

10/3/94

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OBSESSION

A GALA CELEBRATION OF
THE PEN/FAULKNER
AWARD FOR FICTION

The Folger Shakespeare Library
Washington, D.C.

October 4, 1993

P.

MEMORANDUM

Fill
October

DATE: JULY 5, 1994

TO: PATTI SOLIS

FROM: ANN STOCK AS

RE: PEN/Faulkner Gala October 3, 1994

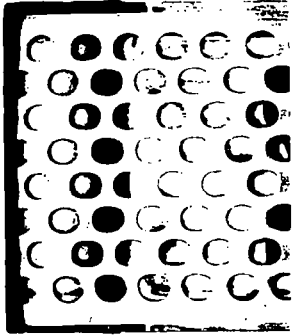
I just received the attached from Barbara Pryor. Please handle ASAP. Last year they were put off for a long time and when they finally received a regret letter from Presidential Scheduling, it was sent to Congressman and Mrs. Pryor.



DAVID PRYOR
ARKANSAS

dear Ann -

I visited with Carolyn
Peachy and she suggested the
letter about PEN/Faulkner.
It's such a wonderful non-
political event, I know the
Clintons would enjoy it -
Looking forward to our
Burger lunch - Let's set it up!
LOVE - BARBARA



"Obsession"

The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction Gala
The Folger Shakespeare Library

____ I/We would like to request ____ tickets for the Gala dinner at \$350
per person. (The tax deductible portion of your contribution is \$300
per ticket.)

I/We will be unable to attend but wish to contribute \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone (daytime) _____ (evening) _____

Please make checks payable to the PEN/Faulkner Gala. All contributions are
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Please list guests on reverse side.

For further information call (202) 636-8745.

The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction Gala
1111 Quincy Place, N.E.
Washington, D.C. 20002



PEN/FAULKNER

A W A R D F O R F I C T I O N

The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction each year honors the best published works of fiction by contemporary American writers. Named for William Faulkner, who used his Nobel Prize funds to support and encourage other writers, the PEN/Faulkner Award was founded by writers to honor their peers. Award judges read widely among the books of American fiction published annually in order to select five nominees. The designated winner receives \$15,000 and the other four writers \$5,000 each, at a ceremony held each May at the Folger Shakespeare Library. Support of the award is raised by special events, gifts, grants and the proceeds from readings which are given by the authors for the award fund.

The PEN/Faulkner Foundation's activities of outreach to the Washington community include joint sponsorship with the D.C. Commission on the Arts and Humanities of the annual Larry Neal Awards for Washington writers, and the Writers in Schools Project. This project, funded by the D.C. Commission, the Eugene and Agnes E. Meyer Foundation, and the Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation, places noted authors in D.C. public high schools to discuss their writing with students who are studying their work.

My/Our guests will be:

Susan Mary Alsop
Senator Max Baucus and
Dr. Wanda Baucus
Joan Bingham
Senator and Mrs. Bill Bradley
Rita Braver and Robert Barnett
Constance and Thomas Bruce
Ann Buchwald
Senator and Mrs. Thad Cochran
Catherine M. Conover
Senator John C. Danforth
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Donna E. Shalala, Secretary of H
and Human Services
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Catherine Wyler and Richard Ry

Sally Danforth, Barbara Pryor, Susan Richards Shreve,
Elizabeth Stevens, Roger L. Stevens
Co-Chairmen

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The Board of Directors

request the pleasure of your company at

"Obsession"

A Gala Celebration

to benefit

The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction

with readings by

Louis Begley David Bradley Robert Olen Butler Thomas Flanagan
Ernest Gaines Barry Hannah Elizabeth Hardwick Maureen Howard Jayne Anne Phillips
George Plimpton Francine Prose Vikram Seth Mary Lee Settle Ntozake Shange
Elizabeth Spencer Scott Spencer Wendy Wasserstein

Master of Ceremonies

Roger Mudd

Monday, October 4, 1993

The Folger Shakespeare Library

201 East Capitol Street, S.E.

Washington, D.C.

6:30 p.m. Reception

7:30 p.m. Readings

8:30 p.m. Dinner

This evening is made possible by Ford Motor Company

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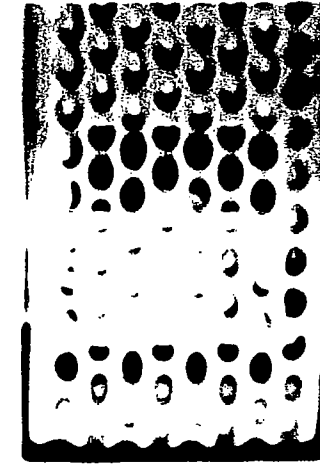
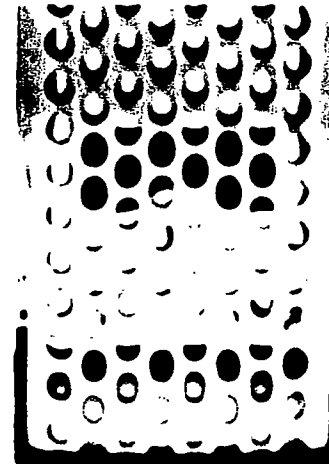
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May 23, 1994, Monday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE B1

LENGTH: 945 words

HEADLINE: Chilly Scenes of a Winner;
Amid PEN/Faulkner's Hoopla, Philip Roth's Cool 'Confession'

SERIES: Occasional

BYLINE: David Streitfeld, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

"I thought writing was like a 100-yard dash," Dagoberto Gilb confided to the audience at the ceremony Saturday night marking the PEN/Faulkner Awards for Fiction. "I got into it, ran real fast. ... But when I looked up, no one was there."

So he kept going -- 400 yards, a mile, took up jogging. Cars passed, some people glanced at him, most didn't. Finally Gilb got thirsty, and decided to go into a store for a drink.

"And suddenly -- zshoom! -- I'm the millionth customer!"

The festivities, at the Folger Shakespeare Library, were the reward for those long months and years of trudging along: fans and admirers, official recognition, white chocolate truffles and rare roast beef. Plus, of course, a check. Gilb, one of the four nominees who got \$ 5,000, was almost giddy.

Philip Roth, who received \$ 15,000 as the PEN/Faulkner winner, was by contrast somewhat icy. But then, few have ever accused him of being a hail-fellow-well-met type. He read a scene from his winning book, "Operation Shylock: A Confession," in which a concentration camp guard remembers how much fun it was to torture:

"What a job! A sensational blowout every day! One continuous party! Blood! Vodka! Women! Death! Power! And the screams! Those unending screams! ... Great while it lasted, stupendous while you were young and fearless and on a tear."

This wasn't exactly celebratory, but everyone agreed later that it was certainly masterful in an in-your-face way. One woman went up to Roth and told him how much she liked it. The writer responded, she said, with something to the effect of: "Well, of course it was great. I wrote it."

Roth isn't the only writer to have a high opinion of himself. Stanley Elkin, a finalist for "Van Gogh's Room at Arles," was represented by his daughter, Molly. She said her father couldn't come "because of his debilitating disease."

People nodded; it couldn't be easy to travel here from St. Louis in a wheelchair. But it turned out Molly Elkin was talking about an ailment even more crippling and insidious than his multiple sclerosis: "his writer's ego."

At 64, three years older than Roth, Elkin has written many well-regarded books but has never had his younger colleague's sales, income or attention. For whatever reason, he was one of the very few nominees not to attend the awards ceremony during the 14-year history of PEN/Faulkner.

The other two finalists, both for first books, were Kate Wheeler, author of "Not Where I Started From," who was very nervous, and Fae Myenne Ng, author of "Bone." Ng thanked an extensive list of people, including her husband and fellow novelist, Mark Coovelis, whose "Gloria" she described as a "powerful and tough-minded novel that challenges and inspires you."

A wife blurbing her spouse -- now there's an unbiased critic.

Master of ceremonies was '93 PEN/Faulkner winner Annie Proulx, who incidentally triumphed over Roth last month in the Pulitzers. "Every other week," she said in her opening remarks, "someone says the book is dying or dead, that just around the corner is the black hour when books will be curiosities like stereopticon slides or milk stools."

Yet perhaps, she went on, it isn't so much that readers are disappearing as that they're shifting away from a concentrated elite and into the blurry mainstream. Proulx saluted the small publishers and university presses that, scattered across the country, are doing so much to carry the banner of literature. She pointed out the amazing rise in the amount of fiction written by women, by gay men and lesbians, by all sorts of hyphenate-Americans.

She also noted the pervasiveness of book discussion groups: "People read, they meet, they discuss, they deliberately exercise their mental faculties, they engage their sense of value, they consider meaning." As for computers, they are wonderful for transmitting information, but "no one is going to sit down and read a novel on that twitchy little screen."

Roth, as it happened, was one of those who has been saying the serious reader is dying or dead. Last year, he told an interviewer that "we are down to a gulag archipelago of readers." Sixty thousand, was his guess. "I assure you there are no more." Well, at most 120,000.

So who's correct, the old hand or the new kid on the block?

Proulx is "exactly right," said publisher Morgan Entrekin. And even if Roth was on the mark with his 120,000 estimate, "that's probably 25,000 more than there ever were before."

Biographer Scott Donaldson, on the other hand, found Proulx "inspirational but not entirely convincing." He voted for 150,000, "but that may be high."

"Maybe 30,000?" wondered a gloomy Scott Spencer, one of the three PEN/Faulkner judges.

But Scott, hundreds of thousands of people read your novel "Endless Love," which is certainly serious fiction.

He quibbled that that was due to the Brooke Shields movie, but even so moved his count up to a couple of hundred thousand. "That's a lot. It's a cadre upon which from time to time a larger cultural statement can be made."

Shawn Wong, another judge, commented: "Probably one adult out of 50 sits down after dinner and reads a book — any book. A serious book? One out of 500." That translates into about 400,000 people. "Ah," he concluded, "it's probably half that."

At the other extreme, Kim Witherspoon went on the record with 12 million. But then, as the agent for two of the nominees, Gilb and Wheeler, she was having a good night.

People will continue to debate this, because there's no final answer. "Half a million," suggested D.C. lawyer Whitney Ellerman. He shrugged. "It's like knowing how many people have warts in this country. I have no idea."

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, PHILIP ROTH ACCEPTS HIS AWARD BEFORE FELLOW NOMINEES (FROM LEFT) KATE WHEELER, DAGOBERTO GILB AND FAE MYENNE NG. MARY LOU FOY

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

LOAD-DATE-MDC: May 23, 1994

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The Washington Times

May 23, 1994, Monday, Final Edition

SECTION: Part C; METROPOLITAN TIMES; ABOUT TOWN; PARTY LINES; Pg. C12

LENGTH: 680 words

HEADLINE: PEN proves mighty rewarding

BYLINE: Mark Carnegie

BODY:

Grand man of fiction Philip Roth walked off with the top prize of \$15,000 at Saturday night's PEN/Faulkner Awards at the Folger Shakespeare Library's theater. Runners-up Dagoberto Gilb, Fae Myenne Ng, Stanley Elkin and Kate Wheeler were awarded \$5,000 each.

The PEN/Faulkner Award for fiction is arguably the most coveted writer's prize in America, treasured as much for its prestige as its largess. The judges are writers as well, so the award marks artistic recognition by peers that can have an enormous impact on the winner's career. Almost nobody had heard of E. Annie Proulx before she copped the PEN/Faulkner last year; she's been awarded virtually every major prize since, including the Pulitzer.

"This is the night of the book," declared Ms. Proulx, who served as mistress of ceremonies at the festivities. In an amusing speech that sang the praises of the printed word, she dismissed books on computer by crowing, "Nobody's going to read a novel from one of those fidgety screens, ever!" The crowd of about 200 literary glitterati and their admirers laughed and cheered.

All the nominees read from their nominated works. The affable Mr. Gilb, who two years ago was still working in construction, read from his short-story collection, "The Magic of Blood." Although he got tangled up in his own words a number of times in the very short passage, he won over the audience with his casual attire - a short-sleeved print shirt with khakis and cowboy boots - and his unaffected reading style.

"Oooh, he's cute," one woman purred.

Miss Ng nearly broke down in tears while describing the lives of the Chinese immigrants she chronicled in her novel "Bone." "The writing took 10 years,"

she said of her spare and somber work, but the audience barely responded to her unenthusiastic reading.

Kate Wheeler was more warmly received as she laughed her way through part of a story in her collection, "Not Where I Started From." Clearly thrilled by the award and buoyed by the presence of her father, Ms. Wheeler punctuated her reading involuntarily with smiles, grins and chuckles.

Washington lawyer Molly Elkin was similarly cheery as she accepted the award for her father, Stanley, for his trio of novellas titled "Van Gogh's Room at

Arles." The writer could not attend because of illness, Miss Elkin said. "Not his MS [multiple sclerosis]," she deadpanned, "but a far worse and more devastating condition - his writer's ego."

Looking regally bored on the dais as the relatively unknown went through their bits, Mr. Roth nevertheless brought the crowd to its feet with a fiery reading from his winning novel, "Operation Shylock," about John Demjanjuk, the Cleveland ironworker accused of being the notorious Treblinka concentration camp guard Ivan the Terrible.

Although a number of listeners admitted they hadn't been able to get through Mr. Roth's somewhat dense novel, a few noted that the author's impassioned reading made them want to take another look.

After the awards, guests repaired to the Great Hall for a cocktail buffet and a bit of schmoozing. The writers, not surprisingly, remained largely among themselves, talking shop. Less literary types who had paid \$50 for the privilege of attending scooped up roast beef and strawberries while trying to chat up as many honorees as possible.

"This is my husband, he's just written a novel," Miss Ng offered from a strategically chosen table before being deluged with autograph requests.

"I hear Philip Roth is very depressed," another woman said, shortly before taking off across the room to track him down.

Copies of the winners' books were being hawked from the entry to the hall, which, if a little less than good form socially, didn't seem to bother either the writers or their fans.

"I do hope it's a first edition," said a lady who lunches as Ms. Wheeler was inscribing a book to her. "Oh yeah," the writer replied hopefully, "the first printing hasn't sold out yet."

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The San Francisco Examiner

April 20, 1994, Wednesday; Fourth Edition

SECTION: STYLE; Pg. B-2

LENGTH: 360 words

HEADLINE: Philip Roth wins PEN / Faulkner Fiction Award

SOURCE: EXAMINER BOOK EDITOR

BYLINE: GARY KAMIYA

BODY:

PHILIP ROTH was awarded the 1994 PEN / Faulkner Award for Fiction for his 1993 novel "Operation Shylock: A Confession," it was announced Wednesday.

Roth, whose brilliantly inventive pursuit of his many selves, Jewishintellectual, sexual neurotic, questing son, postmodern fabulist, in 20 works of fiction and autobiography has established him as one of the preeminent American writers of his time, is the 14th writer to win the award.

With a prize of \$ 15,000, the PEN / Faulkner is the largest juried prize forfiction in the United States. Previous winners have included Tobias Wolff, T. Coraghessan Boyle, E.L. Doctorow, John Edgar Wideman and Don DeLillo.

"Operation Shylock" (Simon & Schuster) is a wildly imaginative explorationof one of Roth's favorite themes: the relationship between truth and fiction. Someone named Philip Roth, and who looks like the "real" Philip Roth, appears in Jerusalem, calling for Jews to return to the lands that had banished them. When the "real" Philip Roth goes to Israel to find out what's going on, a Mobius strip of illusion and reality unfurls, especially when the "real" Roth pretends he is the "imposter." "I doubt there will be a better novel published in 1993," wrote David Lehman in the Washington Post.

Roth, whose previous works include "Portnoy's Complaint," "The Counterlife"and "Patrimony," will be honored at a ceremony at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C., on May 15. Last year's winner, E. Annie Proulx (the first woman to win the PEN / Faulkner, she also won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction this year for her novel "The Shipping News") will be master of ceremonies.

The four other nominees for the prize, each of whom will receive \$ 5,000,are Stanley Elkin ("Van Gogh's Room at Arles"), Dagoberto Gilb ("The Magic of Blood"),

Wiley, Annie Proulx, T. Coraghessan Boyle), masters due for a revival (Peter Taylor, James Salter) and sometimes big names in their prime (Don DeLillo, E.L. Doctorow).

The award prides itself on its collegiality -- the four runners-up are invited to a ceremony here for an evening that honors them almost as much as the winner. The runners-up almost always come, although occasionally under pressure from their publishers. A \$ 5,000 check offers further encouragement to be nice.

This year, it will be particularly interesting to see if the volatile Roth, win or lose, makes an appearance on May 21. "Operation Shylock" is about a charlatan who calls himself Philip Roth and gets into all sorts of trouble in Israel with some kooky theories, enmeshing the real Roth in the fracas. Some of the reviews said the book was Roth at the top of his considerable form, while others found it as stimulating as being trapped in an elevator with a fellow explaining the modern Middle East at peak volume.

As the book was being published, Roth noted that it was subtitled "A Confession" and declared that it actually happened. This meant the author had done some spying for Israel's Mossad agency, among other things.

All this brought Roth a fresh round of attention, but the book never managed to crack the bestseller lists. Indeed, readers deserted him; by winter, Roth was said to be despondent -- and detached from Bloom.

Maybe the PEN/Faulkner nomination is part of a rebound for the author. Last month there was a dramatic reading in Manhattan of "Portnoy's Complaint," and folks who talked to Roth there say that, whatever the extent of his troubles, he appeared fine.

While Roth is practically a brand name, Dagoberto Gilb must be considered a very dark horse. "The Magic of Blood," a collection of stories published in a small edition by the University of New Mexico Press, is technically his second book; a small press in El Paso issued some of these same stories in 1985. To all intents and purposes, however, this is a new voice, one that has been welcomed by the critics.

In a review in The Nation, Ray Gonzalez said Gilb's "stories of blue collar workers are not just about the heartbreak of the working class but about the strength, madness and beauty its members possess." Gilb is currently teaching at the University of Wyoming, but for a dozen years was a union high-rise carpenter.

Fae Myenne Ng worked for a decade on her nominee, "Bone," which describes the aftershocks in a Chinese American family when one daughter commits suicide. A tale of becoming American and finding one's own identity, it is part of a boom in ethnic fiction of all sorts. Published a year ago, "Bone" went through several printings and sold 20,000 copies -- excellent for a literary first novel.

"Van Gogh's Room at Arles" is Stanley Elkin's 16th book. The first and longest of its three novellas concerns a wheelchair-bound professor in St. Louis whose wife leaves him just as a party for his students gets truly wild. Elkin, who teaches at Washington University in St. Louis and won a National Book Critics Circle award for his novel "George Mills," has multiple sclerosis and uses a wheelchair.

Elkin's and Ng's books were issued by the same house, the three-year-old Hyperion, and had the same editor, Patricia Mulcahy. "Because we're owned by Disney, people thought we were only going to do show business books," Mulcahy said. "But we're also making a commitment to fiction, whether it's launching careers like Fae's or relaunching ones like Stanley's."

The final nominee, Kate Wheeler, seems to have had the most peripatetic life: born in Tulsa, grew up in South America, became a nun in Rangoon, taught mountaineering in Wyoming. The 10 stories in "Not Where I Started From" reflect this mileage: The characters are all searching for transcendence in unlikely places.

So, it appears, was their author. In the two years she worked for the Miami Herald, Wheeler told her publisher in a self-interview, "My error file was the fattest, surpassing those of reporters who'd been there for decades. No matter how hard I tried not to, I filled gaps with what I was sure would have happened."

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, NOMINEE PHILIP ROTH GOT MIXED REVIEWS FOR "OPERATION SHYLOCK."

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

LOAD-DATE-MDC: March 23, 1994

Copyright 1994 The Washington Post
The Washington Post

April 20, 1994, Wednesday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE D1

LENGTH: 593 words

HEADLINE: Philip Roth Out of Dumps With PEN Fiction Prize

SERIES: Occasional

BYLINE: David Streitfeld, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

Philip Roth's "Operation Shylock" has won the PEN/Faulkner Award for fiction, presumably providing a measure of vindication for the author. Roth was said to be hugely disappointed that the novel, his 20th book, did not become a bestseller despite some enthusiastic reviews and what was certainly massive media coverage, at least for a book. The novel was also one of the two runners-up for this year's Pulitzer Prize, announced last week.

Roth's pleasure can only be presumed, because he didn't respond to a call for comment yesterday. A message left on his New York answering machine was returned 90 minutes later by a spokeswoman for his agent. "Mr. Roth is in seclusion working on a new novel and can't be interrupted," she said.

A new novel! These guys never quit. Seeing as how Roth is said to be on the outs with his previous publisher, Simon and Schuster, who's doing the new one?

"No comment," said the spokeswoman, who then hung up.

Francine Prose, one of the PEN/ Faulkner judges, said yesterday that " 'Operation Shylock' is brave, risky, extremely funny, ambitious — I admired how much it attempted and how much it succeeded." As to why some people were apparently turned off, she speculated: "It's very funny and so daring that unless people do have a sense of humor, they might not understand and be disturbed by it."

Subtitled "A Confession," the tale plays around with reality — the back cover of the paperback edition states that it "may or may not be fiction," while the front displays four passport-size photos of Roth, something that would never be done with a traditional novel.

The plot revolves around Roth's discovery that a Roth impostor is causing all sorts of ruckus in Israel with ideas like having the Jews return en masse to Europe. Then

there's the recovery group Anti-Semites Anonymous that "Roth" has founded (Tenet No. 10: "In the fellowship of A.-S.A. we strive to master the temptation to Jew hatred in all its forms").

The novel also includes scenes from the real trial of accused war criminal John Demjanjuk, an interview with the real Israeli writer Aharon Appelfeld, as well as much invention. Presumably, this latter province includes the memorable scene in which a woman has sex with a corpse. "Anyone who thinks that was

wrong," she says, "doesn't know what real love is." Anyone who remembers the liver episode in "Portnoy's Complaint" will recognize this as one of Roth's signature motifs.

By this stage in his career, Roth, 61, has an ample shelf of awards. He got a National Book Award for his first work, "Goodbye, Columbus," and National Book Critics Circle prizes for his novel "The Counterlife" and memoir "Patrimony." His complete works are in the process of being republished by Vintage.

The PEN/Faulkner, administered at the Folger Shakespeare Library here, is the last literary award of the season. Judged by a different team of three writers each year, it has been given since 1981 to an eminent group of authors, all but one of them (last year's winner, E. Annie Proulx) men. It comes with a check for \$ 15,000.

Runners-up, all of whom will receive \$ 5,000 at the May 21 ceremony at the Folger, are Stanley Elkin for "Van Gogh's Room at Arles," Dagoberto Gilb for "The Magic of Blood," Fae Myenne Ng for "Bone" and Kate Wheeler for "Not Where I Started From."

The judges -- who also included Scott Spencer and Shawn Wong -- evaluated 289 novels and short story collections published in the United States in 1993. Prose called their discussions "passionate but never rancorous."

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

LOAD-DATE-MDC: April 20, 1994

Copyright 1994 The Seattle Times Company
The Seattle Times

April 20, 1994, Wednesday, Final Edition

SECTION: BOOKS; Pg. E5

LENGTH: 436 words

HEADLINE: NOVELIST ROTH WINS PEN/FAULKNER AWARD

BYLINE: BY DONN FRY

BODY:

Philip Roth was today named winner of the 1994 PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction for his novel "Operation Shylock," which was published last year to mixed reviews.

Roth was chosen over four other nominees for the award, which is the largest annual juried prize for fiction in the United States. The novelist and short-story writer, who first gained fame in 1960 when his novella, "Goodbye Columbus," won the National Book Award, will receive \$ 15,000 for the PEN/Faulkner honor.

The other nominees, who will each receive \$ 5,000, include Stanley Elkin for "Van Gogh's Room at Arles" (Hyperion); Kate Wheeler for "Not Where I Started From" (Houghton Mifflin); Dagoberto Gilb for "The Magic of Blood" (University of New Mexico Press); and Fae Myenne Ng for "Bone" (Hyperion).

Roth and his fellow writers will all be honored May 15 in a ceremony at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C. The novelist E. Annie Proulx, last year's PEN/Faulkner winner - and recent winner of the Pulitzer Prize for her novel "The Shipping News" - will host the ceremony.

"Operation Shylock" (Simon & Schuster) was Roth's 20th published book in a long career that has included such works as "Portnoy's Complaint," "Letting Go," "Zuckerman Unbound," "The Ghost Writer," "The Counterlife" and the memoir of his father's death, "Patrimony."

An inventive novel that blurred the lines between fact and fiction, "Operation Shylock" is about an American Jewish novelist named Philip Roth who learns that an impostor - his double - is using his name in Israel while advocating the return of Jews to the European nations they emigrated from. In the novel, Roth the writer travels to Tel Aviv to meet Roth the impostor.

The novel, wrote D.M. Thomas in The New York Times Book Review, is

"animpassioned quarrel within the author's consciousness." Reviewing the book in The Washington Post Book World, David Lehman praised the body of Roth's work for its "stunning originality and wild inventiveness - novels as brilliant as any American has produced in the latter part of our century." Judges for this year's PEN/Faulkner Award included Shawn Wong, a fiction writer and director of Asian American Studies at the University of Washington, and the novelists Francine Prose and Scott Spencer. In deciding on Roth's book, they

evaluated 289 novels and short-story collections published in the United States during 1993.

The PEN/Faulkner Award was first given in 1981. Past winners besides Proulx include Tobias Wolff, E.L. Doctorow, Don DeLillo, T. Coraghessan Boyle and (twice) John Edgar Wideman.

GRAPHIC: PHILIP ROTH

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

LOAD-DATE-MDC: April 21, 1994

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The Washington Post

March 23, 1994, Wednesday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE B1

LENGTH: 973 words

HEADLINE: Philip Roth Among PEN Nominees;
Elkin, 3 Others Get Nods for Fiction Prize

SERIES: Occasional

BYLINE: David Streitfeld, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

Philip Roth's "Operation Shylock" is one of the nominees for this year's PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction, the PEN/Faulkner Foundation announced here yesterday. The novel's mixed critical and weak commercial reception reportedly sent the author into a tailspin that culminated with a separation from his wife, actress Claire Bloom.

Stanley Elkin -- like Roth, one of the aging grandmasters of postwar American letters -- also received a nomination, for "Van Gogh's Room at Arles." But the three other finalists for the \$ 15,000 prize were debuts.

Each arose out of one of the country's different ethnic or religious subdivisions: "Bone" by Fae Myenne Ng (San Francisco's Chinatown), "The Magic of Blood" by Dagoberto Gilb (the Chicano Southwest) and "Not Where I Started From" by Kate Wheeler (white middle class, filtered through Buddhism).

"I initially resisted nominating any first books," said one of the judges, Scott Spencer. "PEN already has an award for them, the PEN Hemingway. I don't think any of us wanted to poach on their territory. But these books fought their way to the top."

The three judges -- Spencer, Francine Prose and Shawn Wong -- read 289 novels and story collections published during 1993. "I thought there was a lack of danger and vitality in a lot of the books," said Spencer. "There were 25 or so that rose from the pack, but the rest were just going through the motions."

Founded in 1980 and administered at the Folger Shakespeare Library, the PEN/Faulkner is one of the country's most prominent literary prizes. The judges, who are always writers themselves, have spotlighted talent on the way up (Richard

Wiley, Annie Proulx, T. Coraghessan Boyle), masters due for a revival (Peter Taylor, James Salter) and sometimes big names in their prime (Don DeLillo, E.L. Doctorow).

The award prides itself on its collegiality — the four runners-up are invited to a ceremony here for an evening that honors them almost as much as the winner. The runners-up almost always come, although occasionally under pressure from their publishers. A \$ 5,000 check offers further encouragement to be nice.

This year, it will be particularly interesting to see if the volatile Roth, win or lose, makes an appearance on May 21. "Operation Shylock" is about a charlatan who calls himself Philip Roth and gets into all sorts of trouble in Israel with some kooky theories, enmeshing the real Roth in the fracas. Some of the reviews said the book was Roth at the top of his considerable form, while others found it as stimulating as being trapped in an elevator with a fellow explaining the modern Middle East at peak volume.

As the book was being published, Roth noted that it was subtitled "A Confession" and declared that it actually happened. This meant the author had done some spying for Israel's Mossad agency, among other things.

All this brought Roth a fresh round of attention, but the book never managed to crack the bestseller lists. Indeed, readers deserted him; by winter, Roth was said to be despondent — and detached from Bloom.

Maybe the PEN/Faulkner nomination is part of a rebound for the author. Last month there was a dramatic reading in Manhattan of "Portnoy's Complaint," and folks who talked to Roth there say that, whatever the extent of his troubles, he appeared fine.

While Roth is practically a brand name, Dagoberto Gilb must be considered a very dark horse. "The Magic of Blood," a collection of stories published in a small edition by the University of New Mexico Press, is technically his second book; a small press in El Paso issued some of these same stories in 1985. To all intents and purposes, however, this is a new voice, one that has been welcomed by the critics.

In a review in The Nation, Ray Gonzalez said Gilb's "stories of blue collar workers are not just about the heartbreak of the working class but about the strength, madness and beauty its members possess." Gilb is currently teaching at the University of Wyoming, but for a dozen years was a union high-rise carpenter.

Fae Myenne Ng worked for a decade on her nominee, "Bone," which describes the aftershocks in a Chinese American family when one daughter commits suicide. A tale of becoming American and finding one's own identity, it is part of a boom in ethnic fiction of all sorts. Published a year ago, "Bone" went through several printings and sold 20,000 copies — excellent for a literary first novel.

"Van Gogh's Room at Arles" is Stanley Elkin's 16th book. The first and longest of its three novellas concerns a wheelchair-bound professor in St. Louis whose wife leaves him just as a party for his students gets truly wild. Elkin, who teaches at Washington University in St. Louis and won a National Book Critics Circle award for his novel "George Mills," has multiple sclerosis and uses a wheelchair.

Elkin's and Ng's books were issued by the same house, the three-year-old Hyperion, and had the same editor, Patricia Mulcahy. "Because we're owned by Disney, people thought we were only going to do show business books," Mulcahy said. "But we're also making a commitment to fiction, whether it's launching careers like Fae's or relaunching ones like Stanley's."

The final nominee, Kate Wheeler, seems to have had the most peripatetic life: born in Tulsa, grew up in South America, became a nun in Rangoon, taught mountaineering in Wyoming. The 10 stories in "Not Where I Started From" reflect this mileage: The characters are all searching for transcendence in unlikely places.

So, it appears, was their author. In the two years she worked for the Miami Herald, Wheeler told her publisher in a self-interview, "My error file was the fattest, surpassing those of reporters who'd been there for decades. No matter how hard I tried not to, I filled gaps with what I was sure would have happened."

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, NOMINEE PHILIP ROTH GOT MIXED REVIEWS FOR "OPERATION SHYLOCK."

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

LOAD-DATE-MDC: March 23, 1994

The annually awarded PEN/Faulkner Award for fiction was established in 1980 by Mary Lee Settle and the PEN American Center to honor the best work of fiction published by an American writer in a calendar year. There is a monetary prize of \$7500 to the first place winner and prizes of \$2500 to each of four other nominees. This award is unusual in that it was founded as a way for writers to honor their peers.

PEN is the international writers' organization that sponsors the award. The PEN/Faulkner award is based on the prize William Faulkner created from his Nobel Prize money and on the now defunct National Book Awards. The NBA was replaced by the "industry dominated" American Book Awards and PEN decided to boycott the ABA on the grounds that they were too commercial. In place of the ABAs PEN created the PEN/ Faulkner awards.

PEN is an acronym for poets, playwrights, editors, essayists and novelists. For more description of PEN see enclosure.

"The judges are prepared - obliged, even - to celebrate artistic genius wherever they find it of course, but at its writerly heart this award belongs to the rebel, the iconoclast, the transformer." The winning themes are generally all-American. But the judges usually award eclectic styles. (By 1992, there was still no female winner of the award.)

At the PEN/Faulkner Awards the literary readings come first in the Folger's Reading Room and the reception comes afterward in the Great Hall.

Generally the nominees and winners read from the work for which they are being recognized.

13TH STORY of Level 3 printed in FULL format.

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March 3, 1992, Tuesday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE B6

LENGTH: 435 words

HEADLINE: Variety Marks PEN/Faulkner Nominees

SERIES: Occasional

BYLINE: David Streitfeld, Washington Post Staff Writer

PEN/Faulkner
Articles

BODY:

This year's nominees for the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction are the usual diverse lot: from the 10th novel by an acknowledged master to a first book, with stops in between.

"Mao II" by Don DeLillo, "Frog" by Stephen Dixon, "Extraordinary People" by Paul Gervais, "White People" by Allan Gurganus and "The Almanac Branch" by Bradford Morrow were selected from 261 novels and short-story collections published in this country last year.

The only thing they all have in common is the sex of their author, a matter of chance that nevertheless assures for the 13th year in a row the prestigious \$100 literary prize will be won by a man.

"The plain fact is, we read the books themselves and never thought about the sex of the writer, the color of the writer or the publisher's name," Doris Grumbach, one of the three judges, said yesterday. "These are the books that we liked best. It would be nice if there was a woman or a black or an Oriental but there isn't, and that's the way the cookie crumbles."

"Frog," Dixon's fifth novel, was also a National Book Award nominee. It uses interrelated forms of fiction to tell a family epic. "Mao II," DeLillo's 10th work, is about an isolated writer who enters the world of political violence. "White People" is a collection that came on the heels of Gurganus's enormously successful first novel, "Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All."

The two least known books on the list are "Extraordinary People," a first novel about a New England family by a visual artist who lives on a farm in Tuscany, and "The Almanac Branch," about a woman's struggle to find her own identity in a family of headstrong men. It's the second novel by Morrow, the founder and editor of the literary magazine Conjunctions.

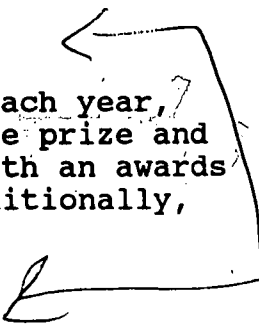
"It was an interesting year," commented Grumbach, a longtime Washington writer who now lives most of the year in Maine. "There were a lot of books by extremely good writers, but this wasn't their year for a good book. On the other hand, there were quite a lot of good books by people whose names I wasn't familiar with."

The PEN/Faulkner Award was founded in 1980 as a way for fiction writers to honor their peers. This year's judges, in addition to Grumbach, are Richard

The Washington Post, March 3, 1992

ley and Joy Williams.

It's the third of the four major fiction awards to be announced each year, coming after the National Book Award and National Book Critics Circle prize and before the Pulitzer. The winner will be announced in early April, with an awards ceremony to follow at the Folger Shakespeare Library on May 16. Traditionally, all the nominees come to the event.



LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

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The New York Times

March 18, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

SECTION: Section 7; Page 1, Column 1; Book Review Desk

LENGTH: 3169 words

HEADLINE: ONB READING 300 AMERICAN NOVELS

BODY:

This is, in essence, a defense of a judging bias. The occasion is this year's PEN/ Faulkner Awards, which I, along with fellow novelists Mary Gordon and David Bradley, am in the process of selecting. The pool is some 250-300 new books of American fiction, all published in 1983. It is our charge to choose five or six books of particular distinction, with a first prize for one of them. An impossible task of course and, at root, perhaps a political one.

I've never before read so many works of fiction

Robert Coover, whose most recent novel is "Spanking the Maid," teaches at Brown University. at once, much less all new ones from a single country. It's humbling just to see so much imaginative energy on display, even if most of it is soon to be pulped and forgotten. What it has taught me, as if I needed such a lesson, is a renewed appreciation of those few innovative narratives that break molds, challenge the conventions. It's not simply their novelty, their declaration of personality; it runs deeper than that. And thinking about it has given me a way of approaching this massive, sometimes painful, assignment.

Perhaps all judges of literary prizes go through this: chasing some illusive subtext as a way of willing themselves through their mind-numbing task, hoping for some insight into the tribe's view of itself as a reward for so bruising their minds. That old cabalist pursuit of the hidden pattern. The encoded message.

It's dangerous, I know, to use any art form as a kind of keyhole into "something beyond" - into God's privy or society's secret cancers or "human nature," whatever. In one of the crime novels in this mountain of 1983 books now piled on my study floor, the photographer-hero ridicules those critics who pretend to see in his photographs such things as "a frontal attack against the assumptions of a technological society" or "a compendium of humanity's defeat at the hands of venture capital." When some guy, dragged to the gallery by his wife, remarks flatly, "I think he takes pictures to make a buck, and anything else is fringe," the photographer says, "I would've kissed the guy, but it might've ruined his perspective."

The author of this particular book is of course a manipulator of stereotypes out to make a buck, but he's right: Any art object treated as mere social documentation or inquiry is going to be misunderstood. Each art form has its own unique internal history, its own pattern of development, projected from within, much as DNA projects an organism. Some would even say that the great innovative artists are those who most wholly surrender to the demands of the evolving form - its servant, not its master. Each art form is an international self-generating technology of sorts, like that of microchips, video, lasers

The New York Times, March 18, 1984

and bombs.

But that same photographer-hero, when pressed, admits, quoting a fellow artist, a great Depression Era photographer, that what he's really looking for are "images whose meanings exceed the local circumstances that provide their occasion." He wants the world to "show" itself to him through his art. True, he wants to capture it intuitively, rather than talk about it, but still he wants revelation, interaction. It is hard to get away from this. Art lives in the world, and the world in it. This is especially true of fiction, which can't even speak unless the world speaks. Echoes are bound to be heard, from one to the other.

Structuralists believe that the relationship is even more profound than this, that art and society actually help to shape each other in their innermost configurations, even if unconsciously, and that therefore if you can perceive the inner structures of one, you can discover insights into the other. The theoretician Lucien Goldmann called this mirroring of artistic and social forms a "homology of structures." For all the rebellion and inventiveness of individual artists, their work as a whole, it is assumed, will necessarily reflect the political forms, social patterns and ideological beliefs of the tribe, else it will have no meaning at all.

FROM this perspective, this huge pile of books now spread all over my study floor like chips in a board game might be seen as a single chapter in the ongoing American mythology, processive and essentially anonymous, the individual authors dissolving - against their will, of course - into a single communal voice. Indeed, the very naming of all these individuals, and the attachment of those names to monetary exchange values, reflect powerful forces in our tribal world-view, having to do with the ideology of individualism, the icons of commerce and how they're made, the idealized patterns of a "significant" life.

Because the rise of the novel is coincident with the rise of the industrial mercantile democracies - and is itself obviously an industrial product, secular, "prosaic," and mass-produced - it is easy to see the novel as Hegel saw it, as "the epic of the middle-class world," a form somehow tied to the fate of that world, each sustaining and promoting the other, each at risk if the other should fall. If that's so, then, judging by most of the books on my floor, though pollution, missiles, corruption, unassimilated technology and banking crises may threaten it, the world of the industrial bourgeoisie is safe at least for another year from the American novel. If not necessarily the other way round.

For here we have all the themes and procedures familiar to us since "Pamela" - the emphasis on private lives and sentimental relationships, "character" as a theater for the defense and revision of the doctrine of individualism, "point of view" its metaphysical demonstration, space (or place) a kind of storage bin for artifacts (how we love our catalogues!), or else an artifact itself - exotic settings offered as new acquisitions for the consuming mind. Everything here from ancient Egypt to modern Pago Pago, from the toilettes of movie stars and duchesses to the sinkholes of bums and immigrants to the death seats of condemned criminals, from primitive post-apocalyptic howls to the magical land of outer space. It's a kind of voyeurism, which remains a dominant feature of this particular chapter of the American mythology. There seems to be a great unappeasable craving to see what cannot ordinarily

The New York Times, March 18, 1984

seen. Maybe it's just that if the whole world is privately owned, we have to take a peek to get a piece of it, possession being incomplete until we're privy to the vilest corners, the darkest secrets (incest and child-murder are big this year).

If frontal assaults on these structures are missing here, this multivolume book on my study floor does seem to reflect a number of adjustments being made in the tribal mythos. Family, for example, is still a central structural metaphor, but it is more complex than it used to be: There is a scattering of relatives and chapters like jump cuts in film, conjoined and severed at the same time. Familial arrangements (which are often the equivalent of "plot") are predictably unpredictable, as though principles from other disciplines - the principles of randomness, say, or relativity - were seeping in, not so much to undermine these structures as to restore their viability.

Homosexual love is finding its place in the world through the appropriation of the conventions of erotic heterosexual literature, including lush prose as a kind of seduction of the imagination. Traditional pornography, contrarily, now seems "dated," having lost its place perhaps to the home video cassette, though the fascination with death and orgasm persists, the erotic imagination of male writers increasingly beguiled, it would appear, by love's cruelty.

Women, in fiction as in life, seem to be taking hold of their lives as never before (the world of this particular group novel is literally chockablock with middle-aged ladies on the make), though they tend to discover, almost qualitatively, the same angst and fevers that plagued male heroes before them, as though the forms themselves might have them in thrall. One senses, as throughout this composite text, an aura of diminished hopes, reflected not least of all by the pervasive lack of formal ambition in the fictions themselves.

Vietnam, dread incubus of our communal nightmare, is being dragged forcibly, over and over again, into the harsh but conventional light of novelistic day: fiction as exorcism. The devil, however, usually turns out to be something more like Fate or "human nature" than ordinary political or military decisions. The enemy, with rare exception, is not so much another character as a metaphysical condition, and mere survival, as one might expect in this system, has achieved the status of maximum value. Vietnam literature, I should say, is coming to constitute a whole new genre, allied in many ways to that of horror, and it is projecting its own truth out into the world - that there are no heroes and no victories. Our great civilizing Myth of the American West, meanwhile, goes on being revised, celebrated, humanized, enlarged, narrowed, scorned, enshrined. It is popular now to take the Indian's point of view. Perhaps that's one way of absorbing and deflecting the experience of Vietnam.

But the dominant musical note in this community fiction is not yippee-ti-yi-yo or the slapping of leather, it is the sound of urban voices: city folk talking to each other. What there is of the pursuit of mystery in many of these books seems to be concentrated in the devout attention being paid to this tuneful discord. Mingled in are the sometimes embittered voices of the new waves of immigrants, the bitterness itself perhaps a characteristic of the life.

The New York Times, March 18, 1984

THERE are other elements notable for their absence. The militarization of the world, for example, is not taking place in this group novel. You will not find much here about the economy or foreign policy or acid rain. The third world does not quite exist in it, except occasionally as a dangerously fractious source of raw material or a stage for American initiation rites. There is some sense of the impact of telecommunications and computerization (almost all writers have gone on-line with something by now after all), but few of these fictions seem shaped in any serious way by information or communication theory. Indeed, it is hard to find any ideas in most of them more current than Darwinism. Organized religions are here, but serve mainly as complications in secular plots, as though in tacit compliance with constitutional orthodoxy on this matter. They are still an obstacle now and then to an individual's "growing up," but may be making a comeback as a source of solace in the face of apocalypse and existentialist gloom.

It's likely, of course, that the particular set of fictions that has been preselected for us - only about 10 percent of the year's total - is distorting the overview. There aren't many so-called "genre novels" here, for example - westerns, romances, detective and spy novels, war stories, science fiction, fantasy and suspense - and some of these do at least incorporate current events, fashionable anxieties, and contemporary technology and theory, even if the forms the authors use remain paradoxically archaic, the language simplistic.

At times, indeed, the few popular novels that we do have - many of which we had to ask for ourselves, publishers seemingly dubious about the literary merit of their own successes - seem so far removed from the majority of these texts both in "quality" and in subject matter as to suggest a completely different literature. Or if not a different literature, at least a different voice. It is as though not one but two world-views, two mythologies, one "popular," the other "serious," were operating concurrently upon our communal psyche.

Perhaps this has always been true. If, for example, you take apart that wonderfully generative fiction, The Book of Genesis, breaking it down into its various constituent "authors," as linguists have now been able to do, you will discover these separate traditions of popular and establishment literature; there they are found in the interlaced folkloric and "priestly" voices, the one superstitious, secular, action-oriented, and open-ended, the other carefully reasoned, authoritative, stylish, enclosed in the "truth." Though they often seem to contradict each other, it is their coexistence in this text - the popular tradition sanctioning enlightenment, and vice versa - that gives it its ultimate power.

IN the folk tradition, which

finds its modern incarnation

in genre fiction, well-known

The New York Times, March 18, 1984

formulaic tales are retold, over and over again, in new yet ever familiar poses with an emphasis on entertainment, frequently invoking a "what-if" quality, the use of magic (read technology in some cases), exotic travel and other narratively interesting wish-fulfillment situations. Its characters, while often vivid, remain somehow generic, abstract, interchangeable. Invention is spent on plot complications, amusing eccentricities, evocations of the fabulous. One is reminded of the oral tradition, in which everything flows relentlessly forward to its climax, focusing on conflict and certain elemental themes, avoiding affectations of style, indeed anything "high-minded" that might slow it down or lose a reader, and so seeming even more anonymous in its authorship than the "serious" books on my floor.

These, contrarily, while using no less familiar forms, clearly seek to transcend mere storytelling, to reach past entertainment for its own sake into speculative and morally perplexing realms, projecting their complex characters into ironic and ambiguous situations. Critics praise these books for their vision, style, commitment, sensibility, honesty, their "intense realism." Hundreds of creative writing workshops, or cells, have been established across the country to perpetuate these ideals - a kind of literary creed - and indeed there are a startling number of quality short story collections here, many more than I would have expected, most of them obviously polished and in the end somewhat homogenized by one or another of these programs. This in spite of the fact that a characteristic peculiarity of these fictions is a conscious search for a personal "voice," a distinctive rhetorical and consistent vision.

Ultimately, of course, both of these voices are conservative. Both tend, though formal acquiescence, to extend the reign of the cultural establishment, while challenging it now and then on the surface. The voice of the bourgeois novel, of "serious literature," moves its self-reflective heroes through problematic situations toward what is basically a confirmation of the accepted character-centered world-view, occasionally proposing or reflecting slight modulations, reinterpretations, new modes of acceptance. A corrupt father is embraced on his deathbed; the failure of a character is compensated for by the author's elegant style. The folkloric voice of genre fictions moves its exemplary heroes and heroines through a sequence of entertaining actions toward a system of punishments and rewards, in what is ultimately a harmonious world - or else its contrary, a disharmonious hell. What if eases the pain of what is.

The "serious" voice tends to be more profound, more poetic, more intellectually and emotionally complex, almost priestly in its honed and elegant revisions of the tribal mythos. The popular one tends to be livelier, more playful, even subversive to the established world-view at times, though in the way folk art is always subversive - distrustful of all change, even that which has already taken place, nostalgic instead for a return to the old values of that simpler and happier past that lives on in the popular imagination. Which, of course, is the only place it has ever existed.

But occasionally - rarely - a third voice arises, radically at odds with the priestly and folk traditions alike, though often finding its materials in the latter and sharing with it a basic distrust of the establishment view of things. This voice typically rejects mere modifications in the evolving group mythos, rather surface variations on sanctioned themes, and attacks instead the supporting structures themselves, the homologous forms. Whereupon something new enters the world - at least the world of literature, if not always the community beyond.

The New York Times, March 18, 1984

Though this voice is often thought of as disruptive, eccentric, even inaccessible (which is how some previous PEN/Faulkner Award winners have been viewed), it could easily be argued that it is true mainstream fiction, emerging from the very core of the evolving form, peculiarly alert to the decay in the social forms that embrace it, early signals of larger mutations to follow.

SOMETIMES this revolution of form seems almost accidental. Disparate elements are somehow juxtaposed, in art or life or both, creating a kind of dissonance, and an artist comes along who resolves that dissonance through the creation of a new form - a Chretien de Troyes, for example, who secularized the monkish appetite for allegory and raised fairy tale to an art form by enriching it with metaphor, design, fortuitous mistranslation and exegetical tomfoolery, thereby inventing the chivalric romance, a form that dominated the world for five centuries. Something similar might be said of Cervantes as well, who brought an end to the tradition of chivalric romance by submitting its artifices to the realities of the picares and conquistadors of his day. Or of that eclectic "Redactor" of Genesis, for that matter, who pressed the folk and priestly voice of his tribe into a contiguous relationship so profound that I myself am still affected by it, 20-some centuries later.

At other times - as with Ovid or Kafka or Joyce - this new form is clearly the conscious invention of a creative artist, pursuing his own peculiar, even mischievous, vision with the intransigence of a seer or an assassin. For these writers, the ossified ideologies of the world, imbedded in the communal imagination, block vision, and as artists they respond not by criticism from without but by confrontation from within. In effect, in mythopoeic dialogue, they challenge these old forms to change or die.

And it seems to me that it is this sort of artist - whether intuitive or intellectual - that the PEN/ Faulkner Award in its brief life has sought to honor. It is not surprising to me that its selections have sometimes seemed outside the "tradition." Its judges are are prepared - obliged, even - to celebrate artistic genius wherever they find it of course, but at its writerly heart this award belongs to the rebel, the iconoclast, the transformer. The mainstream. B

GRAPHIC: photo of Robert Coover; drawings

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

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October 2, 1990, Tuesday, NORTH SPORTS FINAL EDITION

SECTION: NEWS; Pg. 20; ZONE: C; OVERNIGHT

LENGTH: 627 words

HEADLINE: Literary giants help South rise again at gala

BYLINE: By Michael Kilian, Chicago Tribune

DATELINE: WASHINGTON

BODY:

Devote America's most glittering literary evening of the year to readings by famous authors of writing that conveys "a sense of place," and where do you think most of these authors are going to hail from?

If you guessed the South, you're not only right, but can also probably spell Yoknapatawpha, the legendary fictional Mississippi County used by novelist William Faulkner as the setting of so many of his richly southern tales.

The evening was Monday night's Pen/Faulkner Award for Fiction gala dinner at Washington's venerable Folger Library, and of the 16 literary giants who strode the podium to talk or read about their sense of place in writing, fully seven came from the South: Eudora Welty, the grand dame of American letters; novelist/historian Shelby Foote, star of the recently concluded public television series "The Civil War;" Blanche Boyd, National Public Radio essayist and author of "Nerves;" National Book Award nominee Ellen Douglas; African American Writers Guild President Marita Golden; Larry "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" King; and Kentuckian Bobbie Ann Mason, author of "In Country."

New York was represented by the ubiquitous Norman Mailer; naturalist/novelist Peter Matthiessen, who talked about the beauties of the Hudson River Valley though his best-selling novel "Killing Mr. Watson" is about the Florida Everglades; and young Jay "Bright Lights, Big City," McInerney, who with a straight face spoke on the poetic beauties of New York City.

Pittsburgh was represented by John Edgar Wideman, author of "The Philadelphia Fire;" Los Angeles by Geoffrey "The Duke of Deception" Wolfe; and even Poland had a spokesman in Jerzy Kosinski. But absolutely no one was there to represent the Midwest, let alone wax rhapsodic about the Gary, Ind., steel mills at dusk. The closest they came was Wolfe, who recounted a train trip he had once taken through Minnesota, though he devoted most of the journey to reading a book by F. Scott Fitzgerald about Long Island.

The bearded Foote, looking every inch the Southern literary gentleman, was perhaps in the finest fettle of the group, invoking his fellow Mississippian Faulkner, whom he said, "would have run barefoot over broken glass to avoid a shiner like this," and who he said "wrote about the South because that was what he knew; any place else would require research, which he could not abide at all."

In her movingly simple remarks, Boyd said she had left her native Charleston, S.C., in the 1960s because she felt her fellow white southerners were on the wrong side of the civil rights struggle. She subsequently returned because she found in her travels that there were only two places in the country, "Charleston, and not Charleston . . . home, and not home."

King said that the rough, rural Texas he'd grown up in had disappeared, and that now "Southern California collides with Georgia on a great slab of concrete." He warned, "Any place that runs out of its myths and legends runs the risk of ending up New Jersey."

McInerney confessed he was from New Jersey.

In an earlier chat, Foote said the fame that's come his way from the Civil War series "has driven me stark, staring mad," and that he's even received phone calls from women proposing marriage, offers that he said, "I could burn through in a hurry just by arranging to meet the ladies."

He said he'd received some complaints from fellow southerners that the PBS series was unfair to the South, "though I think it's the fairest treatment the South's ever received on television."

He said producer Ken Burns "knew from the beginning that the closer he got to the truth, the better the program would be - and that if anything untrue got in, it would stain all around it."

PHIC: PHOTO (color): Norman Mailer (left) and his wife, Norris, chat with writer John Edgar Wideman at the Pen/Faulkner Award for Fiction dinner Monday night. Tribune photos by Ernie Cox Jr.

PHOTO (color): Shelby Foote, of the public television series "The Civil War," shared his views with fellow writers.

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

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May 16, 1988, Monday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE B1

LENGTH: 1292 words

HEADLINE: Boyle Takes The Prize;
PEN/Faulkner Honors 'World's End' Novelist

BYLINE: Charles Trueheart, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

Literary Washington's high society tipped its hat Saturday night to another wave of talented writers, foremost among them this year the theatrical T. Coraghessan Boyle.

As winner -- for his third novel, "World's End" -- of this year's PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction, announced on April 20, Boyle was honored in a clubbishly good-natured evening of writerly performance and literary chitchat, all amid the august surroundings of the Folger Shakespeare Library on Capitol Hill. So too were Boyle's fellow nominees Cynthia Ozick, Alice McDermott, Laurence Thornton and Richard Bausch.

Russell Banks, the novelist, served as one of the judges of the \$ 5,000 prize wrote four of the five award citations. Standing before a crowd of 250, he called Boyle "a major creative force in American fiction today," listed the five "all-American themes" that "World's End" contains (race, place, family, sex and class), and remarked that it read like a collaboration between Nathanael West and William Faulkner.

Then Boyle, standing a tall and skinny 6-3, had the ladies and gentlemen in party dress reeling and wheezing in delight at his variety-revue rendition of a West Coast PR guy trying to help Ayatollah Khomeini improve his eccentric image.

For eight years now, the award ceremonies have been a favorite spring rite among people who read books, write books, write about books and talk about books in modern Washington. And PEN/Faulkner has been eclectic enough in its choices to receive almost any kind of writer with respect and interest (although it happens that no woman has won the prize).

But for sheer spectacle, the presence of such an unconventional and entertaining figure as Boyle was said to be unprecedented, if not universally adored, by those on hand Saturday night.

Boyle affects a haircut that leaves his apricot-colored fuzz in a pelt high on his skull, wears a metal clip in one ear and speaks in a deceptively drowsy monotone. To receive this literary prize, he donned a gray suit, blue and red athletic shoes, a black T-shirt with a cryptic design on the front, and a klace of blue plastic beads tied around his long bare throat.

After his routine, in which he mimicked the brisk patter of a Los Angeles hustler trying to talk the imam out of wearing a towel on his head and a

The Washington Post, May 16, 1988

throbe all day, Boyle shuffled amiably among the tables laid out with catered w, shaking hands with the guests, signing books thrust his way, talking willingly about himself.

His favorite recent bit of publicity, he said, was in The Boston Globe, which ran Boyle's photograph with a caption that read: "T. Coraghessan Boyle: Brilliant, brutal."

"Man, that's it!" exclaimed Boyle with joy, rocking back on his rubber heels, " 'Brilliant, brutal.' That's my epitaph!"

At least as large and persistent a knot of people stood around Richard Bausch, whose latest book of short stories, "Spirits," was the local popular-vote runner-up for this year's PEN/Faulkner.

"Richard is a first-rate maker of tales. He risks writing about emotion," declared Susan Richards Shreve, the Washington novelist who serves as president of PEN/Faulkner, from under her black straw hat.

Though the two other judges, novelists Robb Forman Dew and Jamaica Kincaid, did not attend the ceremonies, Dew took the time to write the official citation for Bausch's book.

"Throughout this collection," she said, "there is always the acknowledgment of those dark corners of the soul, an acknowledgment of the fact that anyone may blunder into chaos at the outer edges." And yet, Dew wrote, "one comes away from s book with a cautious hopefulness, an odd sense of solace."

National Public Radio's Susan Stamberg, as husky-voiced master of ceremonies, said Bausch "has become PEN/Faulkner's favorite bridesmaid." As he heard this while sitting at the head of the room beside her, the red-haired Fairfax novelist was stony-faced, as who would not be after being twice nominated and twice denied?

But when he rose to the microphone to begin his reading, Bausch turned droll. "It's always a pleasure," he said to giggles of relief, "to be nominated for the PEN/Faulkner Award."

Bausch's reading from "The Man Who Knew Belle Starr" and Boyle's ayatollah riff bracketed the ceremonies. Cynthia Ozick ("The Messiah of Stockholm") and Alice McDermott ("That Night") could not attend by reason of Bryn Mawr commencement address and the imminent birth of a child, respectively; Myra Sklarew, recently departed from Washington to run the Yaddo writers colony, read from Ozick's book.

Laurence Thornton was on hand to hear his novel of political and metaphysical intrigue, "Imagining Argentina," cited for summoning to mind "Kundera's remembered Prague or Coetzee's unnamed South Africa or, dare one say it, Corporate America's advertised America." Thornton proceeded to read the beguiling opening pages of the book.

Reversing the usual order of big public feeds, at PEN/Faulkner, literary dings come first in the Folger's Reading Room, and eating and drinking and ever come later, next door in the Great Hall. There, broad glass cases protecting priceless manuscripts and artifacts found themselves useful as

The Washington Post, May 16, 1988

...rfaces for platefuls of pasta, pa'te' and spanakopita.

Novelist Robert Stone led a decent showing of the rest of the board of directors. The likes of Michael Beschloss, Hodding Carter, William Warner, E. Ethelbert Miller, Kate Lehrer and, from New York, Putnam's editor Faith Sale were still awake and standing after a more intimate (60 guests) private soiree the night before at former congressman Jim Jones' Capitol Hill town house, and a four-hour board meeting that morning.

In one corner Washington lawyer-agent Ron Goldfarb was rubbing shoulders with a regular attender from out-of-town, Mitchel Levitas, editor of The New York Times Book Review, who volunteered his admiration for the informality and writerliness of the PEN/Faulkner Award ceremony. Standing not far away, USA Today book critic Robert Wilson conversed with novelist-newsmen Jim Lehrer, Roger Mudd and Amanda Vaill, Boyle's editor at Viking. Spotted here and there around the room were Washington writers Alan Cheuse (one of next year's judges), Doris Grumbach, Mollie Dickenson and Elizabeth Benedict. Carrying the flag of the institution that administers PEN/Faulkner year-round, the Folger Library's director, Werner Gundersheimer, told a story about discovering Boyle's work from a bookstall proprietor in South Hadley, Mass.; buying up all his books, in first editions, on the spot; and hearing his wife declare, when he confessed what he had done, "This isn't like you, Werner."

An hour into the socializing, people were still talking about Boyle's animated performance.

Some veterans of PEN/Faulkner thought it was an informal rule that the nominees and winners should read from the work for which they're being recognized, as Boyle did not. Others thought it was a refreshing break from the usual serious fare at these occasions, and said he "teared up" he laughed so hard.

One newcomer thought the ayatollah-bashing was "too crude for Washington, but it might work in L.A." One of the PEN/Faulkner also-rans said the story was "perishable." And still others thought it was off-key, verging on racist, spoofery of religious customs. Yet an Iranian in the room pronounced herself entertained by Boyle and his reading.

Throughout the evening, busy in a corner, representatives of the Bookstall in Potomac looked tired after selling out their entire provision of Boyle's books, and of Bausch's, and nearly all of Thornton's.

By night's end, almost everyone who had come to the Folger was clutching a copy or a short stack of brand-new books to take home and read.

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE, WINNER FO THIS YEAR'S PEN/FAULKNER AWARD.
GERALD MARTINEAU

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

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April 12, 1982, Monday, Final Edition

SECTION: Style; C1

LENGTH: 1229 words

HEADLINE: Literary License;
Authors Frolic at PEN Award Ceremony

BYLINE: By Curt Suplee

DATELINE: CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.

BODY:

The moment was sliding into symbolism.

David Bradley had just won the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction Saturday night, and was approaching the podium in the Rotunda at the University of Virginia. Above him was the vast domed radiance of Thomas Jefferson's architecture, before him a silent constellation of literary lights: judges Walker Percy, John Hawkes and Wesley Brown, prize organizer Mary Lee Settle, fellow nominees Robert Stone, Richard Bausch, Marilynne Robinson and Mark Helprin, and over 100 envoys from the world of contemporary letters, including publisher-author Robert Giroux and Hardison of the Folger Library.

In this austere and elegant room, designed by a slave owner, the 31-year-old black author--whose novel, "The Chaneysville Incident," follows five generations of a black family's odyssey from slavery to Vietnam--was about to give his acceptance speech. The air was thick with purport.

But Bradley, a compact, balding figure with bottle-bottom glasses and a rough-thatched beard of Old Testament proportions, peered out over the throng and immediately disarmed the solemnity. After talking for two days with his fellow nominees, he said, "I do feel a little strange" being chosen above them. "But I'm going to keep the big check anyway." He thanked the organizers, read briefly from his book, and then paused ominously. "And now," he intoned into the eager hush, "in the immortal words of Ray Charles . . . let's go get stoned!"

It was a sentiment widely shared during the weekend gathering, and fervently acted upon directly after the restrained brevity of the ceremony. Mary Lee Settle, head of the southern chapter of PEN, the international writers' organization that sponsors the award, opened the event by tracing its history from two antecedents: the prize William Faulkner created from his Nobel Prize money; and the now-defunct National Book Awards. The PEN/Faulkner prize arose when the NBA was replaced by the industry-dominated American Book Awards, but represents, Settle said, no animosity toward the Association of American Publishers, whom she thanked "for 30 years they did not interfere" with the NBA selection process and "protected" the judges from criticism by commercial interests.

Short citations were read for each of the six finalists. Bausch's "Take Me Back" was called "a seamless, perfectly wrought novel" in which the author's

The Washington Post, April 12, 1982

control was "exhilarating"; Stone's "A Flag for Sunrise" was deemed "a brilliant citation on our best and worst intentions as a nation"; and Bradley was lauded for having "fashioned a tale of how the past is commemorated in ritual and keeps a hold on our lives." After each citation Hardison, an author himself who said he was there "as an attendant lord to swell a pageant," gave checks for \$1,000 to all the nominees except Donald Barthelme, who failed to attend. Richard Gilman, head of the PEN American Center in New York, presented the Award for Fiction and Hardison handed Bradley a \$5,000 check.

"The best part of this whole thing," Bradley said afterward, relenting momentarily from his buoyant sarcasm, "has been hanging out" with the other writers, "drinking and telling lies." Many of them met for the first time on Friday--either at their hotels (agog at the sumptuous antebellum aura of his, Bradley said, "They asked me if I wanted anything, and I said, 'Yeah--I want a slave!'"), or at the evening reception given by university president Frank Hereford and his wife, Ann, at their home. It was the first of many opportunities to irrigate the imagination during two days of mutual autographing, story-swapping, ribald jokes and general acclimatization to the white-columned ambiance, as bourbon gushed like tap water and the nominees' sharp accents scuffed at the lustrous southern consonants of local worthies.

The honors touched each author differently. Bausch, who teaches at George Mason University and proved the most zealously gregarious of the nominees, at times seemed bemused by his success: "I just shook hands with Walker Percy! I just kissed Mary Lee Settle on the cheek!" Marilynne Robinson, the author of "Housekeeping" who arrived with her husband from Northampton, Mass., said, "This is the first thing I've ever written and I'm just flattened by the attention it's getting," although "I'm looking forward to the time when they'll quit calling me a 'young writer.'"

Stone, deeply tanned from a year teaching at U.C.L.A., was less enthused, and kept to the perimeter of most gatherings. But then his new novel has had considerable commercial success, and is nominated for an American Book Award, to be given later this month. "Yeah, I've had a good run with it," he said, "but I got on The New York Times best-seller list by mistake. There was a computer error and they told me about it afterward. But I sold a lot of books that I otherwise wouldn't have sold."

Helprin, 35, a product of Harvard, Princeton and Oxford, arrived from his home in Brooklyn. An earnest man with carefully parted hair and horn-rim glasses ("My mother says she's proud of me because I look like George Will"), Helprin said, "This is the first prize I ever won in my life." It's surprising, since the author of "Ellis Island and Other Stories" is something of an intellectual dynamo: He just completed a 1,500-page novel about "an Irish burglar in New York and his horse," while also finishing a PhD dissertation on European defense strategies and plotting a run for New York State Assembly. His only worry about the award is that "I detest writing for an elite. I'm ridiculously egalitarian."

Bradley, who teaches at Temple University in Philadelphia, had some qualms himself. "I'm a perfectionist and I'm worried about it making me a little sloppy." But, he says, "the truth is in the typewriter."

The judges agreed. Settle said that one of the "built-in safeguards" of the award is that among the three judges, "there is always one representative of experimental writing, one traditional novelist, and one tough Young Turk,

The Washington Post, April 12, 1982

"Thank God, to watch us all." But all three found most of the 265 books they examined to be disappointing and poorly written. Walker Percy, a gray and courtly eminence, said, "So many of them were bad. I hear people say how hard it is to get novels published these days," but judging from the entries, "I find it hard to believe that anybody had any trouble." The breakdown: "I would say that 200 were bad, 20 were good and 10 were first-rate." Wesley Brown, author of "Tragic Magic," agreed. Although "we have different tastes" all put a premium on stories that "took risks," thus eliminating "a lot of genre books, spy novels and detective stories, which were limited in what they set out to do." He had urged Bradley's book on the other two judges, neither of whom had read it early on.

John Hawkes, whose latest novel, "Virginie," will be published by Harper & Row next month, discerned a "new American realism" with "insistence on concrete detail" and applauded a trend toward novels like Bausch's in which "a full measure of the ordinary is very important." But he said, "the general quality was not good," and "the majority of books simply really aren't serious," and didn't "exemplify minds concerned with language."

What does it augur for the future of the American novel? "I can't say," said Percy, "that I feel too hopeful."

GRAPHIC: Picture 1, Richard Gilman presenting PEN/Faulkner award to David Bradley, by UPI; Picture 2, David Bradley after award, by AP

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

13TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Proprietary to the United Press International 1982

April 10, 1982, Saturday, AM cycle

SECTION: Regional News

LENGTH: 331 words

HEADLINE: Bradley Wins Pen/Faulkner Award

DATELINE: CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.

BODY:

Novelist David Bradley of Philadelphia, was named Saturday night the second winner of the Pen/Faulkner Award for Fiction for his work, "The Chaneyville Incident."

The \$5,000 award for the best work of fiction published in 1981 by an American writer.

Bradley's novel was among six nominated for the award, which is named for the international writers' group and American author William Faulkner.

The competition was judged by writers Wesley Brown, John Hawkes and Walker Percy. The judges' citation for the book, published by Harper & Row, commends the author for his "ambitious" work.

"The Chaneyville Incident" explores the powerful claim of ritual in our lives. In this novel, ritual takes the form of someone telling a story that forces a man to abandon his formal understanding of the world in order to come to terms with his own past," the citation said.

"David Bradley's novel is ambitious in scope and daring in conception; and most impressive of all, it realizes the promise of just about every risk he takes," the citation said.

The other nominees, each of whom won \$1,000, were "Sixty Stories," by Donald Barthelme; "Take Me Back," by Richard Bausch; "Ellis Island & Other Stories," by Mark Helprin; "Housekeeping," by Marilynne Robinson; and "A Flag For Sunrise," by Robert Stone.

The board of advisors for the award were writers Ann Beattie, Vance Bourjaily, Shirley Hazzard, Bernard Malamud and Grace Paley.

The Pen/Faulkner award for fiction is sponsored by Pen American Center and Pen South. It is described as the only national literary prize that is judged, administered and largely funded by writers.

Pen is an international organization of poets, playwrights, essayists and novelists. The south region is based at the university. The winner of last year's award was Walter Abish, for "How German Is It."

"The Chaneyville Incident" is the Philadelphia author's second published novel. "South Street" was published in 1975.

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The New York Times

April 18, 1981, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

SECTION: Section 1; Page 9, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

LENGTH: 250 words

HEADLINE: Notes on People;
New York Writer Getting PEN/Faulkner Award

BYLINE: By Albin Krebs and Robert Thomas

BODY:

The first annual PEN/Faulkner Award for fiction will be presented today to Walter Abish, a Vienna-born writer who now lives in New York and lectures at Columbia University.

His novel "How German Is It" was chosen as the best American novel of 1980 over four other nominees, including "A Confederacy of Dunces," by the late John Kennedy Toole, which this week won the Pulitzer Prize in fiction.

Mr. Abish's novel, published by New Directions, never made a bestseller list but, said the judges' citation, it "helps keep the American novel alive in its time."

"The prose of this novel," it adds, "is as cold as snow in a storm, and as driven." It deals with a young German's effort to reconcile the modern, democratic Germany with its heritage.

The 50-year-old novelist, who became an American citizen in 1960, spent much of his childhood in Shanghai and has served in the Israeli Army. He was recently awarded a Guggenheim fellowship.

The \$2,000 award, named for William Faulkner, will be presented to Mr. Abish today in the rotunda of the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. It is sponsored by the American Center of PEN, an international organization of poets, playwrights, essayists, editors and novelists, and PEN South.

The PEN/Faulkner award was established last year shortly after PEN voted a boycott of the American Book Awards, on the ground that they were "too commercial."

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

PEN —
Description
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\$35. Staff: 5. Regional Groups: 4. Local Groups: 15. Multinational. Promotes advancement and improvement in published and unpublished writers. Provides opportunities for writers to critique works and exchange ideas. **Libraries:** Type: reference. Holdings: periodicals, business records, archival material. Subjects: fiction, poetry, plays. **Publications:** *Muslim Musings*, bimonthly. Newsletter. Price: \$6.00. Circulation: 500. Advertising: not accepted. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual conference.

★10177★ MYSTERY WRITERS OF AMERICA (MWA)

17 E. 47th St., 6th Fl.
New York, NY 10017
Priscilla Ridgway, Exec.Dir.
PH: (212)888-8171
Founded: 1945. **Members:** 2,400. **Staff:** 1. **Regional Groups:** 9. **Local Groups:** 1. Professional writers in the mystery-crime field; publishers and agents are associate members. **Awards:** Edgar Allan Poe Award. **Frequency:** annual. **Type:** recognition. **Publications:** *Anthology*, annual • *MWA Directory*, annual. Price: available to professional members only. Circulation: 1,300 • *Mystery Writers' Annual*. Journal. Features a collection of articles on a general theme. Includes listing of nominees for the Edgar Allan Poe Awards. Price: included in membership dues; \$10.00/issue for nonmembers. Circulation: 3,000. Advertising: accepted • *The Third Degree*, 10/year. Newsletter. Includes market news and other issues of interest to writers. Price: available to members only. Circulation: 2,500. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual meeting - always late April or early May, New York City • symposium - symposium and workshop.

★10178★ NATIONAL WRITERS ASSOCIATION (NWC)

1450 S. Havana, Ste. 424
Aurora, CO 80012
Sandy Whelchel, Dir.
PH: (303)751-7844 FX: (303)751-8593
Founded: 1937. **Members:** 4,000. **Staff:** 4. **Budget:** \$249,000. **Local Groups:** 15. Professional members must qualify by having: material paid and published in national or regional magazines; book issued on standard royalty basis; stage, movie, or television plays produced; associate membership is open to anyone seriously interested in creative writing. Offers home study course in magazine writing for members. **Libraries:** Type: reference. Holdings: 2,000; books. Subjects: writing. **Affiliated With:** Associated Business Writers of America. **Formerly:** (1993) National Writers Club. **Publications:** *Authorship*, bimonthly. Includes informational and instructional materials for writers, publishing industry news, obituaries, marketing, and computer columns. Price: included in membership dues; \$18.00/year for nonmembers. Circulation: 4,000. Advertising: accepted • *Flash Market News*, bimonthly • *Market Update*, bimonthly • *Professional Freelance Writers' Directory*, annual • *Reports*. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual conference • annual workshop • annual competition, for books, poems, articles, and short stories.

★10179★ NOMADS OF THE TIME STREAMS - INTERNATIONAL MICHAEL MOORCOCK APPRECIATION SOCIETY

PO Box 451048
Atlanta, GA 30345
Paul W. Cashman, Pres.
PH: (404)634-3609
Founded: 1988. **Members:** 175. **Staff:** 3. **Budget:** \$1,000. **Multinational.** Individuals in 9 countries. Promotes the works of British writer Michael Moorcock. Acts as a clearinghouse of news and information and as a contact point for Moorcock's fans. Encourages literacy. **Libraries:** Type: reference. Holdings: archival material. **Telecommunication Services:** CompuServe, 71520.3130, via Genie P. CASHMAN • electronic bulletin board, (404)292-8761 • electronic mail, BITNET, CORUM@uscN. **Publications:** *Megaflow Manifesto*, periodic. Magazine. Price: \$3.00/issue in the U.S.; \$4.00/issue outside the U.S. Circulation: 250. Advertising: not accepted. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual meeting - 1995 July 13-16, Atlanta, GA.

★10180★ PEN AMERICAN CENTER (PEN)

568 Broadway
New York, NY 10012
Karen Kennerly, Exec.Dir.
PH: (212)334-1660 FX: (212)334-2181
Founded: 1921. **Members:** 2,500. **Staff:** 12. **Regional Groups:** 4. Autonomous American center of international organization which seeks to "promote and maintain friendship and intellectual cooperation between people

of letters in all countries in the interests of literature, freedom of expression, and international goodwill. PEN stands for the principle of unhampered transmission of thought within each nation and between all nations and members pledge themselves to oppose any form of suppression of freedom of expression in the country and community to which they belong." The acronym PEN stands for poets, playwrights, editors, essayists, and novelists. Membership is by invitation to qualified writers, editors, and translators. Approximately 100 such autonomous centers in 60 countries are associated with the international organization. Bestows numerous awards. Sponsors writing competitions for prisoners in U.S. prisons. **Committees:** Censorship; Freedom to Write; PEN Emergency Fund for Writers; Translation; Writers-in-Prison.

Publications: *Grants and Awards Available to American Writers*, biennial • *Liberty Denied*. Studies the current rise of censorship in America. • Newsletter, quarterly • *PEN American Center: A History of the First Fifty Years* • *Prisoner Writing Information Bulletin*, periodic • *The World of Translation*. Compilation of 39 papers. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual international conference.

★10181★ PEN CENTER U.S.A. WEST (PCUSAW)

c/o Sherrill Britton
672 S. Lafayette Park Pl., No. 41
Los Angeles, CA 90057
Sherrill Britton, Exec.Dir.
PH: (213)365-8500 FX: (213)365-9616
Founded: 1952. **Members:** 950. **Membership Dues:** \$55. **Staff:** 3. **Budget:** \$250,000. **Regional Groups:** 3. **State Groups:** 1. Poets, playwrights, essayists, editors, and novelists (PEN). Promotes freedom of expression nationally and internationally; works to effect the release of writers imprisoned because of their writings. Encourages awareness of the western U.S. as a vital literary and journalistic community. Conducts educational and charitable programs. **Awards:** PEN Center West Literary Award. **Frequency:** annual. **Type:** recognition. **Affiliated With:** International P.E.N. **Formerly:** (1989) International PEN - U.S. **Publications:** *Center*, quarterly. Magazine. Includes information on members and calendar of events. Price: included in membership dues. Advertising: accepted • *PEN Center U.S.A. West Membership Directory*, annual. **Conventions/Meetings:** semiannual congress • competition.

★10182★ P.E.N. CLUB OF PUERTO RICO (PENCPR)

Poets, playwrights, essayists, editors, and novelists (P.E.N.) united to promote mutual understanding and respect among countries; provide for the "unhampered transmission of thought" within and between nations; combat the suppression of freedom of expression; to oppose arbitrary censorship and the "evils" which often accompany a free press, such as deceptive publication and deliberate falsifications for political or personal gain. Holds book readings and presentations. Address unknown since 1994 edition. **Awards:** Type: recognition. Recipient: for literature. **Affiliated With:** International P.E.N. **Also Known As:** International P.E.N. - Puerto Rico. **Publications:** *Boletin Informativo* (in Spanish), quarterly. **Conventions/Meetings:** periodic conference.

★10183★ ROMANCE WRITERS OF AMERICA (RWA)

13700 Veterans Memorial Dr.,
Ste. 315
Houston, TX 77014
Linda Fisher, Contact
PH: (713)440-6885 FX: (713)440-7510
Founded: 1980. **Members:** 7,000. **Budget:** \$130,000. **Regional Groups:** 6. **Local Groups:** 130. Writers, editors, and publishers of romance novels. Aims to support beginning, intermediate, and advanced romance writers; promotes recognition of the genre of romance writing as a serious literary form. Conducts workshops and individual manuscript consultations. **Awards:** Golden Heart Award. Type: recognition. Recipient: for best unpublished romance novel • RITA Award. Type: recognition. Recipient: for best published romance novel. **Computer Services:** database. **Telecommunication Services:** hotline, (713)440-8081. **Committees:** Awards; Editorial; Insurance; Professional Relations. **Affiliated With:** Council of Writers Organizations. **Publications:** *Pandora's Box*, bimonthly. Newsletter • *Romance Writers of America—Chapter President Bulletin Board*, monthly. Newsletter • *Romance Writers Report*, bimonthly. Magazine. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual conference • periodic regional meeting • competition.

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upon as civilized, receding just as fast into barbarism? What can be said to be possible or impossible, wise or unwise? Utopia, sooner or later, must come true. Humanity must arise some day to another ideal than that of being led like cattle, and fooled, and slaughtered.

"We shall not live to see the change. That is why we must take refuge in fiction. I tell myself many beautiful tales which I mean to write—but I often desist because, in the writing, their beauty fades."

* * *

This sketch, it need hardly be added, was sent by M. Fauconnier (from Barbezieux, Charentes, France) before the French defeat by Hitler. Until the present war his permanent address was Radès, Tunisia. Barbezieux was his birthplace, and he studied law at Bordeaux, fifty miles South. His father died when he was twenty and he had to help bring up a large family of brothers and sisters. He went to Singapore in 1905 as assistant to a British rubber planter, and soon became a planter in his own right. After the First World War, in which he served throughout, he returned to Malaya until the collapse of the rubber boom, when he settled in Tunisia to write. *Malaisie* received the Goncourt Prize for 1930. Basil Davenport called it "an exquisite book." M. Fauconnier, a dark, slim man with a small moustache, is unmarried. He is a member of the Royal Society of Literature, in London.

WORKS AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH: *Malaisie* (in England; *The Soul of Malaya*) 1931.

ABOUT: Lalou, R. *Histoire de la Littérature Contemporaine*; *Saturday Review of Literature* December 12, 1931; *Spectator* November 21, 1931.

FAULKNER, WILLIAM (September 25, 1897-). American novelist, who sometimes spells his name Falkner, was born in New Albany, Miss. Statements that he was born in Ripley, Miss., in October, 1897, are incorrect; both villages, however, are near Oxford, seat of the University of Mississippi, which has been his home since childhood. His father was Murry C. Faulkner, owner of a livery stable but also treasurer of the university; his mother Maud (Butler) Faulkner. On both sides the family belonged to the wealthy and powerful Southernners ruined by the Civil War and



reduced to genteel poverty. William was the oldest of four brothers, one of whom became a well-known aviator before he was killed in 1935. After the fifth grade he attended school only desultorily, though he took some high school work and also some special courses at the University of Mississippi. For the most part, in his late teens, he merely hung around Oxford, read a great deal, wrote bad verse imitative of Swinburne and Omar Khayyám, and tried to find himself. The First World War woke him from this lethargy. Flying caught his imagination, but he refused to enlist with the "Yankees," so went to Toronto and joined the Canadian Air Force, becoming a lieutenant in the R.A.F. Biographers who say he got no nearer France than Toronto are mistaken. He was sent to France as an observer, had two planes shot down under him, was wounded in the second shooting, and did not return to Oxford until after the Armistice.

He re-entered the university, and attended it off and on from 1919 to 1921, though he was never graduated. As a veteran, he was able to waive the requirement of high school graduation before becoming a regularly enrolled student. In between times he worked as a house painter, painting the roofs of several university buildings. He served later as university postmaster, until he was dismissed for inattention to duty. Then, at loose ends again, he drifted to New Orleans, where he became a friend of Sherwood Anderson, through whom he came to the notice of the *Double Dealer*, one of the pioneers of "little" literary magazines. Faulkner's first published work was a poem in this magazine, in 1922. He wrote *Soldiers' Pay* in New Orleans, and Anderson recommended it to a publisher on condition that he would not have to read the manuscript first! It was accepted, and Faulkner started work on *Mosquitoes*, the background of which was the New Orleans Bohemia. Before either of them appeared, however, he had suddenly left on a freighter for Europe, where he spent most of 1925. He had previously spent a few unhappy months in New York as a clerk in a book-store, an utter misfit in both the city and the occupation.

Back in Oxford again, he worked as a carpenter, farmed, fished, and hunted, saw his first two novels through the press, received critical acclaim but not much money, and wrote *The Sound and the Fury*. Not surprisingly, since it is the first of the Faulkner novels written in his cryptic stream-of-consciousness style, at first no publisher would look at it. The long first section

consists of the sense-impressions of an idiot; there are two characters in it, man and woman, with the same name; and it is difficult to understand until after one has finished it. Discouraged but not daunted, he went to work on *Sartoris*, the first of his many novels centering loosely around the Sartoris (for which read Faulkner) family and the town of Jefferson (Oxford), Miss. The principal character, Colonel Sartoris, was a mingling of his grandfather and his great-grandfather and namesake, a pioneer railroad builder who was also author of a sentimental novel of the South, once popular, called *The White Rose of Memphis*. *Sartoris* was published in 1929, the same year that its author married Mrs. Estelle (Oldham) Franklin, a widow with two children. They now have a child of their own.

Unable to live by his writing, Faulkner took a job as night superintendent of a power plant. There, writing on an upturned wheelbarrow in the small hours of the morning, he revised *The Sound and the Fury*, and at the same time deliberately set about writing a pure horror story, aimed at the collection of royalties, which he called *Sanctuary*. After the establishment of his reputation by *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*, he rewrote *Sanctuary* also, so that now it is part of the Jefferson cycle. It was the first of his novels to become popular. From that time on he has not had to worry about money; he was able to modernize his century-old house, to buy a private plane, to finance his brother's barnstorming career, and to travel where he pleased. Hollywood bought *Sanctuary* and turned it into a movie, and Faulkner was asked to assist in its filming. Since then he has spent much time in Hollywood, though on his own terms. (On one occasion he asked permission to do his writing "at home"; the studio consented, but when they tried to telephone him in Santa Monica one day, they discovered that he had meant "at home" in Mississippi, to which he had returned!)

He lives in Oxford for most of the time now, though he also has a thirty-five-acre farm in the hills. His mornings are given to writing, his afternoons to hunting, fishing, and conviviality. He takes his farming seriously, and even does his own brewing. Except among his intimates, he is silent and unsocial, and has even been called "insolent"; the fact is that his manner is the result of acute sensitiveness. In 1939 he won the first prize in the annual O. Henry Memorial Award. He writes his books by—a fine, unreadable hand—on the right side

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of legal-sized sheets of paper, reserving the left-hand side for corrections. He is slow and hesitant in his speech, much more eager to talk about farming or hunting than about literature, and completely uncritical of his own work. For example, he once told a college class that he had "never given the subject of form a single thought," whereas Conrad Aiken said that form was his constant preoccupation. His own comment on fiction-writing is: "If a story is in you, it has got to come out."

Faulkner's world is a nightmare realm, "darkly reflected through distorting lenses," as Anthony Buttitta put it. Inordinately imaginative, bitter, undisciplined, brilliant, and difficult, he is, as one critic remarked, "extraordinarily powerful but extremely uneven." Burton Rascoe gave him credit for sardonic humor and a comic sense, but it is the humor of the grotesque. He is the chronicler of decay, of viciousness, of perversion, of cruelty. Earle Birney said there were two Faulkners—"a stylized and morbid mystic attempting a sequence of novels on the scale of an epic," and "a sharp and brilliant narrator of short stories." Granville Hicks called his characters "twisted shapes in the chaotic wreckage of a mad world," and said that he was in the tradition, not of the high tragedy of John Webster and Robinson Jeffers, but of the "technical ingenuity" and horror of Poe and Ambrose Bierce: "it is too easy for him to produce shudders for him to bother to try to create tragedy." And all this is presented in what Aiken called "a strangely fluid and slippery and heavily mannered prose." In all his major novels, Faulkner has to be re-read to be comprehended, and in some cases only an acquaintance with all the novels makes for complete understanding of his intricate cross-narrative.

It is curious that this master of a complicated prose is in his verse flat and derivative, hardly more than what Bernard DeVoto called him—"a gifted amateur." But he cannot be dismissed so cavalierly as a novelist, even by those who dislike his grimness, his morbidity, and his wallowing in horror. He is in a way a minor Balzac of a sub-human world, no more obsessed with abnormality than was Dostoevsky, though completely lacking in the spiritual implications which are Dostoevsky's signature.

In appearance Faulkner is rather short, slender, with very black hair and moustache now beginning to gray, and "sharp-eyed as a gambler." He is never likely to conform to any rules, either as a person or as a writer;

he cannot be tamed into a drawing-room lion; he remains what he began—a child of the Deep South, a product of social disintegration and decay, who is also an authentic and powerful story-teller.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *The Marble Faun* (poems) 1924; *Soldiers' Pay*, 1926; *Mosquitoes*, 1927; *Sartoris*, 1929; *The Sound and the Fury*, 1929; *As I Lay Dying*, 1930; *Sanctuary*, 1931; *These Thirteen* (short stories) 1931; *Idyll in the Desert*, 1931; *Light in August*, 1932; *A Green Bough* (poems) 1933; *Pylon*, 1933; *Absalom, Absalom!* 1936; *Unvanquished*, 1938; *Wild Palms*, 1939; *The Hamlet*, 1940; *Go Down Moses and Other Stories*, 1942.

ABOUT: Geismar, M. *Winters in Crisis*; *Atlantic Monthly* November 1939; *Bookman* September and December 1931; *Canadian Forum* June 1938; *Nuova Antologia* January 16, 1938; *Poetry* October 1933; *Saturday Review of Literature*, May 21, 1938; *Sewanee Review* July 1932; *Time* January 23, 1939.

FAURE, ÉLIE (April 4, 1873-October 31, 1937). French art critic and historian, was born at Ste. Foy, Gironde, the son of Pierre Faure, a peasant grower of wine grapes. At fifteen he was sent to Paris, to the Lycée Henri IV. With his brother, he studied medicine at the University, and received his degree in 1899. Though he practised his profession, and was a surgeon for many years, his primary interest was always in art—as an amateur, not as a painter himself. From childhood pictures had entranced him, and he estimated the worth of his life at any period by the number of paintings he was able to see. All through his student days he haunted the Louvre as a relief from the dissecting room. He was married, to Suzanne Gilard, before he was twenty-one, and one of their two sons died in infancy. He described this period as "Boredom. Sickness. Death. Suffering. A precocious education in responsibility and unhappiness. I saw hardly any painting." The famous Dreyfus case was indirectly the cause of his salvation. An ardent *Dreyfusard*, through his championship of the accused officer, Faure met Zola and Anatole France, and through their influence he was appointed art critic of *L'Aurore*, the paper which had become Dreyfus' chief organ of defense.

Through these connections he met the artists he had admired, and he began his real career with the publication of a brochure on Velasquez in 1904. In 1905 he helped to found the Université Populaire, a school



D. Rivera

of adult education: of his lectures there, his *History of Art*, to study while he gradually he evolved a life, which is his history and criticism considered a social of it primarily in as a whole.

He served through as a surgeon, returned its conclusion. Altruistic, a close friend, a leader Jean theme expanded on aesthetic philosophy the narrow sense. to issue brochures cluding Corot, Cézanne and he wrote intricate collections of prints ample being his es-Diego Rivera well. painted his pictures black-bearded, bald, comically the "typical in Paris at sixty-five."

Montaigne, Shakespeare. He thought the type. He recognized, however not intellect, which come to look upon aesthetic phenomena as an artist creating incessantly, in a kind and lyricism." As easier, he began to and had some fine the Impressionist school. Travel was in 1931 he spent a the course of which States.

WORKS AVAILABLE: *Art*, 1921-30 (Ancient, 1922; Renaissance Art, Spirit of the Forms, 1923; Napoleon, 1924; 1926; The Italian Renaissance, 1930).

ABOUT: Ellis, H. *American Historical* February 1922, *Angure de France* December *Revue de Littérature*.

FAUSET, JESSIE American Negro novelist, Philadelphia, Pa., and at where she was in her class. She