
GERTRUDE STEIN

(1874–1946)

Born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, Gertrude Stein was the youngest of the five children of Daniel Stein, a prosperous Jewish businessman, and his wife Amelia Keyser Stein. The family moved to Europe in 1875, and Stein was raised first in Vienna and then in Passy, France; consequently, she first spoke German and French, rather than English, which she did not learn until the family returned to the United States in 1879. After a year in Baltimore, they relocated to Oakland, California, where Daniel Stein became vice president of the Omnibus Cable Company, which operated San Francisco's streetcars. His profits allowed him to rent a ten-acre farm just outside Oakland and to pamper his children. Before her college years, Stein's formal education was uneven, divided between studying with governesses and sporadic attendance at various schools; she never officially graduated from high school. In 1888 her mother died of cancer, and when Daniel Stein died three years later, Gertrude's oldest brother, Michael, took over the care of his four siblings. After discovering that his father had left the family in debt, Michael took a job as a branch manager of the Central Pacific Railway, eventually earning enough money to ensure that his brothers and sisters would never have to work for a living.

In 1892 Stein moved to Baltimore to live with an aunt, and a year later entered Radcliffe College, choosing to be near her brother Leo, who was studying at Harvard with the psychologist William James. Gertrude found James's ideas cogent and attractive. His calls for detailed empirical observation and for open-minded attitudes would serve as core principles that enabled her to question poetic conventions. In 1898 she began studies in medicine at Johns Hopkins University, a prerequisite for advanced work in psychology. She left Hopkins in 1901, having failed four courses, and began to travel with Leo, visiting Morocco, Spain, France, Italy, and England. In 1903, Stein decided to make France her permanent home and settled in Paris with Leo, who had become a patron of the arts.

In 1907 Stein met and fell in love with Alice B. Toklas, an American visitor, who, recognizing genius, decided to dedicate her life to Stein. In 1910 Toklas moved into Gertrude and Leo's Paris apartment, and three years later, Leo moved out, taking his half of the art collection. For the next thirty-six

years, the two women were inseparable. Alice served as Gertrude's secretary, housekeeper, loyal reader, and best critic.

The move to France coincided with Stein's choice to dedicate herself to writing. For the next fifty years, until her death in 1946, she wrote nearly every day. Her writing challenged traditional assumptions not only about poetry, but about the nature of language itself, yet the strangeness of her experiments was often buffered by sly humor. Stein's exposure to modern art and friendships with painters fueled her writing. She remarked in 1946 that "Cézanne conceived the idea that in composition one thing was as important as another thing. Each part is as important as the whole, and that impressed me enormously." This revolutionary principle of composition governs her early prose works: *Q.E.D.* (1903–4; published 1950), which traces a lesbian love triangle; *Three Lives* (1909), which looks at three working-class women; and *The Making of Americans* (1903–11; published 1925), the history of an American family. In word-portraits of friends and in the "still lifes" of *Tender Buttons: Objects, Food, Rooms* (1914), Stein concentrated on capturing the essence of a person or thing, as a means of detaching the thing from the language ordinarily used to represent it. In "Patriarchal Poetry," a long piece that blurs the boundaries between poetry and essay (1923; published 1953), Stein mocks linguistic hierarchies that she attributes to a male-centered poetic tradition, and a great deal of her experimentation was motivated by feminist skepticism.

During the 1920s, Stein gradually began to receive recognition for her work, due in part to the agency of other writers. Ernest Hemingway provided the impetus for the publication of *The Making of Americans*. The British poet Edith Sitwell arranged for Stein to lecture in 1926 at Oxford and Cambridge, and the Hogarth Press published the lectures, along with several portraits and a landscape play, under the title of *Composition as Explanation* (1926). Stein also regularly published work in little, avant-garde magazines and also in more widely circulated magazines such as *Vanity Fair* and the *Little Review*. In 1927 she collaborated with the composer Virgil Thomson on an opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*.

In 1933 Stein finally achieved the popular success she had sought. In *What Are Masterpieces*, she wryly observed that: "For a very long time everybody refuses and then almost without a pause everybody accepts. In the history of the refused in the arts and literature the rapidity of the change is always startling." In a short six weeks, she wrote *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (1933), a memoir of the couple's years together seen from Alice's perspective. The book was serialized in the *Atlantic Monthly*, became a Literary Guild selection, and was the first publication to generate income for Stein. She followed the success of the *Autobiography* with a lecture tour through the United States in 1934 and 1935—the first time she had returned in over thirty years. The *Autobiography's* popularity also led to a book contract with Random House that Stein amply fulfilled by publishing one new book each year until the end of the decade.

During World War II, Stein continued to write, even though she and Alice had to give up their Paris apartment and retreat to the south of France, where villagers sheltered them from the Nazis. After the war, Stein became a popular figure among American GIs, whose voices she sought to

render in one of her last books, *Brewsie and Willie* (1946). That same year, shortly after finishing *The Mother of Us All*, an opera libretto for Thomson based on the life of Susan B. Anthony, Stein died of intestinal cancer.

In the 1950s, Yale University Press published many of the works that Stein had left in manuscript form at the time of her death, adding eight more volumes to the already formidable accumulation of poetry, essays, prose fiction, portraits, memoirs, plays, and opera libretti that she had published during her life.

COMPOSITION AS EXPLANATION

There is singularly nothing that makes a difference in beginning and in the middle and in ending except that each generation has something different at which they are all looking. By this I mean so simply that anybody knows it that composition is the difference which makes each and all of them then different from other generations and this is what makes everything different otherwise they are all alike and everybody knows it because everybody says it.

It is very likely that nearly every one has been very nearly certain that something that is interesting is interesting them. Can they and do they. It is very interesting that nothing inside in them, that is when you consider the very long history of how every one ever acted or has felt, it is very interesting that nothing inside in them in all of them makes it connectedly different. By this I mean this. The only thing that is different from one time to another is what is seen and what is seen depends upon how everybody is doing everything. This makes the thing we are looking at very different and this makes what those who describe it make of it, it makes a composition, it confuses, it shows, it is, it looks, it likes it as it is, and this makes what is seen as it is seen. Nothing changes from generation to generation except the thing seen and that makes a composition. Lord Grey remarked that when the generals before the war talked about the war they talked about it as a nineteenth century war although to be fought with twentieth century weapons. That is because war is a thing that decides how it is to be when it is to be done. It is prepared and to that degree it is like all academies it is not a thing made by being made it is a thing prepared. Writing and painting and all that, is like that, for those who occupy themselves with it and don't make it as it is made. Now the few who make it as it is made, and it is to be remarked that the most decided of them usually are prepared just as the world around them is preparing, do it in this way and so I if you do not mind I will tell you how it happens. Naturally one does not know how it happened until it is well over beginning happening.

To come back to the part that the only thing that is different is what is seen when it seems to be being seen, in other words, composition and time-sense.

No one is ahead of his time, it is only that the particular variety of creating his time is the one that his contemporaries who also are creating their own time refuse to accept. And they refuse to accept it for a very simple reason and that is that they

do not have to accept it for any reason. They themselves that is everybody in their entering the modern composition and they do enter it, if they do not enter it they are not so to speak in it they are out of it and so they do enter it; but in as you may say the non-competitive efforts where if you are not in it nothing is lost except nothing at all except what is not had, there are naturally all the refusals, and the things refused are only important if unexpectedly somebody happens to need them. In the case of the arts it is very definite. Those who are creating the modern composition authentically are naturally only of importance when they are dead because by that time the modern composition having become past is classified and the description of it is classical. That is the reason why the creator of the new composition in the arts is an outlaw until he is a classic, there is hardly a moment in between and it is really too bad very much too bad naturally for the creator but also very much too bad for the enjoyer, they all really would enjoy the created so much better just after it has been made than when it is already a classic, but it is perfectly simple that there is no reason why the contemporaries should see, because it would not make any difference as they lead their lives in the new composition anyway, and as every one is naturally indolent why naturally they don't see. For this reason as in quoting Lord Grey it is quite certain that nations not actively threatened are at least several generations behind themselves militarily so aesthetically they are more than several generations behind themselves and it is very much too bad, it is so very much more exciting and satisfactory for everybody if one can have contemporaries, if all one's contemporaries could be one's contemporaries.

There is almost not an interval.

For a very long time everybody refuses and then almost without a pause almost everybody accepts. In the history of the refused in the arts and literature the rapidity of the change is always startling. Now the only difficulty with the *volte-face* concerning the arts is this. When the acceptance comes, by that acceptance the thing created becomes a classic. It is a natural phenomena rather extraordinary natural phenomena that a thing accepted becomes a classic. And what is the characteristic quality of a classic. The characteristic quality of a classic is that it is beautiful. Now of course it is perfectly true that a more or less first rate work of art is beautiful but the trouble is that when that first rate work of art becomes a classic because it is accepted the only thing that is important from then on to the majority of the acceptors the enormous majority, the most intelligent majority of the acceptors is that it is so wonderfully beautiful. Of course it is wonderfully beautiful, only when it is still a thing irritating annoying stimulating then all quality of beauty is denied to it.

Of course it is beautiful but first all beauty in it is denied and then all the beauty of it is accepted. If every one were not so indolent they would realise that beauty is beauty even when it is irritating and stimulating not only when it is accepted and classic. Of course it is extremely difficult nothing more so than to remember back to its not being beautiful once it has become beautiful. This makes it so much more difficult to realise its beauty when the work is being refused and prevents every one from realising that they were convinced that beauty was denied, once the work is accepted. Automatically with the acceptance of the time-sense comes the recognition of the beauty and once the beauty is accepted the beauty never fails any one.

Beginning again and again is a natural thing even when there is a series.

Beginning again and again and again explaining composition and time is a natural thing.

It is understood by this time that everything is the same except composition and time, composition and the time of the composition and the time in the composition. Everything is the same except composition and as the composition is different and always going to be different everything is not the same. Everything is not the same as the time when of the composition and the time in the composition is different. The composition is different, that is certain.

The composition is the thing seen by every one living in the living they are doing, they are the composing of the composition that at the time they are living is the composition of the time in which they are living. It is that that makes living a thing they are doing. Nothing else is different, of that almost any one can be certain. The time when and the time of and the time in that composition is the natural phenomena of that composition and of that perhaps every one can be certain.

No one thinks these things when they are making when they are creating what is the composition, naturally no one thinks, that is no one formulates until what is to be formulated has been made.

Composition is not there, it is going to be there and we are here. This is some time ago for us naturally.

The only thing that is different from one time to another is what is seen and what is seen depends upon how everybody is doing everything. This makes the thing we are looking at very different and this makes what those who describe it make of it, it makes a composition, it confuses, it shows, it is, it looks, it likes it as it is, and this makes what is seen as it is seen. Nothing changes from generation to generation except the thing seen and that makes a composition.

Now the few who make writing as it is made and it is to be remarked that the most decided of them are those that are prepared by preparing, are prepared just as the world around them is prepared and is preparing to do it in this way and so if you do not mind I will again tell you how it happens. Naturally one does not know how it happened until it is well over beginning happening.

Each period of living differs from any other period of living not in the way life is but in the way life is conducted and that authentically speaking is composition. After life has been conducted in a certain way everybody knows it but nobody knows it, little by little, nobody knows it as long as nobody knows it. Any one creating the composition in the arts does not know it either, they are conducting life and that makes their composition what it is, it makes their work compose as it does.

Their influence and their influences are the same as that of all of their contemporaries only it must always be remembered that the analogy is not obvious until as I say the composition of a time has become so pronounced that it is past and the artistic composition of it is a classic.

And now to begin as if to begin. Composition is not there, it is going to be there and we are here. This is some time ago for us naturally. There is something to be added afterwards.

Just how much my work is known to you I do not know. I feel that perhaps it would be just as well to tell the whole of it.

In beginning writing I wrote a book called *Three Lives* this was written in 1905. I wrote a negro story called *Melanctha*. In that there was a constant recurring and beginning there was a marked direction in the direction of being in the present although naturally I had been accustomed to past present and future, and why, because the composition forming around me was a prolonged present. A composition of a prolonged present is a natural composition in the world as it has been these

thirty years it was more and more a prolonged present. I created then a prolonged present naturally I knew nothing of a continuous present but it came naturally to me to make one, it was simple it was clear to me and nobody knew why it was done like that, I did not myself although naturally to me it was natural.

After that I did a book called *The Making of Americans* it is a long book about a thousand pages.

Here again it was all so natural to me and more and more complicatedly a continuous present. A continuous present is a continuous present. I made almost a thousand pages of a continuous present.

Continuous present is one thing and beginning again and again is another thing. These are both things. And then there is using everything.

This brings us again to composition this the using everything. The using everything brings us to composition and to this composition. A continuous present and using everything and beginning again. In these two books there was elaboration of the complexities of using everything and of a continuous present and of beginning again and again and again.

In the first book there was a groping for a continuous present and for using everything by beginning again and again.

There was a groping for using everything and there was a groping for a continuous present and there was an inevitable beginning of beginning again and again and again.

Having naturally done this I naturally was a little troubled with it when I read it. I became then like the others who read it. One does, you know, excepting that when I reread it myself I lost myself in it again. Then I said to myself this time it will be different and I began. I did not begin again I just began.

In this beginning naturally since I at once went on and on very soon there were pages and pages and pages more and more elaborated creating a more and more continuous present including more and more using of everything and continuing more and more beginning and beginning and beginning.

I went on and on to a thousand pages of it.

In the meantime to naturally begin I commenced making portraits of anybody and anything. In making these portraits I naturally made a continuous present an including everything and a beginning again and again within a very small thing. That started me into composing anything into one thing. So then naturally it was natural that one thing an enormously long thing was not everything an enormously short thing was also not everything nor was it all of it a continuous present thing nor was it always and always beginning again. Naturally I would then begin again. I would begin again I would naturally begin. I did naturally begin. This brings me to a great deal that has been begun.

And after that what changes what changes after that, after that what changes and what changes after that and after that and what changes and after that and what changes after that.

The problem from this time on became more definite.

It was all so nearly alike it must be different and it is different, it is natural that if everything is used and there is a continuous present and a beginning again and again if it is all so alike it must be simply different and everything simply different was the natural way of creating it then.

In this natural way of creating it then that it was simply different everything being alike it was simply different, this kept on leading one to lists. Lists naturally for a while and by lists I mean a series. More and more in going back over what

was done at this time I find that I naturally kept simply different as an intention. Whether there was or whether there was not a continuous present did not then any longer trouble me there was or there was not, and using everything no longer troubled me if everything is alike using everything could no longer trouble me and beginning again and again could no longer trouble me because if lists were inevitable if series were inevitable and the whole of it was inevitable beginning again and again could not trouble me so then with nothing to trouble me I very completely began naturally since everything is alike making it as simply different naturally as simply different as possible. I began doing natural phenomena what I call natural phenomena and natural phenomena naturally everything being alike natural phenomena are making things be naturally simply different. This found its culmination later, in the beginning it began in a center confused with series with geography with returning portraits and with particularly often four and three and often with five and four. It is easy to see that in the beginning such a conception as everything being naturally different would be very inarticulate and very slowly it began to emerge and take the form of anything, and then naturally if anything that is simply different is simply different what follows will follow.

So far then the progress of my conceptions was the natural progress entirely in accordance with my epoch as I am sure is to be quite easily realised if you think over the scene that was before us all from year to year.

As I said in the beginnings, there is the long history of how every one ever acted or has felt and that nothing inside in them in all of them makes it connectedly different. By this I mean all this.

The only thing that is different from one time to another is what is seen and what is seen depends upon how everybody is doing everything.

It is understood by this time that everything is the same except composition and time, composition and the time of the composition and the time in the composition. Everything is the same except composition and as the composition is different and always going to be different everything is not the same. So then I as a contemporary creating the composition in the beginning was groping toward a continuous present, a using everything a beginning again and again and then everything being alike then everything very simply everything was naturally simply different and so I as a contemporary was creating everything being alike was creating everything naturally being naturally simply different, everything being alike. This then was the period that brings me to the period of the beginning of 1914. Everything being alike everything naturally would be simply different and war came and everything being alike and everything being simply different brings everything being simply different brings it to romanticism.

Romanticism is then when everything being alike everything is naturally simply different, and romanticism.

Then for four years this was more and more different even though this was, was everything alike. Everything alike naturally everything was simply different and this is and was romanticism and this is and was war. Everything being alike everything naturally everything is different simply different naturally simply different.

And so there was the natural phenomena that was war, which had been, before war came, several generations behind the contemporary composition, because it became war and so completely needed to be contemporary became completely contemporary and so created the completed recognition of the contemporary composition.

Every one but one may say every one became consciously became aware of the existence of the authenticity of the modern composition. This then the contemporary recognition, because of the academic thing known as war having been forced to become contemporary made every one not only contemporary in act not only contemporary in thought but contemporary in self-consciousness made every one contemporary with the modern composition. And so the art creation of the contemporary composition which would have been outlawed normally outlawed several generations more behind even than war, war having been brought so to speak up to date art so to speak was allowed not completely to be up to date, but nearly up to date, in other words we who created the expression of the modern composition were to be recognized before we were dead some of us even quite a long time before we were dead. And so war may be said to have advanced a general recognition of the expression of the contemporary composition by almost thirty years.

And now after that there is no more of that in other words there is peace and something comes then and it follows coming then.

And so now one finds oneself interesting oneself in an equilibration, that of course means words as well as things and distribution as well as between themselves between the words and themselves and the things and themselves, a distribution as distribution. This makes what follows what follows and now there is every reason why there should be an arrangement made. Distribution is interesting and equilibration is interesting when a continuous present and a beginning again and again and using everything and everything alike and everything naturally simply different has been done.

After all this, there is that, there has been that that there is a composition and that nothing changes except composition the composition and the time of and the time in the composition.

The time of the composition is a natural thing and the time in the composition is a natural thing it is a natural thing and it is a contemporary thing.

The time of the composition is the time of the composition. It has been at times a present thing it has been at times a past thing it has been at times a future thing it has been at times an endeavour at parts or all of these things. In my beginning it was a continuous present a beginning again and again and again and again, it was a series it was a list it was a similarity and everything different it was a distribution and an equilibration. That is all of the time some of the time of the composition.

Now there is still something else the time-sense in the composition. This is what is always a fear a doubt and a judgment and a conviction. The quality in the creation of expression the quality in a composition that makes it go dead just after it has been made is very troublesome.

The time in the composition is a thing that is very troublesome. If the time in the composition is very troublesome it is because there must even if there is no time at all in the composition there must be time in the composition which is in its quality of distribution and equilibration. In the beginning there was the time in the composition that naturally was in the composition but time in the composition comes now and this is what is now troubling every one the time in the composition is now a part of distribution and equilibration. In the beginning there was confusion there was a continuous present and later there was romanticism which was not a confusion but an extrication and now there is either succeeding or failing there must be distribution and equilibration there must be time that is distributed

and equilibrated. This is the thing that is at present the most troubling and if there is the time that is at present the most troublesome the time-sense that is at present the most troubling is the thing that makes the present the most troubling. There is at present there is distribution, by this I mean expression and time, and in this way at present composition is time that is the reason that at present the time-sense is troubling that is the reason why at present the time-sense in the composition is the composition that is making what there is in composition.

And afterwards.
Now that is all.

1926

WALLACE STEVENS

(1879-1955)

Wallace Stevens was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, the second of five children in a family of Dutch-German ancestry. His father was a prosperous and practical lawyer, his mother a former schoolteacher who loved poetry and read the Bible to her children each night. Although in later life Stevens became passionately interested in genealogy, he rarely mentioned his own childhood, which seems to have been conventional, middle-class, Presbyterian, and provincial. In high school he played football, took the classical curriculum, which included Greek and Latin, and failed to pass one year. Finally graduating in 1897 (in the same class as his younger brother), Stevens entered Harvard University as a special student, which allowed him to attend classes at a reduced tuition but not qualify for a degree. At Harvard he studied French, German, and English literature while also publishing stories and poems in campus magazines. ("Some of one's early things give one the creeps," he later commented on his undergraduate writing.) In his third and last year Stevens was elected president of the *Harvard Advocate*, the college literary magazine. A formative experience in his Cambridge years was meeting the Spanish-born and Harvard-educated philosopher and poet, George Santayana (1863-1952). Stevens never took a course from Santayana, but he visited the brilliant man of letters numerous times and even read early poems to him. Santayana's ideas on aesthetics, philosophy, and religion influenced Stevens throughout his life.

Stevens was an intensely private man who avoided publicity and preferred to speak in abstract universal terms. (His published poetry and prose never indulges in direct autobiography.) In later life he seemed a remote and Olympian figure in American poetry—working in a corporate office in commercial Hartford, Connecticut, avoiding literary circles, and hardly socializing even with business associates. Not surprisingly, a mythology arose about Stevens as the businessman-poet, a unique and solitary figure, half-playful aesthete and half-stolid burgher. While there is some truth to this image of the mysteriously divided man, it describes the staid and narrow life of the older Stevens, not the unsettled and urban existence of the aspiring poet.

When Stevens left Harvard in 1900, he intended to be a writer. Moving to New York, he started first as a reporter for the *New York Tribune* and