The Politics of Robert Frost
(ロバート・フロストの政治参加)

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SUMMARY IN JAPANESE: ロバート・フロストは1963年にその生涯を閉じるまでに17人ものアメリカ大統領の下で生きてきた。おそらく彼ほど政治的変化を目の当たりにした詩人はいないだろう。しかし、第6作目の詩集でピュリッツアー賞受賞作 *A Further Range* を発表した1936年になって初めて彼は政府や政治に触れて書き始めた。

フロストは滅多に政治問題で革新的な立場をとらなかった。彼の移り気な立場は "I never dared be radical when young/For fear it would make me a conservative when old." という詩に見事に集約されている。彼はケネディ大統領の就任式で活躍した最初の詩人であった。一方で国会図書館特別顧問や桂冠詩人であり、J.F.K. の個人的アドバイザーでもあった彼は詩やインタビューの中に政治への意見を織り交ぜた。また熱烈な愛国論者であり、生涯通じて民主党員でありながら、フロストはフランクリン・ローズベルトとニューディールを支持したわけではなかった。なぜならニューディール政策は彼のエマーソン的個人主義に反しているように思えたからである。さらに、国際連合に信頼を置かず、社会主義、共産主義、ファシズムといった政治体制にも不満を抱いていた。一方で、彼はJ.F.K.から任命された親善使節としてロシアを訪問し、当時のフルシチョフ首相と冷戦問題について語り合った。政治犯エズラ・パウンドの釈放にも一役買った形になった。

左派の反ロバート・フロスト派は、彼は本質的な政治問題を回避している、と常に不満だった。彼ら批評家は、フロストの奔放な詩の技法を認められなかったあまり、政治不参加や問題の単純化と解釈したのであった。

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When Robert Frost was born, Ulysses S. Grant was the President of the United States, and only thirty-seven states belonged to the Union. During his lifetime he lived under seventeen Presidents; he viewed the political upheavals of two world wars, a Korean conflict, the rise and growth of Communism, and the beginnings of the United States' political involvement in Southeast Asia. In July, 1962, at the request of President John F. Kennedy, he agreed to go to Russia as a part of a cultural exchange. Perhaps few poets witnessed as much political change as did Robert Frost. But a recent 1996 Frost biography by Jeffrey Meyers does not explore his politics. Near the end of this twentieth century, it does seem timely and appropriate to review the effects of certain political currents upon America's most representative poet, effects revealed in his poetry and conversations.

Of eleven books of poetry his first five seem almost completely void of political implications. As his literary reputation grew, however, his willingness to incorporate political comment in his poetry also increased. His sixth volume, the Pulitzer Prize winner *A Further Range* (1936), represented a departure from his regional subject, New England. In his dedication to his wife he indicated that these poems would "range. . . even into the realm of government," and for the last twenty-five years of his life, the poet frequently stated or implied his thoughts on government and related political matters. The reviews of *A Further Range* were generally good, but for the first time in his literary career Frost experienced a true attack from a group of dissenting critics.[1] The basic conclusion reached by these reviewers was that Frost, in talking about government and politics, did not adequately explore the major political issues present or on the horizon in the 1930s: a Russian revolution, the depression, the increasing threat of Hitler and Fascism in Europe, an impending World War II. Their contention was that Frost took a too casual approach to the pressing political matters. For example, in a *Paris Review* interview he humorously applied the American two-party system of government to "The Death of the Hired Man":

> They think I'm no New Dealer but really and truly I'm not, you know, all that clear about it. In "The Death of the Hired Man" that I wrote long, long ago, long before the New Deal, I put it two ways about home. One would be the manly way: "Home is the place where, when you go there, they have to take you in." That's the man's feeling about it. And then the

> wife says, "I should have called it / Something you somehow haven't to deserve." That's the New Deal, the feminine way of it, the mother way. You don't have to deserve your mother's love. You have to deserve your father's. He's more particular. One's a Republican, one's a Democrat. The father is always a Republican toward his son, and his mother's always a Democrat.[2]

A certain whimsical tone has always seemed to dominate Frost's poetry and casual comment about politics. He rarely took a radical position in politics or social philosophy, and consequently, his poetic and conversational reflections were characterized by the fundamental caution and reserve (as usual, expressed with wisdom and humor) suggested in "Precaution":

> I never dared be radical when young
> For fear it would make me a conservative when old.

Biographers record that Frost avoided any direct political action, such as campaigning; his only active participation in campaigning was as a child when he helped his father campaign for Grover Cleveland in California.[3] He seemed to agree with Tityrus in "Build Soil" who questions whether the times

> . . . warrant poetry's
> Leaving love's alternations, joy and grief,
> The weather's alternations, summer and winter,
> Our age-long theme, for the uncertainty
> Of judging who is a contemporary liar.

The continuing value for hurried and pressured Americans is found in the sanity and understanding that mirth and perspective—both consistent qualities in Frost—continue to provide to this day through his art.

His basic political beliefs were rooted in his intense belief in the individual. Frost believed that every person must make up his mind for himself, and he felt that no measures were demanding enough to force him to be dependent completely on others. To him, equal opportunities for the individual are prerequisite to democracy; he declares "In Dives' Dive,"

> As long as the Declaration guards
> My rights to be equal in number of cards,
>
> It is nothing to me who runs the Dive. . .

Here, in metaphorical analogy, Frost is maintaining that his primary concern is not with who runs the government or what the authoritative element is; his concern is with the role of the individual in the scheme of things. Frost wants his share of what belongs to him, and he wants no less for other people. One reason Frost was not a radical in political opinions, then, was his belief in each man's minding his own business.

Despite his advocation of individuality (and true to his paradoxical nature), Frost did lean to the political tenets of the Democratic Party. In 1959, Frost said that he had been a Democrat all of his life, but an unhappy one since 1896. The best President, in Frost's estimation at that time, was the Democrat, Grover Cleveland, a defiant individual in politics. Frost remarked in an interview: "I keep reading about Grover, and after sixty years, I have to admit that there were one or two things that could be said against him, but I concede it reluctantly."[4] But three weeks later in another interview he had described himself as an "obstinate Nationalist."[5] Frost said in another *New York Times* interview:

> I am a realist. I write about realms of democracy and realms of the spirit. The land is always in my bones. Someone asked me once if I was for democracy or against it, and I could only say that I am so much of it that I didn't know. I have a touchiness about the subject of democracy. . . I know how much difficulty there is about democracy, and how much fun it is, too.[6]

Sidney Cox, who knew Frost well for most of the poet's adult life, assessed the poet's stand this way: "Robert Frost offers us nothing cozier to join than America. . . He obstinately declines to be a supplier of formulas. It would be absurd for him to think of pronouncing finally."[7] Yet, always strongly patriotic, Frost declared that nationality was something he could not live without. To this poet, America was worthy of being praised. His personal love of his country extended from East coast to West. His poem "A Record Stride," inspired by a childhood episode on the California coast and a later incident in the

Eastern coast, utilizes metaphor for his intense patriotism:

. . . . . .
I touch my tongue to the shoes now,
And unless my sense is at fault,
On one I can taste Atlantic,
On the other Pacific, salt.

One foot in each great ocean
Is record stride or stretch.
The authentic shoes it was made in
I should sell for what they would fetch

. . . . . .
And I ask all to try to forgive me
For being as over-elated
As if I had measured the country
And got the United States stated.

Proof that this boyhood sentiment had been strengthened was published in 1951, in "And All We Call American":

If I had my way when young
I should have had Columbus sung
As a God who had given us
A more than Moses' exodus.

Frost once stated that the only things he had ever committed himself to were God, the home, and the state.[8]

Despite his strong national feeling, Frost, however, was distrustful of the United Nations. He was against everything and everybody that wanted people to rely on somebody else. His early skepticism about the League of Nations, a political brotherhood which he felt was a huge mistake, carried over after World War II and applied to the United Nations. The UN, disturbed by Frost's opposition, suggested to him in 1957 that he might like to write a poem celebrating the ideal of the inter-dependence of the nations. Frost was not interested. He

rejected the invitation with a couplet:

> Nature within her inmost self divides
> To trouble men with having to take sides.

The glory of America, he insisted, had been the achievement of its pioneers who dared to act through separateness[9] or individual accomplishment.

Perhaps Frost's patriotism, in which all of his political views are rooted, is best exemplified in his powerful poem, "The Gift Outright." Frost called this poem his "national history, the whole story; it's all my politics."[10] This poem was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of William and Mary College on December 5, 1941, just two days before Pearl Harbor, and it was also read to a national television audience at the Inaugural of John F. Kennedy. This poem increased Frost's stature as an American poet, expressing no mere flag-waving, but a realization of surrender of self to the land, of salvation through faith in its future. Herein Frost proved that he had worked his way out of the New England time and space to write with sincere grandeur about the national experience. In its emphatic brevity (sixteen lines) America is never mentioned, just "The land" and the conservative, heavily-charged use of ours. With him, land becomes the symbol of America's most lasting values, those to whom the individual freely offers his selfhood. That this relationship of man to land as historical is powerfully expressed in the paradox, reminding us of the early colonists' "possessing what we still were unpossessed by" since the land had not become independent of England and our own—the same colonists who were brave indeed in the trying situation of being "possessed by what we now no more possessed": England, a homeland. Frost had earlier declared that what gives us our freedom is the territorial basis of belonging to the land. Frost's strong individualism resounds in his lines, that in surrender to progress there is salvation, not defeat; that in faith to give of self in individual nation-building (including the gift of self in war when necessary) lies the potential of the possible realities of our land, "such as she would become." When John Kennedy asked Frost if he would read these last two words as "has become" at the Inauguration, Frost declined and read them as he had originally written them;[11] the reality for him lay in that continuing successful future "would become." This poem, considered by many readers to be the noblest statement yet to be spoken of the American continent by a poet, connects the love of Americans for Frost

to that of his—and their—mutual love of country. As strongly as he supported States' rights, we see in him greater strength to be found in union. Having lived in California, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Michigan, Iowa, and Florida, this staunch American meant it when he said, "I feel perfectly content if ever so often I see the American flag."[12]

Frost's brand of conservative individualism was an inherent part of his personality from his youth. In 1894, working in a mill, he had accidentally overstayed his lunch break, enjoying the beauty of a nearby wood. Returning to the factory to find the gates locked, he quit the job rather than wait the customary thirty-minute lock-gate reprimand and loss of pay. Memory of this feeling of renouncing machine servitude in favor of nature's open roads resulted in an excellent poem "A Lone Striker," written years later in 1933. This same indifference to conformity forbade his active participation in reform movements. In "To a Thinker" he owned: "I never really warmed/ To the reformer or the reformed." Frost's preferred method was a subtle questioning of motives, of the wisdom of proposed actions which often appeared in his droll verse, as in his questioning a government project for rural rehabilitation in "A Roadside Stand." Here as always, Frost's opposition is to the loss of the individual within the corporate. His opinion of rural rehabilitation is clear from his ironic tone:

> . . .
> It is in the news that all these pitiful kin
> Are to be bought out and mercifully gathered in
> To live in villages next to the theater and store
> Where they won't have to think for themselves any more;
> While greedy good-doers, beneficent beasts of prey,
> Swarm over their lives enforcing benefits
> That are calculated to soothe them out of their wits,
> And by teaching them how to sleep the sleep all day,
> Destroy their sleeping at night the ancient way.

Frost's sharp condemnation of that kind of legislative "relief" is abundantly clear in his striking oxymoron "beneficent beasts of prey."

Frost criticized the state for entering into personal, human realms without necessary prudence. "Something for Hope" tells of a crop of trees which produce on their own:

. . .foresight does it and laissez-faire,
A virtue in which we all may share
Unless a government interferes.

and advocates the practical policy of having

Patience and looking away ahead
And leaving some things to take their course.

And in "Build Soil" he insists,

Political ambition has been taught,
It must at some point gracefully refrain.

During the Thirties when the New Deal (referred to as the New Deil, by Frost) was running high, Frost's ultra conservatism seemed to have forbidden a logical assessment of Roosevelt's programs. The poet was very unhappy over the growth of bureaucracy; his letters and poems during these years betray his impatience with the beginning of what he foresaw as a socialistic welfare state. Today, perhaps his fear that Roosevelt was "trying to homogenize society so that the cream of human nature would never rise again to the top"[13] is puzzling. His basic humanitarianism was surely at odds with his individualism in the face of the New Deal policies. He feared a sweep toward collectivism, yet he was not guilty of callous indifference to the poor as is evident in his poem "On the Heart's Beginning to Cloud the Mind." He regretted the Depression but did not personally feel the financial hardship that so many Americans suffered at that time. Frost's reaction to the New Deal prompted his satire "To a Thinker," so obviously a satire on Franklin D. Roosevelt that Frost's wife Elinor begged him not to print it. Frost humorously challenged the liberal measures advocated by President Roosevelt, but his accusations seemed always to be playful and benign; he concluded the poem with a jest:

So if you find you must repent
From side to side in argument,
At least don't use your mind too hard,

But trust my instinct—I'm a bard.

Even though Frost did not approve of the legislative measures, we find no vehement statements of rebuttal at the New Deal procedures, and his tone is one of respect for and good-natured banter toward Roosevelt. (In 1943, when Frost received his fourth Pulitzer Prize, he quipped in conversation with Louis Mertins, "Getting it for the fourth time rather stops me from saying anything against a fourth term for the President, don't you think?")[14]

Of course, Frost, the individual, naturally rebelled when government did not adopt in practice his own thoroughly democratic attitude. Obviously, he was displeased with any system such as Socialism, Communism, or Fascism. Frost felt that Socialism was "more mothering than it is fathering,"[15] implying that fathers employ a sterner approach. In socialistic grouping, he thought, "There's a tendency to snuggle up, and we can stand that only a short time; then we become irritated."[16] Frost feared Socialism as the problem of post-World War II, but ironically his assessment of the problem applies to our ecological problem as well, the problem of "how to crowd and still be kind." The problem he saw in collective policies of the nation was, again, an infringement on the individual. And fearing that individuality was becoming submerged in the far-out venture of collective enterprise, Frost gave a warning in "Build Soil":

We're so much out that the odds are against
Our ever getting inside it again.

His advice in the concluding lines appears simple:

. . .Steal away and stay away.
Don't join too many gangs.

But Frost was realistic. He recognized the impossibility of modern man's living completely to himself—hence the irony in the second half of his title: "Build Soil—A Political Pastoral." So he has Tityrus conclude his conversation with Meliboeus with advice that is both humorous and wise; some "joining" is necessary:

Join the United States and join the family—

But not much in between unless a college.

The poet had the common sense to recognize the need for a unified defense in the contemporary, often hostile, world. His "Triple Bronze" describes a solid defense, first composed of each man's inner strength, then his own wall to protect his property, and third, a national boundary.

The practices of Communism, likewise, stirred Frost profoundly. When Boris Pasternack's *Dr. Zhivago* was published in 1957 and received the Nobel Prize in 1958, Frost was appalled that Pasternack's own country refused both to publish his work and to allow him to receive prize money. Frost's objection to Russian policy was precisely that it chose not to give recognition to an artist who pointed out its faults but rather to take away his individual freedom to express himself in print. The means of progress for one nation, however, were not the ones that Frost recommended for any other, including the Russians. In fact, in 1941, just before Pearl Harbor, in a conversation with Louis Mertins, Frost stated that he had never objected to Russia and the Comintern "so long as they kept it safe in Russia, sterilized in Moscow,"[17] but he did object to their trying to carry on their Third Internationale in other countries, especially his own. His Good Will mission to Russia in 1962 only solidified his awareness of the conflict between his democracy and the communistic ideology. Frost wisely foresaw that the conflict between the United States and Russia might take "a couple hundred years before it's finished."[18]

In the meantime, his optimism and buoyant spirit seemed to inspire other Americans. In 1960, James Reston in an interview marveled at the bounce and confidence that Frost felt when everyone else was depressed and anxious about the Russians. Said the reporter: "Everytime Robert Frost comes to town, the Washington Monument stands up a little straighter."[19]

Frost's individualism and perhaps the ideal American trait of viewing individuals separate from ideologies was perfectly illustrated in his attitude toward the then Premier Khruschev during that Good Will mission in 1962. We learn from Norman Holland that Frost chose to treat Khruschev as just another farmer like himself.[20] Frost later referred to the Soviet leader as the "great man,"[21] referring not to his politics, but to his human quality of strong individualism. Frost had extensive meetings with Khruschev in which they talked about many Cold War matters. Perhaps Frost referred to Khruschev as the "great man" out of courtesy since the Russians had invited him for the visit or perhaps because

he admired Khruschev's intellectualism. Frost had been reassured by Khruschev of Russia's dedication to peace; ironically, even as Khruschev was assuring Frost of Russia's desire for peace, Cuban rockets were being seated, and the United States fleet was on its way to effect the 1962 blockade.

Although Khruschev deceived Frost, the poet's foresight concerning the ever-growing communistic challenge is interesting indeed. His idea, according to James Reston, *New York Times* reporter, was that America should not be dismayed by the communistic upsurge, but that she should face it, not boastfully, but calmly and watchfully and industriously, avoiding pretension and sham. The question to Frost, for every man and nation was this: What are my first loyalties? To whom do I owe answers first? Frost was most concerned the United States be true to its own concept of what it thought to be right, rather than strictly loyal to the United Nations. He felt that when the United States became less occupied with the Soviet world, the fear of competition would diminish, and we as a nation would then become more self-reliant.[22]

As for other ideologies contrary to American democracy, Frost found Nazism and Fascism equally deplorable; his strong individuality would naturally oppose authoritarianism. In "The Self-Seeker" he declared, "Pressed into service means pressed out of shape." Such a statement would not have been an indictment against the military draft in Frost's day, but of his regret that man must stoop to the "waste of nations warring." The horror of war inspired three specific expressions of Frost's feeling. "The Bonfire" poignantly teaches the terrible lesson that "War is for everyone, for children, too." In "A Soldier" and "Range Finding" he further emphasized the futility of war. In the latter poem, his subtle irony in the title implied his scorn of war in that it excepts nothing, not even insects or flowers; the poet deplored the greater tragedy in human loss.

When Ezra Pound, expatriate poet who broadcast fascist propaganda from Italy during World War II, was arrested for treason in 1945, and committed to a hospital for the mentally ill, Frost later sought the release of Pound, action not based on any sympathy for the man's fascist sympathies, but because (in the poet's words), "None of us can bear the disgrace of our letting Ezra Pound come to his end where he is."[23] It is thus much to Frost's credit as a humanitarian that he headed a committee to appeal to the Supreme Court for Pound's release from St. Elisabeth's, an appeal that he successfully effected, one that Archibald MacLeish, T. S. Eliot, and Ernest Hemingway had been unable to

accomplish during thirteen years of trying. Despising the violation of individuality and denial of the sanctity of human justice (common to Fascism), Frost helped Americans see that confinement of the expatriate, denied trial for treason, was too similar to fascist tactics permitted in America.[24]

When Frost was asked to read his poetry at the Kennedy Inaugural, it was the first time in the history of the country that a poet had been asked to do so. At eighty-six, he had in effect become the first poet laureate of the United States. And his gruff complaint over the lack of light needed to read his lines that day added a touch of informality to a formal ceremony in which young and old, learned and unlearned alike, paid proud tribute not only to their new President but also to America's most popular man of letters. For having been invited to the Inaugural, he wrote of "a golden age of poetry and power/ Of which this noonday's the beginning hour." Frost recognized that poetry had never been a favorite of American politicians and was elated when President Kennedy shared his feeling that the Arts deserved a place of recognition in the concerns of the government. Frost even wished for a Cabinet post for that department along with State, Defense, Commerce.[25] Certainly, he has done more than any other 20th century American poet to guide us closer to that recognition. In a letter to J.F.K. on July 24, 1962, he explained,

> I am describing not so much what ought to be but what is and will be—reporting and prophesying. This is the way we are one world, as you put it, of independent nations, interdependent—the separateness of the parts as important as the connection of the parts. Great times to be alive aren't they?[26]

Frost enjoyed popularity and personal association with a number of political figures. He was personally acquainted with Supreme Court justices Felix Frankfurter and Earl Warren.[27] He expressed a lack of respect for President Coolidge partially because Coolidge was not well-read (professing to have read but ten books in his lifetime)[28] and partly because he felt him inept as a leader: "stingy in more ways than vocabulary,"[29] he jokingly added. It is probably true too that Frost's distaste for Coolidge was promoted in part because Coolidge refused to invite Frost to the White House, a suggestion made by Dwight Morrow who thought it would be a good thing for the President to recognize the leading poet of the nation during that time.

He did not admire Truman either, feeling that Truman had made drastic errors in ordering the bomb dropped in World War II, allowing the Korean and Berlin situations to become huge problems, and recalling MacArthur, whom Frost thought could have settled the Chinese "hash" with a few bombers.[30] Again, the same poet who deplored war seems enigmatic where bombing is concerned. Perhaps he felt that swift bloodshed was preferable to long battles when war was inevitable.

On the other hand, he greatly admired President Eisenhower as "a very, very fine man, even if he doesn't read too many books." Frost gave Eisenhower a book of the poet's complete works "as a gift from one farmer to another."[31] Frost disapproved of Carl Sandburg's criticism of Eisenhower as President. "The Old General," mused Frost, "is a friend of mine."[32] Eisenhower honored Frost as a representative American, hailing him as one who could express "our innermost feelings and speak so clearly to us of our land and life."[33] After the Senate passed a resolution in Frost's honor on his seventy-fifth birthday, he went to the White House to receive from his next President, John Kennedy, the Congressional Medal in recognition of his contributions to American letters. The Library of Congress then opened an exhibition of Frost's works, photographs, correspondence and memorabilia.[34] John Gerber records that in his day, liking Robert Frost came near to being an ultimate test of one's Americanism.[35] In his acceptance speech for receipt of the Gold Medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, Frost said,

> I should like to have it that your medal is a token of my having fitted, not into the nature of the Universe, but in some small way, at least, into the nature of Americans—into their affections.[36]

He surely got his wish. And Frost, in justifiable pride on being chosen poet of Vermont in 1961, quipped,

> Breathes there a bard who isn't moved
> When he finds his verse is understood
> And not entirely disapproved
> By his country and his neighborhood?

It seems then that a keynote to Frost's stance toward politics and government

can be summed up in his preference for neighborliness rather than brotherhood. To be sure, however, the sometimes puckish Frost did take the basic principles of politics seriously. He did not stray into political pamphleteering as Edna St. Vincent Millay and Archibald MacLeish did. Certainly, many intelligent critics of the political Left often spoke of him unkindly,[37] referred to him as a spiritual drifter. What those early critics of *A Further Range* interpreted as lack of commitment and evasion of the real issues perhaps failed to recognize the Yankee humor and the playful context that was so much a part of his poetic stance. The current reader must also remind himself that this is just the characteristic charm of the Frost persona, a pleasant, but innocuous observer choosing only to chuckle over the sensitive political issues. He certainly did have a keen interest in politics and an ardent love of country. But his overriding view, however, was for people to live by seeking to let-live. In "The Lesson for Today" perhaps he explained his position best. Again by metaphor, his analogy defines the devotion and willingness of the lover to forgive the little difference with and faults found in the beloved:

> I would have written of me on my stone:
> I had a lover's quarrel with the world.

Notes

1 Newton Arvin, "A Minor Strain," *Partisan Review*, Vol III, no.5 (June 1936): 27-28; Horace Gregory, "Review of A Further Range," *New Republic*, Vol. LXXXVII, No.1125 (24 June, 1936): 214; Rolfe Humphries, "A Further Shrinking," *New Masses*, Vol. XX, No.7 (11 August, 1936): 41-42; R. P. Blackmur, "The Instincts of a Bard," *Nation*, Vol. 142, No. 3703 (24 June, 1936):817-819.

2 George Plimpton, ed., *Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews*, Second Series (New York: The Viking Press, 1963), p.25.

3 William H. Pritchard, *Frost: A Literary Life Reconsidered* 2nd ed. (Amherst: The University of Massachusetts Press, 1993), p.30.

4 *New York Times*, October 27, 1957, IV, p.8.

5 *New York Times*, November 16, 1957, p.16.

6 Frost, cited in Harvey Breit, *The Writer Observed* (Cleveland: World Publishing Company, 1956), p.96.

7 Sidney Cox, *Swinger of Birches* (New York: New York UP, 1957), p.4.

8 Ibid., p.156.

9 Michael E. Cornett, "Robert Frost on *Listen America*," *Papers on Language & Literature* XXIX (1993): 424.

10 Reginald L. Cook, "Robert Frost's Asides on His Poetry," *American Literature*, XIX (1948): 355.

11 Lawrance Thompson and R. H. Winnick, *Robert Frost: A Biography* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Win-

ston, 1981), p.481.

12 Edward C. Lathem, ed., *Interviews with Robert Frost* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1966), P.136.

13 Frost, cited in Elizabeth S. Sergeant, *Robert Frost: The Trial By Existence* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1960), p. 318.

14 Frost, cited in Louis Mertins, *Robert Frost: Life and Talks-Walking* (Norman: Oklahoma UP, 1965), p.320.

15 Reginald L. Cook, *The Dimensions of Robert Frost* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Company, 1958), p.180.

16 Ibid., p.180.

17 Lathem, *Interviews with Robert Frost,* p.190.

18 Ibid., p.241.

19 Ibid., p.177.

20 Norman N. Holland, *The Brain of Robert Frost* (New York: Routledge, 1988), p.40.

21 George W. Nitchie, "Frost and the Unwritten Epic," in ed. Earl J. Wilcox, *Robert Frost: The Man and the Poet* (London: University Publishing Associates, 1990), p.39.

22 Peter J. Stanlis, "Robert Frost: Individualistic Democrat," *The Intercollegiate Review* II (1965): 31.

23 Frost, cited in Thompson and Winnick, p.472.

24 Ibid., p.473.

25 Mertins, *Robert Frost: Life and Talks-Walking,* p.404.

26 F. D. Reeve, "Robert Frost Confronts Khruschev," *The Atlantic,* CCXII (1962): 32.

27 Lathem, *Interviews with Robert Frost,* p.253.

28 Mertins, *Robert Frost: Life and Talks-Walking,* p.225.

29 Ibid., p.224.

30 Daniel Smythe, *Robert Frost Speaks* (New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1964), p.147.

31 Lathem, *Interviews with Robert Frost,* p.181.

32 Ibid., p.280.

33 *New York Times*, January 17, 1958, p.27.

34 Lathem, *Interviews with Robert Frost,* p.281.

35 Philip L. Gerber, *Robert Frost* (New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1966), p.45.

36 Hyde Cox and Edward C. Lathem, eds., *Selected Prose of Robert Frost* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1966), p.102.

37 George F. Bagby, *Frost and the Book of Nature* (Knoxville: The University of Tennessee Press, 1993), p.197.