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Our Growing Collections

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When Joseph Conrad died in August 1924, Ford Madox Ford, the editor of the Paris-based *transatlantic review*, began at once to gather tributes for a special memorial section to be added to the September issue. One of the contributors Ford selected was Ernest Hemingway, already one of the leading young Americans in Paris. Hemingway was undeniably qualified to write about Conrad since he was known to admire his work deeply. However, Hemingway might have been wiser to consider disqualifying himself since he was not only nursing a grudge against Ford but also because he regarded such memorial proclamations as empty gestures.

As a result, Hemingway’s so-called tribute to Conrad emerged sounding very much more like a tirade against the literary “establishment” in general and two of his fellow expatriates, T. S. Eliot and George Antheil, in particular. Hemingway made it quite clear that he believed that the critics would quickly forget Conrad and elevate someone—most likely Eliot—to fill his place as the most noted writer of the day. The prospect so distressed Hemingway that he wrote that if it were possible, he would grind Eliot “into fine dry powder” to sprinkle over Conrad’s grave to bring the greater writer back to life. Eliot’s discreet silence about this macabre suggestion seems to have been total since his widow, Valerie Eliot, who is now editing his letters, has been unable to locate so much as a sentence on the topic.

The other chief object of Hemingway’s hostility in the Conrad memorial was less discreet, as befitted an American composer who styled himself the “Bad Boy of Music.” Antheil, then also a resident of Paris, had succeeded by his charm, energy, and above all his
remarkable talents as a composer in endearing himself to nearly everyone who mattered. His musical gift was expressed in such compositions as the “Ballet Mécanique,” a typically avant-garde work scored for an orchestra of eighty-five musicians, eight grand (or sixteen mechanical) pianos, sirens, horns, and airplane propeller. Antheil exactly described his music of this period when he wrote that “I did not hear my inner music in the Ravel-Debussy-Gershwin idiom.”

Living with his wife, Boski, in the apartment above Sylvia Beach’s Shakespeare and Company bookshop on the Left Bank, Antheil was, simply by virtue of his lodgings, at the center of the expatriate art world of the twenties. In his autobiography Antheil recalled, for example, that

The great writers of the day, French and English, took to dropping in, and I can truthfully state that for one afternoon at least we simultaneously entertained James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Ford Madox Ford, Ernest Hemingway, Wyndham Lewis... and Ezra Pound. They were not all friendly with one another, some would not even have come if they had known the others would be present.

Of these guests, none was more zealous on Antheil’s behalf than Ezra Pound whose promotional efforts included the writing of a rather strange pamphlet called Antkeil and the Treatise on Harmony (1924), which in all but its title was more of Pound than Antheil. But Pound’s support truly extended further and was demonstrated in the staging of concerts with yet another Pound protégée, the violinist Olga Rudge, and the organization of a noisy claque for one of Antheil’s most memorable concerts at the 2,500-seat Théâtre des Champs-Élysées on June 19, 1925. During the second half of this concert, Vladimir Golschmann gamely conducted Antheil’s “Symphony in F” and “Ballet Mécanique” over the increasingly riotous boos and hoots of the audience. To this day it is unclear just how much of this reaction can be attributed to the audience with its largely classical tastes and how much to the publicity choreographed by Pound, who must have cut a quite remarkable figure as
he scurried from the highest gallery downward shouting the incendiary words, "Silence, imbeciles!"

As if all the creativity, skillfully blended with publicity, was not enough, Antheil was also considering writing an opera based on James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Before long, even the energetic and gifted young musician seems to have been daunted by the immensity of this task and narrowed his focus to the "Cyclops" episode, which Joyce himself regarded as suitable material for opera because of its barroom brawling and noisy street scenes (see *Library Columns*, November 1987). Even this slightly more manageable concept was ultimately abandoned, but not before word of Antheil's idea had reached Hemingway, who seems to have had rather mixed feelings about his near contemporary and fellow expatriate. It seems likely that Hemingway half-admired and half-envied Antheil's genius for obtaining support for his work and for getting the kind of publicity that guaranteed him at least passing fame in the tight little art world.
of Paris in the 1920s, when true talent had to be twinned with a gift for self-promotion. This then is part of the background that explains why and how Antheil almost usurped Conrad’s place in the tribute Hemingway submitted to Ford for publication.

There was still another reason, and it is alluded to in that tribute. Earlier in 1924, Hemingway had let it be known that he preferred Stravinsky’s music to Antheil’s, implying that the younger composer was derivative and imitative of the master. Antheil almost certainly shrugged off this remark, but apparently some of his admirers took umbrage on his behalf. The evidence for this conjecture is that Hemingway wrote in the Conrad memorial that he understood what would befall Conrad because of what had happened to him after he had spoken his mind about Antheil:

Living in a world of literary politics, where one wrong opinion often proves fatal, one writes carefully. I remember how I was made to feel how easily one might be dropped from the party, and the short period of Coventry that followed my remarking when speaking of George Antheil that I preferred my Stravinsky straight. I have been more careful since.

This rather extraordinary leap from the just-deceased great writer to the fledgling Hemingway by way of the also quite newly hatched composer from Trenton, New Jersey, may seem to be the work of a robust ego, but this is a misjudgment. On the contrary, a Hemingway letter that has come to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library as part of the Antheil Collection (see page 12) confirms other evidence that Hemingway truly was concerned about possibly offending Antheil again, and in public print. Indeed, no sooner had Hemingway received the galleys of his Conrad article (which Ford chose, on principle, not to edit at all) than he sent a copy to Antheil with a gallant offer to cut the passage if it offended its subject. Antheil must have been more annoyed than he admitted to being since he did not answer Hemingway until after the article had been published, despite his assurances to Sylvia Beach that he had written the other young man of whom she thought so highly. Antheil was sufficiently enraged to write Beach that he considered
Hemingway to be a “fake artist” who used him as an example to score a point in an “imbecile article.” Just as Hemingway had done, Antheil almost immediately retracted this rash outburst in yet another note to his all-important “best friend,” as he described Miss Beach. In this apology, he referred to himself and Hemingway as “boneheaded.”

The matter might well have rested on that apt word, but Antheil had still to write Hemingway. When he finally did so, he said that he was less concerned about what Hemingway had written about him than about how many of his old adversaries (including Arthur Moss, co-editor of the short-lived review called Gargoyle) would seize upon Hemingway’s lead and reopen hostilities. Hemingway’s response, as can be seen, was magnanimous. Reading between the
lines, it seems to suggest that the two Americans would be better advised to work as a team than as opponents. Accordingly, Hemingway would do what he could to get Antheil published in This Quarter, of which Ernest Walsh was a co-editor (although it is not clear what Antheil wished to have published at the time). In exchange, Hemingway seemed to have hoped that Antheil would do his bit to ensure publication of something more than the youthful poems that up to that time were all of Hemingway’s to have appeared in the German-based international review called Der Querschnitt (The Cross-Section).

Although some Hemingway biographers give Pound credit for introducing Hemingway to Der Querschnitt’s editor, Count Hans von Wedderkop, Antheil’s version of the events was different. In his autobiography, Antheil wrote that a German connection of his named von Stuckenschmidt had boasted to von Wedderkop that he knew a young American who had been an editor on Margaret Anderson’s Little Review. Although Antheil knew Anderson well, he had never been one of her editors. This seems not to have deterred von Wedderkop, who also was not likely to have been disabused of any ideas he might have had when he appointed Antheil his Paris agent. Seemingly Antheil promptly forgot about this task, and it was only a reminder from von Wedderkop that galvanized him into action, which Antheil triumphantly recounted:

I went to Sylvia Beach, Ezra Pound, and Ford Madox Ford and asked them to help me fill my quota…. They all helped me with a will; and the first manuscript I sent to Wedderkop was no less than Joyce’s “Chamber Music,” which he immediately printed. Upon which, of course, his editorial rating in Germany went up some three hundred per cent…. My own rating with him went up accordingly, and he clamored for more stuff.

“More stuff” was, as Antheil remembered it, “The manuscript of the yet almost completely unknown author…[of] In Our Time.” It seems likely that this was something of an exaggeration since only one story from that collection, “The Undefeated,” appeared in Der Querschnitt. Nevertheless it was another coup for the review and the author, whoever his agent actually was.
Two Americans in Paris

By the early 1930s both Antheil and Hemingway had moved on from their places at what Margaret Anderson called "the cultural feast" in Paris. The letters and telegrams that have come to Columbia give some idea of Hemingway's travels during the decade but suggest that the two men never saw each other again. For his part, Antheil was engaged in a number of projects, musical and otherwise, since his experimental music was less well received in the United States than it had been in Paris. Antheil finally settled in southern California where he supported his family, which now included his son, Peter, by writing the score for some sixteen films ranging from *Once in a Blue Moon* (1935) to *The Pride and the Passion* (1957).

But this was scarcely enough to occupy someone as energetic and versatile as Antheil. He published a detective story, *Death in the Dark* (Faber & Faber, 1930) under the pseudonym Stacey Bishop; wrote about endocrinology and crime for *Esquire*; created and for some years wrote an advice to the lovelorn column; and, in a much more serious vein, published anonymously a startlingly accurate forecast of the events of World War II entitled *The Shape of Things to Come* (Longmans, Green, 1940).

The high point of Antheil's wartime service to the United States unquestionably began when he was summoned by Hedy Lamarr to discuss her glands. Antheil, worldly wise though he was, appears to have been almost dumbstruck by this request and wrote later that "Most movie queens don't look so good when you see them in the flesh, but this one looked better." Once Lamarr's endocrinological problems had been settled, it turned out that her greatest wish was to devise a new war weapon to help her adopted country, and she hoped that Antheil would be able to help her. This ambition was slightly less far-fetched than it might appear since she had apparently learned a fair amount about armaments while married to an Austrian munitions maker years before. Lamarr and Antheil collaborated on the development of a radio-guided torpedo so successfully that they were issued a patent for their design on June 10, 1941.
This high point was followed by others, including the publication of Antheil's eminently readable, but not always accurate, autobiography, *Bad Boy of Music* (Doubleday), which became a best seller in 1945, fully fourteen years before his death. As a consequence, it does not record his serious musical work of the 1950s, which included *Songs of Experience, Eight Fragments from Shelley*, and the
opera *Volpone*—all further evidence of his lifelong fascination with transforming literature into music. In 1953, Antheil composed the music for the ballet based on Hemingway’s short story, “The Capital of the World.” As Antheil wrote this music he must have derived some extra measure of delight from the fact that he was, at least in part, giving lie to the observation Hemingway had made years earlier in Paris, saying that Antheil asked *all* his writer friends to collaborate on a jazz opera: “It is his way of paying a delicate compliment.” Perhaps this was true, but surely the grace note was Antheil’s.
Perhaps the most striking feature of Hemingway's side of the correspondence, which follows, is its warmth and friendliness. Although the letters are written in the now often parodied macho telegraphese that Hemingway seems almost to have invented, his sustained concern for Antheil's esteem and, more altruistically, for his welfare is touchingly evident throughout. The Hemingway letters and telegram, which have come to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library as part of the Antheil Collection, make it clear that the friendship between the two men lasted at least until Hemingway went off to the Spanish Civil War in 1937. It seems that the two men never met again after they returned to the United States from Paris and, in the way of such relationships, all contact finally faded away. The fact that Antheil saved these documents and referred warmly to Hemingway in his autobiography does make it clear, however, how much he valued the friend of his youth even when they were no longer in touch with one another.

The letters have been transcribed as faithfully as possible and dates suggested where none were given by Hemingway. One can be dated on the basis of the events outlined in some detail in the preceding article. (Indeed, the letter as a whole is made clearer by the references in that article.) The telegram of March 30 and the letter of April 16 have been dated to 1936 since that was the year the Antbeils began their journey to the West with a long stopover in Santa Fe, which they finally left because Antheil thought there was no "...duller place in the world than a desert in the rain." In his autobiography, Antheil mentions missing Hemingway when he and Boski (whose name Hemingway clearly never learned to spell) traveled across Florida. Antbeil, however, cheerfully dismissed his friend's concern as misguided since he was at last happily in funds as a writer for Esquire.

Arnold Gingrich, the founder of Esquire (who had first met Hemingway at the House of Books, Ltd. in New York City in 1933 [see Library Columns, November 1985]) eventually became even more renowned as a publisher of Hemingway's work. Other members of the rather large cast of characters mentioned in these letters are likely to be familiar to readers. Nevertheless, these reminders may be useful:
Hemingway’s Letters to Antheil

In 1936, Pound probably would have been crowing about Mussolini’s conquest of Ethiopia.

Of Hemingway’s four wives, the first two, Hadley and Pauline, would have been known to Antheil.

Hadley was the mother of John (1923), Pauline of Patrick (1928) and Gregory (1931).

Antheil apparently knew that Hemingway’s birthday was July 21st since the letter of the 23rd acknowledges the “g” [greeting?] card sent by Antheil, his wife, and the modernist musician, Edgard Varèse.

Since it is impossible in this space to annotate these letters completely, the curious reader will be able to hunt down almost every reference in either George Antheil’s Bad Boy of Music (1945), Carlos Baker’s Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story (1968), Hugh Ford’s Four Lives in Paris (1987), or Michael Reynolds, Hemingway: The Paris Years (1989). The Hemingway letters are reproduced with the permission of the Hemingway Foundation.
DEAR GEORGE — THANKS FOR THE LETTER. THAT’S SMALL. I KNEW YOU WERE A GOOD GUY AND THANKS NO REASON FOR JOYS LIKE US WRITING SHIT ABOUT EACH OTHER.

BECAUSE THE OFFER SORRY TYPE BUT THE DARN WILL STICK OTHERWISE AND I WANT TO WRITE THIS FAST.

I STARTED TO GET sorter AS HELL AND THEN I FIGURED SOME SON OF A BITCH HAD JUST BEEN LYING TO YOU SO I TRIED TO WRITE YOU JUST THE STRAIGHT SHOT. IT’S OVER.

JUST LIKE MOSS CAN’T HURT YOU ANYMORE AND ANSWERING THEM IS JUST LIKE GIVING THEM SNIPS IN A FAKER GAMES. THEY’VE GOT EVERYTHING TO GAIN AND NOT A THING TO LOSE.

MOSS HAD DOUBTS ABOUT BEING ABLE TO GET INTO THE T-R. ALL ALONG AND FINALLY WHEN HEalled WAS MENTIONED BY YOU AS A CHANCE TO GET IN WITH SOMETHING THEY WOULD HAVE TO DO TO PUBLISH. I DON’T EVEN KNOW HIM AND DON’T EVEN GIVE A SHIT IN PUBLICITY THAT ANY YOU ARE YOU AND I AINT EVEN GOING TO HAVE TO DO SHIT TO GET IT. PLENTY WILL COME. BUT JUST LIKE THAT IT MEANS A LOT TO.

I DON’T THINK YOU FEEL HARMED OR OPRESSED FROM STRAVINSKY. OF COURSE YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT I THINK IF YOU HAVEN’T BEEN INFLUENCED BY HIM YOUNG A DAMN FOOL BECAUSE HIS ALREADY A HALL OF FAME COMPOSER.

STRANGEST I’VE BEEN INFLUENCED BY SOME JIM MYSTERY I’VE EVER READ. BUT OUT OF IT I DO COME. I’VE NEVER HAD ANYTHING HARD AND CLEAR WITH OUR OWN STUFF.

I THINK I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY FOR EVER MAKING THAT CRACK IN THE FIRST PLACE BUT IT WAS A REMARK I’D SURELY GET ANY DAME CHANCE AND MAKE SOME JUNK COME AT ME FOR SAYING IT. YOU KNOW ONE OF THE DUMBASS THINGS WE SAY AND THE INCIDENT CAMES BACK TO ME WHEN I WAS THINKING ABOUT THE CONRAD ARTICLE — YOU REMEMBER THE POINT ABOUT THAT YOU’RE NEVER WORKED STRAVINSKY — BUT THAT I’D BEEN BULLIED OUT FOR MAKING A BON. NOT ABOUT YOU TWO GUYS. THEN I DIDN’T LIKE TO PUBLISH IT. SO I SENT IT TO YOU BECAUSE I WOULD HAVE BITCHED UP THE ARTICLE TO CUT IT. YOU DIDN’T SEEM TO MIND MUCH AND OK SO IT I LEFT IT IN.

YOU WRITE SOME SMALL STUFF FOR ME AND I KNOW WE’LL TALK ANYTHING YOU SAY. I’M JUST HANGING AROUND. WANT YOU GET HIM TO PUT HIS NAME DOWN?

ANYWAY SO LONG AND HUGS TO YOU. I KNOW IT WOULD MAKE US BOTH FEEL BAD IF THAT STUFF CAME OUT IN THE GREAT SCHNITZ BUT I DON’T WANT TO YOU THE STIPS FOR STOPPING IT. WEDDEKOP NEVER PUBLISHES IN A HURRY SO I THINK THERE COULD BE TIME TO CANCEL THE SHEET.

GRUSS GOTT AND SEE YOU TUESDAY.

Hemingway’s "now often parodied macho telegraphese" is evident in this letter written to George Antheil probably in September 1924.
DEAR GEORGE—THANKS FOR THE LETTER. THAT'S SWELL. I KNEW AND SAID YOU WERE A GOOD GUY AND THERE'S NO REASON FOR GUYS LIKE US WRITING SHIT ABOUT EACH OTHER.

EXCUSE THE UPPER CASE TYPE BUT THE DAMN MILL STICKS OTHERWISE AND I WANT TO WRITE THIS FAST.

I STARTED TO GET SORE AS HELL AND THEN I FIGURED SOME SON OF A BITCH HAD JUST BEEN LYING TO YOU SO I TRIED TO WRITE YOU JUST THE STRAIGHT DOPE. IT'S OVER. FORGET IT.

GUYS LIKE MOSS CAN'T HURT YOU EVER GEORGE AND ANSWERING THEM IS JUST LIKE GIVING THEM CHIPS IN A POKER GAME. THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO GAIN AND NOT A THING TO LOSE.

MOSS HAD DOUBTLESS BEEN WANTING TO GET INTO THE T.R. ALL ALONG AND FINALLY WHEN HIS NAME WAS MENTIONED BY YOU SAW A CHANCE TO GET IN WITH SOMETHING THEY WOULD BY LAW HAVE TO PUBLISH. DON'T EVER ANSWER HIM AND DON'T EVER GIVE HIM ANY PUBLICITY THAT WAY. YOU SEE YOU AND I AREN'T EVER GOING TO HAVE TO DO DIRT TO GET IT. PLENTY WILL COME. BUT GUYS LIKE THAT IT MEANS A LOT TO.

I DON'T THINK YOU PLAGIARIZED OR COPIED FROM STRAVINSKY OF COURSE. YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT. I THINK IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN INFLUENCED BY HIM YOU'RE A DAMN FOOL BECAUSE HE'S SUCH A HELL OF A GREAT COMPOSER. CHRISTNOSE I'VE BEEN INFLUENCED BY EVERY GOOD WRITER I'VE EVER READ BUT OUT OF IT WE COME, IF WE'VE GOT ANYTHING, HARD AND CLEAR WITH OUR OWN STUFF.

I THINK I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY FOR EVER MAKING THAT CRACK IN THE FIRST PLACE BUT IT WAS A REMARK ID GOTTEN OFF IN THE EARLY SPRING AND MADE SOME GUYS SORE AT ME FOR SAYING IT. YOU KNOW, ONE OF THE CARELESS THINGS WE SAY AND THE INCIDENT CAME BACK TO ME WHEN I WAS WRITING THAT CONRAD ARTICLE. YOU REMEMBER THE POINT WASN'T THAT YOU'D EVER COPIED STRAVINSKY—but THAT ID BEEN BAILED OUT FOR MAKING A BON MOT ABOUT YOU TWO GUYS. THEN I DIDN'T LIKE TO PUBLISH IT SO I SENT IT TO YOU BECAUSE IT WOULD HAVE BITCHED UP THE ARTICLE TO CUT IT. YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND AND OK ED IT SO I LEFT IT IN.

YOU WRITE SOME SWELL STUFF FOR WALSH I KNOW HE'LL TAKE ANYTHING YOU SEND HIM AND BRING HACKENSCHMIDT AROUND. CAN'T YOU GET HIM TO CUT HIS NAME DOWN?

ANYWAY SO LONG AND HERE'S TO YOU. I KNOW IT WOULD MAKE US BOTH FEEL BAD IF THAT STUFF CAME OUT IN THE GREAT SCHNITT BUT I LEAVE UP TO YOU THE STEPS FOR STOPPING IT. WEDDERKOP NEVER PUBLISHES IN A HURRY SO I THINK THERE WOULD BE TIME TO CHANGE THE MS.

GRUSS GOTT AND SEE YOU TUESDAY.
[Signed in pencil] Hem

[Marginalia in pencil alongside first six paragraphs in right margin of letter]: you see there's a cult of guys springing up that hate me for one reason or another like this Pierre [name undecipherable] and I'm bound to get lied about a lot. But I hope it will always be stuff where we've got the dope like this so you can nail them.

Sent from Key West, Florida, on March 30, 1936 (?) to

GEORGE ANTHEIL =
HOTEL EVERGLADES =
DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU GEORGE ANYTIME YOU COME DOWN JUST SO LONG AS YOU NOT WRITING ANY BOOK OR ARTICLES AS REMEMBER THE DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE NAMED GERTRUDE STEIN AND HE[R] MARVELOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY STOP FISHING GOOD NOW REGARDS =

HEMINGWAY

Key West,
April 16/ [1936?]

Dear George:

I was damned sorry you didn't get down. We could have had some fun. But maybe you'll get down next winter.

Ezra's Mussolini stuff is sort of hard to take but he is an old friend and an old friend can have idiotic ideas you wouldn't stand for with any son of a bitch you weren't fond of. Ezra was always a hell of a patriot you know.

What do you hear from Sylvia by the way? I always miss her.
Hemingway to Antheil, probably written in 1936
George Im sorry as hell you didnt come down. Try to make it when you can and always have a lot of luck and take care of yourself.

Yours always,
Ernest Hemingway

[Marginal query on left-hand side of letter]: You arent in any kind of jam are you--or anything I can do to help you out? I was worried about you having to go so suddenly.

[Comment in right-hand margin]: Have been working like a son of a bitch

July 23, 1936/

D[ecar] George:

I was damned sorry to miss you in Florida. Was over at Havana for a month then and down the Cuban coast and didnt get your letter until too late. Just back from the Bahamas. Going out to Montana now. Wish we could come through New Mex. Maybe on way back. Am working on a book and want to get settled somewhere cool. How is it in New Mex? Thanks for the nice g[reeting?] card from you and Edgar[d] Varese a[nd] Bjesha [Boski]. We’ll get together next winter eh? I’ll [sic] be back at Key West by December or so. Saw Gingrich and he gave us a lot of news of you. He’s a hell of a good fellow.

Write me care L-T Ranch
Cooke City, Montana/

Hope you have a swell summer---

Good luck, always, George

Your friend
Hem/
Dear George:

This place, arrived last night, has been ruined by a new road. Hunting and fishing all shot. Tin can tourists on the trout stream. Would you write me if you know any good ranches in New Mex where it is high, cool, you can ride, be fairly comfortable, where I could write on this damn book and get, close, good trout fishing and later some shooting?

You see I, unfortunately, have to get exercise when I'm working and the shooting and fishing gives me that and takes my mind off worrying between days work. Would like to stay out west until middle of Nov. or so.

Am writing you about New Mex and going to see if find anything in Idaho. Can pay up to 50 bucks a week if the place is good. But am looking for trout fishing close i.e. can walk to it -- Like to be able to go down to the stream when finish work and take my lunch. Maybe there's nothing like that there. But would you mind asking.

There will be my wife, myself, and one 7 year old kid. Shipping other kid back to school when leave here about Sept 1—Youngest kid with nurse in Syracuse.

Fort Worth fair very good. New Orleans fun too.

Hope you and Bjeska [Boski] fine. Write me at this address will you? Had goofy letter from Ezra wanting me to review some book out a couple 3 years. Well his boys won. Now he'll be right on everything.

Send me any ranch folders will you? If too much bother forget it.

Yours always,

Hem
The facade of Joseph Urban's architectural masterpiece, the New School in New York
Urban’s Masterpiece on Twelfth Street

ROBERT REED COLE

Joseph Urban, born in Vienna in 1872, was a creative participant in the art revival that flourished in the glittering capital of the Habsburg Empire at the turn of the century. By the time he settled in the United States in 1911, he had already achieved more than most artists do in a lifetime. Architecture was his training and first love, but he was also adept at stage and interior design and book illustration.

Urban’s career in America lasted until his death in 1933 and was as diverse as it had been in Europe. Prolific as he was in many fields, he is best remembered today for his settings for the Metropolitan Opera and for Florenz Ziegfeld’s Follies. To accumulate enough capital to open his own architectural studio in New York, he worked for five years beginning in 1920 for William Randolph Hearst’s Cosmopolitan Films, creating lavish backgrounds for Hearst’s mistress and protégée, Marion Davies.

Two of the three buildings that Urban designed in New York City are still standing. For Hearst he created the International News Service Building on Fifty-seventh Street and Eighth Avenue. The publisher loved to talk about his newspaper and magazine “empire,” so Urban, in a spirit of gentle fun, provided him with a suitably mock imperial headquarters. It is doubtful that the dour and humorless “emperor” ever got the joke.

The other surviving structure is, fortunately, Urban’s masterpiece: the New School on West Twelfth Street, which opened on New Year’s Day in 1930. Having been forced out of the space it had rented since the school was founded in 1918 by such distinguished scholars as Thorstein Veblen and John Dewey, it was decided in 1928 that the school should have its own building.

The school’s president and co-founder, Alvin Johnson, had two architects in mind for the project: Frank Lloyd Wright and Joseph Urban. Wright’s career was in a temporary eclipse at the time, and he was financially desperate. Urban loaned the man who is now
recognized as America’s greatest architect $5,000, a loan that eventually became a gift. Fearing that a building designed by Wright would not suit the needs and character of the school, Johnson turned to Urban.

Urban’s design of the dance studio was influenced by his wife Mary Porter Beegle who had been a dancer with Isadora Duncan’s company.

A luncheon meeting was arranged, and Johnson later wrote in his autobiography that he “dwelt on the imperative need of a building that should express the ideals of the New School, give visible form to its personality.” Urban had a well-earned reputation for high fees, but he remained enthusiastic about the project even after learning that the school had limited financial resources. The two men became close friends, and Johnson reported that Urban confided why he had agreed to accept the commission: “He had come to feel that the sand in his life glass was running low and he wanted to present the future with an example of the art which he loved most, from which he had been drawn away to the ephemeral splendor of the stage.” Urban was able to keep the costs down to $500,000, but
he still managed to achieve quite remarkable effects with a minimum of means.

The New School Building embodied and clearly expressed the three key elements in all of Urban’s work: simplicity, light, and color. The architect gave his usual meticulous attention to every detail in the building, down to designing special exit signs and elegant bronze handrails for the staircases. While much of the interior has been remodeled as the needs and purposes of the school changed over six decades, the facade and the auditorium remain virtually intact. The facade is a carefully composed study in black and white with alternating bands of windows and white masonry. The fenestration was designed to allow the maximum amount of light to flood the interior.

The chief decorative element throughout the building was color. In Urban’s skilled hands, color was an extraordinary and inexpensive medium. Every room had its own color scheme. Urban left the following account of his use of color in the school:

Warm colors . . . are located where they receive the most light, cold where there is most shadow, a change of plane is generally emphasized by a change of color, thus the walls have one set of colors, the ceiling another. By thus modelling the wall surfaces of a room the boxlike property of four walls is given an expression of contrasting filled spaces and void space; the monotony of the enclosing areas is transformed to an imaginative statement of the space enclosed and given a character by the emotional statement of color.

As might well be expected, Urban’s intricate application of color has long since disappeared under layers of uniform institutional drab. One can only imagine some poor, harried building superintendent (lacking Urban’s exquisite color sense) later trying to match some of the more than ninety different colors Urban used—let alone trying to store adequate supplies of the paint!

The building was completed before the development of color film, so there are only black and white photographs of the rooms as they first appeared. Fortunately, however, Urban’s radiant original color drawings have been preserved in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library. In addition, there are marvelous written descriptions
by contemporary critics. Shepard Vogelgesang gives an idea of what someone looking in from the street could see: "Blocks of red, blue, green, yellow, orange, white, purple, brown, dark blue."

The single room where the architect employed the widest range of color was the dance studio in the building’s basement. Urban’s second wife, Mary Porter Beegle, had been a dancer in Isadora Duncan’s company, and subsequently taught dance at Barnard College. Her influence on the studio’s design is most apparent. Rather than elevating the dancers on a stage or platform, Urban created a circular area of highly polished maple that was sunken slightly below the flat level of the rest of the floor. This arrangement allowed the spectators, in Alvin Johnson’s words, to "get a sense of the grace and beauty of movement of the dancers’ whole bodies."

Eugene R. Clute left a vivid description of the colors Urban employed in the studio:
The ceiling is painted black, excepting the reflecting areas in the center and around the walls which are white. To the level of the tops of the doors, the walls are painted in colors, one section being orange and the next yellow with blue next to that and so on. The floor is dark blue. The entrance doors are light green and one of the two doors opposite the entrance is vermilion and the other is light emerald green.

The only surviving room from the original plan, the egg-shaped theatre, is still fully capable of astonishing those experiencing it for the first time. Alvin Johnson wanted an oval room since he felt it would foster intimacy between the lecturers or performers and the audience. In addition, a six-hundred-seat oval theatre would not look empty when only a few people were sitting in it, nor would it look crowded when filled to capacity. The stage opening was made as wide as possible so that the theatre could be used for plays, chamber music, and films. By closing off the stage, the thrust apron was suitable for lectures. One notable figure who lectured from this platform was Frank Lloyd Wright.

Gray and red is the color scheme of the auditorium, the chief architectural motif of which is a series of repeated arches. These arches are reminiscent of Urban's great arch in the prison scene of the Metropolitan Opera's 1920 production of Don Carlos, and they quite obviously influenced the design of Radio City Music Hall's auditorium.

Urban had done no architectural work between 1908 and 1925. In this country he was known and highly praised for his stage work. Few were aware that he had left an impressive legacy of architecture in Vienna, including the magnificent restaurant that still can be enjoyed today in Vienna's city hall. Once he resumed his architectural career, he wanted to be taken seriously. There is no question that his stage designs were architectural and that his architecture was often theatrical. Critics who disliked or could not appreciate his buildings facilely dismissed them as the work of a designer of scenery. Here is Edmund Wilson's stinging critique of the New School from his essay titled "Aladdin's Lecture Palace":

**Urban's Masterpiece on Twelfth Street**
The design of the auditorium (top) of the New School recalls the arches of the prison scene of *Don Carlos* (bottom), created by Urban for the Metropolitan Opera in 1920.
Joseph Urban, the architect of the New School, is a brilliant theatrical designer—at least as far as the Ziegfeld “Follies” go. But when he tries to produce a functional lecture building, he merely turns out a set of fancy Ziegfeld settings which charmingly mimic offices and factories where we keep expecting to see pretty girls in blue, yellow and cinnamon dressed to match the gaiety of the ceilings and walls.

Wilson quite conveniently failed to mention any of Urban’s designs for the Metropolitan Opera, which were almost universally considered great artistic achievements, as were his sets for the Follies and other Broadway productions.

A far more perceptive appraisal of Urban’s New School came from Philip Johnson, the current dean of American architects. Philip Johnson was one of the leading exponents and practitioners of the new International Style which had been developed by such European masters as Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier. While Johnson’s detailed criticism was often severe, he duly and quite fairly recognized Urban’s achievement, especially in the last paragraph of his critique:

In the New School we have the anomaly of a building supposed to be in a style of architecture based on the development of the plan from function and facade from plan but which is as formally and pretentiously conceived as a Renaissance palace. Urban’s admiration of the New Style is more complete than his understanding. But the very fact that the School can be subjected to analysis from the point of view of the new elements of building shows how far the architect has been influenced by the New Style. His work is an outstanding piece of pioneering in New York...

Only four months before Urban’s early death, his peers in the Architectural League of New York awarded him a medal for his entry in the League’s 1933 exhibition, an exhibition that he installed and revitalized. Urban at last received meaningful and tangible recognition of his success as a practitioner of the art he so dearly loved. The gold medal was all too briefly his most cherished possession. The New School still stands, serving continued generations of students, and is a lasting testament to Joseph Urban’s artistry and humanity.
Our Growing Collections
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Banner gift. Mr. James M. Banner, Jr. (Ph.D., 1968), has donated the notes he kept as a graduate student in 1960–1961 of the lectures of Professors Shepard B. Clough (The French Revolution), Peter Gay (The Age of the French Revolution), Garrett Mattingly (The Age of Expansion), and Richard B. Morris (Colonial America).

Borchardt gift. Mr. and Mrs. Georges Borchardt have donated for addition to the collection of papers of their literary agency approximately eighteen thousand letters, manuscripts, and contracts relating to English, American, and French authors, publishers, and other agents, dating from the period 1971 to 1986. Among the author files are papers relating to the publications of Michel Butor, John Gardner, Penelope Gilliat, Norman Podhoretz, and Elizabeth Sprigge.

Braden gift. Mr. William Braden has presented a group of approximately seventy-five letters written by his father and grandfather, Spruille Braden and Colonel William Braden, respectively, during the period 1933–1935 when his father and grandfather were serving on various diplomatic assignments in South America.

Bronk gift. Nearly twelve hundred pieces of correspondence and manuscripts have been donated by the poet William Bronk for addition to the collection of his papers. There are approximately one thousand letters to Mr. Bronk from his publisher, James Weil, and groups of letters from Robert Creeley, Cid Corman, Samuel French Morse, W. H. Auden, and Eugène Canadé, dating from the late 1930s to the 1980s. There are two notebooks containing handwritten drafts of his essay, “Silence and Henry Thoreau,” which was published by Mr. Bronk in The Brother in Elysium, and twelve autograph and typewritten drafts of poems dating from the 1940s.
Brown gift. Mr. James Oliver Brown has donated, for addition to the collection of his papers, three letters written to him by Herbert Gold during 1989 and 1990. His current writings, recent publications, and mutual friends are among the subjects about which the novelist writes to his former literary agent. Also presented was a first edition of Louis Auchincloss’s most recent novel, *The Lady of Situations*, inscribed by the author to Mr. Brown.

Carnegie Corporation gift. The board of trustees of the Carnegie Corporation, a philanthropic foundation established by Andrew Carnegie in 1911 to “promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding,” has presented the Corporation’s archives along with an endowment of $365,000 to provide for an archivist for the cataloguing and maintenance of the collection.
Numbering some three-quarters of a million items, the archives include grant files, board and executive committee minutes, annual reports, and correspondence of board members, officers, and staff; these files document the activities of one of the largest and most prestigious foundations from its inception through 1977. The organizations founded by means of grants from the Corporation, all of which are documented in the archives, include the National Research Council, the National Bureau of Economic Research, the American Law Institute in Philadelphia, and the research institutes that merged in 1927 to form the Brookings Institution. Other areas of interest to the Corporation include race relations, the education of children, the influence of television, libraries, and the incorporation of scientific and technological knowledge into federal and state policy, among numerous other endeavors.

Cravath, Swaine & Moore gift. The law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, through the courtesy of the firm's director of records administration, Ms. Gloria Zimmerman, has presented for inclusion in the papers of Professor Edwin Armstrong (E.E., 1913; Sc.D., 1929), the inventor of Frequency Modulation (FM), files, dating from the late 1920s to the 1950s, pertaining to: Professor Armstrong's litigation with Lee de Forest over the regeneration patents; his suit against RCA and other infringers of his FM patents; the original letters patent, among which are those for Professor Armstrong's FM system; and financial matters relating to the Armstrong laboratories and FM station in Alpine, New Jersey.

Curtis Brown, Ltd., gift. An extensive gift, numbering some 70,500 pieces of correspondence, manuscripts, contracts, and photographs, has been received for addition to the papers of the literary agency, Curtis Brown, Ltd. Covering the period 1955 to 1989, the gift contains files pertaining to the publications of numerous contemporary novelists, poets, and non-fiction writers, among which are those of such notable authors as Louis Auchincloss,

Faatz gift. Dr. Anita Faatz has donated approximately seven thousand items of correspondence, lecture notes, and manuscripts of reviews and other publications of Professor Virginia P. Robinson (1883–1977), who taught at the School of Social Work at the University of Pennsylvania and was president of the Otto Rank Association and editor of its journal. Also included in Dr. Faatz’s gift were papers of the Otto Rank Association and correspondence of Dr. Jesse Taft.

Frankel gift. To the collection of his papers, Professor Aaron Frankel has added a further group of letters that he received from Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Dated 1975–1983, the group of letters and notes include one from Alfred Lunt and six from Lynn Fontanne, all sent from their home at Genesee Depot, Wisconsin, in which they comment on mutual friends and theatrical activities and interests.

Halsband bequest. Professor Robert Halsband (A.M., 1936) has left by bequest the final portion of his papers, comprising correspondence, manuscripts, notes, and photographs pertaining to the book on which he was working at the time of his death, “Literary Illustration in 18th Century England.” The approximately 2,000 items, dating from 1963 to 1989, also includes papers relating to other publications, articles, and book reviews, as well as lectures, teaching, travel, and collecting activities.

Haverstick gift. Mrs. Iola Haverstick (A.B., 1946, B.; A.M., 1965) has presented, for addition to the Edith Wharton collection that she established in 1988, first editions of the author’s 1917 novel
Summer, published by D. Appleton and Company, and her 1925 collection of essays, The Writing of Fiction, published by Charles Scribner’s Sons. Both of these works, which are in the original dust jackets, are among the writer’s scarcest books and as such are most welcome additions to the Wharton collection.

Hornick gift. A collection of 241 first editions of contemporary poetry and eighty-three issues of poetry periodicals has been presented by Mrs. Lita Rothbard Hornick (A.B., 1948, B.; A.M.,
1949; Ph.D., 1958). Included among the first editions, many of which are inscribed to Mrs. Hornick, are works by John Ashbery, William Burroughs, James Dickey, Edward Dorn, Robert Duncan, Clayton Eshleman, Allen Ginsberg, Richard Howard, Judith Malina, Rochelle Owens, Ron Padgett, Jerome Rothenberg, and James Schuyler, among others. There is an important copy of Ashbery’s first book of poems, Turandot and Other Poems, which was the personal copy of the illustrator Jane Freilicher and is autographed by her as well as by the poet; the volume was published in New York in 1953 by the Tibor de Nagy Gallery in an edition of 300 copies and contains four drawings by Freilicher.

Lamont gift. Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932) has presented a first edition of Tribute to Ballet, London, 1938, with poems by John Masefield and pictures by Edward Seago; Masefield’s deep love for the ballet is expressed in the poems written to accompany the paintings of Seago reproduced in the volume. For addition to the Masefield Collection, Dr. Lamont also presented a photograph of the Masefield memorial stone in Westminster Abbey.

Lax gift. Mr. Robert Lax (A.B., 1938) has added to the collection of his papers seven letters written to him by Professor Mark Van Doren from 1955 to 1963 concerning Mr. Lax’s poems, Professor Van Doren’s travels, and mutual Columbia friends; also donated was a typescript of Professor Van Doren’s poem, “Woe, Woe (To Robert Lax),” with a handwritten note by the author at the end of the text of the poem.

Charles Saxon's cartoon for his *Main Streets Are People Streets*, 1978 (Russell gift)

*Russell gift.* For addition to the Charles Saxon Collection, Mr. Eduardo Russell has presented four drawings by Saxon that the artist drew in 1978, entitled "Main Streets Are People Streets," published by Champion International Corporation in 1978 in the company's magazine, *Imagination XXII.* The drawings depict two policemen on an empty city street, men on the steps of Town Hall
admiring a passerby, a mother with a child talking with another
two woman outside a hardware store, and three men on a sidewalk
bench chatting.

Sabine gift. Mr. William H. W. Sabine has presented a collection of
approximately six thousand engraved portraits, primarily English
and American in origin, of literary, scientific, and historical figures
dating from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Included
among the portraits are those of poets, novelists, musicians, composers, painters, statesmen, divines, jurists, and members
of royalty. Of special interest are six engravings of portraits of vari-
ous Dutch painters and prominent persons after paintings by
Anthony Van Dyck. The collection presented also includes several
folders of engravings of historical scenes, scenery and landscape,
and maps.

Saffron gift. Dr. Morris H. Saffron (A.B., 1925; A.M., 1949;
Ph.D., 1968) has donated, in addition to more than three hundred
art exhibition catalogues, the following limited folio editions: Dante
Alighieri, The Inferno, translated by the Reverend Henry Francis
Cary and illustrated with the seven engravings of William Blake,
printed in New York by Richard W. Ellis for Cheshire House, 1931;
A. P. Oppé, Thomas Rowlandson: His Drawings and Water-colours,
edited by Geoffrey Holme, published in London by The Studio,
1923; Thomas Rowlandson, Medical Caricatures, with a foreword by
Dr. Saffron, a series of twelve matted prints issued in 1971 in a port-
tfolio by Editions Medicina in New York; and An English Version of
the Eclogues of Virgil by Samuel Palmer, with illustrations by the
author, published in London by Seeley and Company, 1883, one of
135 copies on large paper.

Stein and Day gift. The papers of Stein and Day Publishers, founded
by Mr. Sol Stein (A.M., 1949) and his wife, Ms. Patricia Day (A.B.,
1948, B.), have been presented by the publishers. Founded in 1962
and remaining in business until 1988, Stein and Day was primarily a mass-market publisher of adventures, biographies, cookbooks, gardening, and “How-to” books, as well as a publisher of social history, literary criticism, and serious fiction. The 34,500 items in the collection comprise correspondence, manuscripts, documents, photographs, and printed material, and they include the editorial, publicity, and production files for some 450 titles issued by the firm. There are letters from Woody Allen, Pearl S. Buck, William F.
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Sypher gift. Mr. Frank J. Sypher (A.B., 1963; A.M., 1964; Ph.D., 1968) has presented a group of nineteenth-century poetry first editions and manuscripts, the most significant of which is Jerome Kern's copy of John Forster's biography of Walter Savage Landor, published in London by Chapman and Hall in 1869. Laid in the two-volume set are three important manuscript items: a letter from Landor to Theodosia Garrow (who later married Thomas Adolphus Trollope, the brother of Anthony), dated Bath, March 17, 1845, which contains a draft of a 49-line poem, "Iphigenia," a variant version of that published in the poet's Hellenics, 1846; the manuscript of Landor's unpublished translation from the Greek of "Hymn to Ceres" by Eusebios; and a letter written by John Forster to the painter Daniel Maclise, London, August 11, 1864, relating to the Royal Commission for the decoration of the House of Lords Gallery. Among the first editions presented by Mr. Sypher are books by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Emily Dickinson, G. P. R. James, and Charles Kingsley.

Weil gift. To the collection of the papers of the poet William Bronk, Mr. James L. Weil has added in a recent gift some 240 letters which he received from the poet from 1968 to 1989, as well as ten audio cassettes of readings by the poet. In these long and important letters, many of which include drafts of poems, Mr. Bronk discusses his writings and publications, comments on other poets, and remarks on his reading, travels, and other activities. Mr. Weil has also presented copies of Mr. Bronk's Adversaries, and the keepsake issued on the anniversary of the 195th birthday of John Keats, containing the poet's To Charles Cowden Clarke, both printed in editions of fifty copies by Martino Mardersteig at the Stamperia Valdonega in Verona.
Wertheim gift. Professor and Mrs. Stanley Wertheim have donated a fine copy in the original dust jacket of *Times Square*, Cornell Woolrich’s 1929 novel about the tawdry life on Broadway in New York in the 1920s. Also donated by the Wertheims is a copy of the keepsake edition, printed at The Oliphant Press and issued as their New Year’s greeting in January 1990, of the facsimile of the letter from their collection written by Arthur Conan Doyle, dated December 10, 1913, in which the author mentions his first book *A Study in Scarlet*. 
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Wien bequest. As a bequest from Lawrence A. Wien (A.B., 1925; LL.B., 1927; LL.D., 1974) the Rare Book and Manuscript Library has received the papers of the noted philanthropist, entrepreneur, lawyer, and University Trustee. The nearly 58,000 pieces of correspondence, documents, and memorabilia relate to the L. A. Wien Foundation, Committee to Increase Corporate Philanthropic Giving, Foundation for the Improvement of Housing Arrangements for Official Foreign Personnel, Wien International Scholarship Program at Brandeis University, Wien Scholarship Program at Columbia Law School, Educational Broadcasting Corporation, and Institute of International Education, as well as to numerous Columbia University programs and New York theatrical productions.
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