

Chapter 1 : Lassie Web: Episode Guide, Season 11

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There is one voyage, the first, the last, the only one. Forget the recent movement to abuse his writing as indulgent and overblown. Forget the neo-literary community, perched on a corpse they declare bloated, all the while picking and tearing with sour beaks. Attacking our heroes is the newest fad, and a distasteful one. Scott Berg, with his [Editor of Genius], saw these men through the eyes of Max Perkins, the man who discovered them and midwived their work. As the title suggests, Perkins saw them all as geniuses, particularly Wolfe. As Perkins read, he was enchanted by the poetic and epic book. In the end, the book was an epic coming of age Southern tale. While the story still sags occasionally, the pay off in the last chapter is worth the effort. Eugene is ushered through his transformed hometown by the ghost of his deceased brother, assured that his journey is the only journey in life. It is easily one of the most perfect passages ever written. But Wolfe is revealed, too. And Wolfe had found a supportive and loving father. Nothing is ever good enough for W. Not only the pugilistic bombast and the petulant child that have been substituted for their names over the years. But the secret creative zeal they both harbored, and the fragile egos that refuted the desperate need to create. Hemingway and Fitzgerald reacted in two very different ways during these battles. His treatment was to write about the illness, penning an article about all his daily aches and pains. Hemingway, on the other hand, was constantly on the defensive, raging against the world. And the biography is a rich source for other authors to seek out: Perkins believed Wolfe was lost to the world much too early “ and reading these two books is a testament to that obvious truth. The epitome of literary classics.

Chapter 2 : Look Homeward, Angel by Thomas Wolfe | LibraryThing

Mike Gibson, Jim Wells, Bobby Lange, Louie Lange, George Owen, Dusty Miller, Ernie Donnell, Leon Middleton & Dick (Butch) racedaydvl.com original Monarchs perform their hit "Look Homeward Angel".

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: Though I had no way of knowing it then, I had recently entered into the geography and home territory of what would become my literary terrain. For three months I had been native to the county of Beaufort in the state of South Carolina. It was the year I believe I came alive to myself as a human being, the year I felt the fretful, uneasy awakening of something rising within me that I could distinguish as belonging to me and me alone. It marked the first time I could look into the mirror, where I thought I alone was standing, and see that something was in there staring back at me. Gene Norris gave me a copy of *Look Homeward, Angel* as a Christmas present that December and his generous gift was a permanent and life-changing one indeed. It starts off with the single greatest, knock-your-socks-off first page I have ever come across in my careful reading of world literature, and I consider myself a small-time aficionado of wonderful first and last pages. The book itself took full possession of me in a way no book has before or since. It was the first time I realized that breathing and the written word were intimately connected to each other, as I stepped into the bracing streams of Thomas Wolfe and could already hear the waterfalls forming in the cliffs that lay invisible beyond me. I kept catching myself holding my breath as I read *Look Homeward, Angel*. I had not recognized that the beauty of our language, shaped in sentences as pretty as blue herons, could bring me to my knees with pleasure. I did not know that words could pour through me like honey through a burst hive or that gardens Thomas Wolfe, ca. During the Christmas break of , I was under the illusion that Thomas Wolfe had written his book solely because he knew that I would one day read it, that a boy in South Carolina would enter his house of art with his arms wide open, ready and waiting for everything that Thomas Wolfe could throw at him. The rhythms of his prose style, oceanic and brimming with strange life, infected the way I wrote and thought with an immovable virus I have never been able to shake. It is a well-known fact that I will carefully select four silvery, difficult-to-digest adjectives when one lean, Anglo-Saxon adjective will suffice just as well. Once I entered into the country of Thomas Wolfe without visa or passport, I signed up at the immigration office for my right to become a card-carrying citizen of his tormented and mountainous realm. I never went back to the boy I was before *Look Homeward, Angel* occupied my sixteen-year-old heart. Nor do I know who the boy was or how he sounded or how he managed to survive the world he was born into before the voice of Eugene Gant sounded the anthems of liberal southern cultures, Fall Pat Conroy tion that would set him free. Most flaws I have as a man and a writer I can trace directly to the early influence You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

Chapter 3 : Look Homeward, Mr. Christenberry | Department of Art and Art History

Look Homeward, Angel Quotes (showing of 42) is touched by that dark miracle of chance which makes new magic in a dusty world.

If any reader, therefore, should say that the book is "autobiographical" the writer has no answer for him: This note, however, is addressed principally to those persons whom the writer may have known in the period covered by these pages. To these persons, he would say what he believes they understand already: But we are the sum of all the moments of our lives—“all that is ours is in them: If the writer has used the clay of life to make his book, he has only used what all men must, what none can keep from using. Fiction is not fact, but fiction is fact selected and understood, fiction is fact arranged and charged with purpose. Johnson remarked that a man would turn over half a library to make a single book: This is not the whole method but the writer believes it illustrates the whole method in a book that is written from a middle distance and is without rancour or bitter intention. And of all the forgotten faces. Naked and alone we came into exile. Which of us has known his brother? Which of us has not remained forever prison-pent? Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone? O waste of loss, in the hot mazes, lost, among bright stars on this most weary unbright cinder, lost! Remembering speechlessly we seek the great forgotten language, the lost lane-end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, an unfound door. O lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again. Each of us is all the sums he has not counted: The seed of our destruction will blossom in the desert, the alexin of our cure grows by a mountain rock, and our lives are haunted by a Georgia slattern, because a London cut-purse went unhung. Each moment is the fruit of forty thousand years. The minute-winning days, like flies, buzz home to death, and every moment is a window on all time. This is a moment: An Englishman named Gilbert Gaunt, which he later changed to Gant a concession probably to Yankee phonetics, having come to Baltimore from Bristol in on a sailing vessel, soon let the profits of a public house which he had purchased roll down his improvident gullet. But he always escaped, and coming at length among the Dutch at harvest time he was so touched by the plenty of their land that he cast out his anchors there. Within a year he married a rugged young widow with a tidy farm who like all the other Dutch had been charmed by his air of travel, and his grandiose speech, particularly when he did Hamlet in the manner of the great Edmund Kean. Every one said he should have been an actor. The years passed, his bright somewhat staring eyes grew dull and bagged, the tall Englishman walked with a gouty shuffle: He left five children, a mortgage and—“in his strange dark eyes which now stared bright and open—“something that had not died: So, with this legacy, we leave this Englishman and are concerned hereafter with the heir to whom he bequeathed it, his second son, a boy named Oliver. As the boy looked at the big angel with the carved stipe of lilystalk, a cold and nameless excitement possessed him. The long fingers of his big hands closed. He felt that he wanted, more than anything in the world, to carve delicately with a chisel. He wanted to wreak something dark and unspeakable in him into cold stone. Oliver entered the shop and asked a big bearded man with a wooden mallet for a job. He worked in that dusty yard five years. He became a stone cutter. When his apprenticeship was over he had become a man. He never found it. The dove, the lamb, the smooth joined marble hands of death, and letters fair and fine—“but not the angel. And of all the years of waste and loss—“the riotous years in Baltimore, of work and savage drunkenness, and the theatre of Booth and Salvini, which had a disastrous effect upon the stone cutter, who memorized each accent of the noble rant, and strode muttering through the streets, with rapid gestures of the enormous talking hands—“these are blind steps and gropings of our exile, the painting of our hunger as, remembering speechlessly, we seek the great forgotten language, the lost lane-end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, a door. He never found it, and he reeled down across the continent into the Reconstruction South—“a strange wild form of six feet four with cold uneasy eyes, a great blade of nose, and a rolling tide of rhetoric, a preposterous and comic invective, as formalized as classical epithet, which he used seriously, but with a faint uneasy grin around the corners of his thin wailing mouth. He set up business in Sydney, the little capital city of one of the middle Southern states, lived soberly and industriously under the attentive eye of a folk still raw with defeat and hostility, and finally, his good name founded and admission won, he married a gaunt tubercular spinstress,

ten years his elder, but with a nest egg and an unshakable will to matrimony. Within eighteen months he was a howling maniac again, his little business went smash while his foot stayed on the polished rail, and Cynthia, his wife—whose life, the natives said, he had not helped to prolong—died suddenly one night after a hemorrhage. He was only past thirty, but he looked much older. His face was yellow and sunken; the waxen blade of his nose looked like a beak. He had long brown mustaches that hung straight down mournfully. His tremendous bouts of drinking had wrecked his health. He was thin as a rail and had a cough. He thought of Cynthia now, in the lonely and hostile town, and he became afraid. He thought he had tuberculosis and that he was going to die. So, alone and lost again, having found neither order nor establishment in the world, and with the earth cut away from his feet, Oliver resumed his aimless drift along the continent. He turned westward toward the great fortress of the hills, knowing that behind them his evil fame would not be known, and hoping that he might find in them isolation, a new life, and recovered health. The eyes of the gaunt spectre darkened again, as they had in his youth. All day, under a wet gray sky of October, Oliver rode westward across the mighty state. As he stared mournfully out the window at the great raw land so sparsely tilled by the futile and occasional little farms, which seemed to have made only little grubbing patches in the wilderness, his heart went cold and leaden in him. He thought of the great barns of Pennsylvania, the ripe bending of golden grain, the plenty, the order, the clean thrift of the people. And he thought of how he had set out to get order and position for himself, and of the rioting confusion of his life, the blot and blur of years, and the red waste of his youth. The grisly parade of the spectre years trooped through his brain. Suddenly, he saw that his life had been channelled by a series of accidents: He had reeled out of warmth and plenty into this barren land: How came he here from the clean Dutch thrift of his youth into this vast lost earth of rickets? The train rattled on over the reeking earth. A brakeman came draftily into the dirty plush coach and emptied a scuttle of coal into the big stove at the end. High empty laughter shook a group of yokels sprawled on two turned seats. The bell tolled mournfully above the clacking wheels. There was a droning interminable wait at a junction-town near the foot-hills. Then the train moved on again across the vast rolling earth. The huge bulk of the hills was foggily emergent. Small smoky lights went up in the hillside shacks. The train crawled dizzily across high trestles spanning ghostly hawsers of water. Far up, far down, plumed with wisps of smoke, toy cabins stuck to bank and gulch and hillside. The train toiled sinuously up among gouged red cuts with slow labor. As darkness came, Oliver descended at the little town of Old Stockade where the rails ended. The last great wall of the hills lay stark above him. As he left the dreary little station and stared into the greasy lamplight of a country store, Oliver felt that he was crawling, like a great beast, into the circle of those enormous hills to die. The next morning he resumed his journey by coach. His destination was the little town of Altamont, twenty-four miles away beyond the rim of the great outer wall of the hills. It was a gray-golden day in late October, bright and windy. There was a sharp bite and sparkle in the mountain air: The trees rose gaunt and stark: The sky was full of windy white rags of cloud; a thick blade of mist washed slowly around the rampart of a mountain. Below him a mountain stream foamed down its rocky bed, and he could see little dots of men laying the track that would coil across the hill toward Altamont. Then the sweating team lipped the gulch of the mountain, and, among soaring and lordly ranges that melted away in purple mist, they began the slow descent toward the high plateau on which the town of Altamont was built. In the haunting eternity of these mountains, rimmed in their enormous cup, he found sprawled out on its hundred hills and hollows a town of four thousand people. There were new lands. This town of Altamont had been settled soon after the Revolutionary War. It had been a convenient stopping-off place for cattledrovers and farmers in their swing eastward from Tennessee into South Carolina. And, for several decades before the Civil War, it had enjoyed the summer patronage of fashionable people from Charleston and the plantations of the hot South. When Oliver first came to it it had begun to get some reputation not only as a summer resort, but as a sanitarium for tuberculars. Several rich men from the North had established hunting lodges in the hills, and one of them had bought huge areas of mountain land and, with an army of imported architects, carpenters and masons, was planning the greatest country estate in America—something in limestone, with pitched slate roofs, and one hundred and eighty-three rooms. It was modelled on the chateau at Blois. There was also a vast new hotel, a sumptuous wooden barn, rambling comfortably upon the summit of a commanding hill. But most of the population was still native, recruited

from the hill and country people in the surrounding districts. They were Scotch-Irish mountaineers, rugged, provincial, intelligent, and industrious. But he had little to do at first save to think of the prospect of his death. During the bitter and lonely winter, while he thought he was dying, the gaunt scarecrow Yankee that flapped muttering through the streets became an object of familiar gossip to the townspeople. All the people at his boarding-house knew that at night he walked his room with great caged strides, and that a long low moan that seemed wrung from his bowels quivered incessantly on his thin lips. But he spoke to no one about it. And then the marvellous hill Spring came, green-golden, with brief spurting winds, the magic and fragrance of the blossoms, warm gusts of balsam. The great wound in Oliver began to heal.

Chapter 4 : Look Homeward, Angel: Quotes

Look Homeward Angel, by Thomas Wolfe 1 A destiny that leads the English to the Dutch is strange enough; but one that leads from Epsom into Pennsylvania, and thence into the hills that shut in Altamont over the proud coral cry of the cock, and the soft stone smile of an angel, is touched by that dark miracle of chance which makes new magic in a

Timmy learns the bad news. Lassie at their "secret special place. Even Corey can sense the mood. About to leave with her new master. Game Warden Jack Conway: This episode opens with what would be an archtypical scene in the ranger years, Lassie looking at and later wandering through scenes of forest animal life. Despite "all those forests to explore" that Corey talked about in the previous episode, and the theme of this episode being that in the future we will be seeing magnificent scenery and beautiful wildlife, they filmed the majority of this one at Vasquez Rocks! Thirteen-year-old Ricky Sutton foregoes childhood amusements, even baseball, to help his father complete an important logging operation which they hope will bring back business to the failing community of Denton, but is hurt and angry when co-workers tease him. It was nice to hear his real voice, without the cornball hillbilly accent Billy Joe was given. Bill Williams was a cowboy star for years and made quite a few Lassie episodes in rugged roles. His other famous "role" was as husband to Perry Mason star Barbara Hale. The dog playing Lassie after she is tossed over the cliff is a different collie from "Baby", with a broad white stripe over the upper part of its mouth, at least on the right side. New assistant district ranger Hank Whitfield has his baptism of fire after cantankerous Maude Lester threatens harm to the beavers who have dammed up the source of the stream that provides her ranch with water. The trick, Lassie discovers, is getting secretly softhearted Maude to like the beavers while persuading the beavers to dam a different stream. The episode title appears to be an even more appropriate pun on the series name Leave It to Beaver when you consider how many Beaver cast members appeared on Lassie: While Corey acts as advisor on a beach recreation area project, Lassie befriends a little girl who has no one to play with. Sylvia Field had a lot of experience in the "grandmotherly" field after spending three years as the kind wife of beleaguered Mr. Wilson on Dennis the Menace. Certainly not the typical little s girl who plays only with dolls and worries about keeping clean! Notice right after Jim refuses the pamphlet and walks off between the tents and Lassie follows him. Next to the wall of the tent on his left is the bench that was always in front of the Martin barn! Lassie befriends the injured animal and later tracks him down when men go out hunting the dogs, just as the pack is closing in on her new friend. Lassie fights off the leader of the dog pack to save her new friend while Corey and Barney search desperately for her, fearing the sheepmen hunting the wild dogs will kill her. She then leads the injured dog away from the sheepmen in a dangerous game of hide-and-seek. Opening narration by Bonita Granville Wrather. The boy further loses hope after the seedling trees are burned by lightning-ignited fire. The collie with the wide blaze see "Mountain Mystery" and others appears, but the dog who resembles, or is, "Spook" chiefly plays Lassie in this episode. Several reused scenes from older episodes appear, including Lassie racing across hayfields, and Corey sighting the smoke "The Black Woods"; even a clip from a Jeff episode. The story was made in cooperation with the Crippled Children Society of L. Mike walks with the aid of braces, Ann walks with braces and one crutch, Karen appears to be paraplegic and must use a wheelchair, and Jimmy uses braces and crutches. Swenson later played series regular Karl Burkholm. Facing the ire of the mayor and other local businessmen of the area, he searches for the source of the problem, which he rejects as being caused by insects and is sure is in the water supply. The dog playing Lassie for the majority of this episode is not "Baby. At other angles, the dog occasionally looks just like "Spook. Corey is based at the Black Rock ranger station in this episode. The collie with the wide blaze see "Mountain Mystery" plays Lassie in this episode, although there are closeups of "Baby. When Christmas trees being given away by the Pine Valley Community Church for families who would otherwise not have them are stolen, Lassie finds them, including the special tree picked out by young Billy for a secret project, in a tree lot run by two wayward brothers. Corey helps out yearly at the Pine Valley Community Church. Teddy Eccles, later billed as "Ted," was a popular juvenile actor of the late s and early s. Richard Correll appeared in the Timmy episode "The Greyhound. Lassie saves from death an unpredictable stallion who has injured one person and almost

hurt another, but in the process inadvertently frees the animal and sends its owner and Corey hunting him in the hills with a tranquilizer gun. Unfortunately others are gunning for the horse with real firearms. Undaunted, Lassie sets out on a rescue mission of her own. Lassie is excited when they arrive, and Corey says she is eager to see "old friends," so it appears they have been there before. The collie with the wide blaze see "Mountain Mystery" is in evidence in this episode as well, especially in the action scenes. The stallion here is the same one that played "Square Deal" in "Horse Thief. When a angry storm breaks out, both he and Lassie race to the cave to save them and are trapped by a fallen power line. This story takes place somewhere near two towns called Summit Bluffs and Morris Cove. The collie with the wide blaze see "Mountain Mystery" chiefly plays Lassie in this episode although there are shots of Baby, and also of Spook who rescues the kittens. Scenes from "The Phone Hog" where a storm knocks wires down on a truck and breaks the phone lines are reused here. Ronnie Dapo was also a guest in the Timmy episode "Swimmers. Corey must be the saner head when Hank wants to opt for the quickest way. We must have missed the story of Lassie finding a fawn. The cuts during Lassie attacking the fox are almost too quick for you to notice, but what Lassie is fighting in that scene is a bobcat, not a fox. His daughter Linda and her collie puppy Tina are downtown when the storm grows fierce and Tina is trapped in rising water that is headed for a flooded drainage canal. Pete Flood Control Officer: The Bannings live near the town of Braddock, in Braddock County. However, "Somers" is the surname Suzanne took upon marriage. She was still Suzanne Mahoney when this episode was made, so the girl who plays Linda is not Suzanne Somers. Thanks to "dlschuch" for this info. Corey detours on the way to a new assignment in Brockton to visit the Gold Creek area, a deserted mineworks where he and his dad used to hunt and fish. When Lassie finds a way out, can Eddie accept the faith that Corey and Lassie show him? While "Baby" gets many close-ups, the collie with the wide blaze "Mountain Mystery" is in evidence in this episode in many of the action sequences. Boone Sawyer, who lives in the midst of a National Forest in harmony with wild animals, is in trouble for frightening hunters away from a deer he raised; having befriended the recluse, Corey tries to help him before he gets arrested. The collie with the wide blaze "Mountain Mystery" plays Lassie in most of this episode. The character of Boone appears in the following season, this time played by John Anderson. When their airplane is struck by lightning near Little River Canyon while surveying storm activity, Corey and Lassie parachute from the damaged craft, but collie and man are separated. While Corey is in the hospital recovering from surgery after a head injury, Lassie, thrown into a stream by the landing, clears the water and picks her way across the desert, trying to find her way home. The initial scene of Lassie in the water is from part one of "The Disappearance. With the help of the burro, she gets away and then attempts to help two runaway boys in a boxcar. The boys are from Crescent Palms and jump from the train at Ravenna. Scotty notes that Lassie has "a funny look in her eyes" like she is looking for or going toward home something Mort Morgan also notes in the next episode. This is probably where the title of the story comes from. Meanwhile, Corey appeals to his superiors to let him search for Lassie. Corey has a friend named Jim Cannon who has a ham radio operation. This episode was shown in black and white; however, you can see color scenes from it in the View Master set "Lassie Look Homeward" with the title reversed to "Lassie, Look Homeward" for the View Master presentation. Lassie and Corey in the airplane just before they must bail out. A last hug for a long time. Lassie barks at the eagle who led her home. Farewell to a friend. After accompanying Corey on snow sampling duties, Lassie sees a migrating goose fall from the sky followed by its mate. As young Doug Austin warns mountain residents of the fire, he is caught in the path of the flames. Check out the "careless motorist": This oft-reused clip shows up in the film Ed Washburne shows to the schoolchildren in "Three Alarm," too. When Corey consults with old Huber Dawes about allowing access to Federal campgrounds and land through his swamp property, his lonely granddaughter Mattie falls in love with Lassie and undertakes a dangerous night journey throught the swamp to lure the collie home with her. But will Lassie want to stay with her? Robertson has a dog named Bluebell. Does Mattie look familiar? Corey is in the area helping out with the building of youth camps, according to Joe. Corey does not appear in this episode. The first two opening scenes from this episode had been used many times in the farm episodes. An escaped baby chimpanzee named Debbie that Lassie rescues from the woods makes a shambles of the ranger station just as Corey and Hank prepare for inspection by a notoriously strict district ranger. There was just something

in the fifties and sixties that made nearly every series feature an episode about a mischievous chimpanzee that wrecks something. Fix previously appeared on Lassie in "The Sulky Race. Corey is surveying government grazing land when he reaches the Heinz property, where Roland Heinz disagrees with him on how many cattle he thinks he should be grazing. Sure enough, young Chuck is trapped while rescuing a stray calf.

Chapter 5 : Look Homeward, Angel Quotes by Thomas Wolfe

near his mother's farm, and saw the dusty Rebels march past on their way to Gettysburg, how his cold eyes darkened when he heard the great name Excerpted from Look Homeward, Angel by Thomas.

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Chapter 6 : The Monarchs - World Tour

Lyrics for Sister Death by Look Homeward. So lay me down before my time, On the hard and dusty air. So I can feel where I come from, And to where I will return.

Archives Look Homeward, Mr. An exhibition of his works at the Sarah Moody Gallery of Art will be on view from November 5 through December 22, This year is the fiftieth anniversary of his receiving the Master of Arts degree in art from the University. In anticipation of his visit to campus, Mr. Christenberry and I recently talked on the phone from his home in Washington, D. He has a very relaxed style of speaking, as if he never left the dusty porches and kudzu jungles of west Alabama. His dry sense of humor and gentle spirit are sometimes difficult to convey in writing, but were ever-present in our conversation. Christenberry said that Jack Granata, Howard Goodson, Melville Price, Lawrence Calcagno, a visiting artist from the west coast, and Frank Engle, from whom he only took one class, influenced him toward the fine arts. A lot of that excitement was coming out of New York, with Abstract Expressionism, which was a vital movement at that time. But, I wanted to use again the subject matter that I was familiar with, that I grew up with, that I cared so deeply about. I used to haunt country graveyardsâ€just to feed my spirit. I was coming to grips with my feelings about the landscape and what was in it, though, so I incorporated objects or places into my paintings, such as graveyards and tenant houses. I would take color photos with the Brownie of anything that caught my eye, send them to the local drugstore to be developed and use the photos as color references for my paintings in the studio. That was, and is still considered â€ this is not just my opinion â€ one of the best collaborations between a visual artist â€ Walker Evans, and a writer â€ Agee. What Agee was doing with the written word is what I wanted to do with paint. Not literally, but in terms of feeling. Price and Calcagno were also very different personalities, which Christenberry recalls helped him develop different sides of his own artistic self. Mel was very brash, opinionated, and outspoken. But I loved them both. He latched on to me and I latched on to him and we had some interesting tussles. He was very significant to me. They tried tracking Kline to his favorite bar in Greenwich Village, the famous Cedar Tavern, where Kline and his artist friends hung out. I nursed one beer. I was shaking in my boots. Artistically it was not the most productive year for him, but in the big city he found influences, made decisions, and met people that would figure significantly in his artistic life to come. The other artist he tracked down in New York was Walker Evans. I probably made a fool of myself. But he was very, very kind and gentle, and when I finished my off-the-wall diatribe, he wanted to know what did I do, why was I in New York? The young artist hesitated to show them because he had made them for himself, for reference purposes only. But Evans insisted on seeing them. He went through them one by one. See photo by Wayne Sides at left. During that trip, they visited the photography class of newly hired photography professor Gay Burke at UA. In attendance was Wayne Sides, who shot this photo, and Janice Hathaway, both now renowned photographers in their own right. Most Southerners are pretty darn good storytellers. I like to think that once in a while I can tell a good story. The University of Alabama Press, , Working from Memory â€ Collected Stories, S. Steidl Publishers, ,

Chapter 7 : Look Homeward, Angel

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Love This first novel by Thomas Wolfe of Asheville, is, according to those who have been already privileged to read it, destined to be the sensation of the fall literary season. This young man, born in Asheville and educated at the State University, has taken the world by storm with the rugged and colorful sincerity with which he presents his characters. It is also predicted that, before many weeks, the book will be asked for in some of the leading European countries. The book has been eagerly awaited by literary circles in New York and it is expected that it will be one of the most discussed novels of the fall. Wolfe three years later in Vienna. There is delight in reading words which have been used by Mr. Wolfe to cram the book with meaning and with living people. But they have shown it as dull and drab. The hero in real life does not speak in impassioned periods always, nor does he always act after prayerful premeditation. He is like Mr. It tries to describe not only the visible outer lives of all these people, but even more their buried lives. It is his vision and his absorbed attention to the rich detail of life which bring the others of the family into being. After all, each man is his own story in real life, and other people exist only as they seem to him. They were an intensely alive family-these Gants. And it was this vigor-translated to the dreamer and visionary of the family-which made the patter of life in all its tragic and meaningful beauty, a thing of wonder. It has in it much that to me is painful and ugly; but, without sentimentality or dishonesty, it seems to me that pain has in inevitable fruition in beauty. And the book has in it sin and terror and darkness-ugly dry lusts, cruelty-the dark, the evil, the forbidden. But I believe it has many other things as well, as I wrote it with strong joy. To these persons, he would say what he believes they understand already: If the writer has used the clay of life to make his book, he has only used what all men must. This is not the whole method in a book that is written from a middle distance and is without rancour or bitter intention. Wolfe, of 48 Spruce Street, Asheville, and of the late W. Wolfe, who died in For 35 years the W. Wife [sic] of Student According to Mrs. When he was less than two years old, his happiest moments were when his father or his mother would read stories to him. After the story had been repeated two or three times he would take the book, and, using the pictures as a guide, would repeat the whole tale, even with pauses for punctuation at the right moment! It was this uncanny precision which made many people think that he was really reading the stories. At the same time he could speak very plainly. When he was little more than five years old, a neighbor lad, who was six, started to school and nothing would do but that Tom should go, too. His mother says that she can still recall how eagerly he ran home to her with his little list of books he needed. In his work he easily kept up with those who were several years his senior. School was his whole life form that time on, and he was ready to enter the University of North Carolina when he was little more than 15 years old. His rapid progress through the grammar grades can be traced, in no little measure, to his mother, who used to take him with her on many trips through various parts of the country. All the other children were so many years older than he, that his mother found he would carry on with her during their travels. The school books always went with them on these trips and Mrs. Wolfe heard lessons each day just as though Tom would go to school the next morning. In this way, he kept up with his classes and even got ahead of them, for Mrs. Wolfe had a way of hearing much longer lessons than did the teachers. He is over six feet five,-this young author whose eagerness and childlike faith in life have taken him so far. He does not like tailors or large social gatherings. So he wears a suit of warmest brown homespun which came from somewhere on the continent and has seen much service, and he sleeps in the morning, coming out to revel in the busy world which works at night when most people are asleep. And the roar and bustle of a newspaper plant will give him pleasure all through a night, while his eager mind feeds on a wealth of color and character. Adams An amazing new novel is just off the press which is of great and unique interest to Asheville. This community in fact, is going to be astounded by it. Some few well known residents may be shocked into chills. Others will probably be severely annoyed. Many others will snicker and laugh. The reason is that the book is written about Asheville and Asheville people in the plainest of plain language. It is the autobiography of an Asheville boy. The story of the first twenty years of his life is bared with a frankness and detail rarely ever

seen in print. The author paints himself and his home circle, as well as neighbors, friends and acquaintances with bold, daring lines, sparing nothing and shielding nothing. The scene of the work is laid in Asheville with only momentary shifts to Chapel Hill and other cities. The major part of the action takes place in Asheville while virtually all the characters are residents of this city. Young Wolfe now 29 years old and a teacher in New York University, covers the first twenty years of his life in this novel. It is the utter frank story of himself, his home, neighbors and people about town. It is quite apparent from the book that the author was not happy. His life here, as he boldly sketches it, was crowded with pain, bitterness and ugliness. However, any resident of Asheville who knew this city and its people during the period to , will not have the slightest trouble in filling in the names of the real persons whom Wolfe made characters in his book. Asheville in this novel goes by the name of Altamont. It has in it much that to me is painful and ugly, but without sentimentality or dishonesty it seems to me that pain has an inevitable fruition in beauty. But I believe it has many other things as well and I wrote it with strong joy, without counting the costs, for I was sure at the time that the whole of my intention-which was to come simply and unsparingly to naked life, and to tell all of my story without affectation-would be apparent. It sometimes seems to me that it presents a picture of American life that I have never seen elsewhere. The portraiture is vivid, the style is incisive, the narrative flows with a freedom that sweeps along the most resisting reader. In the preface, Wolfe raises the question whether the work is really autobiographical and then hastens to beg the questions with clever twists of phrase. The net result is that the reader is left to make his own decision and the verdict of the Asheville readers will be unmistakably decisive. The intrinsic proof is overwhelming that Wolfe is relating the story of his own life and of those other lives which interlaced with his own. This young man who is called Eugene Gant in reality, Thomas Wolfe, the author is of a highly sensitive nature. He suffers much from misunderstanding at home, at school and in his relations with other boys. This misunderstanding which seems to be his unvarying lot gives to his life all the aspects of a tragedy which culminates in the death of his brother. Scandal Dragged Forth Most of the Asheville people who appear in the novel wear their most unpleasant guises. If there attaches to them any scandal which has enjoyed only a subterranean circulation, it is dragged forth into the light. If they have nay weaknesses which more tolerant friends are considerate enough to overlook, these defects are faithfully described. In describing them, the author must often convey the impression to the unknowing that these weaknesses were the distinguishing characteristics of the persons. The novel will be acclaimed to literary critics as a work of real distinction. But the suspicion is strong that Asheville people will read it not because of its literary worth but rather in spite of any artistic merit which it may possess. They will read it because it is the story, told with bitterness and without compassion, of many Asheville people. After leaving Harvard, Wolfe traveled and taught. He adopted the plan of teaching a year and traveling a year. He had traveled extensively in Europe. At New York University he teaches English literature and composition. Young North Carolinians should be proud of Thomas Wolfe, for soon the nation will doubtless hail him as one of our greatest contemporary writers. In fine literary style, which frequently swings into the most appealing sort of writing, the book sets forth the deep seated emotions that disturb the heart and soul of a restless youth and portrays the tragedy, the sorrow, the pathos of just an ordinary family in a small town. Contrary to most similar attempts, Tom Wolfe records these every day happenings with a sympathetic understanding and reveals that humdrum living in such locations is not all sham and Babbittism but is full of strong human emotions. The dark, dry lust, the mean and the ugly are treated as the beautiful, the appealing and the gentle are. The story centers about the Gants of Altamont [sic], a large family, and extends over a period of 20 years. To Tar Heels, Altamont can readily be recognized as Asheville, the birthplace of the author. Carolinians will be particularly interested in the book because of its picturesque Carolina atmosphere and the reader with knowledge of the State will be intrigued in spotting real places and characters in his fiction. University students will easily recognize the sympathetic Greek professor of Freshman Gant. Knowing Tom Wolfe as a student at Chapel Hill and coming in daily intimate contact with him in the same fraternity chapter house, we are constrained to believe that in some elements, Eugene Gant is none other than Wolfe himself. The author will doubtless deny this. Yet the restless, moving, idealistic Gant appears a counterpart of Wolfe, the young student, fresh from the mountains. Chapel Hill and to hundreds of University graduates he is well

known. And because even a little variation is felt as extraordinary, the gratitude or annoyance will perhaps be exaggerated beyond a point merited by the performance in itself. The book is closely related to a familiar genre, the family saga, and in its writing shows influences that are well known, notably those of James Joyce and Sherwood Anderson. The story is of the Gant family, Oliver and Eliza, and of their seven children, Eugene Gant in particular. Back of them is the story of the town of Altamont, in North Carolina. And in back of Altamont, the story is of the whole South from the latter part of the nineteenth century until the present.

Chapter 8 : Project MUSE - A Love Letter to Thomas Wolfe

"Look Homeward Angel" went to number 47 on the Billboard Charts and stayed on the National Charts for 13 weeks. "Look Homeward Angel" helped in laying the foundation of a band that has continued, endured and grown through the turbulent years of rock 'n' roll.

I spent the weekend thinking about those feelings, between here and there, and trying to find a place called home, while keeping the demons at bay. They all found places for themselves here. It was never simple. The traumas of living and growing, creating families and living in history are never simple. Sophie lost her kids and a part of herself in Auschwitz. Its a harrowing story of one of the people we meet when we move here who rub off on us. They make us laugh as we learn who they are. As Sophie told her neighbor, complimenting him on his new suit. We all have to laugh. But I spent most of the movie crying. In the meantime, Thomas, another Southern transplant was looking back at where his story brought him. The first lines of the story remind me of that feeling: And of all the forgotten faces. Naked and alone we came into exile. Which of us has known his brother? Which of us has not remained forever prison-pent? Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone? O waste of loss, in the hot mazes, lost, among bright stars on this most weary unbright cinder, lost! Remembering speechlessly we seek the great forgotten language, the lost lane-end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, an unfound door. O lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again. It was two years after the war Call me Stingo, which was the nickname I was know by those days. If I was called anything at all. But my spirit had remained locked Even back then cheap apartments were hard to find in Manhattan. And so began my voyage of discovery And it was here in this dusty place where Stingo learned of the peaks and valleys of moods and the ways the other bards grappled with the ontological challenges of living, of being, of being seduced and let down and still writing about it all. On this bridge on which

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A destiny that leads the English to the Dutch is strange enough; but one that leads from Epsom into Pennsylvania, and thence into the hills that shut in Altamont over the proud coral cry of the cock, and the soft stone smile of an angel, is touched by that dark miracle of chance which makes new magic in a dusty world.

Look Homeward Angel, by Thomas Wolfe 1 A destiny that leads the English to the Dutch is strange enough; but one that leads from Epsom into Pennsylvania, and thence into the hills that shut in Altamont over the proud coral cry of the cock, and the soft stone smile of an angel, is touched by that dark miracle of chance which makes new magic in a dusty world. Each of us is all the sums he has not counted: The seed of our destruction will blossom in the desert, the alexin of our cure grows by a mountain rock, and our lives are haunted by a Georgia slattern, because a London cut-purse went unhung. Each moment is the fruit of forty thousand years. The minute-winning days, like flies, buzz home to death, and every moment is a window on all time. This is a moment: An Englishman named Gilbert Gaunt, which he later changed to Gant a concession probably to Yankee phonetics, having come to Baltimore from Bristol in on a sailing vessel, soon let the profits of a public house which he had purchased roll down his improvident gullet. But he always escaped, and coming at length among the Dutch at harvest time he was so touched by the plenty of their land that he cast out his anchors there. Within a year he married a rugged young widow with a tidy farm who like all the other Dutch had been charmed by his air of travel, and his grandiose speech, particularly when he did Hamlet in the manner of the great Edmund Kean. Every one said he should have been an actor. The years passed, his bright somewhat staring eyes grew dull and bagged, the tall Englishman walked with a gouty shuffle: He left five children, a mortgage and " in his strange dark eyes which now stared bright and open " something that had not died: So, with this legacy, we leave this Englishman and are concerned hereafter with the heir to whom he bequeathed it, his second son, a boy named Oliver. As the boy looked at the big angel with the carved stipe of lilystalk, a cold and nameless excitement possessed him. The long fingers of his big hands closed. He felt that he wanted, more than anything in the world, to carve delicately with a chisel. He wanted to wreak something dark and unspeakable in him into cold stone. Oliver entered the shop and asked a big bearded man with a wooden mallet for a job. He worked in that dusty yard five years. He became a stone cutter. When his apprenticeship was over he had become a man. He never found it. The dove, the lamb, the smooth joined marble hands of death, and letters fair and fine " but not the angel. And of all the years of waste and loss " the riotous years in Baltimore, of work and savage drunkenness, and the theatre of Booth and Salvini, which had a disastrous effect upon the stone cutter, who memorized each accent of the noble rant, and strode muttering through the streets, with rapid gestures of the enormous talking hands " these are blind steps and gropings of our exile, the painting of our hunger as, remembering speechlessly, we seek the great forgotten language, the lost lane-end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, a door. He never found it, and he reeled down across the continent into the Reconstruction South " a strange wild form of six feet four with cold uneasy eyes, a great blade of nose, and a rolling tide of rhetoric, a preposterous and comic invective, as formalized as classical epithet, which he used seriously, but with a faint uneasy grin around the corners of his thin wailing mouth. He set up business in Sydney, the little capital city of one of the middle Southern states, lived soberly and industriously under the attentive eye of a folk still raw with defeat and hostility, and finally, his good name founded and admission won, he married a gaunt tubercular spinstress, ten years his elder, but with a nest egg and an unshakable will to matrimony. Within eighteen months he was a howling maniac again, his little business went smash while his foot stayed on the polished rail, and Cynthia, his wife " whose life, the natives said, he had not helped to prolong " died suddenly one night after a hemorrhage. He was only past thirty, but he looked much older. His face was yellow and sunken; the waxen blade of his nose looked like a beak. He had long brown mustaches that hung straight down mournfully. His tremendous bouts of drinking had wrecked his health. He was thin as a rail and had a cough. He thought of Cynthia now, in the lonely and hostile town, and he became afraid. He thought he had tuberculosis and that he was going to die. So, alone and lost again, having found neither order nor establishment in the world, and with the earth cut away from his

feet, Oliver resumed his aimless drift along the continent. He turned westward toward the great fortress of the hills, knowing that behind them his evil fame would not be known, and hoping that he might find in them isolation, a new life, and recovered health. The eyes of the gaunt spectre darkened again, as they had in his youth. All day, under a wet gray sky of October, Oliver rode westward across the mighty state. As he stared mournfully out the window at the great raw land so sparsely tilled by the futile and occasional little farms, which seemed to have made only little grubbing patches in the wilderness, his heart went cold and leaden in him. He thought of the great barns of Pennsylvania, the ripe bending of golden grain, the plenty, the order, the clean thrift of the people. And he thought of how he had set out to get order and position for himself, and of the rioting confusion of his life, the blot and blur of years, and the red waste of his youth. The grisly parade of the spectre years trooped through his brain. Suddenly, he saw that his life had been channelled by a series of accidents: He had reeled out of warmth and plenty into this barren land: How came he here from the clean Dutch thrift of his youth into this vast lost earth of rickets? The train rattled on over the reeking earth. A brakeman came draftily into the dirty plush coach and emptied a scuttle of coal into the big stove at the end. High empty laughter shook a group of yokels sprawled on two turned seats. The bell tolled mournfully above the clacking wheels. There was a droning interminable wait at a junction-town near the foot-hills. Then the train moved on again across the vast rolling earth. The huge bulk of the hills was foggily emergent. Small smoky lights went up in the hillside shacks. The train crawled dizzily across high trestles spanning ghostly hawsers of water. Far up, far down, plumed with wisps of smoke, toy cabins stuck to bank and gulch and hillside. The train toiled sinuously up among gouged red cuts with slow labor. As darkness came, Oliver descended at the little town of Old Stockade where the rails ended. The last great wall of the hills lay stark above him. As he left the dreary little station and stared into the greasy lamplight of a country store, Oliver felt that he was crawling, like a great beast, into the circle of those enormous hills to die. The next morning he resumed his journey by coach. His destination was the little town of Altamont, twenty-four miles away beyond the rim of the great outer wall of the hills. It was a gray-golden day in late October, bright and windy. There was a sharp bite and sparkle in the mountain air: The trees rose gaunt and stark: The sky was full of windy white rags of cloud; a thick blade of mist washed slowly around the rampart of a mountain. Below him a mountain stream foamed down its rocky bed, and he could see little dots of men laying the track that would coil across the hill toward Altamont. Then the sweating team lipped the gulch of the mountain, and, among soaring and lordly ranges that melted away in purple mist, they began the slow descent toward the high plateau on which the town of Altamont was built. In the haunting eternity of these mountains, rimmed in their enormous cup, he found sprawled out on its hundred hills and hollows a town of four thousand people. There were new lands. This town of Altamont had been settled soon after the Revolutionary War. It had been a convenient stopping-off place for cattledrovers and farmers in their swing eastward from Tennessee into South Carolina. And, for several decades before the Civil War, it had enjoyed the summer patronage of fashionable people from Charleston and the plantations of the hot South. When Oliver first came to it it had begun to get some reputation not only as a summer resort, but as a sanitarium for tuberculars. Several rich men from the North had established hunting lodges in the hills, and one of them had bought huge areas of mountain land and, with an army of imported architects, carpenters and masons, was planning the greatest country estate in America "something in limestone, with pitched slate roofs, and one hundred and eighty-three rooms. It was modelled on the chateau at Blois. There was also a vast new hotel, a sumptuous wooden barn, rambling comfortably upon the summit of a commanding hill. But most of the population was still native, recruited from the hill and country people in the surrounding districts. They were Scotch-Irish mountaineers, rugged, provincial, intelligent, and industrious. But he had little to do at first save to think of the prospect of his death. During the bitter and lonely winter, while he thought he was dying, the gaunt scarecrow Yankee that flapped muttering through the streets became an object of familiar gossip to the townspeople. All the people at his boarding-house knew that at night he walked his room with great caged strides, and that a long low moan that seemed wrung from his bowels quivered incessantly on his thin lips. But he spoke to no one about it. And then the marvellous hill Spring came, green-golden, with brief spurting winds, the magic and fragrance of the blossoms, warm gusts of balsam. The great wound in Oliver began to heal. His voice was heard in the land

once more, there were purple flashes of the old rhetoric, the ghost of the old eagerness. One day in April, as with fresh awakened senses, he stood before his shop, watching the flurry of life in the square, Oliver heard behind him the voice of a man who was passing. And that voice, flat, drawling, complacent, touched with sudden light a picture that had lain dead in him for twenty years. The man looked and grinned. There are a lot of his folks around here. Then, with a grin, he said: Then Oliver met Eliza. He lay one afternoon in Spring upon the smooth leather sofa of his little office, listening to the bright piping noises in the Square. A restoring peace brooded over his great extended body. Then he heard the brisk heel-taps of a woman coming down among the marbles, and he got hastily to his feet. He was drawing on his well brushed coat of heavy black just as she entered. I remember three years ago I was teaching school in Hominy Township when I was taken down with pneumonia. A truer word was never spoken. How long is this to keep up? She had a curious trick of pursing her lips reflectively before she spoke; she liked to take her time, and came to the point after interminable divagations down all the lane-ends of memory and overtone, feasting upon the golden pageant of all she had ever said, done, felt, thought, seen, or replied, with egocentric delight.