

THE GOOD DOCTOR, or
WHY YOU SHOULD READ DR. SEUSS

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One of my earliest memories is of my mother reading aloud Dr. Seuss's *If I Ran the Zoo*. There were other books, of course. *The Little Engine that Could*, *The Five Chinese Brothers*, and *Mike Mulligan and his Steam Shovel* were among my favorites, but I kept coming back to Dr. Seuss. The colorful illustrations, the rhymes, and the fact that the star of the book was a kid just a little older than me, were the attractions for me, and many others in the fifties and sixties. With many TV specials in the sixties and seventies, Dr. Seuss reached an even wider audience. After a brief look at his biography, I'll explain why I think adults would benefit from a visit with the Doctor, even without their children in tow.

BIOGRAPHY

Theodore Seuss (pronounced Zoice) Geisel was born in Springfield, MA, on March 2, 1904. There was a thriving German community in Springfield that included many Zoice and Geisel relatives. He attended public schools, and at Springfield Central High he played the mandolin and helped found a mandolin club, he was a utility man for the school paper, doing a bit of reporting, writing poems and satires, and drawing cartoons. He also acted in school plays and was jokes editor for the yearbook.

Under the influence of a teacher who was a recent graduate of Dartmouth College in Hanover, NH, Ted went there. He worked on the Jack-O-Lantern, the campus humor magazine. Ted's goal was to become editor of Jacko his senior year. He was appointed editor, but after being busted at a raucous drinking party that violated state prohibition law, the Dean put him on probation. His name remained on the masthead of Jack-O-Lantern, but he was forbidden to edit. He published items under various pseudonyms.

Ted wasn't sure what to do after college, and when his father asked him about his plans, he lied that he had received a fellowship to study at Oxford University. His proud father passed this bogus information on to the editor of the Springfield Union, and an announcement of the award was printed the next day. Ted finally admitted that there was no fellowship, but to save face his father underwrote Ted's Oxford adventure.

Ted returned to the States engaged and looking for a job. He based himself at his parents' home in Springfield and bombarded an assortment of New York based

periodicals—Life, Judge, The Saturday Evening Post, The New Yorker—with already written satires and previously drawn cartoons. When he sold a cartoon to The Saturday Evening Post for \$25, he moved in with a former classmate and staff member of Jack-O-Lantern who was living in Greenwich Village so that he could look for full-time work. He soon had a job at *Judge* as writer and artist, earning \$75 a week, enough to allow him to marry.

A few months after his wedding, he drew two cartoons for Judge that would radically change his life. In pre-air-conditioned America in the summer, the use of insecticides to keep down mosquitoes and other pests was a must. The first cartoon showed a knight in bed in his castle, and a dragon at the foot of his bed ready to devour him. The caption: “Darn it all, another dragon. And just after I’d sprayed the whole castle with Flit.” Flit, produced by Standard Oil of New Jersey, and Fly-Tox were the two leading pesticides used for protecting homes. Ted said he chose Flit for the cartoon by the flip of a coin. That may be true, but I think Flit sounds more like a word that Dr. Seuss would use than Fly-Tox does. A second cartoon showed an over-zealous exterminator using his Flit gun to destroy a flea circus.

These cartoons came to the attention of the ad executive who handled the Flit account because his wife saw a copy of Judge while at her beauty salon, and in short order Ted had a contract for a national ad campaign for Flit that paid him \$12,000 a year, over three times his income from Judge. He produced advertising copy and illustrations for Flit for 17 years, and his tag line for the ads, “Quick, Henry! The Flit,” became an everyday expression in America, with a popular song incorporating it and radio comedians working it into their routines. Other advertising contracts followed—ESSO Marine Products (which produced the “Seuss Navy”) and Ford Motor Company.

Ted had written and illustrated a children's book with the title *A Story that No One Can Beat* and went from publisher to publisher peddling it, but no one was interested. It was rejected by 27 publishing houses before Ted ran into an old college friend on the street. Mike McClintock asked Ted what he was carrying, and Ted replied, “A book no one will publish. I’m lugging it home to burn.” Mike invited Ted to come to his office; earlier that day he had been appointed juvenile editor at Vanguard Press. Vanguard agreed to publish but demanded “a snappier title.” So, in 1937 *And to Think that I Saw It on Mulberry Street* became the first children’s book published by Dr. Seuss.

After the publication of *And to Think that I Saw It*, a classmate who had worked on the Jack-O-Lantern staff while Ted was editor published a rhyming note in *The Dartmouth* (magazine) on the mispronunciation of Ted’s middle name.

You're wrong as the deuce
 And you shouldn't rejoice
 If you're calling him Seuss
 He pronounces it Zoice.

Not anymore. As Seuss biographers Judith and Neil Morgan note, "[B]y now the traditional German pronunciation had given way. Masters of ceremonies and readers, especially those who sought autographs, seemed less confused if Dr. Seuss rhymed with Mother Goose" (88).

KID'S LIT BEFORE SEUSS

Here's a very incomplete thumbnail history of children's literature in America. The New England Primer was first published in the early 1700s. The copy I'm quoting from is a revision from 1815, and it teaches both the A B Cs and moral lessons. "A: In Adam's Fall We Sinned All. B: Thy Life to men, God's Book attend." All was not religious. "C: The Cat doth play, And after slay." But it's religious to the end. "Z: Zaccheus, he Did climb the Tree, His Lord to see."

Now consider *Dr. Seuss's ABC*. "Big A little a What begins with A? Aunt Allie's alligator. A a A"

"Big Z little z What begins with Z? I do. I'm a Zizzer-Zazzer-Zuzz as you can plainly see." So, with the last letter in his ABCs Dr. Seuss introduces us to one of his hypothetical mythical made-up creatures.

This puts me in mind of one of his earlier books, *On Beyond Zebra*, which introduces the twenty letters that come after Z, with the final one being so new it doesn't even have a name yet. This is one of the six titles that Dr Seuss Enterprises has decided to remove from their active catalog.

The next stop is mid-twentieth century. In the United States in the fifties around 80% of first grade classrooms used the Dick and Jane readers for instruction. I was exposed to those readers. They were based on the "whole word" approach to learning to read, unlike the phonetic approach of the earlier McGuffey readers. Sentences were simple and tended to repeat words to reinforce what the word looked like. In one illustration, Baby (later given the name Sally) is under an umbrella, holding it by the shank and handle, and Dick and Jane are on opposite sides facing each and holding onto the canopy. The caption reads, "Look, Jane, Look. See Baby. Oh, oh, oh. Funny, funny Baby." It is difficult to tell whether Baby is trying to pull the umbrella down so she can hide, and Dick and Jane pulling it up, or the

reverse. Illustrations tended to appear static, even if they were intended to depict action. Compare that with *The Cat in the Hat*, published in 1957, the first of what would become the Beginner Books series published by Random House. Sally and her brother are staring at the rain; their mother is out. The house is invaded by a cat! In a hat!

But our fish said, "No! No!
Make that cat go away!
Tell that Cat in the Hat
You do not want to play.
He should not be here.
He should not be about.
He should not be here
When your mother is out!"

After much ado with near disasters averted, their mother returns.

Then our mother came in
And she said to us two,
"Did you have any fun?
Tell me. What did you do?"

And Sally and I did not know
What to say.
Should we tell her
The things that went on there that day?

If it were you, how would you respond to your mother's question? What actually did happen on that rainy day? Did a giant cat come into the house, ride a unicycle and balance the pet goldfish on the end of an umbrella, and with the help of his aides Thing 1 and Thing 2, almost destroy it, before cleaning everything up and returning it to its original order? Or did Sally and her brother let their imaginations run wild and dream all that stuff up?

That's what happened in Seuss's first book, *And to Think that I Saw It on Mulberry Street*. Marco passes a horse and wagon and then transforms it in his imagination into an amazing parade with all sorts of exotic animals. He runs up the stair to his house, excited to tell his father A STORY THAT NO ONE CAN BEAT, but when his father asks what he saw on the way home from school he blushes and says, "Nothing but a plain horse and wagon on Mulberry Street." Ironically, given his later reputation, some early critics saw this work as an effort to dampen the imagination of children.

In an interview with Geisel, Jonathan Cott notes that Alison Lurie lumps Seuss in with Mark Twain and Lewis Carol as part of the subversive tradition in children's literature.

Geisel responded, “I’m subversive as hell! . . . *Gulliver’s Travels* was subversive, and both Swift and Voltaire influenced me. *The Cat in the Hat* is a revolt against authority, but it’s ameliorated by the fact that the Cat cleans everything up at the end” (29).

STICKERS

Novelist and essayist Wallace Stegner identifies Boomers and Stickers as two distinctive American types. Boomers “want to make a killing and settle on Easy Street.” They tend to “pillage and run,” leaving the land and community they lived in the poorer. Stickers, on the other hand, “settle, and love the life they have made and the place they have made it in” (xxii).

Horton the Elephant is a Sticker, and he stars in two of Seuss’s books. In *Horton Hatches the Egg* (1940), lazy bird Mayzie cons Horton into egg sitting, literally, so that she can get some rest. She promises that she will be back soon, and Horton agrees to tend her egg. Through storms and freezing weather, Horton protects the egg while Mayzie, enjoying life on a tropical beach, vows never to return.

Horton, however, vows to protect the egg. His refrain, repeated throughout the story, is the hymn of a Sticker. “I meant what I said, and I said what I meant...An elephant’s faithful one hundred per cent.”

His animal friends jeer at him, hunters who plan to shoot him realize that he is unique, sitting on a nest, so capture him instead, transport him to the States, and sell him to circus, but he will not leave his post of protecting the egg. Finally, the circus arrives in Florida close to Palm Beach and Mayzie, flying by overhead comes down for a closer look. Just as she recognizes Horton the egg begins to crack. Horton cries, “My egg! Why, it’s hatching!” But Mayzie claims it is hers—“You stole it from me! Get off of my nest and get out of my tree!”

But the hatchling had ears and a tale and a trunk just like Horton. And now for the unbelievable part of the story—the owners of the circus sent Horton and his hatchling back to the jungle that he came from.

In 1954 Seuss published *Horton Hears a Who*. Horton was cooling off in a pool in the Jungle of Nool when he heard a tiny voice calling for help. He discovers that the voice is coming from a speck of dust, and that there is an entire community of Whos living on the speck. He vows to protect the speck and its residents. “I can’t put it down. And I won’t! After all, a person’s a person. No matter how small.” Many animals in the jungle think Horton is crazy. They don’t think anything is living on the tiny speck. The Mayor of Whoville

begs Horton, “Will you stick by us Whos while we’re making repairs?” Horton agrees to help. “Of course I will stick. I’ll stick by you small folks through thin and through thick.”

To protect the Whos he needed to convince the other animals that there was a community on the dust speck. He had to organize the Whos to yell at the same time so that their collective voices could be heard. Once convinced, the other animals agreed to help protect the Whos.

I had a brief correspondence with Ted Geisel near the end of his life, and I asked him if *Horton Hears a Who* was a response to Senator Joe McCarthy’s anticommunist activities. He wrote back: “Although *Horton Hears a Who* was definitely influenced by the McCarthyism of the 50’s, its major theme (‘A person’s a person no matter how small’) came out of Japan. While there, doing a story for LIFE on primary education under the MacArthur Occupation, I was tremendously impressed with the emergence of individuality as opposed to the regimented thinking under the old regime.

“Over there, the Japanese citizen was reacting to new freedoms and beginning to make himself heard. Over here, under the growing fear of McCarthy’s axe, people were beginning to be scared of speaking their thoughts aloud.”

Horton Hears a Who was dedicated to “My Great Friend, Mitsugi Nakamura of Kyoto, Japan.” One of Geisel’s Dartmouth professors helped arrange for teachers in a number of Japanese cities to have their students draw pictures of what they hoped for their future (Morgan, 145). Geisel was presented with almost fifteen thousand drawings to analyze. Nakamura was dean of Doshisha University in Kyoto, and his support was crucial for the success of Geisel’s project.

BOOMERS

“The Sneetches” tells the story of a revolution in a two-tiered society.

“Now, the Star-Belly Sneetches
Had bellies with stars.
The Plain-Belly Sneetches
Had none upon thars.”

The best of everything went to the Star-Bellies, who bragged, “We’re the best kind of Sneetch on the beaches.” The Plain-Bellies were excluded from Star-Belly activities and restricted to certain sections of the beach.

One day Sylvester McMonkey McBean arrived with a wonderous device—a machine that could, for a mere \$3, put star on the belly of a Plain-Belly Sneetch. The original elite Star-Belly Sneetches were distraught because there was now no way to tell the two classes apart, but Sylvester McMonkey McBean assured them that they could retain their elite status only if they had the now passe stars removed for a mere \$10 by his Star Off Machine.

McBean was making a fortune by operating both the Star On and Star Off Machines at full capacity. The machines continued to run until the Sneetches ran out of money. At that point McBean packed up and left.

“And he laughed as he drove
In his car up the beach,
‘They never will learn.
No. You can’t teach a Sneetch.”

But he was wrong. “The Sneetches got really quite smart on that day, The day they decided that Sneetches are Sneetches And no kind of Sneetch is the best on the beaches.”

ANTI-UTOPIANISM

One of my favorite Seuss books is *I Had Trouble in Getting to Solla Sollew*, which recounts the misadventures of a young man who was “real happy and carefree and young” until he stubbed his toe on a rock and fell down a drop-off on a hillside. Determined not to stub his toe again he focused straight ahead as he marched, only to be attacked from behind by an aggressive quail. He alternated backward and forward glances as he moved ahead, only to be attacked from above by a stinging bug and bitten on his toe by a burrowing critter.

A passing stranger sees that he is in distress and tells him, “I’m off to the City of Solla Sollew On the banks of the beautiful River Wah-Hoo Where they never have troubles! At least, very few.” The stranger offers him a ride in his one-wheeled Wubble which is pulled by a camel. He accepts, but before long the camel gets sick and the young man and his host get out and pull, until the host decided to ride also. They arrive at a vet who orders bed rest for the camel, so our hero trudges on alone to the closest bus stop, only to discover that the buses to Solla Sollew have all been cancelled.

Finally, after many other trials, he arrives at the entrance to Solla Sollew just as the doorman to the only entrance to the city quits. A Key-Slapping Slippard has infested the door, so it cannot be opened. The doorman announces that he is moving to “the City of

Boola Boo Ball On the bank of the beautiful River Woo-Wall, Where they never have troubles! *No troubles at all!*” He invites the young man to join him. He’s tempted.

“So I started to go. But I didn’t. Instead . . . I did some quick thinking Inside of my head. Then I started back home To the Valley of Vung. I know I’ll have troubles. I’ll, maybe, get stung. I’ll always have troubles. I’ll, maybe, get bit By that Green-Headed Quail On the place where I sit. But I’ve brough a big bat. I’m all ready, you see. Now my troubles are going to have troubles with *me!*”

WHY WE FIGHT

The Butter Battle Book offers a firsthand account of the arms race between the Yooks and the Zooks and explains its origin. The story is told by a young boy who accompanied his grandfather on an inspection tour of the high wall that has over the years grown higher and higher as tensions between the two countries increase. His grandfather is head of the Zook-Watching Border Patrol, and he relates the history of the escalating arms race that has taken place since he first entered service in the Border Patrol. Both sides have recently developed The Bitsy Big-Boy Boomeroo, which apparently carries the boom of a nuclear bomb in a case the size and shape of a chicken’s egg.

The issue dividing the Zooks and the Yooks is the proper way to butter one’s bread—do you spread butter on the side facing up or on the side facing down? Zooks eat their bread with the butter side down. Grandfather explains, “‘But we Yooks, as you know, When we “breakfast or sup, spread our bread with the butter side up. That’s the right, honest way!’ Grandpa gritted his teeth. ‘So you can’t trust a Zook who spread bread underneath.’”

I am less concerned about the question of whether *The Butter Battle Book* provides an explanation of the real-world arms race that was taking place in 1984 than I am about its literary inspiration. Seuss is retelling, in a nuclear setting, the story of the ongoing war between Lilliput and Blefuscu as told by Jonathan Swift in *Gulliver’s Travels*. “It began upon the following Occasion. It is allowed on all Hands, that the primitive Way of breaking Eggs before we eat them, was upon the larger End. But his present Majesty’s Grandfather, while he was a Boy, going to eat an Egg, and breaking it according to the ancient Practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor, his Father, published an Edict, commanding all his Subjects, upon great Penalties, to break the smaller End of their Eggs. The People so highly resented this Law, our Histories tell us, there have been six Rebellions raised on that Account; wherein one Emperor lost his Life, and another his Crown. . . . It is computed, that eleven Thousand Persons have, at Several Tims, suffered Death, rather than to submit to break their Eggs at the smaller End.” Their scripture says, “That all true

Believers shall break their Eggs at the convenient End,” and Gulliver concludes, “which is the convenient End, seems in my humble Opinion, to be left to every Man’s Conscience” (Swift 31).

POLITICS DOMESTIC

Turning to domestic politics, I’ll start with a short story that reflects another literary source for Seuss.

“Yertle the Turtle was king of the pond
A nice little pond. It was clean. It was neat.
The water was warm. There was plenty to eat.
The turtles had everything that turtles might need
They were all happy. Quite happy indeed.”

Talking to himself, however, Yertle said, “I’m ruler of all that I can see. But I don’t see enough. That’s the trouble with me.” So, he commanded turtles to swim to the stone in the center of the pond and to climb on it and then on each other to build a tower. Yertle would sit on top so that he could expand his horizons and his power. He added more turtles and the first turtle at the bottom of the stack, Mack complained and asked how long this would be going on. Yertle silenced him and called for two hundred more turtles. Mack again complained, saying that the turtles were starving.

“You hush up your mouth!” howled the mighty King Yertle.
“You’ve no right to talk to the world’s highest turtle.
I rule from the clouds! Over land! Over sea!
There’s nothing, no, NOTHING, that’s higher than me!”

But when the clouds parted and he saw the moon shining high above him, he ordered another five thousand turtles. At the bottom of the pile Mack was hurting, and finally the pressure from above was too much and he burped. “And his burp shook the throne of the king,” and the whole turtle tower collapsed.

“And today the great Yertle, that Marvellous he,
Is King of the Mud. That is all he can see.
And the turtles, of course . . . all the turtles are free
As turtles and, maybe, all creatures should be.”

Write Jonathan Cott asked Geisel about the ending of the story. “Why ‘maybe’ and not ‘surely’?” The response? “I qualified that in order to avoid sounding too didactic or like a

preacher on a platform. And I wanted *other* persons, like yourself, to say ‘surely’ in their minds instead of my having to say it” (28)

Yertle was published in 1950, and surely one can see undertones of Hitler in this story, from the wild glint in Yertle’s eyes when he is haranguing his turtles to his claim to “rule from the clouds,” reminiscent of “the eagle’s nest” near Berchtesgaden. There is also a literary source behind Yertle, a poem set not in a pond but in a vast desert: Shelly’s “Ozymandias.”

I met a traveler from an antique land,
 Who said—“Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk a shatter visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal, these words appear:
 My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,
 Look on my Works, ye Mighty and despair!
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.”— (Shelly 109-110)

Two very short stories, often overlooked, are among his most important. “The Zax” immediately follows “The Sneetches.” A North-Going Zax and a South-Going Zax bumped into each other while crossing the Prairie of Prax, and neither was willing to take a step to the side so that both could continue their journeys. The North-Going Zax said he would wait for 59 days. The South-Going Zax upped the stakes to 59 years, “For I live by a rule that I learned as a boy back in South-Going School. *Never budge!* That’s my rule. *Never budge in the least! Not an inch to the West! Not an inch to the East!*” He vowed to be steadfast even “If it makes you and me and the whole world stand still!” The world, however, did not stand still, but they did, and they still do.

The second story, “King Looie Katz,” is in *I Can Lick 30 Tigers Today and Other Stories* (1969). King Looie Katz of Katzen-stein was immensely proud of his tail, which he had washed every morning. King Looie decided that his tail was too beautiful to touch the ground, so he conscripted Fooie Katz as his tail-bearer. Fooie then forced Kooie Katz to

carry his tail. Before long, Katzen-stein had a full-employment economy because now every cat had another cat holding up their tail. Every cat, that is, except Zooie Katzen-bein, who was last in line. Unlike Mack, who unintentionally brought a kingdom down with a burp, Zooie took decisive action—he yelled “I QUIT!” and slammed Prooie Katz’ tail to the ground. This brave action started a chain reaction which stopped only when King Looie’s tail was slammed. But it turned out to be a peaceful revolution because everyone had learned a lesson. “And since that day in Katzen-stein, All cats have been more grown-up. They’re all more demo-catic [demo-CATIC—get it?] Because each cat holds his own up.”

OH, THE PLACES YOU’LL GO

In this brief survey of the work of Dr. Seuss I’ve touched on a dozen books or stories, around a quarter of his complete works. There were other titles I thought of including but couldn’t because of time constraints—*You’re Only Old Once! A Book for Obsolescent Children* offers an elderly-eye view of the world of contemporary medicine, while *Thidwick The Big-Hearted Moose* is a meditation on the limits of both politics and philanthropy. And I’ve totally ignored all the terrific books full of tongue twisters designed to delight both young and old alike. Nor have I touched on the somber side of Seuss. If you are interested in his editorial cartoons, a selection can be found in *Dr. Seuss Goes to War*.

I will conclude with Seuss’s last book, *Oh, the Places You’ll Go*. While last, published a year before he died, it was not least. In fact, it sold faster than any of his other works. Published in 1990, in 2021 it was the fifth of his books in order of sales. In just thirty years it sold over 11 million copies. Compare that with his best-selling *Green Eggs and Ham*. Published in 1960, in 2021 its sales totaled 17.5 million copies. Given the nature of his last book, it has a built-in market that renews itself every year with a new round of graduations, birthdays, and other special occasions, so I expect that one day it will become his all-time best seller.

Oh, the Places You’ll Go celebrates the bright future of an un-named bright young guy and warns of some pitfalls to beware. It’s a great graduation gift. I like it so much that when a former intern graduated from Kenyon College, I bought a copy for her. On re-reading as I thought about the inscription I would write, I had second thoughts. She sees herself as both an intelligent human being and a woman. *Oh, the Places You’ll Go!* is intended to be a book that should celebrate everyone. Yet the hero and everyone else who is moving ahead are males. The only place in the book that seems to welcome women is the Waiting Place, where careers, and perhaps lives, seem to stall. I decided the book needed a slight emendation through an appropriate introduction, so I wrote one:

I hope that this gift doesn't cause you to frown
 When you notice its use of the masculine noun,
 For in spite of that fact and the Doc's lack of tact,
 It's a message especially for YOU
 (and all of those people that live in your town).

And your town is not just some remote little village
 That fights with its neighbors for profit and pillage.
 No, your town's the whole place
 That's just hanging in space,
 Three rocks from old sol,
 With dense cities we live in and fields where we race.

Living and running: that's the whole human race.

And race you will, in both body and mind,
 From the east to the west, from the bottom to top,
 You'll find folks of all sorts, from nasty to kind.
 You'll keep at it 'til you hit just the spot,
 The right spot to flop,
 And then settle, and build, and set up your shop,
 And you'll be in a business that no one can stop.

It's exciting to see you right at the start
 Of your journey to fullness of mind and of heart.
 And when you hit bumps and you're down in the dumps
 And discover the horse is behind the cart,
 You'll be lifted by memories of friends far apart.

WRAPPING UP

In 1989 I was teaching political science at a state university in Savannah, Georgia, and was working on a lecture entitled "The Politics of Dr. Seuss" for the university's faculty lecture series. I wrote to Ted Geisel to explain what I was up to and to ask a few questions, and he responded.

I provided an overview of my lecture, which touched upon a number of things I've discussed tonight. "My talk will begin with what I call Dr. Seuss's 'gentle anarchy.' Gentle because order is restored by the end of the story. One of the things your books do, I think, is

to open up children (and adults) to possibilities that are always available but rarely taken (*On Beyond Zebra* is a good example of an ‘expanded epistemology’). Other books contain what I call Dr. Seuss’s “anti-utopianism. Pushed to an extreme, this second view could lead to passivity . . . Is it fair to see your work as an attempt to expand horizons while at the same time helping the reader to integrate themselves into the world?”

He responded that he loved the phrases ‘gentle anarchy’ and ‘anti-utopianism’ and my seeing his work ‘as an attempt to expand horizons [and] help the reader integrate themselves into the world.’ He concluded, “That is what I try to do. Most critics point out that I am a pretty good Writer of Nonsense, and let it go at that.”

I hope that something you have heard today will encourage you to look at the works of Dr. Seuss for yourself. One of the books that Ted Geisel autographed for me is *Dr. Seuss from Then to Now*, a catalog of a travelling exhibition of his entire career that toured the county in the late 80s.

His inscription reads, “ for Steve Ealy, who has devoted more time to Seuss than Seuss deserves.” I hope that you will agree with me that, on this point at least, the good doctor was wrong.

Read at the Indianapolis Literary Club
April 6, 2026

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DR. SEUSS (THEODORE SEUSS GEISEL) WORKS IN THE ORDER MENTIONED

And to Think that I Saw It on Mulberry Street (1937)

Dr. Seuss's ABC (1963)

On Beyond Zebra (1955)

The Cat in the Hat (1958)

Horton Hatches the Egg (1940)

Horton Hears a Who (1954)

"The Sneetches" in *The Sneetches and Other Stories* (1961)

I Had Trouble in Getting to Solla Sollew (1965)

The Butter Battle Book (1984)

Yertle the Turtle and Other Stories (1958)

"The Zax" in *The Sneetches and Other Stories* (1961)

"King Looie Katz" in *I Can Lick 30 Tigers Today* (1969)

You're Only Old Once! (1986)

Thidwick the Big-Hearted Moose (1975)

Oh, the Places You'll Go! (1990)

Dr. Seuss from Then to Now (1986)