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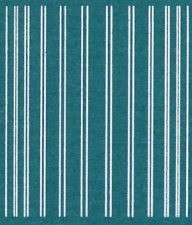

NOVEMBER 1993

Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XLIII NOVEMBER 1993 NUMBER 1

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Grace Metalious, 1960 (Photograph by Gerry Low)

Return to Grace Metalious

F. J. SYPHER

Grace Metalious's famous novel, *Peyton Place* (1956), enjoyed such immense popular success that its title has passed into the English language as a byword for a small town full of undercover scandal. Of the paperback edition alone, twelve million copies were printed, and the book was followed by a successful motion picture (1957) starring Lana Turner and Diane Varsi as Constance and Allison MacKenzie, and Hope Lange as Selena Cross. Eventually the story became a television serial (1964–1969), with Mia Farrow as Allison MacKenzie. The sequel to the book, *Return to Peyton Place* (1959), sold four million copies in paperback and was also made into a film (1961). Many critics have dismissed Metalious's books as merely sensational; I suggest, however, that her work deserves to receive more sympathetic critical attention.

The main reason Grace Metalious's work has been misunderstood is that the book that brought her fame, *Peyton Place*, was deliberately, aggressively, and successfully marketed as a sensational novel with daring sex scenes and scandalous revelations. The blurb on the cover of the Dell paperback advertises it as: "The explosive best seller that lifts the lid off a respectable New England town." The artwork shows a small, typically suburban train station glowing peacefully in the dark—an icon of the warmth and coziness of a country town to which one might commute home in the evening.

It has been said that the most insidious misrepresentations twist, rather than deny, the truth. The fame of *Peyton Place* is an apposite example. There are indeed sex scenes that were daring at the time. *Peyton Place* was banned in a number of American towns, and Canada prohibited importation of copies. The book also includes ugly situations—such as Selena Cross's rape by Lucas Cross, her drunkard stepfather; her illegal abortion performed, out of sympathy for the victim, by the wise country physician, Dr. Swain, and recorded as an appendectomy; and Selena's murder of

Lucas when he tries to rape her again. Sex, violence, and scandal—these were enough for readers who eagerly thumbed pages to get at the "good parts."

But there are wider and deeper dimensions to the novel. The central character is Allison MacKenzie, a partly autobiographical figure who refines her powers of observation and expression as she develops into a successful novelist. Her growth and artistic development constitute the core of the novel, which could well be termed a *Bildungsroman*. In fact, Metalious's original title for the book, *The Tree and the Blossom* (rejected as not likely to help sell the book), reflects her emphasis on family life and development through successive generations. The original title also underscores the importance of the vivid descriptions of the passing seasons, and it echoes anonymous lines of verse quoted by Dr. Swain—later recalled by Allison. The book opens with the memorable sentence: "Indian summer is like a woman." At the start of the story, Allison is twelve years old. She stands at Road's End, high on a hill—her personal Parnassus—and looks down at the town below. Eight years later, in 1944, she is there again at the same season, and looking at the town, she remembers the verses: "I saw the starry tree Eternity, put forth the blossom Time." (The lines are distinctly reminiscent of "Hertha," by Allison's favorite poet, Swinburne.) She sees the distant town as a "toy village":

> Oh, I love you, she cried silently. I love every part of you. Your beauty and your cruelty, your kindness and ugliness. But now I know you, and you no longer frighten me. Perhaps you will again, tomorrow or the next day, but right now I love you and I am not afraid of you. Today you are just a place.

Through growing up and discovering herself, and through mastering her objective vision and her artistry as a novelist, Allison has risen above the town and come to terms with it as a microcosm of universal life.

Apart from the story of Allison's artistic and emotional growth, there is a strong current of social criticism that goes far beyond attitudes concerning sexual matters. The town of Peyton Place is

not—as it is so often imagined to be and as the cover of the paperback edition suggests—a suburban bedroom community of the 1950s; rather, it is a rough, northern New England mill town in the late 1930s and early 1940s, run largely by and for the mill owners, while workers and drifters like Lucas Cross live in lean-tos or tarpaper shacks. The sex, violence, scandal, and hypocrisy represent sharply observed realities that Allison must accept and assimilate as part of her life and world, both as a person and as an artist.

One of the most delicious ironies in *Peyton Place* is the story of how the town got its name from Samuel Peyton, who had a castle brought from England stone by stone and built it on the hill near Road's End. As the townspeople reluctantly remember, he was a wealthy African American who had been a slave but escaped to France where he married a Frenchwoman and used gold he had stolen from his master to make a fortune in shipping. He came back to the United States during the Civil War and, after being snubbed by liberal, abolitionist Boston, eventually settled in the wilderness of the upper Connecticut River valley. There he built his imported castle and enlarged his fortune by running guns from Portsmouth to the South. After his death, the railroad came up the river and a town developed around it at this location—named after the now vacant and crumbling structure known as Peyton's place. Allison titles her first novel *Samuel's Castle.*

Peyton Place contains direct allusions to Poe, Swinburne, and other writers. Tomas Makris—principal of the local school and lover of Allison's mother, Constance MacKenzie—compares Allison to Gautier's Mlle de Maupin. As a girl, Allison reads Maupassant with reactions that range from incomprehension to tears: "She had no sympathy for 'Miss Harriet,' but her heart broke for the two old people who worked so long and so hard to buy another 'Diamond Necklace.'" Then she turns—as the narrator wryly observes—"without a quiver" to James Hilton's *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* (1934). She "wept in the darkness of her room for an hour while the last line of the story lingered in her mind: 'I said goodbye to Chips the night before he died.'" She admires Hervey

Allen's best-seller, *Anthony Adverse* (1933), and wants to write an equally famous book and become "a celebrity." The narrator's sympathy for her heroine is laced with humorous assessment of

Diane Varsi, Lana Turner, and Hope Lange (left to right) in a scene from the 1957 20th Century Fox motion picture *Peyton Place*

her critical naïveté. But, although Allison's reading is eclectic, her reflective, analytical mind leads her to apply her knowledge and experience to enduring dilemmas of philosophy and religion. These ingredients are hardly what one would expect to find in a merely sensational novel.

One could go on to comment on the author's masterful handling of dialogue, description, and the whole machinery of the novel with its interlocking narrative lines, connecting different families. But comments such as these offer no substitute for the experience of reading the book. Like many works, it is often con-

demned without a trial. To read *Peyton Place* today is to be delightfully surprised and impressed.

The sequel, *Return to Peyton Place*, was written at the request of the Hollywood filmmaker Jerry Wald, who wanted material for a second movie, which turned out to be inferior to the first. Metalious regarded the book as little more than a potboiler, and most readers would probably agree, although it gave her a welcome opportunity to satirize the way Hollywood watered down and distorted her first book. For instance, Allison's philosophical musings were made inconspicuous, and her development as a successful writer was relegated to the background. Selena's abortion became a miscarriage. The book presents a world that, in general, seems at least as tolerant of vice as of virtue. The film, by contrast, offers Hollywood's staple depiction of stereotypes and of virtue rewarded, and it generally washes out much of the cynicism and corruption at high levels and ugliness at lower levels. Furthermore, the movie was filmed during the summer of 1957 in Camden, Maine—a picture-postcard pretty coastal town. One gets no sense of the harshness of the novel's cold, dark, Depression-era New Hampshire mill town, surrounded by steep, rocky hills, with a sullen river and a dirty railroad snaking through the valley.

Metalious's third novel, *The Tight White Collar* (1960), was based on a manuscript that had been written before *Peyton Place*, and it features characters—a wise country doctor, for example—who resemble those in *Peyton Place*. *The Tight White Collar* elicited mixed reviews and moral objections. Although it had sales of more than two million copies in paperback, this figure was a falling off from the sales of *Peyton Place* and *Return to Peyton Place*.

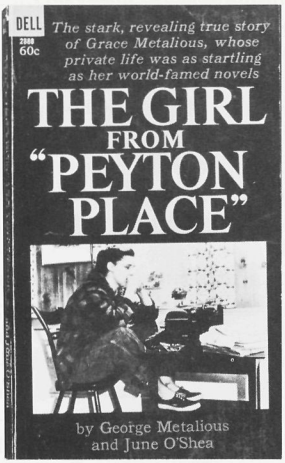
Her fourth book, *No Adam in Eden* (1963)—a saga of several generations of a fictional family of Catholic French-Canadian origin—was composed with a substantial amount of autobiographical material that the author had long been thinking of turning into a novel. In fact, a great deal of the subject matter of her work is based on her experiences growing up in Manchester, New

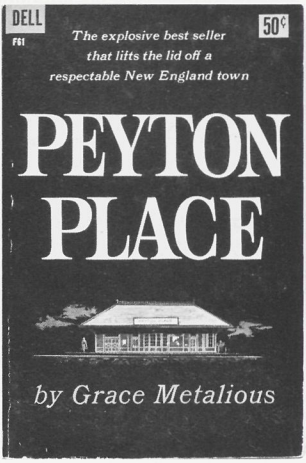
Hampshire, as Marie Grace DeRepentigny (born September 8, 1924) in a family similar to the one she depicts in this book. *No Adam in Eden* was completed in 1963, but the publisher of her three previous novels, Julian Messner, rejected it, and it was brought out by the Trident Press. Many reviewers were hostile, focusing on its offensive sexuality and sordid atmosphere. But one concludes that such reactions to her publications had by now become reflex actions in the literary community. Furthermore, she portrayed the members of a religious and ethnic minority too sharply to please most critics in the early 1960s. Serious discussion of the problems of diversity was virtually taboo at the time. In my opinion, *Peyton Place* is written with greater energy and has more immediate appeal, but *No Adam in Eden* seems the author's most mature work. Sales amounted to a million copies—a substantial number, but representing a still further decline from figures for her previous books.

No Adam in Eden was destined to be Grace Metalious's last book. She died on February 25, 1964, at the age of thirty-nine. The cause of death was internal hemorrhaging and cirrhosis of the liver, from years of excessive consumption of alcohol. Soon after her death, Dell published *The Girl from "Peyton Place": A Biography of Grace Metalious*, by her husband George Metalious and June O'Shea (1965). This book—a memoir, really, rather than a biography—stresses what the cover calls her "startling" "private life," still playing on the sensational reputation that had begun with *Peyton Place*. Far more informative is the indispensable scholarly account by Emily Toth, *Inside Peyton Place: The Life of Grace Metalious* (1981), with an excellent bibliography. Her family background, her shipwrecked marriages and love affairs, her dealings with publishers and filmmakers, and her chaotic finances—the whole story is told frankly and sympathetically, with respect for her accomplishments as a serious literary artist.

To place Metalious properly in American literary tradition is to see her affinities with writers such as: Theodore Dreiser, in *Sister Carrie* (1900); Sherwood Anderson, in *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919);

Sinclair Lewis, in *Main Street* (1920); and John Dos Passos, in *U.S.A.* (1930–1936). To be sure, her style is not as polished as Anderson's, nor her plan as original and ambitious as that of Dos Passos. But the current of social criticism and acute observation is





Left: The publicity photograph of Metalious (by Larry Smith) that appeared on her 1965 biography was dubbed "Pandora in Blue Jeans." Right: Cover of the first edition of the paperback issued September 1957

shared by them. Jack Kerouac has been cited as a contemporary who also worked from a family background of Canadian origin. Another parallel author is J. D. Salinger; *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951), like *Peyton Place*, generated controversy and provoked objections on moral grounds, not only because of the author's discussion of sexuality, but also because of his challenge to social conventions. Considering other authors of the period, one is struck by the way Metalious, with her toughness, cynicism, and tendency to address social issues, has more in common with her predecessors than with, for example, John Updike.

The Columbia Rare Book and Manuscript Library is fortunate to possess, in the Paul Reynolds Collection, a substantial collection of manuscript material relating to Grace Metalious and her work. Paul Revere Reynolds (1864–1944), one of the first American literary agents, founded his firm in 1893, and after his death the agency was carried on by his son. The papers at Columbia relate to so many prominent authors that the index reads almost like a Who's Who of twentieth-century British and American literature. Among the clients of the Paul Reynolds agency was Grace Metalious, from 1961 until her death in 1964. Papers from 1964 to 1967 record dealings with her estate, such as the purchase of rights by Simon and Schuster in 1967. Among the documents are hundreds of letters and copies of letters from, to, and about Metalious and her work. Most of these relate to business and legal matters; but the papers often afford vivid glimpses into her personal life, particularly concerning her deteriorating financial position. Her works had been hugely profitable, but a major portion of the proceeds went to others. She had, for example, sold all the movie and television rights to *Peyton Place* for a mere $250,000 (the movie earned $11 million, while the television series later earned more than $60 million). And she made bad investments and had overwhelming debts. It is worth noting that, desperate as she was at this time, Metalious writes her letters in a sharp, distinctive style that comes to the point with effortless directness and wit.

The Reynolds collection also includes creative material, such as some typescript pages for *No Adam in Eden*, and an outline, dated January 25, 1962, for a projected third volume of *Peyton Place*. She had earlier written the first two chapters, but the rest of the book—intended to generate cash—apparently was never written. The projected continuation is based more on the movies than on the books, so as to provide material for a third film. Among the highlights are Selena Cross's marriage to her defense attorney in her trial for the murder of her stepfather, and the birth of their son. Allison falls in love with a "heel," whom she finally dumps,

and then she goes to Europe to regain her bearings. David Noyes, her faithful friend in New York, waits for her; eventually she returns to Peyton Place, and she and David get married.

One can return to the work of Grace Metalious to reexamine and reevaluate it on its own terms and see that, apart from the sensational reputation that its promoters and its detractors created, she made an enduring contribution to twentieth-century American literature.

Life in the Field
Morton H. Fried in China

FRANCES LAFLEUR

Morton Fried had a lifelong association with Columbia University, so it is most fitting that the fruits of his research should find a permanent home in the C. V. Starr East Asian Library. Even before he completed his doctoral dissertation in 1951, he had begun lecturing in Columbia's Department of Anthropology, and he remained affiliated with the university until his death in 1986. From 1966 to 1969 he served as department chair, and despite ill health he worked indefatigably until his last day; he was correcting student papers at the time of his death.

A native New Yorker, Fried grew up in a middle-class home near Poe Park in the Bronx. His lively intellect manifested itself early; in elementary school his hand was up constantly, and he became known as an "upsetting student" to those teachers who were not prepared to deal with his probing questions. His father, a second-generation and largely self-educated customs inspector of Hungarian and German extraction, who read widely and loved music, was a role model for his son.

After graduating from the Townsend Harris High School for gifted children, Fried entered college at the age of fifteen. Initially, he was attracted by English literature, but when a friend introduced him to anthropology, he was quickly seduced by the rigors of the discipline and the tantalizing prospect of life in the field.

He had completed only one semester of graduate work at Columbia when he was drafted in 1943. Because of his formidable talents, he was selected to enter the Army's Chinese program at Harvard, which was run by the eminent linguist Chao Yuan-jen. He rapidly developed a fascination with Chinese language and culture, and no doubt his incentive was increased by the Army's policy of sending the bottom fourth of its classes directly to active duty in Europe and posting the casualty lists on the Harvard bulletin board.

Morton Fried dressed in typical peasant garb in Ch'u Hsien, 1948

After serving in the 101st Combat Engineers, Yankee Division, Fried was discharged in 1946 and resumed his studies at Columbia. He obtained a Social Science Research Council grant to conduct dissertation research in Ch'u Hsien, Anhui Province, not far from the city of Nanking. On September 12, 1947, he wrote to his mother that Ch'u Hsien had "an atmosphere that was to Shanghai as Shanghai is to New York's Chinatown—in short, [it was] the real China." A walled market town that included the farming villages outside its walls, Ch'u Hsien had a population of about forty thousand. He was invited to stay in the home of Ch'u Hsien's wealthiest merchant, the local representative of the

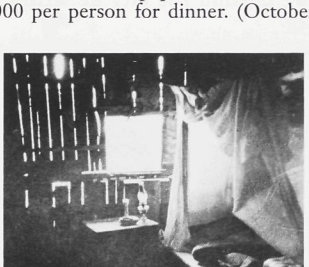
Standard Oil Company. Since the town had no electricity and no automobiles, and therefore no market for gasoline, Mr. Bien's business consisted of marketing kerosene for household lamps.

The most evocative materials in the collection are found in the letters that Fried wrote home to his mother recounting his life in the merchant's household, which consisted of "Mr. Bien, his wife, five children, two nephews, twelve clerks, two accountants, a cook, baker, three bakers' assistants, three nurses, two boy servants, a half dozen coolies, and one American." One can easily see how, as the months passed, the young anthropologist became more and more intimately involved in the daily life of the people around him. There are twenty-five such letters, most typed, single-spaced, and running for several pages, sometimes enlivened by amusing sketches of the personalities and the environs. The letters are carefully preserved in clear plastic in a loose-leaf binder, and are for the most part quite legible and in fairly good condition, although the edges are somewhat brittle. Unfortunately, a few were scribbled on Chinese rice paper under less-than-ideal circumstances, such as the one he sent on October 2, 1947, in which he writes: "This is written by candlelight in a small room while two old Chinese men play Chinese chess across the table, pausing every so often to comment on how quickly I write and marvel that they cannot understand a word."

There was a darker side to life in central China in the late 1940s, as everyone awaited the confrontation between the Nationalists and the Communists that would determine the fate of the country and the way of life that Fried was documenting. Occasionally, tidbits in the letters reflect the stresses of wartime, especially the tremendous problem of inflation in Shanghai, where he would visit his wife on weekends during the first months:

> Money is all paper money. The denominations are $500, $1000, $2000, $5000, and $10,000. There are also $100 bills but they are hangovers from years past and if you get one you throw it away. There are two rates of exchange, the official government rate which today is 55,000 to one U.S. and the Black market, which is about 85,000 to one

> U.S. Prices are adjusted in general to 91,000 to one U.S. . . . Salaries are paid at the official rate. It's confusing at first and you have the feeling it's all play money. But soon the horrible truth is clear. You can't win and you have to husband your resources. Now to make it all clear, here are some prices . . . Camel cigarettes, 18,000 a pack . . . Trolley fare 3,000 to 5,000, Newspaper 5,000, Restaurant (first class) 150,000 per person for dinner. (October 25, 1947)



Fried's snapshot of his cramped living quarters in Ch'u Hsien

Even Ch'u Hsien, remote though it seemed from the turmoil of the modern world, was not immune. On January 9, 1948, Fried tells his mother:

> There are many soldiers quartered here now. My own room was fitted with a spring lock when I left and the lock combined with an official looking placard I set up (which not more than three people in the whole town could read) was enough to keep my little sanctuary out of the hands of the military. Even now as I write some soldier who sleeps with uncounted companions in the next room is scraping some mournful but thoroughly pleasing little tune from his little Chinese instrument.

However, most of Fried's sober reflections on the gathering storm are found in his diary entries rather than in his letters home. In October 1948, Fried and New York *Times* correspon-

dent Henry Lieberman traveled north to Hsiang-chou in eastern Honan to the headquarters of the 5th Chinese Army. At that time, he believed that Nanking would probably fall by the end of January, 1949. His slow local train took him through the city of Hsu-chou, which he describes as "a very much overgrown Ch'u Hsien." Passing beyond the city he writes in his diary on October 16, 1948:

> From Suchou [Hsu-chou] west one passes a small range of hills and then comes into a limitless plain. There are far fewer streams to be seen and ground water is negligible. There also seem to be far more trees in evidence than in the Ch'u area. From Suchou westward the land near the railroad is broken continuously with fortifications, lateral trenches, earthworks, pillboxes, castleated breastworks, moats and barbed wire. These works give the land a barren touch, one can easily imagine any light-hearted goddess of fertility giving such a place a wide berth. Evidences of combat are not few: at every station the station house is a gutted shambles, along the right of way are twisted rails, broken bridges, wreckage of cars and engines. One travels with a feeling of apprehension. We did not disbelieve the news that yesterday's train was held up by four armed bandits.

The trip, covering only about 100 miles, took Fried and Lieberman twenty-four hours. The pillaging they witnessed by troops in the countryside and the meetings with various commanders convinced Fried of the Nationalists' ineptitude and corruption, and shortly thereafter he writes to his mother that he and his wife intend to leave China within two months.

In addition to the handwritten diary of the trip to Honan and the letters home, other materials of this first sojourn in the Far East include four pocket notebooks, about thirty photographs of natives of Ch'u Hsien engaged in daily tasks, some typewritten pages describing the economy and social structure of Ch'u Hsien, several transcriptions of interviews with ethnic minority subjects, and carbon copies of letters he wrote regarding the progress of his work to his professors at Columbia or to sponsors from the Social Science Research Council. In one such letter (written to Professor

Steward on December 2, 1947), reacting to the recent passage of the Fulbright bill, he optimistically advocates that the best future approach to studying a Chinese community would be a team of two anthropologists to diagnose the community, a historian to

View of the houses and countryside outside the west gate of Ch'u Hsien, photographed by Fried

translate and precis the local historical documents, a psychologist to administer personality tests, and an agronomist to fill in details of soil conditions, crops, and the agricultural future of the area.

The fall of China to the Communists in 1949, however, forced Fried to give up his ambitious plans for multidisciplinary community studies on the mainland. For a time he turned his attentions toward other parts of the world; he did three months of field work in British Guiana in 1954, although even there his focus remained on the Chinese community and its adaptations to the complex fabric of the Caribbean environment under the impact of British colonialism.

The greater part of his scholarly effort, however, was spent on Taiwan, the only sizable Chinese cultural area accessible to Americans in the cold war years, during which he conducted his most important research. Fried had first visited Taiwan in 1948

Fried's photograph of a local village band promoted by the Communists in the village of Kaihsienkung

before the Nationalist government had fled there from the mainland, and he made nine subsequent visits in the twenty years following the Nationalists' removal to the island and consolidation of political activities. His important two-volume work, *Distribution of Family Names in Taiwan*, was followed by meticulous research on the function of clan associations. His papers in the C. V. Starr East Asian Library not only provide additional background on the distribution of surnames, but also include unpublished materials on prominent clans. These materials reveal the importance of blood ties in Taiwanese society and allow us a

glimpse into the nature of its politics during an era when the native majority was struggling for release from the Nationalists' stranglehold.

Fried's collected papers also include unpublished articles on various aspects of Chinese culture, as well as lecture notes, tapes of lectures, and correspondence with anthropologists and other scholars. Through these materials, we can piece together a chronicle of American China studies during the cold war years and see revealed the flesh-and-blood motivations behind many of the more significant projects in Chinese anthropology.

This article is based on a longer account of the Fried Papers that first appeared in the *Committee on East Asian Libraries Bulletin*, No. 92, February 1991. Published with permission.

No Loaf of Bread for Corvo
The Stormy Letters of Frederick Rolfe to John Lane

PATRICK T. LAWLOR

On the morning of February 27, 1899, a shabby author, failed priest, and paranoid genius called upon his publisher in Vigo Street, London. Frederick Rolfe, better known as Baron Corvo, had come to London from a one-month stay in the Holywell workhouse in North Wales to seek his fame and fortune. Although equipped with immense talent and drive, Rolfe was destined to live an unhappy, frustrated life. His personal relationships inevitably floundered on the rocky shore of his disturbed psyche. The Rare Book and Manuscript Library now houses the fascinating series of letters written by Rolfe to his publisher, John Lane, between 1894 and 1903, the period when Rolfe was desperately endeavoring to make his mark on the literary world.

A publisher of talent and insight, founder of the Bodley Head imprint, John Lane accepted a number of stories by Rolfe for his influential, trendsetting literary quarterly *The Yellow Book*, edited by Henry Harland and Aubrey Beardsley, issued quarterly between April 1894 and April 1897. A shrewd and successful businessman, Lane was perfectly capable of taking advantage of an author's financial need. Rolfe knew this but was often in no position to object, for it was his publisher, Rolfe believed, who held the key to success.

Rolfe attracted the attention and appreciation of Lane and Harland with his outrageous yet charming retellings of the legends of Catholic saints, "Stories Toto Told Me." Begun in 1890 in Italy—where Rolfe had gone to study for the priesthood—and continued thereafter in England, the wit, humor, and idiosyncratic artifice of the stories appealed to Lane's decadent sensibilities. The first of six Toto stories appeared in the October 1895 issue of *The Yellow Book*. Unfortunately, Lane was not quick to pay for material

received. From the start, requests for payment appear in Rolfe's letters. For instance, in June 1896 he writes to Lane presenting his compliments and asking for payment for two stories—"A Caprice of the Cherubim" and "About Beata Beatrice and the Mamma of San Pietro"—which had appeared in the April issue of *The Yellow Book*. Upon receiving payment, Rolfe questions the sum: "Never made out why you sent me [£]7 for the last two stories, when Mr. Harland recommended me for [£]10." Knowing that Lane values the Toto stories, Rolfe tries to entice him: "There are 43 more ('49 altogether') and . . . the 43 repose in [my] private notebooks in an oak chest and a leather dressing bag." However, Rolfe tells Lane that to get hold of the stories it will be necessary to free them from creditors who hold them for payment of £90. Needless to say, Lane does not send Rolfe the money, and on August 29, Rolfe sarcastically writes: "Thank you for hoping for the dissipation of my other troubles. They are enlarged. And I am living on nuts and blackberries out of the woods!"

Desperate, in September 1897, Rolfe turns to his friend Edward Slaughter and asks him to intercede with Lane by offering Lane the rights to a large portion of Rolfe's writing in exchange for £100. When Slaughter, a former private pupil of Rolfe's, proves unable to help, Rolfe characteristically reacts: "As I predicted, Eddie Slaughter has thrown me over." He asks Lane to respond to his offer, adding: "Kindly keep my address and your knowledge of my miserable existence entirely to yourself." Lane tells him he has heard nothing from Slaughter, whereupon an incensed Rolfe sends Lane a fair copy of the letter to Slaughter. He pleads with Lane to have pity on him: "Make some effort to get to know me. . . . All I want is to be picked out of this hole [Holywell] where I lie buried, and be given a chance to use myself."

In February 1898, Lane offers Rolfe a small sum for the rights to publish the six Toto stories from *The Yellow Book* as a Bodley book. Gratefully, Rolfe accepts, adding: "'No reasonable offer refused'; as the [money] may enable me to get possession of the 43 more Toto Stories." In order to dramatize his financial plight,

he tells Lane that he was forced to beg for the fourpence it took to post the letter. As the publication date for the book approaches, Rolfe's plight worsens; when he becomes the object of the unwanted attention of a local bailiff, Rolfe is forced to make a quick exit from his quarters in Bank Place. Amid disaster, Rolfe is capable of levity. He writes of a new Toto story he is considering writing; however, before committing himself to the task, he warns Lane that it is "improper": "Briefly it is the history of a young man who thoroughly enjoyed himself for two years, and then became a eunuch for the kingdom of heavens sake." August finds Rolfe still pleading with Lane for money, and if not money then at least "some paper to write on."

Stories Toto Told Me was published in September 1898. Although glad to see the book issued, Rolfe loses no time in expressing his displeasure with the printer, who "retained many blunders which [Rolfe] had corrected." Soon after receiving the writing paper requested from Lane, Rolfe sends him a manuscript of seventeen new "Stories Toto Told Me." These new stories were later to be published as *In His Own Image*. The poor quality of the paper sent by Lane upsets Rolfe. He sarcastically apologizes to Lane for the trouble he will have reading the stories, explaining: "[I] could not make a finer copy owing to the porosity of the paper which you sent me." Often portrayed as a man of little character, Rolfe had a punctilious side to his nature. Although in desperate need of the money, he asks Lane to assign the sum of £8/19 to Edward Slaughter "for value received." Rolfe was not a cheat or a swindler; if he had a debt to pay or a deadline to meet, he would endeavor to fulfill his obligations, even if it meant starving himself.

Realizing that publication is not going to be the answer to his financial plight, the impecunious author attempts to get Lane to use his influence to secure him a position as a traveling correspondent for Joseph Pulitzer in Persia or in the Greek colonies of Italy, assuring Lane that the pieces would be highly readable: "You know that I have descriptive power; and that what I touch I

adorn, seeing the commonest things from a dramatic, an artistic, and a richly interesting point of view." Lane, however, does not see himself as Rolfe's promoter. Sensing this, the tone of Rolfe's letters becomes more businesslike and less trusting. Underpaid

Frederic Rolfe, Baron Corvo, 1898

for the manuscript of *In His Own Image* and frustrated by the delays in publication that plague their relationship, Rolfe is further upset when he is not allowed to keep his title, "A Sensational Atomist"; he protests, but reflects that Lane has guaranteed to make him "not only an artistic success, but a commercial success as well." By the end of 1899, however, Rolfe's belief in this promise is wearing thin, and yet he continues to chant it as a type of psychologically necessary mantra.

In 1899, Lane commissions Rolfe to undertake an English translation of J. B. Nicolas's French *Rubáiyát d'Umar Khaiyám*, and Rolfe sets to the task with zeal, delivering the manuscript to Lane in May of 1900. But as the months pass, Rolfe becomes concerned over the publication of his *Rubáiyát*. By the end of 1901, he loses his patience and his natural sarcasm comes to the fore. He accuses Lane of leaving his letters unanswered for "more than five months" and of failing to allow him to assist in the sale and promotion of *In His Own Image*: "Having noted for future use what amounts to a rejection of my offer to serve you, I am content to leave the matter there." Needless to say, the matter is far from over. Eventually, Lane's prevarication and delay, combined with Rolfe's prickly nature, end their relationship.

The temperamental author is unable to accept the vicissitudes and vagaries of the publishing world, giving rise to feelings of frustration and anger. Consequently, Rolfe rebukes friends and associates for acts that he takes to be betrayals of trust. A master of sarcasm, Rolfe is driven to distraction by Lane's handling of the *Rubáiyát* publication. When Lane ventures to raise the subject with Rolfe in March 1902, Rolfe responds: "So many years have elapsed since the initiation [of this project], that I have lost all interest in it. . . . I, of course, instantly shall cancel all my present obligations and engagements, that I may devote my undivided attention to the gratuitous task which you have sent me." Unwisely, Lane says that he has found numerous mistakes throughout the translation, prompting Rolfe to defend himself: "Permit me to say that your statement that the proofs of the *Rubáiyát* are full of mistakes from beginning to end, is a grotesque and inaccurate exaggeration." Again, Rolfe informs Lane that he has lost enthusiasm for the *Rubáiyát* project.

Lane's seeming failure to turn him into a commercial and literary success is taken by Rolfe to be a contractual failure. He informs Lane that it will be necessary for him (Rolfe) to look for someone else to help him achieve his goals. Lane, of course, does not care if Rolfe persists in finding him responsible for the latter's

failure to achieve fame. Lane does, however, desire a less hostile relationship with the explosive author, and, for his part, Rolfe proves unwilling to cut all ties with Lane: "As long as a good understanding exists between us, and you treat me with frankness and consideration, you will find me perfectly willing to oblige you to the utmost of my power."

At times Rolfe seems ambivalent about success: "I myself hear so much about it that I should think the life of a successful author must be intolerable when an unsuccessful one is as bored as I." However, such ideas are quickly dismissed. Throughout April 1902, Rolfe works steadily on the revision of the *Rubáiyát* proof while continuing to complain about the delay Lane has caused: "It has been a difficult and intricate piece of work to pick up the threads which were dropped in April 1901." However, he feels optimistic about the project and promises to return the proofs to Lane "within a week" after receiving "a duplicate on which . . . to record, for [his] own satisfaction," the corrections he has made on the original proofs. Lane insists that Rolfe return the corrected proofs of the *Rubáiyát* immediately, and Rolfe agrees reluctantly, asking Lane to send him the many detachable slips upon which he has written his corrections. Such a trusting act does not come easily to Rolfe and is clearly a sign of his goodwill. Now in high spirits about the project, he compliments Nathan Haskell Dole, who worked with him on the *Rubáiyát*, as "a gentleman and a scholar." Rolfe is even willing to waive his rights to further revision of the proof, hoping that by so doing the *Rubáiyát* will appear in print and "will make a great success."

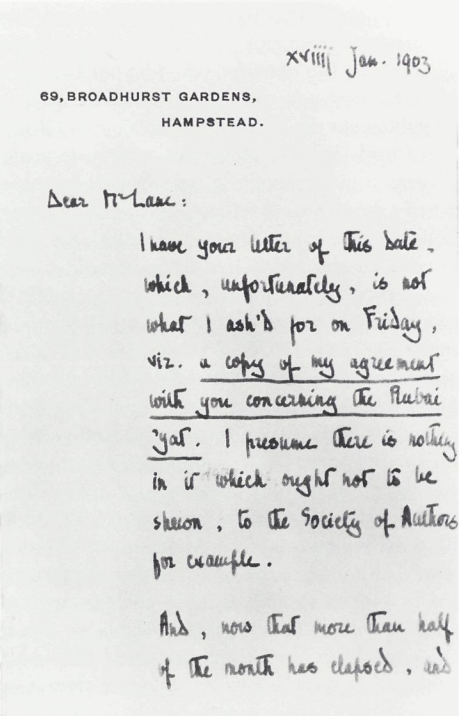
By October, Rolfe's patience is beginning to wear thin. In a terse note, he asks: "Will you kindly tell me when you are going to bring out that *Rubáiyát?*" By November, his patience has run out. When Lane informs him that he wants to put off the publication of the *Rubáiyát* until the spring of 1903, Rolfe responds with a letter replete with sarcasm and condemnation. Claiming that his literary reputation has suffered, as well as other projects, he warns Lane by rhetorically asking: "I can only repeat for the present that

I hope you are only joking." In fact, Rolfe repeats an ominous three times his hope that Lane is joking.

When no response is forthcoming, Rolfe writes to Lane on December 2, 1902, detailing the whole sorry three-year affair. He also explains that he has been attempting to reform; that he realizes he must change his ways and stop squabbling and fighting with colleagues and friends: "It is my pose, and has been since July, to make friends and not enemies." Even though a kinder, gentler Rolfe is in the making, he warns Lane that he "must look after [his] own interests." He closes by asking Lane to let him know what he is going to do regarding the publication of the *Rubáiyát* so that Rolfe can decide what course of action to pursue.

Lane promises to publish the *Rubáiyát* in January of 1903 and offers to put more work Rolfe's way. Rolfe, however, is not placated. He informs Lane that there have been numerous projects on which he could have worked to great mutual benefit, but because Lane chose to listen to the "libelous dicacity of a certain 'Jesuit Jackal'" he had been misled as to Rolfe's character. The "Jackal" refers to Father Charles Sidney de Beauclerk, promoter of the shrine of Saint Winefride, who met Rolfe at Holywell and commissioned him to paint a series of religious wall hangings and banners. Inevitably their relationship soured when Beauclerk hesitated to pay Rolfe for some of the banners. Rolfe's hatred of Beauclerk was such that he managed to have the priest removed from his position at Holywell in 1898 by writing a letter to Father Beauclerk's Father General in Rome.

Rolfe becomes convinced that Lane is incapable of dealing properly with authors. He feels that his publisher has not given him a chance to prove his character and talent. "Your experience," he writes, "as a man of the world should have taught you that encouragement, tangible encouragement, administered at the psychological moment, binds a writer to a publisher's interests more effectively than forty agreements." Another delay at the end of December causes Rolfe to confront the publisher over a number of misleading and seemingly contradictory statements made



XVIIII Jan. 1903

69, BROADHURST GARDENS,
HAMPSTEAD.

Dear Mr Lane:

I have your letter of this date, which, unfortunately, is not what I ask'd for on Friday, viz. a copy of my agreement with you concerning the Rubai 'yat. I presume there is nothing in it which ought not to be shewn, to the Society of Authors for example.

And, now that more than half of the month has elapsed, and

Rolfe's letter to John Lane, January 19, 1903, requesting a copy of the contract of the *Rubáiyát*

regarding the publication of the *Rubáiyát*: "I confess that I can't make anything out of the tangle," he writes.

The war of words between author and publisher escalates. Rolfe asks Lane to send him a copy of the contract for the *Rubáiyát* so that he can take advice as to his legal situation. Lane informs Rolfe that he has no copy of the contract, and Rolfe asks

whether Lane is aware that the Society of Authors "has a penchant for pursuing agreements," petulantly adding: "If you won't be friendly after all I've done for you, it's your fault: not mine." The publisher is now getting fed up with all the accusations; he tries to straighten out the situation by explaining to Rolfe that his actions have been entirely honorable and quite professional. Rolfe, however, is in no mood to entertain such appeals and cites well over half a dozen promises that Lane has failed to keep. As he writes, Rolfe becomes even angrier, ending his letter: "Therefore, on account of your evasions, delays, broken promises, and contradictory statements, . . . consider that this letter cancels the letter of concessions which you extorted by permission from my benevolence on the 28 of May 1902."

Lane is infuriated by this letter and quickly endeavors to correct some of Rolfe's misapprehensions, reminding Rolfe of the debt he owes his publisher and promoter. Rolfe explodes with self-righteous indignation: "You have done nothing [for me], except to take a rather dirty advantage of my misfortunes to under-pay me and to deceive me." Revoking his previous intention to allow the *Rubáiyát* to proceed without a final proofreading, Rolfe insists that he must satisfy himself that the final product is worthy of bearing his name. Failing such inspection, Rolfe declares that he forbids Lane to publish the book with his name on the title page. With bitter condescension, Rolfe adds: "Now I do hope that you will make a violent effort to try to understand this plain speaking." Lane responds that he intends to issue the translation without any name.

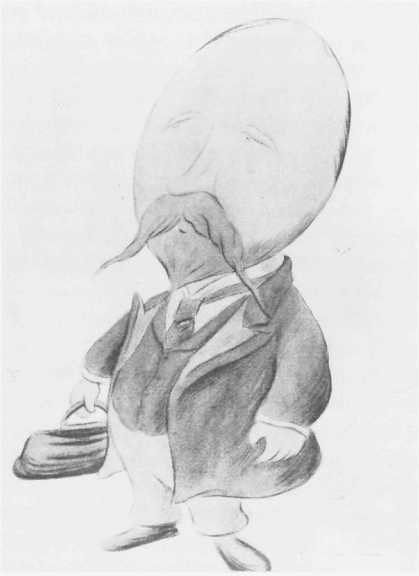
Realizing that his options are limited regarding the publication, Rolfe complains that he has yet to receive his author's copies. Unable to summon any generosity, Lane annotates Rolfe's letter of request: "Send one copy." In February 1903, Rolfe again tries to pressure Lane by informing him that "Mr. Thring" of the Authors Society advises him that if the affair is not soon cleared up a statement will be issued to the English and American papers and, perhaps, an action for damages will be brought against Lane. Too

much a hardened publisher to balk at such lame threats, Lane sends Rolfe an advance copy of the book along with a letter teasing Rolfe by expressing puzzlement over Rolfe's argumentative tone.

Always ready to fly into a rage when insulted, Rolfe deals with the various points Lane raises numerically, since "it seems quite useless to write to [Lane] rationally or urbanely." Although he finds in "at least eighteen cases" his proof-corrections have not been effected, and that Slaughter's name is missing from the title page and his suggestion as to the binding has not been accepted, Rolfe notes in point number seven: "I do not consider these points as being vitally important." Point number eight, however, grants Lane permission to issue the book with Rolfe's name on the title page, just so long as Lane keeps three promises made in letters to Rolfe on "Feb. 14th 1903, May 28th 1902, and Feb. 19 1900," respectively: "(a) to issue the book forthwith: (b) to make it do me much good: [(c)] to make me a commercial as well as an artistic success." Needless to say, Rolfe is simply teasing Lane in return at this point, having reconciled himself to the affair's conclusion. As a gesture of reconciliation, Lane asks Rolfe if there is anything he can do to help him. Rolfe responds by asking for an advance of £100 against a "series of 24 articles now appearing in one of the monthlies and subsequently to be issued in book form." Lane does not accept the offer.

By March 1903, Rolfe is in receipt of six *Rubáiyáts*. When Lane quickly responds to his request for more copies, Rolfe begins to treat him in a far less hostile manner, going so far as to enter into a discussion of sales and reviews of Corvo books in Australia, where Rolfe's brother works as a schoolmaster. By April, however, Rolfe is again upset with Lane. In a rather odd letter, Rolfe reminds Lane that he gave Lane permission to use his name on the *Rubáiyát* on three conditions. He demands of Lane: "Say now what you are doing, or are going to do, to redeem your promises." Rolfe is of the opinion that Lane is reluctant to work as hard as he should to ensure publicity and sales. Artistic success is not enough for Rolfe; unreasonably, he blames Lane for a good deal of his financial

plight and commercial failure. In an effort to spur Lane to heightened efforts of publicity-seeking on his behalf, he sends Lane a copy of a letter from the Italian embassy accepting a copy of the *Rubáiyát* on behalf of the King of Italy. But it is too late; Lane is



Caricature of John Lane by Max Beerbohm, circa 1901, which appeared in *Without Prejudice*

tired and frustrated by Rolfe's near-paranoid inferences and threatening demands. For his part, Rolfe sees Lane as a destructive prevaricator, responsible for the better part of his misery.

The final straw comes after Rolfe writes *Nicholas Crabbe*. Surprisingly, Rolfe first offers the manuscript to Lane. As Lane read the following fictionalized description of his first meeting with Rolfe, his blood must have boiled:

> On Monday morning, he presented himself to his publisher. Slim Schelm (a tubby little pot-bellied bantam, scrupulously attired and looking as though he had been suckled on bad beer,) was both interesting and afraid.

Lane promptly and angrily returns the manuscript to Rolfe along with a blistering letter of rejection. Unable to see how he might have offended Lane, Rolfe responds in kind: "I can only suppose that, when you indited the besottedly silly ill-spelt ungrammatical & purely spottily-punctuated letter just arrived [rejecting the manuscript], you must have been not yet sober or else suffering from the twinges of a blastemal conscience which naturally would afflict the liar of The Ms. in the Red Box & the swindler of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. . . . I shall examine [the manuscript] . . . with extremely careful endeavour to find out what can possibly have put you into such a maniacal & rhapsodical fury."

Their relationship was at an end. Rolfe died of heart failure in Venice in 1913 at the age of fifty-three. Lane died ten years later. In 1963, Allen Lane published Rolfe's letters to Lane as a Christmas gift book, edited and with an introduction by Cecil Woolf. The novel *Nicholas Crabbe; or the One and the Many* was not published until 1958.

Our Growing Collections

RUDOLPH ELLENBOGEN

Cohen (Gerald) gift. Three multilingual dictionaries have been presented to the libraries by Mr. Gerald Cohen (Ph.D., 1971). The works include two by Jean Heym: *Novyi Rossiisko-Frantuzsko-Nemetskii Slovar*, Moscow, 1799, and *Dictionnaire Portatif ou Dictionnaire François-Russe-Allemand*, Riga and Leipzig, 1805, four volumes; and one dictionary by Philipp Reif, *Novye Parellelnye Slovari*, St. Petersburg, 1898. This last work adds English to the Russian, French, and German vocabularies found in Heym's works. The 1799 Heym is particularly useful to scholars working on late-eighteenth-century dialect, accent, and translation and may be the only copy of this work in the United States.

Cohen (Herman and Aveve) Fund. Three books associated with Leonard Baskin were acquired for the collections on the Herman and Aveve Cohen Rare Book Fund this year including: Jose Yglesias's *One German Dead*, with a composite portrait of the author by Leonard Baskin, printed by the Eremite Press, 1988, one of 110 copies signed by the artist; and two books printed at the Gehenna Press: Stanley Kunitz's *The Coat Without a Seam: Sixty Poems, 1930–1972*, 1974, one of 150 copies, bound in half vellum and decorated-paper over boards; and James Baldwin's *Gypsy and Other Poems*, 1989, one of 275 copies with a signed and numbered etched portrait. Among the other books acquired on the Cohen Fund were Arthur Miller's previously unpublished *Homely Girl: A Life*, with ten original etchings by Louise Bourgeois, one of one hundred copies printed at the Stinehour Press, signed by the author and the illustrator; and *The Stanbrook Abbey Press: A Bibliography and Checklist*, compiled by David Butcher, one of thirty-five copies printed at the Whittington Press and bound in full Oasis, issued with ephemera and specimen pages printed at the Stanbrook Abbey Press.

Costikyan gift. For addition to his papers, Mr. Edward N. Costikyan (A.B., 1947; LL.B., 1949) has added thirty-five hun-

dred items, including correspondence, pamphlets, flyers, mimeograph manuscripts, and photographs that chronicle the political activities of the New Democratic Club of New York and campaigns from the 1950s through 1970s. The correspondence, concerning issues such as employment, includes letters from Governor Mario Cuomo, Senator John F. Kennedy, and National Committeeman Ed Weisl.

Creedy and McDonald gift. Ms. Ruth Creedy and Ms. Heather J. McDonald, proprietors of the Quirindi Handmade Paper Mill, the largest such mill in South Australia, have presented a copy of the sample book *Quirindi Plant Fibre Papers, 1991.* Bound in white linen and in a matching slipcase, the elegant volume contains twenty-one exquisite papers all made from the bark or leaves of native Australian trees.

Drucker gift. Professor Johanna Drucker has donated three artist's books she designed and produced: *Kidz*, 1979, silk screen on Rives paper, one of twenty-six numbered copies; *Jane Goes OUt W' The Scouts*, 1980, letterpress and linoleum blocks on Rives paper, one of forty-six copies; and *'S crap 'S ample*, 1980, letterpress on Rives paper, with a linoleum and potato print with watercolor cover illustration, one of eighty numbered copies.

Elkind gift. To our *Libris Polaris* Collection, Mr. Arnold Elkind has added *American Whalers in the Western Arctic: The Final Epoch of the Great American Sailing Whaling Fleet*, 1983, illustrated by William Gilkerson and text by John R. Bockstoce, one of 320 numbered copies printed, quarter-bound in leather, signed by the illustrator, and with an extra suite of plates. The twelve plates of watercolors and twenty-eight drawings that illustrate this handsome volume were researched and documented by Gilkerson to accompany Bockstoce's text. Noted scholar of the Arctic and explorer, Bockstoce is believed to be the first man to have traversed the Northwest Passage by open boat.

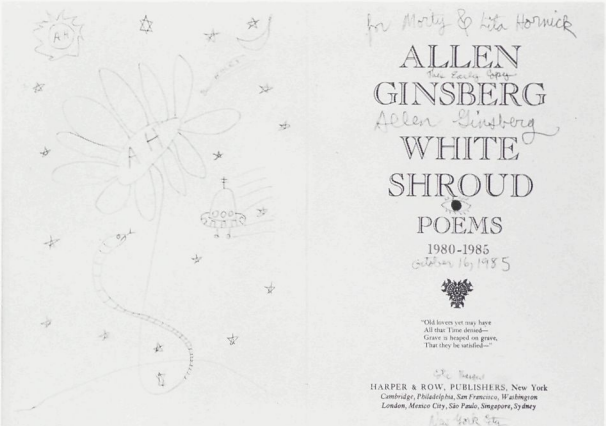
Engel Fund. Among the works of literature recently acquired for the Solton and Julia Engel Collection are: the first edition of Robert Browning's second book, *Paracelsus*, London, 1835, uncut and in the original boards; the first publication of Joseph Conrad's essay about the beginning of the First World War, *The First News*, London, 1918, one of twenty-five copies, in wrappers; and Violet Paget's rare three-decker roman à clef on Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites, *Miss Brown*, Edinburgh and London, 1884. Much to Henry James's consternation, the book was dedicated to him. James is known to have felt that the novel was overheated and erotic.

Friends Endowed Fund. More than two thousand items have been added to our extensive holdings of John Jay and Jay family papers through our Friends Endowed Fund. The papers include documents resulting from a petition of James Fenimore Cooper, including letters and documents signed by him; documents signed by Ulysses S. Grant; letters from Sarah Livingston Jay, Susan B. Anthony, Chester A. Arthur, and others; correspondence and business, legal, and personal papers of John Jay II; and William Jay II's diary while serving in the Army of the Potomac.

Fuld gift. Judge Stanley Howells Fuld (LL.B., 1926) has added to his papers approximately five hundred items of correspondence, manuscripts, and writings, including autobiographical materials, notes for the seminar he taught at New York University, and photographs of members of the Commission of New Technological Uses of Copyrighted Materials, 1975–1978, which he chaired.

Hornick gift. Over one hundred volumes of contemporary poetry have been donated by Mrs. Lita Hornick (A.B., 1948, B.; A.M., 1949; Ph.D., 1958). Among the numerous first and limited editions are volumes by John Ashbery, Julian Beck, Ted Berrigan, William Burroughs, Charles Henri Ford, Allen Ginsberg, Ted Greenwald, James Laughlin, Michael McLure, Rochelle Owens, Anne Waldman, and Bill Zavatsky; all are autographed or inscribed to Mrs. Hornick.

Lerman gift. Mr. Leo Lerman has presented to the Libraries eighty-two proof copies and editions of recent literature and nonfiction. Included in the gift are proof copies of John le Carré's *Night Manager*, Martha Grimes's *The Horse You Came in On*, Erica



Allen Ginsberg's drawing and inscription to Morton and Lita Hornick (Hornick gift)

Jong's *The Devil at Large*, Peter Taylor's *The Oracle at Stoneleigh Court*, and John Updike's *Collected Poems, 1953–1993.*

Lodge Fund. A first edition of Albrecht von Eyb's *Aeneae Senensis praecepta artis rhetoricae*, Basle, (not after 1488), is one of several books purchased on the Gonzalez Lodge Fund. The work is a guide to Latin style with numerous excerpts from the "best" authors. Eyb was an eminent early humanist and ecclesiastic and Pope Pius II's chamberlain. In fact, the work was originally attributed to the Pope and is included in his *Opera omina.* A second title acquired on this fund, *Lingurinus, seu Opus De Rebus gestis Imp. Caesaris Friderici, I. Aug. lib X. absolutum Richardi Bartholini*

Austriados lib. XII, Strassburg, 1531, contains two neo-Latin epics. The first work, attributed to Gunther of Paris, is a twelfth-century heroic poem, a contemporary record and important source for study of the life and times of Frederick Barbarossa; the second

Crispijn van Passe the Elder's engraving depicting Neptune assisting the Greek army, in *Speculum heroicum*, 1613 (Lodge Fund)

poem, by Riccardo Bartolini (d. 1538), court poet of Maximilian I, celebrates the life of Maximilian. This copy was bound for Peter Medmann (1507–1584), a correspondent of Erasmus and intimate friend of Philipp Melanchthon. Among the other works acquired on this fund is the first edition of the Latin and French retelling in verse synopses of Homer's *Iliad*—*Speculum heroicum . . . Les XXIIII livres d'Homère*, Utrecht, 1613, which contains twenty-four exquisite engravings by Crispijn van Passe the Elder, each accompanied by a moral application.

Long gift. Mrs. Mary P. Long has added to the Geoffrey Parsons Papers correspondence between Lawrence Gilman, music critic

for the New York *Herald-Tribune*, and Parsons (A.B., 1899; LL.B., 1903), chief editorial writer for the *Tribune*. The seventy-five letters, written between 1922 and 1939, discuss Gilman's music criticism for the editorial page and his comments on music, musicians, and musical events in New York. The gift also includes some personal correspondence; upon Gilman's death in 1939, Parsons became executor of the Gilman estate.

Matthews Fund. The archive of Louis Napoleon Parker (1852–1944), comprising an apparently complete collection of his plays in typescript, a volume of unpublished manuscript verse, his collection of printed editions of his plays (including many presentation copies to his daughters), and a chalk portrait by Cyril Roberts, 1929, has been acquired through the Brander Matthews Fund. The majority of Parker's plays are unpublished, and many of these are unique copies of his work since the original manuscripts are no longer extant. Many of the typescripts contain notes, photographs of the sets and actors, and correspondence about contemporary and later productions. Parker's best-known plays include *The Cardinal*, *Disraeli*, *Joseph and His Brethren*, *The Monkey's Paw*, and *Pomander Walk*. The collection will augment the substantial gift of diaries, manuscripts, typescripts, and correspondence presented by Kenneth A. Lohf in 1975.

Ross gift. Ms. Beverly Ross has donated Alfred Rambaud's *A Popular History of Russia: From the Earliest Times to 1880 [1882]*, Boston, 1880–1882. The three volumes are illustrated throughout with woodcuts, steel plates, and maps and plans.

Saxon gift. Twenty-four cartoon drawings by Charles Saxon (A.B., 1940) have been donated by Mrs. Nancy Saxon (A.B., 1944, B.) for addition to her late husband's extensive collection. The works, in charcoal, pastels, watercolor, and pencil, include both published and unpublished drawings created between 1966 and 1980; there are seven illustrations for *Gourmet Magazine*, cover drawings for the *New Yorker*; designs for a Christmas greeting card and for the book jacket of *The Pearly Gates Syndicate*, as well as eight drawings for "Days of Tender Passion" published in the *New Yorker*, February 22, 1988.

Charles Saxon; pastel drawing for the *New Yorker*, 1966 (Saxon gift)

Smith Fund. The Libraries' holdings of mathematics continue to be enriched by books acquired by means of the David Eugene Smith Fund, among which are: the first edition of Maurice Bressieu's *Metrice Astronomicae Libri Quatuor*, Paris, 1581, dealing with trigonometry and its uses in astronomy, sexagesimal calculations, and plane and spherical trigonometry; and the first edition of Philippe van Lansberg's *Bedenckinghen Op den Dabhelijckschen . . . vanden Aerdt-cloot*, Middelburg, 1629, which expounds the probability of the earth's motion according to the Copernican theory, of which there are no recorded copies in the United States. Also acquired was the manuscript from which the second edition, with additions, of John Rowe's *An Introduction to the Doctrine of Fluxions*, 1757, was printed. Rowe's manuscript is of special interest because it sheds light on publication of scientific works in the eighteenth century.

Sypher gift. Mr. Francis J. Sypher (A.B., 1963; A.M., 1964; Ph.D., 1968) has donated materials relating to his research on Grace Metalious, including first editions of her novels *Peyton Place*, *No Adam in Eden*, and *The Tight White Collar;* first paperback editions of *Peyton Place*, *Return to Peyton Place*, and *The Tight White Collar*; movie stills from the 20th Century Fox production of *Peyton Place*, starring Diane Varsi, Lana Turner, and Hope Lange; and a copy of *Glamour*, March 1960, which contains Metalious's only published short story, "Edna Brown and the Charming Prince." See Mr. Sypher's article on Metalious in this issue.

Weston gift. Professor Corinne Comstock Weston (A.M., 1944; Ph.D., 1951) has established a collection of her papers with her donation of approximately one thousand letters documenting her professional career as a historian. One half of the collection is correspondence with Robert Livingston Schuyler (A.B., 1903; A.M., 1904; Ph.D., 1909), professor of history at Columbia from 1911 to 1951, with whom she collaborated on two books, *British Constitutional History Since 1832*, 1957, and *Cardinal Documents in British History*, 1961.

Activities of the Friends

Fall Reception. The exhibition "'To Praise the Music': Poems and Writings of William Bronk" opened with a Friends reception on Thursday, October 14. Mr. Bronk, who has published more than twenty books of poetry and prose, received the National Book Award for *Life Supports: New and Collected Poems.* The Exhibition includes correspondence, manuscripts, notebooks, photographs, literary reviews, etchings, chapbooks, broadsides, greeting cards, and many limited editions. Prior to the reception, the novelist Richard Elman presented a tribute to the poet. The reception also served to welcome to Columbia the new Director of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Jean Ashton. Ms. Ashton, who has been director of the New-York Historical Society Library, is returning to Columbia twenty-three years after receiving her Ph.D. in American literature at the University. The Bronk exhibition will remain on view in the Kempner Exhibition Room of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library through January.

Future Events. A reception on Wednesday afternoon, March 2, 1994, will open the spring exhibition in the Kempner Exhibition Room, and the annual Bancroft Awards Dinner will be held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Wednesday evening, April 6, 1994.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

RUDOLPH ELLENBOGEN is Curator of Rare Books.

FRANCES LAFLEUR is the Chinese Studies Librarian at the C. V. Starr East Asian Library.

PATRICK T. LAWLOR has edited W. H. Auden's notebook *Poems 1927–1929* and is Curator of The Herbert H. Lehman Suite and Papers.

F. J. SYPHER's scholarly edition of Letitia Elizabeth Landon's three-decker novel *Ethel Churchill* was published October 1992.

* * *

ISSN 0010-1966

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FEBRUARY 1994

Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XLIII FEBRUARY 1994 NUMBER 2

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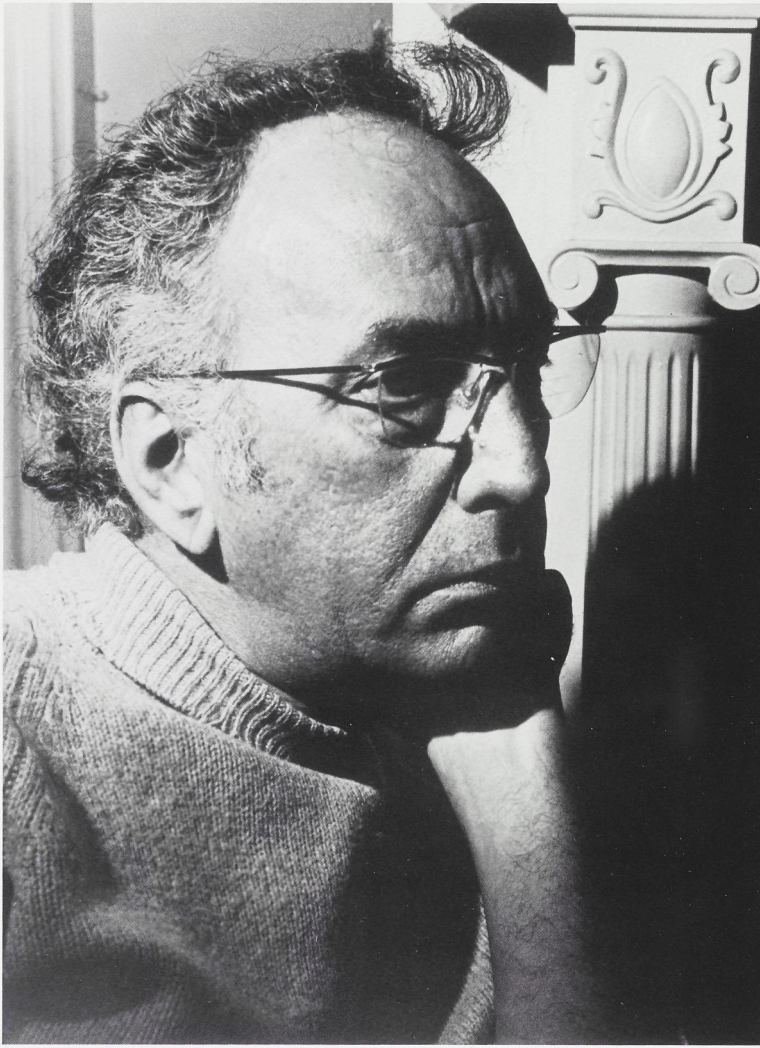


Homage to William Bronk

RICHARD ELMAN

When William Bronk's book of poems *The World, The Worldless*, published by June Oppen for New Directions in 1963, was sent to me by Wilfred Sheed, then literary editor of *Commonweal*, for an omnibus review of the fall books of poetry, I'd never heard of Bronk, but I was taken with the originality of tone and lack of artifice in his work, and I convinced Sheed to allow me to review the poems in a thousand-word essay.

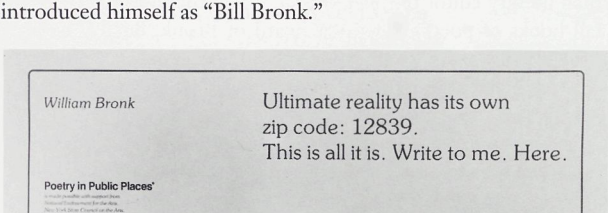
In discovering Bronk's poems more or less on my own, I found much to praise. I called his writing "the ornament to its own honesty." I pointed out that one of his themes was how "naming things" gives them "shapes which tyrannize and imprison our perceiving of them," and repeated the lines in "Ignorant Silence in the Center of Things": "If we could talk, could hear each other speak. . . ."

My piece was among the first serious considerations his poems had received; Bronk was so far removed from the literary world of reputations coined and slandered that he confessed to me he was surprised to have gotten any notice at all, and very grateful, as I later learned, when he wrote a handwritten note from Hudson Falls, New York, forwarded by *Commonweal:* he would be in New York in a couple of weeks, before setting out on a winter holiday to Egypt, and could I meet him in the Algonquin Hotel bar for a drink?

The figure who greeted me that day in the bar was certainly different from the independent-minded country man of homely diction I had imagined Bronk would be—the man who wrote of living "in a hogan under a hovering sky," or, with a characteristically thoughtful and laconic mood, of painting an old house yellow. This tall, somewhat somber but well-turned-out fellow, in his late forties, in a teal blue double-breasted business suit with a

Opposite: William Bronk, circa 1976

maroon foulard, was waiting for me in the small, dimly lit bar. He wore glasses and his eyes seemed full of light. Up close his face was large, with strong features and thin lips, a gauntness masked by florid cheeks and a generous jaw—a soft enough glance, though, with which he eyed me for some moments, and then introduced himself as "Bill Bronk."



Bronk's poem appeared on New York City buses and was later printed in *Life Supports.*

I was to be befriended that afternoon and from then on, learning simultaneously, and with only apparent contradiction, how devoutly Bill held to his public manner of small-town businessman, quite apart from his real life as poet in his zip code ONE TWO EIGHT THREE NINE.

His family dated back to the original Dutch settlement of New York when the Bronx, he informed me, was commonly called Bronck's Farm. They'd settled next around Albany, near Selkirk and New Baltimore, where they were farmers and shipwrights, and then moved further north along the Hudson Valley. Bronk quickly told me he cared little for such a family history but still ran a family coal and wood products business in Hudson Falls where he had been raised, and lived in a residential part of town with his aging mother in a house built by his father for the family when Bill was about two years old. He was a bachelor, a solitary, and presently would be taking his annual winter vacation abroad with his sister Betty, who resided in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Bronk told me he greatly admired the poet Conrad Aiken. Like the author of "Senlin," he drank real cocktails—Manhattans or Old-Fashioneds or Martinis, I can't now recall which—and when he ordered the same again for me, had me pretty tipsy rather quickly. He kept asking me about my own interests, as though wondering what was the source of his good fortune, but I had little to tell him except that I was struggling to survive with a wife and child as a freelance literary journalist, and that I would shortly be publishing a novel with Scribner's, which I would have them send to him. The hour or so we spent together was pleasant, though at some remove from intimacy, and when we parted Bill invited me to visit him upstate whenever I cared to so we might get on better terms.

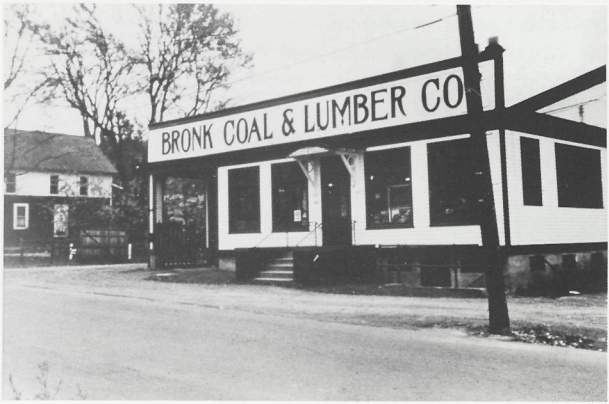
When Bronk finally read my novel, *The 28th Day of Elul*, he was surprised that my ambition was somewhat larger than I'd let on. He told me he didn't read much fiction but had read my novel with fascination and sadness. He also said he had been invited to give a reading at a university because of my review and again pressed me to visit him.

Bronk's friendship from the start was always generously bestowed and nonjudgmental. When I told him of domestic unhappiness, he simply cautioned me against taking advice from "well-intentioned strangers."

I started to visit Bill a couple of times a year—every fall and spring—in Hudson Falls. We'd take walks together along the old feeder canal towpaths of the Champlain, and he'd prepare sumptuous meals, and we'd talk a lot, mostly about writing.

It was not always easy to measure who was lonelier in those days. Bill used to call me teasingly "an outlander . . . a city boy." Listening to the robin chirping in the chinaberry tree or walking with him in the woods just beyond town was a new sort of education for me, as he named and classified certain growing things and had me taste wild plants such as fiddlehead ferns. He also encouraged me to get off my high horse and chat with some of his neighbors. In warm weather we'd take dips in the local feeder near a lock called Barney Caine, the obscure naming of which was

the subject of a poem Bill had once written. Whenever I mentioned other writers, or that literary world from which he'd deliberately managed to keep apart, Bill became edgy, sometimes cranky.



The Bronk family business in Hudson Falls, New York, circa 1976, where the poet worked and often wrote

It was because of my friendship with Bill that I started writing poems again in the mid-sixties, a full decade after dropping Yvor Winters's tutorial at Stanford, and they were mostly haphazard efforts. When I taught literature at Bennington College, I would drive across the rolling landscape of Washington County to Bill's house for a drink and a chat, and sometimes other friends would be visiting: the painter Herman Maril and his wife, Esther, from Maryland; or Gene Canadé, who worked for the UN in Paris but was also a fine artist and engraver. Bill owned a collection of paintings by Maril and Canadé, and by Canadé's father.

Bill's family business was not doing much better than my marriage, but he kept the business open a long while for the sake of his mother and sisters (who derived some income from the estate, he once told me) and for certain of his old employees. Often

when I visited him in that vast wooden shed where he kept a big desk surrounded by his inventory of boards and sash, he'd be writing a poem in longhand while outside, in the yard, his few remaining employees filled fewer and fewer orders.

"No I do not love you," he wrote to a lover in *The Empty Hands*, "but you remind me passion does exist, as empty and meaningless as the world is. . . ."

The winters sometimes seemed especially hard on Bill. He had some childhood friends in and around Hudson Falls and some young and old aspiring writers who sometimes visited, but he kept pretty much to himself, his mother going off every winter to St. Petersburg liberating him to isolation. "Big houses alone are nice," he wrote me once after a bout of despair. "You can scream and nobody is bothered."

Bill didn't drive a car and usually walked to work, to the supermarket and the post office. He cooked for himself and shut off rooms in the house, burned newspapers along with coal in the coal stove and wrote and read and listened to music on the radio. "A really satisfactory day," he wrote in "The News": "So many we know / in the obituaries. The solemn importance of what / it means to survive comes home to us."

Aside from his friend Laura, whom he saw every Saturday night when they took in dinner and a movie together and spoke to almost every day (sometimes more than once), and such occasional visitors as myself and Gil Sorrentino, his publisher Jim Weil of the Elizabeth Press, or Cid Corman on a stopover from Japan, who'd published Bill's first book of poems through Origen Press, Bronk was alone a lot. The local high school kids did chores about the house and were drafted as company. He could get quite melancholy:

> Let me not have life to look at
> the way we build a snowman life . . .
> buttons in and a proper hat
> finished before dusk, before the rain
> to wash it away. . . .

I was then living by myself in New York City, but he resisted visiting me. Bill developed emphysema, which forced him to give up smoking and to do loud breathing exercises that made him sound like a barking seal when we walked together in the woods.

I'm looking at a holograph of four liners from the 1970s in which Bill wrote to me: "If we are asked how we shall live in the world / it doesn't ask us. It lives us as it will / or else, no matter, leaves us alone. . . ."

"There are houses hanging above the stars," wrote Conrad Aiken in "Senlin: A Biography," "And stars hung under a sea. / And a sun far off in a shell of silence / Dapples my walls for me."

Spring really comes late to the Upper Hudson Valley, but by mid-March Bill's mood would improve. He'd attend chamber music concerts by a local quartet and occasional dance recitals, begin to plan another garden, go trekking for pussy willow branches (and later for morels), and await the return of his mom with trepidation and relief. They did not seem to share many values in common, though Bill always remained dutiful. He kept the house and attended to the necessaries she could not herself fulfill, especially after she became an invalid. Often on pleasant afternoons he'd commence long walks in the countryside around Argyle, in part to be away from her domain. His poems of that period exclaim on the gentleness and brightness of October light, the persistence of desire, and the beauty of two lovers leaning toward each other like a pair of young trees.

Those were difficult but productive years for Bronk. He turned out collection after collection—*The Tantalus*, *To Praise the Music*, *The Empty Hands*—with poems sometimes exclamatory ("O Jesus Christ that light . . . ") and sometimes ruminative and elegant; and a "partial glossary" on "costume as metaphor," a volume of prose poems meditating on some cultural assumptions that helped construct the Mayan sites of Central America, which he'd visited with his sister during another brief winter vacation.

We kept up a regular correspondence over those years, exchanging books as well as thoughts, and gossip, and poems about the seasons; I don't know whether any of my stuff is in what Bill has generously given to Columbia but I hope not, as I always scribbled in great haste in between other things and didn't consider myself a literary correspondent like Charles Olsen and Robert Creeley and some others Bill once knew well. One poem in manuscript that survives in my collection begins:

> In the late summer, the sky begins to grow
> larger.
> Noticeably. Melons.
> The blue recedes into mid Fall. . . .

Though I was always welcome to visit, I rarely did, as I was much too busy with mucking up my own life, but I always knew I had a caring friend who would welcome me and look after me no matter how frayed my condition was on arriving in Fort Edward by the afternoon train. When my oldest daughter was in boarding school in Lake Placid, I always used to stop off at Bill's place and sometimes slept over. When I would bring her away from school for a home visit, he and his mother would cook and bake all kinds of treats for the two of us. Bill once prepared a savory stew for me that he called "Brains and Balls," and that's what it turned out to be, in fact, seasoned with carrots and mushrooms and parsnips, as I recall, along with the prairie oysters.

Bill was now acquiring a major reputation, and many came on pilgrimage to Hudson Falls to meet him, interview him, secure poems from him for their publications, or to ask him to read. It was characteristic of Bill's come-hither stance toward the poetry world that he most often steadfastly refused to read with others, regarding some such invitations as slights. He was still very sensitive to slights and did not easily forget insults, whether real or imaginary. He was convinced he had been overlooked a bit

because he had never engaged in literary log-rolling and confessed to me, once, that when his first manuscript of poems, "My Father Photographed with Friends," was judged only second best by W. H. Auden, who awarded the Yale Younger Poets Prize that year to Adrienne Rich, he withdrew the manuscript from circulation for nearly twenty years and never really forgave Auden.

Bill had briefly visited at the experimental Black Mountain College and there rediscovered tastes and friendships with Creeley, Olsen, and Jonathan Williams. He'd also taught for a while at Union College in Schenectedy. He'd lived in Greenwich Village among artists and experimental filmmakers like Shirley Clark but had always kept somewhat apart from New York bohemia, and for that reason, perhaps, life in a small town upstate remained congenial. He once informed me that his neighbors allowed him a freedom he could not easily have elsewhere. "I could do almost anything here short of murder," Bill told me in his droll baritone, "and people would just say, 'That's Bill, is all. It's his way,' but you being an outlander, if you cross the street wrong, a whole lot of people would be after you. . . ."

Our relationship pleads, in his words, "the permanence of ignorance." I try to drop up to see him once or twice a year, and we just sit and chat and *kvetch* a little about getting older. Bill's a lot less hale than when I first knew him and is a little hard of hearing; he no longer cooks elaborate meals or drinks alcohol or keeps up the spruce appearance of the house, and he can no longer take long walks.

In the mid-1970s, I lived for about a year in nearby Fort Edward to save money, inhabiting an upstairs flat rented to me by Bill's friend Laura. With me it was a question posed temporarily of how "one comes to despise all worldliness. . . . " My staying over with Bronk was the grace he bestowed on my neediness by his friendship. (Bill's befriending the down-and-out has often caused him regrets. One itinerant visitor to Hudson Falls, another literary gent, may have ripped off the family's heirloom silver.) It was while I was living near Bill in Fort Edward that I came to

behave as a "trickster," writing the first of my "Little Lives" of the people of Washington County, which later appeared as a book under the pseudonym "John Howland Spyker" and caused a local scandal.

The perverse idea for such a book came from the names on tombstones in the nearby cemetery where I sometimes went to walk and by overhearing my landlady below me, in a house with paper-thin walls and ceilings, gossip every day at noon with Bill, or certain other old friends, about the obituaries and marriage announcements in the Glens Falls *Post Star*. As I recall, they'd go over the person's entire history and various involvements from memory, and then were either bluntly dismissive or mildly nostalgic, amused, appreciative. I figured this wasn't the *Popul Voh* I was overhearing, but good, plain, old-fashioned jive and gossip, and I could do that as well as anybody. When my book of fictive brief personal histories appeared, I had left the area and lots of local people thought that Bill had written about them. They were cross with him, and he with me. That all got sorted out when astute John Leonard, in a review in the *Times*, revealed that I was the author of those scurrilous pieces.

Bill has never really been happy about my writing about his county. Though I would have to classify such works as fiction, I also can't deny that there was a basis in local legend, if not hard fact, for some of what Spyker alleged. On our walks Bronk was always pointing out various local types to me and recounting their histories: a philandering professional who may have inseminated all his clientele, a former war hero, a prison guard, a cellist with peculiar tastes. He's always shown a gentle acceptance of his neighbors so different from himself in so many different ways. He is never smart-alecky about their lives. In a recent poem, "Outdate," he writes:

> The streets and houses look as if they were based
> on old photos and weren't real. They've brought
> new people in. When old ones meet uptown
> we look; we ask each other how we are. . . .

William Bronk outside his home in Hudson Falls, New York, circa 1987

A silence fell between us when I left the area after I had fallen in love with a woman. Bill seemed to think of love as charming insouciance, if not essentially self-referential. "Loving you is love," he began a poem of that time, "but is not you. / Knowledge of you is knowing but not you. . . ." Eventually he may have been relieved that he no longer had me to look after. We continue to

correspond, and I have also written more about Bill's writings. I don't wish to repeat any of that here, though he seems to me to be a truthful and wonderful poet of the American language, as original as ever, and he continues to produce elegant and beautiful and startling short poems that often interest me, even though nowadays, as he has confessed, he writes them out in his head while shaving in the morning. Ruminating on Proust for a recent collection, Bill wrote:

> The way Swann, his whole life, loved
> Odette, and she not even his type, is the way
> Contrarily we, each of us, love,
> In spite of natural inclinations, our lives. . . .

His voice, when we are privileged to hear him read, reverberates from his ruined chest like Charlie Mingus's bass in the low registers. At Bennington a young woman fled the hall in fear and trembling when he shouted out: "Let go! Let go!" Usually he speaks softly, often with a pout. In Copán, in the silence of a vast mahogany forest, I heard his voice as I struggled with reading translations of the Mayan glyphs. I'm now teaching a course on Whitman and Melville, and almost every day I find myself referring to Bill's essays on these two in *The Brother in Elyseum*, which were written originally as his Dartmouth College undergraduate honors thesis, though published only a decade ago by Jim Weil's Elizabeth Press.

I think of Bronk visiting New York City once and coming downtown with me to Paul Pines's Bowery jazz club, the Tin Palace. Apprised of Bronk's presence in the room, a lot of the young downtown poets came over to our table to introduce themselves and pay their respects, Bill purring like a big cat and then withdrawing into himself as though his most fearsome anticipations were being realized: he had readers, fans. He was, afterwards, in no great hurry to depart. And when Cecil McBee arrived with the other members of his trio and commenced to

make music, Bronk seemed to regard all that "braided water" we call jazz as the intrusion, and relaxed, and settled back, and listened "to praise the music."

"Homage to William Bronk" is an excerpt from an unpublished manuscript of literary memoirs entitled "Namedropping"; Mr. Elman presented these remarks to the Friends of the Columbia Libraries on the occasion of a reception for the exhibition "'To Praise the Music': The Poetry and Other Writings of William Bronk."

The Alphabet Explained
or, The Origin and Progress of Letters

JOHANNA DRUCKER

Among the many volumes that consider the history of the alphabet, describe the development of calligraphic lettering, and trace the design of printing types, there are a multitude of accounts that ascribe to the letters a symbolic value beyond their functional purpose. These accounts can be found in texts dating back to classical times, with mythic attributions of alphabet lore projecting into the undocumented ancient past. But no description of the many fascinating analyses of the symbolic values assigned to the letters within these various historical, mystical, religious, or other systems has been assembled in a single study. My forthcoming work, *From Sign to Symbol: The Alphabet in History and Imagination*, is the first attempt at collecting the vast lore of alphabet symbolism and chronicling its development. One of the many themes that weaves through this wide array of material is that of the origin of the alphabet, and it is this theme on which I shall touch in these brief notes.

Though the origins of the alphabet are now fairly well established in archaeological terms, debates about the dates of its transmission from the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean to the islands and mainland of ancient Greece, Etruria, and beyond still divide scholars into markedly opposed camps. Artifacts uncovered in the Sinai peninsula, and dated to about 1700 B.C., provide the earliest evidence of a primitive alphabet. The general consensus is that this system developed as a result of cultural exchanges between users of the Egyptian hieroglyphic and hieratic scripts and those people employing cuneiform to represent a simplified syllabary further north and inward from the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean. By approximately 1400 B.C., a system now known as the Proto-Canaanite alphabet had stabilized.

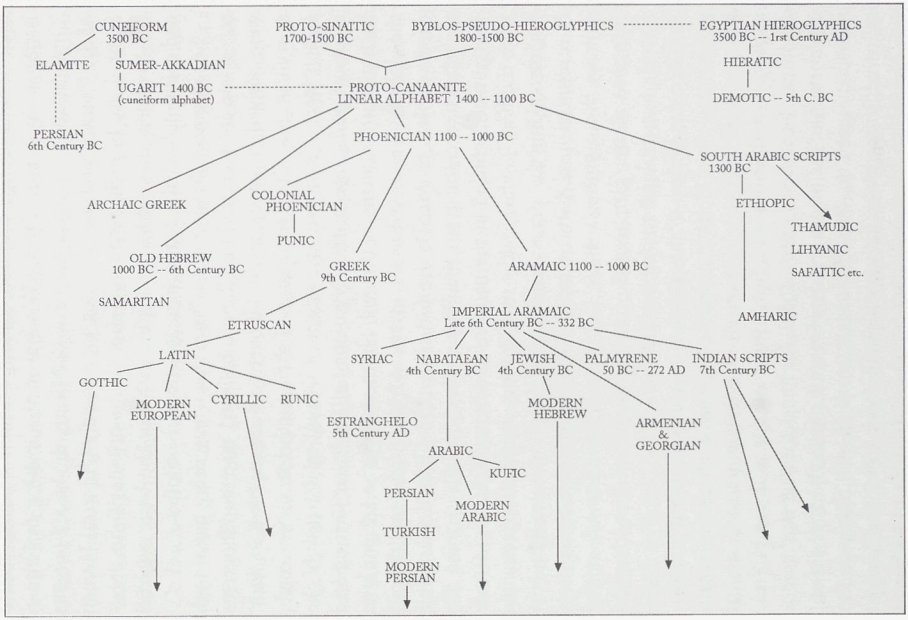
This early system, adopted and spread by the Phoenicians along their trade routes throughout the Mediterranean, lacked

vowel notation and consisted of sixteen or seventeen standard letters. A more complete system that included notating vowels was supplied by the Greeks, and it is on the basis of this innovation that current debates between Semiticists and classicists continue to be waged—with the latter claiming an inherent superiority not only for their system, but for the culture to which it is attached. Classicists assert that the improvements in the alphabet rendered possible the development of Greek poetry, literature, law, and social organization, and they regard as inferior the contributions of earlier (and later) Semitic cultures in the same areas—despite the existence of the Old Testament, Code of Hammurabi, legend of Gilgamesh, and other written documents whose contribution to the history of Western thought is evident and venerable.

The term *alphabet* refers to the scripts that derive from the Proto-Canaanite alphabet—including all the Arabic scripts, ancient and modern Hebrew (derived separately), Russian Cyrillic, Armenian, Georgian, the alphabets of the Indian subcontinent, and the Greek and Etruscan alphabets from which our Romanized forms have evolved. The alphabet was not the oldest system of writing—Egyptian hieroglyphics and various cuneiform scripts were in existence a thousand or more years before its invention—nor is it the only form of writing still in use. Chinese characters are the other major form of written language in use today, adapted and transformed to serve the languages of Asia. Other independent inventions, such as the Indus valley script, Minoan linear B, and Mayan glyphs, have not survived as viable writing systems. Likewise, many offshoots of the alphabet, such as runes and Ogham, ancient Hebrew and Palmyrene, have disappeared from use because the people who used them have been assimilated or were conquered or diffused.

The question of the origin of the alphabet has frequently served as a focal point of speculative research: long before archaeological evidence provided the generally accepted model of development and diffusion, there was a textual tradition in which its

Opposite: The author's chart showing the origin and progress of letters


CUNEIFORM
3500 BC
ELAMITE
SUMER-AKKADIAN
UGARIT 1400 BC
(cuneiform alphabet)
PERSIAN
6th Century BC
PROTO-SINAITIC
1700-1500 BC
BYBLOS-PSEUDO-HIEROGLYPHICS
1800-1500 BC
PROTO-CANAANITE
LINEAR ALPHABET 1400 -- 1100 BC
EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS
3500 BC -- 1rst Century AD
HIERATIC
DEMOTIC -- 5th C. BC
PHOENICIAN 1100 -- 1000 BC
ARCHAIC GREEK
COLONIAL
PHOENICIAN
PUNIC
OLD HEBREW
1000 BC -- 6th Century BC
SAMARITAN
GREEK
9th Century BC
ETRUSCAN
LATIN
GOTHIC
MODERN
EUROPEAN
CYRILLIC
RUNIC
ARAMAIC 1100 -- 1000 BC
IMPERIAL ARAMAIC
Late 6th Century BC -- 332 BC
SYRIAC
ESTRANGHELO
5th Century AD
NABATAEAN
4th Century BC
ARABIC
KUFIC
PERSIAN
TURKISH
MODERN
PERSIAN
MODERN
ARABIC
JEWISH
4th Century BC
MODERN
HEBREW
PALMYRENE
50 BC -- 272 AD
ARMENIAN
&
GEORGIAN
INDIAN SCRIPTS
7th Century BC
SOUTH ARABIC SCRIPTS
1300 BC
ETHIOPIC
AMHARIC
THAMUDIC
LIHYANIC
SAFAITIC etc.

history was investigated, often in symbolic or mythic terms. Speculations on this tradition contain opinions on such diverse issues as the role of Divine Wisdom in the shaping of Human Thought, the contents of the Book of Nature, the basic Elements of the Cosmos, and the codes for a supposedly Universal Human Symbolism. In each era, the question of the origins of the alphabet has been answered in terms indicative of the basic spiritual and epistemological debates characteristic of the time.

For instance, almost every culture that uses writing has a myth to explain its origins. The Chinese believed that the ideograms were derived in part from the silhouetted forms of birds in flight as well as from the track marks of their footprints in wet earth; Indian legend attributes the origin of writing to the tusk of the elephant god Ganesh; the Egyptians believed that writing had been given to humans by the god Thoth; among the ancient Jews the alphabet was linked to the events at Mount Sinai and the gift of the tablets to Moses; the Greeks acknowledged that their alphabet had come from the Phoenicians, or at least from the East, a fact recorded in the name of the figure of Cadmus ("one from the East"), who was the mythic figure they held responsible for introducing the letters. The story of Thoth was also frequently recounted in classical sources: Plato, for instance, recounts a version that emphasizes the Egyptian King Thamus's mixed response to the gift because of the king's fear that it would increase forgetfulness among humans.

When the history of the alphabet began to be traced historiographically, through examination of textual evidence, a certain amount of imagination was required to reconcile the classical authors' attributions to Thoth and Cadmus and the biblical accounts of a divine gift to Moses. Attempts to make a coherent explanation of the origin and development of the alphabet did not take shape until the late Renaissance work of such figures as the renowned fifteenth-century occultist Henrich Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim and the seventeeth-century Jesuit and polymath Athanasius Kircher.

The concern with origins only evolved in concert with an increased concern for the process of history, particularly history as a chronological narrative with consistent dating and references. The early works that attempted to assemble the known scripts (alphabetic and otherwise) and attribute them to a particular, original source in earlier centuries often relied upon inconsistent or idiosyncratic methods. Five scripts, for instance, were included in *De Inventione Linguarum* by Hrabanus Maurus, the ninth-century archbishop of Fulda, whose work was among the first to include a mini-compendium of alphabets. These were the Hebrew alphabet (invented, Hrabanus said, by Moses); the Greek alphabet (associated with the Phoenician Cadmus, as per the traditions of antiquity); the Latin alphabet (attributed to Carmentis, a nymph and the mother of Evander); the letters of "Aethicus, the philosopher and cosmographer of the Scythian nation"; and a version of the runes (used, he stated, by pagans to record their "songs, incantations or predictions"). The only textual source Hrabanus cited was that of St. Jerome, whose thirtieth epistle to St. Paula, written in the fourth century, is a famous early instance of symbolic interpretation of the letters as a code of spiritual knowledge.

Following Hrabanus, the scholarly tradition builds on itself, incorporating errors through citation of the lineage of authorities whose sources were, very simply, each other across a stretch of several centuries. Thus by the late Renaissance a chain of attributions and citations linked the works of Kircher and Agrippa with those of the utopian visionary Guillaume Postel, Jacques Gaffarel (the kabbalist and librarian of Cardinal Richelieu), and German mystic Baron von Helmont. Some of these figures, however, also made their own, unique contributions. Postel believed (citing an older, somewhat obscure, tradition) that the letters had been derived from constellations in the heavens, while Helmont, in the wonderfully imaginative *Alphabeti vere naturalis hebraici brevissima delineatio* (1667), contributed the idea that the forms of the letters could be found in the flesh, in the configuration of the organs of articulation.

In the eighteenth century, theories of the origin of the alphabet became entangled with discussions of the origin of the state, the social contract, and notions of both the natural and primitive conditions of humankind. Debate about whether the earliest condition of human society was Edenic, rational, and harmonious, or uncivilized and barbaric contributed to discussions about the role of language and writing in either establishing the bases for law and social relations, or as evidence that they were inherent in the mind of humankind. Lord Monboddo, for instance, in his influential *The Origin and Progress of Language* (1772), argued that writing depended upon the existence of the state, while Court de Gebelin, in *Le Monde Primitif* (1775), argued that writing was merely its main instrument. The eighteenth century also saw the publication of tomes whose breadth and authority were not surpassed until the late nineteenth century. The monumental work of Thomas Astle, in particular, *On the Origin and Progress of Writing* (1784), contained as accurate an account of the origins and diffusion of the alphabet as could be constructed without the extensive archaeological discoveries of later centuries. Astle was one of the first authorities to make use of an evolutionary model of alphabet transformation and adaptation, rather than a creationist one, and his work served as the major reference up through the work of the most remarkable of all nineteenth-century writers on the topic, Isaac Taylor.

But while Astle's reasonable and clearheaded account prevailed in certain quarters, in others the historians of the eighteenth century brought their many and varied partisan interests into their narratives of alphabet origins and development. Writers such as Charles Vallencey and Roland Jones discussed the letters as a code containing the history of the settlement of the earth by the sons of Noah after the Deluge. Their accounts, fraught with nationalistic agendas, asserted that the Celts were the original settlers of Europe, and that the alphabet had been invented to represent the pre-Babel language, which was, of course, Celtic. This language had been passed to Japhet, the only one of Noah's sons pure

enough to deserve the continued use of the original, unspoiled language. Another eighteenth-century writer, L. D. Nelme, used similar arguments to assert the "English-Saxon" origin of the alphabet, basing much of his analysis on the form of the Chaldean letter *aleph*, which he read as a map of the early migrations out from the central circle of Eden.

One of the most exceptional volumes in alphabet historiography in Columbia University's Rare Book and Manuscript Library is a work published in 1802, *Ancient Alphabets and Hieroglyphic Characters Explained*. The work is a translation and presentation by Joseph Hammer von Purgstall, who stated that the original author of the work had lived a thousand years earlier. This purported author, Ahmad Bin Abubekr Wahshih, had been a Chaldean, Nabathean, or Syrian by birth and had translated his work from its original tongue into Arabic. Hammer's volume contains both the Arabic and Hammer's English translation. The bulk of the work is concerned with what the original author asserted were the most ancient and secret of all alphabets, such as the antediluvian alphabet and alphabets attributed to Plato, Socrates, Adam, Hermes, and other mythic and historical figures from antiquity. This author was clearly familiar with the traditions of Arabic scholarship that connected alphabets with alchemic, religious, and magical practices. Hammer's presentation has the advantage of containing visual examples of the dozens of alphabets he discusses, many of which are unique to his collection. In contrast to another exhaustive compendium published a few years earlier, Edmund Fry's *Pantographia* (1799), in which Fry attempted to catalogue all the then-known scripts, Hammer's focus is markedly mythical, which argues for its early date and the credibility of its original authorship within an Arabic rather than European tradition.

By the nineteenth century, advances in archaeology coupled with developments in the study of ancient and oriental (as they were known at the time) languages provided the context necessary for a historically complete account of alphabet evolution. The dis-

Three of the nineteen Chaldean alphabets catalogued in Fry's *Pantographia*, 1799

covery of the Rosetta stone marked a major turning point, since it provided a link between ancient scripts and linguistic systems, thus discrediting the notion of older scripts, particularly hieroglyphics, as a visual language of secret codes and mysterious ciphers. The notion of a link between a reduced set of hieratic characters and the forms of the early alphabet began to emerge. The highly idiosyncratic (but imaginative) Charles Forster suggested such a link in his 1845 publication, *The One Primeval Language*, but the more authoritative contribution came from Emmanuel de Rougé, in a paper read before the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres in 1859. Published posthumously by his son in 1874, de Rougé's discussion was grounded in speculative, but not wholly inaccurate, comparisons of the relations between sounds and signs in both Semitic and hieratic systems. A popular version of the origin of the alphabet, which achieved its most developed form in the nineteenth century, was that of the pictorial source of the letters from graphic signs describing the basic elements of a nomadic campsite for Semitic tribes. In this system the letters are considered schematic renderings of the basic objects and tools of such an existence: the ox, tent, camel, knife, cup, and so forth.

By the time Isaac Taylor's monumental two-volume *The Alphabet* appeared in 1899, the basics of the archaeological lineage of the alphabet had been fully established. Taylor's remarkable work, thorough in its discussion of the graphic and linguistic transformations of most of the major branches of the alphabet, remains unsurpassed for its extensive breadth and scrupulous scholarship. Though it has been superseded by specialized studies in every area, it has remained unequalled as a comprehensive treatment of the subject—much in the same way that Daniel Updike's history of printing types continues to serve as a major reference in that field.

Outside of the mainstream of alphabet scholarship—that which combines the scientific methods of linguistic, epigraphic, paleographic, and archaeological studies into a synthetic discussion of

the development of letter forms and their dates of diffusion, transformation, and disappearance—there were and still are many scholars of mystical, occult, or idiosyncratic disposition whose contributions provide insight into the capacity of the letters to provoke interpretation. Nineteenth-century occultists freely borrowed from kabbalistic, Rosicrucian, gnostic, and other traditions in a synthetic symbolic mode, while such twentieth-century scholars as Alfred Kallir have combined archaeological evidence with the theories of universal myths promoted by Carl Jung, Ernst Cassirer, and Joseph Campbell. In Kallir's work *Sign and Design: The Psychogenetic Origins of the Alphabet* (1961), for example, the letters are read as an account of the genesis of the family as an erotic archetype whose procreative powers give rise to the universe of knowledge and meaning. In many ways, the most intriguing aspects of this rich and complex history are those which stand outside the mainstream, continuing the traditions of attributing spiritual or cosmological power to the letters.

New York's First Printer

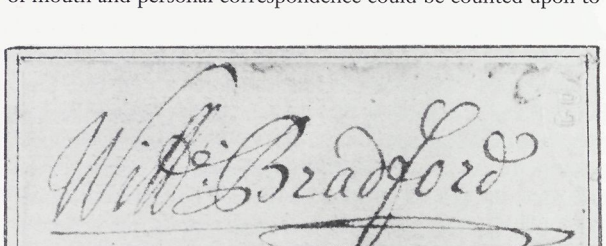
JEAN W. ASHTON

A yellowed clipping tucked in the front of *Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman Leaving the University Concerning His Behaviour and Conversation in the World* by Richard Lingard (1696), a miniature volume in the Stephen Whitney Phoenix collection, proclaims this monitory text as "the First Book printed in New York." On the front endpaper is the inscription "Johannes Robinson Liber 1701"; on the verso is the bold signature of the man whose name appears at the bottom of the title page, the printer William Bradford. The undated clipping apparently dates from the early twentieth century, and appended to it is an advertisement for a facsimile of Lingard's work, printed by McAuliffe & Booth in 1907.

Since that time, the appearance of a number of other New York imprints substantial enough to be clearly designated as books, rather than pamphlets or broadsides, has rendered the bookseller's claim inaccurate. The little book and the publisher's confident signature, however, serve as reminders that 1993 marked the three-hundredth anniversary of the date when Benjamin Fletcher, the Royal Governor of New York, following a resolution of the Provincial Council, fetched from Philadelphia a determined young printer and allocated to him a salary of forty pounds a year to run his press. William Bradford, New York's first printer and, in fact, the only printer in the city for more than thirty years, set up his business at "The Sign of the Bible" in Hanover Square in April 1693, and within a few weeks was producing the public documents, laws, declarations, and religious tracts that formed the mainstay of a colonial printing business. Bradford's perseverance and independent spirit eventually gave birth to those industries central to the identity of New York—newspaper journalism and modern publishing.

In this era of instant news and satellite transmissions, when the day's events can be reported throughout the world as they occur, it may be difficult to imagine daily life in a geographically extend-

ed colony of literate citizens without a functioning press. Town criers could call out local news to those within earshot; announcements could be handwritten and posted in select locations; word of mouth and personal correspondence could be counted upon to

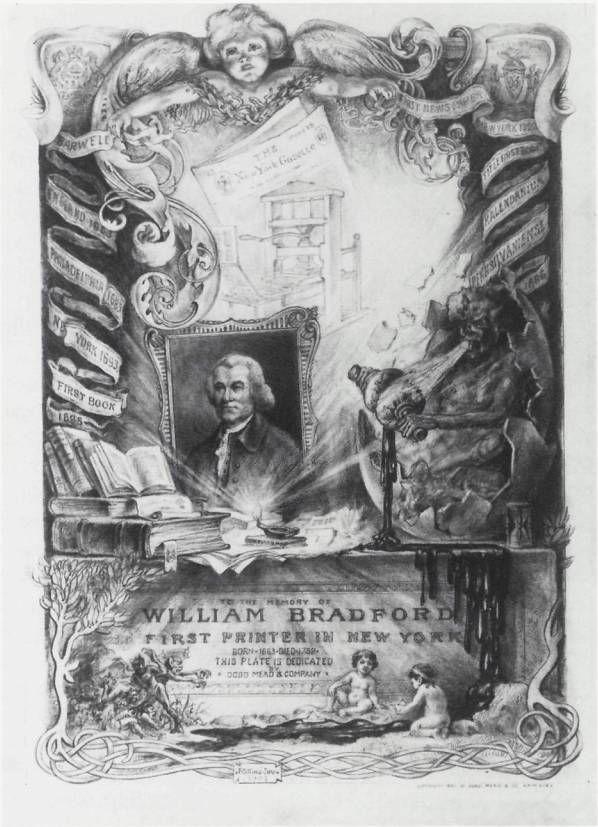


William Bradford's signature on what was once claimed to be the first book printed in New York, 1696

spread information, albeit with dubious accuracy. Laws and official documents created by city or provincial governing bodies, however, had to be sent back to Britain in manuscript form for printing before being distributed—a problem of increasing seriousness in a province that stretched from the Delaware River on the south to Canada on the north, where trade was expanding and border disputes with the Iroquois or the French settlers might have international consequences. In addition, although literary and philosophical texts were imported without difficulty, the harsh disputes between warring religious sects, which played such an important role in colonial affairs, lost immediacy when filtered by the slow process of overseas printing. Limiting the number of presses in North America, as in England, had originally served to mute the voices of rebellion or discontent, but by the last decades of the seventeenth century, the need for strong central governments within the growing colonies and the demands of an expanding commerce called for change.

The Spanish introduced printing to North America in the mid-sixteenth century, but nearly a hundred years elapsed before the first printed documents appeared in the British colonies. By 1693, only Massachusetts, Maryland, and Pennsylvania had working presses, and the latter would soon disappear. Without official appointments or government commissions, the colonial printers of the early settlement period relied for their livelihood on the prodigious output of local clerics like the Mathers, who supplied the people's voracious appetite for products of religious controversy. Profits were small and there was a constant risk of offending the ruling theocracy. Even in Pennsylvania—a more tolerant and liberal colony than its northern neighbors—the printer imported by William Penn in 1685 had constant trouble and by 1692, as we shall see, was imprisoned for sedition.

The New York press, by contrast, was intended by its sponsors to be a subsidized, entirely secular wing of the Royal government. The coexistence of prosperous Dutch and English populations discouraged a monolithic view of religion in the province; also, commercial interests played a key role in creating a cosmopolitan and relatively heterogeneous population of tradesmen and artisans who depended on civil measures to provide the stable conditions conducive to trade. The province was still reeling from the impact of an abortive rebellion led three years earlier by businessman Jacob Leisler, which had ended in his hasty execution. The uprising might have been avoided had communications between the colonists and the mother country been less confused. Realizing that the consolidation of authority would be hastened by the development of means to distribute information expeditiously, the Council in 1693 took the unprecedented step of hiring an official printer and guaranteeing him a generous salary. The scarcity of colonial printers and the urgency of New York's need is evinced in the condition included in the empowering resolution passed on March 23: "If a printer will come & settle in the City of New Yorke, [he shall be allowed in addition to his salary] the benefits of his printing besides what serves the publick."



Original pencil drawing by F. S. King for a memorial engraving to Bradford commissioned by Dodd Mead & Company, 1903

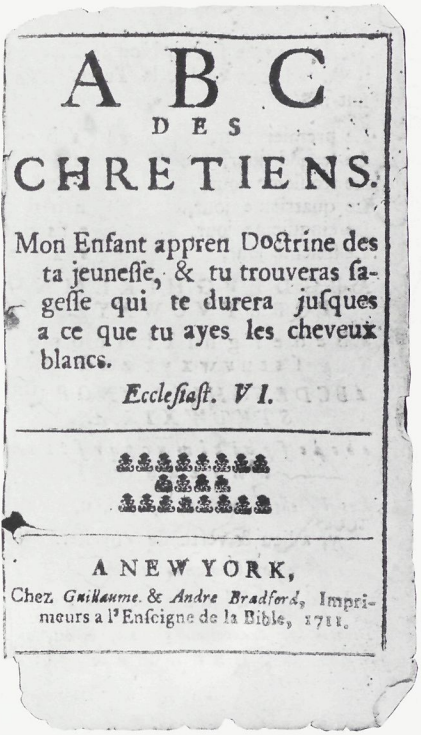
William Bradford was close by and available for the job. Born in Leicestershire, England, in 1663 and apprenticed to the Quaker printer Andrew Sowle, he married his master's daughter in 1685 and emigrated to Philadelphia under the sponsorship of William Penn. There, he printed religious tracts, attempted unsuccessfully to find the money to produce an English Bible, and, in order to secure more readily the fundamental resources of his trade, worked with others to establish the Rittenhouse paper mill. Caught up in sectarian disputes between groups of Quakers, he ran afoul of the authorities by printing without permission the local Charter. He formed strong ties to George Keith, a fiery dissident preacher. After repeated provocation of the government, both he and Keith were charged with sedition, and were convicted and imprisoned. According to the testimony of the two men, Bradford's equipment was removed from his printing office, and when New York's newly appointed Governor Fletcher visited Philadelphia in April, the Provincial commission in hand, the voice of dissent had been officially silenced.

Bradford's claim that his press was inoperative in the spring of 1693 is inconsistent with the fact that several works were printed in Philadelphia after the December 1692 trial. This makes it difficult to determine what was, in fact, the first book printed in New York. In the decades since the publication of the Lingard facsimile, other works from these early months and years have come to light, a number of them described in Wilberforce Eames's and Douglas McMurtrie's checklists of the first year of New York printing or listed in "The Bradford Imprints" by William Reese (*The New-York Historical Society Quarterly, 63*, 55–68). Since, as Reese points out, the circumstances surrounding the publication of the work once thought to claim the title—Keith's *New England's Spirit of Persecution Transmitted to Pennsilvania* (1693)—seem unclear, the honor of being New York's first book is currently thought to belong to another book by the same author, *Truth Advanced in the Correction of Many Gross & Hurtful Errors* (1694). The Lingard book, reprinted from one of several earlier London editions, was simply one among the several non-governmental

works produced by Bradford in his first decade of work that enabled him to enjoy the benefits the Council had promised. Other works for the private market published in this period include a surveying book and memorials, including at least one in French, *Le trésor des consolations divines et humaines* (1696), which was commissioned by Anthony Pintard, a local merchant.

After the turn of the century, Bradford enjoyed more than four productive decades. Although he remained official printer to the Province of New York, with only one brief interruption, until his retirement in 1743 and functioned on at least one occasion as printer to New Jersey as well (1723), the most interesting of his surviving works, outside the impressive early compilation of the Laws of New York, printed in 1710, testify to the expanding cultural and educational horizons of the colonies. An apparently unique book in the Columbia collection, *ABC des Chretiens* (1711), which appeared under the joint imprint of Bradford and his son Andrew, later a Philadelphia printer, suggests that the demand for primers in New York transcended the boundaries of language. And the apparent absence of booksellers in the city encouraged him to act as publisher as well as printer, thereby allowing him to respond directly to local needs without endangering profits. Bradford produced the first printed drama in North America and the first printed map of the city, the Bradford-Lyne Survey of 1731. In 1727, he published Cadwallader Colden's book *The History of the Five Indian Nations*, an important attempt to explain and codify a significant aspect of the colonial experience by the conservative scientist-physician who was later to be acting governor of New York during the Stamp Act crisis. He printed conduct books, almanacs, and the first American *Book of Common Prayer*.

An even more lasting contribution was Bradford's founding in 1725 of the city's first and the country's third weekly newspaper, *The New-York Gazette*, which, following the confusing history of titles and buyouts common to eighteenth-century colonial newspapers, lasted under various guises long past the founder's death in 1752. Although Bradford was not particularly radical or provocative after his Philadelphia years, the stubbornness of his



A B C
DES
CHRETIENS.

Mon Enfant appren Doctrine des ta jeuneſſe, & tu trouveras ſageſſe qui te durera juſques a ce que tu ayes les cheveux blancs.

Eccleſiaſt. VI.

A NEW YORK,
Chez *Guillaume & Andre Bradford*, Imprimeurs a l'Enſeigne de la Bible, 1711.

Only known copy of a book that appeared under the joint imprint of Bradford and his son Andrew

one-time apprentice, John Peter Zenger, might be said to follow logically from the example set by the old master in his early career. Through Zenger and another apprentice, the more highly skilled printer James Parker, the legacy of the independent printer/publisher was carried forward to the Revolutionary period, when it gave voice to the rising protests of a restive citizenry.

Hand-colored frontispiece of the 1477 German edition of
Marco Polo's *Travels*

"Do You Imagine That Our Readers Will Expect Truth?" *or, Marco Polo and Columbia University*

CONSUELO W. DUTSCHKE

Although modern scholarship has proven Marco Polo's account of his travels to the East to be true, both in the fact of the trip and in many of the details of movement and event, the common misconception is that only recently have we credited Marco Polo with such veracity. Investigations of the truth of the *Travels* began in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Sinologists discovered correspondences between cities or events known from Chinese history and those mentioned by Marco Polo; scholars of ancient Persian found traces of that language in Marco Polo's terminology; evidence was brought to light by Christian missionaries of the Nestorian sects of which Marco had spoken; modern travelers set out in caravan and by motorcycle to re-trace a route that must have existed at one time. This accumulated proof came as a surprise to the Western man-on-the-street who has traditionally taken Marco Polo's recounting of his travels as a fantasy. But when did these shifts towards rejection and then towards a new acceptance occur? What evidence do we have of these shifts from Marco's truth to the world's disbelief and back again to acceptance of his veracity?

Those working from within the literary tradition, as opposed to those with formal training in history or geography, will recognize the once-accepted interpretation that Marco Polo's *Travels* were a hallucination, an exaggerated and extravagant pack of lies, a delusion shared by all participants. Such interpretations refer to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's opium-entranced "Kubla Khan" (1797): "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan / A stately pleasure dome decree . . . "; or to Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions* (1923) with its ironic foreword: "This play is an attempt to render poetic justice to one long famous as a traveler, unjustly world-renowned as a

liar, but sadly unrecognized by posterity in his true eminence as a man and a citizen—Marco Polo of Venice." More recently, we read at the opening of Italo Calvino's *Le città invisibili* (1972): "Kublai Khan does not necessarily believe everything that Marco Polo says . . . " (trans. William Weaver). In a category of its own, and consciously reminiscent of the "Master of the Invisible Cities and Crossed Destinies," is Paul Griffiths's *Myself and Marco Polo* (1989); in this intriguing exploration of the nature of travel and authorship, issues of truth or non-truth remain constant concerns. The question of truth is first actively confronted in chapter 5: "Do you imagine . . . that our readers will expect truth?" By chapter 30, "In which we hear a dispute concerning a chapter missing from the present recension," this issue becomes central to the meaning of the book.

In Italy Marco Polo received the honor that native prophets are supposed to receive. The title by which his book is known in Italy today, *Il Milione*, is jeeringly glossed as the "millions and millions" of spices, gold pieces, soldiers, horses, cities, provinces that Marco attributes to the Great Khan; or as the "millions and millions" of jewels and gold coins he brought back to Venice for himself. This attribution of name (to the book and to the man) and this interpretation of the name first appear in the historical writings of a Piedmontese Dominican friar, a somewhat younger contemporary of Marco Polo's, Jacopo d'Aqui. As Jacopo begins the lengthy quotation from the *Travels* that is embedded within his own world history, he pauses to explain that the name "Millions" comes from the extreme riches that Marco had acquired. Jacopo's statement is made with no implication that "millions" represents an exaggeration, an untruth. On the contrary, Jacopo specifies that Marco is called by this name in Venice itself, implying that his economic status is known there, and that "Millions" tells the truth about Polo's economic status.

But that is not the way Eugene O'Neill interprets it! Later in the foreword quoted above, O'Neill observes of Marco Polo that "even in his native Venice, he was scoffingly nicknamed 'the mil-

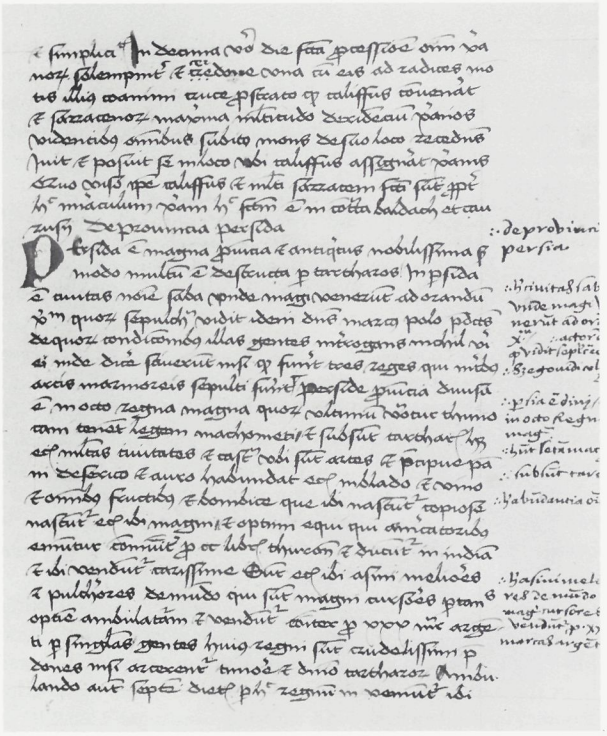
lionaire,' or 'Marco Millions.' They could not take seriously his impressive statistics about the 'millions' of this and the 'millions' of that in the East." Although Jacopo recorded the name "Millions" as a neutral statement of fact about Marco's wealth, O'Neill reads irony into the nickname, and thus into the book: a hallucination, an exaggerated and extravagant pack of lies.

Which is the view of the early readers of Marco Polo's *Travels?* Did they believe what Marco Polo said, marvelous as it was, or did they discount it as mere fancy? Columbia University's Rare Book and Manuscript Library is fortunate to possess two early attestations to the circulation of the *Travels:* a manuscript book and a printed book, both dating from the same time period and from the same country. These books provide an answer to the question of contemporary reaction to Marco Polo. The printed book was produced in Nuremberg in 1477; only fifteen copies are known to exist today. Columbia's copy is of particular interest in that the book's woodcut frontispiece has been hand-colored to give Marco Polo's tunic a deep, rich, orange color, and to make the grass at his feet a soft green. The frontispiece offers more, however, than the simple pleasure of its form and color, since it portrays Marco Polo as an elegantly attired gentleman standing in front of a damask cloth of honor, as if the publisher wished to assure the reader of the respectability of the author by dressing him in the equivalent of a three-piece grey flannel suit and a Gucci tie.

More telling are the words of the "decorative" frame: "Das ist der edel Ritter Marcho polo von Venedig der grost landtfarer der uns beschreibt die grossen wunder der welt die er selber gesehenn hat Von dem auffgang pis zu dem nydergang der sunnen, der gleychen vor nicht meer gehort seyn" ("Here is the noble knight Marco Polo of Venice the great traveler who describes for us the great wonders of the world which he himself has seen from the rising to the setting of the sun, the like of which have never before been heard"). The key words are "*which he himself has seen.*" Before doubt arises in our minds, before we begin to read of the

marvels of the East, we are assured that Marco himself, a noble knight, has seen with his own eyes these marvels. This is an attestation of truth, an imprimatur to guarantee that his book contains no errors (of fact, at any rate).

Less transparent and more perplexing is the medieval manuscript of Marco Polo's *Travels* in Columbia's Plimpton collection. The text in this case is in Latin, although, like the incunabulum discussed above, it is of German origin. On paleographic grounds, this manuscript is datable to the second half of the fifteenth century, while various textual details limit the dating to the span of time between 1471 and 1494. In appearance the manuscript is most unprepossessing: quarto-sized, on paper (with watermarks of paper produced c. 1460–1471), copied in a cursive book hand, with decoration limited to a few small, plain red initials. A manuscript of this physical type is a potential gold mine if we are seeking early readers' notes jotted in the margins, because the less expensive a book is the more likely one is to mark it up. Plimpton MS 93 lives up to its promise as a source of reader reaction. Its margins bristle with intriguing notes, all in the same slightly ungrammatical Latin, in a single rather idiosyncratic hand. This reader of the *Travels* does not disbelieve Marco Polo; in fact, he sets about interpreting Marco's information in terms of his own knowledge. "These [tribes] are the ones we call Gog and Magog" elucidates, for example, Marco's presentation of the tribes that, according to medieval legend, had been imprisoned by Alexander the Great behind the Caucasus. On occasion the reader responds to uncertainty in the text by translating the worrisome word: "Here, the trees which produce paper, I believe they are cotton." The reader is duly modest about his interpretation, but to us it is interesting that he bothers to consider the issue at all; one is normally more compelled to give precise meaning to words of fact, rather than of fiction. Our reader also demonstrates concern with accuracy in toponomy as well as botany; typical of his unpretentious comments is: "About this province which is called 'Darkness': I believe that it might be Norway and Goth-land and



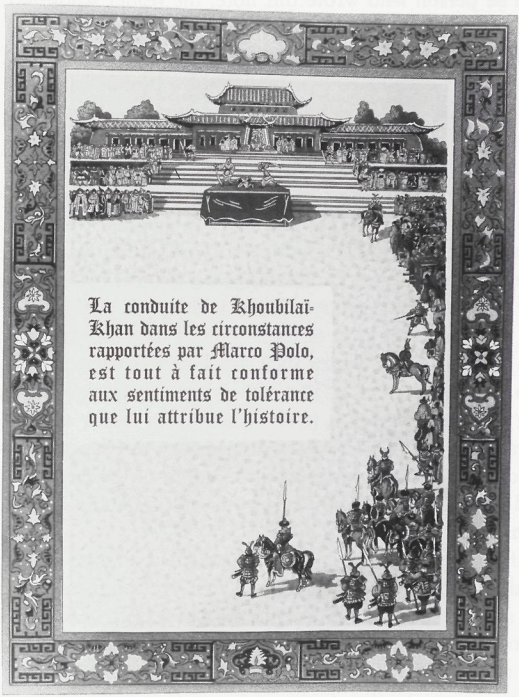
Fifteenth-century manuscript of Marco Polo's *Travels;* the marginal note questions the place of burial of the Three Kings

other countries towards the north." On the next page the reader politely corrects an error of the scribe by noting next to the incorrect "Hostia" of the text, "I think that this province is Russia."

The above examples of the reader's interventions and responses to the text of the *Travels* are those of an intelligent and educated

person. One note, however, places the Plimpton manuscript in a category of its own. In this codex alone, of the surviving 135 medieval manuscripts of Marco Polo's *Travels*, there is evidence of Marco's veracity being questioned on the basis of personal experience. Although many readers annotated their copy, it seems that they were all armchair voyagers, and that no other traveler either read or annotated their copy of Marco Polo (with the glaring exception of Christopher Columbus, whose annotated copy—printed in Gouda c. 1483—resides in Seville). Along an outer margin of the manuscript, near where Marco Polo has been expressing enthusiasm about the tombs of the Three Kings in the city of Saba (Seuwa?) in Persia, the reader comments: "The author says that he saw their tomb, but I saw '*col*——.'" This last word has been cropped by the binder, who wanted a nice even edge to the book block. The note puzzled me for a long time: [Marco Polo] says that he saw their tomb, but I saw '*columna*'?—a column, instead of a tomb? Or '*collegium*'?—a building, a school, a monastery in their honor? Had the reader been to Persia, to Saba where Marco Polo locates the tomb of the Three Kings? If so, it's remarkable that this is the only statement of Marco's that is queried; the reader must have seen, experienced, and agreed with the other objects and events described. Remarkable!

To my surprise, I had the fortune to discover the rest of this manuscript, when I had not originally imagined that Plimpton MS 93 might be incomplete. Its forty leaves are, in fact, excerpted from the middle of an otherwise virtually complete manuscript acquired by the University of California, Los Angeles, in 1983 in honor of Lynn and Maude White. The full manuscript, consisting of UCLA 170/584, Plimpton MS 93, and a still missing piece of several leaves, would have constituted an anthology of readings on the Near and Far East, ranging from theology to travel and parody. A note on folio 2 of the UCLA manuscript in the now-familiar handwriting suddenly solves the puzzle. The note says: "In the monastery of St. Sebastian of Ebersberg of the order of St. Benedict, I bought this book from the abbot, from whom I had



"Kublai Khan's conduct in the circumstances related by Marco Polo conforms entirely to the feelings of tolerance that history attributes to him"; in *Les Merveilleux Voyages de Marco Polo,* retold by A. Aniante and illustrated by J. Gradassi, 1962

requested it, on the second day after the nativity of our Lord in the year 1494; this is in Bavaria, a province of higher Allemagne; I gave him the price to buy another and better book for the library of the monastery."

The person who wrote this note, the reader whose notes we have been perusing in Plimpton MS 93, must have been a Spaniard. The Latin in his acquisition note exhibits the b/v confusion that is characteristic of the Spanish pronunciation of these letters: he spells "Sebastiani" and "Bavaria" as "Sevastiani" and "Babaria." When he translates the text's Latin word for cotton, "bambaces," he uses a Spanish word, "algodon." And the UCLA manuscript's provenance is mapped out quite clearly through a succession of inventories and library catalogues from the seventeenth to the early twentieth century: all are in Spain. We now know that our mysterious reader was a Spaniard who was traveling in Germany when, in 1494, he bought this book. I am now in the position to propose an expansion of the cropped note about the Three Kings: "Auctor dicit quod vidit sepulcrum eorum sed ego vidi *Colonie* . . . "; "The author says that he saw their tomb, but I saw *in Cologne* . . . [their relics?]" Our reader did not go to Persia, but he did travel through Germany, to Cologne where the relics of the Three Kings were the glory of the city's cathedral, and where the Kings' three crowns still grace the city's coat of arms.

If this traveled and educated Spaniard is allowed to represent reader-reaction to the *Travels* in its first two centuries of life, then we see a response that accepts the basic facts of Marco Polo's account while attempting to bring its information into line with the reader's own and attempting to correct scribal errors of place names. It may be that doubts of Marco Polo's veracity first began to surface precisely around problems of toponomy. Gianbattista Ramusio, who in 1559 was the first to prepare a critical edition of the *Travels* based on a number of sources and on a choice of quality in sources, commented in his introduction to the text, "And Marco Polo's book, because of infinite mistakes and errors, has been for many decades considered a fairy tale, and it was thought that the names of the cities and provinces were all pretendings and imaginations without any foundation, and, to say it better, it was thought they were all dreams."

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* * *

ISSN 0010-1966

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Columbia Library Columns

VOLUME XLIII MAY 1994 NUMBER 3

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Published by THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES
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Three issues a year

President Johnson and George Woods

George Woods and the World Bank

A Twentieth-Century Horatio Alger

ROBERT W. OLIVER

On January 1, 1963, at age sixty-two, George David Woods became the fourth president of the World Bank, serving a full five-year term—plus three months. He was succeeded by Robert McNamara, secretary of defense under John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson. Woods had been a confidant to Eugene Black, the third president of the World Bank, in part because Woods and the First Boston Corporation helped Black to market the bonds of the World Bank. Black and Woods spoke by telephone almost daily, and Black entrusted Woods with a number of important overseas missions.

In August 1962 at the White House, President John F. Kennedy personally urged Woods to accept the position. Kennedy told Woods, in effect: Everything we in the United States have done since the end of the war, including the Marshall Plan, to try to build a peaceful and stable world is threatened by the growing gap between the poor and the rich countries. If that is not solved, it is going to cause the collapse of our policies, including American foreign policy. We have to do something about this, and I think the World Bank, of the institutions available, is the most promising. This is our chosen instrument, and I want you, George Woods, to be the one to make the Bank a bridge between the poor and the rich countries.

George Woods had a knack for gaining people's confidence that was compounded by integrity, a brilliant mind, and a prodigious capacity for work. A career in investment banking at First Boston, the surviving corporation of Harris, Forbes and Company, and at the World Bank led a poor boy from Brooklyn to become familiar with presidents, ministers, and ambassadors the world over. As banker to the world, he wielded great power.

George Woods was born not to wealth but to a life of long hours and hard work. Business was his life. Golfing and athletics and singing and dancing did not interest him. A registered Republican, he took no great interest in politics. If he had outside interests, they were the theater and dining well. The *New York Times* wrote about him in 1964, "Sometimes they call him 'the radical from Wall Street,' but George Woods is not a radical. He is an innovator."

George was born in Boston on July 27, 1901, to John and Laura (Rhodes) Woods. His father was a worker in the Boston Navy yard when Laura married him, but they soon moved to Brooklyn, in part to be closer to Laura's parents. It was there that George's only sibling, a younger sister, Grace, was born in 1904. That same year, his parents' short and unhappy marriage ended with John's death from heart disease and cirrhosis of the liver, conditions probably caused by excessive drinking.

The Woodses were desperately poor after John died. George was three and Grace, not yet one. George's mother worked at sewing, making things for people, and repairing things. When Grace was old enough, she contributed to the family by babysitting. George worked after school. In a March 16, 1986, interview with me, Grace Woods Johnson observed of her family:

> Our whole life was just the three of us. . . . We were never affluent, but my mother was a very happy woman. She adored her children and that kept us from being underprivileged. We were certainly underprivileged with our contemporaries, our peers. We weren't wholly accepted. But at home we could do no wrong. . . . Mother loved George unbelievably. . . . She just thought George was perfect, and I sort of went along with that too.

When George was a little boy in Brooklyn, he would sweep the sidewalks and clean the brass of a Doctor Treadwell who lived in the neighborhood. Treadwell thought highly of the boy and commented to George's mother, "That little fellow is going to grow up to be president of the United States." It must have been some-

thing in his attitude in performing that menial duty before he went to school. Everything George Woods did, he did thoroughly.

George, with large, black eyes and very dark eyebrows that almost grew together, was sober, even as a child. Although he was to grow to almost six feet tall, he was tiny, even in high school, and he kept "small" signs on his desk: "Never cross a small man." Though younger, Grace was taller and more athletic than her brother. It was she who taught George to roller-skate and ride a bicycle.

George's dislike of athletics was well known. After a long article about him appeared in *Fortune* magazine in 1959, a friend wrote to him playfully, "What's that bunk about your being opposed to physical exercise of any kind? Hell, I remember once you walked up a whole flight of stairs to a speakeasy on 56th Street." When he was younger, George joined the Boy Scouts but gave them up when he discovered that camping was required. If he could ride, he wouldn't walk; if he could sit, he wouldn't stand. He was mentally alert but physically lazy.

He participated in YMCA activities in which he did learn to swim, though he preferred to float. At high school sorority and fraternity dances, he would stand beside the piano fascinated by the music, though he was a lazy dancer. He loved the theater but refused well into the twenties to wear a tuxedo—even when the other men in his party wore tuxedos and his date, an evening gown. If George couldn't do something well, he didn't attempt it. He was not agile. He was not good at languages, so he didn't bother to learn any. Woods seemed to know his own capabilities. He was not competitive except in banking, and he was very good at that.

It was his mother's idea that George should go to Boys' Commercial High School in Brooklyn rather than, say, Brooklyn Prep or Erasmus Hall High School. Neither George nor Grace could afford college. George was a good student, but he did not pass a necessary secretarial course because he was not interested,

George Woods, photographed at his office in the World Bank, June 1966

so he had to stay an additional term. That's when he started to work in the school's bank and attracted the attention of Gilbert J. Raynor, the assistant principal, who recommended the young man for a position as office boy at Harris, Forbes and Company, a leading underwriter of municipal and utility bonds. George wished "to improve his position"; he had been working after school for five months for a local apron manufacturer earning six dollars a week.

On June 17, 1918, Woods began his career with Harris, Forbes in Manhattan. He kept a small photograph of the headlines that appeared in the *New York Times* that first day. The Austrian army had penetrated across the Piave River in northeastern Italy, while the Americans had fired seven thousand gas shells during the

preceding forty-eight hours and had inflicted heavy casualties on the Kaiser's favorite divisions. The armistice was still five months away, war was increasingly fierce, and office boys of the dependable caliber of George Woods, not yet seventeen, were in short supply.

When Harry Addinsell, who had been with Harris, Forbes since 1904, returned to his job after World War I, he found a new office boy looking up at him with large, black eyes from behind the reception desk. George Woods reported to Addinsell and to Charles W. Beal, the executive vice-president "who knew practically everything there was to know about corporate financing—debentures and unsecured loans." Phillip Krauthoff, another vice-president, induced Woods to enroll in night classes at the American Institute for Banking and at New York University. Krauthoff would confront Woods in the mornings and question him about what he had learned the night before. Woods frequently claimed that Addinsell and Krauthoff had brought him up. "He brought himself up," Addinsell would reply.

Woods's apprenticeship for the World Bank had begun. Although he began as an office boy in the buying, or underwriting, department, he quickly assumed responsibility for helping clients put together a bond package that could be marketed. He helped with long-range corporate planning so that, if and when firms needed to raise capital, they could do so with expedition and on favorable terms. Woods was associated primarily with the underwriting side, on advising clients, that is to say, on how to plan for their long-run future.

In 1921, at the age of twenty-six, George Woods became a vice-president of Harris, Forbes. He went on his first international assignment in 1928, to Japan, to arrange the financing of the Nippon Electric Company. Through a series of mergers, Harris, Forbes eventually became the First Boston Corporation; in 1951 at age fifty, Woods became chairman of the board. It was a phenomenal rags-to-riches success story. Woods had acquired the

educational capital for success. In a way, the pattern of his development may have influenced the model he promoted for the development of less-privileged countries.

George Woods was Kennedy's choice for president of the World Bank. He was Eugene Black's choice as well. Woods was better qualified to head the World Bank than Eugene Black had been at the time of Black's own appointment as the United States executive director. Woods had had a longer exposure to the problems of developing nations and a wider exposure to American securities markets. Thanks to missions to India, Pakistan, and the Philippines, and the negotiations with Egypt on Suez Canal compensation that Black had entrusted to him, he also had some knowledge of World Bank operations and personnel. Besides, the time was ripe for a more active president.

The Woods years at the World Bank were a period during which the organization grew from 81 member states to 107 (22 being newly independent states in Africa) and was transformed from a relatively passive investment bank deriving its resources from the guarantees primarily of its wealthier member governments to an active development-finance agency that sought to advise the less-developed countries on how to achieve more rapid per capita economic growth.

This transformation did not occur overnight. In a sense, it had begun with the first Bank loan to a less-developed country (Chile) as the Bank used its leverage to influence the terms and conditions of lending. By 1955, with the establishment of the Economic Development Institute under the noted British economist Alec Cairncross, the Bank had begun to teach government officials from less-developed countries about the economics of growth. In 1956, the World Bank spawned the International Finance Corporation and, in 1960, the International Development Association. Collectively, they became known as the World Bank Group.

Andrew M. Kamarck, director of the Economics Department of the World Bank from 1965 to 1970, describes approaches to economic development in the foreword to my book *George Woods and the World Bank* as follows:

> The process of economic development is too complex to be managed by a single policy prescription. But, bearing in mind this reservation, there is a fundamental difference between those who emphasize the dependence of development in the poor countries on the volume of the transfer of resources from rich to poor and those who, instead, emphasize that development depends, first and foremost, on improvement in the allocation and management of the resources (in the widest sense) at the command of the poor country. In simple terms, the difference is between those who emphasize giving a starving man enough fish for a meal and those who believe it is better to equip him with a fishing pole and teach him to fish. Both the "transfers" and the "economic management" partisans recognize the importance of the other policy, but the different emphasis results in very different methods of operation—and results.

George Woods subscribed to the latter policy. The World Bank Group was in place when he became its president, but under his leadership the focus of the bank was on helping countries to learn to help themselves, to give them the means for economic independence, through a close collaboration of bank staff whose experience and knowledge in the borrower nation helped institute policy and administrative reforms. He set out to make the lending of the International Development Association (IDA), the grant-type wing of the World Bank Group, more important than the World Bank itself. Woods knew about investment banking, but once he perceived that the IDA might finance expenditures whose amortization could be as long as fifty years with no interest, his concept of development assistance changed. Though IDA loans had to meet the same rigid standards as Bank loans, many more countries could receive assistance, and the amounts could be greater. IDA credits increased during the Woods years from 33 in seventeen countries (equaling $367 million) to 112 in thirty-eight countries (equaling $1,744.5 million).

IDA loans were more difficult to assess than Bank loans. Teams of economists were needed, Woods felt, and development planning based upon many kinds of information in all of the Bank's developing countries seemed to be in order. The Bank needed to institute a partnership relationship with its client governments.

Woods chose as his chief economist Irving S. Friedman, a Columbia University Ph.D. who had been in the Treasury Department and had served in the International Monetary Fund as director of the Exchange Restrictions Department before coming to the World Bank. Woods knew about the systematic country analyses done on Friedman's advice in the Fund, and he wanted the Bank to have a similar capacity. With the expanded staff of economists that Woods favored (the staff increased from twenty-nine economists to eighty during his presidency), Friedman was able to arrange annual reviews for all borrowing member countries and to provide statistical and other research services to client countries as well as to other international institutions and consultative groups.

Friedman also recommended that annual IDA grants be increased to one billion dollars a year (from less than one billion over five years). Woods backed Friedman and fought for this increase almost to the bitter end of his presidency. In late 1967, in a superb address to the Swedish Banks Association, Woods called for "A Grand Assize"—assessing the world's record of prospects for growth to round off "our faltering decade of development with a genuine reformulation of policy."

Woods and Friedman, however, were facing a Sisyphean task. In the late 1950s, the United States had begun to run growing balance-of-payments deficits due, in part, to European and Japanese recovery from the war, the undervalued price of gold (thirty-five dollars an ounce), and the increasing outflow of capital. IDA dollar loans were discouraged because the loans were not spent entirely in the United States, and Congress became more and more hostile to IDA commitments, indeed, to foreign aid as a whole.

Woods became increasingly frustrated with the American Treasury Department, which was responsible for explaining the Bank's program in Congress. He even became frustrated with some of the Bank's executive directors. But, through it all, his underlying wisdom prevailed.

For the first time, under Woods, the Bank Group said that a great deal more could be done if more good projects could be identified, particularly if they could be financed by IDA. Woods changed the thinking in the Bank; he ultimately changed the thinking of the major donor nations. It was probably his most

Twenty-two African nations became members of the World Bank during Woods's tenure as president; Woods with President Jomo Kenyatta in Kenya, 1964

important victory. Crucially important to development, Woods argued, was the evolution of policies that would give increasingly productive employment to the rural population. An essential condition for such an evolution is "agrarian reform" in the broadest sense—including improvement not only in land utilization and, where appropriate, in tenure arrangements, but also in government agricultural services, in price incentives and other economic policies, in marketing, and in the supply of credit.

Agriculture should be treated as a system, according to Woods, with each component linked in a chain: research to develop tech-

nology, extension to spread knowledge, credit to finance it, and roads to move its products. Woods sought to finance the whole project (or chain of projects), and he substantially expanded lending for broad agricultural development projects, including land settlement, farm credit, equipment, livestock production, fertilizer, and seed improvement, as well as for irrigation and flood control projects that were favored before he came.

Woods virtually began lending for education—putting money into vocational, technical, and secondary schools to create a pool of trained workers required for economic development and into teacher education in order to provide the educators necessary for the schools. To speed up the identification of agricultural and educational projects for financial support, he recognized the importance of, and cooperated with, the specialized agencies of the United Nations, negotiating partnership agreements with the Food and Agriculture Organization and the United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organization in particular.

Woods made new resources available to the International Finance Corporation (IFC), the arm of the World Bank that can lend to private industry directly or through development banks, and he improved the loans for projects by increasing the technical-assistance content of Bank, IDA, and IFC commitments. He supported dams in the Indus Valley, helped to bring the Green Revolution to India (so that the country was transformed from being a food-importer threatened by famine to being self-sufficient), and he greatly increased IDA lending to Africa.

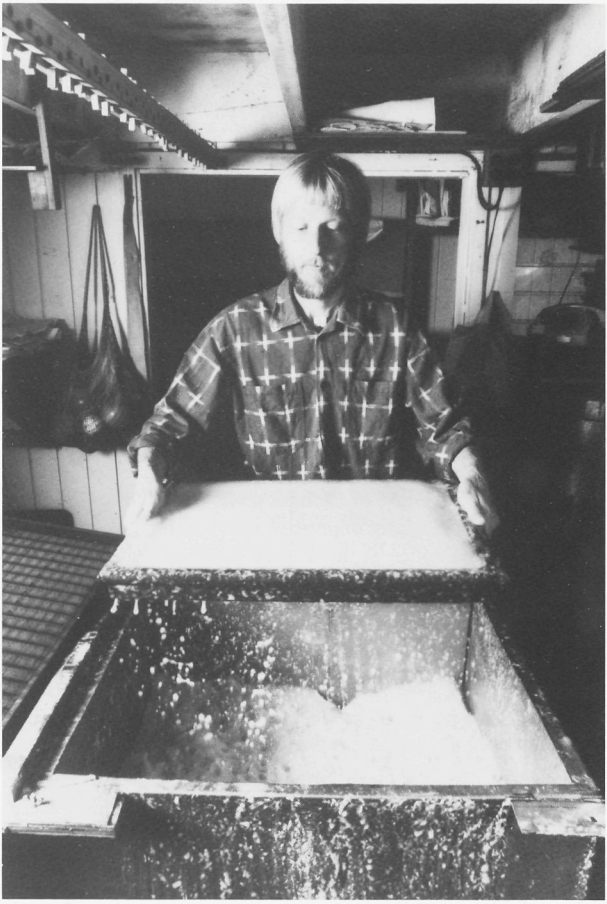
George Woods was an activist president who reshaped the World Bank and increased the number of Bank loans from 333 in sixty-one countries equaling $6,836 million to 194 loans equaling $11 billion. Membership grew not only in the Bank, but also in the IDA (from sixty-seven members to ninety-eight) and in the IFC (from seventy-one members to eighty-five). The International Development Agency and the Bank were entering into forty-five commitments a year when Woods arrived; at the end of his tenure this number had increased to sixty-six.

Irving Friedman, who ate lunch with George Woods "many, many, many times" and with whom Woods had an almost symbiotic relationship, said:

> You couldn't impress Woods with your position, or your money, or the way you looked, or the clothing you wore, or the car and the chauffeur you had driving around. It just didn't impress him at all.
>
> He enjoyed people for what they were rather than as part of a social group. He didn't . . . refer to the fact that "I had dinner with the former French Ambassador" . . . or something like that. He was a very one-on-one kind of a person. . . . Because of this one-on-one relationship, he was rarely on stage. You rarely saw him in a public . . . capacity. He was always a very intimate person. . . .
>
> He seemed to take a great delight in the mobility of American society. He never talked about his own mobility. When you talked to him, you wondered if he was talking about himself. He didn't talk about himself. He was always talking about [his experience] in semi-philosophical terms. He was a great admirer of the American system.

David Lilienthal, former head of the Tennessee Valley Authority, was well aware of Woods's good work and unassuming style. He was particularly impressed after visiting Woods in his tiny World Bank office at the United Nations headquarters in New York. Woods had emerged alone to greet him and apologized, saying, "I'm sorry. They didn't tell me you were waiting." Lilienthal noted that Woods wore a "warm grin and a welcoming glint of the eye that marked him off from any banker [he had] ever known—and most other men who have had their way for decades." Lilienthal later wrote about Woods, "Few are the men who have great power over the lives of others and can remain unaffected by that fact. Harry Truman was the greatest example I have known. But George Woods, though different in almost every other way, runs him a close second."

This article has been adapted from Professor Oliver's *George Woods and the World Bank* (Boulder: Lynne Rienner, 1994). George Woods died in 1982, leaving a substantial portion of his estate to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library; the manuscript reading room is named in his honor. Professor Oliver's interviews relating to Woods are in the Oral History Collection of Columbia University and in the archives of the World Bank.



Illus. 1. Peter Thomas forming a sheet

Paper: A Common Ground

Selections from an Exhibition

JANE RODGERS SIEGEL

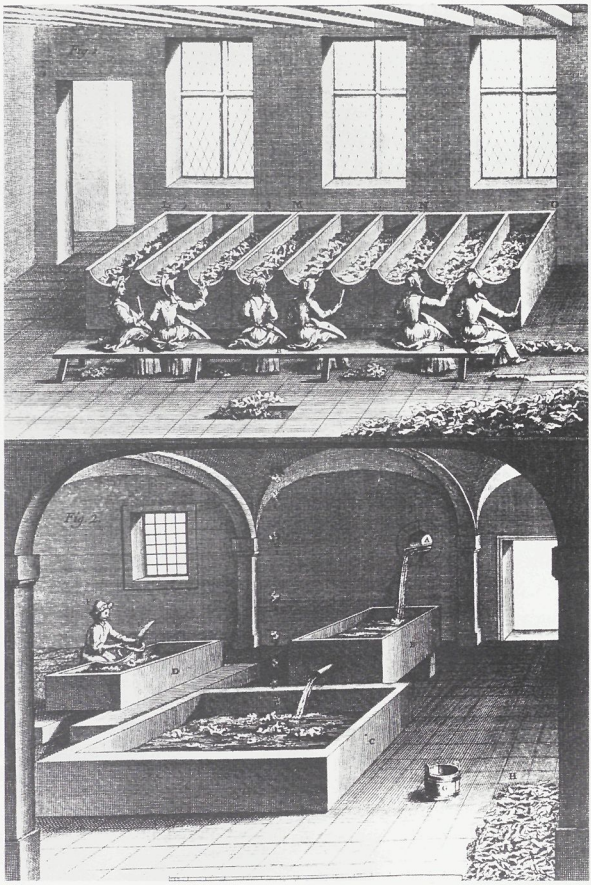
"Paper: A Common Ground" was an exhibition that traced the history of papermaking from its origins in China to the modern revival of hand papermaking. The craft of hand papermaking and the technology of machine fabrication were illustrated by a variety of sources, and many forms of writing material, both paper and non-paper, were on view. Below is a selection from the exhibition providing an overview of western hand papermaking.

Paper has been made and used for close to two thousand years in China, and for a mere seven hundred years or so in Europe. Techniques changed slowly but dramatically until the revolutionary invention of papermaking machines in the early 1800s.

An increase in population and the revival of commerce in the thirteenth century made western, capital-intensive papermaking possible and necessary. The growth of universities and the rise of a secular book trade also contributed to the demand for paper. But nothing affected the trade as much as the invention of printing from moveable types. Gutenberg's famous 42-line Bible was printed in an edition of about 145 copies on paper and only a few on vellum. Printing required an inexpensive, easily available material, and parchment could not be produced in the quantities required by the burgeoning printing trade. The story of paper in the five centuries since the invention of printing has been one of finding easier, cheaper ways to make paper to meet the ever-increasing demand for it.

What Is Paper?

True paper is a sheet made of cellulose fiber (from mulberry, flax, cotton, wood, or other substances) that has been beaten and macerated in water until the fibers separate, then is lifted from the



Illus. 2. Top: Sorting and cutting the rags; Bottom: Fermentation tanks

water on a screen or mold and dried. The sheet of matted fiber is paper. Sizing agents are added to reduce penetration of liquids; fillers, dyes, pigments, and strengtheners also can be added.

The Invention of Paper in China

Paper was invented by the Chinese. The traditional story is that a Chinese court official named Ts'ai Lun invented paper in 105 A.D. He presented a report in that year to the Empress, but paper had probably already been in use for some time; he may have merely been informing her of improvements in its manufacture.

The Earliest Paper

The earliest paper was made in a simple fashion. The papermaker floated stretched fabric molds in a stream or vat, poured in the prepared fibers, raised the mold carefully to spread the fibers evenly throughout the sheet, then stored the molds upright to dry—often around a fire. When dry, the paper could be peeled off the mold.

Linen Rags as a Fiber Source

Papermaking made its first European appearance in Spain, which in the eleventh century was under Islamic control. Early Spanish paper looked like Arabic paper because it was formed in a reed mold, but it was made of a different fiber: flax.

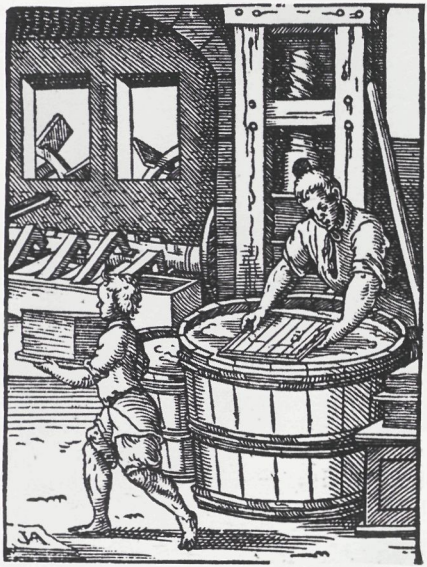
The best fiber available in the West was flax and its end-product, linen cloth. Considerable effort is needed to break down cloth into fibers to make paper, so the Europeans used water-wheels to run trip-hammers to stamp the rags.

Preparation of the "Stuff"

The hardest part of papermaking was the preparation of the pulp. Rag required a lot of sorting, fermenting, beating, and washing to make a white pulp—six to eight months or more. The first step was the preparation of the rags. The rags were carefully fermented in a process taking up to six or eight months, which was meant to whiten the rags and break down the fibers. They would then be sorted by quality and either set out in fields and wet down

Chartarius. Der Papyrer.

EX vetulis pannis tenuem contexo papyrum,
Vertitur in gyros dum mola ſcabra ſuos.
In tabulis olim ſua ſcripſit verba vetuſtas,
Quas rudis ex cæra dextra liquente dabat.



Cùm mera ſimplicitas ævo rariſſima noſtro,
Et merus in terris ſcribere iuſſit amor.
Principibus noſtris vix ſufficit aurea charta,
Sit licet aurata ſæpe notata manu.
Fama vetus nulli certos adſcripſit honores,
Iſtius inuentor qui prior artis erat.

Illus. 3. Papermill showing stampers, the mill wheel, the press, and the vatman

or left to rot in heaps in the mill. This long process was shortened for cruder grades of paper and later was replaced by cooking and bleaching. After the initial fermentation, the rags would be carefully cut into pieces of two square inches or less and sorted to fine distinctions of quality. A heavy rag included with finer ones could throw off the careful timing of the stamping.

Illustration 2: This engraving from Joseph Jérôme le Français de Lalande, *Art de faire le papier* (Paris: Desaint et Saillant, 1761), shows the sorting and cutting of the rags, a job often done by women, as well as tanks in which the rags ferment. Lalande describes at length the importance of fiber preparation to the quality of the final product.

The Need for Water

A mill required both a source of power (a mill stream) and an ample source of clear water. Large amounts of water flowed through the rag preparation process to clean the fibers of all impurities: one kilogram of paper takes twelve hundred liters of water in hand papermaking, sixty-seven liters in modern machine mills. That much water is hard to find, which is why mills tend to cluster in places such as Newton, Massachusetts, Maidstone, England, and Valeyre, France. In some areas it was easier to devise elaborate filtration systems than to find clean water.

Beating vs. Stamping

The hollander beater was invented by the Dutch in the mid-seventeenth century because most of Holland was too flat to provide water power to run stamping mills, and windmills were not strong enough. The hollander can process rags in four to five hours; stamping mills take more than a day. It was believed that the hollander produced shorter fibers, and, therefore, weaker papers, but its economic advantages were compelling.

Illustration 3: In this woodcut by Jost Amman from Hartmann Schopper, *Panoplia Omnium Illiberalium Mechanicarum aut Sedentiarum Artium Genera Continens* (Frankfurt: Sigismund Feyerabend, 1568), you can see the stampers on the left, the mill

wheel through the window, and, behind the vatman, who uses an oddly proportioned mold, the press (see below).

Papermaking was one of the earliest large industries, with factory-like facilities even before machines were introduced. It was also among the earliest ones to mechanize and to have protests against the new devices. By the end of the eighteenth century, steam power was being used to run such things as pumps, ragcutters, rag dusters, and machines to agitate pulp waiting for the vat.

Forming the Sheet, Pressing, and Drying

Once the rags were broken down into pulp, they were dumped into the vat and diluted further with water. A furnace in the side of the vat kept the liquid, called "stuff," warm, and there was a rotating "hog" to keep the fibers from settling.

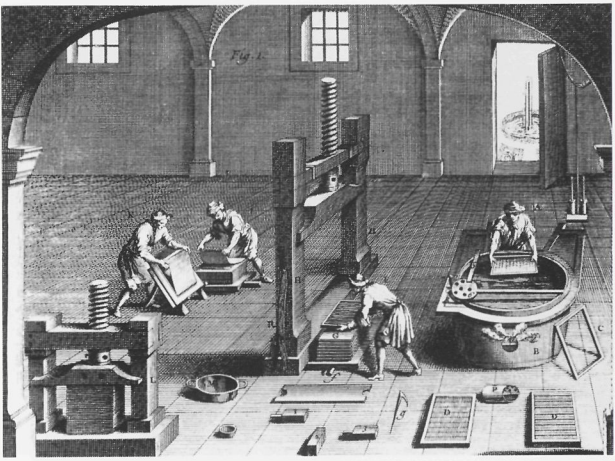
A team of three made the paper: the vatman, who dipped the molds into the vat, then lifted them up and gave them the shake that locked the fibers together; the coucher, who took the mold with the formed sheet and "couched" or deposited the waterleaf on the pile, handing the mold back to the vatman; and the layer, who would take the completed post, or pile of sheets, alternated with felts, to the press. Such a team could produce fifteen hundred to four thousand sheets of paper a day.

A group of five or six would be needed to pull at the bar of the standing press, squeezing out forty percent of the height of the stack. The layer would then take the post, separate the sheets from the felts, press them again, and hang them up to dry.

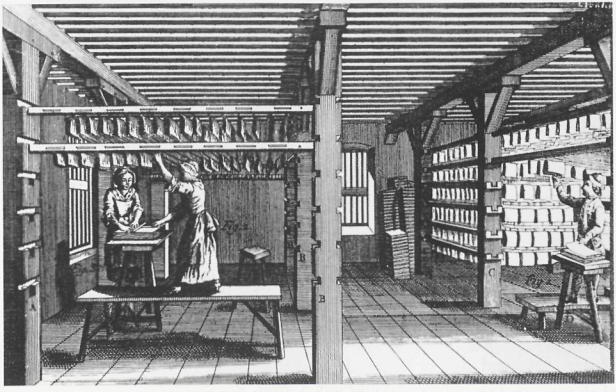
Illustration 4: An engraving from Lalande, with (right to left) the vatman at his heated vat, the coucher adding a sheet to the post, the press, and the layboys.

The Drying Loft

Illustration 5: The sheets were hung to dry in "spurs," groups of seven or eight sheets. Conditions in the drying loft were carefully monitored and controlled. The dry sheets were taken down and then sized. From "Papetterie" in Denis Diderot, *Encyclopédie, ou Dictionnaire raisonné des sciences, des arts et des métiers* . . . , 3rd ed. (Livourne: Imprimerie des éditeurs, 1770–1775).



IIllus. 4. (Right to left) Forming, pressing, and drying



Illus. 5. The drying loft

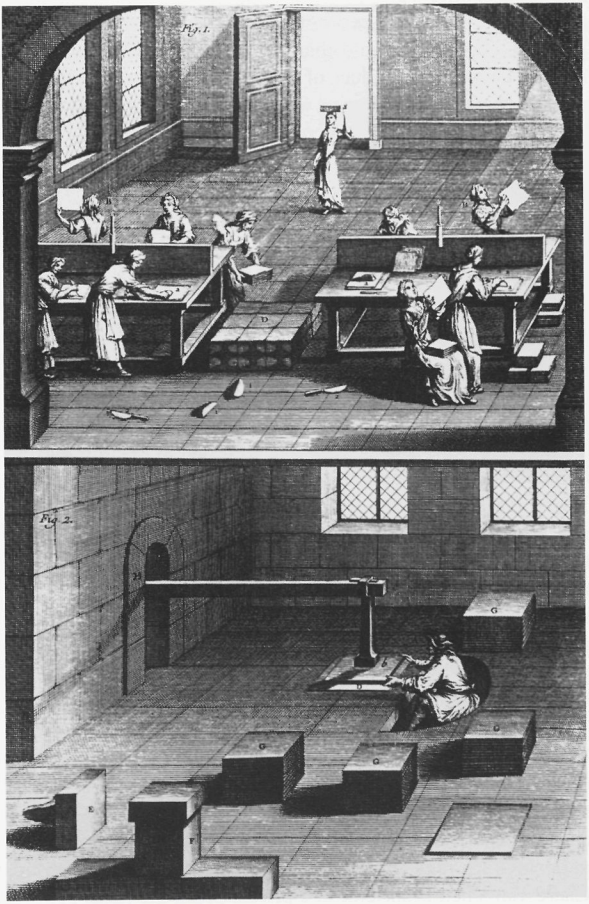
Sizing the Sheet

Once dried, the sheets were dipped into size, again pressed, dried, and pressed again. The use, as early as 1283, of animal gelatin size, which made paper almost as good as vellum for writing, was one of the great western innovations in papermaking. European scribes used sharp quill pens, which tore at less strongly sized papers.

Illus. 6. Sizing

The sizing operation was called "the slaughterhouse" because so many sheets were ruined in the process. "Internal" sizing, adding size to the stuff before forming the sheet, was known in the mid-eighteenth century and became popular with machine papermaking.

Illustration 6: This engraving from Lalande shows (left to right) the boiling of skins and parts to make the size, the straining of size, finished sheets being dipped into a vat of size, the pressing of sheets, and the capturing of excess size for reuse.



Illus. 7. Finishing

Finishing

After sizing, writing paper was smoothed by rubbing or hammering. The paper would then be inspected, sorted, and packaged. The average product of a one-vat mill was two thousand reams per year, but this varied widely, depending on local practices and the size and quality of the paper being made.

Illustration 7: In this print from Lalande, the women are burnishing the paper, inspecting, sorting, and packaging it. The man (lower panel) is working at a glazing hammer, which was used in many mills as an alternative to the labor-intensive hand burnishing.

Modern Hand Papermaking

A papermaking machine was invented in 1798 in France and became commercially available in 1807. The economic advantages of machine-made paper were so great that, by 1865, with the exception of a mill operated by L. L. Brown from 1880 to 1907, the last hand papermaking mill in the United States closed down. The true revival of hand papermaking could not have occurred without Dard Hunter (1883–1966), who left Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Shop for England, where he discovered handmade paper and the surviving hand papermaking firms. Hunter learned to make paper, and for a time operated a commercial hand papermaking mill. As the author of seminal studies in paper history—several produced on his own paper with his own type at his own press—Hunter was the inspiration for the next generation of papermakers, who learned to make paper from his books and benefited from his advice.

The revitalization of hand papermaking in America in the 1960s and 1970s was a response to the need of artists and printmakers for fine paper, and currently a number of artists are exploring papermaking as a medium. Fine presses are taking advantage of the myriad kinds of handmade paper available; papermakers take up printing, and printers, papermaking. Claire Van Vliet, proprietor of a private press, the Janus Press, for

example, is an artist who often works in paper. Others, like Henry Morris and Peter and Donna Thomas, combine a Hunter-like variety of professions: papermaker, printer, and paper historian.

Illus. 8. The Quirindi Paper Mill and Print Studio, South Australia

Illustration 1: Peter and Donna Thomas are Santa Cruz–based papermakers, paper historians, and printers who have published a number of books on papermaking. The photograph is of Peter Thomas forming a sheet.

Illustration 8: Quirindi Handmade Paper is the largest hand papermaking mill in South Australia. Established by Ruth Creedy and Heather McDonald in 1985, the mill produces paper made from native plants. The word "Quirindi" is an Aboriginal word meaning "meeting place of waters," appropriate for a mill on a pond fed by streams. Illustration 8 shows photographs of the Quirindi Paper Mill and Quirindi Print Studio.

An Odd Sort of Author

Henry Fielding, Writer and Magistrate

FRANCINE L. ALFANDARY

On January 1, 1753, Elizabeth Canning, an eighteen-year-old servant, disappeared after spending New Year's Day with relatives outside of London. The party had ended after nightfall. Dressed in her holiday best and carrying a few shillings, the young woman had set out alone through the unlit streets.

She didn't return for four weeks. Canning finally reappeared, filthy, emaciated, and dressed in rags. She told a lurid tale of abduction and torture, claiming she had been kidnapped by two "footpads," or thugs, who robbed her, knocked her unconscious, and dragged her to a house ten miles outside the city. There, an old gypsy woman and two younger women promised Canning nice clothes and pocket money if she would join their brothel. Canning held fast to her virtue. Furious, the women stole her bone stays and locked her in a dark loft. After four weeks, Canning, barely alive, pried the boards off the window of her prison and escaped. Elizabeth Canning became a media sensation. London was captivated by the tale of the simple virgin and her loathsome captors. But was she telling the truth?

It fell to Henry Fielding (1707–1754) to decide. The author of *Tom Jones* had reached the magistracy after a long and often disappointing career as a writer and lawyer. Columbia University's Rare Book and Manuscript Library contains a rich collection of Fielding's pamphlets on law and criminal justice, including his fascinating account of the sensational Canning case.

Fielding had struggled for many years to achieve a position of respectability. His maternal grandfather, Sir Henry Gould, was a distinguished judge on the King's Bench, but his father was a debt-ridden English soldier, and his mother died when he was barely eleven. Her death led to Fielding's first encounter with the law. When Fielding's father took a second wife—a Roman Catholic

woman, rumored Italian—Fielding's maternal grandmother sued to deprive Fielding's father of custody of her grandchildren. Consequently, Fielding spent the balance of his childhood as a ward of the court.

Henry Fielding; engraved portrait from a miniature once owned by his granddaughter

After leaving school at the age of seventeen, the charismatic and sharp-witted Fielding settled in London, adopting the life of the young playwright-about-town. His bawdy comedies reflected his own inclinations, for he made no secret of his interest in the "voluptuous" of every social rank. His conquests ranged from a fifteen-year-old heiress to the local prostitutes.

Fielding was, like his character Tom Jones, "a good-natured Libertine," but his sexual permissiveness contrasted sharply with his civic high-mindedness. He deplored his era's flourishing corruption and crime and wrote several satirical plays about politics and the law. In one play, he mockingly described a character as "sober as a judge." His sharpest barbs were aimed at England's wily prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, who was renowned for protecting political allies and contributors. In 1729, for instance, a wealthy English gentleman was convicted of raping his maid, but before the man could serve his jail time, Walpole arranged a royal pardon. Fielding drew inspiration from this episode for his successful 1730 comedy, *Rape Upon Rape, Or the Justice Caught in His Own Trap.* But when Fielding brazenly mocked the prime minister and King George II in the *Historical Register for the Year 1736*, Walpole put an end to Fielding's career as playwright. Parliament enacted a new law, the Theatrical Licensing Act, under which no play could be produced in England without the prior approval of government censors. (This Licensing Act, which was not repealed until 1964, was eventually used to suppress works by Ibsen, Shaw, and Beckett, among others.)

Barred from the theater, Fielding turned to the law. He completed his legal studies in half the usual time and began his practice in 1740. Despite his legal ability and social connections, Fielding failed to attract clients. His reputation as a satirist of the judicial system preceded him, forcing him to supplement his meager legal fees with his writing. Although he is best remembered for his comedic novels—notably *Shamela* (1741) and *Tom Jones* (1749)—he was most active as a political journalist, having begun in the 1730s to write anonymous articles and editorials for the newspaper of the opposition party. Like his plays, his articles served to inflame public sentiment against Walpole. In fact, Fielding founded a newspaper in 1739, the *Champion*, whose primary purpose was to attack the prime minister. A typical *Champion* article accused Walpole of managing the affairs of state for the sole benefit of himself and his relations, dependents, and satellites.

The article pointed out that Walpole earned five thousand pounds a year, yet spent twenty thousand.

Fielding grew so notorious as a journalist that Walpole repeatedly tried to bribe him into changing allegiances. Although Fielding could have used a government sinecure, he refused to join Walpole's camp. Fielding's recent biographers, however, believe that he was not wholly incorruptible: he occasionally accepted money in exchange for agreeing not to print certain news items.

Fielding's comedic masterpiece, *Tom Jones, or, a History of a Foundling*, appeared in 1749. It reveals Fielding's mastery of the law and his scorn for those who misuse it. The title character is, for the most part, decent and ethical. His troubles—the unjust banishment from his home, his separation from Sophia Western, and his near-execution for a murder he did not commit—are brought about by the connivance and treachery of his rival, Master Blifl.

Tom Jones shares Fielding's sexual permissiveness as well as his high ethical standards. Tom blithely sleeps with a succession of women even while pining for the virginal Sophia. Fielding himself, as a middle-aged widower, seduced his late wife's personal maid, but while Tom failed to make an "honest Woman" of any of his lovers, Fielding married his pregnant mistress.

In those pre–Scott Turow days, the public looked askance on a novelist/lawyer. A 1748 letter to a London newspaper called Fielding "an odd sort of author this! A kind of Jack of all Trades! A would-be humourist, a farce maker, a journal scribler, a mock lawyer, a novel framer."

Fielding's years of vocal opposition to the government finally paid off. In 1748, Walpole's government fell. The new government rewarded Fielding with the job of magistrate for Westminster, and shortly thereafter he was appointed the magistrate for Middlesex as well.

Fielding had several duties as magistrate. He issued licenses to pubs and other businesses and performed clerical functions. For minor crimes, Fielding served as prosecutor, judge, and jury.

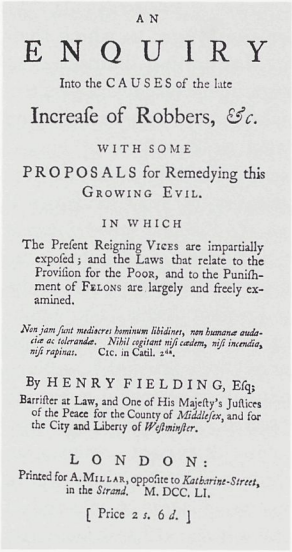
When the crime was a major one—as in the Canning affair—Fielding acted as "Court Justice," or prosecutor. He interviewed witnesses, amassed evidence, and prepared the crown's case against the accused. The case would then go to the criminal court at the Old Bailey, where a jury would review Fielding's findings and decide on the guilt or innocence of the accused. There was little latitude in sentencing. The punishment for serious crimes was hanging or "transportation" to America, while lesser criminals were branded or sent to jail.

The office of magistrate had its origins in rural England. Each parish had its parson, its constable, and its magistrate. The magistrate, a member of the local gentry, adjudicated disputes, supervised the constable, and generally kept the peace in the parish. Often he had no legal training and served without pay for an indefinite term.

Fielding poked gentle fun at two such country magistrates in *Tom Jones*. Mr. Allworthy is honest and fair, if incompetent. At the paternity hearing of a man accused of fathering Tom Jones, Mr. Allworthy relies on the testimony of the man's jealous wife. Such testimony was forbidden under English law, a point that does not trouble the magistrate because he is ignorant of the law. Mr. Allworthy's findings turn out to be erroneous. Similarly, Mr. Western is the uneducated and quick-tempered magistrate of a neighboring parish. He nearly sends a servant to jail for calling Western's sister "ugly," but Mr. Western's law clerk reminds him that the servant's actions were not, in fact, illegal. Both Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Western became magistrates by virtue of their money and social standing. Fielding deftly contrasts their judicial skills with those of the law clerk, who has the training, but not the social position, to be a magistrate.

In London, then the largest city in the world, the members of the local gentry were unwilling to assume the job of magistrate. The task of keeping the peace in that crime-ridden urban environment posed an immense burden. London magistrates were typically ambitious men of low social rank who, rather than instilling

law and order, often became corrupt themselves. For example, a magistrate might issue a warrant against an innocent person for a nonexistent crime. The constable would execute the warrant and bring the suspect to the magistrate for questioning. The magis-



AN

ENQUIRY

Into the CAUSES of the late

Increaſe of Robbers, &c.

WITH SOME

PROPOSALS for Remedying this Growing Evil.

IN WHICH

The Preſent Reigning Vices are impartially expoſed; and the Laws that relate to the Proviſion for the Poor, and to the Puniſhment of Felons are largely and freely examined.

Non jam ſunt mediocres hominum libidines, non humanæ audaciæ ac tolerandæ. Nihil cogitant niſi cædem, niſi incendia, niſi rapinas. Cic. in Catil. 2^do.

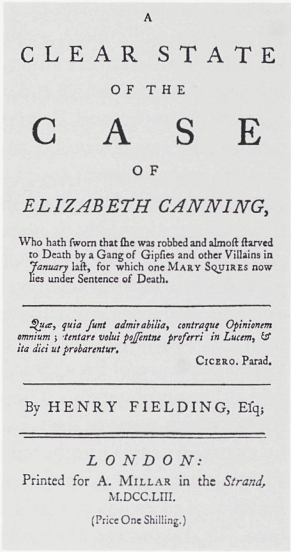
By HENRY FIELDING, Eſq;

Barriſter at Law, and One of His Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace for the County of *Middleſex*, and for the City and Liberty of *Weſtminſter*.

LONDON:

Printed for A. Millar, oppoſite to *Katharine-Street*, in the *Strand*. M. DCC. LI.

[Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*]



A

CLEAR STATE

OF THE

CASE

OF

ELIZABETH CANNING,

Who hath ſworn that ſhe was robbed and almoſt ſtarved to Death by a Gang of Gipſies and other Villains in *January* laſt, for which one Mary Squires now lies under Sentence of Death.

Quæ, quia ſunt admirabilia, contraque Opinionem omnium; tentare volui poſſentne proferri in Lucem, & ita dici ut probarentur.

Cicero. Parad.

By HENRY FIELDING, Eſq;

LONDON:

Printed for A. Millar in the *Strand*, M.DCC.LIII.

(Price One Shilling.)

Two pamphlets written during Fielding's career as magistrate: in the *Enquiry* he proposes methods for dealing with the crime problem, and in *Elizabeth Canning* he lays out the strange facts of that case and defends his actions.

trate would then release the suspect upon payment of bail, which would be divided between the magistrate and the constable. Other magistrates accepted pay-offs from local brothel-keepers in exchange for non-prosecution.

Fielding assumed his duties at a time when the London crime rate was skyrocketing. A long series of wars with France ended in

1748, leaving thousands of discharged soldiers and sailors with no occupation or income to roam the streets in gangs, assaulting and robbing passers-by. There were approximately seventeen thousand gin shops in London. Prostitutes were everywhere, making "sin cheap," and beggars and petty thieves abounded. Fielding wrote in his *Enquiry into the Late Increase of Robbers* (1751), "the very Dregs of People . . . disdain the Wages to which their Industry would intitle them; and abandoning themselves to Idleness, the more simple and poor-spirited betake themselves to a State of Starving and Beggary, while those of more Art and Courage become Thieves, Sharpers and Robbers."

After years of vocal social criticism, Fielding at last had the opportunity to reform English society at the most fundamental level. He acted quickly to make changes. Fielding saw the urgent need for an organized police force in London, realizing that the patchwork band of watchmen and constables was wholly inadequate to guarantee security on the London streets. The watchmen, he wrote, were "chosen out of those poor old decrepit People, who [were] from their Want of bodily Strength" unable to find other employment. The watchmen were armed only with sticks, "which some of them [were] scarce able to lift." The gangs, by contrast, each numbered as many as twenty armed men. Fielding proposed a legislative solution. He submitted a bill to Parliament to establish a professional watch force of able-bodied men. To discourage corruption, he envisaged harsh penalties against abusive watchmen: a month's hard labor and discharge from the force.

Rather than waiting idly for Parliament to act on his suggestion, Fielding recruited a volunteer force of "brave Fellows" to assist him in apprehending criminals. His "Bow Street Runners" stood ready to pursue criminals "to any Part of this Town or Kingdom on a Quarter of an Hour's Notice." In effect, he became the police chief of London's first police force.

Fielding's plans for reform did not end there. He devised, for example, an ingenious solution to the problem of fencing stolen

goods in London. He and his younger half-brother, John Fielding, founded a newspaper. This paper, financed largely by subscriptions from London pawnbrokers, encouraged victims of theft to submit notices detailing the items stolen, date of theft, and, if available, a description of the thieves. Pawnbrokers were instructed to send word to Fielding when the stolen items were offered for sale, and he would then dispatch a constable or his Bow Street Runners to nab the thieves.

Fielding also used modern methods of immunization of witnesses to break up gangs. When a gang member was apprehended, he might be offered the chance to become a "Crown witness" and thereby receive immunity from prosecution in exchange for testifying against his accomplices. As Fielding explained, "one of the Gang, who being taken up, perhaps for some other Offense, and thinking himself in Danger of Punishment, chooses to make his Peace at the Expense of his Companions."

Fielding saw to it that his cases were mentioned in the local papers. His clerk wrote the reports, including the names of criminals and victims, details of the crimes, and the punishment meted out. The publicity served to increase confidence in the criminal justice system, and Fielding's personal reputation was enhanced by the tales of his war against crime. Fielding also used these law reports to educate his readers about the law, slipping in legal information much as he had done in his novels. For example, he appended this note to a report of a sailor's arrest for assault with a dangerous weapon: "It may perhaps be of some Advantage to the Publick to inform them (especially at this Time) that for such Persons to go about armed with any Weapon whatever, is a very high Offence, and expressly forbidden by several old Statutes still in force, on Pain of Imprisonment and Forfeiture of their Arms."

Fielding dispensed quick justice in his courtroom, rendering his verdict and sentence on the spot. A convicted thief could end up in prison less than a week after the theft occurred. Approximately one-third of the accused seen by Fielding were women. Many were charged with prostitution or begging, but there were also a

fair share of female robbers. Mary Anthony and Mary Batty were typical. They had assaulted a woman named Elizabeth Cosen on the street and stolen her straw hat and lace handkerchief. Fielding sentenced the two thieves to the local jail.

"Gin Lane"; William Hogarth depicted in his engravings the poverty and vice that flourished in eighteenth-century London.

The great majority of cases that occupied Fielding were routine and sad. Vagrants who had made their way to London had to be returned to their local parishes. Prostitutes had to be examined and "corrected." As the "correction" consisted of a term in Bridewell, a notorious jail, Fielding preferred to release the prostitutes if he thought there was a chance they might repent. Fielding

called Bridewell "a School rather for the Improvement, than for the Correction of Debauchery."

In one instance, a young woman was pickpocketed at a theater. She ran in tears to Fielding's courthouse. When he discovered that

William Hogarth's engraving "Cruelty in Perfection" tells a story reminiscent of the brutal crimes that Fielding encountered.

she was more concerned about missing the play than about catching the criminal, he provided her with a free pass to the theater.

Fielding's reputation as a magistrate suffered two serious blows. The first, the Penlez affair, started on a July weekend in 1749 while Fielding was out of town. Three sailors on leave were robbed at a brothel on a Saturday afternoon. The men returned

late that night with reinforcements. The angry sailors rampaged through the house, throwing mirrors, furniture, and curtains out the windows. They tore the clothes off the prostitutes' backs and turned the naked women outside. The rioters then made a huge bonfire of the looted goods. Only the speedy intervention of the fire brigade saved the neighboring houses from the conflagration. The next night the rioters destroyed another neighborhood bawdy-house, the Bunch of Grapes, and then moved on to a third brothel, the Star.

The neighbors may have been pleased to see the brothels destroyed, but they feared for their own property. They appealed for troops to quell the riots. With Fielding out of town, there was no magistrate available to sign the order. At last, the local garrison commander agreed to bring in forty soldiers to disperse the mob. Among the arrested was a young wig-maker, Bosavern Penlez, who was captured carrying an armful of lace caps, handkerchiefs, and aprons.

Fielding learned about the riot on Monday afternoon. He charged Penlez with violating the Riot Act, a rarely invoked statute carrying the penalty of death. After questioning the witnesses, the brothel-keepers, and Penlez, he judged the accused to be guilty. The case then proceeded to a jury trial. Public sympathy ran high for Penlez, a clergyman's son. In the public's view, Penlez was to be commended for trying to rid the neighborhood of its brothels. The jury convicted Penlez but recommended leniency in sentencing. Several hundred residents of the parish in which the riot had occurred also petitioned the Duke and the King for clemency. Their efforts were to no avail; Penlez was hanged on October 18, 1749.

The public blamed Fielding. Newspaper editorials suggested that he engaged in "the Protection of Brothel Houses" in exchange for "divers valuable Considerations." Fielding responded with a pamphlet of his own, *A True State of the Case of Bosavern Penlez*, in which he rejected the argument that the rioters sought

only to rid the parish of prostitution. "Wantonness and Cruelty were the Motives of most," said Fielding. He also rejected selective enforcement of the law; clergyman's son or not, Penlez was a lawbreaker and therefore deserved to hang.

The Canning matter further tarnished Fielding's reputation. At a public hearing in his courtroom, Fielding questioned Elizabeth Canning, the old gypsy woman, and the witnesses. He estimated that Canning was telling the truth. The jury trial lasted seven days, making it the longest and most-publicized criminal trial to date. The jury agreed with Fielding, and Mary Squires, the old gypsy woman, was sentenced to death by hanging.

The public rejoiced, but some of the Old Bailey judges were dissatisfied. Witnesses for the defense provided Mary Squires with an alibi. A rival magistrate, Sir Crisp Gascoyne, accused Fielding of concealing evidence and then charged Canning with perjury. Fielding once again carefully examined Canning in public. Although he remained convinced of Canning's honesty, he stood alone. Mary Squires went free, and Canning was convicted of perjury and "transported" to America.

Fielding retired from the bench soon thereafter. Ill and destitute, he went to Lisbon to die. Despite his accomplishments on the bench, Fielding never won the esteem he sought. He was remembered upon his death for his healthy enjoyment of wine and women, and his contemporaries eulogized him as a dissolute writer. "A contrary conduct," went a typical memorial, "would certainly have procured him higher esteem in the world."

Our Growing Collections

JEAN W. ASHTON

Backer gift. Several volumes of clippings, as well as books from his library and letters to him from Ronald Reagan and Lucius Clay, have been added to the John Backer papers by his widow, Mrs. Evelyn Backer. Backer (A.M., 1955) was the author of several books on international affairs and served in the Economic Division of General Clay's military government in Germany from 1945 to 1948.

Brown gift. Mrs. Mary Murray Brown, the niece of Columbia's twelfth president, Nicholas Murray Butler, has donated to the Libraries the travel diary of their mutual ancestor Morgan John Rhees (also spelled Rhys). Rhees, a Baptist minister from Wales, traveled throughout New York and the middle colonies in 1794 and 1795, seeking a new home for his dissident congregation. Rhees's diary contains curious and sometimes pungent observations about the nation in its infancy: "In company the other day," he notes, "when observing what madness it would be for England to run the risk of a war with the United States, a lady exclaimed: 'What! Great Britain conquer America! No; we might take up that Little Island and plunge her into one of our lakes!' If American women have imbibed such spirit, what are you to expect from the men?" He also observes that Columbia College "is established on a very liberal plan, and likely to be the seat of scientific knowledge." Rhees includes vivid pictures of life on the frontier, describing at length his encounters with both friendly and hostile American Indians. Along with the diary, Mrs. Brown contributed several related items, including an early nineteenth-century handwritten manuscript memorial of Ann Loxley Rhees, the wife of Morgan John, prepared by her daughter Eliza Murray and copied in elegant calligraphy by her grandson.

Henneman gift. Sixty letters have been added to our collection of William Peterfield Trent papers by Mr. John Bell Henneman, Jr. Trent, a professor of English literature at Columbia from 1900

until 1929, was also an editor of the *Sewanee Review*, as was the donor's grandfather, John Bell Henneman, to whom most of the letters in the gift are addressed.

International Institute for Rural Reconstruction gift. The archives of the International Institute for Rural Reconstruction (IIRR) and

Dr. Y. C. James Yen, founder of the International Institute of Rural Reconstruction, in China, 1930 (IIRR gift)

the personal papers of its founder, Y. C. James Yen, have been donated to the Libraries. This significant collection dates from the 1920s and includes handwritten notes and diaries, speeches, records, and correspondence with such figures as Pearl Buck, Justice William O. Douglas, Henry Luce, and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Yen, educated at Princeton and Yale, worked during World War I as a volunteer helping the illiterate Chinese workers—who had been imported to dig trenches in Europe—write letters home. By means of a simplified Chinese alphabet, he taught thousands of laborers to read. After completing his education in America, he returned to China and instituted what came to be known as the Mass Education Movement, a literacy program that soon expanded to include instruction in public health and modern farming methods. Following the Second World War, he successfully lobbied for the creation of the Chinese-American Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction. After the Communist takeover, the headquarters of the organization moved to Taiwan, where the commission was instrumental in promoting economic development, and then to the Philippines. Today, training centers also exist in Thailand, Ghana, Guatemala, Colombia, and India. The IIRR archives join other collections of related scope in the Libraries, including those of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China and Indusco, Inc., which organized industrial cooperatives in China. We are happy to add that the IIRR concurrently made a donation of ten thousand dollars to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library to facilitate processing and cataloguing of the papers.

Kelleher and Moore gift. More than two hundred items have been added by Mrs. Bradford Kelleher and Mrs. Sarah Moore to the papers of their father, Douglas Moore (L.H.D., 1963), including the complete manuscript orchestral scores for *Moby Dick* and *Four Museum Pieces* and working sketches for *Moby Dick* and *Giants in the Earth*, as well as printed scores and blueprints of scores for such works as *Carrie Nation*, *Wings of the Dove*, and *The Ballad of Baby Doe*. Moore, composer of many well-known operas, was also a professor of music at Columbia University from 1926 until 1962.

Kisluk gift. After the Russian Revolution broke out in 1917, Isaak Naumovich Altschuller (1870–1943), a medical practitioner in Yalta specializing in the treatment of tuberculosis, was forced to

emigrate with his family, first to Constantinople and eventually to Prague and New York. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Eugene R. Kisluk, the Rare Book and Manuscript Library is now in possession of Dr. Altschuller's papers, a collection of almost four hundred items including personal and professional correspondence, documents, manuscripts, printed materials, photographs, and drawings. Many of the Altschuller papers document with great vividness the history and immediate consequences of the war in the Crimea and the role played in it locally by Dr. Altschuller, who was active in the Yalta chapter of the All-Russian Zemstvos Union and later served as president of the Medical and Sanitary Commission of the Constantinople Committee to Aid Starving Russia. Letters to Dr. Altschuller also include descriptions sent to him from France in 1940 and 1941 by Prince P. Dolgorukov and Prince V. Obolenskii that depict conditions among Russian émigrés during the early years of the German occupation. The Kisluk gift will join similar materials in the vast Bakhmeteff Archive of Russian and East European History and Culture.

Lerman gift. Mr. Leo Lerman has made two separate donations of proofs and first editions of contemporary authors, totaling 145 titles. We were pleased to put one of his gifts, a proof copy of the new Library of America edition of the three versions of Frederick Douglass's autobiography, on exhibit in February in the Kempner Exhibition Room, along with several of the early editions of the book held by the Libraries.

Lieberman gift. Otto Rank's personal copy of Sigmund Freud's final book, *Der Mann Moses*, has been given by Dr. E. James Lieberman to the Otto Rank papers. The book, a first edition (later printing) with the dust jacket, inscribed by Rank and dated July 5, 1939, was given to Dr. Lieberman by Estelle Buel Rank Simon, late wife of the noted analyst and scholar.

Loeb gift. Mr. Michael Loeb (A.B., 1950) has presented a watercolor drawing by Arthur Rackham, adding an evocative and

interesting image to our extensive collection of that artist's works. The painting, part of the Rackham series illustrating the English retelling of the Niebelungenlied, depicts Brunhilde kneeling before Wotan: "Father! Father! Tell me what ails thee? With dismay thou art filling thy child." It appears in *The Rhinegold and the Valkyrie* (London: Heinneman, 1910, p. 112).

Arthur Rackham's watercolor drawing depicting Brunhilde kneeling before Wotan, published in *The Rhinegold and the Valkyrie*, 1910 (Loeb gift)

Lohf gift. To his many generous donations in the past, Mr. Kenneth A. Lohf (A.M., 1950; M.S., 1952) has added thirty-one books in the fields of art, literature, history, and biography. Particularly noteworthy are the four volumes, in very fine condition, of the *Savoy*, a scarce English literary periodical of the 1890s, and a full run of the wartime publication *Bugle Blast: An Anthology from the Services*, 1943–1947.

Matthews gift. Mr. John L. Matthews, Jr., has donated twenty-five letters and books to the Herbert L. Matthews collection. Matthews (A.B., 1922), a *New York Times* correspondent, had a particular interest in the Cuban revolution and the rise of Fidel Castro.

Palmer gift. To his previous donations of contemporary books and first editions, Mr. Paul R. Palmer (M.S., 1950; A.M., 1955) has added 133 books and fifteen inscribed photographs of actors, including such Hollywood luminaries as Dick Powell, Joseph Cotten, Constance Bennett, and Ruby Keeler. The donation of books includes a first edition of the five-volume autobiography of Cecil Roberts and a first American edition of the multi-volume publication of *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, as well as signed copies of Calvin Trillin's memoir, *Remembering Denny*, and Armistead Maupin's *Maybe the Moon.*

Schaefler gift. Mr. Sam Schaefler and his wife, Katalin, have once again presented the Libraries with a variety of rare and unusual materials. To our collection of literary posters, they have added two advertisements for the *Saturday Evening Post* announcing new works by the American poet Edwin Markham. A large type-specimen poster from Wilson and Sons, 1783, is a welcome addition to our strong collection in graphic arts and printing history. In addition, the Schaeflers have donated a rare portrait etching by Philibert Louis de Bucourt (Paris, 1790), depicting the marquis de Lafayette as commanding general of the National Guard during the French Revolution, and an unusual eighteenth-century German illuminated prayer book. The latter, illustrated by an untrained hand, is of particular interest because of the contrast it provides with earlier, more sophisticated devotional works already in the collection.

Swanberg gift. John W. Swanberg and Sara V. Swanberg have donated a large group of manuscripts and correspondence for addition to the collection established by their father, author and biographer William A. Swanberg. The collection, consisting of

approximately 10,300 items, includes manuscripts of many of the author's important works, among them his biographies of William Randolph Hearst, Joseph Pulitzer, and Theodore Dreiser. During his long career, Swanberg made many friends and corresponded with a wide variety of public figures and literary scholars, including Louis S. Auchincloss, Jacques Barzun, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Richard M. Nixon, Rex Stout, and Louis Untermeyer.

Van Vliet gift. The proprietor of the Janus Press, Ms. Claire Van Vliet, has presented Ruth E. Fine's *The Janus Press, 1981–1990 Catalogue Raisonné.* The copy presented is one of one hundred copies specially bound by Stephanie Westnedge for friends of the Janus Press and is inscribed to Columbia University.

Vare gift. Mrs. Beatrice Vare, a loyal friend of Columbia, has presented to the Libraries the famous "Dali Bible." Printed at the Officina Graphica in Milan, 1967–1969, the work is one of 1,499 numbered copies bound in leather and decorated in gold and illustrated with 105 lithographs by Salvador Dali, who, with a rococo flourish, inscribed each of the five massive volumes to Mrs. Vare's late husband Dr. Louis A. Rosenblum (A.B., 1931).

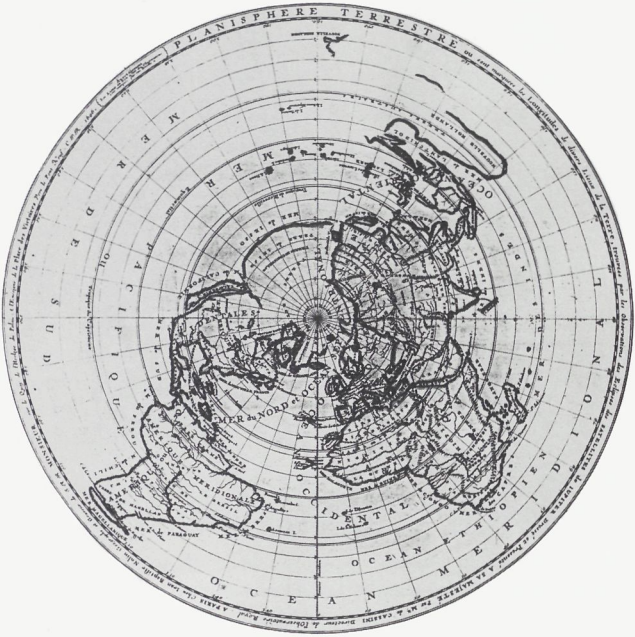
Webb gift. Correspondence, manuscripts, and printed material relating to three distinguished professors of history have been donated by Professor Robert K. Webb, University of Maryland. The donation of circa one thousand items contains manuscripts, notes, files, and correspondence, including an unpublished manuscript on industrial Britain by his colleague and co-author John Bartlett Brebner (Ph.D., 1927), Gouverneur Morris Professor of History, who taught at Columbia from 1925 until his death in 1957; papers having to do with the late professor of history Stephen Koss (A.B., 1962; A.M., 1963; Ph.D., 1966), including his correspondence with Professor Webb; and a group of biographical materials relating to the historian Garrett Mattingly, professor of history at Columbia from 1948 until 1962.

Joshua commanding the sun to stand still; illustration
by Salvador Dali from the "Dali Bible," 1967–1969 (Vare gift)

Weil gift. Mr. James Weil has presented a copy of his *Keats on Board the Maria Crowther.* The 1986 printing, done by the Stamperia Valdonega from Dante type and with a woodcut by Jacques Hnzidovsky, is in an edition of sixty copies designed by Martino Mardersteig.

The World on Paper

A Celebration of the Mapmaker's Art



Jean-Dominique Cassini, *Planisphère Terrestre* (Paris: Jean-Baptiste Nolin, 1696). One of more than seventy-five atlases and maps on view through June 3, 1994, in the Kempner Exhibition Room, Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Butler Library, sixth floor.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

FRANCINE L. ALFANDARY studied law at Harvard and is a reference librarian at the Columbia Law Library.

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ISSN 0010-1966

Photography by Martin Messik

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