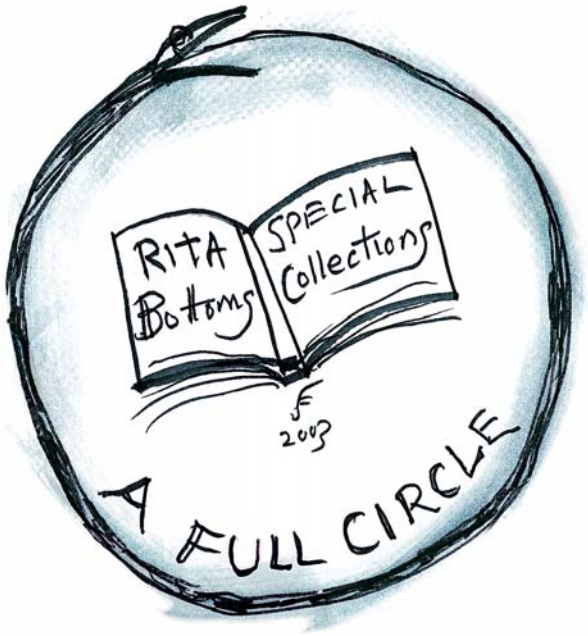
University of California, Santa Cruz

University Library

Rita Bottoms, Polyartist Librarian



UC Santa Cruz

1965-2003

Interviewed and Edited by Irene Reti

Santa Cruz, California

2005

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Introduction

The Regional History Project conducted fourteen hours of interviews with Rita Bottoms, Head of Special Collections at the University Library, UC Santa Cruz, shortly before her retirement in March 2003. This oral history provides a vivid and intimate look at thirty-seven years "behind the scenes" in the library's Special Collections.

For thirty-seven years Bottoms immersed herself in collecting work by some of the most eminent writers and photographers of the twentieth century, including the science fiction writer Robert Heinlein, photographer Edward Weston, composer John Cage, visual poet Kenneth Patchen, poet and letterpress book printer William Everson, poet and visual artist Lawrence Ferlinghetti, composer and poet Lou Harrison, singer and photographer Graham Nash, and philosopher Norman O. Brown. But her role as a curator and librarian extended far beyond acquiring collections; she developed intense and profound intellectual and emotional relationships with each of these individuals. It is her detailed and deeply personal stories of these relationships which form the heart of this volume, and provide the kind of human amplification of the library's collections which can only be captured through oral history. Bottoms' recollections of these

individuals are an important contribution to the history of twentieth century art and literature in the United States.

Rita Bottoms was born Rita Margo Berner in Bridgeport, Connecticut of Hungarian and Russian Jewish immigrants. Her family moved to Los Angeles when she was four. She graduated from Van Nuys High School, attended UC Berkeley from 1956-1958, and transferred to UC Los Angeles, from which she graduated in 1960. While attending UCLA, Bottoms worked at the UCLA library in the acquisitions department. After graduation and a trip to Europe she returned to Los Angeles and took a position as a library assistant in acquisitions at San Fernando Valley State College in Northridge. She was inspired to attend library school and applied and was accepted at UCLA. There she worked briefly in the Special Collections department. Lawrence Clark Powell was the University Librarian at UCLA at the time and later became the dean of the library school as well. Powell, a larger than life figure in the library and literary worlds, once wrote: "No university in the world has ever risen to greatness without a correspondingly great library... When this is no longer true, then will our civilization have come to an end." In his twenty-eight year tenure as University Librarian, Lawrence Clark Powell built UCLA's library into a world-class institution. Bottoms graduated from UCLA library school in 1965. Her candid recollections of Powell, whom she described as a "sweetheart, but wild and provocative" are another historical contribution of this volume.

In library school at UCLA Bottoms was president of her class and "father of the printing chapel." She learned letterpress printing under the direction of Andrew Horn at UCLA. In the summer of 1965 she enrolled in a course on information science taught by Robert Hayes. This was the first course at UCLA on automated cataloging systems and her experience in this course was to prove useful when Bottoms arrived at UC Santa Cruz's library, where founding University Librarian Donald T. Clark was pioneering the development of an automated catalog.

Other early influences on Bottoms were her college roommate Samantha Connell, daughter of the well-known photographer, Will Connell. This friendship nourished the seeds of Bottoms' interest in California photographers. At UCLA, Bottoms studied photography in the art department, where her teaching assistant was photographer Robert Heinecken, then just beginning his influential career.

On September 1, 1965 Bottoms began working as a reference librarian at the newly opened University of California, Santa Cruz. She joined a small core of faculty and staff who were building a new and experimental UC campus from scratch. McHenry Library was still under construction, and the library was temporarily located in the Central Services (now Hahn) building. Partially due to her previous experience at UCLA working on the Will Connell collection, Bottoms soon became the Head of Special Collections in the newly opened University Library, running the unit out of what she came to call "the broom closet" (now part of the circulation office behind the central stairway). Special Collections grew as part of what Bottoms called "this iconoclastic, experimental campus located in the California redwoods."

Coming from urban Los Angeles, Bottoms soon adjusted to life in a redwood forest. She recalled: "I almost sprained my ankle jumping over a ditch in the forest, going to work, I soon changed my whole way of thinking about dress and clothing and shoes. It was the woods. You would see beetles in the library, incredible striped beetles." Bottoms shares her impressions of the early UCSC campus, in which the staff knew all 650 students by name and everyone thought of themselves as "part of a wonderful experiment." Bottoms served as a residential preceptor at Cowell College's Parkman House in 1966-67, the year that the students moved out of the trailers and into the dorms. She also shares her memories of the Hip Pocket Bookstore, the Catalyst and other Santa Cruz institutions during the mid- to late 1960s.

At the beginning of her tenure Bottoms experienced considerable isolation on this fledgling campus located in a somewhat remote rural location, but by the 1990s she had

formed extensive collegial relationships with colleagues in her field and even organized a conference of the Rare Books and Manuscripts Association which took place at UCSC in 1992. She also traveled extensively, speaking at programs about the Kenneth Patchen, John Cage, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and other collections represented in the library.

Another key chapter of the oral history is concerned with the Lime Kiln Press, a harrowing but rewarding letterpress printing endeavor during which Bottoms worked closely with poet and letterpress printer William Everson and his students to publish *Granite and Cypress* and other singular, gorgeous fine press editions.

Bottoms discusses key library staff, such as University Librarians Donald T. Clark, David Heron, and Allan J. Dyson, her colleague and assistant Carol Champion who worked with her for over thirty years in Special Collections, as well as various bibliographers and librarians. She describes some of the chancellors who served during her thirty-seven years at UC Santa Cruz, as well as their wives, particularly Karen Sinsheimer, with whom she developed a close and collegial relationship.

Several themes emerge in this oral history. The first is a focus on polyartists, those who excel at more than one non-adjacent art form and weave these forms together. Defying the academic emphasis on specialization and compartmentalization, Bottoms demonstrated the wisdom and open-mindedness to recognize and welcome the eclectic vision of people like composer John Cage, who pursued a passionate and expert interest in wild mushrooms, and gave Special Collections his collection of mushroom books and ephemera.

Another theme is Bottoms' "seat-of-the-pants" approach to developing and managing a Special Collections department in a small public university without a large collections budget or extensive private endowments. Her chronicle of the evolution of library collections and archives at a smaller public university campus is a contribution to the

history of librarianship in the United States. Central to the success of this approach was Bottoms' wholistic and whole-hearted involvement in the lives of the people whose work she was collecting. Bottoms' human-centered, compassionate approach to library collections is inspiring and remarkable. She has transformed librarianship into a kind of spiritual midwifery.

Copies of the manuscript are on deposit in the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley; and in Special Collections at McHenry Library at the University of California, Santa Cruz. This oral history is also available on the Library's website. The Project is supported administratively by Christine Bunting, head of Special Collections and Archives, and Acting University Librarian, Robert White.

—Irene Reti
Regional History Project
McHenry Library
University of California, Santa Cruz
February 2005

Early Life

Reti: Rita, please talk about your early life and family background.

Bottoms: I was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut. My parents, thank heavens, came to California when I was about four-and-a-half years old, and we lived in Hollywood for a while. I went to Van Nuys Junior High School and then to Van Nuys High School. That had been the school that Marilyn Monroe, Bob Waterfield, Natalie Wood, Don Drysdale, and Robert Redford also went to. I was in the largest junior high school, and the largest high school graduating class west of the Mississippi. I went to schools that were huge. When I was in high school I did write for the newspaper. I had a gossip column, which was sort of a theme in my life, because when I was in Oldenburg Hall [at] Cal [UC Berkeley], I wrote a gossip column there, too. I haven't really thought of that too often, but at the time I was big on gossip!

I graduated in 1956 from Van Nuys High School, and then I went to UC Berkeley for two years, until 1958. It was the time before the Free Speech Movement. I was active politically. I was in something called Toward An Active Student Community (TASC). It was the precursor to the Free Speech Movement, and we thought we were just amazing. We did sit-ins. But it was so benign. We were asking for a Fair Bear Wage and things like that. It was never anything that political while I was there.

My college roommate at Cal my first year was Samantha Connell, whose father was Will Connell, the photographer. She and I were great friends. Samantha and I would sit on our beds in our room and talk, and she would say things like, "Well, Daddy says we ought to go down and see Edward Weston. He's not well." Edward had Parkinson's [disease] at the time, but we had no car and we had no way of getting to Big Sur, and we of course never did it. Later I thought of these [conversations] when I came here [to UCSC]. At any rate, she was a really good, neat friend and one of my early influences.

I left Cal because I had a boyfriend who was at UCLA. I could not live without him. Of course when I got to UCLA I found I did live without him. But it was a really good move, because as I see it now, it was a very different kind of school. At UCLA I was a history major, which everybody agrees you can't do a darn thing with except teach. But I sang a lot; I was in the musical comedy workshop. I was in the Opera Workshop Chorus, even after I graduated. I was in Roger Wagner's UCLA chorus called the University Chorus. It was a very performance-oriented school. It was wonderful in that regard. I also got into the arts. Because two of my roommates were artists, I was able to talk myself into the art department. [laughter] I was not an art major; I did not have Design 6A and 6B, and Bernie Kester, the ceramics teacher and the weaving teacher, both classes I was in, would start his class by saying, "Who besides Rita Berner," (that was my maiden name) "Who besides Rita Berner has not had Design 6A and 6B?" So I actually infiltrated. I didn't stay in any of these things very long, but it was interesting to me. I did get into a photography class there. I wasn't a good photographer, but I've always had an affinity for making snapshots. I've made thousands of them here at the library. My uncle was a photographer for the *Los Angeles Times,* and my other uncle was a photographer, so it was an influence in my life. Don Chipperfield was the instructor, but the TA was Robert Heinecken, who later became a well-known photographer! I didn't think much [of it] at the time. I hardly knew him, but he was the TA for the class. Years later, my God, I thought—Robert Heinecken, would you look at… I just finished almost paying off a very expensive Heinecken portfolio. So that was kind of interesting. I lived in Beverly Glen Canyon at the time, near where Henry Miller had lived. I lived a variety of places.

One thing I noticed at Berkeley it was very, very multiracial; my friends were a mixed group of all peoples, and when I got to UCLA everybody was in their own little group. It was just mind-boggling to me. It was shocking to me.

UC Los Angeles

In 1960 I graduated with a B.A. in history, and I went to work in the library in the acquisitions department at UCLA. It was a wonderful job, and I knew the day I applied for the job that I would be leaving in thirteen months because I was going to go on the big trip to Europe, which I did in 1961. I really liked that time in the library. I worked in acquisitions for a woman named Trudy Sandmeier. She was just lovely. She was Swiss. I worked with wonderful people. I worked with two other women, Norma Kennedy and Shirley Savige, and we received all the books that came into the UCLA library. You can imagine what that was like. [But] all of these librarians came and said, "Oh, I wish I had time to look at these books." I thought, boy, I'm better off than they are. I get to look at these books. I vowed then that I was never going to be a librarian.

Lawrence Clark Powell was then the University Librarian, and he was this dynamo…probably the most visible, known librarian. If a librarian is going to be known in this country it's going to be Larry Powell. He was the head librarian there, and we all knew who he was. He was very personable and I liked him a lot. One day he came through with this man, this man in a picture taken by Will Connell, and I looked at the hair and I said, "Oh my God. That's Carl Sandburg!" and it was. I mean, [Powell] would just trot in with anybody. Sandburg was reading that night and it was quite remarkable.

One of the things that happened when I was working at UCLA [was that] I heard Brother Antoninus read (William Everson). At that time he was a lay brother. He had short hair; he was really sheared. He looked kind of like he does in the *Evergreen Review* photograph that Harry Redl took. It made a huge impression. I remember being very excited by it. It was a stunning reading, as only Bill's readings were. I mean, where he stares and looks at the audience and makes you twinge and completely uncomfortable and totally ill at ease, and then he starts reading. That was Bill's m.o. That was the first time I encountered him. I knew who he was also before I went, because I had read about him a lot.

So I went to Europe and spent a lot of time there. While I was there I was *almost* in the movie *Lawrence of Arabia*. I was hired as an extra, a nurse, but two months later I was not in the scene because I was too tan. I was paid for my part in the film, which I never was in; but I saw a lot of it being filmed in Almeria, Spain, and that was very thrilling. I had a boyfriend who was a stuntman in the film, and all that. It was very romantic. The usual trip to Europe. I was away for a year and a half. I traveled with my friend, Jane Ellison, whom I'd met at Oldenburg Hall in Berkeley, and who is a dear friend to this day and has a subject endowment in her parents' memory here at the library.

When I came home, and realized that I had not planned my life out beyond that trip to Europe, I was in a complete and utter depression. I had not a clue what I was going to do. I was maybe twenty-four. I came back at the beginning of 1964. I was with my parents, and at that time they lived in Van Nuys. One day my mother came to me and said, "Dear, you've worked in the library, and here, they've got this job opening at San Fernando Valley State College, then in Northridge, in the acquisitions department. Why don't you apply?" I went, uh—you know? All I wanted to do was go back to Europe. That's all I could think about. So I applied, and of course I got the job because I had had this great job at UCLA—and here's somebody who already knew what acquisitions was about.

So I went to work there. I was really still down in the dumps when I started, but the people that worked there, and the whole environment were so delightful and so much fun. I came out of my shell and thought—mmm, I really like this. It was a turning point. I thought first, well, maybe I'll be a teacher, that would be a neat thing to do. But then I realized…I started into the education program as I was working there, and I thought, yes I really like to teach, but it's not what I'm going to do.

I worked as a bibliographic checker in acquisitions, and I also wrote beg letters, which meant that if something was free, you knew it was free, but in order to get it you had to write a letter. Well, this is very boring because it's the same old, same old. I wrote all of

these letters. After awhile, I decided that I would just use a few other names when I wrote these beg letters. So I started signing my letters everything, from... "Pilar" was the first name I used. These were all names that I loved and thought were beautiful. I started out with that. "Consuela" was one that was very popular for a long time with me. As a matter of fact, I used it after I got here. I mean, it's just crazy. I cut out addressograph labels with the various names on them that I'd used and there were thirty-five different names! My boss, George Jenks, came up to me once and said, "Rita—okay this is crazy. You can do it, but the mail room says you've got to have your last name in there somewhere." When he said that, I realized I could hyphenate my last name and hook on another name. It just kept me from getting bored. [laughter]

Jane came back from Europe and decided she was going to go to library school. I thought, well, what the heck, I like libraries. I think I'll try that, because I've worked in them and I liked the environment. My parents were people interested in culture, even though I came from a relatively, I would say, poor family when we started out in Connecticut. My parents were both born in Europe. My father was from Hungary; my mother was from Russia. So I'm a first generation American. In our house there was real value put on the opera, music, and books, and reading, piano lessons, and all that stuff. Nice Jewish family; the usual stuff. Even though we were poor, we went places. My sister ushered. We always went to live performances and things like that. When I talked to my parents about going to library school they thought it was really neat. I did too, but I was sort of doing follow-the-leader with Jane. I don't know if I would have come to it on my own.

Reti: So your parents felt that being a woman didn't preclude you from having a career?

Bottoms: Absolutely not. As a matter of fact, they wanted me to do that. I have this wonderful sister. Merryl is her name. At a time when there was no Meryl Streep, she really took a beating with that name. Everybody called her, "Merle," like Merle Oberon. She and I are very close. She's six-and-a-half years older than I am. She graduated high

school when she was seventeen, and went to UCLA. Our parents encouraged both of us. She met a wonderful guy named Aaron Cicourel. They're married to this day, but the thing is she left school to put hubby through the Ph.D., and all that jazz. My parents were not pleased that she left school. Neither of my parents had finished school. Mother finished high school; my father had started Columbia, but then he married mother and that was the end of that, during the depression. Basically, there was real encouragement. My mother did not want me to get married young. They loved Aaron, and my sister later went back to school and got an MFA, but she did it after she had her family. For me, it was real important that I go to school.

So I applied for library school. One of the people at Valley State College, Northridge was a librarian, Jasper Schad. Jasper was the son of a rare book librarian, the Huntington librarian, Robert Oliver Schad. Jasper wrote me a letter of reference, so I had this great letter. He was a really good friend.

My interview with Lawrence Clark Powell was completely unorthodox. I pull up to UCLA in my '56 Ford, and I cannot find a parking place. I have allowed a lot of time for myself to get to the library and to be composed for this interview. There was some kind of construction site. To make a long story short, I had to hitch a ride with somebody from the parking lot where I had to park to take me to the bottom of the stairs. (Janss Steps) There were nine million stairs, like out of the Potemkin movie, and you have to run up them. I ran up them, got to the third floor of the library, then not called Powell Library, but the Undergraduate Library, and just stood and panted, red-faced in front of the person, Flo Williams, running the library school office. Of course I was five minutes late, too. I got into Powell's office, and here's the great God. He's a real sweetheart of a guy, but he's wild, and he's very provocative. He loves to push buttons. I sat down, and I couldn't talk because I was so out of breath. [laughter] That's how I start that out. Then, the first thing he says to me, he starts talking about Jasper Schad. He does not talk about me. He talks about why Jasper didn't go into the rare book field. [laughter] He then talks about his Armenian daughter-in-law and some of the food she makes. That I really think

was my interview for library school. I do not remember anything else. It was the most unorthodox thing. But I got into the school and so did Jane. We were in the class of 1965.

At that time, UCLA was a one-year library school. Now it's, of course, two years, but we lucked out. I foolishly, when I was there, allowed myself to become the vice-president of the class. Foolishly, I say, because the guy who was the president left, so I became president of the class, which was something I was not at all planning on doing. I wouldn't seek that. It is not like me to seek any office, anywhere for anything. So I became the president, which I didn't think meant anything, until one day Powell, and this was one of the most terrifying experiences… Because Powell was Lawrence Clark Powell, and UCLA was a big deal library school and had Seymour Lubetzky, the great, famous cataloguer who would revise the cataloguing rules, and had wonderful teachers there, really great people—everybody came. It was one of the models on the West Coast, I would say, because Powell was a real personage. He had done his doctoral dissertation on Robinson Jeffers at the University of Dijon. He got Henry Miller to give him his archive and all this stuff. He was just wild, and as Lawrence Ferlinghetti later told me, "Larry Powell came up to City Lights and paid cash for books! We loved him. He put money down on the table and bought things on the spot." He was this really great bookman, and he was a real mentor. So everybody came. Very soon after I became president, a whole boatload of international librarians under the aegis of the Library of Congress came to UCLA Library School. There must have been about fifty of them. They came into the cataloguing classroom. All the students were assembled there. I forget how big the class was, but it was a full room and they were all there. This was a big deal. Lawrence Clark Powell delivers this incredible speech because he's so gifted; he's so funny; he's so brilliant. Then he says, "And now we will have a few words from the president of our class, Rita Berner."

Reti: No warning at all.

Bottoms: No, he never told me he was going to call on me. I thought to myself, well, I hope when I open my mouth up something comes out. It did. I'm much better spontaneous, even though I may not think it, and I may die of fright on the way up. I just stood there, yada-yada-yada, welcomed everybody. I don't know what I said. Everybody thought I had rehearsed the speech. It was great. He loved [it]. I had no idea what I said. When we got out, he turned to me and he said, "Gotcha! Didn't I?" And I said, "Don't you ever do that to me again. Don't you ever!" and he laughed it off. The next time I had to speak was at some big luncheon, and I, of course, prepared my remarks and I was horrible. I was so nervous it was awful. If I have a clue of what I'm going to say…I mean, I know what bases I want to cover. I can't go by a script. I assess the audience, and then I have to do what is do-able, so that was a real ordeal by fire.

Also, as the president of the class I automatically became the Father of the Printing Chapel. That's a title. It's an honorific title; it's an ancient title. I bring this up because the nature of my interview with Don Clark builds on this.

Reti: In his oral history Clark referred to you as the printer's devil. What did that mean?

Bottoms: Truthfully, Don Clark's first words to me in my interview with him were, "What the hell is the Father of the Chapel?" because that was on my resume.

At any rate, I did print at UCLA under the wonderful direction of the assistant dean of the library school, Andrew Horn, who was a dear friend. I printed with other people. My father loved Cardinal Woolsey's soliloquy from *Hamlet*. I printed it for him in Bembo Italic, which I don't even like. I don't like italic type. I'm a big roman type [person]. But that was then. So I had some experience as a printer and I cared about printing, but I was never particularly good at it.

I graduated in 1965, and then some of us, including Jane, stayed on and took a summer elective class with Robert Hayes. We were probably the first people at UCLA to take what was then the information science course about computers. Hayes was a very nice man. He understood what he was up against. I mean, here we were, not math majors.We didn't know anything. So he said, "Look. Some people are illiterate; they can't read. You guys are innumerate. You know nothing about numbers." And he taught us so that we could understand it, which was really wonderful. Not that I particularly understood it, but some kind of something seeped in, so that when I came here to Santa Cruz, when I found out we had an [automated] book catalog…I kind of knew what that was about. I was always challenged by technology, but I also thought it was good if it was used properly.

So there I was in the last days of library school. I took classes from Larry Powell. All of my friends in library school applied all over the place. I wrote very convincing résumés. I really did a good job, because I knew it was impressive to be from UCLA, and I knew that they would be impressed with those I studied with, so I laid it on with a trowel. I really, really did. Frances Clarke Sayers, the great children's librarian. All of these people were there, and I studied with them and took their classes. I wasn't an all 'A' student; I never was, but I got through it.

I sent out these résumés, and I was very interesting to people. I only applied where I would consider working! My brother-in-law, Aaron Cicourel, who was very much more practical than I am, said, "For God's sake, I never heard of anything so crazy. You can't just do that. You've got to apply all over the country." I said, "But I don't want to work where I don't want to live. I want to work where it's beautiful. I want to work in northern California, maybe. I don't want to be on the freeway for hours driving. I don't want smog."

Reti: None of that L.A. thing.

Bottoms: Where I worked was really what was important to me. Meanwhile, William Holman, who was a wonderful human being, had taken over the direction of the San Francisco Public Library. It needed taking over. It was in a bad way. He was a dear friend of Larry Powell's, and he was also a printer in his own right; he was a real bookman. He knew he had to get some new blood in there, and he wanted me very badly up there. He said I could have any job I wanted, just to tell him what I wanted to do and he would do it.

As I look back on it, I think these were the halcyon days for people just out of library school because there were a lot of jobs available. It's certainly different now for a whole host of reasons. It was just a different world then. This was 1965, okay?

So what I did is I narrowed it down to places I would consider working. One of them was San Francisco Public. I thought it would be exciting to be in San Francisco. San Francisco State wanted to interview me. So I was inclined in that direction. I'd applied to UC Santa Cruz, and only because my Aunt Evonne, who came the first week I was employed here and took a picture of me—just a wonderful aunt who is still, fortunately, living, said, "Rita, you should apply at Santa Cruz. It's the new campus of the University of California." I said, "Oh wow. Really?" And she said, "Yes, and guess who's chancellor?" I said, "Who?" She said, "Dean McHenry." I said, "Dean McHenry!" I remembered that my Aunt Evonne and Uncle Peter had campaigned for him when he ran for congress. He was known [to me] as a really good guy because of that. And I thought, oh, I'll do that! So I applied here.

I had a string of interviews. The first one was [at UC] Santa Barbara. I came on up the coast in the summer of 1965. I stopped at Santa Barbara and had my interview there and they offered me a job as a reference librarian. I was interested in that. Head librarian, Donald Davidson, interviewed me and other people did, too. (I'll save Santa Cruz for the last, though it was the next on my journey.) Then I went up to be interviewed by William Holman and a bunch of people at San Francisco Public. Then I went to San Francisco

State; I don't know who interviewed me there. [At UC Santa Cruz] Carl Wensrich, the Head of Reader Services; Donald Clark, the University Librarian; and Wendell Simons, the Assistant University Librarian interviewed me. Don's first words to me, after he said hello, and how are you... He opened up my papers and, as I said earlier, said, "What the hell is a Father of a Chapel?" Those were his words. They are not mine. So I told them. It was evidently a really good interview. I was interviewed in the Carriage House. They liked me, and they wanted to hire me as a reference librarian. Then they said that they hadn't got their budget for personnel. The budget had not been approved; they had no idea if they were going to be able to hire anybody, but they knew they had to because they had to open in October to students, but there was no real money to hire anybody. They wanted me to know that. The odd thing was, and this was so typical of Carl. Carl had always brought his lunch; he brought his lunch every day of his life at his work. They wanted to take me out to lunch and they had to twist his arm to get him to come out to eat. [laughter] I think they took me to Fucelli's. It was a wonderful restaurant on this side of town in a field near Natural Bridges that burned down. I just loved that place.

So I said to them, "Well, you know, I made all my choices and my second choice would have been Santa Barbara"—and this is totally unheard of, would never happen today: Wendell said, "That's where I just came from, UC Santa Barbara. I know Don Davidson. I will call him up and ask that [until] our money comes through, will he hold your job offer?" Davidson, like a mensch… I have to say this was amazing, he held the job open until they got the word at Santa Cruz that they could hire me, which was very kind. I wrote him a note and thanked him. Years later, Carl said, "Rita, you are so lucky you didn't go to work there. You would not have lasted three seconds with your independent way of doing things. You would have been really confined there."

The Early Years at the University Library, UC Santa Cruz

September 1, 1965 was my first day of work. It was a month before we opened. It was my first real job. I lived out at Seacliff Beach, near Manuel's Restaurant, 373 Sea Ridge Rd. Then I came to work, and I had no idea that I was living in a different microclimate, that every five seconds on the freeway produced another climate change. I was so happy to be here because it was so beautiful! The sky was blue. I remember when I came for my interview I thought, I would pay them to work here, because it was just so lovely.

Just a little footnote about my parents: When my parents knew I was going to come here they took a trip up north with my aunt and uncle and they came to visit the campus. When they came back, my mother said, "Dear, we don't want to alarm you, but we didn't see anything. We didn't see anything! Are you sure it's there?" And at the same time, my father got out his camera, he loved to photograph too, and he took wonderful slides of the sculpture on the roof of the Hip Pocket Bookstore, Ron Boise's great naked family sculptures. That was the first I ever saw of those.

So I came here and we were in Central Services, on the bottom floor. C.H. Lowe was head cataloguer. Al Eickhoff was already here. Stan Stevens was here. Rolf Augustine was here. I had a little desk right outside Don Clark's office. Aileen Sanders was here.

Reti: Was working in Special Collections part of your training while you were in library school?

Bottoms: I had worked in Special Collections at UCLA when I was going to library school. I worked on the Will Connell photography archive. I was paid for that, a little extra side money. I didn't get any credit, but Grace Connell, Will's widow and Samantha's mother, wanted me to do it, because she knew me, and I had known Will and was a good friend of her daughter's. As part of my job, sometime in 1964 I took a

little drive up the coast to interview people who knew or who had worked with Will Connell. I stayed with Samantha and made an appointment to interview Brett Weston. That was a very short interview. I was dressed up in my little librarian costume, with a dress on, little heels, and he said, "Meet me at Nepenthe." So I went down to Big Sur, and he pulls up on his big motorcycle, all dressed in leather, with his granny glasses on. And he pulls up and—you know, he could have told me this on the phone; I was really ticked. In the driveway he says, "I couldn't stand Will Connell. I thought he was a lousy photographer." I said, "Well, why didn't you tell me that on the phone?" That was the interview. That was my one meeting with Brett. I was very annoyed. That was not a nice thing to do. Then I interviewed the Mission priest at San Juan Bautista, Father George McMenamin, who knew Will [Connell]. Then I interviewed photographers Ernie Rashovsky, and then I interviewed Todd Walker. I conducted these interviews and I just wanted to mention that because [these] were threads that came up later. I later curated a show with Todd Walker in it and Horace Bristol had studied at the Art Center with Will Connell.

I didn't have any idea at that time how the Weston family and Edward Weston's photographs would be running through my life from 1967 [on]. I had only consciously, when I was nineteen, seen the first Weston I was aware of, at the De Young Museum when I stayed with my girlfriend Sandra Subotnick, and we went up there. I saw this nude on the wall and I raced toward it, and it turned into being a green pepper. That was my first awareness of Weston.

[Getting back to my early years at McHenry Library] across the aisle from me was a bookshelf, and on it were some Santa Cruz County histories, a shelf or two shelves worth. Elizabeth Calciano [Regional Historian] was there, by the way.

How they put the call numbers on [was] they ran strings through the spine, the worst thing in the world. I started asking questions about the condition…You know, a big mouth. So I'd ask Don. Nobody knew, and I said, "You know, you really shouldn't do

that." Because I would ask questions about it, all of a sudden I was it. I was *it*. So suddenly I was working with whatever there was of Special Collections, which was practically nothing. All I knew was that Don Clark, up at his lodge in Scotts Valley, had a big Jack London collection and a big Steinbeck collection, and the lodge floors were sort of starting to cave in. It was really a rustic place. And those were to go into Special Collections because Don had a real interest in the literature of this area, and a real Jeffers interest. That's why we started to collect Jeffers. By asking questions, and because I had had that experience in Special Collections, and also probably because of Larry Powell and some of the classes I took, I was kind of "it," although I wasn't the 'Head' at that time.

When we moved to the new building, to Unit One, I [became] Head of Special Collections. I lived in the "broom closet," (my term for it) which is now part of the circulation office behind the stairway. That was Special Collections at the time, with a bunch of books stacked in it, no place for anything—there was no such thing as a reader's space. I had my rolltop desk in there; stuff piled high on it. I was also the first reference librarian ever hired. I worked two nights a week. David Shink was the second reference librarian; he worked two nights a week. You'd come out of work in a pitch-black forest at ten o'clock at night. It was kind of scary, but it was very pioneering, and you felt you were part of this incredible experiment.

What I didn't tell you was what my first job was when I came to the library. My first job, before we opened, was to take a list of names and to go get all of the library books out of all of the administrator's offices above the library on the second floor. That meant the vice chancellor, Hal Hyde ... all these people had library books in their offices and I had to go get them back. It was a way for me to meet people and figure out what was what and who was who.

The first-year class was six hundred and fifty students, so we practically knew everybody by name. We really did know everybody by name; we knew everybody. We

knew who was weird, who was neat, who was a pain in the rear. We saw it all. It was really nice, because as a person who went to these huge high schools and junior high schools, I finally found a little place I could be part of even though I wasn't a student. It meant something to me to be in a small place. I didn't want that bigness. I think that's why I came here. I wanted to be able to relate. I liked what was thought of for the colleges. It was going to be small colleges, and be part of a larger University, but it would still be manageable. I never in my right mind thought I would be here longer than five years, because the longest I had held any job was a year and a half at Valley State and thirteen months at UCLA. I said to people, "If I work more than five years at any place, I would jump off a building." It was a stupid kind of mind-set. Don't ask me where it came from. It was kind of like—well, you've got to move on. Of course you wouldn't stay there. Why would you do that? It's just kind of a crazy, dumb, boring thing to do. So here I am, thirty-seven and a half years later.

You felt you were a great part of a wonderful experiment, and so you put up with a lot of stuff. You put up with the fact that the toilet seats in the ladies' room were two inches too high, so your feet dangled. You put up with the fact that there wasn't lighting in the parking lot. You just put up with stuff, because that's the way it was working in the forest. I was not Imelda Marcos, but I was a shoe maven at UCLA. I had a very avant garde wardrobe of shoes. Many of them did not fit my feet, but that didn't stop me. I wore them anyway because they were very fashionable. I dressed in a particular style and had these just fabulous shoes. I had a pair of green ones reserved for my first day of work. Well, after I almost sprained my ankle jumping over a ditch in the forest, going to work, I soon changed my whole way of thinking about dress and clothing and shoes. It was the woods. You would see beetles in the library, incredible striped beetles. You would see scorpions. You would see tarantulas. There were a lot of critters around. The coyotes were around. There were rattlesnakes. You still see some of those, but you don't anymore see beetles in the library; We were in the forest and this was their home. Lots of banana slugs, of course. It was just a different, early kind of deal.

Santa Cruz in the 1960s

I was a part, as many others on the campus were, of the co-op that ran The Catalyst [bar], that got The Catalyst, saved The Catalyst, cleaned The Catalyst, scraped the paint off the bar roof, just got that place whipped into shape. Peter Demma had left the Hip Pocket Bookstore. It was a very important place in this community, the Hip Pocket Bookstore. Peter was always getting busted by the Moral Mothers for Christian Morality for this or that. I would like to talk about him because I think he was a real pioneer and wonderful guy. Also, the naked family sculptures. Everybody was just sort of inflamed. Byron Stookey was one of the chancellor's wonderful administrators, just a doll of a person. I adored Byron. One day, I'm not sure when, but before Ron Lau took over Bookshop Santa Cruz, Byron (and I think Stan Stevens) came to me. The board of the cooperative had gotten together and they asked me if I would like to run the bookstore, the former Hip Pocket. I thought, oh my God! My father would be in seventh heaven because he's such a book guy, and so is my mother, and they would just love it and I thought, oh how can I do that? No, I can't do that! It would be incredible. I was really very honored. Ron Lau came eventually to do that.

I mentioned the Moral Mothers for Christian Morality. It was a real big thing in this town because The Barn was up in Scotts Valley and people were having a problem with that. It was a big barn, right off the freeway, and it was a big hippie place. I wasn't even really here in the heydays of the early bohemian stuff going on. I was sort of on the fringe. You know, I had a job… It was the 1960s, there's no question about that, and that certainly did have an effect.

I went to shop at Safeway out on Mission Street, and I was looking at the magazines. I saw this sign and it said, "If you are offended by any magazine that you see on this stand, please call the manager." Well! [laughter] I said, "Where is the manager?" They found him. I said, "I am offended by this sign, and I want you to know I'm offended by that magazine right there, the National Rifle…" I went through every magazine on the

stand, saying why I was offended by it and finding a reason to be offended by it. I had already gathered a crowd—this poor manager. Then I said, "But I don't want you to remove any of them. I am offended by them, but I don't want you to remove them because I have no right to dictate what other people can or cannot see." I made the point. There was a round of applause. The sign went down the following week. The Moral Mothers for Christian Morality.

And the town had to deal with this, and poor Peter Demma. Poor Peter Demma, because he was courageous and he would dare to have a Bruce Connor show. He had all kinds of artists. Some townspeople made his life miserable. He was also very provocative. He played a really important part in this town. I don't know for how long because I don't know how long he was doing it before I got here. But we do have his Hip Pocket scrapbook, and he is now, thank heavens, with a number of people putting together a whole history of this era in Santa Cruz, which is really neat and it's all going to be web-based. It's wonderful; it's marvelous, and they're going to digitize all the stuff in the scrapbook.

This was the community I came into and it was very exciting to me. There were three movie theaters, so you would know what was in town on any given night.

Reti: What were the three movie theaters?

Bottoms: It seems to me where the Soquel Bible Church is now, out in downtown Soquel; that was one of the movie theaters. There was probably the Del Mar…and the Rio. Jane and I went and saw *The Producers* there when it opened in the 1960s, and we were maybe the only two Jewish people looking at it, and the only two people laughing in the audience. That was not anything to laugh at, but the irony of it was so horrific. I don't know how I feel about it now, but it was very strange. I'll also say something about that. Before David Shink was hired I was the only Jew in the library, probably. I don't know

how people knew I was Jewish, [laughs] but I got a reference desk call from the public library asking me when Rosh Hashanah was, because they knew I was Jewish.

Reti: Oh my God, that's bizarre!

Bottoms: Yeah. I was very aware of having come from L.A. where everybody and their brother is…you know you're not as alone as this. It really was not…even though there was a Temple; I'm sure there was a temple.

Reti: Oh yes. Temple Beth El has been here for years.

Bottoms: I thought it was interesting, and I don't know how it was known I was Jewish because I didn't ever really make a deal out of it.

Reti: Some people have said to me that there was an anglophile nature of the early campus that influenced the kind of people that they wanted to hire at that point.

Bottoms: That's interesting. Maybe so. I didn't think about it that way. But the whole town was that way, too. There were diverse communities in Santa Cruz, but unless you went really out of your way you were not ever part of them. It was sort of like L.A. in that regard. Now, I had good friends, Edith and Bill Weintraub, and they were the only Jews I knew for awhile, except when Jane moved up here. We belonged to the Human Rights Action Committee. There were a number of black people in this group and I met a number of different people in the community through it. But I didn't think of Santa Cruz as integrated. People were separate. It was really odd.

It was wonderful to know the students, know the faculty. You never called anybody Doctor…never. They were always called by their first names. If you had to use a title, it was Mr. or Miss, etcetera. It was that kind of mixing. It was wonderfully informal.

Preceptor at Cowell College's Parkman House

Long about the end of my first year here, somewhere in there, Don Clark called me into his office and said, "Page Smith is looking for preceptors and I'm begging you to apply. He wants you to apply." I said, "Oh my God. I work here. Then I would have to live here. I don't think I could have a life!" He said, "Please, Rita, you've got to do it. He would really like you, and do it for librarians." I said, "Okay, I'll go and talk to Page to see if I want to do it." So I went to talk to Page, who I knew. And I really respected [Page], and knew him from UCLA a little bit, knew who he was, but hadn't had classes with him, certainly knew him as a luminary there, but not in any personal kind of way.

So I went to interview with Page. At that time on campus, the early days, they were all in trailers then, but this would be the first year of the dorms. There was no intervisitation. That's what it was called: intervisitation. That means, no girl in a boy's room, no boy in a girl's room. That's what it was. *Verboten*. I said I would not take the preceptor position at Cowell if I had to be a policewoman. I would absolutely not do that. I was not going to be doing that kind of thing, but I would be glad to be there as some kind of big sister person or as some possible authority figure, even though I was only twenty-seven and some of the girls were maybe a year younger than me, some of the seniors. So he agreed. He said, "Rita, I don't want to do this either. I don't like it either. It's just one of those…Don't worry." He and I got along really well.

Jasper Rose was senior preceptor for men and Betsy [Elizabeth] Avery was senior preceptor for women. [Betsy] was a lovely woman, kind of East Coast, a nice, sweet person. Parkman House was my house. Before the girls came we had these orientations. I remember the orientations were so awful, about what to expect when someone tries to

commit suicide, or is successful at committing suicide, emergencies, the fact that the fire alarms were not yet installed, the fact that there were big ditches around things, the fact that we weren't really ready to have students, but we were opening to them. The fact of things being the way they were, and what to do when this happened, and what to do if there was a forest fire, and what to… I went into town and ran into Pancho Wrangell, not Paul Rangell, the printmaker, but Pancho, whom I helped get a job here because he was a friend of mine. I saw him and he said, "How are you?" I burst into tears and said, "I don't know why I signed on for this. I'm just so terrified. I cannot handle this. It's just the most awful thing I've ever heard of. Why did I do it?" It was terrifying because what they did is they told you all the worst-case scenarios.

Reti: I think they still do that.

Bottoms: Yeah. [laughter] I'm sure they do. One of my co-preceptors was Herman Blake; that's where I met Herman. We had a lot of fun together. I had an apartment in Parkman House, a nice one on the bottom floor. It was pleasant, had a bedroom, had a very nice living room and a kitchen. I basically had most of my furniture. Well, they were still dragging in furniture the night before the kids came, and Herman didn't have any furniture. Herman was a black man and a very, very humorous person—provocative and wonderful. I knew of him actually through my brother-in-law, Aaron Cicourel, because Herman was a sociologist too, and knew Aaron. So he was known to me beforehand. Herman would get up in the preceptor meetings and say, in a heavily black-accented voice, "Now, I don't think it's gonna go over real well. You tell Dean McHenry that he's got a black man over here that doesn't have furniture in his apartment." We'd just be falling on the floor laughing. Pretty soon he'd have the furniture. He was over at one of the men's dorms.

So there I was. It was opening day at Parkman House. The day that the dorms opened, the parents came with their kids, and here were these open drainage ditches that we were pretending not to notice. They were still putting in the landscaping and the

watering and it was high fire season. It was October. It was horrible and very hot. It was like any minute things could just combust. And then I'd see these girls who were taller than I was, and who might have been maybe a year younger than me, or two, the big senior deals coming in and just scoping me out like—who the hell are you? I'm not kidding. It was a real look like—you've got to be kidding. You're going to be my housemother? You've got to be kidding! I was just you know, shining it right on. [laughter] I don't know how many girls [I had], less than a hundred. Kathleen Hardin [now library staff] was one of them. I don't remember her doing anything dreadful at all.

But very shortly after [that] I was tested. Parkman House was a split-level dorm, so there were like eight floors, four floors, but eight splits, and I was on the bottom. And I hear this absolutely stunning classical music coming, blasting throughout the place. I mean, loud as if it were in your room, through the dorm. I knew what that was: It was the senior floor; it was "the test." They were going to see—let's see what she does. So I walk all the way up, and it was a long walk. I knock on the door, and they are all waiting for me. And I say, "Can I come in and listen?" And they fell in love with me. They were my gang from then on. Martha Logan, who was one of them, said: "Rita, that was a test. The minute you walked in and said, 'Can I come in and listen?' that was it. We knew you were wonderful and that we would do anything you asked us to." In point of fact, most of the time they were wonderful.

There was one episode where they were not wonderful, and I said, "Lookit, you've just got to tell me what's going on. I'm counting on you to tell me. I'm not going to come up and do any checking, and I don't want to be a policewoman, but if there's stuff going on in the dorm and I don't know about it and I find out about it, I'm going to be really pissed off with you." Don Clark also gave me complete dispensation. If there was any preceptorial thing that I had to leave for, I could do it. That was an agreement we had right away or I couldn't have done it. So one day Betsy Avery calls me up and says, "Rita, I'm really sorry to report to you that one of your girls was bit by a monkey." I said, "Excuse me, Betsy. There is no monkey in my dorm. I would know if there was a monkey

in my dorm. How could that happen?" [She replied], "Well, on the fourth floor, there is a monkey, and it bit one of the girls." I said, "Let me find out about this." I called and I said, "Is there a monkey or is there not a monkey?" [They said], "We didn't want to tell you, there's a monkey." [I said], "Why the hell didn't you tell me?" I said, "You put me in a very bad position. I don't like it. Don't do that again to me." One other time they stole a bench from the quarry or something like that. But it was not that problematic. Basically, I interacted with some of the girls more than others who lived on my floor, was closer to them, had a wonderful resident assistant, Marcia Ehrenberg. She was a doll.

The only traumatic experience that I remember…there may have been others that I have forgotten…but this was terrible. The mother of one of the girls killed herself, and I had to tell her daughter. That was really, really sad and I had to do it. I was the one to do it. I think every third or fourth week we alternated being the preceptor on duty for the weekend. We were free on the weekend to go away, except if we were on duty. My girlfriend, Jane, had moved to Santa Cruz by that time. She was coming up to visit me about every other week, and I said, "Why don't you just move here?" And she did. So I would stay at her house. I just had to get away. You can imagine living and working on campus—you're never away. After the first year, I thought: This. Is. It. One year is enough. They wanted me to stay on and I said, "No, I'm not going to."

My sister and brother-in-law, Merryl and Aaron Cicourel, had been very worried about me coming to Santa Cruz because it was a small campus with a small amount of faculty and most of them were married. They had been in academia long enough to know kind of what college populations are like, because they'd been to Cornell where he was getting his doctorate, and they were at Riverside, and UCLA, then UC Santa Barbara. So they were really worried about their unmarried sister/sister-in-law and the trouble that I could get into, and that nobody would be around to be a prospect. My parents on the other hand were not in the slightest bit worried about that. In a sense, some of it was really true, the pickin's were slim.

So in 1967 I had a boyfriend. I had a couple of boyfriends, but I had a particular boyfriend who was the stuntman I mentioned who was English. He had asked me to marry him when I was there years earlier. We carried on a correspondence. I was going to go to England to see what I thought. I walked into the library office with Don Clark and Wendell Simons there and I said, "I have to quit. I'm going to England to see my boyfriend and I might get married." They said, (again uncharacteristic—this would never happen again) "We will hold your job open for you as long as you need it. How much vacation do you have?" I had about two months worth because you could save up two years vacation, and then I would have to have three months leave. Wendell said, "We will hold your job open until you come back." I said, "What if I don't come back?" [They said], "Well, then you won't come back and then we'll deal with it." That was so nice. It really was. It was the olden days. You could call up and say to somebody that you knew was hiring, "My friend Pancho Wrangell is really wonderful and I think you'd like to see him," and he'd go in and talk to him and he'd get the job. That's how it was. It was much more open. It was just the way the world was then. You would recommend somebody and…The same thing with my friend Jane; [she] got a job as the branch librarian down at the Santa Cruz Public Library. I phoned Geraldine Work, head of the Santa Cruz Public Library system. I knew her. I said, "My girlfriend, Jane, is going to be looking for a job and I think you'll love her," and shazzam. I got really hollered at when Jane left after a couple of years. But the point is it was that kind of…it was small. You could just do that, you know, it was easy to do. So I went away for five months and went out and…came back. [laughter]

The Early Years of Special Collections

I came back and it was then 1968. I was very aware of the Vietnam War, the protests. I remember going to peace marches. I remember getting a copy of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and opening it up and looking and realizing it was dedicated to somebody I knew named Vic Lovell, "To Vic Lovell, who told me there were no dragons and then showed me to their lairs." And then I realized that this Ken [Kesey] guy I had met at a

wild party with my boyfriend up in Palo Alto on Perry Lane, and my friend Laurie Young who had said, "Oh, Ken got his book published," [and all I thought was], Oh yeah? Oh, okay, happened to be Ken Kesey. But I really didn't know him except as kind of a wild and crazy person living at this house where we were all wild and crazy when we went over there and got…the only time I've ever been really very drunk was at that Perry Lane house. But I did not know him, I'm sorry to say. Rosalie Sorrels was a real big friend of Ken's; he must've been a neat guy. He sure was a great writer.

I came back. I've been gone for five months, and they've put a lot of books on those shelves in that room. I have no idea what they are. Things that people think should be in Special Collections.

Reti: Why don't we back up a little bit. So when you actually started, day one, what was in the collection?

Bottoms: What's on the shelves in 1965 is maybe one or two shelves of illustrations of Santa Cruz County, the Harrison book, the Elliot book, a few things, maybe an oral history interview that Elizabeth [Calciano] has done. Basically that was it, with those strings going through the spine, undermining the spines.

So this is 1968, probably February. I come back. There's a room with shelves and people are putting books in there that they think might be Special Collections. At one point, before I left, and I had already moved into that space, I had bought some William Everson material, Brother Antoninus material. Bob Hawley, who was one of Bill's publishers and later a bookseller, had a copy of the psalter that Brother Antoninus made for *Pope Pius, XII*. It was considered to be one of the greatest books ever printed and I bought it for a very reasonable price because Bob had to generate some money. I bought some other stuff.

Reti: So you had a budget for buying material for Special Collections?

Bottoms: I didn't have a budget. I had no money. It was just awful. It was like nothing. It was horrible. It was like groveling.

So people were putting stuff in the room, and it was later on that I realized in that room they had put a "Baby Psalter" that Norman Strouse had given us. (I'll describe that later when I talk about meeting Bill Everson. I'll get to Strouse when I talk about the Thomas Carlyle collection at another time.) He was a great friend of the library's, our first really great benefactor, and gave us the Carlyle collection, but also was such a bookman who really appreciated fine printing. And he read his books! He gave us some wonderful, wonderful things that we would in no way ever get without him.

I just want to describe…what I call the broom closet was like. I do refer to it that way. I had no idea where that started, but that's kind of what it was, an enlarged broom closet. It was not big, and it was just loaded with stacks and this rolltop desk that was from the Henry Cowell offices. When I was there it was open, and when I wasn't there it was shut. People would come and visit me there. Robert Duncan, the poet, came in and visited me there, and was really impressed that I had a map case in which I put poetry broadsides. He was the buyer of poetry for the Bancroft Library. He said, "Well, I just have to go back there and tell them because they won't let me buy broadsides because they don't know what to do with them." I said, "Well, just get a map case." He was on campus because of Norman O. Brown, but that is a later story, that is something very special in my life. Nobby Brown would come and see me there. Then Bob Chiarito, one of the campus students who's an artist, a really sweet guy, came in one day. We were just talking. People would come in and schmooze. I said, "Oh, we're just kind of small potatoes," and one day I came back to the office door, you couldn't see it, it was just a black door, and there was this sign he made: "Department of Small Potatoes." I loved it. Jonathan Clark, a student, a photographer who studied with Wynn Bullock, who became very important in the Patchen archive, would come in and schmooze with me and talk. That's where I

first met him, and Jim Hair who's a photographer, and Blair Cooper and Nancy Skakel. A whole world of people would come and visit.

I had my first library assistant, Robynn Conelly. She was just wonderful. She was on deck before we moved up here in 1969. She did certain things for me, and then was married and was going to have a baby, so she had to leave. Then we were looking for a library assistant. Don Champion had come to visit me in the broom closet after a horrific accident, and he had a broken leg. Carol came in with him and she had a job in serials. I liked them both immensely and I really, really liked her. I knew she was interested in working with Special Collections if a job ever opened up, but she didn't apply for the job. So I know this is dreadful and I just said, "Robynn, go down and find out why she did not apply for the job, and urge her to do so," which she did, and she got it. So April 1, 1969, Carol Champion came to work, and we worked together about thirty-two or thirty-three years…oh, more than that. It was like a marriage.

Reti: She just left a couple of years ago.

Bottoms: She did. She left, it'll be three years ago December. It was a really, really long time.

So we moved up here. This particular area of the library before we moved up here had been the sculpting studio. It was "musical buildings." There were very few buildings, so people were plugged in wherever they would fit. There were sinks back in here, and there was plaster all over the floor, and the walls. So everything had to be cleaned up, and then they had to recondition everything and put in the vault, and then the air conditioning system and all that. We've got pictures.

Reti: Did you get to have a say in how this was designed?

Bottoms: Yeah, I did. They were going to just have cages with no light control and I put my foot down. But they had already done the concept of the small rooms and I couldn't do anything about that, instead of having one big stack, which would have made it a whole lot better. But in a sense... I didn't know any better. I was flying by the seat of my pants, quite frankly. So I did have a say in that—yes, it couldn't be a cage. That absolutely is the worst thing you could do for books that had to be specially cared for, and the lighting had to be able to be turned on and off in small areas, and since there were already divided rooms you had to be able to control lighting. So they did all that. They fought me, but they did it. This is my version of it. It may not have been so simplistic, but I really did fight for that.

Elizabeth Calciano, the Head of the Regional History Project, was slated to be in what we call now the processing room, or the room that became the Lime Kiln Press Room. Elizabeth fortunately prevailed long enough because she was trained as an architect, to get a bathroom installed back there, because her bladder worked on the hour. [laughter] So it is the Elizabeth Calciano bathroom, because we wouldn't have been able to have a bathroom... Because she was going to be back there she insisted on it. She made them do it, and they did it. Thank God. Well, the difficulty was when [we started Lime Kiln Press] they moved her elsewhere. She was upset about it. It wasn't my doing, except that that was where the press was going to go, so in a sense it was my doing. It was not that I didn't want her there, but all of a sudden greatness had been thrust upon us, so we had to do something. It wasn't a very nice way of doing…They just informed her, that after all this time of thinking that's where she was going to be.

That's where [the printing press] was. We had the railings from the Cowell Foundation office in San Francisco that had been tossed into the barn at the head of campus, these gorgeous mahogany railings. We had rolltop desks. Everybody had a vintage desk; we had all this stuff. Hal Hyde was instrumental in seeing that this happened. So were Don Clark and Dean McHenry. I credit them all with caring about this. We also had a sideboard that is now in the Women's Center, but had come out of the Cardiff House.

That's ours, and I used to stock it with liquor. There were various things. There was a butterfly collection from some donor. There was stuff, and there was liquor…well, I mean until we got rid of it. One day I was pouring sherry for somebody who came in. We had our standards, but Wendell just about died because he did not believe in alcohol. He was very prudish. He was a really neat guy in a lot of ways, but there were certain things where we did a little bit of clashing, which I'll get to at another time.

So Carol [Champion] came April 1. Very soon after she came, the ladies of, I think the Browning Society came with David Ratner, who was a professor at Cabrillo, to visit us, to see the Carlyle collection. [Carol] said she looked at them coming *en masse* across the bridge and she went into absolute terror. It is terrifying. I get terrified too, and you just have to deal with it. I've seen that new people up here…they all go through the terrors. I say, "Would you call…" The first day I ask somebody to call somebody famous, they just, "Who me?" [For example], "Paul [Stubbs], will you call Ginny Heinlein? Will you call, just check this out?" It's like you have to, you've just got to get thrown into it to do it. You just have to do it. They're human beings.

There's a cartoon that I used to have up on that wall, it's very important to me, and I don't know where it is because when the office was painted a lot of things got taken down and not replaced. It epitomizes for me, or what I think—gosh, one day I could wake up and get absolutely terrified at the job I'm in; I could just get really scared. It's a Gary Larson cartoon off a calendar, and it shows this guy in a zoo. He's in the herpetology section and there's a big boa constrictor in a glass case, and he's like this: [horrified expression with his hands plastered behind him on a wall.] What it said was, "After twenty-three years of working in the herpetology house in the blah-blah zoo, Ernie finally understands his situation." You know? And I thought, God, Rita. That's you. I hope one day you don't understand your situation, because, I mean if you start freaking out that…Okay, this is Robert Heinlein on the phone, and you are talking to him for one hour, and you are one of the privileged on the planet to be doing that, and he's a genius, and you're trying to keep up, and he's talking about three-dimensional chess,

and then he's moving on to…And then you have to relate on all levels. But if you get too nervous to deal with it, you can't be effective. Everybody who came here to work—we all were basically shy people. I'm an extremely shy person. It doesn't seem like it because I've got a public side to me, but basically I would be very reclusive. I could amuse myself beautifully, and I am shy. I'm very shy; but publicly I'm not shy because that's part of my job, but really I am. And I think most people are.

Reti: I am too, but doing oral history you've just got to get over that.

Bottoms: You've got to. To me, we're just people. We really are just people. We have to look at each other and see—this is a person. I am a person; they are a person. That's how I relate to people. I can get terrified right before something, and then I'm doing it and then it's okay. Carol was this incredible individual, wonderfully skillful and very compassionate in how she dealt with people, and Paul [Stubbs] too is marvelous. We're all in our states of terror, but it's how you manage the terror. I'm always managing terror, but I'm better at it now because I've done it so long. And then I get so tired, but we'll get to that.

I was reflecting on what the environment was like here, and I don't mean the number of trees or anything like that. One of the reasons Santa Cruz appealed to me is because it was a small place, and it was off the beaten track, and it was close to San Francisco, so you could go to the city if you wanted to. But it was really a small town, and for somebody who had come up from L.A., or somebody who had gone to school at the big places I did—from junior high school clear on through UCLA, I found it wonderfully refreshing, all this smallness. I used to talk to Don Clark about—"Well, gee, why don't we ask the Friends of the Library to do this, or to do that?" He would say things like, "Well, you know we're really kind of a small place. We're not big like [UC] Santa Barbara where they've got people with a lot of money, and they've got people that give money for book collection prizes and all sorts of things. We're just not like that. We're really a small place and we're very different." So I think the small town-ness hit him too. He

enveloped the place with a great, wonderful enthusiasm and all of the stuff that he brought to his work and to the library and the flavor of the place through his love of books, because he was a really book-y kind of guy.

But then on the other hand it was like—well, don't reach too far, because it's just a small place here. In a way that penetrated my consciousness. It was already there in my consciousness because, you know, it was a small town. I had come from the big city. I wore Margaret Jerrold shoes and all that kind of stuff; and then pretty soon I'm walking around in flats because I don't want to sprain my ankle again and all this kind of stuff. So I sort of scaled down somewhere in that. I'm not blaming him for it. It was just the environment was—well, you don't really venture out too far; we're just kind of our own little funny island here. That was in hindsight. It took me a long time to understand that that was going on.

When the Collection Planning section started, Bob Fessenden came as the head collection planner, a bright person full of all kinds of zest for the job. Jerry James had been hired before I moved up here to the current Special Collections office. He was this wild and crazy classics major who was just an inch away from getting his doctorate, a refugee from Berkeley coming down here with his wife, Jan, and little kids. I remember the first day I saw Jerry. He had this long hair and he was wearing a bandana around his head. He looked like a guy from the backwoods. It was sort of neat. There were other people in the unit, but I sure remember these two because they came out of the corral guns blazing, so to speak. I have to put it in those terms even though I don't like that imagery of fire power. But I tell you they kind of had a mandate from Don Clark and others that told them that they knew how things should be done.

As a person who was here before they were…If I had a book budget, it was five cents. I mean, I had to grovel and beg for everything that I had. It was really hard for me to go up against them if they were challenging me. I mean, what power did I have? I felt this very deeply. For example, I had a couple of standing orders with three presses. One of

them was The Bird and Bull Press, Henry Morris, a wonderful East Coast person who specialized in books on papermaking, marbling and book arts—very special books on the making of books, gorgeous, gorgeous things. I had another standing order with a guy out of Wisconsin—Walter Hamady, the wild and crazy Walter Hamady, the Perishable Press and with Bernard Stone at Turret Books in London. When you have a standing order, it means you buy everything that comes. You usually get a discount, which is good; you want the discount. But you also get the stuff that doesn't come up for sale, the freebies, the little goodies, the keepsakes and stuff like that. I was very happy and I had a few of these little things happening. Bob cancelled the standing orders. He didn't think they should exist, because you never knew what the presses would produce, and you never knew how much it was going to cost. So he cancelled these standing orders. We talked about it and then he did it anyway. I didn't like that. We had a standing order with Peter Howard, who was a bookseller in Berkeley, for certain poetry. I think at that time Jerry [James] and Bob were very critical of the kinds of things that were being published in the field of poetry, so a lot of things got returned. I had to go through a fight with them if there was something I really believed in. It was not pleasant, and it was probably one that I wasn't going to win.

There was a tone that the collection planners… On the one hand, we were a small institution. We weren't a big city school, so we had none of those trappings and things. We had to do it our way. It was like this was a new way, and a new kind of energy, and what the heck were we going to do? There was that. There was also the feeling of the fact that—and I know Bob Fessenden thought this very much, because we talked about it—that professional meetings were a waste of time. So I had to fight my way to go for the day to Stanford in 1968 just to hear somebody at the Rare Books Conference. I had to beg to go. That was really offensive. What it did to me was cause me to think that I could not go out and do anything. It made me even more insular than I had been. I didn't go to meetings. I didn't belong to the Rare Books and Manuscripts Group, which is part of ACRL [Association of College and Research Libraries]. It was really, really bad. It was a little ceiling that I just didn't go beyond. But they did let me go to that particular meeting

and it was very helpful because there was a man from the IRS there and so I learned a lot of information. But it never really became something that was encouraged. I think it was a really wrong concept, a wrong idea, wrong view.

When David Heron came, that whole notion of not going to professional meetings completely changed. [He] was very supportive of me. I'll be talking more about him soon and the ways in which he changed things. So in 1984 I joined Rare Books, RBMS, and I went to my first real Rare Books Conference at Los Angeles. Of course I was this bumpkin from the country. I was dressed in a turquoise jumpsuit, and had an "afro" hairdo, and had my car breaking down five times before I got there. I didn't even know how to dress for these things. It was really interesting. It formed a sort of very strange way I had of thinking about myself as an outsider. I wasn't really one of the group. I knew people, but I didn't know a lot of people because I had not been attending. I didn't go places. I wasn't encouraged to go places. I think it was partly then that I came to feel that I really was a fringe person. I felt very marginal for a long time, and I also felt like an outlaw for a long time. I'll be talking more about that later, because in many ways I was an outlaw because there was no way for me to do certain things, so I just did them my way and they got done, and then people would say, "Oh! Isn't that nice. Hmm." And not ever be mainstream, and always feel I had to be really ... devious. Devious, that's the word. But this particular way of being was not helped by having these dominant guys that I had to fight all the time.

An instance of this that I'll go into later, was when Robert Watts, one of the big players in the Fluxus movement, came to see me. When I went to try to buy a $250 Fluxkit, a really cheap price because it was a sample Fluxkit, people thought I was insane, but I fought it through. Rex Beckham worked here. He was head of Technical Services. Rex was very supportive of certain kinds of expenditures for small press poetry, little magazines, writers; he was a very encouraging person in that regard. He knew the value of these things. There were clashes of the titans every once in a while—Rex, and Jerry [James], and Bob Fessenden. There were disagreements, some of them acrimonious, some of

them hideous. But Rex was usually very supportive of me. I did buy the Fluxkit, and we'll talk later about how powerful and important that turned out to be, which nobody knew at the time, including probably myself. I felt it was really an important thing to do, but I didn't know where it was going. I didn't know what it was going to, or what it was part of, but I somehow knew it had to be done. So you had this whole concept of small potatoes, and then on the other hand, something emanating from Collection Planning that was like manifest destiny!

I always felt I had to show cause with these guys about why I was doing this, or why I was doing that. I always had to have a little bit of a fight about it. Nothing was really easy. Peter Howard, who used to quote things directly to me, after a while just because Jerry was a literature bibliographer, used to quote to Jerry, and stopped quoting things to me. That hurt, and I thought, oh, it's because they're close friends. I would understand it on that level. On the other level, I thought it was not very nice, but that's kind of the way it was. But for a very long time here, since this is just me and my own subjective particular mode, I just kind of went about my business as best I could, whatever that particularly was. Obviously there was a change when Don Clark left the library in 1973.

I also want to say that Bob and I were really good friends, and Jerry and I became very close colleagues and worked on a lot of stuff together. Things kind of ironed out. Also, people's jobs shifted. People left, people changed, things happened, and various university librarians came through the place.

Don Clark was very special, the founding university librarian. He put a stamp on the place in so many ways. He had foresight. [I was] fresh from Bob Hayes's class on information technology (it wasn't even called that. I don't remember what it was called at UCLA library school), and to come here and find that we had an automated book catalog. Don [V.] Black was the head of Technical Services, a really neat guy, and Don was in charge of the book catalog. I thought, wow, I'm coming to a place where there's

an automated book catalog! It was a wild, groundbreaking thing in this very pioneering school, and I thought, well, that's pretty darn amazing.

Reti: This was all done on the old key punch cards?

Bottoms: Oh yeah. I've got some of them still in my cupboard because I use them as scratch cards. That's what I took my class notes on for Norman O. Brown's class, those pink, light blue, and light green IBM punch cards; they're really funny. Because Don Clark was really interested in books and he cared about things, he made some choices that directed Special Collections in certain respects. One of them was that he was very committed to having authors that were involved with this area. And by "this area," it wasn't necessarily just Santa Cruz County and the history, which was a very big love of his and went on for years. But we had a mandate to collect in the tangential counties, the counties that bordered on Santa Cruz—San Mateo, Santa Clara, Monterey, and San Benito. With that kind of collecting mandate, Don felt it was extremely important for us to have a Robinson Jeffers collection. So he began to suggest that and order things himself, which is unusual, because I think not always does the university librarian order books, but Don sure did. [Also] before I ever arrived, from Peter Howard in Berkeley he bought a very significant Jack London collection that Peter had put together, because of London's connection to Monterey and the area. Then John Steinbeck, obviously, [because of] the Salinas Valley. Those books were stored at his lodge.

Reti: This was a collection of Steinbeck books?

Bottoms: First editions and some ephemera. Right now, on loan down at the Getty Museum we've got two Steinbeck items that come from that collection. The Steinbeck collection and the London collection were mainly first editions and some variant editions, and then also some ephemera. No manuscript materials per se. It was just a

reading collection. And then the Jeffers things he would buy that I added to through the years. These were what would be Special Collections.

Then we'd get wonderful gifts. Again, these were areas of real interest to him, particularly the Jeffers and then of course Santa Cruz County history. By the time I got here—I alluded earlier to those several volumes sitting on the shelf in Central Services. Don had gotten these as gifts or bought them, but usually they were gifts. He was very highly thought of in the community, although a number of people in Santa Cruz thought the University was a real interloper and how dare they be collecting Santa Cruz County history, yada yada yada. Don would go out and be a really wonderful goodwill ambassador, really knew a lot of people, knew the historical groups, knew Jane Work, and so people would talk to him and would yell at him for, "Well, you are coming in here and you guys are going to collect this stuff. What about us? We were here first." We were always fighting that. We're fighting it to this day. It was like this incredible resistance, not only to the University, but to the library, and heavenly days, that we were collecting Santa Cruz County history. But we always said, "Hey, look. We're just doing it. This is a research collection. You can all come up here. You'll know where it is; you can find it. It's here. This is what we're about." I was on The Historical Trust board for years. I was a key part of that. If it was somebody else's business we never encroached. We were very careful not to be competitive, and Don was too. That was really a great love of his, and you can see how his love of the place names and what he later did and published was really an outgrowth, and something we all knew he was destined to do.[1]

I had a lot of fun with him. We liked each other. I think that he usually let me do what I wanted to do, even if it later proved not to be very smart. But when you come to a brand-new place where there's no tradition, you're not following in anybody's footsteps, you get to make your own mistakes, and if you've got somebody like Don who was really open, you could do that. You were free to do it. Some things worked and some of them

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[1] Clark, Donald T. *Santa Cruz County Place Names: A Geographical Dictionary* (Santa Cruz, CA.: Santa Cruz Historical Society, 1986).

didn't. That's all you have to say is well, there were some really dumb moves. We could do what we needed to do. That makes you creative. When I first was told that I was Head of Special Collections—I had just sort of fallen into it; it had devolved onto me, that was really, really early, I went down to see Wilbur Smith, my mentor at UCLA who was head of Special Collections there, a really darling man, wonderful person. I said, "Wilbur, I'm really nervous. I don't know anything. I have not trained for rare books and special collections and here I am, one of the nine campus heads of Special Collections and I'm this baby girl out of library school." He said, "Rita, don't you worry. You will do just fine. They need new blood." He was so encouraging. He also said, "Remember this. This is the most important thing for you to remember. Don't let them make Special Collections a whole collection of white elephants. You just stop it dead in its tracks." He was really darling.

One ironic thing. At UCLA, before I had gone to library school, in my senior year I had worked on a man named Gaylord Wilshire and done something like my senior thesis, but we didn't have those, but a big paper on that for a history class. They had Wilshire's papers in Special Collections, so I got to use a few of them. But some scholar had borrowed them and had them out for about ten years and that meant that nobody could use them. They don't do things like that anymore. There were little hidden tadoodies that I learned by having to go through certain things that I realized, and applied here that were never going to be allowed to happen. There would be no scholar who had anything privately as her or his purview, which meant that nobody else could see it or use it. Forget that. It was not going to fly. It came directly from that experience because I was deprived of most all of the Gaylord Wilshire papers and had to make an imaginary hoo-ha out of my head for my senior thesis, which I got an "A" on, but I had no documents. This was the guy for whom Wilshire Boulevard was named. He was a wild and crazy guy, just a total madman, in my estimation, a very interesting character.

So that was one thing. The other thing that happened to me where I was a victim [laughter] of Special Collections at UCLA—I later rubbed their noses in it. When I came

back from Europe I was very committed to the work of the writer Lawrence Durrell. I read everything he had written. I read the *Alexandria Quartet* in Egypt. I was so involved in Egypt and the Middle East and Morocco. I had been very moved by it. I had been to Morocco and I was just taken. So I was reading Paul Bowles and Lawrence Durrell. I had heard that they had at Special Collections a Lawrence Durrell collection. All I wanted to do was to look at—I wouldn't even touch it—to see what it looked like, a copy of the publication that he edited, *Personal Landscape*. He did that when he was in Cairo. I just wanted to see it. I wouldn't open it. And I couldn't see it because I had no scholarly reason to see it. I never forgot that. As I say, we laughed about this years later when I was just telling all my friends that I was shut [out] down there. I vowed that would never happen here, and it never did. There are a couple of restrictions with the photographs, but basically people get to see what people come to see. They don't have to have a letter from a professor, or God. That's it. So that happened there. The irony was, when I came back to see Wilbur I got to sign in the guest book under maybe some famous person's name. They invited me to sign in the guest book and of course I just told my little story and how I couldn't see Lawrence Durrell.

Anyway, back to Don. One of the things he did was to set up the Friends of the Library. You always had to have a Friends of the Library. It was a neat group of people. Our first guest was Lawrence Clark Powell. He gave the first address and he talked about Robinson Jeffers. We met at a restaurant upstairs. I don't know what restaurant it was. It could be found in all of the files of the *Broadside*. By the way, I named that. It was called, *Bibliotecal Broadside*. That's the original name and then it was shortened to *Broadside*. I named a lot of things. I'm big on names.

I did enjoy working with Don. I remember his going away party. It was up here in Special Collections. We had a rowdy time. They were picking champagne corks out of the plants below for about a month. [laughter] We got a lot of champagne. It was really tough to see him go. We had a good working relationship. He had a great sense of humor and he really cared about the collections and was very supportive.[2]

I was on the board of the Octagon Historical Museum. Hubert Wyckoff was on one of the boards I was on.

Reti: So those kinds of institutions and organizations didn't exist before the University?

Bottoms: My sense is that they didn't. There was certainly a Santa Cruz Historical Society and historical groups, and certainly a lot of interest and a wonderful batch of historians, like Leon Rowland and others. But the Octagon was not yet a museum. It was the Hall of Records. As a matter of fact, we got all of the bookcases that were in it, and they were the bookcases on the Special Collections walls for years. They gave them to us. So we had all this period furniture and we were very kind of Western Americana-ish looking. The ones now in Room 325 are those, and they had glass fronts put on them. Aren't they gorgeous?

Reti: They're beautiful.

Bottoms: That's where they went, and I think a couple of them went down to the Women's Center. In other words, our furniture left slowly, but needed to leave for a variety of reasons. But at any rate, I was very actively involved in these groups and Don was very supportive of it. I was always trying to, you know, make nice for the University and not get people angry at us. I served with Alice Earl Wilder, who I just adored. She was very involved in the local politics and the histories. That's where I met Florence [Wyckoff], but I was not close to Florence until she and Hal Hyde and I started to work together. That was in 1993; in the fall of 1993 we really began to work on some projects, but [before then] we knew each other and she would come to events. Hulda McLean was part of these. You know, it was the historical group of people.

[2.] Bottoms pointed out that Donald Clark's oral history, completed in 1993, leaves out key events. Since Clark retired in 1974, it also does not cover the last thirty years of her career at the library.—Editor.

Then at some point when I began to get involved in other things in the 1980s and I can't tell you exactly when, but things seemed to coincide…these historical groups were launched enough. I was an historical committee member and also a commissioner. We had the committees and we went to the commission, so we were really established. They didn't need me anymore, and I never had a problem with saying goodbye to something that was on its own. Quite frankly, I was developing other interests that proved to be more [aligned with] my focus, from the mid-1980s on [which started] with John Cage, Kenneth Patchen, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and into the photography collection.

Wendell Simons was the University Librarian in the interim [period] after Don Clark left and before Dave Heron was hired. I think Wendell did a good job of running the library. When David Heron came, I looked at it very positively because David Heron was a man who loved books and really cared about printing. He was an amateur printer. His wife, Winnie, was an artist and he came from a whole culture of book and book arts.

Reti: Where did he come from?

Bottoms: He came from Lawrence, Kansas, the University of Kansas. I think he was greeted very warmly. He was certainly greeted warmly by me. One of the things was that David Heron definitely changed [certain modes of operation around the library]. I found it out the hard way on my review, because I got trashed for not going to meetings, not being part of my professional group. He encouraged people to go to their professional meetings. He set the standard. He completely changed that whole kind of 'this is not important' sort of philosophy that had permeated the place for years.

As I look back at the thirty-seven and a half years that I'm about to walk away from, I think the 1980s… There were things going on in the 1960s and in the 1970s, but I came to life more in the 1980s. There were horrors in the 1980s, and we'll get to these shortly, but I came to life as a person who became more aware of what she was doing. From 1986 on,

I was invited places to speak because of our collections. That was a revelation. I want to talk about that because I think it's important. Sometimes women don't take themselves seriously, and maybe men don't either, but I'm going to be talking about women here because that's who I am, and I knew I didn't really take myself seriously. I didn't know that I was doing anything that really had that much importance. I thought it was important to me, on some level it was important for me to be doing this, but I didn't get a lot of strokes for doing it until I started to leave the library and be invited places and realize, looking back—hey, somebody's inviting me to talk about John Cage's mushrooms in the 1960s in front of a zillion illuminati in the Cage field and John himself, and all of these things—wow! It was pretty amazing.

So during David Heron's administration occasionally he would do something that the librarian's association, LAUC, thought was unilateral. This is me talking. I may not have been as involved as other people, but this is my viewpoint on it. He appointed Stan Stevens, who we all respect and admire, to the librarian series, though he was not schooled as a librarian. [Heron] appointed him into the librarian series, and LAUC [Librarians Association of the University of California] blew its stack. Then there ensued the attempt to remove David Heron as University Librarian. I don't know how long it went on for, but [it was] a very intense atmosphere in the library. It was very painful, very acrimonious, very poisonous, very harmful to all, a horrible environment to be in for everyone.

I personally was probably one of the last hold-outs in that kind of resistance because Special Collections is not on the beaten path to begin with. To come and visit and drop in to Special Collections you've got to go up a flight of stairs; you've got to cross a bridge. I didn't have "colleagues" that dropped in, like in Collection Planning [where] you go out your door and you say hi to the person in the next office, see what they're doing. We were, yes, they would say in "our ivory tower." Well, it was not deliberate. It was just geographical. (As Lawrence Ferlinghetti would say in another context, "Geography is destiny.") I heard that throughout the years, by the way, and I felt it throughout the

years. To this day there's some of it, but it's not as bad, and I lived with it, and then I just kind of had to get beyond it, but it was not the best. Len Smith was a dear friend of mine and he was outspokenly militant on the removal of David Heron. Len used to say, "Come on Rita. It's got to affect you. What's going on in the rest of the library certainly has to affect you. You can't just be sitting up here in your office and thinking nothing is happening." I said, "I don't feel that nothing's happening. I know it is, but I'm so removed from it, and I don't happen to share people's feelings about it. I have respect for the librarian series, I really do. I also have enormous respect for Stan, and yes, David shouldn't have done that without bringing it to LAUC [Librarian's Association of the University of California] and doing whatever was appropriate. If it was unorthodox, then don't do it.

But I had a strange opinion of hierarchy anyway. Throughout this library, and I might as well mention it now, there was always the notion that library assistants were lesser, and librarians knew more. For some strange reason, and I can't tell you what it was—maybe coming out of a somewhat in an early time, leftist kind of household, but later then more politically Democratic... I just never really thought that if you weren't a librarian, you didn't know as much as a librarian did through experience and through the wonderful work you did. So I had a very dim view of people that would…I didn't appreciate hierarchy in that way; I didn't view it in that way. I knew that I was working with a library assistant who was incredibly valuable. She could have been a librarian and paid like a librarian and called one. I just didn't care about the hierarchy. Yet I knew there had been a long fight for the rights of librarians because they are the second oldest profession in the world and they have always been second-class citizens. There's no question about that. So I don't want to paint a picture of myself as not caring, because I was a member of LAUC, and I was on the first CAPA [Committee on Appointment, Promotion and Advancement]. I was on the second CAPA. I went through the trials of the damned. I was on the personnel committee. I cared tremendously about personnel policies. But after a while I just kind of dropped out of all that stuff. I think part of it is that I absolutely did not like sitting in judgment on anyone. I just don't like it. I don't like to be

on hiring committees. I've been on many of them. I cannot stand holding someone's life in my hands and deciding yay or nay. Even though I know people need to know their shortcomings and their strengths, the pain of that was too intense. It's just not who I am. So my hierarchical view of the Heron thing was lesser than my peers. I was very much out of step. Then I think that David did something that annoyed me. I can't be sure of what it was, but it may have been that I didn't get advanced because he thought I didn't go to enough professional meetings. Maybe that's where that kicked in. I don't know. So I got annoyed and lost faith in him.

He was removed from his job. There was a special committee and all kinds of recommendations were made. When I returned in February of 1979 to my job (I went around the world with Tom Bottoms for three and a half months), our friend and housesitter, Shelley Stouffer, said, "Wendell Simons wants you to call him immediately. Please do not contact anyone from work." I thought, oh my God. What went on?

Reti: Geez, that's like a murder mystery or something!

Bottoms: Yeah! It was just terrifying. It was Sunday and [Wendell] came over to the house. He said, "Rita. David Heron is gone. We no longer have division heads, so there is no Collection Planning. Bob Fessenden is now working at the Science Library. He's not a division head. There are no division heads anymore. There was a full-scale investigation and Carl Wensrich is now working for you in Special Collections." That just broke my heart because Carl was this lovely guy. I made it a point to never make him feel that I thought I was his superior. I told him that. I said, "I will never do that. I will never tell you to do something. I will not do this. You do what you need to do, what you want to do. You will never from me get anything like that." The worst of it all for me was that I was a section head. I honest to God did not want that. I did not want an empire. I had enough to deal with with Special Collections, but then suddenly I had Regional History. I had Slides. I had Maps. I had Recordings.

Suddenly there I was. Greatness was thrust upon me. I absolutely couldn't stand it, and yet I had to. There were various frictions going on in some of my units that were not easy to deal with. It was something that I did not like. I do not like administrative meetings, and there I was in the section heads meetings, which I used to call the Stepford Heads. [laughter] I had such problems with that. I have problems with authority. I have to say that. It was not the thing I wanted to do and I had to do it and there it was. Wendell said, "You've got to do it." I said, "But Wendell!" He said, "It's working so well, the section heads!" I said, "Yeah, but I haven't been there. Maybe that's *why* it's working so well." But he said, "You've got to do it." So for my next review…I had an accelerated advancement, so that I could be a full librarian by that point. I think I had had one acceleration once before, but I don't remember, and then I had a couple that didn't work out so well because I was always not doing the right thing or something. So I would be annoyed for years with somebody, that kind of thing.

So there I was, and there was the section head, and there was Carl Wensrich. People used to say, "Gee, why don't you tell Carl to do this, tell Carl to do that?" I said, "I will never tell Carl to do anything, as long as I live. I will not do that." And I clung to that—in the face of uproar. I think it's the people first and…

Reti: So before he came to Special Collections…

Bottoms: He was my boss! I forgot to even mention that. He was the head of Reader Services. And he had gone through some real difficult times. He had cancer and he had to have a leg amputated. So that had happened to him, and he still was here.

So that went on until Lan [Allan] Dyson was hired. I don't know whether I was on his search committee. I don't remember the year. He was one of the first people we interviewed and he came very highly recommended from Berkeley. I just thought, we didn't need to see anybody else. He was it. I felt very strongly about him.

Reti: Can you say more about what you saw as his strengths when he came?

Bottoms: Oh, well first of all he had some really high recommendations from people who worked under him about his abilities, and about his administration of the Doe Library at [UC] Berkeley. And he spoke really well and presented himself really well and was encouraging. I had become more interested in management for various reasons I think having to do with Carol [Champion] and some of her [graduate] studies. She made me much more conscious of management, good management and bad management. She had gotten her M.S. O.D. in organizational development at Pepperdine [University], and [then] she went out and got her doctorate in organizational psychology. So she made me much more conscious of things. I saw him as a really incredible manager. I must have been on his committee in some way, or read about him, because I read all these letters. But maybe we all in section heads got to read this? I don't remember, but I do remember he had glowing letters. So I thought, wow, we've got a manager. We need a manager here. Especially with what's come down this pike here. We need a new era.

And then just to kind of sum up there, I went to Lan, probably a month after he was here, or my first real meeting alone with him and said, "Okay, boss. Please get me out of section heads. I am begging you. I don't want to do this. I don't like this. This is hell on wheels. There are numerous personality issues. I've been dealing with them really well, but for God's sake, don't make me have to do this. And I'm taken away from Special Collections, and that's a three-person, full-time job." He said to me, I never forgot this. This is verbatim. He said, "I'm not going to do that. If you weren't in those meetings, I'd have to invent you." I said, "Don't you see me as this odd person out?" (The first retreat that the section heads went on, my item was beautifying the library with objects of art.) That was my pressing item. And I mean, people laughed a lot. I just didn't want to be there. I think in some way my performance reflected that. So at some point after he was here, and I don't know when that was, but I am so grateful for it, I begged enough to be let go. Thank God. I just couldn't stand it. It was like, good riddance.

They did away with Special Services, and they put Marion Taylor in charge of Collection Planning, and Regional History, and maybe Maps, Slides and Recordings. Or maybe some of that went to Access. I don't know where it went, and you know I didn't care. I cared about the people, but it was out of my hair and into somebody else's. So that's my synopsis of the library administration.

Robert A. Heinlein

Reti: Today we're going to begin by talking about the Robert Heinlein Collection.

Bottoms: Robert Heinlein and his wife Virginia moved up into the hills in Bonny Doon. I think that was in 1967. They were building a house there, but I think they moved up a little earlier, so the dates could be a little off. Don Clark wrote this letter [saying] something like, "Let us be your library," asking him for some kind of relationship. The letter exists in the correspondence, but I've not seen it recently. Don made the first overture and got a really nice letter back from Robert, perhaps maybe even a phone call, but I don't know. Don came out of his offices. This was over in Central Services when we were all down there. Anyhow, he just poked out of the door. My desk was right there, and he said, "Well, you and I are going to go up and see Robert and Virginia Heinlein (on such and such a date), and I went, "Oh my God!" because I certainly knew who he was. I definitely knew his prominence in the world of science fiction and writing. I was incredibly terrified, but we went. In the car on the way up, Don confessed that he had not read anything that Heinlein had written. I don't think *Stranger in a Strange Land* was out yet. So we made this major confession to each other as we drove up into the hills of Bonny Doon, that we had not read his work.

The Heinleins welcomed us. I'm not sure that the house was finished when we were there. But it is a very stunning looking house, because he had designed it. He was very architecturally inclined. He was a stone mason. He built things. He did all sorts of things. He had other talents that probably many people wouldn't know about. This

house was built in a circular kind of pattern, so it was really quite unusual. I do remember that, but what happens to me when I tend to focus into the person, I miss tons of details about the environment. The thing that was a real icebreaker, which happened almost immediately, is that we met Virginia, who they called "Ginny." But for a long time I could not call her "Ginny." I just couldn't do it. I couldn't call him Robert for a long time, although he wanted to be called "Bob." When he'd call me up later on, he'd say, "This is Bob." He wanted me to call him "Bob," and I had a heck of a time bridging the Mr. and Mrs. Heinlein thing, and then getting over the next rung, Robert and Virginia, then getting into the next rung, [until] one day finally, Ginny said something to me. She said, "Rita, would you just please call me Ginny! My mother used to call me Virginia, and I don't like it." So that was it! That was what got me out of that habit.

At any rate, we had gone into the kitchen, and there was this microwave oven. Now I had never seen one. I didn't know if I had even heard of one. I was a little unsure that I even knew what that was. They said, "Do you want to see it?" That was really amazing; they had just got one. So what they did is, they took a piece of bacon, rolled it up into a paper towel and put it into the microwave oven and it cooked! Right through the paper! I was so flabbergasted, I turned to him and I asked, "Did you invent this?" He said, "Oh no, I didn't invent this!" You see, I thought this was an invention, it was so amazing! I'm not certain about all that was said, except we talked about the fact that he would like to place his archive at the library. It would just be very handy, very wonderful, because there they were in Bonny Doon. I know there was incredible detail and this was years before I ever started keeping a journal. I'm sure there's correspondence in the files with Don, that go back and forth to him, and maybe a letter or two about things that were said.

In approximately 1967 the Heinleins conveyed to us a huge portion of the original manuscripts for his very famous books. They had already been appraised by the number one appraiser in the country, Robert Metzdorf of New York. He was the king of the appraisers. The manuscripts were accompanied by Robert's own homemade list of

conveyance, saying what it was, what the piece was, how he happened to write it, what he thought about as he was writing it, a very candid piece of writing. Then there were these little appearances and dates and everything you could want to know about him. It was simply a fabulous kind of document that accompanied these things. This was called the Opus List. The Heinleins did everything by opus number, and that is how they are known to date. They are opuses, and that is the number they are given and will remain in as that is the natural number that was given them.

Now the whole idea about the collection was that list was bona fide. Scholars could look at anything they wanted to within the collection. They could also look at this list, but could not copy it, as it was a special kind of document. I did leave something out very important about the first visit. We had confessed our not having read his material. Yes, we did. We just got rid of that right away. We just did not want to pretend. He understood it, so he loaded each of us down with some books, which he had inscribed. It was really nice, and they are treasures to me to this day. They were inscribed, and they were about four books that we each got and that was very sweet of him. Very nice person, very gentle. Ginny was a wonderful person; [they were] very nice to each other.

Probably one year later, when the tax laws changed, because you see the Heinleins realized the tax laws were going to change, and they did in fact change. The government instituted the dreadful laws that still plague us still to this day, where the artist, the writer, the creative artist can only deduct the ink and paper, the canvas, the paints, or whatever it took to produce the work, and not take the commercial market value of the items that happened to be famous, or not famous. I think these laws changed in 1968, and [it] has been the bane of existence for suffering artists and writers for years and years, and also libraries. It affects how people do or do not receive material, because if in fact, let's say you were a writer like Heinlein, and you were going to give materials that had a very strong commercial market value but you were prevented from doing that after 1968, taking that market value off. You would have to resort to some other tactic to

give the material and get anything resembling a decent tax credit. It was really horrible, unfortunately,

Reti: I'm shocked. I had no idea. The appraisal didn't matter?

Bottoms: The appraisal mattered, but in this particular instance these appraisals were done before that law changed, so that appraised value reflected the marketplace and the commercial value. The Heinleins were very aware of that and I'm glad they did it. It was to their benefit to know that, and it was only post-1968, I think, when it started to change. But at any rate, we took delivery of a couple of really major shipments of the opuses and manuscripts and also the second batch was accompanied by a list, less full than the first list which was an incredibly candid, frank and very funny, humorous and marvelous document itself.

Then along with the second batch of material for the archives, were all of the files of the letters. This is the correspondence files through the years, and letters from others, meaning whether they were fan letters, personal letters, writers who were famous themselves. So because it had personal elements in it, more because it had copyright issues, rights issues, usage issues, property issues—what's legal here when so-and-so famous science fiction writer writes another famous science fiction… Well, we know that the literary property still belongs to the writer, yet we have the physical property here in a public archive, so what do you do? And that decision was made by the Heinleins. They needed to do this to be able to protect from copyright problems, which there could be. They wanted to seal the letters away from all public use for fifty years after their deaths. We talked about what that meant. We felt, and I particularly felt, that that was too long a time, and would they consider, because they were very nervous about this, making that twenty-five years? That's what was done. It made them feel much better. Otherwise we might not have got the letters at all, or they might have been kept, or who knows? It had to be done that way, and I think it was appropriate. It was what they absolutely wanted and required. The twenty-five year count started on the eighteenth of January 2003,

Ginny Heinlein's death. So in 2028, on the eighteenth of January, the letters would be opened publicly.

I had mentioned just a bit ago about the appraiser which you wouldn't even think to mention. It wouldn't even be relevant at all, who appraised the collection, except I think that appraisers are very important in this particular instance, when you have a writer whose manuscripts are incredibly valuable, you want someone to know what they are doing when they appraise. You don't just pick anyone. You pick someone who has got a real background in the world of appraising and the world of manuscripts. And then also thinking, looking toward the future and seeing what is the possible research value of these that is perhaps not known at this time, but will be. It's an important kind of thing. But I mentioned it really for another totally hilarious reason.

One day when I was still in what I call the broom closet, there was a knock on the door and a guy comes in. He's wearing a trench coat, just dressed unusually for the Santa Cruz campus, a little different than our students or the researchers that I was helping in a limited way. He just didn't look like the regular Santa Cruz guy. He said he was interested in the Heinlein collection. I said, "Oh, okay. Well, what is it in particular?" and he said, "I just want to know about it. Could you tell me about it?" So I talked a little bit about what it was, and he said, "Well, you know—why is it important?" So I talked with him a little bit about that. Then I finally just turned flat out and—this was sometime in 1968, because I had been to the Rare Books Conference in Stanford one afternoon and an IRS guy had talked to us about appraisals—I just looked at this guy, and asked him, "Are you from the IRS?" His face flushed beet red, and he said, "Yes. I am."

I said, "Oh, okay. So, you're here to check up on this appraisal. Am I right?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Well, it was appraised by Robert Metzdorf; you may or may not know that, and he's really a famous appraiser. And I'm kind of surprised but, hey, I'll help you any way I can," or words to that affect. Then I said, "Well, it's not up here." So I took him down to the wonderful storeroom downstairs, on the bottom floor. I had to let him in.

We looked through a few [manuscripts] and I said, "These are really valuable. Do you know anything about authors, papers, drafts, and how books are published and what gets worked out of them when the publishers have at them and the editors have a say-so? So here we've gotten things that were written years before, and they were written to one length and then they got published at a different length, possibly. For about ten minutes I covered a number of things with him. I really wanted to tell him that I didn't think he knew what he was doing, but I wanted to be nice about it because he clearly didn't know. I said, "You'll want to go up and talk to Don Clark about this. He's the University Librarian."

So I dropped him off at Don's office, poor guy. Don told me later what he said. It was a very short meeting. Don said, "I understand from Rita that you're here from the IRS, and the IRS has sent you to look at the materials and you're questioning the appraisal of Robert Metzdorf, who is one of the greatest appraisers in the world. But I think you need to know something else that might help. Robert Metzdorf is the appraiser that the IRS turns to when it wants to question other appraisals." The guy just thanked him very much and fled. So that was it! According to Ginny, later the guy rang the bell up at Bonny Doon to try and get in and they would not let him in. He was supposed to do certain things… I just felt so sorry for him! I mean, here's Metzdorf, the one they use... It was very stupid, but it's a great story, and it really happened.

I began to talk to the Heinleins on the phone, at times more often than others in the earlier years. When we first took receipt of the archives there was much more interaction. Ginny and I would conduct business; she was always really friendly and very charming and very sweet. When Robert would get on the phone, it was always this wonderful, long conversation that might start on one thing and go to another topic. It might cover three-dimensional chess and what that was like; we would cover just everything. Any topic could be made just wonderful, because he had this extraordinary mind. He was very interested in everything and everybody. He was a really a very nice, gentlemanly person and he had this very distinctive voice, which I can still hear in my head now. I

think I'm very aural. I hear people's voices and their voices are very important. He had this absolutely stunning, gorgeous voice.

Reti: What did it sound like?

Bottoms: It was very musical to me. It was very resonant with a lovely tone. It wasn't Ronald Coleman, but it was a full voice. I can't describe it, but it was always very nice to hear it. I would ask him from time to time if he would ever come out to give a talk. He'd say, "Oh, the fans. It'll drive you crazy!" Evidently the fans in Colorado Springs, where they had lived before they came here, would just camp on their front porch, and be lined up outside the house, and in the trees. Somehow, people who had read his work, and this is true to this day, what he wrote affected their lives in a very profound and a very deep way. In many respects he was like a father figure to many, and this continues to this day. In Ginny's obituary they even talk about feeling that they were Heinlein's children because he spoke to them in ways that were meaningful. I won't attempt to go into what they were, but a certain wisdom was received and appreciated. Maybe a person was so in need of guidance and whatever, but this was that kind of depth of devotion to Robert and also to Virginia. In Bonny Doon they had to put up a fence. You couldn't get in, and there was a reason for that, because if he was to write and continue writing, then he had to be left alone to write. Ginny would be the filter. Mail would come and Ginny would filter it. Many times someone would take advantage of them and write a letter, for example: "I'm terminally ill…" I'm not saying that every letter was a fake, but in some instances they were. He would drop everything and sit down and write a four-page letter to them, typewritten, you know, really deep, only to find out that it was a scam. But that is just me talking, and I had a different kind of relationship to them. I was not one of "the fans." Robert had to do a lot of this, and Ginny tried to care for him, so that he wasn't completely engulfed and could do his creative work.

He really was a nice, giving, generous, person. So was she, but she also saw what it could do and how it could eat up his time. He would have done it even to the detriment

of his writing, but they had to draw the line somewhere. Crazy things would happen. A trusted fan would come to the house and they would find their grocery list missing or the "To-Do" list. People would just pick up anything that he had touched. It was a real fan that can't help it. One of the things that they would warn me about was to be very cautious about anybody who came in to read anything. They were very nervous about it. I said, "Look, the set-up we've got here is we're on top of it. We're looking at the person all the time. We're trying to be nice about it and not make them feel as if they are under a microscope, but we know who is here and we are focused, so try not to worry." But some things did arise, and one of the things was that the wonderful, candid, frank list that some scholars and researchers wanted to take a look at, got copied and appeared in a fanzine. They copied it up long-hand, and it appeared in a fanzine and the Heinleins got very upset about that. Not at me, never were upset at me, never were upset at the library, but just upset at that kind of thing. He said, "Look, from now on, that list needs to be confidential. Maybe from time to time, when there is a biography or something similar later on, that could be shown to someone." So, what we did, is we created the opus list. People came in and said, "I want to see opus 10," and that's what happened. It was because, it really was a candid list. It was another manuscript basically. Obviously, we have copies of it, but that was one of the things that they felt strongly about. They were really worried about the fans. I think they really cared about the fans. I've always felt that, and we would talk about that. I did ask him if he would come to give a talk, and he said, "Oh, I suppose I will. I'll come and we'll figure it out." He never rejected the idea. He would come and visit the campus, and Ginny would visit the campus, and they would bring the latest manuscript to the xerox room and make copies to send to the editor. She would come frequently, and he would come, so I would see them. I don't know how often. I wouldn't say I saw them often, but I would see them and I would be on the phone with them— in certain instances a lot.

One day, Ginny came and got something xeroxed, and came back out to her car, which was parked where the Bookstore/Whole Earth [Restaurant] area is now, the Commons area, and had a ticket on the car. Now I know that this is anecdotal, but to me it's very

telling. She got home, and Robert called me up and said, "Rita, it's not the ticket. It's not the cost of the ticket, but the signage on that campus is so horrible. You don't know where you can park, and you don't know where you can't park. I am going to pursue this. I am going to really pursue this, because I think it is not easy for the public to go through this and it is not friendly as people would want it to be." I said, "Give me a little time on this, and I'll see what I can do," but he said, "I must reiterate. It's not the money. The money is not a problem. It's an issue of the signage and the confusion of it." So I told him that I would call him back. Then I called up Gurden Mooser, who was the vice chancellor in charge of gifts, and told him about the conversation, and I never heard him swear before or after, but he was just beside himself. It was upsetting because one of our major campus donors was not feeling good, and nobody liked the signage, and nobody could stand the parking, and we were all just furious. [Heinlein] said that he was going to talk to Hal Hyde, the vice chancellor. So he did that just to see what we could do. What happened from that, is that Robert was asked to be on a committee to look at this, but he declined. However, what he said was taken seriously. He was heard. It was the principle of the whole thing. They were principled people, and as I say, they were very easy to deal with because they respected me and I always felt treated well by them. They never got angry at me, even though we got into discussions about situations that were really tough. But it was never on any kind of personal level. They were always, I think, very happy with the library.

Reti: Did he ever give a talk here?

Bottoms: Yes, finally. It was in 1969, and it was after we had moved up to our new quarters up here. We didn't have the railings in yet, but it was sometime in 1969. It was the day that Dean McHenry had invited him to give a talk also up on Science Hill, or at Thimann Labs, to maybe a group of astronomers? I don't know whom. So he was coming to campus, and he said, okay, he would do it. Well, the word of mouth got out. I don't know what publicity... We didn't even need any. I'm sure we did something, but it didn't matter. It was just like this flock, this wonderful flock of people. I, for some reason

was in a car with him. We may have had lunch together. I don't know. We may have gone somewhere together. I remember this vividly. It was wonderful. I said, "Don't you love your fans? You know you love your fans." I talk to people this way. "You know you really like it." Because I could tell genuinely he did like his fans, and we hadn't even gotten to the talk yet. He did like his fans, and when he was with them he was wonderful. I mean, who wouldn't be personable? I said, "Come on. You do like this, don't you?" And he said, "Honey, it's like the old whore going up the stairs one last time. You just do it." It's kind of what he felt like. That's what he told me. I never, ever forgot that. It was like, yes of course he loved them. When you saw him with them he was delightful. He was so respectful. He was so caring about each individual person. He was wonderful. He did not patronize people. But it was like I had pinned him down and he was saying, "Oh God, here I go again. I have to do this again." That's the way he put it. I've never forgotten it. Because I've sometimes thought about it myself when I've been exhausted by having to do something. Okay, here we go again. You know, it's just an expression that leaps in, but I understood what it meant. It was a really great, gorgeous, wonderful day. He talked and people came, and they brought their books and students were here. He signed somebody's cast. They [had broken] their leg and he signed their cast. He was just wonderful.

Reti: Was the place totally packed?

Bottoms: Totally jammed, totally packed. People kept coming. It was just terrific. It was exactly what we hoped would happen. He did it and he was happy. Then he went up, I don't know who took him up there, and did whatever the class was up there.

In the late 1960s I had the good fortune to be invited to a wonderful dinner party in honor of Robert's agent, Lurton Blassingame, at the Heinleins' house. I wish I had taken notes because it was an utterly remarkable evening.[3] It was very elegant. The ladies were given corsages at the door and cars were parked by young students, valet parking. It was before I married Tom, so I went with Lionel Lenox and his son and his wife. There were

people sitting at different tables, so it would be like a table of four. It was very, very nice. Frank Herbert, who wrote *Dune*, was there. Of course, that was lost on me because I only learned who he was later. But the people that were there that I do remember—his agent Lurton Blassingame and his wife Peggy were there, and I met them. And his brother, Rex Heinlein, who was a colonel, and members of his family and then a couple of professors. It was a wild evening; it was really fun. And then the ladies in the bathroom, real elegant bathroom, all talking.

Robert Heinlein knew that this was a public archive. He was happy it was a public archive. It meant a great deal to him. He was a big supporter of libraries. He knew what public libraries were about, public access libraries. All of these things were very important to him. As a matter of fact after his death it had been arranged that his hometown of Butler, Missouri built a new public library and he funded that. It was a real commitment to people having access to reading materials. I think there just would be a couple of examples, and really mainly the only examples where access questions really did come up. In one instance there was a lot of discussion between Robert and myself that went over a period of several days. There was a request to see the archive, and he was not happy about the request. It worried him, and we talked about it a great deal. It was a request by someone who had, according to Robert, published, made public something that was private, and it absolutely disturbed him that this had been done. It was an unforgivable offense. And so in the course of this request we had to change our mind about some things. After hours of discussion about it he just said, "Okay honey, you'll do the right thing. You make the decision. You know how I feel." And so at that point the access was granted, kind of overturning an earlier decision. That was one instance.

[3.] Bill Patterson, the archivist and Heinlein biographer, provided the following information about this event, which took place on March 7, 1969. Attendance list for "party for Lbs": Bob Heinlein, Ginny Heinlein, Col. and Mrs. Rex I. Heinlein, Mr. and Mrs. Lurton Blassingame, Dr. and Mrs. Richard Bronson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kessell, Frank Herberts, Page Smiths, Dr. Robert Calkins, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel R. Lenox II, Mr. Lionel T. Lenox, Miss Rita Berner, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Schaefer.—Editor.

The other instance was years later. H. Bruce Franklin, who was a professor at Stanford University, was in the news at that time for being very active politically, politics toward the left, not the politics that the Heinleins espoused. He had been arrested, I believe, though I'm not really sure of the facts of this, but he had been very controversial, and in the paper. At some point Bruce, I think, wrote me first and then came down to see me. I was just meeting him for the first time, and asked if I would help him. He wanted to use the archive, which he could certainly do. But what he really wanted was an interview with Robert, and what did I think about that? I said, "Well, all I can do is ask him." Because you know, when you have an archive people come with various projects, and if you can talk to the person whose archive it is, and they say yeah, come on over, that's one thing. Or if they say no, forget it, that's another thing. But you can go and ask them directly. So what I did is I phoned up and I made the request for Bruce Franklin, and I think probably even mailed Heinlein a copy of Bruce's original letter, because I don't think we had fax machines in those days. Isn't that weird? [laughter]

So we had a lot of talking about this; we had a lot of conversation. Even at my house on a weekend, over the phone. He went through a lot of considerations. Primarily what they were was that he didn't really agree with this man's politics. But in the last analysis he agreed with his right to express them. For a whole lot of reasons he didn't want to have him [Franklin] interview him [Heinlein], but in the end, on that principle, he did accede to the interview. And again it was another one where he would leave it up to me as to whether he did this or not. But he had to, what in today's parlance would be called the process of going through everything about this, to really express it fully, to get it fully out there. It was a long, long process. Ginny was a part of that too. She was against it in this particular instance. I think she just didn't want to have to see him going through all this agony over it. And it was agony. And in the other instance. It was real agony. It was real suffering, and she didn't want to have him have to go through that. It upset him. But he always at the end of it would say, "All right. You'll know what to do, and I'll do whatever you say."

Reti: He had a lot of trust.

Bottoms: Yeah, he did. But he also knew this was one of the things when you have an archive in a public setting. So these two instances, I think, kind of illustrate... I always felt [Heinlein had a] extraordinary, principled way of looking at things. We talked. There would be talk about blood drives, because Robert had had transfusions, during operations. He had different illnesses during his life. I won't go into all of them. But he had tuberculosis early on. So his health wasn't always terrific. One of the times that we talked he was about to go down to Los Angeles for one of the first carotid artery surgeries that was being performed. It wasn't as common then as it is now. And it was thought to be very risky; he could have died. He was telling me this. I said, "Why?" It scared me. "Why are you doing this?" He said, "Well, honey, it's either sit on a couch for the rest of my life as a vegetable, and never write again, or go through this and take care of it so I can write." So he was always, from everything I knew, and I'm sure it was more limited than things other people knew, he was always ready to risk, if there was something experimental, just to do it so that he could continue to do his work. It was very important to him. And then blood drives. To this day the Heinlein Society sets up blood drives in their name, blood transfusions for people undergoing surgeries and needing blood. And Robert actually wrote, I forget for which encyclopedia, he wrote the article on blood. He was just incredible. My husband Tom plays chess and at one point Robert and Tom exchanged chess moves through me. [laughter]

The last time I saw Robert was in Bonny Doon the day before his eightieth birthday. He was not in good health, and he and Ginny had made up their minds. They had to move to an area where if either of them needed medical attention it could be got to very easily.

Reti: Bonny Doon is really isolated.

Bottoms: Terrible. Ginny would tell me, "I could either drive him down (which she had done) at lightning speed to the hospital, or when you wait for the ambulance to come, either way it's about the same difference." It was too impossible, very scary, very worrying. And so they had found a really wonderful place in Carmel on Carpenter Street, which is east of Highway 1, and they were going to be moving there. It was very close to the hospital on Highway 68. It was a nice area and a largish house. So they were getting ready to leave, and they were going to need to give us more things for the archive. I went up a couple of times. I went up once with Dan Aldrich. This last time we were packing things up and I took those pictures of him standing in front of his books. We got many of his books at that time, although many went with them to Carpenter Street. Then we would just sit and talk as we were... Paul Stubbs came and I'm sure that Carol [Champion] came, too.

I didn't know it was going to be the last time I saw him. He was having respiratory problems then. But we talked, and he was sitting and talking in one of the rooms where the filing cabinets were. And at some point, I don't know how we got into it, we both discovered our favorite song was "Cool Water," so I remember we were singing it, which is absolutely ridiculous. But we were.

[Later] I talked to him on the phone about Robinson Jeffers. He [asked] when they got settled in Carmel, would I take him to Tor House? Because he himself was a stone mason. I said, "You bet I would. The Jeffers are my friends and I will make sure you get to see Hawk Tower and get inside." He said he wanted very much to go there. Then he started to talk about Jeffers. He said he really loved his writing. And this is very interesting, he told me he felt that some of Jeffers' writing about women was very depressing, whereas his [Heinlein's] heroines are almost in charge. If you know Heinlein's writing, his heroines are in charge. Women are really in charge.

Some fascinating, fascinating things come up in his writing. One of the things after his death that Ginny had me looking for, and we could never find anything about this, was

the taped footage... He was with Walter Cronkite in the broadcast booth when Neil Armstrong stepped on the moon. He was there. They covered that moon [landing.] He was in the broadcast booth, but what he said, some of the things he said were cut out. He said some fabulous things like there should be...when men *and women* get on the moon...all kinds of things that never were broadcast, that were edited right out of the tape, that never got on the air. We were always looking for these. He was a real champion of women. His heroines are extremely powerful. I'm not going to get into analyzing his work, but I'm just saying to me it was very impressive. But we never could find the tape. It was gone, and we tried in a lot of places. Because they got into kind of an argument about cutting it.

Well, anyway, and I can't tell you exactly when, but Robert died after they had moved to Carmel.[4] I don't know how long after and it was absolutely heartbreaking. It was a tremendous shock.

Reti: You never got to show him Tor House.

Bottoms: Never. I don't think he was well enough. He would not have been well enough to walk up Hawk Tower. But he certainly would loved to have seen it. So I didn't get to do that. I, of course, went many times to visit Ginny there, and talk about a lot of things. One of the things that occurred, Leon Stover, who was a friend of the Heinleins, and who knew Robert (Robert had actually talked to me about Leon and had enormous respect for Leon's work), is an H. G. Wells scholar. He had written a book on Robert, I think a Twayne book about him [Heinlein].[5] Leon's very prolific. Robert had wanted him to write a biography on him. I heard that from Robert's lips, and that was in Bonny Doon. So very shortly after Robert's death, Leon approached Ginny. Ginny was in deep grieving. It was (a) horrible, horrible shock, and it was too soon. It was really too soon. But she said, "Okay, yes, do [Heinlein's biography.]" It's the kind of thing you hear so

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4. Robert A. Heinlein died May 12, 1988.
5. Leon A. Stover, *Robert A. Heinlein* (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1987).

often, that people shouldn't make enormous decisions at these times. It's so difficult for them. And so it was very sad. It was very hard for her to even do that. The thing she was focusing on after his death was getting a publication together called *Grumbles from the Grave,* which is a wonderful publication, and I know that intimately, and read parts of it, this posthumous publication. And [she was] working on other things, getting, putting out the complete, unexpurgated, unabridged "Stranger."

Reti: Oh!

Bottoms: Yeah. It had been cut. And publishing other works that had been cut and edited way down that should have been published in their entirety. So the archive played a major role for her. We provided the manuscript, and then we made the copy. She always paid for everything to be done, and then we'd send it to the agent or the publisher. She could always call on us to go and get something and send it somewhere to someone that she had approved doing something. But it was very painful, the biography, and she terminated... Leon Stover and his lovely wife came here and did some work for a month on the archive and he was to have access to the letters and things, but it was too much for her. Too soon, too much, couldn't do it. She had to end it, which was very sad for her and for Leon.

Reti: So you continued to have a relationship with Ginny Heinlein until her recent death.[6]

Bottoms: Occasionally we would go out to lunch, but mainly we would eat there, and we would talk. It was just very nice. As I mentioned, she was bringing out unabridged versions of some books. Of course *Stranger in a Strange Land* had never been out of print. It just came out with this particular edition, the unexpurgated. She told me, "You know I made a big mistake in this book and it was an oversight, and I hope you will forgive me.

[6.] Virginia Heinlein died on January 18, 2003.

I wanted to acknowledge you in this book for the part you both played in helping me get all this stuff together. I forgot to do it, and I'm really sorry." I thought that was very sweet of her. She was always very kind. And after the earthquake in 1989, that was pretty traumatic. Things happened over at her house. She had damage.

Then at some point, and I think it was in 1990, she felt she needed to think about where she was going to live. She said, "Well Rita, I'm getting older. I've got to think about the future, and what kind of medical care I might need." She was very practical. She decided to move to Atlantic Beach, Florida. It was a very nice community called Fleet Landing, a community for people who had been involved, one way or the other, in the navy. Robert had been in the navy, from which he had to be discharged because of his tuberculosis. She decided to move there. I saw her before she left. One of the saddest things about it was they had this wonderful cat named Pixel. Pixel was the cat who walked through walls and was in his books. All the fans knew Pixel. A beautiful orange and white cat, and she had to leave him because they didn't take pets there. Except when she got there, they did. But at that point she had already given him away to a very loving home. I took maybe the last pictures of Ginny and Pixel and he was just a wonderful cat, one of these absolutely... you knew he was thinking. You just knew he was special.

Anyway, I went and visited her in Fleet Landing for a few days when I was going down to a Rare Books Conference in 1993. We had a really good time and went over a lot of things. It was at the time that I had become involved with Pomegranate Press. They were interested in doing a Heinlein book, and said, "Do you have anything that you think that's not something his regular publisher would publish?" Ginny suggested the *Notebooks of Lazarus Long*. It was a very wonderful book that Robert had written. It was very graphic, and D.F. Vassallo had done a very nice kind of rubrication and calligraphy edition of that. It needed to be redone, but it would really lend itself to the kind of publication that Pomegranate could do. Ginny liked that idea a whole lot, and so we did it. She talked to her agent. I talked to Tom Burke at Pomegranate, and got him in touch with Eleanor Wood, her agent, and that actually came to pass. It was really nice, and I

think there was a little note in it that said the archive was now at UC Santa Cruz. We didn't get any finder's fee, which I thought we should have, but at any rate.

There's a wonderful photograph out on the bridge of Ginny and Robert in the late 1940s on the set of *Destination Moon*. It's a beautiful, beautiful picture, and I asked her if I could reproduce that personally. I would like to do that, and then make, maybe postcards or something and be able to give them to people, and stuff like that. She said she would love it if I did that. The photographer was a studio photographer, photographer unknown. Can you beat it? Nobody ever knew who had done that.

We stayed in touch, but not all the time. Months would go by. She had severe eye problems that really affected her vision, macular degeneration. We would talk about a variety of things. I wasn't in close, close contact with her toward the end of her life because it was hard to do.

As someone put it, she became a real cyberbabe. She got online. After all the years of kind of trying to keep the fans at bay, they couldn't be kept at bay. She started to go online, and a variety of people would correspond with her. I think that was really neat and wonderful. Somebody made it so that she could read her computer screen easily because she had problems with her eyes. She was a very accomplished woman. She was fluent in many languages. She was a very brilliant person. Robert always said that was because she was (a) redhead. She was part of the "redheaded race," and they were much more special than anyone else was. They were smarter, and they were brilliant, and they were stronger, and Ginny was a part of the redheaded race. As was George Washington, he was quick to point out. At any rate, he always felt that, and she was really devoted.

Also, too, when she was in Carmel she needed to have the books in her home appraised. I thought, okay, now who am I going to send in here to do this? This is really important, and I don't want anybody coming in and annoying her, annoying me. They've got to

behave, and they can't want to buy things. So I thought of this wonderful person, Cecil Wahle, who is a member of the Antiquarian Bookman's Association. She had had a bookstore and was a book dealer, still is. I called her up and said, "Cecil, I have got a job for you and only you," and she went in and was just absolutely marvelous. Used her several times. I used her with Virginia Adams, Ansel's widow, and Diane Cooley. I mean, just someone that you knew was wonderful. Also, she did Bettina Aptheker's papers.

Maybe three years ago Ginny phoned me, and she said, "I want to introduce to you, on the phone, and roll out the red carpet for when they come, two gentlemen, one of them Bill Patterson, whom I have decided will write the Heinlein biography and will have access to all the letters, and the other one Brad Linaweaver, a friend and Heinlein person also, who will come and see you." I met each of them on the phone. And she wrote the letter giving me her statement that they had access to the letters, because we always covered ourselves that way.

So Bill began to come to see us. He lived in California, and she trusted him completely and implicitly to do this. They had a close relationship and he saw many papers that she had at the house. She had given him hours of interviews. I felt that was good enough for me, and so we have been continuing a long relationship with Bill Patterson in Special Collections. [He has been] coming, sometimes, for a week at a time, one time a month at a time. I'm very, very happy that that is happening. It's going to be one heck of a book. He's the editor of the *Heinlein Journal*. He's very involved. This is a total commitment. He wrote *The Martian Named Smith: Critical Perspectives on Robert A. Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land* with Andrew Thornton. It's very scholarly. It was published by Jim Gifford at the Nitrosyncretic Press. Jim was another Heinlein person who came to use the archive. It is meant to be for high school and college professors that are teaching Heinlein. It's an important way of teaching Heinlein: background, and some of the symbols, and meanings in "Stranger." Some of Heinlein's background, thoughts, and his omnivorous mind is contained in here—what was key to Heinlein, and what some of these things mean, because he was so widely read. So they have got one heck of a book.

I'm happy that that kind of scholarship is happening. It portends well for the future of the archive that this biography is going on, and other things as well.

Interweavings: Nurturing Relationships with Artists and Writers

I mentioned Pomegranate Publications because it was an illustration of something that we tried to do here. We realized early on that we didn't have a lot of money, that we didn't have *any* money, to be perfectly blunt about it. Zero money, or very little, not enough to do anything for anybody. Here we were talking to, for a variety of reasons, or working with artists that we'd met or came to us, or, heaven only knows, and we were asking them to give us their, in some cases, million dollar collections. What did we have to offer them? Well, the only thing you have to offer anybody is your own hard work and the hard work of your whole crew and whatever the library can do to back this up. Pomegranate was kind of an example. They had come to us. Tom Burke, who runs it in Rohnert Park, now had come to us. He had always loved Kenneth Patchen and wanted to do a Kenneth Patchen calendar. He also wanted to do a Patchen book, but his fortunes were not able to do that, and I'll get to that in the Patchen part [later in this oral history]. Because we met him and did the Patchen calendar, we then felt we had a relationship with him, and we could use that to whatever degree we could do. So I would say "Hey, are you open to other projects, because we're working with these other people?" If you've got an artist that you're talking to, and you want to help them get a book, you have to go to a publisher. So here was a publisher, and we had just done something, so I thought okay. On February 22, 1995 I set out about fourteen projects I had in mind that he should consider. He and Katie, his wife, came down and they looked at them. And among the projects were some of our photographers. He wasn't into photography at that time. He said it was really hard to sell.

The Heinlein *Notebooks of Lazarus Long* production was part of that. I had been talking to Jim Houston for years and we'd been collecting his work and Jeanne Houston's work. One of his first books *Surfing; The Hawaiian Sport of Kings*, is way out of print, wonderful

book. My gosh, what wouldn't sell about this book? Anyway, I presented that book. Keith Muscutt, who is the assistant dean of the arts here on the campus, is a personal friend and very involved with Mac Holbert and Graham Nash and Nash Editions and Al Weber. I knew that Keith was a photographer and an archaeologist, and was for years going down to Peru among the Chachapoya. I was floored when I saw his photographs and his slides. My mouth fell open. I said "Keith, get some stuff together fast, and I'm going to show this to Tom Burke and Katie," and they went for it.

The reason I'm bringing this up is that if you don't have money, if you're not Stanford, if you're not Berkeley and Columbia and all these other big places, if you don't have it, you've got to, you know: "will work for food." You'll do what you have to do to help the writers and the artists that you're soliciting, that you're working with. You help them. You help them get a museum show. You have a connection with the Butler Institute of American Art, which I did through Kenneth Patchen, and so I invited Graham Nash and Nash Editions, with Mac Holbert running it, to have a show there. That was their first museum show, and from that show came other shows. Their archival things are coming to us. This is what you do for people. This is what you have to do. In terms of Lawrence Ferlinghetti, we gave him his first major art show here, and that launched his career as an artist. And we set about getting other things to happen for him. A lot of times somebody will call me, and they'll publish something. This is what you do. This is what, of course, runs you ragged. But this is what you do. And that is why, I think, in some instances, people know that you care, and that you're really serious, and you can help artists and writers in this way, and they never forget it. Pirkle Jones, for example, and more about this when we get to photography... I did bring Karen Sinsheimer up to visit him a few years after I had met him. She is the curator of photography at [the] Santa Barbara Museum of Art and she said she'd do a show. Pirkle was thrilled to pieces. The next time I came up he said, "Rita I've got something for you." It was before we'd received his archive. He said, "Okay, I think I have to give you this portfolio today." It was a portfolio valued at $36,000 and he gave it to me because he really appreciated my

bringing her up. Because of that show *Aperture* decided it was going to do a book. One thing leads to another.

I think one of the points that we make here at Santa Cruz (I make it a lot). If somebody is going to be one of "our people," we can focus more attention on them because we have less collections to focus on. That can be a selling point. I sometimes threaten people, like when I first met Lawrence, and I knew that the Bancroft Library had an option on his literary papers, and they already had City Lights, and they were buying them. These were sold. These were not gifts. I said, "You know, you'll be a pebble in a big pond!" It was too late. I had a fit the day they picked up the option. I had a complete flaming fit. It was totally stupid, totally inappropriate, totally ridiculous. I called up and apologized, and he said, "Oh, I know, you just wanted the stuff." He didn't mind. It was just that they picked up the option. What did I expect? Hello? You can never go up against the big guns. One of the biggest heartbreaks in my life was Tillie Olsen [with whom] I had this wonderful, deep friendship. Jacquelyn Marie introduced me to her. It was just absolutely wonderful, and we in every way we could think of conspired, how her papers, which were stored, by the way, in our vault, her manuscripts and stuff...

Reti: Here?

Bottoms: Oh yes. How we could pull it off. How we could do this. How we could do that? There was no way around it. Stanford could write a check. She needed the money, and we knew that. And that's how it went. They wrote a check. That's what happened. That was it. I had to accept it, and I did. I was never happy to accept that kind of thing, but that was the story and that was reality.

Reti: How unusual is it to have this kind of intimate networking relationship with donors? Do you have colleagues at institutions of comparable size who have this kind of approach to directing a special collections department?

Bottoms: I'm sure they do, Irene. I'm sure they do, and some things happen like this for them and they are given things, and they have these great wonderful... I've talked to Linda Claassen at [UC] San Diego, and she, just as an example, had wonderful relationships with a marvelous collector who would give things. The person didn't need money. It was not a financial matter. It was something else. But in other respects, certain collections are sold for a million dollars or more. Susan Sontag. I'm not saying if somebody had a close personal friendship with Susan Sontag that they wouldn't have had to pay for the archive, but this is the way we've had to do it. It's the way I've had to do it, and I didn't know I was doing it until it became apparent that this is what I was doing. Lawrence has been incredibly generous to us. He gave us his rare book collection. A lot of things have happened because of personal attention and close friendships and caring, the honor and privilege part of it, It's sitting in a hospital by someone's bed, and they're dying. I've been there twice. With Ruth-Marion, George Barati, in a coma. Scattering ashes. It's all of that. It becomes .... that's why it's so hard to separate it from—well, this is work, and then I go home. It doesn't work like that. I was on the phone last night with Chris Felver for an hour because he was telling me about the show that's going to be happening, and I think he was also processing the fact that I'm leaving, because it kept coming up. "Well, you're going to have more time to do this and do that, don't worry." He was telling me not to worry, but I think he was maybe thinking about that a lot. I met him through Lawrence. He was making Lawrence's film when I met him.

All these interweavings you really cannot separate. There isn't any separation. I firmly believe in it. For a long time I've never separated books from anything else. Yes, we are a library and we have books. But we also have art. We have all the things that go along with it. It isn't linear. It doesn't compartmentalize. I couldn't even see this for the longest time.

Polyartists

When I went to John Cage's Wesleyan birthday party, Richard Kostelanetz got up and said something that really imprinted on my brain. He talked about a lot of things. He gave a very wonderful speech. But he talked about polyartists. He talked about the fact that John Cage was a polyartist. I called Richard a few years later. I said, "Will you tell me your exact definition of a polyartist?" "A polyartist is a person who excels at more than one non-adjacent art." John Cage wrote; John was an artist; John was a composer. I began to think, Holy cow! When I introduced Lou Harrison once, I introduced him as a polyartist. He was going to read his poems. He's a black belt. There was Lou [Harrison] with his calligraphy, his artwork, his music, his poetry.

So I went to Richard, and I said, "Kenneth Patchen is a polyartist, isn't he?" "Oh yeah." I began to realize...and so is Lawrence... I tend to gravitate to all these people. One of the difficulties in Lawrence's life was getting anybody to believe that he was a painter. He started painting really before he started writing. Because how could he be? He was a writer. Same with Graham Nash. How could Graham, who was a musician... It's just all this damn typecasting. That all of a sudden began to occur to me as a thread in some of the stuff that was happening. It was really funny. I hadn't plotted it out. I just thought, oh yeah, isn't that interesting. Do you suppose, Richard, that Kenneth Patchen is a polyartist?" Well, he sure is."

Reti: Did that present any difficulties for you, wanting to collect polyartists in a library setting?

Bottoms: No. We'd already done it. We'd already been doing that from the beginning. So it was just more acknowledged and more talked about, actually. It began to be mentioned. I began to use the word. I began to write about the word. I began to say it as often as possible. I thought whoa, it was a real revelation as a word. Then I thought to myself, God, I think if I wanted to be remembered, I'd like it to be as a polyartist. Maybe

I am crazy. I am unorthodox. There is no question. I'm unorthodox. It hasn't always been popular. I haven't always had an easy road, but I think in that regard it's valued, and has been recognized that we do have polyartists in our collections. William Blake was a polyartist, the ultimate polyartist. It has huge meaning for me. I wrote about it. I've written little things and pieces that had to be written about that. Because people separate everything. They compartmentalize everything. You're either this or you're that.

Reti: As you were talking, I was thinking about UC Santa Cruz as a place where there's some amount of commitment to interdisciplinary thought, and that what you've been doing here very much ties in with that, crossing disciplines, crossing forms, border crossings. Those are really big themes here.

Bottoms: Yes.

Norman Strouse

Reti: Today we are going to begin by talking about Norman Strouse.

Bottoms: Gurden Mooser, who was the vice-chancellor for gifts, had worked at J. Walter Thompson in New York, and so he knew Norman Strouse. That was extremely helpful. Norman was a real true book collector. He collected on John Ruskin, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Thomas Carlyle, and fine printing, and you name it. He read everything he collected. It was quite wonderful. He was a very nice man. What occurred was he, I believe, wrote Don Clark to determine whether there would be interest if he gave his Thomas Carlyle collection to the campus. He knew that he could give it to Yale; he knew he could give it to one of the larger institutions. But he felt that it was important to give the collection to a young institution that needed gifts to attract attention so that other people would say, "Oh, he did that. I will do this." In a point of fact, some of that worked. It was a really great idea because he felt that that was important to do and it

could be much more significant here than it could be at an established institution that had untold riches. And we did not have untold riches.

So, it was discovered that Murray Baumgarten, who is a professor here, had a very strong interest in Carlyle. So that was just about the best possible news. It was for that reason that the collection came here. It's a collection of first editions and some very interesting association copies, inscribed copies—Carlyle to Robert Browning—and fantastic, to me at least—Mill's *Political Economy* with marginal notes in it. So they are special pieces. Also, letters and some manuscript items, *Historical Sketches,* a fragment of that manuscript, and nifty, important things that drew and attracted visits for years by Carlyle scholars. Later, Jerry James was very involved with the collection and with these people, as was I. We affectionately called them "The Carlyle Mafia." People like Rodger Tarr, K. J. Fielding from Scotland, Ian Campbell from Scotland, Anne Skabarnicki from Canada. We had many wonderful visits, and real use of the collection, which was important and we were very happy about it.

There were a number of original letters and every time we got a new letter we sent a copy of it to Dr. Charles Sanders, who was at Duke [University] doing the multi-volume collected letters. So it became an important scholarly collection. And in fact we did have a big press conference to announce the collection, and a very beautiful exhibition in the Cowell memorial conference room, and it attracted attention, and then Arthur Houghton sent his letters from Jane Carlyle and Thomas Carlyle. I mean, just really nice things began to come.

And at that particular time, Lewis and Dorothy Allen of the Allen Press in Kentfield, California were invited to the Carlyle event. They were thinking of giving away their wonderful Peter Smith 1832 Acorn Hand Press at the time. Somehow around this same time, knowing that this was going on at Santa Cruz, they inquired as to whether we were interested in maybe having this hand press, and I'll get to that in a moment because we sure as heck were. The attention did draw other people to think about us. You see, if you

don't have anything, and there's nothing that is worthy of a press release, then nobody knows that you really exist, so it did what Norman wanted it to do. It had a magnetic pull for other things that became significant to us.

One of the things that was special about the collection was that we had a lecture series surrounding it, and we did have publications highlighting it. The library did a series of three publications. These were lectures that were given at the Carlyle lecture, and Jerry James and Charlie Fineman edited two of them. I edited one of them with Jerry. We featured in the last one, which I thought was the neatest (of course that's the one I worked on with Jerry) pictorial parts of the collection, because there were a number of paintings and photographs, *cartes de visite* and there's a beautiful bas relief. There were some neat elements in it, and they've been interesting to people, too. Chris R. Vanden Bossche, who was a graduate student here, and is now teaching elsewhere—Chris writes on Carlyle and asked for a particular engraving or a copy of that. All of the parts of the collection really have been used.

Book donors would quote various Carlyle materials to us, and I would call up Norman Strouse, and he would either buy it or say, "That's too much money." He was very smart about things. He knew the field. He knew the market. He was a very generous man. I bid at auction at one point and he told me how high to go. He was just a neat guy.

And then something wonderful, I don't remember when. He [Strouse] was invited as a Regent's lecturer, I'm not sure by whom. It was then at Cowell College, that much I do know. He taught a history of the book course. What was really amazing about that was that he brought all the rare books to support the entire class! In other words, if he was teaching on the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, he brought his own copy of the *Nuremberg Chronicle*. It was mind-blowing. It was absolutely gorgeous. We stored all these things in the vault up here, and the class for the most part met in Special Collections. All these great treasures would be trotted out and students could look at them. They were his! He really loved them. He benefacted not only us, he benefacted the Bancroft Library. He was a real

bibliophile and an incredible, generous guy. I remember visiting him in New York. It must of have been the late 1960s or early 1970s, after we got the collection, that I visited him at J. Walter Thompson. He had just bought this John Ruskin letter, and he was just wild about it. He was reading it to me. He really cared about his stuff. There he was in this big penthouse office, and he was with his books and letters. I was very, very fond of him. He was also a printer. He did some hand press printing. He just fooled around with it. His wife, Charlotte, was a lovely woman and I didn't realize until the books came here for the class that Charlotte was a fabulous binder of books, really special custom binding. There were a couple of marvelous examples of her work. It was really neat. And so he was, I would say, our first really big donor.

The Acorn Press

I'll just go right into [talking about] the hand press. Lew and Dorothy Allen did come to the campus. Gurden Mooser was involved in that, Don Clark, and myself. We were trying to make the case that we deserved to have a press, that we were actually going to have a printing program, and that we needed this fabulous, very old, ancient, venerable hand press that they were giving away—the Peter Smith Acorn built in 1832. There were other places that were interested in having the press. [UC] Davis was in the running, and there were a few others, so we weren't the only ones. But there was something about us I think that made Lew and Dorothy... They were wonderful printers. They did gorgeous books. We have all of their books. I'll tell you how that came to be. But something made them ask about us. Maybe they wanted it to go to a new place, some place just starting up. There's something very appealing about that. Nobody's been there before. It's kind of virgin territory, you know. I think we were somehow of great interest to them.

Reti: Was it just that we were a new campus, or was it something about the nature of UCSC?

Bottoms: Oh yes. Because, see, nobody believed that they were going to give us the press. Only I did. And I did the hardest sell of my life. I'm not wanting to take credit for it, but I never doubted for one moment that the press was not coming here. I sold like crazy. It was like the biggest sales pitch I could muster, and everybody said, "Rita, forget it. They're talking to [UC] Davis. It's not going to happen" And it happened. I would say I was extremely involved in it happening. Not in an egoistic way. I never gave up hope. I thought they would do it, that we were so appealing and interesting because we were new and because we were... We wanted to have a press. We were a library and we had something to offer, and the campus had something to offer.

Basically, the decision was made very quickly. Then the wonderful thing happened. Their partner, Jackson Burke, who at one time had owned the press with them, had a complete set of everything they had printed on the Acorn, and he gave it to us. That was absolutely fantastic.

That was the start of our printing press, and that's how we got the first press. That was what became the Lime Kiln Press. There was a certain kind of use made at the beginning when we first got the press. [UC] Extension had a series of very amazing programs for photographers taught by Ansel Adams, and Beaumont and Nancy Newhall.

Reti: God! What a time that was. I can remember when he was still teaching.

Bottoms: Yeah, and so there were a couple of these workshops. They were for photographers who were in the field working, and also people who were not even in the field working or earning a living [doing photography]. They were making photographic essays. They produced a couple of really interesting ones. One was *Twelve Days at Santa Cruz*. The other one that they produced, *Project Find*, was about senior citizens services, and it was a beautiful photographic essay. Well, what was so interesting about it is, and how the world is a circle as far as I'm concerned.... Pirkle Jones was involved in that.

Now, I'm sure I met Pirkle at the time and I'm sure he had long shoulder-length hair at the time, looked like a wild man. I've got pictures of him looking that way. There were people in that class who later became very involved with us: Verna Johnston for one, whose collection we just got. The press at that time was stored down in the meeting room next to Don Clark's office, which was downstairs when the bookstore left this building and Don went into that. People saw the press and they looked at it. They didn't really use it. It kind of became a symbol of something we were going to be doing.

William Everson and the Lime Kiln Press

The issue became who was going to be the printer? Who was going to run the press? We had put out a feeler through a variety of people to try and find someone in the Bay Area who could do it. Henry Evans was one of the people. He was a printer and also a designer, and he was talking about maybe doing it. Don Clark was asking people, because he was in the Book Club of California and in other organizations, men-only organizations [laughter] that [included] book collectors. So he was asking around. I'm not sure [when] this happened, but William Everson came to campus, [He] was brought by Robert Frager, who was a psychology professor. [Everson] gave a reading at Cowell College, and at that time was "in robes," a lay brother in the Catholic Church.

I need to go back just a little bit. There was a wonderful man, Don Weed, who was the husband of Mary Weed, who was on the Friends of the Library board. Don, a retired person, had done some printing in his life. We were just not coming up with any particular name printer, but Don said he would kind of see what he could do with students. It was very iffy. You know, we'd just get something cooking. Then Don died very suddenly. His death was just instantaneous and there was no one for us at this time. There were a group of interested kids who wanted to dink around with the press.

Reti: I just need clarification. What was the connection with UC Extension and the press?

Bottoms: Oh okay, that was just something I was saying. The press belonged to the library. It was our press. I just remember these Extension workshops coming in and looking at the press, and meeting in the room where the press was. There really wasn't any connection.

But at any rate, the press moved up to Special Collections. We hadn't named the press yet, I don't think. So, the long and short of it was a couple of students were dinking with the press, and then something went a little haywire. "Miraculously" when Brother Antonius came to the campus to give this very dramatic reading at Cowell, as only he could give, and just make the audience very nervous and very twitchy, a few of us came out to meet him around the fountain at Cowell and ask him a few questions. Maybe there were a handful of people. It was a very under-attended gathering because he made people nervous. They couldn't handle it.

Reti: [laughter] They didn't want to be up close.

Bottoms: Yeah, yeah. It was very, very strange. He was scary. . . So Bob Frager came over and he knew we had a collection of William Everson's books, his poetry, and that we actually had a psalter, and a baby psalter. We had a lot of really special things. Bob said he would bring Bill up to see us. So he did.

The first thing I showed Bill, in this front room, I showed him the small collection of his work, including some high school annuals, which he thought was just crazy. He was very gracious, not scary at all. I showed him the copy of the psalter, which I may not have explained before, was considered to be one of the greatest pieces of printing in the contemporary world. It was a psalter that he had begun for Pope Pius XII and he stopped it. He did this when he was at St. Albert's Priory. He did it and then he stopped it because it was not perfect enough. It was considered the perfect marriage of ink, type and paper. It was really one of the great highlights of twentieth century printing. And

here we had this copy, and we were very happy about that. The "baby psalter" was composed of sheets that he had discarded, that Estelle Doheny had gathered up and published as a little baby, this mini psalter, and it just infuriated Bill, because they were discards. He absolutely could not stand that. He had a fit when he saw it here. He said, "I hate that thing! I wish they'd never done it." The baby psalter was still this special little item, so you weren't going to toss it out. You would say, "Yes, I know how you feel," and then put it back on the shelf.

I knew that there was something wrong with our press and I asked him if he would take a look at it. He said he would. So we went back into the side room and he was very impressed with the press. He took off a couple layers of cloaks and stuff and rolled up his sleeves and started mucking about in the bed of the press. I don't even know what was wrong with it, but whatever it was he started to deal with it. I just stood there looking at him and I thought to myself, oh my word, I would give anything if he could be our printer.

Reti: You had this vision right there.

Bottoms: There it was, right in front of me! And I thought well, what the hell. I'm going to ask him. He hadn't printed in eighteen years. His life was changing. He finished doing what he was doing and evidently tweaked enough with it to make it work. We were walking down the hall and I said, "Think you'd ever print again?" [laughter] He said, "Yeah." I said, "Do you think you'd ever print on that press there?" He said, "Yeah, I would." And I said, "Good. We'll get it to happen." Talking way off the top of my head, you know. What the hell did I know? "We'll get it to happen." Terrific. With what? How? But that was it. I said, "You'll hear from us." After he left I ran in and told Don Clark, who was jubilant, because you couldn't imagine a better idea.

And the irony was that Don Clark did see Henry Evans and mention it to him. Henry Evans had a raging fit, and said, "If he ever finishes anything he starts I will personally eat it with a knife and fork." A real jerky attitude. Because he [Everson] had abandoned the psalter. Bill was an unusual person for some people to accept. But at any rate, then we had to set about finding something for him. Rex Beckham was very interested and involved in this too with me, knew who Bill was, and was very happy and very helpful and very supportive.

The trick was to find some faculty members who we thought would be simpatico and understanding and feel strongly about Bill. Page Smith was very supportive. Bert Kaplan was very supportive. I'm sure I'll leave people out. There was wonderful support from George Hitchcock, who was a poet on campus. What ended up happening, which was really nifty, is that Bill had been part of some seminar at Esalen. Robert Edgar, the provost of Kresge College, met him there, and bless his heart, came up with some "soft" money, and hired Bill to teach a class called *Birth of a Poet*. So we were in. The faculty that we were talking to were trying to figure out something and this was really terrific. [I] even talked to Nobby Brown about this because he was very committed to the work of poets.

So Bill was hired on the soft money. And of course there was no money here with the press. There was nothing. There was nothing to work with. There's one really major thing that happened. Before Bill could get hired, he had to be interviewed by Caesar "Joe" Barber, the dean of humanities, whom I had not met before. I had heard about him, heard that he was wonderful, but I had never met him. The Central Services [building] fire had already occurred, so people had moved from there to other outposts on campus. Rex and I picked up Bill and we took him to his interview with Joe Barber.

We got to the stairs of where Bill was going to go be interviewed (this really happened), and he looks at me and he says, "I cannot go in there alone. You have to come with me." I said, "Bill. You know, this is really unusual." I tried not to make him feel bad. "This is

really unusual. I don't know what the dean is going to say, or even think." And he said, "I just can't go up there. I can't. I just can't go up there alone. You've got to come with me." So I went up to the secretary and I said, "I need to talk to Dean Barber." And Joe came out and I introduced myself. I said, "I have to tell you that Mr. Everson is very nervous and he would like it if Mr. Beckham and I could be in the room with him. We'll be far away. We won't even listen. Would you mind if we were there?" And bless that guy's heart. He was such a dear. He said, "Of course, come right up. I understand perfectly." So they [were] introduced. Rex and I went over in the corner and pretended not to listen, which of course we were doing, you know, full tilt. It was one of the most beautiful, compassionate exchanges between two human beings that you could ever find. It was just lovely. It was just that he was nervous. When we were there, it was fine. It was wonderful interview. That's how that went. That was a little unorthodox.

Then we went doing some house hunting for Bill. Bob Hawley came down. Bill at that time had left the order and was married to Susanna, who had a little baby named Jude. Jude was maybe two. Little Jude is now big tall Jude, and a filmmaker himself. But at any rate, we had visited Bill in Stinson Beach with his family. Bob had taken us there. So Bob always maintained an interest in Bill, and always called him Brother, never called him Bill, or anything else. So we were with the paper, and Rex was driving and I was looking at the ads for things. I said, "Oh, here's a place," because Bill kind of wanted to live up in a rural area, maybe in the mountains, not right in the heart of the city. I said, "Well, here's a place on Ice Cream Grade." From the back seat Bob Hawley says, "Brother is not going to live on a street named Ice Cream Grade." I said okay, okay. [laughter] And he meant that. He absolutely meant that.

Agnes McCrary, the matriarch of the McCrary family, and Myrtle Garaventa who was a postmistress at Davenport had been coming up [to Special Collections]. Agnes was the one who said, "I'll ask to see if there's anything for rent in our area." So that is how Bill came to Swanton. He named it Kingfisher Flats immediately. So we got him here. And he was set.

Actually I named the press. Don Clark and I thought well, let's make it have something to do with the campus, something in the environment, and the *quercus*, which is the oak on this campus, had already been taken as a press name. I said, "Oh, what about Lime Kiln press?" So I do take credit for naming that.

We had a contest before Bill arrived. This is almost inconsequential. We had a logo design contest. We asked for submissions for the Lime Kiln press design. If Bill had been here that never would have happened, but we thought that was nifty. Until we saw the designs. Couldn't stand any of them. We had to pick a winner, but we never used the design. It was a great idea that just did not work. It should never have happened.

In order to introduce Bill to the campus, I thought that I would do an exhibition, which I did do. Bill had all of his archive with him at Swanton and he wanted to get it out of there. I volunteered to store it in the vault. Unfortunately the Bancroft Library had an option to buy it. I knew they were going to do it if they were thinking clearly. I knew that it would probably never be ours, but until that time I was able to draw upon it to do this exhibition about Bill. Drafts of poems, that kind of thing. There was some sort of deification of him that I think happened because, one, he had been a lay brother in the church. He wasn't a priest. People used to call him the Beatnik Priest. He was never a priest, for heaven's sake, but he had this mythology building up around him. People didn't know what he was. He was awesome. Plus he was very tall, long gray hair, very imposing looking, and had this bear claw necklace and this buckskin fringe jacket. He was this personage. I wanted to make him human. Not that he wasn't. I knew he was human, but other people didn't, and were very afraid of him, and in awe of him, had him on a pedestal, and kept their distance. I thought, well let's see what we can do here.

So I did a case of him when he was a child in Selma, California growing up, not anything other than family pictures, a couple of baby pictures. One, I thought, very telling picture where he was in this family photograph. He was the tallest person in it, and he was in the corner, and sort of listing to the side, tipping over at the top, to kind of mask his

height. It was such an incredible photograph. I just loved it. A couple of people thought it was just the worst possible taste that I could have put in that case of him, showing him and his family. They felt it was just dreadful. It was, I suppose, in their minds, like showing the Pope as a little kid in Poland or wherever he was born. There was nothing bad about it. There was no naked, horrible anything. It was just like—this is a person who came out of a family. This is the kind of life he had. He was a conscientious objector, and then he went to join St. Albert's, and then he left. So I took some flak. It was really interesting. I was kind of unprepared for that, but that was the way... I think I'm mentioning this only because I was trying to break the ice, and trying to encourage students to come and be with him. That's what I was trying to do, to make him approachable.

Reti: Do you think that Bill wanted to be approachable?

Bottoms: Oh yes.

Reti: Do you think that this persona or personage was something that he needed to have, or that it was something that people put on him?

Bottoms: I think that at various periods in his life maybe... His incredible drama when he read was kind of off-putting. He did the same kind of thing in the *Birth of the Poet* class. But up here it was a different deal. I think he wanted to welcome students. He wanted to print. And so I think that he was not going to be doing the same sorts of things in the print shop that he would have been doing at the lectern, and on the stage in the *Birth of the Poet* class. It would be much more of a working kind of arrangement where things are going on. Not that he would not make dramatic announcements or things like that, but it was a different kind of operation. He wasn't being looked at by a whole fleet of people sitting in chairs waiting to see what he did next. Right? They were all working together. I felt it was my job to just try to encourage students to come up there. So a couple of them

did. I remember when Maureen Carey first came, she was interested in printing. I said, "Go on back there, Maureen. It's okay, go on back there." I thought she was going to drop dead of terror. "It's okay. He's really approachable. I'll bring you back there." It was just like, uh, this awesome person. She did that. She turned beet red. I remember that in particular because it was scary. But then people began to work with him.

The first project that the press did was a portfolio of broadsides, *West to the Water*. It was the work of six poets. Six poetry broadsides. One of them was Bill's. One of them was Mary Norbert Korte, John Skinner. We did an edition of two hundred copies of that. One of the special things about this publication was that each sequence of twenty-five broadsides involved the work of a different calligrapher. The calligraphy would be the initial letter on each broadside. That would be the work that the calligrapher would do, and they would sign off on it. And so Bill was the first calligrapher, the first twenty-five and then somebody else next, Todd Hirozawa. Maureen Carey did a set of twenty-five and then somebody else ... And then we ran out of calligraphers. I said, "Bill, you're going to have to do another set of twenty-five." He said, "I've already done it." I said, "Well, we'll have to give you a pseudonym." He said, "Okay, give me one." I said, "Philip Dorn." So Philip Dorn did a whole set of twenty-five. Nobody would know it was Philip Dorn that was the working name Bill used, but I'm telling you now because I think it's pretty funny. Kenneth Rexroth, not that this is the same thing, but Kenneth Rexroth's collection went to [UC] Santa Barbara, and Rexroth, at some point in his life, early in his life published a lot of poems under pseudonyms and never remembered which he used. I can understand that perfectly. So you could never have a complete bibliography of Rexroth because he couldn't remember it and nobody else knew it. So unless somebody had written down a list, and kept a list of every name they used... It was really kind of fun.

So it became really clear at the outset that we knew absolutely nothing about how to sell these portfolios.

Reti: I was going to ask about that.

Bottoms: We thought we did. You just somehow mail them, and you somehow make out an invoice, and you somehow screw up the sales tax, and do all kind of awful things, because if you are selling to booksellers, they do not pay sales tax because they resell it. So we quickly learned that we needed help. The Friends of the Library had played an important role. They gave us the money to run the press. The Friends of the Library put a little note in their publication asking for someone who would be the Lime Kiln Press business manager and Dorothy Battersby answered the call. She was wonderful and did that task for all of the years of the press. She knew how to make out an invoice. She knew how to bill people. She'd wrap things. She knew how to be very patient with people who didn't pay their bills. She helped us in all those ways. Because it was ridiculous. I mean, I never thought about that part of it. You just do this, and then oh my God, what happens next?

We need to talk about the money of it, because it was really important. The Friends of the Library underwrote all of the expenses of the press to keep it in operation at the very beginning. Norman Strouse gave a significant amount of money to buy paper and a font of type. So he helped in that regard. But the Friends always underwrote things, so that all of the money that was taken in went back to the Friends. Of course we were in the red. None of the kids who printed got paid. Bill never got paid for anything, but when we'd have our publication party and the piece would be done, then of course the printers would each get a copy of it, and Bill would get a copy, and anybody who had done something important about it would get a copy. That's how we paid them.

The second project was *Tragedy Has Obligations*, which was a Robinson Jeffers poem with a big beautiful woodcut by Alison Clough. It was a bound book this time, so it was a more expensive book to produce. It was bound by Hans Schuberth**.** It spoke to Bill's incredible devotion to Robinson Jeffers. Jeffers was his mentor. He was very important to Bill. In all the years that Jeffers was alive on the coast and Bill could have met him he

never ever could bring himself to do that. Never met him. But he worshipped him from afar.

My feeling was that the master of the press chooses the projects that the press works on. I think that is the way it should go. Other people might have disagreed with me. I did not care. I felt that obviously the person has to be inspired to do a particular thing, and then the students work. Some of the printers changed, and other people came in and were brought in, and some left. But at any rate, Bill chose the projects.

The book sold very, very well. One of the book dealers wanted to buy six or seven copies and I wouldn't let him do that, because I felt that we didn't want book dealers to corner the market. We wanted collectors to be able to buy it and institutions to be able to buy it. I really annoyed that dealer, who was William Wreden, who had been very kind to us. We also had some [challenges] with the first book, and we soon learned... Bill and I priced the portfolio at thirty-five dollars, which we felt took care of the need to have any kind of dealer discount. Wrong. Not the case. Doesn't work that way. Make it cheap and nobody will care about not having a discount. So we quickly learned that that wasn't a good thing. So we developed a discount for dealers, of course. We didn't know what we were doing. It's clear to say that.

Reti: Did you have any mentorship from other people doing presses like this, fine arts presses?

Bottoms: No, I think we didn't ask because we didn't know enough to ask. I'm really sorry. So for the second book we developed a dealer discount. I didn't even have the sense to know what to ask, or who to ask it to, and I certainly don't know why, because I interacted with other dealers. I just don't know. I just never quite got it. Little skirmishes would happen.

Then *Granite and Cypress* happened. That was the magnum opus of the press, and again it was a Jeffers book. It was a two-year nightmare. It was horrible to live through that book, and I will describe some of the horror of it, but since it became one of the great books of the twentieth century, you could forget about those things when you look back. It had a whole host of components that made it complex. First of all, it was a limited edition of one hundred. The first thing that happened is I went to the Friends of the Library for the money, and there were a couple of people at that time on the board who were not in good health. Wendell Simons was the interim university librarian. I went to get money for this book and people began to attack me because it was going to be an expensive book. It was going to be a book that had to cost about two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars. It ended up costing two hundred and fifty dollars. There was a lot of criticism about us doing books for the carriage trade and all that, and that's not the point of it. It's just when you do what the conception of the book was, it's going to be costly. The Friends started in on me. It was an awful meeting. I was used to going in there and asking for money, so it wasn't that. It was being attacked. I didn't like it. And then attacking Bill for being weird and wearing eagle claws and looking strange. I mean, it was just really ugly. It was a very unfortunate meeting. Then Wendell Simons in the middle of it, which didn't help me at all, turned on me himself. I boycotted Friends meetings for a year. I refused to return.

The book itself was going to be a long haul, and that we all knew. It was going to be a book of poems that Jeffers had written while building Tor House. Instead of *Granite and Cypress*, it was originally titled *Stone Cut* and that got changed in the middle of things.

I'll just touch on some of the highlights. One of the things that made it difficult for me is there was a friend of Bill's who lived up in Swanton, Don Longuevan. He was the "anonymous" craftsperson who was building the slipcase for the book, laying in the piece of granite from Jeffers' own quarry into the book, and putting it into a... what I called a wooden base that would hold that slipcase. He was constructing all of that. He used to come in and make me crazy about money. My life was kind of hell during this

book. But the point is there was a complexity of dealing with this particular craftsperson whose anonymity had to be maintained, and yet he was running around telling everybody who he was and what he doing.

Reti: Why was his anonymity important?

Bottoms: Do not know. To this day. Never knew.

Reti: So this was something he wanted?

Bottoms: He wanted it. That was it. So, in the back of the darn thing it says "an anonymous craftsperson." It was just nuts, but that was the deal. The printing of the book was very unusual in how it had gone through the press. There were so many elements about it that made it very unique.

Reti: Can you be more descriptive about that?

Bottoms: It was as if it were incised into the paper. Like you would incise something into the granite. It was a whole incredible concept. The line was just so beautiful.

So it was an element of time, and I'm not clear on the amount of time, but it was a lot of it. Then the book was ready for binding. The sheets went to the binder. Bill went up with some of his printers and picked out the cloth and the endpapers. I wasn't involved in that, thank God, because when the book came back from the bindery, I remember Carol coming in here and saying, "Rita, don't look out there. Don't look out there. You are not going to be happy. I have to tell you, the book is curling up like a sausage. It is curling up like a sausage." She was beside herself. She said, "Just don't look out there." And of course I had to look.

Reti: How could you not look?

Bottoms: It was totally warped. Really awful. I immediately called Bill and he had a flaming fit, and accused Hans Schuberth, this great binder whom everybody adored, he adored, and had bound the other book, of doing this deliberately! We had a little flame out. There was a lot of stress in this. That Hans did it deliberately because he didn't like him. All kinds of really weird stuff. It was not pleasant at all. I called up Hans and said, "This is what has happened." And Hans said, "Why did they pick that endpaper?" It's this. It's that. I brought the book to Hans in San Francisco. I had to meet him at a hospital because I was taking a family member up to the hospital. I brought the book in the lobby and exchanged this warped thing. He saw it, and he and I always had a cordial relationship. He looked at it and he saw it. And then he came down to Santa Cruz to talk with Bill. But they wouldn't speak to each other directly. So I sat in the middle like a ventriloquist, and they spoke each to the other through me. It was horrible. It was an awful position to be in. Everybody was upset. This was a gorgeous book and something bad had happened. Nobody had done anything deliberately, but some choices had been made that didn't work out, or were going against the grain. There was some kind of pull of the endpaper. I don't even remember what it was that caused this warping.

Reti: Was it every copy?

Bottoms: Oh, every copy. It looked fine when he did it, and then shazzam. I mean, can you imagine selling this to somebody and then they take it home... And then they'd be really mad. So it had to be rebound. It was redone differently. That was done. But if I thought that had been a problem, nothing prepared me for the next one.

Reti: Oh no!

Bottoms: It was the worst of all. The books were done. Maureen [Carey] did the stitching on the spine. It was just gorgeous. Everything was fine. And so Bill, and the printers, and the anonymous boxmaker, and a class of book arts students from the campus, somebody's class, came over to help do the packing. We were having the publication party and this was a hot item. People had been waiting for this book. We were going to be mobbed. There were really only going to be eighty for sale because by the time you did the giving away to the various parties you were left with about eighty books. Further than that, since each box was different, and hand-crafted, and each piece of granite was different and looked [different] you wanted not to have anyone say, "Oh, I don't want this one. Look at that knothole. I want that one." We could not go through that. So we had custom-made styrofoam boxes to put all of them in. After they were placed in the styrofoam to protect them, they were put into the box that we had ordered to fit around that, and to seal it up and just put the number on the outside. First come, first served. That's it. Nobody could reserve the books. Nobody could reserve anything, because we would have sold them out a year before the publication party. We would not allow that, as you know. Nobody could do any preordering, nothing, because it would be a bad thing. People would be very annoyed.

Then we did another thing that did not endear us to booksellers but hey, that's what we did. We limited booksellers to one copy. Now I have it on good authority... I know that Jerry James came in and bought a copy, and I know that a bookseller put him up to it. It was really interesting. I mean, that's how people got around that. Because it was a hot book and we wanted libraries to be able to purchase them. As I look back, there's something a little stupid about it, and I think I was a little over the edge, quite frankly, on this. Because booksellers are really wonderful people. They have a job to do, and they have a job to put books in people's hands, and yes, they should buy them at a discount. We had a lot of money to recoup. I know I was worrying about that. When a bookseller bought, they got a discount. When somebody else bought, they didn't. I knew that book had cost so much money. The thing is, I was very worried about the finances, too. But also, I thought it would give the person who walked in the door and wanted to own one

themselves, they'd be able to buy one. I think I had kind of a lopsided view, because I really do respect what booksellers do and how they work and I think maybe I would have done it differently and not been so rabid about limiting them. But we had a lot of people rushing down here. We were mobbed. We sold out.

Reti: And this was at . . .

Bottoms: At the book party. But I have to tell you what happened before the book party. I put all that in there, because I knew we were going to get mobbed, and we were going to have these things boxed up.

So this great assembly occurred of the people to do the packing. All the books were out on the table, and they were really very beautiful. We were all very happy to see them. Don Longuevan brought out all of the boxes, all of the slipcases, and the troughs. Slipped the books into the slipcases—beautiful, gorgeous. Put the slipcases into the troughs. They did not fit! Not one of them fit! These are all kiln dried. This is all wood. Any which way they didn't fit. They slid out, fell out. The whole concept was... Now, that was his responsibility. It sure wasn't mine. He made this thing. So there we were. This was the worst news ever. I think this was on a Wednesday or a Thursday, and the publication party was the following Friday, not the immediately following Friday, but the next one. Bill immediately became comatose. He could not speak. He turned green. Everybody was in shock. I looked at Don Longuevan. I did not scream at him. I know I didn't. I said, "Is there anything we can do here?" He said, "No." There was nothing. People were... You can imagine. We were all sick. We wanted to throw up, but we didn't have the time to do it. So I said, "Well, anybody got any ideas?" I heard my voice. It was like my voice was disconnected from me, because I was still in shock, but I found my mouth was opening up and I was bellowing. I was like the quarterback. I just said, "Well, it seems to me that we are going to have to make a decision here. We've got everybody assembled. Don says there's nothing we can do about this. So there's nothing we can do about it. So we've got the choice of just leaving them in the slipcases and having them

without the bases. What do people think about that?" Just complete silence. Comas. I just heard my mouth open and say, "We are packing them without the bases." Since I was the only one who was able to speak. So very quietly they packed every damn one of them up.

[A day later] Longuevan came up with one of the printers and said, "Rita, I've thought about it, and I think there's something I can do. I can do something. I can get some beige wool, and I can line the bases with the beige wool, cut it, line it, glue it, put it down, and get these things to fit. I'd like to do that." I said, "Well, I wish you would have come up with that before we packed all of them!" I was very rude. I was not a happy camper. It was too much. I said, "Well, what does Bill think of that?" He said, "I think he likes it. He's out in the car." He was out in his jeep. He couldn't come in because he was terrified of what I would say. Yeah, he was scared. He's a triple virgo. He would say, "I'm a triple virgo. I can't handle this." So I went out and I got into the jeep sitting next to him, and then the two other guys piled in. I said, "Bill, what do you think of lining the bases?" "Mmmm." I jabbed him the ribs with my elbow and I said, "Come on, tell me what you really think. Do you want to do it? Do you want it to be done?" He said, "Yeah, let's do it." I said, "Okay, thank you very much." I got out of the car. I think that must have been Friday. Thursday was the horrible packing. Friday they came to see me. Don Longuevan said, "Susanna will help me (Bill's wife). I will take the books back to my cabin in the forest and I will do this, and I will pick them up tomorrow."

I came here on Saturday and he took them all away. I said to him, "If they," and this is exactly what I said, "If they are not back here by next Wednesday, I will kill you. I will kill you." He got the message. Nobody was smiling or laughing. He loaded them into his van. As I watched the car drive away I thought, you know, I just don't care. If the forest burns down and they all burn up in it, all those books go up in smoke, I don't care. I don't care. I hate this book. This is too much to deal with.

They came back on the following Wednesday. Everything had been done. He brought them back. Everything was unpacked, repacked. We were ready to go. We had an amazing party. It was phenomenal. My husband, Tom, wanted to buy a book, and I said, "I will not have that book in my house. I cannot bear that book. I have died for that book." And of course two weeks later I was really sorry because I really loved the book. But I just couldn't stand it. It was too much. A decade later, the great publisher, James Laughlin, wanted a slide of it for his talk on great printing of the twentieth century at the Whitney Museum of Art.

After that it was really wonderful. What is now called the Lime Kiln Press room downstairs, that space became available, and I thought it would be so wonderful to get the printers out of our hair, quite frankly. Because love them as we did, it was an eternal thing, with people running out here constantly and needing to call and... And Bill at one point... We couldn't figure out what I was in the Lime Kiln Press. But he said, "I guess you're like the publisher." Because I would get the money. I would make the calls. Not all the calls, but it was like I could never figure it out. This is crazy, and of course who's done this to herself, and done it to everyone else working up here. And poor Carol. She was intimately involved with this whole operation. So fortunately, the printers moved downstairs and we were very happy about that. We began to use that as a processing room.

They did two more pieces. One, *Blame it on the Jet Stream*, a poem that Bill had written. I don't think that was a successful book at all. I didn't really think very much of it. And the last one was the preface to *Leaves of Grass*. Bill had felt that Whitman had written the lines in a certain way and did not want to have the line continue on the second line. He wanted to draw it out, and have it fill the space in a particular way. I thought that was very beautiful. So did Viking [Publishers], because they made a facsimile of it.

After they left, I remember Carl Wensrich saying to me, "Oh Rita, is it okay with you that the press is leaving?" I said, "It is so okay with me. I am so tired of... They are now on

their own. They don't need me anymore." We've been through this. Leaving, meaning going downstairs instead of living up in Special Collections.

Reti: It occurs to me, you've got printers with ink and all that. It's not really a great combination with library materials. Was that a problem?

Bottoms: No, never was a problem. It was just that they were calling this, calling that, doing this. I'm certainly glad we did it, now that I don't have to deal with it anymore. I feel very good about the Lime Kiln Press. Of all of the things it actually worked on, I think *Granite and Cypress* was the best thing. I think it was wonderful for the people who worked with Bill. It wasn't always easy. There are people who printed with him who may or may not have been printers when they started, or may or may not have continued printing when they left, but some of them did. He had a profound effect on the printing community in Santa Cruz. Richard Bigus, Thomas Whitridge. I'm going to forget people's names. Nick Zachreson worked with him. Maureen Carey, of course.

Reti: Felicia Rice.

Bottoms: Felicia worked with him. A whole host of people: Janet De Barr, Syndi Masters, Greg Graalfs, Jim Farris, Rik Isensee, Todd Hirozawa. So a lot of people had that benefit. [Everson] became part of the printing community and also the community of poets here. I feel really good about that because I don't know that he would have come here if we hadn't asked him to print. I don't know whether he would have ever come to Santa Cruz to live. I rather doubt that. So I felt that that was something that might not have happened if I hadn't asked him to print on the press, even though I had sometimes rued the days... With some of these things I had described, but really... I had a very nice working relationship with him. We had a lot of fun and he was easy to talk to. We'd just sit down and work something out and come up with either the right idea or the wrong idea. He was easy to work with. But I was not in there making any of the artistic

judgments and things that he was doing with the printers, and so I can't speak to that side of it.

Reti: Did the press end because of Bill's illness?

Bottoms: Yes. He had Parkinson's. I spoke to people afterwards, because there were a lot of people who wanted to take over the press. We put the press to bed, no pun intended, for a while. I think when we move into Unit 3 the press will have another new life. I think we should keep the same name. Muir Dawson of Dawson Books talked to me about it. He said, "Rita, you've spent so many years making this name. It's really important. It shouldn't be given up. When it reconstitutes, use that name." I think it's good to have a lapse in years. It's been a long time since Bill left, but I think, so what? When the press starts up again it will be with another printer, and that's fine. They won't be Bill. They'll be who they are. A lot of people have been asking over the years about who we are going to select. They want to do it. It's not a paying job. There was a little controversy generated about that after *Granite and Cypress*, that Bill was working for nothing over here and I'm going, oh my God. That's true. He was. Because there was nothing to pay him with. With *Granite and Cypress*, the press went into the black. We were able to pay back our debts to the Friends, and so that was good. And some money, I don't remember very much about this, did go to him to help at that time. But there was no... This was not a library budget item, let's face it. Some people got critical about the fact that we were using him. Well, you know, that's how he got here. If the Friends hadn't loaned us the money, we wouldn't have had the program we had.

Kenneth Patchen Archive

I think this is a natural segue into Kenneth Patchen, in a crazy kind of way. Believe it or not, there is a really wonderful connection. We had a student named Jonathan Clark who went to school at UCSC, and he used to come and visit me when I was in the broom closet. He would just come and hang out, and we would talk about this or that. He was a

photographer who had studied with Wynn Bullock and was interested in the arts. I bought a few photographs that he had taken around Santa Cruz for maybe ten dollars apiece, some really amazing sum of money. I did that from time to time with students. I always tried to pay something and I mean, it was ten dollars. Jim Hair, who is today a photographer as well, I bought Jim Hair photographs for ten dollars. That was all we could do, but we did it.

So at any rate, I had known [Jonathan Clark] for a while and we had moved up to the new quarters. One day he came in and [said] he wondered if I had heard of the poet Kenneth Patchen. I said, "Oh yes. Oh, I've heard of Kenneth Patchen." I remembered seeing these silkscreen portfolios in Berkeley when I went to school there. I knew some of his poetry and had seen some of these little books in black and white. I said, "Why are you asking?" And he said, "Well, because I know the Patchens." I said, "You do? Oh my God!" Patchen was still alive at the time. As an eight-year-old boy Jonathan had gone over to the Patchens. He lived in Palo Alto not far from them, and had gone over to the house and had knocked on the door, and become a friend. It's a wonderful story. From that time on, [he had] been involved in their life. I said, "Gee, it would be so wonderful to meet him, but I would not even ask because I know he is bedridden and I know he's in a lot of pain." I knew about Miriam because she had been the person he had written and dedicated all his work to. She was his muse. So, I knew all that. That was kind of it. But I was really very intrigued.

When Kenneth died in 1972, Jonathan came up and said "I'd like to bring Miriam Patchen up to see you. Would you be interested in Kenneth Patchen's archive?" I said, "Oh my God, yes," not knowing how big or huge it was. It would be something wonderful. I was sure of that. He said Miriam would have to sell the archive and I said, "Okay, and how much would it be?" It was $75,000, which is utterly nothing for the archive, but to us it was major and monumental.

He brought Miriam in and she was extremely aloof. I was terrified. I was in an absolute state of terror. Talk about terror management. I was very nervous, because I knew who she was in Patchen's life, and it was like practically meeting him in some way. Of course I knew Jonathan. But she was very cool. Let us say cold. It's the only time I've ever seen her cold. But she was on her guard too because, I was told at that time, and Jonathan had told me in advance, but Miriam then said that Warren Roberts, the great bibliographer, had come out from the University of Texas to look at the collection. He was very excited about it and wanted to go back and buy it. It seemed like it was going to happen and then they never heard from him again. So the Patchens just had no trust of these "horrible" libraries. They had had various kinds of negative things happen in their lives, so they had formed some negativities, let us say, about institutions. So we were talking, being polite and chatty, but again, she was, extremely not like she was after, but just very formal.

Then she turned to Jonathan, and they had this big brown paper bag with them, just a brown paper bag like a shopping bag. She said to him, "Well Jonathan, should we show her a couple of things?" And they pull out, and I wish I remembered which two, they pull out two of the painted poems manuscripts in living color, which you have to remember had only been printed in black and white in the books. I saw them, and I just went nuts. The hair on my arm stood on end. They were so beautiful. You can see them on the walls [here]. I thought, oh my God, this is something wonderful. We must have these. Again here, crazy woman. Where's the money going to come from? Well, I don't know. I haven't a clue. I'll sell donuts or something like that. And when I had the reaction I had to them, she completely softened. She said to Jonathan, "I see she really does like Kenneth Patchen." She became this completely different person. She just wasn't sure about me and then my reaction was so visceral that she couldn't help but notice.

So we talked very cordially and I said, "Look, right now we are between university librarians. Don Clark has retired. Wendell Simons is pitching in in the interim, and I have

to wait until a new university librarian comes to even broach the subject. I am not going to mention it to anyone. I can't. It is just not possible, not a good idea." Everybody heard that and they were okay with it. I'm not sure what the time gap was, but it was a time gap. But in the interim I went and I saw her. I went to the house and saw some of the painted poems, and went just nuts, drove into their red and black checkerboard driveway that they had painted. I could taste it. I wanted it. But I didn't know what was going to happen.

So we got a new university librarian, David Heron. The word was just out that the Bancroft Library had picked up the option on William Everson's papers that were in my vault back here. They had bought them. I thought, I better go in there, and this will be my little visit with him. I better go in there and make a clean breast of it right now before he reads it, or hears it from one of his bookman friends, because it was big news.

So I had a nice introductory visit with him. I think I had met him when he was interviewed, but we never had talked. I said, "I might as well tell you that... You know, Bill Everson is here and he's our printer, and for a while now I have been storing in the vault all of his archive. You have to know now that the Bancroft Library at long last picked up the option to buy this archive. I thought I'd better tell you right now." He said, "And [clap] how can we get even with them?" I said, "I have just the way!" And hot damn, that's exactly the way it went down. So I started to talk about the Kenneth Patchen archive. I had no idea that he would do that. I had no idea that he would react in that way—"How can we get even with them?" leading me...had no idea. I was going to bring up the Patchen, you can bet, but I didn't know he was going to feed me that wonderful line. It was really true. For years, when I would talk publicly about the Patchen archive I would always talk about the fact that he made that statement, and that he really made it possible for us to have it. And I told him that. After he left, I told him, "You know, David, I always credit you with what you did for the Kenneth Patchen archive. And I always recount the story." And that he went to try to find money to buy it, and we had all agreed that we would buy it over a period of time. There were ten

payments of $7500 to Miriam because it was better for her to do it in an extended period of time, quite frankly, because of her economic situation. When he [first] tried [to buy the archive], William Roth was a regent. William Roth had been very kind to the Patchens at one time, and taken Patchen into the hospital and done things for them, but he was not able to come up with money to help pay for this.

David tried some other avenues. The collection planners were absolutely aghast. I can hear them now, Bob Fessenden, Len Smith, and others, freaking out about this money. It did not make David Heron popular. Jerry James was very, very interested, and very supportive of the expenditure because he understood what this was. And I'll tell you, even those days, it was such a bargain basement price. I cannot tell you what that would have cost. Even in those days, it should have been much more. Any time I loan one of the pieces, I loan it with an insurance of value of $25,000. Each piece. We have 175 of the pieces, not to say anything about the manuscripts.

So, we purchased it. And, as I say, David took a lot of flak for that, for sure. I took flak, but I was always taking flak. I was used to taking flak. I didn't know how to do anything about money. If you don't have any, how do you get it? We didn't have benefactors giving us money. We didn't have any endowments. We didn't have any of that stuff going on. We had the Friends of the Library helping to buy things, but we did not have what Berkeley and Stanford and other major, long-established institutions have—a Friends of the Library that could round up twenty-five thousand dollars after a month or something. We just didn't have that—Stanford finding someone in their wonderful donor pool to write a check to someone for $150,000, or to fund Allen Ginsberg's archive for $1,300,000.

Reti: At that point in the campus's history my understanding is that there really was very little development or university alumni fundraising. We had almost no alumni.

Bottoms: Nothing. We were pretty brand-new. This is the early to mid-1970s. We just didn't have that base. There was no way to do it except if it came out of the book fund, or if you knew a donor that could do it. Dave Heron, and Bob Fessenden, and Jerry and I went up to visit Miriam, and then at some point I got a van... Hello? I had never driven a van before. I got a van from the campus garage. Carol [Champion], and I'm not sure who else [came with me]. I wish I remembered, and I wish I had kept notes from that time. We went up to Miriam's and packed up things.

Reti: You just did it. You picked them up.

Bottoms: Put them in a van, drove over Highway 17. Egads!

That was the beginning of the archive. That's how it got here. It became one of our most popular archives in so many ways. The work is exquisitely beautiful, and profoundly meaningful to me. It made a huge difference in my life. It was something that spoke on a very personal level to me. So I had, as far as I was concerned, a mission, as I would with any archive, to publicize it and have it out there. It changed my life, I think, in many ways. Or it made me more aware of my role in things or what I needed to do. I felt that we had an obligation to get this material before as many people as possible. I've written about that a little bit, because it had a profound effect. Patchen was a pacifist, and obviously a lot of the painted poems and his writing illustrate that pacifism. He had a wonderful sense of humor, just completely marvelous, and wrote beautiful love poems. I felt that I knew him. I felt that I knew him through his work, and I feel now, after all these thirty-some years of dealing with it that I didn't need to meet him. I used to mourn the fact that I had never got to meet him. But now I realize I have. I've met him. I've met him through his work, and in a way, that's the way to meet him. I think a lot of people have been affected by his work.

We did a movie with KQED, a film. Jane Muramoto wanted to do a film about Miriam and Kenneth Patchen. I'm in it; the archive's in it; obviously Miriam is in it. Al Young, the poet, is in it, because he knew the Patchens. James Schevill is in it, and Joel Climenhaga is in it. It was a half-hour film called *Hurrah for Anything* and that was kind of wild to do that. That came out in 1982.

We had people coming down here who taught writing in the prisons and we made duplicate sets of slides for them to use there. We felt that this was what we needed to do. We took every opportunity that was presented to us by somebody else to do something. We wanted to do it. We wanted to be a part of that. We also sought opportunities to show and exhibit these things. Which is what we normally do with our collections anyway, but this was such a highly visual one, and so appealing that it had... that it somehow made things happen a little easier for it.

Through Jim Houston we met Carolyn and James Robertson of the Yolla Bolly Press. They're lovely people. Jim Robertson passed away very suddenly last year. They were publishers in their own right, fine press publishers, but they hadn't really started doing too much of that. They were just beginning that part of their work. They were instead designing books for other publishers, such as the Sierra Club. As I said, I met them through Jim Houston, who came in and was going to be doing an edition of Jeffers's *Cawdor* with them, and so we helped them in a variety of ways. Sometimes they'd call up and they'd need some information about Jeffers. We related with them, and they'd come and visit us.

One day they came and there were a couple of Patchen pieces on the wall, and they really resonated with those. They certainly knew who he was. They said that they would like to see more. I said, "Well, we really need to have a book of his color work" They said, "The next time we come down, bring out the work." We laid it all out, and they walked around the tables just sobbing. It's very affecting, deeply affecting, so profound, so beautiful, so poignant.

They resolved the next time they came down they were going to come with John Beckman, the editor of Sierra Club [Books], which they did. They brought him into my office, and introduced him. He shook my hand, said, "Hi, how are you?" and that was it! And then he went out and he looked, and then they left. He said goodbye. Evidently they all went back up to the Bay Area and had some wine and were talking, and John Beckman decided that the Sierra Club would do this book and they would publish it in 1984 for the election year. It was an anti-Reagan statement and they wanted particularly to do more political kinds of things, and he definitely wanted to do this book.

Reti: That's remarkable.

Bottoms: I was really thrilled. They could only do.... see, this was pre-scanning. We didn't have all this technology that can do these things more easily and more cheaply now. Color transparencies [had to be sent to] Japan for separations. So only thirty-nine appear in the book. But that certainly was a very nice amount. In point of fact, Jim Robertson had to find a donor to help defray the cost of the separations. I just had Community Printers do four posters. The color is absolutely gorgeous. It's a whole different world now.

Reti: They did them from scans?

Bottoms: Yes, it's a whole different world now. But it wasn't then. And I was very pleased, because when we got the collection I had insisted, against every fiscal thought that Wendell Simons had, I had insisted that photographer Jonathan Clark be hired to take two complete sets of all of the painted poems and some of the painted books. And do color transparencies. Two sets of each one of the same. Two sets. Not one set, but two. One to be kept pristine, and not loaned out and the other one to be loaned out. And in point of fact that paid off in spades because we had this pristine set, and it had to be pristine. You couldn't clear up the transparency like you can now on the computer. You

couldn't do that. You had to be using something perfect. And so we had these, and that's what went to Japan.

The Sierra Club book came out in 1984 and it was very beautiful. The royalties all went to Miriam. Now I'm a lot more wise about how royalties go places, and they would feed right now into the Kenneth Patchen endowment, and we'd split it with her. She later signed an agreement to that effect. She was very generous.

That book, I think, either reminded people who already knew Kenneth Patchen's work, or introduced brand-new people [to Kenneth Patchen], a whole new generation of Kenneth Patchen aficionados. We had a publication party here. James Laughlin, Patchen's publisher from New Directions, we invited him to speak. His honorarium was steep. His agent called and said, well it's yada yada yada. I talked to Laughlin, who said, "Don't listen to my agent. If you get me another booking for a reading we're just going to come." I did that.

We had already sold almost a hundred copies of the book in advance. I asked the Sierra Club people how many they were coming down with. They were bringing fifty copies. I said, "You will bring me two hundred and fifty, or three hundred copies. Do not embarrass us. People are going to mob this thing." It's kind of crazy how they do things. It's crazy, I realize, with publishers. I learned a lot. But anyway, they brought down a huge amount and the local chapter of the Sierra Club headed by Dave Bockman, sold the books. People were lined up in huge lines with their stack of books. James Laughlin signed it and Miriam, and they saw each other for the first time in years. They both read. It was an occasion that you couldn't believe. Every poet within this area turned out. Bill Everson came. There are marvelous pictures, because James Laughlin was revered. Before this time, we had had a couple of Patchen programs where a wonderful man, now dead, Richard King, had gotten up and done Patchen readings. One Patchen event before, and one after. They were always well attended, but this was really an absolute knock-out. So the book sold. We had a little boutique and we still have some left. I

bought out the rest of them. They got remaindered, and then we would just snaffle them up.

Reti: They got remaindered?

Bottoms: Oh yeah. It's just crazy. But at any rate, so, people . . . Oh, in publicizing that party what I would do, very illegally, very carefully when no one was looking... I had tear sheets from the book. I wanted students to come to the party. I wanted them to be there too. So over the drinking fountain on this floor, and the fourth floor, and the second floor when it was kind of not busy, I would staple up three or four painted poems over the drinking fountain with an announcement of the [book party] and then walk away, and consider myself very successful. They'd be stolen and I'd have to put them up again the next day. One day Lan Dyson caught me, and he knew I'd been doing it. He forgave a lot of stuff. He always told me it's better to beg forgiveness than to ask permission, or something like that. He really actually allowed some of my whatever bizarre behavior, whatever you want to call it. I mean, he supported it.

Reti: Unorthodox kind of things.

Bottoms: Yeah, yeah. He just turned the other way. "I didn't see that. I don't want to know what you're doing." He did give me a lot of support and I'll talk about that at another time.

I thought that the Sierra Club book did a couple of things. First of all it introduced people who didn't really know Kenneth Patchen's work to that work, which was really wonderful. The other thing that it reminded others who did care and know about it that, oh yes, look at this, these are in color because really truly before that book, with one exception which I'll talk about in a second, there had not been any reproductions in color of this work. It was in black and white. That's the only way it could be done. It was too

costly to do color. Peter Veres, who did a book in the 1980s about Kenneth Patchen's artwork, did some of these works in color, and did a very great service. It's a marvelous book called *Argument of Innocence*. I refer people to it all the time, loan them out my own private copy of it to read, because it tells so much about Kenneth's artwork, and it is in color, and it explains a lot of things, and it kind of gives a chronology of what he was doing when and why. Miriam played a huge part in that book by being interviewed, so it's a truly marvelous book. It was published by Scrimshaw Press, which was a wonderful press, but not many people were aware of it. The Sierra Club kind of kicked up the awareness, I would say, several notches.

I think that I want to say something about [the Sierra Club] book. I have to say it because it upset me for years. After that publication party in Special Collections the Robertsons came down and they said to me that there was going to be some kind of party that the publisher was doing, John Beckman of the Sierra Club, involving Miriam, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, whom I'd not yet met but I'd seen, and some other people around the book. But it was such a small party they were not able to invite me. I pretended not to notice that and it offended me for years. But I thought, you're just a lowly librarian and without you the book never would have been. It's not that I did the book, but it would never have happened. I would have met Lawrence years before and maybe it wouldn't have mattered. It wasn't about that. It was just about being left out, that they thought it was okay for me to be left out. I thought that was such dreadful treatment and the Robertsons should have been more insistent. I mean, I'm just one person. They could have invited me. That smarted for a long time. Sometimes when you are feeling marginal and strange to begin with and then something like that happens, it just feeds into it. I never felt the same way about them again.

It is part of the story. I think it points out that librarians are a lot of times regarded as second-class citizens. We are the second oldest profession, but we are not always considered as really truly a part of things. We are definitely support. We all know that. Anybody who is a worker in the library realizes that we are in a support service, and

that's what we do. There's no question about that. This sort of plays into some of my craziness. I thought, oh, David Letterman would never have a librarian on his show. We are not who you would ever come up with to interview.

Bill Mullane, a wonderful person and a gallery director in Warren, Ohio, where Kenneth Patchen had been born, called me up, after the book came out. He said, "Lookit, I've loved this man's work for years and it's about time that this little depressed steel town of Warren did something to honor its favorite son." Bill was at that time, I believe, vice principal at Warren G. Harding High School, where Kenneth Patchen had gone to school.

I was involved for over a year with Bill, talking about what this would be like, and the kinds of things he wanted us to loan. We loaned a number of the painted poems to the Trumbull Art Gallery, in Warren, Ohio, in a marvelous old house with lots of terrific space for this particular Kenneth Patchen Celebration (that's what it was called), and Miriam and I would come out. I think the first one was in 1987. It was quite something. I had no idea how it would be. But I did know one thing: Miriam was very leery of Kenneth's family because she thought they did not like her. She was very young when she married Kenneth and when he brought her home she stayed upstairs in the bedroom. It was a little unusual. So she didn't know what their reception of her would be. She had always felt they disliked her intensely. She herself had a very reserved feeling about them.

So we went. I think it lasted for four or five days, and Bill Mullane got money to bring both of us out there. I was to give a talk at the art gallery and also at Kent State Trumbull, and Miriam gave a reading. So we both participated in all events.

Reti: So there was a whole conference that happened?

Bottoms: It was several days worth of stuff. We arrived, and Bill met us at the airport with, I think, Rich Crepage, the principal of Kenneth's high school. It was this little home town. Everybody was so very nice and sweet. They immediately took us to the Trumbull Art Gallery . . . . [long pause, tears] where we had sent on the painted poems. Atthowe**,** the art shipper packed them up, crated them and that was the beginning of using Atthowe for all of our moving, because they are first rate. My favorite one of Patchen's, oh, I can hardly say it, [tears] but it's called, I'll be able to read it in two seconds if I can come over here [to the wall of her office]. It's very monochromatic. It's black and white, "Now when I get back here I expect to find all of you marching through the streets with great bunches of wildflowers in your arms." It always moves me to tears.

When we went into the gallery, it was very late at night. They took us in there, and that was hanging over the fireplace. I broke down and cried, and I just thought, oh my God. Kenneth Patchen really has come home, because none of these things had ever been seen there. I sent the ones that were really special, and Bill had some choices and he let me choose the others. I think we sent about thirty-five or so. But to me, that one... There it was over the fireplace, and it was the start of a very emotional several days, for Miriam, as well as me. There was such a local support of the thing. The Ford agency gave us a car to drive. So I was Miriam's driver. When we weren't busy with an event we could toot around town. This was March, so there were little pockets of snow on the ground, but nothing major. It was cold, though. They put us up at a very pleasant Best Western. The next time we stayed at the home of Drs. Marianne and Rolf Nissen, two art collectors in Warren. Wonderful people.

It's a city. It's a little city. They have a town square. It is a depressed town, because it was very dependent on the steel mills which had closed. The first thing then I did was not to know where the stop lights were because I was looking for them as they are in California and other places I had been where they are standing up on the sidewalk, you know, where you can see the light. Not way up above over your head. I soon learned quickly as horns were tooting at me as I was driving through intersections not looking up. That was

an immediate learning experience. [laughter] It was just so neat, a wonderfully small town. The whole community, or much of the whole community, was very involved with it.

The day after we got there we gave a talk at the Trumbull Art Gallery to the guild, to the members of the gallery. I spoke about the archive, and Miriam spoke. I believe that evening right at the gallery was the opening of the show. It was quite moving because it was mobbed. It was a wonderful turnout. Most had never really seen his work or experienced it before. I would watch someone looking at one of these beautiful painted poems, and their eyes would fill with tears, and they would just get something from this. I felt myself that in the universe this was where I was supposed to be. There was something about that. I felt that I was doing what I was supposed to do, that I had come to that place where there was some deep connection with all of this. It was quite marvelous. I also felt (I later wrote about it in *Contact Magazine*, and Bill reprinted the piece in the Kenneth Patchen Literary Festival booklet they published in 1989) that I understood something about art that night because Kenneth Patchen was more present through his work than if he had been there in the flesh. That was a very major realization for me. I understood the power and the endurance in art, and that it can transfer, and that he didn't need to be there. He was there in his work. That is how he was there. That stayed with me forever.

I spent [much of the] time in Warren on the brink of tears, because everything was profoundly moving. It was very touching. Everybody was kind. They were so deferential, so loving of Miriam being there. They put me on a pedestal and I had to keep saying, "Hey, wait a minute. I'm just this librarian from Santa Cruz who's just privileged to be here." It was interesting. This is where I first started to get this midwestern something. They felt somehow that people from California really were so much better than the people in the Midwest. You know, that we had more interesting stuff, that somehow they were so much lesser than we were. I kept saying, "Wait a minute, wait a minute. That is not the way I see it. Why do you feel this way? I don't know where this

comes from." For many years I spent a lot of time going back and forth to Warren and to Youngstown, Ohio for a variety of events, and I would get this feeling people thought that they weren't somehow as good as we were out here. I thought, oh, please, that is not true.

Reti: There is that bias that things are really happening on the coasts, and the Midwest is provincial.

Bottoms: On the coasts. That's it. What I was seeing was the total opposite, this very creative group of people, poets and printers and writers. They just didn't see themselves in that way. You're right. It is the bicoastal kind of deal.

There was an exquisite reading at the Trumbull Gallery by Joel Climenhaga. Joel and his wife Zöe, and their kids had known both Patchens. Joel was a theater professor, not in Ohio. Joel had this extraordinary way of reading Patchen. People were in the gallery looking and Joel was reading something from "Panels of the Walls of Heaven" in which Patchen's saying, "So you want to be a writer, you must write," and things like that. It was like Pompeii. People just froze. They were suspended. His words were so penetrating that they were moving and looking and they just froze there. It was marvelous to see. It was like watching a ballet that had stopped in time. He was so fantastic in his whole delivery. A whole group of poets read things, and it was quite a marvelous thing. It brought in a lot of different communities.

I was to give a little introductory talk when we went to the Trumbull campus of Kent State. I said to Bill, "Well, what should I do?" He said, "Just talk. There are not going to be very many people." It was a mob. It was hundreds of people. They just kept flowing in the door. Who flowed in the door? This was the first time we had seen them—Kenneth's sisters, Magel and Ruth, Magel's son, Jack, and some family members, and then a cousin, somebody's kid who was Kenneth's cousin. When I looked at her I said,

"Oh my God!" On the cover of the *Collected Poems* there is a photograph of Patchen and this woman was the mirror image of that face. I was just thunderstruck. They were awesome. It took my breath away. Miriam watched this. She had not seen them in years. We are talking decades, decades. There they were, in full glory and she did not know what to expect of them. I didn't. I just saw this family, and I thought, this is something I can't even imagine. So we all were introduced, very cordial, very polite, and then I went up and did, I don't know what, talked about the archive, I don't know what I said. Then Miriam got up and did a reading that was wonderful, and everybody thought it was terrific. The next day Bill had arranged for us to go over to visit Magel and Ruth, and Jack would be there, Magel's son. We did that. It was a very wonderful experience, because they let her know that they had always cared about her.

They passed around this scrapbook with pictures of her in it. She had no idea. Clippings about Kenneth. In the scrapbook, on the front, was this wonderful Kenneth Patchen poem, I don't remember what the poem was, in this fabulous handwriting that he has. Miriam looked at it and she said, "Well, when did Kenneth write this in this scrapbook?" And Magel said, "Kenneth didn't write that, that's my handwriting." They had family handwriting. Family handwriting! He hand-wrote all of his manuscripts, for the most part. It is that handwriting. It was the same handwriting. It was just revelation after revelation. Miriam was trying to grapple with all of these things, and then Jack was really wonderful. (Jack's son came here to visit the archive.)

They were able to provide us with some copies of books that are on deposit here that Kenneth inscribed to his mother and his sister. It was really very nice. I had purchased, it may have been from Peter Howard at Serendipity [Books], a very long letter that Kenneth Patchen had written to his high school English teacher, Helen Ridgely. Now, Kenneth was an all-American boy. He was a musician in the band. He ran track; he was an officer in the class. He was an absolutely all-American kid. He had this very wonderful relationship with Helen Ridgely, and they exchanged correspondence. This letter was absolutely beautiful, and so while Bill was forming the idea for the celebration

I said, "You know, I just got this letter." I sent him a copy of it, and he found Helen Ridgely. She was very old. She was in her eighties. She remembered Kenneth vividly, and so Miriam and she got to meet. It was wonderful. She died two years later. It was just the most wonderful thing for this to all come around full circle.

At that time Bill said we will do a Kenneth Patchen festival. This was in 1987. Two years later, in 1989, he did the first Kenneth Patchen literary festival in Warren. Miriam and I went out for that. The keynote speaker was Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and that's where I met Lawrence. Lawrence did a wonderful talk on Patchen, and then read this exquisite poem he had written on the death of Kenneth Patchen. It was a beautiful, beautiful performance. I gave a public talk about the archive that we had here.

Okay, a little back-tracking. Dr. Louis Zona, who is the director of the Butler Institute of American Art in Youngstown, Ohio, a really wonderful museum, a big medium-sized museum with a gorgeous collection and wonderful shows, very forward-looking, and that kind of sets the tone for later stuff that happens. Lou Zona and I met, and we agreed that I would rotate a painted poem every year if I could, to hang at the Butler. So I brought out the "King of Toys," which was Miriam's favorite piece. It hung over her mantelpiece. The night when everybody first gathers for this first literary festival, there were about 200 people there, and I'm presenting this to Lou Zona for the Butler to show for a year, and there's Lawrence [Ferlinghetti] and everybody else. I haven't hardly met him yet, he just got in from the airport, and the minute I present this, Miriam bellows out in her wonderfully large voice, "And she stole it out of my house!" That was just one of a series of things she would occasionally do to me in public, or at a dinner party if she felt like being playful and also attacking me, and also maybe telling the truth. I looked at her and I said, "You know I didn't steal it. You told me I could take it." We had this little thing and everybody laughing. So there was that. Lawrence came up to me and asked me how I happened to get the Patchen collection, and I said, "Come to my talk tomorrow. I'll give the whole history of it." So I actually did that. I went through the whole deal, including everything David Heron said—and how can we get even with

them? Other people participated in the events. There were poets, printers, and it was all arranged around Patchen, but Lawrence did give this wonderful keynote and it made people just thrilled to pieces that he was there.

I've left out two people that really need to be mentioned. One of them is Dr. Larry Smith from Bowling Green University. Larry wrote an earlier book on Lawrence Ferlinghetti, a study on him, and then Larry also wrote, recently, a book on Kenneth Patchen. He's a prolific writer and he is a poet in his own right. He did a Kenneth Patchen film that tells Kenneth Patchen's early days in Ohio. It is a dramatization. So it was a little shocking at first to see Miriam portrayed by somebody else, and Patchen portrayed, and then Henry Miller portrayed... But you get over that once you get over it. It's actually a very interesting film. It documents Kenneth's early days and the whole influence of being brought up in the steel mill environment and his father worked in the steel mill and how some of that comes into his poems. It's really quite a wonderful film. Tom Koba was the videographer.

There are a lot of other Patchen things to just touch on briefly. There was a symposium at the Tate Gallery in London a couple of years ago. Miriam went, and her friend and companion, Laurent Frantz, went, and I also went. And we had a little exhibition of Kenneth Patchen silkscreen prints in the poetry library right adjacent to the Royal Festival Hall. That was very nice. Because they could not afford insurance, I brought my own copies of the silk screens. I carried them with me on the plane. I did the same thing in Rome in June 1999 when we went, the year before Miriam died [March 8, 2000] Maria Anita Stefanelli of the Università Roma Tre invited us to the Centro Studi Americani in Rome. So there was an exhibition there of these same wonderful silkscreen prints. When I came back, I gave my set to the library so that we could always have a circulating set, because sometimes it's not easy for places to insure things, and I could never send anything from the archive itself that was not insured. But I could send my own stuff. I did the same thing up at the Center for the Book in San Francisco. They needed

Patchen's *Sleepers Awake* and I had my own copy of it and I didn't care if it was insured or not. It just went up there.

There's always been activity on Patchen of one sort or another. There's one professor from Texas Christian University, Joe Self, who's very involved, and has written on Patchen's artwork, and wants to do a show. He's a really neat guy. He came out here and showed me in the painted poems things I had not noticed before—that there were differences from what had been published. It was interesting. Everybody who comes has a little different take on it.

There have been exhibitions that have borrowed one to two pieces of Patchen's work. The postcard I showed you came from "The Beat Generation and the New America," that show at the Whitney. I loaned that painted poem, and one other. They did a postcard through Fotofolio of that, and that's why the postcard exists. So it's been a continuing interest. I would like to see, obviously, more interest.

The poems are in a very fragile condition. Peter Waters and Don Etherington, the two great Library of Congress restorers, in the conservation department, used to give preservation workshops here in the summer on the UCSC campus. Peter Waters had gone to Florence and set up the whole rescue after the big flood. These were the guys to look at it. I brought the whole class up here and I said, "Look at this stuff, because it's layered on in real cheap paint, and whatever Miriam could go to the dime store and buy Easter egg dye and little pens and all kinds of stuff. What would you do?" Kenneth Patchen would roll over in his grave if these were encased in polyester. They said, "There's nothing you can do." And that's true. We have them framed in a particular way. We have to retire those and bring out a whole other group of them, because there are over a hundred and seventy-five.

The Kenneth Patchen endowment is something that I'm very attached to. My father died really unexpectedly in 1984. His whole life he had been a book person and an art person. My mother too, just always in that mode. They came to Special Collections when there was a Kenneth Patchen show on the walls, so they got to see them. I have this wonderful little polaroid picture of them together. It was my father's last trip up here, their last trip. He always liked Patchen poems. He had several of the books and they both read them. And one time my mother came up here and there was a different show. There were a few others on the wall and she drew one for him so he could see it, because he wasn't well. He had arthritis and wasn't able to walk that well. So when he died unexpectedly my sister and I and mother talked about it and thought well, we would like to do something for daddy. What would it be? Get a book. Well, what's the book? I couldn't deal with it. Neither could my sister, Merryl. We didn't know what to do. We'll just let it percolate.

All of a sudden I got this bee in my bonnet. People were starting to talk about endowments. I thought, you know something? I want to honor both my parents. My sister and I both want to do that. We don't have a lot of money. We don't have ten thousand dollars. But we have something. And what we could do is that if we set up the David and Ida Berner Endowment for the Kenneth Patchen Archive, it would be something in our parents' name, and it would help get the Kenneth Patchen archive support. I thought it was really neat and I talked it over with Merryl, and also with mother, and they thought it was a wonderful idea. My sister and I began that by the late 1980s. I don't remember when we began it. It was the first library endowment named for parents to support a collection. It began as a fund functioning as an endowment before it got to the $10,000 level. But at any rate, it felt really good.

When I told Miriam this over the phone, she broke down and cried. She was so touched. We had talked about, could she give money to the archive? She wanted to. But she said [it didn't] seem like a good thing because it's vanity. The poet can't give to his own archive. But this was just thrilling to her. So we started it out. What we did—the calendar with Pomegranate, when we did various things from then on, any money that came into

the library having to do with Patchen just automatically got plugged into the endowment. Any little piddling thing. If we sold a bunch of calendars to people that came in, all that money went in. Miriam was very nice about splitting the royalties on the calendars. So we built it up. When Laurent Frantz died a couple of years ago, he left money to the endowment. He never told me about this. He called me up one day and he asked me, "How do you give money to the endowment?" After his death Marge [Frantz] called me and said in his will there was five thousand dollars for the archive. Then in Miriam's will there was money for the archive, and people have made donations and there have been other collectors who I've extorted money from. So the endowment, it seems to me, is over twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars now, which makes me very happy. We use the interest from it to buy things for the archive, I don't usually buy painted books because I feel that I should buy written items like letters, and manuscript fragments if I need to, but I bought an exquisitely beautiful painted book because it was quite unusual. I've seen quite a few painted books, not a lot, but probably as many as anybody else has seen, maybe more, and so that I know that there are different styles. So I'm always trying to find different styles.

Reti: This is one of Patchen's painted books?

Bottoms: Yes. He called them that. He actually made these. Each one of them is a unique work of art, because they were all done by hand. They were painted or collaged or whatever the heck he felt like doing. Then he wrote out the colophon and said this is number seventy-five of such and such, and did that. In a way to try to raise money, because they were always poverty stricken; they were always very poor. He always needed medical attention, and then in the last fifteen years of his life he was bedridden. So I use the interest from the endowment, but I also buy other things, "on time."

The last thing that makes me feel very good, and I had told Miriam about this before her death... It made me feel very happy to finally get it to happen. In her estate some funds were set aside, and also my friend Anne Killifer Meehan at Newman's Own Organics,

bless her heart, Anne gave us some money from Newman's Own. So we were able to print up ten thousand each of four different painted poems, small posters, that we can distribute to public places, schoolchildren, ghettos, third world countries. It is not the most effective means of distribution in the world because I didn't think it out that well. But it's grassroots. However, I know that there are copies in Sweden; I know there are copies in Newfoundland; I know where the copies went. There are some in Cuba. My sister took three sets to Cuba. She just came back from Cuba. They're all around. Every continent. There are some in Argentina, Israel, Palestine, France. I want them to go everywhere. I want them in third world countries and schools, where we can never afford to send the originals. One of them is "Every Man Is Me." The other one is "I Have a Funny Feeling," and that one is the more humorful. The others are with a huge message on brotherhood and peace. Then, "What shall we do without us?"

But the one up there, "Declaration of Peace, My Country the World," that has never been published until now. That was somehow under Miriam's bed and I didn't know it existed. And then when she had a little flood in her apartment it kind of floated out. One day I came over there and it was on the wall. I said, "Miriam, where did this come from? It's a painted poem." She said, "Well, it was under the bed. "It had never been seen by anybody. And look at it, how relevant it is for today. "Declaration of Peace, My Country, the World." So I just took that for my very own personal message. So, as I said, as [part of] an ongoing discussion that she and I had had in the airport while we were waiting to go to Rome, the plane was four hours late and we had a really wonderful discussion. I said, "Miriam, I will bring the "King of Toys" back to you, since it causes you such distress and has for years. I'm sorry I took it." She said, "You'll get it one day." I said, "I'd like to have the "Declaration of Peace" to just hang here on the wall." She said, "Yes, of course." I said, "I'm going to make a poster out of it someday." So we've actually done that and people can have them and they're free. They cannot be bought. They are totally free.

Reti: So if somebody reading this oral history wanted to get a copy they could write to Special Collections?

Bottoms: They can write. People can call. If you know anybody, give us their addresses. We are mailing them out all the time.

Reti: What a great project.

Bottoms: Yes. Sure, we had to sell the calendar. We had to sell this book or that book, but to be able to give things away is something really wonderful. To have the kind of support from Anne Meehan and also from Miriam, it's very special. There are ten thousand. I will send a batch to Bill Mullane in Warren, Ohio, and Youngstown because he's so connected to the curricular goings on there.

I'll just say a little bit about Miriam's death. I met her in 1972, and she died probably two years ago, maybe three [March 8, 2000]. Her death was an enormous shock. It came very suddenly. She had multiple sclerosis. She sort of compensated for it. She was diabetic and ate huge sundaes. She just did all this bad stuff that she wasn't supposed to. Her death was incredibly unexpected. Jonathan Clark called me up and said, "Miriam's dead." He was stunned. It was awful, just awful. But I was really happy that we had brought her to our friend Randy Holland's house for Thanksgiving. That was really neat. Tom and I went up and picked her up and brought her over and drove her back to Palo Alto. She had been there, and that was nice.

I just remembered an occurrence Miriam and I were involved with when we went to Colorado. I think it was in 1992. In Boulder, there was a Patchen and d.a. levy exhibition, "Renegades, Rebels," and we went out there and Miriam broke her hip. Let me tell you, that was pretty awful. She never remembered how it happened. I certainly do, because I was right there and she insisted on not letting me hold her arm, and walking down these

dark stairs, and then shazzam. She insisted on not letting me call the doctor or the ambulance and I stupidly listened, until she was in so much pain that we finally did that. And of course she had to have a hip replacement. It was pretty horrific. It was unforgettable. And of course there was a panel the next day and she wasn't on it. I got up and talked a lot. I'd been up all night. Then in 1997 the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado did a special tribute to Kenneth Patchen and we were involved in that. And [later] we were then in Tyler, Texas. There was a whole special show there.

Reti: You really got around.

Bottoms: Places where you never probably would go otherwise. We flew to Lafayette, Louisiana. Two Patchen collectors, Donna and Allan Campo, were living in Lafayette then, and they brought us out at Christmas time to speak to Allan's businessman's professional group for their pre-Christmas black tie dinner, and then to go into the high schools the next two days. Miriam read from the love poems and Allan did something. I thought well, what will I do? I just started with "Every man is me. I am his brother." And after I finished reading it this woman in the back of the room at one of the tables said, "Will you please say that again?" It was so moving to people. They did not know who Patchen was.

There's another thing I wanted to talk about, just to show you what Miriam was like, because it is so typical of her. [laughter] All these things come back. I think for the first literary festival we went to Warren G. Harding High School and spoke to the honors English class. We were all in the library, and the yearbook staff was there, and the newspaper staff, and the honors English class were there, and the various teachers were there, and Joel Climenhaga and Bill Mullane, and all the principals, and everybody. It was this wonderful thing. I got up first to just talk about Patchen and introduce Miriam and . . . [laughter] I had a purse. I had a purse with a very large handle on it, and to make a long story short, as Miriam got up to come to the microphone we all saw immediately what we could not stop. She tripped over the handle and I dove to catch her. I kind of

caught her and she sort of fell. She pulled herself up as if nothing had happened, walked up to the microphone and said, "Got your attention, didn't I?" Just went right up. Insisted that she wasn't hurt. I sat there the whole time looking at Bill Mullane, who was ashen white. I was ashen white. Every administrator in the place was ashen white. We were stunned into oblivion. But that was so typical of her. Nothing floored her. Nothing rattled her.

I think the last literary festival in 1992 or 1993 we flew out to Ohio on Continental Airlines (this is more relevant than it seems). Each time the exhibits were different. Some were on Kenneth Patchen and magazine appearances, little small press publications, that kind of thing. The day we left to go back to fly from Columbus, which is where we usually flew into, there was a very big rainstorm. A wonderful guy picked us up with someone else to take us to the airport. (I forget his name. I wish I knew it.) He had been at Kent State when the students were shot and so it was a very emotional conversation in the car. We were crying. It was just horrific. It was just like life itself.

In this emotional state we get to the airport, and there is a picket line around the airport for Continental Airlines. Miriam started screaming. I don't cross picket lines, but she definitely doesn't cross a picket line. And not only that, she is going to let you know why she doesn't cross a picket line. Well, we had a scene at the airport that was so outrageous that it should have been filmed. It should have been filmed because no one will believe it. But it sort of goes like this: She just screamed. First of all, we had flown out on Continental because they told us the strike was over. They really did and I remember that. I called and it was over, but it wasn't really exactly over. She was screaming how she was not going to cross the picket line, she was going to get on another airline, and picketers jumped out of the line to grab our bags to help us carry our bags to another airline because they were so moved by this.

Reti: Did they know who she was?

Bottoms: Nah, nobody knew anything. Just an old lady with long white hair. A wonderful old lady just flaming out there screaming and shrieking. I'm going: okay, okay, this is going to be interesting. Yes, I'm with you. So we had about six guys carrying all this voluminous luggage, and we get to US Air, or some other counter. The long and short of it is that she opens up her suitcase and takes out one of Patchen's books, and then starts distributing things and telling people about Patchen. And a congressman was in the airport (because of the strikers), and rushes over and he happened to be black. She starts to read to him about what Kenneth Patchen wrote about seeing a black man hanging: "One of my hands is black and the other one is white." It's just a really moving thing.

We had so much going on that the police were closing in. Because what the hell was happening? Here were these two women; suitcases are opening; pickets are running back and forth. They've got a situation out there. I'm running over to US Air because of course we don't have tickets, do we? And of course we are losing our Continental tickets. But I just throw my charge card down on the counter and say, "Two tickets," and of course they were pretty full up. We couldn't exactly go where we had planned to go when we had planned to go there. The long and short of it is we flew to Pittsburgh, and then we somehow we got out of Pittsburgh. There were numerous calls to Tom [Bottoms] and to Laurent Frantz, to tell them where we were and why we were there.

We had this huge layover in Pittsburgh, and then that's going to get us to San Francisco somehow. So we are in the coffee shop for at least four hours. We were just talking. We had no problem talking, ever. And when we talked, when it was one on one, there were no games. It was just talking. That's how it was in Rome, the last week we spent together. We had an apartment that they got for us and we just talked. We didn't have to play any of the games that she played because she didn't know what else to do sometimes with people. That was her way of being. So we talked and talked, and she told me about the night... You know, Kenneth's death and everything. And I look at my watch just sort of casually, accidentally, to see that we have got five minutes to get on this

plane! I just said, "Miriam. Miriam! I know you can't run. You are going to walk as fast as you can. I'm taking all this stuff. I am running like an idiot. That plane's gonna wait." And we ran. We threw ourselves on their mercy. We almost missed that plane. We were laughing so hard. It was so funny, that we could have four hours and still be running to the plane. It was that kind of... I still... yeah, I miss her. She made me crazy sometimes, drove me nuts sometimes, just because she would come up with stuff that was—"No, I didn't take those things. No, I gave them to you. Well, I don't have them." But it was a neat relationship. Sometimes she'd tell people not to listen to me. Dokumenta, the big art show in Germany every six years, borrowed some Patchen. I had a lot of problems over that loan because she said, "Oh, don't pay any attention to her." Miriam would do that. That was the stuff that you could just want to just pop her one for.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Videographers Tom Koba and Larry Smith came a couple of times to shoot Kenneth Patchen materials in the archive. All of these people... We all came through each other's lives in this particular period of time. At that time Tom and Larry were also wanting to make a film of Lawrence Ferlinghetti. The Kenneth Patchen literary festival, which was just two days, involved marvelous poets and printers and writers in the Warren area. Mike James and his wife Lori were among them. Mike is the publisher of Fantome Press and he made a little edition of a poem that Lawrence wrote about flying over Ohio, into a special limited edition.[7]

So the final evening of the festival we were all at the big hotel on the square and in the bar, and Larry and Tom Koba brought me over to sit with Lawrence. I said, "What about your archive?" because that was one of my designs, to go after him for his archive. He said, "Well, the Bancroft Library has an option to buy it, so I don't know." But he added, "You know, I'm a painter, and I have hundreds of drawings in my studio." I said, "How

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[7] *Ascending Over Ohio*, (Warren, Ohio: Fantome Press, 1989.)

come I've never heard about that!" He said, "Because it's a very well-kept secret. Why don't you come to my studio?" I said, "Okay, I will."

And I did, in May of 1989 after the Kenneth Patchen festival. [I went] to [Lawrence's] studio to see his drawings and paintings, all of which were a revelation to me. I really liked what I saw. At that time I had only my polaroid camera. I didn't have any point-and-shoot camera. (I got my Canon Sureshot later in September of 1989 when Lee Jeffers and I were about to go to the Rare Books Conference in Cambridge, England.) I took a number of polaroid pictures there, and really enjoyed just seeing his work and finding out that he had actually been drawing and painting since the late 1940s. He took some painting lessons in Paris, where he went on the G. I. Bill after the war. Got his Ph.D., actually. Most people don't know he's got a doctorate from the Sorbonne, as he never calls himself Dr. Ferlinghetti, but he's got one. Some of his earlier artwork dates from the late 1940s. But at any rate, we just schmoozed. George Krevsky, who now owns a gallery in San Francisco, George came that day too, and I met him. It was the first time he had come to Lawrence's studio. Several years later he gave Lawrence a number of exhibitions at the gallery after Lawrence's art career was launched, after we did what we did. It seems to me it was at that time that I asked Lawrence if he would be interested in a show, that I might know some people that could give him a show. He was of course interested. What artist would not be?

So I set about trying to find a venue for a show for him. The work was quite interesting. And I got just turned down, broadly. I won't say who I approached, but later one of the curators actually came to me and said he'd retract everything he had said. But the whole thing had to do with the typecasting of Lawrence as a poet and a writer. He couldn't possibly be a painter and an artist, my God. The same thing with Graham Nash later on—Graham Nash is a singer. How could he possibly be a photographer? We just get that all over the place. Again, it's the whole concept of the polyartist.

I tried a couple of times, a couple of approaches, and as I said, got turned down. So I thought, hey, I think *we* are going to do this. I resolved to do the show in 1989, and would have done it in November of 1989. We began to prepare for the show. He was very excited. I would go up there and I found that he was a very . . . He was a very different person. People thought, oh, he's just totally wild and scary. Look at his wild and crazy beatnik days. Lawrence published beat writers, but he himself was bohemian. He was from an earlier period. He never considered himself a beat writer. He was castigated broadly, you know, but he got involved in the whole "Howl" law suit and everything like that, but the point is, I really only focused on his artwork. I knew better than to get into anything else, especially since I went to City Lights soon after to meet him for lunch, and that was the day the Bancroft picked up the option on his literary archive and was purchasing it. Which made total sense, because City Lights' archive was there at the Bancroft, but I was so sour grapes and obnoxious. It was just terrible. I called him up later and apologized because I [had] thought, his archive will just be a blip in the big pond up at Berkeley, and that wasn't true at all. They did a gorgeous exhibition. It made sense to have it there. So I apologized for being very bad-humored and feeling poor and all that kind of stuff, and he laughed and thought it's just that librarians can't help wanting to acquire things.

Reti: But you were saying that when you first met him he said, "Oh, it's a well-kept secret that I'm a painter." Was he joking? Was it really something he hadn't been ready to reveal until you came along?

Bottoms: I think he was ready to reveal it but nobody came along that gave a darn, and I did.

Reti: It wasn't really a secret in the sense that he was hiding away his stuff.

Bottoms: No, but he did tell people later that I got him "out of the closet" as an artist! That's what he said. He used that phrase several times. It was that nobody took an interest. Nobody cared. And I thought, oh, I could care, because it's good stuff. I see this wonderful link. Privately as a person he's very easy to deal with. He's very punctual. He's got a great sense of humor. He's very generous. He's just a really nice guy and he's so, so literate, so well-read. It's quite marvelous. Just very easy to be around, quite frankly. People ask, "Oh, what's he really like?" He's a kind of quiet, shy guy in some respects, and when he gets up on a stage he's a very different kind of person. He's very public then, but that's not his normal thing except when he's up on a stage. How we all are. I have to have a public personality, as anybody working with the public does.

At any rate, the show was set to happen sometime in the late fall, and of course on October 17, [1989] we had the big earthquake and he was in Italy when that happened. After he came back I said, "Lawrence, we are really going to have to postpone this show. We are so out of it down here. We really are not well. We are not well enough to do this show." He certainly understood this. So what we did is we postponed it to April of 1990. We postponed the show, and by that time everybody had begun to come out of some of the psychological damage from the earthquake.

I called the writer Christina Waters and said, "How would you like to interview Lawrence for an article?" She said, "Oh, would I love to." So she went up and did this wonderful piece that appeared in *Monterey Life*. A gorgeous multiple-page piece with a lot of his paintings in color. That's when people began to get a little bit interested because, oh! He really does paint. Through Lee Jeffers, I had met Leigh Weiner, who was a wonderful man, and was very well-known as a photographer doing portraits of very famous people, among other things he did. He did a beautiful book on Jeffers; but he made his big living... Someone would fly him out to London to photograph J. Paul Getty for ten thousand dollars a day or something like that, and he'd go out there. I was in contact with him for a period of time, and I liked him enormously. He liked me, and we had bought a couple of his books, and I had even bought a photograph or two very, very

reasonably. So I called him up and I said, "Leigh, how would you like to photograph Lawrence Ferlinghetti?" He said, "Oooh, I'd love it." I said, "I can't pay you a dime. Haven't got a nickel." He said, "That's okay, I'll come up and do it."

Reti: Those connections are really essential.

Bottoms: But I'll tell you, people have to be generous like that. And this guy sure as heck was. So I called Lawrence and said, "Look, I know this guy and he's really wonderful." And first of all you have to realize some of these photographers you wouldn't know their name but you know their photographs. You don't know who took it, but you saw it in *Life* magazine. There's that famous one where Simone Signoret is standing up at the Oscars holding her hands on her chest. That's Leigh's. These photojournalists never got their name up there, but he made a million wonderful, wonderful photographs. So I said, "Leigh says he'll come up. He'll do this, and he's going to do it for me for free. He would be charging ten thousand dollars a day, you know." It was like one thing led to another. So I asked Lawrence if he would... I said, "We've got to have new pictures of you as a painter." We've seen all the literary ones, but we got to get the painter stuff out, and he's willing to come to the studio. Will you do it?" "Yeah, yeah, as long as he doesn't ask me a lot of questions."

Of course, I was very nervous. I didn't know how they'd get along. Lawrence's studio was at Hunter's Point Naval Shipyard. I remember when I first went up there Carol said, "Now I want you to make sure you do not roll down your windows, and you lock your car, and you do not stop your car for any reason." She was really nervous about my going. At any rate the naval shipyard has opened some of its abandoned buildings to artists, and they pay rent. They're wonderful studio spaces. So they got together. Leigh met us, and Lawrence was there, and within two minutes it was instant rapport. I was in a mood of total fear because I had no idea if one would annoy the other. You never how these things go. We were all there for hours. It was great. So some of the photographs Leigh made are in *Monterey Life* and they're just wonderful. Lawrence with *Unfinished*

Flag of the United States wearing his bowler hat, or his derby, whatever it is. Lawrence painting. Lawrence moving around with the artwork. Christina was able to use a number of these shots in the *Monterey Life* magazine along with the paintings so you could see, hey, this guy actually does paint. And of course the photograph I didn't have because I didn't know Harry Redl at the time, but this is Lawrence in the 1950s painting [pointing to the photo]. It's the real thing. It's just what he was doing.

Lawrence kept thinking he was going to Italy right before the show but then would be back in time for the show. I called him up a lot and I would say, "Well, are you in Italy yet? Don't go, please don't go. I need to talk to you all the time about stuff." But at any rate, we had the opening and it was wonderful. It was very well attended. It was mobbed. We had five hundred people

Reti: This was right here?

Bottoms: Right here in Special Collections. The show was here.

Reti: Five hundred people!

Bottoms: Yes, drifting in and out. It was just mobbed. Robert Stevens, the chancellor was here. NPR came beforehand and did interviews. *The Chronicle of Higher Education* carried it. It was all over the place. Peter Stack came from the *Chronicle*. It was a major, major event. And so that started his art career.

After the show I was at the studio and I asked him, "Well, what's going to happen to your artwork?" He said, "Oh, I don't know." I knew he wanted me to continue to work with him on this stuff. I said, "Well, boy, we'd sure like some of this stuff. Here are all these drawings just sitting here. And your sketchbooks. I'd really like to establish an art archive for you." And all the time I had said, "Wouldn't you like to be where Kenneth

Patchen is?" And he did. He had this bond with Patchen, there's no question. But the point is, he said, "Well, I really need to ask the Bancroft if they're interested in any of this stuff." I said, "They probably won't be. But go ahead." And he did. Their interest was his literary archive. So that's how we started out.

A number of things happened next. It was 1990 when he had a show in San Francisco in two galleries there, and then in 1992 at the Instituto Italiano di Cultura, and San Jose State University. Then in 1993 at the Butler Institute of American Art in Youngstown, Ohio, and that was a really major big show. That was phenomenal. I met Christopher Felver there, who had been filming Lawrence for a number of years, and was making a documentary film about him. He also is a still photographer. We now have some of his work. He's done a number of books about the beat generation, and artists and writers. So that's when I met Chris Felver, at the Butler Institute. So it just kept on going.

I went to Idaho with Lawrence for events organized by Marsha Bellavance. He had a show at the Friesen Gallery in Sun Valley, Idaho and then a reading sponsored by the Ezra Pound Society in Hailey, Idaho, which is where Pound was born. There's an Ezra Pound house there. There was a barbecue in the early evening before the reading. And there was Rosalie Sorrels. That's where I met Rosalie. It's like one thing leads to another. So that's how I met Rosalie and she found out about the Kenneth Patchen archive. She loves Kenneth Patchen, and had met Lawrence earlier, and so I said, "Gee, the next time you're out on a gig in Santa Cruz come to the archive and I'll show you around." That's what happened. She'd come to sing, and I said, "any time you need a place to stay..." She began to stay with Tom and me and that's how I finally got my wedge in. After a year or two, I said, "Okay Rosalie, what's happening with your stuff." She said, "I don't know." I said, "Well, I do." It's a continuum. That's what it is.

Long about 1993 Lawrence and I came up with this great idea. We thought it was terrific. It was how he would like to leave his whole art archive here, which at some point we're doing, we're doing parts of this, but the idea that he had that we wrote up at that time

(he was getting on a plane and going to Baja and he wanted to have this taken care of), was that we would be able to sell things from the collection over time and share some of the proceeds from the sales with his kids. He thought that was a great idea. I thought that was terrific, always thinking of how to keep things going. It was tough for the University to accept that because they were concerned about the family. It got protracted and drawn out through the years. We're working on something now that gives us a core collection of materials that people will always see here, and then what we do about the things that remain that aren't part of the core collection after he goes to the happy hunting ground, which we hope is years and years from now. That is still being worked out. I used to feel just horrible that we hadn't worked this out. But you know, for his sake it's better because his reputation as an artist has really grown, and he is now commanding much higher prices for his paintings and drawings.

Sadly for me, because this would have been one of the pieces I would have loved desperately to have in the core collection, he just sold *Unfinished Flag of the United States* to a collector who is going to open a museum in North Carolina or South Carolina, a Mr. Hanes. Lawrence got a very nice price for it. He also got a very fine price for the Ezra Pound painting he did, which I also coveted. So he knows what I covet. He likes to laugh about it. He one time called me up and said, "Well, I've got some good news and some bad news. George [Krevsky] sold a couple of paintings." I said, "Oh, congratulations." Then he told me one of the ones he sold to Canada, and it was another of the ones I coveted. It was *Liberty With a Gun*, which had been hanging up here on the reading room wall for about a year. It was a backdrop to a variety of different visits and events, and Carol had used it as a frontispiece in her doctoral dissertation, with Lawrence's permission. It was this incredible piece, and it's in Canada. I'd have my fit and then I get over it. Because you know, if you're an artist you want things to be in collections. But then I'm always thinking well, if they're in a private collection then nobody can see it. I like things in public collections. But you know, come on Rita, get real. He's had some nice shows, and that's very good. We are always hoping for a book of color work. We are always hoping for some more drawings but we'll see how that goes.

Reti: I'm surprised that hasn't happened yet.

Bottoms: Yes, I know. Well, the Rome catalogue was the closest thing to a color book. Something now needs to be done. I tried. I had a publisher approach me about it but then they couldn't do it. So we'll see.

When I was retiring I said, "I need an announcement. Would you draw me one?" He said sure. We were sitting at eating lunch at Dago Mary's and he drew my announcement, which I thought was just wonderful. He did it on the placemat filled with oil and wine and stuff like that. It showed the ouroboros, which is a snake with a tail in its mouth.[8] It's a motif he's used before. In Rome he did a whole series of sumi paintings on the ouroboros. They hung in a gallery in Rome. Then in the middle of the drawing he put a book. He drew this book with open pages and put my name on one side and Special Collections on the other, and then, "Full Circle" at the top. It was just perfect what he could come up with. He draws like that. It's very spontaneous. He did this when the [UC] regents were coming up to Special Collections this last year, when the chancellor wanted them to visit us. I asked him if he would draw something about the regents, and so he did. They liked seeing it. He did something. It was really neat. There was a table. There were people underneath the table and some regents, one with a cocktail on his head, and books. Here's a xerox. People reading under the table and then here they are, and one of the regents said, "Oh, that's me!" With a cocktail on his head! It was great.

Reti: That's a kick. That's great.

Bottoms: There's always, you know, just stuff. Just wonderful stuff.

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8. This drawing appears on the title page of this oral history with Ferlinghetti's permission.

I went with Lawrence to New York for the first Beat Generation symposia/show/conference put on by NYU. It was very important, because there was an art show, and he was included in that art show as a major contributor. I think everybody was pretty dazzled by the caliber of the art that was in that show. Peter LeBlanc's dazzling woodcuts. Photographs by Harry Redl. That's where I met Harry, who photographed all of the Beats during the 1950s. All of these people. Allen Ginsberg's photographs, Jack Kerouac's paintings—a whole host of people was represented there. It was a major exhibition. A small catalogue came out. It was really quite wonderful that people could see this work gathered together. Lawrence, and Allen Ginsberg, and Michael McClure did a big reading at the Town Hall in New York City. I had copies of "Buddha in the Woodpile" printed up, hundreds of them. I remember Lawrence hauling... I couldn't carry them, and I gave them away for free that night. It was wonderful. He gave a terrific reading, as did everybody else. It was an extremely important event. One morning Jan Kerouac held her first press conference, and talked about her plight and the plight of her father's papers and the Sampas family. It was quite a happening. Everybody was there in the publishing world and in the literary world. It was quite something. We didn't go to most of the programs, but we did go to the programs about artists. We also went to see the John Cage show Rolywholyover, because we had loaned from our collection to that, and I'd already seen it in one venue. And we went to the one at the downtown Guggenheim.

I'm mentioning this NYU show because it was really important, and for him to have been a part of it was very good. Lawrence went off to some kind of radio interview and I went to visit UCSC alum, Lawrence Weschler at *The New Yorker*. I saw him in the old *New Yorker* offices and had a nice talk with him about his archive. He wanted to come to the opening for the show, and couldn't get in the door because it was so mobbed. I was involved with Chris Felver and the film that he was making on Lawrence, and that exhibition was Chris's only opportunity to film Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence together. The first part Lawrence looking at Allen's photographs; second part Allen looking at Lawrence's paintings. Andrei Voznesenki was there. Lawrence's painting of two poets at

the Berlin Wall was there. And of course the two poets were Lawrence and Voznesenki and so there they were in front of their photograph. It was quite remarkable.

And then we went to Ellis Island, and Chris Felver came with us. Lawrence had always wanted to find out more about his family and his father to see if he could find anything about, any mention of his father. So we went to Ellis Island, where Chris filmed a lot of what was going on. Filmed Lawrence at Ellis. It was my first time, too.

Reti: Was he successful?

Bottoms: No. We picked a picture of an Italian-looking father out of a picture of Little Italy and decided that was his father, because he had not ever known his father. Never. His father died before he was born. He'd never seen a picture of his father.

Then Chris and I went down with Lawrence to meet Lawrence's brother, Harry, and his wife, Mary in Baltimore, and had a real good time there. Chris filmed our lunch.

Lawrence had a lot of interviews. I kind of ended up as his press secretary, quite frankly. Just scheduling.

Ray Johnson, the great correspondence artist who set up the New York Correspondence School of Art, who's just had a documentary movie made of his life which I would give anything to see, Ray phoned me up one day and he said, "Well, you know, I really like what you're working on. I'm looking at the Kenneth Patchen book and I know you have John Cage." I thought it was a joke. I thought Futzie Nutzle, who is an artist we've collected over the years, I thought Nutzle put Ray up to it. I didn't even believe I was talking to Ray Johnson, but I was. I talked to him for a couple of years. All these little interrelationships that if you can play them out, things happen.

The sad [thing] was that Ray Johnson, who was a real recluse, invited me to Long Island to his house [while I was in New York], and said he'd pick me up at the train station, and he didn't do that very often. I said, "Ray, if I've got time when I'm there I really will call you." I couldn't do it. I did not have the time and I always regretted that. Ray committed suicide a few years ago.

Then Lawrence had his big show in Rome at the Palazzo delle Esposizioni in 1996. I went to that, and that was quite remarkable. And he came to London for the Kenneth Patchen symposium at the Tate, after the Brighton Literary Festival. We brought Miriam down there to hear him.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY COLLECTIONS

Reti: Today we're going to start by talking about the Edward Weston and other photography collections.

Bottoms: The photography collection is a major component in Special Collections. I think we never realized what was going to happen here on the campus. We thought about what would be nice to happen, but in essence we kind of got off to a flying start. I think it had something to do with the fact of our location, that we were in the Central Coast area. I think that was very major, that we were in the Monterey Bay area. It might have been different if we had started in Merced, for example, like the new campus. Because we were in, not only an incredibly exquisite scenic area, but an area that was home to photographers who had lived and done a lot of work here, even though not exclusively working with the Central Coast, became associated with that coast. I think it set us in very good stead to be thought of in terms of photography. It was also very exciting to people that we were a campus on the Central Coast. It sounds kind of corny to say that, but because of where we were, it meant even more. It was the fact that we were out of a city center that made things different. I think that some people felt that we

were their campus, that there was a way of relating to us because we were not in a city. This is all very speculative on my part.

Before we we opened, Ansel Adams became the official campus photographer. He was photographing all nine of the campuses, and he was doing what later became a book called *Fiat Lux*, but there was great pride, especially here, because we were new and he was the official campus photographer.

Reti: Do you know how that actually happened?

Bottoms: I don't know, except that I know that Dean McHenry probably played a role in it. But you see Ansel had been given an assignment on a systemwide level to be the official photographer of all the nine campuses because of the *Fiat Lux* project. But because of who he was and the kinds of work he was associated with, and the extraordinary landscape that he was associated with photographing, it became an extra special something. When I arrived, I heard practically immediately that he was the official campus photographer. I thought, oh wow, that is something. That is pretty amazing. He had known Will Connell, which I'll get to in a minute, because I don't really know if I've talked yet about the Weston family, so I'll get into that a little bit.

Edward Weston Project Prints

Rosario Mazzeo, who was a musician, a clarinetist, lived down in the Carmel Highlands area, or at least in the proximity thereof. I know that his family had a very close connection with Ansel Adams. Rosario Mazzeo arranged for an anonymous donor named Richard McGraw to give his complete set, in fact the only intact set in the world of the Edward Weston Project Prints to the University Library. Rosario was the key person in this and it came through the chancellor (McHenry) and also through Don Clark, but it was Rosario that did this. Now in this particular case, the donor really

wanted to remain anonymous, so if it had been ten years ago and we were recording this, I couldn't have said his name. But I can now, because Amy Conger, who is a photography curator, did some wonderful Weston shows, and did the huge book, the huge catalog of all of Weston's images and their locations and descriptions and everything. She was just phenomenal. She revealed his name, and that freed me, because I always wanted to somehow publicly thank him, but was not allowed to. I did know Dick McGraw. I saw him. I spoke with him. I went to his home and visited with him on a couple of occasions. After his death I asked Don Clark to find out from his lawyer if it was okay to mention him, and in point of fact it was not okay, and that was that.

The Project Prints were made at the end of Edward Weston's life. After he had Parkinson's, they decided to print this set of Project Prints. He was not able to print anymore, so his sons, Cole and Brett, helped him and others helped him, their wives at the time, all worked on this project. They technically went through all of his negatives and selected 832 prints that were the best of his life's work. They printed them and then he initialed them. They aren't vintage Weston prints but they are exquisite, and the fact of our having the only complete set in the world made it something quite remarkable. I have to say that this is why there was some attention focused on us from the get-go that later would take hold and blossom into something more, because we have this set, and nobody could imagine anything more wonderful. It was a great start.

Reti: This would have been happening approximately when?

Bottoms: In the early 1970s. We did not take possession of the collection immediately. McGraw himself had been a sponsor of the printing of the photographs, and actually had boxes made for them, and helped with his financial support. He was heir to a steel fortune, and he was a very generous person. He had some particular interests. Among them he collected every known recording of Johann Sebastian Bach. I remember seeing his Rolls Royce or his Bentley parked out here, with J. S. Bach on the license plate. He

was very interested in music. His father, Max McGraw, had some of the prints and gave those to the Chicago Art Institute. But they just had a little clutch of them.

We really were on the map, right away whether we knew it or not, whether we knew what in the heck it meant. We took possession of about 632 of them. The remaining 200 were split into two shows of 100 prints each, selected and circulated by the Friends of Photography. They were framed, not over-matted (which was an absolute disaster) and circulated throughout various venues throughout the country for two years. When we got the prints back some of them had small damage and abrasion to their surfaces, and that created a problem. We paid a lot of attention to these, but we noticed that the over-matting would have prevented that.

Reti: What's over-matting?

Bottoms: Over-matting is a mat that you cut that allows the image to be seen, and yet it raises the frame, the front of the frame, the glass off of the image itself. Something can be mounted on a mat, but an over-matting is what is between the glass or plex and the image. It's the protective buffer. The Patchens on the wall all have over-mats. At any rate, we became very quickly mindful of that. It wasn't us that did it, but we certainly we knew that this was a real lesson for anybody in the future. We had to pay attention to these things.

So we saw the prints for the very first time. Not too long after we got them, early in 1974, [I] got a phone call from John Szarkowski at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. He was Head of Photography there. He called me and said they were planning a very important Edward Weston retrospective exhibition. Van Deren Coke was going to be the curator of it, and he was a very well known person in the photography world. They were going to want to borrow a number of images from us. I was very polite. I said to him, "Well, we have just received 200 of them back from exhibition and they were not over-

matted, and I am not happy with the condition on some of them." Although, you have to have a really trained eye to see where the problems were. It wouldn't have been apparent to most people. I said to him, "I don't think I'm going to do this loan." Then he said to me, bless his heart, very diplomatic, he said "Well, I guess I'll have to have Ansel Adams call the chancellor and have a discussion about it." So I said, "Okay, let me think about this and I'll call you back." Then I told him what had happened. I went into detail. I said, "Look, we're really smarting from this tour. We haven't even had these things in our possession for two or however many years. We just got them back, and this is really bad, and you'll agree." He did agree. I said, "So that's where I was coming from when we had our first conversation," but I also didn't say, and he knew, certainly he had invoked the big guns. I certainly didn't want the phone to ring with [Chancellor] McHenry on it. So I got with the program, and of course, you can imagine, it was an important program to get with.

Actually, we turned out to be the big lender to the Museum of Modern Art exhibition which opened in New York in 1975. The person I worked with constantly on the loan of the materials was Dennis Longwell, who was a very nice person to work with. He laughed a lot when I told him what I had said to Szarkowski and Van Deren Coke. All of these people were very appreciative, because we literally were *it*. Because of the condition of the images that we had, they were really considered pristine. It isn't always easy to find a really good quality exhibition print of some of the images. Some of them were quite rare. Later, when Amy Conger did her book, it became obvious that in some cases we had the only extant copy of an image. The Center for Creative Photography has the Weston archive that was sold to them by the family, but they don't have every image in it. So it became really important that the images we did have were sometimes unique.

We participated in this very major exhibition. The materials were sent. I filled out the loan forms. It was the first real time I had participated in any lending of anything, because the Friends of Photography had conducted those first two loans. So this was the first real major lending that we had done. So we looked at the condition. We had

insurance values that we put down based on what we felt was appropriate, and they were challenged. I got at least smart right then and there. I said, "You want to borrow them; this is the insurance value. Yes, they are not vintage prints. However, because they are part of a collection that is complete we have to have this understanding that the loss of one of its parts would make it incomplete." We worked all these things out. Also they agreed to give me all of the overmats that they had made for the prints. I think we loaned fifty-four prints. That's quite huge.

So we worked together quite harmoniously. Then before the show opened, invitations came out, and they were for all kinds of festivities, for the opening night. The trustees of the Museum of Modern Art were each hosting these black tie dinners. I got this invitation to a black tie dinner hosted by one of the board members. David Heron was then the university librarian, and as I mentioned to you earlier, David, understanding the need for people to go places and do things and have their professional meetings, he also understood the need to be represented at this. I went down and I showed him these invitations. He said, "Well, you're going of course, aren't you?" and I said, "Oh, I didn't think I could go." This is where I was. He said, "Of course you're going," and he hollered for Wendell Simons. He said, "Wendell, Rita's going to New York, and she's taking Tom with her. Find the money for her to make this trip." Wendell's eyes, because he was a fiscally kind of conservative guy, his eyes got very large. He found the money. I also borrowed Winnie Heron's winter coat for the trip!

So Tom and I went for a week. There were various events, and it was marvelous. We ended up going to the black tie dinner. It was very nice because you connect with people. One of the people we met there was Dody Weston Thompson, who had been Brett Weston's second or third wife. Dody had actually worked in the darkroom dusting the prints, so it was really a neat thing. It was there that I invited Dody at a later time to come out to the campus to speak to the Friends of the Library about her work on our prints. Then the opening was quite incredible, and Ansel Adams was there. I had talked to him a couple of times, said hello to him when I saw him on the campus. He had just

come from visiting with President Ford. That was also the first time I met Cole Weston. It was a good experience, and important for the campus that I was there.

While I was in New York I went to the Museum of Modern Art library to see how they did certain things. We'd always had problems with the magazine *Camera Work,* which had paper covers that just literally disintegrated into pieces as you touched them. It was a very famous, well-known, beautiful photography publication. I thought, I want to see how they do it. They showed me how they did it. They had three copies of *Camera Work*. One they bound; one they had boxed away and never touched; and then the other one was very carefully handled. It gave me more confidence to see how somebody else was handling a problem. I think we had bought most of *Camera Work* for a very reasonable price, and then Graham Nash gave us a couple of issues that we were lacking, and it completed our set. It was always a big concern because people would come in to use it, and you feel really responsible for it, but yet this is what is called 'inherent vice.' An inherent vice is something that is within the nature of the piece itself that causes its own destruction. Isn't that a great term? Inherent vice.

Reti: So it has to do with the paper it was printed on?

Bottoms: Well, it wasn't the internal part. It was the cover. It was the thick paper that crumbled and didn't last through time. It was not built to last. It was almost like a construction paper. Later on, we were able to use the reprint, and have people look through that and then tell us what image they wanted to see. And we'd bring out the original *Camera Work*, and hopefully they could see it together as a class. They could all look at it at the same time.

While we were in New York, the American Academy of Sciences was meeting just around the corner from our hotel. We went and heard Edwin Land, who was the man who developed Polaroid, and Isaac Asimov. There was a great kind of stirring in the

audience [at one of these events] before it started. We looked, and there was this incredibly imposing woman coming down, holding on to someone's arm with this huge staff in her hand. It was Margaret Mead! I thought, isn't that interesting. Years later Mary Catherine Bateson, her daughter, and I had a lot to do with each other over Gregory's papers. I never forgot that sight of her mother coming down [the aisle]. She wasn't a big woman but she had stature, because of this entrance. It was just remarkable. She was one of my mother's favorite people, so it was a very big thrill.

So the Weston photographs became a focus for us. But not a whole lot happened photographically, because quite frankly at the time there wasn't money on the campus to do anything, to buy anything. There was no real "school of photography," even though there were photography classes and there were people teaching photography. It wasn't as big as it has become. I know it was very deeply disappointing to Chancellor McHenry. He had hoped, and wanted, and planned, and thought of Ansel Adams' archive coming here to join the Weston prints. It was sold to the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson, Arizona, and I think was the flagship collection they got as they were starting out. It was very painful for McHenry. It was certainly painful for me, because we had more or less believed, thought, hoped, wished, whatever you want to call it, that this would happen. But there was no way it could happen. There was not enough there there, literally. There just wasn't.

Lawrence Clark Powell, as I mentioned earlier, was the dean of the UCLA library school when I went to school there and knew me, came out and spoke at a big event, the dedication of the new Unit 2 of the library. He referred to me in his talk, and then, as Larry can do, he's always Mr. Barbed Wire. By that time he was out in Arizona, retired and making trouble there. [He] said, "Yeah, it was really too bad that Adams collection went to Arizona." I just wanted to take a swing at him. He was such a brat to mention this publicly. Of course he would do that. That was him. He was always loving to provoke. That was one of his specialties. But it was painful. We had certainly no money,

and the campus interest, the campus focus, wasn't on that. There wasn't the same kind of support we had later.

So a few years passed and I'm not totally clear on chronology. We went through the 1970s. Obviously things happened with the Weston collection. Phillip Brookman, who was a student here, and now is a well-known photography curator at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., did a wonderful Edward Weston show using the images from our collection in the 1970s. I invited Dody Weston Thompson up to give a talk It was very well received.

In 1981 I invited Charis Wilson, who had been Edward Weston's wife, to curate a show for Special Collections. Charis has lived in Santa Cruz for many years. She selected images that were not often seen. She knew the collection very, very well. I had also hired her, and I say "hired." We sure didn't pay her very much money. It was kind of dreadful. I'm embarrassed about it, but we didn't have much money to pay. I got some money from the Friends of the Library and I invited her to go through the collection in a tape-recorded interview, that's reel-to-reel tape, to go through every single photograph in the collection of the Westons, to talk about the images, talk about the doing of it, because she was married to him at the time. If it was part of the Guggenheim series, she drove the car; she went. She lent a perspective to it that no one else on the planet, short of Edward could. It was really neat. We had this arrangement with her that we would not make this transcript available until after she had finished publishing her memoirs, because she was going to be using some of this information in her book.

The show that Charis did for us in 1981 was phenomenal. We double-hung everything. This room was brimming with photographs, and all of the cases had Weston books and things in it, except for the last case. She said, "What are you going to put in there?" I said, "I want to put you in there." Her writings and things, because she was so important, and in her own right was a fine, wonderful writer. That show was so popular we had to extend it for months. There were photographers who came from everywhere, and they

came two and three times to see it. She had selected images that were not often seen and a number that literally had never been seen before.

We have loaned the images to many places. But when I think about the Weston collection, and this is part of the curatorial thing, you do not lend things everywhere you're invited to lend. Especially in a situation like that, you have to pick and choose, because you have the demand on you. It is something that a curator really needs to think about. Yes we have it; we want to make this accessible, and yes, this collection is not... People cannot come in the door at this time, until we get a proper viewing room, as we will in our new building, they cannot come in and say, "Gee, I want to see these twenty-five green peppers that Edward Weston did." We don't do it that way. There is a study set of slides downstairs, of the whole collection. It is unfortunately not as available as our other collections are, but it will be, in the proper viewing environment. At any rate, we have gone out of our way to participate in shows where it's important to do so. We did the show with Jonathan Green down at the California Museum of Photography: Edward Weston and Robert Mapplethorpe. It was a phenomenal, incredible show with a catalog, a very comparative kind of show, a very educational show. I went down to the opening, and [laughs] it was being picketed because of Mapplethorpe. There were people predicting the end of the world because of this show!

Then it went on to the International Center for Photography. I began to realize that it was customary to charge a loan fee. I have to say we did not go before any fee committee on this campus. We just began to charge loan fees of $100 per image, which was in line with other museums. It's very time-consuming to do loans. It's not only the paperwork; you have to pull the images. You have to look at them, to see what condition they're in. That goes for any collection, but in the photography collections it's as important as it would be in the Patchen collection. And you have to determine, one, are you going to participate, and if you do, what are the risks. There are always risks. I have turned down some shows but have done most others, especially if I feel the exhibition has a true educational component, and if I feel the venue is large enough where a lot of people are

going to see it. Photographer Robert Ketchum curated a Weston show which we participated in because people were not charged an admission to get in.

Reti: Where was it?

Bottoms: I think it was in Washington, D.C. We've worked with a number of scholars who have come here, like Amy Conger, doing the Edward Weston in Mexico show at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art before it moved to its new quarters. Lovely jewel of a show. Sometimes we've been able to provide images [when] somebody thinks they're going to get the images from elsewhere, and then the other place decides it's not going to loan them. [This collection] has had an enormous history, all of which is documented in our files.

We were invited to do a Weston exhibition at the Highlands Inn in Carmel. Though the Inn is not a "proper" museum venue, it is an absolutely spectacular and appropriate place for an Edward Weston show, right next door as it is to his Wildcat Hill cabin, separated by a little goat track. I'll talk later about how we got involved in this. We did a show there, and Tom Millea, who is a marvelous photographer, and a great platinum printer, Tom Millea and I were the curators. It was a wonderful kind of coming home for Weston. It was very moving to me. It covered generations. Charis [Wilson] came; Seema Weatherwax came, all the family members that could get there were there, and [much of] the photography community [who] might not necessarily ever be in the same room together [were there]. It was mobbed. It was a fabulous reception. I gave a little talk I didn't know I was going to give, but they made me do it. It was super, and it was the right venue. Weston's grandson, Jason Weston, printed some photographs that his grandfather, Chandler Weston, had told me I could have copies of. They were Chan's own photographs of his father, Edward, at Point Lobos making a photograph, and I absolutely insisted, whether anybody thought they were great photos or not, that they must be at that show. And they were in the show, and it was really neat. So you had generations, and it was something.

Everybody had hoped and prayed that David Travis, who was the head of photography at the Chicago Art Institute, would write an essay for the little catalog that we did. "Well, I'll ask him," I said. People said, "He won't do it." I begged him, "David, please do it," and he did. He had great interest in Weston, and he was also planning out his own later Weston exhibition. He came out for the benefit dinner.

In 2002 [David Travis's] show "Edward Weston's Last Years in Carmel" opened at the Chicago Art Institute with a very gorgeous book. We were a big lender to that exhibition, thirty-seven prints, and then it traveled to the Museum of Modern Art in San Francisco. We were very pleased.

I've mentioned charging loan fees which has enabled me to get some operating money to buy things. We received $6000 from both venues, Chicago Art Institute and San Francisco MoMA. I had to fight for it. It's a hundred dollars per image per venue. So if you've got a traveling show and we agree to do it, I want that hundred dollars. Every single venue, and you better write that into your costs, because that is right and appropriate. It's still kind of dirt cheap, but I was able to apply that $6000 to a very expensive portfolio of the photographer Robert Heinecken, who had been my TA at UCLA, although I didn't know his work at that time. I still owe money on it, but those loan fees allowed me to be able to buy that portfolio. Fees like that [are] one way, and a completely appropriate way of generating money that you're not going to get from anywhere else, unless you've got a donor that's doing this for you. This was the "will work for food" kind of thing. One thing goes right into another.

Horace Bristol

Mac Holbert, a former UCSC student who [had been] one of our student assistants, brought Graham Nash up [to Special Collections]. Mac had been Crosby, Stills and Nash's road manager for a long time. So Graham knew about us and had given us things. Graham had come to know about a photographer, Horace Bristol, in Ojai, and

asked Keith Muscutt to phone me to go down there to see what kind of situation Horace was in and what ways Graham might help him.

I hadn't met Keith Muscutt, but I had heard about [him]. This caper brought us in contact, and it was a very key thing in the development of photography collections on this campus, my getting together with Keith, because he was an amazing person. He is the assistant dean of the arts, but aside from that he is a photographer in his own right, and an archaeologist. He was a close friend of Mac Holbert, and very involved in artistic kinds of happenings on the campus at a particularly exciting time. He knew Graham and he knew Al Weber.

I went down and met Horace Bristol. Karen Sinsheimer had already left the campus and I asked Keith to involve her. It turned out that she knew Horace, and she picked me up at the Santa Barbara airport. She was the curator of photography at [the] Santa Barbara [Museum of Art]. We went out to see Horace. Graham was able to contribute to help Horace do what he needed to do. Later Graham and Mac later gave us this absolutely gorgeous portfolio that Nash Editions had done, eight of Horace Bristol's most well-known images. So we had a relationship with Graham and Mac, and that had been a little thread. Sometimes it's hard to put all of these threads together. I'm trying to weave them in a way that seems to make sense.

Horace and I began a friendship. He would, from time to time, send us a print and it was very wonderful. One of the things he had done years before was to go with a guy named John Steinbeck to the migrant labor camps. They were concocting a book they were going to do in the Thirties, that Horace would photograph, and that Steinbeck would write for. It was something that later turned into *The Grapes of Wrath*, and it really annoyed Horace that Steinbeck went on and did this without the photographic component. In point of fact, Horace photographed the whole Joad family, the people who became the images for the Joad family. Horace was very bitter that Steinbeck never did the book with him. But, I mean, it was Steinbeck's call.

Out of that relationship with Horace Bristol came a phone call from a woman named Betty Jorgensen, who phoned about her husband, Victor Jorgensen, who had passed away. Horace knew Victor, and Victor was one of [Edward] Steichen's "Chickens," one of the six photographers that photographed with him on the war missions. It was because of Horace that Victor Jorgensen's archive came to Santa Cruz.

Morley Baer

One thing started to lead toward another. Another thread was that I had gone to a Tor House symposium that happens in the fall, which has to do with Robinson Jeffers or people associated with Jeffers. I was giving a talk about the Lime Kiln Press on that occasion. As I was walking toward the Sunset Center symposium room I saw photographer Morley Baer walking toward me. I had met Morley before, because he had come to hear Dody Weston Thompson talk about Edward Weston. Morley had arrived to give his talk and he said, "I have to talk to you. I want to get together with you soon."

The next week we got together at one of his favorite restaurants, the Rio Grill, and we began to talk about his archive. He was very interested in Special Collections and needed to think about the future. His son, Joshua, had gone to school at UC Santa Cruz. He knew about us. That began a long and wonderful, for me, relationship with Morley Baer and Frances Baer, his wife, who became a precious friend. It was sometimes a painful negotiation for the collection because they needed to realize some kind of funds from it. It was a valuable archive. Unfortunately we did not conclude matters and Morley died. That was a very painful thing for me, that we were almost there, but there were difficulties along the way. It ended up that after his death Frances gave us the entire archive. It was really incredible. So that had been going on. These things that sound like they happened in five minutes actually took several years to accomplish.

Keith Muscutt

I want to talk about Keith Muscutt. I first met him [in 1992] on the telephone where he was telling me that Graham [Nash] wanted me to go and see Horace Bristol. [I thought] I am just going to go and pay for my plane ticket and then figure out what happens afterward. I'm not going to even talk to Lan [Dyson] about it, because I really don't know what is going to happen from this. I remember when I did meet Keith, I said, "Well, how do you do this? What does Vivian Sobchak (who was the dean of the arts at the time) think?" He said, "Oh, she doesn't know about this." I somehow found in him this very supportive individual who knew what needed to be done.

I found a real kindred spirit [in Keith Muscutt]. I don't know if he ever realized what that meant to me. I told him it was really important for me to see him and the way he was and to have that kind of intelligent support that he would give. It meant a great deal to me. I had it here from Carol [Champion], who was always incredibly supportive and understanding of the importance of doing things like this, and it was really good to have it as well from someone outside. So he was very key in things. He had this great expression, which I'm going to hopefully remember, and I'm going to mention it at my goodbye party. He said, "You know, if we don't do these things, they'll have every right to come after we're dead and kick over our tombstones." It was this wonderful British way of expressing it, and he said it much more mellifluously than I did; he's got this fantastic accent. That's what it was. If you don't do this... You've got to do it. That's the way I felt: yes, you've got to do it. You just do it. You do it and then you figure out afterwards how it works.

At some point I was reimbursed for my trip down to Horace, because it had a very big payoff. That began a kind of partnership with Keith along several different lines. One, our friendship with Graham [Nash] and Mac that I've spoken about, was further deepened. And at some point I began to have connection to the Butler Institute of American Art, because of the Kenneth Patchen festivals. Bill Mullane was staying at my

house. He came out of the guest bedroom one morning and said, "Rita, what about photography shows?" I said, "Oh, we could do that. We've got a lot of photographers. I'd love to be able to have places for them to show their work." So we sat down and made a list of the photographers, among them Graham Nash and Nash Editions. Of course Lou Zona loved that and of course everybody locked on to Graham.

I'd been to Graham's show at the Vision Gallery in San Francisco, and I knew his work. I liked it. I didn't see him that much through the years but I'd see him occasionally. I thought, okay, I'm going to approach him because he's the pivotal one. His schedule is so tied down, so I'd better get that date first before we start on any of these others. He was appearing up at a *Mother Jones* benefit and the photographer, Sebastião Salgado, was there, and so were Eduardo Galeano and Isabel Allende. It was their documentary photography benefit. It cost seventy-five dollars. Ed Houghton bought my ticket. He was real happy about that. Keith met us there. I had mentioned to Keith, who talked to Mac, to find out if the guys would like a museum show at the Butler. That meant Graham's own work, and Nash Editions photography, all digital. What's not to like about that? Mac said that was really neat.

Graham Nash

At that benefit event we talked and they were absolutely tickled pink. They said [neither] Nash Editions nor Graham had ever had a museum show. Graham had owned a big photography collection and it was quite a phenomenal one. When Mac and Graham were on the road Graham bought these amazing photographs. Through the years it built up, and then he auctioned it off at Sotheby's for a few million dollars. With that money Mac and he started Nash Editions, which is an electronic atelier using a customized iris printer, doing not only work for photographers, printing their work digitally, but also working with other artists like David Hockney. They developed quite a reputation, but it took a lot to do this. They were pioneers. They took this incredible

printer and tore it apart and completely customized it. So it was quite something, and it had been written up a little bit, but there had been no shows.

It was the year when [there] was a big commemorative birthday of Woodstock, so he was really tied down. We pinned down a date well in advance. I think it was February of 1996. We had the Edward Weston show at the Highlands Inn, which was an amazing success, and then the very next weekend went to the Butler Institute in Youngstown, Ohio for Graham's show and Nash Editions' [show] and came back the next week and went to the benefit at the Highlands Inn for Special Collections, which netted $10,000 for us, and started our Special Collections endowment. It was a fabulous dinner that they gave; it was really quite extraordinary.

I want to get back to Graham's work. I went down to Nash Editions. This was very different for me. Normally in selecting photographs, you're looking at prints, but I was looking at computer screens, and some of the ones that I had seen at the Vision Gallery. It was a very exciting show. He's quite a photographer. [Graham] had a real connection to photography, because his father used to take photographs. So it was very moving. Mac and he both came to Youngstown. We went through the steel museum. It was an important time.

I made sure Keith got invited with a gratis plane ticket because of all the help he had given. We had a ball and Lou sent a limo and we all got into this limo. They arrived [on] their plane from Los Angeles and Keith and I arrived from northern California on our plane. When we got to where we were staying in Youngstown, right across from the museum and were eating a very late dinner, Graham said, "Now Rita, love," in his British accent, which I can't duplicate, he said, "Now, I'm assuming you want my archive." I said, "Yeah, we've talked about it, Graham, and I want all these witnesses to hear that that's what's happening." So technically, theoretically we will have his digital archive. Mac and Graham and I went through the Steel Museum in Youngstown. Graham's dad had worked in the steel mills in Engand. It was very moving.

Right now at the chancellor's house there are two shows hanging because we've started that this year. One is Al Weber's work, gorgeous color work, and another show is Graham's black and white work.

Al Weber

I've saved Al for last, I have no idea why, because it's so major and monumental and he kind of spans everything. One of the other things that Keith did, and maybe more important than any I've mentioned so far, is that he had always been teasing me about Al Weber. "I'm going to get the two of you together. You'd better watch out. He's really rough and tough," he'd say. So I was really nervous by the time I met Al in December 1993. Keith brought Al to my office, and I thought, okay, here it is. I knew that Al took marvelous photographs, and I had seen some of his stunning aerial shots. He had been teaching workshops for a number of years for UC Extension. Keith had known him as a very close friend for eons, and also gone to some of his classes, and Mac had also gone and everybody had been part of this. We had a really wonderful meeting, and it was a very propitious meeting, and it was a meeting that foretold the future in a lot of senses because Al said, "You know, people are starting to call me and worry about what's going to happen to their things after they die. For example, Pirkle Jones and Ruth-Marion Baruch called me and they're up in years, and Ruth-Marion isn't well." Of course, I knew who they were, because I remembered the Black Panther book. I was raised on that book, so I thought: oh my God, you know them! It was really quite an amazing talk and also knowing about Al's own work. We kept in contact, and in 1994 Al and Keith and I went up to visit Pirkle [Jones] and Ruth-Marion [Baruch] in Mill Valley. That began that dialogue. Al went back with me once or twice during a series of years, but by then I was on my own.

People valued Al so much, not only as a photographer, but as a person with extraordinary honesty and integrity. They trusted him implicitly, so if he said, "This is what I'm doing and you should do this, and here's why you should do it," they'd

usually do it. He's really forthright. He'll say, "That person's full of it. Don't go there." He feels strongly about things and people count on him. Through these not quite ten years that I have been working with him, I have seen this over and over again. I think for young men in many ways he's been a role model. For women as well. He has students that just... It doesn't matter who you are. You respect this individual not only for what they stand for and how they are in the world, but also as an extraordinary artist. I think a lot of people still don't know, because they've not seen much of his work, that Al is an extraordinary artist. That's what we've got to work on. Tomorrow over at the chancellor's house there's an opening reception. That dune on the wall is his. It's very painterly. And he does architectural work, things that a lot of people have not seen. So he was responsible for the relationship getting started with Pirkle Jones and Ruth-Marion Baruch, and that continued over a period of years through Ruth-Marion's death. I'm very close to both of them and I was very close to her, and she really trusted me. It was a relationship that deepened.

Pirkle Jones and Ruth-Marion Baruch

A few years after I introduced them, Karen Sinsheimer did a show for Pirkle Jones at the Santa Barbara Museum of Modern Art, his big retrospective at the age of eighty-seven. *Aperture* became interested in doing a book that went with the show, [that is also] a stand-alone monograph on Pirkle. Tim Wride wrote the text in it, and he and Karen co-curated the show. Tim Wride is an energetic photography curator at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and put together a fantastic Cuban photography exhibition that I saw in New York City.

A lot of things started to happen. Jennifer McFarland, a longtime friend of both Pirkle and Ruth-Marion, became Pirkle's assistant after Ruth-Marion died, and she worked tirelessly on his collection, and Ruth-Marion's organizing, doing a machine-readable database and everything. She is a real wizard. She has been incredibly marvelous in getting the work out, and following up on the museum shows that started, and working

on the whole *Aperture* book, working on the Black Panther book. It's been very fortuitous.

So that was one major force in our photography collecting in the 1990s. We're still receiving that archive on a yearly basis. Pirkle and Ruth started an endowment to support the archive, and also generally to support photography in Special Collections. Also, last May, when Al Weber and I were back from a road trip, Pirkle announced to me that he was giving us a bequest of half a million dollars to further, to help us photographically. Anyway, it was great, wonderful news.

Other Photography Collections

Also, Al introduced us to Philip Hyde, who lives in the Sierras. Phil did extraordinary environmental photography. Deserts and mountains and Sierra Club books and just wonderful things. He and I went up to visit Phil and his wife Ardis two years ago. We now have the Phil Hyde archive, and it was due to Phil's incredible trust in Al and belief in us, that we could do it. I had met Phil earlier at one of Al's Rendezvous. He has a yearly gathering where a lot of students and teachers and friends and photographers all come together. So I had gone to a couple of those and I had met Phil there. Al had actually asked me to talk about what do you do with your stuff when you die. That's how pointed it is. So I had done that and I had met other people. Jenny Newton is one of the people I've met and she is going to give us some of her work. It's been a never-ending saga.

I had met Oliver Gagliani at one of Al's Rendezvous in 1997. Al and I went up and visited Oliver, who's since passed away. He is a great photographer. Oliver once had planned to, and hopefully will, his kids brought him down to visit and he will be giving us one of the three complete sets of his work. It just goes on and on.

The first collection we ever got that was due to Al [was from] Huntington Witherall, also a photographer in the area. We got a collection of the work of Steve Crouch, who was an amazing photographer.

Reti: He did *Steinbeck Country.*

Bottoms: Absolutely, *Steinbeck Country.* You know, when Executive Vice Chancellor John Simpson came up here to look at some photography, he said when he was going to school on the East Coast he had this book, *Steinbeck Country,* that he cherished to remind him of the West Coast. Cookie, Steve's widow had died, and to make a long story short, Crouch's work was at the dump. Hunter and Al went out and got it, in pickup trucks. Pulled it all. It was waiting, practically on its death's door. Steve's son, Steve Crouch III, was up in Alaska, so it was impossible for him to even deal with what was going on. We later had a very nice relationship with him, so that was really the first collection that Al brought us.

Reti: You mean the photographs were [going to the dump]?

Bottoms: The photographs, negatives, everything. At Al's Big Sur Rendezvous I met Erik Lauritzen, an extraordinary photographer and artist, who has placed his archive with us and built an endowment to support it. tom and I traveled to the Reno Art Museum to see his exquisite and highly acclaimed exhibition, "Making Light of It." He has become a close friend. Very recently, Verna Johnston, who is a wildlife and nature photographer, a very close friend of Al's, has given us a large collection of her work. She's done books with the UC Press. That egret on the wall out there is hers. University Advancement is using that. For their "in memoriam and in honor of" card, they wanted to do an amazing image. I brought that back from her house. She lives in Carmel Valley, and by God, within two seconds somebody was wanting that image. That is really neat.

I just want to mention a few other people. Wynn Bullock. I knew him many years ago. He was very wonderful. This would have been in the Seventies, when I used to go down and visit him and not understand him. He was a very brilliant man, a disciple of Alfred Korzybski, the famous semanticist, and he would explain Korzbyski to me. It's very much over my head, I have to say, but it was so wonderful being with him. He gave us fifty of his prints, so we have those. A few years later Edna, his widow, gave us a couple of her prints. His daughter, Barbara Bullock went to school here and I was her "house mother" for one year at Parkman House.

And then my friend Chris Felver. We have two pieces on the wall. Though he does abstract work, he's done a number of books of portraits of writers, artists, people who are very much in the creative spirit. He did a whole book on Ferlinghetti. That photograph there that we use, that's just a beauty. That's a wonderful picture. He just finished a book with Arena Publishers, *The Importance of Being*, and he's got a book on [Allen] Ginsberg coming out. He's a filmmaker. He did Lawrence's documentary film, *The Coney Island of Lawrence Ferlinghetti*. I was very involved in that film with him, and that's how I met him, through Lawrence. That was in about 1993, at Lawrence's show at the Butler.

And then Tom Millea I have mentioned as the man that I curated the Weston show at the Highlands Inn [with]. We have a wonderful collection of Tom's work, due to the generosity of a number of donors who have donated it to us, friends of his. I have from time to time been able to buy a piece of his. Again, a remarkable platinum printer.

Seema Weatherwax. I cannot forget Seema Weatherwax. Karen Sinsheimer introduced me to Seema, in July 1994. She said, "Rita, you've got to meet her. She's quite wonderful." Seema had been Ansel Adams' first darkroom assistant in the 1930s in Yosemite, but before that she had been a friend of the Weston family and Chandler Weston's girlfriend. She did her own photographic work, and then when she was

married to Jack Weatherwax in Los Angeles, they took Woody Guthrie to the migrant labor camp in Shafter and she did a whole series of photographs there.

Seema and I began to be really good friends and talk about her archive. I don't know if you've ever seen this. An anonymous donor just bought this from her and gave it to us. This is Edward's portrait of her from 1940, and for years I coveted this and it was on her wall, and I said, "You know, this belongs to the world. It doesn't belong on your nephew's wall or something." People are either going to listen or they're not, but she was paying attention.

Lan had a wonderful idea. Annie Welles, one of our students at UC Santa Cruz, went on and graduated and became a photographer for the Santa Rosa newspaper, [She] won the Pulitzer Prize for one of her incredible photographs. There was a swollen creek and this young woman was in it and needing to be rescued, this just amazing photograph. Annie then went on to the *Los Angeles Times*, and Lan said, "Let's invite Annie," and we did. She's a marvelous photographer and does a lot of migrant workers, [a] lot of people photographs.

When the board of regents were here, as part of their visit to Santa Cruz, Chancellor Greenwood wanted them to come to Special Collections for this visit, and she wanted the photography collection highlighted. We really knocked ourselves silly to try and do that, and show them Annie's work. I put into cases Ansel's work that had not been seen, rough proofs and funny little pictures that most people don't associate with him when he was the campus photographer. I want to show you this very prophetic picture. This was from Al's Rendezvous in Big Sur in 1997. Al had just had a really serious operation and we were real happy that he was back with us and had come away from death's door. We call this "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Nobody at the time could have known exactly how prophetic it was because here's Phil Hyde, and here's Pirkle. Ruth had just died, and Mark Citret had driven him down to the Rendezvous, and here's Oliver Gagliani. All these guys, one way or another we had a really wonderful

connection to, and their archives and there it all is. Don Cameron took this photograph and gave it to Al, who gave it to me. Here's a wonderful picture [by] Wally McGalliard of Pirkle at Mono Lake in 1970 with long hair in a brown and white striped Marimekko shirt. It's a great picture. I adore it.

I just wanted to mention that the Highlands Inn meeting came about through Al Weber because he had a friendship with Tom Millea and knew David Fink, who was the general manager at the Highlands Inn. So it was through him that this occurred. Keith and I went down, it was April Fools Day, 1995. They wanted to do a photography series at the Highlands Inn and it was at that meeting that we offered to do our Weston show. Al brought us to the table and Tom Millea was very key and involved with this. The meeting consisted of Fink, the general manager of the Highlands Inn, and Helmut Horn, who was head of Coastal Hotel Group, and a real devotee of photography, and himself a photographer. They ran the Highlands Inn, and they wanted to really do something splendid. So they engaged Tom, and he and I connected really well, and that's how we got into that. I said to myself, look, it's important for this show to be here, and Tom articulated the vision of it being not only Edward Weston but it being his last years in Carmel. Tom really made the selections for the show. I was a part of that, but he really did all of the work. Did the selecting along this theme. Then he did the text, and it was quite an interesting [show]. I waived our loan fee for this show. It was a beautiful show. We extended it for several months because it was so amazing. For me, the Weston show at the Highlands Inn was a turning point in the level of support I felt I had at the library. I think with all of the brass on the campus showing up for that big opening—and it was just gorgeous, and the food, just what you would hope for—people began to understand what we were trying to do.

As I mentioned earlier, the Highlands Inn said they would do a benefit dinner for Special Collections. It was gourmet, and it was just wonderful. Cole [Weston] spoke, and then Helmut donated photographs that he owned, and there was this auction. It was really amazing. Ten thousand dollars came from that. As I said earlier, sometimes you don't

know what exactly you're doing until you're doing it, but you're doing it anyway. You don't have the time to even look at it, [but] you know it's going somewhere. It's really important and you know you've got to do it. You're not asking permission. There's a thread. There's a momentum and you've got to pursue it. You lose the momentum and it gets bogged down. If it's bureaucratic, and it's going to get bogged down, you cannot afford that. The risk of it not happening is greater than the trouble you might get into. Obviously you don't do anything that is just totally unacceptable. You have an idea something good will come from this; something really important will come from this, it's really important that we do this. I'm not sure how we're going to do it. I'm not sure [of] the ways and means of it. I'm not sure how it's going to come together, but I know it's going to come together. I've always felt that it's like a big pot of soup. I'm just cooking soup and there is this ingredient. This and that ingredients. All this stuff going into the soup which is the main deal. I work like this a lot.

I did [photo montages] for the Barati [opening]. I started it for the Bateson collection. But it really took hold when I did the Barati archive and used color xeroxes of black and white photos when stats were the only way you could reproduce a black and white [image] and blow it up big. It was like putting together a whole panorama of concerts into one gigantic piece giving the flavor of George conducting all over the world. That was the pot of soup! It was very musical to me. I would wait until everybody went home and then I would just slam it on the walls and hum a tune as I did it.

I don't usually work in a linear way, although I can think like a lawyer at times. Keith [Muscutt] summed it up. He wrote a letter of reference for me for one of my reviews and he said I was the only person he knew that spoke in hypertext. I didn't even know what that was. He had to explain it to me. It starts out here, and it's all over the place, and he said, "I don't know where the hell she's going, but I know that she's going to get there. Then when she does, she's got her own way, it will pull everything together." I thought, wow, I guess that's what I do. I don't see it. Sometimes I'm very calculating. I used to say Machiavellian, but that's so negative. I know, if I do A, I want somebody to do B, C, D,

and E, and F. I'm putting it together. It's not freewheeling. I'm very deliberate. I'm very focused; though it may seem like it's not, I am. I want this to happen. In order to get this to happen I've got to go in from twenty sides to get it to happen. It's like corralling cats or something. [laughter] It was really funny, and I thought, he does understand, because I always looked for how things connected. To me, they were all connected in my mind, and then I'd look at the painful expression on the face of somebody listening to me talking about these connections. They were out there, and I thought, oh God, this person's dying as I'm telling them all these things because I'm not explaining it right. That's the way it was. So when Ray Johnson called me up and he said, "Well, I'm calling because I want to do business with you. I like what you're collecting, whether it's [Kenneth] Patchen, [John] Cage, or whatever," I thought, isn't this wonderful. Yes, it's this weaving. It's like a tapestry or a big pot of soup. Keith somehow captured it. His book *Warriors of the Clouds* came out. I feel very good about that because I got Pomegranate Press [to do it.] I showed them that work and they went mad over it, and decided to publish it. Then they had financial problems and couldn't do the book, so they gave him all the preparation for it. The University of New Mexico Press eventually published it. I don't think he'd realized how absolutely great his photographs were. These were the Chachapoya tombs, which no one had ever seen. Later the History Channel did this two-part series on his discovery in the jungles of Peru. He's quite a guy.

Gregory Bateson

Reti: Today we're going to start by talking about Gregory Bateson.

Bottoms: Gregory Bateson had taught at UC Santa Cruz. He was very well known on the campus. It was considered a really great event in the circles I traveled in. It was the sort of event that it was to get Norman O. Brown to come here, the fact that Bateson came. Some of the people that I knew sat in every single class he taught. I met Bateson just very fleetingly, at a weekend symposium at Cabrillo College. I don't even remember what it was about. I was very impressed with him. I wish now that I had gone and heard his

lectures, which everybody raved about, but I was working. It was really hard to get away and do that. Before his death he was named by Jerry Brown, who was governor of California, to be a regent of the University of California. That was considered wildness in the streets. Not only Gregory Bateson, but Theodora Kroeber and a couple of other people who were just not from the normal mold of regent. So it was quite something. That was one of Jerry's great acts, I thought.

When Gregory died, Roger Hahn, at the Bancroft history of science collection, called up, and in a very gentlemanly, civilized fashion, which is not always the case between other campuses, and even sister or brother campuses, it doesn't work like people think it should work... He called up and said, "Would you please let me know if you are going after the Bateson archive, because if you aren't I would certainly like to." I thought that was enormously gracious of him, and would have been the right thing to do. Of course, we hadn't made a move. Gregory had just died, but Joan Hodgson had known him, and she made an initial contact with, Lois Bateson, Gregory's widow.

Reti: Now who's Joan Hodgson?

Bottom: Joan Hodgson was the head of Interlibrary Loan for years, was a very well-known person in the library, and knew faculty members galore, and just was this very warm, helpful individual who had intersected with tons of research projects, you can just imagine, and tons of faculty members. She made the initial approach. Because it was too near Gregory's death and we didn't know the family. It was very uncomfortable to be seen to be predatory, and it was just not our way. The estate was being probated. Eventually, and I'm not sure exactly what time frame this was in, we became the recipients of the Gregory Bateson papers. I distinguish "papers" here rather than "archive." It is not the archive, because in my mind "archive" connotes completeness. It connotes the full, whole deal of a person's life. Bateson's early papers were with Margaret Mead's at the Library of Congress. We have, in the Bateson collection, post-

World War II papers, including manuscripts and everything else from that period. It is a split collection.

Gregory Bateson's graduate student, Rodney Donaldson, who had assisted Bateson on numerous projects, came and worked in the archive with the materials, and literally created an item-level [finding aid], which is unheard of in archival processing. I have to say it is a luxury that most places cannot ever afford, to have that kind of item-level focus. It's usually more like series, and groups and clumps of things, but this was down to every single letter. What we got in the collection was the correspondence and the articles. The articles are very interesting. These are articles that appeared by Gregory, about Gregory, whatever, in various publications, some of which are very hard to find. In terms of the use that the collection's been put to, and I'll get into this a little more fully, I would say that some of the articles were important to researchers, because they had never been able to locate some of them. They did not even know that something existed. It would have been wonderful if computers had been available at this time. This was pre-computer in the library. Rodney did it all manually on the typewriter. He ultimately produced about twenty-one notebook volumes, that he kind of controls the rights to and doesn't, at least at last ask, want to have the finding aid computerized.

Reti: No digital finding aid?

Bottoms: No, not at this point, but I think maybe at some point he might change his mind. He got his Ph.D. after he left us, and did a lot of work. He published the letters and other books. He did major Bateson scholarship. [Donaldson] was considered by many of the scholars who came to us as the authority that they needed to consult. Rodney would be the one that would know if such and such existed, or know who to go and see and talk to. He was a real Bateson resource. He worked for two or more years on the collection and got it into the shape it's in.

There were a couple of manuscripts. One manuscript that came into the collection was a posthumous manuscript that was written by Mary Catherine [Bateson] and her father together. Rodney worked, we didn't have money to fund him, he got a variety of grants, and there's documentation in the collection about all of this, but I know that Werner Erhard gave some money for a grant for him to work, and someone else did. We were able to buy one of the manuscripts with the Friends of the Library's help, and give the money to pay Rodney.

At some point as we were getting down into the home stretch of finalizing the acquisition of the collection, Mary Catherine Bateson, the daughter of Gregory and Margaret Mead, came out from her home in Amherst and stayed at my house. We had a really good time. We talked, and we had a lot of things to go over, to write the letter of gift and what kinds of restrictions are on the gift, and that stands. But what was interesting about the collection was this—we tend to think of manuscripts as written things, or at least I do most of the time—but we had on hand all of Gregory's tape-recorded lectures, none of which had been transcribed. So you could say that these were also his manuscripts. As far as I'm concerned, they were. One of the things we did in the collection with these tapes is make multiple copies of them. We made a working copy that people could listen to. We got a little tape recorder with earphones and a recorder that didn't have a delete button or an erase button, so nobody could erase it. But the point is that we kept the pristine copy, the archival copy, and then made a couple of copies—one for Mary Catherine and one for the Lindisfarne Institute, and a couple of places had them. The gift came from the Institute for Intercultural Studies, which was a non-profit foundation set up to handle the work of Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson. And in point of fact, they are the donors of the collection to us.

What was really wonderful was that when the archive was ready to be opened and used, we had a very big celebration up here. At that time we didn't have digital anything. If you wanted to get a photograph blown up you had to go down and get what was called a stat. That's what we have out there on the bridge, all the stats. There's one out there

from this exhibition of Bateson reading from one of his own books. It was really kind of sweet. At any rate, what we did, because we were inviting the family and everybody who wanted to come to the opening of the archive, we borrowed a bunch of pictures from Lois Bateson because in the collection itself we really don't have any photos. We made copies of photos that Lois loaned us. She was very sweet about it. Gregory and Lois had had a daughter named Nora, who graduated UCSC, and is living in Watsonville with her husband and her child. She became a filmmaker. But we had this incredible opening of the archive. It was very moving because the entire family, his kids from these families in Gregory's life, all came from wherever they were. They had not been together since his funeral. The way we had done the room—we had covered the walls with these giant stats of Gregory. Gregory trying to drive a car—some humorous, some very moving. So then the family came in and there was Nora as a little girl, holding her father's hand. They were just stunned. It was like he was there. I mean, because he wasn't there we had to put him in the room. And so he was. It was quite wonderful. I remember I did something to my back. I remember the minute everything was over this horrifying pain kicked into my back, from bending over the exhibit cases.

Over the years there's been a lot of Bateson scholarship, and people come to us from all over the world. We've had people from Italy staying for two or three weeks; we've had people from Belgium, from Canada, biographers, people working on all sorts of projects. It's been an incredibly important archive. Then people have come forward who have their own, or who wrote on Gregory and wanted to give us things that related to what they did, that were part, that are just little spin-offs or sections, little connected parts to the archive. I always liked that. I like that with the Patchen collection, where people brought in their—this is the research from this, or this is the thing I wrote with that, or this came from the Patchen Festival. We did the same kind of thing with the biographer, or people who had been to these seminars that Gregory had been to. It's a family thing in a way. It's very connected. It's not separated from something else and yet the collection that came from the Institute for Intercultural Studies is that collection and we've woven in all these other strands.

Reti: We don't have Mary Catherine Bateson's archive?

Bottoms: No, no we don't. From time to time somebody will ask, "Do you have Margaret Mead?" and the answer is no. It's really pretty demarcated.

John Cage

Reti: It's focused. So, shall we talk about John Cage next?

Bottoms: That's a fun one. Somewhere in November of 1968, John Cage came to campus. Gurdon Woods, who was an art professor, a sculptor, and the chair of the art department, got a Carnegie Foundation grant. It was quite something. There was a whole lot that went on because of this Carnegie Foundation grant. A lot of people were involved in a variety of projects. It was a very exciting and thrilling thing, and Gurdon is to be patted on the back and anointed as some kind of genius to have come up with this, because it had a real campus impact. It's part of a larger something, and it was that particular project that brought Robert Watts to campus. He was one of the Fluxus artists, and he's the guy that came into Special Collections and sold me the Fluxkit.

Also, part of this was the bringing of John Cage and Merce Cunningham to the campus to consult with the art board of studies and the people thinking about the performing arts complex—what it was going to be like and how it should be. So that's how they happened to get here. That was quite wonderful. I was still in what I call the broom closet, the pre-1969 office. I knew Patrick Aherne, and I knew Gurdon Woods. There was a seminar that the art board was invited to.

I was invited to this little tiny seminar. There are thirteen names, and Mr. John Cage is the first one, Mr. Merce Cunningham, Mr. Gurdon Woods, Mr. Sigfried Puknat, Mr. Donald Weygandt, Mr. Robert Watts, Mr. Edmund Carpenter, Mr. Sidney Simon, Mr.

Patrick Aherne, Mr. Doyle Forman, Mr. Jasper Rose, Mr. Albert Hofstadter, Ms. Rita Berner. I was the only oddball in there, and it was really fun. During that seminar, John, mainly, (Merce did speak too) talked about how the performing arts complex should be designed and how at Black Mountain College all of the learning took place in the cafeteria, where people gathered together, and that when you think about artists and musicians having studios, you need to make sure that they intersect one another, that you have to walk through somebody's studio to get to your own, so you have to encounter one another. It was really lots of fun. Other people were invited who never showed up. Some members of the art board did not come. Mary Holmes did not come. Jasper Rose showed up and spoke the entire time with a big butt of a cigar in his mouth so that you couldn't hear too well. They got a court stenographer in there to record the proceedings; they were very smart to do that. Some of the art board boycotted it because they didn't consider that this was anything they needed to be at. Maybe they didn't like John Cage; maybe they didn't like Merce Cunningham. It was really very rude.

Cage and Cunningham came the day before [that] to the campus. Paul Lee knew them, brought them to the garden to meet Alan Chadwick and they all went mushrooming. And with them, I believe, went Morris Graves, the painter, and Robert Duncan, the poet and mycologist. A number of wonderful people went through our woods, because we are really a major mushroom environment, and an amazing thing happened: John was overcome with this whole place and vowed he was giving his mushroom collection to the campus and in particular to Alan Chadwick to go into the chalet that was going to be built for him in the garden itself. That was the whole deal, that's how that got going.

Cage and Cunningham both did a concert with David Tudor at the Civic that night. I was in the front row, listening to a terrible person behind me talk about what a horrible professor Norman O. Brown was. I wanted to turn around and take a swing [at them], but I couldn't. I just wanted to pop someone in the teeth. It was an academic person who I didn't know.

When this actually happened, I got a call from Norman O. Brown. Nobby Brown and John Cage were old, very dear friends. Nobby [called] saying that John was going to give his mushroom books to the library, his field guides, all his mushroom realia, all these little things that come into the collection. He was going to come with it; he was going to bring it. I said, "That would be really neat." It was all going to be in my care until Alan's chalet was built by Dean McHenry at the garden. Nobby was very nervous about Cage coming. He called me a million times at home and he called me at work just to make sure I was ready for this.

Cage did come, and we all went to the Whole Earth Restaurant. I wrote a piece about it, because it was a very interesting lunch. Paul Lee was there, John Cage, Norman O. Brown and myself. John was a darling, lovely human being. He told me yes, the books would be in my care until the chalet [was built]; the ultimate destination would be the chalet. One of the things that had really won him over, aside from the incredible environment, was that Alan Chadwick was a disciple of Rudolf Steiner and David Tudor was someone that they (John and Merce) were very close to, a composer, a person who worked in electronic music. David Tudor was also very close to the philosophy of Rudolf Steiner, so this all played a role. It was an amazing kind of thing.

At the lunch it was said that meanwhile we would have the books in the library. John wanted them to be able to be checked out, because many of them were field guides. Any book in the collection could be checked out. I said that was different than we normally did things in Special Collections because these books were never checked out, but if he wanted that... Nobby Brown, who was eating, and getting really nervous, said, "John, even the Wasson?" The Wasson is this incredible two-volume set called *Russia, Mushrooms and History*, by R. Gordon Wasson, who was a very famous expert on mushrooms of all kinds. It was given to John for his seventieth birthday by all of his famous friends. It was inscribed by Jasper Johns, Richard Lippold, all these artists.

Reti: That can just go out to anybody who comes in?

Bottoms: Yes. Nobby asked, "Even the Wasson?" And John said, "Yes, Nobby. Even the Wasson. The revolution has to begin somewhere. Let it begin with me." At that lunch, I agreed to take charge of these books, and I agreed to let them to [be] check[ed] out. I came back to the library and told myself, I've got to go in now and tell Don Clark what I just agreed to. He laughed and said I did the right thing. I had to do it. There was no other way to do it. In the collection as well were, as I mentioned, other things like the famous mushroom tie, which we checked out to people who needed to wear it for various occasions. And sometimes if they weren't in town, we xeroxed the tie and we sent them a xerox, or we faxed them a xerox of the tie, so that they could cut out the fax and wear the fax. [laughter] There's more than one way to deal with things.

In the collection there would be a little drawing, or a watercolor of a mushroom, and in one case a walnut crêche that you would open and you would see a little mushroom scene in it. Dishtowels. You name it, anything... An ashtray with a mushroom, because people knew that he loved mushrooms. He also wrote about mushrooms. He made all kinds of things. Mushrooms were very, very important to him. He was an expert mycologist, and did earn money foraging for mushrooms and selling them to restaurants in New York.

Reti: Really?

Bottoms: Absolutely, that was one source of income. He was very knowledgeable; he was famous for this. Then he wrote mesostics, these poems where you have a word going down the center and then you have words coming off each word that's going down the center. So we got literally everything. It's not a large collection, but it was used.

The collection had been appraised by a person at the New York Botanical Garden, and John called me and was not terribly happy with the appraisal. The person just didn't know mushrooms; she didn't know mycology. So he asked me if I would find someone

who might be familiar, an appraiser. I went through lists, and nobody, no dealer that I could find could recommend anybody that was knowledgeable. So I called the IRS and I said to them, "Look, this is the situation. Nobody really knows this field except this expert person, and he happened to have given the books. Will you honor his appraisal?" And they said they would. So I called him and told him that he could appraise as an expert. He's an expert appraiser, because it was a very limited field. I think nowadays maybe we could find someone. Maybe we could find someone, maybe not. This was in the 1960s. Cage wrote correspondence on these multi-part [forms]. He'd write, and then he'd tear off a page and send it to you. It was just really neat. He was really easy to deal with.

David Arora, who is very well known as a mushroom scholar, came up here and did a lot of work, took books out and gave us his own notebooks. These were precursors to his published books on [mushrooms], *All that the Rain Promises and More* and his magnum opus on the mushroom *Mushrooms Demystified*. So it was neat. A student, Rick Kerrigan, also came up here and later became a mushroom grower. This was a used collection. It was of great interest to the people that were interested in mushrooms. Sometimes people would bring the mushrooms up here and turn the pages of the book. We had everything going on. [John] Cage would come out occasionally to Cabrillo. I remember seeing him backstage and he said, "Did you hear what I said about mushrooms, Rita?" He was always a very kind, wonderful man.

In 1987 I was invited to be part of "John Cage at Wesleyan," a festival symposium about Cage's work and its influence that was going to be taking place February 22-27, 1988 at Wesleyan in Middletown, Connecticut. It was in honor of his 75th birthday. For two reasons it was really important. One, it was about John Cage, but for me it was the first time I was ever really invited anywhere, and that anybody wanted me to do anything anywhere and that they, honest to God, called me up and said, "Look, we're bringing out so many people we can only pay you an honorarium of $250." I almost fell off my chair because I'd never been paid to do anything. Neely Bruce was the person who called me.

He was the organizer of the festival. He's in the music department at Wesleyan. He's an American music specialist and composer. With his wife, Phyllis, he did this. I was invited to give two talks. I was on a panel with Heidi von Gunden who was writing a book on Lou Harrison, was dealing with John Cage and his Buddhist religion, and Charles Lemert, a phenomenologist.

[I] was on this incredible panel, and my topic was to talk about John Cage, mushrooms Santa Cruz in the 1960s. I remember being absolutely terrified before I spoke. It was a huge crowd of people. They'd come from all over the world, and I know that my throat got very dry, but when I got up there I just became at ease. They had to tell me that my time was up. [laughter] Norman O. Brown said later that he enjoyed my talk very much. My other gig there was as one of his three archivists. Wesleyan [had his] written material manuscripts because Wes[leyan] Press was there, and Elizabeth Swaim was that archivist. The musical part of his archive was with Debbie Campana at Northwestern University. We had the mushrooms at Santa Cruz. That was a lively, fantastic gathering. There were a number of people. It was in a smaller room, but people were just hanging out of the rafters, because it was the first time that anybody had put all of these components together. There were lots of questions. It was very spirited. John went to everything that happened. He wasn't feeling well. He had the flu. He showed up at everything. I don't know how he lived through it.

Reti: He was in his seventies at that point?

Bottoms: He was seventy-five then. Many people took lovely photographs. I took some polaroids. I thought it was the film doing it because all of the photographs I took at that historic time, the ones that other people didn't take, the ones bringing people together who were historically enmeshed and intertwined, [and that] would never have the chance to happen again, down the center of the film, as in chakras, Indian chakras, were these lights going down each photo on three rolls of polaroid film. Lighting up people's

eyes and mouths. Richard Kostelanetz opening up his mouth and a ball of light coming out. This was not divine intervention.

Reti: A light leak in your camera. [laughter]

Bottoms: It was some screwed up thing, because I sent the film to Polaroid. I called them. I was outraged. I said, "What is happening here? What is with you guys?" They said, "Sorry, it's your camera," and it was. It was, but see, I had no idea of it, so I just thought, oh this film. Norman O. Brown gave a marvelous lecture, and then there was this wonderful interchange between John and Nobby when John finished his lecture. Nobby was in the third row of the audience, and jumped out of his seat, and they came together and Nobby bowed and put his head into Cage's hands. It was so dramatic; it was so moving. After we all came back, Nobby came over to see me. I said, "Well, you know, really it's time for us to be talking about your archive more than we have." It was kind of a little bridge into that, so that's how that came up.

At the symposium a lot of presenters stood up and talked about Santa Cruz, and the History of Consciousness program being here, as an important interdisciplinary major. It meant something to them. It was very interesting to me. Also, people mentioned the women's studies [program]. Some of them were real cutting edge people. You had poets; you had writers; you had musicians; you had philosophers. Everybody was there. I thought, this is nice. It was 1988 and somebody cares about what we're doing at Santa Cruz.

Dick Higgins, who was very well known... His wife is Alison Knowles, they were both book artists, concrete poetry. Dick and I were talking about the Fluxkit that I had on exhibition. While I was there, it was on exhibition here in Special Collections. He said, "What? You've got it on exhibition? Oh my God, I wouldn't let anybody... Don't bring it out; it's a relic. It's really a rare thing. You shouldn't let anybody handle it." I didn't

expect Dick Higgins, who was this wild, wild creative guy, to say that. He said, "It's really very valuable." I said, "You know, that's why I got it. I got it for people to handle." I think, if it has in it its own inherent vice, the seeds of its own destruction, that's the way it is. This was the first of my road trips on behalf of a collection.

Reti: So John Cage is another example of a polymath, right?

Bottoms: Absolutely, another example of the polymath.

Reti: That's the theme running through all of this.

Bottoms: When I introduced Lou Harrison, who read his poems here after we published *Joys and Perplexities*, I thought, oh my God, how am I going to introduce Lou Harrison? I don't know what I'm going to do. I just talked about him being a polyartist, and if it was like aikido he would be a black belt polyartist, something like that. I don't know what I said, but it was like that, because I had to do it justice in a way that spoke to it, that was really real for me and for Lou, because what are you going to say about Lou Harrison? He designed the typefont; he did the drawings; he wrote the poems.

One last thing about John Cage. When he died in 1992, it was very sudden. It was a terrible shock. I wasn't a close friend of his but it was a shock to me, and it was a shock to everyone who knew him. The people who I knew that knew him were stunned. Not just mushroom folks had been working on this stuff, but other people came to the archives that were working on biographies. So we had dealt with a variety of people through the years.

I didn't know what to do when he died. It was just an awful thing. What I didn't know, but found out almost immediately, although it wasn't in the papers, was that he had been mugged in his apartment a time before his death. He had been harmed. It did not

help. That precipitated his death. So that was really very disturbing. I thought well, what can I do?

The only thing I could do was to make something for the people I knew that knew him, that were very close to him, and for myself. I'm involved in Tibetan Buddhism. I have always loved [this]. This is the Rainbow Buddha. I have smaller versions. It's something I love. It's a wonderful, peaceful thing. People I know that have seen it and like it, I give them [one]. It doesn't matter what denomination you are. It doesn't matter at all. So I got some small ones made, and I didn't like any of the pictures of John in the newspaper. I was going to make something with John's picture in it. The pictures of him in the newspaper were all really severe, didn't show him smiling. I had taken one of these polaroids that didn't have a big light blob in the middle of it; the blob was on somebody else. So I made a xerox blowup of it, and I put it in the Rainbow Buddha, and I had his picture there, just cut out, and on the back put "John Cage in the lap of the Rainbow Buddha," and the date, and sent it. I sent one to Nobby Brown, who immediately wrote me and said that he loved it. I remembered what he had said in class, "the only response to poetry is more poetry." Nobby was a very big influence on me. Also, [John] Cage, more than I ever realized until much later, when I started to think about writing and started to do writing, and realized that a lot of the things that I was thinking, I had heard him say or he had written. I didn't know this. You don't sometimes understand the influences until you step back from them. So I sent one to him [Norman O. Brown], and I think David Revill, one of his biographers[9], other people, Lou [Harrison]. Not many, maybe ten or twelve people.

One person I sent it to was Daniel Charles, a Frenchman, a very lovely man who did a book of interviews with John called *Pour les Oiseaux* [*For the Birds*]. I had talked with him at the Wesleyan conference; then I had run into him at the airport in Geneva. He's a very friendly, very nice person. He lives in Antibes, so I sent him one. About a year and a half later, I got this letter from him which said, "I cannot tell you what it meant for me to

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9. *The Roaring Silence: John Cage, A Life* (London: Bloomsbury, 1992).

receive that. I was struck speechless. I could not even write to thank you. I have had it in front of me. It had sustained me." I was so moved. He was working on some kind of anthology. I knew that because he had asked me for other things, if he could publish it, if it would be all right. I said absolutely, if he wanted to do that. Years later when I went to Nobby Brown's library and home, with Tom Brown, his son, and I walked into that library, there was a shelf, and there was a picture of his granddaughter and a few other personal things, and there was that Rainbow Buddha with John's face in its lap. It was very moving to me. I have that one. Tom said I could have that, because I found out I didn't have one. I had made it for everybody and given away mine, but I felt like I could always make another one. I used that at other times. I made one with Allen Ginsberg for Anne Waldman when Ginsberg died. I gave one to her. I did that for my cousin Daniel, who died of AIDS. I made a big one. I actually made a big Rainbow Buddha and sent it to Merce Cunningham, just if he wanted it. A large one with a small picture, if it would comfort him. What else do you do? That was that.

What do we do next? And now for something completely different. [laughter]

Reti: Shall we talk about the Stack o' Wheats prints?

Stack o' Wheats Prints

Bottoms: It's simple. It was one of the most awful things that ever happened to me in my entire career here. I wasn't the only person it happened to. It happened to Carol; it happened to all of us; it happened to the library. Les Krims is a photographer whose work is very disturbing. Joe Czarnecki who was a photography professor here on campus, ordered these three 6 inch x 6 inch published boxes that contained these loose small prints in them. They were twenty-five dollars or twenty dollars apiece. They were reproductions. It wasn't anything fancy. They were single sheets. One of them was *Little People of America* in which he had photographed people who were dwarfs and midgets. One was about hunters called *The Deerslayers*. I'm blocking what [else] he had done, but

he was known for this. Then he did something called *The Incredible Case of the Stack o' Wheats Murders.* It was also very disturbing. I never liked it, but we had it. There was a body of a woman in every picture, and then chocolate syrup. It was not pleasant. I can't even describe it. People would have to look at it, because it's so far eclipsed by what happened and how it happened. And the whole method of it happening that I cannot describe it to you, except to say that it involves a woman who looks like she's being tormented, murdered or such like, and then this chocolate syrup which looks like blood. It's awful.

Reti: With pancakes.

Bottoms: Or something like that. I can't even tell you because it was so... The thing that happened was worse than anything he had thought of. Okay? That's the way I feel. The first thing that happened was that somebody came into the room and wanted to look at it, and it was brought out for them. There are maybe fifteen sheets of paper in it. It's not expensive; it's not fine art reproductions, and it's in a little box. They may have come in to see... it may have been a school assignment. I don't even know what it was, but we had been showing it. I think we had been showing all of them, but maybe it was just this one, pulling it out for someone who wanted to see it, knowing full well that it was returned to us completely. When [Santa Cruz] Women Take Back the Night first came forward and said that they had this box and it was ours, we wondered how it had gotten out of Special Collections, when we knew we shelved it. I will tell you that [I found out] over a year later, if not longer than that, one of our students had stolen it out of our back room! Yes, indeed. That made me alternately feel really horrible and want to do something bad, and then relieved that at least it didn't get stolen out from under our very eyes in the reading room. Somebody later told me, because they said, "You really need to know this. This is how it got out." Because it was always a torment to me how that thing got into the hands of people who said, "Here it is." We could not figure it out, because we never thought one of our students did this!

A number of women came into my office to talk to me about it, because they did not want this Stack o' Wheats to be in Special Collections; they did not want it to be in the library. They felt it had no place here. I said I absolutely found it very objectionable myself. I did not like the subject matter. I did not like Krims' work. I didn't like any of his work and any of his projects, but this one was particularly horrible. I did not like to look at it. However, I absolutely would not remove it from the collection. I would not censor anything; I absolutely could not do that. Constitutionally I could not do that and I would not do that. We had a very amicable discussion, I felt. Everybody was listening. We were all hearing each other. There were a few women, I don't know how many, whether four or five. I don't remember who they were. I may have made notes of it afterwards. I just said how much I agreed with them about what was portrayed, but we could not do that. If we started down that road, we would be pulling out book after book from the stacks. You just can't. You just can't... So that was my stand. They left the material here. I think it was when Santa Cruz Women Take Back the Night was first starting out. This is what I'm remembering, but I'm not positive.

Reti: This was right around 1979 or 1980?[10]

Bottoms: I don't know. We have a whole large box on the "Stack o' Wheats" episode if you want to see the aftermath, the whole thing, everything that happened is in a big box. All the press, everything.

Then a woman named Nikki Craft began to come to Special Collections. We all helped her. She was involved in [Santa Cruz] Women Take Back the Night. She would ask to see the work, and she wanted to photograph it; she wanted to write a piece on it. We bent over backwards to help her. I brought in my shawl to use as a backdrop so she could get her photographs, because she was writing a piece about how offensive she felt it was. We killed ourselves to help Nikki Craft. She came in for a week, two weeks, I don't know.

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[10] The date of Nikki Craft's action was March 31, 1980.—Editor.

We did everything to make it possible for her to do what she needed to do. She was very engaging, very spirited.

Craft knew I did not work on Mondays. At that time I was taking Mondays off because they had asked people to reduce their time because of the budget. So it was in the 1980s sometime. So knowing that I didn't work on Mondays, she came in the next Monday with a photographer whose, name was William Reynolds. Carol [Champion] was here. Craft requested the piece and then proceeded to pour chocolate syrup on top. She checked it out, poured chocolate syrup on top of it. He photographed it. It was all planned.

Carol was... It was horrible for her. She called Lan Dyson. The police were called. I can't tell you all of the things that ensued, but it was a violation. It was the most extreme kind of violation. When I heard about it, I don't know when I heard, whether it was somebody called me at home, I don't remember that, because it was such a trauma. It was the worst trauma. It was like somebody saying, "Fuck you. I just took care of this." It was like a rape. That is what she had done. We had done everything we could for her and she did this. She knew she had done something, because the next morning she called me up and said, "Rita, I really hope you're not upset." I said, "Upset is not the word to describe it. You violated our trust." She brought me a bouquet of roses and I took them and I threw them in the trash. What in the hell did she think she was doing? It was not just what I was feeling; it was how Carol felt. I thought that Carol was just...that she was ready to leave. I thought, if this act has caused that to happen... Because it was such a violation. It really was. You have to understand what it felt like. Here you're helping a person. They're doing this—they're shining you on, and then they shit on you. It was unforgivable. I was really concerned about Carol. I mean, she did all of the right things, but it was a horrible, horrible ordeal. A few years later I was at an Oracle conference for photography curators and some guy came up to me and said, "Oh, you've had that wonderful "Stack o' Wheats" thing happen." I just looked at him and said, "It was the

worst thing that ever happened." I just nailed him. It was like nobody could... You'd better really watch out for me. I'm armed and dangerous.

We had the whole aftermath. What we did with the photographs, and I remember I was talking to Christine [Bunting] about it, because I all of a sudden remembered this, it came up apropos something else. I said, "Don't you remember, Christine? You and Richard [Wohlfeiler] took them and put them in your freezer, to freeze them as evidence." I didn't want to throw them out, because this was the evidence. They froze them in their freezer, just in case. Who knew what was going to happen? I don't remember if charges were dropped. I don't think we dropped charges, but I think things resolved. But the bad things that happened were that David Cope nominated her for the chancellor's prize for her "courageous" action. I thought, if [Robert] Sinsheimer gives this prize, I will have to leave. I will quit my job. I cannot work in a place that would reward this kind of crap. And he, of course, did not do that. My father wrote a letter to the chancellor. There were a lot of debates about it. I could not participate in any of them. I was really wounded. I could not deal with it. It was very painful for Carol. She went through it. She had the full on onslaught of it.

It was like something had been destroyed. It was very destructive. I eventually talked to the *Los Angeles Times*. I said, "You have to be factual. You have to report what I'm telling you." I was very reluctant to talk to press because it had been so distorted. Another thing, too. Someone wrote from the Resource Center for Nonviolence a letter to a newspaper talking about how disgusting and disgraceful it was that this "exhibition" of these "huge prints" had been on display at Special Collections, and I thought, I'm not coming near the Resource Center for Nonviolence. You have just given it a bad name. I love the center, [but] not even checking? They became "large photographs." They became "on exhibition." There were all these lies floating around.

Then Clive Sinclair, a Brit, came by. He was actually a writer. I talked to him about a year later. He wanted to write about it. It was an article in his book, *Bedbugs*. I had decided I

would talk about it. I never saw her [Nikki Craft] again. She was very repentant and contrite. She felt very badly, hated to do what she did. She was sorry we felt badly. She didn't realize what she did. It was very damaging, and it was a permanent kind of damage that didn't go away. It was a betrayal of trust. I think that was the issue. Les Krims, I can't stand his work. It has nothing to do with that, it's awful. But it had to do with trust. It had to do with something else that happened. There's a big box of stuff about it. Of course, we got another copy of Stack o' Wheats. Of course, no one's ever asked to see it.

Reti: I'm glad you talked about that.

Bottoms: I am too. You can tell how enraged I am about it. Then the whole censorship thing. That's what happened. There's no way [censorship] can ever end once it gets started. There's always something that offends somebody. It's horrible. I don't like to look at those [photographs]. They're terrible. I do not want to see violence against women, but it's out there. If you don't see it, and see how horrible it is... It's not going to turn somebody bad, I don't think. They're already going to be that way, if they're intrigued by this. It's the whole thing about pornography, too. I know there are various schools of thought on that. I'm a big champion of Susie Bright. I like her, her openness about sexuality. I don't know all the issues and the answers, either, but this was a bad one.

George Barati

Reti: Let's talk about George Barati.

Bottoms: I had known George Barati, and Ruth Barati, because I had taken yoga from Ruth, and heard George's concerts. I had met him, and I had casually mentioned to him it would really be nice to have his archive at some point. We hadn't really dealt with it,

but Bud Kretschmer, who was a very close friend of the Baratis, and very involved in music in this town, took me and Marion Taylor, music bibliographer, over to George's house. We talked about the archive, and George was very enthusiastic.

I know that sometimes it was hard for some people to get along with George, or find him easy to deal with. For me, it never, ever was. We had this conversation of souls, and that's the way it was. The kind of work I did with him was to work with the archive, to talk about things, to go over stuff that we were doing. We just met in a different way, so that I never, ever had any of the negative reactions to him at all. I knew as a conductor he was tough. People told me, "My God, he was very difficult; he was this and he was that," but I never had that experience with him. It was very warm and it was very loving and it was very caring, each way. The time I knew him their daughter Lorna was dying of cancer and [I] went through that time [with them]. We were friends. He would come over to the house and Tom would duplicate cassette tapes for him, things that we put in the archive. We had a very warm relationship.

The archive itself has letters in it from people that he played with. I think one of his most famous correspondents is Albert Einstein, with whom George played at Princeton [University]. So there was a very nice note, and a letter of recommendation from Einstein. One time when I was in North Carolina, I was in a shop. I saw this wonderful photograph of Einstein playing music. There was somebody next to him, but you couldn't see who it was. I wrote on the back of it, "I bet that was you, George," or something like that. We have scores, his musical compositions, and photographs, the whole historical component. Plus vinyl albums of all of his work, and then tape cassettes of concerts and performances. Then, I'm not sure whether before his death or after his death, the first CD came out. It was a collection, and there were people that came in to use it.

When we had the opening of the Barati Archive, it was really quite wonderful. Having started that thing with Bateson, making the stats like that, I made xerox copies of a lot of

wonderful photographs. I did an entire wall of him conducting all over the world. It was beautiful. I have photographs of it. I loved it. It said in pictures what he had done. We had a wonderful exhibit. We had the albums and everything. For the opening, Bud had commissioned from George a few years before, the *B.U.D. Concerto*. Bud funded Andreas Werz, a wonderful concert pianist, who teaches in Fresno. Andreas came over. Dwight [Frey], who used to work at circulation, his father-in-law, Baker was his name, lovely man, had the piano shop. We got a free piano, got it moved up here. Andreas played the *B.U.D. Concerto.* Roy Malan came with his trio and played some more Barati music. The place was so jammed, I stood out on the bridge, because so many people could not get in the door. It was crammed to the rafters, and I felt I could not be inside if there were people outside.

It was a marvelously successful time. The wonderful thing about it was that Lorna was still alive and her pain had alleviated to the point where it was possible for her to come. If she became too uncomfortable, all Lorna had to do was nod at my husband, Tom, and he would get up and take her out and drive her wherever they had agreed upon. I had originally scheduled the opening about three or four months later, and both George and Ruth got on the phone and said, "Oh Rita, can it be earlier?" It was in November of 1992, or something. "Could it be earlier, because Lorna might be dead by then." That's what they were living with. So I did, and I'm glad, because though she was still alive, she would not have been able to come. It was this joyous occasion for all of them. His son Steven came with his wife.

Afterwards we had a big dinner at India Joze. We all sat at three or four tables and it was marvelous. I remember talking to George beforehand. I said, "Now really, George, this is going to be a wonderful concert." He said, "Rita, now I know you say that, but I can only know after the concert whether it was wonderful or not." So I asked him, "Well, was I right or not?" and he said, "Actually, it was pretty good." He was very, very happy.

We had this deep friendship. For the opening, I was very touched, they gave me this incredible necklace that Ruth had had, that was made by their friend Kitty, who made Anäis Nin's jewelry.

A few years after, and to this day we don't know whether George fell on the street in Los Gatos, or was pushed or beaten, nobody knows. He died. Ruth went through a great deal of agony trying to find out what happened. There was no way, really, to find it out. She and I were always friends, clear through to the end of her life. I went and I visited George in the hospital. He was in a coma, and he never came out of the coma. You know, you just sit. That's it. That's what happens.

Ernest T. "Bud" Kretschmer

Reti: Let's talk about Bud [Kretschmer].

Bottoms: Bud has been wonderful. Bud has always been very encouraging. He was very encouraging and helpful with George, and I've just described how he supported all kinds of things. And then with Lou Harrison as well. Bud will never stop being an entrepreneur, until his last breath. He's just phenomenal. He's got these concert series going. I just talked to him the other day. He calls a lot. He's a Leo; we're both Leos. We have late July birthdays. I always say, "Is this Ernest?" He was not able to be at Lou's memorial. I do remember, when the Barati exhibition was up, and John Larry Granger had recently come into town at that time to conduct the Santa Cruz Symphony. Larry had not been able to come to the opening, because he may not have been around. I don't even know at that point. But Bud wanted to get Larry and George together.

Reti: George had been the conductor of the Santa Cruz Symphony before Larry. Several people before.

Bottoms: That's right. Several people before. And just to get them together, as Bud was always matchmaking. Maybe Larry would be interested in performing some of George's music? Bud has never stopped doing that. He's always putting people together in hopes of that. He put together a little lunch, and we went to the Omei [Restaurant]. Larry Granger came up here. It was really neat to meet him, and he loved the exhibit. It was really a very good exhibit. It was very full and rich. Then afterwards we went to the Omei Restaurant. It was a way for George and Larry to meet, with Bud and I there as whatever, buffers, comic relief, or whatever.

We ordered. I don't know how it happened, but Mu Shu Pork was ordered, as well as other dishes. I don't know if you know Mu Shu Pork. You've got a pancake, a pancake which is kind of thin. Okay, so out it came. So first I'm thinking, what is the order of serving here? I was the "mom" and had do the serving. I thought, we'll do Maestro Barati first. So first I did Maestro Barati. I put the stuff in. I folded it up and gave it to George. I felt that's the order it should be in. And I noticed as I moved that one, the rest of the pancakes each had a progression of holes, with each one getting worse. I thought, oh my God. Larry could see what was going on; he was hip to what was happening. I winked at him. We knew who was going to be getting [what]. He and I were going to eat the dregs is what was going to happen. He was really sweet about it, because he was really the honored guest. Clearly it was the Order of the Pancake here. Bud got the next one so that he wouldn't be mortified, and then Larry got one with holes, and I got one in shreds. [laughter] I don't know what I'm saying that for, except that he understood what was going on. He was the honored guest, and in another situation we would serve him first, but I was able to see that there was trouble ahead. I should have just sent all of them back, but that would have created a rumpus, and we were talking.

Reti: Well, they were the elders.

Bottoms: They were the elders. I thought, George has to get his first. He wasn't demanding it. That was just a judgment I made, and Larry went completely along with

it. But then we ended up with these little wads of... [laughter] I thought that was neat. I always liked him for understanding that and not getting huffy or anything. In this line of work you have to figure that stuff out real fast. If there's not enough, you don't eat. Not that anybody would ask you not to eat, but you're always the last. You have to do it that way.

Bud has been a great friend to us. Always been so willing to do things. We were able to do something really neat. We had a Bud Kretschmer day. We did a mini-exhibit over by the Performing Arts Building. This was years ago, thanking him in a way for everything. Community people were there. He had always been someone I had heard of, but had not really met until we started to get involved with some of these musicians. He was kind of a legendary guy. He is, still. He's got this wonderfully youthful voice, and he maintains a positive outlook. It is just really wonderful. He's always positive, always forward-looking, always what he will do, what he's planning to do, or this piano or that.

Lou Harrison

Reti: Today we're going to begin by talking about Lou Harrison.

Bottoms: I'm going to go to a requiem mass for Lou Harrison on Sunday. The Santa Cecilia Society is going to sing a requiem for him at someone's home. We were talking at the memorial last Saturday, after the main part of it was over, and I said that it was the music that got to me, and that put me into touch with how moved I was thinking about the fact that Lou has died.[11] It's had an enormous impact on so many people. The reality of it has been very hard to come to terms with. It was also important that Leta Miller organized what she did so soon, because it forced all of us, in one way or another, to come to grips with the fact that something had actually happened.[12] I haven't gone

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[11] Lou Harrison died February 2, 2003, during the period of time this oral history with Rita Bottoms was being conducted.

[12] The memorial for Lou Harrison was held February 22, 2003 at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

really through the grief that I feel about it. I do know that Lou's dead, on one level, and on another the grief for it has not really come through. But it began to come out on Saturday as I heard his music. For some reason the music did it, where nothing else did. Listening to people's remarks. And I talked a little bit about the archive on Saturday. But I think it was really the music that got through to me. I think what's going to happen on Sunday is it's going to be a huge catharsis, which is good.

I remember when Bill [Colvig] died,[13] there was a memorial at their house. It was three months afterwards, not as immediate as this one was. I went, and there was a lot of music in it, Lou even playing gamelan. But before that, this group of male acapella singers (The Santa Cecilia Society) sang a lamentation, and it was incredibly touching. So Sunday is going to be something.

I had seen Lou on various occasions, but I wasn't close to him at all. I would meet him in some kind of gathering and he would be very cordial and very pleasant. He came up to Special Collections a couple of times to use various things. At one point he and Bill had been in Japan, and they came back with a huge multi-volume set of a Japanese artist, Munakata [Shiko], and Lou gave it to us. That was very nice and wonderful. And he then seemed to come to Special Collections a little bit oftener than I had ever seen him, looking at a variety of books.

One day I got up the courage, I think after the Munakata. This would be probably around 1990, maybe even earlier. I said I knew that his archive was going to Mills College. That was fairly common knowledge. I had put out feelers before and found that out. I said I realized that, [but] I wondered if there might be some things that he would think of placing here, such as duplicates. Don't ask me what on earth I was even talking about. How could there be duplicates in an archive if you've got original manuscripts, or musical scores and notebooks? It doesn't work like that. But at least I was putting my oar in. He was very gracious and sweet, always a generous kind of person. [He] said, "Well,

[13] Bill Colvig died March 1, 2000.

yes dear, there may well be things that I can give to Santa Cruz." That was kind of it, and I knew that was it, because he had a longtime affiliation with Mills, and quite frankly, I think in the early days of music here at Santa Cruz, not the more recent times, but in the early days of music at UCSC, there was not a great welcome extended to the local composers. There certainly wasn't to him. He had not taught here. He had taught at San Jose State. He taught at Mills. George Barati, the same thing. Things did change and evolve to include our important musicians in this area. But at first it was much more rigidly defined. The more contemporary composers and teachers came on board. There was a change in interest. One of the chorales on campus did Lou's *Lo Koro Sutro* (The Heart Sutra), sung in Esperanto. Tom and I went to hear it.

So some time in the summer of 1991, Robert Hughes, not the Australian art critic who writes for the *Times* and has written all these books, but the other Robert Hughes whom I know, who was a student of Lou's and a longtime friend of Lou's and Bill's, a completely devoted person in their lives, came to see me. He was down here prior to the beginning of rehearsals for the Cabrillo Music Festival that year. So it would have been in July. I have a photograph that I dated, and so I was able to find the exact moment that something occurred. We were talking about Lou's archive. According to Bob, the most important thing in Lou's life at this time, was to publish a book of poetry using the type fonts of his design. Beyond any musical composition that he was writing, this was what was most important to him, to do this book. It would have some illustrations. Bob was coming to me to talk about this because he wondered if I might be able to help with this book. I said I certainly could. I would do anything I could, period. Depending on how things worked out, I would go to the university librarian about it. The point is, what Bob was also saying was that he felt… people at Mills had come and gone. The person he had made whatever arrangement Lou made about his archive with was no longer there. It's not that they weren't interested, mind you, but that particular person had gone. So in a sense Bob was saying that maybe if I was able to work on and help with this book, something might change. We might be able to get Lou's archive. I thought, hot damn. I'll do anything. I'll do anything, absolutely anything.

Bob was the intermediary between Lou and me about this. I went to Lan [Dyson] and said, "Look, this is the deal. I think this could happen.Will you okay the fact that I will be spending some time, who knows how much time, trying to get this book to a publisher and in production, in return for which there's a really great possibility that the outcome will be Lou's archive?" He said, "Absolutely. Go for it." My main experience with publishing had been with the Lime Kiln Press. I certainly didn't know what publisher. I certainly didn't know who I was going to go to, but I knew I could find out. All this was communicated by Bob Hughes to Lou. Lou and I never spoke about it.

On August 3, 1991, Lou and Bill came to the office here. Lou handed me an envelope filled with letters from Henry Cowell. Henry Cowell the musician, not the ranch guy. And Edgar Varese and John Cage and Harry Partch, plus other contemporary composers. He said, "Here, dear. These are for you." I looked at this array and I was just ecstatic. I said, "Does this mean your archive is here?" He laughed and said, "Well, I guess it does." That was it. We hugged. We laughed. Everybody was happy. We all went to the seashore.

I knew that Lan Dyson and Marion Taylor, who was the music bibliographer at the time and also the head of Collection Planning, I knew they were up at a systemwide meeting in Berkeley. I tracked the meeting down. I said, "Get either Marion or Lan to the phone right now, because I have got some fabulous news." I knew they would jump for joy. The group had just broken for lunch. It was some big, impressive meeting with a whole bunch of librarians. I don't know which of them I talked to. I said, "You can tell everybody. Tell the world." They were tickled pink. That night at the Cabrillo Music Festival, it was a Friday night concert, Lan came up and gave me this big bear hug. He was just thrilled. It had made their day. They were just feeling terrific. Me too. I had no idea what all of the archive was. There was no way of knowing that. But it was something quite marvelous, of which I was sure.

I went up and talked to Lou, and we had several conversations about the book. The type font was complete and Carter Scholes in Berkeley was going to convert Lou's drawings of the font to an electronic format.

Reti: That's incredible. I didn't know that.

Bottoms: It was really quite something. Lou had drawings that he wanted to include, and then his own kind of designs for parts of the book, and then the poems. He gave me all of the poems to read. I really liked them. We had, basically, the book, although it wasn't, shall we say, designed totally, because whoever was going to publish it would obviously have a say in that.

The first printer I went to was Andrew Hoyem of Grabhorn-Hoyem Press, because Lou had asked me to do that. He had, I think, mentioned something about this book to Andy. So I went up for a talk with him in San Francisco. This was not a book that he could do, but he wished me well. Then I went to see somebody else who turned it down. I think publishers and printers are really reluctant to work with somebody who has designed his own type font. It's very unusual. I wasn't expecting this. I know I talked to Jim Robertson from Yolla Bolly Press to see if this was of interest. It was not something he could do. So I went back to Lou. This was done over the period of a couple weeks.

Then I was up at the house and Lou said, "You know, I got some books from Jonathan Williams the other day." Jonathan Williams is a very respected small publisher in North Carolina. For years he published the Jargon series of books. He is very well known for books of poetry, literary works, very special works. He published [Kenneth] Patchen. He did a number of incredible, maybe not mainstream poets, but sometimes mainstream poets, in beautiful presentations. These books were well known to me. I had met him at the Kenneth Patchen Festival because of his connection with Patchen, so we knew each other. So Lou said, "Oh, I'm going to call Jonathan right now." So he goes to the phone,

dials the number. Jonathan answers. And Lou says, "Hello, Jonathan. Thanks for sending me those books the other day. Here's Rita Bottoms. She has something to talk to you about." I'm going, oh my God! I was not exactly expecting, right in front of him... I thought, oh gadzooks, I've got to do this. I got on the phone and said, "Look, Lou and I have been talking about his book of poems and it's really wonderful and we are looking for a publisher. Can I call you tomorrow and talk to you about the particulars of it?" So that's how I handled that, but I felt really on the spot, because there was Lou, busily sort of doing something else, but listening to every word I was saying. I mentioned how the project was one that I was very interested in.

So I did talk to Jonathan. Type fonts did not rattle him. He thought it was great. He knew Lou. He understood. He knew Lou was a person who could do all these things. "Yes, we will do this." Without hesitation he embraced the project. Money had to be manifested to do it. I think some of that was a little tricky. A couple of anonymous donors and others put some money in that they later got out, just to get the thing started. I think Lou put in some, and then I think a friend or two were able to help with some start up money. Jonathan needed something to work with. I'm mentioning all this about the book, but it was very critical, and it was something that we were pleased to have been involved with. The book came out as Jargon, number 110, in 1992. It was published by three publishers: the Jargon Society; the University Library, University of California, Santa Cruz; and the Cabrillo Music Festival. It made Lou very, very happy. It's wonderful.

Reti: It's a beautifully designed book.

Bottoms: I wrote a very brief introduction to the book. "With Lou Harrison as its source, it's not at all surprising that there would be a confluence of publishers." He was very sweet in his acknowledgements.

Reti: Was that typeface ever used for anything else?

Bottoms: He began to write letters in it, and probably it was. I don't know. He used that in his everyday correspondence. Then he developed other typefaces, so this wasn't the only one. So, it was really very nice and Charles Scheer wrote a piece, and Ned Rorem wrote a piece.

Just a little bit more about the book. Robert Hughes and I talked every single day. I talked to Lou constantly, and was up there constantly, but Bob and I were back and forth. It was wonderful having him as this person who knew them well and could advise me sometimes when I needed to go down certain roads. Neither Bob nor I liked the title, by the way. We tried to persuade Lou not to have this title, *Joys & Perplexities*, and we lost. It was his business, but we let him know. When I think of all the back and forth we did on the book, and the fact that I did not have a fax machine in my office, I cannot believe it. I was streaking back and forth across the bridge to the library office to send 800 faxes a day. I can't believe that. You don't realize how bad things are until you have to do something like that. Now we have one.

I think it made Lou very happy to see [the book], and we had a publication party down at the Octagon Museum to coincide with a show of Lou and Bill's art works from their own collection, that coincided with the opening of the Cabrillo Music Festival. People were intrigued by the poetry; some people bought the poetry book. But the music audience wasn't big on buying the poetry, to be perfectly blunt. Lou was a composer, and that's what it was. I think poets bought the book in other venues, but it was not as popular as we thought it was going to be in all circles. But it still was wonderful. And to be published by Jargon is something that is quite terrific. It meant a lot to me. It was a press I was very familiar with. We have a complete set of all their work. I thought, okay, Lou is in very good company here.

Let me just say one thing further about the book, because I think this is so typical of Lou. When Marion Taylor, Bob Hughes, Lou and Bill, and myself were sitting at Lou and Bill's house and talking about the book in 1991 at the beginning point of it, the Cabrillo

Festival part of it, or whatnot, before we really got it launched, Kathy Foley, who is a provost here on campus, a great puppeteer and a wonderful friend of Lou's, came over to borrow some of Lou's puppets. She was in the Ives room in his house and rooting around under the piano looking for some puppets. She was borrowing them for a program or to send them somewhere. Lou called to Kathy and said, "Kathy dear, will you bring out Batara Guru to bless this enterprise." And that is Batara Guru sitting on the pedestal against the wall there, next to Lawrence's [Ferlinghetti] painting. I can't exactly tell you who the Batara Guru is. This one is an Indonesian puppet. But it represents a deity figure that can actually give blessings. Kathy came out with Batara Guru and she went among us, moving the puppet, moving its arms back and forth to bless the occasion. Though it was not part of the archive, Lou gave his entire puppetry collection to us for Special Collections, for the University, and named it in honor of Kathy Foley. So Batara Guru came, and Batara Guru, since he or she showed up, I don't know if it's a male or female deity, or not either one, has been out there blessing the space ever since. It's quite remarkable, and we never remove it. It may move around the room, but it's always out there. That was something I wanted to mention, because I thought that was very Lou to ask for the occasion to be blessed.

I talked just briefly about the fact that I would go up and I would see Lou about this and that, and I would always come away with something for the archive, whether it was a box of this, or just a little piece of that, or a something: "Dear, you would love to see this book. Here, take it." It was that kind of generosity, always sharing. Then there were things that I would borrow from him and then bring back that were not part of the archive, that he was interested in. To talk with him was always quite marvelous. A lot of times I might not have understood what he was telling me. It was in a subject I knew nothing about, or he would talk about classical proportions, which I didn't know about. He was always wonderful about explaining. If you could confess the fact that you didn't know what this meant that he was referring to, he would explain it very patiently. He was such a polymath. It was just extraordinary, what he cared about, what he was interested in. I had this terrific time with him, but sometimes I would feel, oh my God, I

don't know what that is. At one point, I remember asking my friend, who was a composer and had done contemporary music programming for KUSP, and also at KPFA in Berkeley, Susan Alexjander, if she would just give me a tutorial in intonation, because I didn't have a clue what that was. Some of Lou's music is using a certain format, and I didn't understand that format. So I had a lot to learn. But it was always very warm and pleasant and wonderful.

Of course, Bill was very much a part of all of this. They just became a part of my life, and I a part of theirs. When you know people, when you're working with people, you become friends. That's the way it's always worked for me. When somebody went to the hospital you cared, or you brought… Lou was, at that time, diabetic, though later I think it turned out that he wasn't. Tom and I would dip apricots and bring them to Bill for his birthday. Lou was always generous. He knew that I was a Buddhist, and he from time to time gave me little things that were Buddhist, that were very dear. At the time, Lou had a helper working with him, Christopher Spillers, who later changed his name to Merlin. (I'm just mentioning that because he would show up as either person.) A very nice person, who was trying to help Lou in some way organize his things at the house in terms of an archive. They were in many, many places. Later on, and I will be able to give you the year exactly because I wrote it down, Charles Hanson had been doing some framing of Lou and Bill's art collection and eventually was engaged to work as Lou's assistant on the archive. God bless that occurrence, because he organized things in a way that was not only beneficial to us and that we could rely on, but was beneficial and helpful to Lou. He was able to finally be able to find all the parts of things he wanted. Charles also went out into the instrument shed and organized, and cleaned things and put them so that we knew what they were.

The instruments that Lou had, some of which were made by Bill or other people, were ethnic instruments from various world musics that were really important to the music. There were pieces written deliberately involving these instruments, for these instruments. The instruments were very important to the performing of Lou's music,

and sometimes were borrowed by various musicians in order to perform Lou's music. Bill had built gamelan and done all kinds of things with the instruments. So they're a part of the archive too, in their own way, although some of the percussion instruments have been given to William Winant, a really great percussionist, and other people have certain instruments that they use all the time.

Reti: So they'll actually be played?

Bottoms: They will be played, and when we have instruments we will be loaning out instruments, as Charles [Hanson] has been doing for years, because people need the instruments to play the work that has been written for them. Charles did many things to make it easier for Lou to work, and to make it easier for us to know what we had. Some of the things that had already come here went back to him. He put them in a different kind of an order. He also created his own machine-readable finding aid that will convert very nicely along with what we need to do to process the archive.

In the meanwhile, people came here to use the materials we had. Leta Miller came and did research on her book about Lou, and did some organizing work when she was going through things. She worked with the reviews and the programs, and did a whole host of things. Fred Lieberman did a different portion of that biography, the discography part. We've had a variety of researchers use the collection, and we have also had a number of exhibitions for which we've loaned materials. That includes sending things to Lincoln Center for Lou's concerts there. Pianist Michael Boriskin picked out materials and we shipped them. Then things to the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, some to Mills College. It's been an active collection, even though we haven't had the whole part of it. Charles was the one that people really relied on to interpret Lou's collections. One of the major exhibitions we have loaned to so far was John Cage's Rolywholyover exhibit, which traveled all over the world. I saw it in two locations and Lou had two paintings in that, a binding that John had done for him, a particular book that had been bound by John and given to Lou. And then a gorgeous color xerox of one of Lou's important

pieces, *Symphony in Freestyle*, which is very colorful. A couple of times I was able to see it, in New York at the downtown Guggenheim, and at MoCA, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, where the show opened. It was very exciting, and then we also loaned some John Cage things to that exhibition, too. It was really neat.

The archive is enormously valuable. It's the kind of thing that you wish you had a whole lot of money that you could give a person, because they deserve it. Lou didn't have a whole lot of money and he never asked for [any] from us, ever. It was something he was giving. But it was really difficult, because he and Bill had to come up with money to pay Charles to help do some of this work. So at one point we went to Lan and said, "Let's see if we can get some kind of grant to give to Lou so that he can pay Charles to get this together, to organize it, and help us receive it in an order that is workable. Basically, not only is he working for Lou, but he's working for us. We were able to do that. But the finances were very tight. Eva Soltes, a longtime friend of Lou and Bill's, and a dancer, and also a very fine filmmaker (I have seen one of her completed films. It was absolutely great. She did it for the BBC.) has been working for years on a documentary film on Lou. The parts I've seen have been beautiful. Eva was concerned about the finances and did what she could to try to figure things out. We tried, all of us, to come up with ways that money could be generated, but we really never did come up with anything. At one point we did a lot of things in a lawyer's office to clarify what was in the archive. We did that, and I feel good about it.

There was one moment that was really scary for me, because Charles Amirkhanian, who is a dedicated new music entrepreneur and promoter, and used to do the Saturday night Cabrillo Music Festival concerts in the early days when they were devoted to contemporary, cutting edge music. Really wild percussion concerts, I loved those concerts. He's very well known in the Bay Area in that department, and has the Other Minds Festival now. Charles came up with a way, because he knew that Lou and Bill were not financially solvent. They were not in poverty, but he was concerned about the value of the archive. He suggested that this collector in Basel, Switzerland, Paul Sacher,

who had a private music library, and specialized in twentieth century musicians in this library would be interested in buying this archive!

When I found that out, I got into my batmobile and drove out and picked Lou up and took him to lunch at Carried Away out in Aptos. I said, "Oh, Lou." Lou and Bill were getting ready to go on a trip to Europe and they were going to see Paul Sacher. I said, "Lou, I don't know what I can say, but you don't want your manuscripts in Basel, do you?" He said, "No, dear, they don't belong there. I really don't want them to go there." I said, "I know that you would get a lot of money for them. I know. And about the only thing we can do for you is to give you a free parking permit," which became this phrase that got trotted out many times. Not by Lou, but by other people who were just howling with disbelief. I had nothing to offer. It makes you kind of…you're just grasping at straws. The point is, it did not go to Paul Sacher. It was never going to go. I said, "Here you're an East/West…you're this incredible bridge person, and..." He knew that. That was not his idea, and he didn't want to do it. And yet Charles Amirkamian meant well. Just to get some money for these folks.

That particular calamity was averted. I wanted to tell that, because most people don't know that that happened. It happened, and it scared me. It was awful. It was not just awful for us; it would have been awful for Lou and for researchers. It wasn't the right thing.

A couple of things. Remi Charlip choreographed one of Lou's pieces for the Oakland Ballet, and it was performed at the Paramount Theater, and Tom and I went. We went to all of the performances we could. What was very moving and touching was the American Mavericks performance of the San Francisco Symphony where Michael Tilson Thomas featured Lou's music for an evening. We all went. Almost everybody that knew Lou was there. So it was like a big family. The people that knew him all knew each other, cared about each other, whether we were close friends or not, it didn't even matter; we were all there together, and it was like this extended family. Charles Hanson at the

memorial last weekend said, "We're all members of Lou's extended family." I realized what that really meant, as I saw people I hadn't seen in a while—we embraced each other and we knew what we each in our own way were going through. It was an honor and a privilege to be part of that family.

One of the moving things about the American Mavericks concert was Richard Dee's involvement. Richard had been someone that had been a part of Lou's life for years. When I first saw Lou, Richard Dee, and Bill Colvig, and Lou were playing together. I met Richard after a passage of huge amount of time, and I thought the world of him. He came in here and did some work, and I went over to his house and saw his collection of Lou's things. Lou absolutely demanded that Richard sit next to him in the box seat and take bows and be acknowledged as a co-composer on one of the pieces at the concert! Richard standing there. I just…it was so, so stirring. He was in tears, and everybody was in tears. It was a wonderful, wonderful thing.

Lou received the Cyril Magnin award about two weeks after Bill died, and I drove him to San Francisco to accept that award. It was at the [Westin] St. Francis. It was a really big award. It's put on by the arts organizations in San Francisco. It was quite a big gathering. All of us sat at one big table, and Eva showed some parts from her work in progress, her film about Lou. It was so alive and wonderful. Getting there, I never know how I'm going to approach downtown [San Francisco]. I only go in on Geary; that's all I know how to do. Lou had completely figured out how we were driving in. [He said] "Okay, dear, now you just cross there and turn right here," and I did whatever he said. We had to be there an hour before because there was a press gathering and I had to get him there on time. We pulled in there, and I gave the valet parking my keys. We went into this elevator and as I looked up, and I realized it was an outside elevator after the first few floors. My state of disequilibrium at that point was pretty high because of the rush to get there. I said to Lou, "Lou, would you hold my hand because I'm in absolute terror right now about riding up to the penthouse of this building in an outside elevator. I'm not doing it very well," and he said, "Yes, dear." He just held my hand. I said, "I can't look

out. I just can't do it," and we just rode up there like that. It was a wonderful reception. Michael Tilson Thomas was there, and Phyllis Wattis, and all the arts people. There were photographs and stuff, and then we went downstairs and had the big party. It was marvelous.

Then we drove back to Santa Cruz. Lou had hardly eaten any of his lunch during the festivities, and got really hungry by the time we got to Half Moon Bay. I said, "Have you ever been to La Di Da?" and he said no. It's this little eatery off the main drag. It's a little coffeehouse that you don't see unless you see it. He loved eating at La Di Da, and stopped there, Charles said, on many trips after that.

Let's see. When Bill [Colvig] was in the hospital… Bill dying was just, was a huge, huge thing. It was over a period of time.

Reti: Could you say more about who Bill was? I know he was his [Lou's] partner, but what was their artistic partnership?

Bottoms: Their artistic relationship, I know very little of, except to know that Bill made instruments and worked right alongside of Lou in terms of creating the gamelan and building instruments for Lou to use. And actually playing on them; he used them himself. Eva shows that in her film. He was a very energetic person, and was a great walker and a hiker, a great outdoorsman. [He] came from a very musical family himself, and wrote wonderful letters. He was a dear, beloved person to everyone who knew him. Just kind and sorely missed. Occasionally we'd go and visit him. At a certain point it was not possible for him to live at the house because of his medical needs, but he was well cared for. Lou would go daily and read to him, and Eva would be filming. You'd come and visit, and Eva would be filming. There'll be a benefit showing of the film, or parts from the film, to raise funds for it on March 30th, 2003 at the Rio [Theater]. It's going to be really wonderful to see that.

With Lou's passing, it means that over the next year we will be receiving all of the parts of the archive we do not now have. I feel confident that we will be able to, in some way, through some means, engage Charles Hanson's services to help integrate the parts that we have and [those that] are at the house still. We will get, obviously, all the scores, all the manuscripts. We will get everything you would imagine to be in the archive, as well as now Lou's library, minus a few books that may or may not be relevant. Books that were very important to him. It is a huge, mammoth library. It means that get all the tapes, all the recordings, all of the things that were still retained at the house. So the archive will grow. People know about the archive. If they didn't, the people who came to the memorial certainly found that out. Fred Lieberman, who spoke in the second part of this memorial, wrote for *San Francisco Classical Voice*, which is an online magazine, about the archive. Also, afterwards, Leta Miller, Tom, my husband, Alan Miller, Leta's husband, and Fred [Lieberman], were all talking about how to support the archive, and how to make it possible for Charles to continue to work. Charles is working on things right now, but make it in a way so it has a continuity that we desperately need. Leta and Alan generously began a fund, practically that minute. Actually Fred began the fund, he gave me a quarter instantly, all he had with him. Leta and Alan are kicking it off with $2500. Alan works for Lockheed and they were matching it. So we've now got $5000.25. Other people will contribute. In Fred's article for the *San Francisco Classical Voice* he mentions this. So we've got something kicked off without talking to anybody else. It's already happening. So I'm happy about that, and I know Tom and I will contribute to it.

And then, as I think I mentioned before, we will be receiving the instruments that are not going to other people. Some of the artwork that is not designated. Things will grow quite incredibly. This is quite amazing. Just from the obituaries and the articles about Lou that have been written, people can see this is not just our local hero. This is a person who is highly thought of in the world of music. In the current *New Yorker*, Alex Ross wrote about Lou.

At the memorial, I put in my pocket several things. One, Kathy Foley had written me a note and said that she was very sorry that she was going to have to miss Lou's memorial because she was lecturing on the East Coast, but would I bring her memory and thoughts of wonderful Lou into that space. So I did. I read that to people, and also mentioned that Lou had given the puppetry collection in her name. Then I also carried with me this little tiny Buddha mounted on a couple of pieces of matte board that Lou had given to me for one of my birthdays. I also had a wonderful little folding out Kuan Yin, or Kannon, it was Japanese, that he had put his own chomp on, and then had written me a note and given to me when my mother died in 1993. He was always doing things like that. He was always caring for others. He did that with everyone. I know when it was difficult for Bill to sit and he was still at home, my mother-in-law had this big chair that she didn't need. So we got the chair over to the house. That's what you did. We all cared about each other. I just wanted to mention that.

Trianon Press Archive

The Trianon Press archive. I know that the Regional History Project interviewed Julie Fawcus.[14] From my point of view, the person most responsible for the Trianon Press archive being here is the late, great Jerry James. There's no question about it. Both Jerry and I were fortunate enough to meet Arnold Fawcus when he came to Santa Cruz many years ago.

Reti: What brought him here?

Bottoms: He came to talk to us because he wanted to see if we were interested in buying the Trianon Press archive. Jerry had ordered a few of the William Blake titles from the Press. We didn't have any money. In the collection history itself, in some of the

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[14.] Randall Jarrell, ed. *Julie Fawcus: Recollections of Trianon Press* (Regional History Project, University Library, UC Santa Cruz, 1996.)

documents, from Jerry's files, there is mention of what caused him to come and see us. He was visiting his mother in San Francisco. He had an American mom.

Reti: I was thinking it must have been something about that connection.

Bottoms: He was out here visiting, and so Gurden Mooser, and Jerry [James], and I, and I don't know who else went to lunch at L'oustalou, the wonderful French restaurant that I just adored. So we took Arnold there, and it seemed like—a pipe dream. This would never happen. We haven't got any money and he needs money, because he really needed to raise funds to do the kind of work he wanted to do. The long and short of it was, a few years later after Arnold's death, (again, all documentable in the files that have to do with the Trianon Press, so I'm not going to be very good on dates) things changed.

The nine campuses had a shared purchase program, so Jerry came up with a plan to ask for assistance to purchase the Trianon Press archive, particularly the William Blake material. The Blake part of it was very intriguing. Yes, there were other parts of it, but the Blake was of interest. We were able to, with shared purchase money, become the Trianon Press archive. We knew it was a huge archive. We had no idea how big it was until it got here. It was gigantic. It was tons of stuff coming over in a ship's container. It was thought out as best it could be thought out, but nothing prepared us for the sheer size of it. It fell to me to see that it got handled. Well, that was a real tall order. At some point in time, Maureen Carey began to work on it, which was a blessing, let me tell you. Maureen is really fantastic. She began to work on it, and then she and I did kind of a progression of how many years it would take of her time before it was finished. What time frame were we talking about, because it was sort of like item level cataloging on the one hand. On the other hand, because it was a shared purchase, we were mandated to give away duplicates to the other campuses. To a degree we did that. When I provided the information that Maureen provided me to the administration, Marion [Taylor] and others, they had fits. The truth was too much for them to bear, and at that particular moment Maureen [Carey] was then removed from my direction and was to be

supervised by Paul Machlis in the cataloging department. Everything I predicted came to pass. It took longer than the predictions. The way we were processing it, the way we had to do it to get the duplication. I wasn't real happy about that, but that was the way it was.

I went to visit Julie Fawcus in France. I stayed at the chateau. It was really a treat to meet her, and also to be entertained by her in Paris. I went to visit the print shop on Rue due Maine. It was very wonderful. In the chateau, I slept in this wonderful bed in the old, old tower, and I remember her talking about, "Now, you're going to go through the room where the 'batties' are." I thought, oh the little "batties." I saw, as I walked through during the day, there were these sort of spots on the floor where water might have dripped. Then at night I looked up and there were the "batties." Several dozen bats were hanging from the ceiling! I had a really phobic kind of reaction. I thought, Rita, do not display terror here. Julie's calling them "batties." She doesn't worry about them. Neither will you. Just get through this room as fast as you can, and shut the door behind you. Then I was in my own little chamber.

Reti: It's not like you had to sleep in there.

Bottoms: No, that would not have happened. During the night, there was hissing… There was an owl nest right outside my window. It was quite dramatic. I was there for a couple of days. She was very hospitable. She took me to Vezelay. We went places together. It was very charming. I took pictures of her in the garden, and she was a wonderful cook, picking herbs and veggies from the garden.

A few years later when Tom and I went, and we stayed in the Chateau. It was the year that the Trianon Press archive celebration was going to happen here. We went, and among other things we were doing was visiting her, and then bringing back... We went to France for a retreat. We were bringing back Julie's copy of the famous Trianon Press

Eau et Gaz sur tous l'etages Marcel Duchamp's magnum opus, a limited, limited edition, very expensive. Fortunately carrying it back here nothing happened to it. We packed it very well. Special Collections wanted to buy it. We couldn't afford it. We didn't have the money for it, and Robert Shapazian bought it. He was with the Lapis Press, a very nice man. I said, "Robert, you owe us something. Tom and I carried this back here. You would have had to go to France to get it, this very, very rare book." I said, "I want you to promise when you are ready to not have it anymore you will give us first right of refusal. You will offer it to us first." He was agreeable to that. Julie thought that was a good idea, too.

We had a nice time at the chateau, again enjoying her wonderful hospitality. This time the batties weren't so visible. I didn't notice them as much. What we did notice though were these very large French…they're the French version of the daddy long legs, only they've got thicker legs. They are as big as my hand. I will tell you that right now. I am not exaggerating. Let us just say that they were everywhere. They came out at night, and they were on the stairway, and they were in the bathroom, and they were in our room in the tower. I thought I would have heart failure. Tom wasn't real happy about them either, but then he had to rescue them. We couldn't kill them. We were tossing them out the window, getting them out, and then finally Julie came up. "Spray them." In other words, some of them perished. It was traumatic, shall we say.

We stayed at her apartment in Paris for several days while she was at the chateau. It was very nice of her to loan it to us. That was her apartment with Arnold. I found her to be a marvelous person, honest and candid in saying the way things were. I am sure that I learned a great deal. I won't go into it because she's done her oral history with us. It gave me insights and real knowledge about her relationship with Arnold Fawcus, and the part she played, really, in holding things together for the Trianon Press. There is no question about that, no doubt in my mind that she was responsible for many years for keeping that enterprise afloat, in the realm of psychological support and every other way.

We had a great opening party for the Trianon Press archive, and a lot of anticipation of the exhibition and the festivities and her coming out from France. She stayed with Tom and me, and I took her down to Tor House, and she got to walk through Lee Jeffers' garden. Lee was an avid gardener, and Julie was an avid gardener, so that was something wonderful. Then I drove her down to Big Sur. She wasn't just about the Trianon Press. She was her own person who had these wonderful interests. Very down to earth.

When I picked her up at the airport, I said, "Julie, there will be a press conference for you." She said, "Oh God, I'd better get some makeup right now." So we went to Stanford Shopping Center. She said, "I'm going to get done." She was there getting made up and then buying whatever they suggested so that she would have color in her face. She was not a person that wore makeup. I said she really didn't have to do it. She said, "But I must." Obviously she was going to be the star guest of the occasion, and then the press conference and all this. While I was standing around I got made up too, and ended up buying a hundred dollars worth of Lançome that I really didn't need or ever use. I entered into an...

Reti: Alternate universe.

Bottoms: I know. It was; it was. [laughter] I thought, oh my God, I don't wear powder! It was just fun, and we did that. It was great that she came. A lot of friends of Arnold's and hers, or relatives came to the event. It's highlighted with a lot of photographs.

Reti: Has that archive been lent out anywhere?

Bottoms: Not really. That's what's surprising. I thought that there was going to be a huge outpouring of need. Very few people. Compared to our other archives, it is hardly ever visited. Carol Grossman, a bookseller writing an article on the Trianon Press came. A few

other people have done a couple of things. No one really, not in the ways you would have imagined. In terms of loaning, the University Art Museum at Berkeley contacted me because they needed a Blake, *Song of Innocence*, one of the smaller books. The one they had been using needed to go back to its collection. We weren't even their first point of asking. I loaned that. It was an exhibition having to do with children. Maureen has come often and demonstrated the whole collotype process, when we've had various events, because it's really absolutely fascinating, the whole printing process. To have the actual stages of development, these zincs, the stencils that are cut. We have the progressions of them, and all the levels. In the case of the most famous one of all, Blake's *Illustrations of the Poems of Thomas Gray*, we've got this wonderful way of being able to show all of the levels of color for these incredible reproductions. When the facsimile was exhibited alongside the originals at the Tate Gallery in London, no one could tell the difference.

Reti: That's incredible.

Bottoms: It's just so phenomenal. We've got all the Blake material, and Sir Geoffrey Keynes and Arnold were very close and very tight. At some point in the future I'm sure people will come to use parts of it. They just haven't shown up yet. Not to the degree we expected. Not to the degree people have shown up to use the Bateson Collection or the Patchen Collection. It's kind of surprising, but it'll have its time. In the meanwhile, it's really quite beautiful. I think people have come in to use it for Blake classes, but even that has stopped.

I think Jerry [James] had a lot to do with that. He really worked hard for us to get that collection. When he went to a Carlyle conference in Scotland, he then went on to Paris, and Julie met him there and they had dinner. That was really nice that he got to do that. I thought that was neat.

It's a fabulous collection. I'm so thrilled that we have it. The whole process, the way the press went about working, even as crazy as it made people, it was something that could never be done in this country. You have all these wonderful European guys sitting there, making the stencils, and applying the color by hand. It was remarkable. I don't want to say you have to be half-crazy to do it, but you've got to have a real commitment. Most people would never do that. Arnold Fawcus did that. I know Arnold was a manic-depressive. I know all about that. I'm sure Julie talked about that. You have to have a bee in your bonnet to do this stuff. Everybody's going to think you're nuts, but then when they look at what you've done, it's just incredible. But you put an awful lot of people through an awful lot of hell sometimes to do it. I think people forget pain after awhile. Maybe they don't. Maybe it's permanent and they'll never forget it. There's certain pain that it's hard to get rid of, that even I have. But when you look at what the press produced, it was great. Nobody else was doing that.

Norman O. Brown

Reti: We're going to start today by talking about Norman O. Brown, or Nobby Brown, as you call him.

Bottoms: Norman O. Brown arrived on this campus in 1968, I believe. His arrival was much heralded, because he was incredibly controversial in the minds of some faculty members. He was a real prize, a real jewel in the crown of this place, but there were persons on the faculty that did not greet his arrival with great delight. This is my own version of it, you have to understand, but it was hard to find a place to put Professor Brown when he came. The classics department didn't want him, historians didn't want him. It was really interesting. They created a chair of humanities for him. It was a really major thing that he arrived here.

Reti: Do you know who actually brought [him here]? Was it [Dean] McHenry?

Bottoms: I don't know who actually went out and got him. There is documentation on it. Bert Kaplan gave me his committee notes on it, because Bert was one of his early supporters. There was a lot of flapdoodle, let us say. I don't know who sought him. I don't know how he became intrigued with the campus. I only know he came, and that was really fantastic for us. He also had this wonderful connection to John Cage that I didn't even know at the time. I had heard of him and I knew what he wrote, and various things [about him]. But I thought, well I've got to go see what this is all about.

So in 1968, when we were still in the broom closet behind the stairs where circulation is now . . . I would shut the door at the time of his lectures and walk up the hill to Thimann [lecture hall] and sit as an auditor in his *Myth and History* class, [which was] the very first class he taught here. I've never really done that before or since on this campus, but I was not sorry I did. It was one of the most mind-nourishing experiences I have ever had. And though I may not have known it or have articulated it at the time, it had a very profound effect upon me. I didn't get it, didn't understand it until years later I had to give a talk on a panel at the Sesnon Gallery. I started to think about some of my roots, and then I realized a lot of the expressions and some of the things I really value came directly from Nobby Brown. Things like "the only proper response to poetry is more poetry," things like that. I took incredible notes from his class, because in some cases what he said I might not have understood. Like Lou [Harrison] in certain ways, although speaking very differently than Lou, he made all these wonderful connections. I have these notes that I've saved. I made them, ironically, on pink and blue and green library discard IBM punchcards. I have them to this day, and at his memorial I brought them with me because I felt the need to bring them.

I fell in love with Nobby. He would mention certain books of poetry in his class and I would go up to him afterwards and say, "We've got that in Special Collections." He would think it was something like a rare book, or something he couldn't find. I would say, "Come on by. We've got it." It got to be our way of meeting together. Occasionally he would come to see me in Special Collections, and I would show him some poetry. He

would suggest ordering periodicals like Richard Grossinger's periodical, a little magazine *Io*, and *Caterpillar* and all kinds of extraordinary publications that were coming out at that time. He was tickled, and one day I remember to the class he said, "And now I will talk about the witch who has the cave in the library, Special Collections. Her name is Rita. Every time I mention a poem, she produces it out of nowhere." He had recommended Denise Levertov's "A Tree Telling of Orpheus," which is an exquisite poem. There it was. So that is how we came to know each other. This is how we started the relationship that went on through years.

I didn't see him all the time, but it had to do with, I think, why the archive came to us, not that the archive wouldn't have come here, but it certainly helped. I have a correspondence file maybe three inches thick, with Nobby's notes to me, my copies of my notes to him, where I'm asking him for things, or he's promising me things, or he's saying this, or saying that. In point of fact, when his son Tom Brown came to visit the first time, before Nobby's death, and then later brought his brother Steven, I was able to show this. There's a lot of evidence that his father absolutely intended to make this his archive. He just took his time about doing it. We would pick up parts of it. We would pick up student papers. We would pick up parts of it that didn't have anything to do with the manuscripts, and actually do have possession of those. In point of fact, there was no official document, but there was his intention.

Then Nobby was very much behind the nomination of Robert Duncan, the very well-known poet, to come as a regents professor to the campus. That's how I met Duncan, and he came to see me in my broom closet because of Nobby. Duncan was the poetry consultant to the Bancroft Library, so he was buying poetry for them. He came in at that time and said, "Well, you're way ahead of us in one department," only one department, because they wouldn't let him buy poetry broadsides because they didn't know how to store them. I said, "My God, you just get map cases and do it that way." Nobby's presence on the campus brought other really remarkable people. I remember Owen Barlow coming.

When I went to the John Cage conference at Wesleyan that I described, and Nobby went too, one of the things I did, the first day I got there before the conference started... I was very swift. I knew that Brown's early manuscript[s] *Love's Body* and *Life Against Death*, which had both been published by Wesleyan Press, were in Special Collections at Wesleyan University. No big surprise, because they had all the Wes Press stuff. So I went to see them. I took one look at them. They were all handwritten. I coveted those things more than I can tell you. At the time I spoke with... this may be controversial, but it's fine, the late Elizabeth Swaim was the head of Special Collections, and said that it would seem to her that the true reason they were there was because of their Wesleyan Press connection, and it would seem to be something that they would be willing to do if we were having Nobby's archive, to send them here at a later date. After the Wesleyan John Cage festival was over, Nobby came to see me. I think I may have called him up or written him a note, and he stopped in. He used the library a lot. Everybody can tell you he was in the library borrowing books; he was an incredible library user. He came, and I said, "Well, we better talk about your archive. Don't you think we'd better start doing things about it?" or words to that effect. He said, "I guess you're right," and I said, "After all, you've been here longer than you were at Wesleyan, and I think it's high time that you established what you are going to do." I said, "Would you have any objection to reuniting the first two manuscripts with the papers that will be here?" He said, "Well, he had to think about it." I was very careful not to tell him that they would... Actually Elizabeth Swaim was very amenable to reuniting them here, but I had to be careful, because I didn't want to make him feel they weren't wanted. I think they certainly wanted them. I think if half the faculty heard the conversation between Elizabeth Swaim and myself, they would have an absolute flaming fit about them leaving, but that's beside the point. He said, well, he'd give it some thought. I said, "Well, then you'd have to write a letter." He never did write the letter about that, but he said he would give it thought. In the meanwhile, he brought some audiotapes that he had made telling his whole life story. They were sealed and put in the vault, even though his sons had requested it. They were sealed from everyone, the family and everyone, until after his death. I wrote a little note that said, "I hereby agree to seal these," and Nobby wrote on it. We all have these notes. We documented everything we did.

So that was one thing that happened. As I said, some boxes of material would come over, but not his manuscripts, or his notes. But he knew his work was coming here, and that's what we were talking about. At some point he came and said he had something from John Cage that I might like, and then he had a Jasper Johns print of a Frank O'Hara poem, and what did I think about that? He needed to get it evaluated. I said, "Well, I would like it right now." He knew we wanted it, and I took a picture of it, and I think I sent it to someone who could give an evaluation. I'm not sure, it seems to me at some point, either it's ours or it's not ours. It doesn't really matter. Because the real treasure in Nobby's archive is his manuscripts and his notes, and his library.

So there would be a variety of different interchanges between him and me. Months would go by. One day he called me up and asked me about well, if he were to give things, what does happen with donors? I answered. He said, "Well, how do you know that?" He was always putting me to the test—well, how did I know that? How could I be telling him that? How did I *really* know that? It was always grueling talking to him on the phone. It wasn't so grueling talking to him in person, but on the phone he'd always have a question, and you'd think, oh my God, well, how *do* I know? Well, I've been doing this for twenty years, or whatever it was at that time, twenty-five. I said, "I'm going to call up Dan Aldrich and I'm going to find out for you." Then he talked to Dan Aldrich.

The only other thing that I recall that I thought was very interesting, Alan Ritch at one point I believe had initiated the notion of doing a Norman O. Brown exhibition. We said we'd cooperate, whatever help he needed, and other people were set to do it, and Nobby absolutely refused to do it. I remember talking to him on the phone. He said, "I will feel like I am dead. If I walk into the library and I see my things in a case, it will be as if I've died."

Reti: This would have been an exhibit at Special Collections?

Bottoms: No, it would have been on the main floor, just a little library exhibit. Jerry [James] and I always tried to have him give the Carlyle lecture, and he didn't want to do it. So that was that.

Then, I knew his health had become precarious, and that in fact he did have Alzheimer's at the end, and for a couple of years. Liz [Sandoval] knew Tom Brown, and Tom Brown was talking to her. She brought Tom Brown over to meet me. I showed him the file folders. It was very emotional. Tom and I spoke about his father's papers, and he said he was going to talk to his brother and his two sisters, and that he could see no reason why they [the manuscripts] shouldn't come here. Later it evolved that the family entirely agreed, and that they could see from the writing that this was the wish of their father. There were notes, I think; there were other indications. At the dinner table Tom mentioned to his father and mother that he had come to see me, and his father showed recognition of... could recognize my name and seemed to smile.

The first thing we did was to go and visit Nobby's office at Kresge, which had been held for him for a few years, in his illness, and then needed to be vacated. Betsy Wootten, who is a wonderful person, oh she's just salt of the earth, a loving, marvelous person, Betsy let us in and we looked at the office file boxes. What was in there seemed to be very large file boxes. They were, I don't know what the size would be, almost half a foot, bigger than three by five, or four by six, but with yellow paper. All handwritten, all of his notes, he did by hand. That is quite remarkable. And some books and a few things, and then the desk the way it had been. We packed that up, and then awhile later, I went out with Tom Brown to Nobby's and his wife Beth's house. They were moving to Sunshine Villa on Beach Hill. Beth Brown is still living there.

They had vacated the house in Pasatiempo. It was going to be sold. It was really something going into that library, because it was a whole wall of books, and it was beautifully organized. James Joyce, poetry, everything you could possibly imagine, in Nobby's library, many of them annotated with his notes. More written files and

correspondence and things like that. It was really a scholar's library. As I mentioned earlier, there was one shelf where he had his granddaughter's pictures and some other special memorabilia on in the middle, and there was the little John Cage in the lap of the Rainbow Buddha that I had made. I was very emotional to see that. It was a very emotional thing. I cried just being in there. It was quite moving.

Later, Paul [Stubbs] went with the Special Collections gang and packed up the house. In packing everything up, this huge amount of stuff, [the decision was] to keep it as it was, to keep it in the same basic order, so that things had a flow to them, and to number the boxes. To get it kind of the way he had it, because there was a logic to it. It will need to be inventoried, appraised, and processed. It's going to be huge. We're very thrilled to have it. We've got inquiries about it already. There was a memorial... Nobby died in October 2002.

There was a message that Tom Brown had left on my machine the night Nobby died. [He said] "I wanted to call and tell you my father just died." I still have some messages saved on my voice mail, and that's one of them. I have a wonderful message from Lou Harrison. There's some I've saved because voice is so important to me.

I had hoped I could see Nobby, even though he didn't know me, but it didn't happen. I think because of Tom's [Bottoms'] illness I wasn't able to do that. There were too many things going on. But there was a wonderful memorial and I participated in that, and talked about the archive. Other academic folks got up and spoke about him. It was marvelous. I think he even he might not have been appalled by it, because it was terrific. Actually, it was on the web, and we've got the disk from it.

Lastly, I want to tell you an anecdote that is so typically Nobby. I had forgotten it. One day he called me up, and this was well after his class. He said, "Rita, I need a copy of *Finnegan's Wake*." Of course he had probably twenty of them, and when I showed him

the first edition of *Ulysses* here that someone gave us, he could have cared less. He didn't care about that stuff. He cared about content. That's what he cared about. He said, "The thing is, I need at least one-inch margin on the inside of the page and on the outside, because I'm making notes." I said, "Okay, I'll see what I can find." I called in town, nobody had that. So I called Sather Gate Bookstore in Berkeley, because I figured they'd have many possible different editions, and somebody got up on a ladder, pulled copies, took out their ruler, measured the margins, and we found one and got it sent down to him. He was absolutely thrilled. That was it. He was going to write in the book. That's what mattered to him, what it said. He was just totally not impressed with the *Ulysses* that we had. No big deal. It just didn't matter.

Reti: That's great. It really gives the flavor of Norman O. Brown. Now, shall we talk about the chancellors?

Recollections of UCSC's Chancellors

Bottoms: Yes. Of course, Dean McHenry was the chancellor I knew longest and best, although I wasn't really close to him. I remember very fondly his wife, Jane McHenry, who was this great personage alongside him. Jane is still alive, and she was an integral part of everything they did. She was [a] very strong and kind person. I remember a time when I went to the chancellor's house for some evening dinner. It was quite amazing, because he mentioned that he knew I had gone to Van Nuys High School. I don't know what kind of homework he had done, but he had this incredible mind that remembered everything.

My impressions of him were positive from the beginning because, as I mentioned before, my aunt and uncle worked on one of his campaigns for congress. I liked him immediately when I came here. I thought it was wonderful to be part of this experiment. His presence was felt everywhere. He was extremely dedicated to keeping the campus as environmentally undeveloped as possible, while developing it at the same time. He was

very careful to make sure that any tree that was cut down really needed to be, that trees were protected when they were building. One of the most interesting things that I heard that he did, was that he laid in wait sometimes for speeders on the roads. With regard to the library, he would come here sometimes and do research.

I really don't have too much [else] to say about him, except that I appreciated the support he gave Alan Chadwick and the garden. I don't think Alan Chadwick ever would have been here in any kind of capacity had it not been for McHenry. He totally supported him down the line. I think that speaks volumes. He supported him contrary to the wishes of some of the people in the sciences, who may have thought that Alan Chadwick's kind of horticulture and agriculture were not what they had in mind. I know he went up against them. I think Alan was very protected by the fact that McHenry was one of his champions. I think that says a lot. I think it also says a lot for the eventual development of an agroecology program here. Because it went on after Alan even left. It was very important to him [McHenry]. I found McHenry in his later years to be very kind and very caring about us here in Special Collections, and he one time told me that if I needed any funds to have appraisals done for our collections, just to call him. If it was a problem to the donor to do it, because the campus had this issue about never paying for appraisals and donors having to pay for their appraisals, to please come and see him. He hated that whole notion. He said it drove him crazy, and if I had any problems... "Just see me," he said. We obviously had a relationship with him over time.

One of the funny things, I don't know if Don Clark told it in his book, but I sure remember it. Clark was working on a business directory when he was at Harvard, and when he came here. That was his first book. When it was published it came into the bookstore downstairs, which was down below the library, where the chancellor's office is now. Don reported this, I didn't see it. He was showing the book to McHenry, because it had just come in. [There was] a big stack at the bookstore, and McHenry opens it up to see that it says "Don Clark, University of California, *Vera* Cruz." [laughter] Can you

believe that? Dean McHenry had this incredible mind. I always enjoyed seeing him. He was a great supporter of the library.

Mark Christensen, [who came next] was very personable, but I hardly knew him before he left. After [Acting Chancellor] Angus Taylor was Robert Sinsheimer, whom I knew not too well. But I knew his wife, Karen. Karen Sinsheimer and I became really good friends. We were on some county and city-wide committees together, having to do with historical preservation. That's where I came to know her. And I came to know her in her professional life, where she was involved in creating photographic exhibits and doing some books on the architects Greene & Green, with her former husband, Bill Current**.** Bill Current was a great fan of Will Connell. Karen had such an impact. I'm talking more about her than about Bob.

Reti: I think she's not been documented enough.

Bottoms: She really hasn't. When she announced that she was leaving, I went to her farewell luncheon at the Coconut Grove. I used to go to her birthday parties, which were always at either University House or somewhere else, and it was always such fun meeting all these marvelous women, whether they were donors or in the orbit of the campus or not, it didn't even matter. It was something quite amazing that she did, to literally bring the town and gown together. When Bob announced his retirement and Karen was leaving, I tell you there wasn't a dry eye in the house. I want to tell you that sincerely we could not bear to lose her. She was such a person to this place, and to this community. She had a relationship with people that was different. She was younger. My own relationship with her has carried on since then. I think I mentioned when I went to see Horace Bristol for Graham Nash, I said to Keith [Muscutt], "Call Karen and have her involved in this too." So we worked on things together. I know that she was an asset to Bob. He was a kind person. I had little to do with him, per se, yet I would go to events at their house and social occasions.

Actually the first time I saw Karen, and it may have been before they got married, was when the Dalai Lama in 1979 first came to Santa Cruz and he was hosted at University House. At that reception, Noel King, Professor King, brought a prayer wheel that Noel's own father had been given by this Dalai Lama's predecessor. It was just wonderful to see that interaction.

Karen has continued to care about us. She's coming to my party. She wrote me this lovely letter. Actually, as I've already mentioned, I brought her to see Pirkle Jones and they set up the museum exhibition at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art.

I always thought highly of Bob Sinsheimer. As I described the other day with the "Stack o' Wheats," the fact that he did not award Nikki Craft, a.k.a. Deborah Spray, the chancellor's prize, I felt, okay, I can continue to work here. He did not do that. He did not make that an award.

Robert Stevens I remember, but again, another short tenure. I would not say that I had any big tie to him. He wasn't here long enough to do a whole lot with us. But I do remember when Lawrence Ferlinghetti's art exhibition opening happened in April of 1990 in Special Collections, there was Robert Stevens as we walked in the door. Everybody showed up. All the campus really turned out, and the town really turned out for that. So he did come, but I had very little interaction with him and have very minor recall.

As chancellor, Karl Pister, had a gift. I'm sure everybody says this. There is something about Karl Pister. I sent him an announcement that I was retiring, just because I liked him so much. I don't know all the million things he did, but there was a manner he had that was so kind and caring. Also, [he] did all the right things. I know he was an engineer, and he knew he was an engineer, and he always felt—oh, I don't know if I can do this right. Am I doing it right? We had a Dickens collection given to us by Ada

Nisbet's estate. There was a reception, either at the chancellor's house or at one of the libraries about it. It could have been one of the college libraries. He got up and made the most exquisite, perfect, lovely, sensitive remarks. If you had written the script, you could not have done a better job than Karl did at that moment. But what really won him to me... I asked Karl if he would give the opening remarks and welcome all the members of the Rare Books and Manuscripts Section from around the United States and other parts of the world, [at the conference] which took place here in Santa Cruz in 1992. He said he would do it. He got up on the stage, and welcomed people in a way that was so genuine, and so related to them and this campus, that people afterwards for days came up to me and said, "That was the first address [by a chancellor or president] in all the [Rare Books and Manuscripts Section conferences] I've ever been to that was not boilerplate. It was so wonderful. Who is that wonderful chancellor of yours?" It was unheard of. I was sitting next to him, and when he sat down, he said, "Did I do okay?" I just grabbed his hand and said, "You were wonderful." Then I wrote him one of my angel letters. I have angel stationary for people that I think are angels. He was a marvelous human being. He came up here to see Anne Neufeld Levin's family archive, and that was quite wonderful, his visit here. Everything he did, he did in the finest manner. He always claimed that he had met me when I went to [UC] Berkeley. My name is the same as his wife's name. Her name is Rita. He always claimed that he was sure he had met me when I went to Berkeley, because of when I was there. I thought, I don't remember that. Did I sit-in in your office or something like that? [laughter]

And now, M.R.C. [Greenwood], who is simply terrific. We were absolutely thrilled to have a woman chancellor at long last on this campus. Everybody was really happy. From the get-go, she came to Special Collections. I wasn't here when she first came, but Carol [Champion] was, and did a wonderful thing by showing the chancellor some work by Mary Laird, who is a marvelous book artist in the Bay Area, and a friend of ours, someone I've known for a long time. Carol had the knack of picking out the perfect thing to show her, and MRC remembered that, and later decided that she wanted her first holiday card to be one of Mary Laird's images having to do with connection. That started

an historical precedent. Every single year she's used an image from Special Collections for her holiday card, which is really neat. We like that. When her friends from the Pierpont Morgan Library were here there was a dinner at her house. She said, "Do you think I could ever use an image from your Kenneth Patchen collection for our card?" I said, "Yes, you can." [Then I didn't hear anything for while.] So I wrote her a little note. This is the chancellor's notepaper that I write on. It's Nepalese paper, and that's the size of the note, what fits on the front and back of the note. So I wrote one of these little colorful notes and asked her if she still wanted to do that. Of course she said yes. She's used Lou Harrison's *Symphony in Freestyle*. She's used something from the Trianon Press. She used a photograph of Pirkle Jones's. It was really interesting the image she chose of Pirkle's, because it was not at all what I thought she was going to select. Pirkle had sent a number of images, and she came up and her nail polish was not dry. She couldn't touch them. [She said] "My nail polish is wet." She picked the top of a trunk in his flea market series. It's a wonderful picture. I loved it. She said, "Do you think that's a good one?" I said, "Oh God, that's a marvelous one." It was very unusual.

M.R.C. has been very committed to Special Collections. She's been very supportive of us through her years here. She has also been particularly fond of our photography collection, which is well known, and getting better all the time. Pirkle Jones wanted to meet the chancellor. So in my own inimitable fashion of not understanding hierarchy whatsoever, I started to arrange this journey, not realizing that it took a cast of thousands to pull it off, a briefing packet, and all the things that people regularly do, which I just don't go by. Then I found out I had to take a person or two with me. I said, "I'm not doing that. I'm taking her alone. That's what Pirkle wants. He wants to meet her. That's it." So I won the war. Everybody calmed down, freaked out, flipped out, but let me do it. I picked her up at her hotel in San Francisco, because she was in town for regents meetings the following day. So I picked her up, made sure I knew where I was parking, made sure I got there, and made sure I ate lunch there, so I'd be there on time. Got her and had her all to myself in the car all the way over to Mill Valley. It was a really neat time for us to talk about the new library building and her support for that, and her

support with Pirkle, and what we needed. We really needed a place, and of course we needed money. She's very interested. She cares a lot, and I have felt that very strongly about her. We had a terrific visit, and then I brought her in to see Pirkle. They hit it off immediately. She brought him an orchid plant. She knew that he collected orchids at the time. And then within seconds, one of his cats had brought in some poor little creature that was still alive, and she just got down on her knees and got the dustpan. She was busy. She just took care of what needed to be done immediately.

And they spoke. It was after Ruth [Marion Baruch's] death. They spoke about things, and Pirkle showed her his work, some of the Black Panther work. She really had met him. She was just terrific. You could count on her to be extremely appropriate and helpful. A year ago last December, Pirkle had this big opening at the Museum of Art in Santa Barbara, Karen Sinsheimer and Tim Wride's photography show, his first retrospective, at the age of 87, a few months after his open heart surgery. We were all real happy he was on the scene at all. We had several days of festivities and M.R.C. came. She flew in. She had gone to visit her son in Kentucky, and flew to Los Angeles, drove the car up. [She] was there on Saturday for lunch, talking with Pirkle in the evening at a private dinner, getting up and speaking very eloquently on our behalf. She did a whole lot of wonderful stuff. Lan [Dyson] came, and everybody came to the opening. Margaret [Gordon], Liz [Sandoval], Tom and I, and our friend, Jane Ellison. Everybody came, and it was like—hey, Santa Cruz really cares. The chancellor showed up, and it was very impressive. She was willing to do that, and could do it, and was in town to do it. I, of course, had got it on her calendar a year before. But it can always change. At one point it looked like she was going to the opera that night. I said, "I'm sorry Judi, (her wonderful secretary, Judi Hance) she's got to change her ticket. This is going to kill Pirkle if she doesn't show up." She went up at another time and took him out to lunch herself.

She also went to visit Al Weber. They had a very good talk. That was excellent, and Nancy Loshkajian drove her up for that. She was there alone with Al. He likes her a lot. They have a nice bond. He told me what he had said to her. I said, "Try and behave

yourself a little bit," because he's such a wonderful character and very candid. He said, "Well, you know, I did tell her that some people view her like they would a used car salesman because, what's she going to do? What is her real intention?" She proved herself to him. And then the other night at his tribute he wrote her a beautiful letter. I've got a copy of it. She has made a very significant difference with people.

When I was in Santa Barbara and talking with her at the lunch table, she was always extremely complimentary to me, which sometimes embarrassed me, but she credited me with helping her, educate her about what was important in terms of art. She had said this to me a couple of times. She has her own natural interest, but she was saying that. She said, "So much so, Rita, that I'd really like to have the board of regents, when they meet at UCSC in February, come up to Special Collections." I found out about it right there! Lan [Dyson] had not quite heard about that yet. So that's what actually came to pass. Right in front of Pirkle she said, "I want the photography collection featured." So we did that in 2002, last February. We had a wonderful time with them. They had a really good time here. I pulled out my little instant polaroid i-Zone camera, which takes miniature polaroid pictures and took photographs of all of them. They're just crazy photographs. One of them said it was the best portrait ever taken [of him]. They're this big. It's a really crazy little camera. You can make stickers of them and put them on your notebook. Totally goofy. It was a very good event.

She also liked us so much that she decided to have her May donor event here in Special Collections, which was really good. That was something. Of course I had pneumonia and was wrecked. I was not in good shape then, but it went very well. There were a lot of people working on that, thank heavens, because it was a huge kind of deal.

I personally went to tell her I was leaving and she was shocked. I'm going to have lunch with her my last day. It's nice to have her support. She knows that she can speak on our behalf. I hope MRC stays at Santa Cruz forever!

Marcel Sedletzky

I'd like to talk a little bit about the Marcel Sedletzky project. Donna Kempner, who is an architectural photographer, came with a fellow, and I've got to get his name, it's escaping me, to look at Morley Baer's work. They were working on a project about San Francisco landmarks that had disappeared and how important it is to have the documentation. Not only is it sad that these buildings are gone, but to have documentation that they ever existed. Morley did a lot of work with architectural projects. Donna came and said, "I want to talk to you afterwards. I'm very excited about what you're doing here." I told her about our photography collections. She was very impressed that we had Morley. She just kept going on: "Tell me more. Tell me more. Okay, I've got a guy that I've done some work for. He has funds. And what did I need?" I said, "Where do you want me to start? I'll start with money to buy things, to buy photographs." Then I keep on going up... "A publication fund...You want me to keep going?" Yes. "We need the new building. We need a viewing room in the new building." She said, "Well, I can't tell you what his name is, but you'll get a phone call in about two weeks."

In about two weeks, the phone rang, and it was a fellow by the name of Bill Staggs, who worked for a man named Ed Penhoet, the guy that Donna Kempner was talking about. Bill asked me if I knew the work of the architect Marcel Sedletzky. I said no, I did not. He said, "Go and get this book." I went and got the book and realized that this guy had done this famous house which they call "The Bunker." It was very uncharacteristic for Carmel. It was very unusual, very wonderful. So we began to talk, and I was to come up and see the archive. I was going up to Berkeley within the week, so I went up and met him and Ed. We bonded immediately. I fell in love with the work and said we'd take the archive, not knowing that Ed and the chancellor were close friends. That's how the Sedletzky archive began.

Rare Book Conference at UC Santa Cruz

In 1991, or 1990, my friend Cathy Henderson at the University of Texas's, Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, approached me, along with Bob Martin. Cathy was president of RBMS, the Rare Books and Manuscripts Section of the College and Research Libraries section of the American Library Association. Bob was program chair. They asked if I would be willing to host, as local arrangements chair, the Rare Books Conference in 1992 at Santa Cruz. I said, "Are you kidding? I can't do that. We really don't have a lot of rare books here, and everybody's used to going to these big, fancy libraries for their conference. How can we do it? We're just a little place." I had all these reasons. They said, "You've got wonderful collections and we think they're really exciting." I knew both of them personally and they knew what we were collecting. I said, "Are you really sure?" They said, "We're going to come out and do a site visit."

They had a great time, and I took them down to meet Jerry Kamstra at the Henry Miller Library and we talked about maybe getting Lawrence [Ferlinghetti] to do the keynote address for the opening night, and maybe doing a printer's fair with Bill Everson, and maybe other kinds of things. They loved it. Actually, the way we did it was kind of uncharacteristic, because most of the people that I had talked to at RBMS who had hosted the conference before said, "You've got to have a huge committee to work on stuff. You've got to be preparing for this for a year before. It's a really awesome kind of thing." I had got up at North Carolina, at Duke University, where the previous conference was, to announce that we would be having it at Santa Cruz, and people were rejoicing. Bob Martin said, "Let's try to make this a casual conference." People always arrived at these conferences in their business suits, professional dress. "Let's just see if we can get people to relax and calm down and dress less formally."

At any rate, I decided that I didn't need a giant committee, that I didn't need a committee at all. Carol [Champion] and I would do a lot of it together, and when we needed people to do certain things we would just ask. There was a program committee

and we were not responsible for the program. We just had to worry about all of the local arrangements, the rooms, and then any kind of little amenities that we thought we could do. Right away I got a call from Althea Jenkins, who was the director of the Association of College and Research Libraries. She called me up and was very charming. [She] said, "Well, I'm very happy to hear that the conference is going to be at Santa Cruz. I have to tell you. It must be absolutely perfect. We had some really bad things happen at Duke where people came and their rooms that they thought they had reserved were no longer reserved." She made me very nervous. But we had a housing office, and they were just fantastic. We used the facilities at College Eight, and they were perfect. They had practically just been built. It was a wonderful place for people to come to.

As I said, we did not have a committee, but when the time came and the program committee asked certain things, I had Jerry James invite Geoff Pullum to speak. The program theme was on scholarly publication. Our wonderful printers, Felicia Rice and Gary Young, designed the program. Cathy Henderson worked on the budget and I helped. What we came up with was quite marvelous, and I never got really nervous about it. I, for some reason wasn't nervous about it like I thought I would be. I thought I'd be in absolute terror, but it seemed to flow easily, and the conference office took a huge burden from us. That was good. I had things lined up where somebody who couldn't bear the idea of staying on a campus could go down to the Sea and Sand Motel on West Cliff Drive. So it wasn't as complex as people had made it [seem], though it was complex enough.

I mentioned Karl Pister giving this wonderful welcome that people spoke about forever. Then I had asked Lawrence Ferlinghetti if he would do a reading. And I added, "You're going to have to do it for free, too." He said, "Well, because you're asking me, I'll do it." Everybody was overjoyed. Cathy and Bob were just thrilled that he would do that. Then Lawrence called me up a couple weeks beforehand. He said, "You know, I've got to go to Italian camp," because he takes Italian classes and the teacher was going to have this camp where you go and it's a language intensive. I said, "Well, when does it start?" He

said, "I think it's that conference time." I said, "I'm sorry. You're not going. I'll write you a note for your teacher. You're [not] going to your Italian camp." [laughter] Anyway, he came down. It was wonderful. He read, for the first public reading, his long poem "Triumph of the Post-Modern" and some other work. It was really marvelous. People were thrilled to pieces. I introduced him, and it absolutely terrified me worse than the whole conference itself to have to get up and introduce him. It was very short. His paintings have birds in them. [I said] "I think of him like the birds flying over all these boundaries that say poets over here and painters over there." I thought it was a really good line and it tied in with his great poem "Over all those obscene boundaries." He loved that, hadn't heard it before. So I felt good about that. We had a beautiful exhibition up here, as only we could. It was a mixture of our stuff, everything from Robert Heinlein's manuscripts of *Stranger in a Strange Land*, to his glasses cases identified as "distance" "close up." Wonderful artifacts. It was a really neat time. It was us. There was a printer's fair involving all the printers. And then William Everson doing his last public reading with Jude, his son, holding and turning the pages and turning them for him. People just went nuts. For one of the field trips, there was a trip down to the Monterey Bay Aquarium. We had meetings, seminars, the usual stuff. It was very intense. Everything went very well. People did not complain about the cafeteria food that much. These are all people who like to eat a lot; they're big on eating. But it was decent. People loved the campus, and the deer were everywhere.

Well, you cannot imagine how thrilling it was for many people. There were some people who had never seen the Pacific Ocean before. I remember driving Pat Bozeman from Houston, who was the head of Special Collections, at the University of Houston, down to the water so she could see the ocean for the first time. It was a fun thing to do. Then, when we went down to the Monterey Bay Aquarium, I had talked to my friend Lee Jeffers. My friend Al Schadel helped her. Lee said, "Rita, I can handle about forty people at Tor House for a little evening before sundown cocktail party." I picked people I liked who had been nice to me, and I invited them. I want to tell you it was like dying and going to heaven for these people. I mean, people with tears in their eyes standing in the

bedroom where [Robinson] Jeffers died, overlooking the sea. Standing in the garden. Going up Hawk Tower. Eating gorgeous food. It was phenomenal.

And Althea Jenkins, who had been the head of everything, came out to see that everything went well. We hit it off magnificently. I said, "Come on Althea, are you going to Tor House?" She said, "I can't, Rita. I've got an eight o'clock in the morning meeting in San Francisco," because ALA happened right after that. So I said, "We'll get you back to San Francisco if Cathy and I have to drive you there. Period. You're coming." So she came with us. She had a wonderful time and Al Schadel, bless his heart. I've mentioned him, he was the director of the Octagon Historical Museum. Al said, "Fly her out of Monterey." So that's exactly what we did. She flew into San Francisco, and she was so happy with this conference. They actually made money for the first time. She said, "Look, I want to reimburse everybody, everything." I said, "Would you do me a really big favor. Lawrence read for nothing. He normally has a huge fee. He did this because we're friends." She said, "I'll give him some money." It was really great, and the next year she and I had dinner in Miami Beach at a wonderful hotel. [She] was this real sweet gal. I liked her a lot. She was very pleased. It worked and people helped stuff packets and things, but we did this without a committee. There wasn't a committee to sit around and gnash teeth, and worry about this, and worry about that. You don't need that! In a different venue you might need more people doing certain things. But if you sit around as a committee, and tear your hair out, it's going to be awful. The only worry I had was there weren't hangers in some of the rooms, and somebody had ants in their room.

Reti: Those are minor problems.

Bottoms: It was really minor. It was the first time we had done that, and as I say, I'd really been scared, because I always felt like, oh God we couldn't really measure up to one of the big places. But we were who we were. And that was it. And basically that's what Bob and Cathy were telling me. "Look, that's who you guys are, and people will

love it." When I go to RBMS yearly meetings, I still get people coming up to me and saying the Santa Cruz conference was the best one they ever went to.

Special Collections Staff

I want to talk about Carol Champion, because we worked together from 1970 to 2000. We worked over thirty years together. We kind of grew up together in a whole lot of ways. I never did like being quote unquote "her boss." I don't like being anybody's boss. It's not anything that I feel comfortable about. I learned so much from her. As I said, we grew together with our collections. She had so much to do with the growth of the collection. There were certain donors that were her donors, who loved working with her. She took care of the whole thing. She was very good with people. They just adored her. These were collections I had very little to do with, or nothing to do with. It was okay. It was just fine. She was very effective in this way. She had an incredible amount of background and training. While she was working here she got her Master's in organizational development, which was no small matter, from Pepperdine [University]. Then she had gone to take classes from the California Institute of Integral Studies in San Francisco. Later she got her doctorate in organizational psychology from the California School of Professional Psychology.[15] She brought to her work, as we went through the years, an incredible maturity and professional kind of stance that was so beneficial to me. We shared a lot of commonalities in terms of our interests and intuition, and the spiritual realm, and philosophy, and health, and holistic medicine, and caring about people. I feel we had a great bond. I will always feel that.

But what she gave to me in other ways was the kind of support that I didn't know I didn't even have from elsewhere. I was sometimes so marginalized here that I didn't really see the forest for the trees. I was such an outlander. I used to say outlaw, but I think outlander is better. It was Carol that would say, after a while, after a few years of going

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[15] Champion's dissertation was entitled *Violence in the Workplace: the Convergence of Spirit and Shadow* and she was awarded her doctorate in 1997.

through that, she'd say, "Rita, we really need to mainstream this. Let's not do this from our hip pocket anymore. We need to do it differently." So she had an incredible view of things, a way of seeing, and a great sense of judgment. She brought us much more into the mainstream. When we wanted to start charging fees for loans, this was not precedented. I wasn't going anywhere near a campus committee and wait ten years to do this. She just went and talked to Myrna [Fabbri] and got it all worked out, how we needed to do it. She took care of the ways and means of many things. But beyond these things, she gave to me a perspective that told me that I was doing something that was important, that she thought had great value, that was very entrepreneurial and pioneering. In the face of so much non-support for a long time, that meant the world to me. We had lunch together a couple of months ago. She was one of the very first people I told I was going to leave.

A couple of the things she did for me that were really very helpful... because you see, sometimes you don't know what you're doing while you're doing it. You're just seeing it so up close that you're not seeing the whole picture. She said, "Rita, do you realize the kind of network you've built here, what you are doing?" I said, "Not really." I was always in the moment. I was just always in the moment and was not able to see it clearly. She made me... I've got them somewhere. I have two really huge charts. She got this huge roll of paper and we went back into the processing room and she laid it out and she wrote all the circles of involvement of people that I was working with.

Reti: So she created a picture for you so you could see it.

Bottoms: Yes. Publishers, artists, writers, photographers. And when she did that, it was mind blowing. I had no idea. She had this way of helping me to understand what was going on. Her support was genuine. She said I had to write. She said, "You absolutely have to write about what you're doing." She always encouraged me. Then, one of the other... these are just two examples, But the other example, [was] she urged me to keep a log, which I started in November 1993. I never would have done that. I just didn't think

of it. So Carol shaped so much of Special Collections, and really, I wish she had let us give her a party, because a lot of people would have come.

Reti: Did she initiate the Santa Cruziana collection? I know she was in charge of that.

Bottoms: She was in charge of that, but no, she didn't initiate it. It was here. Don Clark initiated it, and we just kept it up. Then I asked her if she would like to be the selector. She was in charge of that. She had the budget. She worked with the fine printers and ordered stuff from them. They would bring things to show her. I had utter and complete confidence in her judgment. I knew that when she handled something, when a donor came in, when anybody came in: small, medium, large, she knew what to do. She was incredible. People did not like it that I delegated so much to her because she was a library assistant. People did not like that delegation. I got it thrown in my face time and time again. I said, "Hey, look. Here's someone who's worked with me twenty years, twenty-five years, thirty years. She has authority. The difference between what Carol is doing and what I am doing is, I am sometimes paid more to hang by my teeth from the edge of a wire or a branch. That's the difference." I told that to her. That's what I told to her, "Carol, the difference between you and me is that I have to take certain risks that you don't need to take." There was very little difference. Again, she had her own donors. Anne Levin adored her. She was wonderful with Anne. The Masons, who gave us photographic prints and Helen Hyde prints. There were people that she worked with regularly. Any time she went anywhere and represented us, I knew it was well done.

Robynn Conelly was the first library assistant for Special Collections, and that was really neat. Then Robynn left to have a baby, I believe after a year. That's when Carol came on board. Paul Stubbs has been here over twenty-five years. It was a while after we got started that Paul came. He's worked on many things. He's fantastic with the public. He's really wonderful with people and very helpful. He's done an incredible job in reference with helping people with their projects. Particular donors loved working with him. So we all had our strong suits, and he certainly did too. One of the primary jobs he's had for

years is to keep our mammoth and ever-growing collection tracked. In other words, where are the parts of some of these huge collections? Because we are not just physically on this floor in Special Collections. We have rooms upstairs and we have [storage in] the University Business Park, and at the Northern Regional Library Facility. So he's had a huge job, to track things. In some cases collections may be in multiple places. This is a constantly changing, ever evolving situation because we're always in a bind for space. So this has been something that he's worked on, and I've really appreciated that. He's got a very good intuitive sense about things. I've really appreciated working with him all these years, too. It'll be hard to leave and say goodbye. It's pretty emotional.

I also wanted to talk about our two current library assistants, Gretchen Dempewolf and Celeste Trimble. They're very accomplished and fairly new. Gretchen has done really wonderful work, as has Celeste. Gretchen loves huge projects and technical projects and she's been doing a lot of work with the dissertations. Gretchen's trained as a librarian, and has done some work in archives. Celeste is a book artist and a photographer, and so she's been incredibly helpful in installing exhibits and working on certain kinds of projects that involve the photography. It's a nice balance we have, and I think we all have a really good working relationship. It's going to be hard to leave everybody.

Lan Dyson

Reti: In terms of assessing the history of Special Collections and its relationships with the various university librarians over the years, what do you think that Lan Dyson's contribution has been?

Bottoms: Lan has been very supportive of Special Collections, overall. He has respected directions that we have selected and been very eager and enthusiastic about them. It would have been impossible to do what we were doing without that kind of support. A few years ago we came up with the need for me to have a line item of the budget, which was $2500, to go on the road and meet with donors, take them out to lunch, do the kinds

of stuff for donor relationships that are very important. Also, when I've had to make special trips that weren't covered, then I've gone to him. He's supported these kinds of things, such as going to Wyoming to see a donor with Al Weber, and visit Gerry Spence.

He was very happy that we had a relationship with Lawrence Ferlinghetti. He was extremely good about recognizing the importance of that relationship, even though we were doing it in an area where Lawrence wasn't known, and we were doing a groundbreaking kind of thing, introducing him as an artist. I appreciated very much his support there. I do remember I said, "Well, you know Lawrence and his son Lorenzo came on Saturday, Lan, and brought all the paintings that I selected. Why don't you come over and see them?" He said, "No, I'm not coming over until they're on the wall." I think he was nervous about some of the things that might be in them. I said, "Are you nervous about what might be showing up?" I said, "Yes, there are some penises in there, but they are just as benign as possible. Don't get nervous." [laughter] He said, "No, I'll just be happy to see them when they're on the wall." And he was. He was totally happy about that.

Then, this was interesting. When we were getting ready to think about the Library's millionth volume, Hayden White had given a beautiful book to the library, a Wittello, a book on optics, a rare book. The Friends [of the Library] had purchased a disk, a particular laserdisk for the sciences. Lan astounded everybody in Collection Planning by saying he wanted to have a multicultural children's book be the millionth volume! People had fits, just could not believe their ears to hear such a "crazy" thing as that. But he wasn't kidding. I found it, and I'm very proud to have found it. It was *A Gathering of Flowers*, edited by [Joyce Carol Thomas]. So I brought it to him. It cost $14.95. I said, "Do you think this might be it?" He was ecstatic because it was a book written by a number of people of various ethnicities, including Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston, Gary Soto, a whole host of other people in there. It was the perfect book.

What we then did, is the Friends of the Library gave some money and we built outward from that book, and we did a gathering of multicultural fine press books, which I then had to go and find, which was a lot of fun. Some of them I had already bought. I was looking for things that would speak to what he wanted. We commissioned Ann Yamasaki to calligraph a beautiful poem by Wing Tek Lum. It's exquisite. There was a gathering of beautiful books around this book. It was very interesting. He actually thanked me in a staff meeting for that, although I wasn't in attendance. He said, "So you weren't even there when I actually thanked you." I have felt that he has been very much with us, especially through the 1990s on, when we were just moving and taking in collections. He understands and appreciates the fact that the value of Special Collections is really very important to the library, to the future of the new building, and to the campus. It plays a huge role, and he has understood that. So I've been very appreciative.

Neufeld Family Archive

Reti: Finally, let's talk about the Neufeld Family Archive.

Bottoms: I had met Anne Levin and known her a little bit. She said, "Rita, sometime soon, when it's raining and I have nothing else to do, I will finally face going through my family's collection and I will give it to the library. But I can't quite do this yet." I knew what it meant. She had been born in Vienna, and her family, obviously, had been there and they had left, I think the day Hitler entered Czechoslovakia. I knew she had family memorabilia and things that she wanted very much to place with us, but she had not been really able to work on it because of the emotion of it.

Then one day, and I'm not sure what precipitated it, or how she decided this was the time, but she said she had reached the point where she would actually do this. She knew she had to do it. So she invited development officer Christina Valentino and me over to her home. We came for lunch and we just stayed. I missed a chiropractic appointment. I was there for six or seven hours, and stayed even after Christina left. Anne proceeded to

show us the incredible history and documentation of her family, the Neufeld family, and what they had been through. And now facing the fact that her brother, John, who had always been the family archivist, she had always felt that [he] would be the one to organize this and do this, but he had been unfortunately killed in an accident. He had been hit by a bus in Washington, D.C.

As we were looking at her family's photographs, and the list of things that they took with them and the Juden papers, the passport with the stamps connoting that they were Jewish and all these incredible documents, we were just sobbing. We were all in tears. It was a very emotional afternoon. To put it bluntly, it was horrifically moving. Members of the family had been lost. Not her immediate family, but aunts and uncles and others did not come through the ordeal. One of the most extraordinary parts of it documented in small, but very poignant ways within the archive, was [how] her brother Johann or John came out to the States before, a year before the family left, because he was a young boy, and the Nazis were looking at young people. There were sponsors found for him in the United States. [tears] Then there is this incredible letter from her father to the sponsors, these wonderful people, talking about this son who he doesn't know if he will ever see again. It is just…you can tell it's still felt. In the collection, from the brother, it's wonderful—a little kind of wallet with a few bird feathers from his pet bird in it. You just saw that and just… It was the everydayness. It was the everyday part. It was this family's… it was who they were. They were not poor. They were an upper-class family, and the things that they went through because they were Jews.

So the collection came to us and Anne put it together and organized it in a way that had meaning to her. It was extremely wonderful, because she had done this huge scrapbook and then she had copies made of it for every single one of her kids. She has four children. It was beautiful. You had this whole story, and then you had boxes, and little small suitcases and little valises and parts of it that all had meaning. The little dreidel, her mother's cookbook—the everyday kinds of things that made—the Neufeld Family Archive, is what it was called. It had a richness to it.

I wanted everything filmed as she had put it together, with her doing a commentary about why it was organized this way. My big regret with this archive is that this never happened. She seemed to be really interested and I even got Geoff Dunn and Nikki Silva to come and do a kind of cost estimate for doing this. The estimates that they came up with were very reasonable and very fine, but it never flew. Not because Anne didn't want to do it, but because it didn't get the kind of encouragement from others that I thought it should have. It is a very big regret, because at some point, things had to be moved and changed. Even the scrapbook itself has some archival conservational problems within it that need to be dealt with, and may have to be dealt with in other ways. That was my big sadness with regard to that. The archive has been seen, and it has been exhibited, and people do come in and use it.

We had two openings for the archive in 1996. We had an opening for survivors that came from a Jewish Community Center in Santa Clara County. We did that on one day. And then on the next day we had the official opening for the campus. I felt very strongly that we had to bring the presence of the family into the room. Now we have different technology, so we could do it. So what we did is we had a photograph of the family dining room table, and we put the family members around it. It was stunning. It was a knockout. It was gorgeous. Carol and I worked primarily together on that. We also had some other ideas. We went down to Kinko's and did a lot of xeroxes. We decided that we were going to do, almost like newsreel footage as a band around the walls. Some Nazi swastikas, and evidence that the Nazis were in Vienna on the walls. Then we xeroxed the passports. You just look at it and your blood runs cold. It's what the Jews had to carry, the identity card. So we did a number of these things, and we thought this was very forceful. It was so forceful that when we put it up on the walls... First of all, it created a riot in Kinko's. We had a lot of interactions around this. And then when we put it up on the walls, we couldn't stand it. We couldn't take it. It was too horrific.

Reti: To live with that in your workplace for weeks.

Bottoms: It was horrible. We were trying to create this atmosphere, but it was too much.

Reti: I remember it was really stunning.

Bottoms: I burst into tears every five minutes over something to do with this, and Carol was completely in the same state. Everybody was in an emotional state about this. It was really horrific kind of environment we were creating. It was intense. We had to pull back some of it because it was too intense. We couldn't take it.

Reti: How long was this all staying up?

Bottoms: Probably for at least a month. May 6th to June 14th, 1996. So that was amazing. One of the things we did do, we printed up Anne's commentary on her reason for presenting the collection to the library, and, is it okay to read it?

Reti: Yes, please.

Bottoms: She wrote it on May 19, 1995, and she didn't know it, but we had this printed up separately, because I felt it was important to think of it this way and her having said it was so perfect. She had written a catalog of everything in the collection, but this was her statement:

"My reason for presenting this collection to the University of California McHenry Library Special Collections Department is to help subsequent generations of students understand that behind the atrocities of the World War II Holocaust there were families: people with faces, educations, skills, professions, hobbies, failings and talents. All that remains of most of the millions murdered by the Nazis are their names and numbers and piles of shoes in the U.S. Holocaust Museum. I feel compelled to add faces to the

statistics because, as a survivor, I came within moments of being one of them." [tears]– Anne Frederike Neufeld Levin, May 19, 1995, Santa Cruz, California.

That moved me to tears. When I went to the Anne Frank house in Holland, and I saw on one of their exhibits—this was years ago in the mid-1960s—I saw that there was someone named Rita on some list of children that had perished, and I thought, well, I was born in 1938, that could have been me.

Reti: My parents are both Holocaust refugees. Neither one of us would be sitting here if it wasn't for a miracle.

Bottoms: That's right. You too. It's just mind boggling.

Elie Wiesel

Right after that, in May of that year, with the exhibit still up, Elie Wiesel was invited to the campus in February 1998. He was going to give a talk at the Civic Auditorium. [Santa Cruz] Hillel was hosting him, and he was specifically invited to come see this particular exhibition. Anne and her daughter, Julia, were here. I remember who all was here. It was very small, not a group. You were here. Paul [Stubbs], Carol, myself. I think one or two of our students. Anne and Julia…

Reti: Probably the director of Hillel, and the guy who was writing the article for *City on a Hill Press*, my cousin, Aaron Parker.

Bottoms: Yes, yes. Elie Wiesel came in and we met him. He said he was so grateful to be here, he said, because normally when he went to campuses and places they took him to other venues where he was going to speak, and he never got to be in the library. He loved being in the library. I took him over to the cases, and he looked in. He was so

moved to see what was in there. Anne's normally a very ebullient person, and very talkative and friendly. She did not say a word. She and Julia just stood back as if they weren't there. He looked, and took in what was in the cases, and said how important it was to have this and what an incredible exhibition it was. He looked at the walls and took it all in. I forced them [Anne and Julia] to go over and be introduced to him, because they were just standing back in total awe.

And as I looked into his face, it was one of the most moving days of my life on this planet. I'm not exaggerating. It was like looking into the face of the Dalai Lama. For me, the same kind of impact. I was stirred to deep inside somewhere. I saw in that face something so true and pure. It was so beautiful I started to cry. Every one of us, Paul, Carol, the students, all stood there in tears. We were moved to tears. Nobody really said anything. It was beyond words; it truly was beyond words. I have never gotten over that. I don't know what it was that I saw. I just saw something…There's a photograph that we have up, and I always have it up. It's of him looking into the case, just kind of reminding me of that, and then up there on one of our bulletin boards that's always up. It's right on that bulletin board right there. He's looking in the case.

A couple of days later I went to Rome for Lawrence Ferlinghetti's art exhibition at the Palazzo della Esposzione. I was still wild from the whole Neufeld family archive opening and Elie Wiesel's visit. I was very emotional. I was just at the ragged edge. The library wasn't paying me to go, though they did give me some supplementary expense money, but I had to come up with the plane ticket. I asked Tom, "Can I use all of our US Air miles and go business class? I have to really be comfortable. I'm a nut case, and I have to go there, be there on top of things for ten days, and in my right mind." He said sure, and I thought, what am I going to read on the plane? I need to take something to read. People had suggested various Italian books. I thought, oh no. No. I went to Bookshop Santa Cruz and I bought a copy of *Night* by Elie Wiesel, and that's what I read on the plane. That's the only thing I could read after an experience like that. There was nothing else that I wanted to read, and I read it. Knocked my scotch over into this

ergonomic seat. [laughter] They had these wonderful seats and they're like a trough, and all of a sudden I realized I was lying in the beverage of my choice. So I moved my arm, it was such a comfortable seat, and the television and this stuff. But I was reading *Night*, because the experience was still there. It was really important to me.

I've never forgotten Elie Wiesel's visit, and what it meant to me. It's what nourishes you, something like that. Something happens and you don't know that it's going to happen. It reaches right into the core of you. It is something very wonderful.

Moments of Connection

Look at me. I've been here almost thirty-seven and a half years. My life was not always a bed of roses here, for whatever reasons. Sometimes it was terrific. It was sometimes horrible, for whatever particular reasons, personality clashes, you name it. It doesn't really matter. But what is it that would allow someone such as myself to be here through that? It's moments like these, where you have these real deep connections with people. That is what sustains you. It's being moved by the work. In the case of Kenneth Patchen, I never met him, but I met his work. I met him through his work. That is what's really critical to me. That's what I hope I can convey when I write [my book], that this is what was important. This is really what is important. This is why, for every shortcoming, for everything I never finished, or didn't get done in the way that I would have liked to have got it done, I did the best I could. I always had to lead out from that deep connection to the person. That's where I started from; that's where I ended up. There wasn't anything else. So if a great collection came along on the way, that was super. But it was always from that place of connecting with the person. That's what sustains you through the tough times as well as the terrific times.

I've been involved with Tibetan Buddhism since 1978. That's twenty-five years, and it is huge in my life. It has helped me in my work tremendously, as I relate to people. I try to not be a major ego, and try to take care of people in the best way I can. I have fallen short

many times, but I think the core of my beliefs comes very much from that background, from that view. Tibetan Buddhism, for me, is very practical. My teacher, Sogyal Rinpoche, has been extremely wonderful in communicating how useful is Buddhism in our everyday life.

I'm always looking for moments of connection. Maybe if I have had any small measure of success, and I mean that truly, if anything positive has come from what I have done here in these years, I think it is because I am trying to connect with the person first. I think from that, other things follow. And if it doesn't work, it doesn't work. But when it has worked, I want to write about that, in some way. Maybe [oral history] is as far as I'll get. But I want to talk about that, because I think that is more important, really. It's something people might think about; it might be helpful to somebody else to hear that.

Reti: It's helpful to me, as someone doing oral history work, because the core of oral history is that human connection. If you don't have that, then forget it. You can do all the research in the world, but it doesn't matter.

Bottoms: I'm like somebody's sister. I ask, "You've got a cold again. What are you eating? You don't get enough protein."

Harry Redl, the photographer, took all these wonderful pictures of beat generation people during the 1950s and later went on and did other photographic works. Harry called me up one day and said, "Chris Felver told me that I would really be better off if I could get to be one of your kids." I don't have children of my own, so maybe these are my kids. I don't know. Sometimes I think, oh, they sure are, and boy are they whining, or whatever.

But that's not all. I need to say if it were not for the good works of others in the library, much of what was accomplished never would have happened. The short list would

mention the crew in Special Collections who kept things going when I was "on the road," Margaret Gordon's impeccable donor stewardship, Myrna Fabbri's diplomatic and financial magic, and Eva Fosselius's exquisite floral creations adorning so many of our events. And friends not mentioned in these pages, nonetheless cherished for their loving support through the years, including Sharon Bercutt, Caroline Coffey, and Randy Holland. And there is, of course, Tom, my husband, who has seen me through darn near all of it and is a friend to many recalled in these pages. His wise counsel helped sustain me.

Reti: Do you want to say anything about your future plans, Rita?

Bottoms: Tom and I have a small fine arts publishing company— Atelier Puccini and Cafe Margo are our imprints. Also, I'm writing a book of essays on life imitating art. You'll know when it is published.

Reti: Thank you so much, Rita.

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Selected Publications by Rita Bottoms

March 2001. Essay entitled "The Subversive Art of Lawrence Ferlinghetti," published in English and translated into Italian: "L'arte Souversiva di Lawrence Ferlinghetti," in *Lawrence Ferlinghetti: Multimedia Artist/ Opere Scelte.* (Archivo F. Conz Associazione Culturale, Verona.)

January 2001. *DIS-pLacemenTs AND anxious OBJECTS: selections from UCSC Library's Special Collections*, February 22-April 1, 2001. Mary Porter Sesnon Art Gallery, UCSC. Brochure and checklist. Collector's statement published therein.

1996. *the poet as painter ferlinghetti;* di pinti dal 1959 al 1996. May 1996, Rome. Six part full-color publication in conjunction with Ferlinghetti exhibition at Palazzo delle Esposizioni. parte prima under "sagga critici" essay by Bottoms entitled "Ferlinghetti Soaring" "Ferlinghetti in volo," in English and translated into Italian, pages 56-59.

1996. Graham Nash & Nash Editions. Exhibition catalog, The Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown, Ohio. Contains curatorial statement by Bottoms about Graham Nash's photographs.

1996. Edward Weston At Home: The Carmel Years. Highlands Inn, Carmel. Contains curatorial statement by Bottoms.

1995. "William Everson, Remembrances and Tributes." *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter*, (no. 93 and 94, Winter and Spring 1995, pp. 11-12.)

September 1993. "Lawrence Ferlinghetti/The Paintings," print piece for exhibition at the Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown, Ohio. Co-curator's statement.

1992. Introduction to *Joys and Perplexities: Selected Poems of Lou Harrison* (Winston-Salem, North Carolina : Jargon Society, 1992.)

1989. "Marching Through the Streets," and "The Kenneth Patchen Archive in Motion," in Kenneth Patchen Literary Festival Publication, Ohio.

1988. "Patchen's Painted Prose," in *Contact II* (New York, Spring 1988).

1987. "Rita Bottoms on Kenneth Patchen," in *Kenneth Patchen Maler, Dicter, Pazifist, Visionar; Eine Ausstellung des Kulturamtes der Stadt Kassel, Palais Bellevue,* Katalog for *Dokumenta.*