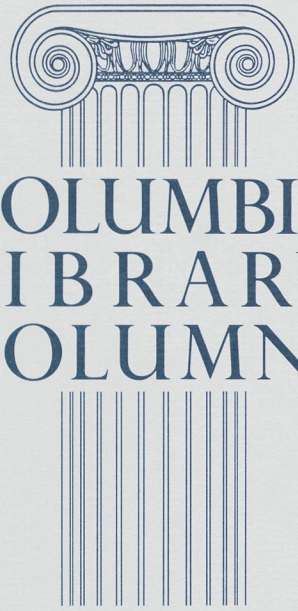

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

G. A. CEVASCO is a professor of English at St. John's University, New York, and is the author of *Three Decadent Poets: Ernest Dowson, John Gray, and Lionel Johnson.*

PATRICK T. LAWLOR is Curator of the Herbert H. Lehman Suite and Papers.

KENNETH A. LOHF is Columbia's Librarian for Rare Books and Manuscripts.

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Coeditors of the *Winchester College Pentagram. From left:* Edward Liddersfield, Lord Alfred Douglas, and Edmund B. Phipps, 1888

Lord Alfred Douglas and the *Winchester College Pentagram*

G. A. CEVASCO

Lord Alfred Douglas is probably best remembered as the close friend of Oscar Wilde responsible for his being placed in the dock, found guilty, and sentenced to two years at hard labor. The year was 1895. Wilde was at the height of his fame. Two of his brilliant plays, *An Ideal Husband* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, were running simultaneously in London theatres. When he was convicted they were withdrawn. His books were removed from the booksellers' shelves. Wilde's disgrace had all the implications of a Greek tragedy, one in which he played fop, wit, victim, and martyr—and at which he looked on as a befuddled spectator.

Anyone who reads *De Profundis* is struck by the bitterness he felt for his former friend at the time. Not only did "Bosie," as Douglas was called affectionately by his family and friends, escape punishment, but it had been his father, the Eighth Marquis of Queensberry, who had initiated charges against Wilde in the first place. Then, too, during Wilde's notorious trials, one of Bosie's works, "Two Loves," was entered into evidence. Ending with the words "I am the love that dare not speak its name," the poem was used against Wilde by the prosecutor for the Crown.

Just how responsible Douglas was for Wilde's downfall is still matter for debate. In his poem "The Destroyer of a Soul," Lionel Johnson fixed more of the blame on Wilde with the memorable line: "I hate you with a necessary hate." In his cactaceous and apologetical autobiographical volumes, *Oscar Wilde and Myself* (1914), *The Autobiography of Lord Alfred Douglas* (1929), and *Without Apology* (1938), Douglas of course defends himself at Wilde's expense. Douglas, in fact, was always a self-defender, as the many enemies he made over the seventy-five years of his life can testify. He is a prime example of a man of letters who expended more time and energy

defending himself from attacks real and imaginary than he gave to literature.

Douglas, nonetheless, was a highly capable poet who wrote some works still worthy of consideration, especially those found in his

Winchester College from the Warden's Garden

City of the Soul (1899) and *Sonnets* (1900). That his carefully crafted verse failed to attract the critical reception he thought it deserved troubled him deeply. The attention accorded Eliot, Pound, the Sitwells, and other so-called "moderns" in the decades between the Wars, he was certain, had been misdirected. The spotlight should have fallen on his *Complete Poems* (1928). Douglas never could admit to himself that he was essentially a nineties poet whose gifts did not survive into the twentieth century.

Patrick Braybrook's *Lord Alfred Douglas: His Life and Work* (1913) and William Freeman's *The Life of Lord Alfred Douglas* (1948) are both well-written and quite readable biographies, but neither did much for Douglas's reputation. Nor did Rupert Croft-Cooke's *Bosie* (1963), a rather captious and belittling study, treat its subject as a creative artist. The definitive biography, consequently, remains to be written. Whoever undertakes the task will of course have to

deal with the many questions surrounding the Wilde-Douglas relationship. While it is true that in his monumental study *Oscar Wilde* (1988) Richard Ellman examined their relationship rather thoroughly, he did so mainly from Wilde's perspective, not that of Douglas.

Lord Alfred Douglas at Oxford when he was twenty-three

Douglas's next biographer will also have to focus on a printed rarity that has recently been added to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library. That volume is the *Pentagram*, an undergraduate publication that Douglas and two friends produced during the summer of 1888, when they were students at Winchester College. The two friends were E. B. Phipps and E. W. Lidderdale.

In his *Autobiography* Douglas boasts that the *Pentagram* "had a tremendous success at the time, and the circulation . . . worked out a

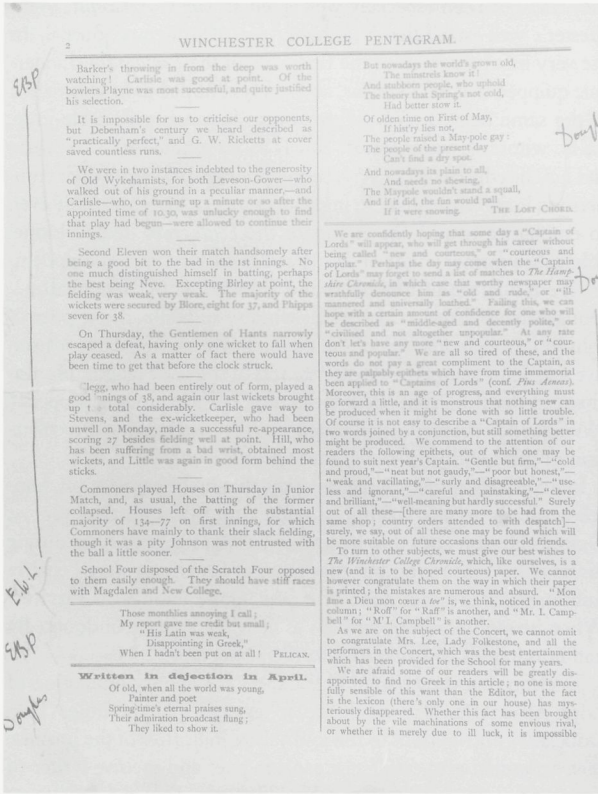
good deal more than one copy a head for every boy in the school . . . and lots of old Wykehamists took it in." The fact is that the *Pentagram* ran only ten numbers between May 29 and August 1, 1888.

Most copies of the *Pentagram* can no longer be traced. The ten issues that belonged to Sir Edmund Bamfylde Phipps are now in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library. Phipps, after completing his education at New College, Oxford, became a master at Temple Grove School, then an inspector of schools, rising to the position of Deputy Secretary, Board of Education, in 1926.

Phipps had his treasured copies of the *Pentagram* bound in a blue cover. On the first page, facing the inside front cover, he affixed his signature, E. B. Phipps. Phipps's volume is especially valuable because it contains his personal annotations identifying the contributors, who did not sign their poems or prose pieces. They either remained anonymous or identified themselves with fanciful pseudonyms. In his annotations Phipps identifies himself as "The Pelican" and Douglas as "The Lost Chord."

As for the genesis of the *Pentagram*, Douglas and Phipps note on their dedicatory page that the work was "generated" and "sustained" by the Reverend Mr. John Traut, who can be identified as a housemaster at Winchester. The Reverend Mr. Traut, it would seem, gave the editors of the *Pentagram* his warm and continual encouragement. The dedication also contains words of praise for "H.H.H.," one of the periodical's "most loyal and capable contributors." "H.H.H.," as Phipps's attributions make clear, was E. W. Lidderdale.

An examination of the index for the ten numbers lists over two hundred entries under author, title, and subject. "Leading Articles" are of course duly listed. Under "Poems" can be found eleven titles. Seven listings refer to such incidental matters as the "Boat Club," "Cricket," and "Rifle Corps." Letters from readers are also listed, as well as one obituary article. Several items pertain to Eton, and there is even one on "The Prince of Wales at Winchester."



2 WINCHESTER COLLEGE PENTAGRAM.

Barker's throwing in from the deep was worth watching! Carlisle was good at point. Of the bowlers Playne was most successful, and quite justified his selection.

It is impossible for us to criticise our opponents, but Debenham's century we heard described as "practically perfect," and G. W. Ricketts at cover saved countless runs.

We were in two instances indebted to the generosity of Old Wykehamists, for both Leveson-Gower—who walked out of his ground in a peculiar manner,—and Carlisle—who, on turning up a minute or so after the appointed time of 10.30, was unlucky enough to find that play had begun—were allowed to continue their innings.

Second Eleven won their match handsomely after being a good bit to the bad in the 1st innings. No one much distinguished himself in batting, perhaps the best being Neve. Excepting Birley at point, the fielding was weak, very weak. The majority of the wickets were secured by Blore, eight for 37, and Phipps seven for 38.

On Thursday, the Gentlemen of Hants narrowly escaped a defeat, having only one wicket to fall when play ceased. As a matter of fact there would have been time to get that before the clock struck.

Legg, who had been entirely out of form, played a good innings of 38, and again our last wickets brought up the total considerably. Carlisle gave way to Stevens, and the ex-wicketkeeper, who had been unwell on Monday, made a successful re-appearance, scoring 27 besides fielding well at point. Hill, who has been suffering from a bad wrist, obtained most wickets, and Little was again in good form behind the sticks.

Commoners played Houses on Thursday in Junior Match, and, as usual, the batting of the former collapsed. Houses left off with the substantial majority of 134—77 on first innings, for which Commoners have mainly to thank their slack fielding, though it was a pity Johnson was not entrusted with the ball a little sooner.

School Four disposed of the Scratch Four opposed to them easily enough. They should have stiff races with Magdalen and New College.

Those monthlies annoying I call;
My report gave me credit but small;
"His Latin was weak,
Disappointing in Greek,"
When I hadn't been put on at all! PELICAN.

Written in dejection in April.

Of old, when all the world was young,
Painter and poet
Spring-time's eternal praises sung,
Their admiration broadcast flung;
They liked to show it.

But nowadays the world's grown old,
The minstrels know it!
And stubborn people, who uphold
The theory that Spring's not cold,
Had better stow it.

Of olden time on First of May,
If hist'ry lies not,
The people raised a May-pole gay:
The people of the present day
Can't find a dry spot.

And nowadays its plain to all,
And needs no showing,
The Maypole wouldn't stand a squall,
And if it did, the fun would pall
If it were snowing. THE LOST CHORD.

We are confidently hoping that some day a "Captain of Lords" will appear, who will get through his career without being called "new and courteous," or "courteous and popular." Perhaps the day may come when the "Captain of Lords" may forget to send a list of matches to *The Hampshire Chronicle*, in which case that worthy newspaper may wrathfully denounce him as "old and rude," or "ill-mannered and universally loathed." Failing this, we can hope with a certain amount of confidence for one who will be described as "middle-aged and decently polite," or "civilised and not altogether unpopular." At any rate don't let's have any more "new and courteous," or "courteous and popular." We are all so tired of these, and the words do not pay a great compliment to the Captain, as they are palpably epithets which have from time immemorial been applied to "Captains of Lords" (conf. *Pius Aeneas*). Moreover, this is an age of progress, and everything must go forward a little, and it is monstrous that nothing new can be produced when it might be done with so little trouble. Of course it is not easy to describe a "Captain of Lords" in two words joined by a conjunction, but still something better might be produced. We commend to the attention of our readers the following epithets, out of which one may be found to suit next year's Captain. "Gentle but firm,"—"cold and proud,"—"neat but not gaudy,"—"poor but honest,"—"weak and vacillating,"—"surly and disagreeable,"—"useless and ignorant,"—"careful and painstaking,"—"clever and brilliant,"—"well-meaning but hardly successful." Surely out of all these—(there are many more to be had from the same shop; country orders attended to with despatch)—surely, we say, out of all these one may be found which will be more suitable on future occasions than our old friends.

To turn to other subjects, we must give our best wishes to *The Winchester College Chronicle*, which, like ourselves, is a new (and it is to be hoped courteous) paper. We cannot however congratulate them on the way in which their paper is printed; the mistakes are numerous and absurd. "Mon âme a Dieu mon cœur a *toi*" is, we think, noticed in another column; "Roff" for "Raff" is another, and "Mr. I. Campbell" for "M. I. Campbell" is another.

As we are on the subject of the Concert, we cannot omit to congratulate Mrs. Lee, Lady Folkestone, and all the performers in the Concert, which was the best entertainment which has been provided for the School for many years.

We are afraid some of our readers will be greatly disappointed to find no Greek in this article; no one is more fully sensible of this want than the Editor, but the fact is the lexicon (there's only one in our house) has mysteriously disappeared. Whether this fact has been brought about by the vile machinations of some envious rival, or whether it is merely due to ill luck, it is impossible

In his copy of the *Pentagram*, E. B. Phipps identifies the authorship of the articles. (Friends Endowed Fund)

Most of the material was written by "The Lost Chord," "The Pelican," and "H.H.H." The *Pentagram* was an excellent way for the three to try their literary wings. One might also speculate that

they had not been especially welcomed at *The Wykehamist*, Winchester's well-established and highly regarded literary journal. In the very first paragraph of the first issue of the *Pentagram*, Lidderdale quipped that he, Douglas, and Phipps "hoped to be able to live in the same field" as *The Wykehamist*, "a most respectable journal . . . whose slowness almost equals its respectability."

That the editors of *The Wykehamist* preferred to ignore their competition is not surprising. To improve matters a bit, or possibly even to emphasize rivalry, the editors of the *Pentagram* invited Lionel Johnson, a former editor of *The Wykehamist*, to contribute a poem. In their final issue can be found Johnson's "A Benediction." Douglas labeled the work "a half-whimsical, half-pathetic poem." Johnson thought enough of the poem, however, to enlarge it from five seven-line stanzas to seventy stanzas of the same length. He also changed the title from "A Benediction" to the more appropriate "Winchester" before he published it as the final poem in his collection of verse entitled *Ireland, with Other Poems* (1897).

In his *Autobiography* Douglas writes that he began to apply himself seriously to the writing of poetry in 1889, his first year at Oxford. He also adds that he first experimented with verse during his days at Winchester, but that most of his efforts were "chiefly humourous" and that none of it was "good enough to survive." When he reminisced on his days as fledgling poet he undoubtedly had in mind his contributions to the *Pentagram*.

To claim that the *Pentagram* enhances the literary reputation of Lord Alfred Douglas would be to engage in hyperbole. That Douglas's contributions to the journal are indicative of the promise that he was later to fulfill as a capable poet and incisive writer of prose comes closer to a reasonable judgment. That the *Pentagram* achieved its primary aim, as Douglas and Phipps wrote in their dedication—"to be a convenient missile . . . in the sincere hope that there will never be wanting . . . the cultivation of humour and a capacity for drivel"— can be accepted at face value.

Contributions to the *Pentagram*

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

Written in Dejection in April

Of old, when all the world was young,
  Painter and poet
Spring-time's eternal praises sung,
Their admiration broadcast flung;
  They liked to show it.

But nowadays the world's grown old,
  The minstrels know it!
And stubborn people, who uphold
The theory that Spring's not cold,
  Had better stow it.

Of olden time on First of May,
  If hist'ry lies not,
The people raised a May-pole gay:
The people of the present day
  Can't find a dry spot.

And nowadays it's plain to all,
  And needs no shewing,
The Maypole wouldn't stand a squall,
And if it did, the fun would pall
  If it were snowing.

THE LOST CHORD
[May 29, 1888]

Notes

The "Pelican" has returned from abroad with his health completely shattered. We sincerely hope that he will not attempt to inflict upon his miserable readers any account of his sufferings and adventures.

The "Lost Chord" and the "Pelican" were making the best of their way up to house about 3.30 the other afternoon, when the idea simultaneously entered their manly bosoms to test their vital energy at the automatic "Try your strength" machine which stands in Hammond's shop. The "Lost Chord" possessed a penny; the "Pelican" did not; and the failure of an attempt to extort this sum from two "younger boys," coupled with the refusal of the Lost One to waive his claim, had very nearly brought them to blows when one of the crowd that was now fast collecting, suggested that they should "pull, pull together." No sooner said than done. A moment more, and the Chord had taken up the customary position, with his feet firmly pressed against the supports provided for that purpose, his hands firmly grasping the handles. In an instant the Pelican had seized him round the waist, and on the fall of the coin they got off well together. On entering the 'teens they tired perceptibly, but struggling gamely on, had just reached 18, when the Lost Chord, whether overcome by the excitement of the moment, or distressed by the unwonted pressure from behind, suddenly loosed his hold! The sequel is too terrible for publication. There are many who will carry to the grave the memory of the heartrending scene, as the frenzied Fowl, maddened by remorse, bent o'er the prostrate victim of his unfortunate ambition. But enough! let us draw the veil.

The "Lost Chord" states that, on Tuesday morning last, at Winchester station, while waiting for his train, he was suddenly aware of a face which appeared not altogether unfamiliar to him; a closer inspection shewed the well-known features of Mr. Nutley—late Family Grocer and Italian Warehouseman, Kingsgate Street—who stated that he was bound for Bristol, from whence he would sail that night for America. The exile seemed in good spirits, and, in reply to enquiries, remarked that he confidently hoped to achieve in a foreign clime that success which had been denied him in England. The platform was thronged with his friends and well-wishers, who crowded round the carriage to shake his hand. As the train moved off amidst the cheers of the dense mob, the scene was affecting to

the last degree; and the rain having now come on, there was scarcely a dry eye among the company.

[May 29, 1888]

Triolets

I.

I'm up to books at nine o'clock:
I haven't done my out of School:
Five past! good heavens, what a shock,
I'm up to books at nine o'clock.
My "toys" are shut? We'll burst the lock.
Now my straw hat; "play up" you fool!
I'm up to books at nine o'clock,
I haven't done my out of School.

II.

You writing lines? Yes. So am I,
For shirking Chapel Sunday last.
Halloa! I hear another sigh:
You writing lines? Yes. So am I;
That's three of us; and here close by
Another scribbling very fast:
You writing lines? Yes. So am I,
For shirking Chapel Sunday last.

THE LOST CHORD
[June 6, 1888]

The Chord on Bull Fights

"It is not everyone who has seen a bull fight," said the Chord the other day, during one of those brief intervals of idleness which even in the *W.C.P.* [*Winchester College Pentagram*] office, occasionally

break in upon the long hours of toil. "I never said it was," snappishly replied the Pelican, whose temper of late has begun to give way under the strain of editorial cares.

"All right, you needn't flare up," replied the Chord, somewhat irritated at this reception of his apparently harmless remark. "Who's flaring up?" retorted the bird, "I simply said that I never said that it was not not everyone who had seen a bull—" "O, stow that," here put in the H.H.H. [The Half-way House Hag]

"Well, it's perfectly true anyhow, and there's nothing to get 'sick' about," replied the fowl. "*I'm* not sick—*you* are," replied the Chord. "My good man!" replied the Pelican. "Fool!" contemptuously said the Chord. The Pelican was handing his coat to the office boy, and the Chord was all ready in the approved attitude, when the H.H.H. interfered, and succeeded in pacifying the belligerents. "Well" said the Pelican amiably, when they had resumed their respective seats (the Pelican on the only chair, the H.H.H. on a hat box, and the Chord on the hot water pipes), "you were talking about bull fights; have you seen one?" "Well not exactly," replied the Chord modestly, "but I've seen a cow fight at Pau, which is much the same sort of thing; in fact it's more dangerous!" (noticing a contemptuous smile on the face of the H.H.H.) "I'll tell you about it if you like." "What's the time?" enquired the Pelican nervously, drawing from his pocket the pawn ticket of his watch and quickly replacing it,—"I ought to be doing my verses." "O all right of course if you don't want to hear it; I'm sure I don't want to tell you, I thought it would amuse you." "My dear chap, I should be delighted to hear it, I find it's still quite early," said the Pelican hurriedly, fearing another storm. "Well of course there's a large arena with seats all round," began the Chord (plunging at once *in medias res* for the fear the Pelican should change his mind).

"Something like the Acropolis at Rome," put in the H.H.H., trying to appear interested.

"And the cow has a long piece of string attached to one horn, and the other end of which is held by a man, as a slight check upon the

infuriated animal. Several gaudily dressed men enter the arena, and one of these standing in front of the cow waves a handkerchief and otherwise excites the cow, which charges furiously at the man. The man remains quite stationary until the cow, having approached within about a yard of him, lowers her head to toss him into the air; the man then either steps one step aside or leaps right over the advancing animal, or sometimes jumps over the cow with a pole. Another cow is then brought out, and the same manoeuvers are gone through again. The constant repetition of these feats soon becomes monotonous; but on the occasion of which I am now speaking, a thrilling variation was introduced. As I was watching rather wearily, a man stepped forward, incited the cow, and waited the charge of the infuriated animal. The cow charged, the man stepped aside a shade too late, and the cow, to borrow a metaphor from the cricket-field, secured him low down with one horn, and, tearing the rope from the hands of the man who held it, dashed round the arena, bearing her unfortunate victim with her; words cannot describe the scene that followed, I shall carry the picture of it to my grave: the shrieks of women rent the air, strong men wept like children, infants were carried out in fits [here the Pelican sneezed], and when the frenzied beast, casting her victim on the ground, proceeded to trample on him, the horror of the onlookers reached such a pitch that—"

"There's a mouse in Hall," said the office boy quietly, putting his head in the door. "By Jove!" said the Pelican, "I must see this!" and he rushed from the room, upsetting the inkpot over the H.H.H., who had gone to sleep. "Holloa!" said that worthy, "you were saying that the Acropolis at—" "No, I wasn't," said the Chord. The H.H.H. apologised, but the Chord hasn't spoken to him since. N.B.—The mouse got away.

THE LOST CHORD
[June 20, 1888]

Drivelle

The rain had fallen, so the Stoic arose,
  And went from his class room into the street.
(A cold wind blew; it was latish in June.)
  And in staves of bad oaths, he vented his heat.
And his boots, once brown, at a slovenly pace,
  He planted: a yellow dog, cowed, dead-beat,
Here made the wild one curse, (which was wrong),
  For it barked, as it rounded his feet.

THE LOST CHORD
[August 1, 1888]

The "Chord's" Leave-Out Day
A True Story

Some time has passed since the events of which I am about to speak occurred, but never to my dying day shall I forget those events, nor ever shall the firm conviction leave my mind that on the day made famous by those events, either I myself or those with whom I came in contact was or were insane. It was on a leave-out day, the exact date is not known to me,—I have a bad memory for dates at the best of times, but were my memory in this respect equal to that of (I forget his name, but I know he had a good memory) the occurrences of that day would have been sufficient to crush all recollections of this nature from my mind—enough that the events themselves are and will for ever be indelibly stamped on my mind. It was I say on a leave-out in the winter months that I set forth on foot from the doors of my house on my way to the station. It was my intention to catch the 8.32 train, and accordingly, knowing that it required a good quarter of an hour to reach the station, I allowed myself seven minutes. At first sight this might seem a conclusive piece of evidence that I was not in my right mind, but those who have observed the ways of Winchester men on leave-out days will

recognize that this proceeding on my part was quite in accordance with the usual custom. On reaching Southgate Road, to my great joy I noticed a fly coming towards me, I hailed it; the driver pulled up abruptly, and waiting till I had entered the vehicle and shut the door, informed me that it was impossible for him to convey me to the station, as he was about to execute another job; with these words on his lips he sprang onto the box, and urged his wild career in the direction of the station. I was astonished at the apparent contradiction implied by this action, but held my peace. We had proceeded some 200 yards on our way at full gallop, when the fly stopped with a violent jerk, which flung me out of my seat with great force; the flyman descended, opened the door, said in a cheery voice, "All right sir, trust to me sir," and, springing on to the box, drove off again. Concluding that these manoeuvers were merely the result of over-zeal on my behalf, and touched by the evidences of the kindly feeling which had prompted his impulsive action, I resumed my seat, rubbing my shins. As we turned into Jewry Street I suddenly recollected that I had nothing but gold in my pocket, and fearing that at the last moment I should be unable to procure any change, I asked the man through the window if he had any. He made no reply, but pulled up with a jerk which hurled me back into my seat, sprang from the box, and held out his hand. I handed him a sovereign; seizing it in his hands he hailed a man who was lounging in front of the public house, near which we had stopped, and whispering instructions in his ear handed him the coin; the man disappeared into the public, while the flyman remounted the box and sat in readiness; after the lapse of one or two minutes the man to whom the coin had been entrusted reappeared with a handful of change; glancing nervously round he hastily thrust it into my hand, crying "the money, the money," he then turned and fled down the street; the flyman urging his horse into a gallop. Thinking that I had been robbed, I hastily counted the money, but, to my astonishment, found it was correct. Halfway up the station hill the fly again stopped, and the flyman opening the door, abruptly said, "I can go no further." Concluding that the job of which he had spoken called

him away, I handed him his fare and dismounted. He bounded on to his box, waved his hand to me, and was gone like a flash of light. I have never seen him since. The eccentric behaviour of himself and his companion had not been without its due effect on me, my brain reeled, I felt dizzy; another effect was that I missed my train. For three-quarters of an hour I brooded over these events in the waiting room, but no explanation suggested itself to my mind; I remained with an awful conviction that I was rapidly going out of my mind; under these circumstances it caused me little or no surprise to find that I was already in the train, which was stopping at a small country station, and beyond a momentary start when I noticed that the station was the place of my destination, I betrayed no agitation whatsoever. Getting out of the train, and giving up my ticket (which, by the bye, I had no recollection of having purchased), I walked across the road to a little station inn.

Going up to the man, who appeared to be in charge, I asked if he could let me have a trap to take me to the country house, distant about four miles, whither I was bound. As he took no notice of my question, I repeated it in a louder voice; as he still ignored me, I wrote my request on a piece of paper; he read it slowly, and looking at me with some suspicion, said civilly enough, "certainly, sir, will you walk this way?" "All right," said I; he looked at me with the utmost astonishment and began to laugh. Somewhat irritated I asked what he was laughing at, adding that I saw nothing to laugh at. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but I thought you was dumb," "And pray," said I, angrily, "why should you have thought I was dumb; do I look dumb?" "Well, sir," replied the man, "if a gent writes on a piece of paper, instead of speaking out plain—" "Ah!" interrupted I, a light breaking in upon me, "I see; but I wrote on the paper because I thought you were deaf." "Indeed, sir," said the man instantly becoming grave; "this way, sir;" so saying he showed me into a small sitting room, and running out of the room, locked the door on the outside. My first impression was that I had been decoyed into a madhouse. I rushed to the window and angrily demanded that I should be instantly released. "Ready directly, sir," I

kicked the door, but getting no response I sat down fuming. After the lapse of about five minutes, during which time I played "the Last Rose of Summer," on a piano which I found in the room, by way of proving that I was in full possession of my faculties; I heard the sound of wheels, and the landlord flung open the door and announced that the trap was ready. I remonstrated with him for locking the door; he appeared amused, and wishing me good morning retired into an inner room. There being nothing more to do, I went round to the stable-yard where the trap, a dog-cart, was waiting. Finding that the driver took no notice of my oft-repeated request that he should give me the reins, I concluded that he was either deaf or mad, and put one foot on the step in order to get in. The man instantly gave the horse a severe cut over the head, and off we went at full gallop. After we had gone some distance I managed to clamber into the trap, having suffered no further damage than a torn pair of trousers. I made several remarks to the man, all of which were treated with silent contempt, and in this way I reached my destination. Once there, my troubles were at an end, and the remainder of the day was passed in uneventful apathy. I am firmly persuaded that if anything else at all out of the way had happened, my mind would have been unhinged. To explain these various phenomena is impossible; it is my part to relate as simply as possible the extraordinary occurrences of that day, it is yours to believe them. I have related this story at divers times and in divers places, but no one has ever believed it yet; I should therefore be greatly gratified if anyone who does believe it would write and tell me so. But before I lay down my pen, let me remind those who are inclined to be sceptical, that "truth is often stranger than fiction."

THE LOST CHORD
[June 6, 1888]

Poet to Teacher

Thomas Merton's Letters to Mark Van Doren

PATRICK T. LAWLOR

In the winter of 1935, at the age of twenty, Thomas Merton began his studies at Columbia University. Already a seasoned traveler (born in France, raised in the United States, France, England, and Bermuda), Merton had just completed his first year of undergraduate studies at Clare College, Cambridge. Having lived the life of a wastrel while at Cambridge, and on the advice of his guardian, Tom Bennett, a London surgeon, Merton decided to complete his education in the United States. One of the first courses he took at Columbia was Mark Van Doren's "English Literature from 1590 to 1797." The following academic year Merton found himself by chance in Van Doren's year-long class on Shakespeare. His experience of this class and his high regard for Van Doren are recorded by Merton in his famous autobiography, *The Seven Storey Mountain*:

> Mark's balanced and sensitive and clear way of seeing things, at once simple and yet capable of subtlety, being fundamentally scholastic, through not necessarily and explicitly Christian, presented these things in ways that made them live within us, and with a life that was healthy and permanent and productive. [His class on Shakespeare] was one of the few things that could persuade me to get on the train and go to Columbia at all.

One aspect of life at Columbia which united Merton and his friends (Robert Lax, Bob Gibney, Bob Gerdy, Seymour Freedgood, and Edward Rice) was their "common respect for [Van Doren's] sanity and wisdom." For his part, Van Doren was impressed by Merton's literary and intellectual abilities. The two men became friends through their shared love of literature, as well as their integrity. In 1969 Van Doren presented his personal papers to the Rare Book

and Manuscript Library, including letters written to him by Merton from 1939 to 1968, the year of Merton's death. These letters afford a glimpse of some of the many aspects of this unique man and artist.

When the student Merton began his correspondence with Van Doren, he was very much the insecure, unpublished writer. His early letters are full of energy, wit, and expectations. Strongly influenced by James Joyce, Merton writes to Van Doren in 1939 (addressing him as Mr. Van Doren) informing him that he has just finished writing a dialogue—"this Joyceish thing"—dealing with myths and the difference between idolatry and art. Van Doren clearly enjoyed Merton's sense of humor, and wrote a reply in the style of *Finnegans Wake*. A delighted Merton responded in kind: "Surprised Mr. ffin Dornian, and daylighted for your brief lettuce right in these stole of James' Joys."

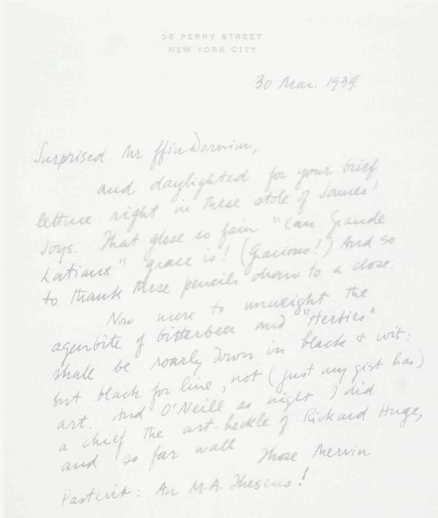
However, beneath the playful exterior which Merton tried to present there was a troubled young man and frustrated artist, deeply concerned with his writing and how to get it published. Although he enjoyed Merton's playful and inventive language, Van Doren discouraged its use in the novels Merton was writing for publication. In August of 1939 Merton tells Van Doren that he has just finished a novel, "...160,000 words. Weighs five and a half pounds." The novel was the product of work done while staying at the cottage in Olean, New York, where Merton, Robert Lax, and Edward Rice spent the summers of 1939 and 1940. As is usual with Merton's fiction, the novel was strongly autobiographical, covering the years 1929–1939. With a sense of expectation, Merton tells Van Doren that Farrar & Rinehart are considering it, and that he has taken his teacher's advice and stayed away from the "private language of Lax's and my *Jester* [the Columbia humor magazine which he and Lax edited in 1936]." Merton sent the manuscript to Farrar & Rinehart because he saw a photograph of Farrar and "he looked as if he had a sense of humor." Listing the rejections of that summer—*Harper's Bazaar*, James Laughlin, John Crowe Ransom—Merton adds in exasperation, "I think it's about time somebody took some-

thing of mine, & I hope it will be the novel!" However, the novel was rejected (in fact, Merton's only published novel, *My Argument with the Gestapo*, written in 1941, was not published until after his death).

Thomas Merton with poet Robert Lax on the porch of the summer cottage they shared in Olean, New York, in 1939

Merton was baptized into the Roman Catholic faith in 1938, and received the master's degree from Columbia in June 1939. He planned to continue his studies for the Ph.D. in English; however, he found his interests wandering and his choice of life uncertain. In the spring of 1940 he traveled to Cuba. While there he wrote one of his finest early poems, "Song for Our Lady of Cobre." Pleased with the poem, he immediately sent a copy to Van Doren from Santiago, "a fine place with a fine harbor . . . but very hot." In the covering letter he tells Van Doren that he hopes to "go into a monastery to be a Franciscan (my novitiate begins in August)," and he coyly adds, "Back in Oct. & Nov. some angels told me it would be a good thing." In August Van Doren heard from a somewhat despondent

Merton, rejected by the Franciscans, that he had to give up his "plans about the monastery: my mind was changed for me, not by me." At a loss as to what to do with his life, he tells Van Doren that he is now looking for a teaching job: "My instinct now is to be



Merton's letter to Mark Van Doren written in the style of James Joyce

teaching all the guys at Notre Dame, and taking my chance with fellows who never heard of a book . . . than talk about Donne to people who had already gathered three opinions about him from the Sunday Book reviews." Uncertain as to where he will end up, Merton expresses confidence that some Catholic college will take him in. St. Bonaventure College in upstate New York offered him a position teaching English for the fall semester, and on February 19, 1941, he became Franciscan Tertiary (a member of a religious order who lives in the secular world and is not fully professed).

At the suggestion of his friend and former teacher Dan Walsh, Merton visited the Cistercian monastery of Gethsemani in rural Kentucky in the spring of 1941. This visit came as a revelation to Merton. He felt as if he had found the center of the universe in its quiet, medieval environment; it was so spiritually charged for Merton that he soon realized he had found a home. On Thursday, December 9, 1941, Merton sent his journals, poems, and the manuscript of his only novel, "Journal of My Escape from the Nazis," to Van Doren with a typed covering note: "I am sending these not only for you to look at when you feel like it, but principally for you to hold for me until you next hear from me, when I hope to explain more than I can now." On December 10 he entered the Trappist monastery of Gethsemani. A few days later he sent Van Doren a poem, "Letter to My Friends," expressing his joy in his new life and asking his friends to pray for him. He tells Van Doren that he has been tentatively accepted at the monastery and that he is assigning to him all rights to "Journal of My Escape from the Nazis" (later published as *My Argument with the Gestapo*).

For the next few years Merton was relatively isolated, as he prayed, studied, and worked in the fields of Gethsemani. He continued to write poems, although he felt some guilt about doing so. In 1944 Van Doren selected and edited thirty of these poems for New Directions. When *Thirty Poems* appeared, Merton was delighted with the results of Van Doren's selecting and editing. He writes to Van Doren joyfully recalling many of the poems and their composition, and thanks him for assigning the copyright to the monastery. Although Merton has often been criticized for adopting too severe a tone of contempt for the secular world in these early poems, he writes in a letter to Van Doren in 1944: "I live like a man on top of a mountain & it is easy for me to get off rhetorical questions like 'Why do people insist on fighting against God' but then I remember where I used to stand in the valley of shadows & realize how hard it is to know who and what you are fighting & what is good & what is not, & what you seek and what you really fear & what hates you & what loves you." Clearly, Merton empathized

with the situation of people living in the world. Discovering his ability to write, the monastery put Merton's talents to use. He tells Van Doren that he is writing "a lot, all of it business for the monastery, lives of saints, etc." Of his own projects he asks Van Doren what he

Merton with Van Doren at the Abbey of Gethsemani, Kentucky, ca. 1957

thinks about an "anthology of things from the Liturgy (hymns, sequences etc.) Latin on one page & English on the other like Helen Wardell only better material" or a book "about the contemplative life, prayers, etc."

As Merton progressed toward ordination and continued to write poetry, he confronted the dilemma of the incompatability between

the contemplative life of prayer and the creative life of the writer, especially the poet. In his third volume of poetry, *Figures for an Apocalypse*, he includes an essay on the problem, "Poetry and the Contemplative Life," in which he concludes that the contemplative and artistic lives are basically at odds and that the artist might well have to abandon his art in order to attain the contemplative goal. Merton could simply not stop writing. Therefore, he was forced to reconsider his conclusion, and as he informs Van Doren in a letter, dated August 30, 1948, "I am beginning to see everything in a strangely different light." Unable to philosophically reconcile his dual vocation—that of artist and contemplative—Merton adopts an individualistic, empiric approach: "I—and every other person in the world—must say: I have my own special, peculiar testimony which no one else will ever have. There exists for me a particular goal, a fulfillment which must be all my own—nobody else's—& it does not really identify that destiny to put it under some category—'poet'—'monk'—'hermit.'" Merton revised his essay on the subject and published the "Reappraisal" in *Commonweal* and in his *Selected Poems*.

As his ordination day in 1949 approached, Merton wrote to Van Doren inviting him to attend the May 26 event. His excitement is evident as he tells Van Doren, "The whole business about Orders has been striking me as something much more important than religious vows. . . . I am about to exist. . . . everything else, so far, has been something of a disguise." Ordination, however, did not bring Merton peace. A growing desire for solitude, to live an eremitic life, caused him much suffering throughout the 1950s. An important part of the Rule of Saint Benedict calls for the monk to remain stable in his vows; therefore, Merton's desire to live in isolation was in conflict with his vows of stability and was, in fact, a crisis in his vocation. Although he played a very active role in the life of the monastery, appointed master of scholastics in 1951 and master of novices in 1955 ("giving me practically a small kingdom of my own"), Merton was restless with the cenobitic life. In December of 1955 he wrote to Van Doren, informing him of the crisis: "Again

the old wrestling, more awful than before, about solitude. . . . I even got as far as Rome (I mean with pestering letters) and finally the highest Superiors under the Pope calmed me down and told me to stay here." Merton's abbot, Dom James Fox, was against Merton's desire to transfer to another order such as the Carthusians or the Camaldolese, but he did recognize that Merton needed more time by himself. Therefore, he arranged for Merton to be appointed the monastery's official fire warden so that he could use the fire tower as a type of hermitage. The crisis passed, but Merton was to retain his desire to live as a hermit.

As his fame grew, Merton was increasingly grateful for the plain acceptance he found at the monastery. After being treated as a celebrity in Van Doren's company at a local club, he tells Van Doren, ". . . it is good to be received in all simplicity by a community of other monks, as a monk, no questions asked, no incitements to act famous." In 1956 Merton traveled to Minnesota to attend "some lectures on psychiatry for priests" by Gregory Zilboorg. He tells Van Doren that he is learning how to help people in a way they need, with an emphasis on "human values." With his growth as an artist and a broadening of his social vision, Merton began to look on some of his poems with a strongly critical eye. Realizing that he has a facility with language, he tells Van Doren, "I have always been too glib, in everything."

In 1959, Mark Van Doren retired from Columbia and was presented with the Hamilton Medal. Merton sent a public letter of praise; however, he recorded his more personal statements in a letter to Van Doren on June 6: "You are certainly one of the most Christian people I have ever seen, for this is what it is to be a Christian: simply to be Christ and not to realize it." When New Directions planned to publish his *Selected Poems*, Merton wrote to Van Doren—"the one who started the whole thing going"—requesting that he supply the introduction. Van Doren gladly accepted and drew on the letters from Merton to reveal something of the man and his poetry. Van Doren opens the introduction by quoting from a letter and poem which Merton sent him in 1953 detailing his reaction to

the burning down of the monastery barn: "All is real [in the poem]; nothing is made up; this, we instantly believe, is the true content of the subject, which like any other subject starts on earth and gets its own natural way to heaven."

When Merton began to write on the subject of solitude, he came into conflict with the order's censors. He persisted, though, in his statements on the subject, and in the essay "Notes for a Philosophy of Solitude" (published in *Disputed Questions*) he gives his clearest statement on this troublesome issue. As he wryly remarks to Van Doren in a letter dated September 17, 1960, "The censors brought it about that I became even more explicit than I had been before. The beauties of censorship. This is often not realized outside the Church. Censors have, as one of their unintentional effects, the power to make one more ardent, more explicit, more indignant, more succinct and in the end they force one to come right out and say many things that would otherwise have remained hidden." With a parting shot at the more commercial aspects of life at Gethsemani, he concludes, "We are not cutting trees much anymore, everything is cheese. We are cursed with business even here. Sell cheese, buy wood. What kind of life is that? However, there it is."

At the same time as he was becoming more involved in the social issues of his day—racial justice, nuclear disarmament, and human rights—Merton was striving to remove himself from the cenobitic life of the monastery. He writes to Van Doren in February of 1961 and includes a "dour meditation" on nuclear destruction entitled "Original Child Bomb." Calling it a "simple chaining together of cliches that are frightening," Merton tells Van Doren that he "want[s] very much to say a loud 'No' to missiles and polaris submarines and everything which sneaks up on a city to destroy it." Merton sees the "just" as "unjust" in the sense that only mercy "received and given" can result in true justice. "Not even Christ came to judge the world," he tells Van Doren, adding that "there is probably no pardon" for those responsible for so much death and misery. On the brighter side he mentions to Van Doren that he is

being allowed to use a "little house" in the pine woods as a type of hermitage: "The most beautiful little house in the world, mostly for conversations with protestant ministers who come here to find a little peace and quiet and some agreement."

Thomas Merton in the Hermitage at Gethsemani, ca. 1968
(Photograph by John Howard Griffin)

At the Columbia commencement on June 6, 1961, Merton was awarded the University Medal for Excellence. Unable to leave Gethsemani, Merton had Van Doren accept the medal on his behalf. "If I went back to Columbia today the buildings would collapse," he writes to Van Doren. "I have to sit here with my shoes off among the ants and rave at the world from a distance." As the arms race heated up in the early sixties, Merton's indignation at the misguided allocation of resources found vent in a powerful essay, "A Letter to Pablo Antonio Cuadra Concerning Giants." He tells Van Doren that he wants the essay to be "true as well as indignant. Indignation is not enough. The world is full of people who use it to excuse everything, including the worst of actions." When censored

on the subject of peace and disarmament, Merton's anger found vent in a letter to Van Doren on August 9, 1962. Using the advertising image of the soft drink, Merton writes: "The book on peace, did I say it? Was finished and told to stop. Stop they said about this book on peace. It must not. It is opposite to the image. It says the soft drink is untruth, and that exploding moons [atomic bombs] is not the hopeful kind of sign we have pretended. Or claimed. But let the moons explode and be silent." Telling Van Doren that he has "rebelled against the image," Merton goes on to say that he can no longer live safely "because the safe I can no longer stomach."

Merton's love of nature grew as he was allowed to spend more time at his hermitage. However, he was also brought into direct contact with local hunters: "... quails live all around the hermitage and I rush out, in hunting season, and tell the men to get off this land, it is posted. Between myself and hunters there is no solidarity whatever." Some of the hunters reacted to Merton's protests by informing him that "they have been given permission [to hunt] by the parish priest of a nearby town." Others would look at Merton as if "they would like nothing more than shooting a Popish priest." Merton took an impish delight in the mysteries of Zen, and in a letter to Van Doren dated August 4, 1964, he shared a Zen poem he had been sent:

> Presence with absolute absence
> Absence with absolute presence
> Presence with absence of being
> That is absolute absence.

He then proceeds to "analyse" this effort, producing a typical Zen reductio: "I doubt very much if there is any Zen word for 'Presence' or 'Absolute' or 'Absence' or 'Being' and as everyone knows the very notion of 'with' would imply duality, so immediately the poem reduces itself to 'That is' and I think *that is* [my italics] two words too many." Zen afforded Merton the freedom he needed to express concepts for which language is inadequate. Merton was fully at home with the paradox of language and of life.

In 1965, much to his delight, Merton was finally allowed to remove himself permanently to his hermitage. Apologizing for his "long silence," Merton informs Van Doren that "everything is so totally peaceful that I have little or nothing to say." His awareness of the rhythms and movements of the natural world is evident in the letter's closing: "Here the sun is silent, there is mist in the valley, a train whistles out there somewhere just like when the world first began." His busy publishing schedule was an aspect of life which he began to become concerned about. "I am still publishing far too much of everything," he tells Van Doren, adding that he hopes 1966 will be his last "three book" year. Nor was he happy with his worldly fame: "I have no ambition to be known any more in this society."

In the final year of his life, Merton edited a little magazine entitled *Monks Pond*. When Van Doren sent him a poem with Merton's name in the title, Merton gave a tongue-in-cheek reply: "Pride, pride, pride all is pride. My name in the title would be pride like this notepaper [with a large "MONKS POND" letterhead] etc." In addition to his new poetic efforts, his 1941 novel, "Journal of My Escape from the Nazis," was being published by Doubleday, and he had returned to his early studies: "I am working at guess who: Blake and Joyce again. Back in full circle to thirty years ago." In September of 1968 Merton left Gethsemani to attend a meeting of Benedictine abbots in Bangkok, Thailand. This trip to the east filled Merton with joy and expectation. On July 23 he wrote to Van Doren about the upcoming trip: "I fly to Asia. Really, that is the plan. All sorts of places I am supposed to go to if I don't faint from delight at the mere thought." His sense of humor shines through his letter: "(Think of all the cablegrams saying 'RETURN AT ONCE' being shot to Bali, Tibet, Kamchatka, Ceylon, the Maldives, the Endives, the Southern Chives, the Lesser Maundies, the Nether Freeways, the Outer Salvages.)" However, Merton was not to return from this trip. On December 10, 1968, twenty-seven years to the day after he had entered the monastery of Gethsemani, he was

electrocuted in his room in Bangkok when he touched a fan which had an exposed wire. "His death was more than a blow;" Van Doren writes in his obituary, "it was heartbreaking. . . . That he did not come back [from Asia] is more terrible than I can say. The character of this man—'but it is something very hard to put into words.'"

The Charles Saxon Collection

A Bequest

KENNETH A. LOHF

No reader of *The New Yorker* magazine over the past thirty-five years could have failed to be engaged and amused by the cartoons and covers drawn and painted so elegantly and evocatively by the late Charles Saxon. His first appearance in the magazine was in 1943 with a spot drawing of a tollgate; he became a full-time staff cartoonist in 1956 and soon began to draw and paint those covers in the style for which he became so recognizably well known and for which he is so admired today. An archive of more than nine hundred drawings and watercolors created over much of his career, many done for *The New Yorker,* has been received at the University by bequest from the artist and is now housed in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library.

Shortly after graduation from Columbia College in 1940, while still in his teens, Charles Saxon joined the staff at Dell Publishing Company as an editor before becoming a pilot in the Army Air Corps. He continued his work at Dell after the war until he joined the staff of *The New Yorker.* His drawings were used in advertisements for an impressive array of corporations, among them American Airlines, Bankers Trust, Chivas Regal, I.B.M., Mobil Oil, United Airlines, and Xerox. Cartoons and illustrations by Charles Saxon appeared widely in such magazines as *Architectural Record, McCall's Magazine, Sports Illustrated, Newsweek, Town and Country, Woman's Day,* and *Gourmet Magazine;* in fact, a single issue of the *Wall Street Journal* several years ago featured advertisements by the artist for three different companies. Gaining in popularity and stature over the years, his work was collected in three volumes, *Oh, Happy Happy Happy!* (1960), *One Man's Fancy* (1970), and *Honesty Is One of the Better Policies* (1984). Examples of the artist's work relat-

"I assume we're all solvent here, so I'll speak freely": original drawing by Charles Saxon for cartoon published in *The New Yorker*, June 30, 1989 (© 1980 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.)

ing to all of these publications are preserved in the Library's collection and will be shown in a major exhibition opening next March at the Library.

Apparent in all of Saxon's work is not only humor but also an underlying social commentary. The lifestyles of the presumably sophisticated—the smug corporate executives, the sheltered suburbanites, the self-satisfied from all walks of life—were his world. Critics of his cartoons have said they are in the classic tradition of social satire that reaches back to Daumier and Gavarni, and that together they form a unique social history of our time. Who could deny that they portray the humor and the bitterness of the human condition, whether it be among the affluent guests at a cocktail party, the mounted police in Central Park with their walkie talkies, or sheep being herded through Wall Street by night. These are the qualities in Charles Saxon's imagination that generated his work as a master cartoonist. Students and researchers will now be able to study and to contemplate his achievements in the splendid collection he has left by bequest to alma mater.

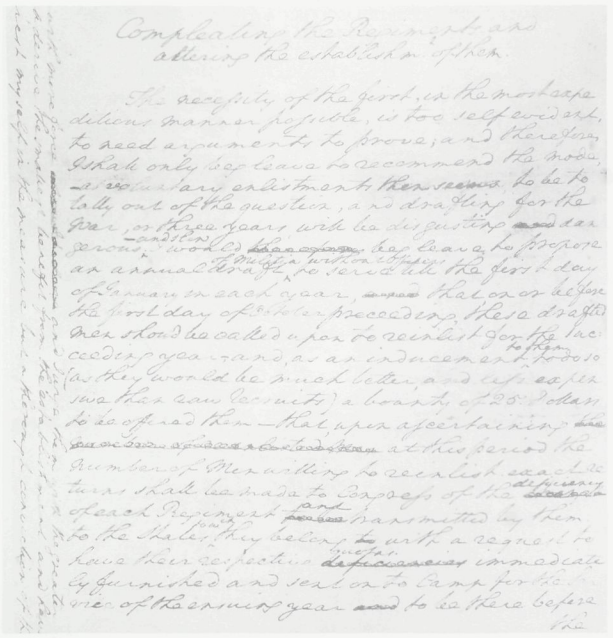
Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Anonymous gift. A late-eighteenth-century manuscript of considerable historical importance, President George Washington's draft of his proposals for the new American army after the Revolution, has been presented by an anonymous donor. Written by Washington in 1798 or 1799, at the end of his presidency, the manuscript, a working draft with numerous revisions, is closely written on both sides of two integral folio leaves and has sections headed "Half-pay, & Pensionary establishment" and "Compleating the Regiments and altering the establishm. of them."

Anshen gift. For addition to the collection of her papers Dr. Ruth Nanda Anshen has presented two letters written to her by the French philosopher Jacques Maritain. Written while he was living in New York, the letters, dated October 24 and November 4, 1944, relate with personal warmth his religious and philosophical reflections during the war period.

Brown gift. Several groups of important literary manuscripts, letters, and documents have been presented by Mr. James Oliver Brown for addition to the collection of his papers, including: typewritten and autograph manuscripts, all bearing corrections, of twelve stories, plays, and essays by Louis Auchincloss; the autograph and typewritten manuscript of Lonnie Coleman's novel *Beulah Land;* the corrected typescripts of Herbert Gold's "The Mystery of Personality in the Novel" and "The Trouble with Dreamgirls"; nine contracts, dated 1935 to 1948, signed by Eleanor Roosevelt for the publication of her various books, among them *The Moral Basis of Democracy* and *This Is My Story;* and two contracts, dated March 25, 1931, signed by Frank Lloyd Wright for the publication of his *An Autobiography* and *From Generation to Generation.* Mr. Brown also donated



George Washington's holograph draft of his proposal for the establishment of an army regiment, 1798 or 1799 (Anonymous gift)

nineteen hardback and paperback foreign editions of various novels and collections of stories by Erskine Caldwell.

Congdon gift. Mr. Don Congdon has donated, for addition to the collection of papers of his literary agency, approximately 4,500 letters and manuscripts dating from the mid-1980s, including extensive files of correspondence with Ray Bradbury, William Manchester, and William Styron.

"The Ringmaster": pen and wash drawing by Jack B. Yeats, ca. 1912
(Halper gift)

Fuld gift. For addition to his papers, Judge Stanley Howells Fuld (LL.B., 1926) has presented a group of three hundred letters that he has received from prominent lawyers, judges, political figures, and friends, among which is correspondence with William J. Brennan, Warren Burger, Terence Cardinal Cooke, and John Hersey.

Gotham Book Mart gift. In memory of Frances Steloff, The Gotham Book Mart and its director, Mr. Andreas Brown, have presented a first edition of the well-known book about the New York book shop and its founder by W. G. Rogers, *Wise Men Fish Here,* New York, 1965, inscribed by Miss Steloff to Padraic Colum, "Beloved President of the James Joyce Society & friend to everyone who knows him, with admiration and affection. . . ."

Halper gift. Mrs. Marjorie Windust Halper has presented two additional drawings by Jack B. Yeats: an impressionistic watercolor landscape, a scene in the western part of Ireland, measuring 10 by 14 inches, representing a late work of the artist; and a pen and wash drawing, entitled "The Ringmaster," measuring 11 by 8 inches, related to the circus drawings published in 1912 in his book of paintings and drawings, *Life in the West of Ireland.*

Haverstick gift. Mrs. Iola Haverstick (A.B., 1946, B.; A.M., 1965) has presented two rare first editions for addition to the Edith Wharton Collection which she established a year ago: the Charles Scribner anthology, *Stories of New York,* 1893, with a frontispiece by Charles Dana Gibson; and *The Valley of Decision,* 1902, published in two volumes. *Stories of New York* includes Mrs. Wharton's first published fiction, the short story "Mrs. Manstey's View"; *The Valley of Decision,* a novel set in eighteenth-century Italy, was the writer's first full-length novel to be published.

Henneman gift. Mr. John B. Henneman, Jr., has donated a collection of letters written by Professor William Peterfield Trent to his grandfather, John Bell Henneman (1864–1908), who served as professor of English at the University of the South and as editor of *The Sewanee Review.* The two correspondents met at the time that Pro-

fessor Trent also taught at the University of the South; the majority of the 111 letters date from 1900 to 1907, Professor Trent's early years as a member of the faculty of Barnard College and of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia University. The long and detailed

Presentation of Jo Davidson's portrait bust of V. K. Wellington Koo to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, April 18, 1989. *From left:* Mme. Juliana Koo, Elaine Sloan, Kenneth A. Lohf, Patricia Koo Tsien, and Peter Buchanan (Koo and Tsien gift)

letters deal with their writings and publications, their research and teaching, various contributions to *The Sewanee Review,* and numerous other matters of interest at their respective institutions.

Herrick gift. Mrs. Casey Isaacs Herrick has presented a collection of papers of her father, the late Stanley M. Isaacs (A.B., 1903; A.M., 1904), who served as Manhattan Borough President, 1938–1941, and as a member of the New York City Council, 1941–1962. Included in the gift are files of correspondence and manuscripts,

biographical material, and awards, certificates, medals, and plaques. There are letters in the files from John Haynes Holmes, Fiorello LaGuardia, Edith Kermit Roosevelt, and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Hoptner gift. Mrs. Harriett Hoptner has donated three rare printed items: William Ellery Leonard's sonnet sequence, *Two Lives, A Poem,* published in 1925 by B. W. Huebsch, inscribed by the author to Oscar J. Campbell; the anthology by Charles A. Hogan and John Welsh, *Puptent Poets of the Stars and Stripes Mediterranean,* printed in Italy in 1945; and the Order of Service for the Franklin Delano Roosevelt memorial service held at St. Paul's Cathedral in London on April 17, 1945.

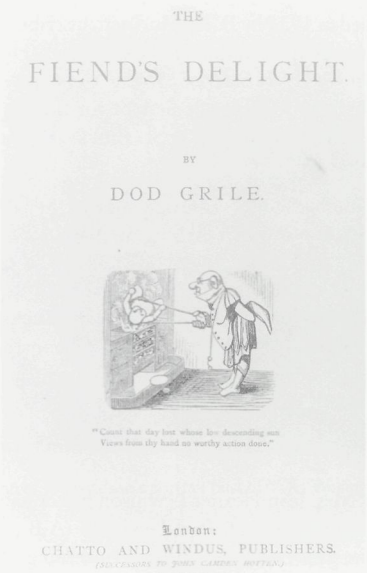
Koo and Tsien gift. A bronze portrait bust by Jo Davidson of the distinguished diplomat V. K. Wellington Koo (A.B., 1908; A.M., 1909; Ph.D., 1912; LL.D., 1917) was presented in a ceremony on April 18, 1989, by his widow, Mme. Juliana Koo, and his daughter and son-in-law, Patricia Koo and Kiachi Tsien. Sculpted by Davidson in 1920, the portrait bust is one of a number made by the artist of the delegates to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919. The bust, set on a marble base, was cast by the Valsuani Foundry in Paris. It is on view in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, where Dr. Koo's papers are held.

Lewinson gift. Mrs. Jean Flexner Lewinson has donated two letters written to her late husband, Paul Lewinson (A.B., 1922), by the American historian Charles A. Beard concerning a session to be held at the American Historical Association annual meeting at Washington, D.C., in 1939, at which Beard was invited to speak. Mrs. Lewinson has also donated related correspondence and copies of her husband's replies.

Mackie gift. Mr. Joshua Mackie has donated a group of manuscripts written by the noted nineteenth-century American journalist, author, and Civil War correspondent, Ben C. Truman (1835–1916), comprising the autograph manuscript drafts of his work on the American language, entitled "Our Own American Slang,"

totaling some 120 pages, and the autograph drafts of various articles and essays on food and gastronomy, written ca. 1910.

McWilliams gift. The library of the late Carey McWilliams, who served on the editorial staff of *The Nation* from 1945 and as editor



Early printing of Ambrose Bierce's first book (McWilliams gift)

from 1955 until 1975, has been presented by his widow, Mrs. Iris McWilliams. Numbering some two thousand volumes, the library reflects Carey McWilliams's interest in the political and sociological issues of the period, such as racial minorities, urban development in California, prejudice, and congressional investigations, as well as in William Butler Yeats and Ambrose Bierce. There are thirty Yeats first editions in the McWilliams library, including *Words for Music*

Perhaps and Other Poems, Cuala Press, 1932; *A Full Moon in March,* 1935; *In the Seven Woods,* 1903; *Estrangement,* Cuala Press, 1926; *The Death of Synge,* Cuala Press, 1928; *Stories of Michael Robartes and His Friends,* Cuala Press, 1931; and *Dramatis Personae,* Cuala Press, 1935. Among the sixty-two first editions by and about Bierce, there are several early collections of his epigrams and stories, including *Nuggets and Dust* [1873], *The Fiend's Delight* [1873], *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians,* 1891, and *Black Beetles in Amber,* 1892. Mr. McWilliams's biography of Bierce, published in 1929, is also included in the collection.

Miller gift. Professor Edwin H. Millller has donated four letters written to him from 1967 to 1969 by the late Professor Lionel Trilling concerning Professor Trilling's participation in a Walt Whitman celebration held at New York University in April 1969. Accompanying the letters are carbon copies of Professor Miller's replies.

National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee gift. A major addition to the papers of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee has been received, comprising approximately 74,000 pieces of correspondence, manuscripts, documents, subject and case files, and printed materials, covering the period from the founding of the organization in 1951 through 1985. In addition to the records pertaining to the administration of the organization, there are extensive files of the *Bill of Rights Journal* and the related Bill of Rights Award, which in the past has been presented to Bob Woodward, Carl Bernstein, Shirley Chisholm, and Benjamin Spock. The case files document various Vietnam antiwar lawsuits, the work of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and the actions of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission relating to the Indian Point reactor.

Parsons gift. In a recent gift Professor Coleman O. Parsons (A.B., 1928) has added to his collection several files of notes and drafts of his writings and researches on George Colman the elder and his son, and on Scottish poetry, folklore, and history. Of special interest in Professor Parsons's gift are eleven original letters and manuscripts by Thomas Campbell, George Colman the elder, Lord Francis Jef-

frey, Andrew Lang, James Montgomery, Robert Montgomery, and George Thomson. Also donated was a rare eighteenth-century book, *The Tryal and Condemnation of Arundel Coke alias Cooke Esq; and of John Woodburne Labourer, for Felony,* printed in London in 1722 for John Darby and Daniel Midwinter.

Rothkopf gift. Mrs. Carol Z. Rothkopf (A.M., 1952) has donated a series of 103 letters written in 1867 and 1868 by Gabriel Bernheimer and Thekla Trautmann, grandparents of Marguerite A. Cohn. Gabriel Bernheimer was a traveler in wines, spirits, and tobacco, and the letters between him and his wife, written in French, German, and English, reflect family concerns and the life on the road which included stops in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and numerous other towns in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Missouri.

Sievan gift. Mrs. Lee C. Sievan has donated fifty-three volumes, comprising first English and American editions of the writings of twentieth-century novelists and poets, including Lawrence Durrell, James Jones, Frank O'Hara, Archibald MacLeish, and Dorothy Parker, among others.

Taylor gift. Mrs. Davidson Taylor has presented thirty-four photographs of the novelist and short story writer Sophie Kerr for addition to the collection of her papers. They provide a pictorial record of Sophie Kerr's life over more than sixty years. In addition, Mrs. Taylor has donated a letter written in 1961 by the poet John Hall Wheelock to her and her late husband, Davidson Taylor, with a holograph manuscript of a poem entitled "Song" on the attached leaf.

Activities of the Friends

Finances. General purpose contributions for the twelve-month period ended June 30, 1989, totaled $41,035, a rise of 26 percent over the previous year. Special purpose gifts, designated for book and manuscript purchases, for the establishment of new endowments, and for the increase of the principals of established endowments, amounted to $41,127. The appraised value of gifts in kind for the same period was $183,881. The total of all gifts and contributions since the establishment of the Friends in 1951 now stands at $7,570,074.

Fall reception. "Thomas Merton: The Poet and the Contemplative Life," an exhibition drawn from the Merton collection acquired by the Rare Book and Manuscript Library last year, will open with a reception in the Kempner Exhibition Room on Wednesday afternoon, December 6, from 5:00 to 7:00. On display will be the manuscript of *The Seven Storey Mountain,* Merton's correspondence with Mark Van Doren, drawings and paintings by Merton and his father, and holograph poetry manuscripts and inscribed first editions. An illustrated catalogue of the exhibition will be available.

New Council member. Mrs. Carol Z. Rothkopf has been elected to serve on the Council of the Friends as a member of the Class of '92.

Future meetings. A members preview reception in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library on Wednesday afternoon, March 7, 1990, from 5:00 to 7:00, will open the exhibition of drawings by the late Charles Saxon for cartoons and covers that appeared in *The New Yorker* and other magazines. The art work on exhibition will be drawn from the large collection received by the University by bequest of the artist. The annual Bancroft Awards Dinner will be held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Wednesday evening, April 4, 1990.

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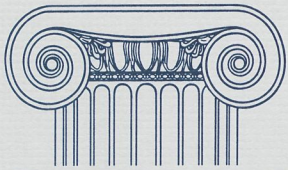

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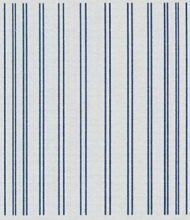

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

JAMES OLIVER BROWN was president of the literary agency James Oliver Brown Associates and Curtis Brown Associates and was active as a literary agent from 1948 until his retirement in 1985.

KENNETH A. LOHF is Columbia's Librarian for Rare Books and Manuscripts.

CAROL Z. ROTHKOPF, a free-lance writer who received her master's degree in contemporary British literature studying with William York Tindall, is now working on a biography of Edmund Blunden.

Photography by Martin Messik

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Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XXXIX FEBRUARY 1990 NUMBER 2

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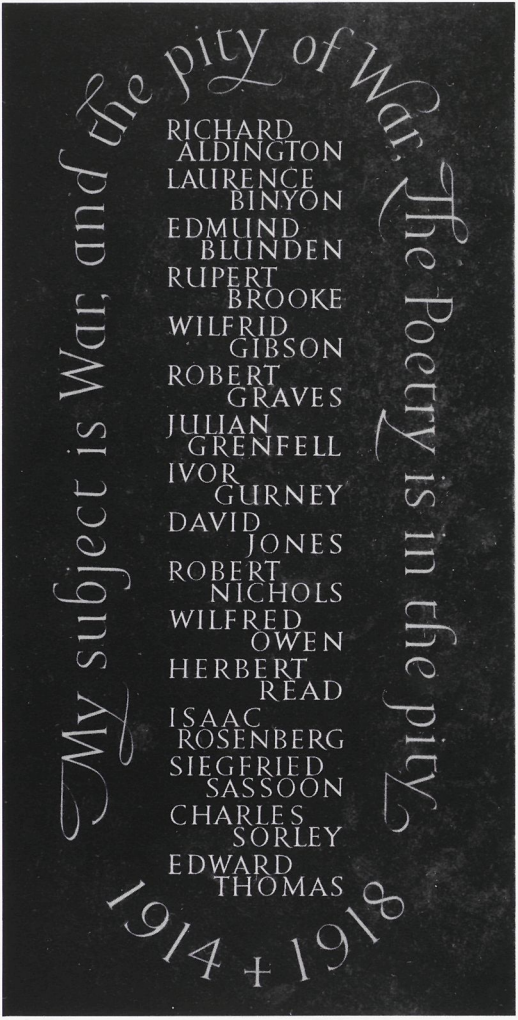
My subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity
RICHARD ALDINGTON
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EDMUND BLUNDEN
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SIEGFRIED SASSOON
CHARLES SORLEY
EDWARD THOMAS
1914 + 1918

Edmund Blunden's Memories of War

CAROL Z. ROTHKOPF

In the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey there is a memorial to the sixteen British soldier poets whose works have perhaps been the single greatest influence shaping our perceptions of the Great War, 1914–1918. One of these poets, Edmund Blunden, writing years later in *War Poets 1914–1918*, singled out only a few, notably Rupert Brooke, Siegfried Sassoon, and Wilfred Owen, "from all degrees and ranks of versemen" as "dynamic" and completely worthy of our attention. Blunden took self-effacement even further in his chapter on Sassoon, in which he dismissed himself as a mere "verse-writer" who by the end of 1916 "was almost a poet of the shell-holes, of ruin and of mortification."

The word "almost" is a clue to Blunden's modest assessment of his own poetic gift. Clearly, the authorities—the many literary historians as well as the editors of the countless anthologies of war poetry who included Blunden among the poets to be honored in the War memorial—disagreed. Nevertheless, Blunden is still far less well known today than some of his contemporaries and seems to be passing through one of those eclipses that sometimes envelop the most distinguished writers in temporary obscurity.

As a student of literary history, Blunden would surely understand that his current semivisible status in the world of letters is likely to be transitory, a vagary of the clash between the experimentalism of other twentieth-century writers and his own profound traditionalism. Not for Blunden the tinkering with language and verse forms and dissonance that made some of his contemporaries famous. Instead he chose the older, familiar forms that had served so many

Opposite: The memorial to the British soldier poets of the First World War, in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, unveiled on November 11, 1985, honors sixteen poets including Edmund Blunden.

generations of poets so well. This traditionalism of Blunden's was combined with a reverence for nature that was both quintessentially British and part of an unbroken chain of poetry extending back at least as far as Vergil's *Georgics*.

Blunden in 1961 on his sixty-fifth birthday

Blunden's intense feeling for the past was apparently obvious to everyone who knew him. In fact, editor and publisher Sir Rupert Hart-Davis said that when they first met he was struck by the aptness of Robert Graves's description of Blunden as looking like "a cross between Julius Caesar and a bird." Hart-Davis went on to note that Blunden's "... tiny frame, his shyness, his quick-darting eyes and gestures, had all the grace and agility of a wren, while his noble

nose suggested the dominance of the Latin poets he read and loved."

In a collection of tributes prepared for his sixty-fifth birthday, Blunden's wife, Claire, observed that one could almost see memory tug Blunden back in time:

> Some hours and days are replayed to him over and over again by their association with special dates and kinds of weather, and those close to him know in particular the force of the First World War and its anniversaries in this respect. There seem to be hours when the effort of being in the present is simply a courtesy to his friends and family and his puzzle is how to take us back to 'then.'. . .

'Then' began in London on November 1, 1896, when Edmund Charles was born, the first of Charles Edmund and Georgina Blunden's nine children. Blunden's parents were schoolteachers, a path that Blunden himself followed during extended periods as a fellow at Oxford, a professor at Tokyo Imperial University and later at Hong Kong, and, in 1968, professor of poetry at Oxford, the chair once occupied by Matthew Arnold.

But all that was still far ahead when the Blundens moved their growing family from London to Yalding, Kent, where their eldest son attended grammar school before going off to Christ's Hospital in West Horsham. Among the distinguished "Blues"—students—of the previous century, three in particular captured Blunden's imagination and later inspired some of his best biographical and critical writing. They were Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt. The school became the subject of a generally light-hearted history by Blunden, who near the end almost apologetically introduces the too-swift passage he and others made from school to the war:

> Let me here remember, what I can never forget, the luck which brought five Old Blues together as officers of one company of the Royal Sussex. We might have been on holiday together, so hearty was the brotherhood, so ready with wit and humour, until on July 31st, 1917, all five went over the top at the opening of the ill-starred Passchendaele offensive, when two never returned. Tice and Collyer, soundest of men.

This painfully understated account of so terrible and personal a loss is different than the anger and pain that Blunden allowed him-

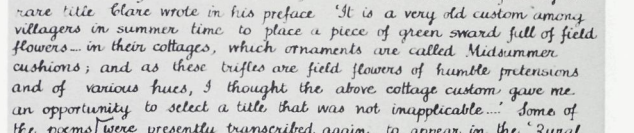
self to express to a younger Blue, A. H. Buck, in letters that are now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. In June 1917 Blunden wrote Buck, "The war is a sort of slow poison to me that keeps on dragging and deadening my mind. . . . Anyway I loathe war and the army too. To hell with same. . . ." Blunden does not disguise his anger at the "shriek" that follows a few hundred civilian casualties in a bombing raid on England, when over several hundred thousand have died in battle. He strove to balance such views with an account of the most read books at the front, *Flossie* and *Aphrodite*, of which he is sure the Archbishop of Canterbury would not approve. But the mood is hard to sustain, and a month before the horror of Passchendaele he wrote Buck again, saying, "Please get the War stopped pretty soon. Some of us are as mummies, only we still carry on the motions of breathing, swathed round with red tape—monotony."

There is a kind of innocent hopefulness in these words that reflects Blunden's youthfulness (which earned him such nicknames as "Rabbit" and "Bunny") and belies his already mature literary gift, evidenced by the publication of seven volumes of poetry between 1914 and 1917, and his earnest efforts to convert some of his brother soldiers to his literary convictions. By his own account to Buck, for example, he never went anywhere without a copy of John Clare's poems, ". . . often tub-thumping over them, claiming him as one of the best. But no one wants to agree with me." All this as he witnessed the decimation of his 11th Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiments over a period of two years at La Bassée, Hamel, Thiepval, and Ypres-Passchendaele; survived being gassed; and was awarded the Military Cross.

For a man of Blunden's disposition the only way to mesh all that he knew from books and what he had witnessed in the war was to write. Some of his most memorable poetry was written during the war years. In *De Bello Germanico*, which he began during the war, Blunden made his first attempt to describe in prose what he had seen. The result is a short, straightforward, almost boyish account of the transformation of a raw recruit into a veteran of trench education.

A group of officers with Edmund Blunden, bottom right, ca. 1917

It was while he was teaching in Japan during the late 1920s that Blunden returned to this material, writing in the preface of *Undertones of War*, "I must go over the ground again. . . ." and then, almost as if talking to himself, "You will be going over the ground


'The Midsummer Cushion' was to have been published by subscription—no less than 39 subscribers came forward - in 1832. Respecting this rare title Clare wrote in his preface 'It is a very old custom among villagers in summer time to place a piece of green sward full of field flowers — in their cottages, which ornaments are called Midsummer cushions; and as these trifles are field flowers of humble pretensions and of various hues, I thought the above cottage custom gave me an opportunity to select a title that was not inapplicable ...' Some of the poems were presently transcribed again, to appear in the 'Rural Muse' and in subsequent publications; nearly two hundred have yet to be printed, and although many of them represent only the enervated Clare of Friendship's Offering and so on, yet fifty at least cry for a hearing. There is much evidence of poetical and intellectual greatness in them; they are the product of an original mind with its own gospel of beauty, poetic principle and technical ability. - In this long collection it is painful to see how the handwriting, at first so free and vigorous, gradually declines under the stress of hunger, of insult and misery into a thick hopeless scrawl.

Portion of the original holograph of Blunden's essay on John Clare's manuscripts, published in the *London Mercury*, July 1920

again . . . until the hour when agony's clawed face softens into the smilingness of a young spring day."

Undertones of War (1928), from its title onward, has the superficial appearance of an autobiography that is strangely detached from its ghastly subject matter, is even Arcadian in spirit, or, in Paul Fussell's words, resembles "an extended pastoral elegy." Blunden distanced himself from the horrors he described, as the only way he could manage to impose some kind of order on what was after all a portrait of Chaos. One does not have to read far to sense the gulf between the surface calm of the words and the deadly events they describe. The conventions of Arcadia serve to make the writer-soldier's youth all the more painful to read about, even at the end of the book, when, about to leave, he describes himself as "a harmless young shepherd in a soldier's coat" who had seen much but still did

not realize that "the tranquilized valley" he was leaving behind was to be the next battle site.

The more than thirty poems that Blunden placed at the end of the text as "A Supplement of Poetical Interpretations and Variations" leave no doubt, however, that the war had found in Blunden one of its most subtle and mature spokesmen. For example, "Vlamertinghe: Passing the Chateau, July 1917" begins with a quotation from Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn"—"And all her silken flanks with garlands drest"—inevitably recalling to mind the opening of that stanza, "Who are these coming to the sacrifice?" Irony is heaped on irony as the poet goes on to describe

> Bold great daisies' golden lights
> Bubbling roses' pinks and whites—
> Such a gay carpet! poppies by the million!
> Such damask! Such vermilion!
> But if you ask me, mate, the choice of colour
> Is scarcely right; this red should have been duller.

The collection of letters in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library is only one testament to his tireless efforts as an author as well as on behalf of the Great War writers. In the course of a career that led to the publication of over 175 books and pamphlets and a staggering 3,663 contributions to books, pamphlets, periodicals, and newspapers, Blunden never forgot that he was a survivor, and he accepted the obligation of being a witness and spokesman because, as he said near the end of his life, in 1974, he was "haunted." It is scarcely a surprise, then, to find his name on the title page of so many books about the war: as a compiler of *The War 1914–1918: A Booklist* and as the author of the introductions to *Great Short Stories of the War, An Anthology of War Poems*, and, with scarcely disguised emotion, both *The Poems of Wilfred Owen* and *Poems by Ivor Gurney*—whose names are, of course, on the memorial with Blunden's. In addition, he served as Honorary Literary Adviser to the Imperial War Graves Commission and, when World War II began, accepted a post as an instructor in map reading to soldiers at Oxford.

In view of Blunden's importance as a teacher, critic, essayist, editor, and, above all, a writer about the Great War, it is curious to have to seek him out in his present literary limbo. Since he himself tirelessly worked at reviving the reputations of writers he thought were being unjustly neglected by his generation—among them James Thomson, William Collins, Christopher Smart, Henry Vaughan, and, of course, John Clare—it is likely that Blunden would take the long view of his own case, much as he did that of the seventeenth-century poet Vaughan:

> Wherever the question of the survival of the best in poetry without the assistance of biographers and popularisers is being debated, the instance of . . . Vaughan should not be left out. His present fame is one of the best practical arguments for the belief that the good thing is strong enough to pass through all the obstacles and shadows of a period into a permanent and conspicuous renown.

My Life as a Literary Agent

JAMES OLIVER BROWN

Literary agents were in my day, in the world in which we operated, considered to be rather second-class citizens, not by the authors we represented but by people in that world. It was said about us that we just sat back and took our ten percent, or, in the case of some agents, fifteen percent, of the authors' receipts, creating nothing, just second-class citizens. In Hollywood, a party that included an agent as a guest was considered an event near the bottom of the social scale. On the East coast, agents were more socially accepted in the publishing world, although we remained just ten-percenters.

From novels and stories and films, one had a picture of a female agent as a rather stout, dowdy, aggressive lady wearing a hat in the office, and of a male agent as a rather stout, aggressive, cigar-smoking boor. Neither picture was true. We agents came in all sizes and shapes and from all backgrounds. I know of no such agents with hats and cigars.

When one becomes an agent, one usually becomes addicted to the profession. It is the same thing, with different results, as alcoholism. The agent (at least this agent) takes on the problems of the authors he or she represents, not just the writing problems but the financial, sexual, marital, living problems. It is a treadmill of involvement, an addiction from which there is no escape except by retirement or death.

My relationship with Herbert Gold, a graduate of Columbia and author of more than twenty books, for most of which I was the agent, I think, is indicative of the unique relationships between writer and agent. Herb lives in San Francisco, where I have visited him on numerous occasions. His first divorce was a source of great distress to him and to me and to the various magazine editors who tired of the subject of divorce from him in too many articles and stories. He promised me that he would not consider marrying again

without driving out into the desert to ruminate, and would not get married without my approval of his next prospective wife. That approval was assured when I met Melissa Dilworth on a visit to San Francisco. An agent/author relationship is quite different from most lawyer/client relationships.

James Oliver Brown, 1968

Most authors have agents. Some authors depend on lawyers in working out individual deals, but most feel the need of an agent as a partner in life. The agent knows all of the author's work, is the first to read and comment, fights for the author's rights, negotiates the terms of the contract, listens when no one else will.

Most good agents do a certain amount of editorial work with their clients' writing. I tried to avoid that function as much as possible, both for the lack of time and because of my feeling that it was the editor's and not my job. But I did a lot of it over the years, and I was good at it, having been trained as the New York editor of the Boston publisher Little, Brown & Co.

Incidentally, although I started my publishing career with Little, Brown and was subsequently president of James Brown Associates, on the board of Curtis Brown, London, and—after the London and New York Curtis Browns were reunited—president of Curtis Brown Associates in New York, the only one of all those Browns that I was related to was myself as president of James Brown Associates and Curtis Brown Associates.

In the July 1967 issue of *The Writer*, I defined the functions of the literary agent in these words:

> The literary agent performs a complex and varied function, which can't be too well defined. His function depends upon the kinds of writers he represents. I can speak only for my own operation. I'm a business manager-adviser, coordinator, protector of rights, exploiter of all rights to all writings of the writers I represent, such rights including book, magazine, dramatic, motion picture, radio, television, recording, translation. My important function as an agent is bringing in money for the writer, getting the most money possible in the interests of the writer, from every possible source. When an agent starts to work on a piece of writing, a story, an article, a book, whatever, he thinks of it in terms of all rights and gets it to the people who buy rights, here and abroad. He is an expert in knowing the markets and having the organization to get to them.

I began as an agent in 1948. I had resigned as New York editor of Little, Brown that April and was at our country place in Washington Depot, Connecticut, when I had a telephone call from my friends Archie Ogden, the eastern story editor for Twentieth-Century Fox, and Stuart Rose, senior editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, who were having their before-lunch martinis in George's little downstairs bar in the Ritz, at 47th and Madison. Archie and Stuart suggested that, since I was doing nothing, I ought to meet the widow of a recently deceased literary agent and advise her how to

proceed with the very lucrative business he had left. My response was, "But I don't want to be a literary agent." "No, that's not the idea. You're not doing anything up there, just meet her and try to help her." Famous last words! I met Marde Sanders at lunch and became a literary agent.

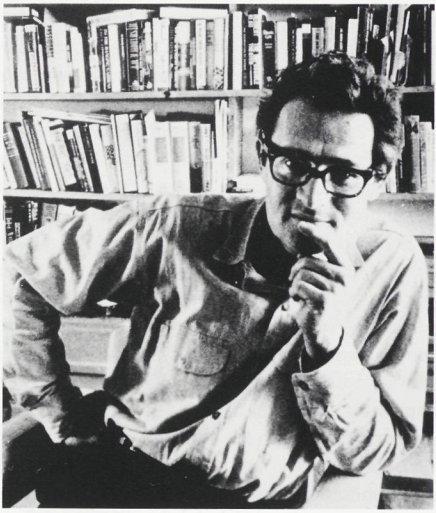
In 1949, my now long-time Swiss friend René de Chochor and I started our literary agency, James Brown Associates, at 17 East 49th Street. In the beginning the agency was called just James Oliver Brown because of the American difficulty with René's last name. I had left the Sanders agency, having helped Marde on her way. I was hooked.

In 1948, and for more than a decade after, the operations of the leading literary agents were quiet and low-key. We thought about money or our authors, of course, but our first interest was in good writing.

As early as 1968, the world of the literary agent was changing. In that year the two agents most known for their lists of authors were Candida Donadio and I. Photographs of Candida and me were centered on a page of *Time* magazine for March 8, 1968. On either side of our photographs were the photographs of the agents Sterling Lord and Scott Meredith. I was quoted in *Time* as saying, "A man like Scott Meredith has hurt the industry by pressing for unrealistic advances in terms of what he is offering." I applaud the agent Bob Lescher, quoted in the same article as saying, "I'm in the business of handling creative careers. I don't want a publisher turning sour on a writer because I negotiated too big an advance." On the other hand, Sterling Lord said, "The money is there. The great crime, if you control rights, is not to exploit them."

Scott Meredith and Sterling Lord have won out. The publishing industry has changed. The large advances and auctions, now the practice of all agents, have replaced the way I operated as an agent. I think that all of the agents have had a great deal to do with the unhappy state of affairs in the publishing business today. They have contributed, and to a large degree, I think, to the regrettable demise of publishers such as Scribner's and, most recently, Crown through

absorption into a handful of corporations that can afford the big-buck advances and that control almost fifty percent of an industry that in my day was made up of possibly dozens of independent family-run businesses.



Herbert Gold, 1986 (Photograph © Arnold Newman)

As a result, since giant conglomerates need unprecedented sales to pay for these megadollar mergers, writing suffers. A lot of what in my day would have been considered trash is being published. The novel that does not have large money possibilities is now usually being passed over by agents and publishers as "borderline," and, as such, unpublishable.

I retired in 1985. I had a distinguished and demanding list of clients—people I liked whose work I liked. To represent someone I did not care for, both as person and writer, was not for me. One

does not get rich being a literary agent, but one is poorer when being as selective as I was.

Of course, I had commercial successes. I represented Louis Auchincloss, a superb talent; Erskine Caldwell; Herbert Gold, with his unique style in both fiction and nonfiction, published in books and in magazines. I represented Joseph Hayes, beginning with his first novel, *The Desperate Hours*, an early success in my career, as was Mac Hyman with his first novel, *No Time for Sergeants*; Lonnie Coleman and his financially successful *Beulah Land* novels; and, among others, Katherine Anne Porter, Jean Stafford, Richard Lockridge, C. Wright Mills, Jerzy Kosinsky, Alberto Moravia, A. J. Liebling, and Howard Moss. My last big commercial success, just before I retired, was Dominick Dunne's *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles*. His recent bestseller is *People Like Us*.

Until his recent untimely death, Howard Moss was poetry editor on *The New Yorker* for many years. I handled the contract for his first book of poems with Scribner's. The advance paid was probably a hundred dollars or a little more. I told Howard that my taking ten percent of this amount was not in his interest, and that representing him for this book was also a financial loss for me. We remained friends, and I was available to tell him, without charge, of any developments in Scribner's contracts that he should watch. I did get an enormous five-hundred-dollar advance from Macmillan against royalties for Howard's *The Magic Lantern of Marcel Proust*, one of the best about the French novelist.

I met Louis Auchincloss in 1937, long before his first book was published and long before I had any idea of being in publishing. My relationship with Louis has been a happy one all this time, and from 1948 to 1985 it has been a most happy and profitable business relationship as well.

My relationship with Erskine Caldwell, author of *Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre*, among many other works, resulted in my taking business trips to England, France, Italy, and the Scandinavian countries, both with and without Erskine. Just before his death in 1987 he published an autobiography in which he said that he and I

had stayed at Brown's Hotel in London. I have never stayed at Brown's, but Erskine's recollection of our relationship is full of flattering misinformation. Our relationship was close and pleasant and very demanding. He, in his day, was probably more published around the world, including behind the Iron Curtain, than any other then-living author, and that meant a lot of contracts and a lot of work for his agent.

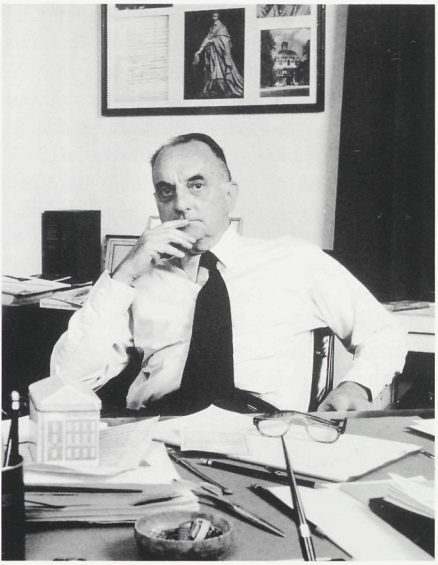
In Europe, the social standing of the American literary agent in the publishing business was also pretty second-rate. I remember being with Erskine Caldwell in Milan in the early 1950s and being told that Count Bompiani, his publisher, and the Countess could not invite me to dinner at their house; they had thought Erskine would be traveling with his wife, and there was not room at the table for an extra man!

My experience with the Gallimards in Paris was different from that with the Bompianis in Milan. The Gallimards have been publishing the most important books in France for years. I had a most enjoyable lunch with Gaston Gallimard and his wife and family, a lunch for Erskine, at their house. Gaston Gallimard loathed the idea of an agent interfering in his relationship with an author. In spite of that, he treated me as if I were a gentleman, not an unnecessary, obnoxious agent.

I had a marvelously loyal, close, and friendly following with most of the people I represented, but I had bad luck with two of the women. Madame Perkins, Franklin Roosevelt's secretary of labor, took me to tea at her club, the Cosmopolitan, to discuss the contract for her biography of Al Smith. I heard nothing further from the lady, but some months later I read in a newspaper about the publication of her Al Smith biography. She had listened to my advice and used it to negotiate her contract with Little, Brown on her own.

The other experience was with an author I liked immensely, the distinguished and superb writer Katherine Anne Porter. I learned later that she had left me just before she negotiated her own contract for her very successful *Ship of Fools*. A real estate operator

friend of mine had asked Katherine Anne, when she was renting or buying a place to live, whether she had an agent. She told him that she did not.



Louis Auchincloss, 1984 (Photograph by Henry Grossman)

Jean Stafford won my heart from the very beginning of our relationship by knowing, from her experience as the wife of the proper Bostonian poet Robert Lowell, how to make and pour afternoon tea, a plus with me. I have my tea at four o'clock almost every day. Jean had few, if any, lasting relationships, and I am happy to say that she and I worked together for nineteen years before she left me. David Roberts's shocking and much discussed biography of her was published in August 1988.

In the 1950s and 1960s I was active in the theater, representing the plays of Louis Auchincloss, Joseph Hayes, Lonnie Coleman, and others. I handled the negotiations with Ira Levin for his excellent dramatization of Mac Hyman's *No Time for Sergeants*. After I abandoned handling plays, I found that I could not enjoy any theater production, because all I could think about was the dishonesty and deviousness of most people connected with it—I would think about the lighting, the sets, and the fights with producers and directors. I came to hate the theater, so much so that I do not go to any plays now if I can help it.

On the other hand, I had some fun in the theater. I remember the day Andy Griffith came into my office. Andy was then appearing with his guitar at clubs, and he wanted to adapt some of *No Time for Sergeants* to his use. As we were at that time negotiating to sell television, play, and film rights to the Mac Hyman novel, we could not cloud the title to the performance rights by letting Andy have what he wanted. But when Andy arrived that day, my receptionist announced to me on the phone that Will Stockdale—the protagonist in the novel—was there. She did this without thinking. I immediately called the Theatre Guild to tell them that I had found Will Stockdale. Andy Griffith began his brilliant film career playing the role.

I remember taking my eleven-year-old son with me in 1959 to Philadelphia, where a play by my client Lonnie Coleman, starring Eartha Kitt, was opening. My son had never met any of his Philadelphia relatives, and I was taking this opportunity to introduce him to a cousin. I happened to be in a hurry, walking alone on Broad Street, when a little boy came up to me to say hello. I met his approach, rudely and irrationally, with, "Sorry, I have a little boy." Too late, after hurrying on my way, I realized that the "little boy" was Truman Capote, whom I had known since publication of his first book and who was now in his mid-thirties. It turned out that Truman was in Philadelphia with a one-time client of mine, Cecil Beaton, with the rehearsal of (if I remember correctly) *My Fair Lady*. Truman never spoke to me again.

In addition to my rather numerous trips to Europe, I did a lot of traveling in this country during my stint representing writers. I spoke to writing groups at the universities of Georgia and South Florida, California State College, Indiana University, Wagner College, Columbia, and the New School; I was the participating agent in three of the Radcliffe College publishing courses, and I even spoke to the Westchester Womens' Club and to the students at Miss Porter's at Farmington.

Although I made a number of trips to California in the interests of selling motion picture rights, I never could fit into the way of life "out there" in Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Hollywood, and Bel Air. I remember how upset my client Gore Vidal was when my wife and I took him to dinner at Chasen's and we were put at a table in the rear. And in a suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel, someone came and took away my flowers and candy and cookies because the hotel had sent them to me by mistake. I can still see my attractive, socially secure client and friend Marguerite Gilbert McCarthy, author of *The Cook Is in the Parlor*, driving up to the hotel in her ancient little Chevrolet. What a relief it was from the Cadillacs and British cars the fashionable film people drove! The Mercedes had not yet made its re-entry after the war.

In 1978 I was "captured" by the British. On my many visits to London I had made many friends among agents and publishers there. As a midshipman at Annapolis, I visited London in the summer of 1931. President Herbert Hoover, our commander-in-chief, had decreed that, in the interests of conserving space on the battleships, our everyday double-breasted blue uniforms would be our formal attire for black-tie affairs abroad. The British were not impressed by the order of the president of their lost colonies, and to dine in London with friends at restaurants and at the then fashionable Kit Kat Club, and even in my own hotel, I was forced to rent a dinner jacket, a breach of the rules for which, had I been discovered, I would have suffered demerits and some punishment. This was the beginning of a feeling I had against the Brits that was not dispelled until my association with Curtis Brown in London began in 1978. I

became a member of the board of Curtis Brown, London, and in New York took over their office at 25 West 43rd Street (the so-called *New Yorker* building), leaving my office of twenty-eight years at 22 East 60th Street—the attractive French Institute Building. (When I ended my career I was at 575 Madison Avenue.)

As James Brown Associates, before our "marriage" to Curtis Brown, London, we had represented Brits—the Arthur Conan Doyle Estate, Sir Arthur's son, Adrian Conan Doyle, Hugh Fraser, Cecil Beaton, Anthony Blond, Jessica Mitford, and Brian Glanville, among others. Now we added to our list, to name only a few, Mary Renault, Daphne du Maurier, Sarah Churchill, Lawrence and Gerald Durrell, John Julius Norwich, Angus Wilson, Hugh Thomas, David Lodge, Michael Pye, Brian Inglis, Montgomery Hyde, Julian Symons, Nicholas Freeling, Dorothy Dunnett, John Ranelagh, Patricia Moyes, Patrick White, James Aldridge, and Antonia Fraser.

One of my special British authors was C. P. Snow, with whom I had a close friendship interrupted too soon by his death. Charlie Scribner III, Snow's publisher, telephoned one day and asked me who Kate Marsh was. Lord Snow had just asked, on receiving copies of his novel *A Coat of Varnish* and being puzzled by the dedication, "For Kate Marsh." Kate Marsh was the assistant to Graham Watson, Snow's agent in my London office, and at some point a copy of the typescript had been delivered there with the notation, "For Kate Marsh." The American typesetter, or whoever, assumed incorrectly that the note was a dedication. I never heard what Lady Snow thought of all this—whether she had doubts about her husband's claiming not to know the very proper Kate Marsh.

I enjoy being retired, being able to tell about myself instead of listening as I did for so many years to writers talking about themselves. I now buy and read books without having to think what I shall do with what I read. I've joined the world of contented book readers. Occasionally I read a manuscript from my friends Louis Auchincloss, Herbert Gold, and Mickey Friedman, and others, before the manuscript becomes a book, and that also is a pleasure requiring no responsibility. It was and is a good life.

Nineteenth-Century Photography at Columbia

In 1839 the announcement of Daguerre's process for making unique, positive images on silver-coated copper plates was followed several weeks later by the presentation of Fox Talbot's paper outlining his method for producing paper negatives from which unlimited numbers of positive prints could be made. Commemorating the 150th anniversary of photography, the Libraries mounted in September 1989 an exhibition of photographic treasures, entitled "Nineteenth-Century Photography at Columbia University," that was on view in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library. The exhibition was curated by Herbert Mitchell of the Avery Architectural and Fine Arts Library and by Sarah Elliston Weiner of the Office of Art Properties.

Avery Library, Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Columbiana, and Art Properties are the chief repositories of early photographs at the University. From Avery's rich holdings came some rare salted paper prints such as the view of New York's Crystal Palace and Victor Prévost's Chateau of Pierrefonds, the magnificent album of views of New Orleans by George François Mugnier, and the delicate image of foliage by Frank Lloyd Wright. An outstanding group of prints in the Columbiana Collection was made by Nathaniel Fish Moore, eighth president of Columbia College, who after his retirement became an accomplished amateur photographer. Fox Talbot's calotype "The Haystack," from Art Properties, was also exhibited, while a daguerreotype of Edgar Allen Poe, a prized holding of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, was on view in Butler Library.

For the richness and range of its nineteenth-century photographic holdings, Columbia is greatly indebted to Charles Frederick Chandler, a professor of chemistry at the University from 1864 to 1910, who was an ardent enthusiast of the photographic medium in

all its forms. Also an avid collector, he established at Columbia a chemical museum notable for its extensive holdings of photographs and photomechanical reproductions. Much of this material has since found its way into the Libraries' collections.

Catalogue

1. William Henry Fox Talbot (1800–1877)
   The Haystack, 1845
   Calotype
   Art Properties, from the Chandler Chemical Museum
2. Unidentified photographer
   Crystal Palace, New York City, ca. 1853
   Salted paper print
   Avery Architectural and Fine Arts Library; gift of the Edilitz Family
3. William Abbott Pratt (1818–1879)
   Portrait of Edgar Allen Poe, 1849
   Daguerreotype
   Rare Book and Manuscript Library; gift of Mrs. Alexander McMillen Welsh
4. Victor Prévost (1820–1881)
   Chateau de Pierrefonds, 1853
   Calotype
   Avery Architectural and Fine Arts Library
5. Nathaniel Fish Moore (1782–1872)
   Four Women Seated by a Tree, 1850s
   Calotype
   Columbiana Collection
6. Unidentified photographer
   Department of Chemistry, Class of 1860
   Salted paper print
   Art Properties, from the Chandler Chemical Museum

7. Lewis M. Rutherfurd (1816–1892)
   Moon, 1865
   Albumen print, published by O. G. Mason, New York City
   Rare Book and Manuscript Library, from the Chandler Chemical Museum

8. John E. Dumont (active 1880s–1900s)
   Listening to the Birds, 1885
   Photomechanical print on tissue paper
   Rare Book and Manuscript Library, from the Chandler Chemical Museum

9. Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio
   Muse (Terpsichore?), 1895
   Silver print
   Rare Book and Manuscript Library, from the Chandler Chemical Museum

10. George François Mugnier (ca. 1857–1938)
    On the Waterfront in New Orleans, between 1880 and 1895
    Albumen or gelatin siver print
    Avery Architectural and Fine Arts Library

11. George François Mugnier (ca. 1857–1938)
    Two Women and a Man Seated by a Shack, between 1880 and 1895
    Albumen or gelatin silver print
    Avery Architectural and Fine Arts Library

12. Frank Lloyd Wright (1867–1959)
    Shrubs, 1890s
    Photomechanical print
    Avery Architectural and Fine Arts Library, from the John Lloyd Wright Collection

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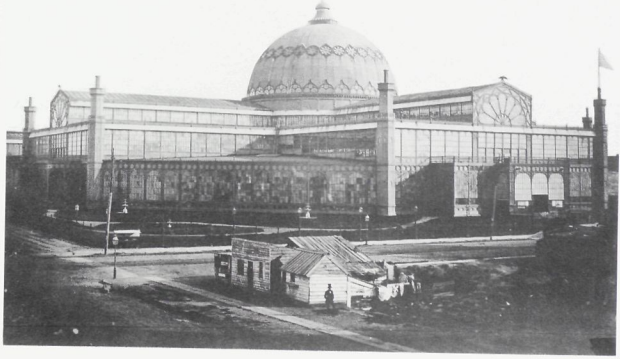

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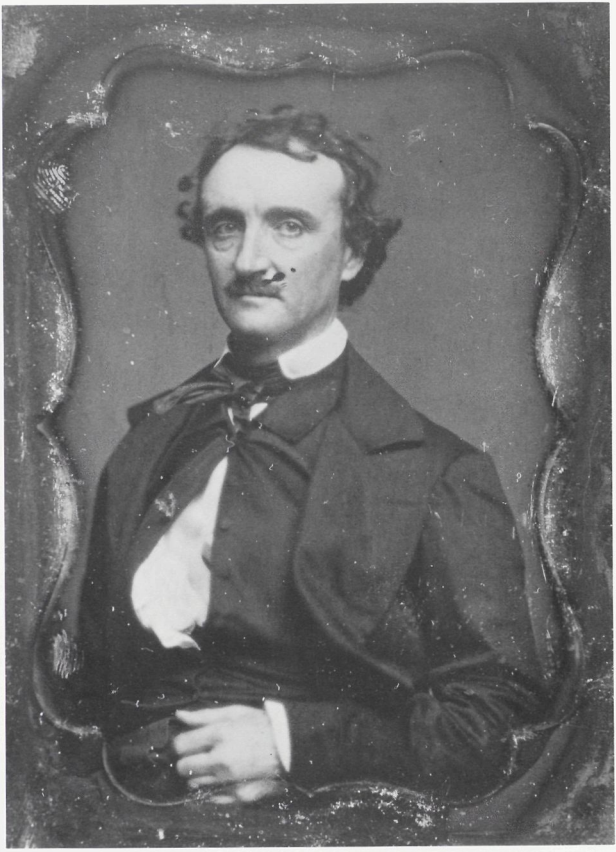

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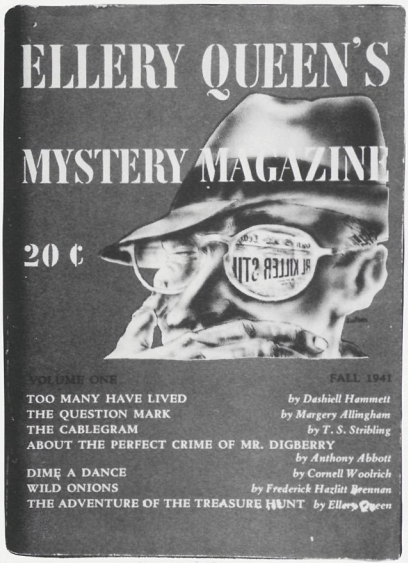
Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library gift. Knowing of the extensive holdings of manuscripts and printed editions of Frederic Dannay and Manfred Lee (who wrote and published under the pseudonym Ellery Queen) at the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, the Beinecke Library at Yale University, through the generous assistance of Ms. Patricia C. Willis, has transferred to the Library complete bound and single issue files of the *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine* covering the period from the first issue, which appeared in autumn 1941, through the June 1975 issue. We have had complete files of the typescripts and manuscripts of the stories that appeared in the famous detective magazine, but have heretofore lacked a file of printed issues to complete the bibliographic record. In addition, the Beinecke Library has donated to the collection sixty-three scripts, bearing Frederic Dannay's handwritten corrections and notations, of the radio series "Adventures of Ellery Queen," which was broadcast on the CBS and NBC networks from 1939 to 1948.

Blau gift. The papers of the late Professor Joseph L. Blau (A.B., 1931; A.M., 1933; Ph.D., 1945) have been presented by Mrs. Eleanor W. Blau. The more than thirty thousand letters and manuscripts in the collection document Professor Blau's teaching career at the University in the departments of Philosophy and Religion; he served as chairman of the Department of Religion from 1965 to 1968 and as director of graduate studies in religion from 1962 to 1974. The papers contain Professor Blau's correspondence with colleagues and publishers, notes and manuscripts relating to his articles and lectures, scripts for radio and television broadcasts and for motion pictures, notes for lectures, and printed copies of his books, articles, reviews, and essays, many of which are annotated or inscribed.

Bowman gift. Professor Walter P. Bowman (A.M., 1933; Ph.D., 1942) has donated an additional twelve titles by and relating to Milton, among which are: *Comus and Other Poems,* 1906, one of 250 copies printed on hand-made paper at the University Press,



The first issue of the *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine* (Beinecke Library gift)

Cambridge; *Aeropagitica,* a Noel Douglas Replica published by the Cambridge University Press in 1927; and *The Poetical Works,* three folio volumes, 1794–97, printed by W. Bulmer for John and Josiah Boydell and George Nicol, with plates from designs by Richard Westall.

Clifford gift. The papers of the late Professor James L. Clifford have been enlarged and strengthened by the recent gift from Mrs. Virginia Clifford of more than ten thousand letters, manuscripts, and

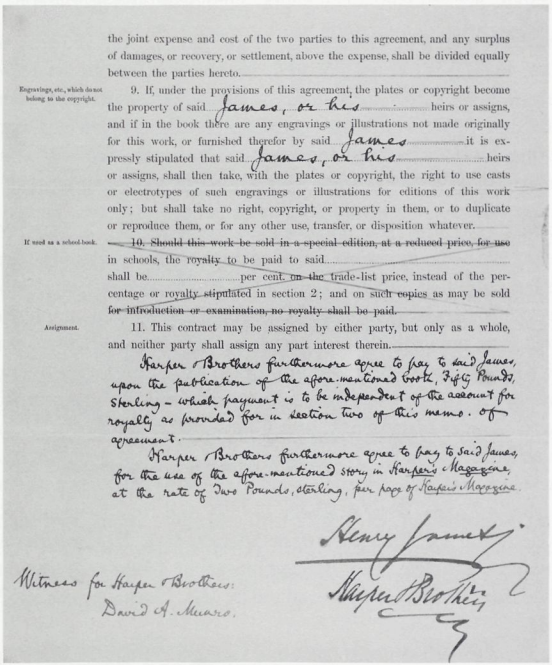
notes relating to Professor Clifford's teaching and writing careers, including: correspondence with colleagues and friends dating from 1929 to the 1980s; research notes on Boswell, Mrs. Piozzi, and Dr. Johnson, among other eighteenth-century writers and subjects; and files concerning Professor Clifford's books *Dictionary Johnson*, *Young Sam Johnson*, and *From Puzzles to Portraits*. Mrs. Clifford's gift also included seven original letters and documents written by Mrs. Piozzi and her husband, Gabriele Piozzi, several of which relate to their wills and financial matters, and seven letters written to, or relating to, Mrs. Piozzi; a contemporary watercolor drawing of Mrs. Piozzi's house at Streatham; and engravings of portraits and places associated with Mrs. Piozzi.

Gerstman gift. Knowing of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library's George Antheil Collection, Mrs. Mira Gerstman has presented for addition to it the orchestral score of the composer's Fourth Symphony, written in 1942. One of only two known copies of the original score reproduced from Antheil's holograph manuscript, the score, comprising 102 folio pages in a spiral binding, is inscribed by Antheil to Mrs. Gerstman on the title leaf and contains additional pencil notations throughout by the composer.

Grand Street Publications gift. Grand Street Publications, Inc., has donated, for inclusion in the papers of the literary quarterly *Grand Street*, the editorial and production files pertaining to volumes seven and eight, published from autumn 1987 to summer 1989. Included in the gift are approximately 850 letters, manuscripts, and proofs of poets and short story writers, among them, Brigid Brophy, Stanley Elkin, Gavin Ewart, W. S. Merwin, Joyce Carol Oates, Virgil Thomson, and John Updike.

Harper gift. For addition to the Harper & Brothers and Harper & Row collections, the publishing house has presented a number of important and distinguished manuscripts, printed materials, and pieces of memorabilia relating to its publications in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The fifty-five letters, manuscripts, and documents from the earlier period include: the contracts for Herman

Melville's *Omoo: A Narrative of Adventure in the South Seas,* dated December 18, 1846, and Henry James's *Washington Square,* dated May 19, 1880, each signed by the novelist; the contract agreement between the Harper brothers, dated May 26, 1886, signed by six



the joint expense and cost of the two parties to this agreement, and any surplus of damages, or recovery, or settlement, above the expense, shall be divided equally between the parties hereto.

Engravings, etc., which do not belong to the copyright.

9. If, under the provisions of this agreement, the plates or copyright become the property of said James, or his heirs or assigns, and if in the book there are any engravings or illustrations not made originally for this work, or furnished therefor by said James it is expressly stipulated that said James, or his heirs or assigns, shall then take, with the plates or copyright, the right to use casts or electrotypes of such engravings or illustrations for editions of this work only; but shall take no right, copyright, or property in them, or to duplicate or reproduce them, or for any other use, transfer, or disposition whatever.

If used as a school-book.

~~10. Should this work be sold in a special edition, at a reduced price, for use~~ in schools, the royalty to be paid to said shall be per cent on the trade-list price, instead of the percentage or royalty stipulated in section 2; and on such copies as may be sold ~~for introduction or examination, no royalty shall be paid.~~

Assignment.

11. This contract may be assigned by either party, but only as a whole, and neither party shall assign any part interest therein.

Harper & Brothers furthermore agree to pay to said James, upon the publication of the aforementioned book, Fifty Pounds, Sterling - which payment is to be independent of the account for royalty as provided for in section two of this memo. of agreement.

Harper & Brothers furthermore agree to pay to said James, for the use of the aforementioned story, in Harper's Magazine, at the rate of Two Pounds, Sterling, per page of Harper's Magazine.

Henry James

Harper & Brothers

Witness for Harper & Brothers:
David A. Munro.

Final page of the contract between Harper & Brothers and Henry James for the publication of his novel *Washington Square* (Harper gift)

members of the Harper family; two ledgers containing the copyright records of the firm from 1827 to 1923; and letters from a number of writers, among them Thomas Hardy, Samuel L. Clemens, Lafcadio Hearn, and Woodrow Wilson. Among twentieth-century authors in the gift there are letters and manuscripts

from James Baldwin, Ethel Barrymore, Martin Buber, Erskine Caldwell, John Dos Passos, John F. Kennedy, Thomas Mann, Marianne Moore, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Carl Sandburg, George Bernard Shaw, and Harry S. Truman. There are, in addition, photographs, printed ephemera, engraving blocks, and lithographs.

Henderson gift. Mr. Gordon G. Henderson (A.B., 1953; A.M., 1954; Ph.D., 1962) has donated, for inclusion in the Mark Van Doren Papers, three letters he received from Professor Van Doren in 1965 and 1967. The letters comment on Professor Van Doren's writing, his lectures, Mr. Henderson's "Notes on Mississippi," and William Faulkner's birthplace, among other subjects.

Hornick gift. Mrs. Lita Hornick (A.B., 1948, B.; A.M., 1949; Ph.D., 1958) has donated a group of thirty-eight illustrated volumes she has published under the imprint of Kulchur Press from 1966 to the 1980s, as well as an inscribed copy of her autobiography, *The Green Fuse,* published last year by Giorno Poetry Systems. Among the Kulchur Press books are important works of poetry by avant garde writers of the New York school, including David Antin, Tom Clark, Charles Henri Ford, Jean Giorno, Kenneth Koch, Richard Kostelanetz, Rochelle Owens, and others. The most important of the volumes in Mrs. Hornick's gift are Gerard Malanga and Andy Warhol's *Screen Tests/A Diary* (1967) and Ted Berrigan, Ron Padgett, and Joe Brainard's *Bean Spasms.* Mrs. Hornick has also donated a complete file of *Kulchur* magazine, a literary journal published from 1960 to 1965 and edited by Mrs. Hornick from 1962 to 1965.

Horton gift. The distinguished American book conservator Mrs. Carolyn Horton has established a collection of her papers at the Rare Book and Manuscript Library with the gift of eighteen thousand pieces of correspondence, manuscripts, and business and financial records documenting her work for individual clients, collectors, libraries, museums, and book dealers over more than fifty years. The subject files contain materials on specific books and works of art; notes for seminars and lectures on the preservation of

books and documents on paper; and the 1966 flood in Florence, Italy, and the restoration work that ensued. The business records consist of detailed worksheets for individual books and manuscripts, describing the condition of items bound or restored and the type of work done on the items. The files contain a wealth of material for the study of conservation work done in this century by one of the most important and influential artisans in the field.

Lamont gift. Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932), who has been responsible for the establishment and development of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library's John Masefield Collection, has recently presented funds for the acquisition of an important and interesting series of eighty-six letters written by the poet laureate to Barbara Vernon, a ballerina who danced under the name of Brangwen. Masefield met her in the summer of 1939, when she danced the role of Brangwen in the Tristan–King Mark legend at the Oxford Summer Diversions, and was captivated by her presence and her dancing; she became known to him as Brangwen. Although they met only twice, their friendship through correspondence was to last for more than twenty years. Dr. Lamont has acquired for the Masefield Collection this fascinating series of letters, dating from 1939 to 1959, in which the poet discusses, with warmth and affection, Brangwen's ballet engagements, scenarios for ballets, the Anglo-Polish Ballet Company, his writings and publications, the theater in Oxford, and life during wartime, among numerous other subjects. The collection also includes several printings on cards and leaflets of Masefield's poems.

Norton gift. W. W. Norton & Company, through the office of the president, Mr. Donald S. Lamm, has presented the papers of William Warder Norton, founder of the publishing house and its president from 1926 until his death in 1945. Numbering some 3,500 items and dating from the 1930s and 1940s, the papers contain correspondence pertaining to the publication of books under the Norton imprint as well as to the professional organizations with which Mr. Norton was associated, among them Publishers' Lunch Club,

Council on Books in Wartime, and Armed Services Editions. The files of correspondence with authors include letters from Roger Baldwin, Irwin Edman, Douglas Moore, Daniel Gregory Mason, Robert Nathan, Romain Rolland, and Bertrand Russell.

Plimpton gift. A sizable addition has been made to the papers of Francis T. P. Plimpton by Mrs. Plimpton, comprising some thirteen thousand letters and manuscripts pertaining to legal, personal, philanthropic, real estate, governmental, and educational matters. The correspondence files contain letters from a wide range of friends and associates, among them Dean Acheson, Louis Auchincloss, George Bush, Thomas Dewey, Felix Frankfurter, Lyndon Johnson, Nelson Rockefeller, and Adlai Stevenson. Files of Mr. Plimpton's speeches and writings are included, as well as extensive records relating to the Villa Balbianella on Lake Como, Italy, inherited by Mrs. Plimpton from her uncle, Butler Ames, and administered by Mr. Plimpton from 1954 until 1983. Mrs. Plimpton's gift also includes several eighteenth- and nineteenth-century editions of literary works by Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Oliver Goldsmith, James Northcote, and Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Rothkopf gift. Mrs. Carol Z. Rothkopf (A.M., 1952) has donated forty-five first editions of books by contemporary mystery writers Colin Dexter, Martha Grimes, Reginald Hill, Ruth Rendell, Janwillem Van de Wetering, and John Le Carré, the latter of whom is represented by a splendid copy of his most famous novel, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold,* published in 1963. The gift also includes the limited edition of the first volume of T. S. Eliot's *Letters,* published in 1988 in London and signed by the editor, Valerie Eliot.

Saxon gift. A substantial addition has been made by Mrs. Nancy Saxon (A.B., 1944, B.) to the collection of cartoon drawings by her husband, the late Charles Saxon (A.B., 1940). Among the more than one thousand items recently presented by Mrs. Saxon are: watercolor and charcoal drawings for cartoons, covers of *The New Yorker,* and spreads for *Sports Illustrated, The New Yorker,* and other magazines, including the series entitled "The Trip," "What People

Drink," "Panky in Love," and "The Day the Trains Stopped"; numerous preliminary rough sketches for cartoons and other drawings; and two sketchbooks in which Charles Saxon recorded the landscape and people of southern European countries through

Pencil drawing by Charles Saxon from a sketchbook of his travels in southern Europe in the 1970s (Nancy Saxon gift)

which he traveled during the 1970s. Mrs. Saxon also presented a brush and ink drawing of the head of Christ by Thomas Merton, which was given to Charles Saxon by the artist in 1939 at the time both attended Columbia.

Schaefler gift. Mr. Sam Schaefler and his wife, Katalin, have presented a group of rare printed and manuscript items. Most important among the printed rarities is Samuel Foster, *Miscellanies: or, Mathematical Lucubrations*, London, 1659, translated by John Twysden; bound in is a manuscript containing an English version of the Latin dedication to the translator's nephew, Henry Yelverton, which, because of internal evidence, appears to be the source for the Latin dedication. Among other printed items are *Vocabulaire des*

Poster by Théophile Steinlen (Schaefler gift)

Enfants, 1839, with woodcuts by Honoré Daumier and others; Emile Verhaeren, *Quinze Poèmes,* 1917, with woodcuts by Frans Masereel; and several French posters, the most impressive of which is that designed by Théophile Steinlen for the 1916 Triennale Exposition d'Art Français in support of the war effort. The autograph material in the Schaeflers' gift is also impressive and includes: a fifteenth-century manuscript of prognostications for the year 1482; a document signed by Thomas Dongan, Governor of New York, dated October 6, 1684, naming Roelf Martinen as Justice of the Peace in Kings County, among the earliest recorded juridical nominations in New York City; signed documents of Civil War generals, among them Francis P. Blair, Thomas F. Meagher, Fitz-John Porter, and Daniel E. Sickles; and literary autographs, including important letters from Nathaniel P. Willis, Vachel Lindsay, and Pearl S. Buck.

Sykes gift. Mrs. Claire Sykes has presented 679 volumes, many inscribed or containing notes and annotations, from the library of her late husband, Gerald Sykes, including important texts in the fields of modern psychology, sociology, intellectual history, political science, and European and American literature, among numerous other subjects. Of special interest in the gift are first editions of books by Kay Boyle, Frederick Buechner, Malcolm Cowley, Leon Edel, William Gass, Herbert Gold, Paul Horgan, Allen Tate, and Glenway Wescott.

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AN OPPORTUNITY

The Friends assist the Columbia Libraries in several direct ways: first, through their active interest in the institution and its ideals and through promoting public interest in the role of a research library in education; second, through gifts of books, manuscripts, and other useful materials; and third, through financial contributions.

By helping preserve the intellectual accomplishment of the past, we lay the foundation for the university of the future. This is the primary purpose of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.

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Sustaining: $150 per year

Benefactor: $500 or more per year

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Contributions are income tax deductible.

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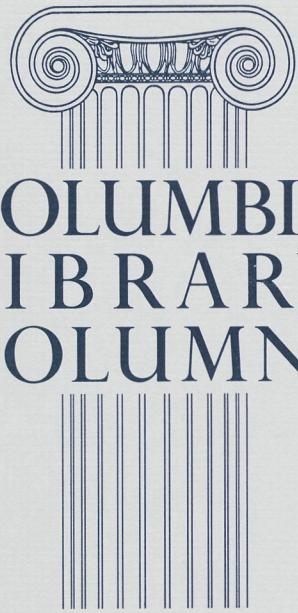

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

J. D. S. ARMSTRONG is head of the reference department at Columbia's Law Library.

ROBERT A. COLBY is professor emeritus of library science at Queens College, City University of New York, and is currently engaged in research on the relations between authors and their publishers and agents.

KENNETH A. LOHF is Columbia's Librarian for Rare Books and Manuscripts.

F. J. SYPHER recently returned to New York after a residence of several years in West Africa, and is writing a book about Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

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Letitia Elizabeth Landon, depicted by J. Wright, 1837

The Magical Letters L.E.L.

F. J. SYPHER

Such, to her contemporary admirers, was the attraction of the poetry of Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802–1838) that the initials L.E.L., which she customarily signed to her poems, became known as "magical letters." Literary fashions fade, but, although her initials are today recognized by few, and her works read by still fewer, L.E.L. occupies among British writers of the early nineteenth century a respectable rank that is both firmly established and genuinely deserved. The Rare Book and Manuscript Library is therefore fortunate to possess three of L.E.L.'s manuscripts, each of them in its own way representative of her life and work.

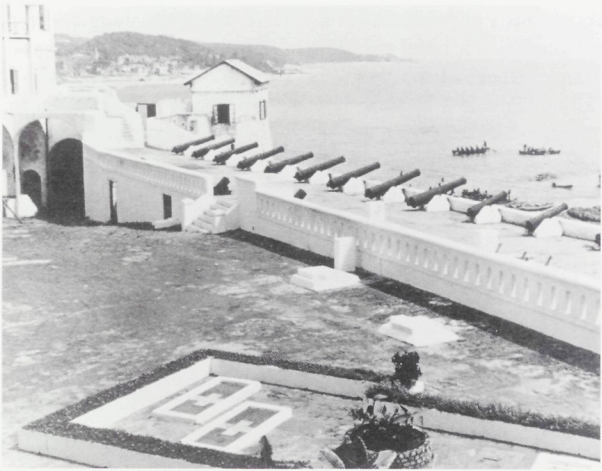
Reasons why L.E.L. is not today widely known are readily apparent. To begin with, she wrote at a period of unparalleled brilliance in English poetry. The names of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, not only tower above those of their British contemporaries, but also stand out boldly in the panorama of English literature. Inevitably, therefore, these names diminish the relative standing of their lesser contemporaries. Furthermore, like many nineteenth-century authors, L.E.L. wrote and published a great deal. Her collected poems run, in one edition, to 560 pages. There are also countless other works, published and unpublished, including poems, novels, stories, criticism, a tragedy, prose sketches, translations from French and German, letters, and journals. In the absence of a book of selected pieces (an omission I intend to rectify), one must mine quantities of now charmless versifying in order to uncover jewels of real poetry. The effort is well worth the rewards, but few readers have inclination, time, or patience for such excursions. Also, like her gifted contemporary Felicia Dorothea Browne (Mrs. Hemans), Letitia Elizabeth Landon was something of a literary prodigy, who began to compose poetry as a child and started publishing while in her teens. Although her

early work possesses fluency, the sentimental themes and exotic settings seem more like imitations of prevailing literary fashions than like expressions of a distinctive poetic point of view. Yet it was necessarily on early poems of transitory value that her fame chiefly rested, at first. Furthermore, many of L.E.L.'s verse narratives and lyrics were designed to ornament the literary annuals and gift books which flourished in the 1820s and 1830s, but as these volumes went out of style, writers like her, whose productions had been shaped by and composed for this medium and its audience, also suffered a decline in reputation.

In the 1830s L.E.L. tried to adapt to the changing literary climate by turning to prose fiction. But her work could not, and cannot, compete with the variety of scene and ingenuity of plot served up by the energetic genius of, say, her friend Ned Bulwer, not to mention Dickens and others. Nevertheless, L.E.L.'s three-deckers, with their faithful presentation of social milieu, sharply phrased conversations, and penetrating emotional analysis, possess enduring interest.

Although L.E.L.'s accomplishments have been overshadowed by those of her great contemporaries, she has never been forgotten: in England, her poems were still being reprinted many years after her death, and important editions appeared in the United States too. More recently, biographers such as D. E. Enfield (1928) and Helen Ashton (1951) have been inspired by the romantic interest of L.E.L.'s personal history. After years of supporting herself and her relatives on the income from her literary efforts, in 1838 she married George Maclean, governor of the British post at Cape Coast, West Africa (in present-day Ghana). Soon after their marriage, she left the fashionable London scene and with her husband sailed down to take up residence in a grim old trading fort of a kind that is seen all along the "Guinea" coast. In the prison-like setting of Cape Coast Castle, with its lonely, isolated situation and its gruesome memories of the slave trade, L.E.L. died, like a character in one of her own fictional imaginings, or forebodings, on October 15, 1838, at the age of thirty-six, only two months after

her arrival. The curious traveler can see her tombstone today, set in the paving of the court, near the time-stained ramparts of the Castle, behind a battery of old cannon that amid heat and haze lift mute muzzles to the African surf.



Cape Coast Castle, Ghana, showing the graves of L.E.L. (right) and her husband, George Maclean

L.E.L.'s death was officially recorded as having been caused by an "overdose" of prussic acid. There was, however, a distinct feeling that it might have been suicide rather than an accident. Beyond this, there were persistent rumors that it might even have been murder, engineered perhaps by her husband's former mistress, an African woman, or maybe even by her husband himself. On the other hand, it has been suggested that she may have died of a heart attack or stroke brought on during one of the "fits" or "spasms" she was subject to, and for which she apparently took small doses of prussic acid as a remedy. The rumors eventually quieted down, and there were no further official inquiries beyond the brief inquest that took place at Cape Coast.

Murder seems to me a possibility so remote as hardly to deserve serious consideration. Accident, suicide, or illness offer more persuasive explanations. The question of L.E.L.'s death is, however, unlikely ever to receive a simple, final answer. For one thing, the available evidence, published and unpublished, contains too many uncertainties and contradictions. More important, human events are usually made up of a mixture of causes and intentions far more complex than narrow verbal or adjudicative categories admit. During her weeks in Africa, L.E.L. was living under severe stress, trying, under exhausting conditions of social isolation, heavy domestic responsibility, and physical discomfort, to adapt to the demands of a marriage that was at best uncongenial and oppressive, at worst perhaps fatally destructive to her. Her anguish was all the more intensified by her extreme sensitivity and conscientiousness. It seems highly significant that she died moments before the scheduled departure of a ship destined for England, with letters of hers on board. One is inclined to put aside questions of intent and physiological cause and conclude that she died of grief or of a broken heart. This may be the most fitting key to the mystery of L.E.L.'s death.

One cannot help being moved by the circumstances of L.E.L.'s death, but her history deserves to be remembered on other grounds than its gothic fascination: there is a social context to her story. Her unsuitable marriage can be regarded as a desperate grasp at material security on the part of a woman worn out with years of struggling to make her way alone in the brutally competitive world of literary London, her end a bitter commentary on the options available to her.

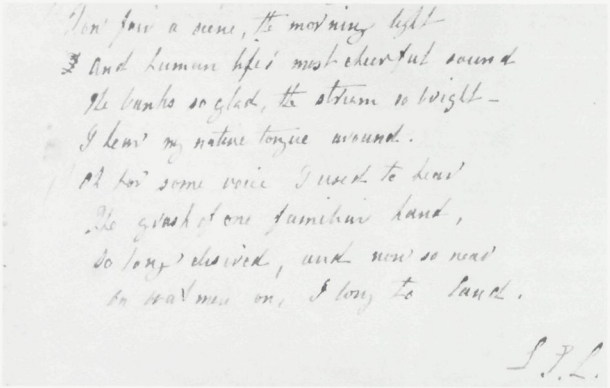
One of the despotic requirements of the London literary world was constant attendance at social events, something L.E.L. shone at but inwardly scorned and feared. An item in the Library's collection is a reminder of this part of the author's life: a finely engraved and embossed personal card, with "Miss L. E. Landon" printed in the center of an ornamental border, and inscribed in her hand: "Friday evening. March 31st / Quadrilles 9 o'Clock." The quadrille was

a kind of dance that was in vogue at the time; the year was possibly 1826. Perhaps the occasion was a "little quiet dance" of the kind she was said to be "fond" of. Or perhaps it was a more splendid event, like the "fancy-ball" that she and her friend Emma Roberts

The attic was L.E.L.'s bedroom and study, with windows looking out onto Hans Place, London.

gave, at which many literary figures appeared, including "Mr." Edward Bulwer (as he was still styled), Rosina Wheeler (soon to become Mrs. Bulwer), Miss Spence, Lady Morgan, Miss Benger, Miss Webb, Father Prout, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, Julia Pardoe, Mr. Jerdan, Dr. Maginn, Theodore Hook, Mrs. Trollope, and others recalled by Mrs. S. C. Hall (Anna Maria Fielding) in her "Memories." One can easily imagine at L.E.L.'s London address, 22 Hans Place, a gathering such as might have figured in the pages of her novel *Romance and Reality.*

If "romance" reflects the hope and enthusiasm generated by the pleasant social occasion, "reality" is the need to make money so as to pay the expenses of giving the party and of having elegant stationery printed. The more mundane concerns of the literary life are exemplified in a hastily jotted, undated note to "W. Jerdan



Final portion of the manuscript of "The return," by Landon

Esq—," for whose *Literary Gazette* L.E.L. wrote frequently, both as a contributor of poems and as a reviewer, an essential part of her "bread and butter" line of writing:

> Dear Sir—
>
> So many thanks—an order if procureable—would be very gratefully received—sent here—I have had nothing from you this week? are there no books—I see so clearly the error of *"butting"*. I shall be so positive in future—and write over my articles "no questions asked here".
>
> Yours very oblig'd
> L. E. Landon

The spontaneous, colloquial phrasing, the apology and witty offer of accommodation, all illustrate the characteristic charm of the author's letters. (The pre-positioned question mark is printed as it

appears in the manuscript, and does not represent an editorial query.) Equally characteristic is the sense of urgency beneath the bright surface of words.

Finally there is at the Library a manuscript of a poem of forty-four lines titled, "The return." The poem appears in *The Keepsake* for 1831 to accompany an engraving of a picture by J. M. W. Turner titled *Nantes;* like many of L. E. L.'s poems, it does not appear in the collected editions. It is an example of the sort of writing that L.E.L. cranked out in quantity, this specimen for the most part neither much above nor much below her average standard. A monologue is spoken by a traveler returning to his native city. According to the headnote, "he left it poor, but he came back rich, and the home of his youth was again to be the home of his age." Much of the verse is thoroughly conventional, both in sentiment and in language, as: "And I have learnt life's dearest things / Are those which never wealth could buy." But in the final stanza we read:

> Oh for some voice I used to hear
> The grasp of one familiar hand,
> So long desired, and now so near
> On boatmen on, I long to land.

In these lines one can begin to hear the accents and tone and themes of L.E.L.'s best poetry. And beyond, one hears an anticipation of some of the best of Tennyson (see "Break, break, break," for example), another writer who began by composing for the annuals, and who in his early years had undoubtedly been, like many of his contemporaries, more than a little enchanted by the undying "magic" in the voice of Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Not Merely a Novelist

H. G. Wells's Relations with Paul Reynolds

ROBERT A. COLBY

George Bernard Shaw once proclaimed to H. G. Wells, with no false modesty: "This is the age of us." It was the good fortune of the pioneer New York literary agent Paul Revere Reynolds to have numbered both of these popular, colorful, and versatile men of letters among his English clients. [For Shaw, see *Columns*, May 1989.] The first letter from the extensive Wells-Reynolds correspondence housed in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library is dated September 20, 1905, and is addressed to various lecture bureaus in the East and the Midwest:

> Mr. Wells, as you know, is a man whose work has attracted the same attention as that of Jules Verne, as it combines a knowledge of modern science with a brilliant scientific imagination. He is not by any means merely a novelist, but is one of the most original and valueable [*sic*] forces now at work in the realm of speculative sociology.

Ten years earlier, Reynolds had acted as American distributor of Wells's devolutionary fantasy *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, representing the author's English publisher, Heinemann. At this time Wells, looking ahead to his forthcoming first trip to America, where he hoped to expand his markets, approached Reynolds directly to secure lucrative lecture engagements for him. Not surprisingly, although Wells by now was best known for his sagas of outer space, Reynolds made more of his author as polymath: "You understand that Mr. Wells is one of the brightest writers at present before the public," he wrote to a Mr. Glass of the Pond Lyceum Bureau in New York City (December 6, 1905).

This effort to package Wells as a Jules Verne, Thomas Henry Huxley, and Herbert Spencer rolled into one did not succeed. Wells

overestimated his market value; he asked for five hundred dollars a lecture, but the impressarios of the lecture circuit were not willing to go beyond $150. Besides, he would not make himself available in the fall, their peak season, and was unwilling to advance funds for advertising, as requested, or to provide promotional circulars.

H. G. Wells, ca. 1915

Nevertheless, Wells's tour of America from March through May of 1906 was a personal triumph for him. He was invited to lecture at a number of universities, met Jane Addams, Theodore Roosevelt, and Maxim Gorky, and while in New York was so completely engaged that he could spare his agent only a half-hour visit. According to his biographers Norman and Jean Mackenzie, he found America a welcome relief from "the constraints of English society." And he became one of Reynolds's most favored clients.

In one especially warm letter expressing his admiration for *Tono-Bungay*, Reynolds added: "Utterly apart from any money I make

out of it . . . I can read [your work] and feel that I am justified because it is my duty to read the book, and at the same time have a keen sense of pleasure, a thing that does not happen as often as one could wish" (November 25, 1908). Reynolds had encouraged Wells in the writing of *Tono-Bungay* at an early stage, when the author sent him the first chapters in manuscript: "I have read Tino [*sic*] Bungay and I was very much interested in it. The description of the hero and the town in which he lived, his mother, etc. all seem to me wonderfully natural and good," Reynolds wrote on April 23, 1906. Before submitting this novel to publishers, however, Reynolds suggested that Wells wait until he finished "the sensational element of the story," for the magazines then were "looking for something which will increase their circulation and make their readers sit up (as the slang expression of the time goes)." Three days later Reynolds wrote to Wells, who was in Chicago: "There is so much attention directed just now to patent medicines that I think the story could be placed all right." Ironically, the book that Wells himself regarded as his "finest and most finished" was rejected by several American magazine editors to whom Reynolds offered it. (In England it made its debut in Ford Madox Ford's elitist *English Review*.) Out of patience, Wells, to Reynolds's consternation, decided to transfer *Tono-Bungay* to the English agent Curtis Brown, who eventually effected its sale in America in a cut-down version.

Reynolds's negotiations over Wells's fiction generally followed a bumpy road. As with Shaw, there were tangles owing to transatlantic publication, but with Wells particular difficulties arose out of his controversial subjects. Several months before Reynolds met Wells, his socio-scientific novel *In the Days of the Comet* began to appear serially in *Cosmopolitan* by arrangement with his English agent. Prior to his sailing for America, Wells wrote indignantly to Reynolds from Spade House, Sandgate: "The book rights . . . are being hawked about New York. Who is doing this?" (March 4, 1906). Reynolds did not know, but proceeded with his charge from Wells to represent him with the New York publishers in order to head off the hawkers—the real beginning of their long association.

He first offered the book rights to Macmillan. On April 26 he wrote to Wells in Chicago that George Brett of that firm was interested but felt that Wells's views on marriage "would not satisfy the American people."

Obviously it was not the fantastic element of the sanity-inducing gas emanating from a distant comet that bothered Brett, but the design-for-living arrangement that concludes the novel, involving the clerk hero, a wealthy rival, and a young lady beloved by both. In a postscript to a letter mailed two days later from the University Club, Boston, Wells came to a vigorous defense of the morality of his latest book:

> Re Brett and the Marriage Question—will you try him again? I don't want it to begin to be thought that I advocate "free love" & *I want you to put your foot down firmly upon that.* If you will read the end of the story... you will see that the relations of the people concerned are not definitely shown, that they are left vague & that it is merely suggested by me free and noble.... It will go far to ruin me in America if this work gets tainted with nasty imputations. *I no more advocate "free love" than an artist who paints the judgement of Paris advocates nudity in a trolley car.*

Brett proved unmovable, and after Reynolds tried several other publishers in vain, the auction narrowed down to Century and the new firm of Doubleday. Reynolds advised Wells to join with Doubleday, "one of the smartest men in the business" and also known to be aggressive in advertising (April 26, 1906), but Wells, always his own man, chose Century, who offered him a larger advance.

From his experience with *In the Days of the Comet*, Wells came to value Reynolds's unhesitancy about handling his "difficult" books. "Here is something you might be able to do," he wrote from 17 Church Row, Hampstead, on February 7, 1910. "I have written a long novel of English political life, *The New Machiavelli*.... The American serial rights are open. They're not worth very much. The work is rather indelicate by American standards & very English & as a juncture of English political life & public school & university education it knocks Mrs. Humphrey [*sic*] Ward into a cocked hat."

He slyly added that his new book has "a strong love interest as outspoken as any in *Tono Bungay*." He was referring to the central situation—the hero deserts his wife and forsakes his political career to live with his mistress—that for a time had proved a stumbling block to publication in England. *The New Machiavelli* was close to Wells's own private life, his current lady love Amber Reeves, already represented in the notorious *Ann Veronica*, also figuring in the later book. This time Reynolds found ready reception. He cabled to Wells on February 18: "RUSH COPY MACHIAVELLI." The prestigious *Forum* had accepted the story for publication to begin the following May at a fee of $750, lower than Wells was used to getting but higher than he had expected for what he admitted was strong meat for the magazine public. The rush to publication was due to the *Forum* editor's determination to run the story neck-and-neck with its concurrent publication in the *English Review* and to antedate the American book publication scheduled for the following October.

Wells never shrank from self-promotion. "So glad you like *Marriage*," he wrote to Reynolds in reference to another of his "advanced" novels. "The next will be better still" (October 5, 1911). *Marriage* quickly found a home in the *American Magazine*, a Hearst publication, but for subsequent works he miscalculated the market. At the suggestion of the publisher Dutton he had to change the title of a book called in manuscript "The Atom Liberates the World" to "The World Set Free." This new title, Reynolds explained, "piques curiosity... people want to know how the world was set free, while the other title has a mechanical sound and would hurt the chances" (November 25, 1913). While *The Research Magnificent* was in progress, Wells wrote to his agent: "I am writing another of my long and this time most picturesque and magnificent books, beyond question finer than anything I have done, and of an almost universal interest" (June 19, 1914). This philosophical novel, which Wells prized to the extent of sending Reynolds a full scenario, proved more resistible by magazine editors. "I quite understand your difficulties with *R.M.* I am giving you a lot of not very profitable work just now I know," Wells wrote from his London

Frontispiece illustration to the second part of Wells's novel *Marriage*, which appeared in *The American Magazine*, December 1911

flat. "Patience! Don't you think R.M. might go (at a smaller price) into one of the 'brainy' periodicals like *The New Republic*?" (April 12, 1915). Eventually Wells had to settle for the prestige of book publication by the tried-and-true Macmillan. Two projects submitted to Reynolds, one tentatively titled "The Last Secret of Nature," involving, among other things, a captured South American dinosaur running amuck in London, the other centered on a journalist preserved by suspended animation who visits New York City in the twenty-fifth century, seem not to have progressed beyond the outline stage.

Wells was of course "not merely a novelist," as Reynolds had tried to impress on the lecture bureaus. Particularly with the advent of World War I, he, like Shaw, was eagerly sought out as a pundit by American magazine and newspaper editors, though, as Reynolds found with Shaw, they frequently had to take Wells at second hand. When he had to sell an article that had already appeared in an English magazine, Reynolds complained in a letter to Wells, "the whole thing is done under a certain amount of pressure in regard to time, and when you are under pressure in regard to time, you are under pressure in regard to price." He proceeded to try to persuade his client to write original articles on such topics as socialism, feminism, marriage, and population, for which he could guarantee higher prices in America, with prospects for additional fees in England. Wells proved more forthcoming than Shaw. There followed three series: "The Peace of the World" in *The New York Times*, "What the War Is Doing for Women" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and "Anticipations of the World after the War" in the *Saturday Evening Post* (published subsequently in book form as *What Is Coming? Essays in Prophecy*). Because of the "hot" nature of these subjects, editors experienced deadline anxiety: "If you can get the articles to me sooner, they say it will save them all from heart disease," reads a penciled note by Reynolds at the bottom of a letter (February 3, 1916).

In the midst of negotiations over another commissioned series on "how people of the world would be living ten, twenty, or fifty years

hence," Reynolds was informed by Wells that he was no longer interested in orders for articles, and was requested to look into the market for short stories. Two months later, on September 14, Reynolds received this message: "Will you please note the following remark? DAMN SHORT STORIES!"

Wells, Maxim Gorky, and Moura Budberg in Petrograd, 1920

By now Wells was all afire with an offer that had come his way to tour the Italian, French, and British battlefields that afforded opportunity to meet generals and heads of state. As he informed his agent in a letter from his London residence dated September 19, 1916, he was ready to set down his impressions, expected to finish the first one by the end of the month, and hoped to publish them as a series in America "weekly or fortnightly as you can arrange." Reynolds was able to place these dispatches from the front, practically as soon as they arrived, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Everybody's Magazine*, *The New York Times Magazine*, and *The New York American*. With the last, a Hearst paper, an embarrassment

Rebecca West, ca. 1923

ensued. On December 3, 1916, shortly after a piece by Wells on reverses in France appeared, Reynolds wrote to the author that the British government had cut off Hearst and his International Service from the use of the Reynolds agency's cables "owing to his repeated and flagrant garbling of war news." Wells was especially incensed upon learning that his own name was being flaunted as Hearst's own "special war correspondent." At the top of Reynolds's letter he scribbled: "This is a damned nuisance. Will you jump in at once & get apologies. Please stop any further sales to Hearst papers." Two days later he followed through with this cable:

> CARBONATO
> NO DEALINGS WITH HEARST.
> WELLS

Reynolds complied. Shortly afterward he forwarded to Wells an apology from the Hearst office.

Offers continued to pour in—from *Cosmopolitan* for an article on women's postwar status and from the *Ladies' Home Journal* for a series on the failure of radical feminism, among numerous others—but Wells decided again to take an indefinite recess from articles once his "Front Book" was finished, and this time remained adamant. From this point, active negotiations between him and Reynolds were in abeyance. During the 1920s while Wells was extending his fame as popular historian, utopian, and champion of international brotherhood, Reynolds served him mainly as conduit for requests for reprint rights and transmitter of royalties. (*The Island of Dr. Moreau*, the first novel Reynolds placed for him here, remained a steady seller.)

Their relationship remained cordial, if never intimate, but was certainly not free of vexations. Wells's difficult handwriting, tardiness in submitting copy, and expensive corrections irked editors. His willfulness, money grubbing, and stinginess (balking, for example, at being charged for cables and postage) tried Reynolds's patience. Wells for his part was frustrated in his attempts to get Reynolds to place the work of various literary New Women who figured in his life—Amy Catherine Robbins, a student who became his second wife; the young Cambridge Fabian Amber Reeves; and latterly the greatest of them, Rebecca West. When Reynolds, after some delay, asked for West's address, Wells replied: "Why didn't you take my advice when I gave it you?" (April 30, 1918). "I never met such a chap. I could not survive meeting such another," was Shaw's verdict on his fellow Fabian. Reynolds's is not recorded, but he might well have agreed with Shaw.

Casanova and Nicholas Murray Butler in the Dock

J. D. S. ARMSTRONG

Lascivious, lewd, and disgusting: According to the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, Arthur Schnitzler's novel *Casanova's Homecoming* was all of these and more. In 1922 the Society launched its crusade against this work, hounding the book in and out of the courts for eight years. The Society was finally defeated by an unpublished 1930 decision of the Magistrate's Court which finally cleared the book as legally wholesome. The Rare Book and Manuscript Library's recent acquisition of a collection of papers from the 1930 proceeding offers an evocative glimpse of the mire into which the jurisprudence of obscenity had fallen in the first part of this century, and of the milieu in which literary obscenity cases were fought.

The papers consist of the legal brief and supporting materials submitted by defense counsel, and two typewritten drafts of Magistrate Gottlieb's unpublished decision in the matter of *Sumner v. Simon & Schuster*. Through these pages parade Morris L. Ernst, John S. Sumner, Thomas Seltzer, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Heywood Broun, and, at some remove, the redoubtable Nicholas Murray Butler. The cast of characters thus assembled includes some of the most notable figures in the world of obscenity law, as well as some renowned for other reasons entirely.

Morris L. Ernst, who represented the defendant publishers Simon & Schuster, was already the country's leading obscenity defense lawyer. Born in Alabama in 1888, he had attended New York Law School as a night student and gone from selling furniture and clothing to partnership in his own high-priced law firm, a prolific writing career, and the advising of numerous Democratic elected officials including Presidents Roosevelt and Truman. Four years after the final clearing of Schnitzler's *Casanova*, Ernst would

John Sumner (center), who headed the New York Society for the Supression of Vice, oversees the burning of confiscated literature in 1935 shortly after *Sumner vs. Simon & Schuster.*

go on to defend the famous *Ulysses* case, making legal and publishing history. The *Casanova* defense materials illustrate the general approach he was developing to the defense of artistically meritorious works such as were generally brought to him for assistance.

John Sumner had brought the complaint against Simon & Schuster and was thus their nominal adversary in these preliminary stages of what was, after all, a criminal proceeding. Sumner had succeeded Anthony Comstock as Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and in that capacity he made a busy career out of tracking down obscene materials and seeking their criminal prosecution. Nor was this precisely thankless work: by a curious arrangement, the Society received a portion of each fine levied in the successful prosecutions it instigated. Moreover, a special act of the New York State Legislature had bestowed special police rights of search, seizure, and arrest on the Society's agents. Mr. Sumner's, therefore, was no backyard operation, but a powerful and persistent threat to publishers and booksellers.

Thomas Seltzer had published the 1922 edition of *Casanova's Homecoming* that had initially drawn down the ire of Sumner and his Society. A complaint was lodged in Magistrate's Court (the same procedure employed in the case against Simon & Schuster) alleging the obscenity of *Casanova's Homecoming* and of D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, also published by Seltzer. The edition complained of had been produced for subscribers in a limited edition of 1,250.

On September 30, 1922, New York City Magistrate George W. Simpson issued his opinion that *Casanova* was not obscene, and publication resumed. Larger printings came out later in 1922 and in 1923; the copy in Columbia's general collection was bought from this latter printing.

But the Society was determined to continue its action against this particular book, and sought indictment of Seltzer by a grand jury. The grand jury duly indicted, and Seltzer's attorneys moved to block further proceedings by appealing to the Supreme Court of the State of New York, Special Term (a court of lowly jurisdiction, but not as lowly as a magistrate's court). In January 1924, in *People v. Seltzer*, Judge (later Senator) Robert Wagner announced in a remarkably chauvinistic and paternalistic opinion that he could not rule as a matter of law that *Casanova* was not obscene; both the state

and the defendant deserved to have the matter decided by a trial jury.

Thus, after having been cleared of obscenity by a magistrate's court in 1922, Seltzer found himself in 1924 on the eve of a full-dress criminal trial over the same book, *Casanova's Homecoming*. But as it turned out, the trial was never held. Discouraged by the turn of events and pressured by the Society, Seltzer withdrew the book from circulation, and the indictment was dropped. In 1930, Simon & Schuster reprinted *Casanova's Homecoming*, and the action in Magistrate's Court with which we are concerned was initiated, the third action undertaken against this book by Sumner and the New York Society.

The little object of so much fear and loathing seems, predictably, completely tame today. *Casanova's Homecoming*, a short novel, bitter and yet civilized and graceful in tone, follows the aging Casanova through about a week of the frustrations and disappointments that, Schnitzler gives us to understand, dominated the famous seducer's declining years. To be sure, there are two episodes within the narrative that stand out as examples of the absurd and unseemly situations into which the aging Casanova's delusions lead him. In the first he seduces or even, to all intents and purposes, rapes his host's thirteen-year-old daughter during the few minutes when she comes to his bedroom to summon him to join the family for dinner. In the second, the decrepit old Casanova creeps in shame from the bed of the beautiful and virtuous young woman with whom he has deceitfully spent the night in the guise of another, under cover of darkness. Shortly thereafter, there ensues a naked duel to the death between Casanova and the young lover he impersonated, during which Casanova flatters himself upon what a delicious sight this duel would make for the eyes of certain women.

The case itself made no new law. The statute invoked by the Society, New York Penal Law Section 1141, was one of the now infamous Comstock Laws, enacted in the 1870s as a result of the efforts of the anti-obscenity activist Anthony Comstock. A major problem with these laws, from a publisher's or bookseller's point of

Arthur Schnitzler (right) with his German publishers,
Samuel and Hedwig Fischer, 1930

view, was the vagueness with which the criminal behavior was defined. The terms used to delineate the proscribed material—obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent, disgusting—were all

inexact and subject to infinite subjective interpretation. In later years this vagueness was perceived to have frequently unacceptable repercussions on the constitutional rights of potential offenders. But in the 1920s, courts and defendants alike were concerned merely with the practical difficulties of worrying a usable standard of obscenity out of the words of the statute.

The *Casanova's Homecoming* case arose during a period when the most widely applied standard was that enunciated in 1868 by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in the English case of *Regina v. Hicklin.* Under the Hicklin test, whether a work was obscene depended on "whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." Another important feature of the Hicklin standard was that it permitted particular paragraphs or passages of a work to be considered in isolation if those passages might, when read alone, have the requisite potential for corrupting the most corruptible members of society.

The Hicklin test was not substantially altered until the famous *Ulysses* case of 1933. In the *Ulysses* decision, the scrutiny of isolated passages for their potential to corrupt the vulnerable was at last rejected in favor of a requirement that the work be assessed as a whole. Once this change had been adopted by the courts, the effect was to reduce the preoccupation with the "vulnerable" members of society—the feeble-minded, children, and so forth—since it was assumed that they would not bother to wade through an entire work of some weight in order to get at the particularly corrupting passages. Instead, the effect of the book on people of average sensibilities was to be considered, a sort of "reasonable man" approach to obscenity.

Since the *Casanova* case transpired under the reign of Hicklin, the defense mounted by Ernst reflects the traditional approach to obscenity defense. However, the strains under which the law in this area was developing can also be seen in certain of the points raised. Falling into the trough of cases between the landmarks of Hicklin

and *Ulysses*, the 1930 *Casanova* case is interesting primarily as an illustration of the law dissatisfied with itself. Several significant cases since the turn of the century had indicated that the nation's courts were uneasy with the widening discrepancy between what the obscenity laws condemned and the social and sexual mores

Morris L. Ernst, who successfully defended Simon & Schuster's publication of Arthur Schnitzler's *Casanova's Homecoming*

prevalent in at least some American communities. In later years, Ernst himself condemned the disrespect for the law which ensued, and drew a parallel with the nullifying effect of Prohibition, which, coincidentally, was repealed the same week that the *Ulysses* decision changed the face of the obscenity law.

Already by the time of *Casanova*, judges in obscenity cases were increasingly likely to allude to the changing moral standards of the

community as a condition that should be recognized and accommodated rather than resisted and condemned. Accordingly, Ernst included in his defense the assertion that the community had already accepted *Casanova's Homecoming*. The indexes of community acceptance adopted for the defense account for the rest of the names introduced at the outset of this essay. First and foremost in his defense Ernst emphasized repeatedly that Columbia University, "the leading educational institution of America," had approved *Casanova's Homecoming* by citing it, within an eighteen-volume course devoted to world literature, as "a classic, essential to a liberal education." In his brief, Ernst quotes at length from Nicholas Murray Butler's introduction outlining the aims of said course, and emphasizes the Columbia imprimatur yet again, calling the Court to witness "that President Butler of Columbia University cannot be called a supporter of pornography."

The other names on the list figure among the novelists, journalists, and other prominent individuals whose favorable opinions were brought in to bolster a favorable disposition toward the book. H. L. Mencken's letter was terse and, of course, salty, referring to the suppression attempt as "of a piece with Sumner's other grotesque buffooneries." Mencken encouraged Simon & Schuster to seek heavy damages against Sumner once his prosecution failed, as Mencken himself had contemplated doing when *The American Mercury* had been suppressed in Boston.

Sinclair Lewis lent his support in a letter that included a call for the investigation of the Society's unusual extra-legal powers. Lewis had seen his own *Elmer Gantry* the subject of a criminal prosecution in Boston in late 1929, although the New York Society had left it alone.

Theodore Dreiser's letter is the briefest of all: a sentence mildly praising the book and a sentence reiterating his opposition to the censorship of artistic works. Dreiser was particularly well acquainted with Sumner's ilk, *Sister Carrie* having been suppressed in 1900, *The Genius* in 1916, and *An American Tragedy* in May

1930 by the Massachusetts Supreme Court. He was also familiar with the evanescence of the vice societies' "accomplishments": after *The Genius*'s suppression in New York in 1916, the book was openly republished in the same city in 1923, with advertising trumpeting its earlier treatment at the hands of the New York Society.

All the letters in the collection hew fairly close to standard form for the genre, i.e., documents solicited by publishers for possible use in shoring up a legal defense. Heywood Broun's letter, however, a few amiable paragraphs about *Casanova's Homecoming* on the stationery of the Broun-For-Congress Non-Partisan Committee, deserves a brief note.

Among the developments afoot during the *Casanova* era was the change in what evidence was admissible in defending a work against obscenity charges. The courts in jury trials had traditionally excluded from evidence any "expert" opinions on the merit or morality of a book, because in principle the jurors represented the community in evaluating its acceptance of the work, and needed no assistance in doing so. By contrast, opinions of experts and community leaders were regularly submitted in cases tried by a judge without a jury, such as in the magistrates' courts, and stood for the "representative opinions" needed by the judge in assessing the level of community acceptance of the work.

However, after the 1922 case against Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* (*Halsey v. New York Society for the Suppression of Vice*), the courts in New York State allowed the admission of "representative" expert and community leader opinions even in jury cases. Accordingly, after Judge Gottlieb had dismissed Sumner's 1930 complaint concerning *Casanova's Homecoming*, Ernst and his colleagues requested that the judge return to them the letters of testimonial. As Ernst described the exchange in a 1940 book on censorship, the judge wanted to know the reason for the request:

> "We'd like to use them if Mr Sumner tries to get a grand jury indictment," they said. "Well," said the judge, "you can't have them back. Why do you suppose I asked for Broun's opinion?" "Because," ventured the lawyers, "he's a sound critic, brilliant journalist and man of common sense." The judge smiled. "Not at all. My son is an autograph collector, and he wanted Broun's autograph."

Judge Gottlieb's son's collection notwithstanding, Broun's *Casanova* letter is present and accounted for in the papers from the curious case of *Sumner v. Simon & Schuster*.

Pen-and-ink caricature of Heywood Broun by
Miguel Covarrubias (Dzierbicki gift)

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Barzun gift. Professor Jacques Barzun (A.B., '27; A.M., '28; Ph.D., '32) has presented approximately 125 volumes and issues of periodicals, all of which pertain to crime and mystery books. There are forty-four first editions of mystery novels and books about mystery writers, among them two publications by Arthur Conan Doyle hitherto lacking in our collection, *The Croxley Master: A Great Tale of the Prize Ring,* 1907, and *The Case of Oscar Slater,* 1912. Professor Barzun's gift also contains the copy of *A Catalogue of Crime,* 1971, coauthored with Wendell Taylor, in which Taylor recorded additions and emendations for a second edition.

Butcher gift. Professor Philip Butcher (Ph.D., 1956) has donated thirty volumes and more than five hundred letters, manuscripts, and papers relating to his researches and writings on black poets and novelists, George Washington Cable, and American literary history. Of special interest among the printed items are: Owen Dodson, *Powerful Long Ladder,* 1947, inscribed by the author to Professor Butcher; William H. Ferris, *The African Abroad,* 1913, 2 volumes; William H. Holcombe, *A Mystery of New Orleans,* 1890; and Sterling A. Brown, *Outline for the Study of the Poetry of American Negroes*, 1931.

Dzierbicki gift. Mr. Ronald L. Dzierbicki has presented, in memory of Marguerite A. Cohn, a group of eleven first and rare editions and one drawing, all of which relate to contemporary literature. Among the most important rarities in the gift are: the Doves Press 1909 edition of *Shake-spears Sonnets,* printed in black and red in 250 copies and specially bound in full gold-tooled blue morocco; Joseph Sébastien Pons, *Concert d'été,* a book of poems issued in a limited edition in 1946 by Flammarion in Paris, with twenty-six woodcut illustrations by Aristide Maillol, the copy presented being one of twenty with an extra suite of the woodcuts on Lana paper; and a

bold, imaginative pen-and-ink caricature drawing of Heywood Broun by Miguel Covarrubias. Other volumes in the gift include first editions by, among others, John Fowles, Ben Hecht, Aldous Huxley, Mary McCarthy, Anthony Powell, and John Wain.

Frankel gift. Professor Aaron Frankel has presented approximately 750 pieces of correspondence, manuscripts, playscripts, notes, and printed materials relating to his career as a theater director and producer of more than one hundred Broadway, off-Broadway, and regional theater productions. There are six letters from Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, five from Greer Garson, and twelve from Robert Penn Warren. The latter correspondence relates to Professor Frankel's collaboration on and direction of two plays by Warren: *Willie Stark: His Rise and Fall,* a stage adaptation of *All the King's Men;* and *Brother to Dragons.* Also included in the gift are the manuscript, drafts, and galley proofs for Professor Frankel's book, *Writing the Broadway Musical.*

Gay gift. Professor Peter Gay (A.M., 1947; Ph.D., 1951) has donated, for inclusion in the collection of his papers, the setting copy, comprising the front matter, notes, and text, for his 1989 book *The Freud Reader.*

Halper gift. Mrs. Marjorie Windust Halper has presented, for addition to the Nathan Halper Collection, a series of five political posters printed at the time of the 1943 Teheran Conference, which brought together President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and Premier Joseph Stalin. In addition to the three Allied leaders, the hand-colored lithographs depict Adolf Hitler as the central imperious and evil figure surrounded by other Axis leaders in settings reminiscent of Persian miniatures.

Hamory memorial gift. The colleagues and friends of Mrs. Marion C. Szigethy on the staff of the Libraries have presented funds to acquire a rare edition in memory of Mrs. Szigethy's son, Peter S. Hamory. The volume selected, the limited edition of *The Alaskan Journal of Thomas Merton,* was published in 1988 by the Turkey Press in Isla Vista, California. En route to Asia in 1968, the year of

Persian lithograph depicting the Allied leaders, Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt, triumphing over the dictators Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito (Halper gift)

his death, Merton visited Alaska and recorded in his journal his thoughts, impressions, and experiences. The frontispiece in the volume is a facsimile of a page from the original journal, and the slipcase has a relief print of a photograph of the Alaskan mountains taken by Merton from the plane during the voyage.

Herrera gift. Mrs. Carol C. Herrera, stepdaughter of the late Professor Boris Bakhmeteff, has made a further addition to his papers with the gift of nearly three hundred books, documents, photographs, and manuscripts which relate to the Russian Revolution and its aftermath. Of special interest are the typewritten manuscripts of books by Pavel Muratov, Stanley Washburn, N. N. Savin, and I. I. Sikorsky, and several photographs of Professor Bakhmeteff and Russian political figures, several with inscriptions.

Hyman gift. Mrs. Helen Kandel Hyman (A.B., 1942, B.) has presented the papers of her husband, the late Professor Herbert H. Hyman (A.B., 1939; A.M., 1940; Ph.D., 1942), who served as professor of sociology, 1951–1969, before moving to Wesleyan University, where he taught until his retirement in 1983. The more than ten thousand letters, manuscripts, notes, questionnaires, code books, and related printed materials reflect Professor Hyman's research projects, most notably his study on attitudes toward the blind and the history of survey research.

Kennedy gift. Professor Sighle Kennedy has presented funds, in memory of William York Tindall, for the purchase of Samuel Beckett's *Texte pour rien, 13*, printed in an edition of seventy-five copies by Yves Rivière in Paris in 1987. Issued in a portfolio, the text, signed by Beckett, is illustrated with five lithographs on Japan paper by Bram van Velde, each of which the artist has numbered and signed.

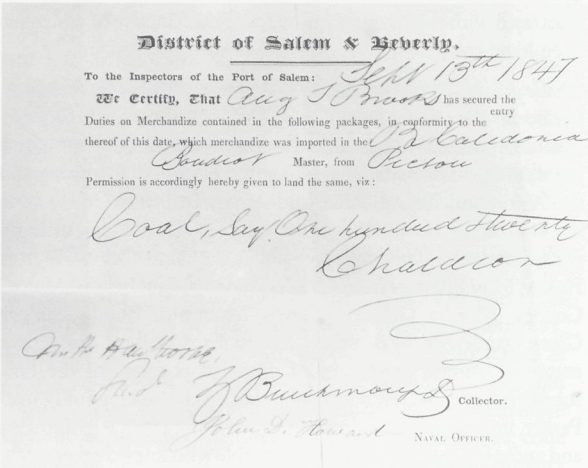
League of Women Voters gift. The League of Women Voters of the State of New York has added to the collection of its papers approximately eighteen thousand letters, minutes, reports, financial files, convention records, and publications of its main office and League chapters throughout the state for the period 1920–1980.

Levy gift. Mr. Paul S. Levy has presented funds for the purchase of the limited edition of *The Song of Songs, Which Is Solomon's,* printed by Franklin Feldman in 1989 in an edition of twenty copies signed by the printer. The text, in the translation by Robert Gordis, is illustrated with thirty aquatints by Mr. Feldman, five of which have been hand-colored.

Meade gift. Ms. Marion Meade has presented the papers relating to her book, *Dorothy Parker: What Fresh Hell Is This?,* including more than six thousand letters, manuscripts, notes, photographs, audio tapes, and printed materials relating to the subject of her biography, the Algonquin Round Table, and American literary history from the 1920s to the 1960s. The files of letters, consisting of correspondence with colleagues and acquaintances of Dorothy Parker, include letters from Charles Addams, Saul Bellow, Malcolm Cowley, Martha Gellhorn, Lewis Mumford, Budd Schulberg, Gloria Vanderbilt, E. B. White, and Richard Wilbur. The research materials contain notebooks of drafts of portions of the book, subject files of research notes, materials on the writings of Dorothy Parker, including her Hollywood screenwriting from 1935 to 1965, and audio tapes of interviews with people who knew Parker, such as Joshua Logan, Marc Connelly, Thomas Guinzberg, and Budd Schulberg.

Myers gift. Professor Andrew B. Myers (A.M., 1947; Ph.D., 1964) has presented a group of nineteenth-century American first editions and autographs among which are the following notable items: a first edition of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's *Voices of the Night,* Cambridge, 1839, inscribed by the author to John Codman, and an autograph letter written by Longfellow to an unknown correspondent, dated Florence, May 2, 1869, concerning the purchase of paintings; the manuscript of a poem by John Quincy Adams, "Farewell! a word, too close allied with pain," dated Washington, July 10, 1844; and a custom receipt for the District of Salem and Beverly, dated September 13, 1847, signed by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Also in Professor Myers's gift are letters and

autographs by Samuel A. Allibone, Theodore Parker, and Margaret Fuller, as well as cabinet photographs of Longfellow and James Russell Lowell.



District of Salem & Beverly.

To the Inspectors of the Port of Salem: Sept 13th 1847

We Certify, That Aug T Brooks has secured the entry

Duties on Merchandize contained in the following packages, in conformity to the

thereof of this date, which merchandize was imported in the Br Caledonia

Boudrot Master, from Victoria

Permission is accordingly hereby given to land the same, viz:

Coal, Say One hundred Twenty

Chaldron

Collector.

Naval Officer.

Customs receipt signed by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Myers gift)

Nagy gift. The papers of Ferenc Nagy (1903–1979), who served as Prime Minister of Hungary, 1945–1947, have been presented by his son, Mr. László Nagy. The more than fifty thousand letters, manuscripts, and documents in the papers document Nagy's career through various periods, starting when he became leader of the Smallholders' Party and then prime minister, and continuing through the early years of exile and his work with various émigré organizations, his increased attention to and writing on the developing world and its peasant problem during the mid-1950s, and lecture activities during the final decade of his life. Among his numerous correspondents represented in the papers are Harry S. Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower, and Richard M. Nixon, and such

émigré politicians as Pál Auer, György Bessenyey, Tibor Eckhardt, Béla Fabian, József Horvath, Károly Peyer, Zoltán Pfeifer, and Béla Varga.

Palmer gift. A collection of 774 photographs relating to American films and nearly two hundred volumes of literary first editions have been presented by Mr. Paul R. Palmer (M.S., 1950; A.M., 1955). Notable are inscribed photographs of Jack Buchanan, Ellen Burstyn, Helmut Dantine, Margaret Lindsay, and Ryan O'Neal; photographs of movie stars by such renowned photographers as Clarence Sinclair Bull, George Hurrell, and Ruth Harriet Louise; and movie stills and portrait photographs of some of the most popular stars of the late silent and early talkie eras, including Richard Barthelmess, John Boles, Clive Brook, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell, Richard Dix, Marie Dressler, Charles Farrell, Neil Hamilton, Rochelle Hudson, May Marsh, Ramon Novarro, and Will Rogers. Among the first editions donated by Mr. Palmer are Carson McCullers, *Clock Without Hands,* London, 1961; Compton Mackenzie, *My Life and Times,* London, 1963–1971, ten volumes; Muriel Spark, *The Bachelors,* 1960; and Evelyn Waugh, *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold,* London, 1957.

Rosenkrantz gift. Professor Barbara Gutmann Rosenkrantz has donated, for inclusion in the papers of her father, the late Professor James Gutmann (A.B., 1918; A.M., 1919; Ph.D., 1936), approximately six hundred letters, manuscripts, photographs, pieces of memorabilia, and printed materials, including manuscripts of Professor Gutmann's writings and lectures, subject files relating to the organizations with which he was associated, and letters from Jacques Barzun, Corliss Lamont, John Herman Randall, and Herman Wouk, among others.

Sabine gift. Mr. William H. W. Sabine has donated twenty-one editions of nineteenth- and twentieth-century literary works including: Alexander Cruden, *A Complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures,* 1827; Edward S. Creasy, *Eminent Etonians,* 1850; Lord Byron, *The Miscellaneous Works,* 1830; John Langhorne, *The Fables*

of Flora, 1804; Giuseppe M. Campanella, *Life in the Cloister,* 1877, illustrated with photographs; Frederick and Margaret Klopstock, *Memoirs,* 1810, in the original boards; and Thomas Babington Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome,* 1849, illustrated by George Scharf and in a nineteenth-century pressed leather binding.

Will Rogers (right) in *Life Begins at Forty,* 1935, with Richard Cromwell (left), Sterling Holloway, and Jane Darwell (Palmer gift)

Schocken Books gift. Schocken Books, through its parent publishing companies Pantheon Books and Random House, has donated the editorial files documenting the English-language editions of Franz Kafka that the publishing house has issued from 1940 to 1975. The more than 750 pieces of correspondence, memoranda, publicity materials, and production records include files pertaining to the American publication of *The Great Wall of China,* 1946, *Letters to Milena,* 1948, *Erzählungen und Kleine Prosa,* 1957, *Franz Kafka: Briefe,* 1958, and *Parables and Paradoxes,* 1958, among other titles.

Trilling Seminars gift. The Lionel Trilling Seminars, founded in 1976 in memory of Professor Trilling, explore areas of study in which he had been most active, such as literature and society, art and politics, psychoanalysis and culture, and education. The seminars, which meet three times each year, feature papers presented by prominent speakers and comments by two discussants. The manuscripts of these speeches have been presented to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library to establish a collection of the Seminars' papers, and include contributions by historians Jacques Barzun, Edmund S. Morgan, and C. Vann Woodward; literary critics Denis Donoghue, Frank Kermode, and Richard Ellmann; and philosophers Sir Isaiah Berlin and Arthur C. Danto.

Veltfort gift. Dr. Helene Rank Veltfort, daughter of the renowned psychoanalyst Otto Rank, has presented her collection of works by and about her father, including fifteen first and early editions of his writings, five works about him, and four translations of his works, many of which were originally owned by Rank and bear his revisions, notes, and emendations. Among the most significant of the association volumes are: *Der Mythus von der Geburt des Helden,* 1909, bearing Rank's holograph emendations for a second edition; *Das Inzest-Motiv in Dichtung und Sage,* 1912, interleaved with notes and clippings; *Der Künstler,* 1918, with extensive holographic notes laid in; and *Das Trauma der Geburt,* 1924, with notes, clippings, and original correspondence laid in. Also included in Dr. Veltfort's gift is the undated typescript of Rank's "Mikrokosmos und Makrokosmos," extensively corrected by the author.

Waugh Estate gift. A collection of fifty-two photographs relating to historical events in China, 1925–1933, has been donated by the estate of Benjamin Waugh through the courtesy of Messrs. Brian Crawford and W. Scott Morton. A large number of the photographs document the National Revolutionary Army's Northern Expedition in 1927–1928; they include views of military installations, bombed sites, tombs of martyrs, and movements of troops.

Weil gift. Mr. James L. Weil has donated three poetry pamphlets he has recently published: *Four Sonnets by Four Friends*, 1989, including poems by William Bronk, Spencer Brown, Samuel French Morse, and Felix Stefanile; William Bronk's *Of Poetry*, 1988; and Jack Stillinger, *Keats and Me*, 1986. Each of the pamphlets, issued in fifty copies, was designed by Martino Mardersteig and printed at the Stamperia Valdonega, Verona.

Wertheim gift. Professor and Mrs. Stanley Wertheim have continued to strengthen our literary holdings with their thoughtful and generous annual gifts. At the end of last year they presented: first editions of two suspense novels by Cornell Woolrich, *Fright*, 1950, published under the pseudonym George Hopley, and *Waltz into Darkness*, 1947, published under the pseudonym William Irish; two first editions lacking in the Stephen Crane collection, *The Sullivan County Sketches*, 1949, and John Berryman's landmark biography of Crane, published in 1950; and an important autograph letter written by Delmore Schwartz to the editor of *The New Republic*, William Cole, April 22, 1955, in which he discusses the possibility of getting Albert Camus to write a series of articles for the magazine, and his work as poetry editor.

Activities of the Friends

Winter Reception. The exhibition "Charles Saxon from Columbia to *The New Yorker,*" which opened with a Friends reception on Wednesday afternoon, March 7, featured nearly sixty drawings and watercolors received by bequest from Charles Saxon (A.B., 1940) and by gift from Mrs. Nancy Saxon. Nearly two hundred Friends and their guests, members of the Saxon family, and representatives from the editorial and art staffs of *The New Yorker* attended the opening reception. The works exhibited were selected from the more than nine hundred drawings in the bequest and the approximately two thousand additional drawings, sketches, scrapbooks, and sketchbooks received as a gift from Mrs. Saxon.

Bancroft Awards Dinner. Mr. Frank S. Streeter, Chairman of the Friends, presided at the annual Bancroft Awards Dinner in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library, Wednesday evening, April 4. President Michael I. Sovern announced the winners of the 1990 awards for distinguished books in American history and diplomacy: Neil R. McMillen, *Dark Journey: Black Mississippians in the Age of Jim Crow,* University of Illinois Press; and James H. Merrell, *The Indians' New World: Catawbas and Their Neighbors from European Contact Through the Era of Removal,* University of North Carolina Press. President Sovern presented to the author of each book a $4,000 award from funds provided by the Edgar A. and Frederic Bancroft Foundation; Mr. Streeter presented citations to the publishers.

Future Meetings. The fall exhibition reception will be held on Wednesday afternoon, December 5; the winter exhibition reception will be held on March 6, 1991; and the Bancroft Awards Dinner is scheduled for April 3, 1991.

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