FRIENDS OF THE FONDREN LIBRARY is an association of bibliophiles interested in book collecting, and particularly interested in increasing and making better known the resources of the Fondren Library at Rice University. It shall be the purpose of this organization to secure gifts and bequests and provide funds, whenever possible, for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts, and other material which could not otherwise be acquired by the Library.
THE FLYLEAF
Vol. 25, No. 2, May 1975

Published by the Friends of the Fondren Library, Rice University, Houston, Texas
A BRIEF FAREWELL

This issue of The Flyleaf will be my last as editor. I regret that the pressures of academic life require me to devote all my time next year to research and teaching. I have immensely enjoyed my two years as editor and hope that I have managed to provide readers with interesting information relating to the Fondren Library. The editorship requires the cooperation of many people, and I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks to all those who have facilitated my duties. I particularly want to thank the following for their consistent help and support: Richard O'Keeffe, Jim Angelo, Lillian Illig, Rita Marsales, Bettye Gilliam, Bob Patten, Lynette Bishop, Nancy Parker, Ola Moore, Mary Alice Hamilton, and last but certainly not least, my editorial assistant, Betty Rose Dowden.

I also want to thank the Board of Directors of the Friends of the Fondren Library for their farewell gift to me of an electric pencil sharpener—a real writer's friend that I am already using very much.

It has been a pleasure for me to be associated with the Friends at a time when it has prospered and grown, and I will continue to take an active interest in the Friends. I will try to assist my successor, whoever he or she will be, in a smooth transition, and I have high hopes that The Flyleaf will become an even more relevant and absorbing publication in the future.

CARROLL AND HARRIS MASTERSON
TEXANA COLLECTION
by Nancy Parker
Woodson Research Center

This comprehensive and very valuable collection, given to Rice University's Fondren Library by Mr. and Mrs. Harris Masterson III, was officially dedicated on Sunday, March 2, 1975 (see photographs on the following pages). The collection was put together over a number of years with evident care and skill, and was housed at the Masterson ranch before its transfer to the library.

The major portion of the Masterson collection consists of over 600 volumes of published Texana, which will greatly enhance the Fondren Library's holdings in the fields of Texas history, politics, geography, literature, folklore, biography, bibliography, wild life, and natural resources.
One particularly interesting volume contains the *Laws and Decrees of the State of Coahuila and Texas, in Spanish and English*, published in 1830 by Houston's Telegraph Power Press. It consists of the 366 decrees, issued between 1824 and 1835, by which the combined Mexican state of Coahuila and Texas was governed. Printing was delayed until the third year of Texas' independence because a suitable translator could not be found until 1838. It is rather ironic to consider that Texans who read only English did not have access to the whole body of laws governing them until Texas was independent of Mexico.

Other volumes of special interest include the first book printed in Texas, contemporary accounts of early travelers, and beautifully designed, printed and bound books produced by modern Texas presses.

Above (L., to R.): Norman Hackerman, President; Richard L. O'Keeffe, Librarian; Frank E. Vandiver, Provost and Harris Masterson, Jr. Professor of History; Mrs. Harris Masterson III; Mrs. Frank E. Vandiver; and Harris Masterson III; at opening of the Masterson Collection in the Woodson Research Center.

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Harris Masterson III flanking scroll acknowledging their gift of the Carroll and Harris Masterson Texana Collection. This scroll was presented at the opening of this Collection.
Another early work which is intriguing to modern readers because of its application to current politics is the *Journals of the Consultation, Held at San Felipe de Austin* [sic] October 16, 1835. The Consultation, actually a revolutionary group, was called to determine Texas' stance vis-à-vis Santa Anna's recently established dictatorship. The delegates, split into the so-called war and peace parties, voted in the latter's favor; that is, to remain as part of the Mexican nation and to work for the restoration of the Mexican constitution of 1824. Only six months later the political climate had changed enough for Texas to declare her independence. Today's reading public may be amused at the typesetter's frequent errors, as in the imprint above, but upon reflection one can only be amazed at the degree of development of the printer's craft in such a recently settled land.

A bound volume of an early Texas newspaper, the *Telegraph & Texas Register*, with issues from August 1836 to March 1837, is a valuable part of the collection. Printed by Gail and Thomas Borden, and later by Gail Borden and Francis Moore, it was first published in San Felipe de Austin, then in Harrisburg (where the printing press was thrown into the San Jacinto River just ahead of the Mexican advance on the town), and finally in Columbia.

Mr. Malcolm Lovett, former Chairman of the Board of Governors of Rice University, and Mrs. Lovett at the formal opening of the Carroll and Harris Masterson Texana Collection. Photo: *The Houston Post*. Copyright 1975.
Documents with signatures important to early Texas history also appear in the collection. There are several examples, signed by Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin, of "Texian Loan Scrip," a device by which the new republic was partially financed. Individuals would invest money in Texas, represented by the scrip, which would be redeemable in land or in cash with interest.

Another voluminous portion of the collection is made up of the Masterson family papers (see *The Flyleaf*, 24, October 1974), largely the correspondence and legal documents of Judge Harris Masterson (1856-1920), relating to his early legal career in Brazoria County, Texas, his terms as judge for the District Court of Brazoria County, and his business in oil and land speculation after he moved to Houston. This last category is extremely rich in source material for the researcher in the early oil industry of East Texas. Correspondence and personal papers of other Masterson family members are also to be found here.

The entire Carroll and Harris Masterson Texana Collection will be invaluable to the serious researcher, enriching for the interested general reader, and delightful for the bibliophile.

THE FONDREN ART LIBRARY

by

Shelby Miller, Art Librarian

Fondren's Art Library, located in 156 Sewall Hall, houses books, magazines and exhibition catalogues on art, architecture, sculpture, drawing, painting, graphics, and applied art from pre-historic to contemporary times. Also included in the library's collection are books and magazines on film and photography. We have also collected in the related subjects of archaeology, classics, anthropology, and ethnology. The strongest holdings are in ancient Greek and Roman art with the weakest subjects being applied art and art materials covering the 17th-19th centuries. While emphasis is on Western art, we do have a small collection of materials on Oriental and Indic art. Materials on African, Oceanic, North American Indian and Pre-Columbian art are also part of the library's collection. Of special interest are the dada and surrealist magazines and manifestos, facsimiles and reproductions of illuminated medieval manuscripts and Mexican codices, archaeological excavation reports and books designed by artists. We have a list of art periodicals in South Texas libraries, academic and public, so if we do not have the art magazine you need, we may be able to tell you where to locate it.

The Fondren Library's collection should also be consulted for additional holdings in art. When searching for art books, both the Art Library and the Fondren Library card catalog should be checked. Not all the Art Library's
holdings are represented in the Fondren card catalog, and none of Fondren’s art books is represented in the Art Library’s card catalog.

Besides books and magazines, the Art Library has a sizable collection of exhibition catalogues. These are special publications issued on the occasion of an exhibition on a single artist or on a particular subject. Exhibition catalogues are the printed documentation of a visual event. All exhibition catalogues are listed in the Art Library card catalog under artist, if the show is on a single artist, under museum or gallery, subject or subjects of the catalogue and by the author of the catalogue. The exhibition catalogues are restricted to library use only.

The Art Library also maintains a collection of sales catalogues with price lists. These are publications from the three principal art auction houses and from other art dealers. They are the actual announcements of the sale of art objects. These publications are not listed in the card catalog; they must be used in the library and can be obtained by asking the Art Librarian. Auction catalogues are used primarily to establish the sale price of an artist’s work or of an art object.

Some materials received by the Art Library are important but not worth the time or expense to catalog. These include posters, brief announcements of exhibitions, some magazine and newspaper clippings. This material is kept in vertical files and not listed in the card catalog. We have no slides or photographs; these are under the Art Department’s auspices and care.

Anyone is welcome to use the Art Library’s collection, but only persons with valid Rice I.D. cards may charge out materials. Our circulation policies and procedures are the same as the Fondren Library. We are happy to answer any questions you may have about the Art Library or about how to find information contained in the Art Library’s collection.

(Diana Hobby, wife of Lieutenant Governor of Texas, Mr. William P. Hobby, Jr., has had extensive experience as a book editor. She gave the following talk to the Friends of the Fondren Library on February 6, 1975.)

MEN, WOMEN, AND MANUSCRIPTS

When Dick O’Keeffe asked me to speak to this distinguished group, The Friends of the Fondren Library, he asked for a title for my talk. Since I didn’t have any idea where the talk would lead me, his question threw me back, mentally, to my first complete immersion in a library, the beginning of a life-long love affair with these intractable institutions, which took place when I was a student in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

I suppose we were the last generation to stand in awe of higher education. It never occurred to us that the answers to all of life’s questions could not be found in the library, and our introduction to college was best ex-
pressed by an annual tradition at Harvard: a certain professor's address to the freshman class. This superb old gentleman taught music, in the catalogue, but he actually taught far more than music, and his opening lecture to the freshmen ended with a justly famous admonition:

"Above all," he would intone, "Fwequent the libwewy, wead, wewead, and bwose awound."

The library, of course, was Widener, and in the course of bwosing awound, we soon discovered that in spite of its marble pillars, gothic reading rooms, and vast collections, there was no ladies room.

(L) to (R): Mrs. Carl Illig; Mrs. William P. Hobby, Jr.; and Richard L. O'Keeffe, before Mrs. Hobby's talk to the Friends.

This provoked a few of my sisters and me to conduct a survey of facilities afforded or not afforded by the classroom and other buildings on campus, and the resultant information we published, by mimeograph, and sold in the girls' dorms. It was entitled, "Where to Go in Harvard Yard."

It was some months later that I first descended into the crypt of Houghton, the rare-books library, which is a building of more recent date, and was confronted by three identical walnut doors, bearing the legends in identical gold letters: Men, Women, and Manuscripts. We immediately updated the publication.

We were an uncommonly lucky class at college, for some of the brightest young writers who had been snatched from the university by the war were then returning to finish their degrees. My graduate-student English instructors were Richard Wilbur and John Ciardi, who gave me a lasting inferiority complex as a teacher.

Years later, Ciardi used to come to Texas regularly to lecture at writers' conferences of various sorts, and he sent me a cherished post card when he returned home from one of these.
He had flown out of Corpus Christi at night, and saw below the plane flares burning for miles across the black expanse of Texas. He asked his neighbor on the plane what they were, and was told that they were gas flares, burning off oilwells, back in the days when we didn't know better.

"I was deeply disappointed," Ciardi wrote me. "I had hoped it was the poets of Texas burning their manuscripts."

Ciardi, who now teaches at Rutgers, is responsible for teaching me the best editorial technique I've ever known. He told his students that at some point in each of their compositions he drew a blue pencil line across the page. That was the line, he said, at which he stopped reading their story out of interest, and continued to read it only because the State of New Jersey was paying him to.

If feel I have now sufficiently blown my cover so that you are no longer expecting any profound statements on the condition of literature today. I have been caught up by a few articles and ideas in the past few weeks, and I wanted to share some of them with you, as springboards for ideas of your own.

I'm indebted to Dan Wakefield, writing in the New York Times last month, for a description of the state of the American novel, as heard on television.

As everyone knows who watches talk shows on national television, there are three living American novelists. One has a high voice, one is very urbane and lives in Rome except when he comes here every 18 months or so to promote his latest novel, and the other wears a 3-piece suit and is angry at everyone, especially the other two living American novelists.

One of the reasons television hosts like to invite back the three living American novelists is that all of them can talk well about things other than their novels, and sometimes their novels do not enter into the conversation at all, except in the case of the urbane fellow from Rome, who almost always artfully introduces the subject of his new novel and proceeds to talk about it right away. There's nothing wrong with that, and in fact it seems quite rational, for sophisticated gentlemen do not come all the way from Rome and travel to places like Chicago and Philadelphia just for the intrinsic pleasure of chatting with your TV host and meeting the other guests of the day, such as jugglers, feminist instructors in the martial arts, and foreign-born place kickers who have (with the help of a sports reporter) published their diary of the former pro football season, with titles like, To Punt is to Love Again.

The other nice thing about having the fellow from Rome is that at least two of his recent novels, the ones featuring Myra and Myron, preclude any sane and tasteful host from asking the stock novel question: "Is it autobiographical?"

Willa Cather once observed that the world goes through great periods of waves of art, and between these periods come great resting places. We
always wonder which we’re in, and I’ve collected a few remarks from viewers of the current scene.

To begin with the most pessimistic, Lord Snow, in an interview last April, gave his opinion that great civilizations produced their greatest literature while they were on the way up, not at their peak. Of our literature, he said, “I think you passed your peak by the time of Hawthorne, or, at the latest, Dreiser. I think you were very much better than you were thought to be in the 19th century and the early 20th, and very much worse than you were thought to be since then. It’s a bit like Augustan Rome. Because you’re the most powerful country in the world, your writing has to be the best, exactly what Rome thought. And they persuaded all other countries that this was true. I very much doubt it.”

Norman Podhoretz, writing in the Saturday Review this Fall, was somewhat less gloomy, but he set out the argument of the anti-literary forces, asking “Does literature have a future?”

Those who say no are not analysts, Podhoretz says, but enemies of books who hope that they, as false authorities, go under.

Norman O. Brown speaks for them: “We are in bondage to authority outside ourselves, most obviously in bondage to the authority of books. This bondage to books compels us not to see with our own eyes, compels us to see with eyes of the dead. There is a hex on us, the specters in books, the authority of the past, and to exorcise those ghosts is the great work of magical self-liberation.”

Brown sees books as obstacles to revolution of the most far-reaching kind, a revolution against the human condition itself, but others would like to see literature die on more narrowly political grounds. “Good writing is counter-revolutionary,” wrote a radical feminist of the sixties.

Of course great works have provoked outrage and stimulated social and political reform (we think of Dickens, among others). But art in general is most often anti-political: “A dampener of activist ardors, a chastener of utopian greeds,” in Podhoretz’s fine phrase.

So in our age of radical activism the predictions of the death of literature are widely heard, and sometimes readily accepted, and we can predict that when the radical temper flares up again, literature will be held in disesteem.

But it is another matter when literary people find themselves bored by literature. Nearly 20 years ago Leslie Fiedler opened a literary article with the admission that the sight of a group of new novels aroused in him “a desperate desire to sneak out to a movie. How respectable the form has become, how predictable.” Susan Sontag also admitted she was bored by the new novels she was reading, but, too loyal to pronounce literature dead, she developed a theory that boredom was a
new form of interested response. And Richard Poirier has written of a recent novel, which he praised as a work of genius, "If I hadn't promised to review it I might not have finished it at all."

The formal experiments of modernism, ushered in by Pound and Eliot on the right, and by Aragon and Dos Passos on the left, were united in alienation against middle-class values. Now those views are the commonplace pieties, and we are left with no realism, no novels of manners and morals. Tom Wolfe said, "By the 60's, about the time I came to New York, the novelists had abandoned the richest terrain of the novel, namely society, the social tableau, manners and morals, the whole business of the way we live now, in Trollope's phrase.

Podhoretz, having documented realism cast out by modernism, now grown old, expects a return to realism, the mirror of mankind, the way we live now.

One story in John Fowles' new book, The Ebony Tower, stages a confrontation of the believer in words with the non-believer, the destroyer of words. In this story, a middle-aged pedant has borrowed a country cottage to finish his pedantic life work, a biography of Thomas Love Peacock. He is wakened in the night by a young burglar. The bandit is chatty and disdainful, but offers his victim no bodily harm. This tough has a bit of education, takes in that his victim is a writer, and after a cross-cultural conversation of sorts, he ties up his victim in the usual manner, collects some small loot, and prepares to leave. But not before he has burned in the fireplace the pedant's manuscript, file cards, and reference books.

Here, the writer struggles to discover a reason.

I have tried to list what he might have hated in me: both reasonably and unreasonably: my age, my physical puniness, my myopia, my accent, my education, my lack of guts, my everything else. I must certainly have seemed precious, old-fashioned, square, and all the rest of it, but surely all that could not have added up to much more than the figure of a vaguely contemptible elderly man. I can hardly have stood for what he called "Them," the system, capitalism. I belonged to a profession he seemed to have some respect for: he liked books, he liked Conrad.

The underlying mistrust is of language itself. It is not so much that such people doubt what they think and believe, but they doubt profoundly their ability to say it. His mannerism, the usage of "right?" as a ubiquitous tag to all manner of statements that do not require it, is a symptom of cultural breakdown. It means, "I cannot, or I probably cannot communicate with you." And that, not the social or economic, is the true underprivilege. I am convinced that the fatal clash between us was of one who trusts and reveres language and one who suspects and resents it. My sin was not primarily that I was middle-class intellectual, that I may have appeared more comfortably off financially than I am in fact, but that I live by words. I must very soon have appeared to the boy as one who deprived him of a secret, and one he secretly wanted to possess. What was really burned was my generation's refusal to hand down a kind of magic.
My fate was probably sealed from the moment I rejected his suggestion that I write about him myself. I took the wish at the time as a kind of dandyism, a narcissism, print as a mirror for the ego. But I think what he really invited, at any rate subconsciously, was the loan of some of this magic power, and perhaps because he could not really believe in its existence until he saw it applied to himself. In a sense he placed his own need in the scales against what I had called a long-dead novelist, and what he must have resented most was the application of this previous and denied gift of word-magic to no more than another obscure precious word-magician. I presented a closed shop, a select club, an introverted secret society, and that is what he felt he had to destroy.

The charge against all of us, old and young, who still value language and its powers, is unjustifiable, to be sure. Most of us have done our best, willy nilly, to see that the word, its secrets and its magics, its sciences and its arts, survive. The true villains of the piece are well beyond individual control: the triumph of the visual, of television, the establishment of universal miseducation, the social and political history of our unmanageable century and heaven knows how many other factors.

Yet I do not want to portray myself as an innocent scapegoat. I believe my young demon was right in one thing. I was guilty of a deafness.

If the promoters of the word prevail, if we are going to continue to read and write fiction in the western world, what of the heroes, or anti-heroes, who will hold together these fictions, what sort will they be?

Paul Zweig has written a modern study of the hero, called The Adventurer, the Fate of Adventure in the Western World.

John Gardner comments on this book, "The idea of the true, unself-conscious hero went hollow long ago, and went hollower and hollower, stage by stage. In a series of brilliant analyses which touch on most of the important European and American writers but focus mainly on Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, Casanova, the gothic novelists, Edgar Allen Poe, Nietzsche, Malraux and Sartre, he traces what happened to us: how the adventurer's flight and fight turned inward, so that where once monastic or castle walls held out the dangerous wilderness the adventurer brought news of, there were now the thicker, far solider walls of Protestant morality, Defoe's code of 'due and regular conduct.'"

Zweig closes with Malraux and Sartre. He points out the well-known paradox in T. E. Lawrence's 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom': the paradox of our culture, its longing for great acts, combined with a sense of their irrelevance, and shows that Malraux and Sartre divide that paradox between them. Zweig writes: "We are faced with an interesting paradox. Oriental traditions discourage adventure because they consider the vigorous individuality of the adventurer to be an illusion, a trick of Maya. Modern traditions in the West have been even less hospitable to the adven-
turer. Yet vigorous individuality is precisely what our culture has come to value most."

That vigorous individuality looms up taller in the fiction of Western America than anywhere else. T. R. Fehrenbach, writing in *Texas Monthly*, sets it into historical context in an article, "The Americanization of Texas."

The conflict between whites and Indians was not a struggle between right and wrong, although great wrongs were done and suffered by each side, but a fight for cultural life and death between two conflicting rights, or cultural imperatives. It was not possible to leave the land to the Comanches as a hunting preserve and still spread the Anglo-American brand of agrarian civilization across the continent. In this battle the stronger forces won: the Indians were killed, pushed out, or reduced to beggary on reservations.

But this was not the last struggle for cultural life or death on the plains. A battle has continued from the day the Indians were removed within the conquering civilization itself.

All Americans know the story, which forms both American history and legend: The Indians’ hunting grounds were appropriated by free-range cattlemen, whose “rights” gave way, not without violence, to agrarian stock raisers with barbed wire and windmills, who themselves fell to railroads and held on only with the greatest difficulty against hordes of incoming homesteaders. The cattle culture, that semi-feudal way of life that employed Texas longhorns and the cowboy across half a continent, was vanquished like the Indian, replaced by a less colorful but more profitable cattle “business.” And the hoemen who destroyed the vast freedoms of the cattle kings and their riders were themselves oppressed and finally driven from the land by great imperial forces beyond their individual or collective control, as, despite all the Granges and Peoples Party protests the Texas farmer was reduced to debt and tenantry and finally forced from his way of life. These form the stuff of Western literature, that most peculiarly American of all art forms, in which for some single, independent hero, arrayed against vast odds, it is always High Noon.

Speaking as an American native to one province, and stranger to others, Frederick Manfred recently wrote a confession long overdue. A South Dakotan, he confessed that his whole sense of direction deserted him when he went to New York City. He writes:

I've always thought that the same sort of thing probably happens to someone from the Eastern literary establishment when he wanders into the landscape of the Western American novel. He doesn't feel at home in these literary landscapes. His sense of direction feels cockeyed. But because he is serious and would like to give the book a break he'll try to keep aligning his own sense of the 4 directions with the set of 4 in the book. When he doesn't quite make it, however, he finally shrugs and writes off the work as a failure. And if he's bright enough he'll find arguments aplenty as to why it fails.

I wish it would be possible to get the fellows east of the Mississippi
River to understand the business of a reader's sense of direction going a little awry. You see, it's when I cross the Mississippi going East that my sense of direction goes cockeyed. I try like the devil to allow for it, so that I may enjoy vacationing in Eastern America. I only ask that the Easterner do likewise when he crosses the Mississippi going West.

I'd like to mention, last, one relatively new theme in American fiction which touches me very closely. John Leonard, writing in the New York Times about two very depressing books, Joseph Heller's Something Happened and John Cheever's Bullet Park, is also struck with it. At last our men are writing about their children, are making tragedy, not just of their own fantasies, but of their inability to protect their children, the insufficiency of love.

"So," John Leonard says, "A few of our established male novelists, those who are principally concerned with manners and morals, instead of the inadequacy of language or the cunning of the id, have begun at last to write about their children. Updike tries to do so. Bellow toys with it. Mailer, Vonnegut, Malamud have so far avoided the subject. Henry James died amid subterfuges. Hemingway and Fitzgerald were their own bright little boys to the end, with wooden swords. There's room in the nursery for just one of us. Faulkner violently engaged the generations; but his children were flowering curses, clocks wired to bombs, they proved a thesis. The male American novelist has usually been too busy killing his father to contemplate being one." I hope that this is a sign, that our generations care enough about each other to write about, that we may not always be, forever, the lost generations.

Finally, having started out this ramble with a reference to my student days, let me correct a minute but highly significant error in published literary history.

In 1952, as Joseph Blotner documents in his 2-volume biography of William Faulkner, that great writer was in Cambridge, working with Albie Marre, the director of the Brattle Theatre, on a dramatization of the novel, Requiem for a Nun. Faulkner was writing it for his friend, the actress Ruth Ford, and after several years of trial and error it eventually made it to Broadway, via Paris, I believe.

Faulkner was an old friend of my parents, a friendship which was brought closer during the 30's when he and my father were both grinding out movie scripts in Hollywood, and missing their homes in the south was their common bond.

Brought up in the rural south, we grew up in Faulkner country. Even as children, we read him as literal truth, for the fields and towns, and the black and white people we lived among were all in his books.
On page 1405 of volume II in Blotner's biography, he recounts an incident from Faulkner's stay in Cambridge which I must now correct. He writes that while Faulkner was walking through Harvard Yard, a coed on a bicycle ran into him and knocked him down.

What really happened was this: He was walking, not in the Yard, but through a little piece of park that runs along Garden Street between Harvard Square and the Ambassador apartments, where he was staying. The park has narrow concrete walks, which were cleared of the snow which covered the rest of the ground. I was headed for the square on my bike, and as I approached a small man with a tweed hat pulled down over his brow, I left the path and wheeled out into the snow, yielding to the pedestrian.

Unaccountably, for the first time in four snowbound years, at that instant the pedestrian sidestepped, yielding to the bike, and there in the snow we both lay, with the wheels of my startled Raleigh turning slowly, slowly in the wind between us. And then I saw who he was.

And I realized that a sense of chivalry must characterize a Southern Gentleman as an endangered species in the north, for only the greatest of southern gentlemen would have yielded the path to a lady, albeit on a bike.

LEONARDO'S NOTEBOOKS

by

Albert Van Helden

Associate Professor of History

The work of Leonardo da Vinci has never failed to fascinate and inspire people who have come into contact with it. Although his paintings and notebooks are of crucial significance to scholars in fields ranging from art history to the history of technology, one does not have to be an expert to appreciate the genius of this "Renaissance man." Through the kind help of the Friends of the Fondren Library, it has recently become possible to acquire two major Leonardo codices in facsimile, so that scholars as well as students here can sample this man's brilliant work. The history of these two codices is fascinating.

Of the many notebooks Leonardo left behind at his death in 1519, only a fraction have been preserved. His student, Francesco Melzi, who was bequeathed the majority of them, guarded these notebooks carefully, but after his death in 1570 his heirs allowed them to be scattered. A certain Pompeo Leone, an Italian in the service of the Spanish Crown, obtained a number of the notebooks and arranged them in codices. One of these, the so-called Codex Atlanticus, was sold by one of his heirs and ended up in the Ambrosiana Library in Milan. Another one, now called the Codex Madrid, was taken by Leone to Spain, where upon his death in 1608 it found its way into the Royal Library in Madrid.
Leonardo wrote with his left hand in mirror script. The above description, taken from the Codex Madrid, translates as follows: Method by which a wheel always turning in the same direction will move a screw first to the right and then to the left.

The restored version, in twelve volumes, has now been reproduced in a superb facsimile edition in a joint publishing venture of Casa Editrice Barbèra in Florence and the Johnson Reprint Corporation in New York. Its twelve leather-bound volumes will contain 4320 pages of Leonardo manuscripts, among which are 2136 color plates. The Fondren Library will be one of 998 libraries which has a set of the Codex Atlanticus, thanks to the Friends. Thus far, five volumes have arrived.

The story of the Codex Madrid is still somewhat of a mystery. The two volumes were listed in the Royal Library in the 17th and 18th centuries, and were transferred to the Biblioteca Nacional in 1830, where they were correctly catalogued. From then on, scholars were unable to find them, until in 1965 an American student of medieval Spanish literature sent in a call slip which unexpectedly produced one of the volumes. The other volume
was now quickly found, and the late Dr. Ladislao Reti obtained permission to edit them. McGraw-Hill has published a facsimile of the two volumes along with two volumes of transcription and translation as well as an index volume, in a five-volume set. This set, as well as the companion book *The Unknown Leonardo*, a collaborative interpretation and evaluation of the *Codex Madrid*, are now also in the Fondren Library.

The two codices contain a treasure of Leonardo material. One may find in them a sketch of a bicycle, designs of wings that might allow man to fly, preliminary drafts of the portrait of Beatrice d'Este, town planning designs, or a method for casting a huge statue of a horse in bronze (see below), all breathing the timeless genius of a true master.

Leonardo's sketches for making a bronze cast of a horse. His own descriptions, reading from top to bottom, are as follows:

The hole that is made for entrance into the cavity of the horse must be 7 ounces wide and one braccio long. And cast this small hatch, along with the horse, on a separate place, and with male and female hinges, in order to be able to close this door.

Void of the furnace, with straight barrel vault, in order to facilitate stirring. Here you can make all the spouts for the body without vents, except at the uppermost parts of the body. And the legs shall serve as the common exhalation of the enclosed air aside from the bronze which fills them up.

This is how the horse shall be cast, but provide that the neck first be filled up with its bronze by means of many spouts until line mn is reached. At this point, all the other spouts must be unplugged at once.
The following listings include gifts and memorials received between January 1 and April 30, 1975.

Gifts for the purchase of books have been received from:

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Many Friends, faculty and authors make donations of books and journals. These are too numerous to list. Such gifts have been received from the following:

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Other gifts, which may be of general interest, are as follows:

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VERONICA L. ESKRIDGE donated a large collection of books in the fields of medicine and psychology, and a first complete translation into English of Honoré de Balzac in Twenty-five Volumes.

A gift subscription to World Order a Bahá'í magazine was presented by JEANINE GOODSON.

MRS. ROBERT HENREY presented the library with eleven volumes in her autobiographical series dealing with her life in Europe against a background of two world wars, and great social change.

JAMES KORGES donated a number of volumes, mostly poetry, of Paul Ramsay, Allen Tate and James Dickey. Amongst these were the following autographed copies: The Winter Sea, by Allen Tate, and Helmets, by James Dickey. Mr. Korges also donated to the library's manuscript section a package of letters from Allen Tate, James Dickey, James Dean Young and Anais Nin among others.

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