

reconsider, whose individuality we retain. And we all know that this is also true of the people in what are universally recognized as the great novels. But in this sense there are no people in the books of Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Joyce, and most of Steinbeck. It is the chief value of the writing of Thomas Wolfe that he creates living characters when he can get away from himself. A remarkable quality of Chesnutt's novels — and a quality we have got out of the habit of looking for — is clarity and liveliness of characterization. Not only his major characters but nearly all of his minor ones are distinct, memorable, and individual. They are not the author and they are not ourselves. They are not universal in the empty modern sense of the term. They are real social beings tied to a particular social fabric.



By **LANGSTON HUGHES**

Poet to Bigot

I have done so little
 For you,
 And you have done so little
 For me,
 That we have good reason
 Never to agree.

I, however,
 Have so little
 Power,
 Clutching at a
 Moment,
 While you control
 An hour.

But your hour is
 A stone.

My moment is
 A flower.