1997

Courier, Volume XXXII, 1997

Syracuse University Library Associates

Follow this and additional works at: https://surface.syr.edu/libassoc

Part of the Arts and Humanities Commons, and the Library and Information Science Commons

Recommended Citation
https://surface.syr.edu/libassoc/317

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Libraries at SURFACE. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Courier by an authorized administrator of SURFACE. For more information, please contact surface@syr.edu.
SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES COURIER contains articles relating to the holdings of the Syracuse University Library, especially the Department of Special Collections, and to the interests of the Library Associates membership.

Authors are invited to submit their manuscripts to Mary Beth Hinton, Editor of the Courier, 600 Bird Library, Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York 13244-2010.

Published once each year
Single numbers: Twenty dollars

EDITOR
Mary Beth Hinton

ON THE COVER: Study of a Man Reading, 1950, by Ivan Meštrović. From the Syracuse University Art Collection.

This publication is partly supported by funds from the Warren E. and Edith M. Day bequest.

The paper in this book meets the guidelines for permanence and durability of the Committee on Production Guidelines for Book Longevity of the Council on Library Resources.

ISSN 0011-0418
Copyright 1998 by Syracuse University Library Associates

Printed by The Stinehour Press
Ivan Meštrović in Syracuse, 1947–1955
By David Tatham, Professor of Fine Arts
Syracuse University

In 1947 Chancellor William P. Tolley brought the great Croatian sculptor to Syracuse University as artist-in-residence and professor of sculpture. Tatham discusses the historical antecedents and the significance, for Meštrović and the University, of that eight-and-a-half-year association.

Declaration of Independence: Mary Colum as Autobiographer
By Sanford Sternlicht, Professor of English
Syracuse University

Sternlicht describes the struggles of Mary Colum, as a woman and a writer, to achieve equality in the male-dominated literary worlds of Ireland and America.

A Charles Jackson Diptych
By John W. Crowley, Professor of English
Syracuse University

In writings about homosexuality and alcoholism, Charles Jackson, author of *The Lost Weekend*, seems to have drawn on an experience he had as a freshman at Syracuse University. After discussing Jackson's troubled life, Crowley introduces Marty Mann, founder of the National Council on Alcoholism. Among her papers Crowley found a Charles Jackson teleplay, about an alcoholic woman, that is here published for the first time.

Of Medusae and Men: On the Life and Observations of Alfred G. Mayor
By Lester D. Stephens, Professor of History
University of Georgia

Stephens traces the life of the distinguished marine biologist Alfred G. Mayor, who, between 1896 and 1922, conducted scientific expeditions to the South Pacific Islands. He was fascinated not only by the marine invertebrates he found there, but also by the human inhabitants.
The Wonderful Wizards Behind the Oz Wizard
By Susan Wolstenholme, Associate Professor of English  Cayuga Community College

The only biography of L. Frank Baum was coauthored by Frank Joslyn Baum and Russell P. MacFall. Having studied their papers, Wolstenholme explains how the biography was created and, at the same time, presents a case study in collaborative writing.

Dreams and Expectations: The Paris Diary of
Albert Brisbane, American Fourierist
By Abigail Mellen, Adjunct Assistant Professor,  Lehman College
City University of New York

Mellen draws on Albert Brisbane’s diary to show how his experiences with European utopian thinkers influenced his efforts to recast their ideas in an American idiom.

The Punctator’s World: A Discursion, Part X
By Gwen G. Robinson, Former Editor  Syracuse University Library Associates Courier

Robinson observes that “the old art of word structuring is dying away, as is the habit of intellectual application required to appreciate it.” In her final essay in the series she examines the manifestations and implications of this development.

News of Syracuse University Library and of
Library Associates  Post-Standard Award Citation, 1997, for George R. Iocolano
Recent Acquisitions:
   The Lewis Carroll Collection
   Addition to the Joyce Carol Oates Papers
   African Americans in the Performing Arts: Ephemera Collected by Carl Van Vechten
   Thomas Bewick Illustrations
Library Associates Program for 1997–98
Ivan Meštrović in Syracuse, 1947–1955
BY DAVID TATHAM

Ivan Meštrović’s eight and a half years as a member of the Syracuse University faculty stand as a period of exceptional historical importance for both the sculptor and the institution. For the University, the arrival in 1947 of this world-renowned artist marked not only the beginning of a full-fledged sculpture program, one which rapidly gained national distinction, but also the beginning of a postwar effort to bring to Syracuse scholars and creative artists already eminent in their fields.

For Meštrović, appointment at age sixty-three to Syracuse’s faculty as artist-in-residence and professor of sculpture gave him an opportunity to rebuild a career shattered by World War II. It brought him personal stability and security after wartime experiences that had included imprisonment and near-execution in his native Croatia in 1941, escape to temporary exile in Rome under the protection of the Vatican, and, after reaching safety in Switzerland in 1943, the onset of nearly a year of prolonged and debilitating illness. At the end of the war he had refused Marshall Tito’s invitation to return to Yugoslavia, believing fervently that communism was antithetical to individual liberty. He went instead to Rome, a city he knew well, to reside for awhile with his younger daughter Maritza (Maria) and to resume working as a sculptor. The American Academy in Rome provided him with a studio on the Janiculum for a year. These were short-term arrangements, however. In 1946 he was in most respects a man without a country.¹

¹ Biographical information concerning the artist has been drawn from the Meštrović Papers in the Syracuse University Archives, as well as from Laurence Schmeckebier, Ivan Meštrović, Sculptor and Patriot (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1959). While still a student at the Vienna Academy of Art, Meštrović became a member of the Vienna Secession, first exhibiting with the group in 1903. In succeeding years he established himself in Rome and Paris and was a leader of the Serbo-Croatian independence movement. After major exhibitions in London, Paris, and the United States between 1915 and 1925, and the completion of numerous large-scale sculptural and architectural projects, he established his home and studio in Zagreb, with a summer residence in Split. He continued to

David Tatham is professor of fine arts at Syracuse University. He is the author of books and articles concerning the history of nineteenth-century American art, including Winslow Homer in the Adirondacks (Syracuse University Press, 1996).
In the autumn of that year it was clear that he would need to travel to New York during the early months of 1947 to oversee the mounting of an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art of his recent sculpture, paintings, and drawings. Scheduled to open in April, and sponsored by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the exhibition was to include the major works of sculpture that he had created in 1945–46 in Rome, among them his *Job* and *Suppliant Persephone*, two figures which since the 1950s have been a major presence on the Syracuse University campus.

That the exhibition was held at the Metropolitan Museum was itself notable, for as a matter of policy that institution did not hold exhibitions of the work of living artists. It made an exception in this instance to oblige the American Academy of Arts and Letters, which had no adequate gallery space of its own. It may also have been moved to make the exception in response to the tenor of the times, that is, to pay honor to an artist of major international repute who had openly defied fascism before and during the recently ended war, who now strongly opposed communism, and who had paid dearly for taking both stands. In this respect he had no close counterpart among other European artists displaced to America by the war. Unlike those painters, architects, musicians, and writers who had come to the United States in the 1930s and early 1940s with the rise of Hitler and the outbreak of war—Walter Gropius at Harvard and Arnold Schoenberg in Los Angeles, for example—Meštrović had experienced the brutality of the war in Europe firsthand. And unlike those who had spent the war in safety in America and returned to their homelands when hostilities had ended—W. H. Auden and Benjamin Britten, for example—Meštrović saw no hope of return.

While he had every reason in late 1946 to be confident that the Metropolitan's exhibition would confirm to the public that his creative powers as a sculptor were undiminished, he nevertheless had grave concerns about his future. He had no home for himself and his family, virtually no likelihood of sales or commissions for sculpture in a Europe still in ruins, and no source of steady income. From Rome he communicated with an old friend in New York, the distinguished American sculptor Malvina Hoffman, and asked her to look about for an academy or university

---

work prolifically as a sculptor, and served actively as rector of the Art Institute of Zagreb until the onset of World War II. The major museum of the sculptor's work is the Meštrović Foundation of Zagreb and Split.

2. No catalog of the 1947 exhibition was published, but a list of the works exhibited and reviews of the exhibition is in the Meštrović Papers.
teaching position for him. He had, after all, taught steadily in the 1930s when he was rector of the Art Institute in Zagreb, and he had spent a year working in New York on American commissions in the mid-1920s. Her first efforts, concentrated in New York City, brought little hope. Meštrović's limited knowledge of English prevented his consideration for a university lectureship. The few existing academy professorships in sculpture were occupied.³

Hoffman's spirits rose after a chance meeting with William Pearson Tolley, Syracuse University's chancellor and president. They met, probably in September or October 1946, while Tolley was a weekend guest at the home of Thomas J. Watson, president of the International Business Machines Corporation, and a benefactor of the University. Tolley later recounted that when Hoffman described the plight of her friend, he immediately saw an opportunity to bring to his faculty a sculptor of immense reputation and accomplishment. He urged her to cable Meštrović: "You have appointment as Professor of Sculpture at Syracuse University effective September [1947]. Will pay all expenses for you and your family to come to the United States."⁴

He then set about creating this new position, persuading the appropriate deans and faculty that Meštrović should fill it (the prospect was welcomed warmly), and finding a facility that could be converted into a sculpture studio. On 28 October 1946, Tolley sent a memo to Norman Rice, the new (as of September) director of the School of Art, confirming that Meštrović would join the faculty.⁵ On 1 December, the Syracuse Herald-Journal reported the University's "appointment of Ivan Meštrović, world-famous Yugoslav artist, as professor of sculpture."⁶ Tolley had earlier indicated to Hoffman that Meštrović would have "opportunity to teach but we should like to leave most of his time free for creative work."⁷

⁵. Meštrović Faculty File, Syracuse University Archives.
⁶. Clipping, Meštrović Papers.
⁷. Telegram, Tolley to Hoffman, 31 January 1946. Meštrović Faculty File. The date is probably a typographical error, and should read "1947," by which time Meštrović was in Syracuse. The purpose of the telegram in that case would have been to provide Hoffman with documentation needed to clarify Meštrović's immigration status. While it is possible that Tolley's initial conversation with Hoffman about Meštrović occurred as early as January 1946, more than a year before he came to the United States, no other evidence in the
The sculptor took his teaching responsibilities very seriously, however, spending much time with his students.

Although his teaching responsibilities were to begin in September 1947, Meštrović in fact joined the Syracuse University faculty effective February 1 of that year. Having sailed from Le Havre on 14 December, he, his wife Olga, and his younger son Matko (Matthew), arrived in New York aboard the S. S. America on 11 January 1947. Chancellor Tolley traveled to New York to greet the family. Before the end of the month Meštrović was on his way through the winter landscape to Syracuse, more than two hundred miles to the northwest.

He and his family settled into a cottage at 201 Marshall Street at the northern edge of the University’s campus. Across the street stood the late nineteenth-century carriage house (but always called a barn) that Tolley had decreed would be converted into a sculpture studio for teaching, and to which was soon added a single-story, prefabricated, war surplus building. (The Sheraton University Hotel and Conference Center now occupies the site.) A year later, the Meštrović family relocated to a finer cottage east of the campus at 817 Livingston Avenue, a ten-minute walk from the carriage house. On a lot next to his new home, the University erected a single-story prefabricated building to serve as the sculptor’s personal studio. Meštrović used both studios for teaching as well as for his own work.

On 20 February 1947, having been in Syracuse for only a few weeks and with work on the carriage house still incomplete, Meštrović already seemed to think that Syracuse would suit him, for on that date he wrote to Tolley (with his English polished by an unknown hand):

It is difficult for me to express my deep appreciation for all that you and your institution have done for me, and for the warm hospitality shown me. I feel particularly overawed by it after spending the last few years in war torn Europe. I assure you that it gives me a ray of hope and reason for not being utterly in despair about the future of humanity.

Syracuse University Meštrović Papers support such an early date. In recounting the history many years later, Tolley left the impression that his offer of an appointment preceded the sculptor’s arrival in the United States by only several weeks.

8. Meštrović Faculty File.
9. Ibid.
10. Of these buildings, only 817 Livingston Avenue still stands.
11. Meštrović Faculty File.
The funding of this new faculty position and the facilities it required was a major commitment for a private university of very modest financial resources. But it was a commitment never regretted by Chancellor Tolley. Indeed, he took enormous pride in the outcome of his decision to bring Meštrović to Syracuse. From the very start of their association, a bond of friendship developed between the two men (Fig. 1). In time the chancellor took great pleasure in the professional success of the sculptor's graduate students. 12 He relished the enrichment of the University's art collection with works acquired from the sculptor himself and others.

12. Among those students were Peter Abate, William Artis, Martha Milligan Bernat, Marion Brackett, Lee Burnham, Anthony Cipriano, Oswen de Lorgeril, Miguel Sopo Duque, Mary Ella Fletcher, Theodore Golubic, George Hendriks, Karl Karhumaa, Luise Meyers Kaish, Mary Lewis, Elizabeth Sharp MacDonald, Eleanor Milne, Marjorie Moench, Ellen Nims, George Norris, David Packard, Norman Pearl, Dorothy Reister, James Ridlon, Fred Rubens, William Severson, Michael Skop, Alf Svendson, Aldo Tambellini, James Wines.
In the spring of 1947, Meštrović rapidly made his studio operative. When he was ready to sculpt, Hoffman shipped him a block of stone. A few weeks later, after a visit to Syracuse, she reported, “You have to see him—stone or wood flying over his shoulder. . . . I send him a piece of marble, thinking that when I get to Syracuse he may just have started
something with it. When I get there, the marble is a woman and a lyre—all finished in a few short weeks. . . . He has no conception of working with synthetic materials or power tools.”

The finished piece, Croatian Rhapsody (Fig. 2), was immediately purchased by the University (for $5,000, with payment to the artist spread over five years). In 1953 it was installed in the newly completed Women’s Building, where it remains. During the construction of that building Dr. Tolley specified that a block of limestone be placed in the northern facade at the second story in the hope that Meštrović might be persuaded to carve it, but he must not have consulted the sculptor about this beforehand. When it was shown to him he had to state that even he carved architectural decoration at ground level in a studio and not from a scaffold in the open air. The block remains in place, untouched.

Croatian Rhapsody was a variant of a subject that Meštrović returned to from time to time throughout his career—a woman playing a stringed instrument—and it is one of his finest treatments of it. As he moved on to other subjects in the following months, working in stone, wood, and clay, he continued to return to his past, and to freshly reengage old themes. In 1947 he carved from wood the relief Five Women Playing Stringed Instruments (now located in the administrative suite of Bird Library). In 1948 he modeled in clay and cast in plaster a major treatment of another subject that he had dealt with before, Mother and Child; the plaster cast (now in the Snite Museum, University of Notre Dame) appears in several photographs of the interior of his studio (Fig. 3). In this work the Madonna-like figure wears a diamond-shaped cowl derived from Croatian peasant dress. Its linear geometric form contrasts strongly with the curvatures of the human face within it. He had used this kind of cowl in his work periodically for some forty years, beginning notably with a portrait of his mother in marble in 1908 (Zagreb, Meštrović Foundation; variant of 1926, Art Institute of Chicago), each time with subtle differences, but never more strikingly than in this early Syracuse work. A plaster cast of the cowled head, a study for the 1940 larger-than-life Mother and Child, was purchased from Meštrović in the 1940s by the sculptor Robert Baillie. It found its way back to the University nearly half a century later as a gift from Baillie’s niece, Helen Helms. Cast in bronze through the generosity of Michael Novacovic, the bust now graces the interior of the Tolley Administration Building (Fig. 4).

Fig. 3. Meštrović and his student, and assistant, Michael Skop, in the Marshall Street sculpture studio, photographed in August 1955. Meštrović’s works, all in plaster, are, from the left, *Mother and Child* (1947), *Sinfonia* (1948), *Crucifixion* (1948), and *Migrating Peoples* (1952), a relief for the proposed *American Memorial to Six Million Jews of Europe*.

In August 1948, *Time* magazine reported that in the year and a half since Meštrović arrival at Syracuse, he had completed nine major pieces.\(^5\) It added, “When a reporter asked him what he did for relaxation, the sculptor looked puzzled for a moment and then blurted, ‘work.’” *Time* took notice of him not only because he was a celebrated artist but also because his opposition to communism reflected firsthand experience with the Tito regime, and it reinforced the intensifying anti-communist fervor of much of the American public.

The magazine’s use of Meštrović as a symbolic figure in international affairs culminated in 1949 when Marshall Tito broke with the Soviet Union and proceeded to rule Yugoslavia—a nation which Meštrović had helped bring into being in the years following World War I—as an inde-

\(^{15}\) *Time*, 30 August 1948. In addition to *Croatian Rhapsody*, *Mother and Child*, and *Five Women Playing Instruments*, the nine pieces included *Sinfonia* and *Isis and Horus*.  

12
Fig. 4. Study for *Mother and Child* (1947), cast in bronze and installed in the Tolley Administration Building in 1996.
ependent communist state. The magazine reported that the American sculptor Jo Davidson, returning from overseas, conveyed to Meštrović a personal message from Tito: “Tell Meštrović not to be afraid. Tell him to come back.” Meštrović apparently replied, “Too many of my friends are in jail over there.” Soon thereafter Time claimed that the Yugoslav ambassador to the United States had urged the sculptor to return, if only for a visit, and, if he wished, to return incognito. Meštrović, who had been one of Yugoslavia’s most prominent figures in the 1920s and 30s, replied, “I will go to Belgrade incognito when Marshall Tito goes to Moscow incognito.”

Time’s interest in Meštrović’s sculpture rested in part in its continuing adherence to figural representation (often with expressionist simplification or exaggeration) in a decade when abstract nonrepresentational sculpture was gaining an ever-stronger place in the mainstream. The abstract work of such artists as Henry Moore, Constantin Brancusi, Barbara Hepworth, Alexander Calder, and the young David Smith seemed increasingly to define sculpture’s international postwar direction. Because it was a direction that broke sharply with tradition, it left much of the public discomforted. Time reassured this part of its readership by giving attention to work that did not break with the past so dramatically. It found in Meštrović, whose sculpture was always grounded in naturalism, a master of unquestioned greatness who had successfully carried tradition into the modern age.

As a teacher, Meštrović’s insufficient English proved no barrier in his studio where gestures, a shared vocabulary of technical and professional terms, the example of the master at work, and some English sufficed to make his studio sessions a success. He was never obliged to lecture to classes. He regularly attended faculty meetings of the School of Art, though his colleagues sometimes wondered how well he could follow discussions. With members of the University faculty who were fluent in French, Italian, German, or Croatian, he engaged in conversations that ranged widely, for despite his pride in his peasant origins, he was a man 16. Ibid., 7 November 1949.
17. Meštrović held grave reservations concerning the rise of nonfigural sculpture, the self-referential preoccupation of modern art with form, and what he saw as the retreat of modern art generally from engagement with major issues of public life. The Syracuse Post-Standard of 9 January 1955, quoted him: “Sculpture, and art in general, should contribute to human civilization, to human progress and mankind’s spiritual development. In my opinion, ‘abstract art’ is only another slogan. A great art must not be expressed within the limits of form.”
who had acquired much of the substance of a classical education. In his early years at Syracuse the faculty of the School of Art changed with the appointment of a number of younger teachers of art, most of them veterans returned from the war, and all well-versed in the vocabulary of modernism. Like their school's new director, Norman Rice, several of them had studied at the Art Institute of Chicago and knew well Mestrovic's pair of Native American equestrians of heroic scale installed in the late 1920s on Michigan Avenue at Grant Park.

Mestrovic had executed many portrait busts throughout his career, and by the late 1940s he was active again in this realm. By the mid-1950s he had modeled in the round a strong and vital likeness of Chancellor Tolley (Arents Reading Room, Bird Library) and one of Everett N. Case, president of Colgate University (Colgate University). Farther afield, he portrayed, in relief, Cardinal Spellman of New York. He designed small-scale works, such as the Salzburg Medal for the University's School of Business Administration (now the School of Management). Some of the income derived from his commissions he sent to the Art Institute in Zagreb, to provide needy students with art supplies. He was known to be helpful in this way to his Syracuse students as well.

In mid-1949, after two years of teaching, Mestrovic received the most promising commission of his mature years. Not since the twenties had he had an opportunity to work on anything so grand, or of such personal significance. In the end, after nearly three years' effort, for which he received little compensation, the project was canceled. This unhappy ending would have been a blow to any artist in late career who, like Mestrovic, saw a chance to make a final, culminating public statement about humanity, but it was doubly disappointing to him since this proposed monument would have allowed him to be represented in the great city of his adopted country with a major work of public art.

The commission came about when he was invited to assume responsibility for the sculptural elements of a large and complex monument planned for a site in Riverside Park in New York, An American Memorial to Six Million Jews of Europe, often referred to as "The Jewish Memorial." It would have been one of the earliest, and, as originally envisioned, perhaps the largest of the Holocaust memorials erected in the twentieth century. Although it was sponsored by a committee of distinguished citizens, and its funding was to come from private sources, the memorial itself was

to stand on public ground made available by the City of New York. This meant that all aspects of the design required the approval of the New York Parks Commission.

The conflicts that arose between the vision of the private sponsors and the requirements of the Parks Commission proved fractious and difficult to resolve. They centered on the municipal policy that public land could not be used for religious monuments. That the American Memorial was as much a historical as a religious monument, and one whose subject was of the greatest pertinence to people of all faiths, was an interpretation resisted by the commission. A key member of the memorial’s sponsoring committee stated, “From the very beginning, the idea of the memorial was to symbolize the fortitude and physical stamina of the Jewish people in surviving all onslaughts through the centuries. It should not depict or symbolize their sufferings in temporary defeat. . . . The memorial should not be a tombstone for the dead but rather an exhortation to the world at large.”19 A sequence of proposed revised designs broadened the scope of the structure’s iconography (and reduced its size), but despite this, it was never built. Several pieces of sculpture by Meštrović destined for one or another of the designs have survived, however, and although they are divided among a number of institutions, they attest to the great strengths of his contributions.

In its original concept, the memorial’s design was in the hands of Percival Goodman, the architect of, among other buildings, several important American synagogues. Jacques Lipchitz, a distinguished sculptor of Lithuanian origin who had come to America from Paris in 1941, and whose work was much influenced by Cubism, was to provide the sculptural elements. When Goodman’s proposals proved unsatisfactory to the sponsoring committee, it replaced him with the modernist architect Eric Mendelsohn who in turn invited Jo Davidson to serve as sculptor. By mid-1949, Davidson’s health was in decline. Because the Parks Commission had by then required an iconographic program for the project that was not specifically Jewish, it made sense to invite Meštrović to succeed the ailing Davidson. Meštrović was a devout Catholic (though somewhat idiosyncratic in his observances) who had a long-established sympathy for Jewish culture. He had been an outspoken enemy of the perpetrators of the Holocaust. Not least, he had in his career created highly successful sculptural monuments of the scale required for An American Memorial to Six Million Jews of Europe.

Each of Mendelsohn’s revisions to the project’s architectural design preserved a pylon-like set of tablets inscribed with the Ten Commandments. They rose at the end of a long platform backed by a wall. Most of Meštrović’s several iconographic programs called for figural sculptural reliefs on the wall and also for a free-standing figure of Moses pointing to the tablets. This program implied that for humanity to avoid disasters of war and genocide, there must be, as a member of the sponsoring committee emphasized, “universal recognition of, and adherence to, the moral law first and finally expressed in Moses’ Ten Commandments.”20 As an artist who had taken Moses as a subject several times since 1915, Meštrović saw, perhaps more clearly than the members of the sponsoring committee, the central importance of the great lawgiver to the memorial.21 Mendelsohn objected to a free-standing figure of Moses on the reasonable grounds that it would act visually as an independent element, that it would amount to, as he said, the addition of “a second monument to the monument proper. . . . ”22

Meštrović then moved from a free-standing figure to one in deep relief that would become part of the long wall leading to the tablets (Fig. 5). He made a full-scale plaster cast of this boldly dramatic, expressionistic figure. Most of Meštrović’s studies and models for the memorial, as well as his extensive correspondence about it, are in the collections of the University of Notre Dame. The great relief of Moses, however, remains at Syracuse University. Cast in bronze in 1991, it now stands with Job and Suppliant Persephone in the sculpture court next to the Shaffer Art Building (Fig. 6).

The sculptor’s disappointment with the outcome of the American Memorial was assuaged to a degree by a commission from the Mayo Clinic of Rochester, Minnesota, for a colossal figure, Man and Freedom, to be placed on an exterior wall of its new building. The twenty-four-foot figure of a male nude with upraised arms is one of the great achievements of American figural sculpture in the postwar years. In July 1953, a month before traveling to Minnesota to attend its installation, Meštrović went to New York to receive from the American Academy of Arts and Letters its Medal of Merit for Sculpture. He joined two other awardees at the festivities, the poet Marianne Moore and the architect Frank Lloyd Wright.23

20. Ibid., 17.
21. Ibid., 7, and illustrations throughout.
22. Ibid., 20.
Fig. 5. The Marshall Street sculpture studio in August 1955, showing at right, the bronze *Job* (1945), at left a study in plaster for the head of Moses in the final version of the proposed *American Memorial to Six Million Jews of Europe*. A small-scale model of this version hangs on the wall at center, showing the figure of Moses and, in lower relief, the migrating peoples.

In 1954 Meštrović became an American citizen in a special ceremony conducted by President Eisenhower at the White House.24

The difficulties of creating a work of the scale of *Man and Freedom* in the Marshall Street sculpture studio, where lack of space had obliged him to model it in three large parts (the plaster casts of which fit perfectly when he assembled them outside the studio), moved Meštrović to ask, not for the first time, that the studio be enlarged and otherwise improved. But at a time of pressing need for studio space to house other programs of the School of Art, and limited resources to satisfy that need, his request was deferred. At about this time an offer of a wholly new, purpose-built studio, along with a substantial increase in pay, came from the University of Notre Dame. On 27 November 1954, Meštrović, at age seventy-two, wrote to Chancellor Tolley:

24. Meštrović Papers.
Mr. Norman Rice . . . has probably already told you that I am leaving my present position as Professor at Syracuse University for that at the University of Notre Dame at the end of June next year. I feel very sorry that I had to do this, particularly because of my many friends here where I felt at ease and at home. I had to take the step because of offers by the Notre Dame University of twice better conditions of work and salary. They will build for me a private studio as well as an adequate one for official classes. . . . I feel it both my duty and pleasure to express my hearty thanks to Syracuse University and particularly to you personally for your kind invitation to your university which enabled me to contribute in my vocation what I can in the furthering of art in my adopted country. . . . I hope and feel certain that the sculpture department will receive a worthy successor and prosper, with your assistance.  

Dean (later Vice Chancellor) Frank Piskor, who had been a good friend of the sculptor and his family, as well as a key supporter of the development of a University Art Collection, also received an expression of gratitude. Nearly a year later, on 14 September 1955, Meštrović wrote to Tolley from Notre Dame: “I am all right, preparing myself for the second page of my stay in this country. The first was a pleasant one at Syracuse University. . . . I will always remember it.”

Before Meštrović left Syracuse, the chancellor found funds to purchase a representative group of the sculptor’s works. These included, in addition to ten drawings, Job, Suppliant Persephone, and, to increase the collection’s historical range, Madonna and Child, carved in 1928 from diorite and once called, from the color of the stone, the “Black Madonna.” Purchased separately for the University by a benefactor was Socrates and his Disciples (Grant Auditorium, College of Law). The sculptor had created this work in deep relief in 1953 as a maquette at the request of Dr. Tolley, who hoped that he might someday find the funds needed to make from it a bronze of larger scale. He envisioned this fundamental image of teaching and learning as a symbolic centerpiece for the University’s outdoor sculpture program.

In 1964 the University purchased from the sculptor’s brother Petar nearly twenty further works, including Meštrović’s bust portrait of his friend Malvina Hoffman (1959). As an expression of her gratitude to the chancellor for making it possible for Meštrović to build a career in America, she bequeathed to the University a Meštrović bronze of 1917, Vestal Virgin, having previously donated her own bronze, Elemental Man of 1936, a work shown in 1939–40 at the New York World’s Fair.

Hoffman’s Elemental Man, situated near the southeast corner of the main quadrangle, greets those who walk toward the Shaffer sculpture court from the direction of Hendricks Chapel. Just beyond it, outside the entrance to the Shaffer building, stands The Saltine Warrior, a heroic bronze of 1951 by one of Meštrović’s students, Luise Meyers Kaish, a work in the style of her master (and a style that she soon set aside to develop one of her own). At the entry to the court are two abstract works, Jazz Barbieri and Windowscape by Rodger Mack, since the late 1960s Meštrović’s successor as professor of sculpture. These constructions epitomize the triumph of abstraction, innovation, and invention over figuration and tradition in sculpture during the second half of the twentieth

century. They allow the sculpture court to represent the century’s two great, and very different, motive styles.

At the far end of the court the bold forms of Meštrović’s Moses for the unrealized American Memorial arrests the viewer’s attention, but that attention in time settles on two smaller works facing each other nearby, Job and Supplicant Persephone (Fig. 7). One, in its depiction of suffering, is in Meštrović’s northern, expressionist, mode. The other, portraying more restrained but scarcely less charged emotion, reflects the Mediterranean classicism that informed much of his work. Each figure commands its own space; neither is overwhelmed by the nearby Moses. Products of Meštrović’s burst of creativity in Rome in 1945–46, both works speak of the despair and hope of his wartime years. Here is Persephone, imprisoned in the underworld, reaching upward beseechingly as she pleads for freedom, not to her captor but to a higher power. Here is Job, suffering profoundly but unwilling to abandon his faith even as his cries to God for help go unanswered. And here is Moses leading his people, and by implication, the world, to the rule of law. In its iconography, autobiography, and power of expression, this installation of three works by a twentieth-century master, adjacent to highly significant sculptures by a colleague.
friend, a student, and a successor, brings the art of sculpture alive with rare intensity.

In late summer 1955, Meštrović moved to South Bend, Indiana, and began his appointment as professor of sculpture. Although he was now entering his twilight years, he worked steadily and attracted to Notre Dame able students. Felled by a stroke in his studio, he died on 16 January 1962.

The Syracuse University Archives holds a substantial collection of Meštrović’s papers, photographs of his work, and other materials relating to his career. A larger collection of his papers, owned by the University of Notre Dame, has recently been microfilmed and is available at Bird Library. Syracuse’s Meštrović Papers have in turn been microfilmed for the Hesburgh Library at Notre Dame. The availability of these research materials coincides with steadily growing interest in the history of European and American sculpture of the first half of the twentieth century and in Meštrović’s central place within that history. This now readily accessible documentation of the American years of a great artist richly augments the major collection of his works and papers in the Meštrović Foundation of Zagreb and Split.

WORKS BY IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ IN SYRACUSE

In the Syracuse University Art Collection

Sculpture

Vestal Virgin, 1917, bronze, 14 x 10.5 x 7"
Autoportrait, 1924, bronze, 20 x 14 x 9"
Archangel Gabriel, 1926, bronze, 34.5 x 23 x 6"
Magdalene under the Cross, 1926, bronze, 41 x 24.5 x 8"
Madonna and Child, 1928, diorite stone, 37.5 x 25 x 9"
Musical Angel, 1930, mahogany, 64.5 x 16.5 x 2"
Portrait of a Lady, ca. 1930s, bronze, 34 x 25 x 8.5"
Mary Magdalene under the Cross, 1941, mahogany, 43.5 x 23 x 5"
Job, 1945, bronze, 49 x 40 x 34"
Study for Job, 1945, bronze, 10 x 8.5 x 7"
Suplicant Persephone, 1945, bronze, 106 x 26 x 21"
Woman in Despair, 1945, bronze, 8 x 9.5 x 8.5"
Girl with a Harp, 1945, mahogany, 66 x 17 x 2.5"
Dancing Peasant Girls, 1945, mahogany, 66 x 43.5 x 1"
Croatian Rhapsody, 1947, marble, 36 x 32.5 x 24"
Isis and Horus, 1947, onyx, 18 x 26.5 x 15"
Petar Mestrovic, 1947, bronze, 22.5 x 20.5 x 20"
Study for Cyclops, 1947, bronze, 16.5 x 11.5 x 9"
Bust study for Mother and Child, 1947, bronze, 25 x 23.5 x 13.5"
Bust study for Mother and Child, 1947, plaster, 24.5 x 23 x 13"
Five Women Playing Instruments, 1947, walnut, 72 x 45.5"
Moses, 1952, bronze, 131.5 x 165 x 32"
Moses, 1952, plaster, 131 x 164.5 x 31.5"
Socrates and his Disciples, bronze, 1953, 18 x 29 x 7.5"
Socrates and his Disciples, plaster, 1953, 17.5 x 28.5 x 7"
Virgin and Child with Saint Elizabeth and Saint John, 1953, mahogany, 48.5 x 35.5 x 2"
William Pearson Tolley, 1954, bronze, 23 x 17.5 x 13"
The Guslar, 1954, walnut, 77.5 x 30 x 23"
Malvina Hoffman, 1959, bronze, 18 x 9 x 1"
Praying Woman, undated, 11.5 x 8 x 8"

Drawings
Ascension, 1921, pastel, 35.5 x 24.5"
Under the Cross, 1941, conte chalk, 24.5 x 17.5"
Pieta, 1943, conte chalk, 24.5 x 17.5"
Pluto and Persephone, 1945, red chalk, 24 x 17.5"
Study of an Apostle, 1945, red conte, 24 x 15.5"
Study, Saint Jerome, 1945, pastel, 58.5 x 51.5"
Fretful Angel, 1946, brown conte chalk, 30.5 x 21.5"
Study of a Nude, 1947, red conte, 24 x 17.5"
Study of Two Women and Children, 1947, red conte, 24 x 18"
Study of a Woman Praying, 1947, red conte, 24 x 15"
Study of Madonna and Child, 1950, red conte, 26 x 20.5"
Study of an Angel, 1950, red conte, 26 x 20.5"
Study of the Great Spirit, 1950, charcoal conte, 24 x 17.5"
Study of a Prophet, 1950, brown conte, 17.5 x 25"
Study of a Man Reading, ca. 1950, red conte, 24.5 x 16"
Study of Saint Christopher, 1951, charcoal conte, 26 x 20"
Striding Hermit, undated, red chalk, 24 x 19"
Peace, undated, charcoal, 78 x 71.5"

In the Everson Museum of Art
Mother and Child, 1946, marble, 34 x 19.5 x 11.5"

In the Temple Society of Concord
Moses, ca., 1950, bronze, 38 x 18 x 14"
Declaration of Independence:  
Mary Colum as Autobiographer  
BY SANFORD STERNLICHT

In 1947, ten years before her death at the age of 71, Mary Catherine Gunning Maguire Colum—Molly to her friends and her husband, the poet-dramatist Padraic Colum—published one of the most forthright and powerful protofeminist autobiographies of the twentieth century: Life and the Dream, a book that should not be as neglected as it is.1 What was or is the dream? It was a dream of many episodes: the hope of a free, prosperous, peaceful, united Ireland; the fulfillment of the Irish Literary Revival which she so brilliantly chronicles as a participant-witness in the autobiography, and before in her masterwork of literary criticism: From These Roots: Ideas That Made Modern Literature (1937); and perhaps most of all a dream of equality for women in the male-dominated world of Anglo-Irish-American letters; for Colum never forgot that the Irish writer she admired most, really worshipped, her friend Yeats, had advised her not to follow a career in creative writing, her first love, but to pursue criticism, because “women were better at that” and a woman could never hope to succeed as a writer of fiction and verse.

Bellettristic writing was Colum’s first love, and Yeats, the God of the Irish Renaissance, had denied it to her. Life and the Dream (hereafter LD), so late in her life, was her counterattack, her rebellion, her Declaration of Independence. She states: “I think there is no superior race or superior sex; there are only superior or inferior individuals. While I believe a prejudice such as anti-Semitism is a communicable psychic disease like war incitements, and consequently could be stamped out if tackled properly as physical diseases are tackled, sex bias like color bias, is a habit based on the fact that the occupations of women, as of the colored races, have been too largely of the servile kind. Sex bias has existed everywhere, in every country, in every age, and among all races” (LD, 453–4).


Life and the Dream was Molly Colum's most enthusiastically received book. Writing in an age that had just begun to be interested in women's autobiography, Colum firmly established that her life was distinguishable from that of her husband or any male, father or lover. One might say that Colum was in at the beginning of "herstory." The book is actually a combination of autobiography, women's history, literary criticism, biography, sociology, and portraiture of leading Irish cultural figures. In a three-page rave review in the New Yorker, Edmund Wilson was greatly impressed by "an insight into people and societies at once so sympathetic and so shrewd, and so humane and reflective an outlook on so large a slice of the world." Wilson believed Colum's autobiography to be the best chronicle of the Irish Literary Renaissance.

Eugene O'Neill called Colum "one of the few true critics of literature writing in English," and William Rose Benét said, "Everyone of sapience knows that Mary M. Colum is the best woman critic in America. There is no one in her class. She occupies the same place here as Rebecca West in England." Colum practically created the field of comparative literature in the English-speaking world. She was a major chronicler of modernism. Colum was an essayist, a person of letters, a Virginia Woolf, an Edmund Wilson, an intellectual in the heady milieu of the New York Intellectuals. Her audience were the people who read the New York Times Book Review, the Times Literary Supplement, and today would be the readers of the New York Review of Books.

And Colum was one tough woman. She had to be; as she makes clear in Life and the Dream, the literary establishments in Dublin, New York, and London were totally male dominated and at best condescending towards women writers. She battled male editors and critics, saying in LD that "though the warmest praise I have ever got . . . came from men, when it comes to real clawing, scratching, biting, the male of the species can be more ferocious than the female. It has a long history, this male objection to female intellectual pretension. . . . I never minded being hit if I were allowed to hit back, for having undertaken what had been considered a man's occupation, criticism, I had to learn how to be an expert fighter. I have a racial talent in that line, anyhow, and can use both the rapier and the bludgeon with fair skill, so that sometimes even a strong fighting male has expressed regret that he got into 'a muss with that woman'" (373-4).

Her friend Elinor Wylie, the poet, praised her strength: "She has not the middle mind that purrs and never shows a tooth." Colum was a strong-minded Irish woman who from the beginning of her life identified with the female tradition in art and politics. In interpreting the aesthetic in literature, she placed a Marxist-like emphasis on objective external functions such as equality for women and mass appeal, for Colum believed that universal appeal was the true indication of a great writer.

One of the foregrounded themes in *LD* is Mary Colum’s dedication and commitment to sisterhood. These traits commenced with her early formal education, although the psychological basis for them was the loss of her mother at age ten; as frequently indicated in *LD*, she was brought up by men. Only a grandmother, a caring but cold and unwell woman, provided any kind of a female model for the intellectually precocious child.

Mary Catherine Gunning Maguire was born in 1884 in Collooney, Co. Sligo, of middle-class Roman Catholic parents. Padraic came from a Longford family of peasant Roman Catholics. Molly was sent to the boarding school of the Convent of St. Louis in Monaghan. She was an outstanding student, especially in languages and literature, and so she was soon sent to a women’s school in Heidelberg to study German language and literature. The school had many aristocratic German students who all hoped to marry army officers and live as the wives of staff officers and diplomats. There were American students too, and Colum points out that none of the German young women achieved her goal; but one beautiful American indeed became the wife of the ambassador to the Court of St. James. Her name was Rose Fitzgerald, later Rose Kennedy.

Molly then entered the National University as well prepared as any student. There she met many major figures of the Irish Revival and was caught up in the movement. She was head of one of the school’s literary societies and she decided on a writer’s life. Her degree was in modern languages, the same as Joyce’s earlier. She took a teaching job at St. Enda’s under Padraic Pearse. Now she met Thomas MacDonagh, who also taught there, and Padraic Colum, who was developing his writing career. Along with David Houston and James Stephens they founded the *Irish Review*.

The *Review* (1911–14) was literary and political, but for Molly “politics” had more to do with how she was treated by men than with how her country was treated by others. At the *Irish Review* Molly began to know what Julia Kristeva calls a woman’s “Black Sun,” lightness and the dark coming simultaneously with freedom and oppression. Padraic remem-
bered Molly as the *Review’s* “critic-in-chief.”\(^5\) Molly remembered differently: “I was the only woman in the group, and . . . I was well bossed and patronized by them. They were determined to write the body of the magazine themselves—poetry, the stories, the plays, the articles, and the editorial notes. But they decided to let me do some book reviewing in the back pages in small type” (*LD*, 158). Also, she was the only one able to type, which may have been her big mistake. But prior to this, Colum had written stories and articles for the *English Review* and the *London Nation*. Yeats, however, had advised her to pursue a career in criticism and to adopt a man’s name because “men still regarded criticism and philosophy as their own province, and would be sure to resent a woman’s pushing in” (*LD*, 372). This time she ignored him.

The final squash came in the form of the power of the cultural imperative. Molly was a very lovely young woman with a cascade of beautiful red hair. Her intelligence, energy, talent, and beauty provoked several proposals. One aggressive, perhaps brutally aggressive, suitor was MacDonagh. As the expression goes, he wouldn’t take no for an answer. Molly recalled: “I did not have any taste for exchanging the independent and interesting life I was living for puttering around a kitchen, planning meals, hanging curtains, and so on, and I let my young friends know my sentiments about this. One of them, however, declined to listen to me and kept assuring me that he was the person Heaven had destined me to marry and I could not escape my fate.” Molly continued to refuse him politely. “But he made one final determined effort before dropping me. He called at my little flat, armed with an engagement ring, and told me in a very cave-man manner that he had arranged everything, that I was to marry him on a certain date in a certain church, and that I had better accept my destiny.” Needless to say, Molly was frightened and intimidated. “The argument that ensued reduced me to a state of panic such as I had never known, for I was afraid I might be unable to hold out, especially as he said I had encouraged him and ought to have some sense of responsibility about it. But I managed to be strong-minded, and the harassing interview ended with tears on both sides, with his throwing the ring into the fire and leaving in a high state of emotion” (*LD*, 175).

Enter the hero to the rescue, although it is a dubious rescue as usual, for the woman still is carried off. Molly continues: “I was stretched out in a condition of copious weeping when, some minutes later . . . Padraic Colum called. Tearfully, I told him of my ordeal; the ring was still lying

Mary Column, ca. 1904. Photograph courtesy of Special Collections, Binghamton University, State University of New York.
unconsumed in a corner of the grate; he fished it out with a tongs, left it on the hearthstone to cool so that it could be mailed back . . . then he settled himself gravely in an armchair and proceeded to lecture me. "I think," said he, "that to save yourself trouble, you should marry me. Then these fellows will all leave you alone and you won't have to go through any more of these scenes." He pursued this train of reasoning, and eventually I dried my eyes and said, "All right, Colum; maybe that would be best" (LD, 175).

Because of a lack of money they were not married, however, until two and a half years later. Colum mentions her husband only occasionally in LD. There are no indications of great affection on her part. The above event, humorous and poignant, is interesting in that Colum is pointing out that she was trapped into marriage by the demands of the culture and the class in which she had been born and in which she lived. Although she never directly gives her age in LD, she was, in fact, over twenty-five at the time of the "proposals." Padraic proved very romantic about the marriage, if somewhat inept. Molly summed it up: "My husband was extremely unpractical, and I was ignorant of practical issues, though I was capable of learning more about them than he was" (LD, 184). Clearly, she was the dominant party in the relationship.

In LD Colum devotes much more ink to Van Wyck Brooks than to Padraic. She had an affair with Brooks in the early 1920s. Everyone seemed to know about it except Padraic. Brooks, also married, was beset with guilt, had a nervous breakdown, confessed, offered to leave his wife, and then instead broke off with Colum. She was enraged and did not speak to him for twenty years, although she continued to care for him. The relationship is not revealed in LD. Brooks and Colum only seem to be close professional friends, but the truth is really given away when two decades after their breakup, and after Brooks's wife had died, they were reconciled and met again. She wrote to tell him, "I am looking forward so much to seeing you but please don't ask the large rotund lady who opens the door for you, if you can see Mrs. Colum as another long absent friend did recently, for that large dame will be I." Padraic wrote many beautiful love poems to Molly, and in his final collection, Images of Departure (1969), he sadly, almost bitterly, mourned her death.

In 1914, unable to make an adequate living as writers in Dublin, the Colums emigrated to the United States, eventually winding up in New

York City, and Molly bloomed in New York. She wrote more than 160 articles and reviews for *Scribners, Dial, Forum, Freeman, Nation, New Republic, American Mercury, Saturday Review of Literature, Yale Review, Herald Tribune, New York Times Book Review*, etc. Colum thrived on controversy, and she battled men who objected to what they saw as female intellectual pretension. New York, not Dublin nor London, gave her the big chance as a critical writer and let her keep within a female tradition. In New York she penned her literary monuments: *From These Roots: The Ideas That Made Modern Literature* (1937), a landmark of comparative literature and a milestone in the then-developing question of what is modernism; and *Life and the Dream* (1947), undertaken at the urging of Charles Scribner and Maxwell Perkins as a challenge in creative autobiography before she was to begin another major critical book. She never did. Her last book would be biography: *Our Friend James Joyce* (1958), written with her husband Padraic Colum and published after her death.

It was in the convent school that Colum came to appreciate the value of a woman’s friendship. There she found cooperative companionship in her fellow students and quickly grew to admire the education, the teaching ability, the dedication, and the loving care of the nuns of St. Louis. Writing *LD* in her early sixties, Colum said of the convent sisters: “The sum total of my impressions was of high-minded, devoted women who were often more than their own mothers to the little girls they trained and taught and brought up” (*LD*, 31). And Colum’s longing for a life she had not chosen appears when she writes “that the newly received novice would, as a nun, lead a more contented, more placid, and perhaps a happier life than women in the world, I have very little doubt. She would never grow old-maidish or prim or dried up, as unmarried women, and even married women, in the world often do, for she would all her life have children and young girls around her to bring up and educate, and her rule of life would not allow her to spend much time thinking of herself” (*LD*, 38). Mary Colum had no children of her own.

One example of Colum’s compassion in sisterhood was her attempt to help the troubled daughter of her and Padraic’s good friends James and Nora Joyce. Lucia was troubled, in part, because she had fallen in love with her father’s amanuensis, Samuel Beckett, and that love was not returned. Colum suggested marriage and Joyce followed through and arranged an engagement with a different man, but Lucia did not stabilize. Lucia came to live with Molly and Padraic; Molly brought in a psychiatrist and engaged herself in lengthy conversations with Lucia, but all her efforts were to no avail. Facing a serious operation herself, Colum had to
escort Lucia to a sanitarium from which she never emerged, and then devoted herself to comforting Joyce, who felt himself a failure as a father.

Colum's personal heroes were women. In *From These Roots* it is Madam de Staël. In *LD* there are two. Towards one, Lady Gregory, Colum had mixed feelings, for Lady Gregory had hurt her husband, while Molly and Padraic were on their honeymoon, by dropping his one-act play "Betrayal" from the Abbey schedule and substituting one of her own. Molly does not mention that the play, later world famous, was just too inflammatory, too anti-British for the time. But although Mary Colum did not like Lady Gregory's seeming haughtiness, she realized that without the aristocratic woman's support, energy, prestige, and wisdom, the Irish National Theatre Society would never have come into being or survived the egos of its fractious, contentious members.

But Colum's greatest heroine, her most admired woman, was not an artist but a political figure, Maud Gonne. Colum first saw her when attending the Abbey as a university student. Gonne walked in, accompanied by Yeats, and was hissed for having just divorced John MacBride. Colum says: "The woman stood and faced the hissers, her whole figure showing a lively emotion, and I saw the most beautiful, the most heroic-looking human being I have ever seen before or since. She was about six feet tall and of both romantic and commanding presence" (*LD*, 142). As a patriotic, literature-loving young woman, Colum identified with Gonne. Significantly, Gonne gave the beautiful red-haired Colum a special wedding present, a picture she had painted "of a red-haired woman going forth to battle, her shield in her hair, a flock of ravens around her head—some old warrior-queen, or perhaps the Irish war goddess, the Morrigu" (*LD*, 150). Gonne was connecting herself to the younger woman and both of them to a common ancestor and courageous role model. That painting became Colum's talisman. Even when old, matronly, and gray, she thought of herself as the fiery red-haired aristocratic Irish warrior-queen battling her enemies—ignorance, stupidity, anti-Irish prejudice, male patronizing, and domination—to the end.

Colum never stopped fighting. In a letter to Horace Gregory, written 15 January 1953, she complains of the tiresome lecturing of male literary celebrities like Carl Carmer, as she seeks allies in her attempt to obtain equal opportunities for women at the MacDowell Colony of which she was a corporate board member.7 On her own Mary Colum achieved a life

---

7. Horace Gregory Papers, Syracuse University Library.
of significance and she made a contribution to the economic, political, academic, and artistic liberation of women.

I never met Mary Colum. I did meet Padraic in 1964 at an awards ceremony of the Poetry Society of America, when he was eighty-three, a short, portly, partly-deaf, bald old man, jocular and very friendly to young poets like myself. My affection for Molly began when researching my bio-critical book on Padraic Colum, and, at SUNY Binghamton, I saw the photos of Molly that Padraic had left, along with their early courtship correspondence, with his other papers in the archives there. Her beauty as a very young woman, and the powerful image of her in the fierce-eyed, wild-haired, embattled beauty of her maturity moved me deeply. From These Roots and Life and the Dream conquered my mind.

A few years ago, when I was at the American Conference for Irish Studies in Dublin, I visited the Colums’ plot at St. Finton Cemetery, Sutton Co., Dublin. They are in the same grave. Molly, who died first, has the headstone, put up by Padraic; his small footstone lies at her feet. Somehow it seems appropriate. I go back to visit when I can.

Earlier versions of this essay were presented at the Modern Language Association of America Annual Meeting in Washington, D.C., December 1996, and at the Syracuse University English Department Colloquium, February 1997.
A Charles Jackson Diptych

BY JOHN W. CROWLEY

I. CHARLES JACKSON’S FRATERNITY NIGHTMARE: 
THE LOST WEEKEND AND A YEAR LOST AT SYRACUSE

It is not widely known that Charles Jackson, author of *The Lost Weekend* (1944), once attended Syracuse University. Although the official records for 1922-23 survive only on microfilm so faint as to be nearly indecipherable, it may still be discerned that he enrolled for six courses in the newly opened College of Business Administration: Business English, Stenography, Journalism, French, Political Science, and Economics.\(^1\) Jackson dropped out after two semesters, however, and he never did finish college. Why he left Syracuse is unclear; but a story based on Jackson’s freshman year became a twice-told tale, providing both the plot of his unpublished first novel and also a subplot in *The Lost Weekend*.

Charles Jackson came to Syracuse by way of Newark, New York, a small city in Wayne County, thirty miles east of Rochester. Jackson’s childhood house remains there on Prospect Street, and his headstone stands, slightly atilt, in the family plot at the local cemetery. The Jacksons moved to Newark from Summit, New Jersey, where Charles, the third of five children, had been born in 1903. When Jackson was twelve, his father abruptly deserted the family. The next year, 1916, brought another disaster: Charlie’s only sister, Thelma, and his baby brother, Richard, were killed together in an auto wreck at a dangerous railroad crossing.

After Jackson’s graduation from high school in 1921, he worked one year as a reporter for the local paper, the *Newark Courier*. Once he set out

\(^1\) I am grateful to University Registrar Peter DeBlois for providing me with copies of these records. Founded in 1919, the College of Business Administration offered four curricula: General Business, Secretarial Science, Journalism, and Commercial Teaching. Jackson probably intended to major in Journalism.

John W. Crowley is professor of English and director of the Humanities Doctoral Program at Syracuse University. Author or editor of fifteen books and 100 articles and reviews, he is best known as a scholar of William Dean Howells. He has also written often on alcohol-related topics. Crowley’s anthology of alcoholic narratives from the 1840s, titled *Drunkard’s Progress*, is forthcoming from the Johns Hopkins University Press.
Charles Jackson appears in the top row, second from the right, in this 1924 photograph from Syracuse University’s yearbook, *The Onondagan*. Courtesy of Syracuse University Archives.

for Syracuse the following fall, Jackson never resettled in Newark; but his imagination reverted often to “Arcadia,” as he called the fictional version of his hometown. In the Arcadian Tales, through the character of Don Birnam (an authorial alter ego also used in *The Lost Weekend*), Jackson exposed the narrowness and hypocrisy of his erstwhile neighbors, especially in regard to sex. It may also have been a sexual incident, something that transpired while Jackson was a fraternity pledge at Psi Upsilon, that motivated his early departure from the University.

2. Most of Jackson’s Arcadian Tales have recently been reprinted in *The Sunnier Side*, ed. John W. Crowley (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1996). My introduction to this volume gives a brief biographical sketch.

3. Jackson is listed as a Psi Upsilon pledge in the 1924 edition of the University’s yearbook, *The Onondagan*; but like most of the other pledges, he was not present for the fraternity’s group photograph. He does appear, however, among the editorial staff of *The Phoenix*, “a pictorial and literary magazine,” which had started publication in 1921.

The Syracuse chapter of Psi Upsilon was established in 1875, making it the fourth oldest fraternity on campus. Founded at Union College in 1833, Psi Upsilon could boast at the turn of the century of its distinguished membership: “A president of the United States, ten United States senators, five ministers to foreign powers, seven governors of states, sixteen judges of the highest state courts (three of them chief justices), nineteen
Although Jackson led an ostensibly heterosexual life—he married Rhoda Booth in 1938 and fathered two daughters—he was also homosexual. But Jackson remained closeted; and in this respect he resembled many other gay men of his generation, including such writers as John Cheever (b. 1912), who came out only at the end of his life after decades of turmoil, and William Inge (b. 1913), who never made peace with his homosexuality. Not coincidentally, perhaps, all these men were chronic alcoholics.

4. Although some critics have assumed—because the fiction seems tellingly preoccupied with homosexuality—that Jackson was gay, the only direct biographical evidence appears in the reminiscences of a close friend, the wife of his publisher Roger Straus. See Dorothea Straus, “The Fan,” The Serif 10 (Fall 1973): 16–38. This piece, which first appeared in a special Charles Jackson issue of The Serif, was reprinted in Straus’s memoir, Showcases (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1974).
As I have argued elsewhere,\(^5\) the linkage of alcoholism and homosexuality was a tenet of psychoanalytic theory during the years when Jackson sought psychiatric treatment for his drinking problem. The now discredited belief that every alcoholic is, \emph{au fond}, a “latent homosexual” underlies Jackson’s characterization of Don Birnam in \emph{The Lost Weekend}.

Early in the novel, in a bravura passage, Don drunkenly recalls a train of events from his turbulent life that he hopes will make a story-line for the novel he is brainstorming (but not, of course, actually writing) on the bar stool:

The wrench (the lost lonely abandonment) when his father left home and left him—but anything, practically anything out of childhood, climaxed by the poetry-writing and the episode of the bathroom mirror; then on to Dorothy, the fraternity nightmare, Dorothy again, leaving home, the Village and prohibition, Mrs. Scott, the \emph{Rochambeau} (the \emph{Bremen, LaFayette, Champlain, de Grasse}); the TB years in Davos; the long affair with Anna; the drinking; Juan-les-Pins (the weekend there that lasted two months, the hundred dollars a day); the pawnshops; the drinking, the unaccountable things you did, the people you got mixed up with; the summer in Provincetown, the winter on the farm; the books begun and dropped, the unfinished short-stories; the drinking the drinking the drinking . . . \(^6\)

In the manuscript of the novel, originally titled “The Long Weekend,” this same passage reads in part: “Dorothy, the fraternity business, Dorothy again, Chicago, the Village & prohibition, Mrs. Scott, the Rochambeau (the LaFayette, Bremen, Champlain, deGrasse), the Norwegian woman, the homosexual interlude, excursions that were linked so peculiarly with drinking . . .”\(^7\)

In the published text, the explicit conjunction of drinking and homosexuality was deleted, but it appeared later in the novel, when Don is shown to be as deeply in denial about his attraction to men as about his desire for alcohol. As the “foolish psychiatrist” pushes Birnam to confront his repressed homosexuality, Don divulges some painful details of

\(^5\) John W. Crowley, \emph{The White Logic: Alcoholism and Gender in American Modernist Fiction} (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1994).

\(^6\) \emph{The Lost Weekend} (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1944), 17. Other quotations are documented in the text.

\(^7\) A partial manuscript and complete typescript of \emph{The Lost Weekend} are in the Charles Jackson Papers, Dartmouth College Library.
the “fraternity business.” This, we learn, involved his “passionate hero-worship of an upperclassman during his very first month at college, a worship that led, like a fatal infatuation, to scandal and public disgrace, because no one had understood or got the story straight and no one had wanted to understand, least of all the upperclassman who emerged somehow as a hero, now, to the others—why, he would never know” (pp. 48–9).

A fuller account of what happened in the Kappa U house emerges only when Don bumps into one of the brothers—incredibly, the same person who years before took his abandoned place in the pledge class. It seems that an unfortunate freshman (Don) had developed a crush on Tracey Burke and sent him a “pretty passionate” letter. Burke, who “got fed up” with the freshman’s untoward attentions, showed the incriminating love note to the Senior Council. “Well,” the alumnus declares, “they couldn’t have that sort of thing in a fraternity, so they kicked him out” (p. 88). As Don listens to this stranger’s account of his own past, he is scorched by chagrin. The only balm, he thinks, is to “go home and drink himself blind in five minutes” (p. 89).

That Don Birnam’s fraternity nightmare—or something close to it—was an autobiographical incident cannot be proved beyond doubt. Charles Jackson, after all, was a skillful writer, and he liked to experiment with narratives that appeared to be “real.” But Jackson’s recurrence to this particular story and the emotional intensity of its telling and retelling suggest that he was drawing on his own experience at Syracuse.

The entire homosexual subplot, in fact, predated composition of The Lost Weekend. Max Wylie, who hired Jackson in 1935 to write soap operas for CBS radio, remembered that their friendship had been cemented “when I read his unpublished (and still unpublished) novel (about his first semester at Syracuse U., the only ‘formal’ education he ever had. Or ever needed.)” Although this was “not a good novel,” in Wylie’s judgment, it contained “some great pages.”

“Native Moment,” probably dating from the early 1930s, is the homo-

8. See, for example, the title story of The Sunnier Side, in which the author purports to speak in his own voice about the fine (and sometimes invisible) line between fiction and fact.

9. Max Wylie, “Charles Reginald Jackson,” The Serif 10 (Fall 1973): 29–30. It is notable that several key passages in The Lost Weekend that deal with homosexuality, including references to the fraternity nightmare, do not appear in the extant typescript; they must have been added at a later stage, as the novel was nearing publication. In making these revisions, Jackson apparently cannibalized his unpublished novel.
sexual subplot writ large. Although the novel is set at "State University,"
Jackson's model was obviously Syracuse University. Several familiar
buildings are easily recognizable, including Crouse College, the Hall of
Languages, and Psi Upsilon. The title page of the typescript bears an epi-
graph from Walt Whitman's "Starting From Paumanok":

    What do you seek so pensive and silent?
    What do you need camarado?
    Dear son do you think it is love?²⁰

The poet's piercing questions are aimed, in effect, at Phil Williams, the
character based on Jackson himself. The particulars of Phil's fraternity
nightmare jibe with those of Don Birnam's, except that Phil's homosexual
offense is physical rather than merely epistolary.

A native freshman from a rural New York village, Phil adulates a
suavely cynical upperclassman: a hard-drinking and sexually predatory
ne'er-do-well, who has been expelled from college but who loiters in his
old fraternity house, playing the piano and cadging loans from the broth-
ers. That Phil, who has a steady girl back home, does not understand the
attraction to be homoerotic only sharpens the sadistic frisson for Tracey
Burke (the name remained the same in The Lost Weekend) in traducing
the pledge's conspicuous affection. Tracey leads him on to make a com-
promising sexual overture and then betrays him to the fraternity's Senior
Council. Poor Phil, who never comprehends either his own actions or
Tracey's treachery, endures an agony of violated innocence.

As a tale of homosexual initiation, albeit an inadvertent and harrowing
one, "Native Moment" was well before its time in American literature;
and it is uncertain whether Jackson ever tried to get it published.¹¹ The
novel is remarkable for its complex treatment of male-male intimacy. At

is also drawn from Whitman, whose "Native Moments" celebrates the poet's immersion in
"loose delights . . . the midnight orgies of young men": "Native moments—when you
come upon me—ah you are here now, / Give me now libidinous joys only, / Give me the
drench of my passions, give me life coarse and rank . . ." (p. 109).

¹¹. In addition to The Lost Weekend, other early fiction did retrace the theme of "Native
Moment." Jackson's first published story, "Palm Sunday," which appeared in Partisan Re-
view in 1939, involved the traumatic seduction of a boy by a homosexual musician. Al-
though the retrospective adult narrator of this story is never named, Jackson identified
him as Don Birnam when he collected it for The Sunnier Side. Jackson's second novel, The
Fall of Valor (1946), concerned the unrequited homosexual attraction of a married, mid-
dle-aged, college professor to a young Marine officer.
the same time he suffers for the love that dare not speak its name—in this case, even to the lover!—Phil Williams enjoys far more positive relationships with two other men: a fellow fraternity pledge and an inspiring young English teacher. With these men, as with his hometown girl (who comes to campus for the prom), Phil’s mind and spirit are fully engaged, not his bodily passions. The novel seems to ask whether the young man would not be better off for the complete sublimation of his sexuality, but it also implies that Phil must ultimately recognize his homosexual desire if he is truly to know himself.

Whatever emotional resolution Jackson may have attained in writing “Native Moment,” he continued to look back in horror upon his Syracuse year. In *The Lost Weekend*, Don Birnam has a phantasmagoric dream in which he joins a rabid mob in pursuit of his own guilty self, who is hiding at the scene of his humiliation, the Kappa U house. Don fears a lynching—but, then, he has already been lynched by the fraternity council—and he also dreads being trampled by the horde as it charges across campus:

> The great buildings of the campus were lost in the clouds of dust that went up from the thousands of running feet. The Liberal Arts and Fine Arts colleges, the Hall of Languages, the Library—dimly he was aware that the crowd flowed past them somewhere in the dust-yellow gloom. They became more and more obscured and were left behind. Above the dull thunder of trampling, he heard a bell in the chapel ringing, the alarum-bell. (pp. 163–4)

The apocalyptic campus landscape suddenly gives way to a comforting vision. Don spies a means to his rescue: his brother Wick, the same brother who in waking life has desperately tried to save Don from his drinking, clutches a tree or a post around which the crowd harmlessly parts. If Don can only reach him! “They touched hands. In another instant they were together, face to face. The din and fury roared around them but they were met, and suddenly Wick showed none of the buffeting he had taken against the mob . . . he smiled—and in that moment the dream was over” (pp. 164–5).

In sharp contrast to the spurious brotherhood of Kappa U, Don Birnam is saved by an act of authentic brotherly love. “Oh he might have known from the start,” Don exults, “that Wick would turn up, Wick would appear somehow in just this way, Wick of all people in the world would not let it happen” (p. 164). Jackson must have savored the irony
that the model for Wick Birnam—Frederick Jackson, the younger brother who had undoubtedly saved Charlie's life in 1936 by committing him to Bellevue Hospital for alcoholism treatment—was also homosexual.\footnote{12}

\section*{II. CHARLES JACKSON'S LOST SCRIPT FOR TELEVISION: THE PROBLEM CHILD AND THE NATIONAL COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM}

The Lost Weekend made Charles Jackson famous (if not quite rich) overnight. The title entered the American vernacular, and the author became so completely identified with the subject of alcoholism that none of his other books on other themes ever enjoyed the same degree of popularity. It was unfortunate that Jackson failed to capitalize on his initial success by doing the promised (but unwritten) sequel to The Lost Weekend—a novel that, as he announced in 1944, would concern "the regeneration of an alcoholic."\footnote{13}

Although his published work never did, in fact, recur to the matter of drinking, Jackson did write once again about alcoholism: in a short play intended for an unaired television program in 1954. The typescript of The Problem Child (alternatively titled Nuisance Value) was recently discovered at Syracuse University among the papers of Marty Mann, founding director of the National Council on Alcoholism. The Problem Child was commissioned as a sample script for Fork in the Road, a proposed series of live, half-hour dramas intended to promote Mann's revisionary ideas about alcoholism.

Born in 1904 into a wealthy Chicago family—her father was general manager of Marshall Field—Marty Mann attended toney schools, made her social debut, married well, and then swan dived into the gutter. After divorcing her husband, who turned out to be a drunk, she drank her own way down and out. When she was still capable of holding a job, Mann gained some experience in marketing and public relations that would later serve her well. On advice of her psychiatrist, Mann read Alcoholics Anonymous upon its publication in 1939. (Founded in 1935, AA, the organization, was still in its formative stage.) Mann attended AA meetings in New York and became the first female member to maintain sobriety. Five years later, just months after The Lost Weekend had appeared, she announced the formation of the National Committee for Education on

\footnote{12. Frederick Jackson was unabashedly gay throughout his adult life—to a degree that seems at times to have scandalized his far more discreet brother.}

\footnote{13. Current Biography 1944, ed. Anna Rothe (New York: H. W. Wilson, 1945), 326.}
Alcoholism, a voluntary agency modeled on the National Association for Mental Health and the American Cancer Society.

Along with Alcoholics Anonymous and the Yale Center for Studies of Alcohol, of which it was initially one branch, the National Committee, later renamed the National Council on Alcoholism, constituted the so-called Alcoholism Movement that revolutionized public opinion about problem drinking during the mid-twentieth century. The aim of these organizations was to banish the idea of “inebriation,” which had prevailed for over a century under the aegis of the temperance and prohibition crusades. In the old Victorian view, now dismissed as scientifically outdated and inhumanely moralistic, “alcoholics were considered to be miscreants who chose willfully and willingly to involve themselves in the excesses of drinking.” The NCA was dedicated, on the contrary, to propagating “the concept that alcoholism is a disease and a major public health problem.”\(^\text{14}\)

The linchpin of the Alcoholism Movement’s new “disease” concept was a defining distinction between the alcoholic and the nonalcoholic: a distinction that depended, as the rejected paradigm of “inebriation” had not, on locating the site of addiction in the subject rather than the substance; that is, in the drinker rather than the drink. Alcoholics, purportedly different in kind from “normal” (or even “heavy”) drinkers, were thought to be innately susceptible to “alcoholism”; they could not, therefore, be held individually accountable either for their “disease” or for their recovery. Since, for the true alcoholic, drinking to excess was never a matter of will (or willfulness), alcoholism was properly regarded as a medical rather than a moral issue; and helping alcoholics to get well reasonably became a collective, national endeavor—a public health imperative—if only because alcoholism entailed such ruinous social and economic costs.

As she traveled far and wide during the 1940s, Mann tirelessly reiterated this message, exploiting every medium of publicity at her command. Due largely to her heroic efforts, opinion dramatically shifted toward a more sympathetic and medicalized understanding. Within twenty years, the disease model became the new common sense about alcoholism.

For Mann, the NCA’s objective was not merely to liberate slaves to the bottle, but also to remake their public image. Although she herself had experienced what AA termed a “low bottom,” Mann insisted that the vast majority of an estimated four million American alcoholics did not by

14. These formative ideas, quoted here from a typescript titled “Mrs. Marty Mann,” were ubiquitous in the literature churned out by the NCA. The Marty Mann Papers are located in the Syracuse University Library’s Department of Special Collections.
any means fit the temperance stereotype of the skid-row derelict. The typical alcoholic—this was especially true of women—was less likely to be sprawled in the street than tucked behind the lace curtains of middle-class respectability. Before compassion for the suffering alcoholic could hope to supplant condemnation of the drunken miscreant, the public needed to know that the “disease” could strike close to home.

Depicting the ordinariness of alcoholism—the banality of its evil, so to speak—was one major purpose of *Fork in the Road*, which gave promise, through television’s nascent power, of communicating with more people in a season than Mann had been able to reach in a barnstorming decade of speeches, articles, and radio interviews. “For a long time we have felt a great need for a truly finished television product to be produced on alcoholism,” wrote Yvelin Gardner, associate director of the NCA, to Harry B. Carroll, president of the Gracar Incorporated and the originator of the proposed series. “[W]ith the various resources which have developed in recent years, with the growing public knowledge, and the feeling today that there is truly ‘hope and help’ available for the alcoholic, the time is now certainly ripe for such a production.” Mann later pledged complete cooperation from the NCA, “acting as technical and story consultant to each show, and providing background material and editing wherever necessary.”

Attempting to line up sample episodes for *Fork in the Road*, the producer approached Audrey Wood, a literary agent with a large stable of talent: “It has been suggested that qualified writers of such scripts and dialogue would include Gore Vidal, Keith Winter, Carson McCollough [sic] and Bill Inge.” In a promotional document, Gracar later claimed that among “the authors preparing the stories” were William Inge, Charles Jackson, Tennessee Williams, and Gore Vidal. There is no evidence that the latter two ever finished, or even started, scripts for *Fork in the Road*; but William Inge did submit *Max* early in September 1954, about the same time Jackson delivered *The Problem Child*. These tele-

---

15. Yvelin Gardner to Harry B. Carroll, 28 June 1954. In his letter of 14 September 1954 to John L. Norris, medical director at Kodak (a potential sponsor), Gardner noted that the immediate model for *Fork in the Road* was *Medic*, a program “dealing with general medical problems,” which first aired during the fall 1954 season.
18. “*Fork in the Road*,” a six-page memo from Gracar Incorporated, received by the NCA on 26 August 1954.
19. In addition to the original typescript of *Max*, which was never published, the *Fork in
plays, along with *The Lost One* by Abel Kandel, made up the package that was ultimately—and, it seems, unsuccessfully—pitched to potential corporate sponsors.

Although the producer's promotional memo declared that *Fork in the Road* would neither preach prohibition nor attempt "to 'educate' the public on the ever-widening subject of alcoholism," the NCA consultants clearly had other ideas. For them the series had an unabashedly didactic purpose, and scripts were expected to advance the vital mission of setting the public straight about alcoholism. How well did *The Problem Child* conform to NCA expectations?

In a cover letter accompanying the script, Jackson confidently predicted that Marty Mann, whom he knew through AA, would "understand it and respond to it and perhaps even like it. About the sponsor, though, is another matter." Given its focus on "a peculiarly subtle kind of alcoholic," a pampered and sophisticated "fortyish" lady, the teleplay likely did appeal to Mann, who shared Grace Dana's moneyed background and who must have recognized the originality of Jackson's conception. For in 1954, when female alcoholics were still largely invisible, there was virtually no precedent for such a character. As Jackson sensed, his script may have been too much for the comfort of possible sponsors, unprepared to embrace the idea of a drunken but intriguing woman, capable of "guile and duplicity" but meant nonetheless to "engage and hold our deepest sympathy and concern."

---

20. In the copy of this memo sent to the NCA, the phrase, "No attempt will be made to 'educate' the public," is underscored, and Marty Mann's incredulity is signified in the margin: "?!?"


22. As I have noted in *The White Logic*, alcoholism was gendered "male" within the Victorian and modernist paradigms. The female alcoholic was hardly imaginable, except as a drunken whore, until the middle of this century. Hence the shock value of Marty Mann's frank and public statements about her drinking throughout the 1940s. (Once introduced as a "former lady alcoholic," she retorted that she was "still a lady!") During the 1950s, stories of other alcoholic women began to appear. The key text in this regard is the actress Lillian Roth's confessional *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, which was a best-seller during the same year in which *Fork in the Road* was proposed, and which reappeared in 1955 as a successful movie, with Susan Hayward in the coveted lead role. In another landmark book from this period—Thomas Randall's novel, *The Twelfth Step* (1957)—one of the major characters is an alcoholic suburban housewife not unlike Jackson's Grace Dana.

23. I am quoting Jackson's headnote to *The Problem Child*, of which a carbon copy type-script exists in the *Fork in the Road* file.
The Problem Child turns on Grace Dana's alcoholic narcissism: an egoism so sublime as to be nearly comic. As the play opens, we see Grace, already the veteran of a failed marriage and a broken engagement, in the act of alienating Smith Weston, her earnest man of the moment, who begs her to take the barbiturates (Nembutal) he has obtained in order to curb her drinking. As she insouciantly swills gin, Grace teases and torments Weston, coaxing his devotion as she accuses him of failing to love her. Correctly, Smith perceives that Grace, much like a problem child, thrives on the trouble she causes for others, including the son she has shuffled off to prep school so that she can drink unmolested. She would not drink at all, Smith supposes, "if you knew we didn't care so much, if we were utterly indifferent to the way you are ruining your life. I actually believe our caring is one of the things that makes you do it, makes you feel important. Sounds crazy but it's true—your nuisance-value seems to give you stature. Or so you think. It's the only way you can make yourself feel you matter."

To command attention, Grace not only keeps drinking, but she also contemplates self-destruction. Once Smith has dumped all the bottles he can find and left the apartment, Grace goes on the town for a bar-hopping spree and winds up, in a despondent mood, on the 59th Street Bridge, contemplating suicide. But she is so worried about spoiling her new dress that she cannot bring herself to jump! Then she remembers the pills: an overdose would be so much tidier than drowning; also far more potent a means of inflicting pain and remorse on her survivors. The disadvantage of killing herself, however, is that Grace would not be around to bask in all the consternation on her account. So she finds a better way: a faked suicide. After flushing the pills down the toilet and composing a "suicide" note, she merely passes out on the sofa, as usual, from liquor.

What is most interesting about Grace Dana is how much of this character was drawn from her author; for she is Jackson in drag, as it were: a cross-gendered representation of his own alcoholic tendencies toward emotional manipulation and theatrical self-indulgence. The incident in the teleplay was based, indeed, on his own penchant for suicidal threats.

A drug addict as well as an alcoholic, Jackson persistently used Seconal during the time—roughly the fifteen years from 1936 to 1951—that he abstained from alcohol; and he occasionally went off on drug jags. During one such binge, in March 1946, he left his family's farmhouse in New Hampshire and checked into a New York hotel, from which he was eventually rescued by his wife Rhoda and his brother "Boom" (as Frederick was known within the family). While Jackson recuperated in a hospital, Rhoda vented her despair to Boom:
But the dreadful thing is that I have no feeling of missing Charlie at all. Nor have the kids. He has been such an irritant and problem for so long it seems much more like home with him away . . .

If I go on feeling this way, I shall write Wertham [a psychiatrist] about it. If he’s building Charlie up to a resumption of what he (Wertham) thinks existed before, it isn’t fair. Because I can’t
face the same Charlie we’ve had for the last year or so, even without any pill problem. I can’t live with such egocentricity, such unreasonableness, such perverted sense of values.

Later that evening, Rhoda appended this “dreadful letter,” telling Boom that she had just had a depressing call from Charlie:

If only he hadn’t picked today when I was feeling so hopeless about us! For while he sounded fine and top-of-the-world so I really needn’t have worried, it only made me think “God damn it, can he only think of himself always.” If only he’d say once that he was sorry for what he put the kids and me through, maybe I’d feel better. And what he’d put everyone else through. But it’s only his concern—he suffered, he’ll never put himself through it again. Not that he said that—of course he doesn’t talk like that. But it’s implicit in all his actions.  

Here are the tangled emotions that informed Jackson’s portrayal of Grace Dana and her cruel treatment of Smith Weston: the consuming selfishness of the addict, whose desperate cries for attention serve only to repel those who might otherwise give their love freely.

In September 1952, when Jackson was periodically drinking as well as drugging, he plunged into so deep a depression that his psychiatrist was encouraging him to “go on a long bender just to save himself.” Instead Jackson took an overdose of sedatives, leaving a farewell note for his wife. A similar episode, early in 1954, was played out before house guests: Roger Straus, Jackson’s loyal and long-suffering publisher, and his wife Dorothea, who later recalled the event with devastating candor:

We had been witness to a long drunken evening and were at last in bed when we heard the loud strains of Liebestod [from Wagner’s Tristan und Isolde] drifting up the stairwell, followed by a knock at our door and Charlie’s soft, blurred voice, “I must talk to you. I am about to kill myself.” My husband, up at once, called out. “I’ll be right there!” But I did not move. For the first time, I had had enough. I no longer believed in Charlie’s suicide attempts. And the appropriate background music, in spite of its intrinsic beauty, perhaps because of it, sounded as tinny and tawdry

24. Rhoda Jackson to Frederick Jackson, 10 April [1946], Frederick Jackson Papers, Dartmouth College Library. Quotations from the correspondence of Charles Jackson are printed with the permission of Sarah Jackson Piper and Kate Winthrop Jackson.
25. Rhoda Jackson to Frederick Jackson, 3 September [1952].
as a juke box in a penny arcade. I lay, wakeful, listening to my husband’s calm, reasoning voice. It was soon joined by Rhoda’s pleading and over all floated the Liebestrod, soaring in its unearthly beauty, sullied by the sham drama in the library below. Then there was a knock on the door again, and Charlie stood in my room, swaying and angry, “Why are you the only one not downstairs? Do you want me to kill myself? Is that it?”

Furious but unresisting, I got up and joined the others. We begged, scolded, reasoned. I still did not believe in the threat of suicide, but there was a danger in the agitated, ugly person of Charles Jackson brandishing the bottle of sleeping pills as though it were a revolver. A shocking casualty seemed to have taken place already. It was light before he finally dropped the pills and we all mounted to bed.

The next morning Dorothea Straus peeked into Jackson’s bedroom, to find him peacefully asleep, lightly snoring, “clad in pink Dr. Denton pajamas, primly buttoned up the front, with feet, like those worn by children downstairs on Christmas morning to see the tree.”

During the summer of 1953, Jackson had received treatment at a rehabilitation center and joined Alcoholics Anonymous; and although it took some months for sobriety to take hold, he was actually on the road to recovery at the time of this incident. By the fall of 1954, when he wrote The Problem Child, he was enjoying an all too transient burst of good health and creative facility. Rhoda now could write to her brother-in-law of Charlie’s serenity and steady work habits. “Do come up as soon as you can,” she urged Boom, “because I want you to see him while he’s like this. There have been some bad years (and I don’t guarantee there won’t be more) but right now he really is happy. And it’s an affirmation I think you need as badly as I needed it.” He seemed to be “reaching back to his old values,” she thought. “Charlie really has taken stock of himself this summer and I think is beginning to find himself again. It isn’t perfect yet by any means—and our relationship isn’t ironed out. But oh it’s so much easier than it has been for so many years that I almost sing to myself.”

The Problem Child was evidently a by-product of Jackson’s stocktaking—a result of the kind of searching and fearless moral inventory that constitutes the “Fourth Step” of Alcoholics Anonymous. Through his unsparing anatomy of Grace Dana, Jackson was exorcising his own alcoholic.

27. Rhoda Jackson to Frederick Jackson, 18 October [1954].
childishness, which psychoanalysis had taught him to perceive also as a sign of homosexual "effeminacy." Straus, too, made this connection in her remembrance of Jackson's menacing and willful bouts of self-destructiveness: "The alcoholic and the homosexual at these times strutted exhibitionistically before the footlights, the husband, the father and friend having made an exit, seemingly never to reappear." 28

In his later years, Jackson became increasingly absent to family and friends as he lost the healthy distance he once had attained from the part of himself that inspired Grace Dana. At the end of The Problem Child, she has passed out from gin, fully expecting to awake the next morning and to revel in the uproar caused by her phony suicide note. When Jackson died in September 1968, he had swallowed the pills that Grace Dana discards. It remains uncertain whether the overdose was intentional. 29

SERIES: THE FORK IN THE ROAD
SCRIPT NO. X: THE PROBLEM CHILD
(ALTERNATE TITLE: NUISANCE VALUE)

Note: Apart from its interest as a character study of a peculiarly subtle kind of alcoholic, this script is, for all practical purposes, a one-man show—or one-woman show—a tour-de-force requiring the abilities of an intelligent and attractive actress, fortyish, who is able to indicate guile and duplicity throughout and at the same time engage and hold our deepest sympathy and concern. C. J.

Traveling camera shot of upper East Side in Manhattan, as background to the opening music and brief narration. Camera finally focuses on fashionable residential section near 59th Street Bridge, coming to rest on one of those smart, black-front, white-trimmed, reclaimed tenements that are a feature of Sutton Place:

NARRATOR. The lure of the daydream has charms for us all—it is a pastime idle and harmless enough—but when the interior life of the daydream becomes more real to us than the reality of the everyday world, then we are headed for trouble. This is the story of Grace Dana, just such a fantasy-ridden woman—or child . . .

(Facade of Sutton Place apartment building fades out to reveal interior of Mrs. Dana's small but attractive apartment, with a large picture window looking out on the East River. Room is furnished in good modern style à la Pahlmann: white rugs, tweed-upholstered sofa and chairs, indirect lighting, some recessed bookshelves with

29. Editor's note: "The Problem Child" is printed with the permission of Sarah Jackson Piper and Kate Winthrop Jackson. Minor corrections in spelling and format have been made to improve its readability.
an occasional small piece of sculpture on top, and on the walls a few prints by Dufy and Paul Klee; the only “anachronistic” note in the decoration is an old-fashioned small hassock covered with flowered carpeting, with a shining black button in the middle—a souvenir of Grace Dana’s grandmother’s house in Harrisburg, of a million years ago when everything was so wonderful . . .

Camera reveals two characters: the first is GRACE DANA, an extraordinarily neat, petite, attractive woman of about forty. She has a good figure, lovely ankles, fine hands. Her hairdo is perfect, with nothing out of place; her makeup just right; she is wearing an extremely plain but chic black dress. We discover her sitting on the love sofa, holding in one hand an old-fashioned glass half full of a colorless liquid which, from the opened bottle of Gordon’s Gin on the coffee table in front of her, we deduce to be, of course, gin. She is looking upward with a kind of enigmatic smile at her visitor, who is: SMITH WESTON, also forty or so, a good-looking serious man of obvious intelligence and distinction who stands facing her on the other side of the coffee table. On a modern chair next to him his top coat and hat have been thrown down casually. From a side pocket he takes a small bottle four or five inches high, with a white cap, stuffed with a wad of cotton near the top, the rest filled with capsules. He places it on the coffee table near the gin bottle, and speaks, friendly but stern.)

SMITH: Doctor Harvey gave me this prescription today. If you’ll use them properly, Grace, you can get over this. Temporarily, of course—but over it enough so that we can discuss the thing soberly, later. (Glancing at his wrist watch) It’s two o’clock. If you’ll take a couple of these now—and that’s a stiff dose—it will give you at least three hours sleep. I’ll phone before I leave the office. If you wake and want another drink, take a capsule instead. If there’s no answer when I call, I’ll know you are still sleeping. In which case I’ll let myself in about nine and spend the evening here. Every time you wake up, just take another pill. It won’t kill you. And it may see you through all of tonight and tomorrow and maybe even the next day and the day after as well—I hope. Now, is that fair enough?

GRACE. (not looking at the bottle; speaking in her softest, her most intimate and helpless voice) Of course you’re a much nicer person than I am, Smith darling. Don’t you know that by now? Why bother with me any longer?

SMITH. (a touch of asperity, impatience) Stop being such a child! You can’t keep on getting away with it year after year, Grace, hanging onto it, using it as an excuse, just because you have some cockeyed idea that you’re star-crossed, ill-fated, God knows what. That’s just being romantic! . . .

GRACE. (smiles as if she has some deeply private secret, and is not unwilling to let him know that she has; then picks up the half-glass of straight gin, and looks him squarely in the eye in a disarming counterfeit of candor) May I?
SMITH. May you! Does it make any difference what I care or think? You'd drink that stuff if I weren't here, wouldn't you? Then why ask me?
GRACE. Because—well, I know you don't want me to. I'm trying to be, shall we say, polite.
SMITH. Of course I don't want you to. And you like even that—like my not wanting you to! Really, sometimes I think—
GRACE. What?
SMITH.—That you wouldn't drink at all, you'd stop altogether, if you knew we didn't care so much, if we were utterly indifferent to the way you are ruining your life. I actually believe our caring is one of the things that makes you do it, makes you feel important. Sounds crazy but it's true—your nuisance-value seems to give you stature. Or so you think. It's the only way you can make yourself feel you matter.
GRACE. (holding the glass, smiling slyly) Darling, you wouldn't deprive me of that last shred of ego, would you?
SMITH. Then you do admit it.
GRACE. (innocent as all hell) I didn't say a thing. Nothing at all . . .
SMITH. (sitting down opposite her, leaning forward intently, his open hands outspread as if in appeal) Look, Grace. why can't you be honest? You're killing yourself, you know that. You let one husband go because this—this stuff was more important to you than he was. It's come to be the most important thing in your life. You let Harry go for the same reason.
GRACE. (her sudden humility seems genuine enough) I let them go? They walked out on me, both of them . . .
SMITH. (brutal; but this is no time for evasions) Can you blame them?
GRACE. (tilts the glass, drains it without a quiver, then sets it back on the coffee table beside the pill bottle. She says quietly, as if savoring the idea) No. No, I guess I can't. Who wants to live with a problem?
SMITH. There, you see? (He gets up, stands looking down at her) But to hell with them. Never mind about Harry and Stan, or even me. What about yourself? What counts is you: Grace Dana! Do you want—do you like living with a problem?
GRACE. Demure. No . . .
SMITH. Stop lying, Grace. Be honest for a change. Because you do, of course. You do like it! Your being a constant worry to us all is the only thing you have left. It gives you—
GRACE. Importance . . .
SMITH. Correct. I'm glad to hear you say it yourself.
GRACE. (histrionically) Haven't you told me enough times? My god,
you've told me and told me till I—I'm—(Stirs restlessly, avoiding his glance; hesitates, then boldly reaches for the bottle) If you don't mind, I'm going to re-fresh my drink. (Laughs lightly, a tinkling laugh) Quaint expression, that. Because of course it isn't the drink that we refresh. (Smiling up at him) Can I make you one, too? For old times' sake?

SMITH. (exasperated) Drink it. I can't tell you what to do.

GRACE. (very feminine) There's one thing you haven't told me, Smith—or tell me no longer . . .

SMITH. What's that?

GRACE. (quietly) That you love me.

SMITH. But you know that!

GRACE. (sharply, as if hurt) Oh do I? It's always "if we didn't care" and "our caring" and "a worry to us"! Who's "we," for God's sake?

SMITH. The people who love you.

GRACE. What about you! You, Smith Weston! You and me!

SMITH. (gazing down at her intently, trying to reach through to her) Really, Grace! What the hell do you think I'm here for? Would I be here at all if I didn't care?

GRACE. (as if not hearing, takes a long drink, then holds the glass cupped just below her chin in her two hands) You have never asked me to marry you . . .

SMITH. If you'd give up this stuff, I'd marry you at the drop of a hat.

GRACE. (as if in surprise) Why, I've gone on the wagon many times, and you've never so much as said . . .

SMITH. (interrupting, with great seriousness) I don't mean the wagon! I mean give it up for good and all!

GRACE. (fondling the glass) Maybe I will, for you . . .

SMITH. That's not good enough. You'd have to do it on your own, for nobody but yourself, or it wouldn't count. If you gave up drinking for my sake, you'd only resent the hell out of me whenever you wanted to drink again—which wouldn't be long.

GRACE. You don't give me much credit for will power, do you? . . .

SMITH. Not when the bottle means more to you than I do or anybody else, including your own son. And not only liquor, but all the trouble you cause us. We ring up all day long, and you won't even answer the phone. You like to know that we are worried, that people are calling you, calling each other, to ask what goes; trying to get hold of a new doctor, or beg­­­­­­ging the janitor downstairs for a key to your flat so that we can get in and see whether or not you're all right. And when we do get in, what do we find? I wish I had a dollar for every time I've come into this room and
found you lying unconscious on that sofa, reeking of stale gin. I’ve stood here looking down at you, torn between pity and disgust, while you slept on, and on. Finally you’d open your eyes and tell me with a sleepy smile, “I knew you would come, Smith darling, I knew you wouldn’t let me down.” But what you really mean by that is: “There, now I can begin all over again.” Really, sometimes I find myself almost thinking—

GRACE. (glancing away) Don’t tell me, like my father and mother—or Harry, or Stan—that you’d sooner see me dead. Because I’m going to drink this drink whether or no. I need it and I’m going to. There, isn’t that being honest enough for you? (She finishes the drink in the glass).

SMITH. Don’t you think it’s about time you got on to yourself, Grace? You’re forty years old.

GRACE. You needn’t be unkind . . .

SMITH. You’ve got so much to live for. People love you, Grace.

GRACE. Who, for instance?

SMITH. You’ve got a son at Lawrenceville. Easter week he didn’t want to come home. Doesn’t it make you think?

GRACE. (throwing this off) Benjie’s growing up. I can’t hang on to him forever. He has a life of his own.

SMITH. At thirteen? He’s still a little boy.

GRACE. (leaning forward, pouring gin from the bottle into the glass) Besides, this apartment is too small. Where would I put him?

SMITH. Two years ago you had a place at East Hampton, plenty big enough. He didn’t want to come home then, either—and that was two years ago. A kid of eleven at the time! Why? You know why, don’t you? Don’t you?

GRACE. (takes a drink; then airily) Of course if you’re going to nag . . .

SMITH. (impatient gesture; then he reaches down, picks up the small bottle of pills on the coffee table, and sets it back again with a sharp rap on the glass surface of the table, as if to call her attention to the medicine) (Note: For dramatic purposes, the more this bottle of pills can be kept within camera range at all times in this scene, the better.) Will you take one or two of these instead of going on with that drink?

GRACE. What are they?

SMITH. Nembutal tablets. I believe the prescription called for sixty of them—that’s enough to last you quite awhile, to see you through this.

GRACE. (quietly righteous) You know I can’t take barbiturates.

SMITH. Why can’t you?

GRACE. They’re drugs.
SMITH. I—beg your pardon?

GRACE. Well they are . . .

SMITH. (controlling himself with an effort) Short of going to LeRoy or the Regent—or Bellevue—they're a temporary stop-gap to see you through if you use them carefully. Will you, Grace? For my sake?

GRACE. (acquiescing, but with a teasing, enigmatic smile) You're the doctor . . .

SMITH. I'm afraid I am. Sorry to have to tell you this, Grace dear, but—Doctor Harvey won't see you any more. He told me today. Neither will Doctor Wallace nor Doctor Mayer.

GRACE. (hurt surprise) Why not? Aren't they interested in—in—

SMITH. In what?

GRACE. Oh, not me! Cases . . .

SMITH. (brusque, but he has to be) They're tired of it. Just as one doctor begins to get somewhere, you switch to another. That's the way it's been for years back. It's almost as if you were afraid somebody would—sorry but I'm going to say this, Grace—get on to you, get on to your secret or problem, whatever it is. So you try to keep one jump ahead of them. Isn't that right?

GRACE. (leans forward abruptly, with a show of anger) Look here! That will be just about enough of that!

SMITH. (turns toward the chair, takes up his loose-fitting Burberry topcoat, gets into it, puts on his soft hat; then, on an impulse)—(but it can hardly be impulse when this is what he came for)—(He reaches down and takes the glass from her hand). Now, will I be all kinds of an inhuman brute if I pour this down the drain?

GRACE. Just as you like, my dear. I can always make another, after all . . .

SMITH. Not if I empty the bottles as well . . .

(He moves out of camera range, obviously on his way to the bathroom or kitchenette. Grace Dana sits alone on the sofa, a figure of extreme self-composure, neat, petite, demure; she all but twiddles her thumbs as she waits with supreme confidence for the moment when she can be alone. Throughout there is a half-smile on her pretty face, a smile of superiority which seems to say: these people simply do not understand . . . Smith Weston comes back into camera range; he is stuffing a new unopened gin bottle into the left pocket of his top coat.)

SMITH. Know where I found this one? Bottom of the broom closet, artfully draped with the strands of a mop.

GRACE. (indicating the half-full bottle on the coffee table) Why don't you take this one too, while you're at it?

SMITH. (doing so) I will. Thanks.
GRACE. You're welcome . . .

SMITH. Now take a nap, Grace. A long, long nap. You've got the where-with-all, in that pill bottle, and I shan't bother you till after nine o'clock.

GRACE. (giving him her coldest smile) You realize, don't you, that you’ve left practically enough Nembutal to kill me? To put me out for good and all?

SMITH. Isn't it sort of six of one and half a dozen of the other?

(Grace Dana tilts her nose into the air and refuses to look at him or answer; Smith Weston gives her one last glance, shakes his head with affectionate concern, and turns and goes. We hear the door close off-scene. The door has barely shut when Grace rises to her feet; the camera follows her as she crosses the room quickly and silently, and hooks the chain into its slot at the door. [A useless caution—he won't be back for hours, hours.] She comes back into the room, stands in the center of a white carpet with its deep soft pile and stretches luxuriously, her arms outspread, feeling a rich sensation of contentment with herself, really of love. She glances at the gold mounted square clock on the modern mantle, the kind of clock that runs by atmospheric pressures, without winding. She speaks aloud to herself, fondly, caressingly.)

GRACE. Seven hours all to myself—why, it's like money in the bank! . . .

(Moving lightly she makes a little tour of the room, touching, with the faintest brush of her fingertips, her favorite objects: a Brancusi fish, a glass-enclosed radio and gramophone, a rough but poetic head of a girl in quartz on one of the book shelves, the brightly-jacketed novels beneath, an abstract painting. She comes to rest in front of the small carpeted hassock, and sits down on it huddling herself in her arms in the attitude of a little girl.)

GRACE. I love my little old hassock, I dearly love it. It takes me back to my grandmother's house in Harrisburg—Oh, a million years ago when everything was so wonderful, when there were no problems or anything, and—and no liquor . . . (Smoothing down her dress over her hips and thighs) I love my nice legs and slim ankles and these simple black pumps. And Lordy, I simply love the fact that the telephone is not at the moment ringing—and when it does begin to ring, I will not be here to answer it or even hear it. (She raises a hand to her face to stifle a small giggle) I can see Smith—Oh, how well I can see him! Half an hour from now he'll begin pacing the office, wondering what I’m up to, wondering whether it will be all right to phone—or should he wait till six or seven or eight . . . And I love First Avenue and Second Avenue, literally littered with Bars & Grills, Bars & Grills . . . (She laughs outright, aloud, delighted with the expression) “Literally littered” is good—Oh, marvelous . . .
(She gets up, steps to her small bedroom, from which she emerges presently in a short broadtail jacket; with a tiny black and white hat with a half-veil, black gloves in her hand and black faille purse with a large gold clasp. She glances into the purse to see that she has lipstick, key, money, then turns toward the door.)

Dissolves to: Semi-dark interior of a cheap Bar & Grill on First Avenue, with a shiny bar, beer taps, rows of bottles stacked along the mirror beyond. The middle-aged, aproned bartender PADDY is polishing glasses as GRACE DANA moves into camera range and rests her gloved hand on the surface of the bar.

GRACE. (voice low and cordial, really intimate) Hello, Paddy old darling . . .

PADDY. (feigning surprise) Why if it isn’t Mrs. Dana! And how are you this fine afternoon, Mrs. Dana?

GRACE. Double martini, please, very dry. No olive, Paddy.

PADDY. I remember. A jiffy, Mrs. Dana. Jiffy . . . (As Paddy mixes the drink, she removes her gloves, and pushes the veil upward from the bridge of her nose with a forefinger; she glances down the length of the bar with aloof superiority as if she wouldn’t have and never could have any part of this place. Paddy slides the martini toward her.)

PADDY. Well where you been keeping yourself, Mrs. Dana—if I may presume.

GRACE. (smiling benignly) Now Paddy, don’t begin that again. I was in only a few days ago and you know it.

PADDY. Well now, so you were. (Shrugs and goes back to his duties.)

Fade-out

Fade-in: Close-up of the surface of the bar, showing dainty hand of GRACE DANA, and an empty martini glass surrounded by several wet rings—indicating that several drinks have been consumed and some time has elapsed. Camera moves back to medium shot which includes the bartender and GRACE DANA.

PADDY. Time for one on the house, Mrs. Dana.

GRACE. (pulling on her gloves, tucking her purse under her arm) No thanks, Paddy dear. I know when I’ve had my limit. That’s one thing I do know. Never let it be said that I—that—Oh, skip it . . . T-Ta. See you anon . . . (With the greatest self composure—almost rigid, in fact; very much the lady—she turns and moves off.)

Fade-out

Fade-in: Another bar, very much the same, with the bartender, GUS, looking very like PADDY. He raises his eyebrows as if in surprise.

GUS. Well well well, look whom we have here . . .
GRACE. (stepping up to and leaning on the bar with cozy familiarity; smiling in a friendly but rather conspiratorial fashion) Oh stop, Gus. I'm one of your best customers and you always pretend to forget it. Now make me a double martini and lay off the blarney . . .

(Juke box begins to play current tune somewhere in back of saloon. GRACE DANA turns her head and listens for a moment distastefully, her nose wrinkling up. As GUS sets new drink before her, she turns toward bar again and says)

GRACE. Why do they always have to have those hideous juke boxes in these places? Such vulgar colors and such revolting tunes . . . (Laughs lightly) But you know something, Gus? Tell you a little secret . . . (Beckons him closer with a finger). I love this place, love all these places, love the anonymity of them, love not running into all of those hypocritical friends of mine. Oh it's not the drink, Gus, I swear to you, it's not the drink at all. Matter of fact I don't much like the taste of it. But I do love what it does to me, and I love, simply beyond words, Gus darling, the haven, the refuge, of a Bar & Grill . . . À votre santé . . . (Takes up the cocktail glass between a dainty thumb and forefinger and drinks a toast to Gus, who gazes at her meanwhile, nodding sympathetically . . .)

FADE-OUT

FADE-IN: Another bar; this time the bartender is called JERRY. He is speaking as we fade in.

JERRY. Where you been, Mrs. Dana, off in Bermuda or somewhere?

GRACE. Nope. You couldn't be wronger, Jerry dear. Tasmania, or maybe it was Labrador. The same, Jerry. My usual.

JERRY. Coming up, Mrs. Dana. (He starts mixing drink as camera fades out.)

FADE-IN: Sidewalk of the 59th Street Bridge, with GRACE DANA in foreground resting her arms on the railing and occasionally looking down at the flowing river below. It is dark now. We hear the rumble and roar of heavy traffic on the bridge off-scene. Beyond we see the glittering lights of hundreds of Manhattan office buildings and apartments. There is an occasional hoot or whistle of tug boats and such as they pass below. Camera direction is up to the discretion of the director here, but the following soliloquy or monologue scene, typical of the alcoholic at this stage of intoxication, is a most important one and must be played subtly, with complete credibility—no hamming or overacting by the actress.

GRACE. . . . Why don't people ever stop and look at things, really look at the beauty of the city around them, and places, and people, and each other—and really appreciate them? . . . But no, they never have any time,
they’re too busy, too selfishly preoccupied with their own egotistical lives... They don’t even begin to suspect the wonderful possibilities of life, and what it is to feel like this—like this—the way I’m feeling now... Oh, it’s marvelous! I’m alone in the midst of all this busy world. I’m like a little girl again—fourteen, or twelve, or ten—younger than Benjie. I’m loved, I’m promising, without a care in the world, not a single care—and there’s no one to nag me, saying “You must do this” and “You’ve got to do that” and “You ought to take care of yourself, think of somebody else for a change.” Phooey! Think of somebody else? But nobody else exists! (Takes a handkerchief from her bag and dabs at her eyes, tearfully) It’s too much, too much, Oh far too much for one who knows and sees... I can’t bear it, all this beauty, this glittering tragedy of the city and people and life. I will never be able to bear it, never in this world. It’s all so futile, so wasteful, this rat race, this blind alley, of being a grown-up—a so-called adult... (Stands up on tiptoe, bends her head, tilts her head downward, and gazes directly into the dark river flowing far below) What a thrilling feeling it would be if I went over and down, down... Who would care? Nobody! And neither would I. It would be like a fulfillment, a coming into my own at last. This is what I have been meant to do, all along, ever since I began to grow up and then made such a bloody mess of it all. This is what I am here for—Oh, not here on this bridge, but here on earth! This is what it is all about and now I know—or will find out... (She reaches up to the back of her neck, unclasps the small string of pearls, puts them in her purse, then furtively slides the purse down till it rests on the sidewalk) Maybe I should save my jacket too—It’s Hattie’s best broadtail... (She removes the jacket, lays it folded over the rail of the bridge) This new black dress—such good crepe, such smart lines—and Smith has never even noticed it was new. What a shame to get it all wet!... (Suddenly, in spite of herself, she begins to laugh) Well I’ll be darned! You fool, you. You fool! If you care what happens to that dress, then what the hell right do you have thinking, even for a second, of—of—(She leans against the iron railing and laughs and laughs, deliciously, almost silently; then she turns around and rests her elbows and upper arms on the high railing of the bridge, facing the camera directly) I guess that witty Dorothy Parker—that wickedly witty Dorothy Parker—said it for good and all:

“Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren’t lawful;  
Nooses give;  
Gas smells awful;  
You might as well live.”

“Rivers are damp” is good—Oh marvelous! Wait till I tell Smith; he’ll die laughing—simply die! . . . (Suddenly serious; frowning sternly) But no! He’d never appreciate the joke at all, he wouldn’t even crack a smile. The old stuffed-shirt, he’d only give forth some righteous pronouncement like “Look here, you need a guardian . . .” Holier-than-thou, that’s what he is. That’s what they all are—holier-than-thou . . . (She starts, remembering) Smith! That bottle of pills he left—the pills! There’s the answer! That’s the way to do it! . . . What a marvelous irony that it should be Smith’s fault, that the blame will be his—that he deliberately and knowingly placed in my hands himself—the means, the way out! My God, he even called it “the where-with-all!” Little did he know—lit-tle did he know what the ultimate meaning of that clever phrase would be! But he’ll know, he’ll know eventually, all right all right—I’ll see to that! . . . (Bends down and picks up the purse, tucks it under her arm, gets into the broadtail jacket, adjusts her half-veil meticulously, then starts off with grim but somehow amused determination).

FADE-OUT

FADE-IN: Brightly-lighted interior of a small liquor store on first avenue. Behind the counter, besides the row upon row of bottles, is the youngish clerk. On the counter before him are two square bottles still with their tissue paper around them: obviously quarts of gin. He takes up a paper bag from below the counter, whips it open, and puts in first one bottle and then the other. He pushes the heavy bag forward toward the camera.

CLERK. Can’t I send it over for you, Mrs. Dana?
GRACE DANA’S VOICE. No thank you, George.
CLERK. Pretty heavy . . .
GRACE. I can manage very nicely. (Her hands reach forward into camera range and pick up the package) Good day . . .
CLERK. Good night . . .

FADE-IN: Interior of Grace Dana's apartment, almost totally dark. Hall door opens, GRACE DANA comes in, switches on the lights. The telephone has been ringing on and off, on and off, since this scene began, and continues ringing—ring, pause, ring, pause, ring, pause, and so on. GRACE DANA pays no attention to the ringing of the phone; she does not even seem to hear it. She tosses her tiny hat on top of the gramophone, her jacket and gloves and purse into a chair, kicks off her pumps, and starts toward the kitchenette with her parcel. Camera swings to show her standing just inside the kitchenette. She takes out both bottles of gin, opens one, pours a full glass for herself, then sets the bottle inside the painted tin marked sugar on the shelf above the sink. Opens icebox, removes the enameled vegetable compartment, lays the second bottle horizontally in the bottom, and stows it back into the Frigidaire. Telephone keeps on ringing. She takes a long drink from the glass, then yawns sleepily; then turns and comes back into the living room, carrying her glass. She sits down on the tweed covered sofa and her gaze rests on the pill bottle. The ringing telephone finally stirs her attention:

GRACE. Go ahead and ring! Let them call—let them all call! That's their affair, not mine. I'm not even here, folks, dear ones, kind hearts and loving friends—I'm well away, I'm out of this world! . . . (Phone suddenly stops ringing, and for a second or two she seems slightly miffed) Oh! So you don't care, is that it! You've lost interest already! Well, so have I . . . (Her eyes light on the pill bottle; she stares at it fascinated. She picks it up and holds it close to her, fondly) Damn Smith! Damn him! What the hell is he trying to do to me! —But I guess I'm grateful, after all. Little does he know, that he handed me, with his own lily white hands, the solution to the whole, whole thing . . . (Telephone begins to ring again, on and on and on. She smiles, lifts up her glass and drains it to the bottom. She is now very sleepy; she gives a loud full yawn, then gets up in something of a daze and goes back to the kitchenette. We see her pouring another drink and we hear her say) One last drink and then I'll lay me down and have a good sleep—oh, the longest deepest sleep that anybody has ever had yet . . . (Returns to living room and stretches out on the sofa. Her eyes wander, fascinated, to the pill bottle) The last. The last ever . . . Now let them call up all day and all night if they want to, let them ring their fool heads off, let them rant and rave and tear their hair about stopping drinking! I'll stop, all right; and for good . . . (She reaches back over her shoulder to a book shelf and takes out a small writing case, opens it, removes a sheet of paper and pen, and leaning down to the surface of the coffee table, she writes a note of farewell, which the camera closes in to reveal to us, so that we read) “So sorry,
darling, thank you for being so sweet, but I had to do it, forgive me. Grace.” (Settling back with a sigh and a smug smile of satisfaction) That will fix him . . . the turning of the knife in the wound . . . He’ll never get over it. (Sitting up abruptly; a new idea) But no, Smith will recognize it for what it is: theatrical, corny, cheap . . . Much more effective—oh, far more wounding to him, more aggressive and final—is to leave no word at all—nothing. The empty pill bottle will speak volumes, simply shriek at him . . . I can see him sitting here a few hours from now, helpless, distraught, while doctors are called, questions asked, an inquest arranged, Benjie notified at Lawrenceville, my father and mother too, and all the inquisitive curiosity-seeking friends coming and going, while the phone rings on, and on, and on—reminding them . . . And that ringing, that bell, will be like—will be my last words . . .

(She takes up the pill bottle, unscrews the small white cap, picks out the cotton, and carefully pours the capsules onto the coffee table. Almost lovingly, then, she counts them, separating them two by two with a finger—her eyes getting sleepier meanwhile and her head all but nodding drowsily. Then, dream-like, she looks up absentely and seems to listen—as if already hearing the things that will be said about her after she is gone.)

VOICE. Poor Grace, poor darling, if only we had done something . . .

VOICE. If only we had another chance, we would make it up to her—not criticize and nag her to death. We should have given more fully of our time, our understanding, our love . . .

SMITH’S VOICE. She was such a child, more sensitive than most people, ill-equipped for life. We hounded her to this in our blindness.

GRACE. (suddenly coming out of her daydream of self-pity with an idea) Hold everything there, Grace! Because look: while all this is going on, while everybody is weeping and wailing and making a fuss, you won’t be here. You will never see it or hear it, you won’t be around to appreciate it. So what’s the sense, when it will all be wasted? . . .

(A new idea, now: she frowns, then smiles, secretly, with childlike guile. She glances at the gold and glass atmos-clock on the mantle; it is eight-thirty. She finishes her drink. Carefully, one by one, she collects all the scattered capsules on the glass surface of the coffee table, and drops them back into the bottle. Then, as if the bottle of pills were the most fragile and precious object in the world, she takes it up in her two hands, and moves, weaving slightly, sleepily, across the rug toward the bathroom, the camera following. She switches on the overhead light, looks at herself in the mirror, and smiles mysteriously. She is seen to bend down and apparently lift the toilet seat (out of camera range); she unscrews the cap of the bottle, holds the bottle at arm’s length, turns it upside down, and lets the pills fall into the water.
She flushes the toilet, smiles to herself in the mirror again, half asleep, switches off the light and turns back into the living room. She lies on the couch. She puts the empty bottle in plain sight on the coffee table, with the “suicide” note in full view beside her. She leans back among the pillows and yawns loudly. Through blurred eyes, now, she gazes at the empty pill bottle and smiles; and finally her eyes close, her breathing gets heavier and deeper, and in a second or two she is sound asleep—passed out, if you like . . .
In 1896, on his first voyage to the Pacific Islands, the noted marine biologist Alfred Goldsborough Mayor recorded in his journal that the Polynesian possesses a "superbly symmetrical" physique and "a clear rich brown" complexion.¹ From that point through his eighth expedition to Oceania in 1920 and to his untimely death in 1922, Mayor expressed special admiration of the Polynesians. Although he spoke favorably of other South Pacific Islanders, the scientist saw a physical perfection in the Polynesian that resembled the beauty of the coelenterates, with which he was intimately familiar. An authority on the coelenterates (radially symmetrical invertebrates), Mayor had often viewed elegant medusae, or jellyfishes, gently pulsating in a glassy sea, and watched graceful ctenophores, or comb jellies, rhythmically propelling themselves by beating the tiny rows of ctenes that fringe their fragile forms. He had also observed a host of coral reefs, each consisting of colonies of symmetrical corallites formed by secreted aragonite. Mayor implicitly transferred his admiration of the esthetic balance and beauty of those primitive organisms to his notions of physical perfection in humans.

Certainly, Mayor recognized beauty in other marine invertebrates, but he viewed their beauty in gradations. In fact, he applied the same conception to ethnic groups of humans, placing the Polynesian peoples above all in physical attractiveness. In Mayor's eyes, even white Europeans fell below Polynesians in beauty of form and color; the people of darker skin fell lowest on the scale of comeliness—their "sooty color" and their disproportionate bodily forms, in his perception, representing types of inferior


Lester D. Stephens, professor of history at the University of Georgia, specializes in the history of science in America. He is the author of Joseph LeConte, Gentle Prophet of Evolution and a forthcoming volume on science, race, and religion in nineteenth-century Charleston, South Carolina.
appearance. Yet to Mayor, degrees of bodily beauty were not necessarily correlated with intelligence and culture, for, in his judgment, the European type epitomized the highest stage of both. Alfred G. Mayor discussed this subject in several published articles, as well as in manuscript journals and in an unfinished typescript of a book titled "Pacific Island Reveries," now located in Syracuse University Library's Department of Special Collections. Mayor's comments on the Polynesians do not represent those of an anthropologist, of course, but they are nevertheless interesting because they emanated from the mind of a distinguished scientist and reveal not only some of the racial stereotypes of his era but also his genuine concern over the plight of the peoples of Oceania under the domination of their imperial masters.

Born on 16 April 1868, Alfred Goldsborough Mayor was the son of Katherine Duckett Goldsborough and Alfred Marshall Mayer, one of America's greatest physicists during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The change in the spelling of the son's name from Mayer to Mayor came about during the first world war, when Mayor decided to alter the Germanic form in order to show his disdain for the nation he considered responsible for starting the war and for committing heinous acts against civilized countries. In any case, Katherine Mayer died within a few hours after Alfred was born. In June 1869, Alfred senior married Maria Louisa Snowden, who displayed great affection for her stepson and strongly encouraged him to develop his interest in nature and in drawing. Eventually, however, the father prevailed in his desire for his son to study mechanical engineering and physics, and in 1885 young Alfred entered Stevens Institute of Technology, where the elder Mayer was a professor of physics. Upon graduating from Stevens Institute in 1889, young Alfred became an assistant to a physics professor at Clark University. After serving in that capacity for one year, he accepted a similar position at the Uni-


66
versity of Kansas. Although he was an exceptional student of physics and mathematics, Mayor could not shake his strong desire to study biology. After the Kansas professor informed Alfred M. Mayer that his son had his heart set on doing advanced study in zoology, the father conceded that his son would never be happy unless he pursued his passion. Thus, in 1892 the young man set out for Cambridge, Massachusetts, to study zoology at Harvard University and at that institution's noted Museum of Comparative Zoology (MCZ).6

Long interested in butterflies, Mayor first studied with Charles B. Davenport, a young instructor who quickly recognized the scientific ability and artistic talent of his new student. The two men became lifelong friends as well. In 1896 and 1897, Mayor published two monographs on color patterns in the wings of butterflies and moths. In addition, he drew and colored the figures for the monographs, which were published in the prestigious Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology.7 At the time, the MCZ was under the direction of Alexander Agassiz, the son of its famous founder, the great naturalist Louis Agassiz. Like his father, the junior Agassiz was mainly interested in marine invertebrate zoology. Admiring the artistic ability and writing skill of Mayor, Agassiz encouraged him to concentrate upon the small jellyfishes known as hydromedusae, the generally larger jellyfishes known as scyphomedusae, and the comb jellies, or ctenophores. Mayor accepted the challenge and soon established himself as an authority on those animals. In fact, he accompanied Agassiz on a major collecting expedition to the Caribbean Sea in 1892–1893, and on scientific expeditions to the South Pacific in 1896, 1897–1898, and 1899–1900. Meanwhile, he collaborated with Agassiz as coauthor of four major articles on the medusae, all of which were published in the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, and he drew the 145 figures and thirty-six color plates included in those articles. In 1895, Agassiz appointed Mayor as curator of the collections of specimens in a phylum known then as Radiata. Mayor excelled at that job as well, and in 1897 Harvard University


67
officials took the extraordinary step of bestowing upon him the honorary Sc.D (doctor of science) degree.  

Agassiz planned to work with Mayor in producing a comprehensive volume on all of the world’s medusae known at that time, but, although most of the burden of writing the descriptions and drawing the figures of all of the species fell upon Mayor, Agassiz was too occupied with other matters to hold up his end of the agreement. Mayor found this disconcerting and frustrating, and he also chafed under the authoritarian manner of the aging Agassiz, who, throughout his long tenure as director of the MCZ, tended to treat his subordinates as though they were graduate students, and, like his father before him, forbade them to publish any studies completed during their association with the Museum without his express permission. Privately, Mayor referred to Agassiz as “Alexander the Great,” and, although he admired him as a zoologist and even wrote a sympathetic biographical sketch of him after his death in 1910, he aptly characterized Agassiz as “combative, resolute, quick to anger and slow to forgive, purposeful, and full of subtle resources.”

Meanwhile, in 1894, Mayor fell in love with Harriet Randolph Hyatt, a daughter of the prominent naturalist and MCZ faculty member Alpheus Hyatt. Born on 16 April 1868, and thus only a few days younger than Mayor, she had become, like her younger sister Anna, an accomplished sculptor. By 1896, Alfred and Harriet had decided to marry, but their concern over the possibly adverse reaction of Agassiz to what he might perceive as Mayor’s intention to go his own way, their desire for Mayor to finish the work on the world’s medusae, and their realization that Alfred’s prospects for a new position were poor at the moment led them to keep their engagement secret until early in 1900.

In the meantime, Mayor seized every opportunity to visit his true love, and he and Harriet corresponded frequently whenever he was away on


9. Alfred G. Mayer to Harriet R. Hyatt, 28 August, 10 September, and 27 October 1897, 12 and 17 July and (n.d.) September 1898, and 28 May, 23 and 26 June 1899, Harriet Randolph Hyatt Mayor Papers, Syracuse University Library (hereafter Harriet Mayor Papers, SUL); Alfred G. Mayor, “Pacific Island Reveries,” typescript, Alfred G. Mayor Papers, SUL; Alfred G. Mayor to Alexander Agassiz, 14 May 1899, Hyatt and Mayor Correspondence, PUL.
Sketch made by Alfred G. Mayor in a June 1897 letter to his wife Harriet. He writes: “Fleas are not the only attraction on the reception committee of Key West. Mosquitoes are also cordially inclined.” All illustrations in this article are from the Alfred G. Mayor Papers, Syracuse University Library.

field trips. Alfred wrote often from the places where he was collecting specimens of medusae and, fortunately, most of the letters he exchanged with Harriet survive, not only for the period of their long courtship but also for the years from 1900 to 1922, when he was away on scientific expeditions. The letters are among the rich reserve of Mayor and Hyatt papers in the Syracuse University Library. The correspondence between
Alfred and Harriet reveals the remarkable literary ability of each, and they contain several charming pencil sketches that humorously depict the agonies and frustrations of being apart during their engagement. In addition, their letters are replete with interesting commentaries upon a variety of subjects, not the least of which was Alexander Agassiz. For example, on 8 October 1897, Harriet expressed disgust over Agassiz’s decision to take Mayor along with him on a forthcoming voyage to the South Pacific. “The lesser Agassiz, your Alex the Great,” she penned in a moment of frustration, “is to me Ivan the Terrible.” Harriet added, “He seems spider-like, [ready] to absorb all the men who fall in his great web, the Museum.”

Good news came to Mayor in April 1900, however, when the trustees of the Brooklyn Institute offered him the position of curator of the natural sciences in its auxiliary organization, the Brooklyn Museum. By the fall of that year, he and Harriet had married and were in Brooklyn. The energetic Mayor set about to elevate the status of the Brooklyn Museum by enlarging its collections, developing an educational program, and arranging for the regular presentation of lectures by noted scientists. In every way he succeeded, meanwhile continuing his own research on medusae and writing scientific articles and a popular book titled *Sea-Shore Life*.

Although his success endeared him to the trustees of the Brooklyn Institute, Mayor longed to hold a full-time research position, and he yearned to leave Brooklyn, which, in his judgment, was deficient in intellectual and cultural affairs. Increasingly, after the birth of his son Alpheus Hyatt in 1901 and his daughter Katherine Goldsborough in 1903, Mayor viewed Brooklyn as especially undesirable because he believed his children would not receive a good education in the city. He never revealed his feelings about the city to the trustees of the Brooklyn Institute, however, and when he resigned in 1904 they not only accepted his decision with regret but also appointed him as honorary curator for life.

10. Harriet Hyatt to Alfred G. Mayor, 8 October 1897, and 6 July 1899, Harriet Mayor Papers, SUL.
Although he desired to hold a position at the MCZ or in Harvard’s zoology department, Mayor recognized that he was unlikely to be appointed to either. So, the ever-astute zoologist kept his eyes open for other opportunities. One started to unfold in 1903, when the trustees of the Carnegie Institution of Washington began to entertain thoughts of supporting research in both experimental and marine biology. Mayor’s former professor and old friend Davenport was ideally suited to direct the first program, and, in 1903, the Carnegie trustees selected him to serve as director of the Department of Experimental Biology, to be located at Cold Spring Harbor, on Long Island. In the meantime, Mayor quietly launched a campaign to get the Carnegie trustees to establish a marine biology station on Loggerhead Key, situated at the end of the string of small islands extending from the southern tip of Florida into the Gulf of Mexico and commonly called Dry Tortugas, or simply Tortugas. Having worked extensively in the Tortugas, Mayor was aware of the rich diversity of marine life that flourished in the abundant coral reefs of the Keys and in the nearby Gulf Stream. Persuasive and charming in manner, he succeeded in his effort, and the trustees not only agreed to establish the Tortugas Marine Biological Laboratory on Loggerhead Key but also to invite Mayor to serve as its director. 12

Generous allocations from the Carnegie Institution allowed Mayor to erect a dock and buildings for the laboratory and living quarters, to purchase a yacht and other vessels and equipment, and to pay the expenses of biologists for traveling to Loggerhead Key for research. Mayor succeeded in attracting six to twelve researchers each year to spend up to six weeks at the laboratory. In addition to making arrangements for each season’s work at the laboratory, overseeing operations, and editing the volumes in which many of the research reports were published, Mayor continued to conduct research himself. More than two hundred reports were published


12. Alfred G. Mayer to C. B. Davenport, [1 May 1902?] and 14 February 1903, Davenport Papers, APS; Alfred G. Mayer to “President [Charles D. Walcott], Carnegie Institution,” 7 April 1902, Mayer to Hooper, 2 and 7 May and 3 June 1902, Mayer to Davenport, 3 June 1902, and Mayer to Alexander Agassiz, 6 March 1903, Alfred G. Mayer Correspondence, Brooklyn Museum Archives; Charles D. Walcott to Alfred G. Mayer, 25 January 1904, Alfred G. Mayor Papers, SUL; A. August Healey to Alfred G. Mayer, 12 February 1904, Hyatt and Mayer Correspondence, PUL.
in the *Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington* while Mayor was in charge of the station, and more than one dozen of them were reports of Mayor's own research.

In 1910, Mayor completed the great work he had begun with Agassiz, though the latter decided to withdraw from the project because he could not find time to carry out his responsibilities for it and because Mayor had in fact done most of the descriptions and all of the figures and plates for the volumes. Published by the Carnegie Institution, the three-volume work, titled *Medusae of the World*, contains 735 pages of species descriptions,
425 text figures, and seventy-six beautifully rendered colored plates. The work became a classic and remains useful to specialists today. Two years later, in 1912, Mayor published a splendid volume titled *Ctenophores of the Atlantic Coast of North America*, also under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution.13 Mayor wrote all of the species descriptions and drew all of the seventy-six figures for it, including several colored plates. As with his work on the medusae, it contains descriptions of several species new to science, and it is still an important source of reference for specialists. At least seventy of Mayor's taxa of medusae and ctenophores are currently valid. In addition to other studies, Mayor conducted a number of experiments on scyphomedusae, especially on the species known as *Cassiopea xamachana*, one of the so-called upside down jellyfishes.

Meanwhile, Princeton University had appointed Mayor to an adjunct position on its faculty, and eventually he moved with his wife and his four children, including Brantz, born in 1906, and Barbara Snowden, born in 1910, to Princeton, New Jersey. During the fall and winter of the academic term of 1910–1911 and again from 1915 to 1922, Mayor held the adjunct appointment at Princeton and continued to plan each season's work at the Tortugas Laboratory. As a consequence of his association with Princeton, a considerable number of his papers are in the special collections department of the Princeton University Library, complementing the extensive collections of Mayor and Hyatt papers at Syracuse University.14

If the Tortugas Laboratory was ideal for certain types of biological research, it was personally far from perfect for the scientists who conducted research there. The windswept little island on which the laboratory was situated kept visiting researchers isolated not only from their families but also from anyone except the small group of fellow laborers for up to six weeks, occasionally longer. Mayor strove to break the monotony of the nearly barren landscape and the blinding brilliance of the sand by shipping many tons of New Jersey soil to the laboratory site and by planting shrubs and trees from the mainland around the grounds. A more seri-

ous problem was the threat of tropical storms. In fact, Mayor kept the laboratory open only from late April until the first of August because of the higher incidence of hurricanes in August and September. Even so, a tropical storm was an ever-present threat, and, in 1907, one arose so suddenly that Mayor and his associates barely had time to board the yacht and flee before a raging wind that severely damaged the laboratory buildings and drove the yacht a hundred miles away from its port. Hurricanes ravaged
the laboratory again in 1910 and 1919, but, fortunately, no one was there in either case.\footnote{15}

By 1910, in fact, Mayor had already begun to consider a more desirable location for the Carnegie Institution's marine laboratory. Among the places he inspected during the next few years were Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and the Bahamas. The difficulties associated with the Tortugas location were not, however, the only reason why Mayor lost some of his interest in the region he had once considered as ideal for marine studies. He had come to realize the need for expanding research in the field of marine biology. In addition, although he was an extremely devoted husband and father, Mayor was a man of the sea, and he found great pleasure in traveling upon the vast oceans to faraway places, especially to the islands of the South Pacific. Furthermore, by 1910, he had become interested in another group of cnidarians, namely, the stony corals (Order Scleractinia). His interest had been whetted by the work of T. Wayland Vaughan, one of the most active and industrious of the researchers who worked at the Tortugas Laboratory and one of the world's leading authorities on the taxonomy of corals and on the nature of coral reefs. Increasingly intrigued by the nature of hermatypic, or reef building, corals and how depth, wave action, and other environmental factors influence their development, Mayor recognized a need for doing comparative studies between the reef corals of the Caribbean and those in the South Pacific. He easily persuaded the Carnegie Institution president, Robert S. Woodward, a physicist by training and an old friend of Mayor's father, to appropriate funds for expeditions to Oceania and Australasia, where coral reefs abound. Thus, in 1913, 1917, 1918, 1919, and 1920, Mayor led expeditions to the South Pacific, mainly, but not exclusively, for the purpose of studying coral reefs and their ecology. He made some of his studies by submerging in a diving hood, a risky venture in itself but all the more dangerous in the case of Mayor because he was suffering from tuberculosis by 1917.\footnote{16}


Specimens of the scleractinian coral *Pocillopora damicornis*, collected by A. G. Mayor from the Aua Reef, near Pago Pago, Samoa, in 1920. Originally a single, living coral head, it had been sawed in equal halves in 1919. Each section was embedded in concrete and returned to the water, one (labeled S) in shallow water, and the other (labeled D) in deeper water. In 1920, Mayor removed the corals from the water and measured and photographed them as part of a study of coral growth.

Mayor had already indicated through notes in his scientific journals and in letters to Harriet that he was also interested in the peoples and the culture of the South Pacific islands, especially those occupied by Polynesians. Although he never expressed to Woodward or to the Carnegie Institution’s trustees any intention to conduct studies of the South Pacific Islanders, Mayor published in 1915 a series of articles on Tahiti and a series on Fiji. Both series appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly*, but the final part of the latter was continued in a new, related magazine, the *Scientific Monthly*. In addition, in 1915, he published an article on the peoples

of Papau New Guinea, and, in 1916, one on “The Men of the Mid-Pacific,” and another on “The Islands of the Mid-Pacific.” All of the articles contain photographs of scenery and native inhabitants that Mayor took with his own camera. Then, in 1921, while trying to recover from a severe attack of tuberculosis, Mayor completed the book-length manuscript titled “Pacific Island Reveries.” Perhaps he intended to revise and polish the manuscript before sending it to a publisher, but his condition had worsened so that, by early 1922, he could do almost no work at all. Treatment and rest in a sanitorium in Tucson, Arizona, did little to improve his health, but, despite the horrendous condition of his throat and lungs and great debilitation of his physical strength, Mayor went to Loggerhead Key and opened the laboratory in May 1922. On 24 June he made his way by sheer will power to the shore of the Key to wash his underclothes. After wading into the shallow water, he fainted and died, perhaps from drowning but more likely from the ravages of the disease. Fortunately, his widow preserved the manuscript of “Pacific Island Reveries” along with his other papers and their correspondence. She died in 1960, at the age of ninety-two, after living the final year of her life in the home of her sister Anna Hyatt (Mrs. Archer M.) Huntington, who, with Alpheus Hyatt Mayor, donated the papers to the Syracuse University Library a few years later.17

In the manuscript journal he kept during his first trip to the South Seas in 1896, Mayor recorded only a small number of observations about the peoples and culture he encountered, devoting most of the space to scientific matters, which included some superb descriptions of coral reefs and several of the marsupial mammals of Australia. It was, however, in that journal that he wrote the favorable comment about the symmetrical character and skin color of the Polynesians. More of his comments on the

South Pacific Islanders during his second journey to the region are ex­tant, including some in the manuscript journal he kept and others in let­ters to Harriet Hyatt. In 1897, the ship made its first stop at Honolulu, a city that impressed him as an especially beautiful place. Mayor was fasci­nated by the indigenous residents of Hawaii and the impact of American imperialists upon them. In a letter to Harriet, dated 28 October 1897, he wrote, “One cannot but admire the beauty of the natives,” but he viewed them as “mere withering remnants of a once proud race.” Obviously en­chanted by their physical features, he wrote, as he often did, in delightful alliteration, of “their rich bronze skin and smiling yet pensive faces framed by luxuriant locks of rippling black hair.” The Hawaiian peoples, he added, “stand wonder­fully erect, and the carriage of the women is truly queenly.” Yet, as with so many of his contemporaries, he believed “they have the minds of children.” Nevertheless, he did not condone their exploitation by Americans, and he declared that they had been “robbed” by their imperial masters. Even more “shameful,” as he viewed the plight of the Hawaiians, “our ‘superior’ race has transmitted to them the hideous diseases that are slowly but shurely [sic] stamping out their life.” In his judgment, the “last act in the disgraceful drama” would be ann­exation of their land “in order that a few sugar planters and politicians may gain more gold.” Before he left the subject in his lengthy missive to Harriet, he penned his mental image of the land. “All around us,” he said, “lies an ocean of brilliant blue flecked with purest white where the gentle trade wind ruffles it.” On the lovely island of Oahu, he wrote, “emerald shadows flit forever . . . a fit subject for the subtle brush of a Monet . . . [for] in the moonlight [the surrounding sea] gleams like molten silver un­der the deep soft purple of the sky.”

Eleven days later, his ship anchored in the harbor of Suva, Fiji, and Mayor encountered a somewhat different type of peoples—a mixture of Polynesians and Melanesians whose ethnic identity is closer to the former than to the latter. On that occasion and upon the return of the expedition vessel to Fiji in late December 1897, where it remained until mid-January of 1898, Mayor had opportunities to observe the Fijians and their culture. Of Suva, the capital city, he wrote to Harriet, “The streets swarmed with natives—great superb looking men and women standing straight and looking the perfect picture of health.” He noted, however, that their skin color was “dark and muddy” and that their hair “stands straight out like a

18. Alfred G. Mayer to Harriet Hyatt, 28 October 1897, Harriet Mayor Papers, SUL. Actually, Mayer added to the letter through ca. 9 November 1897, before he mailed it.
mop." In addition, he observed that the Fijians applied lime to their "naturally jet black" hair and thus caused it to have "a red appearance." Obviously, though he generally depreciated peoples of darker skin, Mayor admired the Fijian natives. He was less charitable toward the immigrants from India who had settled in the island's main city, calling them "sneaky looking dark brown Hindoos." 19

It was not until his third voyage with Agassiz to the South Pacific, however, that Mayor had an opportunity to increase his direct knowledge of the native peoples and cultures of a large number of the major islands and lands of Oceania and Australasia. That expedition, lasting from August 1899 to March 1900, took him to the Marquesas Islands, the Tuamotu Archipelago, the Society Islands (mainly in Tahiti), the Cook Islands, Niue, Tonga, Fiji, the Ellice Islands (now Tuvalu), the Gilbert Islands, the Marshall Islands, and the Caroline Islands. The voyage continued on to the Ladrone Islands (now Marianas) and Japan. His next visit did not occur until 1913, when he led a scientific expedition to Australia, stopping briefly on the way at Tahiti and spending several days in Papua New Guinea on the return voyage. During the following year he began the articles on Tahiti, Fiji, and other South Pacific Islands. From the praise he lavished upon Tahiti, it is certain that he admired that French-controlled island above all others. 20

In the series titled "A History of Tahiti," Mayor wrote of a land in which "the beautiful is wedded to the grand." Referring to "the sylvan setting of the waterfall where rainbows float on mists among the tree ferns," he said that "the charmed memory of Tahiti lives only to die with the beholder." Mayor was aware of the barbarous customs, as he called them, of the early inhabitants of the island, but he urged his readers not to be "over harsh in condemning the Tahitians." Although he credited the introduction of Christianity into Tahiti with checking the practices of infanticide, human sacrifices, and tribal warring, Mayor asserted that "the adoption of Christianity [had] contributed to the increase of certain fatal diseases, notably tuberculosis." Moreover, through efforts to impose the standards of Western civilization upon Tahitians, the conquerors of the is-


land and the teachers who followed had caused “the destruction of almost all that once was theirs in the hope that things of our own creation might arise.” Mayor would return to these matters five years later in his “Pacific Island Reveries.”

Similar themes appeared in Mayor’s series of articles on Fiji. In his description of the physical appearance of that land Mayor again painted a delightful word picture, though he did not find the main island of Fiji quite as attractive as that of Tahiti. Still he wrote of “the beauty of the mountain valleys . . . [that] time can not efface from the memory.” Those lovely valleys are enhanced, he said, by “the rich brown stems of tree ferns crowned by emerald sprays of nature’s lacework,” and deep in the forest greenery one could catch a glimpse of “a flash of color, where some cockatoo or parrot or brilliant butterfly appears, only to vanish in the leafy maze.” In the same place, one could note “through a break in the canopy a furtive beam of sunlight [that] penetrates to gild the greenness of the shade.” Of course, as he had indicated to Harriet in 1897, he did not find the Fijian as beautiful as the Tahitian and others of pure Polynesian descent. “The eye” of the Fijian, he said, “lacks the languid softness of the Polynesian’s and is small, swine-like and often bloodshot, imparting a cruel aspect to the visage.” Mayor’s views toward anyone possessing African physical characteristics differed, unfortunately, very little from the stereotypes of blacks held by many other contemporary Americans. Still, Mayor respected the Fijians and spoke of “the native grace and unconscious dignity of these superb people.” He believed, however, that they were deficient in stamina and were more prone to catch diseases, though, of course, as he had previously noted, the diseases that claimed the life of so many of the South Sea peoples were introduced by white Europeans and Americans.

Again Mayor criticized the Christian missionary for being “too often predisposed to regard all customs not his own as ‘heathen,’ or pernicious.” Indeed, Mayor tended to view all religions as too tradition bound. “It is,” he observed, “a common belief that the savage is more cruel than we [Americans],” but the “cruelties” of the savage, he added, are hardly worse “than the lynching or burning of negroes . . . events so common in America that even the sensational newspapers regard them as subjects of minor interest.” Furthermore, stated Mayor, “despite our mighty institutions of freedom . . . there remain savages among us.”

necessary for any group to “conquer itself” before it could attain a state of civilization. He therefore rejected the notion that the great powers could ever succeed in civilizing any “primitive race,” for, “under our domination the savage dies, or becomes a parasite or peon.” In fact, Mayor maintained that the colonial powers had harmed the natives of the Pacific Islands by depreciating their art, which he viewed as “the highest expression of their intellectual life . . . a means of gratifying their instinct for the beautiful, and a record of their history and their conception of the universe.” In one of his rare moments of optimism over the future of the South Sea natives, Mayor expressed hope that in Fiji the course of exploitation might be ended and that, if left to themselves, the Fijians might “attain civilization.” Obviously, he was torn between a desire to leave them free to follow their own customs and a belief that they must become more like Americans and Europeans since they were otherwise doomed to extinction. “As one who has known and grown to love these honest, hospitable, simple people,” he said, “I can only hope that the day is not too far distant when a leader . . . will turn their faces toward the light of a brighter sky.”

In late July of 1913, Mayor led the first of the five scientific expeditions sponsored by the Carnegie Institution to the Pacific Islands and Australia. His main objective on the voyage of 1913 was to study the stony corals of the Great Barrier Reef. During the voyage to Australia, he stopped briefly in New Zealand. There he observed yet another group of Polynesians, the Maoris. On 21 August he arrived in Australia, where he and his small team of researchers devoted most of their time to the study of coral reefs and to some of the marine invertebrates associated with them, especially around Thursday Island. Although he had been in Australia for a short time during the spring of 1896, Mayor now had a greater opportunity to make additional observations about the Aborigines who had populated the continent many thousands of years before the first European explorer laid eyes upon the land. On the return trip, in November 1913, Mayor and his party sailed the short distance from Australia’s Cape York peninsula to Port Moresby, in Papua New Guinea. Two years later, in his articles “Papua, Where the Stone Age Lingers” and “The Men of the Mid-Pacific,” Mayor offered a number of comments on the Papua New Guinean natives, and, in the latter, a few on the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia.

To Mayor, Papua New Guinea lacked most of the attraction of the

smaller South Pacific islands, and he observed that Europeans had long avoided it because there “the heavy air . . . flows lifeless and fetid over the lowlands as if from a steaming furnace.” But Mayor admired the Papuans and called for Europeans to educate them “in the production and sale of manufactured articles.” In his judgment, Europeans should encourage the native peoples to return to the making of their traditional arts and crafts, which would aid them and develop “that self respect and confidence . . . which the too sudden modification of their social and religious systems is certain to destroy.” Most of the missionary schools, he averred, emphasized a traditional European curriculum and the importance of converting to Christianity, but he believed secular schools should be established for the purpose of teaching manual training to young Papuans. Mayor argued that the new schools “would in no manner interfere with the religious teaching received from missionaries.” In his opinion, it did not matter “whether Christianity be true or false . . . for the natives are destined to be dominated by Christian peoples.” Unlike the case he had made for developing more independence for the Fijians, Mayor obviously believed that the Papuan would fare better under his imperial master. The Papuan was, after all, basically “Negroid” in character. Once again, he resorted to characterization by color of skin and by bodily type. The skin of the Papuan, he wrote, “is dark chocolate.” He described the Papuan as having long arms, “poorly developed legs” and a “weakly made” body. Moreover, he characterized him as having “small eyes, bloodshot and sinister” and a “weak chin and thick protrusive lips [.]” revealing descent from Africa.” Beauty was not, to Mayor, solely in the eye of the beholder. Following prevailing perceptions of his day, Mayor obviously embraced the notion of “the white man’s burden,” even if he was skeptical about the ability of the Christian missionary to carry that burden properly.

The same was the case for the Aboriginal Australian, as Mayor viewed the attributes of racial inheritance. Indeed, he referred to the Aborigines as “among the lowest of existing men,” who, in his words, represent a “striking contrast to the finer races of the Pacific.” The Aborigine, added Mayor, is incapable of rising “to the intellectual level of the natives of the Pacific Islands.” In fact, he even placed the Papuan above the Aborigine, whose “little eyes glitter suspiciously from deeply sunken orbits hidden under unkempt locks of matted hair.” After other negative characterizations of the Aborigine, Mayor declared that his features “form a demon-

like picture as he skulks silent and snake like through the thickets where he seeks the kangaroo.” Alas, as with many, perhaps most, of the scientists and other intellectuals of his day, Mayor was unable to recognize the flaws in his argument and to apply the same kind of standards toward the human animal that he used in his descriptions of the invertebrate creatures of the seas. Nor was he able to view varieties in human skin color and physique in the same way that he viewed the varieties of color and form in corals and other coelenterates. Thus, for example, in his “The Islands of the Mid-Pacific,” also published in 1916, he found beauty in the different forms of corals. “Olive and yellow-greens, mauve and purple-browns . . . [characterize] the living corals,” he wrote. The same kind of beauty he found in the diverse types of starfishes, anemones, and giant clams inhabiting the Pacific coral reefs he had studied.

On his scientific expeditions in 1917, 1918, and 1919, and 1920, Mayor concentrated upon the study of corals around the islands of Samoa. Before 1917, he had spent only a short time in that area—once in 1896 and again in 1898. During those voyages he spent time in Apia, located on the island of Upolu, now part of Western Samoa, but his research during the period from 1917 to 1920 was done exclusively in American Samoa, mainly around the islands of Tutuila and Rose. On the voyages of 1918 and 1920 he also visited Fiji again. Mayor wrote little about the Samoan natives, for, during the period from 1917 to 1921, he was mainly occupied by his scientific work, and by efforts to relocate the Tortugas Laboratory. As tuberculosis weakened his strength in 1921 and compelled him to decrease his activities, Mayor turned his attention to writing “Pacific Island Reveries.” Although he said comparatively little about the Samoans in that manuscript, it is clear that he admired them as much as he admired the other groups of Polynesians. His main objective in writing the manuscript, however, was to inform his readers that the Polynesia “which still lingered in the autumn of its decline” when he first saw the South Pacific Islands had “now vanished forever into the night of things that were.” He had seen the peoples of those islands, he said, “when much of their primitive charm and strangeness still lingered,” but he believed that their occupation by Europeans and Americans, the adverse effect of diseases upon them, and the introduction of modern technology into their culture had brought their paradise to ruin. Noting the population of each major island at the time the imperial powers claimed it as a possession and at the

Alfred G. Mayor, 1915. Photograph by Pach Bros., New York.
time he was writing the proposed book, Mayor lamented the awesome decline. Of the native inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands, for example, he noted “the moral and physical corrosion of their once proud race.” The problem with the peoples of Polynesia, however, was not, in Mayor’s judgment, due solely to the impact of the Western countries upon their culture. The decline was also a consequence of “the age-old communism of the race.” Elsewhere, he referred to the “archaic socialism” of Polynesian culture, contending that it “stultified individual ambition” and led to a decline in the peoples’ “mental power and moral stamina.” The lassitude of Polynesians, he added, “is in largest measure the outcome of this pernicious communism.” Obviously influenced by his own commitment to a system of capitalism and almost certainly sharing a quite-common concern over the recent triumph of the Bolsheviks in Russia, Mayor told his readers that “a crushing indictment of socialism glares out as an object lesson in the South Pacific, where races unrivaled in beauty or stature, and potentially intelligent, have withered ... [and become] a doomed race.”

Yet, likely because he found the Polynesians so beautiful, Mayor contradictorily held out some hope for them, arguing that, despite their ability to obtain no more than a mental age of fourteen, they could be saved by enlightened governments and Christians. Consistency was not necessarily a virtue in Mayor’s notion of the intellectual capacity of the Polynesians, for he had previously argued that Melanesian, Papuan, and Aboriginal Australian adults were also childlike, but, of course, as Mayor saw it, they did not possess the physical beauty of the Tahitians, Samoans, Hawaiians, and other Polynesian groups. In part, according to Mayor, evolution by natural selection accounted for the lower state of the native peoples of Oceania and Australasia, as it did in Africa and in Asia. Still, there was hope, especially for the Polynesians, but everything depended upon a change of attitudes. It is time, he asserted, for “another type of missionary in the Pacific.” That type would not be a “religious zealot,” and he would not focus on teaching the Bible and the academic subjects. Instead, he would be a missionary for the manual training of Polynesian youth. Graduates of the traditional, “stupid schools learn little that can be of use to them,” he declared. Even in Fiji, where, in Mayor’s view, the British had governed wisely on the whole, the masters had failed to provide a meaningful education for the natives, and, contended Mayor, once again in a contradictory comment, “these docile . . . and amiable chil-

dren" should be encouraged to advance on their own." While he repeated his belief that "an enlightened progressive race" could never succeed in civilizing "a degraded and savage one," he called upon the colonial powers to help the native peoples of the Pacific Islands to flourish.27

Early in his treatise and again near the end, Mayor revealed another reason for his concern over the future of the South Pacific Islanders, namely the potential of Japan to dominate them—and possibly the whole world. Said Mayor, "Truly in the Pacific we behold the sea of destiny, the ocean upon which must be fought out the vast question, who shall eventually dominate the world, Asia or Europe?" After visiting Japan during the voyage of 1899–1900, Mayor had become concerned that, although it had adopted "the modern sciences of Europe," Japan had remained unchanged in its "national obsessions" and in its notion of being "the chosen people." By 1921, he was warning that Japan might "plunge itself into fatal conflict with the Gentile races." There is in Japan, he added, a "deficiency of originality . . . [and] imagination," but the Japanese possess the "racial trait" of "a spider-like quickness" that could bode ill for the Pacific Islanders and for their masters.28

Alfred G. Mayor was a superb scientist, and he possessed some remarkable insights into the nature of humans and their cultures. But, as with all scientists and other intellectuals, he was to some extent a product of his own culture and his own time. His contributions to science and his fascinating life are worthy of further study, as are his interesting and sympathetic, but often flawed, observations on the Polynesians and other natives of Oceania and Australasia. To examine his thoughts is to open yet another window to those perceptions in the past that allow us to see more clearly their links to our present.

27. Ibid., 49, 95–6.
28. Ibid., ii, 36, 220, 225.
The Wonderful Wizards Behind the Oz Wizard

BY SUSAN WOLSTENHOLME

In L. Frank Baum's classic tale The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, when Dorothy asks the Good Witch of the North if the Wizard of Oz is a good man, the Witch replies, “He is a good wizard. Whether he is a man or not, I cannot tell, for I have never seen him” (p. 24).¹

Adult readers of The Wonderful Wizard of Oz have sometimes taken the Wizard as a surrogate for the book's author: as the Wizard employs illusion to create an Emerald City, so too does Baum as author create a fantasy world through his use of language. Just as the Wizard has conjured a spirit of fun and adventure in the text of the novel, so too has Baum acted within our culture as conjurer of this most American of fairy-tale worlds.

But what of the man behind the illusion? We know that he is a good wizard of words, but we don't know what kind of man he is, for we have never seen him. Dorothy learns about the Wizard, who is indeed a man, when Toto knocks down the screen that hides him from view. But how do we knock down the screen that hides Baum from his readers?

Knocking down that screen would seem to be what writing a biography is all about. The job of the biographer, at one level, is to pull down the curtain of time and distance to reveal someone. And yet, just as appropriately, we might see the biography itself as a screen, which hides even as it provides access to a historical person. Effacing its artifice, biography also presents (as it hides) the currents—personal, social, and political—that motivate it.

Published in 1961, To Please a Child, coauthored by Frank Joslyn Baum


Susan Wolstenholme was in the Creative Writing Program at Syracuse University from 1973 to 1975. She is author of Gothic (Re)visions: Writing Women as Readers (Albany: SUNY Press, 1993) and editor of The World's Classics Edition of The Wonderful Wizard of Oz (New York: Oxford University Press, 1997). She teaches at Cayuga Community College in Auburn, New York.
and Russell P. MacFall, remains today the only biography of the wizard behind *The Wizard of Oz*. The L. Frank Baum Papers in Syracuse University Library's Department of Special Collections contain a set of letters between the authors, between them and other writers, and between them and publishers regarding publication, as well as uncollected essays about Baum and the Oz books, other correspondence of MacFall and the Baum family, a file of material regarding *Wizard of Oz* illustrator W. W. Denslow, and other material of interest to Baum scholars. There is also a copy of Frank Joslyn Baum’s original memoir on which *To Please a Child* is based. By studying the papers, one can see that this text is indeed a “screen” that both hides and reveals L. Frank Baum. The papers show how the screen was created and, at the same time, present a case study in collaborative writing. They suggest the origins of some accepted “truths” of the Baum legend and imply that what is sometimes accepted as a revelation—the figure behind the screen—is actually a part of the screen’s construction. What becomes clear is that, in addition to the social forces that dictate the construction of any literary text, the two authors also had different agendas, motivating forces that were sometimes diametrically opposed: for Frank Joslyn Baum, to construct a fitting memorial to a father he idolized; and for Russell MacFall, to construct a literary biography that, in conforming to certain recognizable reader conventions, would become a commercial success.

Russell MacFall was a reporter and writer for the *Chicago Tribune* when he published an article on L. Frank Baum and his work in July 1956. Almost immediately (28 July 1956) he received a short but friendly thank you note from Frank Joslyn Baum, eldest of L. Frank and Maud Baum’s four sons, then in his seventies. Frank Joslyn Baum added in his note that he’d be glad to help if MacFall wished to write any more about his father. MacFall must have jumped at the chance to learn more about L. Frank Baum, because Frank Joslyn wrote back to him on 10 August to discuss their mutual interest in writing a biography of the author of *The Wizard of Oz*. Thus began a correspondence that would culminate in the production of *To Please a Child* and extend over the next year and a half, ending only at the death of Frank Joslyn Baum when the biography was all but complete.

Frank Joslyn Baum had already written an extended memoir of his father—"some 100,000 words," he suggests. Including appendices, it actually runs over 400 pages of typescript. Though the memoir was clearly a labor of love—as well, perhaps, as an opportunity to work through some personal family issues—Frank Joslyn had wanted to publish it. But, though he had sent it out to potential publishers, under the rather dull title "He Created the Wizard of Oz," it had been judged to be unpublishable. One letter (20 August 1956) suggests that he may have made a general nuisance of himself with potential publishers: he admits to having had a "running feud" with Reilly and Lee since 1921 over his father's royalties and other books that they had published; he warns MacFall not to mention his name if he contacts Bobbs Merrill (who had taken over the publication of The Wonderful Wizard of Oz after the original publisher had gone bankrupt), though he says they were "very nice" about their rejection. Frank Joslyn had, however, been encouraged by a polite note from Mrs. Knopf—who, while not wishing to publish the book in its present form, did suggest working with a collaborator. "This is a most interesting story," she concluded, "and I am returning the mms [sic] with the hope that ultimately we can work out a book about the most interesting life and writings of your father."3

Frank Joslyn's letters reveal him to be a rather modest and unassuming man, at least in regard to the art of biography. Sometimes he seems hurt or insulted that MacFall does not seem to take proper account of his work; and he responds in great detail, even a little defensively, to an original introductory chapter that MacFall inserts. But he freely admits on more than one occasion that he simply did not know what he was doing in writing "He Created the Wizard of Oz" and seems willing to take advice, including the advice to find a collaborator. Before he met MacFall, he had attempted to work out a collaboration with writer Jack Snow. But the association had not been successful, due evidently to Snow's lack of commitment to the project.4 Frank Joslyn was happy, then, to propose a similar arrangement with MacFall: "It would be up to you to take my material and put it in commercial form so it would attract a publisher" (10 August 1956). That was MacFall's charge, one that clearly coincided with what he wanted to do and one that he took very seriously.

The letters we have between Frank Joslyn Baum and MacFall are al-

3. Knopf to F. J. Baum, 20 August 1956, L. Frank Baum Papers, Department of Special Collections, Syracuse University Library.
4. L. Frank Baum Papers; see file of correspondence between F. J. Baum and J. Snow.
ways warm and friendly, suggesting that theirs was a model working relationship. In spite of his (justified) protestations about being a neophyte at writing biography, Frank Joslyn Baum was not really a bad writer. He comes across in his letters as intelligent and thoughtful. While he is happy to take advice, and for the most part likes MacFall’s approach to the biography, he also has opinions of his own which he is not shy about expressing. MacFall and Frank Joslyn finally met in the summer of 1957, after corresponding for about a year, when Baum, who lived in Los Angeles, where his parents had moved in the latter part of their lives, traveled eastward to Chicago and New York in order to do some research for the biography and to speak to potential publishers. Baum spent a weekend with the MacFall family in Chicago, and thereafter the correspondence becomes more cordial still; it moves to a first-name basis and includes references to family.

In later correspondence, MacFall would claim that he had to scrap the memoir and start over, but in fact a reading of the original typescript of the memoir reveals that that was hardly the case. Overall, the outline of the narrative, the sequence of events, and even the demarcations of individual chapters—with the exception of the first chapter, which appears to be MacFall’s original work—follow the sequence of Frank Joslyn’s mem-

92
oir. Certainly MacFall rewrote Baum's memoir extensively. The final version, published as *To Please a Child* in 1961, is structurally tighter as well as stylistically livelier.

MacFall completely revised the beginning of the biography. He begins with a dramatic scene, opening night of the 1902 Broadway musical version of *The Wizard of Oz*: “Deafening applause and calls of ‘author, author’ rang through the Grand Opera House in Chicago as the curtain fell on the second act of *The Wizard of Oz*” (p. 1). He depicts Frank Baum as himself a sort of leading man attending the performance, “slim and elegant in a dark suit,” who immediately launches into a monologue thanking the audience and acknowledging the contributions of the other artists who made the production a smash success. Then the chapter backs up to describe the play version in some detail, with bits of dialogue ("Heartless and poisonous flowers, dare you defy the power of the Witch of the North?"). Verses from the play's original music are quoted in detail. When the play was over, “one spectator recalled that as he walked home, he saw groups still standing on downtown street corners, whistling tunes, comparing impressions, and generally reliving parts of that first performance” (p. 5). The chapter closes with a retrospective look at the play's composition and Baum’s role in working on the project: his first meeting in Chicago with Paul Tietjens, a young musician recently arrived from St. Louis who would write the music for Baum's play; and hints (quickly denied by Baum) of Baum's struggle with Frederick Hamlin as business manager and Julian Mitchell as stage director. The chapter concludes: “Thus, after having written to please a child, Baum found that he had written to please a good part of the nation” (p. 16).

MacFall had added a dramatic flourish to the biography that was lacking in the memoir. And there was a particular reason for this sense of the dramatic: not only to grab the attention of the book's reader, or to suggest to the reader the degree to which Baum's love of the theater continued to motivate his life, but also hopefully to inspire another musical theater production. MacFall evidently hoped to hear cries of “author, author” directed at himself. The papers include a synopsis of the book for Richard Rodgers, clearly intended to show off the potential that the life of L. Frank Baum itself had for production—a life that spanned "years of great financiers . . . of the social splendors of the Four Hundred . . . of the chicanery and violent social injustice of the period known as the Gilded Age; of the rise of American industrial power and the growing conflict of farmers, labor unions, and industrialists; of the last Indian wars and the last frontier.” L. Frank Baum was “a man who embodies in his adventur-
ous life much of this brilliant and brassy age.” What MacFall had in mind was the creation of a literary legend, a P. T. Barnum or Will Rogers showman whose literature recounted the hardly less fabulous life he lived.

In addition, as published, To Please a Child suggests an overall narrative direction that the original memoir lacks. While the memoir of course takes note of births, deaths, and transitions, these seem to act merely as a sort of frame on which hangs a series of anecdotes about Baum family life, amusing episodes about Maud, Frank, and the boys. There is, for example, the story of the Affair of the Bismarks: Maud disapproves when her husband brings home one day a dozen jelly donuts (“Bismarks”)—and, in retaliation, she refuses to eat them but insists that her husband must finish them off. The first two days Frank eats them cheerfully enough; but when the stale Bismarks reappear on the table yet a third day, he protests. Frank hides them, but they reappear; he buries them in the garden, but they are resurrected, dusted off, and take their place back on the table. Finally Maud agrees to let Frank off the hook if he promises never to buy any food without her approval.

There are family legends about visits from relatives. And the manuscript seems to be the written source of the story, most likely spurious, about the origin of the name Oz: as Frank told neighborhood children stories of Dorothy and her friends, one little girl asked him where they lived. As he cast about for a name, Frank’s eyes lit upon two nearby file cabinet drawers, labeled “A–N” and “O–Z,” and answered that they came from the Land of Oz. The memoir suggests that telling stories must have been a way of life for the Baum family; there appears to have been a large repertoire to recycle over and over.

The published version of To Please a Child recounts these same tales, but it makes them secondary to narrative considerations: no longer the very point of the story, they are now enlivening details. The Affair of the Bismarks is recounted but considerably shortened. The story of the origin of the name Oz is rewritten and inset in a surrounding narrative about the book’s construction. The narrative gives some minimal sense of historical context: when the Baums are living in South Dakota, for example, before their move to Chicago, the biography describes Aberdeen, a “small prairie community” (p. 64) and at least mentions the Indian massacre at Wounded Knee—which occurred, coincidentally, ten days after Baum published a newspaper column satirizing United States/Indian relations. The biography, guided by MacFall, inserts parts of the senior Baum’s newspaper columns from the Dakota years, his “Our Landlady”
columns, which Frank Joslyn Baum had relegated to an appendix. MacFall added to the biography discussions of the columns and of the elder Baum's literary work, including a more substantive critical discussion of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*.

Both the "Our Landlady" columns and *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* become episodes in the ongoing adventures of L. Frank Baum. For, more centrally to the narrative, MacFall gives a plot structure to the biography. The papers contain a typescript of an article that was published in *Young Readers* magazine (spring 1962), which is a condensed version of chapter nine of *To Please a Child*. Both printed and typescript versions (they differ somewhat) make explicit the overall plot of the biography, which does not really emerge from the memoir: that Baum tried a number of trades before hitting on his true vocation and the real road to success in writing stories for children. The cliché obvious in this theme both reflected and reinforced one version of the American success story: the complementary ideas that success is inevitable if one only discovers one's true vocation, and that one magically finds that vocation in the quest that life offers.

MacFall had learned his lessons in writing from the subject of the biography. In MacFall's reconstruction, L. Frank Baum's life resembled that of his most beloved characters in that he himself travels a road to find his heart's desire—which is all the time within him. L. Frank Baum was the man with brains, heart, and courage, who had found his way to the Emerald City of Hollywood, finally, and a "home" in the hearts of children everywhere. As the typescript of the *Young Readers* article puts it: "After half a lifetime spent stumbling through the Gilded Age and half the vocations a man can try, he had found fortune within himself in the humble gift of storytelling." *To Please a Child* is carefully plotted so that this theme, which reaches a climax in chapter nine, runs through the entire narrative. As readers have often noted, in *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* the Tin Woodman's gentle heart is apparent long before the Wizard grants his request; the Scarecrow is the source of ideas even before he gets his brain; the Lion always has the courage to lead the little band; and Dorothy has the means to carry her home, her silver shoes, from the outset of her journey. Likewise, Baum clearly has within him the very gift which he seems through the early part of the narrative to seek: he tells stories to his own sons when they are babies; when the Baums are in South Dakota and Baum is trying to run a dry goods store, the children of Aberdeen, who love him and are drawn to Baum as to the Pied Piper, clamor after him for stories; later, he entertains the neighbor children when he is home in
Chicago from trips as a traveling salesman. As with the characters Baum created, his own success in writing children's stories becomes the outward sign of the inner gift which he has always had.

We should understand this structure not as a deliberate lie on MacFall's part nor as a central revelation about Baum's life which the biography reveals, but rather as a construction of the narrative of the biography, employed to make the life more readable and indeed more publishable, neither exactly a falsehood nor a truth. How deliberately MacFall made these parallels with *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* may be impossible to say, although the structure of the biography's narrative seems clear. In any case, plotted this way, the story of L. Frank Baum held a special charm for readers who had grown up reading *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, the obvious target audience for the book. That MacFall was aware of this target audience is clear in a later letter (1961) to publisher Henry Regnery, where MacFall, in discussing his (now completed) book's title, says: "I should hate to have the biography mistaken for a child's fantasy, as that would injure its selling appeal to the audience of middle aged people who were brought up on the Oz books." We may conclude that he equally saw selling appeal to those same people in a plot structure that mirrored the Oz book. And this plot also repackaged the Oz story for a post-World War II boom period, which had recently seen the MGM film on television for the first time. MacFall creates a legend of a man, which feeds right into what the film had called L. Frank Baum's "kindly philosophy" (as the epigraph of the film puts it), as it reconstructs him in the image of his literary characters. That audience was confirmed in the idea that Baum's "kindly philosophy" would assure them also of their hearts' desires.

L. Frank Baum's life could certainly be interpreted differently. His career was that of a nineteenth-century entrepreneur. He had some success in almost everything he tried, and actually had about the same amount of success in his writing of children's stories as in some of the other careers he attempted. For example, while his first play *The Maid of Arran* was a hit, his theatrical company never did quite so well again. When Baum undertook the management of a family business, his product, "Baum's Castorine," sold well. In South Dakota, the newspaper he ran had over three thousand readers at one point. The later waning and waxing success of these ventures had as much to do with the rise and fall of the economy, and pure luck, as anything else; but Baum himself seemed to do best at the

5. L. Frank Baum Papers.
beginning of a new enterprise, in a first flush of enthusiasm. Similarly, in
writing children’s books, he never repeated the achievement of The Won-
derful Wizard of Oz and ended up repeating the Oz formula in books for
children to make money, though he would have preferred to devote him-
self to other writing and other projects.

A later letter, from MacFall to Justin Call, M.D. (1974), acts as a post-
publication commentary on the biography. Call, professor and chief of
child psychiatry at the University of California at Irvine, had written to
MacFall for information about Baum’s health and his childhood, as he
was writing a paper, “Baum and the Wizard: A Clinical Note,” for a
conference that September on The Media and the Mind of the Child.
Curiously, in answer to Call’s questions about Baum’s heart ailment, fre-
quently alluded to in To Please a Child, MacFall suggests that possibly
Baum never really had a heart problem. He also clarifies a point about L.
Frank Baum’s father: that family legends about the oil production of Ben-
jamin Baum may have been exaggerated, that the senior Baum had
merely skimmed crude oil from the surface of a creek and that, while he
had certainly made money, he was far from an oil giant.

Both the oil fortune and the heart problems may well have been mat-
ters of family legend which MacFall could not verify beyond Frank
Joslyn’s account of them. But both are still often assumed to be true by
Baum’s readers, critics, and scholars. What MacFall says to Call in the let-
ter about Baum’s heart is surprising, because it directly contradicts the bi-
ography, where Baum’s recurring heart problems are taken as fact. That
Baum always feared for his heart had long come to be taken as a critical
gloss through which to read the Tin Woodman in The Wonderful Wizard
of Oz: the Tin Woodman’s concerns about his heart are read as Baum’s
commentary on his own physical state. But why would MacFall uncriti-
cally seem to accept Frank Joslyn’s account of his father’s physical state in
the biography if he did not really believe it?

Perhaps MacFall felt he had no choice; it may have been difficult to
contradict Baum’s son’s testimony. But it also suited MacFall’s purpose to
recast Baum in the image of his characters. Whether or not he physically
resembled the Tin Woodman in having “heart” problems, the L. Frank
Baum of To Please a Child has become the historical embodiment of his
main characters; but the physical detail reinforces the resemblance. What
MacFall has done is the inverse of what biographical criticism does: pro-
ducing not a biographical “reading” of the text but rather a tex-
tualized biographical subject in conformity with the texts his subject has
produced.
But perhaps MacFall’s most interesting comment suggests that one point of Frank Joslyn’s hidden agenda was to demonstrate “that his father was a saint and his mother a devil” because of an argument with her over the proceeds of the MGM film. To describe Maud Gage Baum, as depicted in either the memoir or the biography, as “a devil” may be an exaggeration. MacFall may well have softened Frank Joslyn’s portrayal of his mother. But Maud Gage Baum certainly comes across as a strong-willed woman, as the Affair of the Bismarks demonstrates. Other family tales reveal that she, not her husband, was the disciplinarian and that she did not hesitate to use physical punishment on her children. Some tales show her personally spanking the children with a hairbrush, after which her husband comforts them. Frank Joslyn Baum may have used the biography as a therapeutic tool—not just because of his argument with his mother over film proceeds, but possibly because of childhood resentments as well.

But the picture that emerges is certainly not that of a monster. In an early letter to MacFall (6 May 1951), Frank Joslyn describes his mother as “a very pretty young girl, rather tall—with a beautiful figure.” He refers MacFall to the appropriate pages in his typescript, where he describes the Gage residence in Fayetteville, New York, just east of Syracuse. It is a “fine old house,” full of books and antiques, with the first piano ever brought to Onondaga County. Maud’s grandparents had been abolitionists who ran a station on the Underground Railroad. They raised Maud’s mother, feminist Matilda Gage, to question authority and to think deeply. Maud Gage grew up with pride in her ancestry, which her family claimed to trace back 250 years. Frank Joslyn claimed to find in her family “hereditary tendencies” which surfaced in Maud and which made her “vindictive, harsh and stubborn.” She is the heiress of a lineage that her son approves at the same time that he wishes to implicate her in its severity. What emerges is a convoluted and shadowy representation from a writer who not only has not fixed on a clear image, but whose conflicted motivation suggests competing images. The son feels himself more closely aligned with the less ambiguous figure of his father, who emerges more clearly as a sweet-tempered, gentle, free spirit, who comforts the child who is weeping from harsh discipline and tells him a fantasy story.

Frank Joslyn’s lack of resolution about his family conflicted with MacFall’s sense of plot. But for Frank Joslyn, his father as character forms the center of the narrative, not the plot line. His comments indicate a concern about maintaining a focus on his father as this unitary center of the text. In his extensive criticism of MacFall’s first chapter, for example (letter of 11 December 1956), he claims to like the idea of opening with the
musical but then expresses concern about the number of characters that
the chapter introduces. He worries that in suggesting the role of others in
producing the Broadway show, his father’s role will be diminished. And in
aggrandizing that role, in giving the picture he wants to create, he sug-
gests that he is not even above inventing some detail. “What we want to
do,” he writes to MacFall, “is emphasize the life of Baum, even if at times
we have to use a bit of imaginative material”—a remark that may well
make us suspicious about some of his information. While Frank Joslyn’s
project in writing may at times run parallel to MacFall’s—his use of anec-
dote and incident, for example, conforms to MacFall’s need to show
specific dramatic details—they run counter to one another at several
points. Baum wanted a character sketch of his father that emphasized his
strengths and virtues, that showed him as a kindly story-telling father
figure. MacFall wanted a dynamic, dramatic, clearly-plotted narrative.

In the biography as published, Maud Gage Baum remains an enigmatic
figure, though still the strong-willed practical disciplinarian. As with her
husband, the biography here also suggests a clearer narrative line, though
she remains static and one-dimensional. Depicted as exasperated with her
husband’s whimsicality, concerned about the family income, she attempts
to remake that very quality in practical terms. Guided by her feminist
mother Matilda Gage, Maud is the motivating force that enables The
Wonderful Wizard of Oz to be written: she encourages Baum to write and
publish his stories—not because she has any sympathy with Baum’s fantasy
world but because she sees publication as a way to make money. “I have to
admit,” she is depicted telling her husband, “the children keep coming
here to listen to your stories, and some of their parents are interested, too.
Mother was usually right about things, and she kept telling us your stories
would sell if you would only write them down” (p. 110).

Just as readers have tended to take the story of the Tin Woodman bio-
graphically (in part because the biography has written Baum in the image
of the Tin Woodman), so too has the supposed antagonism between
Baum and his wife and mother-in-law been used to read his texts, partic-
ularly the immediate sequel to The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, The Land of
Oz. Critics often suggest that General Jinjur and her Army of Revolt in
that text are satires on feminism and particularly on Maud Gage. But it is
Frank Joslyn’s manuscript that explicitly states: “As Frank had for many
years heard Maud’s mother, an ardent feminist, constantly talk about the
rights of women and how they should force the men to agree to their de-
mands, the army of revolt was undoubtedly a subconscious expression of
Mrs. Gage’s personality” (p. 239). As more recent critics have noted,
General Jinjur answered the Guardian of the Gate as follows: “Surrender instantly!”

General Jinjur and her rigid military style are more likely to be a satire on the military school which the young Lyman Frank Baum attended and which he clearly hated. As Frank Joslyn admits, his father and mother always got along well (though he attributes that to his father’s deference to his mother’s wishes); and all evidence suggests that L. Frank Baum got along extremely well with his mother-in-law. He seems to have had no problem with strong women in his personal life. What is perhaps more remarkable than the depiction of General Jinjur and her army is Baum’s perpetual fascination with little girls as main characters, though they must constantly be helped by fantastic male figures—Dorothy, to choose the
best-known example, is the little girl protagonist of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, although the three friends who accompany her seem to be disguised males, adult perhaps in size but whimsical and child-like. And, as critics have also remarked, the power of Baum’s magical female characters, such as witches and sorceresses, tends to be real, while that of men, such as the Wizard, tends to be illusory. Women tend not to be particularized but to be depicted in the broadest possible terms: witches are good or evil; Aunt Em is weathered but kindly; Glinda is beautiful, good, and powerful. What the books seem to suggest is not a specific biographical conflict—antagonism to a wife or mother-in-law, as Frank Joslyn says—but culturally-rooted ambivalence toward women in general.

In addition to the memoir, Frank Joslyn contributed considerable research between 1956 and 1958, when the first draft of the book was completed. In his letters to MacFall, Baum writes about details of his father’s life (often evidently in answer to MacFall’s question), more family anecdotes, family history, and possible publishers. Sometimes he expresses exasperation, when he feels that MacFall’s questions are answered in his original manuscript—which, he clearly feels, MacFall has not read attentively enough. Letters between the two men fly quickly, separated at most by a couple of days. Frank Joslyn is engaged in correspondence with possible publishers; he is collecting more information about his father, such as the manuscript of *L. Frank’s Road Hit, the Maid of Arran*; he finds some old stories by his father. The correspondence is so steady that on 27 October 1957, when Frank Joslyn has not heard from MacFall in two months, he writes to ask why.

Then on 26 February 1958, Frank Joslyn sends a handwritten letter (his usual habit was to use a typewriter) to MacFall to tell him that he is in the hospital—for a heart “check-up” he says; but clearly the situation is more serious than that. He expects to be in the hospital for about a week. In fact he has had a heart attack and is in the hospital for over a month.

Although Frank Joslyn did recover from the attack and returned home in April 1958, and although he makes light of it in the letters and does not mention it after his return home, most likely he never fully recovered. On 27 November 1958, Baum sends MacFall a copy of the biography that he had retyped from MacFall’s “scripts,” as he says, “with such changes as I deem necessary,” with his letter calling attention to these changes or to points that he wants MacFall to consider: his father’s experience at military school caused his life-long hatred of the military, yet he supported Frank Joslyn in his military career; Matilda Joslyn Gage had written *Woman, Church and State*; more information about composer Alberta M.
Hall is needed; can’t some of the details from Frank Joslyn’s memoirs be added? His suggestions are not extensive; they are sometimes perceptive and other times misguided; but they always suggest a closely-considered reading of the manuscript—and if they do occasionally resound with a little wounded pride about his own writing, he seems to be a good reader, open to suggestions and finally concerned about the production of a readable text. He also suggests enlisting the help of critic Edward Wagenknecht, who had promised his help to Frank Joslyn earlier and who had written one of the earliest serious critical considerations of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1929). About a year later, after Frank Joslyn’s death, Wagenknecht would write to MacFall some advice about publishing the manuscript.

On 22 November 1958, Frank Joslyn wrote to MacFall about the book’s title. Baum wanted to title the book “The Royal Historian of Oz,” while MacFall favored “To Please a Child,” from an inscription that the elder Baum had written to his sister Mary Louise in a copy of his first book for children, *Mother Goose in Prose*:

> When I was young I longed to write a great novel that should win me fame. Now that I am getting old my first book is written to amuse children. For, aside from my inability to do anything “great,” I have learned to regard fame as a will-o’-the wisp which, when caught is not worth the possession; but to please a child is a sweet and lovely thing that warms one’s heart and brings its own reward. I hope my book will succeed in that way—that the children will like it. You and I have inherited much the same temperament and literary taste and I know you will not despise these simple tales, but will understand me and accord me your full sympathy.  

Frank Joslyn liked the title but wanted to capitalize on the word Oz itself. He thought that Oz in the title would sell more books.

That was his last letter to MacFall. Frank Joslyn Baum died on 2 December 1958. On 9 December his widow Elizabeth wrote to MacFall that funeral services had been held four days earlier, the day after what would have been Frank Joslyn’s seventy-fifth birthday. At the time of his death, an early draft of *To Please A Child* was complete. Frank Joslyn Baum had

devoted the last two years of his life to writing the biography that would preserve his story-telling father's memory.

Frank Joslyn Baum had lived to see the project substantially completed, though the biography was to undergo several more drafts. MacFall's original first chapter would be heavily revised, much of the revision consistent with the comments which Frank Joslyn had written to him. Finally, in 1961, the Chicago publisher Reilly and Lee, a firm that had published some of the Oz books, published To Please a Child, subtitled "A Biography of L. Frank Baum, Royal Historian of Oz." Taken together, the two titles reveal the different, sometimes crossed, purposes of the coauthors: Frank Joslyn Baum's to portray his father, if not as a saint, as a royal storyteller and to enshrine his father's place in history (as he discovers his own in his family); MacFall's purpose was to write of L. Frank Baum's "true vocation," found within him and leading him to success, as surely as the yellow brick road led Dorothy to the Emerald City.
Dreams and Expectations: The Paris Diary of Albert Brisbane, American Fourierist

BY ABIGAIL MELLEN

IN 1828 Albert Brisbane (1809-1890) persuaded his wealthy father to send him to Europe in order to find out “what is the work of man on this earth? What was he put here for and what has he to do?”¹ In Europe Brisbane became interested in French utopianism, especially the ideas of Claude-Henri de Rouvroy (Comte de Saint-Simon, 1760-1825) and Charles Fourier (1772-1837). Brisbane returned to the United States in 1834 and, until his death in 1890, devoted his wealth and energies to establishing an American Fourierist movement.²

Beginning with the publication of Arthur Bestor’s study Backwoods Utopias in 1950,³ there has been a resurgence of interest in the antebellum

1. Redelia Brisbane, Albert Brisbane, Mental Biography (Boston: Arena Publishing, 1893), 56. The book consists of biographical data that Brisbane dictated to his second wife, Redelia. She arranged and edited it, adding her own commentary. Subsequent references to this publication will be noted in the text as MB.

2. Between 1843 and 1857 twenty-eight Fourierist communities (called phalanxes) were established in the United States, including the famous Brook Farm. According to Carl Guarneri, Fourierism was “the most popular sectarian communitarian movement of the nineteenth century” (The Utopian Alternative: Fourierism in Nineteenth-Century America [Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1991], 60). Brisbane thought that the most important role he could play was as a publicist for Fourier’s ideas. Brisbane therefore wrote a weekly New York Tribune column. He also contributed funds to encourage Fourier societies and was a participant in the North American Phalanx in New Jersey.


Abigail Mellen is an adjunct assistant professor at Lehman College of the City University of New York. While researching her dissertation on Adolphe Thiers, a nineteenth-century French politician, she encountered the name of Albert Brisbane, her great grandfather, and decided to find out more about him. Currently, she is preparing Brisbane’s Paris diaries for publication by the Edwin Mellen Press Ltd.
utopias and other experimental communities in the United States. Brisbane's role in introducing and promoting Fourierist communities, or phalanxes, in the United States has been rigorously examined, particularly by Carl Guarneri. But there has been no systematic analysis of how Brisbane's experiences with European utopian thinkers influenced his efforts to recast their ideas in an American idiom.

During his years abroad, Brisbane kept a journal of his thoughts and impressions, of which two volumes remain. The first, which covers the period from 14 October 1830 to 5 January 1831, describes his travels through Greece, Turkey, the Middle East, and Italy. The second, written in Paris and Berlin and dated 26 September 1831 to 29 January 1832, includes Brisbane's first encounters with the Saint-Simonian movement. His entries in the second diary also reveal the concerns that would lead him to the Fourierists later in 1832. In this essay I will discuss primarily the second diary, which reflects the merging of American and European influences in Brisbane's thinking during this transitional period in his life.

Before discussing Brisbane's European adventures I want to describe his American upbringing. Born in 1809, Brisbane grew up in the wilderness settlement of Batavia in northwestern New York, a community that had been founded in 1801 by his father, James Brisbane, and several other agents of the Holland Land Company. These men had been hired to survey and begin settling the company's four-hundred-million-acre site on the shores of lakes Erie and Ontario. James Brisbane was postmaster and storekeeper in the company's first settlement—an influential post which he used in order to make a considerable fortune in land speculation.

4. Guarneri, in The Utopian Alternative (see note 2) examines the development of the Fourierist movement in the United States and its contributions to American associationist and cooperative theories and programs. Within this context he studied Brisbane's life. I am indebted to Guarneri for advice on this paper.

5. There are two holograph diaries among the Brisbane Family Papers in the Department of Special Collections, Syracuse University Library. All subsequent references to Albert Brisbane's diary refer to these manuscripts. In Mental Biography, 22, Redelia Brisbane writes of discovering sometime in 1877 (after her marriage) a journal of Brisbane's first six years in Europe, 1828 to 1834. Presumably, the two remaining volumes were part of a larger set of five or six diaries. The other diaries have never been located.

6. By the mid-1820s, James was a wealthy man and had built a substantial house in Batavia (presently the town hall). See William Wyckoff, The Developer's Frontier: The Making of the Western New York Landscape (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1988). James Brisbane's obituary in Batavia's Spirit of the Times (3 June 1851) indicates that he left a large fortune to Albert and his brother, George Brisbane.
Rapidly completing the program of the settlement school, Brisbane spent his youth within a few miles of a Seneca Indian village. He often went “fishing and hunting . . . in the neighboring forests, in intimate contact with nature. . . . At the age of 10 [he] possessed three guns and had free use of the horses in [his] father’s stable. . . . Discovering that [his] inventive efforts required mechanical aid, [Brisbane soon found that] the carpenter, the saddler, and even the blacksmith were important person­ages” as they helped him to devise traps and other tools for his various ad­ventures (MB, 53–4). Brisbane developed a technological and scientific bent. “I was deeply interested in ‘thunder powder’ [gun powder] and I wanted to learn chemistry. . . . So I got all the encyclopedias I could find and studied and compounded alone” (MB, 55). Thus Brisbane grew up quite independently, in an open, rural community, surrounded by hard­working individuals,7 in a setting that encouraged contemporary Jeffer­sonian republican ideals of self-sufficiency and egalitarian individualism.8 From Brisbane’s perspective, the world offered boundless opportunities for anyone willing to make an effort.

Because of the “liberal views” of its founders, the Batavian settlement had no church, and Brisbane was not exposed to religious orthodoxy—a fact that would influence his later observations and reflections (MB, 49). However, the Brisbane household was highly literate: his father, the son of a Scottish physician, was a trained surveyor and his mother, an English­woman, “was a student of all the sciences, particularly astronomy” (MB, 51). Aside from his limited community schooling, Brisbane received in­struction at home, especially from his mother with whom he would talk for hours about “the mysteries of astronomy and the planetary system . . . and the threads of history—the Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians and Romans” (MB, 51–2).

When Brisbane was fifteen his father took him to New York City to attend a preparatory school. Two years later Brisbane was put in the

7. See Wyckoff, The Developer’s Frontier. His account of the development of the Holland Land Purchase and the role of the Brisbanes confirms Albert Brisbane’s descriptions of the importance of the village artisans and of the individualistic nature of the commercial development that was responsible for the growth of Batavia.

8. Jefferson’s ideal of an independent citizenry required an economic self-sufficiency only possible in a place of boundless opportunity and implicit perfectibility such as America. Here society could reinvent itself in a practical way; technologies and innovations could be introduced and developed without producing the harsh divisions and cruel poverty of European capitalism. By the time Jefferson left the presidency in 1809, the year of Albert’s birth, this vision had been become part of mainstream American ideology.
charge of a tutor, Jean Manesca, a French-Haitian former plantation owner, educated in the Enlightenment tradition of prerevolutionary France. Manesca’s “inclinations [Brisbane stated] led him toward psychological research. He based his views on the popular philosophy of the eighteenth century and one of his favorite authorities was Helvétius.”

Through Manesca’s influence, Brisbane “inclined to accept the same doctrine” (MB, 63). Helvétius thought that all human effort was driven by the concern to seek pleasure—the ultimate source of all good—and to avoid pain—the source of all evil. From this premise, Helvétius developed a theory for social engineering, arguing that governments could act to improve the quality of society and humanity by encouraging good and productive human endeavors with satisfaction and discouraging evil and foolish efforts with pain and dissatisfaction. Such a theory of social manipulation fit well with Brisbane’s sense of human potential.

After two years of study with Manesca, Brisbane concluded that European thinkers offered humanity the best prospects for realizing its potential. So in 1828 he asked his father to allow him to study in Europe in order to “solve the mystery of man’s destiny, to penetrate the why and the wherefore of his advent on this planet” (MB, 63). After a few months of consideration, James Brisbane allowed his son to go. Thus Albert Brisbane set sail for Europe with the idea that he was capable of learning and doing whatever he wanted in a world in which answers did exist to even the most complex problems—if one searched hard enough. As with his early scientific efforts, Brisbane anticipated tangible results.

Brisbane spent his first year in France “at the Sorbonne following les cours of Guizot, Cousin, Villemain, the popular lecturers on philosophy, history and literature” (MB, 72). The agitation that would lead to the

---

9. Claude Adrien Helvétius (1715–1771), a French Enlightenment thinker and sensationist, argued that all human understanding was based on what people learned through their senses. For a good elaboration on his theories see Peter Gay, The Enlightenment, an Interpretation (New York: Knopf, 1996).

10. Guillaume de Bertier de Sauvigny, in The Bourbon Restoration (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1966), 341–2, calls these three the “greats of liberals arts.” François-Pierre-Guillaume Guizot (1787–1874), Victor Cousin (1792–1867) and Abel François Villemain (1790–1870) were all important liberal thinkers who had opposed the republican and Napoleonic governments and supported the restoration of monarchy as the return to a government of reason and law. However, Charles X’s fears of any opposition and subsequent efforts to constrain the deputies prompted Guizot and others in the Chamber of Deputies to begin to formulate a position that emphasized the Charter of 1815 and the responsibility of the monarchy to rule in cooperation with the representa-
Self-portrait of Albert Brisbane at eighteen.
upheaval of 1830 was already beginning to develop in 1828, particularly in the intellectual circles of Paris. Guizot, who had been banned from the podium in 1826 for raising questions about the “sacred” origins of the monarchy, had just been allowed to resume lecturing in history when Brisbane arrived. At the university, Brisbane would have been exposed to much political discussion.

Initially, Brisbane had not been concerned with utopian solutions to societal problems. His concern had been with the political process, “with the [French] liberal party and . . . the later realization of a [French] republic. I thought it would take place and I had confidence in its success.” But Brisbane’s hopes for the ability of political theory to explain society began to wane. He soon became impressed by Cousin’s eclectic utopian philosophy which (in Brisbane’s view) “selected from the systems of the past what might be considered truths [which could then] . . . be put together to form a new perfect system” (MB, 74). Brisbane’s studies with Cousin constituted his first contact with utopian ideas. Cousin’s frequent references to German philosophy, especially to Hegel, inspired Brisbane to study German; then in the spring of 1829 he traveled to Berlin in order to attend courses taught by Hegel and others at the University of Berlin.

As an American student and traveler in Berlin, Brisbane found himself a “subject of some social curiosity” (MB, 80). He quickly became established in a wide social set that included the intellectual salonière Rahel Varnhagen von Ense and her husband, the Mendelssohn family, and representatives of a responsible (that is wealthy, property-owning) electorate. Known as the Doctrinaires, this group aroused the concern and eventually the displeasure of Charles X and his ministers, and in 1826 Guizot was removed from his chair at the Sorbonne as professor of medieval history. The Doctrinaires had become the leaders of the opposition in the Chamber, supporting a popular protest, when Charles X suspended the Charter in 1830. Their followers convinced Charles X’s cousin, Louis-Philippe d’Orléans, to claim the throne with a pledge to reaffirm the Charter. Subsequently many Doctrinaires, and most prominently Guizot, served in the cabinets of the July Monarchy.

12. Arthur Bestor, in “Albert Brisbane, Propagandist for Socialism in the 1840’s” (New York History [April 1947], 128–58), indicates that Brisbane was one of the first Americans to enroll in a German university.
13. Brisbane was probably first introduced to Rahel by Henriette Solmar, a Berlin salonière who took a particular interest in foreigners (Terry Pickett and Françoise de Rocher, Letters of the American Socialist Albert Brisbane to K. A. Varnhagen von Ense [Heidelberg, 1986], 6). Varnhagen established one of the first and most influential salons in Berlin, so Brisbane’s connection with her provided access to a wide circle of influential people and the means of spreading his ideas. He remained in close contact with Varnhagen’s cir-
several university professors associated with Hegel, among them the philosophers Eduard Gans and Karl Ludvig Michelet. The latter directed Brisbane through a winter lecture series by Hegel (MB, 80–9).14

Among the people Brisbane met in Berlin was a Frenchman, Jules Lechevalier, who was also studying Hegel’s philosophy. When they met again in Paris in 1831, Lechevalier encouraged Brisbane to attend the Saint-Simonian assemblies. Later, when Lechevalier joined Fourier’s circle in the fall of 1832, he encouraged Brisbane to join the new group. Lechevalier became Brisbane’s link to the thinkers who would influence him the most.

Still in Berlin in the spring of 1830, Brisbane was becoming dissatisfied with his German studies. Although he remained impressed by the importance “assigned to thought and mind in general . . . by German philosophy and German literature, [nevertheless, he] . . . considered that they produce but little effect in pushing society and mankind ahead. Their speculations are cold and without life.”15 In this frame of mind he decided to travel, and in the spring of 1830 he began an extended trip through Greece, Turkey, the Middle East, and Italy.

Sometime during Brisbane’s travels he bought some Saint-Simonian writings describing the movement and the concerns of its founder. Claude-Henri de Rouvroy (Comte de Saint-Simon 1760–1825) believed that people of substance must work to benefit the poorest classes of society or else disaster and collapse would follow. In his system a technological elite, using their knowledge and skills to increase productivity, would

---

14. In this section of Mental Biography, Brisbane offers a wonderful description of Hegel’s lectures: “At the sound of the gong which brought to a close preceding lectures, the students rushed pell-mell into this hall and took their seats. Presently Hegel walked in, in a business-like manner and without salutation or preliminary of any sort took his place at the desk, opened a roll of manuscript and began to read. His eyes were constantly fixed on the manuscript while his head moved slowly from side to side of the page. His delivery was uniform and monotonous, his whole manner expressing a simple desire to present the subject matter without the slightest vanity of mannerism or any attempt at elocution. When the moment came to close the lecture, again indicated by the sound of the gong, it mattered not if it came in the midst of a phrase, all was stopped and snapped off with mechanical abruptness. The lecturer arose and in the same unconcerned manner passed out of the hall.”

15. Brisbane diary, 22 January 1832, Berlin. Brisbane had returned to Berlin for a second winter. By the time of this entry he had already encountered Saint-Simonianism with which, from his perspective, German philosophy compared unfavorably.
lead society to material prosperity, thus ending human misery. This elite would create a “new Christianity,” embodying principles for the better management of society, and would work in harmonious communities.16

Brisbane was sharply affected by the poverty and hardship he had witnessed on his travels. He writes of the “forlorn spectacle of wretchedness” (MB, 102) that the countryside offered, the “industrial stagnation and inertia of the wretchedly built and neglected houses” of Constantinople (MB, 111). In the first volume of his diary, in a passage written in Nauplia, Greece (30 October 1830), he writes that “the living of the peasants is very poor . . . You never find beds in their houses, they sleep on the floor. Their state is much inferior to that of our farmers both mentally and materially. . . . There are no internal improvements whatsoever. They have the worst possible agricultural machines, and the worst system of agriculture. How completely everything must be done in the most difficult manner. Consequently the country must be very poor. The capital of Greece is not equal to Batavia.”

Brisbane was struck by what he read of Saint-Simonian intentions to solve human distress on an immense scale through social reorganization. “The object . . . of immense social change . . . [that the Saint-Simonians proposed] was so universal that all the other smaller aims and undertakings of the world around me seemed insignificant and lost in the comparison.”17

Returning to Paris in the summer of 1831, Brisbane contacted his old friend Lechevalier, now a Saint-Simonian, and asked him to elaborate on the doctrine. Brisbane began attending the Saint-Simonian’s public and “family” meetings at their rooms on the rue Taitbout.18 His second diary, which begins in Paris in the fall of 1831, describes his strong feeling for the movement:

They offer an unbounded circle of action to the activity of the individual; a new world spreads out before his efforts and certainly there is a plenty to be done. . . . [Charles] Duveyrier19 in

18. By the time of Saint-Simon’s death in 1825, he and his disciples had established an organization to elaborate his doctrine and spread the good word through conversations, publications, and public lectures offered in cities throughout France. The lectures attracted growing crowds, especially in Paris. By 1831 the organization was well known and prosperous enough to move into larger rented quarters on the rue Taitbout.
19. Duveyrier was one of the principal Saint–Simonian leaders.
order to [measure] my interest in their efforts . . . suggested “supposing you were to hear that we had fallen through, that the thing was broken up with and we had all to disperse. What would be your feeling were you to come then to take leave of me?” It struck me most forcibly, I felt at the moment that in such a case I could sacrifice my life to support their understanding. . . . A strong feeling draws me towards them and still there is a doubt, a general feeling of skepticism. And then to change personality and modify your past feelings and interests, it is not the thing of a day.20

From his first contacts with the Saint-Simonians Brisbane was fascinated by, yet skeptical of, their ideas—an ambivalence borne of his American-based assumptions about human capacities that were now colored by his European experiences. Brisbane was attracted to Saint-Simonianism on several levels. First, he shared their compassion, their concern “to ameliorate the conditions of the most numerous and poorest class of society.”21

Second, he was amazed and excited by the scope of the Saint-Simonians’ ideas. Brisbane had already encountered Cousin’s wide-ranging and eclectic thought, and the depth, albeit lack of compassion, of the Germans. But the Saint-Simonians went further, offering “an unbounded circle of action towards a universal objective of immense social change.”

Third, and on a more personal level, Brisbane found the Saint-Si-

21. Brisbane diary, 4 October 1831, Paris. In the much later Mental Biography, Brisbane described his general distress at the rural poverty he saw in Ireland and the conditions of the urban poor he saw in Liverpool and Glasgow. In his diary, he described two episodes in detail, one from 30 September 1831, concerning a woman beggar he saw on his way home from the Paris opera: “I find despicable that feeling where one congratulates himself on finding an individual pleasure . . . [and could] amuse myself at the opera while so many had not even a little bread to eat.” The other entry, from 9 November 1831, concerns a woman and child who were begging in the cathedral at Strasbourg which he had stopped to see on his way to Berlin: “While I was inside of the church listening to the deep sounds of the organ and the chanting of the priests . . . a woman seated upon a stone step before an altar with a child in her arms beckoned to me and made a sign to give something to the child. . . . She said she had eaten nothing that day. Look, said she, and she took the child and laid bare its legs; they were skin and bone and on one was a large sore just healing up. A priest passed by, a deep wrinkle between his eyebrows. ‘Catholicism,’ I said, ‘Are you so dead, your head so weak that it cannot raise itself to help one poor being? And man, is all social feeling torn out of your heart?’ I gave the woman two sou and she thanked me with an extraordinary degree of earnestness.”
monians, especially the leaders Charles Duveyrier, Prosper Enfantine, Saint-Armand Bazard, and Michel Chevalier, attractive. He observed how much “at home” he felt with them, that “many of the young men who have rallied round the doctrine are of the first stamp—a superior society of young men could not be found in any nation at the present time.”

Brisbane considered himself an appropriate member of this “superior society.”

About two weeks after making these observations, in a diary entry of 13 October discussing correspondence with his former tutor Manesca, Brisbane indicated that Saint-Simonianism also appealed to his need for an idea to be tangible and specific. “I see by [Manesca’s] letter, that he is a complete S[aint] S[imonian]... [However, the Saint-Simonians] have added thoughts to their feelings and found a system for it, formulas by which they can realize [their thoughts] and apply them to society. Manesca has not undertaken that [formulation process] and without that, the feelings are nothing.”

Brisbane admired not only the ideals of the Saint-Simonians, but their hopes to realize their ideals by means of formulas, systems, and technology. Brisbane continues:

Manesca assures us the Saint-Simonian doctrines would be received and applauded in the United States. In that case I would not hesitate a moment, I should know what I had to do. I should at length have an object before my eyes; I should find something to which I could dedicate my life activity and body. . . . Could a commencement once be made in America . . . I should like to go and head it. . . . This letter has raised me up. It has opened the prospect of doing something [in the United States] and I would not give a farthing for my belief without action with it. . . . There is nothing offered now to the activity of the individual half as immense [as the program of the Saint-Simonians]. . . . The strongest minds are at present often engaged in trifling meager discussions which seem too trifling for babies’ work in comparison with the field the Saint-Simonians open—The idea of being able to do something in American has given me an impulse. It has raised me up and has left but a narrow space between me and the Saint-Simonians but it is still a difficult one to get over. I am near them but to enter within them will still require a very decided effort.

I went in the evening to see
the Muetta de Portici. It
was not well played there
were • coldness in the actors
and in the audience; I think it
is much superiorly performed
in Berlin as it produced no
delay any effect upon me.

Thursday 6th

Paris to

Sunday 9th Oct.

I wrote the 8th a long letter to my
father. I undertook in it to give
them some idea of the actual
political state of France, and to
do it I went up to the first visi-
tion. I made some observations
above Mirabeau, Robespierre, I
used with regard to Napoleon
that he had absorbed the revolution.
The above passage reflects Brisbane’s brash and youthful enthusiasm. But it also indicates that, during his years abroad, Brisbane had clarified his American-grounded ideals and his expectations of what European thinkers could offer.

As a result of his upbringing in Batavia, Brisbane assumed that all who had sufficient skills and independence of mind could improve their lives in tangible ways. Later, as a student in Europe, he grew impatient with the theorizing of such thinkers as Cousin and Hegel when he realized how little bearing it had on Europe’s terrible urban poverty. A Saint-Simonian program of action appealed much more to Brisbane’s American optimism and pragmatism. Further, while Brisbane continued to find Europe an important source of ideas, he was less impressed with other aspects of European society. “There was an absence of any deep sentiment of progress [in France],” he noted in a diary entry of 4 October 1831. “I begin to feel outside of Europe,” he wrote six weeks later. “It seems to me an old, debauched being. . . . My feelings turn again toward America, the young land of realization and the people of practical and social progress.”

Despite some of his negative impressions of Europe, Brisbane had, in fact, been impressed with the wide-ranging intellectual speculation he encountered, as well as the lifestyle, the manners, and the sociable attitude of many of the people he met. As a child of wealthy and educated parents, Brisbane had entrées to wealthy, established European and American expatriate circles. While he found the concerns of some Americans tedious, generally he enjoyed the busy sophisticated European social life. He frequently attended the theater and opera in Paris and participated in an endless round of visits, dinners, and balls, especially in Berlin.

Whatever his pre-European sense of class and status had been, by 1831 the manners and habits of a young boy who had run in the woods, trapped squirrels, and caught fish were long gone. Brisbane viewed himself as part of a European-defined cosmopolitan, intellectual, and social elite, and he had begun to acquire the attitudes and expectations of this community. In discussing Manesca’s letter, Brisbane spoke not just of having found an object to which he could dedicate his life but also that he would like to lead the American project—suggesting that he had developed a greater sense of his own importance as well.

26. Brisbane diary, 4 October 1831, Paris. Brisbane attended a dinner hosted by the U.S. ambassador, who was only interested in discussing American political developments, including the upcoming presidential race; he was not interested in Brisbane’s ideas.
Alan Spitzer, in his study *The French Generation of 1820*, has identified a cohort of bright young men, born in the last years of the French Revolution and shaped by the opportunities of the early empire, who were filled with a strong sense of social responsibility for the future direction of French society. They were frequently present at the Sorbonne lectures of Guizot and Cousin during the last years of the Restoration, and they were participants in various radical organizations—from the nationalistic Carbonari to the utopian Saint-Simonian society. These young men, Spitzer has argued, pursued their high, often conflicting, ideals with an earnest self-satisfaction and intellectual arrogance, convinced of their generation’s capacity to direct the transformation of society, and of their individual capacities to lead their generation.

A substantial segment of Spitzer’s cohort were affiliated with the Saint-Simonian movement. Brisbane (aged twenty-two in 1831), was in their age group and, through his Saint-Simonian involvement, was friends with several of the individuals Spitzer has identified. In his diaries Brisbane made it clear that he admired and respected these earnest, often self-important young men and women. So, I suggest, Brisbane may have begun to acquire something of the attitudes of those around him, mixing the ideas he drew from his American experience with a new attitude—a sense of his own importance as an intellectual leader.

Despite his identification with Europe’s elite and with the elite character of the Saint-Simonians, Brisbane expressed doubts about the movement and his capacity to fully commit himself to it. I want to consider these doubts in the context of Brisbane’s American expectations about people and how he had modified his views as a result of his European experiences. It is important to understand Brisbane’s doubts because they explain his interest in and ultimate commitment to Fourier’s social theories.

---

28. The Carbonari were a secret society that promoted Italian unity and social reform. Founded in Italy, the society spread to other countries where it was associated with movements for political and social reform.
29. Spitzer, *The French Generation of 1820* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1987). Spitzer examines membership roles in society and personal correspondence, as well as the opposition press and other publications of the late restoration, in constructing a list of some 180 young men aged between twenty and thirty in 1820 who would all leave an impression on their age.
30. Brisbane diary, 26 September 1831, Paris. In his first description of attending a Saint-Simonian meeting, Brisbane speaks of meeting the leaders Bazard, Enfantine, and Duveyrier, among others, having long conversations with them, and being impressed by them.
In describing his uncertainties about the Saint-Simonians, Brisbane had difficulty with the idea of faith, the devotion that Saint-Simonian leaders expected.

I don’t think I possess such a devotedness and could do what they [the Saint-Simonians] have done—I consider myself incapable of reaching the point [of faith] they have. . . . The question with me is, have I the stuff in me to join the SS with heart and soul? have I such a character that I could disregard every consideration of a familiar exterior nature and stand up and put forth with force and firmness a set of opinions or principles which the world would look at as ridiculous?31

Brisbane repeated his concerns about Saint-Simonian expectations of devotion throughout the diary.32 His unease with this issue of Saint-Simonian religiosity was tied to the circumstances of his upbringing. Not only was there no church in early Batavia, but Brisbane’s household was not religious. Although his mother spoke of God, Brisbane’s father, having as a young man experienced a “mental revolution, walked out of the old Scottish Presbyterian church [in Philadelphia where he grew up] with a sentiment of profound repugnance to all its doctrines . . . becoming a skeptic” (MB, 50). With this background Brisbane was unprepared for and uncomfortable with the ideas of complete devotion and orthodoxy that Saint-Simonian leaders espoused.

Religiousity had been a complicated issue for the Saint-Simonians from the beginning of the movement (MB, 50). In his concerns to advance society’s technological capacity as the best means to help the most numerous and poorest classes, Saint-Simon had spoken of creating a new church whose leaders would be the experts of the new technology, who would preach a new religion of science and reason. They would establish projects and programs to demonstrate how cooperative use of technology could improve humanity.

In an effort to advance their ideals, in the fall of 1831 the Saint-Simonians at the Salle Taitbout, the “mother house,” had begun a program of establishing ancillary cooperative dwellings intended for workers—a concrete effort to realize their ideals. The project ran into great difficulties, and in the ensuing debate in 1831 about what to do to improve the situation, a split developed between Enfantine, the “moral and spiritual

32. See entries for 17-21 October 1831, 11 November 1831, and 8-11 January 1832.
chief,” and Bazard, the “industrial chief” (as Brisbane called them). Each faction attempted to define itself as the orthodox wing of Saint-Simonianism, demanding rigorous observance from its followers.

This division was doubly distressing to Brisbane. The emphasis on religiosity was difficult, but the shift away from efforts to realize in a practical way the Saint-Simonian goals was also upsetting. “It must be that mechanical [administrative] parts of the hierarchy [of the Saint-Simonian organization] fill their minds and are their interests [Brisbane observed]. Where is the general feeling—the amelioration of the suffering part of mankind?”

As the dispute was intensifying in late October of 1831, Brisbane decided to leave Paris and spend a second winter in Berlin. “Is not the cause of suffering humanity immense enough to absorb them, their interests and attentions without quarreling about minor interests within themselves? The whole affair together enrages me,” Brisbane wrote in November. Despite his doubts, he kept up his Saint-Simonian connections while he was in Berlin that winter, corresponding with Michel Chevalier, the secretary distributing the newspaper of the Saint-Simonian organization, The Globe, and discussing its ideas with his German friends.

Among those to leave the Saint-Simonian fold in this dispute was Brisbane's good friend Jules Lechevalier. He shortly joined the circle around Fourier, impressed that he “had given to the world what had only been promised in the name of Henri Saint-Simon.”

Charles Fourier (1772–1837) was born into a family of wealthy cloth merchants. In his youth he observed the desperate poverty of the peasantry and decided that the source of poverty was not a lack of goods but rather people's inability to organize themselves effectively to provide all that they needed. Over many years Fourier constructed a complex system for describing different human characteristics relative to specific productive activities. He imagined ideal communities, or phalanxes, whose residents would reflect the perfect scientific balance of these different human

34. Brisbane diary, 28–29 December 1831, Berlin.
36. Brisbane to Michel Chevalier, 24 April 1832, Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal, Fonds Enfantine, MS 7601, p. 269.
37. Arthur Bestor, in “Albert Brisbane,” 137, discusses Brisbane's role in introducing Saint-Simonian ideas in Germany.
characteristics. Because of this balancing, these communities would be able to produce most efficiently, industry would become attractive, and prosperity would increase.

Fourier's dream was to establish such communities throughout the world. In 1822 he went to Paris to publicize his ideas and to find a patron to help him get a model phalanx started. There he attracted a small band of followers and met other social theorists. Although Saint-Simonian leaders (as well as public officials of all sorts) rejected Fourier's ideas, a number of followers of Saint-Simon were attracted by the concrete nature of the social organization that Fourier talked of and wrote about. 39

Like Saint-Simon, Charles Fourier saw the production of sufficient material goods as the solution to humanity's problems. However, rather than looking at technology, Fourier had focused on human nature. If human nature could be adequately understood, he argued, and productivity organized in cooperation with people's characters, then society would happily produce all the goods it needed and distribute them fairly, and there would be no more problems. Fourier had devoted his efforts to establishing what he considered to be a rational, scientific basis for describing human abilities; then he coordinated these abilities into scientific systems of production. Phalanxes were to be efficient and satisfying manufacturing centers, not temples devoted to the worship of Fourier's ideas.

In the early months of 1832 Lechevalier and another former Saint-Simonian, Abel Transon, began publishing brochures that promoted Fourier's ideas by contrasting them with the "ineffective" programs of the Saint-Simonians. 40 They pointed out that Fourier, like the Saint-Simonians, wanted to transform society, but Fourier offered a real course of action, based on scientific principles and not religious faith.

In the spring of 1832 Lechevalier sent Brisbane copies of his expositions of Fourier's work. Brisbane was very impressed with what he read 41 and impressed with Lechevalier's vision of Fourier's practicum for social

39. For further information, see Beecher, Charles Fourier.
40. Lechevalier, Cinq Leçons, a series of lectures on Fourierism published as a book in 1832.
41. Much later, in Mental Biography, 171, Brisbane recalled his reaction: "I took up the first volume [of Fourier's treatise] and began running over the introduction; soon I came to the following phrase printed in large type: 'Attractive industry.' In the few lines of explanation that followed, I saw that the author conceived the idea of so organizing human labor as to dignify it and render it attractive. I sprang to my feet, threw down the book and began pacing the floor in a tumult of emotion; I was carried away into a world of new conceptions."
reconstruction. So when Brisbane returned to Paris in May 1832 he was “impatient to meet the great Fourier—this man who had given me a first glimpse into human destinies” (*MB*, 145).

Brisbane, I suggest, was drawn away from the Saint-Simonians and towards Fourier because the latter seemed much less abstract and avoided the philosophical and religious problems of Saint-Simonianism which had provoked Brisbane’s doubts. Certainly when Brisbane began writing about Fourier for American audiences what he stressed was the idea of a blueprint, backed by scientific theory, that could transform the United States into an ever more productive but uniformly prosperous society—as, for example in the work *Association; or, A Concise Exposition of the Practical Part of Fourier's Social Science*.42

There is a last aspect of Saint-Simonianism that was troubling to Brisbane but which does not emerge directly in the diaries. Rather, we find it when we consider the consistently rural contexts and artisan or small-scale manufacturing activities that Brisbane used in *Social Destiny of Man*,43 his earliest work on Fourierism published in the United States. In this book he illustrates the application and operation of the theory of association, in which members of a community share work and sometimes property.

The America Brisbane had left in 1828 was essentially a preindustrial society, and his town of Batavia was a community of independent artisans. Though on his first travels in Europe Brisbane did not visit any of the mills or factory centers, he did see the terrible rural poverty in Ireland and concluded that it was “the industrial power of England that had paralyzed that of Ireland” (*MB*, 157). As a result of these experiences Brisbane did not seem to be interested in importing industry and technology as ends in themselves. Rather, he wanted to find a practicum that would apply to an essentially rural society and protect its egalitarian, individualist, even artisan character—as he imagined it.

Although the scope of Saint-Simon’s vision was appealing to Brisbane, there was something altogether urban about the movement, with its emphasis on a technological elite, when contrasted with Fourier’s programs. Further, while the Saint-Simonian cooperative plans were being tried in a large city and were not particularly effective, Fourier’s scheme, as Lechevalier and others presented it, was intended for rural, essentially preindustrial communities. Though ultimately Fourier’s plan might be

42. New York: Greeley and McElrath, 1843.
43. Philadelphia: C. F Stollmeyer, 1840.
adaptable to industrializing conditions, Brisbane’s initial concern was that it would work in rural American society.

Fourier wanted one patron to establish a model community. Its shining example, Fourier was sure, would quickly convert the world to his ideas. Brisbane, at the age of twenty-five in 1834, wanted to take up the job—in America. With all his study and travel, Brisbane had held on to his youthful expectations and ideas of America. Though more sophisticated and urbane as a result of his European travels, he remained determined to find a program that would work in America as he knew and understood the nation. European thinkers could formulate theories and programs—and Fourierism seemed the most suitable tool—but America with its energies and opportunities was where these plans would work. This was the new American-European synthesis Brisbane dreamed of building.

Brisbane’s diary, while it speaks mainly about his involvement with the Saint-Simonians, shows us the extent of his American-grounded thinking and of the impact of his European experiences on that American framework. The diary is only a small part of a larger picture; however, it gives us a better sense of who the man was who so hoped to create in America the good society that had eluded European planners and dreamers.
The Punctator’s World: A Discursion

BY GWEN G. ROBINSON

PART X

1950: ONWARDS! BUT WHERE?

In today’s fast play of short sentences and gunfire dialogue, punctuation has grown to be less and less the required organizer of a writer’s transmission. To compete with the here-now excitements of TV, electronic internetting and pantechnic film, verbal constructs for the static page are better kept simple, quick, and close to sensorial immediacy. Modern readers are impatient with the old priorities of literary artistry whose fulness of expression, clever turns of phrase, prosodic rhythms, and agglomerating sequences were once so pleasing.

TEXTBOOKS for budding journalists are recommending short sentences of fifteen to twenty words and vertical lists for ‘a clear layout’ of difficult materials. They instruct that to be successful, authors need not embellish every sentence with a verb, nor, in fact, worry very much about ‘grammar’. Language should be pitched to suit the sophistication levels of the reading masses, of whom there are an estimated seventy-seven million incompetents lurking in the U.K. and the U.S. alone. Such are the guiding directives for practising writers, and by extension, for editors, publishers, and book sellers, all of whom are scrambling to accommodate the public. While they race to make text easier, readers become less inclined (and less able) to deal with language that is demanding. Today, even careful writers must “face the fact that fine distinctions between such marks as colons and semicolons will be lost on many of their readers”.

FASTER AND FASTER

The human, we remember, is physiologically constituted to speak and hear, not write and read. Nevertheless, writing and reading have dominated our civilized history. They have done much for us, and changed us in the process. By enabling words to cross time and space, they liberated


Gwen G. Robinson was editor of the Syracuse University Library Associates Courier from 1983 to 1992. She continues to pursue her own research and writing.
us from the conditions of overpowering aurality. They cultivated knowledge to the extent that oral-aural learning traditions switched their allegiance to the eye. Once the action had moved fully into the visual domain, writing gave a special opportunity to wordsmiths. Working alone and in silence, those who wrote could see where and how to tighten the syntactic joints of word clusters, and thereby expand sentences, enlarge the scope of clauses, and qualify meanings in ways that reached beyond the comfortable limits of time-bound aural reception.²

To make their results more accessible to readers, they grew to rely on the logic of grammar. They delineated that grammar with punctuation, whose task became trifold: to clarify structure; disambiguate semantic snarls; and restore (when possible) the emotional subtleties of speech that contribute so much to meaning; that is, emphasis, intonation, and rhythm. In this manner was the range of a coherent sentence augmented. Gradually, the printed sentence ceased to follow the rambling voice patterns that had been so evident in manuscript production and became itself the ordered, often complex exemplar for ‘educated’ speech, whose best documented proponent was Samuel Johnson.

Though the brimming sentences that result from orthographic maneuverings may require effort both to write and to read, they are worth something, for they relate, assort, and hierarchize the otherwise undifferentiated substances of what word groups are charged to transmit. In addition, their frequent digressions and impulsive inclusions draw the reader into a mood of exploration, where verbal articulation and the play of wit presage insight and pleasure. The care that sustains such writing is not generally appreciated in these rushed, informal days. At a time when recreational excitement is everywhere available and information floods the cranial cavity like water from a fire hydrant, writers are pressed to style their prose for instantaneous grasp. To do this, they have learned to punch the message—however disjointed—directly into the circuitry behind the reader's eye. By breaking up the old-fashioned sentential constructions, they have sought to restore the immediacy of speech values to the silent word-ghosts stamped on the page—and, so, liven them up a bit. The push

². That writing can extend the reach of comprehension is accepted today by computational linguists as proven. See, for example, Wallace Chafe, “Punctuation and the Prosody of Written Language”, Written Communication 5 (October 1988): 395–426. Chafe argues that “punctuation units” (i.e., stretches of written language between punctuation marks) are standardly ten words long (and can be much longer), whereas their oral counterparts, “intonation units”, are invariably shorter, i.e., some five or six words long, and that this difference is possible because the nature of writing is static.
to make reading a competitively ‘fun experience’ has led written lan­
guage to behave, in so far as it can, like ordinary talk, for it is true that the
closer a typographed line is to its natural, oral-based source, the more
readily it is understood. If the context is sufficiently obvious and the lan­
guage sufficiently conventional, then even true-to-life empathetic si­
lences can be made to respire on paper.

Short vigorous statement became a staple of literary output following
the work of James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, and Ernest Hemingway (see
Part Nine). Its history carried on with Nobel laureate Samuel Beckett,
who, pushing brevity to the brink of silence, painstakingly scalped away
all extraneous matter (including his authorial self) to make his words seem
truly objective. Witness the opening to The Lost Ones, published in 1972:

Abode where lost bodies roam each searching for its lost one.
Vast enough for search to be in vain. Narrow enough for flight to
be in vain. Inside a flattened cylinder fifty metres round and sixteen high for the sake of harmony. The light. Its dimness. Its yel­
lowness. Its omnipresence as though every separate square centimetre were agleam [sic] of the some twelve million of total
surface. Its restlessness at long intervals suddenly stilled like pant­ing at the last. Then all go dead still. 3

The boundary-busting grammar of so august an artist contributed to the
widening ways of journalistic novelty. Short, full-stopped word clusters
(that were here directed to echo clamor inside a perceiving mind) became
negotiable coin for many purposes. Unencumbered and sharp in the cut
of their outline, sentence fragments proved, in fact, to be splendidly
forceful. The more vibrantly they stirred the senses, the better they
socked home. Look for a moment at the following samples: “The squeal
of metal”; “Ice-cream dripping off her elbow”; or best of all, Stephen
Pinker’s “Cherries jubilee on a white suit” 4—all of these nugget phrases
transmit splendidly without the support of a subject-verb-predicate
structure.

Meanwhile, from a different direction, Ray Carver was delivering his
brand of simple language in complete short sentences. Though they too
suppressed more than they exposed, they were nothing if not user­
friendly. Whatever readers could supply from their own imaginations

interesting about this book is the absolute absence of internal stops. The reader must read
some of the longer sentences several times in order to retrieve their sense.
Carver left unsaid. Most of his work concerned the imperfect communication of those who are inarticulate and abnormally laid-back—a timely topic that he excellently illustrated. Here follows a typical opening paragraph, from “Night School” in his short story collection *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please*.

My marriage had just fallen apart. I couldn’t find a job. I had another girl. But she wasn’t in town. So I was at a bar having a glass of beer, and two women were sitting a few stools down, and one of them began to talk to me.5

Carver’s artistry is real. Those sketchy sentences convey a bleak despair. The conversation that follows these lines (Carver’s stories abound in conversation—a must if one wishes to be popular in this age of image and instanty) is also couched in spare, sometimes atomized structures, whose very ordinariness makes them go down like Jell-O. Beyond the use of the final stop and the childlike *comma–plus–and*, punctuation for Carver is scarcely a consideration. Generally speaking, the music of intonation and the actual words of his style impart very little sparkle.

We encounter a more lustrous simple-sentence style in Rory MacLean’s recent work, *The Oatmeal Ark*, where the imagery, we note, is more tactile than Beckett’s and the vocabulary more telling than Carver’s. The historical content of *The Oatmeal Ark* demands some intellectual attention—as does its four-generational pileup of male protagonists, whose voices (sometimes confusingly) overlay one another. The constant refocusing (*Whom are we talking about now?*) derives from the customs of motion picture photography and is quickly becoming a ploy of published storytellers. Carver’s terseness is easier for readers to follow, for it is pure narrative and unadornedly human. Though MacLean’s sentence structures vary at times, they tend to accrete by simple addition, controlled by commas. Embedding is rare. Without the relief of frequent conversation à la Carver, the prolonged buildups of simple sentences, so regularly present at the beginning of paragraphs, tend to weary the tracking mind as the expectation of them grows. Nevertheless, MacLean is a thoughtful craftsman, committed to disencumbering the written word in a useful way.

At the end of the watch Pereira led Beagan down four flights, deep into the bowels of the ship towards the sound of singing. The smell of incense hung in the air. Plastic sandals stood on mats

by each cabin door. On the walls hung garish prints of Brahma and Bombay movie stars. Small studio portraits of sons and daughters were tacked to the head of every bunk.6

It is plain that the old art of word structuring is dying away, as is the habit of intellectual application required to appreciate it. Elaborate syntax with recondite vocabulary has become unappealing to average readers, no matter what meaningful insights it brings. A recent study of the changes in popular writing shows that between 1936 and 1996 sentence lengths in best-selling books decreased by some two-fifths, while dialogue increased by a third. As for punctuation, its frequency of use has been essentially halved.7 Only the full stop is holding its own. That the demands on it are heavy has been delightfully spoofed by the New Yorker magazine in very long sentences, one of which follows:

Representatives of the popular Times Roman font recently announced a shortage of periods and have offered substitutes—such as inverted commas, exclamation marks, and semicolons—until the crisis is overcome by people such as yourself, who through creative management of surplus punctuation can perhaps allay the constant demand for periods, whose heavy usage in the last ten years (not only in English but in virtually every language in the world) is creating a burden on writers everywhere, thus generating a litany of comments, among them: “What the hell am I supposed to do without my periods? How am I going to write? Isn’t this a terrible disaster? Are they crazy? Won’t this just lead to misuse of other, less interesting punctuation??”8

In matters of enjoyable cultural intake, it is plain that a passive, film-watching mode is now the preferred one. Complication must be avoided, for no one is feeling quite up to it. Why, indeed, should we push our brains along the bumpy byways of prolonged, outmoded sentences—those mazes of dry reason and wispy nuance—when alternative occupations beep, thump, and flicker at us, inviting us to enjoy ourselves? to ‘let it happen’? Though the thrills that they offer may claim to inform us (or

7. Todd Gitlin, “The Dumb-Down”, Nation, (17 March 1997), 28. See also Rudolf Flesch, The Art of Readable Writing (New York: Harper and Bros., 1949), wherein we are told (pp. 106–17) that on average the Elizabethan sentence ran to 45 words and the Victorian to 29, while ours (in 1949) were getting down towards 20.
at least to diminish the boredom of self-improving activity), they are in fact emotionally riling. Blunt in their brevity, disordered, sensational, and relating to little but themselves, they play a cynical game. Addressing the ear, they are blaring; addressing the eye, kaleidoscopic. Though their message is trivial, they allow no peace. With television and computer games leading the way, they have made entertainment a “natural format for the representation of all experience”.

There is almost nothing in common between the villager [of previous centuries] conning his book of scriptures by lantern-light and the contemporary apartment dweller riffling the pages of a newspaper while attending to live televised reports from Bosnia.

Where are they leading us, these teeming bits and bats of information fun? Where will it end?

As Marshall McLuhan and others have argued, the media are restructuring our perceptions. Voice sounds on our film screens are accompanied by virtually-real people, who wiggle their lips and waggle their eyebrows so that we both hear and see the processes of their communication—and seeing them, can flesh out what they are trying to say (but are not) by watching their hands and faces. The language they use can be minimally complete, since the environment in which it is spoken has already been established in virtual-reality picture form. As these screen characters rampage about, burbling love and killing each other, our hearts thump. Visual stimulation has supplanted thought; the spectacle of so much virtual ‘us-ness’ is overwhelming.

Twentieth-century technology, it would seem, has triumphed over our sensibilities. It has lured us like small children into the precincts of tunnel-visioned geeks, for whom an experience must be had if the equipment allows it. And so, the music gets louder, the screen broader, the pixel count higher, the colors more vibrant, and the sentences shorter. All these wonderments pluck at the human sensorium, stimulating hyperkinetic, ill-sustained mental images that shatter the quiet we used to use to such benefit. We are hard put to it to measure quality as we once did, to reflect on meaning, or savor subtlety. With rare exception, Electronic-Age artforms do not encourage extended in-depth thinking, argument, discourse, nor the acute examination of motive. They do not deal in verbal

precision. Their job is to please and instruct an ever more restive audience, and this they do by quick delivery, which even itself stirs up emotion. Topics that might prove slowing are abandoned as soon as they are mentioned. Most TV commentary is headline stuff, brief snippets of verbiage shaped not for content, but for potential camera theatrics. Film narrative is impatient of logical sequence and historical fact. It blows the mind with pulsating music and panoramic, ultra-virtual photography. Reading, by contrast, must limp along without the aid of screen or sound, let alone the additives of hot ‘technology’. It is a slogging, cerebral sort of activity that used to promise exactitude of fact and focussed thinking, neither of which cut much of a figure in today’s popular amusement inventories. The experience offered by books is unlike that of other current entertainments, for it is so patently vicarious, so unvirtual. When an uncommon vocabulary and a layered syntax are added to writing’s inbuilt load of awkwardnesses, the immediacy of meaning is removed to less accessible spheres. The electronically revved-up modern mind cannot easily relate to them.

Can it be possible that we are reversing towards some deviate form of our pre-print, aural–oral, intuitive selves? that, like bored school children, we are yearning for that Eden-like dream–garden where we can just jig around snapping our fingers and be our basic selves?—selves that have melded into a mass consciousness and work only to have fun and avoid stress? If it is to be the case that our hard–earned, read–write equipment is no longer used for aesthetic pleasures but only for utilitarian communication, then words will go back where they came from: to the mouth, that is, and to the ever responsive, present–tense, emotional ear—or even, possibly (given the popularity of headsets, boom–boxes, and discos), to a silence more complete than even Beckett could have coped with. Already, we see that yesteryear’s alliance with grammar is not crucial to the career of a text.

Now that technology has made verbal exuberance suspect and syntactic masonry an endangered skill, writers are writing the same kind of telegraphic “plainspeak” with surface–skimming, switch–about topic changes that have proved so effective in television realms, where words play sec-

---

11. *The English Patient*, for example, with its convincing historical aura was full of erroneous facts—a memorable one being the monastic double bed. In *Crocodile Dundee II* a raging bush fire was entirely forgotten in the following scene, when all the harassed characters simply resumed the action as though it had never happened. With film so overpowering, viewers accept false representations, simplifications, anachronisms, etc., as factually true. Thus are the valuable lessons of life’s chronicle lost in a blaze of blockbuster drama.
ond fiddle to pictures. Humanity, it would seem, is undergoing a vast and psychic shift. The values of left-hemisphere linear thinking, with its bias for visual, proportional space, are yielding to those of the right hemisphere—the seat of dynamic, multicentered and unboundaried acoustic space, aptly likened to a "symphonic surround." In neglecting our left-brain, print-heightened language abilities, electronic technology is causing a rearrangement in the ranks of our senses. As in the early years of print, hearing and seeing are again sharing the duties of information intake. However, there is a difference between our earlier selves and our present recycled versions, and it lies in today's hyped-up quality of stimuli. With each increment of electronic sensation, we become that bit less responsive to delicate distinctions—less patient with all the pastimes and pleasures that require intellectual discrimination. For that reason, the ambitious writer of plenary statement—our golden-haired, punct-loving hero, who in years past used to thread his pearls on long, long strings so that we might more clearly perceive his total and very personal mind-view—has been driven to change hats and quicken his gait, the better to run with the crowd.

Traditionally, in writing, the puncts (or stops) assorted important or intrusive elements within sentences for easier decipherability. They allowed perceptions that were felt to be simultaneous to unify in a single linear utterance and taught the eye to follow the author in the march of his thinking. Used rhetorically, they exposed the prosodic inner voices that connote authorial emotion. Readers, in no way ungrateful for these lavish attentions, gobbled up pages of cornucopian sentences without distress. Alas, less rigor in the classroom and the constantly multiplying choices of alternative enjoyments have not been kind to the literary artist. Who will read me if my words are different and my sentences exceed the fifteen-to-twenty limit? Today's ear-oriented, jumpy-sentenced, short-paragraphed incursion into popular literature, magazines, and advertizing spiel tends to hobble literary aspiration in its exercise of verbal play. Everything now tugs at the serious writer to jack up the ratio of purport to word; to hyperbolize despite the evidence; and to keep written words as common and winged as their most casual spoken models. Therefore, when word groups can be 'understood' without verb or connector, it is acceptable to let them be. When the drive for exactitude is as fierce as was Beckett's, the result may yet be gratifying—should anyone happen to notice.

12. Newspapers like USA Today make topic switching a major selling point.
Now that all topics are subject to pictorial accompaniment and theatrical expression, old standards of coherent debate, dialogue, and discourse no longer prevail in the oratory of politics, religion, or law. Where, in Abraham Lincoln's time, national issues were dealt with at great length in words strung into full-blown sentences, they are now evaluated by film-footage views of participants, none of whom seem willing (or able) to articulate their reasoning. Rock music, anecdotal chitchat, and even belly-dancing have in many cases replaced serious theological exegesis as appropriate fare for church congregations. As for lawyers and judges, they are rarely the guardians of lucid language that they used to be. Our current disregard for The Word is ripping from memory some three millennia's worth of ancestral tissue. We have thrown away the words of prayers and poems that generations out-of-sight loved and spoke before us. The fun of a good conversation and the beauty of incisive expression are beyond the ken of today's man-on-the-street. The overall decline in verbal skill is sustaining a market for dumbed-down versions of famous books; it is shunting our spare hours entertainment-centerwards. The human intellect has come to ground in what Postman calls "a peek-a-boo world", a world of constant interruption—a deformed analogue of what our senses were only recently enjoying.

Not for nothing is 'impactful' a favorite word these days. Classical volumes that once honed the minds and language usage of the reading populace are now more readily appreciated in film form, interpreted by third parties, who not only delimit our imaginations with their own faces and experiential rationales, but encourage our ineptitudes. The original authors of those videoed masterpieces no longer bond with us, for alas, being physiologically constructed so that nothing grabs us like a moving photographic image, we have deserted them. The fact is simple: Pictures zing us up, and moving pictures accompanied by speech scraps, by 'media' chatter and information one-liners, zing us up even more. Smart publishers, wanting to cash in on the ubiquitous bird-talk, have urged their authors to imitate it. Says Neil Postman of our submissive addiction to the electronic technologies: they are making us "sillier by the minute"—as even the birds must agree.

To see what caviar the general public is missing these days, let us look

15. The statue of William Wallace recently unveiled in Stirling, Scotland, is described (in the *New York Times*, 12 September 1997, A3) as looking like Mel Gibson, the actor who played Wallace in *Braveheart*.
for a moment at a few of those old-fashioned sentence types and observe
the language they were couched in. Do the pleasures they embody re-
compense the labor required to decipher them? Our samplings endeavor
to illustrate the charm factor of a so-called difficult full periodic sentence.
One should notice the quality of vocabulary, the variety of viewpoint, the
effects of delayed impact, play of wit, interesting turns of phrase, presence
of authorial mentor, and instructive philosophical pith. We start with a
sentence written by Jane Austin in 1816. Here is Emma musing about
Harriet’s matrimonial chances:

He was reckoned very handsome; his person much admired in
general, though not by her, there being a want of elegance of fea-
ture which she could not dispense with:—but the girl who could
be gratified by a Robert Martin’s riding about the country to get
walnuts for her, might very well be conquered by Mr. Elton’s ad-
miration.¹⁷

And here, a sentence from George Eliot’s Adam Bede, published in 1859:

Mrs. Poyser would probably have brought her rejoinder to a fur-
ther climax, if every one’s attention had not at this moment been
called to the other end of the table, where the lyrism, which had
at first only manifested itself by David’s sotto voce performance of
“My love’s a rose without a thorn,” had gradually assumed a
rather deafening and complex character.¹⁸

Alice James, the sister of Henry James, spent her declining years on an in-
valid’s couch “composing sentences” for her journal. Here is one, written
in 1891.

She was a refined mortal, and although fifty years of age, em-
bodyed still, as K. said, the Wordsworthian maiden, having that
wearying quality which always oozes from attenuated purity.¹⁹

And finally, here is Bernard Levin, a modern stylist in the classical tradi-
tion, writing as late as 1978:

Mr. Harrison begins by declaring that ‘it’s books that I’m into’
and goes on to make clear that he is interested in what his local

356.
community ‘is all about and where it’s at’—a statement of faith which hardly leads to a belief that it is literacy that Mr. Harrison is into or that the English Language is where he’s at.  

One feels that a responsible mind is hovering over a formal complex sentence, for both ingenuity and experience are needed to bring one’s scattered percepts into a unified field. In developing a thought, the author must classify its aspects by word groups that will fit the constraints of syntactic linearity. His is an occupation of reconstruction, and hence more painterly than photographic. In silent concentration he fiddles and fusses to make his structures both solid and translucent. Since they are complex as well as soundless, they must be made to obey readerly expectations. They must show their grammatical bones.

The typographed derivative of popular fragmentary speech has less need of the clues and signposts once used for more complicated text. It is accessed instead through the common database of spoken language. Familiarity with linguistic habit gives the reader a range of possibilities from which to expunge inappropriate interpretation of ambiguous wordage. It leads him to piece together fractured utterances, to excuse mistakes in diction, “to guess the referents of pronouns and descriptions, and to fill in the missing steps of an argument”. In actual conversation, the transmission of fragments is much helped by thoroughly established contexts—the speakers often standing in the middle of them, or meeting because of them. By interruption and query, talkers can clear up references and gesticulate nuance into their skittish, chopped-up phrases. Oral exchange is full of life. It is now the ambition of writing to imitate that liveliness.

To intuit appropriate choices of meaning from the shards of ‘popular’ writing, the reading eye must count on whatever is supplied of context and more than ever consult the database of speech. This is easy enough if the material stays plain. If anything obscure is advanced, however, a slack is likely to develop between the writer’s intention and the reader’s cognition. It is there, in that chasm of discrepancy, where the tight-mouthed, TV-oriented heir to the experimental successes of Beckett may yet find his chance for fame. The geeks will help him, of course. They will invent a typography that heightens laconic ardor with music and (for some mega-bucks extra) emits personality-enhancing odors so that readers may be sure which of the characterless characters to like and which ones to hate.

With all the excitement of flying speech fragments, we must expect to
grow less confident with older, more disciplined language, less willing to
test ourselves against its special requirements of concentration and soli-
tude. Since our cultural history is essentially preserved in the complex
‘periodic’ medium, much will be lost if popular authors do not some-
times redeem the old style, and readers contrive to handle it. Even so, if
elegant exposition is to survive at all, the practising writer of extended
formal structures will have to adjust to make the old fit the new, for he
dare not imprison himself in a “linguistic contour which no longer
matches, or matches only at certain ritual, arbitrary points, the changing
landscape of fact”.22 While his future is plainly precarious, he has been
gaced with a passion for language and a magicianly sleight of hand. We
hope for him. We turn now to have a look at several modern writers’ an-
swer to the oxymoronic activity of writing complex sentences in an Age
of Instantaneousness. As will be observed, the notable characteristic of
this refurbished ‘formal’ style is the meltdown of Latinate hierarchical
formalization into rivulets of motif, whose comfortable meanderings (di-
rected by commas and dashes) elicit the impression of ‘listening in’ on the
talk of intimate mental voices. The following illustration is an excerpt
from Tim Park’s Europa:

And what amazes me, going back now over this conversation
with my drunken but endearing colleague, Welsh of Indian ex-
traction, as I seem to be condemned to going over and over all
my conversations, so that if I’m not engaging in a conversation
you can be sure that I am going over one and generally wishing I
hadn’t engaged in it—what amazes me is how I have never been
able to be either an earnest supporter of good causes, or a manip-
ulator, as Vikram Griffiths is somehow both, never an idealist and
never a pragmatist, as she is somehow both, so idealistic in her
love and so pragmatic in its distribution, but always as it were al-
most an idealist, yet not quite ingenuous enough, almost a prag-
matist, yet too romantic, too scared perhaps, until at some point I
fell into this role of the eternally rancorous detractor, but dream-
ing of some unimaginable commitment, some unimaginable
propriety, which I almost achieved with her, but never properly
believed in, until the day she made it impossible.23

22. George Steiner, After Babel: Aspects of Language and Translation, 2d ed. (Oxford and
23. Tim Parks, Europa (Great Britain: Martin Secker and Warburg, 1997), 106.
Here is a passage from Kate Atkinson’s *Behind the Scenes at the Museum*:

She doesn’t understand why she feels like this (Go ask Alice—see Footnote (i) again) but it’s beginning to happen now, which is why when George wanders back into the kitchen, takes another fairy cake, and announces that he has to go out and ‘see a man about a dog’ (even tapping his nose as he does so—more and more I’m beginning to feel that we’re all trapped in some dire black-and-white film here), Bunty turns a contorted, murderous face on him and lifts the knife as if she’s considering stabbing him.24

The following excerpt, from Thomas Pynchon’s *Mason and Dixon*, grandly pokes fun at old-fashioned verbosity and the periodic penchant to embrace whatever it possibly can:

It has become an afternoon habit for the Twins and their Sister, and what Friends old and young may find their way here, to gather for another Tale from their far-travel’d Uncle, the Revd Wicks Cherrycoke, who arrived here back in October for the funeral of a Friend of years ago,—too late for the Burial, as it prov’d,—and has linger’d as a Guest in the Home of his sister Elizabeth, the Wife, for many years, of Mr. J. Wade LeSpark, a respected Merchant active in Town Affairs, whilst in his home yet Sultan enough to convey to the Revd, tho’ without ever so stipulating, that, for as long as he can keep the children amus’d, he may remain,—too much evidence of Juvenile Rampage at the wrong moment, however, and Boppo! ’twill be Out the Door with him, where waits the Winter’s Block and Blade.25

**The Anatomy of a Sentence**

Though grammarians have yet to devise a definitive meaning for ‘sentence’, full stops are the rage these days; and since our literature now has so many of them, we had better discuss them. The finishing boundary of a sentence has always been vague. Being ‘instinctually recognizable’ instead of actually described, it more resembles a harmonic resolution than an ending post. Traditionally, a sentence was seen as something (but what?) that arranged ideas in a circuit which ended where it began, as does a race course—the source of its ancient names (periodos in Greek and

circuitus in Latin). It is now perceived as being linear—a straight (or even zigzagged) run across the field. But whatever shape or direction a sentence may take, a mysterious tonal repose is sensed at its termination. The mind is pulled to the mat and there it rests. But still, who can say why? or how? How can we know when an utterance has come to an end? This question, so long a puzzle to grammarians, begins today to be addressed, not in librarial seminar rooms but in laboratories and psychology clinics, where cognitive, neurological, and physiological sciences are the focus. A satisfying answer is yet to be found.

To appreciate how dense the forests behind us once were, let us quickly review our progress through them, keeping in mind the likelihood that a fixed sentential ending was not an across-the-board specific of grammar until after writing (perhaps even printing) got under way. As we well know, the wayward word-spurts of oral language do not always align with authorized ‘grammatical principle’. That the concept of a perfectly finished grammatical sentence is innate, a gift from Adam himself, seems especially worth questioning now that science begins seriously to hypothesize that we humans develop neural network extensions for processing new material; or, to phrase it another way: that we use “spare capacities” of the brain to wire up new skills. Under pressures of desire and need, the primate brain will indeed accommodate a tremendous degree of change.26 We have seen some possible verification of the neural-network-extension hypothesis in the sensorial and cognitive modifications that humans underwent when alphabet letters first hove into view, and again when print took over. Out of chaotic oral-aural circumstances developed a faculty (indeed, a preference) for following trains of thought, for classifying, making inferences, avoiding contradiction, and for viewing narrative sequence in terms of cause and effect. In earlier sections of our Discurision, we saw how the difficulty of having to interpret the static words on paper forced our capricious speech patterns into more stable formulations, and how pedagogues systematized those over the centuries. Again, we see change, as electronic invention shifts us back towards right-hemispheric immediacies. It would seem that we—not just

the pundits, but huge numbers of ordinary people—have altered and ad-
justed and are realtering in the most profound ways. Though scarcely
provable, it is worth a thought that writing encouraged the development
of fully expounded architectural sentences and that they in turn encour-
aged our tenacious yearning for ‘completed’ sentences. As long as we stay
literate, our current sense of ‘sentence’ is likely to prevail.

Plato (The Sophist) recognized that a simple statement required at least
a subject-noun and a verb,27 but failed to discuss the extensions and limits
that might apply. Aristotle, accepting the basic rule that combining sub-
ject and verb would give a sense of unity (see De interpretatione, chapter 3),
was also aware of larger issues. In The “Art” of Rhetoric, he described a
written sentence as being either continuous (that is, connecting simple
statements with particles until some undefined body of sense was accom-
plished); or, periodic, by which he meant that a discernible beginning and
end would allow the sentence’s total magnitude to be “easily grasped”.
Though the parts of a periodic sentence might seem multitudinous to the
modern eye, each part was felt to bring (to its ancient receiver, at least) the
sense that something was being secured “and that some conclusion [had]
been reached”. Like most of us today, Aristotle disliked the endlessness of
the continuous mode, because it was (and still is) “unpleasant neither to
foresee nor to get to the end of anything”.28 The sprawl of the continuous
sentence was, he said, archaic and no longer popular—an interesting com-
ment, suggesting, as it does, that the gush of the continuous writing style
was close to the origins of ritualized or formal speech.

To ease the custom of reading written words aloud, early grammarians
pointed text where breathing (their own, that is) demanded. For a long
time, two methods of bringing word strings to rest—the one grammatical
(to distinguish the parts of a period) and the other rhetorical (to enhance
oral phrasing)—developed in parallel, often intermingling. The place-
ment of the stops (or puncts) for both lines of attack could be (and often
were) the same. Depending on circumstances, they might cause the voice
to rise in a continuing mode, or drop to denote some notion of finish.
The full stop indicated a final knotting off of a collection of word groups
at a place to satisfy that so-indefinable sense of completeness. The aim of
all stopping was to guide the reader towards sense acquisition. In practice

1937), 272–3.
versity Press, 1975), 387. Aristotle wasn’t too keen on short sentences either (cf. same edi-
tion, p. 389).
the writer, or copier, would plant the variously weighted cadence signals not only at obvious grammatical junctures but wherever his own prosodic inner voice suggested. Until print regularized their idiosyncracies, the puncts, colometric line cuts, and rhythmic motifs apportioned text in creatively idiosyncratic ways. Modern experiment has explained the diversity of preprint cadencing decisions by showing how differently we each perceive intonational units, that is, the relatively brief stretches of vocalization that terminate in some distinguishing pitch contour. Neither writers nor readers are governed by exactly the same temporal processing constraints. The silent voices in our heads that lead us as we deal out and gather up meaning along the sentential line respond to differing subvocal (always oral-based) rhythms, which bespeak our individuality. Those aroused auditory images often match (but sometimes too, conflict with) the prescribed boundaries of grammatically discerned structural segments. Punctuation’s history of confusion derives from this mix.

The disintegration of political order during the Middle Ages halted the advance of European literary development; but Renaissance thinkers soon found their way again. In the new intellectual stirrings, writers once again lifted their pens and, following Cicero, began to muster the plural facets of an ‘idea’ into single periodic sentences. In the Venice of 1561, Aldus Manutius II (see Part Four) published a program of punctating rules. By then, vernacular Italian had dismantled the pyramid-prone literary structures of highly inflected Latin and was in need of some formula for distributing the linearized parts in print. Manutius II defined the stops in terms of sentential divisions (commas, colons, etc.) more or less as we know them today, and assigned them their places in the grammatical hierarchy of the governing statement. But alas, he too accepted the common assumption that everyone knows instinctively where the precise end of a sentence is, and so, found no reason to define it in his otherwise sophisticated and precocious (he was only fourteen!) Orthographiae ratio.

Nor was anything specific about the sentence being said in early Renaissance England. There, visual objectivity was still egressing from an oral–aural mindset. Although the native sentence was more naturally simple, scholastic influence encouraged English literaries to imitate Latin’s concentration and inward ramification with the uncertain tool of a lan-


guage more notably free of inflections than any of its continental cousins. To demonstrate his mental fecundity in accordance with classic exemplar, an Englishman felt forced to distend his sentences into the very continuousness that Aristotle had so long ago lamented. The full-blown result generated a high frequency of loosely connected relative clauses, which were often widely distanced from their antecedents and tended to obscure the argument's development.\textsuperscript{31} Chains of clauses and phrases could produce page-long statements, wherein the segmental relationships were often submerged, indeed sometimes not there at all. Our example of such a sentence was written by Sir Thomas More to Cardinal Wolsey in (1522):

\begin{quote}
And ffor as mych as the same bare date the viiith day of this present moneth, at which tymhe his Grace perceiveth no thyng done but such as he was advertized of byfore by lettres of my sayed Lord sent vn to his Grace by yours; his Grace therfore estemed the lettres lesse, sayng that in as mych as hit apperred by the same, that in consideration that the Kingis ordonauns could not passe over Staynes More towards Carlile, hit was therfore by my said Lord and the Kingis counsaile there thought good that my Lord with his cumpanye shold avaunce theym self un to thest marchis, and there, if they myght haue all thingis requisite, entre in to Scotland and so to proced forward in doing the hurt that they could till such tymhe as they shold mete with the Duke in his rertourne, fro the west borders towards Edenborogh, onles they were by necessite forced to repaire to my Lord Dacre toward Carlile for his relief.\textsuperscript{32}
\end{quote}

When More was writing his piece, he was addressing his own educated inner circle in a language of sufficient complication to impress his correspondents of his superior wisdom and taste, and to show that he could manipulate his knowledge with an elegance acceptable to his day. Nonetheless, he too seemed troubled by the endlessness of his statements, for he sometimes (as though suddenly tired) would bring all to a full-

\textsuperscript{31} Mats Rydén, \textit{Relative Constructions in Early Sixteenth-Century English} (Uppsala: Almquist and Wiksells, 1966), 365.
\textsuperscript{32} Sir Thomas More, \textit{The Correspondence of Thomas More}, ed. Elizabeth Frances Rogers (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1947), 260. Dr. Rogers writes (xi) that she has replaced a few of the commas with semicolons, but otherwise kept the sentences unchanged. In More's Latin letters to his daughter, Margaret Roper, the sentences are noticeably shorter—an interesting indication of his more natural English style affecting his Latin.
stopped halt and begin anew with the very conjunction that was the ob­
vious link to the preceding segment.

Among grammarians, matters of clausal and phrasal relativities were
settled quite rapidly during the next century, though the common public
remained for some time in considerable puzzlement. Nevertheless, the
essential character of a sentence remained undefined. “A perfect distinc­
tion closes a perfect sense and is marked with a round punct, thus . ”, pro­
claimed Alexander Hume in his Of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the
Britan Tongue (1617).33 And that was that. Ben Jonson in his little grammar
book does not attempt to reason about the full stop. As opposed to the
clause or the phrase, it is simply “in all respects perfect”.34 Other gram­
marians of the period do no better, and definitions (despite the ever more
controlled structures of such as Milton, Hooker, and Clarendon) con­
tinue through the seventeenth century in terms of “laying it down”,
“lowering the voice”, “feeling a satisfaction”, “resting the spirit”, and so
on. Grammatical elements are discussed, but always the sentence itself eludes.

During the Enlightenment, writing concerns became more syntactic
and less rhetorical. Sentence parts were described with precision.
Though clarity was fast becoming a literary issue, the inexplicable sen­
tence was not. Samuel Johnson in 1755 could offer nothing but a round­
about of interdependencies. A sentence, he said, is a short paragraph or a
period in writing. At the same time a period is a complete sentence from
one full stop to another. A full stop is a point in writing by which sen­
tences are distinguished.35 In short, because it is a ‘perfect thing’, we all re­
cognize a sentence when we meet one. In his assessment of 1823, William
Cobbett declared that the “Full-Point” was to be used at the “end of
every collection of words, which make a full and complete meaning, and
is not necessarily connected with other collections of words”.36 But how
to interpret full and complete? or necessarily connected? In its elusiveness to
definition, the sentence acquired an aspect of mystery that did not be­
come vigorously addressed until, in the nineteenth century, psychology

33. Alexander Hume, Of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue (ca. 1617),
ed. Henry B. Wheatley for The Early English Text Society (London: Trübner and Son,
1865), 34.
35. Samuel Johnson, A Dictionary of the English Language, s.v. “sentence”, “period”, “full
stop”.
36. William Cobbett, A Grammar of the English Language (Oxford: Oxford University
became a recognized academic pursuit. Nevertheless, throughout these earlier centuries, the published sentence reveals an enlarging perception of what it actually needed to contain. As the grammar of it gradually supplanted the rhetoric of it, so did the points, the relative pronouns, and overall adverbial guidance rise to the surface. Compare with More’s ramble of less than a century earlier the following 1665 sample from Henry Oldenburg’s Introduction to the first issue of the Royal Society’s Philosophical Transactions.

Whereas there is nothing more necessary for promoting the improvement of philosophical Matters, than the communicating to such, as apply their Studies and Endeavours that way, such things as are discovered or put in practice by others; It is therefore thought fit to employ the Press, as the most proper way to gratifie those, whose engagement in such Studies, and delight in the advancement of Learning and profitable Discoveries, doth entitle them to the knowledge of what this Kingdom, or other parts of the World, so, from time to time, afford, as well of the Progress of the Studies, Labors and attempts of the Curious and Learned in things of this kind, as of their complete Discoveries and Performances: To the end, that such Productions being clearly and truly communicated, desires after solide and useful knowledge may be further entertained, ingenious Endeavours and Undertakings cherished, and invited and encouraged to search, try, and find out new things, impart their knowledge to one another, and contribute what they can to the Grand Design of improving Natural knowledge, and perfecting all Philosophical Arts, and Sciences.37

As public education, the printing press, and the edicts of the Enlightenment steadied the written language, so it grew less exclusively a property for Members of the Club Only. The more they read, the more easily could ordinary folk unravel the configurations of elaborate sentences to retrieve their message. Meanwhile popular speech habits became more complicated, more patterned after printed constructions, and so reflected, we argue, an increase in analytic management of knowledge. (Was the public growing, like little horns, the requisite neural stuff to cope?) Punctuation and grammar (with its logical word links, on the one/other hand, and, then, but, because) were tools to nudge the sentential

elements towards the completion of an overarching idea. The connec-
tions above the sentence level (such as howbeit, contrary to expectation, quite
apart from the Internet, as we were saying before), though largely semantic, are
also quasi-grammatical links. In its full-blown form, the archaic period
(often of paragraphic length) had constituted a semantic and construc-
tural whole, which Aristotle himself marked off with a paragraphos in the
margin. The perfect formulation of such a sentence called for an assured
management of relationships. By the time of the eighteenth century, a
man who wished to set down a thought in formal writing would first
think through (most likely say) his entire sentence (as did Edward Gibbon
and Samuel Johnson), and arrange the parts to form a taut, well-balanced
structure.

Although some contemporary authors are composing well-turned
complex sentences for their diminishing numbers of appreciative readers,
most writers nowadays aim only to penetrate that pachydermic resistance
to words of a possibly neurally re-rewired populace. With the familiar
publishing houses now nestling under some eight big roofs, and throwing
money at a handful of ‘big-name’ authors, a more concerted hold over
fashions in word style is being exercised than ever before. The intention is
neither aesthetic nor intellectual. The schooling of journalists and popu-
lar writers deals frankly with the saleability of reading products to a non-
reading public.

But back to our muttons. By the turn of the twentieth century, deeper
analyses of what a sentence might be began to appear. A new notion had
floated to the surface, namely that within a well-formed sentence some
difficulty is presented and resolved. Herewith is Robert Louis Stevenson’s
analysis of 1912:

Communication may be made in broken words, the business of
life be carried on with substantives alone; but that is not what we
call literature; and the true business of the literary artist is to plait
or weave his meaning, involving it around itself; so that each sen-
tence, by successive phrases, shall first come into a kind of knot,
and then, after a moment of suspended meaning, solve and clear
itself. In every properly constructed sentence there should be
observed this knot or hitch; so that (however delicately) we are
led to foresee, to expect, and then to welcome the successive
phrases. 38

38. Robert Louis Stevenson, “Elements of Style”, Essays in the Art of Writing (London:
Chatto and Windus, 1912), 9–10.
Stevenson is suggesting that a disturbance contained in the initial “given” creates a tension, an effect of incompleteness and dependencies, that fades when relationships settle into fresh balance, bringing symmetry and calm.

Only a few years later, Ernest Fenollosa’s 1908 essay on Chinese kanji (posthumously translated and annotated by Ezra Pound, but not published until the mid-1930s) presented to the English-speaking world a number of intriguing speculations about the sentence.

I wonder how many people have asked themselves why the sentence form exists at all, why it seems so universally necessary in all languages? . .

I fancy the professional grammarians have given but a lame response to this inquiry. Their definitions fall into two types: one, that a sentence expresses a “complete thought”; the other, that in it we bring about a union of subject and predicate.

Fenollosa discards the ‘complete thought’ idea on the grounds that everything is interdependent. All acts

are successive, even continuous; one causes or passes into another. . . . All processes in nature are interrelated; and thus there could be no complete sentence (according to this definition) save one which it would take all time to pronounce.

He rejects the subject-predicate definition as an accident of man’s ego, for man selects and arranges his subject and predicate where and how he wants to, that is, arbitrarily, according to his own point of view. A more accurate definition of a sentence, he feels, will come from science.

Valid scientific thought consists in following as closely as may be the actual and entangled lines of forces as they pulse through things. . .

The sentence form was forced upon primitive men by nature itself. It was not we who made it; it was a reflection of the temporal order in causation. All truth has to be expressed in sentences because all truth is the transference of power.

A sentence, then, is like a flash of lightning that passes between two terms. In its most primitive form it tells of a redistribution of force: from agent, through action, to object—as in ‘Farmer pounds rice’—and thus corresponds to the universal form of action in Nature through the order of cause and effect. As does all Aryan etymology, both farmer and rice have evolved from original verb concepts. Thus the farmer farms, and the rice
is what grows in its special way. *Farmer* and *rice* are the noun-out-of-verb terms that define the extremes of the pounding. And so we learn that in the end everything reduces to action. Under the metaphorical superstructures of English words (be they nouns, adjectives, or adverbs), one can to this day identify primitive Sanskrit verb roots, and in the case of Chinese kanji, actually see the history of their evolution.39

The decades that preceded World War II brought a flux of insight to challenge the practising stylist. The integrity of a sentence—its shape and carrying power—became matters of accelerating concern. Against a background of commentary about what "natural" or "effective" ought to mean, the writer was pressed to say his piece in a natural and effective way. The peculiarities that separate what is written from what is spoken, and both from what is thought, were being made more distinct. In this period of exploration, we find short, disconnected, full-stopped spurts of 'mentalese' à la James Joyce; and the rat-a-tat stops of stream-of-consciousness sentences à la Virginia Woolf. Hemingway was popularizing short easy-to-follow descriptive sentences, which he often linked with simple *ands*. All these diminutive structures circumvented the punctator's beloved and fertile province—the wide-scanning, logic-driven, formal sentence of expository or descriptive prose. With the subsequent falling off of the reading habit (and the shrinkage of our hypothetical neural network extensions that had abetted it), that province has daily grown smaller. Anarchic speech is our default mode. The very 'naturalness' of it is the effect that writers now seek. Their cut-and-thrust style is especially suitable for the emotional side of human nature. When anyone wants to give vent to a strong feeling he does not stop to consider the logical analysis of his ideas.40

The frequency of the full stop in modern texts owes much to the rhythms of grammar-indifferent, casual speech. In relaxed discussion we let go our allegiance to classroom decree. We like to play it cool. We flick our thoughts into the public domain like apple cores out the car window. Our failure to focus concentratedly on how we say what we are saying is a plague to our hearers. But, as anyone knows who has tried to parse an ad-libbed statement on TV, that's the way we are these days. Transcripts of

talk are replete with evidence of grammatical lapse. Here, by way of example, is the taped Lee Clow, the chairman of TBWA Chiat/Day ad agency (whose modest résumé claims him an “artist who happens to be in the advertising business”), publicly expounding on ABC’s forty-million-dollar deal to use yellow for its logos and ads.

What do we call this yellow?—we call this yellow color ‘yellow’. . . . It seemed to have a kind of an urgency, but also a fun to it. Yet it was—it just seemed like a different color than you kind of expect from a big network launching a season. When we approached the whole problem, it was kind of like, well, let’s try not to look like every network has looked every year, and we came up with yellow.\footnote{New York Times, 23 July 1997, A25.}

Awful as his statement is—seventy-nine words!—it can, nevertheless, truly be said that we “know what he means”.

In 1968 Barbara Strang defined the mysterious sentence as a linguistic sequence that has internal but no external grammatical relations—a description not too far from Cobbett’s. Hence, it is a grammatical, self-contained structure, which (unlike its cousinly oral utterance) does not tend to buckle under pressure, being braced as it is by education. In English, she points out,

the disjunction of what is grammatically self-contained from what is not is one of the most absolute in the language.

but even so, the term \textit{sentence} continues to generate much dissatisfaction, as is indicated by the number of attempts at definition \ldots, for there is no need to redefine a term unless you are dissatisfied with your predecessors’ use of it.\footnote{Barbara M. H. Strang, \textit{Modern English Structure} (London: Edward Arnold, 1971), 71–3.}

In 1985 Randolph Quirk et al. had this to say:

‘What counts as a grammatical English sentence?’ is not always a question which permits a decisive answer; and this is not only because of the difficulty of segmenting a discourse into sentences but because questions of grammatical acceptability inevitably become involved with questions of meaning, with questions of
good or bad style, with questions of lexical acceptability, with questions of acceptability in context, etc.43

The culminating opinion in the history of the ‘standardly complete’ sentence is perhaps Stephen Pinker’s, as expressed in *The Language Instinct*. To perform the act of utterance (which is, the ‘outering’ of thought into words), he says, the human mind must balance lexicographic instructions with the rules of grammar—a complicated business, but our adaptable neurals take it in stride. The first word of an utterance will introduce a trail of requisite follow-ups that must be slotted in along the grammatical line in keeping with their lexicographic constraints. Thus, each determiner must have (and accord with) its noun, each adjective also must have (and accord with) its noun, nouns that are subjects must have their suitable verbs, each transitive verb a suitable object, and so on. Thus, as we begin our sentence, “The cat and the dog ate their dinner”, the very first “the” forces us onward through every unfulfilled element until we reach the end. When every word has matched its lexicographic requirements, “when memory has been emptied of all its incomplete dangling branches, we experience the mental ‘click’ that signals that we have just heard a complete grammatical sentence.”44 And there we take our stand. Full stop.

**WHITHER NOW?**

In today’s dynamic environment, punctuation is unlikely to excite new literary experimentation. The irascible eccentrics of grammatical and lexical history have deserted our stage, leaving writers and readers to settle between them, in their lenient and uncommitted way, how best (indeed, even whether) to demark word groups to aid the assimilation of text. At the moment, punctuation is experiencing a resurrection of esteem in natural language processing systems, where the cues provided by their values are being made use of for their semantic, intonational, and discourse-related implications in machine translation. Layout-oriented punctuation devices (such as bulleted items, tables, and lists) are also being examined for ease of absorption. Laboratory projects are addressing the problem of automatic intonation assignment in order to produce prosodic transcriptions from written forms of punctuated, spoken texts. Linguistic researchers are categorizing punctuational functions with regard to their

“delimiting, distinguishing (specifying emphasis, etc.), separating (indicating syntactic units), and morphological” aspects. To this end they have composed percentage analyses of the points from many millions of words taken from printed texts of all sorts, and compared by complexity and genre the punctuation marks used therein. In all directions computer studies are firming up, indeed proving, ideas about the stops that grammarians have been inexplicitly holding for a very long time. Punctators will note with pleasure that experiments in automatic parsing are more highly successful (up to 50 percent in some cases) when punctuation is present. Out of all this, some seventy-nine natural rules (as opposed to the rules of prescription) about the colon, semicolon, dash, comma, and period have been identified. Lexicons for machine translation now include information extracted from the use of punctuation marks, as well as guidance in their use.⁴⁵ In cognitive work centers, punctuation’s reputation is reacquiring some shine.

In the breakup of the literate world, serious writers still tinker with punctuation in order to extract from the sentence (or the paragraph, or text) important nuances of meaning—and they count on a sensitive audience to care. Outside that diminishing circle, the points are used more perfunctorily, as is the language they are marshalling. The fuss quite legitimately kicked up by Stephen Joyce about the new “reader friendly” edition of his father’s Ulysses includes the issue of updating the book’s punctuation with all the concomitant prospects of changing the sense. If the book is so changed, the author’s intended meanings will be changed as well. Will no one care?

“Punctuation aids precision, and precision is the glory of the craftsman”, said Marianne Moore, herself a glorious craftsman.⁴⁶ All literary artists fight for their line breaks, commas, and colons, because they perceive them to be decisive signals towards what they wish to say. Trained as they are in the focussed world of writing, exactitude to them is crucial. Because this is so, they willingly, frequently, and stubbornly engage in argument with their editors over the minutiae of their sentences. Editorial files are full of suggestion and response over the details of punctuation, over the expressive value of this or that, most notably of a specific point within a specific line of text. To illustrate the sort of thing that is so

earnestly disputed, we offer the following selected extracts from a letter dated 1 December 1954 to the young John Updike from his New Yorker magazine editor, Katharine White. In a teasing tone, she calls this delightful, sensitive document a “treatise on punctuation”.

I think for example that you are right to take the comma out after that “yet” in “Sunflower.” That was prose punctuation in a poem, and it spoiled the line. I should have detected this before sending you the proof. Yet in this same poem, the proof of which I am able to return to you since the poem will not be used for many months, I don’t think we ought to allow your colon. You seem to have a special feeling about the appearance of colons but on the score of their meaning, you seem to me to interpret them in a way that no one else does. The colon looks very nice, I admit, is “compact, firm, and balanced.” I agree with you that a dash is less elegant-looking, but I can’t believe that a dash is “wissy-washy.” Often it is very emphatic. . . . We string along with Mr. Fowler in thinking that the colon in general usage nowadays has the special function of delivering the goods. Yet here you are delivering no goods. The line where you want the colon could carry a comma if you prefer it to a dash, but we think the dash makes for clearer reading. Do, please, try to feel more kindly toward the dash and admit it here! . . .

A punctuation mark comes, from habit, to have almost the value of a word. . . .

. . . stops at the end of lines of verse should be very light because the very fact that a line of verse ends makes a natural stop, both for the eye and for the ear. This is why I believe that your complaint that commas at the ends of all the lines would make the reader read the poem in too great a rush and too great a flurry is not sound, for the commas have much more weight than they do in the same lines, set as prose. On the other hand, to use full stops on the ends of all these lines would seem to me to be very awkward. It would make the poem absolutely leaden, and very jerky to read. You would come to a dead stop with every line, what with the period plus the natural stop caused by the ending of the line.47

47. Katharine S. White to John Updike, 1 December 1954, courtesy of Canaday Library, Bryn Mawr College.
Along with her many other correspondents, Katharine White carried on similar punctuational exchanges with Vladimir Nabokov. We look now at a few lines from his side of the net. They come from his letter of 21 April 1957 and concern her queried comma in “The Ballad of Longwood Glenn”. He writes:

I would like “retouched” to remain in commas. It is a very concise way of saying that her picture was taken by her new husband, a photographer, who, in technical parlance, retouched it. I do not mind if there is or is not a comma after “died” but there should be one after “retouched”.48

As the divisions of textual material begin now to break free of their internal punctuational supports and move towards subliminal understanding, punctators quite rightly feel nervous. Who would have thought that in so short a time eloquent, fully thought-out periods would be hacked into chunks that no longer address our rational left hemispheres? Who would have thought that serious writers would willingly surrender their authorial rights to the marketing folk, the publicists, and graphic designers? Vesuvian upheavals are rocking the world of print. Heretofore, it has been the writer’s prerogative how he should break up and deliver his piece. His relationship with his reader was a personal, intimate matter. That, alas, is no longer the case.

Let us be bold and attempt like Canute to turn back the tide. First on our list of indesiderata is the confusion caused by unindented paragraphs. Their rectangular neatness would be all right, if some marker—a line space, a check, an arrow, a thumb print, anything—were inserted to clarify the very useful (indeed the author’s wanted) paragraphic division. Instead, a switch in topical direction is rendered uncertain (sometimes imperceptible), when, for example, the preceding paragraph terminates at the right-hand margin.

In the matter of quotation marks, American graphic ambition is particularly guilty in overriding an author’s intention. Designerly disdain for ‘unsightly’ white space is irrelevant when it comes to including internal or full stops (which have only to do with governance from higher quarters) within the demarking inverted commas, as though those stops were integral to the demarked item. The problem, which can become quite complicated, ought to be addressed by American presses as they have

48. Vladimir Nabokov to Katharine S. White, 21 April 1957, courtesy of the Canaday Library, Bryn Mawr College.
been elsewhere—the Italians being, perhaps, the most diligent champions of exactitude in this respect.

Another authorial concession, attributable to design and marketing factors, is the fading away of indexes, whose rigor and abundance were once so helpful in accessing information within the covers of a book. Also disheartening is the introduction of endnotes to replace footnotes. Endnotes are not known for sardonic humor nor the presence of quirky wit. Since the time that David Hume (in 1776: an auspicious year for change) insisted that Edward Gibbon make his endnotes into footnotes, footnotes have played a vital role in truth-seeking narrative. Their specificities show that authors have done responsible research, by democratizing issues with on-the-spot invitations to debate, criticism, and revision.49 Endnotes can rarely reproduce the jabs and punches which make up the secondary, sometimes corrective, sometimes provisional voice of a footnoting author. In the world of endnotes we who have an interest in sources can no longer sweep in a reference by merely lowering the eye, but must, instead, flip to the back of the book, hunt up the section for the chapter in question, and locate the matching number. The search becomes an exertion for those of us with only ten fingers, and so, not surprisingly, we often do not bother. The very inaccessibility of an endnote excuses us the effort of checking attributions for ‘borrowed’ material. We therefore propose that, where applicable, future books restore full indexes and that endnotes reconvert to footnotes.

Lax or delayed credit-giving is remindful of bygone days when all that was written was more or less public property, and levels of authorial pride (let alone responsible truth telling) were very low. In scriptoria, a copying pen would adjust, embellish, and even remodel, another’s treatise so that a book on the shelf (despite its label of authorship) was generally the product of a number of anonymous contributors. Today, a similar phenomenon evolves from committee rooms. Committees ‘design’ the language and generate plots for TV and film. With feedback from sales, committees aim to attract a large, not necessarily discriminating readership. Committees package information for the public’s ever more blinkered view of the world. One sees these committee teams at work in the theater, on newspapers, in advertising offices, in industrial and governmental reports, and in the publication offices of museums and universities. It would seem that language conveyers are frightened of breaching some

rule of required uniformity. As ‘group consensus’ takes over individual idiom, so our utterances—the outerings of our deepest, most personal, separate selves—grow more alike, and less our own. It is a thing to worry about.

Meticulous language and the tomes of individual statement it used to propagate are everywhere slipping out of sight. Fortunately, however, a scent of aristocratic superiority trails after them, exciting mortal nostrils to stay in the chase. The good news is this. You can have a cultivated bookish image without actually having to own a book. For an unstated sum the Manor Bindery in Hampshire (England) will supply you with a made-to-measure imitation bookshelf of leather-covered classical titles of your choice with which to hide your TV cabinet. In this way great literature can live on.

Where literature and literacy go, there goes punctuation. Textual distinctions live in the tendering of thought from writer to reader. As long as writers have something to say to someone willing (and equipped) to read, the puncts, we presume, will continue to function. That we should suddenly chuck away the benefits so resolutely battled over for centuries is unthinkable. Instead, let us hope that the human race will find full voice once more, and that its literary spokesmen will learn to embrace all the best things of present and past invention. May The Word survive, and surviving, continue to be its eloquent and most precise self both on tongue and on page. When clarity is paramount and complexity necessary, when the elusive must be defined, then writers will once again whet their colons and weigh their commas, for they know that we, their admirers, want to understand.

THE END
News of the Library
and the Library Associates

POST-STANDARD AWARD CITATION, 1997

For George R. Iocolano

George R. Iocolano, in the fall of 1995 you befriended Syracuse University Library, contributing almost half a million dollars for the acquisition of books. It was a heartfelt gift, charged with the highest of passions: love of learning, altruism, and reverence for the memory of a great friend.

That friend’s name was William C. Petty. A graduate of Syracuse University, he ran a successful car dealership in Auburn, New York, once co-owned the Auburn Inn with you, and spent much of his free time in libraries. He was, you said, “a walking encyclopedia.” With him you celebrated the power of learning to unlock the world and to transform your lives.

William Petty offered to leave you $1.4 million. But, at your urging, he left it to Syracuse University instead. Today that endowment provides athletic scholarships and library acquisitions. Your commitment to the Library continues: recently you agreed to serve on the Library Associates Board of Trustees and provided additional funds.

Like Mr. Petty, you attended Syracuse University, graduating in 1947 with a bachelor’s degree in management. Two years later you graduated from Albany Law School. For many years you have maintained a private law practice in Auburn.

An active community member, you have served on the boards of the Skaneateles Savings Bank, Auburn’s Seymour Library, and the YMCA, among others. You support the Schweinfurth Museum and the Skaneateles Festival.

You have developed body and mind with equal gusto. In college you won a Varsity Letter for baseball. You ran in thirty marathons. You became an expert skier. You still play fast-pitch softball in the Auburn league, which has played in the national tournament for the past four years; and, according to Joe Szombathy, when you play tennis with younger players, you still “run them into the ground.”
Is it the practice of Yoga that gives you seemingly eternal youth? A vegetarian, you tread lightly on the earth. Yoga postures keep you flexible; meditation brings you peace—and perspective.

“Acquisition of knowledge is most important,” you say. “It leads to freedom and confidence.” You exemplify this truth in your own life. You are an avid reader of all kinds of books and periodicals. Your knowledge of probabilities and statistics informs your decisions. You have broadened your scope with travel, especially to Rome, Italy. You systematically undertook the study of music, which now graces your leisure hours. Your home is filled with art and your life with friends who catch your contagious delight in living.

You are concerned that today’s students live in a world that values material things too much. You want them to discover, as you did, the rewards that wait for them in books; and to flourish, body and mind. Through the beneficence of William Petty and George Iocolano, their chances are improved.
With gratitude for your gifts, both financial and spiritual, we are pleased to present to you the Post-Standard Award for Distinguished Service to the Syracuse University Library.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

The Lewis Carroll Collection

In December 1996 the Library received an important collection of Lewis Carroll materials from Kathleen Walker Rossman (Syracuse University Class of 1939). The collection, assembled by Mrs. Rossman over several decades, contains more than 600 items and is especially notable for the many nineteenth- and twentieth-century illustrated editions of Carroll’s most famous works, *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. In addition to the hundreds of editions of the Alice books and other writings of Lewis Carroll, the collection includes all the major scholarly treatments of Carroll, publications of societies devoted to Carroll, and ephemeral materials ranging from tea sets to puzzles and dolls of such memorable characters as the White Rabbit, the Mad Hatter, and the Cheshire Cat. Carroll’s works are considered the greatest of all English stories for children and the Rossman Collection represents a significant addition to the Library’s holdings of children’s literature.

On 16 October 1997, on the sixth floor of E. S. Bird Library, the trustees of Library Associates held a reception to honor Kathleen Walker Rossman for establishing the Lewis Carroll Collection in the Library’s Department of Special Collections. Chancellor Kenneth A. Shaw and Curator of Special Collections Mark Weimer welcomed the ninety assembled guests. David Tatham, professor of fine arts and a Library Associates trustee, talked about the significance of the gift, as follows:

FOR KAY ROSSMAN

“All in the golden afternoon.” What a fine day and what a fine occasion this is. And what a treat to have here many of the people who played key roles in the 1950s and 60s in changing Syracuse so decisively from the good regional institution of higher education that it was to the university of major national standing that it is. In the 1960s I was a very junior member of the University’s administrative staff for a few years, and I remember well the excitement and the challenges of that era of growth. I remember especially the gradual but steady transformation of the University Library into a real research center with a special collections division—the George
Woodcut of the Mad Hatter, from "Lewis Carroll's 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,'" a sesquicentennial edition illustrated by Barry Moser and printed by Harold McGrath at Pennyroyal Press. The woodcut was printed as a keepsake for the Meeting of the Lewis Carroll Society, the Houghton Library, Harvard University, 8 May 1981.
Arents Research Library—that by the 1980s was widely recognized as both distinctive in its collections and distinguished in the care it gave them. Over the years the Arents Library (now the Department of Special Collections) has become a magnet for researchers, not only for the University's own students and faculty, but for other scholars from home and abroad. The distinctiveness of the collections that attract these researchers has been the result in good part of many major gifts over the decades. The Kathleen Rossman Lewis Carroll Collection is the latest of these gifts, and one of the most magnificent. It's wonderful that Kay and Newell* are here to help us celebrate the arrival at its new home of this meticulously assembled—with heart as well as head—and altogether splendid collection of books, ephemera, and a host of other things related to Lewis Carroll and his creations.

I'll say nothing of the great value of Kay's collection to the study of nineteenth-century literature, or nineteenth- and twentieth-century popular culture, or to bibliographic studies. I'll note only how well the collection serves my own field, the history and practice of art and design. The illustrators take pride of place here, more than two hundred of them, nearly all masters of their art and attracted not only to the pictorial richness of Lewis Carroll's texts but also to the challenge of competing with the long list of artists who had already come under the spell of the Alice books. As Alice herself asked, "What's the use of a book without pictures or conversations?" a question that, as our students know better than we do, has ever greater pertinence at the close of a century that has seen tremendous growth in the power of visual communication.

The University's programs in illustration, design, art history, and related fields are among the oldest and finest in the nation. As original research becomes an increasingly vital part of a student's undergraduate career at Syracuse, the illustrators in the Rossman Collection, each bringing his or her own style and sensibilities to a classic work of Victorian literature, promise many interesting papers, and even a few articles. Next spring my seminar on illustration will spend a few sessions here examining treatments of Alice as different as those of Ralph Steadman and Jessie Wilcox Smith.

The Arents Library has long had crowning strengths in the field of illustration, including rich collections of artists' papers, original drawings, political cartoons, comic strips, rare copies of near-forgotten magazines, and prime examples of illustrated books, but it has had nothing quite like

* Newell Rossman was a vice chancellor for development at Syracuse University.
the Lewis Carroll Collection with its unbeatable roster of eminent graphic artists. Kay’s gift now becomes the jewel in the crown.

As Lewis Carroll said, “It is a poor memory that works only backwards,” and so I look forward to remembering the interest, delight, and inspiration that the collection is certain to generate among our students, and others, in years to come.

Thanks, Kay.

Addition to the Joyce Carol Oates Papers

Spanning 1990 to 1997, the latest addition to the Joyce Carol Oates Papers comprises more than 4,000 items of correspondence; typescript and holograph notes, drafts, and manuscripts for her novels, plays, poems, and stories; a 2,200-page journal; and memorabilia, including awards, contracts, and royalty statements. In addition to thirty-three of Oates’s books, the printed material includes 250 periodical and anthology appearances, forty foreign editions of her work, and an assortment of theater and reviews of her work.

In addition to the hundreds of literary correspondents (Margaret Atwood, Russell Banks, Joan Didion, Richard Ford, Gail Godwin, Toni Morrison, John Updike, Tobias Wolff) whose letters were part of the original Joyce Carol Oates acquisition (1968–1989), the new material includes correspondence from Peter Benchley, Frank Conroy, Don DeLillo, Annie Dillard, Rita Dove, Henry Louis Gates Jr., Cormac McCarthy, and Reynolds Price.

The Joyce Carol Oates Papers were a major source for Invisible Writer: A Biography of Joyce Carol Oates, by Greg Johnson (Dutton, 1998). Johnson also drew on the Library’s Walter Sutton Papers and Robert Phillips Papers. Oates and Phillips have been friends since they enrolled as freshmen at Syracuse University in 1956, and they have regularly corresponded since 1960. The correspondence is housed in the Library’s Department of Special Collections. In his Preface, Greg Johnson thanks Kathleen Manwaring of Special Collections for “friendly, enthusiastic, and indefatigable assistance” in his research. He writes, “I benefited from Kathleen’s prodigious feat of sorting and cataloging Oates’s papers.” Purchased with funds from Library Associates and the William C. Petty Endowed Library Fund.

African Americans in the Performing Arts: Ephemera Collected by Carl Van Vechten

This newly processed collection, spanning 1925 to 1945, consists of programs, flyers, invitations and other printed material relating to musi-
The Famous Singing Star

BILLIE HOLIDAY

Artie Shaw's Ace Cornetist

"Hot Lips" PAGE

AND HIS BAND

JOHNNY GARDNER

4 PIN-UP GIRLS

RASTUS MURRAY

And Other Headliners

Undated announcement from the Apollo Theater, collected by Carl Van Vechten.
Thomas Bewick woodcut, “Zebra.”

Thomas Bewick woodcut, “The Crow and the Pitcher.”
cal, theatrical, and dance performances as well as political events. These items, collected by author and photographer Carl Van Vechten (1880–1964), offer brief glimpses at the careers of such artists as Paul Robeson, Langston Hughes, Ethel Waters, Katherine Dunham, Pearl Primus, and Bill Robinson. *Gift of Carl Van Vechten.*

Thomas Bewick Illustrations

The Library has acquired two original wood engravings by Thomas Bewick (1753–1828), the English wood engraver. Bewick is best known for his classic illustrations of Ralph Beilby's *History of British Birds* (2 vols., 1797–1804). Among his famous early works are illustrations for *Gay's Fables* (1779) and *Select Fables* (1784) and for Beilby's General *History of Quadrupeds* (1790). Although these wood engravings cannot be dated precisely, it is clear that they were cut to illustrate an edition of these last two titles. *Gift of David Tatham.*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Speaker(s)</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>September 4, 1997</td>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
<td>Dennis Romano, Professor of History, Syracuse University</td>
<td>THE SIGNIFICANCE OF VENICE: VENICE IN THE WESTERN IMAGINATION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 19, 1997</td>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>8:30 p.m.</td>
<td>Four Seasons Baroque</td>
<td>A VENETIAN SERENADE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 30, 1997</td>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
<td>Nancy M. Cline, Harvard College Librarian</td>
<td>RESEARCH LIBRARIES: NEW RISKS FOR OLD CULTURES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 10, 1997</td>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
<td>James Hillman, Archetypal Psychologist, Margot McLean, Painter</td>
<td>DREAM ANIMALS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 20, 1997</td>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
<td>Mary Karr, Associate Professor of English, Syracuse University</td>
<td>WHY NOT TO WRITE A MEMOIR: VIRTUES AND VICES OF THE FORM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>December 12, 1997</td>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
<td>Annual Holiday Reception</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February 5, 1998</td>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
<td>David H. Stam, University Librarian, Syracuse University Library</td>
<td>A GLUTTON FOR BOOKS: LEIGH HUNT AND THE LONDON LIBRARY, 1844–46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February 19, 1998</td>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
<td>John A. Williams, Author</td>
<td>Readings from Safari West</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
March 1, 1998
Sunday, 4 p.m.
Crouse College Auditorium

ALBERT SCHWEITZER CELEBRATION
With Slides, Dramatic Readings, and
A Bach Organ Recital by Will Headlee
Syracuse University
Organist Emeritus
Admission charge

April 16, 1998
Thursday, 4 p.m.
1916 Room, Bird Library

John Crowley, Professor of English
Syracuse University
TELEVISING ALCOHOLISM:
MARTY MANN AND CHARLES JACKSON

May 1, 1998
Friday, 12 noon
Spring Luncheon
Goldstein Student Center

Paul Mosher, Vice Provost and Director of
Libraries, University of Pennsylvania
OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES: THE FATE
OF INFORMATION AS WE APPROACH THE
21ST CENTURY

June 5, 1998
Friday, 3 p.m.
1916 Room, Bird Library

Thomas Moore, Author
A CONVERSATION WITH THOMAS
MOORE
SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES, founded in 1953, is a society whose efforts are devoted to the enrichment of the Syracuse University Library and especially the rare book and manuscript collections. Library Associates makes it possible to strengthen these collections through the acquisition of unusual books, manuscripts, and other research materials that are rare and often of such value that the Library would not otherwise be able to acquire them.

Those with an interest in history, literature, book collecting, and the graphic arts are welcome to join Library Associates. Perquisites of membership include general use of the Syracuse University Library’s facilities, as well as invitations to exhibitions, Associates-sponsored lectures, and special events of the University Library. Members at the Patron level may borrow books. In addition, all members will receive our newsletter, *The Library Connection*, incidental publications, typographic keepsakes, and the *Syracuse University Library Associates Courier*, an annual publication that contains articles related to unusual and interesting aspects of the Library’s holdings and, in particular, to rare books, manuscripts, and archival collections in the Department of Special Collections.

SUGGESTED MEMBERSHIP CONTRIBUTIONS are as follows: Benefactor, $500; Sustaining member, $200; Patron, $100; Individual member, $50; Faculty and staff of Syracuse University, $35; Senior citizen, $25; Students, $15. Checks, made payable to Syracuse University Library Associates, should be sent to the Secretary, 600 Bird Library, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y. 13244-2010. For further information about the programs and activities of the Library Associates, telephone (315) 443-2697.

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD
David Tatham, Chair
Antje B. Lemke
Walter E. Sutton
Mark F. Weimer
SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES

OFFICERS

Dorothea P. Nelson, President
Diane M. Casey, Vice President
David H. Stam, Executive Director
Mark F. Weimer, Secretary/Treasurer

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Through 1998
Paul J. Archambault  Shirley Lockwood
Stanton L. Catlin    Robert Phillips
Jerome R. Gerber    Mary Ann Shaw
Elizabeth M. Henes  David Tatham
Joseph M. Levine    Paul Willette

Through 1999
Richard G. Case     Albert Ornstein
Alfred M. Hallenbeck Elizabeth B. O’Rourke
George R. Iocolano  Arnold Poltenson
Chuck Klaus         David L. Poushter
Betty Lourie        Chester Soling
Lawrence Myers Jr.

Through 2000
Diane M. Casey      Dorothea P. Nelson
Katryn Tolley Fritz William L. Pollard
Martha J. Hanson    Roy Simmons Jr.
Antje B. Lemke      Walter E. Sutton
Arpena S. Mesrobian

Honorary Trustees
Henry S. Bannister  Mary H. Marshall
William C. Fleming  Metod M. Milač
David A. Fraser     Frank P. Piskor
Dorothy C. Witherill

Ex-Officio
Kenneth A. Shaw, Chancellor
Gershon Vincow, Vice Chancellor
Lansing G. Baker, Vice President