

FOREWORD

ist," written by Frank Norris many years later, there occurs this passage:

"Once more we halt upon the great word — sincerity, sincerity, and again sincerity. Let the writer attack his . . . novel with sincerity and he cannot then go wrong. . . . His public may be small, perhaps, but he will have the better reward of the knowledge of a thing well done. Royalties on editions of hundreds of thousands will not pay him more to his satisfaction than that. To make money is not the province of the novelist. If he is the right sort, he has other responsibilities, heavy ones. He of all men cannot think only of himself or for himself. And when the last page is written and the ink crusts on the pen point and the hungry presses go clashing after another writer, the 'new man' and the new fashion of the hour, he will think of the grim, long grind, of the years of his life that he has put behind him, and of his work that he has built up volume by volume, sincere work, telling the truth as he saw it, independent of fashion and the gallery gods, holding to these with gripped hands and shut teeth — he will think of all this then, and he will be able to say: 'I never truckled; I never took off the hat to Fashion and held it out for pennies. By God! I told them the truth. They liked it or they didn't like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth; I knew it for the truth then, and I know it for the truth now.' And that is his reward — the best that a man may know; the only one worth the striving for."

There can be no better example of what Frank Norris had in mind than "Vandover and the Brute." One marvels at the courage that prompted him to write it. A novel