The Bancroft Library

University of California · Berkeley

University of California Bancroft Library/Berkeley
Regional Oral History Office

Benjamin H. Lehman

# RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN THE BAY AREA FROM 1920 ONWARD

An Interview Conducted by
Suzanne B. Riess

Berkeley
1969

All uses of this manuscript are covered by a legal agreement between the Regents of the University of California and Benjamin H. Lehman, dated January 1, 1968. The manuscript is thereby made available for research purposes. All literary rights in the manuscript, including the right to publish, are reserved to the Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley. No part of the manuscript may be quoted for publication without the written permission of the Director of The Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley.

Requests for permission to quote for publication should be addressed to the Regional Oral History Office, 486 Library, and should include identification of the specific passages to be quoted, anticipated use of the passages, and identification of the user. The legal agreement with Benjamin H. Lehman requires that he be notified of the request and allowed thirty days in which to respond.

Benjamin H. Lehman

# BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON BENJAMIN H. LEHMAN

Born Mullan, Idaho, Oct. 20, 1889
A.B. Harvard, 1911; M.A. 1918; Ph. D. 1920

Assistant Professor of English, Univ. of Idaho, 1911-1914
Assistant Professor of English, Washington State College, 1914-1917
Instructor in English, Harvard, 1917-1920
Assistant Professor of English, Univ. of California, 1920-1924
Associate Professor of English, Univ. of California, 1924-1928
Professor of English, Univ. of California, 1928-1956

Chairman, Dept. of Dramatic Art, Univ. of California, 1941-1944
Chairman, Dept. of English, Univ. of California, 1944-1949

Phi Beta Kappa
Awarded Sohier Prize, 1911; Bowdoin Prize, 1920; both at Harvard
Author: Wild Marriage, 1925; The Lordly Ones, 1927; Carlyle's Theory of the Hero, 1928

Committee Memberships, Univ. of California

I. Administrative Committees

Building needs (Berkeley): 1943/44-1944/45, 1946/47 (chairman)

Drama, lectures and music: 1940/41

Fellowships and graduate scholarships: 1941/42

Public research lectures: 1942/43, 1955/56

II. Academic Senate Committees

Advisory committee: 1945/46-1946/47, 1948/49-1940/50 (chairman)

Budget and interdepartmental relations: 1942/43-1945/46 (chairman 1944/46)

Council of Graduate Division: 1926/27-1928/29, 1940/41-1941/42

Educational policy: 1948/49-1949/50 (chairman 1948/49)

Honorary degrees: 1931, 1946/47-1947/48

Library: 1920/21-1921/22, 1927/28-1931/32 (chairman 1930-1932); 1933/34-1934/35 (chairman both years)

Advisory Library committees:

Ancient and modern languages council: 1936/37, 1938/39-1942/43

Western authors: 1952/53-1954/55

Prizes: 1921/22, 1923/24-1924/25, 1926/27

Special committee of communication with the Regents: 1931/32

Special committee of procedure for electing the Committee on Committees: 1946/47

Special committee on reorganization of the Academic Senate: 1943/44-1946/47

III. Committees of the College of Letters and Science

Council of the Humanities: 1946/47

Executive committee: 1944/45

Committee on journalistic studies: 1938/39-1940/41

INTERVIEWS ON UNIVERSITY HISTORY

Under a grant from the University of California Alumni Foundation, the Regional Oral History Office has been conducting a series of interviews with persons who have made a significant contribution to the development of the University of California at Berkeley. A list of University History interviews follows, including an earlier group which had been conducted in cooperation with the Centennial History Project, directed by Professor Walton E. Bean. The Alumni Foundation grant made it possible to continue this University-centered series, of which this manuscript is a part.

The Regional Oral History Office was established to tape record autobiographical interviews with persons prominent in recent California history. The Office is under the administrative supervision of the Director of the Bancroft Library.

Willa Baum
Head, Regional Oral
History Office

15 July 1968
Regional Oral History Office
Room 486 The Bancroft Library
University of California
Berkeley, California

Interviews in the University History Series which have been completed by the Regional Oral History Office. These are listed in order of completion.

OLD SERIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Shields, Peter J. | Reminiscences. 1954 |
| Woods, Baldwin M. | University of California Extension. 1957 |
| Stevens, Frank C. | Forty Years in the Office of the President, University of California, 1905-1945. 1959 |
| Birge, Raymond Thayer | Raymond Thayer Birge, Physicist. 1960 |
| Chaney, Ralph Works | Ralph Works Chaney, Ph.D., Paleobotanist, Conservationist. 1960 |
| Porter, Robert Langley | Robert Langley Porter, Physician, Teacher, and Guardian of the Public Health. 1960 |
| Treadway, Walter | Correspondence and Papers on Langley Porter Clinic. (Bound into Langley Porter Interview.) |
| Waring, Henry C. | Henry C. Waring on University Extension. 1960 |
| Neuhaus, Eugen | Reminiscences: Bay Area Art and the University of California Art Department. 1961 |
| Sproul, Ida Wittschen | Duty, Devotion and Delight in the President's House, University of California. 1961 |
| Hutchison, Claude B. | The College of Agriculture, University of California, 1922-1952. 1962 |
| Merritt, Ralph P. | After Me Cometh a Builder, the Recollections of Ralph Palmer Merritt. 1962 |
| Mitchell, Lucy Sprague | Pioneering in Education. 1962 |
| Neylan, John Francis | Politics, Law, and the University of California. 1962 |
| Richardson, Leon J. | Berkeley Culture, University of California Highlights, and University Extension, 1892-1960. |
| Lessing, Ferdinand D. | Early Years. 1963 |
| Olney, Mary McLean | Oakland, Berkeley, and the University of California, 1880-1895. 1963 |

Pepper, Stephen C. — Art and Philosophy at the University of California, 1919 to 1962. 1963

Wurster, William Wilson — College of Environmental Design, University of California, Campus Planning, and Architectural Practice. 1964

Lenzen, Victor F. — Physics and Philosophy. 1965

Meyer, Karl F. — Medical Research and Public Health. In process.

NEW SERIES

Interviews fully or partially funded by the University of California Alumni Foundation.

Cross, Ira Brown — Portrait of an Economics Professor. 1967

Cruess, William V. — A Half Century in Food and Wine Technology. 1967

Davidson, Mary Blossom — The Dean of Women and the Importance of Students. 1967

Hamilton, Brutus — Student Athletics and the Voluntary Discipline. 1967

Wessels, Glenn A. — Education of an Artist. 1967

Witter, Jean C. — The University, the Community and the Lifeblood of Business. 1968

Blaisdell, Allen C. — Foreign Students and the Berkeley International House, 1928-1961. 1968

Evans, Clinton W. — California Athlete, Coach, Administrator, Ambassador. 1968

Ebright, Carroll "Ky" — California Varsity and Olympics Crew Coach. 1968

Hays, William Charles — Order, Taste, and Grace in Architecture. 1968

Lehman, Benjamin H. — Recollections and Reminiscences of Life in the Bay Area from 1920 Onward. 1969

Underhill, Robert M. — University of California Lands, Finances, and Investments. 1968

| | |
|---|---|
| Corley, James V. | *Serving the University in Sacramento*. In process. |
| Dennes, William R. | *Philosophy and the University Since 1915*. In process. |
| Donnelly, Ruth | On housing for students. In process. |
| Johnston, Marguerite Kulp | *Student Housing, Welfare, and the ASUC*. In process. |
| Mixer, Joseph R. | On housing for students. In process. |
| Towle, Katherine A. | On the Office of the Dean of Students. In process. |

# INTERVIEWS ON LITERATURE, ART, AND PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA

The following interviews have been completed by the Regional Oral History Office, a department of The Bancroft Library. The Regional Oral History Office was established to tape-record autobiographical interviews with persons who have contributed significantly to the development of the West. The Office, headed by Willa Baum, is under the administrative supervision of the director of The Bancroft Library. Interviews are listed in order of completion.

| | |
|---|---|
| Macky, E. Spencer and Constance | Reminiscences 1954 |
| Siegriest, Louis B. and Lundy | Reminiscences 1954 |
| Hagemeyer, Johan | Photographer 1956 |
| Coggins, Herbert L. | Herbert Coggins: From Horatio Alger to Eugene Debs 1956 |
| Norris, Kathleen | An Interview with Kathleen Norris 1959 |
| Morley, Grace L. McCann | Art, Artists, Museums, and the San Francisco Museum of Art 1960 |
| Cunningham, Imogen | Portraits, Ideas, and Design 1961 |
| Neuhaus, Eugen | Bay Area Art and the University of California Art Department 1961 |
| Pepper, Stephen C. | Art and Philosophy at the University of California, 1919-1962 1963 |
| Graves, Roy D. | Photograph Collection 1964 |
| Lewis, Oscar | Literary San Francisco 1965 |
| Brother Antoninus | Poet, Printer, and Religious 1966 |
| Turner, Ethel Duffy | Writers and Revolutionists 1967 |
| Wessels, Glenn | Education of an Artist 1967 |
| Lange, Dorothea | The Making of a Documentary Photographer 1968 |
| Lehman, Benjamin | Recollections and Reminiscences of Life in the Bay Area from 1920 Onward 1969 |
| Martinez, Elsie Whitaker | San Francisco Bay Area Writers and Artists 1969 |
| Sara Bard Field Wood | Poet and Suffragist In Process |

## INTERVIEW HISTORY

**Advisors and Interviewers:** Benjamin H. Lehman was approached to be interviewed in April 1959, at the suggestion of Professor Walton E. Bean of the Department of History and Professor James Hart of the Department of English. The interviews were to be directed at gathering information about Bay Area artists and writers, and recent University history, because Professor Bean was compiling a history to appear in centennial year 1969. However, the interviews were put off for a few years and when, in May 1964, Mr. Lehman agreed to begin with interviewer Mrs. Amelia Fry, after two interviews it was decided that Mrs. Suzanne Riess, because of her recent interviewing work in related fields, could more appropriately interview Mr. Lehman on Bay Area and University cultural history.

**Time and Setting of the Interviews:** The dates of the interviews with Mr. Lehman were May 1, May 27, August 8, August 25, September 23, 1964; January 29, 1965; June 23, June 30, July 7, August 19, September 1, November 10, December 15, 1966; May 1, May 27, 1968. The several hiatuses in interviewing were variously caused by trips to the East and to Palm Desert by Mr. Lehman; and to the maternity ward twice by Mrs. Riess.

The interviews were held at "Hayfield House," the Lehman residence in Saratoga. Although Mr. Lehman often comes to the Berkeley campus, when he does the pressure of the University roles he fills is great, as it always was. So, the decision to interview in Saratoga was felicitous, both for Mr. Lehman, who was more comfortable there, and certainly for the interviewer, who was often made a luncheon guest in a lovely home.

To be met at the car by Mr. Lehman, coming out hatted into the heat of a Saratoga morning, was to enter into a world that was always a pleasure to visit. After the grinding

noise and industry of freeway Oakland and San Leandro, and after the stretch of farmland that is the future scene of a hundred new tracts, one rounds the bend to San Jose and heads West toward the pass over the Santa Cruz mountains. Just before the climb are Los Gatos and Saratoga. Up a great pear-tree-lined drive, and briefly hidden by enormous oleanders, is Hayfield House. Julia Morgan designed the house for Mrs. Lehman, and the grandness of its location, and its great fireplace and furnishings, are set off by many small charms. Enclosed gardens offer alternatives to the tremendous outlook down across the Saratoga valley and up to the Santa Cruz mountains. Peonies and carnations and delphinium stand like hedges in the midst of the kitchen garden that is visible behind a grove of old and beautiful trees.

The veranda, where we often had coffee after lunch, and sometimes interviewed, was a sheltered place of lush begonias and the screened background to a rush of hummingbirds. On the inside, the house worked a magical balance of scale. The entrance and flanking dining and living wings were large, cool, and quiet, and then around a corner was Mr. Lehman's study, full with books to read, papers, correspondence, photograph albums, piles that were orderly, but growing. Here, where most of the interviewing took place, was comfort of a special and inviting sort, and the works of art were of the right size and feeling for the room. It's a good house to visit; often there were grandchildren in residence, and a grandchild's dog, too. Mary McHugh, the housekeeper, was a pleasant hostess when Mrs. Lehman was away from the house.

Conduct of the Interviews: Mr. Lehman was concerned that when the machine was on we speak to the point, and this meant that although written outlines were not submitted ahead of the interview, we did discuss subjects to be covered for about fifteen minutes before turning on the already set-up tape recorder. Then it was, "Well, Mrs. Riess, you have asked why..." and Mr. Lehman's very orderly approach to an hour's

talk would dominate the interviewing situation. He spoke in ideas, in paragraphs. My questions generally cut into a sentence, but the thought was not lost sight of and the sentence continued around the question of detail or amplification that I had injected.

His reputation as a clear and instructive speaker is well known, but in one of our interviews he said, as we talked about his central idea of "the image of the work,"

> "I thought [long ago], when people were beginning to write books about my approach to the novel and afterwards dedicating the books to me--but still they were my ideas--I thought that I would get a stenotypist to take down the lectures that explored and exhibited works of fiction in the light of the approach that I was making. When I got the stenotyped manuscript, I thought, 'My God, do I talk like that, all that thin, thin stuff?' Then I realized that a lecture has to be thinned down, as distinguished from a seminar discussion, because the undergraduates would not pick up what you have to say if you made it as compact as you make it for graduate students. But I always thought that what went on paper should be more compact and have greater intellectual density.
>
> "I often wondered whether Lionel Trilling, when he got on the platform for a lecture to students, weighed every phrase and indeed every word and kept the sensitivity which his published writing has. I discovered that what I did in the lecture hall was far thinner than what I wrote when I sat down to say on paper what I had said with the voice in the lecture room. This is partly because the student body cannot be counted on to take it in if it is as compact and dense as you write it. It is partly also because you have an intuitive sense that personality and voice are filling in where the actual verbal thinness occurs. You yourself are part of the lecture. The intonation

expresses your sense of excitement or amusement or irony in the words, so that the words don't have to carry it all. It may well be that even a laugh on your part is part of the lecture.

"When I was lecturing in Wheeler Auditorium on The Bible as Literature, or The Novel, and the auditorium was full, a report verbatim of what I said was not enough to justify this congregation. There was something else too, a communicated sense of mental excitement, perhaps of temperamental recognitions; these things all are a part of it."

I asked him then, "And you feel that this manuscript is thin in this way too?"

He said, "Yes, it doesn't seem to me to be fully true."

This sort of disclaimer seems necessary to many interviewees. He was concerned that the manuscript was thin; he would be distressed that a session was just an hour of names and that he didn't have time to give to the name all the body and substance he wished it to have. But beyond this, he understood the needs of the Oral History Project and didn't allow his ego as a writer and lecturer (and later as his own editor) to swamp the conversational and associative quality of the manuscript.

Editing: The manuscript, as edited by the interviewer, was sent to Mr. Lehman for editing in April 1967 and completed by him in the spring of 1968. Editing by the interviewer meant punctuating and paragraphing to clarify the structure of the sessions that was given by Mr. Lehman but sometimes lost in transcription. Some sections were shifted, for chronological reasons, making the early autobiographical material appear first; and to pull together the last two chapters, "On Being English Department Chairman," and "On Writing and on Living." Mr. Lehman's comments and corrections were few, his editing was very light, mostly

in response to spelling and factual queries, although he did wish to do the final May 1968 interview to add to the loyalty oath section and to expand some other answers. (The May 1968 date is indicated in brackets.) Proofreading was done by Mr. James Sisson of The Bancroft Library.

Suzanne B. Riess

4 June 1969
Regional Oral History Office
486 The General Library
University of California
Berkeley, California 94707

TABLE OF CONTENTS


BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON BENJAMIN H. LEHMAN i

INTERVIEWS ON UNIVERSITY HISTORY iii

INTERVIEWS ON LITERATURE, ART, AND PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE BAY AREA vii

INTERVIEW HISTORY viii

CHILDHOOD 1

Migration of the Lehman and Lövinger Families 1

European Cultural Heritage 3

Adjustments to Living in Idaho and Philadelphia 6

Schooling and Entry into Harvard 11

HARVARD, 1907-1911 15

George Santayana 15

Josiah Royce 17

Charles Townsend Copeland's Course in Composition 18

Other Teaching Personalities 21

The Class of 1911 27

Cambridge and the World 30

TEACHING AT IDAHO AND WASHINGTON, AND MARRIAGE 35

WAR ISSUES LECTURES, AND INVITATION TO CALIFORNIA 41

BERKELEY SOCIAL CLIMATE IN THE 1920s AND 1930s 45

Marion Randall Parsons 46

Bertha Pope Damon 47

Elizabeth Warder Ellis 48

Albert Bender 52

Mrs. William Denman 58

Differences Among the Social Groups 62

Benjamin Lehman, Berkeleyan 66

The Husbands 68

Rainy Night Club 71

Musical Experiences 73

The Duncan McDuffies 76

The Lordly Ones 78

CULTURAL AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH OF THE UNIVERSITY 81

Social and Working Life, Then and Now 81

Summer Sessions and Why They Throve 90

Jessica Peixotto, the Adolph Millers, and Others 95

Gifts from the East: The Visitors 102

The Retirement Dinners: Summing-Ups 106

OTHER WORLDS 109

Introduction to Los Gatos and Carmel 109

Financial Aid to Artists 111

Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Sara Bard Field 113

Robinson Jeffers 116

A Guest at San Simeon, and Meetings with the Grand Duchess 123

NOEL SULLIVAN 133

The Sullivan-Phelan Family Background 134

Living Abroad and Studying Voice 142

Comments on Sullivan's Interests as a Californian 149

Personal and Religious Life 161

JUDITH ANDERSON AND THE LONDON THEATER 169

THE DEPARTMENT OF DRAMATIC ART 181

Getting it Started 181

Pre-Department History of Theater in the Area 189

The Years as Chairman 194

Benjamin Lehman and the Theater 197

RISE OF ADMINISTRATIVE RESPONSIBILITIES 201

English Department Curriculum and Comparative Literature Course 201

The Library Committee 207

The Novel Course and English 41 218

Ph.D. Candidates and "The Image of the Work" 222

Budget Committee 236

The University's Reputation Grows 247

The President's Advisory Committee 251

THE LOYALTY OATH 254

Regent John Francis Neylan and the Oath Proposal 259

"Loyalty," "Academic Freedom," and Feelings in 1949 267

President Robert Gordon Sproul and the Oath 276

Controller James Corley and the Oath 282

Benjamin Lehman and the Oath 283

ON BEING ENGLISH DEPARTMENT CHAIRMAN 291

ON WRITING AND ON LIVING 303

ON THE IMAGE OF THE MAN 311

APPENDICES 314

INDEX 339

CHILDHOOD

## The Migration of the Lehman and Lövinger Families

Lehman: I was born in a mining camp in northern Idaho. Nobody's place of birth could have been more accidental. My mother was a European, of a distinguished family. She had been born in Ulm, on the Danube--Hannah Lövinger. She grew up in a house on the Donaustrasse which had been a monastery and was acquired a couple of generations back by her family. She was the sixth of eight children; the four oldest were sons, the four youngest daughters.

Of those eight children, only one remained in Germany. The failure of the revolutions in 1848 and conditions in the 1880s had apparently disillusioned the four brothers. In any case, they didn't like what they foresaw to be the militarism of Germany, and they all came to America. The two oldest came first as travelers, to look the ground over, and then after a year's return to Germany, they migrated, setting themselves up in different cities--one in Chicago, one in Pittsburgh, one in Sioux City, and one, an unmarried one, went on, I believe, to Australia and was more or less out of touch with the family thereafter.

The sisters traveled in America after the brothers were settled here, visited a cousin by marriage in Newark, New Jersey, and returned to Europe. The eldest one then married there and remained; she had ten sons, who were in the First World War to make a very sorrowful element in the lives of their aunts in America whose sons served on the American side, while the German cousins fought on the German side.

My mother's return led to more travel. She had an uncle, the father of Judge Lövinger of Minneapolis, and the grandfather of the Lee Lövinger who has lately been Associate Attorney General in the present Cabinet. She visited this uncle first, and then went

Lehman: on to visit her oldest brother, who had made investments in mines in northern Idaho. She knew nothing about the climate, and in October of 1888 she entered from Thompson Falls, on the Great Northern Railway, over the Glidden Pass into the mining town of Burke, her brother's postal address. Burke had in it no woman who wasn't living under a sign of a red light. This dismaying circumstance resulted in her sending for her brother, who came to get her from Murray, Idaho, and she spent November with him there and there met again the man who became my father, who had two years earlier been a guest in her father's house in Ulm.

He [Abe Lehman] had gone abroad with his mother for a year to travel; he was a cripple and couldn't dance. His mother had a letter of introduction to my Grandfather Lövinger in Ulm, and sent it round from the hotel and was invited that evening to an already planned ball. The boy who couldn't dance elicited the sympathy of the most sympathetic of the four daughters of the house, who didn't herself dance that night but saw that he was sufficiently entertained. The next day the boy and his mother disappeared to Munich and Vienna and Rome, and back to New York.

The daughter didn't see him again until she ran into him by chance in northern Idaho, where he was "pioneering," without any responsibility, on his mother's income, or on allowances made by his mother. They met again in November or early December of 1888, and were married on the 19th of January, in Delta, a mining town a couple of miles from Murray that has completely vanished. I was born in Mullan, a few miles south, in October of that year. Another son a year later, and a daughter a year and a half later, caused my Grandmother Lehman from New York to call a halt to all this magnificent pseudo-pioneering. No more allowances.

My father persuaded her to send him back to school--he'd never gone to college. He went to Philadelphia, enrolled in veterinary medicine, graduated first in his class, then enrolled in human medicine, graduated first in his class, in 1898, and then we came back to Idaho where he practiced. It's more exact to say that he practiced now and then, and mostly rode horseback in the hills.

Fry: It sounds like a pretty unusual life.

Lehman: Well, it was peculiar simply in that we were Europeans and New Yorkers in a mining camp. We had books, such music as was then available on cylinders; we had the report of life in Europe at the fireside. In some ways we would not have had any different life if we'd been living in New York. Occasionally a play came through, and we were always taken to the theater from the age of nine or ten. By that time we were in the new county seat, Wallace.

I remember Ward and James playing in The Tempest, and Macbeth, and Hamlet, three nights running. I remember Blanche Walsh, a boyhood flame of my father's in New York, coming out with Tolstoy's Resurrection. When Patti came to Portland, my brother and I, and my mother and father went to Spokane and spent the night, and then got on the train and spent the night in Portland, and the next night we heard Patti sing, and then we made the three-day trip back. These were things that we did; that was our intake. It's a combination of living where you cross the street and go up the mountain into the forest, and having on the shelves the novels of Tolstoy as they were beginning to be translated, and all of Huxley and Tyndall and Darwin, Thackeray, Dickens. And we were bilingual; we spoke German in the household, and my mother taught me, long before we came back to Idaho, all the best-known lyrics of Goethe by heart, and longer poems by Schiller, like Die Glocke.

## European Cultural Heritage

Fry: It seems to me your mother must have had some difficulty in bringing to her family all she wanted to in the way of her cultural heritage.

Lehman: There is a story about my mother which illustrates the way one civilization can confront another in terms of small things. It has to do with linen and laundry. In Idaho, by and large, families were servantless, and if a woman had any help at all she was likely not to have a cleaning woman but a washer-woman, who came in on Monday and did the washing and

Lehman: came in Tuesday morning to do the ironing. And in the afternoon she'd go to someone else to do the washing one day and the ironing the next. This weekly exercise was a totally new thing to my mother, who when she had been a guest in Newark and with kin coming out West hadn't known how the houses ran, because her setup in Ulm involved laundry at great intervals, when the gypsies came to do it. In winter this was sometimes three months.

There was in my grandfather's house a vast room with a high ceiling with racks of different sorts in it, so that linen which had been used, sheets, the covers for featherbeds and pillowcases, as well as personal laundry, were hung up and aired in this great room, and allowed to accumulate, soiled as they were, until--that's why they were aired, you see--the gypsies came by, took it down to the Danube and washed it. As my mother told it to me, sometimes this was a matter of a fortnight or a month, sometimes a matter of three months. And this was the universal practice through south Germany and Austria in those years.

Well, if you have a change of linen at reasonable intervals, even if you have a small family this means you must have a great deal of linen, and so my mother's linen dowry, as distinguished from any money dowry, which she was provided with too, of course, consisted of twelve dozen enormous linen sheets, and the appropriate number of pillow cases. And endless underskirts. I can remember my sisters--within a decade of this moment, my younger sister has still been using embroideries from petticoats and made shirtwaists of them. Hand-embroidered, scalloped petticoats in sufficient number to handle the long winter.

I had a very strong sense as I grew up of Europe, and I think that came partly because of what, with my particular nature, a language carries. If the language of your nursery is German, these words carry all kinds of filaments attached to ways of life which are German, especially if your mother is a German who is only now learning to speak English. She spoke fastidiously, carefully, but the easy flow of English came with her children beginning to speak English after they went to school. You get a sense of a foreign country if you get that feel of the language

Lehman: which comes from having it the language of the nursery. The asking for the meanings of words often led my mother to describe to us how they did things in her old home. I tell about the gypsies and the laundry, but there was also the business of feeding geese.

They wanted fat geese, and they kept them in the old vaulted basement, the crypt of the monastery which was my grandfather's house on the Danube, in boxes with slats so their necks could come out between the slats, and they couldn't take any exercise. My mother described to me her horror as a child when she first went down and saw two maids sitting astride two boxes in which geese were, feeding geese corn, stroking the corn down their throats so they would fatten. This was a thing that in Idaho, with a farmyard two miles up the canyon where we got milk and chickens, was so different from what I saw there, that it meant old Europe to me.

She would describe how Christmas was with them as distinguished from how it was with us, and then she would make part of our Christmas holiday like their Christmas holiday. Since as a girl it had been customary for them to gather around the great open fireplace in the evenings to prepare, from the raw materials, lemon peel, orange peel, and open nuts, pound cardamon in mortars and pestles, and cinnamon, allspice--we did that. We didn't have an open fireplace in Idaho so we did it around the old-fashioned base burner.

Then it became clear to me--and I can remember asking questions--that in Ulm you couldn't go to the store every day, everything was laid in for five or six months at a time. (My mother's mother died when she was a little girl; she had a stepmother whom she always referred to as her second mother, "Meine zweite Mutter.") She would explain how these preparations were made. Her father and mother would go and buy pounds of cinnamon, and she described what the storerooms were like and what they smelled like, and how "her second mother" would carry a great bunch of keys on a chain so that it wore a hole in her apron, how she would go in every morning and weigh out the butter with the housekeeper, and

Lehman: the housekeeper would tell the cook how much was to be used for lunch and how much for dinner. So I got a sense of Europe there.

And we heard about my mother's first travels, to Munich and Stuttgart and finally to Paris and Vienna, described from her girlhood. She spoke of the differences in the wild flowers. We would go out and pick rooster heads and Johnny-jump-ups, trillium, and mother would talk about lilies-of-the-valley and things which for us were rarities. So in this way too Europe came into our consciousness, this plus the fact that when you read, you read Grimm's Fairy Tales in German, and the words had all those filamented relations. You read Schiller, poems, and other stories.

Riess: Did your mother sing around the house?

Lehman: No. She hummed off-tune, off-pitch. She never had an ear. It was a tradition in my father's family that every child learn to play an instrument or sing, and he sang beautifully, with a beautiful baritone voice. We all had music lessons, and my mother was perfectly content, when I was sitting at the piano, because she didn't know whether I was playing Yankee Doodle or a Bach Invention.

She had a warm response to America. Her idol in biography, and she never ceased reading about him, was Abraham Lincoln, whom she pronounced with the second "l" sounded. She handed that on to my youngest brother; he's a real authority on Lincoln, he has the letters and speeches all by heart. He's been the head of a great corporation, but you could start him anywhere on any speech or letter of Lincoln, and he can finish it.

## Adjustments to Living in Idaho and Philadelphia

Riess: Was the home in Idaho in town, or in the country?

Lehman: We lived in the town. It was a small town, a little triangulated area among mountains. The Coeur-d'Alene

Lehman: River flowed out toward Spokane and Lake Coeur-d'Alene, and there was Placer Creek, which in those days was still clear, there were no mines there--the river from the two mining canyons flowed lead-color. There were only a dozen blocks of houses. We lived in progressively less good ones, because my father was not expert at doing anything except spending his inheritance, and what was worse, spending my mother's inheritance. So we didn't have as ample a background toward the end as we'd had at the beginning, which was probably very good for all of us.

Riess: He became a veterinarian--

Lehman: He studied veterinary medicine and was assistant to a Dr. Knowles, who was assistant state veterinarian for Montana, the first year. Because where we were in Philadelphia he so nearly died in desire for the wilds, and the mountains, he went out and had himself a good year of it on the range, while we stayed in Mullan. We still had the house in Mullan, Idaho, in which I was born, which was just a clapboard affair. Then he went down to Wallace and practiced.

Riess: Where is Wallace?

Lehman: Wallace is the county seat of Shoshone County; Mullan, the town I was born in, is seven miles to the east, toward Missoula. Wallace is ninety miles from Spokane, or was, it's less now with the new highways.

It was a delightful place to grow up in, it couldn't have been better. It was like this [Saratoga], except that the hills had no houses on them and had heavier forest, and were closer to us. You just walked across the street, past one garden, and then our own stables which were on another street, and then you went up the hill into the woods, chiefly tamarack woods.

So we had everything. We had the western and the eastern America; we had a vital life of the mind, an awareness of the things the mind addresses itself to; we had wilderness and cultivation; we had Europe and America; we had two languages.

Riess: And the companionship of people in the town--

Lehman: Oh, delightful, delightful. Three Falls in the novel [The Lordly Ones] is the way I remember Wallace.

Riess: Your parents loved it.

Lehman: My father was in love with it. He couldn't bear to be away from it. Like a dog that we took East in 1906 to Philadelphia, he died in six months--you know, a Philadelphia back yard is cemented and 20 feet square. My father said after he came East with us and stayed for a year, "I'm going back to Idaho. If I stay here I'll die the way Frisk did." It was true; he was in love with it. He was a complicated man, who deserves a book, coming out of New York as he did, out of his heredity, out of his wealth, tossing everything aside for a sense of freedom--fascinating, though grievous in many ways.

My mother loved where she was, provided her children were there. That sounds as though she lived off them but she never did. She never kept the slightest finger on us at any stage. She loved it especially I think in Idaho--she loved the neighbors at her gate, the drop-in thing, before people dined out much, or lunched out.

But she had a great deal to do with our going East to school, and of course we had been East until I was nine, you see, while our father was in the medical school. When things came through the Coeur d'Alenes nothing was ever missed, and I'm not sure--I never talked to her about it, but I'm not sure that she didn't feel that a period of consolidation would be good. We had been West; we had been East; when we came West again at the turn of the century we stopped to see all our kin who lived in different places. So we had a good many images to digest.

Fry: Didn't you go to Europe?

Lehman: No. The six years my father was in medical school were the years we were to have gone. Then in 1903 I went with my father for four months, and after that I was busy, and after that--I think the next time was the summer of 1912.

Riess: Had your mother been part of a casual society in Ulm?

Lehman: No, no, very elaborate. She lived in a house with forty rooms. I haven't had the heart to go back since the last war because we bombed Ulm so on account of the watchworks there which made bomb apparatus. Before the war, one-half of the old monastic foundation of three stories and the deep crypt had been turned into a very large department store, and the other half, up under the barrel vaults, and a magnificent central stairway, had been turned into sixteen apartments. So she had lived there, with connections up in the Bavarian and Swabian Alps, from which the family had come five generations before, and connections in Munich and Stuttgart. My mother described what they called dancing to us--it was what we call a ball in the old sense, an elegantly turned-out affair with music and dancing and courtesy making a special climate.

But in Idaho she didn't miss any of those things. She was born for the life she had, and was equal to practically anything. She loved the pioneer thing, though she was so shocked when she came to America, she told me, when she discovered that American women went to a store and bought shoes and gloves that they could put on. She had always had hers made to measurement.

Riess: It sounds like quite an abrupt change.

Lehman: It never floored her. It shocked her, but she got over the shock.

Riess: When she had more command of the language and went back to Philadelphia, did she lead a more sophisticated life there?

Lehman: She had sisters there, and a brother-in-law whom she adored, and she made friends everywhere easily, so that there was no lack of social life.

I remember our driving down one cold winter night to the Academy of Music, to the opera. It was my birthday. We went into the opera and had very comfortable seats and she looked about her and she said, "Weiss du es felt mir ein." "You know, it

Lehman: occurs to me, it is very nice to be anonymous." We were there to enjoy the music, and here were all these people in the boxes the names of whom everybody knew, and we were sitting in good stalls, and it was nice to be anonymous.

Riess: Why don't we speak a little more about your father, too?

Lehman: Well, it's so wrong to say anything unless you say it all, you know. It's very extraordinary. He lost his father early; his mother was handsome, a tremendously vivacious and energetic woman, who in an age when it wasn't easy to do so married several times and I think had at least one long liaison. She left New York and went to Europe with men, left him alone with servants; then when he got a little older and was very handsome, she took him along--the elder woman and the handsome son. This all made a very special thing. He didn't like conventional study, and didn't go to college until he went to professional school later.

There was that. Then he was run over when he was a kid and was a cripple all his life. He was playing hooky from school and teetering on a stand of lumber, and the lumber fell and he was thrown between the front and rear trucks of a horsecar. He pulled himself out, except for the right knee and that knee was crushed, so that leg never grew and he had a cork leg. This was both an advantage, because it made for personality--and he had all the rest that was needed--and a disadvantage, and perhaps even so far as it was an advantage it was a disadvantage because it made him rely on being striking.

Oh, this could go on forever. [Laughing] Just think what twenty sentences you'd want to say about your father. You can't do it. But he was brilliant, he was persuasive--he was a wonderful story teller, and he had beautiful hands, I remember thinking, a beautiful speaking voice, beautiful singing voice, and then his flat wheel, as he called his crippled leg. He bumped down the street on it.

Riess: Did he use a cane?

Lehman: No, he didn't need a cane. He had two cork legs, one that he used for walking, and then he'd come home and

Lehman: get out of his trousers and take this thing off, which was hooked here [knee] and over the foot, and put on another one to go riding. He was always on a horse when he could get time for it.

Riess: He was really desirous of the unrestricted life, but it sounds as though his life was always unrestricted, not as if he were getting away from restrictions.

Lehman: Well, he found ways to make himself freedom at any time.

I don't find that this is--I sometimes thought I'd sit down and just begin with one memory and spin it together, but this can't throw any light on what kind of thing _I_'ve done. The only effect he had on me was to make me, when I was younger, want to be like him--good storytelling, the swiftness and close-cutting of the phrase when he talked, and then later of course inevitably some resentment. The money was gone. Those are ways in which he affected me.

But he certainly urged Latin, urged Greek, though he hadn't had Greek, and said, "Good schooling, good schooling," and he urged us all to be chemical engineers because he said that's where the future was, as indeed it was, and was very exasperated with me when I came back from Harvard at the end of the freshman year and said, "Well, I've had all the chemistry I'm going to have. I'm going to study literature." He said, "What a sissy business." [Laughter] We didn't discuss it any more after that. You see, he believed both things--he believed it was a sissy business but you ought to be free to do what you want.

## Schooling and Entry into Harvard

Fry: Did you go to a public school in Idaho?

Lehman: Well, in the first place, I was supposed to have some heart difficulty, though I've done three men's work and have lasted seventy-five years; still this is there and was there. I was kept out of school a

Lehman: good deal, which made me more bilingual than the others because I got deeper into the German. But I did go to school steadily from my eleventh year in Wallace, I think, and there were excellent schools. (My father, incidentally, was a member of the school board, and the schools were well supported by the saloon taxes, which were terrific in the county seat where men came down from the camps on weekends. They charged some enormous sum for the license, and this all went into the school tax.)

We had very good teachers; I began Latin in the seventh grade and Greek in the eighth, and we had excellent physics and chemistry, good English teaching, good history, and so on. When I went away to school I was sent to Philadelphia--

Fry: This was to the equivalent of high school?

Lehman: Well, I went to Wallace public schools in the seventh grade, and there was real rivalry. A number of boys and girls from that community went out and did important things; the Moffitt boys went out--or at least one of them went out, and become president of a great corporation in Buffalo. Enoch Barnard became vice-president or president of Anaconda Copper. Two of them became college professors, besides myself, out of this little town. So there was good teaching and a good vibrant pre-intellectual life.

In any case, I went from there East, because I was to go to college, and because my father, though he esteemed the schools in Wallace, still didn't think they would be as good as schools in the East. I went to the best school I ever was in--a far better educational institution than Harvard was, to which I went when I graduated. I went to Central High School in Philadelphia, which was one of the notable schools in this country, and founded as the College of the City of Philadelphia by Franklin, I think. It still gave an A.B. degree in my time. It had the most tremendous program, rigorously administered, well taught; much was expected of the student by the teacher. I went there for the eleventh and twelfth year in the public school system, and got into Harvard by entrance examinations. At Harvard I took an A.B. degree in four years with summos honores and summa cum laude--one for the field and the other

Lehman: for the rating in the class. And I think these successes were fostered by the high school training.

I had intended to go to the University of Pennsylvania, it was all I'd ever heard of. My father took his medical degrees there in the day when Penn was perhaps the best of the schools, and that's what I heard of. I went to high school in Philadelphia and my teachers, John Louis Haney especially, were Penn men, and I was going to Pennsylvania. Then one day in my junior year I had a letter from my mother saying that she had decided that with my next brother, who was a year younger, coming East to school the next year, and my sister, who was two years younger, coming the year after that, the family would just dribble away, so she would come to Philadelphia and open a house and set it going and then we could all have a nice place from which to go to the University of Pennsylvania.

I don't know what lightning struck in my brain, but the next afternoon I went to Albert Henry Smyth, the Benjamin Franklin editor, who was my English teacher.

"What's the best university in America?"

He said, "Oh, Harvard, unquestionably."

I said, "That's where I'll go." And the only reason I wanted to go was to get away. I was <u>not</u> going to live at home any more. I was fifteen.

So I went to Harvard, badly prepared in some ways and very wonderfully prepared in others. My German was still hobbling me, you see, so that I flunked entrance English at Harvard and had to take the examination over, which I did. You had to take 26 points, a whole battery of examinations.

Riess: Your high school was a college preparatory school?

Lehman: Yes. It was a liberal arts school, but it was wide.

Well, then I went to Harvard, and I did some chemistry and I did some astronomy, because I was going to be a chemical engineer. My adviser, whom I had never seen before and who didn't know anything

Lehman: about me or about my background and asked no questions, told me to take English 28, the history of English literature. It was given by every professor of literature in his field, a different man coming in on the different periods, and it began with Kittredge on Anglo-Saxon literature. We had Neilson, and on down to Bliss Perry who'd just finished being editor of the Atlantic. Well, when I'd had that array, that finished everything.

In preparatory school, in John Louis Haney and Albert Henry Smyth, I had had two very notable teachers of English and literature; I had taken a fancy to both and both seemed to take a fancy to me, and this may have started to tilt things toward literature. Nevertheless, when I went up I planned to be, as my father had urged, a chemical engineer, and I planned to have an undergraduate course in chemistry and then some advanced courses (perhaps at M.I.T., in my mind, though my father thought again, back to Pennsylvania), advanced courses in chemical engineering, perhaps degrees. My brothers pursued those careers on my father's urging and had distinguished careers, both as chemical engineers and as administrators of great concerns.

But when I had been exposed to this freshman course, with everybody from Kittredge in the beginning to Bliss Perry at the end, lecturing on literature, I was through with the other thing. I think there was a property of laziness operative; it seemed so easy to do and so pleasant. I never had the feeling that I was studying in that field, and I always had the feeling that I was studying, or in the laboratory, working, when I was lined up on the chemistry beam.

Riess: How strong then was the push from your father? What happened when you headed in the literature direction?

Lehman: He was scornful. It was la-di-da stuff, it was not a career, at all. I remember saying to him, "Well, if you hadn't steered me away from medicine, in the practice of which I think I could have had all the human factors that I need, then I wouldn't have turned to literature where I get the human factors at second-hand." And I think that nonplussed him for a moment because he had earlier, and pretty consistently, warned us against the slavery of a

Lehman: doctor's life--which was only really warning us of what could be because he himself never really allowed himself to be enslaved by it. [Laughter]

## HARVARD, 1907-1911

### George Santayana

Lehman: My adviser also told me to take history of philosophy, which I did, ancient philosophy with George Herbert Palmer, very simple, very understandable, very wonderful, in its way. The second half of the course, modern philosophy beginning with Descartes, was with Santayana. I was beguiled by the precision, the suggestiveness, and the elegance of every phrase as that man sat there talking to us freshmen about Descartes. I'm sure that after the first lecture it had already happened that I had decided I would never be without him one semester from then on.

Yet gradually it dawned on me after about two or three weeks with Santayana that I didn't really understand, though I'd gotten an "A" with Palmer. So after the class I went up--there were no discussions, just lectures--I went up and said, "Mr. Santayana, sir, I think I'm not really understanding. Is there a book you could recommend to me in which I could practice understanding?"

He had a very honeyed voice, sat behind the desk because he didn't like to be seen moving around, his legs were so short and fat, and over the black beard and in the honeyed voice, he said, "Have you had any philosophy?"

I said, "I had Philosophy A with Professor Palmer."

Santayana said, "Did you prosper in it?"

I said, "I got an 'A', sir."

Lehman: Santayana said, "Mr. Palmer feeds you pap."

Isn't that wonderful? [Laughter]

So in the wake of that I just listened some more and thought about it when I wasn't in class, and pretty soon I was having a rip-roaring time up here, absolutely enjoying the thinking it started. I've hardly gone a day in my life since without thinking of Santayana's ideas, and without opening a book of his, here or there. Every semester I stayed with a Santayana course, and when he taught ethics I was one of the seven people who elected to be in it, when Harvard had 3,000 undergraduates. Walter Lippmann was in it, T.S. Eliot was in it, and, I think, Kenneth Macgowan.

Riess: Nobody else wanted to be in it?

Lehman: They didn't take it, I don't know why. He didn't have the vogue then. It was only later, when he left Harvard, that he had a wide spread of appeal. He wasn't "discovered."

Well, Santayana was a great experience. Kittredge in a different way was a great experience, just ripping in with a phrase and disemboweling the subject. And Bliss Perry, cuddling up to a subject and coaxing its secrets out of it. Totally different men, totally different temperaments, totally different approaches. Advisers didn't bother to force you into the right courses. I knew about these men from that long history of literature course, so I studied with them. I should have been taking economics, you know, and political science and gone into banking, like the earlier family, but I didn't. I think it would have been better if I'd been put in Government 1 and Economics 1, as well as these other things.

Riess: Did your first adviser continue to advise you?

Lehman: No. The advisers shifted. It was the disintegrating end of the elective system. You could take anything you wanted, provided you accumulated sixteen courses with a "C" or better. Advising was easy going, almost indifferent.

Riess: So your four years were under the free elective system?

Lehman: Yes. Lowell came in when I was a junior and started changing things but they didn't get very far and besides I was along and had gained a certain right to have freedom because I had all "A" grades. If you said you wanted to do something they said, "What's your grade average?" And then, "Okay." So you were allowed to ruin, you see, the balanced program. It was overindulgence of a kind, and very easy. You were doing what you liked. It was easy as breathing. It was in a way like my father and the West. Those were my hills.

## Josiah Royce

Riess: You really noticed the teaching style of these men, too?

Lehman: Yes. That was very much part of the experience, the teaching style, and some personal contacts that were very valuable at one time or another. It was a curious thing that I should have come to teach in, and to be for a half dozen years the chairman of, the department of English in which Josiah Royce started his teaching, because Josiah Royce was a very striking human influence in those years at Harvard as an undergraduate. (I sent in my papers to Bancroft my reminiscence of him there, spoken at the centennial on campus; I never bothered to print it.) And a man I came to know said to me one day crossing the Yard in the spring of my freshman year, "I was talking to Professor Royce, telling him about the trouble I'm having about religion, and he said, after we talked for a while, that he would be glad to meet with a few of us one evening a week for the rest of the semester and tell us the history of his religious experience."

(He was then a much greater reputation than he later was, you know. In those days they thought he was with Kant and Plato and Socrates. Paulsen at Berlin had so ranked him.)

Well, I knew who Royce was, I'd gone to hear him lecture in one of his courses, very pink face, cloud

Lehman: of white hair, a little fellow, snub nose, uncomplete face. When this fellow said, "I told him I'd get six or eight fellows, do you want to be one of them?" I said, "I'm not having any difficulty about my religious opinions. They don't exist."

He said, "Well, come in and see what his were and maybe talk about your way of looking at things."

Anyway, I was involved. We went, and Royce sketched for the seven of us, sitting in Brooks House before the fireplace, early periods of doubt and how he came out ultimately on the philosophy of loyalty.

"And now," he said, "I wish each of you would go home and think it over and tell me what your conception is of immortal values."

So we all wrote something and he read two or three of them, read mine and commented on it, wrote a note on the back of it and handed it back. All spring we did that. It added greatly to my sense of the richness of personality and quality of the man, to my alertness to what to look for in advanced human entities. But it had no relation to my beliefs; they weren't changed. In any case, that was an early contact.

## Charles Townsend Copeland's Course in Composition

Riess: Did that group of people contain anybody who later was of note?

Lehman: No, curiously enough. The people who afterwards, in that extraordinary undergraduate body of those days, did things--the kind that were in Who's Who in 1935 or so--were mostly in Charles Townsend Copeland's course in composition. Copeland was a funny and eccentric man who lived in one of the college dormitories and taught English composition. A hundred people tried out to get in, and he took twelve. I tried out at the beginning of my sophomore year myself and wasn't chosen, but at the beginning

Lehman: of the second semester one of the men who was chosen dropped out or was thrown out, and Copie sent word to me and two or three others that we could write another trial, a little essay, I've forgotten what specifically. (The first time he had read an essay of Robert Louis Stevenson's to the gathering and said, "Now go home and write an essay as good as that." And then you handed your effort in and he picked the ones he liked.) I got into the course the second half semester, and Walter Lippmann was in it; T.S. Eliot; Kenneth Macgowan; Hiram Motherwell; J.T. Addison, the preacher; F.M. Elliott, later the head of the Unitarian Church. Anyway, by the time we were forty, nine out of the twelve were in _Who's Who_. These were all undergraduates then.

I learned a lot in Copie's course, largely from just hearing him read aloud and comment on what other people wrote. He didn't teach everybody, apparently. When T.S. Eliot came to lecture in Berkeley he came to supper after the lecture.

"The last time we spoke to one other was in Copie's English 12, so many years ago."

"Oh," Eliot said, "yes, I remember that course. I remember it as the course in which I learned absolutely nothing." Well, [laughter], he opened himself up wide. But I had hospitable obligations and didn't make the obvious retorts.*

But in that course I think you found your way, I think people did. Copie had a way of conference. You put your paper in, which consisted of your essay or your story, and one page of translation from a foreign language, in which you wrote out the Greek or the Latin or the French or the German,

---

*I speak of T.S. Eliot as a classmate and a snob, which may be a little rough on him, so I should like to support that by a passage in Leonard Woolf's memoirs in which he quotes T.S. Eliot as saying, after a party on a weekend, that "I, 'Tom' Eliot, behaved like a priggish, pompous, little ass," which is what I meant to suggest and I'm glad to quote him to the same effect. [BHL, May 1968]

Lehman: and I don't think he ever checked these translations but he made sure they came in--and you put it in the box in his entry of Hollis Hall, and you had conference appointments. He collected them at 10 o'clock on Friday nights, and he put them in a dovecote: Eliot, (the other) Elliott, Lehman, Lippmann.... And when you went for conference--I went at 10 o'clock in the morning--he was usually there drinking a dish of tea at the fireplace in a very surly post-get-up mood, and he would say, "Flutter the dovecote, and bring your paper to the table, and read it." [Laughter]

So we read them. One of my papers goes back to Santayana. I had found in one of the essays of Santayana a sentence that fascinated me. Santayana said, "Poetry when it supervenes on life is religion; religion when it intervenes in life is poetry." This fascinated me at the age of seventeen, and so for days I thought about it, and I wrote an essay and I handed it in to Copeland. And I came up that morning and got my essay and sat down at the table, and he said, "Read."

Well, his way was to make comments, which _you_ wrote in the margin--_he_ didn't bother to do that--and at the end he'd say, "Fold it over, and write on the back:..." You made the marginal comments in black ink, and the long comment on the back in red ink. I began to read, and he sat there and very faintly groaned the whole time. I read it to the end and I read it well, and when I got through I waited for his comment:

"Lehman, fold your essay over, and take the red ink, and write, 'Master inquireth:'"

"Written, Mr. Copeland."

"How much of this is yours and how much is Santayana's? Now write, 'Pupil respondeth:'"

"Written, Mr. Copeland."

"Now, write your answer." And I wrote.

"Read it to me," he said.

Lehman: And I read, "The quotation is from Mr. Santayana, sir, the rest is mine."

"Take the red ink and write, 'Master observeth: I didn't understand a goddamn word of it so I thought it was all Santayana.'"

[Laughter] I still have that paper. Isn't that wonderful?

You know, you learn more under those circumstances than any amount of picayune pother.

Riess: Were you doing any fiction writing, or poetry, at that time?

Lehman: No. For the writing courses I wrote essays and some small reminiscences of experiences from the Idaho time for Mr. Copeland. I thought about it a little bit now and then, enjoyed very much narrating events, usually a comic event, but was never conscious of the other; it wasn't really until I got out and had a great deal more brooding leisure, at Moscow, Idaho, and at Pullman, Washington, when I was teaching that I began thinking of short stories and of novels. But even then I didn't begin to write fiction.

Riess: You say the literary line was easier for you than the scientific, it came easier. Yet you must have had to work very hard for a man like Copeland.

Lehman: Well, you know that line of Shakespeare's: "To the labor that we love we rise betimes" (meaning early) "and go to it with delight." I didn't have any sense of labor about it.

## Other Teaching Personalities

Riess: Were there other professors at Harvard that you recall?

Lehman: Between 1907 and 1911 there was, in addition to these we've mentioned, Bliss Perry, who had been

Lehman: editor of the Atlantic Monthly and continued, at the beginning of that time, to be editor, but had also accepted a professorship at Harvard. From my freshman year on he was a personality that had a great deal of influence on me--mild, humorous, penetrating, forthright, without any violence of opinion, an utterly charming man. Unacademic in many ways [laughing], he had, nonetheless, a true feeling for what were not only literary values but values of the mind and the spirit, and I think that he balanced some of these other people who were a little insistently academic, or perhaps a little too exclusively intellectual. In any case, in my freshman course in literature he came in at the end--they all took a place in that course--and my relation with him continued from that time by my taking courses as an undergraduate, and when I went back to Harvard to write my doctoral dissertation in 1917 I went to him with my subject on Carlyle's theory of the hero, from which I made the book later, and he was the director of that dissertation. No director could have been more easy; he read, suggested, approved, never disapproved, let you make your own book.

Riess: In a good way.

Lehman: Entirely in a good way. So that was Bliss Perry. Royce I've spoken of, and Santayana I've spoken of, and Kittredge. And Copeland, who was notable as a somewhat irascible personality and who did draw into his writing course the most stimulating young--undergraduate that is--people, and as I say, there were, in the course when I took it, a half dozen or eight people all of whom made themselves international reputations.

Riess: It's interesting to speculate on what he gave, and what was latent in that group.

Lehman: Well, I quoted to you T.S. Eliot's saying that it was a course in which he learned absolutely nothing. I think I learned a great deal in that course, partly because of the conference techniques, partly because it was a course in which you heard the essays, and sometimes stories and poems, that your contemporaries wrote, read back to you and read very well by Copeland. Perhaps most of all the stimulation of a course of that sort came from your discovery of the quality of

Lehman: the minds and talents of your contemporaries, a thing that you find out by talking with undergraduates, but you wouldn't perhaps have talked to that group of undergraduates. They were collected there by a common interest, but it was not the kind of common interest that would necessarily have brought us together humanly outside the classroom. And it was from that that I learned so much. It seemed to me a very informing, a very instructive, and a very stimulating course, that course of Copeland's, English 12.

Later, LeBaron Russell Briggs, in the advanced composition course, English 5, presented himself to us as a very great human being. Briggs I came to know better when I was a graduate student. He was the dean of the faculties, he was the president of Radcliffe, he was a Yankee of Yankees. When I was an undergraduate he had a face as wrinkled as a walnut, even though he was not then an old man; he wore baggy clothes; his eyelids folded heavily over his eyes; when you looked at him, everything seemed careless and improvised about his personality. Nothing could have been more casual than the way in which he introduced the most profound insights in conversation with individuals. Nothing could have seemed more accidental and been more skillfully planned than the way he planted a piece of advice that he thought it was high time you listened to. Yet it was always done in this casual way. He was perhaps the greatest personality in the Harvard Yard.

Riess: Drawing people to his classes?

Lehman: Yes, and partly the way in which he kept in touch with everyone. He had a fantastic memory for names, not only to go with faces, but to go with relationships. If he met you after an interval of four or five years he asked after everybody that he knew you knew. He spun the most elaborate web; his secretary once told me that he had upward of five thousand Christmas greetings from former students.

Riess: That's interesting. I think of taciturnity when I think of the New England Yankee personality.

Lehman: He was laconic, but not taciturn. Generous, warm-hearted, thoughtful, combining the highest responsibility

Lehman: in policy and administration with domesticity. For instance, I met him on the subway once sometime around 1918 or 1919 going into the city, to Boston, at four in the afternoon.

"What brings you here, Sir, at this hour?"

"I'm going in to buy the roast for next week. We have a butcher in Faneuil Hall." That kind of thing.

On another occasion I remember his saying, "Want to go along with me? I'm buying a barrel of cranberries." Wholesale provision, you see, for the president of Radcliffe.

It was a curious thing, and I suppose it's true everywhere all the time, but the personal side of these men gradually developed in my mind. Now this may be because I was more than usually aware of personality as revealed in small things--I think that's been a special thing with me all my life. As when Mr. Kittredge, when I went to confer with him sometimes as an undergraduate, lighted his third cigar during the conference, and I laughed at his having got so far in so short a time with cigars, said, "Oh, that's a sensitive matter under this roof; I have said to my daughter, who takes care of accounts, 'The first bill to be paid every month is my cigar bill, and no questions asked.'" "Well," he said, "questions are asked." [Laughter]

Hundreds of small things like that, you see, were there. I think probably they always were there with every student who came in intermittent touch with these men. But then perhaps most people weren't struck by them; I was much struck by them.

Riess: You seemed willing to meet these men. Perhaps that was pretty threatening to most students.

Lehman: Well they were very human really, if by chance one went beyond, in relation, the mere classroom thing. Yet there was very little social life between teacher and students. Occasionally at Brooks House, which was sort of a Y.M.C.A. special thing, unconnected with a church but having the kind of church endeavor about it, sometimes there one ran into people of the

Lehman: faculty, there was that social touch. But asking students in to tea was a not common practice; it happened occasionally. And sometimes with people like William Henry Schofield, the medievalist, who had married an enormously wealthy woman, a widow, there would be Thanksgiving Dinner for forty or something of that sort, simply asked from the classes if they didn't go home for Thanksgiving to come up, give their names, and join the Schofields. But there was very little of that.

The kind of thing that was commonplace in the western universities, both at Idaho and Washington on the one hand, and California where you went to the fraternities as a faculty member, was not common at Harvard, except of course that the faculty members came to the Phi Beta Kappa weekly dinner. But that only involved you after you were in Phi Beta Kappa and you couldn't be in Phi Beta Kappa at best until you were a junior; there were only eight juniors chosen and sixteen seniors, so that there were always, theoretically, twenty-four Phi Beta Kappa members, and usually four to six members of the faculty came to dine at the Phi Beta Kappa dinners which were held, as I remember it, once a fortnight and were endowed (someone had left an endowment to make possible these gatherings of Phi Beta Kappa at intervals).

Riess: When were you elected?

Lehman: In my junior year, I think.

The initiation into Phi Beta Kappa was a strange one. You were invited, at least in those days, after you were elected, to a dinner. At that dinner you were given a topic to speak on, and the topic was announced and you got on your feet and you were expected to speak for five minutes. I, who have never been tongue-tied in my life, was absolutely flabbergasted, so that I can't now remember what the topic was, but I got on my feet and couldn't get going. Yet I had to stand there for the five minutes just the same. [Laughing] I remember meeting the president of Phi Beta Kappa in the Harvard Yard the next day and saying how sorry I was that I hadn't been up to the occasion, and he said, "Well, never mind, Lehman"--he being a whole year older than I--"never mind, Lehman, there are plenty of men with brains who have

Lehman: careers who can't speak in public." [Laughter]

Riess: Did you take any course in psychology, or come to it through philosophy studies?

Lehman: No. I heard about it. I heard something, even in those days, of Freud, as an undergraduate. Mere mention. Hugo Münsterberg was there, and he gave courses. What the content was I haven't the least idea; I didn't know anyone who took them, or at least I don't now remember any report.

He did gather in students for certain experiments and I remember once being invited to come, and now I can't remember exactly, but it seems to me that what I did was to sit in a room filled with red light and answer questions that were asked--I suppose I was called to his attention by one of my teachers in the literature field, because they were literary questions--and they kept tab of how quick the responses were. Then the next day I went and the room was full of blue light and I answered another series of questions. Maybe the third day it was green light. [Laughter] Some preposterousness like that, and I never heard what came of it. Of course Hugo Münsterburg was quite an eminence between 1907 and 1911. That eminence was perhaps falsely qualified at the time of the war because he was so pro-German. But I didn't take any psychology.

Under the elective system of course I practically didn't educate myself, just studied what I liked, learned Italian and read Dante and Petrarch, that kind of extension of the English literary studies. The interest in economics and in political science all was developed and fed later; I talked about those things but knew nothing of them and was not informed. I should have taken courses in government with Lowell, you see, which was what political science was then called, and in economics, but did not.

Riess: So in your talk with your friends, Freud's theories and ideas wouldn't have been a topic much?

Lehman: Well, philosophical ideas, aesthetic ideas, literatures--psychology in the sense that you talked about people to understand them, to describe how they seemed to you, what made them tick, all this flowed in

Lehman: ultimately to fiction and human relations. I think we were especially personality-haunted, and I think I more than most of the men I knew. A sense of what a human being was, with all his characteristic marks upon him, with all his vital thrusts within him, and the way in which he did spin a web with his environment, these were the things that were of interest and they remain, after 70 years, still a major interest. [Laughing] Sixty years--I better not add too many!

Riess: I guess I thought with your interests the new knowledge that Freud was bringing in his lectures might have been particularly striking.

Lehman: I'm sure that Santayana, with his wide reading and great awareness of what was going on, must at one time or another, perhaps without any reference, got these things in. And the enormous congeniality that I felt perhaps arose from that.

## The Class of 1911

Riess: These people who turned up in Who's Who, the members of Copeland's class, did you think, listening to them and to their papers at the time, that they would amount to something, that they had the potential?

Lehman: The people who impressed me most of that group were Walter Lippmann, and Conrad Aiken, and J.T. Addison, who did very little, really, and Kenneth Macgowan. Macgowan did a great deal both as writer, theater specialist, director of theater along with O'Neill (he has an important place in the O'Neill biography), as a director and producer in the movies, and finally as the creator of the department of dramatic art at U.C.L.A. He was closest to me in terms of friendship, as an undergraduate, of any of these people in the writing course, so we were tied together lifelong through that, through the interest in theater, and finally through being on the same faculty though on different campuses of the University of California.

Riess: These were the striking talents.

Lehman: They are the ones that seemed to me to be, yes. Of course, I knew nothing about projecting people's notability, their "who's-whoness."

Riess: There is something interesting about these years here at California, and at Harvard, 1912 in particular, which produced such a remarkable array of important people.

Lehman: Yes, 1912--and some of these people were in 1912, though I was in 1911, and some were in 1910--that was a period of a great many sharp projections. Here Earl Warren and Robert Gordon Sproul and others. It would be interesting to see if there were something in the stars, or whatever, by checking other universities, too. Of course, it may only be the place we are in time; ten years hence it may look like 1921, 1922 are the great years.

Riess: Your friends at Harvard, was it a writing crowd, or a club crowd, or what?

Lehman: I would think the common denominator, now that I look back, was talk. The people who could talk amusingly, what I then regarded as penetratingly, they were the people.

As it happened, four of these who were my good undergraduate friends--I say that with a kind of misgiving, too, because life taught me that you make very good undergraduate friends and don't carry them through life necessarily--but the four undergraduate friends had in common a fate that had nothing to do with their personal qualities. Within a couple of years of graduation all four of them were dead.

George Barnum Hoyt, son of a literary man who was editor of a professional periodical called Stone, and who was my roommate for a year, died at Saranac of tuberculosis, I think in 1914. Phil Snedeker, a very promising, and to me a very stimulating fellow, was given a trip around the world by an uncle for a graduation present and died of some tropical disease in Borneo, on the trip. Will Hunt, who developed a specialty in astronomy and went to be assistant astronomer in Brazil or some place of that sort, was drowned while swimming on his way to his post--within a few months of graduation. Paul

Lehman: Marriott, who was a good poet, and the most gifted, we all thought, of our class, couldn't come to commencement; he was in the hospital with cancer and died a few weeks after graduation.

Now this is a curious thing. It has nothing to do with endowment, but it seemed a kind of destiny pattern. These were four of the people that I walked and talked with most, or dropped in on frequently. And then an occasional long talk with Lippmann, more frequent long talks with Kenneth Macgowan. These men all were literate and articulate, but they had a great variety of interests: Snedeker was going into business, Hunt was going into astronomy, Hoyt was going into the Episcopal ministry, Paul Marriott hoped to be a literary man. It was he, not Conrad Aiken or T.S. Eliot, of the collegiate population in those days, it was he that we all thought had the gift--and it may be that he had.

Riess: Where did you live in your undergraduate years?

Lehman: I lived first in Perkins Hall, for two years, down on Oxford Street, outside the Yard. My junior year I came into the Yard and lived in one of the Yard dormitories, and then I moved into a different one in my senior year. My senior year I worked very hard, and lived alone, by choice, on the fifth floor, with no elevator, so fewer people would drop in. That left me free to write the original essay on Carlyle's theory of the hero which won the Bowdoin Prize that year and then opened up, six years later, in my mind, the subject that became the dissertation and ultimately the book. It was, I think, the first history of an idea offered for a doctorate in an American university. It may have been the first book published that dealt with the history of an idea as such, well before _The Great Chain of Being_ and those books.

Riess: That seems amazing, somehow.

Lehman: Well, it's so much in the air now, in later decades--and I'm not sure, I never made a check, but that is the impression I have.

Cambridge and the World

Riess: Did you and your friends follow events in the Boston area, and go out to things?

Lehman No, it was notable that we didn't. That was a very different world--I suppose it was in every university. One regarded oneself as being in a backwater, that the past was the thing you got up on; what was called contemporary literature was not taught in courses. We paid no attention, except perhaps for some Conrad books, to anything that was being published then; we were reading the works of the past, we were studying the history of the past. We weren't really concerned about what was going on politically. The earliest thing that I have any awareness of now in recollection was the police strike and Calvin Coolidge, when I was in graduate school.

But we didn't take a newspaper--Walter Lippmann did, but no one else I knew; Walter Lippmann had the Times--we had the Harvard Crimson, but the Harvard Crimson didn't give contemporary events any play. It was intramural predominantly. We were aware that in 1908 there was an election, but I wasn't old enough to vote and I took no real interest in it. I was conscious of the Roosevelt-Taft split, people talked a little about it, but it was not a main concern the way it would be with undergraduates today.

Riess: And concerts and lectures, did you expose yourself to them sort of assiduously?

Lehman: I'm glad you speak of that because I had it in mind. To be in Boston between 1907 and 1911 was to be in the neighborhood of some extraordinary educative factors. There were, first of all, architectural items: the Richardson Episcopal Church in Copley Square; the beautiful Boston Public Library; University Hall, of which Bullfinch was the architect in the Harvard Yard; the old pre-Civil War and even 18th century houses in Louisburg Square in Boston; Mrs. Gardner's "Palace"; and the fine early buildings at Harvard. That, plus, of course, all the early

Lehman: houses maintained in those days still in Lexington and Concord and in Salem.

Then there was the contents of the museums, which we sought out. I went a great deal, to look at the Oriental collection particularly, but at all good things in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. And I came early as an undergraduate to Mrs. Gardner's--the only way you could really see those things was to go as an usher, and this was arranged for me because she had Harvard students when she opened the collection for, I think, ten days, for tax purposes. She had one Harvard student assigned to each room, and if you went often enough you would get through most of the collection, and you were allowed to look, provided you didn't leave that room. You had an early glimpse, too, of Mrs. Gardner, which was of a different order of events, but also an experience.

Riess: I don't know about Mrs. Gardner.

Lehman: She's the Mrs. Gardner who's in Aline Saarinen's Proud Possessors, Mrs. Jack Gardner--the greatest private collection, I suppose, of the century. Now it's open to the public, with a high endowment. It's called the Fenway Palace, an imitation, or a development of the structures of the Venetian palaces, on the Fenway, in Boston. She was a New Yorker, Isabella Stewart, and with the help of Bernard Berenson, but largely because of her own amazing talent for these things, with not very great wealth she built up this superb collection.

So, there was the Boston Museum, the Fenway Palace, and then you hardly went anywhere without seeing a Copley, for instance--or Copley, as some people say--and people had enormous numbers of Stuarts and Copleys and all those things so that you were perpetually in the presence of good painting, and occasionally good sculpture. That was before Harvard had built up a museum, in the days of the original little Fogg Art Museum, where there were a few good things. That was the time when John Singer Sargent was perhaps a little past the height of his career, but he had painted the Frieze of the Prophets in the Boston Public Library, and the public library's

Lehman: great stairway had those great canvasses by Puvis de Chavannes. So there were architectural experiences, there were experiences in the plastic arts, and of course there was the best and the most easily accessible musical experience, with the Symphony Orchestra.

In those days the "gallery," which was really the balcony, of the Symphony Hall, was open to anyone who could get in, for 25 cents. Well, 25 cents I suppose was a dollar and a half or a dollar and a quarter in our money, but we all had that. Even on pretty cold days, we used to take a book or two, and if it was very, very cold, take an extra coat, and fold it up so we could sit on the steps and get in line there four or five hours before the doors were open. I've forgotten how many could be seated in the balcony, but if you were one beyond in the seating then you didn't get in. We went, particularly George Hoyt and I, Friday after Friday to the afternoon concert. Karl Muck, the great German conductor, was there; in later years, after the war confusions had thrown Muck out--perhaps as a German spy, but certainly as a German--then Pierre Monteux came, and I heard Pierre Monteux in his first years there when I was back at graduate school.

Then there were a great many concerts, and it was the day when theater went around the country, and we would see some things in stock at the Castle Square Garden--Shakespeare, the Russians, and such--but chiefly made a point of getting to see Mrs. Fiske, who was then in her prime, Julia Marlowe and Edward H. Sothern. The classics were much played. We were a naive audience, I think, because certainly Julia Marlowe was a middle-aged woman, or close to middle age, and yet she played Viola, you see, in a little boy's costume, and she played Juliet still.

Riess: Did programs come to the campus?

Lehman: No, there was very little. There was a play or two every year given by one of the fraternities, an Elizabethan play. But no, things weren't brought to the campus. Mrs. Fisk, I remember, gave a lecture in Saunder's Theater once. But the people who came from the outer world to lecture on campus, and there was always something going, were people like Godkin,

Lehman: the editor of the New York Nation, which was then fairly conservative journal, notable personalities--Bryan came once to address the undergraduates--distinguished scholars from other parts of the world, sometimes as far West as Chicago [laughing], sometimes as far East as London, or even Berlin. And there was a German exchange professorship when I was an undergraduate, before the First World War. Men like Barrett Wendell went to Paris. I've forgotten who went to Berlin on these exchanges. And men like Legouis and Cestre came from Paris, and Kühnemann came from Berlin. They gave courses in literature. Sometimes, as in the case of Cestre, in English as well as French, in the case of Kühnemann all in German, as I remember it, and I have the impression I went to hear all his lectures. In retrospect they seem all to have been about the 19th century German painters, like Arnold Böcklin. It was not a world in which the outer world and the academic world were brought vitally together.

Riess: Was Oriental art just being introduced to the country when you went to see it?

Lehman: I think the first important collection was made there in Boston. If I ever knew, I've forgotten how it came to be there, what started it, but it may have been the trade with China going way back that brought these things in. But it was an important early collection and it was very invitingly displayed. I understand that in later years it's been immensely augmented. But it was then sufficient in quantity and variety and--though I'm no judge of these things--in excellence, I think, so that you were able to get from it an impression of what the Oriental psyche and spirit was like. And certainly I remember that when, some years later, in the twenties, I read Laurence Binyon's Spirit of Man in Asian Art I felt that I had seen enough so that I knew what he was talking about.

Riess: Were you attracted by it?

Lehman: Oh, very much, more then than ever since. I've never had, in later years, the kind of full response that I then had. Partly, I guess, because the works that go on exhibition now are elaborations of the central thing--they bring in additional excellences

Lehman: that I'm just not geared to take in. I did, however, back a decade or so, go to Seattle for four or five days to see the great Japanese collection. It didn't come to San Francisco; it went to Chicago, Washington and New York; but it didn't come to San Francisco, we then heard because not all Asians were courteously treated during the organization meetings for the U.N. In any case, it was quite wonderful. That seems to have given me the kind of experience that I had in the much smaller and probably less notable showings.

Riess: And the spirit and psyche attracted you.

Lehman: Yes, it does. But some of the elaborations of the Asian spirit which you see in, for instance, the exhibition from India that was just in San Francisco, leave me cold as far as response goes, but interest me immensely. I'm interested in the ingenuities which go into the design of the innumerable medallion structures, into the preoccupation with the human body in its grosser aspects. This interests me as a manifestation of a racial psyche, but I don't have any sense that I'm in the presence of great experience. And it may be--come to think of it--that those early long visits to the museum in Boston had something to do with my interest in the 1920s in developing the Asian collections in the University Library when I was chairman of the Library Committee, setting the earliest pattern of library collections for the Pacific Basin. Perhaps the old Boston looking at these things left some residue and had some influence.

Of course, I ought to add that there was through that period everywhere a much fresher sense than I think one has nowadays of Colonial history, and of New England Colonial history. It's too easy now, I find, when I'm in Boston, to dash from one pre-Revolutionary monument to another [laughing]. We used to make some effort of excursion, and in preliminary talk or some reading get ourselves ready for Concord or for Lexington or for Salem, or even for Plymouth. I think the easiness of access of the day of the motorcar has made all that less impactful than it was.

TEACHING AT IDAHO AND WASHINGTON, AND MARRIAGE

Riess: What were your plans after graduation?

Lehman: Well, I wasn't sure what I was going to do. There was, of course, an economic factor in there because the abundance of our resources at the beginning had dwindled, and I had four junior siblings, all of whom were on their way to college or already in college.

Riess: And they went to Pennsylvania?

Lehman: Yes, all of them. The elder of my two sisters later did graduate work at Columbia. In any case, there were two brothers and two sisters who had to go on, and I wasn't absolutely sure what I wanted to do, and since as I now look back, I think to keep five people in college was something of a strain, the idea was that I would be sure before I went back for graduate work.

Riess: Did your professors at Harvard urge you to go into graduate work?

Lehman: No, I didn't consult anyone. I was invited back to my prep school to teach, and within a week of that moment, was invited to go to Idaho. And I remember going to talk to Barrett Wendell, who was my adviser, about it, and he said, "Oh, go West and grow up with the country!" [Laughter]

When Barrett Wendell urged going West, he didn't say, "Why do you want to teach?" He was a wealthy man who wanted to teach or had taught, one of those professors at Harvard that never accepted his salary, always endorsed it back to the university.

So, I came out to Idaho to teach and for three years I taught at the University of Idaho, and three years at Washington State College, during which I met interesting people. I want to emphasize that the Bay Area isn't alone in this respect. It occurs to me perhaps that whether you see interesting people wherever you are is a matter of what your interests are. If you like personality and are not fearful of

Lehman: being overwhelmed in conversation, you meet people. I remember one week in Washington State College when I spent one evening with Hoffmann, the pianist, the evening before he played, and later in the week I spent an evening with Helen Keller and Miss Sullivan. I think perhaps this is always available in America, it's just a question of whether you're interested. And I suppose--it may sound fatuous to say it--it depends on whether you can carry your share of it. You're supposed to sing for your supper when you go to these parties.

There were many talented figures from the Idaho days. Minnie M. Brashear--I think she's still living, well in her nineties--was then deeply interested in Mark Twain, before any academic person much was, and in these later years she published a half dozen or eight works about him. She was a woman of great charm, a spinster who, around 1912, 1913, 1914, had the kind of freedom of mind and utterance, with a great deal of humor in it, which you expect now in spinsters [laughter], but didn't in those days. A delightful human being. She was at the University of Idaho when I was there and moved into service in the scholarly critical world.

Then Edward Maslin Hume was there, an excellent teacher and historian, teaching Renaissance and Medieval history, and he later came down to Stanford as professor in those fields.

Riess: Were these people Idaho products?

Lehman: Oh no, Minnie Brashear came from Missouri, had graduated, I think, from the University of Missouri and had done graduate work in the East. Edward Maslin Hume had done his undergraduate and graduate work at Stanford.

Perhaps the most distinguished of all the people I knew at Idaho was the great bridge engineer, David B. Steinman, one of the greatest bridge engineers in history. He was assistant professor of civil engineering. Whether he was dreaming then of becoming the great bridge designer of modern times, I don't know--a man who became major news in *Time* and *Newsweek*.

Lehman: Then there was Gustus L. Larson, a Scandinavian, though, I think, born in Idaho, a great football player, who became professor of mechanical engineering at Idaho, and then went on to be professor of mechanical engineering, with a very distinguished career, at the University of Wisconsin.

In addition to these people, who had noteworthy national and international renowns in later times, there were a great many people interesting in and for themselves. What is always so corrosive to me in this kind of account of things is that you concentrate on the names, whereas what would be tempting in a true reminiscence would be to bring to life people who are heads without names in the great world, but were notable personalities.

There was a wonderful Irishwoman, named Permeal French, an enormously obese woman, at the University of Idaho (and I offer her simply as a sample of these heads without names), who was dean of women, the best ballroom dancer ever I stood opposite, with her enormous bulk, a vivid, Irish wit and laughter--a woman of a conventional stance, such as the dean of women in those days should and would have taken, terribly amused at the whole thing, the predicament that she was in, the problem of watching all these girls, and both appalled and hilarious at the table manners, particularly of the boys who came up from the ranches and gathered round the tables in the fraternity houses. She used to go and lunch with them once a month in each fraternity house and look round the table and tell them what was what, and then, of course, came away with the most delightful accounts, in the Irish mode, of what had happened. I remember terribly amusing accounts of how the boys got rid of the cherry pits in the dessert.

There was never a dull moment there, and there was a great deal of dancing, with every weekend some fraternity or sorority giving a dance, and the military ball each year, and one was oneself young and did all these things, and it was perfectly delightful. The same thing was true at Washington State College.

Riess: Were the students fun?

Lehman: Oh, the students were good, and interesting. You have in class at the same time--in different classes--brilliant people, like Patterson Greene, who became the dramatist and the music critic who is now in Los Angeles doing both those things so well (Greene died in January 1968. See San Francisco Examiner and Los Angeles Times for obituary); MacKinley Helm, the historian and critic of art, and fiction writer, who lately died in Santa Barbara; Donald K. David, chairman of the board of the Ford Foundation, once dean of the graduate school of business administration at Harvard, who really created the modern business school, my friend now since he was in my class in 1910, 1911, over fifty years; and then Gladys Lehman. And there were others, wonderful students.

Riess: What were you teaching?

Lehman: I went to teach English in the college of the University of Idaho at Moscow, but I also taught one senior English course in the state preparatory school which was at Moscow as part of the university because most of the state in those days didn't have high schools, didn't have the fourth year, so students came up to Moscow to take the fourth year. Then that didn't fill up my time, so I also taught in the preparatory school the senior Latin course, Virgil. I began that way, and then they were phasing out the state preparatory school so in my last year I taught all college English. I taught a course in Carlyle and Ruskin and a course in reading poetry, and then freshman and advanced composition.

Riess: Then why did you go on to Washington State, and what did you teach there?

Lehman: Well, I got into trouble at Idaho. The head of the department there was a woman and she allowed me to teach the course in Carlyle and Ruskin and then it become the most attractive course in the department, and she said she would teach it the next year. I protested, and the result of that was that she had an interview with the president and then I had an interview with the president, and I said I would not give that course up, that I developed it and she knew nothing about the subject.

Lehman: The end of that was that I don't know whether I was fired or whether I resigned, but in any case, it was late in the year, it was June, so I went over to Pullman to talk to Bruce McCully, whom I had met and admired, and asked his advice: "Should I go back to graduate school next year?"

And after we'd talked for a half an hour he said, "Well, if you're not sure you want to go back to graduate school why don't you come here and teach for a year?" So I did. I was married later that year and stayed two years before I went back.

At Washington State College was Bruce McCully, who later became head of English at Pomona; there was Elliott Lincoln, who went down to become professor of English at Pomona a couple of years later; there was a man named Cornelson, who was very good, who went back I think to teach in one of the Carolinas, one of the universities there. And there were other excellent people. It was also a stimulating world, full of charming people who didn't make themselves names, like Alice Patterson, who was assistant professor of chemistry, a charming and gifted Scotswoman, very ugly and very charming.

In the last of the Idaho years I met Gladys Collins, who was one of the brilliant students there. We were married the next year.

It was only after marriage, and the shaking down of our vision of a common life, that I decided to go back to graduate school, and so, at the end of six years of teaching I did. Then my elder son, Hal Lehman, who now lives in Lido Isle, Newport Beach, was born, when I was in graduate school. (Another son was born at the end of the graduate school period--he died very young.) That made a homogeneous and naturally evolving unit, you see. It had nothing to do with, "Well, now let's do this, and then let's do that." You sort of took the next step. It was a period of inquiry, as much as anything else, inquiry into what life held.

Gladys Collins had a great deal to do with my coming to California because she wanted so much to be nearer the motion picture business. From very early on, before we were married, she had the intuition

Lehman: that she could write for the movies. And of course she became one of the most successful of the writers for motion pictures.

WAR ISSUES LECTURES, AND INVITATION TO CALIFORNIA

Lehman: When I went back to graduate school in 1917 I went back to study, but in six weeks there was a shortage of staff, owing to some preparation for war, and I was given an assistantship--not a teaching assistantship--which put me in charge of the English 28, which had meant so much to me a decade earlier.

Then the war effort got more and more deep--you see, I had gone back in 1917, right at the wrong time--and I was drawn into the War Issues Lectures. Woodrow Wilson had the idea that the men in the armed forces should know what they were fighting about. And under McLaren, who, I think, was president of M.I.T. in those days, the New England section of War Issues Lectures was set up.

I can't remember now by what steps I came to be involved in that, but I lectured on the War Issues staff from some time shortly after the draft was started. I lectured at Camp Wentworth out in Brookline, and at Camp Devens, so that for the years 1917 to 1920 I had a very full program. I had a family life of sorts, but largely qualified by the fact that I was teaching as an assistant full time at Harvard, that I was lecturing on War Issues full time at Devens and Wentworth into 1919, and that in three years I wrote a dissertation and took the enormous number of linguistics courses that were then required for a Ph.D.

You didn't get a Ph.D. at Harvard in those days with courses in literature; you got it with courses in Old Norse, Gothic, Old English (called Anglo-Saxon), and Old French. You presented Latin and Greek, and Old High German, Old Norse, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Middle English, and Old French. And when you went in for your oral, the last fifteen minutes was about literature; all the rest was philology.

Riess: Sounds impossible. Fuller than full time.

Lehman: Well, it's a question of how fast your mind is in reading and organizing material, and how naturally

Lehman: you fill it in when you get on the platform. If you're a teacher at a university, you teach nine and sometimes only six hours, but it's called full time. But in this case, I think I must have given twelve lectures a week in the War Issues Lectures, in addition to perhaps eight or nine hours of teaching at Harvard. Each of these programs had a full salary attached to it, so I thought of them as full time because they were fully paid.

The War Issues business was managed, I think, by George Creel, who afterwards married Blanche Bates and lived in San Francisco; I think he was in charge, or partially in charge, in Washington. In any case, they sent out pamphlets, and leaflet literature, and by that time, of course, I had begun reading the papers [laughing], and the weeklies, and had ideas of my own. You were expected to explain to people who were often illiterate, or not very literate, what was the difference between consolidation of national areas and extension, which might invade other areas. All of this had to be explained.

The way it operated was that you were appointed to these jobs, told "this is the normal layout of the course, here are the materials plus whatever you have in your own head," and the men came in, sometimes as few as eighty or ninety at Camp Wentworth, and sometimes as many as a thousand or so at Devens. My first experience with the enormous lecture audience was up there, and there was plenty more of it in later years here. Then they sent from McLaren's office, the central office, an inspector, who would sit in the audience (you wouldn't know he was there, unless you noticed an older man and got onto the fact), and he would come up afterwards and make suggestions, or sometimes he came up and said, "Just keep on doing that, that's very fine." Sometimes he would say, "I think you need more of this." All of that was helpful in the matter of handling an audience. It was done by lecture with fifteen minutes of discussion at the end of the hour, and you got some stumping questions, I remember.

Riess: You didn't get into the Army because of the heart business?

Lehman: Oh, that seemed to have been outgrown. No, I--in the first place I was put in a special class because I

Lehman: was married, and then in the course of a few months there was a baby, and then being in the War Issues automatically exempted me. Woodrow Wilson regarded this as more important than just being another clerk somewhere.

I was very glad I wasn't in the Armed Forces, as one of my brothers was, though he didn't go overseas. (The other brother was in the science forces, and in fact both of them were because the other one was put in a laboratory; one was in a laboratory without uniform, one with uniform.) But I was glad that I wasn't sent overseas, wasn't in the Armed Forces as a shooting man, because of my mother's German birth and the fact that her older sister had eight or nine sons in the armed forces on the German side, so this would have been a deep agony to her. Certainly I would have gone if that had been the indicated thing. We were, and she was, more anti-German than any normal American would be; we felt the threat in the German thrusts, psychological business, understood it better. After all, my father's father had come in the forties from Germany because of the way the German psyche was building up in that generation. My mother and her brothers had left for the same reason thirty-five or forty years later.

Riess: So there was no ambivalence about the war itself.

Lehman: Well, there was psychological, but none of that critical ambivalence that would have been attached to being in the trenches, though I suppose it would have been easy enough to rise above that when the time came.

Riess: Were you doing much writing in those years?

Lehman: No, none. Oh, if somebody dies and you are appointed to the committee to write the memorial, that sort of thing I did.

Riess: Were you thinking, when you were in Idaho and Washington, in terms of publication and getting ahead academically?

Lehman: At that stage I wasn't, and I don't think I ever thought about it in any formal ambition-pattern way. I was doing things I liked, I was in places I enjoyed.

Lehman: I can remember once or twice when I was an instructor, at the age of 21 or 22, with an A.B. degree, looking at the roster, and seeing a man's name, "Professor of German, and Dean of the College," and then seeing him on the campus and thinking, "I guess he's in his forties." No, I put one foot in front of another. I was doing what I liked, I never had any sense of getting there. When I came to the University of California,I had already had an appointment to the Harvard faculty, and Walter Morris Hart, who was inviting me, could only offer an assistant professorship at $2700. Harvard was paying me $3000 and I said I wouldn't go for less. Well, he managed to get that extra $300. And maybe that's ambition, but I don't think it was, it was just a matter of having a wife and a couple of children, and needing more money. I remember asking Hart also whether the University ever made any allowances for transportation, and he won my heart completely by saying, with a laugh, "We do sometimes for deans and full professors and other people who don't need it."

Then I came here, and at the end of two years I went abroad for a year without salary because I wanted to look and see how the career was satisfying me, and in that year, while I was abroad, I wrote a novel and some stories. When I came back (because I did have leave, though without salary), I stayed on another year and then took a sabbatical, after one year, and I still wasn't thinking about a career. Then when I came back W.H. Durham was chairman of the department and without my knowing anything about it--I had by that time two books in print and one in press and a half-dozen learned articles out, which I had only written because these were things I was interested in--suddenly, first thing I knew I was reviewed and promoted to professor. Well, I was very young. I was glad to be there, glad to have the income, but I don't think I made anything of it. By that time I didn't have to have any concern about income, though you can always use it, especially if you like--

Riess: Was this because your family fortunes had changed?

Lehman: Oh, things had gone back right, you know. They do after a while.

BERKELEY SOCIAL CLIMATE IN THE 1920s AND 1930s

Fry: You came out to California about 1920?

Lehman: That's right.

Fry: You had lived in many places in the world, how did you find California as a place to live?

Lehman: Well, when I think about it at that time, I remember first of all that the Harvard men, except Barrett Wendell, on whom I had turned my back by declining a teaching position at Harvard and coming to California, had prophesied a desert and a wilderness on the West Coast. It strikes me at once, of course, that California in the twenties and thirties was anything but a wilderness. Indeed, in recapitulation it now comes over me that the opportunities of contact with vivid people, people of accomplishment, and people of aspiration, were far more here than they would ever have been for me in Cambridge, Massachusetts. I was quite ready for this, and I found it enormously engaging.

Fry: Was this because there weren't as many people around in California?

Lehman: It was partly that, no doubt; there was less competition to be at the dinner tables than there would have been in Cambridge. But there were other factors, too. I had incomparably good luck in a succession of introductions and developing relations. For example, Walter Morris Hart, who was presently to be vice-president of the University but who was in 1920 Dean of the Summer Sessions and chairman of the Department of English, and who had invited me in May of 1920 to come to California, offered me hospitality in his house. It stood where International House now stands, and he introduced me to all the more vivid persons who were on the faculty of the University.

Marion Randall Parsons*

Lehman: A second center of contacts was the home of Marion Randall Parsons. In 1920 it was a problem to find housing, and someone--I think it was Mrs. Chauncey Wells--meeting me on the street one day when I was in quest of housing for my family, who had not yet arrived, told me that Mrs. Parsons, who was just back from Europe, wished to share her house on Mosswood Road, looking down on Strawberry Canyon. That house was a charming place in an oak garden, a couple of acres, in the far end of which two years later she built another house. Its physical attractions were so great, and she herself in preliminary conference about arrangements so charming, that we decided to risk a shared household. This was indeed one of the happiest events of our lives.

Fry: What did your household consist of?

Lehman: My wife and my son, Hal Lehman. My younger son, Collins, had, a few weeks, before died in Idaho, and we were only three. So we moved in with Mrs. Parsons, and presently we shared everything--a common cook, a common menage.

Mrs. Parsons was an early member of the Sierra Club, a great friend of John Muir, of William Keith the painter, and of all the people who circled around those two personalities, and naturally of the members of the Sierra Club itself. At her house we came to know, and in many cases to become friends with, people like Ansel Adams, met the daughter of John Muir, the Shafter sisters, and others. This was the second center from which our relationships in California spread out.

I ought to add at this point that there were special occasions when Mrs. Parsons gathered a few people together, for instance to spend an evening with Stephen Mather of the National Park System, and so on.

---

*See Parsons Papers in the Bancroft Library and my obituary tribute in the Sierra Club Journal.

Bertha Pope Damon

Lehman: There was also in Berkeley in those days the divorced wife of a professor of aesthetics named Pope. Bertha Pope, now Bertha Damon, was a beautiful and vivid presence, so that she gathered around herself people who enjoyed a certain spaciousness of life, for she and her first husband had brought the electrical display building from the first San Francisco fair across the Bay on pontoons, and brought it up the hill, and it's still there on Woodmont Avenue, opposite the great Durham house. In this house she received people who were "going through." I remember seeing there up-and-coming advertising executives, dancers, literary people, and people who were simply interested, and interesting because they were interested in the people they talked with. Mrs. Damon spoke so well herself of so many things and was so great a wit that we were all delighted periodically into really uncontrolled laughter. The evidence was clear that she could write if she wanted to.

Many years later when she married Lindsay Damon, professor of English in one of the New England colleges, and went to live in New Hampshire, she did indeed begin to write, and I think the first book was called _The Sense of Humus_, and it was about gardening as she practiced it in those days on her fabulous place in New Hampshire, but also as she remembered it in her growing-up time. I may be wrong about which was the first book, for she wrote another book called _Grandma Called it Carnal_.

Her grandmother was a New England Puritan who emerges in the book as a figure highly individual, and yet almost a figure of folklore. Grandma called everything carnal that other people regarded as a normal way of living. Somewhere in the book there's an account of how grandmother, coming in from a very long walk, a matter of miles, said that she had felt hungry, and had gone into the pantry and found a dish of cold spinach and commented, "I fell upon the spinach in a way that I can call nothing less than carnal." [Laughter]

Lehman: Mrs. Damon had a marvelously humorous and witty way of narrating all these things and was, in the twenties, and intermittently in later years when she came out as Mrs. Damon and spent the winters here, a great contribution to our community. She was also, as it happened, a friend of Marie Welch, whom I met at Mrs. Damon's place down on the Bay. (Mrs. Damon was a re-maker of old houses.)

Fry: Bertha Pope Damon was also interested in poetry?

Lehman: Oh, yes, she was. She had poetry evenings when people read the poems they wrote, and she sometimes wrote witty quatrains herself. They didn't carry the real quality of poetry; they were so witty they were beyond jingles, but she didn't go in for the wonderful reverberation in sound of words. But other people did, and I remember hearing Marie Welch read poems aloud there, and others.

Bertha Pope also had a real talent for gathering people around her, and I having met her through a neighbor in Mosswood Road found myself presently knowing Oscar Lewis, the biographer and historian, in his youth, knowing Albert Bender, patron of the arts throughout Northern California, and a friend of figures working in the arts throughout the country. As a consequence of that, one found oneself many an evening in the course of a year at Albert Bender's studio apartment on Post Street, San Francisco, talking with Ruth St. Denis, or with Katherine Cornell.

## Elizabeth Warder Ellis

Lehman: There was also in those days in Berkeley Mrs. Ralph Ellis. She had lived in Washington, D.C., on Long Island, and in New York, and in 1922 set up a house north of the campus though she still maintained a country place on Long Island. She was a woman of means and a woman of imagination and of endless interest in people.

Elizabeth Warder Ellis was the daughter of that Warder who developed some of the early agricultural

Lehman: implements. (He sold his interests to International Harvester, I think.) Finding himself in mid-life wealthy and wishing to be free, he took his three beautiful daughters to Washington, where he had a special house built so that his daughters might live at the center of the national scene. These daughters were remarkable women, and two of them were great beauties. The oldest, known to us all in later years as Ellie Leonard, had been married to Ward Thoron, and appears as the young wife of Thoron in the letters and autobiographies of George Santayana, whom Thoron had known at Harvard.

The second of the sisters was Elizabeth Ellis. She was the companion and friend of Alice Longworth and such girls in Washington at the beginning of the century, and a warm, gay, spirited, dark-complexioned, black-haired beauty. She had gone to Europe with Henry Adams as a girl, and is one of the so-called nieces referred to in his letters of that European journey. Elizabeth Warder married Ralph Ellis of New York, whose father had been a member of the Morgan firm, and set up a house on Long Island where in later years I was to meet sculptors, writers, and political figures of every persuasion and attitude.

The youngest of the three sisters was Alice Warder, who married John Garrett of the Baltimore family, and who lived and died at Evergreen House, on Charles Street. She was perhaps the most beautiful; certainly she was the most Spanish-looking of the three sisters. Zuloaga, the Spanish painter, said she was the most Spanish woman he had ever seen (though there was no known Spanish strain in the family). Mrs. Ellis guessed that at some time, many generations back, some of the blood of those survivors of the Armada who had gone round through the North Sea and landed on the Irish coast, had been filtered into the Warder stream, or into that of her mother.

Elizabeth Ellis was warm-hearted, generous, appreciative, and wishing to be heard but wishing much more to hear, eliciting from people ideas and attitudes and providing a small world of good food and good drink and good company in which, with a little guidance, some of the more striking things would be discussed by many minds. She also had a habit of bringing people in to offer us some of the arts. She

Lehman: had a large and charming house, full of Chinese objects, and no piano, but if there was a good pianist she would have a piano brought in and after dinner there would be music.

I remember one evening at her house on Ridge Road, where she invited Marion Stebbins of the Mills faculty to read a Shaw play. Sometimes she'd bring the piano in and Laurence Strauss, the lieder singer, with Betty Alexander at the piano, would give us a whole evening of song; once her sister, Alice Garrett, from Baltimore, with Spanish costumes designed by Zuloaga and by Bakst did some Spanish dancing for us. (It was twenty years after she should have been trying to dance at all, but she did.)

Fry: Did you meet any poets at her house?

Lehman: Everybody came there. She had a large household of servants. She loved a long lunch table and a long dinner table. She invited everybody, and if you said so-and-so was coming to visit you next weekend, she took that as a cue and said, "Well, bring them to lunch."

I remember once that Richard Buhlig, the American pianist who had such a notable career in Europe and came back to America after the Hitler threat was great in Austria--he went one night to the Ellises; she was impressed by him, and when he had finished his visit to whomever he was visiting, she said, "Come and stay here a couple of weeks." So he, who was a great talker and who'd known practically everybody and could talk with great exactitude about the world of music, became a central figure at lunch and dinner for a fortnight. This was the way she lived, and she enlarged all our lives by making available once Buhlig, another time a political figure, another time some social figure, sometimes a princess, or a countess from Italy.

Fry: Could you give us a picture of how she operated as a hostess, to give us a picture of Mrs. Ellis? For instance, if we went in her door for lunch, what would it be like?

Lehman: It could begin in any one of a number of ways. You remember I pointed out to you that she bequeathed to the University those Chinese objects that are in Dwinelle Hall. (Now removed for safety to the Museum of Anthropology after violent thefts.) Well, those that are exhibited are about a third of those that were bequeathed. In the twenties and later in the thirties, after she'd been East for seven or eight years and then come back, she kept acquiring these things. She might start us all off as we came in by saying, "I was in Chinatown this morning, and look what I found." And then there would be an account of how she'd gone down into the cellars at one of the Japanese or Chinese dealers' and said, "Take that out of that crate. I want to see it."

Or again, it would be simply something she had read and she would confess to being entirely baffled by it, and then everybody would start to explain it to himself while explaining it to her [laughter], and we'd be off. She always gathered articulate people about here in sufficient number so that there were never dull spaces at table or afterward.

If there was anybody available, there would be an evening of something. She'd say, "I heard that Durham has read this essay to the English Department for a volume of essays and criticism. I asked him to come in and read it to us. I don't think the faculty should have a monopoly on ideas," she would say. Something like that, and always with a great deal of shine and with the authority of a woman who had been a great beauty, who had from childhood had wealth, who had always had position, partly as a result of being a close friend of Alice Roosevelt Longworth. It's easy to do those things when you're on that slightly raised eminence.

Fry: Did the two sisters of Elizabeth Warder Ellis ever come to California?

Lehman: They came to visit her; they never lived here. Mrs. Warder, the mother, and the two sisters came out from time to time for a week or a fortnight, and one saw them when one went East. The family made a friend of any friend of a member of the family, you see. I remember wonderful times at Evergreen House, going down from Mrs. Ellis's place on Long Island in

Lehman: the summers to hear a concert or two by one of the great quartets--I think the Budapest--which was in residence in a house in the sixty-acre garden of Evergreen House right in the center of Baltimore.

So there was a general sense of the value of what we call the humanities, a general awareness of the things that are usually gathered under the word "culture," not only in that family but at different levels and in different forms, and with different focuses, among all of these people I have spoken of. For example, in those days Ansel Adams was a mountaineer, he was not yet an important photographer but a notable pianist. Oscar Lewis had as yet published no book, but he was an eager and curious and ironical commentator upon such facts as he had turned up in his reading, which without our knowing it was already focused on his great enterprises.

## Albert Bender

Albert Bender was a fascinating man who gave one a sense of more things than just his immediate environment. He was the son of a rabbi in Ireland and he came to America to a cousin or an uncle. He was without money, and I remember his telling me with the greatest delight that the morning after his arrival in San Francisco his uncle, who was, I think, in the insurance business, gave him a silver dollar and said that he was to explore for the day--he being as I recall a boy of fourteen. He was to take the day and explore his San Francisco environment, and this money was for lunch or whatever he wanted to do with it. Bender, who in complete maturity was still a man hardly five feet tall, was then doubtless shorter, so this little fellow walked about San Francisco through the morning, his hand, as he said to me, firmly clutching the silver dollar in his pants pocket. He skipped lunch because he couldn't bear to break the dollar, which seemed to be a great deal of money and in some way a significant piece to hang on to, and he found himself in the later afternoon out on Valencia Street where he saw a man come down with a brick hod on his shoulder and greet another man who was stacking bricks at the curb, and

Lehman: these men spoke to one another in an Irish brogue.

He stared at them, for this was the first Irish intonation he had heard since he left Dublin, and as he was staring one of them said to him, "B'y, d'you mind who lives here in this great house?"

He said, "No," he didn't.

"James Phelan lives here, and he's tight as an Irish Jew with a dollar."

So there was little Albert Bender, a Jew with a dollar in his pocket, being told off symbolically. I remember saying to Albert then, "I think that was probably the most significant and influential event in your life; it persuaded you to give away two dollars for every dollar you had. And that's what you have done."

Albert Bender had a passion for the arts; he also had a passion for eminent personalities. I think he was genuinely interested in rich and interesting personalities, but his passion was for their eminence, which is a different thing. He gathered in his studio apartment people who came through San Francisco, and invited those people who would be appreciative or impressed, and sometimes those who would be both, to meet these distinguished visitors. Stella Benson was one such, and I've mentioned others.

His interest in the arts, however, was not entirely in terms of personalities, of people who had already achieved. He was interested in beginners, and he backed beginners. I think it is arguable whether he had much discrimination, but I think on the whole he saw excellence and promise where they were. Bufano was one of the people that he backed early; I remember he had several of Bufano's works in his studio apartment.

He also helped writers, and was steadily busy and involved in developing the California Book Club, in the origin of which he was very instrumental. He created there, largely I think by his own donations, a secretaryship which was in a way a continuing

Lehman: fellowship for a writer, and Oscar Lewis inhabited that post for some years.

Fry: Do you know what gave him the idea of developing the California Book Club?

Lehman: I couldn't say what gave him the idea. I suspect his burbling enthusiasm was lighted one day by somebody who said, "How about publishing such-and-such a manuscript?"

Albert Bender had an almost neurotic, perhaps quite neurotic, need to do things for people. It may go back to that silver dollar, it may go back to the penury of his youth. In any case, he couldn't see you without giving you something, and occasionally--there was a touch of grotesqueness about it--very often meeting you on the street he would fish a couple of ties out of his coat pocket and say, "I was just in so-and-so's and I thought I'd meet somebody to whom I could give these ties."

I met him once, for example, on Montgomery Street, and he said, "Where have you been?"

"I've just come from getting my passport."

"Where are you going?"

I said, "To Europe."

And he said, "When do you go?"

I told him, and he said, "Look, while you're in Brussels would you go and see Joseph Raphael," the etcher, the artist, "who is an old friend of mine, and give him this," and he whipped his wallet out and took out several twenty-dollar bills--this was in the twenties, when that was still money. "Just put it in your letter of credit," he said, "and when you see Raphael give it to him, tell him I sent it."

In due course I did track down Raphael outside of Brussels, and went to his house. He was not there, he was out sketching, but his wife and children were there. She was a lovely, warm-hearted Belgian woman, and she welcomed me and after a half-hour of

Lehman: talk I tried casually, tactfully, to slip her the bills which I had drawn in American currency, saying that Albert had wanted me to leave them. She stood in the hallway--I was already departing--and tears ran down her cheeks and she said, in the warm Belgian English intonation, "We could not live except for all the good and true that man does for us."

This illustration is as good as any other, but I may add to it. I told Albert, when he asked, what boat I was sailing on and on what date from New York, and when gifts were brought to the stateroom after we were down the Narrows, there was a stack of books seven or eight high from Albert Bender in California. Perfectly characteristic of him. Sweet, generous, I think a very lonely man, genuinely devoted to the arts and very largely understanding them, though perhaps not with full discrimination.

Fry: I read that his cousin helped him a great deal in developing his taste in art.

Lehman: I don't know about that, that was all before my time, they were already peers, equals, by the time I saw them. Anne Bremer was a vivid, and again kind and generous person. In theory she ran his house for him in the studio building. She talked well, never seemed to me brilliant at all, but memorable as a warm personality. I've no idea how far she influenced his judgment in the plastic arts. I know she was a painter. I know that he published some little things of hers in charming volumes; I think I gave mine to Bancroft.

I'd forgotten to speak of it, but I remember the hilarious laughter rising sometimes into a kind of soprano cackle--I'm speaking of Albert Bender. He enjoyed things, he enjoyed them very much, and he showed it sometimes in that way. He had some asthmatic or perhaps structural difficulty in breathing, and rather panted his words out.

Fry: Did he ever become involved in jealousies between artists? I ask that because one of our interviewees has said that there was occasionally misunderstanding as to whether Bender had a painting which still belonged to the artist, or whether he owned it.

Lehman: I don't know anything about that, except that I have a very intricate conception of what Albert Bender was, and I am sure that he himself never took anything without paying for it. What may well have happened is that he, having supported an artist for a year or so, thought he was getting a gift, since he made gifts the way the sun shines. It may have led to a misunderstanding. It is possible too, since he moved his allegiances and enthusiasms from one to another, that his loyalty and his giving petered out with respect to one artist, having begun with respect to another or several others, and that the first artist was a little miffed and took a dim view of having given Bender a painting or sculpture.

Bender was of course instrumental in bringing Rivera, and bought a number of his things in San Francisco when no one much was buying them, and he succeeded in getting for Rivera the commission to paint the stairway wall in the Stock Exchange Building and getting Rosalie Stern, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, to give him the commission for the fresco in her house in Atherton. At least one of the Riveras that Bender bought, the Flower Carrier, is in the San Francisco Museum of Art at the Civic Center.

It was also a part of Bender's nature to take the whole responsibility, in retrospect, the whole credit for having done some of these things in which he only collaborated. But as everybody knows he gave handsomely to Stanford, to Mills, and to the University, rare books, bookcases to exhibit them. He was a man of large income, but not of much wealth, yet he couldn't have done all that himself, and he was very brisk in getting other people, like Rosalie Stern, the beautiful wife of Sigmund Stern and the donor of Sigmund Stern Grove in San Francisco and Stern Hall at the University, to make contributions to his causes. He was able to bring to bear on humane and cultural enterprises far more money than he could himself shell out.

Fry: Do you know any others whom he was accustomed to going to for backing his enterprises?

Lehman: I don't think I do.

Lehman: Ruth St. Denis came into our lives through Albert Bender. He called her Ruthie, and was devoted to her, and she to him as far as anyone could infer. On her trips around the world or if she just came to the West Coast, she would turn up at his studio, and from there she would go to parties at Bertha Damon's or maybe at the Cats [Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood's house]--although I never saw her down there. But that was the way those things were done. I saw her at Bertha Damon's, and saw her more extensively at Albert Bender's. I think I remember on one occasion going down to the ferry to meet her. My recollection is that she and her troupe had just been around the world, and done that big six-months' enterprise in India. I went I think with Albert Bender to meet her, because my brother-in-law, Clifford Vaughn, had been the director of the orchestra for the trip. He was a pianist, and had married my sister Frances, who had died somewhat earlier than this occasion.

My impression of Ruth St. Denis is not of anything much she had to say, though I remember her enthusiasm about the possibilities of music of India for the dance. My impression of her is of a warm, vivid, and delightful person, appreciative, and contributing her share. She was not, as so many of the rest of these people were, a speaker of memorable things. I thought of her as a personality, as I thought of so many of the people in the theater. Engaging.

Fry: Did these Berkeley homes we have been speaking of serve as spots where creative artists could go to read their poetry, play their music, and in general communicate with the public?

Lehman: Not in the special sense that they would be open at any time, but they were invited and told, "Bring your poems," or "Bring your instruments and we'll have some music." So there was always something more to a gathering than just, "Let's talk about whatever occurs to us." There was always some intention.

Mrs. William Denman

Lehman: After this there were in the early and mid-twenties other worlds opened up for me. At Mrs. Ellis's I met Mrs. William Denman. She had been Leslie Van Ness, of the family for whom Van Ness Avenue is named. He was an attorney dealing with marine affairs, a distinguished-looking man and a distinguished intelligence who in Roosevelt's Administration was named to the Court of Appeals in the California division, a post in which he functioned until his death. Mrs. Denman had been married before, and I gathered from people who knew her in those earlier days that her first husband had been a connoisseur of good food and drink, congenial surroundings and good company. In any case, by the time I came to be increasingly a guest at their dinner table, Mr. and Mrs. William Denman had developed--or perhaps she alone had developed--a flair for distinguished dinners, distinguished guests and conversation, all with a flair such as I had only once or twice, by accident, run into before in my life. The Denmans knew everybody in practically every walk of life, so that one might one evening at their house be in the company simply of interesting San Franciscans, Marin County people, and Peninsula people.

Another evening Hiram Johnson might be there for dinner, and without the slightest evidence of effort he was drawn out, he lifted the conversation--to my astonishment--to the highest plane. I had heard him once make a political speech, and I thought of him as merely a man of shrewdness and skill of a very high-grade kind, but here he spoke like a philosopher about the common good, about the means of moving toward it, about further reaches beyond these goals of the common good, and there was nothing of the fixed speech about it. It was conversation, questions raised.

This was particularly true at the Denman's after the ladies left the dining table. Very often after the ladies went upstairs--for the dining room was on the first floor and the drawing rooms were on the second--the conversation among the men grew so interesting, so absorbing, that our host didn't at

Lehman: the proper time break it up and join the ladies. Mrs. Denman would then herself come down and say, "We need you, we've run out of talk," or some other light remark of that sort.

I remember when Louise Boyd of Marin County came back from her first explorations of the coast of Greenland, an enterprise she had set up at great expense and on which she had secured the cooperation of distinguished scientists in all the appropriate fields. She was guest of honor at a dinner at the Denmans', and the talk moved into an area where her competence lighted all sorts of individual contributions. It was a memorable night of extension of interest, and it was curiously emphasized in its values by the fact that on her way back from Norway, where she had finally relinquished her boat, she had stopped in Paris to buy some clothes. She wore these at the Denmans' in sharp contrast to the picture of the woman on the boat who had to bathe in a bucket of water behind a canvas in the Arctic Circle. In the most elegant of Paris gowns, she was striking and interesting to the point where she was really beautiful, though not in any conventional sense a beauty. That illustrates again the kind of thing that went on there.

On other occasions there would be the mayor of Pittsburgh, and a girl who was a dancer on the Orpheum circuit, who happened to arrive with a letter of introduction [laughing], and the party was bracketed between these two special interests, and enormously entertaining indeed.

I remember an evening at the Denmans' when Thurmond Arnold, who had then just taken his place in the Roosevelt administration and was already known to me as the author of _The Folklore of Capitalism_, was the center of interest, a brilliant, vivid man, born in Wyoming, moving in the great areas of the law, thinking in penetrating ways few people had, at that time, arrived at. We had, we discovered, in common, frontier-town origins; he in Wyoming, I in the Coeur d'Alenes of Idaho.

Other evenings at the Denmans' would center around a man like Royce Brier, whose enormous and precise learning was astonishing to an academic man

Lehman: who had thought of him simply as a journalist. Other times, and in combination with many others as the years went on, there would be Ina and Bill Wallace. Bill Wallace is the San Francisco attorney, and Mrs. Wallace is Ina Claire, the stage comedienne, a great beauty, a vivid human being.

In none of these cases was there anything like showing somebody off. There was always an effect of opening the windows to fresh air, to new insights, to illuminations which personality casts simply because it is personality, unself-conscious and real.

Fry: With people like Thurmond Arnold, Hiram Johnson, and Judge Denman himself, was there any indication of a Progressive background--since they were Roosevelt liberals, in a sense.

Lehman: I don't know about that; I never asked about the history of their opinions, and I don't remember that it was indicated. Thurmond Arnold, I think, was a Democrat; certainly William Denman was. Friends of Senator Phelan, and so on. I don't know whether they came from the Progressive philosophy to that, or whether they were Democrats to start with.

It occurs to me now in retrospect that I dined at the Denmans' with Lurline and William Roth on the night of the day when the stock market took its worst drop, and there was a general sense of amused bereavement. [Laughing] There was no sense of pessimism or despair at all, though everybody knew he'd lost a good deal, at least on paper, and I remember the question being raised whether we were in for the longest of depressions, and the men and women had ideas about that and that is what our conversation was about: under what conditions a depression could be avoided or ameliorated. If everybody got scared, and saved what he earned today so that he wouldn't be hungry next year, and didn't buy what he wanted for tomorrow beyond necessities, then we were in for a long depression, and so on. There was some good, plain, common-sense talk really about the roots of the cycle--boom, depression, boom.

Fry: Do you remember what the ideas were of those who had actually lost money on the stock market?

Lehman: I don't think they had lost money on the market. People like that, if they gamble, gamble with $100,000 when they have $10 million. I think it is simply that prices are up, you know you are worth so much; prices are down, you are worth only so much. Paperwise, they were down.

Senator Phelan died the next year, you know; he made his will in the expectation that he had $12 millions, and wanted to give away $3 million, and leave the residue to his heirs. It was twelve years before the heirs got anything, because after the $3 millions had been paid, according to the will, the trustees could barely save the estates, by putting everything back in. The Phelan Building was only one-third rented; other things weren't paying.

These people sitting around that night were well aware that if there were a true depression then the incomes from stocks would be lower. And all of those people, of course, had great numbers of dependents, big households of servants, people who counted on them for annuities or pensions or gifts. They thought of deprivations in those terms in case their incomes shrank; they would never have incomes on which they couldn't eat and do things on a reasonable basis.

Fry: But they were concerned about the financial resources of the entire country.

Lehman: I don't think they thought the financial resources were endangered; as I recall it they felt the distribution system had broken down. So in a way they were looking forward to the time when a leader would say, "You have to give the people who can use things more buying power."

I remember at those dinners and elsewhere some disdain expressed at people who in New York jumped out of windows over the loss of resources. They felt they had lost the pioneer sense, which people out here hadn't. These people who went out the windows didn't know that, well, of course you're broke, so you start all over again. These people out here would have started all over again; they could have begun in a cabin in the Sierra.

Lehman: Well, these successive groups followed; they were first acquaintances, then friends. There are so many wonderful little stories, like my recollection of Blanche Bates. She was married to George Creel, who was Democratic chairman out here. She had retired, and they lived in San Francisco after her great career in the theater. She was a woman of wealth, and she invited some of us whom she had met and talked with at another dinner party to dine with her one night. We went and had a wonderful dinner. She sat at the side of the table in a rocking chair, low. It was great fun. Coffee was served at the table, saved until afterwards, and she swallowed a small cup of coffee and said, "Now, So-and-so and So-and-so and So-and-so and I are going to play bridge in the library. The rest of you can do as you please." So after an hour and a half, having done as we pleased, we went up to say good night to her in the library. She put out her hand and said, "Good night," and just went right on playing. [Laughter] It was delightful.

So much of that small stuff which isn't recordable really adds to the flavor of life immensely.

## Differences Among the Social Groups

Riess: I wanted to find out a little more about the special character or quality of the gatherings at Mrs. Ellis's, and at Bertha Pope Damon's, and Mrs. Parsons'.

Lehman: For the most part there was a vivacity of mind and interest in receiving and responding and stimulating the further flow. The talk would go over every subject in the world in the course of time. There was much laughter always, gaiety, there was much slightly or very witty comment and sometimes it got quite personal, and the whole atmosphere was one of such warmth and good natured recognition that nobody was offended when he was taken for a fall.

Riess: And conversation would take in the entire group?

Lehman: It varied. Sometimes even with a dozen or fifteen people the talk was made general. This was usually quite intentionally done, at Mrs. W.W. Douglas's (who is now widely known in Berkeley as Mrs. Helen Douglas in her old age), up in Greenwood Terrace. At some places, and I think it was true at her house, the idea at table was almost the French idea of conversation, that through half the meal you talked to the people to the right and the left, then somewhere near midterm in the meal the hostess shot a question down the table to Gilbert Lewis, say, or Walter Morris Hart, and everybody fell silent and comment was made in answer to her question and then everybody took his turn in the general conversation (which is the way I remember conversation at French dinner tables in the 1920s).

Mrs. Ellis was a law unto herself and every moment was a law unto that moment. She might start it by saying "Look at the thing I found in Chinatown today." Or "At lunch we had so-and-so; what do you think his attitude is toward such-and-such?" Then she would report this and this would make it go. At her table, which tended to be long, often as few as eight but it could be sixteen or twenty, the conversation would fall into groups here and there and sometimes get general. It was never, in my experience, in any of these places, dull. You never felt, well, I owe them an evening of company and here I am--a suffering business. I don't remember that at all. It may be that one forgets past pain very easily [laughing].

Riess: What were the differences among these three crowds of people, which I gather didn't overlap.

Lehman: Well, I went to all three of them, so in that sense there was some overlapping. Sometimes you saw persons who were more commonly at Mrs. Ellis's elsewhere, especially at the Douglases', but it was not too common, you're quite right.

Mrs. Parsons is on record at the Bancroft Library with a beautiful reminiscence of her girlhood in San Francisco, Piedmont and Berkeley, so that a very full sense of what this life was can be got there. She was a small and in later years rather a corpulent brown wren of a woman, of a warmth and intuition of personality that I've never

Lehman: seen excelled in any human being, never the center of the stage, always the maker of centers, simply by a question, by the shine in her eye, and by her enchanting laugh. She was a Sierra Clubber from her girlhood; her husband, Edward Taylor Parsons, whose papers I've also given to the Bancroft Library, was one of the originators of the Sierra Club, and she met him on a Sierra Club outing. He was much older than she; he died when she was in her thirties. She went on seeing the Sierra Club people, which meant bringing all kinds of people together because the Sierra Club outings brought all kinds of people together. She would start off every fall by inviting twenty of the people of that summer's Sierra trip, and another twenty people to meet them. It was all done on a very simple basis; she was not a woman of wealth. She had a very small income, she had actually to rent part of her house in order to do these things. Everything was done very simply and very warmly, and everyone was welcome. Guests brought guests.

She was quite equal to moving out of the Sierra Club milieu. I remember once when we were sharing the house with her, for the Big Game--since from our sleeping porches we looked down into the Stadium--I asked Senator Phelan and Blanche Bates and Paul Robeson, who happened to be here, and Ramon Navarro, people like that, and she asked some of her people. The people that I had asked were out of her world. They all went perfectly together. Her single sentence made a relation, she had that talent. Nothing brilliant about it at all, just extremely warm-hearted and effective. Everybody was glad to be there. And never trivial talk, not just, "Here we are to fill this in." People got at things; sometimes actually ideas were started in these chats and Stephen Mather would write out later and say, "Who had this idea and what further thought has he on this subject?"

Riess: Was the Sierra Club belonged to by most Berkeley people then? Even the people who were in Elizabeth Ellis's crowd?

Lehman: No. None of the people who went to Mrs. Ellis's were interested much in the Sierra Club. The people who went to Bertha Damon's, Bertha Pope as

Lehman: she then was, those people were very frequently people from the Sierra Club. Ansel Adams would turn up there, I think, as well as at Marion Parsons'.

Riess: Was the Sierra Club belonged to, then, by people who were really intending to go on an outing? It wasn't just a conservation-supporting--

Lehman: No. At that stage my impression is that conservation was supported, as a concept of the club to keep the wilderness so that the club could go on outings. [Laughter] Then it gradually became a major activity. That's my impression.

You'd have to ask the present president of the Sierra Club or Francis Farquhar to get a surer sense of what and when that transition took place but that's my impression. I never went on the Sierra outings, though my son did when he was a little boy, with Mrs. Parsons.

Riess: Did San Francisco people get to the Berkeley gatherings often?

Lehman: Yes, they did. In all these three houses--though as I said there were dozens of other houses where you went occasionally to dine, especially academic centers like Walter Morris Hart's--it was these three houses that at least commended themselves to me as places to drop into or be asked to or to ask people from, and each one of them had its San Francisco connections. Mrs. Damon with Oscar Lewis from the Book Club, Albert Bender, and all that they opened up; Mrs. Ellis through her international relations with people from everywhere and especially through the Denmans and three or four other families with which she exchanged guests and hospitality; and Mrs. Parsons had the Sierra Clubbers whether they came from San Francisco or San Jose or the East.

Benjamin Lehman, Berkeleyan

Riess: What would you say it was that you brought to these groups?

Lehman: Well, I don't think of that at all. I really can't intelligently comment on that [laughing]; I went there because I enjoyed the talk, I enjoyed everything about the gatherings, and sometimes I went two or three times a week to a single house when there were special reasons. Now, what I brought to it *they* would know, I wouldn't know. I brought delight--for I was delighted. I was receptive, I enjoyed myself, and of course frequently, though not as often as looking back I think I should have, when I met people I said, "Well, come to lunch tomorrow when I'm not teaching." So that sometimes it was the responding hospitality that kept the thing alive. But there was comparatively little of that. These people were all full of recognition that the academic world was busy, probably less well-financed, and shared on that basis.

Riess: I wondered if it was because you had, oh, good critical faculties.

Lehman: Obviously one was oneself, one said what one thought, and if literature was in question--Whipple, for instance, and Durham and I would often be at Mrs. Ellis's at the same time, with very sharp discussions, say, of Willa Cather's latest novel or early Hemingway or whatever. So I suppose critical faculty had something to do with it. I suppose also interest, eliciting interest, and I suppose a good deal it's a matter of laughter. Laughter is a very flattering kind of appreciation. That seemed to be part of it, too, as I look back. Certainly I spent an awful lot of my life laughing.

You can't know just what it is you bring. You came from a different world, you were articulate. I've no doubt that sometimes people got fed up with the contribution one might have brought along. By that time it was a habit and you couldn't leave him out too often or too long. [Laughing]

Riess: Despite all the facts, I persist in thinking of you as one of the New Englanders who came West to this University.

Lehman: But I certainly was a westerner. I was in Idaho until I was three years old; then in Idaho from nine to fourteen and a half; then East for school; then back again for six years; then away for three; then back, for good, west of the Rockies.

Riess: When you were at Harvard did you appear and feel western, with an accent, perhaps, and a manner.

Lehman: I couldn't tell, I fear, without a great deal of return upon ideas and attitudes. I'm not conscious now of having been conscious then of being "western" or "eastern." But I suppose the fact that I so readily came West in 1911 when I could have gone to Philadelphia to teach at my prep school, and that later when I could have stayed at Harvard I came to California, means that I had, without thinking about it, a strong response to the western pull.

Riess: And I shouldn't imagine there would be anything unpolished or ever so slightly hayseed about you.

Lehman: It's hard to say about yourself. I'm sure there were indifferences to clothes, and "foreign" manners, and naive eagernesses that seemed "hayseed." I can remember crudities at all stages of my life that I wish I hadn't committed. I can remember embarrassments. But then I've looked at so many hundreds of people and seen them perform, no matter what their background, in ways that I wished they didn't, that I suppose that's a fairly common human situation.

One always knew, with the kind of upbringing that I had, one always knew how to talk to people. And it may well be that at some point or other there were table implements that my German-backgrounded household hadn't provided us with, but then of course there were others deemed indispensable that I didn't always find in elegant dining rooms to which I went. I can remember my horror in discovering that people ate soup out of small spoons--I don't mean only the bouillon spoons, but the small-bowled spoon--whereas the German soup spoon has the big bowl. I've come into houses of great elegance and wealth where you were expected to cut roast beef without a steel knife; in the world I grew up in this was an indispensable condition of beginning to keep house, steel

Lehman: knives for meat). So, I don't know what these crudities are.

I've observed, as the years go on, that sometimes you fall into long periods of very full awareness of what is going on in other people, develop a behavior that you can reasonably think of as a model of imagination and tact in social relations; and then you fall into periods that seem sterile in this way, so that you make a gaffe, and you compound it with a second one--I've done that--but my guess is that this is a fairly common experience.

## The Husbands

Riess: Where did the husbands of Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Parsons enter the scene?

Lehman: Mrs. Ellis's husband was Ralph Ellis, who was the son of one of the early Morgan partners. He himself, young Ralph Ellis, had not been a banker. He had been I think a sort of high-grade playboy in New York and had married Elizabeth Ellis when he was in his forties and she was in her early twenties, or he was in his late forties and she in her middle twenties, something like that. He was not a very wealthy man. It was her wealth rather than his which sustained the great house in Long Island and the New York apartment and the house in Berkeley. He was a quiet man, and looked very wise. I often doubted whether this was the case. He seemed acute and shrewd, but only fleetingly, from moment to moment, and then there were long dry periods. He made no effort to shine, he sometimes made an effort to draw people out. He was a small man, not impressive either in stature or personality, but persuasive.

Mrs. Parsons' husband I never knew. When I came in 1920 he had already been dead for half a dozen years. The impressions I have of him are of a very able man. He'd been a vice-president of Sherwin-Williams, the great paint company, and the

Lehman: West Coast and Islands representative. He'd been a leader in the Sierra Club activities.

Mrs. Bertha Damon was then the recently-divorced wife of Arthur Pope, the great Persian specialist, who married Phyllis Ackerman. He was a brilliant man, had been professor of philosophy at the University, or of aesthetics, I'm not sure.

Riess: Arthur Pope then went to New York, didn't he?

Lehman: Well, they went to New York, I think, and perhaps they went to Persia. They went to Europe. Then they came back and lived in San Mateo where I used to see them a good deal. I think that would have been in the late twenties and the thirties.

Phyllis Ackerman was a very brilliant woman and enormously learned, and very handsome. They were out here before the Ahwahnee was built, for she was the one who worked chiefly on those Indian designs which decorate the Ahwahnee. I remember that she brought to dinner one night a book, with the designs in them, thinking which ones she would select for what places in the Ahwahnee. They'd already been to Persia and back, and she had stopped in Europe and carried very far forward her enormous learning on textiles. You know she was one of the great textile women. She had done a lot of work with tapestries. Once when we were all in Paris together she and I drove from Paris to Beauvais, where we examined those magnificent tapestries in the cathedral at Beauvais.

Riess: Had she been a student of Arthur Pope's?

Lehman: Yes, I think she had. It was one of those teacher-student love affairs which gets in the way of a precedently-committed marriage. In this case it wasn't an episode but a permanent thing, so that two very handsome, two very beautiful women in succession became Mrs. Arthur Pope.

Riess: Professor Pepper mentioned that some marriages collapsed as a result of affairs, but that in others the partners had managed to put it all back together again.* He felt that anybody who was around the campus had to be mature enough to recognize that teacher-student affairs might be a problem at any point.

---

*Stephen C. Pepper, interviewed by Regional Oral History Office, Berkeley, 1963.

Lehman: It's perhaps interesting to speak of the University's attitude toward divorce. The University's attitude as a community and an institution toward separation and divorce was on the whole very generous. There came a time, for instance, I think in the thirties, when three members of the English department quietly went off and got divorced, and nothing was said about it. They weren't particularly notorious people.

There had been a professor of Latin who fell in love with one of his colleague's wives and went off on a sabbatical presumably by himself, but from the sabbatical wrote that he wasn't alone, that the colleague's wife was with him and he wasn't coming back. The wife in that case, of the man who had gone off with his colleague's wife, made a fuss about it with the administration--this was in President Campbell's time--and the result was that the professor of Latin had to be dismissed because of the bad publicity the whole thing had. It was badly managed.

In my own case I stayed on the faculty with two divorces with no trouble at all, though since I had some kind of publicity ready in the morgues of the newspapers because of my novels and other activities, in the first case there were headlines in the Sunday morning paper, though we tried to get the thing through the last moment at noon before the court closed on Saturday, and in the other case because of the international reputation of my wife, who was Judith Anderson. But there was no trouble in either of these cases.

Riess: So the University didn't step in unless there was--

Lehman: With the three quiet divorces in one department, there was no trouble at all.

Riess: In any case, Mrs. Damon was essentially husbandless, in her role as a hostess.

Lehman: Yes. There were a good many men, some of them a little younger than she, around; she was a very attractive woman. And very witty and very humorous, very gay, a great outdoor person as well as drawing-room person, very easily engaged by the landscape,

Lehman: saw everything, valued everything, delighted in everything. She had a kind of gaiety of mind; the laughter, temperament, character in its ridiculous manifestations as well as some not ridiculous, that you see in her books, she had this all the time and she sparkled steadily. She loved the riposte at her, but she loved the riposte at the riposter.

Riess: I was intrigued by your saying to Mrs. Fry that she brought her house over from Treasure Island.

Lehman: Yes, she moved this building, which I think had housed the electrical displays, on pontoons, or flatboat across the Bay and then they gradually moved it up the street, and she built at an angle to it a beautiful addition to it. Pope was of the Pope bicycle people and had some means, and they were able to do this. They planted the garden gloriously and there was a great sense of it as <u>their</u> place, and she continued to have that and also as a place for friends.

Riess: And it's still there?

Lehman: Yes, across the street from 620 Woodmont, the house that Mrs. Lehman and my colleague Durham lived in.

## Rainy Night Club

We had, it occurs to me to report, a very interesting little drama group in Berkeley, to which Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Douglas and two or three other women and three or four men belonged. It came about this way: I came back in 1925 from Europe, eight months in Europe, and I'd spent three months in Vienna, and what had struck me as most characteristic, as I went about handed from house to house dining out in Vienna, was that almost every evening we had music. Sometimes three people who were at dinner would get together with a piano, a cello, and a violin. Sometimes it happened we talked of music, and I can remember one evening at a certain house we were speaking of music and my host said down the

Lehman: table, overhearing the talk between me and his wife, "Well, if Herr Lehman so much enjoys music, let us make some music."

"A good idea."

He said, "Rufe den an," which means "Telephone," so they brought in a pianist, and one daughter played the viola, and the host took up his violin and his wife played the cello. So we had spontaneous good amateur loved music.

I came home, and one day at the early Black Sheep Restaurant I was telling Von Neumayer and Whipple and Durham at lunch about this, saying what a meager, what an impoverished thing it was that we couldn't do that. There was some gaiety about how it would be--Durham played the piano very well, but if I took up the cello and Whipple the violin--Von Neumayer said, "Let's do this with reading aloud." And he planned right then and there, committing us to a date, to have a dinner at his house to which he would invite Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Douglas, and I've forgotten who else now, and afterward we would read a play which he would pick out and of which he would provide enough copies so that we could sit around and read it aloud, each one taking one or two characters.

The appointed night it poured, just one of the great deluges, so we decided to meet again and call ourselves the Rainy Night Club. For many years off and on, sometimes six or eight times a year, we would get together, and we read alternately a Shakespeare or Greek play and a modern play. The host was responsible for picking the play, within those limitations, and for assigning the roles. As time went by of course there was a great deal of comparative gaiety, because everybody had his best role, you know. Mrs. Douglas was a marvelously ludicrous child of eleven in some play. [Laughing]--she's so beautiful, so dignified.

Riess: Were they usually plays you were familiar with, the modern ones?

Lehman: Sometimes not, sometimes we read at sight.

Musical Experiences

Riess: Was there much music in any of the groups?

Lehman: Not really, not in the sense that there was always music at Sullivan's in San Francisco and Carmel. At his house I first heard Isaac Stern play as a little boy, and Ruggiero Ricci the violinist, and many others. He gave people starts. He was the first American to pay Roland Hayes a fee for a concert in a private house though that was in his Paris apartment.

Mrs. Parsons sometimes had music. I remember Ansel Adams playing for us dazzlingly. She herself was an excellent pianist, but shy, or at least audience-conscious. She would play if she didn't know anyone was in the house, quite beguilingly, and rarely she had someone who was there play. At Bertha Damon's I don't really remember music as a constituent of a continuing tapestry of social activity.

Riess: It's an interesting difference--music with record players is such a background noise in a lot of gatherings now.

Lehman: We didn't have that. At the Walter Harts, from 1920 to 1964, I remember music only once when I had some new recordings by Roland Hayes, and the Harts had come to dine with me one night when Roland was my dinner guest. They had been interested and hadn't heard him sing, so when I went over for tea one afternoon I took along a couple of new recordings. And that's the only time I remember listening to music, in thousands and thousands of hours under the hospitable roof of the Walter Morris Harts. But the background noise business was not our way. Though we all had phonographs we tended to use them when we were alone or with people we knew loved music.

But there was music, and among the notable musicians was Lawrence Strauss, a San Francisco born Jew of German origins, a tenor of the most extraordinary musical gift. He tried once or twice to make it in the big-time with Town Hall concerts

Lehman: in New York and never took hold. He hadn't a very ingratiating stage personality. He was little, rotund, a little like Truman Capote as a matter of fact.

But up and down this coast we had from him the finest singing of German lieder and French chansons, songs of Poulenc and all the great French song-writers. The art song was sung by Lawrence Strauss, sometimes in his own house for small groups of friends, sometimes in the houses of other people. Three or four members of the faculty, myself included, would ask twenty or thirty people (separately, as hosts) in and he would sing, with Betty Alexander--a marvelous accompanist, Elisabeth Rethberg said the greatest she had ever sung with. She was a girl from Pennsylvanis who married an Oregonian and was living on this coast. With Elizabeth Alexander at the piano Lawrence Strauss would sing programs such as you expect only the greatest song singers to sing. For twenty odd years there was no year in which I didn't hear him sing from three to ten times in houses or in public concerts, with the exception of two years that he spent in Europe.

This was for all of us an amplification of what the humanities can be, because the Department of Music at Berkeley hadn't moved yet into the performing phase which it has been in for the last fifteen years. Otherwise we had only the great concert with Marian Anderson and the time when Yehudi Menuhin packed the Civic Auditorium as a little boy. Later Dorothy Maynor and other world voices.

Riess: What about the Committee on Arts and Lectures activity under Popper?

Lehman: They did bring a few events. We sometimes had them in Wheeler Hall; usually if they were very notable like Kreisler we had them in the Gymnasium. But those lacked the intimacy of the smaller gatherings.

(When Goethe's bi-centennial came along, we had Lotte Lehmann. Professor Brewer of the German Department, looking forward to the 200th anniversary of Goethe's birth, set up a series of events month by month. Through the Committee on Music and Drama we had Lotte Lehmann singing a program of songs, one of her last public concerts, by all composers but all

Lehman: with lyrics by Goethe. We had Thomas Mann for that series. I did a lecture on the influence of Goethe on Carlyle.)

Riess: Did the person who had Strauss at his house pay his fee?

Lehman: If we had him in our own house, I think we used to pay Strauss $100 and Betty Alexander $35 for accompanying him. They didn't ask much in those days. We would ask 35 people to come.

Riess: I can't imagine what it is like to be that close up to a wonderful vocal performance.

Lehman: You could talk to Strauss about things. I said to him once after a concert, "Everything is golden about an hour and a half like that except the applause, and that's a horror. Before the sound has died in the air, there is clapping."

He said, "Well, let's try a concert in which we don't have it." After trying, both he and Betty Alexander said, "It's impossible. We can't let down; it's partly habit."

The next year I tried a different thing. I said, "Make a shorter program, and you sing every song twice. There will be nobody in the room who doesn't love these things and know them well. Sing every song twice, and after the first singing there will be no applause. I'll explain this to my guests. After the second singing they can raise the roof." That seemed to work. We tried things like that.

The Strausses themselves were enormously hospitable. A couple of times a year they would have a supper party. I met Elsie Arden at one of them before I knew Sullivan. They would have a supper party, a buffet for 40 people, and then he would sing. It was very fine.

Riess: How about locally composed string quartet groups?

Lehman: We used to have the equivalent of these songs every summer in string ensembles at Mills College. Mrs. Coolidge helped and a Mrs. Hellman of San Francisco helped support those. We had the Pro Arte, the

Lehman: quartets at Mills, the Lawrence Strauss singing.

## The Duncan McDuffies

I don't think we've spoken, in talking about Berkeley, of Sidney Howard and the Duncan McDuffies. We knew Sidney Howard, because all of us were friends of Duncan and Jean McDuffie.

Duncan McDuffie was a graduate of the University. His father had been a small scale banker somewhere in the Midwest. Jean McDuffie was of the Howard family in Oakland. She had been married unhappily, and this was her second marriage. I think it was his first marriage. They were as ducally handsome a couple as I ever saw anywhere in the world, even among the real dukes. They prospered partly in building up the East Bay through Mason & McDuffie's real estate enterprises and partly, I think, through some investments in oil.

In any case, they built on a substantial area where the Bartlett Hurd house and many others are now, up just west of Tunnel Road, off Roble Road. They built a magnificent house and the most glorious gardens in this part of California, I think, although that is perhaps an unwarranted statement since I don't know all the gardens around San Mateo. In any case, they were the best in the East Bay, a wonderful use of natural resources--the trees, the shrubs, the hillside--and a skillful use of all the things that modern gardening has developed for the advantage of gardens and gardeners.

It is interesting to note the quality of Duncan McDuffie. His gardener was a day-laborer, either Italian or Spanish, who had been a ditch-digger. McDuffie had gone up to one of the subdivisions in North Berkeley which his firm developed to see how the thing was going, and he saw this young Italian spade up (because it was before the days of modern machinery) a clump of earth with a small flower growing on it. And the ditch-digging foreign imported man lumped the earth around the roots and

Lehman: set it aside so it wouldn't just die. He planted it where they weren't digging the ditch. McDuffie said, "I thought about that for a week, and then I decided that I would have him as a gardener. I brought him here [to his estate], and he is the man who does all this." McDuffie himself of course knew a great deal about gardening, and taught the Italian.

Everyone came to the McDuffies' when the azaleas were in bloom. At different seasons they would have 150 people moving through the great rooms and through the gardens. A great many people who didn't turn up at the smaller and therefore more exclusive parties at Sullivan's or Mrs. Ellis' turned up there, and you saw everybody. It was very nice.

Mrs. McDuffie was a great do-gooder; she was in on many, many good causes. Full of energy and an excellent executive, she was rather tart-tongued; Mr. McDuffie was more compassionate, I think, and far kinder.

When Sidney Howard came out here to visit, they would have a small group for dinner so that there would be real talk, but not about theater. Sometimes they invited us; because they had servant trouble they invited one or two of us to come in for coffee after dinner, and Sidney would be there. So we got an impression of a person but not of a theater person. If he hadn't written any plays, you would have met Sidney Howard anyway because he was Jean McDuffie's half-brother. It was very different from running into theater people. We knew, of course, his wife, one of the Damrosch daughters, through such occasions. These were all very simple, friendly, friend-begotten relations, nothing of the august and famous business attached to it. There was Sidney Howard's daughter by his first wife, Claire Ames the actress. She married the son of one of the great movie moguls.

That was a small world that sometimes expanded at the time when the gardens were in glorious bloom.

Riess: Are these the gardens that are up embankments on each side of a tiny stream?

Lehman: Originally it was that. There was an original redwood house when I first went there up on Tunnel Road. Then they bought the great area below in the little draw with the stream in it and the great oaks. Later, with more prosperity, they built the big house. A man who was a doctor at Cowell Hospital took over the smaller one. Now the heirs have broken the property up. Even in the McDuffies' time, however, they sold off the top of it to the Bartlett Hurds, who are people from Arizona, and they have a vast house up there and are apparently of large means. There are three or four smaller houses below. I suppose it's been broken up into acre sites. Is it sometimes open to visitors?

Riess: The people whose house I visited had access to the gardens, so the gardens are open to the people who live there.

## The Lordly Ones

Riess: I've read both of your novels, and I can't resist asking you who The Lordly Ones were--whether just now we've been talking about them--?

Lehman: The janitor in The Lordly Ones was the janitor on the top floor of Wheeler, done by intention because he was such an extraordinary man. We never knew his history, but he died (I think of cancer) after a very painful series of operations, sustained by the professors who gave considerable sums out of their devotion to him.

This devotion sprang from many things. In the first place, he had a beautiful singing voice--as I recall he was a tenor--and he sang for us in a quartet at the Faculty Club. It was said that he had been to Cambridge or Oxford University and had a year or two of work, that he'd been to the university and hadn't finished the work, and that he had preferred a mechanically-operated life so that his mind was free. In any case, one day when I was talking to him about a book which lay on my desk and which he had read before I read it, I

Lehman: turned to him and said, "Gordon, you should be doing what I am doing. I'd be good at what you're doing."

And he said, "Oh, no, I should not exchange."

"Why?"

He said, "When you're done in the classroom what do you do?"

"I go home and read students' papers."

He said, "I go home and read literature when I'm done."

Gordon was extraordinary. Durham and he carried on--well, he came on duty after Durham went home in the afternoon, and Durham and I were office mates in Wheeler Hall. Gordon had found in the wastebasket, by accident, a document that should have been on Durham's desk and he put it back on the desk and wrote a couple of Latin sentences to Durham. Durham, finding these the next day, wrote a Greek sentence or two of thanks. And Gordon read this, and left a sentence of Hebrew. Now, I've no doubt he went round to get the professor of Hebrew to help him, but in any case that was the spirit of the thing. [Laughter] This is the man I put into The Lordly Ones, the janitor the president talks to--as I remember it, and I'm going to reread the book now, for other purposes, though I haven't looked at it for thirty-five years. I never read proof on it, you know. George Hand generously did that. When I had 'em done, I had 'em done.

The rest of the people are not anybody I ever knew or studied. There are bits and pieces here and there--a glamorous woman that I had observed when I was a boy in the mining camp made a contribution to Kate Willow; a woman that I knew in Philadelphia, and Elizabeth Ellis, gave something to Berenice [Wild Marriage]. And I certainly never knew Roger Morlay, the university president. I think Elam Dunster in Wild Marriage comes from, in part, a student I had at Washington State College, who had about his attitudes and who was my own age, so perhaps something of my own sense of experience went into that. And then almost everyone, every male senior has had a

Lehman: fleeting sense of love for the wife of some young colleague, and I think that was my experience and that goes into Elam Dunster, too.

But they are all invented to illustrate situations. I wrote them while I was teaching, you know, so that I never had time to brood over them, and if I had gone on and not gone into administration, I would have taken more time. I really meant to say something about academic and fringe academic worlds in both of those books, which was something I was very conscious of, not having yet made up my mind whether I'd stay in the University. When I first went to Europe it was definitely with the idea of finding out, and I half found out.

Riess: Was there curiosity about The Lordly Ones? Did people feel they were being pictured in it?

Lehman: Not that I knew of. No one ever accosted me and said, "You shouldn't have put me in." And to this day I don't know; I don't think I thought about it at all. Nobody made me think about it, and if anybody has said so in the interval I haven't heard of it.

# CULTURAL AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH OF THE UNIVERSITY

## Social and Working Life, Then and Now

Fry: It appears that most of the people we've talked about were people who had wealth, or at least enough to compensate their income a little.

Lehman: Well, you move towards something there that really needs to be explored and defined. Side by side with what went on at Bertha Damon's, at Parsons' (although in those days these women had only small incomes), and at Mrs. Ellis's, and in half a dozen other houses, there was the normal routine academic life.

Now the social life that is part of the activity in the academic world would range from special cases like that of the Walter Morris Harts', down to the little, pretty small puddle activity of people who didn't have the social flair or the vividness or perhaps the accidental good luck to get drawn into one of these other groups. The Professor Hart world was the beneficiary also of some fiscal resources, for Mrs. Hart--Agnes Borland, the daughter of a builder and contractor in Oakland--had an income and she loved people, and Professor Hart was in a special place for drawing interesting people around him, for B.I. Wheeler appointed him to be Dean of Summer Sessions and to create, as he did, the Inter-Sessions.

He brought from all the universities of the world--from France, England, Germany, and of course from American universities--interesting and distinguished and, again, vivid academic figures. And the teas at the Harts--the so-called Summer Sessions teas--and, for those who seemed indicated, the dinners and the lunches, and the gatherings at the Faculty Club when the Faculty Club was much smaller than it now is and it was easier to move around among people, all of this constituted a kind of social life that had a strong intellectual and learned content, but remained largely social. Into it there were drawn a great many academic people whom one never saw at Mrs. Parsons' house or at Mrs. Ellis's or at Mrs. Damon's. In those places

Lehman: one saw people with special flairs who suited the hostesses. This is always a selective business.

There were for all of us delightful opportunities--dinner for four or for six--in the houses of colleagues, where the new literary developments, Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway in the twenties, were discussed. Eugene O'Neill and the developing American theater...we didn't feel on the outside about those things; after all, you could read the plays if you couldn't see them, though indeed we did see Emperor Jones and Beyond the Horizon in San Francisco. So it was not only these people of means who made centers for those of us who had access to them. There was also a wide and steady band of activity in the academy itself.

Fry: The creative people who went on to make names for themselves, or who had already done so by that time, were found mostly at the Ellises' and in such homes?

Lehman: Yes. I remember, for instance, a wonderful evening at the Warren Gregorys'--again, financial resources come in--at which Sherwood Anderson and his wife were the guests of honor, a really good evening. The residue settled in your spirit for a long time.

Fry: What was your impression of Sherwood Anderson?

Lehman: His kindness, his utter kindness, and, when things were discussed that brought it into play, his compassion--I think of kindness as being to people present, compassion with respect to the understanding of people whose predicaments were described. He was very handsome in a dark, brooding way, I remember, very quiet, not much gesture, but ready to talk about anything. I do not remember that he talked about his own works, and I specifically remember that someone commended him, a few nights later in my company, for having not talked shop that night. As a matter of fact he was talking shop, because he was talking about people, and people are a novelist's shop, but what my interlocutor meant was that he didn't talk about how you wrote.

Fry: What happened to this sort of social life we have been speaking of in Berkeley and in the Bay Area?

Fry: Is there a place now where people congregate that is not institutionalized?

Lehman: Well, Mark Schorer for instance (there are others) is an eminent member of the faculty of an institution, but I do not think that the gatherings at his house are institutionalized. I think he breaks out of that. The answer is I suppose it is going on. I myself have largely withdrawn from it, this last decade. But I know that Mrs. W.W. Douglas gathers in vivid people as they come through, usually people from Washington, where she knows a great many--people from the press, in the national government--she invites people to meet them.

I'm sure it goes on, but it would take somebody like Schorer, who is floating in the stream now, to say. Occasionally a distinguished visitor to the Department of English is both institutional and non-institutional. Schorer has sometimes brought one or two of these visiting professors--some of whom aren't institutionalized at all--down to lunch with us or someone brings them to spend a night here. We enjoy that, they seem to enjoy it, and it gives them a glimpse of what is left of this kind of life.

Fry: You feel that this kind of life went on through the twenties and the depression, and perhaps through World War II? It wasn't too altered then, by the things around it?

Lehman: Of course it lasted as long as the people did. Marion Parsons died twelve years ago, I think; Elizabeth Ellis died about the same time; Bertha Damon is still living but is old and frail, and less comprehensive in her invitations than she once was.

There are successors, and I think the Schorers are of these. I've been in the Schorers' house when Mercedes McCambridge, the motion picture actress, and Josephine Miles, and oh, five or six people of the most diverse interests gathered to talk over a cocktail and then a supper, and then a ranging and penetrating kind of talk without any program, without any plan--nobody running it, just letting it happen. Now a man like Schorer of course gets an enormous amount of work done, so this is not done in the way that Mrs. Ellis did it because Mrs.

Lehman: Ellis found in these social activities her full career. For him, or for him and his wife, Ruth Schorer, it is a sort of side development of his career, or sometimes a buttressing of the career.

I think perhaps the lining up of so many eminent names may obscure my stressing that what went on on the campus was really very vibrant. In the 1920s, when people gathered, there were no cocktails before dinner. We all lived very simply. People gathered, had a glass of wine, and settled down to talk. At George Calhoun's very often the men went into the library for an hour. At Professor Hart's they went into the library.

I don't know what the women talked about, or I've forgotten if I was told, but we men talked about the new developments in scholarship, the new developments in criticism. There was very little concern about politics. For instance in the first part of the 1920s, a casual laughter about Warren G. Harding would take care of all our political concern. [Laughter] Some crack, "Have you heard...?," and politics was done.

You sat around with people like George Adams in philosophy, an idealist, and a man like Loewenberg who was also an idealist but of a qualified sort. He had been Josiah Royce's assistant at Harvard. There was young and brilliant William Dennes, who came from Sonoma or Santa Rosa to the University and grew up on the campus as he had grown up in the state.

Once or twice in the early 1920s Charles Mills Gayley gathered the Department of English with a stimulating person from French and German for an evening of talk and a glass of wine. You didn't have to feed people in those days in order to get them to open their mouths as you did later. [Laughter] We looked forward to these things.

Sometimes there was talk about teaching, and I remember that by 1923, when I came back from Europe, there had got going in the intervening year a sort of habit of visiting one another's classes. I went in to see how Whipple did it, and Whipple went in to see how Durham did it, and Durham

Lehman: came to see how I did it. We visited round; then we lunched together and talked it over, and very often lightly undercut one another and said, "I would go to sleep if I were your student at this point." There was a great deal of free, warm-hearted camaraderie which made possible some fairly sharp criticism. When we had visiting lecturers, the Sather Lecturer for instance, "visiting lectures" was a common habit partly to get the ideas of these men but chiefly to see how they did it. We knew one another.

When Cline and Bronson in English came as youngsters in their twenties, we were men moving on to forty. They came to lunch with us irregularly, sometimes at their own promptings and sometimes by invitation, and a common spirit grew up. We were then moving in the humanities into graduate teaching. The first doctorates of any importance were worked for: in English, Mrs. Hazard's _The Frontier in American Literature_ and Sister Madaleva's _The Pearl_. There was a great deal of talk about that. We gathered at the English Conference. There were several "shop clubs" of faculty to which one or another belonged, or if one didn't belong to any of them one was invited from time to time to come to give a paper or simply to come as a guest.

Riess: Shop clubs?

Lehman: Yes, where everybody talked his own shop. Special papers or reports for intelligent people in other fields. Also, I can't imagine how it would be now with the throngs there, but in those days we didn't have cafeteria at the Faculty Club. We sat down at table and were waited on so that there could be talk. If you had anybody coming through, Conrad Aiken and Walter Lippmann, whom you knew, you would ask them to lunch at the Faculty Club with three or four other people, and you would have a talk. Muriel Rukeyser, at a little later time, was there; Caldwell had her to lunch once. Constance Rourke, I had for lunch; Jacob Wasserman, I had for lunch with 30 people in one of the big rooms at the Faculty Club.

Riess: When you have 30 people, do they all get something from the man?

Lehman: At least an impression! There is a little talk before people sit down; there is talk after the break-up. You say a few words, and the man gets up and speaks for ten minutes. That is to do him honor in the case of a man as big as Wasserman, and besides, Wasserman spoke very little English, almost none at all.

Riess: It's interesting that this was used so much and felt so necessary then. It seems that now is the time that this kind of intimate gathering is so essential, because otherwise people just disperse.

Lehman: I just wonder how it is now, because when I have gone to the Faculty Club, of which I am an honorary life member, I stand in line between two people who weren't born when I retired, I think. [Laughter]

Riess: And who aren't speaking probably.

Lehman: Then they don't know where they are going to sit. Sometimes they haven't a knack for getting a conversation going with X and Y who are there purely at random. I think we had a great sense of the common cause, the common intent, the common occasion, and we got together a group of people in English and later in other disciplines who, once a month through eight months, read a paper each one to the others and then published them as a volume, _Studies in English_, or _Studies in Comparative Literature_. This is distinguished from the "shop clubs" above. It wasn't what you would think of as a bubbling ferment, but it was a ferment just the same.

In addition to the people whom I have mentioned, there should be Gilbert Lewis, who was a dazzler although he was only a chemist. His mind went everywhere and penetrated to everything. Joel Hildebrand was always stimulating from the earliest times up.

I think we had a less cultish sense of what to do if somebody came by, if a distinguished or interesting visitor came by. I have the sense now that when they come by they land up at Mark Schorer's with six or eight people who see everybody, and the rest see nobody, but I'm not sure about that.

Riess: It must be hard to be a visitor in these situations where all you do is get a lot to drink and are expected to say something brilliant.

Lehman: I never enjoyed the cocktail circuit. I enjoyed the people who went on it, but if I drank then I didn't enjoy it. I don't know whether there are people so conditioned to drinking that all their senses are alert. My own personal pleasure consisted always in talking and having a good time, and then afterward, on the way home or as I was going to bed, thinking it over step by step, fixing it (in my mind), and I found that if I had three cocktails I couldn't. I have gone to retirement dinners once or twice since I retired, and it seemed to me that everybody was high and some were much too high really to contribute to the occasion, and if you can't contribute you can't take away. But that is a different world which I don't know anything about.

Riess: It seemed like there was more incentive to gather, some unique performance or some personality.

Lehman: Of course the performances are wonderful now. If you think about what the Department of Dramatic Art does and what the Department of Music does and how good the shows are at the museum, it's thrilling.

We had nothing like the Magritte show of three months ago or the Pasquin show, but we found in books and sometimes in personal contacts with people who came by the stimulus we needed. We went on sabbaticals with a greater sense of accumulation that could be shared when we came back, and I think the sharing is important. Everybody goes so much now, and they go so lavishly with Guggenheims and other allowances that when they come back no one is interested. Everybody has got his own tale to tell.

I remember when Whipple came back, or Durham came back, or Jack Loewenberg came back, evening after evening, or evening and lunch and some afternoons, we would ask, "What did you see? What did you do?" We shared other people's travel in that way. Some of us didn't go to France, or somebody else didn't go to Scandinavia, and we gathered all that up. I don't mean in great crowds. People like

Lehman: to talk about what they've done you know, so if a man is telling it to two tonight he's not averse to telling it to two more tomorrow night.

But, if all this sounds as though we were predominantly social, we were very hard-working University men in those days, with nothing like the extra freedoms that seem now to be accorded--special fellowships for a year, for instance. One of my young colleagues was here for the weekend and has just finished an extra year with a sabbatical coming next year, full salary, to do anything he wants to do. We worked. We produced in our field; we carried very heavy teaching loads, comparatively; we helped administer the University. Quite lately I noted that all the emeritus professors of English, and I'm speaking of my near and narrow group now, I noticed that all of them had LL.D.s from the University, this in recognition of their production and their contribution to the administration of the University. That went from Walter Morris Hart right straight through. Farnham, Brodeur, me, and since I was on the platform, George Stewart. So we weren't playboys.

We also traveled, we also got to the mountains and got to the Northwest and went all over the state in the days when the highways weren't so crowded.

Riess: What didn't you do that people do now that takes up their time?

Lehman: I don't know. We gardened, we collected books, I collected paintings. When I moved out of Tamalpais Road, I had sixty-five framed works, ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt etchings to paintings by Bloch and others. We had time to do these things. I don't know how, but--we were busy. Well, you know it yourself, there's a bubbling energy. I don't have it any more, but I had it in those days.

Riess: There wasn't a lot of time spent commuting then.

Lehman: Well, I lectured a great deal; for a dozen years, almost every year, all the way from San Diego to British Columbia. Three lectures in Portland, two in Seattle, one in Spokane--I'd do this in the spring

Lehman: holiday. And I always did some lecturing in San Francisco for fifteen years at the Women's City Club and at what used to be the San Francisco State Teachers College. Those lectures were extensions of the intramural lectures, the lectures on the campus.

If you went to lecture on Hemingway in San Francisco, you didn't have to begin from the ground up because you taught English 41B on campus--which is now English 51B--and lectured on Hemingway there, or Jeffers, or Willa Cather. And sometimes you threw in a lecture about a classic, when they were willing to take it.

Riess: How did the Regents enter in socially? Were there any Regents in Berkeley?

Lehman: The only Regent we saw really intimately was James Moffitt, who for years was chairman of the board. (The governor is always president.) He stayed on the Regents until very late in life; he was a graduate of the University, a very close friend of Walter Morris Hart, through whom I came to make a close friend of him. He lived in Piedmont, he was a studious man, a banker and the president of the big Moffitt Towne concern in San Francisco, but he managed to read everything, and he kept reading Latin through a long life and collected the superb collection of editions of Horace's Odes and other works. He backed us in the Library in collecting books, made money available to us when we were in shortage, and he was kind to many of the less well-earning professors, sending them theater tickets and so on. A very generous man. But he was the only Regent that I saw commonly, and that largely on account of the Hart relation, which opened up a relation for me.

Riess: And people like the Riebers, for instance, where would they fit in?

Lehman: The Riebers lived up on the hill on Canyon Road, just below us there, above where the Stadium is, and left at the time of the Stadium controversy. (She wouldn't live there after the Stadium was put in, and he resigned. Then the Regents persuaded him to move to what was then the new UCLA campus, which

Lehman: was not yet out at Westwood; it was downtown at the old state teacher's college. He went down there and became dean of the faculties and was very valuable in creating the new University on that new campus, and was with them until they moved out there.)

Mrs. Rieber, who for all I know is still alive, was a painter of real distinction--mostly portraits--and she added a great deal to life in the twenties in Berkeley, until in the Stadium crisis they left. She gathered in any number of people to meet distinguished foreigners or Easterners, and all such came to see her because she'd spent a good deal of time in New York and she spent a good deal of time in Boston, painting Josiah Royce and William James, and George Herbert Palmer.

Riess: She was commissioned to go all the way to Boston?

Lehman: I don't know whether she was called there or whether she went and badgered them until they sat [laughter], which was much more likely to have been the case. She was a very determined woman, in spite of being very charming and very feminine. Her daughter is Mrs. Joralemon in Berkeley, who is also a painter and a vivid person.

Riess: Was it University people that Mrs. Rieber gathered together?

Lehman: University people who they thought would be interested, or perhaps even sometimes be interesting, to meet a Russian painter or a French painter, or an Eastern writer. I remember a series of these occasions though at the moment the individual guests of honor don't occur to me.

Summer Sessions and Why They Throve

Riess: What made that Summer Session arrangement blossom in the 1920s the way it did?

Lehman: Some time, I think during the First World War and possibly even just before the war began, Benjamin

Lehman: Ide Wheeler asked Walter Morris Hart, who was then a professor of English, to become Dean of the Summer Session and to turn the Summer Session into a medium for relating the University to the academic community all over the country and in Europe. Hart proceeded to do that with great imagination and great human social skills, and also with a great suddenly-revealed talent for the economic aspects of the situation, for he not only made the Summer Sessions pay their way, but he found that he had, after a couple of years,enough money left over to pay for keeping the Library open during a special session which he called the Inter-Session.

By 1920 when I came to Berkeley, there were well established two summer sessions--the Summer Session, and between the end of school in May and the Summer Session, an Inter-Session. In the Inter-Session there would be few visiting faculty from other institutions, but there were offered courses which allowed students who had a shortage in a field, or a shortage in units towards graduating at a specific time, to take a few courses. And the Inter-Session throve on that ground that students could hurry up their graduating program.

The Summer Session was the session to which in all fields, taking advice in those where he wasn't himself knowledgeable, Professor Hart brought really distinguished people, anthropologists from Europe, literary men like Charles Cestre and Emile Legouis from France. John Livingston Lowes came from Harvard and read _The Road from Xanadu Lectures_ in Wheeler 11, the first time the public had been in on it. Earlier I understood Barrett Wendell had come out from Harvard. Well, the rosters of the Summer Session catalogues would show that there was no season in which there weren't distinguished visitors.

Riess: And did the students come from far and wide?

Lehman: Yes, the students came from everywhere. This was partly a matter of mature students and teachers from other parts of the country wishing to advance themselves by getting graduate credit or advanced undergraduate credit, and it was partly a matter then of their coming where the climate was pleasant in the summer. Two things were exploited in the

Lehman: publicity for the Summer Session: the Berkeley climate and the distinguished faculty--including the best of the local faculty, as well as these august visitors.

Then, Professor and Mrs. Hart, having a charming house there at the head of Bancroft Way, on Piedmont, proceeded to give small dinners, six to eight, in which they carefully put together the visiting foreigner and a native, and there were long evenings of vivifying discussion in all fields. I remember being there when there were biologists; I remember another time being there when Katherine Fullerton Gerould, the short story writer and Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton, who was lecturing in English, were there. So, there were these small dinners, and then every week there was a tea, and the hours were rather long, as I recall, and people moved about the house and the gardens there at the head of Bancroft Way with a great deal of ease. I always had the sense of being enormously stimulated, both by meeting personalities, people who had a presence that stood by itself, and then being much stimulated by the importation of ideas and attitudes from Harvard, from Princeton, from Yale, from Chicago.

Then in that period, since the teas and the dinners were mixed, men and women, faculty members and their wives, Professor Hart had two or three large dinners at the Faculty Club, which was then smaller in membership, homogeneous, beautifully laid out and beautifully served, for the purpose he had in mind which was an extended meeting in which men, over sherry usually--cocktails were not then required--talked as they happened to find themselves, in the neighborhood of this man or that, and then dinner where the placement was very careful so as to make relationships, and then through a long evening in the lounge and in the billiard room.

Then, as I recall, at least once every Summer Session Professor Hart gathered the cream of the crop for a great luncheon, often as many as twenty-four people, at the University Club in San Francisco. Well, these are only suggestive to the future historian; they do suggest ferment and inter-campus

Lehman: cross-fertilization, you know.

Riess: And Professor Hart's role was fantastically creative.

Lehman: He was one of the most creative people in the history of the University, not only in the ways that I've just indicated, but because of the people he brought to the faculty permanently when, with the ascent of Professor W.W. Campbell to the presidency, Mr. Hart became vice-president. In that position he worked quietly, inconspicuously, but most effectively for the addition of distinguished intelligences and achieving scholarship to the faculty. He had done this, of course, originally in the Department of English, where when Professor Gayley began to lose his grip, more or less, Mr. Hart was the vice-chairman and made the appointments. Mr. Gayley still had the great panoplied position and reputation and cared about it, so he was allowed to stay there, but Mr. Hart did the work.

Riess: Were Presidents Barrows and Campbell as interested as President Wheeler had been in carrying on the Summer Session?

Lehman: Barrows was a good friend of Walter Morris Hart's, and sent him out to build up the Department of English when, in 1920, Barrows became president. He authorized him, I believe, to make certain other explorations in related humanities areas, so that appointments of some quality could be made in these places. So, of course, Hart kept on under Barrows, as friend, and sometimes his agent. And also through the Barrows regime Hart was still Dean of the Summer Session.

Then when Campbell became president, and asked Hart to become vice-president--or I think at first it was called provost--when that happened, then Hart was in the central seat where all these things were done. He kept an eye on the Summer Session.

Now, it occurs to me I ought to add, about the Summer Session, that the Summer Session throve for the reasons I've already suggested, but it also throve because so-called "educationists" had secured the passage of laws for up-grading teachers in the

Lehman: state of California, and teachers were required, for advancement, to do certain kinds of work in the so-called education courses, and in the subject field of their specialization. This was required for advancement, but in some districts and under some conditions it was required to maintain your place as you were, and your salary as it was. The result was that those Summer Sessions had a large bloc of self-improvers, or status-improvers, or salary-improvers, and there was a decade there when that was a very strong factor, and I don't know that it would occur to everyone now that Walter Morris Hart is dead to speak of that, but I remember his speaking of it to me.

Riess: This eventually waned?

Lehman: Yes, there's much less of it than there was, I understand. For one thing, the laws were changed; for another, people in later decades didn't get the teaching positions unless they had already done the work.

Riess: Then Bruce was the man in charge of Summer Sessions later.

Lehman: Yes, Harold Bruce succeeded Walter Morris Hart, I think, though Guy Montgomery was in there somewhere, first as assistant dean. But I think Bruce became the Dean of the Summer Sessions when Hart went into the vice-presidency.

Harold Bruce was professor of English, a Yale man, a man of great charm, and a man very useful to the University largely because more than anyone else he had the talent for appreciation, he recognized the valuable qualities both in a man and in what he wrote or what he did, and he was extremely handy at speaking of this to the man or in his presence, and he did a great deal to build morale in the post-war time when there was the whole business of Benjamin Ide Wheeler's relation to the University and the trio that followed. There had been some deterioration of morale under all of that, and I think Harold Bruce in the humanities areas did a good deal to compensate.

He became Dean of the Summer Sessions, but they moved into secondary place, largely because the

Lehman: University grew and the faculty grew, and more and more departments were bringing in permanently men who were willing to come permanently, who ten, twenty, and thirty years earlier would only have been willing to come for six weeks in the summer. What it amounted to then was that instead of being on the fringe of the American educational and university community, Berkeley was inside it, and close--with faster transportation--close to the center of it really, until at last it may even be said that the center has moved where Berkeley is.

## Jessica Peixotto, the Adolph Millers, and Others

Riess: It's interesting to pinpoint some of the great leaps forward into the sight of the world of the University: the Hearst-Benard plan, Wheeler's enthusiasm for such an excellent Summer Session.

Lehman: The historian will have to see the history, the push and pull, the give and take, the manipulation, of the University's being the beneficiary of circumstances that have nothing to do essentially with what the University was, like the requirement of the educational courses that we just spoke of. Then of course the University was both the victim and the beneficiary of so intricate a character as Benjamin Ide Wheeler. He was an extraordinary man of light and leading; he was also crotchety, vain, secretive, and many other things. Looking back, one could say, "One ought to be thankful for the blessings;" he did a great many remarkable things, and at a time when this was still the fringe of the world.

In that early period also there were people who, as far as I know, did not sit much in the seats of council. I think, for instance, of Jessica Peixotto. She, I think, had the reputation of being first-rate in her field. She was of a San Francisco family of means and of cultivation. One brother was Ernest Peixotto, the artist, and another brother--I've forgotten the name now--had perhaps less fame, but equal distinction. She was friendly with all the more cultivated Jews of San Francisco, being herself of a Jewish family of Spanish origin, and she engaged

Lehman: the interest of the always generously-giving, wealthy, San Francisco Jews, and caused a great many studies to be made with funds made available by these friends and acquaintances--as to the cost of living, as to academic salaries in relation to the cost of living--and all of this in the second decade of this century, and perhaps even before, when nobody was paying any attention to such matters. There are publications, I think, by the so-called Clara Heller Committee, and that benefaction, and indeed Mrs. Heller's continuing and very generous interest in the University stems, I think, originally from Jessica Peixotto.

She did all these things. But she had another thing. There were very few women on the faculties in those days, and such as had means, like Miss Sprague, the dean of women, and her sister, Mary Sprague Miller, and Jessica Peixotto, created a very good climate in the decade before people like Elizabeth Ellis and certain other wealthy people settled into the community and offered great rooms, good hospitality of every kind, as the place in which the ferment could go on. I think this had, at long range, a great deal to do with the University becoming the really distinguished and immensely fermenting place that it is. And it could easily be overlooked.

Riess: When Phoebe Apperson Hearst had her house here--was this another generation? What did this house represent?

Lehman: Professor Hart and Jessica Peixotto, for instance, who had been at the University from the nineties, remembered well Mrs. Hearst's hospitality in her "Entertainment House." Someone will have told you that that Entertainment House was,after her death, given to the University and was moved on campus to be the girls'gymnasium. That's the one that burned somewhere in 1921-22, that college year. Then Mr. Hearst gave the money for the new Women's Gymnasium in memory of his mother.

Mrs. Hearst, and these older people, like Jessica Peixotto, Walter Morris Hart, were all of a time. Both Hart and Peixotto at various times, many decades ago now, talked to me about how

Lehman: vivifying Mrs. Hearst's parties were for the varied fertilizing contacts which minds have to make with one another and which only a large social life affords the opportunity for.

Miss Peixotto was so charming that a very special quality attached to her gatherings, and these, as far as I knew them, took place at Cloyne Court, for she had by that time given up her house. They were usually in the forms of dinners, but they were occasionally just an evening--"come in for the evening." This didn't mean drinking in the modern sense, of course, it meant perhaps a cup of chocolate, a cup of coffee, and talk.

Miss Peixotto had an inquiring mind; she was willing to talk in her field, but she was eager to talk out of it, and especially out of it she was eager to inquire. It was obvious to me quite early in the sequence of occasions that she had one or two things in reserve in mind in case the good and the vital didn't develop. I remember on one of these occasions when things seemed to be flattening out in the way of talk, she said, "Now I'd like to know, with a biologist and an economist, and a literary man here, whether you think Alice in Wonderland is a symbolic work or not?" One of the greatest free-for-all discussions I've ever heard in my life followed, long before the critical books began to talk about the symbolic and concealed satiric values of "Alice." That's the sort of thing.

Riess: Would you tell something about Cloyne Court?

Lehman: Cloyne Court must have been built in the era in which Mrs. Hearst's Entertainment House was built, for it was the same sort of redwood construction, as I remember it. This all was under the influence of Maybeck, the architect of whom you have many notes, no doubt. I don't know whether Maybeck was actually the architect for these two buildings, but the kind of redwood house that Walter Steilberg later built on the hill above the University--one for Marion Parsons, one for himself, for his mother-in-law--that kind of house was out of the Cloyne Court tradition. It had an inner patio, it had a pleasant dining room--with routine food, as I remember it. What I remember specifically, coming from a

Lehman: European family as I did, was the startle with which I discovered that you could begin a dinner with a fruit cocktail. It took me months to digest the fact [laughter], though I ate the cocktail.

Another thing that was very interesting in those days to me, coming from Philadelphia and New England, with this European background, was that people began dinner with a salad. I understood at the time that it was--or they thought it was--a Spanish custom. At small dinners in houses where people "did their own work," as the phrase was, you would begin with a salad, there would be no soup, there would then be what was called an entrée-which meant meat or chicken or even fish--and a vegetable or two, and then a dessert. So that dinner was a simple affair dining out; it didn't lead to any great orgy. The kind of house that Mrs. Ellis kept, of course, and the Harts kept, always beginning with a soup unless for very gala occasions you had oysters before the soup, that kind of thing was not commonplace among the members of the faculty.

Riess: Cloyne Court was an apartment house?

Lehman: It was a residence hotel. There were apartments: Jessica Peixotto had a long living room upstairs, I remember, as well as private quarters, perhaps both a study and a bedroom and a bath. These were suites, and then there was a common dining room downstairs. Whether in that era there were kitchenettes where women got their own breakfasts, or even men did so, I don't know. But it was that kind of place--just north of the campus, within easy walking distance for the faculty, and quite a few elderly faculty lived in it, and some families.

Living north of the campus also in those days was John Galen Howard, the architect whose design for the campus is still in some ways dominant. His house at 1401 LeRoy was of his own building, and at the end of his life it was sold by Mrs. Howard to Professor Walter Morris Hart and his wife, and it was in that house in March of this year that Walter Morris Hart died. To the original Howard house which spins this Steilberg-Maybeck-Howard web of architecture out--to the Howard house was added a library wing over the dining room-kitchen wing,

Lehman: by Julia Morgan, the architect of this house* on the porch of which we are sitting, and the architect who for the last thirty years of her life spent all her time at San Simeon. Julia Morgan made that delightful library for Professor Hart, so that it was a John Galen Howard-Julia Morgan house and still is.

The John Galen Howards belonged in those early twenties to a group of people who read poems--they met for dinner, a group of ten or twelve, and after dinner listened to one of the members read--oh, I remember one night Chauncey Wells read the poetry of Vachel Lindsay aloud to the group, and then they discussed it. The Riebers would turn up at a party like that, for instance.

Riess: And the Adolph Millers, you were going to mention them.

Lehman: The Adolph Millers need a very full sketch, their place in the University is very large. Adolph Miller was a young professor of economics at the University, a friend, I think, of Franklin Lane, who became Secretary of the Interior for Woodrow Wilson. Adolph Miller had been born in San Francisco, had an instinctive and very deep feeling, I think, for San Francisco, for the Bay Area all the way down into the Santa Cruz redwood country. Now, of his specific education I don't at the moment recall anything, but I know he came here to teach--whether he had gone to the University and gone away and come back, I don't know.

In any case, there was on the faculty as Dean of Women one of the Sprague sisters of Chicago; she was a woman of large means, her father and uncle had been the great, successful wholesale grocers in Chicago, and she was visited by her sister Mary in Berkeley. Mary was musical, charming, soft-voiced, really a beguiling person, though not a notable intellect, and she and Adolph Miller were married. She came then to live in Berkeley as Mrs. Adolph Miller, and they built a large house on Ridge Road, the house that is now the Cooperative, west of Euclid. They lived there.

---

*This account was dictated in Saratoga, at Hayfield House, which Julia Morgan designed and built for Mrs. Lehman (then Mrs. Chauncey S. Goodrich) in 1920.

Lehman: Now, this brings us into the second decade of the century, and Woodrow Wilson was setting up the Federal Reserve Board, and somehow--it's a matter of record in the books--but I think through word from Franklin Lane, Adolph Miller came into consideration and appointment on the Federal Reserve Board. So they moved to Washington where Miller had a long career in government service, and incidentally, a long career building up the few millions of dollars that Mary Miller inherited into a very large fortune. Both of them, but particularly Adolph, had the Bay Area, California, the West, all focused in their minds at the University, and ultimately settled practically all of the wealth as the Miller Foundation for Science at the University.

That foundation was set up, I think, during the Second World War years, and it was divided, as I remember, three-fifths income to go to Mary Miller, two-fifths to Adolph for life, but that anything they didn't draw of the very large income of the sixteen or so million, stayed in, tax-free, and so over a period of years the capital increased. Then with the death of Adolph his two-fifths flowed into the fund, and at her death the whole thing became University property, and the Miller Science Foundation resulted.

The Millers were among the most stimulating people that ever came to Berkeley, and it was not just because they felt they were home when they got to Berkeley and the University; they were stimulating whether I saw them on Long Island or in New York or in Washington. Adolph Miller knew about everything. He was one of the best judges of paintings; and though not one of the best, a very good judge of music; he had read books, he was interested in ideas, he was interested in works of literature and works of art; and he always went straight to the richest possibility in anything anyone said, and enlarged and deepened and heightened the subject. It was very impressive always. It was an education at the fireside; it was an education across the lunch or the dinner table. I remember seeing him for a long weekend at "The Puddles," Mrs. Ellis's house in Jericho, Long Island, where he was easily the most distinguished intelligence there, though all sorts

Lehman: of important people were also house guests. I remember when the women left the dining room in his own house in Washington--a beautiful house that Mary built back sometime in the thirties--this seemed to me like a wonderful seminar in which no one had to write a paper. It couldn't have been better; so it was always. His benefactions, you see, were not only fiscal and available at death; his benefactions came just from hour to hour as he lived--an impressive thing in my life.

Riess: And he stood out, not his wife.

Lehman: Though she wasn't a great intelligence, she did cut into the heart of problems and matters, she nestled up to them, she elicited a sympathetic humanness out of anything that came up. She had extreme charm, she was an excellent musician, and for years, having started her interest in the Bach performances when the Bethlehem director was in Berkeley, she continued her support of the Bach festival in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and when one wanted tickets for that she always could get them because since she was a major sustainer of it there were always some reserved for her.

I think it too bad if the way one puts these things suggests that the brilliant intellect--comprehensive and precise--is the high desideratum of the kind of world that I've been talking about. It took many things and Mary Miller had some of the things that it took, and without which all of the brilliance would have been hard, would have been brittle, and perhaps sterile.

The Millers kept coming back, of course, especially after Mrs. Ellis lived in Berkeley, because they were old friends of hers. And after the Berkeley fire she had bought the house that the Millers built on Ridge Road and in which they had lived and which I think they had rented for the interval to the Hearst sons who were in college in those years. Later Bill Wurster added a couple of rooms to that house when Mrs. Ellis lived there, but it was built originally for the Millers.

Riess: I think you know we have an interview with Lucy Sprague Mitchell.*

Lehman: Yes, and of course in this connection such papers as have been given to the Bancroft and to the General Library from the estate of Walter Morris Hart should be looked into. He and Wesley Mitchell were very great friends, and I think there must be a good deal of correspondence, letters from Mitchell there--certainly there are some from Mrs. Mitchell.

## Gifts from the East: The Visitors

Lehman: The value for the growing intellectual life of the University of the teas and dinners during Summer Session which Walter Morris Hart gave cannot be stressed too much. For instance, what Katherine Fullerton Gerould did for us was chiefly done over dinner tables and across the tea cups. She made it clear that you could live in an academic world and write stories, and this was an important part in the beginning of that development which now makes it possible for a man to be a professor of English or a professor of anything and write poems, write stories, write novels, and regard all that as part of his productive activity, his evidence of creative promptings.

Riess: Was she able to explain how to do it?

Lehman: No. She simply talked about why it was a valuable thing for the community and convinced some of the more staid, scholarly research people that they should give value to this. When a young man in the department published a novel or some short stories, it should be recognized; whereas before they said, "Well, that's fine, that's money that comes into his till, but it has nothing to do with being a professor." She also encouraged us to teach the

---

*Mitchell, Lucy Sprague, Pioneering in Education, Berkeley, California, 1962.

Lehman: short story and the writing of the short story, which was not common. It is now, but it was not common in 1920.

Riess: Was it happening at places like Princeton?

Lehman: It was happening at Princeton. It was not happening yet at Harvard, though in the advanced writing courses a man might write some stories or some poems as T.S. Eliot did at Harvard. This was of value for the whole thing, and it ought to be seen as part of the history of the University and particularly of the humanities in the 1920s and then moving into the 1930s.

In the department, people like Walter Morris Hart, Harold Bruce, became men who voted for advancement to the next grade on the ground that a man had published an admirable short story. This was counted as much as a little article in a learned journal. Before that it had not been.

In the same spirit of capturing some of the vibrant promptings in those decades that brought about change in what a teacher of the humanities did as an individual to contribute to the morale of the group, to the contributions of the group, I ought to speak of the way in which we welcomed visitors, not just Summer Session visitors, but at any time through the year. Any distinguished man or woman who came would be invited by someone on the faculty to lunch, and three or four people would meet him or her. In the wake of that there would be a few more occasions, and always talk on a level above the level of "I liked your last story."

Riess: Would these people be invited on lecture tours?

Lehman: Sometimes they were lecturing and sometimes they were simply traveling. For instance, Jacob Wassermann, who in the early '30s was a world figure with his great novel The World's Illusion in the best-seller areas, was traveling in California. I met him at a luncheon party in Hillsborough, and invited him to come to Berkeley to lunch with a group of the faculty. He was delighted, and he and Mrs. Wassermann came. I asked scientists like Gilbert Lewis and men from the German Department and men from the humanities. Ultimately there were as many as 24 or 26 at the

Lehman: Faculty Club in one of the committee rooms, where they gave us a fairly decent lunch. We had some agreeable spring flowers cut in great branches and laid over the table. This gives a sense of our relationship to creative minds on another continent.

When Thomas Mann's children, the boy who later committed suicide, and his daughter Erika, came through in 1928 or 1929 on their way from Japan (they had been traveling around the world in the early twenties), we had a very pleasant dinner and evening at Noel Sullivan's house at 2323 Hyde Street in San Francisco. Then they came to the University to lunch with a few people that I gathered together. This kind of thing was happening round about.

Occasionally somebody came from Africa and there would be a lunch for such a person, a native African.

I got to know Erika Mann on the occasion when she came to the University, so that in later years, when her father had left Germany and was living near Santa Monica, it was a great pleasure to see her again, because one had had a good talk with her and remembered it.

One did not feel, on this coast, as unrelated as, looking back, an historian might think we were because it took a long time to get from one coast to another and there were no airplanes. Travel was not so much taken for granted, yet people did travel. Everybody came to San Francisco, it being one of the nodes through which any traveler had to move.

There would also be occasions which would bring people. For the Goethe Bi-Centennial, Professor Brewer, of the German Department, organized a series of five or six evening commemorations. One of the occasions was Lotte Lehmann singing a program of songs, all of which were songs written to Goethe lyrics. These things did not happen in a void. She was up two days before in San Francisco and there was only a little foregathering with her on the day of the concert because she was almost at the end of her active career and had to limit her use of her energies. On the day of the concert she did nothing until after the concert, when she came to my house

Lehman: on Tamalpais Road where 30 or 40 people came for a light supper. She met all sorts of people and talked with them, so that no one felt that they had come in to honor Goethe and were going out with everything flat. She was a vivid, delightful human being.

The same thing was true when Thomas Mann came to give one of the talks in that series. He gave the talk in careful English. He had written it in German and it had been translated by his secretary and his daughter. He read it carefully, and afterward he answered questions, which were asked in English. Sometimes his daughter Erika on the platform with him translated the question from English into German. He answered her in German, and she translated into English for the audience. After that, as another example of how these activities interfused out into the community, we all went to Mr. Brewer's, and had two hours of post-lecture chat.

Riess: Such moments made the University feel more in touch. What were some of the other benefits?

Lehman: People of a certain sensibility cannot come into the presence of personalities that are themselves as personalities impressive without gaining, especially when those personalities are accompanied in the individual by a gift, which in Thomas Mann's case had even then resulted in a great shelf of famous books, by all judgments immortal. The same sort of thing was true in the case of Wassermann. In the case of Lotte Lehmann, a woman of transcendent skills with a glorious voice coming to the end of its glory, for she was in her sixties, there was the sense that this woman had really ravished audiences in every musical capital of the world. Then, listening to her in Wheeler Hall, Wheeler Hall also became a place where such things happened. It was all that kind of thing.

Some of the visitors gave no speeches; it was simply a human being with whom we spent a few hours and of whom we carried away an impression.

Riess: I had thought that these meetings with visitors were a way that the University of California was carried back to the rest of the world, but it seems as though the greater value was perhaps in the opposite direction.

Lehman: It worked both ways. I thought of it chiefly as a value that came to us and made us feel a part of the great world, whether these were visitors or our own people on high show. Bradley, the lexicographer from the Oxford Dictionary, here for a few weeks, did carry back a report of what went on with us and who was what. Invitations to younger men to go to other universities were often the result of these contacts made by Europeans or Easterners traveling among us. That is, not infrequently, still the case.

## The Retirement Dinners: Summing-Ups

Another thing that made the humanities prosper so that we were able to get to the jump-off point for a really great Department of English and great departments in the languages and in history, was the tradition of the farewell dinner when a man retired. It was a time for taking stock; it was a time of listening to a man who had had a long life, usually entirely at the University but not always, of service here, and who now really girded up his loins and did a job of thirty or thirty-five minutes of farewell speech. These were great occasions, stock-taking, inspiriting, stimulating, and for days afterward when you met the other members of the department, it was the thing you talked of. I remember with the greatest satisfaction how often the talk afterward had a certain vibrance.

Riess: Can you remember any specific instances?

Lehman: Early, Leonard Bacon was a member of the department for a few years, a poet and wealthy man from Rhode Island, a Yale man.

Charles Mills Gayley, who had been the great, illustrious representative of the humanities on the campus and in the American world, was one of those figures who made Berkeley seem very close to the centers of civilization. He came to his retirement in the early twenties.

When Walter Morris Hart retired, in the early thirties, he gave one of the finest addresses I ever

Lehman: heard. The manuscript of his speech is in either the Bancroft or the General Library where his papers were deposited. He was a great presider at such occasions, but he could also make a great talk on his own. He had the custom of writing the speech out carefully and then forgetting it and saying it word for word simply because he had written it down. He was the greatest after-dinner speaker I ever heard.

Riess: In some cases, as with Gayley, were these people with whom the department had not really had much contact with toward the end?

Lehman: No, in those days the department was small. When I came here there were a dozen and by the time Gayley retired there were perhaps eighteen. The post-World War I period meant an increase in the numbers on the staff. In the day when departments were smaller these things were easier to manage. For the Department of English now with so many people, it is impossible to have this kind of dinner with the sense that everybody knows everybody else.

When Walter Morris Hart was eighty years old, in 1952, Willard Durham and I gave a dinner and invited the whole department. We had it at the country club on College Avenue.* Hart then, because he was eighty years old, read his speech for the first time in his life. He began it by saying, "If you will permit me, I shall read what I have to say. Not that I fear I may not, speaking extemporaneously, have enough to say, but that I fear that I may have too much to say." [Laughter] He was not a garrulous old man. He gave this review of his own history in the University. I do not exaggerate when I say that for days and, in some men, perhaps for weeks, they walked around with a lighter step and a greater sense of belonging to important things, from that occasion.

In the early days we used to have a cocktail per man and a glass or two of wine during the dinner for toasts. In later years the drinking was heavier, and I don't know that all members were able to take the impression complete. It got fragmented in listening, or perhaps diluted in retention. [Laughter]

* BROADWAY ? (B.H.L.)
Claremont

Lehman: ([Added May, 1968] I happened the other day to be looking through the history of the University as William Carey Jones presented it in 1895. And what struck me, among other things, was how meagre the laboratory facilities of every kind were, how wide open and empty the streets and all the vistas in the photographs taken from that time, and, with a single exception, how bearded, or at least mustachioed, every member of the faculty was. Finally, it was very interesting to look through the succession of photographs and see the men who were still active in the twenties, though approaching their retirement. Men like Andy Lawson, Mellen Haskell, Ernest Hersam, Leon Richardson, and others. Oh and I should add Gayley to the list.

It was also interesting to observe how very few of the younger men who are listed as appointees in that five or six year space before 1895 came to great distinction. Distinguished appointments, or appointments which led to distinction seem to have come slightly later.)

# OTHER WORLDS

## Introduction to Los Gatos and Carmel

Lehman: But there was another world. In the mid-twenties I published a novel under my own name and was invited to be a member of P.E.N. There I met Mrs. Atherton, in the last years of Senator Phelan's life, a weekend guest from time to time of the Senator at Montalvo. Through an academic acquaintance, W.W. Lyman, a member of the English Department, I had in 1921 met Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood of The Cats in Los Gatos, which became a center of other things. And finally, through Dr. Lovell Langstroth, who is still [1964] living in San Francisco [now deceased, 1966], who had married Anne Brenner--the widow of the designer of the Lincoln penny, Victor Brenner--I met Noel Sullivan, Senator Phelan's nephew. I had never met him at the Senator's house.

He became the greatest opener of doors that anybody could possibly have imagined, and with his name I can say something about what I began with. When I came out from Harvard in 1920, though I had been encouraged by one or two of my teachers who said "Go out and grow up with the country," most thought of it as a desert. I found it far richer in opportunity and relationships than Cambridge would have been for me. It was certainly true that everybody sooner or later came through San Francisco and the Bay Area; whereas not everybody came through Boston, after the nineteenth century's great period was over.

Speaking of these other worlds of Los Gatos and Carmel, in later years, when Marie Welch had met and married my older friend, George West, I used to see Bertha Damon at the Wests' as well as the Wests at Mrs. Damon's.

Fry: Was Marie Welch writing at that time?

Lehman: Oh, she was writing poetry from the time, I think, she went for a semester or a year to the University of California, and probably before. She has been one of the distinguished poets, I think, of our time,

Lehman: not at the moment in the vogue, and so perhaps not as much published as our more far-out poets are published, but a poet of intellect in the service of the most acute perceptions of natural phenomena--birds, insects, trees, flowers, anything that has its place in the natural scene. She also is a woman of passionate devotion to the underprivileged and has written poems which express that devotion.

She has a place at Los Gatos up in the hills, called originally I think the Star of the Hills. It's in a canyon, and one goes up by a somewhat precarious road that affords absolute isolation in the loveliest surroundings. The original part of the house was built by Maybeck for its first owner, and Marie Welch bought it sometime in the thirties as a hideaway--hideaway in her case means hideaway when she wanted it. She was generous and welcoming to her friends there in large numbers upon occasion. She was a few-miles-off-neighbor of The Cats, and so Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood were in her company, or she in theirs, very often.

There was a third house, called Cathedral Oaks, in which Frank Ingerson and George Dennison lived. They still live there, one of them over ninety, the other approaching ninety, and they are neighbors to the house of Yehudi Menuhin just above them on the hill. [George Dennison died in late 1966.]* They are creative artists who have worked in ceramic and enamel and wools (rugs, etc.)--this house in which we sit has dozens of small objects that they have made, and I think they are among the finest things made since the Renaissance.

Fry: They are the men who were known as "the boys"?

Lehman: They are "the boys." They were always called that from sixty years ago when they first moved here. They had distinguished careers as interior decorators as well as craftsmen. They worked in this country and in Europe, in London, in Rome, in Paris, and were commissioned to create that beautiful Ark of the Covenant at the Jewish temple in San Francisco, the one with the Moorish dome.

So you see here at Los Gatos there was a way-station between the San Francisco-Berkeley coteries and those who gathered in Carmel, where George Sterling

* INGERSON DIED IN 1968 (B.H.L.)

Lehman: and Robinson Jeffers and Charlie Chaplin, in later years, and all those who gathered around Noel Sullivan were. Sullivan first had a small house in Carmel proper from about 1931 on called "Innisfree" from Yeats's poem; he named it Innisfree with a consciousness of the pun, N.S.-free, because he was freed from the heavy burden, social and financial, of his great house in San Francisco, when he moved to Carmel.

Fry: My impression is that this life was not at all institutionalized; whereas in Berkeley it is connected with the institution of the University.

Lehman: There was no institution. The Los Gatos countryside was lovely and people sought it. People wished to be not too far from a center like San Francisco, or from an institution like the University or Stanford, but they wished to be far enough and they set up their ways of life here. And there were not only these people themselves, but the people who came to see them, so there was always a current of revivifying visiting.

Beyond that, things were started here--for instance, the Alma Trio was started here, and named for where the men lived, before the dam was built, over here on the way to Santa Cruz. These men were refugees from Europe in the Hitlerian time, and local people, my wife included, sustained them until they could re-establish the equanimity of spirit which was necessary to becoming again the artists that they were. These three men were part of it and there were many others of the same sort. Nothing institutional here, though life here was benefited by the institutions because University people came to visit.

## Financial Aid to Artists

Fry: Was giving artists a place to work, if not some outright financial aid, a usual concern?

Lehman: Well, this giving of aid or a place was somewhat accidental, I think, in Berkeley. If one heard of

Lehman: a necessitous case, one did something about it, and that held true for people far less well off than Mrs. Ellis. Or, if one heard that an artist was ready to write a book, then one either did something about it, by collection or even by shelling out sustainment oneself, or one channeled these people into application for the Phelan Fellowships, for instance, or later for support from the Jackson fund. I think it was all done quite casually except for the Phelan awards.

Then people learned over those decades that the Guggenheim Fellowships weren't alone for academic applicants and more and more if you had a promising young novelist whose work came along to a point where he could with justification apply to the Guggenheim for a fellowship--I remember writing recommendations which perhaps helped bring a Rosenwald Fellowship to Langston Hughes, and many other people.

I remember Bill Saroyan applied for a Guggenheim, and I was at that time and for a couple of years referee when the committees on the Guggenheim Foundation felt that people who had been asked by the candidate to support the application hadn't said enough. Saroyan's was one such case. The committee said, "Now what do _you_ think of Saroyan? Is there anything fresh and original? Do we really go anywhere with this?"

There was always on the fringe of our awareness these national foundations, and that of course has grown through the years, though I've been detached from it for a long while except in the sense that occasionally somebody says, "Please write me a recommendation."

Fry: What about the group here in Los Gatos--the individual sources of aid to artists?

Lehman: Well, Erskine Wood and Sara Bard Field did a lot of that sort of thing, directly and indirectly--that is to say, directly when they themselves could share their resources, indirectly when they interested Noel Sullivan or Senator Phelan, and so on. And my wife has underwritten many--for example, the pianist Francis Whang, now on the Yale Faculty of music. (1968)

Lehman: Then the boys at Cathedral Oaks, Ingerson and Dennison, were always helping young artists, and not only in the arts they themselves worked in, where they schooled beginners, taught painting, drawing, enamel-making, but also in acting. They had a great deal to do with the development of Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland, both of whom grew up here at the Hayfield gate, on La Paloma--the house directly across the street from this estate. They were girls there, and in their girlhood were in and out of this house because they were the same age as two of my wife's daughters. Well, "the boys" backed these girls--they didn't need financial backing particularly, what they needed was somebody who saw their talent and helped them develop it, and saw possibilities latent. There were a number of women here who directed plays in which those girls took part. So that kind of thing was done quite informally here.

Senator Phelan in earlier years helped people out. Dorothy Van Ghent, as a young poet at Mills, had a stipend, I believe, for a year or two from the senator, and some others had. I think when he chose the poets to help without having any advice he was likely not to get very good poets. And earlier, Maud Fay, the San Francisco girl, who became a "diva" in Munich.

## Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Sara Bard Field

Fry: Could you tell us when you first met Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Sara Bard Field?

Lehman: Yes; I met the Woods and Fields, as we used sometimes laughingly to say, I think in the spring of 1921, in a small apartment in Berkeley. They had come in as guests of the W.W. Lymans. W.W. Lyman, called Jack Lyman, was an instructor in English. He had specialized in Celtic studies at Harvard with Fred Norris Robinson, and had a rather vague idea that he would go ahead and be a professor of Celtic, but for the moment he was teaching English--writing poems and so on, for he was something of a poet himself.

Lehman: He was the son of a banker from St. Helena, and I think lives now in St. Helena in the old family house to the left of the road as you go out of St. Helena. He was married to Helen Hoyt, who was an excellent poet and at one time I think co-editor or assistant editor of Poetry Magazine with Harriet Munro. Well, they invited me down to tea to meet the Woods and the Fields.

Sara in those days was not quite so white-haired as we now see her, but already quite white in consequence of the accident in which her son was killed. She was as beautiful in her special way as anyone I had ever seen--warm-hearted instantly, the voice perhaps a little over-sweet for the things she was saying, for it always had that sweet intonation. But her beauty and warm-heartedness and a certain sharp alertness in conversation are what I first was struck by and what I still recall as the predominant impression, and still value.

Erskine Scott Wood was an entirely different phenomenon. You felt you were in the presence of greatness, not merely of excellence, charm, or beauty. Erskine's voice, already in those days but much more in later years, tended to go off on a high pitch, but it never seemed inappropriate. The presence of the man was so absolute, so distinguished, suggesting the far reaches to which humanity can arrive. Sara Bard Field and Erskine Wood were living in those days in their house on Russian Hill, and had as I recall just acquired the land at Los Gatos, where they were about to build a house. It's possible they were already building it.

Fry: Was Erskine, do you remember, concerned with this ideal which was rather far removed from the here-and-now, of autonomy for each person, or did he bring one's attention to pressing issues with solutions in the present?

Lehman: The terms in which you make this analytical statement do not describe the impressions I had at that or at any other time. It seemed to me that he wore his radicalism with the lightest possible air. He could be passionate about it in any given case; he could be very passionate in his statements; he was capable of being outraged by an event or a situation. But it

Lehman: never took over--you never had the feeling of the lunatic fringe. It was always the attitude with respect to a specific situation of a man whose largeness, whose depth, whose altitude of comprehension was such that everything fell into place.

Whether he was talking about the dishonesty of an artist who made misrepresentation of his own (Erskine Wood's), promises; whether he was talking about the predicament that some deviate got into; whether he was talking about the disinherited; the whole of life was in his mind when he spoke of a specific case. So when I heard him speak in terms that would have dropped into any of his books, *Heavenly Discourse* or others, I never had the feeling, this man is riding a hobby. I never had the feeling, this man is now out to get something changed. He *was* out to get something changed, he was interested in what he was doing, but that wasn't all of him and it never seemed to be all. I have over the years always been a little resentful of the picture of him that's been given to me by a number of people as a crackpot radical.

His treatment of his own fortune is illustration of where he stood. He had made a great deal of money, and he provided for his wife, from whom he had separated, for his children, and then took the rest for himself and set up a way of life which, if he were a crackpot remedier of causes, would have been ridiculous--to spend all this money for an ample way of life, you see, when you can give this money to somebody who is starving or to somebody who needs an education or a studio to paint a picture in. He shared what he had, but he didn't shrink his own life in order to do it. That is to my mind the ground on which one can assert that he was a very great human being. All these things fit together. A noble man, capable of concern, capable of passionate remonstrance, capable of intruding where he thought injustice had been done, but living with benignity and serenity, not above the battle but encompassing the battle. This is what he was, to my mind.

Fry: There was no distortion in his world.

Lehman: That's a good way of putting it. His special causes did not distort his total vision, they simply filled it in. And one has to go along a little further. In

Lehman: later years at The Cats and often at Hollow Hills Farm, Noel Sullivan's place in Carmel Valley, and earlier at 2323 Hyde Street, the Sullivan house in the city, one saw that Sara and Erskine had a reciprocity of personality, of vision, which was not a convenience of the marital or domestic setup, but was the result of two people with superb intelligences and wonderfully complementary intuitions operating on one another, and outward on all others. One felt one was in the presence always of one of the very good things that life can afford, a picture of what can be done. Never, as I recall, never once did I hear either of them withdraw the contrary position because the other one would be hurt. They spoke directly out, and they always spoke out in such a way that anybody was part of the thinking, if he was there. You were sure that when the guests left, they'd go on exactly as they had in your presence.

And of course they had a devotion to one another that was one of the beautiful things one could see in the world--both magnificent to look at, both magnificent to listen to, and both really working greatly to good ends. This was in every front: the house they filled, the gardens, the wine they made, the dinners that were planned, the music, if there was music, the talk if there was talk. This was always first quality.

## Robinson Jeffers

Fry: Were you ever at their house when Robinson Jeffers was there?

Lehman: Yes, but you know how it is. I never was there when he and I, or he and I and Una, or he and I and Noel Sullivan, were the only guests. Once or twice when there were a good many people around.

Robin was a friend of mine and had been for years, and here were other people who wanted to be up next to the great poet, and you don't hang around, you see. I suppose that he didn't talk any more

Lehman: there than elsewhere, and he never talked except when he had something to say that interested him. Social conversation to fill the time was not his style. That's all part of the picture at Tor House and at Hollow Hills, where I used to see him in later years, far more often than I saw him at The Cats, far more often than I saw him at my own house.

Fry: Could you say something about the apparent contradiction of Robinson Jeffers's concern for the human race, and the hermit-like life he lived at Tor House?

Lehman: I think in prefaces to various books I've said everything I could say about that. He thought humanity was needless; he thought the universe had spawned this microbic thing called humanity, crawling on the surface of the earth. Himself, his adored Una, and his boys, as well as all the rest of us. Yet he thought that the human projection was not only unnecessary, unneedful, as he once used the word, but it was out of line; that the non-conscious states of matter were on the line. Shine Perishing Republic and dozens of other poems show how these things all go together. There's an address at the end of that poem to his son....

Well, I can summarize this by a quotation. People say he didn't talk much. That is quite true, he didn't talk in many words, but he said much when he talked. One day I was at Tor House. Una hadn't come in; she was out, and he and I were alone. I was reporting to him the death of a friend, and said that in the wake of that death I had a strong impression that there'd been a family confrontation about whether there should be burial or cremation. Robin, who was listening in the attentive and kind, but apparently inert, way in which he always listened, heard everything, said, "I think if anybody tried to bury my body I would rise up from the dead and strike him."

"I, too, would wish to be cremated."

He said, "Yes." And he added, "I want to get in circulation as soon as possible."

This is where the two things come together. It's a key utterance.

Lehman: I want to get non-human again, I want to be part of the sunrise, part of the wind.

I remember once I went to spend a few days at Hollow Hills, and Sullivan invited Una and Robin to come out as they always came out if they had no engagement and we had quiet times together, and I said to Robin, sitting on the sofa beside him with the rum cocktail which was normal for lunch at Hollow Hills, "What have you been doing?"

The answer was, "Oh, I'm writing a long poem. And when I can think of them I write short ones." But he wouldn't go off into jabber: "I've written a little one about this, and a little one about singing rivulets."

Again I remember, it may have been the same day, after lunch, finding myself standing beside him in the garden at Hollow Hills and seeing a hawk. Well, I knew I didn't have to say, "Robin, see the hawk," he saw everything. So I just stood and looked at the hawk, and he stood two feet away looking at the hawk, and the hawk gradually disappeared and he said, "You know, when they took the old roof off the church"--the old mission church--"a couple of months ago, they found the skeleton of a hawk trapped under the tiles." I didn't have to say anything, I didn't have to ask any questions, there it was. This engaged him far more than any social event, or even any spat with Una.

I go back to the twenties, the time of the first trip to Ireland. I was down once, and I said something to the effect of, "I'm surprised that you're going to take this trip." He'd always told me how he hated going to the city.

He said, "I told Una I'd go. I said I'd go, if she would take us. I'm willing to look at places and things if I don't have to see people."

So, though they didn't have much money--they had very little indeed at that stage, because they only began to have ample royalties when the Medea was acted and published--they got on a train in a compartment so he wouldn't have to see many people, and the trays could be brought in from the diner.

Lehman: That's very characteristic of him, I think. And in a letter to me from Ireland--it's in the papers at Occidental College--he said at the end of a long page, "I find traveling more interesting than I had expected, but I think staying at home is more interesting still."

Fry: There was no question in his mind about living in Ireland, then?

Lehman: No. I think that was Una's idea insofar as it ever was explored. At a later time he went to Ireland, after Una's death, at the suggestion of his children, and was rather willing to go along. His daughter-in-law made all the arrangements. But they didn't stay long. They didn't come back so much because he was bored, one place and one thing being as good as another, but because she was. I think she found it less attractive than she had hoped.

Fry: Has anyone asked you about the influence of--not so much the Catholic religion, but people who were themselves influenced by it, on Jeffers?

Lehman: Oh, no. [Laughing] Jeffers, like Whitman and all of these people--Wordsworth had some of it--fell into a pantheism, and there's something of that, or at least people so disposed can find something of that, in the Catholic Church, or in the Catholic vision of the world.

When Robinson Jeffers got to know Sullivan, who for some years was alienated from the Church--didn't go to confession and so on, and then went back with a great commitment--he was interested in what this meant. He spoke of Sullivan's superb intelligence in his comment to the press on Sullivan's death. I think he was enormously interested in seeing how a man of his fascinating rapid intelligence could have the ambivalences that Sullivan's intelligence had. Sullivan managed to bring into one comprehensive conception of the universe views like Jeffers', and views like those of the Church of his sister--who was a nun at Santa Clara and to whom he was absolutely devoted. He was a thorough Catholic, but he managed all this other. I think Jeffers, in his imaginative, compassionate way, was a non-Catholic who managed to comprehend that, too.

Fry: Could you go into the strain of brutality and sadism in Jeffers's poetry?

Lehman: I can't go into it very far. Jeffers saw, perhaps more sharply than most of us, that nature is cruel--that is to say, that life feeds upon life, and you can take the savage view of Jonathan Swift who, though a churchman, knew that big fleas have little fleas. Jeffers saw that more clearly and more imaginatively than most of us. He also saw that in nature a hawk won't kill a pigeon unless it is hungry, but in human nature, people will kill wantonly. Everything is in its place in nature, and some of these things are cruel.

Robin himself was the kindest and the most compassionate of men. He suffered from what he saw as much as any of us suffers, and far more than most. Sullivan suffered terribly at seeing the misery of other people, and indeed perhaps in viewing certain miseries in his own situation. Robin and Sullivan alike could see that it is a misery to be very poor, but they could also see that it is a misery to be very rich. And it is also tainted with misery to be in the middle and have just enough. Either of them would have underwritten Santayana's remarks about love, and Robin's final book covers that. Santayana says that if nothing worse happens to lovers, they grow old, and one dies before the other. All of this is the cruelty inherent in life, and these men either were aware of it, as Sullivan was, or brooded on it and made poems.

You can't expect an artist to be consistent all the time. There will be moments in his temperamental life when he comes upon a situation in a narrative poem where a horse is flogged, a boy is horrified, and at the moment it suits his temperament to give this the works. So it seems to bulk larger because it is more charged. But the grace and benignity of Continent's End, that is the real Robin Jeffers at times when he wasn't absolutely torn apart by the falsity of the human situation.

Fry: How did you first meet Robinson Jeffers?

Lehman: I came home from Europe in 1923 and James Rorty, a poet who wrote some pretty good poems and went on to become an advertising man, telephoned and

Lehman: invited me to come over and have dinner with him and a couple of others, and they began telling about a book that had been published out here, Roan Stallion. "Get it. Don't miss it." So I got it.

It had been printed semi-privately, I think, and I was much impressed by it, and though I don't write fan letters in general--I think I've written only two to writers in my life without having otherwise come to know them (Ethel Sidgwick was the other one I wrote to)--I thought, the man who publishes a book like that under those circumstances, doesn't hear too much about it, there'd be no critical review of any importance, so I'll just sit down and write him a note. I did, and I said, "Sometime when I'm in Carmel"--I used often to go down there because I liked the place and the Big Sur before it was a highway--"I'll stop in."

Well, I did. Una was there. I said who I was; she called Robin, who came down from the little attic, and we sat and talked--which means that Una and I talked, and Robin listened and rarely said anything. But there was no mistaking, when I left, he shook my hand and said, "I've been very pleased with our hour. Do come back." So I did. And some years later, I think a matter of six, I took Sullivan there, and that started that relation.

Fry: But you saw him in the meantime.

Lehman: Oh, I saw him in the meantime, and much more in later years. Sometimes there was correspondence about one thing and another, and sometimes a year would go by and I wouldn't see them. Occasionally, when they were up in town Una let me know, and I took them out to dinner. The letters in Bancroft have reference to that. Sometimes they came and had dinner with me at Tamalpais Road.

Fry: But he was primarily a listener, and an acute perceiver.

Lehman: He didn't make small talk, and it didn't matter. I have a good many friends with whom I talk a little, and then we sit and think. I often was with Walter Morris Hart and we didn't say anything for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. You have friends that

Lehman: you visit or who visit you, and your relation to them is like your relation to somebody you've known very well and with whom you've traveled. You don't chatter all the time--"Look at this, look at that, smell this." You fall back. With Robin the proportion of silence was greater.

I remember once arriving at Tor House, knocking on the door--never did it till four o'clock, of course, because that was their routine--and Robin opened the door: "Oh, come in." Tony Luhan was there. Robin said, "I'm glad to see you," and I said, "I'm glad to be here." Tony was on one side of the fireplace, Robin was on the other, and I took a chair where I could look out to sea. That was the last word said, until I got up, an hour later, and said, "This has been very nice," and left. There was no conversation. Tony was an Indian, and in effect pulled a blanket over his head, and we did the same. I watched the sea; Robin probably was thinking of a poem, I don't know what; and I've no intuition as to what an Indian thinks about. But there we were, three men in a room completely silent, and it was fine.

Fry: Do you think that Una played much of a role in his poetry writing?

Lehman: Oh, yes, he said so himself. He quoted that thing about Dorothy Wordsworth: "She gave me ears, she gave me eyes, she arranged my life." She was the one, you know, when they went down to Big Sur, if they saw somebody over in a field she stopped the old rattletrap Ford and would draw this fellow out, and Robin would listen. She found the stories, and many of his preoccupations are doubtless deeply his, but she released them.

She had a wild streak in her, and there was something curiously satisfying to her in the roughness, the violence, of these stories. I adored her, I thought she was an absolutely wonderful dame, exciting and interesting, one of the few women who could pour out talk and never be dull, one of the few _people_ who could pour out talk and never be dull. Sometimes suddenly something would outrage her in what she herself had said, or something you had said, and she would just slash heads off in every direction. These

Lehman: figurative creatures would be bleeding to death, and Una would get a great boot out of it. At the same time, she could weep with sympathy for the predicament of a friend.

Fry: Was she much of a person to become involved with social causes or injustices?

Lehman: I don't think so, though she was violently against "liberalism." I think individual people in trouble, and the people who called at the house most were very simple people who said, "You know what I did this morning? I burned the pancakes." Simple, true human beings. This is what happened, and let's talk about it. She could get on a high horse and cut a wide swathe through a carefully constructed critical approach to anything. I heard her say to a man once, "Maybe I could understand what you say in that essay if you could only write." [Laughter] She herself wrote admirably, you know. Robin published certain selections from her Irish journals. She kept immense journals I understand, everybody she saw, who said what.

Fry: Jeffers really appreciated her simplicity and honesty.

Lehman: He was completely committed to her, no matter what other things may have happened. She was his life.

## A Guest at San Simeon, and Meetings with the Grand Duchess Marie, Charlie Chaplin, and Julia Morgan

Riess: Another place and population I hoped you would talk about was the Hearst estate at San Simeon.

Lehman: Did I tell you how I happened to go down there, the spats? I think it's one of those charming tales that's perhaps too long for this kind of record, but still I can't resist it. Sometime in 1928 or 1929 my son, who was going to school in Berkeley and living with me, and was ten years old, wanted to have a year with his mother who was (and is!)

Lehman: Gladys Lehman, a writer for the movies. And he came to spend his vacations with me.

I was taking him home at the end of his Christmas holiday, and for some reason we got off in the late afternoon, so we stopped overnight, in San Luis Obispo, in the hotel there. When I came down in the morning--he had our overnight bags--I said, "Carry this around to the garage and wait for me at the car while I pay the bill." As I stood at the cashier's office, I sensed someone was staring at me, and I looked around, a little annoyed, because it was a pinning-through stare. It was a very elegant chauffeur, who bowed slightly to me, and said, "Mr. Hearst's car is ready for you, Sir."

"Well, I think there's been a mistake, Mr. Hearst isn't expecting me."

"Aren't you Mr. So-and-So?"

"No."

Then he looked, with the dotted line of the funny papers, down at my spats--I had spats on; it was a chilly day and I wore spats--and he said, with amazement, "You're not?" and he looked at these spats again. Apparently the only spats that were ever seen in San Luis Obispo were on their way to San Simeon. [Laughter]

So, I told this to my kid, and we went on down to his mother's and I went on to the desert for a few days.

When I came back in January, there was a note at the house asking me to come down and spend the weekend at Montalvo, at Senator Phelan's, and I regretted that I didn't feel like it, telephoned to that effect, and in half an hour Phelan's secretary called back and said, "Mr. Phelan especially wants you and wants you Sunday night. Mrs. Hearst and the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia are coming Sunday for dinner and then the Grand Duchess and Mrs. Hearst will go on to San Francisco, for the Russian New Year, or some festival, in the Russian church up there."

Lehman: I thought, "This _is_ something, I'd like to meet the Grand Duchess Marie." I had an image, you see. I'd read her book. So I went.

At table I sat a distance from Mrs. Hearst, between the Grand Duchess and Maud Symington Fay, the one time Munich opera singer, who married Captain Powers Symington of our Navy; and so placed I didn't say anything to Mrs. Hearst, and when we went in for coffee somebody buttonholed me--and I didn't get over to have just five minute's conversation. I never had met her, except as she went in. So as they were leaving early, I just made a break and told her this story of the spats and she laughed and said, "I would like to hear more about how you dress when you go to Los Angeles, but I've got to dash on." They left, limousined, chauffeured, man on the box, for San Francisco. The next morning I went home in time to meet my ten o'clock class, and that was the end of it.

Come late May I had a telegram at the house: "Dear Professor Lehman, Put on your spats and come down for a week, Signed, Millicent Hearst." [Laughter] And that's how I got there. [Laughter]

I had no driver, so I borrowed a chauffeur from one of my friends and drove down.

And, of course, San Simeon wasn't what it now is. It was still, in the late twenties, much in the making. The elaborations around the pool for instance weren't there. Many of the things weren't yet built. Some of the things weren't in order, and some of the things were being changed. They were planting, bringing in enormous trees in boxes eight and ten feet square, six and seven feet deep.

But that first visit was a good visit. There were only four of us there to start, but the first afternoon on that great paradis in front of the church house Mrs. Hearst said, "Whom shall we have for dinner tomorrow night?"

Wishing to be frivolous, I said, "Charlie Chaplin."

Lehman: "Fine." So, we gathered up a list of quite an interesting group of people we'd like to have, and she put her foot round and stepped on a button in the marble floor and a man in a white coat came and she said--oh, she had had a paper and pencil with her and she had written these names down--"Give this to so-and-so" (her secretary, I suppose) "and have her put them through to me here. Bring me an instrument."

A telephone was plugged in and everybody was persuaded to come. Planes were made available to some of them [laughing], and then they were met in San Luis Obispo. We had a wonderful weekend, and after that we were quiet, six or eight of us, for four or five days.

She was a woman, very, very lovely to look at, delightful to listen to--her voice was very engaging--with a very easygoing warmth, and altogether fun to talk with. Pleasantly amused about the place, willing to show people around--Mr. Hearst wasn't there and I never saw him in my life. In those days she didn't go there anymore when he was there, because he wouldn't go, I was told, unless Marion Davies was there, and Mrs. Hearst wouldn't be there at the same time.

She showed us around the place with an amused sense of things. She also made everything available in a sort of casual way--cars, horses, guides in the hills if you wanted them. She was willing to talk about a Vermeer or an ancient Greek vase, you know, but liked the world, and laughter, and people, and games. Charlie Chaplin started us off on a game that he had lately discovered in which somebody was appointed the word-caller and said to each person round, "Beauty" (to see if he could get a response, from you, without you being inhibited, or "Sex," or "Ambition"). To find out which one you stopped at, he had a little watch, and perhaps peoples' responses were two seconds, and then suddenly they couldn't say anything for seven seconds, because the word hooked into something. Oh, we didn't psych one another--this was just good fun.

But the place was fantastically elaborate in certain areas by any scale that I knew. Just about

Lehman: what everyone sees now, the long dining room, the wonderful arrangements of bathing suits of every kind in the marble spaces for dressing rooms around the pool, the nice horses to ride.

Riess: Did you spend much time there?

Lehman: I stayed there a week then, and I went back once, I think the next year, or perhaps nine or ten months later. My strong impression is of the glorious site and the Arabian Nights kind of treatment of it. Obviously Hearst was a man of great imagination in almost all fields, and I think that "Citizen Kane" movie was probably right: he had lost something in his childhood which he was looking for, or at least that seemed a reasonable explanation. This was an enormous toy.

I remember one morning on one of those two visits coming around the side of the church and the workmen chiselling a space beside a large aperture for a window. And then I saw there was a stone, sculptured grille down below. The workmen were working away, and down in back of me was a young man, not in workman's clothes. I said to him who I was, and he said I'm so-and-so, "Miss Julia Morgan's assistant."

"What are they doing? What are you doing?"

"Mr. Hearst decided that that window was two inches too far to the left," in this enormous space," and he's having it moved. He thought the proportions weren't very good. I think he was right," he said, "he's amazing."

It was that kind of thing, you see. These craftsmen would be working there for a fortnight moving a window two inches, where no one but he would ever take note.

Riess: Was Julia Morgan on the scene a lot of the time?

Lehman: No, she wasn't on the scene there at all when I was there. I knew her elsewhere. Actually, she was with Mrs. Hearst and the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia at Montalvo that night.

Lehman: The Grand Duchess, in the longer opportunity I had sitting beside her at dinner--she had asked Senator Phelan to put her near somebody who knew the University--said she wanted to see the University and she said she wanted to see it incognito. I said, "Well, come to lunch on Wednesday."

And she said, "But not at your house; I know plenty of houses of people with intellectual interests. I would like to go to lunch in one of the places where the University people--students, faculty, clerks--lunch."

So it was arranged that she and Julia Morgan--Mrs. Hearst by this time would be on her way to New York--would come to lunch. This was confirmed to me and I arranged at The Black Sheep, which was then in a little building up behind the shoe shop just outside Sather Gate, where the Administration Building now is. I arranged with Fritzie Zuckerman, who is now retired and perhaps sold out of it, and who was then young in it--to do this. And I wanted it to be interesting and good, but I didn't want it to be exploited, so I said to Fritzie, "Now, in confidence I'll tell you whom I'm bringing, and then you act accordingly. If there are students coming for lunch then"--this was to be at one o'clock--"have them in the same room with us."

Well, it was arranged, and the luncheon was excellent, with Julia Morgan, the Grand Duchess, Bull Durham, and two more I've forgotten, six of us. It was all very quiet. There were two people I'd never seen over at a table to the right. And of course, the next night, in the Oakland Tribune, a long squib, greatly to the credit of The Black Sheep, you see, giving it such publicity as it had never had before or since [laughter], that the Grand Duchess Marie had asked to be taken there to lunch, and so on.

As I said, Julia Morgan was there, and her brother, who had some kind of extreme mental shyness or maybe worse, but who was a good driver and drove her, was at the wheel that day. Julia Morgan went with him about the campus after lunch, and the Grand Duchess came with me to the stacks in the Library.

The Grand Duchess was much impressed with the University, its situation, its accommodations, its

Lehman: enterprises, and very intelligent about them. We had a long afternoon of it, and I remember it all with interest and pleasure. And then through that I came to know her somewhat; she came to luncheon with me several times--once in Berkeley again, once in San Francisco at a restaurant after her son's marriage, or misalliance, with that girl in Scandinavia somewhere. She was very bitter about him.

Then, of course, she was out lecturing, and I remember introducing her in Oakland for the Oakland Forum at a lecture which she gave in the Auditorium after her autobiography had come out. She was on tour, making money as she could. That was before she settled down as a dress designer, or consultant, or whatever, at Bendel's in New York. She disappeared from my ken, then; I think she married in South America somewhere. But I remember the night of the Oakland lecture we stood in the wings, or just off the wings, waiting to go on, and a policeman came up and made some remarks that suggested things that I could hardly believe. I turned to him and said, "Are you implying a threat of violence to the Grand Duchess?"

"Yes, that's what I've just been saying."

I said to her, "Do you want to go out under these circumstances?"

"I knew of it," she said, "I have a steel corset on."

I said, "Well, I haven't, and your head isn't in a cast, you know."

"Never mind, we'll go."

There was nothing to it, of course, but some crank had written a letter and she had been informed, and that devil-may-care thing that's in a true aristocrat arose in her. I remember that. [Laughter]

Riess: Julia Morgan's work at Hearst Castle interests me. You said it went on over thirty years. I know she wasn't doing that exclusively, but do you think she

Riess: felt it was a worthwhile enough piece of architecture to put all that time into?

Lehman: I don't know how much it was the worthwhileness. It was a clear, over-all job; it was a place for her brother; I think it had a stability in it that a woman as architect wasn't so likely to get by herself. She had built a good many buildings. She had built the original Walter Morris Hart house; she built this house we are sitting in; she built other houses I know of in San Francisco. But it may be that she wasn't steadily busy. I don't know what it was, she never spoke of that sort of thing. She was a small, unassertive, clear-eyed woman.

I think she liked what she did there. I know she got telegrams from Hearst; she used to tell amusedly of a telegram--I've forgotten the exact content, but--"arrange receive four crated lions, have lion house ready, shipped this morning." [Laughter] This kind of thing amused her. She liked some of the special problems. The last time I saw her she said she was very busy designing a giraffe house. Then, of course, she advised about the placement of furniture, sometimes went to the great storehouses where Hearst had millions of dollars worth of antique curiosities piled up, to find things to take out to furnish the rooms.

Riess: So, it could be satisfying.

Lehman: I think it was. I don't think she was a knuckler-under to anybody, and I don't think that he had any power to coerce.

Riess: Will you comment more on Charlie Chaplin too?

Lehman: Well, I've run into him over the years in a great many places; I haven't seen him, of course, since he left the country. He came to The Cats, Sara Bard Field's house, I think once. I met him a number of times at Hollow Hills. I saw him once in Berkeley.

I saw him once for a long afternoon after lunch down in one of those houses on the cliffs south of Carmel where he was a lunch guest and I was, too. My son, who was then sixteen and six feet three, and the very image of young boy growing into young man,

Lehman: was with me. Chaplin came over and said, "Come, and sit with me." It was a buffet. Then there was a fourth place right out over the ocean on this beautiful terrace. "Who will we get for there?"

"You get him."

So, he went and got Molly O'Shea, if I remember rightly, the painter's wife.

Chaplin always was a good talker. He had an enthusiastic and eager mind; it wasn't as disciplined as his sense of visual art or sense of movement was disciplined. In short, to the academic mind it seemed a little reckless, but it was devoted to the common good. In all his thinking, whether he was talking economics, or architecture for private housing, or the invasion of the wilderness by roads, it was always, "What would be good in the long range..." for what he knew as a boy, the East End of London, the people there who didn't get out, what would be good for such.

He was enormously social-minded, and of course because of this perhaps dreamy recklessness--he didn't have to make this thing work, a little like Goldwater [laughter]--many people said, "He's a radical," "he's a crypto-Communist," all that thing. But he was of great charm, and of course when he was out on his own conditioned activity he was marvelous.

I remember sitting one night until three or four in the morning, Judith Anderson, I, Noel Sullivan, and he, after a big party at Hollow Hills. We were staying there, Miss Anderson and I in the house, and he didn't know it and he was waiting for her to go, then he would go. And we were getting tired, but he wasn't, and he was filling in the time with one incredible mimicry after another, talking personalities and then projecting them, being reminded by something in the projection of someone else, and projecting it. An imitation of John Barrymore waking up from a drunken stupor; another imitation of John Barrymore giving an imitation of a nervous, amateur actor speaking the "to be or not to be" soliloquy and getting caught on a little dry mucosa from the nostril, and rolling it in on his thumb and trying to get rid of it while he said the lines [laughing],

Lehman: so vulgar, and yet so brilliantly pure, you can't imagine. Well, this was the sort of thing that was going on all the time.

He was good in talk, eager, inquiring. Colleagues of mine at the University have told me of being on a train--before we all went by plane--from New York or Chicago and Chaplin was on it. If he was in a stateroom, with a secretary, he would send the secretary through the train: "If you see anybody who is reading an interesting book, bring him in." The secretary would bring Professor X or Professor Y in, and he would sit and talk with them for an hour. Sometimes he'd talk to people, but mostly he'd talk <u>with</u> them; nothing like, "I'm one of the great geniuses of the world," except to illustrate it when he got going as a mimic.

Riess: The autobiography, <u>Chaplin</u>, apparently suggests that it was very important to him to be surrounded by luminaries.

Lehman: Well, you could get him anytime, that way. You couldn't get him by telephone, but you could get him by a note or a letter and say, "On Friday, so-and-so is coming to lunch, or dinner. I think you'd like him." And he'd turn up, not to be impressive, but to take in, or to exchange, in part at least.

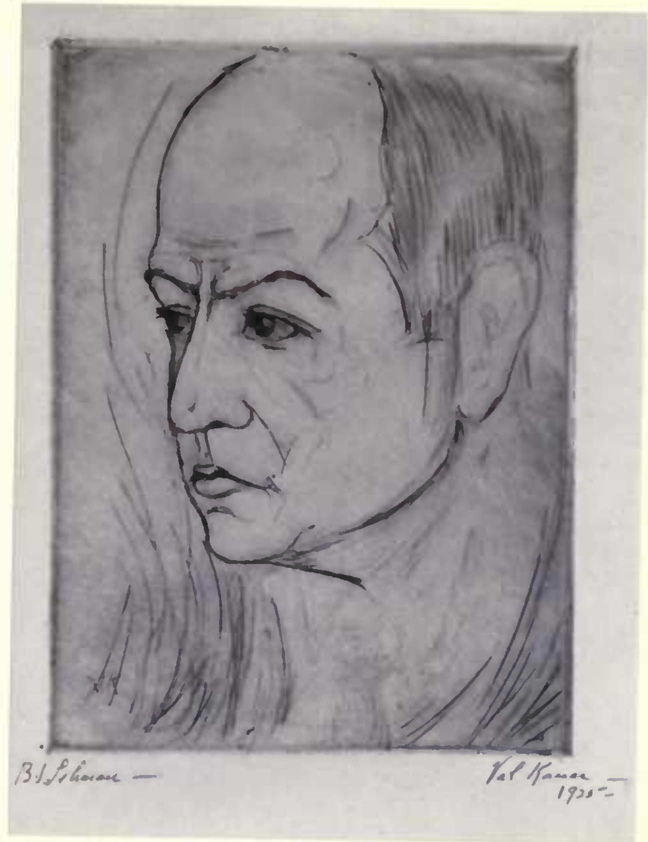
Captions for the three pages of illustrations following (read left to right, top to bottom).

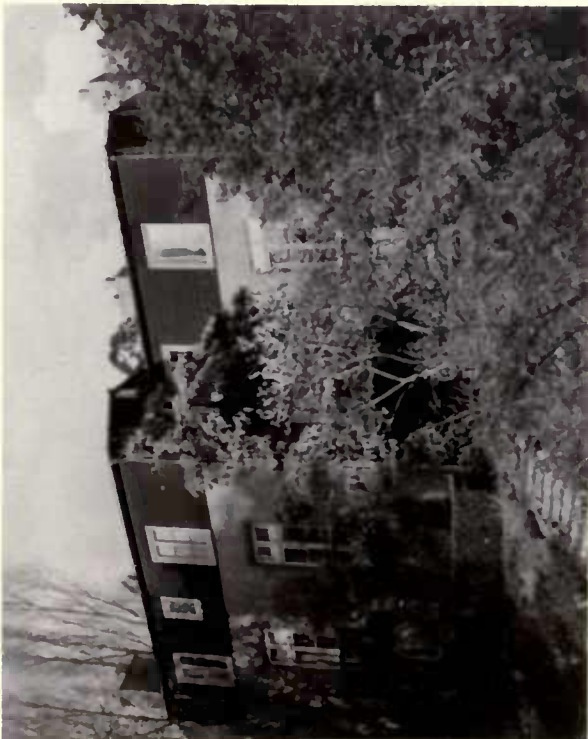
page A.
1. Benjamin, Walter, and Harry Lehman, ca. 1903
2. Benjamin, Harry, and Walter Lehman, ca. 1908
3. Gustus Larson, Benjamin Lehman, and George Hall, Priest Lake, Idaho, ca. 1912

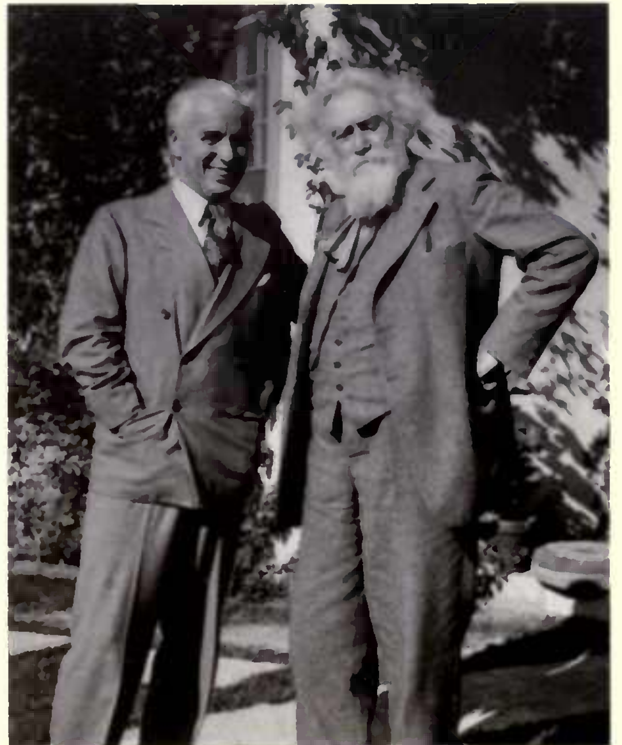
page B.
1. Benjamin Lehman, Helen Hayes, and Noel Sullivan, Montalvo, ca. 1928
2. drawing for a sculpture head of Benjamin Lehman, 1925
3. house at #97 Tamalpais Road, Berkeley
4. Charles Chaplin and Charles Erskine Scott Wood, at Noel Sullivan's House, Hollow Hills, mid thirties

page C.
1. Benjamin Lehman, 1956
2. sculpture head of Benjamin Lehman, 1925
3. Hayfield House, Saratoga

(Following page 132)







NOEL SULLIVAN

Lehman: I should like to talk a little bit more about Noel Sullivan,* who, as a third-generation Californian of Irish extraction, stood in my mind for something very special in the way of cultivation, civilization--as both cultivation and civilization can, in special cases, come into focus in what was still, at the beginning of this century, a pioneer country.

That this impression I have is not merely personal, but was the impression of good judges and distinguished intelligences, will be clear I think from the statements made to the press in September 1956 at the time of Sullivan's death.

Martin Flavin, in the Monterey Peninsula Herald, September 17, 1956, made the following statement: "The best man I ever knew died last night. The kindest, most generous and most tolerant. He was expendable--in the interest of his friends, of the poor and the oppressed, the lonely and the unhappy. Suffering was unendurable to him, whether of man or beast. He lived for people, unsparing of himself, and I think he died for them."

This is Martin Flavin's statement, and the extreme implications of the last clause--"I think he died for them"--should perhaps have an immediate comment. The august reference to Jesus dying for humanity has a very sharp focus, for Sullivan died a devout Catholic, and was constantly aware not only of the suffering of his contemporaries, but carried as an atmosphere in his mind always the suffering of Jesus upon the cross. The sense in which Flavin means he died for people is that he expended himself to the very end, exhausted his heart muscle, found himself gradually, fatally, deprived of oxygen by the failure of that muscle. He was a strong, he was even a tough, organism. But no human organism could stand the strain that he put upon his own. He reduced his sleep to nothing in the interests of

---

*See p. 109.

Lehman: wakeful attention to friends and to acquaintances and to those unknown-to-him people whom acquaintances and friends called to his attention. It is in some such sense as this that Martin Flavin, the dramatist and publicist, used the words, "He died for them."

I come now to a statement Robinson Jeffers made at the time of Sullivan's death. (I read from the newspaper, The Pine Cone, September 20, 1956, Carmel.) "We think first of Noel Sullivan's goodness, his kindness and compassion and generosity, his wide and deep sympathies. He was like a saint, and like a saint he was capable of sudden rages against injustice, but if the persecutors had been laid at his mercy he would have forgiven them. Then we think of Noel's understanding, his rapid and fascinating intelligence; he never had time to read, but by instinct or through conversation he knew all that was going on. We think of his deep interest in the arts, but especially in music; we think of his far-flung friendships, here and in Europe, his devotion to his friends, and his hospitality. And there was a kind of magnificence in his life and mind--the word is too pompous, but it says what I mean--that cannot be forgotten. When I heard of his death it was as if a tower had fallen. He has left us and we shall never know another like him." So Jeffers speaks, within a few hours of the death of a man who was one of his dearest, his closest, friends.

## The Sullivan-Phelan Family Background

To me the significance of Sullivan is partly in terms of the man simply as himself, as a phenomenon anywhere, anytime. But it is much more a phenomenon in terms of this Western fringe of the American civilization in the first half, approximately, of the twentieth century, for Sullivan's grandfather was an immigrant from Ireland who settled in Brooklyn, who, hearing of gold in California, brought his stock of hardware across the Isthmus and up to California and set up in business in San Francisco. Successively, without going into mining, he acquired properties, made great gains, set up a bank, and died, I think, in

Lehman: the 1890s, leaving a very large fortune, perhaps of the order of twenty millions.

That first Irish immigrant, James Phelan, had three children. Margaret Phelan, Aunt Molly, or "Aunt Ma," as she was called in the family, was a neurotic of wealth, and narrow, shallow interest, a woman that many people would have found verging on the stupid.

A second child of the original James Phelan was James Phelan, Senator J.D. Phelan. J.D. Phelan was a man of great abilities. He came successively through the mayoralty of San Francisco and the Senatorship for California in Washington until 1920. He was generous and imaginative in his generosities. When other people made contributions of a few thousand, or at most a couple of tens of thousands for the Opera House or the Veterans Memorial, he gave half a million. He was steadily conscious of the predicament of the gifted who had not financial freedom to pursue the development of their talent, and so from his young manhood up he was perpetually handing out subventions to writers, painters, to sculptors, and, rarely, to musicians. The difficulty in all this was that his judgment of talent was inadequate.

Riess: How did these people reach him?

Lehman: Appeals, direct because of his reputation as a patron of the arts, but more commonly through people like his friends, Gertrude Atherton, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Erskine Scott Wood, or people who knew young artists. But Phelan did tend to support the second-rate and the third-rate talent. The very daring, the very original talent, a Jeffers, for instance, would not have spoken to him as needing, or deserving, subvention, at the very beginning. His own poems, of which there are a few published, are imitative, derivative, and [laughing] really childish in outlook and emotional quality.

Nonetheless, because he gathered round him the artists in California who had achieved, men like Markham, women like Gertrude Atherton, and because he loved hospitality in the great Irish way, and had, both in the city on Washington Street and here in

Lehman: Saratoga at Montalvo, the means of gathering people together, feeding them, housing them, he had, without ever raising the level of conversation to high intellectual levels, or dropping it into insight into serious creative processes, he had, nonetheless, an effect.

[Added May 1968] Talking of Phelan, I missed any reference to Maud Fay, but perhaps it could be entered here. Maud Fay was a member of a large Irish clan in San Francisco. Her older brother Charles had been Phelan's campaign manager, I think, or treasurer, for his campaign running for the Senate. They were both Irish families and Phelan's interest in them was real and deep and I think he facilitated Maud Fay's going to study singing in Europe. She became, in the opera at Munich, one of the great divas of the first and second decades of this century. She sang in Mozart operas, and I believe she created one of the less phenomenal roles in a Richard Strauss opera. She moved in high society among the princes and the wealthy, and there were rumors that her relations with one of the princes were rather intimate.

In any case, when the war broke out in 1914--or at least by the time we went into the war--she came back to America. She was still Miss Maud Fay. And she was engaged to sing at the opera, the Metropolitan. I know nothing about that except what I've heard out here and part of that is what she herself told me. She said that the war had so damaged her voice without her knowing it that when she walked on stage and opened her mouth, nothing came out. Now, whatever the facts are, it's plain that she gave up singing. In later years, when the opera became an important cultural phenomenon in San Francisco, she sometimes gave discussions of the operas and hummed a tune here and there. But she never sang again, so far as I heard.

She was a vivid, beguiling, enormously responsive person, and one of the best story tellers, especially if the story opened a place in which she could shine, I've ever heard. One saw her everywhere, making parties successes, making herself a great success, by virtue of being a great state presence, which she had been, but also by virtue of being, by this

Lehman: time, the wife of Pete Symington. Symington had been in our Navy and had moved way up. I think he was a rear admiral, although he had retired, and had to return to service--I think he was a rear admiral in the Second World War. In any case, he's a member of the Baltimore-Missouri Symington family, an uncle of the Senator, and a swell, swell human being. Everyone was glad to have Pete and everyone was delighted, of course, with Maud Fay. At Montalvo, at Hyde Street in Sullivan's house, at Mrs. Ellis's in Berkeley, you were as likely to find her as not to find her on all occasions. She was devoted to music and followed it round. Did I already tell about her coming with Roland Hayes after a concert?

Roland Hayes sang a concert in Wheeler Hall at the very end of his active career. Roland Hayes was a friend of mine of thirty years' standing--twenty, anyway--and I invited him to supper after the concert, and some people to meet him. At the concert I found Maud Fay and Pete Symington, husband and wife. "This is delightful, come up for supper after the concert. Roland has consented to lengthen his day." After the concert people began to arrive and presently Maud Fay arrived, and no Pete Symington. Maud stayed three-quarters of an hour and moved out. She said good-bye. She was alone. I said, I'll see you to your car." (She had said Pete hadn't felt very well when I asked where he was.)

"I'll see you to your car," I said, assuming that if he wasn't driving there was a driver. When I got out there, there was Pete sitting behind the wheel. I said, "You don't look sick to me, but this is a bad light."

"I'm not sick. What did Maud tell you?"

"She said you weren't feeling very well."

"Well," he said, "I never feel very well when I have to meet a Negro socially. I'm from Baltimore." Nonetheless, he was a great guy.

But that is relevant perhaps to a history of those things in these parts.

Riess: Was there a reason for Phelan's not sponsoring musicians?

Lehman: I once asked Sullivan--who was a very fine musician and we'll come to that--I once asked him what his uncle and his aunt had in the way of a music interest, and he said, in his characteristic, ironic fashion, "Well, you know, they like hearing what they have heard before." [Laughter] They were, then, just people with some sense of rhythm, some sense of pitch, no doubt, who liked the familiar, and enjoyed states of being which returned them to their past.

Riess: What was Senator Phelan's wife like?

Lehman: There was no wife. He never married, which is part of the story here. We are still thinking of old James Phelan's children, you see, Molly, and the Senator. The Senator was Noel Sullivan's uncle. So that Phelan was all the better for these social and eleemosynary purposes because he had no family. Phelan never married.

In the Phelan papers, which I have deposited in The Bancroft Library, there is some evidence that there were extended liaisons, especially in his younger years, and it was always thought--and for this kind of record I think it not inappropriate to say so--it was always thought that Mrs. Downey Harvey was the love of his life in later years. She, and her daughter Genevieve, and Noel Sullivan, for instance, went with Senator Phelan round the world, in great panoply, with private trains in Asia, I heard, and all the rest of it after Senator Phelan left the Senate, in the early 1920s.

One more evidence, besides such incidental documentation as would turn up in the enormous number of papers at the University, is that in his will he was careful to protect his estate from possible claimants in the form of illegitimate children, leaving a dollar, or whatever the sum was, to each such person who should prove his illegitimate derivation. [Laughter] It's the regular procedure of the wealthy bachelor; it's the legal protection for the true heirs, perhaps.

Lehman: Well, Phelan, then, had no children, and this is relevant because it left Sullivan in a very special place. I go back, now, to old James Phelan who came from Brooklyn in the middle of the 19th century. He had a second daughter, Alice. Alice Phelan married Francis Sullivan.

Francis Sullivan was a member of a most distinguished Irish family, at least in the sense of religious affiliation. Francis Sullivan's father had to come to California after inquiring where in America the Church, the Catholic Church, had the strongest and most pervasive influence on the local civilization. He was told that it was in California he would find this, going all the way back to the Spanish conquistadores, and the Padres.

A very large family of children was born to this original Sullivan, Francis Sullivan's father here in California, sons and daughters. It became a family also of wealth, but it gave its wealth largely to the Church. In any case, Francis Sullivan married Alice Phelan, and of that marriage were born three daughters, and one son. The son was the youngest. This was Noel.

The eldest daughter, known in later years by her husband's name, was Alyce Murphy. She was a kind, sweet, aspiring woman, but dull, having something perhaps even of the neurosis of her Aunt Molly.

Riess: What kind of a quality was this? What kind of a neurosis?

Lehman: I don't know; in the case of Aunt Ma it seemed to come of her spinsterhood in an age when this was a disreputable state, and perhaps was involved with imaginings that she could never realize, you see. In the case of Alyce Murphy, who married and had three children, my impression is that it arose from a great deal of frustration. She had "inklings"--without the imaginative power to make any realization--she had inklings of what the life of the mind, the life of the emotions, all these things, were. She had enormous executive skill. She managed her estates, in due course, with great ability. No one I've ever known was better at planning and carrying out a wedding, as for instance, for her daughters, or a big

Lehman: party. Then she would talk like any Irishwoman off a remote farm in the west of Ireland, without that woman's laughter, because she hadn't much humor.

After Alyce there was another daughter, Ada, who is Mother Agnes of the Carmelite monasteries. She early had a vocation to the monastic life, and had been a major ornament of it in America and indeed in the Catholic world anywhere, having founded, sometimes with the help of the family but mostly by handling her own resources, a half-dozen Carmelite monasteries. One of them at Santa Clara here is the monastery in which Noel Sullivan and his mother are buried, down the road here. A beautiful mind, a beautiful spirit, an extraordinarily gifted human being, with, one gathers, the highest physical beauty.

Once, when Mother Augustine, who was the Mother that brought this community out from Boston where Ada Sullivan entered the monastery, was celebrating her Jubilee, her 50th anniversary in the monastery, and I went to the speak room, and the curtain was drawn and the nuns were sitting there with their veils (except Mother Augustine, who, since it was her Jubilee, raised her veil, so that you could see the magnificent old face), I ventured to suggest to Sullivan, who was with me, that Mother Augustine would do me a favor on her 50th anniversary and ask Mother Agnes, Ada Sullivan, to raise her veil. Ada Sullivan was loathe to, but Mother reached over and lifted the veil carefully from over her face: the most beautiful eyes, violet they seemed in the speak room light, the most exquisite face I ever saw in my life, glowing beauty, even in a woman in her fifties then. Well, she had some quality that presently emerged in Sullivan.

There was another sister, Gladys, who married and had many children, and who had laughter and wit and sharp intelligence, a delightful human being with a talent for life.

And here, among these three daughters, you had the whole range, the whole spectrum of possibility in three children of a marriage that itself I think had some pretty rough spots, that between Alice Phelan and Francis Sullivan. In any case, the

Lehman: youngest of the children was Noel Sullivan, and he combined all the admirable things that were in all the others. When Noel Sullivan died, I was on the East Coast, and a friend of mine in California, knowing that I was a close friend of his, wrote me of his death, and said approximately this: "Who can say what ancient kings, what ancient poets, what ancient Irish greatness, lying dormant through many centuries, emerged in that man." He had all the best qualities that the family had, and something beyond that, some brilliance of intelligence, some leaping power of intuition that I've never known in any other human being.

I think he was away in Europe at the time when his mother developed a tumor on the brain. In those days those things weren't well handled and she died when he was around twenty. Her estate was divided equally, one-half to the husband, and the income of one-half to the four children, and from that time on they had their own income. They were not, of course, as large incomes as they would be in later years, when the father died, and the aunt and the uncle died, but they were substantial.

Riess: You spoke about the Catholicism. I wonder if we could go back to the influence of Francis Sullivan.

Lehman: All the Sullivans were regular Catholics, and I never knew how much was pro forma in the father, Francis Sullivan, and how much of it was real devoutness, but the mother, Alice Phelan, was a truly devout Catholic, and the thing in her that was so devout became concentrated, you see, in the one daughter who became a nun. Sullivan was very devout in his earlier years, and then for a decade or more was a negligent Catholic. Then in his last fifteen years or so he went back to the most devout attitudes and practices.

Riess: Was that decade abroad?

Lehman: It overlapped, I think. After the war he amplified his life in Paris, and he came home every once in a while for two or three months to see his sisters and his friends here.

But it was Elsie Arden, who had been born a Catholic, who wedged him away from it for the time

Lehman: being. She herself later went back to full devotion and full piety, and he went back. So it was that period after the war until sometime in the thirties that he was, if not alienated, his gaze at least was averted from the Church, in spite of the fact that his sister was a nun and he was absolutely devoted to her, and concealed from her his doubts, his turning away in that period. She never knew of it, I'm sure.

Riess: As the son in the family was it hoped he would become a priest?

Lehman: Oh, I think that was talked of, and that he played with the idea. But I think it was simply an exercise of the imagination. I think it didn't represent any actual prompting at all. No, I don't think so.

Riess: At his mother's death he left California?

Lehman: Yes, when he had money he went back to Paris. He piled up enormous debts, which his uncle paid off once, and then he had a lot of them left when his father died, and they had to be paid off. Up in the many hundreds of thousands he owed the banks, but since it was known that he was the heir to many millions, in real estate and holdings, banks carried these, and the interest always got paid. He was in debt in those years and often spoke of it to me.

## Living Abroad and Studying Voice

Sullivan had lived in Paris off and on, traveled a great deal--and the family always traveled in style, with couriers and maids and valets; not like many Californians, you know, who felt all that was putting on the dogs. They believed in being comfortable among the people who went to the kinds of hotels they went to. Even private cars were not out in the very beginning. (Later, actually, Phelan had a whole train take them up into China when they were traveling around the world.)

When, after his mother's death, Noel went to live in Paris, he opened an apartment which became

Lehman: one of the hospitality centers of that hospitable city. Long before I met him in California in the late 1920s, I heard about him whenever I went to Europe. I remember once in Florence, and again in Vienna, with different people, and later in London, and in Edinburgh, being asked at dinner parties, when I said I came from California, "Oh, do you know Noel Sullivan?" Everyone was impressed with him, even in his early twenties, impressed by his qualities.

Riess: Was this before the war?

Lehman: He was born in 1890, and yes, he was there in 1912, or so. Then he was in the war, and his letters to his uncle and family are published and are in the Bancroft Library.

Riess: I looked at the book, Somewhere in France, and noted some questions. He mentions that he is first earning money on his own, and beginning to appreciate other sides to life, and that he feels fluent for the first time, in conversations with the drivers--

Lehman: In French.

Riess: No, I thought what was intimated was that he felt at ease and able to talk with these people less well educated, presumably, than himself.

Lehman: It may well be, because he did grow up wrapped in cotton batting, you know, as the only son of the Sullivans and the only grandson of James Phelan. They had a great sense of protecting him. His mother idolized him--this extraordinary accident that he was born on Christmas Day, hence the name Noel, you see--so that she felt something very special about him. All that Catholic thing transmuted into the family guardianship of the rare creature. And, of course, he was very delicate. He was always somewhat effeminate. This was part of it; it was one of the things he laughed about.

Riess: His Jesuit education, did this tend to insulate him also?

Lehman: I couldn't say about that. They made him a very--he had the native gift, of course--but they helped him

Lehman: to become a very precise user of language. In a way he was, what Adlai Stevenson said of Churchill, on a smaller scale: "a lord of language." It was the greatest satisfaction to listen. So that the Jesuits helped do that for him by the close study of Latin. He was always aware of that and he kept his Latin in his mind. Yet his speech was not Latinate; it was Anglo-Saxon.

Riess: This hesitancy was a real respect for language.

Lehman: Respect for language and respect for your thought.

He was one of the most articulate people I ever knew. He could--after great hesitation, like the hesitation that I remember Santayana had--he could find the right word. There was nothing he couldn't phrase, though he might sound as though he were stumbling into it. This was so from the first years I knew him, the late twenties on. It was the thing of getting into the sentence where you can say this, or this, or this, or this: which is the true thing. And you , "Uh, uh, uh, uh." This Santayana had, you know, and it's what struck me in the second semester of my freshman year when, beginning with Descartes, Santayana lectured to thirty of us on the history of modern philosophy, and he'd sit up there behind the desk and half the hour went into the "uh" sounds, but the rest of it was magic, so that gradually, even at seventeen, you didn't hear the "uh" at all, you just heard the rest, with the blanks cancelled.

Well, with this precision and control of English, which could range all the way from raucous laughter to the most refined, spiritual statement, with this precision in him, as a talent and partly already as a practice in his early twenties, he went to France and determined to learn French that way. French had been a nursery language, but that's not the thing. What he was after was something else. In the Sullivan papers, which also I've given to the Bancroft Library, there are a great many letters from Alexandre, the great actor of the Comédie Francaise, who as a young man undertook to teach Sullivan pronunciation, intonation, and the very tune and intellectual fiber of the French, and this went on in twice-a-week lessons for years, and then gradually a great deal

Lehman: of companionship with Alexandre and his wife, from whom there are also a hundred letters in the Bancroft. She was an actress, also at the Comédie Francaise. For Sullivan, then, this was one interest. The other was music.

Sullivan had a superb bass voice. He had a very deficient sense of rhythm, or perhaps it's more honest to say, a rather solemn and somber rhythm predominated, a sense of the woe, a sense of the sufferings on the cross might be in it, you see. Perhaps it also came from his slow speech and his looking for the right word always. But wherever it came from, this rhythm predominated, so that unless he had an enormously skillful accompanist, like Elizabeth Alexander, who forced another rhythm on him, or drew him into it, there was a certain monotony in the singing. But there was great beauty in the voice, in narrow range, and he had great power to project the special emotion implicit in the great German lieder particularly, but in the French ones also, exactly as they should be projected. And he was always studious of the test of a song.

Anyway, the Paris time was the time of learning French, the time of learning and hearing the great music, going to Bayreuth, for instance, for every single performance, every year. It was also a time of getting to know the most brilliant and vivid people who came and went in the European scene, particularly if they had anything in common with America. So, in the letters and in the address books in the Bancroft, scores of these people emerge for a moment. All this was built up in the early twenties. And among these people was Elsie Arden, who was the woman in his life from beginning to end.

Riess: Was this group he came to know in Paris in any way a heritage of the people surrounding Phelan?

Lehman: No, for at that stage, of course, Phelan hadn't been in the Senate, was just beginning to build Montalvo over here in Saratoga, was living with his sister in the city, and was still a man building up an inherited fortune into a greater fortune, and still concerned about the affairs of San Francisco, getting rid of corruption in government, you see, getting a beautiful city built, causing Burnham and the other architects

Lehman: in Chicago to make a plan for San Francisco. Phelan was all here, and he was all a man of affairs, full of local pride, full of California pride. But this period we are speaking of was way back in 1912 and 1913, before the war. When I say the early twenties, this was when the Sullivan thing in Paris flowered, but in the beginning, in 1912, he was learning music and learning French and building up this web of relationships. Then the war came and he was in the army, and the letters show how that was.

But before that he met Elsie Arden, and she was an education! She was an education for anyone. She was like a north wind, but benign. She had a most beautiful singing voice, a most beautiful speaking voice. She was a big woman, but she was a woman of beauty, a wit, learned, uninhibited. She was born, I think, in San Diego. She married a realtor in San Diego and realized in the second year that that was not for her. She wasn't going to spend her life, she once said to me, prying him out from behind the open newspaper. So she went off to Paris and studied singing, met Sullivan, and there's an astounding correspondence, a couple of thousand letters, sealed for the time being, since she was completely uninhibited, said anything, and said it about people, with names. But this went on, then, from the time he met her, early in the second decade of the century, down to her death, which was a half-dozen years before his death.

Riess: With what aims did he begin the singing?

Lehman: The aims were--he once laughingly granted, when I ribbed him a little about it--the aims were love of music, pleasant and creative ways of filling odd hours, having an accompanist sit around and wait until he got through his conversation at four when he told her that he would sing at two, pleasant ways of filling the day with creative things.

Vanity--I kidded him about it once--and, "Oh," he said, "I'm a great show-off, I know that." I remember one night in the Hyde Street house (2323 Hyde), built by Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, one night there, after the opera, we brought Elisabeth Rethberg, and I don't know who-all, home from the opera for supper at twelve o'clock; and after supper,

Lehman: at two o'clock in the morning--Betty Alexander was there--Noel sang for these people. [Laughter] And he sang very movingly.

I was sitting by Rethberg, than whom there can be nothing greater, and I said to her, "Now, what do you think about that?" [Laughing] And she said, "I've heard much better singing and much worse singing in the opera house, but I've rarely heard such good singing or understanding of what a song is about. What she meant was that he really got it over in spite of bad breathing or whatever.

Riess: I would have thought him too modest a man for this kind of performing.

Lehman: Well, now, modesty is a curious phenomenon, I think. He was a modest man, but he knew his gifts. He knew how he could think round most people, how he had intuitions beyond the reach of most people, and he knew that people were impressed if he gathered fifty people together and had Roland Hayes sing for them in the first part of the evening and he sang for them after supper. He liked it, partly because it exposed his weakness as well as his strength.

In that period he developed all kinds of interests and became enormously interested in the abolition of capital punishment, in the predicament of the disinherited, the Negro, the homosexual; all of these people, all of these groups got his attention, his absorbed interest. The idea of any man being hanged, or having to look forward to the termination of life by violence at a given moment, was a horror to him so that he could hardly breathe--I remember this very well--on the mornings when he knew from the paper the day before that someone was to be hanged at nine o'clock. And the gas chamber later was the same. In anybody less imaginative, and anybody less ready to act in the matter--for he did act in it, without success--you would have thought this was neurotic, some phoney identification. But in him it wasn't. It was pure, true humanity.

The same thing was true for the Negroes, long before anyone else was bothering about the matter. It was one of the things that first attracted me to him, since it had been my interest since college when

Lehman: I first knew Alain Locke, the Negro philosopher (who became the first Negro Rhodes Scholar) at Harvard. What attracted me in part was Sullivan's interest in the predicament of the Negroes. I introduced him to Alain Locke, Langston Hughes and some others. He introduced me to Roland Hayes, and Roland Hayes had first sung for an American for a fee in Noel Sullivan's apartment in Paris. Partly through Hayes, but in general, he had interested himself in the Negro situation. This all, you see, fifty years before everybody began to do something about it.

Riess: What really sparked his interest?

Lehman: I think it was this great gift he had of compassion for the disinherited. He was always aware of the accidental quality of "having inherited," and "having" wealth was an accident. Well, then, being disinherited is also an accident. This was his way of seeing it. So he was always willing to share, and of course shared to the point, sometimes, of getting himself into debt or temporary impoverishment. [Laughing]

Riess: This is the kind of thing that could have been a neurotic concern in some people, a sense of guilt about having all this wealth.

Lehman: Of course, if that drifts towards neurosis; in his case laughter and irony saved him--because he was the greatest ironist. Jeffers once said to me that Sullivan had the greatest sense of irony of anybody he'd ever known, and very few writers that I have read had a comparable one, and this I think will be clear in the little memoir that he wrote about his sister--there are only twenty copies of that, and I'm giving mine to the Bancroft Library, not to be made a public thing during Mother Agnes's lifetime. The irony has saved him here, you see, from neurosis. He would, with deprecating, compassionate laughter, speaking of a situation in which he'd been able to help, say, "I sit on the verge of trembling when I think that it is I, and not someone else, who has the responsibility of lending this aid." He had a great sense of responsibility in this, and a great awareness that someone else with the same money might not have done it, and that perhaps he wasn't doing it wisely. And how do you know whether when you give you help people, or corrupt them?

## Comments on Sullivan's Interests as a Californian

Riess: Before I really got into the chronology, I would have assumed that Sullivan really patterned his life and activities on those of his uncle, but their activities seem to have been quite different.

Lehman: I think the amplitude, by 1920, of the life at Montalvo, seemed enviable to Sullivan, and seemed desirable to move toward. But the level of personality factors and intelligences and creative gifts seemed to him too low. So that when, presently, he developed the life at his place, "Hollow Hills," down in the Carmel Valley, he mixed the highest gifts and the most negligible, or the absence of gifts, and had a talent for doing that which amounted to genius.

Whereas Phelan got for a weekend the people who were already established and the talk then was what such talk is. If Phelan wanted to corral the beginners, the also-rans, the defeated, he simply invited P.E.N.--the poets, essayists, novelists writing group--he simply invited the president of P.E.N. to bring everybody to lunch on Sunday. So 120 people would lunch on the terraces up there. Of course, he couldn't talk to more than a half dozen of them. He was a witty man, and a charming man, and gracious, enjoying seeing them all around, hoped they were having good drinks, hoped they were having good food, hoped they were having a good time. But this was not for Sullivan.

Sullivan wanted the thing small enough so that he could be in and out of it at every point, and if he put together some gifted--of whom he knew plenty--some gifted, neurotic, perverse temperaments, along with the Jefferses and Martin Flavin and Langston Hughes--well, the letters would indicate the list [laughing], Bruno Walter, for instance, Rethberg, any of these people--mixed and making a vibrant yeast, everything rising all the time, unforgettable things said, insights flashing past you so that a week later it had changed your whole life.

Riess: The downtrodden, were they interesting people?

Lehman: Yes, partly because they engaged his interest, partly because it's good for all of us to realize how nearly any one of us missed it. I mean, just a little difference. "There but for the grace of God go I," I think that many of us felt that this was an illustration of that great phenomenon. If you, yourself, had some achievement to your credit, if one had, oneself, some distinction acquired, it was only the kaleidoscopic turn that made that come about, instead of this. You saw people with grace and qualities, who had never done anything. Defeated by it, perhaps a little neurotic, fussing, over-explaining, apologizing. "What am I doing here?" "Isn't Mr. Sullivan good to ask the likes of me?" I can remember things like that.

Others, then, getting into the name-dropping business--as I [laughing] might seem to be in it right now!

Riess: I wondered whether it brought out the best in people, whether they bloomed under this care and sponsorship.

Lehman: I think it brought out the best in most people all the time, the distinguished and the not-distinguished. I think on the other hand, sometimes, it brought out the worst. You saw envy, you saw corruption, really. I often cringed at the kind of--though I knew perfectly well Sullivan saw around it and through it--compliment I heard him paid, or paid to his rich friends, in the expectation of future largesse or support. This is never pleasant to see. So, it brought out the best, it brought out the worst, but I think that most people in his presence were themselves, and I think this was one of the ways in which his essential gift could be described, that he didn't pull people out of character in general, that he created an atmosphere and beamed out an attitude toward people that made them content to be themselves, so that in his presence, for the first time in my life, I heard a man say, "Well, you know I'm a homosexual,"--not with respect to any situation, you see--" and I take this view of this because of that." It was only in his world that that could be said in those days.

I remember once talking to a man at lunch one weekend down there, and it was a very interesting talk about Italian origins. He was a man with an

Lehman: Italian name, and I think that's how we got on it, the name. Presently he said something very sharp about, I think, crime. "Now, how do you come to know that?" He said, "You know, I'm on parole to Mr. Sullivan from San Quentin. I was in on a murder charge." [Laughing] I don't think for most of us this would have happened. Most of the talk was about the forms and ideas of literature, the forms and experiences of music, of painting, personalities, religion, these were the great subjects. Yet everywhere these other things were freely said. Extraordinary!

This began fifty years from the pioneer activity out here, and has something to do with the special quality of that family inheritance as suggested by his two sisters, as against the third. It has something to do with the special quality of that family; it has something to do with the special gifts of this man; but it also is somehow tied up, in my mind, with the thing that happened here in San Francisco, the creative freedom. One has only to remind oneself that there arced out of San Francisco people like David Warfield, like Paul Whiteman, like Isadora Duncan, like Maude Allan, by the score. Somehow there was a vibrance.

Riess: For Sullivan didn't it come from Paris?

Lehman: I think it was always going on, when he studied at Santa Clara, when he studied at the University of San Francisco. I think it was always going on, though it was in Paris that it was finally unleashed. When did David Warfield become the great actor? Here in San Francisco? When did David Belasco become the great direcor of theater? In New York or here? Actually, he proved it in New York. And Sullivan proved it in Paris and then California. But it seems to me that there was an emancipating--if I can use that without a political intonation--an emancipating thing here. I think the manuscript of Marian Parson's autobiography in the Bancroft gives on a very bourgeois level, curious indications of that. The thing that makes an Ansel Adams, for instance, that all seems to me part of some ebullience, some effervescence on the surface, and underneath, some creative charging; in short, I don't believe that if Sullivan and Mother Agnes had turned up in Keokuk, Iowa, the same thing

Lehman: could have happened. There's something about the mountains, something about looking out from your windows when you're a boy, and seeing Tamalpais, Diablo, the Coast Ranges, the water, the sea climbing to Asia. There's something about what's downtown. And I think the earthquake and the fire had something to do with it. That released an enormous reconstructive energy. I think people partook of that in and for themselves.

Riess: It's interesting to think about the loss of the Actors' Workshop now, etc.

Lehman: Well, just this morning's paper [29 January 1965]--the White House goes down, the Actors' Workshop goes down, and the First National Bank. You've got it at every level, in the fiscal, in the art world, in the merchandising-industrial world. Perhaps this is just a symbolic group of three on a given day, but maybe we are coming to a change, going to shed now, drop, lose. Losing the Workshop is too bad, and of course it's a great sorrow to me because I have a feeling that all of that ferment began at U.C. when we started the Department of Dramatic Arts. There were no important things going on here, and now there are scores of theater activities.

We may be coming into a new phase, and if that is true, it adds to the value of the study of a family like the Phelan-Sullivan phenomenon, which now apparently is over. (Although there is one niece of Sullivan's whose husband is ambassador to Ghana. At home they live in Phoenix where he is an attorney, and she may have some of that and it may come out again.) But I think of it with the 100th anniversary of the Chronicle, and Mike deYoung, with all the rough stuff in that legend, his three lovely and beneficent daughters, now very old women, my friend Helen Cameron, and Mrs. Thieriot, who's the mother of the editor and publisher now. The Chronicle stayed for a hundred years, beginning in a way very different from the mode of these last years when they stood by the faculty on the loyalty oath, you know, on the liberal side in all these important things.

And then that curious thing: here are these Irish, and here is Helen Cameron, whose father was a Jew. Mike deYoung was a Jew. William Denman, the

Lehman: great judge in our courts here, said to me once, "What made San Francisco was the place in its relation to California, the Coast, and its relation to the Orient, and the Irish and the Jews. They are the ones who made all the creative things." Now, I don't think that's quite true [laughing]; it was a nice thing to say after dinner. But there is this possibility; certainly it is somewhat true.

I think that sometime someone looking into the Sullivan materials and the Phelan materials, which are fuller than most such, will see the phenomenon. Perhaps the Sullivan materials are the fullest that ever were made in the West of such range. The papers of Hiram Johnson and Senator Phelan are more extensive than the papers of Noel Sullivan, but the range of interests and expressiveness and variety of life and the audacity of attitudes is by no means so great in those as will be revealed in the Sullivan papers.

Our conversation about Noel Sullivan must get clearly into the record the fact that he was a most complex human being, a member of a wealthy California family that seemed to be middle-class in its attitudes, and yet he was an aristocrat if one ever in one's life has seen one. Ella Young, the Irish poet, has said of him that he was descended from the king of the O'Sullivan clan, and a complete throwback, and this was the impression of many people and is the impression of Jeffers and Martin Flavin; it lies behind what they said about him at the time of his death. He had, as all great kingly figures have, and his wealth contributed to that kingliness, a great compassion for the lowly that came within his sight, within his vision, and he also, then, was able, because he was a man with extraordinary imagination, to extend that and generalize it beyond the areas.

As I said, the brutality of capital punishment was a thing against which he worked lifelong. That is now an issue, in the 1960s, but he, in the 1920s, spent his energy, his planning power, and his wealth toward that. The same thing is true about the Negro, the same thing is true about the Japanese- or Chinese-Americans, or Chinese and Japanese in America. And

Lehman: it was true about a minority group like the homosexuals. So that when his personal attitudes, or gearing, were involved, as some people said in the case of homosexuality, you see, it was not, as it might have been with another person, a development of arguments in favor of a condition or a human group or a human practice; it was something quite different from that, it was one more manifestation of the misunderstood and the excluded to which he gave his attention. The life that flowed through his house included Negroes, and it included two men who had served long sentences for murder, one of whom was paroled to him, and it included of course Japanese and Chinese and the homosexuals too. Whether they got into trouble or had been in trouble was never an issue really. The point is that everybody was welcome because everybody was human.

Another of the extraordinary things in the man was that people didn't have to be brilliant or distinguished. He could elicit from any human being the evidences of humanity, and every human being became, in his neighborhood, interesting.

Riess: Was he interested in large philanthropies, like symphonies and museums?

Lehman: Museums interested him much less, in fact for donation purposes practically not at all, though he was pleased that his uncle had left things to the Palace of the Legion of Honor. His interest was in music, and although he would help with the orchestra and help with the opera by donations, they were not the great and spectacular donations that some people made, because his interest was in developing opera singers, his interest was in developing musicians. So he provided for many people personal scholarships to go study singing with Elena Gerhardt in London, to be coached for operatic roles by Lotte Lehmann in Santa Barbara. After humanity, music was his great passion.

He did himself have a great many pictures, a Matisse, a Sargent, and so on, and these hung on the walls of his house together with quite negligible and sometimes very bad things which he put up because the person who had given them was happy to see them on that wall, or because they had for him some sentimental visual connection, a bit of Paris in a watercolor that

Lehman: wasn't very good. Or because the artists themselves had given them after he had backed them for a while, and then they found them somewhere, in the halls, in the entrance way, in the great drawing room at Hollow Hills, or the music room. But it wasn't a point of his life, I think, to collect pictures, he just had some which he liked. He wasn't a maker of a collection. He made nothing of his backing of the singers or the other musicians. He was just happy to do it.

Riess: Did he make an effort to bring art and music to some of these unhappy or impoverished people around him?

Lehman: Only in the sense that some of the best concerts in the world were given in his music room at Hollow Hills and earlier in his music room at 2323 Hyde Street and that the people who would not have been interested or who could not have afforded a ticket to an opera would be among his guests. So a very musical and very aged Negro woman was invited one night to a post-opera party in Hyde Street and four or five different people sang, some of them opera singers--he made this experience available to that woman, it was one of the things she wanted to do all her life. I remember Roland Hayes singing a whole program, as I remember many other great artists doing, in the music room at Hollow Hills, and all sorts of people were invited, fifty, sixty, a hundred, and no class, no social stratification was a guide to who should be invited. But there was never anything like setting up a quartet to go around and play in Chico and Milpitas.

Riess: [Laughter] I see. In the Jeffers obituary was the comment that he didn't read much. He didn't write many letters either, it appeared.

Lehman: Jeffers was very precise; he said he never had time to read. Sullivan was so busy with music, with people, with talk, with good works...For instance, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would get him out at two o'clock in the morning to handle some situation. "Man or beast," it said in Flavin's statement; well, this was true. Or, he might have everything knocked into a cocked hat because of the predicament of somebody he'd never

Lehman: heard of, but who was known through an acquaintance. The long correspondence, which began perfectly accidentally, with a woman in British Columbia who came down to save, I think, a clergyman for being hanged for murder, this went on for years, and absorbed him. There were letters written, brief ones, or telegrams, and we don't have copies.

And he wrote a few long letters. When he wrote a long letter (like the letter of which I think there's a copy in the Bancroft Library papers), to Sister Madaleva, about Clare Boothe Luce as a Catholic, it was dozens of close-packed pages of the sharpest kind of reasonings, the most audacious judgments.

He didn't have time to read, yet he really read a great deal, and he had a great gift for reading here and there in a book and then getting the rest out of Jeffers, or me, or Langston Hughes, or anybody who had read it. He was indeed--all this sounds adulatory, but I do not believe it is--he was a prince, and princes never have time to read much. But he had a genius like that of princes for eliciting from other people in a few sentences what it took them a few days to acquire.

The things that he read he read again and again and again. After I introduced him to Santayana--he'd never read any Santayana--gave him a copy of the Soliloquies in England, he kept it by his bedside, and he'd read one of them and re-read it, over a period of years maybe a hundred times. So, he did the kind of reading that sharpened the instrument which was his mind and his intuition, you see. But he didn't do the kind of reading that is a substitute for direct living, which is what many people do. People who are great readers don't have time for endless talk. Now, since he was interested in personality, in character, in people in that sense, and had this extraordinary intuition of what was going on in them, three hours with a person was better than three hours with a book, especially if that person was in a complicated situation or of a complicated nature.

Riess: Did his precision with language and interest in it inspire a like precision in people he was talking to?

Lehman: I think in some. There was a woman whom I shall not name, her sentences were train wrecks, her language was overcooked spaghetti--these things all had once been strings, but they were just a mass of dough. (I always had the impression that I shouldn't in a thousand years find the image which did the job, which said what her talk was like.) Yet every once in a while she made some revelation, usually of a gossiping sort, that you'd never get from anyone else. She was a pitiful person, really, separated from her husband, struggling to keep a respectable picture of her relation with her children before the children and before the little friendly public, and also trying to conceal the fact that she was living with--or took as a lover--a gifted, but unperforming, young middlewesterner, thirty years younger than she was. All of this, you see, and then this pouring out of patchouli.

Sullivan always welcomed her, when she came, and often invited her out of friendliness, out of compassion, but also out of interest--she was human too. And it is true that nothing human was foreign to him, was alien to him.

After Phelan died, when the estates were so involved and Sullivan suddenly had no income, though it was thought that he would suddenly be rich, you see--this was the depth of the Depression--he closed the house on Hyde Street which was very expensive to run. That great house at 2323 Hyde Street that Mrs. Stevenson had built to which his mother had added so that the nuns could make a monastery there before they built the one down here at Santa Clara, to which his father had added, to which he finally added a fourth story, that great house looking down over the Bay, was too expensive to run. So he bought a small place for I think $2600 down in Carmel, on Carmello Street, and lived there with a single servant, and had small groups, four or six at most, and mostly coming in for dinner or for lunch, not staying at the house as he had been accustomed to having people do. I remember a night there with Jeffers, and Mrs. Jeffers, and Mabel Luhan and Tony Luhan and Dorothy Brett, the painter. The one servant cooking the dinner for us. A marvelous evening of talk, and character revelation.

Lehman: What brings me to this is that in that period he read; he read all the works of Willa Cather through, one after another, because it was a way of economizing. He bought a book which took him two evenings to read, instead of spending sixty dollars feeding twenty people and giving them drinks.

Riess: He didn't have to feed them.

Lehman: That is true, but you get the habit of hospitality, and especially if you have that reputation, and then also especially if you live in the country.

In any case, he had read enough. And, he had gone endlessly to theater. He knew all the great work for the theater, the Shakespeare canon, the Racine, the Corneille, the classic things that you could see. He'd heard all the great music in the world, in Berlin, in Bayreuth, in Rome, in New York, in Paris and he'd heard the great church music from Solesmes, where they sing the plainsong, on the Sarthe River in France, northwest of Paris, to the great singing in St. Peter's.

He had, as a little boy of ten or twelve--he describes it in his memoir of his sister--had an audience with Pope Leo and remembers Pope Leo putting his arm round his shoulder. And then, one Pope after another. In 1950 he flew to Rome simply for "the closing of the doors" in Holy Year and had another audience with the Pope, kept his relation to this. But this all involved music.

It also involved great art experiences. He'd seen all the pictures of the world, gone everywhere, and could remember them; he'd had an experience of them, could relate to them, reflected upon them. Nobody ever, more often, illumined a picture for me, though I have from childhood up been accustomed to looking at Dürers and whatnot, you know.

Riess: Oh, it does sound like he could take things in.

Lehman: This is what Jeffers means--he got it all. By instinct or through conversation he knew all that was going on.

Riess: I'd like to know more specifically--unless this is the information easily gotten at in his papers--what he did in the anti-capital punishment work, and for Negroes, and also his relations with the University, what his benefactions might have been there and to other large institutions.

Lehman: He did very little for the University. I think I said, in connection with Sara Bard Field and Erskine Scott Wood, that they, when Ella Young came, were much enamoured of her, as they should have been; so was Noel, so was I, she was a remarkable woman. She's the Irish poet and writer; there's a whole shelf of her books in the Library. She was run out of Ireland because of her connections with the rebellions, the Black and Tan stuff and all that, and she came to Canada. She was brought into this country through the good offices of Garret McEnerney--who was one of the Regents of the University--and Erskine Scott Wood. And she was an Irish genius. She had much of Noel Sullivan's qualities, but without wealth and without the range--oh, no range at all, really--but a wonderful Irishry, marvelous! Beautiful, in a wizened way (because she was already in her sixties by that time), and with intuitions of the wee folk, the fairies. She had a personal attendant who was from the fairy world and who was always mislaying her glasses, and so on. The fey attendant was called Gilpin. I've been with her on Point Lobos when she just went up and became part of the trunk of a tree, just leaned against it and then turned round and said in that fantastically moving voice, "The spirits speak here." Bloodcurdling! "I hear Gilpin."

Well, Ella Young, just about the time Phelan died, succeeded in leaving the impression with Sara and Erskine that she was a great Celtic scholar. As a matter of fact, in the scholarly sense, she knew almost no Celtic; she had picked up words in the west of Ireland. But she was a great narrator, a great theater personality--though she never was in the theater, as her sister was. Noel Sullivan was persuaded then to set her up as James D. Phelan Lecturer in Celtic Literature at the University, and to give her a salary and an amount of money for books, because in the Celtic field we didn't have much.

Lehman: But he did this before he discovered that the Phelan estate, from which he should have had perhaps a hundred thousand dollars a year income, wouldn't be paying any for ten years. So he wasn't able to keep it up. His idea originally was to "endow" a Phelan lectureship, but it wasn't done. He did give that money for the books and he did pay her salary for five years, or maybe it was three. And from time to time he made small gifts, as his uncle had, to the Phelan writing fellowships and things like that. But his gifts were in other directions.

Riess: I saw some correspondence with Popper on the Committee on Arts and Lectures and I wondered if he had suggested people to them.

Lehman: I think he did that, and I think from time to time--was this one of the cases when he offered Roland Hayes or Langston Hughes as lecturer? He often caused people to be invited by giving the money. They were distinguished, good people; the Universities were glad to have them. Stanford, or Mills, or U.C., when they had a letter from him saying that he would foot the bill, would invite Lotte Lehmann, for instance, to sing. He paid the fee. So there was a lot of that sort of thing, but not on the grand endowment scale. As a matter of fact, he could never afford it, doing the other things that he did. He spent a small fortune trying to abolish capital punishment, and didn't succeed.

Riess: To do such a thing for Lotte Lehmann would be not for financial reward, but to expose people to her?

Lehman: Because he thought, and quite rightly as we now see in retrospect, that she was the greatest lieder singer of our time, and he wanted everybody who loved music all around the Bay to have the opportunity to hear her. Of course he also had a certain power drive.

Lotte Lehmann yearned to be made a doctor of music, or doctor of laws, or something, by a university, and he worked very hard to bring that about. Our University rule that we never gave degrees to performers was against it, though the committee on honorary degrees recognized that she was one of the great ones. Though a degree had been given to Alfred

Lehman: Hertz, it was <u>not</u> with the lively expectation that he would leave his fortune to the University, which he did; it was an honest award, but a different thing; he had created an orchestra, and he had filled steadily over twenty years the ear of the whole Bay Area with great music. That was different from just being a performer.

But Sullivan did want to see Lotte Lehmann get her heart's desire; it wasn't that he wanted it, but that she wanted it and he wanted it for her. Of course he was devoted to her; as the letters show Lotte unquestionably, and as I saw with my own eyes, was infatuated with him for years. I remember one night we went to some music, she and her companion-secretary, and Sullivan and I. She was taking the midnight train from San Francisco for the East, and we went to supper at the St. Francis. We were sitting around the table, and I talked to her companion--just the four of us there--Sullivan was talking to her, and this was very quiet soft talk between Lotte and Noel, and then suddenly, after perhaps half an hour or forty minutes, she sighed, and turned to me and said "Vhy vill you not"--that accent--"tell me how to handle this man?"

And I said, "To what purpose?"

"To love me."

And I said, "Why don't you try me?"

"No, you're too easy." [Laughter] So there, that's one of those little breaking waves that come to the top from the deep sea.

## Personal and Religious Life

Riess: Why didn't Sullivan marry?

Lehman: Nowadays we speak of these things easily--he was totally uninterested in women physically. I'm sure that whatever that mixture is among sexual promptings, it was very heavily loaded on the homosexual side in

Lehman: him. He always said it was, and spoke about it as frankly and clinically as a doctor might and certainly people who were indubitably in that group came and went in his world. I always thought that this was part of his humanity. They were at that time particularly an excluded and despised minority. Now just what his relations with Elsie Arden were on that front, I don't know. He never spoke of that. I never asked. It seemed perfectly irrelevant, as it usually does when you know people. You don't press in those matters unless the thing for some reason becomes critical.

But Elsie, to her death, was the great interest, the great communicant. There was telephoning across the continent when that was possible, earlier only the endless letters.

Riess: Doesn't the Catholic Church make homosexuality a difficult thing to come to terms with if you are devout?

Lehman: I don't know, I just supposed it came under the confessional of sin if it was a matter of practice, but otherwise it fits, doesn't it, into the very structure of the Church? The endless celibacy of the monk and the priest, the nun. They must long ago have recognized that they got a great many people with strange promptings who found their way to riding above them, past them, through them, within those disciplines. So I don't think the Catholic Church made it difficult; I think they found a way of using it. But I'm sure that if adultery and a thousand sins can be denonimated and forgiven, that whatever was sinful in connection with this--the state of being can't be sinful, it's just in the act--then I suppose the Church with whatever penances could find a way of forgiving it. It must have heard of it certainly.

I was not aware of this for many years, but then I began, as the term began to emerge into common everyday-use, I began to hear of people, who were friends who came and went, who had Sullivan and others to dinner, begin to say these things. Once the thing came up he said, "Yes, why not, I have no interest."

Somehow, though, this bare, almost naked statement about homosexuality cannot stand this way because

Lehman: it is not true to the facts, apart from the fact that it would annoy or grieve some of his kin. What I want to get in about Sullivan is that he was an immensely intricate person. I don't say complicated because it went far beyond that in the variety of promptings that constituted his nature and it went far beyond that in the subtlety of the manifestations.

He began life as a devout Catholic and for some years thought of himself as moving into the monastic life. Living a long life, or a fairly long life then, unmarried, he was in a sense in the monastery. Whatever his relations with Elsie Arden were over thirty years, (and the Church is very good at managing these contradictions) fitted into that because for the most part he lived this monastic quality.

I remember a long evening talk with half a dozen after dinner when we were talking about the Greek way of life, and it began with discussion of the world of ideas as Plato conceived it. The discussion came round to this matter of the Greek efebre, and he said, laughing, "There was nothing very damaging in that; I'm here to prove it," letting it go at that. It needs to be in the mind of anyone who might some day read this that thirty and forty years ago these manifestations were disapproved and condemned and were not recognized as reasonable manifestations of the psyche among people who had reputable and creative places in our society. The shift there has been very, very considerable.

When I grew up the only words I knew for people like that were condemnatory slang words. By the 1920s and 1930s I occasionally ran into the technical word, the homosexual. Then gradually these phenomena came up so that you could have Truman Capote actually called that in the public press. Whoever attempted to give an account of what Sullivan was and what he stood for would have to know that that was a different time, one in which these words had different intonations.

Riess: Do you think that his ability to embrace many points of view, all kinds of people and talents and humanity, represented an inability to really commit himself, that perhaps he would like to have found one thing to direct himself to?

Lehman: Well, I don't think it was an inability to commit himself. He began, of course, I think uncertain if not confused as a boy, in the teens, in a family full of middle-class attitudes and deep Catholic commitments. He began in that way and didn't discover until he was resident in Paris after his mother died, that he really had a glorious bass voice. I think that his life for a long while was a discovery of a thing to which he could commit himself.

He committed himself to the interplay of human relations, to being useful--it's too cheap, too low grade to say "doing good," but that's what it always amounted to, as Martin Flavin and Robinson Jeffers also made clear in those obituaries. His commitment was to that and then he found, at the end of his life, that that was too exhausting, too taxing upon his resources, because he was perpetually having to invade capital to do the things that he felt obliged to do out of human decency, out of sharing, prompting impulses, and too exhausting to his personal strength, so that he died really young, considering his heredity and his opportunities to live well. He slept too little, he saw too many people, he worked too hard at the things that seemed to him worth doing.

Riess: You spoke once of his "need to impoverish himself" as a drive.

Lehman: I think that comes from way back, from the days when he thought seriously of becoming a member of a Catholic order. I think that though sometimes the idea of being a priest--the server of the Mass becoming the priest of the Mass, because he had been an acolyte as a boy--was there, I think more often instead of thinking of himself as serving the Mass and perhaps hearing confessions he thought of himself in monastic life.

He did, as I said earlier, live personally a quite monastic life. He lived in a very small bedroom and a small bath which was his place, and there was space there for his dogs who came and lay in their baskets at night, for one or two family pictures, but the whole thing, in a vast house, was the size of a cubicle. He never spent any money on himself. He

Lehman: would walk up to Foreman-Clark's for clothes, for instance.

Riess: Was he religious to the extent of having, for instance, an altar in his room?

Lehman: He began by being very, very religious, and all his life, even in the period when he was alienated more or less from the Church and certainly didn't go to confession for a long period, in that period of course he had the things a Catholic had, a crucifix above the bed, a rosary hanging on the bedpost. He went back to the Church with the profoundest commitment, as I have hitherto said, he went back to the Church and made an enormous, long confession, a series of confessions to cover the years when he had not gone, and from that time on was serious.

Earlier he didn't have an altar in his house but he built a chapel on his grounds in Carmel Valley, a chapel, properly consecrated, to which I have seen monks who were staying there--for it was a wayside house for any traveling monastic--go at four o'clock in the morning. Hearing people pass my cottage I would look out and see the monks in white robes going down to their four o'clock "office." He himself, in those later years, would pray there with the profoundest sense of experience, coming home from the opera, coming home from dinner parties, and rise and go there for prayer before breakfast, before he saw anyone.

Riess: To what degree do you think he could really have lived alone?

Lehman: My guess is that the personal austerities of the little cell which he called his bedroom was juxtaposed with the elaborateness of his social life. In the social life all kinds came. Then he withdrew into this other thing, which was celibate and monastic and for that he didn't find the cell of a room satisfactory, so he built the chapel.

I think he found a way of handling the paradox. He had an absolute love of people and a passion to see them interplay, a passion for probing the depths of character, of temperament, and he had a passion

Lehman: for seeing how these things clashed; he was an ideal host in part because he loved to put people together who struck sparks from one another. People who never saw him close to would say he was gregarious. As a matter of fact, he withdrew and was by himself.

He liked, for instance, to take two dogs and go down to the beach in Carmel at four or five in the morning and spend three hours by himself walking up and down beside the waves, reflecting upon, attempting to understand, what perhaps he had seen the night before at a dinner party or a concert, or over a longer period of time. I think I've never known anybody, even in the academic world where such people are supposed to abound, I've never known anybody who reflected upon experience so much, who attempted to probe beneath the surface in all kinds of things. For me, who had the great good fortune, for instance, to know a man like Walter Morris Hart, once vice-president of the University, my colleague in the English Department, and my friend from 1920 until he died a few years ago at 92, well for me who knew people like that, Sullivan was still something extraordinarily special.

The mind dwells on him; stimulated in a way by what he was, one tries to understand how this came about and how it functioned, and the questions you ask are enormously to the point, of course. But he managed solitude in a throng, and he would have managed it, I'm sure, if he had been far less wealthy, if he had had moderate means. He could have managed somehow to bring people together to see this thing happen. And it was all in a way an extension of a profound religious prompting, for to know what God hath wrought in human nature, in human character, in human temperament, was a deep preoccupation.

Riess: Yet he is only going to be known through these memories of yours, and other incidental memories, isn't he?

Lehman: There is a memoir, of a couple of hundred pages, of his sister, of which only a few copies were printed, of which I have one. I edited it for him. And perhaps on that ground, perhaps on the ground of old friendship, he gave me a copy. It will not be available to read during the lifetime of Mother Agnes, his sister

Lehman: down at the Santa Clara Monastery; I've asked to have it sealed against that time. So that there would be that evidence of how he wrote. But the magic of the deep voice, the enormously fine care for saying the thing that is in the mind, and all of that, was better got, really, by listening to him than by reading what he had written.

Your point is one that deserves a wider footnote. The world has been full, from time immemorial, of people, perhaps a multiple times as gifted as that man was, who have left no record at all because there happened to be no Boswell in their world. He's just one of those. On the other hand, the fact that he engaged the dazzling mind of Elsie Arden, as he did, and her love, and had all the letters, which are still extant, you see, brilliant, philosophical, penetrating, bawdy, ranging over everything that came under her eye or into report to her ear, she did for decades add to his life by correspondence, as when she came to stay with him as she did every year, or most years, for six weeks or two or three months, she did it by word of mouth.

Riess: Would you describe Noel Sullivan? My impression from snapshots is of a very Irish-looking man.

Lehman: He was a tall man for his generation, I think 5' 11"; slender always, he spent too much energy to be fleshed; green eyes; a face that many people would have thought not beautiful, but when moved, active in compassion or extensions of imagination and so on, it took on an extraordinary light. It aged first into the fifties and sixties, slowly, and then very suddenly, as the heart and other ailments developed, in the sixty-third or fourth year, Sullivan became grey, but the indomitable lighting-up of the inner thing was there until the early summer of the year he died. (I didn't see him in the last months because I was on the Eastern seaboard and in Europe.) He had a short step, sometimes striking you as being almost womanly, otherwise he seemed vigorous, vigorous, vigorous.

He had great charm and, of course, we haven't stressed here his laughter, his humor. No one, of course, can understand, as he made a lifetime effort to understand, human beings, without being struck to

Lehman: laughter again and again and again, and he was. In addition to mere laughter, which is a product of humor, he had great wit; the juxtaposition of contradictions well phrased was a specialty of his. He rejoiced in it even when it was not appreciated by his audience.

Riess: I think this is interesting, and nice to see the care with which you evoke a picture of him.

Lehman: It would not be a just picture of California, which is what we are generally concerned with in these dictations, it would not be a just picture of California as it was in the period from after the First World War through the Second World War unless a man like Sullivan or Phelan, or the William Denmans, people like that, were known to be part of the picture, I think.

[Added May 1968] In connection with Noel Sullivan and whatever suggestion of quality, eminence, personality I have been able to give, I should like to make available within the record three sketches toward a portrait, made in the late twenties, early thirties by William Justema. Justema himself was a draftsman, painting artist, a good one, of a very limited range. And he was something of a master of statement. The few pages that I here insert illustrate that in Justema. The important thing is that here is a view of Sullivan written down by a man much younger than I and of very different background and with totally different interests fed by totally different disciplines. And I think it will rather sustain the statement that I made.*

---

*"Three Drawings for a Portrait" by W. Justema, in Appendices, pp. 315-331.

JUDITH ANDERSON AND THE LONDON THEATER

Riess: Your year in London at the time of your marriage to Judith Anderson must have been a time of great theatrical experiences for you.

Lehman: That half year or so of London and some trips to the Continent in 1938 or 1939 were enormously interesting, and it was an extension of the picture of the world the years provided for me.

In London, the people we saw mostly were Clemence Dane, whose real name was Winifred Ashton and who died last year, a distinguished human being as well as a good novelist, a good writer of scenarios for the motion pictures, and a strikingly vivid figure in the theater. She had written a play about Chatterton, the eighteenth century poet who died so young, and she had written it in terms of his love for an older woman. It was called Come of Age. It did not have a long run in New York, and when we went to London, there was question of reviving it there. That was never brought about, but I was struck with the fact that every important person in the theater--Larry Olivier and Vivien Leigh, who were then young, Gielgud, and Edith Evans--wanted to have it again. They thought it one of the notable theater experiences. They didn't mean by that that it was one of the great plays; they meant that altogether it made in the theater an unforgettable experience, far more unforgettable than Judith's playing of Lady Macbeth, though that was knockout at the Old Vic. There was something very special, total, in the recollection of Come of Age, which I hadn't seen because it was playing in New York when I had to be working in Berkeley. The gathering of the clans around the efforts to reproduce that play is now really very memorable to me.

Riess: Were any of these people in it?

Lehman: No. It was to be a production which kept Judith Anderson again in the central place, and it would be cast from other and younger actors. I mention it chiefly because the project was the first thing all gathered around; it did not come to pass. Instead, down at the Old Vic Theater, a production of Macbeth

Lehman: with Larry Olivier as Macbeth and Judith Anderson as Lady Macbeth, directed by a bilingual Frenchman, was Judith Anderson's first experience in Shakespeare.

Learning the role, discovering the special kinds of magic in the Shakespearean language, finding the very special tension that Shakespeare sets up in his tragedies--these were experiences that I shared with her. It was enormously instructive to me, as a life-long student of the play from my sophomore year in college, to see how a theater craftsman with the highest aptitudes and the best conditioned voice and plastic means would go about setting that before the public. So when I returned, and there remained then of course still twenty years of teaching, I had something more than I had had when I went.

Riess: Can you tell a little more specifically about her approach and about how your scholarly knowledge must have contributed?

Lehman: I suppose I could if I sat down with the text. I remember things like this: I went to an early rehearsal before costumes and lighting were set up. In the theater those are usually in the very last days before opening night. The set required that from the murder room first Macbeth and then Lady Macbeth come down a flight of perhaps ten or eleven stairs; that is to say, Macbeth had gone to murder Duncan in a room that was up the flight of stairs. He had brought the daggers down, and she had to take them back. Sitting in the rehearsal that night, I said afterwards, "It's all full. It's continuously vibrant with what's going on in Lady Macbeth except when you were coming down the stairs. What were you thinking?"

"Nothing," she said. "And I should be." Of course it is part of her spirit and craft that if she has to think in lines she projects it. So I learned about that; I learned about blanks in presence in theater.

After the banquet scene, one of the very great moments I have ever seen in the theater was there from the earliest rehearsals and was magnificent in the performances over months. When Lady Macbeth has got rid of the guests--"Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once"--she, Lady Macbeth,

Lehman: withdrew. They had always from the beginning of the play been together; when they came in, they embraced, they were great middle-aged lovers. Now she withdrew, and they were separated. He had let her down in the long painful aftermath of the murder of Duncan. She withdrew, and the distance between them seemed miles.

The way that effect was got was that she stood into the masonry and was almost a part of it on the side of the great banquet hall, while he stood alone in the center of the stage. In that stance of distance, in that condition in which he was alone and exposed in center stage and she had withdrawn into the masonry, he says, "What is the night?"

Her answer, barely audible but absolutely vibrant in the ear, "Almost at odds with morning, which is which."

So for the reading of fiction, for the illustrative passage in lectures for freshman classes, this was a great education for me. There were hundreds of such things.

Then there were many other experiences in the London of that time.

Riess: Had you gone there just because she was going to do this production?

Lehman: No, Judith Anderson was a British subject, born in Australia; we had gone to England to spend six months, and this would be part of it of course. Winifred, Clemence Dane, was an acquaintance of mine and a great friend of Judith Anderson's, but we knew everybody. We knew Noel Coward. I remember parties at the little Covent Garden pied á terre, where Clemence Dane had parties after the theater that lasted until two or three in the morning and were full of good talk, revelations of one kind or another if one were out to learn. And other parties at Clemence Dane's place down in Kent. A weekend with Gielgud up in Essex.

Sometimes we went down to Windsor to stay with Larry Olivier and Vivien Leigh, who were then not married and had rather scandalized London. Each had

Lehman: left a spouse and children, or a child, to come together, and in London even the theater world was a little shocked. I think they were very glad to have some company from an outside universe, where those factors were not still vibrating. So we saw a great deal of them. They were young; I think he was at thirty, and she was much younger than that.

After Macbeth, when Macbeth moved from the Old Vic into London to a major theater in the theater district, Vivien Leigh went into rehearsal with A Midsummer Night's Dream for Christmas. The opening night was the night before I sailed (because I had to get back to Berkeley to my classes), and I have never seen anything visually as glorious as Vivien Leigh in A Midsummer Night's Dream as Titania. The only thing to compare with it goes way back into my spellbound youth, and that was Maude Adams coming down the ballroom stairs in the Barrie play A Kiss for Cinderella, in which Maude Adams' marvelous radiance and the extremely skillful lighting of the Trohman Theater staff gave something of the same impression.

Riess: What an intensely Shakespearean group and time it must have been.

Lehman: We had Richard II with Gielgud playing Richard, and that was an extraordinary experience. When we got to London, Gielgud was playing Richard II, and it happened that the night before we sailed, we went to see Richard II played by the glib, easy-going Shakespearean actor who also played in Shaw, Maurice Evans. Evans, one was told, had begun by stuttering and had taught himself not to and became an actor by way of this training. In any case, he played Richard II, and partly because of Evans and partly because of the direction it was all wrong. From the beginning you didn't understand why this king and his reign got so mixed up, because Evans was right there in the center of the stage as though he dominated the situation.

We went to London, by boat of course in those days, and went the second evening as the guest of, for she had other engagements, Clemence Dane, to see Gielgud play Richard II, and from curtain up this was all dead right. This was an opening scene in which Richard was invisible. He was downstage

Lehman: with all his pretty male cronies, and they were laughing, and the big affairs were going on elsewhere without his awareness. When he was called, he emerged, and one saw him then at the very beginning with all his weaknesses and with all his wrong commitments coming out and then doing a stunt, as all of his great speeches are marvelous stunts. He is aware that he is being watched, and he is watching himself, and this is what you got as soon as he got out of that little clique of thinner men. The two productions were extraordinarily juxtaposed.

I had a student at the University, beginning in the sophomore course English 41 and then going on to the advanced writing courses, named Michael Wilson. His father was a businessman of some scope. The family, through the mother, was Catholic. He had made a break away from: a) Catholicism, and b) the values of business careers. He wanted to be creative. He presently moved over to the extremely left position in politics and the ideologies of our time, and I think was accused when later he was writing in Hollywood of being a Communist, although I never had any knowledge of that and didn't really believe it. He was one of those people who was put on the blacklist in the McCarthy time. In any case, in the early years he and his father were good pals still, and while I was in London he and his father came to Europe for a few weeks, and he called me up. I was in correspondence with him; one of the five or six students I was in correspondence with every year. He said he would like to see us, and I said, "Well, come tonight after theater, because there will be a gathering of people here--Clemence Dane, Larry Olivier, and John Gielgud."

"Oh," he said. "That's wonderful, because I am going to see John Gielgud in Richard II with my father. Then afterwards I'll ditch the old man and come to your party."

That was what happened. He came in, and the three of us had a little host-guest talk. Then he was taken round and presented to everyone. He was a very pleasant, really quite charming, athletic, small American man. Gielgud, being Gielgud, not only met him and I suppose welcomed him (I was out by the door at this stage) but spent most of the evening close to

Lehman: him and sometimes in a duel of talk.

So the long evening went vividly and variously through to the end, and when all the guests left my young friend from the University of California tarried and said to me as he began to say good night, "I'm so sorry Gielgud didn't come."

I said, "For God's sake, you were talking to him all evening."

He said, "That mealy-mouthed fellow unable to pronounce words so you can understand them is Gielgud? Why, in the theater he drops pearls in your ears."

And this is true. Gielgud in private life talks so fast, so mealy-mouthed, that for the most part you have to guess at two words out of every six or seven. But when he got into the theater his diction was the most glorious of our time for a man speaker.

Riess: It's like interesting stories you read of people who are practically crippled offstage and manage to pull themselves to a marvelous height before they walk on.

Lehman: Yes. Ellen Terry, in her last years when she was blind and barely able to see the design that was written on the floor, moved about as though she had complete vision. Or, for that matter, you see that sometimes on campuses.

Anybody who has been chairman of a department has had contact with a member of the staff who is frail or sick or both sick and frail, hardly able to get to the door of the room, but who will put it on energetically, do the fifty minutes in the classroom, and collapse. Professor Durham of the English Department was an example of that. He had bad emphysema in the last years of lecturing, and he lectured in the largest hall in Dwinelle. We had to give him oxygen in the car before taking him into the room and at the end of the hour have the oxygen ready to give him again. In between, nobody in the audience would have thought anything was wrong.

Of course the great classic image that the imagination supplies itself is that of Moliere, dying but playing the performance to the end, taking

Lehman: his bows and going into the dressing room and dying.

Riess: Among all these people who were so involved in Shakespearean acting and acting in general, was conversation mostly about roles?

Lehman: No. Except for Olivier, they were less likely to bring up the point than I was, being the University habit man. I would ask them what certain lines meant to them if it wasn't what I took them to mean. We would talk about interpretations and meanings of lines.

But it wasn't all Shakespeare. We talked about other things in the theater. Edith Evans was gloriously playing in a play by St. John Ervine, and we talked about some things in that. We talked about the difference between America and England; we talked about the difference between our individual ways of life; we talked about performances by other people who weren't in the room that a group had seen at any given time.

Riess: Was it unusual for these people to really verbalize what they meant, or were they used to it?

Lehman: I think all people of the theater divide their time and spend 50 or 60 percent of it talking about the things we all talk about. The rest of it is spent on what they are doing, and this may go down to the actual meaning of a line or gesture.

I remember one actress saying to me when she was playing a queen, "Do you think I ought to move that hand earlier?" This is a highly selective gesture, as a man in a university might say, "I never know whether to begin my lecture at five minutes after ten-after, or just at ten-after and let the latecomers do as they can."

I don't see any difference. There is some shop talk and a lot of not-shop talk. You talk about what you've been reading, you play games, wonderful games, sometimes charades or verbal games.

That all led to other things. At a later time, when I was spending three or four months in New York, we had a gathering. Helen Hayes, a woman I have

Lehman: known very well since Montalvo days in the 1920s (I knew her almost as a girl), and I were talking about how many English actors there were in New York--Bea Lillie, the Oliviers, Gielgud, and dozens of others. I said, "We ought really to give a party."

She said, "I will, at Nyack." Nyack was the location of her beautiful house, where she and MacArthur, her husband, lived. So we had a great gathering--I think we must have been 30 people--a great dinner with five or six tables, with talk before, talk during, and games afterwards. Then a few of us withdrew up to MacArthur's study for literary talk.

Once you're in that, these personalities don't seem so striking; that is, you begin to take them for granted. If I had ever met Duse, for instance, in the early Twenties, when I was following her performances around Europe, it would have been a kind of towering experience. For many people, to meet Olivier or Gielgud or Judith Anderson or Helen Hayes would be that. But it was not really; they are just other human beings with other crafts, crafts which you know something about.

I ought to add the fact that this experience stood me in very good stead when, a few years later, the University asked me to create a Department of Dramatic Art. It helped me, since I had known a good many directors, lighting people, and set designers, to judge the men and women who after a while proved themselves able to create the department, which is now on a much larger scale than it was then envisioned but which has the qualities and is recognized by the people who direct it as a continuation of what we started in a very small way. That was all benefited by these various experiences.

Riess: Do you have any ideas what the rewards were for these English actors on tour?

Lehman: It's partly that the theater is international where the language is one, so that to play in England, Scotland, Ireland, Australia, or New Zealand was possible. Judith Anderson did make an Australian trip; she was born down there in Adelaide, and she went back. Where the language is one language, in

Lehman: the English-speaking world, the theater is really international.

There was a great tradition of Shakespearean and Restoration theater in London. We didn't have in this country in this century a great tradition of speaking Shakespeare's language. That is first a matter of speaking blank verse. It is secondly a matter of speaking a language that is heightened without ceasing to be common, and it is thirdly a matter of knowing how to wear costumes of another era, to be at home in dress that is not modern dress, for though one or two Shakespearean productions were made in modern dress, for the most part they are costumed as in the past.

The American tradition of Shakespearean theater dwindled when Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern retired, or perhaps I should say it ended then and dwindled in the last years. Julia Marlowe had been well trained. Sothern had been badly trained but did have a sense of blank verse. There were other people, like Lewis, James, and Robert Mantell, but these people's way of playing Shakespeare, of speaking the lines, of wearing the costumes, and of making the non-modern gesture that goes with the costumes and another era, was all tainted by the grandiloquence, way back, of people like McCready and three or four other Shakespearean actors, Americans, in the nineteenth century. Apparently Booth was not one of those, but Booth died in the early nineties. His way of speaking those plays--I only know this by hearsay, of course--was right but vanished.

In England, Henry Irving still had some of the old nineteenth century grandiloquence, but people around him had not. They were simple and authentic and did have the feel of the language and the other era. The woman I just mentioned as being blind, Ellen Terry, clearly read nobly and grandly, but not grandiloquently in the Shakespearean roles.

To come back to your question, England wanted to pick up somewhere in the second or third decades of the century the best of all that, and the Old Vic was the product of that return. It was a very, very rigorous schooling. One of our students from the Dramatic Art Department at Berkeley went to join the

Lehman: Old Vic school nearly twenty years ago, and when I said at the end of six months (we were corresponding), "What are you doing?", he said, "Well, I'm still learning to walk."

How to walk on a stage, how to wear out shoe leather, how to go out through a door so that the room on the other side is created in the onlooker's mind, how to go out so that a garden is created through that gate--all of these things the Old Vic bothered about. And it bothered about how you said a single phrase. They would take two beginners in the voice course, and one of them would say Macbeth's, "But if we fail." Then Lady Macbeth says, "We fail." Now there are 500,000 ways of saying it, and they would use them all, until they got the voice to the point where it could do anything.

These people came to America where they could illustrate their techniques. They were famous on that side; they got a great deal of publicity in the American press; they could illustrate for us. Then the two were put together. Gielgud was brought over to play Hamlet; Horatio was brought over; the king was brought over. But an Australian woman who has never been an American citizen, even now, Judith Anderson, who is a Dame in the scale of things in England, played the queen. An American girl played Ophelia. But in any case, we put them together. Sometimes whole companies came, and in later times Olivier brought his whole company. He showed how he played Greek tragedies and was enthusiastically received.

Riess: Who comprised the teaching staff at the Old Vic?

Lehman: Older actors.

Riess: But weren't older actors bound to be part of the grandiloquent tradition?

Lehman: Sometimes, and sometimes not. There were older actors and special teachers of speech, people who had made a business of it. For instance, a man or a woman may be a great teacher of voice and voice possibilities without having what it takes to go on the stage, which is presence, the power of turning on and opening out the magnetic field.

Lehman: McClintic, Katherine Cornell's husband, was one of the most astonishing vocalists in this special sense and indeed a great suggestor of physical positions and gestures, but he had no magnetism. He was a marvelous director of theater in my view. Katherine Cornell was a gifted woman, but her very high place in the theater was really projection from McClintic. I've seen him at work; he directed Judith in a number of things. He couldn't do anything on the stage; he had no magnetism at all. Dozens of members of the Berkeley faculty in the lecture room have far more magnetism than Guthrie McClintic had. This is what the Old Vic did. It got the people for teaching who had the vocal skills, the plastic skills and who couldn't have careers in theater except of this kind, who couldn't go out before the footlights and make the house vibrate by just being there.

Riess: Olivier is amazingly versatile.

Lehman: He could really do anything; he's a craftsman, an absolute craftsman.

Helen Hayes, with a very limited palate, was a marvelous craftswoman in the theater. Her Queen Victoria went from a girl of seventeen to an old lady of eighty in one afternoon. We would see her take all of this stuff off of her face after the performance--jowls, wrinkles--and yet going through it again and again because she knew how to make the eyes or one gesture, not too often but not too rarely during the performance, speak for everything. This is craftsmanship by exclusion. It is also craftsmanship by inclusion of bearing, gesture, intonation, eye movement.

Helen Hayes was wonderful in the wheelchair scene for the Jubilee, just before she was wheeled out to the balcony to hear the crowds. She straightened herself up a little bit, and this little bit made her arthritis hurt. For an old lady conserving her energy by doing nothing but move eyes and lips for a little while, this hurt, and she said, "Ooh," and the hand went down. This vivified retroactively the last several minutes and the next several.

It is of all these things that our own little theater in Berkeley, our enterprise on campus in

Lehman: Wheeler Auditorium when we had nothing else, was the beneficiary.

Riess: This acting is a much more studied thing than I had ever imagined.

Lehman: They work very hard.

Riess: I mean the attention to detail, taking care of one's own costume rather than letting someone else handle it.

Lehman: There is a little of both. If you are a walk-on, you put on what you are told to put on, and you walk the way the director or the assistant director says and at the moment he specifies. If he says, "Come in on the '-er' of the word follower," you don't come in on the "-low-" of follower. Timing is all. But for those who have achieved attention to costume, a refusal to take the designer's word is a part of what it's about. There are long years of hard work even where there is notable talent. Edwin Forrest and McCready and people of the nineteenth century apparently were much less studious of their craft than is the modern theater.

Geraldine Page, for instance, is not only a great vibrant figure of the theater; her sense of her resources and her skill in underplaying, which is really only using the fewest possible means to make the greatest possible effect, are highly refined. Anyone can blow up a storm by raging, but to blow up a storm by three or four gestures and one phrase of intonation is an achievement.

Riess: One thing which you must have brought to the Dramatic Arts Department was a sense of the importance of all the aspects of theater rather than just a few.

Lehman: Yes, but we had to keep them all simple, because that was the condition under which we were operating.

# THE DEPARTMENT OF DRAMATIC ART

## Getting it Started

Lehman: Toward the end of the Thirties there came in the University a concern about the arts. Professor Stephen Pepper had, against great resistance, really, created the Department of Art and made it a department not only of the history of painting and sculpture, but of the practice of painting and sculpture. (We already had story writing and even poetry in the Department of English.) It came then to be seen that if you could have people painting and sculpting and writing short stories, you ought to have people acting, writing plays, trying them out, directing, making scenery. In any case, Stephen Pepper's view was that you should have and he bedeviled Deutsch and Sproul, Vice-president and President, until they set up a committee.

Well, around the University, whenever you propose anything you end up being chairman of the committee. Stephen was chairman and the committee was W. H. Durham, who was the professor who taught the history of drama in the English Department and B. H. Lehman. Why Lehman? I wouldn't know, unless it was that I had married an actress and might thus be supposed to have some special knowledge of the theater.

Riess: Was Professor Pepper's thinking about this an outgrowth of his Arts Club? Were you a member of that group?*

Lehman: No, I was never a member of it because I avoided such things. I suppose it was part that, but I think it was really an outgrowth of his sense of what the academic community should be: The University should be creative in all its modes and if a scientist

---

*Pepper, Stephen Coburn, Art and Philosophy at the University of California, 1919 to 1962, Berkeley, California, 1963.

Lehman: went into a laboratory, a person interested in painting went into a studio; that seemed to be Pepper's view. It was a conception and it was a very good one.

Anyway the three of us were the whole committee, a small committee and we finally decided that there should be a Department of Dramatic Art. I think they still use on the program--they did a little while ago--a few sentences I wrote from that report, saying that it was "dedicated to the study of and the presenting of the best drama of all ages and all cultures" or whatever. I've forgotten just how it was phrased. In any case, Stephen had said, "Well, now, sketch in what you want to see in the report." And then we put it all together and these few sentences stuck.

The result of that was some weeks later, when we were at the end of the spring semester, there was a message for me to call Dr. Deutsch's secretary and I did. She said Deutsch wanted to see me so I went over and he said "I want to ask you to undertake the creation of the Department of Dramatic Art."

"For God's sake, why?"

And he said, "Well, there is this very clear statement of what it should be, and Stephen says you wrote it." So it was as chancy as that. I didn't want to do it, but I did.

Riess: Really, why do you think you got on the committee in the first place?

Lehman: Well, I couldn't see why unless it was because of my marriage to Judith Anderson, and because of the rumor that I had written most of "Family Portrait." I had helped her with some suggested revisions in it, you see, because it had to be done several times before she played it in New York, and we talked a great deal about it. I don't know how these things get going.

Riess: Had you been close to Professors Durham or Pepper?

Lehman: I had been very close to Stephen Pepper. We worked together on many creative projects, small though, nothing that became as big as this. And Durham was my office mate and close friend.

Riess: Well then, Pepper probably suggested the committee names rather than Deutsch or Sproul, do you think?

Lehman: I think he may have, but they are always referred to the Committee on Committees in cases of that sort, I think. I'm not sure how that was done, I never inquired.

In any case what we have is the beginning of that enterprise. It was late in the term. We were supposed to do it next year. It was too late to review the field to find good people. It was also very difficult because the students had an acting group. ASUC had a dramatic enterprise, you see, which they didn't want to relinquish and which, indeed, for three years or two, they kept running side by side with ours.

At first we accepted the ASUC group, and there was some question as to whether the man who was directing, employed by the ASUC, should be taken in, but I wouldn't have anything to do with that. So we really didn't have very much, but it happened that there had come by here the son of the great Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler. He had been here and lectured and I had met his father once. As a matter of fact, way back in 1925 I was in Vienna as a delegate of P.E.N. from the Pacific Coast to Thomas Mann's fiftieth birthday and there was a big reception at Dr. Schnitzler's house, so I had seen his father and the son was a European much engaged in the theater. And he had no official post. He went out and did things ad hoc, you know; they invited him to come and produce a play or give some lectures. So Schnitzler was available.

Then I went out to see a performance at Diablo Country Club which had been directed by Fred Harris, and though it was a bad, stiff performance, I had the intuition that this was because of the kind of people that he had in the club. So I talked to Harris at some length and thought, "Well, he could come to us for a year," and that proved to be a stroke of genius, for Harris is one of the most creative men in the University, with a very remarkable sense of theater. His history was that he had begun as an architect and as an architect with various interests he had gone, I think in Portland, to a little theater group saying, "Can I help make scenery?" And in that

Lehman: group, apparently, was Mary Harris, his wife, and after they were married she sort of drew him into the theater or opened the theater to him. They worked in Hollywood and they worked in New York with Ouspenskaya.

In any case, I administered, I fought the battles for budget, I took the risks if somebody had to be appointed. But the vision and the genius for the theater was Fred Harris's and it should be recognized. He always very generously says otherwise but this is not true. The truth is that he had a perfect combination of gifts, for teacher-student relations, for director-player relations, for director-actor relations. And though he did not at the start have a full sense of the play as a whole so that when the curtain went up on the first performance I could sit there and say, "This is right, everything for the play, nothing for the actors, nothing for individual actors, nothing for the director, there are no vanities, there is all subordination and inflow to a total effect"--he didn't have that at the beginning and he didn't at the beginning have enough literary experience to know where to look in the play for the key to the central effect to which all these other things could inflow, you see, he got on to it fast.

I can remember sitting after a run-through of the play--that would be about two weeks before production early in the first year--I had sat through it all, I had made my notes, and then we went over and had a cup of coffee to talk it over. And he said, "What do you think?"

I said, "Well, it's very charming but what in God's name is it all about? What does it mean? Where is the center?" I could just see the scales fall from his eyes. This is what he hadn't had. It hadn't occurred to him you had to have it, he hadn't seen it.

He moved on to some of the most audacious and successful things I've ever seen in the theater. The _Lear_, for instance, the _Oedipus_ plays in the Greek Theatre, there are a dozen or twenty things that are really memorable forever to the people who saw them. The first performance of _Lear_ was sold

Lehman: out to the people who were sent to see Shakespeare or who never missed Shakespeare. After that there would be two or three hundred who couldn't get in. Then we always had this fight.

We gave six or eight performances two weekends, and when we got a success like Lear that's good for the community, the question becomes shall we give a third weekend? I never allowed that because the actors in the play are students in the University and three weekends, especially if you're doing a major role, can wreck a whole semester. You can't do that to your students, though there was heavy pressure for it, you know. We did charming collaborative things like the Dido and Aeneas with good musical direction and exquisite Baroque theater design and performance.

Riess: Did you have professionals ever?

Lehman: No, that all came later. I wouldn't have any. Even the use of members of the faculty was largely developed later.

I might add parenthetically that Harris's wife, Mary, was extremely useful to us in the days when the staff was small and our enterprises exigent--the productions of Lear, Dido and Aeneas. She was not only full of suggestions, she was willing to work with gifted students privately and without reward. If a student had almost everything he needed to play a role but one thing was missing, she would work with him to get that thing out. She was very good on voice training.

I was in there only a few years, just to get it started. But you know what is needed to get it started is not someone who knows anything about dramatic art, but somebody who knows how to work the University, how to call up the President's secretary and get in to see the President, this is what's needed and this is what you learn gradually. It was never a question.... Oh, sooner or later the thing would have done itself and it went very fast because I had access, knew how to get access, which secretary to call and what hours she's on duty. And then, of course, there were other things, I had certain advantages. I was on the Budget Committee in the

Lehman: later years of that time. All of these things had led the Committee on Committees to say, well, let's try him out there.

Riess: And you had gotten to be a personal friend of Sproul's and Deutsch's anyway?

Lehman: Well, everybody was on first name terms. I don't know what you mean by personal friend.

Riess: I'm sure that there are plenty of people in the University who didn't feel that they could come up and--

Lehman: Well, Sproul always called me by my first name, from way back. He had abundant warmth. But when I went in to him as President to talk of anything, whether for the Budget Committee later or now for Dramatic Art, I said, "Mr. President." If I saw him in the Faculty Club I called him by his first name.

He was very good. I went in and said, "Now what do you want done in this thing? What's your vision of it?"

"My vision of it is what you're going to tell me."

And another time, "How do you want this done?"

"I want you to tell me how I want it done." Very open in those ways, and he never went out on a limb, which is part of the same thing.

Riess: Did you ever consider inviting any of the theater people that you knew to come and do half a year with the Dramatic Arts Department to get them associated with the campus?

Lehman: Do you mean any of the great figures in the theater?

Riess: Yes.

Lehman: Well, the great figures weren't available. This new spreading and deepening of resources of money has come since then. They are now building. Travis Bogard invites a world famous director for half a year, a great Greek director for six weeks.

Lehman: We had something very different to do. We had to make a University department out of what had been an ASUC student enterprise. It took several years to convince the ASUC that they could have fun with their productions, but that they weren't the Department of Dramatic Art. This was a slow process with one or two clashes, but for the most part it went smoothly although it took time. Then we did find in Harris a man of theater and we wanted a man who wasn't an empire builder.

We didn't want at that stage, and I don't think they do now, to duplicate what Kenneth Macgowan, my Harvard classmate, was doing at UCLA. This is a school of the theater. This was to be a University department, and originally we said, "No Ph.D.'s, just the M.A. program." Now that's been amplified. We had no theater except the Greek Theatre, and there we put on a few performances--unforgettable things--but mostly we used Wheeler Auditorium. We were exploring the possibilities of the resources at hand; we were not asking for money to build theaters at that stage, although before I left the Building Development Program chairmanship we were planning the theater that is now being built. We didn't make a great University occasion of it when anybody came by who was free to come and talk with the students; we made an evening in Tamalpais Road.

The idea was that the Department of Art, Painting, and Sculpture, and the Department of Dramatic Art would be openers for undergraduates and perhaps for graduate students to possibilities in their own talents in their own lives. So we would take students who had no experience of theater at all, and very often they became very good. We would try them in a small part, put them in a larger one, and finally put them in Hamlet or Lear.

You have to keep another thing in mind in this connection. There were large groups of University men, and therefore large segments of University power, that thought this should not be done at all. This has all changed in the last thirty years; they thought that you couldn't teach art or dramatic art to people and that it was a waste of University resources.

Riess: These were the people whose power receded in about 1936 with what was called the 1936 Revolution?

Lehman: It began at about that time, but there were similar things happening all through the country. Yale brought George Pierce Baker down. Harvard let him go. He had started to direct plays at Harvard and Radcliffe. He began as a professor of argumentation; he moved on to become the professor of the history of the theater, of drama and plays. Then he began doing some little productions. He had a writers' workshop; Eugene O'Neill went there. (O'Neill said he didn't learn anything, but he was there, and he had a chance to write.) Harvard thought very ill of this.

The same thing was true of music. Spalding was an assistant professor of music at Harvard who never got anywhere, I think. So departments of music--and California set the pace here in Berkeley with music rather than with dramatic art or painting--departments of music and the arts were all out. Where they were put in, they were the history of music. There was great fear that these people would begin to compose music or direct it. Now that has all changed, whether for the better or not may be a question.

Riess: Was there just a general enlightenment around the country, or was there anything more specific?

Lehman: I couldn't say; I have no idea where it started. Baker tried the first such in a major university, and he was so unhappy (though he was a nephew of Charles William Eliot's wife and therefore related to the family that administered Harvard until 1909) at what developed in Abbott Lawrence Lowell's time that he went down to Yale. No Harvard man had ever done that. He went because they gave him a theater which some graduate who was interested had given to Yale.

He was out here in the early 1920s. He had been a teacher of mine; he came to dine and said practically what I've said--that they didn't really want it up there in Cambridge. He went down to New York for theater and was said to be slighting classes. Professors leave the University for weeks at a time now on such

Lehman: enterprises and nobody thinks anything of it. In those days it was horrible. As far as I know, he was the first in a major university. Small universities put this kind of thing in; new colleges like Bennington which were just springing up put it in.

Then, suddenly, it flowered. Pepper had, on the national scale, a great deal to do with it.

But I do believe there is a groundswell. I believe this in politics, I believe this in connection with spending policy, the economic situation and so on. I believe it also with respect to culture manifestations on the art front. There is a groundswell, why?--who knows?--sun spots. And if you have something that suddenly becomes terribly alive, like the Harris productions at UC, then some of the people who were in there went out and started their theaters. There were three or four little groups that did. And then everybody's doing it. So maybe what went on at Berkeley is part of the groundswell, I don't know.

Riess: Sometimes a small technical advance, like color photography in advertising, can make the breakthrough.

Lehman: Yes, and it may well be that two things operated in this theater area: one, the exploring of simpler techniques of production, the kind of thing which we may have contributed to in Wheeler Hall--no back entrance, just those side entrances. The simpler means of production and, then, better and cheaper lighting equipment.

## Pre-Department History of Theater in the Bay Area

Riess: Let's go back and get some of the history of dramatic arts at the University and in the Bay Area.

Lehman: We began about 1923 a Little Theater on Allston Way in an old church, with many people giving energy and thought, and with some support in small sums from ordinary people and in larger sums from Elizabeth

Lehman: Ellis. Irving Pichel was the chief center of that, though Everett Glass was also involved, I think as producer. And many members of the faculty enacted roles in the plays, and sometimes very good actors from Hollywood came up to take a role. I was a member of the budget committee for that along with Harrison Robinson, an Oakland attorney.

Riess: Was this related at all to the theater which had grown up around the Greek Theatre?

Lehman: Only in the sense that Irving Pichel had been with Sam Hume in the Greek Theatre enterprise, which somehow didn't develop much. They did a performance every year, more or less, some very interesting ones, energetically done. Pichel played in those; sometimes he assisted Sam Hume in the direction. It was fringe University. It was not a University activity, but University people, members of the faculty, and students played in the productions.

Irving Pichel was in love with theater. His moving later into the motion picture world and directing and acting was only the natural flowering of his love.

Riess: Was he from this University?

Lehman: No, he was not. He was from the East; whether he went to Harvard or not for awhile, I cannot remember. I think he was in Pittsburg for awhile at the Carnegie. He was of a beguiling temperament and "projected" in the way of the gifted actor. A vibration was set up in the auditorium.

The history of theater at the University is very curious. There had been earlier in the second decade of the century a good deal of activity at the Greek Theatre under a member of the English Department, William Dallam Armes. Margaret Anglin and others came in those days. Also under the leadership of James Turney Allen of the Department of Greek, productions were given in Greek, in the Greek Theatre. I don't think they were very good in a true sense of what theater can be. I think Allen tended to overemote, and he himself played the great roles, but they satisfied an interest and a curiosity. A man like Professor Ivan Linforth,

Lehman: who is still living, in retirement, could fill in facts here.

In any case the Greek Theatre was in the early years the center, and was still used in the early twenties under the direction of Hume with the assistance of Pichel. Then there were some student plays, directed either by students or by people that the students employed. But the enterprise on Allston Way, the conversion of the church into a theater and the producing of plays that wouldn't ordinarily be seen, or students wouldn't undertake, this with the backing of Harrison Robinson and Elizabeth Ellis and a few others, was a small-scale enterprise of considerable moment, really, for it kept certain things alive that had begun to die.

Riess: What do you mean?

Lehman: Interest in the theater, interest in doing, in being part of, a community theater in the special sense that one acted or helped make sets, or was a prompter, or wrote the publicity, or called friends and asked them to take tickets, and so on.

Riess: What sort of playwrights did this theater act?

Lehman: We had a play by L.N. Andreyeu, He Who Gets Slapped, and A Kiss for Cinderella, by Barrie, and a Galsworthy play, and I think perhaps Gorki's Lower Depths--plays of that sort. There was a certain sense of frontier, breaking over conventional margins, not just doing Broadway successes.

Riess: I noticed that in the Twenties Sam Hume was giving drama courses in the English Department.

Lehman: He may have been giving some in 1920-21, I think, he was not after that. Walter Morris Hart found that he was superficial, perhaps erratic.

Riess: I wondered why these things were taught in the English Department rather than in the public speaking department where the rest of dramatic art was taught.

Lehman: There were no clean-cut lines in those earlier days. We had had public speaking in the department. Before 1920 it was pushed out and made a separate department.

Lehman: We had journalism in the department when I came here; that went out the next year under Raymond. Public speaking had gone out under Flaherty. These extrusions to set up new entities were part of a growing institution, the process of growth in such an institution. We got rid of public speaking, journalism, and then dramatic art.

At the time there was no reason for getting rid of dramatic art; if there was no theater, you could teach the art of drama in the English Department as you could teach it in French or German or Greek. It was only when, under Dr. Pepper's strong recommendation and urging, it was discovered that other schools were moving in that direction, that we considered it seriously. There was not much theater anymore, although there had once been, in San Francisco. We thought there ought to be some experience in the theater for growing, humanistic intelligences. The students had always wanted it and they had had student performances. They employed their own drama coaches, directors.

The reason for making that a separate entity was that it involves so many different things. For instance it involves the use of a theater, which means the use of scenery, which means the making of scenery, which means the designing of scenery. It involves the use of lights, which means electrical engineering and similar disciplines. It involves costumes, which means the designing and making of costumes. It means the building up of a reserve, which we immediately began to do, of costumes as things that can be actually worn, but more often as examples of what people actually wore in 1900 or 1880. English as a field of study needs books in a library, blank paper, pencils, or typewriters. Drama needs something else, if you make it more than the study of what is on the page operating in the imagining mind.

Riess: This idea probably could have come to pass if, for instance, von Neumayer had cared...?

Lehman: Von Neumayer was a wonderful fellow. He had a deep love of theater and a true insight, but he was not an energetic, creative, and administrative temperament. So one play every year or two years was what he

Lehman: produced. The long elaborate preparation of it in the classroom and out and the long polishing of every intonation created subtleties and perfections which would go by the average member of an audience unobserved, though perhaps not without influence on that average member. To get what was effective theater was quite a different thing and quite alien to his temperament.

It was not alien to Sam Hume's or to Irving Pichel's, but there was a certain amount of razzle-dazzle in their approach which was not grounded at all in preliminary disciplines. As a department of painting has some sense of the history of painting, a department of dramatic art ought to have some sense of the history of drama. This was not present in their view. They read and were excited by a work and wanted to put it on. They did not care whether the student was trained as long as he was effective, so that they fell into the kind of thing that later came to be called type-casting. They would get somebody who could play a part just by being himself; whereas, we wanted every person in the cast to be capable of playing every one of the parts, to be an actor in short.

Riess: Sam Hume left as you were coming to the University.

Lehman: He was just being gradually moved out.

Riess: For personal reasons?

Lehman: I never knew what the personal reasons were except as they were involved in the kind of razzle-dazzle temperament that he had.

Riess: Professor Pepper spoke of a committee under President Campbell to decide on his dismissal.

Lehman: I do not know what the details were. Certainly there was the Mary Morris business and then someone else, but we had had that sort of thing before.

I thought Hume's 1920 production of the second part of Henry IV was very good, but he used people like Irving Pichel on the stage, as at a later time in one performance a year, the Department of Dramatic Art often used the wives or the members of the

Lehman: department to show what the semi- or modified professional performers could be. In Dramatic Art, we had a very different idea originally. It's a little more elaborate now, but still the same idea--good theater.

Riess: After Sam Hume left, what happened to theatrical activity?

Lehman: It was all in the hands of the students with an occasional performance directed by von Neumayer.

Riess: What were the English Club activities?

Lehman: I knew less about those than Professor Pepper. I never was a member of the club though I spoke at a banquet or two.

Riess: They did dramatic work.

Lehman: They did a play every year and they hired someone. Then that got absorbed into the ASUC program.

## The Years as Chairman

Riess: As the Dramatic Arts Department went on in the few years that you were chairman, the play production course taught by Mrs. Sarah Sturgess was gotten rid of. What did it mean that a production course was eliminated?

Lehman: The two people in the Department of Public Speaking who dealt with plays were Sarah Sturgess and von Neumayer. Von Neumayer had just retired when we started Dramatic Art; he had been out a year.

Sarah Sturgess was still there. She was not competent to give a production course; she was just a show-off, an exhibitionist, with a charming voice and some personal force. She was untrained; she had an A.B. or affected to have one, I never knew. In those days these things were not always certain. I went to visit one or two of her classes, and I made opportunities for myself to talk to people who took them. It was obvious; it was patchouli; it was

Lehman: dreadful stuff. So it was a question of retiring her.

When I went to look at her biography in the files where age is given, I saw that she still had seven or eight years to go. That would have meant, since she had been there so long, that the University would have had to fork out maybe a considerable sum to get rid of her. But we had to get rid of her, she was in the way of somebody who would really do the job.

At that moment, the accounting office asked the retirement office to get a birth certificate from everybody, so that everybody would retire honestly, that being a very important actuarial factor in setting up the retirement system of pensions. Her certificate showed she had taken eight to ten years off her age. As soon as we had the true age, we could retire her. [Laughter] I confronted her with this. "Sarah." (I had never called her Sarah before but since this was going to be a terrible blow, I thought I'd better be sweet and friendly.) She laughed like a fool, "And didn't I get away with it," said she. So Sarah was out.

We were then free to begin to look around. We were not wanting to imitate a department of theater as Kenneth Macgowan was developing at UCLA. We wanted an academic discipline. But at that stage we were not trying to build up a major enterprise. We thought of it as a comparatively small academic opportunity for undergraduates of certain aptitude. I think we succeeded in making that kind of department, but it was not easy to find the people to do it. Fred Harris' special gifts and some others conspired to bring about a really vivid creative thing so that we had good theater, wonderful productions, giving great opportunity to students who worked on the production and those who acted in the production. It gave also an opportunity to the University community to see the plays and to see what students could do. This is as far as we ever intended to go at that stage. Now, of course, there are new men, new visions, and that is as it should be. They are going beyond that. They have the doctorate and all these things which I was not for, at least, which I was not for at that stage.

Riess: Was not your job as chairman to bring in new men?

Lehman: There was no staff at all. My job was to bring in somebody. Sam Hume lived in Berkeley, but he was long since out of it. Everett Glass lived in Berkeley, and he had been involved earlier with ASUC, but he was not the type. Sarah Sturgess was not; von Neumayer was retired. So it meant finding people. There was Schnitzler who came and then went to UCLA because he was a professional theater man and was trying to turn this into a professional activity. People that we brought from time to time, like Bassage for a year or two, were always invited with the understanding that it might come to something but that it might only be brief also. We moved people on very fast if you look through the roster for the first years.

Riess: Would top people come here at that point?

Lehman: They would come only if you would set them up with a budget of $150,000, and in those days that was a lot of money. We were operating on a budget of twelve or fifteen thousand.

Riess: Alan Thompson was another department member?

Lehman: That was another of the complications. He had a passion for these matters. He was elsewhere and he wanted to be <u>it</u> in Dramatic Art. He was terribly hurt by not being invited to create the thing. But he was a man of cut-and-dried ideas and attitudes, and they had been cut-and-dried before his time, they had shriveled. He was a nice guy.

First, he wasn't asked to be chairman; Deutsch asked me to do it after talking to Sproul. Then I did not ask him to come right in and sit as co-chairman and find the people, because after I had talked with him a couple of times, talks that he initiated, I felt his view did not have the future in it. I could not see that this was seedbed stuff. Nonetheless, it was his passion. He was writing about the drama, so he had to be included for a little while, and it became really very difficult. All administration is a combination of tact and murder, of course, and I did not know which way that resolved itself. Then occurred his sudden, unexpected and fatal illness; within a few months he was dead. It

Lehman: solved these problems that might not have been solved. Then there was all kinds of sorrow. He had a family and he himself had looked forward to life. It was really very sad. That is how that was, or at least how it looked to me.

Riess: What happened after that?

Lehman: I went around the country twice, interviewing people everywhere, and gradually we put together a workable group. Then I had more than I could do, with the Budget Committee which involved consultation, and the University Education and Welfare policy groups.

I could not foresee that Harris would not move fast enough in getting rid of people, but I got on so well with him that we were really of one feel for the whole thing. It grew so fast, and he was so marvelous with the students that it seemed to me he could do it, and he did somehow. Once, later, after I had retired, I went back to the University as administrator of the department for one semester because Harris, in a dozen years, had never had a sabbatical, and he was exhausted. So the Harrises went away and I ran the department from here [Saratoga] and went up twice or three times a week.

Then he retired from the chairmanship, and he had not brought in anyone who could succeed him, which I think is always a first obligation. As administrator you train your successors. But he didn't, so they went to the English Department again and picked out Travis Bogard. They could not have done better.

## Benjamin Lehman and the Theater

The curious and, for the record, relevant thing is that the theater as such never interested me as much as simply reading a book. I was interested in the theater first on the purely human grounds. My father, as a boy and as a young man, had been the beau of Blanche Walsh. She was a New York girl, obviously of Irish extraction, whose father was

Lehman: warden of the Tombs Prison. My father got to know her in his New York boyhood, and he was infatuated with her.

In later years, when she was a world-famous emotional actress and came on tour into the West and I was a little boy, we saw her when she played in Missoula, Montana, or Spokane, Washington, and once in Wallace, Idaho on a one-night stand. I, goggle-eyed at thirteen at the great actress, set a pattern. Twice later in my life I had extended relations, once a marriage, with women of the theater, actresses. This gave some people the impression that I "was nuts" about the theater, which I never was in the sense that Irving Pichel was. I never wanted to direct a play, although I got involved in it. My first interest was purely personal. I went to see good plays, but then, I read good books and I went to see good paintings. It was like that. The accident that I was on the committee with Pepper and Durham to recommend the setting up of dramatic art led into my being asked to do the job, and since I had been doing jobs one after another, I undertook that in turn.

Riess: I imagined this as a strong parallel interest all these years.

Lehman: It was an interest when I could little afford them back in the 1920s. I never had a passion for theater as I have a passion for black-and-white drawings or etchings--never. I've never had a passion for theater the way I've had a passion for gardens. I liked good productions, but I know people who go to anything in theater just because there is a proscenium arch or a stage in the center for theater in the round. They just go to anything because it's theater. I could have more fun reading a play, and I didn't read very many at that.

Riess: You never wanted to direct a play?

Lehman: No. I had directed two or three plays, again at the request of the chairman of the department when I taught at Washington State College. I had acted a very little at Harvard as an undergraduate, walk-on parts. At the University of Idaho, where I taught from 1911-1914, I played Saranoff in Arms and the Man,

Lehman: and Orlando in As You Like It in the undergraduate productions in which the faculty members (I was only 21) also took part. When I went to Washington State College at Pullman in 1914, Bruce McCulley, later professor at Pomona, was then chairman of the department there and said, "Let's put on Everyman." Someone else directed it. The next year he wanted to try Hamlet and asked me to direct it. I directed it and played Hamlet, and we barnstormed for six weeks through all the small communities in Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. This seemed to me about the same quality of special interest that attach to my taking a sleeping bag, knapsack, and going off for a weekend in the hills with four or five fellows taking a forty mile hike. It's one of the things you do when you are young; that is all I thought about it.

When I found myself confronted with the first steps in creating the Department of Dramatic Art, I had a cumulative background of differing constituents, but no overriding passion. It was something like doing the novel course or building up the Bible course. It all must sound, from the point of view of someone looking back, far more planned and far more ordered than it was. An oral history is good in that it shows that something like chance rather than design informs the progress.

Riess: Things do seem out of perspective in my notes; I get a very dizzying picture of you from them.

Lehman: If you have a picture of me just laying out a thirty or forty year career and moving from thing to thing, even if you cannot think of it as rising from thing to thing [laughter], it is not at all like that. I come of a more or less banking family on both sides, though for a generation it lapsed. It never occurred to me to bother about any financial thing. It never occurred to me to think in terms of investments.

Then suddenly I was in the Budget Committee and discovered this old thing in the family is all at the disposal of the University. It was there all the time, but I never used it. The idea of taking a course in economics in college revolted me. Business administration I would have fled. I lay stress on the chance evolutions, the chance emergences of aptitudes. The result of the work on the Budget

Lehman: Committee is that I've become a raging financier [laughing]. I would not think of beginning the day without the Wall Street Journal.

## RISE OF ADMINISTRATIVE RESPONSIBILITIES

### English Department Curriculum and Comparative Literature Course

Lehman: It seems to me, Mrs. Riess, that it would be of great interest to those who come presently to look back at the history of the University in the decades from 1920 on, to have a record of how one man, looking back, viewed his activity in the administrative and policy-making phases.

I had begun with the idea that I would teach, that I would do nothing else. I had turned away from business, from money-making, and when I found that the University's stipends were not adequate to my needs I gave lectures at San Francisco State College, went out to Mills for a semester of lectures, and augmented my income by really teaching the general public, doing pretty much with them what I did in the classroom in the lecture courses. It was, then, not my intention ever to be caught up in the executive and policy-making aspects of University life. Nonetheless, I was so caught up.

The earliest of these executive responsibilities that I recall was as chairman of a committee of the English Department appointed by Professor Walter Morris Hart to revise the curriculum in English. The curriculum in English had grown hit or miss under or out of the special interests of men like Gayley and it was not foursquare with the training needs of all the students. This first activity could easily be traced in the changes of the programs as shown in the Announcement of Courses for the years between 1921 or '22 and the end of that decade. Anyone so reviewing the announcement of courses should take note of the development of the courses in Shakespeare by Professor Durham first, and the development of the courses in American literature by Professor Whipple first. In any case, a general ferment for a better and more varied, and more comprehensive major program,and also general offering of the department came into being.

Riess: When you came to Berkeley in the beginning of the Twenties the English Department had an enormous catalogue. They taught everything as most English departments do, yet it seemed that few of the people teaching had Ph.D.'s.

Lehman: I would have to look at that catalogue. Cline had a Ph.D., Bronson had one, Farnham had one, Utter did not, Hart had, Kurtz had, Montgomery had, I had. It was a small department of fifteen or sixteen people.

Riess: I'm thinking of the department as early as the catalogue listed "Writing for Business Use" and other courses in 1920.

Lehman: In 1921 we had a committee on the reconstruction of the English Department offerings. English 41A-B was put in; Shakespeare was put in, the junior course; English 1A-B were reconstituted. And because we were on the fringe of the educational world, we had a course called English 1X for those people who had failed the English entrance examination. We didn't tell people who failed the examination that it was their responsibility to pass it; we gave them a course in the University. It was right at that point that Hart was recreating the department.

Riess: Was Bruce a revolutionary in any way? I notice his teaching courses in social ideas and liberal thought in literature.

Lehman: Harold Bruce was another Ph.D. from Yale. He was interested in ideas and he was a liberal, in a sense so moderate that no modern liberal would be struck by this. He was an easygoing, tolerant, compassionate man who wished to pursue these things. His most focused interest was in the history of science in literature, science used in literature. He wrote books on these things. He had been interested in Blake, and Blake opened up a whole series of rebellious, non-conventional and liberating ideas. He was a charming man, married to Walter Morris Hart's half-sister.

Riess: I notice from an early catalogue that you were teaching a variety of courses: the Bible, Milton, Carlyle. Aren't people who teach Milton courses generally Milton scholars?

Lehman: My specialty was supposed to be the nineteenth century, but we always had the feeling that the undergraduate course could be taught by anybody who knew what he was doing. I took it up once when I was asked to, I forget at whose instance. When Merritt Hughes, who was a great Milton scholar and published largely on the field, went to Wisconsin, the chairman said that there was no one else to teach the course and would I do it. That was another couple of years in which I stopped doing what I was doing and studied and read up on the subject. The course grew in those few years. We gave it in Wheeler 11; there were often a couple of hundred people there, I suppose partly because one had a persuasive way of presenting material.

Riess: I know you did. People still talk about it.

Lehman: It's not scholarship, but it is a good assist.

Riess: The Bible course was also very popular.

Lehman: It became very popular. The last years I had to give it in Wheeler Auditorium. The enrollments were six to eight hundred people. There were a lot of visitors. People came once in a hundred times to hear Lehman, the visitors that is. Twenty out of a hundred people would be there to see what a university professor thought about the Bible as literature.

I was chosen for this, again I do not know why. Montgomery came one day and said, "Will you do the Bible next year?"

"I don't know any Hebrew."

"Well, do it without Hebrew for a year and get Popper to give you a little coaching," which I then did so I could read an example or two to show what the sound had been like in the Greek text, in the Latin text, and I could always do the Luther text to show how the German version sounded. I learned a few things, even one or two that are not in the Bible but are derived from it, like the passage I'm told they say as part of the Sabbath service in synagogues. The, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one," which is magnificent in Hebrew.

Lehman: (repeats passage in Hebrew) Do you know it?

Riess: I think I've heard it before at a seder.

Lehman: I went to a seder once, because I have considerable Jewish blood. A great-aunt of my cousin's, Sarah Bieringer, invited me, when I was a freshman in college, to their seder service in the family. We were twenty-odd people at table, magnificent fun.

This kind of thing I got up Hebrew for; beyond that, I read what was there and made my comments on that. The ancient Jews seem to me often mean-spirited and vengeful, cheating--the stories of Jacob for instance, are appalling. You would not think of setting any of those stories up as an example to the young as you talked to them at the lunch table; nor, indeed, until the last few years, if what I read in the press is right, you would not have said to a college student, "Read the life of David and do likewise." [Laughter] So I said what I thought of their morals and made the overall point that if the Jews had not had an incomparable literary talent and an incomparable rabbinical or scholarly learned talent so that they kept the things in mind and handed them down generation after generation, there would be no Jewish religion. It would have gone the way all the others went. It was this incomparable talent!

A consequence, perhaps, of that responsibility of reorganizing the curriculum led to my being asked to organize a course in comparative literature. Professor George Rapall Noyes was the chairman of a committee to develop certain courses and he assigned me the duty of laying out the first course available to freshmen and sophomores. It was natural that Noyes should have been chosen for this. He had been a professor of English. He had been trained in the Greek and Latin classics and he had, in his years in Berkeley, become a student of Russian and the Slavic languages, and was, at the time in question, professor of Russian and Slavic Languages. That course in comparative literature was intended for students who wished to open windows on the whole range of great literature and the cultures out of which great literature arose, from the Old Testament down to contemporary Russian and Scandinavian, French, Italian

Lehman: and German letters.

At Noyes' suggestion I undertook the planning of the course. We had, of course, no faculty in comparative literature. But we had faculties in all the several literatures that would be under review, so that we laid out the course with reference to the available professors, scholars, critics in the several fields and it was my responsibility, first, to plan the course roughly, then to discuss it in committee, then to refine the plan, and finally, in successive months to find in the faculty men who would be willing to come in and lecture.

The result of this was a very stimulating and suggestive review of the literary scholars and critics on the faculty open to any student who chose to enroll in the course. In the best year, as I remember, we had something just under thirty lecturers, each man feeling the challenge of the course, the freshness of it for one thing, and also the competitive success of it. So that in after years, often thirty, thirty-five years later, people who took the course said that it was the most extraordinary experience of their lives to see all these men operate on what is essentially the same thing, the human vision of the human experience rendered through a given personal mind.

Riess: Could you tell me a little more of the organization of this? Was it a one or two semester course?

Lehman: It was a two semester course for six units, and the first lectures were given by men like James Turney Allen, the great specialist on Euripides, and men like Ivan Linforth on Sophocles. We postponed the Bible until we came to the point where the translations would fit in, but did have one earlier lecture on the literature as Hebrew literature.

Riess: And did the men meet together in conference with you to plan this?

Lehman: No. I went to see men, talked about the idea, and what was <u>hoped</u> for, not what was <u>expected</u> ever. [Laughing] You don't do that with senior colleagues. Just what you hope. And the first ones came in, and being, in the case of Allen and Linforth, and George

Lehman: Calhoun, who by the way was the first lecturer on Homer, being men of that capacity they did first rate jobs. Then I would circularize all the people who were going to lecture in the course during the year with a list of who was appearing when for the next month, and men to come later would drop in and hear a lecture, and then we would discuss comparatively what was to be done. I did not ride herd. I dropped in out of interest but never as watchdog, you see, and the whole thing had a really vibrant quality.

Riess: And how was it graded?

Lehman: We had a teaching assistant who operated with me. The examinations were made, after consultation with the individuals. I put together an examination, then asked men to choose among questions, to prefer some if they had preferences, to say whether they thought the examination was too crowded or too skimpy or whatever.

Well, it is obvious that a course like this prospers only as long as somebody is enthusiastically and attentively pursuing the successive small advances and working carefully and tactfully to drop somebody out and put somebody else in. The consequence, since it depends so on one man, is that when, in 1925, I went abroad on half sabbatical, I had to turn it over to someone. That someone was Professor Bruce. He had great charm, great tact, excellent administrative ability, and the course went ahead as it should have gone, but it happened also that Walter Morris Hart, becoming Vice-president of the University, had to give up his very important post, as the Dean of the Summer Sessions, and Bruce became Dean of the Summer Sessions. As Dean he had to give his mind to other more complex and more arduous matters than the course in Comparative Literature. The result of these events, which had nothing to do with the success of the course, was that the course needed revivification when I came back. But, William Popper, who was chairman of the Committee on Committees, greeted me upon my return from Europe with a request that I undertake the chairmanship of the Senate's Committee on the Library.

Riess: This public lecturing that you did....

Lehman: Well, that I found refreshing, you know, because I had no obligation, just to interest and amuse or illuminate, whatever it happened to be. I wasn't educating anybody to measure or to be measured. For instance, for four or five years it was a series at the Women's City Club at 11 o'clock on a Thursday morning and I just went over every Thursday morning for I don't know how long--maybe eighteen, maybe twenty-two weeks. But I think that was more characteristic in those days than now. In any case, that's what I did there.

## The Library Committee

I became chairman of the Library Committee at Popper's request, and there was a large question then: what did a Library, like the Library at the University in Berkeley, set out to do? We needed a review of accumulation policy. Up until that time the Library Committee had been very busy, not on what seemed to me central, but on what seemed to me incidental, making the books comfortably available to faculty and students. So in that period we set out to say what were the main ends.

As early, I think, as 1926 or 1927, we laid out the Pacific Basin, a decade or fifteen years before anybody else in America went hard to work on significant developments for the study of what may be seen as the "great lake" of the future--all these civilizations that rim the Pacific.

We were the beneficiaries of an earlier foresight on the part of a man named Rees, I think, who left a fund with a five thousand dollar a year income which was to be spent for books on the five great civilizations of Asia. So there were already some things there. Also there had been some interested people working on the Japanese and Chinese collections, Edward Thomas Williams and a couple of others teaching in the Oriental areas, and there had accumulated a great many things, hit or miss, in the Library that had not yet been catalogued. Our periodical titles were good only in areas where the

Lehman: University was strong, but if there were sets and series from Tasmania, we didn't have them. No money had been set aside for finding out just what we had and what needed to be filled in. So, that was the first order of business within the general plan of turning to the Pacific Basin. We were on the fringe of it, as well as on the fringe of the Eastern world, and we had better begin.

We set up the idea that this was, at that time, the only great University or potentially great University on this coast, and therefore it was the unavoidable obligation of the University of California in Berkeley--you see UCLA had hardly begun--it was the unavoidable obligation to collect the works for everything from the Maori Civilization up through Australia, Indonesia, Malaysia into Japan and China and on. We set this as a major objective, in spite of the fact that at that time there were very few men on the faculty whose fields these collections would represent. There were one or two people in Chinese and Japanese. There was no one in India's history. There was a little work in the Near East--Popper was a first rate man in Hebrew and also worked in Egyptian, I think, and we used all of these men as advisors.

We also, in those days, had available Indian students--"rag heads," the undergraduates called them. There were a considerable number of students from India, and these were very often graduate students. And so, consulting with them informally we would get clues. We also reviewed the materials in the Library of Congress catalogue and those, I think, at Toronto or Ottawa. There is one very fine collection up there. Well, this was a major thing that occurred to me, and it was strongly backed by two or three other members of the committee and became library policy.

Then in that time we did another thing that I think those looking back might find revealing. The University was very strong, for instance, in sub-tropical agriculture and there had been for some years clamor that we get more of the early books on roses, those being a sub-field. Well, it had occurred to me that with the Huntington Library just beginning there might be a great deal of duplication of different

Lehman: sorts, especially about English Literature and American Literature, and this idea expanded itself to say, "What about the whole coast? Why should we spend a hundred thousand dollars for the early voyages into the Pacific for the Pacific Basin history? If these were available for a specialist, why couldn't the University supply a travel allowance for him to go, for instance, to British Columbia?"

So I went up and down the coast, supported by the administration, with funds made available, and I talked with everybody in libraries from the head of the Huntington Library to the people in the Portland Public Library to the people in the British Columbia libraries. And at British Columbia, I found, they had the voyages. We didn't have to go out and spend all that money for those, there were other things we could fill in. And at Portland in the public library I found a collection on roses that had been given by an early settler who had made a hobby of collecting these things, a collection on roses that I was assured had everything that the great collection in Cairo has except one Arabic book. Why should we have gone ahead with that, you see to get the fringe, difficult things when we could get photostats or give a man a hundred dollars to go up, study them, come back, or borrow them when they weren't too great rarities. So we made an informal grid (which was later much more fully developed and especially in the many campuses of the University, but it began here). We made a small listing of where things were.

Riess: Did this become inter-library loan?

Lehman: No, inter-library loan was set up as soon as the State Teachers College on Vermont in Los Angeles, became part of the University. That is, the inter-library loan from campus to campus, and Davis had always borrowed books from us, you see, and, of course, San Francisco. Then the inter-library loans from Harvard, or Princeton, or Chicago or the Library of Congress, those had always been--well, I don't know how far back that goes, but in my time that had always been. When I was at Harvard in 1917, I remember getting a book from the Union Theological Seminary in New York. The library sent for it, it

Lehman: came, I used it, and they sent it back.

Riess: Useful when you're wanting one book, but when you want a whole area then you go where it is. Was the rest of your committee as vigorous and as interested as you were?

Lehman: Well, you know, you get one or two men who naturally have an enthusiasm about a given thing and help along with it. They all helped very much in finding the gaps in sets and series. Beyond that, they just back you thoroughly and then you have to sit down and do the telephoning or see the people and get it done. That's what the chairman is. Even if the idea originates with a member of the committee, the chairman has to get it done.

When I became chairman, Professor William Popper, who was chairman of the Committee on Committees, sent for me one day and said, "What should we do about the Library?" After a year on the committee I had been churning rebellion at the things seven members of the faculty wasted their time on in two-hour meetings, how to cut down the delivery interval for a book for a freshman, and I poured it out. At the end of an hour he said, "You're chairman next year; do these things." [Laughter] I started, in a rudimentary way, The Friends of the Bancroft Library, and started a five-year plan of development, accessions, and fill-ins.

And we made another change in what seemed to me to be the development of the collection. It had been the practice to order every book individually, to decide about it and order it. Instead, with the cooperation of a great many members of the faculty we set up a list which has been brought up to date, a list of contemporary writers all of whose works should be gotten for a university library, regardless of what the critics said about them at any given moment. Before that, you see, if it interested the Librarian, or a professor of English, they got this book of Gertrude Atherton's--but that one, they didn't care about getting. Edith Wharton, Dreiser, it was piecemeal buying. So now there was an authentic list in the accession department several hundred long of contemporary writers in several languages, and there was a special fund set up so

Lehman: that it didn't come out of department budgets. Those things were ordered by a carefully-trained librarian assistant whenever they were published.

Then we also in those days made a review of the rare books that shouldn't be out on the shelves, such as a first-folio edition of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, which is very hard to get, right out on the open shelves where anybody could walk off with it.

Another innovation was that whenever we got a new man in any area we set up a special fund. "Go through our collections in your field and say what they need, and draw on this fund." Where the collections were strong, as in the classics, we might give a man $500--which was a good deal of money in those days. Where they were weak we might give him $1500 or $2000, and say, "Now draw on this until you have filled what you think are our gaps." We began then to use the interest, special knowledge and the enthusiasm of individuals in building the Library. I was in later years told by both Hart and Deutsch that this was the first time that this kind of approach was made by the academic committee.

Upon initial exploration, I saw this Library Committee assignment was going to be a very large undertaking, that it would be very exigent when one looked at the Library, and even more exigent when one looked at the librarians. The Librarian, Harold Leupp, was a delightful man, very friendly to me, and steadily so over a long period. His father had been a friend and, I think, a biographer of Theodore Roosevelt. Theodore Roosevelt had recommended the father's son, Harold, to Benjamin Ide Wheeler and so he had come to Berkeley as Librarian after the long, casual librarianship of Joseph Cummings Rowell. And it's important to have Rowell's name in the record because in 1920 the faculty thought of him, still, although he had been retired for several years, as knowledgeable about the collections in a way that Leupp could never be. Guy Montgomery, with characteristic wit, once called him the Catalogue Emeritus.

Well, Leupp was not a scholar. He was trained on the technical side of librarianship. He had

Lehman: personal interests. For instance, he thought it was very important to get a great many travel books which described the world. He was interested in getting the reference books section well done. He was interested in the collections but he didn't have a wide, imaginative picture of what the collections should be. He felt ill at ease with learned men and he never sat with them at the Faculty Club in days when that was a very fluid group, you know, to find out what they wanted, what they thought should be done. He found himself enormously engaged by all the technical business of cutting down the amount of time it took to get a book out of the stacks for a freshman, the operation of the Library, and even on that side he hardly had the imagination to do it, to organize it for the future--only for the present. And he was interested in a surprising extent in having the books "in" the Library; it annoyed him that so many were out all the time. [Laughter]

A consequence of his being what he was was my urgent need to get in there and do something about the collections. There was a little difficulty at the beginning, for the Librarian was an ex-officio member of the committee, and I as chairman and he as Librarian and ex-officio member and secretary were often, at the beginning, in sharp opposition. I did not think a library committee of seven faculty members should sit around and discuss whether it took nineteen minutes or twenty-one minutes to service a freshman waiting for a book. I did not think these men should sit around and discuss whether we needed 150 more square feet of space for a reference room or 150 less. I thought these were matters that <u>he</u> should decide, that he should find the facts and decide those matters and, if he couldn't, he could discuss it with the committee briefly.

In any event, after about three months we got the center of interest for the committee shifted. We developed areas of interest. We changed the budgeting of the funds for books. We withheld a certain proportion of the book available money from the department allotments and made it available to those departments who could make requests for important things that they couldn't afford to buy

Lehman: in their allotments. But these were all comparatively secondary.

The main thing, over a period of several years, was that we committed the University to the view that the basic thing in a university library was the sets and series. A university library needs, of course, individual books. It needs all the works of great writers, great specialists. But the publication from way back in all European countries and in America of sets and series had been neglected. There were great holes, for instance, in important periodicals, like the Gentlemen's Magazine in England. There were gaps, sometimes for a decade, in the publications of the most important learned societies--lost, strayed, stolen, or never gotten.

First we committed the University to the policy, then we committed outselves to remedying deficiencies of all kinds--where we didn't have the whole thing we filled it in and sometimes it took years, and it may well be that a few of the things we sought haven't yet been found after a third of a century. In any case, that is what we set as basic principle--that a university library is only as good as its collection of sets and series publications.

I ought to say parenthetically that this was an enormous enterprise. We had to get committees from every department to go over all the sets and series in the field of the department and check. It was expensive, in terms of assistance to these committees. It took countless hours of conference between the chairman of the Library Committee and the committees. And then it took a great deal of time to decide what order of priorities should be assigned because the needs were for hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of stuff. This was basic.

Riess: This seems like a natural thing for Leupp to have done. The most minimal kind of instinctive reaction to a library is to have something complete, I mean, sort of almost the definition of it.

Lehman: Well, he didn't do it except where the people in the fields pushed--of course, he had very little money. He never had the courage to ask for money. We told the President what was what. You can't have scholars

Lehman: without having the documents. You can't have the documents without the money to buy them, so this was the beginning, and even so nothing like the vast expansion of funds that came after Donald Coney.

Riess: Apparently the Library Committee hadn't been a committee that had force or influence before.

Lehman: No, this was the first time ever. And it was, of course, what Popper wanted it to be, "Stir that up and get things done, and get things done that should be done for a library."

Riess: Did you have a reputation as somebody who would stir things up?

Lehman: Well, I suppose by this time, I don't know. But anyway this is what he asked me to do.

Riess: It sounds like once the Library policy was established, the Library machinery could carry on.

Lehman: What was done in those five years or so was carried on pretty much, and then grasped firmly, revitalized, and perhaps re-defined as policy and as program by James D. Hart when he became chairman of the Library Committee. He was one of the best men that could have been found for a job like that and made an unequalled contribution.

Then somewhat later, as former chairman of the Library Committee, I was on the committee that picked out Donald Coney. And I remember the real, the basic, issue there was strongly affected by the developed idea that we should get the most eminent man for every vacancy; this had suddenly become an obsession. The most eminent man. I've forgotten who was thought to be the most eminent man, I think a man named Metcalf who was librarian at Harvard, but I'm not sure just who it was. But the issue was: were we going to get the man whose name itself would add lustre, though we won't have the books under him; or shall we get a man who understands this kind of library.

Joel Hildebrand and I battled the other members of the committee, I remember--this is history, so I

Lehman: can tell it--until finally we had the policy accepted that what we wanted was not a man who himself would be a lustrous figure, but a man whose experience would suggest that he could do several important things. One, that he could persuade the President to spend more money on the Library. Another, that he would understand a Library that was caught at whatever our then book population was, five or six hundred thousand, not a man like the librarian at Harvard who had unrivaled collections of rarities and four or six million books there already.

We were to get that kind of a man who could persuade the President to hand over more money, and who would have a sense of what it was to have a Library at such a book number level, and a sense of a multi-university. (This was the first time I ever heard the phrase, and I've forgotten which of us used it first, though Clark Kerr's been using it lately, as you know [laughter].) But our view was that we were not like Harvard which could leave great areas vacant, knowing they were taken care of in Boston or at Amherst, or down at Yale; that on this coast, with a possible hole or two filled at Stanford, at that time we had to do it most of it, all.

We went after recommendations all over the country. I remember we had forty or fifty recommendations, and we shook these down to two or three, and then finally it was Donald Coney. Well, of course he's done an absolutely knockout job. He got the money; he's imaginative, resourceful, ingenious; he's a useful administrator.

Riess: Was this Sproul's policy, the most eminent man theory?

Lehman: Perhaps, but it was sort of in the air. Somebody, maybe I, had said it when it was a matter of getting somebody in the classics or in German, or whatever, you know. "Who's the most distinguished man in the world?" And this sort of took hold; it was just the time for it to take hold. I don't know who said it, it was just in the air, you see. But there were jobs for which the most distinguished man was not what you wanted. A librarian had something to do, not something to be.

Riess: Had there been difficulty in getting financial support for the Library?

Lehman: Well, not difficulty, but we were in the thirties and short of funds for everything. There hadn't been difficulty, but it was hard to justify, when funds were short, the expenditure of $100 for a four-volume work that would be very useful when a man got around, in fifteen or twenty years--though you didn't yet know who he was--to studying this field. Whereas, it was perfectly clear that the money could be used at once up in the physics lab or the chemistry lab because here was a project that they needed potassium for. [Laughter] So, it was something like that.

But once you made your case, as a matter of fact, Robert Gordon Sproul on the whole would find the money, if it was within the budget. But it is also true that from some time around 1920 on we were short of money--the depression being what it was--for the expansive strength of the University. And then, of course, because the enrollment dropped during the war, people were doing other things, the budget shrank on other grounds. So it really wasn't until the end of the war was in sight that the money loosened up.

Riess: You spoke of the policy of not duplicating other West Coast special collections: do you think that the University now would feel the same way about letting other campuses and other colleges develop great collections? Don't you think the University has gotten more to where it just has got to have sheer quantity as well as quality?

Lehman: Do you mean do I think that they would be willing, say, that the University of Utah has the best stuff on the Mormons?

Riess: Yes.

Lehman: Much of that they can't possibly get except by photostat or offprint of some sort and that is what is more and more being done. But the University--I don't think any university tries to corral everything. The conception of the University Library as everything is ridiculous. We go more and more into photostat, and offprint and microfilming. There's something to be gained by looking at the work itself and that's

Lehman: why scholars travel, go to the British Museum, the New York Public. This is particularly true of manuscript collections. There, of course, Professor James Hart has done a marvelous job, and Professor Hammond before him--Hart at large for the Library and Hammond especially for Bancroft, but Hart also for Bancroft because he was in there for a year or two.

Riess: Was this decade a time when all around the country libraries were being recognized as most essential?

Lehman: Yes, it was, and, of course, it was important to get people all over the place to think of sending their extra books to libraries.

Oh, I ought to add one thing. There had been a tendency in American libraries--and particularly, I think, in Berkeley--to say, "We don't want that, that's trash." Well, one man's trash is another man's treasure in this matter, and talking about it at dinner parties and teas around the state, but particularly in the Bay Area, I discovered that people threw away things that would be treasures to the University. They didn't know where to give them and so they sent them to the Seamen's Institute, you see.

So, we got a group of women, I think seventeen of them met one afternoon at the house of one of the ladies, and I talked to them about this and they talked about it around. (They said you never have enough topics at dinner parties.) The first thing we knew people were sending a volume, a dozen volumes, were calling up and asking whether we would call for three hundred books. Books get worn out in the University Library even if they're duplicates of something, you see. So we had all that going. That had never been done before. Of course, the San Francisco earthquake and fire had destroyed the early libraries except for the Sutro collection. It was a private collection, and we tried to add that to the University but we didn't succeed, in my time on the committee. But in certain categories, there weren't many books to begin with from San Francisco, because all the private collections, whether ten or ten thousand volumes, were destroyed.

The Novel Course and English 41

Lehman: In these years I kept up writing novels, short stories and published the hero theory. Then I got assigned in the English Department by Professor Montgomery to the chairmanship of graduate studies, and those, I think, were built up in quite normal, ordinary ways.

But several things took over in the teaching area besides routine courses. First, the writing courses, which Professor Hart had asked me to institute since I wrote stories and novels, throve and I gave a great deal of time to them, since I read everything myself. There was no such thing as having a reader, you see, in the short story courses. And then, all of a sudden in the thirties, Professor Utter was dramatically and terribly killed, and suddenly I found myself, though I was chiefly a teacher of writing, and had invented English 41 as a large writing course, I found myself in spite of all this handed the novel course between one day and the next.

Professor Utter--did we speak of that at all here? Professor Utter belonged to a little club, I think, called the Odd Volumes Club, and they met at the Faculty Club for dinner one night to hear a paper and then left, strolling out on a very windy, windy night--strolling out through the glade on their various routes home. Professor Brodeur told me a few days later that he saw Robert Utter light his pipe and realized he himself didn't have a match. He called to Utter and said, "Would you lend me a match?" and Utter stopped, lent him the match, took back his folder and walked on up past the Infirmary. And as he passed the Infirmary the high wind blew a eucalyptus down which fell directly across his head and crushed his skull. Now the accident of pausing with the match got him there just in time. He was unconscious at once but taken into the Infirmary which was a hundred feet away. He died the next morning and the next day I was teaching the novel course.

Now, my specialty had been the nineteenth century and my teaching practice had been centered on English

Lehman: 41A-B, "writing based on great books of the nineteenth and twentieth century," or "in relation to great books," I think it then was.

Riess: Is this critical writing?

Lehman: It was anything. This was for sophomores and there were a wonderful lot of students in it over the years.

Riess: I mean, how was it "based on" great books?

Lehman: I lectured about the books. For instance, The Idea of the University, The Education of Henry Adams, The Origin of the Species, The Prelude, In Memoriam, a novel, any kind of book. I lectured perhaps twice a week on books and once a week on the techniques of writing. Then the students had to write six papers, two expositions, and the other four could be anything they wanted, historical writing, biographical writing, short story writing, poems; and the course throve.

Riess: The short stories and poems would be something of the style or just anything?

Lehman: Any way they wished to write it, it didn't have to connect. I wanted them to read and write and it didn't matter whether they wrote a criticism of what they had read, you see, a critical expository work, or whether what they had read suggested, "Let me see what I can do in that kind." It didn't matter at all provided that all the hour examinations, of which there was one a month, and the finals, were essays. I constructed the topic sentence for the essay-final and let them get at it through that and they had to stay by the form implicit in the topic sentence.

This English 41 throve and it built up little by little until after starting with 35 or 40 people, we had 60 or 70. Then a funny thing happened. I met at a dinner in San Francisco Rosamund Pinchot who was then just free from her theater experience in "The Miracle" with Reinhardt. A beautiful woman, a young woman, she had been much discontented with her life and she decided, after a summer of working in the canneries (the daughter of a millionaire,

Lehman: you see, but getting out there with the people), she decided she wanted to go ahead with school. Having sat beside her at dinner, I was an easy mark. She telephoned and said "Can I come and talk to you about what courses to take?". She had the catalogue, she had looked through, and she wanted English courses as a special student and we found some and after a couple hours of pleasant talk she went away. The next thing I knew was three or four days later a headline, or at least heavy top print, "Rosamund Pinchot goes to UC" and then down below "She will take courses" and one of the courses she said she was going to take--I didn't tell her to--was my English 41A-B.

This was all a week or ten days before the fall term began, and _when_ I went in to meet this class which had been running 60 to 70, there were nearly 300 people there! The corridor was jammed. It was the publicity. I never saw so good an illustration of it, though I had one or two more. You get into that situation and everybody wants--they want to see Rosamund Pinchot. But also the result of that was that the enrollment went up almost 100 per cent. It was an exhausting thing and I didn't have much energy left for anything else.

Then, as I was saying, in the thirties I took up with the novel course. For a period of several years I had no time for other things, because I had to read the extremely time-consuming documents in the novel area, and even when I had read them a couple of times before, I had to read them again, so that weeks went by without my having time for anything else.

That course gradually built itself up so that it was not only time-consuming in the matter of the knowledge of the documents and the thinking about them; it was also time-consuming because by the time you had had three or four hundred students, there were always people wanting to bypass the readers and teaching assistants to talk to you about their papers. I found myself really drowned in the activity that arose from the course or went into the making of the lectures in the course. The more students there were, the more conferring there was, especially in English 41A-B, although I had a succession of first-class teaching assistants who were trained in the

Lehman: course first, like Professor George Hand now of Santa Barbara, Professor Parkinson of Berkeley; Michael Wilson, the writer for the motion pictures; Ralph Robinson, who died as a result of war injuries in the Second World War; and many others.

The story writing courses were also consuming in themselves, because I read all the materials in those. They were limited to twelve or fifteen students, but I read everything. They were usually upper division, but any talented student could get in. The only talented student who was never admitted was William Saroyan, who wrote when he was 18 years old and asked to be admitted to the course. Since he was not 21 he could not enter as a special student. I had to write to him and tell him he would have to enroll as a regular student. Being Bill Saroyan, of Fresno, heretic, loner, that was nothing for him, so he just said to hell with it all. Afterwards, in later years when I got to know him, it was once or twice a matter of laughter between us.

Riess: You did get good students coming into English 41?

Lehman: Oh, wonderful.

Riess: You didn't have to struggle with students who, you know, you would look at their papers and groan.

Lehman: In the first place, not many such would come, but then I had awfully good teaching assistants, I had trained them myself in the course. I got somebody who had done well in the course to be reader or a teaching assistant.

No, a few people who you had to struggle with to make them C- instead of D, though not many. But there were awfully good people, people who had careers in writing.

Riess: What were the prerequisite English courses?

Lehman: 1A-B, or special status, as somebody who was 21 years old could always take the course as a special student.

Riess: Do you think that there were proportionately as many inadequate writers and speakers of English in those days as there seem to be now?

Lehman: No, not so many such people came to college. There were always some; even when I went to Harvard in 1907 there were C- students galore. They didn't or they couldn't write well and they just got by. I think that there were not as many badly prepared ones then. The selection took place not at the college entrance level but in the family. "He's not college material, why should we waste money sending him?" But I'm not sure about that. I'm talking perhaps more out of my hat.

Riess: I wondered if you noted periods coinciding with changing educational methods in the high schools that yielded better English students.

Lehman: I was never in a position to judge that. We had sometimes more exciting students, sometimes fewer exciting students, but always enough to make pace, to read the papers to the class and have them say, "God, I wish I could do that," and try.

## Ph.D. Candidates and "The Image of the Work"

In the late twenties and early thirties these were all very time-consuming activities. There was another. When I first came to Berkeley, there were some candidates for the M.A. and one or two rather eccentric candidates for the Ph.D. in English. These candidates for the Ph.D. never came to anything. The instructors who worked with them finally gave them up.

Riess: Why?

Lehman: They were not good enough. They didn't have the capacity. They imported illusions about their aptitude; they wanted to do things that were, then at least, regarded as eccentric, undemonstrable, not offering the disciplines of the mind that writing a dissertation offered.

Riess: But they were not eccentric in an interesting way?

Lehman: No, just off-center.

Then there were, back in the Twenties, one or two good students, and they turned up in my seminar, students who afterward had notable academic careers as writers of books. One of these was Lionel Stevenson, who became a professor in one of the mid-Southern universities and has written biographies of Meredith and critical works on Butler and so on. Another was Helen Pearce, who had taken an M.A. at Radcliffe and who came down from Salem, Oregon. She was a woman of some means, a professor or a teacher at that time in Willamette University. She began to make a research on Arthur Henry Hallam. These were the first two graduate students, except for Sister Mary Madaleva.

Sister Madaleva became, in due course, one of the most notable women university faculty in this country. She became President of St. Mary's College at Notre Dame, and before that she was dean of instruction or vice-president at St. Mary's of the Wasatch in Salt Lake. At the time she studied with me, she was in residence in the community of the Holy Cross in Woodland, California.

Sister Madaleva took my course, the nineteenth century seminar, where she worked on Hopkins and one or two other religious poets, but her great desire was to write a dissertation on the Middle English poem called The Pearl. She said she would only write it if I would help with the supervision. So Professor Benjamin P. Kurtz and I undertook that. Sister Madaleva finished it with great distinction. It was published at once by Appleton's, called Pearl, A Study (1925). It was the first prose work in a series of a dozen from her pen. She also wrote and published as many as eight or nine volumes of verse, in addition to being president of a university. The foreword to the book on The Pearl was written by Professor Kurtz, but the book was dedicated, "To my assistant, in gratitude." If you turn back in my copy of the work, the flyleaf reads, "Dear Professor Lehman, Withdrawing the reticence of print, let me here rededicate to you, my assistant, this, our joint work. If it were doubly worthy it would still be yours in gratitude." It's signed on the Feast of Santa Barbara, 1925.

Lehman: The reason I read that into the record is that it shows where the time went for almost a decade there. If you add the novel courses, the writing courses where so much manuscript had to be read, there was no time for research, except in connection with courses or projects like this. There was no time for writing much fiction. I had, in 1925, 1927, and 1928, published three books, then, suddenly, there was no time to make any more. I found this activity as absorbing; I had no particular drive to be a novelist or an historical literary scholar, and it didn't matter to me.

The general view here is perhaps to be stated under the question: "What, either of inner preferences or institutional necessities, caused a professor in those decades to move from writing three books and fifty articles in one decade to practically nothing in the next decade?" I suppose it is a combination of inner promptings and the conditions in the institution. I never thought of myself as a writer primarily. One wrote, as one lectured, because at the moment that was the prompting plus the need. But by the 1930s the need seemed to be predominant (and it completely used up any creative forces that I had) for a member of the faculty who would, with great openness of mind and great flexibility, advise graduate students moving toward the degree. This accounts, in any case, for the fact that a six- or seven-year period of production abruptly was followed by a period in which my production was all through other people.

These young doctor candidates in the period I'm speaking of turned out works; every one printed, every one of distinction. Finally, in the 1950s, they decided to make an honor volume, a Festschrift. Each of them contributed an essay and published _The Image of the Work, Essays in Criticism_. I cite this again, I hope in no vainglory, because it is evidence of how, in those decades, a university professor's time and energies were absorbed in something that was at the same time teaching and research.

What lay behind this volume was that in the seminars I always insisted that if they could raise in a reader's mind one fully understood image of a work, they were equipped to go ahead and do whatever

Lehman: they wished in the way of a dissertation. The result of that was that when Josephine Miles had a very original idea, which has made her a world-famous figure as of this date, and my colleagues in other fields in which she wanted to work wouldn't let her undertake the enterprise that begins with the statement of emotion in Wordsworth (Wordsworth and the Vocabulary of Emotion, U.C. Press, Berkeley 1942). I gladly let her do it because she had done a paper on the image of the work and I said it was evidence of capacity.

The whole business of the "image of the work" was a fairly new, certainly a fresh statement for us here at the University of California in Berkeley, and affected the nature of our graduate studies. There is a statement, written rather hastily by me and without my knowing what was proposed, as to what I meant by the "image of the work" in the Preface. To expand, the conception I had was that if a graduate student at the beginning of his graduate studies could entertain in his mind a work in its totality and render his vision of that work in its totality, he would have prepared himself in every essential way to proceed to the writing of a dissertation.

One day, when I was very busy with other matters, Professor Bertrand Evans came to me and asked if I would mind writing down briefly a statement of that conception. I said I would not mind, and I wrote it down somewhat casually. In the form in which I wrote it, it was printed in the Preface of the volume of essays called The Image of the Work, Essays in Criticism, by B.H. Lehman and others. The B.H. Lehman contribution is an essay on Wuthering Heights that I read to the English Conference in one of the four or five years preceding the publication of the volume. The committee in charge of the volume asked for the manuscript and I gave it to them in the form in which I had read it. They printed that as the first of the series, and made contributions themselves. Sister Madaleva was first; Bertrand Evans second; then Josephine Miles, Lionel Stevenson, Helen Pearce, Celeste Turner Wright, Wayne Shumaker, Percy Smith, Thomas Parkinson, and William Steinhoff. These were not all of the graduate students who had worked with me in the preceding two decades, but they were the

Lehman: ones who were available and had something they were ready to turn over for the volume.

I will read these two or three sentences that constitute the focus of the procedure out of which the studies of the people who worked with me were developed. I said to them this: "Raise the whole work of literature in the remembering mind. See and study it as a solid reality, the universe of human manifestations functioning in a created environment of sufficient density to sustain the manifestations and the human beings. Consider the work in the light of the times it was written in, in the light of the author's demonstrable preoccupations, ideas, and attitudes, and in the light of the tradition of form in relation or in reaction to which it was conceived. What one says of the work of literature under these conditions of studious application should describe it as a work with characteristic qualities and attributes of its own and with all its relationships delineated."

That is what I wrote within a half hour of the time Bertrand Evans came in, having this book secretly in mind. But it is a summary of what I believed, a summary of the literary procedures that were involved in our common studies, for I always thought of the student and the professor making a study in common. In science the amount of work done by the director of a dissertation is usually recognized by putting his name on the publication along with that of the graduate student. That is not traditional and in my judgment should not ever be developed as a method in the humanities, but the plain fact is that the kind generous recognitions accorded the director of a dissertation in the publication's preface stand for the same sort of thing. These decades were pretty busy with these works.

Riess: Were these people's fields mostly nineteenth century? Is that why they came to you?

Lehman: No, they were not. It came about that they developed work in other fields even when they began in the nineteenth century. Josephine Miles had ranged up and down the course of English literature. Bertrand Evans' great three volume work, of which Cambridge University Press has already published Volume 1

Lehman: (Shakespeare's Comedies), will be on the dramaturgy of Shakespeare. Sister Madaleva wrote an essay or two about nineteenth century figures but then went back to The Pearl. Helen Pearce and Lionel Stevenson stayed in the nineteenth century. Celeste Turner Wright, whom I took over when Professor Farnham went away on a sabbatical leave, was writing in the Elizabethan period and has since written in the more modern periods. She writes about Katherine Mansfield in The Image of the Work series. Wayne Shumaker was interested in the autobiographer and autobiography as an art form and we developed what I thought was a very large vision of that in his dissertation. That necessarily meant going back through the centuries. Percy Smith was interested in Shaw and wrote about Shaw, lately published a volume about Shaw. Parkinson's work was largely in the twentieth century, Yeats. Steinhoff was in the nineteenth century. There were others besides these.

One of the first dissertations back in the years when Sister Madaleva completed hers was Mrs. Hazard's The Frontier in American Literature, which she generously gave me great credit for in the preface. I think we made a breakthrough there and the book stood for a long while as an opener of new areas.

Perhaps the most notable person outside the academic world who wrote a dissertation with me in those years was Philip Farley. Philip Farley was a graduate, I think, of San Jose State, but he may have done his last year's work in Berkeley. He had a solid, clear, exact power of analysis, but did not, at the beginning, have access to his own literary sensibilities. This was clear after the beginning of the seminar, after the opening weeks of the seminar, and I remember thinking that that young man deserved a great deal of attention and required it, in fact, if he were to open up his abilities. After a good many conferences and much rewriting of the first chapter of a dissertation on a certain aspect of Thomas Hardy's work, he did open up. The writing of the dissertation became a real period of growth and maturing for him at the same time that it was a great pleasure for me to see it so become.

Lehman: He finished just at the end of the depression, sometime in the late thirties, and jobs were not very abundant. So he took a position in Texas, in one of the junior or state colleges down on the Texas Gulf coast. He was married and had children, or a child. He went into the Army when the war came on. In the Army, by what steps I do not now recall, he came at last into some sort of lieutenancy or maybe more. When the war was over, his superior officer recommended him for expository work in connection with any project and made the recommendation so clear and so firm that it moved up the echelons. The consequence of that was that he was assigned to a team to evaluate damage done by Allied bombing to oil and similar institutions in the European theater of war. He was assigned to the group and presently he was the organizer of the material and the writer of the material.

His report so impressed the immediate superior, a general I suppose, that he sent it through to General Marshall as an example of what these things should be. The next thing I knew, I had a note from him telling me that General Marshall had sent for him. He said that he had read his report and asked where he had learned to write like that. The note says, "I learned it by writing a literary dissertation with you, I told him." General Marshall asked him to come onto his staff and kept him there when he moved into the State Department.

He had been here in this house several times for an afternoon of talk. His family live in San Jose, his parents, his brother, and I get report of how this has all come out in the great world. He told me that General Marshall asked him how he had learned to do this, then said he wanted to keep him on his staff, and that the things he wanted him to do would develop step by step. Phil Farley asked him, "Have you no further instructions now?" General Marshall said, "Yes, I have. I want you at all times to tell me the truth and especially about myself," which is the most astonishing thing really, isn't it?

Phil Farley moved along. He was an Under-Secretary of State for awhile in relation to the Atomic Energy Commission. Because of the precision of his writing there would be no misunderstanding.

Lehman: He then moved out of that into the permanent ambassadorial staff and is at the moment the permanent associate ambassador to NATO, in Paris, and has been now for several years. This is a long way from writing a dissertation on character situations repeating themselves in Thomas Hardy.

Riess: The growth that he experienced from the beginning of this seminar to the period when you felt that he was able to use what he had, how did it come about? How did you assist? What can you recall of the process, that would also shed light on the whole relationship that anyone would have had with you?

Lehman: That is almost impossible to answer. It is the process of what is called teaching, I don't know what it is.

Riess: How much did you see of him?

Lehman: Sometimes every week for two or three hours, then not for a month, and at the time of the seminar twice a week for an afternoon.

Riess: When he came in would he come with writing or with ideas?

Lehman: Both, usually written down. That was always a thing that seemed to me well to have. The careful written-down statement, even if it was only five sentences, was good to have, so that you began with that. If the talk didn't square with that you could say, "Yes, but you have said...do you want to change this or change that?"

It leaves me without speech, the question that you raised, because it does not seem to me any different from what you do in English 1A, except that you know different things and they know different things. You are teaching people so far as they have the capacity to think straight and write precisely, to organize, to construct, to foresee the end before you put down the first sentence, no matter how glimmeringly, but still to foresee it. It does not seem to be any different from what I've been doing these weeks we have had grandchildren in the house from age eight on up. At lunch when they all join us it seems to me to be the same thing. It's

Lehman: talk, it's fun; it's stimulating to both us and them.

I never thought I learned much except subject areas when I went away to a good preparatory school from Idaho. I thought most of the education I had I got at the fireside and the family dinner table, partly by breaking my mind against the minds of my brothers and sisters, partly by the checkup and pulldown by wiser and more experienced people who are known as your parents. I do not think the teacher relationship is different from that.

Riess: That makes sense; I don't think that just everybody would think that, so I wanted you to come out and say something like that.

Lehman: It is a good relation that you have with students, just as you had good relations with teachers when you were a student. You learned facts from teachers with whom you had no kind of relation. I do not mean a personal relation, but an intellectual relation. I knew, personally, very little of Santayana when I was an undergraduate, but I had a very good personal relation. His mind suited my mind. My mind was open, just at that time, to the kind of insight and comprehension and delicate rendering that his class hours were. They were not discussion groups. They were slow, hesitant, careful statements by him of what he thought.

Riess: If you enjoyed this sort of thing as much as you apparently did, I can see that the occupation of writing would be so different and solitary.

Lehman: In a way you were involved in writing; they were holding the pen or clicking the typewriter, but you look at something that you had heard discussed or had been in on the discussion of, and, as Parkinson says, "It's impossible to say what part is the teacher," in a poem that he sent me, "and what part is the student's."

I hope that gives some indication of what the life of a member of that faculty was like in those years.

Riess: Were there any other members of the English faculty who did close work with a good collection of graduate students?

Lehman: There were great scholars- which I was not, like Professor Bronson, but they expected rather too much of the students at the outset. I thought that people like Professor Kurtz, who had graduate students, were too slack, too uninsistent on throughness, on precision, too easily impressed with vividness. I thought colleagues like Professor Bertrand Bronson, who is a man of world-wide reputation, again with the greatest justification, in three fields, as a Jonsonian, as a Chaucerian, and as a scholar of the music of the English and Scottish ballads, expected his students to start where he was. They should come up. I always thought we should go back to where the students were.

In those years there was no one else who directed so many dissertations. I never counted them, but I suspect that half or more of the dissertations over a period of fifteen or eighteen years were under my direction, because of factors that I have been trying to suggest and imply in what I've been saying. I didn't go out to make it easy for them. The fact that they, with few exceptions, became figures of distinction and some of world-wide reputation, shows that they had capacity.

Riess: This seems a critical point: the fact that when you gave time to them you didn't feel you were taking it from yourself. If you did in any way, it seems quite fatal to any kind of relationship in teaching.

Lehman: I never thought it was taking my time. Professor Parkinson wrote this winter a poem that he sent me as another of the little volume on Thanatos which he has just published, in which he makes a point of this. In that volume he deals with various ways of seeing death. I wrote and said that there was death as everything except as return, that I thought, from my point of view in the late seventies, that there should be a poem on death as return, return to youth, to childhood, and indeed to non-entity.*

He wrote a poem, which he delightfully inscribed at the end, in which he really makes this point. "He could never tell all with his health, with his health too perfect, too moving in too sweet an air. He shaped with his hands, always clear to the ideas that were not his that he conveyed with such modesty.

---

*See Appendices, pp. 332-335.

Lehman: Property had no meaning, only the ideas, pure and free of personal limit." This was the most satisfactory thing, looking back, I ever had said. I didn't think it was their idea or my idea; it was an idea. We made a book.

One of the books in those years that the Department of French had difficulty finding a sponsor for (and the Preface shows clearly that I'm not imagining this) was Haakon Chevalier's book on Anatole France (Berkeley 1929), which I worked through with him in two long versions. Chevalier later became a notable figure in squabbles about Communism and personal loyalties, which had nothing to do with the brilliant boy that he was. The Department of French asked me, since he wanted it, to direct that dissertation, and I did. This wasn't his idea or my idea. I knew Anatole France; he knew Anatole France; we talked.

Riess: Can you take any one work and give a more detailed account of how you really did work with somebody? It's hard to do that because each person would be different, but what was the discipline that you imposed?

Lehman: One of the points is that each person was different. Another is that you would have to go back, precisely because the ideas were free. They were in the public domain, whether you contributed it or the student contributed it or a third party contributed it. When a report on progress was made to a seminar, one said, "Well, what about this?", and there it all was, for us to explore.

I don't think there was any one method, except that, first of all, every student wrote an account of one work in the light of all the learned commentary and historical writing about it. He wrote up one work in which he defined the image of the work. Then he was trained. From there on, he could do what he liked, but you kept nagging, bothering, pestering him. Sometimes one of the most distinguished of these youngsters would bring me a chapter, and I would read it. When he came for a conference, I would burst out, "You should be ashamed to ask me to read that." It was all done over.

Lehman: Sometimes applause, sometimes that kind of thing, partly arising out of the mood of the hour; but there was no cut and dried method. There was none and I don't think there ever can be. You are dealing in the creative life here. A really good dissertation, a fresh insight, such as Josephine Miles had about the language of poetry, belongs with the kind of insight that makes a great novel or a great poem. It's of that order, and you can't have any routine set of steps, any routine approach.

Riess: I was trying to get at what it was that you brought to each of these people. It seems that what you gave them was your time.

Lehman: That certainly was a condition of it, but time, if it was used....

Riess: Perhaps your ear or your concentration, some real belief that it was something to listen to.

Lehman: It was the imaginative leap into what they had in mind. But I had been a rebel from the beginning; in writing a dissertation at Harvard, I did what had never been done before. Nobody had written a history of an idea when I undertook the history, or the little book, on the theory of the hero in Carlyle, its sources and origins and its influence upon Carlyle himself, because he was caught by it, he was hooked [Carlyle's Theory of the Hero, Duke University Press, 1928]. I had to persuade Harvard to let me do it, and I had to risk it. The kind of dissertation they would have preferred for me to do was to write about the military man in Shakespeare or something like that.

Paul Jorgensen was one of my graduate students. He wrote his dissertation with Professor Farnham, but he was one of my "image of the work" men. That (The Elizabethan "Plain Soldier" in Shakespeare's Plays, U.C. Press, Berkeley, 1956) is the kind of thing he does and does very thoroughly. It didn't interest me. There were no models for Josephine Miles as there was no model for what Sister Madaleva did; and there was no model for what I did as a graduate student. When I handed in that dissertation in 1920, I had not the least idea whether it would be accepted or not.

Lehman: [Added May 1968] There should be worked into the manuscript a fuller answer to your question as to how we operated in the seminars, and how it came about that so many really distinguished intelligences moved through seminars in which they seemed to have little in common with one another.

The point is this, that what I think I gave them was an opportunity to be themselves. I projected no intention ever upon any graduate student. My whole sense of the discipline of graduate study was to assist maturing minds in becoming more completely themselves and developing a discipline, a structure, and an idiom for saying what they wished to say because they had seen it there in the works they had studied. And so either Bertrand Evans or Philip Farley has said to me in these last years--thirty and forty years after the fact--one or the other said to me, "What strikes me most strongly is that twenty of us have nothing in common except you."

And this I regarded, fatuously perhaps, as a compliment. So that I think we can tuck in here the fact that my whole procedures were dedicated, with or without forethought, to the business of helping the student become himself and producing the thing that would for him be the authentically personal thing.

---

Also, See Appendices, pp. 352-358, for poetic tributes by Thomas Parkinson and Josephine Miles, and for Mr. Lehman's comments.

Riess: What was wrong with the English Department up to this time that good people were not coming?

Lehman: You mean graduate students. Harvard still had great names. Yale had a great many names. Bronson's name was not yet made; none of our names were made. Gayley was on the decline in the early twenties, and Kurtz was never of great reputation. There was nobody who was a great scholar in the English field. Then, when Walter Morris Hart became vice-chairman of the English Department, under Barrows (so as to allow Gayley still the honor of being chairman), he brought Durham, Whipple, Farnham, Utter, me, young Bronson and young Cline, but some of these came in the first years of his vice-presidency when Durham was chairman of the English Department. So you had some people who were publishing, not had published like Gayley, but were publishing or were coming along. A few came, graduates came, then more came, and wrote to friends.

I don't know how it happens. This coast was not notable yet. The University was an interesting university, but it was not yet a world university. This all took place in the preliminary buildup in the Campbell administration, and the enlargement of that preliminary buildup in the administration of Sproul. Although it's true that a great many eminent names have been brought in in the half dozen years of the Kerr administration, that is not demonstration yet. We don't know what the men of thirty who are brought in under the present administration are going to be like in fifteen years.

That is part of what made the great Sproul administration, the men of thirty or so who were brought in in the twenties. A university can either import its strength at great cost, or it can bring great promise and grow its own strength, and that's what happened in that period. Young brilliant physicists, young brilliant chemists, young brilliant people in the humanities grew to national reputations.

The Budget Committee

Lehman: These are the things that filled the professorial time in that period, and the Farley story, for example, showed that it is not all academic in a narrow sense; it opens up to other things, as indeed the careers of students from of old have shown. The present chairman of the Ford Foundation, McGeorge Bundy, was an academic figure, but the kind of training he had of the kind of capacities he had led him into the White House. Before him, Donald David, who began not as a college freshman, but as a state preparatory junior in a class of mine at Idaho, moved also in ways like this until he ended up, after a long period, as dean of the graduate school of business administration at Harvard and vice-chairman of the Ford Foundation. In some way your life is all these lives and activities together, and you do not have to write books and you don't really have to administer, but when the time comes and someone says, "Will you undertake this?", you do. If you succeed you get another assignment. If you don't succeed you are allowed to drop back into the pool.

Before Dramatic Art was through, I was drawn into the Budget Committee.

Riess: The Budget Committee assignment started in 1942, and Dramatic Arts was 1940-44, more or less.

Lehman: I was asked by the Committee on Committees if I would be a member of the Budget Committee. I thought it over and understood that it would be an exigent assignment. By now I had been around the University in a good many ways--committee-man, teacher, fiction-writer, working with graduate students--and I thought it would be interesting. I don't think I did it for what might be called a selfish motive, but I don't think selfish motives were absent. So I went in.

Roy Clausen was chairman. He was a professor of genetics; his field was [genetics anyway] the fruit fly. There were some very able men on the committee. There was a stimulating fellow from engineering, Llewellyn Boelter, who later moved from Berkeley to UCLA and organized the Engineering School at UCLA. Eastman in chemistry was on the committee, and a very able man from economics also, Stuart Daggett. These fellows are dead now; they were younger than I. When

Lehman: I went into the Budget Committee, there was a concentration of ability in the five members that I've rarely seen equalled when five men sat down together.

There was a curious thing, however: My idea or expectation in entering was that there would be an immense amount of record of what had been done for a long time, so that one could orient oneself by reviewing lightly a tradition and move ahead on it. There were no records. We had a room in the top of the Administration Building, what is now Sproul Hall. There were not even figures that we needed. The chairman would go get them from other parts of the organization of the University. I found it dismaying, but, in fact, Clausen had one large folio of the recommendations for promotions, carbons of the recommendations since he had been chairman, and carbons of things for the last year--recommendations made to the President or the provost.

There was, in addition to the four men with whom I worked, a marvelous secretary. Her name was Nora Moylan. She was absolutely devoted to the enterprise of the Budget Committee. She had vision; she understood its potential influence. Her real job, the job the University had appointed her to, was secretary of the Department of Astronomy, but when, before Clausen became chairman, a professor of astronomy was chairman of the Budget Committee, he asked her, because her departmental load was light, to do his typing for him. Step by step, she took on more and more.

At the very beginning of my chairmanship of the Budget Committee we took her away from astronomy, made her full-time secretary of the Budget Committee, where she developed records, that is, she went back and got them. There is, as a consequence, a very large room full of records of every sort, with all the signed briefs, arguments, recommendations ever made to any other committee, ever made to the administration or to the Regents. Before too long, Nora Moylan had to have an assistant and had to be upgraded as a member of the University civil service.

We had important, difficult things to do as the war came on. After Pearl Harbor, for instance, the

Lehman: prospect was for a much reduced budget, since the student body would have shrunk. The Legislature was cutting down. The first recommendation made to the President by his immediate advisors, not his academic advisors but his administrative advisors, was to let a certain number of non-tenure people fall out of the faculty. This would have met the fiscal situation. He called the Budget Committee in one day and said this recommendation had been made to him.

Riess: By administrative advisors do you mean specifically <u>not</u> people like Deutsch and Hart?

Lehman: Hart wasn't an administrative advisor; he was retired by this time. They were in the administration. The Senate committees are the academic advisors. The people the President chooses as deans and provosts are his administrative advisors.

Riess: You were implying that the business office was responsible for this recommendation?

Lehman: It could well have been. There was a very gifted man named Olaf Lundberg, head of the controller's office, who may have been in on this. How do you save this much money when this is all you can get from the Legislature?

In any case, this was the first sharp issue and I was still only a member of the Budget Committee, not its chairman. The issue was how to save the money. The recommendation to President Sproul, as he announced it to us, was to let twenty to forty assistant professors and instructors go. That seemed to all of us--I've forgotten who made the first statement as the five of us sat there with the President--almost instantly, a foolish way to proceed for several reasons. One was that if they were allowed to go, that is, if they were dropped, they would not feel kindly toward the University after the war if the University then needed them. The second reason was that they had been chosen carefully. They were men who were expected to develop their promise, and when you have gone to all that trouble in selection, you do not make a wholesale housecleaning. There were many reasons.

The President said, "Well, I don't see any other way of doing it." Afterwards, he said publicly that

Lehman: he had never made the proposal, but there were five men to whom he made it nonetheless. This was, I suppose, a political, a public relations statement.

The Budget Committee made its recommendation, and it stands in the minutes of the Budget Committee. It was three or four-fold. It had to do with ways of letting these men go on leave for wartime services whether in the armed forces or elsewhere. It recommended ways of developing great flexibility in every department staff so that a man as distinguished as Gilbert Lewis, for instance, would go down and teach freshman chemistry. He had not done it for twenty years. The idea was to use men with flexibility because there would not be so many graduate students.

One way or another, we worked this out so that no one was dropped, so that all these people were kept on leave. The budget situation was exactly balanced. The University had, when the war was over and suddenly it needed to increase the faculty, not just bring it back to where it was, its own reserve for a buffer in that transitional time, which was the time of my chairmanship of the Budget Committee and a time of grueling hard work.

All of a sudden we had the G.I. Bill men by the thousand. Every campus in the country was in the same situation, but we were better off than most for two things had happened. One, we had let nobody go so everybody felt good-will toward his own chairman and his own administrative officers at UC Berkeley. Secondly, in the last year of the war, we prepared the sequence of steps for increasing the salary scale, so that once the war was over we were in a strong competitive position through the first two or two and one-half years which covered three years of additions to the faculty. We were in a good position for inviting men from elsewhere without breaking, as so many universities had to do, their schedule, their salary scale steps. These are two of the four or five things that seem to me to have been really important contributions in a record of this sort.

Riess: They seem essential to the running of the University. I'm always amazed to hear about the Budget Committee--five men, one secretary, and such an enormous job.

Lehman: I cannot tell now, from what I read in the Bulletin and what I hear, just what the Budget Committee does or how much influence it has. But in the time I am speaking of, these five men, with the written word--and as long as I was chairman, I always myself wrote every memorandum, every recommendation, so that there would be one prose and one prose only to which the top administrator would have to get used--made these recommendations. At the end of a year, we had a total of 98 1/2, 99, and one year, 100 percent agreement in the administration with the recommendations.

Riess: What percentage of agreement was there between the Budget Committee and recommendations coming from the departments?

Lehman: Some departments got everything they recommended. What they recommended was reviewed very carefully, but Birge, for instance, in physics, always came out with everything he recommended because he was so careful, he was so right, he consulted so thoroughly before he made his recommendations. There were departments that were slashed in their recommendations. Others were told that they better ask for more and get busy making some appointments. So that committee-department relationships were very different. No doubt sometimes the President, before the budgets were in, talked with chairmen of departments. Birge may well have discussed with him some very large things, asking if he would be for it if the Budget Committee would recommend it.

My point is that I don't know whether the Budget Committee, as a committee of the Academic Senate, has as much influence now as it had then and had had for a long time. It had been the most important committee in the time of Campbell, 1923 or 1924 to 1930. The vice-president, Walter Morris Hart, always sat with the Budget Committee so that he knew what was in the mind of the Budget Committee when he talked to Campbell, and the Committee could always hear from him what the president was thinking. That is all very vague and general, but I don't know how it can be anything else.

Now, any historian would have access, since the days of Nora Moylan and the full record, to the memoranda. They are there on file year by year. The

Lehman: volumes of recommendations for promotion and policy for every year stand side by side on the shelves.

Riess: Do you think that President Sproul would have been more likely than President Kerr to accept recommendations wholly?

Lehman: Clark Kerr was my junior on the staff. I knew him pretty well but I didn't know him as an administrator. I was out of the Budget Committee and out of all administrative centers by the time he was head of his little group and long before he was chancellor, so I do not know.

Sproul was a very wise man. He was cagey and perhaps a little the political operator but perhaps he had to be. Perhaps that was one of the ways in which he got the support for the University that he did. But he was open to all kinds of creative ideas. I have great regard for him at the same time that I was often exasperated by him, as, no doubt, he was often exasperated by me.

I remember when we were starting Dramatic Art. In the second year we had the little performance of Dido and Aeneas, and it seemed to me absolute perfection. It had been written by a composer who intended it for gifted amateurs; though they had happened never to perform it, that was how it had been written way back in the seventeenth century. That was what was being done here. Gifted amateurs were giving this golden performance. It was so good the second night that when I went home from the performance (I had been to several rehearsals and two performances), I called Sproul up at his house and said, "I don't care what your day is like. You've got to come tomorrow afternoon." That was to see and hear the matinee performance.

He said, "I've got work to do."

And I said, "This is part of it, I want you to see what can be done with this kind of thing."

He had seen none of the things we had done the year before. He came and was impressed and awed and delighted. He came and sat with me. He had to leave the minute it was over; he couldn't wait for the

Lehman: applause, but one physical gesture and one word were enough to show that he approved. After that, Dramatic Art could have anything that he could manipulate a budget for, providing that he could get a recommendation through the Budget Committee. Well, of course, I could always get that [laughter]. This is an illustration from way back of how extraordinary he was. He was an amazing man.

Riess: It is quite remarkable to think that he was running things and in touch with so much, not only here but at UCLA and many other places as well.

Lehman: The University had not yet taken on such a multiple form. The San Francisco campus had not yet evolved to what it now is. Davis was still only a limited campus. The astronomy people here and at Mt. Hamilton were under the Budget Committee and under the Berkeley campus, so was Davis and so was San Francisco. We did those all through that one Budget Committee.

Riess: Did you work mostly with written recommendations? How much did you see of the chairmen?

Lehman: We had almost every chairman in conference. For the deans of the Medical School and for the people from Davis, we had long conferences, two or three afternoons a year, when the budget came in and when the promotions, advancements or appointments were in question. I often went to see the man who made the recommendation when I was chairman and I'm sure that Clausen did before. The Faculty Club was good for that for all the people on the Berkeley campus, but you sometimes had to go to San Francisco. The dean there was very busy, you had to be in town anyway, so you went out for half an hour and got a matter clear. When Smith was Dean of the Medical School, he came and sat with us.

Riess: Is this power of the Budget Committee unique to the University of California?

Lehman: In my time presidents of faculties or chairmen of faculties used to come from several of the great state universities to ask how we operated it. It had grown up in the aftermath of the revolution that headed the University's course after Benjamin Ide Wheeler was removed. It worked very well. The

Lehman: University has now become too complex, and the Budget Committees are perhaps only personnel committees, reviewing recommendations, I don't know. It may be that they make large policy decisions for the chancellors on the several campuses. The University's administrative structure is now fantastically complex. In my time people would come to you and complain, "How do you get to see the President? He's too busy to see me." A chairman of a department would say he had asked for an appointment over a month before. Now, of course, they say, "How do you get to see the President? There are ten men between me and him." His vice-president, his chancellor, his associate chancellor, his dean, etc., stand in the way, so that you can't get to see the President. Of course, everybody wants to see the big guy.

Riess: In some ways it seems that it isn't fair to the members of the committee to give them so much power. This power and these problems are what you give the President and it's his to live with.

Lehman: The President ought to and does have the power; he does not have to take the committee's advice. On the other hand, to keep the faculty well behind him, he cannot ignore nor scorn the committees. In those days he couldn't even have neglected their advice with impunity, because one would have got up in the Senate and said, "These were the recommendations, and this is the action that followed."

Riess: Recommendation and action are reported to the Senate, or only in special cases?

Lehman: If, on important matters, the President did not take the advice, you would say he didn't take it and point out what he did instead. The President has to have the faculty behind him; he has to have the Regents with him; and he has to have the state and Legislature behind him. It takes brains to do all that, and Sproul did it admirably.

Riess: How are committee assignments made?

Lehman: The Committee on Committees is elected, or was elected in those days, by the Senate. It was nominated by groups of the faculty and elected by the Senate. Then they elected their own chairman, and their recommendations

Lehman: of committee personnel were never heard questioned. They recommended, and the Senate, in effect, accepted committee assignments. Sometimes, on the fringe of the faculty, people who are naturally the dissidents in temperament would say, "Look at so-and-so. He's been in there for five years." Or, "After five years in there he's been made head of this." Sometimes one was asked by the Committee on Committees to undertake a special job. I was asked to go onto University Welfare by the Committee on Committees specifically to develop the retirement scale so that it would be consistent with general practice in the country at large, not only on but off of faculties, and consistent with our wage scale. Some people were then retiring with $1,200 per year.

Riess: This was after the Budget Committee?

Lehman: Yes. My intention on the Budget Committee as chairman when I said, "I want to do something about the salary scale"--and those were the very words I used as we sat down at that meeting--was to include the retirement scale. The rest of the committee was of the unanimous opinion that we would stand a better chance, if we left retirement out, to get the whole thing we were recommending (which we did). I did not agree with that; I thought we would get it all. But we had never made in my time a recommendation from the Budget Committee with a minority report. We had always made a unanimous recommendation. They had often given up on this or that point when I had been opposed, and now I gave up. Finally, University Welfare was the place where I went in to do this job.

I went into the Educational Policy Committee in 1948 because of the question, "How big can a campus be?" There were those people who held that it was already too big and should be reduced to 14,000, and there were those who felt the sky was the limit.

Riess: This was just in considering the Berkeley campus?

Lehman: Yes. That committee was set up as a committee of the Berkeley Senate. I believe we said that 23,500 to 24,000 was operable and, with a certain conception of what a university was, ideal.

Riess: How could you have come to that conclusion?

Lehman: There is a memorandum also in the files that was the result of many weeks of discussion by that committee of nine people, and I think it was very good. Deutsch took it apart. He was against it, and in the meeting of the President's Advisory Committee he tore into it. He and I were good friends, but he really lashed into it. For a while I thought he would prevail, but he didn't. In his opposition he did not foresee the number of students; he wanted to go back to 18,000 and build another campus. They are now building three other campuses. The idea roughly was to reduce the lower division to a model lower division, keep the normal upper division, and enlarge the graduate school.

Those were the three projects. The reason for going on from the Budget to University Welfare was to get the retirement recommendation outlined. Two years after, in Educational Policy, the purpose was to get the image of campus size and structures.

Riess: Were there other major things going on during the Budget Committee years?

Lehman: Picking the best people, getting young faculty of great promise, was a great problem after the war. The competition was very keen and there weren't very many people available. The number trained during the Depression had been small. Some had been lost in the war. All schools were enlarged because of the G.I. Bill. Everybody was trying to get good people, so we had to develop and encourage the chairmen, some of whom were very good for just running things but not for building them up. We had to do a lot of hard work to get departments to look over sixty or eighty possible people in order to get one or sometimes two.

There had been a tendency in a great number of adequate departments that were not distinguished just to get somebody who was good; somebody knew him and that was it. To encourage the wide review, I remember in English, where I was chairman at the same time as my participation on the Budget Committee, we had one year 160 dossiers and in the end got only two people after going through all of that hard, hard work. This was in addition to making all the other appointments, filling all the slots--because we had to have

Lehman: teachers for the courses, especially for the multiple section courses--with temporary appointees. The next year we might get three more people, and so on.

Riess: That was done by a committee within the English Department?

Lehman: Yes, we had an advisory committee and a graduate committee, and I would assign different people different sets of folios. But the chairman went through all of them. By that time I could do it in my sleep, after the Budget Committee years.

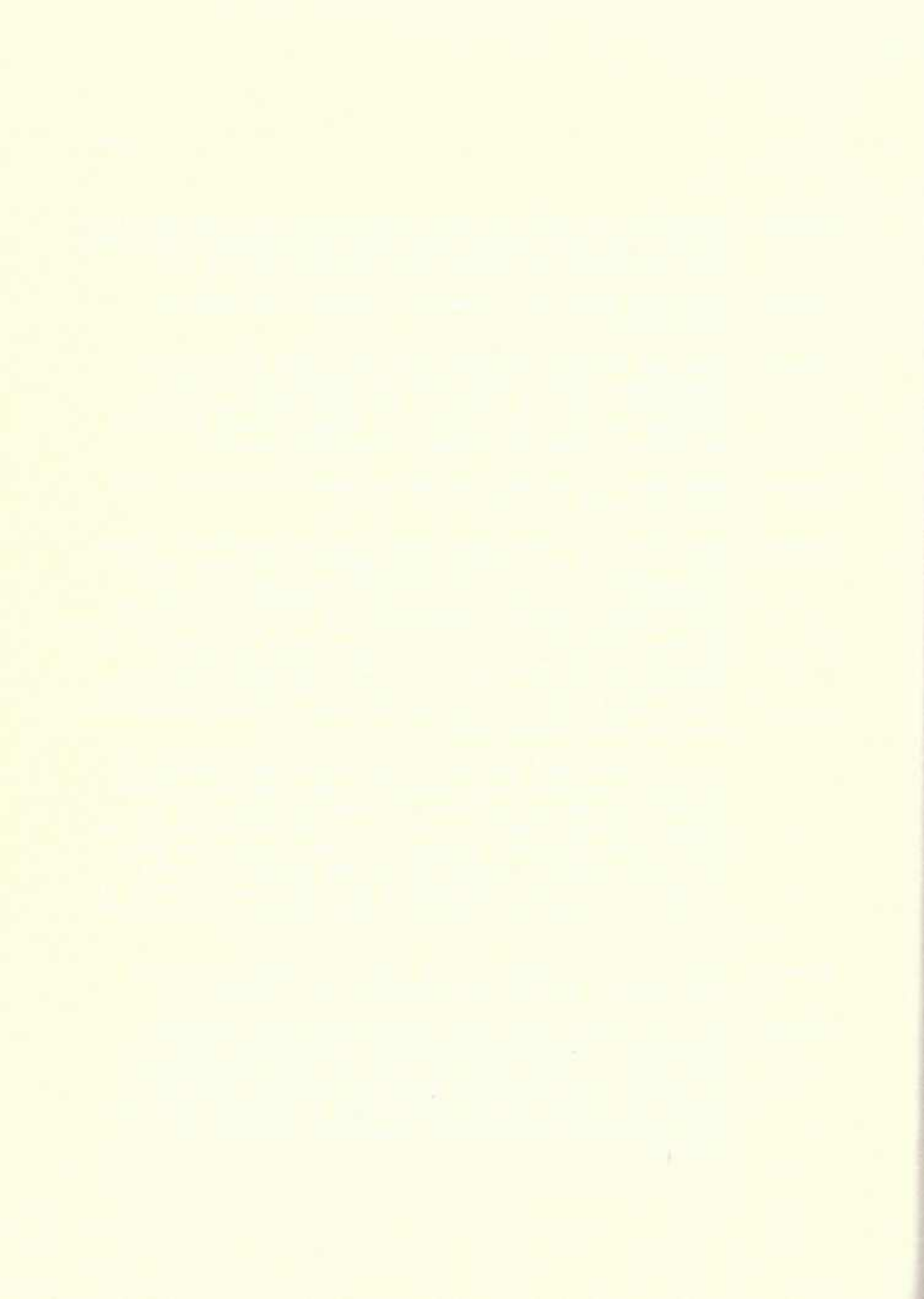
Riess: How were the salary scales at that point? You said you had kept them up.

Lehman: They were not very good when the war started. There were a great many people who hadn't got back their Depression cut of three hundred dollars, and the professors' salary scale began at $4200. After we got through fixing a better scale, it is now established by these ten and six and five per cent increments that come up every year or two. That has been going on for twenty years. We moved it up sufficiently right away, the first year after the war, with an additional move up the second year.

It was Earl Warren's vision and generosity of vision even more than Sproul's (as a matter of fact Sproul, in money matters, is very Scotch, and he always thought that as long as a few salaries in the University were big enough, all the rest were good), that had effect. Actually it was Warren who was receptive to and influential with the Legislature in regard to these new scales. Earl Warren is a remarkable man.

Riess: Did you have contact with him as a Regent or with the Regents in general through this period?

Lehman: No, we didn't have any contact with the Regents directly. Though often queries came back, and I happened to know four or five of them personally, we didn't have contact with the Regents directly until the time of the oath, when I was chairman of the President's Advisory Committee elected by the Senate.



Lehman: In between this and the Educational Policy report I had a year or two off from this kind of thing. All these years I was teaching and for five years administering the English Department. Then I had a year off, and after that I went on to be chairman of the Committee on Building Programs and Building Needs. By that time I was just plain bored with administration. This was the biggest project of all perhaps, but I didn't have any interest in it and after one year I asked to be relieved.

I was astounded to be told two weeks after I had asked to be relieved from committee duty that the Committee on Committees was nominating me to be chairman of the Advisory Committee of the Senate. I was told that was not a post anyone could say no to, so I was mixed up in the oath though I had very different things in mind for that committee's program.

## The University's Reputation Grows

Riess: I suppose there were some smaller departments in those days with chairmen who never involved themselves in the competition.

Lehman: That's true. Many departments were small. Many departments that now have eight and ten then had only two or three--geography and paleontology for example.

Riess: But if they asked somebody, the person was likely to come at a shot by this time weren't they, not necessarily because of the reputation of the department but because of the reputation of the University?

Lehman: That helped, and of course the climate did too, there's no doubt about that. [Laughter]

People were eager to come, and the number of people who got to know what California was like during the war was a million and a half. People who were out here for three or six months or one to four years thought, "I don't know what I'm going to do, but I'm coming back here." One night one of my colleagues and I were going to San Francisco, driving

Lehman: over, and we picked up a soldier or sailor. I asked him what he was going to do after the war, and he replied, "Coming back to San Francisco. I don't know what I'll do, but here's where I'm going to do it."

Dozens of academic men were out here, and that helped also.

Riess: At what point would you say the University had the reputation to attract anyone they wanted to have? Though I guess money was always critical in getting good people?

Lehman: Actually in some fields money could always be gotten, because in those days you were talking about top salaries of $12,000 at most, and very high salaries of $8,000, and you could always find the money for a few of those scattered around in the budget. If you did nothing else you could cut down the allowance for office stationery for six departments and you'd have it. The difference between getting a $4,000 man and an $8,000 man was only $4,000.

But your basic question is, when?

In some fields, early, you could get the best. Gilbert Lewis could get the best for chemistry, because Gilbert Lewis _was_ the best. Men would come where he was.

Then gradually Raymond Birge working in physics brought about a situation in which anyone would come. And indeed, I understood, people asked to come in physics.

In certain fields it was slow. That is, it came later. But you always had certain allies in all of these things, particularly in the humanities. You had allies in the climate, and in the psychological and imaginative climate that is generally gathered under the words Bay Area, or San Francisco, or Golden Gate, so that writers, if they weren't academic people, came here anyway. If they were academic people, they had a growing university behind them, or under them. We asked, in the humanities, some very distinguished people, and they had their roots down, or other commitments, and couldn't come, but we asked

Lehman: some very distinguished ones who did.

But there was a thing that went parallel with this, Mrs. Riess, and it would be a great mistake not to have it of record from perhaps four or five people. (I mentioned this earlier in discussing appointing a Librarian.) There grew up in the University--and again I don't know who started it, though I can remember a number of early times hearing it in appointment committees--the phrase, "the young man of greatest promise." Not "the man of greatest distinction." And I can remember myself once in Budget Committee saying, "I wish more subcommittees of the Budget Committee, making appointments, would go out and get us young men of great promise, on the theory that we don't buy distinction; we make it, and grow it."

And this came to pass, too, you know, so that people had been picked by Walter Morris Hart, for instance, James Cline, B.H. Bronson.... Walter Hart had brought Robert P. Utter, Willard Farnham and others in two years. We hadn't published anything; they'd just read our dissertations. So that as the University grew older and we grew older, we got a certain Who's Who business you know. But it wasn't always the one thing; there was more and more confidence that you could--and I think this developed in the Budget Committee in my time--that you could appoint now and then a very distinguished man whose achievement was already definite. But you should appoint three or four young men and women, and give them an opportunity to show, to develop their promise. If they don't, kindly but firmly separate them from the staff.

It had its bad side, because it made for a certain nervousness as against the old days when anybody who came as assistant professor or instructor took it for granted that if he only kept out of the police courts he could stay on until he died. [Laughter] Nonetheless, it's as it was, and people like Josephine Miles, against the odds, you see, in that crippled condition, became an international reputation in fifteen or twenty years. Bronson became an international reputation. You could go down the list and find quite a few such people. So there were all kinds of things going on together and it's too

Lehman: bad to simplify it into one pattern.

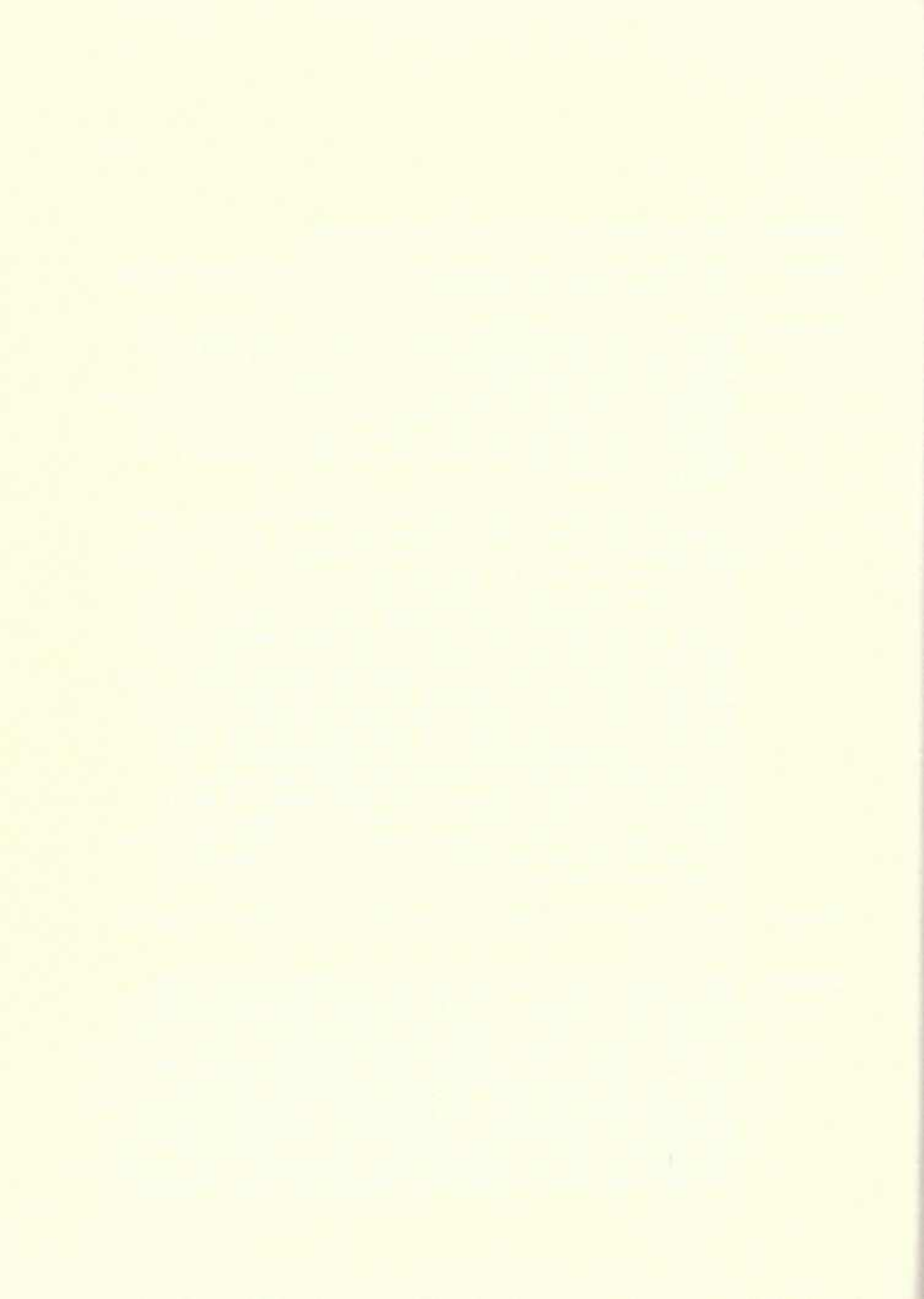
Riess: And they might be hired because of the dissertation, not a personal interview?

Lehman: Oh, personal interviews too. I think that Walter Hart, if he went East, when he was vice-president or when he was chairman of the department, or even earlier than that when he was just Dean of the Summer Sessions acting for the president, would interview people, and he was a very good judge, I think, in general, although he made one or two bloopers. But then, who doesn't?

In any case, the personal interview--now sometimes, they read the dissertation. I, and I think now Henry Nash Smith, Willard Farnham, Mark Schorer, all these men who've succeeded me in the chairmanship, really look at dissertations, or mostly they do. In my time we read every one of them; we read sixty or seventy and then interviewed maybe ten or twelve, then picked three or four. I am of the opinion that if you don't read the dissertation you can go astray very easily; to see the mind brought to bear upon a subject carefully limited, and then see how it can dig into it and what it can erect upon the delimited bases, is indispensable. If that's good it won't matter if that man never publishes a thing because you know how his mind works and you can trust him later on committees developing policy or committees doing the thing that is the condition of developing policy--namely, acquiring personnel.

Riess: But he won't be staying around if he doesn't publish anything.

Lehman: Well, that isn't entirely true. James Cline has published nothing, one of the most distinguished men in the University--he published a few little essays at one time. There would be exceptions to that always. I know I hear from a great many nervous young men who come and see me: "publish or perish," they say it is. But this wasn't true, we had people who didn't publish and were stimulating, but weren't valuable really in the long run to the University. I could name one but won't. We had people like Cline who didn't really publish and were enormously valuable--vice-chairman



Lehman: of the Academic Senate, Dean of the Graduate Division, and so on.

I don't know...they have all these rewards for the teacher as teacher, they have whole new ladders where the teacher who doesn't publish but who is demonstrably a good teacher goes up in salary, but he doesn't have the professorial title. Well, who cares about the title? I should think there would be few.

But by and large I've observed it's only the people who from time to time are willing to talk to their peers in a larger world than the local academic world who've got the qualities that justify a place on a great faculty. Now a man may be otherwise busy or preoccupied or even otherwise dreamy and not get around to do this more than once in a while, like Durham, but when he does he shakes the international house, though it's only an eighteen-page essay. Well, you know what's going on in his courses if this is what's going on in his mind, and the way it goes on.

## The President's Advisory Committee

Riess: We were discussing events in terms of your committee or administrative connections. What was the Advisory Committee's job?

Lehman: The President had asked a group of faculty members to become occasional counsel to him. (This was as much as two or three years before the oath.) The chairmen of important University committees sat with certain top administrative officers in counsel once every month or two all morning, sometimes through lunch and after lunch. It depended on how his schedule went whether it began early or late.

That council really did not get a great deal done. The object of setting it up was to have the faculty feel that they were in counsel and were advising. There was some dissatisfaction with it and after a while, either at Sproul's suggestion or

Lehman: the suggestion of someone in the Senate as it was then constituted, the President's Advisory Committee was set up. I, myself, had great doubts about the wisdom of this. I could see that it might reassure some, but on the whole I didn't think it would get anything done in the University as I knew the University from having been chairman successively of most of the important committees. I scoffed a little bit about it to those who were pleased that it had been accepted by the administration as a procedure and backed by the Senate.

The Committee on Committees undertook to staff this Advisory Committee to the President. I was walking across the campus and said to Professor Hicks of History, "I hear you're working out in the Committee on Committees the personnel of the committee to advise the President."

He said, "Yes, and you're it." [Laughter] I had not been consulted, but I could see the logic of the choice. I would bring late knowledge of the Budget Committee and the other committees' procedures to bear.

The enterprise went on, perhaps a little gained here, a little lost there, mostly small gains of information in the President's mind as to what the faculty were thinking about.

Riess: Why did they make it into a formal committee though? Could not the same results have been achieved on an informal basis?

Lehman: He could at any time have called up any of the people, but the Senate felt he didn't. They felt that for general policy he was likely to ask the Budget Committee or the Committee on University Welfare or on Educational Policy for a recommendation or an opinion on a proposal. They, the Senate, wanted something that was more automatic and more central. The President, with the advice of the Advisory Committee, would consult still further with Budget, Library, or whatever.

Riess: Did the Senate expect to communicate with the President through this committee?

Lehman: I think so. They would expect academic policy passed by the Senate to be pressed by the Advisory Committee. There was nothing much going on. The President told me after some years that he was rather disappointed in what was done there. How much that was a way of protecting himself from not using it as much as he should have, and how much that was because when I was chairman I didn't think much of it, I can't be certain.

THE LOYALTY OATH

Lehman: [Added May 1968] I think I want to let stand whatever I've said about the oath. But I would like to preface all that is said with a somewhat clearer statement of how I found myself in the oath situation. I had been, as the record shows, from the twenties, when I went on to the Library Committee, steadily in posts of advisory responsibility and confidence. And I would not have been in one after another if the confidence hadn't been granted both by the Senate and by the President.

After I finished the work on the Budget Committee, as I have said, I thought I was done. Then I found that I had to go to University Welfare to work out a brief on the retirement situation. And then I was asked to take on for a year the chairmanship of the Committee on Educational Policy, and developed the program, in a brief, for the size of the University, setting it at something around 23,750. This was a student body of a size the President was doubtful about and Deutsch was violently opposed to. But it has prevailed, with slight addition.

This is the situation, then. When I retired from this assignment, I thought I was done. I wanted to go back to teaching and a little writing. I still had a decade or more of academic activity.

I was crossing the campus one evening when I met John Hicks, professor of history, and I said to him casually, "I hear you're having to appoint an Advisory Committee."

"Not having to, we have. And you're chairman."

I said, "I have not been consulted about this."

He said, "Oh, you don't need to be consulted about it. You're it." And we laughed and went on.

Now, my conception of the Advisory Committee was, of course, to advise the President, that we would move

Lehman: in and back all further salary adjustments, all moves toward enlargement of the student body so that the University could take care of the obviously increasing number of applicants for university education and such matters. But then all of a sudden, here's the oath controversy.

At this point almost casually in the job, you see, and for a terminal year of advisory function to the administration on behalf of the Senate--almost casually in that job, I was confronted with a situation I didn't even know had arisen because I hadn't read about it in the papers. One of the men in the President's office called up and said that the Advisory Committee was going to represent the Senate in connection with this oath business. I did not at the time foresee, and I don't think Hildebrand did, how serious the whole matter would become, or that it would become serious at all.

A couple of days before the Regents meeting in which the whole thing was to be gone over again (this is the one in San Francisco following Santa Barbara), Joel Hildebrand, who I think was still chairman of the Advisory Committee, called me and said that he had asked for a conference with the President. It was at that conference that the President did not tell us--I don't recall whether he explicity denied it or not--in any case he did not tell us that he himself had proposed the oath at the end of the Santa Barbara meeting.

So we did not know that, and were allowed to infer, if we weren't explicitly told--and I don't pretend to remember which--we did not know when we went into the Regents meeting that Neylan would present the materials that he did, reading from the minutes of the meeting verbatimly taken down, showing that the President was responsible. Quite apart from any other lack of preparation, we were misprepared for this. And that meeting came to nothing, as Gardner has from the minutes made clear, and as I suggested here.

At the end of that meeting I got Hildebrand in a side room and said to him, "There's only one thing for us to do and that is to persuade the President to go and make a full statement to the full Senate

Lehman: and ask its cooperation and some responsible structure in relation to the whole matter." Of that nothing came, it was postponed. The President did ultimately appear before the Senate. But wisely, I think, as things turned out, he let time elapse.

In the interval, then, Neylan worked with me. The fact that he worked with me I assert from my point of view. What his view of our operation together was I can't tell for sure, but I take it he thought he was convincing me because he did say to the press, "Why didn't they let Lehman come back and finish up?"

Now, the interview with Neylan is in here (manuscript following), and it all had to do with building Lawrence up and pulling Sproul down and getting a faculty statement of lack of confidence in the President.* My view was then, and continued to be, and is today, that this would have been the most ill-advised of steps, that we would have precipitated something beyond the oath. Very likely we should have precipitated something like the Clark Kerr situation which would have been perhaps more dangerous at that time than the other was later. In any case,I felt I was not in congenial water, that the important thing was to keep the University moving, and to go to court.

Now the ground for going to court was a sentence or two, a passage in the Enabling Act, which I went through. I remember that on the day on which I found those passages which I thought would give us legal ground for being rid of the oath, two members of the Senate, each not knowing that the other had done it, brought me the same passage, and said that this was what should be presented to the Senate. Well, what was presented to the Senate is clear in the Senate's minutes.

Then a further thing: meanwhile, now as chairman, I suggested to the Advisory Committee that we withdraw from this responsibility and tell the chairman of the Senate that we proposed to do so and suggest that they appoint a committee specifically to act on this matter and with authority to act, which we had not in our own view. We couldn't advise the President in this matter, for obvious reasons,

---

*See p. 262.

Lehman: since he hadn't taken us into his confidence. We couldn't advise the Regents, that's obvious. The best thing to do is to find a man in whom the Senate had great confidence and who had great technical preparation, because we were looking to a possible court test, informal without Senate backing, yet.

And so Malcolm Davisson was chosen. And what I did not catch Gardner as saying was that Davisson broke down under the strain of it after he had the interview with the governor, and so on, you see. The governor couldn't handle the situation, though he came down as president of the Board, and presided and voted. He couldn't get a majority. So the oath could not be withdrawn.

It was now a question of getting backing. (The whole further matter of Tolman and the conferences is in here. [manuscript following]) It would cost a great deal of money to go to court just to present the document, you know. So I scouted around and I thought of Mrs. Lehman, then Mrs. Durham, asked for her support, got it generously, some other fairly large donations were made, and it moved toward the solution that was finally attained. Now then, have I left out essential things to your inquiries?

Riess: All of a sudden it became so clear to me that why ever did anyone think that the Advisory Committee should be advising the Regents anyway? It was really the Advisory Committee to the President.

Lehman: We shouldn't have been advising the Regents, but we found ourselves in the position of dickering with the Regents because of Neylan's taking over the chairmanship--he wasn't the chairman of the Regents. He took over that meeting from the vice-chairman, whoever that was, I've forgotten his name now, real estate man in the south. He manipulated it so that he seemed to be dealing with representatives. Now I don't think this was pure chicane on his part. I think that he was an attorney and used to moving through whatever opening the opposition presented. And his object was otherwise.

Riess: As you have made clear. Then the other thing is that it seems that there were enough forces at work, both idealistic and power-seeking, that no matter what,

Riess: it would have been impossible to bring this to a conclusion, that five or ten or 50 well-meaning men would never have been enough to stop whatever was going here.

Lehman: As you say, there was a power struggle going on behind a facade that had to do with academic freedom, civil rights, and such matters. And the power figures were willing to use the forces in the facade activity for their own purposes.

Then, I withdrew from the Advisory Committee, I resigned. I saw perfectly clearly what was going on and made that simple statement here in the record. I just knew I was not the man to do it, either in temperament or in authorization, and that probably I was further hampered by having already been operated upon by Mr. Neylan, and I ought therefore to get out. I could then say to my successor, "Now, look, this is the thing that he's after and this is what you must be on your guard against from the beginning."

Sproul was saved and I believe myself the University was benefited by the fact that he was not thrown out on that ground. And he himself in a special meeting, given at one of the dormitories they had at Dwight Way, referred to these matters.

This is all I have to say here, I think, unless something isn't clear.

Riess: Fine. But I'm sure that there's going to have to be another book on the loyalty oath some day.

Lehman: Oh, I don't think that there's any doubt of that! [Laughter]

## Regent John Francis Neylan and the Oath's Proposal

Lehman: [Original interview] The Advisory Committee went along for a little while, and then, suddenly, here was the oath. The first thing I knew about the oath, since I didn't take a morning paper, was when someone on the campus told me what had been done at the Regents meeting. The next thing I knew about it was three or four hours later when a telephone call to me at my house in the evening from a member of the President's personal staff said, "About the oath, there is going to be another meeting of the Regents on the matter here in San Francisco, and I think" (he didn't say "we think" or "the President thinks") "they are going to try to hang the proposal of the oath on Mr. Sproul."

I did not then know what presently emerged, that Neylan was trying to get rid of the President, trying to remove him from the presidency. That was fairly clear as soon as we had the meeting with the Regents at which the Advisory Committees of both the Northern and Southern sections were present. Joel Hildebrand, Harry Walker from Davis, and I were the three members from Berkeley who met with the Regents. It was clear after five minutes that the chairman of the Board of Regents was not really presiding, and that Neylan was presiding. Neylan was out to convince the President's Advisory Committee that they should work up anti-Sproul sentiment. Sproul had, at the end of a meeting at Santa Barbara, said, "There's one more thing, gentlemen," and then he had proposed the oath. Neylan said, I think with complete truth, that he had earlier been opposed to the oath, but if the President wanted it, he voted for it. That meeting, which lasted for many hours with the press and other reporters hanging around all the doors, was nothing but a battle on the part of Neylan to remove Sproul from the presidency.

From way back, Sproul had a commitment to himself to last until retirement. A little later, in a testimonial dinner to him by the faculty, or by some members of the faculty, he said that very few presidents had lasted as long as he had up to that moment, and that this was also one of the things that showed that a president knew his stuff, the fact that he

Lehman: could weather crises. The first Regents meeting was one of the most sickening experiences of my life. Sproul could not speak out because he was riding out the storm. He was silent, the record will show, except for one or two small remarks. Ancient animosities, future hopes, personal bitternesses, all kinds of factors were at work.

I was very quiet at the Regents meeting after I discovered what was going on. After I was aware of what was going on, I said very little. I thought we, too, would ride out the storm in this semi-madness of intention and activity on the part of Neylan with all his enormous resources of mind wrongly focused. The only thing to do was to let him go on, which is what happened. Most of the Regents behaved in the same way. It was a meeting subject to few interruptions. There was one very passionate statement by a member of the Advisory Committee from the UCLA campus. But aside from that, it was a long monologue by Neylan.

Riess: This Advisory Committee participation in the meeting was unusual, wasn't it?

Lehman: That was what the Advisory Committee was for, to advise the President on all things, and to represent, with him, the University if called on. They didn't call in just any member of the faculty ordinarily, but this was an officially instituted, representative group, concurred in by the President and appointed by the Committee on Committees.

Riess: Had it been used in actual contact with the Regents before this?

Lehman: No, but this was one of the things it was expected to do.

Riess: And it was expected that it would really be behind the President?

Lehman: Yes, so far as anyone had foreseen such a confrontation. We weren't bound, of course, to support the President if we thought he was wrong. We were, as a group of University faculty, of academic intelligence, which is supposed to get at the facts and take suitable positions, not necessarily pro or con any given man or any institution.

Riess: One would expect in a meeting like this that your and the President's feelings would have previously come into agreement, so that you could stand as a single unit.

Lehman: The day before when a member of his staff had telephoned and told me that they were going to "try to hang this on the President," I talked to the President and said that the committee ought to have a conference with him before going to the Regents meeting. We had the conference. I cannot now remember if there was an explicit question from me or one of my colleagues saying, "Did you or did you not make this recommendation?" but there was certainly a clear implication that he did not, that it had come and he had not objected to it because it would not have been wise to object to it, the Legislature budget situation being what it was. We were, at that early stage, misinformed, whether lied to or not in any technical sense. The President was still concealing from us that he had made the proposal at the end of the Santa Barbara meeting.

So, when we got into that Regents meeting, we were surprised when Neylan, after making the big speech, sent for the secretary of the Regents and said he wanted the verbatim minutes of the last meeting brought in. He then read the end of the preceding business and continued, "And as we were moving to adjourn, the President said, 'Gentlemen, there is one thing more,'" and then proposed the oath. Neylan then said, "What will the faculty think of this?" Sproul said, in effect, "The faculty will go along all right."

Riess: Then Neylan was all set with incriminating evidence. He must have been gleeful.

Lehman: I think he was; he thought he could "get him."

At the end of that meeting, Joel Hildebrand and I went out into an anteroom, and President Sproul hovered near the door to that room. (To my sense, Sproul was hovering, thinking whether he might come in and join us, or he might not. He did not, and I think that was wise.) I wanted to talk to Hildebrand, and I said, "It seems to me that the only thing that can be done is for Sproul to make a simple, humble statement to the Senate in full session convened

Lehman: as to what happened and why he did what he did and to express his regret." The faculty will not stand for it, otherwise, if then.

At seven o'clock that night, Neylan telephoned me at my house and asked me to lunch with him the next day at the Pacific Union Club. "Would I meet him at his office?" I said I would. I've forgotten just exactly how the conversation went, but we edged up to the subject. At one point, before we went to lunch, I said that you could not foist things of this sort on a faculty of world renown, it was preposterous. He said, "Oh, you're right as rain,"--I remember that phrase.

We went down on the elevator, chatting. He was an enormous man, very handsome, very Irish, very persuasive. I was looking up at him as I was standing opposite him in the elevator, watching. We got in a taxi; we went up to the Pacific Union Club; we had lunch; and we talked this thing over without any conclusiveness at all. I could see from the beginning, or at least after the third or fourth sentence, that he was getting at something else. After we had finished lunch, he said, "Let's go into the library."

The library at the Pacific Union Club, which is in the old Flood Mansion opposite the Fairmont Hotel, is an enormous, somewhat shadowed place, full of books and nooks--books on the shelves and nooks where there are chairs and people can read quietly. Whether anyone has ever read in there seems to be a question in many minds. There is a myth that somebody went in to read a book, had a heart attack, and wasn't found for a month. [Laughter] There was that sort of conspiratorial shadowy background for this talk.

We began talking, and he said suddenly, abruptly, "You know Ernest Lawrence."

"Yes, he lives two doors from me. I see him and his children all the time."

So he began building up Lawrence, his choice for University President.

Then he came back to the position that we could get this all settled if the faculty would pass a

Lehman: resolution condemning Sproul for his stand and act. Then the Regent majority would come behind the faculty, the oath would be withdrawn, the Regents would fight the faculty's case before the Legislature--this was all in his talk.

Riess: The first you had learned of such a plan was at this meeting with Neylan at the Pacific Union Club?

Lehman: Yes. I had heard rumors of it, but I couldn't believe that it was so carefully calculated a set of moves and that Neylan was so determined at this stage. I learned most about it that afternoon when he kept me hour after hour in the library, all alone, after lunch.

He had seized this opportunity. He got the faculty representatives at the Regents meeting; he asked to have the minutes brought in with a lot of drama instead of having them right before him. It was more than euphoric; that performance had a touch of mania. Regents who were strongly against Neylan in this move remained quiet, and I sensed perhaps half an hour after the long meeting got going that the reason for their not attacking him, not saying anything, was that they sensed that they weren't dealing with a man moving in rational patterns at the moment.

Afterwards, I had two things in mind. One was that Sproul would have to make a statement to the Senate that would clarify the situation. The other was that I would like to know really what was going on in addition to Neylan's drive. I said to Edward Heller, "This is a big mess, and it looks as if only one thing was going on"--and that was Neylan's move to remove Sproul.

Edward Heller said, "Oh, it's much more complicated than that." And he sighed. He, who was on the liberal side and against what was going on, showed his personal position but did not then or later make any move that would have made it worse in terms of the mania that seemed to be at work. In light of that, it seems to me, the apparent inertness of the people who were against Neylan's forcing the oath on the faculty in order to get the faculty to rebel against Sproul is explained. People who were

Lehman: against that series of moves had to lie low for a meeting or two, and they did.

Riess: Why couldn't the leadership have been taken out of Neylan's hands right in the very beginning? Why did his mania have to be allowed to prevail?

Lehman: There were several reasons for it. One was that they realized that they faced a powerful, ingenious, and in some ways unscrupulous man driving toward an object that he thought a high good. They realized that you couldn't deal with the quality of mania that was there. I think that they wanted, as the Advisory Committee wanted, to save the University by not removing Sproul. They thought that the way to do that was not to make a head-on clash. In that long first Regents meeting, as I said, Mr. Sproul said not one word and this was great wisdom, to let Mr. Neylan hang himself if possible but in any case to reveal his position.

Neylan had been moving toward this for a long time. He was against Sproul just as there is a cabal in the present Regents against Clark Kerr. No man can keep that kind of post and keep all of the group (normally a dozen or fourteen; they do not have the whole [larger] body there every time), all of those men lined up. They are opposed to things. He has to hurt somebody; he has to take positions that seem an affront to deep convictions or even to neuroses [laughter] in one regent or another.

Riess: If Neylan was wise enough to recognize that you could not put an oath over on the faculty, he should have been wise enough to recognize that any plan to coerce would be stopped.

Lehman: He was not expecting that he or any Regents were coercing the faculty to be against Sproul. He just thought he would seize this opportunity when so many were against Sproul.

Always a good many were against Sproul. There were members of the faculty who thought he didn't do well; all the members of the faculty who hadn't been advanced as fast as they wanted to might blame it on the Budget Committee or a committee of review, but they would also pin it on the President. There

Lehman: were all sorts of little groups, just as in a national election.

John Francis Neylan was not pushing Lawrence upon us; he was trying to get the faculty to open the post. Lawrence was very eminent then, our first Nobel Prize man, and he was adored. He was not a good administrator in the university sense, so far as we know. He was very good, I understood, up at the cyclotron, but that was a special kind of thing. Whether his imagination would have been capable of creating or enhancing the humanities or social sciences, I have no means of knowing. He was my close neighbor, my friend, an able man, but I think no university president. But Neylan was infatuated with this idea that Ernest would make a distinguished president. Anyway, he would get rid of Sproul, who was his enemy by now. (It was neurotic. He resigned from the Regents after he failed to do what he wanted to do. He said he was going to write about education but seemed to go into a kind of disintegration of his own and died not long afterward.)

Riess: Was Neylan's concern for University welfare, the faculty, or himself? What drove him in this matter?

Lehman: In all these cases the men who are moving to such ends believe they are for the welfare of the institution, but this is an easy and a common personal confusion. I have known chairmen of departments to move in the most selfish ways, deluding themselves into thinking that they were moving for the good of the group. This was the situation with Neylan. There was some deeply neurotic thing in it. John Francis Neylan told us at length that day in the Regents meeting that he had not had an education in the high technical sense and he implied he had yet prospered in the law and made himself a man of very large wealth, of high status, and of influence. Through the Hearst press, for he was a Hearst attorney, he could get anything planted in the newspapers. (He referred to this power in the library talk.) There were any number of reporters that he had helped get into the Establishment. Sproul had a group of men all planted in his administrative departments who brought in the news. It could work from the president to these men or from these men to the president. So it was with Neylan.

Lehman: The whole thing was full of internal confusion and of blotches of haze. You didn't know quite what was going on behind this little cloudiness or that one. You didn't know whether Neylan said one thing and then called the President and said something quite different. There was nothing forthright about it at all. And you couldn't know which of the Regents was "in Neylan's pocket."

Riess: If Sproul had been an academic person, is it possible to imagine this not happening at all?

Lehman: No. Sproul was a trained engineer and he wasn't in the humanities or economics, but he understood all these things. He had an extraordinary intuition of these things.

Part of Neylan's resentment of Sproul may have been the fact that Sproul actually had so swift an intuition of the factors in areas that were foreign to his training; whereas, Neylan, of course, was only a manipulator. He always thought of himself as having a philosophy of education, but it was childish, as he talked to me that day in the Pacific Union Club. Yet he was an able man and highly respectable in many ways, but a politician and a politician outside politics, so that everything was beneath the cloth, hidden.

Riess: You had not been aware prior to the whole oath issue that Neylan was out to get Sproul?

Lehman: No, I had not been aware of any of this. I did my work. I had graduate students; I had writing students; I had classes; I had my committee duties. I went ahead, putting one foot ahead of the other, and did these things.

Riess: There had not been any other situations where Sproul had been tripped up?

Lehman: None that I knew of, but I had earlier not been involved in those things.

If the Committee on Committees had said to me, "Will you accept the chairmanship of the Advisory Committee to the President?", I would have said, "No. I've done my chores here for 25 to 30 years. Now let me off." I did not think I was equipped for this.

Lehman: I don't like that kind of thing and I was extremely dubious about the wisdom of such a committee. I got into it by chance and I got out of it; I resigned from the committee, because I thought the Senate ought to have a new representative.

To regress on this one item, I had the conference with Neylan in the Pacific Union Club and did not go along with any of what he was implying, suggesting or saying forthrightly--that if the faculty would pass the resolution condemning Sproul, the whole thing could be settled. I went home, and that night I called one of the secretaries and said I had a very special letter. I dictated it and sent it to Neylan. In it I said I was glad to know, and to be able to represent to the Senate, that he would undertake to see that this whole nonsense of the oath would be withdrawn, as he felt himself in a position to do so. I said nothing about Sproul. Neylan was on the telephone the next morning when he opened his mail, and said, "Now don't get me wrong. This is a tit for tat business you know."

## "Loyalty," "Academic Freedom," and Feelings in 1949

Riess: Had there been any background of feeling and talk about the whole loyalty question the year or so before? Had there been a dialogue on the issue?

Lehman: There was talk about it in the press from time to time--some question as to whether we had Communists on the faculty. Whenever you get a neurotic attitude outside an institution which is itself committed to looking at the facts, you've got a situation in which there will be men saying, "Professor So-and-so, he's a Communist," simply because he gives a sympathetic account of Communist ideologies and attitudes, sympathetic from their point of view, that is.

I ran into this in so simple, so uncontaminated a subject as the teaching of English composition. In English 41, the sophomore writing course, I had a list of nineteenth century books the first half and twentieth century books the second half. A

Lehman: student picked out six and read them and wrote essays. The books included The Idea of a University, by Cardinal Newman, and Charles Darwin's Origin of Species. I lectured one hour on The Idea of a University; the next hour I lectured on the Catholic position as it affected that book and then came back to the book again. I did this with sympathy. I read the great two volume life of Newman. I read and spoke of his Apologia Pro Vita Sua, and this was a sympathetic presentation of that point of view. A few days before, or after, I lectured on the Origin of Species, and the only inference to draw from that is, of course, that Christian dogma set up on Christian history is nonsense. I gave that a sympathetic treatment.

Within a matter of weeks I had, and the President had, letters, one saying I was anti-Catholic, and the other saying I was pro-Catholic and religion had no place in school. I had the same problem in the Bible course. This is the kind of situation that got into the press when people in political science and in economics gave sympathetic accounts of what it was that Lenin had in mind, or seemed to have in mind, to set up. That was the thing I had heard about before, and it didn't seem any different from the kind of difficulties we were all getting into anyway.

Riess: Stephen Pepper mentioned being at Harvard the year before and talking to Conant about what would happen if there was just such a Red scare on campus, and Conant said that no matter what the threat to the endowments, they simply would not stand for it. There was no question about it. They would not be vulnerable. Was that stand possible for the University of California?

Lehman: I don't really know. I do not know how close the balance would have been in the Legislature in the Committee on Ways and Means, which in those days had the budget report.

Riess: During the general confusion prevailing at the time of the oath question, academic freedom was the rallying cry. The book The Year of the Oath makes this point.* Do you think that faculty members really

---

*George Stewart, The Year of the Oath, Doubleday, New York, 1950.

Riess: do have such a passionate commitment to that idea?

Lehman: I do not know how it is now or if I can recapture how it was. Many people spoke to me about it. I was a friend to Alec Meiklejohn, who was strong for academic freedom. (At Amherst he had not accorded it always when he was president; he decided whether a man was a good teacher or not and put them out or kept them on accordingly.) He had been a close friend for years of one of my colleagues in English, James Caldwell.

Edward Tolman and I were close friends since 1920, and he and especially his wife were civil liberties and academic freedom advocates. I would hear a great deal about the issue from them, but I thought they made too much of it. I did not know of a case in my time at the University in which what I think of as academic freedom was impinged upon, except in connection with the oath. A man had a right to express his opinions, his judgments, in the area of his competence. If he was wrong, another judgment opponent to that one would prevail, or so we always thought.

I remembered that way back in the early 1920s when I was a youngster on the faculty, I came home from a symphony concert one night on the ferry, and Gilbert Lewis, the great chemist, was there. He had a paper spread out, the morning's Chronicle or Examiner, and I was headlined. I looked at it and he said, "They are quoting you on a subject you have no right to talk about." This was the great Gilbert Lewis, and I learned from that. But we have a great many people who do do that. I know two men in the English Department who are always going off half-cocked about the political or the economic situation. That is not the area of their competence, but we stood for academic freedom even in that area, or perhaps it was citizen's freedom.

Riess: I wondered if academic freedom was a concept discovered with relief by people who did not know how they stood.

Lehman: I don't know that that was so; I was not out taking the pulse. I know a great many people on the faculty who never considered it at all and used to laugh at

Lehman: it. I always thought that Alexander Meiklejohn and the rest made too much fuss about it.

I remember meeting Alec Meiklejohn once on a noon walk at the time of the oath and stopping to talk with him, not wishing to get involved yet involved because he and his wife were so passionately clear that the most important thing now was to defeat the oath party. I said, "I don't think it is the most important thing at all." (I can see perfectly well were we were standing, what house was here and what tree there, right in the street.) "I think the most important thing is to save the University, and perhaps the first step in that will not be to defeat the oath, but support and keep the President."

We had a great many passionate people. George Potter broke down over the oath and had a heart attack. He had succeeded me as chairman of the Department of English. When he had the heart attack, the Department of English had an advisory committee to the chairman. I did not know that he had had a heart attack. I was telephoned and asked if I would meet with the advisory committee at ten o'clock in the little department library that we then had, up in the top of Wheeler. When I got there I made a joke about this, and my intuition was right, he had broken down. The committee asked me to go back as chairman until he was well, for the rest of the year. After some consideration--I can remember putting my head in my hands and thinking and getting gooseflesh to have to do it again after five years--I said, "Yes, their judgment ought to be persuasive." And I took it.

The next day, James Caldwell, who was my good, close friend, came in and said, "You should never have accepted this after your stand on the oath." My stand on the oath was that I thought the first steps of the whole faculty should be to save the University and fight the oath in the courts.

Riess: Why did Caldwell think you should have refused?

Lehman: Because he was a highly excitable ACLU man; he thought I was prejudiced against those people in the department who said they were going to resign. He was one of those who said he was going to resign

Lehman: and then did not. The younger men who did resign used him as an example. He told me that he had talked it over with his wife and was going to resign if the oath was required. Then they talked it over some more and he did not resign.

With regard to such matters as the oath, it always seemed to me that you had to fall back--there was never an hour in that period or in my life when I did not believe this--that you always have to fall back on this position: "I do indeed believe that the democratic process will work and, therefore, must believe that gradually the majority of the people will see the light on this."

I can remember that during the McCarthy days people who were very serene normally were so excited that they could not talk about anything else at dinner or lunch and thought the country was really coming under a Fascist power. It seemed to me that my experience with the American people was that there were enough intelligent people in the country to see through this very shortly. That was all hurried up by the television revelations, with people who were not in the habit of reading seeing how preposterous the man was. Aside from the printed page, people could and did see him on television, and then, of course, came the breakdown. First came the breakdown of his position and then the breakdown of his psyche.

There are groundswells in the nation. That was one of them. There is one perhaps developing now in connection with Vietnam, and there have been groundswells in the University in my time.

Riess: The one last year [Free Speech Movement, 1964-65], in a way connected with Vietnam, was connected also with a definition of the University's position in relation to issues--war, civil rights, etc.

Lehman: It was even more complex. Does academic freedom extend down to any member of the student body? Does academic freedom extend to any intellectual or pseudo-intellectual who choses to live in the neighborhood of the University, not a student but play-student? I thought it was very complex, and nothing but laughter saves that. McCarthy was laughed out ultimately. I think if he had been President last year, Sproul would have made one student address, one bellowing, jocose speech, and kidded them to

Lehman: death. As it was there was nobody with enough personal magnetism and enough humor.

Do you know the kind of thing McCracken said at Vassar College when Edna Millay behaved in a certain un-Vassar girl manner? She was already a published poet. He sent for her and said, "Ed, you can do anything you like. I'm not going to throw you out. I'm not going to have any Shelleys on my doorstep." [Laughter] And she stopped.

Riess: The thing last year shows that the University does not collapse under these things.

Lehman: Ed Strong was confused; it was a case of a philosopher and a man of action being at odds with himself.

When I read The Year of the Oath (George asked me to read it in manuscript), I felt it was not full enough in places, too full in others, too speculative, and the author believed too readily the things people told him. Also, plainly, he hadn't all of the documents.

Riess: It was written before the whole thing was over.

Lehman: Yes, and it is perhaps not as sharply analytical as it should be. His gift for narrative is imposing, but his gift for analytical statement is less so.

The object of the oath fight was, of course, to save the University, just as during the last two years the object of most of the people working against the student revolts was to save the University. They may not always have made the right moves, but their object was not to win but to arrange things to bring about a situation in which men wouldn't, if they were called to Yale or the University of Pittsburgh, say, "This is no place for me; sure I'll go." We had the same kind of thing then.

It ought also to be remembered in this connection that all of it had happened at the end of the Depression. There had been salary cuts; back a few years, some had been restored, and some had not been restored. The war had intervened. The reconstitution of the faculty was full of anxiety, because there weren't enough people properly trained to become the teachers for the increased student body. Salaries had been

Lehman: cut once; they could be cut again. They were cut in the Depression in the early thirties. Many people had come to the University lured by climate, by the repute of the institution, but hadn't yet settled in, and it was easy for them to go away.

Some Europeans who hadn't left Europe before the Second World War and who had suffered horrors through the war had left at the end of the war and were very uncertain about what this could mean, whether this was another Hitler business or not. There were complicating psychological factors, which have somehow to be gathered up if a true account is to be given. These factors must be woven around the solid core of the statements made in letters and otherwise taken down from dictation leading up to the court trial in which the Enabling Act, which was drawn up by Dwinelle for whom Dwinelle Hall is named, prevailed for the freedom of the University.

Riess: You give it a sound of the inevitable, as something that was inevitable in this period of history.

Lehman: I hadn't intended to do that, but I would stand by that view. It was drama, you know, and in drama it isn't always the things people say or even the things they do but rather the climate within which they say them or do them that makes the conclusion tragic or otherwise. I think that's the reason drama is best when it's written in great style, in poetry, because the poetry carries these things that are out of the climate and that aren't purely rational or describably felt but are there nonetheless.

I think that I was right at the time (although this may be self-justification) to get out at a certain point, because I thought there had to be changes for several reasons. One, that if a man got out it would look to the disaffected and the disgruntled-with-process as though he were a scapegoat, and they like and need a scapegoat in that. I thought it was important to get out because I thought it was important to have a man with more legal training there. I felt that if I left the post for Malcolm Davisson, who was there so briefly, it would be all to the good. I think it was, though he broke down under it.

Lehman: As for Professor Stewart's suggestion that there was soul-searching and personal unrest in the faculties, I didn't understand whether he felt it was there before the thing came on or whether it was there as a result. I think the University over a long period was inquiring into its teaching methods, into the place that project research had in a university. There was a great deal of very fine, high-grade unrest and concern lest the University, which should be dedicated to basic pure research, shift over under the assignments which had begun before and during the war to project research--getting "fixed" problems solved, getting solutions for situations, developing weapons and so on. There was a great deal of disquiet through the University at that time on these grounds. This, of course, had come to a fantastic climax with the development of the bomb at Los Alamos, all of which was done under the University's aegis. The Manhattan Project was separate, but the activity down there was run by a University set-up.

Riess: That certainly is something to consider, the feelings of these men in the sciences who had been tied so closely to the government for so many years anyway.

Lehman: Some of them were very concerned, but it was the philosophers and some of the men in the humanities who were most concerned. A man like William Dennes, now an emeritus professor in philosophy, wrote articles justifying this kind of project research and raising philosophical considerations. This was the kind of unrest I observed over and above, the unrest that is always there. I think university men are always looking for better ways of doing things, and especially in an era like that when men of action, as distinguished from men merely of thought devoted to the dissemination of knowledge, had been at the forefront for half a decade.

Riess: It seems as if periodically there has been a reassessment of the faculty's relation to the running of the University; almost every twenty years something happened.

Lehman: I think it happens everywhere, although sometimes it is somewhat disguised. If you think, for instance, that President Eliot's revolution at Harvard--the

Lehman: building of graduate schools of all sorts, and professional schools, freeing the undergraduate for taking all courses, if he liked, in physics, or all in French, having no organized program of undergraduate study but instead what he called the elective system--was done simply or easily, you are wrong.

Riess: But he came in and gave that to the university. There wasn't a faculty revolution, was there?

Lehman: Oh, yes. So many of the faculty were very strongly against that and other measures that he took that he allowed them to use the university press to print their arguments against him. He worked hard in a long series of faculty meetings to put this thing over, and he didn't get it done all at once either. He never got freshman English out as he felt it should be.

There had been men in the Harvard faculty who were disquieted with the old methods, such as learning Hebrew, Greek, and Latin and learning nothing else. After Eliot, it followed that when Lowell came in he immediately started to be the spokesman for those members of the faculty who were disgruntled and dismayed by the bad results of the elective system. So he put in concentration and distribution programs. He was disgruntled with the way students lived anywhere, so he built "the houses," giving himself the money for the first of the houses, and he had the instructors live there. Eliot's idea was that if a student wanted to see a professor he would go and find him. Lowell's idea was that he would be right there in the house.

The rebellion here in the last couple of years is a rebellion of students, and that is part of the malaise that is in the world at large I'm sure.

Riess: But at least two years ago it found so much sympathy in the faculty.

Lehman: That in part is a hangover from the time of the oath--freedom of speech, academic freedom.

Riess: I've been told that the oath comes up very often now. A man's position on the oath is checked out and quoted back to him now.

Lehman: It could well be. It will be full of contradictions, human beings being what they are.

President Robert Gordon Sproul and the Oath

Riess: You talked with Hildebrand while Sproul hovered at the door about having Sproul get up and make a clean breast of the whole thing before the Academic Senate. Did you ever suggest it to Sproul?

Lehman: Yes, later, and he said, "The time will come for that." And it did. The man is enormously gifted. He made a very skillful statement. It had the quality of apology, the quality of excuse, the quality of confession, the quality of justification. He just put it in, layer on layer.

Riess: Why didn't he make it at the time?

Lehman: He thought it was not ready or maybe he wasn't ready. The man is a very great artist; the thing had not matured yet.

Riess: It would appear that it was a sudden piece of unwisdom on Sproul's part in not rejecting the oath proposal, and then he became bound up in it.

Lehman: I think it was a momentary failure of insight. When he went before the Regents at Santa Barbara and said just before adjournment, "Just one thing more," the question was asked and was read to us in the meeting, "What will the faculty think of this?" And, "They won't go along with that." I think it was a failure of insight.

You can put it another way and say that Sproul, whose intuitions of these things were on the whole very reliable, panicked. Remember that you are in the end of the forties. He was on the point of crowning the institution with greatness, because in the end, no matter how well the committees or the chairmen chose people from all over the country, it was his final responsibility to see that the funds were there. He was about to make the great institution. Whether he foresaw at that moment that it would be

Lehman: so enlarged and that you would have to have a strong base, or whether he simply wanted it to wear a crown... it was comparable with Harvard in every respect. (Every four or five years they had checkups.)

I think he panicked. His life work was threatened, and for a moment he was blind and didn't see the other possibilities. He didn't consult with anyone so far as I know; he didn't consult with Walker, or with Joel Hildebrand, or with me, or with Sailor Davis.

Riess: At that point do you think he felt he could destroy Neylan as much as Neylan felt that he could destroy Sproul? Do you think Sproul really entered into the game?

Lehman: I have no guess on that. Obviously Sproul was in swordplay with Neylan and he may have had the sense that Neylan had now overreached himself and would break up, which he did. But I never discussed the matter with Sproul and I don't know.

I saw Neylan once later at the Coblentzes' up in Sonoma at a party where there were certainly 150 people, a lunch party. He saw me from his height and came over to me. We talked a little. I had no inkling then that he was breaking up, but a few months later someone saw him at a smaller gathering and told me that he was confused and crisscrossed in his talk. Then he did have a breakdown. He did not write, which he said he was going to do when he resigned from the Regents. (That, of course, was Sproul's victory; he got him off the Regents, by his own act.)

Altogether, this was one place where Sproul's imagination failed him. He might, when Corley said he thought they could best get the budget through in all this stir if they had the faculty sign the oath, have said, "No, I don't think the faculty will stand for that; we have to devise other ways and means." Or he might have consulted with Hildebrand, or with Stephen Pepper, or even with me, and said, "What do you think?" But he did it on his own and he did it at the end of the Regents meeting, when they were finished, so that there was no time to discuss it.

Lehman: There were men on the Regents who did not believe in it, and men who instantly saw that it would be the celebrated cause of this decade if not of the century. I always thought that it was nonsense. I don't like gas masks, for instance, but if there were poison in the air, I would wear a gas mask until the poison was gone. This was the sort of thing I felt we were up against.

If you go back and think of Campbell as President, this could never have happened in Campbell's regime. I doubt that it could have happened in Barrow's time, with Barrows as President. Campbell was a man of the most rigorous thought processes, conditioned by a lifetime spent in the comparative solitude of Mount Hamilton as an astronomer, conditioned by the processes of mathematics and the reliable mathematical, astronomical phenomena of the heavens. He always worked with rigor in the application of his thought to academic matters. Perhaps he was a little Puritanic in the rigors.

Campbell would not have had Corley represent him in the capitol, if he had gone on as President into the difficult time of the Depression. He would have had a more academic person. Indeed, he would have gone up himself. Actually he had Sproul go up, and Sproul was extremely skillful. Sproul was much more academic than Corley. Sproul had grown up in engineering and learned to talk as an equal with the academic-minded, whereas Jim Corley always felt that he had to keep Legislature relations on the "hail-fellow-well-met" agreeable side.

Riess: What do you think Campbell's relations would have been with the Regents?

Lehman: Campbell's relations with the Regents were rock-bottom solid. He was President for only seven years, and it makes a difference whether a man is weathering out 25 years--toward the end of that period--or whether he is just going a decade and has already enormous prestige. They brought Campbell down from the mountain to straighten out the finances at the Medical School at an earlier time. His solutions to the problems were so clean-cut that they were awed by the man's capacity and made him President when Barrows withdrew.

Lehman: That was a period of comparing what you had with what preceded. Wheeler got into trouble in terms of a wide and perhaps throughly national set of attitudes toward Germany. Then there was the interregnum of the triumvirate. Then there was Barrows, so that Campbell seemed a great, solid man, and was.

I have never known the full story of Sproul's appointment to the presidency. He was named President in the absence of W.H. Crocker, who was the big man on the board, and this may have had some long-range influence on him. Crocker came back from Europe or New York and wanted the appointment revoked, I have heard. The result of that was that Sproul had a long conference with him and he agreed, impressed by Sproul in that very long evening conference, that Sproul should have a chance at it.

Sproul did a magnificent job; considering the Depression, when salaries had to be cut, he managed wonderfully. Sproul's 25 years are going to be the key 25 years, I believe. All the preparation for the Clark Kerr thing was done in his time. Clark Kerr came at a time when the tens of millions just rained on the University. We had to fight to get forty or fifty millions; now they operate in terms of hundreds of millions.

There is a poet in Sproul; he is a great imaginer of things. At the same time there was a small-time politician in him. There were many people who had a personal distrust of Sproul. He was not an intellectual in their sense. Other people, who hadn't been advanced, felt it to be the President's fault. That failure to advance may have been the result of a judgment by a committee of their peers, the promotion committees, or the Budget Committee; but after all the President in the end gets it.

Riess: Is that the way a man would see it, that the President was really the man to blame? I would think that he had so many buffers in the form of committees that he would be spared.

Lehman: I know all too well that sometimes they said that a certain chairman of the Budget Committee was a son-of-a-bitch, and you would never get by him. But as a matter of fact it was known that the President

Lehman: had the right to reverse these judgments. People who weren't advanced sometimes actually managed to get, hard as it was, appointments with him to state their case. Then, of course, he would say, "Well, this is what I am advised by the Budget Committee."

There was a good deal of that, and there was also the fact that Sproul was very busy. He had a comparatively small staff. If you compare it with Clark Kerr's set-up, Sproul's was fantastically meager, and he was too busy to see people. There were people who were disgruntled about that and all kinds of little things. It's what we are saying now about Lyndon Johnson or said about Pat Brown in the election, "You've been in office for a long time, and in order to get things done you have made enemies as well as friends." The enemies are usually more articulate; friends only rise in defense, but the others attack and grumble. This was the kind of thing that happened. Sproul had been there since 1930, and that's a long time. The average incumbency of presidents in those days was three or four years over the whole country, and very few men had lasted as long as he had.

It's also true that there were voices round that were generally fearful about the world, the McCarthy atmosphere and intention, for example, and feared it would get the University. I know James Caldwell often talked to me about that. On the fringe of the University, Alexander Meiklejohn was very ready to argue these matters and to make valid headway, but he also set up attitudes in certain people who couldn't think the thing through and made them disgruntled or distrustful. The plain fact was that through all the years Sproul did the great preparatory job on top of which, as foundation, the present expansion of the University was possible. Though one or two people left because they didn't like the atmosphere, hundreds came, people of world renown in all the fields. So distrust wasn't warranted in those areas, whether or not it was warranted in the others where a man is a president and therefore a political figure who manipulates. I suppose there was a credibility gap.

Riess: We are now talking about the faculty's credibility rather than the people of the State of California.

Lehman: Sproul was very strong with the people of California, and he was strong with the students.

Riess: I still don't understand why he didn't deal strongly with the oath issue back in 1950. He had the support of the people of California, and the oath issue was going to be brought to a vote.

Lehman: To my mind, the reason would be simply that it takes time to mobilize the approvals of all these people through the state. The people of the state at the moment were tinged with fear, and into this moved Neylan with a single statement, "He's soft on Communism." It can't be good for the University to lose a man, and more than that, Sproul had the deepest determination from way back to last until retirement. I'm sure that this was a kind of delightful game he played with himself--"I'll make it." And it was a long time, nearly thirty years, but it was a magnificent job just the same. I don't think he would have managed it if it hadn't been that Earl Warren was in the governor's chair.

Riess: Do you know what Sproul was heading for? Was he going to retire as President, or was he going on to other heights?

Lehman: There were times when it was thought that he would run for senator. I remember once teasing Ida Sproul, his wife, about it at a luncheon at the President's House. She said, "I'm against it. If he runs, I don't run with him." She was laughing, but still it was clear. I think he wet his finger and held it up in the wind every week for a long time on this matter.

Riess: Perhaps Neylan would have backed him in that kind of activity in order to get him out of the University.

Lehman: He might well have. It is also possible that Sproul hoped for a Republican Administration, in which he would be a member of the Cabinet. I think that was in the cards. He was advisor, and perhaps more than that, to certain functions in Washington. But the defeat of Dewey, the extra four years of Truman as President, left Sproul, as a notable Republican, out of it, and then really too old. Pauley, who was his great good friend, was appointed and took him

Lehman: along on that evaluation tour in the Orient, bombing practices and such during the war. If a Republican regime had come in four or eight years earlier, he probably would have gone on to Washington, being a notable figure in one of the growing states.

## Controller James Corley and the Oath

Riess: The role of Corley in the oath issue is something that people still wonder about.

Lehman: I never knew what it was. He was one of the men that was very close to Sproul. He was a politician and may have arranged something up there afterwards to prove that Sproul was right.

Riess: January, 1949, "Controller James Corley, in his capacity as University representative at the Legislature, recommends to President Robert G. Sproul that an anti-Communist oath be required of the faculty as a preventive to the possible passage of legislation dangerous to the University." (The Year of the Oath)

Lehman: I think that Corley, who was a charming fellow and seemed very easygoing but was very tough underneath, would have felt that his obligation was to get the money to pay the salaries, to staff the laboratories, to buy the books, to keep the rooms.

Riess: Any way he could.

Lehman: Not any way he could, but you know how these guys are up there from the cow counties. He always had to deal with representatives of Alpine County, for instance. What did they know about what a university was? The cow counties had the balance.

I grew up in a mining camp; I have seen people who had not the smallest inkling of what the great issues in the world were take violent stands. In my boyhood, the anti-Cleveland people, the pro-McKinley people--because Cleveland was wrecking the American economy, the American political set-up--took such stands. One of the amusing things of the teens

Lehman: for people of my generation was to see all those who had been for Theodore Roosevelt go anti-Theodore Roosevelt, because he was undermining the things that they took for granted. This is what the people in the cow counties did. They didn't have concepts; they had allegiances.

I think Jim Corley's position and his personal qualities ought to have a restatement. I have no doubt that he was alarmed when he saw how all the small, rural, and conservative elements in the Legislature were reacting to the few liberal or radical spokesmen on the campus. It was natural that he should be alarmed, for in the first place he was responsible to the President and the Regents for getting the budget through, and in the second place, he was the pal of a great many members of the faculty and continually among them in one way or another. If he had failed and their salaries had been cut or their laboratory allowances or the library allowances had been cut, it would have been a very uncomfortable thing.

He was a man who had a great talent for comfortable personal relations, and he maintained these even where antagonisms existed. It is a remarkable social talent that he had. He did by temperament as well as by direction the things that he had to do, and it was he, no doubt, who said to Sproul, "If you can get the oath through, we'll get all the money." Corley's actions were perfectly natural, given his nature and the situation in which he was, namely procuring funds.

## Benjamin Lehman and the Oath

Riess: Now, let's talk about your role in the oath issue, as a member of the Advisory Committee. Earlier we talked about the Advisory Committee's presence at the Regents meeting in San Francisco. You mentioned that you resigned soon after. But you did not resign until the whole issue was resolved, did you?

Lehman: Yes, I did, and Malcolm Davisson was made the chairman. He broke down and had a heart attack.

Riess: He was made the chairman of the special committee substituted for the Advisory Committee, the Conference Committee.

Lehman: They may have changed it then. I went out at once. I think Joel did too, and then when Malcolm Davisson had a heart attack in the midst of all this, the Irishman, the Dean of the School of Engineering, O'Brien, was made chairman of the committee.

Over all, as I have said elsewhere, I thought the University could be best served by keeping Sproul as President in spite of his blunder. And a new conference chairman was needed. But I resigned for a complex of reasons, partly because I did not think in the first place that I ought to have been in that post. I was not fitted for it, being nothing of the politician. I went out also because Sproul had not been forthright and honest with us in the meeting before we went to the Regents the next day. But chiefly I went out because we had a meeting of 49 people one evening, all the people who had advisory or leadership places in the faculty, and the talk never got anywhere. I proposed one thing and one thing only. I proposed that the faculty as a whole sign the oath, but that one or, at most, two or three men refused to sign the oath. I would prefer that one only refuse since that would lighten the burden of what I was about to propose. The rest of my proposal was that one man resign and we would go to court.

I had, that afternoon, read again the Enabling Act, the constitutional statement that created the University, and the old Charter Act. I found in it that statement that the members of the faculty shall be subject to no oath or other requirement save such as are enforced for all citizens. (In fact, it was on that sentence which we quoted in a letter which is extant in the Library, that finally the dissident, resigning members of the faculty based their case and won it in the courts. From the beginning we were on beam, however it looked from outside.)

Lehman: I thought I saw clearly that no court in the world would allow the oath to stand. So I proposed that we have one man resign and go to court, that the faculty support that man at his normal salary as an unofficial member of the faculty, doing whatever researches he wished, and that we collect that much money and also perhaps $40,000 to put the case through the courts. If the faculty did not want to do that, I proposed that they resign as a total group until the oath was withdrawn.

No one spoke to the first proposal, no one. To the second proposal Will Dennes spoke, saying, "Do you really think that a strike, which is what this would be, would prevail?"

"How could it not prevail?"

No one else spoke. Other proposals were, for example, to raise money for all the people whose consciences would not allow them to sign the oath. The end of that was that we would have to support thirteen or seventeen people. (Mrs. Lehman and I gave $12,000 as a first contribution toward just printing the materials to go to court.)

Riess: This was a case where the faculty had to act instantly and could not.

Lehman: They are not geared for that sort of thing. No matter how much they deal with the real world, they do live in an off-world, a bayou, a little backwater. They try things out theoretically before they are tried out practically, and here they were suddenly thrown into that practical world.

Years ago I said to a senior member of the faculty, "What do you think a young member of the faculty should do or have in the way of an investment policy?"

He said, "I think a young man on the faculty should have an investment policy that makes it unnecessary for him to think of his investments."

Up until the Depression and later no one discussed much whether he was going to vote for X or Y in my experience, not even on the local issues. So

Lehman: that they are in a library alcove. This, more than not having any apparatus, hampered them.

Maybe one could have got up in the faculty meeting and made a Daniel Webster speech and got the faculty to vote against the whole proposal, which would have thrown Sproul out--no question about that. That isn't what they wanted to do either. And some of them wanted to go along.

Of those men who went out, some for one reason and some for another, some never came back. Some came back and were honored, like Edward Tolman, who would not on his own have made all this fuss. The young men went to him and said, "Now you be our leader." He and several others came up and sat in the garden at Tamalpais Road one afternoon and talked about whether they ought to go ahead with it. Somebody ought to go ahead with it, and he was in a better financial position than most.

Riess: Neither of your two proposals to "the 49" were accepted.

Lehman: They weren't even discussed, but in the end it was a modified form of the first one that saw us through. Actually, the argument made by the attorneys and accepted by the court, based on what is in the state constitution concerning the University's autonomy, was the same one I made when we went in to see Sproul the night before the Regents meeting, the statement that I made without any supporting argument, simply reading the passage in the Regents meeting and the statement I made to the faculty. There was no difference, no new arguments. It simply had to move through all the channels and a lot of legal work had to be done.

Riess: Before your resignation from the Advisory Committee, there was some communication with the Regents.

Lehman: I was out of it after that letter to Neylan written after our private meeting.

Riess: On June 18th, "the Advisory Committee (Northern Section) confers with [the] President and proposes as a first solution the traditional oath plus a statement of University policy on the employment or

Riess: retention of Communists which faculty members would merely express their acquiescence in. A second solution, to be employed only if 'the public relations of the University make an amplification of the [traditional] oath indispensable,' might read: 'That I am not under oath, nor a party to any agreement, nor as a member of any party or organization am I under any....'" [This and following quote from The Year of the Oath.]

Lehman: Was I the chairman when that was proposed?

Riess: This was June 18, 1949, before the Summer Session and just after the faculty adjourned. In the Advisory Committee 1948-1949 Hildebrand was chairman and you were on the committee. In 1949-1950 you were chairman. There was a Conference Committee formed in fall, 1949, under Malcolm Davisson, but the Advisory Committee was the body at least until the fall.

Lehman: I do not recall having anything to do with all those statements.

Riess: The first non-signers meeting June 27, a few days later, took the position that "[the] new oath is not essentially better than [the] old one, that [the] Advisory Committee was not given power to act, and that individual Senate members are therefore not bound by the committee's action." There is murmuring of "sold down the river" upon the land. This is a question that always comes up in connection with the loyalty oath. Was the Advisory Committee empowered to act?

Lehman: I don't think it was. I never thought it was empowered to act. It was empowered to consult and report.

Riess: Did Hildebrand think that he or the committee was empowered to act?

Lehman: He was not chairman at the time we met with the Regents. He had moved down.

Riess: We are talking about June of 1949.

Lehman: Then he was still chairman. It is a little confused in my mind because I think Neylan asked me a question

Lehman: across the board. I said, "I am not chairman of the Advisory Committee, Regent Neylan, and I would like the experienced chairman, Mr. Joel Hildebrand, to answer." He had to return it to me on July 1st. As I have tried to suggest, there was something very sleazy about the whole thing. The chairman of the Advisory Committee was not like the chairman of a department with some delegated authority. He was to consult and report as chairman of the committee representing the Senate in the President's Council.

Riess: On June 14, 1949, which was apparently the last meeting of the Academic Senate before a real adjournment, with a large attendance and much discussion, the "Advisory Committee is instructed to consult with the President 'with a view to working out such a solution,'" that solution being a modified oath. "This resolution is passed in an upsurge of enthusiasm and idealism with only four or five dissenting votes, but it has to be acted on without time for full and proper consideration of all its bearings. In consequence the faculty makes an important Parliamentary mistake, which is to vex them later and perhaps fatally to injure their cause; viz., certain members believe the Advisory Committee has been entrusted with power to act, while other members believe the committee has been given power only to consult and refer the matter back to the Senate."

Lehman: That distinction between power to act and power to consult developed in the general consciousness after those meetings. It did not come up at that time.

Riess: Do you think the reason was that people still had not had time to think?

Lehman: They were confused. There were several kinds of confusion. There was the confusion with respect to the oath; there was a confusion with respect to the relation of the Senate and the President in a thing like this; there was the confusion that arose from the fact that Corley and Pettit were presidential representatives and advisors and go-betweens; and there was confusion in the members of the faculty because they had lived in a backwater, and suddenly they were thrust into spearhead decision without

Lehman: having had a long period of experience with these things.

I am struck, reading of the life of John Adams, how long, how many years of preparation the basic issues had in the minds of men like Adams and Franklin. We did not have any of that; they just plunged into it. I was no more fitted to take care of it than most members of the faculty. I doubt whether any were. Malcolm Davisson, who was a professor of economics, had gone, after he was an assistant professor, to Michigan or Wisconsin and taken a law degree. He was a trained legalist, and it was perfectly clear that he had better equipment to take care of this than any of the rest of us. I so recommended to the Committee on Committees, and he succeeded me. The strain of the thing, the multiple pressures caused him to really have a breakdown. He was out for a long time with some kind of cardiac involvement. (Mike O'Brien, who was an able man but not a legalist at all, followed Davisson. I do not know why they picked him, perhaps because he talked a lot.)

My own feeling was that we had a long-range activity at the University. Under leadership of the President and the Budget Committee in the pre- and post-wartime we were busy building up the University to the point where it would have the rating that it presently has. There were departments that were strong but not distinguished. We were getting chairmen who would bother to comb the country to find people who would fill in. It did not seem to me that this aberration, which was like a mania running through the country, was more than temporary. We were not in the position of Harvard or Yale, who could turn down one gift or ten gifts. We would be turning down 87 per cent of our income if the Legislature said, "Okay, no money."

Chances are we could have gone to court and had the court say that the state was responsible for the salaries of all people on tenure. But you make a faculty great by cultivating the most gifted of your non-tenure people and bringing them along, and they would all have gone, because the state had no obligation to them.

Riess: Chances are also that this would never have come to pass.

Lehman: Yes, I would have thought so.

People said, after that faculty meeting of 49 or 50 of us, that I could easily propose that we go on strike because I had resources. It would be all right for Tolman or for Pepper, but what about the men who were in debt and just able to keep going in the expectation of a little improvement in salary next year?

## ON BEING ENGLISH DEPARTMENT CHAIRMAN

Riess: What was the social role of the chairman of the English Department, or what did it come to be? How did it change as the department grew and began to turn outward?

Lehman: For eleven years preceding Cline's going in for one year of the chairmanship and then my going in for a longer time, Guy Montgomery was chairman. At the beginning he had the idea that he would follow the Walter Morris Hart tradition, which was that of bringing the men together at dinners and evening gatherings, and this he did a little of. But his wife, who was an extraordinary and difficult woman, was a perfectionist. She never thought there was enough money to do these things in the right way; whereas no one remembers the next day whether perfection was attained in this or that. There was less and less of such convening over the eleven years, and the department more and more separated from the chairman.

My program as chairman was simple and direct. I remember talking to Walter Morris Hart, after having thought about it a good deal, and coming to the conclusion that it would be very important for the restoration of morale, which had disintegrated in the department, to do several things at once. One was to work hard for salary increases, because for a decade nothing had been done about that. Some of the people were on their way to world reputation, men like Bronson, young as he then was. Others were of the greatest promise, like Miles or Bertrand Evans, and nothing had been done about them.

A second thing was to show something that could almost be called personal relish in enjoyment of the man. This could easily be achieved bit by bit, if you asked somebody or two people to lunch, as I began doing at once, and talking to them about their projects and why they had not gone ahead with them. (They had lost courage, and ambition in two or three cases.)

Lehman: But the great thing was to have everybody know everybody else. I had a decent house in Tamalpais Road, and, until the war came, good staff, but the Japanese who took care of me were taken out of the state. At that point a young Negro, who had been Langston Hughes' secretary and who came to work for me when Hughes went back East, as private secretary in the evenings for dictating letters, etc., proved to be a very flexible fellow and not at all embarrassed about putting on a white coat and serving cocktails or tea. So we managed all through that time. I saw a great deal of my colleagues, sometimes in groups of six or eight or ten, and sometimes the whole department with their wives. In summer, when weather was good, we could use the house and garden and all forty or fifty people could be there.

Riess: So you gradually took this on over those years without it being a bad situation with Montgomery.

Lehman: I think both he and she were hurt at first. I remember that after a cocktail party at which at the last moment she was ill and <u>they</u> could not come, it was obvious that although he was my good friend and I was fond of her, they could not face it, or psychologically unconsciously could not.

A couple of days later she called up and said, "I heard about the party and I just want to tell you that it won't be appreciated. The department never appreciates anything." She had got to that point. She went on, slightly embittered always. She was a very ambitious woman, older than he, eight or nine years older I think, a very beautiful, very Irish, very vivid, small woman who survived him and went to live at the Women's City Club, where she died about three years ago close to ninety. She survived him by a dozen years. She was almost a character out of Proust; it would take three hours to give a sketch of her and much more time to give a proper account.

I went in as chairman. You had things to do; you put one foot in front of another; it's obvious where the foot has to go down if you are not walking backwards.

Riess: Were there other people actively interested in the department as an institution?

Lehman: Everybody who was a member of it was interested in it, but it is the business of the chairman of a department to foster its enlargement, its progress, its distinction and the rewards of progress and distinction. This is his job.

I was interested then in that special way when the job was mine, eager to bring the best talent, to see the possibilities of Josephine Miles, for example, and to press for the opportunity for so physically limited a woman to use her brain for our good; to encourage Evans and others; to bring in people like Schorer, Raleigh, and Muscatine. From a list of 160 people each year, or 130 one year, or 90 another, you pick out 20 or 25 that you want to talk to and then pick out the two or three that you bring. These are the Schorers, the Raleighs, the Muscatines....

Another vital thing is not to let the good ones get away. Johns Hopkins offered Bronson a marvelous post, and I finally got the President to agree to come through with what it took to keep him. Columbia offered a post to George Stewart, who was in those days at the top of _Storm_ repute and not particularly a scholar but an eager and active intelligence, full of projects and very stimulating to the group. I do not know whether he would have gone at all, but to meet this kind of thing is what the chairmanship consisted of.

The chairman had to see that the courses were recreated after a decade or a dozen years, so that these people thought that they were teaching in the way that was the best way for them. Instead of the old Shakespeare course, which Durham, Whipple, young Bronson, young Cline had developed, we put in a different kind of junior course and a different kind of senior course, not because _I_ wanted them, but because _they_ wanted them, and they ought to be allowed to work in their own ways. I believed then and I still believe that if a department does not work out and develop its curricula in ways that use the enthusiasm as well as the gifts of the members of the department, the whole thing will go dead. In spite of the fact that you have a set course planned twenty years back, an excellent course for those people, when you close the classroom doors, the

Lehman: instructor does as he likes, or as he must, his temperament being what it is. So we made new courses, but not I, they, on the principle that I lived by--that their natural way of doing things would be the vital way.

Riess: Are not chairmanships now rotating, as if it is a mere function that someone can do for a few years, then someone else can take over? It seems to me that you really have to want to do it.

Lehman: That is what we did. Everything that I wanted to do was essentially done in three years, and I said, "Now it's over." I was besought to stay on another year, and another, and perhaps a sixth. If the thing is well-done, livingly done, by the people of the department as well as by the chairman, then there is a momentum. The chairman is not just an administrative officer in the sense that he sees that the salary checks go out on time, because that is done somewhere else, or that the letters get answered. He has to have some long-range vision. The men who followed me went on making a personal contribution but carrying the department's programs forward without violence to anything I had done.

I was elected, when I retired from the chairmanship, to the advisory committee of the next chairman, Farnham. I served there for a year, thinking questions would come up that my experience might be brought to bear upon. The next year it occurred to me just before the election of the advisory committee to the chairman, which I myself had instituted as a way of keeping in touch with the department's mind, that I was "done," and I would take the dead hand off. If the chairman ever wants to consult the preceding chairman, he can drop in. So I said to five or six people, "This is the way I feel about it. I hope you won't vote for me even if you had intended to. I would like to drop out of that function." And I did.

Riess: What do you think the social function of the chairman is presently?

Lehman: The department is so large. There never were any funds available in my day to the chairman to draw down $100 for liquor for a cocktail party. It was

Lehman: unheard of. You could take it off the income tax as entertaining necessary to your position, but there were no allowances. Now there are, and there is a big party usually given in one of the clubhouses near the campus. The result of this is that some people meet other people, but you cannot see to it that everyone does.

I could, in those other days, say to Professor X or Associate Professor Y, "Take So-and-So in tow and see that he meets everybody" or, "Take So-and-So and his wife." I could say to a wife of a colleague, once to Mrs. George Stewart, "I've set this for 4:30, but someone has got to get them out of my house. I'm alone and I have no wife here to run things. Somebody has got to get them out of my house by 7:00. You're it." So Ted Stewart rounded up the three or four laggards and said, "Finish your drinks and go. This man has to have dinner; he's exhausted." So, with a gaiety, they were gone.

It is all different now. This is a mob. I don't know how it's done or what ideas I would have if I were confronted with the thing. In your seventies you do not think of enormous parties unless you get the quartet in, or the quintet or the trio, and fill two hours, and that is another kind of thing.

Riess: Perhaps such things as the retirement dinners are not needed anymore.

Lehman: They say it is hard to manage, but they did have one, in order to take stock. I have no idea how it went. I can only speak of the value they had then, which I am sure was great value. When I was invited back to Harvard in 1928, it was the sense of the department as a whole with Walter Morris Hart up there on public occasions expressing the quality of the group, as much as the California climate and my commitment to riding over the highways [laughter], that made me, without hesitation at all, say, "I'm sorry."

Riess: When you came into the chairmanship did you have a postwar staffing problem?

Lehman: Getting staff then was very, very difficult, but not as hopeless as it looked at first because John Jordan,

Lehman: Travis Bogard, Muscatine, John Raleigh, Mark Schorer all came in those years. We had to bring every year a lot of makeshifts, and anyone who went over the rosters would see that we often had to bring eight or nine in, only one or two of whom would be a Raleigh or a Muscatine, and let some of them go the next year and some the second year, and some after four years. We were always replacing and waiting until the man that we had talked with and esteemed or that I was strong for would be ready and had finished his dissertation.

Riess: How were these short-term faculty, or these possibilities, helped and brought out? Once they got into the department were they given contact and encouragement or were they expected to put on a show of their own?

Lehman: We had a few people that we knew were temporary and they knew they were temporary. We brought them for a year or two, said, "Do you want to do this?" Some people like Carpenter, the American literature man, a man of large means, was living here anyway, and he had not much flair for teaching and he knew it, and he was glad to come in and try for awhile. If he had become a flame in the University we would have said, "Okay. You come in late in life (he was in his late forties, I think), but it doesn't matter in your case. The retirement allowance will not be very much but you are a rich man." But he did not take flame. The classes that he taught were interesting in subject--American literature--he got plenty of students because of the subject as announced, and then people dropped out of the course. The next year fewer took it, perhaps half as many, so that you saw that Fred Carpenter was a delightful man with a delightful wife and not helpful. But he was a good man to have associated with the department. For years we kept him in as a research associate, to get him a platform, glad to have him about and he glad to be about and no hurt feelings.

Sometimes people were bad teachers for complex and different reasons and when we let them go there were hard feelings. Once or twice a man was a man of great promise but was a disturber of morale. One man who is now on another campus of the University was of that order, two men in fact. One of these men went around and said, "Have you heard the senior

Lehman: staff is meeting?" He got all the young people who ought to have been busy teaching, finishing up their dissertations, preparing them for publication, or writing their essays or poems, so jittery for two months while the staff was meeting to make decisions that I called the young fellow in one day. I told him, "Next year is your last year; though I think you are a man of great promise, but you are not going to spoil this department." So he went elsewhere, and now he has been called back as a distinguished man, no longer worried about promotion because he is on the permanent staff. He is on another campus.

Riess: That seems to be something which would happen when you start getting a bigger department.

Lehman: We doubled the department and we had to have it larger than it later needed to be because of the post-war bulge. We managed all right, with an enrollment of 22,000 or 23,000 in the University, with half the present staff.

Riess: Over the years from your arrival to your departure after your chairmanship, the teaching load changed considerably, did it not?

Lehman: Yes. We taught four courses at the beginning when I came here, that is four courses each semester. You might have two half-courses instead of one year course. I got gradually drawn into the big courses. Durham was very successful on a large scale in drama, and Utter was pretty successful with the novel. Upon Utter's sudden and terrible death, Montgomery asked me to go in. I began to build that up, partly because I learned a lot from talking to Durham, and partly a different way of doing it. So I always had that course, and then I got saddled with the Bible, which was not an interest of mine. I had to work it up from scratch. I had read, but I was not ready to give lectures on it. These became great courses, and sometimes I stepped into the "Great Books" course for a semester. The work load, in units and in number of students, was heavy.

There were also the writing courses, which were always very exigent, because I had to read a lot of papers. The sophomore English course, which I devised, consisted of writing associated with the

Lehman: reading of great books. I taught that course all my time at the University off and on, although Hand took it over before he went to Santa Barbara, and Parkinson then took it over.

Riess: When you started taking on large committee obligations, was your teaching load lightened?

Lehman: No. I went on teaching the first year of the chairmanship. It was only when I had both the chairmanship of the department and the chairmanship of the Budget Committee that I dropped a course. I just did it all. This was easier at the time since I was not married. If you have any family life and want to give anything to it, I don't think now you can do that. This has occurred to me in retrospect.

I was, from 1939 or 1940, for a decade there, a free man. I did not have to save any energy for the family dinner table. I did not have to spend any of my time reporting what was going on and saying, "...but don't mention it." [Laughter] I could go home and sleep ten hours,after dinner on a tray, or I could go home and go right to work again with Blackburn, the young Negro who would come up and take dictation.

During two of the war years, I was without my marvelous housekeeper named Emily Roos. She was a Scandinavian, a wonderful cook, wonderful housekeeper, knew three or four people she could get in for extra help, and everything went fine. Suddenly she developed pernicious anemia and died within a few months after being hospitalized. Within a few weeks, a friend of mine, Mrs. Elizabeth Ellis, who lived in a big house up on Greenwood Terrace said, "Just move in here for dinner every night. If you are coming or not, telephone half an hour before." Mrs. Douglas was already living with her on a wartime basis. They had coalesced the household, both friends for nearly forty years. I would go in, have dinner, play a game of Oklahoma, and go home and work. (Oklahoma was a card game; they liked to play it to make a break with the evening before going into their reading.) Mrs. Douglas was very busy in politics and on the Grand Jury.

Riess: Did you have any ideas that would have led to perhaps bringing more writers to the English Department and recombining the practical and historical aspects of English?

Lehman: We thought from the beginning in Dramatic Art that we would make visible and audible in the theater the works that people read in literature courses. Dramatic Art supported the literary courses rather than the other way around. The policy was all very simple. I took Walter Morris Hart's dictum that a department of English is made up of vivid, creative intelligences of all sorts, everyone doing something that interests him; nothing one can do is irrelevant, because literature is the reflection of life with all its content.

Riess: Was this a clear policy through Montgomery?

Lehman: No. Montgomery had no policy except not to spend money.

Riess: In what ways did you make this kind of thing work?

Lehman: I tried to implement the policy by trying to find people who seemed to have something to say, who had refreshing, if not fresh, interests, and to develop the conditions in which they could do their work both in the classroom and with a blank page before them. I tried to reward excellence of all kinds, so that, summarized, it is all kinds of people doing all kinds of things and doing them well and being appreciated.

Riess: Evidently people could get to see you. There was no Sproul-like quality about you.

Lehman: There was never any problem about that. I was in the office a great deal. Appointments could be made easily. You met people in the hall; they raised a question; you said, "Come in and let's talk about it." I was not entirely dependent, because I had a private secretary, on the small department staff who left at five o'clock.

In the Budget Committee I had a marvelously flexible assistant in Miss Nora Moylan, one of the

Lehman: greatest servants the University has ever had. It did not matter to her if you said, "How about meeting at 6:45 tomorrow morning," or "How about getting together tonight after dinner at 8:15." I could do the same thing with Blackburn two nights a week.

If I saw somebody who had a matter to take up, less often a matter of policy, more often a matter of what his own personal situation was or what he wanted to do or why he wanted to give up one course and take on another, if I met such a person in the hall who said he would like to talk this over with me, I could say, "Do it now," if I did not have a specific appointment. The people in the office knew what hours I had to go to Budget Committee first and later to University Welfare or Educational Policy. These were all set and they had the schedule. I always gave them that at once, so that they could say, "You can't see him during these hours, he'll be in meeting."

Riess: Did department committees do a good deal of the work or did you find it coming back to you?

Lehman: No. We had committees studying shifts in curricula, representing all points of view. We had a committee on graduate studies; we had a committee on the master's oral; we had the committees doing the chores. Essential policy often arose in the mind of one member of the faculty, who made a recommendation to the chairman, who took it before the department advisory committee so that he would have all points of view, which would say, "All right, we'll do it," or "We'll only do it up to this point."

A great part in those years--I do not want to stress it too much, but it is still a fact--was recognition, status recognition: associate professor instead of assistant, or professor instead of associate, or to move out above the top salary scale. A great part of it was status, and that very often, if not always, involved salary.

Riess: The most important function of the chairman seems really to be in touch right down to the bottom. I don't see how rotating people coming in for three years can achieve this. It seems to be a special skill that not everybody would have.

Lehman: The chairman has lived with these people. The people in a department when you are chairman fall into two groups: those you have lived with for some years already, sometimes the whole of your time on the campus--Ben Kurtz, for instance, had been there when I got there--and those that you have brought in, so that you know them too.

Mr. and Mrs. Muscatine, after I had had a brief talk with him, came to dine with me in the inn in New Haven and we spent the evening together. You can see from the Muscatine Report what a treasure that was.

I had a long interview with Schorer in a hotel in Boston and made up my mind that if we could pry him away from Harvard, we would take him. We had only an associate professorship to offer on the budget, but I was ready to fight for more. I wanted to meet his wife. Before I got around to suggesting that perhaps he bring her in for tea or a cocktail, he suggested it. Then I saw that you could not do better than that. So he came, for one year as associate professor, then professor, and there he is. He became chairman; he became as distinguished as any man in the University.

Riess: What about the wife? Somehow meeting his wife should not be relevant.

Lehman: In an ideal world it would not be relevant. In a practical work it has a certain relevance. If the man you are getting is a top man in Anglo-Saxon or linguistics or whatever, who will teach that subject, yet his personality you foresee will never lead him into a leadership position, say the chairmanship or a deanship, as Muscatine and Schorer have, then you do not have to bother about the wife.

But if you talk to Schorer for an hour and a half, one of the things about this guy is he's a future chairman. In his case his wife matters. You might say, after you have met her, "She'll never be a chairman's wife, but he's worth it anyway even if he never becomes chairman, and she may keep him from becoming chairman." However, in the Schorers' case, everything was floating off into the empyrean; it was perfect. In the same way Doris Muscatine had obvious

Lehman: aptitudes, all to the good.

The three year stint, or the five in my case, is a time you spend as the responsible administrator and the leader of a group, most of whom at any given moment you have lived with for some years, some of them for all your years in the institution, and those you have brought. When you make a mistake you correct it as quickly as possible by getting rid of a man, particularly if you have another promising one on the horizon to put in place. It sounds a little hard, and there were, of course, edges of hardness, brutality even sometimes, but what can you do? You have to do it that way. It means, sometimes that people must be sent away.

---

"...a tribute to Lehman.... From 1944 to 1949, a period which was crowded with both problems and opportunities, he directed our activities, both officially and actually. He held a high conception of the duties both of an English department and of its chairman, and by his devotion to these ideals he stimulated and swayed not only his colleagues but also the University as a whole, including the administration, so that there came to be meaning to the phrase, as applied to the Department--Spearhead of the Humanities. He accepted change, and others' ideas of what change should be, always with the larger end in view. With a touch of genius he learned to draw, for the public good, upon the capacities not only of those who naturally thought as he did, but also of those who might have formed an opposition. Though he did not, if my memory serves, coin the "window-on-the-sea" phrase, he made it so much his own that people associate it with him especially."

pp. 34, 35 of The Department of English, by George Stewart, U.C. Press, 1968.

ON WRITING AND ON LIVING

Riess: What kind of writing were you doing after The Lordly Ones? Were you writing fiction or making any attempts to find time for that?

Lehman: No, not attempts. I wrote stories when I needed money

Riess: Where did you publish?

Lehman: That subject is absolutely out. I knew how to do it and I did it, that's all. Then, when the proper people died and I no longer needed money, I stopped doing it. An inheritance is what happened.

Riess: Were you writing under a pseudonym then for the stories?

Lehman: Yes, several, but that did not last long.

Then I went ahead with other writing and the most important things I did were things like the essay on Tristram Shandy, "Of Time, Personality, and the Author." Nobody publishes a book on Tristram Shandy now without listing this in what's quoted. This was a new way of looking at novels. There was the Wuthering Heights essay.

Now, at this moment, Miss Rebec [Bancroft Library staff member] is looking at the manuscripts of essays I wrote on graduate study. The English Department had very few graduate students. We had no axis, we had people who were great scholars, but students did not come. We had to think about all that. And before the graduate conference every year, I read an essay on various things, such as the nature of graduate study. I never published these things; I never offered them for publication, but they are there, and they did something. I went in right away (one year I appeared twice), with considered statements. I read from the longhand manuscripts; I did not even bother to have them typed.

Lehman: Sometimes I broke into small new areas where again I did not publish, although I published on comedy, which was a Gayley Lecture, and on the novel and some other matters. I wrote an essay, for instance, and read it to one of the faculty clubs, the Odd Volumes Club perhaps, called "The Title as Form." I was interested in form in fiction. "Of Time, Personality and the Author" is the title of the essay on Tristram Shandy, and there is a similar title for the Wuthering Heights essay, which is in the volume written by my graduate students called The Image of the Work.

And there was room left for other things. I went to the President and got a very large sum, altogether more than $35,000, for the publication of Potter's edition of Donne's Sermons, although Potter died before it was done, which the University Press published.

Though ultimately the Princeton University Press and one of the national agencies dug up the money, we were assured of the money within the University for Bronson's volumes on the ballad tunes, which is just now being completed.

All of these things had to do with the nature of graduate study and faculty study. I stopped writing under my own name because it seemed that everything I wanted had been achieved; I wanted to know this world of people who came and went through the node in San Francisco and at Montalvo.

Riess: Your comments on fiction writing come as a revelation. I assumed that you enjoyed writing novels and stories.

Lehman: I never had any illusion about them. I knew that they were traditional. I did it because I thought about them; they were in my head, and one morning I sat down and began to write them. The story in Harper's, called "Sons," I wrote when I was in graduate school. When my first son was born, some things happened which I could abstract and make into a story. Harper's paid $600 for it, and $600 was plenty of money in 1920 or 1922. After that I just thought it would be nice to see if I could breathe long enough to write 300-page stories, so I did.

Lehman: I have never been interested in writing as such to the exclusion of anything else, or administering as such, or teaching as such. They all seem to be part of a complicated business called living. I moved from one thing to another and never regret it.

Riess: If you have something to express you would as soon talk to someone about it as write it.

Lehman: Yes, I don't feel that I have to get it in print. You talk to somebody across the dinner table and you explore this idea and it slips in the IBM machine of the mind back down into storage. Another day you talk to a class and another day you talk to a group of colleagues or graduate students and colleagues. Sometimes you write it down and sometimes you do not. If you write it down, you probably do not bother to send it off to press, although many of my colleagues did.

When I became chairman, I was always egging them on, "Print it, print it, print it." That was partly because I felt it had a larger relevance than the local relevance and partly because I always liked to have grounds for saying, "We ought to give this man another raise." I was justifying some ultimate recognitions of a financial kind.

I never had the idea that I wanted to be a writer. I thought I could write, and I did write. I thought I could publish, and I did, but I did not care whether I did, and I do not now. There was a certain amount of flexibility and no overriding sense of deep learning as a condition for decent presentation.

Riess: But it was useful to be introduced as "Benjamin Lehman, who wrote so-and-so?"

Lehman: I suppose it was, but not useful to me in any personal way. It opened things up. If I had not published, I would not, through Gertrude Atherton and the PEN Club, have met all the people that I did, and these people interested me enormously.

I found, and I still find, talking to certain kinds of intelligences, when those intelligences are served by certain kinds of sensibility and

Lehman: temperament, enormously fascinating. I continue now, in my late seventies, a lifetime practice: I go to bed and I review the day. I find myself fixing upon some one thing in it that is full of meaning for me, and significance. This is what I always did. I would come home from any of these occasions in San Francisco and fix that night in my mind, and it would then be there for further reflection later. I met Hiram Johnson at a dinner party at the Denman's, and my thinking about that man and his special qualities went on for weeks, though he was not a literary figure.

Riess: The way you live and the quality of your life is very interesting.

Lehman: I love gardening. I love pictures, and when we sold the Tamalpais Road house, I was astonished at how many I had. There were 64 framed things, including a signed Rembrandt etching, a Dürer, a Pissaro drawing, any number of things of that order, some good paintings. What I am trying to say is that all of this was just as much part of life as the other.

Riess: That is what you have said that I feel is an important thing. You were not working toward particular goals all along.

Lehman: In the earlier years I broke out of all patterns and went to Europe. I was here two years at the University and I did not have a sabbatical coming, but I decided I would go to Europe for fifteen months and see whether I wanted to go on teaching. Maybe I wanted to write (and I did write while we travelled about in Europe). With comparatively slight resources we packed up, took our two-year old, went to Europe, found a governess, and lived in Europe. I came back for a year, and I still was not sure after six months of that school year, so I asked for another leave. I went to Europe again for eight months, because you can write anywhere. Then I discovered I did not really care whether I wrote or not.

Riess: It sounds like security of job and income was not a problem.

Lehman: I think I had a kind of brassy conviction that I could earn a living even if I had no resources.

Then my son's mother, my first wife, had a great passion to use her very great aptitude to get into the writing side of motion pictures. A remote kinsman of mine, Carl Laemmle, a second cousin of my mother's, consented to see us and took her on as a reader of stories to see if they had anything in them. She ended up with a fabulously successful career as a writer for the movies. That made a difficulty because she could only write for movies in Los Angeles. I went down one summer session to UCLA, as well as three other months in a term when I took off from up here, to see whether I could bear Los Angeles, but I couldn't. [Laughter] We decided we would have a commute marriage and we tried that for a couple of years. It did not work, so finally we got divorced.

After a decade I married Judith Anderson because that was another interest of mine, the felt theater. I had known her for ten years and seen a great deal of her. That did not work because that was another commute marriage. She had to be in London and New York, and I was stuck with my routine. But it was fun.

Riess: That would seem to have been predictable.

Lehman: I don't suppose I thought so. I suppose I thought so in the decade that we didn't marry, and then when we did I must have thought that it was not predictable. In any case, this all illustrates the variety of promptings and explorations.

Riess: Could you explain about your family?

Lehman: I had two sons, one of whom died in 1920, a few days after birth. (I think the RH factor was responsible.) Hal, the first boy, was born in Boston in 1918 while I was in graduate school. He married rather late, after the war, in his thirties. He has now a sixteen-year-old, six-foot son, and a daughter, who is an enchantress, of seven.

George Hand came to live with us when Hal's mother went south. Her career in the movies meant

Lehman: she could not take Hal with her, and I was very glad to have him. We lived at Marion Parsons', but there was a problem there. What does the town say? Mrs. Lehman is away eleven months out of a year, and here's Lehman living with Marion Parsons, who is a notable widow, up in Mosswood Road. True, he has his boy there....

I talked it over with Walter Morris Hart. (These were other days; nowadays I think no one would think about it.) He said, "Well, there have been protests or questions asked here, and I advise you to have someone come and live in the establishment." It was already in my mind that there ought to be an older brother around. Around 1927 or 1928 I asked a very gifted freshman, who is now a professor at UC at Santa Barbara, to come and live with us and be tutor and take Hal on expeditions on Sunday, etc. I always thought of him as a member of the family, sort of a son, but not in the sense that you make provision for them in your will.

Much later, during the war, a friend of mine from the south, Eleanor Walker, asked me to keep an eye on her boy who was up here in the B-12 unit, Navy pre-medical business. He was a very gifted fellow, but awfully touchy and edgy; she said I could expect any kind of breakdown and to keep an eye on him. He was under naval military control there, at International House. He would come up sometimes on weekends, always drop up for an hour when he could, and I let him blow off steam. Then he married one of the most wonderful girls ever, very young. They have six children, one of whom is my namesake, and they are really a delight. He just telephoned the other day. He is on his way back from Bar Harbor, where he had been working in a laboratory. He is a research professor at John Hopkins. They are bringing the whole family down in two cars, his six children, two nieces and a nephew, eleven of them coming home to Baltimore, where they crowd into a very small house. I always think of him as adopted too. He keeps in close touch, and his wife is just absolutely adorable. She is a girl from here of Portuguese blood, named Rocha. He was out here at a medical meeting a month ago and came down for a good visit.

Riess: I have felt the presence as I have visited you of more and more family in the background. [Laughing] There is all kinds of evidence of their being around and about.

Lehman: My stepchildren are marvelous, Mrs. Lehman's children. They are all Goodrich-born, by her first husband, of the New England families of Noah Webster and Chauncey Goodrich. That is their blood; it has nothing to do with mine. One of Mrs. Lehman's children, a son, is professor of Chinese at UC, Santa Barbara. He came home to that job from being a professor at Cambridge University, England. They have been by here a couple of times this summer. They left their two youngest sons, who are the most beguiling human beings ever, 9-1/2 and 11, and just wonderful. The eleven-year-old is the best Scrabble player I ever ran into. He can figure three words ahead. I never knew anybody who could do it. He wins almost every game. Three times out of four he piles up a score of 450. It's mathematics for him. The kind of gift that a very young person can have in mathematics he has in words.

Riess: This must be a perfect place to visit.

Lehman: We have fun. We have a temperamental as well as intentional bias in favor of children's conversation at meals, not ours. I <u>loathe</u> it, when you have children sitting around a table and they boringly endure what grownups talk about. So we start there. Sometimes it is hilarious.

Riess: This must be one of the most notable things about you; because you have never been rushing toward any particular goals, you are always open to listen to others.

Lehman: What else can you do? You put one foot in front of another. I have known people who ruthlessly barged through to a dream goal and kicked things around on the way. I never thought that would be very much fun. I never thought of it for myself, and I never could see how it was very much fun for others.

You take life as it is. [Laughing] You let down your buckets where you are. There is a story

Lehman: by Booker T. Washington that he used to tell when he was addressing Negro and mixed audiences about the education of the Negro. (Of course, he was an Uncle Tom from the present point of view.) He said to them, "Do the thing that is next." He gave as an illustration seamen becalmed in a ship in the South Atlantic running out of fresh water. When they were all desperate, another boat came within sight. They signalled, "Send us water or we die." The semaphore wigwagged back, "Let down your buckets where you are. You're in the mouth of the Amazon." I always thought that was a life philosophy for a white man as well as for a Negro.

Of course, I was brought up on Thomas Carlyle. He said, "Do the duty which lies nearest thee; thy next duty will already have become clear to you." I really believed that always. Duty in this case means activity.

ON THE IMAGE OF THE MAN

Riess: Do you think that your statement defining the image of the work* could be paralleled by a statement about what we're trying to do here concerning the image of the man? Making the proper substitutions of "man" for "work," the statement would begin, "A man, with characteristic qualities and attributes of his own and with all his relationships delineated...."

Lehman: I would have to think about that. For instance it wouldn't be a full revelation of the man. This is about me in a way, but I haven't stressed adequately, or filled in, what California was visually and ecologically to me, who was suddenly freed by an automobile, which I never had in Philadelphia or Cambridge or Idaho, freed to go places, to look, and suddenly discovering that there was a whole world of data that enhanced my sense of the ecology of human being and human living.

I had never had the leisure in the East to observe the way in which the water beats upon the land. I had gone to see a storm, for instance, at Rockport, and I had spent a few weeks at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and I had been to Atlantic City, but I had never gone, as I did in later years, to sit for a whole day looking at the tide pools on the North Coast or, before the 17 Mile Drive was a universal experience, to sit out there. Or gone down to lie in the sun, stripped, alone on a beach five hundred feet down from the highway all day long, as I did below the Big Sur. All of this is part of a total being which has no place in the institutional life nor, indeed, is there place for a great many of the experiences you have with people as you go about the world.

There is not here place, although the essay on Tristram Shandy, for instance, would illustrate it,

---

*See p. 222 ff.

Lehman: for saying what happens to you when you read a book and reflect upon it. I have not really ever in my life, to my own satisfaction, defined what happened to me at a great concert of songs when the facets always change as in a diamond. The light changes because each lasts a minute and a half or three minutes, as contrasted with what happens to you in the incredible three hours of Tristran if Melchior and Flagstad are singing it. I wouldn't know how to put that together, and I've only started now in retirement to put together what seems to me to have been my fun between the cradle and what is approaching as the end.

[Added May 1968] You raise the question of whether a statement of this [manuscript] sort--diverse, diffuse, sometimes thin, sometimes gravid--might not stand as an image of the man in the sense in which, in describing the seminar disciplines, I spoke of the image of the work. Well, the image of the work has its own documentation, in a volume of that title, published by some of my students. And I think the content of the phrase "image of the work" is such as to make the analogy with "image of the man" impossible.

First of all, the image of the work is a conception in the mind of a looker-on, of a comprehender, of a responder, and involves the way in which the work arouses responses of every kind in the area of thought, of feeling, of sensation. Nothing that is, even in the loose sense in which these pages can be called autobiographical, could possibly be called an image. It is not the image from outside here, it is the uneven, the irregular, the sometimes pleased and sometimes otherwise recollections.

The idea in these pages--so far as I had an idea, except to cooperate with someone else's intention--the idea was simply to pick up bits of the past as they occurred to me, to perhaps make here and there available an item of vividness or relevance to some historian who would sometime in the future engage himself in reporting the image of the time as it struck him.

Riess: In that case it appropriately becomes a final comment. Actually it wasn't a well thought-out question, but maybe interesting.

Lehman: Oh, there's no reason why it shouldn't be included. It's just part of this little exercise we've gone through together. [Laughter] Yes, I think it would just stand that way. "Finis."

# APPENDICES

"Three Drawings for a Portrait of Noel Sullivan," by William Justema, pp. 315-331

"Death as Return," by Thomas Parkinson, pp. 332-335

"May 23, 1956," by Josephine Miles, pp. 336-338

The reader is also referred to the papers of Mr. Lehman deposited in The Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley, and to the papers of Noel Sullivan and James Phelan, also in The Bancroft Library.

by [illegible] of Noel Sullivan

# THREE DRAWINGS FOR A PORTRAIT

I93I

<u>He is always late</u>. The impression is that he was born late; lost precious time at birth and has never quite caught up. A telephone will awaken him or he himself will wake very regularly at eight o'clock in the morning. The day may have many or few appointments: it will, regardless, end far behind schedule. Although luncheon may be only an hour delayed, dinner will certainly eat away all except the final minutes from theater or concert. This because he went to two widely separated places for tea, and finally arriving home, for the second time during the day bathed and shaved while cocktails waited. Midnight finds him keeping, besides its own, an afternoon's engagement. Then suddenly he goes somewhere remotely out of town to have Tuesday's breakfast on Wednesday.

<u>He knows everybody</u>. His home is, as a result, a combination post-office, telephone-exchange, hotel, and florist-shop. Bells never cease ringing nor buds opening: a blossom to each jangle. The house, which is large, could easily be papered throughout with a year's telegrams. While this seems not to have occurred to him, what he has done is to bury his bedroom underneath photographs of friends. Perhaps he dreads being alone. These friends are almost anyone who is good-looking, celebrated, individual, sweet, or outcast. Contacts are in large part his career; new personalities and viewpoints he woos like a lover. The goal is seldom sexual, yet the outline is the same: curiosity is followed by pursuit, disinterest follows on satisfaction. In this he is only human. But in politely with infinite patience

continuing relationships which bore him; in this he is divine. He it must be, however, who pursues: pursued, he grows suspicious. In this he is masculine. If one would intrigue him, the technique is to appear indifferent, a trifle condescending. In this respect he is feminine. With all his meeting and entertaining, being met and entertained, it is only at intervals that society, as such, arouses him. Social conquests he seems to make merely to remind himself that he can. In this he is like a child.

He has money. Furthermore, he comes of a wealthy family and never has worked for a living. It is simply impossible to conceive of him doing so. Nor am I concerned with what he would be if he were different. That he differs from his class is sufficient. Most rich people assume possession of things which notoriously can't be bought, whereas he takes nothing but money for granted. Realizing that if he wants anything he can buy it or something very like it, he thrashes around in search of ambitions money cannot realize. Persons who have to labor, labor much less hard. For he must create his own jobs as well as work at them. He invariably takes the path of most resistance and puts obstacles in it. Were his tasks as he planned them, good. Instead, the obstacles proceed of themselves to multiply until, worn out, he purchases their removal. Immediately of course he manufactures himself a new set destined like the others to test money's limitations and his own. There are, in fact, few values he does not examine as he examines his teeth and his hair. Almost as though he felt personal cleanliness to be the one certainty, his fastidiousness is excruciating, desperate. He who can afford any standard has a standard anyone can afford. What few illusions he insists on keeping are paid for in discarded linen.

He seems sad. This is due, partly to his heavily shaded eyes, partly to his low voice and slow way of speaking. While he talks he

periodically dies and only after a decent interval resumes the conversation. Egoists are oftentimes insulted; they need not be: he is always as preoccupied. This is the abstractness that passes for sadness, a sadness which is generally considered to be deliberate. He has been called an emotional masochist. I think it not so much that he enjoys sorrow as that sorrow enjoys him, has made him its home. Quite naturally people believe that because he is willing to listen to their troubles that he gets pleasure from doing so. The pleasure he receives would be an esthetic one. As others use colors or numbers he uses human woe. He is an important mourner at the universal funeral. There is excellent precedent in his medium of tears; nothing especially contemptible about suffering. Anyway the vicarious aspect, open to criticism, is soon lost. A craftsman, something too expert about his sympathy may lead its recipients to imagine that weeping is its own reward. No one knows exactly what he expected. Whether or not he anticipated their ingratitude and his own disappointment isn't easy to say. I would describe him as a fatalist never completely resigned to fate.

He was born a Catholic. And he will be buried a Catholic. Meanwhile the one religion hangs like a vapor of voices around him. This choir is his conscience. Opposed to it is an intellectual consciousness he makes no attempt to curb. Neither does he try to merge heresy with orthodoxy but allows them to alternately take possession of him. Between these extremes lies his life, a life full of extremes. His motives, in the manner of motives, are unlike their result. Particularly he has a way of turning a mean impulse to pious account, never forgetting the unworthy origin; even wistful in regard to it. For goodness has become a habit with him. Also he has a reputation for being good. Finally, no one would believe it if he were

not. Herein, his martyrdom. The only surcease is in the hands of palmists. Of fortune-tellers he asks the end to more responsibility than he can bear. Votive lights burn throughout his residence while in another part of the city he plots against his conscience. He penetrates crystals; he flirts with damnation wielding a fan of tarot cards. But the free will controversy was settled for him at birth. Technicalities may engage his mature attention: his rosary by now can tell itself. Should he seek escape, try to jump; it would catch and hold him back.

To repeat and to connect:—

I was conscious, first, of his lateness. One is. Thereafter it is the thing about him one notices most often. You can count on it as you never can on clocks; the watch isn't made that wouldn't make him late. A calendar, worn at the wrist, would serve him as approximately as any Swiss timepiece. The machine hasn't been made which will get him to his destination before he starts. You see him pass you all hours of the day dizzily hanging onto a strap his driver dividing the traffic as with a knife. You picture him all hours of the night at the wheel himself speeding and dozing. He rests best when in rapid motion; relieved, no doubt, at the thought of overtaking some task he has invented. Fortunately the car never entirely goes off the road into the ditch. He never absolutely sleeps: he is much too tired for that, much too busy. Throughout his dreams he runs up endless flights of stairs three steps at a time. He is at his friend's service and has all but worn himself out in it.

I next became aware of the vastness of his acquaintance; a circle without a language in common, with a single common understanding. With the rest I sanctioned his inability to be prompt by being prompt

myself. Friends wait for him if just to hear him say "So sorry....." In order to do this he enters swiftly, and from holding his breath in running, lightly. The occasions on which he has been 'so sorry' would be greater than the words in all Shakespeare. You are starting to wonder how anyone can continue to be so sorry when you feel his soft hand and look into his mild eyes. Then you wish that he had been later so that you could have waited longer. To wait for him is all he asks of his friends. There is not much else they could do. Or would be allowed to do. Proudly independent, his entrances alone require collaboration. Wait for him you can. By waiting, you can see him arrive at the last. His subsequent apology is, in effect, an apology for having money.

I appreciated that his wealth afforded him privileges including tardiness, but I could not at once understand why he should feel badly about anything so habitual. He could afford to be late, indeed made no attempt not to be; and yet that was not the end of it! Explicitly: it was the beginning of his excellent manners. Along with him arrives the most superb background of its kind. Riches and breeding have fostered it and he encircles his circle of friends always with an appropriate panorama. So considerable is his glamour, so considerate he, that those who have come to beg desire nothing but an opportunity to give. Consequently his house and mind both are over-furnished. Blackamoor and crucifix; St. Theresa and Kraft-Ebbing; the juxtapositions are beyond belief. Obviously it all adds to the fascination. No one except a boor ever is bored and there are plenty of bibelots and cigarettes for the nervous. The conversation is geographical; the food educated. There is music. He himself sings very beautifully. He likes to sing; likes fine viands; thrills to ideas. Still; with a perfect accompanist, a good cellar, and abundant

intelligent companionship; you wonder, sneaking a look at him, was anyone, ever, as troubled?

I cannot as yet explain all his melancholy. His delinquency has been spoken of enough: he is late when he comes but he is sorry. Assured there is no cause for sorrow, ——hasn't he, ultimately, landed? —— he remains, among adorers, unhappy. Like a bright bird trapped. At risk of being fatuous one pities him. It really is regrettable that his plumage is so splendid. Without money he might possibly be made to feel as free as, for example, he makes those to whom he gives money. Or, a dependent of himself, he might do himself justice. Most typically, too, for humane matters interest him most. His distress as he paces his bedroom the hour a man is being executed is approached only by that of the condemned. The latter would marvel at this anguish, would feel cheated of his own agony. Which, in a way, is so brief; that of our subject so infinite. Any barbarism ignites him like a rocket. He rises, he showers gold, he falls in darkness to the Bay. Spent, with a momentary sense of futility he floats along and there is music, ——Palestrina's.

I can see that the Church has provided an ethical framework for his life. And that social training has made of the doors and windows attractive ways in and out. All decorations, though, together with some of the barriers or walls, are personal. His existence abounds in gestures too extravagant for religion, too unpretentious for society. He loves nothing better than to throw cake on the waters and not tell anybody about it. At these times he comes near to being gay. Secretly of course. He might be misunderstood if he laughed aloud when he is writing out cheques. Does he owe some immemorial debt that he will pay others for doing what is their duty, whose dispatch is ample recompense? His great generosity he calls mere selfishness. Is this an alibi in

reserve against diminshing of interest? According to him, philanthropy is self-indulgence, a luxury he permits himself. Surely it is wise to call it that. Is it, as well, cruel? Then it is cruel to be modest. But he not modest to be cruel. Over and above what he says is what he does. And what he does is done with a swift silence and humility which humbles the greatest. Thus do the meek inherit the earth.

People are constantly pointing him out: a tall slight dark figure, elegant save that his head won't adapt to hats. In the city where he lives he is, at forty, already legendary. People are continually talking about him. The fog alone keeps his ears from bursting into flame. For instance, people say that he arrived at a musicale forty-eight hours after its conclusion; that he prefers the company of negroes to that of his own race; that he is ten times a millionaire; that he contemplates suicide; that he "hides" in good works. People ask, "Aren't those ex-convicts with him in his box?" "Have you heard that he has an illegitimate child in France?" "Where can those tuberoses be?" So speculation augments fact. Not even he can separate them: blackmail from charity; the emeralds he has from the emeralds he has not. These are minor details to a sphinx remembering its secret, or trying to recall it. At least I haven't heard it. I merely marvel and I wonder. My actual knowledge is limited to a few observations. I happen to know that the tuberoses are in the perfume Byzance. Also that whenever I have a little too much to drink I invariably want to die for him although how he could benefit from my death I can't imagine.

I932

Much can happen in a year and nothing be especially apparent. He still is late; sociable without being social; fairly wealthy; given to

melancholy; a Catholic. Probably the most noticeable change is in his singing of which he is doing a lot before larger and larger audiences. These do not always gather exclusively to hear him sing and because he knows this he often by his singing makes them weep. The fact that he is, for the first time, being vindictive, deserves detailed explanation.

Those who said that he was waiting for his uncle to die have proved themselves to have been the restless ones. How can it be said that he was "waiting" who never ceases to complain when people come, or events happen, on time? The calendar records the passing of a year,—— the hands of his timepieces are where they were a year ago. Why they remain thus is now well known: they are saving for the sudden demands his nerves or his heart makes. Then, when there is not time, in no time at all he works the miracles for which he is famous; anything from catching an Express Limited to averting a suicide. This is an endless business; it is of the nature of trains to move and of suicides to die; either may be prevented but again and again. Anyone who has underwritten a human life knows what I mean. Trains also are impatient, implacable; a nephew's work is never done. It is never done and Death has such kind eyes, comes of a nice family, too, lovely people to marry into. That is, if his secretary or his secretary's secretary could find an open hour, a twenty-fifth one. Meanwhile the doorbell is ringing. From his deep bi-diurnal bath, with just a suggestion of the languorous martyr he wonders sighing "Why must people be so prompt?"

All that I am writing is in answer to that question. Merely to say to him "So that you can be late" would not suffice. There are friends and loves, acquaintances and admirers to be considered and comprehended——I was about to say "apprehended". They have their reasons.

More recently there are debtors and creditors. They have theirs. The number of persons directly or indirectly kept going during the depression following the crash of the stock market is quite incredible when his wealth is compared with that of really rich men. This, however, is a comparison which interests few of his dependants——debtor or creditors, what do such distinctions, and which he always waives, matter now that all commodities have disappeared leaving only luxuries—— and people whom one knows?

These people he wilfully or inadvertantly knows are variously cause for happiness and, I imagine, for regret. I have to imagine the latter: his grace-fulness would not admit it. But the happiness comes first; the sincerest form of flattery. He is amused when imitator's, who may or may not have regular manicures, regularly burn sticks of incense in their bathrooms; pleased when non-Catholics attend Mass. Green is his favorite colour, green is favored in his friend's wardrobes also. They prefer old music just as he does. And where they live you may find a similar mingling of odors floral and canine because in his great house there happens to be for every bottle of costly imported perfume a pedigreed dog who needs the same. A new blend, you will grant me, and difficult to balance; himself alone manages such to perfection: to many others his contagious taste is a desired and dread infection not easily got rid of. His notions inhabit one like opium. Thus, without intending to do it he makes sycophants who do not realize they are sycophants until they discover their fellows in a familiar adopted attitude. An aversion to flying or addiction to southern cooking can reveal the segments of his circle to each other. Then a pause for thought ensues: not a very long one. His coterie is full of object-lessons which he charmingly prevents its members from learning. To learn might be to leave. Well, and what is geography? ——one is

even more devoted at a distance. None of his hundred-odd most intimate friends need have courage: the appearance of independence is enough. Everybody knows better. So everyone who knows that source of financial and emotional bounty dispenses it in the style to which he is accustomed. Nothing is too good for the friends of the friends of his friends.

As a friend he is baffling. He allows the greatest latitude and gives the minimum amount of attention. Lying in hiding to pounce on him between his Italian and German lessons one goes over all one has to say to him, later continuing in sleep any conversation one has had. Consequently one is never quite sure what one has or has not said, and worries..... Here is the ideal father confessor and here I have forgotten what I had to confess! Eventually, of course, I will remember and write it. Since, of course, one must tell him everything. This means he brings to the role of confessor knowledge he could not get from the Church alone. It means as well that he need not leave the Church in order to satisfy his curiosity anymore than a priest would, should he have curiosity. You will agree that the position is strategic, magic. He receives the kudos of a movie star and yet his only performances have been concerts of song.

I have a theory to explain more than mere practice the increasing beauty of his singing. His music, now that he has been made richer and more exasperated, improves daily and with every——tenth——preposterous demand for a contribution to found this or support that. It would seem as though he already had enough, too many, interests;——nearly everyone who knows of him has other marvelous ideas of how to spend his income and hardly anyone misses an opportunity for telling him. Yet presumption alone does not make him mad. Too often it is coupled with an affront to those or to what he loves. Acceptable or not, his position is well stated; nothing infuriates him like imbecility; never so articulate as when furious, the priveleged few who have seen his

anger have a glimmer of what divine wrath is like: compassion become intolerable, wreaking vengeance on itself. A dreadful happening but one which has, evidently, a tonic effect on the singing voice.

1933

This is the way I see it: I will be waiting, not for the first time, for my patron. And he will be late. And he will be the rest of it. It will be Christmas Day which is also his birthday (——how much this seems to explain!) I will be in the music-room almost at the top of his house watching the white fog drive past the large windows in, in, from the sea. Except for the crackling logs there will, really, be no sound. But, seeming to hear him sing; seeming to see him at the small forty-seven-key piano by his bed in his bedroom with the right knee on the piano-bench and the right hand running over even before he comes upstairs (although I have been waiting two hours) some song just acquired: I will——without actually glancing into the mirror or reaching for the proper book——somehow prepare my face and mind to greet, or rather, to be greeted by——him who is presently coming.

He will not come that soon. As I might have known, seeing when I arrived the gifts piled high in his room and overflowing into many other rooms. These gifts of potted hyacinths, of poinsettias, and the great white packages, and the little bright packages, will further retard him. He may, I know, not open any of the presents for days, nor even read the cards——but he will put a long hand with fingers curved to his mouth and stand quiet and dark-looking in the center of the room regarding them and drawing from them the inspiration for more purchases and more cablegrams of his own sending. And while I listen to the far murmur of his telephoning——like a river deep and sweet and inexhaustible——I will realize anew that we, his friends, live each of

us at the end of a labyrinth composed of all his other friends. (Let us follow out this metaphor.)

We are, then, monsters waiting to devour what we can of the heart and brain of this personable Theseus of Irish extraction. That it is ourselves, not him, who will be overpowered, we, knowing the (Grecian) legend, know beforehand. <u>And who is being masochistic now</u>?

It all depends, I suppose, on the point of view. Although it is impossible to think of this man as "bull-like"——it is easy enough, for our purpose, to think of him (secretive, secreted, secret) as the Minotaur. I know of some who so think of him; who blame their special kind of death to having been close to him! (And with all that fatuously implies of intimacy.) But in thinking of this man with the heart-shaped face as a human minotaur——eclectic unto rapaciousness, and thereafter rather distant as a gentleman must be with a dead thing——think of the eagerness with which you approached the labyrinth. <u>You knew who lived in that house else you would not have gone there full of curiousity and hoping to make an impression</u>. No, I think it must be we who are the beasts and he the prey: as all men with the reputation for charm and generosity must be the prey of those with the reputation or opportunity for less. And of course it is a death-struggle because all social intercourse is that——with failure to interest: the death-dealing blow.

I do not mean that the struggle is always obvious. One seldom <u>prepares</u> what one is going to say or do in order to get attention. One may even deliberately think of <u>nothing</u> in order, shall I say? to be one's "own" self. Yet even with the most unnaturally unprepared I feel that there is always the hope with this man more than with the other men one meets: that he will find something in or of your own, a quality or an idea——to seize on. It will seem to you so extremely important that you

register on his consciousness that you will go to almost any length to do so. For example, you might plan to have him discover you weeping as young girls plan to have their fiánces surprise them while they are playing a musical instrument. (Except that your tears would be dried up by the time he arrived.) Or you might send him six dozen Madame Pirnay roses. (If you were certain the house was not already full of them.) Or you might after considerabe maneuvring arrange to tell him tête et tête some evening how gifted you had always thought him and incidentally how talented you were, too---if only by virtue of recognition. (At which large moment in your life he would be quite likely to go to sleep!) To your immense confusion you would see his head sink lower and lower on his chest: your monologue, his lullaby.... And thus would Theseus slip from you---triumphant in sleep, accomplishing one more victory without violence. While, if you knew, in other parts of the labyrinth you might see and hear all the Minotaurs who were there before you---stamping, now, and snorting. They know about the thread. The thread?

When Theseus had slain the Minotaur he escaped from the labyrinth by following a thread he had cautiously left behind him. Otherwise he would never have been able to extricate himself. Headstrong and unthinking (i. e. "heroic") as he was---he trailed a thread of gold ~~behind him~~; money lined his path..... Well, those days are gone. In his present reduced financial situation he can leave of golden threads only the thinnest, liable to break when needed most.

The thought makes him uncommonly happy. I do not mean the hectic happiness said to be common among people who have always been rich and and who, now that they are not---continue to behave as though they were because they "might as well, it couldn't possibly be worse". Nor do I mean the rather nervous happiness the once-rich of another sort are

said to be finding in their new simplicity. My friend is living neither lavishly nor yet simply. (For instance there is still champagne at dinner parties, but there are fewer dinner parties.) No, his happiness is what must be the happiness of a prophet who lives to find his prophecies fulfilled. Not that by writing or by word of mouth he predicted the crash that occurred. But certainly it bears out his whole temperament to perfection. The speculation (which in him takes the form of probing into the nature of things). The collapse (inevitable, of all except the very nature of things themselves). The aftermath (in effect: "my nature told me so"). That is, when he says "Life is a trap——" he knows, I believe, pretty much how the trap works. How else explain a certain melancholy pleasure he finds in it? The law of retribution is his special toy; the random workings, too, bring him a kind of satisfaction however sad. And now that, this year even more than last, there is no money with which to modify the machinery: the values, the ways of existence must be revealed to him——implacable as he has always felt they were. By his keen sense of hopelessness he might have invented irony. If "the revolution" he sometimes thinks imminent does occur, he will write out his last cheque (a cheque heaping coals of fire) with something like a sigh of relief. The more interesting pursuits of aristocracy are often impeded by money.

There will always be rank injustice to engage him. From what I know of the Church it is a clumsy body compared with his own which long ago left the narrow religious field for the wider fields of practical ethics. The decisions of this more-than-legal judge are being accepted as were his philanthropies. An example: he condemns the cocktail-party on the moral grounds that it robs an evening of its finer music. But although he is guitly of expecting others to share his enthusiasms (and this "thoughtlessness" may be his fee, pure and simple——) he, above everyone, could give the perfect tutorage for

meeting the world. (And this despite and because of his own misadventures.)

With his glamour, his elegance, his wit, his tenderness; courage, diplomacy; yes, and his sorrows——all women must weep that he is not their lover. (Well, Rome?)

If ever I achieve a commendable signature it will be largely because this man was my friend during the years that the most experiences in kind and number were presented to my consciousness. I shudder, now, at thought of what I with my particular set of tendencies and appetites might have become under the influence of someone less civilized. And I know what it is to wake up in a horrible sweat of fear from dreaming that I have said or done one of the few things——such as act insultingly to a lady or kick at a dog——which would anger him (——drunkeness alone would not). At the same time, I admit that there is oftentimes in his presence a temptation to commit the unpardonable if only as a protest against the tyranny of the just. But even this he would understand. There is no escaping his forgiveness.

And so I know that he will forgive the indescretions of these "drawings"—— and understand that he set the precedent for them by his own habit of continually giving credit to the persons responsible for his own education. (A certain woman he credits with having given him the direct habits of thought which offset his natural dialectic. A certain man he credits with much of his vocabulary. Another man has offered him——as a peach on a platter——minute descriptions of physical sensations he otherwise would have missed; another woman has represented an inviolable way of living.) His speech is full of credit lines and I, too, would like to give him something but——

To speak properly: there is, at present, nothing that one has that

one _can_ give him. He has or he is---everything. On the other hand it seems that one has to give---or to allow him everything. I mean that he demonstrates the paradox. He himself, (as he would be the first to say) is nothing; so completely is he self-encompassed, so completely does he efface himself.

My meaning cannot be very clear here. But he is an empty cup constantly overflowing. This emptiness (overflowing as it does) is in no way alarming, is, indeed, the emptiness proper to a legend. I have said that he is already legendary. It is true. And he has the true modesty of heroes and their statues. I especially mention the latter because this man whom so many idols idolize---gives off the same personal-impersonal impression of beauty as comes from good statues. He could appropriately be, and would enjoy being a bronze. The first for the ringing hollowness; the second, out of admiration for the Negro people.

He adores Negroes. They quicken him: thoughtlessly doing many things that he thinks he would like to do, thoughtfully. The race is his alter ego. Sometimes it puts him under grave suspicion. No matter. None, at least, while the repressed remain vital, warming him. His attraction is to the helpless, enigmatic, gay and cruel: his choosing--- perfect. Luckily he will not live to see the Negro race grow up.

Death is a dream he dreams, a reward to be deserved after a life of duty. And although, in this sense, he already deserves to die, die he cannot yet. There is still so much to do.

All he has to do he will do. He, who can scarcely bring himself to write letters---will probably die writing letters. Scolding letters graceful letters, loving letters, letters with cheques enclosed. And on receipt of the last, those who love him most will say: "this is not due me", and those who love him less will say: "this is due me". And

both, because of the enrichment there is in loving, will be correct. How clearly he sees this too. Reciprocity in love would be more than he could bear. Theseus would become Midas and everything too gold. And he would stand then, as sometimes he stands now, in a paralysis of amazement, grieved by the touch of his ~~own~~ hands.

He has said of a friend---"you feel when she speaks that before she has spoken she has raised in her mind every possible objection to what she is saying". Could this be his ideal? Does he always try to think out the consequences of his actions? ---But it is unlikely that anyone will ever know exactly to what white degree he is conscious or cares to be conscious.....

That is the burden of the song. And I, turning to put another log on the fire---my friend having solved the servant problem by waiting on his servants---will be conscious of his light step on the stair and that it must still be afternoon because one of the dogs would precede him if it were evening, as, in the morning he is preceded down his halls by the powdery and ungent odors of his bath.

I prepare a smile; his is the sweetest you will ever see.

(hand outstretched) "Hello, Billy; how are you?"

(taking hand) "Fine. How are you, Mulhall---"

"Very well. A bit tired."

o

WILLIAM JUSTEMA

## Death as Return*

I

Walking against his will a cord
Drew him to an unfamiliar perspective
Where all partings were greetings.
He was received in the late
Deceptions of choice. Mature, indifferent,
He worked an order of being with the self
Gone oddly thin, the center of an hour glass
Where all grew still, each grain separate,
The ego silent and watching, not concerned,
Magnificent structures rising in its name.

II

So late, so late. The storm of death
Sets flying all the sand, bewildering,
In his eyes, that sand he thought collected,
Calm, full of its own weight. It was too much
Its own. Each grain was willful, found
A way back to its source. He watched
Older than thought, whose mind had roved
Through Adams, Macauley, Buckle, Gibbon,
Until history put him to an attentive rest.
Azaleas, roses, rhododendrons -- the drug of cultivation,
And in his heart the women who had made all
Possible beat against even those loving bars
Where his affection held them. Women. His mind
Ranged over their delicate defining being. Debts
He could never pay, debts that left him solvent --
One hungered for justice, one for a natural past,

---

* "T. Parkinson's poem came about as follows: he sent me his volume Thanatos--an admirable small book. I wrote (he was in Grenoble, France) saying I found everything in it, except Death as Return--i.e., as the going upstream to one's beginnings as the later years diminish in number. His poem--of which I enclose a copy--encloses (in Section III) his view of one matter of concern...I do not know how you can use (this): your worry--anything from a reference to copy in toto!" B.H.L.

And one for art. Strange, they had never wanted
Mercy, that was granted, indisputable. And he
Had wanted above all the clear touch of mercy,
What his life never allowed him to dispense.

III

It is ludicrous, what we are, but what we do
Is how we are: some lives convalesce,
Broken jaws reading Coleridge, perpetual
Recovery from illness uncaused, dreams
Propped on books, gestures of pharos,
Leaves waving in the dark, dogs straying off
To a Hans Christian Andersen forest, excursions
Without alarums. He could never tell all
With his health too perfect, too moving
In too sweet an air he shaped with his hands
Always clear to ideas that were not his, that he
Conveyed with such modesty, property
Had no meaning, only the ideas pure and free
From personal limit. They became ours,
Artisans' children, bright sons of the poor,
Daughters of timid parents holding them
In the lucid west, close to those raw homes
Where the winds spilled down the Rockies and spring
Avalanched down the Sierra. He lifted us
Over those mountains, over Pacific islands, back
To the living word, to a glory of sense breaking
free on the page.
And it was ours, that glory, what we might be, what he
Could have been, if it were not for us.

IV

Where is it now, that tact so lost? We flaunt
Our loves in public while he and his kept a brilliant
silence
Protecting all associates even to the fourth generation,
Insuring beyond premium freedom, and the sweet gestures
of the soul.

V

He dreams as each grain flies before his eye of time's
identity:
Nothing is lost, ever lost. Only the dream lives backward.
Ambition becomes memory; memory, achievement;

And is it pride that makes him say
None of it is his? A kind
Of pride, yes, a kind of pride.

VI

His pride widens. The soul expands
Beyond control. The heart hurts
And breaks again. It is a form
Of release, the eager young
Heart once more, that takes its toll
And beats the body to a song. Tenderness
In dawn and twilight, the hours meet and chime
Until soft German words melt into copper
Mountains and the sky, never so near, is near again.
First loves and miracles of horses, amputations,
Changing trains, changing trains, those hopeful
Platforms where the future re-appears, and time
Deftly adjusts its focus. Political slogans
And words in Pullman berths, these are the functions
Of the public soul, clean entities shared by all of time,
After the revolution. Each grain and each touch
Flurry in the gusty twilight which is dawn.

VII

They are moths returning to a primal light. He sees
But will not seize them. Loot
Is the death of knowledge.
The train goes backward
Irresistibly. He is drawn
Deep to the dawn, his eyes
Full with watering time,
The dew of summer and the winter's
Frost, the beckoning winds
On the river's shallow, willows
Clipped, and the Ulm cathedral.
He is careless of elegies now that it has come back,
Reliably as time returns, so that the eye
Glad and clear moves to a world of mountain, stream,
and the dear
Touch of love. Shame and disaster never last,
And the elk feeds on plateaus
Beyond our guess or imagination,
Innocence earned by the heart's freedom.

Backward through time until time sounds depths
Where it's inaudible. The body rests
In the console of its purity, where song
Beyond resistance floods the air and the sands
Settle once more. The glass is full. Nothing moves.
The dial turns with the sun. The sun turns with the earth.
The earth moves as never before, and a burst of gladness
Confiscates the hour. Time is the accent of eternity.

(Signed, Dear Ben, I've been doing

my homework.

Love,

Tom

March 21, 1966)

May 23, 1956*

Looking back, as we do at these gatherings,
Into the golden ages of our history,
Guided so vividly by sages of those years
That we may recall the very color and climate of them,

We may think of the giants that there were in those days,
Striding through the golden grainfields of Euclid Avenue,
Lighting the bonfires of the classic myths
In every heart, temples to deities.

Now we are brought even to the present day
To try to define the nature of our heroes
In this time and in this place,
Not fabulous, but putting in regular hours at staff meetings.

And we are brought to trying to define
In terms of our own skepticisms and dismays,
Some of the essential nature of leadership
As it works not merely in myth, but on Mondays, Wednesdays,
and Fridays.

2

First we may best turn in scholarly character to bibliography,
To find the leading authority on the question,
And study the volume called Carlyle's Theory of the Hero,
By B.H. Lehman, Duke University Press, 1928.

Carlyle himself beings: We have undertaken to discourse here
On Great Men, their manner of appearance
In our world's business, how they have shaped themselves
In the world's history, what ideas were formed of them, what
work they did.

---

*Date of Faculty Retirement Dinner

"You recall, I could not answer your queries of what it was--
the mode, the technique, the 'secret'--that made the work and
the career what they were, and the results, too. I (suggest)
the J. Miles poem...might say it, in some part or way. Her
section 4 seems the nub." B.H.L.

On Heroes namely, and on their reception and performance
What I call Hero-worship and the Heroic in human affairs,
A large topic, indeed an illimitable one
Wide as Universal History itself.

For as I take it, Universal History,
The history of what man has accomplished in this world,
Is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here....
The soul of the whole world's history, the history of these.

3

In this book we may learn also to discriminate kinds of heroes,
To distinguish the Confucian wise man from the dull and stupid,
The Messiah and seer from those who have eyes but see not,
The Platonic philosopher from painters and poets, sophists and
demagogues.

In all, the man of original sight beyond semblances
The visionary prophet of the shows of existence:
As if in Macbeth one should cry out to Duncan a deeper meaning
In the lines "He that's coming/ Must be provided for."

Or again, as Dr. Samuel Johnson would have him,--
And without a word from Dr. Johnson, how could we define? --
A man of trance and vision, seized by spirits,
"Sir, he who would be a hero must drink brandy."

Exalted as are these views by Carlyle and his colleagues,
They, like our memories, tend to elevate
The hero out of the world of everyday
Into the heights of power and prophecy.

4

But I would have him here among us also,
Not merely a visioner of truth beyond semblance
But more, a listener to the truths of semblance,
A harkener to what happens in clear fact.

So this is my definition of our Hero:
He is a Hearer, as well as Seer; he listens to other voices,
He fathoms idioms other than his own,
He waits for words different from the ones he speaks.

He bides with patience in the daily wilderness of forest
To learn the language of the birds, ungrammatical though
it may be.
And makes major marginal transformations
Of material most would have thought only marginal to begin
with.

Hundreds of hearts are heard that without him would be silent,
And thoughts confused are heard and clarified,
Hundreds of meagre intentions brought to magnitude
In the magnanimity of the listening mind.

5

Wordsworth is our poet who has said this for us,
Adding one tone to Carlyle's mighty tone
Treating of heroic wisdom in the book of the hero
By Benjamin Harrison Lehman:
"Wisdom doth live in freedom, and the truth
Man holds with weekday man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these."

(Signed, To Ben from Josephine)

INDEX

Ackerman, Phyllis, 69
Actor's Workshop, 152
Adams, Ansel, 46,52,65,73,151
Adams, George, 84
Adams, Henry, 49
Addison, J.T., 19,27
Ahwahnee Hotel, Yosemite, 69
Aiken, Conrad, 27,29,85
Alexander, Elizabeth, 50,74,75,145,147
Alexandré, 144,145
Allen, James Turney, 190,205
Alma Trio, 111
Anderson, Judith, 70,131,169-174,176,178,182,307
Anderson, Sherwood, 82
Anglin, Margaret, 190
Arden, Elsie, 75,141,142,145,163,167
Armes, William Dallam, 190
Arnold, Thurmond, 59,60
A.S.U.C. drama group, 183,187,196
Ashton, Winifred (see Clemence Dane)
Atherton, Gertrude, 109,135,210,305

Bacon, Leonard, 106
Baker, George Pierce, 188,189
Barrows, David Prescott, 93,235,278,279
Bates, Blanche, 42,62,64
Bender, Albert, 48,52-57,65
Benson, Stella, 53
Berkeley (1920s, 1930s), 45ff-108
Birge, Raymond, 240,248
Black Sheep Restaurant, 72,128
Blackburn, Roy, 292,298,300
Boelter, Llewellyn, 236
Bogard, Travis, 186,197,296
Boyd, Louise, 59
Brashear, Minnie M., 36
Bremer, Anne, 55
Brenner, Anne (see Anne Brenner Langstroth)
Brett, Dorothy, 157
Brewer, Edward V., 74,104,105
Brier, Royce, 59,60
Briggs, LeBaron Russell, 23
Brodeur, Arthur G., 88,218
Bronson, Bertrand, 85,202,231,235,249, 291,293,304

Brown, Edmund "Pat", 280
Bruce, Harold, 94,103,202,266
Bufano, Benjamin, 153
Buhlig, Richard, 50
Bundy, McGeorge, 236

Caldwell, James, 269,270,280
Calhoun, George, 84,206
California Book Club, 53,54,65
Cameron, Helen, 152
Campbell, W.W., 70,93,193,235,240,278,279
capital punishment, 147,160
Capote, Truman, 74,163
Carlyle's Theory of the Hero, 22,29
Carmel, California (see Robinson Jeffers, Noel Sullivan)
Carpenter, Fred, 296
Catholicism (see Noel Sullivan, esp. 119,139-144,158,162-165)
Chaplin, Charlie, 111,125,126,130-132
Chevalier, Haakon, 232
Claire, Ina, 60
Clausen, Roy, 236,237,242
Cline, James, 85,202,235,249,250,293
Cloyne Court, 97,98
Coney, Donald, 214,215
Copeland, Charles Townsend, 18-22,27
Corley, James, 277,278,282,283,288
Cornell, Katherine, 48,179
Coward, Noel, 171
Creel, George, 42,62
Crocker, W.H., 279

Daggett, Stuart, 236
Damon, Bertha Pope, 47,48,57,64,65,69-71,73,81,83,109
Dane, Clemence, 169,171-173
David, Donald K., 38,236
Davis, Alva R. "Sailor", 277
Davisson, Malcolm, 257,273,284,287,289
deHavilland, Olivia, 113
Denman, William, 58,60,152,153,306
Denman, Leslie Van Ness, 58-61,65
Dennes, William, 84,274,285
Dennison, George, 110,113
Deutsch, Monroe, 181-183,186,196,211,238,245

Dewey, Thomas, 281
deYoung, M.H. family, 152
Douglas, Helen ~~Gahagan~~, 63,71,72,83,298 (Mrs W.W. Douglas)
Durham, W.H., 44,51,66,71,72,79,85,87,107,128,174,181,182,198,201
235,251,293,297

Eastman, E.D., 236
Eliot, Charles William, 274,275
Eliot, Thomas Stearns, 16,19,20,22,29,103
Elliott, F.M., 19,20
Ellis, Elizabeth Warder, 48,49,53-66,71,72,77,79,81,83,84,96,100,101,
112,137,190,191,288
Ellis, Ralph, 49,68
Evans, Bertrand, 225,226,234,291,293
Evans, Dame Edith, 169,175
Evans, Maurice, 172

Farley, Philip, 227-229,234a,236
Farnham, Willard, 88,202,227,234,235,249,250
Fay, Charles, 136
Fay, Maud, 113,125,136,137
Fenway Palace, 30,31
Field, Sara Bard, 57,109,112-116,130,159
Flavin, Martin, 133,134,149,153,155,164
Fontaine, Joan, 113
Free Speech Movement (FSM, 1964,1965), 271,272,275
French, Permeal, 37
Friends of the Bancroft Library, 210

Gardner, David P., 255,257
Gardner, Mrs. Jack, 30,31
Garrett, Alice Warder, 49,50
Gayley, Charles Mills, 84,93,106,107,201,235
Gerould, Gordon Hall, 92
Gerould, Katherine Fullerton, 92,102,103
Gielgud, John, 169,172-174,176,178
Glass, Everett, 190,196
Goethe Bi-Centennial, 74,75,104
Gordon, the janitor, 78,79
Greek Theatre, 190,191
Green, Patterson, 38
Gregory, Warren, 82
Guggenheim Fellowships, 87,112

Hammond, George, 217
Hand, George, 79,221,298,307,308
Haney, John Louis, 14
Harris, Fred, 183,187,189,195,197
Harris, Mary, 184,185
Hart, James D., 214,217
Hart, Walter Morris, 44,45,63,65,73,81,84,88,89,91-94,96,98,99,102,
103,106,107,121,130,166,191,201,202,206,211,218,235,238,240,249,
250,291,295,299,308
Harvey, Mrs. Downey, 138
Hayes, Helen, 176,179
Hayes, Roland, 73,137,147,148,155,160
Hazard, Mrs. Lucy Lockwood, 85,227
Hearst, Millicent, 124-127
Hearst, Phoebe Apperson, 96,97
Hearst, William Randolph, 126,127,265
Heller, Clara, 96
Heller, Edward, 263
Helm, MacKinley, 38
Hemingway, Ernest, 82
Hertz, Alfred, 160,161
Hicks, John D., 252,254
Hildebrand, Joel, 86,214,255,259,261,276,277,284,287,288
homosexuality, 147,150,153,154,162-164
Howard, John Galen, 98,99
Howard, Sidney, 76,77
Hoyt, George Barnum, 28,29
Hughes, Langston, 112,148,149,156,160,292
Hughes, Merritt, 203
Hume, Edward Maslin, 36
Hume, Sam, 190,191,193,194,196
Hunt, Will, 28,29
Hurd, Bartlett, 76,78

"image of the work", 222-235,304,311-313
Ingerson, Frank, 110,113
Irish in San Francisco (see Noel Sullivan, esp. 152,153)

Jeffers, Robinson, 111,116-123,134,148,149,153,155-157,164
Jeffers, Una, 116-123,157
Johnson, Hiram, 58,60,153,306
Johnson, Lyndon, 280
Joralemon, Lila Kendall, 90
Jordan, John, 295
Jorgensen, Paul, 234
Justema, William, appendix

Keith, William, 46
Kerr, Clark, 215,241,256,264,279,280
Kittredge, George Lyman, 14,16,22,24
Kurtz, Benjamin, 202,223,231,235,301

Laemmle, Carl, 307
Lane, Franklin, 99,100
Langstroth, Anne Brenner, 109
Langstroth, Lovell, 109
Larson, Gertrude L., 37 Gustav
Lawrence, E.O., 256,262,265
Lehman, Abe, 2,3,7,8,10-15,197,198
Lehman, B.H., childhood and ancestry, 1-14a; schooling, Idaho, 11,12, Philadelphia, 12,13, Harvard, 13-35; teaching, Idaho and Washington, 35-40,198, Harvard, 41,42; comes to University of California, 44,45; Berkeley, 1920s and 1930s, 45-108; Los Gatos and Carmel, 109-123; UCB administration (see University of California, committees); UC English and dramatic arts departments (see UC departments); writings, 224,230,234,303-306; teaching methods, 229-234a; on life, 306-313
Lehman, Gladys Collins, 38-41,46,123,124,307,308
Lehman, Hal, 39,46,65,123,124,130,131,307,308
Lehman, Hannah Lövinger, 1-10,13
Lehman, Henriette, 257,285,309
Lehmann, Lotte, 74,104,105,154,160,161
Leigh, Vivien, 169,172,176
Leonard, Ellie, 49
Leupp, Harold, 211-213
Lewis, Gilbert, 63,86,103,239,248,269
Lewis, Oscar, 48,52,54,65
Lewis, Sinclair, 82
Lillie, Beatrice, 176
Lincoln, Elliott, 39
Linforth, Ivan, 190,191,205
Lippmann, Walter, 16,19,20,27,29,30,85
Locke, Alain, 148
Loewenberg, Jacob, 84,87
Longworth, Alice Roosevelt, 49,51
<u>The Lordly Ones</u>, 8,78,79,80,303
Los Alamos project, 274
Lövinger, Hannah (see Hannah Lövinger Lehman)
Lowell, Abbott Lawrence, 17,275
Lowes, John Livingston, 91
loyalty oath, 152,254-290
Luhan, Mabel, 157
Luhan, Tony, 122,157
Lundberg, Olaf, 238
Lyman, W.W., 109,113

Madaleva, Sister Mary, 85,223,225,227,234
Marie, Grand Duchess, 124,125,127-129
McCarthy, Joseph, 271,280
McClintic, Guthrie, 199
McCully, Bruce, 39,199
McDuffie, Duncan, 76-78
McDuffie, Jean, 76-78
McEnerney, Garret, 159
Macgowan, Kenneth, 16,19,27,29,187,195
Mann, Thomas, 75,104,105,183
Marriott, Paul, 29
Marshall, George, 228
Mather, Stephen, 46,64
Maybeck, Bernard, 97,98,110
Meiklejohn, Alexander, 269,270,280
Menuhin, Yehudi, 74,110
Miles, Josephine, 83,225,226,232,234a,249,291,293,appendix
Miller, Adolph, 99-101
Miller, Mary Sprague, 96,99-101
Mitchell, Lucy Sprague, 96,102
Moffitt, James, 89
Montgomery, Guy, 94,202,203,211,218,291,292,297,299
Montgomery, Grace, 291,292
Morgan, Julia, 99,127,128
Morris, Mary, 193
Motherwell, Hiram, 19
Moylan, Nora, 237,238,299,300
Muir, John, 46
Munro, Harriet, 114
Münsterberg, Hugo, 26
Murphy, Alyce, 139
Muscatine, Charles, 293,296,301
Muscatine, Doris, 301

Navarro, Ramon, 64
Negro in America, 137,147,148,153,154
Neilson, William Allan, 14
Neylan, John Francis, 256-267,277,281,286-288
Noyes, George Rappell, 204,205

Oakland Forum, 129
O'Brien, Mike, 284,289
Olivier, Laurence, 169-173,175,176,178,179
O'Neill, Eugene, 82,188
O'Shea, Molly, 131
Ouspenskaya, Maria, 184

P.E.N. (poets, essayists, novelists), 109,149,183,305
Pacific Union Club, 262
Palmer, George Herbert, 15,16
Parkinson, Thomas, 221,225,227,230-232,298,appendix
Parsons, Edward Taylor, 64,68,69
Parsons, Marion Randall, 46,63-65,73,81,83,151,308
Patterson, Alice, 39
Pauley, Edwin, 281
Pearce, Helen, 223,225,227
Peixotto, Jessica, 95-98
Pepper, Stephen C., 69,181,182,189,192-194,198,268,277,290
Perry, Bliss, 14,16,21,22
Pettit, George, 288
Phelan, James, 53,60,61,64,109,112,113,124,125,135,138,139,142,143,145,
146,149,153,154,157,159,160
Phelan, Margaret, 135,139
Phi Beta Kappa (Harvard), 25,26
Pichel, Irving, 190,191,193,198
Pinchot, Rosamund, 219
Pope, Arthur, 69
Pope, Bertha (see Bertha Pope Damon)
Popper, William, 160,203,206-208,210,214
Potter, George, 270,304

Rainy Night Club, 71,72
Raleigh, John, 293,296
Raphael, Joseph, 54,55
Rebec, Estelle, 303
Rethberg, Elisabeth, 74,146,149
Rieber, Charles H., 89,90
Rivera, Diego, 56
Robeson, Paul, 64
Robinson, Harrison, 190,191
Robinson, Ralph, 221
Roosevelt, Theodore, 211,283
Rorty, James, 120
Roth, William, 60
Rourke, Constance, 85
Rowell, Joseph Cummings, 211
Royce, Josiah, 17,18,22,84,90
Rukeyser, Muriel, 85

San Francisco, culture, 151,152; Jewish population, 95,96
San Francisco Chronicle, 152
San Simeon, 123-127,129,130

Santayana, George, 15,16,20-22,27,49,120,144,156,230
Saroyan, William, 112,221
Schnitzler, Henry, 183,196
Schofield, William Henry, 25
Schorer, Mark, 83,84,86,250,293,296,301
Schorer, Ruth, 84,301
Shumaker, Wayne, 225,227
Sidgwick, Ethel, 121
Sierra Club, 46,64,68
Smith, Henry Nash, 250
Smith, Percy, 225,227
Smyth, Albert Henry, 13,14
Snedeker, Phil, 28,29
Sprague, Lucy (see Lucy Sprague Mitchell)
Sproul, Ida Wittschen, 281
Sproul, Robert Gordon, 28,181,183,185,186,196,215,216,235,241-243,246, 251-267,271,276-289
St. Denis, Ruth, 48,57
Stebbins, Marion, 50
Steilberg, Walter, 97,98
Steinhoff, William, 225,227
Steinman, David B., 36
Sterling, George, 110
Stern, Rosalie, 56
Stevenson, Lionel, 223,225,227
Stewart, George, 88,268,272,274,293
Stewart, Theodosia, 295
Strauss, Lawrence, 50,73-76
Strong, Edward, 272
Sturgess, Sarah, 194-196
Symington, Pete, 125,1237
Sullivan, Ada (Mother Agnes), 140,141,148,151,166,167
Sullivan, Alice Phelan, 139-142,144
Sullivan, Francis, 139-141
Sullivan, Gladys, 140
Sullivan, Noel, 73,77,104,109,111,116,118,119,123,131,133-169, appendix

Terry, Ellen, 174
theater, U.S.A., 177
Thompson, Alan, 196,197
Thoron, Ward, 49
Tolman, Edward Chase, 257,269,287,290
Truman, Harry, 281

University of California, academic freedom (see loyalty oath, esp. pp.269-276)
University of California, Academic Senate, 238,240,242-244,246,252-267, 276,287,288
University of California, Associated Students of (see A.S.U.C.)
University of California, committees, academic: Budget, 185,197,199,200, 236-247,249,299,300; Building Development, 187,247; Educational Policy, 244,245,247,300; Library, 34,207-217; President's Advisory, 245,246, 251-267,270,273,283,284,286-289; University Welfare, 244,245,300
committees, administrative: Arts and Lectures, 74; Music and Drama (see Arts and Lectures)
University of California, departments: art, 181,187; dramatic arts, 152, 176,177,179-197,241,242,299; English--old curriculum, 191,192,201-203, comparative literature course, 204-206, English 41,218-221,267, 268, and loyalty oath, 270, curriculum development, 293,294,297,298, Ph.Ds., 222-235, chairmanship, 291-302, retirement dinners, 106-108, social functions, 291,292,294; music, 188
University of California, Faculty Club, 85,86,92,103,104,186,212,242
University of California, Greek Theater, 190,191
University of California, Library (see UC committees, library)
University of California, loyalty oath controversy, 152,254-290
University of California, project research, 274
University of California, Regents, 243,246,254-267,276-278,283,284,286
University of California, Summer Sessions, 81,90-95,102,103,206
University of Idaho, 35-38,198
Utter, Robert P., 202,218,235,249,297

vanGhent, Dorothy, 113
Van Ness, Leslie (see Leslie Van Ness Denman)
Vaughn, Clifford, 57
von Neumeyer, Charles D., 72,192-194,196

Walker, Donald G., and Eleanor, 308
Walker, Harry, 259,277
Wallace, Bill, 60
Walsh, Blanche, 197,198
Warder family, 48-52
Warren, Earl, 28,246,257,281
Washington State College, 35-38,198,199
Wasserman, Jacob, 85,103-105
Wells, Mrs. Chauncey, 46
Welch, Marie, 48,109,110
Wendell, Barrett, 33,35,45
West, George, 109
Whang, Francis, 112
Wheeler, Benjamin Ide, 81,90,91,93,94,211,242,279

Whipple, Thomas King, 66,72,84,87,201,235,293
Wild Marriage, 79,80
Williams, Edward Thomas, 207
Wilson, Michael, 173,221
Wilson, Woodrow, 41,43,99,100
Wood, Charles Erskine Scott, 57,110,112-116,135,159
World War I, War Issues Lectures, Harvard, 41,42
Wright, Celeste Turner, 225,227
Wurster, William, 101

Young, Ella, 153,159

Zuckerman, Fritzie, 128
Zuloaga, 49,50

Suzanne Bassett Riess

Grew up in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Graduated from Goucher College with a B.A. in English in 1957. Post-graduate work at the University of London and the University of California, Berkeley, in English and art history.

Feature writing and assistant woman's page editor, Bethlehem, Pa., Globe-Times. Free-lance writing and editing in Berkeley and volunteer work on starting a new Berkeley newspaper.

Editor in Regional Oral History Office since 1960, interviewing in the fields of art, cultural history, environmental design, photography, and University history.

14 0417