it in Greek. They loved President Quaero, his giant presence, his benevolent eyes. They listened to him when he presented his plan for scores of inter-class teams, so that every man might taste the struggle, if he wished. But they had their way—and the next day the coach whom Leonard had already engaged came out of hiding. Though it was now mid-October, on Thanksgiving Day the University whipped Beidelman College 22 to 0, with the result that the State newspapers spoke of the University with greater respect, and ninety high-school seniors sent for catalogues.

In January it appeared that by being deprived of chapters of the national fraternities, by being deprived of fellowship with the Tinglebritzen College chapter of Gamma Gamma Delta, the students were losing all touch with the highest modern thought; also that by failing to be tested by written examinations, they were missing the chance to review their accumulated wisdom. These statements were presented to Basil Quaero by one Joseph Bellings, and a student who came from Bellings' hometown. Quaero sighed again—and instantly, with Leonard bustling in charge, the University was filled with examinations and inter-college fraternities.

In all of these reforms, President Quaero had given way to the wishes of the students. He said that he wanted them to be free to reject freedom. But he held out in two of his fads: the freak courses and the defense of indiscreet professors. Leonard's task as courageous young reformer, as motion-picture district-attorney in education, was made the more difficult by the absurd love the students had for Quaero. They crowded his "lectures"—rambling gossip about a vague thing he called "being human." They privately came to tell him their troubles—which, in a coeducational college, means being engaged.

It was not till the second year of Leonard's reign, when the University had five hundred students, that he saw a way to use gentle diplomacy upon such courses as shoe-cobbling,

scenery-painting and repair of motorcars for amateur drivers.

Joseph Bellings had remained for the second year, as fellow in the science department, and assistant to Leonard. Bellings was as jolly and intimate with freshmen as with seniors. And he had a sense of humor. He simply quaked with laughter when he met a man who was gravely studying blacksmithing. Bellings hinted that though he, like all the others, respected the kindly majesty of President Quaero, the poor dear old gentleman was slightly cracked, and wasn't it a shame the poor dear old Alma Mater should be ridiculed by other colleges because of its fad courses? He said vague but impressive things about the ancient Daily Life traditions—of twelve months before. The students listened, and quietly boycotted all subjects not on the safe-and-sane list.

Quaero watched the dwindling classes. He retained the instructors even when they had no one to teach, and infuriated Leonard by giving some of them two years' salary in advance. But mostly they took the hint, and went back to the shop, where they belonged, so that the faculty was purged of all common persons without degrees.

But even boycott nearly failed in the celebrated case of Dr. Henry Drury, the immoral instructor in history.

Dr. Drury had been impolite to some of the tallest heroes in history. That hadn't mattered—they were all so very dead. But he began to look up local county history, and he talked about the ancestors of some of the best families. His sensational utterances were misquoted in the press of the city forty miles away. Clubs passed resolutions against him. He was giving the University of Daily Life a bad name. Leonard went hotly to Quaero in his study, and demanded: "This Drury person has got to go. He shows bad taste!"

The president mused above his pipe, with eyes unfathomable as those of the sea-serpent that for a thousand thousand years has brooded on jeweled cities sunk in the silk of sea-bottom; and he answered meekly:

"Yes, genius frequently begins with bad taste. I understand the things Harry Drury says are true."

"They may be, but a mere itch for truth doesn't excuse a man for saying publicly that the grandfather of the most prominent woman in Ratersford County made his fortune selling shoddy woolen to the Government during the Civil War!"

"Did Drury say that? I've wondered what the old gentleman's graft was. I've seen his picture. Now run along, boy. It's time for my nap."

————— A Citizen of the Mirage *continued next page*

A Citizen of the Mirage *continued from previous page*

That was all the consideration the alleged head of the University gave to a scandal that was cracking the seemly walls of local society, and letting in the herd.

Leonard telephoned to Joseph Bellings.

Joseph Bellings spoke to his room-mate and to the man from his home town.

By night everybody on the campus was saying that Dr. Henry Drury was an atheist and a novelty-monger. Freshmen, innocent, gamboling, woolly freshmen, who had never heard of Drury till that afternoon, were stating that for years they had desired to lynch him. The next class of Dr. Drury was attended by only co-eds. Even they didn't come to the class after that. Leonard grinningly heard from Joseph Bellings, who, though a charming fellow, and no spy, did sometimes rather happen to be glancing through windows, that Dr. Drury delivered his next four lectures to empty seats—empty save for the president, Basil Quaero himself, childishly sitting there with his huge body wedged into a class-room chair! After the last of these four lectures, Bellings reported, Drury was to be seen weeping over his lecture notes. Quaero comforted him, with a vast arm about the fellow's shoulder, but Drury had at last sensed the scorn of all decent people. He packed his trunk, and left the University forever.

Quaero showed that despite his vulgar guffawing, he had no sense of humor. He didn't appreciate the good joke that had been played on him. He called a meeting of all students, and for the first time he faced them with embarrassing wrath. He climbed into what Leonard felt was rather ridiculous rhetoric. He brought down the stars and the angels, he shouted and tramped and banged his fist.

The students, being young, looked frightened, but Secretary Leonard Lamb Shanklin, sitting back of the old roaring bear, didn't waste his time following skyey words. He was engaged in more practical thoughts. He was computing his personal three per cent on the new endowments.

For he had kept his promise to Quaero by adding other gifts to the tuition fees and the annual hundred thousand from W. I. Pusey. With the assistance of friends in business he had compiled a list of all persons in the State who had fortunes of more than three hundred thousand, and on their catalogue cards he had made strictly private notes about their vices, religions and the easiest subjects on which to flatter them. By the use of this list Leonard became popular with all the prominent citizens. He did not make the error of complimenting the collar-button king on his genius in manufacturing, but spoke of his rare qualities as a breeder of Japanese spaniels. The king

was so touched that he begged Leonard to tell about the poverty of the University, and simply forced Leonard to accept one hundred thousand for the building fund.

Though he was without prejudice, and though he was willing to let even the humblest shirt-sleeve millionaire have a building named after him, Leonard yet retained his boyish ideal of getting a larger endowment out of W. I. Pusey. He felt that it was ridiculous to assume, as Quaero had, that merely because the retired merchant corresponded only through his lawyers, he had therefore given all he had, and was living in shabby retirement. Pusey would let Quaero believe that, to keep from being bothered.

So, without Quaero's knowledge, Leonard wrote a friendly series of letters to Pusey, by way of his lawyers. Leonard depicted his filial affection for Quaero, but hinted that business men like himself and Pusey knew that dear old Prexy wasn't practical, and failed to understand how much money a modern knowledge-plant required. He, Secretary Dr. Shanklin, would be pleased to receive from the master-merchant mind of Mr. W. I. Pusey any suggestions about raising new funds. Had Mr. Pusey any friends whom he cared to approach?

Leonard distinctly did not say that he would be able to bear up under it if Mr. Pusey found it easier to increase the annual gift than to solicit his friends.

Also Leonard didn't say anything about his receiving three per cent of all endowments.

After a discourteous wait, Pusey answered. The letter was forwarded by his lawyers, and it was in the characterless round script of a young-woman amanuensis, but undoubtedly Pusey had dictated it himself, for it remarked:

You seem to be a smart fellow. Therefore take the hint & let me alone. Wont even give you my address, or I'd find you here camping on my doorstep. I've handed over all the good hard-earned cash to your school that I intend to. I like Quaero, glad to back him, but probably the man is a crank, & anyway, have done enough for him, & where do you horn in? Now that you've done so, kindly send me your frank opinion of Quaero. It will be confidential.

Yours,  
W. I. Pusey

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Claude Lewis continued from page 1

in whose shadow and influence, Sinclair, known as "Hal" or "Harry" to most family members, would live his life. The two had a close relationship and were proud of the achievements of each other.

At the end of Sinclair's life it was Claude who made the arrangements to bring Harry's ashes back to Minnesota for burial. And it was Claude who saved the urn in which the ashes had been returned for inclusion in a possible future museum.

Dr. Claude B. Lewis practiced medicine in St. Cloud from 1905 until his retirement. Even after retirement he maintained an office at a local clinic.

Claude Lewis died of cancer on April 20, 1957, and was laid to rest in the cemetery plot he had picked out on that long ago autumn day. A large central stone with Lewis carved on it marks the center of the family plot.

A list of people buried in the family plot is included below. Of particular interest to people interested in Sinclair Lewis is the grave of Isabel Lewis Agrell, daughter of Claude Lewis. She wrote *Sinclair Lewis Remembered*, a very interesting and valuable source of information concerning the history of Sinclair Lewis and his family. She is buried in the family plot just east of Dr. Lewis.

If you want to pay your respects to the memory of Claude B. Lewis and his family, the address of the cemetery is 1901 Cooper Avenue South, St. Cloud, Minnesota 56301. The cemetery phone number is 320-253-2112. The sexton is Rob Rau and he is very helpful. The cemetery is in the southeast corner of St. Cloud about four blocks east of State Route 23. If you come in off I-94, turn onto 75 and then left on Traverse Road. Then turn left onto Cooper where the cemetery is. The cemetery is very easy to find. It is very big, an oasis of green in a suburban neighborhood. Enter the cemetery at the main entrance and you'll see two buildings at the foot of the hill. Turn right at the building on the right and stop your car at the American flag on your left. When you look directly up the hill you'll see a large fir tree. That is it. The fir tree is the tallest tree in the cemetery.

Another spot connected with Claude Lewis in St. Cloud is his home at 724 Fourth Avenue South. It is the only remaining house on that block and is now used as an alumni center by St. Cloud State University.

There are seven people buried in the Claude Bernard Lewis family plot in North Star Cemetery. Starting in the northwest corner of the plot and going clockwise they are as follows:

Claude Bernard Lewis, M.D. Born September 17, 1878; died April 20, 1957.

Robert Leonard Agrell, son-in-law of Claude Lewis. Born September 16, 1917; died January 10, 1990.

Isabel Lewis Agrell, daughter of Claude and Wilhelmina Lewis. Born August 14, 1916; died August 12, 2000.

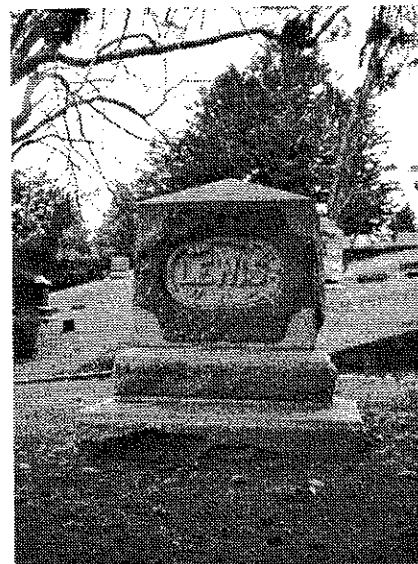
Virginia Lewis, daughter of Claude and Wilhelmina Lewis. Born September 29, 1912; died October 4, 1986.

Helen A. Lewis, second wife of Claude Lewis. Born July 2, 1893; died November 20, 1980.

Phillip Bernard Lewis, infant son of Claude and Wilhelmina Lewis. Born May 30, 1910; died October 26, 1911.

Wilhelmina Freeman Lewis, first wife of Claude Lewis and the mother of his children. Born March 20, 1878; died May 29, 1949.

*I would like to thank Mary Stroeing and Jeff Agrell, grandchildren of Claude Lewis, for their assistance. I would also like to thank Dan Stroeing, Mary's husband. Other sources include a St. Cloud newspaper from 1911, Mark Schorer's Sinclair Lewis: An American Life, and Isabel Lewis Agrell's Sinclair Lewis Remembered. ✍*

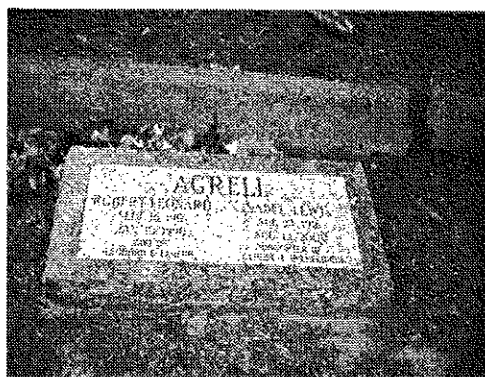


*The Lewis family marker, personally selected by Dr. Lewis for the plot some time after the death of his son Phillip. Dr. Lewis also had the concrete retaining walls made for the family plot.*

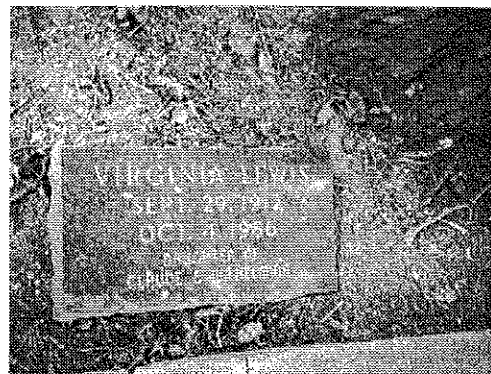
All pictures were taken October 16, 2006  
by Ted Fleener



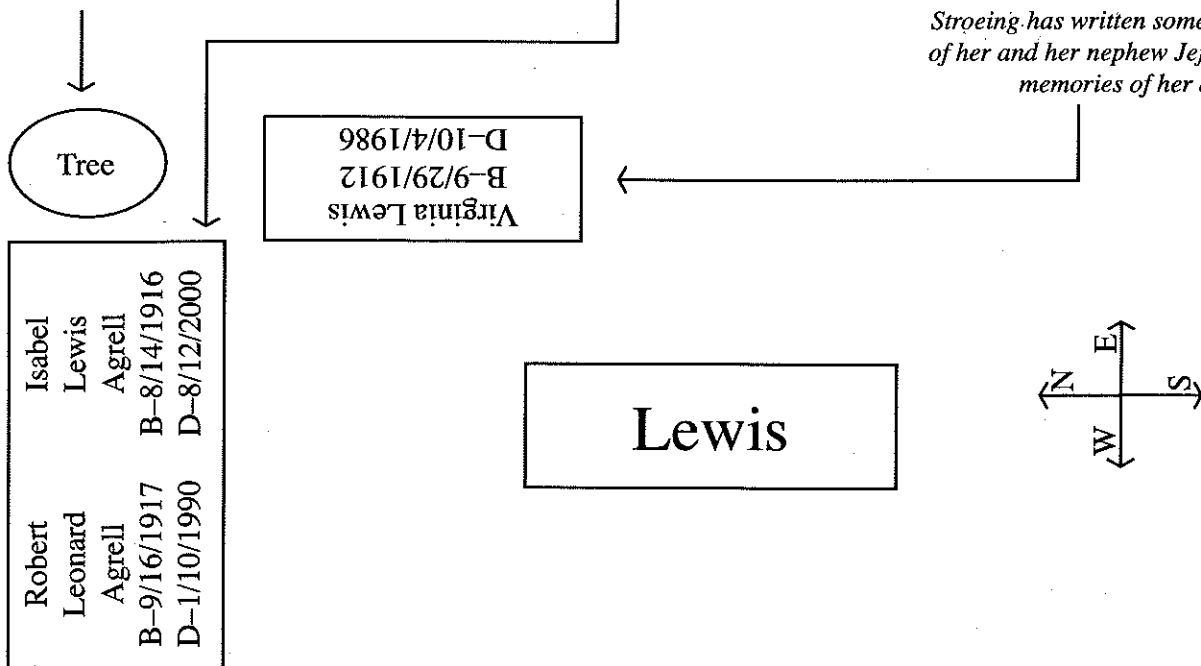
Looking east toward Lewis family plot.  
Large fir tree is on the north side of  
the plot. Cooper St. is to the east.



Marker for Robert Agrell and Isabel  
Lewis Agrell. The marker is in the  
northeast corner of the family plot,  
underneath the fir tree.



Marker for Virginia Lewis.  
She was a well-known interior designer in  
the San Francisco area. Her niece Mary  
Stroeing has written some remembrances  
of her and her nephew Jeff has some fond  
memories of her as well.



Claude B.  
B-9/17/1878  
D-4/20/1957

Wilhelmina F.  
B-3/20/1878  
D-5/29/1949

Phillip Bernard  
B-5/30/1910  
D-10/26/1911

Helen A.  
B-7/2/1893  
D-11/20/1980

"Mary"

Sketch Provided by Ted G. Fleener—Not to Scale  
Lewis Family Plot—North Star Cemetery, St. Cloud, Minnesota

Doremus Jessup *continued from page 1*

*It Can't Happen Here* was important, both in the context of the time (1984 and the related discussions of Orwell's work) and as a piece of utopian literature. What contemporary critics seem to ignore, and what I find particularly intriguing in Lewis's novel, is that he writes in the tradition of the slave narratives. He links his main character, Doremus Jessup, to both the fugitive slaves of the narratives and the abolitionists who criticized slavery in print and in action. The purpose of this essay is to point out those similarities and to speculate on his reasons for presenting the novel in this way.

After the publication of *It Can't Happen Here*, Lewis made his interest in race related issues explicit with the publication of *Kingsblood Royal* (1947). That he showed concern with race twelve years earlier seems to have escaped critical attention in discussions of *It Can't Happen Here*. Yet, upon examination, this novel takes many of the tropes of the slave narrative and applies them to Doremus Jessup and his search for liberty in the United States of the twentieth century. Any attempt to understand the novel would be incomplete without recognizing the influence of the genre, and awareness of that influence should help guide subsequent discussions of the book.

Vertical migration, the heroic fugitive, and the influence and power of literacy are all tropes that Lewis uses in his novel, and these tropes are present in the slave narratives. Other aspects of the narratives appear as well. In *The Slave Narrative: Its Place in American History*, Marion Wilson Starling discusses other aspects of the narrative prior to emancipation:

Two types of slave narrative appeared side by side in the periodicals until 1852. The formula that Mrs. Behn had launched nearly a century and a half before was the basis for an idealized portrait of a cultured and sensitive slave bearing wrongs from his oppressor with remarkably Anglo-Saxon philosophizing. At the same time, there appeared the realistic portrait of the ambitious but frustrated slave finding his way out of slavery into freedom. (294)

Like the later narratives, Lewis's work combines these two representations in the character of Doremus Jessup, while also conflating his character with the abolitionists like Brown and Garrison. All of this is done in an attempt to represent Jessup as akin to the slaves who fought, like Jessup, against the repressive, tyrannical acts of an unjust government and those businessmen sanctioned by that government. Other foci of the novel that it shares with the narratives are the emphasis on personal freedom, the necessity of equal rights for all groups

of people in the United States, and the power and influence of education.

Lewis makes his interest in the power of the abolitionist efforts apparent. Although Doremus Jessup begins as a cautious, somewhat restrained critic of American society, he is obviously aware of the more flamboyant social critics from the Civil War era. The narrator says of Jessup,

He had been brought up to revere the Abolitionists: Lovejoy, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Harriet Beecher Stowe—though his father had considered John Brown insane and a menace, and had thrown sly mud at the marble statues of Henry Ward Beecher, the apostle in the fancy vest. And Doremus could not do otherwise than revere the Abolitionists now, though he wondered a little if Stephen Douglas and Thaddeus Stephens and Lincoln, more cautious and less romantic men, might not have done the job better. (117)

Jessup is a newspaper man and a liberal editorialist, so his interest in men like Garrison is understandable, but at this point in the book, he still questions the brashness of some of the more revolutionary abolitionists. His questioning of these men corresponds to the reluctance he has to loudly criticize the political changes he watches take place, even while others around him, particularly his friend and lover, Lorinda Pike, are more vocal. He sees problems with the election of Berzelius Windrip and his cadre, but he feels that prudent restraint and soft criticism are enough to keep things under control at this stage of the novel. In fact, much of the early third of the novel examines the social interactions of American citizens of the '30s, and these actions are not too different from those interactions in the present time. Conservative Americans in this novel, feeling disenfranchised by government and what they see as "special interests," unite behind Senator Windrip, a man who describes himself as "folksy" and says, "My ambition is to 'live by the side of the road and be a friend to man'" (130). Windrip makes a lot of promises for the prosperity of all hard working Americans, including the promise of five thousand in cash to each individual citizen, and at first, his election and his term in office seem similar to those of previous presidents. There is no need in Jessup's understanding for open revolt or too critical of a position which would cause him to lose readers for his paper, the *Informer*. He has not yet understood or sided with those who fear that Windrip is more volatile than he appears. Although the narrator has mentioned abolitionists

Doremus Jessup *continued on next page*

Doremus Jessup *continued from previous page*

at this point, the connection among them, Jessup, and the narratives is not terribly clear.

As the novel progresses, this changes. Windrip swiftly reorganizes the structure of the United States military and makes strong changes in domestic policy. Lewis writes of Windrip's method of dealing with unemployment:

It could now be published to the world, and decidedly it was published, that unemployment had, under the benign reign of President Berzelius Windrip, almost disappeared. Almost all workless men were assembled in enormous labor camps, under M.M. [short for Minute Men—Windrip's informal, personal army] officers. Their wives and children accompanied them and took care of the cooking, cleaning, and repair of clothes. The men did not merely work on state projects; they were also hired out at the reasonable rate of one dollar a day to private employers. Of course, so selfish is human nature even in Utopia, this did cause most employers to discharge the men to whom they had been paying more than a dollar a day, but that took care of itself, because these overpaid malcontents in their turn were forced into the labor camps. (156)

This is one of the first real signs of massive loss of liberty for American citizens in the book. President Berzelius "Buzz" Windrip converts the national economy from a relatively egalitarian form of capitalism to the slave-based form of capitalism that existed prior to emancipation (and even afterward in some areas). Men, women, and children are gathered together in Windrip's "Utopia" and forced to work at difficult physical labor to fulfill their basic needs. Also like slaves, these men and women have the opportunity to have their work "hired out" to private employers at a dollar a day, payable to the master, the Windrip government. There is minor discontent, but for the most part, open revolt is avoided through propaganda from government officials. Those in the labor camps are told that they are "the honored foundation stones of a New Civilization, the advance guards of the conquest of the whole world," and those not in the camps believe they have no reason to fear (156). Like the slaves, and later African Americans, the laborers in Lewis's book are told to understand their place in the grand scheme of things, and like many slaves, many of the laborers accept this tyrannical approach.

Of course, a demagogue like Windrip needs a scapegoat, and he looks to the Jews and the African Americans for this purpose. As had happened previously, these groups were singled out for especially poor treatment at the hands of the new government. In his discussion of their situation, Lewis

provides an understated example of how they reacted to the new government, and his description calls to mind both the slave rebellions of the pre-Civil War era, and the attempts by journalists and others to downplay those rebellions when they were presented to the public. Lewis writes,

And two other planks in Windrip's encyclical vigorously respected were those eliminating the Negroes and patronizing the Jews.

The former race took it the less agreeably. There were horrible instances in which whole Southern counties with a majority of Negro population were overrun by the blacks and all property seized. True, their leaders alleged that this followed massacres of Negroes by Minute Men. But as Dr. Macgoblin, Secretary of Culture, so well said, this whole subject was unpleasant and therefore not helpful to discuss. (158)

Lewis allows the narrator to present the reported revolts in the same way a newspaper or other news outlet might, with words like "alleged" and a lack of names and specifics that would lend further realism to the actions of those whose activities were not supported by the administration.

Eventually, Doremus Jessup becomes incensed enough at the actions of the Windrip administration that he drops his "wait-and-see" attitude toward them and publishes a scathing indictment of them. He is promptly arrested and the *Informer* is taken over by the government. As he awaits his confrontation with a judge after the arrest, Jessup ponders the difficulties caused by the complacency of most Americans in the face of an unjust system of government:

"A few months ago I thought the slaughter of the Civil War, and the agitation of the violent Abolitionists who helped bring it on, were evil. But possibly they *had* to be violent, because easy-going citizens like me couldn't be stirred up otherwise. If our grandfathers had had the alertness and courage to see the evils of slavery and of a government conducted by gentlemen for gentlemen only, there wouldn't have been any need of agitators and war and blood." (186)

Until this point, Jessup's actions for the first half of the novel are similar to those of the soft-spoken anti-slavery advocates prior to the Civil War. When he finally does speak out, his personal physical and mental misery begins, and Lewis presents him as having more in common with the slaves in the slave narratives

Doremus Jessup *continued on next page*



Doremus Jessup *continued from previous page*

than with the abolitionists who promoted those narratives.

During his hearing, his son-in-law arrives to defend him, and he is promptly taken away and shot for disrespecting the authority of the Minute Men whom he refers to as "Minnie Mouses." Doremus is informed that his paper is now in government hands and that he will immediately write an apology for his previous editorial and stay with the staff for a time in order to train the new, government sponsored editor. Fearing for his personal safety and that of his family, Doremus agrees at the time. Almost immediately, however, he begins subversive meetings with friends and family where he works on an underground paper as a means of communicating the resistance to others which presents another similarity to the slave narratives.

Starling explains:

With very few exceptions, the narratives tell of the ambitions of other slaves on the plantation, of cooperation between slaves within a plantation and between plantations. The mysterious "grapevine" that carried slave messages so bafflingly in all parts of the slave area was a monument to the slaves' interest and desire to help others acquire the opportunity to escape from slavery if humanly possible. There are numerous accounts of the ways in which house slaves steared [sic] the projects of escaping slaves, welcoming their opportunity to keep informed at the Big House of happenings of importance to the slaves in general. They ran the risk of being whipped to death for learning to read, in order that they might convey to the other slaves information from the newspapers and other printed matter. Thousands of slaves who attempted flight were caught, beaten, "demoted" to harder work, sold to the deep South. Only a relative few, an estimated sixty thousand, managed to reach free soil. (309-10)

Starling mentions the "grapevine" of slave information, and Lewis shows Jessup in a similar position to the house slaves. Doremus takes advantage of his situation as an employee at the *Informer* to steal materials and information for use in his underground newspaper and works out a complicated system of distributing that information across the country and in conjunction with other revolutionaries.

Eventually, like the fleeing slaves who went to Canada, Jessup concludes that he too must flee to the North to ensure his safety and to stop his work as a slave to the propaganda machine, and he arranges to do so with the help of his friend, Buck Titus. Titus uses his car to transport Doremus and his

family to Canada, traveling over a succession of snow-covered back roads and stopping to rest and eat in an abandoned shack along the way. The angst and troubles of the journey correspond well to those stories of fugitive slaves who took advantage of the underground railroad to make their way north. When they finally reach the Canadian border and are about to cross, they are confronted by members of the Minute Men who are guarding the border:

Two Minute Men stood out in the road, dripping with radiance from the car. They were young and rural, but they had efficient repeating rifles.

"Where you headed for?" demanded the elder, good-naturedly enough.

"Montreal, where we live." Buck showed his Canadian license.... Gasoline motor and electric light, yet Doremus saw the frontier guard as a sentry in 1864, studying a pass by lantern light, beside a farm wagon in which hid General Joe Johnston's spies disguised as plantation hands. (233-34)

Doremus himself sees the connection between his flight and that of fugitive slaves, and he is no more successful in his attempts than many of them were. He and Titus are told that they will have to wait for the arrival of higher authorities before they may pass, and as a result, they return to their home, discouraged, but knowing that they could not have bluffed their way across the border.

When Doremus returns, his everyday life briefly resumes. He continues to write pap for the *Informer*, and he gets more involved with the New Underground (NU), the resistance movement that works against the government. In addition, he helps spread newspapers which encourage dissent (*Lance for Democracy*, an underground paper written by an exiled opponent of Windrip named Walt Trowbridge, as well as his own paper) to those who are interested through his underground network. When he finally retires from the *Informer*, he continues his subversive activities, but he is finally caught by the government. The narrator describes part of his transport to the authorities after his capture:

He was kicked toward a large, black-painted, unlettered truck by the entrance—literally kicked, while even in his bewildered anguish he speculated, "I wonder which is worse?—the physical pain of being kicked, or the mental humiliation of being turned into a slave? Hell! Don't be sophisticated! It's the pain in the

Doremus Jessup *continued on next page*

Doremus Jessup *continued from previous page*

behind that hurts most!" (301)

Jessup realizes his situation here and compares himself in his own words to the slaves who were captured in their efforts to free one another. When he is finally brought before the governing body, the situation worsens. Several of the guards, after discovering that he is a newspaper editor, humiliate him:

"This—here is a writing-fellow! I'm going to make him show us how he writes! Lookit!"

The guard dashed down the corridor to a door with the sign "Gents" hung out in front of it, came back with paper, not clean, threw it in front of Doremus, and yammered, "Come on, boss. Show us how you write your pieces! Come on, write us a piece—with your nose!" He was iron-strong. He pressed Doremus's nose down against the filthy paper and held it there while his mates giggled. (302)

The level of disrespect and contempt shown for him and his literate endeavors causes readers to reflect on the similar treatment received by slaves who were discovered to be literate and captured. When he finally faces judgment, more similarities to the events of the slave narratives occur:

"Your name?"

"Doremus Jessup."

"You're a Communist!"

"No I'm not!"

"Twenty-five lashes—and the oil."

Not believing, not understanding, Doremus was rushed across the room, into a cellar beyond. A long wooden table there was dark with dry blood, stank with dry blood. The guards seized Doremus, sharply jerked his head back, pried open his jaws, and poured in a quart of castor oil. They tore off his garments above the belt, flung them on the sticky floor. They threw him face downward on the long table and began to lash him with a one-piece steel fishing rod. Each stroke cut into the flesh of his back, and they beat him slowly, relishing it, to keep him from fainting too quickly. But he was unconscious when, to the guards' great diversion, the castor oil took effect. Indeed he did not know it till he found himself limp on a messy piece of gunnysacking on the floor of his cell. (303–04)

Further whippings take place after this, emphasizing his similarity to slaves who were tortured for refusing to confess. In *Victims and Heroes: Racial Violence in the African American Novel*, Jerry H. Bryant discusses the importance of whipping

in the slave narratives. Bryant stresses that "the most universal instrument of slave punishment was, as Frederick Douglass put it, the 'bloody paraphernalia' of the whip, which was 'indispensably necessary to the relation of master and slave'" (10). Bryant then cites other instances of whipping and describes the similarity of those occurrences in the narratives, and concludes, "The ubiquity with which the details of this image appear in the slave narrative gives the reader the feeling he is dealing with a single story, a story so common that it detaches itself from its temporal historicity and enters, as so many commentators have suggested, the heightened reality of myth or legend" (11). Lewis attempts to unite Jessup's story here with that same myth, using that same ubiquity to protest the same types of injustice.

Jessup survives the violent attack and eventually creates a separate identity for himself and moves into underground work with the resistance, continuing to fight against unjust government policy and re-creating himself as a hero for the resistance, much like Frederick Douglass who continued to speak out and be active in the abolitionist movement after his escape.

In his preface to *The Slave Narrative*, Henry Louis Gates, Jr. claims, "The slave's narratives are veritable repositories of the ontological and epistemological concerns of human beings enslaved in antebellum America. Even though in this genre even the extreme examples have more in common with one another than they do with other forms of narration, the slave narrative does share resemblances to other narratives, especially the picaresque, the sentimental novel, and the spiritual autobiography" (vi). By linking his novel with these narratives, Lewis shows that his concerns for the direction of the citizens of United States society coincide with many of the concerns of those antebellum slaves.

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## DEPARTMENTS

### SINCLAIR LEWIS SCHOLARSHIP

*The Facts on File Companion to the American Novel* (2006) contains entries on six of Sinclair Lewis's novels. A spot check of major novelists revealed that Henry James has the most individual novel entries, with 9, followed by Edith Wharton and Toni Morrison, each with 8. William Faulkner, Philip Roth, and John Steinbeck each had 7. Hemingway and Lewis each had 6, followed by Howells (5), Bellow (4), Hawthorne (4), London (4), Melville (4), Twain (4), Cooper (3), DeLillo (3), Doctorow (2), Dreiser (2), Sinclair (2), Dos Passos (1), Singer (1), etc. So, Lewis is relatively well represented in this *Companion* [thanks to Fred Betz for counting].

Donna Campbell's entry on *Main Street* (vol. II, 816-18) discusses some of the set pieces of the novel, and mentions the "Progressive Era zeal" with which he writes. "Controversial in its own time for its unflattering deprecation of small-town life, *Main Street* remains a classic, albeit one that fell into critical disfavor during the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century, when Lewis's Dickensian realism lost ground to modernist works as a subject of study. Although less well known than it was during the 1920s and 1930s, *Main Street* remains a significant text for its portraits of the manners, speech, and mores of a vanished America." She also wrote on *Dodsworth* (vol. I, 365-67), contrasting the title character to George Babbitt, and discussing the influence of the Jamesian aesthetic on Lewis in this novel. Her focus is on the conflicts between Sam and Fran and "the distribution of power in relationships between men and women."

The entry on *Babbitt* by Li Jin (vol. I, 95-96) is relatively short and rather stilted comments "The mechanical business life has reduced individuals to machines good at producing profits yet poor at expressing their emotions. The writer, in recounting the protagonist's adventures, does, however, offer healing sources: work, vacation, and love affairs, all of which are effective only briefly." The explanation of Babbitt and

his relationships seems as though it were written by someone outside of American culture looking in.

The *Arrowsmith* essay by Sally Parry (vol. I, 71-73) looks at the reasons Lewis turned down the Pulitzer Prize for this novel and the personal connections Lewis had with his title character. "*Arrowsmith* still speaks to contemporary concerns about how medicine is practiced and paid for. In our current era, when doctors and medical researchers feel as though they are being forced to choose between proper scientific controls and compassion for AIDS sufferers, the problems of Lewis's Martin Arrowsmith have a significant resonance."

Frederick Betz also has two Lewis entries, one on *Elmer Gantry* (vol. I, 402-04) and another on *It Can't Happen Here* (vol. II, 667-69). The *Elmer Gantry* essay contextualizes the novel and mentions some of the real life evangelists that Lewis may have drawn on in creating the hypocritical Gantry. He notes too the animal imagery, including the irony of the "Christians" who so badly beat Frank Shallard after he lectures on the Scopes "Monkey" Trial. His *It Can't Happen Here* essay also discusses the historical period in which the book appeared and the influence of Dorothy Thompson and Raymond Gram Swing on Lewis's writing of the novel. He remarks too on how fascism arises in the novel and how it serves as a major influence on Philip Roth's *The Plot against America* (2004).

### SINCLAIR LEWIS NOTES

The November 2006 issue of *Classic Images* (6-14, 71) has an article on Ross Alexander by John R. Allen, Jr. Alexander was the actor who played Erik Valborg in the 1936 version of *Main Street* called *I Married a Doctor*. Alexander was in Hollywood between 1932 and 1937 and had a reputation as

an amiable and sophisticated actor, appearing in films such as *Captain Blood*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Flirtation Walk*. However, his life was a troubled one and he committed suicide in 1937.

---

In "Love Me; I Celebrate Diversity" by Thomas H. Benton in the Dec. 8, 2006 *Chronicle of Higher Education* (C1, 4), the pseudonymous author disputes the validity of the word "diversity" in academic circles these days. He notes that "By now every Babbitt in America has learned to celebrate diversity." And those that don't; don't say so.

---

*The Day the Music Died*, a 1999 mystery by Ed Gorman about small town attorney Sam McCain, evokes Lewis in terms of the detail given about the small town of Black River Falls, Iowa. Carolyn See, in the *Washington Post*, noted "Well drawn, endearing characters.... American small towns have always been targets for serious authors since Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis and as far back as Nathaniel Hawthorne. But this author's narrator loves the life, and his life. He recognizes the limitations, and the inevitable existence, of evil, but he's mad for Black River Falls and all it stands for."

---

*Human Traces* by Sebastian Faulks (Random House, 2006) is a sprawling novel that looks at the partnership of two men who work together to help the mentally impaired in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. In his review in the *New York Times Book Review* (October 15, 2006: 27) critic Steven Heighton notes that Faulks's "late, clever reference to a Dr. Arrowsmith, recalling the bereaved idealist of Sinclair Lewis's 1925 novel, injects an ominous note. The story can be headed in only one direction: toward the collective madness of World War I."

---

The 2007 *U.S. Hotels, Resorts and Spas* guide from Zagat Surveys ranks Twin Farms, Woodstock, Vermont as the best of small (fewer than 100 rooms) hotels, resorts, and inns in the United States reports the *Chicago Tribune* (Dec. 17, 2006, sec. 8: 3). Twin Farms was the home of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson in the 1930s.

In a review essay about Stephen King in the *New York Times Book Review* (Nov. 12, 2006), Jim Windoff notes that although King was a popular writer when the paperback rights for *Carrie* were bought by Doubleday in 1974, it "didn't mean he could set foot in the House of Literature. His stuff appealed to people more familiar with *Aerosmith* than *Arrowsmith*, and the literary gatekeepers didn't approve" (10).

---

In a review of the biography, *Anne Morrow Lindbergh: First Lady of the Air* by Kathleen C. Winters (Palgrave Macmillan, 2007), Tom Ferrell notes in the *New York Times Book Review* that "Anne had always aspired to be a writer, and in her 1935 best seller, *North to the Orient*, produced a sparkling narrative that delighted both Sinclair Lewis and Alexander Woollcott, and is deservedly still in print" (Feb. 4, 2007: 23).

## WEB NOTES

More than 78,000 people have now visited the Sinclair Lewis website. Some of the queries focused on his popularity and there seems to be an increased interest in tracking down quotations attributed to him. The relatively new Sinclair Lewis Society list serve is also proving a space where people can ask questions about Lewis. To subscribe, e-mail [separry@ilstu.edu](mailto:separry@ilstu.edu).

---

Lisa Campbell, the Creative Services Manager for Arts & Cultural Programming at Montclair State University in New Jersey, writes that MSU is premiering an opera of *Elmer Gantry* in January 2008 that was composed by the director of the music school, Robert Aldridge, with libretto by Herschel Garfein. More information will be forthcoming.

---

I am a practicing oncologist and I also teach a course on medicine and literature at our local university. One of our oft-read novels is, of course, *Arrowsmith*. My question for you is this,

and I sincerely hope you do not mind me e-mailing you this question. We have read the book as something of a tragedy. Is this a misreading? I have actually written a paper on this very subject which I am about to send out to some medical journals so I would very much value your opinion. [In many ways *Arrowsmith* is a tragedy. Martin Arrowsmith has to deal so much with politics in order to practice medicine whether it's in a small town or a large city. The problems encountered on the island where plague is raging bring up a still common concern about whether or not to help all those who are suffering at the time or use the occasion of the plague as way to do research which in the end may help more, but in the present may cause a lot of deaths. Finally, that Martin can only do research by moving away from most human company including his wife and child is a sad commentary on how hard it is to separate one's work from one's life.

Lewis found Arrowsmith heroic in many ways since he is able to rise above politics to do research. Also, he was inspired by his father and brother, both doctors, to write the novel, the closest he would ever come to practicing medicine.]

---

I am hoping that, rather than my pausing to reread Sinclair Lewis's oeuvre, you will be so kind as to direct me to the right sources for the passages below. And yes, as an English professor lifetimes ago, I did read and love Lewis, though I myself "did" British Romanticism.

"Intellectually I know that America is no better than any other country; emotionally I know she is better than every country" Sinclair Lewis [Thanks to Edward Dauterich of Kent State University for the following: Bartleby.com attributes it to this: Sinclair Lewis, radio interview in Berlin, Germany, December 29, 1930, as reported by the *New York Times*, December 30, 1930, p. 5.]

---

I found your email address as I was searching for information regarding Sinclair Lewis. I am wondering if you may be able to answer a question for me? I will be traveling to Argentina in the near future and wanted to know if any of his works were published in Spanish and/or printed in Argentina.

I grew up in West Central Minnesota (Glenwood) and have been a Sinclair Lewis fan for many years...I collect his works in any language whenever my budget allows. [I know that Lewis was published in a number of languages including German, Spanish, French, and Japanese. There's actually a Lewis Society member whose specialty is Japanese transla-

tions of Lewis novels. I don't know whether any of Lewis's novels were specifically printed in Argentina but I wouldn't be surprised; he's very popular with readers around the world.]

---

I just started reading Sinclair Lewis again. I tried reading him in high school but found him difficult to get into. So now years later I am reading *Cass Timberlane* and I am starting to like it. I figure that if I stick with it I will really enjoy it. My question is: Do other people ever e-mail you saying that he is hard to get into? Or am I the only one? I find that his Midwest sayings in his books are somewhat dated but I think that is part of his appeal, am I right?

In closing your website is very well-done. I am going to finish *Cass Timberlane* all the way through.

---

In a recent opinion piece entitled "A Parable for Our Time," Bill Moyers mentions "...Sinclair Lewis's famous riddle of the 1930's." Would you be so kind as to shed some light on this for me?

[This query led to quite a discussion on the listserve, some of which is reproduced below. Quentin Martin and Phyllis Whitney, as well as the writers below, responded.]

The large quotation is as follows. "Something was wrong in the very foundation of things, and so the foundation had to be rebuilt on sounder principles. But no mere parchment of words divulged the principles that ultimately preserved the union. They were written in blood, thousands upon thousands upon thousands of dead Americans. And so by untold sacrifice the rule of law was righted to exclude human property. Then, of course, the slave power simply rejected the rule of law and established rule by terror. The feudal south became the fascist south. It did happen here, to answer Sinclair Lewis's famous riddle of the 1930s."

Robert Reilly writes, "I think he's simply referring to Lewis's novel *It Can't Happen Here*, which shows an American president taking a "short vacation" from democracy so that the economy can get back to the state he wants to put it in. The resulting fascism, of course, completely takes over the country. I think when Moyers refers to the "famous riddle" he is suggesting that Lewis's title is a response to it."

See link for the entire Bill Moyers article....

<http://www.commondreams.org/views06/1222-24.htm>

Kirk Symmes writes, "is 'It Can't Happen Here' a riddle? Or,

would you say in riddle form: 'Can it Happen Here?' 'A puzzling question to be posed as a problem to be solved or guessed.' Has the Fascist philosophy taken over our government? Maybe only us yellow dog Democrats see it that way."

Steve Paragamian writes, "Before one starts casting blame, perhaps we might consider the north's acquiescence in feudal society. The system of slavery and class deference in Virginia and the rest of Dixie did not grow up in a vacuum. Many northerners supported this structure economically, and with their ballots. One might just as well label 'fascist' frontier Massachusetts of 1690, when Pequots were exterminated and Quakers were banished, whipped, and broken on the wheel. I think Faulkner describes the racial problems and ambiguities of our region best in *Absalom, Absalom!* This is not to defend the scarifying system of slavery whatsoever, merely to hopefully stimulate debate on American culture and issues. I don't believe any one section of America has a monopoly on good or evil."

Ralph Goldstein responds, "Right, Steve. No section has the corner on 'good.' I live in what Wayne State University researchers recently named the most economically segregated region of the U.S.: Southern California. The divide between rich and poor is stark, even though Democrats have run the state legislature for decades.... Moyers seems to target the red states as chiefly resistant to any program that might share the wealth more equally, so that may be part of what's behind his 'fascist' tag. It's a harsh word that doesn't help depolarize us, but the fact is, in '04 the South was solidly red and, historically, (how long must we repeat this?) there were fewer abolitionists down there and fewer Klansmen in the North. (And Faulkner

was not without his contradictions.) The North was blameworthy certainly. In the run-up to the Civil War, Old Bay Stater Thoreau blasted his neighbors for being addicted to the cheap raw materials produced by Southern slave labor and turned into finished products by Northern factories.... I know the South has changed. Last month I visited the National Civil Rights Museum in Memphis and later had my photo taken with a statue of James Meredith that stands outside the Lyceum at Ole Miss. An extensive article entitled 'New Ways at Ole Miss' is in the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, 9/29/06."

### STUDENT QUERIES

I need some papers about Sinclair's novels.

I need some ideas about infidelity in the fiction of Lewis Sinclair.

My son is doing a report on Sinclair Lewis and life in the 1920s for an American History project. Since I am from Sauk Centre, he is interested in this author. I found out that a man named Al Tingley wrote a book on Sinclair Lewis. Mr. Tingley used to own the Palmer House where Sinclair Lewis worked. Do you know where I can find a copy of this book? [She was referred to the Sinclair Lewis Interpretive Center.]

—Collector's Corner features catalog listings from book dealers as a sampling of what publications by Lewis are selling for currently. [Thanks to Jacqueline Koenig for her contributions to this section.]

#### PBA Galleries

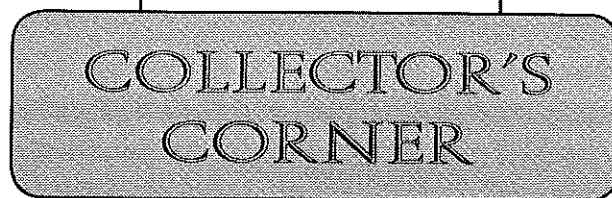
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SALE 341

SEPTEMBER 28, 2006

179. Lewis, Sinclair. *Elmer Gantry*. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1927. \$1000/\$1500.

Blue cloth lettered and stamped in orange, jacket. First edition, first binding, with the "G" in "Gantry" on the spine strongly

resembling a "C". All jacket flap corners evenly clipped with the publisher's printed "\$2.50" price at the end of the front flap text (just above publisher's imprint).

180. Lewis, Sinclair. *Launcelot*. New York: Harvard Press for Harvey Taylor, 1932. \$200/\$300.

2-page printed poem. 7½" x 5¾", printed wrappers. No. 40 of 100 privately printed copies. First separate edition. Signed by Taylor on the limitation page. Originally published in 1904 in the *Yale Literary Magazine*, this is Lewis's first published work. Fine. Scarce.

181. Lewis, Sinclair. *Main Street*. New York: Limited Editions Club, 1937. \$250/\$350.

Illustrated by Grant Wood with color plates. 9¾" x 7½", cloth; original slipcase. No. 846 of 1500 copies, signed by the artist in the colophon. One of the great American artist-author pairings of the 1930s. Publisher's folding monthly letter for this issue is laid in. Darkening and edge wear to slipcase; cloth spine and edges darkened; other slight wear overall, else very good; slipcase about very good.

182. Lewis, Sinclair. *Mantrap*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1926. \$1000/1500.

Blue cloth, stamped and lettered in orange, jacket. First edition. Scarce earlier title, seldom seen at auction. Jacket flap corners evenly clipped with the publisher's printed "\$2.00" price present at the top of the front flap.

183. Lewis, Sinclair. *The Trail of the Hawk*. New York: Harper & Bros., 1915. \$150/\$250.

Duotone frontispiece by Norman P. Rockwell, with tissue-guard. Blue cloth, lettered in gilt. First edition. Author's scarce third book, with publisher's code "H-P" on copyright page. Noteworthy frontispiece by Norman Rockwell, before he became famous, and is believed to be Rockwell's first book illustration.

184. Lewis, Sinclair. Lot of 3 titles. Comprises: *The Job*. First ed. New York: Harper's, 1917. *Free Air*. First ed. Cloth. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1919. *Sinclair Lewis, An Exhibition*. From the Grace Hegger Lewis—Sinclair Lewis Collection. Wrappers. Austin: Univ. of Texas, July 1960. Together, 3 volumes. \$120/\$180.

Light soiling and edge wear overall; the two novels a bit worn with some age wear; else very good.

185. Lewis, Sinclair. Lot of 3 titles. Comprises: *Elmer Gantry*. Later issue ("G" on spine). Facsimile dust jacket. New York: Harcourt, 1927. *Dodsworth*. Facsimile dust jacket. New York: Harcourt, 1929. *Bethel Merriday: A Novel of the Young Girl on the Stage*. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1940. Together, 3 volumes. Cloth, jackets (2 are facsimile). First editions. \$200/\$300.

General edge wear and rubbing cloth and original jacket; fac-

simile jackets fine; volumes very good to near fine.

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### CATALOGUE 313

525. Lewis, Sinclair. Influential novelist and playwright.

Outstanding vintage matte-finish 8.5" x 6.5" Henri Nannen photo (on a 12.25" x 9.5" mount), a portrait of the author seated before a typewriter in his library, signed and inscribed in ink on the mount, "To Karl Andrist with the affection of Sinclair Lewis," and signed in pencil by the photographer, "Henri Nannen, Paris." Trimming to top edge, trivial bend to one corner of mount, and a subtle touch of silvering to dark portions of photo, otherwise in fine, bright condition. MB \$300. Sold at \$1178.10.

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### AUTUMN IN SANTA BARBARA

500. Lewis, Sinclair. *Main Street: The Story of Carol Kennicott*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe, 1920. \$850.

First edition. This copy is inscribed by the author on a bound-in leaf preceding the half-title: "To Charles Wayne Collins, scribo ergo sum. Sinclair Lewis, Pittsburgh, Dec. 12, 1929." The front free endpaper bears the ownership signature of Louise Fauteaux as well as her bookplate. Written below the ownership signature is the following presentation: "To Louise, with love of the father and mother of the author." Very good, lacking the rare dust jacket. An intriguing copy.

502. Lewis, Sinclair. *Arrowsmith*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1925.

First edition. One of 500 numbered copies signed by the author. Fine. Housed in a custom-made chemise and quarter leather slipcase.

[along with]

Lewis Sinclair. *The Designer* and *The Woman's Magazine*. June 1924 to April 1925.

Pictorial wrappers. These 11 issues of the magazine serialize



*Arrowsmith* in its entirety—this classic novel's first appearance in print. In overall fine condition. \$2500.

503. Lewis, Sinclair. *John Dos Passos' Manhattan Transfer*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1926. \$450

First edition. One of 975 numbered copies. Fine without printed dust jacket as issued.

504. Lewis, Sinclair. *Mantrap*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1926. \$4500.

First edition. Fine in an unusually fine, first issue dust jacket that has been lightly restored by a master conservator.

505. Lewis, Sinclair. *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1928. \$3500.

First edition. A fine copy in an especially fine dust jacket with some niggling wear at spine.

507. Lewis, Sinclair. *Cheap and Contented Labor*. New York: United Textile Workers, 1929. \$750.

First edition. Pictorial wrappers. Laid in this is a letter from the United Textile Workers to Lewis's secretary at the time, Louis Florey, forwarding a copy of *Cheap and Contented Labor*. The first issue, lacking quotation marks at the beginning of *Dodsworth* on the title page. Near fine.

508. Lewis, Sinclair. *Keep Out of the Kitchen*. New York: Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1929. \$1000.

First edition. The first printing of this story, issued in advance of its publication in the October 1929 issue of the magazine. This copy has the pictorial advertisement inserted into the rear flap of the book. A fine copy of this scarce booklet, rendered even scarcer by the presence of the advertisement.

509. Lewis, Grace Hegger. *Half a Loaf*. New York: Horace Liveright, 1931. \$400.

First edition. A novel based on the author's marriage to Sinclair Lewis. Laid into this copy is a contemporary TLS from Lewis to publisher, ordering a copy of Prince Von Bulow's memoirs. An unusually fine copy in a fresh, minimally used dust jacket.

510. Lewis, Sinclair. *Launcelot*. Cambridge: Harvard University, 1932. \$500.

First edition. Printed wrappers. One of 100 numbered copies printed for Harvey Taylor and signed by him. The text of a Lewis poem published in the *Yale Literary Magazine* in March, 1904. Rare. Fine.

511. Lewis, Sinclair. *Work of Art*. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1934. \$1250.

First edition. This copy is inscribed by the author. Near fine in a bright dust jacket that is sunned at the spine.

512. Lewis, Sinclair. *Selected Short Stories of Sinclair Lewis*. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1935. \$750.

First edition. Laid into this copy is a 1935 TLS to book critic Gilbert Seldes: "Thanks a million times for your review. I appreciate it like hell." Also laid in is a TLS from Lewis's wife, Dorothy Thompson, declining a dinner at the Seldes "which Dorothy Parker and her husband will be attending." A fine copy in a near fine dust jacket.

513. Lewis, Sinclair, and Lloyd Lewis. *Jayhawker. A Play In Three Acts*. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1935. \$750.

First edition. An uncommonly scarce title. Fine in a fine dust jacket.

514. Lewis, Sinclair, and John C. Moffitt. *It Can't Happen Here*. New York: Federal Theatre Project [September 18, 1936].

Original playscript. Printed wrappers. Mimeographed. Laid in is the original theater program for the WPA production. Adapted from Sinclair Lewis' novel of the same name.

[along with]

Lewis, Sinclair, and John C. Moffitt. *It Can't Happen Here*. New York: Federal Theatre Project [September 18, 1936].

Playscript. Printed wrappers. Copied by MGM's script department of February 4, 1937, this version omits a single scene from the play in anticipation of the writing of a film script. Both items very good. \$2000.

515. Lewis, Sinclair. *Bethel Merriday*. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1940. \$350.

First edition. This copy is signed by the author on a tipped-in leaf that precedes the half-title. Fine in a fine dust jacket that shows some light use.

516. Lewis, Sinclair. *Bethel Merriday*. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1940. \$1250.

This copy is inscribed by the author: "To Dorothy Burgess as a lesson in avoiding the wicked actors. Sinclair Lewis. Beverly Hills. April 12, 1940." Fine in a fine dust jacket.

517. Lewis, Sinclair. *Cass Timberlane*. New York: Random House, 1945. \$300.

First edition. This copy is in the red dust jacket (one of several, no priority). A fine copy in a fine dust jacket.

518. Lewis, Sinclair. *World So Wide*. London: Heinemann, 1951. \$500.

First English edition. Laid into this copy is the original full-color illustration for the dust jacket. Neat contemporary ownership signature on front free endpaper, else a fine copy in a fine dust jacket that sports the original wraparound band.

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