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Index

Bindery, p. 2

Book Notes, p. 2 and 3

Census, p. 2

Feature article, signed, p. 4 and 5

Gardens, P. 3

Quarters, p. 3

Research Library & Collection, p. 1 and 2

Weather report, p. 3

Research Library & Collection.

Something missed: Post-Christmas book marks in carefully assorted lengths.

Something gained: Locks and handles triumphantly, if somewhat mysteriously, appeared on all the hitherto hardware-less doors in the new wing.

Visitors come steadily and with serious interest to the Collection. One day the Swiss Minister and his wife came to the Library to hunt in our books for parallels to a Limoges enamel which had been offered to them by a dealer. Though we have not attempted to collect much material on the subject, they did find exactly what they wanted, and left, convinced that the object had a fair chance of being all that the dealer claimed. Another day, came friends of Mr. Tyler; a Mr. and Mrs. Felkin, who had eyes for everything, but chiefly for L'Art Barbare, and seemed disappointed that there was not even more of it! In compensation, they have been offered the use of our books on the subject. And finally came Dr. George Barrois, since a few months of the Catholic University, but before that of all sorts of distinguished French, Syrian, and Palestinian faculties, who is a great authority on Biblical Archaeology, and has promised us slides whenever we want them from his own photograph collection. He was so happy to find the copy of our book catalogue at the University that he has been copying out exchange cards for their new acquisitions in his own beautiful round hand, and brought over a fat bunch of them by way of credentials!

An echo from Opening days: We are told that after Rostovtzeff returned from the Inaugural Days, he went to see President Seymour and gave glowing accounts of them. Everything was praised, and above all the skill of the hosts in combining intellectual delights for their guests with human and social ones. "And the papers, too", he said, "were all good. But" - with a special gleam of the eye - "though I don't want to seem presumptuous, mine was the best."

Staff luncheon: Mr. Sachs invited the SOL (Staff of Ladies) to lunch on Friday. The seating, right to left, was as follows: Mr. Sachs, Miss Segall, Miss Rathbone, Miss Dow, Mrs. Sessions, Mr. Thacher, Miss Bellinger, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Scheffer, Mrs. Clark. The menu: mousse of egg with creamed mushrooms, fried chicken and peas, profiterolles à la crème with chocolate sauce. (Shades of the maple syrup sauce of a former occasionthere were those of us who blushed again at the recollection of how wrongly we put that on.) The agenda: polite general conversation; then, with the coffee, the real business of the gathering. First, a toast to Mr. and Mrs. Bliss by Mr. Thacher: then, an outline by Mr. Sachs of the work that lies ahead and the eventual high goal for D.O. A goal, worthy of the splendid generosity of the gift; worthy of the spirit that had guided D.O.; worthy of its Founders. (In this connection, Mr. Sachs said that he had known many of the great col-

lectors and that the achievement of none of them - not even the Berenssens - could equal the achievement at D.O.) We must go slowly, with patience towards one another, with patience towards our particular work and the work of others, to build up a great body of archival source material from which - so the dream runs - someday will be written the definitive, the authoritative, History of Byzantine Art.

Census

Not only are both our representatives in the field for once out of the field and busy together in their home port, but it is probable that they will soon be rewarded for their excellent work by receiving the title of "Research Assistant in the Library".

Mr. Sachs has had long talks with them both, and is very much pleased with what they have been doing. His verdict about Miss Bellinger, whom he did not know before, is that "she is the real thing"! All of us would certainly agree.

A major addition to the Census was brought to us by Miss Bellinger in the shape of the catalogue of her brother's collection of Byzantine coins which he long ago promised us and has now, actually, completed. He says it is, so far as he knows, the first such catalogue which has been made of an American collection. A copy has gone to the Numismatic Society, so here again, the D.O. Census will have earned the gratitude of a sister institution.

The Field Museum and The Oriental Institute cannot say enough in appreciation of Miss Bellinger's work on the Field textiles, where mistaken labels were corrected, notes on technique left behind for study, and a hope expressed that one day the complete textile data of the Census be published in tabular form with a view to the establishment, at long last, of a satisfactory classification for Coptic weavings. "I feel", comments B.S.: "inordinately proud of my children these days: rather like a barnyard fowl who has hatched some glittering birds of paradise."

Bindery

Zahn is happy is satisfying his own standard of craftsmanship in the little set of diaries for Mr. Bliss, which he is meticulously doing after hours and which, we hope, will be shipped to California before our next issue goes to press. Mrs. Cabell is on the last volume of a 6-vol. set which - to her great pride - the Research Library asked her to "wash", it being so badly foxed as to be almost illegible. (It is a great temptation to tell her to leave one leaf unwashed, as if by oversight, - selecting one (if such there be in the Research Library!) of little textual consequence, to show the condition before and after)

Book Notes

Fredericka Blankner, Art, Man and the Cosmos as Vibration Design. A few excerpts and ideas from this: "Vibration which controls the forms into which matter shapes itself is the common factor responsible for the appearance of the cosmos in all its details and for the basic principles of all the art through which man expresses " Basis for this theory lies in the experimental data from the familiar laboratory demonstration in which uniformly distributed sand is set into vibratory motion on a metal plate which is thrown into oscillation by rubbing a violin bow along its edge beautiful geometric figures are formed ... straight lines, diagonal patterns, radiating star patterns, circles and curves ... several orders of patterns, one within the other ... These designs are known to physicists as "Chladni figures". In them, Dr. Blankner finds the basis of what artists call composition in pictures, the relation of forms to each other and of lines to masses Since all the visible things that we see are the nodes of acoustical vibrations (only an infinitesimal fraction are within the range of our hearing) not only architecture, but everything else, is music revolved and rotated by a song, or the thought of a song, just as the grains of sand rise and fall into pat-

terns from the vibrations of a violin

(Dr. Blankner is Ass't. Professor of Romance Languages at Mather College, Western Reserve. She received her degree as Doctor of Letters from the University of Rome) (Is this not a pleasant idea? To work in with Heaton's opus on design someday?)

Welch, William Henry, the life of by Simon Flexner & James T. Flexner. To be published by the Viking Press, 1941

Cushman, Charlotte, the life of, by Lyman Beecher Stowe. Work in progress; copies of letters from her, or other documents asked for. Shall we cooperate?

Encyclopaedia of World History. A revised and modern version of Ploetz' Epitome, compiled and edited by William Langer. Houghton Mifflin, 1940. \$5.50 Would you like a copy?

Mr. Frank Hogan has given 86 rare American Children's books published between 1775 and 185) to the Library of Congress. These include early primers, in one of which appeared for the first time "Now I lay me down to sleep"; and a first edition of Sarah Hale's "Mary had a little lamb". In a letter to Archibald MacLeish, Mr. Hogan wrote: "rare early American children's books belong to our National library, not to any one of us. So here they are."

The Sketch Book in original parts, bound, which will come up for sale on the 15th of this month. The appraisal is \$125 to 150. In the opinion of EBC, it would not be very sensible to expend this sum on an unseen copy. The book in original wrappers is extraordinarily scarce and would fetch, probably from \$1500 to 2000, but it is not difficult to find a copy bound from the parts, and you would (in the opinion of the above) be better satisfied in examining such a copy before buying.

Weather Report

The first few days of the week: cold and clear; brilliant sun by day and moon and stars by night. Last days, not so cold and not so clear

Gardens. The swimming pool froze (particularly at the deep end, strangely) so that one could run across it, very quickly, very lightly, holding oneself very tall in approved Sippss posture "tummy in, buttocks well contracted", the diaphragm muscles carrying one's weight proudly. (The one who ran across was roundly scolded afterwards by Mr. Bryce)

The ground was sufficiently frozen - or is it that the sap of the tree was? - for the planting of an Oak to replace the poor little one that could not live.

The winter jasmine blossoms on the front steps and the garden walls.

Quarters.

Miss Sweeney, aided by a volunteer friend is busily working on her catalogue of flowers and trees, vines and shrubs of D.O., anticipating Mrs. Farrand's arrival announced for the 17th. Mr. Davis is off on a holiday, eyes alight and speech more New England than ever, with Maine in his heart.

CHICAGO

By

"Louisa Bellinger - of the Mummy Case Bellingers"

In the first place the natives have a funny idea that Mich. Ave. runs North and South which would put the lake on the East. They say this can be proved by the sun. However I am sure it runs East and West and that ~~that~~ the lake is on the North. And as to their proof, the only time they were able to produce it while I was there it was immediately over head and beamed nonpartisanly, settling no arguments. Wherefore I took up residence at the Stevens from whose front door I could see both the Field Museum and the Art Institute, and let the points of the compass go their own way.

The Stevens was specializing in conventions. When I arrived the Nation^{al} Convention of Catholic Charities was in full swing and such a gathering of Priests, Bishops and large, worthy females I had never seen before. The next group was the National Convention of Bedding Manufacturers. They were a lively lot and preferred sitting up singing the praises of their mattresses to sleeping on them. The third and last convention was huge but rather nondescript. They were the ~~NAT~~ National Convention of Manufacturers of Automotive Accessories.

Most of my waking hours were spent at the Field Museum where I worked under the eye of Mr. Richard Martin. They have about 650 coptic textiles and about 600 of them were on display, in cases with plate glass fronts nine by fifteen feet. The question arose at once as to whether the Director would lend me five carpenters long enough to open said cases. The outlook was not very hopeful until I murmured in a tentative way that some of the labels might be improved. That suggestion was received with cheers, because, apparently, any case may be opened to emend a label, and the further suggestion was made by the home staff that while the labels were being changed the inside of the glass might be washed. That was the best idea yet for when one glass was washed the others had to be also. Consequently when the carpenters arrived in the morning they opened a case and left the glass on a carrier to be washed. Then in order not to waste their time gathering them from various places, they came back immediately after their lunch hour and put the glass back before going their respective ways. That left me four hours to look at textiles, the only hitch being that at 12:30 I had to be through looking at textiles, or else the Field was doing us a favor by opening cases instead of our doing them a favor by correcting their labels. I only kept them waiting once and not very long then. I don't mean to imply that they didn't want to do us a favor but just that I didn't want to ask for expensive luxuries. As a matter of fact they offered me a private office and gave me all their records to work with and had me to tea daily and looked up reference books for me and were thoroughly helpful. One of the things I like best about this job is the almost universal spirit of friendly cooperation I have encountered in this world of strife.

You would have been amused by a line-up of the people I worked with at the Field. First there was Dr. Paul Martin, head of the department, who kept tabs on us and our doings at the daily tea. His hobby was playing Bach organ fugues in 4-hand piano arrangements. Then Mr. Richard Martin who was detailed to look after me. He was very tall and dark and shy and oh so glad to go back to his own affairs when he had got me settled. He insisted on drinking his tea out of a mug inscribed "REMEMBER ME". Several youngish men came to tea who talked chiefly about having joined a home defense unit and how they were improving at target practice. Then there were four or five NYA girls who were quite delightful. It was they who dubbed me Miss Bellinger of the Mummy Case Bellingers, because when a new one was sent after me with mail or a message they used to tell her to go to the mummy cases and look for someone

working there who was not on the staff. Mr. Webb, a round man with an impassive face, changed the labels and nearly always held the ladder for me when I examined things high up. And the cheerful little female with short hair and a limp who checked up to see that things were where they should be, ~~MAN~~ had the perfect name of Mrs. Myrtle Bright. Then there was Mr. Corning the manager who popped up periodically and would talk about anything from the stock show to a new room for jewelry. The carpenters were mostly a silent lot but I gathered they thought if they were left alone they could design some really useful and ornamental show cases. The cafeteria girls wanted to know if I were on a diet because I ate roast beef and carrots every noon. The girls who gave us passes every morning always wanted us to sit down by the radiator and get warm before we went to work. The elevator man who took our passes asked each day how much more there was to do and whether it was really interesting. And finally the one grumpy person, the janitor who polished the glass, muttering under his breath that it was no proper job for a man with lumbago, but you had to keep busy.

To be continued in our next.

~~Editor's~~ note about the author. She lives in Washington, Conn. and has just been spending the Christmas vacation there recovering from her strenuous exertions in Chicago. The recovery was swift in more ways than one, the treatment consisting of overseeing the building of a small apartment for the cook; hobnobbing and swapping sweater designs with her Mother; with the able assistance of her sister-in-law and brother, throwing sizable ~~xxx~~ family parties and parties to play bouts rimé; taking an mild interest in the gastronomic needs of her two nephews and three nieces; and finally being governess to two dogs, ten deer mice and one flying squirrel.