



# FRONTS OF MODERNITY

THE 20TH-CENTURY COLLECTIONS  
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA LIBRARIES

EDITED BY  
**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**







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# FRONTS OF MODERNITY

## THE 20TH-CENTURY COLLECTIONS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA LIBRARIES

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Gisèle Freund  
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#### BACKGROUND

##### PHOTO:

Virginia & Leonard  
Woolf in the 1930s.  
Photograph by  
Gisèle Freund. [Gisèle  
Freund Fonds, SC043]



CANADA

BRINGHURST  
ZWICKY  
BROWN  
O'HAGAN

AMERICA

POUND  
MILLER  
FITZGERALD  
WRIGHT





**IRELAND**

YEATS  
JOYCE

**ENGLAND**

READ  
GOLDRING  
GRAVES  
BETJEMAN  
ELIOT  
BARNES  
HUGHES  
PLATH  
LEWIS

**FRANCE**

BECKETT  
FREUND  
MILLER  
DE BEAUVOIR  
MALRAUX  
JOYCE

**EGYPT**

DURRELL



# Setting the Path

**JONATHAN BENGTON**

UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN, UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA LIBRARIES

The Modernist collections at UVic Libraries attract researchers from around the world for their breadth and depth. These materials have formed the bedrock of our special collections upon which

much has been built over the past half century. John Betjeman, Lawrence Durrell, T.S. Eliot, E.M. Forster, Robert Graves, Aiden Higgins, Wyndham Lewis, Henry Miller, Sylvia Plath, Ezra Pound, John Cooper Powys, Kathleen Raine, Herbert Read, Laura Riding, Else Seel, Robin Skelton, Douglas Goldring, and many others — it is an extraordinary and internationally known gathering of materials which the Libraries remain active in collecting.

Collecting is one thing, creating is another. If the early strength of our Modernist collections set the Libraries on a path towards building our holdings of unique and scarce research materials, so too have they become, through initiatives such as the Modernist Versions Project, the catalyst for new and emerging forms of understanding how ideas are formed through complex networks of knowledge creation and dissemination.

In this, one of the enduring strengths and values of the library is reflected and amplified. Librarians know that the collections we build will have a multiplicity of uses and potentialities over time, without which researchers — whether faculty, first year

undergraduate, community member, graduate student — would be adrift, floating in a void of nothingness. The special collections within libraries emanate a gravitational force which grounds all researchers and sets them on a creative path towards new knowledge creation. †



**“Storiella as she is syung.”** The illuminated capital letter was painted by James Joyce’s daughter, Lucia. [PR6019 O9W63 1937]

**FACING PAGE:**  
**BLAST 2.** Detail from Wyndham Lewis’ magazine. [PR6023 E97Z6129 no. 2]

Gr 25-2398

Hi! *de Rely*  
**Dear Robert**

Today you have  
been fully received by  
the people of Deya.

Even the few who  
might not have liked  
the idea (there are always  
those skulking around  
Ha Ha)

Now  
feel warmed  
by your Adoption  
me too.

oh dear love, I'm so happy for you.  
A

(I'm just loving fun!)

Do not show this, naturally!



# Re:Defining Modernism

---

**HEATHER DEAN**

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS,  
UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA LIBRARIES

Libraries build collections primarily through three means: purchase, donation, and transfer from either within an institution or from another institution. It is through a combination of these three channels

that the University of Victoria Libraries created, in collaboration with the Department of English at the University of Victoria, an impressive collection of modernist archives and printed material. Howard Gerwing of Special Collections, and Roger Bishop, then former Chair of the Department of English, along with the support of faculty members Ann Saddlemyer and Robin Skelton, all played a crucial role in developing our holdings.

Printed material is unlike archival material in that it is intended for an audience. Printed material generally exists in multiple copies: there are publisher runs that comprise multiple issues and editions, whereas archives are more often unique material that exists in the singular. Literary archives, such as the fonds of Audrey Alexandra Brown, Lawrence Durrell, Robert Graves, and Herbert Read described in this volume, are special because we have access to both their public printed material and their private thoughts through letters and diaries.

It is a privilege — not a right — that we have access to these documents. Unlike printed material, which assumes a public audience no matter how small, and government records, to which citizens legally have a right to consult in order to ensure the accountability and transparency of their government, private records, such as the archives of writers and artists, arrive at an archive because an author or their literary executors are willing to open their life and their creative process to posterity rather than consigning them to a bonfire or dumpster or benign neglect. The fact that authors' archives are private, and not published or public, has implications for what and how such documents are acquired and made available to

researchers, as well as cultural property and privacy more broadly.

That Special Collections at the University of Victoria has strong holdings of modernist authors, and specifically, archives of British modernist writers, is largely connected to the interests of faculty in the Department of English at the University of Victoria's founding. In 1969, UVic, the University of British Columbia, and Simon Fraser University agreed to build complementary rather than competing collections; this agreement formalized UVic Libraries' focus on English and Anglo-Irish literatures, while UBC collected Canadian literature, and SFU pursued American literature. The archives of British authors, including Poet Laureate John Betjeman, are among the highlights of Special Collections; an indication of the colonial legacy of collection building in libraries and in this region, which initially located cultural relevance outside rather than within Victoria and British Columbia's literary community.

In 1979, Philip Larkin, then serving as University Librarian at the University of Hull, was among the first in England to decry the loss of literary archives to the Americas.<sup>1</sup> At that time, UVic Libraries had already established a robust collection of archives of British authors and was well on its way to purchasing medieval manuscripts and the multitudes of books that were pouring onto the market from the private libraries of British country houses.<sup>2</sup> Our conception of what belongs where is complicated by the reality that authors themselves are mobile and not necessarily rooted in one place; ultimately, authors and their literary executors have final say as to where their archives rest.

**FACING PAGE:**

**Robert Graves.**

A letter from Aemilia Laracuen to Robert Graves.

[SC050]

Special Collections acquired the archives of American and British authors primarily because faculty and librarians at the time deemed these authors worth collecting, and UVic Libraries could afford to purchase archives. Special Collections and the Department of English worked closely with primarily two book dealers, Anthony Rota, of Bertram Rota Limited, and Lew David Feldman, of the House of El Dieff, from roughly 1966 (when Special Collections was founded) to the mid-1970s. The first collection that was purchased was Ezra Pound; then Special Collections purchased archives relating to Lawrence Durrell from the House of El Dieff in 1966; Robert Graves from Bertram Rota between 1969 and 1991; and T.S. Eliot and Sir Herbert Read from a combination of Bertram Rota and the House of El Dieff during this same period. Other collections, such as the Douglas Goldring fonds and the Audrey Alexandra Brown fonds, were donated by family members to Special Collections.

In some cases, a purchase created a seed collection and established a relationship with an author and their loved ones, which then served as the basis for additional purchases. For example, between 1977 and 2005, Special Collections worked directly with Aemilia Laracuen, whose affair with Graves lasted between roughly 1963 and 1966, to acquire their correspondence. An agreement between Special Collections, Robert Graves, and Aemilia Laracuen restricted this correspondence “until ten years after the death of Mr. Graves or until the death of Mr. Graves’ present wife [Beryl Pritchard Graves] whichever is later.”<sup>3</sup> Perhaps discouraging for researchers, such as one writing in 1989, “I am wondering what the restrictions are on the Graves and Laracuen-Lee letters. [...] [I]s the restriction to be lifted on her death or some such gruesome arrangement?”<sup>4</sup> The complexities around access and privacy may persist even after an author’s records arrive at an archive, as Elizabeth Grove-White explores in her essay on Robert Graves’ diaries.

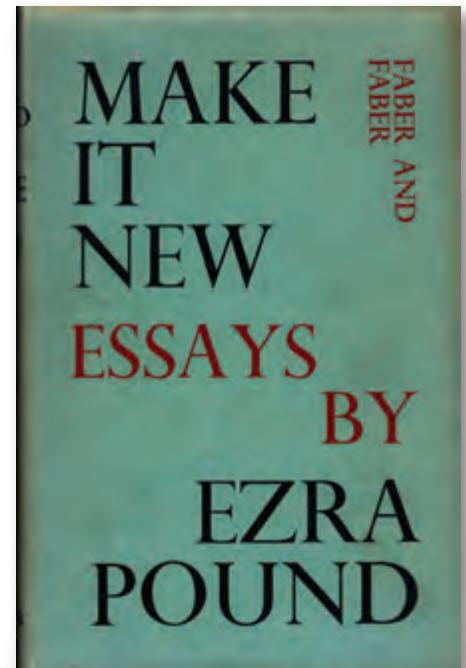
It is notable to identify the difference between documents that are purchased as compared to those that are donated; because of the literary marketplace, authors’ archives may be divided and sold piecemeal to the fastest and highest bidder, making them fragmented and disjointed evidence.<sup>5</sup> In comparison, authors’ papers that are donated tend to be more complete. This is not to say that these archives are not heavily culled, or that everything arrives all at once in a meaningful order, but that in these cases archives tend to be more representative of an authors’ creative process and provide a more complete picture of an author’s life, rather than those archives that are disbanded and sold based on their monetary rather than cultural value.

In the mid-1970s, funds for Special Collections dwindled as did support within the Department of English for modernist authors. When offered additional documents pertaining to Robert Graves, as well as Edmund Blunden, Siegfried Sassoon, and E.M. Forster’s manuscripts and letters, Gerwing wrote to Feldman, fighting off “tears and sobs of despair” noting that “the new Head of English, is [...] a medieval specialist and is attempting to shift our concentration on the ‘modern’ literary scene.”<sup>6</sup>

Yet despite declining budgets and shifting scholarly interest, a close connection between Special Collections and the Department of English continues to impact contemporary collections development; for example, G. Kim Blank and James Gifford donated collections based on their research on Audrey Alexandra Brown and Lawrence Durrell, respectively. Stephen Ross requested the purchase of Djuna Barnes’ novel *Nightwood*, an addition that complements Barnes’ existing publications in Special Collections.

Only works published prior to 1850 are de facto added to Special Collections, this means that gems from the nineteenth through twenty-first centuries remain in the circulating collection. Of course, age is one factor affecting the decision of whether or not books and journals are transferred into Special Collections: other features include market value, physical and intrinsic characteristics, condition, and bibliographic and research value.<sup>7</sup> Some of these treasures from the open stacks are highlighted in Michael Nowlin and Stephen Ross’ essays. Victoria College, the predecessor to the University of Victoria, purchased a first edition of F. Scott Fitzgerald’s *The Great Gatsby* when it was published in 1925. Acquired to be part of the circulating collection, the library stamped the volume and discarded its now famous dust jacket. Librarians have since transferred *The Great Gatsby* into Special Collections, although the volume is in considerably poorer condition.<sup>8</sup> Likewise, the library first acquired Scribner’s *Magazine*, containing Fitzgerald’s *Tender is the Night*, for the open stacks, and in doing so stripped out the original advertising and bound separately published issues into single fat volumes.<sup>9</sup> While the British edition of *Nightwood* (1936) is in Special Collections, the American edition, published a year later with an introduction by T.S. Eliot, circulates freely.

Given the existing strength of modernism, Special Collections continues to develop in this area. Most notably Special Collections has benefitted from donations from C.J. Fox and Ann Saddlemyer. The importance of C.J. Fox’s collection is a testament to his passion and persistence as a devoted collector of Wyndham Lewis and his circles. In addition to playing a role in building Special Collections from its



beginnings, Ann Saddlemyer has donated important Anglo-Irish works, impossible to give full representation here, but with highlights including important and unique editions by Lady Gregory, J. M. Synge, Oscar Wilde, and W. B. Yeats. Saddlemyer has also enriched the modernist holdings with her own research collection. Recent purchases include first editions of Mary Butts' *Ashe of Rings* and *Imaginary Letters*, relevant given the Butts letters in the Douglas Goldring fonds.

As the essays in this collection demonstrate, the definition of modernism is shifting and growing more

inclusive, creating not only new avenues for scholarship but additional areas for developing Special Collections as well. The excellent essays in this volume, like the history of Special Collections, illustrate the important relationship between the collection and its patrons (in both meanings of the term, as both donors and users of the collection). With hope, this symbiotic relationship will continue, filling not only the stacks in Special Collections but also the seats within our Reading Room; this bond between the artifacts and people fuels the outputs (whether in print or digital form) of both established and emerging scholars. †

1 First delivered as an introduction at a seminar on modern literary manuscripts at King's College, London, Larkin later published his piece as an essay, "A Neglected Responsibility: Contemporary Literary Manuscripts" in *Required Writing: Miscellaneous Pieces, 1955-1982* (London: Faber and Faber, 1983) 98-108.

2 For example, in 1977 UVic acquired a manuscript of John Lydgate's *The Fall of Princes*, from Reverend A. Mallinson who had purchased the manuscript from Sotheby's in 1947, which in turn came from Kimberley Hall. Special Collections' set of *The Works of Ann Radcliffe* derive from Merley House and were owned by the eminent bibliophile John Willett Willett (1745-1815).

3 Assignment, November 25th, 1969, Administrative Files.

4 Patrick J. Quinn to Howard Gerwing, December 4, 1989, Administrative Files.

5 The literary market is reflected in the early finding aid for the Robert Graves collection, which organizes the collection into "lots," terminology deriving from auction houses, rather than "series," the typical groupings archivists identify, which are

intended to reflect how an author originally arranged their records.

6 Howard Gerwing, letter to Lew David Feldman, House of El Dieff, Inc., September 24, 1975. Offers from Lew David Feldman, Administrative Files.

7 Association of College and Research Libraries and Rare Books and Manuscripts Section, *ACRL Guidelines on the Selection of General Collection Materials for Transfer to Special Collections*. Third ed., approved July 2008. At the time of writing this standard is under revision.

8 It is important to note that circulating copies may be of richer paratextual interest as illustrated in projects such as *Book Traces*, which focuses on circulating and research collections and specifically excludes Rare Books and Special Collections. [www.booktraces.org/](http://www.booktraces.org/).

9 For a discussion of the impact of this practice on modernist scholarship see Robert Scholes and Clifford Wulfman *Modernism in the Magazines: An Introduction* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2010).

**Aemilia Laracuen.** Graves and Laracuen illustrated their correspondences. [SC050]

**Cover of *Make it New*, by Ezra Pound.** The title of this book became a motto for modernism. [PS3531 O82A16 1934]

THREE SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE NET

THE  
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. I      OCTOBER 1922      No. 1

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# The 20th-Century Collections at UVic Libraries

## An Interconnected Ecosystem

**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**

POSTDOCTORAL FELLOW, UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA LIBRARIES

It is fitting that on the 50th anniversary of the University of Victoria Libraries' Special Collections and University Archives we should celebrate the

literary holdings of the 20th century. Although the collections have grown into an interconnected ecosystem of material spanning thousands of years across various disciplines, the seed for the idea of what we now call Special Collections was first planted in 1966 when members of the Department of English and the University Library came together to establish a "research laboratory"<sup>1</sup> for students studying Modern English Literature. The rapid growth of the collections speaks to an incredible collaboration among librarians, archivists, professors, and students — a spirit that still nourishes the partnerships among the members of our Victoria community.

The essays you are about to read demonstrate how a plucky, new Canadian university beat out some of the biggest American universities for some of modernism's biggest fonds. Through friendships, the kind

regard of a famous New York book dealer, and the hard work of librarians, archivists and professors, the University of Victoria has a Special Collections befitting its nature as a world-class research institution.

If there is a founding figure of both the library and Special Collections, we might find one in Roger Bishop, who not only held degrees in English, but Library Science as well. In 1945, when the student body of Victoria College tripled "thanks to the returned servicemen," Bishop championed a book budget for the library since "you can't have a college without a library." Bishop would scour bookshops around the world for new material, and it seems "librarians became accustomed to 'Bishop's shoeboxes' — slips of orders waiting to be filled when money was available."<sup>2</sup>

**Roger Bishop.**  
Librarian and Chair of the Department of English, Bishop was a champion of Special Collections and the University Library. [University Archives, Accession 2008 007]

**Dean W. Halliwell.**  
The first University Librarian at the University of Victoria. [University Archives, Box: PB 1977.0105]

**Ann Saddlemyer.**  
Professor of English and pioneer of Special Collections. [University Archives, Peter L. Smith Fonds, (published in *A Multitude of the Wise: UVic remembered by Peter L. Smith*)]

**FACING PAGE:**  
Cover of *The Criterion*. T. S. Eliot founded and edited this important modernist magazine. [AP4 C85]





**Ezra Pound as a young man.**

Photograph pasted into UVic Libraries' first-edition copy of Ezra Pound's book of poems, *Canzoni*. [SC P53531 082C3]

**Shakespeare & Co.**

James Joyce, Sylvia Beach, and Adrienne Monnier discussing the publication of *Ulysses*. [Gisèle Freund Fonds, SC043]



When Victoria College became the University of Victoria in 1963, efforts were made to create a library fitting of a university. Dean Halliwell was made University Librarian, and Bishop finally had an ally as well as a healthy sum of money with which to shape a collection. Bishop gave two of his professors, Patricia Köster and Bob Lawrence, teaching releases so they could “canvas the library shelves” and see what the university needed in terms of new purchases.<sup>3</sup> Bishop told Ann Saddlemyer, a young scholar at UVic — who would become a world-renowned scholar in Irish literature and Canadian drama — to “hunt down” books while she did her research. She became close friends with Lew Feldman, of the House of El Dieff Booksellers, who were widely used by the wealthy and powerful University of Texas at Austin to procure material for their collections. Feldman had never heard of the University of Victoria, but he liked the grit of a young institution that was trying to secure the work of the world’s choicest artists.

The result of this community building was the purchase of our first major manuscript collection: the papers of Ezra Pound, one the most famous authors of the 20th century. Over the years, the University of Victoria would augment this first purchase with material from many of modernism’s greatest figures: Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot, Laura Riding, John Betjeman, Robert Graves, Douglas Goldring, and Dorothy Livesay, among many others.

The title of this book, “Fronts of Modernity,” speaks to many different collections that make up 20th-century literary production. Modernism — an aesthetic movement that is generally associated with difficult and highbrow literature in the first half of the twentieth

century — was born in the many “little magazines” that appeared around 1910. Little magazines like *BLAST*, *The Dial*, *The Little Review* were called “little” because they did not enjoy the same mass circulation as commercial magazines; they tended to be published in small runs, and were consciously not interested in publishing “popular” content. They wanted to publish real and difficult art — stuff that wouldn’t be touched by publishers who wanted to make a large profit. Thus, many of these magazines were short-lived and have become somewhat rare in their original forms.

Some of the great works of modernism, from T. S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land* to James Joyce’s *Ulysses*, were first published in these little magazines. Robert Graves, featured in Elizabeth Grove-White’s essay, started his own magazine *Focus*, while Wyndham Lewis created *BLAST* — the hot pink magazine that took London by storm in the summer of 1914, only to be drowned out by the actual blasts of war a few months later; Douglas Goldring created *The Tramp*. W. B. Yeats edited *Beltaine*, *Samhain*, and *The Arrow* to support the Irish National Theatre in Dublin. The list continues. Little magazines gave modern authors, who were seen as being too difficult for commercial success, a financial lifeline as well as a community. Bookshops like Sylvia Beach’s Shakespeare & Company and Adrienne Monnier’s La Maison des Amis des Livres, were famous among artists in Paris as meeting points to share ideas and stories — as well as a place to buy the newest installment of *The Little Review*. In short, if you were reading new literature before 1939, you were probably reading it in a magazine.

The title also speaks to the different lines and threads of modernism as it appeared around the

world. What scholars deemed “modernism” in the 1960s was really an English and American phenomenon; this has changed over the past 20 years of scholarship to include any culture’s experience of modernity — when “horsepower” became just a metaphor; when light passing through film began to be projected onto theatre walls; when voices and instruments were inscribed on cylinders and vinyl and played back on machines for the first time; and when life seemed to reach dizzying speeds for millions of people. My own grandfather used to reflect wistfully in his old age: “When I was born, we rode in horse-and-buggies, in midlife, I saw a man walk on the moon.”

This also reminds us that libraries collect material that is important to scholarship at a particular time. Many of the authors you will read about in this collection tend to be English, white, and mostly male. This is because in the 1960s, they were the celebrity figures that held positions of power in literary circles in England and North America. Libraries today, of course, seek to develop collections that represent the diversity of our culture, and as you will see in Stephen Ross’ essay, the Transgender Archives at UVic Libraries are tied to the work of Djuna Barnes in the 1930s.

“Fronts of modernity” also speaks to the wartime horrors of the 20th century. The World Wars affected millions of people, interrupted global trade networks, and destroyed entire cultures. Many of the contributors to Wyndham Lewis’ magazine *BLAST* died on the battlefields in France — effectively wiping out an entire generation of artists. Sometimes it was hard for writers to find even the little things we might now take for granted, like paper. Robert Graves’ diary isn’t published on fine paper bound in leather: he folded cheap pulp paper in half so he could simply add more sheets when he needed them. Perhaps this is the ultimate reason why magazines remained so popular: they were cheap to produce, easy to slip into the pocket, and inexpensive to buy when paper was available.

We’ve tried to recreate the feel of the little magazine with this publication to give you a sampling of the many special works we have in our collections. Each section is focused around “A Letter from...” to highlight the geographical diversity of our holdings. When Roger Bishop, Ann Saddlemyer, and others were collecting material for the University of Victoria, they weren’t just collecting books — they were collecting, from around the world, the ephemera, including the magazines, that tell the multifaceted story of modernism and modernity.

Like a magazine, you do not have to read this book from cover to cover. Feel free to flip through. Each section has a self-contained story of an object that stands on its own. But we hope you find a common



strand that unites all these pieces as well: the importance of our university libraries and archives in preserving the materials of our pasts — in whatever forms they may take.

I would like to thank my colleagues in the University Library: Jonathan Bengtson, University Librarian for suggesting we do this book; Christine Walde, Grants and Awards Librarian, who provided a keen editorial eye and endless encouragement and patience; Heather Dean, Associate Director, Special Collections; as well as John Frederick and Nada Lora, who worked tirelessly to provide information and access to the collections; and most importantly, Lara Wilson, Director of Special Collections and University Archivist, and Elizabeth Grove-White, Associate Professor of English, without whose support, kindness, and knowledge this book could not have been written.

Members of the Department of English and Fine Arts also rallied to tell the stories of the objects in our collections. The editor is grateful to Matthew S. Adams, Lecturer in Politics, History and Communication at Loughborough University; James Gifford, Assistant Professor and Director of the University Core, Farleigh Dickinson University; G. Kim Blank, Nicholas Bradley, Elizabeth Grove-White, Michael Nowlin, Stephen Ross, professors in the Department of English, for giving voice to the material presented before you. †

**Adrienne Monnier in front of her bookshop, 1935.**

The famous “La Maison des Amis des Livres” on rue de l’Odéon in Paris. Photograph by Gisèle Freund. [Gisèle Freund Fonds, SC043]

- 1 Howard Gerwing, University Librarian Archives, 1962–81; 89–064; Box 3 of 3.
- 2 Saddlemyer, Ann. 2005. “Talking to a Friend: Roger Bishop.” Friends of UVic Libraries Newsletter, December.
- 3 Ibid.

**SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND ARCHIVES** hold many rare published works as well as the personal and professional papers of authors and publishers.

For **NICHOLAS BRADLEY**, working in Special Collections provides an opportunity to read books by the Canadian writers Robert Bringhurst and Jan Zwicky, whose poems have been published in elegant editions. In these volumes, the arts of the poet and the bookmaker combine.

**G. KIM BLANK**, a mid-distant relation of Audrey Alexandra Brown, explores the work of this nationally recognized local poet whose experience of modernism was different in Nanaimo, British Columbia, but no less important to the history of Canadian literature.

Though our collections began as a “laboratory” for modern literature, they have expanded to include the work of local publishers Gray Campbell and Wendy Morton of Fireweed Press, among many other renowned local poets and writers. Special Collections is truly a place where the global and local meet.

CANA

LETTER

FROM

NIA

DA

# THE WOODS ARE LOVELY, DARK & DEEP

## BRINGHURST & ZWICKY

**NICHOLAS BRADLEY**

**IN 1972 A CRYPTIC POEM** of six lines by Robert Bringhurst appeared in the pages of *Stoney Lonesome*, a literary annual that then as now was decidedly obscure.<sup>1</sup> “Poem, 1971” was dedicated to Robert Bly, the American poet who had won, not many years before, the National Book Award for *The Light around the Body* (1967). Bringhurst, in his middle twenties and at the outset of his life as an author, had no such distinction in his name, but as a writer fascinated by literature in languages other than English he perhaps recognized in Bly a fellow-traveller: the poet from Minnesota (and Harvard) was a noted translator of works by the Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez, the Swedish poet Tomas Tranströmer, the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, the Peruvian poet César Vallejo, and others.<sup>2</sup> Despite the dedication, however, “Poem, 1971” is not on the surface concerned with Bly. Here is the poem in full:

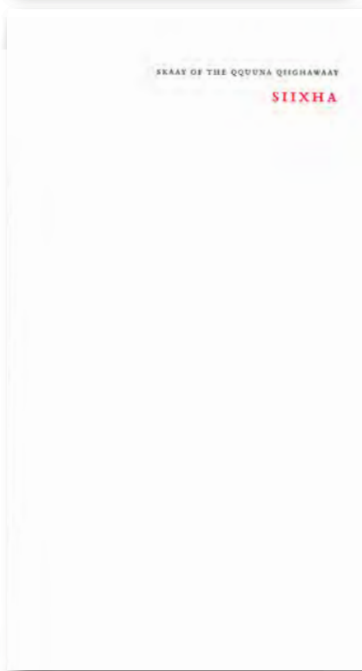
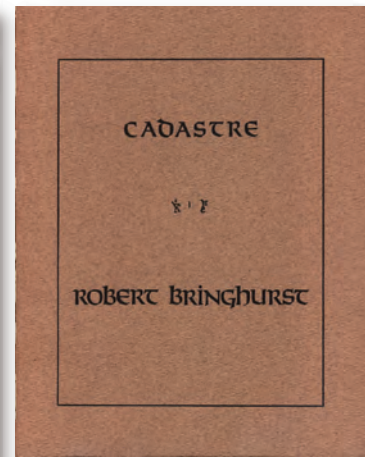
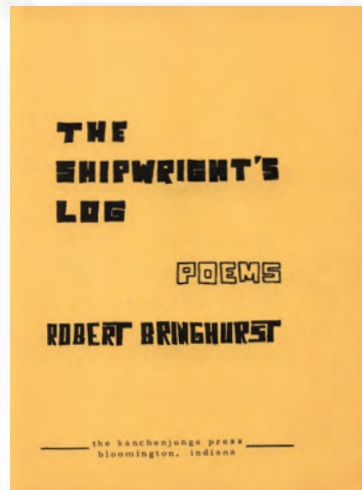
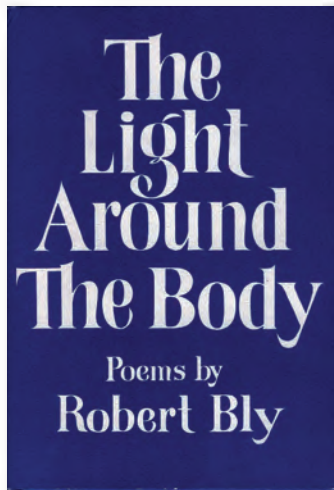
*These men are all doing what Ezra was doing  
in March of 1916.*

*I am doing what Ezra was doing  
in October of 1916.*

*Serene, as in a glider, the sensation  
of being in the lead.*

The allusion is to Ezra Pound, an American poet and translator of an earlier time, while “These men” are the poets of the moment. Bringhurst’s contemporaries, his *jeu d’esprit* suggests, were followers or unwitting imitators of Pound, who by 1916, although still a young man, had already published several books and would soon complete the first poems of *The Cantos*. The concluding lines of “Poem, 1971” present an ironic image of the unfledged author as the vanguard. Less belated than other acolytes by a matter of months, he is but a mere half-century behind Pound the innovator.

Today Bringhurst’s slight poem is all but forgotten. Yet hidden documents can, when brought to light, prove interesting indeed. They serve as reminders that much is unknown or dimly perceived about even recent literary history. Rediscovered poems, like rare books and manuscripts, letters, and other personal papers, give occasion to redraw creased maps of the literary past. Bringhurst was in the early 1970s an unknown American writer. He is now an eminent



[1] Qquuna lianigay han ghughanungay, wamungay.  
 Gyaanaw Taw Qqailla gu nang lianaa awgha daaghat,  
 Gyaan singhalghada awgha shudany li tanngghasi,  
 gyaan ghaanata li liingungasi.  
 Gyaan ti diingungasi,  
 Kiyahl ghaanata ti liingungungasi.  
 Nang lianaa awgha han Siixha han kighanungay, wamungay.  
 Ghaatanan gha li giidalgungasi.  
 Gwooy Jats dilaxeni ghujunglay gu  
 Qinggi Hluu shaitgu gu pyingingit  
 wagu ginaga nangungasi.  
 10 Thaway jina su gwanungungasi.  
 Chu li giidalgungasi,  
 Liaga taghanai aghalangay aghalangasi,  
 -Siixha gyanang shawawaw liingungungay,  
 han aghalangay li gyanungungawasi.  
 Gyaan li li danghanungay.  
 Giana ghagang qaallay liagha li ayanungungay  
 gi lian' li liyanungasi.  
 20 Ila gawgha shudany itit.  
 Gyaanaw yuhaghit ilus shiti gwaning shangidax gi  
 li li liyanungungay.  
 Gyaanaw li dangay li liyanungungay.  
 Dangayungungay gyanungay  
 Xhachanungungay ilus ghijungay ilus  
 han danghanungay li su'ulax.

There lay the village of Qquuna, they say.

And the one who was the mother of the town  
 held title to Sand Reef?<sup>2</sup>  
 Early one day, he went there hunting harbor seal.  
 Then he issued invitations to a feast.

They came in droves,  
 He kept dispatching invitations.  
 The one who was the mother of the town  
 was known as Floating Overhead, they say.

One day, when he was heading over there,  
 where the overfalls form, on the landsward side  
 of Gwooy Jats, just offshore from Qinggi Hluu,  
 there were people on the water singing something.  
 They were drumming on their gunwales.

He headed over there,  
 and they were singing—yes!—of him!  
 -Floating Overhead can taste his o-o-o-ocean,<sup>3</sup>  
 they were singing as they paddled.

He grabbed hold of them.  
 He asked them why it was  
 they'd taken seals from his reef.

The seals they had were their canoes.  
 He tied them down amidships,  
 and headed back to shore with them.

Then, when the canoe came just abreast of Mallard Grease,  
 north of Tarn-of-the-Tide,  
 One of them said to the other,

Cover of *The Light around the Body*. Robert Bringhurst dedicated "Poem, 1971" to Robert Bly. [PS3503 L965L5 1967]

Cover of *The Shipwright's Log*. Bringhurst's first book is a rare volume. [PS8553 R55545 1973]

Cover of *Cadastre*. Bringhurst's second book, *Cadastre*, was published in 1973 by the Kanchenjunga Press. [PS8553 R555C3 1973]

*Siixha/Floating Overhead*. Only 100 copies of this bilingual book of poetry were printed. UVic Libraries owns no. 49. [E99 H2S472 2007]

Canadian man of letters: a poet, essayist, and translator of tremendous accomplishment; an authority on the theory and practice of typography; an Officer of the Order of Canada. The Special Collections holdings of the University of Victoria Libraries contain an outstanding selection of his published works, and his place in the literary culture of British Columbia may be glimpsed in his correspondence with authors of regional significance whose papers are housed in the library, among them Robin Skelton.<sup>3</sup>

The artifacts include Bringhurst's first books, *The Shipwright's Log* (1972) and *Cadastre* (1973), which are notable for their relative scarcity and as evidence of

the poet's development.<sup>4</sup> Both volumes were brought out by the Kanchenjunga Press, Bringhurst's own venture, and like his poems in *Stoney Lonesome* they belong to a period of his career that has largely disappeared from view. Other items are more obviously impressive, such as *Siixha/Floating Overhead* (2007), a limited edition of the poetry of Skaay of the Qquuna Qiighawaay, translated by Bringhurst from the original Haida. Skaay (c. 1827–c. 1905) was "one of the great poets, though his name has until recently been known to very few."<sup>5</sup> *Siixha/Floating Overhead*, issued by the fine printer Russell Maret, is a splendid, elegant object, its importance philological as well as aesthetic:



Etching from *Stopping By: A Poem in Three Parts*. The etchings, by Caroline Saltzwedel, were hand-printed by the artist. [PS8553 R55576 2012]

this particular work of Skaay's is published in *Haida*, not in English alone, for the first time.<sup>6</sup>

One of the most striking books in the collection is *Stopping By* (2012), a handsome folio edition, produced by the Hirundo Press of Hamburg, of Bringham's eponymous poem.<sup>7</sup> Only forty copies were made.<sup>8</sup> The poem's three parts are accompanied, as a pianist accompanies a singer, by the arboreal etchings of Caroline Saltzwedel. The text in the Hirundo edition spans nine printed pages, three for each section. When the poem was published subsequently in the literary journal *Mānoa*, it naturally assumed a more conventional, compressed form.<sup>9</sup> Reading *Stopping By* and reading the reprinted poem are palpably different experiences. *Mānoa*, based at the University of Hawai'i, is attractive but intended to be circulated

widely and inexpensively. If magazines encourage browsing, *Stopping By* invites readers to linger, to watch, as it were, the woods fill up with snow.

*Stopping By* — the poem — is undisguisedly allusive. Its title comes from Robert Frost, whose "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" it engages in a sustained dialogue. First Frost's title is truncated. Then his poem's familiar opening line — "Whose woods these are I think I know" — is revised:<sup>10</sup>

Whose woods these are I do not know.  
I bought them from a man who said  
he owned them, but I only have to be here  
long enough to take a breath  
and then it's clear he did not own them,  
nor do I.





Bringhurst ranges widely while staying close to home, reckoning with the nearby woods with the assistance of Frost and also Gary Snyder, another student of forests (and of mountains and rivers too), whose poem “What Happened Here Before” is quoted in *Stopping By*:

You might remember what it says  
in Snyder’s poem. ‘The land belongs  
to itself’, it says. ‘No self in self;  
no self in things.’ How else could anywhere  
ever be home?<sup>11</sup>

Long after “Poem, 1971,” Bringhurst has again identified predecessors and confrères, and established connections between the poetic past and the present.

Other forerunners seem to hide in the thicket. When the third section of *Stopping By* strikes the ear, Theodore Roethke’s “The Waking” may come to mind:

Whose woods these are I said I didn’t  
know. I don’t, it’s true. I am trying  
to learn, but the learning is slow. I do not  
know — but my hunch is that they do.

“I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow,” Roethke wrote in his villanelle; “I learn by going where I have to go.”<sup>12</sup> Frost’s famous line suggests an apposite pun: “Whose words these are I think I know.”

Perhaps Bly lurks in the trees as well. “It is a joy to walk in the bare woods,” he wrote in “Solitude Late at Night in the Woods”; “The moonlight is not broken

**Slipcase and pages from *Stopping By*.** Poetry and illustration appear side by side in this collaborative work. [PS8553 R55S76 2012]

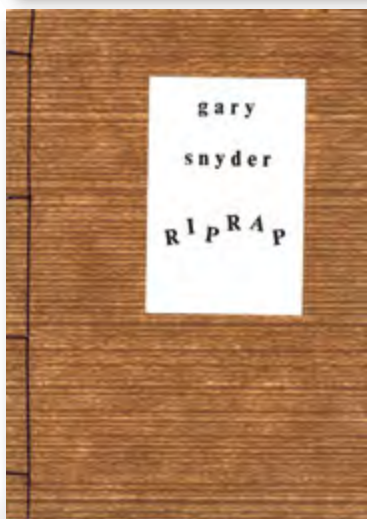
**Detail of slipcase of *Stopping By*.** [PS8553 R55S76 2012]



Cover of *Songs for Relinquishing the Earth*. [PS8599 W5356 1996]



Photograph in *Songs for Relinquishing the Earth*. Lavender fields in Tasmania appear above Zwicky's signature. [PS8599 W5356 1996]



Cover of *Riprap*. Gary Snyder's book of poetry is bound with string. [PS3537 N79R55 1959]

Spine of *Songs for Relinquishing the Earth*. [PS8599 W5356 1996]



by the heavy leaves.”<sup>13</sup> Frost, Snyder, Roethke, Bly: all have written powerfully about the nature of things. *Stopping By* is not an epic, but it offers a Lucretian statement about the omnipresence of change and death. It is a meditation on matrimony and possession in which Bringhurst turns from the personal and romantic to the ecological and hypothetical, and proposes a mode of belonging to the earth analogous to the marriage of lovers:

Suppose we married  
forests, rivers, mountains, valleys,  
grasslands, hills. Suppose we married  
rocks and creeks and trees. Suppose  
we married them over and over, every day.  
Suppose we also did this knowing  
they will change, and so will we,  
and we will die, and so will they.  
Suppose we married the world itself  
in spite of the fact, or because of the fact,  
that whatever is real is always barely  
coming into view or going away.

The poem weaves its way through travelled terrain, making, as Bringhurst's poetry often does, ancient themes new. "All things are exchangeable for / fire and fire for all things," he wrote in another poem — "or so sings old / Herakleitos."<sup>14</sup>

Another of Bringhurst's retrospective poems, "Pythagoras," supplies the epigraph to "Transparence," a poem in Jan Zwicky's *Songs for Relinquishing the Earth* (1996): "Do not drink / the darkness, said Pythagoras, / the soul cannot become pure darkness."<sup>15</sup> Zwicky's poem responds: "I would reply to Pythagoras / nor can the soul / become pure light." Bringhurst's poetry and Zwicky's are linked by common themes and points of reference, but the book in which "Transparence" is found provides an intriguing contrast to *Stopping By* and other lavish demonstrations of the bookmaker's art. The modest first edition of *Songs for Relinquishing the Earth*, designed by Sally McKay and Zwicky herself, consists of five gatherings sewn together by the author. The cover is plain; the book's sole illustration is a small colour photograph of lavender fields in Tasmania. Reading *Songs for Relinquishing the Earth* is akin to reading a manuscript: its simplicity and fragility create an impression of intimacy with the author. Copies of the handmade volume were distributed *hors de commerce* to a small number of readers; the book was not advertised. (The facsimile edition published in 1998 by Brick Books of London, Ontario, won the Governor General's Literary Award for poetry. It remains in print.) Zwicky's first edition bears some physical resemblance to Snyder's *Riprap* (1959), another landmark collection of poems.<sup>16</sup> Published

by the Origin Press, *Riprap* is delicate and pliable, bound with string. Traces of the wilderness that Snyder's poems evoke can be imagined to reside in the spare form of the book.

"Lay down these words / Before your mind like rocks": Snyder for the poem "Riprap" instructs readers (and perhaps himself) to climb a cobbled path to wisdom. Readers in the library search for wisdom too. One seeks not to "play the tourist" amid rare books and in the archives but instead to absorb as fully as possible the meaning that forgotten works and secreted papers will divulge.<sup>17</sup> At Special Collections in UVic Libraries I have lifted the lids of boxes to reveal notebooks, letters, manuscripts, and ephemera, all evidently unsorted — some portion of a writer's life. The volume of paper is staggering; the contents are unfathomed. Such materials await a discerning scholar's eye. Whether they have literary value and contain important historical information, or whether they are simply jetsam, no one yet can say. In the lovely woods of the library, dark and deep, are mysteries. Time's snowfall



erases the footsteps of horses and poets alike. But the forest keeps its promise to the reader: along paths and in the underbrush, stories teem. †

- 1 Robert Lee Bringhurst, "Poem, 1971," *Stoney Lonesome* 3 (1972): 13. *Stoney Lonesome* was published in Bloomington, Indiana, where Bringhurst was at the time a student at Indiana University. He later moved to Vancouver to study creative writing at the University of British Columbia.
- 2 Bringhurst was especially attracted to the languages of the Mediterranean world. "Poem, 1971" was preceded in *Stoney Lonesome* by a translation, "Fragments Attributed to el-Samaul (Arabian Peninsula, middle sixth century)" (13). Bringhurst's "Riddle," a poem in *Pieces of Map, Pieces of Music* (1986), begins with an epigraph from Neruda: "debo reanudar mis huesos en tu reino" (Robert Bringhurst, *Selected Poems* [Kentville, NS: Gaspereau Press, 2009] 150).
- 3 Robin Skelton Fonds (SC114), Special Collections, University of Victoria Libraries.
- 4 Robert Bringhurst, *The Shipwright's Log: Poems* (Bloomington, IN: The Kanchenjunga Press, 1972) and *Cadastre* (Bloomington, IN: [The] Kanchenjunga Press, 1973).
- 5 Bringhurst in Skaay, *Being in Being: The Collected Works of Skaay of the Qquuna Qiighawaay*, edited and translated by Robert Bringhurst (Vancouver: Douglas and McIntyre, 2001) 13.
- 6 Skaay of the Qquuna Qiighawaay, *Siixha/Floating Overhead: The Qquuna Cycle* §3.3, edited and translated by Robert Bringhurst ([New York]: Russell Maret, 2007). See §3.3 of the *Qquuna Cycle in Being in Being* (184–95). One hundred copies of *Siixha/Floating Overhead* were made. First time: as indicated in the Translator's Note (n. pag.).
- 7 Robert Bringhurst, *Stopping By: A Poem in Three Parts with Etchings* by Caroline Saltzweid (Hamburg: Hirundo Press, 2012). The colophon states that "This poem was completed on 21 June 2011; this is its first printing" (n. pag.).
- 8 Forty copies: "30 Arabic and 10 Roman numbered copies." The University of Victoria holds copy VII.
- 9 Robert Bringhurst, "Stopping By," *Mānoa* 25.1 (2013): 144–48. Minor variations exist between the *Hirundo* and *Mānoa* versions of the poem.

- 10 Robert Frost, *Collected Poems, Prose, and Plays*, edited by Richard Poirier and Mark Richardson (New York: Library of America, 1995) 207. The poem was included in Frost's *New Hampshire: A Poem with Notes and Grace Notes* (1923).
- 11 "What Happened Here Before" is found in Gary Snyder, *Turtle Island* (New York: New Directions, 1974) 78–81.
- 12 Theodore Roethke, *The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1966) 108. "The Waking" appeared in the volume of the same name (1953).
- 13 Robert Bly, *Silence in the Snowy Fields* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1962) 45. The title of the book, Bly's first collection of poetry, is unmistakably Frosty. The phrase "the bare woods" whispers just a hint of the "Bare ruined choirs" of Shakespeare's *Sonnet 73*.
- 14 Bringhurst, *Selected Poems* 38. The poem is "Herakleitos."
- 15 Jan Zwicky, *Songs for Relinquishing the Earth* (Mayerthorpe, AB: Cashion Editions, 1996) 37. "Pythagoras": see Bringhurst, *Selected Poems* 45–47, in which the lines are slightly different.
- 16 Gary Snyder, *Riprap* (Ashland, MA: Origin Press, 1959). Two printings were made; a note in the second refers imprecisely to the book as a "second edition." The University of Victoria holds a copy of the second printing. Although Cid Corman, the publisher, gave for Origin an address in Ashland, Massachusetts, the books were printed in Kyoto; Corman and Snyder were both living in Japan. The book's pages are unnumbered.
- 17 I have borrowed the dismissive phrase from Hershel Parker, who employs it to savage effect in *Melville Biography: An Inside Narrative* (Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 2012). Parker writes wittingly of one Melvillean critic that "Although he had played the tourist in at least two libraries, he made no quotations from original documents in his ... book" (182; see also 180). In Parker's account the exhilaration of research is accompanied perforce by extreme mental and physical strain (e.g., 99–102).

**Robin Skelton, 1981.** Skelton was a poet and professor at the University of Victoria. He co-founded *The Malahat Review*, the first issue of which was published in 1967. [Photo credit: University of Victoria (B.C.). Communications] [SC114]

# A DRYAD IN SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

## AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

**G. KIM BLANK**

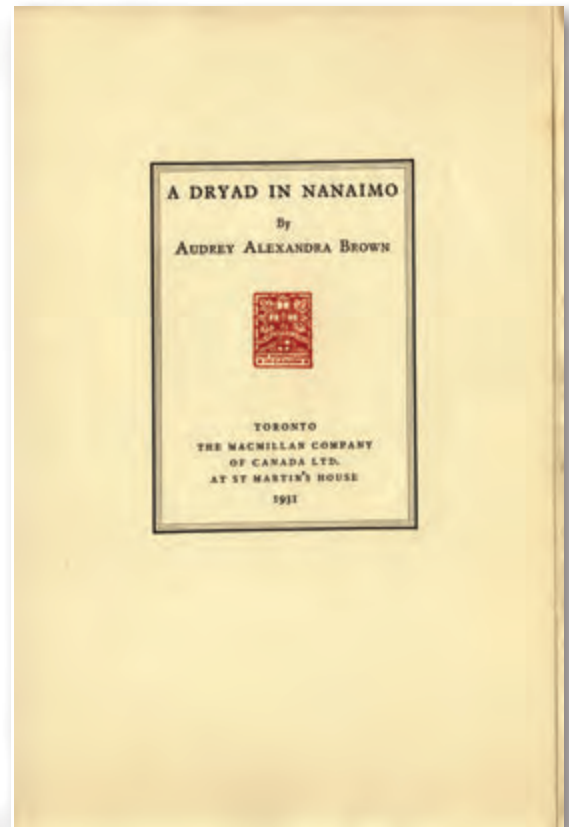
*“What does one prefer? An art that struggles to change the social contract, but fails? Or one that seeks to please and amuse, and succeeds?”*

— Robert Hughes, from *The Shock of the New*

**MODERNISM — THAT RADICAL BREAK** in the arts and architecture in the early 20th century — came both gradually and piecemeal to Canada. Beyond our shores, the shock of the new was heard, for example, in the music of Schoenberg and Stravinsky; seen in the paintings of Picasso, Matisse, and De Chirico; formed in the poetry and writing of T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein; expressed in fiction by Wyndham Lewis, James Joyce, Marcel Proust, and Virginia Woolf; seen on the stage in the plays of Samuel Beckett and Bertolt Brecht: poured into the Futurist, Vorticist, Dadaist, Cubist, and Surrealist manifestos; and made concrete in buildings that, in reaching for and crowding out the sky, suddenly rivaled nature’s dominance while also questioning humanity’s role in the metropolis. This break was already in the air with

Freud’s unsettling redistribution of the psyche and Nietzsche’s equally unsettling negative ethics. It had evolved, too, with the challenge of Darwin, who revealed a bold, even scandalous, narrative of what we are. New technologies marveled, intimidated, and alienated; new and brutal conquests for power, using new and brutal weaponry, fragmented the very idea of civilization — there had never been more ways for people to kill and control each other.

Meanwhile, early twentieth-century Canada seemed frozen by connections with Britain’s past glories and cozy notions of commonwealth. When combined with a dose of the sentimental and early attempts to construct a national identity, and when further geographically buffered by the Atlantic and diluted by the continental expanse, Canada seemed far from modernism’s fairly abrupt arrival in the salons, galleries, concert halls, and publishing houses of Paris, London, and other major European cities, before quickly heading to New York. But for our purposes we have to go as far west as we can, and then across the Strait of Georgia,



to Vancouver Island, to chase down a small but revealing part of this sweeping, complex story.

Finally we arrive at Victoria (a bastion of the prided colonial if ever there was one), to the Special Collections at the University of Victoria, to boxes containing the carefully archived work of a Canadian writer: a multi-award-winning poet of the first half of the twentieth century; someone showered with and sustained by attentions and assistance from the who's who of eastern Canada's academic establishment; a writer lauded and coddled by much of the popular press; someone of humble origins and modest education from a town about as working class as you could get; a recipient of personal gifts and correspondence from a prime minister; a poet who, despite serious physical disabilities, seemed to represent what was best about — well, who knows? Canada? The human spirit? The imagination? The power of poetry?

Forget that one reviewer in 1934 wrote, "Poetry like this does not happen every day in Canada, or anywhere else." Forget that this person was once on the

list of "Forty Famous Canadians." Forget that, in 1938, this poet's name was included among a list of world-famous figures in a newspaper quiz where readers were asked to supply middle names of these personages. Today's truth, however, is that hardly a poetry collection or critical history mentions this writer — even those overfed, specialized teaching anthologies that, in the spirit of relativism and political correctness, go out their way to include just about everyone.

The poet is Audrey Alexandra Brown (1904–1998); and, as suggested, her career might provide us with a sideways glance into Canada's engagement — or lack thereof — with modernism. Perhaps it also tells us something about Canadian sentiments and sentimentality in the first half of the 20th century.

We'll call her AAB, which is how she liked to sign much of her work, including her art — yes, she was also a very good sketch artist, providing drawings for works that were never published and never seen by the public.

**Portrait of Audrey Alexandra Brown.**

Photograph taken by Geo. T. Wadds on November 7, 1935. [SC335]

**Cover of *A Dryad in Nanaimo*.** [PS8503

R7D7 1931]



In 1934, the same year that arch-modernist Ezra Pound published his volume of idiosyncratic essays famously titled *Make it New*, AAB published an expanded version of her first, fame-making volume of poems: *A Dryad in Nanaimo together with Eleven New Poems*. In truth, the volume seems spirited from an earlier century; *pace* Pound, it could have been titled *Make it Old*. The poems are complete with genial Christian undertones, mermaids, nightingales, larks, pale brows, dew-drenched flora and fauna, much glittering and gleaming, and with things that seem to be “yonder.” In every possible way, the verses are the opposite of modernism’s seminal poem from 1922, T. S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land*.

The particular documents from UVic Special Collections I want to draw upon provide parts of the narrative from that modernist angle. The story, of course, necessarily begins with AAB’s poetry — first, *A Dryad from Nanaimo* (1931); then the expanded version of *Dryad* mentioned above (1934); and her next volume, *The Tree of Resurrection* (1937). (She subsequently published two other volumes of poetry in 1943 and 1948.)

Most reviewers fell over backwards in praise of the idea of AAB and her fanciful, fluttering verses. In ending a discussion of the expanded *Dryad* collection, one reviewer wrote, “The volume is a real inspiration to Canadian writers, and a source of genuine delight to readers.” This was the general tone: there was, they’d write, something “precious” about her and what she was doing. Some went further: Professor W. T. Allison of Manitoba suggested she be “hailed as a genius.” And the blurb on the 1934 book jacket, after turning her

into a saint — it refers to her extreme “physical suffering” and her conquering of “the demon of ill-health” — tells us she “carries music and beauty in her heart and on her lips, and a fine serenity of spirit reveals her poetry as both a vesture and a vehicle. This is, indeed, a voice from our Far West worth listening to.” The comment reveals something of Canada’s cultural tastes and federal patriarchy of the time, complete with a mild, gendered slant.

But a few voices were less enchanted with AAB’s poetry. Among the many AAB folders in Special Collections are reviews of her work that she herself collected. Here we find a clipping from the August 1937 issue of *The Canadian Forum*. The anonymous review of *The Tree of Resurrection* is entitled “The Moon-Wist of Audrey Brown.” The reviewer observes that Brown’s poetry is severely dated with “clamorous echoings ... of the nineteenth century”:

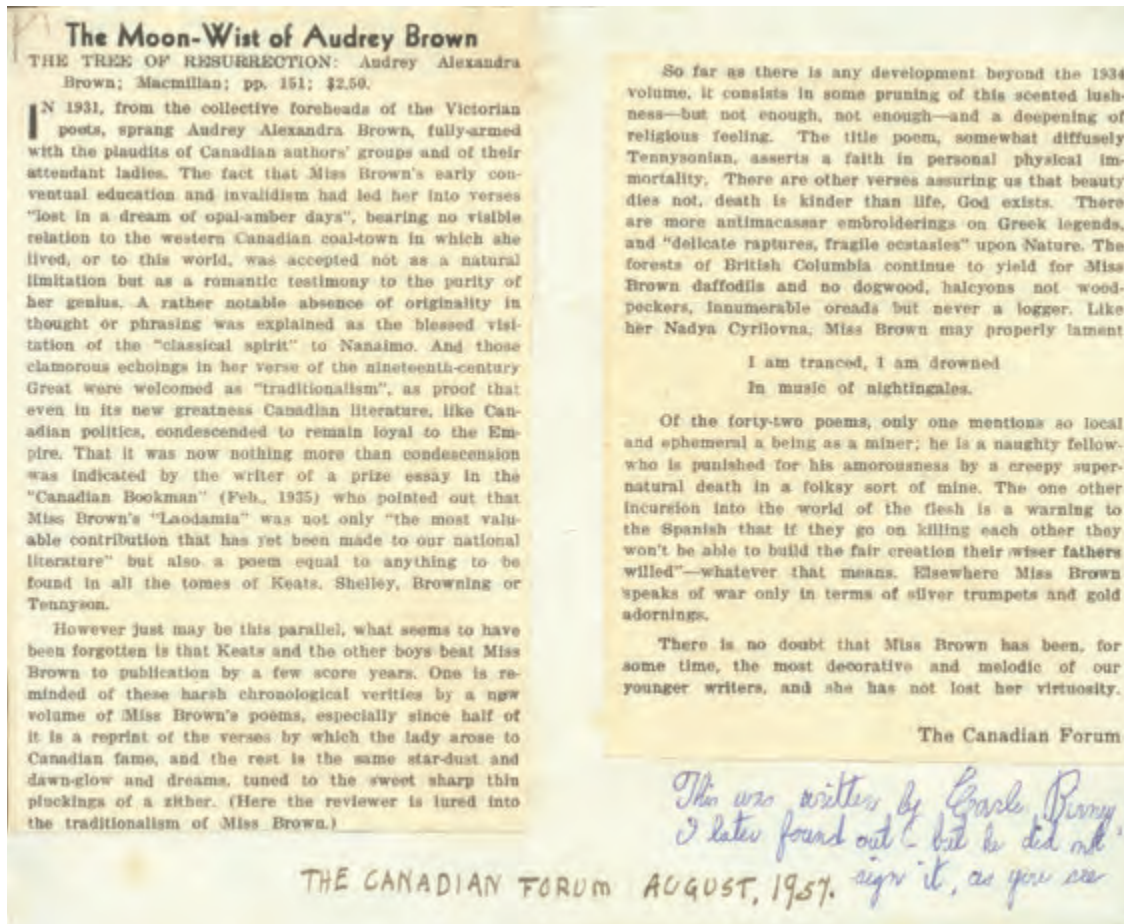
So far as there is any development beyond the 1934 volume, it consists in some pruning of the scented lushness — but not enough, not enough — and a deepening religious feeling. The title poem, somewhat diffusely Tennysonian, asserts a faith in personal physical immortality. There are other verses assuring us that beauty dies not, death is kinder than life, God exists. There are more antimacassar embroiderings on Greek legends, and “delicate raptures, fragile ecstasies” upon Nature. The forest of British Columbia continues to yield for Miss Brown daffodils

**Cover of *The Tree of Resurrection*.**

G. Kim Blank donated many of the family’s holdings of Brown’s work. [PS8503 R717 1937]

***The Tree of Resurrection*.**

Photo of AAB slipped into book, signed by the author. [PS8503 R717 1937]



and not dogwood, halcyons not woodpeckers, innumerable oreads but never a logger.

This review is damning — and it condescends in a different way than those raptures over AAB and her work. Below the review, on the clipping itself and in AAB's distinctive handwriting, we see she wrote the following: "This was written by Earle Birney, I later found out — but he did not sign it, as you see." Birney (born the same year as AAB) went on to become one of the most famous literary figures in Canada — a writer of just about everything — but in 1937 he was a fairly new and ambitious PhD with serious Marxist hankerings and a bit of an attitude toward what he saw as a backward and insular Canadian cultural establishment.

Some resentment lingers in AAB's little annotation on the clipping, but the story doesn't quite end. Ten years later, in July 1947, Birney (now a professor at UBC) and AAB seem to have met, and Birney has apologized. He writes to her that at the time of writing the 1937 review he was "exasperated" with Canada's

"syrupy school of criticism, the parish back-slappers and sentimental Victorian fetishists." The remark about those sticky, parochial critics rings true; but the truth is, Birney clearly saw her poetry as overly quaint, oddly outdated, and without even a hint of realism.

A few weeks later, writing from her home on Shakespeare Street in Victoria, AAB replies to Birney:

I have been conscious of limitations [as a writer] for years. [ . . . ] I have never had the opportunity of living an ordinary, normal life, and know hardly anything at first-hand of even the commonplace mechanics of living. [ . . . ] Experience is the raw material of which I have hardly any. [ . . . ] I have been only a looker-on at life. That has been my misfortune, not my fault; but I cannot escape its consequences.

She also expresses that she was unhappy about how "Canadian criticism" had "represented" her as a "sentimental figure." AAB's confession of limitations is, in

Earle Birney's review of *The Tree of Resurrection*. Published in *The Canadian Forum*. Clipping contains Brown's handwritten note: "This was written by Earle Birney, I later found out, but he did not sign it, as you see." [SC335]



**“Art and Canadian Life.”** An essay published in *The Dalhousie Review*. [SC335]

**Sally Lloyd and the Thistle-Prince.** Special Collections has Brown's original illustrations for her children's books. [SC335]

**Lorne Pierce Medal.** Awarded to Audrey Alexandra Brown in 1944. [SC335]

a way, sad. In the end, though, she is happy that, after years of being troubled by Birney's review, the air is cleared. She even hopes he will take a look at her recent poetry.

What remains in the air are the reasons why so many influential figures and writers so strongly promoted and defended her poetry in the first place. Some clues come from that modernist angle. In 1934, one reviewer applauds her work because it resists “the joyless, angular, intellectual poetry of modernism.” Then in 1941, AAB references modernist poetry: in an address to the Canadian Authors' Association that attempts to ward off the “escapist” charges that had begun to be leveled at her work, she associates modernism with Realism and opposes it to Romanticism, which is the style of poetry she sees herself writing. With World War II looming over all walks of life, she hopes the two — modernist and romantic — can pull together. Finally, in 1949, in another public moment, she writes a snarky, itemized letter to the *Victoria Colonist*, attacking a reviewer of her *All Fools Day* volume; the reviewer, she writes, only “parrots[s] the

clichés of the militant modernists.” In all of this, though, it is unclear what AAB understands about modernism or its impact, even if by mid-century, most of its innovations and great moments had passed or been assimilated.

The small story of AAB's poetic career in the context of modernism's dimmed inroads into Canadian culture is part of that larger story of Canada's development of — or perhaps struggle with — identity and independence. Then there remains the more specific issue of AAB's poetic worth. In truth, her poetry isn't bad: it's just strikingly inoffensive and non-challenging, which, as an answer, circles back to that larger story about how Canada perhaps wanted to see itself at a certain point in its cultural history.

Today's histories of Canadian poetry barely mention AAB, if at all. It is as if she was never there. However, in Special Collections at UVic Libraries, complete with some substantial unpublished stories and a play, she is there, waiting for history to reinclude her. †

# ON THE HOME FRONT

## LOCAL PUBLISHERS MAKING LITERATURE POSSIBLE

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**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**

**VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND** have been home to some of Canada's most internationally renowned artists and writers, including Emily Carr and P. K. Page, but it is also home to the hard-working publishers who make such literature possible. For example, Gray Campbell — the person after whom the Association of Book Publishers of British Columbia named the Gray Campbell Award “to honour distinguished service to publishing” in BC<sup>1</sup> — got into the business because his neighbour could not find a publisher for an account of his wartime experiences. Campbell and a friend, Sainty Rivers, decided to publish the book themselves, and in 1962, released it as *Blind Date*. The book “sold well and was later dramatized by the CBC Radio. Gray’s published some 70 titles in all, including George Clutesi’s works.”<sup>2</sup>

Vancouver Island was also home to Fireweed Press, founded by Wendy Bender [later, Morton] and Vernon Bender in 1973 as “Greentree Press” (the press



*Blind Date.*  
Published in 1962  
by Gray's  
Publishing. [PS8545  
165Z5 1962]



**Fireweed Press.** An assortment of items from the Fireweed Press fonds. [SC381]

changed its name to “Fireweed” in 1975). The publishers “used 2 Chandler & Price 8×10 presses and a Vandercook proof press. Fireweed produced handset books, broadsides, ephemera, and commercial printings. In the pursuit of quality, the printers looked to the masters of the printing art. Favoured typefaces included Centaur, Arrighi, Lutecia, and Benedictine. The press used fleurons, colour, rag paper, vinyl cuts, lino cuts, woodcuts and silk screens.”<sup>3</sup> The University of Victoria is very fortunate to have many of the printing materials used by Fireweed, which are now being used to teach students and faculty about printing techniques in the 20th century.

The University of Victoria Libraries holds the

“office files; publications with production files; job printing; correspondence; poetry; broadsides, and linocut blocks”<sup>4</sup> for Fireweed. When the history of book publishing on the west coast of Canada is finally told at length, the scope of our extant collections will provide a rich resource for research. †

1 Macskimming, Roy. 2012. *The Perilous Trade: Book Publishing in Canada, 1946–2006*. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.


2 Campbell, Gray, and Anne Maclean. 1991. “Gray’s Publishing Inventory.” The University of Victoria Library. May.

3 Morton, Wendy. 2001. “Fireweed Press.” University of Victoria Libraries.

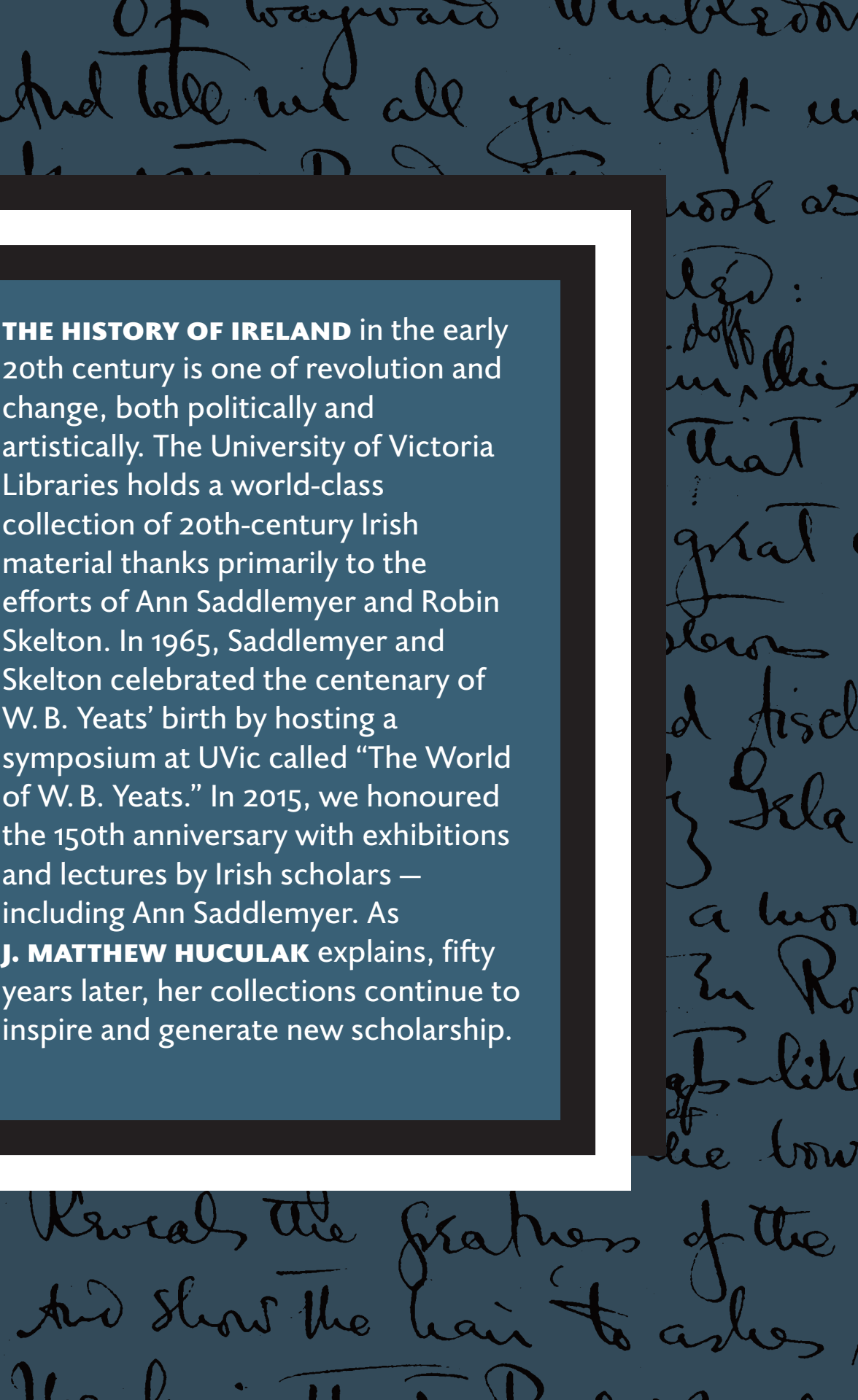
4 Ibid.



*Tay John*. UVic Libraries houses the Howard O'Hagan fonds, including his personal edition of the 1939 novel. [PS8529 H3T38 1939]



**THE HISTORY OF IRELAND** in the early 20th century is one of revolution and change, both politically and artistically. The University of Victoria Libraries holds a world-class collection of 20th-century Irish material thanks primarily to the efforts of Ann Saddlemyer and Robin Skelton. In 1965, Saddlemyer and Skelton celebrated the centenary of W. B. Yeats' birth by hosting a symposium at UVic called "The World of W. B. Yeats." In 2015, we honoured the 150th anniversary with exhibitions and lectures by Irish scholars — including Ann Saddlemyer. As **J. MATTHEW HUCULAK** explains, fifty years later, her collections continue to inspire and generate new scholarship.



IRRE

LETTER

FROM

LLA

ND

To his extraordinary Friend  
 George Kennedy Allen Bell  
 about to go to Switzerland.

THE TOWER,  
 SANDYCOVE.

Before you say a long farewell  
 Or sound for me a parting, Bill,  
 From Lad's crowded town  
 I pray you tell what things are done  
 Within the blooming "Rose and Crown"  
 Of wayward Wimbledon.  
 And tell me all you left unsaid  
 About the Bard with nose as red  
 As cochineal suclarity:  
 For you must make him <sup>out</sup> ~~his~~ hat  
 With meteoric sashes that  
 Are fashioned like a great eravat  
 (A pendant and profusion  
 This would be could Aschyle's  
 Rise from his grave by Gela lent,  
 Where Athena stands a monument,  
 To advertise in Rott in Row  
 Himself with post-grad-like bow  
 If wine agreed about the bow, it  
 Reveals the frathness of the bow.)  
 And show the hair to ashes turned,  
 The hair that Balliol almost turned  
 For knowing naught of Guinness  
 And, ah, too much of Guinness's  
 Head within so strange a hat  
 Must surely be worth looking at.  
 You know the beverage each bard chooses

# THE BIBLIO- GRAPHIC CODE

## PERIODICAL SCHOLARSHIP AT UVIC

**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**



**IN RECENT YEARS, SCHOLARS** have been returning to the original sites of publication for modernist literature — which tended to be found in little magazines. However, there’s a big problem for scholars: many of the little magazines were routinely stripped of their covers and advertising content when they were bound and “preserved” for library use. That is to say, almost half the cultural record these magazines provided were thrown away. Robert Scholes and Sean Latham call this the “hole in the archive.”<sup>1</sup>

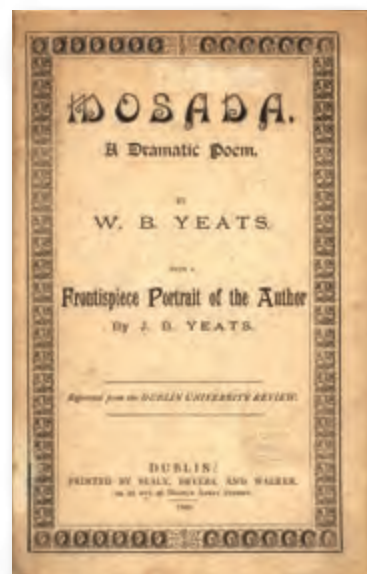
Moreover, magazines were routinely ignored by scholars in the 20th century since they did not conform to the dominant critical ideologies of the “Well-Wrought Urn,” or the idea that a work of art is an exquisite object painstakingly forged in the smithy of an artist’s soul that can only be understood through “close reading” by an experienced student. Because this critical stance sought to establish the work of art as a self-contained and autonomous object, critics

*A Broadside.*

Illustrated by Jack B. Yeats. [PR5904 B74]

**FACING PAGE:**

*Oliver St. John Gogarty.* Poem written from the Tower at Sandycove, where Gogarty lived with James Joyce. [SC047]



were not interested in how a literary work was first printed — they were only interested in the work itself. This changed in the 1980s when critical attention shifted to trying to understand the context in which a work appeared — or, what we call the “bibliographic code.” What type of paper was the work printed on? Who were the first people to read it, and how did they read it?

Thanks to the archival resources in our Special Collections — which hold Yeats’ magazine publications thanks to the stewardship of scholars, librarians, and archivists, who, against popular opinion, preserved the fragile magazines of Yeats’ past — we can piece together the history of Yeats’ publishing enterprises, beginning with his first published poems in *The Dublin University Review*, and to his own magazines, *Beltaine*, *Samhain*, and *The Arrow*. By returning to these original sites of publication, we gain a better understanding about how Yeats’ poetry was produced and received.

Let’s take Yeats’ beautiful poem, “The Lake Isle of Innisfree,” which has been reproduced countless times, not only in anthologies but also as individually painted broadsides. The poem begins:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-  
bee;  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

Yeats’ narrator lures his reader to Lake Innisfree, and invites us to mentally build a place of quiet refuge where we hear the humming of bees and the lapping of water. This is in stark contrast to the final stanza of the poem:

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements  
grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.

#### *The Dublin University Review.*

The first magazine to publish Yeats’ poetry. [AP4 D79]

*Mosada.* UVic Libraries has most of Yeats’ first published works. [AP4 D79]

*The Bibelot.* The first time “The Land of Heart’s Desire” was published in the U.S.A. [PR5904 L3 1903]

## THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE



will arise and go now, and go to  
Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there  
of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for  
the honey bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for  
peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to  
where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon  
a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings

I will arise and go now, for always night  
and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds  
by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the  
pavements gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats

And if, as Mr. Ballin points, there is in any way party-  
ing agrarian discontent in Ireland except by land pur-  
chases, what are we to think of a Provisional Scheme which  
needs to be "thoughtful" here and there if it is not "the  
promise" a condition of social disorder greater than that  
which it relieves? Surely there is something wrong  
about that—something very wrong; and there is no re-  
sponsibility in the thought that when we talk of thrilling  
speculation we mean thrilling the hopes of an army of  
speculators. Comparison of what then, this? Why, the  
poor class; for if the extension of the 30 per cent.  
proved it to operate as a check on speculation for the  
benefits of the scheme, it must fall, and is evidently  
expected to fall, upon the poorer sort of farmers, to whom  
deferred advantages are an appreciable loss. Can we  
suppose, then, that this arrangement will do away with  
the danger which Mr. Ballin admits? Let us look again  
at his own statement of that danger, at the same time  
keeping in view the theoretical competitor for State aid!

"Sales under this bill will so improve the position of the  
tenant who purchases that the subordinate tenants who  
are his next neighbours, and are unable to purchase, will  
feel that they have a grievance against the landlord or  
the State; and you will produce a condition of social  
disorder greater than that which you will relieve." I still  
maintain that this must be the consequence, in the nature  
of things; and when I hear Mr. Chamberlain blantly  
insuring of Mr. Ballin in the House of Commons, how  
much it would cost the State to buy up every holding  
under a certain limit of valuation, and when I see Mr.  
Ballin reply with the reply, "Some have about ninety-five  
acres of land," I half believe that they have come to the  
same opinion. As to the "thrilling speculation," it is  
either a vain thing or worse.

I may now ask whether the resolutions sent up in the  
"disturbances of the Irish parliamentary party do not justify  
some of my objections to the Land Purchase Scheme? We  
have read and we have heard Mr. Parnell; Mr. Healy and  
others who oppose Mr. Parnell have also been heard; and  
what we discover is that the more hotly they contend the  
more are they compelled to make known their agreement  
on one point: hatred of England, destruction of British  
rule, grief that armed rebellion is no resource for them at  
present, and a steady determination to free their country  
by any means from a domination which has done it no  
good. Although they are Ireland's representatives  
freely chosen, it is possible that they speak only for them-  
selves. But it is clear that a passion which is common to  
these famous political factions is shared by one large and  
substantial body at least—the whole Irish peasantry; and  
therefore, and under the glare of the "lightning revela-  
tions" of the last fortnight, I would again ask what ground  
there is for believing that reasonable disturbance will  
pass in Ireland when the "german" is expelled and  
the State takes the place of the landlord? Again I  
ask what remedy there is that is striking millions to help  
million into quiescence we may not supply it with addi-  
tional means of offence? Surely it has become yet more  
important to remember that agrarian greed and hatred of  
foreign rule are different things, and that the triumph of  
the one would be no guarantee for the extinction of the  
other. On the contrary, to satisfy the one might well be  
to arm the other; and I should like to know how many  
Englishmen believe now that a parcel, arbitrary, arbitrary  
distribution of State aid would pacify Ireland, or that the  
people would not delightfully follow their Parnell and  
Healy to a conspiracy of repudiation of the British Govern-  
ment had become limited in Ireland at a cost of  
thirty or a hundred millions? FUTURE'S CONCERN.

## TO MY CAT

HELP bring kindness and help distress.

These verses to my cat recently wrote.

With bounding spirit and graceful gait you move.

In satisfaction every day and every eve.

Yet most I cherish my grey kitten too.

For when you see me through the window-pane,

And meow so gently then what can you mean?

Where couldst thou doubt the reason of my sighs?

Sighs of my quiet heart? I who delight to dwell

Friend of my bed, companion of my ease.

Thus to the love of He and His own?

That you forget that I am human too?

Shouldst thou not be thinking of my pain?

With tender, unobtrusive grace.

GEOFFREY H. THOMAS.

## THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made.  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping  
slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket  
sings.

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds on the shore.  
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats

## LOQUITER MATTE.

THERE passed a mystery by that sealed my heart,  
What time, O Child, your greeting kindly you laid  
About my life, and drew thenceforth a part  
Of that which sharing Time and I had made.

You were my prisoner; and, upon a day  
(The Spring had brought her wings full of May)  
That day for good, along my arm you lay,  
Frost and sunbaked, struggling with my power.

And you were free; and I am free no more,  
O never more, though such you be no dead,  
And when I walk your shadow goes before,  
And when I sleep, it does lie near my head.

VICTOR BARONNET

## CORRESPONDENCE

## "LE MORTE D'ARTHUR."

(To the Editor of The National Observer.)

London, 3rd Dec. 1890.  
Allow me to say a few words upon the remarks pro-  
fessing to be made in your issue of the 27th inst. in re-  
sponse of the Thomas Moore's *Le Mort d'Arthur* in the  
number of The National Observer of November 23rd, 1890,  
pp. 12-13.

I am sorry to see that he merely fails to realize any value in  
comparing the above poem with Weykin de Wrold's poem  
of 1295 and in stating the two thousand years, which he  
says:

"For a further task remains for Dr. Johnson, in which  
of which his industrious collection of facts is of very little use-  
fulness, the task of editing, analyzing, generalizing these un-  
thousand variations, and showing exactly how they have  
changed in the English language."

Yeats' narrator is actually living in the city paved over with grey cement rattled by the bustle of roadways. The peace he invites us to share with him is a private, soothing memory that he visits "night and day." But why would the original context of this poem be important? The poem was first published in *The National Observer* newspaper on December 13, 1890, not as a singular well-wrought urn; rather, it was crammed into a column of a busy national paper. The first readers of this poem experienced it around a busy breakfast table, or on a tram or bus on their way to work in a city paved with grey — they were, in fact, just like his narrator — people living in the heart of

the city who may yearn for the quiet of the countryside. This contextual publication information gives us an idea of who Yeats imagined his audiences to be. The poem tells the story of a country with a strong agricultural history that is juxtaposed to the realities of the modern city. Like many other poems in Yeats' oeuvre that represent the Celtic Twilight, we are invited to imagine a place of peace in the magical countryside of Ireland, outside of the logical world of the British Empire to which Dublin belonged. †

1 Latham, Sean, and Robert Scholes. "The Rise of Periodical Studies." *PMLA* 121, no. 2 (March 1, 2006): 517-31.

"The Lake Isle of Innisfree." A hand-coloured Cuala Press broadside of Yeats' poem. [PR8833 C89 1932]

"The Lake Isle of Innisfree" was first published in *The National Observer*, a large newspaper, underneath the poem "To My Cat."

# A FAMILY AFFAIR THE CUALA PRESS

**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**



**W. B. YEATS CAME FROM A HIGHLY ARTISTIC FAMILY.**

His father, John Butler Yeats, trained to be a lawyer, but abandoned his profession to pursue painting. Our collections hold a number of his character sketches, as well as a rejection slip from the Royal Academy of Arts (1884) that John saved and mischievously doodled on.

John Butler married Susan Pollexfen of Sligo, Ireland in 1863. All four of their surviving children became involved in the arts: William Butler (W.B.) was a poet, editor, and playwright; Susan Mary (Lily) worked in embroidery and needlework; Elizabeth Corbett (Lolly) was a fine printer; and Jack Butler, a famous illustrator and painter.

Lily and Lolly worked with the Kelmscott industries in London and brought their expertise back to Dublin in 1902, when they joined the Dun Emer Craft Studio. Lolly started the Dun Emer Press with W.B., while Jack provided many of the illustrations to the publications. UVic Libraries' Special Collections holds an extremely rare book by Yeats published by Lolly at the

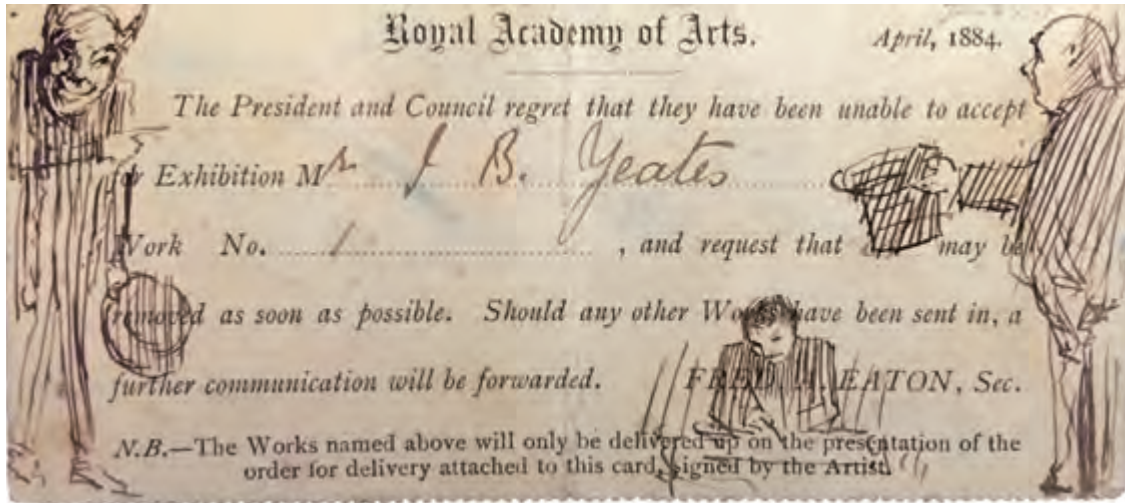
Dun Emer Press. This copy of *In the Seven Woods* is printed on fine Irish paper and has a white vellum cover embossed with gold lettering and held together by green, silk straps. Yeats loved his sisters' work on the printing and binding of his poetry; he writes, "This is the first book of mine that is a pleasure to look at — a pleasure whether open or shut."<sup>1</sup> In 1908, Lolly split from Dun Emer and started her own press with W.B., the Cuala Press, which would publish many of Yeats' works. Like Dun Emer, Cuala focused on Irish writers, using Irish labour and materials. The private press focused on literary works, but also produced Christmas cards and broadsides, which often included drawings by Jack.

Ezra Pound, one of modernism's most famous American writers, met Yeats in 1908, and they formed an immediate kinship: "during the winter months" between 1913 and 1916, Pound acted as Yeats' secretary — reading to him and responding to correspondence.<sup>2</sup> These years would influence Yeats' poetry greatly. Yeats had Ezra Pound edit a collection of his father's letters which



**Cuala Unicorn.** A pressmark for the Cuala Press.

***In the Seven Woods.*** Hand-printed on Irish paper by the Dun Emer Press. [PR5904 16 1903]



**John Butler Yeates.**  
 W. B. Yeats' father was an artist; here is a rejection slip from the Royal Academy of Arts. [SC130]



**A menu.** Jack B. Yeats was a well-known Dublin illustrator. [SC129]



**Papa Yeates.**  
 Portraits drawn by John B. Yeates. [SC130]

**Jack Butler Yeates.**  
 A playful design for a menu. [SC129]



CHRIST'S COMING  
I have made my heart clean to-night  
As a woman might clean her house  
Ere her lover come to visit her:  
O Lover, pass not by.

I have opened the door of my heart  
Like a man that would make a feast  
For his son's coming home from afar:  
Beautiful Thy coming, O Son!  
Padraic Pearse



ANCIENT MARE  
and in Connemara,  
up at Castlemara,  
at the Curragh,  
was in Spain,  
& conveyances  
led to,  
imerick  
& a shoe.



**Cuala Press.** UVic Libraries has a series of hand-painted Christmas cards from the Cuala Press. [Z232 C86 1908]

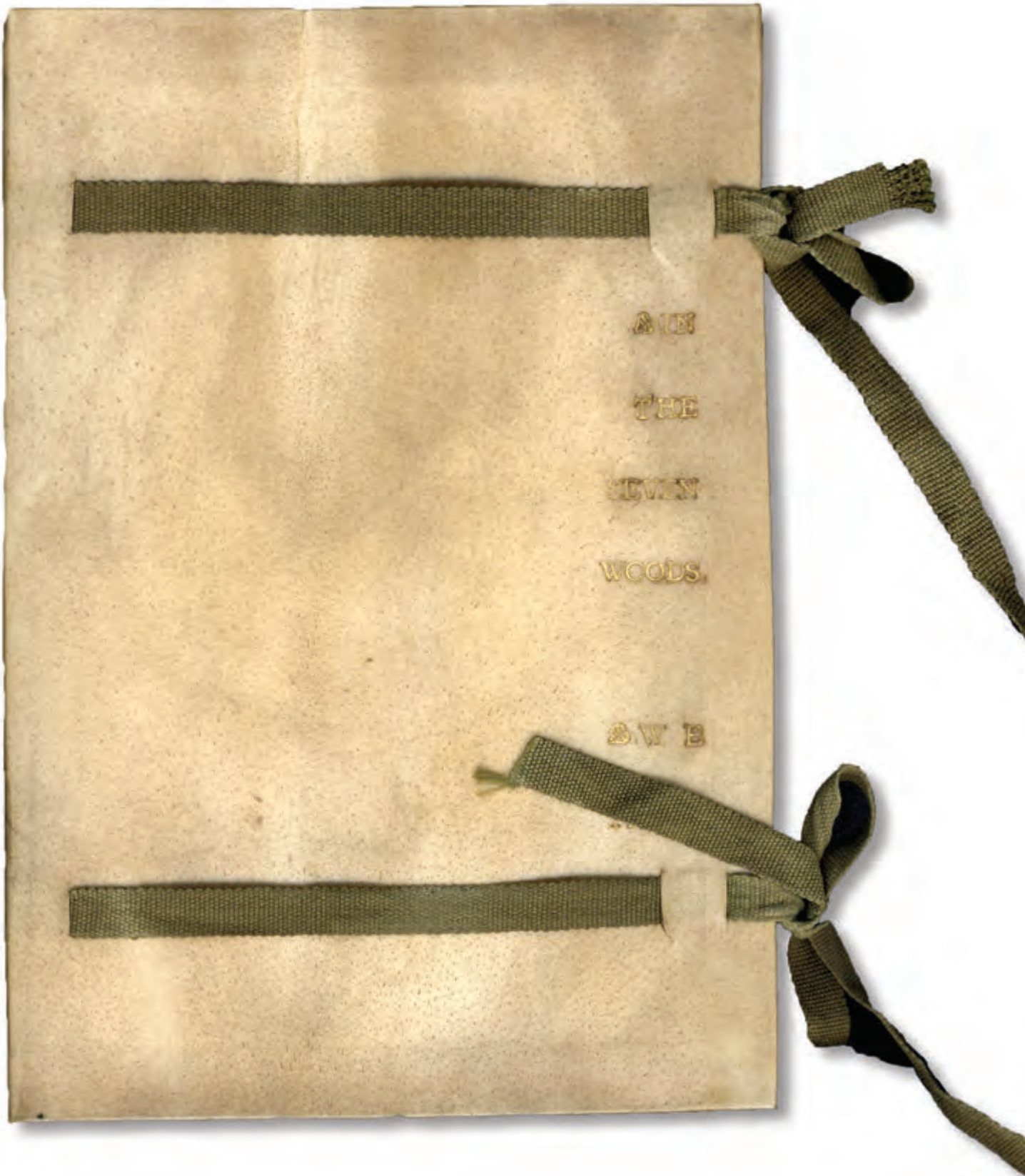
**The Green Helmet.** [PR5904 G6 1910]

**Michael Robertes and the Dancer.** [PR5904 M5 1920]

**New Poems.** [PR5900 A3 1938]

**Broadsides.** UVic Libraries has a series of broadsides from Dun Emer and Cuala Presses. [PR5904 B74]





A IN

THE

SEVEN

WOODS.

S W B





address the seasonal concerns of the society as it evolved over time. Yeats sought to establish a critical conversation about Irish art “and promote and critically justify the modern dramatic literature of Ireland in a public print forum.”<sup>5</sup> After three issues, *Beltaine* was followed by *Samhain*, “the old name for the beginning of winter, [named] because our plays this year are in October, and because our Theatre is coming to an end in its present shape.” In 1907, the audience rioted following the first performance of Synge’s *Playboy of the Western World* at the Abbey, so Yeats used *Samhain*



to defend the theatre from nationalists who thought the play obscene and offensive to the Irish people. The kerfuffle surrounding the play even inspired a satirical publication called “The Abbey Row,” which was subsequently not edited by Yeats.

Yeats intended for *The Arrow* to be a magazine specific to the Abbey theatre — a venue to announce future plays and comment upon current ones — while *Samhain* was maintained as more of a general literary magazine. The magazines allow us to trace Yeats’ evolution of

**Tray cloth.** Tray cloth sold by the Abbey Theatre during a tour of America to support the Hugh Lane fund. [PN2602 D82A1565]

**Beltaine.** The first little magazine published by Yeats. *Beltaine* is the spring season in Gaelic.

[PPR5904 B4]

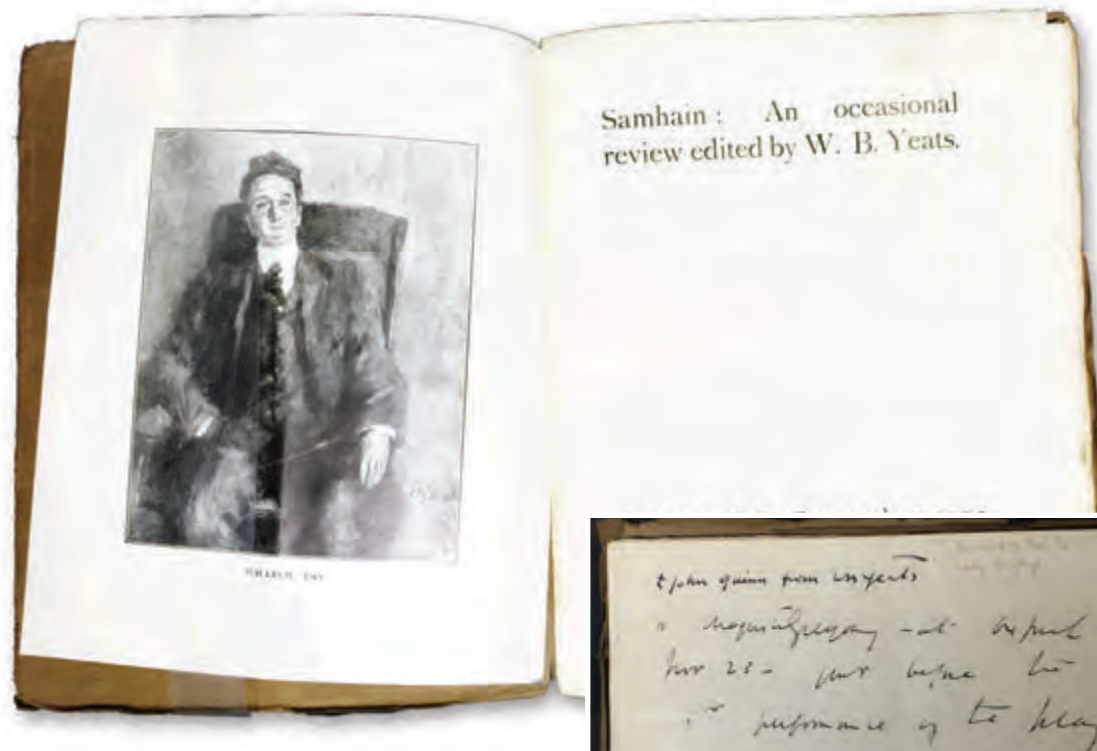
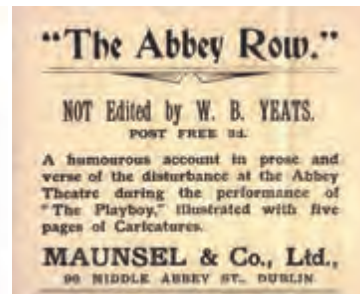


THE ARROW.

Edited by W.

B. YEATS.

OCT 27 1966  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
LIBRARY



**Playboy of the Western World.**

The play created a scandal when it was first performed in Dublin. [PRS532 P5 1907]

**"The Abbey Row."**

A satirical account of the *Playboy* kerfuffle. [PRS532 P53A3]

**Samhain.** One of three little magazines published by Yeats; *Samhain* is the autumn season in Gaelic. [PRS904 S25]

**Samhain, signed.**

Yeats and Lady Gregory signed this personal copy to John Quinn. [PRS904 S25]

**FACING PAGE:**

**The Arrow magazine.** Drawing by Elinor Mary Monsell features Queen Maeve and her hound. [PRS904 A7]

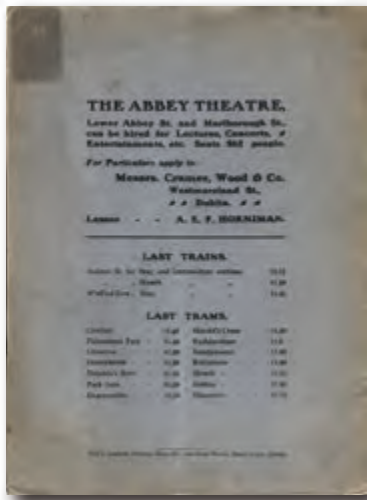
thought on art in conjunction with the theatrical occasions that inspired them.

These magazines offer us a glimpse into theatre society of the time: part program, part information, part advertisement, they contain a snapshot of Dublin society even including the tram schedules for post-performance travel so people could find their way home. These important and meaningful details allow historians and literary scholars to recreate the daily lives of Dubliners.

We would be remiss not to mention Yeats' close collaborator, Lady Gregory, who was also an author

and playwright. We have many of Lady Gregory's books, including *The Kiltartan History Book* (signed by Lady Gregory for her nephew, Ambrose Lane), and *My First Play*, also signed by the author. Her signature handwriting can also be seen in a letter she wrote from Coole Park, which Yeats made famous with *The Wild Swans at Coole*, published by Cuala in 1917.

Lolly kept Cuala press going under her death in 1940, at which point two long-time assistants, under the management of Yeats' wife, kept the press going until 1946.<sup>6</sup> Cuala had made an indelible mark on Irish print culture, and in 1951, Liam and Josephine



From Lady Gregory  
**COOLE PARK, GORT, Co. GALWAY.**  
April 22

Dear Mr. Cokerell

Thank you very much for your letter - in some the great pleasure to think of the in person in Mr. Blau - I am sure you will have found something to be well in - I am sure to improve weather will help him in to come to land - I feel in some for him in the temple happen

**COOLE PARK, GORT, Co. GALWAY.**

One great space and irregular - this year, but in his 'chatter' talked over yesterday, & I think him about these things - & he was pleased to hear you like who he had called that house -

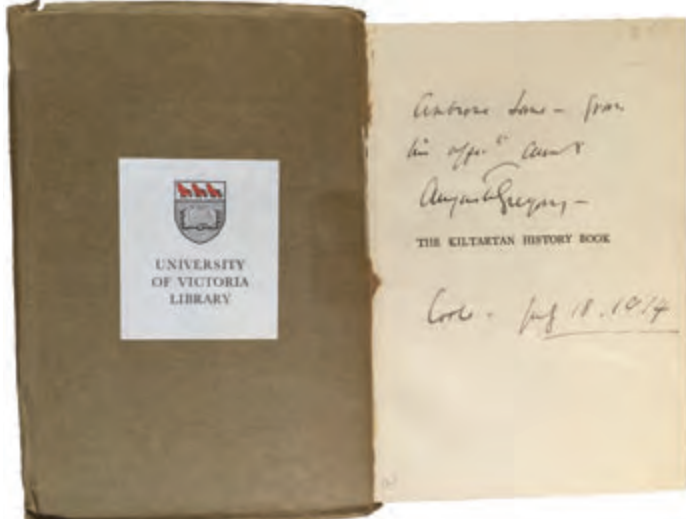
"A" is - Leavin' reason to have a fair the 'chatter' very well to him - but believe it is Barry Noyes - & is called the 'B', who dressed him in the 'Broken Thompson'

**Last trams.** The programme included the tram schedule to help Dubliners get home. [PN2602 D82A1P76]

**Letter from Lady Gregory.** Sent from Coole Park; Lady Gregory Collection. [SC329]



**The Kiltartan History Book.** Illustrated by Robert Gregory, who would be eulogized by Yeats. UVic Libraries' copy is signed by Lady Gregory. [PR4728 G5K5 1909]



**My First Play.** Signed by the author. [PR4728 G5M9 1930]





Miller took up the mantle of Irish literary production when they started the Dolmen Press: “The Cuala Press had only ceased publication a few years when Liam Miller, at that time a student of architecture, began the Dolmen Press, with much the same intentions and ideals.”<sup>7</sup>

The University of Victoria purchased the entire publishing output of the Dolmen Press in 1964, two years before Special Collections was founded. “The Dolmen Press Collection was the only known collection of its kind at the time, consisting of everything published by a single press, from the very limited hand-printed items to the special editions and large editions of books, to all of the ephemeral productions associated with the press...many of the books are extremely rare.”<sup>8</sup> The press published the following generation of Irish writers, including Thomas Kinsella and Padraic Colum. The Dolmen Press collection remains a jewel in the crown of our library. †

1 Forster, Danielle. “Fount of Knowledge: Irish Private Press Collections at the University of Victoria.” *Book Arts Canada*, 2010.

2 Ibid.

3 Ibid.

4 Pilkington, Lionel. *Theatre and the State in Twentieth-Century Ireland: Cultivating the People*. Routledge, 2002.

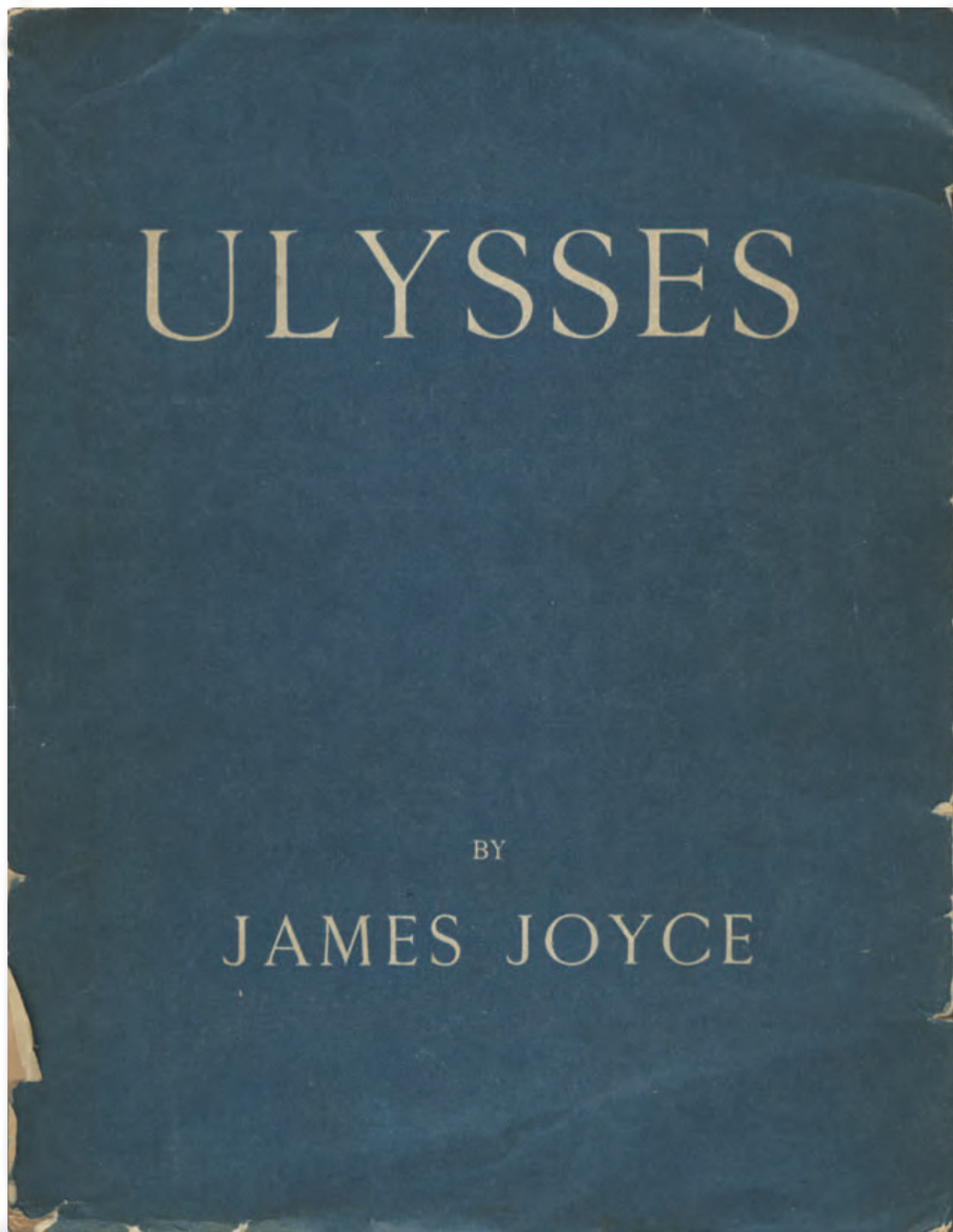
5 Davies, Alex. “Yeats and the Celtic Revival: Beltaine (1899–1900, Samhain (1901–8), Dana (1904–5), and The Arrow (1906–9).” In *The Oxford Critical and Cultural History of Modernist Magazines: Volume I: Britain and Ireland 1880–1955*, edited by Peter Brooker and Andrew Thacker, 1 edition. Oxford; New York: Oxford University Press, 2009.

6 It would be revived again in 1969 by Yeats’ children, Michael and Anne, until the 1980s.

7 Skelton, Robin. “Twentieth-Century Irish Literature and the Private Press Tradition: Dun Emer, Cuala, & Dolmen Presses 1902–1963.” *The Massachusetts Review* 5, no. 2 (January 1, 1964): 368–77.

8 Forster, Danielle. “Fount of Knowledge: Irish Private Press Collections at the University of Victoria.” *Book Arts Canada*, 2010.

*Easter Rising.*  
*The Easter Proclamation of the Irish Republic, MCMXVI.* [DA962.17 1960]

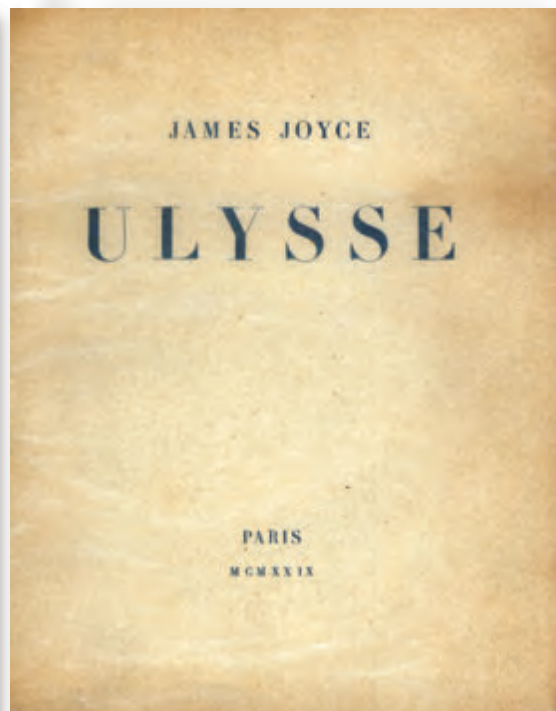
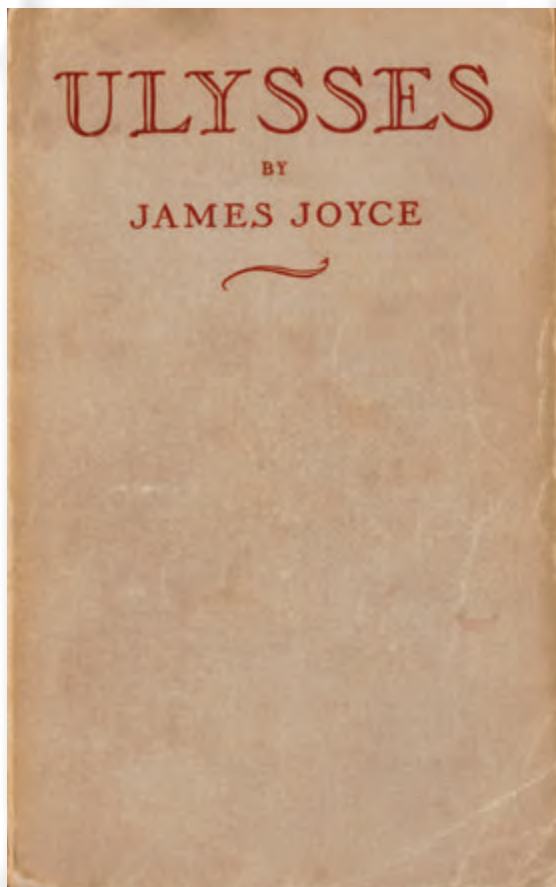


# TRACING A LITERARY LIFE

## JAMES JOYCE AT UVIC LIBRARIES

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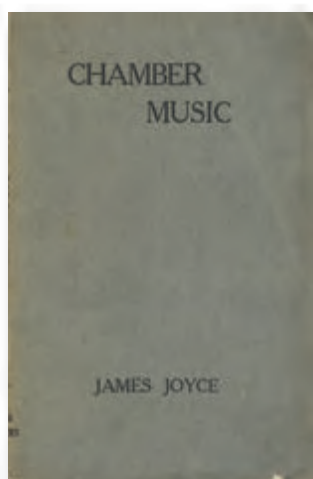
J. MATTHEW HUCULAK



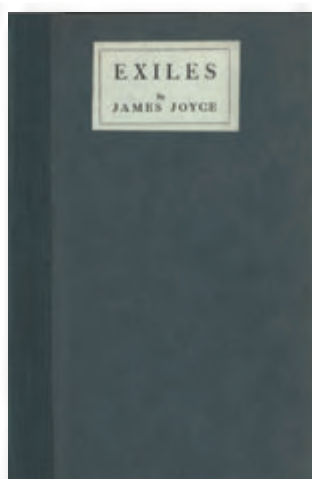
**Ulysses.** Corrected version published in Hamburg, Germany. [PR6019 09U4 1932]

**Ulysse (1929).** French edition of *Ulysses* published by Adrienne Monnier. [PR6019 09U414 1929]

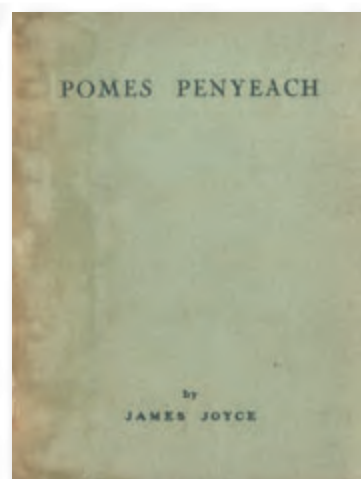
**FACING PAGE:**  
**Ulysses.** First edition, published by the Egoist Press, 1922. [PR6019 09U4 1922a]



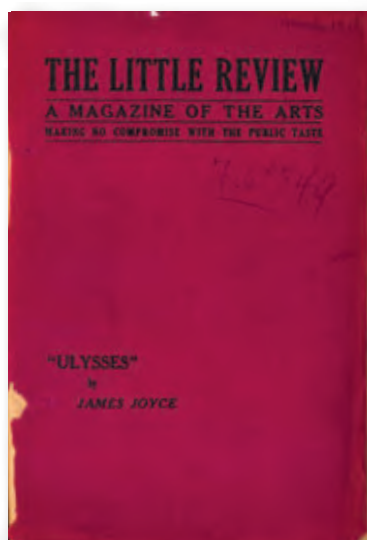
*Chamber Music.* A collection of poems. [PR6019 09CS 1918]



*Exiles.* A play in three acts. [PR6019 09E9]



*Pomes Penyeach.* First edition of Joyce's little book of poetry. [PR6019 09PS]



*The Little Review.* *Ulysses* was first published in this magazine. UVic Libraries holds an important collection of this seminal modernist magazine. [AP2 L65]



**YEATS INTRODUCED MODERNISM** to Ireland, but it would be James Joyce who would make modernism famous around the world. But before that happened, Joyce and Yeats ran into each other on the street one day in Dublin around 1902. Yeats was famous as a poet of the Celtic Revival and symbolist movement of the late-19th century (this is before he met Ezra Pound, who challenged him to become more modern), and Joyce was a young upstart with literary pretensions.

Yeats invited Joyce to join him in a restaurant, where he praised the young man's work. Joyce, however, famously objected to most of Yeats' stylistic choices. In the end, there was a great divide between the generations of Irish writers. Yeats recalls, "Presently [Joyce] got up to go, and, as he was going out, he said, 'I am twenty. How old are you?' I told him, but I am afraid I said I was a year younger than I am. He said with a sigh, 'I thought as much. I have

met you too late. You are too old.'" The young upstart had decided to move on from the previous generation in order to seek his own artistic voice.

To do so, Joyce left Dublin for good in 1904, moving first to Zurich and then to Trieste. He published poetry, short stories, and the novel *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, but it would be *Ulysses* that would make Joyce internationally renowned. He started publishing the novel in the *Little Review* in March 1918. In 1920, *The Little Review* mailed out the "Nausicaa" episode, which precipitated an obscenity charge against the magazine and story. *Ulysses* was effectively banned in the United States, Canada, and England.

The controversy surrounding *Ulysses* made Joyce a cause célèbre in the literary community. In 1920, Joyce moved to Paris and met Sylvia Beach, who ran the legendary bookstore, Shakespeare & Co. Since *Ulysses* was banned, no publisher would touch the book since it





(sc)  
PR6019  
09U85

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
Southern District of New York

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United States of America,  
Libelant

v.

OPINION

One Book called "Ulysses"  
Random House, Inc.,

A. 110-59

Claimant

----- x

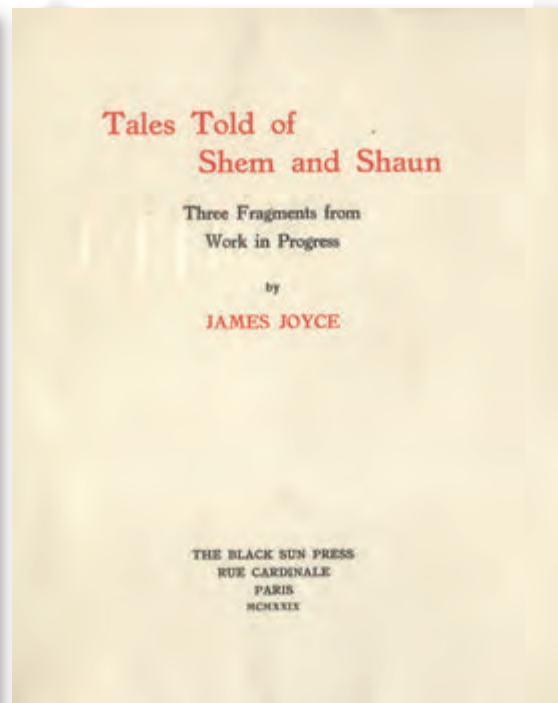
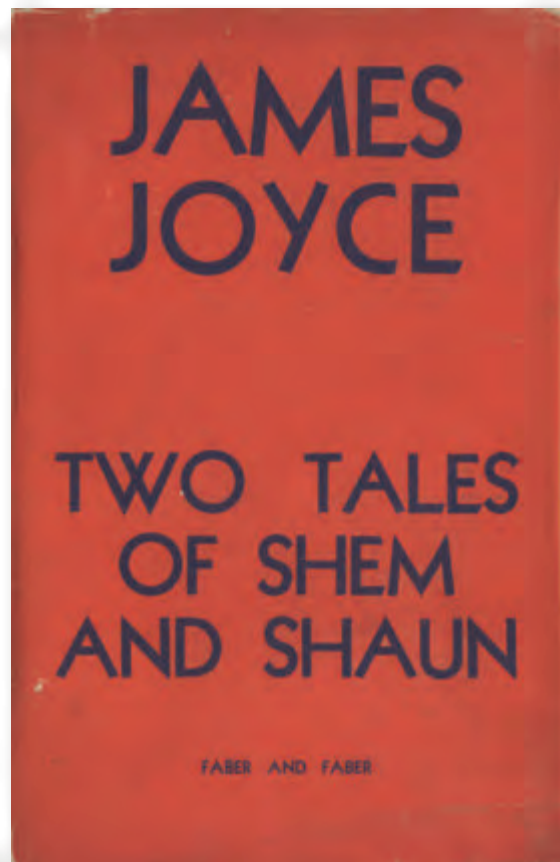
On cross motions for a decree in a libel of confiscation, supplemented by a stipulation - hereinafter described - brought by the United States against the book "Ulysses" by James Joyce, under Section 305 of the Tariff Act of 1930, Title 19 United States Code, Section 1505, on the ground that the book is obscene within the meaning of that Section, and, hence, is not importable into the United States, but is subject to seizure, forfeiture and confiscation and destruction.

United States Attorney - by Samuel C. Coleman, Esq. and Nicholas Atlas, Esq., of counsel - for the United States, in support of motion for a decree of forfeiture, and in opposition to motion for a decree dismissing the libel.

Messrs. Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst, - by Morris L. Ernst, Esq., and Alexander Lindey, Esq., of counsel - attorneys for claimant Random House, Inc., in support of motion for a decree dismissing the libel, and in opposition to motion for a decree of forfeiture.

United States v. One Book called "Ulysses." Judge Woolsey ruled in 1934 that *Ulysses* was not obscene.

[PR6019 09U85]



could mean police action. However, Beach was a proud, fearless supporter of the arts and agreed to publish the novel in France.<sup>1</sup>

At UVic Libraries, you can trace the entire publishing life of *Ulysses*, through its magazine publications from Paris to Hamburg, using original source material. This is truly a special opportunity for historians, textual scholars, and aficionados of Joyce.

Up until 1934, it was illegal to sell *Ulysses* in the United States and Canada. “Bookleggers” were smuggling copies of the novel into the U.S. at exorbitant prices — and one risked fines or prison for having obscene material if one was caught with the book. Enter Samuel Roth.

One of modernism’s most infamous publishers, Samuel Roth, was determined to give *Ulysses* to the public cheaply. He started *Two Worlds Monthly* to publish *Ulysses* and other banned material. At first, Joyce seemed pleased that someone had taken up his cause in the U.S., but it quickly became apparent to Joyce that Roth was more interested in showmanship and smut rather than high literature. Joyce sued Roth in U.S. court (Joyce was in secret negotiations to get

*Ulysses* published by a reputable publishing house) and got an injunction against Samuel Roth. Shortly afterwards, Judge Woolsey declared that *Ulysses* was not an obscene book after all, and that it could be legally published in the United States. UVic Libraries is very fortunate to have one of the few complete collections of Samuel Roth’s editions. Because of this, the Libraries’ collections are being used by the world’s foremost Joyce scholars to produce the first truly complete edition of Joyce’s novel — including the once-forgotten pirated editions.

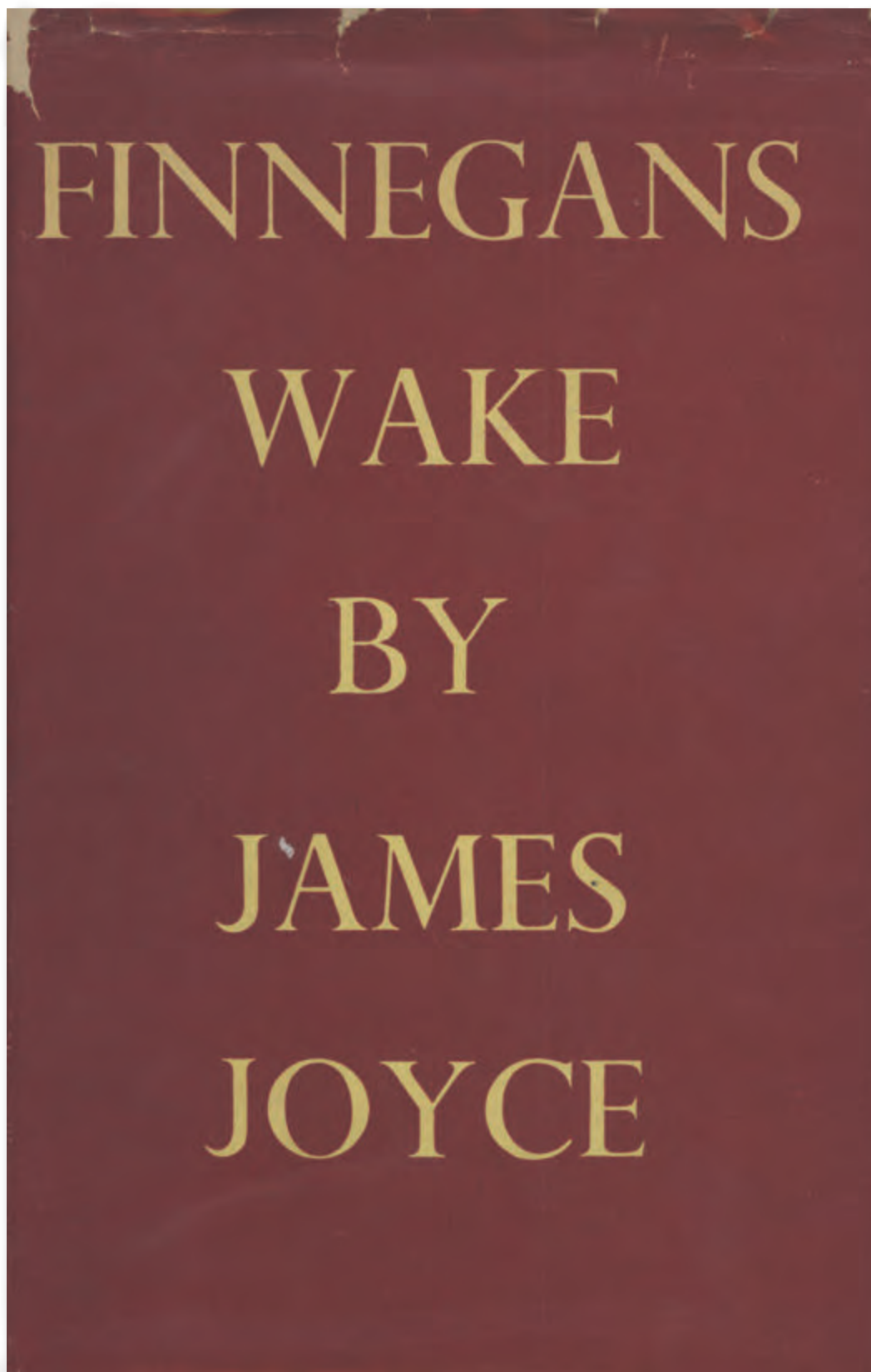
After *Ulysses*, a story about one “day” in Dublin, Joyce began working on his “night” novel, what was then called, “Work in Progress.” In 1939, the world woke up to *Finnegans Wake*, a novel that still baffles new generations of readers. UVic Libraries also holds an excellent collection of the material leading up to the publication of *Finnegans Wake*, including chapbooks and small magazines — we even hold a copy of “Storiella as She Is Syung,” which includes an illuminated initial hand-painted by Joyce’s daughter, Lucia.

Joyce died in Switzerland in 1941, but his work, his legacy, and his materials live on in Victoria. †

<sup>1</sup> Since the typesetters were French, they probably didn’t speak English, and therefore couldn’t be held accountable for obscenity since they would not understand what they were printing.

**Work in Progress.**  
UVic Libraries has rare editions of Joyce’s *Work in Progress* (*Finnegans Wake*). [PR6019 O9T3 1932]

**Shem & Shaun.**  
Printed by the famous Black Sun Press. [PR6019 O9T3 1929]



*Finnegans Wake.*

The follow-up to *Ulysses* finally arrived in 1939.

[PR6019 O9F49 1939]

**FACING PAGE:**

*Storiella.* Only 175 copies were printed and illustrated. [PR6019 O9W63 1937]



SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY  
 12, RUE DE L'ODÉON, PARIS  
 M C M XX IX

**PARIS IN THE 1920S** was synonymous with the Jazz Age and the Lost Generation. After the First World War the entire world seemed to merge in Paris for its culture and inexpensive living. Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, T. S. Eliot, and Djuna Barnes, among many others, called this cosmopolitan city home. Sylvia Beach started the English-language bookshop Shakespeare & Company to cater to the expatriates in France. In the 1930s, things got a bit tougher. A Nazi storm was brewing in the East, the American dollar was suffering after the stock market crash. Belts were tightened. Immigrants, escaping Hitler's Germany, began to arrive in Paris. Gisèle Freund was among these émigrés; she came to Paris to study at the Sorbonne and write a dissertation on photography. She brought a camera with her, and by the time she had to flee France ahead of the approaching Nazi invasion, she had managed to capture some of the era's most memorable images of famous artists in Paris, including her iconic photographs of James Joyce.

Unfortunately, "James Joyce in Paris" is a rather unattractively designed book. The low grade of paper would have made for poor reproductions, and it is a shame that the photographs are reproduced in black and white, particularly as Miss Freund talks so much about taking Joyce in color.

FEAR  
LETTER  
FROM  
CEN

# LA LENTILLE

# INTIME

## THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF GISÈLE FREUND

**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**

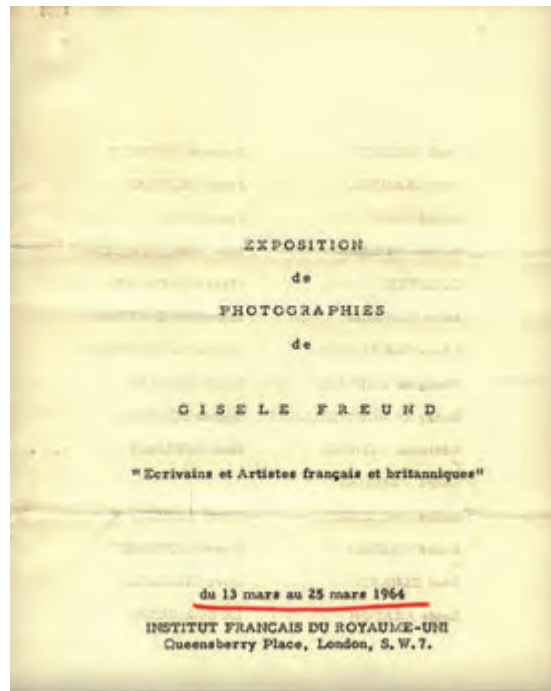


**Samuel Beckett.**  
Freund wrote on the back “one sees his strange eyes.” [SC043]

**OUR COLLECTIONS GO FAR BEYOND** the shores of Ireland and England. In 1967, the University of Victoria Libraries acquired Gisèle Freund’s personal collection pertaining to her book, *James Joyce in Paris: His Final Years*. The collection is a treasure trove of photographs, personal letters, and notes relating to modernist authors who lived in Paris before the Second World War.

Freund is one of the most celebrated Franco-German photographers of the 20th century. In 1963, she became the very first photographer to be awarded a place in a major exhibition at the Bibliothèque nationale de France; the title was “French portraiture in the 20th Century”—photography had finally been deemed appropriate for the national museum’s walls.

In 1963, France and the rest of Europe were embroiled in the Cold War — it was only a year after the Cuban Missile Crisis — and Freund’s work managed to capture the vibrant, international, artistic



spirit of Paris in a more peaceful time. During the exhibition, Freund was approached by French editors who wanted to publish her photographs since many of the artists featured in the show were becoming world-renowned, including James Joyce. The newspaper press around the exhibition was phenomenal, and Freund, who was German by birth, French by choice, and a world-traveler by profession, was an ideal person to be invited by France's cultural attaché in London to give a series of lectures on English artists in France.

Freund had an uncanny ability to capture the human essence in her subjects. She wrote, "The most important quality of [a photo journalist] is the ability to love people." It was perhaps this ethos that allowed her to capture some of the most striking images of 20th-century artists ever produced. Her photos of Virginia Woolf still haunt us today. Her co-author, Verna Carleton, wrote to Gisèle saying, "most people know you

as the photographer who made the most beautiful but tragic photo ever taken of any human being." Her picture of Woolf would become so famous that she would sign copies of it to give away as treasured gifts. These photographs, including Woolf's, are now housed at the University of Victoria Libraries' Special Collections.

After her warm reception in England, Gisèle started planning for a book that would become *James Joyce in Paris: His Final Years*.

Freund's photographs remain as some of the best photographic records of that great era of literature in

**Henry Miller.**  
Freund took pictures of many great modernist authors. [SC043]

**Henri Matisse.**  
Freund photographed French artists as well. [SC043]

**Catalogue.**  
London exhibition of Freund's work in 1964. [SC043]

|  |   |        |
|--|---|--------|
| Shakespeare & Co - deventure (avec SB et AM)       | 1 | ARC 6  |
| OR AM before Shakespeare & Co                      |   | "      |
| Gide and Malraux                                   | 1 | ARC 10 |
| E.T. Fouster                                       | 1 | ARC 11 |
| Comité de Mesure (if they published text of Joyce) | 1 | ARC 12 |
| Paris in the 30's - 4 pix                          | 4 | ARC 17 |
| Adrienne Monnier in her L'Espresso bookshop        | 1 | ARC 18 |
| Joyce rue de l'Odéon                               | 6 | ARC 19 |
| " with 2 photos                                    | 1 | "      |
| an piano with son                                  | 1 |        |
| " attributes                                       | 2 | "      |
|  | 2 |        |
| G.F. on pix with Joyce                             | 1 | "      |
| J.J. with Geoffie                                  | 1 | ARC 20 |
| " with cause                                       | 1 |        |
| " with J and S                                     | 1 |        |
| " flowers  | 1 |        |
| " Jules  | 1 |        |
| " painter  | 1 |        |
| 4 generations                                      | 1 |        |
|  |   | 29     |



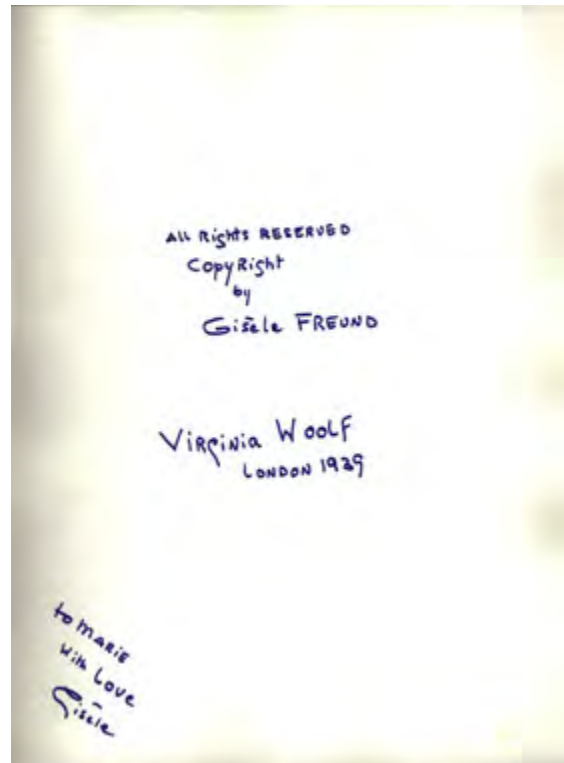
**Choosing Images.**

We see Freund's mind at work as she chooses which photos to use. [SC043]

**Paris.** James Joyce and Adrienne Monnier. [SC043]

**Virginia Woolf portrait verso.** Signed copy of Woolf portrait to Marie Rodell. [SC043]

**Virginia Woolf.** The most famous photograph taken of Woolf. [SC043]





Paris that would be shattered by the sudden onslaught of Nazi Germany. Simone de Beauvoir wrote about that distant threat in the “Introduction” to Freund’s book:

War — we thought about it sometimes but we never dreamed that an entire epoch was about to disappear, that the very core of our lives would soon be shattered. On the contrary, we looked forward to a new life, when our own generation of writers...had won recognition. In truth, a whirlpool of darkness and blood was about to engulf the world, destroying us with it.<sup>1</sup>

Freund knew the dangers of war all too well; she was born in 1908 to a wealthy Jewish family in Berlin. Freund attended university in Berlin and studied under Theodor W. Adorno, Karl Mannheim and Norbert Elias — better known as the Frankfurt School. Her studies were cut short, however, by the rise of Adolf Hitler. Freund joined the anti-Nazi movement and used her light, durable Leica to capture the turmoil of anti-Fascist demonstrations, especially those organized by her friends Bertolt Brecht and Walter Benjamin. When Hitler came to power in 1933, Freund was forced to flee Berlin with her photographic negatives strapped around her body so they would not be confiscated by the police or border guards.

Freund joined Walter Benjamin in Paris and enrolled in the Sorbonne. Her dissertation, *La photographie en France au dix-neuvième siècle* [French Photography in the 19th Century], was one of the first books to examine photography as an agent for cultural change and control. Ironically, Freund’s arguments would

be proven all too true under the craven Nazi propaganda machine.

Freund met many of the world’s best thinkers, writers, and artists through her connections at the Sorbonne, but it would be an impromptu photo shoot in 1933 that would start her world-renowned career. André Malraux’s *La Condition Humaine* had just won France’s most prestigious literary prize and the author needed publicity photographs.

Traditionally, a photographer would pose an author in a highly composed studio image that conformed to a classical notion of portraiture that made photographs look like paintings. Freund’s photographs of Malraux, however, were *en plein air*, and captured the romantic spirit of the artist as he walked along the rooftop of his apartment building, smoking a cigarette and being buffeted by the wind on a stormy Parisian afternoon.

Malraux loved the photographs and became Freund’s champion. In 1935 he invited Freund to document the First International Congress in Defense of Culture in Paris, convened to rally artists and governments against the growing Nazi menace.

Freund’s other great friendships were with Adrienne Monnier and Sylvia Beach. Beach, a young American woman who moved to Paris and set up a small English-language bookshop on the rue de l’Odéon, had become internationally acclaimed when she published James Joyce’s *Ulysses* in 1922. Her lifelong partner, Adrienne Monnier, ran her own bookstore and publishing house called *La Maison des Amis des Livres* just across the street.

**André Malraux.** On the rooftops of Paris. [SC043]

**Simone de Beauvoir.** Beauvoir wrote the introduction to *James Joyce in Paris*. [SC043]

74

- 81- JOYCE AND JOLAS *you see behind them the city* *(the last number of L'Esprit, specially designed by Rawinsky)*
- 82- JOYCE AND JOLAS ir
- 83- Joyce, Jolas and their photographer in a Paris street
- 84- MARIA JOLAS, as we know her today, still overflowing with the abundant sympathy that brought her so close to the Joyce ~~revisiting-~~ family - ~~revisiting-~~ *revisiting* in Neuilly, her former school, the ECOLE BI-LINGUE, which now has become a clinic.
- 85- Here she is looking through the window, the Ecole Bi-lingue has become a clinic- where now a laboratory has been installed--  
*take out* " the little gingerbread house", I cite her words-- that was our last pre-war home, where the Thanksgiving dinner that Joyce immortalised in a witty "come-all-ye" took place, -- where he came to pay, in ten centime/ pieces, the wager he lost to Eugene Jolas who had guessed the well-hidden title of PINNEGANS WAKE".
- 86- Joyce was a family man and he insisted I do a number of photograph with his son and family who lived in the rue Scheffer, in a villa, in the 16th arrondissement. Joyce with his son Georgio, his daughter in law; Helen, grandson Stephen and dog Sciap.
- 87- With <sup>his</sup> grandson Stephen
- 88- playing the piano. Georgio is listening. Joyce had an excellent tenor voice and liked to sing, especially Irish songs.
- 89- FOUR GENERATIONS of Joyces: Joyce - his son Georgio - grandson Stephen *under the* *shadow of Joyce's father* you will be ~~perhaps~~ surprised perhaps, that his wife Nora doesn't appear in any of my photographs. But Nora, in spite Joyce's insistance, refused categorically. ' I'm nobody" she said, I dont want to be photographed".
- 90- JOYCE PORTRAIT  
 The last time I saw Joyce was in June 1939. He seemed very depress and said to me: " THERE IS NOTHING ELSE FOR ME TO DO THEN DIE" Less then 2 years later, on January 13th 1941, Joyce died in Zurich.  
 On the morning of January 15th 1941
- 91- VIRGINIA WOOLF  
 took up her pen and jotted in her diary:
- "Then Joyce is dead; Joyce about a fortnight younger than I am. I remember Miss Weaver, in wool gloves, bringing Ulysses in typescript to our tea table at Hogarth House"
- 92- A last photograph of JOYCE



Monnier took an immediate liking to Freund and introduced her to many more Parisian artists, including James Joyce. Joyce was finishing up his long-awaited follow-up to *Ulysses* and needed a portrait taken. Monnier had arranged for Freund to be married “just on paper” to Pierre Blum so she could stay in France legally. Monnier knew how superstitious Joyce was, and how much he hated being photographed, so she told Freund that if she wanted to photograph Joyce, she should use her married name when asking him. Joyce took the bait and loved the fact that her name “Blum” was similar to that of Leopold Bloom, the protagonist of *Ulysses*. He invited Freund/Blum to show him her work in his Paris home. Joyce hated photographs, and at one point, a light fell on his head. It was the first time he cursed in front of a woman. He said, “your photographs will be the death of me!” On the way home, Gisèle was in a taxi accident, and she feared that her photographs were lost. Always superstitious, Joyce blamed himself for swearing in front of her, and asked if he could sit again for her. Fortunately for us, the pictures from both photo shoots survived.

The shoots captured the most intimate photographs of Joyce ever taken — including a picture that would grace the cover of *Time* magazine on May 8, 1939 in



**Inside Shakespeare & Co.** The bookshop is famous as a gathering place for authors. [SC043]

**Joyce's hands.** [SC043]

order to mark the publication of *Finnegans Wake*. Freund had an uncanny ability to capture her subject through an intimate lens — *la lentille intime*.

Shortly after Freund took Joyce's photographs, she and Joyce had to flee the approaching Nazi invasion of France. Freund went to Argentina, while Joyce fled to Zurich, Switzerland, where he would die in 1941 a few months before Virginia Woolf took her own life. Freund would continue to photograph famous authors and artists in Latin America, including Frida Kahlo.

In 2014, the university celebrated Gisèle's work with an exhibition “From Paris to Victoria: Gisèle Freund's James Joyce Photographs,” marking the first time the photographs were shown in Canada. †

**James Joyce.** Freund loved photographing Joyce's hands. [SC043]

**James Joyce's family.** Stephen Joyce with dog Schiap. [SC043]

**FACING PAGE:** **Lecture notes.** Personal presenter notes for the London exhibition. [SC043]

1 de Beauvoir, Simone. “Introduction.” In *James Joyce in Paris: His Final Years*, ix. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1965.





henry miller 444 ocampo drive--pacific palisades california 90272

20

Jan. 11<sup>th</sup> 1965

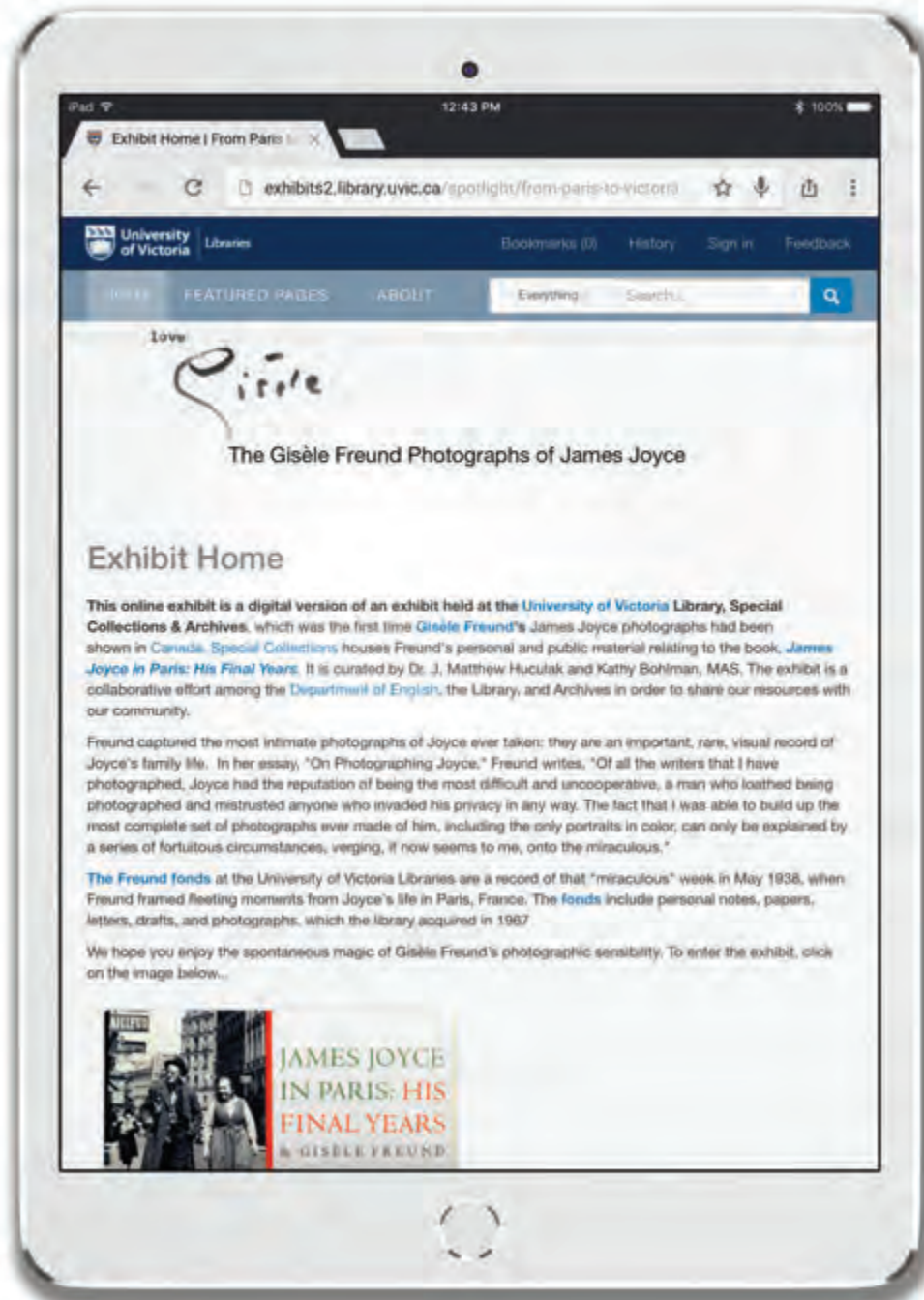
Dear Madame Freund -

Yes, I remember very well!  
 However, I never knew Joyce, never  
 even met him once. Certainly he  
 influenced me, as he did all writers  
 of our generation. I wrote about  
 him - not too favorably - in an  
 essay called "The Universe of Death"  
 (in "The Cosmological Eye", I think.)

Can't say much more now -  
 am always overwhelmed with  
 correspondence.

My best to you!

Henry Miller



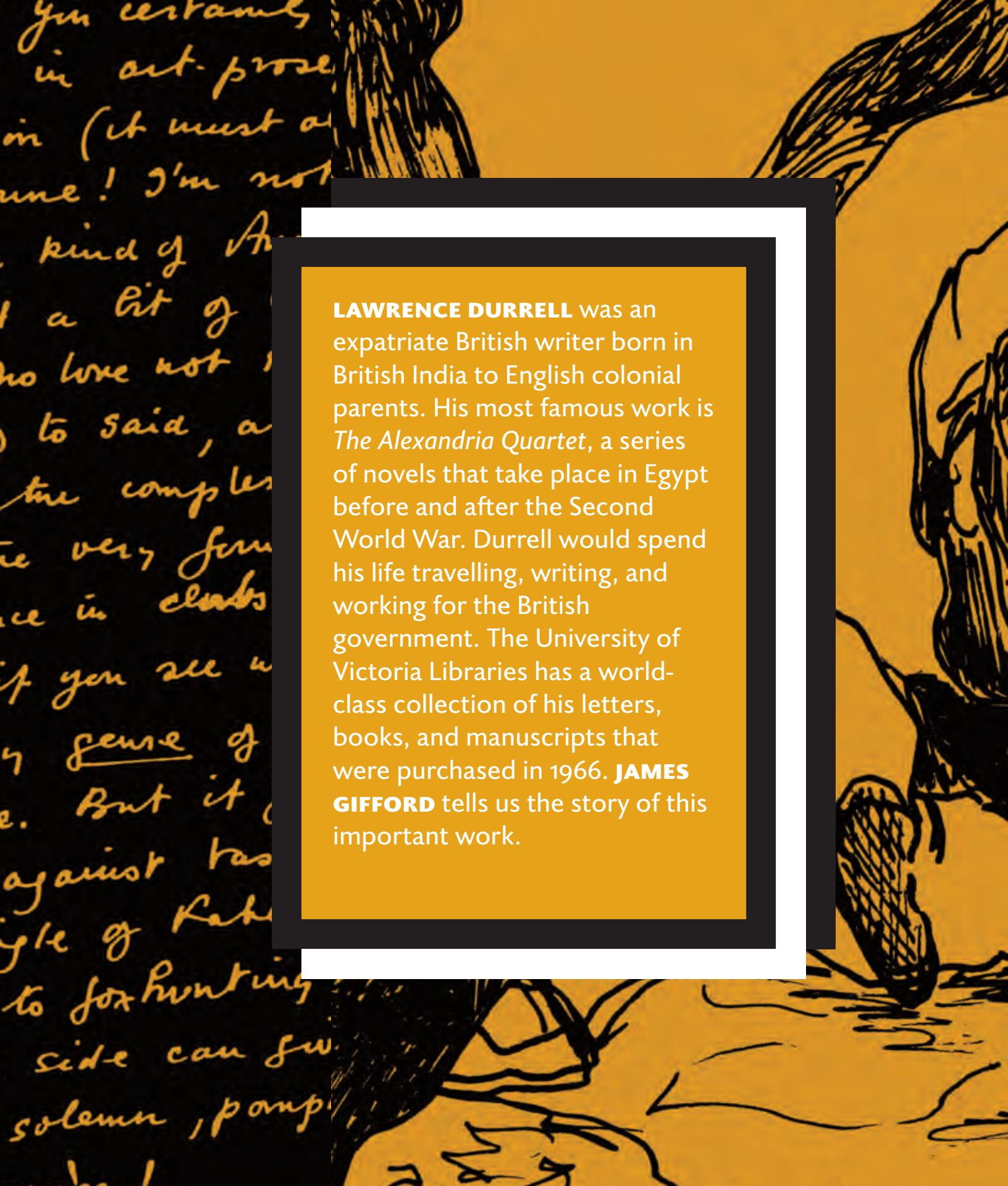
**Freund on the web.**

The digital exhibition of Freund's work is online at [exhibits2.library.uvic.ca](http://exhibits2.library.uvic.ca)

**FACING PAGE:**

**Henry Miller letter.**

Freund sought permission to reproduce images for *James Joyce in Paris*. [SC043]



**LAWRENCE DURRELL** was an expatriate British writer born in British India to English colonial parents. His most famous work is *The Alexandria Quartet*, a series of novels that take place in Egypt before and after the Second World War. Durrell would spend his life travelling, writing, and working for the British government. The University of Victoria Libraries has a world-class collection of his letters, books, and manuscripts that were purchased in 1966. **JAMES GIFFORD** tells us the story of this important work.

UIC

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TT

LETTER

FROM

# THE QUARRY MINER

## LAWRENCE DURRELL

**JAMES GIFFORD**



**WHEN LAWRENCE DURRELL BEGAN** the heterogeneous texts that became *The Alexandria Quartet*, he didn't have four books planned. He hadn't even planned what would become the first book. The feverish affair of his draft protagonist Faber (a dig at his publisher) began the onion-skin layers of drafts that generated one of the celebrated masterworks of the century, a baroque quartet of novels unique in post-war fiction. But the handiwork is the matter. Durrell called his drafts "quarry books" not "art," and he used them to mine, cut, and recut his work. We'd do well to remember the hands and quarrying.

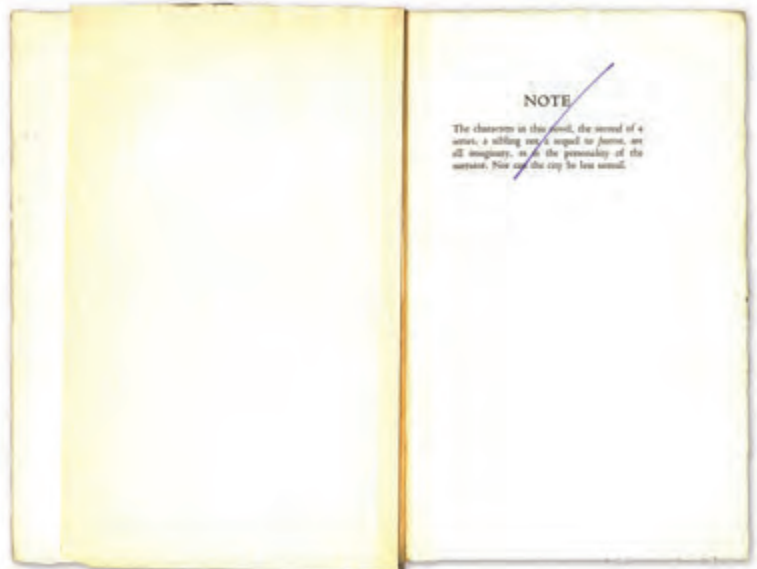
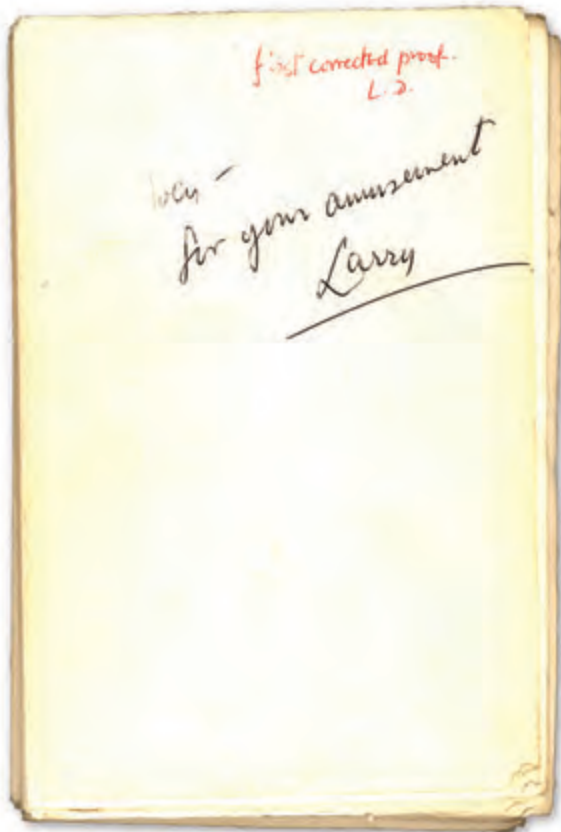
The draft protagonist Faber is a larval stage of later characters, a fool in love with a reflection. He's doomed to the chrysalis. Durrell quarried those drafts into *Justine*, the *Quartet's* first book. Faber becomes the Armenian novelist Arnauti — the drafts become excerpts from his novel *Mœurs*. This larval Faber also becomes L. G. Darley, the *Quartet's* narrator with Durrell's initials. He's a schoolteacher, like Durrell when writing the drafts, and Faber's lover in the mirror becomes the three women of the *Quartet*: the doomed Melissa, the seductress Justine, and the artist Clea. The quarried fragments build the later novels into a

compendium: one character's diaries, another's letters, and so on. All are recuperations of the larval forms, and larvæ are as much the matter as handiwork. The gall wasp's pupæ in the oak tree are ground down to make the most permanent black iron gall ink, treasured for writing of longevity and beauty. So too does Durrell harvest the immature young of his pen to generate the writing that mattered.

The handiwork is most visible in UVic Libraries' first two volumes of *The Alexandria Quartet*, the bound proofs to *Justine*, and Alfred Perlès' possibly purloined unbound proofs for *Balthazar*. Just as *Justine* rewrites and feeds off its progenitors, *Balthazar* is a great Inter-linear: that is, writing tucked between the pages of *Justine*. It corrects the foolish narrator of *Justine* on love, politics, and intrigue. Grinding its predecessor into the juice of its own expression, UVic Libraries' *Balthazar* proofs show the crucial revision process.

The first proof form of the NOTE is short: the characters are fictions although the city could not "be less unreal." The double negative reminds us that Durrell's Faber editor was T. S. Eliot, from whose "Unreal City" in *The Waste Land* the younger author distanced himself. The page-length revision of the NOTE outlines the

Lawrence Durrell.  
UVic Libraries has  
over 93 photos of  
Durrell. [SC040]



book's spatial form, holds time in abeyance, and broaches an "investigation of modern love." The phrase recuperates cuts from editors to *Justine* at Faber & Faber: the removal of "bisexual psyche" from the Freudian epigraph and revision of "bisexual love" to "modern love." As if to show Durrell's discomfort with his publisher's excisions, in the typescript we have "of/modern love." The ink solidus marks the cut. After all, if the lovers were all the same character looking through the mirror, bisexual love hardly surprises.

To see so many hands in the work, however, recalls the first set of proofs in Special Collections. When I spent my spadework years in the library basement sifting the middens of literary scribblings, I rewarded myself by requesting the first edition copies of *Justine* to compare dust jackets. Remarkably, the first was marked "Advance Proof" with "two variant forms of dust jacket" — but no such comment was in the catalogue.

The book grew from a bitter moment in Durrell's life. His second wife left him following her breakdown amidst their marital troubles and the Enosis struggle on Cyprus. Durrell fled too when a bomb was found in his home, his presumed permanent resting

place after global travels. He abandoned it like so many others. In his first marriage, the break-up came in North Africa during the Second World War and fears of Rommel. His first wife Nancy fled with his daughter Penelope to Beirut and then to Palestine while he remained in Cairo and later Alexandria. In the second divorce, his wife Eve fled Cyprus, taking his second daughter Sappho. Durrell eventually wrote *The Alexandria Quartet* with the help of the novelist who would become his third wife, Claude, of the Jewish Menasce family whose support for the founding of Israel provided the political plot of the Quartet. Because of this personal backdrop, *The Alexandria*

**Balthazar First  
Corrected Proof.**

"Joey — for your  
amusement |  
Larry". [SC040]

**Corrections.**

Durrell's personal  
corrections to  
*Balthazar*. [SC040]

**Balthazar.** Durrell  
strikes out  
beginning "Note"  
in these proofs.  
[SC040]



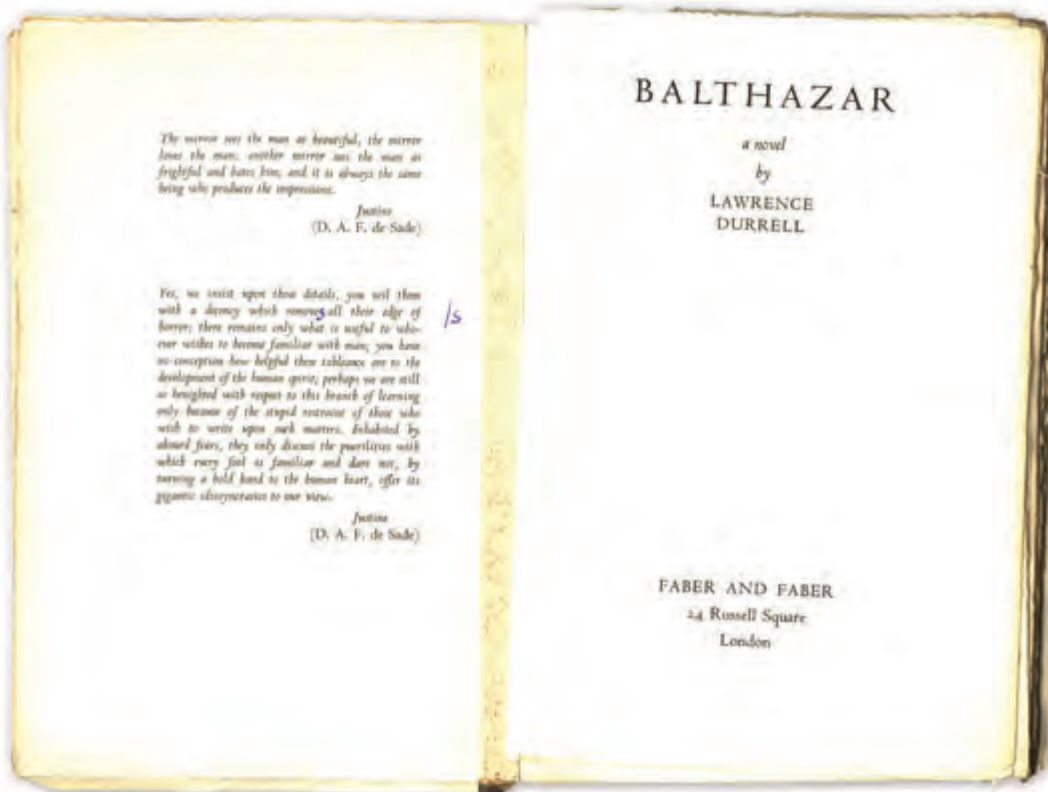
**Balthazar.**  
Dedication page in *Balthazar* "To the First Eve."  
[PR6007 U76B3 1958]

**Balthazar.**  
Published by Faber & Faber.  
[PR6007 U76B3 195]

**FACING PAGE:**  
**Corrections.**  
Durrell's personal corrections to *Balthazar*. [SC040]

**Handwritten letter.**  
From "Larry."  
[SC040]

**Corrected proofs.**  
Durrell changes "black" to "blue" in these *Justine* proofs.  
[PR6007U76]8]



had wanted to be a writer but took the wrong turning, and now his profession had so trained him to stay on the superficies of real life (acts and facts about acts) that he had developed the typical journalist's neurosis (they drink to still it); namely that something has happened, or is about to happen, in the next street, and that they will not know about it until it is too late to "send". This haunting fear of missing a fragment of reality which one knows in advance will be trivial, even meaningless, had given our friend the conventional tic one sees in children who want to go to the lavatory—shifting about in a chair, crossing and uncrossing of legs. After a few moments of conversation he would nervously rise and say "I've just forgotten something—I won't be a minute." In the street he would expel his breath in a swish of relief. He never went far but simply walked around the block to still the unease. Everything always seemed normal enough, to be sure. He would wonder whether to phone Mahmoud Pacha about the defence estimates or wait till to-morrow. . . . He had a pocketful of peanuts which he cracked in his teeth and spat out, feeling restless, unmoved, he did not know why. After a walk he would come trotting back into the café, or barber's shop, beaming shyly, apologetically: an "Agency Man"—our best-integrated modern type. There was nothing wrong with John except the level on which he had chosen to live his life—but you could say the same about his famous namesake, could you not?

I owe this faded photograph to him. (Much later he is to be killed in the desert, in full possession of his imbecility.) The mania to perpetuate, to record, to photograph everything! I suppose this must come from the feeling that you don't enjoy anything fully, indeed are taking the bloom off it with every breath you draw. His "files" were enormous, bulging with signed menus, bands off memorial cigars, postage stamps, picture postcards. . . . Later this proved useful, for somehow he had captured Pursewarden's obituary data.

some of

26

Farther to the east sits good old big-bellied Pombal, under each eye a veritable diplomatic bag. Now here is someone on whom one can really lavish a bit of affection. His only pre-occupation is with losing his job or being impatient: the national worry of every Frenchman since Jean-Jacques. We quarrel a good deal, though amicably, for we share his little flat which is always full of unconsidered trifles and trifles more considered: *les femmes*. But he is a good friend, a tender-hearted man, and really loves women. When I have insomnia or an ail: "*Dis donc, tu vas bien?*" Roughly, in the manner of a *bon copain*, "*Ecouste—tu veux une aspirine?*" or else "*On bien—j'ai une jeune amie dans ma chambre si tu veux. . .*" (Not a misprint: Pombal called all poules "*jeunes femmes*".) "*Hein? Elle n'est pas mal—à l'est tout payé, mon cher. Mais ce matin, moi je me sens un tout petit peu anti-féministe—j'en ai marre, hein!*" Satiety fell upon him at such times. "*Je donne de plus en plus anthropologie*" he would say, rolling that comical eye. Also, his job worried him; his reputation was pretty bad, people were beginning to talk, especially after what he calls "*l'affaire Suwa*"; and yesterday the Consul General walked in on him while he was cleaning his shoes on the Chancery curtains. . . . "*Monsieur Pombal! Je suis obligé de vous faire quelques observations sur votre comportement officiel!*" Ouf! A reproof of the first grade. . . .

It explains why Pombal now sits heavily in the photograph, debating all this with a downcast expression. Lately we have become rather estranged because of Melissa. He is angry that I have fallen in love with her, for she is only a dancer in a night-club, and as such unworthy of serious attention. There is also a question of snobbery, for she is virtually living at the flat now and he feels this to be demeaning; perhaps even diplomatically unwise.

"Love" says Toto, "is a liquid fossil"—a felicitous epigram in all conscience. Now to fall in love with a banker's wife, that would be forgivable, though ridiculous. . . . Or would it? In

27

by the warm shadow reflected from the walls, lay one of the children horribly shrunk up in its nightshirt in an attitude which suggested death. The wall above the sofa was covered in the black imprints of juvenile hands—the talisman which in this part of the world guards a house against the evil eye. It was the only decoration in the room; indeed the commonest decoration of the whole Arab quarter of the city.

We stood there, Nassim and I, for a good half-second, astonished by the scene which had a sort of horrifying beauty

But take around it you certainly won't sell it. But treated regally, prominently in out-prose, heavy with heavy jewels and solid information (it must also be a trade name) you should make a fortune! I'm not joking. Avoid chipiness and levity, and the kind of Austrian "esprit-feuille" on so grave a subject! If you want a bit of bawdy let it carry the weight of responsible authority [All who love not tobacco and boys are fools" Christopher Marlowe is reported to said, according to a secret service report of 1570]. From pipes the complex of ideas goes out not to women & levity but to the very foundations of the British class! Contemplation, sitting munching in clubs, a passion for landscape, adventure etc. . . . I wonder if you see what I mean? I speak as a politician now. Your ordinary sense of reminiscence and receipt is admirably suited to the theme. But if you allow chippy notes into the work—why you offend against taste! My John Lehmann with the MS—also Alan Pangle of Kober—go and talk to them. Be to pipes what Surtess is to foxhunting! You have all the information—the historical side can give you enough bawdy to add as a spice—But solemn, pungent, grave, brooding—a book for Englishmen! Whoopie!

Love Larry



**Robin Skelton.**  
 Durrell sends Skelton some poems to publish in *The Malahat Review*. [SC040]

**Watercolour.** By Lawrence Durrell. [SC040]

**Cover of *Justine*.**  
 The first volume of *The Alexandria Quartet*. [PR6007 U76J8]

Quartet has a series of abandoned children, all emerging as the unfinished forms of Durrell's own — Justine's first daughter is taken, and her husband's illegitimate daughter with the narrator's lover Melissa lives unnamed with the unnamed narrator on his unnamed Greek island. She inevitably returns to her father and surrogate mother, leaving the narrator bereft. They are books of lost selves, lost objects, and lost time recuperated in writing. These empty spaces in the text around absent children ache in a way that grows, but not with a larva emerging from the chrysalis as a beautifully transformed adult — as an irreplaceable absence endlessly but insufficiently outlined and retraced, drawn and redrawn.

All the more bitterly, then, the cover of *Justine* is based on a blue hand, the image like the blue stone *mathi* to ward off the evil eye in Greek traditions. The imprinted blue hand of the cover is, of course, liter-



ally the palm print of Durrell's daughter, Sappho. A child's hand to ward off evil also marks out the true possessor of the volume and the recuperation toward which it works. Durrell would not have known this eventual cover design while writing the drafts, even up to proofs. The two revisions between these bound proofs and the first edition are the dedication "TO ~~THE~~ ~~THE~~ EVE," his second wife, and on page 45 the critical revision: "the black imprints of juvenile hands — the talisman which in this part of the world guards a house against the evil eye" with the marginal note "blue." It makes the telling match the image. It binds the blue palm on the cover to the words inside.

In a very real sense, the archive calls up the loss of the child, and of this suffering the larval gall provides the ink of the writing: the creative substitution that is forever inadequate but forever revising and refining. Durrell's ink is painfully akin to the larval gall

wasp of the oak tree whose chrysalis may be pumiced down to make black iron ink from which to weave the cloth of gold writing. This black gall ink was treasured for centuries, from Pliny the Elder and the Dead Sea Scrolls to the American Constitution and Codex Sinaiticus. But Durrell's gall does not make black ink — instead it gives the blue of an eye, a Mediterranean sea, or of an unblinking mathi stone protecting the young from evil when they are absent and far from home. Recuperating the painful proofs of Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet* in the University of Victoria's Special Collections is one step in a process of recuperation and insufficiency that began long before the materials we find in hand. They are held palm to palm with ours, the open hand of their covers resting in our own. It calls us as readers through the folding and refolding of loss within loss to nurture a chrysalis that is born only into writing. †

**Durrell and friends.**  
Pen and ink  
sketch by Eve  
Miller. [SC040]

**THE ENGLISH COLLECTIONS** at the University of Victoria are simultaneously rich and limiting: rich in the sense that we hold the letters, manuscripts, personal notes and archives of many of England's finest writers; and limiting in that when we purchased these materials in the mid-1960s, when critical and scholarly attention tended to focus on male authorship.

Since then, UVic Libraries has sought to augment its collection with material representing the full spectrum of cultural production.

In the following section, **MATTHEW S. ADAMS** introduces us to Herbert Read's friendship with T. E. Shaw, who was otherwise known as Lawrence of Arabia. **ELIZABETH GROVE-WHITE** opens Robert Graves' diaries to reveal a long-hidden secret in the heart of his papers. **STEPHEN ROSS** explores the uses of new technologies on older texts, citing the work of Djuna Barnes. Contributing editor **J. MATTHEW HUCULAK** exposes the fonds of Douglas Goldring, John Betjeman, Wyndham Lewis, and T. S. Eliot. Finally, **CHRISTINE WALDE** investigates the Ted Hughes and Sylvia Plath papers at UVic Libraries.

**LETTER**

**FROM**

**EN**

**GLLA**

**NID**

# WAR, WRITING, AND NEW IDENTITIES

## HERBERT READ & LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

**MATTHEW S. ADAMS**

**Envelope to Read.**

Lawrence of Arabia traced over the original pencil with ink.

[SC 100]



**AT THE END OF MARCH 1929**, Herbert Read, then struggling to make his presence felt as a figure in British arts and letters, received a two-page letter from the Royal Air Force station, Cattewater, Plymouth. “Excuse pencil,” it began, as the author apologized for a lack of ink that now makes the neat hand seem all the more like the ghostly fragment of a distant past. The subject of the letter was Erich Maria Remarque’s recent book *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1929), an exposé of the horrors of the First World War that became a publishing sensation after its translation from German. Read played an important role in bringing this work to English readers in his capacity as literary advisor to Heinemann and had corresponded



Portrait of Sir  
Herbert Read.

[SC 100]

with the author to find suitable translations for the book's idiomatic German. Hoping to boost publicity for the text, Read had evidently sent Remarque's book to his interlocutor with the hope of gaining endorsements from prominent public figures.

Signed T.E. Shaw, it might be thought that Read had, unusually, approached an anonymous veteran of the First World War for critical comment. But closing the letter, the correspondent revealed his true identity when he asked, “[d]o people really call me Lawrence still?” He was T.E. Lawrence — Lawrence of Arabia.

Lawrence reflected contemporary opinion in praising Remarque's powerful indictment of the war, but offered a series of critical comments. Quoting Read's words back to him, he agreed that the book “distilled [the] bitterness of the generation shot to pieces by the war.” Yet, he had some reservations about the book. For one, he rejected the notion, later central to the cultural myth of the First World War, that the war was an expression of generational disconnect. The “railing against ones elders of p.19 is not worthy of a man,” he objected, adding that “our elders are only ourselves: there is no difference between one generation and another.” The popular image of the dinosaurs of the Victorian age, comfortably ensconced in parliament and palace as the flower of European youth squelched through the mud and blood, was false, he judged. “The war-fever in England

rose from bottom, to top, & forced our unwilling government's hand... Wars are made in hot (youth) blood, not in cold (age) blood.”

Lawrence was also skeptical about the representativeness of Remarque's “revolt” against the brutality of war. “The point of view is hardly that of a German amongst Germans,” he wrote, suggesting that this might be explained by the fact that “he was only a lad.” Yet, he concluded, it does not “matter what he is. The book is international.”

Closing his letter, Lawrence returned to everyday matters, sympathizing with Read's predicament that his efforts to live off the fruits of his pen were causing “economic strife,” while noting his own luck. Not, that is, that anyone “is in the R.A.F. for his pay,” for “food, perhaps,” and certainly “for companionship.” Rather pompously, he proposed that Read's current financial problems might be something of a test. “Perhaps, if you are really a poet, leisure will return to you some day, as it did to Hardy.”

Lawrence found some ink in the end. The envelope that bore his letter has the address inscribed in thick black strokes, and shows that it was posted from Plymouth at 11:30am on the 27th March 1929. Six years later, shortly after leaving the military, Lawrence would lose his life after crashing his motorcycle, which became the opening scene to the Oscar-winning film, *Lawrence of Arabia*. †

Cover of *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

This bestselling, harsh novel revolutionized the way people talked about WWI.

[PT2635 E68 I513 1929]

*Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Privately printed in 1926, this book was first published for general circulation in 1935.

[PR6023 A937S43 1935]

#### FOLLOWING

##### PAGES:

Letter from T. E. Shaw [Lawrence] to Read. “Do people really call me Lawrence [of Arabia] still?”

[SC 100]

332171 A/c Shaw  
R.A.F. Catterick  
Clymoult

26. 3. 29.

HR/TEL-2

Dear Read

Excuse pencil. I have no ink for the moment. "All quiet" is a most interesting work. Your judgement "distilled bitterness of the generation shot to pieces by the war" is exactly fitting. Incidentally it would have been a bigger book without that bias. The railing against our elders of p. 19 is not worthy of a man. Our elders are only ourselves: there is no difference between one generation + another — nor, in war (or in that war) between class + class. The war-fever in England rose from bottom to top, + forced an unwilling government's hand. It was the young + the ignorant who, as usual, made the war. Wars are made in hot blood, not in cold blood. Of course Crater suffered so much that one must excuse him. Lots of people lose their balance when they have suffered painfully. Yet the war was all on faults.

It's surely well written — and I suspect the goodness is in the German, as well as in the translation. The dying man's voice "like ashes": lots of phrases like that. It is over-written sometimes; the killing of Duval in the crater — that should have been short: so should the kneeling in the graveyard. He squeezed his orange too dry there.

He does his father wonderfully — the death of Kemmrich: the wounded horses (one of the high lights in the book): the chapter of going home or leave (the highest light of all, I think). Only the pathetic stop is like the organ's vox humana. It's too easy. That point also makes me think Crater not as much strong as sensitive. A stronger character would have put more restraint into Page 151-152.

He has a very acute sense of feeling. Page 297, the affection of Bushman and Soldier is very well put — and as well thought out and felt as it is put. Page 232 also touches on the truth of military life. He revolts too much, usually, against his horrors: but he was only a lad, + it is quite likely he has some Jew in him. The point of view is hardly that of a German amongst Germans. The care with which he inserts the daily consciousness + carnality of army life feels foreign, too. I suspect him of not being pure German. Not that it matters what he is. The book is international.

I've seen nothing in English novels so good as this: and I have read very many of them. The English prose of the war is not creditable to us. Spand's *Fern im Innern*: F.M. Ford's four books are not the work of a common fighter: Savason's *Fortunata* is splendid, but the war is only incidental. Blunden isn't quite big enough. In

HR/TEL-3

Montagne I always feel a certain catharsis.

We have done better in the true stories — things like yours, + like Loring's Counter-Attack, + the two Somme books, and ~~the~~ Caldwell's Palestine book: and of course in poets we have Owen + Sassoon, two great men.

The Yanks carry off the war-prize so far, I think: with "War Birds", that I fancy is the best book ever written about a war. [It beats Sergeant Boreagoose]. They also had the Enormous Room, which I put very high because of its power: and Three Soldiers by dos Passos, which puts hard to our Peter Jackson's.

I French I've only been pleased with Dorgelles + Barbusse. I German there was F. von Horn's Verdun (V.G.) and the first war book of all, Lotzke's Men in Battle, which deserved great credit as a pioneer. I did not read Sergeant Zwickha, or whatever it was, a much-praised recent book.

One forgets so easily. There are dozens I've forgotten.

I wonder how "all quiet" will go in England? They say it did 150,000 — from 10,000 is more like its English fate I'd guess: but I'd wish it to be 20,000. A really good bit of work.

Your economic strafe is hard luck. I dodged it — or rather I dug myself into a sheltered occupation where one forgets the economic base on which ordinary life rests — because nobody is in the R.A.F. for his pay. For food, perhaps: for a rule of life, perhaps: and for companionship. Perhaps, if you are really a poet, Keats will return to you some day, as it did to Hardy. After all, it's quite a good lifetime if a man writes two good poems in it.

Do people really call me Laurence still? Your letter looks like it: I've been Shaw for some years, + when I find L. in the newspaper it feels like a stranger. However I do not much care, though for legal reasons I've got to sign Shaw always.

It was very good of you to send me the book. By the way the goose-killing passage was gorgeous! I have been very glad to have read it: and now I'm lending it round the camp!

Young  
T. Shaw

# MODERNISM'S ASSISTANT EDITOR

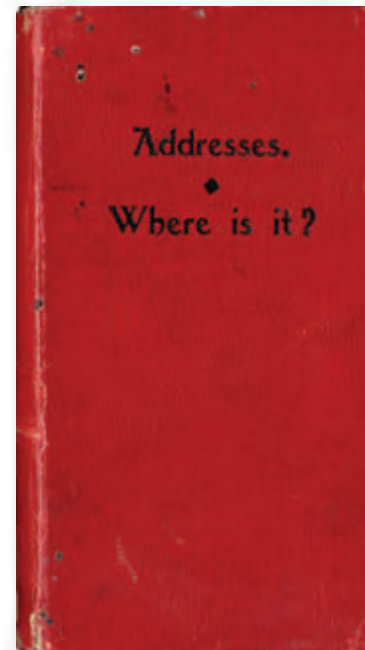
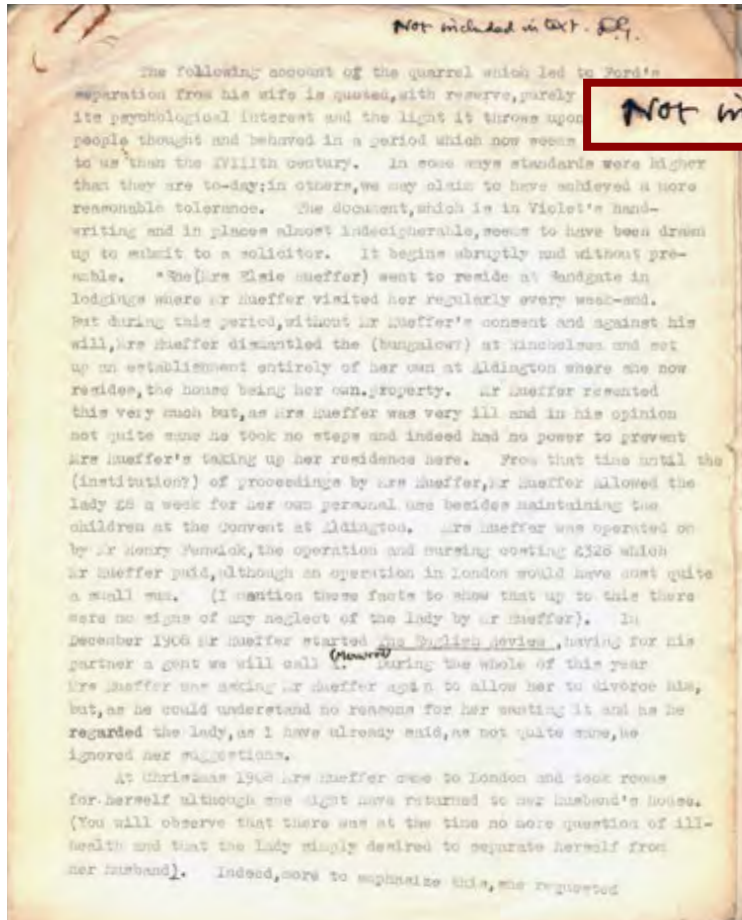
## THE DOUGLAS GOLDRING FONDS

J. MATTHEW HUCULAK



**FEW LITERARY FIGURES** of the 20th century lived as interesting a life as Douglas Goldring, whose place in history has not yet been properly understood. Goldring is an important figure in modernist periodical culture: he was the sub-editor of modernism's very first little magazine, *The English Review* (1908), edited by Ford Madox Ford. When Ford lost control of the *Review* in 1910, Goldring ran his own little magazine called *The Tramp*, in which he published Wyndham Lewis and the Italian Futurist, Filippo Tommaso Marinetti. In 1914, Goldring even advised Wyndham Lewis on the publication of the famous magazine, *BLAST*.

Receiving an artist's papers is auspicious for literary research. Scholars might want to ask: "Who did this artist know?" or "Who did they contact?" or "Who influenced them?" Many questions can be answered by sifting through the fine sands of a personal collection. For example, I was able to determine where certain artists lived (and moved to) by looking at Goldring's address book.



I was also delighted to find Goldring's passport, which allowed me to date precisely his movements and travels across the globe.

In the tumultuous 1930s, many people were convinced that Fascism could only be defeated by Communism (many thought Capitalism, still in the throes of the Great Depression, was too weak to mount a strong defense against Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco). Some sought solace in Communism, and others, like John Betjeman and T. S. Eliot, turned to the Anglican Church. Goldring turned to Socialism, and in his passport we can see the marks of a trip he took to Communist Hungary in the early 1950s, during which he praises the standard of living for artists. Goldring was on the wrong side of history, however, when in 1956 the Soviets invaded Hungary and crushed the flowering of liberty that had taken hold.

Goldring is most famous for his recollections of the great literary figures with whom he broke bread. His biographies of Ford Madox Ford remain testaments to the genius and collaboration that brewed in the offices of the *English Review*. But his papers also show

the research he did to write his books. For example, he requested a signed copy of Ford's war record from the War Office, as well as personal letters from Ford's estranged wife.

Ford separated from his wife Elsie and fell in love with Violet Hunt, a fellow writer. Ford went to Germany to divorce his wife, but such arrangements were not recognized by English law. When Hunt called herself Ford's "wife" in a newspaper, Elsie sued, and won damages. Goldring interviewed the various characters surrounding this separation, and I was shocked to find a chapter in his manuscripts that read, "Not Intended for Publication." This private chapter, which has never been published, tells the scandalous story of the separation and can only be viewed in UVic Libraries' Special Collections.

Goldring's fonds also contain hundreds of letters from artists and friends, including Mary Butts, whose contribution to modernism is finally being recognized. These letters will continue to inspire scholars to visit Victoria in order to reevaluate and rewrite English literary history. ‡

**Account of Ford's split with Wife.**

Personal papers reveal risky histories too dark to publish. [SC048]

**"Not included in text. D.G."**

Goldring withheld information to avoid libel. [SC048]

**Address book.**

Items like this allow scholars to uncover an author's personal network. [SC048]



Goldring's passport. [SC048]

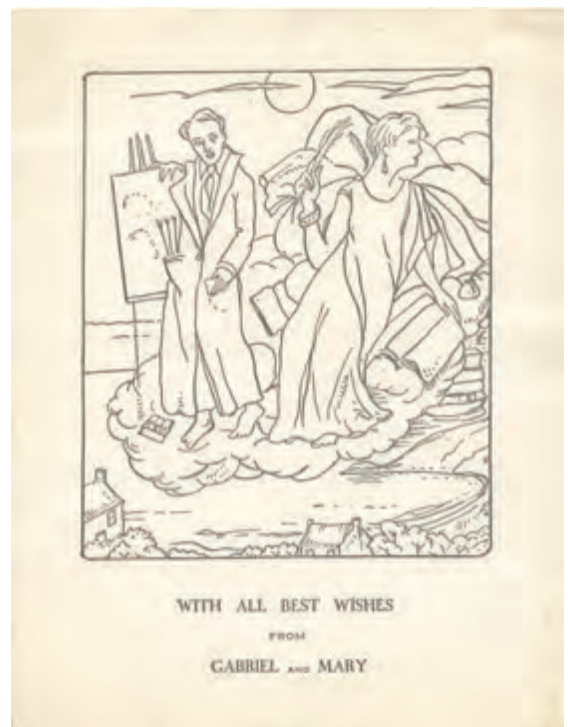
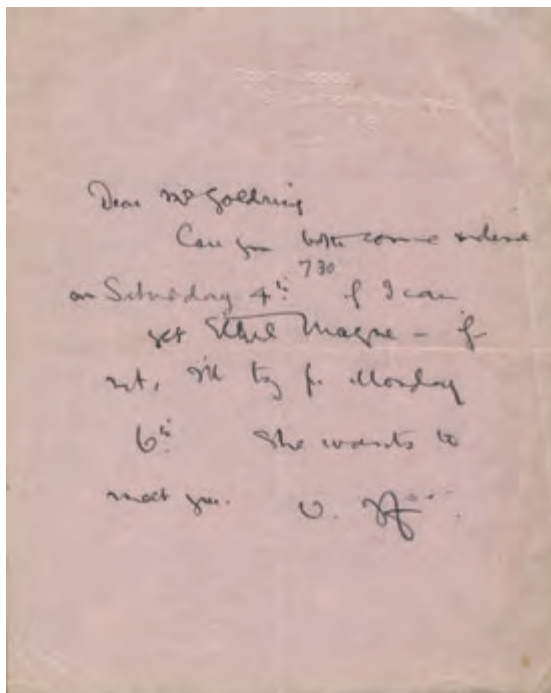


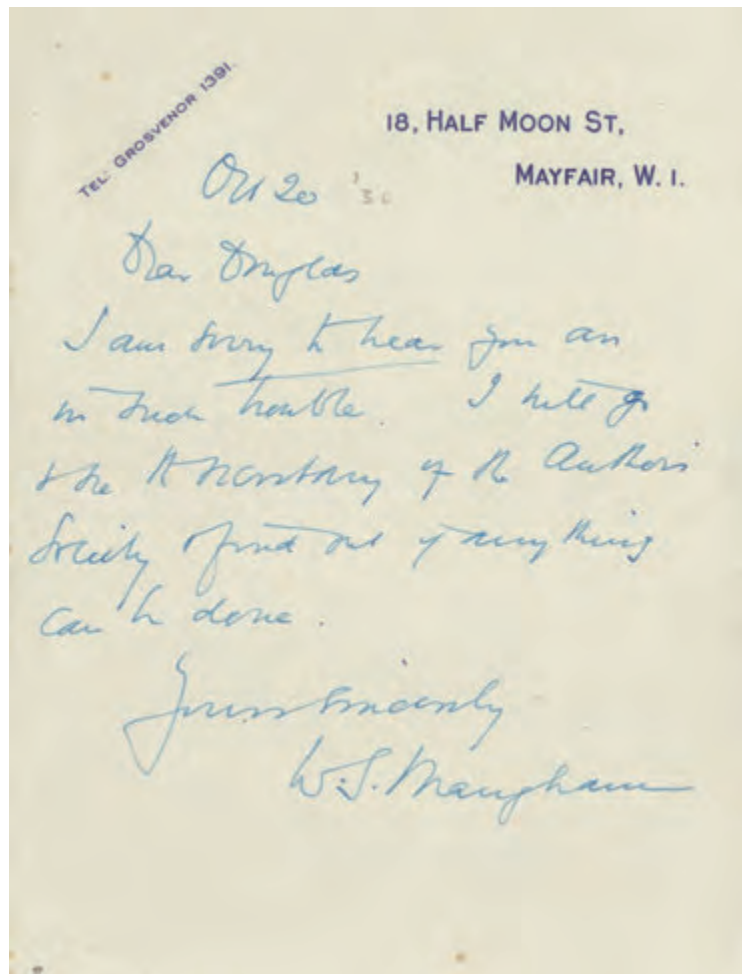
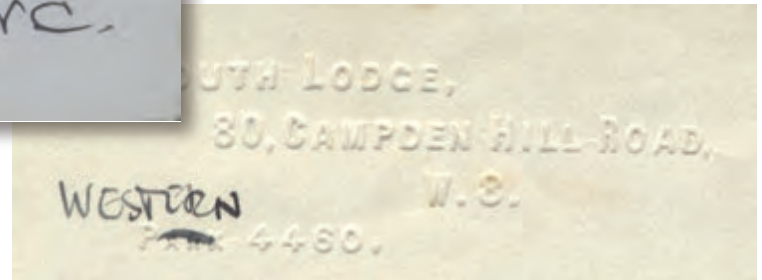
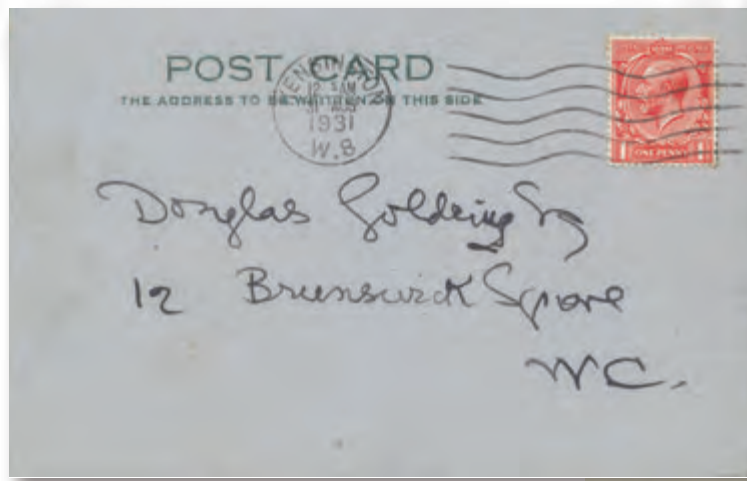


Postcard from Mary Butts. [SC048]

Card from Mary Butts and Gabriel Atkin. Butts was married to an English artist. [SC048]

Letter from Violet Hunt. Goldring was close friends with Ford's former partner and muse. [SC048]

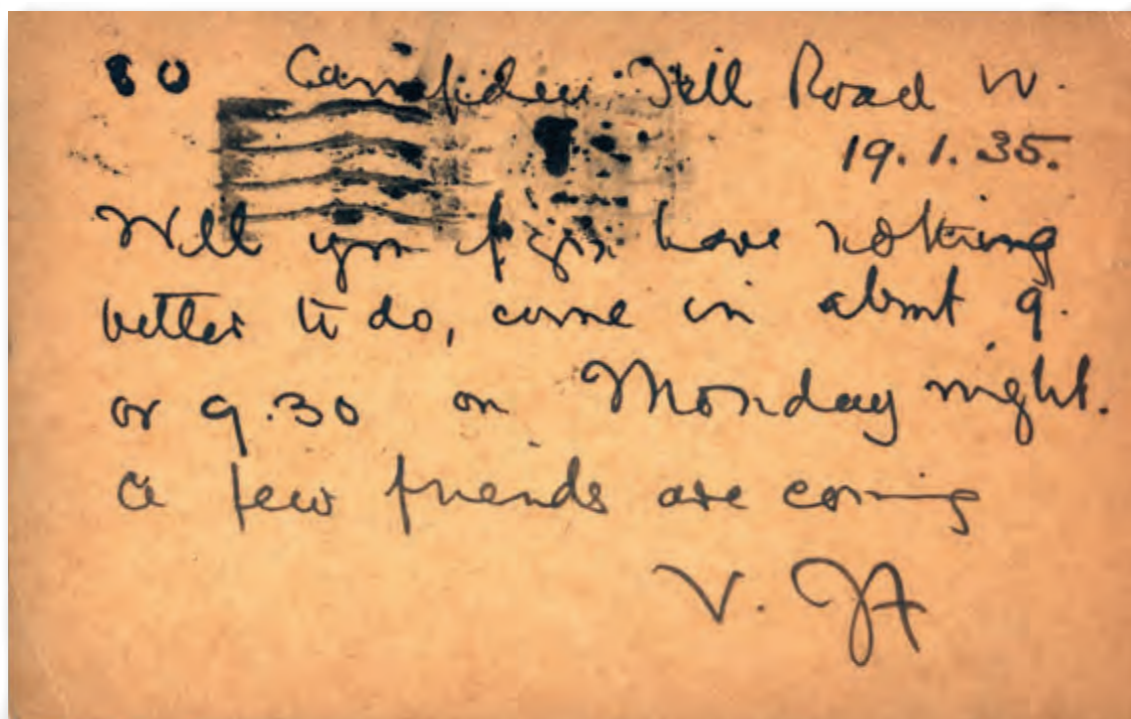




Postcard from  
Violet Hunt. [SC048]

**South Lodge  
letterhead.**  
Goldring wrote a memoir called *South Lodge: Reminiscences of Violet Hunt, Ford Madox Ford and the English Review Circle*. [SC048]

**Letter from W. S.  
Maugham.**  
Goldring was an important figure in the London literary scene. [SC048]



Postcard from  
 Violet Hunt.  
 [SC048]

**FACING PAGE:**  
 Letter from Mary  
 Butts. UVic  
 Libraries holds a  
 significant  
 collection of  
 letters between  
 these two  
 authors. [SC048]

My dear Douglas.

Bad carriage sat on a speck (or is it)  
on my shoulder always. You wrote me an admirable  
letter last summer, & I did it answer for a bit, because  
we were hoping to be able to visit Patrick down  
during the summer. That held us up - but I found  
we couldn't, because we didn't have an inch of  
space, with five or six sleeping in tents. Then I  
began to write a book about Choptank & got lost  
round 14. B.C. & only recently half-covered.

Then the speaker said 'what a beast I'd think  
you. what a beast you are'. To my mother was a  
glorious & helped me. I'd like to be famous,  
but don't expect to be.

Harassingly poor - but it might be a  
worse Christmas. How we both hope that all is well  
with you & with Talia.

We've written to your Patrick. My message  
is running out very well indeed. We have left  
good words, thank heaven.

As always -

Tony

# THE GRAVES DIARY

## A CONTROVERSIAL MYSTERY

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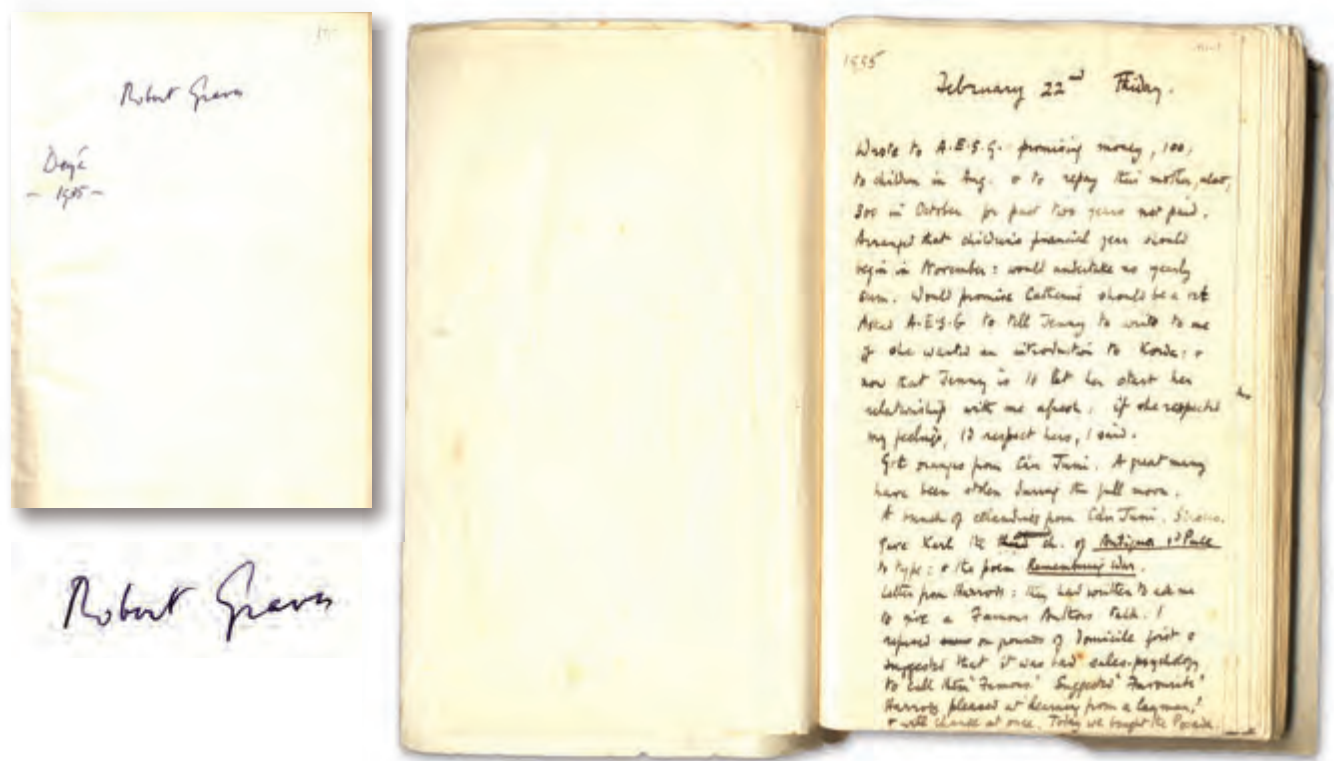
**ELIZABETH GROVE-WHITE**



**IN APRIL 1970**, when the University of Victoria Special Collections acquired Robert Graves' autograph diaries of the years 1935–1939, the University Librarian Dean Halliwell had little inkling of the controversies this apparently innocuous acquisition would unleash.

Following the acquisition of the highly sensitive Laracuen letters,<sup>1</sup> these handwritten diaries — written on 4to sheets, folded horizontally to form 8vo booklets with one recto page devoted to each day — must have seemed relatively harmless. Although rich in daily detail, Graves' diaries, written in his distinctive hand with an old-fashioned steel-nibbed pen, convey little if any direct personal reflection. Graves' meticulous daily record continues through the build-up to the Spanish Civil War, his abrupt flight, first to France, then England, and finally to the United States where the diaries end on May 6, 1939.

Graves' very first entry, on February 22, 1935 is typical. In addition to noting his purchase of the Posada, their residence in Deya, Mallorca, he is concerned about his financial responsibilities to his children back in England. Beyond their interest to literary scholars, these diaries have value as social commen-



tary, recording the effects of the Spanish Civil War that gradually engulfs Deya, forcing Graves and his circle to flee Mallorca on August 2, 1936 aboard the British destroyer HMS Grenville. His Deya friend Gelat, a local Republican politician and entrepreneur, gets caught in the machinery of the war, and the diary tracks news of his imprisonment and his family's anxiety. Among the 117 enclosures in the diaries, newspaper clippings record the Civil War's progress and copies of the letters and money Graves sent to support his former neighbour's family, many of them in exile.

At a time when many of Graves' contemporaries gave Hitler the benefit of the doubt, the diaries show a clear-sighted Graves recognizing the threat posed by German fascism as early as September 19, 1935. Tucked away among the day-to-day diary entries about writing and family and visitors and gardening, Graves steadily records, often in a single laconic line, news of the gathering Nazi storm.

Their dramatic flight from Mallorca in August 1936 precipitated concerns about his secretary and friend, Karl Goldschmidt, an Austrian Jew threatened with repatriation when the group finally landed in France;

the diary records Graves' strenuous efforts to secure Goldschmidt permanent status outside Hitler's Europe, including a meeting with future Canadian Prime Minister, Lester Pearson, a former comrade-in-arms from World War 1, and in 1938, the High Commissioner at the Canadian Commission in London.

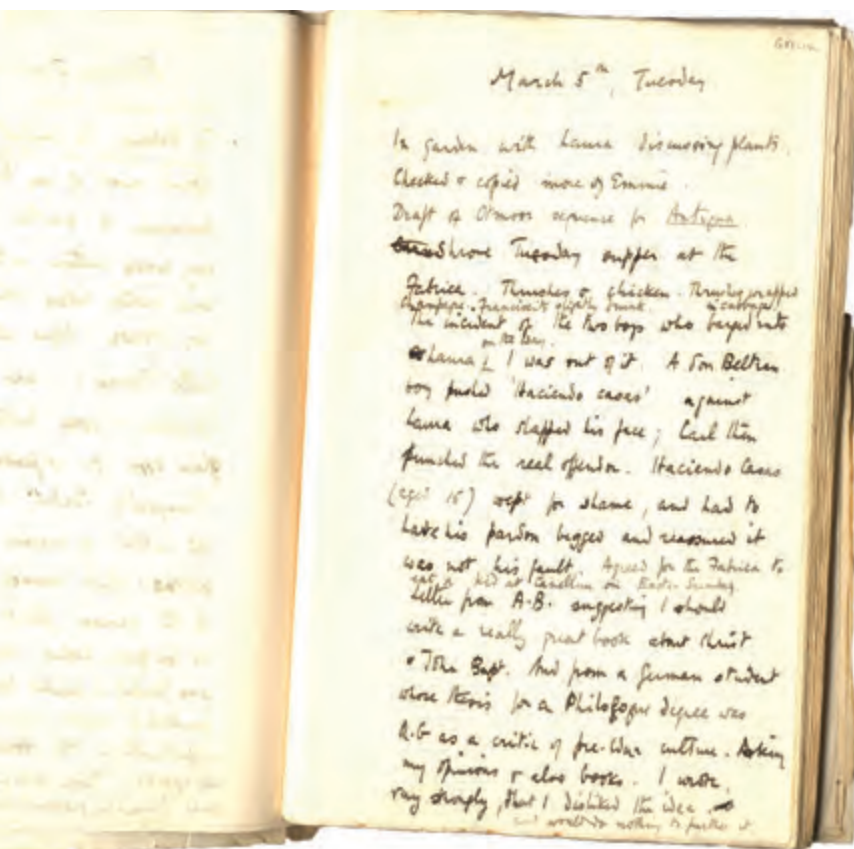
In England, Graves records encounters with some of the major public figures of the period. His old friend and mentor, T. E. Lawrence, moves through these pages, as does Basil Liddell Hart, the celebrated military historian and strategist. Graves also meets Winston Churchill in November 1936 to urge a more assertive British intervention in the Spanish Civil War.

But as rich as the diaries are in daily detail, the generic conventions of discretion Graves followed (these are daily records rather than a journal intime) their pages are mute on subjective, affective matters, and this silence was to provoke acrimonious exchanges and critical controversies following the university's acquisition of the diaries. The first signs of trouble appeared when Graves refused access to the diaries to an "obsessed garrulous collector"<sup>2</sup> in 1971, and followed up with a letter to an acquaintance at

**Cover of Diary.**  
Robert Graves' signature is featured below. [SC050]

**Diary entry from February 22, 1935.**  
[SC050]

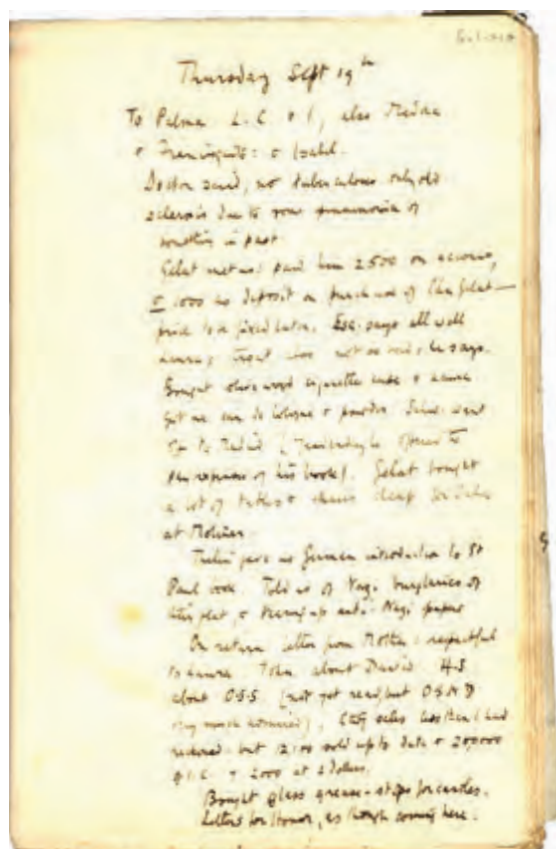
**FACING PAGE:**  
**Photograph of Graves in Krakow.**  
[SC050]



Diary entry from  
March 5, 1935.  
[SC050]

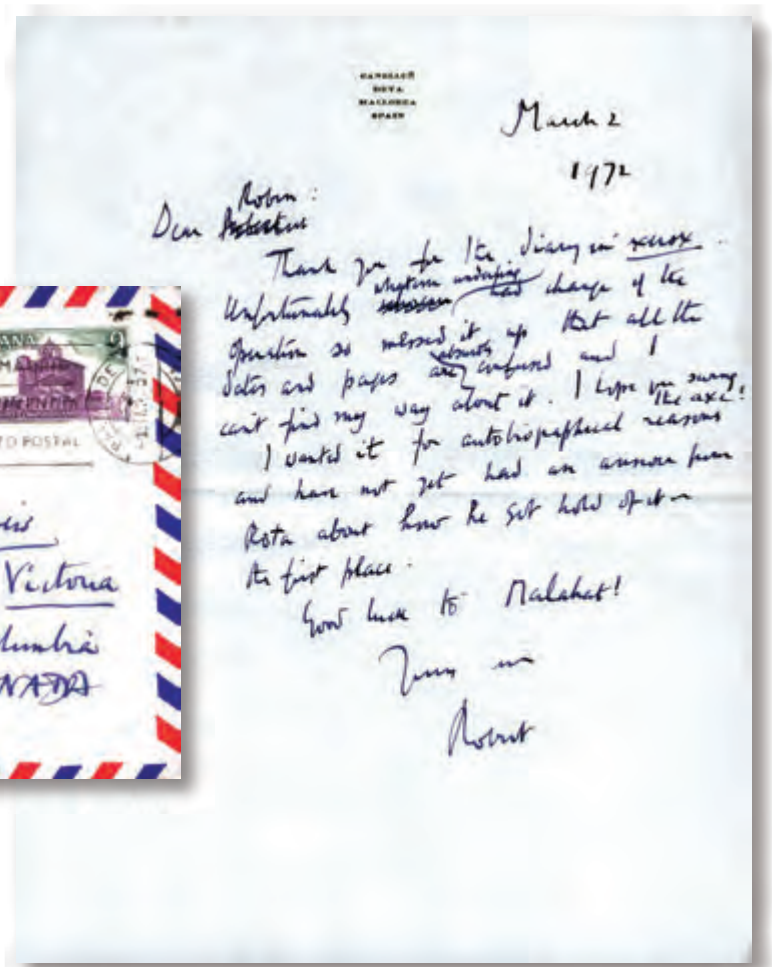
Diary entry from  
September 19,  
1935. Graves  
expresses his  
concern about  
the Nazis. [SC050]

As one who knew of the content of activity of all the years covered in the purported diaries



in thoroughly personal detail but know of no 'diary' records kept of any of that period by Mr. Graves... Not only was there no contemporary acquaintance of mine with any diary-keeping propensities of Mr. Graves: I first learned of the existence of a bunch of material, with 'letters from his children' tucked into it, from a report of an academic friend, living in Canada, who had seen a copy of *The Malahat Review*, with an account of the 'diaries' in it.

Her bibliographer, Alan Clark, confirms a correspondence with Laura (Riding) Jackson about the authenticity of these diaries in which she states very clearly that she knew nothing of his keeping such a diary "or any other matter of a logging kind during the period in question (Jackson)," but whatever Riding's doubts about the authenticity of these diaries in the 1970s, her biographer Elizabeth Friedmann con-



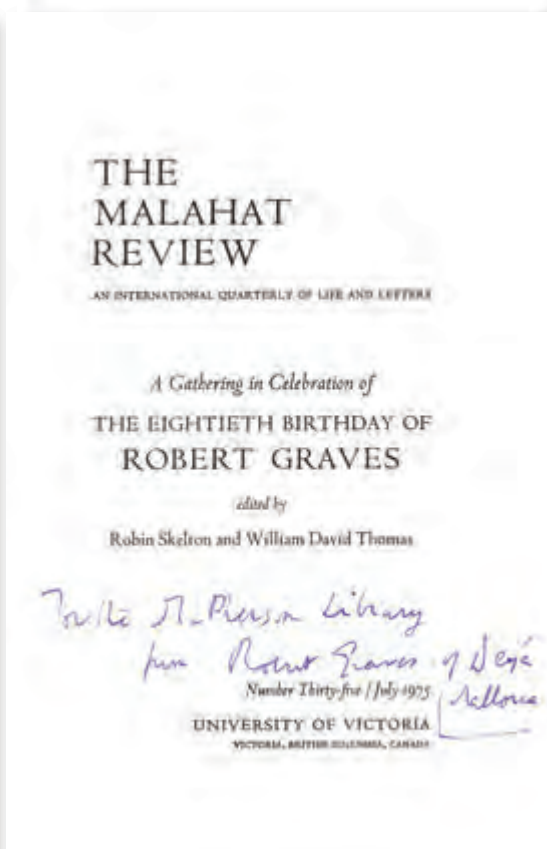
firmed in a personal letter that "...by the time she and I discussed the Graves diary in the 1980s, she never questioned its authenticity."

These controversies, however, fueled rumours that the diaries were full of detailed, highly intimate information about the last years of Graves' association with Riding, rumours that gained momentum from the heated debates among scholars and critics about the extent of their collaboration during their years together.

Consequently, in 2003, when researchers at the University of Victoria received funding from the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada (SSHRC) to produce a digital scholarly edition of the diaries, we took the opportunity to scrutinize the paratextual and material elements of the diaries to see what evidence the diaries themselves provided. Had the diaries been retrospectively falsified — as Riding seem to have believed at one point — to bol-

ster Graves' version of their life together? Was there any evidence from the diaries that Riding had commissioned Graves to write them as a form of intimate surveillance?

Our examination of the documents revealed that Graves was an unusually diligent daily record-keeper, who maintained this daily practice through the geographic and personal upheavals that followed their flight from Deya. The only deviation from this pattern comes in the composition of the fascicules — the handmade, hand-bound booklets he used for his diaries. The plain white paper of the first year is replaced on August 2, 1936 by pale blue paper immediately following their flight from Mallorca. In the subsequent years, the diary paper changes from blue to cream, from onionskin to letter quality, during their various moves. In addition, the 12 entries preceding the dates of their flight (beginning July 20, 1936) show the pages had been heavily scored along



Cover of *The Malahat Review*. [SC050]

Signed copy to Library. For the McPherson Library from Robert Graves. [SC050]

**FACING PAGE:** *Graves Diary Digital Project*. [SC050]

Cover of *Focus*. [SC050]

Letter to son, Charles. [SC050]

the left margin, presumably to allow hasty destruction of material that might incriminate Graves himself or his friend Gelat in the eyes of Franco's security forces. This precaution, together with Graves' determination to retain and continue his daily record through all the travels and domestic moves of the following three years, suggests he valued the diaries at the time.

Finally, UVic researchers used topic modeling tools to investigate possible links between the diaries and other texts produced by Graves, Riding, and members of their entourage in the period covered by the diaries. Our efforts identified significant overlaps between the diaries and Graves' contributions to *Focus*, printed by Riding and Graves and circulated to members of their circle, many of whom had been visitors to Deya. The first issue of *Focus* had appeared in December 1934, little over a month before Graves began his diary, and his later writings for *Focus* indicate he mined these diaries assiduously for his sub-

sequent *Focus* contributions, in some cases transposing whole diary entries word-for-word. Since it is certain that Riding edited *Focus*, the persistent allegations about Riding's critical oversight of the Graves diaries may have arisen from a conflation of those diaries and the public *Focus* articles. *Focus* lasted for four issues, with the final issue appearing in December 1935. Graves continued to keep a daily record for several years after its usefulness as a source for the *Focus* letters had ended.

These post-*Focus* entries show little evidence of any major change in either the tone or the general content of the entries. The number of diary enclosures increases, however, indicating Graves had come to use the diaries as a form of storage for various documents associated with the entries, with memorabilia ranging from draft business letters to photographs to ticket stubs and programs. In the absence of ledgers or other bookkeeping records from the period, it is not unreasonable to infer that at least one of the



Robert Graves  
requests the pleasure of your company  
on the occasion of his 80th. birthday  
on Thursday, the 24th. of July 1975  
at Canelluñ, Deyá, Mallorca  
from 8-12 p.m.  
R. S. V. P.



Invitation to  
Graves' birthday in  
Spain. Graves  
befriended Robin  
Skelton, editor of  
*The Malahat  
Review*. [sc050]

Much love to  
Jean & little Guy

Gr 25-483

Just got lovely joint  
letter from you, Guy,  
Emily, Edmund, Gabriel.

8/3/64  
Dorset

So you are packing love?—

but only in your mind?— Like

St George — 'always in the saddle

never on his way!'. Still... you'll  
come by submarine or ~~rocket~~ or even

IBERIA.

I don't really like mysterious

raising boys into the air. Boys

should do it naturally as

Jesus did at the age of 7 to

everyone's surprise. The only acceptable

magic is the magic of love: <sup>as</sup> ~~and~~

Edmund's rubrics is too ornate for

me; but a generous heart.

await your letter which  
Guy will p mail.

A big kiss to Emily.

-R.

# JOHN BETJEMAN

## ENGLAND'S POET LAUREATE

**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**



Letter from  
Graham Greene.  
Doodles on a  
letter from  
Graham Greene.  
[SC015]

**FACING PAGE:**  
Letter from Evelyn  
Waugh. [SC015]

**JOHN BETJEMAN** is one of the few people who can say that poetry saved his life.

During the Second World War, he was stationed as a British spy in Ireland and had been added to an Irish Republican Army's assassination list. But the assassination was called off at the last minute because the IRA Council Head really liked Betjeman's poetry. Betjeman endeared himself to just about everyone; he is one of England's most beloved poets. Betjeman was knighted in 1969 and made Poet Laureate of England in 1972, a title that he kept until his death in 1984.

If there is a shining star in the constellation of collections at UVic Libraries, Betjeman's papers certainly occupy that space.

Betjeman lived a truly remarkable life. His teddy bear, Archibald Ormsby-Gore, accompanied him to Oxford and would become the inspiration for Sebastian Flyte's teddy, Aloysius, in Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* (Evelyn was a friend of Betjeman's at Oxford and you can find many letters from him in Betjeman's archive). A poet, broadcaster, journalist, advocate for the preservation of old buildings, and television personality, Betjeman's career spanned, and succeeded in, the rapid shift in media technologies

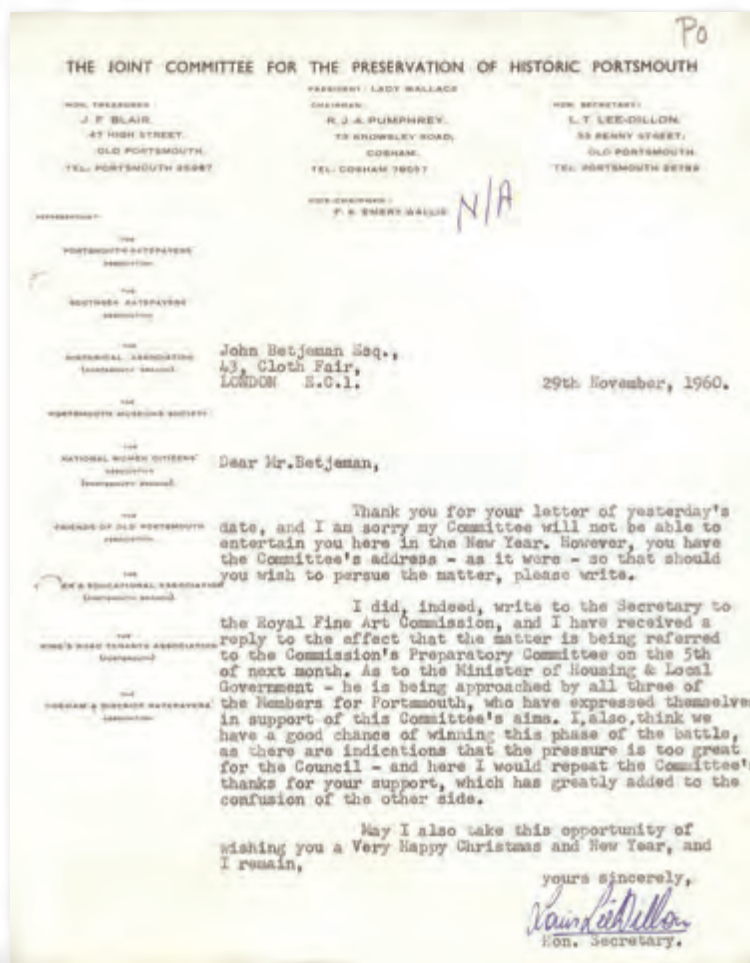
14<sup>th</sup> Dec 54

Dear John

I have just come across an illuminating reference to Bunges in a letter from Gosse to Arthur Dobson. p. 147 of Evan Charteris's Life. I have little doubt that you know it. If by any chance you don't, and haven't the book by you, I will transcribe it for you as a Christmas card. Bunges was blind!

If you see Elizabeth Cavendish, pray tell her that research has exposed all that Lady Amory told us at Knightsbridge as hopelessly garbled.

Christmas love to you both  
Emily



### Support for preservation work.

Betjeman was a fierce believer in preserving England's historic architecture.

[SC015]

### Letter from The Poetry Society.

Before he became Poet Laureate, Betjeman was honoured as a poet. [SC015]

in the 20th century. His papers allow scholars an unprecedented look into how media evolved and expanded from print, to radio, to television. It also lets us see how and with whom people communicated in these media environments. James Gifford notes, "as a collection of papers, perhaps the most attractive quality is the range of Betjeman's correspondence. While the collection includes drafts of poetry and prose, the letters Betjeman received from his peers read as a 'who's who' of British literature and society. Apart from studies of Betjeman himself and his works, this range of materials offers scholars the opportunity to observe the 'inside' discussions of the leading artists of the age."<sup>1</sup>

While Douglas Goldring turned to Socialism, both Betjeman and T. S. Eliot turned to the Church of England, seeing it as "the only salvation against progress and Fascists on the one side and Marxists of Bloomsbury on the other."<sup>2</sup> He would write about Christian-

ity, but more so, about the institutions that made England special. He was a fierce advocate for saving old and ancient buildings from destruction. In this sense, he was a true conservative.

Betjeman's fonds have only recently been opened, and they promise to spur new inquires and scholarship. His poetry continues to delight new generations of scholars — his films from the BBC are now on YouTube, and of course, the memory of his teddy bear lives on in the work of Waugh. †

- 1 Gifford, James. "Summoned by Bells UVic's Collection of Betjeman Materials Appeals." *Friends of UVic Libraries Newsletter*, Summer 2007.
- 2 Amis, Kingsley, and M. Clare Loughlin-Chow. "Betjeman, Sir John (1906–1984)." *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, May 2009. <http://www.oxforddnb.com.ezproxy.library.uvic.ca/view/article/30815>.

Telephone  
Central 5316

The London  
**MERCURY**  
A Monthly Review of  
Literature & the Arts  
Edited by J. C. Squire

229 Strand  
London, W.C.2

My Dear

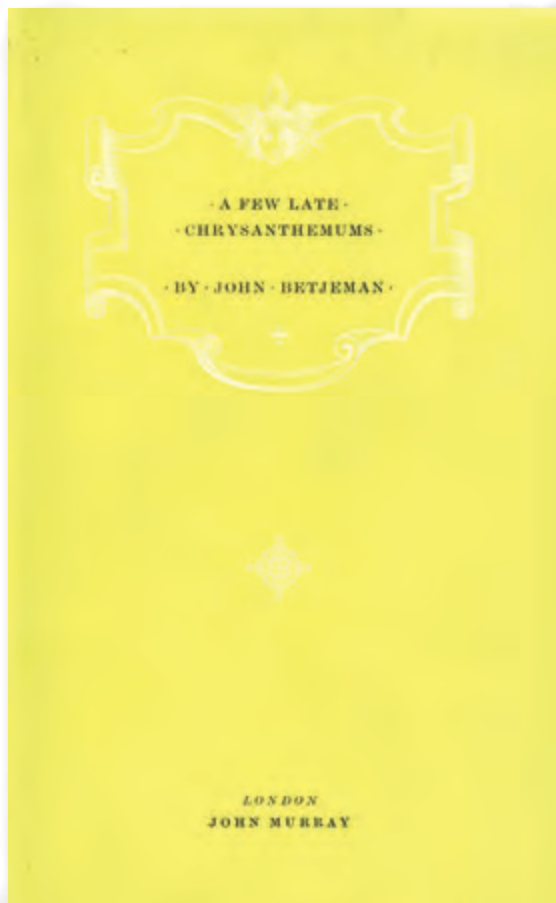


When is your long letter  
coming? I have wanted you more  
and more lately: where in heaven's  
name will you be tired of St. Fredoc's  
view and the rumblings of "booths and  
awfully spatting little bits of fluff"?  
Gee, there's some game to be had  
for the asking some Trethenick way -  
George, if you could see 'em -  
spot 'em a mile off with their toppin'  
little legs and rippin' bathin' dresses -  
why, you can see right down to the neck  
when they're in the sea. old Bungo and I

Letter from Alan  
Pryce Jones. Pryce  
Jones was editor  
at the famous  
London Mercury.  
[SC015]



While Emlyn Williams, palms to either ear,  
 Struggles to learn a part.  
 And in the next door room is heard the tramp  
 And 'rhubarb rhubarb' as <sup>the</sup> crowd releases  
 A one act play in verse  
 Written by someone who is wedded still  
 To feasts to Celtic Art.  
  
 St Ebbe's <sup>with</sup> flimsy plaster cottage lanes  
 Where country shops with ~~cottage~~ country cottage panes  
 S... ..



**"Summoned by Bells."** UVic Libraries has the hand-written copy of this beloved poem. [SC015]

**A Few Late Chrysanthemums.** UVic Libraries holds many of Betjeman's personal and signed books. [PR6003 E77F4 1954]

**FOLLOWING PAGES:**  
**"Christmas."** An essay written for *The Country Churchman*. [SC015]

**"Wantage Bells."** Illustration and handwritten copy of this famous poem. [SC015]



## Christmas

JOHN BETJEMAN

**U**DO NOT SEE HOW IT IS POSSIBLE to write about Christmas in a Church paper, even so secular a one as this, without either preaching a sermon or rambling into rather arch belles-lettres. As a frequent exponent of the latter I prefer this time to try the former. It is difficult for me to preach because I am not a clergyman and find it no easier to believe than do other people. However badly one behaves and however much nastier one finds oneself than people who don't go to Church (and this goes for the majority of my real friends) I suppose the vital fact about being a Christian is believing that Christ

# WANTAGE BELLS

HEARD FROM THE MEAD

Now with the bells through the apple bloom  
 Sunday-ly sounding  
 And the prayers of the nuns in their chapel-gloom  
 Us all surrounding  
 Where the brook flows  
 Brick walls of rose  
 Send on the motionless meadow the bell notes rebounding

Wall flowers are bright in their beds  
 And their scent all-pervading  
 Withered are primroses' heads  
 And the hyacinths fading  
 Flowers by the score  
 Multitudes more,  
 Weed flowers and seed flowers and mead flowers our paths  
 are invading

Where are the words to express  
 Such a neckless bestowing?  
 The voices of birds utter less  
 Than the thanks we are owing

BELL NOTES ALONE

RING PRAISE OF THEIR OWN

As clear as the weed-waving brook and  
 as evenly flowing.

COPIED OUT FOR THE WANTAGE BELLRINGERS

BY John Benjamin

IN GRATITUDE FOR THEIR RINGING AT  
 CANDIDA'S WEDDING - MAY 25TH 1963  
 TO RUPERT LYCETT GREEN

This view of Wantage church tower from The Mead was done  
 by J Benjamin with the aid of ➡



# THE EDITOR OF MODERNITY

## THE T. S. ELIOT COLLECTION

---

**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**

**Portrait of T. S. Eliot.** Photograph by Gisèle Freund. [SC043]

**FACING PAGE:** *The Criterion* letterhead. Eliot started and edited this critical little magazine. [SC041]



**1922 IS AN ANNUS MIRABILIS** of modernism: T. S. Eliot's epic poem, *The Waste Land*, was published in *The Criterion* and *The Dial*, and Shakespeare & Co. published James Joyce's *Ulysses*. To this day, these two works, both held at UVic Libraries, are pillars of modernist literary production.

Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in the United States but found a spiritual home in England, where he became a naturalized citizen. Eliot was friends with Ezra Pound, who championed Eliot's poetry on both sides of the Atlantic, and Wyndham Lewis, whose *BLAST* rattled the literary establishment in 1914. Eliot became the founding editor of the little magazine, *The Criterion*, but made his mark as literary editor for Faber

TSE 1.3

THE  
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE.  
LONDON, W.C.1

Madame Bussy,  
La Souco,  
Roquebrune-Cap Martin,  
Alpes Maritimes.

2nd October, 1935.

Dear Madame Bussy,

I also am extremely disappointed that you <sup>could</sup> ~~cannot~~ have me to lunch <sup>to-day</sup> ~~on Wednesday~~. It is unfortunate that I had no free day before that, but I have been rather crowded by taking a long weekend in the country. So I can only look forward to seeing you next year, though I should like nothing better than to visit you in the winter at Roquebrune.

I expect to see John Hayward tomorrow night and will give him your message.

I trust that Janie's show has been a success. I have not, alas, had time to see it yet, but I hope to this week.

With best wishes to both of you,

Yours very sincerely,

*T.S. Eliot*

P.T.O.

TSE 1.1

# FABER & FABER

Limited  
PUBLISHERS

DIRECTORS:  
G.C. FABER (CHAIRMAN)  
C.W. STEWART  
R.H. DE LA MARE  
F.V. MORLEY (U.S.A.)  
T.S. ELIOT (U.S.A. BRANCH)

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABFAP, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C. 1

17th July, 1934.

Madame Bussy,  
44, Gordon Square,  
W.C. 1.

Dear Madame Bussy,

Thank you very much for your letter. I am so sorry to hear that Monsieur Bussy has been ill while you have been here. But I am glad to know that you are not leaving England, and will be back in town in October, when I shall hope to see you.

Ottoline tells me, however, that you may both be going to tea on Thursday. I don't usually go on Thursday because there are so many people, and on this occasion I am not sure whether I shall be free, but if I can I shall look in with the hope of finding you.

I am afraid that Jouhaudeau is hardly more than a name to me as I have not attempted to keep up with French literature for several years, but I have heard him highly praised, and I should be very glad to see the translation. In general I must say that we find very little sale for translations from the French but there are always exceptions, and I hope that this may be one of them. In any case I shall look forward to seeing it.

With all best wishes to your husband, yourself and your daughter,

Yours very sincerely,

*T.S. Eliot*

TSE 1.2 encl.

Dear Mr. Eliot-

Thank you for your letter. I didn't really expect any other answer. But after I had fancied translating <sup>Veronica</sup> it, I thought Faber & Faber would be the only possible publishers. ~~And~~ I think your estimate of a couple of hundred people in England capable of buying it and understanding it is probably quite a fair one. I don't suppose there were very many more in France.

The only other publishers I can think of who might be tempted to add distinction to their list at the expense of profit are The Hogarth Press. Would you

be so very kind as to send it round to Tavistock Square. I will write to Virginia about it.

9

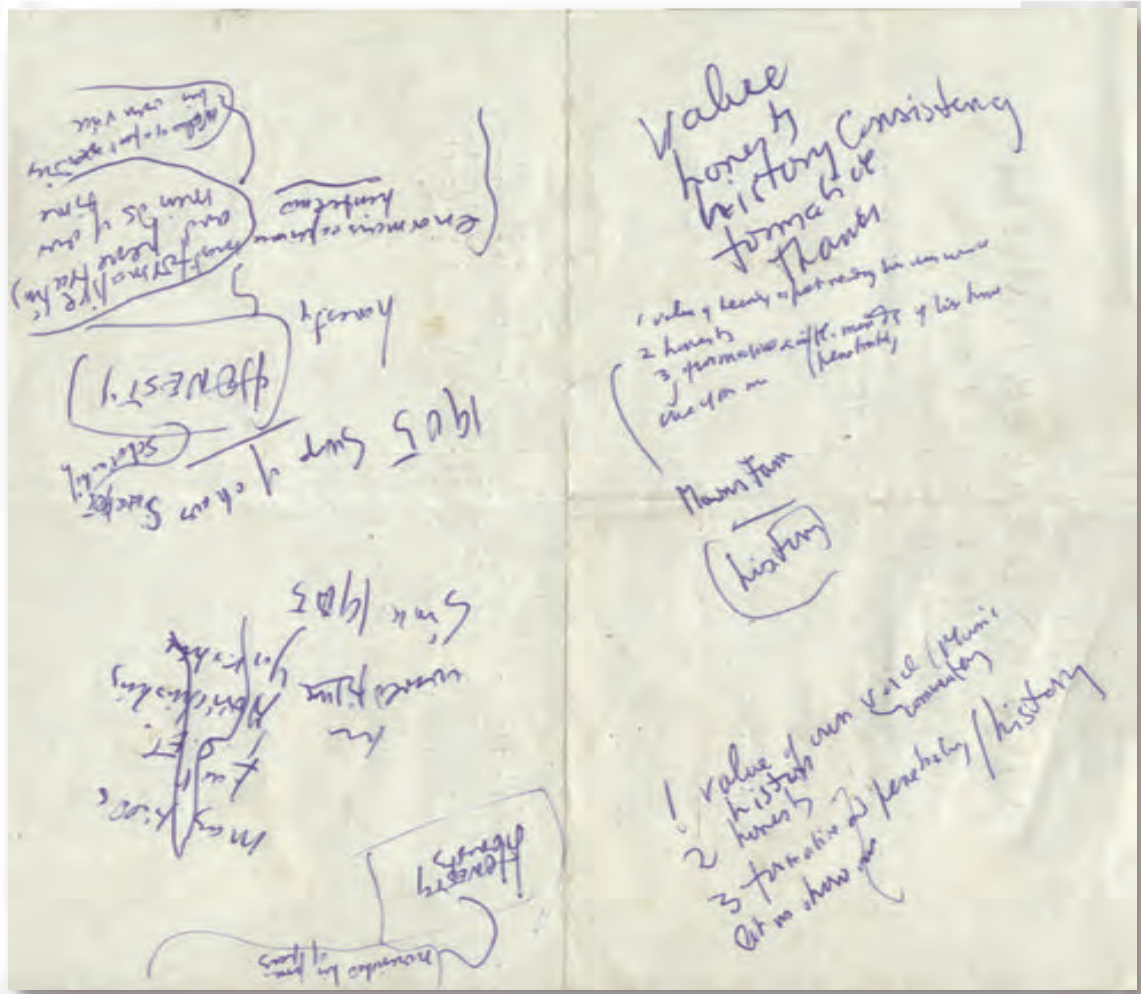
Letter from  
Madame Bussy.  
[SC041]

Detail of letter  
from Madame  
Bussy. Virginia  
Woolf ran the  
Hogarth Press in  
Tavistock Square.  
[SC041]

& Faber, where he published some of the great works of the 20th century up until his death — including the poetry of Ezra Pound, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, and Marianne Moore, among others. Eliot was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1948, but perhaps his most enduring accomplishment is a small book of poems called *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, which was turned into the musical *Cats* by Andrew Lloyd Webber.

UVic Libraries holds hundreds of Eliot's professional letters, which allow scholars to examine how Eliot shaped his literary identity and Anglo-American literary history. Our collection also contains Eliot's corrected typescript for his lecture, "From Poe to Valéry," in which Eliot explores Poe's influence on the French Symbolist movement, which was a precursor to modernist experimentation. ‡

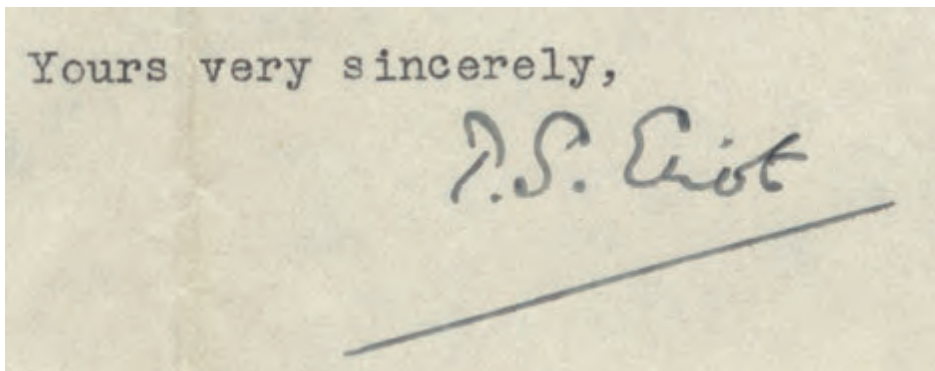
**FACING PAGE:**  
Faber & Faber  
letterhead. Eliot  
was a literary  
editor and  
published  
hallmark  
publications of  
20th-century  
literature. [SC041]



**Handwritten scribbles.** We see the author's notes to himself. [SC041]

**T. S. Eliot's signature.** [SC041]

**FACING PAGE:** "From Poe to Valéry." UVic Libraries holds Eliot's hand-corrected typescript to this famous essay. [SC041]

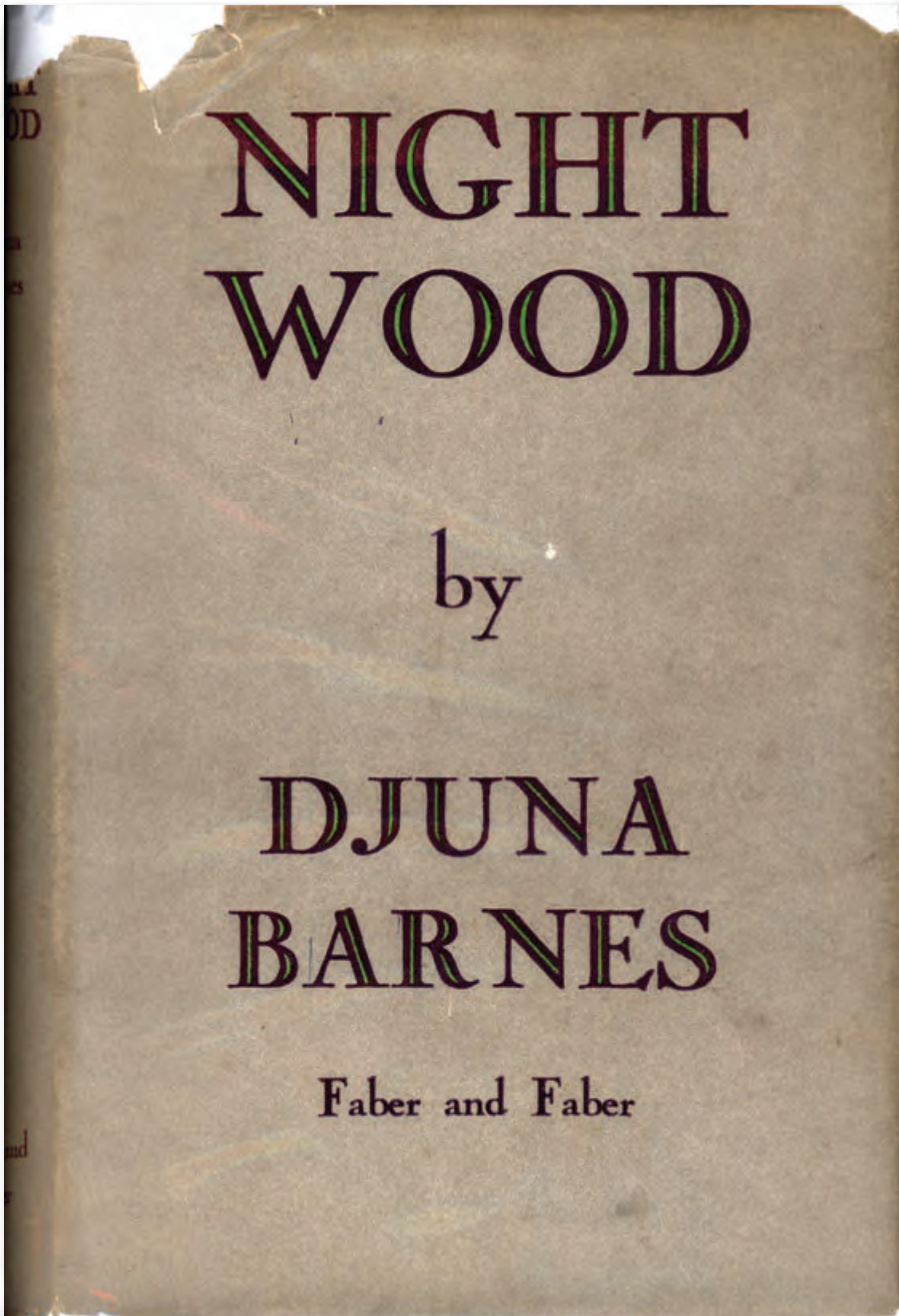


TSE 3 P. 1

*wanted to undertake*

For many years I have ~~had in mind to address myself to~~ a critical examination of the work of Edgar Poe. I find it ~~available~~, <sup>appropriate</sup>, and I hope of good augury, that I should speak for the first time on this subject to a French audience, and in Provence. For Edgar Poe is of importance in the history of poetry primarily because of his influence upon three great French poets: Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Valéry who rests in the Mediterranean graveyard with which his name was already associated. I shall not re-echo, emulate or contradict what these poets have said of Poe. It is primarily because of my ~~admiration for and~~ debt to the work of these three ~~French~~ <sup>have found</sup> poets that I ~~find~~ myself compelled to study the work of Poe and to take it seriously. But it seems to me that the time has now come when an examination of the work and influence of Poe must ~~take into account his place in American, in English and in French literature.~~ <sup>reckon at the same time with his reputation</sup> I present myself as an English poet of American origin, ~~whose~~ in whose formation the influence of Baudelaire and the poets who derive from Baudelaire has been dominant. These qualifications <sup>but</sup> are enough to justify my attempting to ~~solve the problem of Poe, though they are not enough to promise success.~~ <sup>Contribute to the discussion</sup> I shall be satisfied if they provoke something <sup>has</sup> in the way of a cooperative effort, by French, English and American critics of poetry, ~~in the same field,~~ for only by such comparative methods <sup>can</sup> we approximate to an appraisal of Poe for our time.

No poetic reputation, of course, is ever settled once for all. And we must <sup>expect</sup> ~~except~~ always a difference between the estimate of a poet by his own compatriots, and his reputation abroad. We all of us,



“THE  
DIFFERENCE  
THAT  
MAKES A  
DIFFERENCE”

DJUNA BARNES' *NIGHTWOOD*

**STEPHEN ROSS**

**DJUNA BARNES' MOST FAMOUS WORK**, *Nightwood*, was initially published in England in 1936 and quickly appeared as an American edition in 1937 with an introduction by T. S. Eliot. This is the edition that was reprinted in the 1990s by New Directions, and has subsequently emerged as the edition almost all readers experience. Indeed, Eliot's introduction was

Cover of *Nightwood*. The original cover with green and purple lettering. [PS3503 A614N5 1936]



instrumental in popularizing the novel, which is a challenging read, and for giving credibility to the notion that its difficulty was worth struggling with. This combination of difficulty and Eliot's imprimatur has meant that most readers of the novel are satisfied with the New Directions reprint of the 1937 American edition. If they are even aware that there is an English edition, they appear by and large to assume that it is not significantly different from the American.

But it almost certainly is different – and perhaps significantly so.

Modernist compositional and publication practices virtually guaranteed that every work left in its wake a series of alterations, deviations, and transformations. Writers such as Joseph Conrad routinely worked with multiple typescripts of their works for multiple venues in the UK and the USA simultaneously, correct-

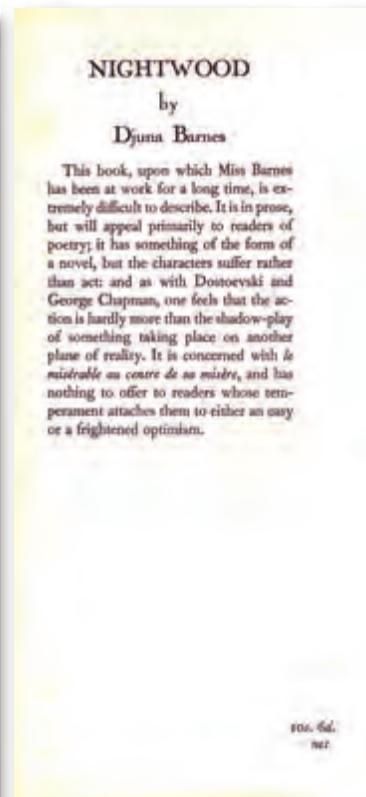
ing proofs without the benefit of a stable reference text, and making changes on the fly.

The scholars involved in the Modernist Versions Project (MVP) are deeply curious about these variations, and focus closely on the differences among a work's multiple iterations, asking how the manuscript differs from the typescript, and how both of these differ from the first edition, subsequent editions, readers' editions, collected editions, and so forth. In Gregory Bateson's resonant phrase, the MVP has concerned itself with "the difference that makes a difference."

There is scarcely a better place to begin such an engagement than with *Nightwood*, a novel primarily concerned with difference: difference from prevailing social norms, difference from previous historical conditions, difference from other novels, difference from the everyday experience of "normal" people — at least as they are represented in "normal" novels. It remains

**Dedication.** Peggy Guggenheim was a great supporter of the arts; Holms was her lover.

[PS3503 A614N5 1936]



**Back cover,**  
*Nightwood.* With covers, we can see how a book fits into a larger constellation of publishing. [P33503 A614N5 1936]

**Inside flap.** The publisher put Barnes' work into a larger literary tradition. [P33503 A614N5 1936]

**FOLLOWING PAGES:**

**Paris map.** This map was published in 1920 and would have been used by the expatriates; now it's being used by researchers.

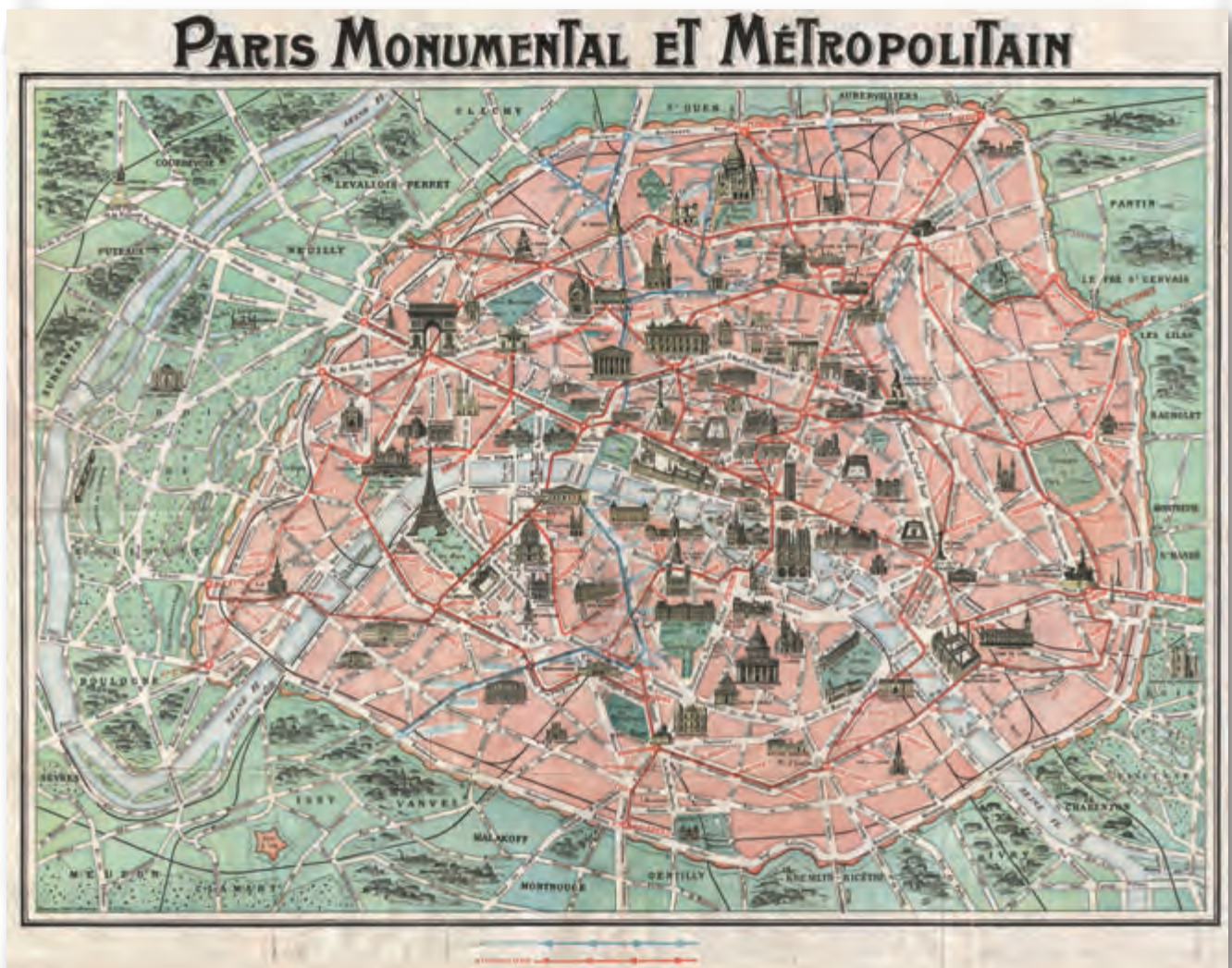
**Z-Axis map.** Special Collections is being used by cutting-edge researchers who use the original text and computers to show how different versions of the novel change over time.

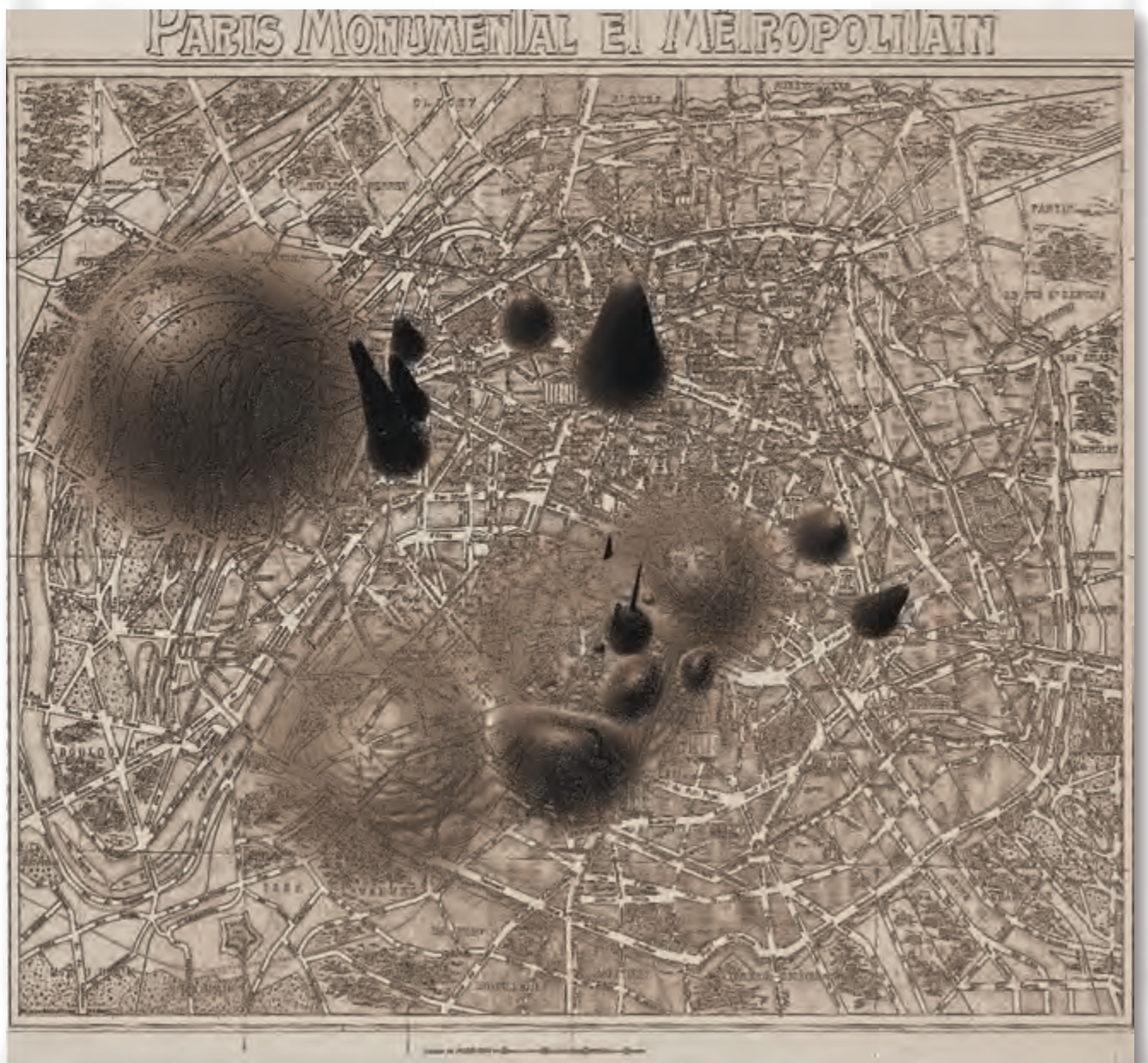
in print, and recognized as a landmark of modernism, not only because it is a splendid artistic achievement, but also because it was written by a queer woman and openly represents homosexuality and trans experience. Its phantasmagorical style captures the novelty of this subject matter, particularly for early twentieth-century audiences. It also exposes the enforced occultism of homosexuality and trans experience prior to the 1930s, and its relative emergence into the open in Paris between the wars.

Special Collections' acquisition of one of the few extant first English editions from 1936 has been essential to the MVP's research ambitions. This edition is important because it allows us to trace how Barnes and her editors changed the novel for its American debut. Further, it lets us formulate conclusions about how the decision to reprint the American edition rather than the English edition has shaped the recep-

tion of the novel and indeed shaped our understanding of modernism itself.

The results so far are tantalizing. As PhD student Alex Christie has shown, in developing the novel from manuscript through English edition to American edition, Barnes shows significant alterations in the treatment of homosexuality, at once complicating it and making it more explicit by interweaving it with representations of trans identity. PhD students Katie Tanigawa and Adèle Barclay have likewise begun working with the first English edition of the novel to trace how it maps Paris and its characters' movements in the City of Light. The differences exposed by all three of these students do indeed make a difference — as does the extraordinary commitment and support of the staff in Special Collections. ‡





# TALKING BACK TO THE (IR) ARCHIVE

## FILE SCO60, OR THE TED HUGHES AND SYLVIA PLATH COLLECTION AT UVIC LIBRARIES

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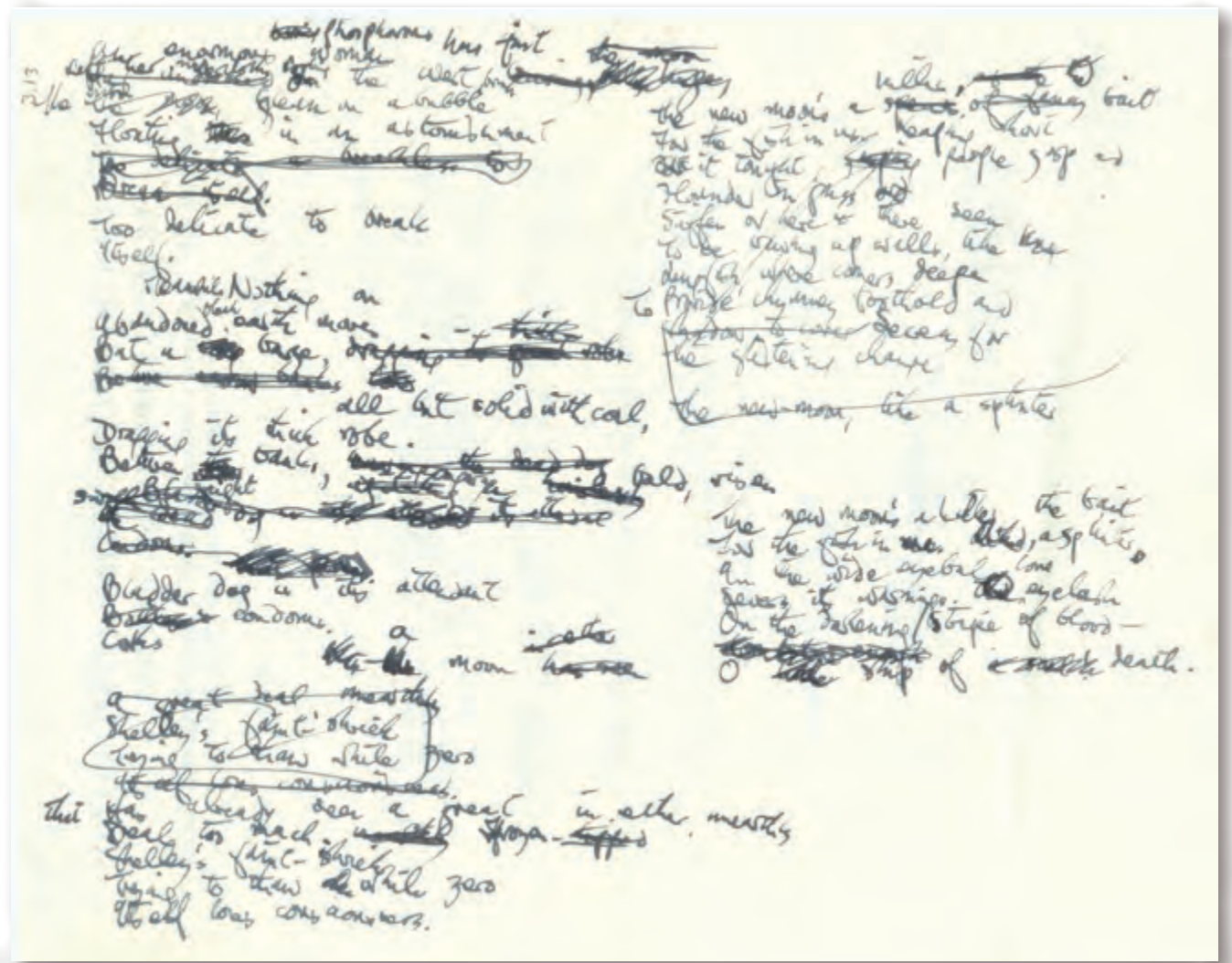
**CHRISTINE WALDE**

**DURING THEIR LIFETIMES**, the poets Ted Hughes (1930–1998) and Sylvia Plath (1932–1963) amassed a significant archive. Collected and constructed in the years both before and after their marriage (1956–1962), their archives — the main corpora held at Emory University, The British Library, Smith College, and Indiana University — are noisy bodies of information that contain multiple drafts, letters, documentation, photographs, and ephemera.

The finding aid for File sco60 states the physical description of the Hughes and Plath collection in Special Collections at UVic Libraries as being only

“1 cm of textual records.” At first glance, this amount of material could easily be seen as insignificant. But File sco60 should be encountered neither by its quality or quantity, but by its auralty, and how it corresponds to the larger archives of its creators held in other libraries and archives.

One of the most important features of the Hughes and Plath collection — and evident in their other archives — is that each poet appears on the verso of each other’s writings: Hughes scrawls on the back of Plath’s typed manuscript pages while Plath punctuates Hughes’ drafts with lines of verse, doodles and



various calculations. This feature signifies a deeper question of provenance with these archives, since it largely undocumented as to who wrote on who's papers, and at what time, or when, and where, and in what order they were later accumulated and assembled — or sold. In a letter to her mother in 1962, Plath mentions the monetary value of Hughes' manuscript papers in a recent sale to a London bookseller. Did the awareness of the potential value inspire Plath to insert herself further into Hughes' archives? Or, as Plath's fame grew after her death, did he insert himself in her papers to present a picture of himself as

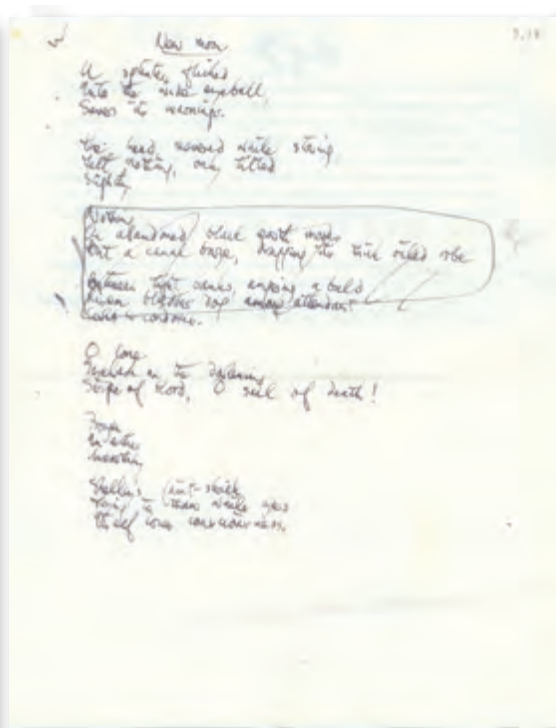
poet, husband, father, executor? It is not clear. What is certain, however, is that these papers illustrate a full life of co-mingled letters, as well as a deep creative partnership with mutual prolificacy and influence.

Another unique feature of File sc060 note is the inclusion of textual ephemera. This includes a large folded sheet of brown paper packaging addressed to "Miss Rebecca Hughes" (better known as Frieda, the first-born child of Ted and Sylvia) and which bears approximately 70 lines of a draft poem by Hughes. The inclusion of other types of paper — including a sheet of pink Smith College memo paper, which Plath

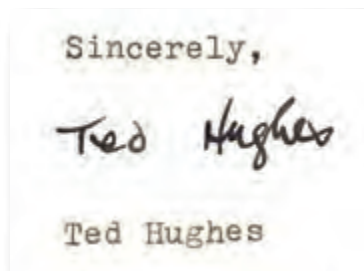
Manuscript page of "New Moon in January" by Ted Hughes. A draft page, illustrating Hughes' dense handwriting and rigorous editorial style. [sc060]



Draft page of "New Moon" by Ted Hughes. This draft page has been typed by Sylvia Plath, who typed many of Hughes' early manuscripts. [SC060]



Another draft page of "New Moon" by Ted Hughes. Hughes worked tirelessly to write and re-write multiple drafts of poems. [SC060]



Signature of Ted Hughes. Hughes' characteristic handwriting in black ink adorns many of the items. [SC060]

**FACING PAGE:** Verso of "New Moon" by Ted Hughes with reviews and doodles by Sylvia Plath. Plath and Hughes often wrote on the verso of each other's drafts. [SC060]

stole from a supply closet from her alma mater and former employer, and on which she wrote the first drafts of the Ariel poems. Other papers — including official documents like letters from the BBC to Hughes, speak to the larger archives and the couple's need to restlessly document the scope of their professional lives as writers.

Related to this is the inclusion of a page of poetry by Plath submitted to *The Grecourt Review*. At the top of the page, Plath has marked the top right corner with a symbol that corresponds to a coded legend of stars and circles, designed by Plath and held in the archive at Smith College, that designates the status of her writings and publications.

Another significant item in the slim folders of File SC060, is a letter, unfinished and undated, to David and Assia Wevill. Not only did The Wevills sublet Plath and Hughes' apartment in Chalcot Square in

London, but Hughes also had an affair with Assia Wevill beginning in 1962 after The Wevills visited Plath and Hughes at their new home in Court Green in North Tawton, Devon. Why did Hughes not finish the letter? Was he conducting the affair with Assia at the time of its composition? We will never know.

As an offshoot from its larger literary archives, File SC060 is far from insignificant and signifies the archive as a site of aurality and place of dialogue; a signal to the noise of the larger bodies of information that exists about Plath and Hughes. In this way, File SC060 not only "talks back" to these other archives, but also to the conceptual idea of the archive as a site of conversation, where its creators speak, and in speaking contribute to the archive itself. This atmosphere of aurality not only informs the use of this important 20th-century collection, but ultimately governs its reception. †

Plath

3.

3.20



William Stobbs' magnificent cats---blue, black, tortoise-shell, Siamese, tangerine, <sup>and</sup> tiger---to surge to the rescue.

A for the Ark, by Roger Duvoisin, both an alphabet and an animal book, includes such recherche creatures as the IZARD, the Jacana and the Zebu in the more familiar congregation Noah called on board before the rains fell. (The Bodley Head, 10s.6d.)

Françoise also has a catalogue, a simpler one for very little children, in The Things I Like (Brockhampton Press, 12s.6d.)---a soft, pastel world full of Easter-egg boys and girls and animals.

This is Venice (W.H. Allen, 15s.), another in the M. Sasek series, is a big, splendid book, combining lively vignettes, waterscapes and palazzo façades with delicacy, wit and historical fact---a grand gift book, as are the rest in this list.

The moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky  
 the moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky  
 the moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky

The moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky  
 the moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky  
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 the moon in a night  
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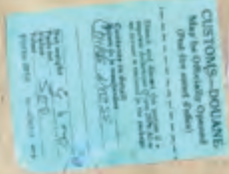
New moon is the young moon  
 the moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky  
 the moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky

The moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky  
 the moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky  
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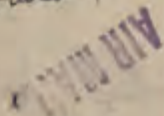
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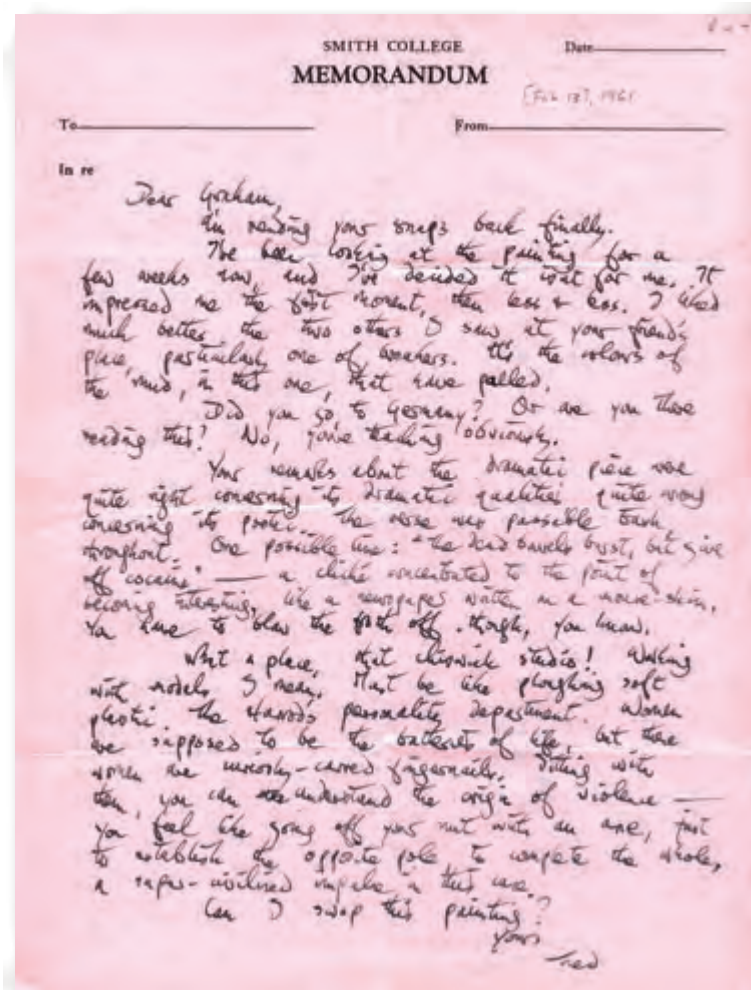
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 the moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky  
 the moon in a night  
 dark to light to pale, sails with the whole sky



Miss Rebecca Hughes  
 3 Canalet Square  
 London N. 1  
 W. 1  
 W. 1





Letter to Graham Ackroyd by Ted Hughes.

Composed on pink Smith College memorandum paper Plath stole from a supply closet from her alma mater. Plath wrote most of the drafts of the *Ariel* poems on this paper. [SC060]



Letter to Ted Hughes from BBC on verso of draft poem. Plath and Hughes often repurposed their correspondence for writing drafts. [SC060]

**FACING PAGE:** Draft of "New Moon" on brown paper. Addressed to Rebecca Hughes, the paper is packaging for a dress for Frieda, Plath and Hughes' daughter. [SC060]

Sylvia Plath  
 GREAWT R +  
 Arts of  
 Society 72.  
 2.12

Sculptor  
 for Leonard Baskin

To his house the bodiless  
 Come to barter endlessly  
 Vision, wisdom, for bodies  
 Palpable as his, and weighty.

Hands moving move priestlier  
 > Than priests' hands, invoke no vain  
 Images of light and air  
 But sure stations in bronze, wood, stone.

Obdurate, in dense-grained wood,  
 A bald angel blocks and shapes  
 The flimsy light; arms folded  
 Watches his cumbrous world eclipse

Inane worlds of wind and cloud.  
 Bronze dead dominate the floor,  
 Resistive, ruddy-bodied,  
 Dwarfing us. Our bodies flicker

Toward extinction in those eyes  
 Which, without him, were beggared  
 Of place, time, and their bodies.  
 Emulous spirits make discord,

Try entry, enter nightmares  
 Until his chisel bequeaths  
 Them life livelier than ours,  
 A solid repose than death's.

Dear David & Assia,  
 Thank you infinitely for the loss, the <sup>the</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
 of the the Volcano — but stop there. Only wine  
 for yourself, no more books for us.  
 The Magic Eye session sounded interesting —  
 I hope you cheer up, or at least put your signature  
 on the ash-rans. How will you go? Ask the mice  
 to come back, at least.  
 We were in London yesterday — saw the  
 Harriet's film — too now seen two films  
 by Keenan, and my conclusion is that apart  
 from his 'unowless' pseudo

Unfinished letter from Ted Hughes to David and Assia Wevill. Undated, this letter was probably sent to the Wevills when they were subletting Plath and Hughes' London apartment. Ted had an affair with Assia that ended his marriage to Plath. [SC060]

**FACING PAGE:**  
 Plath's submission to *The Grecourt Review*. Plath tracked her submissions with great care. [SC060]

# THE CYRIL J. FOX FONDS

**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**



**ON JUNE 20, 1914, LONDON AWOKE** to a hot pink little magazine called *BLAST*. Edited by Wyndham Lewis with the help of Ezra Pound, the magazine christened a new movement called Vorticism, an English-based, avant-garde experiment in art. The magazine “blasts” the old order of Victorian literature and calls for a new beginning in the creative arts. This combative, pink magazine is considered to be the quintessential modernist magazine: it was short lived, published experimental work, and was a commercial failure. But it did publish the work of Ezra Pound, Rebecca West, and Ford Madox Ford, among others.

Lewis had strong ties to Canada: he was born on his father’s yacht just off the coast of Amherst, Nova Scotia, and he worked with the Canadian and British governments during the First World War as an official war artist (his painting, “A Canadian Gun-Put” hangs in the National Gallery in Ottawa).



**Cover of BLAST 2.**  
The second and final issue of the magazine. [SC PR6023 E97Z6129 no. 2]

**FACING PAGE:**  
**Lewis Self Portrait.**  
[SC 404]

**FOLLOWING PAGE:**  
**Dazzle Ships.**  
Dazzle camouflage, inspired by Cubist art, was used extensively on British ships during WWI to confuse German submarines. [SC 404]

Later in 1914, however, the metaphorical *BLAST* was replaced by the actual artillery blasts of the First World War. There was a second issue of *BLAST* in 1915, but many of its contributors had fallen on the battlefield.

The University of Victoria owes its Lewis collection to the generosity of Cyril J. Fox, a life-long collector of Lewis material who donated his collection to the library. This collection of papers is another bright star

in the constellation of modernism at UVic Libraries. It consists of correspondence, publications, art, manuscripts and objects — including the very table on which sat an ashtray that Lewis used in a painting of Ezra Pound.

In conjunction with our other collections, the Lewis archive provides rich contexts for magazine production in the 20th century. †





**Portrait of Ezra Pound.** UVic Libraries has the actual table and ashtray featured in this painting, pictured below. [SC 404]

**Table and ashtray.** [SC 404]

**Detail of Lewis' ashtray.** "Sweet oh sweet is that sensation." [SC 404]



*Timon of Athens.* Lewis illustrated Shakespeare's play, *Timon of Athens*. [SC 404]

*The Enemy.* Lewis started another important little magazine in 1927. [SC 404]

**FACING PAGE:** *New York.* Lewis captures 20th-century urban landscapes in the Vorticist style. [SC 404]





The background features a collage of African art and patterns. On the left, there is a large, detailed drawing of a woman's face with intricate braided hair. On the right, there is a profile of a woman's head with a textured, beaded or woven appearance. The bottom of the image shows various geometric and organic patterns, including a circular motif with a central dot and radiating lines, and a series of small, repeating symbols or characters. The overall color palette is dark, with shades of black, dark blue, and brown.

**ALTHOUGH THE UNIVERSITY** of Victoria Libraries holds many collections relating to England and Ireland, it also has significant collections relating to American authors, including Ezra Pound, Henry Miller, F. Scott Fitzgerald, as well as many of the artists of the Harlem Renaissance, including Richard Wright and Dorothy West. Since little magazines were easy to produce, they gave voices to underrepresented communities that were ignored by larger printing houses.

**MICHAEL NOWLIN** explores the role of the little magazines *Challenge* and *New Challenge* in furthering the quest for social justice in the African-American community during the Harlem Renaissance, while **J. MATTHEW HUCULAK** explores Ezra Pound and Henry Miller.

AMM

LETTER

FROM

ER

ICA

# MAKING IT NEW

## THE COLLECTIONS OF EZRA POUND

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**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**

**THE EZRA POUND MANUSCRIPT** collection was one of Ann Saddlemyer's first purchases for Roger Bishop. One cannot understate the influence of Ezra Pound on 20th-century literature; his claim "Make it New" stands in as the slogan for modernism. Indeed, Hugh Kenner titled his book on modernism, *The Pound Era*.

Pound was an editor, a foreign correspondent, and influential member of the literary elite. He championed the work of James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Robert Frost, Ernest Hemingway, among many others. And he was close friends with W. B. Yeats, for whom he would act as personal secretary in 1913.

Pound's legacy is tarnished, however, by his turn to Fascism during the Second World War. Pound moved to Italy and supported Mussolini's government; he was charged with treason after the war for

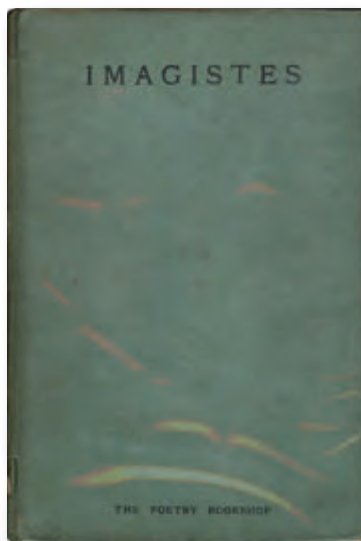
anti-American broadcasts he made during the war. He was incarcerated in an outdoor cage and was eventually declared insane and moved to a hospital's prison ward. He was released in 1958 and moved back to Italy where he died in 1972.

UVic Libraries' collection consists of many manuscripts relating to Pound's early work, *Personae*, as well as letters, copious notes, and drafts relating to the poet's creative process. Ironically, we hold a rare letter from Pound to the British Union of Fascists, a group that T. S. Eliot spoke out against in his editorials. Although his legacy is tainted, Pound remains one of the most important figures in 20th-century literature, and our collection gives us profound insight into his early career. †



**Letter to Black Sun Press.** The press was founded in Paris by Harry and Caresse Crosby. [SC 096]

**Des Imagistes.** A groundbreaking anthology in English poetry. Imagism revered concrete images over form. [PS 3531 082 162 1914a]



**FOLLOWING PAGE:** "At the Heart O' Me." Manuscript for a poem in *Personæ*. [SC 096]

**Ideogram.** Pound was fascinated with Chinese characters, which he believed represented abstract ideas through concrete images. [SC 096]

At the Heart of Me.  
A.D. 751

With ever one fair at the heart of me  
long by still sea-coasts  
And the Twin delights  
Saphire and emerald with  
fine pearls between.

Through the pale courses of  
glided my barge and  
the kindly strong peoples  
gave to me laugh for laugh,  
and wine for my tales of wandering.  
And the cities gave me well come  
and the fields free passage,  
With ever one fair  
at the heart of me

苟文  
signifies respect for  
his intelligence in his  
roots of his  
vegetation.

If my gov. hon  
dear you pronounce it!!  
Myles na gCofaleen  
wants more  
can be sent  
request

Letter to the British Union of Fascists. Pound would be tried for treason for his support of fascism before and after WWII. [SC 096]

**E POUND RAPALLO**

I do not care that the simple fact of history's writing has a power to make some's part the greater the collection of human heads, no any ideal of joy.

The I expect want of being a designed station. We are obliged to a simple matter is a lot of personal. To improve the human nature and to preserve the spirit that want to sleep their heads.

The a plan to add to reduce from the side of my industrial company. And if necessary, the all eyes have not to pass by those in the systems, but to keep the earth's part, and then only what they were taught to do. And so they should proceed with the system of national education which would supply. This simple matter to see over.

They want to distribute something power / either as a lot of... and if let the without state, try to know. They can't see it or any other of it.

They, however, we have to alter their instance, and their spirits are individually aware to them the other knowledge of the the other steps.

Will you, as the text says, answer with a clear statement?

*At the heart of me  
from the heart of me  
at the heart of me*

A Lume Spento. First edition of Pound's very first collection of poetry. [PS 3531 082A614]

**A LUME SPENTO**

**EZRA POUND.**

FACING PAGE: Letter and poem to T. S. Eliot. Signed "EZ". [SC 096]

[To T. S. ELIOT]

E.P.C. 9

By woe, the soul to daring action swells ;  
 By woe, in plaintiveness patience it excels ;  
 From patience, prudent clear experience springs,  
 And traces knowledge through the course of things !  
 Thence hope is formed, thence fortitude, success,  
 Renown ; whatever men covet and caress ;  
 To prove by these, the sons of men may owe  
 The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe ;  
 That even calamity, by thought refined,  
 Inspires and adorns the guiltless mind.

Handed in by Col, M.

who said he had been " asked " to give it to me.

In dear but utterly friendly P.S.M.  
 (not to be confused with what's her name)  
 do you think of  
 Colonel write in or remember of 'em  
 from Settina & Barbauld - or whomso-?  
 anyhow they breakfast food better  
 mighty & mouldy  
 E Z

22 June I(33  
 1947

S.Liz.



TO MARGARET ANDERSON

nov

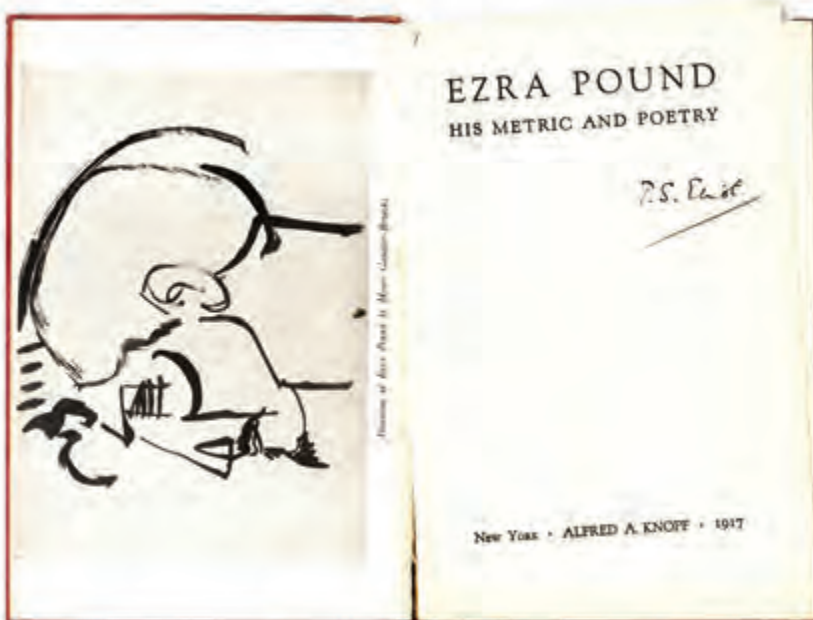
20

you must have seen  
 fossils (human or @ least  
 animal) on the sand Some where  
 during the past 20 years.

If you're dying To be useful -  
 see if there's a book Classics  
 Sophocles on the pyramids,  
 or the Chinese text of the SHU  
 not translations from frog.  
 me some laws kid bro is  
 origin for Legge's translation  
 of Mencius. not on sale in the  
 Benedict. v.s.

S. Eliot  
 Zapher  
 Hops

2000



Letter to Margaret Anderson.

Anderson was the founder and editor of the *Little Review*. [SC 096]

*Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry*.

Signed by the author, T.S. Eliot. [PR 6009 L7E9b]

# POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGE

## HENRY MILLER IN SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

**J. MATTHEW HUCULAK**

"My wife, Lepska, and self." Photo by Dick Pelatowski, 1949. [SC082]

Postcard to Marshall Bean.

UVic Libraries has over 80 postcards from Henry Miller. [SC082]

**FACING PAGE:**

Crayon sketch.

Inscribed: "A Modern Fairy Tale" "Henry Miller 4/59." [SC082]



**PHOTOGRAPHED BY GISELE FREUND** in Paris (1938), Henry Miller is best known for his two novels that chronicle his protagonists' racy sexual experiences: *The Tropic of Cancer* and *The Tropic of Capricorn*, which were banned for obscenity in the United States until 1961.

The young, struggling American writer moved to Paris in 1928 with his wife June (a relationship represented in the film *Henry and June*), and they became lovers with Anaïs Nin. His honest, sexual escapades



were documented in his novels and short stories and remain somewhat scandalous to this day.

Miller was friends with Lawrence Durrell, who invited him to Greece in 1939. In 1942, Miller moved to California, where he died in 1980.

UVic Libraries' collection includes personal letters, photographs, as well as corrected typescripts. But most importantly, we have an assortment of Miller's personal watercolour paintings. †



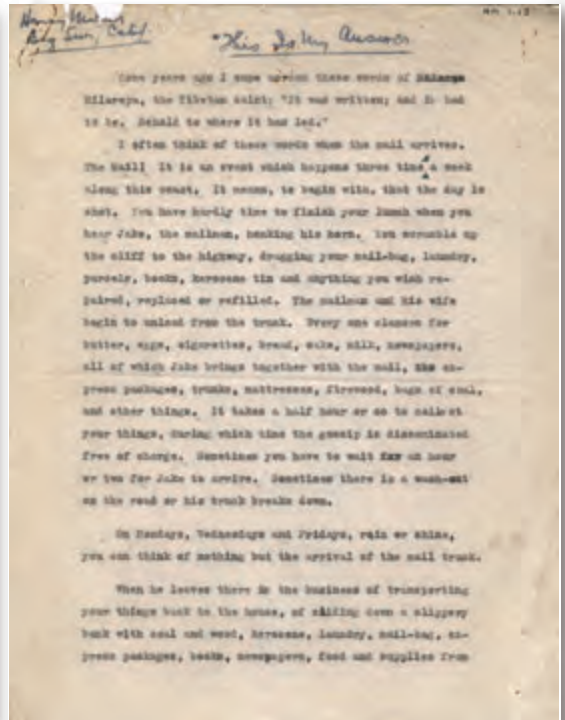
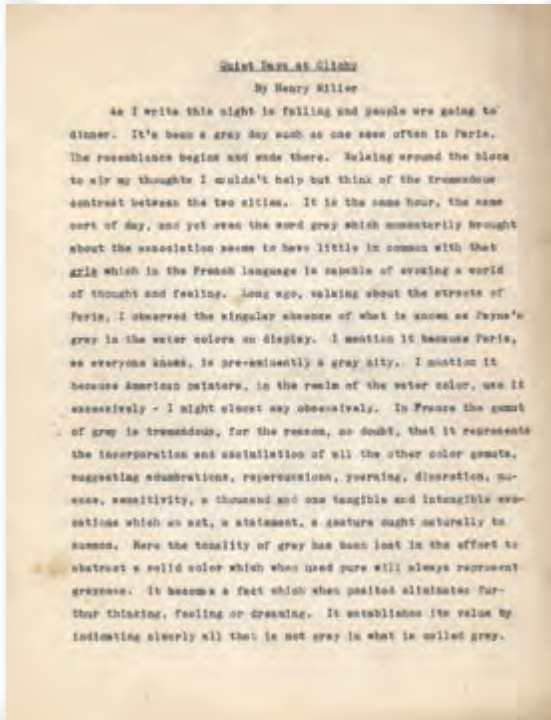
Letter to Alfred Perles, April 28, 1949. Alfred Perlès was an Austrian writer who was close friends with Miller. [SC082]

Miller, Eve, and dog on a scenic trail. Inscribed "To Anne and Fred, with much love." [SC082]

Typescript of "This is My Answer". Written in Big Sur, California, this is used as the epilogue to *The Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch*, 1957. [SC082]

Typescript of *Quiet Days in Clichy*. Miller notes on the TSS, "This was written in the Spring of 1940, upon my return from Greece." [SC082]

**FACING PAGE:** **Watercolour.** Inscribed: "To Anne Barrett from Henry Miller 1944." [SC082]





# THE MAN WHO INVENTED THE JAZZ AGE

## F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

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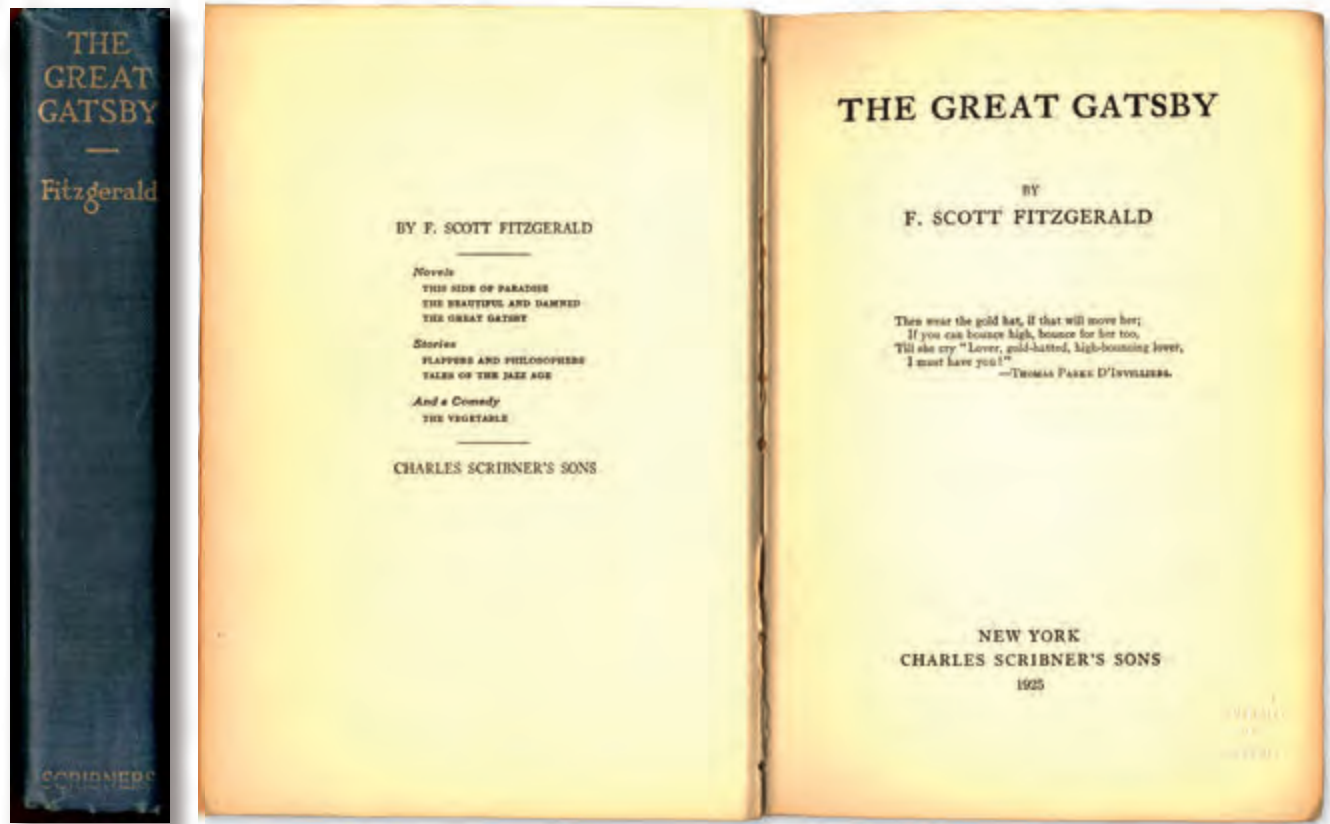
**MICHAEL NOWLIN**

**SPECIAL COLLECTIONS HOLDS TWO RARE** items by F. Scott Fitzgerald, the legendary literary chronicler of The Jazz Age.

We have a first imprint of the first edition of *The Great Gatsby*, now recognized as one of the masterpieces of American literature. Though it is missing the iconic dust jacket designed by Francis Cugat, with its two teary female eyes and lips floating above a carnival-like cityscape, the book is well preserved. Published in April 1925, it contains four relatively minor errors that Fitzgerald corrected for subsequent imprints, as well as two stylistic details that he immediately revised. As we find on page 60 of Chapter 3, Fitzgerald initially described the “chatter” of partygoers’ voices at Gatsby’s as “chatter” before changing the word to the more erudite “echolalia.” And to better capture the colorful urban vulgarity of Wolfshiem’s secretary, who’s charged with keeping Nick Carraway from her boss after Gatsby’s murder, he changed her phrase “sick in tired” on page 205 to “sickantired.”

An even rarer Fitzgerald item is the complete, four-part serial version of *Tender is the Night*, published by Scribner’s *Magazine* (Volume 95, nos. 1-4) from January through April 1934, just before it was published as a book. James L. West III, editor of the Cambridge University Press edition of Fitzgerald’s works, had to ask Special Collections at Penn State University to purchase a copy of these issues for his use in preparing the Cambridge *Tender is the Night*. “Only a few libraries now possess runs of the old magazine, and the images (still under copyright) have not yet been made available on the Internet,” he writes in a recent discussion of the serial.

*Tender is the Night* was Fitzgerald’s much-awaited, and more ambitious follow-up novel to *The Great Gatsby*. He began it in 1925, but it underwent radical changes during a roughly nine-year gestation, most definitively in the wake of the 1929 stock market crash and Zelda Fitzgerald’s hospitalization for mental illness. Not until after 1930 did the novel become about



a promising world-class psychiatrist who falls in love with his patient. He recast much of what he had written since 1925 to confront the facts of Zelda's illness, his own alcoholism, and the deterioration of his and Zelda's marriage, at the same time lending a kind of tragic historical weight to this personal material by aligning it with the collapse of American idealism into an imperial decadence.

Apart from allowing readers to recover the original form in which this great novel first appeared, with its many illustrations by Scribner's house artist Edward Shenton, the serial is notable for being the first of three versions of the novel. The serial breaks the novel into four parts rather than the book's version of three, which changes the structure and rhythm, and hence one's experience of the complex form of the novel. And there are other substantial differences between the magazine and book version. Some of these were a matter of caution: Fitzgerald left out of the serial some sexual references or innuendos that

are tame by our standards but were a bit "raw" (to use one of his terms) for the mainstream magazines of the 1930s.

Fitzgerald would remain disheartened by the lacklustre reception of his fourth novel until the end of his life, and left handwritten notes outlining a reconstructed version of it that moves the long flashback sequence making up its middle to the beginning; in effect, he suggested re-structuring the novel as a five-part straightforward, chronological one. This "Author's Final Version" was put together by Malcolm Cowley and published in 1953, and became the basis for several scholarly interpretations of the novel published as late as the early 1970s. Fans of F. Scott Fitzgerald and *Tender is the Night*, as well as students of book history and the textual problems raised by variant versions of supposedly stable classics, should find this item especially interesting. †

*The Great Gatsby.* UVic Libraries has the first edition of this classical modernist work. [SC P53511 19G7]

*Title page of The Great Gatsby.* Scholars compare different editions of texts to trace how an author revised a work over time. [SC P53511 19G7]



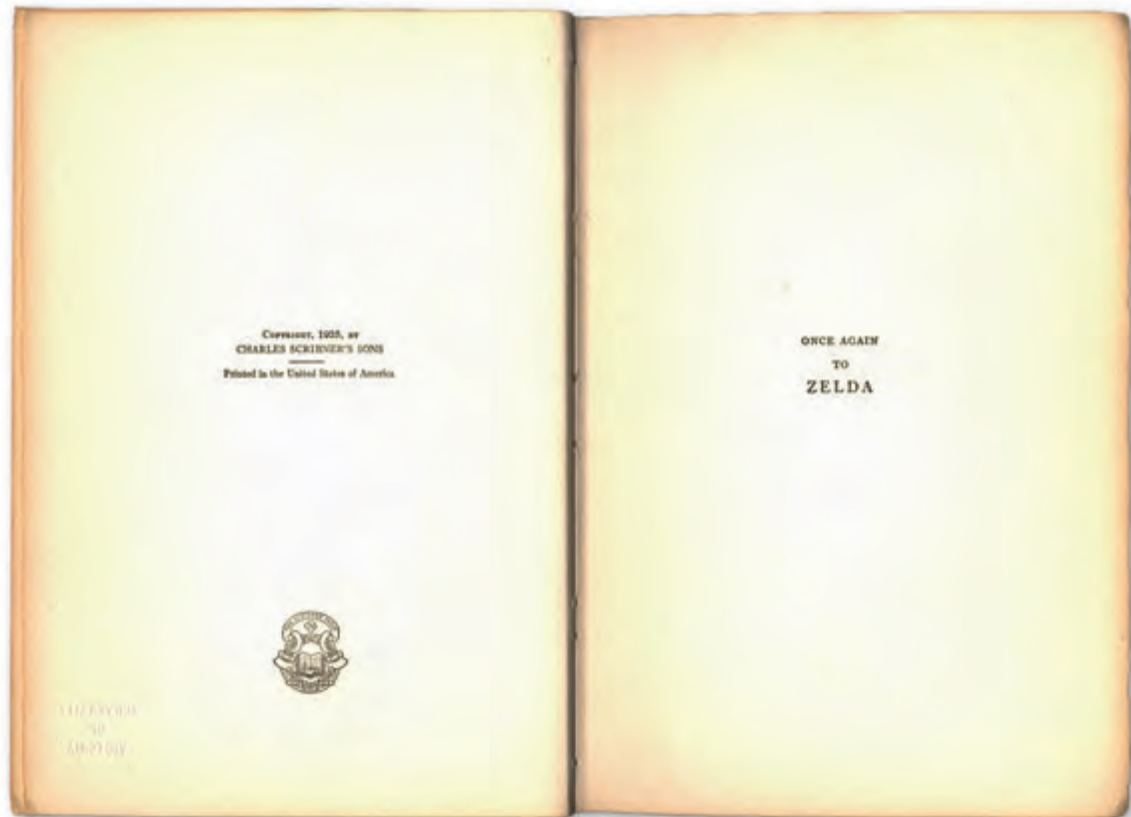
Title page of *Tender is the Night* in Scribner's Magazine. [SC Storage AP2 S4]

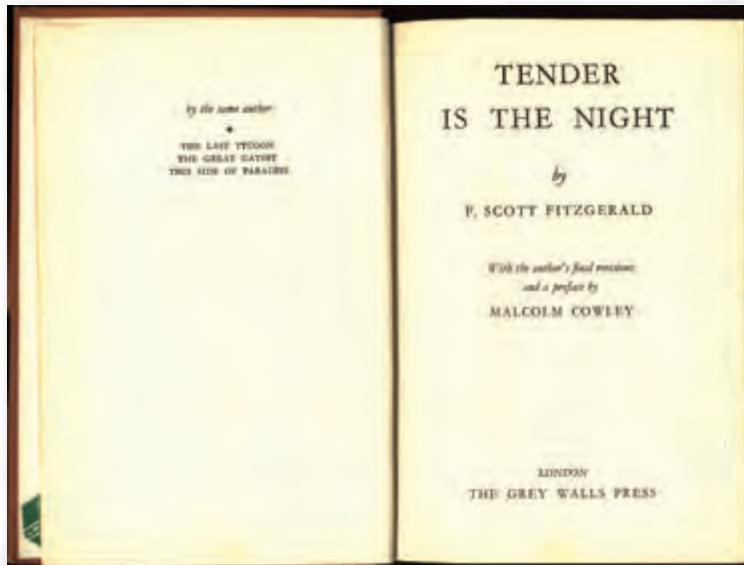
"To Zelda." The dedication to F. Scott Fitzgerald's wife, Zelda, in *The Great Gatsby*. [PS3511 I9G7]

**FACING PAGE:** Illustration from *Tender is the Night* in Scribner's Magazine. [SC Storage AP2 S4]

London edition of *Tender is the Night*. This is a revised edition that includes Fitzgerald's final revisions and a preface by Malcolm Cowley. [SC PS3511 I9T4 1953]

Detail of illustration in Scribner's Magazine. [SC Storage AP2 S4]





## TENDER IS THE NIGHT

3

under a sort of umbrella making out a lot of things from a look upon the sand. Her bathing suit was pulled off her shoulders and lay back, a nubby, orange-brown, set off by a string of creamy pearls, then to the man. Her face was hard and leathery and painful. Her eyes met Rosemary's but did not see her. Beyond her was a low man in a jockey cap and enlarged tights; then the woman Rosemary had seen on the rail, and why looked back at her, seeing her; then a man with a long face and a golden, lustrous head, with thin tights and no hat, talking very seriously to an unobtrusively late young man in black tights, both of them packing or like pieces of apparel in the sand. She thought they were mostly Americans, but something made them unlike the Americans she had known of late.

After a while she realized that the man in the jockey cap was giving a quiet little performance for the group; he moved gracefully down with a white, smoothly removing great and measureless developing some aerial ballgame held in suspension by his grave face; his fantastic transference had become hilarious, until wherever he fell advanced a burst of laughter. Even those who, like herself, were too far away to hear, sent out an air of attention until the only person on the beach not caught up in it was the young woman with the string of pearls. From monkey of position she responded to each utter of amusement by bowing about four feet in.

The man of the monkey and leathery spoke suddenly out of the sky above Rosemary.

"You are a ripping woman," she murmured.

"Jolly good. My name is Campion. Here is a lady who says she sees you in Surreus. Not worth and knows who you are and would so like to meet you."

Gloating around with stretched comparison Rosemary saw the attention people looking at her, waiting patiently she got up and went over to them.

"Mrs. Adams—Mrs. McKinn—Mr. McKinn—Mr. Dampley—"

"We know who you are," spoke up the woman in evening dress. "You're Rosemary Here and I recognized you in Surreus and when the hotel clerk and we all think you're perfectly marvelous and we want to know who you're not back in America making another beautiful evening picture."

They made a superfluous gesture of moving over to



her. The woman who had recognized her was not a Jewess, despite her name; she was one of those elderly "good spirits" governed by an imperiousness to experience and a good digestion into mother generation.

"We wanted to warn you about getting burned the first day," she commended cheerily, "because your skin is important, but they seem to be so darn much formal on this beach that we didn't know whether you'd mind."

"We thought maybe you were in the plot," said Mrs. McKinn. She was a shabby-eyed, pretty young woman with a disconcerting intensity. "We don't know which is the plot and who isn't. One man my husband had been particularly nice to send out to be a chief character—practically the assistant hero."

"The plot?" inquired Rosemary, half understanding.

"Is there a plot?"

"My dear, we don't know," said Mrs. Adams, with a treacherous, sweet woman's shrug. "We're not in it. We're the gallery."

Mr. Dampley, tow-headed, effeminate young man, remarked: "Mama Adams is a plot in herself!" and Campion shook his stomach at him, saying: "Now, Royal, don't be too ghastly for words." Rosemary looked at them all unconcernedly, wishing her mother had come down here with her. She did not like these people, especially in her immediate comparison of them with those who had surrounded her at the other end of the beach. Her mother's method but very compact social gift got them out of awkward situations easily and freely. But Rosemary had been a celebrity for only six months, and sometimes the French manners of her early adolescence and the democratic manners of America, newly experienced, made a certain confusion and let her in for just such things.

Mr. McKinn, a starchy, book-handed man of thirty, did not find the topic of the "plot" amusing. He had been staying at the sea-side after a spell of gloom at his wife's he turned to Rosemary and demanded aggressively:

"Been here long?"

"Only a day."

"Oh."

Exclusively finding that the subject had been thus roughly changed, he looked in turn at the others.

"Going to stay all summer?" asked Mrs. McKinn, innocently. "If you do you can watch the plot unfold."

## TENDER IS THE NIGHT

5



Rosemary closed her eyes, pretending to be asleep; then she half-opened them and watched two dim, blurred pillars that were legs. The man tried to edge his way into a sand-colored cloud, but the cloud floated off into the vast hot sky. Rosemary fell asleep.

She awoke drenched with sweat to find the beach deserted save for the man in the jockey cap, who was folding a last umbrella. As Rosemary lay, still blinking, he walked nearer and said:

"I was going to wake you before I left. It's not good to get too burned right away."

"Thank you." Rosemary looked down at her crimson legs. "Heavens!"

She laughed cheerfully, inviting him to talk, but Dick Diver was already

# A NEW CHALLENGE

## RICHARD WRIGHT AND THE HARLEM RENAISSANCE

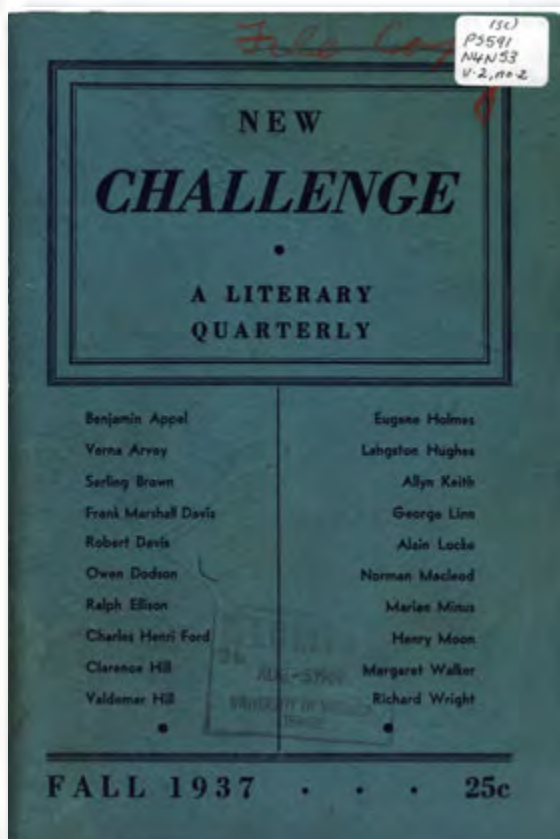
**MICHAEL NOWLIN**

**Cover of *New Challenge*, Fall 1937.**

UVic Libraries holds a rich of collection of periodicals relating to African-American literary production. [SC P5591 N4N53]

**FACING PAGE:**

**Masthead of *New Challenge*.** By looking at mastheads, scholars can see who was writing with whom in order to uncover the networks of literary production. [SC P5591 N4N53]



**A LANDMARK PUBLICATION** in the history of African-American literature, the single 1937 issue of *New Challenge: A Literary Quarterly* represents an important bridge between the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s and the possibilities opened up by the career of Richard Wright in the 1940s.

*New Challenge* was initially a continuation of *Challenge*, founded by Dorothy West out of Boston in 1934 in an effort to carry on the Harlem Renaissance agenda of using African-American literary accomplishment to strengthen the case for political and social equality. *Challenge* went through five issues between 1934 and 1936, before being re-constituted in New York as *New Challenge* in 1937. Though West remained the titular editor alongside Marian Minus, the tenor of the new magazine was clearly dominated by the vision of its associate editor, the then unknown Richard Wright. Wright had begun writing seriously in Chicago under the auspices of the John Reed Club, a supposedly autonomous arm of the Communist Party. His Marxist politics went hand in hand with a taste for literary modernism: at the time he was working on *New Challenge*, he had already written a novel no one would publish about a day in the life of a working-class African American, modeled in part on James Joyce's *Ulysses* and containing a tribute to Gertrude Stein. (It would be published posthumously as *Lawd*

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| NEW CHALLENGE. Published quarterly. 25¢ a copy. \$1.00 a year. Copyright 1937 by Dorothy Wise. No request may be made without permission of the editor. Make all checks payable to NEW CHALLENGE, 375 West 117th Street, N. Y. C. |              |

## EDITORIAL

We envisage *New Challenge* as an organ designed to meet the needs of writers and people interested in literature which cannot be met by those Negro magazines which are sponsored by organizations and which, therefore, cannot be purely literary. Through it we hope to break down much of the isolation which exists between Negro writers themselves, and between the Negro writer and the rest of the writing world. We hope that through our pages we may be able to point social directives and provide a basis for the clear recognition of and solution to the problems which face the contemporary writer.

We are not attempting to re-stage the "revolt" and "renaissance" which grew unsteadily and upon false foundations ten years ago. A literary movement among Negroes, we feel, should, first of all, be built upon the writer's placing his material in the proper perspective with regard to the life of the Negro masses. For that reason we want to indicate, through examples in our pages, the great fertility of folk material as a source of creative material.

We want *New Challenge* to be a medium of literary expression for all writers who realize the present need for the realistic depiction of life through the sharp focus of social consciousness. Negro writers themselves and the audience which they reach must be reminded, and in many instances taught, that writing should not be *in vacuo* but placed within a definite social context.

The reorganization of the magazine has been carried through, not only with the idea of a change in policy, but also in terms of the best way to fulfill our plans for relating it to communities beyond New York City. We want to see *New Challenge* as the organ of regional groups composed of writers opposed to fascism, war and general reactionary policies. There is already one such group functioning in Chicago, and we are eager to see other groups in other

Today in 1963.) Within a year of leaving his imprint on *New Challenge*, Wright went on to publish his story collection *Uncle Tom's Children*. In 1940, he published *Native Son*, a hugely popular racial protest novel that made him by far the most successful African-American writer to date.

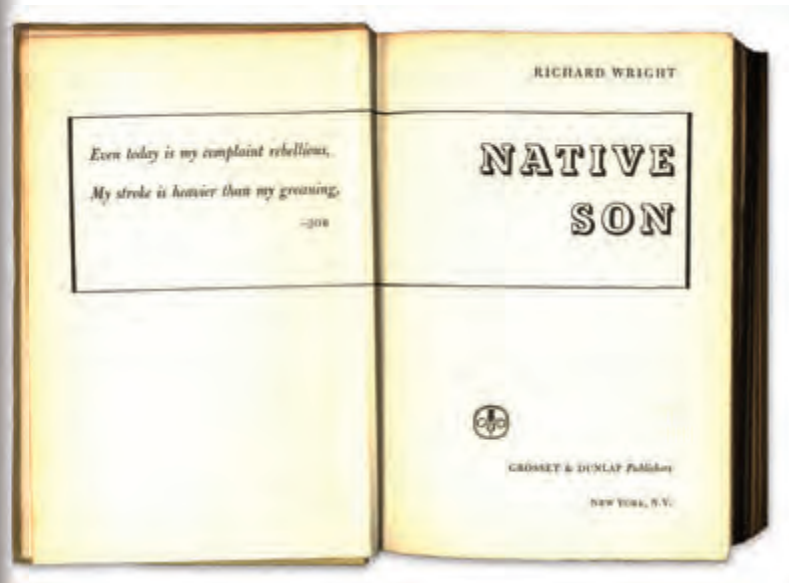
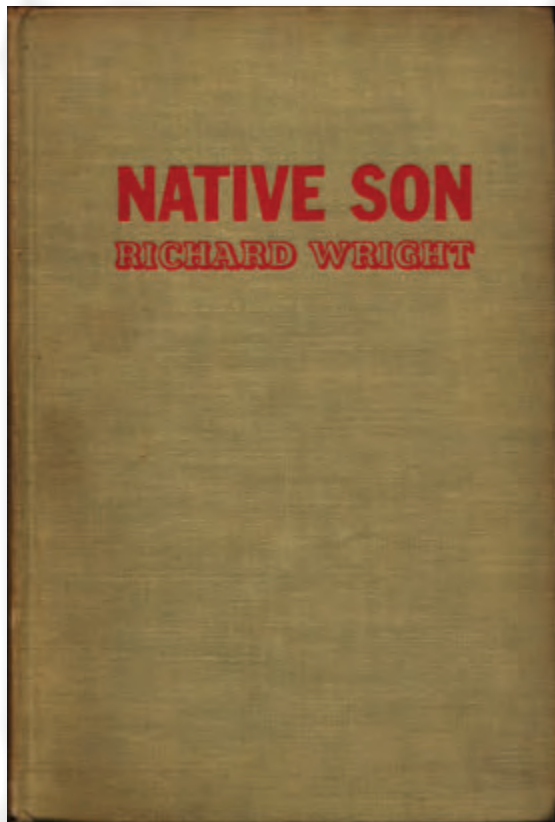
*New Challenge* reflects Wright's own struggle to reconcile the claims of radical political commitment and the claims of literary-artistic autonomy (the former of which dominated left-wing literary circles — black and white — during the 1930s, the latter of which were more paramount to West). On the one hand, it assumed that "a literary movement among Negroes" should properly address "the life of the Negro

masses"; on the other, it was to be distinguished from other "Negro magazines which are sponsored by organizations and which, therefore, cannot be purely literary." It invites "progressive" writers but describes itself as "non-political."

Unlike *Challenge*, which sought to continue the Harlem Renaissance project, *New Challenge* pretended to repudiate it. Wright took the lead here in his now classic "Blueprint for Negro Writing": in it he paints a notoriously unflattering picture of the earlier writers as "ambassadors who went a-begging to white America," and argues for the combined virtues of Marxist class-consciousness and modernist technique for making "Negro writing" of contemporary impor-

First editorial for *New Challenge*.

Editorials like this one are a call-to-action and set the tone for the magazine and larger community. [SC PS591 N4N53]



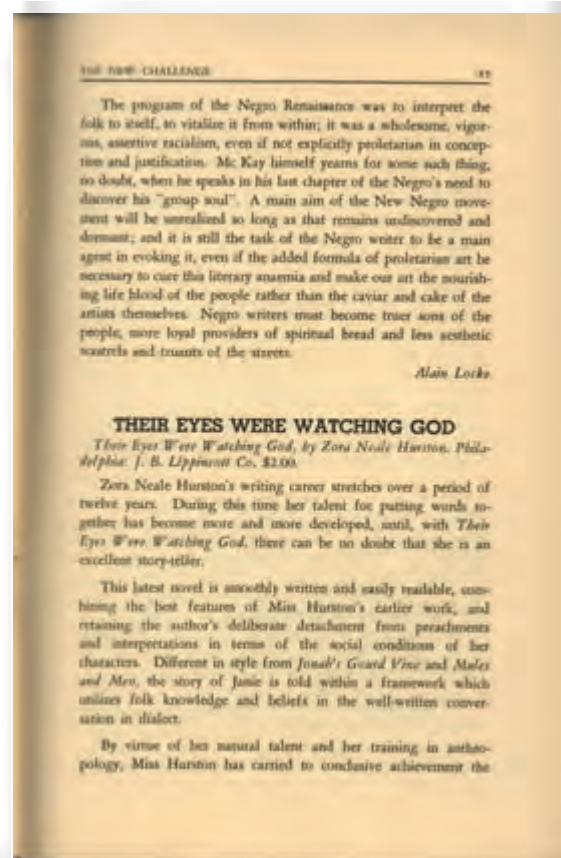
**First edition of *Native Son*.** The book was “a hugely popular racial protest novel that made [Wright] by far the most successful African-American writer to date.” [SC P53545 R815N3 1940]

**Review of *Their Eyes Were Watching God*.** This review of Zora Neale Hurston’s novel gives us a sense of the type of literature *New Challenge* wanted to cultivate. [SC P5591 N4N53]

tance. That unflattering picture finds support, ironically, by none other than Alain Locke, one of the intellectual architects of the Renaissance, who distances himself from it here by way of a negative review of Claude McKay’s 1937 autobiography, *A Long Way From Home*.

Other highlights of this journal include four poems by the future novelist Margaret Walker, one by Sterling Brown, and a Haitian poem translated by Langston Hughes. There is also Marian Minus’s review of Zora Neale Hurston’s novel *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, which, while not negative like those published by Wright and Locke elsewhere, laments Hurston’s unwillingness to be a more “socially conscious” writer. Finally, it has one of the first publications — a book review — by Ralph Ellison, who was something of a protégé of Wright before displacing him as black America’s most prominent writer with the publication of *Invisible Man* fifteen years later.

This rare item is essential for those interested in African-American literature, American literature in the 1930s, and in the intricate relation between modernism and progressive politics. †



## BLUEPRINT FOR NEGRO WRITING

*By Richard Wright*

### 1) *The Role of Negro Writing: Two Definitions*

Generally speaking, Negro writing in the past has been confined to humble novels, poems, and plays, prim and decorous ambassadors who went a-begging to white America. They entered the Court of American Public Opinion dressed in the knee-pants of servility, curtsying to show that the Negro was not inferior, that he was human, and that he had a life comparable to that of other people. For the most part these artistic ambassadors were received as though they were French poodles who do clever tricks.

White America never offered these Negro writers any serious criticism. The mere fact that a Negro could write was astonishing. Nor was there any deep concern on the part of white America with the role Negro writing should play in American culture; and the role it did play grew out of accident rather than intent or design. Either it crept in through the kitchen in the form of jokes; or it was the fruits of that foul soil which was the result of a liason between inferiority-complexed Negro "geniuses" and burnt-out white Bohemians with money.

On the other hand, these often technically brilliant performances by Negro writers were looked upon by the majority of literate Negroes as something to be proud of. At best, Negro writing has been something external to the lives of educated Negroes themselves. That the productions of their writers should have been something of a guide in their daily living is a matter which seems never to have been raised seriously.

Under these conditions Negro writing assumed two general aspects: 1) It became a sort of conspicuous ornamentation, the hallmark of "achievement." 2) It became the voice of the educated Negro pleading with white America for justice.

"Blueprint for Negro Writing" by Richard Wright. A classic essay on African-American literature. [SC PS591 N4N53]

# Contributors' Notes

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*The Little Review.*  
The little magazine serialized Wyndham Lewis' novel *Tarr* and short stories.  
[SC AP2 L65]

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illustrate, in a free and open access format, the rich collections housed at the University of Victoria.

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## ***UVic Athletics: A Tradition of Excellence, The McKinnon Years, 2015***

Produced in partnership between Vikes Athletics and Recreation and the University of Victoria Libraries, *UVic Athletics: A Tradition of Excellence, The McKinnon Years* chronicles the history of sport at the University of Victoria. Written by local sportswriter and former UVic Southam Lecturer Tom Hawthorn, the publication is richly illustrated with photographs from the University of Victoria Libraries' Special Collections and University Archives and Vikes Athletics. As the third publication in the Libraries' award-winning imprint, *UVic Athletics: A Tradition of Excellence* outlines the forty years of sporting excellence and facilities that define "the McKinnon Years."



***The Transgender Archives: Foundations for the Future, 2014***  
 Published in July 2014, *The Transgender Archives: Foundations for the Future* by Aaron Devor is the second publication under the University Libraries' imprint. The publication explains and explores the origins and holdings of the Transgender Archives at the University of Victoria Libraries, which is the largest collection of transgender archival materials in the world. The Transgender Archives is accessible to the public free of charge, and available to faculty, students, and scholars for teaching and research.  
**Nominated for a 2015 LAMBDA Literary Award**



***The Seghers Collection: Old Books for a New World, 2013***  
*The Seghers Collection: Old Books for a New World* by Hélène Cazes is the first publication under the University Libraries' imprint. The publication explores the bibliographic history of the Seghers Collection, its spiritual and religious significance within the Catholic tradition and its attributed owner, Charles John Seghers (26 December 1839 – 28 November 1886), the second Archbishop of Victoria.  
**Winner of a 2014 Alcuin Award**



# Acknowledgments

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## J. MATTHEW HUCULAK

**IN A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN**, Virginia Woolf declares “[l]iterature is open to everybody...Lock up your libraries if you like; but there is no gate, no lock, no bolt that you can set upon the freedom of my mind.” Woolf’s quotation, written in 1929, speaks to a time when prejudice kept many out of university classrooms and libraries. Today, however, librarians and archivists pride themselves in being fiercely committed to making knowledge available to all. The spirit of this book speaks to that effort, and how the University of Victoria Libraries’ Special Collections and University Archives have attempted to share some of their favourite material with our larger community.

At the heart of the professional commitment to social knowledge and public engagement is University Librarian **Jonathan Bengtson**, who deserves special thanks in the production of this book. Three years ago he asked if I would be interested writing about the 20th-century collections in order to “surface” material that might be noteworthy to the community. This work is a result of that question. **Christine Walde** deserves particular thanks for her eagle eye, endless support, and enthusiasm for this project — she deserves great credit for her role in bringing this book to life. **Lara Wilson**, Director of Special Collections and University Archivist, provided a warm, welcoming home in Special Collections and University Archives and was always full of encouragement and advice. Anything I’ve learned about the archives is thanks to her patient teaching and sharing spirit. **Nada Lora** and

**John Frederick** helped me locate material I didn’t even know existed; I relied heavily on their extensive knowledge of the collections throughout the writing process. I would like to give special thanks to my colleagues in the Department of English — **G. Kim Blank**, **Nicholas Bradley**, **Elizabeth Grove-White**, **Michael Nowlin**, and **Stephen Ross** — as well as **Matthew S. Adams**, **Heather Dean**, **James Gifford** and **Christine Walde**, for their enthusiasm to share their favourite items in Special Collections for this publication. Many thanks to **Kathy Bohlman**, **Jane Morrison** and **Dave Young**, for being outstanding instructors of archives and records management (and even better coffee companions), and to **Chris Petter** whose conversations over tea and cookies inspired so many finds in this book. **Lisa Goddard** deserves special thanks for giving me the time to edit this book. The designer of this book, **Clint Hutzulak**, deserves an award for endless patience and fortitude as well as praise for his keen artistic eye.

I would also like to thank those who funded my research over the past three years: **Stephen Ross**, of the Modernist Versions Project and Linked Modernisms; **Ray Siemens**, who provided an INKE Post-doctoral Fellowship; the University of Victoria Libraries; and finally, **Iain Higgins** and **Patricia Ormond** in the Department of English.

I dedicate this book to a great colleague and an even better friend, **Stephen Ross**, whose support has made all the difference.



S.S. OUR EXAGMINATION ROUND

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