

at new sentence rhythms, word\*coinage, and telling inversions give more hilarity than pain. But this soft place next to Marianne Moore!

The final seal has been stamped by the announcement that the 1921 Dial Award has been bestowed upon Sherwood Anderson. It was stated that „the award will go to a young American writer, one of our contributors, in recognition of his service to American letters . . . to be given annually to one who has already accomplished a service, yet has not completed his work . . . intended for encouragement and opportunity“ for leisure, I infer. It went to a man forty-five years old and by no means in a seriously impecunious position. Inasmuch as the royalties from six books and frequent payments from several magazines eager for his work have, of late years, enabled him to support a family, devote all his time to writing, and take a summer's trip to Europe. An established writer, in short. The approach to articulateness of this author I have traced in detail in an essay now floating around somewhere in America. Let me extract a few points without supporting them again.

1. The impulse which produced *Windy Mac Pherson's Son* and *Marching Men* was thin. Anderson, in Brentano's trade paper, spring of 1921, declares they were written from an emulative desire worked up by reading other novels.
2. I agree with his preface statement to *Mid-American Chants* that he can do nothing as yet „but mutter and feel our way toward the promise of song“.
3. The key-sentence to *Winesburg, Ohio* is „One shudders at the meaninglessness of life while at the same instant and if the people of the town are his people, one loves life so intensely that tears come into the eyes“. This translates into „I have nothing to oppose to the meaninglessness of life but a sentimental attachment for my fellow townsmen“.
4. Anderson has no control of diction, not even the elementary management of sentence mechanics that syntax can give. There are many examples. Witness one from *Poor White*. „Standing on a high cliff and with a grove of trees at his back, the stars seemed to have all gathered in the eastern sky“.
5. Anderson's formula for writing is a psychological, not an esthetic one. *Vide* Brentano's trade paper, spring of 1921.
6. He correctly regrets