I Await The Devil's Coming
(Neversink)
Mary MacLane’s *I Await the Devil’s Coming* is a shocking, brave and intellectually challenging diary of a 19-year-old girl living in Butte, Montana in 1902. Written in potent, raw prose that propelled the author to celebrity upon publication, the book has become almost completely forgotten. In the early 20th century, MacLane’s name was synonymous with sexuality; she is widely hailed as being one of the earliest American feminist authors, and critics at the time praised her work for its daringly open and confessional style. In its first month of publication, the book sold 100,000 copies—a remarkable number for a debut author, and one that illustrates MacLane’s broad appeal. Now, with a new foreword written by critic Jessa Crispin, *I Await The Devil’s Coming* stands poised to renew its reputation as one of America’s earliest and most powerful accounts of feminist thought and creativity.

**Book Information**

Series: Neversink  
Paperback: 304 pages  
Publisher: Melville House; Reprint edition (March 19, 2013)  
Language: English  
ISBN-10: 1612191940  
Product Dimensions: 5 x 0.4 x 8 inches  
Shipping Weight: 5 ounces (View shipping rates and policies)  
Average Customer Review: 2.5 out of 5 stars—See all reviews (13 customer reviews)  

**Customer Reviews**

Wow. This book... I’ve been sitting on this review all week, trying to gather my thoughts and figure out where to begin. Mary MacLane comes across as a wee bit narcissistic, even sociopathic at times. She goes on and on and on about what a genius she is. She’s not lacking in self-confidence. She says her family means nothing to her (and makes you believe it). Even when she does a good deed, she admits she only does so because it makes her feel good; no other reason whatsoever. Stuck in a small mining town, wanting more for herself, MacLane feels completely misunderstood.
and out of place. But this is a journal, after all. Many of her sentiments could be chalked up to teen melodrama. She is brutally honest about herself, spouting her innermost thoughts in an angry whirlwind of words. I think the challenge in reading *I Await the Devil’s Coming* (aside from MacLane’s freaky infatuation with the devil) is trying to put aside my own contemporary perspective. When I consider the role of women around 1900, MacLane seems far less crazy and more just... horribly displaced in time. Women didn’t yet have the right to vote. Considered obscene, birth control information and devices were illegal. Traditional gender roles were expected; for women, that meant a life of domesticity. Period. I thought back to Garnet facing similar feelings and struggles in Molly Beth Griffin’s *Silhouette of a Sparrow*, which is set 24 years later, and I think, 24 years later!? Mary MacLane was so far ahead of her time; it’s no wonder she often felt overwhelmed by these frustrations. “What else is there for me, if not this book? And, oh, that some one may understand it!” It is vital for readers to remove their modern lenses while reading the thoughts MacLane shares in *I Await the Devil’s Coming*. This is a fascinating look into a fiercely brilliant mind.

I received a copy of this book from the publisher via Edelweiss in exchange for an honest review. I did not receive any other compensation for this review.

Ignore the morons who say this is repetitive. You can just as easily say the same about "The Waste Land." They are fools. Mary MacLane was a poetic genius. Her prose sings even while ranting and raving against the Cultural Wasteland that is Small Town Middle America. All she wanted was to get laid and make art. What more could anyone want in this world?

I supposed that a 19 year old talking about how smart she is and how nobody comes close to emulating her wits and brains is interesting... if she actually showed what she was talking about. But this diatribe with no show was really boring. Granted, it was shocking to read about being bisexual back in 1902. Now? Nah! For me, it was impossible to get into this writing.

It’s a nice read.

As a long-time researcher and publisher of MacLane’s work, I welcome Melville House’s publication of this 1902 classic: much-imitated in her time, and unsurpassed to this day in communicating the inner reality of a complex, surging, sui generis spirit. As I remarked in a forthcoming MacLane anthology: [She] wrote at least five books: three published, two she is known to have destroyed. Her first - a journal of three months in utter obscurity in Butte - brought international fame.
cool, precise, almost faultless style, The Story established her persona to the present day. Everything she wrote later, and almost all later interest in her, would be founded on this book. Her prediction at age twenty-one that "fifty years after I am dead they will say, 'Her first book was her masterpiece' " proved correct. It has been adapted for the stage, reprinted around the world, made the subject of academic study, and is quoted on and off the Internet. More than a century before what Anna Saunders has called "Generation Exhibition," MacLane created a proto-blog and populated it with entries that sum to a portrait of a time, a place, and the talent they are seen through.

Although I respect the writer’s experience in this world. The book had a negative, depressing sense about it. I just let it go.

I stopped half way through this book. Its very well written and at first I was intrigued, but it just grinds on and on without going anywhere. Not for me.

The most depressing book I have ever tried to read. I say tried because it just didn’t make a lot of sense. Just couldn’t read every word due to it being such a downer. Terrible to be so miserable.

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