

ROBERT FRANCIS LUCID: Curriculum Vitae

I. PERSONAL

Born June 25, 1930
Married, One Child

II. EDUCATION

A.B. (English) University of Washington, 1954
A.M. (English) University of Chicago, 1955
Ph.D. (English) University of Chicago, 1958
(Honors)

III. ACADEMIC APPOINTMENTS

Instructor, The College, University of
Chicago, 1957-1959
Assistant Professor, English, Wesleyan
University, 1959-1964
Assistant Professor, English, University of
Pennsylvania, 1964-1968
Associate Professor, English, University of
Pennsylvania, 1968-1975
Professor, English, University of
Pennsylvania, 1975-1996
Professor Emeritus, University of
Pennsylvania, 1996--
Adjunct Professor, English, Wilkes
University, 1996--

IV. ACADEMIC HONORS AND OFFICES

Executive Secretary, American Studies
Association 1964-69
Yaddo Fellowship 1971
Lindbach Award for Distinguished Teaching
1975
Graduate Chairman, Department of English
1974-76
Chairman Faculty Senate 1976-77
Faculty Master Hill College House 1979-1996
Chairman Council of College House Masters
1980-1994
Chairman Department of English 1980-85, 1990
(Fall)
Ira Abrams Award for Distinguished Teaching
1987
Executive Board PEN American Center 1987-92
Chairman PEN-at-Penn Program 1987-92
Director Penn-in-London Program 1992-93
Chairman Council of Faculty in Residence
1994-1996
Executive Director, Provost's Council on 21st
Century, 1994-95
Chairman, Collegiate Planning Board, 1995-96

V. COURSES TAUGHT

All periods and genres of American literature on the graduate and undergraduate levels, as well as a wide range of courses on the forms of modernism. Courses on American popular culture, and on the Idea of the University.

Courses taught 1992-1996:

"Anglo-American Literary Comparisons,"
undergraduate
seminar, King's College, University of London,
1992-93
"Contemporary London Theatre," (English 67) CGS
Penn-in-London, Summer 1993
"Modern British and American Literature," (English
68), CGS Penn-in-London, Summer, 1993
"Recent Mass Culture Narrative," (English 585),
Fall, 1993
"Modern Anglo-American Literature," (English 284),
Fall, 1993
"Expatriate American Literary Communities,"
(English 386), Spring, 1994
"Counter-cultural Emergence: 1919-1929; 1945-1970,"
(English 586), Spring 1994
"Expatriate American Literature," (English 285),
Fall, 1994
"Postwar: 1919-1929; 1945-1970," Fall, 1994
"Literature and the Idea of the University,"
Spring 1995, Fall 1995, Spring, 1996

VI. PUBLICATIONS

Editions:

The Journals of Richard Henry Dana, Jr. 3 vols.
The Belknap Press of the Harvard University
Press, 1968.

Norman Mailer, the Man and his Work, Little Brown,
Boston, 1971.

The Long Patrol, Twenty Five Years of Writing from
the Work of Norman Mailer, World Publishing
Company, New York, 1971.

Essays, Articles and Reviews in:

American Quarterly, American Literature, Chicago
Review, Civil War History, Commonwealth,
University of Pennsylvania Gazette, American
Library Bulletin, Harvard Alumni Bulletin,
American Scholar, Massachusetts Review,

Wharton Quarterly, Los Angeles Times,
Philadelphia Bulletin, Philadelphia Inquirer,
New York Times, Chicago Daily News,
San Francisco Examiner, Boston Herald-Tribune,
Studies in the Novel, Dictionary of Literary
Biography.

Recent Publications:

- "Aldridge and Fiedler: Presiding at the End,"
Michigan Quarterly Review, Spring, 1984, pp.
289-293.
- "Aesthetic Sensibility and the Idea of the
Imagination in America," Review, vol. 7, 1985,
pp. 113-118.
- "Prolegomenon to a Biography of Norman Mailer,"
in Critical Essays on Norman Mailer ed. J.
Michael Lennon. G.K.Hall & Co., Boston, 1986.
pp. 174-184.
- "In Memoriam Robert E. Spiller: 1896-1988,"
American Quarterly, September, 1989, pp. 522-
525.
- "In Honor of E. Sculley Bradley: 1897-1987," in
Margin to Mainstream: The Broadening of the
American Literary Canon ed. Eugene A. Boldt,
Jr, and Constance Harsh. Philomathean
Society Press, Philadelphia, 1992. Pp. 95-97.
- "In Memoriam: Hennig Cohen: 1919-1996," American
Quarterly, June 1997, pp. 221-224.

Work in Progress:

The authorized biography of Norman Mailer.

NORMAN MAILER

27 April 1981

*Mailer
pro*

Dear Scott,

This is to confirm, as of our telephone conversation of today, April 25, that I have asked Robert Lucid of the Department of English at the University of Pennsylvania, to be my official biographer and he has accepted. Bob has already been putting my papers in order for some years and will now begin to interview a number of people over the next few years who have known me well at one period or another in my life. I would also like this letter to authorize you to discourage other publishers from engaging on biographies about me, since it is my wish that the official biography be a substantial part of my estate after I am gone, and so I will ask most of these people I've known well over the years whom Lucid will be interviewing not to give interviews on the subject of myself to other biographers.

Yours, and best,

Norman Mailer

Norman Mailer

The Perfect Absurd Figure of a Mighty, Absurd Crusade



by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

THE LONG PATROL:
Twenty-five Years of Writing from
the Work of Norman Mailer

edited by Robert F. Lucid
World, 739 pp., \$15

NORMAN MAILER:
The Man and His Work
edited by Robert F. Lucid
Little, Brown, 310 pp., \$6.95

The appearance of these two volumes, a retrospective collection of Norman Mailer's writings and a book of critical essays about him, is one of several recent indications that Mailer has at last begun to suffer the fate he has hoped for years would overtake him. There now seems to be widespread agreement—not only among his literary contemporaries but large segments of the reading public—that he is the most exciting and important writer in America. The interesting question is why this presumably self-evident fact of Mailer's genius has taken so long to be acknowledged, why even sophisticated people have had to learn to live with it as if it were a loathsome disease, after overcoming extremely powerful feelings of distaste, while legions of the semiliterate, the sort who never read books but know exactly which writers they detest, appear to harbor the most astonishing hostility to Mailer's face, physique, voice, manners, and morals and seem unable to understand why he was not put away long ago.

This is rather odd when one con-

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of several works of criticism. His new collection of essays, *The Devil in the Fire*, will be published by Harper's Magazine Press in January.

siders that we have never expected our best writers to be particularly saintly, and there is a fine tradition among them of behavior ranging from the merely perverse through the boorish, sottish, deceitful, spiteful, disloyal, and infantile to the maddest reaches of paranoia and monomania. The examples of Poe, Whitman, Twain, Frost, Hart Crane, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald all testify in varying degrees to the fact that sometimes the only respectable thing about a writer is his writing. Yet these men have been accepted—in some cases, to be sure, only after they were decorously dead—because the quality of their work finally seemed to justify their peculiarities of character.

The trouble with Mailer is that not only has he been very much alive among us—unforgivably alive—but he seemed for too long a dubious quantity as a writer while his character grew steadily more outrageous. There was a period in the Fifties when he appeared to imagine that the way to achieve large literary success was to engage in brawls and try to get arrested, or to insult his readers by disparaging their intelligence—as he did to such good effect in the columns he wrote at the time for *The Village Voice*. His strategy then may well have been to create such an offensive public image that people would be moved to read him if only out of hate. But the practical result was that too many people decided that nobody who acted that foolish could possibly be worth reading. Significantly, it was not until the appearance in 1959 of *Advertisements for Myself*, a collection offered quite nakedly, even abjectly, as an appeal for serious recognition, that the tide of opinion began to turn in Mailer's favor, and it did so not because that book contained old material hitherto unappreciated or prompted a reconsideration of his novels, but because in writing about his frustrations and mistakes, the wreck of his literary hopes, the corro-

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRON

- 45 "The Long Patrol: Twenty-five Years of Writing from the Work of Norman Mailer," edited by Robert F. Lucid; "Norman Mailer: The Man and His Work," edited by Robert F. Lucid
- 49 Book Forum: Letters from Readers
- 50 Neruda Laureate,
by Robert J. Clements
- 52 "Stolen Apples: Poetry of Yevgeny Yevtushenko," with English adaptations by James Dickey, Geoffrey Dutton, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Anthony Kahn, Stanley Kunitz, George Reavey, John Updike, Richard Wilbur
- 57 "Flannery O'Connor: The Complete Stories"; "The Mortgaged Heart: The Previously Uncollected Writings of Carson McCullers,"
edited by Margarita G. Smith
- 58 Turning on Parent Power,
by Sophie C. Silberberg
- 59 Fall Books for Young People,
by Zena Sutherland
- 64 "Goat Songs," by John Weston
- 67 "Krumnagel," by Peter Ustinov
- 68 "Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories and Other Disasters,"
by Jean Shepherd
- 69 "Who Owns America,"
by Walter J. Hickel
- 70 "The Liberated Woman and Other Americans," by Midge Decter

sions of failure that drove him to behave badly, he produced a prose so remarkably much better than anything he had done before that a large number of readers saw for the first time how very good a writer he was—because then, for the first time, he was that good.

Mailer also discovered in *Advertisements* what has since become his most complex and vital subject—himself as combined victim, adversary, hero, and fool being simultaneously humiliated and aggrandized as he engages the ogres and windmills of contemporary history. He had learned a great deal about the dramatic possibilities inherent in the multifoliate subject of Norman Mailer, and he was destined as time passed to learn a great deal more. But by 1959 his remarkable sensitivity to the intricate telegraphies of status had already taught him this

absolutely wonderful for one's public image.

Having apparently learned all this by 1959, Mailer went on to learn something even more essential to his future prosperity: how to make himself into the kind of writer who would finally neutralize through his work some of the mistrust and hostility he had generated through his public behavior. He achieved this in two ways. First, he began making much more direct use in his fiction of his own well-publicized obsessions and aberrations—his interest in the mystical properties of the orgasm in *The Time of Her Time*, the spiritually regenerative effects of wife-murder in *An American Dream*, the cathartic possibilities of the scatological in *Why Are We in Vietnam?* This had the effect of dissociating these ideas from his public self and the essays and interviews in which he had

fective as a tranquilizer of enemies. He was no longer the victim of his bludgeoning first-person delivery. Instead, Mailer became his own most derisive critic as he observed his various personae—an aging, hungover activist in Washington, "the reporter" in Miami and Chicago, Aquarius in Cape Kennedy and Houston—pass through the postures of acute embarrassment, ineptitude, braggadocio, affectation, and occasional wisdom, hammering it up for the gallery or putting down a rival, but always finally being put down hardest by himself. The traits displayed by these personae had long been fixtures of Mailer's public character, but when he had displayed them in that character they had earned him little more than hostility. Now the writer in him had found a way of using them as material, and in the process he turned his worst vices into almost lovable virtues. The early Mailer committed the one sin Americans can never forgive: he took himself seriously. As a journalist, he began to laugh at himself—an action we prize even more highly than failure.

In achieving these realignments Mailer can hardly be accused of cynicism. There is nothing to indicate that he was employing his skills as a politician, although they are recognized to be considerable. He seems rather to have passed into a new phase of personal and creative development in which he was able to engage himself and his material in fresh terms. By the late Sixties he had gained in wisdom as well as age, and he had also gained sufficient success to appease at least the larger hungers of his ego and give him a certain benevolent detachment. But that these things occurred at this particular time was immensely fortuitous, and so was the fact that he began just then to offer in his journalism a kind of material singularly appropriate to the historical moment and guaranteed to have a major impact particularly on the younger audience of the moment. It had been obvious for years to others, if not to Mailer, that if he expected, as he claimed, to have a revolutionary influence on the consciousness of the age, he would be unlikely to do so through the novel. The problem was not simply that his best talents were only erratically displayed in the novel, but that the form itself seemed inadequate to satisfy the needs of a generation who had grown to believe that the social realities of this world are far more important than imaginative fictions, and who were trying to relate to issues as the generation before them had tried to relate to ideas. Mailer's interests as a writer and those of his largest potential public thus nicely coincided, for it had been evident—perhaps even as far back as *The Naked and the Dead*—that



Norman Mailer and Muhammad Ali—the writer turned vices into "almost lovable virtues."

—Wide World

much: that to be taken seriously as a man and writer you do not demand the approval of the public, for this puts you in the position of appearing to feel arrogantly superior to them and insisting on what is rightfully your due. The far better way is to make the public feel superior to you by demonstrating how pathetic you have become in trying to win their approval and just how much their approval means to you. Furthermore, you could always count on good Americans to believe that recognition should come to those who have worked for it hard enough, and Mailer in *Advertisements* had explained with fine eloquence how terribly hard he had worked for it. If, as Leslie Fiedler once remarked, nothing succeeds for Americans like failure, it is equally true that confession of failure is not only cleansing to the soul but

first presented them as shockingly offensive personal interests, and giving them the safely general and objective quality of fictional themes. As such, they might still seem offensive, but at least they would be identified with his imaginary characters and no longer be taken as quite such literal evidence of his own moral corruption.

At the same time he was also discovering how to project in his work—primarily in the meta-journalism he began to write in the late Sixties—a self-image which became steadily more attractive, not so much because the things he described himself as saying and doing had suddenly ceased to seem outrageous, but because a new note of humor had come to characterize the description and to give it an air of ironic detachment and ambiguity that was both appealing and enormously ef-

his particular powers found their most intense stimulus in moments of social and political crisis, in apocalyptic confrontations between individuals and the massive forces of historical and institutional change. The march on the Pentagon, the riots in Chicago, the Presidential conventions of 1968 were all charged with apocalyptic portent. They were as beautifully suited to Mailer's temperament and style as if he had invented them himself—which, in fact, he might have done—and it so happened that all the seismic instruments agreed that these occasions demanded expression in precisely the form he and he alone could give them.

If he had come to envision himself as a symptomatic consciousness, mediating between his personal micro-hells and the major disasters of his age, he now had an audience desperately in need of someone on whom they could project their own more incoherent sense of being both agents and dupes of history, at once personally implicated in and collectively victimized by events. What they found in Mailer was a writer who could bring into focus the contradictory elements of this feeling, a spokesman able to express it in language and action more forcefully than they could or would have dared and, above all, a human being whom they could accept—as they had accepted no one since John Kennedy—for a hero because he epitomized in his humanness the ambiguities necessary to an acceptable heroism at that time. He was tough, brash, defiantly irreverent, a taker of

unbelievable risks. But he was also—and openly admitted to being—vulnerable, uncertain, fearful of the impression he was making (on Robert Lowell, Dwight Macdonald, Eugene McCarthy, Sonny Liston), never completely convinced of the possibility that mere quaking guts might stand up to their monolithic self-possession.

Yet that exactly was the secret of Mailer's appeal, the very essence of his heroism, for he was guts at war with all his unmastered contradictions and fears, and he monitored them in battle with that deadly obsessiveness of the general who has never quite grown up to the courage of his command, brooding over the corpses of real men when he should have been figuring the cold statistics of killed and wounded. Such men as Lowell, Liston, and McCarthy might be great poets, fighters, and politicians, but they could not be heroes, at least not in this time and generation, because they were too complete as personages, at once too intact in their fortitude and too remote from their mortality. Mailer was like the early characters of Hemingway, and he would like to have thought that he was more than a little like Hemingway himself. He was all blustering defense mechanism, the hairy fist clutching the fragile rose, bravery earned at the expense of panic, a mass of insecurities constantly in need of the challenge that would force him into at least the appearance of strength. He thus dramatized the antithetical impulses that underlay the protest movement and the psychology of the

young. He expressed their strong mistrust of the pieties of the establishment at the same time that he forced them to confront their own even more pompous pieties. He embodied their sense of self-importance and of insignificance, their faith and their cynicism, their desire to make the grand gesture and their intuition that the grand gesture would probably have slight effect on anyone, least of all the blind course of history. Mailer, in short, was the perfect absurd white knight of their mighty, absurd crusade—the quixotic figure of fun, nobility, pride, self-derisiveness, and absolute honesty for a generation that had nothing to offer but its indignation, its idealism, and its preposterous nerve.

But one saw that these same qualities that made Mailer so attractive to the younger readers of his journalism also helped to ingratiate him with older readers and even former enemies. That developing note of self-derisiveness which came to characterize his treatment of his various personae was accompanied by an increasing tendency to equivocate about issues and people he at one time most probably would have demolished. Practically every portrait he drew of public events and personalities could be seen to have a dimension of meliorating ambiguity. If he put down liberals, one also noticed that he put down conservatives. He might show irritation over the fact that Ralph Abernathy had kept the press waiting forty minutes in Miami. He might even use the occasion to deliver one of his most agonized and eloquent perorations on the whole oppressive phenomenon of Negro rights:

... he [Mailer] was so heartily sick of listening to the tyranny of soul music, so bored with Negroes triumphantly late for appointments, so depressed with Black inhumanity to Black in Biafra, so weary of being sounded in the subway by Black eyes, so despairing of the smell of booze and pot and used-up hope in the blood-shot eyes of Negroes bombed at noon ...

He might even acknowledge the presence in "some secret part of his flesh [of] a closet Republican," yet the confession clearly costs him something in "dread and woe." Its impact is softened if not canceled by his so evident guilt, and that, it turns out, is not his loss but his gain, for he has registered his heresy in the very breath of denouncing it, and so may be said to have had it both ways—to have put into words our most vicious buried hatreds but purged himself and us with the detergents of self-disgust.

In the same manner one also saw him in *Armies of the Night* open an attack on his peers, yet with a sure instinct



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Mailer

Continued from page 48

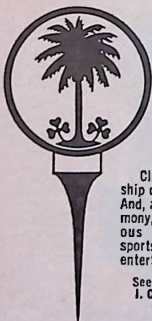
for the right one to destroy—Paul Goodman, lost to him anyway, but not Lowell, or Macdonald, who at that moment was known to be at work on a review of *Why Are We in Vietnam?* for *The New Yorker*. Again, it would be unfair to suggest that what has really happened to Mailer is that he has become a politician. Without doubt his vision has simply grown more dialectical, and he has found a way of dramatizing more completely his own intellectual and psychological contradictions. Nevertheless, one cannot deny that this often appears to be circumspection or that, deliberate or not, it has worked powerfully to his advantage. He now knows how little real profit there is in the self-indulgence of the direct attack, and how much potential risk. To allow oneself the exhilaration of trying with a single blow to kill off all one's literary competitors—as he very nearly succeeded in doing in "The Talent in the Room" and "Some Children of the Goddess"—is to take the chance of undermining one's whole campaign for the championship. Mailer did not dare to afford such luxuries now that he saw he had become the caretaker of a possibly major reputation and a talent for winning the large-scale approval he had fought for throughout his literary life.

The dangers for the public writer in achieving approval of this kind were all rehearsed for us in the sad example of Hemingway. Mailer began by envying Hemingway his reputation and, now that he has won something approaching its equivalent, he may be forced to suffer very similar consequences. If Hemingway finally found it more enjoyable to play at being the

(Continued on page 72)

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brity than to persist in the more usual course of developing himself a writer, Mailer may not be wholly exempt from the same temptation. Despread attention is most easily won these days through performing in mass media, and such performance far less tiring than creativity. If in order to gain an audience for your important work you make yourself into a media performer, you must also know when to stop performing and get on with your important work. Otherwise, you may end by becoming nothing but a performer and, worse, you will begin to live for it as an end in itself. Mailer knows this better than most because he knows his own weaknesses better than anybody else. But it would appear to be time now for him to get back to work and begin to live out his fantasies through the creations of his mind and talent and not through such humiliating and disastrous exhibitions as his recent boxing match with José Torres on the *Dick Cavett Show*.

The two volumes devoted to representative selections from Mailer's work and to the views of his critics may serve as a reminder to him that he is indeed the caretaker, however careless, of a major talent and reputation, and they may also draw public attention away from his activities as a television pugilist and back to the real matter at hand. *The Long Patrol* contains an excellent sampling of his writings—both excerpted and complete—from *The Naked and the Dead* through *Of a Fire on the Moon*, and is intended, as the editor, Robert F. Lucid, says, to attract readers who may be discovering Mailer for the first time. The critical collection, also edited by Mr. Lucid, should surely win for Mailer both new and more respectful readers, for here are

critics writing, whether in praise or condemnation, about a man whom they clearly consider a literary phenomenon of great importance. The book contains an extremely discerning and appreciative introduction by Mr. Lucid, Richard Foster's fine long study, which first appeared as one of the *University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers*, the early and classic essays by Diana Trilling and by Norman Podhoretz, Elizabeth Hardwick's delightfully indignant and mostly uncomprehending review of *An American Dream*, as well as other pieces of varying quality and temper by such critics as Alfred Kazin, Richard Poirier, Tom Wolfe, Midge Decter, Leo Bersani, Jack Richardson, Gore Vidal, and Dwight Macdonald.

The two collections together testify to the size of Mailer's achievement and the solidity of his present reputation. That is what matters to us, and it should be all that matters to him. For now that he has proved that he can survive and triumph over failure, he has still to prove that he can survive his large success. To do this it would seem that he must learn again the lesson every successful writer has had to learn not once but many times: that it is necessary for him to become private once more because his real demons can never be confronted in the public limelight but only in the haunted personal dark. Yeats's lines addressed "To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing" may be even more appropriate to one whose work has come to a very great deal:

Bred to a harder thing
Than Triumph, turn away
And like a laughing string
Whereon mad fingers play
Amid a place of stone,
Be secret and exult,
Because of all things known
That is most difficult.



"First, I'd like the names of some people who have gotten rich by following your advice."

tions of manipulation by cultural and intellectual fashions.

It can be comforting to certain among us—the middle-aged, the affluent, the chauvinistic (whether toward country, sex or race)—to learn that contemporary America is merely exhibiting symptoms of a hallucinatory fever induced by a nasty sociocultural virus. More comforting still, possibly to be handed an antibiotic prescription in the form of recall to the “limited, compromised terms” of existence that are the legacy of our eternally imperfect human nature. But if this is all that's afoot, why is Midge Decter running so scared?

For a moment, no more, she hovers at the edge of the problem of authenticity. “How is it,” she asks, “that Americans have such a difficult time thinking and talking naturally about themselves?” But the implications of the question, even in the narrow limits of its phrasing, are not pursued very far. By temperament Decter is congenial with static law. Social roles are viewed as the expression of predetermined values governing conduct. Yet from the beginning, man, searching for an authentic self, has been trying to circumvent roles, and struggling to eliminate them. Democratization of culture has, of course, enhanced the self-consciousness with which this project is carried on, and its flamboyant tools encourage the tendency to confuse gesture with substance, particularly at this stage of floundering political egalitarianism. Despite its intended high-mindedness, however, Decter's reverence for “experience” as immutable contains its own insensitive susceptibility to “distance.” Her method of appraisal is to counter the popularized rhetorical code by which changes in social behavior are assessed, and frequently acted out, with the equally superficial complacencies of the rhetoric of conventional wisdom. Since the one mode of perception is no less ephemeral than the other, we are plunged into a phony war of words.

No one knows better than Midge Decter, who has spent her career in it, the degree to which the communications industry nourishes and inflates shifts in cultural attitudes and profits from exalting the transiently new. It may not be too impolite to suggest that the title of this book, if not the notion of the book itself (a miscellany of twenty-one pieces of which eleven are book and film reviews whose subjects have already lost their fragile hold on our memory) has its faddish aspect. Whatever *Women's Liberation* may accomplish in the near future, it has early proved its eminent publishing marketability.

There is a disingenuous note in the logic by which movement against repressive social forces is reduced to a form of attitudinizing. Decter writes in

her 1962 piece “The Gay Divorcée” that women divorce “because they can.” They are yielding to the relaxation of self-discipline permitted by the culture. One has a sudden vision of countless nineteenth-century women, burning to testify to the character-enobbling attributes of their unhappy marriages from which release was legally unavailable. In “Growing Old in America” (1963) the author surveys the wretchedness of retired, useless old people passing time on park benches, and rejects their plight “as yet another of those social problems that leads on a straight road back to the . . . inequitable distribution of wealth in this country.” Although her own statistics contradict this assertion, she prefers to detour, reaching the conclusion that their misery results from having saved, put off, deferred, depriving themselves of “all those present moments that might one day become real and self-defining remembrances.” A pious platitude that evades the primary questions: Saved with what? Put off, deferred what? The artifacts of the youth culture springing up in her hometown, St. Paul, are decried as “the lares and penates of that new religion of love which is nothing but the infinite adumbration of narcissism.” Not even a hint, Decter, of commercial greed, merchants making a fast buck on the harmless symbols with which the young signal their community?

A thought flashes into mind at these perverse judgments. Decter would have put down Thoreau as a cop-out. He should have given thanks he was a middle-class citizen of a free-enterprise society, quit his exhibitionist antics, taken a real job, a wife, and raised a family. His malaise would have passed and the cultural air remained uncon-

taminated by his message—and a good thing, she'd say.

It's hard to take seriously a writer whose consistent tactic is to indict the whole through its least representative or crucial element. To fantasy the feminist movement into a pseudo-biographical sketch of a spoiled, middle-class girl dodging personal responsibility is too easy to warrant rebuttal. We wade through the craftily contrived, meandering stream of words in *The Liberated Woman*, expecting some awareness of feminism's just concerns, some comprehension of its current resurgence as the delayed continuum of a shift in the unequal relations between the sexes, rooted in the modern drive toward individual autonomy. But nary a hint of either.

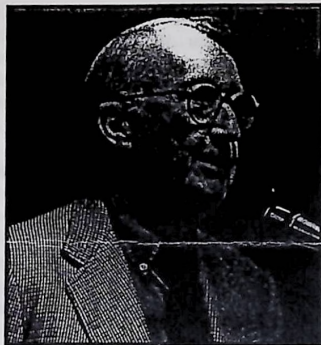
Midge Decter's ideas, despite occasional insights, are less interesting than the speculation they provoke for the reasons behind them. Could it be she is suffering from that old caustic irritant, loss of seigneurie? The answer may lie in her review of David Bazelon's essays (1970), in which she eulogizes “Highbrowland,” the milieu of the 1940s created by *Partisan Review*, *Commentary*, and *Politics*, where she began her climb to literary repute. An elite, admittedly, and it has gone, though Decter wistfully envisions its banners flying once more. So here we are, knee deep in the familiar, conservative nostalgia, yearning for the return of the true faith. To those who, as she did, won their fair rewards and counted, in that transitory American dreamland, the present must be a frustrating scene.

Muriel Haynes is a critic with a special interest in the theory and writings of the Women's Lib movement.



“Before you go on, is this pep talk leading up to a quarter?”

Retirements 1996



ROBERT LUCID

In mid-spring 1996, Robert Lucid unexpectedly announced his intention, after thirty-two years in the Department of English, to retire at the semester's end. He explained that he has developed an eye condition—macular degeneration—that promised to worsen over time, and he wanted to focus his attention exclusively on his long-delayed biography of Norman Mailer. The department sponsored a colloquium marking Bob's retirement on Friday, 27 September, the day after this fall's Graduate Collation.

While much of Bob's time at the University in the past two decades went to administrative efforts on behalf of education in undergraduate student residential communities, his teaching and research remained fixed upon what he calls

"Postwariness." Thus the colloquium in his honor addressed the topic of "American Writers in Paris Following World War II," and featured contributions from Norman Mailer and Richard Wilbur. These two speakers, who have been guests at Penn many times at Bob's invitation, spoke about the Left Bank after World War II as two American writers who were there; Bob himself served as moderator of the discussion.

Bob Lucid now lives at 67 South Pioneer Avenue, Shavertown, Pa. 18708; tel. (717) 696-5099. His e-mail address continues to be <rlucid@english.upenn.edu>.

Robert Y. Turner retired in June after teaching in the department since 1958. During that time he served twice as chair of the graduate program in the department and twice as chairman of the personnel committee of the School of Arts and Sciences. He received both a Lindback Award for excellence in teaching and a Guggenheim Fellowship for research. Bob Turner taught and published primarily on Shakespeare and other Renaissance dramatists. His most recent essays have been on Beaumont and Fletcher in *English Literary Renaissance* and *Medieval and Renaissance Drama in England* and on Philip Massinger for *Studies in English Literature*. He will continue to live near campus and work on his studies of Jacobean and Carolinian playwrights.

4-9-97 Copy to Norman, original return to me

To: J.M. Saxon
From: Patricia
741. From a recent Penn English Department newsletter

RECEIVED

APR 8 1997

OFFICE OF THE DEAN OF STUDENTS
FOR STUDENTS

Date: Tue, 26 May 1998 20:08:45 -0400 (EDT)
From: Bob Lucid <rlucid@dept.english.upenn.edu>
To: lennon@wilkes1.wilkes.edu
Cc: Joanne Lucid <jlucid@dept.english.upenn.edu>
Subject: Re: Mailer continued (fwd)

According to Bob Lucid:

>From: rlucid@dept.english.upenn.edu Tue May 26 20:03:25 1998
From: rlucid@dept.english.upenn.edu (Bob Lucid)
Message-Id: <199805270003.UAA10682@dept.english.upenn.edu>
Subject: Re: Mailer continued
To: mpotter@phillymag.com
Date: Tue, 26 May 1998 20:03:14 -0400 (EDT)
Cc: rlucid@dept.english.upenn.edu (Bob Lucid)
In-Reply-To: <356AC9F5.36AF@phillymag.com> from "Max Potter" at May 26, 98
01:56:05 pm
X-Mailer: ELM [version 2.4 PL23-upenn3.1]
MIME-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=US-ASCII
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

Max,

J. Michael Lennon is V.P. for Academic Affairs, and Prof. of English at Wilkes Univ., Wilkes-Barre. He is Mailer's archivist, and the huge archive is located up here (hence my presence for the past two years, to work from it.) Mike has written extensively on NM, including (this one with Mailer) "Pieces and Pontifications," (1982), "Critical Essays on NM," (1986) and "Conversations with NM," (1988.) He also did an important documentary film on NM, and is, in all, the best Mailer scholar I know.

Your question about my "objectivity" as a biographer is a good one, and one I hear often. My answer to it is that I'm not aspiring to be objective, if that means to find out whether I like him or not, as if he were a book I was reviewing. (I stopped reviewing his books years ago.)

My idea of an important biography--the kind of thing I look toward and try to imagine as a model--is not a book by someone trying to see if (or even to argue that) his subject is worthy. Leon Edel on Henry James, Justin Kaplan on Mark Twain, Kenneth Lynn on Hemingway, Richard Ellmann on Joyce knew the worth of the subject and wrote for readers who also knew it. Such readers--like such biographers--wanted to put the life to use in a major way--to employ it as a means to understanding. I think Mailer's life offers a means to the end of understanding postwar America, and I think I can make that case to good effect. Certainly that is my goal, and I am now on chapter five of a six-chapter first volume. The whole study will take three volumes. If I don't live to finish--and at 67 I probably won't--I'll try to see the project passed on to capable hands.

I think the process--over twenty years of study--that led me to identify Mailer as the proper biographical subject through whom to approach his period, was "objective." I certainly didn't undertake it to get a book dedicated to me. But now that I'm on it I'm anything but objective: I'm

committed to it.

That's probably a lot more than you wanted, but you have to be careful what you ask people doing projects like mine.

All the best,

Bob

According to Max Potter:

>

> Professor Lucid,

>

> I thank you for such a prompt response to my queries, and hope you will

> answer the following two questions: A) Can you tell me who J. Michael

> Lennon is? B) I ask this with the utmost respect for you

> professional/personal relationship with Mr. Mailer, however, is it/will

> it be hard to maintain objectivity regarding Mailer after he has given

> you such an honored place in his book?

> Thanks again. max.

Introduction of Robert F. Lucid at the first reading from his biography-in-progress of Norman Mailer, Kirby Hall, Wilkes University, February 19, 1998.

There are, roughly speaking, three kinds of biographer. The first is the professional academic, editor or litterateur, often called in by the family after the death of the author to write the authorized biography. This type biographer is invariably steeped in the subject's papers, contemporaries and the literary currents of the day, as well the genres favored by the subject. The resulting biography is long on formal analysis, esthetic nuance and intertextuality. It is a literary biography.

The second kind of biographer is a member of the family, a spouse or niece, cousin or grandson, or a close family friend, a *consiglieri* called to the task after or shortly before the literary figure passes on to Olympus. The fruit here will be more of a personal biography focusing on the life more than the work.

Full of the subject's table talk, it will drip with the sauce of family legend and lore.

The third type is a writer, often a journalist, who may not have an enriched sense of the author, the papers or even literary matters, but has *chutzpah*, energy and a sense of how the author interacted with the media and the public. Such a writer will produce a popular biography focusing on the public events, scandals and awards contributing to the subject's renown. It will be well-illustrated and short on formal documentation.

These are archetypes, if not stereotypes, and rarely are they pure in life. It is a fact, however, that the first three biographies^{ies} of Norman Mailer, appearing in 1982, 1985 and 1991, respectively, were written by those closest in spirit to archetype number three.

The man you will hear from today, Mailer's authorized biographer, is more difficult to place. He is closest to archetype number one, but also has credentials that would place him comfortably under the aegis of both two and three. Robert Francis Lucid received his A.B. in English from the University of Washington in 1954, his A.M. and Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1955 and 1958, respectively. He has had academic appointments at several schools: Chicago, Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania, where he chaired the English Department and the faculty senate and became a fabled teacher, and, of late, Wilkes University, where he is an adjunct professor in the English Department. Bob was also, concurrently, from 1964-1969, executive secretary of the American Studies Association, a crucial appointment in his life and the life of a fledgling organization.

Bob has also been a friend of Norman Mailer since 1958, when he was Mailer's host for a week-long visit to the University of Chicago. Later, at Wesleyan and

at Penn, Mailer was a frequent guest and Bob became close with the entire family, including Mailer's mother Fan, with whom he founded, in the late sixties, the Mailer archive, which resided in New York City until its relocation to West Pittston three years ago. Its new home is Diversified Records, owned and operated by the Melberger family, who are of course closely associated with Wilkes.

This archive consists of approximately 500 cubic feet--imagine a seven-foot cube--of material covering all aspects of Mailer's literary, personal and financial life, all 75 years of it. Mailer's baby pictures are there, as well as his Bar Mizvah speech and his first literary work (written when he was ten), a story called "The Martian Invasion." It contains all of his correspondence, over 20,000 letters, his tax returns, divorce papers and photographs, film and videotape of him at all stages of his life. With one exception, it contains the rough and fair copies of the mss. of all his literary productions, as well as marked-up galleys, page proof and masses of research materials.

(The exception is the ms. of *The Naked and the Dead*, which the Yale University library asked for and which the flattered young author handed right over.)

Dr. Lucid has edited two major books on Mailer, *The Long Patrol* (consisting of excerpts from 13 of Mailer's books with his introduction), and *Norman Mailer: The Man and the Work*, a collection of biographical and critical essays. Both appeared in 1971. He has also written several major essays on Mailer, the two most important being "Norman Mailer as Fantasy Figure," and "Three Public Performances: Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Mailer," which appeared in *The American Scholar*.

Through his friendship with Mailer and his family, the creation and augmentation of the enormous Mailer archive, and his relentless observation, meditation and analysis of Mailer's reciprocal relationship with American culture, Lucid has created a brilliant scaffolding around his subject. Literary critic, master teacher, fast family friend and passionate

observer of the American scene, his credentials for this job of work are not niched under any one of the three biographer archetypes I have sketched. He fits comfortably under all three, more or less, and has prepared himself as well to write a magisterial biography of a major American writer as anyone before him. From what I have seen of the biography, he is off to a splendid start. Please join me in welcoming Robert Lucid.

A few minor afflictions, common to old age, keep me from attending this memorial service for a dear old friend. Let me add at once how fortunate I am that another friend, of many years close acquaintance to Robert Lucid and myself will be able to read these remarks. To that extent, let me feel that I am here in spirit.

Bob Lucid, as so many of you know, was not an ordinary fellow. An American literary scholar of considerable stature, and an exceptionally talented lecturer, what made him even more unique was the constant and stimulating private flavor of his views large and small. He was the rare example of an intellectual who could never allow himself to become mired

in the jargon of his profession. He spoke as if each word had to be introduced into the hearing of others with its original resonance restored. Words were never to be used as lead slugs to weigh upon the argument of those opposed to you. To the contrary, words were the gates to subtle appreciation of the likely and the unlikely. It was Bob's exceptional talent as a lecturer never to obscure the mystery of an explanation. A fine novel, as he would present it to his classes, was an opportunity to enter a little more deeply into the perplexities and complexities of existence itself. Social enigmas and psychological discoveries were not to be understood in full, completely and masterfully, rather, they were to be elucidated to a further degree, and thereby prepared for further interpretations. Listening to Lucid talk about a novel was not unequal to learning more about a good friend who is still full of surprises. Listening to Bob's voice was analogous to coming closer to a certainty that had to remain, by its nature, not quite capturable.

Therein rested its beauty. One read the best works of literature not to form up whole barricades of fact but to recognize that there were vibrant presences in the air of the author's style and they might even accompany you through the years to come, and so could even enrich one's grasp on what may be the mightiest question of all—which is, why are we here and what is our purpose?

In that sense, Bob Lucid was one of the unheralded literary apostles of our time. Let me conclude that I have literally been approached in airline terminals and railroad stations by undergraduates with an unmistakable light in their eye. They had something to tell me, and it was not that they had recognized my face, no, better than that, it was all in the excitement with which they would say, "Mr. Mailer, I just want you to know—I have studied with Dr. Lucid."

I can swear that this happened to me most definitely on several occasions and if my memory is not treacherous, even more than three or four times. What a fine presence was Robert Lucid, a gentleman with a rare quality—a silvery resonance of mood that spoke of an indefatigable love for the virtues of culture.

Bob Lucid - Speech
National Arts Club
Feb 25, 1976

New York
2/25/76

The year of years for anniversaries is upon us, so it will surprise few of you to discover that the excellent occasion which brings us together tonight recalls to me an anniversary. As an academician residing and working among humanists, I annually attend--or at least seriously think about attending--the convention of the Modern Language Association of America. The MLA, as it is called, boasts over thirty-thousand members and is the guild of American humanists who profess modern--which is to say post-classical--language and literature, and I in fact did attend its meeting some weeks ago in San Francisco. The occasion which made it seem appropriate to travel so far in that season was a section at the meeting devoted to papers and discussion of tonight's honored guest. The section began at 8:30 in the morning, and sitting there watching the room fill up with sleepy young teachers and wisely-rested older ones I remembered a meeting of the MLA exactly ten years before, in Chicago in 1965, when Norman Mailer had shown up in the flesh.

The academic world always catches up with what is going on but not always quickly, and in 1965 there were still some differences of opinion in that world concerning the importance and the permanence of Norman Mailer's work. Or at least some of the people arranging the convention that year thought there were differences of opinion, and when they were approached with the proposition that a program featuring three prominent fiction writers be presented, they turned it down. In general they thought the idea inappropriate, and in particular they thought that Norman Mailer--who was one of the three--was too controversial a figure. It took some doing to get round this obstacle, but it was got round and the program in fact came off, in the Palmer House, and the crowd that turned out was so enormous that it filled the generous auditorium and spilled over and filled the Grand Ballroom, to which the speeches were piped by loudspeaker. The speakers,

in alphabetical order, were John Cheever, Ralph Ellison and Norman Mailer, and observers in the academic world caught up quickly that day on what was going on. All of the speakers were greeted with warmth and enthusiasm, but when Norman Mailer arose a roar of welcome broke out, both in the auditorium and the adjoining Grand Ballroom, that brought the manager running in alarm. The full-throated, emotional response to the brilliant paper he presented (it was later published in Cannibals and Christians) made clear that to these thousands of teachers the only thing controversial about Norman Mailer was which of them admired him most. It had been an exciting day in freezing Chicago, and recalling it in the sun-drenched early morning in San Francisco ten years later was to recall that 1965 had in many ways been only the beginning.

It was the beginning of a process of maturation and realization of imaginative power far too complex and extended to trace out here, but it was pleasant to mark the existence of a small sign of its vitality at the most recent MLA. Mindful, perhaps, of the problem of overflow into the Grand Ballroom ten years earlier, the managers of this convention were concerned about space. The people who arranged the section, though, explained that they sought only a quiet, thoughtful discussion group, who would listen to papers which were presented--for the most part--by young scholars and critics just starting out. Indeed it was from such people that the idea of the section sprang, and at the section fully half of the audience and two of the four paper readers would have been still in high school when the halls of the Palmer House echoed with those shouts of greeting ten years before.

#

In 1965, too, if one had dropped round to the library and asked at the desk for a copy of the most recent and most authoritative history of American literature available, one would have been handed a large blue volume titled

A LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, edited by Robert Spiller and others. It was and is, a so-called monographic history, which means that the individual chapters were written by different scholars, and by the third edition in 1965 some sixty six scholars, each one on the list seeming more famous than the last, had contributed chapters starting with the earliest days of American literature and coming forward to a 1962 "postscript" chapter. It was a chapter, in fact, which suggested that while it was certainly too early to tell, it might be wise for those interested in postwar American literature to keep a careful eye on the career of Norman Mailer.

If one were to return to that library today and ask for the most recent and authoritative history of American literature available, one would still be handed a large blue volume titled A LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, edited by Spiller et al. But the "postscript" chapter in this, the 1975 edition of the work, has been replaced by four chapters, two of them dealing with poetry and drama since 1950, and the other two dealing with fiction and the overall literary atmosphere. Both of the latter fix centrally upon Norman Mailer as being quite simply the most significant living presence in the American literary world. The critic is Ihab Hassan, and he closes the latest, and quite probably the last edition of THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by assessing Mailer's importance as a fiction writer, employing the past-tense of the historian:

"Mailer continued to engage American reality and to divine its fantasies. Ambitious, embattled, and sometimes improvident of his genius, his claim rested on the style and vitality of his encounters rather than on any masterpiece of fiction. His domain was the perilous self. There instinct and mind, mystery and history, sex and politics, magic and technology--yes, even the Devil and God--improvised their truce on the breath of style, on the turn of vision. Yet the

romantic heroism of Mailer was larger than his egoism: the task was to wrest from the contradictions of existence a finer fate for man." The book, which begins with a chapter on sixteenth century backgrounds for American literature, concludes with these words:

"Standing in the early seventies, few critics could resist the conclusion that Norman Mailer. . . was the man of letters with the greatest presence, mastery, and amazement."

#

Yet for us here tonight, it may be less important to dwell upon developments in an academic guild or an evolving monographic history, than it is to remark the symbolic importance of the actual event we here create. We create the occasion of greeting an artist face to face, and it may be that people--especially Americans--have a need to encounter their artists as well as their art. Inhabitants of a culture which dwarfs the individual with the mass and shifting instability of its institutions, faced constantly with the need to develop tactics and strategy concerning our affiliation with those institutions, we quickly learn that the experience of art is one of the few truly individual experiences which our culture can provide. So much of an exception is it to the ordinary run of our experience, indeed, that it is suspect in many quarters. Perhaps we ourselves have moments of doubt--by cultivating my sensibilities in this way am I weakening or strengthening myself for the larger struggle? In such an atmosphere a public meeting with an artist takes on an importance far greater than its size. A relatively few people come forth to engage in a rite of affiliation, in a way--but not affiliation with a political party or economic movement or some other kind of institutional contact. Rather, we contact, on as personal a basis as we can, an artist--the one figure in our culture who must, by definition, stand as an earnest of the existence of originality, independence,

and individual creativity.

It is not simply out of a desire to honor his work, then, that we honor Norman Mailer here tonight. While we have the large pleasure of possessing his work, the larger motive for our presence, I believe, is to salute him for what his life and career imply. I would like to have written what I am about to read, but I did not. The lines were written as part of an essay in which the author wished he had been able to say something to the beautiful young wife of an American president who, it then seemed, might be providing us with an opportunity for some vital change.

I would have liked to go on about what the real meaning of an artist might be, of how the marrow of a nation was contained in his art, and one deadened artists at one's peril, because artists were not so much gifted as endowed; they had been given what was secret and best in their parents and in all the other people about them who had been generous or influenced them or made them, and so artists embodied the essence of what was best in the nation, embodied it in their talent rather than in their character, which could be small, but their talent--this fruit of all that was rich and nourishing in their lives--was related directly to the dreams and the ambitions of the most imaginative part of the nation. So the destiny of a nation was not separate at all from the fate of its artists.

It goes on and it gets better but one stops now because it is time to stop. I leave it to your imagination to discover who wrote those lines, just as I invite you to join with me now in a greeting to the American literary artist who, above all in these postwar years, is most p^o_λfoundly involved in the destiny of his nation.

#

Lennon remarks at Lucid memorial service Univ. of Pennsylvania, April 14, 2007

Before reading Mr. Mailer's remarks about his close friend, I'd like to say a few words

about Bob. He was my good friend as well. And my mentor.

projects for over 30 years. He was at Mailer's home in Stockbridge, Mass the very first

time I met Mailer back in 1974, and with him again the last time I saw him at the

University of Texas at the Mailer symposium this past November. As usual, there was a

cluster of people around him at the conference as he held forth with deletion

concerning Mailer's life and art. Bob didn't believe they could be unbound. The title of

this first book on Mailer was Norman Mailer: The Man and His Work. It was published in

1971 and remains the best collection of essays on Mailer ever assembled.

Bob met Mailer in Chicago in 1958 when he was his host during Mailer's week-long visit

to the University of Chicago, where Bob was a grad student. Later, at Wesleyan and then

here at Penn, Mailer was a frequent guest and Bob became close with Norman's entire

family. In the late 1960s he and M's mother Fan founded the Mailer Archive. I began

working with him on the Archive in the late 70s and we both assisted when Mailer's

papers went to The Harry Ransom Center at the Univ. of Texas. Through his friendship

with Mailer, his family and a generation of Mailer scholars, critics and fans, through his

books, his countless essays and reviews, through the creation and augmentation of the

enormous archive (500 cubic feet of paper), and through his relentless observation,

meditation and analysis of M's reciprocal relationship with American culture, Bob Lucid

created an immense, well-constructed and well-worn scaffolding around his subject. He

was the Dean of Mailer scholarship.

Award 2003

largest author archive at the HRC

and her my wife Donna + I
relish our friendship with Bob + Joanne

insert here

Donna + I

collection of essays on M + which I've assembled

Ms
score of including the first + still best

his elucidations,
As you all know, Bob's ~~the~~ explanations
were never abrupt. He didn't shoot
from the hip. Context, nuance,
the delicate relations^{of} figure to
scene and scene to Zeitgeist were
~~tailored~~^{deliberate} with precision and flair.
~~And the~~ opposing interpretations,
of opposite +. official positions
were given their due and more.
And always there^{was} ~~the~~ incessant
conjunction of metaphor.

~~Some of my sharpest memories~~
One of my sharpest memories
of Bob is being in a tiny elevator
with him at a document storage
facility ^{Day + Meyer} in Manhattan. Mailer's
papers were stored there and Bob
~~had just~~ and I were going to
retrieve some items when the elevator
~~ceased~~ stopped between ~~the~~ the
9th + 10th floors where Mailer's
papers were housed. He was in
the middle of a complicated, a cantilevered
explanation of Mailer's life in the
20s, of the period he called "post-
apocalyptic decade." He paused
~~when~~ when the elevator ceased

There was a phone but ^{only} intermittently.
Bob paired running. I leapt once, and went
right on for ~~20~~¹⁵ minutes until
we were rescued. I believe he
could have gone on for another hour,
another day, if necessary. ^{in most} ~~the~~ ~~most~~
most-elusive ~~the~~ Gold of mine was his
~~was~~ in veteran goal.

Back
to
p. 7

Bob was also a patient + careful listener.

I have never known anyone who enjoyed the art of conversation more than Bob, who

relished it and practiced it with such easy brilliance. After he retired from teaching in

1996, Bob and Joanne moved to Wilkes-Barre where Bob was working on the Mailer

biography. I was then an administrator at Wilkes University and most days on the way

home I'd stop at the Lucid's for a drink. When I came in he'd pour me a big drink and

say, "Tell me what happened in the trenches today." He was as good a listener as he was

Donna + I will friendship subtle
~~a talker and I'll miss his generous counsel and his Jamesian humor. Salut!~~

The NMS will publish the inaugural
number of the Mailer Review
late this summer. It will contain
an excerpt from Bob's unfinished,
authorized bio, and the Society's
~~have~~ ~~the~~ Board ^{has} ~~have~~ voted to
dedicate ^{this first issue} ~~to~~ to Bob's memory.
Thank you.

67 J.M. Lennon

Introduction of Robert F. Lucid at the first reading from his biography-in-progress of Norman Mailer, Kirby Hall, Wilkes University, February 19, 1998.

There are, roughly speaking, three kinds of biographer. The first is the professional academic, editor or *litterateur*, often called in by the family after the death of the author to write the authorized biography. This type biographer is invariably steeped in the subject's papers, contemporaries and the literary currents of the day, as well the genres favored by the subject. The resulting biography is long on formal analysis, esthetic nuance and intertextuality. It is a literary biography.

The second kind of biographer is a member of the family, a spouse or niece, cousin or grandson, or a close family friend, a *consiglieri* called to the task after or shortly before the literary figure passes on to Olympus. The fruit here will be more of a personal biography focusing on the life more than the work. Full of the subject's table talk, it will drip with the sauce of family legend and lore.

The third type is a writer, often a journalist, who may not have an enriched sense of the author, the papers or even literary matters, but has *chutzpah*, energy and a sense of how the author interacted with the media and the public. Such a writer will produce a popular biography focusing on the public events, scandals and awards contributing to the subject's renown. It will be well-illustrated and short on formal documentation.

These are archetypes, if not stereotypes, and rarely are they pure in life. It is a fact, however, that the first three biographies of Norman Mailer, appearing in 1982, 1985 and 1991, respectively, were written by those closest in spirit to archetype number three.

The man you will hear from today, Mailer's authorized biographer, is more difficult to place. He is closest to archetype number one, but also has credentials that would place him comfortably under the aegis of both two and three. Robert Francis Lucid received his A.B. in English from the University of Washington in 1954, his A.M. and Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1955 and 1958, respectively. He has had academic appointments at several schools: Chicago, Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania, where he chaired the English Department and the faculty senate and became a fabled teacher, and, of late, Wilkes University, where he is an adjunct professor in the English Department. Bob was also, concurrently, from 1964-1969, executive secretary of the American Studies Association, a crucial appointment in his life and the life of a fledgling organization.

Bob has also been a friend of Norman Mailer since 1958, when he was Mailer's host for a week-long visit to the University of Chicago. Later, at Wesleyan and at Penn, Mailer was a frequent guest and Bob became close with the entire family, including Mailer's mother Fan, with whom he founded, in the late sixties, the Mailer archive, which resided in New York City until its relocation to West Pittston three years ago. Its new home is Diversified Records, owned and operated by the Melberger family, who are of course closely associated with Wilkes.

This archive consists of approximately 500 cubic feet-- imagine a seven-foot cube--of material covering all aspects of Mailer's literary, personal and financial life, all 75 years of it. Mailer's baby pictures are there, as well as his Bar Mizvah speech and his first literary work (written when he was ten), a story called "The Martian Invasion." It contains all of his correspondence, over 20,000 letters, his tax returns, divorce papers and photographs, film and videotape of him at all stages of his life. With one exception, it contains the rough and fair copies of the mss. of all his literary productions, as well as marked-up galleys, page proof and masses of research materials. (The exception is the ms. of *The Naked and the Dead*, which the Yale University library asked for and which the flattered young author handed right over.)

Dr. Lucid has edited two major books on Mailer, *The Long Patrol* (consisting of excerpts from 13 of Mailer's books with his introduction), and *Norman Mailer: The Man and the Work*, a collection of biographical and critical essays. Both appeared in 1971. He has also written several major essays on Mailer, the two most important being "Norman Mailer as Fantasy Figure," and "Three Public Performances: Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Mailer," which appeared in *The American Scholar*.

Through his friendship with Mailer and his family, the creation and augmentation of the enormous Mailer archive, and his relentless observation, meditation, and analysis of Mailer's reciprocal relationship with American culture, Lucid has created a brilliant scaffolding around his subject. Literary critic, master teacher, fast family friend and passionate observer of the American scene, his credentials for this job of work are not niched under any one of the three biographer archetypes I have sketched. He fits comfortably under all three, more or less, and has prepared himself as well to write a magisterial biography of a major American writer as anyone before him. From what I have seen of the biography, he is off to a splendid start. Please join me in welcoming Robert Lucid.

This Month's Calendar . Series, Programs & Groups . Special Events . Publications

KELLY WRITERS HOUSE**we remember Bob Lucid**

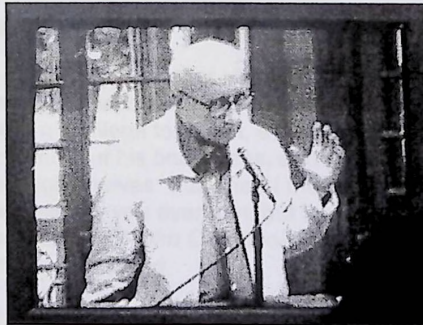
The people of the Kelly Writers House acutely mourn Bob's passing. With this page we hope to enable others and us to remember him and his start-to-finish support of the idea of a Writers House.

Here first are links to several recordings of Bob speaking at the Writers House on various occasions (click on the main link to download a free MP3; click on the sideways triangle for streaming audio):

- [Bob speaks at the 10th Anniversary celebration of the Kelly Writers House](#) , 2006 (5:12) ([more info](#))
- [Bob hosts and introduces Norman Mailer at the Writers House](#) , 2004 (5:02) ([more info](#))
- [Bob eulogizes David DeLaura with a story about David and a reading from Robert Browning's "The Bishop Orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church"](#) , 2005 (8:51) ([more info](#))
- [Bob introduces event marking "Professor of the Year" award given to Al Filreis](#) , 1998 (2:54) ([more info](#))
- [Bob discusses the formation of the Writers House in 1995](#) , 2004

We are grateful to Sam Hughes of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* for making available a copy of an October 1996 profile of Bob called "Lucid Observations." It is a large [PDF](#) file.

"I always found Bob to be graceful and gentle. I remember him hosting Ginsberg and Creeley at Penn 10 years ago and showing his pleasure at just having them talk about getting into various sorts of trouble. Creeley spoke about how he liked sitting in open air toilets, Ginsberg sang the communist anthem, and Bob just made it all come together. He then held the stage with Norman Mailer and had just as much fun getting into trouble there. I would pass him by on occasion and just enjoy the short moments in common. He was complete kindness."--*Josh Schuster*



"I only met Bob a few times. One of those times was at the 10th Anniversary celebration in May, when he gave that speech, then walked out the front door of the Writers House to a truly thunderous standing

ovation. No one knew where he was going, but by the time the applause ended, he was gone. I was in awe."--*Jamie-Lee Josselyn*

"It was Dr. Robert Lucid, emeritus professor of English, who came up with the idea of a Writers House. 'What was great about this concept and about this project was exactly the fact that, in a sense, everybody could "live" here,' he observes on a CD that was put out for the 10th anniversary. 'That's somewhat of an ecclesiastical idea. You have the church, which is the house, and everybody lives there when they're not back in their own place.' According to Lucid, Writers House has become something of a 'cooperative collective,' in the spirit of the academic experiments of the 1960s."--*from Susan Frith's article "The House that Writers Built," July 2006*

"In the fall of 1995 I noticed that Penn's chaplain, Stanley Johnson had retired and moved out of this house. He had lived and quietly raised his family here for perhaps 30 years so that by 1995 few knew the University was maintaining a chaplain's house. He was a very active and excellent officer, but the fact of the house was, I think, not widely known. I went right over to College Hall and checked to make sure that the house hadn't been assigned to another chaplain or department, because real estate at that time had started to become a serious conversation around here. I checked with some people about the notion of a Writers House. The new president and provost, Dr. Judith Rodin and Dr. Stanley Chodorow, thought it was a good idea. In the English department, Greg Djanikian thought it was a good idea, Bob Perelman thought was a good idea, Peter Conn thought it was a good idea - but first of all we had to get the house. Linda Koons, in the provost's office, gave me the keys. She said, 'Now if this doesn't work, and work well, by the end of the year, you are bringing these back and we are forgetting the whole thing.'"--*from Bob's remarks at the 10th Anniversary celebration of the Writers House, May 2006*

"I was Bob Lucid's successor as Faculty Master at Hill. He'd been there 17 years and even when he left, his spirit stayed. He had shaped a community and a spirit that were a privilege to inherit, even as I also inherited some of his paintings, some of his bookcases, and a gigantic set of library steps for reaching high shelves. But when I tried to fill his shoes -- well, he wasn't the biggest guy you ever met, but I swear those shoes were size 29EEE. He was a giant."--*Jim O'Donnell (former Penn faculty, now Provost, Georgetown University)*

"I'm sorry to hear about Bob Lucid's passing. I heard him lecture when I was a student at PENN back in the early 1980's. My vivid memory of him was walking down the street with his buddy, Norman Mailer. Norman came to visit his classes and be interviewed before the student s. After it was over, Norman and Bob were laughing as they headed toward Locust Walk in the rain. Both the best of friends as they disappeared into the night."--*Marc Lapadula*

"I am truly saddened to hear this news. I have extremely fond memories

of Professor Lucid and I was fortunate enough to take one class with him in my junior year. I cannot recall the exact title but it was on Pop Culture and Literature, and I remember walking into the room and being surprised that the course was going to be taught by a somewhat older gentleman. Don't judge a book by its cover because Professor Lucid was more up on pop culture than anyone. In true pre-Writers House style, every week he brought a different author to speak to the class about their work and their lives as writers. We got to hear the likes of Stephen King, Joe McGuinness, and Mary Higgins Clark. Professor Lucid always showed a quiet wit and a kind demeanor and never failed to give a friendly smile and hello when I saw him on campus. It was an honor to know him."--*Elana Weinstein*



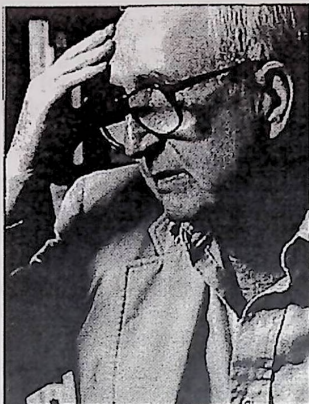
"My favorite memory of Bob Lucid is from when he led the summer in London program in 1985 that I attended. He turned up one morning for class, seemingly drunk, and announced, 'What the world really needs is a good breakfast wine!'"--*Ilona Koren-Deutsch*

"I'm deeply sad to hear that we've lost Bob Lucid, whom I met the day I arrived at Penn as a student and who forever altered my relationship to literature. But what a joy to have known him, and to have so many memories of him to carry forward. I last saw Bob at the 10th anniversary of Kelly Writers House, and I got to ask him a question that had been nagging me for 25 years, about one of his lectures on Hemingway. 'Hemingway asks you, in that boozy voice of his, 'So what are you going to do? Are you going to get in the plane and strap yourself in and let it take you where it's going? Or are you going to get in the plane and strap it to you and take it where you want it to go?' " I'd never known whether Bob was really quoting Hemingway or whether this was Bob talking but I'd thought of that lecture so many times over the years, and in so many situations. And when I finally asked him about it he said, 'You know, I didn't remember using that until you just told me, but I can tell you exactly where it comes from: It comes from our RAF pilot training.' And another dimension of Bob Lucid revealed itself. Penn benefited from Bob's teaching, devotion, energy, and wit more than 10 years after he'd claimed to retire. What a joy that so much of him will live on in Writers House. I will miss him terribly, but I believe we'll always find him there.'"--*Robert Shepard*

"I took Bob's course on Hemingway back in 1972 or '73, when he wore a great mane of white hair and a white beard. As you might imagine, it consisted of Bob lecturing, brilliantly, to a great mob three hours a week. The course constituted part of Bob's ongoing investigation of the American writer as public figure and began with Hemingway's creative reinterpretation of his beginnings in his last completed book, *A MOVEABLE FEAST*, in which he treated his living contemporaries kindly and the dead ones with a combination of smiling condescension and brutality. At the last class, a student asked if any major

contemporary novelists were likely to loom as large in the public imagination, say, Updike. 'Updike!' Bob roared. 'For Christ's sake, UPDIKE?! MAILER!'"--*Jay Rogoff*

"His
grad
lecture
course
on



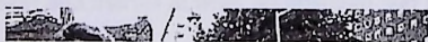
"In my view, the great priority is to provide for the 10,000 undergraduates, to actually create a structure of community affiliation for those people. I mean, it is an education, but what about their lives?"

modern American novels (spring, 1969) has remained very much alive in my own memory. He was a brilliant lecturer. I believe I still have my notes from his course -- probably the only lecture notes I've kept. I was very shy, never worked up the nerve to talk to him, but that course and a course from Daniel Hoffman, who later became my mentor and friend, were the highpoints of my grad school career."--*Marilyn Nelson*

"He was, for me, the most passionate of the scholars who pushed me to look beyond the easy and simple reading of literature. With cigarette ash always long on the cigarette and cascading down the front of his shirt, he thought more about the fire of words than that ash. I thought he was wonderful and stimulating and brilliant -- he was everything I loved about learning at Penn."--*Elsie Sterling Howard*

"Bob Lucid was a towering presence when I was an English major at Penn back in the 70s. After every one of his brilliant and shapely lectures, students clustered around him, as if unwilling to let go of the almost magical clarity, order and insight Dr. Lucid had given us, while beyond the confines of the classroom, the Vietnam war was raging, the Cold War was chilling, and confusion of all kinds was rampant. Bob Lucid gave his students the intoxicating gift of directly experiencing the wisdom and the danger inherent in great literature. He was a wonderful teacher who made a difference.... He embodied so much of what I loved about being an undergraduate at Penn."--*Carol (Morgenstern) Kaufman CW '71*

"I am sorry to hear about Bob's death. He did so much and his interest and role in the Writers House alone, is such a legacy."--*Jon Avnet*



"Every time I come back to

campus (lately, just once a year) I tell my wife about Prof Lucid. I took his 'Paris in the 20's' course, one of my favorites at Penn, and pure manna for a budding writer (even if I never could enjoy Gertrude Stein, and somehow did my final paper on Cole Porter, leading to a lifetime of love and appreciation of Porter I probably never would have had -- see "wife," above). Above all, he was such a smart, sweet, fun guy, and I enjoyed staying in touch with him after college, but hadn't spoken with him in years (despite meaning to get in touch). He had a great run, and I was lucky to learn from him and know him."--*Larry Smith*

"I took my first class with Dr. Lucid in 1967. He had short gray hair, wore a blue shirt and tweed jacket, held a lit Galois in his hand, and uttered one profound insight after another, non-stop. After that (and I couldn't believe the appropriateness of his name) I took as many classes with him as I could. My favorite line of his was something like, 'Art is an attempt to turn a howl into a song.' I was too shy to talk to him while I was at Penn, but when I read about him and the Writer's House online a few years ago, I emailed him to tell him what a fan of his I had always been, and to remind him of that comment. He wrote back the same day, as cordial and happy to hear from me as if I were an old friend."--*Lisbeth Davidow*

"He was my favorite professor at Penn and I feel so lucky to have known him and to have been inspired by him. I am also glad that we had reconnected the past couple of years."--*Susan Small Savitsky, CW'75*

"I took a class with Bob on popular fiction and it was one of the most memorable of my academic career, not least for Bob's own gentle yet definitive presence. Subtly but very cleanly, he managed to convince me that Stephen King's *Misery* is actually a rich literary experience rife with complex postmodern authorial tension and metanarrativity. I think of that class, and of him, every time I enter a bookstore and face the 'Bestseller' wall."--*Brad Rickman*

"We met Bob and Joanne when Steve and I were both new students at Penn, living in Hill. Steve and Bob really hit it off, and stayed very close over the years, even though they spoke entirely different languages (Steve, the language of numbers, and Bob, the language of...well...language). When we came back to Hill as administrators in the 90's, Joanne was fighting cancer with unmatched grace. Bob, so confident in all other realms, was unabashedly vulnerable in the face of Joanne's illness. Joanne once said it was a very good thing men didn't attend births when "Jackie" was born; Bob never would have survived the experience! In fact, he was a strong man, except when it came to his love for others, which rendered him a complete mush. Joanne used to laugh and marvel at what an absolute "kid magnet" Bob was. They



flocked to him! Our own children have loved him all their lives. Like other children, they innately sensed what those of us who loved Bob inevitably came to know -- that he was larger than life, and kinder than kind. We have lost one of our angels on earth. But I like to think that Bob's beloved Joanne has found what we so suddenly have lost."--*Tracy Feld*

"In 1971 I made the rather startling discovery that Dr. Lucid, the exhilarating lecturer on Hemingway, Faulkner and Fitzgerald, the man who regaled crowds of us afternoons as we sought respite from the excesses of the Nixon administration, was actually quite accessible during office hours. One day I climbed to his aerie, hoping to entice him into revealing more juicy insights into what "real" writers' lives were like, since he knew so many of them personally. "Schaffer!" he barked at me as I popped my head in the door. "Do you have something of substance on your mind, or are you just here for literary gossip?" As I hastily mumbled my excuses and denials he reached behind him to a tall stack of brand new reviewer's copies and selected one for me. "Here, I think you'll like this-----I'm busy today---go." The gift of a free hardcover novel, pre-endorsed by one's literary mentor, was not a small thing in those days. Bob Lucid inspired my belief that the field of literature was important enough and broad and deep enough to contain and reflect all other disciplines available to us at our great university, indeed all other aspects of our lives. I was grateful to him then and I remain so, 35 years later."--*Jim Schaffer C '73*

"Through his many years living and working in a residential college and as a department chairman, Bob Lucid developed an idea about teaching and learning that he often expressed through the trope of "the loft space." Students, he told anyone within earshot, will learn best in a space that is both theoretically and physically formed like an ample artist's studio -- smart, interesting people coming and going; no time limit or set evaluative criteria defining the experience; the productive although sometimes infuriating combination of lonely work and communal craziness. By 1995, the idea in him was so well articulated that when he spied an empty 14-room Tudor-style cottage in the middle of Penn's campus, he seized it utterly, sought partners--I was lucky enough to be one of them--and induced "the thing," as he called it, to come into being, somehow pushing aside all doubts and political barriers. Faculty, students, staff, writerly Philadelphians and Penn alumni gathered in the new-found space to fit out and furnish what was, after all, just one of several instances of Bob Lucid's plans for inventing alternative modes of higher-education learning. This one became the Kelly Writers House and through its first decade Bob Lucid was a quiet mainstay, wise godfatherly guide, and communicant. No one involved with this unusual project will ever forget Bob's generous vision."--*Al Filreis, Faculty Director of the Kelly Writers House*

"I am sorry to hear of Dr. Bob's passing I lived in Hill house for two years with him as the Faculty Master, and he was living there when I

managed the installation of the ResNet cabling. I have many good memories of him and his wife, Joanne, and the one I would like to share is this. While attending a sit down dinner in the private dining room off of Hill House dining, we were discussing the social history of Hill College House, and the changing role of alcohol. Dr. Lucid stated that now the students sneak drinks in their rooms and he sips wine in his apartment, but he missed the old days when he was able raise a glass with the students at the same tables we were eating. He felt that something important had been lost in the area of social faculty and student interaction. In a way, perhaps, Dr. Lucid was looking to regain some of that old interaction at the Writers House, and if that was one of his small goals, I believe that it was achieved."--*Matt Bixler, SEAS & SAS '02*

"I am very sad to hear of the passing of Dr. Robert Lucid. Bob was both chairman of the English department and my advisor at Penn during my undergraduate years 1972 - 1976. That was a unique time in America, particularly for many of the young who grew up "not trusting anyone over 30." The War in Vietnam, Affirmative Action, Women's Liberation, and a Culture of Drugs made for a turbulent time. Add to that mix the adolescent's normal search to find themselves and understand their world and you can only begin to imagine what a heady brew it was for college students then. In the middle of all that I encounter Bob Lucid in Bennett Hall in September of 1972 teaching "Introduction To 20th Century American Novelists" and by the end of my first semester I learned that you can trust those over thirty. The War In Vietnam and Hemingway's Farewell To Arms, Affirmative Action and Ellison's Invisible Man, a drug culture and Fitzgerald's The Crack Up was only the beginning of an incredible four year tour led by Bob. Cosmic consciousness and tripping, two terms coined during those heady years, were passé when Dr. Lucid took us on a journey through T.S. Eliot's The Four Quartets. I imagine that most student's recollections of Robert Lucid will be of his brilliant lectures many of which were capped by a rousing standing ovation at the end of the semester. Others will recall his involvement with student life at Penn and Hill House. However, for me those achievements, while admirable, were not what distinguished Bob. Rather, Bob Lucid was most notable for his humanity. I have never met a more gentle, decent, human being in my life. More than any grade of "A" I received during my college years, I treasure most the comment Dr. Lucid wrote on one of my class papers, "There is a noble quality to your voice." Noble, not nobility, was what Robert Lucid was all about. I had the opportunity to spend one afternoon with Dr. Lucid about a year ago reminiscing about the "good ol' days." I told Bob that one of the most remarkable developments in English was the comeback of poetry through rap music. Without missing a beat Bob discussed how hip-hop was the language of the alienated and in so doing had returned poetry to its original source. Here was this old, half blind professor teaching once again, like that ancient Greek spinning his tale of The Iliad and The Odyssey, only about a resurgence of poetry raging around us today in the West

Philadelphia neighborhoods. Move over Homer, surely you can make room for Bob."--*David Ganz C'76*

"In my second year in Hill House as the AF/SAF/AD (pick a title, any title), we had a couple of bad actors in the first-year class -- we all know the type and all pray for a year without them in residence. This particular pair had already worked their way through the attempts at peer influence (totally ignored), the Graduate Fellow "discipline" (totally ignored), the AF/SAF/AD "punishment" (totally ignored) and were finally summoned to meet with the Faculty Master (no, they were not trembling in their boots -- fools that they were). The two gentlemen in question were invited to join Dr. Bob for tea in the faculty master apartment (I was invited too, partly because I was supposed to be part of the disciplinary process and partly so I could learn at the knee of the master). They approached this encounter as they had all other efforts to influence their behavior -- without a care in the world. Clearly, the boys thought that this old white-haired fellow was going to try to sweet talk them into behaving and they were ready to ignore him as they had everyone else. Bob had a very nice chat with them about school, life, the future and then, with a skill rarely seen in or out of academia, he worked the conversation around to their behavior and had them nodding their heads in agreement that it would have to stop and that no good could possibly come of their continued recalcitrance (I wanted to smack the silly looks off their faces -- they clearly thought they were putting one over on the old man). However, just when they thought they were home free, Bob leaned in a little (drawing them closer as if they were co-conspirators against the fun-hating establishment), and said to them (in a voice similar to what Moses heard from the burning bush) "... and if you ever FUCK with anyone in my house again, I'll have your balls in a vice quicker than you can spit." He then sat back, took a sip of tea, and calmly asked them if he had been sufficiently clear. They once again nodded (minus the silly smirks), and retreated from "The Master's" apartment as quickly as their trembling legs could carry them. Bob always did have a masterful way with words, profane and otherwise. I really miss him."--*Steve Feld*

"Bob Lucid was one of my idols, a man living the professorial life as I had imagined it when I chose English as my major. I got to know Bob and Joanne Lucid in 1993, when Bob was the faculty director of the Penn In London Program. I was one of two Penn graduate students serving as liaisons to the Penn undergraduates enrolled for the year at King's College, University of London. Bob and Joanne rented a ground floor flat in Tavistock Square, around the corner from the British Museum; they hosted Sunday dinners for the Penn students, throwing open their home and their arms to bring students (who lived throughout that metropolis) into their salon. The Lucids knew that a great gift to young (and old) scholars was providing the time and space for the sociable sharing of experiences whether intellectual and new or gossipy and glib. The purpose, beyond reestablishing our bonds as Penn students, was to get us talking to each other and to have the kinds of

conversations-and great fun-that we might have imagined "adults" enjoy. Bob nominated me to be a Graduate Fellow at Hill House-another example of his generosity-when I returned to Philadelphia after that year in London, and I saw again how deeply he enjoyed the company of students and his role as mentor. (Steven and Tracy Feld, among others on this web page, have more to say about Bob's role as Faculty Master.) The image I will keep in my heart when I think of Bob is represented in the photo of him with Richard Wilbur and Norman Mailer: Bob's glasses halfway down his nose, head slightly lowered, two fists emphasizing the story he's telling. I don't know if Bob had ever been a boxer, but he met all challenges-righteous or heartbreaking, exciting or unremarkable-with wit, good humor, and energy. The comments on this page show how profoundly Bob affected his friends, colleagues, and students; I hope all of us who knew him will be as generous to others with our gifts as Bob was to us with his."--*Frederick De Naples, Penn English PhD 1995*

"I...knew Bob well from Penn-in-London in 1992-93. During a year that turned out to be quite fraught personally, Bob was always a supportive and fatherly presence. He never made judgements but instead helped me to accept the consequences of my choices. I was never lucky enough to work with him as a student but he was, for much of that year, a mentor and a friend. He was a uniquely generous and encouraging man."--*Jackie Labbe, Penn PhD, 1994*

"As so many others, I too am deeply saddened by Bob Lucid's death. Maybe it was the first semester of my junior year, fall of 1971, maybe the previous semester. I signed up for Bob's class on the modern novel. As was pretty common for me in those days, absorbed as I was in other worlds, I didn't attend many of the lectures. And when I did show up, I never hung around after class to glean extra wisdom, hear literary scuttlebutt, or try to earn his approval. I did show up for the first test, however, a test I assumed would require me to compare and contrast deep questions embedded in some novels I hadn't gotten around to reading (yet). (Well, maybe I never *did* read 'em.) But, lo and behold, the test consisted of one question in three words -- something like 'what is theory,' or some equally outrageous, nebulous, kick-in-the-butt question. Well, for a guy who hadn't done any of the reading, and was probably stoned out of his mind, to boot, I had hit the jackpot. I rambled on for a million miles (or was it a couple of inches?) about nothing. Weeks passed and I kept forgetting to go to his office to pick up the test. Then test two came along, another 3-word question about more unread novels, inspiring another ramble about the 4th dimension, or something. The next week I finally got it together to pick up the 2 tests. On the first one he gave me an 'A' and wrote, 'Alright! But if you do it again, I'll flunk you.' I don't remember what he wrote on the 2nd test, other than a big 'F.' It was a very wild time, and Bob Lucid was right there in the middle of it, stirring it up."--*Steve Berer, College '72*

"I am so sorry and sad -- I think the last time I saw him was at the 10th

Anniversary celebration. I just remember congratulating him on his regularity at the Pottruck Center, as I was always seeing him there lifting weights. I told him, 'Mens sana in corpore sano, eh Bob?' and his response was to grab my arm (with a strong grip!!) and give me a big wink. I never knew him well as an undergrad, so I'm glad that my stint as Writers House director gave me the opportunity to experience his care, enthusiasm, and dry wit. He'll be much missed."--*Jennifer Snead C'94, former Director of the Writers House*

"I recall Bob most vividly as an astute politician, highly sensitized to the machinations of university administrators and a skilled competitor for the notoriously small rewards offered in academic institutions. He taught me how to compete for resources: space, money, personnel and how to make the most of whatever we managed to scrounge up. We started WATU when his vision for an NEH-funded Humanities Across the Curriculum program failed to materialize. He offered me \$40,000 from then-provost Tom Ehrlich, a pathetically small salary, and told me if I could make writing across the curriculum work, I could have it. That was the start of a career I never envisioned or sought, but Bob had a way of helping you see a path through the brush you never knew existed until he showed it to you. I will miss his vitality and his imagination greatly."--*Peshe Kuriloff, long-time director of Penn's Writing Across the University Program*

Deaths

Dr. Lucid, English

2006
76
1930

Dr. Robert (Bob) Lucid, professor emeritus of English and Faculty Master at Gregory College House, died on December 12 at the age of 76.

Dr. Lucid earned an A.B. from the University of Washington in 1954 and an A.M. and Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1955 and 1958 respectively. All of his degrees were in English.



Robert Lucid

Dr. Lucid joined Penn's English department in 1964 as an assistant professor. He was promoted to associate professor in 1968 and professor in 1975. He was Chair of the Faculty Senate from 1976-77. He retired in 1996 (*Almanac* April 2, 1996); for his retirement, he was honored with a colloquium featuring writer Norman Mailer and former U.S. Poet Laureate Richard Wilbur.

At the time of his retirement, Dr. Lucid was serving as the chairman of Penn's Collegiate Planning Board, the Council of Undergraduate Deans and of the Council in Faculty Residence. Dr. Lucid was also instrumental in establishing the Kelly Writers House. Most recently, he had been serving as the faculty master at Gregory College House. Previously, he had served as the faculty master at Hill College House.

Dr. Lucid taught courses concerning mass-audience literacy and literature in America. His research interests focused on Norman Mailer, about whom he had edited two books. Before he passed away, he was in the process of completing Mr. Mailer's authorized biography. In recognition of his teaching, Dr. Lucid was awarded the Lindback Award for Distinguished Teaching (1975) and the Ira Abrams Award (1987).

Dr. Lucid is survived by his son, John Lucid, his brother, Philip, and his sister, Elizabeth Terhar. A memorial is being planned for next semester.