An analysis of the revisions of Willa Cather's two editions of The Song of the Lark

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An Analysis of the Revisions of Willa Cather's Two Editions of The Song of the Lark

A Thesis
Presented to the Faculty of California State University, San Bernardino

In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree Masters of Arts in English Composition

by Cherrlyn Eller August 1988
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Abstract

Willa Cather published two versions of *The Song of the Lark*; the first, published in 1915, and a considerably changed version published in 1937. The second edition is shorter than the first version, and beyond this reduction in size, substantial differences exist between the two editions. Because this novel has two published versions critics are afforded a rich diamond mine of insights, not just into the revisions made but also into the way those revisions reflect the ideas Cather had about writing.

Seven years after the first edition of *The Song of the Lark*, Cather published "The Novel Demeuble," an essay on the "unfurnished novel." Cather's idea in the essay is that a novel, like a room, should contain only very selected and simple "furnishings." All the unnecessary furniture should be "thrown out the window." Toward that goal Cather revised a very well furnished novel into an unfurnished one. Her ideas of simplification; of creating an experience for the readers, often through suggestion; and of using themes of eternal values are all reflected in the revisions of *The Song of the Lark*. 
# Table of Contents

- Cather: Background and Criticism........................................1
- Cather's Ideas About Writing.............................................16
- The Song of the Lark.........................................................26
- The Revisions...............................................................46
- Appendix..............................................................................60
- Works Cited..........................................................................111
Chapter I

Cather: Background and Criticism

Willa Cather's art is essentially one of gazing beyond the immediate scene to a . . . timeless room, in which the future and the past, the unspoken and the unknown, forever beckon (Tennant v).

Willa Cather, a Pulitzer prize winning American author and a major voice from the first half of this century, speaks to today's readers through some of her more important themes such as the value of land and art. Readers of Cather will agree with the above quotation from Stephan Tennant that "the wealth of human warmth of feeling has been one of the greatest factors in the popularity of her books" (viii). In addition, Tennant says, "she restores to the ravaged ego its sense of unity--shall we say of some unity--of a scheme, a final design in the rich desolating chaos we call life" (xiii).
Cather's writings are rich and fully evoke, within her readers, feelings of timelessness and often triumph.

Though she started late as a fiction writer, Cather wrote several novels and many short stories. Her first book of fiction, The Troll Garden, a collection of short stories, was not published until she was 32 and 0. Pioneers!, her second novel—but the first to give her prominence—was not published until she was 40.

More importantly, The Song of the Lark, her third novel and the one that concerns this study, was published in two different editions—1915 and 1937. These two editions were published before and after a significant change reflected in Cather's statement that "the world broke in two in 1922 or there abouts . . . " (Not Under Forty v). Also, the first edition (1915) reflects her less mature artistic talent at the age of 42; the revised edition, which was published after her statement that the world broke in two in 1922, reflects a mature artist of 64. Further, the revisions Cather did in the 1937 edition reflect her artistic goals as well as afford a rich diamond mine for studying her revision process.

As background for this study it is important to consider critically some of the writing done both about her life and about her art. Because it is said that Cather drew heavily upon her own background and experiences, it is important, first, to consider the biographical literature
on her. Then in considering the criticism on her art, I will briefly look at past criticism, which has been discussed in detail by many for years, and look a little more fully at some more recent criticism, which, as yet, has not been discussed.

REVIEW OF THE CRITICISM OF CATHER

Cather was advised by Sara Orne Jewett to write about what Cather knew. She took Jewett’s advice and began to write about the familiar and the things she cared a great deal about, drawing heavily upon her experiences in Nebraska and in the Southwest. Even though this is an analytical study of revisions which Cather made, it is necessary to consider some biographical background on Cather.

Considered to be one of the best on Cather is E.K. Brown's Willa Cather: A Critical Biography. In it Brown shows how people, places, and events that Cather knew were woven into her novels (and stories). He shows how different aspects of her work were important to her development as an artist and to the development of her work.

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant elegantly connects Cather’s life and work. Further Sergeant, having known Cather,
transports one back in time and enables one to encounter a "live" Willa Cather. Sergeant also wrote about Cather's years from 1910 to 1931 and is important to this study for two reasons. First, she knew Cather during a critical time in Cather's life. "The world broke in two in 1922 or thereabouts" Cather said; there is much speculation as to why she said that. Second, this period between 1910 and 1931 is also the time prior to which *The Song of the Lark* was altered for the Autographed Edition of 1937.

Several others make the connections between Cather's life and her work. Randall's *The Landscape and the Looking Glass: Willa Cather's Search for Value* is a criticism that analyzes Cather's novels by focusing on historical and biographical elements, which Randall believes Cather uses in her novels. Van Ghent's short pamphlet critiques Cather's overall style, two themes, and gives a brief biographical sketch connecting Cather and her novels. Van Ghent gives the story of *The Song of The Lark*, critiques it, and more importantly (to my study) comments on the revision.

William Curtin in *The World and the Parish* cites instance upon instance where Cather drew from early experiences for the material for her novels. For example, he says:
Anton Dvorak . . . completed his great symphony during a stay in Iowa during the summer of 1893. . . Willa Cather heard the symphony in Lincoln in 1894 played by the Chicago Symphony orchestra conducted by Theodore Thomas. It was also Thomas who conducted when Thea Kronborg first heard the 'Symphony in E minor' (413).

Curtin points out experiences Cather had which she used to draw upon for later material for The Song of the Lark. Further, he traces Cather's development as a writer using her early writings. Curtin not only points to the early writings of Cather to show where she drew her later material, he also notes how the material was used in the two versions of The Song of the Lark.

One of the most current critical biographies is Sharon O'Brien's Willa Cather: The Emerging Voice. O'Brien says "if we take Cather's autobiographical portrait of an artist--The Song of the Lark--as a guide to her artistic development, then we are directed to consider precisely the early years that she later sought to underplay in the official versions of her literary self" (3). O'Brien writes of "the years in which [Cather] was striving to define herself as a women and writer" (3). O'Brien quotes from the preface to the 1932 English edition of the novel, "Success is never so interesting as struggle"
as a way to emphasize her consideration of Cather.

Bernice Slote, perhaps the leading authority on Cather, has written and edited several books and articles on Cather including the most influential book on Cather: *The Kingdom of Art*. This book is important to this study because Slote points to the early writings of Cather and shows how Cather later drew upon these. Slote says that throughout Cather’s life her first principles and critical statements of art were unchanged. Further, Slote asserts that in reading Cather’s early writings (1893-96):

> what one does not expect is the vivid argument for passion, the feeling for romance, and at the same time, the dogged insistence on a kind of elemental reality (reality, however, quite different from the currently fashionable ‘realism’) (Kingdom 31)

These things which were present in her early non-fiction writings are also evident in her later fiction writings, such as, *The Song of the Lark*. This novel, for instance, contains Thea’s, the heroine’s, passionate desire to express the artistic talents within her. It also has “the feeling of romance” of two men (Ray and Fred) toward Thea and it contains the “elemental reality” that Thea must often choose between relationships and fulfilling her desires. Further, in reference to Cather’s early
principles, Slote states that:

Willa Cather's approach to experience was always poetic: with high feeling and wonder, whether of darkness or light, her language even in newspaper writing becomes incantation, evoked by something beyond ordinary. And the extraordinary thing was often a sense of greatness, of past or possible. (34)

Again, as Slote pointed out, Cather's early principles remain, for in The Song of the Lark (as I shall later discuss in detail), Cather's ability to create experience and evoke "something beyond the ordinary" is evident. Also Cather's "sense of greatness, of past or possible" is very blatantly there in The Song of the Lark, as Thea struggles toward the possibility and final achievement of greatness.

In writing about The Song of the Lark, Stouck, another major Cather critic, says that the "romantic sense of destiny, a certain conviction that no matter what befalls her she will ultimately triumph and become a great artist" was even more important than her struggles for excellence and fame (183). Further, Stouck says, "The value place of struggle and achievement and the emphasis on the sense of destiny give the book its particularly positive aspect" (183). Stouck affirms in The Song of the Lark what Slote
has said was true about Cather's early principles of writing. Slote writes of "the feeling of romance" and Stouck says of Thea's life that there is a "romantic sense of destiny." Slote includes in Cather's writing "the sense of greatness, of [the] possible" and Stouck declares that in Thea's sense of destiny there is "a certain conviction that no matter what befalls her she will ultimately triumph and become a great artist." Cather's first principles of writing did indeed continue unchanged, even in her Gerber recognizes the connection and importance of Cather's earlier works with her novels. In addition, and of special interest to this study, he analyzes the development of her theory of writing in connection with what, in fact, she wrote. In their substantive analysis, Edward and Lillian Bloom (Willa Cather's Gift of Sympathy) also point out the importance of Cather's own criticism because of the insights it gives into her own work and goals.

David Daiches' Willa Cather: A Critical Introduction is largely devoted to the development of Cather as a writer. This book is important to this study because of the necessity of examining how Cather ideas may have changed as she developed as a writer. Daiches also offers short but concise criticism on the revisions of The Song of the Lark and on Cather's essay "The Novel Demeuble" and other statements she has made about writing.

In an unpublished M.A. thesis, Patricia Heyeck
(Stanford, 1965— I am indebted to Heyeck for the appendix) points out that the revisions of The Song of the Lark are:

important when we consider this novel's pivotal position in Willa Cather’s work . . . Thematically, The Song of the Lark represents an essential link in the evolution of Willa Cather’s thought. In it the pioneer and the artist become implicitly related. (2)

Further, Heyeck says the heroine of The Song of the Lark

Thea Kronborg is not an exact portrait of Willa Cather, for three impulses are at work in her creative efforts: autobiography, wish fulfillment, functional narrative. At times these underlying motivations are combined, making distinction among them difficult. (15)

Also whereas David Daiches says, “the changes [Cather] made were not extensive, consisting mainly of a judicious pruning of some of the more detailed and less relevant descriptions” (41), Heyeck suggests looking at “deletions designed to shift the thematic emphasis,” especially with regard to the importance of Fred Ottenburg (a major character in The Song of the Lark). Heyeck, also looks at the
significance of "grammatical changes, deletion of topical references and dates; deletions and alterations for reduction of the 'vulgarity' of excess detail" (45) for "aesthetic effect" of Cather's revisions.

James Woodress, a major Cather critic, notes how criticism is a reflection of the era in which it is written. He says that in

the 1930's the socially conscious Marxist criticism of that era often attacked [Cather] for writing escapist literature and for not joining the struggle to reform society. After she died the critics began to study her style and structure and to move away from theme and ideas. She now is fair game for more formalist criticism and hunters of myth and symbol and seems in the 1970's more romantic than realist. (57)

Cather was not greatly interested in politics, so her not joining the "struggle to reform society" would have been natural for her. In the Thirties, Cather was also criticized for "a hypertrophied sense of the past" which was a threat to her positions as a major artist (Gerber 179). Indeed, criticism reflects the era in which it is written.

The most recent type of criticism is not formalist or archetypal, as Woodress suggests, but rather feminist
criticism. Because such criticism is a relatively recent and developing field, feminist criticism on Cather benefits from the good and suffers from the not so good that this field of study has to offer.

In an essay Anne Romines, for example, in 1987 writes of Cather and domestic ritual. Romines points to the turn in Cather’s treatment of women between 1914 (My Antonia) and 1931 (Shadows on the Rock). These two novels were each written one year before the two editions of The Song of the Lark. The fact that Cather changed, as Romines points out, between these two editions should be reflected in the revisions of these editions. Further, according to Romines, Cather thought of Shadows on the Rock as a stylistic “experiment.” If she experimented on that novel one year before The Song of the Lark, then some of the stylist successes in that experiment may have found their way into the revisions of SOL. Romines says:

As Willa Cather began her writing career, two generations after the mid-century reign of the sentimental American women novelists, she seemed to evade their preoccupations with domestic subjects. Although women characters were always of deep and central interest to her, she first chose narrative strategies which allow her to keep her distance from the ritualistic rhythms of women’s domestic
lives. In *O Pioneers!, The Song of the Lark*, and *My Antonia*, she concentrated instead on the clash blending of cultures that accompanies the settling of new territories. (61)

I do not agree that the concentration in *The Song of the Lark* is "on the clash blending of cultures that accompanies the settling of new territories," that clash is part of *The Song of the Lark*, but not its concentration. However, I do agree that Cather in the *The Song of the Lark* keeps "her distance from the ritualistic rhythms [eg. serving meals] of women's domestic lives." Also, *The Song of the Lark* may very well have been an attempt to evade the preoccupations of sentimentalist women writer. That there is a turn in Cather's treatment of women in her later novels could be the basis for some changes in the character of Thea Kronborg in *The Song of the Lark*. Whereas Romines says Cather's early novels evade domestic ritual, later Cather changes. Romines says, "As Willa Cather came into her full maturity as woman and writer, she also came to a more complex sense of women's experience"(82). Cather's novels, especially *The Song of the Lark* with its revisions, most certainly reflect this complexity.

Sharon O'Brien has several useful studies for looking at Cather's revisions as part of her development as an artist. The book citeded above, *Willa Cather: The Emerging...*
Voice, traces this development. In her essay in American Novelists Revisited: Essays in Feminist Criticism, O’Brien says The Song of the Lark (1915) with its “triumphant independent artist-heroine seems feminist before its time” (267). O’Brien weaves speculation on Cather’s motives with plot summary and biography in her comments and digs into the psychological and emotional reasons that might have prompted Cather to produce the fiction she did.

O’Brien seems to be backed up by Lewis’ comments. Lewis, a long time friend and the literary executor of Cather, says, “perhaps the faults [Cather] found in this [The Song of the Lark] came in part from working too directly from immediate emotions and impressions. I think no other of her novels was written in this way” (93). Further, O’Brien offers a short study from the feminist approach. Though mine is not a study of feminist criticism of Willa Cather, O’Brien’s essay does give insights into Cather’s “struggle to combine the seemingly contradictory identities of ‘woman’ and ‘artist,’ uniting cultural and psychological analysis in assessing her response to a patriarchal culture and literary tradition . . .” (267). These insights into Cather’s struggles and the psychological reasons Cather had from writing certainly have a bearing upon Cather’s revisions.

Another of the recent criticisms, though not feminist, is Susan Rosowski’s discussion of The Song of the Lark in
The Voyage Perilous: Willa Cather’s Romanticism which takes issue with the ongoing battle over the labels Cather has received. Rosowski contends, with Slote, that Cather is a Romanticist. She concludes that it was in the Romantic tradition that Cather formed her own principles of art and the tradition to which she stayed committed. Rosowski includes aspects that are important to the analysis of Cather’s two editions of The Song of the Lark, elements such as: diction, growth of the artist’s mind, narrative pattern, and plot manipulation.

Also another of the recent criticisms, which is not feminist, is Butterfield’s essay in American Fiction: New Readings. Though written for an English audience, it contains exceptionally good insight into this American author. Butterfield not only summarizes the plots of Cather’s major novels but he puts Cather into the context of her contemporaries, saying, “she was romantic, yes, and classicist” and that her art of “imaginative truth” was greater than many of her contemporaries (133f).

This is an interesting contrast to the fact that Cather was criticized in the thirties for her sense of the past, which was viewed as a threat to her position as a major artist. Her position was not threatened and her richness is only beginning to be tapped. As the newer critics take a look at Cather, I think we will begin to get a broader perspective on her than we have had in the past.
Some things will remain. For instance, it is understood and will remain that she relied upon her experiences when writing her fiction. It is also important to remember that throughout her life she remained consistent with what she believed about writing, precepts such as those set forth in her quintessential essay on writing: "The Novel Demeuble."

In "The Novel Demeuble," which was published seven years after the first edition of *The Song of the Lark*, is Cather's idea that a novel, like a room, should contain only very selected and simple "furnishings." All unnecessary "furniture" should be thrown out the window. Toward that goal Cather revised, *The Song of the Lark*, a very well furnished novel into an unfurnished one. Because the revisions were made after a period of 22 years, a significant amount of time, a consideration of her development as a writer is essential to understanding her revisions. Therefore, in analyzing the revisions in the two editions, I will consider how the revisions fulfill her artistic goals. Also in analyzing the revisions I will consider omissions and additions, stylistic revision, and the changes in conception of the main characters. Further, I will consider how Cather's ideas of the unfurnished novel and her other comments about writing are reflected in the defenestration of *The Song of the Lark*.
Chapter 2

Cather's Ideas About Writing

What was any art but an effort to make a sheath, a mould in which to imprison for a moment, the shining, elusive element which is life itself.

(Cather, *The Song of the Lark*)

To understand what Cather is doing in her revisions of *The Song of the Lark*, it is important, and even necessary, to investigate her ideas on writing. For referencing what Cather believes about writing, her essay, "The Novel Demeuble" is often quoted. Though this is her most important essay for consideration in a study such as this, and will be used in this study, there are other essays, that will be considered, which will shed light upon what Cather thought about writing. What she wrote in her critical essays about other writers is important because they also reflect her attitudes on writing. In addition to looking at these essays, it is also necessary to consider what others, such as Bernice Slote, report that Cather has said about writing.
In *The Kingdom of Art*, Bernice Slote summarizes part of Cather's philosophy on writing (which Cather held from the beginning) and points to the context in which Cather formed her ideas on writing. From the beginning, Cather held to the ideas of simplicity, suggestion of emotion, and a distaste for excessive detail. In addition, Cather's philosophy joined art and religion:

God in creating the world was the 'Divine Artist'; the human artist serves and worships, becoming both the priest and translator of God. . . . The revelations of divine things is through inspiration and the gifts of genius; the artist with individual talent gives back 'what God put into him.' (43)

Feeling to Cather is important because as Slote says, it is Cather's "shorthand note for the living experience of art. . . . feeling is the simplest evidence of some reality created through the imagination" (46). In addition Slote notes that Cather "had always been concerned with the implications of life and art--how to vivify, how to evoke emotion and a sense of reality" (46). From her early days, she was concerned with simplicity and the suggestion of emotive elements in writing.

This simplicity is what continues to make Cather popular, both in the United States and abroad. In an
essay, "Willa Cather in Japan," in The Art of Willa Cather, for instance, Hiroko Sato's attributes Cather's popularity in Japan directly to Cather's ideas of simplicity and spiritual renewal which, as Sato points out, are "similar to the idea that lies behind the search [the Japanese] engage in for the primal root of human existence" (96f). The desire for simplicity and eternal elements in the present have carried Cather from her beginnings to beyond her time and, now, around the world.

Cather's desire for simplicity does not leave her passionless. Slote says of Cather, "what one does not expect is the vivid argument for passion, the feeling for romance, and at the same time, the dogged insistence on a kind of elemental reality (reality, however, quite different from the currently fashionable 'realism')" (Kingdom 31). The context for Cather's writing is important to consider for the effect it had on Cather's ideas about writing. Slote points out that, "the 1890's, a time as distractingly, glitteringly 'modern' as any time is when its years are new and change is more noticeable than permanence. But this 'modernity,' in particular, had that end-of-the-century, hectic flush that seemed part promise and part disease" (Kingdom 32). Part of that new "modern" era was the realism movement.

Though Cather does not go against realism she does say, in "The Novel Demeuble," that she is very much against
the idea that realism should assert "itself in the
cataloguing of a great number of material objects, in
explaining manufactories and trades, and in minutely and
unsparingly describing physical sensations" and she
questions whether such materialism has "any proper place in
imaginative art" (37). However, she is not completely
against materialism; for Cather, it should be used to
achieve the right effect. To explain this she compares
Tolstoi with Balzac, saying: "Tolstoi was almost as great a
lover of material things as Balzac, almost as much
interested in the way dishes were cooked, and people were
dressed, and houses were furnished" (40). However, then
she goes on to note:

there is this determining difference: the clothes,
the dishes, the haunting interiors of those old
Moscow houses, are always so much a part of the
emotions of the people that they are perfectly
synthesized; they seem to exist, not so much in the
author's mind, as in the emotional penumbra of the
characters themselves. When it is fused like this,
literalness ceases to be literalness--it is merely
part of the experience. (40)

Creating an experience is far more significant to Cather
than cataloguing material objects, which, to her, belongs
to journalism rather than imaginative art. Instead, in imaginative art Cather thinks it is essential to select from the present "the eternal material of art" (40). Rather than cataloguing, Cather thinks it is important for writers "to interpret imaginatively the material and social investitude of their characters; to present the scene by suggestion rather than by enumeration" (40). However, Cather’s idea of not enumerating material objects is not the current popular idea of what a novel should be.

In the 1980’s with its fascination with programs such as "Life-styles of the Rich and Famous" and inordinate interest in material objects and how to acquire most of them, many readers might not agree with Cather’s estimation of treating materialism. Current readers are more likely to be concerned with having more detail. For Cather, however, having more detail is not the answer. She is against such material dressing. Instead, she is in favor of a novel like The Scarlet Letter, where the reader could not find:

information regarding the manners and dress and interiors of Puritan society. The material investitude of the story is presented as if unconsciously; by the reserved, fastidious hand of an artist, not by the gaudy fingers of a showman of the mechanical industry of a department-store window-dresser. . . . One can scarcely see the
actual surroundings of the people; one feels them, rather, in the dusk. (41)

Her idea of good writing is to create an experience, which is realized through the process of simplification. She regards this as "the highest process of art" (40). This attitude about art, which Cather held, is reflected in The Song of the Lark, when the heroine, Thea, is bathing in the stream in Panther Canyon, and realizes "what was any art but an effort to make a sheath, a mould in which to imprison for a moment, the shining, elusive element which is life itself." The "sheath," for Cather is a simple one which creates the experience of life and its emotions.

The experience should be suggested to the reader.

Cather says:

Whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there—that, one might say, is created. It is the inexplicable presence of the thing not named, of the overtone divined by the ear but not heard by it, the verbal mood, the emotional aura of the fact of the thing or the deed, that gives high quality to the novel. (41f)

The suggestion, the experience, and the simplification, however, do not lead to a literalness; Cather is opposed to
that, as she says, "Literalness, when applied to the presenting of mental reactions and of physical sensations, seems to be no more effective that when it is applied to material things" (42). Whether a novel is crowded with physical sensations or cataloguing, to Cather, it is like a room over-crowded with "furniture" (42). In this essay, Cather says:

How wonderful it would be if we could throw all the furniture out the window; and along with it, all the meaningless reiterations concerning physical sensations, all the tiresome old patterns, and leave the room as bare as the stage of a Greek theatre, or as that house into which the glory of Pentecost descended; leave the room bare for the play of emotions, great and little—for the nursery tale, no less than the tragedy, is killed by tasteless amplitude. (42f)

Out the window all of it would go until "the room" is left "bare for the play of emotions, great and little" as Cather would like to see the defenestration of the excess furniture in the novel.

For further consideration of Cather's ideas about writing we have her essay "On the Art of Fiction." Cather points out that at the turn of the century it was popular
to use novelty in writing stories; such were "stories that surprised and delighted by their sharp photographic detail and that were really nothing more than lively pieces of reporting" which "shall be intensely interesting and pertinent today and shall have lost its point by tomorrow" (101f). To Cather, this is a type of journalistic writing (as opposed to imaginative art) that does not contain the eternal material, which is selected from the present; it contains only the present.

In this essay, Cather reiterates and elaborates on what she says in "The Novel Demeuble" as she writes:

Art, it seems to me, should simplify. . . . finding what conventions of form and what detail one can do without and yet preserve the spirit of the whole—so that all that one has suppressed and cut away is there to the reader's consciousness as much as if it were in type on the page. (102)

In this essay she compares a writer with a painter. She explains that Millet, after having sketched hundreds of peasants sowing grain, did one composition—"The Sower"—which contains the spirit of all of the others. The simplicity of this composition is inevitable to Cather; she says:
All the discarded sketches that went before made the picture what it finally became, and the process was all the time one of simplifying, of sacrificing many conceptions good in themselves for one that was better and more universal. (103)

The same process is as important for the writer as it is for the painter because a good novel (or story) "must have in it the strength of a dozen fairly good stories that have been sacrificed to it" (103). Not only does a good novel require the sacrifice of several stories, but a good novel, as well as all other good writing, requires seeing the subject from different perspectives to find the perspective with the most suggestion. Cather explains, in her critical essay on Jewett’s stories, when she again compares a writer to the painter who:

tries different lightings and different attitudes with his subject to catch the one that presents it more suggestively than any other. And at the end of a lifetime [the writer] emerges with much that is more or less happy experimenting. (51)

The idea of creating suggestion is applicable, not only to Jewett, but to writers in general. In an essay on Gertrude Hall’s *The Wagnerian Romances*, Cather says:
this book is good . . . because the writer has the rare gift of being able to reproduce the emotional effect of the Wagner opera upon the printed page; to suggest the setting, the scenic environment, the dramatic action, the personality of the characters. Moreover, she is able . . . to suggest the character of the music itself. (61)

Here it is evident that what Cather says in "The Novel Demeuble," about creating an experience and suggestion is in fact, what she says makes others good writers as well. Of Katherine Mansfield, Cather writes, "She communicates vastly more than she actually writes. One goes back and runs through the text which made one know certain things. . . . and the text is not there--but something was there, all the same" (110). Cather is drawn to the suggestion characteristic in Mansfield's writings. Cather's taste for simplicity and distaste of excessive detail is reflected in her essay on Stephen Crane's "Wounds in the Rain." She writes: "He is rather the best of our writers in what is called 'description' because he is the least describing" (70). Cather is impressed by scenes that are presented by suggestion, rather than over-stuffed with excessive detail. It is precisely the reduction of the over-stuffed that Cather admires in others and attempts to produce in her own writings, such as, The Song of the Lark.
Chapter 3

The Song of the Lark

O eagles of eagles! Endeavor, desire, glorious striving of human art. From a cleft in the heart of the world she saluted it... It had come all the way; when men lived in caves, it was there. A vanished race; but along the trails, in the stream, under the spreading cactus, there still glittered in the sun the bits of their frail clay vessels, fragments of their desire.

(Cather, The Song of the Lark)

Although this novel was written in 1915, it speaks to the readers in a new age about contemporary struggles of self-expression and fulfillment; artistic expression and fulfillment; loyalty and faithfulness; desire and aspiration; and survival. Cather's O Pioneers! and My Antonia (with their Mid-west settings) are often familiar to many readers because these novels are sometimes required reading in college or even high school English classes. Perhaps having read only these two novels, readers associate Cather only with the pioneer era. In The Song of
the Lark, Cather breaks the mold of the pioneer prairie women with the character of Thea Kronborg. Cather's ability to produce great characters, like the strong pioneer women in her other novels, is at its best in The Song of the Lark. Unfortunately not very many readers, even some acquainted with Cather, are familiar with The Song of the Lark.

In this novel, Cather shows the strengths and weaknesses, the conflicts and resolutions, of an ambitious young woman. Cather has the ability to show the quintessential struggles of life and she does this in The Song of the Lark. Her characterizations in this novel, as usual, are well developed. Thea Kronborg, the character who definitely breaks the Mid-west pioneer prairie woman mold, leaves the prairie behind. Daiches compares The Song of the Lark to Cather's One of Ours in that "in both novels the central character has aspirations which go far beyond anything which life in the local community has to offer" (61). In The Song of the Lark, Thea strives to rise above the mediocrity she finds around her.

The Song of the Lark takes us through the life of Thea, a Swedish minister's daughter, whose struggles begin in the small Colorado town of Moonstone, where others direct her life. She eventually struggles to come to terms with herself and her musical talent.

Thea's childhood friends, aside from her brothers and
sisters, are an odd assortment of older men, who not only believe in Thea, but "continue to realize their dreams through her" (Stouck 187). Dr. Archie, who is unhappily married and childless, saves Thea's life after she comes down with pneumonia and becomes a life-long, faithful friend. Wunsch, another odd friend and Thea's music teacher, is a drunken drifter. Yet another strange friend Spanish Johnny, a guitar player, is also a wandering musical alcoholic. Stouck points out that both "Wunsch and Spanish Johnny drank to escape the reality of their situation" (187). Ray Kennedy, a conductor on the train to Denver, is still another older friend; however, Ray's intentions are in areas other than music and are serious toward Thea. He waits for her to grow up so that he can marry her. Though Stouck says, "Thea's friends are failures" (188), they succeed through Thea. Also, though her friends appear to be failures, they are actually all givers when it comes to Thea—in that respect they are not failures. Very early in her life, they both recognize and begin to support her genius.

Thea's life as a child is mapped out for her by her mother, piano teacher, and friends, who not only recognize and are drawn to her great genius but also drive her to become a great musician. This direction by others continues until Wunsch, her music, teacher leaves town and Ray Kennedy dies following a train accident. Thea's
parents then agree with Dr. Archie's idea of Thea's moving to Chicago to study piano. She does not really have a choice in the decisions about her life; the choices are made for her. However, she does take on the ambitions of others and as a result becomes fragmented, "a soul obsessed by what it did not know" (251--the page numbers that follow will refer to the 1937 edition). She has a fear of failure, which creates ambivalence in her as a young woman, but she knows there is something within her that has to be developed and given out to others. If she tries to contain it she would become like Spanish Johnny, who tried and went mad because it couldn't be kept in--it had to be given. Spanish Johnny could only express himself when he was drinking. Unfortunately, then he could not contain himself; instead, he went wild and ran away for several days at a time.

She realizes she has ability, yet she feels, at first, that it is too personal to share. She is also afraid because using her talent would mean committing herself to developing it. If she does not develop her talent and no one knows she has it, she will be safe from failure. On the other hand, she would never know her true self if she does not reveal what is within, and in that way she would be a failure.

In Chicago, her music teacher, Harsanyi, discovers that her real talent is her voice, rather than piano. Also
in Chicago, during her second stay, she meets still another older admirer, Fred Ottenburg. Through his influence and wealth, he arranges for her to sing at parties. When she becomes ill, he arranges for her to stay at his father's ranch in Arizona. While in Arizona, she not only recovers her health, but has a deeply moving, almost spiritual, experience. While seeing and touching the cliff-dwellers' broken pottery, Thea observes, "What was any art but an effort to make a sheath, a mould in which to imprison for a moment, the shining, elusive element which is life itself" (378). She realizes the relationship between art and life, as she gets in touch with this creativity of the past generations of the cliff-dwellers in Panther Canyon.

When Fred comes down to the ranch and proposes to Thea, she accepts. However, she finds out shortly thereafter that he is already married to an emotional invalid. In rejecting Fred, Thea turns to her loyal and most understanding friend, Dr. Archie, and borrows money to go to Germany to study. (Eventually she does forgive Fred).

Thea takes on their ambitions as her own in the process of trying to find and express herself. The choices, which are now also her own, are often difficult. She makes one such choice when she accepts the "part of a life time" in an opera instead of coming home when her mother is ill and dying.
Knowing what she wants in life, Thea can make the difficult choices. She has struggled with the conflicts of committing her self to develop her talent. Having chosen to develop and fulfill this artistic expression, she then lives with the consequences that the difficult choices bring, but Dr. Archie, who never loses track of Thea, understands her. As years continue to pass, a widowed Dr. Archie goes to the Metropolitan Opera and, along with Fred, has the opportunity to hear Thea sing in the place of a famous singer, who had suddenly become ill. In Thea’s earlier years, when she was important to others, such as Fred, she felt important to herself. Finally, however, she is important to herself--apart from anyone else.

Yet, The Song of the Lark ends on a strong note of achievement and promise “The conclusion of The Song of the Lark—‘So, into all the little settlements of quiet people, tidings of what their boys and girls are doing in the world bring refreshment; bring to the old, memories, and to the young, dreams’—neatly relates the memories of the old to the dreams of the young to preserve the texture of a living civilization” (Daiches 137). Daiches, without realizing it, points out Cather’s eternal theme of survival when he says Cather relates the memory to the dreams to “preserve the texture of a living civilization.” It is through this tie of memories and dreams that the people in the small towns survive both emotionally and physically. They
survive emotionally because when they hear "what their boys and girls are doing in the world" they know the world exists beyond their small town; they are assured emotionally that they are not all there is in existence. They survive physically because, when the young go out into the world and fulfill their dreams, it is evident that life physically continues on and in this way they know that life will go on beyond them.

Also in the end of the novel, Cather brings the reader back to Moonstone, Colorado, where the story began. Cather, again shows the mediocrity from which Thea, in order to survive and grow, tried to escape. Cather brings the reader back to silly Aunt Tillie, who through the years continues to brag about Thea.

Though The Song of the Lark chronicles the journey of one young woman's self-discovery, it is much more than that; the themes are much more than that. The motif of the singing lark, for instance, is used to reinforce Cather's themes of desire, aspiration, and longing in many of her writings, including The Song of the Lark (Woodress, Her Life, 169). But The Song of the Lark is also more than desire, aspiration, and longing. "The Song of the Lark finds its essential inspiration in the use of a singer's creative growth as an ideal analogy for the discovery and expression of all art" (Giannone 131). Further, it contains:
the struggle against the non-artist world in the more significant and comprehensive theme of the development of an artist, particularly the artist born west of the Mississippi who must search for historical and cultural roots while at the same time he is battling contemporary forces. (Heyeck 11f)

The gap between Thea and others widens as she develops her art. In addition, Alfred Kazin’s says of Cather, in reference to The Song of the Lark:

She did not celebrate the pioneer as such; she sought his image in all creative spirits—explorers and artists, lovers and saints, who seemed to live by a purity of aspiration, an integrity or passion or skill, that represented everything that had gone out of life or had to fight a losing battle for survival of it. ‘O Eagle of Eagles!’ she apostrophized in The Song of the Lark. ‘Endeavor, desire, glorious striving of human art!’ (19)

Eagles do not flock; they live in isolation, much the same as Thea did because she had the desire for artistic expression.

Also, contained in The Song of the Lark is Cather’s
philosophy of combining art and religion. This is evident in Thea's experience with the broken pottery of the cliff dwellers. It is then that she has a religious renewal of her artistic abilities. Thea came to understand art as "both natural and sacred" (Stouck 193). This experience with the pottery remains at the center (dramatically speaking) of The Song of the Lark and is virtually unchanged in the 1937 edition.

The themes of loyalty and faithfulness are contained in The Song of the Lark. Dr. Archie, Fred, and Ray are all very loyal to Thea. Loyalty is an important theme in Cather's novels as it was in Cather's life. Such admiration of loyalty is evident in Cather's essay "Chance Meeting" in which she meets Flaubert's niece (Not Under Forty 39f).

Stephen Tennant points out, in his introduction to Cather's On Writing, that "even when she is not dealing with loyalty of fine character, solidarity or honesty, she has a way of reminding us that these form the cornerstone of her spiritual edifice" (xv). Along with loyalty, Cather:

loved faithfulness. It was her preferred climate. It was a climate in which she could breathe. She understood it as perhaps only a rare poet, a pioneer, can. She gives the impression of one who has gazed deep and long into the crystal of human fidelity (Tennant xiv).
Dr. Archie, especially, and Fred, are always faithful to Thea. Her themes of self-expression and artistic expression and fulfillment; of loyalty and faithfulness; of desire and aspiration were not affected by the revisions.

CRITICISM

Dorothy Van Ghent calls *The Song of the Lark* (1915) "a ponderously bulky novel that suffers from autobiographical compulsion" (18). She says further that "the naturalistic circumstantial form to which the subject lent itself carried its usual vulnerability to 'thesis' writing, a weakness inherent also in Miss Cather's attraction to the subject of the artist's struggle" (18f). Van Ghent fails to see that Cather's attraction "to the subject of the artist's struggle" is fortunate for Cather's readers because the artist's struggle is not unlike all human struggle: a desire to express oneself creatively. Also, fortunately, this struggle is undiluted in the revisions.

Edith Lewis says Cather did not really like doing the revision work, which was necessary for her 1937 edition of *The Song of the Lark*; rather she preferred writing something new (*Living* 181). In *The Song of the Lark* Cather "cut very freely; she had always, in later years, disliked some of the more flowery passages" (181). A closer look
as we shall see) reveals that Cather did more than just cut the "flowery" parts. Woodress concurs with Lewis, as he says "she was not really interested in rewriting the book" because if she had she would have done more cutting than she did (Her life 169).

Some critics, such as Frederick Adams, point to the large amounts of cutting Cather did from the last two sections of the novel with little if any inspections as to the effects of these large prunings. While Patricia Heyeck in examining the revisions concludes that "the major deletions serve mainly to de-emphasize Fred Ottenburg's part in the novel" (2). Daiches', in Willa Cather: Critical Introduction, says "the changes she made were not extensive, consisting mainly of judicious pruning of some of the more detailed and less relevant descriptions" (41). He, however, goes on to give more detail than Adams did. For instance, Daiches says that the activities of Tillie are "abbreviated, to good effect" (40). He then quotes an example of "the tightening achieved by the revision" (41). The paragraph is from the Epilogue:

A boy grew up on one of those streets who went to Omaha and built a great business, and now is very rich. Moonstone people always speak of him and Thea together, as examples of Moonstone enterprise. They do, however, talk oftener of Thea. A voice
has even a wider appeal than a fortune. It is the gift that all creatures would possess if they could. Dreary Maggie Evans dead nearly twenty years, is still remembered because Thea sang at her funeral 'after she had studied in Chicago.' (Cather 580)

The last two sentences, in the revised edition are omitted. Daiches says, "The gain is obvious" (42); however, I think the "obvious" is open to speculation. It is "obvious" that in eliminating the last two sentences, more detail is taken out. More importantly though, by omitting them, Cather stops telling and lets the reader's imagination produce the silly attitudes still left in a place such as Moonstone.

Daiches notes that "Some of the changes are very slight but are interesting in that they suggest the book was originally written fairly fast, without too much attention to the workmanship of the individual sentence, which is sometimes improved in the revision by the omission or addition of a single word" (42). Further, he says:

for example, while the original text has: "On Friday afternoon there was an inspiring audience; there was not an empty chair in the house." The revision has: "On Friday afternoon there was an inspiring audience; not an empty chair in the
house." This is a trivial enough change; but it indicates either an improvement in Miss Cather's ear for prose rhythms, or else a certain haste and carelessness in the original writing. (42)

What Daiches fails to see is that the alterations contribute to Cather's goal of letting the emotion come through without being pronounced on the page.

The Song of the Lark has the same effect upon the reader as Cather says Katherine Mansfield's work does, that is, there is something there that affects you emotionally yet in looking back through the text for the exact words to describe it you do not find them. In "The Novel Demeuble," Cather says, "whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there—that, one might say is, created." This evoking of quintessential emotions is an aspect of writing which Cather highly values.

For example, in Cather's "chance meeting" with Flaubert's niece, Cather is asked, by the niece, which of the uncle's writings is Cather's favorite. Though the book she likes best is Salammbo, she talks more about L'Education sentimentale. "It is something one has lived," says Cather, "One is 'left with it,' in the same way that one is left with a weak heart after certain illnesses. A shadow has come into one's consciousness that will not go out again" (Not under Forty 20). Leaving the reader with
that emotion after the reading is what Gather strives for. Stephen Tennant says that Gather delights readers with the deepest kind of quiet joy—almost like self-realization, some uncanonounced self-knowledge, which readers with the deepest kind of quiet joy—almost like that emotion after the reading is what Gather strives for...
she originally wrote were pruned to one hundred sixty-three thousand, but even so she disregarded her own precept that the essence of art is to simplify. Her narrative technique here is closer to Theodore Dreiser's with its enormous accumulation of detail and extensive background of Fred Dtenburg's, and story, these sections being Dr. Arecthe's unhappy marriage, Catcher could have cut without losing any impact of the Woodress goes on to point out these portions which

diamond mine was written shortly after the novel. The second reason Woodress suggests is that "The diamond mine" was written shortly after the novel. The first reason is that "The diamond mine" a short story, has much difference is that in "The Diamond Mine" other people use the artist for their own gain but in The Song of the Lark, both are about artists: the reason is that "The Diamond Mine" is evident for two reasons (Her Life 187). The first novel, but that she had material and ideas left over after completing The Song of the Lark and says this Woodress believes that Catcher not only had too much detail, but that she had material and ideas left over after completing The Song of the Lark and says this. The first novel, but that she had material and ideas left over after completing The Song of the Lark and says this. The first novel, but that she had material and ideas left over after completing The Song of the Lark and says this. The first novel, but that she had material and ideas left over after completing The Song of the Lark and says this.
understand why Dr. Archie and Fred were so devoted and loyal to Thea, the reader needs a good understanding of their backgrounds. For instance, that Dr. Archie was unhappy is important because Thea brings him a large measure of happiness that he otherwise would not have had.

In the 1937 version, Gather did a good deal of pruning but not appropriate to Thea because, while the artist and pioneer have more things in common than anything, the treatment of the pioneer is not as tight as in The Song of the Lark, something about which the reader needs a good understanding.

Further, it is important that she did not cut the backgrounds of these characters because, as Woodress himself says, "Willa Gather's creative imagination required total absorption in her fictional creations." Her Life, 33.

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Further, it is important that she did not cut the backgrounds of these characters because, as Woodress himself says, "Willa Gather's creative imagination required total absorption in her fictional creations." Her Life, 33.

In the 1937 version, Gather did a good deal of pruning but a measure of happiness that he otherwise would not have had, unhappy is important because Thea brings him a large background to Thea, the reader needs a good understanding of why Dr. Archie and Fred were so devoted and
more complex individual than the pioneer and that complexity is represented in the complexity of the surroundings.

Thea does, indeed, have the drive and creative force of the pioneer woman. In *The Song of the Lark*, Thea’s desires and aspirations carry her away from the mediocrity which would threaten her self-expression, her survival, and the growth of her creativity and talent. With the understanding and support of her loyal and faithful friends, Thea is able to succeed. This novel has a universal appeal beyond the pioneer setting, for which Cather is most often known.

Further, this novel should be studied at least for its universal themes. It contains several—(1) the struggle for self-expression and fulfillment, (2) the struggle for artistic expression and fulfillment, (3) loyalty and faithfulness, (4) desire and ambition, and (5) survival. Because of these themes and because Thea is a young woman throughout most of the story, the novel speaks to young women, some 50 years later, about the choices they have in life and the opportunity they have to establish their own identity by developing their talents and discovering who they really are, based on their own choices. Also because of its universal themes, it speaks to older women, who are re-entering college or the job market, struggling to find their identity, and trying to find ways to express it. In
other words, this novel is not limited just to the era in which it was published.

Interestingly enough, when *The Song of the Lark* was originally published, it was given good reviews, such as H.L. Menken's: "I have read no late novel, in fact, with a greater sense of intellectual stimulation" (quoted in Schroeter 7). Another more recent critic said:

without quite knowing why a sympathetic readers suffused with warmth as her moves through the story and long afterward when most of the events have been forgotten and most of the characters have grown dim, a mention of *The Song of the Lark*, a sight of the faded ... cover on the bookshelf of a friend, is enough to bring back a radiant feeling that no other writing by Willa Cather can evoke. The spirit of the book is too strong for the massive structure to crush. (Brown, E. 194)

*The Song of the Lark* has been an untapped diamond mine because for many readers, though it evokes an undefinable spirit, which lingers long after they have read it, they do not examine the source of that spirit.

This novel has also been grossly ignored because of the negative criticism most of the later critics have given it. For some period of time, most critics very nearly
dismissed this novel by choosing to slight it as "bulky" and designates it autobiographical. The criticism of this novel has been largely negative and critics have failed to take several things into consideration. Van Ghent saw Cather's attraction to the struggle of the artist as a weakness, not for its strengths. Lewis asserted that Cather only cut "flowery parts" but did not bother with the significance of any of the revisions. Woodress also did not address the significance of the revisions; he only concluded that if Cather were really interested in rewriting the book, she would have done more cutting than she did.

Many critics only point out that she did large amounts of cutting but did not inspect the effects of the cuttings. Daiches said some of the revisions were obvious and some were interesting but basically he concluded that the revisions indicated the book was written quickly. Heyeck addressed their aesthetic effects and concluded their main function was de-emphasizing on one the main characters.

The critics, have failed to address how the revisions reflect Cather's goal as a writer and her beliefs about writing as she presented in "The Novel Demeuble" and in some of her other essays on writing. Unfortunately, their negative attitudes have been passed from one critic to the next, year after year. The Song of the Lark, however, is a veritable diamond mine for a critic who will ignore the
slight of others and dig for themselves.

Cather's ideas of writing and some of her goals were to create an experience for the reader, to write on themes of eternal value, and to suggest to the reader, rather than tell. Simplification was also of major importance to Cather, as was the ability to evoke an emotion that a reader could not specifically identify by pointing to it in the text. These have all been neglected ideas when the critics have addressed *The Song of the Lark.*
Chapter 4

The Revisions

The art of choosing among the innumerable strokes which nature offers us is, after all, much more difficult than that of observing them with attention and describing them with exactitude.

(Gogol, as quoted by Cather, On Writing)

The choices Cather made in her revisions of The Song of the Lark do several things. First, in the early part of the novel she chose to: (1) delete unnecessary words; (2) change words and word order; and (3) make changes to several characters. The change (mainly of character) in the latter part of the novel are by far the most significant. More importantly, the large amounts of pruning affect—not only her goal of simplicity—but her desire to suggest the emotion on the page rather than show it.

The alterations in the first part of the novel may be minor in comparison to the whole novel; however, some of the minor changes are well worth noting because they
reflect Cather's desire for simplicity as well as the strategies she uses in revision. For instance, Cather chooses to leave out some detail about two of the minor characters. With reference to Mrs. Archie, the doctor's wife, the 1915 edition reads: "She felt no interest in food herself, and she hated to prepare it" (33--page numbers for The Song of the Lark will refer to the 1915 edition). This is omitted in the revision. The same is true with an omission of some detail about Mrs. Kronborg, Thea's mother: "She advised Thea to play 'something with variations,' or, at least, 'The Invitation to the Dance'" (61). Another example of a somewhat larger section of detail that is omitted is:

Ray even took down a picture of Mrs. Landry in evening dress, because it was entitled the 'Jersey Lily,' and because there was a small head of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, in one corner. Albert Edward's conduct was a popular subject of discussion among railroad men in those days, and as Ray pulled the tacks out of this lithograph he felt more indignant with the English than ever. (111).

These added details served no real purpose in the 1915 edition of the novel, so Cather removed them in an effort
to simplify the story.

The changes in word order or phrases, which are reworded, give a different emphasis and some word changes create different effects; both strategies reflect Cather’s goal to suggest the emotion. The minor changes in character in the earlier part of the novel also reflect this desire to create an emotion or an experience by suggestion. The minor changes in Wunsch (a minor character) and in Dr. Archie (a major character) that Cather made reflect this.

In reference to Wunsch, Cather changed the word order, which changes the emphasis of what Wunsch is doing. The original, which reads, “Wunsch listened thoughtfully” (29), is changed to “Thoughtfully Wunsch listened.” This changes the emphasis from his listening to his thinking, suggesting that he is a person of careful thought, an important change in an alcoholic music teacher. Also, in reference to Wunsch, Cather changed one word that reflects a difference in his character. In the 1915 version it reads: “he had learned not to look for seriousness in anything” (30). The word “anything” was changed to “anyone” in the later edition. With this change, Cather shifts the emphasis and thereby suggests that Wunsch does not take people seriously instead of not taking things seriously. Because of these changes the reader’s emotional reaction toward Wunsch will be different. Again this shows Cather trying to create an emotional effect.
What is true for Wunsch, is also true for Dr. Archie. The reader's reaction to the doctor is changed because of the changes Cather made. She changed the roses he grows from "rambler roses" to "tea roses" (32). She also affects the reader's perception of him by changing a response he makes. In that response the word "won't" is changed to "shan't" (32). Along with the "tea roses" this response creates a much more quaint doctor and illustrates Cather's desire to evoke emotion rather than tell it outright.

Further, some word changes she made were more to toward the personal and create either a closer emotional tie to the characters or more distance from them. For example, to create closer ties, she changed "Ottenburg" (313) to "Fred" and "Biltmer ranch" (340) to "Ottenburg ranch." To give more distance, she changed "Thea" to "she" in several instances. (This latter, of course, was sometimes done in order to avoid redundancy).

Also in the earlier sections, Cather generally omitted redundant words or phrases. In the following, the word "before" is omitted because it is implied and, therefore, redundant: "Music had never come to her in that sensuous form before" (300). In two more obvious omissions of redundancy, she removed one "squirming" from, "I could see him squirming and squirming and trying to get past it" (363f) and changed: "Fred asked wonderingly. He could not quite imagine" (364) to "Fred could not quite imagine."
One important change Gather made was the deletion of

e xamples will be considered.

could be included in this chapter? Therefore, only a few

Ottendorf. Far more paragraphs have been omitted than

greater portion appears to affect the character of Fred

the last half of the novel. Of these latter revisions the

of course, are the more straightforward ones and are found in

also show us her strategies in this. The major revisions,

goal of simplification and of creating an experience; they

The minor revisions reflect Gather's work toward her

one conductor,

conductor is obviously more appropriate than just seeming

had heard. In referring to listening music, hearing a

German conductor he had seen (166), to "... conductor he

clarity meaning. For example, she changed, "Like a noted

departures, she did, on occasion, rearrange phrases to

Though most of Gather's revisions consist of

adventure for him. "An authoritative explanation to the reader,

began. "... Gather did not need, "You see this is a great

was changed to "so pleased and excited! From the moment I

great adventure for him. From the moment I began" (363),

which reads, "so pleased and excited! You see this is a

some authoritative comments. For instance, the 1915 edition

continued to omit redundant words, but she also deleted

attitude. In the latter part of the novel she, of course,

"could not quite imagine" implies a wondering sort of
an anti-Semitic remark: "She’ll be glad to fit you out, if you aren’t sensitive about wearing kosher clothes. Let me take you to see her" (272). This deletion is more of a reflection on Cather's sensitivity, I think, than on the character of Fred because Cather had been accused of being anti-Semitic and the revised edition was published in 1937, a very sensitive time with reference to anti-Semitism. This was an ideal time to combat the remarks of her being anti-Semitic. Cather was not politically involved. This criticism, however, is interesting because it was handled differently than when she was criticized for not being a reformist in the 30's. Whereas, she ignored that criticism, she chose to act on this anti-Semitic criticism and made the deletions.

Other changes, though, do reflect a change in Fred's character. Cather left out a reference to "the aesthetic circle" (282) and also changed "I divined more than anybody else" (355) to "I saw more than anybody else . . ." In addition, Cather removed Fred's awareness of the body language of Dr. Archie, "The doctor glanced at her deferentially. Fred had noticed that he seemed a little afraid to look at her squarely--perhaps a trifle embarrassed by a mode of dress to which he was unaccustomed. 'Well, you are . . .'" (368). The complete sentence telling what Fred had noticed is left out of the revised edition. (This, of course, also reflects a change
in Dr. Archie). Cather made many deletions of Fred smoking (289, 290, 378, 379); however, she left in a reference to his “smoking nervously” (379). With these changes Fred becomes: (1) less in tune to the aesthetic, which Thea represents; (2) less in tune spiritually, which the diving represents; (3) less sensitive to the actions of others, which noticing the actions of Dr. Archie represents; and, (4) less nervous, which less smoking represents.

Many of the omissions reflect Cather’s attitude that the emotion should be grasped in a covert manner by the reader and not necessarily be there overtly on the pages of the text. Cather omitted emotion evoking passages in order to create the mood she wanted. She leaves out phrases and sentences that tell the emotions, as she believes the readers should sense the emotions for themselves. For instance, in the original version it reads:

and Dr. Archie, as he watched the animated groups in the long room below the balcony, found this much the most festive scene he had ever looked out upon. He said to himself, in a jovial mood somewhat sustained by the cheer of the board, that this evening alone was worth his long journey. He followed attentively the orchestra, ensconced at the farther end of the balcony, and told Thea it made him feel quite musical to recognize "The Invitation
to the Dance" or "The Blue Danube," and that he heard her practicing then at home, and lingered at the gate to listen. (367)

Cather omitted the phrases "the festive scene," "a jovial mood," and "He attentively followed the orchestra," along with the entire last section following "worth his journey." By making these deletions she does not tell of the festive and jovial mood that surrounds Dr. Archie and she removed his nostalgia.

Cather did some similar things with Fred, that is, she omitted passages that tell the emotion. For example:

Fred was talking with the desperation of a man who has put himself in the wrong and who yet feels that there was an idea of truth in his conduct. "Suppose that you had married your brakeman and lived with him year after year, caring for him even less than you do for your doctor, of for Harsanyi. I suppose you would have felt quite all right about it, because that relation has a name in good standing. To me that seems--sickening!" (356)

By leaving this section out, Fred is less obviously desperate and jealous. Cather took it out so the desperation would not just be told. The readers, then,
feel this as an overall characteristic of Fred but it is not something that can be specifically pointed to within the text.

Another example of this type of deletion is:

When he began again, his voice was lower, and at first he spoke with less conviction, though again it grew on him. "Now I knew all this--oh, knew it better than I can ever make you understand! You've been running a handicap. You had no time to lose. I wanted you to have what you need and to get on fast--get through with me, if need be; I counted on that. You've no time to sit round and analyze your conduct or your feelings. Other women give their whole lives to it. They've nothing else to do. Helping a man to get his divorce is a career for them; just the sort of intellectual exercise they like."

Fred dived fiercely into his pockets as if he would rip them out and scatter their contents to the winds. Stopping before her, he took a deep breath and went on again, this time slowly. "All that sort of thing is foreign to you. You'd be nowhere at it. You haven't that kind of mind. The grammatical niceties of conduct are dark to you. You're simple--and poetic." Fred's voice seemed to be wandering about in the thickening dusk. (358)
With the deletion of this section the show of Fred's growing conviction is removed, as Cather removed the obvious statement: "at first he spoke with less conviction, though again it grew on him." Deleting this entire section takes away the telling of the intensity of his feelings as he dives into his pockets and that of his voice wandering in the thickening dusk. Again, these are things Cather does not want specifically named in the text; the readers are then left only with the feeling that it is there. Also, in removing this section the idea that other women have nothing better to do than to be sitting around analyzing their feelings and trying to help some man get a divorce is removed with its negative emotion toward women in general.

Interesting enough, Cather removed some of the romantic elements from the following:

"You are good to me," she breathed, "you are!"

Rising to his feet, he put his hands under her elbows and lifted her gently. He drew her toward the door with him. "Get all you can. Be generous with yourself. Don't stop short of splendid things. I want them for you more than anything else, more than I want one splendid thing for myself. I can't help feeling that you'll gain, somehow, by my losing so much. That you'll gain the very thing I
lose. Take care of her, as Marsanyi said. She’s wonderful!” He kissed her and went out of the door (380).

The revised version reads:

Fred looked at his watch and rose. He drew her gently toward the door with him. “Get all you can. Be generous with yourself. I can’t help feeling that you’ll gain, somehow by my losing so much. That you’ll gain the very thing I lose. Goodnight.” He went out of the door.

Cather removed Thea’s acknowledgement that Fred is good to her. The readers know this because all the influential characters are more than good to Thea—they continually sacrifice for her benefit. In taking out Thea’s comment to Fred, it lessens her romantic feeling toward him. In addition, Cather moved his gentleness toward her from that of lifting her up, to that of gently drawing her toward the door; the first seems a more romantic picture. Though Fred’s sacrificial attitude—“I want them for you . . . more than . . . for myself”—is removed it serves more to lessen his romantic passion than to lessen his sacrificial attitude. At the end of the section removed is his kiss just before he goes out the door, which is the most romantic element of
the entire section. Cather evidently thought the kiss was not needed for the readers to catch the feeling between Fred and Thea.

One other change that is worth noting is the way Cather shifted the emotion filled content from Fred to Thea in the following:

"That first approach to a foreign shore, stealing up on it and finding it—there's nothing like it. It wakes up everything that's asleep in you. You won't mind my writing to some people in Berlin? They'll be nice to you."

"I wish you would." Thea gave a deep sigh. "I wish one could look ahead and see what is coming to one." (379)

The emotion is heavy in this passage for both Thea and Fred. However, in the revision, though the emotion is still there, some of the emphasis was changed; note the revised version:

That first approach to a foreign shore—there's nothing like it. You will let me write to some people in Berlin? They'll be nice to you."

"Oh, I wish you would. I'll be lonesome." Thea gave a deep sigh. "I wish one could look ahead and see what's coming to one."
The exhilarated statement "It wakes up everything that's asleep in you" was removed from Fred; a new sentence on loneliness was given to Thea. This change serves to take the excitement of leaving out of the passage and shift the emphasis to the emotion of loneliness that Thea will feel.

Cather's choices in her revisions reflect a desire to create certain emotive content, whether removing some from Dr. Archie and Fred or in giving it to Thea. Her choices also reflect, perhaps a change in attitude from 1915 to 1937.

When Cather first wrote The Song of the Lark she was greatly taken up with artists and their struggles. Because of this it was, perhaps, harder for her to distance herself emotionally from the material. After 22 years, however, she could more easily distance herself from the emotions she first brought to the writing The Son of The Lark. She was, by the time of the revision, a veteran artist. She not only knew how to distance herself but, more importantly, she knew how to create distance on the page by deleting unnecessary details or changing words and phrases where necessary to create it.

Cather used her goals of simplification and that of creating an experience effectively to throw the "furniture out of the window" of a thoroughly furnished novel. Whether minor changes, such as--word change, word order, rearranging phrases or omitting words--or major
a better understanding of Willa Cather.

understanding of the Song of the Lark, but it also leads to

Song of the Lark. This not only leads to a better
writer, which are evidenced in the revisions she made in the

writer's intent and goals as a

importance to understanding Cather's themes and goals as a

expression of creativity, loyalty and faithfulness; desire and

expression and fullfillment; artistic expression and

which knowing and studying her themes of self-

emotion for the readers.

through the omissions of passages that overtly name the
they finish reading the novel. The effectiveness does this
desired that there be a reading next with the readers after
dered that the goal of creating the experience for the readers, she
desire for fulfillment; the small ones also reflect this
desire for self-restoration; quite obligatory, demonstrate her

writing.

the revisions reflect Cather's goals and attitudes about
changes of omitting large passages on a major character,'
APPENDIX

1915

To Isabelle McClung

On uplands,
At morning,
The world was young, the winds were free;
A garden fair,
In that blue desert air,
Its guest invited me to be.

FRIENDS OF CHILDHOOD

8 I won’t be gone long.

20 Tillie was a queer, addlepated thing, flighy as a girl at thirty-five, and overweeningly fond of gay clothes.

29 Wunsch listened thoughtfully,

30 he had learned not to look for seriousness in anything.

32 He was the only man in Moonstone who was successful at growing rambler roses,

33 She felt no interest in food herself, and she hated to prepare it.

34 Mrs. Archie had been Mrs. Archie for only six years.

35 While Thea was getting the under the doctor’s searching gaze

40 under Doctor Archie’s searching gaze

60 Mrs. Johnson disapproved of the way in which Thea was being brought up, of

1937

To Isabelle McClung

I shan’t be gone long.

Tillie was a queer, addlepated thing, at thirty-five as flighy as a girl, and overweeningly fond of gay clothes.

Thoughtfully Wunsch listened,

he had learned not to look for seriousness in anyone.

He was the only man in Moonstone who was successful at growing tea roses,

[omitted]

Mrs. Archie had been Mrs. Archie for only eight years.

While she was getting the

under Doctor Archie’s searching gaze

Mrs. Johnson disapproved of a child whose chosen associates were a
child whose chosen associates were Mexicans and sinners,

61 She advised Thea to play "something with variations," or, at least, "The Invitation to the Dance."

70 so riotously that Wunsch was unable

70 the wadding stuck out almost everywhere.

79 She thought everything to it,

88 Wunsch exclaimed furiously.

90 that was kept at the depot for accidents on the road.

97 He would never come back,

98 In the matter of nourishment he was quite independent of his mother,

99 where he would be more out of the way.

111 Ray even took down a picture of Mrs. Landry in evening dress, because it was entitled the "Hersey Lily," and because there was a small head of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, in one corner. Albert Edward's conduct was a popular subject of discussion among railroad men in those days, and as Ray pulled the tacks out of this lithograph he felt more indignant with the English than ever.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1915</th>
<th>1937</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>121 Ray smoked in silence,</td>
<td>Ray smoked his pipe in silence,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129 No, I'm not hungry, mother.</td>
<td>No, I am not hungry, mother.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>132 from the Denver papers, the church weeklies, from sermons and Sunday-School addresses.</td>
<td>from the Denver papers, from the church weeklies, from sermons and Sunday-School addresses.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>138 Does it matter, or don't it?</td>
<td>Does it matter, or doesn't it?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>143 Daughter,&quot; Mr. Kronborg called.</td>
<td>Thea,&quot; Mr. Kronborg called.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>151 but even half the winter there would be a great advantage.</td>
<td>but even one winter there would be a great advantage.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE SONG OF THE LARK</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>165 and they moved to Kansas and took up land</td>
<td>and they had moved to Kansas and taken up land</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>166 like a noted German conductor he had seen.</td>
<td>like a noted German conductor he had heard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>170 The dresser was so big that</td>
<td>The dresser was so huge that</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>171 with the family that had always</td>
<td>with the family which had always</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>187 His wife said that when he gave that spring he was shot from the bow of his ancestors, and now when he left his chair in that manner she knew he was intensely interested.</td>
<td>His wife knew from his manner he was intensely interested.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>187 That's right, nothing difficult about it.</td>
<td>That's right, there's nothing difficult</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>204 Even a short talk with Thomas always</td>
<td>Even a short talk with Theodore Thomas always</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1915

290 Fred dropped his third cigarette

THE ANCIENT PEOPLE

300 Music had never come to her in that sensuous form before.

313 while Ottenburg looked down into the canyon.

340 the Biltmer ranch.

DR. ARCHIE'S VENTURE

345 Denver, muffled in snow, full of food and drink and good cheer, and to yearn for her with that admiration which makes her, more than other American cities, an object of sentiment.

353 It's a very expensive trip." Thea spoke

353 I've loaned money

355 I divined more than anybody else."

356 I owe so much to you, and that's what makes things hard.

356 Fred was talking with the desperation of a man who has put himself in the wrong and who yet feels that there was an idea of truth in his conduct. "Suppose that you had married your brakeman and live with him year after year, caring for him even less than you do for your

1937

Fred dropped his cigarette

Music had never come to her in that sensuous form.

while Fred looked down into the gorge.

the Ottenburg ranch.

Denver, muffled in snow, full of food and drink and good cheer.

It's a very expensive trip for him." Thea

I've lent money

I saw more than anybody else." I owe so much to you.

[omitted]
doctor, or for Marsanyi. I suppose you would have felt quite all right about it, because that relation has a name in good standing. To me, that seems—sickening!"

He turned again and began to pace the floor, his hands in his pockets.

When he began again, his voice was lower, and at first he spoke with less conviction, though again it grew on him. "Now I knew all this—oh, knew it better than I can ever make you understand! You've been running a handicap. You had no time to lose. I wanted you to get on fast—get through with me, if need be; I counted on that. You've no time to sit round and analyze your conduct or your feelings. Other women give their whole lives to it. They've nothing else to do. Helping a man to get his divorce is a career for them; just the sort of intellectual exercise they like."

Fred dived fiercely into his pockets as if he would rip them out and scatter their contents to the winds. Stopping before her, he took a deep breath and went on again, this time slowly. "All that sort of thing is foreign to you. You'd be nowhere at it. You haven't that kind of mind. The grammatical niceties of conduct are dark to you. You're simple—and poetic." Fred's voice seemed to be wandering about in the thickening dusk.
Fred had dropped into a chair. He seemed, after such an explosion, not to have a word left in him. Anything from you now. You've made everything impossible. Being married is one thing and not being married is the other thing, and that's all there is to it. I can't see how you reasoned with yourself, if you took the trouble to reason. You say common woman." He saw her shoulders rise a little and grow calm. Then he went to the Good-night, dear and wonderful," he whispered, "wonderful and dear! How can you ever get away from me when I will always follow you, through every wall, through every door, wherever you go." He looked I didn't know I had it in me, Thea. I thought it was all a fairy tale. I don't know myself any more." He closed his eyes and breathed deeply. "The salt's all gone out of your hair. It's full of the sun and wind again. I believe it has memories." Again she heard him take a breath. "I could do without you for a lifetime, if that would give you to yourself. A woman like you doesn't find herself, alone."
She thrust her free hand up to him. He kissed it softly, as if she were asleep and he were afraid of waking her.

361 As to your old friend, Thea, if he’s to be here
362 Yes, I should say he is nice! I don’t seem to recognize all of these,"
362 Thea moved her hand back and forth
363 so pleased and excited! You see this is a great adventure for him. From the moment I began
363f I could see him squirming and squirming and trying to get past it.
364 Fred asked wonderingly. He could not quite imagine
364 But I feel better than I thought I ever could again
365 He looked her up and down and laughed and shook his head. "You are just all I want you to be—and that is,--not for me! Don’t worry, you’ll get at it.
365 Fred looked at his watch. "Your monument up there is fast.
367 and Dr. Archie, as he watched the animated groups in the long room below the balcony, found this much the most festive seen he had ever looked out upon. He said to himself, in a

As to your old friend, if he’s to be here
I should say he is nice! I don’t recognize these,"

She moved her hand back and forth
so pleased and excited! From the moment I began
I could see him squirming and trying to get past it.
Fred could not quite imagine
But I feel better now.
He looked her up and down and laughed. Don’t worry, you’ll get at it.

and Dr. Archie, as he watched the animated groups in the long room below the balcony said to himself that this evening alone was worth his long journey.
jovial mood somewhat sustained by the cheer of the board, that this evening alone was worth his long journey. He followed attentively the orchestra, ensconced at the farther end of the balcony, and told Thea it made him feel "quite musical" to recognize "The Invitation to the Dance" or "The Blue Danube," and that he could remember just what kind of day it was when he heard her practicing them at home, and lingered at the gate to listen and in an hour they had become old friends. and in an hour they had become friends.

and it was his best chance for any peace of mind and it was his best chance for peace of mind

the one bit of the human drama that she had followed with sympathy and understanding. [omitted]

Thea leaned toward him. Thea leaned toward him. "Isn't it only because we've known them since I was little?" The doctor glanced at her deferentially. Fred had noticed that he seemed a little afraid to look at her squarely—perhaps a trifle embarrassed by a mode of dress to which he was unaccustomed. "Well you are

This is the hour when bench-joy brightens." Thea chuckled and darted him a quick glance. "Bench-joy! Where did you get that slang?"

"That happens to be very old slang, my dear. Older [omitted]
than Moonstone or the sovereign State of Colorado. Our old friend Mr. Nathanmeyer could tell us why it happens to hit you."

370 and is that slang, too?"

371 fellow townsman of yours I feel a real kinship for."

371 Fred settled down into enjoying his comprehension of his guests. Thea, watching Dr. Archie and interested in his presentation, was unconsciously impersonating her suave, gold-tinted friend.

371 her arm was not only white, but somehow a little dazzling.

371 If he seemed shy, it was it was not that he was intimidated by her worldly clothes, but that her greater positiveness

372 taking her bearings, getting an idea of the concerted movement about her, but with absolute self-confidence.

372 There was much talk of aurae at that time, and Fred mused that every beautiful, every compellingly beautiful woman, had an aura, whether other people did or not. There was, certainly, about the woman he had brought up from Mexico, such an emanation. She existed in more space than she occupied by measurement. The enveloping
air about her head and shoulders was subsidized—was more moving than she herself, for in it lived the awakenings, all the first sweetness that life kills in people. One felt in her such a wealth of Jugendzeit, all those flowers of the mind and the blood that bloom and perish by the myriad in the few exhaustless years when the imagination first kindles. It was in watching her as she emerged like this, in being near and not too near, that one got, for a moment, so much that one had lost; among other legendary things the legendary theme of the absolutely magical power of a beautiful woman.

After they had left Thea at her hotel, Dr. Archie admitted to Fred, as they walked up Broadway through the rapidly chilling air, that once before he had seen their young friend flash up into a more potent self, but in a darker mood. It was in his office one night, when she was at home the summer before last. "And then I got the idea," he added simply, "that she would not live like other people: that, for better or worse, she had uncommon gifts."

"Oh, we'll see that it's for better, you and I," Fred reassured him. "Won't you come up to my hotel with me? I think we ought to have a long talk."

"Yes, indeed," said Dr. Archie gratefully; "I think we ought."

He had scarcely looked at her when they exchanged words at the breakfast-table. She felt

I'm rather glad I'm not staying over until

He had scarcely looked at her. She felt

I'm rather glad I'm staying over until
tomorrow," Fred reflected. "I think it's easier for me to glide out like this. I feel now as if everything were rather casual, anyhow. A thing like that mulls one's feelings."

Want me to put those trays in for you?"

"No, thank you. I'm not ready for them yet."

Fred strolled over to the sofa, lifted a scarf from one of the trays and stood abstractedly drawing it through his fingers. "You've been so kind these last few days, Thea, that I began to hope you might soften a little; that you might ask me to come over and see you this summer."

"If you thought that, you were mistaken," she said slowly, "I've hardened, if anything, but I shan't carry any grudge away with me, if you mean that."

He dropped the scarf.

And there is nothing--

He turned sharply and walked to the windows.

fifty cents

I went back and bought it there whenever

I got a lot to take to Arizona. I made it up to them."

"I'll bet you did!"

They think I've improved. I told them it was your doing if I had, and then they looked scared."
1915

376 He thinks I’ve improved there, too.

376 He came out to the elevator with me, after we had said good-bye. He said something nice out there, too, but he seemed sad.”

“What was it that he said?”

“He said, ‘When people, serious people, believe in you they give you some of their best, so—take care of it, Miss Kronborg.’ Then he waved his hands and went back.”

377 I lived through it. I have no choice now. No matter how it breaks me up, I have to. Do I seem to enjoy it?”

Fred closed the book. “Let me see, what was you noble brakeman’s name?”

Thea looked up with surprise. “Ray, Ray Kennedy.”

“Ray Kennedy!” he laughed.

“It couldn’t well have been better! Wunsch and Dr. Archie, and Ray, and I,”—he told them off on his fingers,—“your whistling-posts! You haven’t done so badly. We’ve backed you as we could, some in our weakness and some in our might. In your dark hours—and you’ll have them—you may like to remember us.”

378 He smiled whimsically

378 He laughed half to himself

378 you’ll learn a good, live, warm German, that will be like yourself.

1937

He thinks I’ve improved.

[omitted]

I lived through it. I’ll have to live through this.

[omitted]

Fred smiled whimsically

[omitted]
It will be almost like being born again, Thea.

In the natural course of things she would never have loved a man from whom she could not learn a great deal.

"Harsanyi said once," she remarked thoughtfully, "that if one became an artist one had to be born again, and that one owed nothing to anybody."

"Exactly. And when I see you again I shall not see you but your daughter. May I?" He held up his cigarette case questioningly and then began to smoke, taking up again the song which ran in his head:—

"Deutlich schinmert auf jedem, Purpurblattchen, Adelaide!"

"I have half an hour with you yet, and then, exit Fred."

That first approach to a foreign shore, stealing up on it and finding it--there's nothing like it. It wakes up everything that's asleep in you.

You won't mind my writing to some people in Berlin? They'll be nice to you."

"I wish you would."

Thea gave a deep sigh. "I wish one could look ahead and see what is coming to one."

"Oh, no!" Fred was smoking nervously; "that"

and now I fancy you'll make up to yourself.
You'll find the way to let yourself out in one long flight."

Thea put her hand on her heart. "And then drop like the rocks we used to throw--anywhere." She left the chair and went over to the sofa.

How nicely they smell of your things!"

tracing the long round fingers with the tips of his own. "Ordinarily, you know, there are reefs that a man catches to and keeps his nose above water. But this is a case by itself.

He did not lift his eyes from her fingers, which he continued to study with the same fervor. "Every kind of stringed instrument there is plays in your hands, Thea," he whispered, pressing them to his face.

"You are good to me," she breathed, "you are!"

Rising to his feet, he put his hands under her elbows and lifted her gently. He drew her toward the door with him. "Get all you can. Be generous with yourself. Don't stop short of splendid things. I want them for you more than I want anything else, more than I want one splendid thing for myself. I can't help feeling that you'll gain, somehow, by my losing so much. That you'll gain the very thing I lose."
Take care of her, as Marsanyi said. She’s wonderful!” He kissed her and went out of the door.

the rock house, her little room in Moonstone
dt the rock house in the canyon, her little room in Moonstone

But tonight they were terrified,—the spectral, fated trains that “raced with death,” about which the old woman from the depot used to pray.

KRONBORG, TEN YEARS LATER

He is an acquaintance that one would hurry to overtake and greet among a hundred. In his warm handshake and generous smile there is the stimulating cordiality of good fellows come into good fortune and eager to pass it on; something that makes one think better of the lottery of life and resolve to try again.

It would be pretty hard luck if he had to die in

Ottenburg paused, his hand on the doorknob, his high color challenging the doctor’s calm. “I’m disgusted with you, Archie, for training with such a pup. A man of your experience!”

“Well, he’s been an experience,” Archie muttered. “I’m not coy about admitting it, am I?”

Ottenburg flung open the door. “Small credit to you. Even the women are out for capital and corruption, I
hear. Your Governor's done more for the United Breweries in six months than I've been able to do in six years. He's the lily-livered sort we're looking for. Goodmorning."

and came to Denver to live, six years ago.

for Mrs. Archie was dead when the neighbors rushed in to save her from the burning house. She must have inhaled the burning gas and died instantly.

His friends believed that Archie himself had ambitious political plans.

They provide notoriety for the fellow who can't distinguish themselves at running a business or practicing law or developing an industry. Here you have a mediocre lawyer with no brains and no practice, trying to get a look-in on something. He comes up with the novel proposition that the prostitute has a hard time of it, puts his picture in the paper, and the first thing you know, he's a celebrity. He gets the rake-off and she's just where she was before.

They were a last resort. I could have stopped him, but by that time I'd come to the conclusion that I'd let the reformers down, I'm not against a general shaking-up, but the trouble with Pinky's
crowd is they never get beyond a general writing-up. We gave them a chance to do something, and they just kept on writing about each other and what temptations they had overcome."

the doctor spoke with deliberation of a man in the position of having several courses to choose from.

I can reach my ends by straighter roads. There are plenty of things to keep me busy. We haven't begun to develop our resources in this State; we haven't had a look in on them yet. That's the only thing that isn't fake—making men and machines go, and actually turning out a product."

The doctor replenished his cordial glass.

I'm getting stale on things here, Fred. Best people in the world and always doing things for me, I'm fond of them too, but I've been with them too much, I'm getting ill-tempered, and the first thing I know I'll be hurting people's feelings. I snapped Mrs. Dandridge up over the telephone this afternoon when she asked me to go out to Colorado Springs on Sunday to meet some English people who are staying at the Antlers. Very nice of her to want me, and I was as sour as if she'd been trying to work me for something. I've got to get out for a while, to save my reputation."

To this explanation
Ottenburg had not paid much attention. He seemed to be looking at a fixed point; the yellow glass eyes of a find wildcat over one of the bookcases.

"Of course." the doctor apologized, "you know so much more about such things. I'm afraid it will...

He relapsed into his former lassitude.

Fred paused and drew himself up again.

but, by gracious, I hadn't heard one like that!" He fumbled for another cigarette.

She not only had it, but she got it across. The Rhine music, that I'd known since I was a boy, was fresh to me, vocalized for the first time. You realized that she was beginning that long story, adequately, with the end in view. Every phrase she sang was basic. She simply was the idea of the Rhine music." Ottenburg rose and stood with his back to the fire. "And at the end, where you don't see the maidens at all, the same thing again: two pretty voices and the Rhine voice." Fred snapped his fingers and dropped his hand.

you see, all that would be lost on me," he said modestly. "I don't know the dream nor the interpretation thereof. I'm...
out of it. It's too bad that so few of her old friends can appreciate her."

"Take a try at it," Fred encouraged him. "You'll get in deeper than you can explain to yourself. People with no personal interest do that."

"I suppose," said Archie diffidently, "that college German, gone to seed, wouldn't help me out much.

Don't be above knowing your libretto. That's all very well for musicians, but common mortals like you and me have got to know what she's singing about. Get out your dictionary and go at it as you would at any other proposition.

So long as you're going to hear her, get all that's coming to you.

You Americans are so afraid of stooping to learn anything."

"I am a little ashamed," Archie admitted. "I guess that's the way we mask out general ignorance. However, I'll stoop this time; I'm more ashamed not to be able to follow her.

He took up

Yes, and no. She's all there, only there's a great deal more of her.

I'm afraid a good deal of it will be lost to me. I suppose college German, gone to seed, wouldn't help out much?

I'd like to be able to follow her.

Archie took up
1915

397 No prospect of her ever being out, and as long as she's there I'm tied hand and foot.
398 It depresses me now to buy wedding presents."
399 I've always been afraid Thea made a mistake.
400 He's just as much a part of a car as the steering gear.
403 Fred plunged into his coat. "Well, it's a queer world, Archie. But you'll think better of it, if you go to New York. Wish I were going with you. I'll drop in on you in the morning at about eleven. I want a word with you about this Interstate Commerce Bill. Goodnight."

1937

397 No possibility of her ever being better. Meanwhile, I'm tied hand and foot.
398 I've always felt Thea made a mistake.
399 He drew out his watch.
400 Now, as he looked back advising Thea to come,
403 Thea said she was writing her mother and begging her to help her one last time; to get strength and to wait for six months, and then she would do everything. Her mother would never have to make an effort again.
404 In her letter Thea said; "If you'll only get better dear mother, there's nothing I can't do. I will
1915
make a really great success, if you'll try with me. You shall have everything you want, and we will always be together. I have a little house all picked out where we are to live."

404 There's no reason I can see why you shouldn't pull up and live for years yet, under proper care. You'd have the best doctors in the world over there, and it would be wonderful to live with anybody who looks like that."

405 But sometimes it's hard to come back. Or if she were in trouble, maybe I could rouse myself."

"But, dear Mrs. Kronborg, she is in trouble," her old friend expostulated. "As she says, she's never needed you as she needs you now. I make my guess that she's never begged anybody to help her before."

Mrs. Kronborg smiled. "Yes, it's pretty of her. But that will pass. When these things happen far

405 But I always took my pleasures as they come.

405 I was never one of these housekeepers that let their work drive them to death. And when she had the Mexicans over here, I always took it in.

405 "I guess you did!" the doctor assented heartily; "and I got a good deal myself. You remember how
she used to sing those
Scotch songs for me, and
lead us with her head,
hair bobbing?"

"'Flow Gently, Sweet
Afton,'--I can hear it now,"
said Mrs. Kronborg; "and poor
father never knew when he
sang sharp! He used to say,
"Mother, how do you always
know when they make mistakes
practising?'" Mrs. Kronborg
chuckled.

406 It was lucky for her that you did know.

406 If she wasn't disturbed, she needed no watching.
She went after it like a terrier after rats from
the first, poor child. She was downright afraid of it. That's why I always encouraged her taking Thor off to outlandish places. When she was out of the house, then she was rid of it."

407 Did she, within her, hide some of that still passion of which her daughter was all-compact?

409 in February, Dr. Archie

410 the overture,

411 he forgets the gun in his hand until the buck nods adieu to him from a distant hill.

411 All at once, before the buck had left him, she was there.
No, Ottenburg had not prepared him!

that sort of feeling was not appropriate.

But she merely reminded him of Thea; this was not the girl herself.

It was very much, he told himself, like a military funeral, exalting and impersonal. Something old died in one, and out of it something new was born.

I was rotten in the balcony.

But I'll be here waiting for you to-morrow, my whole works!

He found Ottenburg in the act of touching a match to a chafing-dish, at a table laid for two in his sitting room.

pointing to three wine-coolers

Now, where have you been, Archie, until this

"Bah, you've been banting!" the doctor exclaimed pulling out his white gloves as he searched for his handkerchief and throwing them into a chair. Ottenbrug was in evening clothes and very pointed dress shoes. His white waistcoat, upon which the
doctor had fixed a challenging eye, went down straight from the top button, and he wore a camelia. He was conspicuously brushed and trimmed and polished. His smoothly controlled excitement was wholly different from his usual easy cordiality, though he had his face, as well as his figure, well in hand. On the serving-table there was an empty champagne pint and a glass. He had been having a little starter, the doctor told himself, and would probably be running on high gear before he got through. There was even now an air of speed about him.

"Been, Freddy?"—the doctor at last took up the question. "I expect I wasn't, Archie."

He stood behind the table holding the lid with his handkerchief.

and Thea might have a chance to sing Elsa.

he stooped to turn the wine,—"and how was she?"

he looked meaningfully at Archie. "You know who

After he had turned the lamp low under the chafing dish, he remained standing, looking pensively down at the food on the table. "Well, she rather pulled it off!"
Fred poured himself another glass. "Now you must eat something, and so must I. Here, get off that bird cage and find a steady chair. This stuff ought to be rather good; head waiter’s suggestion. Smells all right."

Perfectly innocuous: mushrooms and truffles and a little crab-meat. And now, on the level, Archie, how did it hit you?"

"I like your wine, Freddy."

He put down his glass. "It goes to the spot tonight. so pure and yet so virile and human.

and trying to dispel his friend’s manifest bewilderment. "You see, Archie, there’s the voice Treulich geführt. treulich bewacht."

I seem to need a good deal of cooling off to-night. I’d just as lief forget the Reform Party for once.

he went on seriously;

I never imagined she could be as beautiful as that."

That look that came in her eyes; it went right out through the back of the roof.

Now, doctor, here’s a cold one." He twirled a napkin
smoothly about the green glass, the cork gave and slipped out with a soft explosion. "And now we must have another toast. It's up to you, this time."

The doctor watched the agitation in his glass. "The same," he said without lifting his eyes. "That's good enough. I can't raise you."

Fred leaned forward, and looked sharply into his face. "That's the point how could you raise me?" Once again.

"Once again, and always the same!" The doctor put down his glass. "This doesn't seem to produce any symptoms in me tonight."

He lit a cigar.

Fred lit a cigarette, took a puff or two, and then threw it away. He lounging back in his chair, and his face was pale and drawn hard by the mood of intense concentration which lurks under the sunny shallows of the vineyard.

Talk about rhythm!"

The doctor frowned dubiously as a third bottle

kind of wedding breakfast. I feel rather weddingish. I don't mind. You know," he went on as the wine gurgled out, "I was thinking to-night when they sprung the wedding music, how any fool can have that stuff played over him when he walks up the
aisle with some dough-faced
little hussy who's hooked
him. But it isn't every
fellow who can see—well,
what we saw to-night. There
are compensations in life,
Dr. Howard Archie, though
they come in disguise.

423 Did you notice her when she
came down the stairs? Wonder
where she gets that bright-
and-morning star look?
Carries to the last row of
the family circle. I moved
about all over the house.
I'll tell you a secret,
Archie: that carrying power
was one of the first things
that put me wise. Noticed it
down there in Arizona, in
the open.

423 The doctor was astonished
at his ease and steadiness,
for there were slight lapses
in his speech. "You see,
Archie, Elsa isn't

423 There, of course,"—he held
out his hands as if he were
measuring something,—"we
know exactly where we are.

424 I've got as much inflated as
this for a dozen trashy
things: brewers, dinners and
political orgies.

424 And what I like best in you
is this particular enthusiasm,
which is not at all practical
or sensible, which is down-
right Quizotic. You are not
altogether what you seem, and
you have your reservations.
Living among the wolves, you
have not become one. Lupibus
vivendi non lupus sum."

The fact is Elsa isn't

[omitted]
"I get your idea."

a hag of a moon just setting.

Fred turned toward the light and stood with his back to the window. "That," with a nod toward the wine-cooler, "is only a cheap imitation, that any poor stiff-fingered fool can buy and feel his shell grow thinner.

He leaned back against the window sill and crossed his arms. "Anybody with all that voice and all that talent and all that beauty, has her hour. Her hour," he went on deliberately, "when she can say"

"'As in my dream I dreamed it, As in my will it was.'"

with haggard abstraction.

"Even I can say to-night, Archie," he brought out slowly,

"'As in my dream I dreamed it, As in my will it was.'"

Now, doctor, you may leave me. I'm beautifully drunk, but not with anything that ever grew in France."

Fred tossed his flower out of the window behind him and came toward the door. "I say," he called, "Have you a date with anybody?"

if you haven't paralyzed me."

She'll probably turn me down cold, but that won't hurt my feelings. If she ducks me, you tell her for me, that to spite me now

She'll probably turn me down, but that won't hurt my feelings. Good-night, Archie."
she'd have to cut off more than she can spare. Good-night, Archie."

Her white bathroom
her throat that came up
softened by a magnificent Steinway
and announced Mr. Frederick Ottenburg.
If he were to buy a silk hat that was the twin of Ottenburg's, it would be shaggy in a week, and he could never carry it as Fred held his.
He can sing even popular stuff by higher lights, as it were."
An old aunt had loaned him a little
Thea had not changed her
The stuff she has to sing in there is a fright--rhythm, pitch,--and terribly difficult intervals."
Here's a part she's worked on and got ready for years,
She's paying for it with the last rags of her voice.
And the--" Fred whistled softly.
"Well, what then?"
"Then our girl may come in for some of it. It's dog eat dog, in this game as in every other."
1915

440 Nice English chop-house on Forty-fourth Street.
440 He opened the door and spoke to the driver.
440 Thea reached across to the front seat and
441 I would have died of starvation at that
to jump in and sing that second act
442 Ottenburg was watching her brilliant eyes and her face.
442 She could be expansive only in explosions. Old Nathanmeyer had seen it. In the very first song Fred had ever heard her sing, she had unconsciously declared it.
442 Thea Kronborg turned suddenly from her
443 Mercy, I've no hat on! Why didn't you tell me? And I seem to be wearing a rumpled dinner dress, with all this paint on my face!
443 What a dreadful old pair these people must be thinking you! Well, I had to eat."
443 If I think of anything else for a flash, I'm gone, done for. But at the same time, one can take things in--
443 Weren't you hungry, though!

1937

Nice English chop-house.
He spoke to the driver.
Thea put out her hand and
I should have died of starvation at that
to jump in on that second act
Ottenburg was watching her face.
[omitted]
Thea turned suddenly from her
With all this paint on my face!
[omitted]
If I think of anything else for a flash, I'm done for. But at the same time, you can take things in--
Aren't you hungry, though!
1915

444 She turned to Ottenburg reproachfully: "It's noble music, Fred, from the first measure. There's nothing lovelier than the wonniger Hausrath. It's all such comprehensive sort of music--fateful. Of course, Fricks knows," Thea ended quietly.

444 There you've spoiled my itinerary.

444 Thea began hunting among she's so made up of contradictions."

444 Tak for mad, Fred, as the Norwegians say.

445 in a little three-story brick house on Jane Street, in Greenwich Village,

445 with his Catholic aunt, on Jane Street, whom

445 for the house on Jane Street, where he had first

446 At first Landry bought books; then rugs, drawings, china. He had a beautiful collection of Old French and Spanish fans.

446 While Landry and his guest were waiting for the tea to be brought,

446 On the other was a formal garden where an elegant shepherdess with a mask and crook was fleeing on high heels from a satin-coated shepherd.

91
1915

446 but I get them to enjoy them, not to have them.

446 Mrs. McGinnis brought the tea and put it before the hearth: old teacups that were velvety to the touch and a pot-bellied silver cream pitcher of an Early Georgian pattern, which was always brought, though Landry took rum.

447 Fred drank his tea walking about, examining Landry’s sumptuous writing-table in the alcove and the Baucher drawings in red chalk over the mantle. "I don’t see how you can stand this place without a heroine. It would give me a gaging thirst for gallantries."

Landry was helping himself to a second cup of tea. "Works quite the other way with me. It consoles me for the lack of her. It’s just feminine enough to be pleasant to return to. Not any more tea? Then sit down and play for me. I’m always playing for other people, and I never have a chance to sit here quietly and listen.

447 Ottenburg opened the piano and began softly to boom forth

447 "Will that do?" he asked jokingly. "I can’t seem to get it out of my head."

"Oh, excellently! Thea told me it was quite wonderful, the way you can do Wagner scores on the piano. So few people can give one any idea of the music. Go ahead, as long as you like.

1937

but I get them to enjoy, not to have.

[omitted]

When the tea was brought he drank his walking about, examining Landry’s pictures.

Presently he sat down at the piano and began softly to boom forth

[omitted]
I can smoke, too." Landry flattened himself out on his cushions and abandoned himself to ease with the circumstances of one who has never grown quite accustomed to ease.

Ottenburg played on, as he happened to remember.

shining on the heights.

She was pure Scandinavian, this Fricka: "Swedish summer!" he remembered old Mr. Nathanmeyer's phrase.

She seemed to take on the look of immortal loveliness, the youth of the golden apples, the shining body and the shining mind.

she made a whole atmosphere about herself and quite redeemed from shabbiness

In the long silences of her part, her shining presence was a visible complement to the discussion of the orchestra. As the themes which were to help in weaving the drama to its end first came vaguely upon the ear, one saw their import and tendency in the face of this clearest-visioned of the gods.

Ottenburg stopped.

When she begins with a part

She's a lovely thing, but she was never so beautiful as that, really. Nobody is." He repeated the loveliest phrase. "How does she manage
it, Landry? You’ve worked with her.

Landry drew cherishingly on the last cigarette he meant to permit himself before singing. "Oh, it’s a question of a big personality—and all that goes with it. Brains, of course. Imagination, of course. But the important thing is that she was born full of color, with a rich personality. That’s a gift of the gods, like a fine nose. You have it, of you haven’t. Against it, intelligence and musicianship and habits of industry don’t count at all. Singers are a conventional race. When Thea was studying in Berlin the other girls were mortally afraid of her. She has a pretty rough hand with women, dull ones, and she could be rude, too! The girls used to call her die Wolfin."

Fred thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned back against the piano. "Of course, even a stupid woman could get effects with such machinery: such a voice and body and face. But they couldn’t possibly belong to a stupid woman, could they?

449 It’s personality; that’s as near as you can come to it. That’s what constitutes real equipment.

449 It’s unconscious memory, maybe; inherited memory, like folk-music. I call it personality."

Fred laughed, and turning to the piano began coaxing the Fricka music again. "Call it
anything you like, my boy. I have a name for it myself, but I shan't tell you."

Fred looked over his shoulder

He's such a catnip man."

Dr. Archie laughed, but Thea, who seemed suddenly to have thought of something annoying, repeated blankly, "Catnip man?"

"Yes, he lives on catnip, and rum tea. But he's not the only one. You are like an eccentric old woman I know in Boston, who goes about in the spring feeding catnip to street cats. You dispense it to a lot of fellows. Your pull seems to be more with men than with women, you know; with seasoned men, about my age, or older. Even on Friday afternoon I kept running into them, old boys I hadn't seen for years, thin at the part and thick at the girth, until I stood still in the draft and held my hair on. They're always there; I hear them talking about you in the smoking-room. Probably we don't get to the point of apprehending anything good until we're about forty. Then in the light of what is going, and of what, God help us! is coming, we arrive at understanding."

"I don't see why people go to the opera anyway,—serious people." She spoke discontentedly. "I suppose they get something, or think they do. Here's the coffee. There, please," she directed the waiter. Going to the table she began to pour the
coffee, standing. She wore a white dress trimmed with crystals which had rattled a good deal during dinner, as all her movements had been impatient and nervous, and she had twisted the dark velvet rose at her girdle until it looked rumpled and weary. She poured the coffee as if it were a ceremony in which she did not believe. "Can you make anything of Fred’s nonsense, Dr. Archie?" she asked, as he came to take his cup.

Fred approached her. "My nonsense is all right. The same brand has gone with you before. It’s you who won’t be jollied. What’s the matter? You have something on your mind."

Fred approached her. "What’s the matter with you to-night? You have something on your mind."

The waiter arrived with the coffee. Thea pured it impatiently, as if it were a ceremony in which she did not believe. She was wearing a white dress trimmed with crystals which had rattled a good deal during dinner, as all her movements had been abrupt and nervous, and she had twisted the dark velvet rose at her girdle until it looked rumpled and weary.

"I don’t see why people go to the opera, anyway," she said suddenly. "I suppose they get something, or think they do."

Fred approached her. "What’s the matter with you to-night? You have something on your mind."

Away from the coffee and sat they may let me cool for several weeks, and they

That gives you every opportunity I’ve waited for.

Something will happen. If that part were sung well, as well as it ought to be, it would be one of the most beautiful things in the world. That’s why it never is sung right, and never will be.

Looking out of the open window. "It’s inaccessibly beautiful!" she brought
out sharply.

Fred and Dr. Archie watched her. In a moment she turned back to them.

453 on that first night, and that’s bound to be bad. There you are,” she shrugged impatiently.

454 I wish you could hear me sing well, once,”

454 when there was nothing to gain by it.”

454 I recall my instructions, and now I’ll leave you to fight it out with Archie. He can’t possibly represent managerial stupidity to you as I seem to have a gift for doing.”

As he smiled down a her, his good humor, his good wishes, his understanding, embarrassed her and recalled her to herself. She kept her seat, still holding his hand. “All the same, Fred, isn’t it too bad, that there are so many things——” she broke off with a shake of the head.

454 —she threw back her head,—” for there is an idea!”

“Which won’t penetrate here,” he tapped his brow and began to laugh. ”You are an ungrateful huzzy, commes les autres!”

454 Thea detained him as he turned away.

455 Thank you. Don’t try

on that first performance, and that’s bound to be bad. There you are,” she shrugged disdainfully.

I wish you could hear me sing well, just once.

when there was nothing to be gained by it.”

[omitted]

Fred was going toward the door when Thea called him back.

Thank you. Schlaffen
to analyze it. Schlaffen Sie

Oh, marry him, you mean! Perhaps it may come about, some day. Just at present he's not in the marriage market any more than I am, is he?"

I think it gives you some of your poise, having that anchor.

Thea dropped her head on his shoulder

who do contemptible work and who get on

It seemed to come from somewhere deep within her, there were such strong vibrations in it.

so far away, so deep, so beautiful"

a resignation that made

nothing one can say about it, Dr. Archie

Without knowing very well what it was all about,

They are in everything I do."

"In what you sing, you mean?"

"Yes. Not in any direct way,"--she spoke hurriedly, --"the light, the color, the feeling. It comes in when I'm working on a part, like the smell of a garden coming in at the window.

I carried with me the
Thea looked up at him and smiled.

Wagner says, in his most beautiful opera, that art is only a way of remembering youth. And the older we grow the more precious it seems to us, and the more richly we can present that memory. When we've got it all out,—the last, the finest thrill of it, the brightest hope of it,"—"then we stop. We do nothing but repeat after that. The stream has reached the level of its source. That's our measure."

and began softly to awaken an old air:

Archie sat down and shaded his eyes with his hand. She turned her head and spoke to him over her shoulder. "Come on, you know the words, better than I. That's right.

We'll gae down by Clouden's side, Through the hazels spreading wide, O'er the waves that sweetly glide, To the moon sae clearly. Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear, Thou'rt to love and Heav'n sae dear, Nocht of ill may come thee near, My bonnie dear-ie!

We can get on without Landry. Let's try it again, I have all the words now. Then we'll have 'Sweet Afton.' Come: 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes'—"
What’s the matter? Do you still get nervous?”

I’m under a spell, you know, hoodooed.

“Yes, you get effects, and not only with your voice. That’s where you have it over all the rest of them; as if you’d just been let out of a cage.

Thea nodded

For heroic parts, at least

You mean the idea of standing up under things, don’t you, meeting catastrophe? No fussiness. Seems to me they must have been a reserved, somber people, with only a muscular language, all their movements for a purpose; simple, strong, as if they were dealing with fate bare-handed.”

One can learn how to sing, but no singing teacher can give anybody what I got down there.

You have to realize it in your body, somehow; deep.

Do you know what I’m driving at?”

“You get effects--and not only with your voice.

She nodded

For heroic parts, at least

You mean the idea of standing up under things, don’t you, meeting catastrophe? No fussiness. Seems to me they must have been a reserved, somber people, with only a muscular language, all their movements for a purpose; simple, strong, as if they were dealing with fate bare-handed.”

One can learn how to sing, but no singing teacher can give anybody what I got down there.

You have to realize it in your body; deep.

Do you know what I’m driving at?”

“I think so. Even your audiences feel it, vaguely: that you’ve sometime or other faced things that make you different.”

So I want good terms.

So I’m asking good terms.
I congratulate you on what you can do, Thea, and on all that lies behind what you do. On the life that's led up to it, and on being able to care so much.

That's the great difference between your kind and the rest of us.

It's not your fault, Thea, but I've had you too much in my mind.

remarked Thea grimly.

In my library in St. Louis, over the fireplace, I have a property spear I had copied from one in Venice,—oh, years ago, after you first went abroad, while you were studying. You'll probably be singing Brunnhilde pretty soon now, and I'll send it on to you, if I may. You can take it and its history for what they're worth. But it takes a great many people to make one—Brunnhilde."

Even in my ashes I feel myself pushing you! How can anybody help it?

Can't you see that it's your great good fortune that other people can't care about it so much?"

But Thea seemed not to that's why my interest keeps up."
1915

467 But I hope I can bring back your interest in my work.

467 You can send me your spear. I'll do my best. If you're not interested,

467 My taxi must be waiting." My car must be waiting."

467 You do pick up queer ones.

467 But loving you is a heroic discipline.

468 Thea hurried him along,

468 I have to think well of myself, to work.

468 of course, since you didn’t tell me the truth in the beginning, you couldn’t very well turn back after I’d set my head. At least, if you’d been the sort who could, you wouldn’t have to,—for I’d not have cared a button for that sort, even then."

468 as she got into her cab.

468 as the taxi cut into the Park

468 the drive flashed into the cab.

468 out of the window at the cab lights

470 she thought she sang it beautifully.

1937

[omitted]

[omitted]

But loving you is an heroic discipline.

She hurried him along,

[omitted]

as she got into her car.

as the motor cut into the Park

the drive flashed into the car.

out of the window at the car lights

she thought she sang it well.

[omitted]
enemy, and this one was accompanied by gifts which she could not fail to recognize.

472 Any success was good.

474 that singers did vexed him so,

474 if the conductor held the tempo or in

474 and as she sat at the table

476 Laughing, singing, bounding, exulting,

477 In reply to a direct question from Ottenburg, Harsanyi said, flinching, "Isolde? Yes, why not? She will sing all the great roles, I should think."

479 Miss Kronborg says if there is anything in her, you are the man who can say what it is."

The journalist scented copy and was eager. "Yes, Harsanyi.

479 to pick up a living for one.

479 musicians from the orchestra who were waiting for their comrades, curious young men,

479 she crossed the sidewalk to her cab.

479 he did not put on his hat until her taxi

479 exhausted in her cab,
Here we must leave Thea Kronborg. From this time on in the story of her life is the story of her achievement. The growth of an artist is an intellectual and spiritual development which can scarcely be followed in a personal narrative. This story attempts to deal only with the simple and concrete beginnings which color and accent an artist's work, and to give some account of how a Moonstone girl found her way out of a vague, easy-going world into a life of disciplined endeavor. Any account of the loyalty of young hearts to some exalted ideal, and the passion with which they strive, will always, in some of us, rekindle generous emotions.

EPILOGUE

Moonstone again, in the year 1909. Moonstone again, nearly twenty years after Thea Kronborg left for the last time.

The lunar light that floods

but the empire of the sand is gradually diminishing. The grass grows thicker over the dunes than it used to, and the streets of the town are harder and firmer than they were twenty-five years ago. The old inhabitants will tell you that sand-storms are infrequent now, that the wind blows less.
persistently in the spring
and plays a milder tune.
Cultivation has modified
the soil and the climate,
as it modifies human life.

483 The interior of the new
Methodist Church looks like
a theater, with a sloping
floor, and as the congre-
gation proudly say, "opera
chairs."

483 and the children all look
like city children.

483 The little boys wear
"Buster Browns" and the
little girls Russian
blouses. The country
child, in made-overs and
cut-downs, seems to have
vanished from the face of
the earth.

483 her Dutch cut twin boys

483 Her husband is president
of the new bank, and she
"goes East for her summers,"
a practice which causes
envy and discontent among
her neighbors.

484 The twins are well-
behaved children, biddable,
meek, neat about their
clothes,

484 and trying not to twist the
spoon in their mouths,

484 There sits a spry little
old spinister

484 The observing child's
remark had made every one
suddenly realize that
Tillie never stopped

and the children look
like city children.

[omitted]
talking about that particular sum of she went to buy her coal

484 When she was making her Christmas presents, she never failed to ask the women who came into her shop what you could make for anybody who got a thousand dollars a night. When the Denver papers announced that Thea Kronborg had married Fred Ottenburg, the head of the Brewers' Trust, Moonstone people expected that Tillie's vain-gloriousness would take another form. But Tillie had hoped that Thea would marry a title, and she did not boast much about Ottenburg,—at least not until after her memorable trip to Kansas City to hear Thea sing.

484 That night after the sociable, as Tillie tripped home with a crowd of noisy boys and girls, she was perhaps a shade troubled.

485 When the laughing little group that brought her home had gone weaving down the sidewalk through the leafy shadows and had disappeared,

485 When the candles had burned out and the coloured lanterns were being taken down, a crowd of boys and girls escorted Tillie home. As she tripped along with them, she was perhaps a shade troubled.

486 On glorious, soft summer nights like this, when the moon is opulent and full,
the day submerged and forgotten, she loves to sit there behind her rose-vine and let her fancy wander where it will.

Tillie lives in a little magic world, full of secret satisfactions.

The legend of Kronborg, the artist, fills Tillie's life; she feels rich and exalted in it.

to hear Mr. Kronborg's wonderful sermons,

Thea used to stand up by the organ of a bright Sunday morning and sing "Come, Ye Disconsolate."

Thea let Tillie

he went down to dinner with Tillie,

He took her to the hall the first time Thea sang there, and sat in the box with her and helped her through "Lohengrin."

After the first act, when Tillie turned tearful eyes to him and burst out, "I don't care, she always seemed grand like that, even when she was a girl. I expect I'm crazy, but she just seems to be full of all them old times!"

--Ottenburg was so sympathetic and patted her hand and said, "But that's just what she is, full of the old times, and you are a wise woman to see it." Yes, he said that to her. Tillie often wondered
how she had been able to bear it when Thea came down the stairs in the wedding robe embroidered in silver, with a train so long it took six women to carry it.

and no miracle was ever more miraculous than that.

When she used to be working

The morning after the sociable

Tillie, curled up in bed, was roused by the rattle of the milk cart down the street. Then a neighbor boy came down the sidewalk outside her window, singing “Casey Jones” as if he hadn’t a care in the world. By this time Tillie was wide awake. The twin’s question, and the subsequent laughter, came back with a faint twinge. Tillie knew she was short-sighted about facts, but this time why, there were her scrapbooks, full of newspapers and magazine articles about Thea, and half-tone cuts, snap-shots of her on land and sea, and photographs of her in all her parts. There, in her parlor, was the phonograph that had come from Mr. Ottenburg last June, on Thea’s birthday; she had only to go in there and turn it on, and let Thea speak for herself. Tillie finished brushing her white hair and laughed as she gave
it a smart turn and brought
it into her usual French
twist. If Moonstone doubted,
she had evidence enough: in
black and white, in figures
and photographs, evidence in
hair lines on mental disks.
For one who had so often seen
two and two making six, who
had so often stretched a point,
added a touch, in the good game
of trying to make the world
brighter than it is, there was
positive bliss in having such
deep foundations of support.
She need never tremble in secret
lest she might sometime stretch a
point in Thea's favor.—Oh, the
comfort, to a soul too zealous,
of having at last a rose so red
it could not be further painted,
a lily so truly suriferous that
no amount of gilding could exceed
the fact!

488 In two minutes a cob fire
was roaring

488 that ought to be cut for
the good of the vines;

488 with their unique and
inimitable woody perfume

488 with a sympathetic
account of Madame
Kronborg's first
performance of Isolde
in London.

489 she was always doing
things like that!

489 like a child's balloon
tugging at its string.
She had always insisted,
against all evidence, that
life was full of fairy
tales, and it was! She had

In two minutes a fire
was roaring

[omitted]

with their inimitable
woody perfume

with a "London Letter"
recounting Madame Kron-
borg's successes at
Covent Garden.

she was always doing
something like that!

[omitted]
been feeling a little down, perhaps, and Thea had answered her, from so far. From a common person, now, if you were troubled, you might get a letter. But Thea almost never wrote letters. She answered every one, friends and foes alike, in one way, her own way, her only way.

Once more Tillie has to
Like all romancers,
If our dream comes true, we are almost afraid to believe it; for that is the best of all good fortune, and nothing better can happen to any of us.

in the back yard.
It is the one gift that all creatures would possess if they could. Dreary Maggie Evans, dead nearly twenty years, is still remembered because Thea sang at her funeral "after she had studied in Chicago."

bring real refreshment;

THE END
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