

## Some Correspondence With Theodore Dreiser\*

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### I

I SAW Theodore Dreiser only twice, once at the time of the Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia in 1936, and again in the summer of 1944, when he paid his last visit to New York. One morning in Philadelphia, during the convention, I ran into H. L. Mencken, who mentioned that Dreiser was in town and gave me the name of the hotel at which he was staying. I went there, phoned his room, and identified myself. He asked me to come up.

Dreiser was quite like his pictures. He met me with cordiality but seemed absorbed in thoughts or interests of his own. We talked casually, mainly about literature. He made no attempt to influence the subject of our conversation, so our talk flowed along the lines set by my own remarks and observations. Though he was clearly self-absorbed, he was at the same time listening to me. Thus, when I spoke of Dos Passos, his response was quick. He said he thought that "that fellow Dos Passos" had done something good. He praised Dos Passos' work.

My impression then was of a big bulk of a man, self-centered and not too graceful; but also of a man who was kind and even soft and sentimental. It was obvious he did not know my writing, and at the time he may or may not have associated my name with anything he may have heard about my work.

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I imagine he had invited me to his room largely because, when I spoke to him on the house phone of the hotel, I mentioned that Mencken had told me of his presence in Philadelphia. Also, I guess he imagined I was a young writer coming to see him for something, and so spoke with me with a certain wariness.

It was pleasant talking to him. I felt quite at ease, and I talked about political affairs, about the convention I was attending, and, as I have already mentioned, about books and literature. As I recall, I spoke most spiritedly when I alluded to propaganda and literature. In the spring of 1936, my polemical book, *A Note on Literary Criticism*, had been published, and I expressed to Dreiser some of the ideas I had defended in that work. But I sensed by the changing expressions on his face that he must have felt I was overreacting on critical questions.

The visit must have lasted about forty-five minutes. A secretary came in as I was leaving, and Dreiser, wanting to introduce me to her, turned to me and asked me to tell him my name again.

In the summer of 1944 I went to see him at the Hotel Commodore, where he was staying in New York. We had had some correspondence about this visit, and I believe he had looked forward to it. The previous year I had written an article on *Sister Carrie* in the *New York Times* Book Review. Shortly after the appearance of this article, he had written me:

My Dear Farrell:

I was pleased to read your revaluation of *Sister Carrie* in the *New York Times*, as much pleased as I was interested by the anti-reactions of a number of literary critics reaching from the Atlantic to this coast. At least you are safe in insisting that it has endured, critics or no.

Whether you recall it or not I enjoyed our brief contact in Philadelphia in July 1940. [Dreiser misremembered the year: it was, as I have mentioned above, 1936.]

Thanks, and all my best wishes.

Theodore Dreiser

Also as a consequence of this article, I had received a letter from Mrs. Dreiser, stating that Dreiser wished her to ask me if I would agree to "serve as a Co-Executor with Alfred Kazin, Robert Elias and the University of Pennsylvania in the event of" her death. And also, "before that event, to advise from time to time on literary matters of importance in connection with his estate." I accepted this as an honor.

I corresponded with Dreiser from that time until his death.

On shaking hands with Dreiser in his hotel room, I saw that since 1936 he had become an old man. His face was thinner and quite wrinkled. His neck was wrinkled. He wore gray trousers and a white shirt, and stood a great deal of the time while we talked. He was talkative; in fact, outgoing. We chatted for about two hours or more.

Mentioning New York, he said that it wasn't the same as it had been. He said that he no longer liked it. He preferred California and Hollywood to New York, but only in a comparative sense. There was no satisfactory place in which to live in America. And he asked me what was happening among younger writers. What were they producing? Did I know of any good and promising new books being published? At the time I was so busy with other work that I didn't have the chance to read many new books. Those which I had read or looked at were quite mediocre. I mentioned this, and added that many young writers seemed to be seeking security in ways which I regarded as escapist. Dreiser spoke of one book he had read, *The Lost Weekend*. He was, as he talked of it, both spirited and even a little cantankerous, but gently and warmly so. At the same time, he was puzzled and bewildered. His comments ran something as follows:

"Farrell, why do people write books like that? Why do they write about drinking? What kind of subject is that? That's not new. There's nothing new in that for me. For years I've been burying relatives who drank themselves to death."

And then he reeled off some names. This one, gone to a drunkard's grave. That one, the same.

He shook his head and spoke with insistence and puzzle-

ment. All of his life he had seen this, drinking, and alcoholics, and people going to drunkards' graves. In the light of all the drunks he had known and even buried, he couldn't understand why in the name of God a young man wanted to write a book about a drunk.

"Farrell, that's not something to write about. I know all about drinking and drunks."

I took this as a personal, not a literary, comment.

Mostly, our talk was of writing, of literature, and of the literary scene. He kept plying me with questions. Now and then he would make a remark about the past, and of how New York was different and was no longer of interest to him. In the course of our conversation, I asked him if he would finish the Cowperwood trilogy. He said yes, and told me that he was working on it. I remarked that I would very much like to read it.

At moments, he would grow preoccupied. He was attending to various business affairs, apparently relating to the sale of his house in Mount Kisco. I was living in Pleasantville for the summer and invited him out to see us. He said he would like very much to come, but did not know whether or not he could because of his business affairs. His trip East had been a business trip.

It seemed to me that on this trip Dreiser was closing out the accounts of an entire past. And as we talked and I watched him and listened, I became more impressed with the fact that he had aged. Now and then he would cough rather dryly, and he took several drinks of water. Remembering his photographs, and recalling him in the Philadelphia hotel room almost eight years previously, I became even more sadly struck with how he had aged. I had admired his books ever since I had first read them, though, despite the statements of many critics, I had never regarded myself as his disciple. His example, his strength and persistence in the face of opposition, the sympathy and depth of feeling in his writings—all this had encouraged me. When I was a young man, the realization that Dreiser had persisted in fighting the good fight for literary integrity, and the

knowledge that he was alive and that he had won his battle had served as a source of inspiration. At the same time I had never, except in moody moments and perhaps for a short period, agreed with his general ideas. However, Dreiser and his example had been a powerful influence in my life. For a young writer, the accomplishments of an older writer often shine as great deeds. There is magic in his name. Time was when there was magic in the name Theodore Dreiser. Some sense of that old magic remains with me today. Names have such an effect on us in our boyhood, and in our youth. I recall how, in my boyhood, the names of some baseball players exerted this same magical effect: Eddie Collins, Joe Jackson, Ty Cobb. The name Theodore Dreiser was the first literary name to penetrate my consciousness in this way.

I felt deeply sad, almost hurt, sitting in that room in the Hotel Commodore on that day in June, 1944, and talking with him, realizing that here was Theodore Dreiser, and that he had become an old man.

There had been a period late in the 1930's when I had come to think that Dreiser would write no more novels, and that the Cowperwood trilogy would never be completed. But before I went to see him for this second and last time I had started to reread some of his writings. I became convinced that he would write more. Now and then, if the question of Dreiser came up in conversation, I would remark that Dreiser was far from written out. Talking to him, I also thought of this, and told myself that he had not written his last.

I first heard the name Dreiser late in 1924. I was then a clerk, working in an express office in Chicago, and had begun to attend De Paul University in the evening. I was struggling to gain self-confidence and to equip myself for the future. Dreiser's essay, *Hey-Rub-a-Dub-Dub* was in the book of selections assigned in my English course. There was an instantaneous feeling of recognition on my part. I considered this essay gloomy, and yet it seemed to register a sadness that was in the order of life. While I was naive and almost wholly unread, I had, in my twenty years, had much experience with human

beings. My education in human nature had been absorbed as part of the process of growing up. I had come in contact with enough tragedy to know that life was both sad and serious as well as rich in its possibilities. Around this same time, I had read the last chapter of Walter Pater's *The Renaissance*. It begins:

"To regard all things and principles of things as inconstant modes or fashions has more and more become the tendency of modern thought. Let us begin with that which is without—our physical life. Fix upon it in one of its more exquisite intervals, the moment, for instance, of delicious recoil from the flood of water in summer heat. What is the whole physical life in that moment but a combination of natural elements to which science gives their names? But these elements, phosphorus and lime and delicate fibres, are present not in the human body alone: we detect them in places most remote from it. Our physical life is a perpetual motion of them—the passage of the blood, the waste and repairing of the lenses of the eye, the modification of the tissues of the brain under every ray of light and sound—processes which science reduces to simpler and more elementary forces. Like the elements of which we are composed, the action of these forces extends beyond us: it rusts iron and ripens corn. Far out on every side of us those elements are broadcast, driven in many currents; and birth and gesture and death and the springing of violets from the grave are but a few out of ten thousand resultant combinations. That clear, perpetual outline of face and limb is but an image of ours, under which we group them—a design in a web, the actual threads of which pass out beyond it. This at least of flame-like our life has, that it is but the concurrence, renewed from moment to moment, of forces parting sooner or later on their ways."

And referring to our impressions of the world, Pater wrote that every one of these "is the impression of an individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world." For "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. A counted number of pulses only is

given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses?" I responded to this with my whole being. And then these famous sentences of Pater's: "To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life." And then the concluding sentence of this chapter: "For art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake." These words stimulated in me feelings both of sadness and ambition—ambition to live, to feel, and to experience.

To associate this essay of Pater with Dreiser's *Hey-Rub-a-Dub-Dub* may seem farfetched. But the association exists in my memory. The impression which Dreiser's essay left on me was one of tragedy and truth. I was only twenty. What was success? What did it all mean? I wanted many things. I wanted to burn with a "hard, gemlike flame." And here was this man named Theodore Dreiser, looking out at life, and life was so confusing. Chicago was as confusing. Sitting in the classroom on Randolph Street, with the night dark through the windows; tired, hearing the noise of nervous motor horns on Michigan Boulevard, recalling a nerve-racking day of work in the express office, knowing that lads and their girls were passing on Randolph Street below to see shows, to dance, to enjoy themselves and kiss and pet on dates, I felt as though I were like the man who had written *Hey-Rub-a-Dub-Dub*. And at forty, I might be as he was. I might look out on the world as he did, poor and wondering. "History teaches me little," Dreiser wrote in one part of this essay, "save that nothing is really dependable or assured, but all inexplicable and all shot through with a great desire on the part of many to do or say something by which they may escape the unutterable confusion of time and the feebleness of earthly memory." And, a few lines below, Dreiser also wrote:

I look out at the river flowing by now, after hundreds of millions of years of loneliness where there was nothing but silence and waste (past so much now that is vivid, colorful, human) and say

to myself: Well, where there is much order and love of order in every one and everywhere, there must be some elemental spirit holding for order of sorts, at any rate. Stars do not swing in orbits for nothing, surely, or at least I might have faith to that extent. But when I step out and encounter, as I daily do, lust and greed, plotting and trapping, and envy and all uncharitableness, including murder—all severely condemned by the social code, the Bible, and a thousand wise saws and laws—and also see, as I daily do, vast schemes of chicane grinding the faces of the poor, and wars brutally involving the death of millions, whose lives are precious to them, because of the love of power on the part of some one or many, I am not so sure. Illusions hold too many; lust and greed, vast and bleary-eyed, dominate too many more. Ignorance, vast and almost unconquerable, hugs and licks its chains in reverence. Brute strength sits empurpled and laughs a throaty laugh.

This essay moved me very much. Now as I look back upon my first reading of it, I believe that, more than anything else, I hungered to feel that I might "escape the confusion of time and the feebleness of earthly memory."

Many experiences, impressions, aspirations prepared me to be receptive to Dreiser's work. In 1927, I procured a Modern Library edition of *Free and Other Stories*, with an Introduction by Sherwood Anderson. Anderson's tribute to Dreiser further led me to Dreiser. And when I read these stories, especially "Free," it was as though I was being clearly told what I had in some vague way come to know. In New York that same year, I read a number of Dreiser's books, including all novels that had been published up to that time. I was employed as an advertising salesman, selling ads in R. R. Donnelly's Classified Telephone Directory, *The Red Book*. Prizes were to go to the salesmen with the highest sales percentages achieved by the end of a sales campaign. I was in line to receive one of these prizes, a sum that would amount to at least one hundred and fifty dollars. My salary was thirty-five dollars a week: this prize money was considerable in proportion to what I was earning. But during the final weeks of the campaign I became so absorbed in reading Dreiser's books that I went to the Reading

Room of the New York Public Library daily, or else remained in my own room to read these works. I did not get my prize, but I did go through a considerable portion of Dreiser's collected work. The impression these made on me has been deep and lasting. However, I did not borrow Dreiser's attitude, acquire some so-called method of writing, or accept a deterministic view of men that regards them as rats in traps or cages. More than anything else, I felt wonder and awe: I was strengthened in my feeling that human emotions, feelings, desires, aspirations are valuable and precious. I gained more respect for life, more sympathy for people, more of a sense of human thoughts and feelings in this, our common life. I recall one illustration of this. During this same period, I read much of Nietzsche. I remember how, whenever I was too strongly inclined to think and act in terms of Nietzschean arrogance, I would recall the Dreiserian world. The impression Dreiser left was too strong for me to fall unchecked into an acceptance of the Nietzschean idea of the superman.

Sitting then and talking with Dreiser, there was in my mind a recurrent feeling of sadness suggestive of the mood expressed in *Hey-Rub-a-Dub-Dub*. When he spoke of his work, he was really speaking of the final books he would write.

A few further impressions here might complete my personal account of him. When he talked, he was simple, direct, and unpretentious. He showed self-assurance. I believe that if there was anything I might say which would be of use to him, he would take it and use it in his own way. He remained a man with curiosity. And he had various comments to make. He spoke of Edgar Lee Masters, and of rumors which had been current to the effect that Masters was poor. He grew cranky, almost angry. He said that we needed action by the government, the creation of a cabinet position and a man in the cabinet to deal with art and literature. He decried the fact that no governmental measures had been taken to provide for indigent artists in their old age. This was on his mind more than immediate world problems. Of the latter, he said nothing.

As we talked, I became hungry. It had been my understand-

ing that we would lunch together. But Dreiser said nothing about our going out to eat. Finally I was too hungry to go on, and suggested we go out and have a bite. He remarked that he never ate lunch and had to remain in his room because of business appointments. Then I shook hands with him and left.

## II

Dreiser's letters to me, written between 1943 and the time of his death, were usually short. Yet in them there was feeling, warmth, and friendliness. They include references to his work which, I think, may give some sense of Dreiser the writer, during his last years.

On July 4, 1944, after he had returned from his last visit to New York, he wrote me a letter in longhand, acknowledging an article of mine dealing with the work of Ring Lardner, which I had sent him. His last paragraph read:

"That was to me an entertaining conversation I had with you in New York. Only the extreme pressure of practical and necessitous matters kept me from calling on you at Pleasantville. But there'll be another time and another conversation."

Earlier, on November 5, 1943, I had received a letter from him in which he commented on remarks I had made in a letter in which I had mentioned some literary Philistines. He wrote:

". . . most certainly I agree on what you say concerning Philistinism. But it makes up so large a portion of the known world. And when it turns to literature, painting, music or what not—then the practitioners in these fields who manage to attract any attention at all, the fat is in the fire. For what the Philistine desires, of course, is to build himself a petty fame at the expense of the artist whoever he may be. In sum, very early in my work, I found that there was nothing to do about him, or them.

"They raved and raved. Some, to be sure, died off in the course of time—and that was that. Others were discharged from their jobs only to be replaced by new if not worse authorities fresh from high school or the sticks or both. And often, in my own case, I

subject matter, treatment or interpretation, it will be of benefit, not harm to me, because I will find out what particular things might be advantageously remedied. So if you can speed up the examination of the book, I will certainly take it as a great favor."

I was quite impressed with *The Bulwark*. In my judgment it was on a level with Dreiser's other novels, all of which I admired. I wrote him a long and detailed analysis of the novel. Concerning this service to Dreiser, I regarded performing it both as an honor and as a duty. Apparently, the criticism of his friend had confused his own attitudes and judgment. He wanted to test his book, and to see whether another opinion would conform or not with the objections of his friend. Reading the novel, I guessed one of the reasons for her objection. In the analysis which I sent Dreiser, I observed that since Hemingway had come on the scene, many writers used dialogue differently than it had been used when he was a younger writer. In the works of Hemingway, and of many who have come after him, dialogue is used to carry much of the burden of narrative, and to reveal psychological states which many earlier writers would describe in the third person. I further discussed the difference between Dreiser's use of dialogue and that of Hemingway and of post-Hemingway writers. Dreiser's dialogue was illustrative, and often would follow after generalized description or analysis, revealing a point related to the preceding generalized analysis or description. Further, his dialogue would be used to highlight and to bring out scenes. In use and in texture, Dreiser's dialogue is different from that in many post-Hemingway works. Many contemporary readers are accustomed to the use of dialogue as it has evolved in our fiction during these last twenty-five years. I guessed that here was one of the objections of Dreiser's friend. I called her on the telephone and confirmed my guess. Commenting on these aspects of the novel, I wrote Dreiser to the effect that, in my opinion, his literary habits were set, and that it would be a mistake for him to try and alter the manner in which he wrote dialogue and used it as a device or instrument in the construc-

tion of his stories. In other words, I suggested that he should ignore criticisms or suggestions about his use of dialogue which were based on the desire to read dialogue of a post-Hemingway type. I suggested changes in his dialogue only in detail, and in specific scenes.

I liked those aspects of *The Bulwark* which his old friend objected to the most. These were the passages which reveal Dreiser's own mysticism, and which recount the mystical and religious feelings of his chief protagonist, Solon Barnes. These features of *The Bulwark* came as no surprise to me. I had been aware that Dreiser was not the thoroughgoing determinist and naturalist which many of his critics have described him to be. I did not think that he should change or in any way seriously alter those parts of the novel which had mystical or religious overtones. Dreiser always tried to give his readers a sense of the full or whole nature of his major characters. Solon Barnes is a man with much sweetness. This comes out movingly in Dreiser's accounts of Solon's marital relationship. And Solon's sweetness is bound up with the man's religious and mystical feelings. To have changed or deleted these parts of the book would, in my view, have been to ruin it. I urged him not to do much revision of these parts. Also, Dreiser felt with Solon Barnes. Dreiser, in his last days, was growing more mystical and religious. Regardless of anything he may have said concerning religion or mysticism when he was younger, this was the attitude that he was now developing. This was part of the final statement that Theodore Dreiser would make as he drew near the end of his lifelong and wondering search for some theory of existence. Briefly, he wanted to express through this novel, and through his characterization of Solon Barnes, something of his own feelings, his own views. And I was convinced that he had done this in a characterization which was poignant and tragic. The solace and strength which Solon Barnes gained from heeding his "inner light" was this man's "bulwark." Apparently, in all of this, my interpretation and suggestions were at variance with those of Dreiser's old friend. And I am inclined to think that it was on this point, more than on any

matters of style or detail, or even of construction, that Dreiser wished for an opinion. For the rest, I made a number of concrete suggestions concerning words, phrases, scenes, and some anachronisms, and said that perhaps he should consider these when he revised the book.

On June 27, 1945, he wrote, thanking me for my letter about *The Bulwark* and stating that he considered my observations and deductions helpful.

And on July 5 he wrote: ". . . I am now winding up *The Stoic*, which will be finished in about two months." And then, on October 13, 1945, he wrote:

"About the cutting [of *The Bulwark*] I feel now that Mr. Elder [of Doubleday & Co.] will do a good job of it. He seems to me to be of much the same opinion as you are about it. He has also written that he has been in touch with you and appreciates your point in the matter."

Then on October 24, 1945, there is this paragraph in one of his letters:

"As for myself, I have just finished the long missing third volume of the Trilogy, concerning which you inquire. Believe it or not, it is actually finished, and in due course will fall into your kindly hands . . . so that as to its merits, as well as its defects, I will hear the truth. And good or bad, that is always welcome to me."

On December 9, 1945, I was to discuss *The Genius* on the radio program, "Invitation to Learning," along with Bernard De Voto and Max Lerner. Dreiser wrote a note on November 27, 1945, saying that he would be listening to this program, and added a little paragraph concerning his opinion of the program as a whole. I quote: ". . . At times it is quite interesting. Then, again, as you say, it is most stuffy."

The program dealing with *The Genius* seemed to go very well. Max Lerner, as chairman of it, was excellent. When I spoke, I made some effort to relate Dreiser, and his hero, Eugene Witla, to the background of the 1890's. It was with

pleasure that all three of us spoke, knowing that Dreiser would be listening. We all admired his work, and we were proud to know that we could publicly express this admiration while he was still living and able to hear our discussion. At the same time, we were not doing this with any desire to flatter. I personally was deeply gratified that I could appear. While I did not consider myself a disciple, I did know that I, as well as many other American writers, owed him a spiritual debt. To be able to repay that debt in a public sense could not but move me. I am happy to know that Dreiser was pleased. The next day, in a telegram to me, he said in part:

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR PART IN INVITATION TO LEARNING PROGRAM WHEN YOU SO KINDLY AND GENEROUSLY WIELDED YOUR CRITICAL CUDGELS IN MY BEHALF . . . YOUR KINDLY CONSIDERATION OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH SURROUNDED ANY WOULD BE WRITER OF THE NINETIES OF WHICH I HAPPEN TO BE ONE SO IN VIEW OF THE LACK OF ORIGINAL CHRISTMAS GREETINGS HERE'S HOW I FEEL THAT YOU ARE HONEST AND YOUR DEDUCTIONS SOUND REGARDLESS OF WHOM YOUR DEDUCTIONS CONCERN IS THERE ANY CHANCE OF GETTING A COPY OF THE SCRIPT OR RECORDS OF PROGRAM

THEODORE DREISER

On December 3, 1945, he had written me:

"I am sending by Express a copy of *The Stoic*. It is actually finished, and since I am interested to get your opinion as to its worth or lack of worth, I am sending you the first copy.

"In a way you wished this on yourself, as you expressed the desire several times to read it as soon as possible. However, there is no rush on it. Read it at your own convenience, and I will be deeply grateful. I realize that you have pressing work of your own, and that naturally comes first.

"Anyhow, read it when you can, and write me about it later."

On December 14, 1945, in another letter, there were Christmas greetings.

I began reading *The Stoic* as soon as it arrived on December

10, and I read thirty-three chapters the first night. The next morning, I sent off a hasty letter to Dreiser, saying in part:

" . . . It reads excitingly, seems to me to be a solidly built story, and to have pace and progression. . . . Normally, I have found that I read your books more slowly than other novels. Here I note that I read [*The Stoic*] much more rapidly than your other works. . . ."

On December 19, 1945, I wrote Dreiser a long letter, describing my impressions of *The Stoic*. I began with a few suggestions of an editorial character, proposed changes concerning small details, and I stated that I would make more of these to Mr. Elder. I declared that the book was, to me, very impressive until the end. Concerning the end, I made two suggestions. I proposed that at the end, when Berenice, Cowperwood's mistress, has succeeded in having a hospital built to the man's memory, the emotional impact should be deepened. I proposed that this be rewritten, suggesting that it be done in the mood of the ending of *Sister Carrie*, where Carrie sits in her hotel room, a successful actress, rocking and wondering, wondering what life is about. Also, Dreiser had appended a postscript on good and evil. I remarked that I thought this should be either rewritten or else not used. I said that I disagreed with the moral position he took but declared, more to the point, that, coming at the end of a trilogy, it should be written and thought out more carefully. The postscript, let me add, was not necessary to the rest of the novel. It was a personal statement of Dreiser.

### III

Early in the morning of December 29, 1945, I was awakened by a loud ring of the doorbell. When one is awakened at such an hour, one expects bad news. A telegram came. It read in part:

TEDDY WAS TAKEN ILL 3AM AND RALLIED FOR AWHILE BUT PASSED AWAY 650 PM TODAY . . .

HELEN DREISER

I was writing a memorial article on Dreiser for *The Saturday Review of Literature*. A letter from Dreiser arrived in the mail. I read it, with my manuscript before me. Dated December 24, 1945, it read:

Dear Farrell:

I don't know how to thank you enough for your criticism of *The Stoic*. I know that you are very right about most of the editorial exceptions. I also think you are dead right about the last chapter in regard to Berenice. As I wrote Elder, I simply stopped writing at the end because I was tired, after writing the two volumes. Your suggestions are sound and logical, and I will re-write the last chapters.

As to the essay on Good and Evil, well, that is something that can be discussed at length, and there is plenty of time for that. . . .

I understand that in the last few days of his life, Dreiser had gone back to the revision of the ending of *The Stoic*. There was not time enough for the completion of this revised chapter.

There is one impression which I have most strongly now, after having gone through these letters. I think of the man who wrote them, spending the last of his strength in these novels, *The Bulwark* and *The Stoic*. Phrases and sentences take on a poignant meaning for me. "Writing, as is, is hard enough . . . it is not the third volume of the Trilogy. However, I do have the third volume well under way, really about three-fourths of it. . . . I hope to have it done next Fall or Winter. . . . As for myself, I have just finished the long missing third volume of the Trilogy. . . . Believe it or not, it is actually finished. . . . *The Stoic*. It is actually finished. . . . I simply stopped writing at the end because I was tired . . . Good and Evil, well, that is something that can be discussed at length and there is plenty of time for that . . ."

One can visualize him, pondering on good and evil to the end—as he had at forty, when he sat, looking across the Hudson River from New Jersey, pondering and writing *Hey-Rub-a-Dub-Dub*.