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VOL. IV. NO. 2

SPRING-SUMMER, 1981

William Butler Yeats / *Richard J. Finneran*

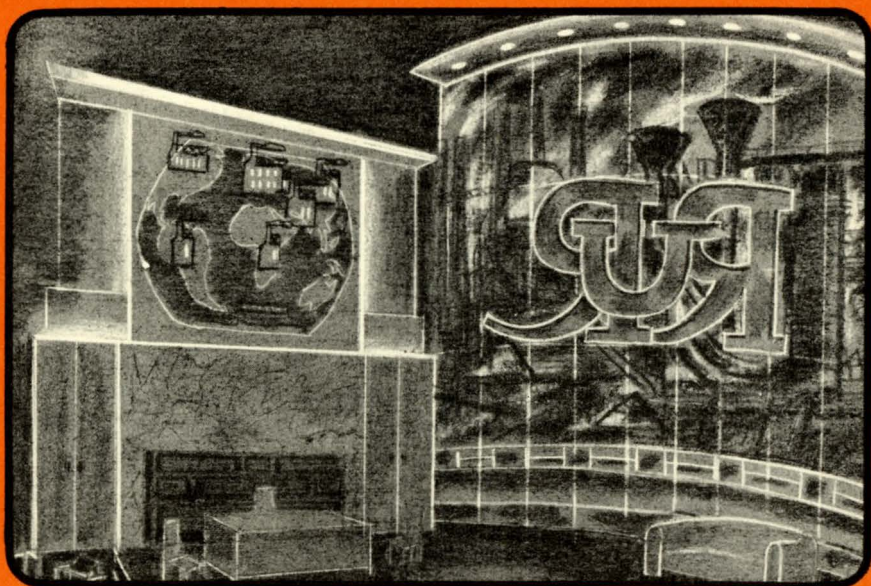
Dublin Drama League / *Gary Phillips*

James Joyce / *Willard Potts*

Karel Čapek / *Mary Anne Fox*

F. Scott Fitzgerald / *John M. Howell*

Richard Laukhuff, Bookseller / *Philip Kaplan*



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Contents

- The Composition and Final Text of W.B. Yeats's "Crazy Jane on the King"
by Richard J. Finneran / 67
- Lennox Robinson on the Dublin Drama League: A Letter to Gabriel Fallon
by Gary Phillips / 75
- Joyce's Notes on the Gorman Biography *by Willard Potts / 83*
- Lost in Translation: The Ending of Čapek's *R.U.R.* *by Mary Anne Fox / 101*
- Dr. Tom Rennie and *Tender is the Night* *by John M. Howell / 111*
- The Making of a Collector: Laukhuff's of Cleveland *by Philip Kaplan / 117*
- Contributors / 127

Illustrations

- Yeats's corrected typescript title "Crazy Jane and the King" / 68
- Lennox Robinson a.l.s. to Gabriel Fallon, 3 June [1940] / 76
- Biographer Herbert Gorman with James and Nora Joyce / 84
- Galley proofs of Gorman biography with Joyce-dictated revisions / 92
- Mordecai Gorelik's set design for final scene of *R.U.R.* / 100
- Čapek note for Edward Marsh / 106
- Čapek's rendering of suppressed finale / 108
- F. Scott Fitzgerald presentation inscription to Dr. Thomas Rennie / 110
- Title page of first edition of *Tender is the Night* / 112
- Richard Laukhuff's announcement for bookstore opening, 1916 / 116
- Bookmark designed for Laukhuff by architect/customer William Lescaze / 122
- Hart Crane presentation inscription to Philip Kaplan / 124
- Mordecai Gorelik set design for Karel Čapek's *R.U.R.* / Cover

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In Memoriam
Harry Thornton Moore
1908-1981
Research Professor of English Emeritus
Southern Illinois University at Carbondale

The editors thank Mordecai Gorelik for permission to reproduce his set designs for Karel Capek's *R. U. R.* In addition to credits found in the individual articles, the editors thank Senator Michael Yeats and A.P. Watt & Son for permission to publish the Yeats texts, the Society of Authors for material quoted in the Joyce article, and Martin Fahy and the National Theatre Society for the letter in the Dublin Drama League piece.

Included with this issue of *ICarbS* is a catalog of the current exhibit in Special Collections noting some of the many fine gifts, large and small, presented to Morris Library during its first twenty-five years—gifts so necessary to assure the quality of any library, public or private. Also, in this 25th year, the Friends of Morris Library raised \$100,000 in endowment which will enable the library to acquire the remarkable Freedom of the Press collection Dr. Ralph McCoy assembled in the course of compiling his two volumes of Press Freedom bibliography. As a bonus we also include a copy of the exhibit catalog for the preceding exhibit as well: Children's Literature from our collections.

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The Composition and Final Text of W. B. Yeats's "Crazy Jane on the King"

Richard J. Finneran

W. B. Yeats began to write "Crazy Jane on the King" during his residence in Rapallo early in 1929.¹ It was the first of his poems to use the Crazy Jane persona, based, as Yeats explained, "upon an old woman who lives in a little cottage near Gort."² The working manuscript is found in a notebook headed "Diary of Thought / begun Sept. 23 1928 / in Dublin," now catalogued as MS. 13,580 in the National Library of Ireland. The drafts of "Crazy Jane on the King" follow the manuscripts of "Mad as the Mist and Snow," which are dated 12 February [1929]. After some eight pages of composition, Yeats had arrived at a rough poem entitled first "King Nuada" and then "The bad girl's refusal to cheer for the King."³ At that point Yeats seems to have temporarily set aside the poem: the next six pages of the Notebook contain manuscripts of "Three Things." But then Yeats returned to "Crazy Jane on the King," and after two more pages of drafts he composed a preliminary version, entitled "Cracked Mary's Vision." Apparently, then, the individualized persona was an afterthought, chosen to fit the content of the poem: one recalls Yeats's statement that the woman near Gort was "the local satirist and a really terrible one" (*Letters*, p. 786). This first version of the poem is dated 24 February [1929], and thus it would have been one of the three completed poems which Yeats described to Olivia Shakespear on 2 March 1929 as part of a projected series, *Twelve Poems for Music* (*Letters*, p. 758).

Probably shortly after he returned to Dublin in May 1929, Yeats dictated a typescript of "Crazy Jane on the King," probably reading directly from the Notebook. This typescript is now in the Morris Library at Southern Illinois University.⁴ Yeats then proceeded to make some holograph corrections to the typescript, adding all of them except the change in line 21 to what would remain the working manuscript of the poem in the Notebook. Possibly at the same time, on the typescript only he altered the title to "Crazy Jane and the King" and added in parentheses "Words for Music."⁵

These changes produce what I take to be the second version of the poem.
The typescript reads as follows:

Crazy Jane and the King
~~CRACKED MARY'S VISION~~
(Words for Music)

Iron men/

Yesternight I saw in visions
Long-bodies Tuatha de Danaans
~~Drifting~~ in a golden barge,
Those great eyes that never wink
~~The~~ *Mirrored* on a ~~glittering~~ *winking* wave
That a righteous King must have -
When I think of him I think
May the devil take King George.-

Saw the sages wait the King
Seven fingers cautioning;
Saw the common people surge
Round a wave-wet landing stair
Banging drum and tambourine;
Saw that lucky great eye shine
On the lewd and learned there / :/
May the devil take King George.

Then it seemed some fine event
Had raised him up and thither sent,
clipped to iron & to force
~~That he might forge in his heart's forge~~
~~on his body and his head~~
~~Till all these iron days are dead.~~
Heart's desire of a King
~~My king and theirs he stood in a vision~~
Long-bodided Tuatha de Danaan.
But long or short when all is said
May the devil take King George.

Crazy Jane and the King
~~CRACKED MARY'S VISION~~
(Words for Music)

Iron men/

Yesternight I saw in visions
Long-bodies Tuatha de Danaans
Iron
~~Drifting~~ in a golden barge,
Those great eyes that never wink
M
~~Though~~ *Mirrored* on a ~~glittering~~ *winking* wave
That a righteous King must have -
When I think of him I think
May the devil take King George

Saw the sages wait the King
Seven fingers cautioning;
Saw the common people surge
Round a wave-wet landing stair
Banging drum and tambourine;
Saw that lucky great eye shine
On the lewd and learned there / :/
May the devil take King George.

Then it seemed some fine event

Had raised him up and thither sent,
Clapped the iron of the forge
~~That he might forge in his heart's forge—~~
On his body and his head,
~~Fill all these iron days are dead—~~
Heart's desire, a king
~~My king and theirs he stood~~ in a vision

Long-bodied Tuatha de Danaan,

But long or short when all is said

May the devil take King George.

Sometime between May and July 1929 Yeats again worked at the poem in the Rapallo Notebook, concentrating his attention on the final stanza. This revision produced a third version of "Crazy Jane on the King," best represented in a holograph fair copy recently acquired by the National Library of Ireland from the collection of Major Richard Gregory, Lady Gregory's grandson. It would seem, then, that Yeats was sufficiently happy with the poem to send it to Lady Gregory as a completed work. In this version the final stanza reads as follows:

Upon the moment he was gone,
Nothing there could hold him down,
Nor hammered iron of the forge
Upon his body & his head,
Nor that great troop I saw in a vision
Long bodied Tuatha de Danaan
But long or short when all is said
May the devil take King George.

It is this third version which Yeats must have recited among his friends in Dublin, as it is essentially identical with the text which Oliver St. John Gogarty gives from memory in his 1955 *Start from Somewhere Else*.⁶ Earlier, Gogarty had recited the poem in a lecture at Tufts University and had written it out for Professor John Holmes; in April 1946 Holmes sent the poem to Rolfe Humphries, and it eventually found its way into the *Amherst Literary Magazine* in 1964.⁷ The version of the poem which Richard Ellmann provides in *The Identity of Yeats* (1954), heretofore generally accepted as the best text, is also essentially identical with this third version; Ellmann's text is taken directly from the Rapallo Notebook, though it includes a few minor errors in transcription.⁸

Yeats, however, was still not finished with "Crazy Jane on the King," and he continued to work at the last stanza, producing yet another version in the Notebook. Based on that revision, he then wrote what I take to be the final text of the poem on the back flyleaf of Lady Gregory's copy of *Later Poems* (1922), now in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. The poem is dated by Lady Gregory "Coole - Aug 5, 1929." Although the major changes occur in the final stanza, Yeats has also clarified the opening of the poem by the addition of punctuation and by the revision in line 6 of "that" to "eyes." The final version reads as follows:

Crazy Jane on the King

i

Yester-night I saw in a vision
Long bodied Tuatha-de-Danaan
Iron men in a golden barge,
Those great eyes that never wink,
Mirrored on the winking wave—
Eyes a righteous king should have—
When I think of him I think
May the devil take King George;—

ii

Saw the sages wait the king
Seven fingers cautioning;
Saw the common people surge
Round a wave-wet landing-stair
Banging drum & tambourine;
Saw the lucky eye-ball shine
On the lewd & learned there—
May the devil take King George—

iii

Up the blasts of music there,
Up the gold & silken gear,
Up the strong work of the forge,
Up the light & laughing head
Up bleak-midnight and a vision
Long bodied Tuatha-de-Danaan—
But long or short when all is said
May the devil take King George.⁹

As far as I know Yeats never again worked at "Crazy Jane on the King," and of course he did not publish it. The reasons for the rejection of a poem on which he had spent considerable energy remain debatable. Ellmann claims that "Yeats suppressed the poem on the advice of that paragon of prudence, Ezra Pound, who said to Mrs. Yeats, 'Do you really think he ought to publish it? After all, the poor old king is ill.'"¹⁰ As Archibald MacLeish commented in his note on the poem in the *Amherst Literary Magazine*, that explanation "sounds unlikely." Leaving aside Ellmann's ironic

Yeats's "Crazy Jane"

reference to Pound's "prudence," the advice would have almost surely been given to Mrs. Yeats during the residence in Rapallo; and, as we have seen, Yeats continued to work at the poem after returning to Dublin. Moreover, after an operation reported in the *Times* for 16 July 1929, George V seems to have recovered from his lengthy illness, and thus Pound's advice could have carried little weight when Yeats was publishing some of the Crazy Jane poems in periodicals in 1930 or even when he was preparing the *Cuala Press Words for Music Perhaps and Other Poems* in 1932. MacLeish offered two other possible reasons for Yeats's rejection of the poem: that the subject matter was inappropriate for the persona, and that the later "Crazy Jane on the Mountain," published in *On the Boiler* (1939), is a more effective presentation of the contrast between the British monarchy and the Tuatha de Danann:

A King had some beautiful cousins
But where are they gone?
Battered to death in a cellar
And he stuck to his throne.¹¹

If we modify MacLeish's suggestions by our knowledge of the chronology of composition of the Crazy Jane poems, and if we recall that there is no firm evidence that Yeats intended to include "Crazy Jane on the Mountain" within the body of his collected verse, a tenable solution becomes evident. That is, "Crazy Jane on the King" does not exploit the dramatic possibilities of the persona; it could just as easily be assigned to a neutral narrator or to Yeats himself. Once Yeats had discovered the usefulness of Crazy Jane as a commentator on such matters as sex and the dead, he realized that it would be a waste of her potential to present her as merely a satirist of such passing topics as the lack of heroic stature of an English king. Later in his career he would use her for that purpose—but only as one aspect of the poem and only within the confines of an occasional publication.

It is also possible to conclude that "Crazy Jane on the King" is simply not a particularly successful poem, at least not for a poet fresh from the triumph of *The Tower* (1928). Yeats had arrived at a peculiar and resistant rime scheme of AABCDDCB; once locked into that pattern, he was limited in his freedom to improve the poem. This is particularly evident in the third stanza, which, as a comparison of the four texts indicates, was the segment of "Crazy Jane on the King" that gave Yeats the greatest trouble. Two of the four rimes remain constant in all versions, and one of them—forge/George—not only was infelicitous but also had been already used

in "To be Carved on a Stone at Thoor Ballylee" (included in *Michael Robartes and the Dancer*, 1921). The third rime, head/said, was established during the revision of the Southern Illinois typescript. In effect, then, Yeats was essentially limited to the opening couplet of the stanza as he struggled to find an effective conclusion to the poem. It is a tribute to his poetic craftsmanship that he could invent three quite different solutions, but not even the last one is especially memorable. Finally, it may also be said that the poem as a whole is too simplistic in the contrast between the mythological figures and George V; the development of the subject lacks, for instance, the interest and complexity provided by the refrains in some of the other Crazy Jane poems. Although it was unusual for Yeats to work on a poem until it had reached an advanced form and then abandon it, with "Crazy Jane on the King" his final judgment, as always, seems quite correct. But to have discovered a persona the likes of Crazy Jane was perhaps a small price to pay for one rejected work.

Notes

1. I am grateful to the Yeats Estate and A.P. Watt & Son for permission to publish the several versions of "Crazy Jane on the King." I am also indebted to Kenneth W. Duckett, former Curator, Special Collections, Morris Library, for drawing my attention to the Southern Illinois University typescript and for providing copies of it and of other Yeats materials.

A different version of this paper formed part of a longer essay presented at the 1978 SAMLA meeting.

2. *Letters of W. B. Yeats*, ed. Allan Wade (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1954), pp. 785-86. Hereafter cited in the text as *Letters*.

3. Nuada was a famous leader of the Tuatha de Danann, who, according to Gaelic myth, were invaders of prehistoric Ireland. Yeats's primary source was doubtless H. d'Arbois de Jubainville, *The Irish Mythological Cycle and Celtic Mythology*, trans. Richard Irvine Best (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 1903), esp. pp. 86-88.

4. The typescript was acquired from the widow of the Irish playwright Lennox Robinson (1866-1958) in 1960. In transcribing it I have not included the typewritten "5" or the holograph "3" on the upper right-hand corner, the significance of which is uncertain, or the cancelled and unclear words which appear on the bottom left-hand corner.

Among the Yeats papers in the collection of Senator Michael B. Yeats is an envelope containing manuscripts of several unpublished poems. According to an annotation on the flap, this envelope at one point contained "Cracked Mary's Vision. unpublished typescript." The typescript is no longer in the envelope, and I have so far been unable to locate it elsewhere in Senator Yeats's collection. It is likely that this missing typescript is a carbon of the Southern Illinois typescript.

5. Yeats used "Cracked Mary" in the title when three of the Crazy Jane poems were published in the *New Republic* for 12 November 1930 but "Crazy Jane" when the same poems appeared in the *London Mercury* for November 1930. However, it seems likely that Yeats changed the name on the typescript at the same time that he made the other revisions.

6. Oliver St. John Gogarty, *Start from Somewhere Else: An Exposition of Wit and Humor Polite and Perilous* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1955), pp. 126-27. After printing the poem Gogarty comments, "that is not among his *Collected Poems* nor . . . anywhere but in my head, for he recited it to me. It will possibly be denied by some that he wrote it at all" (p. 127).

7. *The Amherst Literary Magazine*, 10, No. 2 (Summer 1964), 4-7. This consists of notes by Rolfe Humphries and the editors on p. 4, the poem on p. 5, and "Why Not?" by Archibald MacLeish on pp. 6-7.

8. Richard Ellmann, *The Identity of Yeats*, 2nd ed. (London: Faber, 1964), pp. 101-102. Ellmann uses the title "Cracked Mary's Vision," which is the only one that appears in the Notebook.

9. It is of course possible that Yeats would have added further punctuation to the poem if he had published it, but he was never as fond of punctuation as were his editors.

10. *The Identity of Yeats*, p. 102, n. 1.

11. *On the Boiler* (Dublin: Cuala Press [1939]), p. 31.

Lennox Robinson on the Dublin Drama League A Letter To Gabriel Fallon

Gary Phillips

When the Dublin Drama League made its timely appearance in 1918, John Millington Synge had been dead for a decade and the Abbey Theatre's most experienced players had gone with Arthur Sinclair to form the Irish Players. A new force had been needed to revitalize the Irish theatre, and the Drama League provided this. Where the Abbey was a repertory company presenting a full season primarily of Irish plays, the Drama League was a subscription company offering a limited number of productions, enabling Dublin audiences in the twenties to break out of their provinciality and see contemporary European and American plays. Although William Butler Yeats and James Stephens were involved in its founding, Lennox Robinson was the "prime mover" of the organization,¹ and when Yeats resigned as its President in 1926, Robinson, who had held the offices of General Secretary and Vice-President, was elected to replace him. One of the Abbey's directors, Robinson was among the theatre's most successful playwrights; *The Whiteheaded Boy* is still one of Ireland's most frequently produced comedies. Robinson mounted fifteen of the League's productions and took roles in twelve others. Indeed, he is best remembered as an actor in connection with the Drama League, even though he never performed with any other Dublin company.²

Robinson's fullest account of the organization in which he was so important comes in a lengthy letter of 1940 to Gabriel Fallon. A full-time civil servant at Dublin Castle, Fallon joined the Abbey Company in 1921 and had a successful acting career until he left the theatre in 1928. He was also active in the Drama League, directing his first play, Jules Romains' *Doctor Knock*, for it in 1926,³ and acting in fourteen League productions. His close friendship with Sean O'Casey (Fallon played in the original productions of *The Shadow of a Gunman*, *Juno and the Paycock*, "Nannie's Night Out," and *The Plough and the Stars*) led to his break with the Abbey after *The Silver Tassie* controversy, and he soon phased out his connections with the Drama League.⁴ After 1930 he established himself as one of Dublin's leading drama critics.

Fallon asked Robinson for information about the Dublin Drama League in order to reply to a letter to the editor of the *Irish Monthly* from Miss Toska Bissing, the publicity manager of Edwards-MacLiammoir Productions, in response to his "Sitting at the Play" column for April 1940. Reviewing current Dublin theatrical productions, Fallon had noted:

Since the passing of the Dublin Drama League there has been a need for some similar audience-organized theatre body to undertake, as the Dublin Drama League did, the production of the best work of leading Continental dramatists. Should Lord Longford (whom we must thank for *Asmodee*) be willing to give the lead in this matter, there can be little doubt that the required support would be forth coming. The work of such an organization would be of incalculable value to our younger playwrights.

Miss Bissing countered with the suggestion that a "list of the works of Continental authors [which she supplies] produced since 1928 for the first time in Ireland by Hilton Edwards and Michael MacLiammoir might be of interest."⁵ Fallon's reply to her letter, an article entitled "Thanks to the Dublin Drama League," was the first and remains one of the few publications devoted to the group.⁶ Fallon acknowledges the work done by the Gate but claims that the Drama League was more successful in offering experimental plays because it was run by its subscribers.

In presenting a history of the League, Fallon depended on Robinson for much of his information. Robinson's letter to him (in Special Collections, Morris Library, Southern Illinois University at Carbondale), though far from a complete account of the Drama League and occasionally erroneous, is worth quoting in full as the statement of the "prime mover" of one of Dublin's most important theatrical organizations.⁷

June 3, 1940

Sorrento Cottage
Dalkey

Dear Gabriel Fallon,

Forgive me for not answering your enquiry about the Drama League before — I have been away for a few days which disorganized letters.

I am ashamed to say that though I was Hon. Sec., Vice-President and President of the Dublin D. League I have no full set of programmes. I'll jot down a few recollections which may be of use to you. It started late in 1918 and lasted for exactly ten years. Yeats, Stephens and I and possibly a couple others were the founders but I can say without egotism that the idea came mainly from me. I felt that Irish dramatists and audiences should know what the drama was doing and being in Europe and U.S.A. We were not "out" to do Irish plays or the sort of plays that would come to the Gaiety and Royal. I think in our ten years' life we only did four plays by Irish authors: "The Queen's Enemies"⁸ and "A Night at an Inn"⁹ (both Dunsany but not typically Irish) and "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Heartbreak House."¹⁰ The subscription (at any rate at first and I think always) was £1-1-0.¹¹ and for that we gave 4 public performances

Sorrento Cottage 1
Dalkey

June 3.

Dear Gabriel Fallon,

Forgive me for not answering your enquiry about the Drama League before — I was away for a few days which disorganized letters.

I am ashamed to say that though I was Hon. Sec. Vice-President and President of the Dublin D. League I have no full set of the programmes. I'll jot down a few recollections which may be of use to you. It started late in 1918 and lasted for exactly 10 years. Yeats, Stephens

and, I think, 4 "At Homes." Later on we rose to 6 public performances. The public performances were held in the Abbey Theatre for two successive nights each, Sunday and Monday—the public could come at the usual prices. Within a year or two these performances were always packed. The company was almost entirely professional—one or two members of the League, Miss Dodd and myself, acted for nothing—a good many Abbey players who were glad to get a change from the Abbey play. We paid them according to the size of their parts, anything from five or six guineas to 10/6 and I never bargained with one of them nor did I ever have a complaint from one about his or her fee.

The "At Homes" were, to me, horrors, some amateur or semi-amateur performance in a drawing-room with tea and sandwiches but they brought in snobbish members who liked to say that they had been to Lady B's the week before and the hostess liked throwing the crush. I do differentiate between these and two open-air performances at my little place at Dalkey. One year "Iphegenia in Tauris", the next year the Shelley translation of the Cyclops play. These performances, especially the first, I think live in people's memory.¹²

Now, as to the plays we did, I am so badly documented:

Pirandello- 6 Characters, we got a co. from Birmingham for this, the only time we got a company from England and even this was helped over here by the Fays.¹³ This was the one play of Pirandello's that had been done in [illegible]. But we did, before England,

The Pleasure [sic] of Honesty

The Game as He Played It

Henry IV¹⁴

Sierra- The Kingdom of God

The Lover

The Two Shepherds¹⁵

? Quintero-¹⁶

Benevente- The School of Princesses

The Passion Flower¹⁷

From Morn to Midnight¹⁸

Eugene O'Neill- The Emperor Jones

In the Zone¹⁹

Andreyeff - Pretty Sabine Women

(and a play in which I was a God!)²⁰

Lenormand- (can't recall the name) translated for us by Thomas McGreevy²¹

Susan Glaspell- Trifles²²

Strindberg- The Father

The Spook Sonata²³

The Cassilis Engagement

(I think the only English play we did)²⁴

Tchekov- The Bear ?

The one-act play about the actors—and other one-act farce²⁵

By 1928 we were finding it very hard to discover interesting continental plays, also the Gate had arrived. Our only object had been to show our friends and the Dublin public foreign drama. We didn't want to compete with the Gate (or any other theatre of that sort), so we gracefully retired with a small balance; and for some years the Gate

carried on our work. Then, they had to make money to carry on, and a few years ago I was begged to revive the League, but the difficulty of getting a theatre was intense. The Abbey would give us no Sunday, we got the Torch for a lovely performance of Cocteau's [sic] "Orphee" and a Sierra play, and later the Gate for Philip Barry's (U. S. A.) Hotel Universe.²⁶ We still have a few pounds in the bank.

Now the plays I have written down are not complete—perhaps in Holloway's papers deposited in the Nat. Lib. you could find the information you want. You'd find a lot in the files of the "Irish Statesman" but it doesn't cover the whole period.²⁷ Miss Edith Dodd was our early secretary, later Mrs. W. B. Yeats (apply to them). The plays we produced were remarkable in their quality and, generally, in their performance. I am sorry I can't be more accurate, but if you like I'll search for the programmes I have and try and truthfully answer questions you put to me.

Yours Sincerely,
Lennox Robinson

The year following Robinson's letter saw the second and final revival of the Drama League. In December 1941 it produced four plays: Frank O'Connor's *The Statue's Daughter*, T. S. Eliot's *The Family Reunion*, Blanaid Salkeld's "Scarecrow Over the Corn," and Georg Buchner's *Woyzeck*.²⁸ But a dispute arose during this revival that caused what Denis Johnston called the final "death throes" of the Drama League.²⁹ Before the third performance of *The Statue's Daughter*, the cast, led by Tom Purefoy and Edgar Keating, refused to go on stage over a question of payment. They finally consented to appear after a promise of payment given by Sybil Le Brocqy, the Honorable Secretary of the League. Nevertheless, a lawsuit was pressed by several members of the cast; the League, already in deep financial trouble, was forced to pay larger salaries than expected, and as a result went bankrupt; the final £10 owed by it was paid for by the General Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Yeats, with a personal check.³⁰ Plans for Shelah Richards to produce Giraudoux's *Amphytrion 38* were cancelled, and, after thirteen seasons of successes and failures, the Dublin Drama League disappeared for good.³¹

Notes

1. Personal interview with Denis Johnston, 2 December 1977.
2. He did, however, play as Lewis Dodd in Shelah Richards and Arthur Shields' independent production of Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean's *The Constant Nymph* in May 1925.
3. Produced 24 and 25 January 1926; it became part of the Abbey repertory, opening 16 February 1926.
4. The Drama League considered a production of *The Silver Tassie* after the Abbey rejected it, but O'Casey informed them, "It cannot be done." See *Letters of Sean O'Casey: 1910-1941*, ed. David Krause (New York: Macmillan, 1975), pp. 310-313.
5. "Correspondence," *The Irish Monthly*, 68 (June 1940), 328.

6. The only other references dealing specifically with the Drama League are Brenna Katz Clark and Harold Ferrar's incomplete and inaccurate monograph *The Dublin Drama League 1918-1941* (Dublin: Dolmen, 1979) and Gary Phillips' dissertation "The Dublin Drama League: 1918-1942," SIU-C, 1980.

7. VFM 869, "Correspondence, 1920-1950, from Lennox Robinson to Gabriel Fallon:" Punctuation and spelling irregularities have been silently corrected in most cases.

8. "The Queen's Enemies," first produced by the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York City, 14 November 1916, was not given a public performance by the League. Robinson mistakes this play for *The Laughter of the Gods*, published with "The Queen's Enemies" in Dunsany's *Plays of Gods and Men* (1917), which was produced by the Drama League 7 and 8 November 1920.

9. Produced on the same bill with *The Pretty Sabine Women*, 27 and 28 April 1919. Joseph Holloway reported in his diary on 28 April 1919: "A Night at an Inn" was brilliantly played and effectively staged. The god 'Klesh' was filled by Lennox Robinson" ("Impressions of a Dublin Playgoer," National Library of Ireland). This was the first time Robinson had publicly appeared as an actor. The play proved such a success that it was taken over by the Abbey Company and opened as part of their repertory on 2 September 1919.

10. Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* was produced 29 and 30 May 1927, starring F. J. McCormick. See Robert Hogan and Michael O'Neill, *Joseph Holloway's Irish Theatre* (Dixon, California: Proscenium Press, 1968), I, 25. *Heartbreak House* was staged 14 and 15 March 1926. This first Irish production of Shaw's play starred Mary Grey, the wife of the Irish playwright and producer J. Bernard Fagan, as Mrs. Hushabye; she had played the role in the London premiere at the Court Theatre in October 1921. The Dublin production was directed by Robinson, and the cast included Shelah Richards as Ellie Dunn, Barry Fitzgerald as Captain Shotover, and F. J. McCormick as Mr. Hushabye.

Robinson fails to mention five other Irish plays publicly produced by the League: Shaw's *Misalliance*, 16-18 and 21 April 1923, produced by A. E. Filmer's Birmingham Repertory Company and sponsored by the Drama League; Yeats's "The Only Jealousy of Emer" and "The Cat and the Moon," 9 May 1926 (see *Joseph Holloway's Irish Theatre*, I, 13-14); Robinson's *Give a Dog ---*, 12 and 13 May 1929; and during the first revival, Lord Longford's *The Armlet of Jade*, 1 and 2 March 1936. The year following this letter the Drama League was revived a second time and two more Irish plays, Frank O'Connor's *The Statue's Daughter* and Blanaid Salkeld's "Scarecrow Over the Corn," were presented.

11. The subscription rate in 1918 was 18s.6d.; by 1927 it was at £1.1s.0d.; in 1928 it had risen to £1.5s.0d. The subscription for the second revival was one guinea.

12. Euripides' *Iphigenia at Tauris*, translated by Gilbert Murray, was performed 11 July 1925, directed by Robinson with the following cast:

Iphigenia	Elizabeth Young
Orestes	Lennox Robinson
Plyades	Arthur Shields
Thoras	Denis Johnston
Herdisme	May Carey
Amorspor	William Carey
Chorus	Miss Carey
	Miss Casey
	Edith Orr
Soldiers	Cecil Davison
	Eric Britton
	Bertie Barret
	Ronald Lyon
Athene	Eileen Crowe

Euripides' satyr play, *The Cyclops*, translated by P. B. Shelley (1819), was performed 31 July 1926, directed by Robinson with the following cast:

Silenus	W. J. Carey
Chorus	J. S. Stephenson
	E. Keating
	B. Williams
	Mr. O'Sullivan
	Dermot MacMangus
	Mr. Morrison
Ulysses	Denis Johnston
Cyclops	Rutherford Mayne

Only the characters in order of appearance, not the cast, were listed on the playbill; these cast lists come from Denis Johnston's holograph notes on his programme copies.

Although not a member of the Drama League because he objected to its "highbrow" stance, Holloway managed to get invited to Robinson's for the latter event and was uncharacteristically enchanted by the production:

I went to Dalkey at 2:45 and went on to the Roberts' . . . and then we went to Sorrento Lodge where we saw quite a number we knew, including Charles Lamb, who sat in front of us, Arthur Shields and Mrs. Shields [Marie O'Neill]. . . Judge Johnson [sic], Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lawrence, William Fay, Jack and Mrs. Yeats and the other Yeatses . . . Reddin and Kenneth . . . Brinsley MacNamara, Willie Dawson, etc., etc. The day was a glorious one and the bay looked lovely and the mountains splendid and the yachts sailing leisurely in the bay and the swallows diving gracefully in the air in their flight backwards and forwards added immensely to the natural setting for Euripides' satyr drama, *The Cyclops* (translated by P. B. Shelley). The quality of the playing in the Greek drama was excellent, but the staging as a whole was not well looked after—the grouping was rather casual, I thought. None of the names of the players were given, but I knew them all on hearing them speak. Rutherford Mayne made a tremendous figure of the one-eyed cyclops—a very giant one, in fact—a Falstaffian mountain of flesh! He was a convincing one! Silenus was excellently impersonated by Mr. Cary and young Johnston made a dignified manly and melodiously voiced Ulysses, while J. Stephens [sic] as the chief of the satyrs spoke clearly and well. One of the satyrs was affected in his speech and rather spoiled the illusion. Little birds hopped from shrub to shrub and a big bumble bee buzzed about the audience on the sloping garden. Only the train whistle now and then marred the harmony and beauty of the spoken word. I was completely enchanted by the beauty of the still-watered bay and the lovely delicate haze that softened the outlines of the hills. The scene of the play was the coast of Sicily and the view brought out in sunlight before our eyes was a reflex of the sunny south ("Impressions of a Dublin Playgoer," 31 July 1926).

13. A. E. Filmer's Birmingham Repertory Company presented the Pirandello play 19 and 20 April 1923, sponsored by the Drama League. This tour, which also included Shaw's *Misalliance*, was the only outside company sponsored by the League.

14. *Henry IV* was produced 27 and 28 April 1924; *The Pleasures of Honesty*, 24 and 25 October 1926; *The Game as He Played It*, 30 and 31 October 1927.

15. Martinez Sierra's *The Kingdom of God* was produced 21 and 22 October 1923; *The Two Shepherds* was not produced by the Drama League, but by the regular Abbey Company, opening 12 February 1924. "The Lover" was not a public League performance. It did also present Sierra's *The Cradle Song*, 24 and 25 April 1927.

Robinson on the Dublin Drama League

16. No plays by the Quintero Brothers were given public performances by the League. *The Women Have Their Way* was performed by the Abbey School of Acting, opening 12 November 1928.

17. *The School for Princesses*, 1 and 2 February 1925. *The Passion Flower*, starring Sara Allgood in her only Drama League role, ran 9 November and 7 and 8 December 1924.

18. Kaiser's play was not performed by the Drama League. The first performance given at the new Peacock Theatre, it was also the opening offering of "The New Players," directed by Denis Johnston. "The New Players" was an offshoot of the Drama League which originated through "The Dramick," a body "with the object of trying out plays and Players before the Producers of the Dublin Drama League, and of training actors and others for the work of the parent body" (handbill for "The New Players" in Denis Johnston's private collection).

19. "In the Zone," 14 and 15 February 1926; *The Emperor Jones*, 16 and 17 January 1927. The latter was directed by Robinson, with sets by Dorothy Travis-Smith, who married Robinson in 1931; it starred Rutherford Mayne as Brutus. See *Joseph Holloway's Irish Theatre*, I, 21. The League also produced O'Neill's *Diff'rent*, 19 and 20 March 1922.

20. Leonid Andreyev's *The Pretty Sabine Women*, 27 and 28 April 1919; in *He Who Gets Slapped*, 30 and 31 October 1927, Robinson played the role of the god, "He." The League also produced *The Life of Man*, 11 and 12 April 1920, with Robinson as the "Being in Grey."

21. H. R. Lenormand's *Time is a Dream*, 9 and 10 December 1923.

22. This played on the same bill with *The Emperor Jones*. Both plays became part of the Abbey's repertory, opening 24 January 1927.

23. *The Spook Sonata* was performed 19 and 20 April 1925, directed by Arthur Shields and starring "Paul Ruttledge" (Lennox Robinson), Shelah Richards, and Gabriel Fallon. *The Father* was presented 18 and 19 March 1928, directed by Barry Fitzgerald, starring "Paul Ruttledge" and Eileen Crowe. The League also produced "The Stronger", 13 and 14 November 1921, *The Dance of Death, Part One*, 29 and 30 November 1925, and *The Dance of Death, Part Two*, 28 and 29 November 1926. The latter two were directed by Arthur Shields and starred "Paul Ruttledge" and Maeve McMurrough.

24. St. John Hankin's *The Cassilis Engagement*, 5 and 6 December 1920; his *Return of the Prodigal* was done 11 and 12 February 1923. Other English plays produced by the League included Robert Browning's *The Blot on the Scutcheon*, 3 and 4 December 1922, G. K. Chesterton's "Magic," 14 and 15 February 1926, James Elroy Flecker's *Don Juan*, 20 and 21 March 1927, and the Welsh writer Richard Hughes' *A Comedy of Good and Evil*, 22 and 23 January 1928.

25. Chekov's "The Bear," 29 and 30 January 1922. The "play about the actor" is "A Tragedian in Spite of Himself," 7 and 8 March 1920. Also produced by the League were his "Jubilee," 3 and 4 December 1922, and *Three Sisters*, 10 and 11 February 1929.

26. Cocteau's "Orphée" and Benevente's "His Widow's Husband" played on the same bill, 18 and 19 January 1936. *Hotel Universe* was presented 29 and 30 March 1936. A third offering, Lord Longford's *The Armlet of Jade*, was done 1 and 2 March 1936.

27. *The Irish Statesman* began publication in 1925; "Con" Curran, Joyce's friend, was a frequent drama critic for the weekly.

28. *The Statue's Daughter*, 8-13 December; *The Family Reunion*, 15-17 December; "Scarecrow Over the Corn," and "Woyzeck," 18-20 December. All four were produced at the Gate.

29. Denis Johnston's holograph note on his copy of the programme for the play.

30. Sybil Le Brocqy Papers, National Library of Ireland.

31. "The Dublin Drama League Minute Book: May 28, 1941-March 9, 1942," Sybil Le Brocqy Papers, National Library of Ireland. *Amphytrion* 38 was later produced by Shelah Richards and Michael Walsh in October 1941 at the Olympia in Dublin, starring Anew McMaster, Evelyn Bowen, and Shelah Richards.

Joyce's Notes on the Gorman Biography

Willard Potts

In 1939, after ten years of sporadic work on it, Herbert Gorman announced plans to publish his biography of James Joyce.¹ Pleased with an earlier study of him by Gorman, *James Joyce: The First Forty Years* (1924), Joyce had authorized and personally assisted with the biography; but he had no intention of allowing it to appear without his approval. Since as yet he had received drafts of only a few chapters and they did not please him, the announcement of publication set him off. Immediately he sent Gorman a telegram and follow up letter demanding major changes in the chapters he had seen, requiring that he be shown complete sets of both the typescript and the galleys, and threatening to withdraw the authorization if these conditions were not met.² Gorman complied. Stimulated as usual by typescripts and galleys, Joyce peppered both with notes, most of them dictated to Paul Léon. Then came three pages of afterthoughts, typed single space.³

Already once burned, Gorman followed the notes scrupulously but silently, incorporating many into the biography verbatim, either as part of the text or as footnotes. The notes themselves make it possible to identify the Joycean hand obscured by this silence.⁴ They show that it was not altogether neutrally helpful, even though the acknowledgments to the biography contain an apparently straight-faced thanks to him for maintaining an attitude of "calm unconcern" toward his biographer's "deductions and assumptions." But they also show that it was not quite so capriciously and narrowly self-serving as it appears from the account in Richard Ellmann's own biography of Joyce.⁵

Generally phrased as proposals or simple matter-of-fact statements, the notes illustrate nicely Joyce's favorite all round manner of deferential politeness combined with cool objectivity. But that manner often gave way before the volatile material of the biography, now in an angry or brusque note, now in an ironic or nostalgic one. The notes also illustrate,



Biographer Herbert Gorman with James and Nora Joyce

sometimes amusingly, his concern with precision and minute detail. Thus he crossed out Gorman's vague phrase, "a very decent sort of chap," and substituted the more precise, "a bland and courtly humanist" (Gorman, p. 22), to describe Father Conmee. Similarly he pointed out that Brighton Square, where he was born, "is in fact a triangle" (Gorman, p. 6) and that the account of his birthnight parties had failed to mention "long Italian Virginia cigars" (Gorman, p. 348), the smoking of which apparently was a feature of those important occasions. In a note that gives an interesting glimpse into his view of acting, he attempted to clear up a slight ambiguity about his giving Joe Martin the role of Robert Hand for a proposed staging of *Exiles* in Zurich. "I would never [interfere?] with an actor," he said. "It is his funeral. And they often make discoveries."⁶ His devotion to accuracy lost some rigor, however, when it came to certain of his prejudices, such as that against anyone referring to his children by the Anglicized forms of their names. One of his brusque notes informed Gorman, "Giorgio: This, not George, is my son's Christian name. Nobody calls him George just as nobody calls my daughter Lucy. This should be corrected all through the book." In fact, people did call him George, and he himself seems to have preferred that form.

If Joyce's concern for absolute precision sometimes flagged, his fondness for amplification rarely did, with the result that over half the notes proposed additions to Gorman's text. Often these additions amounted to only a detail or two with brief commentary, as in a note pointing out that among his other achievements at school he was "also secretary to the gymnasium." Lest it be assumed that this position recognized any athletic prowess, he added, "The only thing I could do properly was a half-lever which I could do apparently without muscles . . ." (Gorman, p. 43). In another brief note, this one expanding a reference Gorman had made to the famous tenor, Jean de Reszke, Joyce said with an apparent touch of vanity, ". . . Samuel Beckett reports old Michele Esposito (president of the Royal Academy of Music) as saying that I had when he heard me what he calls a de Reszke voice."

With special interests, such as the Swiss composer Othmar Schoeck, Joyce went on at considerably greater length. In what sounds like the budding of another of his career promoting campaigns, he said of Schoeck,

We went to Zurich to hear his opera, *Masimilla Doni*—my wife and I. His opera *Penthesilea* has been the triumph of the Zurich Exhibition in 1939 with Flagstad, I believe, in the name part but control this detail. Of living composers known to me he seems easily first. The clipped version of Byron's *Cain* we made in the train I offered him in German in hope that he would write an opera round Sullivan's voice.⁷

The relevance of the success Schoeck's opera enjoyed at the Zurich Exhibition is not altogether clear, but Joyce did not let such pedestrian questions worry him. Recalcitrant for once, Gorman added to the biography only a brief parenthetical reference to Joyce's admiration for Schoeck's compositions (Gorman, p. 345).

In spite of a tendency to digress, Joyce generally kept the notes focused on his life and work, though those on his work itself are surprisingly brief. Only two have much bearing on its meaning or interpretation. In the margin beside a confused explanation of the theme in *Exiles*, he wrote bluntly, "*Exiles* is a play about 'exile.'" He also cautioned Gorman that *A Portrait* "is not an autobiography." Otherwise he had little at all to say about the early work, which as usual interested him less than the more recent.

He became slightly more expansive about *Ulysses*. To Gorman's report that Leopold Bloom was based on a Dubliner named Hunter, Joyce added, ". . . There were two other major models for Bloom, one in Trieste, one in Zurich, the former Greek the latter Hungarian" (Gorman, p. 176). With an apparent touch of nostalgia he went on, "There was also a second major model for Penelope, an Italian, much handsomer than her Dublin rival. Her correspondence during wartime passed through my hands. There was nothing political in it but I wonder what the Austrian censor thought of it. That did not perturb her" (Gorman, p. 281 n1). More matter of factly he said of Gorman's explanation that the hangman in *Ulysses* was named Rumbold after the British consul at Berne, "The name was also selected on account of the legendary glass of rum associated with capital execution in France" (Gorman, p. 262, n1).

In the only compliment among the notes, Joyce congratulated Gorman for having given a "sound account" of *Finnegans Wake*. Still he made a number of additions to the account, though again they have little to do with questions of meaning. The longest concerns the French, German, and Italian translations of "Anna Livia Plurabelle," which Gorman had ignored, probably viewing them as mere curiosities. Joyce, however, considered the translations important, and in his note named all the people involved in them, pointed out that he himself had assisted with each one, and identified the Italian as best (Gorman, p. 344 n1). He also called Gorman's attention to slighter faults of omission, such as failing to give the publication dates of the English and American editions of the book and the source of its title. As for the title "Work in Progress," he explained that it had been provided "by the late F[ord] M[addox] Ford who published the first frag-

ment of it and is thus its godfather." "I accepted the provisional title," he said and then, going on as usual, added, "In return I am godfather, with Mrs. Serruys-Bradley, to one of F. M. Ford's daughters" (Gorman, p. 336 n1).

Having already contributed significantly to Stuart Gilbert's and Frank Budgen's books on *Ulysses* and to *Our Exagmination* and other studies of "Work in Progress," Joyce simply may have had little more to say on these subjects. In any event, other matters in the biography concerned him more intensely than the interpretation of his work, one being the persecution, hostility, and betrayal he had suffered as an artist, especially from his fellow Irishmen. Probably at his encouragement, Gorman devoted long passages to Joyce's battles with publishers and printers over *Dubliners*, to the similar battles over *A Portrait* and *Ulysses*, to the banning of *Ulysses* in the U.S., and to the pirating of the book by Samuel Roth. But Joyce wanted a fuller treatment of the ban on *Ulysses* in the U.S. or more precisely of the attempts by Irishmen and also by Catholics to retain the ban. "You could collect much more information from Mr. [Morris] Ernst . . . about the extent of campaign which was organized by the Irish and Catholic elements in America against the proposed repeal of the ban," he told Gorman. Perhaps fearing that Gorman might be reluctant to start further research, Joyce went on to identify a "defamatory article" by the Irishman Michael Lennon, which had appeared in the widely circulated *Catholic World*, as a central element in the campaign.⁸ Among other things the article had accused him of secretly joining the British propaganda service during World War I, "at a time," he reminded Gorman, "when the British government was carrying on a war of its own against the nationalist forces in Ireland which culminated in the Easter Week rebellion." He claimed there could be "little doubt" that the article had inflamed American Irish hostility toward *Ulysses*.

After Judge Woolsey's repeal of the ban, proceedings against *Ulysses* continued in an attempt at having the repeal overturned. Wanting this further persecution of his work also reported in the biography, Joyce informed Gorman in another note that the case was carried to the Court of Appeals before "three judges of the Supreme Court." The proceedings, he explained, "were instigated by the same bodies which had worked against the book before" and were conducted "with even greater vigour and acrimony" (Gorman, p. 322). Temporarily forgetting the law of Occam's razor, he observed indignantly, "If the court had reversed Judge Wolsey's [sic] decision the book would still be banned."

Whatever grounds he had for it, Joyce's analysis of the agitation against *Ulysses* in the U.S. added further support to his conviction that the Irish harbored a special animosity toward him and that if given the chance, they would try to destroy him as they had destroyed Parnell. That old conviction welled up with all its original bitterness in a note about two invitations he had received from William Butler Yeats to visit Ireland. After pointing out that he had refused both invitations and "has not even sought refuge there during the present calamitous events in Europe," the note explained, "Having a vivid memory of the incident at Castlecomer when quicklime was flung into the eyes of their dying leader, Parnell, by a chivalrous Irish mob, he did not wish a similar unfortunate occurrence to interfere with the composition of the book he was trying to write" (Gorman, p. 21 n1).

But his long fascination with Ireland and particularly with the absurdities of Irish behavior remained in spite of his bitterness. At the end of a note describing the curious history and geography of Dalkey, he remarked that the Irish "claim to have discovered that John Dowland the famous Elizabethan composer was born in Dalkey and put up a 'plaque' to him a year or so ago" (Gorman, p. 114). "When I used to hear his music in Dublin," he added, "Dowland was quite unknown and anything less Irish than his music I cannot imagine" (Gorman, p. 114). How was it that Dowland remained unknown in Dublin, and Joyce still heard his music there?

He also paid close attention to any sign of his recognition in Ireland, such as the invitations from Yeats. Even the slightest reference to himself in Irish publications or by Irishmen struck him as noteworthy. "It may interest you to know," he told Gorman, "that on its publication a Dublin daily paper had this among Books Received: *Finnegans Wake* by Sean O'Casey. This however brought me two friendly letters, one from Sean O'Casey, who believed it was intentional and the other from the editor, who said it was unintentional" (Gorman, p. 347 n1). While composing the last of his notes he found a less ambiguous reference to himself in the Irish Tourist Association's *Guide to Ireland*. The *Guide*, he immediately informed Gorman, had given the house where he was born "a paragraph to itself as a 'place of historic interest.'" He might speak ironically of the Dowland plaque, but this Irish recognition of his own birthplace by an "official" publication was quite another matter.

Though still convinced, as he was at the beginning of his career, that the Irish were his most dangerous and determined enemies, by now Joyce had collected an international list of people who had turned against or

betrayed him. Gorman had mentioned only a few of them, one being Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, who qualified on account of her sudden withdrawal of the monthly stipend she provided Joyce for a while in Zurich. Rectifying this grave oversight took the longest of Joyce's notes. Dictated in his best objective manner, it reported apropos Mrs. McCormick's action,

Several times during Joyce's career this brusque and unexplained [change in the] attitude of certain admirers of his has taken place. There were at least two instances of it in Dublin—one before he left and one during his last visit there, another in Trieste after he had become famous (his friend Francini delivered a lecture about him as already explained to you and to be embodied in your book elsewhere), and it has happened in Paris also. There is no single explanation so far as these different admirers are concerned that will fit all these cases, but the fact remains that all through his life he seems to have had admiration both in its spiritual and its material form spontaneously and suddenly offered him and subsequently just as suddenly transformed into passive or open hostility (Gorman, p. 265 n1).⁹

The explanation about Francini was given in another long note where Joyce paraphrased his brother Stanislaus' angry account of the lecture (Gorman, p. 267 n1).

By now Joyce had been complaining of betrayal and general martyrdom for going on forty years. He never seemed to tire of it or to lack fresh instances, such as the response he had received to the recent publication of *Finnegans Wake*. He told Gorman,

I received the following messages of congratulation from my friends and admirers all over the world, that is, outside Paris: Harriet Weaver (London); Constantin [sic] Curran (Dublin); Michael Faktorobitch [sic] Stuart, naturalized Russian American (San Francisco); Pavlos Phocas, my Greek teacher-pupil (Nyasaland, Central Africa); and that's all; of course not a line from any member of my family.

That the outbreak of World War II might have had some bearing on this lack of response apparently did not cross his mind or else struck him as irrelevant.

But while one prominent intention behind Joyce's notes was to emphasize his trials and the trials of his work in a hostile world, another was to acknowledge the support of his friends. The careful listing of the people who sent him congratulations on the publication of *Finnegans Wake* reveals that latter intention, though it was nearly swamped by his powerful sense of martyrdom. The same thing happened in a lugubrious note on Constantine Curran's faithful service as an emissary in Ireland. Alluding to his occasional need for such an emissary, Joyce said of Curran, "Since the death of my uncle-in-law he is the only person in Ireland (Beckett lives in Paris) to whom I can apply." The composition here is about equal parts of praise

for Curran and bitterness at all the other Irish. On the other hand, in a note about Baron Ambrogio Ralli and Count Francesco Sordina, who helped him obtain permission to leave Trieste during World War I, Joyce remarked, ". . . till the times of their deaths, which took place in the last few years, they regularly received (and replied) at Christmas and New Year to messages of grateful remembrance from the writer whose life they had possibly saved" (Gorman, p. 229 n1). This contains a touch of melodramatic exaggeration about Joyce's danger if he had had to remain in Trieste, but the expression of gratitude remains unambiguous.

Equally straightforward acknowledgements appear in other notes. Of the eye operation performed by Professor Alfred Vogt in 1932, Joyce said, "I think it should be mentioned to his credit that, after having performed this difficult operation which no oculist in London or Paris would undertake, he declined to accept any fee whatsoever. When Giorgio asked him what his fee was he said he was repaid if he had been able to restore a 'great literary talent to the world' and would accept nothing but a copy of *Ulysses* inscribed for his daughter . . ." (Gorman, p. 331 n1). And regarding Paul Léon he said, "The allusion to him should be greatly amplified. For the last dozen years, in sickness or health, night and day, he has been an absolutely disinterested and devoted friend. I could never have done what I did without his generous help" (Gorman, p. 345-46). He also specified that the biography should contain a full page picture of Valery Larbaud, whose early championing of *Ulysses* had been a powerful force on the book's behalf. Gorman complied.

In addition to identifying people who had aided him in some important way, Joyce remembered simple friendships such as he had had with Nicholas Santos and Umberto Moggi. Correcting an error Gorman made, Joyce said of Santos, "It was he, a very ignorant Corfiote, not I, who used to recite Homer's *Odyssey*." Drawn on by association, he added,

Another person who often came to talk with me [in Zurich] when I was ill (eyes) was Umberto Moggi, father of a playmate of Giorgio's. He was a splendid type of Tuscan peasant, blackbearded, with eyes which Dante calls "*gli Occhi onesti ed tardi*." He was a green-grocer and could neither read nor even sign his name. I never met anybody who had his command of the Italian language. He was greatly attached to me (Gorman, p. 239 n2).

Joyce took a certain delight in his wealthy, titled, or otherwise distinguished friends, such as Baron Ralli and Count Sordina. In the note about those two he pointed out that the latter was "one of the greatest swordsmen in Europe" and for a time had been Chief Magistrate of Trieste. He also dic-

tated a long note about the Cambodian princes, Rita Rasi and Norrindett-Norrodun, who were admirers of his (Gorman, p. 326). But his remarks about Santos and Moggi display a warmth and admiration matched in few of his other notes.

On none of the matters dealt with so far did Joyce seriously interfere with the direction already explicit or implicit in the biography. But when it came to his own portrayal and that of his immediate family, he interfered frequently and energetically. Suddenly his ardor for amplification cooled, and he began to demand omissions as well as major changes of emphasis. These demands formed the chief substance of his 1939 letter to Gorman and are prominent in the notes as well.

Joyce's concern over his own portrayal centered on his early life, which the biography had not treated with sufficient propriety for his taste. He was highly offended, for instance, by a suggestion that as a young man he had been well acquainted with Dublin publicans. This suggestion, which he detected in several references to Davy Byrne, brought a stiff note that described Byrne as "a tiresome bore" and then went on to assert,

JJ did not know him or any other publican in Dublin however much he may have frequented their grimy houses. The only one to whom he ever spoke was the landlord of the "Ship" in Abbey Street and then only the exchange of cordialities. His father who he thinks had befriended Mr. Connery in the matter of taxes as he had hundreds of Dublin citizens had introduced him to the latter. In other words the "over the counter" familiarity which seems to be implicated [sic] was non-existent.

This note may sadden the pilgrims who have sat in Dublin pubs believing they were communing with Joyce's spirit.

A series of passages that implied Joyce had felt less than perfect respect for his father brought an even more strenuous objection. After remarking that these passages were "better deleted as completely misleading," he told Gorman, ". . . you have been misled yourself by the 'Portrait' . . ." From some other source Gorman picked up and included in the biography the well known anecdote about the young Joyce calling on Yeats and telling him, "I'm sorry, you are too old for me to help." Again Joyce objected:

The story as constantly retailed in the press is another story of Dublin public house gossip. JJ at this time had an immense admiration for Yeats as a poet, and though he did say the words or something to the effect attributed to him they were never said in the tone of contempt which is implied in the story.

It may be true that this story, which Yeats also denied, misrepresented Joyce's tone, making him appear more crass than he was. However, his

71—JAMES—Wormuth May 26—No 7

DEAR STANNIE,

I know nothing of any forty crowns. Zannoni's man was here six times in three days. He had orders to take the piano yesterday, but I prevailed on him to wait another day. As I have already paid 300 crowns, I think it would be silly to lose it. Kindly send me today at least one month for him and I will pay the other. And in addition some money for the house, which you arranged to give if I paid the bills. If not, I must sell part of my furniture. I do not understand your obscure threats, but I paid the money. I got away relying on your promise to keep the house going.

JIM.

Casting about on all sides for the means of preserving himself and his family Joyce remembered that he had never received a penny from *Chamber Music*. On the fourth of April he wrote to his English publisher:

Via Vincenzo Scussa 8,
Trieste, Austria.

Elkin Mathews, Esq.,
London.

DEAR SIR,

It is now three years since you published *Chamber Music* and I would like to hear if the sales have brought in anything to my profit. Therefore I would ask you to send me an account to date by return.

When I was in Belfast last autumn Mr. W. Reynolds, musical critic of the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, gave me some settings he had made of certain of the songs and complained to me that you had refused to give him permission to set them. Illness and various business prevented me from writing you earlier on this matter. I cannot understand why you did not give him leave. I had a letter today from Mr. O'Brien Butler, the Irish composer of the opera who writes that he admires the verses very much and will perhaps set some of them. Should he write you thereon I do not see why such permission should be withheld. I was told in Dublin that a Mr. Hughes had also done some of the songs and one has even been set by a young Italian musician here. Seeing that no fewer than five composers seem to have been at work on the book and in the light of the press notices which were all very favourable I am quite at a loss to understand how the book has brought me in nothing so far.

I will ask you for a line in reply and trust it may be of an encouraging nature.

Perhaps it will interest you to know that my long delayed book of stories *Dubliners* will come out in Dublin early in June published by Messrs Maunsel.

Very truly yours,

This money was for the part support of their sister which both brothers had agreed to share. Stanislaus' prolonged absences from the house were the result of frequent quarrels with his sister and occasionally with his sister-in-law. J.J. invariably acting as jocular peacemaker.

5/

early references to Yeats' "floating will" and eagerness "to appease/ His giddy dames' frivolities" are not exactly respectful, at least of the man.¹⁰

Whatever doubt there might be about his tone in speaking to Yeats, he admitted to various people that he and Nora were not formally married when they left Ireland in 1904. Yet he demanded that Gorman "obliterate" a passage revealing this irregularity. Aside from claiming that the passage was "incorrect and misleading," he explained somewhat irrelevantly that the whole question of his marriage had cost him a great deal of time and money.

Joyce's touchiness about his portrayal extended even to the business and money matters toward which he normally displayed a fine unconcern. As though to establish his financial rectitude, he had provided for inclusion in the biography a carefully maintained balance sheet from his Paris notebook (photo copy, Gorman between pp. 91-92, transcribed p. 107). Stanislaus, however, wrote drily to Gorman of his brother's "inadaptability to average economic conditions."¹¹ Perhaps taking his cue from Stanislaus, Gorman said of Joyce's application for an agency to sell Irish tweeds, "Naturally nothing came of this." Joyce crossed out the statement and wrote, "He got the agency and did in fact succeed in clothing several of his Triestine male pupils in Irish homespuns ordered by them" (Gorman, p. 200 n1). He also meticulously corrected a report of the fees he had received for teaching English, which were higher than Gorman had stated.

The issue of money came up again in connection with an ambiguous remark in a letter Gorman quoted that Joyce had sent Stanislaus during one of their separations in Trieste. The remark, "I know nothing of any forty crowns," sounds like a typical Joycean response to one of Stanislaus' futile efforts at collecting money owed him, but in a note Joyce offered the bland explanation, "This money was for the part support of their sister which both brothers had agreed to share." As for the separation that necessitated Joyce's communicating with his brother by letter, the note went on to blame Stanislaus, whose "prolonged absences from the house were the result of frequent quarrels with his sister and occasionally with his sister-in-law, J.J. invariably acting as jocular peacemaker" (Gorman, p. 203). This totally innocent Joyce challenges credulity.

The notes on his family deal chiefly with his father, whose dignity he was as intent on preserving as he was his own. Apparently ignorant that he was treading mined ground, Gorman had been considerably less circumspect about the father than about the son and had written several passages stressing the old man's raffishness as well as his financial irresponsibility.

Joyce wished Gorman to "cancel completely" these passages, claiming that, like the one revealing his elopement with Nora, they were "incorrect and misleading." And, as he denied the implication that he had not been a respectful son, so he objected to any suggestion that John Joyce had not been a good father. To a report in the typescript that John Joyce had proposed his son's taking a job as clerk in the Guinness brewery, Joyce retorted via Léon,

Mr. Joyce senior never in his life suggested that his son should get a position in Guinness's brewery. This suggestion came from the Director of Studies in Belvedere College [and was made?] to Joyce's mother when he was informed that the son had definitely decided not to join the Jesuit order as had been proposed to him. Mr. Joyce's father had always wished him to read for the bar. The clergyman's suggestion was commented on by Mr. Joyce in very uncanonical terms (Gorman, pp. 52-53).

Given Joyce's probably true assertion that his father "always wished him to read for the bar," one would expect some paternal disapproval over his decision to become an artist, not to mention his elopement with Nora Barnacle and subsequent residence on the continent. According to the notes, however, there was no such disapproval. On the contrary. A note bearing the direction, "this should be inserted somewhere," states, "Mr. Joyce's father was coming to the conclusion that his son's literary intransigence was up against an unsurmountable barrier in reactionary Dublin and in fact later advised him to seek a freer atmosphere in which to live and work according to his own ideas" (Gorman, p. 81). That freer atmosphere, it turns out, was Europe. Alluding to a theme in *Ulysses*, Gorman had asked rhetorically who was Joyce's spiritual father and where would he find him? Joyce answered in the margin, "His spiritual father is Europe! to which his physical father constantly urged him to go" (Gorman, p. 225). Even the wisdom of Joyce's decision to move to Paris in 1920 apparently was foreseen by that physical father, who, in the words of another note, "had never ceased to tell him that he should leave Trieste" (Gorman, p. 269). Paraphrasing the remark he is supposed to have made on seeing Brancusi's whirligig impression of his son, John Joyce might have said of his own portrayal in the notes, "I've changed some."

Of the various painful circumstances in Joyce's immediate family, Gorman mentioned only the mental breakdown of Lucia. Joyce allowed the reference to stand but was upset to discover that the "Epilogue to Ibsen's *Ghosts*" appeared right after it in the typescript. He feared the conjunction would lead people to suspect that the poem was autobiographical. "Re-read verses or stanzas 5 and 9," he told Gorman, "and you will see the

implications I have in mind." In these two stanzas the narrator of the poem, Captain Alving, refers to the possibility of Oswald's insanity being inherited and also questions his own paternity of Oswald. As requested, Gorman moved the "Epilogue" to an earlier location in the book. Apparently still worried about the biographical implication of the piece, Joyce wrote a long note explaining that it had been composed after seeing a performance of *Ghosts* "for the nth time" in Paris.¹²

A less strange facet of his poignant concern for Lucia prompted one of his last notes to Gorman. There he listed the three published works in which her illustrations had appeared and commented, ". . . As they are in two of the chief libraries of Europe perhaps they ought to be mentioned" (Gorman, p. 343 n1). He did not explain that these libraries, the British Museum and the National Library in Dublin, owned copies of the books because he himself had presented them.

Except for those about his work, Joyce's notes display an intense concern about the biography rather than the cool indifference that Gorman attributed to him in the acknowledgments. Doubtless many things lay behind that concern, but Michael Lennon's article in the *Catholic World* was certainly one of the most important. When the article first appeared in 1931, it so appalled Padraic and Mary Colum that they refused to send Joyce a copy. He obtained one, nevertheless, and it became something of an obsession with him. In his 1939 letter to Gorman he spoke bitterly of it as "highly libellous and defamatory both to his father and himself." He went on to complain that because of its damaging effects "his friends had done him a singular disservice in not calling his attention to this article." In addition to claiming that it had inspired much of the animosity against *Ulysses* in the U.S., he told Gorman, as he also told Miss Weaver, that it probably had harmed his son's singing career there as well.

Joyce had an inclination toward hysterical exaggeration, but the article combines Irish venom and moral tract piety with Dublin gossip, lurid fabrication, and uncomfortable truths in a way that would have upset a much more mundane sensibility than his. Proposing to sum up his career as Joyce approaches his fiftieth birthday, it begins with a lengthy and satirical account of his father's failings, most of which it attributes to an "'ancient Irish King' complex" or pretension to noble heritage. As evidence of this complex, which it identifies as the key to Joyce's character, the article reports that John Joyce bought some old oil paintings and then showed them off as portraits of his ancestors and "even went so far as to employ a doorman in livery to receive his guests on gala nights." It goes on to claim

that, having set a bad example for his son, the "self-centered father" remained "careless and indifferent" toward him, while the mother was so blinded by pride in him that she forgot "the mother's sense of duty," the results being that the young Joyce "acquired the public house habit," lost his faith, failed to take his degree at the university, and ran off with a woman to whom "he did not grant the protection of even a civil marriage." The mature Joyce, according to the article, continued his downward journey, becoming a "master poseur," who not only worked for the British propaganda service during World War I, but also was so well paid for his work that he was able to "loll around for several months" in Paris afterward.

The article treats Joyce's work in a similar vein, dismissing most of it as morally objectionable and all of it as artistically worthless. In addition to making the usual charges about the foul-mindedness of *Ulysses*, it accuses Joyce of lacking "common decency" for recording in *A Portrait* "family intimacies the privacy of which he at least ought to have respected." Its only concession is the backward one of granting that since he once had written some "good literary articles," he might have a future as an essayist. It implies, however, that there is little likelihood of his ever realizing this future or ever writing anything in which "Catholics could take pride." As though recording a just punishment, the article concludes with the information that Joyce now has become nearly blind and is sunk in "growing darkness."

Having arranged for the publication of *Our Exagmination* as an answer to criticism of "Work in Progress," Joyce was not likely to miss seeing the biography as an opportunity for responding to this attack by Lennon.¹³ In any event, the vehemence of his notes about the Irish owes much to his vivid recollection of the article. In fact the note explaining his reason for refusing Yeats' invitations paraphrases a letter to Constantine Curran that cites Lennon's behavior as evidence of the potentially lethal hostility among the Irish.¹⁴ The article probably also contributed to the notes on betrayal, since prior to writing it Lennon had asked for and received several favors from Joyce, including a signed copy of *Ulysses*. Above all it helps explain his sensitivity to the sections of the biography dealing with his private life in general and to the treatment of his father and their relationship in particular. The original form of that treatment, he told Gorman, "read almost as if it had been inspired by Mr. Michael Lennon's article." There was a prickly difficulty here, since he also accused Gorman of basing it on *A Portrait*. This difficulty, along with Lennon's probably uncomfortable jab

about *A Portrait*, gave Joyce strong reason for insisting that the novel was not an autobiography. Lennon's remarks about Joyce's mother, however, do not seem to have aroused her son. He left untouched Gorman's uncompromising portrayal of her as "a patient ghost drifting into inanition."

Though less disturbed by them than by Lennon's article, Joyce recently had read in manuscript unsympathetic accounts of himself by Robert McAlmon and Ole Vinding. He also had been freshly reminded of Francini's malice-tinged lecture, a copy of which Jacques Mercanton had just brought him from Italy.¹⁵ Since Francini and McAlmon had been close friends of his and Lennon and Vinding had at least pretended friendship, it must have seemed to him that if anyone was to defend his life and character he would have to do it himself. According to J. F. Byrne, he said of the Gorman biography, "Ah, sure, I don't care what they write."¹⁶ But he obviously did care, especially as long as the welfare of his family could be harmed, as he believed Giorgio's probably had been, by what was written about him. For their sake as well as his own he saw that the Gorman biography portrayed his life as he wished it portrayed.

The generally accepted view of Joyce's hand in the biography comes from Ellmann's discussion of it. But as was mentioned earlier, that discussion is somewhat skewed by Ellmann's taste for emphasizing his subject's foibles. Typically he says that Joyce used the biography to "pay off old scores," without pointing out that he also used it to acknowledge old debts and old friendships. In a frequently echoed passage he also says that from the start Joyce intended the biography to depict him as "a saint with an unusually protracted martyrdom."¹⁷ This may be the proper translation of what Joyce meant when he told Miss Weaver at the beginning of the project that his aim was "to see that the facts and dates are correct."¹⁸ But the only evidence of his guiding the biography in such a direction lies in the notes written ten years later, by which time the accumulated unsympathetic accounts of his life make that guiding seem less capriciously motivated than Ellmann implies. Written within a year of his death, the notes give us a last glimpse of Joyce the man. If they do not show quite the man suggested by Ellmann's discussion of them, neither, of course, do they show the exorbitantly frank and honest artist of *A Portrait* or *Ulysses*.

But that simply illustrates once again the considerable difference between Joyce the man and Joyce the artist.

Notes

1. Herbert Gorman, *James Joyce* (New York: Rinehart, 1939). Subsequent references to the biography are given parenthetically in the text.

2. *Letters of James Joyce*, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking Press, 1966), III, 433-45.

3. These documents along with others that Gorman accumulated while working on the biography are in the Morris Library's Croessmann Collection of James Joyce. For an account of the collection and of Joyce's involvement in the Gorman biography see Steven P. Lund and Alan Cohn, "James Joyce Collections at Morris Library," *ICarbS*, 2 (Winter-Spring, 1975), 67-71. Except for several instances, in quoting from the notes I have standardized such matters as spelling and punctuation.

The typescript of Frank Budgen's book on *Ulysses* precipitated a similar deluge of notes from Joyce, though they are more whimsical than those to Gorman (see Clive Hart's "Introduction" to Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses and Other Writings*, London: Oxford University Press, 1972, pp. xii-xix).

4. In a letter accompanying a list of "rectifications" for the English edition of Gorman's earlier study, Joyce suggested various ways the list might be used but specified that it not be identified as contributed by him (*Letters*, III, 132). Thus he had established his preference for silence even before the biography was agreed upon.

5. Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), pp. 737-38.

6. The first name of the mysterious and apparently pseudonymous Mr. Martin is given as "Jules" by Ellmann, who also describes the proposed production of *Exiles* (*James Joyce*, pp. 423-25). Joyce's note adds that Claude Sykes, who consulted with him on the production, was "indignant" at his acceptance of Martin in the role.

7. The edited version of *Cain* originally was made for George Antheil with a similar hope in mind (*Letters*, III, 207).

8. "James Joyce," *Catholic World*, 132 (March 1931), 641-52.

9. Ellmann (*James Joyce*, p. 482) identifies Oliver St. John Gogarty as the first of the Dublin betrayers and Vincent Cosgrave as the other, though the incident with Cosgrave occurred during Joyce's second visit to Dublin, not his last. For a translation of the Francini lecture and an account of Joyce's reaction to it, see *Portraits of the Artist in Exile: Recollections of James Joyce by Europeans*, ed. Willard Potts (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1979), pp. 4-38.

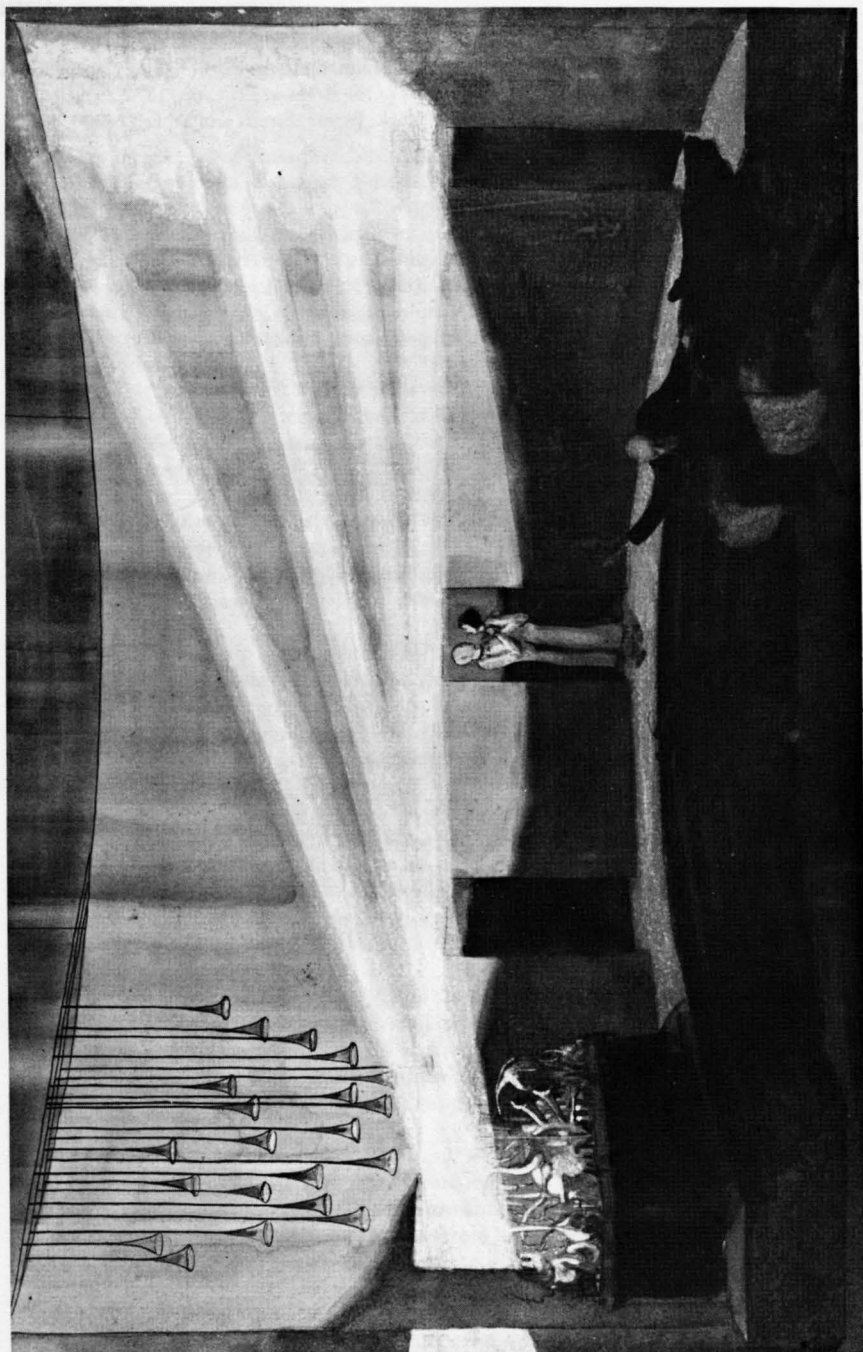
10. "The Day of the Rabblement," *The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, eds. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking Press, 1968), p. 71; and "The Holy Office," *The Portable James Joyce* (New York: Viking Press, 1968), p. 658.

11. This letter, included in the Croessmann Collection, is one of several that Stanislaus sent Gorman in the early 1930s. Stanislaus also transcribed and forwarded to Gorman a number of his brother's letters.

12. Ellmann (*James Joyce*, p. 68 and note) gives an account of the poem's composition and quotes from the note. He says Joyce wrote the poem on the train from Zurich to Paris, inspired in part by his recollection of a performance of *Ghosts* "with Ginette Faccone in the leading role." But Joyce's note states that he wrote the poem "while staying in Switzerland." Also, the name of the performer, which is hard to make out in the note, may be Ermete Zacconi, whom Joyce greatly admired in the play, rather than Ginette Faccone.

13. Gorman himself says (p. 257) that he treated at length the Joyce-Henry Carr feud because of "distorted rumors of Joyce's activity during the Great War." He then alludes specifically to the Lennon article and its charge about Joyce's aiding the British during the war.

14. *Letters*, ed. Stuart Gilbert, rev. Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking, 1966), I, 395.
15. See *James Joyce*, p. 684, and *Portraits of the Artist in Exile*, pp. 137-52 and 243.
16. John Byrne, *The Silent Years* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Young, 1953), p. 145.
17. *James Joyce*, pp. 737 and 644.
18. *Letters*, I, 300.



Mordecai Gorelik's set design for the final scene of *R.U.R.*

Lost in Translation The Ending of Čapek's *R.U.R.*

Mary Anne Fox

Of his seven plays, Karel Čapek was least satisfied with the one which brought him the greatest fame, *R.U.R.* (Rossum's Universal Robots). Written in 1920, it was the first of his dramatic works¹ to be translated from Czech and produced abroad, and it gave the word "robot" (coined by Čapek's brother Josef) to the international vocabulary. With the possible exception of the so-called science fiction novel *War with the Newts*, *R.U.R.* is still his best known work.

Although the play was generally well received, Čapek was disappointed that the critical reaction to it was often simplistic. He concluded that *R.U.R.* had been a failure because it was nearly always interpreted as an updated *Frankenstein*, as anti-capitalist satire, or as a denunciation of various contemporary political ideologies. Čapek was most displeased, however, because what he had intended partly as a comedy and partly as a statement of his faith in human survival should have earned him instead a reputation as a pessimist, or worse, a nihilist.²

R.U.R. does contain a graphic warning against the possibly disastrous consequences of modern society's relentless pursuit of and dependence upon technological progress. But Čapek did not employ the device of rebellious robots merely to indict the follies of 20th-century civilization. Rather, he hoped to suggest that man has the capacity to survive even a catastrophe of his own making, so long as qualities essential to his nature are preserved and transmitted: the ability to feel joy in being, to grow spiritually, and, above all, to experience love.

In *R.U.R.* these capacities have all but disappeared from a race of men whose exemplars are the managers of a giant industrial monopoly, Rossum's Universal Robots. The corporation produces and sells vast numbers of man-like machines to satisfy the world's demand for labor-saving devices. *R.U.R.*'s directors have no goals but expanded markets and increased profits; they are unconcerned with the worldwide economic, social, and political imbalances to which their activities inevitably contribute. So ob-

sessive is the preoccupation with technological development that men seem to be little more than robots themselves. Finally they lose even the capacity to reproduce. Except as consumers, men have become largely superfluous; the nearly perfect, nearly human robots supplied by R.U.R. perform almost all labor, even functioning as surrogate soldiers when nations go to war.

In their efforts to produce a more efficient machine the robots' manufacturers introduce a bit of "irritability" into their product. This is a fatal error, for the robots slowly develop sufficient consciousness to resent their exploitation and the fate that awaits them when they wear out, the stamping-mill in which they are crushed. As a primitive sense of solidarity pervades their ranks, they launch a rebellion and set out to eliminate the human race.

At the play's conclusion only one man, Alquist, remains alive. Although he had supervised one of R.U.R.'s departments, he had been increasingly troubled by the irresponsible nature of the enterprise. The robots spare him because he refused to raise his hand against them during their revolt. Now he and they seem equally doomed, for the secret of their manufacture is lost. Alquist is not a scientist and has little hope of discovering the secret even though a few desperate robots offer themselves for dissection so that he may learn how they are made.

In the final scene Alquist encounters two young robots, Primus and Helena. Their devotion to each other, which Alquist tests by a false threat to dissect one or the other, is something which neither can quite explain. They only know—or sense—that they belong together. Alquist realizes that the mechanical nature of this pair has been fundamentally transformed. Invoking the images of another Creation, he commands them to go forth as a new Adam and Eve, consoled by the knowledge that life will not die out with him.

R.U.R.'s dramatic power lies in the shifting symbolism of the robots. They are not simply monsters which turn at last upon their makers. More importantly, they represent man as he exists in industrial society and as he must become if he wishes to free himself from systems established in mindless devotion to false concepts of progress. So long as he remains bound to them, he is prey to the worst impulses which fuel those systems—greed, authoritarianism, national hatreds. Čapek believed that man is indeed capable of renewing his life by restoring a sense of human purpose to its primary place in the scheme of things. *R.U.R.* may have failed to convey this explicitly to audiences in the 1920s. But Čapek's other plays, novels, and prose works also bear incontestable witness to his faith in man.

The vision and ideals embodied in *R.U.R.* were recognized by at least one member of the American audience, however. Carl Sandburg realized that the play went well beyond social criticism or fantasy. He described it as "significant, important, teasing, quizzical, funny, terrible, paradoxical," and found in it a "kinship with the strongest plays of Henrik Ibsen . . ." The terror of the robots' conquest of man, he argued,

does not have one-tenth of the clutch of tragedy there is in the easy and relentless killing of men, women and children by motor car and motor trucks in the streets of American cities. That is, any machine, whether robot or flivver or submarine boat or airplane, must be watched or it will turn with its curse and revolt against those who make it.³

Apart from structural or dramatic flaws which in the opinion of some critics blurred the focus of *R.U.R.*, there was another factor which had a bearing on the way in which the play was received and interpreted. For more than 50 years English speaking audiences and readers have been denied the full impact of Čapek's message—with its unmistakably religious overtones—because the final lines of his play were excised when it was first translated by Paul Selver. Both the New York and London productions of *R.U.R.* were based upon Selver's version, which was subsequently published in the United States and in England.⁴ This incomplete text, moreover, has made its way into a number of anthologies.⁵ The final lines of *R.U.R.* as translated by Selver appear here, followed by a full translation from the Czech.

Alquist, pressing the two young robots for an affirmation of what he suspects—and desperately hopes—exists between them, has just demanded to know why he should refrain from killing them.

Selver's version:

PRIMUS: We—we—belong to each other.

ALQUIST (almost in tears): Go, Adam. Go, Eve. The world is yours.
(Helena and Primus embrace and go out arm in arm as the curtain falls.)

The complete text:⁶

PRIMUS: We—we—belong to each other.

ALQUIST: You are right. (He opens the door at center stage.) Silence. Go!

ALQUIST (alone now): Blessed day! (He tiptoes to the table and pours the contents of a test tube on the floor.) Holy sixth day! (He sits down at the writing desk, tosses the books there to the floor; then he opens a *Bible*, leafs through it and reads:) "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." (He rises.) "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." (He goes to the cen-

ter of the room.) The sixth day! Day of grace! (He falls to his knees.) Now, Lord, dismiss your servant, your most useless servant Alquist! Rossum, Fabry, Gall, you great inventors, what great thing have you produced to compare with this first pair who have invented love, weeping, laughter, the smile, the smile of love, the love of man and woman? Nature, nature, life will not perish! God, life will not perish! Comrades, Helena? life will not perish! It will begin anew, begin from love, begin naked and small; it will take root in emptiness, and all we have done or built will be for nothing, our cities and factories for nothing, our art for nothing, our ideas for nothing, but still it will not perish! Only we shall have died. Houses and machines will decay, our systems will fall apart and the names of the great ones will wither like the leaves; only you, love, will blossom on the ruins and cast the seeds of life to the wind. Now, Lord, dismiss your servant in peace; I have seen with my eyes—I have seen—your salvation by love—and life will not perish! (He rises.) It will not perish! (He stretches out his hands.) It will not perish!

(Curtain)

With the abbreviated conclusion and with a slightly smaller cast than Čapek called for, *R. U. R.* opened on 9 October 1922 at the Garrick Theatre in New York and was performed 184 times. The London production at the St. Martin's Theatre opened on 24 April 1923 and ran for 126 performances.⁸

Critics on both sides of the Atlantic found *R. U. R.* imaginative and daring, although some disliked its melodramatic aspect and others pointed to logical inconsistencies which reduced its credibility. In the United States, Čapek's apparent pessimism was made a prominent issue by John Corbin, drama critic of *The New York Times*.⁹ Although he admired the Theatre Guild's production of the play, Corbin was alarmed at what he thought was the author's nihilistic message. Especially puzzling to him was the ending, which he characterized as "vague and flabby." It was, he said,

crassly sentimental and unconvincingly written, a lame and impotent conclusion to a play that, though far from a masterpiece, is on the whole vigorous in phantasy, dramatically effective and provocative of thought.¹⁰

The transmittal of life from humans to robots seemed to Corbin neither a happy nor hopeful resolution, but one which simply underscored the bleakness of Čapek's vision. In rejecting it Corbin argued that

there still seems a good chance that civilization will endure—that human sympathy and intelligence will redeem industrial man from bondage to the machine and that the race will continue to advance by other means than those of the synthetic chemist . . .¹¹

This was Čapek's point, of course. Corbin's confusion may well have stemmed from his eagerness to find in *R. U. R.* "a brave philippic against the world of capitalist exploitation."¹² Had he seen an uncut version of

the ending, he might have interpreted the play—and its author's intentions—somewhat more accurately.

Corbin speculated that cuts had been made in this section and that the adapters, rather than the author, were responsible for its manifest weaknesses.¹³ The Theatre Guild's director, Theresa Helburn, however, replied that the changes made had not been substantial. Her answer was evasive as to the extent of the cuts, but she did confirm that certain elements in the Czech version had been deemed unsuitable for American audiences:

You seem to feel that the epilogue is an interpolation on the part of the adapters or the producers of the play. May I assure you that it is a part of Čapek's original manuscript?

Before starting production, we spent an evening with two Czechoslovaks, comparing the English translation word for word with the original, and found it very accurate. There was no adaptation in this version that we received from England, and whatever changes were subsequently made were made by us in rehearsal according to the usual exigencies of production. Instead of adding to the sentimental appeal at the end, we have cut it somewhat, just as we were obliged to cut some of the bloody horror of the dissection scene that precedes it. The Czechoslovakian audience seems willing to accept a more primitive emotional appeal than we, but for once the American manager does not have to take the blame for the happy ending.

As the Theatre Guild stands sincerely for giving plays in translation rather than adaptation, we would be grateful if you would make our position clear in this matter.¹⁴

Corbin accepted this perhaps disingenuous explanation and concluded that "what Čapek intended was indeed a nihilistic revolt against civilization, a clean sweep of it which would set a humanity compounded of sugar and glue back in the stone age."¹⁵

Corbin unknowingly provided evidence that *R. U. R.* was also tampered with by the addition of material which was not in Čapek's original version. The play ends, as mentioned, with the promise that life will continue in the fulfillment of the love which has sprung up between the two young robots. Čapek does not suggest that this has already occurred. Yet Corbin tells us that in the epilogue,

. . . straightway from a woodcutter's hut emerges a radiant wife and mother, bearing a new-born babe which we are asked to accept, as we accepted the enamoured Robots, as a symbol of the ever continuing current of life.¹⁶

Curiously, this scene does not appear in the published translation of the play which claims to be based on the Theatre Guild version. It may be argued that this addition does no violence to the spirit of the play. On the other hand, it casts doubt on Helburn's claim that the producers sought to reduce the work's sentimental tendency.

13. VI. 23.

Dear Sir,

I was travelling in Italy: that's the cause I could not answer your ~~first~~ kind letter former. Pray, excuse me to Mr Marsh and tell him my greetings.

Sincerely yours

Karel Čapek

Fig. 1: Čapek note to unidentified friend of Edward Marsh

Whether Čapek learned of the gratuitous baby robot is unknown. But he did become aware that the ending of *R.U.R.* had been cut, or, as he put it, "suppressed." This is confirmed by documents now in Special Collections in Morris Library, Southern Illinois University. A short note from Čapek to an unidentified correspondent and a holograph sheet supplying some of the lines in Alquist's final speech are reproduced here (Figs. 1, 2). With these documents is a translation of the missing lines, obviously prepared by someone other than Čapek.¹⁷

Čapek's note gives no clue as to how an inquiry arose concerning the play's ending. It implies only that the recipient should forward the missing lines to Mr. E. Marsh. Very likely this was Edward ("Eddie") Marsh, who was at that time secretary to the Duke of Devonshire in the British Colonial Office and who in the 1920s and 1930s was known in London as an ardent theatergoer¹⁸ (and later, of course, as a patron of theatres). Pointing to this possibility is the strong similarity between a known sample of Marsh's handwriting¹⁹ and that of the translation accompanying the Čapek documents at Morris Library.

In reproducing these few lines Čapek probably relied upon his memory rather than the text of *R.U.R.*, for there are several sentences omitted which appear in the published Czech version. But this scarce document makes clear that Čapek was aware of and displeased by changes made in the ending of his play and suggests that they had been made without his consultation.

Notes

1. Čapek's other plays, several of which were written in collaboration with his brother, were *The Outlaw* (1920), *From the Insect World* (also known as *The Way We Live*, *The Insect Play*, and *And So Ad Infinitum*, 1920), *The Makropulos Secret* (1922), *Adam the Creator* (an unsuccessful sequel to *R.U.R.*, 1927), *The White Plague* (1937), and *The Mother* (1938).

2. William E. Harkins, *Karel Čapek* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1962), pp. 88-95.

3. Letter, *New York Times*, 28 Jan. 1923, Sec. 7, p. 2.

4. Karel Čapek, *R.U.R. (Rossum's Universal Robots). A Fantastic Melodrama* (Garden City, N.J.: Doubleday, Page, 1923). This translation, issued also in London by Oxford University Press, has been reprinted many times. The stage version was adapted by Paul Selver and Nigel Playfair.

5. A somewhat fuller translation of the play's final lines appears in the collection *Masterpieces of the Modern Central European Theatre*, edited by Robert W. Corrigan (New York: Collier, 1967), p. 300.

6. Translated by the present writer with Andrew Tax, with the Bible passage from the King James Version. Based on the text of Čapek's *R.U.R.*, *Rossum's Universal Robots: kolektivní drama o vstupní komedii a 3 dějstvích*, 3. vyd. (Praha: Aventinum, 1921), p. 92. See Appendix for Czech text.

7. Alquist's reference to Helena in this speech is not to the robot by that name but to Helena Glory, one of the play's principal human characters.

8. In London *R.U.R.* ran for a time simultaneously with another of Čapek's plays, *The Insect World*. This, too, was based upon an adaptation by Selver and Playfair.

9. "A Czechoslovak Frankenstein." 10 Oct. 1922, p. 16; "The Revolt Against Civilization," 15 Oct. 1922, Sec. 8, p. 1; "*R.U.R.* and Its Adaptation," 22 Oct. 1922, Sec. 8, p. 1, and "The Happy Pessimist," 5 Nov. 1922, Sec. 8, p. 1. Notes 10-16 cite these articles in abbreviated form.

10. 15 Oct., Sec. 8, p. 1.

11. *Ibid.*

12. 10 Oct., p. 16.

13. 15 Oct., Sec. 8, p. 1.

14. 22 Oct., Sec. 8, p. 1.

15. *Ibid.*

16. 5 Nov., Sec. 8, p. 1.

17. VFM 185, Special Collections, Morris Library, SIU-C.

18. Christopher Hassall, *Edward Marsh, Patron of the Arts: A Biography* (London: Longmans, 1959), pp. 482-83.

19. John Schroder, comp., *Catalogue of Books and Manuscripts by Rupert Brooke, Edward Marsh & Christopher Hassall* (Cambridge: Rampant Lions Press, 1970), plate facing p. 100. Marsh's corrections appear on a page of his translation of a collection of the fables of La Fontaine.

Appendix

The original Czech is as follows:

PRIMUS: My—my—patříme k sobě.

ALQUIST: Ty jsi řekl. (Otevře dveře ve středu.) Ticho. Jděte.

PRIMUS: Kam?

ALQUIST (šeptem): Kam chcete. Heleno, veď ho. (Striká je ven.) Jdi, Adame. Jdi, Evo; budeš mu ženou. Buď jí mužem, Prime.

(Zavírá za nimi.)

ALQUIST (sám): Požehnaný dni! (Jde po špičkách ke stolu a vylévá zkumavky na zem.) Svátku dne šestého! (Usedne u psacího stolu, hází knihy na zem; pák otevře bibli, listuje a čte: "A stvořil Bůh člověka k obrazu svému: k obrazu Božímu stvořil ho, muže a ženu stvořil je. I požehnal jim Bůh a řekl: Rost'tež a množte se, a naplňte zemi, a podmaňte ji, a panujte nad rybami mořskými, a nad ptactvem nebeským, i nad všemi živočichy, kteří se hybají na zemi. (Vstává.) A viděl Bůh vše, co byl učinil, a bylo velmi dobré. I stal se večer a jitro, den šestý." (Jde do středu pokoje.) Den šestý! Den milosti! (Padá na kolena.) Nyní propustíš, Pane, služebníka svého—svého nejzbytečnějšího sluhu Alquista! Rossume, Fabry, Galle, velicí vynálezci, co jste vynalezli velkého proti té dívce, proti tomu chlapci, proti tomu prvním páru, který vynašel lásku, pláč, úsměv, úsměv milování, lásku muže a ženy? Příroda, příroda, život nezahyne! Bože, život nezahyne! Kamarádi, Heleno, život nezahyne! Zase se začne z lásky, začne se nahý a maličký; ujme se v pustině, a nebudem k ničemu, co jsme dělali a budovali, k ničemu města a továrny, k ničemu naše umění, k ničemu naše myšlenky, a přece nezahyne! Jen my jsme zahynuli. Rozvalí se domy a stroje, rozpadnou se systémy a jména velikých opadají jako listí; jen ty, lásko, vykveteš na rumišti a svěříš větrům semínko života. Nyní propustíš, Pane, služebníka svého v pokoji; neboť užřely oči mé— užřely—spasení tvé skrze lásku—a život nezahyne! (Vstává.) Nezahyne! (Rozpráhne ruce.) Nezahyne! (Opona.)

Prague, 13. 11. 23.

"Nyní propustíš, Pane, služebníka svého—svého nejzbytečnějšího sluhu Alquista! Rossume, Fabry, Galle, velicí vynálezci, co jste vynalezli velkého proti té dívce, proti tomu chlapci, proti tomu prvním páru, který vynašel lásku, pláč, úsměv, úsměv milování, lásku muže a ženy? Příroda, příroda, život nezahyne! Bože, život nezahyne! Kamarádi, Heleno, život nezahyne! Zase se začne z lásky, začne se nahý a maličký; ujme se v pustině, a nebudem k ničemu, co jsme dělali a budovali, k ničemu města a továrny, k ničemu naše umění, k ničemu naše myšlenky, a přece nezahyne! Jen my jsme zahynuli. Rozvalí se domy a stroje, rozpadnou se systémy a jména velikých opadají jako listí; jen ty, lásko, vykveteš na rumišti a svěříš větrům semínko života."

R.U.R., finale: suppressed in English version.
To Mr. E. Marsh Karel Čapek

Fig. 2: Čapek's rendering of ending suppressed from English version

Tom Rennie from
his friend Scott

F. Scott Fitzgerald presentation inscription to Dr. Thomas Rennie

Dr. Tom Rennie and *Tender is the Night*

John M. Howell

F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender is the Night* was published 12 April 1934. Probably around that date he inscribed the copy in Southern Illinois University's Morris library to "Tom Rennie from his friend Scott." Tom Rennie—Dr. Thomas Rennie—was one of a number of psychiatrists who treated Fitzgerald's wife, Zelda, before the publication of *Tender is the Night*. But he was the one that Zelda liked best.

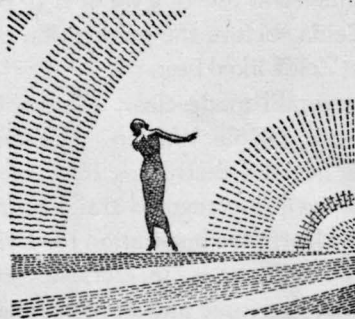
Zelda was, as Fitzgerald made clear, the inspiration for the novel's antagonist, the psychotic Nicole Warren, who charms the psychiatrist Dick Diver into loving her and destroying his career. And Fitzgerald was himself, except for the well-documented traits borrowed from his friend Gerald Murphy, just as clearly the inspiration for Dick Diver. But as Henry Dan Piper observes, Dick Diver is, in fact, "too much like his creator. He is an artist—an artist in people and in providing for their enjoyment," as Fitzgerald described him in a short synopsis that he provided for the *Scribner's Magazine* version.¹ My question is: who gave Fitzgerald the illusion that Diver was convincing as a psychiatrist? Or, more precisely, who convinced Fitzgerald that a brilliant psychiatrist could be tragically charmed by a psychotic woman? Perhaps it was Dr. Rennie. Fitzgerald's ambivalent response to Tom Rennie suggests that if he did not actually influence Fitzgerald's conception of Dick Diver as a psychiatrist, he may have influenced Fitzgerald's conclusion that Dick Diver was convincing as a psychiatrist.

Zelda Fitzgerald was first institutionalized on 5 June 1930 at Les Rives de Prangins, a psychiatric clinic under the direction of Dr. Oscar Forel, near Geneva, Switzerland. By 15 September 1931, she had reached what, as it happened, was a temporary emotional balance, and she returned with Fitzgerald to America. By 12 February 1932, however, she was overwhelmed by growing irrationality and entered the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Though she did not respond well to the director of the clinic, Dr. Adolph Meyer, who was, in the words

TENDER IS THE NIGHT

A ROMANCE

By
F. Scott Fitzgerald



DECORATIONS BY
EDWARD SHENTON

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1934

Title page of first edition of Tender is the Night

Howell

of a colleague, "too heavy and ponderous and germanic," she responded to Dr. Mildred Squires, a young resident on the staff. And she responded to Dr. Thomas Rennie, described by Nancy Milford as a "handsome bachelor . . . who was intensely interested in literature and who had once wanted to become a playwright . . ."²

Dr. Rennie took over Zelda's case sometime in July or early August of 1932. It is, perhaps, a significant coincidence that her husband's ledger for August 1932 contains the following entry: "The Novel now plotted & planned, never more to be permanently interrupted."³ But there were many interruptions to come. On August 29th, for example, after a violent argument with Scott, Zelda called Dr. Rennie, asking to be institutionalized. And both continued to enlist Dr. Rennie's help during the time Fitzgerald was writing the first draft of *Tender is the Night*—until 6 October 1933 when, some three weeks after he had completed the first draft, Scott wrote Dr. Rennie a letter dismissing him as Zelda's therapist. Convinced that Zelda was manipulating Dr. Rennie and disguising her true state of mind, Fitzgerald put aside his novel about a psychiatrist destroyed by a psychotic woman to tell Rennie that he too was a victim, and that he was making judgments

conditioned on the charm of a very shrewd and canny woman, whose motives, both healthy and pathological, can stand a good examination. . . . I worry sometimes whether you, Tom Rennie, or all your generation will laugh yourselves out of existence before you have begun to think. I *think* you think—but, I'm not absolutely convinced, because you, I am speaking of you personally, can be distracted by stray bits of color . . .⁴

In short, Tom Rennie had, like Dick Diver, succumbed to the charm of the psychotic woman who was Nicole Warren. It seems likely that Fitzgerald was identifying Dr. Rennie with Dr. Diver. But if so, it is not clear when Fitzgerald first made this identification, or to what extent Dr. Diver's character was, to use Fitzgerald's phrase, "conditioned on the charm" of Dr. Rennie.

As Matthew Bruccoli has shown, the genesis of Dick Diver's character was amazingly convoluted. The character was born in 1925 as a matricide named Francis Melarkey, and it developed, with repeated interruptions from 1925 to 1930, under such titles as *Our Type*, *The World's Fair*, *The Melarkey Case*, and *The Boy Who Killed His Mother*. Then in the summer of 1929, Fitzgerald began a radically new approach to the novel, introducing a protagonist named Lew Kelly, a brilliant film director on an extended European vacation with his wife Nicole. But before Fitzgerald could synthesize the characters of Francis Melarkey and Lew Kelly into what became

Dick Diver, he was forced by Zelda's repeated breakdowns, and the mounting medical bills, to abandon the novel for three years and concentrate on writing short fiction for popular magazines such as the *Saturday Evening Post*.⁵ By the time he was able to return to the novel, in July 1932, Zelda had completed *Save Me the Waltz*. Written while she was at the Phipps Clinic during late February and early March of 1932, *Save Me the Waltz* was a thinly disguised fiction based on her life, and clearly revealed her hostility toward Scott and his treatment of her. After correcting both the manuscript and the galleys of *Save Me the Waltz*, Scott was well aware of Zelda's feelings, and felt compelled to defend himself.⁶ Since he believed himself equally victimized by her and her illness, it followed that Dick Diver would be victimized by Nicole.

Seven years earlier Fitzgerald had projected himself as Jay Gatsby and Zelda as Daisy Buchanan, who becomes Gatsby's nemesis in *The Great Gatsby*, published 10 April 1925. And here too the name "Rennie" was associated with a Fitzgerald novel, though after publication. In this case it was James Rennie, the actor who created the role of Gatsby in Owen Davis's dramatic version of the novel which opened at the Ambassador Theatre in New York on 2 February 1926.⁷ Later that year, while Zelda was recuperating from an appendectomy, Fitzgerald and Rennie were drinking companions for two weeks in Paris,⁸ and Fitzgerald offered to write a play for Rennie based on M. R. Werner's novel *Brigham Young*—an offer he subsequently retracted in a letter dated 17 July 1926.⁹

It is interesting that twelve years later, in a letter dated 15 February 1938, Fitzgerald confused the name of James Rennie, the actor, with that of Dr. Thomas Rennie, the would-be playwright who treated Zelda. By now Fitzgerald had apparently forgiven Thomas Rennie for any imagined failure of character, and when a despondent writer named Roger Garis wrote, asking for advice, Fitzgerald recommended that he consult Dr. Rennie. One only hopes that Mr. Garis was not confused when Fitzgerald wrote that

One of the best psychiatrists near you is Dr. James [sic] Rennie, consultant at the Phipps Clinic, Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. He was in charge of my wife and was a kindly friend to me during my own struggle.¹⁰

A collation of this printed letter with the carbon typescript in the F. Scott Fitzgerald Collection at the Princeton University Library suggests that Andrew Turnbull, in editing Fitzgerald's letters, used the carbon typescript as the setting copy; and that Fitzgerald made his error in either writing or

dictating it, after which it was typed by a secretary with the initials "T.B."¹¹ Since this was a long and serious letter to a fellow author, I assume Fitzgerald read the letter over carefully. Perhaps, if my speculation about the setting copy is right, Fitzgerald caught the error on the ribbon copy and corrected it. But I am inclined to doubt it.

Whatever the event, the fact remains: Fitzgerald made a slip (a Freudian slip, if you will) in identifying the psychiatrist Rennie as the actor Rennie. There was, to be sure, a rhetorical logic in associating identical surnames. But there was also for Fitzgerald a thematic logic in associating the actor Rennie, who, in the stage role of Gatsby, succumbed to Daisy's charm, with the aspiring "playwright" Rennie, who, as a psychiatrist, succumbed to Zelda's charm, just as Diver succumbed to Nicole's charm in *Tender is the Night*.

If Dick Diver is not convincing as a psychiatrist, perhaps Fitzgerald's confused visions of his friends Tom and James Rennie were partially to blame.

Notes

1. Henry Dan Piper, *F. Scott Fitzgerald: A Critical Portrait* (1965; rpt. Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois Univ. Press, 1968), p. 223.
2. The biographical details in this paragraph are taken from Nancy Milford's *Zelda: A Biography* (New York: Harper & Row, 1970), pp. 256ff.
3. Cited by Andrew Turnbull, *Scott Fitzgerald* (London: Bodley Head, 1962), p. 217.
4. See Milford, p. 282.
5. For a complete discussion of these genetic details see Matthew J. Bruccoli's *The Composition of Tender is the Night* (Pittsburgh: Univ. of Pittsburgh Press, 1963), pp. 23, 60, 68-69.
6. Piper, p. 192.
7. Arthur Mizener, *The Far Side of Paradise: A Biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (New York: Vintage, 1959), p. 208.
8. Turnbull, pp. 151-52.
9. *Correspondence of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, ed. Matthew J. Bruccoli and Margaret M. Duggan (New York: Random House, 1980), pp. 197-98.
10. *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, ed. Andrew Turnbull (New York: Scribner's, 1963), p. 569.
11. My thanks to Professor Alan Margolies and Princeton University Library for supplying me with copies of the letters by Fitzgerald and Garis in the F. Scott Fitzgerald Collection.

THIS is an invitation to visit my new store at No. 40 Taylor Arcade. I think you may find here much to interest you among the unusual books, pictures, and other things.

It is my purpose to present as they appear in this country or abroad, the noteworthy in literature and art, and to offer exceptional facilities both to keep in touch with modern movements in the literary and artistic world, and to obtain any book or work of art you may desire.

RICHARD LAUKHUFF
Forty Taylor Arcade, Cleveland

Richard Laukhuff's announcement for bookstore opening, 1916

The Making of a Collector Laukhuff's of Cleveland

Philip Kaplan

In 1963, the Morris Library at Southern Illinois University acquired my collection of American expatriate writers. The material consisted of books, manuscripts, letters and ephemera. In this collection nearly every American writer who participated in the expatriate movement is represented.

The collection was over forty years in the making and grew out of my great longing to be part of the Paris scene of the twenties and thirties. I never got to Paris; I was too poor to join the free spirits who wrote such glowing reports on life at the Latin Quarter. But I did the next best thing: I collected everything related to the period. Those were wonderful times for me.

Back in Cleveland I was quite active in the Kokoon Arts Club as a regular member and as President. During the early thirties I was responsible for unusual exhibitions such as the showing of the art of E. E. Cummings, the "Caligrammes" (picture poems) of Robert Carlton Brown, and Donald Corley's fanciful drawings from the old *Rythmus* periodical.

I left Cleveland in 1939 for New York where I became an art director for a large printing firm. I spent the next twenty-five years in that field. In 1972, Hofstra University acquired my collection on the modern art movement. Most of this material was gathered together during my stay in New York. A great deal of it was acquired directly from European and American expatriates who were forced out of Europe prior to WWII. Now, Paris had come to the US; the climate for the returned expatriates quite different, but they tolerated it. Their small possessions helped to sustain them over the trying days of the war. I acquired a great many things directly from the writers and artists. I made many friends and I was happy to be among the expatriates.

Robert Carlton Brown and I had been corresponding for years. I finally met him in New York, and we became good friends. When the Second World War broke out, Bob decided to go back to Brazil for a more peaceful

life in Petropolis. Fifteen years later he returned to the States, at which time I acquired many of his papers which are now at the Morris Library. From time to time I hear from authors who have used the expatriate material at the Morris Library, and I am quite pleased that all my collecting efforts have been put to good use.

I owe a debt to one man in particular for the development of my interests in modern literature and art. The story goes back to my young manhood in the 1920s.

Cleveland in the early 1920s was a cultural city, but I was not aware of it. The day I walked into Richard Laukhuff's book store at 40 Taylor Arcade, culture slapped me in the face and brought me into this world a second time.

I was all of nineteen then, and I knew very little about the world of Cleveland and its people. I was a Russian immigrant and had been in America less than a dozen years. After my eighth grade education I worked at various office jobs until I settled for the one I liked.

That day in spring, I was on my lunch hour and was browsing thru the Arcade when I was attracted to an unusual display of books and color prints. It took a lot of courage for me to enter a shop where I was the only customer. My uneducated eye roamed the store quickly. I was not sure why I was there.

Suddenly, a tall, heavily-built man in shirt sleeves and wearing a flowing bowtie came toward me. He did not ask me what I was looking for but eyed me suspiciously as he circled around me. (In later years, I watched him do the same thing to new customers, usually driving them out of the store in a hurry.) Fortunately, I spied a large collection of magazines in the rear of the shop and made a dash for them. The periodicals were neatly piled in small stacks that included old numbers as well as new ones. I started to thumb my way through issues of *Little Review*, *Broom*, *Liberator*, *Secession*, and many other odd numbers.

I kept my eye on the man, too, whom I later came to know as Richard Laukhuff. I could see the amused look on his face as he watched me going through the periodicals.

I was impressionable. For reasons unknown to me at the time, the little magazines excited me and everything in them seemed to relate to me at once. In no time at all I paid for a dollar's worth and headed for the door.

It was a week later that I came back to buy more of the little mags. I was fascinated by the art, typography, illustration. The absurd prose and

text were to my liking. I was hooked; I could not wait for the next issues to come out.

The strange man in the shop began to recognize me on my weekly visits. His stern face now had an easy smile, and he was curious enough to ask me what I had learned from the magazines that I had been buying. Laukhuff, a good student of human frailties, recognized my limitations and, in a generous mood, he proceeded to give me my first liberal education on modern art and literature — and little magazines. That talk of his changed the course of my life.

Forty Taylor Arcade now became the center of my world. I was not the only one interested in the little mags. As each new issue arrived so would the small group of steady readers. Now, I too became a regular, meaning that I could be found at Laukhuff's three or four times a week. As we gathered around the periodical stand we would have great discussions about the merits of the publications. Laukhuff played his part as moderator, teacher, professor, and advisor. I, for one, digested everything along with my sandwich at these noon-time forums.

My Russian-Polish milieu did not include German intellectuals like Laukhuff, but my open mind made me receptive to all new and fresh ideas as I talked about them with Laukhuff. My educated noon-time friends assured me that Laukhuff's midday lectures were better than any college or university course on the subject of art and literature.

In April of 1922 I bought a copy of E. E. Cummings' *Enormous Room*, a puzzling book at first. I learned to master it and to discuss it with Laukhuff or anyone who challenged it. I followed thru with books by Joyce, Pound, William Carlos Williams, Hart Crane, Waldo Frank, and other writers whom I had read and admired in the little magazines. In a few years under Laukhuff's guidance I had built up a reading library that made me feel important. I added this to my eighth grade diploma and made ready for bigger things.

It was the collection of German art books such as *Die Junge Kunst* that started me on my career as an artist. Now, the names of Paul Klee, Marc Chagall, George Grosz, Otto Dix, and dozens of other Expressionists began to have some meaning to me. I knew no German, but I did try to understand the pictures. I grasped the spirit of German Expressionism and preached and practiced it along with the young and older artists that I met at the night classes of the Cleveland School of Art and at the Kokoon Arts Club.

The understanding of politics was the next big subject to be studied at 40 Taylor Arcade. Laukhuff stressed that radicals were most important to any society and had to be supported if you believed in them. His analyses of world politics were carefully studied by the noon-day liberals.

Sitting behind his desk at the back of the store, Laukhuff looked more like a newspaper editor than bookseller. He was constantly cleaning his desk for action. A lusty and earthy man, he played many roles during the day. He was teacher, philosopher, humorist all in one.

Laukhuff had a genuine interest in everything that was going on in the world outside his shop. He listened to the young and old as they discussed the local yokels, the city fathers, national politics, crimes against humanity, the blunders of a stuffy society, the ravings of the poets, and the wild paintings of the artists.

As father confessor, he listened to the newspaper men as they spilled out the truths about the front page stories. Laukhuff was a confidant to many; he listened and respected your privacy.

Laukhuff did not have time to read all the books that he ordered and depended on his customers to report to him and make recommendations. I had to report my findings regularly on the magazine and art books that came from his shop.

Laukhuff also played an important role in the founding of the Cleveland Playhouse. Tickets for performances were sold from his shop, which was also a meeting place for many actors, directors, stage designers, and playwrights.

To reach many of his customers who were spread over the city, Laukhuff issued small bulletins. These were printed by Horace Carr, a disciple of William Morris who slightly resembled him in appearance. The famous Rowfant Club in Cleveland relied on Horace Carr to produce some of its fine books.

Laukhuff was not one to tolerate ordinary book tastes. He directed people to the big department stores for the commonplace books. He would not hesitate to show a new customer how to open a book properly. Ladies wearing gloves were asked to remove them before handling the books. Those who dared to mistreat a book were ordered out of the shop and the damaged copy was thrown in the wastebasket.

Laukhuff never played the part of a censor, and books that could not be obtained in any of the local shops could be bought at 40 Taylor Arcade. One day in the late 1920's, I asked Laukhuff if he had a copy of the then banned *Ulysses*. He had one, and he promptly sold it to me—and not at

a bootleg price. He showed a little concern when he saw me bouncing out of the shop with the book under my arm, but he felt better later when I told him that *Ulysses* was my bible from then on.

Laukhuff was a practical man, capable of doing hard work and menial labor, doing anything and everything to start his shop and to keep it going.

He developed a method of assembling bookcases from knockdown boxes that he would order from time to time. These unassembled boxes were quickly put together and then stacked one on top of the other until eventually they reached the ceiling.

Promptly at nine every morning, six days a week, Laukhuff opened his shop to let in fresh air and any customer who might be waiting at the door. By that time, the shop was freshly cleaned and swept, a ritual that Laukhuff performed daily.

Along with the books he had an exhibition wall where he showed works by Burchfield, the Zorachs, William Sommer, Henry Keller, and others.

In the spring of 1916, on the opening of his shop, Laukhuff sent out his brochure, "Remarks." To quote:

In a bookshop the books are the main thing - or should be. Therefore, in arranging my shop, I have tried to make every book easily accessible by keeping the bookshelves all within reach, and by classifying the books according to a simple and intelligible system. Realizing also that most people want to examine a book before buying it, I have provided the convenience of a reading room, so that customers may do so comfortably. I believe that those men and women to whom book-buying is something of a spiritual adventure, will find here the atmosphere, the quiet, and the calm that makes such adventure possible.

Cleveland at that time had its share of bookshops. The one feature about Laukhuff's was that it was a genuine bookshop, no knick-knacks, candies, stationery, or Kitsch art were sold here. The shop itself was the size of a small store, one of the many rented to various tradesmen by the W. H. Taylor Co. Laukhuff's at 40 Taylor Arcade had a very large window across the whole front, its entrance was to the right.

One day in 1926 I declared myself an artist. I showed Laukhuff a small watercolor self-portrait done in an expressionist style. To my amazement he liked the picture very much and asked if I would sell it to him. His enthusiasm for the little sketch overwhelmed me. Since I owed him some money for books, it was an easy matter for me to decide to sell him the watercolor at once. He was my first patron. Later I found out that Laukhuff bought art from many of the artists who came to the shop.



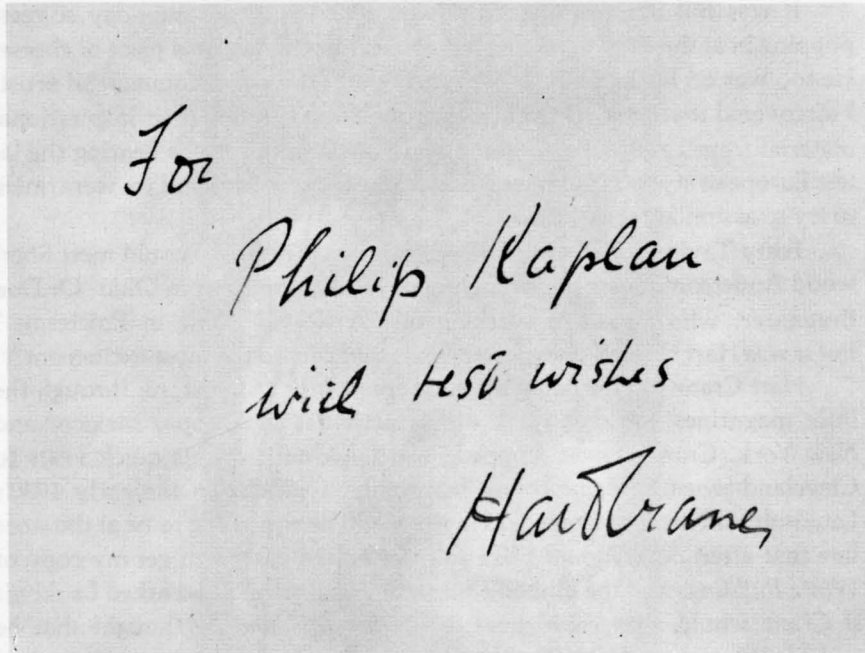
Bookmark designed by architect William Lescaze (1896 - 1969). Lescaze lived in Cleveland briefly in 1923, shortly after arriving in this country from Switzerland. It is probably during this stay that he designed the bookmark shown here for Laukhuff. See Robert A.M. Stern, "Howe and Lescaze," George Howe, Yale University Press, 1975.

It was Bill Sommer the artist who livened up the noonday soirees, popping in at the shop munching an apple and nibbling on a piece of cheese. He too was on his lunch-hour. When I finally became a commercial artist, I discovered that most of the artists around were getting their inspirational material from Laukhuff's. German and French publications bearing the latest European styles in commercial art came in regularly, and we were quick to try to assimilate their ideas.

Forty Taylor Arcade was full of surprises. There one could meet Sherwood Anderson during his struggling days when he lived in Ohio. Or Don Braganzer, who was then working on "A Round Table in Poictesme." But it was Hart Crane's unexpected visits that caused the most excitement.

Hart Crane's name came up quite frequently at the store; through the little magazines we kept track of his activities in Europe, Mexico, and New York. Crane always stopped in at Laukhuff's on his quick visits to Cleveland when he came to see his family. One day in the early 1930's Laukhuff told me that Crane was in town and he was going to be at the store late that afternoon. Would I like to meet him? I rushed to get my copy of *White Buildings* and the limited edition of *The Bridge*. I had asked Laukhuff if Crane would autograph these copies for me, and he thought that he would. When I was introduced to him, I was impressed at meeting a real poet, although he didn't look like one to me. During our pleasant conversation we discussed all sorts of little magazines and their editors and the personalities involved with the magazines. I finally had enough courage to pull out my two Crane books and to ask if he would inscribe them. He said that he would be delighted.

Somehow at that moment the conversation turned to Crane's recent escapades in Paris. I knew little about them except for what I had read in the Cleveland papers. There was also some mention in the little magazines of how Crane defended himself against "lesflics," that he had injured a few of them before they locked him up. It was a scandalous story, and I did not have the full details as to why he was jailed. Drunkenness was the main reason, but there were other things mentioned. Young and impressionable, I naturally thought that Crane was the victor in this event and was to be praised. But the more I talked about the incident the more disturbed Crane became. All of a sudden with no warning, Crane looked at his watch and said, "I must go now. Leave the books here and I will autograph them later". As he ran out of the store I realized what I had said. Laukhuff walked around me for a few turns and then said "That was a bright thing to tell the man. To remind a man who had been sent to jail,



A Hart Crane presentation inscription to Kaplan when both were in Cleveland

what a pleasant stay he had in jail and how he came out the victor." Whatever sensitivity I thought I had on this occasion had failed me.

Laukhuff had introduced me to Crane as the man who was responsible for the current E. E. Cummings exhibition of paintings at the Kokoon Arts Club. I was rather proud of the exhibit and invited Crane to see it. Crane did go to see the show; his name is the last one in the visitor's book. The following day after the incident at the store, Laukhuff handed me the autographed books each with a small inscription.

One day when I arrived at 40 Taylor Arcade, Laukhuff told me that I had just missed seeing Langston Hughes. I was a great admirer of Hughes's poetry at the time, and I was disappointed at missing him. Luckily the local paper published a story on him, and I was able to visit him at the apartment house where his stepfather was custodian. We met and got along quite well, as we were both about the same age. I brought my copies of his poems with me and he was pleased when I asked if he would inscribe the books. I tried to arrange an evening with Hughes as a guest of the Kokoon Club, which was just around the corner from where he was staying. When my

club members found out that Hughes was black, they would have no part of it. A black poet was no different to them than a black janitor.

When other Cleveland bookstores failed to have certain books, or if a customer needed information, they always recommended Laukhuff's. He was not considered competition. Reporters on the three main newspapers were constantly in touch with him.

The Cleveland Playhouse directors, stage designers and actors counted on Laukhuff for the latest development in the European theatres. Art students as well as professors of the subject combed through a huge selection of German Art prints for inspirational material. *Gerlach's Jugendbücherei* series published in Vienna between 1910 and 1920 were beautiful little books that sold for around a dollar. The books inspired many a costume for the annual Kokoon Bal Masque as well as the poster for the occasion. The painter Charles Burchfield, another customer, was greatly impressed by the illustrators in the Gerlach books. Architects like William Lescaze, Hugh Ferriss, and others were regulars.

The depression came along and that almost ruined all of us. My activities at this time were more political than artistic. Now we were involved with the *New Masses*, the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and a good many left-wing magazines. The problem of the day was survival and to plan for a new society. Then WPA came along and that somewhat eased the economic problem for some of the artists and writers in Cleveland.

With the rise of Hitler as a power, Laukhuff, with his German background, again began to feel the pressures of the community that almost ruined him in 1918. When his wife, Hermine, came back from a visit to Germany, she brought back newspapers with facts and figures that proved the destruction that was going on in Germany at the time.

By 1939, Cleveland was becoming stifling to me. It was at Laukhuff's suggestion that I decided to come to New York. After I had settled in the big city with my wife, daughter, seventy-five cartons of books, and a job, I wrote to Laukhuff about my work and my new friends. He in turn wrote to me:

Dear Friend Mr. Kaplan. What a great treat you gave us with the Dali catalogue and it came just today, your usual visiting day at 40 Taylor Arcade. It interested me a great deal, looking so to say into the workshop of Dali and his work. What a show it must have been. We are glad that you found a position. And by and by you will find a way out to what you can and would like to do. I for one miss your visits and our talks, some very valuable finds came to me out of our conversations. But I realize that for you it needed a large space to move around in. For that reason I enjoyed knowing you were where things go on and are done. If you occasionally see a book or a catalogue that may interest me or us, drop me a postal. It would be most appreciated.

Laukhuff's of Cleveland

I can then send for it. Cleveland has laid an egg, a magazine called *Crossroads* No. 1 is out, if you have not seen it let me know and I will send you a copy. I have a feeling, a desire to keep in touch with you. Good wishes to you and your family. Thanks to you, sincerely, Richard Laukhuff."

I was to see Laukhuff on three or four occasions after I had left Cleveland. It was always very pleasant to visit him and to talk books. The store had not changed since 1916. The same amount of books were still visible and the same amount of activities were still going on. In the 1950s, Richard Laukhuff died at the age of 81. His wife Hermine ran the store for a few more years after that and, finding it too much to carry on by herself, she finally closed shop. Most of the books were bought up by one library, and remain there to this day in Peninsula, Ohio.

Laukhuff's personal books, the ones that he kept at home, were in Mrs. Laukhuff's care for many years. It was a fortunate day for me when I wrote to her and asked her about the books at home, and at that time she told me that she was prepared to sell some of them. Since 1960 I have acquired a great many of these books and they are now in my library. Most of the books are in German and pertain to the fine art of printing and art and illustrated books, and the avant-garde of Germany. My German is quite poor, but I have learned a great deal from these books and a great deal about Laukhuff through them.

He had impeccable taste and could discuss a book from all angles with the book salesman who showed him advance copies. He would test to see how the book opened, look at the type face, look at the title page, study the jacket and pass on his opinion to the salesman for what it was worth. The life of a bookseller is not an easy one. In the case of Laukhuff, where he was "alone in the store," there was a great deal of work to be done. In spite of all this, he had the time to educate and work with someone who needed his attention. I owe a great deal to him, and I am happy to have known him during my formative years.

Laukhuff remained an individual all his life and encouraged individualism. In the shop he was always seen in a white short-sleeved shirt, wearing a flowing black bowtie. He wore his hair in a longish manner and looked not unlike Stefan George or like many of the German Poets of the early 1900s. And, as he said in one letter to me, "People are alright as long as they are themselves. The politicians, and demagogues, and other gangsters spoil them by grouping them. What damage closely-knit lodges and societies have done to the people cannot be estimated." To me it is the Richard Laukhuffs of this world who are important.

Contributors

RICHARD J. FINNERAN, Professor of English, Newcomb College, Tulane University, is general editor (with George Mills Harper) of the forthcoming Collected Edition of the Works of W. B. Yeats, in which his new edition of the *Poems* will be the first volume.

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JOHN M. HOWELL's descriptive bibliography of the writings of John Gardner has recently been published by the SIU Press. An Associate Professor in the SIU-C English department, Howell has published extensively on Hemingway and Faulkner.

PHILIP KAPLAN formerly was an art director for a large commercial firm. He is a collector who knows what he collects. In April he received the Friends of Morris Library's "Friend of the Friends" award for his long interest and significant contributions to the library's stature and collections.

GARY PHILLIPS wrote his PhD dissertation for the SIU-C English department on the history of the Dublin Drama League. He has traveled in Ireland and is working on several Irish projects, including a study of Conal O'Riordan.

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By Richard A. Lawson
and George J. Mavigliano



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