



# BANCROFTIANA

*Hubert H. Bancroft*

## FIAT LUX REDUX *Ansel Adams and Clark Kerr*

*To look at the University of California is to look at California itself—its land, its people, and their problems—into the civilization rushing toward us from the future. There are few aspects of California . . . with which the University is not concerned.*

In 1963, the University of California Regents hired two artists to picture our university's future. One was a photographer, the other a writer. Together they were asked to imagine, as much as possible, the next hundred years.

The project, called "Fiat Lux," was one of the most prescient and imaginative initiated by former University of California President Clark Kerr. He asked photographer Ansel Adams and writer Nancy Newhall to create a book that would commemorate the upcoming centennial celebration of the University of California in 1968. Kerr proposed the idea rather abruptly to them at a reception at UC Santa Cruz. Kerr met Adams and Newhall at the door, pointed to them and said: "You're going to do the centennial book on the University." Adams replied, "Well, why not?"

The book was to "capture and relate in photographs the appearance and spirit of the campuses and activities of the University of California. . . . It is intended that your book

will emphasize the prospective view for the university and that it will present a sense of the opportunities which lie ahead."

The result was a project that spanned four years and produced over 6,700 negatives and 605 fine prints—all of which the UC Regents own. From 1963-67, both Adams and Newhall toured the state, visiting nine campuses and dozens of scientific field stations, observatories, and agricultural outposts. They produced a book called *Fiat Lux* in 1967, the very year that Kerr himself was fired.

The photographs in the *Fiat Lux* collection capture the sense of optimism and even hubris that guided these heady

days of UC expansion. One sees modernist buildings plunked down in sometimes quite barren locations, cerebral outposts in arid California landscapes, or, in the case of Santa Cruz, a new campus emerging from the ruins of a dilapidated old farm. In the great surge of planning and expansion inaugurated by Clark Kerr's legendary 1960 Master Plan of Higher Education, the university toiled to prepare for a "tidal wave" of new student enrollments. The university expected it would need to double its capacity in a single decade: in actuality it tripled. "On many campuses," Adams and Newhall said, "the University was being torn down, rebuilt and expanded at a rate unbelievable, perhaps, except

*Continued on page 4*



*Gelatin silver print by Ansel Adams, Fiat Lux Photograph Collection, University Archives [UARC PIC 1800:569] UC Riverside Geology Professors Gordon P. Eaton and Frank W. Dickson Lead Students into Joshua Tree National Monument, December 1966.*



From the Director

## BIG FIND

### *Bancroft as Museum for a Day*

Two things that distinguish libraries and research collections from museums are the proportion of their holdings they display on a given day and the kind of access they give patrons to the treasures of the collections. Museums, particularly larger traditional ones, generally display materials at all times, often in multiple exhibitions. Some of these are permanent, while others are

materials they wish to study, however, their engagement with the artifacts under examination tends to be more extensive and intimate than the experience of the visitor at a museum show attempting to contemplate a painting over the shoulders of other viewers, or an object in a showcase just far enough out of sight to be not quite intelligible. There are good reasons for these different ways of preserving treasures while providing access to them. But this logic is not always obvious to patrons. At Bancroft we often hear the wistful statements of visitors



*David Pettus and Gail Jones admire the Codex Fernández Leal facsimile.*



*San Francisco Public Library Curator Susie Taylor looks at images from the San Francisco Examiner Archives.*

who know the range of our holdings but see so few of them on display at any given time: “Is this all there is?” they ask. “Is that all you’ve got?”

In talking about this response at Bancroft last spring, we realized that many of our supporters, not to mention our colleagues and families, have little sense of the

room were turned into exhibit spaces on June 20. Master printer Les Ferriss supervised the printing of a handbill in the pressroom, and the historians in the Regional Oral History Office both conducted interviews and screened clips from completed projects. There were gallery talks for those who had not yet visited the exhibit, “A Place at the Table.” And on the mezzanine guests of all ages played Bancroft Bingo on cards created expressly for the event by Lorna Kirwan. They featured images from the gigantic new montages she and Alison Wannamaker had designed for the corridor display cases, which were unveiled for the first time at the open house. These

evanescent constellations of artifacts assembled around a particular idea for one time only. Research collections by contrast tend to keep most of their treasures out of sight, producing them only at the request of individual visitors. Once these researchers receive (carefully supervised) access to the mate-

materials we each work with daily or the contributions that individual staff members make toward building and preserving the collections. With this in mind we decided to suspend business as usual at Bancroft and for a single day turn our research institution into a very particular kind of museum. Staff members, who are normally as far out of public view as the treasures they interpret and care for, would actively introduce to the public some of their ‘favorite things.’ Under the imaginative leadership of Susan Snyder, Head of Public Services, Bancroft specialists designed and presented to our guests 28 onetime exhibits. All the seminar rooms and the reading



*Ann Lage, Affiliate Scholar of the Regional Oral History Office, greets those interested in recording an oral history or seeing how it is done.*

pastiches bring together items from a range of Bancroft collections under the themes “Travel,” “Adventure,” “Action,” and “Whimsy.” Hotdogs served on the lawn by Top Dog rounded off the



*Cate Hewitt, granddaughter of Friends Council Member David Hartley, views the brass emblem.*



*UC Professor of Earth and Planetary Science Walter Alvarez and Video/Web Editor of ROHO David Dunham look into an oral history.*

morning, giving everyone a chance to enjoy the sunshine and continue their conversations about the many “Big Finds” they had made together at The Bancroft Museum for Day.



*Guests compete at Bancroft Bingo.*

More than 180 guests and staff members participated in this experiment of ours. Some visitors reported that they had wondered for a long time about what went on in Bancroft. Others brought their friends and relatives along for the day. Here are a couple of their comments.

Harriett Burt wrote, “I want to tell you what an outstanding experience it was and how pleased I was to become acquainted with the ‘inside’ of

The Bancroft. I am a former junior high history teacher and a current writer on local history in Contra Costa County. To me, the Bancroft has always been this rather non-approachable icon of historic preservation with little or no chance for an ordinary person to view any of its treasures or learn the full scope of its activities and its collections. So I jumped at the chance to go. The selection of presentations was varied and well laid out. The enthusiasm of the specialists was infectious even on subjects one might have thought one wouldn’t find that interesting. And frankly, it was rather thrilling to actually be allowed inside a building I used to walk past in the late 50s when a Cal student and to impress the Oral History hosts enough to be invited in to talk about Martinez a bit that morning. So I think this is a wonderful idea and I very much hope you continue it although I know it must be a lot of work on a very quick turnaround.”

Tom Cass (class of 1958) and his granddaughter came to the open house together.



*Sing and Kin Tang study photo documentation of California History.*



*Christina Cohen and granddaughter Kasey Zimmerman gaze at the Wimmer nugget and other Gold Rush artifacts.*

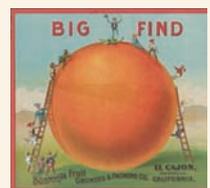


*Guests and staff enjoy a “Topdog” lunch on the roof-top lawn beside The Bancroft Library.*

“I was very pleased to receive the invitation to attend the Open House, and even more pleased with the reception that we received at the Bancroft. My granddaughter, Kacey, who is only 12, did find many things of interest, and would learn even more if a future open house were to be held. She had never been to the Berkeley campus, and she left with a favorable impression and a desire to see and learn more.”

Peg Skorpinski’s wonderful photos tell a more complete story of the day.

*Elaine C. Tennant  
James D. Hart Director  
The Bancroft Library*



FIAT LUX REDUX *Continued from page 1*

by eyewitnesses. Buildings were being demolished and carted away. Bulldozers were excavating new sites and roads, and carving out new landscapes. Cranes were lifting up girders and swinging shapes of precast concrete into place. . . . Visually, the University was in metamorphosis.”

Both Adams and Newhall recognized that “there has never been a more exciting time through which to view the university.” Now, fifty years later, the University of California faces some of the most difficult times in its history. The public good in California is imperiled, and the University, as a public institution, is no exception. While there have been fiscal emergencies throughout the UC’s 144-year history, the present crisis is of historic propor-

tions, with schemes for privatization as well as calls for disaggregation of campuses and schools voiced with unparalleled frequency and resonance. How UC weathers this epoch will have profound implications for the State of California.

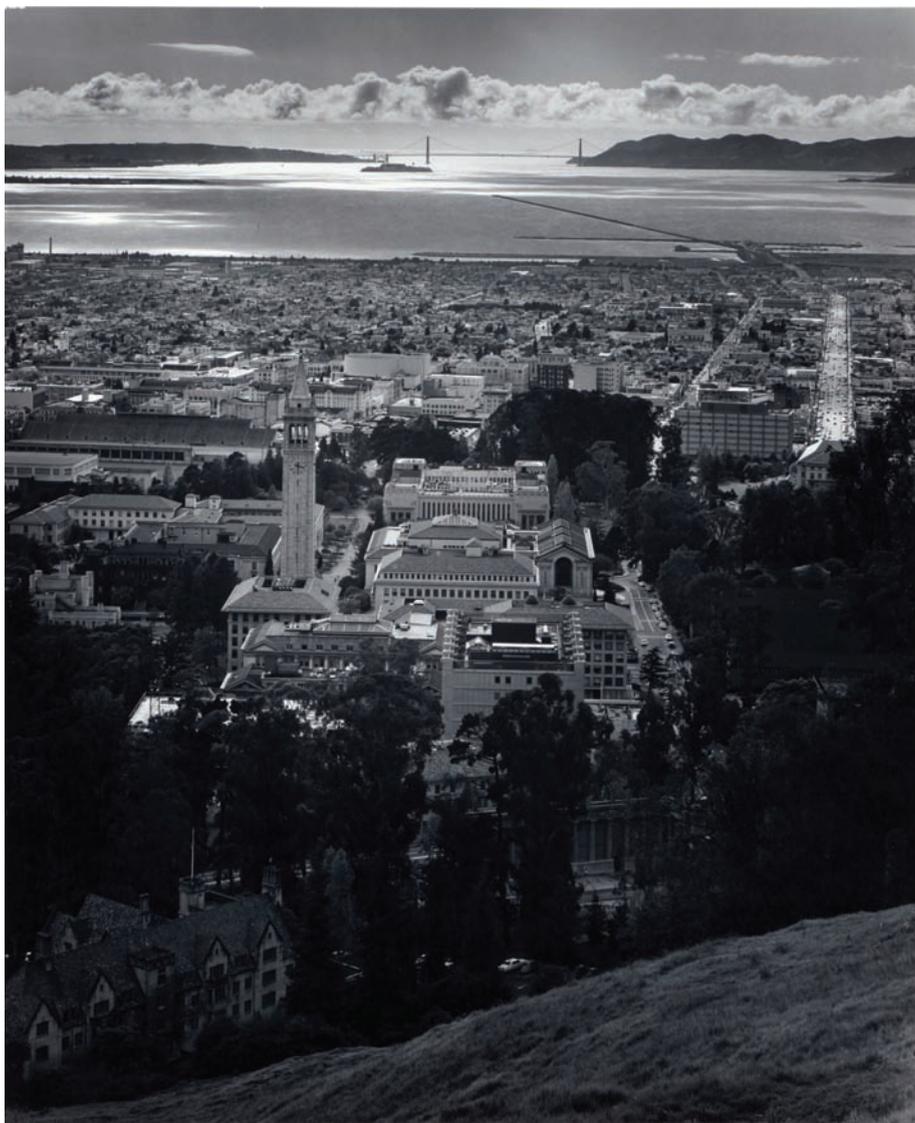
The exhibition *Fiat Lux Redux: Ansel Adams and Clark Kerr*, currently running at The Bancroft Library through February 28, 2013, is designed to engage the university community in a visionary reflection both about our collective past and our prospective future. In addition to displaying 50 of Ansel Adams’s fine prints, *Fiat Lux Redux* features archival materials drawn from The Bancroft Library’s collections related to both the book and the controversial Kerr himself, including magazines, newspapers, handbills, and snapshots that docu-

ment Kerr’s vision for the Master Plan, his participation in the Cold War era’s Loyalty Oath controversy, and his handling of the Free Speech Movement (which ended in his ignominious dismissal by the Regents). By bringing these two figures, Kerr and Adams, into view and conversation with each other, the exhibition is designed to promote and stimulate not only an appreciation and awareness of Bancroft’s remarkable archival holdings, but also demonstrate the archive’s importance and value as a resource for the university community as it struggles to address intelligently and with imagination our present challenges.

Clark Kerr once called *Fiat Lux* “the most handsome portrait of a university in its immense variety of activities and scenes that I have ever seen.” Adams’s images and Nancy Newhall’s text certainly provide a remarkable portrait of UC at a defining moment in its history. These artists managed to bring coherence to UC’s geographic and disciplinary profusion of activities while at the same time making the university’s “product”—knowledge—visible.

When interpreted next to Kerr’s *The Uses of the University*, the first three chapters of which were delivered as lectures at Harvard in 1963, one sees a parallel portrait of the University of California. Perhaps we can perceive both in Kerr’s text and Adams’s photos evidence of omissions and partial views, indications of underlying problems that would prove to be endemic to Kerr’s “multiversity.” For instance, students are obliquely represented in the *Fiat Lux* collection, and they are almost never named. There are no images taken in undergraduate classrooms and very few images of the student unrest so emblematic of the 1960s, when Adams was taking these photographs. Likewise, the representation of the undergraduate experience as depicted by Kerr in *The Uses of the University* was a source of controversy during the Free Speech Movement, which reinterpreted Kerr’s “knowledge industry” as a “knowledge factory.” Interestingly machines play a particularly prominent role in Adams’s *Fiat Lux* photos.

One can trace other common connections between Kerr’s writings and *Fiat Lux*, such as the recurrence of the



Gelatin silver print by Ansel Adams, *Fiat Lux Photograph Collection*, University Archives [UARC PIC 1800:158] West from the Big “C” (Late PM into Sun) UC Berkeley and the Golden Gate, April 1965.

phase “Cities of Intellect.” Another central concept from Kerr’s *The Uses of the University* was his neologism the “multiversity,” which he described as an institution that is “so many things to so many different people that it must, of necessity, be partially at war with itself.” With the University of California portrayed as a quintessential example of the multiversity, Kerr noted that while all communities should have a soul or a single animating principle, “the multiversity has several—some of them quite good, although there is much debate on which souls really deserve salvation.” Should we view the *Fiat Lux* photographs as a visual expression and representation of Kerr’s multiversity? Or does Adams’s artistic rendering of UC serve as an antidote to the multiversity’s sprawl? As Kerr himself later noted in 1991, if the project *Fiat Lux* were commissioned today, it would probably end up being a “day in the life” project, with multiple artists presenting images taken on a single day. What is gained and lost by having the UC system portrayed through the eyes of one photographer?

There is also the question of what it means to make a portrait, and what the creator of that portrait can and cannot show. By Kerr’s own admission, *The Uses of the University* as a self-portrait of UC in 1963 was too candid. He depicted the multiversity’s aspirations and achievements while also speaking candidly of its underlying weaknesses and pathologies. He also spoke very much as an insider. Whereas *Fiat Lux* was a portrait by an outsider—someone whose own formal education ended in middle school. As a commercial



Gelatin silver print by Ansel Adams, *Fiat Lux Photograph Collection*, University Archives [UARC PIC 1800:524] The Cal Marching Banc Pre-Football Game Parade, UC Berkeley, 1966.



Gelatin silver print by Pirkle Jones, *The Bancroft Library [Portrait File]* Clark Kerr, Ansel Adams, and Joel Hildebrand, Charter Day 1961.

photographer, Adams needed to please his client. In the vast *Fiat Lux* archive can we see a critical engagement with the university through the lens of Adams, the quintessential conservationist?

*Fiat Lux Redux* invites us, the people of today, to see the future that our past imagined. We are now fifty years into the future that Ansel Adams and Nancy Newhall were asked to depict. Have we become what they saw? And perhaps more significantly, given the precarious circumstances in which we now find ourselves, how does

our university see its future today? If UC students in 2012 were asked to take photographs depicting our university’s future, what would they show? The *Fiat Lux* images are full of expansive horizons, drawing our eyes upwards with a feeling of buoyant, optimistic expectation. But would photographs of UC’s future taken in 2012 depict any horizons at all? Might students just submit images of their bank statements reflecting the legacy of educational debt with which their futures are now saddled?

*Fiat Lux Redux* invites our community to see these images from our past and to participate in the larger project of reimagining the university’s future. The exhibit is on view through February 28, 2013. Admission to the exhibition is free, and the Gallery is open Monday through Friday from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm. More information about *Fiat Lux Redux* can be found at <http://bancroft.berkeley.edu/Exhibits/onexhibit.html#fiatlux>.

—Catherine Cole  
Co-Curator of *Fiat Lux Redux*



And on men's fashions. Ninety years before George Costanza announced his desire to "drape himself in velvet," Mark Twain was expressing the same preference:

*I would like to dress in a loose and flowing costume made all of silks and velvets, resplendent with all the stunning dyes of the rainbow, and so would every sane man I have ever known; but none of us dares to venture it. There is such a thing as carrying conspicuousness to the point of discomfort; and if I should appear on Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morning, at church time, clothed as I would like to be clothed, the churches would be vacant and I should have all the congregations tagging after me, to look, and secretly envy, and publicly scoff. It is the way human beings are made; they are always keeping their real feelings shut up inside, and publicly exploiting their fictitious ones.*

Mark Twain's Technicolor dream-coat never materialized. But the outfit he did choose to challenge humanity with—a white suit, worn out of season—made the desired impression, and has become part of his eternal image:

*One of my sorrows, when the summer ends, is that I must put off my cheery and comfortable white clothes and enter for the winter into the depressing captivity of the shapeless and degrading black ones. It is mid-October now, and the weather is growing cold up here in the New Hampshire hills, but it will not succeed in freezing me out of these white garments, for here the neighbors are few, and it is only of crowds that I am afraid. . . .*

*Little by little I hope to get together courage enough to wear white clothes all through the winter, in New York. It will be a great satisfaction to me to show off in this way; and perhaps the largest of all the satisfactions will be the knowledge that every scoffer, of my sex, will secretly envy me and wish he dared to follow my lead.*

In the autobiography, Mark Twain's willingness to flout convention and shock his contemporaries is in an ongoing dance with his own, equally deeply felt, desire to retain society's approval and the safety and pleasure it confers. No other of his books gives more evidence of these warring desires. An alert and combative series of dictations from June 1906 serves as an outlet for his agnosticism, which, on the evidence of this extract, had a good grounding in comparative religion:

*We borrow the Golden Rule from Confucius, after it has seen service for centuries, and copyright it without a blush. When we want a Deluge we go away back to hoary Babylon and borrow it, and are as proud of it and as satisfied with it as if it had been worth the trouble. We still revere it and admire it, to-day, and claim that it came to us direct from the mouth of the Deity; whereas we know that Noah's flood never happened, and couldn't have happened. The flood is a favorite with Bible-makers. If there is a Bible—or even a tribe of savages—that lacks a General Deluge it is only because the religious scheme that lacks it hadn't any handy source to borrow it from.*

*Another prime favorite with the authors of sacred literature and founders of religions is the Immaculate Conception. It had been worn threadbare before we adopted it as a fresh new idea—and we admire it as much now as did the original conceiver of it when his mind was delivered of it a million years ago. The Hindoos prized it ages ago*



Mark Twain on board the S. S. Minneapolis, 8 June 1907.

*when they acquired Krishna by the Immaculate process. The Buddhists were happy when they acquired Gautama by the same process twenty-five hundred years ago. The Greeks of the same period had great joy in it when their Supreme Being and his cabinet used to come down and people Greece with mongrels half human and half divine. The Romans borrowed the idea from Greece, and found great happiness in Jupiter's Immaculate Conception products. We got it direct from Heaven, by way of Rome. We are still charmed with it. . . .*

*The Immaculate Conception rests wholly upon the testimony of a single witness—a witness whose testimony is without value—a witness whose very existence has nothing to rest upon but the assertion of the young peasant wife whose husband needed to be pacified. Mary's testimony satisfied him, but that is because he lived in Nazareth, instead of New York. There isn't any carpenter in New York that would take that testimony at par.*

— Benjamin Griffin  
Editor, Mark Twain Project

## TOM LEONARD, *University Librarian*, talks about *why Bancroft matters*

The Bancroft collections illuminate the big questions on campus today, especially the role of new people and new enterprises that are changing California. We get to these big questions by paying attention, as Bancroft does, to the way small communities and start-ups took root here.

This is the place to study the swell of newcomers—first the Spanish and other Europeans, later people from Asia and South America and American minorities. Hubert Howe Bancroft (1832-1918) also went to great lengths to document the resident Native Americans in this cultural encounter. Everyone who came West had their narratives of hardships and adaptation and none can be understood in isolation.

The collection chronicles the increasing wealth in the state realized during the two world wars. Sitting in Bancroft you can follow daring enterprises such as the construction of railroads, reservoirs, bridges, and highways. Kaiser is an example of one important industrial force here, though it is now best known as a pioneering health care system. The blossoming of biotech in the Bay Area continues this theme.

But success can be measured in many ways, and the Bancroft has always been interested in Californians who scoffed at “progress.” Bohemians, Beats, Hippies, New Agers, reformers and revolutionaries of every stripe are as much at home in our collections as what we now call “the one percent.” The recent exhibit on the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgendered community had an evocative title, “A Place at the Table.” Sitting in this library and taking your pick of people and organizations that have shaped California gives you a chance to find your own voice about the West.

Looking out at our students, you will notice a more global population than the campus has seen before (though no more international, perhaps, than the society of immigrants and visitors that Hubert Howe Bancroft saw outside his library window in the 19th century). It is hard to use the library and not be struck by the record of vibrant change and new ways of organizing the world.

—Thomas Leonard

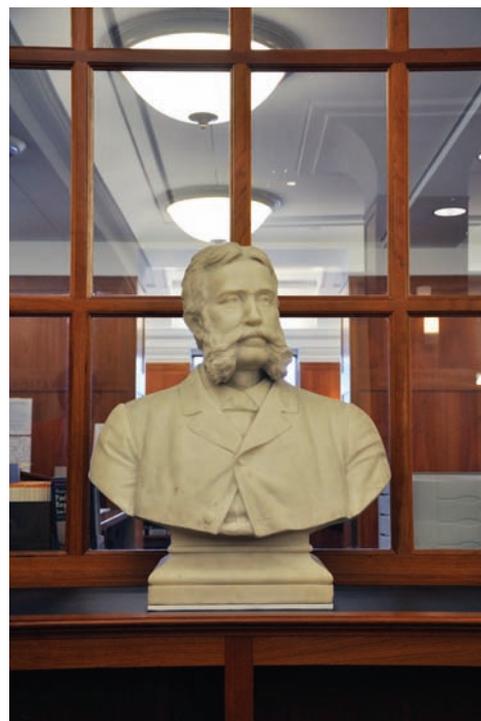
*The Kenneth and Dorothy Hill University Librarian*



## HHB Arrives Safely Back Home

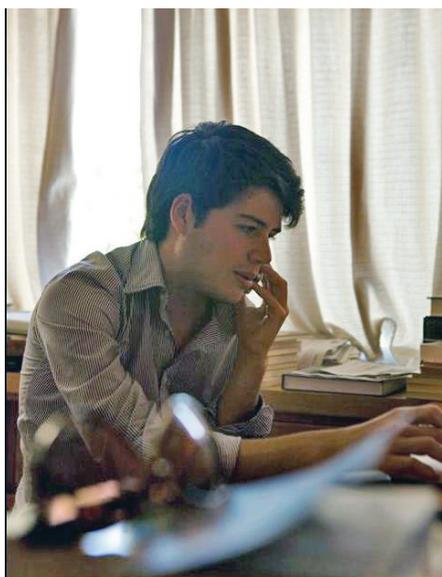
Some things aren't as easily done as said. Restoring the bust of Hubert Howe Bancroft to a place of honor in the newly enhanced library was one of those. The bust was commissioned by Bancroft's sons from Danish emigré sculptor Johannes S. Gelert and presented as a gift to the University in August 1908, three years after its purchase of their father's remarkable collection. For decades the bust graced the foyer of the 'old Bancroft,' where each visitor first met the collector before entering the reading room to consult the collections. During the reconstruction and the three-and-half-year interval since The Bancroft Library reopened in January 2009, the bust has slept in storage, awaiting the selection of a proper site and a seismically secure installation in the redesigned space. Hubert Howe Bancroft was finally reinstalled in the reference room of his library in June, just in time for the first Friends & Family Day—with forklift and a lot of very careful attention from the specialists at Atthowe Fine Arts Services. It's so nice to have him back where he belongs!

Photos by Peter Hanff



## Becoming Mexican: *A Collection*

I should first start by saying that collecting books is not a hobby for me. It is a way of seeing, perceiving, and touching. It is a way of seeing the world, a way of perceiving life, and a way of touching my own intellect. In short, I am what many would call a “bibliophile.” Being a bibliophile is an unconditional commitment that requires every second of life.



*The author explores his prized and very personal book collection.*

My passion for reading started at an early age. I had the good fortune of being born into a family where letters hold an important place. Instead of being in the branches of trees, I was at the family’s library. As an only child, my books became my closest friends. The books were the vehicles towards other worlds, other dimensions, and other realities. Poems, novels, and short stories raised me. At the same time, they were the tools for autognosis: tools by which I discovered the unknown areas of my being.

During my high school years I based my preferences in regards to books on their typography, paper, or odor. It was in this instant that the voracious reader fused together with the book lover. This new-found love took me to the systematic purchase of books, in a word, to bibliophily. I went to the libraries every two days. I saved every dollar to buy new books. I began

this devotion and I believe that it will never end. Love longs forever and never dies; we die sooner. Thus, I will die before my love for books ever does.

The first purchases were a response to impulses. At first, I randomly bought history, literature, and poetry. Gradually, an interest that traversed all of my previous preferences was constructed. It was the notion of the “Mexican being.” As the years passed I knew less about myself. I asked myself: Who am I? Where do I belong? Here, there, anywhere? What does it mean to be Mexican? These questions continuously lead my life as well as my collection.

I see nations and nationalities not as things given, but rather as constructions. Referring to the Mexican case, I argue that the intellectual, economic, and political elite played an important role in the construction of the Mexican being. Following those ideas, I collect the books, pamphlets, and magazines produced by these elites that contributed to the construction of the Mexican nation and the Mexican being.

I own some of the classics of Mexican historiography because I think that the historical discourse played an important role in the constitution of the modern nation-states. I have also gathered what I call “nationalistic historiography,” i.e., books of nationalistic history produced mainly with governmental resources and publications produced by the Mexican government in the post revolutionary years. Among these, the most important are the publications for children because I believe it is during our childhood that nationalist sentiments are developed. I have not only been concerned with collecting those books written by Mexicans. I also care about the vision of foreigners concerning Mexico and the “Mexican being.” In some way, who we are is constructed by the ideas that the “Other” has about us. In other words, to know what it means to be Mexican, we need

to study not only what the Mexicans think about themselves, but also what foreigners think about them.

I strongly believe that a collector must always talk and write about his collection because his passion for books can work as a wand to find new sources or to see old sources with new eyes. Especially these days when the future of the book is uncertain, the perspective of the young and not-so-young collectors can shine light on the always wonderful paths that lead to wisdom.

—Luciano Concheiro San Vicente

### *Off to a Great Start!*

As Bancroft gears up for the second phase of its Centennial Campaign—the one in which we raise funds to ensure the future of the teaching and research activities that go on inside this wonderful building of ours—a remarkable, unlooked-for, and most generous gift has arrived just in time to kick off this “people phase” of the campaign.

In late October a single anonymous donor made two gifts of \$495,000 each to Bancroft: one is to support undergraduate, graduate, and postdoctoral research fellows in work related to TBL; the other is to hire student employees to perform scholarly work useful to TBL, and to purchase books and other materials related to the work of the students.

As we begin our campaign to endow curatorships for key collections and directorships for research groups at Bancroft—a project that focuses on the people who care for, teach, and interpret the collections—this inspirational gift in support of students sets a high bar for other Bancroft supporters to emulate. We are deeply grateful for these wonderful gifts.

For the Annual Meeting of the Council of the Friends of The Bancroft Library, April 14, 2012

## *A Speech by Matilda Griffing Bancroft on The Bancroft Library*

I am so very pleased and honored to be with you all today, especially to see my great-grandson Paul Bancroft III and great-great-grandson Stephen Bancroft and Martha Bancroft MacLaughlin, the great-granddaughter of my brother-in-law Albert. How lovely!

My goodness, look at this splendor! Why, Mr. Bancroft would be astonished to see what has come of his humble library, the fulfillment of his aspirations.

I am here today at the request of my great-great-granddaughter Kimberly and your fine director, Dr. Mrs. Tennant, to share with you some of the history of this library. I've never spoken in such a large public gathering before; it was not my place to do so, of course, with such a capable husband who himself had sufficient representatives to speak for his work. Perhaps you know that public speaking was excruciating for poor Mr. Bancroft. But he overcame that agony, as he overcame other obstacles in order to see his histories and this library come to fruition.

Now apparently Kim has been rooting around in the archives of this library as the result of the encouragement of Mrs. Salazar, the Curator of Western Americana, who thought Kim ought to learn about her family history—for which I am eternally grateful to Mrs. Salazar. And you see, Mr. Bancroft directed us all—the children and myself, not to mention hundreds of copyists—to write copiously—journals, letters, and notes—and he had the means to save many documents through the bindery at his publishing company in the Bancroft Building in San Francisco. The good Mrs. Snyder, Head of Public Services, has permitted me to see these very same letters and diaries and read to you from them.

Kim has asked me to provide a little background on the ways I was able to participate in Mr. Bancroft's endeavors. In 1876 my marriage to Mr.

Bancroft brought me from Connecticut to California, a change which I most relished. In fact, I wrote in my diary in October 1876, "In California everything is on the surface—everyone feels himself as good as everybody else." I don't know if that remains true for you today. I should like to know your thoughts.

One of the ways I was able to be of service to my husband was in reviewing some of his work with him. In December of that year, 1876, I reported in my diary on our work on *Literary Industries*, Mr. Bancroft's autobiography and the 39th volume of his history, *Bancroft's Works*:

*Through the week we have been engaged on Literary Industries. I say we because I do a certain amount, enough to take the most of every morning. My chore is to take the chapters as Mr. Bancroft completes them, read them carefully and critically, finding places for loose papers relevant to his subject.*

I treasured having this role in his work, you know.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bancroft was always collecting material, either for his library or for his histories. Hubert was always working, tirelessly. Wherever we traveled, he sought to collect stories from the men—and sometimes women—who had participated in the making of history, even simply as pioneers coming across the mountains or the early Californians of Mexican descent. I reveled in the excitement and challenges of this work, of listening to Hubert dream about what might come of his histories, of his effort to save these stories for all posterity before these early pioneers had gone to their graves.

So then in April of 1878, we had the grand opportunity of traveling together for two months throughout

the Northwest, all the way to Victoria and back, by steamer, railroad, bumpy stagecoach, and dusty wagon. I had to leave my eight-month-old baby—your grandfather, Paul—behind with his grandparents in order to make this journey with Hubert. But it was my joy to see all those sights, and my particular delight on this trip to take dictations. I believe you call them "oral histories" today, and I've learned that The Bancroft Library now has an entire department—and an excellent one at that—for the taking of such dictations. I mentioned in my diary a Mr. Good in Victoria whose dictation I was privileged to take. I wrote:

*He is a minister and his early life and labors here he relates with minuteness and in fine style. [Mr. Good] says he has often contemplated writing his experiences, and is glad of this opportunity [to retell them]. I have enjoyed listening to him and even acting as amanuensis for a short time. I craved as a favor that I might take down dictations, so have begun with Mr. Good. He has worked at it with wonderful assiduity; for five days or parts of days, I have written as fast as he would dictate. Four mornings we wrote before breakfast at five or six o'clock. . . , and so have now . . . completed 120 mss pages to show for our work. His descriptions of scenery and interior life are remarkable for vividness and beauty of expression. The graphic descriptions have so fascinated me that I have had no feeling of weariness, but have been almost unconscious of my own effort.*

On yet another journey years later, in August of 1884, we traveled to Utah where Mr. Bancroft collected dictations from many of the Mormon community. Hubert noted in his *Literary Industries*:



Kim Bancroft dressed and spoke as her great-great-grandmother Matilda Griffing Bancroft.

*While I was laboriously engaged in this office during most of my time in Salt Lake City, Mrs. Bancroft saw many of the Mormon women, making their acquaintance, winning their friendship, and taking dictations from them.*

Indeed, it was more fitting in their community for a woman to have this very personal encounter. And so very interesting for me. We had no prejudice against the Mormons, as so many people we knew did, and I hoped to shed light on how women in this sect understood their wifely duties.

So that is really all I was able to do with the Histories. As for the library, of course, in his *Literary Industries* Mr. Bancroft has recounted in great detail his process for collecting the 50,000 items that composed the library in our time. Kim pressed me to share what she felt was my role in Mr. Bancroft's endeavors to sell his quite astounding collection. Thus, I shall hope to shed some light on the transfer of the library to this fine university.

For years Mr. Bancroft despaired of anyone taking the library and providing a safe and permanent home for it. Some denigrated the collection, calling parts of it—for example, newspapers from our day and other common records—"trash." Imag-

ine! I suppose those critics had no imagination regarding the potential of all these papers.

We tried to interest our three sons in the tremendous undertaking of selling the library. In particular, we encouraged our second son Griffing by offering him a commission, should he find a suitable buyer. He had no luck.

Well, on August 30, in 1905, I went to see our friend Professor Stevens in Berkeley at the university. He had not found time to come over to San Francisco to speak with Mr. Bancroft, so I made the ferry journey over myself to call on him, as I explained to Griffing in a letter, archived at the library here.

*Dear Grif, I sought through Professor Stevens "to try and arrange a dinner to meet some of the Regents," which is [said the Professor], "just the way to work them up...since as Governor, Pardee is chairman of the Regents, his approval would carry great weight." (Letter, August 30, 1905)*

That visit with the Professor left me very hopeful at the end of August.

Soon I was delighted to learn that the library was "as good as sold"—and so I said in a letter to Griffing on September 16, 1905. I wrote:

*Your father isn't quite as confident [of the sale] for he has thought that before; this time the proposition is one that makes us proud and brings the glory to your father's name that he deserves and for all time. The library [is] to be always kept as a whole as The Bancroft Library and brought up to date; ... as soon as convenient, it is hoped that there will be a Bancroft chair of Pacific Coast History established. ... For all this two years work and great enthusiasm, Prof. Stevens says—as your father talked of compensation—[that] he [the Professor] wouldn't accept for it so much as a cigar; if any money was given, he would turn it over to the University which "wouldn't do either of us any good."*

I find that marvelously altruistic.

Then on November 12, 1905, I wrote to Griffing, "The Library matter is in good shape; it is to be presented favorably by the committee this week to the board of Regents... Pres. Wheeler invited us over to Berkeley to see the University and take lunch with them—we had a charming time—all these attentions are very suggestive of appreciation and good fellowship."

Finally, Kim has insisted that I include mention of the following letter—though I don't think it suitable for a wife to boast about what should be her natural role, the enthusiastic promulgation of her husband's career. But Kim just—well, she begged me to share this missive from Hubert to our Griffing.

You see, Griffing was living in San Diego, trying to sell a property we had there. Now, with the library officially sold to the University already, in a letter dated February 8, 1906, Hubert exhorts Griffing to work harder to find buyers, "just as your mother did in selling [the] library."

So he gives me some measure of credit. I had my small role, but I'd have done anything. Wasn't it worth it now? Well, you can't even imagine how wondrous this institution is until you go into the labyrinth of the basement on a tour, which Mrs. Snyder so graciously gave me.

Now, that is quite enough of my prattling on. I believe I have long fulfilled my duties in time and charge. I'm very thankful to all of the library staff for having preserved so well these documents, and thousands—nay, now millions—that has inspired the scholarly endeavors of all the world—including, I understand, the insightful Dr. Litwak who will be honored today. And I am so deeply grateful to all of you Friends for your kind support of this temple of learning.

Thank you so much for inviting me and indulging in me these few tales.

—Kim Bancroft  
Friends Council Member

*The Hubert Howe Bancroft Award (2012)***LEON F. LITWACK**

I still think about that day in high school when I hoped (with all my youthful idealism and enthusiasm) to change the way my classmates and teacher thought about slavery and Reconstruction. More than a half-century later, I would like to think my work has made some difference—most important through my teaching the more than 25,000 students at UC over nearly 40 years, mostly in the survey U.S. history course and in Berkeley's first lecture course on the History of African Americans and Race Relations. (Winthrop Jordan taught the first half, and I the second.)

There's an old folk saying: "Life is a dream—but please don't wake me up." That's how I feel in accepting the Hubert Bancroft award. What drew me to

history, even as a child, were the stories. The stories I read. The stories I heard. The stories my parents told me about coming to this country and then finding their way out to California. And the stories I heard growing up in Santa Barbara's "barrio," the stories related by Mexican, Greek, and Italian neighbors, most of them also immigrants. My neighborhood exposed me to a diversity of cultures, languages, and histories. I thought it a unique, exciting, often exhilarating learning experience. I learned as much out of school as in school.

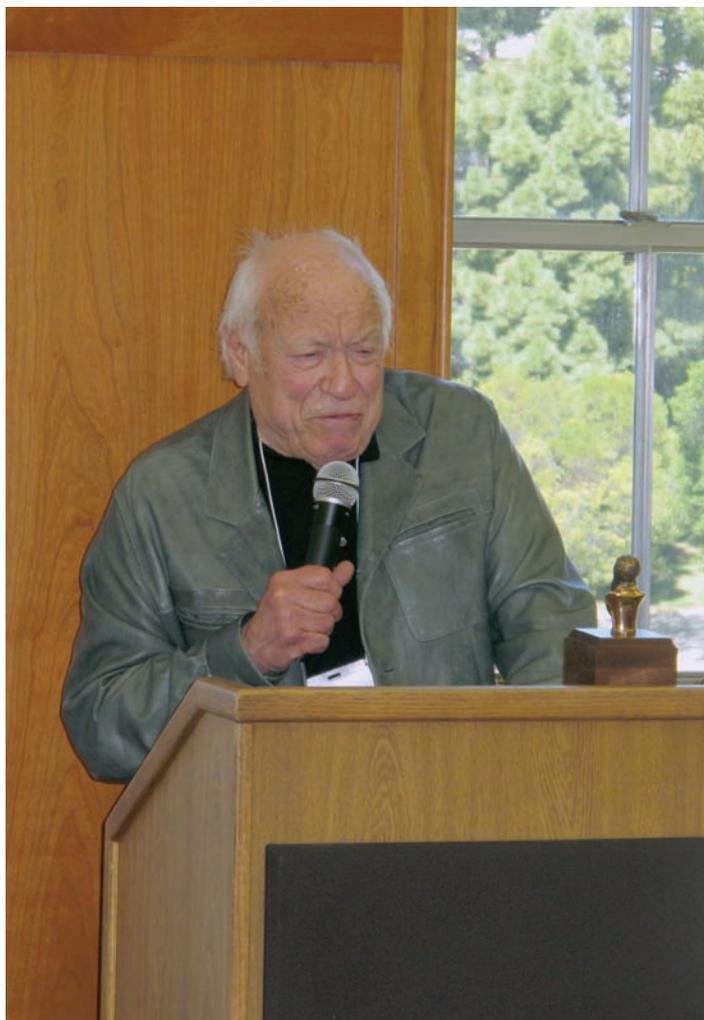
One advantage of living in Santa Barbara was that there was little to do but read and surf. I was exposed many times to what Alfred Kazan called the "raw hurting power" that a book can have over a person. The public library

was my sanctuary, and I mined its riches, reading passionately, feeling the words, discovering the world outside of Santa Barbara. Berkeley would expand my research base and nourish my interest in the history of workers and African Americans. When Fisk University in 1929 and 1930 interviewed former slaves about their lives, one of them asked the interviewer, "In all the books you never have studied Negro history have you? If you want Negro history, you will have to get it from somebody

who wore the shoe, and by and by from one to the other you will get a book." That was the spirit, and these were the voices, I hoped to bring to my study of the past, to the lives of peoples marginalized, stereotyped, and brutalized. When I set out to write *Been in the Storm So Long*, I asked a simple question. What happened when nearly four million black men and women, who had known nothing but slavery, suddenly learned they were no longer slaves? To what could they aspire in a society where whites owned the land, the tools, and the law, and where the prospects of black freedom threatened the very fabric of southern society? How free was free? To answer these questions required nearly 600 pages and the answers were filled with unexpected complexity and with extraordinary drama. I wanted to study slavery at the moment slavery came apart, when whites and blacks confronted each other in new and unprecedented ways.

Whatever the frustrations and hardships black men and women experienced after emancipation, most acted on the assumption that freedom would make a difference in their lives. Freedom revolutionized black expectations and aspirations. Freed from slavery black men and women found ways to exercise and define their freedom: they might slow down the pace of work, haggle over wages and conditions, refuse to submit to punishment, violate racial etiquette, move to a new place, locate families, pray in their own churches. What emancipation introduced into the lives of black men and women was a leap of confidence in the ability to effect changes in their eyes without deferring to whites.

Few of the newly empowered freedmen and freedwomen articulated that spirit more vividly than Jourdon Anderson, a former Tennessee slave. He escaped from his master during the Civil War. After the war, in 1865, his old master asked him to return to the plantation and resume his labor. This is the reply Jourdon Anderson dictated and sent—a clear and vivid affirmation of his freedom:



*Professor of American History Emeritus at UC Berkeley, Leon F. Litwack accepts the Hubert Howe Bancroft award with a heartfelt talk.*

Dayton, Ohio, August 7, 1865

To my old Master, COLONEL P. H. ANDERSON, Big Spring, Tennessee

Sir: I got your letter and was glad to find that you had not forgotten Jourdon, and that you wanted me to come back and live with you again, promising to do better for me than anybody else can. . . . It would do me good to go back to the dear old home again, and see Miss Mary and Miss Martha and Allen, Esther, Green, and Lee. Give my love to them all, and tell them I hope we will meet in the better world, if not in this . . .

I want to know particularly what the good chance is you propose to give me. I am doing tolerably well here. I get twenty-five dollars a month, with victuals and clothing; have a comfortable home for Mandy—the folks here call her Mrs. Anderson,—and the children—Milly, Jane, and Grundy—go to school and are learning well. The teacher says Grundy has a head for a preacher. They go to Sunday School, and Mandy and me attend church regularly. We are kindly treated. Sometimes we overhear others saying, “Them colored were slaves” down in Tennessee. The children feel hurt when they hear such remarks, but I tell them it was no disgrace in Tennessee to belong to Colonel Anderson. Many darkies would have been proud, as I used to be, to call you master. Now, if you will write and say what wages you will give me, I will be better able to decide whether it would be to my advantage to move back again.

As to my freedom, which you say I can have, there is nothing to be gained on that score, as I got my free papers in 1864 from the Provost-Marshal-General of the Department of Nashville. Mandy says she would be afraid to go back without some proof that you were disposed to treat us justly and kindly; and we have concluded to test your sincerity by asking you to send us our wages for the time we served you. This will make us forget and forgive old scores, and rely on your justice and friendship in the future. I served you faithfully for thirty two years, and Mandy twenty years. At twenty-five dollars a month for me, and two dollars a week for Mandy, our earnings would amount to eleven thousand six hundred and eighty dollars. Add to this the interest for the time our wages have been kept back, and deduct what you paid for our clothing, and three doctor’s visits to me, and pulling a tooth for Mandy, and the balance will show what we are in justice entitled to. Please send the money by Adams Express, in care of V. Winters, Esq., Dayton, Ohio. If you fail to pay us for faithful labors in the past we can have little faith in your promises in the future. We trust the good Maker has opened your eyes to the wrongs which you and your fathers have done to me and my fathers, in making us toil for you for generations without recompense. Here I draw my wages every Saturday night; but in Tennessee there was never any pay-day for the negroes any more than for the horses and cows. . . .

In answering this letter please state if there would be any safety for my Millie and Jane, who are now grown up, and both good looking girls. You know how it was with poor Matilda and Catherine. I would rather stay here and starve-- and die if it come to that than have my girls brought to shame by the violence and wickedness of their young masters. You will also please state if there has been any schools opened for the colored children in your neighborhood, the great desire of my life now is to give my children an education, and have them form virtuous habits.

Say howdy to George Carter, and thank him for taking the pistol from you when you were shooting at me.

From your old servant, Jourdon Anderson



Elaine Tennant recalls the many great accomplishments of Professor Litwack.

These are the voices, thoughtful, eloquent, and articulate, that I sought out for *Been in the Storm*, that I brought into my courses and other writings, and these are the voices that brought us the blues. The black odyssey includes some of the bleakest examples of terrorism, ethnic cleansing, and dehumanization in the history of this nation. But it is at the same time a story of extraordinary resiliency, the story (as Nathan Huggins wrote) of “a people who had to endure and make choices under conditions and circumstances which are outside our experience to know . . . whose courage was . . . in their insistence on holding themselves together, in acting, speaking, and singing as men and women.” It is a story of resistance, defined not so much by spectacular feats and insurrections as by day-to-day acts, employing various forms of expression, often subtle and individual, sometimes overt, and communal, even incomprehensible, from humor, folk lore, dance, and sermons, to spirituals, gospel, jazz, blues, and hip hop.

How many Jourdon Andersons came out of slavery remains difficult to determine. But in 1865 more than one former slaveholding family found their place overrun with men and women who evinced the same spirit and the same determination to work under conditions that would in no way compromise their newly won freedom. What happened to that spirit and to that determination would profoundly affect race relations and the nation for the next century.

—Leon F. Litwack  
HHB Award Winner 2012

## “A Perfection of Art”

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

The monumental cliffs and domes of the Yosemite Valley have become, in the modern mind, inextricably linked to the photographs of Ansel Adams. Yet his pristine compositions were by no means the first to inspire awe across the continent. San Francisco photographer Carleton E. Watkins made the valley famous with stunning large format views there in 1861, and on subsequent trips taken spanning nearly 30 years.

In the summer of 1861 Watkins, who specialized in landscapes commissioned by clients or made for retail sale, made his first trip to Yosemite. Assistants and a pack train were no doubt needed to haul his estimated ton of equipment, which included an exceptionally large camera made to hold 18 x 22 inch glass negatives, and a smaller

stereographic double-lens camera to make three-dimensional images for stereo viewers. The gear also included several hundred plates of glass, a traveling dark tent, and all the chemicals necessary to sensitize, develop, and fix each negative in the field. This immediate processing was necessary with the cumbersome wet collodion photography of the time.

Watkins's expedition of 1861 did not establish him as the first photographer to turn his lens to the inspiring Yosemite. In June of 1859 Charles L. Weed made a series of views there. Weed's first Yosemite photographs did not achieve distribution and fame beyond California, and the set of salted paper prints in The Bancroft Library is among the few known to have survived.



*La Capitaine, 3300 feet. Mammoth plate photograph by Carleton Watkins, circa 1878. Print circa 16 x 21 in. (BANC PIC 1959.066:14--C)*



*Washington Column, 2082 ft., Yo Semite. Photograph by Carleton Watkins, circa 1880. Circular format, 5 in. diameter. (BANC PIC 1952.005:18PIC)*

Watkins produced 30 mammoth negatives and 100 stereographs on his 1861 trip. In December 1862 his prints garnered national attention with an exhibit at the Goupil Gallery in New York. They are known to have reached the hands of Thomas Starr King, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Frederick Law Olmsted, and Senator John Conness. These views played a significant role in moving Congress, in 1864, to set aside Yosemite and preserve it for the public.

In about 1864 Watkins named his San Francisco studio “The Yo-Semite Gallery.” Such was the success of his photographs that he made subsequent Yosemite excursions in 1865 and 1866 (as well as later trips in the 1870s and 1880s) and was commissioned to take views for the California Geological Survey under J.D. Whitney. His photographs received international attention in 1867 with a gold medal at the Paris International Exposition.

In a career spanning the remainder of the 19th century Watkins continued



Upper Yosemite Fall, 1600 feet, Yosemite Valley. Stereograph by Carleton Watkins, taken 1865-1866, published circa 1872-1875. Mount 3½ x 7 inches. (BANC PIC 1985.090:5—STER)

to travel throughout the American West, from Arizona to British Columbia. The destruction of his studio in San Francisco's fire of 1906 and his 1916 death—tragically impoverished and mentally incapacitated, in the Napa State Hospital—were followed by decades of relative obscurity. Since the 1970s, his mammoth work has won new praise and appreciation. International exhibitions, numerous books, and enthusiastic collectors have firmly established his name as one of the great artists in American photography.

The Bancroft Library holds the largest and most comprehensive collection of the work of Watkins. The mammoth plate prints are the most studied, and approximately 650 are found here. These consist of some 520 different views and 130 duplicates, affording opportunity for comparison of variants. The recently-published catalogue raisonné, *Carleton Watkins: The Complete Mammoth Photographs*, identifies 1,266 unique mammoth views in collections worldwide. (It also includes an essay, by Bancroft Pictorial Collections Curator Jack von Euw, on Watkins's views of San Francisco.)

The quantity of smaller prints at Bancroft is harder to enumerate, as they appear in many albums and collections. In terms of the array of formats (shapes and sizes) Watkins produced, Bancroft preserves the most diverse assortment known. The smallest are roughly 2 x 3½ inch scenes on cartes de visite mounts; the next are on

slightly larger mounts measuring 3 x 4½ inches. Watkins generally printed these sizes from one side of a stereographic negative. Stereograph cards are the most numerous, here and in other collections. Bancroft holds nearly 500 of them, while Watkins's known output exceeds 4,000. (The website [carletonwatkins.org](http://carletonwatkins.org), built by Watkins enthusiast Steve Heselton, has admirably compiled the most complete listing known of the stereoviews, bringing together over 3,000 images from many collections.) Other formats produced by Watkins include circular views (about 5 in. diameter), cabinet cards (about 4 x 7 in.), and boudoir cards (about 5½ x 8½ in.). By the 1880s,

he used a custom-designed oversized stereograph camera capable of producing a 5½ x 14 inch double (stereographic) negative from which all of these sizes could be produced, giving him multiple presentation options for any one view. He also produced 7 x 8½ inch prints and 8¼ x 12¼ inch prints, usually mounted in albums. Bancroft holds many hundreds of examples of Watkins's work across all these sizes.

This variety of physical formats provides insight to the photographer's profession in the 19th century. There was always pressure to offer more options than the competitor, and the skill and technical innovation necessary to do this efficiently are manifested in the examples preserved. Bancroft's Watkins holdings are research treasures not just for their artistry, aesthetic quality, and the visual documentation recorded in the scenes. The shape, size, and mount; the relationship of these features to the source negative; and the differences among extant versions of a view are all topics of study in such a deep and varied collection.

—James Eason  
Principal Archivist, Pictorial



Mount Broderick and Nevada Fall. Mammoth plate photograph by Carleton Watkins, 1861. Print circa 17 x 21 in. (BANC PIC 1905.17143:048—ffALB)

## IN THIS ISSUE

**FIAT LUX REDUX:  
ANSEL ADAMS AND  
CLARK KERR**

*Page 1*



**MARK TWAIN'S  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

*Volume 2*

*Page 6*

**"A PERFECTION  
OF ART"**

*Page 14*



THE BANCROFT LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,  
BERKELEY, CA 94720-6000

THE FRIENDS OF THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

## Exhibitions • Fall 2012

Through February 28, 2013

### **FIAT LUX REDUX: ANSEL ADAMS AND CLARK KERR**

*The Bancroft Library Gallery  
10am – 4pm, Monday through Friday*

The renowned photographer Ansel Adams is remembered primarily for his compelling landscape photography, but his commercial photography, less known, reveals his mastery in other ways. University of California President Clark Kerr commissioned Adams and the writer, Nancy Newhall, to create a book about the University to help convey the importance of Kerr's famous Master Plan for Higher Education. Adams captured the immense vitality of the expanding University showing students, faculty, buildings, and landscape of the campuses. The Bancroft Library holds more than 600 master prints created and signed by Adams. Those selected for *Fiat Lux Redux: Ansel Adams and Clark Kerr* reveal the amazing quality of his pictures. Many have not

been shown before and those displayed demonstrate the brilliance of Ansel Adams's vision of the University in ways that digital reproductions and prints in books cannot.

Through May 31, 2013

### **MODERN JEWISH HISTORY 101: THE ART FILES**

*Magnes Collection, 2121 Allston Way*

A panorama of Jewish life in the 20th century as told through images from the vast art collection at The Magnes. Paintings and sculptures by prominent artists illustrate key historical moments from pogroms to emigration to the Holocaust. The artists' biographies are telling in their own right, revealing stories of global migration, Nazi persecution, trauma, and restitution.

### *The Council of the Friends of The Bancroft Library*

2012–2013

Kirsten Weisser <i>Chair</i>	Noah Griffin Sophie Hahn
Timothy Hachman <i>Vice Chair</i>	David Hartley Tamra Hege
David Lei <i>Treasurer</i>	Sheila M. Humphreys Bruce J. Janigian
Elaine Tennant <i>Secretary</i>	Deborah Kirshman Laurence Lasky
Kim Bancroft	Betsy Leland Link
George Breed	Mary E. MacDonald
Eleanor Burke	Sara Mann
Christine Lee Campbell	Richard Morrison Ron Najafi
Edward Y. C. Chan	David Pettus
Susan Honeyman Crawford	Gary Pomerantz Skip Rhodes
Narsai David	Theresa Salazar
John A. De Luca	Camilla Smith
Frances Dinkelspiel	Susan Snyder
James T. Fousekis	Charles G. Stephenson
Shelby Gans	Cindy Testa-McCullagh
Joseph Genshlea	Richard Walker
Robert Green	Steven Walske

#### BANCROFTIANA 141

Editor	Camilla Smith
Managing Editor	Elizabeth Gardner
Copy Editor	Ben McClinton
Design	Catherine Dinnean
Photography	Peg Skorpinski
Printer	Minuteman Press