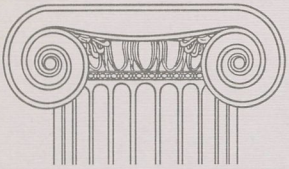

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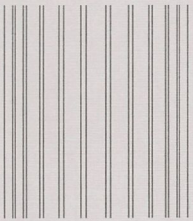

NOVEMBER 1988
VOL. 38 · NO. 1

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Photography by Martin Messik

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ISSN 0010-1966

Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XXXVIII NOVEMBER 1988 NUMBER 1

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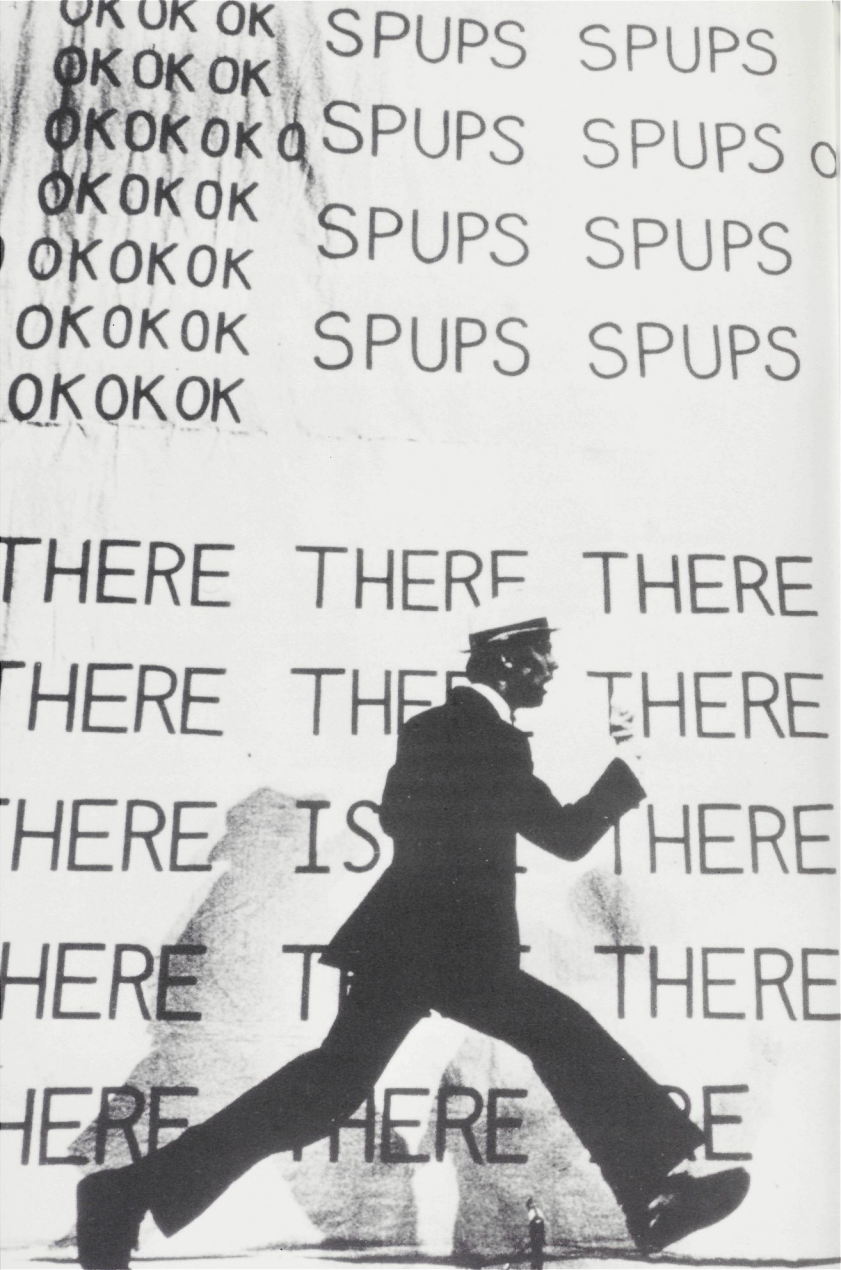
Published by THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES,
Butler Library, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027
Three issues a year, four dollars each.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Robert Wilson—The Early Years

DALLAS PRATT

In 1965, when he was still a student of architecture at Pratt Institute, Robert Wilson was brought by a friend to my house for drinks. He was about twenty-four years old. Very courteous, neatly dressed, with nothing whatever bohemian in his appearance: one might have assumed he was preparing to enter a conservative New York architectural firm. However, he mentioned that the kind of architecture he was interested in was stage design; in fact, he had already designed an off-Broadway production, Jean-Claude van Italie's *America Hurrah*. Although there were twenty-seven years difference in age between us, he was very amiable and arranged for me to meet several of his friends.

After he graduated from Pratt, he rented a loft on Spring Street in New York's Soho, and in 1966 invited me to several performances there in which he danced, either alone or with a partner. Here was a very different Robert Wilson from the proper young man I had met at the cocktail party! On one occasion, in an incense-scented room he danced under phosphorescent light encased in transparent red-dyed plastic. In another production, *Byrdwoman*, the performers represented chickens, bouncing on boards and pressing against the wire of a large chicken coop. Bob swooped about with lurching, half-spastic steps, clucking. In later productions he continued to fascinate audiences with these movements. He claimed that he hated doing them "but I can't seem to stop."

I was in the audience of Bob's *Theater Activity* shown at the Bleecker Street Cinema in 1967. He "papered" the audience with some of his friends, literally, since he persuaded them to sit with brown paper bags over their heads, peering through cut-out eyeholes.

Opposite: Robert Wilson dancing during the Entre'acte between Acts II and III in *A Letter for Queen Victoria*, 1974.
(Photo by Michel Biannoulatos)

He showed a film featuring repetitive and long-lasting images: waving grass, and the face of his cat, Baby. Repetitions and time drawn-out would become hallmarks of some of his future theatre pieces. I wrote to him about this:

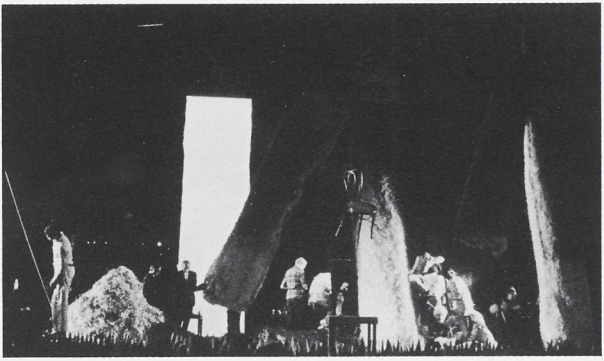
> The most striking image you have created so far, penetrating deeply into an object, was the picture of Baby on the screen. This was positively hypnotic, and so beautiful. One saw an animal as one rarely sees one . . . . The fact that it was unchanging made it possible to experience a Zen effect: one seemed to lose one's identity contemplating the image so that the subject and object became one.

Bob comes from Waco, Texas. When he was seventeen, he met a retired dancer and ballet teacher there named Byrd Hoffman. He was a stutterer, but through her program of exercises, which stressed slow and determined motions, he learned to relax. The speech defect disappeared. He began to work with children who had severe learning difficulties, using some of Byrd Hoffman's techniques and innovative ideas of his own. These ideas, given a theatrical orientation, attracted people for whom Bob started workshops for dance and theatre. He named this the Byrd Hoffman School of Byrds. Although I never joined these workshops as a "byrd," I was invited by Bob to act in his first major theatre piece, *The King of Spain.* It was to be produced in New York early in 1969 at the large but decrepit Anderson Theater, on Second Avenue and 4th Street.

Bob planned to assemble a group of people, all from very different backgrounds, in a "musty Victorian drawing-room," and within the framework of certain bizarre activities, which he would prescribe, let them "do their own thing." I was to be one of the three men, described as "elderly" or "portly," who stood, squatted or slowly circled around a games-table, playing something "that wasn't chess." Pushing a number of small cubes, triangles, and spheres of glass round the table, we were supposed to be totally oblivious to the extraordinary happenings around us. But it was hard not to glance at the grand finale, when four enormous "cat's legs" appeared from the wings and, as the byrds above the proscenium

arch frantically worked the pulleys, crossed the stage in three giant strides.

The poor old Anderson Theater! It was pretty bad in January 1969, suffering from the effects of a fire which had occurred a few nights before we were due to open. Of course, we opened and



The Grand finale of *The King of Spain*, showing the enormous cat's feet in the 1969 New York production. (Photo by Martin Bough)

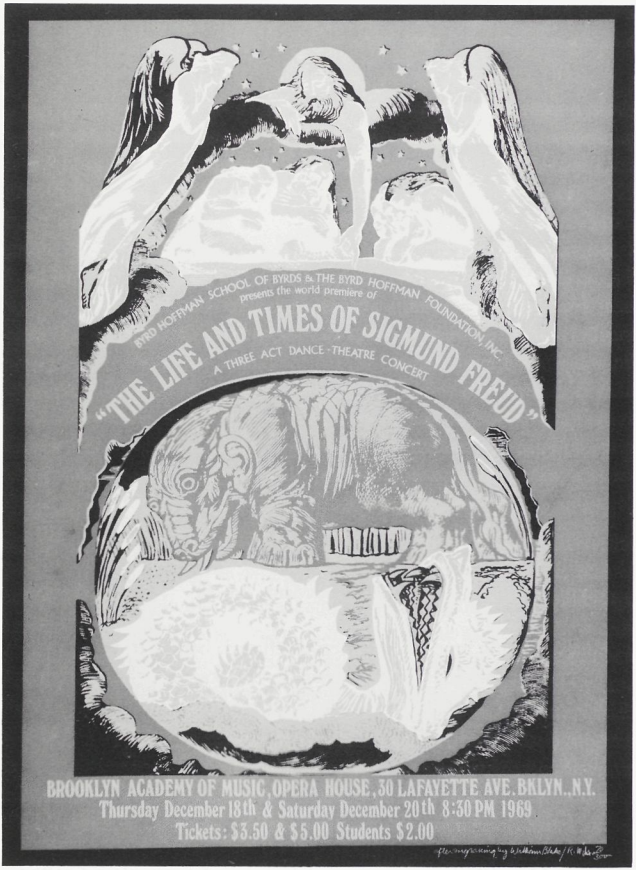
closed so fast that there was hardly time to worry about the decor. And Bob declared that its decayed look and crummy interior was like an extension of his musty drawing-room, and therefore a perfect setting for *The King of Spain.*

Now, there was nothing Spanish or historical about the play, so why the title? It seems that when Bob was in the second grade his teacher by the name of Miss Weebush asked the children what they would like to be when they grew up. Before she reached Bob, she found she had a future nurse, fireman, and housewife in her class. Bob said he'd like to be the king of Spain. Now *this* child's got problems said Miss Weebush, and wrote this on his report card. His mother got the report card to puzzle over, but Bob, in the end, got the king of Spain.

The next Wilson production, *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud,* thanks to the interest of Harvey Lichtenstein, director of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was staged in that spacious house. Since Bob still wanted the game "that wasn't chess" to be the impeturbable center around which his fantasies revolved, at least in the first part of the play, he invited the three players, Carroll Dunn, George Klauber, and myself, to perform again in *Freud.* Bob had noticed a Freud look-alike in Grand Central Station. He pursued and stopped this elderly person, who turned out to be a retired carpenter, Michel Sondak, and asked him point-blank to play the role of Freud in his new play. Nervously declining, Mr. Sondak hurried on, but Bob cornered him in a cafeteria and extracted his telephone number. The ex-carpenter soon found himself rehearsing with Bob's other discoveries: artists, students, suburban housewives, black children, white children, a chambermaid, and a psychiatrist (myself). The play had very little to say about Freud, but the action was so delightfully lunatic that it might well have been subtitled "Fifty characters in search of a psychoanalyst." Still, there was nothing haphazard about it; every movement, every line, was rehearsed over and over again, until, timed to the second, it satisfied our meticulous director.

The action in Bob's early plays alternated between immobility and sudden bursts of speech, screams and rapid movement. This movement might be a whirling dance, as performed in *Freud* by the much padded "Heavyman" (Kenneth King), and in later plays by Andy de Groat. Andy could spin continuously for an hour without dizziness, and so fast that at times his body became a blur.

But the big extravaganza in *Freud* was Bob's famous Mammy Dance. Thirty of us were chosen, myself included, regardless of age, sex, or color, to take part in this caper. In 'blackface,' topped by bandanas and wearing red dresses enormously padded up front and down behind, it was impossible except by voice and the occasional beard to tell the girls from the boys. When the first strains of the "Blue Danube Waltz" were heard, the stage was inundated by the



One of 300 numbered and signed lithographs by Robert Wilson, after an engraving by William Blake.

mammy throng, solemn-faced, shaking their upraised hands, turning right, turning left, bowing—then up! with the bustle. *"One,* two, three; *one,* two, three" intoned a voice. The audience roared, and we found ourselves the hit of the show.

Kenneth King (*left*) the "Heavyman," whirling and Sheryl Sutton, seated with a raven on her wrist, in *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud.* (Photo by Martin Bough)

Although my more sedate friends refuse to believe it, yes, I was a mammy and shuffled and swayed on the stage of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It was fun and it was funny. Who could ask for anything more? Well, one *could* ask for critical recognition, but from *Freud* the critics stayed away in droves. Honorable exceptions were two who came from the *Village Voice;* they called the play "one of the major stage works of the decade" and Bob a "genius."

There were only four performances: two in December 1969, and two in May 1970. It wasn't until *Deafman Glance,* played at the Academy of Music in 1971, that the American critics began to take notice. Much of the content of *Deafman* was the result of Bob's discovery of Raymond Andrews, a black lad who was deaf and spoke only in inarticulate sounds. Bob, challenged as always by the

impossible, centered the show around Raymond, his imaginative drawings, and his sounds. He achieved, according to Martin Gold in *Variety*, "A work of genius, all marvellous to behold."

Later in the year the play was produced in France, and Bob's "conquest of Europe" began. I was at the opening in Paris. Unlike the American audience, which laughed at the funny bits (both on and off the stage Bob has a great sense of humor), the French maintained a reverent silence. The French critics raved even more than the American. Louis Aragon, the distinguished man of letters, declared, "I have never seen anything more beautiful in the world."

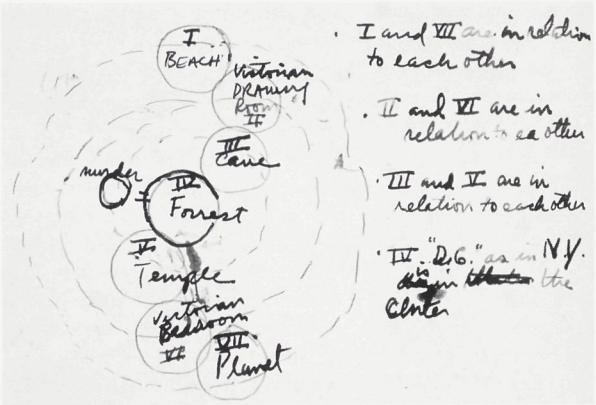
In July 1973, Bob wrote me from his house in British Columbia, saying he was working on a new play "in 7 acts and 12 hours long." It was to be called *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin.* He enclosed a diagram showing how the seven acts related to one another. It was to incorporate scenes from *Freud* and *Deafman,* and would open in Copenhagen. He added, "I'm hoping that you might be able to come either as audience or performer . . . it would be great if you could be there for the opening."

So I flew to Denmark in September. I arrived during a rehearsal in the splendid white, red, and gold setting of the Det Ny Theatre. Bob was coaching an elderly lady who turned out to be his grandmother, Alma Hamilton, aged eighty-seven. "Grandmother." "Yes, Bob." "Walk downstage right, stand facing the audience, and let out with two screams." Mrs. Hamilton produced a surprising volume of sound. Satisfied with his grandmother's ability as a screamer, he took us out to lunch. Said Mrs. Hamilton, "Who would have thought I'd be acting in Copenhagen when I ought to be at home in Waco. But when Bob wants a thing he's very determined."

That determination had collected over one hundred people for his play. Some were veteran byrds, but many were eager young Danish volunteers who had answered a newspaper appeal for help. I feared that my mammy routine might be a drag on this lively group of young Danes, so I thankfully settled for the "talk-on" role of the telephone voice of the Russian dictator. "This is Joseph Stalin!" I

boomed. Then I joined the audience to watch, wide awake most of the time, the twelve-hour-long show.

The most riveting performance was that of Sheryl Sutton, a black actress who was repeating her role of Byrdwoman from *Deafman.* A



Wilson's diagram of the seven acts of *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* in a letter to the author, July 4, 1973.

rigid, hieratic figure, she sits immobile during the whole of the first act with a raven on her wrist. Later she is seen with a little boy and girl. She slowly draws on a long pair of black gloves. Pouring out some milk, she gives it to the boy. It's a tender gesture of care. Then, she takes up a knife and very slowly slides it into his body. Like a priestess performing a ritual, she repeats this with the girl, cradling them both as they fall without a sound. Another boy, a little older, enters from the left, and cries out. The cry, forlorn, insistent, is repeated as many as forty times. Then the Byrdwoman glides towards him, and covers his eyes with her gloved hand. Her hand moves downward to his mouth and the cry is cut off.

Since the early 1970s, Bob's extraordinary success abroad (operas at La Scala, ballet in Paris, productions in Iran, Japan, and through-

out Europe) have kept him continually on the move. Old New York friends have seen very little of him. But recently our mutual interest in finding a home in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Columbia for his immense archive at the Byrd Hoffman Foundation and for my own small collection of Wilsoniana, brought us together for a few days. The passage of two decades had changed him remarkably little in appearance. Nor had fame, and the term "genius" which reverberates after each new production, altered his gentle, almost diffident manner, nor quelled his still-boyish enthusiasms. He talked about his recent work, the D'Annunzio-Debussy *Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien,* which was being performed by the corps de ballet of the Paris Opéra, and of the appreciation in Hamburg for his *Parzival,* and especially for his protegé and collaborator Christopher Knowles's interpretation of the title role.

"And what do you have in mind for the future?" I asked.

Bob took a couple of pieces of blank paper from my desk and gazed reflectively at them. *"King Lear,"* he said. "I read and re-read it. And I'd look for a great comedian to play that role. Why? Because only the finest actors excel in comedy—tragedy is easier. And Lear should handle the body of Cordelia as if it were so very light—as light as paper."

And suddenly the two sheets of paper were floating, protected for a moment by an old man's fumbling hands, then slipping away, down, down, becoming a white body, Cordelia . . .

Working with Robert Wilson

MAITA DI NISCEMI

I first met Robert Wilson during a snowstorm in February 1976. Friends had told me that Wilson would be joining us at the ballet and since Gioacchino Lanza Tomasi, my cousin and the Artistic Director of Rome's Teatro dell'Opera, had long ago alerted me to the fact that "the only real genius now working in the American theatre is a madman from Texas." I expected a long-haired eccentric to emerge from the storm. Wilson's dress and demeanor could not have been more disconcertingly conservative.

Jerome Robbin's "dances at a gathering" was on the program that night and at the ballet's conclusion, when "the man in brown" with his back to audience bent and touched the earth, Wilson looked at me over his glasses and said "someday I'm going to make a large work around that gesture."

1976 was the year of the Robert Wilson–Philip Glass collaborative effort *Einstein on the Beach* and, having attended the Westbeth run through in May, I found myself a member of the benefit committee which helped sell out the house when *Einstein* was presented in the Metropolitan Opera house in November.

In 1977, Robert Wilson asked me if I would be interested in attending the rehearsals of his next work, *I Was Sitting on My Patio This Guy Appeared I Thought I Was Hallucinating.* Fascinated by the play's oblique approach to the American vernacular, I went every day, as did Edwin Denby, the great dance critic. By the end of 1977, I was sufficiently friendly with Wilson to be invited to a dinner given in his honor. Here he pulled a newspaper photograph out of his pocket and asked me "What do you know about this?" It was a telephoto taken illegally of Rudolph Hess in Spandau prison on his eighty-second birthday in May 1976. At the time of the picture's publication, I had been so struck by the desolate blankness of the old

man's face and stance that I had clipped the photo from *The New York Times* and promptly lost it. Wilson asked me if I would be interested in running down facts about Hess for him to be used in his next big piece. So I sent him several highly illustrated letters while he was touring Europe with the *Patio* company in the spring of 1978. That summer he asked me to think about evolving speeches for Hess and Mrs. Hess. I received credit for this dialogue in the program when *Death Destruction and Detroit* was performed by Berlin's Shaubühne theatre in February 1979.

My trip to Berlin for the opening of *Death Destruction and Detroit* was crucial to my future efforts on behalf of Robert Wilson's theatre pieces. Having arrived bearing twelve dozen irridescent black feathers to be used in an Elizabethan ruff and two large packages of dark blue gels, I found myself swallowed by a production that incorporated much of my research as well as my writing. I was astounded and delighted to see how much use Wilson had found for my discoveries. It was like being a lens among lenses, part of a multilayered burning glass capable of transforming anecdote into art.

After *Death Destruction and Detroit*, I stayed on in Paris where Robert Wilson was starting to think about a truly epic project. Who would be a good lynch pin character in a new epic standing as Hess had in the German production? What about Mathew Brady? (Robert Wilson had used a Civil War soldier in *A Letter for Queen Victoria* and, in the wake of Susan Sontag's treatise, photography was very much on everyone's mind.) So I joined the American Library in Paris and plunged into Carl Sandberg's *Lincoln* and Douglas Southall Freeman's *R. E. Lee.* These multivolumed biographies are ubiquitous in the English language libraries of Europe, and in the following years I had reason to consult them in Munich, Freiburg, and Rome. Actually, Sandberg's work is close to being a novel (and a great novel too), and it was in it, among the eulogies he recorded as pronounced after Lincoln's death, that I happened upon the phrase, "a tree is best measured when it is down." Never did it enter my mind that this saying, which I taped up on Bob's

study wall in February 1979, would become the subtitle and the spine of a twelve-hour opera.

Now is perhaps the time to address the question of the way Robert Wilson works on his original pieces. His method is consist-

Robert Wilson in *A Letter for Queen Victoria*, 1974.

ent and always begins with tiny sketches in one of the ever present black notebooks he carries everywhere with him. Like Edison (about whom Wilson constructed a theatre piece in 1979) and Henry Ford, Robert Wilson draws before he writes. He will put up a drawing for every scene or interlude in the work under construction. Then below the initial drawing, phrases, objects, and background pieces are taped to the wall so that he may evolve a working script to bring to the actors. Nothing is permanent in Wilson's

work, nothing is carved in stone. His collaborators are encouraged to bring in contributions, and his co-writers keep writing until, and sometimes after, the opening night. I, for instance, was still giving the long suffering actors lines when *Edison,* which has already played in Lyons and Milan, opened in Paris. I also added Alcmene's aria "Soles occidere et redire possunt" (Suns rise and set) to the libretto of the Fifth Act of *the CIVIL warS, a tree is best measured when it is down,* between the Rome and Amsterdam productions of that opera.

Wilson's universe is a totally controlled environment. Every effect is studied, every movement is counted and checked to the second on stopwatches. A movement script for every scene is encoded by Wilson's assistants so that the actors can find their freedom with an absolutely structured world. How this world is built can be found in Wilson's drawings, notes, and working script. The effect of its creation is recorded in the reaction of audience and critics. But the magical fulfillment of the completed work can only be contemplated. Oh, there are clues to how Wilson creates his wonders. His often reiterated conviction that not only should script and movement be considered separately from each other, but that light itself must be regarded as a major "character" has been illustrated in each work throughout his career. Wilson's fanaticism about lighting has only increased with the passage of time as have the means at his command. It seems unthinkable that a director would lock a Berlin audience out of preview performances, or spend four hours in Rome perfecting an opening sequence of lighting cues, but I have seen Wilson do just that, and more. What's more he was right to do so. In a strange way Wilson's greatest achievement is not what is presented on stage, but what audiences remember after the performance—so that beginnings and ends are of capital importance in his theatre. What do I, his co-worker, remember best of the Dutch section of *the CIVIL warS?* The lighting of the opening tableau that showed a polar bear beside a frozen Dutch canal and the very end of the performance when a little boy in a field of red tulips recited the

events of his school day. Not that we did not present an evening full of wonders including dwarfs and giants, William the Silent, Queen Wilhelmina, and Mata Hari springing in full hootchy-kootch regalia from a haystack to recite a speech written by me to Wilson's

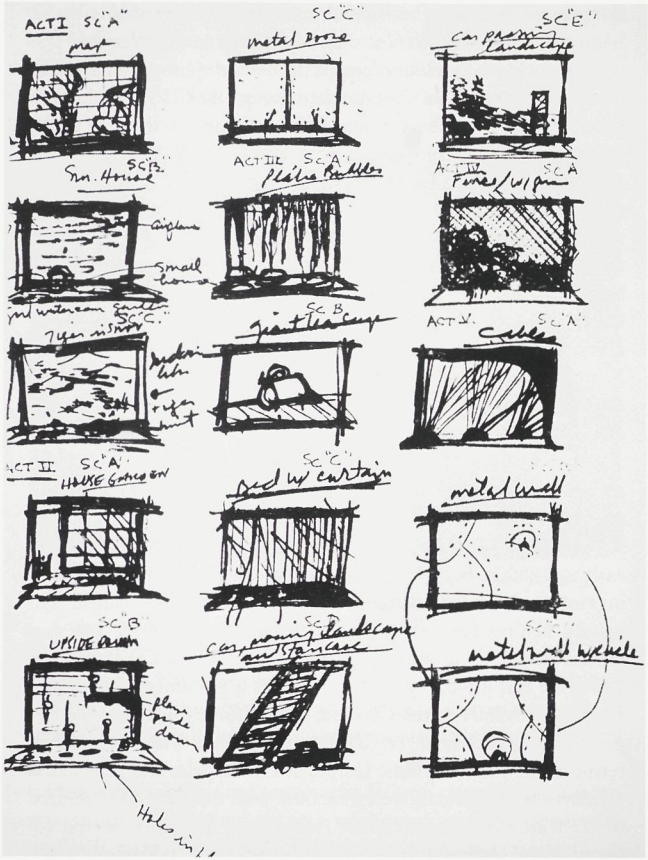
A scene from *Death Destruction and Detroit,* performed at the Schaubühne am Halleschen Ufer, Berlin, 1979, the first Wilson production to use a cast of professional actors. (Photo by Ruth Walz)

specifications, but these two simple moments were those that seem to me to best exemplify the magical capabilities of an artist able to achieve a newer and clearer focus of actual, theatrical, and historical time.

Historical time was my province in Wilson's world, and my role was that of truffle hound. As such while working on the pre-text of *the CIVIL warS, a tree is best measured when it is down,* I came up with two extraordinary documents. One of which, a letter written by Robert E. Lee to his wife during the 1830s, described twenty-three little girls "all dressed up in their white frocks and pantalets, their hair plaited and tied up with ribbons, running and chasing each

other in all directions," who had presented him near Saint Louis, Missouri, with "the prettiest sight I have seen in the West and perhaps in my life." This letter formed the textual spine of what was to be Act III, Scene C, of the complete five-act *the CIVIL warS*. I followed it as far as Freiburg where at the skeleton run through of the whole work it passed into the power of the Japanese, who had sent a delegation to Germany to pick out the more finished scenes. Unfortunately, Act III, Scene C, never made it to production. It remains to this day one of my *CIVIL warS* favorites, centered as it is upon the death of Robert E. Lee and punctuated by twenty-four miniballerinas, a hospital ward full of cartoon Lincolns, and Marie Curie's farewell letter to her dead husband. This touching document was read during the Freiburg run-through by Hildegard Behrens, whose liltingly accented French brought tears to many eyes. As one of Robert Wilson's collaborators, I regret to this day not having been able to see this lovely piece completed.

The second text I found had been written by William E. Hatcher, a baptist minister who saw Robert E. Lee pass his gate in a rainstorm after surrendering the army of Northern Virginia to General Grant at the Village of Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865. As early as 1980 Robert Wilson had incorporated the minister's musings into a speech for Lee himself to be spoken while floating in zero gravity behind the porthole of a spaceship. Robert E. Lee was always thought of as the protagonist of Act V of *the CIVIL warS* in which he was joined by Mrs. Lincoln as a girl and Hercules, the legendary founder of the Olympic games (for it must never be forgotten that the whole *the CIVIL warS* project was conceived in terms of the 1984 Olympic Games at Los Angeles and that all the production's sets and models were built with the huge one-hundred meter wide stage of the Shrine Auditorium in mind). As the colibrettist and because this Act was to be produced in Rome as a full-sized wholly orchestrated opera, I suggested the inclusion in the cast of Garibaldi, Lee's exact contemporary. (They were both born in 1807 and were two years older than Lincoln who appears in Act V's



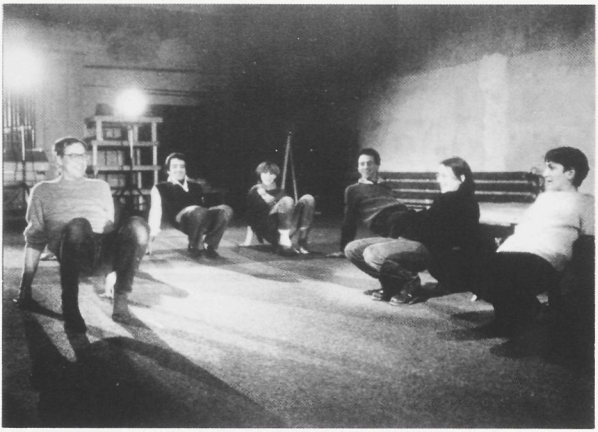
Wilson's sketch outlining his concept for the entire *the CIVIL warS*, 1982.

prologue as a fifteen-foot tall singing puppet and in the Opera proper as a man-sized hero.) The other major figures to be dealt with were a snow owl, an earth mother, and Alcmene, the mother of Hercules.

At the first general workshop for the entire *the CIVIL warS, a tree is best measured when it is down* project, which was held in Munich in August of 1981, Robert Wilson taped four drawings to the wall to represent the fifth act. These showed a field, two bridges, a spaceship viewed from the side, a spaceship viewed from below; by the time the Rome section was complete these drawings had become almost a hundred. (Robert Wilson drew upwards of six hundred large black and white studies to illustrate the play of light and mass throughout the complete fifteen scene opera). Also available in Munich was Wilson's speech for General Lee which dated from 1980 as did one he had written for Mrs. Lincoln. In the spring of 1983, I worked on the libretto for the Rome section adapting Seneca's Hercules plays and Garibaldi's oratory to serve our purpose. Since Wilson was in Japan I reviewed the text with Philip Glass who suggested that I bring more to our first Roman workshop than I thought would be needed. For twelve days, in July 1983, a dozen people working under the glass dome of an unairconditioned exhibition hall on the Via Nazionale pinned down the action script for a cast of five principles singers, two actors, eight choristers, and thirty-three dancers. For the first time the text was spoken and every gesture was worked out in beats meticulously noted by Robert Wilson's assistant Gregor Leschig in a log he evolved specially for this project. Clock-computer in hand, Philip Glass sat in the rehearsals taking notes and counting movements and then went to his summer home in Nova Scotia to write the music. Whole sections of the script were cut, moved, or changed without ever having been sung. Garibaldi's aria ended up being four times longer in July than it was in May.

If the Opera singers had been astonished to be asked to merely move through their roles, they were even more surprised when in

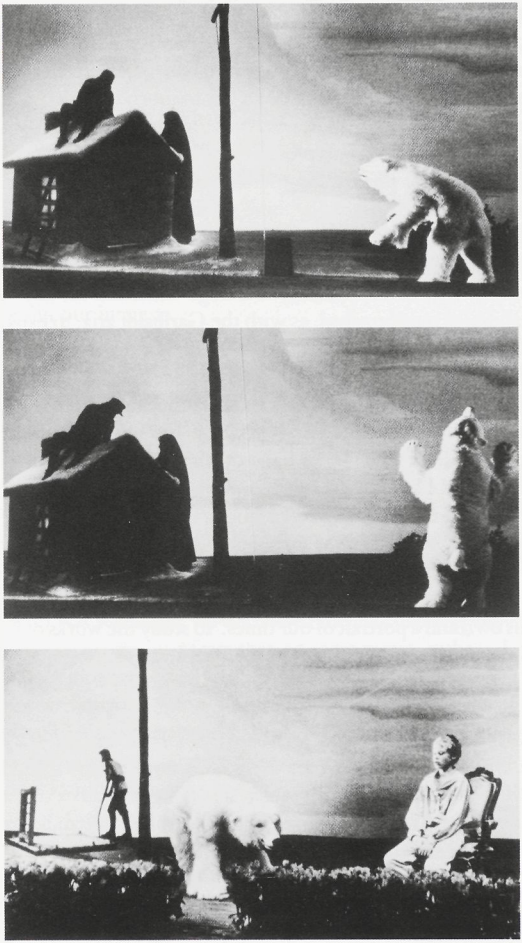
February 1984 the final rehearsal period began, and they realized that everything was already in place. The score had been written not just to fit the text, but to accommodate the prefixed movements. The cadences of three languages, Latin, Italian, and English,



Wilson in a Rome Opera workshop for Act III, scene A, of *the CIVIL warS.*

had been respected, the choreography had been completed. Everything was there in Leschig's notebooks so that the last month of rehearsal could be devoted to fine tuning—to the smoothing of movement, the orchestration of speech and song, the refining of notes and phrases. To everything except interpretation.

It is always a pleasure to see how carefully Robert Wilson steers performers away from nineteenth-century demonstrative techniques, making them step back, pause, create space around their characters. Wilson, like the artists of the baroque theatre, maintains an open distance between the stage and the audience so that the individual viewer can see, understand, and interpret the work pre-



Tableaux from the Dutch portion, Act I, Scene B, of *the CIVIL warS*.
(Photo by Leo Van Velzen)

sented. Because he trusts the value of his vision, Wilson enjoys catching the onlooker off balance. His often repeated remark that a candelabra becomes somehow different when seen placed on a rock rather than a console can stand as a key to much of his work. Selection is a key element. I know because many of the ideas which I have submitted for various projects have been changed or discarded; several poems of mine were inserted into the production script of *Edison* only to be replaced by more suitable ones in production. An aria written in 1985 for *Death Destruction and Detroit II* about the "mouse tower" that stands on an island in the Rhine River was distilled into a ten-second vision of a huge white rat. At any time a collaborator may be asked, as with the Garibaldi aria, to expand or contract his contribution. The choice, the control, is always Wilson's. The world of his theatre is *his* world and all his scripts, sketches, drawings, and collaborations are but clues to the construction of that world, to the clarification of that vision. Working with Robert Wilson entails a great deal of trust, a fascination with both mystery and clarity and a willingness to step through illusion into the working theatre world. The documents which map the evolution of Wilson's creations are doubly precious because they will allow future students to follow the amalgamative process by which this great artist takes and transforms the means at hand into a world of his own and a portrait of our times. To study the works of Robert Wilson is to begin to understand the answer to Alonso's question in Act V, Scene 1, of *The Tempest.* "But how should Prospero be living and be here?"

At the end of the Rome section of *the CIVIL warS, a tree is best measured when it is down,* Hercules stands alone on the stage. He is wearing the skin of the lion which was lying beneath a tree at the whole opera's very beginning. He looks out at the audience and then kneels in silence to touch the earth while a chorus of animal voices greet his gesture.

Painting Finnegans Wake

MARJORIE WINDUST HALPER

My husband, the late Nathan Halper, used to joke that the reason we got married was entirely because of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. When we met I was an artist who was not very literarily inclined, and I had no idea that he was a passionate Joycean. Now, most Joyceans are academics, but Nathan never wanted to teach; he was primarily a scholar and writer. I guess we each were very lopsided people, but we complemented one another in our interests.

My father was an English violinist manqué, and my mother was an American singing teacher. We three children, two boys and myself, a girl in the middle, were all born in Paris, France. My parents separated when I was six years old, and my mother had custody of us. She cared nothing for the education of a girl and lavished much of her energies on educating my two brothers. My education was very bad, nothing at all until I was nine years old, then any old school of no consequence in France, England, and America was good enough for me. Mother brought us to Manhattan, her native city, when I was twelve years old.

When I was seventeen, we discovered the art colony at Provincetown, Massachusetts, and from then on spent summers there. I studied art as compensatory activity for which I showed talent. In 1930 my mother bought a house on the bay in Provincetown with the most beautiful view imaginable. None of us had any knowledge of winter storms and the damage they inflicted on the waterfront, but we soon learned it would keep us poor. Nevertheless, we were addicted to that beautiful view.

I inherited the house during the war and found myself renting parts of it to a good number of psychoanalysts who summered in Provincetown. Then after my mother's death, the director of the William

Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry persuaded me to be analyzed by one of their analysts who was not in the armed services.

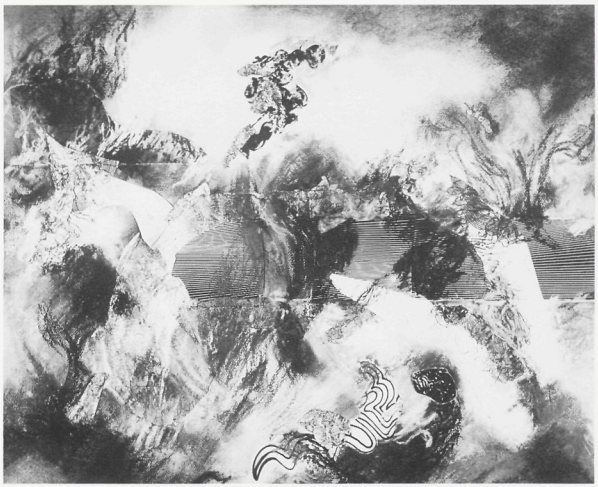
In this way I was introduced to the ideas of Freud. Joyce used Freud's ideas, of course, and these were very interesting to an artist.

"Grampupus is fallen down but grinny sprids the boord . . ."; pastel, 1986. Passages from *Finnegans Wake* suggest subjects to Marjorie Windust Halper for her paintings.

One of the main things I came to understand about humans is that we all have patterns of behavior, some of them completely unconscious, which control our behavior, even though sometimes they are harmful to our health or to the smooth conduct of our daily lives. The patterns of behavior seemed to me to have a connection with themes in the arts. Since I was aware of themes in music, especially the Wagner operas, I began looking for possible themes in other branches of the arts. Great visual art certainly uses rhythms and pat-

terns and themes of color, form, and organization of coherent space arrangements, whether the art is realistic or abstract.

Being woefully deficient in my literary education, I still felt that literature also had themes, though these were more hidden to me



"This is the Willingdone on his same white harse . . ."; collage and pastel, 1980.

than themes in the visual arts. Nevertheless, I detected in James Joyce's short stories, which I had read, that there seemed to be, though well disguised in naturalism, themes to be discovered. Joyce's *Ulysses* I could not fathom much and parts bored me.

Then during World War II another book by Joyce appeared, *Finnegans Wake.* It was much discussed at the time. In Wellfleet, a neighboring town, the great critic Edmund Wilson, who as a friend of friends, had written, I believe in *The New Yorker,* a critique of *Finnegans Wake* and pronounced it a great book.

A steady stream of men were returning from the War during the summer of 1947. I remember that I often asked the more intelligent ones what this strange book was all about. It seemed unintelligible to me and to others. There had been discussions among artists

Marjorie Windust Halper in her studio in Provincetown, July 1988.

about communication and intelligibility in painting because of the appearance in New York art galleries of abstract art, and there were teachers of art who were teaching the new abstract art, and in fact I had begun to study with one of them at the Art Students League of New York—Vaclav Vytlacil, who had himself studied in Munich with the legendary Hans Hofmann. But none of those I asked about *Finnegans Wake* could give me much more explanation than that it was about "time-space" and other vague concepts.

Then an analyst introduced me to Nathan Halper, still in uniform of the Armed Forces, Persian Gulf Command. He was on his

way to New York and said he would look me up when I returned to New York. On our second date he called to take me to the movies. Knowing that he was a writer, I happened to ask him if he knew anything about this strange new book. He looked very surprised

"So her grace o' malice kidsnapped up the jimny Tristopher..."; pastel, 1982.

and then asked me if I really wanted to know. When I said, "Yes, indeed, I want to know," he said, "Well, do sit down." And then he proceeded to talk for three hours, and we never went to that movie.

He explained that it was carefully constructed on themes based on Freud, Vico, and many others. My future husband told me about Finnegan who falls off a ladder and dies. At his Wake, he is accidently splashed with whisky, or the Elixir of Life, which revives him, and that he embodies the eternal fall and resurrection of man. Then he explained how he turned into HCE, standing for Here Comes Everybody, the central figure of the book. HCE dreams the dream of life, and he is the embodiment of the life-giving principal. Then he told me of Anna Livia Plurabelle, the wife and symbol of

female creativity, the running water, the eternal river of life who later becomes the daughter who will in turn become the wife. He further explained the duality of the twin sons, Shem and Shaun: Shem being the introvert but creative side of man, presenting the

"And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Tourlemonde . . ."; pastel, 1982.

eternal change; while Shaun, being the extrovert, the successful side of man who steals the creativity of Shem and presents it to the world as his own. Nathan said that every human being in the book possessed these various characteristics of the twins which flow within them constantly. These characters comprised the family of Man. Further, he explained other parts unintelligible to me. I could see that one had to be very literarily knowledgeable to understand *Finnegans Wake.*

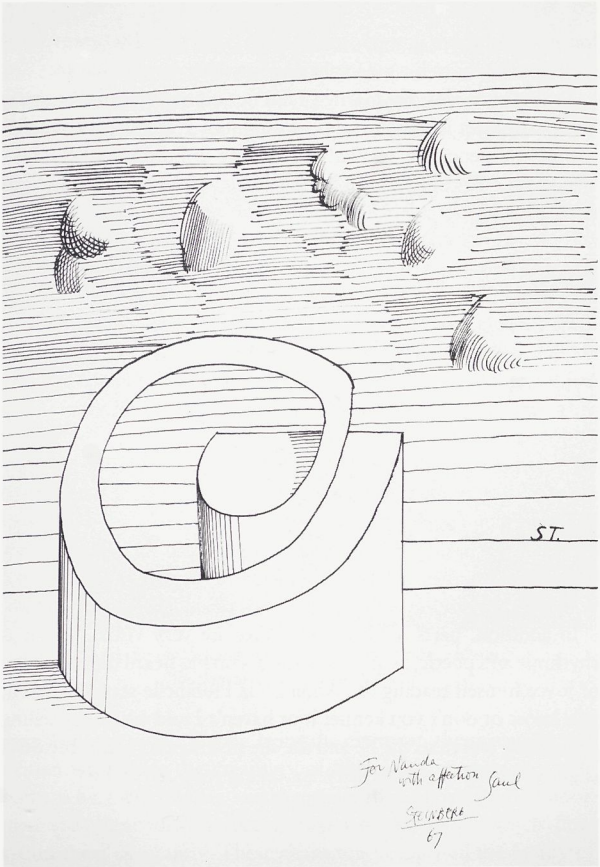
After hearing about *Finnegans Wake* for thirty-five years of marriage, I still find too much of it that is very difficult to fathom. Even

Joyceans do. Joyce is supposed to have joked that *Finnegans Wake* would keep critics busy deciphering for three hundred years.

At first after we were married I did not consider using *Finnegans Wake* as subject matter for my painting, but it seems I was unconsciously influenced by it. Nathan took me to Europe in 1960 on a visit. At the British Museum's Hall of Elgin Marbles in London, I remember feeling a distinct thump in my chest as I entered the hall and saw what looked like a frieze of humans and animals flowing into one another. I began to paint scenes of humans and animals flowing into one another in silhouetted masses, and this caused some Joyceans and critics to see a correlation between the flow of themes and principles in *Finnegans Wake* and the themes in my compositions. Then, after a while, maybe several years later, some of the less dense parts of the book suggested themselves to me as subjects to be painted.

In my painting I've tried to keep some of the sense of Joyce's layers of meaning, breaking up and recombining visual elements to highlight meaning and action, and thus trying to parallel some of Joyce's inventiveness with language. Also, Joyce thought his book very funny, because he had a great deal of fun during the seventeen years he took to compose it. So I've tried to keep a sense of fun also.

In addition, parts of *Finnegans Wake* are very visual, and it is rhythmic and poetic, as anyone knows who has heard the recording of Joyce himself reading the Anna Livia Plurabelle section. "Well, you know or don't you kennet it or haven't I told you every telling has a taling and thats the he and the she of it. Look, Look, the dusk is growing! My branches lofty are taking root . . . ."



"The Labyrinth"; Saul Steinberg's original pen and ink drawing created for Paul Tillich's *My Search for Absolutes,* 1967. (Anshen gift)

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Anshen gift. Dr. Ruth Nanda Anshen has presented the original pen and ink drawing by Saul Steinberg, "The Labyrinth," which was published in Paul Tillich's *My Search for Absolutes,* 1967; the volume was part of the Credo Perspectives series, founded and edited by Dr. Anshen and published by Simon and Schuster. The impressive drawing, affectionately inscribed to Dr. Anshen by the artist, measures 18 1/4 by 12 1/2 inches, and is one of seventeen drawings done by Steinberg for the Tillich book. Dr. Anshen in her introductory essay to the published volume describes her choice of Steinberg to comment on the text by Tillich: "The discursive language of Tillich's philosophical theology wedded to the non-discursive language of Steinberg's art presents with eloquence and conviction the dual character of transcendence and is the answer to the question: 'Why is an artist invited to comment on a theologian?'"

Bergel gift. Mrs. Sylvia C. Bergel has presented the library and papers of her late husband, Professor Lienhard Bergel, who taught comparative literature at Rutgers University, Queens College, and the Graduate Center of the City University of New York from 1931 until his retirement in 1974. The collection includes files of correspondence and manuscripts of lectures and writings on literary, aesthetic, and cultural matters, especially his writings on the Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce. Of special importance are the letters in the papers to Professor Bergel from Croce, Thomas Mann, Salvatore Quasimodo, and René Wellek, among numerous others.

Butcher gift. Professor Philip Butcher (Ph.D., 1956) has donated, for addition to the collection that he has established, 129 rare and scarce monographs, pamphlets, newspapers, and other printed material relating to the history, literature, and language of blacks in America. While most of the items were published from the 1940s through the 1970s, there are several important works in Professor Butcher's gift dealing with politics and race relations which date from the first decade of the century.

Cardozo gift. In a recent gift, Mr. Michael H. Cardozo has added to the Benjamin N. Cardozo Papers a group of seven letters written by the Supreme Court Justice to various relatives from 1930 to 1935. Justice Cardozo writes at length in the letters, numbering some twenty-one pages, about various law schools and legal education, as well as his own experiences as a student and other family matters.

Chase gift. Mrs. Frances Walker Chase has presented, for addition to the collection of her late husband, Professor Richard Volney Chase (Ph.D., 1946), a first edition of Robert Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle,* published in 1946 by Harcourt, Brace. The copy of the author's second book of poems, for which he won a Pulitzer Prize, is autographed by the author on the half-title.

Congdon gift. Mr. Don Congdon has established a collection of papers of the literary agency, Don Congdon Associates, Inc., which he founded in 1983. The initial gift comprised some 11,400 items of correspondence, manuscripts, memoranda, and contracts documenting the editing and publishing, serial rights, dramatic rights, foreign rights, and copyright of numerous American and English books. Included are extensive files of letters and contracts pertaining to Ray Bradbury, Lillian Hellman, William Manchester, William L. Shirer, William Styron, and François Truffaut.

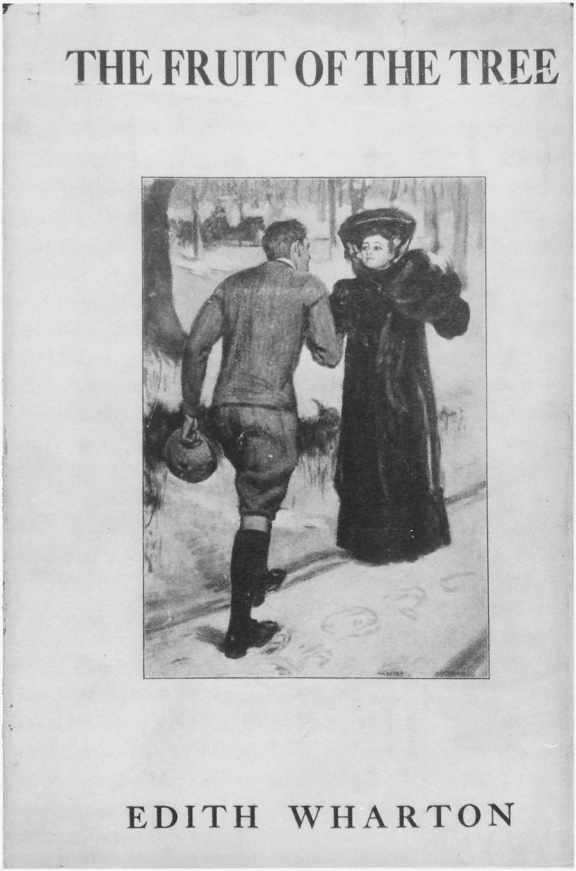
Davis gift. The collection of chess books formed by the late Royal Stanton Davis (M.D., 1932) has been presented in his memory by his widow Mrs. Marian Davis. Comprising 107 volumes, nearly five hundred issues of periodicals, and two scrapbooks of newspaper clippings of chess plays, the collection is strong in works published at the end of the nineteenth and during the early decades of the twentieth centuries.

Goodrich gift. Nearly 12,000 manuscripts and pieces of correspondence have been added to the papers of the late Professor L. Carrington Goodrich (A.M., 1927; Ph.D., 1934) by his widow Mrs. Anne Goodrich. In addition to letters written to him by Pearl S.

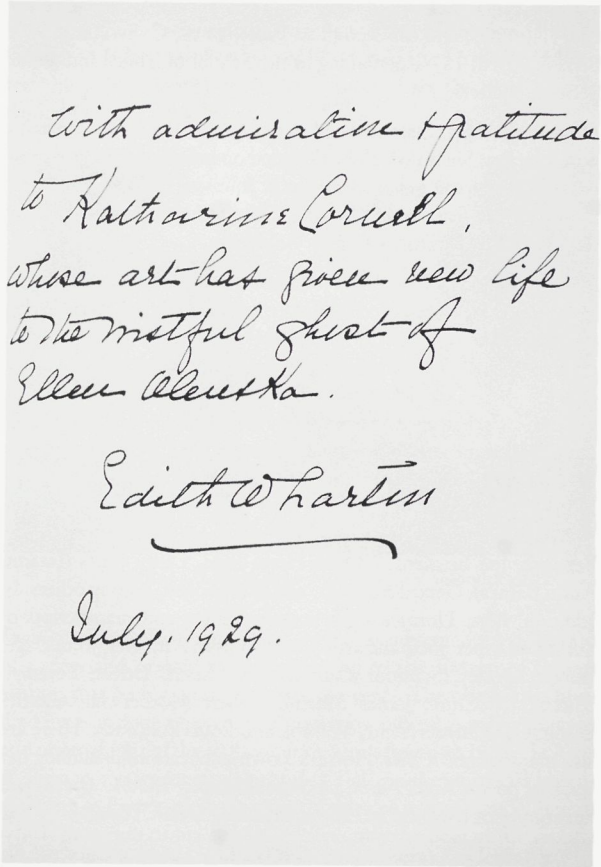
Buck, Norman Cousins, and H. H. Kung, there are extensive correspondence and subject files relating to his studies and researches on various aspects of the Far East, such as printing, the arts, medicine, technology, education and missions, and family histories.

Haverstick gift. Shortly after the conclusion of the exhibition at the Grolier Club commemorating the 125th anniversary of the birth of Edith Wharton, Mrs. Iola Haverstick (A.B., 1946, B.), who organized the exhibition and lent numerous rarities to it, presented to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library her entire Wharton collection, comprising American and English first editions, autograph letters, inscribed photographs, and books about the novelist, whose writings, much influenced by Henry James, are best known for the fictional studies of the tragedies and ironies in the lives of members of middle class and aristocratic New York society at the end of the nineteenth and in the early decades of the twentieth centuries. Among the New York first editions presented by Mrs. Haverstick are several important association books and copies in the original dust jackets: *The Fruit of the Tree,* 1907, in the original pictorial dust jacket illustrated by Alonzo Kimball; *Artemis to Actaeon,* 1909, the only known copy in the dust jacket; *Ethan Frome,* 1911, the Paul Lemperly copy; *The Custom of the Country,* 1913, inscribed by F. Scott Fitzgerald to the writer Holger Lundberg; and an exceptional copy of *The Age of Innocence,* 1920, inscribed by Edith Wharton "With admiration & gratitude to Katharine Cornell whose art has given new life to the wistful ghost of Ellen Olenska." Of the three autograph letters in the collection, the most important is the one written to Robert Minturn on March 4, 1907, in which Wharton mentions the publication of *Madame de Treymes,* the completion of *The Fruit of the Tree,* and the coming visit of Henry James. Finally, there is a photograph, inscribed for Katharine Cornell in September, 1928, of the Edward May oil portrait of Wharton at the age of five.

Holmes gift. Mr. David J. Holmes has donated two letters written by President Frederick A. P. Barnard, one to Eugene T. Gardner, dated



Original pictorial dust jacket illustrated by Alonzo Kimball for the 1907 New York edition. (Haverstick gift)



Edith Wharton's inscription to Katherine Cornell in *The Age of Innocence.* (Haverstick gift)

May 11, 1886, and the second to Professor A. C. Twining, dated September 16, 1874, pertaining to the School of Mines and several personal matters.

Hoptner gift. Mrs. Harriett S. Hoptner (M.S., 1961) has donated a poster by Ben Shahn which he designed on behalf of the 1964 presidential election campaign of Lyndon B. Johnson; the copy presented, number 52 of five hundred copies, is also autographed by the artist alongside the caricature of Barry Goldwater.

Hornick gift. Mrs. Lita Rothbard Hornick (A.B., 1948, B.; A.M., 1949; Ph.D., 1958), noted publisher, editor, and literary critic, has established a collection of her papers and those of Kulchur Press, *Kulchur* magazine, and The Kulchur Foundation, all of which she directed. Mrs. Hornick published the work of the New American writers (including those of the New York School) and avant-garde critics and artists, such as Robert Duncan, Allen Ginsberg, Frank O'Hara, and Larry Rivers; the collection of papers contains correspondence, manuscripts, proofs, and art work, dating from the 1960s and the 1970s, relating to their books, as well as those by Ted Berrigan, Joe Brainard, Charles Henri Ford, LeRoi Jones (Imamu Amiri Baraka), Gerard Malanga, and Ron Padgett, among others. In addition, Mrs. Hornick's gift contains letters and manuscripts of numerous other poets and artists, such as John Ashberry, John Cage, Robert Creeley, Salvador Dali, Kenneth Koch, Denise Levertov, Michael McClure, James Merrill, Robert Motherwell, Charles Olson, Gary Snyder, Andy Warhol, and Louis Zukovsky. There are also manuscripts of Mrs. Hornick's own publications, including her book of poems *Night Flight,* her autobiography *Kulchur Queen,* and her studies of Dorothy M. Richardson and Dylan Thomas.

Lamont gift. Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932) has presented the file of letters that he received from Judith Masefield from 1984 until shortly before her death on March 1, 1988. In the correspondence, numbering some eleven letters from the poet's daughter as well as twenty-five copies of replies and related correspondence, Judith

Masefield discusses personal and family matters, memories of her distinguished father, recollections of life during the First World War, and the publication of her father's *Letters from the Front,* among numerous other subjects.

Lita Hornick at a Gotham Book Mart reception. (Hornick gift)

Pratt gift. Dr. Dallas Pratt (M.D., 1941) has presented the collection of papers and printed materials relating to the theatre of Robert Wilson that he has assembled over the years. The nearly two hundred items include typescripts of scenarios, programs, news releases, and photographs of the Wilson productions from the 1969 *The King of Spain* to the recent stagings of *the CIVIL warS.* Of special importance in Dr. Pratt's gift is the group of thirteen letters from Wilson in which he writes of his current theatre projects, designs for specific productions, and travels, and of the work of the Byrd Hoffman Foundation.

Rotenberg and Stern gift. Dr. Leona Rostenberg (A.M., 1933; Ph.D., 1973) and Ms. Madeleine B. Stern (A.B., 1932, B.; A.M., 1934)

have donated the typescript, notes, and proofs for the recently published, updated version of their *Old & Rare: Forty Years in the Book Business.*

Rothkopf gift. A group of twenty-two first editions of modern American literature, many of which are inscribed to Marguerite and Louis Henry Cohn, has been presented by Mrs. Carol Z. Rothkopf (A.M., 1952) for addition to the House of Books Collection. Especially notable are: Richard Curle, *Into the East,* London, 1923, one of 125 large paper copies, inscribed with a note concerning Joseph Conrad's preface; John Dos Passos, *Orient Express,* New York, 1927, with illustrations by the author, inscribed to Louis Cohn; Marianne Moore, *Occasionem cognosce,* Lunenburg, Vermont, 1963, one of 175 signed copies, inscribed to Marguerite Cohn; and Gertrude Stein, *Before the Flowers of Friendship Faded Friendship Faded,* Paris, 1931, one of 100 signed copies. Among the seven books by Thomas Wolfe in Mrs. Rothkopf's gift are exceptionally fine copies of the rare first English and first German editions of *Look Homeward, Angel,* published in 1930 and 1932, respectively.

Saffron gift. A group of first and rare editions has been presented by Dr. Morris H. Saffron (A.B., 1925; A.M., 1949; Ph.D., 1968), including works by Thomas Bewick, Sir Thomas Browne, William Combe, Dorothy Sayers, and S. S. Van Dine. Of special importance are the fine copy of *The Florence Miscellany,* one of forty copies printed in Florence in 1785 for presentation, comprising poems written by Mrs. Piozzi, Bertie Greatheed, Robert Merry, and William Parson during their residence at Florence; and three stout folio scrapbooks, entitled *Berwickiana,* compiled in 1861, containing cuttings of more than three thousand wood engravings by Thomas Bewick and his pupils, John Bewick, Charlton Nesbit, Luke Clennell, William Harvey, and others.

Severinghaus estate gift. The estate of the late J. Walter Severinghaus, through the courtesy of his widow Mrs. Helen C. Severinghaus, has donated a collection of first editions, autograph letters, and portrait

engravings collected by Mr. Severinghaus's uncle, the late Willard L. Severinghaus (Ph.D., 1914), who taught at the University from 1907 and was Professor of Physics from 1919 until his retirement in 1941. Included in the gift are a number of textbooks used by Professor Severinghaus, an eighteenth-century edition of Isaac Newton's *Prin-*

Thomas Bewick woodcut from Robert Bloomfield's *Farmer Boy*, 1815. (Saffron gift)

cipia Mathematica published in Geneva, and several autograph letters, including an important letter written in 1706 by Richard Bentley, classical scholar and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Professor Henry Sike, also of Trinity College, in which he discusses various publications by himself, Professor Roger Cotes, and Sir Isaac Newton.

Steegmuller gift. A group of eleven first editions by and about the nineteenth-century American art critic and author of travel books, James Jackson Jarves, has been donated by Mr. Francis Steegmuller (A.B., 1927; A.M., 1928). Included are well-known works which

grew out of his extensive travels, such as *Italian Sights and Papal Principles Seen through American Spectacles,* 1856, *Italian Rambles,* 1883, *Art Thoughts: The Experiences and Observations of an American Amateur in Europe,* 1869, and *A Glimpse of the Art of Japan,* 1876.

Trilling gift. Mrs. Diana Trilling has presented, for inclusion in the Lionel Trilling Papers, Professor Trilling's correspondence with various editors at The Viking Press pertaining to the editing and publishing of his critical works and literary essays, as well as his novel *The Middle of the Journey.* There are 187 letters written from 1943 to 1974 by Professor Trilling to editors and publishers Marshall Best, Benjamin W. Huebsch, Pascal Covici, Elizabeth Sifton, and Alan D. Williams, among others, and related correspondence from Frank Kermode, Freda Kirchway, Amy Loveman, Marianne Moore, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Frederick J. Warburg, Edward Weeks, and Ray B. West.

Wilson gift. Mr. Robert M. Wilson, the noted artist and theatrical performer and director, has established, through the Byrd Hoffman Foundation, Inc., a collection of his papers with the initial gift of approximately 10,000 outlines, scripts, production notes, technical material, storyboards, posters, programs, announcements, and reviews, which document his productions from the late 1960s to the recent staging of his *Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien* by the Paris Opera Ballet. Represented in the collection are files pertaining to such early Wilson works as *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud,* 1969, *Deafman Glance,* 1970, *A Letter for Queen Victoria,* 1974, *Einstein on the Beach,* 1976, and *Death Destruction and Detroit,* 1979; Wilson's more recent theatre work is represented by papers relating to his massive epic, *the CIVIL warS.* All aspects of Wilson's theatrical endeavors as author, designer, and director of theatre works, opera, and film in the United States and western European countries are represented in the collection.

Woodring gift. Professor Carl Woodring has established a collection of his papers with the gift of approximately 9,200 letters, manuscripts, notes, and printed materials relating to his teaching and research activities for the past three decades. The bulk of the papers presented pertain to his editing of Samuel T. Coleridge's *Table Talk* for *The Collected Works of Coleridge,* and the remainder concern his teaching career and professional activities. In addition to the manuscript material, there are nearly two hundred books inscribed to Professor Woodring by his colleagues and former students.

Missale Aboense

In honor of the 500th anniversary of the first book printed for Finland, the *Missale Aboense,* printed in Lübeck in 1488, the Jyväskylä University Library lent their copy, a leaf of which is illustrated above, for exhibition in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library from September 29 through October 10.

Activities of the Friends

Finances. General purpose contributions for the twelve-month period ended on June 30, 1988, totaled $34,355. In addition, special purpose gifts, designated for book and manuscript purchases and for the establishment of new endowments, amounted to $61,787. The appraised value of gifts in kind for the same period was $426,054, a record amount. The total of all gifts and contributions since the establishment of the Friends in 1951 now stands at $7,304,031.

Fall reception. The exhibition, "Dreams and Images: The Theatre of Robert Wilson," will open with a reception in the Kempner Exhibition Room on Wednesday afternoon, December 7, from 5 to 7 p.m. On display will be a selection of posters and manuscripts from the Wilson Papers donated by Mr. Wilson and Dr. Dallas Pratt, and artworks lent by the artist.

New Council members. Messrs. Carter Burden and Martin Meisel have been elected to serve on the Council of the Friends as members of the Class of '91, and Mrs. Chantal Hodges as a member of the Class of '90.

Future meetings. "The Fugitive Kind: The Theatre of Tennessee Williams" will open with a members' preview on Wednesday afternoon, March 1, 1989, 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 5, 1989.

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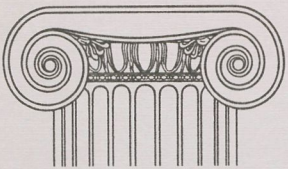

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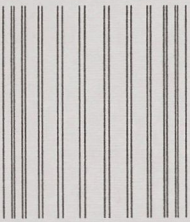

FEBRUARY 1989

VOL. 38 · NO. 2

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Photography by Martin Messik

* * *

ISSN 0010-1966

Columbia Library Columns

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Published by THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES,
Butler Library, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027
Three issues a year, four dollars each.


Gauguin's house in
Rue de l'Ouest

England's Gauguin

PATRICK T. LAWLOR

When Stephen Haweis, a young English artist, ventured to the South Seas in 1913 he knew he was following in the steps of Gauguin and John La Farge, the only two Europeans to have sought inspiration in that vast landscape. His quest for a deeper understanding of color, shape, and movement through a concentrated study of the shifting patterns present in the crystal clear seas finally led him into exile on the West Indian island of Dominica. In 1931 his elder brother, Lionel, visited Stephen and urged him to write a memoir. Stephen began writing but soon abandoned the project, writing on the first page of the manuscript, "Abandoned—too many things forgotten or impossible to verify from here." He sent the memoir to his brother, who had the typescript bound and indexed. Upon the death in 1965 of Lionel, his daughter returned the manuscript to Stephen, who continued to add holograph corrections and additions until his death in 1969. Although incomplete, the 175 page manuscript affords a fascinating glimpse of artistic life in England and Paris at the turn of the century.

The youngest of three children, Stephen Haweis was born in 1879 to parents who were at the center of London social and artistic life. His father, the Reverend Hugh Reginald Haweis, was a man of extraordinary eloquence and personal magnetism. Although somewhat dwarfed and with a club foot, he managed to captivate London with his ability to lecture. An accomplished violinist, he took orders in 1862, and in 1866 was appointed incumbent of St. James, Marylebone where he stayed until his death in 1901. He quickly became a celebrated preacher and a favorite of London Society. Along with his religious work, he wrote numerous books on morals, music, and

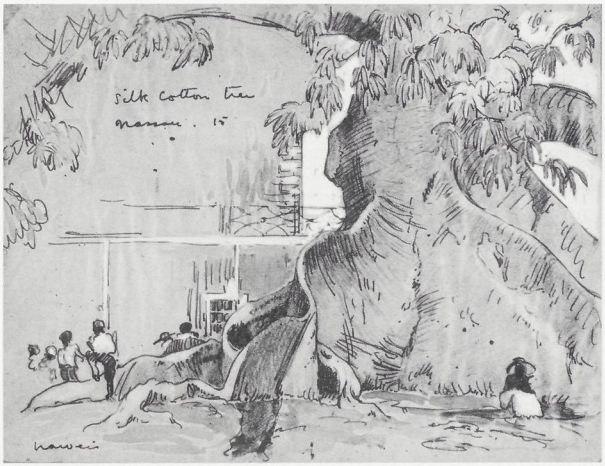
Opposite: Stephen Haweis as an art student in Paris, 1903; Mount Joy, the studio built by Haweis in Dominica, British West Indies, which he modeled after Gauguin's home; drawing by Haweis of Gauguin's home in Tahiti, 1913.

church history. As a respected music critic, the Reverend Haweis helped to define English musical tastes and was instrumental in the introduction of Wagner to the English. His greatest fame, however, was as a public speaker (when asked his advice on how to speak in public he replied that he knew of no secret, simply "Have something to say... open your mouth and say it, ... loud enough and distinctly enough for people to hear"). He traveled throughout the Commonwealth, Europe, and America lecturing, principally on music. He described these tours in *Travel and Talk*. In 1867 he married Mary Eliza Joy, daughter of the artist Thomas Musgrave Joy, a talented artist, designer, and writer on domestic dress and art. In 1884 the Haweises rented Tudor House in Cheyne Walk, which had been the residence of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mary Eliza redecorated the house and gave it back its original name, Queen's House. Soon thereafter the couple set about entertaining with a passion. Consequently, while he was growing up Stephen met almost anyone who had any claim to fame in late Victorian society.

Stephen writes of his father: "I was never intimate with my father until the last two months, almost the last few weeks of his life." Due to an estrangement of affection between Stephen's parents, Mary Eliza transferred her affection to her youngest son, causing a strong resentment to the boy on his father's part. Stephen attended most of the afternoon literary teas organized by Mary Eliza during the 1890s. One of his earliest recollections is seeing Oscar Wilde, "a picture of smug satisfaction, holding a fat forefinger conspicuously upon which was a large green cameo ring." Robert Browning was a regular visitor to Queen's House, and when the phonograph was introduced to England by Colonel Gouraud, the Colonel demonstrated the invention by playing a recording of Browning reading one of his poems (somewhat to the dismay of the listeners, Browning's voice became hesitant after a strong beginning "I'm sorry, I seem to have forgotten my own verses," he said and then fell silent).

The flamboyant editor and lexicographer, Frederick J. Furnivall, "generally appeared in a loud skirted tale-coat of brown with white checks, with a vivid blue tie and a magenta silk handkerchief, hanging

half out of the breast pocket." His bronzed bald head and explosive beard always made him look to Stephen as if he was in a "high wind." Furnivall's zest for life impressed Stephen: "He was the despair of time; I feel sure he seized death by the arm and hurried him along to



"Silk Cotton Tree"; pen and ink and watercolor drawing by Haweis, Nassau, 1915.

the Styx, and no doubt chaffed Charon about the lines of his craft and the finer points of watermanship [sic]."

Three people who made the greatest impression on Stephen were General Booth, Rodin, and Swami Vivekananda. Stephen's father met the Swami in 1893 while attending the Parliament of Religions in Chicago; impressed by the Swami's nobility of character, the Reverend Haweis invited him to speak at Queen's House. Stephen heard the Swami speak and was likewise taken by his dignity, naturalness, and humility. When challenged on any part of his talk, the Swami refused to be drawn into argument but simply replied "That part, sir, was not for you then."

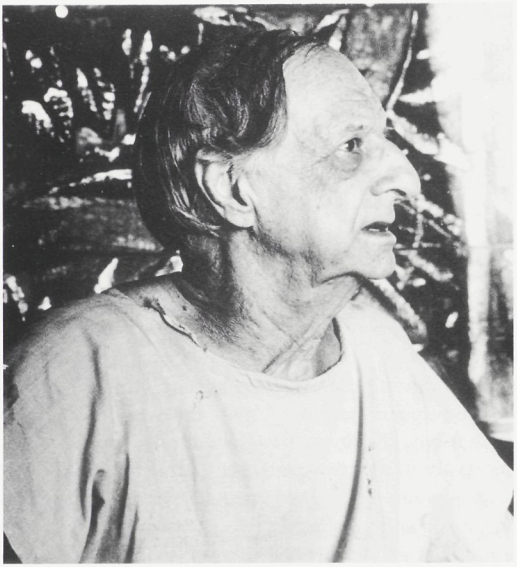
General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, began preaching to the poor on a soap box in the streets of Nottingham. The Reverend Haweis went against the majority of his fellow established churchmen by preaching about the movement and inviting the General to lecture at Queen's House. The General arrived dressed in his regimentals. Stephen remembers him as a sixty-year-old man who spoke with a slight north-country accent. He explained his mission to minister to all those souls who were disregarded by society, "the thieves, rascals and vagabonds whose records cut them off from all consideration . . . those are the people we want!" Some twenty years later, Stephen met the General in Florence. Old, tired, and nearly blind, the General was still proclaiming his message and asking for assistance: "I am not ashamed of being a beggar," he said. "I've been a beggar all my life, and I shall not cease begging until I die. And even then, when I am dead, nothing would please me better than to have a large tomb, made in the shape of a collecting box, with a slot into which visitors might drop their contributions." After his speech, Stephen managed to introduce himself to the General, who kissed the young man, making Stephen "very proud," and told him he fondly remembered his father. Shortly after this meeting, the General died.

After a year at Peterhouse College, Cambridge, Stephen decided to study art in Paris, and his father took him to get advice from Holman Hunt, who was non-committal on the matter; G. F. Watts, however, wrote Stephen a long letter warning him of the many perils to be encountered in Paris (none of which Stephen actually did encounter). His first year in Paris cost Stephen £63. He lived happily in poverty because his misery was shared by his fellow students. Initially he attended the studio of Jean Paul Laurens, whom he remembers as a "highly civilized gorilla." He soon applied to the studio of Whistler, but was rejected by Inez Bate on the grounds that Whistler did not "receive beginners." Inez Bate did paint Stephen's portrait, and years later when Stephen tried to purchase it, he was distressed to find that it had been destroyed.

Alphonse Mucha was Stephen's first real master. At the time Mucha's posters of Sarah Bernhardt were all over Paris; however, his studio was not well attended. Stephen soon corrected this matter by acting as "official Massier" and attracting a sufficient number of students for the school to remain open. Mucha was a friend of Gauguin and lent him studio space to review his work while preparing for his first South Sea exhibition. Many years later Stephen met Mucha at an exhibition in New York, and Mucha traveled with Stephen to the Bronx to view Stephen's work on the windows of St. Anselm's Church. It was Mucha who first interested Stephen in the works of Gauguin, thereby planting a seed which would eventually lead Stephen to Dominica.

After receiving a sudden windfall of £40 from England, Stephen bought a camera and photographic equipment. He found that he had a talent for photography. Inspired by the recently published portraits of famous French artists by Edward Steichen, Stephen managed to get an introduction to Rodin. A friendship developed between Stephen and Rodin, who encouraged Stephen to photograph many of his small bronzes against assorted backgrounds and with various lighting. To Stephen's surprise many of the prints which he considered to be failures, Rodin would admire and proclaim "C'est mieux que Stikken [sic]." For two years Stephen saw a lot of Rodin. The little villa in which Rodin lived was in a chronic state of disorder, although Rodin knew where every piece of art was. "Every bed in the house hid piles of etchings, lithographs and watercolors," writes Stephen. "Rodin's own bedroom was the most tidily arranged room in the house, tidy, I suppose, chiefly because it was almost empty. Two Monets hung upon the wall and one Carrière, a table, a chair, a wash stand and a simple iron bed with a little table beside it upon which rested his bible—well, it wasn't exactly a bible, it was Richard's *Anatomy*—the only book, in my belief that Rodin ever read assiduously and with interest." Stephen was sympathetic and understanding when it came to Rodin's relationship with Madam Rosa, the artist's housekeeper: "I don't think it ever occurred to Rodin that

Madam Rosa wished to be legally married with all the passionate wealth of her peasant soul. He did not have time to waste on things of that sort, but he came to understand that marriage, which meant nothing to him, did mean a great deal to her. At that bitter moment,



Stephen Haweis at his studio in Dominica, ca. 1968.

there was no question of wasting time, for she was on her deathbed. Of course he married her—there was nothing he would not have done for her . . ."

Rodin's method of teaching technique, having his students carry a piece of clay in their pockets and model tiny hands and feet, was something he followed himself. Stephen found a whole cabinet full of drawers containing hundreds of casts of these pocket sculptures of

Rodin's. One day Stephen made the mistake of photographing Rodin's bust of Balzac, and was rebuked by Rodin who ordered him to destroy the plate. Rodin never forgave the French government for refusing the bust. When Stephen complained to Rodin about the quality of light in a studio, Rodin informed him that light did not matter. "I can paint anywhere," he told Stephen. "I spread my water-colors out on the floor and color them all together. Anywhere any light is good, no?"

With an introduction from Rodin, Stephen visited Carrière on one of his "at home" days. To Stephen's astonishment, the great artist agreed to Stephen's request to bring him work to be criticized on a regular basis. On one memorable visit, after Stephen had shown him a portrait, Carrière asked his son, Jean, to bring a basin, some water, and an apple. He asked Stephen to hold the basin while his son filled it with water, then he dropped the apple into the basin. Asking Stephen to regard the floating apple he said: "You see, the apple is entirely surrounded with water... it is like that when you paint a head, which is entirely surrounded with liquid air. You must always think that when you paint the edges of things... the air flows around everything."

Walter Sickert also gave Stephen advice on how to paint: be tidy; do three studies of your subject after making nine separate drawings; never mess with paint; decide on the right color on the palette not on the canvas; "Better paint one thing right, than ten things wrong." He termed painting a "pantomime," and it was the "pantomime" which was all important.

Stephen had a yearning to visit Tahiti ever since childhood. His parents had a glass case full of Tahitian relics "in the midst of which stood the god Taaroa" about which Stephen loved to hear stories. However, the primary reason Stephen visited Tahiti was his burning desire to see where Gauguin had lived and worked. Distressed by the way Gauguin had been portrayed in Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence,* Stephen records "something good about him for a change" in his memoir. A Protestant minister who had known

Gauguin well told Stephen that Gauguin had worn himself out "attempting to protect [the natives] against extortion and injustice that was practiced upon them by the police." The minister assured Stephen that Gauguin's influence on the natives had been "for good on the whole."

While painting beneath an electric light in the streets of Papeete, Stephen met Leonce Brault, who had been Gauguin's lawyer. Brault invited Stephen to visit his offices the following morning in order to see a number of letters written to him by Gauguin. The letters interested Stephen greatly. "These letters ought not to be in your possession," he informed Mr. Brault. "They ought to belong to me, because I am so much devoted to Gauguin and have longed to possess an autograph." Mr. Brault said he would sleep on the request and shortly thereafter Stephen received a package containing all the letters which he had seen. Unable to pay Mr. Brault with money, Stephen gave him the best sketch he had made in Tahiti.

Stephen was also lucky enough to locate and purchase two glass doors which Gauguin had decorated shortly after his arrival on the island. They were in bad condition because the lady who owned them, Madame Charbonier, thought the decorations very ugly and had tried to clean them off. The panel which contained Gauguin's signature was missing but the companion piece had a bird with a scroll design behind it on which Gauguin had written "'Rupe Tahiti'—Hurrah for Tahiti—and the date of his arrival, '1893.'" (Apparently Rupert Brooke proclaimed his desire to murder Stephen when he found out that he had managed to get his hands on the doors.) Stephen called his house on Dominica, "Mount Joy," after Gauguin's house on Tahiti, "Maison de Joie," and also in tribute to his mother, Marie Eliza Joy.

In 1903 Stephen married the poet Mina Loy, and the couple had two children. A woman of considerable beauty, Stephen took pleasure in photographing her. Mina lived with Stephen throughout his years in Paris, where he exhibited at the Salon des Champs de Mars and the Salon D'Automne. Eventually the disintegration of his mar-

riage (the couple were divorced in 1915), his love of Gauguin, and a growing feeling that he had nothing to add to European art led Stephen to the South Seas. After studying the work of van Rysselberghe in the Naples Museum, Stephen decided to study nature, especially the forms and colors of fish. Such was his success in painting marine life that Sir Patrick Geddes invited him to lecture on the color changes in tropical fish. In 1918 he was invited to decorate the War Memorial Chapel in the Church of St. Francis Xavier in Nassau, and in 1919 he exhibited at the Toledo Museum of Art.

Stephen lost a good portion of his inheritance in the stock market crash of 1929. Needing a cheap place to live, Stephen bought some land in Dominica, where he remained until his death in 1969. His life on Dominica was tranquil. He spent his time writing poetry, plays, and novels, as well as continuing to paint and contribute on a regular basis to local newspapers. In 1967 Gerald Duckworth & Co. in London published his *Mount Joy,* an account of his life and experiences on Dominica. Regrettably, in old age Stephen looked back on his life with a feeling of failure. In a revealing note, written when he was well into his eighties, inserted in his memoir, he writes:

> I feel more lonely... I need human beings to associate with like those with whom I spent my first twenty years—and have never seen since. I long for home—forgetting that I have had no home for 40 years—and wondering still how much longer I have to face complete absence of the quick brains, which don't exist anywhere within 30 miles (if not 3,000) of where I am obliged to live. Happily married people can die within a couple of [years of] their last and most important losses. I cannot even hope to accomplish that!
>
> Now I am continually asked for my auto-biography and envied for my wonderful life-experiences. It is a repetition of what has always been my portion—to be most admired for qualities I have never possessed. I did have a chance to have been a little somebody, but I just didn't quite make the grade—so history repeats itself.

Such cannot be the last word on Stephen Haweis. Although he never achieved fame, his devotion to his art, his integrity and social conscience, his close friendships with some of the major artists of this century and the respect they had for him, serve to make his a life to

remember and value. Gauguin and Stephen Haweis shared a commitment to art and the beauty of the tropics which drove them to abandon themselves to their respective quests. Stephen's paintings, journals, and memoir, the original manuscript of which forms part of his papers recently received as a gift from the estate of Mrs. Philip J. Roosevelt, testify to the value of his art and provide insights into the inner life of an artist and an age which will remain of lasting value.

A World of Light and Shadow: The Plays of Tennessee Williams

LORI VAN DECKER

On the evening of March 31, 1945, at the Playhouse Theatre, the first Broadway cast of *The Glass Menagerie* graciously and enthusiastically responded to a grand total of twenty-five curtain calls. Thomas Lanier Williams, the thirty-four-year-old playwright, stepped sheepishly onto the stage to take his first of many Broadway bows. At the time, however, Williams did not let success go to his head. The future still seemed insecure.

Four years earlier, *Battle of Angels,* which was scheduled to open on Broadway in 1941, received generally favorable reviews during its two-week trial run in Boston but lost financial support when censors and public officials, some of whom had not even seen the play, declared it morally objectionable. With *The Glass Menagerie,* this would never happen. Less than two weeks after its Broadway premier, *The Glass Menagerie* had won the Drama Critics Award. (The Sidney Howard Memorial and Donaldson awards would soon follow.) As the weeks went by, theatergoers were standing on long ticket lines, and all of the major newspapers had published at least one story about the unusual playwright who called himself "Tennessee."

Within two years, Tennessee Williams would have another major hit. At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre on December 3, 1947, the first Broadway cast of *A Streetcar Named Desire* received a full half-hour's applause. *Streetcar* earned Williams the Drama Critics Award, the Donaldson Award, and the Pulitzer Prize. There was no longer any doubt: Williams was firmly established as one of America's premier playwrights. In the two decades that followed, many critics would argue (and some still do) that Williams never managed to equal the dramatic and poetic qualities that he had achieved in *Menagerie* and *Streetcar,* but in spite of critics' claims that the quality of his work was declining, Williams remained a major figure in the New York theatre scene throughout the 1950s and 1960s.

A brief review of the major New York productions during this period will illustrate the extent to which Williams commanded the New York stage. *The Rose Tattoo* opened on Broadway at the Martin Beck and won the "Tony" for best play of 1951. In 1952 there was the off-Broadway production of *Summer and Smoke* at the Circle in the

Tennessee Williams *(center)* during the filming of *The Fugitive Kind* in Hollywood, 1958, shown with the star of the film, Anna Magnani, and Williams's long-time friend, Frank Merlo *(left)*.

Square. At the National Theatre, the controversial *Camino Real*, a theatrical experiment that was perhaps ahead of its time, premiered and failed in March of 1953. In 1955, Williams made a spectacular Broadway comeback at the Morosco with *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, winner of the Drama Critics Award, the Donaldson Award, and the Pulitzer Prize (the proceeds from which Williams donated to Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism). The lyrical *Orpheus Descending*

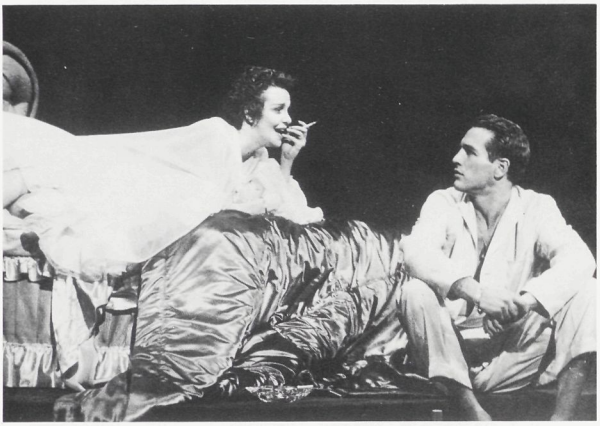
(a revised version of *Battle of Angels,* the play that would remain closest to Williams's heart) was not well received at the Martin Beck in 1957, but *Sweet Bird of Youth,* produced at the same theatre in 1959, held its own. In between the two Broadway productions, two of Williams's shorter plays, *Suddenly Last Summer* and *Something Unspoken,* were produced off-Broadway at the York Theatre, under the collective title *The Garden District,* in 1958.

The beginning of the new decade brought an indifferent reception to Williams's serious comedy *Period of Adjustment,* which opened at the Helen Hayes in 1960, but this minor setback was soon forgotten when *The Night of the Iguana,* another Drama Critics Award winner, opened at the Royale in 1961. At the Morosco, the first version of *The Milktrain Doesn't Stop Here Anymore* opened on January 16 and closed on March 16, 1963, but the play was soon revised and reopened at the Brooks Atkinson in 1964. In 1966, there was a short run of *Slapstick Tragedy,* two short black comedies, at the Longacre Theatre; 1968 brought a one-month run of *The 7 Descents of Myrtle* (which was later revised and produced in New Jersey as *Kingdom of Earth*) at the Ethel Barrymore; and 1969 brought an off-Broadway production of *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* at the Eastside Playhouse.

Although not always huge successes, new plays by Tennessee Williams appeared on the New York stage throughout the 1950s and 1960s at the rate of nearly one per year. At the same time, Hollywood was adapting his successful plays for successful films, traveling companies were taking shows on the road, and theatres all over the world were producing the work of one of America's greatest living playwrights. The prolific Tennessee Williams continued to write, revise, produce, and publish not only full-length dramas but essays, short stories, novels, screenplays, one-act plays, and poetry as well.

What should we make of this great body of unusual, yet incredibly insightful, works that commanded a place on the New York stage throughout the 50s and 60s? What should we make of this playwright, poet, short story writer, and novelist named Tennessee Williams? Performance critics and literary critics alike have attempted to

analyze the multi-faceted symbolism, the recurrent themes, and the autobiographical elements that abound in the plays. Their attempts often delighted and perplexed Williams, who wanted each of his plays to have the effect of a dramatic poem, one that "should not mean, but be."



Geraldine Page and Paul Newman in the Broadway production of *Sweet Bird of Youth*, 1959.

When asked what a play was about, Williams would answer that the play was simply "about life," and plays about life should not need to be explained. A dramatic poem by Williams might be about being "sentenced to solitary confinement inside our own skins, for life!" (*Orpheus*), or about people finding "God in each other" (*Rose Tattoo*). Or it might be about the "acceptance of not knowing anything but the moment of still existing until we stop existing—and acceptance of that moment too" (*Milktrain*), or about how "human beings dream of life everlasting.... But most of them want it on earth not in heaven" (*Cat*). Dramatic poems about life are as difficult to explicate as the meaning of life itself.

The promise Williams implies in the title of his essay "The Meaning of *The Rose Tattoo*" is fulfilled obscurely, at best. This piece, originally published in *Vogue* (March 15, 1951) and reprinted in *Where I Live*, a collection of the playwright's essays, is written in beautiful, lyrical prose:

> *The Rose Tattoo* is the Dionysian element in human life, its mystery, its beauty, its significance. It is that glittering quicksilver that still somehow manages to slip from under the down-pressed thumbs of the enormous man in the brass-buttoned uniform and his female partner with the *pince-nez* and the chalky smelling black skirts that make you sneeze as she brushes disdainfully past you. It is the dissatisfaction with empiric evidence that makes the poet and mystic, for it is the lyric as well as the Bacchantic impulse . . . .

Does this passage tell us what *The Rose Tattoo* is about? Perhaps it does, but only when we take our cue from the Dionysian poet and mystic and free ourselves from the conventional demands that we place on, and the things we expect from, our experience of theatre.

In many ways, plays that are dramatic poems depend more upon mood than action. This is probably what made Williams's plays so attractive to the "method" actors of the 1950s and 1960s. Method actors could interpret stage directions in which the action was crucially subordinated to the mood. A critical scene in the third act of *Sweet Bird of Youth* requires the actors to portray a "huddling-together of the lost, but not with sentiment, which is false, but with whatever is truthful in the moments when people share doom, face firing squads together." Without the proper degree of sensitivity to mood, an impressionistic scene such as this could sink quickly into melodramatic bathos.

Williams was equally as impressionistic in his descriptions of settings. He was fond of similes, often comparing the atmosphere that he wanted the set to produce to an emotion or an artistic mood, as in this excerpt from Williams's set description for *The Rose Tattoo:*

> We see an interior that is as colorful as a booth at a carnival. There are many religious articles and pictures of ruby and gilt, the brass cage of a gaudy parrot, a large bowl of gold-fish, cut-glass decanters and vases, rose-patterned wallpaper, and a rose-colored carpet; everything is exclamatory in its brightness like the projection of a woman's heart passionately in love . . . .

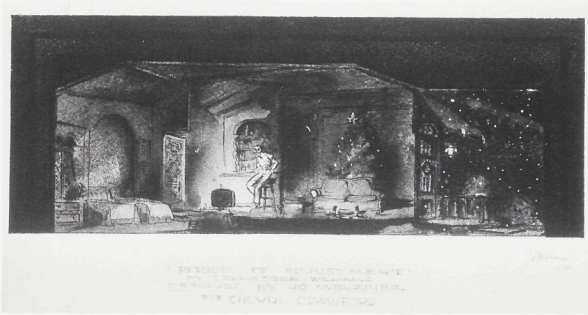
Scenic designer Boris Aronson, who was awarded a "Tony" for his rendition of this set, complied by painting the deepest part of the set in lighter hues. This lent the interior of the set an inner glow that emanated outward, a poetic, visual representation of the heart of a

Original watercolor drawing by Boris Aronson of the stage set for the Broadway production of *The Rose Tattoo,* 1951.

woman "passionately in love." When viewing Aronson's watercolor design in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, one can see how Aronson provided the contrast that Williams required between the exterior of a "frame cottage, in a rather poor state of repair" and the "interior that is as colorful as a booth at a carnival."

In addition to being aesthetically in tune, Williams and Aronson had work habits in common. Williams would attend rehearsals and performances, rewriting and revising scenes, even up to closing nights. As Williams was intensely involved with the organic development of his plays, Aronson was intensely involved in the organic development of his sets, attempting to capture the mood or essence of his subject at each phase of development. The mission and methodology that the playwright and the scenic artist shared must have

contributed substantially to their successful association during the productions of *The Rose Tattoo* and *Orpheus Descending*. It would seem surprising that Williams and Aronson worked together only twice, if it were not for the fact that the sets for most of Williams's major



Jo Mielziner's original design for *Period of Adjustment*, 1960.

productions were designed by the legendary scenic and lighting artist Jo Mielziner.

Where Aronson emphasized foreground and background, color and shape, Meilziner, who always insisted on lighting his own sets, emphasized the subtlety of light and shade. This must have appealed to Williams, who made extensive poetic use of the affective connotations that the words "light" and "shadow" evoke. The most memorable example occurs in *Orpheus Descending*. In the second scene of Act III, Vee Talbot tells Val Xavier: " A world of light and shadow is what we live in, and—it's—confusing. . . ." Val replies: "Yeah, they—*do* get—mixed. . . ." This dialogue is echoed by several characters in other plays. Although not always this directly, and not always verbally, symbolism of light and shadow appears in nearly all of Williams's work.

Mielziner must have been intuitively sensitive to the symbolic nature of Williams's use of shadow and light. His designs were

drafted in shades of black, white, and gray, and were executed to convey the set at a given moment during the action of the play. His design for Williams's *Period of Adjustment*, a watercolor of which is in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, appears to be designed

Tennessee Williams in the role of Doc in *Small Craft Warnings*, 1972.

around the figure of Ralph Bates during the opening scene. Williams suggests that Ralph's "pose should suggest Rodin's 'Thinker'," a detail that Mielziner includes to help him achieve the desired mood and effect of the set design.

Williams's dramatic poems depend heavily upon the visual and plastic elements of theatre. The poetry succeeds not in language alone but in a synthesis of mood, attitude, movement, and gesture. A set must facilitate this synthesis. As Mielziner suggests in *Designing for the Theatre: A Memoir and a Portfolio*, "the designer must create signposts and symbols, clues and innuendos, that will communicate

instantly to the audience and provide a key to the personalities on stage." To augment the symbolism in *A Streetcar Named Desire,* Mielziner "took a fine, rather ornate door and worked over it to show the smudged handprints of the no longer genteel and careful Stella, the scuffed heel marks of her angry and temperamental husband. The door became a symbol of the fall of Stella's family from elegance to seediness."

After weeks of careful planning, creating, and constructing, Aronson and Mielziner saw their finished works of art dismantled when productions closed. While the artwork of the scenic designer is ephemeral, the art of the poet-playwright Tennessee Williams survives in printed editions and on film, and its poetic spirit is being resurrected not only in New York revivals but in college, local, regional, and professional theatres around the world. *Menagerie* and *Streetcar* have found their way into undergraduate literature anthologies, and English departments are offering courses that treat Tennessee Williams as a major figure of twentieth-century literature. While it appears that the work of Williams is now receiving the recognition that it deserves, positive recognition was not always afforded the playwright when he was alive.

By the late 1960s, critics were recording the history of what they perceived to be Williams's artistic "decline." In 1970, Williams would refer to the 1960s as his "stoned age," a time in which he was beleaguered by drugs, alcohol, physical ailments, and emotional instability. Williams was ready to slow down, to retreat from the Broadway hustle, but he would not stop writing, revising, creating. He would continue to nurture ten new plays through to production, including *Small Craft Warnings* (1972), *The Red Devil Battery Sign* (1975), *Vieux Carré* (1977), *A Lovely Sunday for Creve Coeur* (1978), *Clothes for a Summer Hotel* (1980), and *A House Not Meant to Stand* (1981). There would be yet another novel (*Moise and the World of Reason*), another collection of poems (*Androgyny, Mon Amour*), and the fascinating, although not always historically accurate, *Memoirs.* Williams always said that he could never stop writing, and he never did—until February 24, 1983, when he died.

Not All Ice and Snow

ROBERT A. WOLVEN

The early 1840s saw an intense interest in Antarctic exploration, with three major expeditions in the field almost simultaneously. A public eager for early accounts of these adventures could turn to James Croxall Palmer's poem, "Thulia," where they would read of how

> The Braying penguin sounds his horn
> And flights of cormorants are screaming
> Their croaking welcome to the morn
> Athwart the frozen mountains gleaming.

In the annals of poetic ornithology, the braying penguin may not rival the Ancient Mariner's albatross, but it made its small contribution to perhaps the best-documented era in the history of exploration. For Palmer's first-hand account of his adventures is joined by those of the few earlier Antarctic explorers and of many more to follow. His narrative, and those of his fellows in the United States Exploring Expedition, form an intermediate link in a chain leading from the journals of Captain Cook in the 1770s to the dramatic tales of Scott, Schackleton, and Amundsen in the early 1900s. These works, along with many other accounts of polar voyages, are to be found among the Libris Polaris volumes in the Columbia University Libraries.

There had been exploring voyages in southern waters before the 1840s, but most had been small-scale efforts by sealers and whalers in search of new grounds, as more northerly waters became depleted. These men had made significant geographic findings, including several sightings of land on the Antarctic Peninsula, and had penetrated as far as 73° S., but their explorations had always been somewhat haphazard, and there had been little attempt at scientific observation. The one attempt at a well-equipped scientific expedition was a Russian effort under Admiral Fabian von Bellingshausen in 1820–1821, but the difficulty of recruiting qualified scientists for a rigorous polar

cruise had reduced its impact. Bellingshausen did succeed in circumnavigating Antarctica and sighted several islands that were the southernmost land then known. Still, no one could be sure if the various glimpses of land were merely of islands in an ice-covered sea, or outcroppings of a long-sought southern continent.

Then, late in the 1830s, the governments of France, England, and the United States each began organizing more ambitious Antarctic ventures. The American expedition was the United States' first great venture into naval exploration, and as with many government projects, years of proposals, planning, debate, and delay were required before any vessels could get under way. The original impetus came from an eccentric, even bizarre source. John Cleve Symmes was a former soldier with a conviction that the earth was hollow, and that the interior could be reached through vast holes around the poles. With the prospect of a whole new world in view, the value of a polar expedition of discovery was, to Symmes at least, obvious. Convincing Congress proved more difficult, and his proposal made little headway until it was taken up by Jeremiah Reynolds. Reynolds, ostensibly a convert to the hollow-earth theory, tirelessly promoted the exploring scheme. It was only after he quietly dropped Symmes notions, though, and emphasized instead the value to American shipping and the enhancement of American prestige that he managed to secure approval of the venture from the House of Representatives in May 1828. Approval meant little without financial backing, however, and funds were not forthcoming from Congress until 1836.

Money was not the only obstacle. The difficulty of outfitting a large expedition with insufficient funds proved too much for a succession of senior naval officers, and by 1838 at least five different commanders had either resigned or been dismissed. Finally, Secretary of the Navy James Kirke Paulding made the controversial decision to assign command to a junior officer, Lieutenant Charles B. Wilkes.

Before offering the appointment, Paulding consulted Professor James Renwick, head of the scientific department at Columbia University and Wilkes's brother-in-law. Renwick gave his relative high

praise, citing his studies in astronomy, magnetism, and hydrography, and saying, "Wilkes possesses superior qualifications to any person in the country." Of his scientific qualifications there may be some doubt. James Dana, the foremost American geologist of the nineteenth century, was one of the scientists on the expedition, and per-

The *Porpoise* and the *Flying Fish*, two boats in the expedition commanded by Charles Wilkes, were separated in a storm at the onset of the cruise; engraving after a drawing by Wilkes.

haps a less partial witness than Renwick. In a letter quoted in Robert Bruce's *The Launching of American Science, 1846–1876*, Dana calls Wilkes, "an ignoramus in science." But, Dana goes on to say, "The Navy does not contain a more daring explorer, or driving officer." His daring was to have ample opportunity for display during the four-year cruise. His drive enabled him to push preparations forward. By August 1838, the expedition had a scientific complement reduced to half its intended number, and consisted of but six ill-equipped ships, some in poor repair, but most important, it was under way.

The expedition made two forays into the Antarctic, in the midst of more extensive explorations of Pacific waters and islands. For the first venture, in February and March 1839, Wilkes left his flagship, the *Vincennes,* in Valparaiso, and proceeded south with four other vessels. Wilkes, aboard the *Porpoise,* succeeded in revisiting Palmer's land, at the tip of the Antarctic Peninsula, but was prevented by dense ice from proceeding further south. It was left for the smaller *Flying Fish,* a former New York pilot boat chosen for its ability to operate in shallow waters, to make the greatest progress.

The *Flying Fish* had become separated from her escort, the *Peacock,* at the very outset of the cruise, and did not manage to rejoin her until its end. In between, under the command of William Walker, she managed to slip through the ice to 70° S., the furthest southern penetration of the entire expedition. Walker's official despatches give the details, in rather bald and colorless prose:

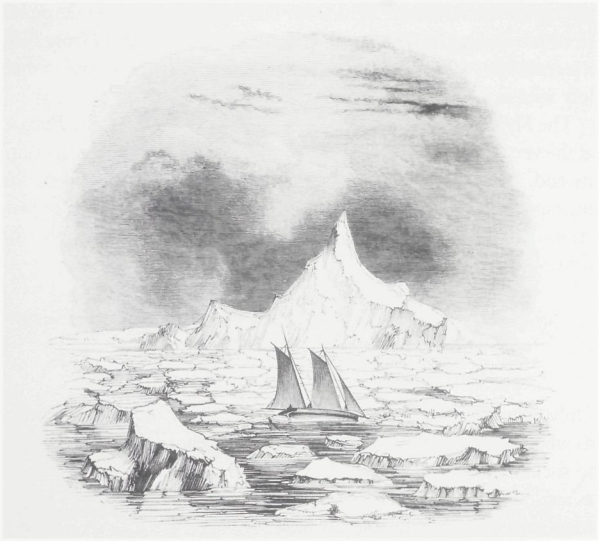
> We continued until eight, when we reefed the mainsail and lowered the foresail, with the intention of standing on during the night, flattering ourselves we should get beyond Cook [who had reached 71° S.] before noon; but, alas, our hopes were blasted in the bud; it soon became so thick we could not see at all.

Only occasionally does a touch of homely detail enliven this account, as when, "believing we were getting into a clear sea, I stepped below to stick my toes in the stove." It was left for Palmer (who was serving as assistant surgeon on board the *Peacock*) to render his friend's adventures into more highly colored verse:

> Each sail hung round with gelid frill;
> Festooned with frost her graceful prow;
> And every rope an icicle.
> Amid the fearful stillness round,
> Scarce broken by the wind's faint breezing,
> Hist! heard ye not that crackling sound?
> That death-watch click—the sea is freezing.

Fortunately, the small craft managed to escape becoming ice-bound and to rejoin the three remaining ships in March. (The *Relief* had proved too slow and clumsy to be of any use, and the *Sea Gull* had been lost off Cape Horn.)

The southern cruise of 1839 had begun too late in the season to explore fully, but another chance was coming. In late December, Wilkes tried again, beginning from Australia this time. Again, the *Flying Fish* was separated from the rest of the squadron, but this time



The New York pilot boat *Flying Fish* reached as far as 70° south, the furthest penetration reached by the expedition; engraving by A. T. Agate, one of the artists of the expedition.

the most significant voyage was left to the *Vincennes*. After a doubtful sighting on January 16, land was finally seen by several observers on January 19, 1840. George Colvocoresses, an officer aboard the *Vincennes*, noted, "It is believed by many of us that we are in the vicinity of land. . . . For the past three hours, appearances have been visible both to the southeast and southwest which very much resemble mountains." The uncertainty in this note was echoed by William

Hudson, commanding the *Peacock,* which was in the same vicinity: "we made, beyond the barrier, which was thickly studded with bergs and islands of ice, (what we believed it to be,) high land, at least so far as terra firma can be distinguished where every thing is covered with snow."

Land it was, though, and far from any previous Antarctic sightings. Incredibly enough, the French expedition, under D'Urville, sighted land only ten hours later, some four hundred miles away. The unlikelihood of such near-simultaneity gave rise to considerable controversy, and some bad feeling, later on.

Wilkes continued to sail west, along a barrier of ice, although cold and exposure were taking their toll among the crew. Joseph Clark, a common seaman, gives the most vivid account, in his *Lights and Shadows of Sailor Life.* Clark had written his own account because, as he said, "The Journal of the Exploring Expedition, published by the government, being a very expensive work, places its very important and interesting matter beyond the means of the working classes." In addition to being expensive, the five-volume official report, compiled by Wilkes himself, is dry and dignified, conveying a commander's point of view. One must turn to Clark's more homely work to find the details that convey an immediate sense of the conditions suffered by the crew.

By January 20, the temperature between decks had dropped to 23°, and thereafter the weather steadily worsened. Fires were kept, not only in the galley range, but on the quarter deck, forward of the fore-hatch, and below the berth deck for the men to dry their clothes. On the 27th, "an abundance of good provisions, sour krout, dried apples, cranberries, and other anti-scorbutics were served out." The next day, "the men who were on the main-topsail yard became so benumbed with cold that they could not get off the yard, and had to be slung and sent down from aloft." Hot coffee and toddy were served, but the men's condition continued to worsen as they coasted along the ice barrier, making occasional landings on islands. The ship's officers urged Wilkes to turn north, and the surgeons warned that the crew would soon be in no condition to work, but Wilkes

refused to abandon the hope of making further progress to the south. Finally, at 7 pm on February 21, he called all hands to terminate the southern cruise, praising the crew and issuing an extra allowance of grog.

Engraved portrait of Charles Wilkes from the painting by Thomas Sully.

The *Vincennes* had explored some 1,500 miles of Antarctic coastline, clearly establishing it as a huge continent, rather than a few rocky islands embedded in ice. Clark declared that, "probably no other man in the world would have made such a cruise in the ice, and tried to effect an entrance in such dangerous situations. He is certainly the most persevering man I ever saw."

Not everyone saw Wilkes in such a positive light. When the expedition finally returned to New York in June 1842, Wilkes was court-martialed on eleven charges brought by the officers and men under

his command. The charges included overreaching his authority, unauthorized wearing of a captain's uniform, punishing his men illegally, and knowingly making false claims of having sighted land on January 19, 1840, in order to gain priority over D'Urville. To the world at large, the last charge was the most serious. Fortunately, Wilkes's claim could be substantiated by his officers' testimony, and the American's priority was established. Although Wilkes was hardly the most popular of commanders, he was vindicated on other matters as well, and only found guilty on one charge of illegal punishment. He was publicly reprimanded, but was soon back at work compiling the expedition's journals and scientific publications.

Despite the court-martial, the public viewed the returning explorers as heroes. The appetite for information was strong; besides the official reports and the first-hand accounts by Clark, Colvocoresses, and Palmer, there were numerous notices in the general interest periodicals, and the expedition featured prominently in secondary works on the polar regions. The scientific collections kept scholars busy for years, but in time the public interest began to flag, only to revive fifty years later, with the first serious assaults on the Antarctic continent itself. At the height of the new wave, in 1906, Mark Twain took note of the changes in Wilkes's fame:

> When I was a boy of ten . . . the name of Wilkes, the explorer, was in everybody's mouth, just as Roosevelt's is today. What a noise it made, and how wonderful the glory! How far away and how silent it is now! And the glory has faded to tradition. Wilkes had discovered a new world and was another Columbus. That world afterward turned mainly to ice and snow. But it was not *all* ice and snow—and in our late day we are rediscovering it, and the world's interest in it has revived.

A Manuscript of Sir Francis Bacon's State Papers and Letters

KENNETH A. LOHF

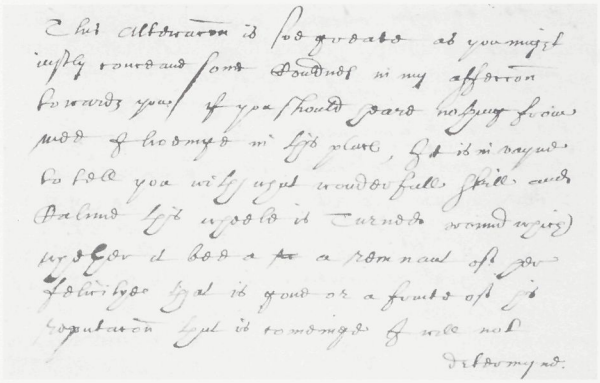
The bequest of Mollie Harris Samuels ensured that the distinguished library of English literature formed by her son, Jack Harris Samuels, would come to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library as a memorial to his life as a dedicated bookman. Mrs. Samuels strengthened her bequest by establishing a fund, the income from which would allow for the acquisition of important books and manuscripts in the collecting fields that her son designated by his own taste and imagination as the special province of his library.

During a visit to a well-known London bookseller late last spring in search of possible acquisitions for the collections, I was shown the proofs of the firm's forthcoming catalogue. When I read the detailed description of a seventeenth-century manuscript, believed to have been in the library of Sir Thomas Phillips, of Sir Francis Bacon's state papers and letters, I knew that this rarity would be eminently appropriate as the first acquisition on the Samuels Fund.

Scribal transcripts are the form in which state letters of this nature came to be known to Bacon's contemporaries, and they were collected as models of their kind to be used as precedents for conducting state business. Few of Bacon's letters survive in the originals, so early sets of transcripts, of which several are known in addition to the present manuscript, are of crucial importance to any editor or historian seeking to establish definitive texts of the philosopher's letters. They are also evidence that Bacon, in his own time, was recognized as one of the truly great minds of his age.

The twenty-six letters by Bacon in the manuscript of some ninety-five pages, dating from 1595 to 1621, are addressed to James I, Robert Cecil, Lords Northumberland and Southhampton, Sir Thomas Egerton, and many others. As member of Parliament, as

Solicitor General, as Attorney General, as Lord Chancellor, and as a philosopher and writer, Bacon comments in these letters on a variety of topics. For instance, on the death of Queen Elizabeth and the accession of James I, he writes, "... what a wonderful still and calm



Portion of Francis Bacon's letter on the death of Queen Elizabeth.

this Wheel is turned round, which whether it be a remnant of her Felicity that is gone, or a fruit of his Reputation that is coming, I will not determine; for I cannot but divide my self, between her Memory and his Name." In other letters Bacon attempts to secure for himself the post of Solicitor General, presents to Cecil *The Advancement of Learning*, and, most importantly, sends his "humble submission and supplication" to the House of Lords in the spring of 1621 when he was indicted for corruption and, in effect, politically destroyed. There are also numerous letters by other public figures transcribed in the manuscript, such as Sir Thomas Bodley's notable letter to Bacon discussing the latter's "Cogita et visa" and writing "in that booke yow shewe yor self a maester workman...."

Several months after viewing the manuscript at the premises of the London book dealer, and finally securing an export license, the

volume, bound in full red morocco, arrived at the Rare Book and Manuscript Library. It now forms part of the Jack Harris Samuels Library of some three thousand rare books and manuscripts spanning four centuries of English literature from Chaucer to T. S. Eliot.

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

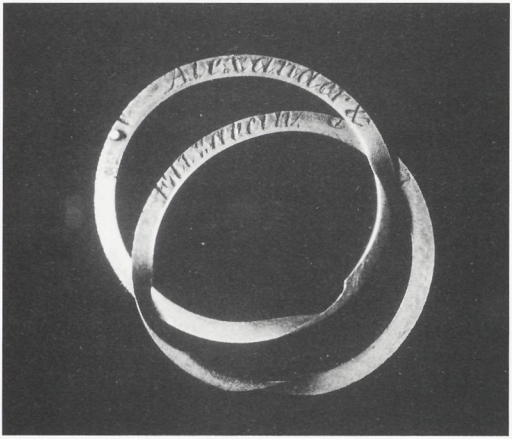
Butcher gift. More than two hundred books, issues of periodicals, and files of clippings and typescripts have been received from Professor Philip Butcher (Ph.D., 1956) pertaining to his literary researches and writings on George Washington Cable, black writers, and contemporary social and literary history.

Coover gift. Nineteen rare editions and five autograph letters and manuscripts in the fields of literature, belles lettres, and fine printing, dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries, have been donated by Mr. Christopher Coover (M.S. in L.S., 1983). Among the group are fine copies of publications by Robert Browning, John Addington Symonds, Henry W. Longfellow, George Meredith, John Nash, Tennyson, and Rabelais, among others. Of special note are: Robert Browning's *An Essay on Percy Bysshe Shelley,* London, 1888; Lord Tennyson's *The May Queen,* London, 1880, with chromolithographs by L. Summerbell; and a volume of tracts and pamphlets printed by or for the Blandford bookseller, printer, and binder, John Shipp, including an otherwise unrecorded printing of *An Ode on Our Saviour's Nativity,* published by Shipp in 1826.

Curtis Brown Ltd. gift. Nearly seven thousand letters, manuscripts, and contracts, dating from the 1950s through the 1980s, have been added by Curtis Brown Ltd. to the collection of their papers. Included are files of Perry Knowlton and Curtis Brown Management Ltd., a subsidiary theatrical agency, and numerous letters from Louis Auchincloss, Gilbert Highet, Jacqueline Onassis, and Ogden Nash, among other writers.

Furman University Library gift. Knowing of our extensive collection of Alexander Hamilton manuscripts and correspondence, Furman University Library, through the suggestion and assistance of Hamilton family descendants, Mrs. Marie Hamilton Barrett and Mrs. Elizabeth Schuyler Campbell, have transferred to the Collection several

important pieces of Hamilton memorabilia: the gold double-band wedding ring of Elizabeth Schuyler Hamilton, wife of Alexander Hamilton; the wedding handkerchiefs of Alexander and Elizabeth Hamilton; and the silver napkin rings of Hamilton and his wife engraved with the Hamilton name.



The gold double-band wedding ring of Elizabeth Schuyler Hamilton, wife of Alexander Hamilton. (Furman University Library gift)

Karpovich gift. The papers of the historian, Michael Karpovich, one of the founders of the Bakhmeteff Archive and editor of *Novyi Zhurnal,* have been presented by his son, Mr. Serge Karpovich. The more than three thousand letters and related manuscripts, arranged in correspondence and subject files, include: letters from some of the foremost personages of the Russian emigration; former ministers of the Provisional Government, Alexander Kerensky, Aleksandr Guchkov, and Vasilii Maklakov; the Provisional Government's ambassa-

dor to the United States, Boris Bakhmeteff; social revolutionaries Nikolai Avksente'ev and Vladimir Zenzinov; Mensheviks, Boris Nikolaevsky and Nikolai Vol'skii; and fellow historians, Michael Florinsky, Sergei Pushkarev, George Vernadsky, Marc Raeff, and Richard Pipes. Relating to Karpovich's editing and publishing activities, there is correspondence with prominent writers and literary critics, including Marc Aldanov, Ivan Bunin, Aleksei Remizov, Gleb Struve, and Roman Gul'; of special importance are the forty-three letters and cards and the two manuscripts of poems by Vladimir Nabokov.

Kristeller gift. Professor Paul O. Kristeller (L.H.D., 1974), Frederick J. E. Woodbridge Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, has presented the first installment of his personal library. Numbering more than one thousand volumes, the books in the gift cover an extraordinary range of subjects in the humanities which have occupied Professor Kristeller and his students during a scholarly career spanning more than five decades; there are concentrations in classical and renaissance literature, philology, philosophy, and art history.

Nagel gift. The library and papers of the late Professor Ernest Nagel (A.M., 1925; Ph.D., 1930) have been presented by his sons, Professors Alexander and Sidney Nagel. In addition to more than five thousand books from his library, largely relating to the philosophy of science, there are files of correspondence with academic colleagues and philosophers, drafts of his numerous essays and studies, manuscripts of his major works, including *The Structure of Science* (1961), and files of teaching materials and lectures relating primarily to his tenures as John Dewey Professor and as University Professor. Professor Nagel's voluminous library includes the major reference works in philosophy, scholarly editions of the writings of individual philosophers, and rare editions of publications by Albert Einstein, David Hume, John Stuart Mill, I. A. Richards, Bertrand Russell, George Santayana, and Alfred North Whitehead.

Parsons gift. Professor Coleman O. Parsons (A.B., 1928) has presented sixty-one volumes of first and early editions of English, Scottish, and classical literature, including the following: Thomas Blacklock, *Poems on Several Occasions,* Edinburgh, 1754; John Home,

Orville Prescott in his office at *The New York Times,* 1948. (Prescott gift)

Agis: A Tragedy, London, 1758; James I, *The Workes,* London, 1616; David Mallet, *The Life of Francis Bacon,* London, 1740; Allan Ramsay, *The Gentle Shepherd,* London, 1790, Margaret Turner's edition in English; and Sir Walter Scott, *Fortunes of Nigel,* Edinburgh, 1833, three volumes.

Prescott gift. The noted literary critic and journalist, Mr. Orville W. Prescott, has established a collection of his correspondence and papers with the gift of more than three hundred letters and twenty-

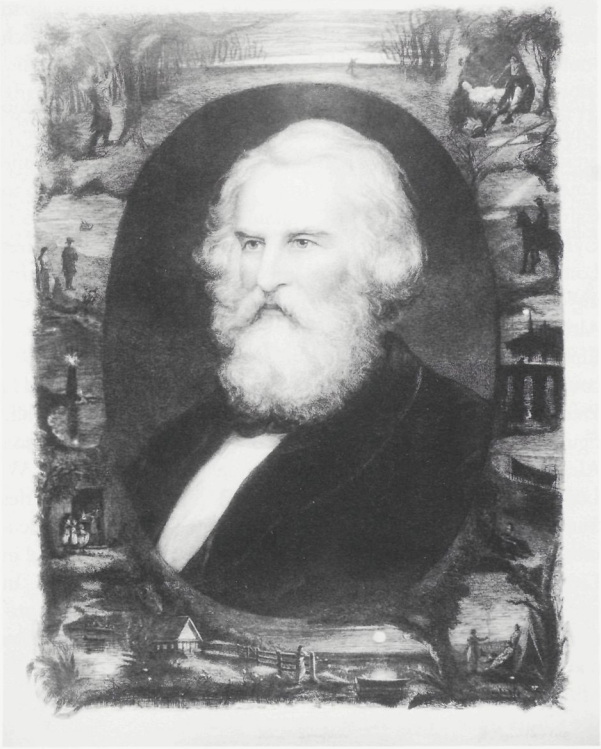
three scrapbooks of clippings of his articles and book reviews written over nearly forty years, from 1931 to 1968, for *Cue*, *The New York Times*, and other magazines and newspapers. The letters from authors, publishers, journalists, and the reading public include important correspondence from Louis Auchincloss, A. J. Cronin, Rumer Godden, John Hersey, J. P. Marquand, James Michener, Katherine Anne Porter, Mary Renault, and C. P. Snow, among numerous others. There are also a volume of letters from authors and friends on the occasion of his retirement from *The Times* in 1966 and a group of photographs and awards. Mr. Prescott is also the author of an autobiography, works about American literature, and several historical studies; the collection presented includes the typewritten manuscript of his *Lords of Italy: Portraits from the Middle Ages* and files of clippings of reviews and correspondence relating to his various books.

Roosevelt estate gift. The estate of the late Mrs. Philip J. Roosevelt, through the courtesy of Mrs. John E. Roosevelt, Mr. P. James Roosevelt, and Mr. Stephen B. Jeffries, has presented the papers of the English artist, photographer, and author, Stephen Haweis (1876–1969). The youngest son of the Reverend Reginald Hugh Haweis and Mary Eliza Joy, a couple at the center of literary and cultural life in late Victorian London, Stephen Haweis studied art in Paris with Eugène Carrière and was a friend of Rodin. The collection of nearly 1,200 letters, notebooks, manuscripts, photographs, and drawings, includes correspondence with writers, artists, and public figures, such as Vera Brittain, Augustus John, Emmeline Pankhurst, Algernon C. Swinburne, Edward Steichen, Alec Waugh, and H. G. Wells, among others. In addition to the manuscripts of his diaries, short stories, novels, plays, and poetry, the collection contains an unpublished memoir dealing with his childhood in London and early life in Paris, and his years as an artist in Dominica, where he lived for forty years, and which was the subject of his numerous paintings and writings. His life is the subject of an article elsewhere in this issue.

Rothkopf gift. Mrs. Carol Z. Rothkopf (A.M., 1952) has donated a program and a broadside relating to concerts of music by George Antheil in Paris in 1924 and 1926, and a brief note by Ezra Pound on a calling card concerning Antheil's music. Mrs. Rothkopf has also donated a copy of the recently published *The Poetry Bookshop, 1912–1935: A Bibliography* by J. Howard Woolmer.

Schaefler gift. Mr. Sam Schaefler and his wife, Katalin, have continued their annual benefactions with an extraordinarily valuable and varied recent gift of more than two hundred and fifty graphic works, photographs, autograph letters, manuscripts, and printed rarities. Of special interest are the 1881 proof engraving of the portrait of Henry W. Longfellow by W. E. Marshall, measuring approximately twenty-five by twenty-two inches, signed by the author and the artist; an autograph letter by Maximilien Robespierre, in which the French Revolutionary leader asks judges for swift sentences; a group of bookplates relating to the French Revolution including one imprinted "L'homme est né libre"; a handsome folio album of hand-colored lithographs, once part of the Russian Imperial Collection, by A. Losev, *Representation of Icons and Sepulchres of Holy Relics*, St. Petersburg, 1860; a rare broadside of the Cromwell period, dated September 3, 1651, in which William, Earl of Craven, is summoned to defend himself before Parliament; a document endorsed by Victor Hugo, August 7, 1848; two groups of photographs by Lee David Hamilton of life on Polaris submarines and different aspects of Central Park; and *Nature Photographs*, New York, 1902, a volume containing the first underwater photographs of fish.

Strassman bequest. By bequest from the literary agent, the late Toni Strassman, we have received the final installment of her agency's papers and files, as well as 1,365 volumes from her library. There are nearly six thousand letters, contracts, and diaries, dating mainly from the 1970s and 1980s, and books inscribed to her by her associates and authors whom she has represented, including Harry Mark Petrakis, Richard Aldington, Malcolm Cowley, and Irving Howe.



Proof engraving of portrait of Henry W. Longfellow by W. E. Marshall, 1881, signed by the author and the artist. (Schaefler gift)

TeWinkel gift. Dr. Lois E. TeWinkel (A.M., 1926; Ph.D., 1936) has presented a volume of letters written to Professor James Howard McGregor (A.M., 1896; Ph.D., 1899) by his students on the occasion of his retirement from the Department of Zoology in 1953. The seventy-five letters in the volume, written by noted teachers,

museum curators, scientists, and researchers, are testimonials to Professor McGregor's notable skills as a teacher and as a research scientist in the field of animal biology for nearly sixty years.

Tilton gift. A splendid collection of letters written by Ralph Waldo Emerson and other nineteenth century American writers has been presented by Professor Eleanor M. Tilton (Ph.D., 1947). The nine Emerson letters, ranging in date from 1846 to 1867, are written to Calvin Farrar, William Francis Channing, Amos Bronson Alcott, Cyrus W. Christy, Ticknor and Fields, John Weiss, and Margaret Lombaert Holmes, and concern Emerson's publications, the writing of "The Conduct of Life" and other lectures, members of the Alcott family, and personal matters; there are also single sheets of Emerson's holograph notes for his lectures, "A Historical Discourse," 1835, and "France or Urbanity," 1854. Other letters in Professor Tilton's gift are written by well-known writers and public figures of the period, including Louis Agassiz, Amos Bronson Alcott, James T. Fields, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John Lothrop Motley, Charles Sumner, Edwin P. Whipple, and John Greenleaf Whittier; a document signed by Nathaniel Hawthorne while he served as consul in Liverpool, dated November 16, 1856, is also part of the gift. In addition to the letters and manuscripts, Professor Tilton has presented a copy, in the publisher's gift binding, of Emerson's *May Day and Other Pieces,* Boston, 1867, inscribed by Emerson to Caroline Sturgis Tappan, daughter of William Sturgis, a Boston merchant in the China trade and a Massachusetts legislator.

Wertheim gift. Professor and Mrs. Stanley Wertheim have presented several rare items relating to the poet George Sterling and the mystery writer Cornell Woolrich. Sterling, often called the "last classic Bohemian," is represented in the gift by a corrected typescript of his most famous poem, "Yosemite," dated 1915, and inscribed to the editor, Fenner Hale Webb; a first edition of *The Binding of the Beast and Other Poems,* 1917, inscribed to Hugh Walpole; and a first edition of his *A Wine of Wizardry,* inscribed to the novelist and short

story writer, Nina Wilcox Putnam. On the inside front cover of the latter is pasted a rare 1915 photograph of Sterling, Edward White, and Jack London. Adding to their earlier gifts of Woolrich editions, the Wertheims have donated three Avon paperback first editions, *Beyond the Night,* 1959, *Borrowed Crime,* 1956, and *If I Should Die Before I Wake,* 1945, the last two published under the pseudonym William Irish and issued as part of the Murder Mystery Monthly series; and two Rinehart hardcover first editions, *Night Has a Thousand Eyes,* 1945, published under the pseudonym George Hopley, and *Rendezvous in Black,* 1948.

Yerushalmi gift. Professor Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi (A.M., 1961; Ph.D., 1966) has presented a set of the twenty volume *Babylonian Talmud,* published in Vilna, Lithuania, by Rom in 1927–1930. This important edition, known for its many commentaries, is a welcome addition to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library's Hebraica holdings.

Pencil, charcoal, and crayon portrait of Tennessee Williams by Leon Kroll (Brander Matthews Collection) which will be on view in the exhibition "The Fugitive Kind: The Theater of Tennessee Williams," March 2–July 26, 1989 in the Kempner Exhibition Room, Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Butler Library, sixth floor.

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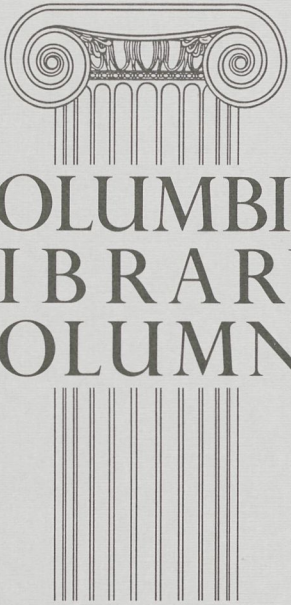
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Photography by Martin Messik

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ISSN 0010-1966

Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XXXVIII MAY 1989 NUMBER 3

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Published by THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES,
Butler Library, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027
Three issues a year, four dollars each.

Socialist to Carbonato: George Bernard Shaw's Dealings with Paul Reynolds

ROBERT A. COLBY

During the 1890s, a pivotal decade in the marketing of books, the literary agent emerged as intermediary between authors and publishers. The foremost of America's first literary agents was Paul Revere Reynolds. Among the Reynolds Papers in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library is found this exchange:

APRIL 15, 1914

SOCIALIST LONDON

EVERYBODYS OFFER $8000 FOR THREE PLAYS
AMERICAN SERIAL CABLE

APRIL 18, 1914

CARBONATO NEW YORK

ACCEPT SHAW

Socialist and Carbonato were the code names respectively of George Bernard Shaw and of Reynolds's agency. Translated from the cable-ese, these messages signal that Reynolds had just concluded a deal for the American serial rights for publication of *Androcles and the Lion, The Great Catherine,* and *Pygmalion* in *Everybody's Magazine.* Shaw's name had been known by theatregoers in New York as far back as 1894—*Arms and the Man* was the first of

Opposite: George Bernard Shaw in 1914 at the time *Pygmalion* was published in America.

his plays to be produced on this side of the ocean—but a wider print outlet brought three of his newer plays to what one editor referred to as "the big audience" before they had opportunity to see them on the stage.

The career of Paul Revere Reynolds epitomizes the transition from the genteel tradition in American letters to the modern literary marketplace. The literary agent was well entrenched in London by the time Reynolds entered the fray, but he still cut a novel figure in New York City in 1893 when he opened his agency at 75 Fifth Avenue.

According to his close friend the author-publisher Frederick Lewis Allen, who has written the fullest account of him in a privately printed monograph published in 1944, the year of his death, Reynolds was a transplanted Bostonian, descended on his mother's side from Paul Revere, on his father's from Wendell Phillips, educated at Boston Latin School, Adams Academy in Quincy, and Harvard University, where he studied under William James and earned a Master of Arts degree in philosophy. Nurtured on such roots, Reynolds might seem to have been destined for an academic career, the ministry, or a learned profession (his father and grandfather were doctors), but he opted for the literary life.

After serving his apprenticeship in the Boston publishing house of D. Lothrop and Company, Reynolds moved in 1891 to New York City, which by then had superseded Boston as the publishing center of America. He entered what was to be his life's calling as an assistant to O. M. Dunham, the New York representative of the London publisher Cassell. At first he acted as an intermediary, offering Cassell's books, at that firm's suggestion, to other New York publishers when Dunham turned them down. Soon he began arranging on his own English publication rights for American authors, first with Cassell's, then with other firms such as William Heinemann and Sampson Low. By 1895, Reynolds was working with authors independently of publishers and had expanded his contacts to American book and magazine editors.

Reynolds's refined manner combined with shrewdness in matching up writers and markets made him one of the most successful agents of his era, his list of clients numbering many of England's and America's then most famous authors, a number of whom have remained classic. The expansion of publishing by now, moreover, made the times ripe for him. The beginning of his career coincided with the advent of mass circulation magazines on the order of *McClure's, Cosmopolitan, Munsey's, Hearst's,* and *Collier's,* besides the aforementioned *Everybody's.* These attracted a larger readership than its big four prestigious predecessors, the *Century, Scribner's, Harper's,* and *Atlantic,* published more frequently, and were hungry for "name" writers to whom they could offer then unprecedentedly high rates. Shaw, as one of those literary rarities, an intellectual who amused the average reader, was a pearl of especially high price, as Reynolds well knew. "At the present moment there is probably nobody writing in the English language whose work creates as much discussion as yours does," reads one of his early letters to the sage of Adelphi Terrace and Ayot St. Lawrence (November 19, 1912).

Shaw was first brought to Reynolds's attention by the author's English agent Curtis Brown, resulting in the placement of a piece with *Collier's.* Reynolds then proceeded to woo the great man aggressively. The earliest letter in their correspondence, dated January 11, 1907, is an importuning one:

> My dear Sir:
>
> I am writing to ask you if you will not let me handle some of your work for you. I am sure that I could get you good prices for your work, as I have done in the case of many other well-known authors....

Despite such tempting bait, offering the opportunity to augment his income by simultaneous publication in London and New York, Shaw kept his distance. It was not until more than four years later, with a letter from Reynolds, dated November 8, 1911, conveying a specific offer by "a magazine here" for three essays or stories for $1,000 apiece, that the ice was broken. Three days later Reynolds acknowledged by cable receipt of an article on Rodin (who had just

Everybody's Magazine
NOVEMBER, 1914 VOL. XXXI, NO. 5

PYGMALION

A Romance in Five Acts

by

BERNARD SHAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAY WILSON PRESTON

"OH, DO BUY A FLOWER OFF ME, CAPTAIN."

ACT I

COVENT GARDEN at 11:15 P. M. *Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the market and under the portico of St. Paul's Church, where there are already several people, among them a lady and her daughter in evening dress. They are all peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, who seems wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing busily. The church clock strikes the first quarter.*

THE DAUGHTER (*in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left*): I'm getting chilled to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes.

THE MOTHER (*on her daughter's right*): Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER (*on lady's right*): He won't get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

THE MOTHER: But we must have a cab. We can't stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER: Well, it ain't my fault, missus.

Pygmalion was the second of three plays that Paul Revere Reynolds placed for Shaw in *Everybody's Magazine*.

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston of the characters in *Pygmalion* published in *Everybody's Magazine*.

completed a bust of Shaw) and looked forward to another on Strindberg. So opened a transatlantic epistolary dialogue by cable and letter (preserved at the Library mainly in transcripts) that endured off and on until 1931. Subsequent correspondence documents tangled negotiations over articles, some literary, most on topics of the day for which Shaw was in special demand, especially during the years of The Great War, such as "Foreign Policy and the Armament Scene," "The Case for Equality," "Family Life in England," "The Redistribution of Income," "Common Sense About the War," "The German Case About Germany," "Irish Nonsense About Ireland," "Shaking Hands With a Bear [Russia]," and "What Is To Be Done With the Doctors?"

Reynolds's relationship with Shaw as a playwright was confined to arranging serial publication (Shaw had already retained the theatrical agent Elizabeth Marbury for American production of his plays, and Brentano was the exclusive publisher of his books here). The first of Shaw's plays to be placed by Reynolds was *Overruled,* a one-act trifle on marital entanglement, in *Hearst's Magazine* of May 1913. Of the trio that he placed in *Everybody's Magazine, Pygmalion* has proved the most popular, and at the time caused the most anxiety both to agent and author.

Shaw seems to have been induced to accept *Everybody's* offer by a letter from Reynolds calling the playwright's attention to an article that had just appeared in the Sunday *New York Times* quoting substantial portions of *Pygmalion* in the course of reviewing an unauthorized publication of the German production. "If it is going to appear anyway in this country," Reynolds wrote, "apart from the question of money, might it not be better to have it appear in a complete form, or in a form that you prefer, than to have it come out in this garbled shape that will give people a *very inadequate and perhaps a faulty impression of it?"* (December 4, 1913). Reynolds considered taking the *Times* to court for infringement of copyright, but Shaw agreed with him that a lawsuit would prove counterproductive. ("No use going to law," Shaw wrote on January 6, 1914, "even if we could prove damage and won our case it would cost us more in time & bother than it would be worth.") Shaw did, however, write an

indignant letter to the Sunday editor of the *Times* which Reynolds forwarded. The editor's reaction was that their article had enhanced Shaw's marketability.

The serialization of *Pygmalion* was bedeviled every step of the way. Trumbull White, the editor of *Everybody's Magazine*, hoped to publish it ahead of the other two plays he had contracted for, looking ahead to the impending New York premier starring Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but because Shaw delayed sending in the manuscript, *Androcles and the Lion* went first. With prodding, Shaw got the manuscript to his agent in time to begin the November issue, just about neck-and-neck with the theatre opening on October 12, 1914. The photographs of the London production that White had wanted to accompany the text of the play were not forthcoming in time—deadlines did not allow for reproducing the New York production—so ultimately the play was illustrated with drawings by May Wilson Preston.

Shortly before copy was to be frozen, Reynolds learned from a Miss Roderick of the staff of *Everybody's* that the play as she saw it in London ended differently from the printed version, with Eliza returning to Higgins. "Everybody's Magazine would like to get this addition if they could have it, and if you do not object," Reynolds wrote to Shaw (August 24, 1914). Shaw did object vehemently in his letter accompanying the final proofs:

> The passage mentioned by Miss Roderick was a stupid gag which turned the whole play into a farce. It was first invented in Germany, and was surreptitiously introduced in London against my wish, though it did not really matter as the whole performance was wrong and silly....
>
> By the way, do not let them play any tricks in the way of getting somebody to introduce the play with flourishes and imbecilities. There must be the play as it stands, with the name of the author and nothing else. (September 8, 1914)

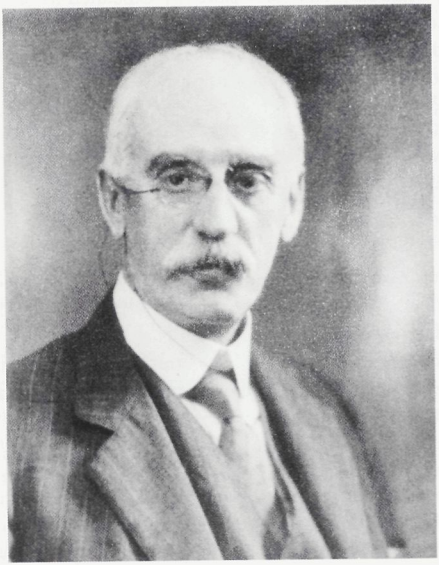
Shaw's indignation at this altered ending is ironical in view of his authorizing something very much like it some years later for the film version of *Pygmalion* starring Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller (1938)—a dénouement eventually incorporated into *My Fair Lady*.

Shortly after the serialization of *Pygmalion,* Reynolds learned from Trumbull White that bound copies of the play made up of pages from *Everybody's Magazine* were being sold by the publisher Putnam. Upon inquiry, Reynolds was informed by Irving Putnam that his firm had indeed purchased 350 copies of *Everybody's* and sewed them into covers with the understanding that he "had a perfect right to do what he had" (December 2, 1914). In this letter to Shaw, Reynolds expressed his disagreement, but was uncertain of the legal situation. Shaw thought of giving up serial publication altogether (letter dated December 4, 1914). The case at any rate was settled out of court when, as Reynolds informed Shaw (December 8, 1914), Putnam agreed to surrender the remaining unsold copies. (Actually there was not much of a fight, since, according to the publisher, the 250 copies they had bound had not moved very briskly.)

The last play Reynolds handled for Shaw was *O'Flaherty V.C.,* a satirical skit on Irish enlistment in The Great War, originally intended for production by the Abbey Theatre, but eventually turned down by the managers because of the sensitivity of the subject. When this play appeared in *Hearst's Magazine* for August 1917, readers began it at the front of the issue but had to turn to the back for its concluding two pages. This rather awkward division, to which Shaw reluctantly consented, was the publisher's ruse to forestall a repetition of Putnam's unauthorized 'first edition' of *Pygmalion.*

Reynolds's relations with his star client were not otherwise trouble free. Early on in their dealings a letter was delayed in getting to the agency because Shaw misaddressed it to "75th Avenue." With placement of articles, more serious mishaps arose out of the ongoing transatlantic race for priority of publication. Generally Shaw could easily command $1,000 for an article, but once the *New York Times,* ordinarily eager for anything from his pen, refused a piece because it had already appeared in England, and Reynolds had to settle with *Hearst's Magazine* for $300 (letter dated November 19, 1912). Shaw lost out altogether on American publication of his Rodin article because of piracy. After selling this piece to *Hearst's,*

Reynolds was astounded to find it reprinted from the English version in the Sunday *Times*. The *Times* editor took "a rather top-lofty tone" when Reynolds complained, whereupon he suggested that if the *Times* did not make reparation, Shaw should send a letter of



Paul Revere Reynolds

exposure to the London papers, assuming that this letter would certainly be reprinted in American papers. This course proved unnecessary. On December 12, 1912 Shaw received this cable:

SOCIALIST LONDON
TIMES PAYS

Shortly thereafter he received a draft for $367. 90, restitution with a bonus.

Shaw's oracular reputation made for recurrent annoyance.

"What is the result?" wrote Reynolds, "That every article you write is quoted. They [the newspapers] do this repeatedly, and the result is that an article loses more of its bloom by coming out ahead in England than any article by any other writer" (November 9, 1912). Repeatedly, Reynolds patiently explained to Shaw the new American copyright laws (on which he had made himself expert) in hopes of forestalling further piracies, but he could not stem this much sought after writer's garrulousness:

> Do you think it would be wise to point out to Shaw that when he gives an interview like this he in so far spoils his market? . . . Of course, Shaw didn't say anything remarkable, but still they have played it up pretty well in the Times . . . I shouldn't like to put myself in a position of seeming to dictate to him, as he can do anything he –m–m–m pleases, and it might be fatal to such a man (Reynolds to his assistant Harold Ober in London, August 11, 1913).

Reynolds was further frustrated in his attempts to handle Shaw's book publication in addition to articles. When he offered to negotiate with *Harper's* for the reprint rights to the series of articles "Common Sense About the War," which he had placed in the Sunday *Times*, confident that he could get more than Brentano's figure, Shaw put him down firmly:

> I think we had better say generally that you can act for me as far as lump sum transactions that are complete in themselves are concerned; but for continuous business like publishing on royalty agreements, and so forth, I act for myself (December 4, 1914).

Yet some years later, when Shaw found his royalties slipping, he tried to get his American agent to dicker with other publishers for more generous terms. Reynolds did not acquiesce at this time because he was convinced that Shaw merely wanted an offer to dangle in Brentano's face.

This tidbit was confided to a business associate by Reynolds in a letter from London dated July 18, 1921, reporting on his first, and presumably only, vis-à-vis encounter with the master of whom he had just written:

> He is sixty-five and struck me as pretty impractical as far as business was concerned and he almost thinks that the world is mostly made up of fools; and while he was very courteous he wouldn't exclude literary agents.

From this point the correspondence between Shaw and Reynolds tapers off, probably for a reason anticipated by Reynolds in his letter from London:

> He said he knew he could get almost any price if he wrote articles about marriage and sex and so forth. He said he should certainly send us any articles that he had to sell. I don't know that there is a great deal to be done for him unless we can get him an order on some subjects that he would write and then we couldn't be sure that he would write on the subject.

With the passing of the war years, Reynolds had experienced increasing difficulty in getting his willful client to write on social issues of interest to the general public rather than on literary and cultural subjects that appealed to "a small group of cultivated people who read a magazine like the Bookman or the New Republic" (December 10, 1919). "Unfortunately," Reynolds reminded him, "the more intellectual the magazine, the less it pays in the way of filthy lucre . . ." (November 17, 1919). However, Reynolds knew that Shaw was in a position to tell editors to "go to Jericho," as he gently phrased it, and, never one to impose long-term contracts on clients, he left Shaw free to pursue his own direction.

Their business dealings slackened during the 1920s, but Reynolds retained his admiration for Shaw, and kept in touch with him intermittently. Rarely given to critical comment on his clients' works, a performance that he attended of *St. Joan* moved him to write to its creator to praise him for humanizing this martyr: "Instead of a lovely image with a beatific expression, you depicted her as a practical earnest lady with a one-track mind . . ." (March 14, 1924). A reading of *An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* elicited the reaction that "Socialism, as you preach it, would never, in my humble judgment, work until the people making up a country had reached a high degree of civilization, and even more important, a high degree of morality" (June 12, 1928).

The last letter in this correspondence is a request from Reynolds dated December 4, 1931 for Shaw's permission to sell his letters. Shaw's reply, typically scribbled at the bottom, begins: "By all means sell the letters if you can do so without injuring yourself pro-

fessionally." He added the caveat that Reynolds might prefer to wait until retirement to avoid possibly compromising himself. Reynolds did dispose of most of the letters eventually, but fortunately retained copies. His letter of request concludes, "I always read anything that I see about you in the papers, and I am sorry I no longer handle any work for you."

Permission to quote from George Bernard Shaw's letters has been granted by the Society of Authors on behalf of the Shaw Estate.

The King of Bohemia

STANLEY WERTHEIM

In his "Ode on the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning," George Sterling ruefully acknowledged that his own poetic impulse had little in common with Browning's satiric realism, psychological acumen, and human empathy:

> Nor would I hear
> With thee, superb and clear
> The indomitable laughter of the race;
> Nor would I face
> Clean Truth, with her cold agates of the well,
> Nor with thee trace
> Her footprints passing upward to the snows,
> But sought a phantom rose
> And islands where the ghostly siren sings;
> Nor would I dwell
> Where star-forsaking wings
> On mortal thresholds hide their mystery,
> Nor watch with thee
> The light of Heaven cast on common things.

Sterling's muse was devoted to an ambiguous Romantic ideal, the momentary embodiment of fleeting Beauty in a pleasing sensation. It is captured in his poem "To a Girl Dancing" in the image of a movement by a young danseuse, "An evanescent pattern on the sight—/Beauty that lives an instant, to become/A sister beauty and a new delight." His prosodic formulations were traditional—blank verse, the quatrain, ode, Petrarchan sonnet, and allegorical drama—the metrical and stanzaic patterns perfected by Keats, Tennyson, and Swinburne. Above all, Sterling sought to achieve lyrical effect, and to this end he utilized archaic and poetic diction, apostrophe, vague rhetoric, esoteric imagery, and a grandiose sweep of syntax. These devices, as well as his brooding pessimism and fascination with the bizarre, were obsolete in the poetic climate of such experimenters as Robinson Jeffers (who admired Sterling), Ezra Pound, Robert Frost, and T.S. Eliot and made it almost inevitable that he

would slip into an undeserved obscurity, except as a charismatic figure of old San Francisco.

At the very onset of his literary career, George Ansel Sterling, III, was already somewhat of an anachronism as a personality and a

George Sterling, Edward White, and Jack London (left to right), at the Russian River campground of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, 1915.

poet. He was the scion of a patrician family in Sag Harbor, New York, on the eastern end of Long Island Sound. His father, a physician and senior warden of the Episcopal church, created a minor scandal in the town by converting to Catholicism, and his religious

enthusiasm found fertile ground in his family. In 1886 George enrolled in St. Charles College, a seminary in Maryland, where his English teacher, Father John Bannister Tabb, a popular poet and journalist, reinforced his love of literature but also convinced him that he had no vocation for the priesthood. Rejecting the alternative of adopting his father's medical profession, Sterling left for California in 1890 to become a clerk in the firm of his uncle, Frank C. Havens, a wealthy Oakland realtor. The job was more or less a sinecure. Sterling had little interest in the business and would never rise beyond the position of his uncle's personal secretary. Joaquin Miller, in whose flamboyant company Sterling delighted, introduced him to Bay Area bohemian society, and in 1892 he met Ambrose Bierce who became both a liberating and a confining influence from which he was never able entirely to free himself.

By 1896, when Sterling married his secretary, Carolyn Rand, he was submitting manuscripts to Bierce and becoming overly dependent upon the older writer's judgment. Scorning realism and mundane concerns, Bierce was an advocate of ethereal beauty, a Poesque concept he was never able to define but which he identified with an interweaving of the idealistic, esoteric, and grotesque. Sterling's subordination to this doctrinaire, authoritarian personality for more than a decade helped to establish him as an accomplished *fin de siècle* lyricist and sonneteer but blocked any further growth he might have had into an imaginative modern poet. Yet, Sterling never lost the nagging sense that the poet had a responsibility to society as well as to art, and in "To Ambrose Bierce," the dedicatory poem of his first volume, *The Testimony of the Suns* (1903), he acknowledged that he served the concept of *l'art pour l'art* "with divided heart":

> Shall art fare sunward and disdain
> The patient hands that smooth her ways?
> Shall she, delighting, scorn to raise
> The fallen on their path of pain?
>
> So questioning, can I endure
> The peace of mine uplifted place?
> Accused and judge, I fear to face
> The dumb tribunals of the poor.

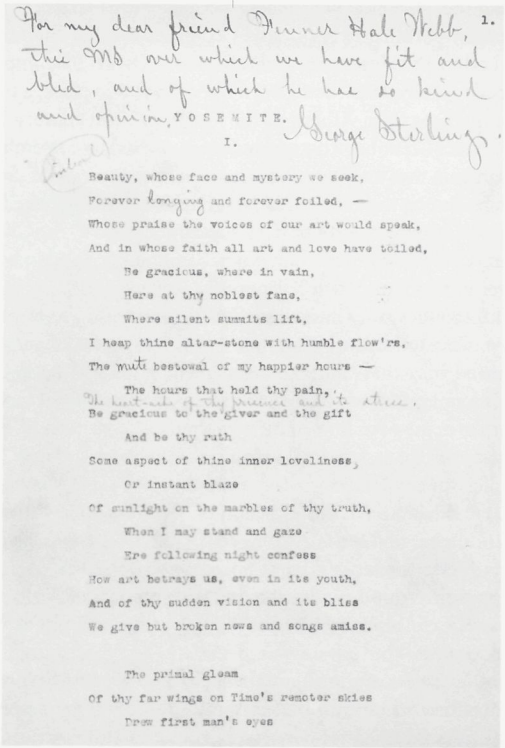
The "In Memoriam" quatrains of "To Ambrose Bierce" were continued into the 161 stanzas of the title poem. "The Testimony of the Suns," revised in manuscript by Bierce who ecstatically wrote to Sterling, "You shall be the poet of the skies, the prophet of the suns." Unlike Tennyson, Sterling did not concern himself with the teleological conflict between traditional religion and the new science. Neither did he have Tennyson's faith or optimism but assumed a nebular hypothesis which posited a blinding agnosticism. The first part of the poem depicts the stars at war. Led by their captains, the larger stars—Aldebaran, Capella, Betelgeuse, and Altair—they rush toward one another in the reaches of space, collide and disintegrate into nebulae which evolve into new stars, and the process is repeated without apparent end or purpose:

> Splendors of elemental strife;
> Smit suns that startle back the gloom;
> New light whose tale of stellar doom
> Fares to uncomprehending life. . . .

The second part of "The Testimony of the Suns" ponders man's futile efforts to ascertain his significance in this "elemental strife." Sterling is distinctly modern in his perspective that science has destroyed man's certainties and left him baffled and awed by the secrets of time and space, a mote in a universe of immense contending forces which he can neither comprehend nor control:

> Dim are the laws the sages give,
> For Science sees in all her lands
> Illusive twilight, in her hands
> The judgments of the Relative.
>
> Obscure the glooms that harbor Truth,
> And mute the lips from which we crave
> The guarded secret of the grave—
> So soon grown dumb to word and ruth!

Sterling's wavering concern with the social and economic condition of man increased considerably following his meeting with Jack London in San Francisco during the spring of 1901. Despite the differences in their life experiences and the contrast between the stark realism and didactic force of London's prose and the disembodied fantasy and striving for supernal beauty in Sterling's poetry, there



For my dear friend Fenner Hale Webb, 1.
this MS over which we have fit and bled, and of which he has so kind and opinion, YOSEMITE. George Sterling.

I.

Beauty, whose face and mystery we seek,
Forever longing and forever foiled, —
Whose praise the voices of our art would speak,
And in whose faith all art and love have toiled,
Be gracious, where in vain,
Here at thy noblest fane,
Where silent summits lift,
I heap thine altar-stone with humble flow'rs,
The mute bestowal of my happier hours —
The hours that hold thy pain,
Be gracious to the giver and the gift
And be thy ruth
Some aspect of thine inner loveliness,
Or instant blaze
Of sunlight on the marbles of thy truth,
When I may stand and gaze
Ere following night confess
How art betrays us, even in its youth,
And of thy sudden vision and its bliss
We give but broken news and songs amiss.

The primal gleam
Of thy far wings on Time's remoter skies
Drew first man's eyes

Portion of the first page of the revised typescript of "Yosemite," inscribed by Sterling to his friend Fenner Hale Webb.

were essential affinities of temperament which served to cement their friendship. Their intimacy quickly deepened, and they adopted nicknames for each other. London was pleased with the fierce sobriquet of "Wolf" which Sterling gave him, and he called

Sterling the "Greek," presumably because of his Classical profile and pagan personality. Will Irwin commented that Sterling had "the body of a Mercury and the face of a Dante"; he impressed Gertrude Atherton as "being born out of time and place, a reincarnation perhaps from Athens of the fourth or third century B.C.," and Rebecca Chambers thought his asymmetrical face resembled "a Grecian coin that had been run over by a Roman chariot." Sterling capitalized upon the Classical allusions to his appearance and behavior and enjoyed the poses of mad poet and hedonist, the "King of Bohemia" as he came to be known in San Francisco and in his Carmel version of Greenwich Village.

Jack London's early immersion in Romantic and Pre-Raphaelite poetry makes it unsurprising that "The Testimony of the Suns" convinced him that Sterling was a great poet. In the sweeping rhythms and universal scope of the poem, he recognized the applicability of many of its lines to his own theme of cosmic indifference. At least two characters in London's novels, Russ Brissenden, the Byronic, tubercular poet of the autobiographical *Martin Eden* (1909) and Mark Hall (an inversion of "hallmark" or "sterling"), the lyrical poet of *The Valley of the Moon* (1913), are modeled upon George Sterling. Martin Eden's conviction that Brissenden is a magnificent writer to whose heights he, a common fictionalizer, can never aspire closely resembles London's overestimation of Sterling's talents.

Another aspect of the affinity between London and Sterling was the inconsistent nature of their socialism; although, despite the much-criticized disparity between his theories and practices, London was probably the more serious of the two. Nevertheless, Sterling came to share with him the altruistic and humanitarian impulses which made socialism attractive to idealistic young men and infuriated older writers like Bierce. A number of poems in *A Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems* (1909) such as "Of America" denounce materialism and the misuse of great wealth in an industrially burgeoning United States:

> . . . Grown soft,
> Thy hands reach out for mercenary joys;
> Thy heart desires dishonorable loves
> And baser dreams. Yearly the golden chain
> Is weightier at thy wrists, and fostered Powers
> Plan in their dusk of tyranny thy tomb;
> And in that shadow Mammon's eyes grow fierce,
> And half thy sons adore him. Now the land
> Grows vile, and all thy statehood is a mart. . . .

The Caged Eagle and Other Poems (1918) is replete with poems, such as "Moloch," "On a City Street," and "Ode on the Opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition," which embody uncharacteristically fervent socialistic themes, although they are expressed in less fiery terms than in Jack London's books and tracts. Unlike London, whose egalitarianism became increasingly incompatible with his penchant for pouring money into expensive personal ventures, Sterling had little desire for wealth or possessions. His universalist perspective made him ever aware of the vanity of human wishes but also led to a pessimism that caused him ultimately to despair of the perfectibility of man or the efficacy of social reform.

Sterling remained a transitional figure in a transitional age. There is little that is identifiably American in the themes or forms of his poetry, and since terms like Pre-Raphaelite, Aesthetic, and Decadent intersect, he had more in common with such notable English poets of the Decadent Movement as Arthur Symons, Ernest Dowson, and Richard Le Gallienne than with the modernists of his own generation and nationality. The Decadent was caught in a tension between his attraction to the world, its pleasures and its problems, and his yearning for the eternal and the ideal. The two anthologies of the Rhymers' Club, *The Book of the Rhymers' Club* (1892) and *The Second Book of the Rhymers' Club* (1894), contained poetry which ranged from the most melancholy, introspective expressions of dispirited malaise to resounding, energetic exhortations to work for a better world. Sterling was aware of the divided purpose between his humanitarianism and his aesthetic goals. His greatest commitment was to recording Beauty's rare apparitions, but it is not as paradoxical as it may at first glance appear that throughout his life his

literary supporters were realists and social critics: Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and H.L. Mencken.

The influence of the Decadent Movement on Sterling's work was evident as early as 1904 when he sent the manuscript of "A Wine of Wizardry," his most notorious venture into the poetry of escape, to Bierce who immediately recognized in the poem his own formula for the achievement of the sublime through horror. "No poem in English of equal length has so bewildering a wealth of imagination," he wrote to Sterling. "Not Spenser himself has flung such a profusion of jewels into so small a casket. Why, man, it takes away the breath!" Bierce found the poem difficult to place. He submitted it to *Harper's Monthly, The Atlantic, Scribner's, The Century,* and other magazines; all rejected it. It was 1907 before he finally succeeded, through his friendship with William Randolph Hearst, in getting it published with elaborate illustrations in the September issue of *Cosmopolitan.* Bierce wrote an accompanying article replete with extravagant praise, and this puffery, as well as the unrestrained grotesqueries of the poem, brought down a storm of vilification upon Sterling, who was disgusted by Bierce's strident promotion of his work.

"A Wine of Wizardry" is an elaborate fantasy which immerses the reader in a stream of perverse images which are apparently ends in themselves. The narrator of the poem pours red wine into a crystal goblet and imagines that from its depths the personification of Fancy arises and wings her way to a number of incredible scenes: a grotto where "wattled monsters" guard a cowled magician; an iceberg where "arctic elves have hidden wintry gems"; a Syrian treasure house where gleam "Dull fires of dusty jewels that have bound/The brows of naked Ashtaroth around"; the alluring horror chamber of the sorceress Circe,

> Carved in one ruby that a Titan lost,
> Where icy philters brim with scarlet foam,
> 'Mid hiss of oils in burnished caldrons tost,
> While thickly from her prey his life-tide drips,
> In turbid dyes that tinge her torture-dome....

As "A Wine of Wizardry" illustrates, Sterling requires in his reader an eclectic background in literature and various mythologies and a sensitivity to symbolism, but his thought is seldom deep or complex. He is at times erudite, often vague, but never profound. In

George Sterling with poets Joaquin Miller (left) and Charles Warren Stoddard (right).

his best poems meaning is subordinated to music, and his expressions of sentiment are usually remote and marmoreal. The sonnet commemorating the death of Nora May French, a beautiful poetess and close friend who committed suicide in Sterling's Carmel home in November 1907 and whose ashes were thrown into the sea from Point Lobos, reveals one of Sterling's greatest limitations. The poem is controlled and well-crafted, but the human touch is lacking and the expression of emotion seems superficial:

> I saw the shaken stars of midnight stir,
> And winds that sought the morning bore to me
> The thunder where the legions of the sea
> Are shattered on her stormy sepulcher,

And pondering on bitter things that were,
On cruelties the mindless fates decree,
I felt some shadow of her mysery—
The loneliness and mystery of her.

The waves that break on undiscovered strands,
The winds that die on seas that bear no sail,
Stars that the deaf, eternal skies annul,
Were not so lonely as was she. Our hands
We reach to thee for Time—without avail,
O spirit mighty and inscrutable!

The loneliness of the individual and the inscrutability of spirit are recurring themes in Sterling's more reflective poetry. He is essentially a nihilist who views humanity as isolated and uncomprehending in a universe governed only by obscure cosmic laws of recurrence. The futility of the search for ultimate ends is expressed succinctly in the sonnet "'Omnia Exeunt in Mysterium'":

The stranger in my gates—lo! that am I,
And what my land of birth I do not know,
Nor yet the hidden land to which I go.
One may be lord of many ere he die,
And tell of many sorrows in one sigh,
But know himself he shall not, nor his woe,
Nor to what seas the tears of wisdom flow,
Nor why one star was taken from the sky.

An urging is upon him evermore,
And tho he bide, his soul is wanderer,
Scanning the shadows with a sense of haste
Where fade the tracks of all who went before—
A dim and solitary traveler
On ways that end in evening and the waste.

The only anodyne to this pervasive sense of futility is escape into fantasy and extremes of sensation. Sterling wrote in the traditional forms, not so much because he was committed to a conservative theory of poetics but because he was a sensualist, and their familiarity gratified his senses and sensibilities in contrast to the irregular rhythms and arcane symbolism of modern poetry. In time, his pleasures became increasingly less aesthetic, overindulgence in alcohol and a seemingly endless succession of mistresses. Flight from world-weariness through rapture, a characteristic motif of the *Entartung*,

became an enduring concern of his poetry, as in "A Mood":

I am grown weary of permitted things
And weary of the care-emburdened age—
Of any dusty law of priest and sage
To which no memory of Arcadia clings;
For subtly in my blood at evening sings
A madness of the faun—a choric rage
That makes all earth and sky seem but a cage
In which the spirit pines with cheated wings.

Rather by dusk for Lilith would I wait
And for a moment's rapture welcome death,
Knowing that I had baffled Time and Fate,
And feeling on my lips, that died with day
As sense and soul were gathered to a breath,
The immortal, deadly lips that kissing slay.

Ambrose Bierce had often written approvingly of suicide and the form of euthanasia which consists of placing oneself in the greatest possible danger of being killed. In the fall of 1913, he crossed the Mexican border at Ciudad Juárez and was granted credentials as an observer with Pancho Villa's rebel army; he was never heard of again. The following January, Sterling's wife divorced him because she could no longer tolerate his dissipations. On August 7, 1918, she took a fatal dose of cyanide as a phonograph near her bed played Chopin's *Funeral March.* Jack London's death on November 22, 1916, was caused by uremia according to his death certificate, but on September 5, 1923, Sterling wrote to Margaret Cobb debunking what he called Charmian London's "pretense that he died of uremic poisoning. He died of twelve grains of morphine." With those closest to him dead, in poverty and failing health, his reputation in eclipse, Sterling grew increasingly despondent. In a letter of September 1, 1926, to Mark Van Doren (now in the Van Doren Papers in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library), he wrote that "all the unbound sheets (thousands) of my books (ten in all) have been destroyed by fire at the binder's! Doubtless the act of a merciful Providence." On November 16, after a binge of drinking, he sought the ultimate ecstacy. He was found dead in his room in San Francisco's Bohemian Club, a vial of cyanide beside him. Only his mother's and Bierce's pictures remained on the walls. There were a

number of burned papers scattered about. On two scraps were still discernible some lines from his verse drama *Lilith* (1919): "Deeper into the Darkness can I gaze/Than most, yet find the Darkness still beyond" and "I fight with lions that ye know not of."

William Faulkner on Privacy

STEPHEN HAHN

In the July 1955 issue of *Harper's Magazine* William Faulkner published an essay titled "On Privacy, The American Dream: What Happened To It?" Since this was the so-called McCarthy era, his focus on privacy as an aspect of the American Dream was timely. It was also personally so, for the essay was in some sense a response to a recent biography, *The Private World of William Faulkner* by Robert Coughlan. Yet behind this publication stands a decade of the development of Faulkner's thoughts on privacy in letters and drafts, among them a key letter to Donald Klopfer in the Random House Papers. Although the essay receives scant attention from critics of Faulkner's fiction, it remains of interest today because both the issue of privacy and the author's works continue to interest us.

Faulkner's personal resistance to publicity can be readily understood if we reflect on the degree of moralizing that was common in literary reviewing not so long ago and on the degree of incomprehension that frequently met innovative artists before a "tradition" of *avant-garde* art became established. Some examples illustrate the case. When Faulkner was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1950, along with Bertrand Russell, he might have applied also for the position of "prophet without honor." On November 11, the day after the award was announced, the *New York Herald* lamented that "one would have preferred the choice of a laureate more smiling in a world gradually getting darker." The *Times* similarly complained that "incest and rape are perhaps widespread distractions in the Jefferson, Mississippi of Faulkner, but not elsewhere in the United States." The implication was clear: the nature of emphasis and incident in Faulkner's fiction must represent personal or regional pathology.

Some critics of major stature, such as Conrad Aiken and Malcolm Cowley, had championed Faulkner, but they were few indeed. In 1939, Robert Cantwell of *Time* had thought Faulkner worthy of a cover story to coincide with the publication of his novel

Faulkner appeared on the cover of *Time* on January 23, 1939, when *The Wid Palms* was published.

The Wild Palms (January 23, 1939). Characterizing Faulkner as the "grim chronicler" of the South's decay, the article offered this summary judgment: "In France, William Faulkner is regarded as a teller of horror stories. U.S. critics find his horrors overdrawn, his prose frequently muddled, undisciplined, but value him for his narrative

drive, his mastery of hillbilly and Negro dialect." Here, too, the implication is that the emphasis on "horrors" (e.g., murder, suicide, insanity) is pathological, the author confused and "undisciplined."

It was not simply hostility to his treatment by the moralizing press, nor the fact that he might have "something to hide," that led Faulkner to resist publicity. Instead, as he reveals in a series of documents from the mid-1940s on, it was a conviction that on principle the public has a right only to a writer's published work and not to privileged information about his or her personal life. This is evident, for instance, in a series of letters to Malcolm Cowley (published in *The Faulkner/Cowley File*, Random House, 1966) in response to Cowley's proposal to use biographical material in an essay about Faulkner in 1944.

That essay was to serve as an introduction to a forthcoming volume of Faulkner's work in the Viking Portable Library Series, which Cowley hoped would help bring Faulkner's work before a larger audience. Faulkner's first response was that he "would like the piece, except the biography part" (May 7, 1944). Later, when Cowley had completed the essay, Faulkner read it and agreed with inferences Cowley had drawn from his biography. He returned it to Cowley with instructions for deleting those parts, however, and substituting mere "Who's Who" material. Since neither the biographical material nor the inferences were objectionable in the ordinary sense, it could not be a question of guarding damaging information. He explained: "I'm old-fashioned and probably a little mad too; I don't like having my private affairs and life available to just any and everyone who has the price of the vehicle it's printed in . . . (Undated, January 1946?). The defensive stance ("probably a little mad too") would be gradually transmuted in the next few years to become something more adamant. For now, Cowley acquiesced to Faulkner's wishes.

In 1949 Cowley suggested writing another essay, this time for *Life*. It was to be modeled on an essay on Hemingway that Cowley was doing, and to be about the work more than "the man." When

the Hemingway piece appeared, however, it was accompanied by many personal photographs. Faulkner wrote to Cowley:

> I know Hemingway thinks it's all right and I hope it will profit him . . . But I am more determined than ever that this is not for me. I will protest to the last: no photographs, no recorded documents. It is my ambition to be, as a private individual, abolished and voided from history, leaving it markless, no refuse except the printed books (February 11, 1949).

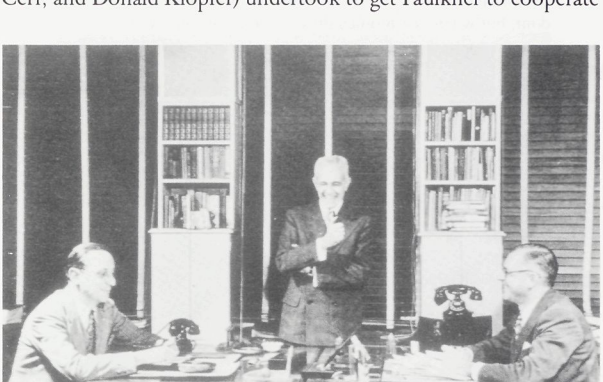
Again Cowley acquiesced, but not without a *caveat:*

> Sometime *Life* or another magazine—I can prophesy—is going to send a reporter to Oxford with instructions to get a story, and he'll do the job unscrupulously. That's the problem with your decision—it's absolute for anyone who respects you and admires your work, but won't have any effect at all on the sons of bitches (February 17, 1949).

Within two years, Cowley's "prophecy" would begin to unfold.

By 1951 Cowley was reporting to Faulkner that one Robert Coughlan was doing research for an article on him. By the fall of 1953, Faulkner was the subject of two extensive essays by Coughlan in *Life:* "The Private World of William Faulkner" (September 28) and "The Man Behind the Myth" (October 5). Curiously, Coughlan had never met Faulkner. While the essays are surprisingly accurate, they do not correspond to what Faulkner wanted—not just accuracy but anonymity. Moreover, although the "myth" of the second title ostensibly refers to the myth of the fictional Yoknapatawpha County which Cowley had identified in his introduction to *The Viking Portable Faulkner,* one cannot ignore its other connotations. Faulkner was by that time a Nobel Prize winner, but the articles make frequent mention of his alcoholism. The fiction by now might be admitted to be strong, but the man was weak (a fact that the readers of *Life* made much of in a subsequent issue). Most probably Faulkner did not read the articles, and Cowley describes a pleasant encounter between Faulkner and Coughlan later that fall. Such pleasantness was perhaps largely a reflection of Faulkner's manners and his habit of blaming the "system" of publicity while excusing its individual practitioners, a point that was to be articulated in his writings on the press and privacy.

This articulation began in a series of documents in 1954. Hoping to provide the best reception for their Nobel Prize winner's new book, *A Fable,* the Random House partners (Robert Haas, Bennett Cerf, and Donald Klopfer) undertook to get Faulkner to cooperate



Faulkner's publishers at Random House (left to right) Donald Klopfer, Robert Haas, and Bennett Cerf recognized the value of publicity to their author but acceded to his wishes for privacy.

for another cover story in *Time.* In response to a letter from Klopfer, Faulkner wrote that he had learned that since he had become "news" there was nothing he could do to stop a reporter from looking into his life and subjecting his family "to the indignity which these visitations mean." Yet, he says, at least he can "refuse to cooperate." He writes that he does not blame reporters, whom he regards as "just victims of the system too" who "can be fired by their bosses if they acquiesced to my feelings." It is only fair, however, to notify the reporter of his stand before "he goes to all the trouble and distance of the trip here." He continues in a vein that later developed into his essay "On Privacy":

> I wish he would not come at all, though I know I can't stop it—not until enough of us—what few there remain—who hold their privacy of value, confederate to protect themselves from one of the most fearful things in modern American life: the Freedom of the Press. One individual can protect himself from another individual's freedom, but when vast monied organizations such as the press or religion or political groups begin to federate under moral catchwords like democracy and freedom, in the structure of which all individual members or practitioners are absolved of all moral restraint, God help us all.

At the height of the McCarthy era, of course, this defense is particularly pointed, but it is not yet a public defense.

Adding his weight to the discussion about the cover story, in a letter that may have passed Faulkner's in the mail, Bennett Cerf wrote to him that "I can't overestimate the enormous value to *A Fable* that would accrue from a cover story in *Time* to synchronize with the publication of the book" (June 21, 1954). Three days later, Cerf telegraphed to ask for a reply and Faulkner shot back: "LET ME WRITE THE BOOKS. LET SOMEONE WHO WANTS IT HAVE THE PUBLICITY." Early the next morning, perhaps having communicated with Klopfer, Cerf telegraphed: "LAST THING IN THE WORLD WE WANT TO DO IS BOTHER YOU. HAVE CALLED OFF ENTIRE PROJECT. FORGET ABOUT IT. BEST BENNETT." The situation was resolved, and Faulkner wrote an effusive telegram with his thanks. Cerf wrote again, expressing both admiration and wonder at Faulkner's stand: "I'll bet you're the only man alive who ever voluntarily turned down a cover story in Time Magazine!" (June 28). Faulkner must have felt a sense of wonder, too, that his time he had succeeded in thwarting such a plan. He telegraphed back: "I LOVE TIME TOO. ONLY MAGAZINE IN AMERICA EVER CANCELLED PIECE ABOUT HIM ON SIMPLE PLEA OF ONE PRIVATE AND HENCE HELPLESS INDIVIDUAL" (July 1, 1954).

Like Cowley's prophecy, this statement was to prove only too true. A writer named Bill Emerson, from *Newsweek*, arrived at Faulkner's home to ask for an interview, which Faulkner politely refused. Still Emerson wrote his story and Faulkner appeared not on the cover of *Time* but of *Newsweek* on August 2, 1954, the day *A Fable* was published. That autumn Coughlan's book, *The Private*

World of William Faulkner, appeared; this time, apparently, Faulkner read it.

Piqued by these events, Faulkner wrote a draft of an essay, "Freedom: American Style," which he sent to Saxe Commins and which

William Faulkner in February 1956, seven months after his essay "On Privacy, The American Dream: What Happened To It?" appeared in *Harper's Magazine.* (Photograph by Phyllis Cerf Wagner)

he subsequently revised to become the essay published in *Harper's.* The close echoes of the letter to Klopfer suggest that he may have begun the essay in the midst of the events of the summer of 1954. The story of the events from the time of Cowley's initial proposal is

generalized. Respecting the *dicta* of the right to privacy, Faulkner does not "name names," but makes his case that a person of tact will respect the claims to privacy where a competitive news magazine cannot understand them at all.

After a rhapsodic introduction in which he outlines the historical development of the modern sense of individualism, Faulkner laments the passing of the sense of the inviolability of the individual that informed this history and those aspirations he calls "the American dream." He comes again to the point made in the letter to Klopfer, published in *Essays, Speeches, and Public Letters:*

> The point is that in America today any organization or group simply by functioning under a phrase like Freedom of the Press or National Security or League Against Subversion, can postulate to itself immunity to violate individualness—the individual privacy lacking which he cannot be an individual and lacking which individuality he is not anything at all worth the having or keeping....

It is the sort of irony that a novelist might best appreciate, in which a "League Against Subversion" becomes itself subversive not just of institutions but of the individuals who founded them. Faulkner concludes with his own prophecy:

> Time was when you could see neither from inside nor from outside through the walls of our houses. Time is when you can see from inside out though still not from outside in through the walls. Time will be when you can do both. Then privacy will indeed be gone; he who is individual enough to want it even to change his shirt or bathe in, will be cursed by one universal American voice as subversive to the American way of life and the American flag.

No longer casting himself in the role of the one who is "probably a little mad," he has developed his defense. The allusion to television makes this conclusion pointedly relevant for us now if we reflect on what happens when lights and cameras enter into private homes and the lives of the bereaved or merely the rich and famous or poor and defenseless. Would we want the same intrusion into our lives?

In his disparagement of the "one universal American voice," Faulkner was perhaps objecting to the dour moralism of the press as well as the stylistic uniformity of news magazines. There is also more to it than that. In the fictional world of William Faulkner, we

gain access to the most private voices of his characters. Perhaps this is one of the most frustrating aspects of his fiction for first-time readers. Yet we should not make the mistake that Mark Twain warns his readers against in his introductory note to *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* —the mistake, that is, of assuming that all the characters are trying to talk alike and not succeeding. The corollary to Faulkner's view that without privacy the concept of individualism becomes meaningless underlies his fictional technique. Without the plurality of languages indicative of individuality, the notion of "character" becomes meaningless. While the relative privacy entailed by different "voices" impedes communication, it ensures diversity among people. Conversely, the "one universal American voice" suppresses that diversity of points-of-view. From such reasoning we can conclude that, in creating his difficult works of fiction and in protesting against publicity, Faulkner was not just "being difficult."

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Beshenkovsky gift. Mr. Eugene Beshenkovsky has presented a copy of *Sobesednik liubitelei rossiiskago slova* ("Interlocutor for Lovers of the Russian Word: Containing Various Works in Poetry and Prose of Some Russian Authors"), 1784, part XV of a literary journal published by Catherine the Great in St. Petersburg.

Borchardt gift. For addition to the papers of their literary agency, Mr. and Mrs. Georges Borchardt have donated approximately 42,000 letters, contracts, copyright and royalty statements, and related documents for the period, 1955–1986. There are files for French, English, and American publishers, agents, and authors, including Jean Anouilh, James Agate, Laurent de Brunhoff, Jean Cocteau, Penelope Gilliatt, Robert Graves, Ruth Rendell, Françoise Sagan, Jean-Paul Sartre, Alan Sillitoe, and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin.

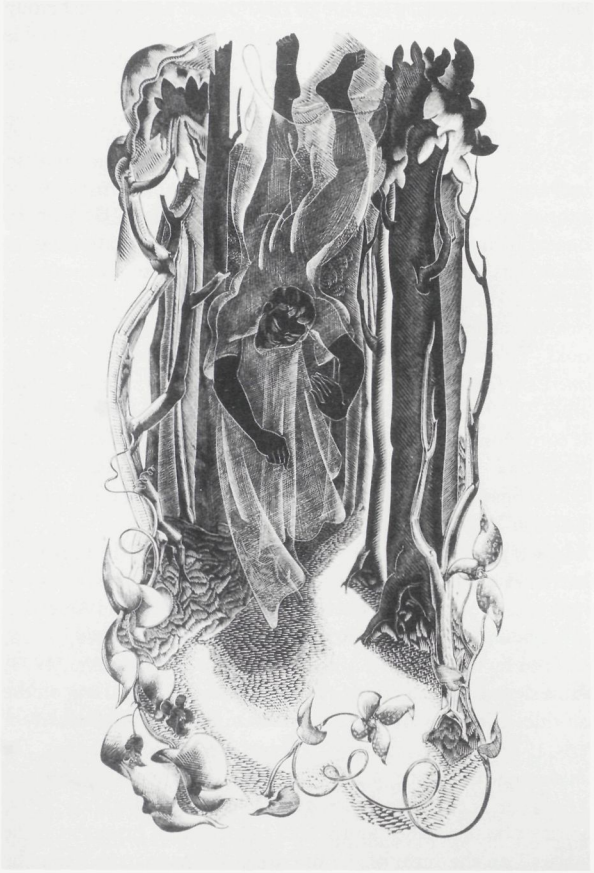
Chrystie gift. Mr. Thomas L. Chrystie (A.B., 1955) has donated fifteen editions of literary and historical works, including Jefferson Davis, *The rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, New York, 1881; Henry W. Herbert, *Frank Forester's and Horsemanship of the United States and British Provinces of North America*, New York, 1857; and Hardouin de Beaumont de Péréfixe, *Histoire du Roi Henri Le Grand*, Paris, 1786.

Coggeshall gift. Mrs. Susanna Coggeshall has donated approximately five thousand letters and manuscripts to the collection of papers of her mother, the late Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor under President Franklin Roosevelt. Included in the gift are family and professional correspondence, personal notes and memoranda, documents and memorabilia, manuscripts for articles and lectures, and family photographs.

Dobbie gift. Mrs. Mary K. Dobbie has donated a substantial group of papers of her husband, the late Professor Elliott Van Kirk Dobbie (A.B., 1927; A.M., 1928; Ph.D., 1937), comprising files relating to his class lectures, notes for various volumes of the *Anglo-Saxon Public Records*, and manuscripts relating to his projected but unfinished "Short History of English Grammar."

Dorfman gift. The papers of Professor Joseph Dorfman, economic historian and Professor of Economics from 1931 to 1971, have been donated by his wife. The more than forty thousand letters, notes, manuscripts, and printed materials include correspondence with academic colleagues, lecture notes and course materials, and research materials relating to Professor Dorfman's articles and books, *Thorstein Veblen and his America, The Economic Mind in American Civilization, Early American Policy, Institutional Economics, Types of Economic Theory*, and *New Light on Veblen*. Among the correspondence files are letters to Professor Dorfman from John Bates Clark, Wesley C. Mitchell, Edwin R. A. Seligman, George Bernard Shaw, Rexford Tugwell, Wendell Wilkie, and the family of Thorstein Veblen.

Dzierbicki gift. In memory of Marguerite A. Cohn, Mr. Ronald L. Dzierbicki has presented twenty-one first editions and two autograph letters, primarily of twentieth century English and American authors. Of special interest are: Witter Bynner, *Cake*, 1926, inscribed by the author; Robert Graves, *The Song of Songs*, 1973, with a signed original drawing by the illustrator, Hans Erni, on the half-title; Glenway Wescott, *A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers*, Paris, 1932, illustrated by Pavel Tchelitchew; Wyndham Lewis, *The Childermass*, 1928, one of 225 copies signed by the author; Seumas O'Sullivan, *The Earth-Rover and Other Verses*, Dublin, 1909, inscribed by the author and with a holograph of his poem "The Poplars," on the verso of the title page; and autograph letters by Aldous Huxley and Sydney Smith. There were also three first editions by Henry James in Mr. Dzierbicki's gift: *Embarrassments*, London, 1896; *The Siege of London*, London, 1883; and *Views and*



Wood engraving by Blair Hughes-Stanton: frontispiece to the Gregynog Press edition of John Milton's *Comus*, 1931. (Dzierbicki gift)

Reviews, Boston, 1908, one of 160 copies. An impressive book printed at the Gregynog Press in 1931, John Milton's *Comus*, is also part of the gift; one of 250 copies, the book is handsomely illustrated with wood-engravings by Blair Hughes-Stanton.

Lilley gift. The papers of the late Robert Dudd Lilley (A.B., 1933; B.S., 1934; M.E., 1935; LL.D., 1981), distinguished University Trustee, 1968–1980, and President of A. T. & T., 1972–1976, have been presented by his widow, Mrs. Helen M. Lilley. The approximately two thousand letters, manuscripts, corporate files and reports, appointment calendars, student notebooks, photographs, and books from his library relate to Mr. Lilley's tenure at A. T. & T., his work as chairman of the New Jersey Commission on Civil Disorders, and his numerous Columbia-related activities, including, among others, the Campaign for Columbia, the Health Strategy Group, the National Visiting Council of the Columbia–Presbyterian Medical Center, and the President's Commission on Academic Priorities in the Arts and Sciences. Mrs. Lilley's gift also includes plaques, citations, and awards that he received, as well as photographs and prints of University views.

Long gift. Mrs. John C. Long has established a collection of the papers of her late father, the distinguished author and lawyer Geoffrey Parsons (A.B., 1899; LL.B., 1903), with the gift of the twenty-two notebooks containing the manuscript draft of his *The Stream of History*, published by Scribners in 1928, as well as a folder of revisions he finished shortly before his death in 1956.

Myers gift. Professor Andrew B. Myers (A.M., 1947; Ph.D., 1964) has presented a group of eight manuscripts and letters of Ralph W. Emerson, Padraic Colum, and Daniel O'Connell. The three items written by Emerson include an autograph letter to A. T. Goodman, dated November 20, 1865, concerning a lecture in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; two pages of the autograph manuscript of Emerson's *English Traits*, ca. 1860; and a manuscript of a four-line poem, dated 1872, beginning "Night-dreams trace on Memory's wall." Colum is represented by a typewritten letter to Warren Bower, dated August 23, 1958, pertaining to lectures in New York, and a 1931

contract for the purchase of an automobile in Paris. Finally, Professor Myers's gift includes two letters written in 1837 and 1845 by the Irish political figure, Daniel O'Connell, the latter of which is addressed to his daughter Catherine, in which he discusses family and political matters.

University Trustee Robert Dudd Lilley, January 1972. (Lilley gift)

Palmer gift. Mr. Paul R. Palmer (M.S., 1950; A.M., 1955) has donated seventy-eight photographs of film stars from the silent era to the 1950s and 273 books in the fields of contemporary fiction, criticism and biography, film and theatre, and history. In addition to first editions by Errol Flynn, Glenway Wescott, Alec Waugh, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joyce Carol Oates, and Iris Murdoch, there are signed and inscribed books by John Barrymore, Will Irwin, Garson Kanin, and Norman Mailer, among others. Mr. Palmer has also donated three rare souvenir film programs for Cecil B. DeMille's *King of Kings,* 1927, and D. W. Griffith's *Orphans of the*

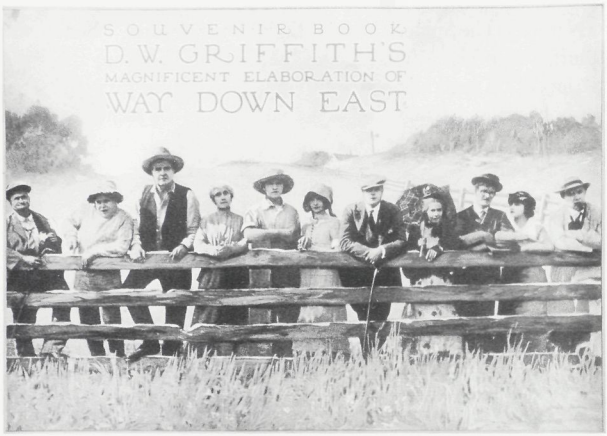
Storm, 1922, and *Way Down East,* 1920.

Porter gift. The Austin Strong Collection has been strengthened by the recent gift from Ms. Clarissa Porter of a collection of the playwright's correspondence and manuscripts, including more than fifty autograph drafts and typescripts for his plays, "A Play Without a Name," "The Spider's Web," "Lights Out, or Taps," "Blindman's Bluff," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Lafayette." There are also typescripts of his speeches, a set of the radio scripts for his NBC series "Cabbages and Kings," a photograph album of scenes from his plays, and correspondence relating to his radio talks and the Stage Relief Fund.

Random House gift. Random House has added to the papers of Bennett Cerf (A.B., 1920; B. Litt, 1920) the typewritten manuscript of his autobiography *At Random,* including related correspondence and other documents concerning its publication, as well as a file of illustrations used in the book. Among the latter are original photographs, many inscribed, of Cerf and his family, his associates at Random House, and numerous authors who were his personal friends, among them, Truman Capote, Theodore Dreiser, William Faulkner, Moss Hart, Anita Loos, and Robert Penn Warren.

Read gift. Mrs. Charlotte S. Read has presented the papers of Mira Edgerly Korzybski, noted portrait painter and wife of the Polish-American philosopher and scientist, Alfred H. Korzybski. Friend of Arnold Genthe, Gertrude Stein, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Burges Johnson, Mira Korzybski originated and developed a new type of portraiture using large ivory pieces on which she painted miniature portraits of prominent American, European and South American socialites and family groups. In addition to forty accomplished and handsome portraits and self-portraits on ivory, Mrs. Read's gift includes Mrs. Korzybski's diaries and journals, scrapbooks, manuscripts of autobiographical writings, photographs, and files of correspondence with friends and family members, dating from 1914 to the early 1950s. There is also a file of letters written to her in 1950 at the time of her husband's death.

Reese and Halladay gift. A group of twenty-three letters and manuscripts by Carl and Mark Van Doren has been presented by Messrs. William Reese and Terry Halladay. The correspondence, dating from 1939 to 1965, was written to their brother, Frank, and con-



The 1920 film version of Lottie Blair Parker's *Way Down East* was written and directed by D. W. Griffith and starred Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. (Palmer gift)

cerns their various writing projects, their current reading, and family and personal matters. There are also holograph manuscripts of a poem and of early school exercises by Mark Van Doren, a letter from their father, Charles, written to their mother in 1910, and several broadsides and pamphlets written by, and relating to, the Van Dorens.

Reynolds gift. Ms. Robbin Reynolds has presented an extraordinary file of correspondence and documents for addition to the papers of the literary agency Paul Revere Reynolds, established by her late father. Of paramount importance in the gift are the 162 letters written from 1926 to 1948 by P. G. Wodehouse to Paul Reynolds and

his son, and the approximately one thousand carbon replies and related letters and documents, a file that records the close business and personal relationships that existed between the literary agent and the novelist. The Reynolds agency handled serial rights and the marketing of short stories for Wodehouse in the United States, and the correspondence deals with the various rights, permissions, and personal finances, including the documentation relating to the increasingly complex tax problems that Wodehouse faced during the 1930s and 1940s. In addition to the Wodehouse file, the gift includes thirty-five letters to Reynolds from other clients, among them, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Willa Cather, Sir Winston Churchill, Havelock Ellis, Joel Chandler Harris, Jack London, Edgar Lee Masters, Upton Sinclair, and Lincoln Steffens.

Sabine gift. Mr. William H. W. Sabine has donated nine rare literary editions, including works by C. S. Calverley, Thomas Campbell, Charles Churchill, Ernest Renan, and Lord Tennyson, among others. Of special note are the first English edition of Renan's *The Life of Jesus*, London, 1864; Campbell's *The Pleasures of Hope*, Edinburgh, 1808; and Sir Francis Biondi's *An History of the Civill Warres of England*, London, 1641.

Schang gift. Mr. Frederic C. Schang (B.Litt., 1915) has recently added eight splendid autographed calling cards to the collection which he established in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library more than ten years ago. Included in the gift are the calling cards of T. S. Eliot, Ronald Reagan, Lech Walesa, J. H. Doolittle, Natalie Barney, Francesco Cilea, Serge Lifar, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski. Those of Eliot, Barney, and Lifar are of special importance because of the notes that each has written on the card.

Schapiro gift. University Professor Emeritus Meyer Schapiro (A.B., 1924; Ph.D., 1931; D.Litt, 1975) has presented five rare editions known for their illustrations, including: Laonicus Chalcocondylas, *Histoire générale des Turcs*, Paris, 1661; Johan Nieuhof, *L'ambassade de la Compagnie Orientale des Provinces Unies vers L'Empereur de la Chine, ou Grand Cam de Tartarie*, Leyden, 1665; Giovanni Villani,

Storia . . . cittadino fiorentino, editions published in Florence in 1581 and 1587; and Johann Winckelmann, *Geschichte der Kunst des Altertums*, Dresden, 1764.

Illustration from Johann Winckelmann's *Geschichte der Kunst des Altertums*, 1764. (Schapiro gift)

Weil gift. Mr. James L. Weil has presented eleven pamphlet editions of poetry which he has published from 1985 to 1987 in a series of keepsakes. Issued in editions of fifty copies, the keepsakes were designed by Martino Mardersteig and printed by the Stamperia Valdonega, and they include texts by William Bronk, Spencer Brown, Larry Eigner, William Hazlitt, John Keats, Brian McInerney, Bariss Mills, Karl Shapiro, and Felix Stefanile.

Woodring gift. Professor Carl Woodring has donated a fine copy of C. S. Ricketts's *The Prado and Its Masterpieces*, published in London by Archibald Constable in 1903. The folio edition, one of 350 numbered copies, is profusely illustrated with fifty-four full-page photogravures.

Activities of the Friends

Winter Reception. A reception in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library on Wednesday afternoon, March 1, opened the exhibition, "The Fugitive Kind: The Theater of Tennessee Williams." Manuscripts for the playwright's first four major plays—*Battle of Angels, The Glass Menagerie, A Streetcar Named Desire,* and *Summer and Smoke*—were exhibited along with 130 other manuscripts, playscripts, letters, portraits, photographs, set designs, and press books, that span Williams's literary career as playwright, poet, writer of fiction, and memoirist. Many of the rarities shown were presented by Random House, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Wilbur, The Archons of Colophon, and Jack Harris Samuels; and several distinguished items were loaned by Carter Burden from his extensive collection. The exhibition will remain on view in the Kempner Exhibition Room through July 26.

Bancroft Awards Dinner. The Rotunda in Low Memorial Library was the setting for the annual Bancroft Awards Dinner, held on Wednesday evening, April 5, and presided over by Frank S. Streeter, the new Chairman of the Friends. University Provost Robert Goldberger announced the winners of the 1989 awards for distinguished books in American history and diplomacy published in 1988: Eric Foner for *Reconstruction: America's Unfinished Revolution, 1863–1877*, published by Harper & Row; and Edmund S. Morgan for *Inventing the People: The Rise of Popular Sovereignty in England and America*, published by W.W. Norton & Company. An Award of $4,000, from funds provided by the Edgar A. and Frederic Bancroft Foundation, was presented to the author of each book by the Provost, and Mr. Streeter presented citations to the publishers.

Future Meetings. The fall exhibition reception will be held on Wednesday afternoon, December 6; the winter exhibition reception will be held on March 7, 1990; and the Bancroft Awards Dinner is scheduled for April 4, 1990.

"Art and Advertising: The Posters of Edward Penfield," drawn from the Solton and Julia Engel Collection, will be on view August 1–November 20, 1989, in the Kempner Exhibition Room, Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Butler Library, sixth floor. Included in the exhibition will be posters created for *Harper's Monthly* and *Collier's*, and for various products, such as men's clothing, dog food, and dynamite, as well as the 1987 calendar shown above.

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