



NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

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Hubert H. Bancroft

The Bancroft Library

One Hundred Years of Helping California and the West Understand Themselves

The Bancroft Library is one of the primary ways that California has of understanding itself, both in terms of the specific content of the library—all 100,000 linear feet of it—and the life of reflective research it nurtures and inspires.

Let us go back to Hubert Howe Bancroft, age twenty as of 1852, arriving in a city, San Francisco, that was moving from virtual non-existence before 1847 to becoming the tenth largest city in the United States by 1870, the urban capital of the Far West, a position it would maintain for the next 100 years. All around him, Bancroft could see, could personally experience, the overnight assembly of a city, a maritime colony of the world, in each and every one of its

classical components: from sanitation to politics, from retail to banking, from real estate and architecture to religious and cultural expression.

As a bookman—a reader of books, a seller of books, a publisher of books—Bancroft knew that the urbanism exploding everywhere around him, what he called the rapid, monstrous maturity of it all, would require information and memory to thrive. Bancroft began his efforts modestly, selling books and stationery. In 1862 he published a handbook for the Pacific Coast and began to assemble research materials for an encyclopedia. He had made the transition, in short, from a retailer of knowledge to an archivist of knowledge and, tentatively in the handbook,

more ambitiously in the projected encyclopedia, to an interpreter of the Pacific Coast. I find this transition at once understandable and somewhat miraculous. Booksellers had been book publishers since the invention of printing. All this is quite clear and easy to understand. But this parallel does not, in my opinion, fully explain how Bancroft, beginning his collection for practical purposes, was soon transforming his encyclopedia of the Pacific Coast into a massive multi-volume history of the Pacific States, all of them, Latin, Central, and North America, beginning with the native peoples. He ranged the coast from Alaska to Central America, the East Coast and Europe, assembling the books, pamphlets, manuscripts, maps, periodicals, transcriptions from governmental and church archives, and oral histories, taken down by himself or his agents, of the pioneers.

We have heard this so many times that we take it for granted. We neglect to contemplate, if only for a moment, the mysterious alchemy in the mind, imagination, psychology, cultural background of a self-educated, degree-less bookseller making a leap into history, cultural definition, memory, and classification, heroic in its magnitude. Where did it come from? Was it the memory and influence of New England? Perhaps. We certainly know that Bancroft sent his books, once they began to



Kevin Starr explains how Bancroft transformed himself from a retailer of knowledge to an archivist and interpreter.

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From the Director

As We Celebrate

The Centennial, Retrospect and Prospect

Twain Papers and Project (\$5 million), the Regional Oral History Office (\$5 million), and the Center for the Tebtunis Papyri (\$3 million). Each of these programs survives currently on grant funds and annual donations, but it's always a precarious high-wire act.

January saw the opening of Bancroft's online exhibition, *The 1906 San Francisco Earthquake and Fire*, with more than 14,000 photographs and 7,000 pages of text, with descriptions of the experiences of a broad cross-section of San Francisco's residents as well as the scholarly reports of Berkeley geologist Andrew Lawson, which served as the true beginning of modern seismological research. Just in time for the April 18th centennial of the earthquake, we published in collaboration with Berkeley's Heyday Books architectural historian Stephen Tobriner's *Bracing for Disaster: Earthquake-Resistant Architecture and Engineering in San Francisco, 1838-1933*.

In February we inaugurated the Bancroft Centennial Exhibition at the Berkeley Art Museum. A marvelous overview of Bancroft's riches, with scores of items never before publicly displayed, it will remain open through the beginning of December, and I urge you to visit it. To mark the opening we organized a two-day Centennial Symposium with papers by distinguished scholars on every major area of the collection. A selection of those papers is published in this issue of *Bancroftiana*, which is a special double issue to mark the centennial.

On the evening of April 27th a very successful Bancroft Gala, our first-ever benefit event, raised more than \$275,000 for the Regional Oral History Office. It was preceded by the 59th Annual Meeting of the Friends of The Bancroft Library, highlighted

by the presentation of the Hubert Howe Bancroft Award to writer Joan Didion. In her remarks Ms. Didion spoke eloquently on what Bancroft meant to her as a Cal undergraduate: "It represented a belief in the value of the past. It represented a belief in the value of the rare, the unique, the few. It represented the continuity of those values in a culture and a state more famously focused on the future than on the past." Bancroft is honored to be the repository of Ms. Didion's papers.

In other news, I am very pleased to report that the National Endowment for the Humanities has awarded \$600,000 to the Mark Twain Project for its online edition of Mark Twain's works, \$100,000 outright and \$500,000 in matching funds; we have two years to match the grant.

We have a very impressive set of publications coming out this fall, including the Keepsakes for 2004-2005 and 2005-2006: *Exploring The Bancroft Library*, edited by former Friends Council member Stephen Vincent and me, and co-published with Signature Books as a trade edition as well; and *Past Tents: The Way We Camped*, an affectionate look at the history of camping in California, edited by Susan Snyder, Bancroft's Head of Access Services. The latter is co-published with Heyday Books. Also co-published with Heyday this fall are two more volumes: Pictorial Curator Jack von Euw's selection of photographs for Ira Nowinski's *San Francisco: Poets, Politics, and Divas*, with wonderful photographs of the old South of Market area before the Yerba Buena Redevelopment, the San Francisco Opera, and the Beat poets in North Beach; and *Testimonios: Early California through the Eyes of Women, 1815-1848*, edited by University of Santa Clara professors Rose Marie

It's been quite a year.

The centennial of Bancroft's arrival on the Berkeley campus started, ironically, in the summer of 2005 while we were in the process of moving into exile off campus in order to free the Doe Annex for renovation. The move took four and a half months, and we finally opened to SRO occupancy in the middle of October.

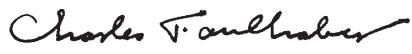
We are now settled in our temporary home on Allston Way, which has made it marginally more difficult for our student employees and campus patrons but considerably easier for off-campus users, since we are only half a block from the downtown Berkeley BART station. We'll be here for the next two years while the Doe Annex is renovated. Demolition started in May; reconstruction, as I write this in late July, will begin next month, despite the fact that we have not yet raised all the money needed. We now know how much that is. Analysis of the reconstruction bids, received on June 30th, shows roughly a 10% increase over the cost estimates. The major items—climate control, electrical work (including security systems), and renovated storage space—came in under the estimates; but stonework, glass, and fire protection were much higher: there is great demand for skilled craftsmen. So our total goal for the Centennial Campaign now stands at \$48 million, \$35 million for the building (in comparison with our original goal of \$32 million) and \$13 million for endowments for the Mark

CELEBRATE*Continued from page 2*

Beebe and Robert M. Senkewicz. The latter book contains skillfully annotated translations of a dozen of Hubert Howe Bancroft's "dictations," taken down during the 1870s as background for Bancroft's history of California and the American West. What makes these dictations especially interesting is that the originals are in Spanish and the speakers are all women who were either born in Alta California or came to it before the Gold Rush.

Even as we use our revolving publications fund to make some of Bancroft's treasures available in print form, we are also collaborating with other UC libraries and commercial enterprises to digitize those treasures and make them available on the internet. Thanks to contracts negotiated by the California Digital Library at the Office of the President with Microsoft and Google, we have for the past several months been digitizing thousands of Bancroft's books on American history and literature, starting with those out of copyright, i.e., published before 1923. For example, you can now find Bancroft's Works, all 30,000 pages and 12 million words, on the Internet Archive (archive.org).

And even as we make it easier for students, scholars, and the general public to consult existing resources, we continue to add to them. The last week of June we took delivery of the Fang Family San Francisco Examiner Archives, the gift of Denver businessman Philip Anschutz named in honor of the publishers of the *San Francisco Examiner* from 2000 to 2005. This collection easily doubles the size of Bancroft's photograph collection to more than 8 million prints and negatives. Now all we have to do is find the money to process it!



—Charles B. Faulhaber
The James D. Hart Director
The Bancroft Library

THE BANCROFT LIBRARY*Continued from page 1*

Kevin Starr and Stephen Silberstein discuss The Bancroft Library's Centennial.

appear, to a number of New England worthies, hoping for endorsements.

Bancroft was not an American historian of the first rank in the sense that we accord that title to his contemporaries Prescott, George Bancroft, Parkman, Motley, Ticknor, and—yes! Let me say it!—Washington Irving (an underestimated historian in my opinion). These historians—while not fully the product of their formation, since all talent has something mysterious and impenetrable to it—were nevertheless nurtured by universities and lifelong communities of ideas and interpretation. Bancroft came to his calling, by contrast, through reading, but also through a business-inspired conviction that what was happening on the Pacific Coast was important—an epic of Progress with a capital P as he would conceptualize it—and the materials relating to that rise should be preserved and its history should be written, published, and sold, preferably in the deluxe edition that came with its own custom-made bookcase. Had he been more personally secure, perhaps, more formed along establishment lines, Bancroft might have signed

his name as the general editor of his series, as Lord Acton did for the *Cambridge Modern History*, allowing such writers as Henry L. Oak and Frances Fuller Victor to sign their own work. Certainly, the volumes that Bancroft himself wrote—*California Pastorale* (1888), *California Inter Pocula* (1888), *Literary Industries* (1890), and *Retrospection, Political and Personal* (1910)—would have earned him a credible place in the annals of historiography on the Pacific Coast in that era, and this credibility would have been even further intensified by the series he produced as collector, entrepreneur, publisher, and salesman, if not actual writer. But you cannot have Falstaff and have him lean. You cannot have Hubert Howe Bancroft—in so many ways a figment of his own imagination—and have him without the flaws that were reflective of the flaws of frontier and high provincial California.

And besides, the very anatomy of Bancroft's collecting—his integration of California history into the history of Spain and Mexico; his anchorage of that history onto the long history of the native peoples; his passion for

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THE BANCROFT LIBRARY*Continued from page 3*

primary sources and his regard for, if possible, first-person documentation—was in and of itself a statement about California. In contrast to so many of his contemporaries, for example, Bancroft did not sentimentalize the Spanish and Mexican eras. As a collector and entrepreneur of history writing, Bancroft adhered to inter-hemispheric history, with a strong sense of the Asia Pacific Basin across which Spaniards were sailing by the late sixteenth century.

When the University of California acquired The Bancroft Library and brought it to Berkeley one hundred years ago, it too—like Bancroft in the middle years of the 19th century—was witnessing growth and elaboration born of expanded self-confidence, as the pre-Progressive era and the University of California, under the

presidency of Benjamin Ide Wheeler, was glimpsing the role that it might be playing as a research university. Wheeler was a Cornell man, a classicist, with previous experience at Brown and Harvard; he came to Berkeley in 1899, almost simultaneously with the international competition for a new campus sponsored by Phoebe Apperson Hearst, with great expectations for what could be accomplished in this state university at Berkeley. The English-born historian Henry Morse Stephens, the first academically trained tenured full professor at Berkeley, came shortly thereafter, and forces were set in motion for the acquisition of The Bancroft Library as part of a program of overall development.

In these early decades at Berkeley was inspired a line of research into Spain, Mexico, and the Pacific by such

historians as Charles Edward Chapman; Herbert Ingram Priestly, a Bancroft librarian; and Herbert Eugene Bolton, its longtime director, who brought forth a successor generation of historians, including Dale Morgan and J.S. Holliday of the Bancroft staff, who tackled the American frontier. The culmination of this era was the editing and publishing of the ten-volume Larkin Papers by Bancroft director George P. Hammond. These historians were in one way or another being propelled by the momentum of The Bancroft Library as it had come from its founder to Berkeley. Even its ambitious oral history program bore some relationship to the oral histories taken by Bancroft and his agents in the 1870s and 1880s; and the Mark Twain Papers bore some relationship to Bancroft's zeal for primary sources.



Monica and Paul (Pete) Bancroft III, and Kimberly Bancroft examine Bancroft treasures displayed at the Berkeley Art Museum.



The two-day Centennial Symposium featured scholars who use The Bancroft Library.

During the directorship of Professor James D. Hart, a literary scholar and a bibliophile, Bancroft advanced into new territory: literary history, American poetry, the papers of American and English writers and poets, architecture, and other aspects of cultural history. By combining the rare books and manuscripts division with Bancroft, moreover, The Bancroft Library became even more internationalized and projected back into time. All this paralleled the growth and diversification of California. Just as H.H. Bancroft had intuited the relevant materials to document the rise of the Pacific States, so too was The Bancroft Library now dealing with California as an epicenter of hemispheric and global culture, coming of age along its 19th and early 20th century lines of development and at the same time in the postwar era being propelled into a global ecumenopolis. Thus the very same Bancroft Library that helped us understand the native peoples, the epic of Spain in the New World, the rise of Mexico and the Central American republics, Spanish and Mexican California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia was now assembling, and continues to assemble, Pacific Basin materials, literary materials of every description,

politics, economics, you name it: all aspects of California as California was projecting itself in the postwar era. The Bancroft Centennial Symposium encompassed this full sweep, from the mid-19th century to the present, from nuclear science to the Beats, from Mexico to Ancient Egypt, from art to biotechnology, from the Gold Rush to the modern environmental movement. Thus The Bancroft Library continues to be a primary place, a resource, a catalyst, a window on the world for contemporary California and as such, for the contemporary United States, for the contemporary northern and southern hemispheres, for contemporary Asia, for the world, in that every aspect of the world seems to have some stake or another in this place, this California.

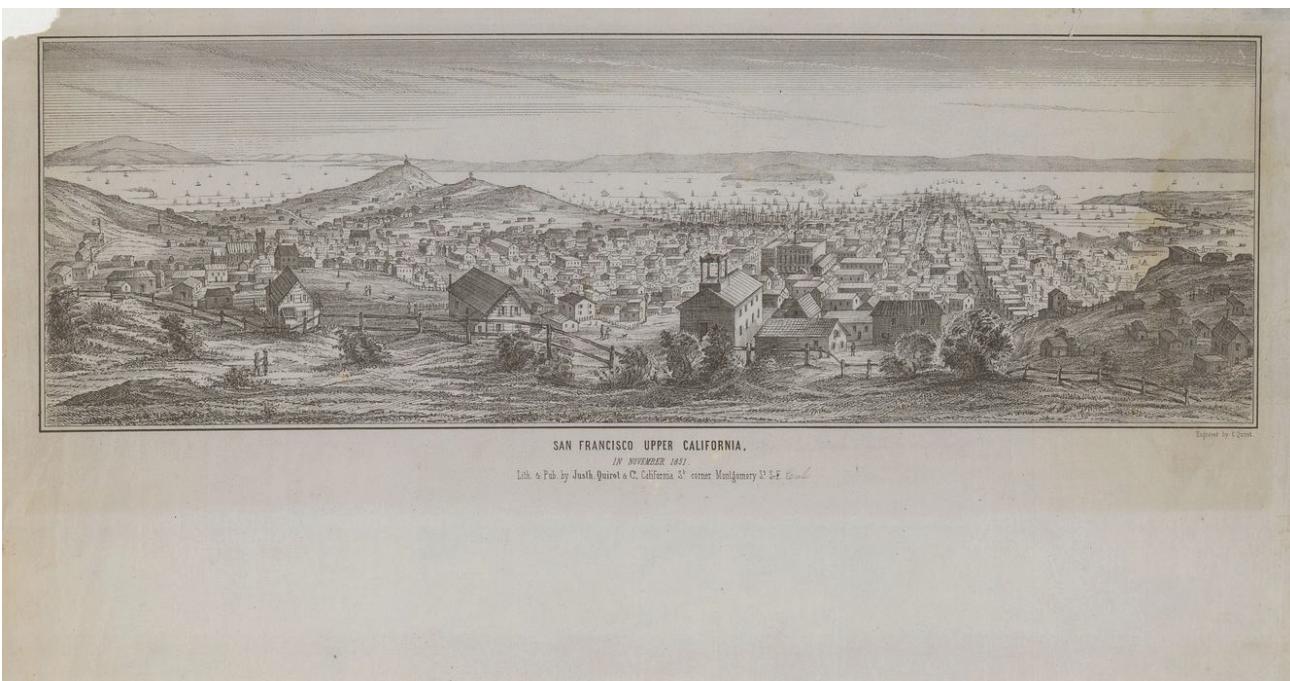
A global city is being assembled these days, and by definition it cannot be localized in any one place. But the digital technology and culture that makes it possible were assembled here in California, not exclusively but significantly, starting in the 1950s; and in some way or another, this global culture remains connected to California when it descends from its digital noosphere and seeks a local habitation and a name. When I'm asked whether California is still cutting edge for the United States, I frequently

answer that it's difficult to tell, given that so much of the country—in good things and bad—has been so Californiaized. Thus the challenge facing Bancroft during the Charles Faulhaber years has been the challenge of abundance and complexity. What to choose? What to collect? Follow Mae West's advice (too much of a good thing, she tells us, is wonderful) and Bancroft might become an overstocked attic, filled with musty trunks and artifacts unconnected to present-tense energies. Thus for The Bancroft Library to collect from today for tomorrow is to face the necessity of extraordinary leaps of analysis, discernment, and intuition. It is to ask the question that H.H. Bancroft asked in the 1850s: what is going on here? What's the narrative? And what are the relevant materials to document the developing story?

The Bancroft symposium is connected to an exhibition of Bancroft treasures. Each object, each exhibit, reverberates with its own message, its own sense of the past. That's what libraries and archives do. They speak to us through any one of their printed or manuscript treasures, and they also speak to us collectively, as institutions, reverberating with the ongoing work of memory that is at the core of human culture itself. For more than 140 years The Bancroft Library has been thus reverberating with the memory, message, and mood of the past that contains within itself the memory, message, and mood of the present and future—because we can only experience the past and anticipate the future through the present. For one hundred years of that period, The Bancroft Library has been doing this at the heart of one of the world's great universities. The work continues. The Bancroft Library remains one of our most noted and respected ways of knowing ourselves and the society and culture that, we hope, will continue to sustain us.

—Kevin Starr
State Librarian Emeritus

Seeing and Imagining the City



In 1851, a man we know only as L.B. Sewall sent a letter from San Francisco to the Reverend J. Sewall, his father, in Maine. For his stationery, Sewall chose a pictorial lettersheet. Lettersheet production flourished between 1849 and 1869 in California, publishers issuing illustrations of fires, assassinations, earthquakes, hangings, and mining life, as well as views of California's burgeoning cities and small towns. The Honeyman Collection at Bancroft includes dozens of wonderful examples.

Sewall has chosen a view of San Francisco from Nob Hill, looking down California Street toward the Bay. A ruff of bushes in the foreground marks the edge of the city, beyond which lie neat if somewhat featureless buildings, streets busy with people, and the harbor busy with ships. We can pick out recognizable city sites: the larger buildings bordering the plaza, the signal at the top of what is now Telegraph Hill, the great storeship "Apollo" at its dock. The wave of the city's growth has only just begun to lap at the base of Telegraph Hill on the left and Rincon

Hill on the right. It is a tidy vision of the city, with straight streets, foursquare houses, and ample room to grow.

In his letter, L.B. Sewall is similarly interested in presenting the city in its best possible light. He admits he is writing in haste "as the steamer is on the point of sailing." But he takes the time to describe the city that is his new home. "Many of the buildings here would be an ornament to Boston or New York," he writes. "Its beautiful iron buildings particularly attract the eye of the stranger. Its streets are well graded and paved with plank laid with a convex surface."

Sewall's description of San Francisco strongly resembles the accounts of the city given by travel writers and civic boosters. Those professional writers never failed to mention the substantial buildings that "ornamented" the city, for instance. Indeed, Sewall's tone is so clichéd and formal, we almost wonder if a tardy son is quickly copying a text that he has at hand in order to finish his letter before the steamer sails. He seems to

have forgotten the muddy state of many of San Francisco's streets and to be ignoring its more makeshift structures.

The apparent willingness of Sewall and the lithographer to overlook the realities of the rough, raw city around them becomes even more startling when we consider how these prints of San Francisco were marketed to potential purchasers. Viewmakers would often herald the production of one of their prints with an announcement in the local newspapers, and they would liberally sprinkle those announcements with a stock vocabulary of accuracy. Using words such as "faithful," "correct," "accurate," "graphic," "faultless," and "truthful," viewmakers worked to assure potential purchasers that their prints captured the city as it really was. And certainly, if these images were going to function effectively, they needed to have at least the aura of accuracy. The lithographer of Sewall's image has produced a sanitized, but credible image.

So viewmakers made strenuous, repeated assertions of accuracy in newspaper announcements, but it is

up to us to ask, "Accuracy to what?" Certainly and obviously, viewmakers were attempting to record an actual place that was made up of buildings that are, to a greater or lesser degree, identifiable. We can compare any of these prints to our knowledge of the city and assess the view's correctness. But the demands of accuracy go beyond that—there are other aspects of the city to consider. For to be accurate to the city—that-actually-is may do a disservice to the city of history or the city of memory. And personal experience gives special, personal contours to a place that demand their own brand of accuracy.

On pictorial lettersheets two modes of seeing and imagining the city meet: in the image, an idealized, conventional vision of the city; in the letter, a subjective, highly individual point of view. Many writers bridged the gap between the two by locating themselves in the picture—pointing out where they board or where they are writing the letter. They also added marks to the picture, drawing

their readers' attention to important sites. That the views afforded the opportunity to include the writers' personal experiences speaks to their aura of accuracy. If they were blatantly incorrect, it would be hard for the writer to include himself there. Even when the city was tidied up or the geography was a bit off, writers could with confidence mark a spot on the views and say, "Here I am."

That the letter writers would add their own marks to the sheets is not surprising. They approached the images with pen already in hand. Even the stilted Sewall made a cross-hatch mark on the summit of Telegraph Hill and a corresponding one in the body of his letter. But even as the writers engaged with the views, they were not blind to their errors and omissions. Before slipping into the booster's conventional language, Sewall remarks that the image he sends is "an extremely rough sketch." Others found their pictures "tolerably correct," "very tolerable," or even "very correct." Whatever the writer's judgment, all found in the views an

image that resonated.

Ultimately, we have to think of accuracy not as an objective standard, but rather as a measure constantly negotiated and renegotiated between viewer and view. The relative value of the truths the view tells and the ways in which it dissembles cannot be determined by simply establishing what the buildings looked like and where they stood. Such facts reveal a certain amount about the city, but not the willingness with which the urban audience overlooked, appreciated, cringed at, or accepted the glosses, exaggerations, inaccuracies, and downright lies that found their way into the views. Just as the city constantly changed under the influence of tragedy, progress, decay, and growth, the relationship between the city, its representations, and standards of accuracy also changed depending on who was looking and when.

—Isabel Breskin,
The Bancroft Library



The lettersheet shows a somewhat idealized view from Nob Hill, looking down California Street toward the harbor packed with ships.

Which Twain Do You Have in Mind?

Icon, Gadfly, Conscience

What do people have in mind when they celebrate “Mark Twain” as an American icon? Or perhaps I should ask which Twain do they have in mind?

For literary scholars and authors, Twain’s iconic status generally comes from his having written *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, a book which empowered generations of writers to engage profound issues of racism, social justice and morality and to infuse their prose with the voices they heard around them. But the Twain who wrote *Tom Sawyer* figures more prominently in the mind of the general public—avuncular, unthreatening, genial, almost cuddly. The Twain that comes later has sharper edges, and may not be cuddly at all.

What does it mean to embrace the Twain who wrote *Tom Sawyer* over the Twain who wrote *Huck Finn* and other works similarly disturbing and complex? What does it mean to embrace the tame Twain—the author of unthreatening books for children, beloved stories and clever aphorisms—but to largely ignore the author of the hard-hitting essays, searing commentaries, and bizarre or chilling fantasies, the Twain who grew increasingly disillusioned with the behavior of his countrymen and his fellow human beings generally? What does it mean to celebrate the icon over the gadfly and man of conscience?

What if we started paying more attention to the troubling Twain? I am glad that the Mark Twain Project continues to play such an important role in bringing Twain the gadfly and man of conscience into our lives. It’s fine to enjoy

Tom Sawyer, but freezing Twain as the author of *Tom Sawyer* deprives us of a Twain we desperately need to recover today.

A Tom Sawyer who is presented as a cheerful innocent in the book that bears his name takes on more sinister dimensions in the “evasion” section of *Huckleberry Finn*, where his vision of fun and adventure needlessly prolongs Jim’s pain and captivity. Twain wrote the book at a time when ex-slaves were subjected to economic exploitation, disenfranchisement, and racially-motivated lynchings, and the last third of the novel is increasingly understood as a satire of the many betrayals and indignities African Americans endured after the breakdown of Reconstruction. As W.E.B. Du Bois put it, “The slave went free, stood a few brief moments in the sun, and then went back again to slavery”—which is what happens to Jim in the last third of the book. *Huckleberry Finn* is a masterful satire

not of slavery, which had been abolished, but of the racism which suffused American society as Twain wrote the book in the late 1870s and early 1880s and which continues to stain America today. This theme is as integral to *Huckleberry Finn* as it is irrelevant to *Tom Sawyer*.

I often think of an extraordinarily important concept that Twain came up with in his brilliant 1899 essay, *My First Lie and How I Got Out of It: the “lie of silent assertion.”* The essay is a portrait of the complacency with which people assent by their silence to the lie that the status quo is just fine, thank you, that nothing is going on that intelligent men need concern themselves about—when, in fact, something is very wrong indeed. My students are always very taken with Twain’s concept of the “Lie of Silent Assertion.” But for every person who may have heard of “The Lie of Silent Assertion,” millions have heard of Tom Sawyer’s fence.



Shelley Fisher Fishkin's presentation was inspired by the "troubling" Mark Twain who pricks our consciences and shakes our complacency.



A bronze Mark Twain appears bemused as he looks over the shoulder of Robert Hirst, general editor of the Mark Twain Project.

Sometimes I wonder how our world might be different if some of Twain's more obscure writing—like this essay—were as familiar as his best-known work. What if teachers of history in middle school or high school asked students to write essays agreeing or disagreeing with the following comment by Twain: "[Patriotism]... is a word which always commemorates a robbery. There isn't a foot of land in the world which doesn't represent the ousting and re-ousting of a long line of successive 'owners' who each in turn, as 'patriots', with proud and swelling hearts defended it against the next gang of 'robbers' who came to steal it and *did*—and became swelling-hearted patriots in *their* turn." What if the final exam required students to respond to another Twain comment on patriotism: "...the modern patriotism, the true patriotism, the only rational patriotism is loyalty to the *nation* all the time, loyalty to the government

when it deserves it." How would American history be different if Twain's neglected 1905 sketch, "The War Prayer," a brutal satire of a nation that invokes religion as it heads off to war, were as familiar to Americans as *Tom Sawyer*?

Mark Twain continues to surprise. He pops all over the internet these days with a comment that suggests that he has somehow gotten hold of this morning's paper: "... it was impossible to save the Great Republic. She was rotten to the heart. Lust of conquest had long ago done its work; trampling upon the helpless abroad had taught her, by a natural process, to endure with apathy the like at home; multitudes who had applauded the crushing of other people's liberties, lived to suffer for their mistake in their own persons. The government was irrevocably in the hands of the prodigiously rich and their hangers-on, the suffrage was a mere machine,

which they used as they chose. There was no principle but commercialism, no patriotism but of the pocket." The passage may be found in one of the early volumes published by the Mark Twain Project, *Mark Twain's Fables of Man*.

Just as *Huck Finn* enters the classroom as a "classic" but then engulfs students in debates about race, racism, religion and hypocrisy, Mark Twain enters the national consciousness as an icon and then upsets our equilibrium and complacency, pushing us to ask questions we hadn't planned to ask. I'm grateful to the Mark Twain Project for publishing the books we need to meet *this* Mark Twain—not the safe Twain, but the troubling one. For we need him now more than ever.

—Shelley Fisher Fishkin
Stanford University

100 Years of The Bancroft Library

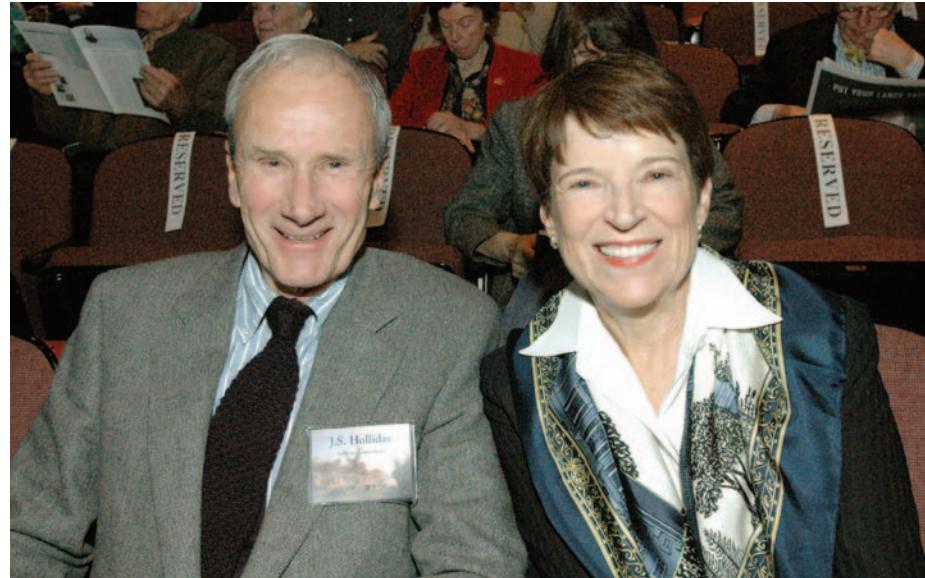
Scholars and Friends Celebrate

To celebrate Bancroft at One Hundred the library held a series of celebrations. First, an exhibition featuring treasures from the collection opened at the Berkeley Art Museum on February 11 that will run through December 3, 2006.

A two-day Centennial Symposium coincided with the opening of the exhibit and featured around 45 internationally known scholars from many disciplines who have used the library in their research.

Then the 59th Annual meeting of The Friends of The Bancroft Library was also held at the Berkeley Art Museum on April 27, giving patrons an opportunity to see the treasured books and papers. Friends chair Craig Walker, reported on the activities of the Friends during the past year, including exhibits featuring the mathematical sciences and the 1906 Great Quake, in addition to Roundtables presented by scholars.

The Hill-Shumate Book Collecting Prizes were awarded to three top undergraduate collections:



Longtime friends of Bancroft, J.S. Holliday and Mary Catherine Birganeau, attended the Symposium.

Alexis Ashot took first prize for his "Library of Books in Russian Published in the 20th Century." Second and third prize went, respectively, to Gustavo Buenrostro for "Encountering Mexico: history, politics, and culture," and Matt Werner for "Jorge Luis Borges and the McSweeney's School."

Joan Didion received the 2006 Hubert Howe Bancroft Award for her journalism, essays, and books dealing with California's history and myth in its relationship to contemporary life. She spoke that evening about how in her days as an undergraduate at Berkeley, Bancroft represented knowing that the past was of value and that "the



Symposium scholars and Bancroft Library supporters dined together at the Morrison Library the night before the event.

rare, the unique and the few" mattered.

That evening "A Gala Celebration of Fine Wine and Rare Books" began with a cocktail hour and viewing of the gallery exhibit and silent auction items. Director Charles Faulhaber welcomed guests to the Narsai David designed dinner.

Kimberly Bancroft, the great-great-granddaughter of Hubert Howe Bancroft, spoke on behalf of her family. Carla De Luca and others from the wine industry introduced a preview of her upcoming television documentary, *From Prohibition to Bottled Poetry*, which was made in collaboration with Bancroft's Regional Oral History Office. Those attending got a glimpse of the history of wine making in California.

—Camilla Smith
Editor, Bancroftiana



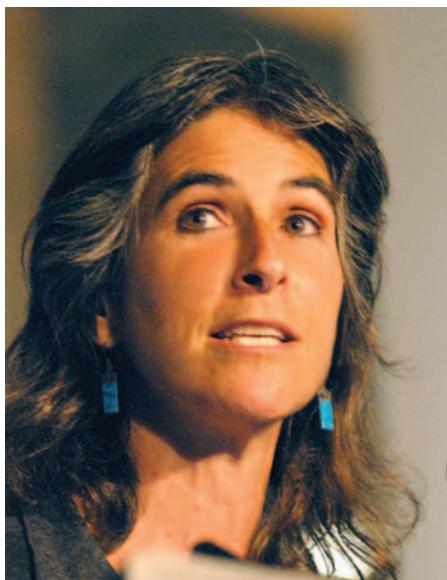
Joan Didion greeted Cal classmates and sorority sisters.



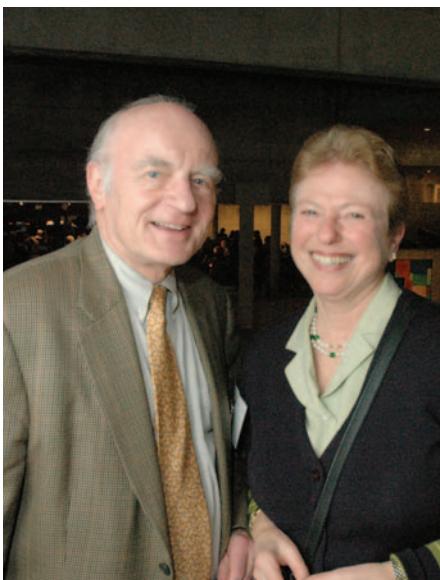
Jack and Barbara Rosston met Joan Didion with Peter E. Hanff, Deputy Director of The Bancroft Library.



Robert Gallo, John De Luca, Jean Wente, Eric Wente, Jo De Luca, and Philip Wente represented the wine industry at the celebration.



Kimberly Bancroft, great-great-granddaughter of Hubert Howe Bancroft, spoke for the family at the gala dinner.



Roger and Ellen Hahn celebrated at the Symposium with fellow California historians.



Victor Geraci, Associate Director for the Regional Oral History Office, described the oral history program and the collection of oral histories of California winemakers.

Making the Book

Target Zero: A Life in Writing

(Excerpts from Kathleen Cleaver's
Centennial Symposium Presentation,
February 11, 2006)

It is exciting to be here. I have to thank Tony Bliss and the excellent staff at The Bancroft Library, for without them, this manuscript, this book, wouldn't be as powerful as it is—and I might not even be the editor.

Actually, I went to Bancroft because I was trying to figure out what had happened in a lawsuit Beverly Axelrod brought against Eldridge Cleaver back in the seventies. As a result, all the *Soul on Ice* royalties were being paid to her. I knew that Bancroft had some sort of collection of Eldridge's papers, so I arranged to see the boxes and read all the documentation about the case. There was nothing I could do about it, but as a bonus I did get to know Tony Bliss and every time I'd come to visit Berkeley, I would see him or talk to him.

A few years later, Tony called me at Emory Law School. Very excitedly he said, "I found the papers! They're here!" I knew that a lot of Eldridge's writings and belongings have been lost, stolen, or scattered—he had a list of 13 boxes that he'd been trying to recover before he died. Tony had what turned out to be unfinished books, some completed novels, personal files, correspondence—and the original typescript of *Soul on Ice*. By this time I had become resigned to the fact that I would have to edit the collection of work Eldridge had published in the past and had attempted to market as "The Eldridge Cleaver Reader." The collection—basically a box filled with Xerox copies of articles—was something his literary agent was having a hard time getting a publisher interested in, particularly after Eldridge's death in May 1998.

The agent did get a young black editor at Crown, I think, to pay



Kathleen Cleaver signed copies of *Target Zero*, a collection of her husband Eldridge Cleaver's writing, which she edited.

attention. The editor told her, "I'm not so sure that's the material I want. I'd like to see a biography." So, I said, "Well, Claudia, we don't have a biography, but at least what we could do is take the material we have and reorganize it into chronological order." I couldn't find anyone else who would be the editor of this book; I was the only person who was going to work for free. Given this wonderful material at Bancroft that I had been going through, thinking about how we could use it, what I could add to the project, I was able to help rearrange the manuscript and I came up with a better name than The Eldridge Cleaver Reader. I took *Target Zero*, which was a title of an unfinished essay that was among the papers Eldridge left behind in his studio in Pomona when he died. Those manuscripts included something he was writing; it was still in draft form and didn't have a title. He had written at the bottom this little notation: "E.C. 1, E.C. 2," like "Eldridge Cleaver, Chapter One." So I named that the "Autobiography of

Eldridge Cleaver" and about eight of those chapters are included in *Target Zero*. The very first sentence—which I love—says, "Eldridge, you're headed for the gas chamber," said my mother, not once, but many times."

What I did, what we did, was take some chapters from a memoir—I'm not convinced it's that good, but *Soul on Fire* was the book Eldridge wrote after he'd experienced a religious conversion and returned to the United States. We took several pieces from *Ramparts*; one in particular, an essay—not an essay, it's hard to say: is it fiction, is it autobiography—it's something he wrote while he was in prison about growing up in Los Angeles where all his running buddies were Mexicans. The title, "Black Moochie," was what they called him. It's never been published except once in *Ramparts*. The very last line of that piece says, "When I write, I want to stab a knife into the heart of America." But the most powerful work that is included in this book is from a manuscript that Tony Bliss acquired in that trove of

writings. It's an unfinished book that he had titled, *Uptight in Babylon*. It was very intensely about the seventies. I'll just give you a little snippet, specifically about Berkeley:

"In California, the students had grown out of the Free Speech Movement on the U.C. Berkeley campus, the spirit of which spread throughout the state and then later throughout the country, had gone on, after leaving the campus, to organize the Peace and Freedom Party. Since 1968 was an election year that included a presidential contest, the Peace and Freedom Party was moving to qualify for the ballot in order to field candidates at all levels, including a presidential candidate. What they needed in order to obtain the number of signatures to get them officially on the ballot were some signatures out of the black community. The Peace and Freedom Party was rooted on campus, going deep into the ranks of anti-war activists and those who had actively participated in

the Civil Rights movement campaign of civil disobedience. People such as Mario Savio and Jack Weinberg, who had been at the very heart of the Free Speech Movement at U.C. Berkeley, along with all of their friends, had an active leading role in the Peace and Freedom Party. From prison I had watched how those cats were moving, and I thought that they were sincere and would stand by their convictions."

I am thrilled that the first place this book is being introduced is here on the campus, because Berkeley is a place Eldridge Cleaver really loved. He lived nearby for many, many years. And this campus has very intimate connections to the Black Panther Party, which is much bigger than him, but something that he gave a tremendous amount of his life to. He even taught briefly at the University, in the class Sociology 139X, created by graduate students—over the virulent objection of then-Governor Ronald Reagan, who referred to Eldridge Cleaver as a "Marxist racist." I won't repeat

the names Eldridge applied to him. The effort to keep the course despite the refusal of the Governor to permit Cleaver to lecture led to all types of protests about academic freedom, which became huge. One item that stuck in my recollection was a cartoon—I think it was in the *Examiner*—of then-Chancellor Clark Kerr. He was wearing a three-piece suit, and was jumping up and down, and the Eldridge Cleaver caricature standing at the blackboard, this rangy man with a goatee and dark glasses. The Clark

Kerr figure was shouting, "We don't want you to tell it like it is! We want you to tell it like we say it is!"

I think the impact of this campus on the life of the Bay Area and the region was very important. During the sixties when I was in college, the idea of coming to Berkeley, I mean that was the most radical thing that you could do! Berkeley had an intellectual and a political influence on this area and also on the two men who started the Black Panther Party, even though they were students at Merritt—Bobby Seale and Huey Newton. This is the place where Huey Newton came, a young organizer trying to pull together the police patrols that the Black Panther Party started with boxes of Red Books that he bought from the New China Bookstore in San Francisco. He bought them for a quarter; he'd come over to Berkeley and sell them for a dollar, "Get your Red Book right here!" It's a place that gave us the Free Speech Movement, a place that was very active in the anti-HUAC activism and Stop-the-Draft Week. And, as I mentioned, a place active in the Peace and Freedom Party—in fact, during that time, Eldridge and I were working on an article and we lived in a small apartment on Castro Street in San Francisco. The article was called "Ferment in Alameda." We were trying to show the dynamic interaction between the women's liberation movement, the antiwar movement, the black liberation movement and how the campaign around Huey Newton's case in the Alameda County courts was benefiting and influencing that.

So, I want to thank everyone who has anything to do with making The Bancroft Library such an extraordinary place, for all the help that has led to the publication of *Target Zero: A Life in Writing*, which I invite you to read. I think it will expand, even at Berkeley, what you think you know about the most controversial period in the United States history since the Civil War.

—Kathleen Cleaver



Kathleen Cleaver and John Heilbron examine rare books in Bancroft's exhibition at the Berkeley Art Museum.

Complex Earthquake Project Took Years To Digitize

"All day the roar of dynamite had continued, shaking the city, but the deafening explosions brought no terror in comparison with the recurrent shocks of earthquake that left one white with fear. We felt the desire to cling together, and going alone to an empty room or mounting a flight of stairs unaccompanied was a creeping horror to those of us who were timid. All the while the streets resounded to the trampling of feet, and a steady rain of cinders fell everywhere."

This is a quote from one of the many personal accounts of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and fire which took place one hundred years ago on April 18, 1906. The city of San Francisco—which at that point was a young, booming metropolis—was cut down in 48 seconds of trembling and three days of unrelenting fire. Personal accounts, such as the one excerpted above, are among thousands of textual documents and visual materials that were selected and digitized in honor of the centennial of that event, and which are now available on The Bancroft Library's 1906 Earthquake and Fire Digital Collection website: <http://bancroft.berkeley.edu/collections/earthquakeandfire>.

The 1906 Earthquake and Fire Digital Collection includes digitized photographs, newspapers, letters, personal narratives, reports, souvenir books, histories, ephemera and other documents related to the subject. In total, the collection comprises 14,000 images and 7,000 pages of full-text searchable documents. As the single largest online collection of digitized

materials concerning the 1906 earthquake and fire, the 1906 Earthquake and Fire Digital Collection is a useful resource for researchers, students and anyone interested in the history of this monumental event.

Highlights of the collection website include a 360-degree panoramic image of the devastated city taken from the top of the Fairmont Hotel; an interactive map of the city that lets users click on a section to pull up photographs depicting that area; search pages that provide access to the 14,000 images and 7,000 pages of text; a browse page where users can peruse all objects by subject or genre headings; a bibliography of online and printed resources; and an online exhibit that directs users through virtual "rooms" that take them from before the quake, through the aftermath, and then to the city's rebirth marked by the Panama Pacific International Exposition of 1915. The online exhibit also includes audio snippets of Caruso singing (he sang at the Grand Opera the night before the quake), earthquake sounds and a survivor oral history, silent movie clips of a refugee camp in Jefferson Square, as well as images illustrating the text of each thematic room.

The 1906 Earthquake and Fire Digital Collection took close to five years to complete and involved numerous institutions. With funding generously provided by the Library Services and Technology Act, primary and unique secondary source materials were selected from The Bancroft Library and other historic collections, including the California Historical Society, The Stanford University Library, The Huntington Library, the California State Library, and the Society of California Pioneers. More than 40 people contributed to the creation including staff from partner institutions, the California Digital Library, the UC Berkeley Library's Digital Publishing Group, The Library Preservation Department's Digital Imaging Lab and, of course, numerous



The digital collection documents the firestorm following the 1906 earthquake.

staff from The Bancroft Library.

The content also goes directly into the California Digital Library Digital Preservation Repository, ensuring that the objects in the 1906 Earthquake and Fire Digital Collection are preserved for the long term and will be accessible to users for generations to come.

As The Bancroft Library's most ambitious digital undertaking to date, the 1906 Earthquake and Fire Digital Collection is broad in its scope and moving in its content. Images such as a photograph of a little girl on a swing juxtaposed against the hollow ruins of the city and that of refugees fleeing the conflagration are just a hint of the pictorial richness of this collection. The personal accounts, like the one excerpted above, convey the realities that faced the people who survived the event. Through a vast collection of textual material and images, the 1906 Earthquake and Fire Digital Collection is a resource that attempts to capture all aspects of this disaster and one that we hope will be enjoyed by and prove useful to all who visit the site.



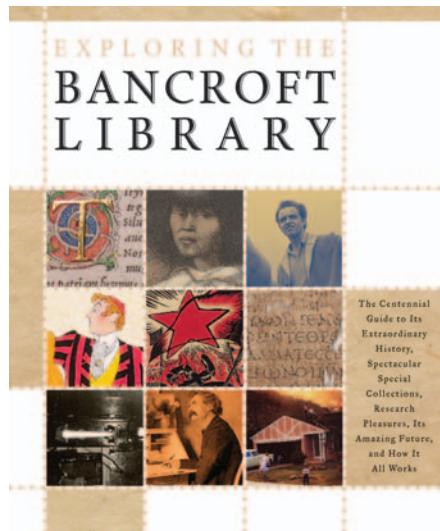
—Mary W. Elings
Archivist for Digital Collections
The Bancroft Library

Gift Book Published to Celebrate Bancroft Centennial

Exploring The Bancroft Library: The Centennial Guide to Its Extraordinary History, Spectacular Special Collections, Research Pleasures, Its Amazing Future, and How It All Works was published on October 16, 2006. The result of years of work by the curatorial staff, the new gift book will be available for holiday giving. Printed in oversize format, the book is replete with high-resolution color photos of works of art and other historical gems.

Stephen Vincent and Charles Faulhaber edited this beautiful collection of essays and explanations by curators and historians of how the library came to be, how it works now, and the future plans for it.

The curators describe the collections and then a scholar who researches in a particular collection offers a short essay on his experience. Collection highlights are listed after each essay. Areas covered include: Western Americana, Latin Americana, Pictorial Collection, Rare Books and Literary Manuscripts, History of Science and Technology, and University Archives.



The reader is led through Bancroft's special research programs including Center for the Tebtunis Papyri, Mark Twain Papers and Project, and Regional Oral History Office, how the Reading Room functions and Bancroft Online Resources are explored. Even the nitty gritty behind the scenes technical and preservation/conservation services are discussed in this excellent volume. The book explains how the staff works to collect, organize

and provide public access to its resources.

Illustrated with images from Yosemite oil paintings to Mark Twain manuscripts to photos of the Black Panthers to the papyrus fragments of Sophocles' lost satyr play, the book is fascinating to browse through. Anyone who loves The Bancroft Library or just wants to know how a great library comes into being and how it serves the public will enjoy this book.

Paperback and clothbound copies of the book can be ordered through Signature Books order desk at 800-356-5687 <people@signaturebooks.com> or www.signaturebooks.com. Paperbound is \$29.95. Clothbound is \$39.95. A special keepsake edition, The Bancroft Library Edition, was sent to Friends of Bancroft annual 2004-2005 donors of \$250 or more.

—Camilla Smith
Editor, Bancroftiana

Bancroft Represented the “Value of the Past” for Joan Didion April 27, 2006

When it was suggested that I receive this award it was pointed out that it would be unusual, because I was a writer, not a historian.

This did not put me off.

I like to think that all of us who write are writing history—the writer's very first impulse is to give an account of something that happened—to make a record—to bear witness, however imperfectly, to a truth that needs to be teased out.

So—for that reason and for some others—I am delighted to accept this award on behalf of all writers.

The other reasons this makes me happy have to do with the nature of Bancroft itself. As an undergraduate here I had no occasion to use The

Bancroft Library. I used the Reserved Book Room for obvious reasons and the Morrison for listening to poetry (and escaping the Reserved Book Room). I had no business in Bancroft, and only the dimmest idea of what was inside. It would be years and years before Jim Hart laid it all out for me.

But even as an undergraduate I knew it was here.

And it represented something to me. It represented a belief in the value of the past. It represented a belief in the value of the rare, the unique, the few. It represented the continuity of those values in a culture and a state more famously focused on the future than on the past—and on the many more than on the few.



Joan Didion accepted the Hubert Howe Bancroft Award.

For all these reasons I am profoundly grateful—and moved—to be here today and want to thank not only Charles Faulhaber and Peter Hanff, but all of you for making The Bancroft Library possible.

—Joan Didion
Hubert Howe Bancroft Award Winner

Uncovering Phoebe Hearst's Life

There are only a handful of special places in the world where doing research becomes a memorable experience. The Bancroft Library is one of these havens. Full of light and warmth, it is a place where research, thinking, and musing all come easily together. I first came to The Bancroft Library to research my doctoral thesis, a biography of Phoebe Apperson Hearst (1842-1919), mother to William Randolph Hearst and well-known civic leader of the 19th century. Among the numerous philanthropic projects Phoebe Hearst sponsored was an international competition to create the University of California campus in Berkeley. Berkeley became a second home to Phoebe, as Stanford University was to Jane Stanford. After William's death in 1951, many of the Hearst family papers were eventually deposited at The Bancroft Library.

My work on Phoebe Hearst tied many threads of my life together. In my twenties, I passed my doctoral examinations in American history at Columbia University. I left the program to earn a masters in film, also at Columbia, and pursued a career in television. At Hearst Entertainment, I worked in development looking for stories to be made into television movies. There, Austin Hearst, great-grandson of Phoebe Hearst and I met. We married, and I became a full-time mother of two. Several of my new cousins spoke to me about great-grandmother Phoebe. She was a beacon to many women in the Hearst family. Cousin Millicent explained that Phoebe, not William, had started the Hearst family's philanthropic tradition. In the 1890s, Phoebe founded kindergartens for children in San Francisco. Later, Phoebe embarked on large-scale civic philanthropy: building the Berkeley campus, creating the National Cathedral School for Girls in Washington, D.C., and cofounding the National Congress of Mothers, which became the current Parent-Teacher Association. She continued to establish kindergartens,

and even free libraries, throughout the West. She also funded important archeological excavations in Egypt, Peru, Mexico, Europe, and North America.

I was intrigued by Phoebe's personality and came back to New York with an idea. I approached Columbia University about finishing my degree with a biography of this extraordinary woman. It was approved, and the hard work began.

I came to The Bancroft Library with little recent experience in



Phoebe Apperson was 20 years younger than George Hearst when they married.

researching techniques. I soon realized that at Bancroft, however, I was in good hands. Librarian Theresa Salazar and her kind staff directed me to all the important Hearst family papers and photographs.

Born in rural Missouri, Phoebe Apperson grew up in a poor farming family. Her parents instilled in her the value of hard work. While attending the local one-room schoolhouse, Phoebe became an exceptional student. As a teenager, she was hired to tutor children of the wealthy James family in a nearby town and, with them, was able to take French and piano lessons.

Phoebe had an adventurous spirit, which was kindled when Missouri neighbor George Hearst returned from the West. George had left Missouri and spent 10 years hunting for gold in California. He did not find gold, but he did discover silver in one of the largest mines in the world, the Comstock Lode. He returned to Missouri to tend his sick mother and was smitten with the young dark-haired beauty. Phoebe was 20 years his junior. The silver miner proposed marriage and the promise of travel to young Phoebe. Against her parents' wishes, Phoebe agreed to marry George. In the fall of 1862, they left for California.

In San Francisco, Phoebe gave birth to her only son, William Randolph. While George worked in the mining camps, Phoebe continued her education by taking French lessons and frequenting the local art galleries. When William turned 10, Phoebe decided to take him to Europe. With George's permission, they left for an extended 18-month voyage that took them all over Europe. Suddenly, things she had only read about in newspapers and magazines were brought to life. This trip was the beginning of a vast education Phoebe gave to herself and to her son.

When they returned to San Francisco, Phoebe became a well-known figure among the upper crust of San Francisco. With her European education, she developed into a well-known hostess. She developed new friendships and activities. After meeting Sarah Cooper, Phoebe began supporting the budding kindergarten movement. Along with contemporary Jane Stanford, Phoebe sponsored several schools in San Francisco and became a major contributor to the kindergarten movement.

George continued to grow the family's mining wealth. He had political aspirations that took the couple to Washington, D.C. In 1887, George began serving as Senator from California, joining Leland Stanford, who had been elected two years earlier.



Mrs. McLaughlin and Fernanda Pratt gathered around young William R. Hearst, Jr. and his grandmother, Phoebe Hearst.

Phoebe brought her social skills to Washington, D.C., where she became a national figure known for hosting parties. By this time, William had become editor-in-chief of his father's paper, the *San Francisco Examiner*. Phoebe's life turned upside down when George contracted stomach cancer. He died in June of 1893. Now a widow, Phoebe decided to return to California.

George had left to Phoebe his entire mining and real estate fortune, valued at \$20 million (the equivalent of \$380 million today). Forty-eight-year-old Phoebe began a new chapter of her life. Her first task was to learn all that she could about George's businesses. He had mining interests in four states and properties throughout California, and even in Mexico. Phoebe was not one to let others make decisions for her. She fired George's manager and hired people she could trust.

As Bancroft's grey archival boxes arrived on my desk, I soon learned about the vast array of civic projects begun by widow Phoebe. She turned her attention to a memorial for her

husband and approached the small University at Berkeley with the idea of a mining building in his honor. After meeting the flamboyant architect Bernard Maybeck, Phoebe ended up sponsoring an international competition for the creation of an entire campus. It was the beginning of a lifelong commitment to the University and one that remained rewarding to Phoebe. In addition to the mining building, Phoebe donated Hearst Memorial Gymnasium, anatomy and anthropology buildings, a metallurgical laboratory, the president's home, a medical library, and a bridge over Strawberry Creek, among many other gifts. In 1897, Governor James H. Budd appointed Phoebe to the Board of Regents of the University of California, the first woman on the board.

Phoebe's horizons continued to broaden. She established kindergartens and Hearst Free Libraries around the country. In Washington, D.C., she built the National Cathedral School for Girls. Later, she cofounded the National Congress of Mothers (which became the PTA). She funded the YWCA and helped Mills College establish a campus.

In 1895, Phoebe suffered a heart attack, which was treated by Dr. William Pepper, her husband's physician. Pepper took the opportunity to introduce Phoebe to the new field of anthropology. Phoebe, fascinated, began to support major excavations on her own in Egypt, Peru, Mexico, Europe, and North America. Through expeditions and purchases, Phoebe amassed collections that eventually became the basis for the Department of Anthropology and the Museum of Anthropology at Berkeley. The indomitable Phoebe Hearst traveled to many of the excavations, including ones as far away as Egypt, the source

of Bancroft's world-renowned collection of papyri from ancient Tebtunis.

In later years, Phoebe built the enormous Hacienda del Pozo de Verona in Pleasanton, later re-modeled and completed by Julia Morgan. There she entertained heads of state, university officials, and other important thinkers, including Thomas Edison. In widowhood, Phoebe did not spare expenses on herself. She owned an apartment in Paris and built a medieval castle near Mt. Shasta in California.

Politically, Phoebe kept a low profile. She did not support woman's suffrage until the last hour. In 1911, she finally agreed to lend her name to the constitutional amendment in California. She did, however, march in the 1916 Preparedness Parade despite bomb threats. In 1919, Phoebe died of influenza.

In a lifetime that spanned the mid-19th and early 20th centuries, Phoebe Hearst defined upper-class life for San Francisco and the nation. She traveled to castles and built castles. She collected more than she could ever house and managed more assets than she could ever spend. Phoebe Hearst became a model civic leader and philanthropist to Americans. Indeed, she was one of a handful of wealthy men and women who made philanthropy a defining characteristic of upper-class status. This legacy continued through the 20th and 21st centuries.

Without the tireless help of the librarians at The Bancroft Library, I could not have collected all the pieces of Phoebe Hearst's long and interesting life. In June 2005, I received the Ph.D. from Columbia University. Currently, I am working on a book proposal about Phoebe's life, and looking forward to spending more time in Bancroft's warm, well-lit reading room.

—Dr. Kathryn P. Hearst

Narratives from California Differ from Other Accounts

Early European and American accounts of life in California produced vivid and lasting images of this late-colonial frontier. Accounts of state-sponsored expeditionary voyages, such as that of Jean-François de la Pérouse (1785-1788) and George Vancouver (1791-1795), were immediate best sellers, translated into many different languages and read by prominent philosophers, scientists, merchants, and politicians of the period. Both works, for example, were held in Thomas Jefferson's library and influenced his interest in western expansion, shaping his vision of the United States as an "empire of democracy." In addition to political and economic commentary, these early reports were natural histories of the Pacific Coast, producing maps, drawings, and data on California's native peoples and landscapes. While early accounts wrestled with Spain's "civilizing" efforts and the role of native people in New World societies, later narratives abandon the project of "domesticating" Native Californians altogether and focus instead on Mexican California as a failed society on the verge of collapse. These narratives stress the urgent transfer of California's bounty to a more capable hand.

Sir George Simpson's *Narrative of a Journey Round the World, During the Years 1841 and 1842* typifies the view that California's underdeveloped state is a reflection of Californios' moral inferiority as an indolent population that had turned "the very bounty of Providence into a curse." British and American narratives of the late Mexican period encapsulate the beliefs that fueled popular support for U.S. expansion: Mexico was not a fellow New World Republic but the degraded offspring of an ancient Empire; Mexico was incapable of developing industry, agriculture, or free trade; and Californios, in particular, were slothful and lived off the labor of others. Popular literature by American explorers and settlers

identified the failings of the "Latin race" and the qualities of American character—understood as a new kind of agent of civilization—that made the U.S. occupation of Northern Mexico manifest destiny. Narratives from all genres—memoirs, reports, novels, and emigrant's guides—draw on the language and imagery of frontier novels, particularly in their promotion of industrious and democratic "western men" versus dissipated and despotic Californios.

Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* cemented the image of Californios as "idle, thriftless people, [who] can make nothing for themselves." Surveying Bancroft's many

dozens of editions of Dana's best selling book—in print since its publication in *Harper's* in 1840—gives researchers a sense of the impact of such narratives. Dana's caricature of the "decayed gentlemen...dissolute and extravagant when the means are at hand; ambitious at heart, and impotent in act" helped the American public establish distinctions between Americans as industrious and deserving farmers, and Californios as members of an ancient society blocking progress and democracy.

Fellow lawyer and New Englander Thomas Jefferson Farnham further illustrates the convention of contrasting the spirit of the "Saxon"



Like many others of its kind, Farnsworth's narrative celebrated frontiersmen "with the blood of the ancient Normans and Saxons."

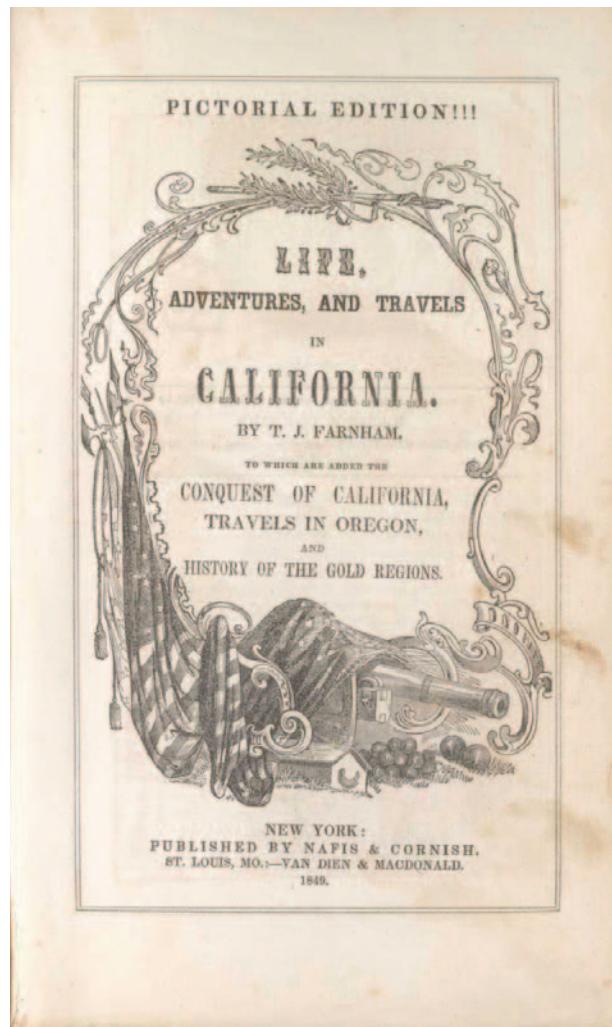
and the “Spanish” races in his *Travels in the Californias* (1844). Farnham’s frontiersman sums up many of the qualities of American character celebrated in such accounts: “...a stout, sturdy backwoodsman, of a stamp which exists only on the frontiers of the American States—men with the blood of the ancient Normans and Saxons in their veins—with hearts as large as their bodies can hold, beating nothing but kindness till injustice shows its fangs, and then, lion-like, striking for vengeance...” This way of describing American character appears in travel literature, emigrant guides, gold rush journals, and letters of the 1840s and 1850s.

Bayard Taylor’s hugely popular *Eldorado: Adventures in the Path of Empire* (1850) offers a view of California that is more nuanced and sympathetic than many American accounts. At the same time, Taylor’s eloquent writing captures the national feeling expressed in many of these accounts: the “adventure” of imperial expansion and civilization not as religious conversion or philosophical enlightenment, but as industry and commerce. California, for Taylor and others, showed American spirit in its best light, as emigrants crafted a “harmony evolved out of so wonderful, so dangerous, so magnificent a chaos.” Taylor celebrates popular democracy in the gold fields, observing that “In the absence of all law or available protection, the people met and adopted rules for their mutual security.... The capacity of a people for self-government was never so triumphantly illustrated.”

This view offers a dramatic contrast to California accounts of the post-war period, which describe decidedly non-magnificent chaos, violence, and despair. In his Bancroft dictation, California Antonio Franco Coronel describes the divisions among races and nationalities in the gold fields, the mob mentality, and the violence directed at miners perceived as foreign: “...there was no law or authority that could protect men’s rights and lives, and this gave bad

men the advantage over peaceful and honorable men. Strictly speaking there was no law in those times beyond the law of force, and in the end honorable men had to adopt the law of an eye for an eye in self-defense.”

The circulation and reception of various narratives of Spanish and Mexican California shaped California historiography in significant ways. In the Bancroft dictations (recently digitized and available online through the Online Archive of California), Californios express a palpable desire to respond to narratives produced by Dana, Farnham, Simpson, and others—to intervene in popular perceptions of California history as a political strategy. Visitor accounts by European and American travelers offer important information about California history, but they do not present a full picture of life under Spanish and Mexican rule. California accounts of exploration, settlement, and daily life in California are a boon to anyone interested in the development of the region. Fortunately, The Bancroft Library has both. Its holdings include a rich and diverse range of documentation: extensive manuscripts and imprints by explorers and merchants; a wide variety of travel accounts by American settlers, trappers, and gold-seekers; and deep reserves of documentation on Spanish and Mexican California. This is largely because Bancroft himself saw Spain and Mexico as central to the history of the West. The Bancroft Library’s continued emphasis on both Western and Latin Americana invites researchers



Farnham's descriptions of virtuous American frontiersmen differ from the chaos, violence, and despair described by the Californios.

to re-imagine California, past and present, in broader and more inclusive ways.

—Michelle Morton
Postdoctoral Fellow,
Council on Library and
Information Resources
Latin American Collection,
The Bancroft Library

Bancroft and the Big Trees

Some years ago the Hewlett Foundation offered seed money to fund the development of courses co-taught by faculty from Letters & Sciences and the professional schools. Partnering with Forestry professor Joe McBride, we began to develop a course called "The American Forest—Its History, Ecology, and Representation" (it will be taught next in Spring 2007). Envisioned as a hybrid cultural geography, physical geography, forest science, art history, economic history, and American Studies it looks at how inhabitants of this continent have understood, used, and changed its forests. The course focuses on what those forests and our uses of them say about us.

At the outset my part sounded pretty straightforward: I intended to draw on Thoreau's *Walden* and Bierstadt's *Yosemite*, as well as my long-term research into the history of America's woodworking artisans—carpenters, joiners, cabinetmakers. I like wood, I like trees, I like forests—this, I thought, was going to be fun. From Joe McBride I anticipated learning the scientific names for the trees I only knew by their humanist or lumberyard nicknames (Tulip Poplar, White Oak, Douglas Fir), why they grew where they grew, why they grew in conjunction with other species, how fire, grazing, lumbering, recreation, and other intruding elements change forests—in short, how forests work as systems, in the way cities work as systems, and how professional foresters have theorized their job descriptions for the last century.

Ambitiously we decided to consider American forests from the seventeenth century to the present and throughout the contiguous 48 states. When we began to develop the semester-long research project to enable students to synthesize their learning, we hit a snag. I asked Joe what he usually assigned for term research projects. He replied that he often gives each undergraduate a seedling, asks them to care for it,

noting inputs of water, soil makeup and such, and, at the end of the semester, burn it and measure the bio-mass. I couldn't figure out any way to build a bridge from Thoreau or Bierstadt or 17th century New England house joiners to that little ashen pile of bio-mass. The solution that ended this impasse involves The Bancroft Library.

We assembled research packets of primary sources, each with four or five disparate documents describing a single forest type at a single point in history. They included scientific descriptions of species present, reports of timber cruisers assessing commercial value, poems, passages in novels, maps, descriptions of factories developing ever-larger saws capable of cutting down ever-larger trees as lumbering moved westward, and we included period photographs and images of paintings.

Bancroft is best-known as a depository of books, manuscripts, letters, and papyri. It also has paintings, including—among other treasures—Thomas Hill's "The Wawona," and "The Grizzly" (c. 1890, o/panel), a pair of paintings, portraits really, of two trees. These trees have names, personalities, eccentricities, and portraits. They are culturally-appropriated artifacts. "The Grizzly Giant," was, for instance, named, visited, photographed, measured, and positioned as a kind of champion for the forest it dominates, a symbol, like all of California's Big Trees, of longevity, a plea for taking the long view in human affairs, a reminder of the trivialness of human life-spans. Empires rise and fall and these leviathans of the forest endure.

Clubs—notably the Sierra Club—were formed to pilgrimage to these groves, encouraging the kind of secular nature enthusiasm that became characteristic of our culture in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. For some in the late nineteenth century, statistics like "305 feet high" or "9 feet in diameter" apparently did not feel impressive or concrete enough, so, in a move that was



Thomas Hill painted the Wawona Tree on a panel of redwood.



Susan Snyder, Isabel & David Breskin, and Margaretta Lovell discussed the centennial the evening before the symposium began.

probably defensive about accusations of humbuggery, the bark from another Giant Sequoia named “The Mother of the Forest” was stripped from the tree, shipped to Europe in slabs, and reassembled to demonstrate the truth of the claims for these vegetable giants. Disney’s Grand Californian Hotel in Anaheim that opened in 2001 includes a poolside waterslide that memorializes the erection of this empty bark-stump in Paris to the admiring gaze of ‘the world’ that is, to those interested in the phenomenon but not interested enough to come to California and see the trees themselves, alive in their own habitat.

Assigning Hill’s *Grizzly* and *Wawona* prompted me to think hard about what it means to make a portrait of, to name, to put on exhibition (whether as a painting or as an empty bark stump) exemplary Big Trees at precisely the moment that lumber interests were developing strategies and technologies to turn California’s Big Trees into dimensioned lumber to build the booming cities of the region. Happily for the Giant Sequoia, this

species proved too difficult to fell and the appetite for beautifully-straight, insect-resistant lumber fell mostly on the coastal redwoods.

Thanks to the Hewlett funding, we were able to take the students to Yosemite and to the Mariposa Grove nearby. For most of the students this was their first opportunity to see these culturally potent Giant Sequoia or the forest ecologies that support them, or to study the sites that had inspired generations of artists and writers whose works they had read and scrutinized. Students consistently point to this two day excursion as the high point of the class, or the high point of their year, or, for some, the high point of their undergraduate education. Unfortunately this funding has expired and, although we continue to teach this class with the hands-on dimension, using California’s forests as our laboratory has become increasingly difficult and endangered.

While “The American Forest” course clearly has been a success from the point of view of the students from the get-go, I learned that the course

had been a success when the students writing about Bancroft paintings in their term research papers focused on the central irony of our culture’s attitude toward these trees and the forests that support them. The students wove their comments about the artist, the trees, and the market for the images in with comments about the ecology of the region, the cultural history of the Big Trees, the market for lumber, and the fact that Hill painted these two heartfelt odes to trees that have lived ‘forever’ on two panels of redwood, remnants of equally thought-provoking trees that had clearly sacrificed their lives to enable the artist to memorialize these two renowned ‘cousins.’

Bancroft has paintings. They decorate offices and enliven the reading room, but they also are primary sources of knowledge and part of that huge laboratory of things that U. C. has collected to enable students to learn, faculty to teach, and scholars to do research.

—Margaretta Lovell
UC Berkeley, History of Art

The Senator from Formosa:

William F. Knowland's Push for "Asia First"

The man who assumed the role of Senate Majority leader in May of 1953 was often regarded as an opportunist by opponents on both sides of the aisle. Forceful, unsubtle, Bill Knowland knew how to capitalize upon fortune's prospects to further his own ambitions and causes. During the Cold War, he transformed anticommunist China into a watershed issue within American politics. By declaring that Asia was just as, if not more, important than Europe to U.S. foreign policy, he equipped Republicans with means to condemn the Truman administration and conservative elites with an opening to recover their party from liberal consensus.

Knowland's senatorial tenure—which lasted from 1945 to 1958—reflected right-wing ideology and action during that period. His biography and political successes exemplified the new face of elite Republican conservatism: militant anticommunism, Pacific internationalism, and defense-oriented state expansion. An examination of his stance on China reveals the making of a significant national career.

But this is also a story about the Golden State, for William Fife Knowland was nothing if not a proud Californian, and his politics were directly influenced by a keen sense of regionalism. Appointed by Gov. Earl Warren (an old family friend) to fill Hiram Johnson's old U.S. Senate seat, he made anticommunism in the Far East his signature issue. Knowland wasted no time in making hay out of Mao's victory and Chiang Kai-shek's exile to Formosa. In 1950 alone, he delivered 115 Senate speeches on the Far East, mostly railing against Truman's errors in foreign policy. By serving notice that politics did not stop at the water's edge, Knowland revitalized Far Eastern relations as distinctly conservative territory. Within the context of the Korean War and the

beginning of McCarthyism, his well-publicized expertise endowed the elite Right with a foreign policy leader who spurred a broadening of conservative ideology. Thanks to Knowland, American conservatism embraced a truly global stance. "We can no more return to isolationism than an adult can return to childhood," he remarked.

The adoption of an "Asia First" stance was a natural choice for somebody born and bred on the



William F. Knowland was senator of California from 1945 to 1958.

Pacific Coast. A democratic China was a cause close to Knowland's heart and to his constituency. His background as a native Californian granted him special authority to speak as one with firsthand knowledge of American life on the Pacific Rim. In particular, he could confidently relate what Free China meant to the West Coast and the danger Red China posed to national security: "I happen to come from a state where the waters of the Pacific wash upon our shores, and we saw World War II break out there," Knowland declared in 1949. "And we certainly do not believe they are giving proper attention to that part of the world." World War II had instilled the American West Coast with a sense of its own strategic

importance, one that rivaled the Eastern seaboard's traditional demand of focus on Western Europe as trading partner and ideological ally.

During a keynote address at the 1952 GOP convention, Knowland insisted that "non-military expenditures be limited drastically, and that even in the field of military expenditures the American people get a dollar's worth of value for every dollar spent and that the funds be spent on building muscle and not fat in the defense organization." While urging fiscal responsibility, he was careful not to propose cuts to the Defense Department's budget. Knowland's stance was the first example of a conservative leader advocating the continuation of high federal spending, and it set the tone for future Republicans who would consider defense reductions out of the question altogether. The call to arms diversified the GOP platform and began the party's official association with the building of a defense state. His political talents did not go unrecognized, and Knowland assumed the position of Senate Majority Leader the following year.

The senator's push to secure the Pacific via defense spending owed much to the Golden State's postwar economy. California was the single largest beneficiary of federal defense dollars. The Cold War arms race represented a financial boom for the American West, providing employment in defense as well as requiring services from the private sector. The promise of a well-paying job—as much as the promise of good weather—inspired a steady stream of westward migration that made California the most populous state in the Union by 1962. After 1945, anticommunism in California was, for many of its residents, both an ideological and financial dogma.

As Majority Leader, the senator moved to thwart any Chinese

SENATOR FROM FORMOSA

Continued from page 22

Communist attempt to join the United Nations, arguing that membership would legitimize Mao's government and generate communist revolution all over Asia. In May 1953, he introduced resolutions that urged the president to withdraw American membership from the U.N. if Communist China was either admitted or its delegation recognized as the Republic of China's representatives.

What Knowland proposed was a new sort of American isolationism: the execution of foreign policy unfettered by consideration of the U.N. He believed the U.N. was better off dominated by constitutional nations with experience in democracy. If the organization's bylaws could not allow such domination, then the U.S. should not take part. The potential admission of Communist China brought this issue to a head, despite the Right's silence on the paradox at hand: Knowland and others like him credited the U.N. with enough prestige to trigger a communist takeover of the Far East even as they belittled it with assertions of American sovereignty above all international coalitions.

Cold War California was the ideal breeding ground for a politician like Knowland. Young, brash, and determined to signal a new postwar order, the senator embodied many of the qualities of his home state. Likewise, his demands for an anticommunist China reflected the vested interests of his Pacific Rim constituents, and it was with the Asia First doctrine that he experienced his greatest successes as a policy advocate. As we can see from the current political and diplomatic situation, his legacy has endured.

—Joyce Mao
UC Berkeley

Second Installment of Bancroft at 100

On View at Berkeley Art Museum

The exhibition of Bancroft treasures at the Berkeley Art Museum runs until December 3, 2006.

The second installment of the exhibition *Bancroft at 100: A Celebration 1906-2006* continues its run through December 3 at the UC Berkeley Art Museum with some notable changes in the installation. Of the 351 objects on display several are especially sensitive to prolonged exposure to light and therefore cannot be shown, even under low level lighting, for the duration of the exhibition. This includes most photographs, drawings, watercolors, and color prints. For example, Gillian Boal, Senior Conservator from the Library Preservation Department and museum staff painstakingly re-installed the 16th century Codex Fernández Leal, allowing the verso to be shown alongside a life-size digital facsimile of the recto. This double-sided pictographic scroll drawn with natural pigments on native amatl paper, illustrating the lineage of Cuicatec rulers in the present-day state of Oaxaca, is so rare and fragile that it has not been displayed in more than 20 years.

Our concern for the preservation of Bancroft treasures also affords us an opportunity to expand this celebratory exhibition. Thus, Eadweard Muybridge's thirteen-part, mammoth plate, "1877 San Francisco Panorama" has been carefully folded back into its original portfolio. In its place we are showing aerial photographs of the

construction of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, dating from 1935 to 1936.

In addition to substituting photographs with different ones by such photographers as Michelle Vignes, who was recently profiled in the *San Francisco Chronicle Sunday Magazine*, we also changed out drawings by Georg Heinrich von Langsdorff. The Bancroft Library holds 37 sketches from Langsdorff's around-the-world voyage with the Kruzenshtern/Rezanov expedition, 1803-1807. The charming sketch on display depicts a rocky beach with sea otters off the northern California coast. Equally compelling are Andrew Jackson Grayson's two watercolors from his series of 150, entitled "Birds of the Pacific Slope," completed between 1859 and 1869. Grayson who died of coast fever in Mexico, is considered to be the "Audubon of the West" and this is only the second time that his original drawings have been exhibited since they were given to the University of California by his widow in 1879.

The second installment of the exhibition is well worth a visit both for first-time viewers as well as those who have been before.

—Jack von Euw
Curator, Bancroft Pictorial Collection

Building Cyclotrons: Bridges to Bigness

The Bancroft Library established its program in the history of science and electronics in the Bay Area around 1970. The program focused on the history of Berkeley's icon of Big Science, the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, and soon secured the E.O. Lawrence Papers, which became the basis for further successful proposals. The climb to bigness of the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory thus seems an appropriate subject, and the Lawrence Papers an apt source, for a celebration of Bancroft's maturation as a collector of choice historical materials.

Big Science grew at Berkeley following the logic and obeying the demands of the cyclotron and against a bleak financial landscape unfertilized by federal funding. The machine came to life during the Great Depression. Its first important manifestation, a model with 27-inch pole pieces, incorporated a 70-ton magnet salvaged from an obsolete system of radio communication. The purpose of the huge magnet was not to break atoms by falling on them, but to confine subatomic particles during their acceleration to high energy. By January 1933, the 27-inch could accelerate protons to 2.5 million electron volts. An English physicist then visiting the laboratory thought the performance trivial, and so reported it to Ernest Rutherford,

the head of the world's leading center for nuclear physics, the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, England. Six months later, John Cockcroft visited Berkeley. He and his colleague Ernest Walton had built an electrostatic accelerator at the Cavendish that could hold a few hundred thousand volts. With it they had disintegrated nuclei of lithium and other light elements. Cockcroft judged that Cambridge had no reason to fear competition from Berkeley.

The Cambridge accelerator could not match Berkeley's in energy. Why then was Cockcroft so cocky? The main reason was that many more particles per second fell on targets in Cambridge than in Berkeley. To make the cyclotron work, Lawrence, or rather his graduate student Stanley Livingston, had to find a way to accelerate the particles through spiral orbits within a vacuum chamber empty enough to make collisions with residual air molecules unlikely. In the early days, collisions within the leaky vacuum and at the walls of the chamber took so large a toll that the emergent beam was too weak to provoke nuclear transformations in detectable amounts.

What to do about it? Like the accumulation of energy on the circulating particles, the improvement of the beam and the machine was incremental. Lawrence needed money

for long-term development. To widen his appeal to foundations, he made his laboratory interdisciplinary. Chemists, doctors, and technicians were added to the Rad Lab staff. Meanwhile at the Cavendish and elsewhere, nuclear physics remained small because it was confined to nuclear physics.

Cyclotrons were costly to run as well as to develop. To meet their power demands, PG&E built a special substation. To meet his bills for electrical power and manpower, Lawrence had to beg and scrimp; and the donors who answered his calls wanted results in proportion to their philanthropy. The situation was symbolic and inescapable: every success increased the costs, and every donation brought a demand, or at least an expectation, of continuing success. Lawrence's backers were interested in energy too cheap to meter, radioisotopes for chemical and medical diagnostics, and cures for cancer. A tall order.

To meet the demands for tracers and therapies, the cyclotron had to run all day and most of the night. Lawrence organized his graduate students in teams to tend the machine in accordance with a production-and-maintenance schedule drawn up by the laboratory's chief engineer. Lawrence's brother John, a medical doctor, joined the lab together with a colony of rats, which he fed on radioisotopes. A nurse made her appearance to minister to the health of the animals and of the men who tended the machines.

The early cyclotroneers lived in an oil bath, breathed toxic gases used to detect leaks in the vacuum system, dodged flying bits of iron attracted by the powerful magnet, and lived with the aroma of rats and the exhilarating prospect of imminent electrocution. Neutrons from the cyclotron made the fillings in their teeth radioactive. Braving these dangers together forged them into a brotherhood, which helped them build and maintain the



E.O. Lawrence incrementally produced big science with the cyclotron as he raised enough funds to run it.

interdisciplinary bridges that made the labor in the laboratory supportable.

The cyclotroners worked very hard, much harder than their counterparts at the Cavendish, which was open only between 10 in the morning and 6 in the evening. The Cambridge physicists protested against their forced liberty as much as the cyclotroners did against their serfdom and to as little avail. Rutherford and his staff had made many fine discoveries while working abbreviated hours. Lawrence and his boys had more to do than physics. They were busy building bridges to donors and engineers, to chemists and doctors and biologists. Theirs was not a 10-to-6 job, but a 24/7 frenzy.

Cockcroft's prediction came true. Not only did Cambridge with its relatively puny accelerator do its physics before Berkeley, but so did Paris, Rome, and Berlin, and with apparatus even more primitive. Sometimes, however, in following up a discovery made abroad, cyclotroners found something new. Fishing around with the cyclotron after the announcement of fission, Glenn Seaborg and Edwin McMillan caught some transuranic elements, which they called neptunium and plutonium, and for which, in the course of time, they received Nobel prizes.

By 1940, cyclotrons could work productively in a regime of energy and intensity unattainable by other machines. That sowed the seeds of grand discoveries. These were harvested after 1945, when research cyclotrons no longer had to pay for themselves by making radioisotopes and irradiating tumors. Eventually Berkeley accelerators created Nobel Prize winners almost as plentifully as they made isotopes: Seaborg and McMillan, as already mentioned; Emilio Segrè and Owen Chamberlain, for the antiproton; Luis Alvarez for his bubble chamber and various odd things found in it; and, of course, and first of all, Lawrence, for making it all possible.

—John L. Heilbron
UC Berkeley

History of Science & Technology



Susan Schrepfer and Barbara Young share the exhilaration of the 100th Anniversary.

Barbara Young Joins Bancroft as Event Coordinator

When Barbara Young joined the staff in February 2006 as the Event Coordinator for The Bancroft Library, she "hit the ground running." The library was about to celebrate its 100th birthday and Barbara was asked to put together a celebratory event by the end of April. During her first two months at Bancroft she worked non-stop assuring an exciting gala at the Berkeley Art Museum. Not only was the event successful at raising more than \$275,000 for the library and its projects, but also, the centennial celebration introduced the riches of the collection to a wider audience.

Modestly, Barbara says the success of the event depended on others, especially Director Charles Faulhaber who had a clear vision and confidence that the event would be a success. Particularly helpful were the table sponsors, many of whom were new friends of The Bancroft Library from the California wine industry. She is grateful to John De Luca and Cindy Testa who set professional expectations for the party and helped Bancroft achieve success. She also thanks the Friends of the Bancroft Library auction committee who brought in extra funds with clever donations. And the entire Bancroft staff worked quickly and tirelessly to make it all happen.

Barbara formerly worked for Dominican University in San Rafael where she was Event Coordinator for the university's capital campaign. Before that she worked in development for community clubs and children's schools.

Here at Bancroft Barbara enjoys the exposure to and is stimulated by the great collection. To become better acquainted with Bancroft and its holdings Barbara acts as a page for the circulation desk for a short time once a week. This experience has helped her become aware of the library's vast materials and also to become comfortable with the curatorial staff. For example, Anthony Bliss, curator of rare books, helped with a California Commonwealth Club event on November 15 remembering the obscenity trial for Allen Ginsburg's poem, *Howl*.

Barbara coordinated a campus memorial for Willa Baum on October 22 and is working with the Friends of the Bancroft events committee on a closing party December 3 for the Centennial Exhibit currently on view at the Berkeley Art Museum. The closing party will follow a program focusing on Ira Nowinski's photography and the Bancroft/Heyday publishing collaborations. Bancroft at 100 has a lot to celebrate and Barbara Young is helping to do it in style.

—Camilla Smith
Editor, Bancroftiana

Finding the Story Behind the Story



"The very nature of disaster is that chaos prevails."

I claim a number of distinctions today. I am the only, as far as I can determine, non-academic speaker at this celebration. I have no advanced degree. I barely got through my undergraduate years with a C+ average. My second claim to fame is that I'm the only researcher who regularly used the reading room and got the privilege to work within the bowels of the old Bancroft Library. I worked as the consultant for the Bancroft's 1906 Earthquake and Fire online archive. Believe me, the reading room was the most pleasant room in the building. What existed elsewhere was a virtual rabbit warren of stacks and offices.

I had a wonderful time working with Theresa Salazar, James Eason, Susan Snyder, Chris McDonald, Joyce Mao, and others. It was just wonderful to hear Joyce Mao give a talk yesterday. I think what Charles has done is given youth, the people who are going to replace us old geezers, a chance to show that, in fact, we'll be replaced with really quality minds.

I write differently from most scholars. I tell stories. I also have to depend on my writing for an income. If you write serious nonfiction that's impossible, so I have occasionally taught. The most recent story I have told is of the 1906 San Francisco fire and earthquake in a book titled

The Great Earthquake and Firestorms of 1906. This latest book is the third book in a trilogy on earthquakes, the prior two being *Magnitude 8* and *Wildest Alaska*. I am currently working on a biography of Wallace Stegner and, through him, a portrait of the American West in the 20th century.

I follow the material. Where will the material take me? I am never sure because I'm not a specialist. I'm a grazer. I graze in the pastures of the American West. I descend to the roots with any number of species of plants. From what I've heard from the specialists here yesterday and today, they graze one species of plant. I hop around in the West, with a detour now and then to Alaska.

When I began working on *The Great Earthquake* approximately five years ago, I put "earthquake San Francisco" into Gladis, the electronic catalogue for UC Berkeley, from home; a number of interesting citations came up. One of the first was James Phelan. Now that was interesting. Who was he? I drove to Berkeley and found out at The Bancroft Library, where his extensive collection is housed.

Phelan gave me the first indication that this was not only a story about destruction and reconstruction. It was, among other things, the story of a shift in political power from the pro-labor government of Mayor Eugene Schmitz and Abraham Ruef to the pro-capitalist, civic government of James Phelan, Rudolph Spreckels, and other Progressives. It was the story of the rise of the Progressives from the ashes of a city. Two of them, Hiram Johnson and Phelan, became U.S. senators. So, besides a near-war with Japan, there was a national dimension to this story.

The Chinese knew of such shifts in power. They have 3,000 years of recorded history and some 13 million deaths from earthquakes. They knew that, given a large natural disaster, there would be regime change. The emperors knew it and the Chinese

Communists were aware of it during the 1970s when there were a number of disastrous earthquakes.

Behind this story was another story and that was the effect of nature in the form of a natural disaster—it could also be an act of terrorism or a war—on history, destiny, culture, and a group of people. In some way, I am convinced, these events shape us.

I began this enquiry in a book titled *The Seven States of California*. The very first sentences of that book are: "What explains California? The landscape, to a great extent, has shaped its history and destiny." I call this line of thinking environmental history. Landscape means nature and earthquakes, and because they have a definite impact, they are my designated hitters.

But it doesn't have to be a natural event. It can be induced by humans. Thus I draw parallels with the fire-bombing of German and Japanese cities in World War II, 9/11, and Hurricane Katrina. I go back in history to the Chicago fire of 1871 and the

Galveston hurricane of 1900 to extract the same parallels. What I found is consistency in chaotic situations.

How can you function effectively in a huge natural disaster? You can't. How could President Bush or FEMA really figure out what was happening in New Orleans? You can say: "They should have done this; they should have done that." But that is in retrospect, and usually from a distance. The very nature of these disasters—if you've ever been in one—is that chaos prevails. They cannot be properly understood until months or, more likely, years afterwards. As a journalist I have witnessed earthquakes, fires, and floods in California. I've seen wars. I've been in anti-war and urban riots. I didn't know what was going on. I could only write a superficial story.

So, what happened in San Francisco was that the vacuum was filled by an oligarchy, an elite group that had a vested interest in the commercial and political outcomes. It took over the government. One of

them, James Phelan, pervades the story. Fortunately for story telling purposes he has an antagonist, and that's Abraham Ruef. They have been cast as the hero and the villain respectively by those who didn't graze deep enough. In reality, they are equal shades of gray. So I resurrect Ruef and I sort of demote Phelan. What emerges is a very clear example of the unknown—at least to us—effects of these massive disasters that form us.

I can only say in conclusion and for the sake of my continued productivity and the work of those new scholars like Joyce, that I hope the new Bancroft will successfully resist the random movements of the earth, have at least as pleasant a reading room as the old Bancroft, that the hours will revert to normal, and that we don't have to call for as many books from NRLF (Northern Regional Library Facility).

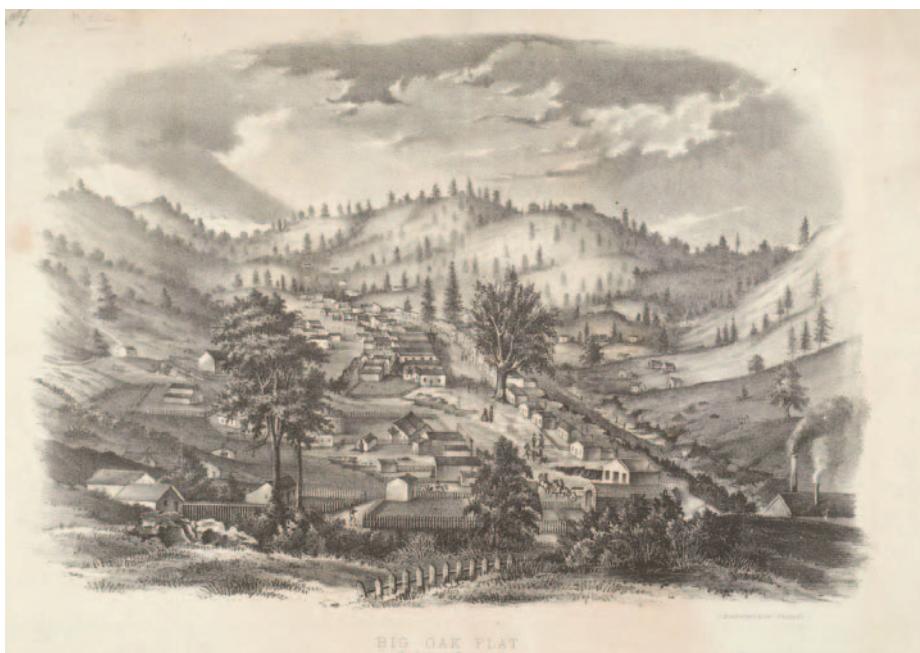
—Philip L. Fradkin
environmental historian



The destruction of the earthquake brought a change in political power.

From Big Oak Flat Road to Brokeback Mountain

What a Difference a Century Makes



Big Oak Flat Road was a freight route linking Stockton to the Southern Mines, on the way to Yosemite Valley.

In 2005, Brokeback Mountain provoked such chatter that even those who did not see the film knew its plot, and not because they read the fine short story by Annie Proulx on which it is based. Two gorgeous young men (in the film, not the story—in the story, they are average-looking) meet in the summer of 1963 when both sign on to watch a rancher's sheep on Brokeback Mountain in Wyoming. They fall in love and lust, until an early snowfall sends them and the sheep back down to their old lives. Ennis Del Mar, the strong, silent one who sees no future for his summer passion, marries quickly and fathers two daughters. Jack Twist, the voluble dreamer, holds out hope for a life with Ennis and drifts a bit longer, but then marries and fathers a son. Jack will not let go of his dream, though, and Ennis, try as he might, cannot let go of his passion. So they start stealing away together, telling their wives they are fishing or hunting, turning Wyoming's high country into the most spacious of no-tell motels. Ennis's wife eventually divorces him, and Jack settles into a

distant marriage until violence cuts short his life, leaving Ennis to mourn his losses and his choices.

What does Brokeback Mountain, a film based on a work of fiction set in twentieth-century Wyoming, have to do with the history of nineteenth-century California, and with how that history is documented in the extraordinary collections of The Bancroft Library? Quite a lot. When I researched the social history of the California Gold Rush, I spent weeks in Bancroft's reading room poring over the personal accounts of people who participated in the rush that ripped through the Sierra Nevada foothills after the discovery of gold in 1848. Only one set of papers moved me to tears: the diaries, letters, and account books of Jason Chamberlain and John Chaffee, who came to California from Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1849 and never left. Instead, they forged a life together on Big Oak Flat Road, a freight route that linked Stockton to the Southern Mines, the diggings in the drainage of the San Joaquin River. By the time they died in 1903, the

house they built along the road had become a way-station for travelers headed to Yosemite Valley, which was by then a national park.

It was how they died that touched me. In 1903, John and Jason were in their eighties and ailing. John was so sick that a professor from UC Berkeley took him to Oakland for treatment. John never returned to Big Oak Flat Road. On August 2, Jason wrote in his diary, "went for mail heard the sad news of my Dear Partner Chaffee he died 2 o'clock The morn of 31." When I reached that final entry, having already read fifty years of those diaries, tears filled my eyes. But I still did not know how Jason happened to die the very same year as John. I had work to do.

I recalled that Jason and John were connected in some way to Bret Harte's famous short story, "Tennessee's Partner," first published in the *Overland Monthly* in 1869. So I traced that connection using the resources of Bancroft. It turned out that Harte had been looking to write a story about a mining partnership when a mutual friend told him about John and Jason. They ended up serving, very loosely, as prototypes for the miners depicted in "Tennessee's Partner."

But if you know Harte's story, you know that Tennessee and his partner, like Ennis and Jack, do not live happily ever after. Tennessee, who everyone but his partner considers a very bad apple, gets lynched by his fellow miners. Tennessee's partner (whose name we never learn) is devastated by the loss, and, in short order, he dies of grief, joining Tennessee on that great Sierra Nevada foothill in the sky. Harte could not imagine a world in which two forty-niners could live out their days with each other, and so he committed that relationship to the afterlife, where all things are possible.

I can imagine assigning that short story to undergraduates swept up in

the Brokeback Mountain frenzy and hearing one of them say:

"Awesome! It's, like, the same story! Two dudes try to be together, but homophobia won't let them, and it all ends in death. It was the 1800s—right?—and so Bret Harte couldn't, like, come right out and say that Tennessee and his partner were, like, lovers. Back then, everyone was so closeted. It was different by the 1960s; people were starting to come out. But the culture was still way homophobic, so dudes like Ennis and Jack, dudes like Tennessee and his partner, are, like, totally screwed."

And I would reply like all good history professors, "It is more complicated than that."

To get the student to see how complicated it is, how tortuous the path is from the world evoked by Bret Harte to the one evoked by Annie Proulx and adapted by director Ang Lee, I would tell her the story of John and Jason, and I would start in Massachusetts. Jason and John were young artisans in Worcester at a time when the northeastern economy was changing. Jason was a carpenter, and John a wheelwright. But a market revolution was disrupting older patterns of craft production. In the past, a white man learned a trade first as an apprentice and then moved on to the intermediate status of journeyman working under a master craftsman; he could hope to be a master craftsman himself one day. In the nineteenth century, entrepreneurialism infused artisanal production, opening opportunities for some to achieve wealth as master craftsmen, while others remained locked in the dependent status of journeyman, once only a stage in a working man's life. Some journeymen banded together to resist these changes, inaugurating a union movement. But others sought individual rather than collective solutions to the looming portent of subordination. Only women and slaves, they reasoned, should live out their lives permanently dependent on more powerful men. When news of gold in California hit the Atlantic states, men like John and

Jason saw their chance and took it.

Nothing in the two men's papers suggests that they envisioned living together in the foothills for a half-century, but that is what they did. Jason and John settled down in the 1850s near what became the town of Groveland. John continued to dig for gold, but mining alone did not sustain the partners. John, the wheelwright, made and repaired wagons. Jason sowed oats and barley, grew asparagus and peas, slaughtered livestock, tended grapevines, kept bees, and harvested fruit. Both men cut roads, made fences, and built barns; they hauled lumber, rails, and hay. They built their own sturdy home, which stood on Big Oak Flat Road for a hundred years. Neighbors said the men kept it scrupulously clean: "The rude board floors were swept each day with a broom of Mr. Chamberlain's making, and the hand-hewn pine furniture was always carefully dusted with a piece of tanned deerskin that might be found hanging from a peg back of the front door, close to their trusty old shotgun."

By 1870, Jason wrote in his diary of travelers headed to Yosemite, who brought the men new income and linked them to the world of coastal California. Milicent Shinn, the first woman to earn a Ph.D. at UC Berkeley and an editor of the *Overland Monthly*, visited and befriended the partners, as did Walter Magee, the Berkeley professor of physical culture who later

assumed the sad task of taking John to an Oakland hospital. Groups of male travelers stopped as well, and Jason noted each in his diary: the "Berkeley boys," the "Stanford boys," the "San Francisco boys," the "San Luis Obispo boys." Families stopped, too, and even all-female parties, such as the "schoolmarm from Reno, five in number" which Jason recorded.

All the while, John and Jason cleaved to their neighbors—old mining pals, of course, but also families with children, Miwok Indians who lived nearby, Chinese men with whom the partners traded goods and services, married white women who supplemented the men's home cooking with fresh baked goods. The partners attended weddings and funerals, and Jason registered local voters. They were respected, even beloved, members of a foothill community as well as sought-out hosts for cosmopolitan sojourners from the cities.

And all knew how intimate their partnership was. Yosemite-bound travelers, while they savored Jason's homemade cider, wrote in a guest book the two men kept. One referred to John and Jason in a guest book entry as "wedded bachelors," while others compared the partners to famous male couples from biblical and classical sources—"Damon and Pythias" and "David and Jonathan."

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Joyce Mao and guest, and Susan Johnson discussed their symposium topics.

FROM BIG OAK FLAT ROAD TO BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN

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In 1903, when John was sick, the entries turned melancholy. One man wrote of Jason, "His meditative, absent look, and day dreams indicate that his mind, thought, and anxiety are in Chaffee while he lingers in East Bay Sanatorium at Oakland. A love could not miss his sweetheart more." A husband wrote, "Today we find Mr. Chamberlain here alone, and Mr. Chaffee far away... Yet in thought we know they are together, and instead of wishing the old gentlemen wealth and prosperity, I simply wish they might again be able to live upon the old claim together as in the happy days of yore—and then might the silver cord be parted."

That wish was not fulfilled. In less than a month, John Chaffee was dead. Six weeks later, Jason sat on the front porch and methodically rigged the trigger of the old shotgun with a string that he attached to his toe. A neighbor boy soon found him, shotgun between his legs, head half blown off. A friend, writing in the *Overland Monthly*, said this of Jason's death: "Old, infirm, alone and stricken with disease beyond relief, is it [any] wonder that he passed away by a short route to meet his life-long mate and partner?"

We have come full circle. The story of Jason and John, like that of Tennessee and his partner, like that of Ennis and Jack, ends in tragedy. Now, however, I am sure I have that student's attention. Because the tragedy of Jason and John is not like the tragedy of Tennessee and his partner, and it is altogether different from the tragedy of Ennis and Jack. Jason and John spent fifty years together, openly and happily, and their story of aging, illness, and grief has little to do with what we nowadays call sexuality. No forces of homophobia kept them apart or visited violence upon them. So now I can say what historians of sexuality have been saying for a quarter century, and the student might believe me: homophobia did not exist in the nineteenth century because homo-

sexuality did not exist—and neither did heterosexuality. The homo-hetero divide is a peculiar product of the twentieth century, and it will be with us for some time to come. It is a historical invention. It is a way of categorizing people according to their presumed proclivities. It has fostered emancipation, to be sure. But it also has fostered catastrophe. The world Annie Proulx imagined for Jack and Ennis, of course, was all catastrophe, which has much to do with both time and place. But that world is not entirely foreign to us, which is why we feel so good feeling bad about Brokeback Mountain. The world that is foreign to us is the world of Jason and John. That is the difference a century makes.

But it is even more complicated than this. And libraries like Bancroft can help us sort out the complications. For one, John and Jason did not live in a lily white world. They lived in California's most demographically diverse mining region, the Southern Mines, where Mexican, Chilean, African American, Chinese, and Miwok people, as well as various Europeans, lived in great numbers, and daily life there was a study in

cross-cultural encounter, from the most benign to the most lethal. That diversity diminished over time through the state-sponsored exercise of white racial power, but it did not disappear, as Jason and John's Miwok and Chinese neighbors demonstrate. Many scholars have used The Bancroft Library to research Latino, African American, Asian American, and Indigenous Wests, but there is more to be done. Else we wind up with whitewashed histories, that in turn lend themselves to whitewashed fiction and film—a Brokeback Mountain in which Basque and Chilean sheepherders as well as male prostitutes in Mexican border towns remain shadowy characters. I wait for the day when historians have produced enough great books to convince Hollywood that a film about sexuality can also be a film about race, that Brokeback Mountain can meet Crash, one of last year's other great western-themed films. These are interconnected stories, and pieces of both are scattered throughout Bancroft. We all have work to do.

—Susan Lee Johnson,
University of Wisconsin-Madison



Lifelong friends and partners were not considered homosexual in the 19th century "because homosexuality did not exist—and neither did heterosexuality."

Willa Baum

Nationwide Pioneer in Oral History



Willa Baum came to Berkeley as a graduate student in U.S. history.

Willa Baum, former director of the Regional Oral History Office, passed away on May 18, 2006, while in recovery from back surgery. Willa was present at the founding of ROHO in 1954, and she served as its director for forty-three years until her retirement in 2000. During her career, she built and sustained one of the leading oral history programs in the country and became an internationally recognized figure in the field.

Willa was born in Chicago on October 4, 1926. Her unconventional childhood and youth included school-

ing in Germany, Switzerland, and New York in the 1930s and 1940s before settling in Ramona, California for high school. She was a star student at Whittier College. Her youthful interests and job experiences were diverse—skiing, folk dancing, playing piano and trombone, reading history, working as a social reporter on a local newspaper, and fruit picking. In 1947, before enrolling in a master's program at Mills College, Willa hitchhiked across the country. The following year, she enrolled at Berkeley as a graduate student in U.S. history (one of only two women in the program at the time). In the next eight years, she married, started a family, studied and taught American history, and became involved in the fledgling Regional Cultural History Project, which soon became the Regional Oral History Office. Starting as transcriber and research assistant, she was officially appointed in March of 1955 as interviewer/editor specializing in the fields of agriculture and water development, at the grand salary of \$1.70 an hour.



Willa retired in 2000 after 43 years as director of ROHO.

When Willa assumed the directorship of the office in 1958—supervising a staff of two to four part-time workers and overseeing a shoestring budget—oral history was just getting underway as a recognized research methodology. She immediately grasped the significance of the tape-recorded interview in creating new primary resources for scholars (much as Hubert Howe Bancroft did with his *Dictations* in the 19th century.) Over the years, she built a nationally acclaimed oral history office documenting subject areas such as the arts and agriculture, biotechnology and banking, higher education and engineering, music and mining, politics and printing, health care and health sciences, and community history. When she retired, she left a loyal staff of 35 employees, many still part-timers, with an annual budget of \$500,000.

The Regional Oral History Office was the second university program in oral history in the country, and Willa was a pioneer in the development of the field nationwide. She was a founding member and leader in the Oral History Association, and her publications on oral history methods, processing, uses, and theoretical approaches have guided several generations of oral historians. Her concise and eminently practical book on designing and carrying out an oral history project, *Oral History for the Local Historical Society*, first published in 1969 and now in its third edition, is still recommended reading for beginners to the field. She later co-edited, *Oral History: An Interdisciplinary Anthology*, which addressed leading issues in oral history. In recognition of her many contributions, Willa received upon retirement the Berkeley Citation, the University's highest honor, and the Bancroft Library's Hubert Howe Bancroft Award.

—Ann Lage,
Regional Oral History Office

Fall 2006 Calendar

EXHIBITIONS

February 11–December 3, 2006
THE BANCROFT LIBRARY AT 100:
A CELEBRATION 1906–2006
Berkeley Art Museum
The centennial of Bancroft's arrival on the campus provides an occasion to showcase the variety and richness, scope and depth of The Bancroft Library collections. The second installment of the exhibition continues its run through December 3 at the Berkeley Art Museum with some notable changes in the installation. Our concern for the preservation of Bancroft treasures also affords us an opportunity to expand this celebratory exhibition. The exhibition is well worth a visit both for first-time viewers as well as those who have been before.

EVENTS

Sunday, December 3, 2006 3:00 PM
THE BANCROFT LIBRARY AT 100
CLOSING RECEPTION
Berkeley Art Museum
"Ira Nowinski's San Francisco: Poets, Politics, and Divas"
Panel Discussion with Ira Nowinski, Jack von Euw, Jack Hirshman, Malcolm Margolin and Rebecca Solnit

Sunday, December 3, 2006 5:00 PM
THE BANCROFT LIBRARY AT 100:
1906-2006 CLOSING RECEPTION
Berkeley Art Museum

Spring 2007
FRIENDS OF THE BANCROFT
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