

The reviews were good and it sold about ten thousand copies, and was favorably reviewed.

My publisher told me that it just missed becoming a best seller.

1st
March 7, 1947

The Rejected ANONYMOUS

I have written for 17 years.

For ~~During~~ the seventeen years ~~that~~ I have written stories, novels, plays and articles. During that time I have had one book published, but a flock of my short stories have been ^{were} ~~embalmed~~ ^{and forgotten in a} ~~long~~ ^{defunct} "little magazines". I won my spurs from the late Edward J. O'Brien. ^{More recently} last year I've had two pieces appear in a slick literary magazine, a few years ago I ~~published~~ ^{published} a book of mine ~~was~~ ^{was} published. ^{Simply for the record, a total of} I received \$20.00 for all of my short stories, ^{about} \$100.00 for the ^{two} articles, and I made about \$4000.00 on the book ^{— that is —} before the Internal Revenue ^{department.} ~~people got their cut.~~ ^{always} Poetry I have ^{been} ~~been~~ ^{unable} to write...

During this seventeen years I have written four book-length works, two ^{long} plays, and ^{scores} dozens of stories. All of ^{these efforts} ~~of which~~ have been repeatedly turned down. ^{It is} ~~is~~ ^{quite possible} ~~possible~~ that these things were ~~turned~~ ^{rejected} down because they were not good ^{enough.} However, the reason that ~~I~~ ^{have} ~~been~~ ^{given} ~~to me.~~ ^{It} ~~sounds~~ ^{man} ~~and is,~~ ^{probably} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~nearly~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^I ~~can~~ ^{gather} ~~is,~~ ^{is,} terribly inmodest, but ^{most of} the basic reason ~~is~~ for rejection of this unpublished material is that it was too good. "Highly original, but doesn't quite hit us," ^{has been} ~~is~~ a favorite reply. "A work (or ^{play or} story) of

peculiar power and originality, but unfortunately
not for us," ^{was} another favorite. "These ^{enchanting} tales
strike us as being authentic Americana, but ~~to~~
we do not think that the reading public is
ready for them," ^{was} ^{still} another. "Your humor is
earthy and original, ^{more than reminiscent of Mark Twain,} but we believe the ^{present} mood
of the ^{reading} public is away from this sort of thing,"
write ^{still} another. For ^{seventeen} years ^{frustration} ^{deathly} have lived
and written on this sort of diet. I am ^{tired} of it.

I ~~am~~ am now nearly 44 and I haven't
written a line in nearly a year. I do not say
that I shall not write again, ^{One does not know these things.} but I do say that
for a year I have been ^{utterly} indifferent to writing.
Even the thought of it makes me slightly ill. ^{It is quite possible that I have, passed my peak.} ^{said my say; that I have}
It is quite possible that I have ^{well-known} passed my peak.
Many ^{successful} American writers have done that
long before ^{reaching} 40. I do not have to mention ^{any} names.

During the time ^{that} I have written my ~~own~~
output has been small. ^{and} Only a fraction of it
has appeared in print. If I told you my name
only one out of a hundred ^{or more} of you might ^{have}
heard of it. Yet for ^{seventeen} years I have been
rejected with hosannas, ^{into a kind of suburban fame.} ^{praised} into obscurity,
regretfully lauded ^{and} ^{eventually} have become a "reader" writer.
At the point ^{of} ^{flowers} Unless all ^{these} ^{rejections} have
simply ^{been} ^{acts of} ^{charity} American writing ^{appears to} have lost

it could not afford to lose. No much, perhaps,
something, ~~maybe not much~~, but something.
And American writing cannot afford to lose anything.
I cannot say how much more I would have
written, ^{if things had been otherwise,} but knowing something of human

nature and my own temperament, my guess is
that I would have written considerably more.
For one thing, I ^{haven't been able to} could not afford to write as much as I want to. I ^{would have liked} would
write tales and stories and ^{books and plays} novels ^{now} of written that I know I shall never write. The
time, the mood, the enthusiasm, the fuel, has
fled and gone. Now all is hangover... I know of several.

I suspect that there are hundreds of
American writers like I am. ~~Perhaps~~ Many of them
may be ^{have been much} more talented than I and have received
~~had~~ even less recognition. ^{Does one write for family then?} For all our
rationalizing until hell freezes over, but any
writer ^{short of a genius} cannot live and grow and develop
unless his ^{stuff is} things are read. I believe that.

There is no moral to this ^{curious lament,} ~~but~~ no
blame to be assigned, ~~not alarm to be viewed~~
nothing to be viewed with alarm. Yet there
is something ^{indexpressibly} sad about it. I cannot even get
angry any more. ^{Anger has been replaced by bewilderment and a vague} I am beaten and defeated.
For I ^{now realize that} am the rejected...

I have had a living to make. One thing is true: