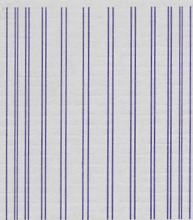




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“Bad Boy of Music” in Paris

CAROL Z. ROTHKOPF

The most acclaimed and revolutionary American musician in Paris in the 1920s was George Johann Carl Antheil. Ezra Pound touted Antheil's work, which was scored for such “instruments” as player pianos, car horns, and airplane propellers, as creating “a musical world . . . of steel bars, not of old stone and ivy.” James Joyce encouraged Antheil to collaborate with him in the creation of operas. T. S. Eliot was only one among hundreds of notable figures who attended his concerts. Still other well-known expatriates such as Margaret Anderson and Sylvia Beach went out of their way to help him. For a time, Antheil was a star in the most glamorous and welcoming city in the world.

Paris in the twenties was as different as is imaginable from Trenton, New Jersey, where Antheil was born in 1900. In his autobiography, *Bad Boy of Music*, Antheil described his birthplace as “across the street from a very noisy machine shop, thus . . . giving ammunition into the hands of those who claim there is such a thing as prenatal influence.” In other ways, Antheil's youth was, by his own account, “Penrodian” and “singularly sane.” The fact that he studied both violin and piano did not set him apart from his schoolmates because most of them also were learning to play an instrument. What made Antheil different was that he liked to practice. And, in an early demonstration of the flair for which he was to become famous, Antheil gave a concert of his own compositions for his friends. The audience responded with cheers and whoops to his first piano sonata, “The Sinking of the *Titanic*,” which Antheil wrote had “great rolling chords in the bass and a touching version of ‘Nearer My God to Thee’ as a finale.”

Antheil's formal musical education continued in Philadelphia, where he studied with Constantine von Sternberg (who had

Opposite: George Antheil returning to his Paris apartment above Shakespeare & Co. as Sylvia Beach looks on.



Antheil with Margaret Anderson at the "musical colony" in
Bernardsville, New Jersey.

himself been a student of Franz Liszt's), and then in New York, where he studied with Ernest Bloch, whom Antheil regarded as "the then greatest teacher of composition living in America." When Bloch discovered that Antheil could not afford both to take music lessons and to eat, he refunded the tuition he had been paid. This money essentially bought Antheil six months in which to live at home without working at anything but his music.

At the same time a rather curious "musical colony" had settled in nearby Bernardsville, New Jersey. The permanent residents were Margaret Anderson, the founder of *The Little Review*; Georgette Leblanc (Maeterlinck), the singer; and Allen Tanner, the pianist. Having somehow heard of Antheil, the group invited him for a weekend. In *My Thirty Years' War*, Anderson described Antheil then as "a young composer of promise" who was personally "unprepossessing except for his vitality and his air of concentration." The weekend stretched into two months during which Antheil wrote music and established himself in Anderson's eyes as "a master of harmony" who "used the piano exclusively as an instrument of percussion . . ."

It was probably in this congenial atmosphere that Antheil decided that he must get to Europe. His first stop was Philadelphia where his former teacher introduced him to Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok, who was sufficiently impressed by the young man's work to give him a stipend and to enroll him in the Curtis School since she saw his future as that of a concert pianist. By the spring of 1922, Antheil had persuaded the New York impresario Martin Hanson to become his manager on a European tour. He also obtained much needed funds for the venture from Mrs. Bok by writing her a letter that biographer Hugh Ford in *Four Lives in Paris* calls "a masterpiece of persuasion, self-congratulation, and cringing deference." Antheil said of himself at this stage that he had an "innocent visage" and "a tremendous amount of sheer unadulterated brass . . ." Both descriptions neglect to mention his extraordinary musical gifts.

Antheil's trans-Atlantic tour began with a concert at Wigmore Hall in London in June 1922. It was sufficiently successful for Hanson to book him for concerts in "Germany and points southeast." The

response to these performances, which always included the most modern music, was often so violent that Antheil equipped himself with a small thirty-two automatic that he wore Chicago gangster-style in a tailor-made silk holster under his arm or, on occasion, laid on his piano in admonitory fashion.

It was in the course of this tour that Antheil met the beautiful young Hungarian woman, Boski Markus, who was to become his wife. By the spring of 1923, the couple had had enough of "concertizing in central Europe," which Antheil saw as "a licked, defeated place." Like so many artists before them, they decided to move to Paris. And, like so many of his compatriots, Antheil headed straight for Shakespeare & Co., the bookshop run by Princeton-born Sylvia Beach, who had just published James Joyce's *Ulysses*. The fact that Antheil was from New Jersey, was gifted, and confided that he wanted to make an opera of *Ulysses* delighted Miss Beach who promptly rented the Antheils the tiny apartment above her shop at 12, rue de l'Odéon.

Antheil was now strategically placed at the heart of what Margaret Anderson called "the cultural feast": Paris in the twenties. Anderson, who was by now in Paris as well, arranged for Antheil to meet Ezra Pound. Antheil believed that Anderson must have described him to Pound as a "genius," a move calculated to interest a man who "was at that time the world's foremost discoverer of genius." One result of this and later meetings between the two men was the publication of Pound's pamphlet, *Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony* (1924), which proclaimed that "the Vorticist Manifestoes of 1913-1914 left a blank space for music" that was now filled by "the authentic genius" Antheil, who had "purged the piano" and used "actual modern machines, without bathos." According to Pound, Antheil's complete modernity was obvious since he "insisted that music exists in time-space."

Antheil's first public performance in Paris was to play before the opening of the Ballet Suédois on October 4, 1923. His program, which included his "Sonata Sauvage," "Airplane Sonata," and finally his "Mechanisms," was shrewdly calculated to interest the artistic beau monde that was in attendance. Antheil recalled the response

to his "Mechanisms" as including "fighting in the aisles, yelling, clapping, hooting! Pandemonium!" Before the police arrived to restore order, Antheil heard the arbiter of French music, Erik Satie, applaud and shout, "*Quelle précision! Quelle précision! Bravo! Bravo!*" and saw Darius Milhaud "clapping, definitely clapping."



Ezra Pound and Antheil, ca. 1924; photograph by
Boski Markus (Antheil).

Antheil's remarkable concert (which, incidentally, was filmed as part of Georgette Leblanc's *L'Inhumaine*) made him a sensation, literally overnight. Many of Sylvia Beach's customers and friends were now curious to meet her lodgers. Four-thirty tea became a custom upstairs at the Antheils'. The composer's awe at the world in which he now lived is evident from his recollection that "I can truthfully

state that for one afternoon at least we simultaneously entertained James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Ford Madox Ford, Ernest Hemingway, Wyndham Lewis . . . and Ezra Pound."

For a time, the young composer and the music-loving Joyce were drawn together by their common interests and shared ambitions. Both were so fond of the music of Purcell that they successfully contrived (with scripts devised by Joyce) to gate-crash two concerts of his music at a wealthy French lady's home. On their third visit, their lack of invitations was discovered, and they were forbidden entry. Antheil was certain that he had "never been thrown out of a better place and in better company."

By now Antheil had narrowed his concept of an operatic *Ulysses* to the slightly more manageable one of an opera based only on the *Cyclops* episode. Joyce himself seems to have been intrigued by the idea. Antheil told the press that he planned to have his score played by twelve electric pianos attached to a thirteenth that contained the master roll. There were to be drums, xylophones, and other instruments as well. The young composer seems to have recognized that memorizing, let alone singing (among other things), the hilariously long catalogues in the episode would be immensely difficult. Accordingly, the singers were to be offstage using microphones as ballet dancers depicted the action onstage.

Since this project came to nothing, one can only imagine with awe how Joyce and Antheil would have mounted such scenes as "the last farewell":

From the belfries far and near the funeral deathbell tolled unceasingly while all around the gloomy precincts rolled the ominous warning of a hundred muffled drums punctuated by the hollow booming pieces of ordnance. The deafening claps of thunder and the dazzling flashes of lightning which lit up the ghastly scene testified that the artillery of heaven had lent its supernatural pomp to the already gruesome spectacle.

Add to this a "torrential rain," "the assembled multitude . . . [of] five hundred thousand persons," a "posse of the Dublin Metropolitan police," and "the York street brass and reed band," plus much more, and it is easy to see why even Antheil was daunted.

Meanwhile, Antheil was causing more news in musical Paris, including performances with Pound's friend, the violinist Olga Rudge; the debut of his First String Quartet on New Year's Day 1925; and on June 19 of that year, the first public performance of *Ballet Mécanique*, attended by what Sylvia Beach described as "the entire 'Crowd,' " including the Joyces, T. S. Eliot, Sergei Diaghilev, Constantin Brancusi, Serge Koussevitsky, and many others, such as Pound who was in the top gallery leading the claque. The ballet, which was performed with an airplane propeller that chilled some of the audience and lifted off at least one wig, was a *succès de scandale*. But, at the 1927 Carnegie Hall debut of *Ballet Mécanique*, the New York press headlined their opinions: "Don't make a mountain out of an Antheil" and "Forty million Frenchmen CAN be wrong."

On his return to Paris after this fiasco, Pound sensibly advised Antheil to ignore these "yawps." Joyce also continued to support and encourage Antheil. Correspondence between Joyce and Antheil, which has been presented to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library by Peter Antheil, the composer's son, makes it clear how very interested Joyce was in Antheil and how much he still hoped to work with him.

In a letter Joyce sent on September 23, 1930, to Antheil, then in the south of France, there is evidence of just how their cooperative ventures might go. Joyce carefully critiques the music Antheil has written for "Nightpiece" in *Pomes Penyeach*, asking such things as, "Why have you put such strong musical stress on the preposition in the phrase 'Arches on soaring arches' this gives the idea that for the Almighty the construction of the Heaven was a work of great difficulty." Joyce then went on to inquire about Antheil's *Anna Livia* symphony, which apparently had supplanted the two operas they had considered earlier.

Much of this and subsequent letters, however, concern two of Joyce's pet projects at the time. One was finding suitable work for an Irish tenor, John Sullivan, whose voice Joyce considered to be of unequaled quality. It followed that the best showcase for such a voice was an opera. Joyce suggested that it be based on Byron's *Cain*, which,

as Joyce's biographer, Richard Ellmann, noted, "anticipated Joyce's interpretation of Cain and Abel as light-bringing Shem and conforming Shaun" in *Finnegans Wake*. In early December 1930, Joyce wrote Antheil that "People here think that the combination of Cain-Byron-



Antheil arriving in New York for the 1927 premiere of
Ballet Mécanique.

Antheil-Sullivan with myself thrown in as scissors-man would be the greatest event in the artistic future."

Later letters make it clear that Antheil either did not see such a glorious future for the opera or, perhaps, felt overwhelmed at the idea of tackling it while he was working on his own new compositions. On January 1, 1931, Joyce wrote to Antheil that he had

heard from Miss Beach that Antheil thought the project hopeless unless the libretto was written by Joyce, adding that he "would never have the bad manners to rewrite the text of a great English poet." Joyce concluded:

It would be most unfair on my part to try to influence you in any way as to your future plans so please discount me altogether. I offered this suggestion to you because you asked me for one and because certain parts of your music seemed to me to be akin to the voice which is causing all this unnecessary correspondence. If you feel that you cannot write this opera at once, with enthusiasm and with spiritual profit to yourself and your art without any consideration for the veering tastes of impressarios please say so without hesitation and allow me to offer poor Byron and poorer Sullivan elsewhere.

It is plain that Joyce recognized but wanted no part of the problems of still poorer Antheil since the last paragraph of the letter added:

One point more. You will be in error if you imagine that I have any real influence with the wealthy musicophiles in London and New York who control the destinies of opera in those cities. My experience of them so far is that they are uncommonly pleased to accept from me signed editions de luxe of my literary works and that when they are told what notes a singer is actually emitting at any give moment, their faces express the most sympathetic interest.

Antheil's response was apologetic, pleading illness and overwork, but assuring Joyce that "the idea of doing a work together with you is the most idealistic and sympathetic idea for my talent that I know of. . . ." Joyce was not appeased, as the last mention of Antheil in his published correspondence, a letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, dated November 11, 1932, makes clear. Joyce mentions that Antheil is in Paris "in an expensive American automobile. . . . I merely asked if he had completed the score of *Ulysses* to which I got the answer that he was engaged to make a tour of the Western States."

By 1937 that tour had taken place, ending in Hollywood, where Antheil lived until his death in 1959. By writing movie scores, Antheil was able to support his family properly and to write his own music—a body of work that ultimately included five operas and the music for a ballet based on Hemingway's short story, "The Capital of the World."

Rupert Brooke's "Gathered Radiance"

DALLAS PRATT

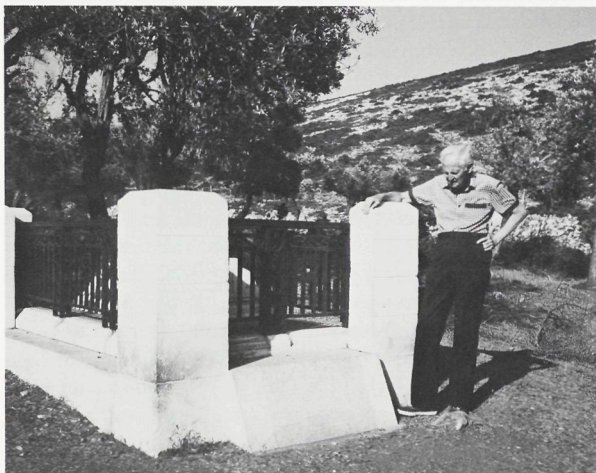
A mile or two north of Linaria Cove, on the Aegean island of Skyros, the main road branches to the east. A sign, lettered in Greek and English, reads: "We Sell Honey." We were many hundreds of miles from the Old Vicarage at Rupert Brooke's Grantchester:

... oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?

but the coincidence struck me as our party of six, in two taxis, set out for the poet's Greek island grave. After a few miles the road lost its paving, and on this rough red dirt surface edged with tumbled marble boulders, we drove for half an hour to reach our destination. At first there were occasional white-washed houses, then these disappeared, and we were in a treeless mountain landscape, intersected by shallow ravines, some of them overflowing with masses of pink oleanders. The ground cover was chiefly dwarfish Kermes oak, its tough, prickly bushes bent by the wind and chewed into grotesque shapes by the many goats which wander over these slopes. From a thousand feet up we looked down on the sea spread out in two bays. The farther one was Port Trebuki—in Greek, Tris Boukes—with two guardian islands. About a mile from its shore, in an olive grove, lies the grave of Rubert Brooke.

Three days before his death from an insect bite causing blood poisoning, on April 23, 1915, the poet, then a sub-lieutenant in the British Navy, had visited the place with several fellow officers. They were on maneuvers with the fleet en route to Gallipoli. They had rested in the shade of the olive trees, and Brooke had remarked on the peace and beauty of the valley. In the seventy-two years since his death, the only change in the surroundings is the new dirt road, which now runs past the gravesite. On the long drive out and back we met just two vehicles, farm trucks carrying goats. The place is

well off the tourist track, and, aside from visits from representatives of the Anglo-Hellenic Society, which maintains the grave, it's unlikely that many of the generation that revered this hero of the First World War, or of the few who still read him, are able to make the pilgrimage.



The author at Brooke's grave on the Aegean island of Skyros,
June 1987.

We were fortunate to have arrived in a yacht and had intended to anchor in Port Trebuki. We hoped to walk up the hill in the footsteps of Brooke and his friends and to trace the course of the nighttime funeral procession. The party from the troop transport *Grantully Castle* had taken two hours to negotiate this stony path, even though men with lamps had been posted every twenty yards to guide the bearers of the coffin. Unfortunately, a heavy surf prevented our landing at Port Trebuki, so we sailed on to Linaria Harbor. The rough road brought us back across the southern end of Skyros, and eventually we reached a spur landing down the bay.

We turned here and in a few minutes saw the tomb on the left, a rectangle of marble gleaming whitely through the olives.

The drivers waited in the taxis while the six of us walked to the grave. Brooke's name and dates are inscribed on the stone, as is the sonnet "If I should die, think only this of me. . . ." We read the lines in silence, the words so familiar to the older ones present, but unknown to at least one younger member of the party, and to a French guest. The mental image I'd had for so many years of ". . . Some corner of a foreign field/That is forever England" ("crosses row on row"; poppies. . .) dissolved as in a slide show, and in its place came another, this real one of olive trees on a lonely hillside, shading a ground cover of scrub oak and wild sage.

At the burial, a Greek interpreter had been present and, in Greek, had written an epitaph in pencil on the back of a wooden cross at the head of the hastily assembled cairn of stones. His words, still in Greek, are now carved in the marble of the new tomb erected by Brooke's mother after the war: "Rupert Brooke, a sub-lieutenant of the British Navy, is buried here—a servant of God." The interpreter had added, "who died for the deliverance of Constantinople from the Turks," but these words no longer appear.

Placed horizontally on a stone platform, the oblong monument tapers at the foot and has a cross carved on the upper surface. It is surrounded by an iron railing painted dark green. Interlaced between the rails are the initials "R. B."

Sub-lieutenant Brooke, when his life was cut short, was eagerly looking forward, in spite of a warning of heavy casualties, to the imminent invasion of Turkey. Its purpose was to force a passage through the Dardanelles, destroy Gallipoli, and open the Black Sea to beleaguered Russia. As he wrote to his friend Violet Asquith, the Prime Minister's daughter, "I've never been quite so happy in my life, I think. Not quite so *pervasively* happy, like a stream flowing entirely to one end."

In just over twelve months, the poet's life had been dramatically transformed. A year before, he was saying farewell to Tahiti, after eight months in the South Sea islands, leaving behind "those lovely

places and lovely people . . . going far away from gentleness and beauty and kindliness and the smell of the lagoons and the thrill of that dancing and the scarlet of the *flamboyants* and the white and gold of other flowers . . ."

More tangible than these soon-to-fade memories were the manuscripts of poems he had brought home with him, or had already sent back, including "Tiare Tahiti," "The Great Lover," and "Heaven." The last is a gentle satire on orthodox religion, in which the fish put forth their idea of Heaven. An excerpt is worth quoting to show how the poet, who was shortly to write the magnificent elegies of 1914, was also a master of seriocomic verse:

. . . Somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
But there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.
Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
And more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And paradisial grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

Brooke arrived back in England on June 6, 1914. Six pleasant weeks passed seeing old friends and meeting new ones. The simple joys of Tahiti were exchanged for the sophisticated pleasures of lunch with Henry James and a memorable dinner with G. B. Shaw, J. M. Barrie, Yeats, Chesterton, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. There was also a dinner, two days after Austria had declared war on Serbia, at 10 Downing Street. Brooke sat between Prime Minister Asquith and the latter's daughter Violet, and opposite Winston

Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. Further contacts with Churchill and the discreet assistance of his close friend Edward Marsh, Private Secretary to the First Lord, resulted in Brooke's receiving a commission as sub-lieutenant in the Second Naval Brigade. In less than a week, on October 4, the Brigade sailed for Dunkirk in an effort to save Antwerp from the advancing Germans. They were too late: surrounded by thousands of refugees fleeing from the stricken city, the British retreated and were back in Dover just five days after leaving that port.

The declaration of war, the casualty lists which now included the names of many of his school friends, either killed or missing, and the tragedy he had witnessed in Belgium, fired Brooke with a new moral purpose. As Christopher Hassall writes in his admirable biography of the poet, "Everything he was once so passionately concerned about had dwindled in significance. . . . It was a sensation as of 'swimmers into cleanness leaping'; the forlorn tangle of his private existence, his obsessive disgust, the sense of futility and failure, were all resolved in the realization of one purpose." His discovery of this filled him with exultation; as he wrote to his friend in New York, Russell Loines, "Apart from the tragedy, I've never felt happier or better in my life than in those days in Belgium. And now I've the feeling of anger at a seen wrong—Belgium—to make me happier and more resolved in my work. I know that whatever happens I'll be doing some good, fighting to prevent *that*."

But he was not destined to fight. Instead, in the last four months of 1914, he wrote five sonnets which rank among the most moving elegiac poems in the English language. Although they are about death, and death in a very poignant form, that of young men in war, still, grief for the agony, the broken body, the pouring out of "the red sweet wine of youth" is always tempered by an image of peace or of ultimate victory. So the poet writes of honor "come back, as a king, to earth," of "the laughing heart's long peace," of "safety with all things undying," and, again, of the heart, which

. . . all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given.

In Sonnet IV, Death is symbolized as frost, staying "the waves that dance," but leaving

... a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.



Celebrated photograph by Sherril Schell of Rupert Brooke used as the frontispiece to his *1914 and Other Poems*.

"A gathered radiance": in this phrase the poet unconsciously summed up the effect he produced on many of his contemporaries. People were dazzled by his brilliance of mind and poetical gifts, his legendary life and death, and, inseparable from these, his charm of manner and physical beauty. H. W. Garrod said that "no one ever met him without being sensible that he belonged to the company of the gods." In Homer, disguised gods often revealed their divinity by a burst of radiance at the moment of departure for Olympus; so Rupert Brooke "gathered radiance" by the nature of his death and the classical appropriateness of his burial place, as if he too were

passing into the company of the immortals. One of the burial party, F. S. Kelly, noted in his journal, "One felt the old Greek divinities stirring from their long sleep. . . . It was as though one were involved in the origin of some classical myth."



The Brooke memorial statue by Michael Tombros, erected on Skiros, symbolizing "Poetical Inspiration."

In the last chapter of his biography, Hassall has written very perceptively of the transformation of "man into marble" which occurred after Brooke's death. Just as the war had changed the romantic "young Apollo" and passionate rebel into a poet-soldier willing to die, as Winston Churchill put it, "for the dear England whose beauty and majesty he knew," so his death and the publication a few months later of *1914 and Other Poems* produced a second metamorphosis: that of Brooke into a heroic figure. Many of his friends and a minority of critics deplored the blurring of his "human" attributes, but the radiant myth appealed to a nation groping through the dark years of war. In the first decade after Brooke's death, the popularity of his poems challenged the records

set in the previous century by Byron and Tennyson. Sales, not counting those in America, amounted to something like 300,000 copies.

Inevitably, a reaction set in as the memories of the war dimmed. In the edition of *Twentieth-Century Writing*, published in 1969 and edited by Kenneth Richardson, David L. Parkes writes:

As a war poet Brooke is limited by the fact that he died in 1915 and did not succeed to the disillusioned realism of Owen and Rosenberg. He left behind a group of sonnets titled *1914* which upon his death gained immense popularity from a combination of almost jingoistic patriotism and a sense of the sentimental in the eclipse of youth. . . .

Indeed, Brooke's "war" poetry might appear thus to the youth of the 1960s, whose ingenuity was not directed, as Brooke's was, to getting accepted for military service, but more often to avoiding it. Today a more discerning reader will find not only the 1914 sonnets but also much of the earlier work vigorous and interesting. In addition to the poems already mentioned, a touch of genius is in "Clouds," "The Fish," and "Dining-Room Tea," to name just a few.

Wherever one places Brooke among the British poets, one cannot stand by his quiet and lonely grave, the silence broken only by the stirring of leaves and the footfall of a passing goat, and not be deeply moved. Invisible waves of the hero-poet mythology and metaphors from the "If I Should Die" sonnet fill the mind, only to be shattered against the uncompromising Englishness of the conventionally carved marble. Words could not resolve the paradox; all we who stood there last June could do was to gather some olive leaves and a few wild flowers and lay them on the grave. As we did so, I noticed that a dove bearing a sprig of olive had been carved on the stone. The poet's mother had done well to substitute this symbol of peace for the omitted phrase, "who died for the deliverance of Constantinople from the Turks."

The bugle that sounded the last post over the grave and the "Blow bugles, blow!" of the third of the 1914 sonnets are now silent for us, but much of Rupert Brooke's poetry, as well as his letters and the vivid story of his life, wait to be rediscovered by a new generation of readers in this centennial year of his birth. It is true

that some of his poems speak of death, and for the dead, but equally they speak of love and of the joy of living; of war, and of peace. He combines these opposites with a rich subtlety rarely surpassed in English literature, perhaps never better than in the sonnet entitled "Safety":

Dear! of all happy in the hour, most blest
He who has found our hid security,
Assured in the dark tides of the world at rest,
And heard our word, "Who is so safe as we?"
We have found safety with all things undying,
The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,
The deep night, birds singing, and clouds flying,
And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.
We have built a house which is not for Time's
 throwing.
We have gained a peace unshaken by pain forever.
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavor;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

Much Ado About "Nothings"

ROBERT A. WOLVEN

Shakespeare's *King Lear* would have it that "Nothing will come of nothing," but in the year 1857 a different Shakespearean reference must have seemed more apposite. For, in the February 7 issue of the fledgling *Harper's Weekly* that year, there appeared an anonymous poem with the title, "Nothing to Wear." In the months that followed, a great deal would come of this particular "Nothing," including no fewer than five full-length satires, rejoinders, and imitations, all capitalizing on the "Nothing to" formula.

In its initial appearance in *Harper's*, "Nothing to Wear" is a simple, unadorned poem of some 330 lines. It tells the story of how

Miss Flora M'Flimsey of Washington Square
Has made three separate journeys to Paris

all, apparently, for the purpose of acquiring a rich and extensive wardrobe. Yet, on every conceivable social occasion, she declares she has "nothing to wear." While it is essentially a one-joke poem, the situation is elaborated with considerable verve and verbal wit, and with many gentle attacks on fashionable society. The central idea, now a cliché, at the time was seen as fresh and original.

The poem had an immediate and enormous success. Besides selling in tremendous quantities in *Harper's* (the publisher estimating 80,000 copies sold), it was extensively reprinted in newspapers in this country and was republished in England, France, and Germany. Republication in book form was a natural suggestion, but Harper & Brothers apparently feared that its already wide circulation would interfere with any further sales. The rights of publication were therefore granted to the publishing firm of Rudd & Carleton.

Rudd & Carleton was a new firm whose birth dates from that same month of February 1857. *Nothing to Wear* was brought out

in June, as the firm's featured publication. This first book publication (located in the Park Benjamin Collection) was a slim volume of sixty-eight pages, selling for fifty cents, with illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. The new firm made the most of its popular



Augustus Hoppin's illustration for *Nothing to Wear*, the first of the "Nothing" books.

acquisition, promoting it heavily, and the work was again a huge success. Within a month the bandwagon had begun to roll.

Before the wagon could gather speed, though, a dispute arose over whose name should be put on it. The poem was still appearing anonymously, but it had become known, at least in literary circles,

that the author was William Allen Butler, a prominent young New York lawyer. Butler was quite at home in Miss M'Flimsey's social circle, his father having been Attorney General under Presidents Jackson and Van Buren, as well as a former law partner of the latter.



William Allen Butler, 1857, lawyer and author of the first
"Nothing" book.

The younger Butler was also no stranger to versification, having been class poet at the University of New York, and a contributor to literary periodicals. In 1850, he had published *Barnum's Parnassus: Being Confidential Disclosures of the Prize Committee on the Jenny Lind Song*, containing a series of parodies on popular poets.

In July, however, another claimant to the authorship of the new poem came forward. The Reverend Isaac Peck asserted his daughter's claim that the beginning and ending sections of the poem were hers, but that she had lost the lines a year earlier on a visit to New York. Her father's respectability gave Miss Peck some claim to consideration, but Butler now admitted his own authorship, and, with his literary and social background, his claim was certainly the more probable. His friends and Harper & Brothers supported him, and his neighbor, Horace Greeley, repudiated Miss Peck's claim in an editorial in the *New York Tribune*. In the end, nothing came of the controversy, despite a certain prominence given to it by Rudd & Carleton, who knew the value of publicity.

Others, too, knew the value of association with a popular work, and by July, two successors were already in the works. The first, *Nothing to Do*, was published in late July or early August, by James French & Co., in Boston. It was written on assignment by a young Harvard graduate, trying to eke out a living as a journalist and author. Horatio Alger, Jr., had had a very modest success thus far, having published several pieces in newspapers and a few stories in the better literary periodicals. The year before, he had produced a volume of collected poetry and stories, *Bertha's Christmas Vision*, but sales were not encouraging. For his contribution to the literature of "Nothings," Alger takes as his theme the idleness of the idle rich, who, despite their wealth of opportunity and the abundant need around them, can find "nothing to do." He makes frequent and fond references to Butler's poem, and the new work is clearly intended as an extension of it. Indeed, Alger marries his hero to Butler's heroine:

The alliance I hold to be every way proper,
 Since Flora M'Flimsey, in wedding the heir
 Of two millions in prospect (not bating a copper),
 May hope to have something, in future, to wear.
 While Augustus Fitz-Herbert, Sir Arthur's
 decendant,
 In paying her bills for dry goods and bijoux,
 With all the etceteras thereto attendant,
 Will find quite as much as he wishes to do.

Alger's verse contains some of the easy smoothness of Butler's; after the original, it is the most enjoyable of the series. It failed to bring its author the success he hoped for, though, and by the autumn of the year, he had returned to divinity school, giving up for a time his literary aspirations.



Frontispiece from *Nothing to Do*, drawn by the author, J.H. Howard.

A second *Nothing to Do*, written and illustrated by J. H. Howard and published almost simultaneously with the first, is another matter altogether. Although it proclaimed itself, "an accompaniment to 'Nothing to Wear,'" it was clearly more of a rejoinder and defended the ladies by attacking the gentlemen. Again, the idleness of the young man-about-town is the theme, but this time the dominant tone

is one of indignation. If women are vain in their dress, it is only in attempting to please those equally affected men with "nothing to do." The poem has little to recommend it as literary or social satire. The verses are awkward, the rhymes infelicitous, and the indignant tone ill-suited to an attempt at humor. Still, the publishers, Wiley & Halsted, promoted it throughout the summer as their lead item, and it at least found favor with the *Home Journal*, which called it, "so good-natured and graceful that it cannot fail to please, and so true that it deserves to find a place on every family table."

The next entry, published anonymously by the firm of Dick and Fitzgerald, appeared in mid-September with much less fanfare. A thoroughly pedestrian effort, *Nothing to Eat* weighed in against Mrs. Merdle, the banker's wife who gives costly and lavish dinners, all the while apologizing that there is "nothing fit to eat" in the house. The theme is promising, but the treatment is heavy-handed and the verse so awkward as to be sometimes obscure. The poem also fails to paint the contrast with the have-nots that gave moral point to its predecessors.

By this time, Rudd & Carleton had decided to reenter the fray, and for their venture they turned to the premier author on their list, the immortal Philander Q. K. Doesticks. Doesticks was the nom de plume of Mortimer Thomson, a journalist for the *New York Tribune* who had made his name three years earlier with a series of humorous sketches of New York life appearing in the *Tribune* and other papers. His success had continued with articles on police court proceedings and a parody of "The Song of Hiawatha" called "Plur-i-bus-tah." Rudd & Carleton had already republished all three works that spring.

Doesticks, now almost forgotten, was then near the height of his popularity. The kind of praise lavished upon him can be seen in another quotation from the *Home Journal*:

Things so copied, so talked of, so pulled out of every pocket to be lent to you, so quoted and so relished and laughed over as Doesticks' Writings never were launched into print.

With this kind of attention, it is hardly surprising that the new publishing house should try to combine its two greatest successes.

The new work, *Nothing to Say*, was announced in mid-August and finally appeared in the week of September 19th. It was similar in format and style to its predecessors. In theme, however, it took a fresh approach, for once defending the wealthy and refuting the earlier criticisms:

Charity, really, not merely in fables,
May apparel herself in satins and sables,
And costliest ribbons and fragilest laces,
Like the daintiest beauties of Madison Square,
And may take up a home in the loftiest places,
With those who've, satirically, "Nothing to Wear."

As in the original, the tone is light and easy, and the novel approach comes as a relief after the repeated scenes of idleness, vanity, and affectation in high society. Defense is decidedly not Doesticks' métier, however, and the poem lacks the high spirits and broad satire of his earlier prose efforts.

By now, the summer was drawing to a close, and the public appetite for "Nothings" may have been fading, too. There was yet one more example to come, though. Around the end of September, Wiley & Halsted issued *Nothing to You*, by Knot-Rab (K. Barton). This was very like the other Wiley & Halsted production in its defense of the women, and took all of the others to task. In stilted verse, and at considerable length, it told everyone to "mind your own business!"

Apparently, everyone listened. At least, no new "Nothings" appeared in 1857 or in the years that followed. Except that, almost as a coda to the whole affair, Harper & Brothers republished the original poem in the November issue of *Harper's Monthly*, apparently having reconsidered their earlier decision that there was nothing more to be made from it.

While the fad faded as quickly as it arose, several of the principals proved more durable. Doesticks kept his popularity for a while longer, working as a reporter with Thomas Nast and editing the *New York Picayune*. Horatio Alger, of course, proved more successful as a writer than as a clergyman, and his name became a by-word for success. G. W. Carleton survived the retirement and demise of the Rudds,

continuing the firm under his own name, and publishing such later humorists as Artemus Ward and Josh Billings. Butler continued his successful law practice and became a figure of some social prominence and civic importance in his new home of Yonkers, New York. He



The last of the “Nothing” books, *Nothing to You*, by “Knot-Rab,” was also illustrated by J.H. Howard.

also kept up his penchant for verse, though he never again reached the level of success he had found with *Nothing to Wear*.

The “Nothings” of 1857 are unusual chiefly for their interconnections and cumulative effect, for parodies of popular works were not uncommon in themselves. Butler’s gentle satire seems to have touched a nerve and sparked agreements and rebuttals in uniform fifty-cent volumes of verse about every two weeks. The year 1857

was not an encouraging one for publishers. It was a time of depression and financial panic, and publishers' lists were noticeably shorter than in better times. At such a time, the chance to issue, at little cost, a hasty production with a ready-made audience must have been attractive. Whatever the economic reasons for the phenomenon, it was "Nothing to Wear" itself that created an audience that would not stop at "nothing."

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Anshen gift. Dr. Ruth Nanda Anshen has presented, for addition to the collection of her papers, a group of fourteen letters written to her by Jacques Maritain from 1947 to 1962. Many of these extensive and detailed letters contain commentary on: the essays and books he is writing for the various series edited by Dr. Anshen, the translation of his writings into English, his lecturing and teaching in France and America, and numerous personal matters that indicate the close understanding and affection between the two philosophers.

Bonbright gift. The papers of the late Professor James Cummings Bonbright (Ph.D., 1921) have been presented by his widow, Mrs. Martha Bonbright. Included among the more than two thousand items are files of correspondence, manuscripts, and reports which document Professor Bonbright's teaching career, his research and writing, primarily for his landmark book *Valuation of Property*, and his important work as a consultant on the finance of public utilities. The extensive correspondence in Mrs. Bonbright's gift is with academic colleagues and officials of federal and state utility commissions and public utility companies, such as the Commonwealth Edison Company, Interstate Commerce Commission, Tennessee Valley Authority, and New York State Power Authority. Among the major correspondents are Louis D. Brandeis, Felix Frankfurter, Herbert H. Lehman, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Borchardt gift. A gift of forty thousand letters, manuscripts, and publishing documents, dating from 1958 to 1980, has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Georges Borchardt for addition to the papers of their literary agency. French and English publishers are heavily represented in the gift, as well as files of correspondence of authors, such as John Gardner, Meyer Levin, William Plomer, Ruth Rendell, A. L. Rowse, Alan Sillitoe, and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin.

Bowman gift. A library of more than six hundred volumes by and about John Milton has been presented by Professor Walter P. Bowman (A.M., 1933; Ph.D., 1942). In addition to numerous scholarly editions of Milton's works and biographical and critical writings about the poet, there are several late seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century editions of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, as well as the following rare editions in Professor Bowman's extensive gift: Jeremy Collier, *A Short View of the Immorality, and Profaneness of the English Stage*, London, 1698; John Milton, *The History of Britain, That Part Especially Now Called England*, London, 1671; and John Toland, *The Life of John Milton*, London, 1699. Among the illustrated editions are *The Shorter Poems of John Milton*, London, 1889, with twelve engravings after drawings by Samuel Palmer; and two handsome editions of *Comus: A Masque*—the London, 1906 edition with photogravures after drawings by Jessie M. King; and the Nonesuch Press edition of 1937 with decorations by M. R. H. Farrar.

Brown gift. Mr. James Oliver Brown has made a major addition to the collection of his papers with his recent gift of 216 inscribed first editions of books by authors for whom he has served as literary agent. Prominent among them are: sixty-four inscribed editions, virtually a complete bibliography, of the novels and nonfiction works by Louis Auchincloss, among which are the author's first novel, *The Indifferent Children*; the well-known collections of stories, *The Injustice Collectors* and *The Romantic Egoists*; and such later works as *Portrait in Brownstone* and *The Rector of Justin*. The gift also includes thirty-two inscribed first editions and later printings of the novels of Herbert Gold, including *Fathers and Salt*; and books by Erskine Caldwell, Lonnie Coleman, Joseph Hayes, and Mary Renault, among many others.

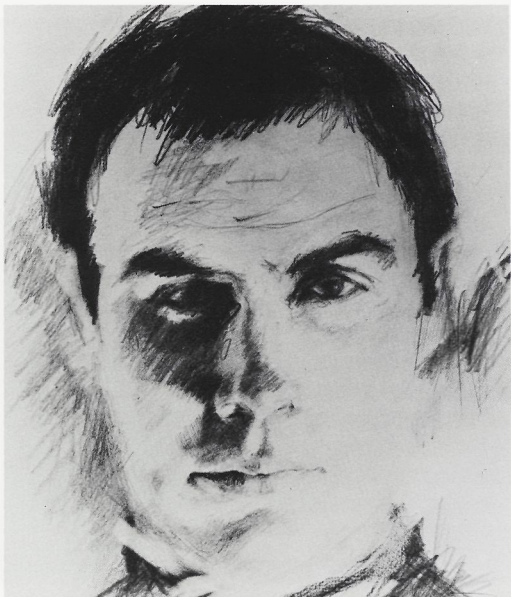
Coover gift. A group of seventeen English and American first editions has been donated by Mr. Christopher Coover (M.S. in L.S., 1983), among which are works by John Burroughs, Anna Katharine Green, Robert Hichens, Algernon C. Swinburne, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and Nathaniel Parker Willis.

Cranmer gift. Ms. Linda Bradley Cranmer has presented the papers of her aunt, the late Helen Worden Erskine Cranmer, reporter and columnist for *The World*, later the *New York World-Telegram*, 1926-1944, writer of the "Dorothy Dix Column," 1959-1964, and the author of books and articles on New York City. Included are more than forty thousand letters, manuscripts, photographs, and printed materials, which document her researches and writings, especially those pertaining to Prince Charles of England, President and Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower, Paul Niehans, Jovanka Tito, President and Mrs. Harry Truman, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and the Morgan twins, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt and Thelma Furness. There are also files of correspondence with Eleanor Robson Belmont, Guy Bolton, Winifred Bryher, Lillian Gish, Stephen Graham, Fannie Hurst, Zora Neale Hurston, and numerous other prominent political and literary figures; of special importance is the file of 174 letters written to her by John Erskine, who was married to Mrs. Cranmer from 1945 until his death in 1951.

Curtis Brown, Ltd., gift. The literary agency, Curtis Brown, Ltd., has added to the collection of its papers approximately 75,000 pieces of correspondence, manuscripts, and contracts, as well as publicity files, all of which document the past forty-six years of its activities as one of New York's largest agencies. Among the notable English and American authors represented by extensive files are Louis Auchincloss, Elizabeth Bowen, John Cheever, John Le Carré, Noel Coward, Lord Dunsany, Lawrence Durrell, Nicolas Freeling, Robert Graves, C. S. Lewis, Thomas Merton, A. A. Milne, Ogden Nash, Sean O'Faolain, Mary Renault, A. L. Rowse, C. P. Snow, Julian Symons, and Angus Wilson.

Finkbeiner gift. Mr. David Finkbeiner has presented the original pencil and charcoal portrait of Robert Wilson that he drew in 1974. Measuring $11\frac{7}{8}$ by $10\frac{3}{8}$ inches, the haunting and sensitive portrait of the prominent theatrical director and artist is signed by Mr. Finkbeiner and further inscribed and dated by him on the mat.

Forest Press gift. Through the courtesy of Mr. Peter J. Paulson, Executive Director of Forest Press, founded by Melvil Dewey in 1911, the Press has presented two of Dewey's account books covering the years from 1884 to 1895, during which Dewey served as Librarian of



David Finkbeiner's portrait of Robert Wilson, 1974.
(Finkbeiner gift)

Columbia College and founded the first library school at Columbia. In these volumes Dewey and his wife Annie recorded daily personal expenditures, investments, cash accounts, and financial records of the College Library, American Library Association, Library Bureau, and other library organizations with which he was associated. In

making the gift on behalf of Forest Press, the publisher of the Dewey Decimal Classification, Mr. Paulson called attention to the Library School's current centennial celebration and the reuniting of these important account books with the extensive collection of Dewey's papers already at the University Libraries.

Halper gift. Mrs. Marjorie Windust Halper has presented two works of art that have interesting literary associations: a haunting and moving watercolor by Jack B. Yeats, "The Zither Player," measuring 14 by 10 inches, signed by the artist; and a pastel from her own series of paintings on themes from James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, illustrating page 21 from the novel and entitled "So her grace o'malice kidnapped up the jimminy Tristopher."

Handler gift. Professor Emeritus of Law Milton Handler (A.B., 1924; LL.B., 1926; LL.D., 1965) has presented more than one thousand letters, documents, and printed materials for addition to the collection of his papers in the Law School Library. A leading authority in the fields of anti-trust and trademark law, Professor Handler has included in his gift the manuscript and printed copies of his briefs, memoranda, opinions, and public lectures. Among the many jurists and public officials represented in the correspondence files are Harlan Fiske Stone, William O. Douglas, Herbert Lehman, and Jacob Javits. There are also some papers relating to Professor Handler's involvement in establishing the American Friends of Hebrew University.

Kovács trustees gift. The trustees of the Imre Kovács papers, through the courtesy of Messrs. Béla Király, Béla Varga, and László Varga, have presented the papers of the Hungarian writer and statesman, who was a member of the Hungarian Parliament, 1939–1947, Secretary General of the Hungarian National Peasant Party, staff member of the National Committee for a Free Europe in the 1950s, and President of the International Center for Social Research, 1962–1963. Included among the 25,000 letters, manuscripts, and documents are files relating primarily to his activities from 1947 to his death in 1980, such as his work with Hungarian émigré organiza-

tions and the Hungarian service of Radio Free Europe, and his lectures, writings, and publications.

Lamont gift. On June 22, the centenary of the birth of the noted humanist and scientist Sir Julian Huxley, Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D.,



Dr. Corliss Lamont presenting his collection of Sir Julian Huxley letters to Patricia Battin, as Kenneth Lohf and Professor Frederick Warburton look on. (Lamont gift)

1932) presented to University Librarian Mrs. Patricia Battin, in a ceremony held in the Donors Room of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, the file of letters which he received from Sir Julian over nearly five decades. The thirty-four pieces of correspondence, dated from 1927 to 1974, comprise twenty letters from Sir

Julian, thirteen copies of letters written to him by Dr. Lamont, and an invitation to the golden wedding celebration of Sir Julian and Lady Huxley in 1969. Dr. Lamont was a graduate student at Oxford University when he met Sir Julian, and their first letters are concerned primarily with the study of philosophy; later correspondence deals with a variety of subjects, such as the importance of science, Dr. Lamont's writings on humanism, Sir Julian's autobiography, philosophical concepts, and other topics of mutual interest. Several of the later letters comment on Dr. Lamont's successful legal challenges to Senator Joseph McCarthy's investigative committee and to the U. S. Postmaster General's censorship of incoming foreign mail.

Marshall estate gift. As a gift from the estate of James Marshall (LL.B., 1920), we have received approximately 2,150 letters and manuscripts for addition to the papers of his wife, Lenore Marshall (A.B., 1919, B.), including letters to her from Malcolm Cowley, Babette Deutsch, John Dewey, John Dos Passos, Max Eastman, Albert Einstein, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Hubert H. Humphrey, Josephine Johnson, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Mann, Marianne Moore, Elmer Rice, Lola Ridge, Muriel Rukeyser, Leonara Speyer, Adlai Stevenson, Norman Thomas, and Dorothy Thompson. The majority of the correspondence is concerned with Lenore Marshall's writing, especially *The Latest Will*, a book of poems published in 1969, and with anti-war movements following World War II.

Parsons gift. Professor Coleman O. Parsons (A.B., 1928) has donated a fine copy of a rare four-page leaflet: *Epilogue to the Theatrical Representation at Strawberry-Hill. Written by Jobanna Baillie, and spoken by the Hon. Anne S. Damer*, November, 1800.

Plimpton gift. Mrs. Francis T. P. Plimpton has presented a number of important historical manuscripts and original portraits of writers and authors. Of paramount significance among the former are: an eleven-page memorandum survey book kept by George Washington from March 10 to 14, 1769, in which he recorded his survey of the land that he purchased from the estate of George Carter in the north-

Mountain 660 ft. - angled $1^{\circ} 38' 28''$
to the C^o 3 white Oaks one of them CC
in y^e cor & at 300 ft from y^e Run - thence
N^o 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 166 ft clear 8 y^e Branch up
our left hand in some places a good
deal angled $1^{\circ} 74' 15''$ to a poplar & white
Oak which is neither in y^e Fork nor ap-
pear to be marked as a Corn. Thence
N^o 59 W. 100 y^e N^o branch of y^e Fork at
at 10 ft to the p^l along the Ridge clear
the N^o Branch further still no new
on and at 148 ft 9 y^e 1st Fork 160 ft - then
angled to y^e C^o 1st 32 W. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft to a white
Oak on y^e edge of a Ridge -

March 13th 1769

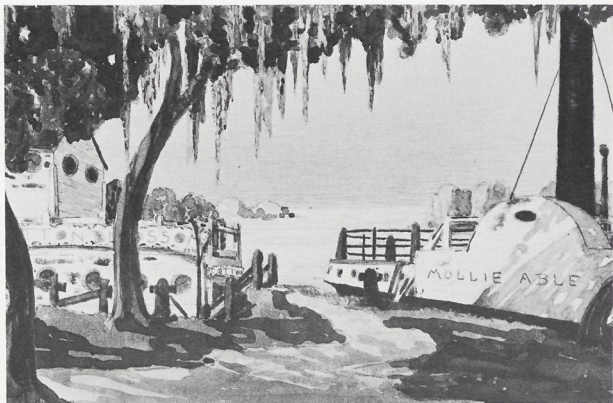
Then went to the Corner where we
agreed at on Saturday Night & record-
ed N^o 53 W. at 100 pole chopped a small
where I blazed a white Oak 3 ways by
a large hollow Poplar 134 poles oppo-
site to but 2 poles to the left of a Corn
white Oak said to be Oaks on y^e side of
a hill & Bent Run by y^e Spanish Oak
Marked IF. Thence N^o 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 18 ft to
y^e middle of y^e Waggon Road 40 ft to a
branch 75 poles then angled to the C^o
two white Oaks in a hollow C^o to Mid-
dle of Run on a ridge 151 ft - thence

George Washington's memorandum survey book in which he recorded notes on the land that he purchased from the George Carver estate. (Plimpton gift)

west part of Virginia; and a three-page manuscript by Aaron Burr on the subject of honorable character which he wrote in the 1760s while a schoolboy. In addition, the gift includes letters and documents relating to education written by Claudius Arnoux, Freidrich Froebel, and Lindley Murray. Among the art works donated by Mrs. Plimpton are: a pencil portrait of Washington Irving, ca. 1828–1830, possibly drawn by the English artist William Brockedon after an engraved portrait by H. B. Hall of David Wilkie's well-known portrait; a pen and wash portrait of Emily Brontë based on Bramwell Brontë's painting, "The Gun Group," done after 1879 for publication by Smith and Elder; and a watercolor and pencil portrait of Oscar Wilde drawn in the mid-1890s by the English artist and illustrator George Finch Mason.

Rothkopf gift. Mrs. Carol Z. Rothkopf (A.M., 1952) has presented a collection of 175 first editions of books and pamphlets by American and British writers for addition to the House of Books Collection. Included in the extensive gift are first editions by Conrad Aiken, W. H. Auden, G. K. Chesterton, Robert Coover, Hubert Creekmore, A. J. Cronin, Rhys Davies, John Dos Passos, Robert Duncan, Ernest Hemingway, Booth Tarkington, Larry Woiwode, and Elinor Wylie. Of special importance are: A. J. Cronin's first two publications, "Dust Inhalation by Hematite Miners," an offprint from *The Journal of Industrial Hygiene*, July 1926, and *Investigations in First-Aid Organization at Collieries in Great Britain*, London, 1927, with a letter from the author laid in; Richard Curle, *The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad*, London, 1928, inscribed to Louis Henry Cohn; James Hanley, *Drift*, London, 1932, inscribed to Louis Henry Cohn; galley proofs of Ernest Hemingway's *The Fifth Column* and *The Old Man and the Sea*; L. A. G. Strong, *Corporal Tune*, London, 1934, inscribed to Louis and Marguerite Cohn; and Elinor Wylie, *The Orphan Angel*, New York 1926, inscribed to Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.

Spangler gift. For addition to the Rockwell Kent Collection, Mr. William J. Spangler has donated a group of eighteen printers' proofs for the covers of Vanguard Records designed by Kent during the 1950s. Included are those done for "The Three Ravens," "Car-



Joseph Urban's watercolor drawing for the opening scene of the 1927 Broadway production of *Show Boat*. (Gretl Urban gift)

mina Burana," "The Creation," and "Erich Kuntz Sings," among others.

Urban gift. Miss Gretl Urban has made a major addition to the collection of her late father, the internationally renowned theater and interior designer and architect Joseph Urban, with her gift of ten watercolor drawings of various theater productions of the 1920s. The most important component of her gift is the group of seven drawings that he made for the 1927 Broadway production of *Show Boat*, the operetta by Edna Ferber and Jerome Kern. There are also single drawings of his designs for *Golden Dawn* (1927), *Hawthorne of the U.S.A.* (1926), and *Rio Rita*.

Activities of the Friends

Finances. General purpose contributions for the twelve-month period ended on June 30, 1987, totaled \$35,799. Special purpose gifts, designated for book and manuscript purchases and for the establishment of new endowments, reached \$177,419. These totals represent new highs for the third consecutive year. The value of gifts in kind was \$239,862 for the same period. The total of all gifts and contributions since the establishment of the association in 1951 now stands at \$6,781,835.

Fall reception. A reception to open the exhibition, "The Library of Alan H. Kempner," will be held on Wednesday afternoon, December 2, from 5 to 7 p.m., in the Kempner Exhibition Room in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library. On display will be a selection, from the gift by Mrs. Margaret Kempner, of rare editions from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries, early illuminated manuscripts, master prints from Dürer to Grant Wood, fine illustrated books, and press books bearing the Aldine, Baskerville, Bodoni, Elzevier, and Kelmscott imprints.

New Council member. Mr. Frank S. Streeter has been elected to serve on the Council of the Friends as a member of the Class of '88.

Future meetings. A members' preview will open the winter exhibition, "The Double Lives of Ellery Queen," on Wednesday afternoon, March 2, 1988, in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library; and the annual Bancroft Awards Dinner will be held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Wednesday evening, April 6, 1988.

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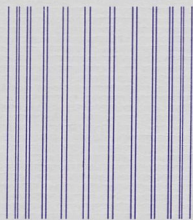
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COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



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Photography by Martin Messik

* * *

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VOLUME XXXVII

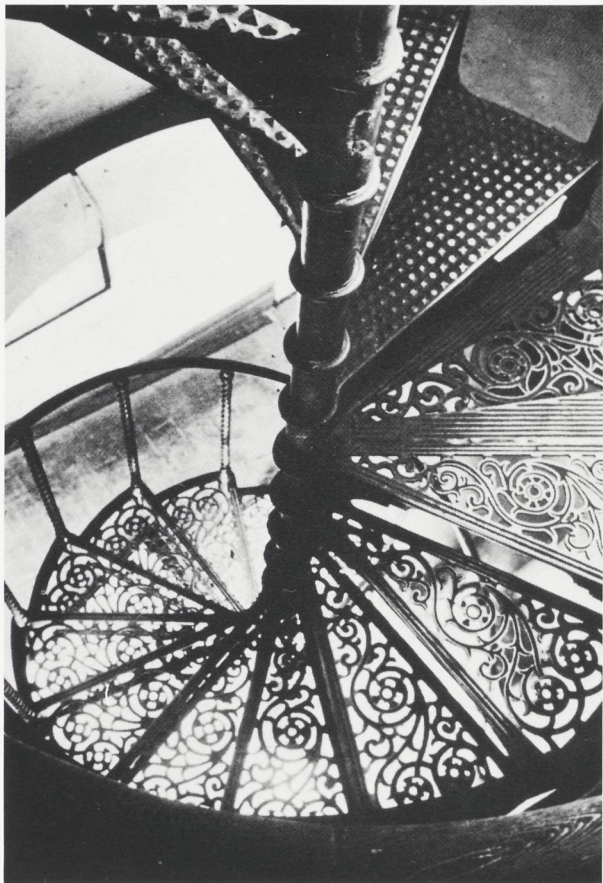
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The spiral staircase in Benson's advertising office, where Dorothy Sayers had worked, and which she used as a plot device in her 1933 mystery *Murder Must Advertise*.

“Where Do Plots Come From?”: Dorothy L. Sayers on Literary Invention

STEPHEN HAHN

The continued popularity of Dorothy Sayers's mystery fiction is evident in the recent republication of a series of the Lord Peter Wimsey mysteries in Harper and Row's Perennial Library, and in the recent Masterpiece Theatre television series shown on PBS. While never so popular as Agatha Christie, perhaps because her novels are more challenging in ways that do not relate directly to the “solving” of the purported crime, Sayers seems persistently as interesting both as a writer of mystery stories and as a commentator on the genre. Trained as a scholar at Oxford, Sayers was an inveterate “explainer.” In the 1920s, the heyday of the mystery story, she wrote what remains one of the most succinct and accurate histories of the genre in her introduction to the formidable *Omnibus of Crime* (1927).

Her explaining went far beyond these parochial bounds, however, for she wrote numerous expository essays on Christian doctrine, on literary invention and creativity, on allegory, on major myths such as those of Oedipus and Faust, and on Christian esthetics and morality. Many of these are now collected in one volume, *The Whimsical Christian: 18 Essays by Dorothy L. Sayers* (1987). In 1941, she published *The Mind of the Maker*, an attempt to explain and explore the difficult analogy between the idea of the creativity of God and the creativity of the literary artist. Readers of her mystery fiction will be familiar, too, with the amount of explaining that goes on in the novels on topics as diverse as the draining of the fens of East Anglia, the ringing of changes in church bells, intestacy laws, advertising strategies (circa 1933), and cricket.

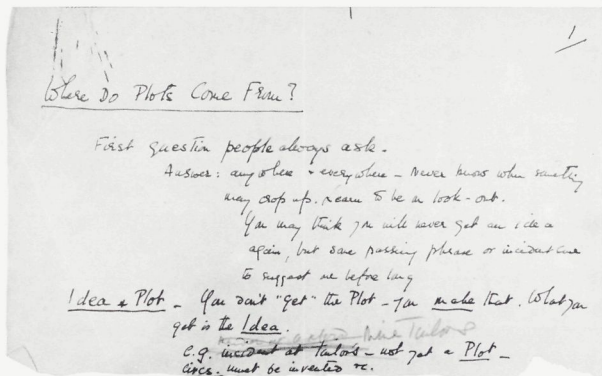
Sayers's detailed explanations suggest a strong need to know about the “real world” as well as more arcane matters, to assert that knowledge, and to communicate it. The amount of exposition that

is incorporated into her fiction does not seem entirely necessary to the complications of the plot; rather, Sayers appears to have been determined to locate her fiction in the "real world," to convince us of the probability of the action of the story, its likeliness, and to de-emphasize the degree of artifice in plot construction. Partly, I suspect, the amount of detail in Sayers's fiction involves her respect for the model provided by Wilkie Collins, about whom Sayers had begun to write a critical biography before her death in 1957. Yet it may also serve the distinctly moral purpose of creating a probable world, in many respects quite ordinary, in which we can picture ourselves among the never overly-romanticized *dramatis personae*. This apparent desire to create convincingly probable representations of the social and physical world, by describing these environments in great detail, did not obscure for Sayers the importance of the fact that these worlds are fictive.

Because the motive to explain was characteristic of Sayers, it is not surprising that at some point she should attempt to explain something about the process of writing mystery fiction. Nor is it surprising that when she did so it was from a properly egotistical angle, with only occasional references to other practitioners of the genre. This is the subject of a series of notes that Sayers wrote down, at an undetermined date, with the heading, "Where Do Plots Come From?" These notes, on eight half-sheets of lined paper, suggesting lecture notes, are now in the Aaron Berg Collection, Rare Book and Manuscript Library. As Sayers observes, "Where do plots come from?" is the "first question people always ask." Her initial answer is "anywhere and everywhere." However, having made the point that plot ideas may come from any "passing phrase or incident," she comes to her central point that, as she writes, "You don't 'get' the Plot—you *make* that. What you get is the *Idea*." And in her conclusion she writes: "*Plots* don't come by inspiration—have to be hammered together."

This may seem like a rather obvious point, but it is a revealing one. After all, typically, plots themselves do not come from direct experience, for life is notoriously plot-poor. Where experience is involved at all, plots come from the reconstruction of events and from their

interpretation as parts of a meaningful sequence. This is exactly where the mystery story poses the most significant mystery of its own, since it supposes that events must be significantly related at the same time that it depends upon the idea that we seldom *see* such connections.



"You don't 'get' the Plot—you *make* that," Dorothy Sayers writes in her notes on the origin of mystery story plots.

Since the time of Sophocles and of the Apocryphal Scriptures (as Sayers indicated by placing the stories of Bel and of Susannah in *The Omnibus of Crime*), discoveries and reconstructions of invisible causal connections have raised an affect of wonder, awe, or surprise in the audience, even when such actions are fictive. If the first question "people always ask" of a writer is about where "plots come from," it must be with the suspicion that the writer has privileged experience, is preternaturally imaginative, or is borrowing from some previous plot.

In light of her practice of creating detailed descriptions of social and physical circumstances in her fiction, it is significant that Sayers insists upon the idea that plots are constructed, "hammered together," that they are "made things." Anyone who has tried to write an extended piece of fiction knows how impossible it is to begin with

a fully elaborated plot. Readers of Sayers's novels know, too, that it is difficult enough to keep all elements of the plot in mind as one reads. Even having finished a mystery novel, one may need the aid of a pencil and a piece of paper to reconstruct the plot. That complexity is part of what makes us ask a writer where her plots come from in the first place. Yet Sayers's insistence on the *making* of a plot is important because it also defines her position as a pragmatic artist without romantic pretensions.

Though Sayers was a Christian apologist, she was adamantly a rationalist with respect to her ideas about literary invention. (Indeed, she was also a rationalist in her theology.) For her, if the mystery novel could carry any moral weight, it was not because it depended upon the artist's access to privileged experience or privileged states of consciousness. Rather, one suspects that the mystery story became more interesting to her as an obliquely didactic experiment in natural theology. In the notes on where plots come from, she advises that once you begin "looking for detective ideas you will easily find them," and she goes on to say that this is "Good for your morals, too—because you will get the idea that crimes are meant to be detected." What better reason could there be, from the moralist's point of view, for *reading* detective fiction?

To exemplify the process of invention in writing mystery fiction, Sayers offers as primary evidence the process of composing her Wimsey novel *Unnatural Death* (1927; published in England as *The Dawson Pedigree*). As she describes the process, it apparently developed from two "ideas," the first relating primarily to method and the second to motive. The first idea was suggested in a conversation with a doctor: "Why not use an empty hypo?" The second idea was picked up from an article in a newspaper about the intestacy law of 1925. From these two plot elements, according to Sayers, follow the implications that the victim "must be a person used to injections," that the murderer "must know how to give injection," and that the murderer "must be a person who *would* have inherited in 1925 but possibly not in 1926." The result, as developed in the novel, is that

the murderer becomes "a *great-niece*, trained as nurse, attending old invalid lady." This covers the three bases of the crime situation—means, motive, and opportunity. It leaves still to be invented the false leads and eventual means of detection that are essential to the com-



Ian Carmichael as Lord Peter Wimsey in the 1974 Masterpiece Theatre television production of *Murder Must Advertise*.

pletion of the mystery plot. The dominance of rational and deliberate procedures in the composing process is clear, however, from Sayers's description of the mode of invention used to begin the story.

Since Sayers has offered us this demonstration of the writer's method of constructing a plot, we might speculate about how such elements were invented in another of her novels, *Murder Must Advertise* (1933). While the basic plot ideas for *Unnatural Death* came from the common sources of conversation and a newspaper story, in *Murder Must Advertise*, Sayers drew on her experience in Benson's advertising firm in London. There, as a classical scholar and one of the first women graduates from Oxford, a "wit" in both the earlier

and more modern sense, she put her knowledge to work to promote laxatives and tinned milk. What Benson's offered in the way of a plot idea was a spiral staircase that could be used to make a murder look like an accidental death by falling. To this Sayers added the idea, for method, of a skylight from which a criminal could fire a seemingly innocuous projectile out of a slingshot and perhaps escape without notice. Again, having invented the means for the crime, the writer could develop ideas for motive and opportunity, for alibis and modes of detection, according to rational procedures.

Quite obviously, Sayers drew on her experience with advertising in writing this novel: the spiral staircase really did exist at Benson's, the office activities and politics appear authentic down to the "flimsies" and petty gripes about tea, and Sayers even has Lord Peter gain kudos for inventing an advertising scheme for cigarettes that bears some resemblance to her own schemes to advertise Colman's mustard and Guinness stout. As always, in keeping with her rationalist esthetic, these autobiographical elements are subordinate to the plot ideas. One is persuaded by the novel not to believe that these events *did* happen, but that they *might* have. This novel, like others by Sayers, though it strives for a convincing representation of a social world, lacks the kind of penetration that novels in an essentially romantic mode have. It was apparently not her intention to represent the uniquely individual case, the testament of experience; rather her purpose seems to have been to construct an exemplary tale of crime and detection.

The aspect of the composing process that Sayers emphasizes in her lecture notes is properly called "invention," a term that normally denotes a purposeful and rational process of discovering and ordering the elements of a composition, with particular attention to the formal requirements and the decorum of a given genre. Because the mystery story had clearly defined elements, there is necessarily a great deal of emphasis on rational procedures of composition. As Sayers notes, plot ideas generally develop from the invention of "new ways of killing people," "new ways of detecting things," and "new ways of faking alibis and false trails." In this respect, the mystery story is

a conservative genre in which plot structures remain relatively consistent from novel to novel, despite obvious differences of "content." It is also a conservative genre since it depends upon the convention that the crimes as plot problems can be solved by the exertion of the



Dorothy Sayers with Eric, the Detection Club skull.

rational intellect, a little force, and perhaps a little courage on the part of the detective. So conceived, the genre stands in contrast to the modern novel in the larger sense of an extended prose narrative in which progress is marked by more and more acute questionings of our naive assumptions about character, cause and effect, the constitution of the self, and so on. It is these matters which, for the modern reader, have a more primary relevance as aspects of "imagination." While Sayers is distinctly rationalist and even anti-romantic in temper and in practice, there are aspects of her writing in which "imagination" in the larger sense plays a part.

While Sayers emphasizes the rational manipulation of plot elements in her lecture notes, her writing itself gives evidence of a quality of imagination that we discover only in the best of mystery writers, her precursor Wilkie Collins, for instance. Few mystery writers, for example, have Sayers's ability to imagine the situation of what she would probably have called "a soul in peril." While we may feel some sympathy for a character such as Arthur Conan Doyle's Jonathan Small, who is given free rein to plead his case in *The Sign of Four*, or for similar criminals in other mystery novels, it is not characteristic of the genre to evoke pity or to allow us to understand anyone's dilemma except the detective's. Sayers, however, truly does enlist our sympathy for many of her commonly venal or morally conflicted characters. I am thinking here particularly of characters such as Tallboy and Dian de Momerie in *Murder Must Advertise* and Will Thoday in *The Nine Tailors*. Her depiction of the moral situation of the character in each case suggests an aspect of creativity which cannot easily be defined, except perhaps to say that here she allows us to think, as she must have thought, from within the terms of the character's dilemma.

In these same two novels, too, there is other evidence of an imaginative power rare in mystery fiction. Both instances involve our seeing through the eyes of Lord Peter Wimsey when he is not playing the *bon vivant* detective:

Among these phantasms, Death Bredon, driving his pen across reams of foolscap, was a phantasm, too, emerging from this nightmare toil to a still more fantastical existence amid people whose aspirations, rivalries and modes of thought were alien, and earnest beyond anything in his waking experience. Nor, when the Greenwich-driven clocks had jerked on to half-past five, had he any world of reality to which to return; for then the illusionary Mr. Bredon dislimned and became the still more illusionary Harlequin of a dope-addict's dream; an advertising figure more crude and fanciful than any that postured in the columns of the *Morning Star*; a thing bodiless and absurd, a mouthpiece of stale clichés shouting in dull ears without a brain. From this abominable impersonation he could not now free himself, since at the sound of his name or the sight of his unmasked face, all the doors of that other dream-city—the city of dreadful night—would be closed to him.

(Chapter XI, *Murder Must Advertise*)

The whole world was lost now in one vast sheet of water. . . . The Wale river had sunk from sight in the spreading of the flood, but far beyond it, a dull streak showed where the land billowed up seaward, and thrust the water back upon the Fenchurches. Inward and westward the waters swelled relentlessly from the breach of Van Leyden's Sluice and stood level with the top of the Thirty-Foot Bank. Outward and eastward the gold cock on the weathervane stared and strained, fronting the danger, held to his watch by the relentless pressure from the wind off the Wash. Somewhere amid the still surge of waters, the broken bodies of Will Thoday and his mate drifted and tumbled with the wreckage of farm and field. The Fen had reclaimed its own.

(Book IV: "A Full Peal of Kent Treble Bob Major,"

The Third Part, *The Nine Tailors*)

There is more to these passages than mere style, though that is one aspect of their excellence. In the first passage, there is the remarkable representation of Wimsey's feelings of estrangement in his double masquerade as Death Bredon by day and Harlequin by night—a masquerade which causes his perceptions to be altered as by the influence of a drug or some powerful new insight. In the latter passage, Wimsey looks on the flooded fens of East Anglia after he has realized how Geoffrey Deacon died, and the waterscape provides a counterpoint to the terrifying experience of listening to the sound of the Fenchurch's bells from inside the bell cage, the experience that presumably caused Deacon's death. Whatever rational procedures of invention Sayers deployed in composing these novels (with no prior knowledge of bell-ringing, she schooled herself in the art to write *The Nine Tailors*), the passages are indicative of something other than mere "invention." They suggest the imaginative range of a writer who, in such moments, has the power to convince us that we see and feel what we have only read. They also represent something that seems incommunicable about literary composition. The issue here is not where plots or plot ideas may come from, but where such power to evoke a scene or a subjective dilemma may come from. If this is not the "first question people always ask," it is probably because people do not expect a coherent answer to it. This imaginative quality, however, is what keeps us coming back to mystery novels even when we already

know the solution of the plot problem. It is the aspect of Sayers's writing which, in passages like the ones I have quoted, gives her writing its perennial appeal and defies neat explanations about "how to" write a mystery novel.

Philip Marlowe, Knight in Blue Serge

MARY WERTHEIM

When Raymond Chandler's first novel, *The Big Sleep*, was published by Alfred A. Knopf in 1939, private detective Philip Marlowe made his entrance into a world that was recovering from the Great Depression even as it teetered on the brink of war. The heroic ideals of the 1936 Olympic Games were subverted in the miasma of triumphant Naziism. Although prohibition had been repealed in 1932, the barracudas of crime spawned during its heyday were not about to relinquish the wealth and power they had acquired serving a thirsty and hypocritical public. As corruption flourished, public icons failed. When Edward VIII relinquished the English throne in favor of romance, common people took a long look at their notions of duty as well. It was a time of disillusionment, and the public wanted heroes.

For readers of detective fiction, Philip Marlowe helped fill the void. Handsome, well educated, and fearless, Marlowe helps his clients in their quest for personal justice. At the age of thirty-three he has presumably sown his wildest oats while still retaining the vigor of youth. Marlowe brings a certain elegance to his profession which sets him apart from conventional private detectives. Not every "shamus" makes casual allusions to Proust and sports black socks with dark blue clocks on them. Marlowe's clients anticipate that his performance will approach that of a medieval knight. They are flawed individuals, and the discrepancy between their expectations and Marlowe's final resolution of their problems becomes part of the indigenous morality of the detective story.

Marlowe evolved as a very real person in the eyes of his creator; Chandler gave him a background which was concrete and thoroughly detailed. Marlowe was born in Santa Rosa, California and university educated in Oregon. First employed as an insurance investigator, he later worked in the office of the district attorney of Los Angeles county. He never spoke of his parents and apparently

had no living relatives. Chandler specified Marlowe's preferences in movies, drinks, and guns and carefully described the layout and furnishings of his apartment. At times he would tell radio and television producers who sought to adapt the characterization to their media, "I am Marlowe," and while Marlowe is certainly not an extension of Chandler, they had in common a pervasive sense of isolation in the notoriously chimerical society of southern California. Although he was a successful oil executive with a comfortable suburban home and a writer who enjoyed sustained critical acclaim, Chandler was a man apart who suffered from chronic feelings of loneliness and depression. An insecure intellectual, perhaps he projected Marlowe, a physically formidable man who had a way with blondes, as an alter ego. Marlowe's arrogance, his lack of empathy with his clients and detachment from other characters mark him as the typical American detective-story hero.

Nevertheless, Chandler's work is too complex to fit neatly into the genre of hard-boiled detective fiction. He gave his readers something extra because he believed that the detective story was not intrinsically inferior to other literary forms. In a letter now in the Frederic Dannay Papers in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, dated July 10, 1951, and written to Dannay, co-author of the "Ellery Queen" mysteries, Chandler discusses Dannay's intention to publish a list of the ten best detective-story writers and comments upon the special quality that elevates his work to the level of literature: "All good writers have a touch of magic. And unless we are to agree with Edmund Wilson that detective fiction is on the sub-literary level, and I personally do not agree with this, we demand that touch of magic; at least I do, although I am well aware that the public does not."

A significant aspect of Chandler's "magic" was his ability to evoke a unique sense of place, to go beyond the conventional image of "tinsel town" and expose the underbelly of Los Angeles. In *The Long Goodbye* (1953), Marlowe looks out over the city from his house on Laurel Canyon Boulevard and reflects upon:



Raymond Chandler in his home in La Jolla.

... the glare of the big angry city hanging over the shoulder of the hills through which the boulevard had been cut. Far off the banshee wail of police or fire sirens rose and fell, never for very long completely silent. Twenty-four hours a day somebody is running, somebody else is trying to catch him. Out there in the night of a thousand crimes people were dying, being maimed, cut by flying glass, crushed against steering wheels or under heavy tires. People were being beaten, robbed, strangled, raped, and murdered. People were hungry, sick, bored, desperate with loneliness or remorse or fear, angry, cruel, feverish, shaken by sobs. A city no worse than others, a city rich and vigorous and full of pride, a city lost and beaten and full of emptiness.

Another "touch of magic" is supplied by Chandler's hero. As a prototype of the hard-boiled detective, he is a modern knight-errant, sporting elegant attire instead of armor. In *The Big Sleep*, he drives a large, flashy convertible, the equivalent of the knight's noble steed and about as much trouble to maintain. Marlowe searches for dragons in human form, and, at the very least, extracts a tooth or two. While waiting to meet his client, General Sternwood, Marlowe notices a stained-glass panel over the entrance doors of the Sternwood house "showing a knight in dark armor rescuing a lady who was tied to a tree and didn't have any clothes on but some very long and convenient hair. The knight had pushed the visor of his helmet back to be sociable, and he was fiddling with the knots on the ropes that tied the lady to the tree and not getting anywhere. I stood there and thought that if I lived in the house, I would sooner or later have to climb up there and help him. He didn't seem to be really trying." Marlowe asks no questions about the causes of the lady's situation. He is not interested in her identity or her social or economic class; it is enough that she is trapped.

Detective stories are morality plays dealing with the conflicts between good and evil, cruelty and compassion, justice and injustice. The problems of the people who consult Marlowe frequently fall outside conventional definitions of right and wrong; but, at the conclusion of Chandler's novels, evil deeds have been punished in due accord with their seriousness, and right and good are shown to have the upper hand. Thus, it really does not matter if every criminal in Marlowe's world is caught or if every crime is punished. What counts



James Garner in the title role with the two battling sisters Orfamay Quest (Sharon Farrell, top) and Mavis (Gayle Hunnicutt), in the 1969 MGM film *Marlowe* based on *The Little Sister*.

is that the guilty suffer sufficiently to satisfy the reader's need to believe that the demands of society have been served and that, as with all morality plays, a degree of redemption is achieved through suffering. There are, of course, times when a medieval moral balance cannot be achieved in twentieth-century Los Angeles, and Marlowe suffers disillusionment. At one point in *The Big Sleep*, Marlowe comes home to find his client's daughter in his bed. Realizing the anachronistic absurdity of chivalric behavior in this situation, he glances at a chessboard where he has been playing a solitary game: "The move with the knight was wrong. I put it back where I had moved it from. Knights had no meaning in this game. It wasn't a game for knights."

The moral problems of Marlowe's clients are usually brought on by their own weaknesses. Orfamay Quest, the title character of *The Little Sister* (1949), is a greed-driven medical receptionist from Manhattan, Kansas. In her neurotic lust for money, she emulates Judas, betraying her brother Orrin for a thousand dollars. Orfamay profits by her perfidy, and the reader accepts this because Orrin was a blackmailer and a killer. Nevertheless, Marlowe drops Orfamay as a client, disassociating himself from her treachery. Spelled backwards, "Orfamay" may be read as "Yamafro" or "back to Yama," the Hindu god of the dead. Whether or not Chandler indulged in word play with Orfamay's name, it is undeniable that she judged her brother and found him to be worth a thousand dollars, dead.

Another of Marlowe's morally flawed clients is General Sternwood of *The Big Sleep*. Sternwood is a grotesque parody of a familiar American hero, the self-made millionaire. Although his name suggests ties to the forces of nature, the General is an aged, desiccated husk who frequents a rank greenhouse. "The air was thick, wet, steamy and larded with the cloying smell of tropical orchids in bloom . . . The plants filled the place, a forest of them, with nasty meaty leaves and stalks like the newly washed fingers of dead men." Sternwood's daughters, the vicious Carmen, and Vivian, a ruthless parasite, are his bitter fruit. They are damsels in distress but not fair

maidens. The central problem confronting the Sternwoods is the disappearance of Vivian's husband, Rusty Regan, a former bootlegger and officer in the IRA. His love of life was like a tonic to the General, and his loss has been very painful. The family is also afflicted with other problems. Carmen takes drugs while posing for pornographic photographs, and Vivian is a compulsive gambler. Marlowe discovers that Carmen has killed Rusty after he rejected her sexual advances. In Marlowe's scheme of things, evil is equivalent to psychic cancer; sooner or later the symptoms will point to the source of the disease.

Chandler's detective fiction deals not only with individual but with societal disorders, manifested at times by dishonest and often malevolent members of the police force. These corrupt law-enforcement officials provide the private detective with added opportunity to enter the lists in the service of justice for the individual. When they are vanquished, his superior moral stance is vindicated. Conflicts often arise out of the detective's endeavor to maintain the trust his client has placed in him in the face of pressures brought to bear by the authorities. Sometimes the detective is imprisoned and brutalized, mirroring the trials faced by his knightly progenitors as defenders of the right. In *The Lady in the Lake* (1943), Marlowe is arrested in Bay City, a wide-open town traditionally associated with organized crime and police corruption. He aggravates his situation when he punches one of the policemen in the nose. His antagonist "took his hand away from his face full of blood. 'Jesus,' he cracked in a thick horrible voice. 'This is blood. My blood.' He let out a wild roar and swung his foot at my face." Marlowe is badly beaten and thrown in a jail cell. After he has been there for a time:

A man in the blue-gray jail uniform came along between the cells reading numbers. He stopped in front of mine and unlocked the door and gave me the hard stare they think they have to wear on their pans forever and forever and forever. I'm a cop, brother, I'm tough, watch your step, brother, or we'll fix you up so you'll crawl on your hands and knees, brother, snap out of it brother, let's get a load of the truth, brother, let's go, and let's not forget we're tough guys, we're cops, and we do what we like with punks like you.

As a consequence of his putting his life in jeopardy for his client, in a relationship that is elevated to the level of a covenant by his commitment to it, Marlowe emerges as larger than life, above the petty concerns that circumscribe the lives of ordinary mortals. He devotes himself to a life of service without regard for the material things that



The 1946 version of Chandler's most famous novel, *The Big Sleep*, starred Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

make the world go round for most people. Rather, he is a man with a calling who deliberates upon his way of life and accepts its ramifications. In *The Long Goodbye*, Marlowe ponders the vicissitudes of his profession: "What makes a man stay with it nobody knows. You don't get rich, you don't often have much fun. Sometimes you get beaten up or shot at or tossed into the jailhouse. Once in a long while you get dead. Every other month you give it up and find some sensible occupation while you can still walk without shaking your head.

Then the door buzzer rings and you open the inner door to the waiting room and there stands a new face with a new problem, a new load of grief, and a small piece of money.' Marlowe accepts the renewed challenge and the cycle is repeated.

Chandler lived through two world wars. In June of 1918, as a soldier in the Canadian army, he was wounded near Château Thierry in a German artillery barrage that killed everyone else in the outfit, leaving him the sole survivor. Between the wars he observed the spiraling rise of violent crime in American cities. As daily life became more like the one depicted in the hard-boiled detective story, it seemed impossible to make the outrages of art exceed those of daily life. In a letter in the Dannay Papers, to Lawrence E. Spivak, dated September 4, 1951, Chandler reflected that, "The writing of mysteries or detective stories has never been easy, and it seems to me that it is getting more difficult all the time. A good deal of the apparatus is pretty worn. The formal elements are beginning to seem rather silly, and the threat of fictional violence grows less and less." The genre was evolving into something closer to what Chandler called the "straight novel," and the experience of the reader was one of verisimilitude rather than escape.

Yet, in the real world things are often not what they seem, and the detective story is based upon the notion that falsehood masquerades as truth, validating the reader's life experience. The detective novel continually explores the discrepancy between the individual's belief in a rational universe and in justice, and what happens in the shifting environment of the detective protagonist. It is emotionally satisfying to learn that Philip Marlowe will rush into danger to defend the weak and imperfect individual. To his early admirers, the world of bootleggers and speakeasies where Marlowe spent so much of his time served as a constant reminder of their own hypocrisy. Readers of today appreciate Marlowe for essentially the same reason, although the framework for hypocritical behavior has been radically altered. Marlowe still pursues what the reader recognizes as the best quality of justice the client can expect in a universe of murky distinctions.

The conflict between good and evil has been in progress since men took sides against one another. The best detective writers, like Chandler, provide glimpses into the primordial depths where the battle is fought and lead the reader along the kaleidoscopic edges of the dark side of life as well.

John le Carré: The Doubleness of Class

WILLIAM WALLING

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?
—John Ball, 1381

Pseudonyms invariably suggest some kind of doubleness. It may be a doubleness as uncomplicated as the one evoked by a simple change in name such as the transformation of William Sydney Porter into O. Henry. Or, it may be one as uncannily resonant as a “Mark Twain,” with its very denotation declaiming the doubleness that so often seemed to obsess Samuel Clemens as a writer. In any case, pseudonyms, even at their most innocuous, remind us of the inevitable disjunction between public and private realms.

Exactly how far from innocuous is the pen name chosen by David Cornwell almost thirty years ago remains a matter of speculation. What is beyond speculation is the fact that his choice—John le Carré—ranks easily today as the most widely recognized pseudonym among all contemporary English novelists. There is also nothing especially mysterious about his decision to publish under a pseudonym, for at the time of his first novel, *Call for the Dead* in 1961, David Cornwell was working for the British Foreign Office, and regulations there prohibited publication of a book under his own name.

His recourse to a pseudonym, then, seems uncomplicated enough. The specific one chosen, however, is rather another matter. In a 1974 interview, Cornwell himself claimed he had taken “John le Carré” from the sign on a London shop; but it was a claim soon subverted both by the inability of anyone to verify such a shop’s existence and by Cornwell’s subsequent revisions in the original story. Moreover, the irony of le Carré as a pseudonym for

the kind of fiction Cornwell wrote from the start seems far too rich for the randomness of a fortuitous shop viewing.

From the start, in fact, with *Call for the Dead* combining elements of a mystery and spy novel, it has been Cornwell's strategy to pre-



Alec Guinness as Smiley in the 1980 Masterpiece Theatre television production of *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*.

sent a superior knowingness at the center of his narrative. That he also began by creating a George Smiley to personify this superior knowingness is surely worth remarking, since Smiley has figured significantly in seven of Cornwell's eleven novels to date. Indeed, Smiley may be credited, by his reappearance near center stage in

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy (1974), with restoring the reputation of John le Carré as an author of international best sellers, after the disastrous reception of *The Naive and Sentimental Lover* (1971), the one novel by Cornwell to dispense entirely with the conventions of spy and mystery fiction. (For the record, the latest two novels published by le Carré—*The Little Drummer Girl*, 1983, and *A Perfect Spy*, 1986—contain no reference at all to Smiley; but as Cornwell himself has indicated, Smiley's retirement is at least partly owing to Alec Guinness's great success in portraying Smiley on BBC television in 1980, so that the actor's representation seemed to be intruding imperiously upon the author's own imagination.)

Still, Smiley or not, it is this superior knowingness in the novels that makes le Carré as a pseudonym so prophetically, and reflexively, ironic. It is an irony that has not gone unnoticed. For one thing, the choice of a pen name that translates into being "square," within the context of American slang, coupled with a series of novels whose success rests prominently upon the ability to convey a bleak sophistication about betrayal, has helped to make clearer the disturbing pervasiveness of deception in the typical le Carré plot. For another, it is this very atmosphere of deception which runs directly counter to some of the most standard English meanings of *square*—for example, "honest," "true," "not crooked."

Arguably, then, the reader of a le Carré novel should take the pseudonym as a kind of forewarning, a bit like a Socratic protestation of ignorance. Yet other ironies suggest themselves, ironies that extend well beyond the pseudonym. All too predictable, of course, is the doubleness of le Carré's reputation. On the one hand, he is the preeminent writer of "spy novels" in contemporary literature; on the other, because his work is so closely identified with a particular genre, traditional literary criticism has tended to deny him such stature as a novelist in the stricter, that is, the more honorific, sense of the term.

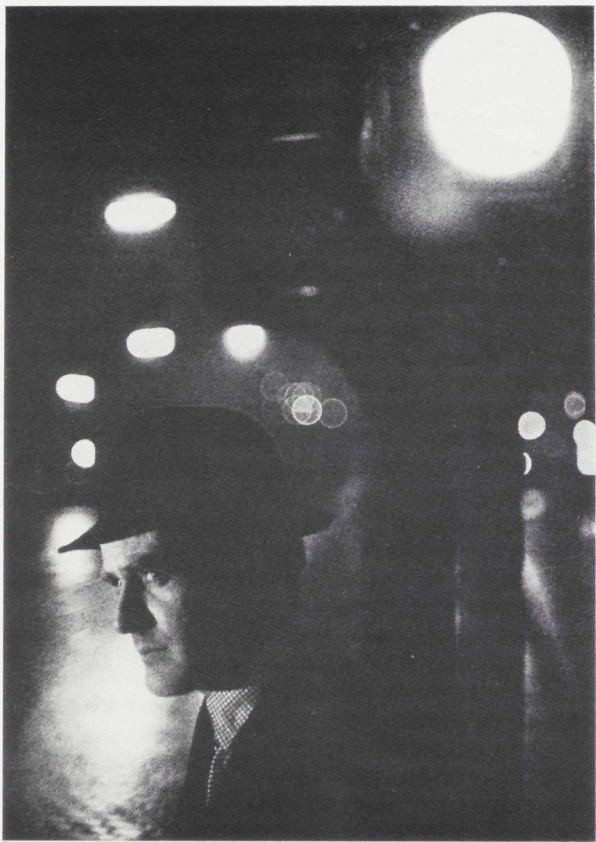
With such distinctions, however, we are in an area of judgment rather like the one in which class consciousness operates. Although it would be an excessively crude analogy to liken genre fiction to

the so-called "lower classes," few of us today are quite so innocent as we once were about the class and gender biases embedded in literary canons. Surely, at any rate, Cornwell himself was aware of the invidious power of literary distinctions at the very moment he was poised to become the world-famous John le Carré. Writing a brief description for an American publisher in 1963 of his third novel, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Cornwell remarked that he knew the book was "a thriller," but he also had hopes it would prove to be "a novel." What *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* proved to be above all else was an enormous best seller, helped along by Graham Greene's famous verdict that it was "the best spy story" he had ever read.

Viewed from this perspective of literary hierarchies, the ill-fated *Naive and Sentimental Lover* thus becomes Cornwell's one full-fledged attempt to enter the mainstream of what is grandly called "literature," an arbitrary construct which another part of Cornwell (more appropriately here, le Carré) seems rightfully to disdain. In any case, it is the actual class consciousness in le Carré's work that provokes a much richer signification than the mere rankings to be found in literary categorizations.

As one might suspect, le Carré's representations of class consciousness have grown more complex during the almost thirty years he has been a practicing novelist. At the head of this paper I quoted the text John Ball used for his sermon at Blackheath at the height of the Peasants' Revolt in June of 1381. With its simple vision of a classless society, the couplet has retained a curious power, and William Morris alluded to it when he wanted to convey to nineteenth-century England the changes he thought were needed in an inequitable social system (*A Dream of John Ball*, 1888). It is to this same couplet of Ball's that George Smiley alludes near the close of the first le Carré novel, *Call for the Dead*.

Smiley is meditating upon the sad necessity which has led him into killing Dieter Frey, a student-friend from Smiley's earlier years in Germany but more recently a dangerous adversary in the East German-Soviet bloc:



David Cornwell, who writes under the pen name of John le Carré, in Hamburg in 1964 after the success of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*.

Dieter was dead, and he had killed him. . . . They had come from different hemispheres of the night, from different worlds of thought and conduct. Dieter, mercurial, absolute, had fought to build a civilisation. Smiley, rationalistic, protective, had fought to prevent him. "Oh God," said Smiley aloud, "who was then the gentleman. . . ."

The contrast, along with its complications, is clearly defined. The "civilisation" Dieter has been trying to build is a collective, and potentially classless, one; and Smiley, rooted in the traditions of Western individualism, must do all he can to thwart its fruition. At the same time, as his allusion to Ball reveals, Smiley is unable to resist responding as well to the ideality of a more just "civilisation" than the England he is compelled to defend.

With le Carré's second novel, *A Murder of Quality* (1962), the consciousness of class divisions is both narrower and more pointed. Set for a crucial part of its narrative in Carne, a prestigious, and maddeningly pretentious, public school for boys, the novel makes use of the conventions of a traditional murder mystery to evoke the hollowness at the core of an entrenched system of class privileges. (It surely deserves noting that Cornwell taught at Eton for two years before entering the Foreign Office.) Indeed, as the title ironically suggests, there is now a fatal disjunction in the English social system between genuine "quality" (including, to be sure, moral distinction) and the unearned assumptions of class superiority.

It is this disjunction which animates most of the subsequent novels, with varying degrees of subtlety. Leamas, for example, the central figure and ultimate victim in *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, is obviously "not quite a gentleman" and is therefore an appropriate sacrificial pawn in his superiors' policy. Taylor, fatally struck down by a car in the first chapter of *The Looking Glass War* (1965), had the lower-class air of someone "straight off Brighton Pier"; thus, when his superior Leclerc (who, with fitting insularity, conceived the pointless mission that cost Taylor his life) visits the widow, he is appalled at the squalid surroundings in which Taylor lived, musing reflexively: "This was not the society they protected."

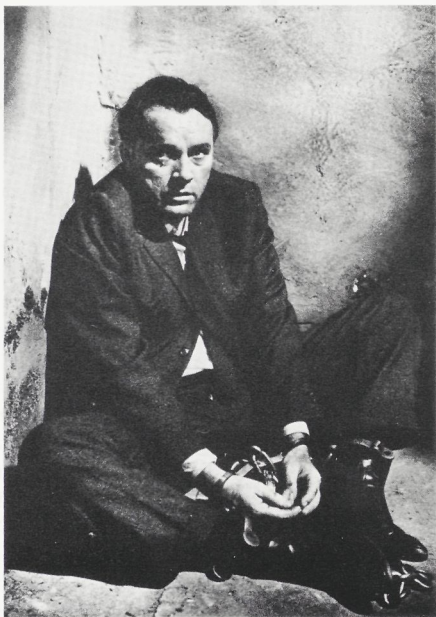
Even in the two novels which seem to be farthest from le Carré's customary range of representation, *The Naive and Sentimental Lover* and *The Little Drummer Girl*, there are ample signs of his ongoing meditation about the cost in human terms of social hierarchies. Undeniably, the earlier novel is the more transparent. Reading at times like a twentieth-century updating of *Great Expectations*, *The Naive and Sentimental Lover* opens with its central figure, Aldo Cassidy, fantasizing about becoming a landed gentleman with one swift purchase of a country estate, and then moves on to portray his sustained encounter with a bohemian couple who place into question all his social assumptions.

The Little Drummer Girl, on the other hand, with its focus on the Middle East, challenges what one might call the class assumptions of ethnicity, in particular, the post-Holocaust assumption of the Jew as archetypal victim. In terms of le Carré's overall career, the novel represents a bold reversal. From his customary exploration of the inhumanity promoted by unexamined assumptions of superiority, *The Little Drummer Girl* shifts to a dramatization of the inhumanity fostered by a certitude that one's own ethnicity constitutes a final stage in victimization. (In fairness to le Carré, who has been attacked from virtually all political persuasions for the novel, *The Little Drummer Girl* seems to implicate both Israeli and Palestinian in a shared fantasy of exoneration from moral responsibility.)

With le Carré's latest novel, however, we have returned to some of the central themes of his work. Indeed, *A Perfect Spy* might be said to be a culmination of sorts in le Carré's career, were it not more than a little foolishly premature to speak of culminations for a productive writer still in his fifties. Nonetheless, this eleventh novel of le Carré's does recapitulate the divided consciousness of his first, although now the narrative elaboration is enormously more sophisticated and the suggestion of division a great deal more complex.

Magnus Pym, the perfect spy of the title, is, like the George Smiley of *Call for the Dead*, an Englishman with a significant place

in British intelligence but also with strong emotional ties to an agent in the opposing political camp. For Smiley, it will be recalled, it was the East German Dieter; for Pym it is the Czech Axel. But while Smiley remains loyal to his Englishness by destroying Dieter,



Richard Burton as Alec Leamas in the 1965 Paramount film,
The Spy Who Came in from the Cold.

Magnus arrives at a private rapprochement with Axel, and the two go on to advance each other's career in espionage by the mutual exchange of state secrets.

At issue here, clearly, is Magnus's ambiguous Englishness. The division in the Smiley of *Call for the Dead* remains, as we have seen,

relatively simple. Smiley is able to understand the abstract appeal of his opponent's idealism, but his roots as an Englishman enable him to go on functioning as an effective agent of his own inequitable system. (Emblematic of the later Smiley is his unexpected appearance at the close of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*: there, as the duped Leamas is shot down, Smiley watches in dismay; but it is a Smiley who stays unambiguously on the West side of the Berlin Wall.) Precisely a quarter-century later, in *A Perfect Spy*, Magnus has no such roots.

The reason for a good part of Magnus's instability is dramatized for us in what may be le Carré's single-most ambitious characterization to date: that of Magnus's fabulously fraudulent father Rick. Still, it is a characterization that cuts, with Rick's fantastic and often ruthless dreams of splendor, to the heart of the emptiness that haunts so many in the kind of class civilization England has evolved. Unmistakably vulgar at all times, Rick schemes endlessly to become "upper class" and to shape Magnus into a "gentleman." (This time, fifteen years after *The Naive and Sentimental Lover*, the characterization of Rick reads like an updating of *Great Expectations* from the perspective of Uriah Heep or Alfred Jingle.)

Yet Magnus's natural English father, with his thoroughly fraudulent gentility, is balanced by a second English father who, as surrogate, would seem to embody the positive values of a class system. Unfortunately, the name given this surrogate father, Jack Brotherhood, indicates how unusually hard le Carré is straining after resonance, a straining that makes itself felt in several other places of *A Perfect Spy*. In any event, the explicit strain for the character of Magnus is such that he is destroyed, unable to reconcile the intense divisions within him.

What these divisions reveal, moreover, is how fundamentally *English* has been the struggle within Magnus's consciousness. On the one hand, he has for father the fraudulent and finally pathetic Rick, with his "neverwozzers" of great expectations; and on the other, for surrogate, he has Jack Brotherhood, indomitable and class-confident, like a belated Winston Churchill on a smaller scale.

As for the Czech Alex (as, in truth, for the Dieter of the first novel), the entire conception remains shadowy despite its elaboration, little more than an allegorical reminder of that larger world outside a declining England, the obverse side to the American "Cousins."

No doubt David Cornwell will write other novels. *A Perfect Spy*, however, has made even clearer how much the energies of self-analysis have been at work, however obliquely, in the ten novels of genre fiction. (In a recent interview Cornwell has indicated that Rick is based on the memories he has of his own father.) Indeed, this novel might be said to reveal what has always been a crucial theme of the fiction, beneath all the admirable plotting: the dilemma confronting an English consciousness of high intelligence in a universe jointly transformed by England's precipitous loss of power and by an increasingly insistent "democratic" rhetoric made commonplace by the mass media.

Thus, it seems to me, the resolution of this latest novel of le Carré's hasn't been read with sufficient alertness. Ostensibly morbid, it is actually a writerly resolution, supported in its biographical detail by Cornwell's decision some years earlier to resume residence in England in spite of unfavorable tax laws. Magnus's final hiding place is, after all, the Devon coast, not so very far from Jane Austen's Lyme Regis, reminding us of the relative innocence of Empire, before its corruption and decline. An even earlier and spiritually richer England is evoked for us by another choice of Magnus's. It is a choice, furthermore, that inevitably reminds us as well of the first truly great flowering of English as a literary language. For the name under which Magnus chooses to die, the final pseudonym of all in a life of deception, also marks the fresh beginning of a magnificent literature. Magnus, it will be recalled, chooses to die under the pseudonym of "Canterbury."

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Blake gift. Mrs. Edith Blake has presented the papers of her late husband, Henry Beetle Hough (B.Litt., 1918), publisher and editor of the *Vineyard Gazette*, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, from 1920 to 1965, and author of numerous books of essays about the Vineyard and the editing of a country newspaper, as well as of short stories and magazine articles. In addition to lengthy files of manuscripts and research materials, the more than twenty thousand items contain extensive correspondence relating to the editorial and financial matters of the *Gazette*, Hough family history, and the personal interests of both Henry Beetle Hough and his first wife, Elizabeth Bowie Hough (B.Litt., 1919), such as wildlife conservation, bird watching, and various civic interests. Among the correspondents are Calvin Coolidge, Max Eastman, Emily Post, Helen Keller, and John F. Kennedy. There is also a lengthy file of letters from James Reston, who purchased the *Gazette* from the Houghs in 1965. Accompanying the papers is a collection of 350 volumes from the library of Mr. Hough, including many of his own publications, books presented and inscribed to him by fellow residents on the Vineyard, and books that were owned by the Hough family.

Bulliet gift. Approximately 450 letters and manuscripts have been donated by Professor Richard W. Bulliet for addition to the papers of his grandfather, the drama critic Clarence Joseph Bulliet, including correspondence from Edward F. Albee, Edward Everett Horton, Robert B. Mantell, and Vera Zorina; numerous manuscripts of poems, short stories, and articles on the theatre; and photographs, primarily from the 1920s, of performers in the theatre, film, ballet, and fashion worlds. Also presented by Professor Bulliet are several hundred political pamphlets, press books,

and literary first editions, among which are works by Merle Armitage, John Dewey, J. B. Priestley, and Leon Trotsky, as well as a long series of books issued by the Trovillion Press.

Butcher gift. Professor Philip Butcher (Ph.D., 1956) has added to the collection of his papers approximately seventy-five manuscripts and letters and thirty-three volumes of literary works relating to his research on George W. Cable, William S. Braithwaite, and other black writers.

Caldiero estate gift. As a gift from the estate of Frank M. Caldiero we have received a collection of 1,741 volumes, primarily in the fields of American and English literature, murder trials, and juridical history. Volumes singled out for inclusion in the collection of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library include first editions of James M. Cain, T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner, William Hazlitt, Ezra Pound, and Virginia Woolf.

Clifford gift. The research papers relating to Professor James L. Clifford's biographies, *Young Samuel Johnson* (1955) and *Dictionary Johnson: Samuel Johnson's Middle Years* (1979), have been presented by Mrs. Virginia Clifford. Comprising approximately 8,500 letters, drafts and manuscripts, photographs, reviews, and printed materials, the papers include extensive subject and chronological files pertaining to all aspects of Johnson's life, his contemporaries, and events of the day.

Feinberg gift. The papers of the late Professor Miriam J. Benkovitz have been donated by her niece, Ms. Miriam Jo Feinberg. The more than nine thousand letters, manuscripts, notes, and printed materials relate to Professor Benkovitz's published biographies of Aubrey Beardsley, Ronald Firbank, and Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo, as well as to her bibliography of Firbank and the two volumes of Richard Aldington's correspondence which she edited.

Goodrich gift. Mrs. Anne Goodrich has donated, for addition to the papers of her husband, the late Professor L. Carrington Goodrich (A.M., 1927; Ph.D., 1934), more than five thousand pieces of correspondence, notes, and manuscripts dealing primarily with his research on Chinese history and early printing in China, his lectures and course materials, and various publications.



Henry Beetle Hough, publisher of the *Vineyard Gazette*,
photographed by his wife, Edith Blake, at the Intertype, 1972.
(Blake gift)

Hobson bequest. By bequest we have received the papers of Laura Z. Hobson, author of the acclaimed 1947 novel on anti-Semitism in America, *Gentleman's Agreement*. From the 1920s to the 1940s, Mrs. Hobson worked as an advertising copywriter, a reporter for *The New York Post*, and director of promotion at Time, Inc., as well as writing stories for *Colliers*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *McCall's*,

Hoover, Hubert H. Humphrey, Ernest Jones, John F. Kennedy, Henry and Clare Boothe Luce, Thomas Mann, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Dorothy Thompson.

Kruger gift. A collection of nearly 150 pieces of twentieth-century sheet music has been donated by Mrs. Linda Kruger (M.S., 1965; D.L.S., 1980) in memory of her father, Leon Markson. The American musical theatre is heavily represented in the gift by popular songs written by Irving Berlin, Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, and Jerome Kern, among numerous other composers.

Macmillan Publishing Company gift. The Macmillan Publishing Company, through the courtesy of Mr. Charles Scribner III, has presented the archival records of two landmark reference works which the firm has published, *International Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* (1968) and *Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (1967). The approximately 129,000 papers in the former, dated 1960–1967, comprise editorial, office, and production files, and includes correspondence with social scientists and historians throughout the world who contributed essays to the *Encyclopedia*, typescripts and galley proofs with holograph corrections, and minutes and memoranda of the Editorial Advisory Board; and the latter comprises approximately 31,500 papers of similar archival material documenting editing and production activities for the period, 1961–1966.

Nikirk gift. Mr. Robert Nikirk has donated three volumes pertaining to Victoria Sackville-West: a first edition of the poet's *Orchard and Vineyard*, published by John Lane in 1921; and two works containing introductions by Sackville-West, Su Hua's *Ancient Melodies*, Hogarth Press, 1953, and Edward Hyams's *The Grape Vine in England*, Bodley Head, 1949. In addition, Mr. Nikirk has donated a copy of the limited edition of *Letters from Rupert Brooke to his Publisher, 1911–1914*, published in New York by Octagon Books in 1975.

Random House gift. A major addition to the Random House Papers was recently received from the publisher; covering the period, 1958–1984, the gift comprises extensive editorial files numbering more than 125,000 letters and publishing records, including papers of Donald Klopfer and editors Jason Epstein, Toni Morrison, James Silverman, and C. A. Wimpfheimer. Noted Random House authors are also represented in the gift by files of letters from Woody Allen, W. H. Auden, John Barth, Truman Capote, Robert Graves, John Knowles, Norman Mailer, V. S. Pritchett, Muriel Rukeyser, Carl Sagan, Stephen Spender, Alvin Toffler, Honor Tracy, Gore Vidal, Eudora Welty, and Colin Wilson.

Rapoport gift. Twelve rare literary editions and illustrated books, ranging in date from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries, have been presented by Dr. Kenneth D. Rapoport (A.B., 1958). Among the early books are fine copies of John Suckling's *Aglaura*, London, 1648; George Wither's *An Improvement of Imprisonment, Disgrace, Poverty, into Real Freedom; Honest Reputation; Perdurable Riches; Evidenced in a few Crums & Scraps lately Found in a Prisoners-Basket at Newgate*, London, 1661; and the Jacob Tonson edition of Julius Caesar's *Works*, London, 1712. In addition to three Limited Editions Club books illustrated and signed by Arthur Szyk, the gift includes twentieth century editions with etchings and lithographs by Constantin Brancusi, Jean Charlot, André Lhote, and Maurice Utrillo; there is also an impressive work illustrated by Joan Miro, *Peintures Murales*, 1961, one of 150 copies signed by the artist.

Saffron gift. An important eighteenth-century manuscript relating to *The Grub-Street Journal* has been presented by Dr. Morris H. Saffron (A.B., 1925; A.M., 1949; Ph.D., 1968). Edited by Richard Russel and John Martyn, the *Journal*, a weekly paper issued from 1730 to 1737, satirized in its columns contemporary issues and such literary works as Richard Bentley's edition of *Paradise Lost*; some of the attacks on Bentley's edition, in the form of letters, are

signed "Zoilus," a pseudonym frequently used by Martyn. The eighty-two page manuscript presented by Dr. Saffron, most likely in the hand of Martyn himself, is a compendium of the texts of the "Zoilus" letters attacking Bentley's Milton, many of which were published in the *Journal* in 1731-1732.



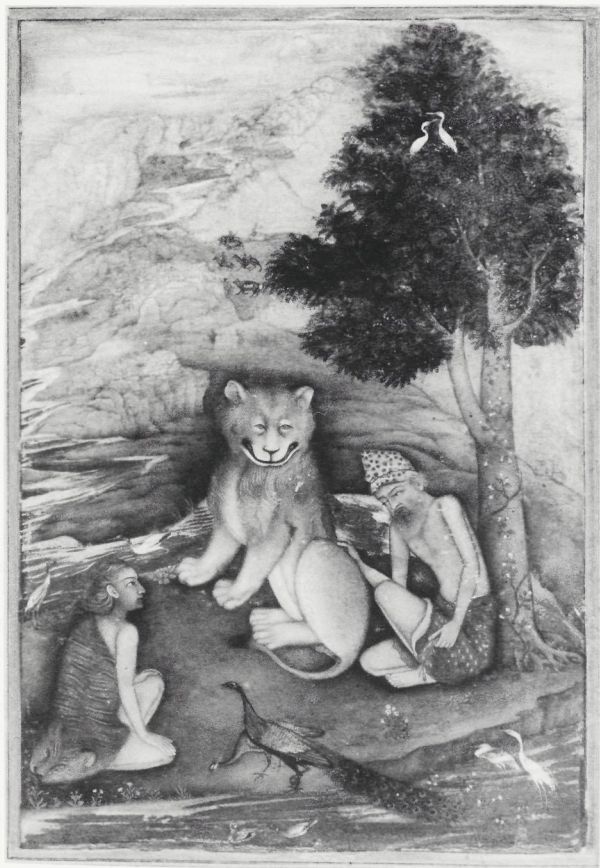
Miniature from the Papal Bull of Paul III depicting the burning of the books of the Jews and other non-Christians at the behest of the Dominican friars. (Schaefer gift)

Schaefer gift. Among the most impressive of the rarities presented recently by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Schaefer is the apparently only known complete copy of the Papal Bull of Pope Paul III, printed on vellum by Antonio Blado in Rome between 1540 and 1549.

Printed in Blado's magnificent italic type, the broadside, measuring approximately 29 by 24 inches, established the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament at the Dominican monastery at Fanjaux, France, and was specially illuminated for presentation to that institution with nine miniatures within a wide, hand painted floral border; the remarkable series of miniatures includes one that depicts the books of the Jews and other non-Christians being relegated to the fires at the behest of Dominican friars, as well as others depicting St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Francis, St. Thomas Aquinas, the Virgin and Child, St. Peter Martyr, and St. Matthew.

Also presented by Mr. and Mrs. Schaeffler are sixteen fourteenth-century documents pertaining to commercial transactions of the Jewish community at Apt in Provence, France; a group of eighteenth-century letters pertaining to New York; nine French documents relating to the American Revolution, including three letters written to James Madison; more than a hundred literary letters and manuscripts written by French, American, and English authors, including Anatole France, Victor Hugo, Harold Lasky, Edwin Markham, John Howard Payne, Romain Rolland, and Sir Walter Scott, among numerous others. Of special note among several printed items in the Schaefflers' gift is an 1841 Nathaniel Currier color lithograph, imprinted "In Memory," which is among the lithographer's early work.

Trilling gift. A group of fifty-four letters and papers have been presented by Mrs. Diana Trilling for addition to the papers of Professor Lionel Trilling. Dealing primarily with publishing matters, The Mid-Century Book Society, and activities of the English Department, the papers donated, dating from 1936 to 1975, also include two important literary letters: one written in 1949 by E. M. Forster, discussing his own libretto for Benjamin Britten's *Billy Budd* and Professor Trilling's book on Matthew Arnold, and the other by Stephen Spender in which he writes at length about Trilling's novel *The Middle of the Journey*.



Mogul painting of a Hindu sage, from the collection of Sivaji, the great Mahratta ruler, ca. 1660. (Woods bequest)

Winchell memorial gift. The friends and associates of the late Constance M. Winchell (M.S. in L.S., 1930) have contributed funds in her memory for the acquisition of a rare and elegantly printed first edition by Edna St. Vincent Millay: one of thirty-six copies on japan vellum, signed by the poet, of *Conversation at Midnight*, a long satirical poem, published by Harper & Brothers in 1937, in which a group, representing various shades of interest and opinion, discuss controversial social, political, and aesthetic issues of the time. The edition was printed by Arthur, Edna, and Elaine Rushmore at their Golden Hind Press in Madison, New Jersey, and the copy acquired has the added distinction of being the Press's own copy with the book label of Edna and Arthur Rushmore, the latter of whom was the designer of the Millay books published by Harper & Brothers. Miss Winchell, who died in 1983, served as Columbia's reference librarian from 1941 until her retirement in 1962 and was the compiler of several editions of *The Guide to Reference Books* and its supplements.

Woodring gift. A group of seven literary first editions and association volumes has been presented by Professor and Mrs. Carl Woodring, including works by Philip J. Bailey, S. T. Coleridge, Thomas Gurney, H. Cotton Minchin, Laurence Oliphant, Robert Southey, and D. G. Rossetti. Among the association books and limited editions, the following may be singled out for special mention: John Masfield's copy of Rossetti's *Poetical Works, Specimens of the Table Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1936, extra-illustrated with numerous engraved portraits; and Minchin's *The Legion Book*, privately printed in 1929 by The Curwen Press in a numbered signed edition, containing contributions by most of the major British writers and artists of the time.

Woods bequest. By bequest from Louise T. Woods we have added four art works to the George D. Woods Collection: an oil painting by Yves Brayer, "Village Espagnol," painted in the 1920s and

presented to Mr. Woods by his colleagues at the World Bank on the occasion of his retirement as President and Chairman on March 29, 1968; and three exceptionally fine seventeenth-century Mogul paintings, depicting Nawab Fakar Khan with a hawk perched on his right hand, a Hindu sage seated under a tree with a lion, and a group of Sadhus engaged in religious discourse. The last-named is signed by Mansur, a master of Mogul painting. Each of the paintings is mounted on an album leaf, and each has on its verso calligraphic verses or seals of former owners.

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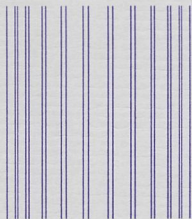
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GRETLE URBAN studied painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts School and worked with her father, Joseph Urban, designing costumes and sets for productions such as *Show Boat*, as well as many for the Metropolitan Opera House.

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Photography by Martin Messik

* * *

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Columbia Library Columns

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Joseph Urban and Thomas Lamb's perspective drawing of the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York, 1927, which was built on 54th Street and Sixth Avenue and has since been demolished; the theatre was noted for its auditorium covered in its entirety by a decorative mural painted at Urban's Yonkers studio.

My Father, Joseph Urban

GRETLE URBAN

My father, Joseph Urban (Buschi to me), was a very fortunate man: he lived and worked on two continents, during two eras, the likes of which we will not see again. He had a great talent, an unlimited supply of new ideas, an immense capacity for work, and the robust health this required. A warm-hearted and outgoing human being, he was debonair and quietly self-assured, with a joyous inner contentment that communicated itself to other people.

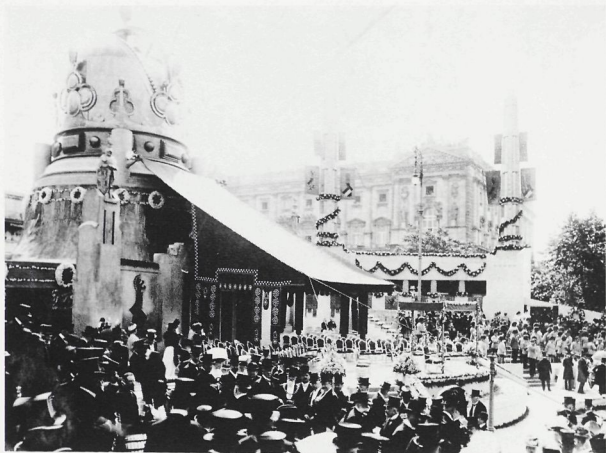
Vienna in his day was the *Kaiserstadt*, the glamorous gateway to the orient, intellectual center of Europe, and rich capital of the vast Austro-Hungarian Empire, which was ruled over by Emperor Franz Joseph I, scion of the ancient and fabulously wealthy House of Hapsburg.

My earliest recollections of Buschi are of him at work in front of a tall window in his bright, white *atelier*. He would be whistling beautifully, pretending he did not know I was there. Suddenly, he would turn around with a grin and blow some thrilling, perfectly round smoke rings for me, and I was happy. When I began to read, I delighted in his and Uncle Heinrich's lovely fairy tale illustrations, which also formed a frieze around the walls of our playroom and which have always been a part of my life.

At about this time, I decided that the jolly companion with whom my sister, Elly, and I had so much fun could not be called "papa"; it was all wrong, so I experimented to myself: Bubi (little boy), Buberl, Buscherl, and finally, Buschi. When I first called him that aloud, mamma was shocked, but papa was amused and pleased, so "Buschi" he became and that is what Elly and I always called him.

Christmas was Buschi's favorite holiday, and we always celebrated it, according to Viennese custom, on Christmas Eve. It was always a great festival, because Buschi made it so by being his happiest and most loving best, while enjoying the pleasure his lavish presents were

giving. I shall never forget the spine-tingling awe I felt when, as a small child, I came from the darkened dining room through the side swing doors into our gold and white “Salon” and stood before the huge Christmas tree, its many decorations gloriously shining in the light of many candles. When I was about seven, I got the Christmas



The Kaiserpavilion designed by Joseph Urban for the 1908 Festival Pageant in Vienna.

gift I wanted most: a box of watercolors and a sketchbook. Excited by the present, I threw my arms around him and told Buschi that when I grew up I wanted to be a great artist, just as he was; he thought that was a fine idea because that was what he also wanted; he gave me a hug and kiss, and I was very happy.

Of the June 1908 Festzug (Festival Pageant) day, which marked the turning point in Buschi's life, I clearly remember that Elly and I were up at dawn. We were full of excitement, because we knew that Buschi was its director and the architect who had designed the

Emperor's Pavilion and all the decorations. In my memory, the day itself is a kaleidoscope of flags, flowers, music, and applauding, cheering, laughing crowds; of many people marching and singing, while manipulating huge flags; and of lovely ladies in fairy tale coaches throwing kisses at the Emperor. I can still see him quite clearly: a be-whiskered, rather stern-faced old man, standing proudly erect at the very front of his Pavilion, just across the way from us.

It was a perfect summer day, and the sun brought out the glorious colors of the decorations. The beauty of the Pageant gave so much happiness that those who saw it treasured its memory always. From now on, the crowd agreed, Vienna must be called the Capital of Pageantry. The spectators were jubilant, grateful to the old Emperor for giving them sixty years of peace and, in their innocence, believing that it was theirs forever. Little did they know, on that rare day in June, that within a very few years their dream of peace would be forever shattered and their great Empire would crumble. Little did Buschi on his day of triumph know of its bitter aftermath, which eventually convinced him to leave the Vienna he loved for the Boston Opera Company and the New World.

In America, it did not take him long to discover that this vast and prosperous land was offering him the artistic opportunity of a lifetime. He took it eagerly and so became the first artist to bring modern European stagecraft to the United States. He became its banner bearer and protagonist, and was its recognized leader all his life.

Mother, Elly, and I joined him in the United States in 1912 and were immediately engulfed in the exciting life of Grand Opera. During rehearsals Buschi introduced Elly and me to all the great singers, and I remember how pleased I was when Caruso drew a clever caricature of Buschi for me on the back of a program. I was enraptured by the great operatic performances and by Buschi's beautiful settings. I tried to paint some of my favorite scenes from memory, and Buschi encouraged me in this; sometimes, with a few quick brush strokes, he even made some rather sorry-looking attempts look quite presentable. Conservative Boston responded with surprising

enthusiasm to Buschi's entirely new ideas in stage settings and *mise en scène*. Sometimes there was even applause when the curtains opened on a new scene.

As the opera season ended late in April, Buschi had ample time to take us for a visit to our family and friends in Vienna and from there on a leisurely trip to his favorite Italian art centers from Venice to Naples. Our last trip to Europe was in 1914. It was sad when the war forced the closing of the Boston Opera Company and the departure of so many friends to their homes in Europe and an uncertain future, while the four of us were spared the agony and deprivation of a country at war and the anguish of watching a great city die.

The summer of 1915, our first in the United States, we spent at a quiet summer place, not far from the Swampscott Studio, where Buschi's Viennese painters were at work. Buschi bought saddle horses for Elly and me, and a horse and buggy for mother and himself. Escorted by Buschi's faithful assistant, Benny Nielssen, we explored the surrounding countryside or went for a swim at his mother's cottage on the beach. Despite the sad news from Europe, this was a very happy summer for us, since Buschi had much more leisure time than usual. He spent most of it with Elly and me, and the three of us grew very close; this lovely bond held fast throughout our lives. During that summer, Buschi taught me perspective and the importance of the vanishing point; he also showed me how to make scenic sketches to scale. I told him I had decided to become an artist, and he enthusiastically accepted my decision and promptly enrolled me at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts School.

It was also in 1915 that he designed his first settings for the Ziegfeld Follies which were a sensational success and started Buschi's lifelong collaboration with Flo Ziegfeld for all his many productions, not just the Follies. The success was followed, in 1917, by his first settings for the old Met, on 38th Street and Broadway, which won him immediate and enthusiastic applause from critics and public alike and began his long and happy association with that distinguished opera company. He became the exclusive designer for

all new Met productions for as long as he lived and created for them some of his very finest and most outstanding settings. When he died in 1933, he had the impressive number of almost sixty new Met productions to his credit.



Joseph Urban with his family, Boston, 1912; his daughter Gretl is second from left between her parents, and her sister, Elly, is at the far right.

Soon after his association with the Met, I began doing costume designs for Buschi, even while I was still in art school. As soon as I graduated, he had me come to New York to work in the Yonkers Studio and do all his costume designs. To my joy, my father took me to some of the Met rehearsals, during which I watched with considerable awe as he manipulated colors and lights to achieve the magical effects he was famous for.

Buschi began his career in films when he became Art Director for Hearst's Cosmopolitan Studios in 1920 and made me his full-time assistant. Working for Buschi was always stimulating, often very demanding, sometimes truly inspiring, and sometimes just plain good fun. At Hearst's, by skillful manipulation of lights and architectural know-how, he created light effects in black-and-white settings of great beauty and diversity, which had never been seen on screen before.

When Buschi left Hearst's in 1924, he completed the circle and returned to his old love by opening an architectural office on New York's 57th Street. As he planned to spend most of his time there, he made his head painter, Karl Koeck, and me responsible for the Yonkers Studio; he also made me his assistant for all rehearsals and new productions. It did not take long before Buschi was almost as well known as an architect as he already was as a scenic designer and interior decorator; in fact he was so much in demand as the latter that, although the Studio did an enormous amount of overtime, he still had to turn down some requests. It almost seemed as if every producer wanted an Urban setting and every hotel and restaurant an Urban room. Even during the Great Depression, the Yonkers Studio was going full tilt, and Buschi always had plenty of work for his entire architectural staff; he was even able to help some of his architect friends less fortunate than he.

In the 1920s, Buschi was working harder than ever, happy to be an architect once again. In retrospect it is surprising that he was able to complete so many buildings in New York and Palm Beach before the traumatic stock market crash in 1929 stopped construction practically on the instant. They were all very different in style and purpose, but all very definitely by the same hand: from the spacious, airy grace and gaiety of The Bath and Tennis Club to the sumptuous luxury of Marjorie Post's regal mansion; from the sophisticated elegance of The Casino in the Park to that delightful little gem of a theatre I loved, The Ziegfeld, and finally, Buschi's own favorite, The New School for Social Research, with the simple linear nobility and strength of its facade, its functional yet colorful

interior, and its unique, multi-purpose auditorium. It was a building of the future, for the future.

My father loved his home, from the delphiniums in the back of his garden, where a ceramic nymph stood guard over a small fountain, to the View Room, with its spectacular view of the Hudson



Urban in his studio in Boston, 1912 or 1913.

River, the Palisades, and the George Washington Bridge. He had designed a perfect place for comfortable living and relaxation against a background of simple elegance, enriched by the brilliant colors of paintings by Klimt and Schiele, and the various objets d'art, fashioned in silver, copper, and ceramics by the master craftsmen of the Wiener Werkstaette (Viennese Workshop). Only in his study were any of Buschi's sketches visible, and most sparingly. All the rest, carefully labelled and framed, he filed in a special cabinet he had designed for them.

I never ceased to admire the beauty and clarity of his scenic sketches or the elegance and precision of his architectural designs without wondering at the speed and ease with which he made them. His answer was simple: he always knew exactly what he was going to do, long before he set brush to paper. As for the sketches



The auditorium of the New School for Social Research, Urban's favorite architectural design.

assigned to me, he always let me work out my own ideas; in fact, he was so keen to have me make good on my own that he never offered help, unless I asked for it. Then, with a few quick pencil lines he would give me two or three ideas to overcome an impasse. That was my Buschi, blessed with an unending flow of new ideas for himself, for me, and for anyone else who came along and needed one.

Of the many happy times I had with Buschi, the memory I treasure most is of the nights we worked alone together in the studio at his home. All would be quiet, except for the occasional distant sound of a siren from somewhere on the river below. We would sit at adjoining tables, facing each other, each at his own task. Every once in a while, I would stop to watch him, his face serene,

absorbed, the brush in his hand moving with swift assured strokes or with infinite care over some important small detail. He would feel my eyes, look up with a smile, and blow a smoke ring at me. To be both the daughter and the assistant of a popular and famous artist was exciting and rather heady stuff, but Buschi kept me in line



This watercolor and pencil design for the 1924 Metropolitan Opera production of *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, is brightened by orange and red curtains, a yellow arch, blue pillars, and a light green wash in the background giving the illusion of the open air.

with "Have a good time, Gretszy, but remember, our work must come first." He enjoyed the pleasures of life with enormous gusto, but he enjoyed his work more.

My father hoped to be remembered as an architect, but that was not to be. Had he lived longer, who knows? There is no question, however, that in his time he was the recognized master of modern stagecraft, not only because of his originality and the magic he created with color and light, but also because of the unique quality and authenticity of his architectural settings. Although I have seen through the years many splendid new productions here and abroad,

I still remain convinced that some of Buschi's settings, particularly those he designed for the Met—*Così fan tutte*, *Don Giovanni*, *Don Carlos*, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, *Turandot*, *Meistersinger*, *Pelléas*, *Tristan*, *Parsifal*, and his very last, *Elektra*—never have been, and never will be, equalled again. Perhaps it is because he knew and loved the music so well. Without a doubt, his art was the only real love of his life; he aimed for perfection while maintaining absolute artistic integrity. His ultimate goal was to give joy through beauty, and he gave that, and in abundance. Because of this he had great fame and success for as long as he lived. Yes, my father was a very fortunate man. I loved him very much.

Vachel Lindsay's American Dream

STANLEY WERTHEIM

When Vachel Lindsay ended his life by drinking a bottle of Lysol on the evening of December 4, 1931, in the same house in which he had been born, he was bankrupt, depressed, and ill. His literary reputation had entered an eclipse from which it would never fully emerge, and the lifelong vision of seeing his native city of Springfield, Illinois transformed into an American utopia was no nearer to realization than when he first began to preach the "Gospel of Beauty." Even at the height of his transitory fame, only a handful of poems—those set pieces which still survive in anthologies: "The Eagle That Is Forgotten," "General William Booth Enters into Heaven," "The Congo," "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan," and "The Santa-Fé Trail"—were regularly read or recited. The rest of his diverse literary output, including nine books of poetry (and an incomplete *Collected Poems* in 1923), five prose works, numerous articles and short stories, and much privately-published ephemera, fell stillborn from the press, or more properly, since Lindsay was an avid and flamboyant reciter of his writings, fell upon deaf ears.

Lindsay's democratic, expansive, and overtly moralistic poetry stands midway in an American bardic tradition which reaches backward to Emerson and Whitman and had an evanescent revival in the 1950s with Charles Olson and Allen Ginsberg. In this poetic mode, assertion takes precedence over suggestion and nuance, and the understatement and irony inherent in the best modern poetry are almost entirely absent. Form is subordinated to social utility, and mass appeal is more important than aesthetics. Lindsay had an idiosyncratic concern with style, but he believed that the poet's first duty was to his readers or his audience, which should be nationwide and comprise all classes. His perspective was instrumentalist and

didactic, and his primary goal was not artistic achievement but social amelioration. In an era of introspective poets such as T.S. Eliot and Wallace Stevens, centered upon intellectual values, personal identity, and survival, Lindsay strove to create a public poetry,



Vachel Lindsay, 1913.

popular not in the debased connotation of that term but in the sense of a mass culture of high quality which would be available to everyone. Like Hart Crane and William Carlos Williams, Lindsay deplored the deracination of his literary contemporaries and advocated concentration upon the American scene and the American heritage. While he believed that Whitman's involuted style could

only appeal to the sophisticated, he empathized with Whitman's celebration of American historical events, places, occupations, and people. "The New Localism," as expressed in Lindsay's *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (1914), an account of his walking tour into the West in 1912, stresses that:

The things most worth while are one's own hearth and neighborhood. We should make our own home and neighborhood the most democratic, the most beautiful and the holiest in the world. The children now growing up . . . should find their talent and nurse it industriously. They should believe in every possible application of art-theory to the thoughts of the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. They should, if led by the spirit, wander over the whole nation in search of the secret of democratic beauty with their hearts at the same time filled to overflowing with the righteousness of God. Then they should come back to their own hearth and neighborhood and gather a little circle of their own sort of workers about them and strive to make the neighborhood and home more beautiful and democratic and holy with their special art.

Intrinsic to ethnocentric poetry is the eulogizing of national heroes. An indiscriminating patriotism caused Lindsay in his "Litany of the Heroes" to equate Emerson, Lincoln, Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt with such figures as Moses, Confucius, Saint Paul, Dante, and Shakespeare as avatars of the spirit which defies mutability. Another mythical idealization, and the subject of eight of Lindsay's poems, was Johnny Appleseed, the nickname of John Chapman (1774–1847), a nomadic Swedenborgian horticulturist who came down the Ohio River with a cargo of tracts and apple seeds which he distributed along the frontier. For Lindsay, Johnny Appleseed embodied the highest aspirations of Manifest Destiny; he was a gentle, almost saintly figure, "the nearest to Buddha and St. Francis and Tolstoy of all West-going pioneers," Lindsay wrote in his diary. "He is the West-going heart, never returning, yet with civilization always near enough to keep his heart tender for mankind. My God is the God of Johnny Appleseed, and some day I shall find Him."

Like Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg, who also grew up in west-central Illinois in the twilight of the pioneer era, Lindsay was

haunted by the brooding presence of Abraham Lincoln, who practiced law in Springfield from 1836 to 1860 and is buried there. Lincoln had often visited the house in which Lindsay lived, and as a child Lindsay played in the Lincoln home. Lindsay's Lincoln is more a legendary neighbor representing the highest development of the common man than an historical person. Of all Lindsay's writings on Lincoln, the most compelling is "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," which first appeared in *The Congo and Other Poems* (1914) shortly after the outbreak of war in Europe. Lindsay imagines Lincoln returned to life, walking the streets of Springfield unable to sleep because of the war, reminiscent for him of the great internecine slaughter over which he unwillingly presided, and fearful that another disaster is about to be visited upon the hapless common man: "Too many peasants fight, they know not why,/ Too many homesteads in black terror weep." Lincoln the idealist waits for "a spirit dawn" that will bring "long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea."

Another "Lincoln-hearted man" admired by Masters and Sandburg as well as Lindsay was William Jennings Bryan. In his poem with the quadruplicate title, "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan," Lindsay describes Bryan's visit to Springfield during the Presidential campaign of 1896 in which the agrarian states west of the Mississippi, generally aligned with the Democrats, supported inflation based upon the unlimited coinage of silver, while the East under the Republican banner was committed to a policy based upon the gold standard. Lindsay conceived of the issues in simple oppositional terms—East versus West, gold versus silver, the plutocrat versus the common man. When Bryan came to Springfield, almost all the residents of the town and the neighboring farm hamlets turned out to see and hear him:

And the town was all one spreading wing of bunting,
plumes, and sunshine,
Every rag and flag, and Bryan picture sold,
When the rigs in many a dust line
Jammed our streets at noon,
And joined the wild parade against the power of gold.

The enthusiasm aroused by Bryan's simplistic economic theories and the power of his oratory was dispelled by the election victory of William McKinley, whose campaign had been adroitly managed by the Cleveland capitalist Mark Hanna. Lindsay's disillusionment was not ultimate since his aspirations were not narrowly political. His great Americans, Lincoln, Bryan, and John Peter Altgeld, personified hopes and dreams. Their idealism gave promise of a grander if more vague ultimate reality than would have been realized by the triumph of their mundane national goals. Bryan's mythical dimensions transcended defeat. He remained

The one American Poet who could sing outdoors,
He brought in tides of wonder, of unprecedented splendor,
Wild roses from the plains, that made hearts tender,
All the funny circus silks
Of politics unfurled,
Bartlett pears of romance that were honey at the cores,
And torchlights down the street, to the end of the world.

Altgeld, Governor of Illinois from 1892 through 1896, had been Lindsay's next-door neighbor. Lindsay's house overlooked the Governor's mansion, and he often saw Altgeld, whom he identified with Lincoln and Bryan as a simple and compassionate man who suffered greatly for his defense of the underdog. In 1893 Altgeld pardoned the foreign-born "anarchists" who had been convicted of causing disruptions which resulted in the death of policemen during the Chicago Haymarket Riot of 1886. The next year he publicly condemned Grover Cleveland's dispatch of Federal troops to Chicago to crush the Pullman strike. For these acts and for his lifelong advocacy of humanitarian causes, Altgeld was vilified as a radical and a subversive alien (he was born in Germany). After his death in 1902 he was praised perfunctorily by those in high places but quickly forgotten. Altgeld's career was both inspirational and disillusioning for Lindsay. "He was my last idol," Lindsay, in a letter now in the Allan Nevins Papers, wrote to Brand Whitlock who had been Altgeld's secretary, "After that I grew up." Lindsay's tribute to Altgeld, "The Eagle That Is Forgotten," with its reflective and somber refrains, remains one of the finest American elegies:

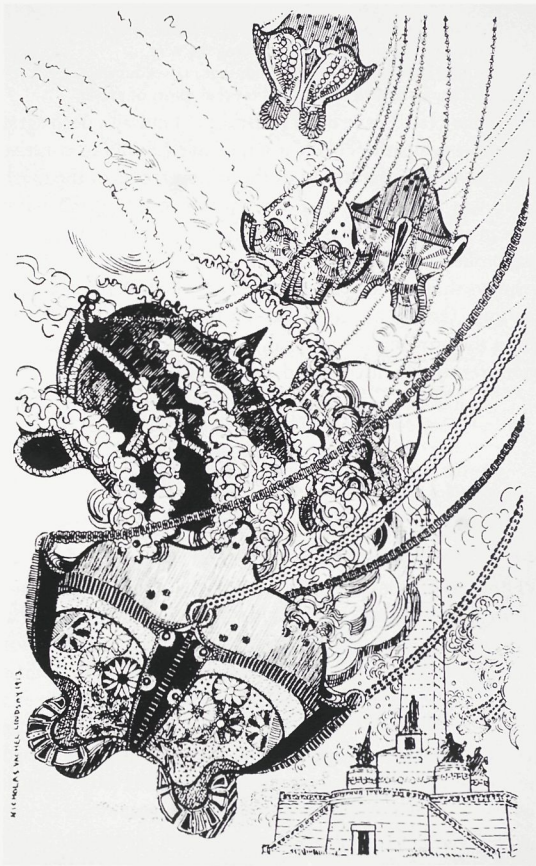
Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone,
 Time has its way with you there and the clay has its own.
 Sleep on, O brave-hearted, O wise man, that kindled
 the flame—
 To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name,
 To live in mankind, far, far more . . . than to live in
 a name.

The qualities Lindsay extolled in his American heroes, personal charisma tempered by humanitarianism and a passion for justice, reveal the essentially limited and anachronistic nature of his vision. These are the virtues of prairie lawyers who represent a Jeffersonian ideal, the development of an agrarian civilization. Lindsay's conception of progress centered upon the apotheosis of the Illinois village. "On the Building of Springfield," the third of three poems grouped under the title of "The Gospel of Beauty," stresses that small towns might become the nuclei of a burgeoning American culture, "remembering/ that little Athens was the Muses' home,/ That Oxford rules the heart of London still,/ That Florence gave the Renaissance to Rome." In some of the most dramatic of the illustrations which Lindsay drew to accompany his poems, huge censers swung by invisible angels waft perfume over the roofs of Springfield, Lincoln's tomb, and the Illinois State Capitol. Springfield is accorded the potential of a Bethlehem:

Some city on the breast of Illinois
 No wiser and no better at the start
 By faith shall rise redeemed, by faith shall rise
 Bearing the western glory in her heart.

The genius of the Maple, Elm and Oak,
 The secret hidden in each grain of corn,
 The glory that the prairie angels sing
 At night when sons of Life and Love are born . . .

Lindsay was not averse to celebrating the artifacts of industrialization. In "The Kallyope Yell" he bathetically exhorted readers to "Hail, all hail the popcorn stand," and he composed "A Rhyme about an Electrical Advertising Sign" which depicted America's most garish urban environment in terms of beauty and promise:



Lindsay's drawing of the censers of the angels swinging over the Lincoln Monument, Springfield, Illinois, as printed in the 1920 edition of *The Village Magazine*.

The signs in the street and the signs in the skies
Shall make a new Zodiac, guiding the wise,
And Broadway make one with that marvellous stair
That is climbed by the rainbow-clad spirits of prayer.

Yet, unlike Hart Crane in "The Bridge," Lindsay's deep agrarian and populist sympathies made it impossible for him to contrive an untragic myth of progress out of the achievements of the machine age. He was appalled by the development of industrial slums in American cities and a debased working class. "Factory windows are always broken," he noted sadly. "Other windows are let alone./ No one throws through the chapel-window/ The bitter, snarling, derisive stone." One of his most Blakean lyrics, "The Leaden-Eyed," deplores the growing use of child labor in factories and sounds an uncharacteristically discouraged and monitory note:

Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,
Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed.
Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly,
Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap,
Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve,
Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

While adverse valuations of America's material progress are not uncommon in Lindsay's poetry, ultimately the bardic voice of affirmation prevails. Despite his fears of an unintelligent submission to mechanization and its consequences for the ideal of an egalitarian society, Lindsay did not reject industrialization entirely but sought to sanctify it through a vague conception of social evolution in which the secular and materialistic Midwestern cities would in some indefinite manner transform themselves into spiritually enlightened and democratic communities. He was averse to ideologies and uncommitted to any specific program of social reform, and he made no sustained effort to provide a political context for his deep-rooted egalitarianism. Nominally, he identified as a socialist and in 1908 voted for Eugene Debs, against, as he acknowledged in "Why I Voted the Socialist Ticket," his natural inclinations:

Springfield Ill.

April 11, 1911.

My dear Mrs. Whitlock:

Last night

you were the subject of this evening at
The Authors Club, Savilla Heinreichsen, sister
of Altgeld's Secretary of State had you in hand.
One statement set me thinking. Savilla
claims that your ideas on Penal Institutions
and some of your general philosophy were
formed by John P. Altgeld while you were
here in the State House.

So that set me thinking today, and
I was able in a fashion to write a
verse about Altgeld that I have been
a long time trying to get out of my system. He
was my last idol. After that I
grew up. Whether he was your idol
or not - I take it you will be interested
in the rhyme. Note also enclosed verses on
Dorimer.

I am glad of an excuse to inform
you I am alive, anyway.

Very sincerely

Nicholas Mitchell Lindsay
603 South 5th Springfield Illinois.

Letter to Brand Whitlock from Lindsay concerning one of the poet's
idols, Governor John P. Altgeld of Illinois. (Allan Nevins Papers)

I am unjust, but I can strive for justice.
My life's unkind, but I can vote for kindness.
I, the unloving, say life should be lovely.
I, that am blind, cry out against my blindness.

Lindsay's confidence in the progress-affirming myth of American materialism and the evolution of a democratic society gradually gave way to despair with the onset of the Depression, and this to some extent was responsible for his suicide in 1931 as well as that of Hart Crane in 1932. But for Lindsay as for Crane, personal disillusionment was more destructive than the common tragedy. For the vast, mundane public whose adulation he craved, Lindsay had become a very visible poet. He was more seen than read, and between 1913 and 1930 become a one-man vaudeville show which played to audiences that totalled well over a million people. For them he built up a recitation ritual which mixed the histrionic and the exquisite, the humorous and the sentimental. To emphasize that his visionary chant poetry was more serious than vaudeville and to counteract its slapstick and revue connotations, Lindsay coined the term "The Higher Vaudeville" to describe both the poems he wrote in a ragtime manner and his technique of delivering them. At Lindsay's performances the audience clamored for readings of "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" and "The Congo" until he grew weary of them, and gradually he came to feel that the quiet poetry which embodied his deeply felt social and religious themes was despised and neglected.

"General William Booth Enters into Heaven," when first published in Harriet Monroe's *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* in January, 1913, helped to establish the reputation of both its author and the magazine. Lindsay in his walking tours across America had at times slept in Salvation Army shelters, and he identified with the outcast and submerged population that Booth was committed to saving physically and morally. The poem, with its cinematic effects, jazz rhythms, and electric sense of urgency, conveys Lindsay's evangelical purposes with the background evocation of Salvation Army bass drums, banjos, and tambourines:

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
 The Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
 Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
 Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
 Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—
 Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail:—
 Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,
 Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

More than "General William Booth," Lindsay's recitations of "The Congo" especially captivated his audiences as he rocked on the balls of his feet, his voice strident, alternately shouting and whispering, "With a boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM./ THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,/ CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN TRACK." The source of the image was a passage from Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* describing Marlow's fascination with a river on the map of Africa, "a mighty big river . . . resembling an immense snake uncoiled," but Lindsay's immediate inspiration was the Black American subculture. His intent was to portray a primitive people encumbered by the sinister superstitions of their African background but endowed with the capacity for joy and a gift for expressing it and ultimately redeemed through religious faith. The poem, with its references to "Fat black bucks" and "Wild crap shooters," was easily misunderstood. Some considered it deprecatory, and Lindsay, who often expressed his belief in racial equality, found himself in the anomalous position of clashing with W. E. B. Dubois. Nevertheless, listeners continued to be transported by the swaying rhythms of "The Congo," and William Butler Yeats, before whom Lindsay declaimed the poem at a banquet in Chicago on March 1, 1914, praised its strange beauty.

Despite their originality and power, set pieces with signature lines such as "General William Booth" and "The Congo" depended for their success upon Lindsay's transient ability to declaim them on the lecture platform. As the 1920s faded into the Depression, Lind-

say's ebullience and optimism seemed increasingly jejune and his patriotism provincial. His Jeffersonian model for American society became more the America of the past than the country in which he lived. Lindsay felt increasingly rejected, and his creative ability declined. In the half century since his death, he has been given only perfunctory attention by the critical establishment. Today, the scratchy recordings of his recitals seem merely quaint, and we must read him with a certain effort of the historical imagination. What endures is a number of fine lyrics, an original and inimitable use of the vernacular in poetry, a gallery of larger-than-life American heroes, and an Edenic view of America itself, which, while antipodal to our conflict-ridden reality, serves to remind us of the enduring quality of the American dream.

Ricketts and *Saint Joan*

CARL WOODRING

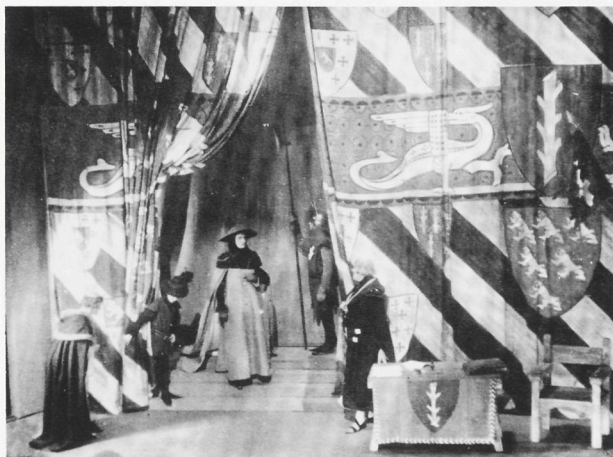
The English artist Charles Ricketts designed works for three of the leading Irish writers of his time. With his coworker and companion Charles Shannon he designed or illustrated (or both) almost all the books by Oscar Wilde. He designed sets and costumes for two productions of Wilde's *Salome*. An elaborate geometrical design by Ricketts became the standard cover for the collected poems, the autobiography, and other works by William Butler Yeats, who, as a manager of the Abbey Theatre, eagerly and repeatedly involved Ricketts in costumes and decor. Yeats's daughter has retained costume designs by Ricketts for Yeats's plays, but scholars have pursued unsuccessfully a costume Ricketts designed for solo performances by Yeats, referred to in their correspondence as "The Jester."

Yeats was often one of those who gathered at Ricketts and Shannon's in London on Friday evenings, and Ricketts's journal has frequent entries such as "Yeats and Rothenstein to grub." His friendship with Bernard Shaw was less close, but he designed costumes for Shaw's plays over a period of twenty years. The title pages of Shaw's individually printed plays, with title, author, and imprint flush left, were imitated by Shaw himself from title pages designed by Ricketts, much as Ricketts borrowed from Whistler's asymmetrical typography in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* (1890) for the first edition of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891)—so pleasing to Thomas Hardy that he asked Osgood, McIlvaine (owned by Harpers) to have Ricketts redesign all his novels in the same manner.

When Ricketts, Laurence Binyon, and Sturge Moore formed the Literary Theatre Society in 1905 and Florence Farr proposed to Shaw that they put on Act III, Scene 2 of *Man and Superman*, "Don Juan in Hell," Shaw asked, "Is Ricketts taken with it?" for he was reluctant to have it done without "a really artistic fantastic picture." When Granville-Barker and Vedrenne produced it triumphantly in 1907, with costumes and black drapes by Ricketts, Shaw

was able to invite friends "to the Court Theatre on Friday afternoon to see the very wonderful way in which Ricketts has produced the scene." Five years later the dramatist reminded the actor Robert Loraine, disgruntled at being overdressed as Don Juan, how the "magical production" that had made Loraine wretched in his "exquisite silver dress" had also made him immortal. Shaw and Lillah McCarthy agreed that she had been so exquisitely dressed as Doña Anna that her contracts thereafter should name Ricketts as designer of her costumes, whoever did the rest. Immediately, with Shaw guaranteeing the cost and thinking it a bargain, Ricketts dressed her as Raina in a revival of *Arms and the Man* and did work on a production, also in 1907, of *The Man of Destiny*. Apparently nothing came of a plan by Shaw and Ricketts to do in that year at the Savoy an "old Italian comedy of arts, with Watteau harlequinade." The next year, with *Getting Married*, Shaw promised to irritate the press by having all discussion without action and "no costumes by Mr. Ricketts." But their close professional relationship was well begun.

Ricketts designed *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* for charity matinees at the Haymarket in 1910. The following April Shaw learned with excitement of Ricketts's return from Greece in time to be coaxed into rushing designs for *Fanny's First Play*, which opened ten days later at the Little Theatre, with Lillah McCarthy, Harcourt Williams, and Nigel Playfair. Transferred to the Kingsway, it ran for 622 performances, the longest run of any original production by Shaw. When the full *Man and Superman* was produced in Edinburgh in 1915, Shaw asked that Ricketts's costumes be hunted down, because "nothing like the Court production has ever been seen before or since." In 1918 Ricketts designed a much-praised costume for Lillah in Shaw's *Annajanska, the Wild Grand Duchess*. Maurice Colbourne, in *The Real Bernard Shaw* (1949) called the playlet "notable chiefly for enabling an actress of great presence and good looks to appear in a wonderful costume designed by Charles Ricketts, R.A." Lillah herself described it as "a gorgeous white uniform half covered by an enormous green overcoat trimmed with black fur."



Scenes from the London, 1924, New Theatre production of *St. Joan*, designed by Charles Ricketts. *Top*: Scene 3, on the banks of the Loire; shown are Sybil Thorndike as St. Joan, Jack Hawkins as the page, and Robert Horton as Dunois. *Bottom*: Scene 4, in the camp of the Earl of Warwick.

The most elaborate and artistically most successful collaboration of Ricketts and Shaw—the London production of *Saint Joan*—was also their last. Ricketts did not design the first production of the play, presented at the Garrick in New York by the Theatre Guild at the end of 1923; but in London he was quickly at work designing rich sets and costumes on a grand scale for that city's production. In the following years he created similarly lavish designs for the Thorndike-Casson company's *Henry VIII* and *Macbeth*, and D'Oyly Carte's *Mikado* and *Gondoliers*. Sydney Cockerell, then Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum and a close friend of both Shaw and Ricketts, provided as one model for the *Saint Joan* costumes a reproduction of the Chantilly Book of Hours done for the Duke of Berry by Pol de Limburg and others. In *Myself and My Friends* Lillah McCarthy pointed out that Ricketts had based the set for the opening scene on the kitchen of Chilham Castle in Kent, where Sir Edmund Davis had made the keep available for summer residence by Ricketts and Shannon. Legend has it that Davis bought the castle with the profit from a marble bust identified by Ricketts in a junk shop as by Houdon. (Ricketts was a connoisseur, lavish patron of the Fitzwilliam, and art adviser to Canada, a man who rivaled Berenson in all but Berensons's luxurious style of life.)

Ricketts's sets, backdrop, and scenic tapestry for *Saint Joan* were as spectacular as his costumes. On February 27th, 1924, Shaw wrote to Cockerell that Ricketts "has flung himself into the job so energetically that the dresses are already being fitted on. . . . His designs are first rate." Five firms and four other executants were needed to produce the scenery, armor, wigs, footwear, and other properties. The London production opened on March 26th; photographs in newspapers and magazines quickly made the production visually familiar. James Agate summarized: "The production was beyond any praise of mine. The scenery, designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts, was neither frankly representational nor uncompromisingly expressionistic, but a happy blend of the two. The dresses made a kind of music in the air, and at the end Joan was allowed to stand for a moment in all that ecstasy of tinsel and blue in which French image-makers enshrine her memory." A limited folio edi-

tion of *Saint Joan* published by Constable later in 1924 included mounted illustrations in color of fifteen costumes, the tapestry curtain to Scene 2, the act drop, "Joan of Arc and Her Voices," and five scenes in sepia.



Ricketts's costume designs for Gilles de Rais, incorrectly captioned.

The costumes were executed by Bruce Winston, who also played the role of the Constable of France. Winston had acted, designed, and coproduced with Lewis Casson since 1918, and was to work closely with Ricketts on later Thorndike-Casson projects. The actor Jack Hawkins, in *Anything for a Quiet Life* (1973), illustrates Winston's generosity of spirit in telling how, when Hawkins as a novice in the company had accidentally ripped the act-drop with a lance, Winston answered that they should have had sufficient forethought

to prevent such damage, which he set about cheerfully to repair. More severe damage during storage between the initial production and revivals in 1925 and 1926 were to require repair and repainting by Ricketts himself.

The Rare Book and Manuscript Library holds three letters from Ricketts to Winston (four leaves), with illustrated instructions for modifying the costumes as then carried out. One leaf contains two drawings, brightly colored, for Gilles de Rais, from headdress to collar, with a further sketch on the verso of the feathered plume. Gilles, in a green robe trimmed with dark fur, appears in the illustration "Two Courtiers" on page 51 of the Constable folio edition. A neat hand has printed in pencil at the bottom of the Gilles at Columbia, in error, "GILES de RETZ—SCARLET VELVET HEAD-DRESS WITH DELICATE JEWELS—BIRTH OF CHRIST—MASEFIELD CANTERBURY 1928."

One of the letters is concerned mainly with the dress of the Duchesse de la Trémouille:

My dear Winston

On my sober return home it has struck me that the train of the nice boy I saw dressed, is, perhaps on the long side (think this over). I am also a little alarmed about the size & number of the bells on the Duchesse's dress, I think about six of these on each sleeve would be enough; we could use the others on the other ladies, on sleeves or on the end of veils etc. The buttons & bells should be on the outside of the arm—ascibe it to senile decay if I advised the inside.—Please believe how delighted I am with the rich sober tone of the colours which all have *quality*, & how I look forward to the dresses which are progressing splendidly under your care, enthusiasm & taste. If you have time, do come to tea on Friday. Shannon would so like to meet You.

Yours Ever

CR

PS

Would you ask dear Warner to tell his property man to let me have my panels as soon as possible to paint.

His adjacent drawing of the sleeve, illustrating also his instruction "fingers should show," has six buttons; his design in the folio reveals only five.

Another of the letters from Ricketts to Winston expresses doubts about the use of stencils for the fleurs-de-lys on the coat of Dunois. His illustration also corrects the direction of the diagonal bar from his original design for the coat; "there is a chance of the bar being red, but I think not." Two afterthoughts at the end of the letter have more bite:

Wont have the rings at any cost
They are pure pantomime, silvered washing cloth
would be better or armour.
line black dandy with pink, dirty white
does not show on the stage.

We give here only the main body of the third letter, which begins with four words, "Thousand thanks for Buckram"—suggesting that Ricketts carried out some of the work on costumes himself—and includes a postscript and water-colored illustration concerned with jewelry:

My dear Winston

I have asked the impossible over the capes worn by the fops and dandies of the court scene ie that they should be full & shapely. I fancy this might be obtained by making the hood very light at the neck & shoulders becoming full only quite low down like the sketch thus; on the whole, over sleekness would be better than a rough Robin hood effect

Ever Pompously Yours

CR

He first wrote "the enclosed sketch," but drew a line through "enclosed" because he drew the sketch of a dandy in the wide left margin of the letter. This letter, like the drawing of Gilles, bears an erroneous description, " 'BIRTH OF CHRIST' (1928) by MASEFIELD."

Sybil Thorndike reminisced for Elizabeth Sprigge:

Charles Ricketts' scenery and costumes were fantastic and wonderful, and John Foulds had written the most lovely music . . . We all thought the dress rehearsal was pretty exciting, but Shaw was horrified. "You've spoilt my play," he said, "dressing yourselves all up like

this. Why don't we do it just as it was in rehearsal? Sybil in her old jersey and the rest of you just as you were. You looked much better than all dressed up with that stuff on your faces."

Ricketts was never one to hide his own light, and he had for years exchanged acidic pleasantries with Shaw. Thorndike remembered:



Sybil Thorndike as St. Joan in the London, 1924, production.

"Ricketts was awfully funny with Shaw. He had a tiny little voice, and it got tinier and higher as he talked. 'You're so ignorant, Shaw,' he would say as we were all discussing the staging of *Saint Joan*. 'Your wife knows much more than you do.' " But Shaw's irritation at the competition from Ricketts's costumes and decor and from

Ricketts's advice to the actors for achieving visual effects may have had an ultimately strong effect on Thorndike. She told Sprigge that after the *Joan* and the *Henry VIII*, Ricketts's lavish sets and costumes for *Macbeth* in 1926 irked her: "I was trammelled by all the scenery and my dresses—even more gorgeous than Ellen Terry's. I had a dress like a wasp and a huge cloak."

For Ricketts, work with Shaw and with Thorndike-Casson was at an end. Before his death in 1931, he was to design the two Gilbert and Sullivan operas for D'Oyly Carte, *The Coming of Christ* by Masefield at Canterbury Cathedral, Ferdinand Bruckner's *Elizabeth of England* in London, and several magnificent books.

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Dannay gift. Messrs. Richard and Douglas Dannay have established a collection of papers of their father, Frederic Dannay, the noted mystery writer, editor, critic of crime fiction, and coauthor with Manfred B. Lee of the well-known series of mystery novels and stories featuring the detective, Ellery Queen. Among the more than twenty-five thousand items, spanning the period from the late 1920s to the early 1980s, are extensive files of Frederic Dannay's correspondence, outlines and drafts, autograph and typewritten manuscripts, and letters of agreement and contracts, which trace a remarkable writing and editing career that was largely responsible for giving the detective story a respectable place in serious writing. A number of manuscripts, most of which are heavily corrected by the coauthors, are present in the gift, including that of *The Roman Hat Mystery*, the only surviving manuscript of the first Ellery Queen novel; and the notes, outlines, and corrected holograph and typewritten manuscripts of *The Origin of Evil*, *The King is Dead*, *The Scarlet Letters*, *Inspector Queen's Own Case*, and *A Fine and Private Place*, the last of the Queen novels, among numerous other fiction and nonfiction works. Especially significant in the Dannays' gift are the extensive files documenting the editing and publication of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* from its first appearance in the fall of 1941 to the early 1980s. The Dannay papers also include manuscripts sent to Dannay by numerous notable novelists and mystery writers, such as Agatha Christie, William Faulkner, Dashiell Hammett, Ross MacDonald, and Cornell Woolrich.

Dzierbicki gift. Mr. Ronald L. Dzierbicki has presented a further group of first editions and association books in memory of Marguerite A. Cohn, among which the following may be singled out for special mention: Benjamin Disraeli, *Endymion*, London, 1880,

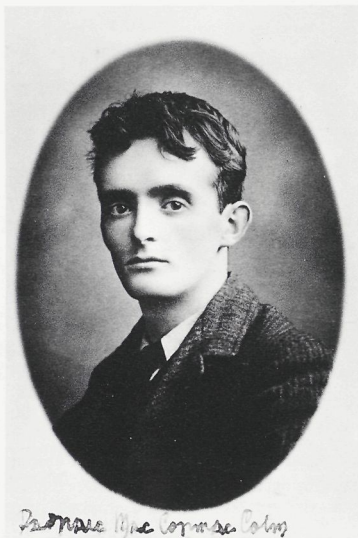
three volumes, from the library of the Rt. Hon. H. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper with their Rex Whistler bookplate, as well as with the bookplate and presentation inscription of Maurice Baring; Eric Gill, *Twenty-five Nudes*, London, 1938; Kenneth A. Lindley, *A Sequence of Downs*, Swindon, 1962, one of twenty-four



One of four original lithographs by Pablo Picasso executed especially for Jaime Sabartes's *Toreros*, 1961. (Dzierbicki gift)

signed copies with eight engravings by the author, and laid in are the dust wrapper design and two additional drawings for John Baker's *Cottage by the Springs*; Kenneth Patchen, *Red Wine & Yellow Hair*, New York, 1949, one of 108 numbered and signed copies with original decorations by the author on the front cover; and Jaime Sabartes, *Toreros*, London, 1961, with four original lithographs by Pablo Picasso executed especially for this book. In addition, Mr. Dzierbicki's gift includes first editions by Joyce Carol Oates, Sacheverell Sitwell, and Edmund Wilson.

Gotham Book Mart gift. In honor of the one hundredth birthday of Frances Steloff, the Gotham Book Mart has presented a portrait photograph of Padraic Colum, the noted Irish poet and dramatist who with his wife, Mary, lectured in the Department of English in the 1940s and 1950s. The studio portrait, by Lafayette of Dublin,



Padraic Colum, 1898. (Gotham Book Mart gift)

was taken in 1898 when the poet was seventeen years old; it was inscribed by him at a later date, probably in the 1960s.

Grand Street Publications gift. Grand Street Publications, Inc., through its publishers, Mr. Ben Sonnenberg and Ms. Deborah Thomas, has added to the papers of the literary magazine *Grand Street* approximately two thousand letters, manuscripts, and proofs pertaining to volumes five and six, published from 1985 to 1987.

Included are correspondence, typewritten manuscripts, and corrected proofs of such poets and short story writers as Amy Clappitt, Gavin Ewart, John Hersey, Ted Hughes, Kenneth Koch, James Merrill, W. S. Merwin, Ron Padgett, Santha Rama Rau, and William Trevor.

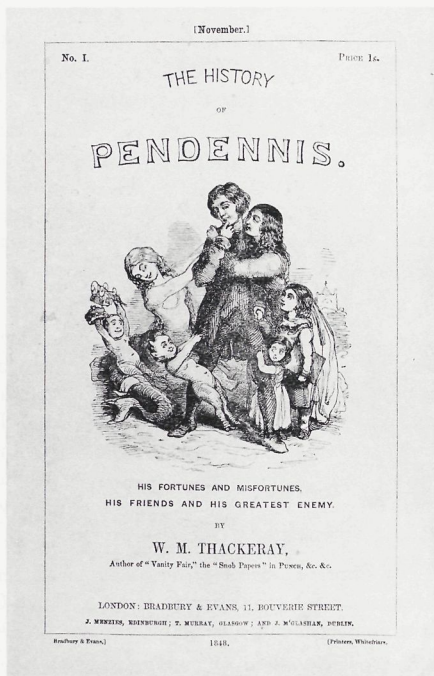
Gutmann gift. Professor Emeritus James Gutmann (A.B., 1918; A.M., 1919; Ph.D., 1936) has added to the collection of his papers a group of forty-six letters written to him during the 1970s and 1980s by friends, Columbia colleagues, and scholars throughout the country, in which they discuss their researches, publications, the Ethical Culture Society, political activities, and other personal matters. Included among the correspondents are Algernon D. Black, Brand Blanshard, Frederick Dupee, Corliss Lamont, Ernest Nagel, and Herman Wouk.

Halper gift. Adding to her past gift of paintings by Jack B. Yeats, Mrs. Marjorie Windust Halper has presented another fine work by the Irish artist, an impressionistic watercolor landscape of a scene in the western part of Ireland. The handsome painting measures 10 by 14 inches and represents the late work of the artist. Mrs. Halper has also presented a series of eighteen pastel and two oil paintings on the subject of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*; these are scheduled to be exhibited in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library this year from mid-July to mid-November.

Harley gift. Mr. Robert L. Harley (Class of '26) has presented two fine Inuit (Canadian Eskimo) stonecut prints: "White Owl," by Levi Qumalu, number twenty-nine of thirty copies, ca. 1960, measuring 18 by 24 inches; and "Two Men Hunting Bear," by Joe Talirunili, number twenty-four of thirty copies, dated 1962, 15½ by 24 inches. Each of the vivid and lively prints is signed and titled by the artist.

Higginbotham gift. Mr. Hal Ford Higginbotham and Mrs. Barbra Buckner Higginbotham (M.S. in L.S., 1969; D.L.S., 1988) have presented funds for the acquisition of one of the rarest of William

Makepeace Thackeray's novels in the original parts, *The History of Pendennis: His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy*. Published in London by Bradbury & Evans from November 1848 to December 1850 with illustrations by the author, the



Thackeray's illustration for the front wrapper of the first edition of *Pendennis*, issued in parts. (Higginbotham gift)

twenty-four serial numbers were issued in twenty-three monthly parts, with a three-month gap between Parts XI and XII due to Thackeray's illness. The set acquired, in the original yellow pictorial wrappers, is in exceptionally fine condition and is a splendid addi-

tion to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library's holdings of Victorian fiction.

Hoptner gift. Mrs. Harriett Hoptner (M.S., 1961) has donated a poster by Theophile A. Steinlen, relating to the Serbian cause during the First World War, published in Paris on June 25, 1916, by the *Journée Serbe*.

Loos gift. From the estate of the late Mrs. Josie Loos we have received eighteen books relating to the history of printing, among which are works printed by and about Theodore Low De Vinne, George Grady, William Edwin Rudge, and Giovanni Mardersteig; there are also four works by David Eugene Smith inscribed to Mrs. Loos. The gift also included the typewritten manuscript of George Arthur Plimpton's book, *The Education of Chaucer*, corrected by the author throughout.

Myers gift. Professor Andrew B. Myers (A.M., 1947; Ph.D., 1964) has presented, in memory of the noted antiquarian book dealer, John F. Fleming, a collection of fourteen first editions, many relating to Irish literature. Among the numerous association books are the following: Alice Stopford Green, *Irish Nationality*, 1911, inscribed by Padraic Colum; *William Gregory: An Autobiography*, 1894, inscribed by the editor, Lady Gregory, widow of Sir William; Shane Leslie, *Verses in Peace and War*, 1916, inscribed by the author to Bourke Cockran with a three-line verse; John McCrae, *In Flanders Fields*, 1919, from the library of John Quinn, with his bookplate; and Lennox Robinson, *The Whiteheaded Boy*, 1921, inscribed by the author to Elizabeth Fagan.

Palmer gift. Mr. Paul R. Palmer (M.S., 1950; A.M., 1955) has donated 342 first editions primarily in the fields of English literature and biography, including works by Rupert Croft-Cooke and Beverley Nichols, as well as a group of signed or inscribed photographs of film stars from the silent screen era to the 1970s, among which are fine portraits of May Robson, Jane Russell, Jean Simmons, Blanche Sweet, Constance and Norma Talmadge, and Dame Sybil Thorndike. Also in Mr. Palmer's gift are several inscribed photographs of

political and literary personages, such as R. C. Sherriff, President and Mrs. Harry Truman, and H. G. Wells.

Plimpton gift. Mrs. Francis T. P. Plimpton has added to the collection of her father-in-law, George Arthur Plimpton, more than two hundred letters, diaries, and memoranda, which concern his partnership in Ginn & Company, collecting activities, writing and publications, and personal activities. There are letters from numerous friends and business associates, among them, Charles Francis Adams, Andrew Carnegie, Calvin Coolidge, John Dewey, Edward Everett Hale, Gilbert Murray, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Jacob Henry Schiff, Harlan Fiske Stone, Arnold Toynbee, and Lillian D. Wald.

Raphaelson gift. The papers of the playwright and screenwriter Samson Raphaelson have been presented by his son, Mr. Joel Raphaelson. Ranging in date from 1916 to shortly before his death in 1983, the more than 4,500 letters and manuscripts cover his nearly seventy-year career, including his early work as a newspaperman, as a teacher at the University of Illinois, as author of the scenarios for many of the films directed by Ernst Lubitsch from 1931 to 1947, as a film director in the 1940s, and as a professor of screenwriting at Columbia from 1976 until shortly before his death. Among the thirty-one boxes of papers are files pertaining to nearly all his films, plays, and short stories, such as the drafts and playscripts of *The Jazz Singer* (1922), *Skylark* (1939), and *Jason* (1942), among others; screenplays and scenarios of *Trouble in Paradise* (1932), *The Merry Widow* (1934), *The Shop Around the Corner* (1940), *Suspicion* (1941), and *Heaven Can Wait* (1943), and dozens of additional films; and drafts, manuscripts, proofs, and printed copies of his short stories, articles, and film and television criticism that were published in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Cosmopolitan*, and other national magazines. The folders of correspondence include letters from students and readers about his well-known and influential textbook, *The Human Nature of Playwriting* (1949), as well as from other playwrights,

actors, directors, and writers, such as George Cukor, William Gibson, Paul Green, Helen Hayes, MacKinlay Kantor, Gertrude Lawrence, Dorothy Parker, Anna Louise Strong, Carl and Mark Van Doren, and Darryl Zanuck.



Publicity brochure for the 1922 stage version. (Raphaelson gift)

Rothkopf gift. Mrs. Carol Z. Rothkopf (A.M., 1952) has donated a copy of Richard Aldington's *Image of War*, 1919, published in London by the Beaumont Press in a limited edition of two hundred numbered copies on hand-made paper; the decorated cover and illustrations throughout the volume, vividly depicting battle scenes, are by Paul Nash. Mrs. Rothkopf has also donated a copy of Nicholas Barker's *The Butterfly Books: An Enquiry into the Nature of Cer-*

tain Twentieth Century Pamphlets, London, 1987, a study and bibliography of the poetry pamphlets and forgeries produced by Frederic Prokosch from 1933 to 1940.

Schimmel gift. Several recent first editions by and about Truman Capote have been received from Ms. Caroline Schimmel (M.S., 1976), including *Answered Prayers* and *A Capote Reader*, and studies and reminiscences by John Malcolm Brinnin, Jack Dunphy, and Gordon Lish, among others.

Schreyer gift. A group of fifty San Francisco rock posters has been donated by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie J. Schreyer for addition to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library's extensive collection of American posters. Dating from 1966 to 1972, the posters in the gift are primarily from the rock auditoriums, Fillmore West and Matrix, and they include impressive examples of the work of well-known artists Victor Moscoso, Wes Wilson, and David Singer.

Tarjan gift. Mrs. Susanna Moross Tarjan has added to the papers of her late father, the composer Jerome Moross, three manuscript scores of his music for "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," "The Mountain Road," and "Gunsmoke."

Toffler gift. Mr. Alvin Toffler, author of such influential books as *Future Shock*, *The Culture Consumers*, and *The Third Wave*, has presented his papers and those of his wife Mrs. Heidi Toffler. Included among the approximately 117,000 items are their correspondence files, lecture materials, manuscripts, research files, galley and page proofs, and press and review files, for the period 1950-1985. The correspondence includes letters from a wide range of friends, authors, and public figures pertaining primarily to Mr. and Mrs. Toffler's extensive research work. There are also files from Mr. Toffler's television and video production company, Triwave Productions, Inc., including scripts, contracts, and files pertaining to all stages of production.

Wertheim gift. Professor and Mrs. Stanley Wertheim have presented a group of first editions by Stephen Crane, George Sterling, and

Cornell Woolrich. Included are especially fine copies of Crane's *Wounds in the Rain*, New York, 1900; Sterling's *Lilith*, San Francisco, 1919, inscribed to Hugh Walpole, and *Ode on the Opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition*, San Francisco, 1915; and Woolrich's *The Dancing Detective*, New York, 1946, *I Married a Dead Man*, Philadelphia and New York, 1948, and *Violence*, New York, 1958.

Forthcoming Exhibitions in the Kempner Exhibition Room
in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library

July 12–November 17

Paintings for Finnegans Wake by Marjorie Windust Halper

The Tercentenary of the Birth of Alexander Pope

First editions, autograph letters, manuscripts, and portraits
from the Library's collections

Activities of the Friends

Winter Reception. The exhibition, "The Double Lives of Ellery Queen," which opened with a Friends reception on Wednesday afternoon, March 2, features manuscripts, letters, first editions, photographs, and memorabilia relating to the most important pair of American mystery writers of the century, Frederic Dannay and Manfred Lee, who published a series of popular and influential novels under the pseudonym of Ellery Queen. The sons of Frederic Dannay, Richard and Douglas, have presented to the Libraries an extensive collection of manuscripts, outlines, and drafts of the Ellery Queen novels and stories, along with first editions, files of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, and correspondence with virtually all the important mystery writers from the late 1920s to the 1970s. The exhibition includes selections from the gifts made by the Dannay sons; individual manuscripts purchased on the Friends, Charles W. Mixer, and Aaron W. Berg funds; and loans from Stanley and Mary Wertheim, Eleanor Goetz, Otto Penzler, and Carter Burden. The exhibition will remain on view to the public through July 6.

Bancroft Awards Dinner. Held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Wednesday evening, April 6, the Bancroft Awards Dinner was presided over by Elizabeth M. Cain, Chair of the Friends. President Michael I. Sovern announced the winners of the 1988 awards for distinguished books in American history and diplomacy published in 1987, and presented to the author of each book a \$4,000 award from funds provided by the Edgar A. and Frederic Bancroft Foundation; Mrs. Cain presented citations to the publishers.

Future Meetings. The fall exhibition reception will be held on Wednesday afternoon, December 7; the winter exhibition reception will be held on March 1, 1989; and the Bancroft Awards Dinner is scheduled for April 5, 1989.

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