

1650-1850: Ideas, Aesthetics, and Inquiries in the Early Modern Era

Volume 22

Article 9

2015

THREE BIBLIOPLES

J. T. Scanlan

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.lsu.edu/sixteenfifty>



Part of the [Aesthetics Commons](#)

Recommended Citation


J. T. Scanlan (2015) "THREE BIBLIOPLES," *1650-1850: Ideas, Aesthetics, and Inquiries in the Early Modern Era*: Vol. 22, Article 9.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.lsu.edu/sixteenfifty/vol22/iss1/9>

THREE BIBLIOPOLIS

J. T. Scanlan

* I *

s one of the editors of what *I* think is a fairly readable scholarly annual, I no longer believe the bad press academic writers usually get. The complaints about academic prose are well known, but in my experience, they are largely untrue, at least for writers who appear in the *Age of Johnson*. As we all know, academics—according to received wisdom—favor long, needlessly subordinated sentences. With their energies directed towards their own “interests,” as they put it, academics like to explore the arcane comprehensively, typically to their readers’ stupefaction. They write overly detailed, often self-indulgent, footnotes. And as the years pass, academics’ long-nurtured meticulousness metastasizes into fastidiousness, and for some, attempts at humor and satire in book reviews emerge as little more than surly bitchiness. In opposition to all this, however, stands the learned, direct, and thoughtful writing of the growing stable of AMS authors, as I like to call them. And together, these contributors have proven that if one is attempting to find the *locus classicus* of contemporary pretentiousness in thought and style, a good place *not* to look is an AMS Press book.

But there is one bad habit that almost all professors indulge from time to time—a habit that may provide a starting point for helping us understand an important, and underappreciated, dimension of literary life. I'm thinking of academics' habit of speaking of themselves as "publishing" this or that book or article or essay. This prideful use of *publish* is easy to hear in hallway conversations. "So, Greg, how was your sabbatical? What are you writing?" Even in departments where such questions betoken an honest intellectual curiosity rather than an aggressive shot over the bow by a competitive, assessment-addled professor, it would seem somewhat strange for Greg to answer, in his usual soft-spoken way, "Well, I wrote a manuscript about law and narrative, and AMS Press is going to publish part of it in the *Age of Johnson*." While this may sound like the director of the Bucknell University Press, it doesn't sound like the answer of the usual academic. The much more common answer would be something like this: "Well, one of my current interests is law and narrative. During my sabbatical, I worked away on my second book, and I'm publishing a long chapter of it in the *Age of Johnson*." These are different answers, and the difference is meaningful, I think. In the second, the significance of the publisher in "putting forth a book into the world," to use language of Johnson's own definition of *publish*,¹ is minimized, while the significance of the author is amplified. Perhaps this bad habit is a professor's forgivable cry for attention, broadcast at a time in history of the American university when increasingly scant attention is being paid to the humanities. Still, this reflexive act of self-congratulation has the unfortunate effect of downplaying how important it is for writers, editors, proofreaders, publishers, and booksellers to work together. So as we celebrate the inestimable opportunities Gabe and AMS Press have brought to those interested in the eighteenth century, I wish shift our attention away from the prideful hallway professor, and instead, look to three literary men who championed the collaborative nature of writing and publishing. From an obviously long list, I've chosen first, Samuel Johnson, a writer who got his real start editing the *Gentleman's Magazine* with Edward Cave and who maintained to the end a loyalty to a variety of people in the literary trade; second, James M. Osborn, a widely respected twentieth-century scholar and book collector who had a powerful, and largely behind-the-scenes, influence on an impressive range of literary people; and finally, Ludwig Bemelmans, a fixture of New York literary-artistic-advertising scene of the mid-twentieth century, a man remembered these days

¹ Samuel Johnson, *A Dictionary of the English Language*, 2 vols. (London, 1755), s.v. "to publish."

largely for his splendid series of children's books—featuring that adventurous, plucky Parisian girl with the copper-red hair, Madeline. Less well known is Bemelmans's vast and widely respected contribution to popular writing for adults during and after the Second World War, back when the television set had yet to prescribe middle-class after-dinner entertainment. By all accounts, Bemelmans's joyful presence—in his books and in his life—meant the world to scores of people in writing and publishing. It is time we pay more respect to this magnificently entertaining writer, artist, and gourmand.

I have called these three men bibliopoles. The title is honorific, I suppose. *Bibliopole*, as Johnson coined it with etymological flair, means one who sells books—a bookseller—and these men weren't precisely booksellers. But recall the general sense of the passage in Boswell where Johnson uses the word. Eager to defend "old Gardner" against the conversational jousting of Johnson's friend, the bookseller Tom Davies, Johnson says: "Nay, Sir; he certainly was a bookseller. He had served his time regularly, was a member of the Stationers' company, kept a shop in the face of mankind, purchased copyright, and was a *bibliopole*, Sir, in every sense."² Johnson stands up for Old Gardner: Old Gardner was a friend of literature, and *literature* for Johnson and others of his time meant "learning" in the broadest sense. A friend of literature: that is what Johnson himself was, as were Osborn and Bemelmans. And that's the idea I'm attaching to the word *bibliopole* in this essay.

In the opening of a still informative essay, R. W. Chapman writes, "In any consideration of the book trade we may distinguish the producers—the author, who corresponds to the inventor or designer in the other trades and the physical producer, printer, papermaker, and binder; the publisher, who furnishes the capital and normally shoulders the risks of enterprise; and the retail bookseller."³ Notwithstanding my deep respect for Chapman's work on Johnson, I propose to muddle these distinctions a bit, as a way of paying tribute to the underappreciated collaborative spirit among writers, editors, publishers, booksellers—and readers.

² James Boswell, *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, ed. G. B. Hill, rev. L. F. Powell, 6 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1934–64), 2:345. Subsequent references to this work will appear parenthetically in the text.

³ R. W. Chapman, "Authors and Booksellers," in *Johnson's England: An Account of the Life & Manners of his Age*, ed. A. S. Turberville, vol. II (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1933), p. 310.

* II *

Let's start with Johnson. In recent years, our knowledge about Johnson's intellectual life has increased greatly, in part because of Robert DeMaria, Jr.'s biography coupled the always expanding scholarship on Johnson and his interests.⁴ We've come to grasp more comprehensively than ever what makes Johnson's achievement distinctive—and fascinating. In a superb recent essay, "The Awkward Johnson," David Fairer explains why such phrases as "the age of Johnson" are particularly misleading. "Johnson never fitted easily into the world of politeness and taste," writes Fairer, "and for a man of principle with such widely broadcast views he was often unpredictable and disconcerting in his responses."⁵ All that's true. But while Fairer's essay and other deservedly influential critical works expand our sense of who Johnson really was, they have the tendency to underscore what Johnson didn't have in common with others, and this may obscure those moments in his life and writing when he wasn't especially unique, when he was comfortable in his own shoes, and when he tried to fit in—and did. In these important moments, Johnson achieved a kind of satisfying regularity, and he often felt this way when he immersed himself in the practicalities, and sometimes even the necessary drudgery, of the literary trade. As we all know, Johnson spent much of his life working to bring scholarly ideas to the common reader, and this aspiration depended on his talent of thinking like a writer, an editor, a journalist, and a bookseller all at once. In short, books and book people often provided Johnson with a sense of balance, and perhaps we have underestimated the significance of this.

In his various activities for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Johnson played a significant role in the magazine's transformation into a leading national publication. Among his many contributions, surely one of his most important was his four-installment biography of the legendary professor of Leiden University, Herman Boerhaave. Johnson's *Life of Boerhaave* has never received the extended treatment it deserves from contemporary scholars, and there is much to say about this intriguing work I cannot present here. To state only the basics about Johnson's subject: Boerhaave was a professor of chemistry, botany, and medicine, and was instrumental in showing the applica-

⁴ Robert DeMaria, Jr., *The Life of Samuel Johnson: A Critical Biography* (Oxford and Cambridge: Blackwell, 1993). See, also, *Samuel Johnson in Context*, ed. Jack Lynch (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2012).

⁵ David Fairer, "The Awkward Johnson," in *Johnson After 300 Years*, ed. Greg Clingham and Philip Smallwood (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2009), 145.

bility of central principles of the “new science” to the everyday practice of bedside medicine. He promoted as none had before him Leiden University’s longstanding commitment to clinical medical instruction, and in doing so, Boerhaave transformed medical education in Europe, Scotland, and ultimately the fledgling American colonies.

But Boerhaave was a university man. He attended school in Leiden, went to university at Leiden, and taught as an instructor then as a professor at Leiden University. When he became the professor of botany at Leiden, he lived in the only faculty residence on campus. When he became *Rector Magnificus*, he moved off campus—but only two blocks away to Rapenburg 31, a house formerly owned by Franciscus Sylvius, an earlier professor of medicine. Boerhaave published in Latin, and he presented his lectures in Latin. So, at the very heart of Johnson’s powerful biography is his shrewd ability to present the influential work of a great European scientist and professor to a flagrantly off-campus, unacademic British readership.

Johnson’s source for the four-installment biography was a published Latin version of the funeral oration, *Oratio Academica*, the funeral oration delivered at Boerhaave’s memorial service by one of Boerhaave’s colleagues at Leiden, the linguist Albert Schultens. As David Venturo has emphasized, Johnson was from his schoolboy years uncommonly adept at translating Latin;⁶ and very much like a relatively inexperienced young writer who relies heavily on his youthful academic achievements, Johnson in this early journalistic biography depends fundamentally on his knowledge of Latin. The biography also presents hints of Johnson’s more mature examinations of the difficulties and rewards of the life of a scholar, as well as other embryonic “Johnsonian” themes and formulations. In presenting Boerhaave to everyday English readers, Johnson transformed Schultens’s understandably enthusiastic panegyric into a thoughtful meditation on how Boerhaave’s daily religious practices supported his research in the sciences and his duties as an instructor of young people. Johnson cut here, he pasted there, and he brought Boerhaave, as a topic, out of Leiden University and into the minds of common British readers. This achievement, I think, depended on Johnson’s acute sense of all aspects of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, and its penetration into the wider British world.

The basic ideas, the tone, and even Johnson’s decision to indulge in a bit of oblique autobiography, are perfectly pitched for his mid-eighteenth-century

⁶ David F. Venturo, *Johnson the Poet: The Poetic Career of Samuel Johnson* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1999).

readers. One example of a passage likely to have resonated deeply among his readers may stand for many. In the opening of the second installment of this biography, Johnson recounts the influences that guided Boerhaave to pursue medicine:

Having now exhausted his Fortune in the Pursuit of his Studies, he found the Necessity of applying to some Profession, that, without engrossing all his Time, might enable him to support himself; and, having obtained a very uncommon Knowledge of the Mathematics, he read Lectures in those Sciences to a select Number of young Gentlemen in the university.

At length, his Propension to the Study of Physic grew too violent to be resisted, and, though he still intended to make Divinity the great Employment of his Life, he could not deny himself the Satisfaction of spending some Time upon the Medical Writers, for the perusal of which he was so well qualified by his Acquaintance with the Mathematics and Philosophy.

But this Science corresponded so much with his natural Genius, that he could not forbear making that his Business which he intended only as his Diversion, and still growing more eager, as he advanced further, he at length determined wholly to master that Profession, and to take his Degree in Physic, before he engaged in the Duties of the Ministry.

It is, I believe, a very just Observation, that Men's Ambition is, generally, proportioned to their Capacity.⁷

Although closely tied to Schultens's *Oratio*, this passage presents Boerhaave facing the choice of life; that is, facing an entirely ordinary topic of obvious interest to a great range of Johnson's readers, including those who had never dreamed of a university medical education. Johnson explains the issue clearly and movingly, and he ends by offering reassurance to his readers. In transforming Schultens's emotional tribute, Johnson presents a biography with practical implications for those in search of stability in their lives. Unlike much of Johnson's arresting and amusing and surprising and idiosyncratic

⁷ *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 9, (London, February 1739) 72. For a thorough commentary on Johnson's later revisions of this effort, see the introduction to the *Life of Boerhaave* in the *Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1958–), vol. 19, forthcoming.

public utterances, his *Life of Boerhaave* is an early and successful attempt to strike middle C. And his ability to do this at such an early moment may well be a result of his various hands-on duties in the Fleet Street office of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Johnson's life is of course marked by many acts of literary generosity, and together, they helped give Johnson a sense of literary vocation, and a sense of security. Sometimes his help was minor, as in the case of the handful of lines he supplied to George Crabbe for *The Village*. He also championed the efforts of Charlotte Lennox first by arranging high-spirited gathering at the Ivy Lane Club in 1750 on the occasion of the publication of *The Life of Harriot Stuart*, written when she was in her early twenties, and then later by evidently supplying the dedication for *The Female Quixote* (1752).⁸ In other instances, his help was more formidable. For example, in the 1760s, Johnson came to the aid of the legal scholar Robert Chambers, who struggled, understandably, to follow William Blackstone as the Vinerian Professor at Oxford. As modern scholarship as shown, Johnson not only helped Chambers get the lectures written; Johnson also probably came close to writing himself some of the complicated material relating to international law, a legal subject on which he had more than an amateur's interest.⁹ The help Johnson provided in the mid-1770s for the Reverend William Dodd, convicted of forgery, has reached legendary status, and I don't need to rehearse the specifics here. What is sometimes forgotten about this episode, however, and what strikes me as entirely typical, is that Dodd's request for Johnson's literary help may well have come to from Edmund Allen, a printer and a neighbor of whom Johnson, according to W. J. Bate, "was very fond."¹⁰ Perhaps the most iconic example of Johnson's literary generosity is the help he provided in 1762 to the often financially reckless Oliver Goldsmith. Goldsmith one day couldn't pay his rent, had been arrested, and sent word to Johnson that he was in trouble. Johnson discovered that Goldsmith had "a novel ready for the press," and by the end of the day, Johnson had exchanged it with a publisher for £60. The image of Johnson reading the manuscript intensely before a nervous Goldsmith and an eager landlady hovering in the background has become a permanent part of the history of English literature because of E. M. Ward's famous painting. Of course

⁸ See O M Brack, Jr. and Susan Carlile, "Samuel Johnson's Contributions to Charlotte Lennox's *The Female Quixote*," *Yale University Library Gazette*, 77, 3 (April 2003), 166-73.

⁹ See the Introduction in *A Course of Lectures on the English Law: Delivered at the University of Oxford, 1767-1773*, ed. Thomas M. Curley (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1986).

¹⁰ W. Jackson Bate, *Samuel Johnson* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977), 524.

generosity founded on literary camaraderie worked both ways for Johnson. Johnson himself was delivered from the horrid experience of debtor's prison less than a decade earlier in the mid-1750s. The man who supplied Johnson the much needed money was the printer and writer Samuel Richardson.

As these examples suggest, Johnson seems to have thought of himself and his literary cohorts as part of a somewhat close-knit literary-publishing society, in which each person had an important duty in the progress of literature. Notwithstanding all the tossing and goring, maybe the members of this manly literary battalion felt a sense of responsibility to one another. Regardless, a characteristic of Johnson's achievement, as a writer and as a man, is his seemingly instinctive ability to bring these various figures together, in his mind, in his writing, and in actuality.

Indeed, if we return to that passage where Johnson uses the word *bibliopole*, we'll see that the force of the passage arises from Johnson's habit of bringing together various personages of the literary world. Here's Boswell, again.

We spoke of Rolt, to whose Dictionary of Commerce, Dr. Johnson wrote the Preface. JOHNSON. "Old Gardner the bookseller employed Rolt and Smart to write a monthly miscellany, called 'The Universal Visitor.' There was a formal written contract, which Allen the printer saw. . . . [t]hey were to have, I think, a third of the profits of this sixpenny pamphlet; and the contract was for ninety-nine years. I wish I had thought of giving this to Thurlow, in the cause about Literary Property. What an excellent instance would it have been of the oppression of booksellers towards poor authors!" (smiling). Davies, zealous for the honour of *the Trade*, said, Gardner was not properly a bookseller. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, he certainly was a bookseller. He had served his time regularly, was a member of the Stationers' company, kept a shop in the face of mankind, purchased copyright, and was a *bibliopole*, Sir, in every sense. I wrote for some months in 'The Universal Visitor,' for poor Smart, while we was mad, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him some good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in 'The Universal Visitor' no longer." (2: 344–45)

This captures, I think, Johnson's sense of the collaborative nature of literary work. Richard Rolt, bred as an attorney, became something of a digest maker,

and drifted into writing for the theater. He made his money largely if not entirely by his pen. Edmund Allen, the printer and Johnson's neighbor, turns up in the conversation, which leads to a discussion of literary property, legal argument, and a well-known legal figure of the day, Lord Chancellor Thurlow. (Incidentally, Johnson solicited Thurlow in 1780 to find a decent living place for an impoverished "amanuensis" from his *Dictionary* days, Alexander Macbean. Johnson respected Macbean for his learning: he not only knew German well enough to publish a translation, but also had significant experience in lexicography and in the publishing world in general.) The Davies in the passage, of course, is Tom Davies, the bookseller, who ran the shop where Boswell met Johnson in May of 1763; old Gardner is Thomas Gardner, a man involved in the publishing of a range of books, many relating to then prevalent religious and legal disputes. And the passage closes with Kit Smart, the mad poet. All these figures had their places in Johnson's literary orbit, and notably, Johnson appears *not* to rank them in order of importance. They are all of his world. These book people are the men who give special meaning to a phrase of older Johnsonian scholarship, "Johnson's circle."

* III *

James M. Osborn (1906–1976), one of Yale's great scholar-collectors, is another estimable bibliopole, though at first glance, Osborn might seem to have little in common with Johnson and his fellow, hardscrabble eighteenth-century authors. Osborn started out in investments, in New York City, at the Guaranty Trust Company. But he didn't much care for that life, and spent much of the rest of his life collecting books and manuscripts. His extremely valuable archival bequest to the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, now known as the James Marshall and Marie-Louise Osborn Collection, went a long way toward establishing the Beinecke as one of the world's greatest repositories of the British literary past. Originally concentrating on English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Osborn over the years expanded his interests to include a truly wide range of literary documents, from the sixteenth century forward. Long an admirer of the example of the great late eighteenth-century biographer, Shakespearean, collector, and friend of Samuel Johnson, Edmond Malone, Osborn traveled far and wide for books and manuscripts in search of literary evidence. Like the well-heeled Malone, Osborn had opportunities for research Johnson rarely if ever experienced. Osborn's formidable activities in

dairy cattle breeding, which impressed a fellow collector and bovine enthusiast, Mary Hyde,¹¹ underscore his social distance from Johnson.

Yet like Johnson, Osborn's commitment to literature was total. Osborn's editorial and biographical writing, along with his commanding presence as a leading social fixture of the New Haven literary scene in the mid-twentieth century, placed him at the heart of significant literary-critical debates. During a literary career of more than forty years, Osborn worked in many nonfictional genres, writing many influential books, essays, reviews, and academic papers, all of them, directly or indirectly, testifying to his fascination with the contexts of English literature between the late sixteenth and the early nineteenth centuries. He devoted much time to editing and to writing about editing itself, as Johnson did. Also like Johnson, Osborn maintained a strong interest in biography throughout his life. In 1940 he wrote the widely admired and useful *John Dryden: Some Biographical Facts and Problems*; more than thirty years later, in 1972, he wrote *Young Philip Sidney, 1572–1577*. His last, unfinished project was a biography of his hero, Edmond Malone. Like Johnson, Osborn had close contacts in all areas relating to his literary endeavours.

Significantly, Osborn resembled Johnson in functioning as a literary-social magnet. He brought literary people together. He was a welcome fixture at scholarly gatherings. Early on, he developed a reputation for generosity and inbred good cheer. Without question, he was a clubbable man—back when gentlemen's clubs were more popular than they are today. He was a member of many such clubs, including London's Athenæum, and he commonly wrote warm, perceptive supporting letters for others who hoped to join such clubs. Along with Donald and Mary Hyde, Herman Liebert, and other book people and enthusiasts for Johnson, Osborn was a usual guest at the annual Samuel Johnson birthday celebrations that began in the United States in the first few years after the Second World War. In May of 1951, when these gatherings evolved into an idea for a permanent association of scholars and book people devoted to Johnson, Osborn was invited to be among the first group of "Active Members" of "The Johnsonians." "Thank you for your letter describing the new arrangements for the organization of "The Johnsonians," Osborn wrote to Robert Metzdorf, accepting his invitation. "Long may the organization prosper!"¹² Around New Haven, as a man aligned to the English

¹¹ See *passim* the correspondence between JMO and Mary Hyde. James M. and Marie-Louise Osborn Collection, Yale University, OSB MSS 7, Box 39, Folders 808–809.

¹² JMO to Robert Metzdorf. 3 May 1951. Osborn Collection, OSB MSS 7, Box 41, Folder, 850.

Department because of his post as a research librarian but without teaching duties, Osborn seemed to know everyone in the literary scene there—and at all ages and positions. He had an especially close relation to a collection of friends who often met at Mory's for lunch and who styled themselves the "Boys Friendly."¹³ The Boys' Friendly included prominent literary figures of mid-century America, including W. K. "Bill" Wimsatt and René Wellek.

Osborn's friendship with Wimsatt is revealing. While Wimsatt may be known among eighteenth-century scholars for his book on Johnson's style, to the wider literary world Wimsatt is remembered as a critic. But this reputation misleadingly overshadows his longstanding interest in collecting, editing, and literary scholarship—Osborn's passions. Wimsatt's book on the portraits of Alexander Pope was heavily indebted to the collecting spirit of Jim Osborn, as the acknowledgments warmly indicate.¹⁴ But Wimsatt's owed a special debt to Osborn. While working on this book in London, at the commencement of a sabbatical in 1960, Wimsatt examined a previously unknown portrait of Alexander Pope. He wrote to Osborn his impressions of the picture, writing, with some wit, that he'd be pleased if a friend of his owned the picture. Osborn responded by placing a substantial bid. "I do look forward to using it as an illustration in [a book on Joseph] Spence [whose anecdotes Osborn was at the time editing]," Osborn wrote. "And, it will be a grand beginning for your ichonography [*sic*]."¹⁵ The picture ultimately became the grand full-color glossy frontispiece of Wimsatt's oversize book.

But all was not well with Wimsatt during his sabbatical. Osborn knew that Wimsatt was struggling to make progress. Wimsatt spent a lot of time sightseeing, most of it literary, but it took him away from his work. Osborn wrote Wimsatt many encouraging letters, full of detailed commentary about new work on eighteenth-century literature. He also relayed uplifting gossip.

¹³ Referred to in a letter from JMO to Wimsatt, 23 September 1960, at commencement of Wimsatt's sabbatical in London. JMO wrote, "This gives me occasion to bring you the greetings of the Boys Friendly. The other three-quarters had luncheon this noon, and we passed the unanimous vote of congratulation to you on having achieved bliss, namely the joys of a year in the literary capital of the world. We agreed that though you may groan now, in future years you will be telling us of the fun you have had in that layer cake of literary history. Be sure to enjoy every nibble." OSM MSS 7, Box 79, Folder 1666.

¹⁴ Wimsatt writes, "One of my colleagues, James M. Osborn, uniquely placed as collector and editor of the manuscripts of Joseph Spence, and endowed with an extraordinarily generous disposition for the furtherance of such studies, has first and last been a chief encourager and promoter. His assistance could be acknowledged on almost any page of this book." W. K. Wimsatt, *The Portraits of Alexander Pope* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1965), ix.

¹⁵ JMO to Wimsatt, 14 October 1960. OSB MSS 7, Box 79, Folder 1666.

Perhaps taking on somewhat comically the role of Johnson consoling Boswell, Osborn writes, “Your friends here talk of you frequently. René [Wellek] always asks for news of you, and I have been able to carry along your latest letter. Last Thursday Maynard [Mack] joined the Boys Friendly, and he was very interested to learn about the childhood picture of Little Alexander.”¹⁶ But as the year evolved, Wimsatt’s complaints about his work became less stylishly self-deprecating and more confessional. By the spring, Wimsatt faced an uncomfortable truth. On 30 April 1961, in a letter typed (with mistakes) on both sides of an old light blue, light-weight “aerogramme,” he writes, “Your nice newsy letters always do something to cheer me up. . . . But to tell you the truth . . . I begin to perceive that the end of the job on the Pope portraits is still almost as far away as when I set forth with my album last July . . . , I begin to stumble toward a halt.”¹⁷ Roughly a month later, Wimsatt makes a less inflected statement of his situation: “For as the year shoots rapidly to its end, and my great project grinds its wheels more and more slowly, I [become] more and more frantic, in the consciousness that one more boy scholar from the United States has fallen victim, bit the sidewalk, foundered in the foggy alley, wandered in the Oriental corridors of the Museum to no avail—will return home one more mockery and signal example of what I always said, to the men of my own generation and of the next, [*sic*] If you want to write a book, keep yourself put where the other books are just around the corner from your typewriter, and a cup of coffee and piece of pie are half way between.”¹⁸ In late August of that year, a few days before his ship back to the United States is scheduled to shove off from Southampton, he writes with even more poignancy on what he sees as his failure: “Ten months of gadding around, pictures, and lectures, . . . [A]bout May 15, I could see that the book I came over here to write was not getting written Your nice breezy letters . . . were most welcome, cheery and encouraging. It has been nice all year to have a friend at home who kept in such close touch, full . . . of interest for what I was struggling with. I appreciated it, especially last November, when I was close to solving the whole dreary business by *felo de se* in the Serpentine,” that is, in the lake in the middle of Hyde Park in London.¹⁹ Even at thousands of miles distance, Osborn did his best to keep Wimsatt’s spirits up so Wimsatt could finish what promised to be an important book, just as Malone supported Boswell when Boswell was writing

¹⁶ JMO to Wimsatt, 14 October 1960, OSB MSS 7, Box 79, folder 1666.

¹⁷ Wimsatt to JMO, 30 April 1961. OSB MSS 7, Box 79, Folder 1667.

¹⁸ Wimsatt to JMO, 8 June 1961. OSB MSS 7, Box 79, Folder 1667.

¹⁹ Wimsatt to JMO, 19 August 1961. OSB MSS 7, Box 79, Folder 1667.

his *Life of Johnson*. As the correspondence indicates, the ultimate publication of that book in 1965 is in part an enactment of the long literary friendship of "Bill" Wimsatt and Jim Osborn, which began in 1939 when Osborn invited Wimsatt to lunch so that Wimsatt could meet Osborn's friend, Jim Clifford. It's no wonder that one of Wimsatt's last scholarly activities before he died in 1975 was a collaboration with John Riely (another of Osborn's friends), "A Supplement to *The Portraits of Alexander Pope*."²⁰

Osborn's encouragement extended to literary people at all stages of their careers. He took a great deal of interest in those just starting out. For example, Osborn first came to know René Wellek when he was an immigrant who had been told by R. S. Crane, Osborn's cousin, to write to Osborn. "Dear Dr. Osborn," wrote Wellek in a handwritten note,

I am a Czech, who has just arrived in this country and will go out to teach at Iowa University. I have much interest in the History of English Literary History and am preparing a book in this field. I wrote on the "Theory of Literary History," on "Kant in England" etc. As Professor Crane wrote that you are working on Malone, I think we shall have many points of contact.²¹

Thus began another lifelong intellectual friendship, gilded in part by moving, detailed letters these two men wrote to one another while they were not in New Haven, traveling to distant parts of the world. Osborn was devoted to Wellek, and loved to sing his praises. Osborn once pointed out with relish to his literary friends in New Haven that *in a single year* Wellek received honorary degrees from Harvard, Oxford, and the University of Rome. Evidently, Osborn was untouched by literary envy. Naturally, Wellek became the principal editor of a *Festschrift* in honor of Osborn, *Evidence in Literary Scholarship: Essays in Memory of James Marshall Osborn*.²² That Oxford University Press decided to publish this *Festschrift* was itself a tribute to Osborn's literary collegiality. As D. M. Davin, the Publisher of the Academic Division of the Press wrote in his acceptance letter to Wellek, "the Delegates are making an exception to their general principle about not publishing festschrifts [*sic*], largely

²⁰ John Riely and W. K. Wimsatt, "A Supplement to *The Portraits of Alexander Pope*," in *Evidence in Literary Scholarship*, ed. René Wellek and Alvaro Ribeiro (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1979), pp. 123–64.

²¹ Wellek to JMO, 24 July 1939. OSB MSS 7, Box 77, Folder 1614.

²² *Evidence in Literary Scholarship: Essays in Memory of James Marshall Osborn*, ed. René Wellek and Alvaro Ribeiro (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1979).

because of the eminence of yourself and contributors and because of their obligations to Jim."²³

Osborn had a special touch at stimulating the best in his literary friends. On more than a few occasions, Osborn's gentlemanly, thoughtful suggestions eased out of his fellow scholars important manuscripts. On one occasion, Osborn had the duty of selecting the after-dinner speaker for September gathering of The Johnsonians. He chose W. J. Bate. Bate accepted, and asked about the suitability of a few words about his current editorial work on the Yale Johnson. Osborn encouraged him to write something fresh about Johnson and satire. As their correspondence makes clear, the published essay, "Johnson and Satire Manqué," was long in coming.²⁴ But it is in my view one of Bate's very best writings. Evidently, Osborn provided just the right kind of motivation for Bate to write at his best.

The number of influential scholars, librarians, booksellers, academic publishers, and editors who worked on eighteenth-century literature and received Osborn's help is extensive. L. F. Powell, Louis Bredvold, James Clifford, David Fleeman, Louis Landa, Robert Shackleton, John Riely, Wilmarth Lewis, Maynard Mack, Charles Ryskamp, Frederick Pottle, John Middendorf, Earl Miner, Roger Lonsdale, David Fairer, Alvaro Ribeiro, and Steve Parks constitute only the beginning of a list of scholars and critics of restoration and eighteenth-century English literature who received Osborn's benefactions.

Although Osborn surely had a special knack in searching out and befriending the talented, he also remained loyal to literary colleagues who did not, in the eyes of many, live up to expectations. Osborn always had a kind, reassuring word for bright young men who felt they were foundering. For example, John Roche, one of Osborn's many "research assistants," worries in a letter about the requirements relating to his move to Yale to work with Osborn:

I'm not putting on false modesty when I say I doubt if I'm worthy. In your letter of June 8 you mentioned a statement giving details of degrees, awards, publications, etc. I have only the B.A.s from Queensland & Oxford, admission to the status of full B. Litt. Student in Oxford (not the B. Litt.) no publications, and only one small prize from my early years in Queensland.²⁵

²³ D. M. Davin to René Wellek, 18 July 1975. OSB MSS 7, Box 77, Folder 1619.

²⁴ See correspondence between Walter Jackson Bate and JMO. OSB MSS 7, Box 4, Folder 78.

²⁵ John Roche to JMO, 18 June 1965. OSB MSS 7, Box 65, Folder 1352.

Only four days later, Osborn responds with a note of unsentimental and authoritative reassurance. "I thought you would be pleased to know what Dr. [L. F.] Powell wrote in a recent letter about you. He said: 'I like your new research assistant Roche.'" Osborn then quotes Powell more extensively on George Steevens, an "excellent" subject of a D. Phil. thesis for Roche.²⁶ As the plans for the D. Phil. progress, Roche responds with appreciation: "And thanks, incidentally, for taking this interest in my career."²⁷ More than a few years later, in the spring of 1973, long after Roche abandoned the D.Phil. degree, Osborn received a letter "out of the blue" from Roche, who gushes about "meteoric" rise of a scholar they both knew. "And his published work is getting rather impressive—to me, anyway, who still haven't published a line!"²⁸ Osborn responds with a letter full of his characteristic good cheer and literary gossip, closing with an equally characteristic gentle prod: "Write again soon, and I hope you will send news of the fact that you are using your pen and typewriter. You have a lot of learning locked up in your head, and I hope it flows down your arm."²⁹

Perhaps the man to whom Osborn dispensed the most was George Sherburn, almost a generation his senior. As scrupulous editors and scholars who shared an interest in literary biography, as well as relish for high-spirited letter-writing, Osborn and Sherburn naturally had a lot in common. But they also shared a belief in promoting the eighteenth century as a field of endeavor. They sometimes grounded important advice to one another on this shared conviction. It was Sherburn who encouraged Osborn in 1938 to think twice about pursuing possible appointments at both the University of Chicago and the University of Michigan and take instead an unpaid research post at the Yale—a bold recommendation to be sure.³⁰ Osborn weighed Sherburn's long letters on this subject carefully: he drafted fourteen pages of ideas about his possible attachments to these institutions (on the stationery of Park Hotel Reuteler Gstaad).³¹ Osborn didn't think he would get the offer from Yale. But when he did, he more or less followed Sherburn's advice. Osborn returned the

²⁶ JMO to John Roche, 22 June 1965. OSB MSS 7, Box 65, Folder 1352.

²⁷ John Roche to JMO, 14 July 1965. OSB MSS 7, Box 65, Folder 1352.

²⁸ John Roche to JMO, 24 April 1973. OSB MSS 7, Box 65, Folder 1352.

²⁹ JMO to John Roche, 1 May 1973. OSB MSS 7, Box 65, Folder 1352. I should like to thank Brijraj Singh for making perceptive comments about James M. Osborn and his many contacts during the presentation of an earlier and shorter version of this essay in New York City in April 2012.

³⁰ George Sherburn to JMO, 9 January 1938; 5 March 1938. OSB MSS 7, Box 69, Folder 1442.

³¹ JMO handwritten draft in reaction to letters from George Sherburn, OSB MSS 7, Box 69, Folder 1442.

favor. In February 1939, Osborn recommended that Sherburn take a post at Harvard, *not* because Harvard is Harvard, but because, as he put it, “I have in mind your services to the eighteenth century: . . . at Harvard I believe you could turn out a series of scholars that would do great credit to both Harvard and yourself. Indeed, I consider your going there an important milestone in the history of eighteenth-century scholarship!”³² As the later prominence and influence of Joyce Hemlow, Paul Fussell, and other Sherburn students prove, Osborn’s advice did indeed help the trade.

The legacy of Osborn as benefactor remained strong to the end. In the mid-1970s, when Howard Weinbrot one day passed through New Haven, he left a note for Osborn at the Beinecke. “I dropped by to say hello and heard you were paying another visit to the hospital, alas. I’m sorry to hear that, and much hope that you will soon be home and back at work. We all need you.”³³

We all need you. That sentiment powerfully glosses Osborn the bibliopole, the literary man in the thick of it, whose belief in the collaborative nature of literary work is firm.

* IV *

My final and much less “eighteenth-century” example of a bibliopole is Ludwig Bemelmans. Bemelmans thought of himself first and foremost as an artist, and today, more than fifty years after his death, his paintings and drawings continue to fetch high prices at auctions and on ebay. Closely aligned to his work as an artist are his illustrated children’s books, including the fantastically popular books about that plucky redhead prone to get into trouble, Madeline. Much less widely remembered, however, is his singular presence as a waggish but thoroughly respected magazine writer and popular author. Between roughly 1940 and his death in 1962, he regularly appeared in widely read magazines and collections with the likes of James Thurber, Ray Bradbury, Nelson Algren, Clifton Fadiman, V. S. Pritchett, John Steinbeck, Alfred Kazin, James Baldwin, Shel Silverstein, William Manchester, Roger Angell, and S. J. Perelman. *The New Yorker*, *Vogue*, *Saturday Review*, *Holiday*, and *Town and Country*: he wrote for them all. The word *prolific* only begins to capture his literary output. He wrote around two dozen books and more

³² JMO to George Sherburn, 7 February 1939. OSB MSS 7, Box 69, Folder 1442.

³³ Howard Weinbrot to JMO, 12 August 1976. OSB MSS 7, Box 77, Folder 1611.

than two hundred magazine articles of stylish fiction and nonfiction, much of it on travel. Especially in the years immediately after the Second World War, Bemelmans transformed Europe for American middlebrow readers from a place of violence, savagery, and ruins into a welcoming, grateful continent of elegant travel destinations run by ordinary people. He domesticated Europe for Americans. This was a significant achievement, in that most middle-class Americans had no direct experience of Europe and its culture, save what they experienced while serving in the military. In a profile of the Isle of Capri in *Holiday* (November 1949), Bemelmans recounts a chat with a resident about the war. According to man he meets while researching his article, the Capriotes convinced the German troops that the Americans were on their way: "it's all over for you." Once the Germans had left, the Capriotes tried to lure the Americans to their island.

The fisherman collected all the clean bed sheets they could find and rowed over to the American ships . . . saying, "Come on, come and visit beautiful Capri—the Germans are all gone." But the Americans said, "Beat it, you bastards, we're busy. Get away, you wops, or we'll open fire on you." So the Capriotes came back and said, "We better bring the padre with us." Next day they went out with the white sheets again, only this time they brought the priest, who stretched out his arms and said, "Peace—all is peace—come to beautiful Capri. The Germans are gone—come to Capri, don't be afraid." Well, soon after that they came, first with machine guns in hand, looking to the left and right and behind themselves, but then they saw that there was peace on our island and they took over—and how!³⁴

Notwithstanding the famed "affluence" of Americans in the postwar years, travel to Europe was expensive for Americans, and daunting. They saved for these supposedly culturally uplifting trips for years, and they feared rejection by the locals. With his entertaining reports from the travel front, Bemelmans emerged as a leader among that cadre of educated writers, editors, and ad-men who believed that European style, even in its postwar dilapidated state, offered an antidote to bland American suburbia.

Shortly after he died in October 1962, *Playboy* published an excerpt from *The Street Where the Heart Lies*, "Gala at the Tour D'Argent," another

³⁴ Bemelmans, "Isle of Capri," *Holiday*, November 1949, 147.

typically “European” tale of a lovely stripper named Gala, who defends herself against a suspicious husband by recounting, in elaborate detail, all the great French food she and another man relished during a protracted night at the great Parisian restaurant on the Left Bank overlooking the Seine and Notre Dame. “Next came the pressed duck. That was the best, and the Tour D’Argent—Monsieur Vivanti explained to me—was the best place in the world to have pressed duck—and we got a card with the number of the duck on it.” Even while offering his readers his standard anti-Puritan perspective on social life, Bemelmans allows Gala to explain that sometimes, some things are much more gratifying than sex. She finally confesses:

“He said he was very hurt and he wanted to know why I didn’t want to go to bed with him.

“I said I was sorry, but I couldn’t jump in bed with anyone just because he wanted it.”

“So?”

“They had wonderful soufflé potatoes with the duck—you know, not those you get in other restaurants that are like parchment or potato chips. These were soft and then there was that wonderful sauce.”

It’s significant that *Playboy*, rather than *Holiday* or *Town & Country*, published this elegant and comic work, which Bemelmans illustrated with a full-page, almost full-body nude pen and ink drawing of Gala, accented with splashes of color at just the right places.³⁵ This drawing is clearly based on his oil nudes of Dodo D’Hambourg, a famous stripper at the Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris, who posed for Bemelmans fully clothed (!) (in a leotard, tights, *and* ballet shoes) in the late 1950s in his studio just outside of Paris in Ville D’Avray.³⁶ As Carrie Pitzulo has emphasized, *Playboy* attracted many of the most esteemed American writers at the height of its popularity in the 1950s and early 1960s, and not simply because the magazine paid well. Hugh Hefner and his editors took the literary portion of the magazine seriously. Aspiring to capture a readership consisting chiefly of college-educated men (and a good number of women) in their twenties and thirties, the editors took great care

³⁵ Ludwig Bemelmans, “Gala at the Tour D’Argent,” *Playboy* (December 1962), 122–24; 156; 160–64. Quoted material from 156.

³⁶ See photographs of Bemelmans in his studio with Dodo D’Hambourg in John Bemelmans Marciano, *Bemelmans: The Life and Art of Madeline’s Creator* (New York: Viking, 1999), 77.

in selecting and promoting their articles.³⁷ They really did want people to read the articles! As Murray Fisher, a senior editor, put it: “The magazine is an intelligent magazine. It is also interested in tits and ass. So are men. . . . *Playboy* didn’t think one more important than the other, nor see any contradiction between them.”³⁸ In prominently placing Bemelmans’s “Gala at the Tour D’Argent” in the “Special Christmas Gift and Nine Anniversary Issue,” *Playboy* paid tribute to the long career of an admired stalwart of the artistic-literary-advertising world of postwar New York City.

Bemelmans’s success couldn’t easily have been predicted. Raised with little family stability during his early boyhood in Austria, Bemelmans was shipped off to the United States at age sixteen. He arrived on Christmas Eve, 1914. His father forgot to pick him up, so young Bemelmans spent his first night in America on Ellis Island. In time, Bemelmans drifted into low wage work in the family business—hotels—and it was there, among the both the staff and the grandees of New York City’s flashy hotels and restaurants that Bemelmans learned the folkways of American high life—and how others responded to that life. As he eased his way into painting and writing, he also at this time developed lifelong friends in publishing and advertising. Like many bohemian artists trying to stay afloat, Bemelmans courted the great and in time he became a fixture at their haunts. He wrote with great flair about such places as the Ritz and the Astor Hotel. Beginning in 1946, he actually lived for a year and a half at the swank Carlyle Hotel, on the Upper East Side at Madison Avenue at 76th Street. The manager of the Carlyle allowed him to stay *gratis*—in recompense for the murals of Madeline and the animals from the Central Park zoo cavorting in Central Park he was then painting on the walls, the beams, and a few of the inlaid lighting fixtures of the elegant meeting place now known as Bemelmans Bar. As Bemelmans’s reputation as an author and public wag expanded in the 1950s, he developed a wide circle of devoted friends. He loved to be out on the town, in hotel bars and restaurants, eating, drinking, and smoking his much loved cigars, with a blend of figures from publishing and the beau monde. “Bems,” as many called him, made friends easily. Titled European aristocrats; American Ivy League graduates; editors who spent their days marking up magazine copy; busboys, waiters, *mâitres d’hotel*; and most notably, women of the higher social classes: everyone loved spending time with Bemelmans. Because of his zest for social

³⁷ Carrie Pitzulo, *Bachelor and Bunnies: The Sexual Politics of Playboy* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2011).

³⁸ Quoted in Pitzulo, *Bachelor and Bunnies*, 120.

life, Bemelmans became a live advertisement for the many publications to which he contributed.

At *Town and Country*, where he wrote more than fifty articles from the 1940s to the early 1960s, Bemelmans became good friends with the editor, Harry Bull. (Great name for an editor.) His second editor at the magazine, Henry Sell (another great name!), who took over the editorship in 1949, also enjoyed Bemelmans's friendship. "Ludwig used to call him Uncle Henry," said Bemelmans's longtime wife, Mimi (a convent girl turned model).

Like Johnson and his Fleet Street friends, Bemelmans had to make his own way in publishing. He spent long hours at his typewriter. Writing was not easy for Bemelmans, perhaps in part because English was not his first language. He thought he could express himself better with a box of colors before him, rather than a typewriter. Since Bemelmans was not an especially inventive writer, much of his writing took the form of a travelogue of his own life. Inevitably, editors and other publishing figures morphed into characters in his writing. In one charming piece about his early days in New York City, entitled "The Old Ritz," Bemelmans presents his Austrian mother, visiting for Christmas, looking at what one editor had written in the margins of a manuscript.

At first Mama was not impressed with my success. Writers and artists were to her forever insecure, and there was nothing one could expect from them except unhappiness. . . . [s]he was especially shocked by seeing a manuscript of mine that Harold Ross of *The New Yorker* had sent back for corrections. All the way down the margin of every page, it said, "What mean? What mean? What in hell mean?"

. . . . Mama sat with the manuscript in her trembling hands; it was exactly like many years ago when I came home from *Königliche Realschule* in Regensburg with my composition all red with professor's ink.

"O, mein Gott! O, mein lieber Gott in Himmell" she sighed, looking at Ross's margin notes. "What does it mean, 'What mean? What mean?'"

"It means that he doesn't understand what I have written means."³⁹

³⁹ Bemelmans, "The Old Ritz," in *Tell Them It Was Wonderful* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1985), pp. 161–62. Part of this work originally appeared as "A Gemütliche Christmas," *Town & Country*, December 1957.

This is an example of the word-play that was once so much a part of diverting, humorous writing that provided a welcome moment of joy during and after the Second World War, and well into the 1960s. It assumed a public whose middle-brow entertainment was active, not passive, and to a great degree, print-based.

Another example of such wit appears in the brief introduction he wrote in 1952 for a book about one of his favorite restaurants in lower Manhattan, *Lüchow's German Cookbook*. Rhapsodizing on the welcoming cheerfulness—the *Gemütlichkeit*—of the place, Bemelmans singles out a Mr. Seute, the Herr Ober, who “is free of all the pretentiousness of his colleagues.”

The doors are open and anyone is welcome. In the words of the venerable Mr. Seute: “You don’t need a *gestarchte* shirt front to get in here. The only way you cannot come is *mitaus* a necktie.”⁴⁰

It is difficult to recapture, I think, the pleasure, and perhaps the comfort, this unashamedly “light” literature provided to a war-weary county. It is worth noting that in that same year Clifton Fadiman proposed in a long, earnest column for *Holiday* that Ogden Nash, the undisputed champion of American light verse, be awarded a Pulitzer Prize.⁴¹ The joy that such works brought their readers, and the writers who hoped to achieve “a consistently high level of modest achievement,” to use the phrase of Gordon Hutner,⁴² may help characterize a literary atmosphere especially difficult to recover now, especially when the anxious and dissimulating characters of the television program *Mad Men* are said by otherwise intelligent people to capture accurately the lives of suave New Yorkers of the early 1960s.

The exuberance of Bemelmans’s writing and life helped keep him in the public eye for decades. The fun and literary support Bemelmans dispensed to his fellows in the writing trade became itself a kind of talk of the town. Frank Zachary captures this in a brief reminiscence of Bemelmans written in 1996:

In the mid-Fifties, I spent a day in Paris with Bems, on the transparent pretext of scouting picture locations for an issue of *Holiday* magazine we both were working on. We started the day

⁴⁰ Jan Mitchell, *Lüchow's German Cookbook: The Story and the Favorite Dishes of America's Most Famous German Restaurant*. With an Introduction and Illustrations by Ludwig Bemelmans (Garden City: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1952), 13.

⁴¹ See *Holiday*, December 1952.

⁴² Gordon Hutner, *What America Read: Taste, Class, and the Novel, 1920–1960* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2009), 338.

with breakfast at the Ritz, and over the next two hours we were joined at intervals by Charles Ritz, Marlene Dietrich, the Duchesse de Tallyrand and some minor luminaries from the *Dictionnaire de la Noblesse Française*. This was followed by a three-hour bacchanal at the Méditerranée, a celebrated seafood restaurant where Bemelmans was greeted like King Poseidon rising from the sea.

After lunch, Bemelmans takes Zachary to the apartment of the Paris editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. The place was full of wit and gossip, and Zachary meets, as he puts it, "A tall elegant brunette in a magnificent tangerine silk gown, coiffured, coutured and maquillaged as the most elegant of Parisiennes can be[;] she was, as we used to say in Pittsburgh, a humdinger." The next day Zachary had an appointment at the Bibliothèque Nationale to do some work relating to another *Holiday* piece on sixteenth-century bookbinding. As usual, a long day with Bems had taken its toll, but Zachary roused himself and headed off to the library. "When I was announced, the curator of the rare-bookbinding division emerged in the person of the lady from the night before."⁴³ The humdinger gave Zachary exactly what he was hoping to find. Although far from his typewriter, Bemelmans, in his way, helped his fellow writer do his best work.

As I've said, this joyful, collaborative literary world already seems a part of a distant past. And it's worth pausing a moment to reflect on what we at our current moment in American literary history may be in the process of losing. In a recent essay on the power of Amazon to alter long-established practices in publishing, Steve Wasserman quotes a worried Peter Mayer, of Overlook Press. "I grew up in a world in which many parts together formed a community adversarial in a microcosmic way but communal in a larger sense: authors, editors, agents, publishers, wholesalers, retailers and readers. I hope . . . that we do not look back one day, sitting on a stump as the boy does in Shel Silverstein's *The Giving Tree*, and only see what has become a largely denuded wasteland."⁴⁴ Although I think such a reality is a typically overwrought American apocalyptic nightmare vision of the future, reality is unyielding: the changes in publishing—and in advertising—brought about by digital presentation of words and images have already made a lasting effect on literary life. All the more reason to defend and perhaps in some mod-

⁴³ Frank Zachary, "I Remember Bems," *Town and Country*, December 1996, 162–63; 206–6. Quoted material from 162; 205.

⁴⁴ Steve Wasserman, "The Amazon Effect," *The Nation*, 18 June, 2012, 22.

est ways to imitate the collaborative literary enterprises of Bemelmans—and Osborn and Johnson.

* V *

As befits this *Festschrift*, I unashamedly designed many of the specifics in this essay to stimulate memories of the good times many have shared with our friend and benefactor—and bibliopole!—whose life and work justify this book. Johnson's real world of writing, with its tough deadlines and eccentric scholars, booksellers, and authors; Osborn's circle of scholars, librarians, booksellers, and friends, united in their fascination with the British eighteenth century; and the New York publishing scene as enjoyed by that irrepressibly generous bon vivant and gourmand, Ludwig Bemelmans: these three spheres of activity all gloss, in one way or another, the world we and our fellow AMS Press devotees have enjoyed with Gabe.

For all this, and more, it seems simply just to conclude by applying Osborn's words to Sherburn to Gabe's work for AMS Press: the many volumes *the Press* has published constitute, unquestionably, "an important milestone in the history of eighteenth-century scholarship!"

For which our hearty, hearty thanks.

[FINIS]