"Macho Mistake": The Misrepresentation of Jim Harrison's Fiction

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Since 1971 Jim Harrison has published six books of fiction. The dominant critical point of view concerning these works is that Harrison writes "macho" fiction, that his works are excessively male oriented and male dominated, and that his female characters are cast in subservient positions denigrating to the gender. Indeed, this view of his prose is so prevalent that one reviewer of Harrison's *Selected & New Poems, 1961-1981* prefaced his brief notice of the poetry by stating that "Harrison's recent success as ultramacho novelist was preceded by a period of more conventional literary work" (Stuewe, *Selected Poems* 35).

It is a well-established practice of reviewers and literary critics to place writers quickly and succinctly within critical niches, the better to control and even dilute the power of their work. And while there are certainly elements in his work that lend credence to a male-dominated view of it, to label Harrison a macho writer is a particularly myopic critical perception of his fiction.

With the possible exception of *Farmer* (1976), none of Harrison's fiction has avoided at least some labeling as "macho." Indicative of this tendency, Jonathan Yardley terms Harrison an "extravagantly free-male, male animal" in reviewing *Wolf: A False Memoir* (1971), his first novel, and claims that such a condition (shared, it is noted, by Harrison's fellow Michigan writer Thomas McGuane)

manufactures a fraternity of he-men who use women in the fashion of town pumps and romanticize about an ecologically balanced utopia where, fishing pole in hand and Rover by his side, a man can be a man. . . . (38)

Sara Blackburn follows a similar line of reasoning in her review of *A Good Day to Die* (1973). She criticizes Harrison for wasting his "excellent narra-
tive talent on this kind of super-machismo a-man's-a-man stuff' and for preaching "me-burned-out-Tarzan dogma" (4-5). However, it is with Harrison's fourth prose work, Legends of the Fall (1979), that the macho label is firmly and, seemingly, intractably affixed.

Legends of the Fall may be Harrison's best known work. It is comprised of three novellas: "Revenge," "The Man Who Gave Up His Name," and "Legends of the Fall." The first and last of the novellas were originally published in Esquire with extravagant editorial comments deeming them classics upon publication.

["Legends of the Fall"] is unlike anything being written today. Once you've begun it, you'll read it through, caught by storytelling in the great tradition. It's a tale of high adventure and great romantic obsession told in a reckless and precipitous literary style that befits the characters and their actions. Yet the telling is informed by such a fine contemporary sensibility, so sure an authorial presence, that what we have is that rare combination: a spellbinding reading experience that is also clearly a work of literary art. (January 2, 1979, 35)

Five months later, with the publication of "Revenge," Esquire stated that "Harrison is a superb storyteller and a writer of serious consequence . . . he is ready for a larger audience" (May 8, 1979, 5).

Unfortunately, the book that brought Harrison a larger audience and further critical attention also establishes and perpetuates a view of his entire body of work that misrepresents it, for clearly the books that immediately precede and follow Legends of the Fall offer a far different view of men and women and the relationships between them than is seen in the overly melodramatic "Revenge" and "Legends of the Fall."

"Revenge" is the story of Cochran, a retired air force pilot and Vietnam veteran who is having an affair with Miryea, the wife of a Mexican friend and associate, Baldassaro Mendez, also known as "Tibey," "the shark." After ignoring hints and opportunities from Tibey to end the affair, Cochran and Miryea are surprised in a cabin by him and his men. Cochran is brutalized and abandoned, presumably dead. Miryea is disfigured with a razor, addicted to heroin, terrorized by snakes, and placed in a whorehouse. Cochran survives his ordeal and seeks revenge on Tibey while attempting to find Miryea.

"Legends of the Fall" is a similarly stark and violent story. It revolves around the character of Tristan Ludlow, one of three brothers from a Montana ranch, who in 1914 travel to Calgary, Alberta in order to enlist in the Canadian armed forces and fight in the First World War. The work is essentially composed of three parts, each comprised of adventure, violence, romantic obsession, and death (the same elements that link the three novellas) all connected by the angry and brooding figure of Tristan who is catalyzed
by the death of his youngest brother in the war. He embarks on a life of baroque dimensions marked by loss, desire, and familial betrayal.

Although *Legends of the Fall* received its share of laudatory reviews, three essays presented major attacks on Harrison’s macho tendencies. Keith Opdahl, in *The Nation*, states that Harrison “gives the pure, raw macho daydream. [The book] is full of silent men and lovely women who desire to be ravaged.” In *Book World*, Garrett Epps calls the book “a collection of fairy tales for men” that must be read with “stone eyes.” More blatantly, Peter S. Prescott, in a review of Harrison’s book and James Salter’s *Solo Faces*, entitled “The Macho Mystique,” holds both writers up as object lessons to support the “curious news” that “macho fiction lives” in the era of “feminist sensibility.” Prescott defines macho as

> fiction women won’t readily enjoy—not because it is pornographic (on the contrary, it is resolutely anti-erotic), but because it celebrates a fantasy of masculine self-sufficiency. It is above all solemn stuff. (72)

Unfortunately, the points Prescott makes regarding the two books are more appropriate to *Solo Faces* than *Legends of the Fall*, and, more significantly, in attempting to generalize about Harrison’s total work, using *Legends of the Fall* as an example, Prescott has chosen a book which is atypical of Harrison’s work.

Prescott quotes from Salter’s *Solo Faces* to define the type of macho characters he believes embody the “fantasy of masculine self-sufficiency.”

> These are men who seem destined to always go first, to lead the way. They are confident in life, they are first to go beyond it. Whatever there is to know, they can learn before others. Their very existence gives strength and drives one onward. (72)

This clearly does not relate to the majority of Harrison’s characters. Although all of his stories may be marked with what some may narrowly and traditionally perceive to be the ancient rituals of masculinity—drinking, fishing, hunting, and sex—Harrison consistently deflates the super male animal by making him “goofy,” a term he uses more than once. By and large, the majority of Harrison’s “heroes” are mock-heroes. It is perhaps this point, more than any other, which differentiates “Revenge” and “Legends of the Fall”; they lack the humor and self-deprecation that strongly characterize the treatments of the male protagonists in Harrison’s other works, including “The Man Who Gave Up His Name.”

Yet, Cochran and Tristan, though possessing machismo in the traditional sense (Epps sees them as “clearly fantasy figures, male wish-fulfillments”), reach no sense of fulfillment or strength at the conclusion of their stories. Rather than masculine self-sufficiency, there is instead an emptiness or exhaustion. Their conclusions echo with a sense of loss, pity, and isolation. Cochran, after burying Miryee, “lifted himself from the hole, picked up the
shovel and threw in some earth with a thump he would hear on his own deathbed” (99); and Tristan is “always alone, apart, somehow solitary” (276). If they are to be seen as macho, it must be as a macho pose, and that pose is ultimately sentimental and thus self-destructive.

With the exception of these two characters, Harrison’s male protagonists do not exhibit characteristic macho tendencies. Both Swanson in Wolf and the narrator of A Good Day to Die are self-serving, self-pitying, weak individuals. Harrison has described Swanson as a “not very heroic hero” and an “essentially . . . comic figure” (Library Journal 3165). In A Good Day to Die, the narrator is helpless to prevent another man’s self-destruction and questions his own worthiness of a woman’s love. These two characters do not represent the epitome of manliness and virtue. They are not leaders; they are lost. These are weak and self-indulgent, ineffective, and helpless men who cannot achieve a break with societal reality. They remain defined and sustained by society, unable for all their protestations and scoldings to persevere and attain a life of purpose. Their inability to commit themselves successfully to women or families, is not a strength but a failure of the characters, a point Harrison makes clear in the relationships that evolve in his other works.

None of Harrison’s work celebrates a “masculine self-sufficiency.” The male characters are not confident in life. On the contrary, they are all deficient in one aspect or another. The protagonists of Farmer, “The Man Who Gave Up His Name,” and Warlock particularly, are sensitive, fallible characters who experience fear and anxiety, and who struggle with questions of self-doubt and concern. One of the central concerns of Harrison’s fiction is the angst of the middle-aged American male as he struggles with the questions of who he is and what his life means. His characters are seekers; they quest for that intangible element that will bring stability and completeness to their lives. A woman eventually satisfies a major portion of that need in at least two works, Farmer and Warlock. This is no small irony if masculine self-sufficiency is Harrison’s intent.

Prescott says that women are essential to macho fiction.

A woman is a smooth-skinned primate who, by virtue of her domesticity and energizing sexuality, is incapable of understanding a man’s need to blaze his solitary path in a senseless world. A woman is something a man must leave behind, preferably pregnant, with the suggestion that he may return in a year or two; the woman, of course, waits. (72)

This is not the case in the relationship between Joseph Lundgren and Rosealee in Farmer, Harrison’s third novel. Lundgren, “a gimp forty-three year old schoolteacher farmer” is undergoing a mid-life identity crisis. He is caught between a relationship with his longtime love (and lover) and friend Rosealee and a purely sexual relationship with Catherine, a young student in his class.
Lundgren teaches, hunts, fishes, reads Keats, and dreams. He dreams of the ocean and the world beyond the farm. In his relationship with Catherine, he is experiencing the freedom and wildness he has dreamed about. She and her parents have moved to northern Michigan from the city. She is contemporary and new; she is unknown; “she was from the outside world and this clearly interested him no matter how dangerous the situation was.” Their relationship, however, offers him no stability, only confusion and uncertainty, fear and guilt.

But as winter lengthened her instabilities became more obvious; she grew fretful and restless after the novelty of country life wore thin. . . . He could not imagine her camping by the ocean with him. She had no interest in rivers and lakes and oceans. (78)

In comparison, Lundgren’s relationship with Rosealee is regular, at times dull, but real. “With Rosealee it was sweet and pleasant, precisely what he imagined it would be like to be married to someone you deeply care for.” She represents his roots to his past forty-three years, to his family, his life, the land. Yet it is this past that Lundgren struggles with. He cannot stop competing with the ghost of Orin, his best friend and Rosealee’s husband who was killed in the war. Lundgren recognizes that at this time of crisis in his life, “all of the strictures, habits, the rules of order for both work and pleasure seemed to be rending at even the strong points” (15). Perhaps the doctor, his friend and hunting companion, summarizes him best when he says that he is a “number-one asshole” and a “goddam lunatic.” Lundgren is not blazing any solitary paths in a senseless world. His is a life of inaction not action. As the doctor says, “What’s bad is what you haven’t done with Rosealee. What you left out” (99). He is not confident, and what he learns he learns after those that are close to him—Rosealee, the doctor, his sister Arlice—already have learned. As the doctor says of Rosealee in judgment of Lundgren: “She is only being alive with an honesty you’re not capable of.”

It is Rosealee, and Lundgren’s final recognition of his need for her, that prevents his life from ultimately being torn apart. In Lundgren’s ultimate choice between Rosealee and Catherine, Harrison establishes a point central to his fiction: life is a “death dance.” It goes on and on, proceeding to its only certainty, death, and death as Harrison has stated, is “ineluctably death and nothing else” (Wakeman 354). The meaning of one’s life is established in its patterns, and continuity and satisfaction come from pursuing the pattern that has been developed.

Rosealee provides Lundgren with a solid axis on which he may establish a way of life, not a solitary life, but a life he shares with her. In the prescient episode that begins the book, Harrison portrays not two individuals but a couple, two lives that sustain each other and thereby become one. Four sentences into the story he has made his point, “A couple enters.” And this
two-page description of Rosealee and Lundgren’s dinner in a restaurant by the ocean is beautifully and subtly written. These are two people in love.

They laugh and are tentative with a plate of oysters. The man scratches his head, messing his hair. She smiles and reaches across the table, nervously brushing his hair back into place with her palm. (1)

If Rosealee does not fulfill the role that Prescott sees for women in macho fiction, Diana, the wife of the protagonist in Warlock, the novel that follows Legends of the Fall, does so even less. In Warlock, John Milton Lundgren (the use of the same surname emphasizes the commonality of Harrison’s protagonists) has been fired from his position as a foundation executive. He is “a goofy fop and terribly intelligent, no longer to any particular effect.” He and his wife, Diana, an emergency room nurse, move to rural northern Michigan where he settles into house-husbandry, experiments with gourmet cooking, and philosophizes about life and reality. He fears, among other things, fire, the dark, sexually aggressive women, fist fights, and death, and he too, like Swanson in Wolf and the protagonist in Sundog, gets lost in the woods.

As Warlock—the secret cub scout name he resurrects along with a new view of life after experiencing a dream of his own death—Lundgren accepts a job, arranged by Diana, from Dr. Rabun, a rich eccentric researcher. He is hired to investigate possible infringements on Rabun’s timber and real estate investments by his wife and son. Lundgren bumbles and fumbles his way through the investigation.

Although he lands on his feet at the end of the book, it is more a result of dumb good luck than his own work. Throughout the story, Lundgren has not been in control. He has been manipulated in one way or another by a variety of people including Diana and Dr. Rabun. He is even manipulated in his great adulterous affair with Laura Fardel on the beach. He has been drawn into a “living drama” by Laura and her husband Bob, who has filmed the entire event. Clearly this is not a man “destined to always go first, to lead the way.” He is filled with self-pity and self-interest rather than confidence as he continues “his role as the forlorn waif” (246). It is his father who, while lamenting that he has raised a “jerkoff kid,” succinctly advises him to “grow up.”

More than once Harrison states that Lundgren “didn’t get the joke.” The joke, of course, is reality. He cannot cope with the real world.

On a mostly subconscious level he was vitally concerned with the world conforming to his idea of it. Once he had decided on something so tentative and idiotic as the evening weather report he was thrown out of step the next day when the report proved inaccurate. (43)

Lundgren is a “Keatsian romanticist.” He is drawn by the attraction of an imaginative dream world without the disagreeable and remorseless pres-
sures of reality. He “tingled with a gentle warmth” watching a revival of “Man of La Mancha” and decided “there was something to the old saw about grasping for straws” (44).

It is Diana, confronted every day with the realities of life and death, who is the pragmatist; she finds the play “loathsome.” She is bright, graceful, an independent person with a successful career and a strong personality. She is comfortable with nature, “the traditional heritage and proving ground of the American male . . . ,” (Tillinghast 14).

As an amateur botanist, birdwatcher, butterfly catcher, she knew a great deal more about the natural world than Warlock. . . . (43)

Lundgren, on the other hand, is “frightened out of his wits” during his night in the woods investigating Rabun’s timber holdings. Hudley, their dog, “man’s best friend,” chooses to go with Diana rather than Lundgren when the two separate in the woods arguing about which direction will lead back to their car. Diana is reliable and mature and exercises her own impulses, including her sexual ones. After a one-night affair at a surgical nurses’ convention, her attitude is one more readily expected of Prescott’s macho men that supposedly populate Harrison’s work.

This is one little item her husband would never know, and scarcely reflected promiscuity on her part. (41)

At the resolution of Lundgren’s investigation, it is he who is “afraid of losing her for good” (258) and who agrees to see a psychiatrist thirty-three times (the diagnosis: he is “hopeless and harmless”), as Diana heads off to medical school.

In *Sundog*, Harrison’s most recent novel, he perhaps comes closest to creating a male character who achieves self-definition and self-sufficiency. Robert Crovus Strang is a self-taught construction foreman specializing in hydroelectric dams and irrigation systems. He is presented as a wise, understanding, strong, and sensitive individual. But Harrison undercuts his strength with petit-mal epilepsy, tropical diseases, and a fall from a dam that has left him with minimal use of his legs: “his progress was unimaginably tortured, twisting, shuffling, a drunken, crablike movement” (167). Yet Strang is comfortable with who he is and what he is; his is a triumph of spirit not physicality.

The narrator of the story is more in keeping with the typical Harrison protagonist. He is a jaded skeptic, a purposeless journalist who is prompted to see Strang by a Florida millionaire’s taunt: “You should meet the man that used to be my son-in-law. Compared to him you’re all . . . fops.” And, of course, the journalist is a kind of goofy fop.

There is a hint in *Sundog* that Harrison is toying with his critics. At several points in the novel, the narrator refers to his own maleness, his “seedy
chord of machoism.” But his act of self-proclaimed “macho defiance” is to eat a third bowl of gumbo. And Eulia, the young beautiful Costa Rican companion of Strang, describes the narrator in terms that would be antithetical to any truly macho male—“you are a big, warm mamá” (97).

Besides presenting the contrast between the narrator and Strang, at the narrator’s expense, Harrison also has Eulia deliver a blistering attack on the narrator and the type of “macho” men he represents:

All you people are alike. You pretend that you don’t want anyone, and now you’re hysterical because I went to somebody who does want someone. Well, fuck you, big shot. Fuck all you people. I was a poor girl. What do I need with men who think it’s smart to pretend they don’t need me? Fuck you smart-ass men. Go fuck a mirror. Go make your jokes in a mirror. (173)

This is an emotional attack on just the type of self-sufficient men that Prescott, Opdahl, and Epps accuse Harrison of glorifying. The narrator’s reaction to Eulia’s accusations is succinct and predictable, “I fled.” This “macho” man runs from confrontation.

Although the women characters in Sundog (with the possible exception of Eulia), are all secondary characters and though none of them have the development of Diana or even Rosealee, they are not presented as weak characters used “in the fashion of town pumps” who are left behind, preferably pregnant. Instead Strang is left behind by Sharon in Africa, and the narrator is left standing at the bus stop by Eulia. Strang’s recollections of his childhood are focused on two women crucial to his development: his sister Laura who advised him to be “kind and good and honest with a woman” (40) and his mother Violet. Sex is, of course, present here as it is in all of Harrison’s novels, but the women enjoy sex as much as the men, and they use men as sexual object to fulfill their needs and desires equally as much as the male characters use them.

In response to the criticism of his perceived macho tendencies, Harrison has, on at least three occasions, offered definitions of the term “macho,” after making it clear that he believes it to be misused in relationship to his own work. The definitions vary somewhat but are essentially the same. Most recently he has said:

Actually what macho is in Spanish is someone who would fuck a virgin with a swan or throw a rattlesnake into a baby’s carriage. Screw his mother. You know, cut his sister. So that’s macho. I don’t know what it has to do with me. (Missouri Review, 83)

If one accepts this notion of macho and applies it to Harrison’s fiction, one must admit that, with the exception of Tibey’s actions toward Miryca in “Revenge”—for surely the man who would disfigure his wife’s face with a razor, terrorize her with drugs and rattlesnakes, force her into prostitution,
and then commit her to a convent, must be considered macho even by Harrison’s extreme definition—none of his male characters exhibit macho characteristics.

Yet the stronger, final point is that one need not extend one’s understanding to the extremes of Harrison’s statement but accept only the conventional definition of macho as “a man, specifically a ‘tough guy’; also masculinity, virility,” (Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary 2:77) to realize that few of Harrison’s “heroes” truly fit this ideal. Harrison’s protagonists may aspire to the “tough guy” image, but, for the most part, it is all affectation. They are characters constantly questioning themselves, their lives, their purposes. They get lost in the woods, are afraid of the dark, fumble with guns. Any pretense at macho is more an example of their own narcissism, vanity, and false pride than any reflection of male dominance.

Granted that Harrison’s portrayals of women are generally weaker than his male characters (although not uniformly so, both Rosealee and Diana are fully developed), but his portrayals of men, however, are often as shallow as his characterizations of women. There is a simple explanation for this; his stories and their development call for them to be shallow.

Harrison is more comfortable writing about male characters if for no other reason than he is a male and still struggling to fully understand women. “I certainly don’t want to pretend to more knowledge about women than I have, just to curry favor. Most women are still like Tibet to me; though I’ve studied Tantric Buddhism at some length, I still don’t feel I comprehend it” (Missouri Review, 83). He is explicitly male in the sense that he has chosen to explore experiences central to his sex, but he is not an ideologue. As he has stated, “I’m not trying to get out the vote when I write a novel. A novel’s a novel. Everybody can’t be everything” (Missouri Review, 83). In the face of the feminine sensibilities and the feminist criticism of the seventies and eighties, however, this places him in the ridiculous position of having to defend what he writes and places some readers of his in the awkward position that Garret Epps finds himself in of having to apologize for what they read. Epps says that Legends of the Fall “startled, angered and disturbed” him, but it also “fascinated” him, and he feels compelled to justify his fascination and assure the reader that he does not condone violence.

It is a curious actuality that Harrison’s evaluation and reflections on the male experience are often viewed in a condescending and denigrating light, but women authors such as Margaret Atwood and Mary Gordon are acclaimed for their female dominated and oriented works. Yet, what is the difference? Harrison is no more an ideologist than Atwood and Gordon. He offers one aspect, one story, one tale out of all that are available. And in telling that one story as stylishly and as well as he does, he may touch on some universal feeling or some shared experience that surpasses individual, cultural, or gender biases. As the narrator of Sundog states:
The point is we are all quite different, and everyone tells us we’re not. There is this inescapable, incredible variety of perception and sensation, the little parcels of experience that add up to a whole not necessarily typified by any sort of symmetric unity, but the urge of life herself. (19)

Harrison has pointed out, “good novels are stories about people, not tracts” (Esquire, May 1983, 88). Critics who immediately delimit Harrison’s work by a preconceived notion of macho are in effect attempting to dictate the subject of the works. Moral concerns become synthesized with aesthetic ones. Epps is perhaps most aware of this, yet he cannot stop himself.

...because these men of Legends of the Fall are everything men wish to be, their stories have a terrible power. They speak to the reader’s deepest hopes and fears about himself. It is this that troubled me most about Legends of the Fall. By the example of his heroes, Harrison is holding up a view of manhood—self-sufficient, violent, strong, antisocial—that seems to be losing currency in this country. I happen to think that the passing of these values is, on the whole, a good thing. From my own experience I believe that vengeance leads seldom to beatitude; and more often to frenzy, isolation, and grief. (E3)

But what gives Epps the idea that this is not precisely where vengeance has lead Cochran and Tristan? Does Tristan achieve beatitude as he scalps German soldiers or isolates himself from his one surviving brother? What else are the last sentences of these two stories indications of but grief and isolation, of a terribly pervading sense of loss and loneliness?

Epps says that Harrison is holding up a view of manhood as self-sufficient, violent, strong, and antisocial and that characters like Cochran and Tristan are everything men wish to be. This seems terribly naive and perhaps says more about Epps and speaks more to his own hopes and fears than to those of the American male. Harry Crews, another writer who has had to bear his share of macho accusations, has succinctly pointed out the obvious that seems to escape some reviewers.

Violence sometimes comes not from one’s own predisposition for it, or from prejudice of one kind or another ...; rather, it comes from turning a corner one day and walking square into the face of madness. . . . Violence, for all manner of reasons, finds some of us. I would maintain it doesn’t make us bad, it only makes us human. (191)

Violence is for some of us, inevitable and quite natural. Harrison is not holding up a model of manhood. He is writing of a particular type. He chooses to write about those people that violence finds. “I’ve been acquainted with three men who have been murdered in the past year or so, but it is popularly considered ‘macho’ (also sexist) to write about such things” (Esquire, 1983, 88). Or as the narrator of Sundog states, “I want the characters to remind me of those I’ve known or seen” (209).
The journalist in *Sundog* says that "you write about something that happens and, for various reasons, people are so forgetful they confuse you with the cause." Harrison has said, "To publish a novel is to stick your head through a hole in the canvas and let everyone throw the object of his choice" (*Esquire*, 1983, 88). For too long the object of choice has been the label of macho fiction that Harrison has had to wear like Hester Prynne's scarlet letter. It is time for critics to go beyond preconceived reactions to Harrison's work. They must stop holding each new work hostage to their ideas of the previous works, stop reading with expectations and finding what they think will be there, and start looking for what actually is there.

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NOTES

1. This type of statement raises more questions than anything else: What exactly is meant by "ultra-macho" and how is it different from "macho"? What is a "conventional literary work"? In fact, by stating this, Stuewe ignores the fact that Harrison's fiction is essentially experimental in terms of structure and genre.

2. Used as a general indicator, *Book Review Index; a Master Cumulation 1965–1985* (Detroit: Gale Research Co., 1985) lists 26 reviews of *Legends of the Fall*, eleven more than *Warlock*. No other work by Harrison has more than ten reviews listed.

3. Critics, both pro and con, generally focus on these two novellas to support positions. A few, however, notably Vance Bourjaily in the *New York Times Book Review* and Raymond Carver in the *Washington Post Book World* recognize that it is the often overlooked "The Man Who Gave Up His Name" that is the most successful (and typical) of the three novellas. Carver terms it "an extraordinary piece of writing" and a novella that "can stand with the best examples the form has to offer—those by Conrad, Chekhov, Mann, James, Melville, Lawrence, Isak Dinesen." Although the same themes are present as in the other two stories, the same extremes are not. The protagonist, Nordstrom, has a lighthearted quality that is absent in both Cochran and Tristan.


5. It would seem that one would have a more difficult time defending Salter against Prescott's charges than Harrison, based upon both *Solo Faces* and *A Sport and a Past Time*. Still, Prescott appears to be purposely simplistic in his approach to both writers.

WORKS CITED


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