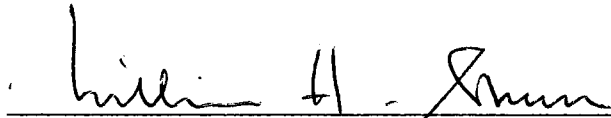
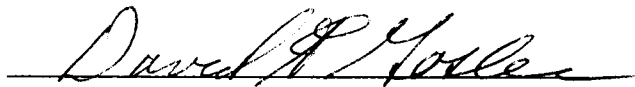


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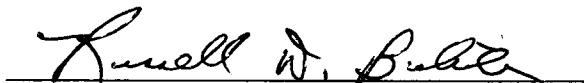
I am submitting herewith a dissertation written by Ramona Semones Fletcher entitled "Anne Morrow Lindbergh's Works: A Woman's 'Ways of Knowing.'" I have examined the final copy of this dissertation for form and content and recommend that it be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, with a major in English.


Dr. William H. Shurr, Major Professor

We have read this dissertation
and recommend its acceptance:







Accepted for the Council:


Associate Vice Chancellor
and Dean of the Graduate School

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH'S WORKS:

A WOMAN'S "WAYS OF KNOWING"

A Dissertation

Presented for the

Doctor of Philosophy

Degree

The University of Tennessee, Knoxville

Ramona Semones Fletcher

August 1994

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My gratitude goes to Anne Morrow Lindbergh for her beautiful words and for the gracious letter that inaugurated this project in 1987. To her daughter Anne Spencer Lindbergh (1940-1993), I am thankful for her friendship and will miss her wisdom and wonderful letters. To her daughter Reeve Lindbergh, I appreciate the family stories in her novels.

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ABSTRACT

Anne Morrow Lindbergh is best-known as a writer for her Gift From the Sea (1955), an extended philosophical essay on the stages of a woman's life. As an artist, however, her most significant achievements were the little-known 1944 novel The Steep Ascent and the 1962 novel Dearly Beloved. In her first two volumes, North to the Orient (1935) and Listen! the Wind (1938), Lindbergh began to develop the themes and voice and control over material that culminated in her novels. One can also see throughout the body of her work a development of her thinking in stages corresponding to epistemological categories of understanding described by William Perry in Forms of Intellectual and Ethical Development in the College Years, by Carol Gilligan's In A Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Development and by Mary Field Belenky and her co-authors in Women's Ways of Knowing: The Development of Self, Voice and Mind. These epistemological positions--*silence, received knowledge, subjective knowledge, procedural knowledge, and constructed knowledge*--correspond to a woman's perspective, her ability to know and view the world.

The patterns in her writing which Lindbergh began developing in her earliest diaries and letters show her attempts to define her identity, to resolve conflicts between different ways of viewing the world, and to demonstrate her understanding through a variety of genre--essays, travel narratives, poetry, and novels. This study traces her growth

as a writer, demonstrating her movement through the stages of knowledge that Perry, Gilligan, Belenky and others have described. Drawing also on the work of feminist critics such as Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar, Adrienne Rich, Carroll Smith-Rosenberg, Linda Pannill, and others, I will examine what Lindbergh's development as an artist has in common with earlier women writers. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, in her attempts to realize her ambition to be a writer, explored a woman's search for identity, the search for perfection, a sense of loss, and the need to control time, and she provided descriptions of the stages in a woman's life. Although she has not achieved significant critical recognition, Lindbergh felt confident that her voice could speak for others, as in The Steep Ascent, which she called "the story of a woman's life and ordeal--any woman and any ordeal" (vi):

I have put everything in it--everything I learned from that life in the past. It is a flight over the Alps but it could be anything. Childbirth or getting married, or the mental and moral struggles one has.... It is my whole life.

(War Within and Without 331)

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CHAPTER I

"THE WOMAN WRITER'S STRUGGLE"

The loneliness of the female artist, her feelings of alienation from male predecessors coupled with her need for sisterly precursors and successors, her urgent sense of her need for a female audience together with her fear of the antagonism of male readers, her culturally conditioned timidity about self-dramatization, her dread of the patriarchal authority of art, her anxiety about the impropriety of female invention--all these phenomena of 'inferiorization' mark the woman writer's struggle for artistic self-definition.

(Gilbert and Gubar, The Madwoman in the Attic 50)

Sandra Gilbert's and Susan Gubar's discussion of the nineteenth-century female writer's sense of "inferiorization" is germane to this study of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's work. The solitary position the writer must occupy appealed to Lindbergh even though it was often lonely; when she could not find the solitude essential for her to work, she felt separated from what was her only refuge at many points in her life. Anne Morrow Lindbergh did not self-consciously evoke her "sisterly precursors" in positioning her own writing, but she did often echo such favorite writers as Emily Dickinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Virginia Woolf.

These three writers present models common to women writers which Linda Susanne Pannill has examined in The Artist-Heroine in American Fiction, 1890-1920. Pannill's study describes the three types of experience available to

the female artist as extremely restricting. Each of the models prevented a woman writer from full achievement of her identity as a woman and an artist: Pannill called the first of these "restricted experience, a nunlike devotion to art"; the second, the traditional life of "marriage and motherhood"; and the third, "unconventional behavior, [which] brought heavy penalties" ([i]). The writers Pannill examined, including popular authors such as Fanny Fern and Dinah Craik as well as more canonical figures Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather, share much in the pictures they paint of the struggle of the woman-artist: the conflict between the roles is often unresolvable; when the artist-heroine character succeeded, it was usually because she had followed a feminine stereotype rather than that she had subverted the traditional role; and the artist herself seemed to allow less freedom for her characters than she had achieved in her own life.

As Gilbert and Gubar note in their discussion of the separateness of the female writer from the male-dominated literary culture, the woman writer suffered more from an "anxiety of authorship" (51) than from what Harold Bloom called "the anxiety of influence" that many male writers felt in their need to disengage from and continually revise their literary forefathers' works.¹ Lindbergh, like many

¹Harold Bloom, The Anxiety of Influence (New York: Oxford University Press, 1973).

female authors, suffered from anxiety about presenting herself as a serious writer precisely because women writers were not taken so seriously as men were. Hawthorne's complaint against the "mob of scribbling women" was still a common enough attitude in the world in which Lindbergh was raised, having been born in 1906 and attending college in the 1920's. Linda Pannill describes America of the 1910's and 1920's as inhospitable to women writers, as an era in which there was "widespread disillusionment" with feminism and other "idealisms" (75), thus accounting in part for much of the criticism leveled against American matriarchs' perceived control over culture.

Yet the real control was still patriarchal, and a woman writer's anxiety about her ambition would have made her uneasy about presenting herself with any authority. In June Sochen's The New Woman: Feminism in Greenwich Village, 1910-1920, feminists are described as having "a romantic view of life and love, a burning desire for experience, and a belief in nonconformity," but the ultimate goal was still "to find the right man, and marry him" (35). Like Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose life rather symbolized the Greenwich Village bohemianism of her time, Anne Morrow was attracted to countless "not impossible He's" and chose to marry rather than to remain a solitary artist like Emily Dickinson. But unlike Millay and Virginia Woolf, Anne Morrow Lindbergh was quite conservative in her lifestyle, very much a product of

what she described as a Puritanical upbringing. Yet her desire for nonconformity was strong and was, in fact, part of what inspired her to choose to be a writer.

Anne Morrow identified writing as her vocation very early, keeping a diary from adolescence on and declaring her chosen profession during her college years. Nevertheless, at every stage of her writing life, Lindbergh felt anxiously that her work was inferior, not only to the critically acclaimed work of writers whose work she read but to her own potential, a potential limited most by her role as wife to Charles Lindbergh and as mother to six children. She had declared her intention to be a writer to her family, friends and teachers before she met Lindbergh, and she worked at her craft for seven decades. But in her last major work, Dearly Beloved, a largely autobiographical novel published in 1962, she described her heroine as a "would-be artist" (184).

If Lindbergh could not see herself as having achieved the role of artist and could not make her characters truly successful artist-heroines, she was not alone. Patricia Meyer Spacks' The Female Imagination discusses the struggles women novelists have made to define their real selfhood through and in their writing. Spacks found that woman novelists who depicted an adolescent heroine used "constant images of challenge aborted or safely contained" (158). This last characteristic is the focus of Carolyn Heilbrun's essay on "Women Writers and Female Characters: The Failure

of Imagination":

Women writers, like successful women in male-dominated professions, have failed to imagine autonomous women characters. With remarkably few exceptions, women writers do not imagine women characters with even the autonomy they themselves have achieved. (Reinventing Womanhood 71)

Heilbrun goes on to identify the reason for the woman writer's "failure of imagination": "woman's most persistent problem has been to discover for herself an identity not limited by custom or defined by attachment to some man" (72). Heilbrun believes that the woman artist's search for identity, for autonomous roles for the female characters she portrays, generally is unsuccessful.

Linda Pannill finds more successful artist-heroines than does Heilbrun, but the women writers she studied had limited success in freeing their characters of restrictions. Women writers from the turn-of-the-century period Pannill examined constantly made accommodations, in their own lives and for their characters, to the traditional view of women's roles. Female artists who devoted their lives to their art were denied the "full life" of love and marriage and children. Women who tried to combine both roles had to subordinate art to family demands, the prevailing pattern in Lindbergh's life. Women who followed Pannill's third model, unconventional behavior, were often punished and ostracized: "the woman artist of the [turn of the century] who pursued life with any sincerity was herself in danger of being

called a 'brazen hussy'... liable to be tarred with the same brush as the fallen woman," a figure often appearing in women's novels (44). All these models restricted the female artist.

Like the second model of the woman-artist Linda Pannill studied, Anne Morrow Lindbergh found herself constantly attempting to reconcile the demands of art and those of a family life. This conflict is at the core of all her work: travel narratives, novels, essays, poetry, and five volumes of diaries and letters. Lindbergh demonstrates her life-long commitment to her art in efforts to capture the moment and control time, to live consciously, and to describe each stage of her life's journey, the stages of a woman's life. But she struggled always to balance the artist's need to be separate from life with a daughter's, wife's, and mother's desire to help fulfill the lives of those around her. She could not, or would not, as Virginia Woolf believed was necessary for a woman writer, "kill the Angel in the House," but she never abandoned her craft.

Lindbergh is much closer to the turn-of-the-century writers Pannill studied than to a modernist writer like Virginia Woolf. However modest Anne Morrow Lindbergh's achievement may seem in comparison with more recent advances made by women, she saw herself in feminist terms appropriate to her time. In a Commencement address she delivered at Smith College in 1978, Lindbergh described that when she was

a student at Smith she expected, after graduation, to "have a year of work on my own, to try out a profession" ("The Journey Not the Arrival" 6). Instead, she met and married Charles Lindbergh and postponed her own plans and ambitions for several years. In her private writing, diaries and letters, and in the books she published beginning in the mid-1930's, Lindbergh did, however, address the issues of a woman artist's struggle for self-definition, conveying the conflict between art and family life and articulating women's concerns. In each of her published works, one can see her defining the stage of life she occupies and finding connections between hers and other women's experience.

One of the most interesting features of Lindbergh's search for self-definition is her movement through various perspectives toward her experiences. One way to understand these perspectives is through application of the work of recent research on women's ways of processing and constructing knowledge. Women's Ways of Knowing: The Development of Self, Voice, and Mind, by Mary Field Belenky, Blythe McVicker Clinchy, Nancy Rule Goldberger, and Jill Mattuck Tarule, describes "the ways of knowing that women have cultivated and learned to value" (ix). Women's Ways of Knowing builds on the work of William Perry² and Carol

²William G. Perry, Jr., Forms of Intellectual Development in the College Years: A Scheme (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 1970).

Gilligan,³ whose works have examined the different ways men and women position themselves in relation to knowledge, authority, and morality. Belenky and her coauthors identify five epistemological "perspectives from which women view reality and draw conclusions about truth, knowledge, and authority" (3):

Silence, a position in which women experience themselves as mindless and voiceless and subject to the whims of external authority; *received knowledge*, a perspective from which women conceive of themselves as capable of receiving, even reproducing, knowledge from the all-knowing external authorities but not capable of creating knowledge on their own; *subjective knowledge*, a perspective from which truth and knowledge are conceived of as personal, private, and subjectively known or intuited; *procedural knowledge*, a position in which women are invested in learning and applying objective procedures for obtaining and communicating knowledge; and *constructed knowledge*, a position in which women view all knowledge as contextual, experience themselves as creators of knowledge, and value both subjective and objective strategies for knowing. (15)

These perspectives, though not necessarily linear stages through which women move in an orderly fashion, represent increasingly responsible and mature ways of processing, ordering, and communicating experience.

The five epistemological perspectives which Women's Ways of Knowing illustrates are useful positions from which to view Anne Morrow Lindbergh's work. Lindbergh is best-

³Carol Gilligan, In A Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Development (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1982).

known as a writer for her Gift From the Sea (1955), an extended philosophical essay on the stages of a woman's life. As an artist, however, her most significant achievements were the little-known 1944 novel The Steep Ascent and the 1962 novel Dearly Beloved. In her first two volumes, North to the Orient (1935) and Listen! the Wind (1938), Lindbergh began to develop the themes and voice and control over material that culminated in her novels. One can also see throughout the body of her work a development of her thinking in stages corresponding to epistemological categories of understanding described by Mary Field Belenky and her co-authors in Women's Ways of Knowing. Lindbergh can be seen, at various stages of her life, in the positions of *silence*, *received knowledge*, *subjective knowledge*, *procedural knowledge*, and *constructed knowledge*.

The patterns in her writing which Lindbergh began to develop in her earliest diaries and letters show attempts to define her identity, to resolve conflicts between different ways of viewing the world, and to demonstrate her understanding through a variety of genre--poetry, essays, travel narratives, and novels. Although she has not yet achieved significant critical recognition, Lindbergh was confident that her voice spoke for others, as in The Steep Ascent, which she called "the story of a woman's life and ordeal--any woman and any ordeal" (vi):

I have put everything in it--everything I learned

from that life in the past. It is a flight over the Alps but it could be anything. Childbirth or getting married, or the mental and moral struggles one has.... It is my whole life.

(War Within and Without 331)

To read a writer's declaration that a novel is her "whole life" is anathema to many critics in a postformalist and postdeconstructionist era. But the importance of life experiences to one's ways of knowing and viewing the world cannot be overemphasized for a writer like Lindbergh. Much of her writing is clearly and unashamedly autobiographical, and much of her writing was about her journeys. Her first published volume, North to the Orient, was an account of the flight she and her husband made from New England north over Canada and Alaska to the Far East in 1931. One theme which Lindbergh treated here was the need to communicate; as radio officer for the trip, as well as recorder of it in the published volume, she took her duties seriously. As she had been while a college student, she was in the position most often of a receiver rather than an originator of knowledge.

Her next volume, Listen! the Wind, described the 1933 trip which surveyed both a northern and a southern Atlantic crossing. It reflected her greater control over her writing and the changes that had occurred in her life since the journey described in North to the Orient. Both Anne's father and her first child had died in the year and a half separating the two survey flights. Lindbergh's focus in North to the Orient was on places they visited and the

people they met, especially the women and children; she tried to capture their "essential qualities." In Listen! the Wind, she was more inward-looking, viewing life from the position of *subjective knowledge* and focusing on differences in perspective and on the need for security.

During the years leading up to and including World War II, Lindbergh wrote at length in her diaries on issues related to her family's security and the broader issues of a Europe and America headed for war. The Wave of the Future, an essay responding chiefly to the totalitarian threat of rulers like Hitler, appeared in 1940. It was the result of years of contact with Europeans as well as study of their literature and culture, but it also was a kind of apology for the stance which Charles and Anne took against the United States intervening in the war in Europe. From 1935 to 1939, the Lindberghs had found a safe haven in Europe, away from the endless intrusions of the American press. Flying all over Europe, they had a near-disaster when their plane was caught in fog over the Alps, an incident preserved in The Steep Ascent, published in 1944. Prominent in the novel are Lindbergh's artistic vision of the timeless moment of the junction of the trivial and tragic dimensions of existence and her growing consciousness of the feminine. In this stage of her life, Lindbergh moved back and forth from the position of *subjective knowledge*, finding personal and private meanings in experiences, and *procedural knowledge*,

objectifying and communicating her knowledge about the stage of life in which she found herself in the 1930's and 1940's.

Busy with family activities for the next several years, Lindbergh did not publish another volume until Gift From the Sea in 1955. Lindbergh's philosophical essays on the stages of life and her meditations on the role of women and the stages of a woman's life made this the most popular and best-known of her works. It makes clear a woman's need for "a room of [her] own," for self-determination that would improve the quality of life for both men and women, but it lacks the artistic coherence of her novels. In 1956, Lindbergh published a volume of poetry, The Unicorn and Other Poems, in which she explored issues related to freedom and security, closeness to nature, and the belief that there is in human beings a quality transcending ordinary human experience to a personal intuition or revelation about the meaning of life, a recurring theme in her writing.

In 1962, Dearly Beloved, a novel on marriage, appeared; it developed the perspectives of several members of a wedding party, a subject appropriate for a mother whose children were leaving the nest. It was also a somewhat cynical look at the institution of marriage as limiting the individual's (especially the woman's) opportunities for self-realization. It exhibits the characteristics of *constructed knowledge*, what Belenky and her colleagues describe as the most mature level of understanding.

Lindbergh's next book, Earth Shine (1969) meditated on wildlife, technology, and the future of human progress after the Apollo 8 flight to the moon. Lindbergh explored the need for the different kind of relationship she saw as necessary for a balanced life in a technologically advanced world. Idealistically, she hoped that in the future a new pattern--feminine, nurturing and geocentric--would allow both man and woman to be equally at home in the natural realm, the human world, and the spiritual dimension.

The diaries and letters, published in five volumes from 1972 to 1980, cover the years from 1922 to 1944 and provide insights not only into her life but into the evolution of her thought and writing. The first volume, Bring Me A Unicorn, covers the years from 1922 to 1928. The second volume, spanning from 1927 to 1932, was Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead. Locked Rooms and Open Doors, the third volume, covers the period from 1933 to 1935. The fourth volume, The Flower and the Nettle, deals with events from 1936 to 1939. The last volume, spanning from 1939 to 1944, was War Within and Without. Serving as a kind of confessional, these volumes allowed her to confide her doubts and dreams and provide a road map of where she had been, both physically and spiritually. They also reveal the developing feminine consciousness that informs all her other work.

This study traces Anne Morrow Lindbergh's growth as a writer and examines the themes that she explored in her

attempts to resolve her romantic nature with the classical forces around her: the search for perfection, the need to control time, a sense of loss, her attempts to develop as an artist, and her descriptions of the stages in a woman's life. It explores the epistemological perspectives, the "women's ways of knowing," from which she regarded her life and which can be seen in her writing. The remainder of this chapter describes her early life and the periods in which she occupied the position of *silence*. Chapter II describes Lindbergh's deliberate choice of a writing life and her growth as a writer from *silence* to *received knowledge*. Chapter III discusses how her travel narrative North to the Orient, published in 1935, reveals her move from *received* to *subjective knowledge*. Chapter IV examines the *subjective knowledge* apparent in Lindbergh's second travel book, Listen! the Wind, published in 1938. Chapter V discusses The Steep Ascent, a novel published in 1944, in which Lindbergh moved into the position of *procedural knowledge*. Chapter VI explores her position in the mature perspective of *constructed knowledge* in her 1962 novel Dearly Beloved.

In all her work, Lindbergh tried to describe what it is to be an artist, a wife and mother, and a citizen, not only of her own country, but of a global community in her concern for the environment and for the quality of life. Her work speaks to the greatest joys and tragedies of the human condition. She was always aware, as she described in The

Unicorn and Other Poems, of her connectedness to others:

PILGRIM

This is a road
One walks alone;
Narrow the track
And overgrown.

Dark is the way
And hard to find,
When the last village
Drops behind.

Never a footfall
Light to show
Fellow traveller--
Yet I know

Someone before
Has trudged his load
In the same footsteps--
This is a road. (44)

Offering reassurance to the pilgrim that she is not alone, Lindbergh generously shared her knowledge of the dark shadows through which one must pass. Having arrived at the most mature and sophisticated of the positions described in Women's Ways of Knowing, *constructed knowledge*, Lindbergh in her later writing exhibited the caring perspective of this last stage. She had achieved "the opening of the mind and the heart to embrace the world [that is] characteristic only of the women at the position of constructed knowledge" (Belenky et al 141).

Lindbergh, of course, did not think of herself in such terms, as having arrived at the epistemological positions here described, but she did examine and reexamine her life

at many stages. For a woman who was to lead a truly extraordinary life, she considered her childhood quite ordinary. She was born Anne Spencer Morrow in Englewood, New Jersey, on June 22, 1906, to Dwight Morrow and Elizabeth Cutter Morrow. Her older sister Elizabeth had been born in 1904, her brother Dwight arrived in 1908, and her sister Constance was born in 1913 (Autobiography of Values 405). The Morrrows lived in Englewood, New Jersey, and later kept an apartment in New York City. Anne attended school in Englewood and then went to The Chapin School in New York. In 1924, she enrolled at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, where she majored in English and graduated in June 1928. Only later did she look back on her life as privileged, socially, culturally, and financially, but such privilege did not insure happiness or artistic recognition.

While her father was U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, Anne met Charles Lindbergh, in December 1927, when the flyer came to Mexico at the ambassador's request. Suspending her own plans to work as a writer after college, Anne was married to Charles in May 1929 and began an active life. Through the 1930's, the Lindberghs flew all over the world, promoting aviation, surveying routes for air travel, and visiting many countries. Their first child, Charles, Jr., who was born in 1930, was kidnapped and killed in March 1932. Their second child, Jon, was born in August 1932. Anne's first book, North to the Orient, a travel narrative based on the 1931

survey flight, was published in 1935, the year Bruno Hauptmann was tried for the baby's kidnapping. The sensational publicity that had surrounded the Lindberghs since their courtship intensified after the kidnapping and again with the trial, forcing them to leave America and move to England in 1935.

While living in a fourteenth-century home owned by the writer Vita Sackville-West and her husband Harold Nicolson, Anne found a peaceful existence for the first time since her marriage and wrote her second book, Listen! the Wind. In 1937, she gave birth to her third son, Land. To be near Dr. Alexis Carrel, with whom Charles invented a perfusion pump that was to be a precursor to the heart-lung machine, the Lindberghs bought a small island off the coast of Brittany in 1938. They wintered that year in Paris but returned to America in 1939 to escape war in Europe.

After returning to America, the Lindberghs became involved in the anti-intervention movement, especially the America First organization, and Charles became their chief spokesperson. The backlash from Anne's family and friends isolated the Lindberghs and resulted in Anne's writing essays about their views, the best-known of which was The Wave of the Future, published in 1940. The Lindberghs continued to search for a peaceful home, renting various homes in New England and spending much of the war period in Michigan, where Charles worked with Henry Ford on aircraft

design. Charles also went to the Pacific as an aviation advisor for a brief period, during which he was engaged in air warfare against the Japanese. The Lindberghs had three more children, Anne in 1940, Scott in 1942, and Reeve in 1945.

In 1944, Anne published her first novel, The Steep Ascent, based on a flying incident from 1937. This book, though less well-known than her other works, is a significant artistic achievement. After the war was over, the Lindberghs settled in Darien, Connecticut, where they raised their five children. Anne continued to write and, in 1955, published what is by far her best-known work, Gift From the Sea.⁴ In 1956, her volume of poetry, The Unicorn and Other Poems, came out. A second novel, Dearly Beloved, was published in 1962, and Earth Shine, essays on technology and conservation, appeared in 1969. Charles continued his work as a consultant for airline companies and became a strong supporter of environmental causes, especially with The World Wildlife Fund. In 1974, Charles died of cancer, at the Lindberghs' vacation home in Hawaii. Anne, now 88, still maintains a home in Darien, Connecticut, where, until recent years, she continued writing. In the years between 1972 and 1980, she published five volumes of her diaries and letters covering the period from 1922 to 1944. She was also

⁴More than seven million copies of Gift From the Sea have been sold since its publication in 1955.

involved in the editing of the unfinished manuscript her husband left at his death; it was published as Autobiography of Values in 1978. Having suffered from strokes, she is no longer writing. Many of her diaries and letters remain unpublished, but the massive collections of her and her husband's papers at Yale University and Smith College will not be available for public use until after her death.

A lifelong introvert, Anne Morrow Lindbergh often found the active life of flying and meeting people difficult. Her desire to write was constantly frustrated by the demands of extensive traveling and the needs of a large family. Beside these difficulties, there was also her sense that she had less to offer than did those closest to her. The second child of successful, well-known, and extremely productive parents, younger sibling to a talented and beautiful older sister, wife of one of the most famous men of the twentieth century, and mother to six children, Anne Morrow Lindbergh spent much of her life in someone else's shadow. She seemed to be cast perpetually in the role of understudy and care-provider. She has even felt eclipsed by her children; in 1992, after she had received a copy of her daughter Anne's new book, Anne Morrow Lindbergh lamented that she could no longer write anything herself.⁵

⁵This response to receiving a copy of her daughter Anne's newest release was related in a conversation this writer had with Anne (the younger) in August 1992.

Shadows provide an image that permeates much of Lindbergh's writing. Hers were not always the shadows of the power of darkness used by Nathaniel Hawthorne and Herman Melville; more commonly, they were the sort of obstacles that often block any sensitive person's view of the world. Shy and retiring by nature, Anne Morrow often felt left out. In an early diary entry, she described going to a restaurant with her sister Elizabeth and friends, wearing "my new big black velvet hat, the one Dwight says looks like a dark shadow over my life, from which my face peers out" (Bring Me A Unicorn 40). Anne often felt outclassed by her sister, but the shadow image suggests more; even Dwight, Anne's younger brother, understood that the fear of being overshadowed was an essential quality of his sister's makeup.

For Anne Morrow, writing became a way of confronting her sense of being inferior to others and of finding a voice with which to overcome her sense of being too often silenced by others. "Height," a poem written during her sophomore year at Smith, shows Anne at an amateur stage of rhyming and rhythm-making but at an advanced stage of image-making. It is an early attempt to find a voice of her own:

HEIGHT

When I was young I felt so small
And frightened, for the world was tall.

And even grasses seemed to me
A forest of immensity,

Until I learned that I could grow
A glance would leave them far below.

Spanning a tree's height with my eye,
Suddenly I soared as high;

And fixing on a star I grew,
I pushed my head against the blue!

Still, like a singing lark, I find
Rapture to leave the grass behind.

And sometimes standing in a crowd
My lips are cool against a cloud.

(Bring Me A Unicorn 22)

Echoing Lewis Carroll's fantasy realm, these images define Anne's lack of power in a world dominated by adults, a world she imaginatively, like Alice, wanted to turn upside-down.

This poem also shows Anne responding to a romantic impulse, as she was the artist transcending a sense of physical limitations, perhaps echoing Percy Bysshe Shelley's "To a Skylark." Such romantic imagery and lyrical modes of writing often appeared in her work. The poem suggests the fear of enclosure or entrapment, the grass seeming like a forest closing her in. Images of enclosure can be found in all her work, as it does in the writing of many women; such images make manifest the limitations of feminine experience in a patriarchal world, the limitations on anyone not in a position of power. Physically, Lindbergh felt overwhelmed by others: a petite woman, standing about five feet tall and weighing between one hundred and one hundred ten pounds for most of her life, she was literally in others' shadows.

Lindbergh's letters and diary entries show that she saw herself as far inferior in talent and charm to both her mother, Elizabeth Cutter Morrow, and her older sister Elizabeth. Elizabeth Cutter Morrow was a distinguished graduate of Smith College, a longtime trustee of the school, and interim president of Smith in 1939. She had traveled to Europe and had taught school before marrying and giving birth to four children. Supportive of her husband's career, Betty Morrow was also active in various causes, including providing higher education opportunities for women and organizing the relief efforts for Britain in the period before America's active involvement in World War II. Elizabeth Cutter Morrow was also a published poet; perhaps it was her writing that most influenced Anne's anxiety about her talents and her ambition to become a writer. As a young woman, Betty Cutter, like Anne later, "was sure that she... would make her living by writing" (A Distant Moment 76).

Betty Morrow, wife to lawyer, banker, diplomat, and Senator Dwight Morrow, was her husband's equal in energy and intellect. Dwight Morrow, like his wife, was an ardent supporter of education. His father was a mathematics professor and then President of Marshall University in West Virginia. Dwight Morrow grew up in Pittsburgh and went to Amherst College, which he later served as a trustee and member of the executive and finance committees. Morrow was offered the presidency of Yale University and sometimes

expressed regret that he had not accepted the post (Bring Me A Unicorn xvii).

Morrow's education led him to the law and to business; a position with J. P. Morgan and Co. made him a wealthy man. His diplomatic career began with his service on the Allied Maritime Transport Council, with General John J. Pershing, Sir Arthur Salter, Professor B. D. Attolico, and Jean Monnet. Morrow's biographer, the British writer and diplomat Harold Nicolson, noted that, while "in theory, Dwight Morrow was merely the American expert attached to [the A.M.T.C.],... in practice, he... inspired everybody else to do his own job a little better. He became a symbol of the sort of international utility which the United States could offer" (213). He was also, Nicolson argued, essentially a teacher as well as a diplomat in all of his posts:

It was not merely that he was able to interpret Europe to America and to give to Europe a fresh conception of the American mind in action; it was also that he created a new pattern for the practice and the theory of diplomacy. (v-vi)

Morrow's qualifications and an old friendship (since college days) with Calvin Coolidge resulted in his service on the U. S. Delegation to the London Conference on Naval Disarmament, his appointment as U. S. Ambassador to Mexico in 1927, and his appointment to fill a vacant Senate seat for New Jersey in 1930. When Morrow died of a cerebral hemorrhage

in October 1931, he was campaigning to return to the U. S. Senate and was considered a likely Presidential candidate for the future.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh looked back on her parents and their peers as "a generation brought up to be earnest, conscientious, hard-working citizens, with much stress on high morals, good behavior, and self-control" (Bring Me A Unicorn xiv). "In an age of American history when ambition was [still] considered a virtue, and the myth of 'Boy-from-small-town-makes-good' was new and valid, both parents were frankly ambitious, with enough energy to match their aspirations" (xv). Lindbergh quoted from her friend and playwright Edward Sheldon, who said, "'The wonderful thing about the Puritans was their energy,'" adding that her "parents obviously had a superabundance of Puritan energy" (xv). Their ambition, energy, and accomplishments were both an inspiration and an obstacle to Anne's self-confidence in her own choices and occupation, measuring herself against their achievements and often finding herself still in their shadows.

The descriptions of Lindbergh's childhood show Morrow family life to be Victorian and patriarchal, the father dominating the conversation and the children sitting at table with adults, but the children were very much in the position of *silence*: they were "not supposed to speak, only to listen" (Bring Me A Unicorn xix). As young women, Anne

and her sister Elizabeth "were made to feel black remorse if [they] returned home later than midnight" from a date (xx). On the surface, such a family structure provided a sense of security, but embedded in her descriptions of it is Lindbergh's resentment at being allowed little voice in her household. Paradoxically, while she had little voice, Anne recognized her value as an extension of her family's social status in defining herself and her sisters as sleeping princesses. This image served Anne well in another relationship: she saw Charles Lindbergh as the knight who had awakened the sleeping princess and admitted that playing the role of "devoted page" to her knight came naturally: "for years I had been an adoring understudy to my older sister" (Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead 2).

Yet Anne chafed under definitions that assessed her value only in relation to others. While she was still in college, she decided to become a writer, to take a separate path from the family teaching tradition. The desire to be independent had manifested itself earlier when Anne thought about going to Vassar rather than to Smith College. As she wrote in a letter to her sister Elizabeth, it was *the path* that her sister and mother had taken that she wanted to avoid:

You've gone to Smith and love it. But listen, although they (everybody) says, 'How nice it will be to go to college and have your sister there,' well, that's true, but that's why I don't want to go!
You're popular, clever, pretty, attractive,

capable, and will be a *big bug*! And I don't want to go with you ahead of me. With you to live up to... and *Mother*!! And besides, I don't want to go just because you're going, and *Mother* went, and nothing else.

I want to do something different.... to start somewhere else. I want to do something entirely independent. (Bring Me A Unicorn 5)

While Elizabeth seemed to tower over Anne, it was often their mother who left Anne feeling insignificant:

I watched [*Mother*] tonight, asleep, and tried to comprehend her beauty and strength and life--tried to realize what she felt, what she made about her, what it would be like if she died.

I have taken so for granted this warm, safe, beautiful world she has built around me--the world that is her--that I just sit back in and live on.

I feel as though I were part of the dream she is dreaming (like Alice in the Red King's dream) and that if she should die (if she should wake up) I should go out like a candle.

(Bring Me A Unicorn 120-121)

However much Anne felt in the shadow of her parents' and her older sister's accomplishments, she was even more in the shadow of her husband, Charles Augustus Lindbergh. When Anne had been a senior about to graduate from The Chapin School in New York, she, like the other girls, filled out a questionnaire about her future goals. Asked what sort of man she wanted to marry, she wrote, "'I want to marry a hero'" (Eisenhower 111), perhaps little more than a naive, romantic response to having grown up in a bookish family. Her marriage to Charles Lindbergh in 1929 was perhaps a dream come true; however, her life with one of the most celebrated men of the twentieth century was not an easy one.

Going from a sheltered life to one of constant travel, relentless public scrutiny, and personal tragedy was surely not part of her expectations about being married to a hero. Her own intellectual life as a writer, well begun before she met Lindbergh, was disrupted many times as she chose to share her husband's and then her children's activities.

The impact which Lindbergh initially made on Anne was tremendous; before meeting him, she described herself as like "the 'sheltered Emelye' of Chaucer's Knight's Tale, enclosed in a walled garden" (Bring Me A Unicorn xviii). That Anne believed her new life meant losing the security and comfort of the old is clear at the end of the first volume of her diaries and letters, when she wrote to a friend of the planned marriage:

I didn't expect or want anything like this....
It must be fatal to decide on the kind of man you *don't* want to marry and the kind of life you *don't* want to lead. You determinedly turn your back on it, set out in the opposite direction--and come bang up against it, in true *Alice in the Looking Glass* fashion. And there he is--darn it all--the great Western strong-man-open-spaces type and a life of relentless action! But... there he is and I've got to go. (Bring Me A Unicorn 228)

The "sheltered Emelye" felt so carried away by Lindbergh's entrance that she asked her friend not to wish her happiness but to "wish me courage and strength and a sense of humor--I will need them all" (228). This letter suggests more than the usual anxiety one may feel prior to marriage. While this is the same person who wrote, on the eve of high school

graduation, "I want to marry a hero," Anne Morrow at twenty-two had more comprehension of what life with a hero might entail.

Anne continued to struggle with wanting to have her own life, a life which had included books and music and society and writing, and wanting to be a full participant in her husband's world. The flying trips were especially demanding of her time and energy, and she wished often for a quiet life, a home, and time to write. But she chose to accompany Charles as much as possible; she had her fictional counterpart, Eve, realize in The Steep Ascent, that "she was going with life on this trip" (61), believing that to do anything else was to deny life: "People 'died' all the time in their lives. Parts of them died when they made the wrong kind of decisions--decisions against life.... If you were perceptive you could see it in their eyes; the fire had gone out" (The Steep Ascent 61).

Lindbergh's writing reveals this pattern of "going with life" underneath the surface of every mode, every poem and essay and novel and collection of diaries and letters. She was always a romantic struggling against the demands of the classical, an artist trying to see and feel and become a part of the landscape while resisting others' attempts to classify and divide and separate the parts of life from one another. As she wrote in Dearly Beloved, she, like her heroine Deborah, welcomed life:

Unbolt the door; fling out the windows; spread wide the arms. Let it come; let it flow; let it blaze. Let it pour through every vein. Let it flood the heart, immerse the body and soul. This is the moment, the unbearable moment. (21)

To welcome all of life was to be always vulnerable to pain and loss. Lindbergh's greatest loss, the darkest shadow of all, was the death of her first child, Charlie, who was kidnapped on March 1, 1932. Writing in her diary a year after the kidnapping, Lindbergh was still reliving her greatest personal tragedy: "It happens every night--every night of my life" (Locked Rooms and Open Doors 12). In 1990, Mrs. Lindbergh's reaction to a question about the kidnapping showed the terror and sadness it still held for her:

I couldn't take it in one draught at all, and I still can't. I mean, when I draw the curtains at night, I think, 'it's good to draw the curtains.' Somebody must have known that we were in the house, that I drew the curtains, you know. These things come back to you. (The American Experience, PBS)

Six months after her first child was kidnapped and killed, Anne Morrow Lindbergh wrote in her diary: "I felt last night bitterly and passionately that I had lived too much in the last few years, had lived too intensely, been too sad and too happy" (Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead 317). Though she wished often to be conscious and aware of life so as not to lose *the moment*, she wished here for life to be "humdrum, ordinary... 'for our hearts are not strong enough

to love every moment'" (317).⁶ She felt that the moment one experienced tragedy was less horrible than the reliving of it: "It isn't for the moment you are struck that you need courage but for the long uphill climb back to sanity and faith and security" (317). She used the image of the pilgrimage to describe this steep ascent from the tragic loss of her first child:

The long road of suffering, insight, healing, or rebirth, is... illustrated by the story of [the] Buddha's answer to a mother who had lost her child. According to the legend, he said that to be healed she needed only a mustard seed from a household that had never known sorrow. The woman journeyed from home to home over the world but never found a family ignorant of grief. Instead, in the paradoxical manner of myths and oracles, she found truth, understanding, compassion, and eventually, one feels sure, rebirth.

(Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead 214)

Like the grieving woman in this story, Lindbergh felt that "bearing witness" by telling of her journey was her path to healing. Her writing bears witness to an extraordinary life, a life that shines brightly through her work and banishes the shadows that threatened her. The shadows through which she passed gave authority to her voice, and therein lies her work's power as the expression of one woman's "ways of knowing."

⁶This line is from Thornton Wilder's The Woman of Andros.

CHAPTER II

THE GROWTH OF A WRITER: FROM *SILENCE* TO *RECEIVED KNOWLEDGE*

The development of a writer is often cloaked from readers, but study of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's diaries and letters gives readers a rare opportunity to see a woman learning to think of herself as a writer, responding to her world, and developing her craft. Lindbergh's first volume of diaries and letters, Bring Me A Unicorn, describes her conscious choice of writing as a profession and reveals her growth as a writer. At sixteen, she wrote in her diary of her desire "to follow a dream":

DIARY Englewood, N.J., Sunday, September 17, 1922

Our last Sunday all together. Elizabeth is going back to college and Dwight to Groton for the first time.

We all went to church together. Sermon was about being able 'to burn one's bridges behind one, to follow a dream.' To dare! (Bring Me A Unicorn 4)

This and other diary entries record Anne's growth as a writer and show that at an early age she was determined to follow a new path, to be independent of her family. She had not yet determined what form her escape from family, what direction her path to follow a dream, would take. By the end of the month in which she heard the sermon about burning bridges, she was ready to take a different road to college than her mother and her sister had done. Before approaching her mother about the plan, she wrote to sister Elizabeth:

"I want to do something different. I want to start somewhere else. I want to do something entirely independent.... I am *not* disappointed in Smith but *I want something else*" (5-6). Anne's plan was to go to Vassar, where her high school friends were headed, but her determination flagged under her parents' pressure and on she went to Smith. She seemed to know that her decision would be overruled; at the end of the letter to her sister, she complained, "Oh, I wish to Heaven they'd let me do something *strong*, let me show that I can stand up alone" (7).

Years later, Anne wrote in the "Introduction" to Bring Me A Unicorn that, looking back, she was "astonished... at how long the younger members of our family were looked upon, and looked upon themselves, as children" (xix). It is part of the maturing process to define self independently of one's parents, but it was not until much later that she succeeded in achieving that definition and separation. Anne already saw herself as a writer; she kept a diary and was aware that for her no experience was finished until it was written down and shared with others (Bring Me A Unicorn xii). If Anne felt she had little voice in family life in the Morrow household, being as a child in the position of *silence*, her diary gave her a place to raise her voice in complaint. There must have been many such entries that did not survive the editing Lindbergh did when she published her diaries and letters. But only hints of discontent remain,

as when she complained in the letter to Elizabeth, "I wish to Heaven they'd [their parents] let me do something *strong*, let me show that I can stand up alone" (7).

Her voice then spoke of such matters only to herself in her diaries or occasionally to her sister in letters. Early on, Anne excelled in addressing herself specifically to different audiences, using writing less to assert herself than to appeal to beloved family and friends. Even as a teenager, she had a sense of her audience and was able to adapt her writing to satisfy the needs of a reader, showing in letters to family members an ability to appeal to the reader's concerns. In a letter to her Grandmother Cutter, she wrote of flower gardens, books, new clothes, and the varied activities of a family on holiday in Scotland, appealing to her grandmother's interests:

There are some beautiful gardens here in North Berwick but you only can get a glimpse of them if you are lucky through a half-opened gate. And then, it makes you want to see more of it.... All the gardens here have roses peeking over the high stone walls, and if you can see inside there are red ramblers growing propped up on sticks, and pink and white and yellow tea roses growing in the neat little beds, and all kinds of pinks and sweet-smelling low flowers growing below the roses. (Bring Me A Unicorn 3)

Letters written to and from the female members of her family were "concerned with the domestic straws and pebbles of daily life, a realm which, rightly or wrongly, seems traditionally assigned to women," while letters to her

father were "requests for advice, approval, or help in some guise" and the answers "weighty with advice... or information" (Bring Me A Unicorn xii). This distinction is revealing, as it shows Lindbergh's awareness of the separate and unequal realms of the feminine and masculine worlds. There is clearly here an impatience with patriarchal power and importance, but there is also a kind of celebration of the feminine ability to enjoy the details of daily life. The trivial cannot be so insignificant if it is worthy of her writing efforts, efforts that often show Lindbergh positioning herself and her experiences in a literary and intellectual context. Her readers can also see the epistemological perspectives through which she viewed the world in this period, largely as a *receiver of knowledge* but occasionally from the view of *subjective knowledge*. Her writing shows Anne's receptiveness to her mother's ways of seeing the world, then her father's knowledge, followed by teachers' views, and finally the foremost authority figure in her young life, Charles Lindbergh.

As much as Anne wished to be independent and find her own path through the world, she also still depended on her mother. After accompanying Anne to Smith College for her freshman year, Mrs. Morrow unpacked her daughter's things and arranged her dorm room. After Betty Morrow had left, Anne found, like the March girls in Little Women, a book of daily prayers and lessons under her pillow (15), and this

comforted her. Writing to her mother a few days later, Anne described feeling overwhelmed by "the social as well as the work side [of college]--but especially the work side" (15). She confided, "I feel very shy and young and incapable" (16), the plea of a young girl asking for comfort from her mother. In what may have been a veiled apology to her mother for wishing to go to Vassar instead of Smith, Anne added, "The more I think of it the more I realize what a wonderful thing you've given me" (16).

As in later years, Anne Morrow felt overwhelmed by her mother's personality and accomplishments, but she also shared many of her mother's interests, including poetry. Her mother had mastered what Pannill described as the most common model available to female authors, subordinating their writing to the demands of husband and children. Betty Morrow had written poetry since her college days at Smith and had published a number of pieces. In a letter to her mother in 1923, Anne asked, "If you write any poems in Nassau about Nassau, won't you send them to me[?] And I'll try to write some from the window sill. Which is the best place to write poetry" (11). Writing from the window sill, like Jane Austen's writing in the drawing room and hiding her work when visitors arrived, reveals the narrow spaces available for women writers in which to work.

Anne was also writing poetry, but it was the themes done for college courses that really helped her to see

herself as a writer. Betty Morrow had been Anne's first model of a woman writer; now Anne's Smith College professors shared in the role of mentor. The most important of these was Mina Kirstein, Anne's Freshman English professor. While Anne had earlier basked in the glow of her mother's praise of her efforts, now she exulted in her English professor's assessment of her writing:

I handed my first long, worked-over theme in to Miss Kirstein yesterday. Today I met, going to class, a girl from the other half of our section-- Miss Kirstein had read my theme in class... *she said she liked it* and the class liked it and she said she had always felt that R. L. Stevenson was smug but she never found anyone else that did. Then she read another Freshman paper and remarked that the Freshmen were setting a rather high standard for the class!... I came to class and she was giving out papers and she handed me mine and said, 'That was very nice indeed, Miss Morrow'.... I am so smothered with joy. She hardly ever says anything--a few delightful remarks on the paper and *this* on the outside: 'Very nice, indeed, written with insight and taste and the rare ability to choose the right quotations.' Oh, Mother! (19)

Sharing her success with her mother was a way of making the achievement more real and of announcing the seriousness of her interest in writing. By the end of her freshman year, Anne was aware enough of her working method as a writer to describe it to her mother. Anne felt inefficient because she needed great blocks of time in order to write well, suggesting that at some level she recognized that writing demanded what Pannill called a "nunlike devotion":

Writing for Miss Kirstein takes *hours*, too.

And it needs consecutive hours. I haven't any consecutive hours except at night and on Sunday. Sunday is always one long stretch of work from morning until quite late.... I do wish I had some alibi for such inefficiency--something like having appendicitis or being in love, or brain fever--but I haven't any excuse--I am a healthy contented sane creature but I seem to work like molasses. (20)

Despite her frustration over working so laboriously, Anne wrote, "I wouldn't stop for anything in the world. I've never had anything like it before. It is thrilling and absorbing and wonderful" (20). The "it" was college in general, but "it" became more and more her writing. At the beginning of her sophomore year, Anne began to drop or avoid activities that had become less rewarding than her writing--"hockey, and Students Christian Association" (22)--and chose to devote more of those "consecutive hours" to her writing. As a result, she felt "as though [her] head were no longer down under the blankets at the bottom of the bed" (22).

The day after this decision, Anne wrote the "Height" poem; her relief at not being under those blankets shows in the freedom of the poem's images. She had conflicting desires to be a part of life around her and to declare her freedom from the constraints others placed on her, to imaginatively become an Alice, free to operate in a world that defied logic and custom and others' expectations, a very Romantic reaction. She was also approaching the perspective of *subjective knowledge*, of making a personal truth out of her experience. Like Alice in Wonderland, she

grew in an instant to the height of a tree or pushed her head against the blue of the sky, and "sometimes standing in a crowd/ My lips are cool against a cloud" (22). She positioned her experience in a Lewis Carroll-fantasy-realm; Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass were favorites of hers. The freedom of Alice's adventures surely appealed to her desire to break out of the patterns that others imposed on her, and she often made references to Lewis Carroll's works.

The moments when she could free herself from other people's expectations were liberating for Lindbergh throughout her life. In the spring of her sophomore year at Smith, she was on an outing with classmates and realized that she did not share their reactions and that she did not need to imitate their behavior:

Out at Sophia Smith's, Sedge and Bacon the first evening were running around like very happy colts. Now, spring evenings and low New England valleys and grass and still apple trees don't affect me that way.... that evening when Sedge said she wanted to dance around and run and skip, I said, 'You know, I don't feel like that at all--I just feel like sitting here very, very still and absorbing it passively.' Sue turned and said, 'That's just the way I feel!' Do you see, Mother? It's such a relief to realize that you don't have to fit yourself to someone else's pattern. Sue, then, gave me a kind of new confidence in my pattern. (27)

Learning to accept her own pattern is characteristic of all Anne's writing; the pattern of taking delight in Nature and privileging her own feelings allied her with Romantic poets

such as Wordsworth and Keats. The fact that Anne bonded more with writers than with some of her classmates may seem curious, but it is consistent with the position of subjective knowledge. "As a woman becomes more aware of the existence of inner resources for knowing and valuing, as she begins to listen to the 'still small voice' within her, she finds an inner source of strength" (Belenky 54).

Anne continued to gain confidence in her pattern. Her contemplative, romantic nature found resonance often in literature. She discovered an echo of her desire to sit quietly in the field at the Sophia Smith house in James Stephens' Irish Fairy Tales and copied down the passage to put in a letter to her mother, adding a fantasy element to her subjective knowledge:

'There is a difference between this world and the world of Faery, but it is not immediately perceptible. Everything that is here is there, but the things that are there are better than those that are here. All things that are bright are there brighter. There is more gold in the sun and more silver in the moon of that land... more scent in the flowers and more savour in the fruit.' (29)

The romantic tendency to find the sublime in a natural setting was echoed in Anne's writing many times. In a later letter written to her mother, Anne described a landscape familiar to them both, Northampton, in Edenic terms:

This morning is like something new-born.
Everything fresh--wet, gleaming, glinting;
the tips of leaves wet, the slate roof, the grass
bent over and brushed silver with rain and drops

themselves slanting off brightly from the tiles
and single threads of spider webs--a suspicion of
one glinting in a quivering silver line from one
leaf to another.

It is still and trembling in its perfection.
(157)

The feminine is privileged in this description: suggestions of giving birth, fresh, wet, new and perfect life. Maternal images dominate later writing, in particular, the travel books and the novels. Closeness to nature, to the earth and its maternal qualities, can be seen as Lindbergh celebrated Nature and described the features of landscapes she visited.

As her college years went on, Anne tried to expand her knowledge and planned her curriculum to include more history courses. She felt a need to become more logical, to enter into her father's world, the world of history and diplomacy and philosophy, through her reading. Yet, when she tried to learn more about the fields of classical study, rhetoric, history, and philosophy, Anne found the personal angle more interesting. This focus is a movement common to "women's ways of knowing," privileging personal connections over the masculine models favoring "separation and autonomy" (Belenky 8). When Anne borrowed her father's copy of Erasmus, she found "so many things about him that appeal directly to me": "Erasmus had a delicious sense of humor, didn't he? He said somewhere when he was making out his will that he felt like a poor priest who wrote in *his*, 'I have nothing; I owe much; the rest I give to the poor'" (26).

In a history course, Anne tried to emulate her father, to position herself in the patriarchal tradition of logical discourse. Very much in the position of *received knowledge* at this stage, Anne wrote to her mother about her efforts:

You know how I've been feeling around bewilderedly after History, feeling as though I *could* grasp it, but always *just* missing somehow, ... never being able to prove that conviction that I *could* grasp the meaning of some of it--a little (a very little), the way Daddy does. You know how I adore Mr. Fay--he's like Daddy--and how I have been longing to do History satisfactorily because of Daddy. (28)

Anne went on to relate a success in how she managed one of Mr. Fay's tests, making a point-by-point comparison of the results of two wars on Russia, which Mr. Fay read aloud to the class as an example of how one should do the essay. Her pleasure in this accomplishment was directed toward her parents in an effort to gain their approval too: "I know it is just a little thing but it did make me so happy. It was the only question he read. I felt like telegraphing Daddy--and it is such an ordinary thing" (28-29). Of course, she recognized that it was not so ordinary to be able to imitate masculine discourse. She did not view her achievement in the feminist terms which Adrienne Rich has used, describing the *false power* that such imitation confers: "[There is a] false power which masculine society offers to a few women, on condition that they use it to maintain things as they are, and that they essentially 'think like men'" ("What Does a Woman Need to Know?" 288).

Rich saw the ability to use masculine discourse as a betrayal of the language that women should be using, but, in her time and with her background, Lindbergh's ability to master such discourse served her well as she developed her craft. Finding success built Anne's confidence as a writer, and she appropriated elements of masculine discourse, with its emphasis on logic, argument, and frequent references to authority. David Kirk Vaughn's study of Lindbergh credited Dwight Morrow as "the first and most lasting influence on her career as a writer. She was especially impressed with his philosophic outlook and his natural inclination toward conciliation" (3). Her father's influence was most obvious in later work such as The Wave of the Future; Lindbergh saw her father's "great gift" as his "combination of vision and practicality" (War Within and Without 98).

Earlier, Anne had viewed the world from her mother's perspective, a woman's way of knowing the world: writing poems from a window seat, doing embroidery, arranging flowers, singing and playing music, all things relating to the care of children and arranging a household, and the interplay of human relationships. Anne was moving away from the role of receiver of knowledge--first her mother's, then her father's, then her teachers' knowledge--but she incorporated something she learned from each into her writing. It was exposure to other places and to a wide range of writers that facilitated this move. Travel and reading gave

Anne subjects for her diary entries and helped her develop her craft. She was beginning to incorporate her reading and her experiences into *subjective knowledge*, her own personal views. In the summer following Anne's sophomore year at Smith, the Morrow family traveled to Europe, taking many books with them:

Summering in New England, we always had our reading lists and suitcases of books.... Trollope and Jane Austen... or even something as entertaining as Mark Twain or O. Henry. Even our trips abroad... were planned instructively.... We traveled slowly and deliberately by boat and top-heavy limousine, loaded with mountains of luggage: suitcases, overnight bags, hatboxes, book bags, and map satchels.

(Bring Me A Unicorn xvi-xvii)

Anne's reading on this trip included Havelock Ellis's The Dance of Life, Rupert Brooke's Memoir, and Thomas Hardy's Tess of the d'Urbervilles. Such reading contributed to her growing awareness of the power of language and to her desire to write. In her diary, she pronounced "The Art of Religion" in The Dance of Life "wonderful" (31) and found Rupert Brooke's Memoir "perfectly delightful" (32): "Some exquisite bits: 'Laughter is the very garland on the head of friendship'... rippling cool, swift, like foam, with laughter through it like sun. I'd like to give it to all the people I love best" (33). After finishing Brooke's work, Anne felt "so angry, so indignant, so amazed that he could die. It is impossible and *wrong*... as if there were a mistake in a piece of tapestry... out of proportion,

inartistic and wrong" (32). Her education, from parents and teachers, had cultivated an aesthetic sense that she was applying to new materials.

Her reactions to her summer reading varied from joy to confusion to indignation to amazement at the power of the word. The Dance of Life left her "all mixed up with vague cloak-words which mean one thing one moment and another the next--chameleon words" (32). The story of Hardy's Tess excited and amazed her; she wrote, "how superb to have the rest of his works ahead of me!" (33). Anne was inspired by her reading and tried

to write a poem [on the sea] which I shall never, never do. Foam is so beautiful and so manifold in its beauty and so transient. And as always, there are no words.... I watched every curve and twist and fall, intimately; and (foolishly) feeling like a lover watching each careless insignificant gesture. (32-33)

Even in her frustration at not being able to capture the scene, Anne succeeded in doing so, and her awakening sensitivity to the demands on the writer paralleled her growing ability to capture what she saw.

The diary entries and letters written on the European trip are rich in description and personal reaction and show a writer rapidly developing her eye for detail and ear for the music of language. In a very romantic vein, Anne described the scene of their ship's landing at Cherbourg in vivid detail:

The fields were thrillingly green, cut to pieces by darker green hedges. Then the water front, lined with solid rich old stone houses, Mansard roofs, an irregular line of warm old buildings--not stiff skyscrapers, monotonous in color. I looked for the little red-sailed boats Con and I saw last year, but they were rocking unfurled in one of the little harbors.... we started over the wet cobblestones. It was unbelievably good to see green--soft green--rain-colored willows and thatched houses. At last over a hill we saw the spires of Coutances (after omelettes and coffee given us by the most beautiful, strong, fresh-faced Frenchwoman). (33)

A romantic appreciation for color and life and both natural and man-made scenery is apparent here. Interestingly, the masculine--the spires of Coutances Cathedral--is set against the feminine--the strong, fresh-faced Frenchwoman--and it is the feminine presence that is stronger. The identification with the feminine reveals the movement into *subjective knowledge*. Another description privileging the feminine also shows such movement. The "poem" Anne could not write on the ship came out in her prose painting of the scene on the way to Mont-Saint-Michel:

We stopped at Granville on the top of its hill under a castle and looked out over the wall, over boats dry and tipping over in the sand (it was low tide) and then in the cove the tide coming in, foam reaching inwards, arms of foam reaching inward. (33)

What she lacked while at sea, a frame for her view, was provided by the land; the cove is a body toward which the arms of sea foam can reach. The image is powerfully feminine, capturing the embracing and enclosing quality of the sea, *la mer*.

Anne's observations went beyond the visible to the aural beauty of the place, describing "children's voices singing haltingly and high... singing some marching song over and over and it played on in your mind when the echo was gone: '*Marchons tous!*'" (33-34). Her attention then focused on people, on the fresh red and white faces of the children in black smocks and on "old women with white and black caps sweeping in front of flower-windowed houses (geraniums red)" (34). Approaching Mont-Saint-Michel, her gaze extended to the distant view of a "castle, ethereal and unreal as though it had just risen from the sea, like an 'Arabian Nights' castle.... It climbs so irregularly to its spectacular spire (like the gesture I always feel like making when I hear that second spire of *Le Cygne*)" (34).¹ The visual and the aural romantic imagination here combined, as the sight of Mont-Saint-Michel reminded Anne of music; out of these images came very personal knowledge. She also gave an air of fantasy to the scene, another fairy-tale kind of place to match her Alice-in-Wonderland experiences.

Anne's artistic choices controlled the images she described, contrasting the exotic and the common, the far and the near. As she entered the hotel, the vista of Mont-Saint-Michel was succeeded by a kitchen scene, the feminine replacing the masculine:

¹"The Swan" is from the French composer Camille Saint-Saens' Carnival of the Animals.

an old woman was cooking [an] omelette on a huge fire with a long-handled frying pan.... I noticed first the very brightly polished copper pans hanging in back. The most gleaming copper I have ever seen. (We saw two pretty girls scrubbing it below us in a corner of the street later). (34)

Shifts in perspective and in sensory detail characterize this scene, as they do Lindbergh's later writing. This is an early example of her consciousness of the moment, of capturing the transitory in vivid description. Anne was impressed by the complexity of Mont-Saint-Michel and the massiveness of "very solid granite, sheer cliffs of walls, and here and there through the floor of stone they had left showing the granite rock itself" (35). But what moved her most was the view:

sand and sea, out as far as you could look--warm-colored, honey-colored sand, and that restless tide again, again the arms of foam.... To me there is something completely and satisfyingly restful in that stretch of sea and sand, sea and sand and sky--complete peace, complete fulfillment. (35)

Again, as in the scene of the spires of Coutances, Anne's first impression of Mont-Saint-Michel brings a masculine image to her mind and pen, but the succeeding, more memorable, and more satisfying images, the kitchen and the sea, are feminine.

This sinking into the feminine, natural rhythm of a place echoed Anne's experience in the field near the Sophia Smith house and looked forward about thirty years to Gift From the Sea, where Lindbergh found in the rhythm of beach

life just the respite she needed from her usual hectic pace:

At first, the tired body takes over completely. As on shipboard, one descends into a deck-chair apathy. One is forced against one's mind, against all tidy resolutions, back into the primeval rhythms of the sea-shore. Rollers on the beach, wind in the pines, the slow flapping of herons across sand dunes, drown out the hectic rhythms of city and suburb, time tables and schedules. One falls under their spell, relaxes, stretches out prone. One becomes... like the element on which one lies, flattened by the sea.

(Gift From the Sea 16)

The mature writer filled out the picture of the slow natural pace of beach life that the young observer sensed more dimly but knew brought her peace and fulfillment. In her romantic impulse to join with Nature, her passivity can be seen as feminine, but it was a willing passivity, giving in to the spell of the sea. Lindbergh was also mildly rebelling against the domination of her family in this period, having taken a vacation from husband and children to find "a room of her own," if only for a few weeks.

Anne Morrow had felt the need for a place of her own much earlier, of course. As the European trip in the summer of 1926 continued, she wished only to return home and "to lie in North Haven fields and drink milk and feel wind. 'If ever I said, in grief or pride, I tired of honest things, I lied'" (40). Anne's quoting lines from Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Goose-Girl" added depth to her feeling of travel ennui. But it would be another three weeks, with Geneva and London to go, before the Morrows were to embark

on a ship home. Anne's complaint was one echoed many times in her life, being separated from the places and activities most satisfying to her: "I am so tired--I wish I were home.... [no] time to sit and look at things or think, or read, or write--always too tired at night" (41).

The contemplative life to which Anne was drawn is symbolized by a monk's cell she saw at "La Grande Chartreuse," a Carthusian monastery turned into a museum:

It was austere, deserted, magnificent. We walked through mighty halls of these Carthusian monks, down cloisters. It was cold and shadowed.

We saw a monk's 'cell,' or apartment. Each monk had two rooms and a chapel and a garden! A bookcase, a desk, windows out into his garden where an apple tree was brushing against the window. He was by himself for five days and on the sixth with the thirty-five other monks. What a heavenly life! All your books, quiet, your own garden, an apple tree, no interruptions, the gray peaks above you, and that air--that fresh, cool, newborn air.... What austere peace. (42-43)

This is a powerful symbol for the "nunlike devotion to art" favored by some women writers in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The quiet life which Anne desired, passive on the surface but inwardly rebelling against others' ideas of what she might become, was possible only in brief snatches throughout her life. She tried always to maintain her privacy and to achieve an "austere peace." In later years she sometimes retreated to a Benedictine monastery a few hours' drive from her home in Darien, Connecticut. She found privacy there, a place where "'I

have no image... I am a naked soul'" (Eisenhower 131). The youngest of the Lindbergh children, Reeve, saw this need in her mother, the need for "the inner freedom of time alone to think and write" (Eisenhower 114).

After the Morrow visit to "La Grande Chartreuse," the pace of the trip changed again, as the Morrows attended the opening session of the League of Nations and then went on to visit at the home of John Pierpont Morgan in London. Anne consciously defined herself and her own ideas in terms different from her parents', moving further away from being a receiver of their knowledge. Anne wrote in her diary, after seeing Luther's statue in Geneva, that she disagreed with her father's view of the Reformation as

the opposite of what the League of Nations now stands for. Separatism was not their end but only the path necessary, because of the age, to take to reach an end which was in its essence not divided. I feel, anyway, as though the pendulum had to swing through separatism to get to a broader internationalism. (44)

This position is a measure of Anne's growing intellectual independence from her parents' views. She had long been a receiver of their knowledge but was beginning to make her own meanings about such issues as separatism. Her later stance against U. S. involvement in war in Europe is foreshadowed here.

Anne's account of the visit to the League of Nations' opening session was notable for its making such a body and

its members more real. Following the session, J. Pierpont Morgan's daughter took Mrs. Morrow and Anne to lunch at the International Club, where Austen Chamberlain described his experience at the Locarno summit:

[Chamberlain is] a gray, distinguished-looking man with a dry smile and a monocle. He spoke intimately, simply, amusingly, telling the charming, vivid details that accompany great events unnoticed. He spoke as though the room were full of women--as though he were a woman--and yet his conversation did not become trivial and gossipy. Somehow the great significance of Locarno became more realizable, more living, framed in the vividness of the little mortal incidents. (46)

Anne's description does for the reader what Chamberlain's did for her, making a larger-than-life figure "mortal." Her comments also point up differences between the perception of the masculine world of law and diplomacy and arbitration and the feminine details that paint a picture of the people involved in such serious work.

By focusing on the "little mortal incidents," on what was considered trivial, gossipy, women's concerns, the writer elevates these to a level of importance which her words belie, reversing the traditional valuation of gender traits, placing the feminine higher. Her admiration for Chamberlain reveals an interest in the qualities that she herself had as a mature writer: "He was a consummate artist--tact, grace, finesse, charm. He gave explicit descriptions of details: how he... looked for a round table, the shape of the room where they sat, how it

progressed.... 'the spirit of Locarno'" (46-47). The lasting impression is the sense of the feminine concerns about the straws and pebbles of life. One cannot help but think of how Dorothy Wordsworth's journals similarly capture moments of the everyday life she lived with her brother William and their friend Samuel Taylor Coleridge, while she also recorded the literary world of these Romantic poets. By privileging the everyday details, Dorothy Wordsworth's journals affect contemporary readers in like manner to Lindbergh's description of the League, puncturing the self-importance of the "masculine" concerns usually elevated.

For Anne Morrow, visiting the League session and witnessing her father's friendship with such powerful leaders as Jean Monnet brought momentous figures and events to life, but she used them to reflect her growing consciousness of women's concerns, as she did in describing a visit to J. Pierpont Morgan and his home:

In the middle of fields, an old Gothic house, vine-covered and green-walled, almost like a chapel; wide lawns and great cedars, old trees. [J. P. Morgan] greeted us at the door: a great, massive, overpowering sort of man. Shaggy eyebrows, almost a fierce face....

It gave me a little shock to see J. P. M. on something, the silver or something, and a letter addressed to 'J. P. Morgan.' A little like... when you see LONDON on the signs or advertisements and you realize that you are actually in that familiar dot on the map. (49)

The dominant impression Anne gave of Morgan's home was that it was luxurious but lonely, lacking in warmth after the

death of Morgan's wife and because, she felt, its master was "most obstinate and determined in his remarks" (49). She found it cold also because women seemed to be unwelcome, only to be seen and not heard: "[at] lunch... I was again silent. I say *nothing*" (50).

Such comments reflected her impatience with not being allowed a voice, the situation of even a well-educated and intelligent woman being silenced. Many of the women who view the world from the position of silence are unable to articulate their frustration and move beyond silence to any real knowledge of the self (Belenky 32). Unlike such women, Anne had a sense of self and complained of conditions which silenced her. Her diaries and letters, and her later writings, of course, gave Anne a voice, a voice that no one could deny her. The experience of sitting quietly and listening to the talk of the powerful, whether it was in her parents' home or at gatherings of diplomats or businessmen, was a frustration that Anne endured as a child and young woman and from which she wanted to be liberated. But she found after her marriage that the talk of the powerful in aviation circles and the confinement of her husband's fame were also very limiting. Her dream was to have a life of her choosing--a life of reading and writing and music and a few select friends.

After her European travels, Anne seemed more conscious of her abilities as a writer and more willing to focus on

activities that fed her enthusiasm. More and more in her last two years of college, Anne's *subjective knowledge* eclipsed the objective world and writing dominated her days. She had also gained some independence from family ties on returning to Smith for her junior year. The European travels seemed to mature Anne, evidenced by her having chosen her own perspective over the views of parents or other authority figures (such as J. P. Morgan) on several occasions. Anne had also gained a privileged position at Smith, being for the first time the only Morrow there; Elizabeth, having graduated, had stayed in Europe for a year of language study.

During her last two years at Smith, Anne gained recognition for her increasing skill as a writer. She earned a spot on the Smith College literary magazine staff, and her writing for Miss Kirstein, who had praised her earlier compositions, was well-received. Her paper on the Brownings gained especially high praise: "[Miss Kirstein] said things about it that she has *never* before said about *anything* I have written," and she suggested that Anne submit the piece to a magazine for publication (64).

Anne's consciousness of her growing skill as a writer showed in the summer diary entries following her junior year, as in her description of North Haven scenes:

The day thick and blowy, as if a thin, almost transparent coat of white paint had been washed over everything.

Gulls are gray on top, wings tipped with white. Their small bodies are white, beaks red. They flutter several times before they sail. Their wings are not straight: they curve, even when sailing.

Life today was positive--an assertive reality--in everything: myself, the stir of leaves, the sound of motorboats, gulls, trees against the sky.
(65-66)

This description shows her ability to observe the rhythms as well as the details of the natural world, a realm with which she felt in harmony. Capturing that harmony, Anne placed herself at the peak of her experience, "myself" before the other elements of the landscape, and thereby joined with the natural scene, a very Romantic move. This is what Belenky and her colleagues call *subjective knowledge*, seeing the essential nature of the world as a personal and private truth.

Vivid imagery and the ability to capture details of the senses also appeared in letters Anne wrote during the summer of 1927. In a letter to her friend Corliss Lamont, a Columbia University philosophy major and son of one of her father's partners at the J. P. Morgan firm, Anne wrote to thank him for a loan of books and to explain her need to have some time away from her studies:

I can't read fast enough. Then it is so beautiful. I must be out some of the time. The fields are really white with daisies. There are so many lovely white things, clouds and gulls and daisies and the white caps of waves. (67-68)

When she returned to her reading, she went through both the

Apology and Crito, books which Corliss had loaned her. Anne was to look to Greek literature and culture for inspiration throughout her life, but in this stage she was an open vessel for whatever might pour into her from the Greeks. Pannill describes this image of the artist-heroine as an open vessel as a common element in many women's novels (96-100). In later writing, especially in Listen! the Wind, Anne was to be more active in casting personal knowledge, her own experience, in terms reminiscent of but not merely in imitation of the Greeks.

In her summer reading of Plato, Anne experienced a shock of recognition of the meaning of words she had earlier translated from the Greek:

It gave me a very odd feeling for I had worked them both out painstakingly in detail, in Greek, and hadn't grasped the true sense at all. Yet it was all minutely familiar. I read it, though, at a kind of heat of admiration that I never had before--overcome with the sweep and height of it--especially the Apology. (68)

Like Keats' reaction to reading Chapman's translation of Homer, Anne's reading the Apology heightened her understanding and appreciation.

Not only books contributed to her growing personal knowledge but also flowers or the natural landscape or music captured what she felt were timeless moments, glimpses of perfection that she sought to find and preserve in her writing, in an effort to fully appreciate the moment and

control time:

A day at Helen's: a big, summery, chintzy house, empty and still and cool. And Helen playing Brahms and Cesar Franck. A still, perfect moment, framed neither by time nor by space but high apart, above these. Still, caught--the drop of water from the eaves, swelling, about to fall, but now whole, crystalline, perfect. Those moments are so rare, so few, for anyone--those moments of perfection.... I kept looking at the flowers in a vase near me: lavender sweet peas, fragile winged and yet so still, so perfectly poised, apart, and complete.... a world in themselves. (70)

Added to this perfect moment was Anne's realization that her summer was ending and that it might have been "wasted, slipping by in such petty day-to-day things, and my fear, my deadly fear, that my life will do that too" (70). Her writing operated even then in defiance of such a fear, privileging the subjective over the objective, in order to capture time and counter the fear of life slipping away.

Anne's sadness over the end of summer coincided with ambivalence about her father's appointment as ambassador to Mexico. Her unhappiness resulted from her mother's leaving the Englewood house to join her husband in Mexico and the resulting disruption of all things familiar. Anne compared her parents to the trees outside her window at the Englewood house, the place where most of her life had been spent. That secure and familiar world was threatened by the Morrrows' move to Mexico City:

Always when I have lain awake at night or in the morning on the porch, I have looked into those two

treetops that brush against the side of the house. They are almost the first thing I remember, and they are not trees at all but a world made up of sights and sounds and smells, imperceptible parts of countless mornings and evenings....

The physical good-bye so seldom coincides with the spiritual--good-bys are unreal either physically or spiritually. Mother [is going] to Mexico. (71)

The end of summer, her parents' move, and the return to Smith for her senior year seemed to intensify Anne's need to define herself, to declare her future goals. In spite of her growing skill and her successes, she had little confidence in her ability to be a writer:

I want to write--I want to write--I want to write and I never never never will. I know it and I am so unhappy and it seems as though nothing else mattered. Whatever I'm doing, it's always there, an ultimate longing there saying, 'Write this--write that--write--' and I can't. Lack ability, time, strength, and duration of vision. I wish someone would tell me brutally, 'You can never write anything. Take up home gardening!' (75)

It is interesting that Anne saw her choices as so limited, that, if she failed as a writer, she would have only the option of a quiet, domestic existence--"home gardening"! The struggle to become a writer, an artist, an independent person, was a painful process and a slow one. This also dramatizes the situation that, even after the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment and the growth of institutions of higher education for women (such as Smith College), women still felt they had limited choices in their lives.

Despite having grown up in the more liberated atmos-

phere of the early twentieth century, having a mother who was a college graduate, and being in college herself, Anne seemed still under the sway of the "Cult of True Womanhood," which prescribed "a female role bounded by kitchen and nursery, overlaid with piety and purity, and crowned with subservience" (Smith-Rosenberg 13). Perhaps Anne was only just recognizing how restricted her choices were as she faced the end of her college years. Feminist historian Carroll Smith-Rosenberg argues that the "restrictions [that] the Cult of True Womanhood placed on all women" (21) meant that even intelligent and well-educated women saw their choices as limited and were more likely to seek influence on the men in their lives than to seek powerful positions for themselves (16). Anne was beginning to be aware of how privileged her life was, but she felt limited, nevertheless, to traditional roles for women. It seems reasonable then that the pattern that would hold for most of her writing life would be Linda Pannill's second model of the woman artist, whose art takes second place to her family.

One feature of a confining ideology such as the clearly defined gender roles typical of nineteenth-century America is that economic discrimination against women was the rule rather than the exception (Smith-Rosenberg 13). Anne Morrow certainly was not interested in many of the occupations which would have been available, mostly domestic and service-oriented jobs, and, as the daughter of a wealthy

lawyer and diplomat, she did not need to support herself. Nor was she inclined to see herself in the forefront of the movement of women into professions formerly closed to them. She valued the accomplishments appropriate to a woman of her class and time and education--writing, reading, traveling, music, appreciating things of beauty. But being blessed with social, economic, and cultural privilege did not insure Anne's artistic success, and the life of an artist was what she sought. She wanted to write and to be read and feared that her work would not measure up, that someone would respond, "'You can never write anything. Take up home gardening!'" (Bring Me A Unicorn 75).

Anne Morrow's anxiety about trying to be a writer after graduating from Smith surely made her more vulnerable than she might have been otherwise in the midst of her senior year. Certainly, all the subjects which had earlier engaged Anne's interest were slight in comparison with the impact that meeting Charles Lindbergh had on her. Anne went to Mexico City in December 1927 for Christmas vacation with her family. When she arrived at the Mexican embassy after the long train trip from Northampton, Anne learned that "Colonel Lindbergh was there" and was initially annoyed at disruption of the "family" holiday:

all this public-hero stuff breaking into our family party. What did I expect? A regular newspaper hero, the baseball-player type--a nice man, perhaps, but not at all 'intellectual' and not of my world at all, so I wouldn't be interested. I certainly was not

going to worship 'Lindy'... (that *odious name*). (81)

Anne's snobbery about anyone not of her "world" is apparent, but Lindbergh was so different from what she expected that she hardly knew how to react:

I saw standing against the great stone pillar... a tall, slim boy in evening dress--so much slimmer, so much taller, so much more poised than I expected. A very refined face, not at all like those grinning 'Lindy' pictures--a firm mouth, clear, straight blue eyes, fair hair, and nice color. Then I went down the line, very confused and overwhelmed by it all. He did not smile--just bowed and shook hands. (81)

Although he was four years older than Anne, Charles seemed "very, very young" and shy to her; he simply "looked straight ahead and talked in short direct sentences which came out abruptly and clipped" (82). Audiotapes of Lindbergh's speeches reveal a Midwestern, no-nonsense sort of voice, very different from the New England accents to which Anne was accustomed. His style was also different from hers: "You could not meet his sentences; they were statements of fact, presented with such honest directness; not trying to please,... not trying to help a conversation along. It was amazing--breath-taking. I could not speak. What kind of boy was this?" (82).

Retreating to her diary, Anne described the powerful impact Lindbergh had on her:

This was to be an objective diary. It stops here! I don't care how much I rave if only I could get down to keep a *little* the feeling of what has

happened this last week. I wish... I had written it down as it happened, but I was too moved--and too ashamed of my emotion.... for the first time in my life I was not conscious of wanting to write it down--I have never felt so *completely* inarticulate. So often I have felt: I cannot express this delicate thing, my instruments are too clumsy, too thick.... my instruments are too small, too inadequate, I have *nothing* to express this, no way to deal with it. (80)

Meeting Charles Lindbergh temporarily silenced her, deprived her of a voice, foreshadowing her subordinating her goals to his for many years. She was in awe of his presence, his knowledge, and the effect he had on people. More even than her parents or her professors, Anne saw Charles as an authority, as someone who had gained knowledge far beyond her. Perhaps this silence also came from the overpowering emotions Anne felt, having had beaux but no serious attachments up to this time.

Part of Anne's confusion resulted from her feeling awkward next to her more poised sister: "Why is it that attractive men stimulate Elisabeth to her best and always terrify me and put me at my worst?" (82). Lindbergh's attentions focused on Elisabeth at dinner, and Anne felt jealous:

I was sick--miserable--heartbroken, with my *odious* envy again--envy of Elisabeth, envy of her confidence, her forceful charm, her being noticed, her quick wit. I thought I had gotten over it.... here it was again, that heartbreaking choke of misery inside me, feeling that I was of no use, no value--I had nothing to give him or anyone and I envied those who had. (94)

Meeting Lindbergh reawakened Anne's sense of inadequacy next to her sister. Dorothy Herrmann makes much of this in her biography of Anne Morrow Lindbergh, describing a relationship between Lindbergh and Elizabeth Morrow that may not have amounted to very much really (41-43). Certainly, whenever Lindbergh visited, the entire Morrow clan, as well as numerous servants, was present. If Charles Lindbergh was attracted more to Elizabeth, the feeling was short-lived. By the fall of the following year, Anne was the subject of his attention on visits to the Morrows.

Meeting Lindbergh seemed to return Anne briefly to the position of *silence*, but his presence also stimulated her and intensified her desire to seize and appreciate the moment. While in Mexico City, Lindbergh offered each of the Morrows a ride in his plane. Before her turn, Anne "kept saying over and over to myself, 'God, let me be *conscious* of it!... Let not the consciousness of this event (as happens so often) come to me tardily, so that I half miss the experience. Let me be *conscious* of it!'" (95). Anne was supremely conscious of the effect Lindbergh had on her. One week after meeting him, she wrote in her diary,

The idea of this clear, direct, straight boy--how it has swept out of sight all other men I have ever known, all the pseudo-intellectuals, the sophisticates, the posers--all the 'arty' people. All my life, in fact, my world--my little embroidery beribboned world is smashed. (99)

Doubting herself, Anne saw her world as inferior to his

and in domestic terms, "embroidery beribboned" and "trivial and superficial, like pink frosting flowers" (91). Entrance into Lindbergh's world was, paradoxically, liberating, for it became a means of escaping the parental nest, although Anne did not admit the importance of this new freedom until she published the diaries and letters from this period in 1970. Just as she was on the verge of trying out her dream of being a writer, Anne became again primarily a receiver of knowledge. She was, however, grateful for the new vista Charles had opened up for her, for the perspective that flying gave her and for the emotions that Charles awakened:

I remember once, at North Haven, looking at the sky--a great arc--stupendous, and yet with one quick glance you could sweep it all with your eyes, possess it with a glance.

I feel that way now.... I have never looked so much at the sky, clouds--long horizon ones, and nebulous misty ones, and round packed ones, piling, and a covering of little gray birds-breast-feather (dovetailing) ones.

Clouds and stars and birds--I must have been walking with my head down looking at the puddles for twenty years. (100)

The remainder of Anne's senior year at Smith seemed almost anti-climactic after the Mexico City experience. Her diaries and letters focused on Lindbergh, the excitement of flying, and her extremes of agony about whether she could ever fit in his world or whether he fit in hers. Even though she won two prizes for her writing in the remainder of her senior year at Smith and had essays and poems published in the Smith College Monthly, Anne was more

focused on Charles and her reactions to him than on plans for her future as a writer. At the end of Bring Me A Unicorn, it is clear that she was "burning her bridges."

During the Smith College years, Anne Morrow had made the transition from a child expected to be seen and not heard and had found a voice. But immersing herself in Charles Lindbergh's world, though it opened new vistas and provided her with new experiences, often silenced her or made her little more than a receiver of knowledge again. Her efforts to regain a position of authority can be seen in her diaries and letters and in her first travel book, North to the Orient, with its themes of the need to control time, her desire to live consciously, the need to communicate, and awareness of the stage of life in which she found herself.

CHAPTER III

NORTH TO THE ORIENT: JOURNEY TOWARD *SUBJECTIVE KNOWLEDGE*

Just as the position of *receiver of knowledge* characterized Anne Morrow throughout her college years, it was her dominant way of knowing in the early years of her marriage to Charles Lindbergh. As she had done in her college courses, she listened to "expert" lectures and gave back, as if on an essay exam, her best reflections on what she had learned. She also continued to cast her experiences in terms that reflected the literature which her wide reading had made her own. While she was a college student, her favorites had included Emily Dickinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and the English Romantic poets. After meeting Lindbergh, her reading began to include books on aviation, such as Airmen and Aircraft and Everybody's Aviation Guide. While she had idolized writers and teachers before, now it was Lindbergh about whom she wrote, "*le seul saint devant qui je brule ma chandelle*" ("the only saint before whom I light a candle") (Bring Me A Unicorn 135).

Lindbergh's entrance into Anne Morrow's bookish life did open up a world of experiences previously outside her routine. She found herself, as she wrote in the "Introduction" to Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead, playing the role of "devoted page" to her knight (2). Later, Anne's role as student to Lindbergh's teacher about all things mechanical

and scientific was the pattern. In this period, Anne was like the women interviewed by Belenky and her colleagues in Women's Ways of Knowing:

Women who rely on received knowledge think of words as *central* to the knowing process. They learn by listening. As Rachel, a college freshman said, 'I enjoy listening to discussions. I find I am doing okay just through listening.' (36-37)

Anne had achieved a comfort level in the kinds of knowledge she was expected to learn to be successful in her college courses. The flying life after her marriage exposed her to situations where she felt incompetent, such as learning to be a radio operator. Where her writing had formerly focused on classes and books and a rather limited range of experiences, her post-marriage writing responded to the wide variety of new stimuli and demands that came with Charles Lindbergh. Before his advent into her life, Anne wrote about such struggles as mastering history or Greek. Now she was writing about her efforts to learn Morse Code, to pass an exam in radio transmission and reception, and to prepare for a technical exam on the operation of the vacuum tube radio and laws for radio communication (North to the Orient 31).

The lessons in radio gave Anne experience, much like what she had experienced in college, in accommodating what male teachers expected of women. Elaine Showalter has described the common situation of women as having to be a

"daughter of the male tradition,... a tradition which asks [women] to be rational, marginal, and grateful" (141). Anne was proud of being able to serve on the flight as "crew," but she resented being treated as stupid, as her account of learning to operate the radio revealed. She used self-deprecating humor to show her slow progress, but she was not grateful at the treatment she received, as when she asked the instructor about the vacuum tube in a diagram:

'Well, don't you see,' he said very gently, as though talking to a child, '*this* is it'....
I knew my role now. It had a familiar swing, so often had I played it: to sit silent, confused, listening to long explanations which one pretended to understand because one could echo the last phrase said. (32-33)

A contemporary reader might ask why she remained silent and confused, why she did not insist on clearer explanations, but this was 1931, a time when a woman was hardly expected to do what Anne Lindbergh was doing--learning to operate radio, flying a plane, embarking on a trip around the world as a crew member. She was also a quiet and introspective person whose style was not aggressive but conciliatory, and she doubted whether she had the ability to understand the technical material of radio operation. She was a romantic in the classical, scientific world of aviation, and she responded to stimuli more naturally from her feelings than from a considered and logical thought process. Anne was in a position similar to what William

Perry called "Relativism Subordinate," in which the male "student... cooperate[s] in his instruction with anything from compliance to eagerness" (Forms of Intellectual and Ethical Development in the College Years 96). Belenky and her colleagues placed such a female student in the position of received knowledge.

Through much of North to the Orient, Anne cast herself in the role of a receiver of knowledge. In agreeing to go on such an extended journey (July-October 1931) while leaving behind her one-year-old son, she subordinated her plans to Charles' goals. In the preparation for the journey, she consulted authorities on the rigors earlier explorers had faced, read nutritional manuals to plan for a balanced diet, and learned to operate radio. At every stop on the journey, she listened to those she met, open to any insight or kernel of truth, what she called "the essential qualities" of each place. Until the stop in Japan, near the journey's end, Anne was quite receptive to the great variety of people and places, allowing others to project or select for her these "essential qualities." But in Japan, she became so homesick for her child that the subjective truth of her own state completed her movement from a *receiver of knowledge* to the position of *subjective knowledge*, the position one can see her occupying at the end of North to the Orient and throughout her second travel book, Listen! the Wind.

In the "Preface" to North to the Orient, Lindbergh explained her purpose in writing in language that showed her forward look to the personal truths that she gained in the position of subjective knowledge:

There is ... always the personal satisfaction of writing down one's own experiences so they may be saved, caught and pinned under glass, hoarded against the winter of forgetfulness. Time has been cheated a little. (8)

Writing allowed her to control and order her experiences: it pinned things under glass, like the specimens a scientist collects; it hoarded things against old age or a time when the warmth of life and impressions had left; and it cheated time. All of these ways of viewing and reasons for writing recur throughout her diaries, novels, poems, and essays as well as the travel narratives.

Having a writer's control over the material of this part of her life by the time she composed North to the Orient, Lindbergh was no longer a receiver of knowledge but was well into the subjectivist position. One of the tensions in the book is then the contrast between the hesitant and unsure woman on the journey and the writer's narrative control over this younger self. The genuineness of this younger self is a testament to Lindbergh's ability to recapture her feelings about the earlier experiences, to "pin them under glass." It is also true to her intention, as expressed in the first volume of her diaries and letters,

to be honest to the self appearing even in her earliest writing, "not to gloss over, not to foster illusions or to create fixed images... [but] to be an honest witness to the life one has lived and the struggle one had made to find oneself and one's work" (Bring Me A Unicorn xi-xii).

Interwoven throughout the story of the Lindberghs' 1931 journey are the themes that connect all of Anne's writing--the search for perfection, a desire to be conscious of each moment, the sense of loss, and an awareness of herself as a woman in a particular stage of her life--here, a young wife and mother. In North to the Orient, she was fulfilling her goal of being a writer--her dream since her college days at Smith. Conscious that her book might not be perceived as practical or scientific, Anne's "Preface" tried to stave off criticism by stating that her book was no more than an "anomalous collection of chapters," not "a technical account of a survey flight" or "a guidebook" (7-8). She was surely responding to the kind of "anxiety of authorship" that Gilbert and Gubar found in the nineteenth-century woman writer; such anxiety combined the writer's "fear of the antagonism of male readers, her culturally conditioned timidity about self-dramatization, [and] her dread of the patriarchal authority of art" (The Madwoman in the Attic 50).

Instead of making any claims about her authority to document a scientific effort or present a literary work,

Lindbergh positioned herself in a less artistic role, placing herself self-consciously among "the diary-keepers, the story-tellers, the letter-writers, a strange race of people who feel half cheated of an experience unless it is retold. It does not really exist until it is put into words" (8-9). She believed that putting an experience into words was clarifying: "not only does it seem more vivid," but its essential quality comes out in the retelling, like a stone on a beach that one thought was gray "until one tries to put it on canvas, [and] it is in reality bright blue" (9). The metaphor of the bright blue stone--the essential quality of an experience--served Lindbergh well, suggesting her observant eye but also hinting of a magical device that opens up a fairy-tale world to explorers, both actual and armchair travelers. It is an intensely personal metaphor, an outgrowth of subjective knowledge she has gained, and as such can escape some of the demands one might place on a more recognizably literary symbol.

The experience of visiting unusual places had made Anne more aware, more conscious of the moment and of what its implications were, yoking the personal and the public, the old and the new, the ordinary and the extraordinary. She believed that the special qualities of the world she painted in North to the Orient derived from these yokings: it was

a magic caused by the collision of modern methods and old ones; modern history and ancient; accessibility and isolation... [and] could only strike

spark about that time. A few years earlier, from the point of view of aircraft alone, it would have been impossible to reach [such places as Baker Lake, Aklavik, and the Chishima Islands]; a few years later, and there [would] be no such isolation. (10)

The stage of exploration in her own life paralleled the rapidly expanding technology and ability to travel that would result in a worldwide network of aviation in just a few years. Lindbergh suggested a comparison between herself and the magician who is only one step ahead of his audience, like Mark Twain's "Yankee at King Arthur's court, who could prophesy the eclipse" (11). She felt she must write her story of the magic of the trip to the Orient "before it is too late," before "yesterday's fairy tale [becomes] today's fact" (13).

In the opening chapter, Lindbergh positioned herself deliberately in the company of explorers from Sebastian Cabot, who tried to find a northwest route to the riches of the East as early as 1508, to the Elizabethan explorers Martin Frobisher and John Davis's attempts to find a Northeast passage around Russia, to Amundsen's successful Northwest expedition, which completed its three-year journey in 1906 (15-18). The Lindberghs were beneficiaries of the knowledge these and other explorers had gained as well as builders on past explorers' efforts. Anne timidly asserted such a claim in writing North to the Orient.

The journey the Lindberghs took was a Northwest route to find the shortest possible distance for commercial

flights between New York and China. Unlike the earlier explorers' journeys, however, it was to take place not in the water but in the sea of air, where "there are no signposts ... to show a man has passed that way before. There are no channels marked. The flier breaks each second into new uncharted seas" (22). The journey was to be free of some of the dangers and difficulties faced by earlier explorers. Anne quoted Master George Best's description of the Frobisher expedition's difficulties from the account in Hakluyt's Voyages:

'How dangerous it is to attempt new Discoveries, either for the length of the voyage, or the ignorance of the language, the want of Interpreters, new and unaccustomed Elements and ayres, strange and unsavoury meates, danger of theeves and robbers, fiercenesse of wilde beastes and fishes, hugenesse of woods, dangerousnesse of Seas, dread of tempestes, feare of hidden rockes, steepnesse of mountaines, darknesse of sudden falling fogges, continuall paines taking without any rest, and infinite others.' (21)

Anne's allusions to earlier explorers' accounts added a literary and historical dimension to her narrative of the 1931 journey, giving her story a background against which such a journey could stand out in relief, as the Lindberghs actually found a northwest passage. She was careful to indicate that hers and Charles's effort was similar to other explorers' attempts in the exotic and magical quality that unusual travel has, its romantic aspects, but she also made the reader aware of how the magic of flight had to be

grounded in the practical steps and the technological advances that made such a journey possible, the classical, scientific side of flying. The latter was Charles's domain, and the original impetus for the trip derived from his efforts to advance commercial air travel.

As the "Preparation" chapter in North to the Orient made clear, such a flight required an unusual craft; the time Anne spent in describing the technical requirements somewhat countered her insistence that her book lacked any scientific focus. Anne also wanted to be sure that her audience properly esteemed her husband's contributions. Charles closely supervised the building of a plane capable of the Northwest passage, just as he had created the specifications for and supervised the building of *The Spirit of St. Louis* for his solo transatlantic flight in 1927. The new plane, made by Lockheed, was a twin-engine monoplane with two gasoline tanks to give it a range of 2,000 miles. It was equipped with pontoons to allow for landing in "Hudson Bay, on the many inland lakes throughout Canada, along the coast of Alaska and Siberia, and among the Japanese islands" (26). Equipment included radio sets, requiring that Anne become a licensed radio operator (she did after weeks of instruction and practice); also essential were the instruments for night flying and blind flying, emergency supplies, and equipment suitable for a wide variety of conditions, Northern and Southern climes, inland

lakes, mountains, open sea, and forested terrain.

In the small plane, weight was a critical factor. Anne described her preparation as including tasks "appropriate" for the female crew member, including reading books on nutrition to decide what foods were essential:

I sat in the middle of the cans and read a book on calories, commenting from time to time, 'Now tomatoes haven't much food value, but they keep you from getting beri-beri. Magellan's men all got beri-beri, do you remember?' or, 'Few calories in hardtack, but it will fill up the hole still left inside of you, after you've eaten your army rations for the day.' (28)

Such specific details have a place in a travel narrative, which, after all, introduces a reader to unfamiliar places and experiences, in terms which remind one of the familiar demands of life. On an extended camping trip, for example, one would consider what foods to take to achieve a balanced diet, just as everyday menus are planned to the same end. Providing for their nutrition was obviously one of the "domestic" tasks of preparation that fell to Anne.

As with food, Anne described for the reader her efforts to pack the best combination of personal items to last the several months they planned to fly, their personal baggage limited to eighteen pounds. Anne's search for a new pair of multi-purpose shoes was amusing, but it also suggested a pattern of not being taken seriously that offended her:

'I want a pair of shoes... that I can wear at balls and dinners, and also at teas and recep-

tions, and also for semi-sport dresses, and also for bedroom slippers.'

'Anything else, Modom?' asked the bewildered clerk.

'Yes, I like low heels.'

'Try our "Growing-Girl" Department,' he said, glad to get rid of me. (29)

These necessary concerns--food and clothes--were less technically demanding than Anne's preparation as a radio operator, but the frustrations of being taken seriously were similar. On the day of departure from Long Island, July 27, 1931, the press was not interested in Anne's role as "crew," as the radio operator, however, but in her role as wife. It was the feminine details about which the reporters were curious:

'Mrs. Lindbergh,' said one, 'the women of America are so anxious to know about your clothes.'

'And I,' said the other, 'want to write a little article about your housekeeping in the ship. Where do you put the lunch boxes?'

I felt depressed, as I generally do when women reporters ask me conventionally feminine questions. I feel as they must feel when they are given those questions to ask. I feel slightly insulted. Over in the corner my husband is being asked vital masculine questions, clean-cut steely technicalities or broad abstractions. But I am asked about clothes and lunchboxes. Still, if I were asked about steely technicalities or broad abstractions, I would not be able to answer, so perhaps I do not deserve anything better. (39)

Even though her role as radio operator made her a real member of this expedition's crew, Anne doubted her ability to deal with "steely technicalities or broad abstractions," with the highly valued "masculine" concerns that neither her

education nor her culture prepared or encouraged women to understand. Resentful of being pigeonholed as the "wife" rather than a working member of the crew, she simply avoided the reporters' questions, rather than confronting their assumptions.

Anne's wry sense of humor asserted itself before she brooded for very long. One of the reporters insisted, "'But you must not disappoint all the people who are so anxious to hear about you. You know, the American Public--'"; Anne thought of responding to this with "'--will be disappointed if they don't know where I put the lunch boxes! You aren't going to ask me to believe that'" (39). Instead of being combative, Anne kept to her usual practice of saying as little to the press as possible, answering simply, "'I'm very sorry'" and turned away (40). She seemed to want to have it both ways, to be able to fill the domestic needs and enjoy the feminine concerns but to be able to handle the "steely technicalities" as well. Actually, she was better able to combine both in her own life than she allowed this version of a younger self to be, perhaps succumbing to the woman writer's customary fear of asserting her authority too much. Could this be one explanation for what Linda Pannill described as the female artist's reluctance to allow her protagonists the success she herself had gained?

Avoiding more reporters, and perhaps avoiding a deeper exploration of this issue in the book, Anne turned her focus

to the plane:

Perched on top of the big pontoons, it seemed small and dainty.... I thought of all the emergency equipment for North and South, land and water, all parts of the world, packed into that little space. I thought of the two of us, ready to go in it anywhere, and I had a sense of our self-contained insularity. Islands feel like this, I am sure, and walled cities, and sometimes men. (40)

In this description, there is pride and confidence and a kind of stoic acceptance of whatever the trip may bring, as well as an interesting identification of the plane with the feminine. Here again is subjective knowledge, a turning away from others to the personal truth she had gained by the time she wrote North to the Orient. Like Anne herself, the plane was small and adaptable, "ready to go anywhere," but these were not weaknesses, nor did they evoke the domestic assumptions with which the reporters greeted Anne.

The plane was strong in its insularity--like a walled city--and Anne's words showed no fear of such aloneness. Anne identified with such solitude, as she had years earlier when she wished to stay in a monk's cell in the Carthusian monastery the Morricks had visited on their European travels. This artistic choice to be separate from others is Romantic and is consistent with the position of subjective knowledge. It also looks ahead to the Lindberghs' self-imposed exile from America in the 1930's, to their noninterventionist work prior to World War II, and to their lifelong attempts to guard their privacy. Anne also described herself as an

island, decades after this journey: "I feel we are all islands--in a common sea" (Gift From the Sea 40).

From the beginning of the journey, the plane was a part of the narrative, as Anne described the takeoff: "weighed down with its heavy test load of fuel, the plane felt clumsy, like a duck with clipped wings" (41). In the water, it was "simply a boat in the river of many boats; then a plane in the sky with other planes; [then] only a speck against the blue, mistaken easily for a gull" (42). However insignificant that sounds, the plane rendered the occupants almost God-like, looking down on the scene just left behind:

The squat ferryboats below plowed across our wake, and great flat barges carrying rectangular mounds of different colored earth like spools of gold and tawny silk. I found the little black mass of people on the pier where we had been.... I could see the whole life of the river. (41)

The description used vivid detail--"squat ferryboats"--and feminine images--earth looking "like spools of gold and tawny silk"--as did much of her writing. Lindbergh was to use many such images related to sewing and fabrics and domestic interests, showing her interest in the visual and the tactile, in the look and the texture of substances. She operated from the romantic principle of evoking the material of the everyday, the vivid sensory details of life in order to transcend experience. She constantly privileged women's experience, the details of domestic concerns; by promoting them, she elevated such images to the level of art, as when

she described earth colors as "spools of gold and tawny silk."

After the Lindberghs departed from Long Island, they flew to Washington to get final clearances and visas, but the psychological departure came two days later in North Haven, Maine, where Anne said goodbye to her family and left her one-year-old son in her family's care. This section illustrates what Anne yearned for constantly: it shows her living in the moment, profoundly conscious of the importance of an experience. This is one of the bright blue stones to which the "Preface" refers--the essential quality, this time of the North Haven stop before the long journey began in earnest. This leg of the trip is vitally important in showing Anne what her life has been, its quality at the moment, and a sense of the future, especially looking to the return to all that she loved. It is also suggestive of the personal truth of *subjective knowledge*, the position Anne occupies by the end of North to the Orient. Even before the trip began, it is as if she is looking back, recollecting in tranquility what the visit to North Haven would mean to her:

The journey from New York to Maine, the few hours on the island, the good-bys, were all weighed down with a coating of many summers' impressions and emotions, besides those of the moment. It was one of those strange flashing seconds in life when you can draw the strands of the past and the future together in your hand and tie them firmly in a knot. For, as I visualize that summer's flight, stretching like a taut string over the top of the globe, the knotted end is held fast in North Haven. (46-47)

This is not a sentimental revision of the feelings Anne experienced; her contemporaneous letter home to her mother painted the same picture of the departure as did the book.

Though she did not know it upon leaving, this was the last time all of Anne's family would be together, and only in her memory or in her writing could she grasp all of the strings of family together. North to the Orient showed her power to halt Time and hold that moment, even though Death unraveled the family ties. While in China, near the end of their trip, Anne received a cable telling her that her father, Dwight Morrow, had died. That knowledge must have added poignancy to the chapter written a few years later, and the knowledge of the greatest tragedy of her life, her son's kidnapping, underlies the lines where she described the departure from North Haven:

The day was hard and clear and bright, like the light slanting off a white farmhouse. The island falling away under us as we rose in the air lay still and perfect, cut out in starched clarity against a dark sea. I had the keenest satisfaction in embracing it all with my eye. It was mine as though I held it, an apple in my hand. All the various parts of it were mine at the same moment; the crowd on the pier, the little rocking boat in the harbor where my family waved, the white farmhouse on the point where my baby was. What a joy to hold them all in my eyes at once, as one tries, saying good-by to a person, to possess all of them in one look. (52-53)

Just as a scientist pins a specimen under glass, Anne preserved this moment and, at the same time, "clarif[ied] the complexities of my childhood world. And this sense of

detachment in space gave me also a sense of detachment in time, as though I were looking back at my own life from some high point in the future" (53). Of course, the writer did just that when she composed North to the Orient, achieving in her art what was denied in life.

The bright blue stone of North Haven is one of many Anne Morrow Lindbergh collected on the trip to the Orient. Of the twenty or so places the Lindberghs visited, the most memorable were Baker Lake, Aklavik, Kamchatka, and Japan. Baker Lake was an isolated trapping outpost in Canada's Northwest Territories, its only contact with the "outside" a yearly ship delivery. To its inhabitants, "the rest of the world was *outside* and Baker Lake was *inside*. They talked about it as a prison" (68). In an effort to be sociable, Anne "dragged my memory for some thread of association we could follow together" (71), for the men at Baker Lake wanted "'news from home'" (70). A rosy-faced Scotsman was pleased at Anne's mention of time she had spent near Edinburgh, and an Englishman inquired about her travels to England, both men attempting to form a bond with what they had left behind:

To mention a loved object, a person, or a place to someone else is to invest that object with reality. You say the magic word: the listener smiles, an image forming in his thoughts, and then, as though his image were superimposed upon yours, a picture rises out of the dark sea of memory ... made with the combination of his vision and yours. (71-72)

Moving between the positions of received and subjective knowledge in this period, Lindbergh understood and connected the need to evoke memories of familiar places and loved ones to her own desire for home and family. As a traveller, she was also looking for the familiar and found it, at Baker Lake, in the sign for *Revillon Freres Ltd. Furs* posted on a small white shack, a sign that reminded her of the New York furriers in a radically different setting from Baker Lake. In a letter to her mother, Anne wrote that the furrier's sign made her think of "sophisticated, roaring Fifth Avenue" but noted that "there could not have been more contrast" between the two places (Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead 165).

The same fine flowing script, the same curves and flourishes, the same style that marks the big store in New York. Rumbling busses, barking taxis, the wheeze of brakes as the animals halt, checked by the red lights, the growls as they spring forward again--all roaring Fifth Avenue lay in that sign. (65)

Lindbergh immediately made the connection between roaring traffic and the wild place that was Baker Lake. In North to the Orient, she developed the comparison much further. She inverted the normal pattern by defining the "creatures" of the city--busses, taxis and other vehicles--as animal-like. She captured an essential quality of city life, perhaps only superficially more civilized than the wilderness out of which it grew, and showed its likeness to a natural world where the "real" animals lived, where the furs sold in New

York originated.

In the most significant statement of her subjective knowledge in the early part of the book, Lindbergh depicted a symbol for Baker Lake's trapping life: it was a white fox skin the fur trader tossed down to Anne from the loft where the skins were stored:

[it was like] white plumes falling through the dusty air. I caught it in my arms. Strange that an animal should be reduced to this thing, light and ethereal as smoke, soft, luxurious, precious, the queen of furs--white fox. (75-76)

In this place where no white woman had been before, the feminine was symbolized by the maternal aspect of nature--prized not only for its intrinsic beauty but for the economic gain of the white trappers, Eskimos, and traders who sold to Revillon Freres Furs. In the description of this event, four years after the trip, Lindbergh saw in it more than a trader's offering her a gift. It became in the narrative a symbol for the horror of trapping, as she imagined how the trapper would find his prey: he "would have to squint to see this animal in his trap on the snow... the black tip of a nose, the gray trap, and scarlet of torn flesh: a white fur collar for an evening coat!" (76). Implicit in this description is the culpability not only of the trapper who destroyed life but also that of the consumer who would purchase such a fur piece, juxtaposing her impressions in order to stand in judgment on both trapper

and consumer. This is an early example of the sensitivity to ecological issues that both Lindberghs later showed and that led to their work with such organizations as the World Wildlife Fund.

The wildness and isolation of Baker Lake left Anne eager to continue the flight, and, as she contemplated the debris of a plane that would never fly again, "I had a panicky feeling, as though I were watching the last train coast out of a lonely station at night.... How terrible to be left here, I thought, glancing at our orange-winged ship.... This was our one hope of escape" (78). The fear of being stranded, added to the strange all-night flight from Baker Lake to Aklavik, also in the Northwest Territories, left Lindbergh disoriented:

For hours I watched a motionless sun set in a motionless cloud-bank.... I wondered, in spite of the vibration of the engine which hummed up through the soles of my feet, whether we were not motionless too,... caught, frozen into some timeless eternity.... [the earth had] no reality that could be recognized, measured. (82)

This subjectivist sense of dislocation contrasts with the delight which flying normally gave her and shows an artistic selection of details that suggest a romantic distortion like that suffered by Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

Lindbergh describes a sense of unreality continuing as their plane landed at Aklavik, its arrival rousing a "bedlam of howling dogs" objecting to the intruder, "a strange bird

which, roaring down the river, had broken the silence of their white night" (86). Having flown all night into the land of the midnight sun, Lindbergh felt all usual reference points taken away from her; little wonder then that she imagined their plane "a strange bird." The strangeness is as much in her own perceptions, disoriented as she was by the conditions of the flight, as in the place they visited. Her word choices reflect this perception--*motionless, frozen, timeless, no reality*--reflecting her discomfort with lacking her usual frames of reference. These Romantic images are again suggestive of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," in which a mariner's crime of shooting an albatross, a strange bird, left his ship becalmed on a motionless sea. Lindbergh often found expression in Romantic images, echoing Shelley in the early poem "Height" and developing Wordsworthian themes of loss and the transience of childhood in her diaries. Certainly the isolated position the Lindberghs often held, separated from the rest of the world, is a Romantic position, that of the solitary exile. For Anne, the artist's need to exist apart from ordinary life paralleled Charles's deliberate choice to avoid most public life. While in the stage of subjective knowledge, in particular, she sought solitude, privileging it most when she could select it for herself rather than have others exile her.

On the Orient trip, the Lindberghs themselves were the

strange intruders, by virtue of the fact that few people could reach the places they visit. During their three days at Aklavik, the Lindberghs viewed another "intrusion from the outside world" (86), the yearly boat delivery of goods and supplies. While the setting, dress, and customs of the people were generally unfamiliar, their excitement over the boat delivery and their behavior were more predictable, and Lindbergh described the commonalities of human nature she witnessed: "By noon a leisurely procession had formed along the path to the landing. A crowd of Eskimos: women in their full calico skirts, men in pointed caps, little Eskimo boys scuffling up the dust" (86), images that show her maternal and feminine interest in things relating to families and children. Her description of boys scuffling up the dust in their impatience at having to wait shows the sameness of such behavior, wherever it occurs.

Lindbergh's focus on children and on a young wife who is awaiting the birth of her first child suggests that she is homesick for her own child:

I saw a young wife tearing the wrappings off a baby's bathtub, carelessly leaving the huge carton, marked with cherubs and storks, in the front yard. After all, the neighbors would have to know sooner or later.

Down at the mission school newly baked loaves were piled high in the kitchen. The children were singing in a strange high chant the songs of the Sisters:... 'We wail-come you today.' (93)

The children's songs, the paper-chain room decorations in

their schoolroom, the boys' interest in airplanes, and their excitement over the Christmas-like atmosphere of the boat delivery colored the description of the visit to Aklavik with maternal tones.

After leaving Aklavik, the Lindberghs stopped next at Point Barrow and at Nome, Alaska, but more memorable than these places was their visit to Kamchatka, a Russian port on the Bering Sea. As they approached Russia, Anne considered her preconceived notions of Russia, drawn from

Old Regime stories of the Revolution; imposing New Regime programs; enthusiastic friends who had visited Leningrad on a tour...; headlines from the newspapers; bits of gossip;... posters and pictures showing strong men swinging sledge hammers, industrious women riveting airplane wings, and earnest children hammering blocks. (133-134)

Her images are carefully chosen to suggest a consistency of ideology with detail--both adults and children hammering things--as well as her admission that she indeed knew little about the country. What surprised Anne most, however, what became the bright blue stone of Kamchatka, was her identification with the feminine details of a home she visited, the fur decorations hung on walls, embroidered pictures, and the familiar domestic setting of a dining room:

Furs were everywhere in the house to which we were led.... Even in the little sitting room,... a bunch of ermine tails were strung up on a hook. Other decorations on the wall were pictures of a favorite cat and a piece of embroidery showing gnomes in a pine forest.... a long table and a

big dresser for plates and food. (137-138)

The Lindberghs' hostess, a zoologist, confided that she too had a little boy who was not with her. The zoologist and another woman, the wife of a trapper, asked to see a picture of Anne's child, and, feeling the common bond of motherhood with these women, Anne shared her pictures of Charlie:

I took out my photographs, 'Oh! Oh!' They were gay and sweet, spreading them all on the table in the room. The trapper's wife made big circles with her hands to show how big his eyes were and pointed to the photograph she liked the best....

When I left, my boy seemed nearer to me because they had seen his picture and had talked of him. (140)

Lindbergh found that, as was true for the men she met at Baker Lake, for her the memory of a loved person or place became more vivid and precious when shared; the personal knowledge of any mother's missing an absent child made her more homesick than before.

Anne's love for her child is even more vividly expressed in the chapter on the visit to Japan, where even the smallest ritual, such as the Tea Ceremony, "gave a new appreciation of art and of the beauty in everyday life,... [where] the act of sharing tea... [allows one to] return to life with the fresh eyes of a child" (188). The ceremony reminded Lindbergh that she was away from her child when her hostess recited a poem by a woman whose child had died:

'How far in chase today
I wonder
Has gone my Hunter
Of the dragon fly!' (186)

Lindbergh felt that if she could stay in Japan long enough, she would learn many things, including how to understand "metaphor and see in my little boy 'My hunter of the dragon fly'" (193). The tea ceremony, the poem, and her desire to return home make the focus of this section her own feelings of longing and loss.

Now well into the position of *subjective knowledge*, Lindbergh focused almost solely on personal meanings in the chapter on Japan. A sense of loss pervades this section. In the stops at Baker Lake and Aklavik and Kamchatka, Anne was reminded of her son and used the images of family to add feeling to the stories of people she met in those places. The essential quality of the visit to Japan is also the connection to family, here the poem about a lost child, but the tone and depth of her connection is different. Instead of using narrative to tell the story of a place, this section shows Lindbergh's attempt to recapture the time in her life before she lost her "hunter of the dragon fly."

As Anne said "good-by" to Japan at the end of North to the Orient, her farewell was deepened with the losses she had suffered between the beginning of her journey and her account of it. Her *sayonara* moved from details in the physical landscape, to the "essential qualities" the visit

had for her, and then to her profound knowledge of loss.

Good-by to the rice fields terraced up a narrow gully in the hills; to thatched roofs and paper walls; to heavy-headed grain bent to a curve; to a field of awkward lotus leaves, like big elephant ears, flapping on their tall stalks; to a white road leading up a hill to a pine grove and the flicker of red of a shrine gate.... Good-by to blue paper umbrellas in the rain and little boys chasing dragon flies. (237-238)

A sense of waiting pervades the scene. Like the penultimate moment in Alfred Tennyson's poetry, the eternal moment Mariana waits for her lover's return or the Lady of Shalott looks out her window and yearns for Lancelot, Lindbergh painted the landscape in details of things about to happen: the heavy heads of grain about to bring the stalk down, the road up to a shrine just waiting for a pilgrim to climb it, and a little boy about to catch a dragon fly. While on the trip to the Orient, Lindbergh was without her child, and he was forever lost to her by the time she wrote North to the Orient, but the writing allowed her to regain him in her art. In the book's afterword, she described the magical quality of flying--"a glaze is put over life"--that is a quality also of her writing:

Not only is life put in new patterns from the air, but it is somehow arrested, frozen into form.... Looking down from the air that morning, I felt that stillness rested like a light over the earth. The waterfalls seemed frozen solid; the tops of the trees were still; the river hardly stirred, a serpent gently moving under its shimmering skin. Everything was quiet: fields and trees and houses.
(244)

For Anne Morrow Lindbergh, both flying and writing allowed her to reshape experience, to put it in new perspectives. At the end of North to the Orient, she described the "magic of flying, a miracle that has nothing to do with any of its practical purposes" (243). Her trip, like her life before losing her first child, had a fairy-tale quality. After losing her child, the fairy tale ended, and she described her life as laboring under the weight of grief and indecision, like the aura of the heaviness at the end of North to the Orient, a heaviness that characterizes Listen! the Wind, her second travel narrative, as well.

As she was to write often, flying, like her writing and like the contemplative activities she preferred, gave Lindbergh a sense of distance, a different perspective on the world. Many early aviators confessed that flying made them feel god-like, looking down on a fragile, toy-like world below. Contrasting this perspective with what she had called "the practical purposes" of flying in the opening to North to the Orient showed Anne's interest in flying as another avenue to greater self-knowledge, a lifelong goal. The flying life intensified her awareness, illuminated everyday life, and allowed her to capture the essential qualities of people and places not open to many people in the 1930's. Lindbergh's words implied that she hoped the story of her trip "north to the Orient" would also be magical for readers, would freeze into form, as flying did

for her, a picture of people and places and a time that was already "yesterday's fairy tale" (13).

Describing her book as like a fairytale may have been Anne's way of coping with her anxiety about whether she would be taken seriously as a writer. Although she had already published a long article on the Atlantic survey flight the Lindberghs took in 1933, Anne was hesitant to submit the North to the Orient manuscript until Harold Nicolson encouraged her. Nicolson, the British writer and husband of Vita Sackville-West, had met the Lindberghs while he was working on a biography of Anne's father Dwight Morrow. Having read Anne's National Geographic (September 1934) story on a portion of the Lindberghs' 1933 survey flight, Nicolson complimented Anne on her "'excellent article'" and told Charles, "'You should take another trip so that she can write another story, for the writing instinct, once it is started, is much stronger than the flying one'" (Locked Rooms and Open Doors 209). Anne's reaction to the Englishman's praise showed how much she wanted to be recognized as a writer:

I was so extremely happy that it is hard to analyze. I suppose it is vanity, but it wasn't what he said. Far more than that, it was being treated seriously--a kind of recognition, or respect. A spiritual counterpart to the physical recognition when a man tells you, for the first time, that he wants to marry you....

It was a sudden recognition of something inside of me that I have believed in, from time to time, that has sometimes been coaxed out, often crushed, raised its head in rebellion, been

forgotten about, hurt, smothered with false attention. (Locked Rooms and Open Doors 210)

Anne had learned enough about herself by this stage to know that being accepted as a writer was essential for her to continue to *think of herself as a writer*. Her agonizing over this recognition showed how important for her ego it was to have her writing published. Nicolson did not know that Anne had already written an account of the 1931 trip; his encouragement was just what she needed to rework parts of that story and submit it to Harcourt, Brace. When she took her manuscript to the publisher, she felt humble and apologetic, saying that the trip itself was what made the story interesting and wondering whether she was getting a chance just because of Charles's fame. After returning home, she had misgivings:

Why did I say so much about it? I knew what it was really like: two or three good chapters, several poor ones. The rest mediocre. I had acted as though I had 'a book,' as though I thought I could write. Why not just admit it was interesting as the story of an interesting trip--no more? Flax into gold, again, and no fairy-story elves to help.

(Locked Rooms and Open Doors 269)

Feeling like a princess who needed an elf, a Rumpelstitskin to spin her straw into gold, shows how insecure her position was, a position shared by many women who wanted to write but did not feel in a position of power to do so.

As an artist, Lindbergh's worst enemies were not the

skepticism and the lack of recognition accorded to women by a male-dominated publishing industry but the internal enemies of self-doubt, fear, and guilt about the selfish lifestyle a writer needs, the "anxiety of authorship" Gilbert and Gubar described. As Anne waited to hear what Mr. Harcourt thought of her manuscript, her fears and doubt came to the fore:

I feel that if I don't get this out and find out one way or another about writing I will burst, or just die quietly inside. I've got to find out whether or not I can and want to write, whether it is worth it. Perhaps I could throw myself into children, or a home. That is really most important anyway.... Why worry about the things that are not fundamental? If writing helped those fundamental things, so much to the good; otherwise, don't break your heart over it. It was out of proportion.

(Locked Room and Open Doors 270)

In spite of her attempt to claim to the contrary, writing was one of the fundamental things for Anne, one of the things that kept her alive inside, or, as she confided to her diary, "writing is my flywheel and I need it, even very trivial private writing" (285). Later, she elaborated on why writing was so important to her, in a more confident tone than she had used before she had published very much:

My life does not go well *without* writing. It is my flywheel, my cloister, my communication with myself and God. It is my eyes to the world, my window for awareness, without which I cannot see anything or walk straight. Writing in a diary is my tool for the development of awareness. It is the crucible through which the rough material of life must pass before I can use it in art.

(War Within and Without 360)

The range of parallels for what writing meant to her was surely intended to dramatize how important writing was to her, how it filled so many of her needs, and how much personal knowledge she had gained about her uses of writing.

Conscious of herself as an artist by the 1940's, when she described her work in such terms, Anne had moved beyond the hesitant writer she was in the 1930's, beyond the novelty of producing a book that was well-received. North to the Orient was immediately popular; by November 1935, two months after it was published, it had gone through seven printings. But Anne commented little about it in her diaries after she had sent the final draft to the publisher, perhaps because she was not satisfied that it was her best work. She admitted only to wanting to preserve her travel memories, and, as such a record, it was successful. As a literary work, it lacks unity and is uneven, reflecting Lindbergh's own evaluation that it had only "two or three good chapters" (Locked Rooms and Open Doors 269).

Each stop on the journey in North to The Orient did, however, capture an essential quality of the places and people the Lindberghs visited. Each chapter painted a vivid picture, Anne's sensitive intelligence finding in each place a memorable object to carry home with her, whether it was a white plume of furs or a Japanese poem. All the images connect to new life and family and to the longing for loved ones and reveal the movement Lindbergh made from being a

receiver of others' knowledge to finding increasingly subjective meaning in the places she visited. When the Lindberghs set out on another trip to survey air routes in 1933, Anne looked more to *subjective knowledge* to interpret the essential meanings of the places she visited. As a result, Listen! the Wind is a different sort of travel book and a more artistic piece of writing than was North to the Orient.

CHAPTER IV

LISTEN! THE WIND: WOMEN'S SUBJECTIVE KNOWLEDGE

For many... women, the move away from silence and an externally oriented perspective on knowledge and truth eventuates in a new conception of truth as personal, private, and subjectively known or intuited. (Women's Ways of Knowing 54)

Anne Morrow Lindbergh had always relied on her intuition and instincts to inform her personal writing, the letters and diary entries. Her "public" writing, essay exams and papers in college and her first book, showed her attempts to follow accepted patterns of logical discourse. In her second travel book, Listen! the Wind, however, she composed in a more personal mode, her narrative style characterized by associations and moods. The shift into the pattern of *subjective knowledge* that informs Listen! the Wind is a significant movement for a woman, according to Belenky, Clinchy, Goldberger, and Tarule in Women's Ways of Knowing: "Women's growing reliance on their intuitive processes, is, we believe, an important adaptive move in the service of self-protection, self-assertion, and self-definition. Women become their own authorities" (54).

The subject on which Anne Morrow Lindbergh had become an authority by the time she published her second book was "the quality of waiting" (Listen! the Wind 105). It was preeminently the condition of women, waiting for a child to be born, waiting for a man to return home, waiting for the

many things outside herself over which a woman has no control. For many of the women interviewed by Belenky and her colleagues, the move into subjective knowledge is a reaction against those authorities and institutions seen as "holding the keys to the truth--teachers, doctors, scientists, men in general. It was as if, by turning inward for answers, they had to deny strategies for knowing that they perceived as belonging to the masculine world" (71).

Such a reaction to the masculine world may help explain Lindbergh's shift to personal knowledge in Listen! the Wind. Besides the experiences, common to all women, of being taken less seriously than men in many areas, Anne had endured the nightmare of losing her first child and of being subjected to weeks of anxiety, interrogations, recreations of the crime, and a sensationalistic trial, with press coverage that never let up even after Bruno Hauptmann was convicted of her child's kidnapping. No men in her life, not even Charles, had been a stable and comforting presence during this period of Anne's greatest loss. Charles, following the "stoic tradition of hiding grief," was in contrast with Anne's needing to relive happy moments with her son and finding that there was no one with whom she could fully share her loss (Locked Room and Open Doors xxii).

A little more than a year after the kidnapping, in July 1933, Charles and Anne Lindbergh set out to survey routes across projected North and South Atlantic paths that might

be used for future transoceanic air travel. The most extensive flight the couple made, this trip covered almost 30,000 miles, landed them in twenty-one countries, and took nearly six months. Such an extended trip required all of Anne's energies and abilities; she felt that it "lifted us out of the aftermath of crime and turned the publicity that surrounded us to a constructive end--the advance of air travel" (xvii). It also taught Anne an "invaluable lesson--the gift of all travel but particularly travel on which one works one's way: the necessity of living in the moment" (Locked Rooms and Open Doors xvii).

Such a lesson, however, came at the cost of sacrificing her home life to accommodate Charles, for the journey also took Anne away from her second son Jon, then almost a year old. Anne wrote in her diary that Jon was, after the kidnapping and death of her first child, "the most healing and nourishing element in my life" (Locked Rooms and Open Doors xvii). While it was one of Charles Lindbergh's long-range plans to map air routes for Pan American Airways, in his role as consultant and as part of his larger scheme to advance commercial air travel, this trip prevented Anne from living the quiet life she needed to cope with the loss of one child and the recent birth of another. As she wrote in the "Introduction" to her volume of diaries and letters for the period from 1933-1935, this journey "crowded out any possibility of a quiet contemplative coming to terms with

grief, for me a necessary inner process, and it meant a long interruption in the work I had just restarted [writing North to the Orient]" (Locked Rooms and Open Doors xvii).

Anne felt she could not refuse to accompany Charles. She barely allowed herself to question the point of her going in a letter to her sister Elizabeth shortly before leaving on the journey: "We are in the last throes of departure, sometime this week, and I feel desperately--you know--'Just why am I going to Greenland?' But I cheer myself on by thinking I shall see you [in Wales]" (Locked Rooms and Open Doors 46). Elizabeth had married Aubrey Neil Morgan, a Welshman she had met while living abroad, and only the prospect of a visit to her helped Anne find something to look forward to at the beginning of the survey flight. It was small compensation for being cut off for months from the rest of her family. Anne felt anxious about her son and wrote in her diary what amounts to a last testament of her wishes for Jon, as if she feared she would not return from this trip:

I want to write down before I go on this trip what I want for Jon. I want him to be kind and appreciative and independent.... I think there is quite a chance that he will be too much guarded and cared for.... I want him to be left alone to fight out even his early troubles, to sleep alone, to play by himself or with other children his own age, to fight out his own quarrels, so that he will grow into an independent, courageous man. (46)

Perhaps because she felt lacking in the qualities of

courage and independence herself, she wished for her son to have those strengths. Leaving her child was difficult for Anne, even though Jon was to remain in the care of her mother. But her reluctance to leave was something Anne had to suppress, just as she had to suppress her "normal responses" to "long hours, hard work, concentrated attention, [and] fear" in what was an exhausting and "extraordinarily difficult survey mission" (Locked Rooms and Open Doors xvii-xviii). Anne was operating as did many women artists and protagonists in women's novels of the period, subordinating her goals to those of her husband. Linda Pannill discusses the lengths to which a writer like Susan Glaspell went to show that a creative woman's choice of a career had to serve her husband's first. In Glaspell's The Glory of the Conquered, Ernestine, the artist-heroine of the novel, "resolves to give up her career to train to be [her scientist husband's] research assistant... 'I shall strive to become a perfectly constructed instrument--that's all'" (Pannill 88). Anne Lindbergh saw her function on the survey flights as serving her husband's need for a crew member and insisted that "the feminist in me longed passionately to prove that I could hold my own and take the place of a man. And in the radio operation, I succeeded to a large degree" (Locked Rooms and Open Doors xviii). This success came at the cost of leaving her child behind and suspending her writing life for many months; however, the trip did provide

her with the raw material for another book.

In telling the story of the 1933 flight, Anne explored the themes common to all her writing: her sense of loss, preoccupation with time, need to appreciate the moment, fear that her life will have little meaning, and consciousness of the stages and particular features common to a woman's life, here the inevitability of waiting. Anne gained control over her experiences in the travel account that she lacked in the trip itself. Unlike North to the Orient, which captured an essential quality of the life in every place the Lindberghs visited in the 1931 flight, Listen! the Wind focused on a ten-day portion of their 1933 survey flight, their efforts to get from Africa to South America on the homeward part of the flight. Its language and tone are also different; it is more consciously literary in evoking mythological parallels to her experience and more somber in mood, reflecting the anguish of the losses Anne had suffered--the deaths of her father, son, and sister--by the time she wrote of the 1933 journey. David Kirk Vaughan believes that Listen! the Wind "may be Lindbergh's most successful literary achievement" in its "linking external description to self-exploration" (42).

This second travel volume exhibits her greater control over and shaping of the material of her life and reveals her consciousness of an experience common to women, waiting, especially for children. Listen! the Wind also shows Anne's continued development as a writer--still trying to find her

own voice, distinct from her husband's scientific world with its emphasis on logical, rational discourse, on observation rather than feeling. In the subjectivist position she occupies in Listen! the Wind, Lindbergh privileges the truths of women's lives, caring for others, doing the repetitive tasks that each day requires, and waiting for the fulfillment of each new stage. Rather than rejecting either world, she mediates between the realm of science and adventure and the sphere of home, family, and children.

That Lindbergh has accepted this subjective way of knowing is not immediately apparent at the beginning of Listen! the Wind. When the narrative begins, she seems in a more masculine position, looking down on the world from the height of the gods:

The wind--which one can never count on, which sometimes, bearing down on one wing or on another, lures one imperceptibly out of one's course. Or, towering in one's face, makes a flight a long uphill climb, draining away the precious daylight, devouring the fuel. This wind, usually so perverse, uncontrollable, and fickle, had been ours for two thousand miles. Miraculously, it had been ours to count upon as though, like the old story of Odysseus, some god had imprisoned in a bag of ox's skin all opposing winds, leaving free only that one which was to take us home. (4)

In the opening chapter, Lindbergh sets herself up as a modern-day Odysseus, on a long journey home. The motif of a perverse wind, now favorable, now delaying, makes a connection between her journey and the Homeric epic with which she was familiar. But Lindbergh was to find her

similarity to Odysseus less strong than her likeness to his wife Penelope, trapped in an eternally static position, waiting for life to return to her. The wind was one of the forces which often left Lindbergh waiting for favorable conditions.

The trip had begun well, with Anne feeling invigorated by the visit to Greenland:

The wild beauty of that rocky coast, the cordiality of the Danish settlers and explorers, and the warm friendliness of the Eskimos, in their bright hoods and boots, washed us clear of memories. In those tiny, isolated outposts of the North the burden of fame fell from us and we achieved a measure of anonymity.... we were not celebrities set apart from the human race.

(Locked Rooms and Open Doors xviii-xix)

However, the pleasure of new places and new people faded, and, "as the flight continued for months and we touched in swift succession Iceland, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Norway, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Africa, and South America, it became for me somewhat unreal and arid" (xix). The last stage of the journey, the Lindberghs' efforts to find a jumping-off place from Africa to make the long flight to South America, was most trying. It is that part of the journey that Anne described in Listen! the Wind.

As he had done for North to the Orient, Charles Lindbergh drew the maps for the end papers and compiled the appendix, which listed equipment and supplies needed for the

trip as well as a detailed log of their departures and arrivals along the way. This lends a scientific accuracy to what was a serious working survey, but it also seems a counterpoint to the poetry of the narrative and the frequently feminine personal concerns that Anne had. New to this volume was a "Foreword," also by Charles, that filled a rather different function than did the "Preface" Anne wrote for North to the Orient. There is something decidedly patriarchal in the fact of his introducing her narrative and in its tone, quite different from the talk of magic and of the dangers of travel Anne gave in the earlier book. One is reminded of nineteenth-century narratives of former slaves who learned to read and authored accounts of their trials but who required the services of white friends or former masters to "testify" to the accuracy of their accounts and to their claims on literacy.

Yet Listen! the Wind is Anne's story, and its rhythms are feminine and reveal her subjectivist position. She focused on ten days of the homeward journey, from Africa to South America, dividing the narrative into three sections corresponding to the final stages of the trip: the first is "Santiago," the stop in the Cape Verde Islands; second, "Bathurst," where they waited for a favorable wind; and third, "Bound Natal," the flight across the Atlantic from Africa to Brazil. The dominant images throughout of waiting, frustration, and passage of time show Anne's

impatience to get home and despair at not having any real control over her life. While *resentment* is perhaps too strong a word for what the book reveals about her feelings toward Charles, Anne does picture him much less as the knight to whom she was formerly a devoted page and much more as a regular-sized human being with real limitations. In this way, Listen! the Wind looks forward to the sometimes sympathetic and sometimes disdainful presentation of the flyer in her novel The Steep Ascent, which will be discussed in the next chapter. Both Listen! the Wind and The Steep Ascent focus on Time and depict the suspended waiting that is preeminently the condition of women.

The "Santiago" section is the longest of the three sections, with fifteen of the thirty-three chapters in Listen! the Wind. The opening chapter, "Tail Wind," shows Anne looking forward to being in America in two days' time, confident in the continuation of the tail wind that has brought their plane *Tingmissartog* (Eskimo for "the one who flies like a big bird") from Spain to the Cape Verde Islands in record time. With understandable *hubris*, Anne looked down at the Cape Verde Islands and thought of what they had accomplished and of what she expected to be a rapid conclusion of the journey: "With the great strides of the summer's flight behind us, and the wide limitless sky ahead, there was no end to our powers. Yesterday we had passed Europe; today we touched Africa; tomorrow we would be in

America" (5). The tail wind which had sped them on their way is set in a mythic context, compared with the story of Odysseus and the bag of winds which Aeolus gave him to help him return home to Ithaca:

This wind, usually so perverse, uncontrollable, and fickle, had been ours for two thousand miles. Miraculously, it had been ours to count upon as though, like the old story of Odysseus, some god had imprisoned in a bag of ox's skin all opposing winds, leaving free only that one which was to take us home. (4)

Lindbergh's comparison foreshadowed what would happen, that the wind would delay their return home just as Odysseus' crew's curiosity about the bag led to the release of storm winds that blew them off their course. Extending the mythic parallel, she emphasized the position of the aviator looking down, both literally and figuratively, on the world below:

Like gods still we were, looking down from our great height at the scalloped shore line, the minute ripples glistening far below, the toy boats bobbing in the water, the little stone houses, yellow and pink, bordering like pebbles the half-moon harbor of Porto Praia. (9)

Landing the plane was difficult in choppy seas made rough by the unceasing wind. The god-like perspective Anne had enjoyed suddenly changed:

The plane bucked like a horse as we passed over the valley, circled the town, and turned out to sea again.... Perhaps my picture was wrong. Perhaps we were not riding the wind like omnipo-

tent gods. Perhaps, instead, our plane was a tiny sliver of bark, tossed this way and that on the choppy surface of a great unruly sea of air. (10)

Her perspective shifted quickly, just as Ulysses's fortunes often changed abruptly on his homeward journey from the Trojan War to his island kingdom, Ithaca.

Placing herself and her husband among the company of gods adds a dimension of tragic awareness to their plight, to their difficulty in getting home to America. The problems of finding a landing place, of taking off, of gaining favorable winds were all part of the struggle that paralleled their greater need to find a peaceful and secure home. Lindbergh's anxiety about her safety surfaced as the plane sought its landing at Porto Praia. The waves were so choppy that she feared the plane would be damaged:

This time we would land, I thought, holding my breath as we hovered.... Yes, we had hit the wave. Back into the air. What a bounce! A blast from the engine. I waited for the second spank. Crash again. Spank--spank--spank--spank--would it never stop! Yes, we were down. We had landed. But what a landing--had it ripped the pontoons? (13)

Once the plane landed, it was tossed by the rough waves. Anne's first reaction was a sense of being enclosed: "We were dependent on [the water], tethered to it... our motion had not the freedom of motion in the air. It was part of a fixed pattern that revolved about us in unchanging repetition" (14). All such situations of being trapped, of losing control over her life, left Lindbergh frustrated and over-

come by grief, the worst of those being the tragedy of losing her first child. The delay in returning home was a source for sadness because she was aching to return to her child Jon. Yet she knew that only acceptance of whatever life brought would help one get through:

There is no simple formula, or swift way out, no comfort, or easy acceptance of suffering. 'There is no question,' as Katherine Mansfield wrote, 'of getting beyond it'--'The little boat enters the dark fearful gulf and our only cry is to escape--"put me on land again." But it's useless. Nobody listens. The shadowy figure rows on. One ought to sit still and uncover one's eyes.'

(Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead 212)

Just as the kidnapping had brought the Lindberghs down from their Olympian height to a world of misery below, so the landing at Porto Praia dashed their hopes for a quick return home. The wind made departure difficult, the rough sea made it impossible to take off with the full load of fuel needed to make the nonstop flight to South America, and the accommodations and resources were so limited that it was a struggle to accomplish anything there. More importantly for the narrative, Anne was almost immediately assailed by the sense of hopelessness that pervaded the abandoned French air base where they stayed and which characterizes the "Santiago" section of the narrative. The chief of the base, the "Chef," was ill, perhaps with tuberculosis; his young wife, like Anne herself, felt trapped in a place where there was little joy or relief from the bleak landscape, the heat,

and the roaring of the dry, unceasing wind:

The wind had not stopped. Under cover of darkness it was still blowing, stealthily, persistently, while people sat indoors, and ate and slept, forgetful. It was still blowing, still working, still sifting the sand over the concrete pier, in the cracks of windows, under doorsills; still swathing the arms of trees, still tugging at the ropes of anchors, as though goaded on by some resistless urge. (48)

The imagery of this description makes it clear that the wind is seen as an enemy, but it is unaware of its victims. What Anne presents in her picture of the wind is a subjective truth, a personal meaning; the wind is that which delays her return home. The wind threatens to trap the Lindberghs' plane, just as the lack of wind holds them later at Bathurst, where they must wait for a tail wind for their sixteen-hour transatlantic flight.

Time, too, is part of this apathetic world. In Porto Praia, Time seemed to stand still as the Lindberghs tried to find iron shackles to raise the plane from the water and then anchors to keep it from drifting out to sea, as they sought a place to sleep not infested by insects or slept in by fever victims, and as they waited for replies to their telegrams asking for permission to return to Africa in order to regroup and embark for South America and then home. In Porto Praia, "there was all the time in the world. Time to waste; time to drum one's fingernails on the table; time to stare out at the wavering shadows; time to sit in a wicker

chair and wait. Time didn't count here at all. It had stopped" (49). Lack of control placed both Lindberghs in a weak, "feminine" position, subject to outside forces which they could not alter.

Anne made time, like the wind, subjective in its meaning. A preoccupation with time extended to one of the maintenance tasks the Lindberghs performed each day in their plane, winding the chronometers: "arbitrary instruments we had brought with us from another world, shells from the floor of the sea, still faintly echoing the rhythm of another life... meaningless, though precious, reminders of what was going on in the world outside" (91). Because she has felt so separated from that outside world, Anne is surprised to see a clock in the radio house where she and Charles wait for an answer to their cables:

There, staring down at me from the mouse-colored plaster, like a round eye, was the startling face of a clock.... So surprisingly familiar, so shockingly incongruous, I had to collect myself before realizing that this was, perhaps, the first clock we had seen on the island. (91)

Every action in Porto Praia--climbing the shaley slopes on which one slides back almost as much as one goes forward, the tiny figure of Charles as Anne watched him rowing to and from the plane and the mouth of the harbor to check on the waves, and pumping out the pontoons and performing regular maintenance on the plane--must be repeated over and over again without any apparent progress being made, until Anne

was afraid that they would never make it off the island:

Listening to that wind roaring above us distantly, I had a sudden feeling of panic; a sense that it was life up there hurrying by, a great stream, tumbling, turning, sparkling, a rich swift life like the packed months just behind us.... we were in that stream once, but now we had been tossed out of it. We here, on this island, were caught in an eddy, a backwater, out of the stream;... a pool in time, where one climbed endlessly up shaley hills, and sat endlessly looking out of empty doors, and bent endlessly backwards and forwards over a bobbing boat. (49)

This waiting echoed all the other times one has to wait and made what seemed a unique situation universal, as it reminded Anne of the lack of control one has:

The quality of waiting... was always the same, no matter where it was; at an aviation field or a doctor's office; in a telephone booth or a garden; or even lying down in the baggage compartment of a plane, as I was now.... It was always the same. That broken-off detached piece of time, suspended in mid-air. (105)

There is a threatening element in such waiting, "unattached to life" as it is and like a "wave that climbed and climbed and never broke" (106) and thus unharnessable, a force beyond one's ability to control or enjoy.

Lindbergh placed herself in the position of subjective knowledge, looking inward to understand and cope with circumstances she could not change. The language with which she characterized the frustration of waiting specifically addressed waiting for things to grow--a farmer waiting for his crops to mature and a woman waiting for a child to be

born. Anne described the latter as "the only waiting which was really fruitful" (107). Her answer to her and Charles's efforts to fill the "empty box" of the days is at first denial ("deny waiting; refuse to look at it"), then hope that "in this apparent vacuum something was growing... something was ripening" so that they could continue the journey (107-108). She thus transformed the time spent waiting into personal significance in her account of the experience, thereby gaining an artist's control.

Finally, officials at Bathurst on the coast of Gambia gave permission for the Lindberghs to land there. Anne's reaction is full of pathos: she felt "no longer isolated, no longer outcast" and "as if they might even want us" (110). It was this pathos to which Antoine de Saint-Exupery, the French aviator and writer, responded. Saint-Exupery read Listen! the Wind before meeting the Lindberghs later on a visit to America, and his impact on Anne's later writing, particularly The Steep Ascent, was significant. Writing in a review of Listen! the Wind, a review to be used as an introduction to the French translation of the book, Saint-Exupery found it "an extraordinary revelation to see this kind of inner anxiety in a couple whom the whole world has applauded" ("A Fertile Anguish" 174). The Frenchman saw in the story evidence of the Lindberghs' strength but also their pain: "Such anguish is fertile. It is this inner compunction--and nothing will ever cure it--that makes them

start out two hours before dawn, outpioneer even the pioneers, cross oceans that hold other men in check" (175). What held Anne in check, according to Saint-Exupery, was fear, "not of death but of eternity" (174).

Saint-Exupery believed that Lindbergh had conveyed the essence of an experience in Listen! the Wind, had gained a personal meaning from the difficulties of the journey:

A true book is like a net, and words are the mesh. The nature of the mesh matters relatively little. What matters is the live catch the fisherman draws up from the depths of the sea, the flashings of silver that we see gleam within the net. (172)

Saint-Exupery applauded Lindbergh's artistic achievement, valuing the archetypal images she created in Listen! the Wind, where she "is secretly leaning on something as impossible to formulate, as elemental and universal as a myth. Yet... she is able to make us acutely aware of the problem of the human condition" (175). This problem is her struggle against time: "her struggle against time assume[s] the significance of a struggle against death, for the lack of a breeze at Bathurst confront[s] us almost imperceptibly with the problem of destiny" (176-177).

The problem for the Lindberghs was that "for them time must be set in motion again. They must rejoin the continent, reenter the stream,... where they can change and be alive" (Saint-Exupery 174). When the Lindberghs were given permission to come to Bathurst, Anne described her joy thus:

It was like suddenly hearing the music of a procession after being deaf; after watching a marching band from a closed window... The music had been out there all the time, only we had not heard it. Now the window is open, it is part of us.... life was beating again in us. We were part of it again.

(110)

Rejoining the stream of life meant being where Time had meaning as well as making progress toward home. A return to civilization was a return to a place where masculine and patriarchal values of order reigned. Anne made it more subjective, however, casting it as a return to all the possibilities for human interaction and as fulfillment of her desire to return to home and family. She transformed the image of being in the stream of life again later; it becomes a metaphor for caring for and nurturing others in her last novel, Dearly Beloved.

This image of being in the stream is particularly feminine, symbolizing life itself for the woman artist. In her discussion of Willa Cather's autobiographical novel The Song of the Lark, Linda Pannill describes Cather's heroine Thea Kronberg having a "revelation about how the artist herself is only an instrument... [who] will make of herself a 'vessel' to hold the water of life," this image coming to Thea while she bathes in a stream (98). Pannill finds "not only the vessel motif but the water used with it is a representation of a particularly female attitude toward--and victory over--experience" (99).

Casting herself as victorious in successfully rejoining

the stream, Lindbergh triumphed over the enemy of Time. The victory was only temporary, however, for there was a long delay at Bathurst before the final leg across the ocean could begin. The remainder of the journey was difficult. Again Anne drew on subjective knowledge to paint a very personal picture of what the struggle signified for her: "at times it seemed to me we were struggling with a gigantic Chinese puzzle. Some of the pieces were fixed; some were movable, and we must fit them all into a smooth whole" (130). Similarly, as an artist, Lindbergh fit pieces of the journey into a coherent narrative.

Another metaphor Anne used for their quandary connects her to Penelope, staving off the suitors who wanted to take the place of her absent husband Odysseus. Penelope had promised to take a husband when she finished her weaving, but each night she undid the work she had woven during the day. Lindbergh's frequent use of sewing and fabric images is appropriate for a woman whose grandmother taught her to sew as a child and who frequently described the textures of things by their likenesses to various fabrics. She described the decisions about what to take and when to try to take off as like a giant "cat's cradle" of thread, an "intricate structure... [that threatened to] ravel out into a meaningless piece of tangled thread" (132).

Lindbergh used images of fabric raveling as if she were a new type of Penelope, as if her doubts that they will be

able to fly undid each night the hopeful waiting and the preparing that she had accomplished during the days of delay. Interestingly, the image of Penelope had long been in Lindbergh's mind. In a 1928 diary entry written shortly after her college graduation, Anne "wonder[ed] if someone has written a poem reversing the Penelope story--someone who made a web at night and (in the cold light of morning and reason) unraveled it each day" (Bring Me A Unicorn 164). Her echo of Penelope in Listen! the Wind does give a new twist to the story and shows Lindbergh's closer connection to Penelope, to the woman waiting at home for Odysseus' return, than to the wandering Odysseus with whose image the book opened.

Images of comforting enclosure--not the suffocating entrapment as at Porto Praia--accompany the Lindberghs' postponed departure from Bathurst, again associated with thread. They tried to take off in pre-dawn hours, taking advantage of the "dark and faceless coin" of night so as to be paid back "in the clear gold of daylight at the other end" (153). Afraid of the "dark fearful gulf" of night, Anne felt wrapped in the threads of the noise of take-off, the spray from the sea, and the dark of night--"wrapped in all three tonight, spun in a cocoon, layer upon layer about us" (184). The power of this intensely personal image comes from Anne's subjective knowledge, her awareness that she is, like something in a cocoon, about to be reborn to life when

she regains home and family. However, the promised life inside a cocoon had to await fruition; this attempt failed.

To fill the time as they waited, Anne tried, as she had done on earlier journeys, to memorize poetry to fill her mind during the tedious hours of flight, the hours of silence between radio transmission and reception. Resigned to the waiting again required of her, Anne concentrated on "Autumn Resignation," a poem by Humbert Wolfe, from which the title for this volume came:

'Listen! the wind is rising,
and the air is wild with leaves.' (204)

When the wind finally rose at Bathurst, the wind which had nearly abandoned them after they had left Porto Praia, Anne was ready to rejoin the stream of life:

It smooths out now, like a long sigh, like a person breathing easily, freely. Like someone singing ecstatically, climbing, soaring--sustained note of power and joy. We turn from the lights of the city; we pivot on a dark wing; we roar over the earth. The plane seems exultant now, even arrogant. (217)

The release from the waiting is a physical one and echoes earlier passages, such as the god-like power flying gives one, the image with which the book opened. No longer a Penelope weaving and undoing her web, Lindbergh linked herself again to Odysseus, the traveller heading homeward, but the image of Penelope is more vivid. The subjective truth of woman's experience, waiting, is stronger in the

book than the masculine pattern of action.

Eager to fill the hours of the homeward flight, Anne embraced the practical tasks that were hers as radio operator. The third section of Listen! the Wind describes the last part of the journey, "Bound Natal." The first chapter, "My Little Room," describes her happy immersion in setting her cockpit in order. Anne suggests a space evocative of Virginia Woolf's "room of one's own," but it is a space completely unfeminine, a place devoted to the work of operating radio:

It is strange how one's place of work, anywhere, becomes an all-important world--how it becomes, even more than that, a shelter and a home, enclosing and buttressing you on all sides, giving you a sense of security, no matter how precarious it may actually be--even hurtling blindly through the air.

This little cockpit of mine became extraordinarily pleasing to me, as much so as a furnished study at home. Every corner, every crack, had significance. Every object meant something. Not only the tools I was working with, the transmitter and receiver, the key and the antenna reel; but even the small irrelevant objects on the side of the fuselage, the little black hooded light, its face now turned away from me, the shining arm and knob of the second throttle, the bright switches and handles, the colored wires and copper pipes: all gave me, in a strange sense, as much pleasure as my familiar books and pictures might at home. The pleasure was perhaps not esthetic but came from a sense of familiarity, security, and possession. I invested them with an emotional significance of their own, since they had been through so much with me. They made up this comfortable, familiar, tidy, compact world that was mine. (222-223)

This passage succeeds in feminizing a male setting by

describing it subjectively, as if Anne were at home in her study.

Lindbergh had read much of Woolf since her college days and surely had in mind not only A Room of One's Own but also her own efforts to create a private space wherever she lived, a place where she could focus on her own writing. This description shows her need to name the objects around her and thereby claim them for her own, her desire to reacquaint herself with the tools she used as radio officer and pilot, and her delight in the familiar, all contributing to her need to feel secure and in control over some aspect of her life. She took pride in the duties that furthered their flight, for she had to transmit the plane's position at least once every hour and make constant adjustments in her efforts to pick up stations behind them in Africa and ahead in South America. The work itself gave her joy, a kind of joy in activity that looks forward to Gift From the Sea, where practical tasks become healing ones. Even in a description of operating radio, she appealed to the senses and created a warm picture, even while she is suspended over an ocean, thousands of miles from home:

I ran my fingers over the coils... jiggled them out of their places and pressed them (smelling faintly of shellac) into their sockets in the transmitter box. I clamped down the earphones over my ears. I switched on the receiver. The luminous dials glowed warmly out of the dark. I reached for the plump handle of the antenna reel. I put my fingers on the smooth key. 'Darr dit darr dit, dit darr dit-' My work had begun. Outside the night rushed

by. How nice to be in your own little room, to pull your belongings around you, to draw in like a snail in his shell, to work! (229)

The tone of this description is personal, showing Lindbergh's happiness at finally having a task to do and at being closer to home and child with each hour. Even at the prospect of what was to be her longest sustained flight, sixteen hours, her exhaustion and apathy had disappeared. For half of the flight, she was able to sustain her efforts and interest, but after eight hours fatigue was apparent. Still aware of her environment, however, she described what she could see out of the window:

Ten o'clock--eight hours behind us, eight ahead; we were halfway. By now the sun was well up at our back. The day was good. There were no more storms, only a few clouds left wandering at our own level. And far above, the sky was a broken overcast. Bits of blue showed through its gray folds. The sea below, rippled with little waves, looked peaceful and calm as far as one could see....

But I was very tired, the thought of the whole day ahead seemed an unbearable burden. I was sending all the time now with my eyes closed. To open them again to write [the radio messages] was like lifting day and night. Time, in hours, minutes, and seconds, like an ever-increasing weight of sand, piled on my lids. Sleep settled on me like a fall of feathers. One more feather and I should go under, be drowned in that delicious sea. (244)

Lindbergh captured the feeling of fighting off sleep in lyrical language, the images startling in their fitness and evocative of the sounds of slumber, the sibilant "s" sounds in particular. The fall of feathers reminds one of the

white plumes of fur the trapper tossed down to her at Revillon Furs' trading post in Baker Lake. Even in the mechanistic environment of a plane's cockpit, surrounded by tools and radio apparatus, Lindbergh was able to find subjective, personal truth in the experience.

In her determination to do her job as radio operator, Lindbergh continued sending, and when the German ship *Westfalen* answered her and then the Lindbergh plane flew over it, she was rejuvenated. In a passage that emphasized her excitement at having succeeded in communicating with the ship, Lindbergh recaptured the thrill of that moment:

I held up my arm and waved frantically, conscious of that supreme thrill of communication. It is the most exciting thing in life anyway, whether you find it in a book or in conversation or in the understanding of two minds. But this, the momentary synthesis of two kinds of communication [radio, then visual contact], was almost unbearable in its intensity. All night and all day I had been struggling to speak over a radio. I had been able to contact people only through my fingers, and my ears, like someone who is blind. But now, suddenly, I could see. A veil had dropped away. I could see, face to face. One of those men waving on deck was the radio operator I had been talking to. I raised my arm again--wonderful! (255)

Just as finally taking off from Porto Praia made Lindbergh feel a part of life, in the "stream" again, being successful in communicating by radio put her in touch with others again. When the *Westfalen* radio officer bid her farewell, he extended "XMAS WISHES AND HAPPY NEW YEAR" (256). At first, Lindbergh felt as if nothing could be

further from Christmas than the tropical sea she looked down on, but the possibility of Christmas opened to her like a door. Just as the men she had visited on the Orient flight were pleased at any mention of their homes, grasping at the memories that such references awoke, Lindbergh awoke to what Christmas meant to her. Another reference to Odysseus framed her recollection, which led her to a subjective statement of what her return home meant, echoing past journeys:

It was even possible that we might get home for Christmas. I let myself think about it; it was so near. 'The men are sailing home from Troy,' I thought, 'And all the lamps are lit.' The line jingled in my head as it always did when I was going home. It had danced to the rhythm of the train, coming back from school. It had throbbed in the engines of a steamer, coming into port. And now, again:

The men are sailing home from Troy,
And all the lamps are lit. (256)

These lines from Elizabeth Madox Roberts' "My Heart" opened the door to even more pleasurable recollections for Anne, memories of her family's drive from Englewood to New York, a romantic recapturing of the pleasant and worry-free world of childhood, with its "beech road and bicycle days. Past the school, our old house, the chestnut tree, the elm where the sand-box was" (258). Only her husband's wobbling the stick, his signal that they were about to land at Natal, Brazil, brought Anne back to the present. The childhood memories are another example of subjective knowledge, but,

her duties calling to her, Anne returned to the objective world. She recorded the radio messages sent about landing conditions and passed them on to Charles, and the plane came safely to rest. Her last task was recording in the log that they had "Landed Natal 17:55 GMT [Greenwich Mean Time]" (260). Once on shore, she found herself climbing yet another hill and was momentarily disoriented, feeling that she was back in Porto Praia. Then she realized happily that the waiting was over, that she was in Brazil and only a short time from a reunion with the life she had missed for almost six months--home, family, and familiar surroundings. Seeing the whitecaps on the sea, she rejoiced in the sight, "why, there's a wind, a good wind" but realized immediately that "we were not at Bathurst; we were at Natal. We no longer needed the wind" (262).

When Lindbergh was waiting--first at Porto Praia and then at Bathurst--her waiting was beyond her ability to control, like so much of the waiting women have to endure, a link she made clear in referring to all the times one has to wait, especially for a child. Waiting was somehow part of what marriage to Charles Lindbergh meant, giving up control over her days and following him wherever he wanted to go. It was a lifestyle that always meant delays--waiting for travel clearances, for refueling, for landing, and for him to return from the trips he took alone. Such waiting and its accompanying frustration appeared again, in the writing

Lindbergh did in the 1940's, especially in The Steep Ascent, which the next chapter will examine. Lindbergh's ability to find personal truth in her experiences, her *subjective knowledge*, began its transformation into *procedural knowledge*, in which she continued to connect her experiences to those of all women and to communicate the insights she had gained.

CHAPTER V

THE STEEP ASCENT: "ANY WOMAN AND ANY ORDEAL"

The stage of life in which Anne Morrow Lindbergh found herself in the 1930's was the demanding one of wife and mother, her roles greatly complicated by her husband's fame, the tragic loss of a child, and the constant travel and continuing efforts to find a secure home.¹ These took their toll on her and kept her for a long period in the subjective knowledge position, looking inward to find personal truths to sustain her in the face of all the stresses in her life. Such truth became for her, as for many of the women Belenky, Clinchy, Goldberger, and Tarule studied, "an intuitive reaction--something experienced, not thought out, something felt rather than actively pursued or constructed" (69). Anne did not see herself as a *constructor of truth* but rather as a "conduit through which truth emerges" (Women's Ways of Knowing 69). While she was entrenched in the subjectivist position, Lindbergh experienced, as did some of the women in Belenky's study, an "existential loneliness and despair... [often seen in] women who had not found bridges back to other people" (84). This

¹Besides the tens of thousands of miles the Lindberghs traveled in the 1930's and early 1940's, they moved at least a dozen times, living in three places in New Jersey, an apartment in New York, then England, two homes in France, and six more moves after returning to America in 1939, settling finally in Darien, Connecticut, after the end of World War II.

is precisely the view that Saint-Exupery had of the woman revealed in Listen! the Wind, a woman fearful of Time and eager to rejoin "the stream of life." By the end of Listen! the Wind, Anne Lindbergh was searching for ways to reenter the stream, to build bridges back to life, as her excitement over her successful radio communication with the *Westfalen* illustrated.

While Lindbergh was moving back and forth between the positions of received and subjective knowledge, she looked "to feeling and intuition for some of the answers [she] needed and to external authorities for others" (Belenky 88), but she was moving toward another perspective by the late 1930's. While in the position of *subjective knowledge*, Anne trusted her inner voice and the hard-won personal meanings she had gained from her experience; in the position of *procedural knowledge*, she began to privilege a voice which would ultimately be more powerful in the writing she did in the 1940's, the voice of reason.

One characteristic of the epistemological perspective of procedural knowing is a focus on critical thinking, on "acquiring and applying procedures for obtaining and communicating knowledge" (Belenky 95). Movement into this perspective provides the woman with a greater sense of control and a more pragmatic approach to problem-solving than she experienced in the positions of received or subjective knowledge. The woman in this position could

begin more effectively to debate the relative merits of any argument to find the strongest position. A corollary to this emphasis on argument was the woman's renewed interest in identifying authorities whose ideas made the most sense and seemed most convincing to her, a more critical use of experts than the mere acceptance of authority that marked her thinking in the position of received knowledge. Appeals to authority begin to be integrated with the woman's own personal truths in procedural knowledge. Lindbergh attempted to accomplish this task in the writing she did in the 1940's, reasoning from authorities to convince an audience but always balancing the experts' opinions with the truths she had gained through personal experience.

Looking back at North to the Orient and Listen! the Wind forty years after they were published, Lindbergh described them as "rather tentative travel books about our flights," but, she went on, "I was finding my voice" ("The Journey Not the Arrival" 8). Just as the tragedy of her child's kidnapping and death had added authority to her voice as she described her travel experiences, so did the experiences she had in the years prior to World War II. They provided her with the depth of material she used in her writing and through which she gained confidence in the insights she could offer, especially to women.

She had a clearly recognizable voice even in her early journal entries, but it was not until The Steep Ascent,

published in 1944, that Anne was confident enough in her own voice to tell a story, a different situation than the one she experienced with the travel narratives published in the 1930's and the essay The Wave of the Future (1940), a kind of apology for the Lindberghs' anti-interventionist stance in the pre-war years. All these works were to greater or lesser degree influenced by Charles; he had compiled the appendices for the travel narratives, had drawn their maps, and had insisted on "correcting" Anne's prose. Charles's influence was also strong in The Wave of the Future, in which Anne defended her husband's increasingly strident anti-war campaign.²

Both Charles's views and those of his father found their way into Anne's writing about the war. Anne believed in the rightness of the anti-intervention movement, though she disagreed with its tone and the beliefs of its more radical members. She supported her husband's pacifism, arguing that his work for the America First Committee was motivated also because of his belief that Germany was better prepared and more likely to win an air war than any of the Allies, a belief based on his visits to German aircraft facilities while in Europe in the late 1930's (War Within and Without xv-xvi). Anne also believed that the Europe she

²Charles Lindbergh was following in his father's footsteps. The elder Charles Lindbergh had opposed U. S. entrance into World War I. He had served as a Minnesota Representative in Congress from 1907 to 1917.

knew could not stand up to Germany and that the England and France she loved, having found refuge in those countries from 1936 to 1939, would not survive a war.

As Leonard Mosley argued in his biography of Lindbergh, the son's isolationist views echoed the father's. In a 1914 speech before Congress, Charles Lindbergh, Sr. had sounded this warning:

'War is paid for by the people. It is the slavery and drudgery that follows war that is more damaging than war itself. We glorify the soldier... appeal to his pride and to his patriotism. The country treats him as a hero, and he is a hero. But what of those who drudge year after year all through life to make up for the destruction of war?.... And what are we to gain? An enormous debt and the loss of valuable lives.' (Mosley 15-16)

Lindbergh the son, like Anne herself, was also concerned about the human and economic costs of war, and he saw the forces pushing for war as depriving the ordinary citizen of a voice in the decision. He was opposed to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's policies in general and those regarding war in particular. Lindbergh insisted that the two issues that motivated him were "first, that I believed that the American people had not been given a choice of voting on military intervention; second, I believed that we could not force democracy on other peoples, friends, or foes" (Autobiography of Values 193).³ In a speech on May

³For two accounts of the tensions between Lindbergh and Roosevelt, see Wayne S. Cole's Charles A. Lindbergh and the Battle Against American Intervention in World War II (New

23, 1941, Lindbergh echoed his father's views of nearly thirty years earlier:

'Our country is not divided today because we fear war, or sacrifice, or because we fear anything at all. We are divided because we are asked to fight over issues that are Europe's and not ours.... We believe that we are more likely to lose [democracy] at home than to spread it abroad by prolonging this war and sending millions of our soldiers to their deaths in Europe and Asia.' (193-194)

Sometimes reflecting her husband's views, but more often selecting a different angle of vision in her plea against war, Anne's wrote The Wave of the Future "to help to clear the minds of others in doubt and confusion--others who, like myself, are not specialists in history, economics, or foreign affairs.... the average citizen... [on whom falls] the decision... and its consequences" (4-5). Like both her husband and his father, she appealed to the judgment of ordinary citizens. Echoing Chekhov, she felt that "the duty of the writer was not to solve the problem but to attempt to state it correctly" (6). She was using the tools of rational argument appropriate to the stage of procedural knowledge, appealing to reason and authority as well as integrating both with her own personal experience. She offered, instead of a solution, a description of the forces which she felt the world had not heeded and which, she believed,

York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1974) and Leonard Mosley, Lindbergh: A Biography (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1976).

somehow the leaders in Germany, Italy and Russia have discovered how to use... [They] have sensed the changes and they have exploited them. They have felt the wave of the future and they have leapt upon it. The evils we deplore in these systems are not in themselves the future; they are scum on the wave of the future. (18-19)

Much more a pacifist than her husband, Anne had "hoped war could be avoided, or that an early peace would still save some part of a world I loved--that the good of a dying civilization could be bequeathed in comparative tranquility to the new one; as, in nature, a flower dies, but the plant puts forth a new bud from the old stem" (23).⁴ The new life for which one could hope was symbolized for her in children. Conscious of her role in teaching her children about the world around them, as well as offering her insights to a much wider public audience, Anne asked,

What are we to teach our children--the same things we were taught? How fantastic a world in which one gasps in the morning papers at the invasion of Holland and Belgium by tanks, machine guns, and bombers, and in the same breath tells one's children not to use the front entrance of the house in case the slamming of the screen door frighten a mother robin nesting in the cornice above! (8-9)

As she had done in her diaries and travel narratives, Anne Lindbergh used the particular to represent the general effect of experience, bringing a new angle of vision, a more

⁴Anne wrote her mother in a letter, dated September 4, 1940, that "I want to give the proceeds of [The Wave of the Future]--if any!--to the Quakers, as they seem to be the only ones living up to the reality of the word mercy" (War Within and Without 145).

humane perspective. She had written in her diary that "we have stopped using the front door for fear of frightening the mother robin who has built her nest above it" (War Within and Without 95). She captured the contrast between world problems and the precious fragility of a bird nesting, a seemingly trivial detail that nevertheless expressed a much deeper and widely felt concern, the concern for life--all life--that always seems to get lost in wartime.

The intersection of the trivial with the tragic dimensions of life was also the focus of her 1944 novel The Steep Ascent, which she saw as a symbol of women's experience in war-time and in the most demanding situations in life. In the "Preface" to the novel, Anne explained why she told this story based on an actual incident that had occurred on a flying trip in 1937, when the Lindberghs' plane was caught in fog over the Alps:

It may seem an anachronism to publish today a flying story that is not a war story. The adventures of peace should not and cannot be set up against the adventures of war. But the writer must give out of his own store--which is in the past--and try by piercing deeply enough into his own experience, whatever it may be, to create something that is neither dated in time nor localized in space. (v)

The preface was also Anne's way of staving off criticism that her story was unimportant, especially in the atmosphere of war-time. She had suffered deeply from the vitriolic criticism that followed publication of The Wave of

the Future, criticism that accused her and Charles of being anti-Semitic, Nazi sympathizers, and ingrates after having found refuge and a peaceful period in Europe. She insisted, throughout the "Preface," that hers was the artist's task of describing her own vision. She also saw her story as a way of paying homage to women's experience, the "women who love and watch and wait eternally" for men to come home from war (vi). She thus set up her story as art and as a testament to women's experience, implying its archetypal nature:

This story is fiction and not biography. Or, to be more accurate, it is a fictional account of an actual incident. It is not primarily an adventure story, at least certainly not one of physical adventure.... it is simply a woman's story, the story of a woman's life and ordeal--any woman and any ordeal. (vi)

Of course, Anne Morrow Lindbergh was not just "any woman"; her life had already included tragedies that were not just "any ordeal." Yet she generalized her experience to all women and developed her narrative in terms that privileged the feminine and the maternal. She appropriated the modernist concept of time as *synchronic*, combining moments without necessarily attending to the chronology of when events occurred. She set her story in the context of ideas gleaned from an article by Arthur Koestler and from T. S. Eliot's "The Dry Salvages." Lindbergh saw her near-death flying experience as a type of the "exceptional circumstance which permits one to realize the intersection line of two

planes of existence" (The Steep Ascent vi). In an article on the sources of creative inspiration, Arthur Koestler had defined these two planes of existence as the "*vie triviale*" and the "*vie tragique*":

'Usually we move on the plane of the *vie triviale*, but occasionally in moments of elation, danger, etc., we find ourselves transferred to the plane of the *vie tragique*, with its un-common-sense cosmic perspective.... But it happens that in exceptional circumstances--for instance, if one has to live through a long stretch of time in physical danger, one is placed as it were on the intersection line of two planes.' (vi-vii)

Lindbergh combined Koestler's "'intersection line of two planes'" with Eliot's "'point of intersection of the timeless with time'" in "The Dry Salvages" (vi-vii). She believed "that point is the ceaseless preoccupation of all artists," finding in the work of Rainier Maria Rilke, Franz Kafka, Virginia Woolf, and Fyodor Dostoyevsky an ability to

embrace the near and the far at the same instant, to synthesize the concrete and the abstract, the factual and the spiritual, the superficial and the profound. One of Dostoyevsky's heroes on the brink of suicide wants to live because of 'the sticky little leaves of spring'... and 'some great deeds done by men.' (vii)

Lindbergh saw her task in The Steep Ascent as an attempt to embrace both the near and the far, "to define or to translate that point [of intersection] into tangible form" (viii). In drawing on work by Koestler, Eliot, and other writers whom she admired, Lindbergh gained authority and

demonstrated a movement characteristic of *procedural knowledge*, applying the insights she had gained from others to the interpretation of a personal experience.

The event which inspired The Steep Ascent was a flight the Lindberghs took from England over the Swiss Alps to Italy. The trip itself, which occurred on February 1, 1937, takes up six pages in Anne Morrow Lindbergh's diary for this period, The Flower and the Nettle, covering the years from 1936 to 1939 when the Lindberghs lived in England and France. Lindbergh expanded her account into the nine chapters and 120 pages of The Steep Ascent, developing the novel through description and through exploration of the narrator's thoughts in the hours of the flight. Along with the recurring images of Time, Fear, and Death, the thread of the protagonist's awareness of her roles--wife, mother, artist--also holds the narrative together. While Eve Alcott, the central character, does not define herself as a writer, her expression--her thoughts, her conscious naming and defining of the aspects of her life and of the stages of the trip, and her references to other writers--is self-consciously artistic and shows her in the position of procedural knowledge, combining others' insights with her own.

As narrator, Eve describes the trip in vivid details that move from the trivial and everyday to the tragic and abstract. The loss of a few minutes here and there, before

she and Gerald take off from Reading, England, heading for the Lympe airfield in France, seems trivial but is quite serious; it means that the daylight may not last until the plane reaches Italy:

Only twelve minutes late. That wasn't really so bad--now they were actually off. Five minutes lost on the road, two or three looking at the new Falcon [airplane], and then those inevitable last moment delays just before starting. The hangar doors always stuck in their grooves when you went to push them open.... Funny about time. Lost time was like a run in a stocking. It always got worse. (22)

Eve here defines Time as threatening order; although the image of a run in a stocking seems ordinary and mild enough, it is nevertheless distressing. Elsewhere, Eve calls Time an ocean, a slow mule, a snapping hound, and a blind man, all more threatening metaphors for her lack of control over Time. Any woman would understand the comparison of lost time to a run in a stocking and would identify with the frustration Eve feels. Of course, the delay has far more serious consequences than a ruined stocking, but Lindbergh deliberately kept Eve moving between the two planes of existence--*la vie triviale* and *la vie tragique*.

A comparison of the short description the diary entry gave of each stage of the trip and Anne's transformation of the journey into a novel demonstrates the increasing control she had gained as a writer. Images of Time are much more prominent in the novel than in the diary account, where

Lindbergh only briefly mentioned a delay at the Lympe airfield caused by the late arrival of a customs official. A few short sentences in the diary became six pages as Lindbergh described the scene and her conversation with the mechanic filling the plane's fuel tanks. Finding that she was in agreement with him about the miserable February weather expected, Eve was briefly distracted from her worry about having been delayed while she and Gerald waited for the Customs official:

She felt quite cheerful now, joined to the world of human beings again by this act of participation in gloom. Yes, she was feeling better every moment; but the moments were passing. Now that the gas was almost in, time was beginning to count, to waste away. The taximeter in her had started ticking again. Nine-twenty--where was that man? (33)

The tone of irritation with the Customs man looks forward to Eve's later annoyance with her husband for losing the way, even though she shares his ignorance of the route they are flying over the Alps. She sees her husband and other men often from a maternal angle of vision, as rather mischievous boys or wilfully wayward children. Anne's transformation of her husband into Gerald Alcott made him a stunt flyer and characterized him as very casual about the dangers of flying, details which increased the dramatic tension in the novel. Charles was always meticulous about preparations and contingency plans, but Charles did, like Gerald, "play the edge" too often for Anne's comfort. It

was just that playing too close to the limits of a plane and of human beings that got Eve and Gerald in trouble.

From the beginning of the novel, Lindbergh stressed the need for her central character, Eve Alcott, to transcend time, to hold onto perfect moments and to slow down time when events rushed her toward that which she feared, whether it was leaving her son behind for a flying trip, bearing the child she was carrying, or heading toward an almost-certain death in a plane crash. She halted time in moments such as when one must say "good-bye":

All good-byes--what a wrenching they were, what a tearing of the limpet from its rock, and how weakening, as if one's life-force drained away at the word. Even ordinary good-byes were bad enough, after a week-end or on the station platform. But they were just dress rehearsals for the real kind. The real kind were those that implied 'I may not see you again' or 'I may not come back.' (4-5)

Saying good-bye to her son Peter, Eve reminded him that she and his father Gerald would fly over the house and that he could wave a towel out the window as "always": "It helped to say 'the way you always do.' It spread the misery of the present into the past and into the future. Thinned out like that, it was easier to bear. It assumed, too, that there would be a future" (6). In comforting her son, Eve also comforted herself in having to say good-bye. Eve explained why she was making this trip: "'Mother hasn't been very well...., and she has to go where it's sunny, and Father has

business" (6). Like Eve, Anne had been ill, as she was with each pregnancy, and a warmer climate than a dreary, rainy English winter was prescribed to help her regain strength.

Still she felt she had to explain all the many times for leaving a child behind to go on a trip with her husband. Later in the novel, Eve, considering why she is in a plane over France when she might be home caring for her son and waiting for another child to be born, answered the question by saying "she was going with life on this trip" (61):

People 'died' all the time in their lives. Parts of them died when they made the wrong kind of decisions--decisions against life.... If you were perceptive you could see it in their eyes; the fire had gone out.... When you denied life you were warned. The cock crowed, always, somewhere inside of you. (61)

Refusing her husband's wishes seems tantamount to betrayal, as this description echoes Peter's denial of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, marked by the sound of a cock crowing. There is a spiritual element in Eve's desire to "go with life," to be with her husband:

Usually it was fear that made you pull the door shut: emotional fear of becoming involved with people, of loving too much (because it always meant suffering to love deeply, as she loved Gerald and Peter); physical fear of pain and death (if she, for instance, had stayed home from this trip); spiritual fear of the great and the unknown that made you stop in your mind when you came on words like God and Prayer. (61)

Fear becomes here a motif Lindbergh used to acknowledge

all that is unknown or threatens life. In response to different fears, Lindbergh made many references to those things which elicited fear: flying in fog, the unknown dangers of unfamiliar territory, anxiety about giving birth and about losing a child, and the fear of death that pervades the novel. This last fear is tied to what Lindbergh always felt as the shadow over her life, the sense that she could not escape a fate that had already been set in place. She insisted that she was not a conventionally religious person, skeptical of the Puritanistic faith of her parents and her grandparents and of the conventional trappings of religion. In The Steep Ascent, she had Eve Alcott wondering about how to meet her fears and realizing that the outside force she desired to tap into was what some people would call God:

The non-conformist in her was embarrassed at the word. It was too facile, too easy to use a word like that. It smacked of false religions, the purple edges of religion, not the white nameless blaze itself in the center. But anyway, what did it matter what you called it? (58)

It was not until her second novel, Dearly Beloved, that Lindbergh managed to resolve this apparent paradox, a skepticism about religion but an intense interest in the life of the spirit. In The Steep Ascent, Lindbergh evaded the issue somewhat, but she did name Eve appropriately, as one who asks questions. Eve, the first woman, is also appropriate for a character who leaves what seems a secure

and garden-like home in England to fly into unknown and dangerous territory. Not only was a crossing of the Alps a perilous flight, but the Alcotts also had to navigate around areas considered off-limits to them, the restricted flying routes suggestive of the "fortified zones" of war-time Italy. Eve's last name is Alcott, the name of one of Lindbergh's favorite writers since childhood, Louisa May Alcott, and Eve partakes of qualities exhibited by the March girls in Little Women--Meg's desire to please her husband, Jo's dreams to being a writer, Beth's quiet domestic ways and interest in beautiful things such as flowers and embroidery and music, and Amy's artistic aspirations. Such traditional female qualities combined with an artistic ambition reveals Eve as the kind of figure Linda Pannill saw as the most common model available to a female artist in the early twentieth century, a woman who filled the roles of homemaker and artist but subordinated her art to family.

Lindbergh's choice of Eve as the name of her protagonist is also significant because this Eve, not her husband Gerald, became the namer of experience. Where the man in the Garden of Eden controlled by naming and defining, the woman in The Steep Ascent names, defines, and redefines those things which elicit her interest or her fear. The need to confront her fears and control Time, by defining and naming it, pervades Eve's thoughts. Eve is afraid of disorder, of time wasted, of its swift passage, and of not

being able to control any aspect of her life. In the chapter titled "Dust of Confusion," Lindbergh described the disruption of the everyday order as upsetting to Eve:

Eve opened the door into her own lighted room. It was in frightful confusion. Boots, bags, sun-helmets, tools, tissue paper, coats, shirts, socks, and small bottles of drugs lay littered over the floor, the bed and the chairs. [Gerald] sat in the middle of the room, his crisp curls bent over a card table that was covered with maps. He had the end of a cigarette in his mouth and the ceiling was cloudy with accumulated smoke, a confused and misty mirror to the floor. (10)

Her mind was also confused about the wisdom of taking such a trip--a jumble of thoughts and worries:

All decisions were dreadful. Shall I--shan't I? Will I--won't I? No wonder Gerald let her do [the packing]. How cold would it be in Italy? How hot would it be in Egypt? Would they need quinine? And how about that Mother's Aid book, should she take it or not? No, she decided, definitely no. It was only full of academic advice that could not help her, like 'Avoid all stress and strain' and 'The expectant mother should not travel.' She'd better forget about that. After all, she had made her decision. (14-15)

Eve's decision to accompany Gerald and the questions she asked herself about what to take on the journey echo Anne's efforts to prepare for trips such as the flight "north to the Orient." But in transforming what had become a common experience in her life--packing, travelling, making decisions about whether to go and what to take--Lindbergh created a somewhat different relationship and husband for her alter ego, Eve. Where Charles was a non-smoker and

obsessively attentive to details, Gerald is a chain smoker and more casual about the minute preparations for a trip. Eve seems more in control, hurrying her husband along, than Anne was, often being reminded by Charles that there was little time for dawdling. Anne was, however, like Eve, obsessed with time and reluctant to leave behind her son to go on this 1937 trip, as Anne's diary entry for the day of departure shows:

Late in the afternoon--evening, really, for Jon was in bed--we left Long Barn. I whistled to Jon from my room, packing, as I do every night after he goes to bed. Thinking how little he cared really about our going, and how hard it was for me to leave him. Once we got off in the car... it was easier; that awful 'leaving' lump left my chest. (The Flower and the Nettle 131)

Missing from this brief entry are the details of "Good-bye" and "Dust of Confusion," the first two chapters in The Steep Ascent, but the reluctance to leave a child is similar for Eve:

Six o'clock, Eve thought, looking at her wrist-watch. Time to say goodnight to Peter. The last time for weeks--for months perhaps. Six o'clock--where would she be tomorrow night at this hour? Somewhere on their journey. She did not know where. She only knew she would be looking back at this moment, this... incredibly precious moment of saying good night to her boy. For weeks, for months now, she would be remembering.... The anguish and the joy of that good night was still hers--but... she could put it off no longer. (3)

The good-bye and the hurried preparations for leaving

are much expanded in the novel based on the trip. The preoccupation with Time that dominates the novel begins and ends the introductory chapters, first with Eve looking at her watch and seeing that it is time to say good-bye to her son, and with her last glance at the room as she leaves the house.

In twenty minutes Gerald had taken both bags downstairs and had gone for the car. She was left to tidy up. The room was still strewn with abandoned choices. With a closed mind and haste at her heart, she stuffed them helter-skelter into drawers--any drawers--to get them out of the way. The room must be left in a semblance of order. Finally it was done. She turned at the door and surveyed it with a last look. It was cleared, true, but somehow it did not give the impression of order. All the big paraphernalia of packing had been removed from view: bags, tissue paper, clothes. But there was a fine dust of confusion left over everything. The shreds and scraps of packing had sifted everywhere as though a high wind had passed through the room and had just settled down. Well, she couldn't stop now to pick up each shred of cotton wool, each torn scrap of newspaper. It would take a long time before the room looked normal again. (15)

The need for order and fear of wasting time are in conflict as Eve hurries away. Lindbergh's words dramatize the conflict--*abandoned, helter-skelter, semblance of order, dust of confusion, normal*--all reflecting Eve's fears and losses and desire for a normal life. Eve's need to be in control of the everyday details of life make her unhappy with disorder and obsessed with time, especially anxious about time wasted. The images of Time predominate as she dresses to leave the inn where she and Gerald have spent the

night before the trip:

She dressed with a terrible urgency eating at her. Time was precious. Time, which had spread out for her, as she lay in bed all winter, like an endless ocean of identical waves--an ocean of nine months to be crossed slowly with painful difficulty--time had suddenly telescoped. It boxed them up. It was no longer infinite space; it was a tunnel down which they were hurrying on all fours.... Time had been a slow mule she had prodded along to keep it from going to sleep. Now it was harrying them, snapping at their heels like a dog. Time had been a blind man tapping down the walk after her. Now it was a fencer parrying with them. Quick, quick, quick--counter his thrust. (20)

The references to childbirth and the violence of the masculine images suggest a woman's relation to her husband is one of submission to his needs and that she would not freely choose to be crossing the ocean of nine months or to be harried by time thus, all images reflecting Anne's subjective knowledge. Eve's haste has a desperate edge to it, the next image revealing the violence of her fears about losing time. While eating breakfast in the dining room of the inn, Eve looked at the hunting prints on the walls:

The hounds in full cry, the scarlet coats, the leaping horses were all frozen in mid-air over the country fence. How leisurely they looked.... But the haste of a hound was not the haste of a stag, of a hare, Eve thought. She knew what it was, the haste of a stag, of a hare; she felt it. She could hardly drink her coffee or eat the soggy toast. There was something there at her throat that caught her breath. Time, she thought; the hound of time had her by the throat. (20)

Eve's identification with a victim of a hunt suggests the

vulnerability of the prey, a feminine overtone--the hound had her by the throat. Identifying time as masculine and savage gives a sharper edge to the fear. Eve's identification with the earth and things of it as feminine continues throughout the novel, especially in her awareness of the maternal.

One source of her concern with time derives from the stage of life in which she finds herself, having children. In the passage above, pregnancy brings its own pressure and pattern for life, a pattern Eve resists and resents--"an ocean of nine months to be crossed slowly with painful difficulty" (20). Having lost control over her body and over much of her time while caring for one child and expecting another, Eve feels closed in by time, trapped, boxed in, as if she is in a tunnel. The result is a fear of time having no meaning, of her efforts being wasted and not valued. When Gerald wants to stop off on the way to the airfield, Eve resists:

Only five minutes! But time was made up of five minutes's. She felt about five minutes as her Puritan aunt used to feel about a stray pin gleaming on the floor. She could never 'leave it lay.' 'Find a pin and pick it up--all the day you'll have good luck. Find a pin and leave it lay--' Ah, that was different! Superstitious--that's what she was about five minutes. That lost five minutes would gleam maliciously in the bottom of her mind all day. (21)

The image of the Puritan aunt obsessively concerned with orderliness recurs in Aunt Harriet in Dearly Beloved;

perhaps Anne had internalized her older female relatives' many admonitions to her and her sisters while they were growing up. Eve's worries over wasting time increase the tension in the story and foreshadow the other delays that made both the actual and the fictional flight dangerous, dangerous because of the uncertainty of the route and the hazard of trying to land after dark in an unfamiliar place.

Beginning with Chapter 5, "Achilles, O Achilles," Lindbergh's expansion of the events of the trip moves beyond the particular, the present flight, to more general issues that connect to her fear of loss and her search for the meaning of her life. Consistent with the position of *procedural knowledge*, she finds in the words of other writers insights which broaden this journey to an archetypal search for the meaning of life. Eve becomes clearly the artist-heroine in search of a way to balance the demands of family and her desire for self-realization.

The crisis which forces Eve to contemplate the meaning of her life is a confrontation with death. This chapter takes its title from a poem by Patrick Shaw-Stewart, a poem written on the battlefield in World War I and quoted in part in the chapter:

'Was it so hard, Achilles,
So very hard to die
Thou knowest and I know not--
So much the happier I.

I will go back this morning
From Imbros over the sea;

Stand in the trench, Achilles,
Flame-capped, and shout for me.' (47)

These lines signal that the chapter will treat the sense of loss accompanied by the threat of death and the gallantry with which one faces death. Eve reflects upon Gerald's gallantry and courage, echoing Anne's opinions of Charles's cool ability to face danger and difficulty. References to the great warrior Achilles elevate Eve's interior monologue on the nature of gallantry, a quality she seeks to understand and to find within herself:

Gallantry was more than courage. It was courage, Eve decided, plus something else, plus a carelessness of self. No, that was recklessness. What made the difference? Recklessness was blind, but gallantry had its eyes open. It was aware... like those Greek epitaphs found on gravestones all through the Aegean world. They so often asked the traveler to give a thought to the soldier who died there--'far from home'--and sometimes, explaining his sacrifice, they would add that he 'lost lovely youth facing the rough cloud of war.' (46)

Eve's thoughts on the gallantry of young soldiers lead her to focus on her husband Gerald, only inches away in the front cockpit:

He had that kind of gallantry--courageous and aware. She glanced at his brown leather coat, wrinkled and worn just ahead of her in the front cockpit. It was strange to be so close to him--she could put out a hand and feel the rubbed-off part of his coat at the shoulder blades; she could see the squint wrinkles around his eyes as he half turned to look at the compass between them; she could touch his firm roughened hand as he pulled off his leather gauntlet to adjust the knob; they were so close in this tiny eggshell compartment hurtling through space--and yet, he did

not know she was thinking of him. (47-48)

The details Lindbergh uses to describe Gerald emphasize the masculine: his leather coat and gauntlet, firm roughened hand, wrinkles he has earned, and the competent, deliberate, even forceful way he operates the controls of the plane. Yet Eve keeps this knowledge to herself, controlling her story and remaining the only speaker. Instead of sharing her thoughts with her husband, Eve indulges in a kind of dreamy reminiscence of her first encounter with Gerald, an encounter quite different from the meeting between Anne and Charles at the American Embassy in Mexico in 1927.

Eve remembers that her first glimpse of Gerald had occurred at the Cleveland Air Races, a parallel to the air races Anne and Charles attended in 1929 after their marriage:

She had met [Gerald] when he was stunt flying at the Cleveland Air Races one year. How she got there she never quite understood. Her brother had asked her to be one of the hostesses for the 'Foreign' pilots--because she'd been abroad, she supposed, and spoke a little French. (48)

All of these things had the ring of truth for Anne Morrow, in that a family member [her father] was responsible for her meeting Lindbergh when he came to Mexico, that she had been abroad and studied French, and that she had been a hostess to a French flyer, Antoine de Saint-Exupery, when he visited America in 1939. After the French aviator had written a

review of Listen! the Wind to be used as a preface to the French translation of the book, he asked his publishers to arrange a meeting with Anne. On a visit to America in August 1939, he stayed with the Lindberghs for two days. Anne's diary entries on his visit run nearly fifteen pages, demonstrating the intellectual and emotional stimulation he provided her:

My mind has been quickened, and my sight and feelings. For a week now the world has been almost unbearably beautiful. It cries out everywhere I turn. A twisted branch tears at the heart. The tendril of a dried vine is infinitely pathetic. A driving white rainstorm gives me wings, and trees steeped in the drowsy dusk of evening stand up like rooted gods, reaching for the sky.

(War Within and Without 35)

In their wide-ranging discussion, mostly in French with Anne struggling to remember enough French to talk with him as well as to translate for him and Charles, they touched on writers such as Charles Baudelaire, Rainier Maria Rilke, T. E. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Alfred North Whitehead, and D. H. Lawrence, on artists, on flying, on the war in Europe, on adventure and poetry and travel and religion and the craft of writing. Anne was astonished at Saint-Exupery's taking her seriously as a writer:

It was almost the first time anyone had talked to me purely on my *craft*. Not because I was a woman to be polite to, to charm with superficiaIs, not because I was my father's daughter or C.'s wife; no, simply because of my book, my mind, my *craft*. I have a *craft*! And someone who is master of that craft, who writes beautifully, thinks I

know enough about my craft to want to compare notes about it, to want to fence with my *mind*, steel against steel. (War Within and Without 23)

Saint-Exupery's impact on Anne's thinking and writing was so significant that Anne lamented, upon hearing of his death in 1944, that the one reader who would have understood The Steep Ascent could now never read her work:

Of what use to write if he were not there to read it, perhaps, sometime, somewhere? And my last book, which had gone out like a letter to him and never reached him, of what use was that? No one could really understand it, not as he could have. You write, and if there is one person in the world who you are sure will understand it is enough, and what you write glows with some kind of inner life, some life of its own. It has an ear to hear.

(War Within and Without 446-447)

The "life of its own" that makes The Steep Ascent so vivid was apparent to Anne even as she was writing, in the midst of having a baby, supporting Charles in his wartime work for Henry Ford, and moving and setting up a new home. While she was nursing Scott, her fifth child, she was working on the Alps section of the narrative in hour-long snatches of time stolen from all her other responsibilities:

Tuesday, November 17th [1942]

Work on 'The Alps' [section]'.... It blooms as I think and I am excited by it--only, as always, in this stage I can't write fast enough and *there is no time*. If only I could just drop everything and concentrate on this, as a painter before the light goes. But I can't--I am nursing the baby.

(War Within and Without 305)

Such complaints by an artist about the many interruptions that life makes in one's art are common to both sexes, but the situation is much more difficult for a woman whose many roles dilute her attention to any single task.

Lindbergh did, however, keep focused on the story, finding that she was up to the task of recapturing what had happened five years earlier and bringing it to life:

To work at something like this, to summon up the past is very strange. One seems to have two kinds of memory. The first is just thought. I remember thus and so. It does not touch you. It is mental only, though quite accurate and cold. But the second is something else. There is an inner door to memory and when you open it, it is all right there. You are there. I am in Long Barn [the English house she had lived in], I see it, I feel it, I smell it, I touch it. More important still I am the person I was then, with all the thoughts and feelings. Of course, I am still myself now, looking on. (War Within and Without 306)

This passage seems extraordinarily insightful not only into Anne's process as a writer but into the nature of writing itself, the reawakening one experiences when dealing with materials of the past, a Romantic "overflow of powerful feeling recollected in tranquility." Lindbergh understood the importance of memory and its ability to recapture experience through sensory images.

There are many such vivid details of the senses in The Steep Ascent, particularly in the chapters on the Alps. In "No Hawk so High," as Eve and Gerald's plane approaches the Alps, Eve notes the the visual characteristics of the

landscape below:

You could look down and suddenly glimpse through a peephole lovely bits of earth below; a patch of brown field, a green meadow of winter wheat, a church steeple, a stand of trees. She found these broken bits of earth almost more beautiful than the whole. The field, the trees, the tiny steeple were set off by their white cloud-frames, like the view from a small tower-window. They had a gem-like vividness reminding her of those bits of medieval glass that, pieced together, make the glowing rose window of a French cathedral. (64-65)

These are realistic details but clearly selected to represent the locale as they are passing over France. Likewise, the Switzerland Eve glimpses is characteristically *Swiss*:

[The sun] was lighting up the patchwork world below. The earth became alive, burning with contrast and color. The hills were very green and the red-roofed cottages, very red. Their colors were unreal, like freshly painted toys. Lovely toy world of stiff pine trees and green felt slopes and red-roofed dolls' houses. They must have passed France. This was certainly Switzerland. It looked like Switzerland--crisp and clean and bright like an apple. (67)

In a similar passage earlier in the novel, Eve had explored why "texture" was so important to her, a passage that shows Lindbergh's preference for domestic and feminine details:

She preferred bouncy weather to smooth. She didn't like the air smooth as satin. She preferred it nubbly, like tweed. Otherwise you lost its texture, its consistency. And how she loved texture in all its forms.

In eating, for instance, so few people seemed to feel that way, but she always thought texture was almost more important than taste. That was what was

wrong with English cooking--the texture, not the taste. There was no texture to those doughy dumplings or those limp, overboiled Brussels sprouts. Take the texture of the crust of hard French bread, for instance,... [or] the texture of a certain kind of mild runny Italian cheese. Not the cheese itself, but the slightly firmer rind with a little resistance to it. (42-43)

The love for the things of France and Italy lead Eve to reflect that she is "very earthy": "Eve decided a little ruefully [that] she loved this earth and earth things" (43). She loved texture in not only foods but in cloth, "tweed, yes, and homespuns and wool," in "certain kinds of heavy velvety paper in books," and in hair, "Peter's curls in the tips of her fingers" (43). This detail echoes Anne's diary, where she described Charles's crisp curls and the similar texture of infant Charlie's curls, one of the few things that she could imaginatively recapture after losing the baby. Eve appreciated the "texture of snow, and leaves underneath the snow, that were frozen and crisp with frost and crunched deliciously under your feet," as well as "the joy... of walking over a newly plowed field, the texture of the clod giving way under your instep" (43). All these details demonstrate her closeness to things of the earth and of nature and to the rhythms of life.

For Eve, the comfortable enjoyment of earth things is fleeting, however, for she fears the loss of that which she loves:

She was an earth-child. And when she was above it

like this, looking down on it... she loved it even more. Was it distance only? Was it the fear of losing earth that made you love it so much? She always felt full of a terrible tenderness toward the earth when she was above it. Sometimes it was unbearable. She wanted to hold it in her arms and comfort it. (44)

In North to the Orient, Anne had similarly described feeling protectively maternal about the North Haven scene where she and Charles leave her family. In The Steep Ascent, such maternal images recur; Eve thinks of herself as mother of the child she has left behind and of the one she is carrying, as protector of the earth and of her husband when the flight becomes difficult, and she tries to mother and comfort herself when the trip becomes perilous.

Lindbergh built up her narrative through such description and seized on details that for her captured a kind of perfect moment, beautiful but also static. Such images allow Eve to communicate her pleasure in what she sees; they also lull the reader into feeling secure, a state that is intensified in the ascent over the Alps and then disrupted when the plane is lost in fog, creating the conflict that forms the novel's climax. The building of the conflict is literally rising action as the Alcotts' plane ascends the Alps, an effort that Eve casts in the heroic mold as she comments on their hubris, setting the Alcotts up for a fall:

So those were the Alps. Eve took a deep breath and pinned her eyes on them, forgetting the world

below, which a moment before had meant so much to her. She could only look at the Alps. This was the barrier they must cross; these were the giants they must assail; this was the realm--this pure unearthly realm--they must reach.

But how--how could they? Eve felt acutely humble. 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him?--what is man--' How can we assail them, she thought, taking their measure with her eye--just us, in this frail little earth-plane, this flimsy bit of plywood and steel, tossed in the wind? How can we ever climb up to them, surpass them even? How arrogant of us to think that we, gnat-like, can go against these gods. (70-71)

Such language echoes Lindbergh's perspective in Listen! the Wind on approaching the Cape Verde islands, the difference being that there she felt god-like but in the 1937 flight her doubts are most prominent, as her diary entry phrased in almost identical terms: "There are the Alps, so giantlike, pure, and unearthly they seemed, so austere and far above us that I felt humble. How can we ever climb to them, surpass them? How arrogant--how flippantly arrogant of us--to think we could" (The Flower and the Nettle 132).

Even though Eve believes that the ascent is arrogant, that "no hawk would venture so high," she is invigorated by the climb, feeling "equal to the giants" (72) and describes her exhilaration as like that of a bird, then a skater, whose joy comes from knowing that "this perilously thin ice, this beautiful crystal surface... could crack at any moment" but believing that it would not crack under her (74). This passage is supremely romantic, echoing William Wordsworth's "Prelude." Elevated above the everyday, Eve's delight is

physical, sensual: "a current of delight hummed through Eve" as she shared "this joy of being equal with the giants" with her husband and he laughed "at her, with her... he understood" (76).

Such an emotional peak gives way to the plane's descent from the Alps and Eve's growing concern that they are lost in the many valleys that lead to Italy, having "trouble finding the tortuous path they were supposed to take through the fortified zones" (80). The delay in finding the right valley is complicated by a greater danger, first overcast skies and then fog, initially only wisps of fluff, then "waves of placid, motionless white billows, pierced through occasionally with still whiter peaks, ominous reminders of the wicked shoals hidden beneath that deceptively calm surface" (83), images comparing their flight to a treacherous sea passage. Unlike a ship on the sea, however, their plane can fly above the fog in an effort to find a hole in it, through which they can descend safely.

It is at this point that Gerald regains Eve's attention, and her growing fear turns to irritation with him for doing "this kind of flying" (87), flying in fog, and then "rising anger at his stupid, unmoving, complacent, brown leather back" (89) in the front cockpit. Her anger spurs her to action, and she sits up and looks intently for any sign of a break in the clouds, through which they could see to descend, but there are no signposts to safety, only

mirages of lakes and mountains that turn out to be more fog. She realizes then that she and Gerald are "in it" together:

She faced it now: she was afraid. She recognized all the signs by which fear betrays itself before one is willing to look it in the face--the cold, the irritation, the self-pity, the condemnation of others, the rationalization, the dreams, the memories, the mirages--it was all just fear.... She did not blame Gerald any more.... It was just flying; she should have known better. It was her fault, not his; it was her choice. (92)

Realizing that they are both in danger, she resists displacing her fear on him. A feminist would be highly critical of Eve taking the blame on herself, for her choice to go or not to go was perhaps less free than she believed. Nevertheless, taking an active role in trying to cope with the crisis helped Eve, as anger against her husband did not.

Realizing that she may die, Eve gains strength from the tasks she can still perform, doing, as Thomas Carlyle had advised in Sartor Resartus, "*the Duty which lies nearest*" (148):

This was the end; this was it.

No, she couldn't say poetry or philosophize or even be afraid. There was not time. All fear dropped off her, all despair. This was a time for action. She started to clean up her cockpit in a fever of activity. It was like the fever of activity which attacks a mother whose labor pains have started. If she has other children, she is not afraid. All fear goes. Something lies ahead of her that is bigger than life. But before she can reach it, the little odds and ends of life must be attended to first--all unfinished work for the other children, the household. Everything must be left in order. Very soon now she will have to neglect them, her house, her charges, all those in

her home for whom she is responsible. Just a few minutes remain to spend on them.... She works at top speed and with a kind of joy in the work itself, a last act of love which will stretch on after she has gone. (103-104)

Such joy in the work of caring for others is one of the greatest strengths of marriage and family life, as Lindbergh would describe in Dearly Beloved, her second novel. The caring for and connection to others is also a feature of the most mature perspective outlined in Women's Ways of Knowing. In the position of *constructed knowledge*, a woman is committed "to the empowerment and improvement in the quality of life of others" (Women's Ways of Knowing 152). In the extreme circumstance in which Eve finds herself, she can forego concern about herself and focus on others. Eve has a sense of urgency in preparing herself for whatever might come, like the haste of a woman preparing for childbirth, the spurt of energy Eve using to clean up her cockpit like the energy with which a woman cleans house before leaving for the hospital:

So Eve worked now, with a kind of satisfaction in doing work preparatory to a great test. She put away her map. She turned around to see that the bundles in the baggage compartment were fastened down tightly. She felt along the control wires that led back beside her feet, to make sure no handkerchief was caught there. Everything must be in clean working order. The extra stick was firmly snapped into its bracket where she would not knock it accidentally with her knee. She wiped off the windshield carefully. A blur of grease might cut down vision at just the vital spot. She might see ground before he did and be able to warn him.... There now, all was in order. (104)

Even while she feared death, Eve found joy in restoring order wherever she could and managed to control her fear, so much so that she could see, as one does in a crisis, her life as if from a distance:

Never had her mind been so clear. Never had it worked better. All the mists of fear, dreams, and self-deception had been burnt clean by the blinding flash of realization of what faced them. Under this light she could see the minutest objects clearly, like the vision of super-reality that opens up in the crack of lightning from a midnight storm. (Never, one thinks, gazing out of the nursery window for that dazzling half-second, was the garden so vivid. Each tree, each flower stands up alive, vibrant and alone. One can even see the little painted cups the children have been playing with in the sandbox, left out overnight, standing all tipsy in the drenched and printed sand, and half filled up with rain.) (105-106)

Eve's thoughts again dwell on the maternal and domestic, the everyday details of a woman's life, and yet these are comforting, the trivial intersecting in the crisis with the tragic--death--and thereby gaining dignity. This state of "positive acceptance [Eve] reposed on... in complete peace and calm, like the maple seed on the shaft of air" and felt that she could focus on "the beautiful secret, that is waiting for me at the bottom of my heart" (108), the joy that her husband gives her:

It was the essence of Gerald, all alone, without her, in the world.... And she was full of joy merely at the thought of his existence, as one can feel joy at the memory of a Greek temple once seen all alone on a green hillside. One can feel joy at remembering its white flower-like perfection

without wishing to own it or be in it. One can feel joy even though one knows one may never see it again. (109-110)

Lindbergh's narrative control of what had been such a frightening experience for her may also contribute to her characterization of Eve's calm. Having accepted the likelihood of death, Eve still continues to watch closely the fog through which Gerald was slowly spiralling the plane, hoping for a "ceiling" far enough off the earth below that they could still see to land in the failing light. Having lost an hour before take-off in the morning and another hour flying east, Gerald has taken this chance since the daylight is nearly gone. Eve notices "a slightly different texture to the mist as though it were feathered" and then realizes that "it was water--waves--the sea!" (112). Just as Charles had done, Gerald finds a place in the clouds that looked different, they can land safely, and they are restored to life again. Eve's gratitude at seeing and feeling a part of the earth again is cast in religious terms, as she is like Lazarus come back from death:

Surely she was reborn to the earth. Earth rushed back at her through all her senses, tingling. She could smell it, feel it, see it, breathe it. It poured into her on every side. It fed her hunger like bread; it filled her thirst like water; it comforted her like the firm strength of a shoulder under her head. She felt like Lazarus, raised from the dead. I was blind, and now I can see. I was deaf, and now I can hear. I was numb, and now I can feel. I was dead, and now I am alive.

(114-115)

Restored to life, Eve then realizes that the child she is carrying, the life in her, is the real gift: "in this swift release from death, this rebirth to life, she felt that the child had been given to her anew" (117). The intimate knowledge of the child she feels stirring within her is an experience open only to women and makes the ordeal through she has passed a double escape--hers and the child's. She then becomes Everywoman, "liv[ing] for the child" (117) and learning the lesson, religious in overtone but universal in its truth, that "you were not to hoard [like the servant in the parable] your gift, to clutch at it, to bury it in the ground, for then it was taken away" (118). Anne's search for perfection in her life, for a way to control time, and awareness of herself as a woman and her ability to give in her art coalesce in the lyrical conclusion to The Steep Ascent:

Life was in her, in the child. It was more vivid as a symbol in the child. Perhaps because she had learned through the child, the renewal of the child in her, that life was a gift, yes, but not a possession. It was given in trust--like a child. One was dedicated to it but one could not own it. Like that white temple all alone on a green hill, one could guard it, one could give to it, one could serve it, one could love it. One could--above all--like the psalmist, sing it hymns of praise. (120)

The timeless quality of the image of a temple on a hill achieves the goal Lindbergh described in the preface, to find the intersection of the timeless (the temple which symbolized the desire to love that which is beyond one) and

time (the real child and husband and life she cherished). As an artist, she had found an intersection of the trivial and the tragic planes of existence, had mapped it, and saw it as another step in her development as an artist. She did not abandon the subjective knowledge vital to her through the 1930's and early 1940's, but she found a way to combine the personal truths she had gained with the logic of procedural knowledge. What Anne presented in The Steep Ascent, even more than in Listen! the Wind, was the truth of her own, not Charles's, way of seeing the world.

Despite her claim to the contrary in the "Preface" to The Steep Ascent, Anne did believe that her story was worth telling. The interface between the trivial and tragic planes of existence, between the subjective and procedural ways of viewing the world, kept the story from being too trivial, too subjective. Anne now saw herself as an artist, as was clear in a letter she wrote to Alfred Harcourt, explaining her desire to publish The Steep Ascent: "Until a book is published one learns nothing from it, does not grow beyond it, one cannot get on the next step" (War Within and Without 381). Even though Lindbergh continued to write, the evidence that she had gone to the "next step" was not apparent until she published her second novel, Dearly Beloved, replete with *constructed knowledge*, integrating intuitive knowledge with knowledge she has gained from others (Women's Ways of Knowing 134).

CHAPTER VI

DEARLY BELOVED: CONSTRUCTED KNOWLEDGE

Through the cleft of the present rush the swollen streams of the past; a tidal wave, rising, surging, flooding the gap of the now.... Not only time converges here, but human life and emotion and personality. The wasp-waisted instant is only one lens through which the rays converge. Each person is a lens for rays of past and future. Human genes, human hates, loves, and histories, human mistakes and hopes and memories, converge through each human frame at a wedding. (Dearly Beloved 20)

A wedding is the setting and occasion for Anne Morrow Lindbergh's 1962 novel Dearly Beloved. Having published her first novel, The Steep Ascent, in 1944, Anne published only two volumes in the intervening period, Gift From the Sea in 1955 and The Unicorn and Other Poems in 1956. Most of her energies in the 1940's, 1950's, and early 1960's went into raising her five children. By the mid-1950's, her maternal duties lessened, with oldest son Jon's going to college and marrying, followed by Land's marriage, then older daughter Anne's wedding, the event which inspired Dearly Beloved. As was true for her heroine Deborah McNeil in this novel, Anne Lindbergh had to come to terms with the stage of life of watching her children leave. Anne was still in that middle stage of marriage she had described as the "oyster-bed" in Gift From the Sea, the messy, fragmented, many-stranded life of a wife and mother who holds together a large and active family.

The concerns that Lindbergh had expressed in Gift From the Sea also appear in Dearly Beloved: how to find solitude in the midst of a hectic life, how to find harmony, how to keep aware and appreciative of life, how to maintain a marriage through many stages of growth and change, and how to relearn who one is in each new stage. Dearly Beloved moves much beyond Gift From the Sea, however, in its form and tone. The essays which made up the 1955 bestseller are replaced by a many-stranded story, with nine different narrators responding to the wedding taking place before them. Dearly Beloved was subtitled A Theme and Variations, and each different narrator focuses on a different aspect of marriage and different parts of the ceremony and its language to make up a many-faceted picture of marriage. In its tone, Dearly Beloved comes closer than do her other works to a skepticism about the ability of institutions to meet the needs of people, revealing more than one narrator's cynicism about marriage as an institution and about the potential for human happiness. Yet it is, like The Steep Ascent, life-affirming, leaving the reader with some optimism about the possibilities for love and marriage.

As do Lindbergh's other works, Dearly Beloved explores the search for perfection, which some of the narrators believe is an impossible one; the need to control the passage of time, which some characters have abandoned as frustratingly futile; and the stages of life, especially of

married life, which most of the characters would choose over a solitary existence. For the first time, Lindbergh explored some of these concerns not just from a woman's perspective but from a man's point of view, using four male narrators. Threading through several sections is also the artist's need for expression and for self-fulfillment. New to this novel are subjects which Lindbergh had earlier avoided or embedded in her writing: the physical/sexual dimension of relationships, the desire for more than one romantic partner, and the possibility that marriage even to a good man might be a mistake. It is easy to find parallels between Lindbergh's life and those of several characters, especially of her heroine Deborah McNeil. But what is perhaps most startling and significant about Dearly Beloved is that Lindbergh created so many different voices to express differing perspectives on marriage. As the romantic poet John Keats said of William Shakespeare, the *negative capability* of a writer to paint worlds he has never lived in and characters he has never been is a measure of his art, so does Dearly Beloved demonstrate how far Lindbergh had progressed as an artist.

In this novel, Lindbergh showed her maturity as an artist and resolved some of the conflicting themes and questions that she had explored for decades. Now in the position of *constructed knowledge*, Lindbergh could manipulate many different perspectives, succeeding in

making the unconscious conscious, by consulting and listening to the self, by voicing the unsaid, by listening to others and staying alert to all the currents and undercurrents of life about [her], by imagining [herself] inside the new poem or person or idea that [she wanted] to come to know and understand. (Women's Ways of Knowing 141)

What Lindbergh wanted to know and understand, what the heroine of Dearly Beloved is occupied and preoccupied with, is a wedding and what it means to a group of family members and guests. Lindbergh, like the protagonist of this novel, was focusing in her own life on what it meant to be mother of the bride. This stage in her life had its own confusions and worries, special to middle age, but there were parallels to concerns Lindbergh had explored in earlier writing.

The first of these concerns appears immediately as the novel opens, with Deborah McNeil hurrying to dress for her daughter Sally's wedding. Her urgency and worry about being late echo Eve Alcott's rushed preparations for a flight over the Alps in The Steep Ascent; the worry about time also echoes many passages in Anne's diaries and letters. The pressures of time and that "Puritanical" fear of wasting time that worried Eve Alcott run throughout Lindbergh's writing. Deborah thinks of how punctual her husband John always is and how he was "always irritated at her being late" (2), clearly a parallel to Anne and Charles. Leonard Mosley's biography of Charles Lindbergh tells of a chance encounter the writer had with the Lindberghs in New York's Grand Central Station in 1970, and of hearing Anne, passing

on her way to meet Charles, say to herself, "'Oh, my! I know someone who's going to be good and mad. I'm sorry I'm late, Charles'" (xiii).

Being late in preparations for her daughter's wedding makes Deborah use the opening words of the ceremony, "Dearly beloved," as if it were "a mild swear-word in moments of distress" (2). Her distress comes from more than one source: she has been busy with preparations for a wedding at home, her husband is worried about what all of it will cost, and her children all seem to need some special attention: the bride's headdress needs work, the younger daughter is crying, one son has a nosebleed, and another son, unhappy about his sister marrying and leaving, is playing Chopin's *Funeral March* as the guests arrive! No wonder then that Deborah's thoughts are "like a skittish horse" as she thinks of her daughter becoming a wife, as she wishes that her invalid mother could be there, and as she speculates about what a child's marriage will mean to her:

If Mother were here, Deborah thought, it would be different. She would still feel young, even though she was the mother of the bride; still feel there was a lot of life left after your daughter got married. Now, somehow, she felt on the edge of the grave.... She wasn't ready for that downward coast, vaguely resentful, as if someone were pushing her off the ledge. (4)

As she had done in her early travel narratives, in her first novel, The Steep Ascent, and in Gift From the Sea, Lindbergh captures what it feels like to be at a particular

stage of a woman's life. Having a daughter marry symbolizes the end of a woman's youth, of her "productivity" as a wife and mother, and perhaps of her desirableness as a woman, even if, like Deborah, she does not look or feel matronly. With the possibility of becoming a grandmother looming ahead of her, Deborah embarks on a new stage of life. Deborah "felt as she did on top of the mountain, her knees trembling a little at the height, the distance to go. Such a long way and such a leap across unknown threats, before one reached safety and stillness at the bottom" (5).

Here and throughout the novel, paradoxically, there are overtones of death on this wedding day, a day normally reserved for celebrating the new life beginning for the bride and groom. For some of the guests, the emphasis is on this new life, but for others the focus is on loss, on failed hopes and failed marriages. While a wedding is a celebration of the possibilities of marriage, this wedding reminds some characters, including Deborah, of what they have missed in their own lives and marriages. In exploring marriage and its central importance in a woman's life, Lindbergh paints a picture of an imperfect institution. She allowed for the heroine Deborah a less satisfying marriage than Anne herself seems to have achieved, following in the tradition Linda Pannill identifies of women writers, such as Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow, whose characters were allowed less success than their creators.

The variations on the theme of marriage in Dearly Beloved are developed in sixteen chapters, told from the perspectives of nine different narrators, with Deborah framing the novel, providing the views in the opening and closing sections of the story. Deborah wants everything to go smoothly and to progress in an orderly fashion, but she is also open to whatever the day brings, to the moment and its significance, a temporary resolution of Lindbergh's conflicting desires to control time and to be open and aware in each experience. As Deborah prepares to leave her room, she takes comfort in surveying its orderly arrangement. It is a room which suggests Anne's many attempts to create a "room of one's own" wherever she was, at Smith College, in her mother's house, in all the places she had lived.

This room was in order; it calmed her to look at it: her bed a cool cave, shadowed by its canopy; her books, solid to the ceiling, like an old stone wall buttressing the corner; her desk with its neat cubbyholes; her mantel with the honeysuckle and roses perfectly balanced at either end. And Grandma's portrait above--yes, she was in control now. The room held her, a still pool of composure and safety. How long until she would find its quiet haven again? (8-9)

This room is altogether feminine ("honeysuckle and roses") but at the same time sexless; the bed is a "cool cave," the room almost monastic in its simplicity, reminding one of Anne's desire to stay at the monastery her family once visited on a European trip. It is a writer's study as well as a bedroom, with its wall of books and desk. Virginia

Woolf had such a bed/sitting room in which to work, one side devoted to the personal and the other to the writing life.

Deborah has to leave behind the haven and the place where she is most comfortable, to check on Sally, and the bridesmaid Chrissie, dressing for the wedding. In Sally, Deborah sees first a stranger in a wedding gown, then her older sister Agnes, who died only a year after marrying, a parallel to Anne's sister Elizabeth. Sally also reminds Deborah of "the Snow Queen in the fairy tale" (9), the lacy gown and blonde hair suggestive of a princess but also signifying purity, virginity. The strangeness Deborah feels also may mask a mother's natural concern about her daughter's sex life, which the following passage suggests:

The three women stopped, frozen for a moment of hesitation before action. Nothing but action after this moment, poised on the towering tip of a wave, about to fall into a thousand particles of turmoil: here, there, everywhere--scattered in different directions. But now, this second of still suspense, of withdrawal before the plunge. Wait--oh, wait!
(9-10)

Deborah thus expresses her anxiety about change, about her daughter's sexual maturity, about what for her may have been a too-abrupt shift from life before to life after marriage. Anne Morrow was apprehensive before her marriage, asking a friend to wish her "courage and strength and a sense of humor" and feeling that she would be thrown into a life of action. Deborah's language has a definite sexual subtext, with words such as *tip of a wave*, *particles...*

scattered, withdrawal and plunge, revealing her anxiety about what married life will bring to her "Snow Queen." Deborah wants to give her daughter some advice, to say something significant before she goes down to greet the guests, but she cannot find the right words:

The words for good-by never came at the right moment. Would there be another moment, perhaps--after the wedding? She always needed another moment. The real thing never got said.

After supper, maybe, she could slip away from the guests, as Sally was changing. On this small steppingstone she turned and hurried to the stairs. (10)

Deborah's anxiety and hurried last-minute preparations gloss over the fact that she is prepared, at least in a social and domestic way, for this day. She has arranged everything for a beautiful wedding in her home, musicians, food, and a living room decorated with flowers:

The big living room that afternoon shimmered with light and people and flowers: rambler-rose bushes in pots screening the long French windows; full-blooming peonies, lush and heavy-headed on tables, their blazing pinks and reds lighting the room, mirrored in the glazed blooms in chintz curtains.... spreading a glow like firelight on people's faces, cheeks, lips. The aura of blooms was on everything. Above all, the flowers mirrored the occasion itself; their rosy flush, their early morning rained-on freshness; their exact moment of budding, bursting bloom, expanding, opening up, spilling over with wedding anticipation. *Here it is, they seemed to beckon, here is June; here is life, beauty, love!* (12)

The lush beauty of the flowers, their rich colors, and the perfect state of bloom all bode well for a wedding; as

Deborah muses, "they bloom and beckon" not only for the bridal couple but also "for the outsiders, the onlookers, the guests" (12). It is Deborah who has created this setting. In the supper scene following the wedding, Deborah realizes that the perfect moments of the day were not accidental but were due to her planning and were "creative acts[s]," as creative "as the perfect performance of a Rachmaninoff prelude she had once struggled for.... it was her special creation, for it couldn't have been done by anyone else. It was hers--her individual work of art" (185). In the domestic details of organizing the wedding, Deborah achieves a work of art, gathering together the threads of all the lives of her family and guests:

This was the gathering point. All the strands were drawn together at this moment, pulled taut, tied in a knot of supreme tension. This was the unbearable moment. One of those crossroads of life where the past and the future meet and fuse in one incandescent focus of the present. (20)

The power of Deborah's creative act, of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's description of this moment, lies in its being another of those intersections between time and the timeless which Lindbergh explored most consciously in The Steep Ascent. Deborah wonders whether the pressure of such a moment will "crack" or "split... the individual," whether the moment is "too strong a current [for some people] to let flow through them" (20). She welcomes the moment, unlike her husband John, her sister Henrietta, their aunt Harriet,

and other members of the wedding party. Deborah allies herself with all those who savor life, her brother-in-law Don, Frances, mother of the groom, and her father Theodore, all those for whom "life can never be refused" (21).

Thus Lindbergh divides the guests into two groups, one classical, the other romantic. John, Harriet, and Henrietta are, at least on the surface, "the strong, the armored, the invulnerable" (20), but their apparent strength only masks their fear or inability to fully enjoy life. They would

Block it; bandage the eyes; plug the ears; hold the heart. Let nothing seep in. Caulk up the cracks; bar the door; close the blinds. Batten down everything, and it will pass. This is the unbearable moment, but it will pass... and [for them] everything will be the same again. (20-21)

In their need for control and order and fear of spontaneity and emotion, such people shut out life. But for Deborah and Don, Frances and Theodore, "life can never be refused"; they are "more courageous, more curious, or more greedy for life, no part of it can they bear to lose. Aware of its richness, its variety, they cannot close the eyes, plug the ears, or block the heart" (21). These characters cannot bear to deaden their feelings, even to avoid pain, for "in that moment of anesthesia some vision might flash never to be seen again" (21).

The lifelong struggle Lindbergh waged between her need to find order and control time and her desire for awareness and for perfect, timeless moments of beauty is resolved in

Dearly Beloved. In Deborah and others like her, the romantic gains the place of honor, welcoming all the moment can bring, its pain as well as its pleasure:

Unbolt the door; fling out the windows; spread wide the arms. Let it come; let it flow; let it blaze. Let it pour through every vein. Let it flood the heart, immerse the body and soul. This is the moment, the unbearable moment. It will pass--Oh, too soon, it will pass. Listen to it; watch it; feel it--it will pass and nothing will ever be the same again. (21)

For Deborah, as for Anne Morrow Lindbergh, the moment was the thing, the intersection between the past and the future, the near and the far, the trivial and the tragic. Capturing the moment and appreciating all it held did stop time, but her need to control it gave way to its enjoyment. Listening to the wedding service, Deborah remembers her husband as "an awkward boy," as Anne saw Charles on first meeting him in 1929, and herself, as Anne was, as "a short-skirted teen-ager" (26) on her own wedding day. Though Anne was nearly twenty-three when she married Charles, she felt younger. Deborah remembers Sally as a baby, and her musing becomes philosophical:

Had her mother felt the same way? Daughter--mother; mother--daughter. The cycle had been repeated; the cycle was starting again. This new life--what would it see? Where would it go? The future, at that moment, opened ahead of her, a long corridor of doors, dwindling in the distance, as far as she could see, until she couldn't focus on it any more. It blurred.... You couldn't look that far ahead, not for more than a second. (27)

Like Deborah, Anne had accepted that insight, the clear vision, could only last for a brief time. When the Lindberghs lived in France, from 1938 to 1939, Anne sat for the French sculptor Charles Despiau, who created a bust of her. From Despiau she had learned not to expect insight to last; he had told her "that three minutes of lucid vision in a day is all you can hope for--in fact, is wonderful" (The Flower and the Nettle 468). After learning to accept whatever came, Anne valued insights that came to her as an artist, however brief the vision lasted, though she always strove for more. The insights that come to Deborah as she watches the ceremony are varied, ranging from thoughts on her parents' marriage to her own life at different stages, to hopes for Sally's happiness.

Deborah's cynicism suggests that the writer was no longer an adoring page, as Anne once described herself, to her knight of a husband, that marriage had somehow been unfulfilling. Deborah imagines herself reassuring Sally: "She wanted to put her arms around Sally--or was it herself, the girl she had been as a bride? Comfort her, say to her, 'My dear, my dear, it is not so dreadful here'" (28). "Here" is the state of being married, and Deborah is slightly shocked at her own idea that marriage might be dreadful. She retreats from the thought, reassuring herself that hers is a "marvelously happy marriage--a wonderful husband, beautiful children, lovely home. Everyone said so.

She was the perfect wife. Everyone said that, too. Even John. She seemed to satisfy him" (29).

However, Deborah is not satisfied, and what she wishes for is what she calls "a kind of vividness--real life," not the routine and drudgery of "driving children to school, housework, picking up groceries, shopping, telephoning, helping with homework, passing sherry to guests before dinner" (29). For her, real life would involve, as Lindbergh had described in Gift From the Sea, self-fulfilling activities, poetry, music, some creative endeavor, a "room of her own." "Real life" would also mean having someone she could talk to, with whom she could share feelings, her own and her husband's:

She never knew--that was it--she never, never knew. She didn't know John at all. Oh, of course, she *did*; it was only that she couldn't talk to him. She had another language: feelings, poetry, music.... [He didn't listen]. He lectured; she listened. (33)

Deborah imagines that a Frenchman would listen, would speak her language, and she daydreams about a Frenchman kissing her hand, someone who "would take me by the hand..." (34), but she does not let herself complete the daydream. She retreats from the idea, telling herself that she "wasn't a young girl any longer, falling in love" (34).

Like Charles Lindbergh, John McNeil is practical, logical, and aggressive in putting forth his own ideas and opinions. As was true for Anne, Deborah feels that her

husband's lack of sensitivity isolates her and prevents her from any sort of intimate sharing of feelings:

Her worries, her failures--she never brought them [to John] any more. Just hid them, like a bad arithmetic paper in school. He couldn't bear her failures; he would pounce on them, like her old arithmetic teacher. 'Look at this--See here--For God's sake!' He would nail her down, with the good strong nails of his logic. Bang, bang, bang, with the good hard hammer of his mind. Nailed to her faults forever. She couldn't move, couldn't walk away and leave them. Like a goose, nailed to the barn floor for *pate de foie gras*. Nailed through a webbed foot, forced to go on gorging forever. (35)

Deborah's resentment at John's logical turn of mind shows in this passage. The volence of the image of being nailed down, like a goose being fattened for *pate*, is startling. Deborah clearly identified with that goose, with being forced to live an existence for others, most important in her caring for, feeding a family. She even stops to think of how her feet hurt, in her too-tight heels, reinforcing the identification.

Deborah is hungry for an understanding partner, for "communication with another person... the realest thing in life" (34). Such communication, Deborah reminisces, was something her parents, Theodore and Suzannah Gardiner, always shared. It was a closeness that left Deborah and her sisters on the outside, the kind of relationship reportedly shared by Anne's parents, Dwight and Elizabeth Cutter

Morrow:

Breakfasts in the old house, [Deborah] remembered still. Mother at one end of the table... Father at the other end, with the newspaper held up in front of him, screening off the children on either side, but not screening off Mother.... Glances, jokes, remarks, a secret language was exchanged up there on some level they couldn't reach. Neither she nor [her sister] Agnes. They always felt left out. (38)

Deborah seems strangely nostalgic for such a scene, a scene that elicits tenderness but also pain at feeling left out. Only after Agnes's death and Suzannah's illness did Deborah feel that her father sought her out, a situation that Anne Lindbergh never experienced with her own father. Anne had lost her older sister Elizabeth in 1935, but her father had died four years earlier. The scene she invented for Deborah, gaining the inner sanctum of her father's love and confidences, is Anne's compensation for never having had such closeness with her father. To Deborah, her father Theodore confides what love has meant to him, how "Love is a stream... perhaps the stream of life... the stream of compassion which feeds the world" (39). Deborah wonders, "Would she ever be in it?" Her father tells her that the way is not merely physical attraction, that love is too often attributed to "the personal, the accidental," to "the sound of a voice, the look of an eye," but that it is much more than such attractions (40).

Deborah wants to find this stream, the road to a full participation in life, not the routine that her life has become. The image of life as a stream appeared in Listen!

the Wind, and Lindbergh seemed to continually need to find a way to reenter that stream, as Deborah McNeil did:

'And what is the stream, Father?' Her voice went out to stop him, like a hand. If only he would go on. She felt on the edge of a great discovery, an illumination she would always connect with Father's voice, the fire--the stream.

'Who knows? Perhaps the stream is God,' he said, answering her at last, 'or perhaps God is the source of the stream. And women may be closer to it than men; at least, your mother--' He turned then, abruptly away. (40-41)

For Deborah, the answer is in finding her own way to the stream of life. Each of the other narrators, Don, Harriet, Chrissie, Andre, Beatrice, Pierre, Frances, and Theodore, is on the path, searching, but in different directions, to join or rejoin the stream of life. It is the path symbolized by the wedding taking place, but the bride and groom do not speak of their path. Only those around the wedding couple, relatives and friends, reveal their efforts to find the road.

For the next narrator, Don, Deborah's brother-in-law, the path to happiness has not lain in his own marriage. As Don listens to the ceremony, the phrase "forsaking all others" has a special meaning for him and serves as a catalyst for his thoughts on marriage. Don blames his wife Harriet for being cold to his needs and desires, unable to enjoy a physical relationship, which he argues has pushed him into affairs. Don is more willing than Deborah to try a path to self-fulfillment that others would frown on, a path

that could potentially wreck both his marriage and his profession. As a psychiatrist, Don sees sexual compatibility as essential to a good marriage and counsels his patients thus. He attributes some of Harriet's coldness to what he believes was an impossibly ideal marriage between her parents:

Mr. Gardiner and his wife had a good marriage. The girls all said so. That was the family legend. Some legend, too: *never a harsh word*. Something to live up to, *that....* Forsaking all others, cleaving to one only--there it was in front of them forever, the ideal marriage.

Something wrong with it, though; phony, he'd say. Otherwise Henrietta wouldn't have been the way she was. Not physical enough... not enough sex--unmentionable, sex. Everything physical was unmentionable, played down in that family. Things of the flesh didn't exist for the Gardiners. (47)

For Don, as for Deborah, life should be more spontaneous than what he saw in the Gardiner family. He relishes life's messiness, its unpredictability: "He wanted things to flow. Love flowed; life flowed. That's what the rigid were afraid of--the fluidity of life. They had a fixed set of steps instead. Not so much effort; easier to perform; it kept life nice and tidy" (50). It is the compulsory things to which Don objects--all the duties and expectations, including being faithful to one woman. He explains why he has had affairs:

If you were at all complicated--most people got more so as they went on--you were bound to be attracted in different directions. Different

facets called for different responses, new friends, new relationships. For each new facet, perhaps, a new face--a new love? (53-54)

In Gift From the Sea, Lindbergh had suggested that no couple could be compatible through all the stages of a marriage. She allows Don to go beyond that, to say that one needs several partners. Like Deborah, Don does not feel that his partner truly understands or responds to him, but his affairs have not quenched his thirst. Don wants what affairs cannot give him:

to be loved in the midst of life, past your prime, paunchy and gray and tired, even discouraged and cross--in all your imperfections. You wanted to be forgiven your weaknesses, to be loved, in spite of them, for better or for worse. (57)

Don and Deborah both yearn for a partner who is truly a companion, who listens and accepts without judging them.

In his psychiatric practice, Don prides himself on doing exactly that for his patients, showing them "a form of love": "focusing on the other person, his needs, his hurts, his pressures; without judgment, or preconception, or resistance--a kind of open awareness" (59). Don realizes a benefit not only for his patients but also for himself when he succeeds in showing such concern: "when it [worked], he lost himself; patients found themselves, loosened up, freed. Something happened--healing, to them and to him. Something flowered from his listening" (59). For Don, as for Deborah, having a partner who does not truly listen and respond is

the greatest obstacle to happiness. Don admits that he does not satisfy his wife's constant need for attention and reassurance and regrets that he has been a terrible listener where Henrietta is concerned: "He didn't listen. That was a sin, all right, by his standards. More of a sin than infidelity. A sin against what he believed in, his particular gift, his creative faculty" (60). This awareness rehabilitates Don in the reader's eyes, at least partly, allowing Lindbergh to make of Don one of the people she could admire, someone who, as Eve Alcott described in The Steep Ascent, "went with life."

If Don is an extension of Deborah's desire to risk disapproval in a search for fulfillment, the next narrator is a throwback to a Victorian or even Puritanical view of marriage. Aunt Harriet, sister of Suzannah and Deborah's aunt, is a combination of Cutter women, a mix of Anne's mother, an aunt, and her Cutter grandmother. Though she has never been married, Harriet believes she knows as much about marriage as any of the young people at the wedding, but her view is very strictly Biblical and utilitarian: "marriage, from what she'd observed, was for children," what she calls the young "shoots" (62-63). Harriet believes in an upright and useful life, the kind she believes she has led as a teacher, and she is proud of her family's solid "New England heritage" (65). She sees the bride and groom, Sally and Mark, as "carrying on" this

heritage, whether they knew it or not--a good one too. Harriet straightened her already erect spine at the thought of the generations of New England forebears behind her grandniece. The names she had heard from her mother and grandmother: the Obadiahs and Timothys, the Sarahs and Prues, from stony New England pastures, or little towns with big elm-covered greens that sheltered the cattle at night, and white clapboard churches with cold hard pews. (65)

Harriet's pride in her New England heritage does not find an exact parallel in Anne Morrow's family: her father was born in West Virginia and raised in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, while Betty Cutter Morrow came from Cleveland. Both Morrows went to New England colleges and called New England "home" the rest of their lives. The Puritan ethic was consistent with their inclinations and backgrounds; both were sober, industrious, and sternly religious, clearly Puritanical in philosophy if not in bloodlines. Lindbergh's attribution of both to the fictional family in Dearly Beloved completes the picture of her family as it was and wanted to be.

As is true of all the novel's sections to varying degrees, Aunt Harriet's narrative ties together the families present at the wedding, as well as tying the past to the present. She evaluates her sister Suzannah's marriage to Theodore ("he had been a very satisfactory husband for Suzannah") and her niece Deborah's life ("Deborah was inclined to be namby-pamby with her children--with her husband, too") (65-66). Harriet looks at the others,

symbolized by Don, and is critical of their tendency toward

so much emphasis on the self: self-analysis, self-expression, self-fulfillment. It didn't make sense. All the wise men and the Bible pointed to loss of self as the road to wisdom. Even William James--and he was modern enough--said, 'The self is what I hate most.' (66)

Lindbergh makes Harriet the spokesperson for denial, of self, of love, of pleasure ("cold hard pews"), of what Don and Deborah want out of life. Harriet's prim self-righteousness is the path for the past, for her only, what Anne called in her Smith College Commencement address, the "journey toward heaven." In some ways, by rejecting Harriet's path, Anne rejects her parents' and Charles's stoic acceptance of whatever life brings, while still acknowledging that such a path may be right for such people. She clearly does not want it for herself, as the tone of this passage makes clear:

This nonsense about inhibitions and frustrations--if you kept busy and active, you didn't have time to be frustrated, and you were happy enough, too. Though happiness certainly wasn't the point of life.

The point of life, Harriet had grown to feel, was finding the task one was meant to do. 'Do [the] next thing,' as she had been taught as a child. One had to justify one's existence in some way, be of service to others, as she had tried to be. (67)

Such a view was unlikely to inspire imitation, but Lindbergh gave the position its due by allowing Aunt Harriet a voice. For Anne, serving others and fulfilling herself

were always at odds, her family's demands often preventing her from being an artist, as a passage from her diary illustrates:

[Charles] goes over the record--nine years, and only two books and wonders why it is....

But you ask too much, I want to cry out. I cannot be having a baby and be a good housekeeper and keep thinking and writing on the present times (in my diary) and be always free to discuss anything with you and give to the children and keep an atmosphere of peace in the family... and write a book at the same time. I cannot be an efficient woman and housemanager and an artist at the same time.

(War Within and Without 129-130)

Even though Anne had "a room of her own," a vocation and some time to write, she had too many other roles to fill, and her writing nearly always had to give way to other demands. Unlike Virginia Woolf, she could not or would not kill the "Angel in the House." Of course, Virginia Woolf had no children and a husband who accommodated his needs to her need to be an artist. Lindbergh accompanied her husband on many flights around the world, she raised five children, and she left her art to the interstices, following the traditional model of the woman-artist Linda Pannill found common around the turn of the twentieth century.

Unlike Harriet, Anne's journey, as she described it to the Smith College audience in 1978, was toward insight, not toward heaven. Sharing those insights was important to her. For Harriet, contemplation of death and heaven have shifted her focus away from life. Harriet says of death, "One had

been near it often enough; it was quite familiar at her age. The veil between the two worlds became very thin," and, of heaven, she "was sure [it] couldn't be inactive, world without end. There would be some life of service, some place for her" (71-72). Harriet sees her own life as a "pilgrimage; she must walk by faith. Sooner or later she would cross the river and have the life everlasting" (72). When Harriet attends to the wedding ceremony, she thinks of it in religious terms and responds in her thoughts to its religious significance, as "instituted of God," and the couple "to live together after God's holy ordinance" (62-63). The hereafter is much more important to Harriet than the here and now.

By giving Harriet a voice, Lindbergh allowed her past to speak, but Harriet is grouped with those who "would refuse life," unlike her brother-in-law Theodore. Though about the same age as Harriet, Theodore is less judgmental, more contemporary in his "conception of a stream of compassion which fed the world" (159). Theodore's story comes near the end of the novel, presenting a kind of answer to Harriet, and, with Harriet's narrative, forming a secondary frame within the frame of Deborah's views, which open and close the novel. In Theodore's perspective, service to others is also important, but it is an act of love rather than a duty, as Harriet saw it. The great truth that Theodore has learned at the end of life is that "the

communication of love itself in service... [transfiguring] his daily life... was the best of all" (169).

Theodore, Deborah's father, is much more appreciative of feminine and maternal qualities than Dwight Morrow seems to have been, though the fictional character does have a philosophical turn like Morrow. Unlike Morrow, who died in middle age, Theodore has survived to old age. Perhaps Lindbergh wished to create in fiction what was denied her in life, a father always there to understand and teach and be a model for her and her family to follow. Theodore is nearly perfect in this respect, turning to Deborah after Suzannah's illness, maintaining close ties with his grandchildren, and a model in his caring for others. His idea that life is a stream that all want to join classifies him with those who "go with life," Deborah, Don, and Frances. His character is perhaps a channel for Anne to share the insights she had come to by middle age (she was 56 years old when Dearly Beloved was published). Deborah seems younger than that, so Theodore is a better choice for the mature perspective on the meaning of life. Theodore is also a spokesperson for the importance of a spiritual element in life, a view closer to Anne's positions in Gift From the Sea than to Harriet's narrow, judgmental religion.

Theodore believes that compassion, not judgment, brings one closer to the "stream of life." In caring for his invalid wife, he practices the ideal of love and service:

It was death, really, Suzannah's dying, that had taught him dedication. All things done for her during her long invalidism, this period of unconscious withdrawal from life, were illumined with love. To wash, to lift, to smooth, to change a position, to feed--the humblest details became beautiful....

Women, doctors, and nurses, Theodore realized, practice dedication in their ordinary work. Women learn it naturally with their babies. Suzannah had learned it with Agnes; expressed it with her hands and her body... what he was learning late through his intense life of service for her, she had known and lived instinctively long before. (168)

What Theodore has learned has traditionally been the everyday experience of women, focusing on family, on children, the way Suzannah focused on a baby, in a passage that echoes Anne's diary entries on her pregnancies:

Everything was for the child; the sun on her hand, the food she ate, the sleep on her pillow. All common living had meaning and beauty, because it went to the child growing in her.... all those rites: the purification of the morning bath, the sacrament of orange juice, the ritual of the good-night glass of water--he understood them now.

(168-169)

All such acts, Theodore realizes, were acts of love, acts which put Suzannah, and now himself by his recognition of their importance, in the stream of love. He knows that what he has learned might help his children, if only they could listen and understand, but he flinches at the realization that his daughters' marriages are unhappy, even though "Deborah and John were quite compatible" and Henrietta "had those beautiful children" (172). His sadness becomes the "stony impasse of his children's unhappiness" (172) until he

admits that happy marriages still existed as dreams, dreams that made people plan and attend weddings, like his granddaughter's Sally's.

While Harriet believed marriage was just for children, Theodore sees marriage as an ideal with potential for happiness and self-fulfillment as well. Theodore does think that a marriage without children is incomplete, however, remembering his daughter Agnes's marriage, with no children, as having "never quite solidified" (173). For Theodore, marriage must be fruitful, but it must also reach a spiritual level to be truly satisfying, as was his and Suzannah's life together. Theodore believes weddings express

the eternal hope of the human race.... weddings had a special significance that he, for his part, could only call religious.... a heightening of human life by the addition of something beyond it, something uncertain, intangible, impossible to prove. An assertion of man's belief in a quality of spirit--love. (174)

Theodore's narrative answers Harriet's, with his emphasis on feeling countering her logic. Between the two elders' stories are the thoughts of the remaining five narrators. The two sections following Harriet's are from young people's perspectives: Chrissie, Sally's college roommate and bridesmaid, and Andre, Mark's friend and best man. Following their narratives are the stories of Deborah's friend and Chrissie's mother, Beatrice, Andre's

uncle Pierre, and Mark's mother Frances. These three narrators offer more mature reflections on marriage. All of these variations show Lindbergh exploring viewpoints from different stages of life and from people happy and unhappy in their marriages.

Like Deborah, Chrissie's first reaction to Sally dressed as a bride is a sense that she is a stranger, that this Sally had nothing to do with her college friend in blue jeans and hair curlers. The words, "this Man and this Woman," also startle her and set her thinking about the new stage Sally is entering. She feels the "tingling in the air, the room, the flowers" (77) and hopes the excitement of love will come to her too. Lindbergh's captures Chrissie's youth and personality in short sentences, sudden shifts in subject, and frequent use of exclamation points and question marks, a style appropriate to a young woman, whom Aunt Harriet calls "that pretty girl... making eyes at the French boy [Andre]" (71).

Thinking of boys dominates Chrissie's narrative, as she reminisces about her and Sally's favorite recreation, discussing boys, and about "how callous they were, picking over them like cherries in a basket, turning them round and pointing out their black spots, without a qualm" (79). She reviews the categories she and Sally used for the boys they met: "Sparklers, Twinklers, Worthies, and Lumps" (79). *Sparklers* "swept you off your feet"; *Twinklers* "were

definitely attractive in a quiet way, and usually improved on the third or fourth date"; *Worthies* "were sons of your father's and mother's friends," and *Lumps* were the worst, "usually other girls' cousins brought in at the last moment" (79). Chrissie feels rather superior in evaluating Mark as a Twinkler rather than a Sparkler, which she prefers "even if Mother said they were unsteady and would never settle down" (80). She realizes that her father Tom was a Sparkler and that led to her parents' divorce. Even though her mother is happy in a second marriage, Chrissie still wonders how to find the "'real thing'" (82). Her narrative answers none of these questions but ends with a youthful optimism and excitement about what Sally has, what Chrissie hopes will come to her:

Chrissie felt the tremor that was going through Sally; it was going through her too. She shut her eyes, and felt it in the pit of her stomach as if the whole earth was turning over inside. Like sex--like a baby moving inside you, perhaps. Chrissie felt it sweep over her in anticipation. Oh, she breathed, it will come to me too! (88)

Balancing Chrissie's romantic idealism is best man Andre's cynicism and isolation from most of the wedding party. Hearing his friends repeat their vows reminds him that he is a stranger in America and awakens his longing for family and home, for France. He met Mark while Mark was a student in France and is now living with Mark's family as an exchange student. Even though the Gallatins and their

friends have been cordial to him, Andre feels "kept out of the small inner room where the real life of American families went on" (91). Andre feels happy only when he visits his Oncle Pierre, who teaches at an American university. Pierre and his wife Adele's small apartment has "a warmth to it, a living warmth, as though a fire were burning in the grate to welcome him," warm because it has "their tapestry" of life in France in it (96). Andre wonders how it would be to stay in America and marry an American girl, but "he just couldn't imagine marrying anyone who didn't have the background of France, like a tapestry, behind her. A French tapestry, with its soft colors, its embroidered *millefleurs*" (96).

When Andre imagines an ideal woman, he sees someone "charming, [with] an illusion of grace and beauty--some of the innate wisdom of European women, combined with the freedom and spontaneity of Americans," someone like Mark's mother Frances (97). He even imagines Frances younger, in his arms, but the illusion leaves him lonelier, and only the Bach music played during the wedding ceremony consoles him. Even though Andre has come to the wedding with his Oncle Pierre, he feels alone and lets the music transport him to a place in his memory, the kind of landscape that always beckoned to Anne Lindbergh when she traveled:

The opening melody started again now, climbing like a sunny goat path up the terraced olive-planted hills of Provence where he used to visit his grandmother. He was pursuing it, as he used to pursue those paths as a boy, crushing the

pungent rosemary and thyme underfoot as he climbed. Those paths kept tempting him up one terrace more, to get a little further... [until] he had to make his own path. (100)

Like Anne and like Deborah, Andre desired solitude on his own terms, a place where "he was separated from the cramping details of daily life" (101). Andre's escape is only temporary; when the music stops, his loneliness returns and he turns to his uncle Pierre. Pierre has also escaped into his own thoughts during the ceremony, reliving his own wedding, and his happy expression annoys Andre, who wonders petulantly, "What was there is this occasion to make him so happy? What could there be in life to make anyone so happy?" (102).

Married happiness has come late to the next narrator, Beatrice, Chrissie's mother. She proudly watches Chrissie until the words, "'Who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man?'" (104) remind her that Chrissie will not enjoy the kind of family wedding that Sally has. Beatrice thinks of her first husband Tom and his never wanting to settle down to family life; he was a journalist always jumping at the chance to take foreign assignments to avoid the demands and routine of life at home. Unlike Tom, Beatrice's second husband Spencer is a real companion; Spencer gives Beatrice "confirmation" for who she is, "without her asking" (110). Beatrice realizes how fortunate she is in having at last what Tom never gave her and what she believes her friend

Deborah cannot get from her husband. Beatrice also focuses on Frances's marriage and wonders why Frances has never divorced her alcoholic husband Stephen. Beatrice believes that Frances has avoided the truth about her husband and settled for half a life--"marriage with an invalid, a child" (111).

Beatrice's insight about marriage is that the greatest sin against another person is not adultery, which she could have forgiven Tom for committing, but for what she calls *unmeetness*, quoting John Milton's word for people's inability to meet "in this mutual web" of all that marriage involved (111). The happiness Beatrice has found with Spencer comes from him as much as from her realization, parallel to Theodore's compassion, that love is shown in "the endless small interplay of daily tasks [which] couldn't be called trivial" (119). Such tasks as arranging flowers, cooking special dishes, anticipating a spouse's needs were "the substance of life itself, the web of marriage... a whole rightness of feeling and being... [expressing] *meetness*, as Milton said" (119).

In spite of an unhappy first marriage, Beatrice provides an affirmation of marriage, a positive view consolidated by Pierre's thoughts in the next narrative. Although Pierre is at first unhappy to be attending a wedding without his wife Adele, who is visiting family in France, he finds joy in contemplating his own happy

marriage. Like his nephew Andre, he was lonely when he first came to America, but meeting Adele on a return visit to France and marrying her have made his life complete. He reminisces about meeting Adele, their wedding day, their conversations about love and marriage, and imagines how she will respond when he describes Mark and Sally's wedding.

Pierre's section allows Lindbergh to vary the rhythm of her writing again, as she interjects French phrases and bits from writers she admires into his narrative. Pierre uses French often to express himself, as when he gives part of the Lord's Prayer in French, as he reviews discussion he and Adele have had, and as he compares his marriage with those of the other guests. He remembers being frightened at the "form... the picture of marriage" and wondering, "How can I ever be married, as Papa and Maman are married? Impossible!" (129). He and Adele have different but compatible views on marriage, Adele quoting Rainier Maria Rilke's description of "'Two solitudes, who protect and touch and greet each other'" (129) and Pierre preferring Antoine de Saint-Exupery's "'Love does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction'" (130), views Lindbergh had also quoted in Gift From the Sea.

Rilke and Saint-Exupery were favorites of Lindbergh's. Saint-Exupery and Anne had touched on marriage in their extended discussions during his 1939 visit to America, a visit which profoundly affected Anne's ideas and belief in

herself as an artist and which she described at length in her diary (War Within and Without 21-35). Echoes of Saint-Exupery and his impact on Anne pervade Anne's writing, including Dearly Beloved. Deborah's desire for real communication with another and Pierre's memory of how starved he was for companionship before Adele echo Anne's reaction to Saint-Exupery:

When one finds a person who has the same thought as yours you cry out for joy, you go and shake him by the hand. Your heart leaps as though you were walking in a street in a foreign land and you heard your own language spoken, or your name in a room full of strangers.

(War Within and Without 33)

Pierre imagines that his reunion with Adele will be a "true homecoming, like touching one's own country, after long exile" (Dearly Beloved 130).

An exile is also what Deborah feels she is, wishing for "something else, outside of everyday life," and wondering whether her real life was "somewhere *behind* her" (30), as Saint-Exupery speculated on "whether it is not my own youth I am regretting [in my writing]" (War Within and Without 27). Anne owed much to the ideas she gleaned from Saint-Exupery's writing and from his visit. In Deborah's dream-like description of the appeal Frenchmen had for her, "pale face, dark eyes, sensitive mouth, ... sad-eyed and elegant" (33), one wonders if Anne was dreaming of Saint-Exupery. His writing and his conversation had certainly inspired her;

she wrote The Steep Ascent hoping he would read it, in the belief that he was the only reader who would truly understand it. Like Anne, Deborah believed that "conversation itself, the flash of understanding, talking the same language... [was] the realest thing in life" (34).

Communication in marriage is what Deborah prizes but lacks, but Frances, the groom's mother, believes that continuity and growth should be privileged above all other things in marriage. Having had to "mother" her alcoholic husband Stephen and to be both mother and father to her son Mark and daughter Phyllis, Frances has sacrificed her own happiness to keep intact "that small universe she had created despite herself, husband, children, home" (150). Frances felt "she was the tree, holding them all," that as a woman she had "put down [her] roots and spread out [her] branches and [held up her] fruit to the sun" (151). Like Don, Frances had turned to another for comfort, having a long-term affair with a man she believed would someday divorce his wife and marry her. But now Frances rejects affairs because "only marriage seemed to take in enough life, enough ground to grow on" (152).

In her narrative, Frances looks with some skepticism at the marriages of her friends. Deborah and John remind her "of those espalliered fruit trees in France, trained against a southern wall, protected and bountiful but not full round trees"; Beatrice and Spencer's marriage, she thinks, "wasn't

complete... no fruit" or children of their own (154). She wishes she could pass on what she has learned to her son Mark and his bride, but she resigns herself to the idea that "nothing [could] be learned or handed on to your children... [that] wisdom seemed to be acquired only through suffering and carried with pain" (155). There is no resolution of the problems in her own marriage, only the hope that her son would not "go through mistakes and heartbreak... to find out about life and himself" (155).

Following Frances's unhappy reflections, Theodore's affirmation of the spiritual and compassionate stream of life that weddings promise prepares for the final chapters. The brief vignettes of "The Bride and Groom," "The Supper," "The Toast," and "After" are vivid bits of description from Deborah's perspective. As Sally and Mark step away from the altar, their glowing faces light up the room, a parallel to the flowers which brightened the living room before the ceremony. Though they do not speak, their expressions say, *"It is life we have waked to... life and love and happiness"* (178). Though Deborah is not identified as the narrator here, the tone of the language is hers, in celebrating life and urging the wedding guests to be uplifted by the light blazing from the new couple and to *"Hurry, while it lasts. Hurry, let us touch it, taste it, drink it!"* (178). These lines echo her thoughts early in the novel, her desire to "let [life] come; let it flow; let it blaze. Let it pour

through every vein. Let it flood the heart, immerse the body and soul" (21). These lines echo the close of The Steep Ascent, when Eve has been reborn to life. They are also evocative of what Belenky and her colleagues saw as a hallmark of *constructed knowledge*: "constructivists become passionate knowers, knowers who enter into a union with that which is to be known" (141). Deborah's passionate desire for life, for the "unbearable moment" and the insights it may bring, is consistent with the perspective of a woman in the position of constructed knowledge, opening "the mind and the heart to embrace the world" (Women's Ways of Knowing 141).

Deborah feels that she must prolong the ceremony's warmth, offering food and drink to her guests, and she is happy when her efforts are successful:

She was pleased, at the moment, to have her guests relish the supper. It was delicious; the soup had just enough sherry; the steak was not overdone; the lettuce had been properly dried before the dressing went on--well mixed, not a drop of water.

All the hours of planning and preparation paid off at last. The guests around the table suddenly revived; their voices rose; their cheeks grew pink. How easily they seemed satisfied, like a bunch of children, glowing with nourishment. Deborah felt a deep satisfaction observing them. *I have fed them, she thought; I have brought them life.* (182-183)

Having thus satisfied her guests, Deborah can relax and enjoy the moment and herself. Mark's Uncle Albert asks her, "'What are you thinking?'" and she responds, "'I was just

thinking how long it takes to learn to know oneself'" (183). The ensuing discussion on the artist's attempt to know and get beyond the self leads to Deborah's admission that she is a "would-be artist," that "she had wanted to paint, or write, or play the piano" (184). Deborah looks around her,

the room spread out before her, as one might look at a painting, in color and light and shadow... the plump roses in Mother's Waterford glass; the light from Father's old candlesticks, glinting on wine glasses and plate rims, on polished silver and sheen of cloth, reflected finally in moving eyes and lips. (184)

It is at that moment that Deborah realizes she is an artist: "She has composed the exact setting needed... [her guests] were freed to be themselves--a little more than themselves" in her living painting, and "it was her special creation... her individual work of art" (185).

Like Eve in The Steep Ascent, Deborah has chosen to "go with life," and, like Eve, that brings her back to her family. Deborah looks down the table to see her husband "catching her eye now and then for approval," wanting reassurance that he is also a part of the moment, and she knows that what she has at the moment is enough.

[John] was holding up his end of the table, too, she noticed with some amusement; listening attentively to old Mrs. Gallatin, watching to see that things were passed along, catching her eye now and then for approval. Was it possible he was trying to please her? She was so used to thinking of herself as the weaker partner, leaning on him, it came to her as a shock that he might sometimes lean on her. The shift in weight

made her feel stronger, more of a person. She was carrying her load; they were carrying it together. An equal partnership she had not sensed before. (186)

Deborah is happy in the knowledge that the partnership she felt she lacked is present, that there is "a firm bond between [her and John]," holding together all the relatives at the table and "spanning the past and the future, all linked together through them--herself and John. She was aware for the first time of the unity of the family" (186). She links this idea of *community* to *communion* in marriage and then to the *communication* that she prizes so highly and concludes that

the words might be closer than she knew. All this they had made, shared, held together--wasn't it a form of communication? At the moment it seemed enough. It compensated for all the humdrum grocery-string length of days. It gave a meaning to her life. (186)

Deborah asks herself if this is the "real life she was always wondering about and looking for; life stripped to its naked core, for once clear and vivid.... the ore of life was suddenly visible, the thin vein of gold" (186-187). She sees it reflected back in her family, "in Father's deep serenity, in Aunt Harriet's sharpness, and in Frances's intensity; in the children's faces, shining with expectancy, and in Sally's incandescence across the flowers" (187). It is one of those moments of awareness that Lindbergh sought throughout her life. Deborah believes she is now in "the

stream" her father described, where "everything you do and give is the stream flowing through you" (187). She reviews the stages of her life: girlhood, young love, marriage, childbirth, and now watching a child leave home.

She had climbed another step.... It was one of those moments in life when you knew you had crossed a threshold and entered a new stage. The most trivial thing might tell you, but it was unmistakable like the click of a door opening; putting your hair up, or the kiss after dancing school, or being called Mrs. McNeil for the first time; and that morning in the hospital, 'Yes, it's a girl.' This moment, too, she felt, sitting up very straight in her chair--this was a coming of age.

She must remember! Oh, she must remember this moment, for she was at last, for an instant anyway, part of the stream. (187-188)

As Lindbergh had described in Gift From the Sea, a woman's coming of age was most important to her happiness and the key to a full life. Deborah has arrived at that stage at the end of Dearly Beloved, but it is just the steppingstone to the rest of her life. Her thoughts come full circle at the end of the novel: she has welcomed the "unbearable moment" of knowing that her youth is past, has successfully put on a wedding and made it possible for all those present to join or rejoin the stream of life if only for an instant, to rejoice in the life and love and promise of a wedding. She has "climbed another step" (187), but she wavers in her confidence that she can go on. The aftermath of the wedding is anticlimactic: "Why did life go roaring on and on just when you thought you had it fixed in a frame

and could look at it? Her moment of illumination at the supper table was over. She was very tired and her feet hurt--and Sally had gone" (202). Having said good-bye to her guests, Deborah feels a bit lost:

Now, what was it--something she was going to do? Something she wanted to touch, to put her hand on. The next step, the next little step. A steppingstone--that was all. What was it?

Deborah looked around like a child, for a sign, a place, or a hand.

'John,' she said, turning to her husband with sudden relief--'oh, John!' (202)

Deborah's "illumination at the supper table" was that the bond spanning the past and the future is her marriage, and, in turning to John, Deborah affirms the security of marriage, a security that will allow her to take "the next step," whatever that step might be. It is the affirmation Frances provided a few pages earlier in toasting the new couple, letting go of her son Mark so that he and Sally would be free "to create their own reality, freshly, unimpeded by other people's hopes and fears. Only then would there be any possibility of a creative act" (196). For Anne Lindbergh, this letting go of children, what was occurring in her family in the 1950's and 1960's with all five children marrying and leaving home, freed her to return to her writing and to turn to her husband again, as Deborah did. Lindbergh told a Smith College commencement audience in 1978 that the years she and Charles shared after child-rearing was over were the best years they had together.

This time was all too brief, for Charles died in 1974, leaving Anne to face another new stage in life, widowhood.

In her writing, Anne Morrow Lindbergh explored the problems and celebrated the joys of each stage of a woman's life, showing through her own search for self-fulfillment as an artist and her wish to live a full, real life as a wife and mother how demanding but rewarding the combination could be. If she failed to live up to her potential as an artist, or to others' expectations of her, if she was, as Deborah said, only a "would-be artist," she nevertheless created many vignettes of life that live vividly, that glow and that speak to us still. Through her travel books, novels, essays, poems, diaries and letters, she tried to communicate honestly, to describe her own journey through life and to share her insights. She tried to describe the artist's search for perfection, to come to terms with loss, to explore how to be an artist and a wife and mother, to remain aware and open to life, and to provide signposts for the stages in a woman's life. Like the women at the stage of constructed knowledge in Women's Ways of Knowing, she was eager to share her knowledge, to communicate to both men and women how she viewed the world and why she valued what she did (147).

In her most artistic achievements, The Steep Ascent and Dearly Beloved, Lindbergh captured stages in a woman's life and truths about existence that connect to both men and

women. Like Eve Alcott and Deborah McNeil, Anne Morrow Lindbergh desired always to "go with life," to be open and aware so as not to miss the precious, the "unbearable moment." She urged her readers to learn or to relearn the values that philosophy and religion and literature all teach, the values she tried to practice herself:

Simplicity of living, as much as possible, to retain a true awareness of life. Balance of physical, intellectual, and spiritual life. Work without pressure. Space for significance and beauty. Time for solitude and sharing. Closeness to nature to strengthen understanding and faith in the intermittency of life: life of the spirit, creative life, and the life of human relationships. (Gift From the Sea 120)

In combining the insights she had gained from her personal triumphs and tragedies with all that she had learned from her study of philosophy, religion, and literature, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, like the women profiled in Women's Ways of Knowing, must have felt that "women have a special responsibility to try to communicate to both men and women how they view things and why they value what they do" (147). She developed a voice of her own to tell the story of her life, and, in sharing her insights, enriched the lives of millions of readers. Like the women profiled in Women's Ways of Knowing, Anne Morrow Lindbergh "revealed in the way [she spoke] and lived [her life] the moral conviction that ideas and values, like children, must be nurtured, cared for, placed in environments that help them

grow" (152). Like the young married couple beginning a new life at the end of Dearly Beloved, Lindbergh believed always in "the possibility of a creative act" (196), in the next step, in the inexhaustibility of the human spirit.

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VITA

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She did one year of graduate work in English at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University. In 1978, she married fellow English graduate student Jereial Byron Fletcher, of Scott County, Virginia, and completed her Master's degree in English at The University of Tennessee in Knoxville, graduating in 1980. She and her husband moved to Bluefield, Virginia in 1980. She taught English at Concord College in Athens, West Virginia from 1980 to 1982, at Bluefield State College from 1982 to 1988, at Virginia Tech in 1988, and at Bluefield College in Bluefield, Virginia since 1989. She has one daughter, Rachel Colleen, born in 1983. She resides at 2620 Clovis Street, Bluefield, West Virginia 24701. An avid quilter and teacher of traditional Appalachian crafts and quilting, she collects area folklore and is at work on a novel about growing up in Appalachia.