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Photography by Martin Messik

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Joseph Urban and Thomas Lamb's perspective drawing of the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York, 1927, which was built on 54th Street and Sixth Avenue and has since been demolished; the theatre was noted for its auditorium covered in its entirety by a decorative mural painted at Urban's Yonkers studio.
My father, Joseph Urban (Buschi to me), was a very fortunate man: he lived and worked on two continents, during two eras, the likes of which we will not see again. He had a great talent, an unlimited supply of new ideas, an immense capacity for work, and the robust health this required. A warm-hearted and outgoing human being, he was debonair and quietly self-assured, with a joyous inner contentment that communicated itself to other people.

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

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

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

Christmas was Buschi’s favorite holiday, and we always celebrated it, according to Viennese custom, on Christmas Eve. It was always a great festival, because Buschi made it so by being his happiest and most loving best, while enjoying the pleasure his lavish presents were
giving. I shall never forget the spine-tingling awe I felt when, as a small child, I came from the darkened dining room through the side swing doors into our gold and white “Salon” and stood before the huge Christmas tree, its many decorations gloriously shining in the light of many candles. When I was about seven, I got the Christmas

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

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

Of the June 1908 Festzug (Festival Pageant) day, which marked the turning point in Buschi’s life, I clearly remember that Elly and I were up at dawn. We were full of excitement, because we knew that Buschi was its director and the architect who had designed the
Emperor's Pavilion and all the decorations. In my memory, the day itself is a kaleidoscope of flags, flowers, music, and applauding, cheering, laughing crowds; of many people marching and singing, while manipulating huge flags; and of lovely ladies in fairy tale coaches throwing kisses at the Emperor. I can still see him quite clearly: a be-whiskered, rather stern-faced old man, standing proudly erect at the very front of his Pavilion, just across the way from us.

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

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

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

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

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

It was also in 1915 that he designed his first settings for the Ziegfeld Follies which were a sensational success and started Buschi’s lifelong collaboration with Flo Ziegfeld for all his many productions, not just the Follies. The success was followed, in 1917, by his first settings for the old Met, on 38th Street and Broadway, which won him immediate and enthusiastic applause from critics and public alike and began his long and happy association with that distinguished opera company. He became the exclusive designer for
all new Met productions for as long as he lived and created for them some of his very finest and most outstanding settings. When he died in 1933, he had the impressive number of almost sixty new Met productions to his credit.

Soon after his association with the Met, I began doing costume designs for Buschi, even while I was still in art school. As soon as I graduated, he had me come to New York to work in the Yonkers Studio and do all his costume designs. To my joy, my father took me to some of the Met rehearsals, during which I watched with considerable awe as he manipulated colors and lights to achieve the magical effects he was famous for.
Buschi began his career in films when he became Art Director for Hearst’s Cosmopolitan Studios in 1920 and made me his full-time assistant. Working for Buschi was always stimulating, often very demanding, sometimes truly inspiring, and sometimes just plain good fun. At Hearst’s, by skillful manipulation of lights and architectural know-how, he created light effects in black-and-white settings of great beauty and diversity, which had never been seen on screen before.

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

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

My father loved his home, from the delphiniums in the back of his garden, where a ceramic nymph stood guard over a small fountain, to the View Room, with its spectacular view of the Hudson River, the Palisades, and the George Washington Bridge. He had designed a perfect place for comfortable living and relaxation against a background of simple elegance, enriched by the brilliant colors of paintings by Klimt and Schiele, and the various objets d’art, fashioned in silver, copper, and ceramics by the master craftsmen of the Wiener Werkstaette (Viennese Workshop). Only in his study were any of Buschi’s sketches visible, and most sparingly. All the rest, carefully labelled and framed, he filed in a special cabinet he had designed for them.
I never ceased to admire the beauty and clarity of his scenic sketches or the elegance and precision of his architectural designs without wondering at the speed and ease with which he made them. His answer was simple: he always knew exactly what he was going to do, long before he set brush to paper. As for the sketches assigned to me, he always let me work out my own ideas; in fact, he was so keen to have me make good on my own that he never offered help, unless I asked for it. Then, with a few quick pencil lines he would give me two or three ideas to overcome an impasse. That was my Buschi, blessed with an unending flow of new ideas for himself, for me, and for anyone else who came along and needed one.

Of the many happy times I had with Buschi, the memory I treasure most is of the nights we worked alone together in the studio at his home. All would be quiet, except for the occasional distant sound of a siren from somewhere on the river below. We would sit at adjoining tables, facing each other, each at his own task. Every once in a while, I would stop to watch him, his face serene,
absorbed, the brush in his hand moving with swift assured strokes or with infinite care over some important small detail. He would feel my eyes, look up with a smile, and blow a smoke ring at me. To be both the daughter and the assistant of a popular and famous artist was exciting and rather heady stuff, but Buschi kept me in line with "Have a good time, Gretsy, but remember, our work must come first." He enjoyed the pleasures of life with enormous gusto, but he enjoyed his work more.

My father hoped to be remembered as an architect, but that was not to be. Had he lived longer, who knows? There is no question, however, that in his time he was the recognized master of modern stagecraft, not only because of his originality and the magic he created with color and light, but also because of the unique quality and authenticity of his architectural settings. Although I have seen through the years many splendid new productions here and abroad,
I still remain convinced that some of Buschi's settings, particularly those he designed for the Met—*Cosi Fan Tutte, Don Giovanni*, *Don Carlos, Les Contes d'Hoffmann, Turandot, Meistersinger, Péllea*, *Tristan, Parsifal*, and his very last, *Elektra*—never have been, and never will be, equalled again. Perhaps it is because he knew and loved the music so well. Without a doubt, his art was the only real love of his life; he aimed for perfection while maintaining absolute artistic integrity. His ultimate goal was to give joy through beauty, and he gave that, and in abundance. Because of this he had great fame and success for as long as he lived. Yes, my father was a very fortunate man. I loved him very much.
Vachel Lindsay’s American Dream

STANLEY WERTHEIM

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

Lindsay’s democratic, expansive, and overtly moralistic poetry stands midway in an American bardic tradition which reaches backward to Emerson and Whitman and had an evanescent revival in the 1950s with Charles Olson and Allen Ginsberg. In this poetic mode, assertion takes precedence over suggestion and nuance, and the understatement and irony inherent in the best modern poetry are almost entirely absent. Form is subordinated to social utility, and mass appeal is more important than aesthetics. Lindsay had an idiosyncratic concern with style, but he believed that the poet’s first duty was to his readers or his audience, which should be nationwide and comprise all classes. His perspective was instrumentalist and
didactic, and his primary goal was not artistic achievement but social amelioration. In an era of introspective poets such as T.S. Eliot and Wallace Stevens, centered upon intellectual values, personal identity, and survival, Lindsay strove to create a public poetry, popular not in the debased connotation of that term but in the sense of a mass culture of high quality which would be available to everyone. Like Hart Crane and William Carlos Williams, Lindsay deplored the deracination of his literary contemporaries and advocated concentration upon the American scene and the American heritage. While he believed that Whitman’s involuted style could
only appeal to the sophisticated, he empathized with Whitman's celebration of American historical events, places, occupations, and people. "The New Localism," as expressed in Lindsay's *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (1914), an account of his walking tour into the West in 1912, stresses that:

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

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

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

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

And the town was all one spreading wing of bunting,
    plumes, and sunshine,
Every rag and flag, and Bryan picture sold,
When the rigs in many a dust line
Jammed our streets at noon,
And joined the wild parade against the power of gold.
The enthusiasm aroused by Bryan's simplistic economic theories and the power of his oratory was dispelled by the election victory of William McKinley, whose campaign had been adroitly managed by the Cleveland capitalist Mark Hanna. Lindsay's disillusionment was not ultimate since his aspirations were not narrowly political. His great Americans, Lincoln, Bryan, and John Peter Altgeld, personified hopes and dreams. Their idealism gave promise of a grander if more vague ultimate reality than would have been realized by the triumph of their mundane national goals. Bryan's mythical dimensions transcended defeat. He remained

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

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

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

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

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

Lindsay was not averse to celebrating the artifacts of industrializa-
tion. In "The Kallyope Yell" he bathetically exhorted readers to
"Hail, all hail the popcorn stand," and he composed "A Rhyme
about an Electrical Advertising Sign" which depicted America's
most garish urban environment in terms of beauty and promise:
Lindsay’s drawing of the censers of the angels swinging over the Lincoln Monument, Springfield, Illinois, as printed in the 1920 edition of *The Village Magazine*. 
The signs in the street and the signs in the skies
Shall make a new Zodiac, guiding the wise,
And Broadway make one with that marvellous stair
That is climbed by the rainbow-clad spirits of prayer.

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

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

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

April 11, 1911.

My dear Mr. Whitlock:

Last night you were the subject of discussion at the Authors Club, Samuel Heinrichsen, sister of Allgeld’s secretary of state, had you in hand.

One statement set me thinking, Samuel claims that your ideas on Peace and Tribunals and some of your general philosophy were formed by John P. Allgeld while you were here in the State House.

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

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

Very sincerely,

Nicholas Lindsay

603 South 5th Street, Springfield, Illinois.

Letter to Brand Whitlock from Lindsay concerning one of the poet’s idols, Governor John P. Allgeld of Illinois. (Allan Nevins Papers)
I am unjust, but I can strive for justice. 
My life’s unkind, but I can vote for kindness. 
I, the unloving, say life should be lovely. 
I, that am blind, cry out against my blindness.

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

“General William Booth Enters into Heaven,” when first published in Harriet Monroe’s Poetry: A Magazine of Verse in January, 1913, helped to establish the reputation of both its author and the magazine. Lindsay in his walking tours across America had at times slept in Salvation Army shelters, and he identified with the outcast and submerged population that Booth was committed to saving physically and morally. The poem, with its cinematic effects, jazz rhythms, and electric sense of urgency, conveys Lindsay’s evangelical purposes with the background evocation of Salvation Army bass drums, banjos, and tambourines:
Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
The Saints smiled gravely and they said: “He’s come.”
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching braves from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail—
Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

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

Despite their originality and power, set pieces with signature lines such as “General William Booth” and “The Congo” depended for their success upon Lindsay’s transient ability to declaim them on the lecture platform. As the 1920s faded into the Depression, Lind-
say's ebullience and optimism seemed increasingly jejune and his patriotism provincial. His Jeffersonian model for American society became more the America of the past than the country in which he lived. Lindsay felt increasingly rejected, and his creative ability declined. In the half century since his death, he has been given only perfunctory attention by the critical establishment. Today, the scratchy recordings of his recitals seem merely quaint, and we must read him with a certain effort of the historical imagination. What endures is a number of fine lyrics, an original and inimitable use of the vernacular in poetry, a gallery of larger-than-life American heroes, and an Edenic view of America itself, which, while antipodal to our conflict-ridden reality, serves to remind us of the enduring quality of the American dream.
Ricketts and Saint Joan

CARL WOODRING

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

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

When Ricketts, Laurence Binyon, and Sturge Moore formed the Literary Theatre Society in 1905 and Florence Farr proposed to Shaw that they put on Act III, Scene 2 of Man and Superman, "Don Juan in Hell," Shaw asked, "Is Ricketts taken with it?" for he was reluctant to have it done without "a really artistic fantastic picture." When Granville-Barker and Vedrenne produced it triumphantly in 1907, with costumes and black drapes by Ricketts, Shaw
was able to invite friends "to the Court Theatre on Friday afternoon to see the very wonderful way in which Ricketts has produced the scene." Five years later the dramatist reminded the actor Robert Loraine, disgruntled at being overdressed as Don Juan, how the "magical production" that had made Loraine wretched in his "exquisite silver dress" had also made him immortal. Shaw and Lillah McCarthy agreed that she had been so exquisitely dressed as Doña Anna that her contracts thereafter should name Ricketts as designer of her costumes, whoever did the rest. Immediately, with Shaw guaranteeing the cost and thinking it a bargain, Ricketts dressed her as Raina in a revival of Arms and the Man and did work on a production, also in 1907, of The Man of Destiny. Apparently nothing came of a plan by Shaw and Ricketts to do in that year at the Savoy an "old Italian comedy of arts, with Watteau harlequinade." The next year, with Getting Married, Shaw promised to irritate the press by having all discussion without action and "no costumes by Mr. Ricketts." But their close professional relationship was well begun.

Ricketts designed The Dark Lady of the Sonnets for charity matinees at the Haymarket in 1910. The following April Shaw learned with excitement of Ricketts's return from Greece in time to be coaxed into rushing designs for Fanny's First Play, which opened ten days later at the Little Theatre, with Lillah McCarthy, Harcourt Williams, and Nigel Playfair. Transferred to the Kingsway, it ran for 622 performances, the longest run of any original production by Shaw. When the full Man and Superman was produced in Edinburgh in 1915, Shaw asked that Ricketts's costumes be hunted down, because "nothing like the Court production has ever been seen before or since." In 1918 Ricketts designed a much-praised costume for Lillah in Shaw's Annajanska, the Wild Grand Duchess. Maurice Colbourne, in The Real Bernard Shaw (1949) called the playlet "notable chiefly for enabling an actress of great presence and good looks to appear in a wonderful costume designed by Charles Ricketts, R.A." Lillah herself described it as "a gorgeous white uniform half covered by an enormous green overcoat trimmed with black fur."
Scenes from the London, 1924, New Theatre production of St. Joan, designed by Charles Ricketts. Top: Scene 3, on the banks of the Loire; shown are Sybil Thorndike as St. Joan, Jack Hawkins as the page, and Robert Horton as Dunois. Bottom: Scene 4, in the camp of the Earl of Warwick.
The most elaborate and artistically most successful collaboration of Ricketts and Shaw—the London production of *Saint Joan*—was also their last. Ricketts did not design the first production of the play, presented at the Garrick in New York by the Theatre Guild at the end of 1923; but in London he was quickly at work designing rich sets and costumes on a grand scale for that city’s production. In the following years he created similarly lavish designs for the Thordike-Casson company’s *Henry VIII* and *Macbeth*, and D’Oyly Carte’s *Mikado* and *Gondoliers*. Sydney Cockerell, then Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum and a close friend of both Shaw and Ricketts, provided as one model for the *Saint Joan* costumes a reproduction of the Chantilly Book of Hours done for the Duke of Berry by Pol de Limburg and others. In *Myself and My Friends* Lillah McCarthy pointed out that Ricketts had based the set for the opening scene on the kitchen of Chilham Castle in Kent, where Sir Edmund Davis had made the keep available for summer residence by Ricketts and Shannon. Legend has it that Davis bought the castle with the profit from a marble bust identified by Ricketts in a junk shop as by Houdon. (Ricketts was a connoisseur, lavish patron of the Fitzwilliam, and art adviser to Canada, a man who rivaled Berenson in all but Berenson’s luxurious style of life.)

Ricketts’s sets, backdrop, and scenic tapestry for *Saint Joan* were as spectacular as his costumes. On February 27th, 1924, Shaw wrote to Cockerell that Ricketts “has flung himself into the job so energetically that the dresses are already being fitted on... His designs are first rate.” Five firms and four other executants were needed to produce the scenery, armor, wigs, footwear, and other properties. The London production opened on March 26th; photographs in newspapers and magazines quickly made the production visually familiar. James Agate summarized: “The production was beyond any praise of mine. The scenery, designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts, was neither frankly representational nor uncompromisingly expressionistic, but a happy blend of the two. The dresses made a kind of music in the air, and at the end Joan was allowed to stand for a moment in all that ecstasy of tinsel and blue in which French image-makers enshrine her memory.” A limited folio edi-
tion of *Saint Joan* published by Constable later in 1924 included mounted illustrations in color of fifteen costumes, the tapestry curtain to Scene 2, the act drop, "Joan of Arc and Her Voices," and five scenes in sepia.

The costumes were executed by Bruce Winston, who also played the role of the Constable of France. Winston had acted, designed, and coproduced with Lewis Casson since 1918, and was to work closely with Ricketts on later Thorndike-Casson projects. The actor Jack Hawkins, in *Anything for a Quiet Life* (1973), illustrates Winston's generosity of spirit in telling how, when Hawkins as a novice in the company had accidentally ripped the act-drop with a lance, Winston answered that they should have had sufficient foresight...
to prevent such damage, which he set about cheerfully to repair. More severe damage during storage between the initial production and revivals in 1925 and 1926 were to require repair and repainting by Ricketts himself.

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

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

My dear Winston

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

Yours Ever
CR

PS
Would you ask dear Warner to tell his property man to let me have my panels as soon as possible to paint.
His adjacent drawing of the sleeve, illustrating also his instruction “fingers should show,” has six buttons; his design in the folio reveals only five.

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

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

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

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

Ever Pompously Yours  
CR

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

Sybil Thorndike reminisced for Elizabeth Sprigge:

Charles Ricketts’ scenery and costumes were fantastic and wonderful, and John Foulds had written the most lovely music . . . . We all thought the dress rehearsal was pretty exciting, but Shaw was horrified. “You’ve spoilt my play,” he said, “dressing yourselves all up like
this. Why don’t we do it just as it was in rehearsal? Sybil in her old jersey and the rest of you just as you were. You looked much better than all dressed up with that stuff on your faces.”

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

"Ricketts was awfully funny with Shaw. He had a tiny little voice, and it got tinier and higher as he talked. ‘You’re so ignorant, Shaw,’ he would say as we were all discussing the staging of *Saint Joan*. ‘Your wife knows much more than you do.’” But Shaw’s irritation at the competition from Ricketts’s costumes and decor and from
Ricketts’s advice to the actors for achieving visual effects may have had an ultimately strong effect on Thorndike. She told Sprigge that after the Joan and the Henry VIII, Ricketts’s lavish sets and costumes for Macbeth in 1926 irked her: “I was trammelled by all the scenery and my dresses—even more gorgeous than Ellen Terry’s. I had a dress like a wasp and a huge cloak.”

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

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

_Dzierbicki gift._ Mr. Ronald L. Dzierbicki has presented a further group of first editions and association books in memory of Marguerite A. Cohn, among which the following may be singled out for special mention: Benjamin Disraeli, _Endymion_, London, 1880,
three volumes, from the library of the Rt. Hon. H. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper with their Rex Whistler bookplate, as well as with the bookplate and presentation inscription of Maurice Baring; Eric Gill, *Twenty-five Nudes*, London, 1938; Kenneth A. Lindley, *A Sequence of Downs*, Swindon, 1962, one of twenty-four signed copies with eight engravings by the author, and laid in are the dust wrapper design and two additional drawings for John Baker’s *Cottage by the Springs*; Kenneth Patchen, *Red Wine & Yellow Hair*, New York, 1949, one of 108 numbered and signed copies with original decorations by the author on the front cover; and Jaime Sabartes, *Toreros*, London, 1961, with four original lithographs by Pablo Picasso executed especially for this book. In addition, Mr. Dzierbicki’s gift includes first editions by Joyce Carol Oates, Sacheverall Sitwell, and Edmund Wilson.
Gotham Book Mart gift. In honor of the one hundredth birthday of Frances Steloff, the Gotham Book Mart has presented a portrait photograph of Padraic Colum, the noted Irish poet and dramatist who with his wife, Mary, lectured in the Department of English in the 1940s and 1950s. The studio portrait, by Lafayette of Dublin,

![Padraic Colum, 1898. (Gotham Book Mart gift)](image)

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

Grand Street Publications gift. Grand Street Publications, Inc., through its publishers, Mr. Ben Sonnenberg and Ms. Deborah Thomas, has added to the papers of the literary magazine Grand Street approximately two thousand letters, manuscripts, and proofs pertaining to volumes five and six, published from 1985 to 1987.
Included are correspondence, typewritten manuscripts, and corrected proofs of such poets and short story writers as Amy Clampitt, Gavin Ewart, John Hersey, Ted Hughes, Kenneth Koch, James Merrill, W. S. Merwin, Ron Padgett, Santha Rama Rau, and William Trevor.

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

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

Harley gift. Mr. Robert L. Harley (Class of ’26) has presented two fine Inuit (Canadian Eskimo) stonecut prints: “White Owl,” by Levi Qumalu, number twenty-nine of thirty copies, ca. 1960, measuring 18 by 24 inches; and “Two Men Hunting Bear,” by Joe Talirunili, number twenty-four of thirty copies, dated 1962, 15 1/2 by 24 inches. Each of the vivid and lively prints is signed and titled by the artist.

Higginbotham gift. Mr. Hal Ford Higginbotham and Mrs. Barbra Buckner Higginbotham (M.S. in L.S., 1969; D.L.S., 1988) have presented funds for the acquisition of one of the rarest of William
Makepeace Thackeray’s novels in the original parts, *The History of Pendennis: His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy*. Published in London by Bradbury & Evans from November 1848 to December 1850 with illustrations by the author, the twenty-four serial numbers were issued in twenty-three monthly parts, with a three-month gap between Parts XI and XII due to Thackeray’s illness. The set acquired, in the original yellow pictorial wrappers, is in exceptionally fine condition and is a splendid addi-
Our Growing Collections

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


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

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

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

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

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

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

Rothkopf gift. Mrs. Carol Z. Rothkopf (A.M., 1952) has donated a copy of Richard Aldington’s *Image of War*, 1919, published in London by the Beaumont Press in a limited edition of two hundred numbered copies on hand-made paper; the decorated cover and illustrations throughout the volume, vividly depicting battle scenes, are by Paul Nash. Mrs. Rothkopf has also donated a copy of Nicholas Barker’s *The Butterfly Books: An Enquiry into the Nature of Cer-
tain Twentieth Century Pamphlets, London, 1987, a study and bibliography of the poetry pamphlets and forgeries produced by Frederic Prokosch from 1933 to 1940.

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

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

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

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

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

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

July 12–November 17

*Paintings for Finnegans Wake* by Marjorie Windust Halper

*The Tercentenary of the Birth of Alexander Pope*
First editions, autograph letters, manuscripts, and portraits from the Library’s collections
Activities of the Friends

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

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

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