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**“That Paradox of Unjoyful Joyousness” or Pure and Impure History:
Retrospection and the Past in Robert Penn Warren’s *A Place to Come To***

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Robert Penn Warren’s *A Place to Come To* – his tenth and final novel – was published in 1977. While Warren’s current poetry was receiving broad-based acclaim, initial critical responses to his final novel were varied. In his review of *A Place to Come To*, Anatole Broyard of *The New York Times* lauds Warren’s most recent poems for their “naturalness and precision” while at the same time panning the novel for its overwrought narratological construction and sense that “[i]t does not seem real. It is like one of those novels about the South – not written by a William Faulkner, or even a Thomas Wolfe, but by one of those novelists for whom life in the South resembles a form of superstition” (67). This perceived disunity in Warren’s final novel is echoed by Gene Lyons writing for the *New York Times Book Review*. Lyons also takes issue with the novel’s proliferation of characters and awkward plotting, while looking back to Warren’s early fiction (specifically *All The King's Men*) and pining for the dark wit of the novel’s focalizing protagonist, Jack Burden. He argues that, without “comic overtones,” the “characters[?] struggle against the modern condition of alienation that their habit of restless self analysis creates” is unsuccessful if not altogether unbelievable (Lyons 4).

However, *A Place to Come To* succeeds by the same criteria that make Warren’s later poetry so effective. Warren’s characterization of the South (and his protagonist’s relation to it) is marked more by complication and psychological fidelity than by superstition. Lewis Simpson

has previously stated that the novel is “a shadowy autobiographical response to Warren’s experience of leaving Louisiana and the South in 1942” (349). Similarly, Warren biographer Joseph Blotner posits that “this one [...] was in some of its details the most autobiographical of all his books” (434). If *A Place to Come To* is perhaps Warren’s most autobiographical novel, then it is well in line with his later poetry: poems that succeed, in part, as more personal works; they allow for more of Warren to come through. Further, William Bedford Clark has previously observed that, for Warren as critic, good fiction “reflects its author’s honest commitment to representing and exploring the paradoxes of our common situation” (50). The unsettled conclusion to the novel is an example of these common, human paradoxes, these vulnerabilities on the page – the text is as vexingly uncertain as the human experience. Whereas Warren’s earlier novels provide the reader with a more direct, more syllogistic structure, the later fiction is much less definitive, less didactic. An inevitable or neat arc and the relief found therein are not to be located in this final fiction.

In 1977, Warren was a writer of widely recognized talent advancing in age. His peers and loved ones were aged, tangibly more proximate to their eventual deaths. His wife Eleanor was losing her sight and his good friend Katherine Anne Porter suffered two strokes right before Warren saw her for the final time in Baltimore. Allen Tate’s emphysema was getting worse. As such, *A Place to Come To*, for all of its seemingly youthful sensual content, might benefit from being read as Warren’s old man novel, a piece of fiction in which Warren mediates on – in Lionel Trilling’s words – “the recalcitrant stuff of life.” This novel of accumulated years does not give the reader a humorous undercurrent to cut against biting introspection, as Warren had offered in *All The King's Men*. Rather, Warren provides the reader with the unflinching, problematized, and often dark recollections of a man of advanced age looking back on a life in full. While writing *A*

Place to Come To, Warren was also working on the poems that would comprise *Now and Then: Poems 1976-1978*. The speaker of these poems is also a mature Warren – a continuation and development of the voice that Blotner has identified as that of the “poet-as-yearner” (445).

By examining the poetry contemporary with Warren’s final novel, it is possible to identify a cognitively consistent set of meditations on the past such that *A Place to Come To* subsequently warrants some critical reevaluation. Warren displays the unflinching retrospection of the poet-as-yearner in “Red-Tail Hawk and Pyre of Youth” found in the aforementioned *Now and Then: Poems 1976 – 1978*. In this poem, the speaker considers the frivolity of youthful determinism; the “yellow eyes” of a wrongly slain hawk haunt the speaker well after he has moved on from his childhood home and the taxidermied reminder of his sin (Warren, “Red-Tail” 72). The speaker, returning home, finds the hawk amongst “all the relevant items I found there: my first book of Milton, / The Hamlet, the yellow, leaf-dropping Rimbaud, and a book / Of poems friends and I had printed in college, not to mention / The collection of sexual Japanese prints – strange sex / of mechanical sexlessness” (90-4).

In an attempt at purification-by-fire, the poem’s speaker destroys the preserved hawk. Yet the pyre is inadequate for destroying the sin (or memory of sin) inherent to killing the hawk; the speaker cannot escape the sin of killing the bird by immolating its body – to do so would be to deny history its due. The hawk’s body – the most concrete representation of committed sin – is ultimately not the only one of the speaker’s childhood items that ends up on the pyre. The equal footing that he gives to his education in the classics of Western literature, the self-published poetry of his youth, and his collected pornography requires further examination. As these other items are yoked to the hawk, they necessarily share the sense of self-indulgent, youthful sinfulness that the speaker seeks to destroy. The poem concludes with the now-aged speaker’s

final hopes, which lie in the potential to one day fully understand the permanence of transgression in contrast to the abstractions of “youth’s poor, angry, slapdash, and ignorant pyre” (125).

In Warren’s 1943 “Pure and Impure Poetry,” an essay that predates this poetic attempt to codify purification by more than twenty years, the author posits that poems (or elements of poems) can fit into one of two categories: pure or impure. For Warren:

Poetry wants to be pure, but poems do not. At least, most of them do not want to be too pure. The poems want to give us poetry, which is pure, and the elements of a poem, in so far as it is a good poem, will work together toward that end, but many of the elements, taken in themselves, may actually seem to contradict that end, or be neutral toward the achieving of that end. (“Pure” 4)

As such, poetry may want to be pure, but it is the impure (and often unpleasant) details that allow poems to communicate a complete and honest whole. By deliberately avoiding inconsistency or ugliness – any features that might detract from the pure intentions of a poem – the poet embraces the pure. This rejection of “cacophonies, jagged rhythms, ugly words and ugly thoughts, colloquialisms, clichés, sterile technical terms, head work and argument, self-contradictions, clevernesses, irony, realism – all things which call us back to the world of prose and imperfection” only serves to place a poem into the world of abstraction (Warren, “Pure” 4-5). It is only when a poem can organically integrate the nasty, mean, and inconsistent parts of itself that a new sort of innocence may be possible – a new non-abstract purity that is both whole and real.

In *A Place to Come To*, Warren’s framework for understanding poetry is extended and applied to the historical: a nominal history that excludes details of the past in favor of abstracted

wholeness is “pure,” whereas history that incorporates complications and imperfections is “impure.” A complete or whole view of history accounts for the impure, and is more pure by way of this very inclusion. *A Place to Come To* provides the reader with Jed Tewksbury not only as narrator, but as autobiographer, a role necessarily concerned with how history – the confluence of the past and the self – is accounted for, which details are included, and how they are remembered. For, as Warren states in his 1977 essay “The Use of the Past,” “[i]n creating the image of the past, we create ourselves, and without that task of creating the past, we might be said scarcely to exist” (51). Using Jed Tewksbury as a proxy for man’s relation to the past, Warren explores the search for meaning as an individual attempts to square the past and himself in order to make sense of what has happened and, subsequently, who he is – a process that, when undertaken with honesty, is necessarily replete with impurities.

The novel can thereby be read, in part, as a fictionalized, semi-autobiographical antecedent to “The Use of the Past,” with Jed Tewksbury as Warren’s modern man in crisis, a man necessarily challenged by the past. In that essay, Warren argues that the myth of progress has created in man a false sense of innocence – a disinheritance of his past. Man is, as Warren saw it, increasingly ill at ease with the complexities and ironies of history, and subsequently seeks a new innocence through science and magical thinking. Warren condemns this eschewing of history, noting: “[t]he past must be studied, worked at – in short, created. For the past, like the present is fluid” (“Past” 51). This work must be done in the face of the fact that “[t]here is no absolute, positive past available to us, no matter how rigorously we strive to determine it – as strive we must” (51). The tumult of this attempted reconciliation is in fact not a superstitious characterization of the South by Warren, but instead a depiction of Jed Tewksbury’s internal struggle, one composed with psychological fidelity to the character through whom the conflict is

focalized. It is through Jed that Warren provides the reader with a clear fictional representation of the lifelong, perpetual struggle with the past which marks any life thoughtfully lived. While Jed is a protagonist haunted by the amorphous and ambiguous nature of history, his life is one of professional and relational flight, of escape, much like that of the protagonist in *All the King's Men* (1946), Jack Burden, who, when the going gets tough, heads west, and to sleep. Jed similarly – and deliberately – avoids the imperfections of impure history in favor of the uncontaminated abstraction of pure history.

Jed hears two distinct recollections of the circumstances of the death of his father, the aptly named Buck Tewksbury. Either his father was masturbating or urinating when he passed: “he ends like tryen to jack off in the middle of the night on the gravel of Dugton Pike” or “naw, he must have been standing up to piss and –” (Warren, *Place* 4). The novel opens with Jed’s recapitulation of this seminal event, which takes the form of one overflowing, nearly exhausting, paragraph-long sentence. This tale of Buck’s self-induced, drunken accidental death on a country road is punctuated by the narrator’s remembrance: “Throughout, he was still holding on to his dong” (1). While this compromised position could indicate nothing more than a drunk Buck stopping on the roadside at night to empty his bladder, critic Randolph Runyon argues that Buck scatters his seed on the ground in the beginning of the novel, and he accordingly identifies Jed’s father as an onanic figure (138-9). The possibility that Buck was masturbating on the pike when he passed out and was crushed by his own mule cart recalls from the Book of Genesis Onan’s sin of spilling seed in opposition to God, a sin representing rebellion as well as selfish non-production.

If Buck died while committing this sin – rebelling, and avoiding procreation and communion – then a clear moral compass for the rest of Warren’s novel has been established.

The implications of Buck's onanism are formative for the young Jed, who recalls his Dugton days to his graduate advisor, Professor Stahlmann, noting that they were filled with "dreams and onanism" (Warren, *Place* 58). This word choice and subsequent linkage of history and onanism will mark Jed's attempts to understand himself, his home, and history throughout the novel, as onanism will time and time again provide a sure-fire flight out of the hard work of accommodating the impurities of the past. The simultaneous grappling with onanic indulgences and misguided attempts at purification unmistakably recalls the speaker of Warren's "Red-Tail Hawk and Pyre of Youth." Moreover, the primacy of Buck's onanic sexuality will remain thematically significant throughout *A Place to Come To*. It is this initial tale that unites history, flesh, and the word as Jed's personal, patrilineal history is necessarily one marred by the sexual exploits of his father up and down Claxford County; it is this very history that sets Jed to writing the autobiography that will form the basis of the novel.

Throughout the novel, Jed retells the story of his father's death in a variety of ways, creating a case study for Warren's proposition that "the study of the past gives one a feeling for the structure of experience, for continuity, for establishing location on the shifting chart of being" ("Past" 50). At times, Jed speaks with anger and honesty, as when he recalls with brevity the anecdote for Stahlmann (Warren, *Place* 55). Contrastingly, in Nashville, Jed tells the tale with embellished bravado: adopting a hill-country accent, mouth full of sour mash, Jed entertains a group of New Year's Eve party-goers with the story of his father's (literal) fall. While the gusto with which Jed tells his story may be mistakenly projected onto Warren (as in the case of Broyard's aforementioned critique), it is by embellishment, exaggeration, and caricature that Jed transmutes his very real personal history and relation to his patria into popular, impersonal pastiche. By telling the story with this hyperbolic amalgam of Southern features, Jed is both

commodifying his paternal guilt and actively distancing himself from the very real relation that this story (the past) has to his conception of history. Clark observes that, for Warren, good fiction, meaningful criticism, and a life well-lived share a dimension of deep complexity and nuance; accordingly, “to retreat from life’s ironic dimension by taking temporary comfort in facile abstractions and ready answers is to surrender selfhood in favor of a grotesque mask” (50). Jed’s full pastiche version of the story of his father’s fall is such a retreat away from history, complexity, and selfhood: by way of gloss and oversimplification, the storytelling isolates Jed, making it a truly onanic act.

Prior to his compromised death, Buck Tewksbury lived in an idealistic, pure vision of history. Most nights, Buck would get drunk and, ideally, pass out, at worst, vomit. Some unfortunate nights when he had not eaten, Jed’s father would take the old “Confederate saber” down off the wall, “screaming yip-hee!” and “rising in imaginary stirrups and damning and son-a-bitching the Blue-Bellies” – a drunk-fictional glorification of the Dixie South and Confederate history (Warren, *Place* 2). For Warren scholars, the drunk Buck Tewksbury will recall the writer’s 1961 book *Legacy of the Civil War: Meditations on the Centennial*. In this text, Warren posits that, as a direct result of the Civil War, the American South has inherited a historical burden, which he identifies as the “Great Alibi.” Warren argues that “by the Great Alibi the South explains, condones, and transmutes everything [...] any common lyncher becomes a defender of the Southern tradition, any rabble-rouser the gallant leader of a thin gray line of heroes, his hat on saber-point to provide reference by which to hold formation in the charge” (*Legacy* 54). Buck is said “rabble-rouser,” taking flight out of actual history into a fictionalized, aggrandized version of the past. In this vein, Leonard Casper argues that “[Buck’s] last gesture toward the absurdity of life was defiantly phallic but pitifully futile, like the fifty-cent saber Buck Tewksbury

pretended was his grandfather's battlefield weapon" (63). Buck Tewksbury's historical narrative and unfortunate fall do more than dilute one individual's relationship to time, place, and history: they provide a model of onanic flight out of personal history and responsibility, as selfish sexual indulgence and pure history are symbolically unified.

In the aforementioned "Pure and Impure Poetry," Warren argues that the only way to "conquer" the "monster" of poetry is to eat it, "bones, blood, skin, pelt, and gristle. And even then the monster is not dead, for it lives in you, is assimilated into you, and you are different, and somewhat monstrous yourself, for having eaten it" (3). This same model of confrontation and integration can be applied to Warren's approach to history. An individual must not eschew or decry the past, shirking inconsistencies or ugliness in favor of the abstract. Rather, the individual must confront and absorb impure history – bones, blood, and all – to reach a true understanding of both the past and oneself, and thus be able truly to participate in communion.

In the wake of the death of his nearly estranged wife Agnes, Jed Tewksbury attempts to eat the monster, to take on the fullness and impurities of his personal history – but his efforts are misguided. In mourning, Jed bites himself, "as expiation for the past or as a counterirritant to the intolerable present" (Warren, *Place* 96). This gesture points to the effort of a yearner, as Jed is attempting to take a whole knowledge on board. However, Jed embraces only himself in these efforts, and the reader knows that there will be no integration or knowledge gleaned from this masochism, for truly taking on the whole weight of messy, impure history cannot be achieved by turning inward at a time of crisis. This self-inflicted bite represents Jed's attempt to understand not a poem, but the complications inherent to mourning a spouse with whom he was no longer in love: a confusing, problematized, and impure proposition for this budding academic.

When Agnes initially falls ill, Jed remembers that he "tried all morning to anesthetize

[him]self with term papers” (160). Later, when her death is imminent, Jed recalls:

I had fingered every such item as a sick seminarian might desperately finger his rosary in the dark night of the soul. Later, as my wife lay dying hideously, I had counted my beads and, moreover, had sat at my desk one midnight and watched, with a peculiar excitement, my hand write, on a blank sheet of paper, the title “Dante and the Metaphysics of Death.” (183)

The onanic overtones of Jed’s description are inescapable, as the flight inward provides Jed an escape from confronting Agnes’ death and the subsequent integration of that impurity into his world view. What began as a dialectic practice becomes rote and mechanical, and ultimately, “it can bring him nothing of substance with which to fill the void within” (Clark 53). This academic asceticism is eventually codified by Jed at the end of the novel: ““Fact Number One. That the main function of work is to kill time. I mean time with a capital ‘t’” (Warren, *Place* 308). This reflection is apropos of the cohesive old man novel aesthetic that Warren is working towards. The observation that work has served as a lifelong sojourn from the mess of true communion (a practice that has left the novel’s aged narrator disconnected and ultimately unfulfilled) is accordingly and appropriately unpunctuated by humor. Jed has avoided this capital “t” time (which is life) through his solipsistic pursuit of academics.

With a sexuality of non-participation to match his vocation, Jed’s life-long preoccupation with fellow Dugton native Rozelle Hardcastle is psychic escapism made flesh. Looking at Rozelle during their first sexual encounter, Jed does not feel love, or even arousal, but rather is struck by her “true, archetypal ass, the unbolted breech so simplistically and brutally designed for its blankly abstract function and the plunge into depersonalized, and depersonalizing, darkness” (167). Hence, Rozelle provides not a conduit for communion or even a good time;

instead, she is abstracted and rendered devoid of vitality and life. Moreover, she is characterized as dead from the start. Jed remembers her visage from their earliest encounter with a funerary tone: “[t]he sad, humble, fatalistic innocence of her face is lifted towards him, the shadow now falling across it, deepening the color of the eyes” (29). As their relationship intensifies and comes to sexual fruition, Jed continues to describe Rozelle using the discourse of death: their sex is “passionless” and Rozelle’s post-coital embrace is “sickle-like” (167). As the affair continues, Jed recalls: “Rozelle’s face, in this phase of her being, really did look different, the face really gone slightly slack and the lips with a suggestion of bruised puffiness” (185). Jed’s description is appropriate for the recently drowned and dispatched, not a lover; as Lucy Ferriss keenly observes, “for all intents and purposes, Rozelle is physically dead” (78). No relationship of give and take is possible with a dead partner: the practice is necrophilic or onanic, but not an undertaking of mutual pleasure or communion.

For Jed, sex with Rozelle is a mantra of mechanistic determinism. He states, following another sexual encounter: “Rozelle Hardcastle Carrington was, as of the instant, dead to me, even if the corps charmant could execute certain appropriate movements the way the leg of a dead frog jerks when you put the electric current through it” (Warren, *Place* 267). This description recalls the larger, societal diagnosis of *All the King’s Men*’s Jack Burden, a character who also eschews responsibility by driving west – out of truth and complete knowledge and into the agentless and escapist embrace of naturalism or mechanistic determinism, all the while with a quick wit and acerbic lines befitting this younger character. At his worst, Jack theorizes that “there was only the pulse in the blood and the twitch of the nerve like a dead frog’s leg in the experiment when the electric current runs through” (Warren, *All* 310). It has been previously stated that Jed is “the most literal reincarnation of Jack Burden” (Simpson 355). And while at

times Jed does resemble Jack, he is a very different character. Jed is a weary narrator; “he is older, tired, chastened” (Shepherd 85). As such, while the much younger Jack will evolve in his perceptions of responsibility, the past and sexuality, the reader cannot expect Jed’s view of this matrix to change by the end of this retrospective narrative. Instead, Jed’s recollections of sexual activity are described in a manner consistent with Warren’s treatment of behaviorist psychology in the aforementioned “The Use of The Past” in which he posits: “[s]ome experts – most notably of late, B.F. Skinner, that apostle of total conditioning – maintain that we are free of the past, because man can be programmed by experts to be frictionless and happy units” (“Past” 38). Jed uses the discourse of behaviorism to describe sex as an abstract, perfected, and bestial escape from history and interpersonal responsibility. These characterizations are brutal, unwavering recollections befitting a life of non-communion. Unpleasant as these retrospective conclusions might be, the searing process of introspection needed to arrive at them has no room for humor or “comic overtones” to soften the blows to the readers’ sensibilities.

More explicitly, Warren has Jed go so far as to confess the flight out of impure reality offered by the ongoing affair with Rozelle. The use of sex as escape recalls the occasion of the death of Buck Tewksbury. Under an ever-present chinaberry tree, young Jed overhears a neighbor relate: “‘It was about all Buck Tewksbury had left to hang on to, I reckon.’ Silence, then another: ‘Wal, a man ain’t got that to hold on to, he ain’t got nuthin worth holding on to’” (Warren, *Place* 4). The potential of phallus as anchor, as a viable last thing to hold onto, will tempt Jed away from communion and serve, in the end, as merely a way to fill time. It is subsequently inevitable that Jed will embrace the use of his phallus as an amnesiac escape plan, as Jed declares of sex with Rozelle: “I could plunge into the contextless darkness of passion – the moment in which Jediah Tewksbury could abolish the self that had once stood under the

chinaberry tree in Claxford County, Alabama” (177).

Jed’s various romances, including the protracted affair with Rozelle, are ultimately of little developmental consequence. Broyard surmises: “Jed has several love affairs, all of which are subordinated to his search for himself. It is no exaggeration to say that he seems to want to hold himself in his own arms” (67). The critic is quite right. All of these romantic non-starts, with Rozelle or anyone else, are essentially onanic – escapist, non-productive, and selfish acts of non-love. This critical assessment is corroborated by Jed’s own description. At a party at the Carrington’s converted barn-cum-gallery, after he has finished dancing with Rozelle, Jed is struck, “overwhelmed with sadness, guilt, loss, and emptiness, a feeling unspecifiable but most resembling the moment after some episode of boyhood masturbation” (Warren, *Place* 152). It is in this instance that Rozelle is most clearly linked to a masochistic act of self love: Jed does not comment on how he misses, loves, or wants to be with Rozelle – rather, he ruminates, giving his thoughts a form using the discourse of onanism.

In the novel’s epistolary conclusion, Jed writes to his ex-wife Dauphine. He supplicates: “I ask for your company for what blessedness it is” (341). Jed’s final letter, critic Felicia Pattison argues, is best understood by the lack of a response from Dauphine, which accordingly focuses the reader on the effect of the letter-writing-as-act on Jed (102). Pattison concludes that this final letter is significant insofar as it is a sort of poetic “direct participation” that captures Warren’s hope for man redeemed by text and communion in an increasingly aggressively modern epoch (103). Jed’s final plea to Dauphine seems like the gesture of a yearner, and is even accompanied by an expressed desire to someday take his son Ephraim down to Dugton to “point out to him all the spots that I had dreamed of pointing out to him” (Warren, *Place* 341). Yet, Jed acknowledges that these spots, these landmarks – even those as seemingly permanent as creeks and bridges –

have disappeared from his hometown. Even at the end of his life, Jed's view of history remains static and stable – a symptom of the onanic escapism which has led Jed to ignore the realities of the changing world around him as he has consistently sought comfort only with himself. Moreover, Jed has previously had plenty of opportunities to ask Ephraim to accompany him back to Claxford County, but he has never actually taken the child. Even the seemingly interpersonal, seeking action of writing a letter and asking his child to visit his hometown and share his memories is ultimately onanic and hollow for Jed, as the landmarks no longer exist and the request is essentially dishonest.

For its glut of sexual content, Will Fridy, in his 1978 review in *The South Atlantic Bulletin*, was quite right in asserting that “[t]o the casual reader, Robert Penn Warren's most recent novel, *A Place to Come To*, may seem to be simply the Kentuckian's *Portnoy*; but it is much more” (83). Indeed, though received by some critics and readers as such, *A Place to Come To* is not Warren's *Portnoy*. While it is without a doubt Warren's most explicitly autobiographical and sexual novel, the sex therein functions as a synecdoche for Jed's relationship with the South and the past. Along these lines, the novel is perhaps, if anything, the Kentuckian's *Sabbath's Theatre*. Warren wrote the novel (and the poems contemporary to it) after the benefit of a lifetime of tumult and yearning – productivity, setbacks, victories, regrets – which subsequently yields a text that, while in some manner similar to his previous works, is actually quite unlike its fictional predecessors in both its inception and execution.

Gene Lyons lamented that “readers who have kept up with Warren's more recent novels have savored their fine moments while hoping that he would find it within himself to write another almost perfect book. ‘A Place to Come To,’ Warren's tenth novel since 1939, is not that book” (4). Fortunately, *A Place to Come To* is not that book. The reader looking for a hopeful

Jack Burden or his more recent incarnation in the form of *Flood's* (1963) tautologically resolved Bradwell Tolliver, is bound for disappointment, as analogues between Warren's earlier fiction and this last work exist, but a more complete coda for understanding the development of Warren's fiction must account for the non-fiction and poetry he composed contemporarily with his final novel. The clean-cut plotting and easier victories of Warren's earlier, well-wrought fiction have fermented and the subsequent text (which reads as appropriately hard-won, and even bitter) is characterized by psychological and emotional fidelity befitting an author of Warren's stature and experience. The "naturalness and precision" that make Warren's later poetry so successful are a product of the poet-as-yearner's perpetual struggle between pure and impure, which is then borne out within individual poetic works. While this struggle is forecast in Warren's earlier fiction, it is most fully articulated in his final novel, a novel in which the dramatized collisions between pure and impure, and the fraught reconciliations therein, are more personal and unflinching than in previous attempts at the same dynamic. There is a narrative richness and complication in this final novel that finds its peers in the old-man novels of the 20th century's greatest authors and in Warren's own finest and fully mature critical writings and poetry.

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