

WRC
Z
881
482

The Flyleaf

RICE UNIVERSITY

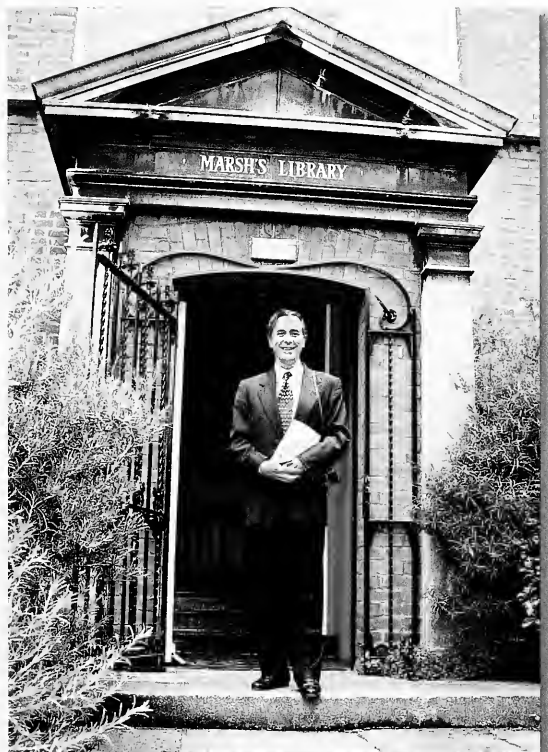
DEC 21 2000

LIBRARY

Friends of Fondren Library

Vol. 51, No. 1

Fall 2000



Charles Maynard Chronicles
the Fondren Tour 2000 to
Ireland and Scotland

A Letter to the Friends

Dear Friends of Fondren Library:

Another very exciting year is well underway for the Friends! On behalf of the Board of Directors, I would like to welcome our new board members: Teddy Adams, Georganna Barnes, John Ribble, Cathryn Rodd Selman, J.D. Sitton, Pam Smith, and John Wolf. We are pleased to attract such energetic, hard-working, devoted individuals to our board year after year.

I would also like to introduce this year's officers. Robins Brice will serve as vice president for membership, Elizabeth Kidd as vice president for publications, Frances Heyne as the gala chair, Pamela Giraud as secretary, and Kyle Frazier will again be our treasurer. We are fortunate to have such an impressive group serving the Friends.

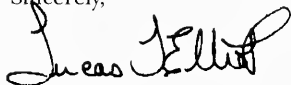
Our September event was the annual Distinguished Guest Lecture featuring Dr. Antonio R. Damasio. Dr. Damasio was enthusiastically received by the students, faculty, and friends of Rice University. In fact, many believe this may have been our largest audience yet! Special thanks to Texas Anderson who chaired this truly wonderful event.

In October, Karen Rogers chaired the first-ever Friends of Fondren Book Drive. Thousands of books were collected at Star Motor Cars in anticipation of the 2001 Book Sale. Thanks to Karen, Lee Seureau, and all of the volunteers who worked hard to make this drive a real success.

It was good to see you at the annual Homecoming Brunch in November. We were so pleased to honor Dr. David L. Minter this year for his commitment to the Friends and to Fondren Library. You will have the opportunity to read all about this exciting afternoon in the next issue of *The Flyleaf*.

As many of you know, plans are already underway for our next Friends of Fondren Gala. I am happy to announce that we will be honoring the Fondren family and The Fondren Foundation who have contributed so significantly to Rice University's Fondren Library. Please mark Friday, April 6, 2001, on your calendar. I hope you will join us.

Sincerely,



Lucas T. Elliot
President

Fondren Library

Founded under the charter of the university dated May 18, 1891, the library was established in 1913. Its present building was dedicated November 4, 1949, and rededicated in 1969 after a substantial addition, both made possible by gifts of Ella F. Fondren, her children, and the Fondren Foundation and Trust as a tribute to Walter William Fondren. The library celebrated its half-millionth volume in 1965 and its one-millionth volume on April 22, 1979.

The Friends

The Friends of Fondren Library was founded in 1950 as an association of library supporters interested in increasing and making better known the resources of Fondren Library at Rice University. The Friends, through members' contributions and sponsorship of a program of memorials and honor gifts, secure gifts and bequests, and provide funds for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts, and other materials that are needed to support teaching and research at the university.

The Flyleaf

Founded October, 1950, *The Flyleaf* is published by the Friends of Fondren Library, MS - 245, Rice University, P.O. Box 1892, Houston, Texas 77251-1892. *The Flyleaf* is a record of the activities of the Friends, the Fondren Library, and the generosity of the library's supporters. *The Flyleaf* is published three times in each academic calendar year and is also available online at the Friends of Fondren web site at <http://ruf.rice.edu/~fofl/>.



The Flyleaf

Editors:

Elizabeth W. Kidd,
Vice President, Publications

Mary Bixby
Mary Pat Julian

Photographs:

Mary Bixby
Jeff Fitlow
Mary Pat Julian
Charles Maynard

Layout:

University Publications

Contents

Fondren Tour of Ireland and Scotland	Page 4
Antonio Damasio Lecture	Page 17
Book Drive	Page 18
Treasures in the Attic	Page 19
Board Profiles.....	Page 21
Bookmark	Page 23
Friends of Fondren Membership	Page 25
Gifts to Fondren Library.....	Page 26
Looking Ahead	Page 28

Board of Directors 2000-2001

Officers

Lucas T. Elliot, *President*

Robins Brice, *Vice President, Membership*

Elizabeth W. Kidd, *Vice President, Publications*

Texas Anderson

Frances Heyne

Karen Hess Rogers

Vice Presidents, Special Events

Mrs. Pamela S. Giraud, *Secretary*

Kyle Allen Frazier, *Treasurer*

Edward B. "Teddy" Adams, Jr.

Georganna Allen Barnes

Alan Harris Bath

John W. Brice

David S. Elder

Diana P. Hobby

Mrs. Thomas W. Houghton

Charles D. Maynard, Jr.

Mary Catherine Miller

Katherine Fibleman Miner

David L. Minter, Ph.D.

Robert L. Patten, Ph.D.

John C. Ribble, M.D.

Cathryn Rodd Selman

Lee Chatham Seureau

Michelle M. Shedd

J.D. Sitton, III

Pamela Riley Smith

John E. Wolf, Jr., M.D.

Betty Bount Seale Wood

Ex Officio

Eugene H. Levy, Ph.D., *Provost*

Charles Henry, Ph.D., *Vice President and Chief Information Officer*

John B. Boles, Ph.D., *Chairman, University Committee on the Library*

Mary D. Bixby, *Executive Director*

Mary Pat Julian, *Associate Director*



3 1272 70157 2453

Friends Visit Ireland and Scotland

BY CHARLES D. MAYNARD, JR.

It was brisk at midday as our coach rolled onto the Shannon Dolphin at the Killimer Ferry terminal. The wide expanse of the Shannon estuary lay between us and Glin Castle, the first of many stops on our bibliographic itinerary. Most of us had arrived in Ireland the previous day, much of which was whiled away in the luxurious surroundings of Adare Manor, the first of our lodgings. Introductions had been made where necessary and acquaintances renewed that evening

over a sumptuous meal carefully planned by our guide, Lady Jane Howard, and beautifully executed by the warm and unfailingly polite Adare Manor staff. As with most journeys, it is our traveling companions, as much as our destinations that make them memorable. A wonderfully eclectic group dined together for the first time that evening. A librarian, appropriately; a physician and educator; an internet entrepreneur; a veteran of international oil and gas exploration and development; an editor and philanthropist; and, alas, a passel of lawyers, variously active and retired, thoroughly in need, and presumably in pursuit, of rehabilitation. Most importantly, a contingent of uncommonly lovely ladies, their luster undiminished by the fact that several were traveling in the company

of the lawyers. And then there was Lady Jane whose colossal erudition and awesome elocution did little to conceal warmth

tonic for lingering jetlag and the somnolent, if pleasant, effect of a morning coach tour through the Burren which had afforded us a glimpse of Cliffs of Moher and several hours to absorb large doses of the wisdom of Jinny. She had delivered a first rate lecture on Anglo-Irish history, laced with personal anecdotes and perfectly illustrated by the crumbling rock cottages strewn across the face of the barren, surprisingly once populous Burren. An English woman who had spent much time



The Burren

and depth of sentiment that would turn what might simply have been a pleasant journey into a joyful pilgrimage. Word had been from those who made the first tour with Jinny that we were to be guided by a remark-

Ireland is a place of exceptional beauty, but luxuriant, not dramatic.

It rarely takes your breath away.

able woman. They had not exaggerated.

Halfway across the estuary dolphins crossed our bow, grinning in porpoise propitiousness. The cool salt air was a perfect

in Ireland, Jinny evinced a respect and sympathy for the Irish and their tragic history that convincingly transcended pity.

Ireland is a place of exceptional beauty, but luxuriant, not dramatic. It rarely takes your breath away. Rather, it envelops you in a sense of timeless well-being. The rain is gentle; the wind soft; the temperature moderate; the light glowing. Its aspect benign. Therefore, it takes a conscious effort to grasp the harsh reality of life in a seemingly pleasant landscape, even in a place as stony and unyielding as the Burren, more picturesque than stark. Tourists are told that the gentians and orchids thriving in the fissures of its rocks support a local perfumery, a 20th century nicety that conceals 19th century reality. Under Jinny's gentle tutelage, eschewing nostalgia, we were able to visualize the difficul-

ties that faced those who had once lived there in great numbers, victims of famine and, as elsewhere in the U.K., clearances.

As we approached the south shore, we passed an enormous power station, its stacks rising into the mist, a reminder of how much has changed in Ireland. Within minutes and within sight of the stacks, we arrived at Glin Castle, facing north across the Shannon about 30 miles west of Limerick. We were greeted by Desmond Fitzgerald, the 29th Knight of Glin in a succession dating from the late 13th century. His wife, Olda, who had recently published a gorgeously illustrated book on gardens of Ireland, was recovering from recent surgery and joined us only later to escort us on a walk through her garden. The Knight recounted the history of the family, which, as he stated, "has managed to survive despite having always been on the wrong side." To illustrate his point, he offered the tale of an earlier Knight who, under siege in the original castle—the ruins of which still stand hard by the banks of the Shannon about a mile from the present house, which dates from the 18th century—was advised that his eldest son was in the hands of his besiegers. He was offered the choice of surrendering or watching his adversaries demonstrate their artillery whilst his son was pinioned on the end of the barrel. In a show of bravado, if not bravura, the Knight was said to have responded that he was young and his wife fertile and that other sons would follow. Happily, his adversaries relented and the expendable son survived presumably to become an ancestor of the present Knight. We wondered who



Lew and Marsha Eatherton at Glin Castle

would be the thirtieth Knight when Desmond let it be known that he has no son. He also told of days, only several generations past, when the family barely survived on income from its salmon fishery on the Shannon where it operated extensive weirs until the fishery was nationalized after independence. We were intrigued by a quiet reference made by the Knight to his first wife, Loulou de la Falaise, a former fashion model and bon vivant of the Studio 54 era.

We proceeded to a multi-course lunch, featuring local scallops notable in that they included their bright orange coral, rarely seen on this side of the ocean. After dining we enjoyed coffee and perused a small

but interesting library. Most of the collection was of local, not literary, import, such as a 19th century roster of the local royal yacht club that listed the then occupant of the British throne and an earlier Knight as the pre-eminent members. We were joined by Madam Fitzgerald who would lead us outdoors. The garden encompassed greensward, flowered slopes and woodland paths in addition to a traditional walled garden, overflowing with vegetables, herbs and cutting flowers, all detailed in Madam Fitzgerald's book which many of us bought and she graciously inscribed. For future reference, the house is open to visitors and offers overnight accommodations. We departed, savoring our perfect introduction to a world with time horizons and preoccupations so different than ours as our massive coach again negotiated the comparatively diminutive stone gate that must once have seemed imposing to approaching townspeople.

On the road back to Adare, sassy from food, drink and conviviality, Jinny began talking as we approached the riverside town of Foynes. Now on a more personal note, she told us of her



Mary Ellen Wilson at Adare Manor

childhood, sent to Canada with her mother and siblings during the war. Her mother determined to return them all to father and husband in England and so took them by ship to Portugal, a neutral state. They languished for weeks in Lisbon where her mother sold her jewelry to sustain them until they could procure passage to Ireland on the famous Foynes Flying Service, one of the first over-ocean flying services which operated float planes in and out of the Shannon estuary. One fateful day, with one fewer ticket in hand than was necessary to transport the entire contingent, she elected to defer their travel one more day so all could go together. Those relinquished tickets were snatched up by other eager travelers who departed for Foynes but were never to arrive. For on that day the Flying Boat, carrying the actor Leslie Howard among others, was shot out of the sky by the Germans acting on the mistaken rumor that Winston Churchill was aboard. The following day Jinny and her family flew safely to Ireland and eventually returned to England from which, she quickly added, her father was soon dispatched to Washington D.C. for the duration of the war while his wife and children remained behind. We were discovering that Jinny lived close to history.

Returning to the Manor, we might have wondered what could match the experiences of our first day, but were not to be disappointed. Dining that evening in exquisite fashion, again thanks to Jinny's planning, we were joined by old friends of Diana Hobby, Patty Punch, Humanities Librarian at

"We're now actually on the wrong turning, since we missed the right turning, which will actually be a much better turning provided we don't lose it altogether."

the University at Limerick, and Cathy and Jerry Supple, president of Southwest Texas State University, who happened to be traveling in Ireland at the time. It was during this meal that Jinny issued a poetic challenge, recounted later in this article. We travelers became better acquainted, turning the conversation to various events of our first day together and speculat-

ing on the present whereabouts of Ms. de la Falaise.

In the morning, we left the Adare Manor and its enormous cypress stretching over the languid waters of the River Maigue, resolved that we would get serious about our libraries. Our destination was Dublin, via Kilkenny, where we would visit St. Canice's Library at the church of the same name, founded in 1693 by Bishop Thomas Otway and one of the oldest lending libraries in Ireland. In short order, we were blissfully "lost," marveling at the skill of our driver, David, as he negotiated the winding lanes of south central Ireland forming a maze between Limerick and Kilkenny, lanes shared with everything from cows to enormous concrete trucks like out-of-place Leviathans. At one point Jinny remarked, "We're now actually on the wrong turning, since we missed the right turning, which will actually be a much better turning provided we don't lose it altogether." We took what little comfort we needed passing the recognizable Mountain of Women, named for three Celtic heroines who must have become famous while reclining.

No longer lost, we found ourselves at Cashel, once the capital of Munster, one of four old kingdoms of Ireland. The Rock of Cashel is crowned with the ruins of a 13th century cathedral, at one time an archbishopric and later a Protestant bishopric. It survived a fire in the late 15th Century, an act of arson by an Earl of Kildare, who justified his vandalism by telling Henry VII that he "thought that the bishop was in at the time." The King was so pleased with this reply that he made the Earl a lord deputy and



Kay Schill, Charles Maynard, Dean Lynas, John Ribble at St. Canice's Library



Blue delft at the Cathedral of St. Canice

paid for a restoration of the building. Cromwell had also ravaged the building in 1647. It became a ruin when the roof was removed by a 19th Century bishop too idle to climb the hill from his palace to hold services there. His neglect was apparently more profound than the earlier catastrophes, but an ancient chapel known as Cormac's chapel survives along with a very fine example of an 11th Century round tower. We toured the Rock and lunched in its shadow at the Cashel Palace Hotel, from the rear garden of which direct access to the Rock may be had by a private path, presumably the one the former bishop was loath to follow. The most remarkable thing about the Rock of Cashel is how unsullied the view from its height remains. At its foot lies the typically compact village of Cashel. Otherwise, the view is across open meadows, dotted with farmsteads and grazing sheep, a view that extends to the horizon in every direction, a

vivid portrait of the Ireland that has survived the many depredations it has been compelled to endure.

In Kilkenny, David miraculously found a parking space large enough to accommodate our enormous coach and close enough to allow us to walk comfortably into the forecourt of St. Canice's. We were greeted by the librarian and Bishop's Vicar, the Very Reverend Norman Lynas, who explained that this once Catholic church was now Church of Ireland, a close cousin of the Church of England which has survived independence very well, thank you, and yet occupies the grandest and most ancient ecclesiastical edifices on the island. We visited the library, most of which is housed, somewhat precariously, in the unheated original building, and the best of which is held in the treasury of the cathedral, adjacent to the sacristy. Here we found what we had come to see:

- a 1540 third edition of the Great Bible with woodcuts by Thomas Cromwell,
- an early copy of Shakespeare's Fourth Folio,
- a first edition of the *Leviathan* dating from 1651,
- the Second Prayer Book of 1552 from which the Bishop's Vicar read to us the marriage ceremony.

Alas, all of us remained in our then present married or unmarried states. Before our departure, several of the ladies asked if they could freshen up and were escorted out of our presence by the Bishop's Vicar. They returned wide-eyed and gleeful and, in due course, all of

us visited the Bishop's real seat, a fantastic blue delft toilet which is pictured, with apologies, in this article. It was not the last remarkable plumbing fixture we were to see. At supper that same evening, in a private dining room at the Shelbourne Hotel overlooking St. Stephen's Green, we reveled in the events and sights of the day and afterwards flowed into the streets in pursuit of Irish music and merriment.

During our sojourn in Dublin we would visit three libraries. The Archbishop Marsh's library at Dublin Castle, the oldest public library in Ireland, holds a beautifully conserved collection from which we were shown a Blaue Atlas dating from 1662 and a 1750 Natural History of Birds in two volumes with watercolor paintings on vellum and the English Physician Enlarged (sic) printed in London in 1669, "not a work of botany but a 'home doctor,' " informing the reader how to gather and recognize herbs as well as how to use them. It advised, "beans eaten are extrem windy meat; but if after the Dutch fashion, when they are Aal boyled you husk them, and then stew them (I cannot tell you how, for I never was a Cook in all my life) they are wholesomer Food." Some of us thought wistfully of Mexican food, which we would forego for two weeks.

We next visited Trinity College Library where we were escorted by Dr. Bernard Meelhan, Keeper of Manuscripts, and enjoyed a private viewing of selections from the collection not available to the public with the librarian, Charles Benson. The collection was begun in 1601 and by 1610 contained

5,000 volumes. It possesses more than 550 incunabula. The Copyright Act of 1801 made Trinity a depository library which, like other libraries in the United Kingdom, led to its rapid enlargement. It possesses and we viewed:

- a first edition of Dante's *Divine Comedy* printed in Vienna,
- a 1478 copy of Plutarch's *Lives* printed in Venice on vellum with moveable type,
- a copy of the Book of St. Albans printed in London on paper in 1496,
- the only extant copy of a play by an unknown author entitled *An Interlude*, only the fifth drama to be printed, in 1522,
- the 1551 Book of Common Prayer, the first book printed in Ireland approximately 100 years after the invention of the printing press, illustrating how isolated Ireland was at the time,
- an ABC and Catechism, the first book printed in Irish in Ireland in 1571 in Dublin of which only four copies are known.

Mr. Benson was openly unenthusiastic about listing Trinity's rare books on the Internet, avowing that he really didn't want anyone to know what they have. Said he, "If I were trusting, I'd have been in the banking business. I am in the mistrusting business—I'm a librarian."

Our third library in Dublin was the Chester Beatty Library, assembled and donated to Ireland by an American business magnate who is the only private person ever to have been given a state funeral in Ireland. The library contains an extraordinary collection of Islamic mate-



The Chester Beatty Library

rials, notably a collection containing 250 manuscripts, among them the so-called Blue Qur'an, executed in gold ink on blue vellum and dating from the 10th Century. We toured a permanent exhibit of Chinese, Islamic, European and Coptic books and manuscripts. It is hard to describe the effect of viewing a Coptic manuscript on papyrus with excerpts from the Gospel of St. John dating from the 3rd Century A.D., a mere 250 years after the time of Christ. The collection also contains 2000 Persian miniatures, beautiful Japanese scrolls and a collection of books presented to Marie Antoinette on the occasion of her marriage at age 14 to the future Louis XVI. We

were graciously conducted through the collection by its director, Dr. Michael Ryan, who refreshed us with morning coffee and tea and allowed us to examine closely special selections from the collection.

Later that same day, we lunched at the 12th Century Leixlip Castle, which stands on a rock at the confluence of the Liffey and the Rye Rivers. Its name derives from the Danish "lax hlaup" meaning salmon leap. Now owned and occupied by debonair Sir Desmond Guinness, a member of the prominent brewing family and an old friend of Jinny. He and his wife, Penny, treated us to a seated luncheon accompanied by fine wines that challenged our powers of concentration as we listened to a post luncheon lecture on Irish bookbinding, a surprisingly engrossing presentation by Sir Maurice Craig. He emphasized that early books were printed without bindings to be provided later by the purchaser to suit his or her taste. Red morocco with gilt emboss-



Dr. Charles Henry and Dr. Maurice Craig at Leixlip Castle

ing apparently suited the tastes of most collectors but styles of embellishment varied considerably in design and execution. As



Sir Desmond Guinness and Lew Eatherton

Dr. Craig advised and convinced us, “the Irish had a gift for observance of scale.”

Our subsequent tour of the house would reveal that that is not all the Irish are prone to observe. In an upstairs bedroom, we admired a handsome four legged bathtub strategically placed before a window overlooking the courtyard. Our attention was drawn to a framed tabloid photograph hanging nearby, depicting a handsome and stark naked Jerry Hall, the consort of rock singer, Mick Jagger, standing in that very tub during an earlier visit with our hosts, presumably freshly washed, but with neither red morocco nor gilt to be observed. Ah, the pleasures of plumbing the cultural depths.

Sir Desmond also intrigued us with stories of his mother, one of the six Mitford sisters, all great beauties, two of whom were notable for their fascist leanings, one of whom married Oswald Mosely, leader of the British Union of Fascists and was imprisoned during the war, and the other who traveled to Nuremberg to meet Hitler, shot herself when Britain declared war on Germany and lived on

with the bullet lodged in her brain. Of the others, one became a poultry expert, another a comic novelist, yet another who moved to America, joined the Communist Party and eventually wrote the classic, *The American Way of Death*, and the last of whom married into the British aristocracy and eventually found herself chatelaine of Chatsworth, one of England’s greatest country houses. Portraits of all six graced the walls of the drawing room in which we sat listening.

En route, Jinny had warned us of Sir Desmond’s beguiling china blue eyes, which certainly were and must have been.¹ She had alluded to tales of their own university days but had steadfastly refused to tell us anything until after we had completed our visit, so as not to embarrass our host. Needless to say, we were eager for the truth when we reluctantly departed in the late afternoon, rolling ponderously across the gravel courtyard in our coach as the diminutive castle receded in the distance. Jinny dutifully kept her promise and recounted a tale of a petit scandale involving a radical

haircut, the procurement of a complete set of male formal wear and attendance at a traditionally all male supper at Sir Desmond’s Oxford college which led inexorably to her being asked to “go down” from Oxford. She masterfully concealed the hurt, if any, lamenting only that the greatest difficulty had been sitting through an entire meal at table surrounded by hoards of handsome young male Oxfordians without uttering a single word for fear of discovery of her femininity. Judging from the pleasure with which she spoke to us throughout the days of our traveling together, pleasure shared equally by her listeners, it must have been a trying task. But, through it all, the friendship had endured.

An added treat in Dublin was a private reception at the residence with the American Ambassador, the thoroughly delightful former governor of Wyoming, Michael Sullivan, and his charming wife, Jane, at the ambassadorial residence in Phoenix Park. Many of you readers will know there is a special and enduring relationship

between the Republic of Ireland and the United States. The residence is one of only two in Phoenix Park, across the road



Ann Ribble, Mary Ellen Wilson, Jane Sullivan, Dick Wilson

between the Republic of Ireland and the United States. The residence is one of only two in Phoenix Park, across the road

from the residence of the President of the Republic, with a grand view looking south over a deer meadow to the Wicklow Mountains on the west of Dublin. Prior to our audience, several of us become curious about how a governor of Wyoming, "surely a Republican," had been selected to serve as Ambassador during a Democratic administration. Some quick Internet research conducted by Norman Reynolds on his laptop computer revealed that Ambassador Sullivan had in fact been elected Governor of Wyoming as a Democrat. When tactfully asked how he had managed to be elected in what outsiders perceive as a staunchly Republican enclave, the Ambassador explained that Wyoming will elect a Democrat to an office close enough to keep an eye on him but would never send a Democrat so far away as Washington. Perhaps equally surprising was his revelation that his legal career, which preceded his political career, had not been as a plaintiff's lawyer as several of us had surmised, but that he had specialized in medical malpractice defense, bringing a smile to the face of Dr. and Mrs. Ribble. He unabashedly attributed his decision to enter politics to a mid-life crisis and understandably acknowledged complete satisfaction with the results of his rashness, thrilled with the rediscovery of his Irish ancestry and the experience of serving in



Charles Maynard and Norman Reynolds with Ambassador Michael Sullivan

such a welcoming country. Adding to the pleasure of the beautiful surroundings of the residence, was a wonderful collection of western art loaned to him by museums in the state of Wyoming as well as selections he had made from the State Department collection, including three Rembrandt Peale portraits. Later, Jinny disclosed a familial connection with the residence. Her great-great uncle, Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly appointed Secretary to the Viceroy in Ireland, who then resided in the home now occupied by the President of the Republic, was assassinated by an Irish fanatic at the gate of what was to have been his residence, now the Ambassador's residence. The assassin mistook him for the Viceroy.

Our days in Dublin were, we thought, incomparable, filled as they were with the library visits already described and interspersed with fine dining at the Shelbourne Hotel, where we bunked, and evenings on the town which included traditional music and a performance of George Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" at the Peacock Theater. We reluctantly packed our bags, and left them outside of our doors from whence David would ritually stow them aboard our coach, relieving us of any semblance of responsibility for getting from point A to point B other than planting ourselves in our seats. Ahead of us lay a drive north out of Dublin to Belfast to pick up the ferry across the Irish Sea to Scotland. Seating is one of those generally unacknowledged subtleties that can often have enormous effect on our enjoyment of an occasion. At our evening meals, Jinny routinely employed place



Ann and John Ribble

1 In correspondence to Desmond's mother, then in prison, her sister Nancy wrote, in 1942, about a visit to the theater with her own children and her nephew, Desmond: "Desmond's eyes lured Vic O from the stage." Vic O was a stage entertainer, married to Winston Churchill's daughter Sarah.



Diana Hobby and Lady Jane Howard at the Shelbourne Hotel

cards to keep the salad tossed, but on the bus we were left to our own designs. David, of course, was obliged to sit behind the wheel, which was a right hand drive, Jinny crouched on a stool to his left, microphone in one hand and notes in the other, keeping up a constant narrative as we progressed along the road to Oz. Those who sat in the front rows, expectedly the better behaved among the group, were nonetheless occasionally shushed for interrupting the narrative because they were within hearing distance of Jinny. On the other hand, they immediately had answers to questions that her narrative might prompt because of their proximity to her. The farther back in the bus one progressed, or regressed, as the case probably was, the rowdier the tour became. Although most of the contingent did some time in the back of the bus on one day or another, there was a cadre that remained

there throughout, no doubt unable to break, even in their maturity, the irresistible allure of distance from authority, which doubtless afflicted them throughout their school years and beyond. I will not identify those who held fast in the back but suffice to say that Jinny's narrative, to which we all listened nonetheless with at least one ear, was overlaid with riposte and ribaldry, none of which Jinny could hear way up in the front. Many thanks to those who participated in this surreptitious dialogue. It added much to the journey. It is enough to say that there was never enough said. The discussions often continued off the bus and beyond, to cocktails, dinner and may continue in correspondence for years, who knows?

And so we left the clean and comfortable confines of the Emerald Isle with its turf fires and its ubiquitous pubs with charming but often perplexing sobriquets, such as Waxies Dargle, a name that kept us bewildered and entertained for the duration of our trip and the meaning of which became known only after our return to America. We debarked upon the shores of one of the remaining united kingdoms and traversed the grandeur of the Scottish lowlands, its broad valleys and rivers, distant mountains and misty western isles. Our destina-

tion was Glasgow, Scotland's 19th century dynamo. Sprawled along the banks of the Clyde, it surprised with its grand Georgian architecture and older city center. Dating from a 6th century village which grew around a church built by St. Mungo (later immortalized by one of T. S. Elliot's cats, Mungo Jerry, as well as Glasgow's great cathedral), it is now home to one million people, all of whom seemed to be home while we were there. Its name derives from the Gaelic "glas cau" meaning the green place. Great Britain's western trading port for sugar, tobacco and cotton, it developed shipbuilding and heavy industries along the Clyde estuary in the 19th century which created enormous wealth. One shipping tycoon, Sir William Burrell, collected on an enormous scale and very eclectically. His legacy was bequeathed to the city in 1944 on the condition that it be housed



Marsha Eatherton, Beverly Baker, Ann Ribble, Trish and John Brice in Dublin

out of reach of "atmospheric pollution and not less than 16 miles from the Royal Exchange." It contains antiquities, tapestries, stained glass, 19th century painting, late Gothic and early Renaissance art, and Chinese ceramics,



The group climbs the hill to the University of Glasgow Library

and resides at the Burrell Collection, in a park setting outside the city center. Our morning at the Collection was an unforgettable experience.

In Glasgow some of us visited the Hunterian Museum at the University of Glasgow and enjoyed a private viewing of books and incunabula in the University library with Dr. David Weston, Keeper of Special Collections, which runs to over 300,000 items, ten percent of which were published before 1610. It includes 1,000 incunabula and, like the library at Trinity, grew significantly upon designation as a depository library in 1709. Contrary to the attitude of the Trinity librarians, Glasgow has pioneered digitization of its collection and enthusiastically embraced the web to make its holdings available beyond the confines of the University. We spent a memorable afternoon cautiously examining and reading spectacular illuminated manuscripts and early

printed works ranging from scientific and zoological treatises employing illustrations to scandalous early works of fiction and fable. The things we were permitted to touch and hold were fabulous, and the hospitality and enthusiasm of their Keeper boundless and infectious. In welcoming us on our arrival in a light downpour, he had remarked, "you can always tell what season it is by the temperature of the rain."

En route into Glasgow on the afternoon of our arrival in Scotland, we had stopped for lunch at Ardgowan, the home of Sir Houston and Cindy Shaw-Stewart, built between 1798 and 1801. Beautifully located on a rise, it is home to a library currently being catalogued by a group of volunteers, the organizer of whom disclosed that, originally thought to hold 3,500 volumes, it had been found to hold 9,000 volumes, many unbound, no doubt still awaiting their red morocco and gilt embossed bindings. Among these were several volumes of Voltaire, published contemporaneously, at least one of which had never had its pages cut. Collectors were not necessarily readers one must surmise, although 9,000 volumes would be a daunting task even in a lifetime. The house also contained portraits by prolific Edinburgh portraitist, Sir Henry Raeburn, and a full length portrait of Napoleon by La Freve, reputedly given Sir Houston's ancestor, Michael Shaw-Stewart, by Napoleon's mother. In a nearby glass case rested a military cap that had belonged to Napoleon. Because a light rain limited our ability to tour the grounds, the Shaw-Stewarts gave us the run of

their house, allowing us to peek even into their bedrooms and guest rooms, and described the rest of the estate in conversation at lunch. Seated at a long table in their immense dining room, Houston at one end and Cindy at the other, silhouetted against a window overlooking an extensive lawn, we dined wonderfully. At one point Cindy paused, glanced down the table and remarked: "Houston, darling, did you know that two weeks ago three more large stones fell from the roof of the chapel," referring to the nearby family chapel in obvious need of repair, to which her husband replied, nonchalantly: "No, darling, I didn't," returning to his conversation. Later, observing invitations to a succession of upcoming royal birthday celebrations lined up on their mantel, one could understand the nonchalance in the context of pri-

Glasgow has pioneered digitization of its collection and enthusiastically embraced the web to make its holdings available beyond the confines of the University.

orities vastly different than our own. The genuine hospitality of our gracious host and hostess dispelled all reservations any of us might have had in leaving

the friendly Irish and embracing the stern Scots.

From Glasgow we made an excursion to one of the western isles, the Isle of Bute, to visit Mount Stewart House, home of the Marquesses of Bute. Traveling west along the south bank of



Lady Jane Howard, Cindy Shaw-Stewart, and Dr. Charles Henry at Ardgowan

the Clyde, we boarded a ferry from a spectacular 19th century wrought iron and glass combination railway and ferry terminal that enabled last century holiday-makers to walk covered from train to boat, and crossed Wemyss Bay to Rothesay on the isle of Bute. Mount Stewart House, constructed beginning only in the late 19th century adjacent to an earlier, more modest manor house, remains a grand work in progress. Unlike many baronial houses, which have suffered the effects of age and changing economic circumstances, it is in pristine condition, its library immaculate and its collection in a wonderful state of preservation. The Lord of Bute, formerly a grand prix race driver using the name Johnny Dumfries until the death of his father, had been known to Jinny all his life but was unfortunately away at the time of our visit. We were wel-

comed and escorted by Andrew McLean, a young archivist hired by the new Lord of Bute only a year or so earlier to organize and catalog the collection.

What unfolded in the hour we spent with him was perhaps the most amazing experience of our trip. Amongst the family possessions were:

- an early charter dated November 11, 1400, issued by King Robert III to his brother, the "Black Stewart"
- John, an ancestor of the family,
- another charter issued by King James IV in 1498 with part of the original wax seal still attached,
- a text entitled *Discovery of Witchcraft* by Reginald Scott published in London in 1584,

- correspondence written in 1820 from the first Marquess of Hastings, grandfather of the Third Marquess of Bute, to Major General Hardwick from Sumatra reporting that "all criminals are eaten alive. Notwithstanding this, the people are hospitable and kind hearted",
- a folio of Shakespeare comedies published in 1623,

- a Bible dating from 1639 which had been owned by King Charles I who lost his head to Cromwell and thus had no need of the bible. Its jeweled cover embroidered with gold and silver thread was dazzling. It became the family bible of the Windsor family and contains the family histories of the Bute and Windsor families,
- an important collection of Jacobite manuscripts,
- a first edition of Robert Burns' poems of which only 600 copies were printed,
- a second edition of Burns' poetry, annotated in his hand for friends, only recently discovered in the collection,
- a manuscript of his poem *The Lament* in Burns' handwriting which differs slightly from the later published version,
- A manuscript of Lord Byron's 1816 poem *Beholden Helen of the Heart*,



Kay and Gus Schill at Ardgowan

- a 1775 letter, one of over 100 such letters from Charles Stewart to his father. The son served in the British army with Cornwallis at Yorktown during

the American Revolution and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

But most spectacularly, we were shown, and Mr. McLean read for us, a letter he had recently found containing an eyewitness account of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Robert Wingfield, at the behest of high officials who wanted positive proof of her death. In the letter she was described as tall, with a corpulent face, broad and flat, eyes of hazel and hair of gray, double chin. It detailed the mode of execution, which required more than one blow, and spoke of her little dog, who after her execution ran from beneath her skirts to her head only to be covered by her blood, all vestiges of which were washed, not only from the dog, but from the place of execution and disposed of with anything else that might become a relic or a rallying point to her supporters. Almost sympathetically, dark clouds and distant showers obscured the sun on our return crossing of Wemyss Bay. Conversation returned again and again to the account of Queen Mary's death and the fascination of such proximity to history.

From Glasgow we traveled to our final destination, Edinburgh, stopping en route at Kinross House for a private visit and lunch with Mrs. James (Lizzie) Montgomery. Construction of the house, designed and built for himself by architect Sir William Bruce, who also designed Holyrood House, was begun in 1685 and completed in



Norman and Sally Reynolds at One Devonshire Gardens in Glasgow.

1693. It is in the Palladian style and beautifully sited on the shore of Loch Leven. From the front door, one has a view completely through the house, down a path traversing a formal parterre through a gate at the far end to the small castle on an island in the lake where Mary Queen of Scots was once imprisoned and from which she escaped in 1568 to seek sanctuary in England. The house's small library contains the works of Swift, including *Life of the Author* consisting of 19 volumes published in 1814. It also holds a large collection of portraiture, including one of an earlier Lady Montgomery, née Helen Graham, by Sir Henry Raeburn dat-

Mr. McLean read for us, a letter he had recently found containing an eyewitness account of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots...

ing from 1817. Several of us enjoyed perusing a book containing a detailed record of estate hunts spanning the better part of the 20th century listing numbers of pheasant, duck, hare and other quarry bagged and containing wonderful photographs, many dating from the years prior to the Great War, in which all of the notable participants were identified. Our

lunch with Mrs. Montgomery was as enjoyable as the setting, and she gracefully disclosed her recipe for the delicious baked chicken when asked.

Our accommodations in Edinburgh were at the chic, new Point Hotel, a flatiron shaped building that formerly housed a department store, lying close to Edinburgh University, the Hay Market and beneath the rampart of Edinburgh Castle, of which we were afforded spectacular views. The decor differed markedly from the manorial splendor of Adare, the comfortable Georgian of the Shelbourne, and the luxury of One Devonshire Gardens, which we had enjoyed in Glasgow. Stark post-modern, it flaunts pink hallways and sparsely furnished rooms with walls painted in various primary colors. It attracts a decidedly nontouristic crowd of young business types and boasts a fine restaurant at which we were served an updated version of Haggis as eggroll that was quite delicious. We travelers now thoroughly acquainted and comfortable with one another and so centrally located, there was much coming and going during our stay in Edinburgh, to and



Members of the group outside Kinross House looking out across Loch Leven

from shopping, sightseeing, antiquing and carousing, inspired, perhaps, by the seemingly nonstop activity in the streets surrounding the hotel through all hours of the night which, at that latitude, never quite became night. Raucous conversation could be heard at any hour by the wakeful. And we spent many an hour pub crawling on the Royal Mile, seeking out traditional Scottish music and good times. We found both in copious quantities.

One afternoon we journeyed to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott with a library containing approximately 7,000 volumes, assorted weaponry, armor, trophies, and memorabilia such as locks of hair of Bonnie Prince Charley and Lord Nelson. It lies on the river fabled for its salmon, the Tweed, beloved by Scott. On that sunny, balmy afternoon we all walked from the house, across the sheep meadow,

through the gate and to the banks of the river basking in it all. The sights. The sounds. The friends. The past. The present. The future.

Still daytime pilgrims, we enjoyed a private visit at the National Library with Dr. Murray, Director of Special Collections, and an excursion to Balcarres, the seat of the Earl of Crawford & Balcarres, in Anstruther on the north shore of the Firth of Forth in sight of the Isle of May, where we saw another astounding library. The National Library evolved from the National Advocates Library, established by the bar in 1692 with 2480 items. David Hume was Keeper of the Library in the 1750s and was criticized for "buying French novels." The library now holds 4.25 miles of manuscripts and possesses the libraries of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle. It became the National Library of Scotland in 1925, moving from Parliament Hall, where it was housed in the late 18th century, to its present location in 1950.

Among the treasured items we viewed were

- Mary, Queen of Scots' last letter, written on the eve of her execution,
- a map drawn by David Livingston (we did not have to presume),
- the earliest dated Scottish book from 1508,

- a first edition of *Treasure Island*,
- and a Jacobite memoir written in 1746 on a pack of playing cards setting out an eyewitness account of the defeat of the armies of Bonnie Prince Charles at Culloden.

At Balcarres, we were received by Lord Crawford, Robin Lindsay, and his lovely wife, Ruth, who escorted us at length through her beautiful gardens, the most extensive we visited during the trip, as her grandson and a friend kicked a soccer ball in the nearby formal parterre. Beyond lay the isle of May in the entrance to the Firth of Forth and the open sea, a glorious setting. In his beautifully appointed library, Lord Crawford had set out for us wonderful items from his collection which, despite having been significantly reduced over the centuries by sales necessitated by changing economics, [the family's collieries in the midlands were nationalized after



Lord and Lady Crawford at Balcarres

the Second World War] was extensive. It demonstrated the seriousness of his ancestor collectors that put the library



Beverly and Walter Baker in the gardens of Balcarres

together and their profound love of literature and art. Among its holdings were:

- a letter of St. Jerome, printed in Rome by Reissinger in 1467,
- the first printed book to have been associated with Scotland, it belonged to Elenora, the daughter of King James,
- a first edition of the illustrations of the *Book of Job* by William Blake published in 1825, of which only 100 copies were printed, containing 21 engraved plates,
- *De Re Militari Balthurus* printed in 1472 in Verona, one of the earliest Italian books with woodcuts, a copy of which was included in Leonardo di Vinci's book list,
- 116 woodcuts by Frederico Frezzi, published in Florence in 1508, one of the two most profusely illustrated early Florentine woodcut books,
- a book containing the earliest known mention of the game of golf, included a statute limiting its practice,
- and all seven folios of the works of James Audubon pub-

lished by Havel in London in the 1830s.

The oldest part of the house was built in 1580. The library was begun in 1620 and became "the great bibliothèque of Scotland." Some books disappeared during the

depredations under Cromwell. The present Lord Crawford and his father made a search for them some years ago and found many at Worchester College at Oxford. We departed this, the last library on our itinerary, elated and temporarily sated, conversing excitedly about the "next trip."

Our last evening in Scotland, at a valedictory dinner at Prestonfield House on the outskirts of Edinburgh, once home of Sir James Dick, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, dating from 1687, we feted Jinny and David and extracted blood oaths that there would be another trip.

Early in our travels, as we were passing through the city of Limerick, correctly gauging the aptitude of the group, Jinny had issued a challenge. With apologies to Chuck Henry, who serves as Vice Provost as well

as University Librarian, she recited the first two lines of a limerick:

*There was a vice provost from
Texas
Who said, "It is books that
connects us."*

and invited us to supply the final lines before the end of the trip. Considerable energy went into the effort and versions were proffered daily, some nearly brilliant, some best forgotten. In the end, it was Mary Ellen Wilson's offering that was roundly embraced.

*There was a vice provost from
Texas
Who said, "It is books that
connects us."
Is it the feel of the page?
Is it the book as a stage?
Or the incunabula that just
gets us?*

We are connected ... indelibly. Consider this account a gauntlet tossed down to Jinny and David, my fellow travelers and those who would join us on another journey and many more for that matter. We hope to have you with us and we thank you, Jinny.



The Fondren Library tour group

A Geography of the Brain

By TEXAS ANDERSON

The Friends of Fondren Distinguished Guest Lecturer September 17th was the renowned neurologist Antonio Damasio. Dr. Damasio and his colleagues (including wife, Dr. Hanna Damasio) at the Iowa College of Medicine are using brain-imaging technology to explore and analyze the anatomical basis, not only of our emotions, but of consciousness itself.

Dr. Damasio's discussion to a large, enthusiastic audience of medical professionals and interested lay people carefully laid out the methods his team is employing to explore the dynamics of our brain's anatomical structure as it reacts to emotional stimuli.



Hanna and Antonio Damasio

Damasio's central premise, that our emotions serve our bodies which in turn become the stage on which our emotional and conscious life is played out, is detailed in his recent book, *The Feeling of What Happens: Body and Emotion in the Making of Consciousness*.

Explaining the methodology used to explore his research subjects inner worlds, Damasio projected images of the brain showing how differently loci respond to anger, sadness, happiness and fear. His photographs of



Dr. Damasio signs his book for an audience member.



Hanna Damasio, Texas Anderson, Karen Rogers, Arthur Rogers and Charles Maynard

the inner landscape of the brain in action (through Positron Emission Tomography) are as strikingly surreal as color images of outer space.

In Damasio's lecture, as in his writing, his findings (based on his clinical experiences with brain-injured subjects as well with ordinary healthy subjects) reinforce his hypothesis that our emotions are closely tied *geographically* to the "life-regulating" activities of the brain—maintaining homeostasis and keeping our anatomical systems on "go."

He contends that an hierarchical arrangement of the activities of the brain leads to the creation of the phenomena we call consciousness—thus—

the "emotion"—the physical response to a stimulus;

then the awareness of the emotion;

next the analysis of our awareness of the emotion;

and perhaps after that poetry or philosophy.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* science writer Carl Hall writes of Damasio's premise that:

"The most advanced forms of human creativity are 'the glory of extended consciousness' but it's all...essentially physiological.."

Friends of Fondren Library Book Drive

BY KAREN HESS ROGERS

On Saturday, October 28, the Friends sponsored a book drive in anticipation of the 2001 book sale. Since the books are currently stored at Star Motor Cars, donors were asked to bring their books directly to the dealership. From 9:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. donors drove through the brand new Mercedes service department to drop off their treasures. Volunteers enthusiastically tackled hundreds of bags and boxes

looking for the next precious discovery. Among these were a bound collection of fine architectural magazines from 1950 to 1972, many art books and a huge collection of German books from the Goethe Institute. A few non-book items surfaced including Cezanne slides, audio tapes and a

very old post card from Los Angeles. Books were divided into broad categories: hardback and paperback, fiction and non-fiction, with a special section devoted to finer books. Other separate categories included hobby and cookbooks, foreign language books, and children's books. Books will continue to be collected at Star Motor Cars until the 2001 book sale which is scheduled for the fall of 2001.



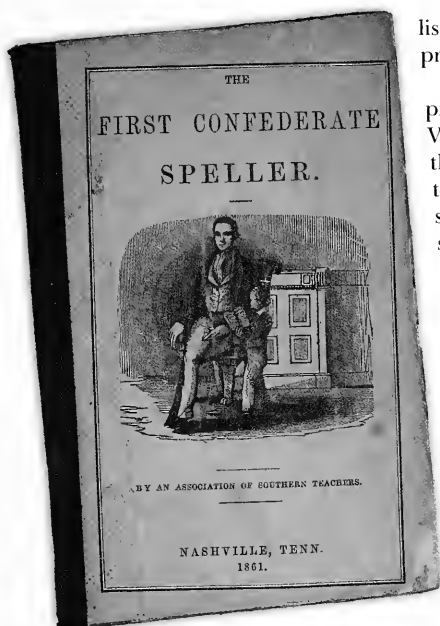
John Ribble, Karen Rogers, Connie Bath, Pam Smith, Lee Seureau and Alan Bath



Gilbert Gomez and Lee Seureau enjoy Dr. Andrew Barron's 1965 Super Seven which was on display with others from his collection.

Treasures in the Attic – Part Two: The Confederate Imprints

BY ALAN HARRIS BATH



If the Woodson Research Center is Rice's attic, then its vault can be likened to that sturdy, brass-cornered trunk in one's own attic in which the family treasures are kept. In the Woodson, one of these "treasures" is a collection of Civil War papers known as The Confederate Imprints. The Confederate Imprints consist of official and unofficial documents of the Confederate and State governments, as well as pamphlets, broadsides, sheet music, recruiting posters, and sermons pub-

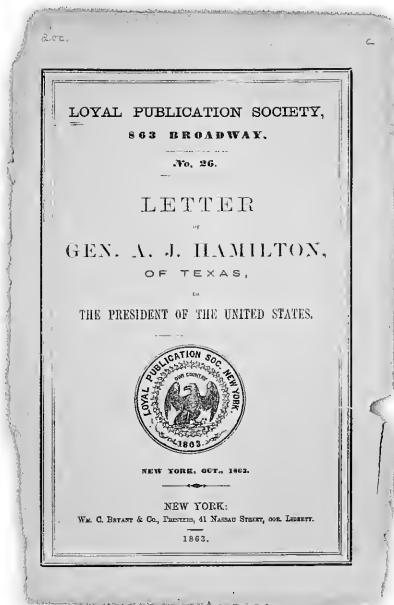
lished by Confederate presses.

In 1961 Rice history professor Frank Vandiver learned that the Massachusetts Historical Society was considering reducing the size of its Civil War holdings. This collection had been built by Dr. Samuel A. Greene, a Civil War veteran and librarian of the Society from the mid-1860s to World War I, and by the 1930s it was considered one of the finest in the nation, surpassed

only by those of the Boston Athenaeum and the Henry E. Huntington Library. The Society decided to retain a small reference library and all those records pertaining to Massachusetts and New England. It offered first refusal of the remainder to the Boston Athenaeum to fill gaps in its extensive collection. The bulk of the collection, books and pamphlets not in-

cluded in the Confederate Imprints, as well as the Imprints themselves were then offered for sale as a package. Dr. Vandiver negotiated the sale of the collection to Rice in early 1962 for the sum of \$45,000.

The question then became where to get the money? Rice President Kenneth S. Pitzer wrote Rice trustee and Chairman of the Board of the First City National Bank of Houston, William A. Kirkland, describing the project and expressing the hope that Kirkland would help



in "finding the funds to acquire the material." Bill Kirkland, a life trustee of Princeton University and Houston civic leader, did more than "help." He endorsed a note for the amount necessary to make the purchase, then set about raising the funds within his own family.

The principal donor was Mrs. Cora Root Peden, widow of Edward A. Peden. A Houstonian, Edward Peden had been a founder of the Peden Iron and Steel Company, Federal Food Administrator for the State of Texas during World War I, who, at the war's end went to Paris at

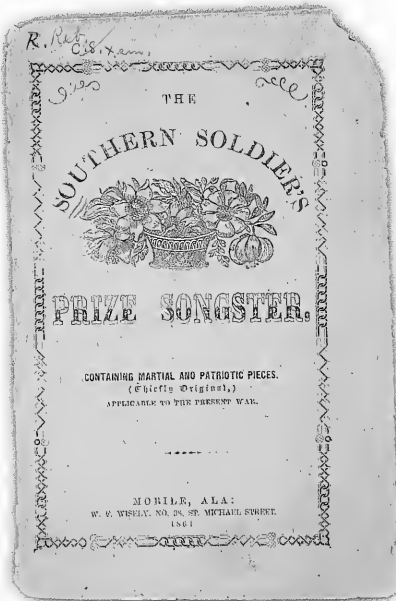
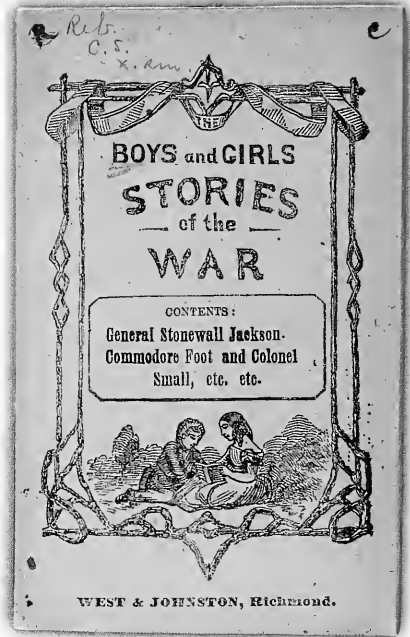
the request of Herbert Hoover to organize the European Child Relief Bureau of the American Relief Association. He served as a member of the Rice Institute Board of Trustees in the 1920s. Cora Peden, a native of Galveston, who had lived in Houston since childhood, was active in the cultural and civic activities, and was a founder of the Young Women's Christian Association

(YWCA) in Houston. Other family donors included Mrs.

Stella Peden Conner, daughter of Cora and Edward Peden, and a niece, Mrs. Mary Porter Vandervoort. Edward Kirkland personally contributed a substantial sum to reach the \$45,000 goal. Honoring his 19 years service to the university, in 1977 the Association of Rice Alumni awarded Mr. Kirkland its Gold Medal.

In letters thanking the donors President Pitzer commented that "The Confederate Imprints, which form the

bulk of the collection, are of such significance that they make Rice one of the three most important libraries for the study of the internal history of the confederate government." Significant additions were made to the collection in the 1970s, and while it can no longer be said that Rice is one of the "top three" in Imprint holdings, the Woodson collection is still of great value to students of the Confederate era. However, like those family heirlooms hidden in the trunk in the attic, the Confederate Imprints are sometimes forgotten until unpacked and put to use.



Board Profiles

BY ELIZABETH W. KIDD

KYLE ALLEN FRAZIER



Kyle Frazier

Kyle Frazier has served on the Friends of Fondren Board since 1997, and is currently the Treasurer. His service to Rice, however, extends well beyond the Friends. He has been a member of the Owl Club since 1986 (the Silver Owls since 1993), a Community Associate of Sid Richardson College since 1987, and has served the Association of Rice Alumni in many capacities, including as a Board Member (1996 - 1999), as Executive Committee member (1996 - 1999), and as Homecoming Chair (2000). Perhaps his greatest devotion is to Rice football, a love he inherited from his father, who played for Rice from 1949 to 1954, the greatest years of Rice football (so far).

In fact, Kyle has missed so few games since the late 60's that it was remarkable when he missed the second half of the last SWC game - only because his son was born during the first half!!

In his spare time he is an attorney with Frazier and Frazier, husband to Analise, and father to Kyle Brandt, age 4, and Madeleine Marie, age 2. Kyle and Analise were married in St. Paul's Methodist Church in 1991 and both remain active there, with Kyle currently serving on the Finance Committee as Treasurer. He is also very active in the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo and was Vice Chairman of the Calf Scramble Committee from 1997 to 1999. In his true spare time (how is that possible?), he enjoys golf, tennis, jogging, hiking, woodworking, gardening, and—of course—reading!

LUCAS T. ELLIOT

Lucas Elliot hails from New Orleans and returned there to Tulane Law School after graduating from Rice in 1986. Fortunately for Rice, and especially for the Friends of Fondren for which he serves as President of the Board, he returned to Houston soon thereafter to join Fullbright & Jaworski L.L.P. He married Vicky Nicandros, another active

Rice alum, soon after her graduation from Rice in 1987 and they have two children, Anastasia, age 6, and Nicholas, age 3.

In addition to his many contributions to the Friends of Fondren Library, Lucas has served Rice well in other capacities, most outstandingly as Chairman of the Lifelong Learning Committee of the Association of Rice Alumni from 1997 to 1999. He has also been very active with the Houston Symphony Society, serving previously as President of the Houston Symphony Partners, and as a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of the Houston Symphony Society, and currently as a member of the Board of Trustees/Advisors of the Society.



Lucas Elliot

Board Profiles continued

MARY CATHERINE FARRINGTON
MILLER



Mary Catherine Miller

Mary Catherine Miller joined the Friends of Fondren Board in 1996, adding work for the Friends to her many other civic endeavors. She is a long-time member of St. John the Divine Episcopal church, and supports the work of the church as well as St. John's School, on whose Board she served for thirteen years. Additionally she has been a support to Episcopal High School, the University of Houston Foundation, the Parish School, and the Neuhaus Education Center. Much of her work reflects her interest in education, fostered when she took courses at Rice after graduating from Randolph Macon College, and at Houston Baptist University, where she received a MBA in 1979.

Her interest in life-long education is also reflected in

her love of travel, a love which her husband Bill shares with her. Many of their trips are sponsored by educational institutions, especially Bayou Bend, where she served as a docent for eleven years. Her knowledge of antiques made her a natural to be the Chairman (1992) of the world-renowned Theta Antique Show.

Along the way Mary Catherine and Bill had four children: Bill, Michelle, Jim, and Kendall, and are now the proud grandparents of nine! At Fondren we feel fortunate that Mary Catherine finds time in her busy schedule to devote to the Friends of Fondren, for which she most recently served as Co-chair of the Annual Meeting. As a fifth generation Texan growing up nearby on Sunset Boulevard and riding her bike on the Rice campus, and as a member of EBLS, which she joined when she took education courses at Rice, she is very much at home here.

MICHELLE MILLER SHEDD

Michelle Shedd, who joined the Friends of Fondren Board in 1998, served with Mary Catherine as Co-Chair of the Friends of Fondren Annual Meeting. The job was made easier by the fact they not only serve on the Friends' board together, but also are a mother-daughter team. As might be expected, in many respects their interests coincide. Michelle too has been long involved in educational endeavors, with an emphasis on the fine arts.

Michelle graduated from Vanderbilt with a BA in Fine Arts, and after studying further in Florence, became a freelance graphic artist in New York. There she worked for a number of medical publishers and CBS. She returned to Houston, married Cliff Shedd and started a family, but continued her work as an artist and teacher at CAM and at her children's school, and served on the Board of the Glassell School.

Michelle and Cliff and their sons Travis, Daniel, Jim, and R.J., who live two blocks from the Rice campus, enjoy the lectures, concerts, and sports activities that Rice offers. Thus



Michelle Miller Shedd

Michelle's children are repeating the experience of Mary Catherine, who rode her bike at Rice when she grew up in the neighborhood, and Michelle is following Mary Catherine in "giving back" to Rice by serving on the Friends Board.

Bookmark

Bookmark is the book club of the Friends of Fondren Library, featuring book reviews both in print and online at our web site. You can participate by sending your own reviews and comments to fojfl@rice.edu.

Sex and Social Justice
by Martha C. Nussbaum,
(New York: Oxford University Press, 1999).

Review by Carol E. Quillen,
Department of History

In *Sex and Social Justice*, Martha Nussbaum articulates a "distinctive conception of feminism" that takes as its foundation a set of "human capabilities" which she argues should be respected globally, in all nations and by all cultures. This conception of feminism combines, as she says, elements often thought to be in tension: it is "internationalist, humanist, liberal, concerned with the social shaping of preferences and desire, and, finally, concerned with sympathetic understanding" (6). Nussbaum's book thus understands feminism, a commitment to the political and social equality of women, in the context of a more encompassing theory of global justice based on a universal commitment to nurturing in everyone the following capacities: life (normal life expectancy); bodily health; bodily integrity (freedom of movement, freedom from violent assault, opportunities for sexual satisfac-

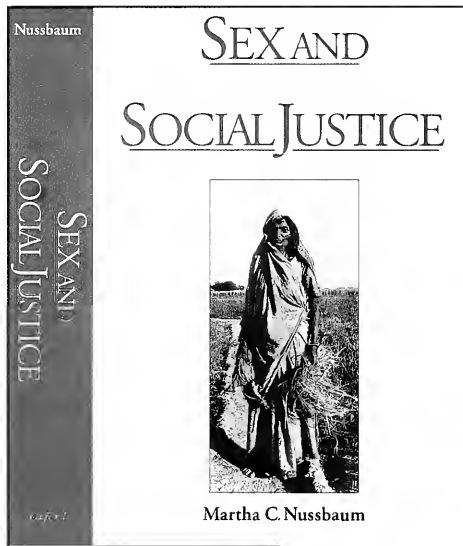
tion, reproductive choices); being able to use the senses, imagination, reason, and thought; being able to plan one's life in accordance with one's own moral ideas; being able to love and to play; being able to shape one's political environment through the rights of political participation, association, and free speech; being able to shape one's material environment through

tioned by particular cultural traditions.

Given her basically liberal framework, why does Nussbaum choose to articulate and defend her own position specifically as a "concept of feminism" rather than, say, as a distinctive version of liberalism or liberal humanism? According to Nussbaum, in spite of the promises of the liberalism's commitment to hu-

man rights, all over the world women still disproportionately lack the capabilities that make fully human functioning possible: in no country is women's quality of life equal to that of men; gender-based employment and wage discrimination is widespread; women are less likely than men to be literate; they are grossly underrepresented in govern-

ment; in many nations, women are less likely than men to receive adequate nutrition and health care; in nations like the United States, where some of these disparities between men and women are less marked, an alarming number of women suffer sexual violence. Such disproportionate suffering calls for an analysis that aims to formulate a



the right of property ownership and through equal opportunity for meaningful employment. Practices that interfere with these capabilities—female genital mutilation, unequal access to education, discrimination in employment, political repression, perhaps violent pornography, to name a few—should be opposed as unjust even if they are sanc-

version of liberalism which respects the dignity and the equality of women as human beings. From this point of view, feminism can be understood to emerge in the gap between liberalism's foundational principles and its practices. Within a global framework and from the perspective of the normative claims of Nussbaum's capabilities approach to justice, feminism refers to a critique of "customs and political arrangements" (32) that specifically constrain women.

What are the implications of Nussbaum's argument? What would it mean to structure social policy so as to provide all, including women, with the above-listed capabilities? The list itself is an important statement. It insists that we confront the tragic conditions of hunger, homelessness, and disease that many persons perpetually endure even as it moves us to imagine the rich lives of which human beings are capable. However, Nussbaum's approach and her argument do not, it seems to me, adequately speak to the most crucial issues facing modern societies. On basic issues of survival, issues about which there should be little controversy—adequate food, shelter, and health care, for example—Nussbaum

**IT INSISTS THAT WE
CONFRONT THE
TRAGIC CONDITIONS OF
HUNGER, HOMELESSNESS, AND
DISEASE THAT MANY PERSONS
PERPETUALLY ENURE
EVEN AS IT MOVES US
TO IMAGINE THE RICH LIVES OF
WHICH HUMAN BEINGS
ARE CAPABLE.**

brackets the political question: how? Through what institutions, social practices, and methods of redistribution can we work to allocate resources so as to ameliorate material deprivation worldwide? On more controversial

denied to another. Seeing these relationships is a central obligation of moral theorizing, for emancipation and oppression can emerge simultaneously. Sometimes what oppresses others allows us to speak.

Martha Nussbaum is Ernst Freund Professor of Law and Ethics at the University of Chicago with appointments in Classics, the Divinity School, the Law School, and Philosophy. She has written extensively on a wide range of ethical issues, from problems in ancient philosophy and literature to our contemporary debates about social justice and human rights. In addition to *Sex and Social Justice*, her books include: *The Fragility of Goodness* (1986), *The Therapy of Desire* (1994), *Cultivating Humanity* (1997), and *Women and Human Development* (2000).

ethical questions, those in which, for example, one person's flourishing comes at the expense of another, Nussbaum's approach provides equally little guidance. Any theory of justice must recognize how material and discursive structures—capitalism, nation-states, colonial encounters—establish and then occlude hierarchical relations among persons or groups of people, often without their consent or cooperation, such that the capacity for flourishing of one grows as it is

denied to another. Seeing these relationships is a central obligation of moral theorizing, for emancipation and oppression can emerge simultaneously. Sometimes what oppresses others allows us to speak.

In spite of these limitations, however, Nussbaum's book represents an eloquent and important contribution to contemporary debates about global justice and about feminism. Furthermore, her insistence on the ethical imperatives of the liberal humanist tradition, a tradition that at its best not only proclaims but actually works to ensure the natural freedom and equal moral dignity of all human beings, reminds us all of the work left to be done.

Friends of Fondren Library

June 1, 2000 – September 30, 2000

We welcome the following new

members:

Benefactors

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Selman

Patrons

Linda and Martin Debrovner

Sponsors

Teddy Adams

Robert and Rose Hohenberger

Melissa and Steve Kean

Bor-Feng Peng

Contributors

Marion R. and Mary Lou

Alexander

Michael P. Anderson

Georganna and John Peyton

Barnes

Saliha Bava

Jamie Dawn and William Gasper

Bell

David and Demeris Bonyuet

Mary Ann and Lawrence A. Boyd

Richard Braastad

Robert K. Bradley

Beatrice and Olivier Cante

Janet T. Carter

William R. and Mary Cheek

Vito A. Ciliberti

Ita Cirovic

Eric V. Coleman

Tara Conley

David and Ora Farchi

Adrian and Sinead Ferramosca

Maria G. Fioranza

Angela Cristina Otto and Luiz

Antonio Dubeux Fonseca

Joan F. Fox

Kevin and Deborah Gannon

Sudhir and Sandhya Gejji

Elizabeth and James Gerson

Scott Gilbert

Ivica T. Grgas

Kathy Grugel

Dr. and Mrs. Vincent F. Guinee

Doreen Hanrahan and Eddie

Harris

Robert A. and Margaret D. Honig

Ann and Thanjavv Jayanth

Simon Keating and Kelly Baum

Elizabeth Neff and Christian

White Knudsen

Venkatarathnam Kolla

Biao Lu

Dorothy and Ian Maddison

Oanh Q. Nguyen

John S. Pipkin

Farouk Plummer

Huzhuang Qian

Donna Reed

Jairo and Lilia Restrepo

Antonio Rieser

Lauren Robishaw

Charles Romney and Susanah

Shaw

Laura Gumbiner-Russo and

Louis Russo

Stephen P. Schell

Randy Smith

George Squibb

Yvonne and Glenn Sternes

Susan Stewart

Kevin H. Terry

Daraugh Myers-Turner and

William Turner

Arthur Vallier

John B. Victory

Priscilla D. Watkins

Dr. Linda M. Fahr and Mr. James

D. Watson

Charles B. Wilson

Robert Wise and Mary M.

Williamson

Peter Yanez

Recent Alumni

Michael and Charlotte Acuff

Gulzar and Julia Aziz

Laurie Y. Carrillo

Aaron Casey

Nathan J. Cook

Dr. Peter Anthony Emmet

G. Patrick Flanagan

Diana Garcia

Raymond Frank Granlund

Adam and Heather LeDoux

Green

Daniel Heller

Michelle L. Herbert

Annye Hua

Dr. Sylvia J. Hysong and Mr.

Michael L. Oelke

Geetika Saha and Rajiv Kamal

Stephanie King

Anthony Kitai

Suzanne LaFavers

Reinnette Marek

Noel Martin

Edgar Martin del Campo

Nelson Neale

Marc Pestien

Antoine Plante and Lori Muratta

Dr. V. Ravi Shankar Rao

Felisa Vergara Reynolds

Alissa Rose

Maryann L. Siegmyer

Samuel Thompson

Ying Tian

Jeffrey Tobin

Erin Wall

Julian Walters and Lisa M.

LaFlame

Daniel Dean Wampler

Michael and Jamie Wilson

*In addition the following have
upgraded their membership in the
Friends:*

Lynette Bishop

Dr. and Mrs. John B. Boles

David and Adrienne Bond

Chris Bourne

Ron and Lin Drees

Claire M. Dwyer

Stinson Gibner

Dr. James Holland

Dr. Joy L. Linsley

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Pennington

Mr. and Mrs. Hershel M. Rich

Mr. and Mrs. Gary A. Sitton

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T.

Whittinghill

Gifts to Fondren Library

June 1, 2000 – September 30, 2000

Endowed Gifts in memory of/ given by

Walter Frank Lenoir
OWLS Endowed Fund
Violet Stephen Jackson

Money Gifts

Don R. Dean
Donald Kehn
Thomas A. and Kathleen O.
Koski

Gifts in Honor of/ given by

Lynette Bishop
On her 80th birthday
Jim Bishop and family
Jacob Chapman Hurd
Mary and Don Tobin

Joseph C. Brown
On his birthday
Mary Hill Brown Whitcomb

Dr. William K. Brown
On his birthday
Mary Hill Brown Whitcomb

James and Chris Copeland
David L. Minter

James R. Doty
Ira and Patricia Gruber

Hortense and Steve Dyer
Wanda and Louis D. Spaw

John and Mary Lou Margrave
On their 50th wedding anniversary
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Alsbrook

William Pannill
Ira and Patricia Gruber

Karen Hess Rogers
On becoming Trustee of
Rice University
Charles C. Nathan

Gifts in Memory of/ given by

Daisy Ashford
Mary Suttle

Bettie Jean Berly
Dr. Robert K. Blair, Sr.

Dr. Lynn A. Bernard
Beverly Maurice

Charles Branard
Ray Wathin Strange

Anne Jones Brice
Mr. and Mrs. Greg S. Allen
Ira and Patricia Gruber
Mary and Don Tobin

Alice Britton
Dr. and Mrs. Jim Douglas, Jr.

Paul Bures, Sr.
Mr. and Mrs. James W. Woodruff

Larry Woodley Burrow
Paula and Jim Chandler

J. Eugene Clements
Dr. and Mrs. C.B. Headrick

Joseph Gobin Coquillard
Mary Sue Fox Grace

Wilfred Sellers Dowden
Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hasker

Edward Joseph Drost
Fondren Library Staff Association

Mark Thomas Drost
Fondren Library Staff Association

Lisa Strawn Foley
Ira and Patricia Gruber

Larisa Franzheim-Stokes
Ralph S. O'Connor

Mike Geary
Jim, Jo Ella, and Emily Exley

Anne Cline Gould
Dr. and Mrs. David Minter

Lizzie Marie Duncan Green
Ruth and Morris Brownlee

Martha Bartels Lilliott
Greenwood
Mr. and Mrs. A. Schlick Boettcher
Mr. and Mrs. Ben S. Campbell, Jr.
Barbara and Richard Chapman
John B. and Carol Smith Cox
Katherine Floeter
Mr. and Mrs. Jose G. Flores
Bill and Billie Hudspeth
Debbie Y. and Frank G. Jones
Grace G. Jones
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Lay
Ron and Cyndy Matthews
Martha R. McGillicuddy
Michael J. McGillicuddy
William and Margaret McGillicuddy
Kathleen Much
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Pieper
Zelda Rick
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Sims
The Vennema Family
Bass and Julia Wallace
Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Waterman
Helen Worden
Kay and Tim Yeager
Frank and Pat Zumwalt

Dolores Haynes
Janice and Russell Sutton

John Francis Heard
Gus and Kay Schill

Oscar Newton Hibler, Jr.
Bob and Margie Carpenter
Joe and Susan Dryer
Dudley and Valerie Ganz
Bob and Glenda Hamilton
Mrs. W. H. Keenan
Ben Klein and Joyce Seigle
Mr. and Mrs. Clinton F. Morse
Connie and Jerri Pontikes
Roark and Linda St. Romain

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Sellingsloh
Wanda and Louis D. Spaw, Jr.
Larry and Nora Sterna
Mrs. F.B. King Sullivan
Fabio Turrin
Dorothy Winslett

Edward Leslie Hogan
Elleanor G. Tyng

Octavia Chambers Holman
Hugh and Annette Gragg
Mrs. James C. Morehead, Jr.

David Stewart Howard, Jr.
Jean Hudson Caton

Robert A. Johnston III
Dr. and Mrs. C.B. Headrick

H. Blandin Jones
Lynette Bishop
Frances and Franz Brotzen
Mr. and Mrs. Livingston L.
Campbell
Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Church
Lynda L. Crist
Jerry and Kathy Crowhurst
Mary Seaton Dix
Fred and Janet Elmiger
Lilli Elsas
Joan and George Ferry
Fondren Library Staff Association
Mr. and Mrs. Neal B. Heaps
Paul Hornick
Ferne and Harold Hyman
Karen Kaplan and Mike Powers
Bob and Barbara Kauffman
Barbara and Ed Kile
Office of the President, Rice University
Paul and Ruth Pfeiffer
H. Russell Pitman
Sally and Norman Reynolds
Caroline Elizabeth Stamps
Gene and Lynda Stephenson
Jean Y. Swenson
John E. Walsh, Jr.
Mary Jean Weston

Lillian Larow
Elda F. Brewer

Nathan Lee Laufman, M.D.
Herman and Rozelle Schultz

Walter Frank Lenoir
OWLS Endowed Fund
Violet Stephen Jackson

Ann Clayton Lewis
Wilburn Ragsdale

Althea Louque
Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Bartholomew

Katherine Manatt
Ann and Bert Link

Iva Lea Martin
Helen S. Worden

James Harris Martin
Ray and Anita Smith

Raymond Snead Mauk
Raymond and Susan Brochstein
Elaine and Frank Davis
Dr. and Mrs. Ed F. Heyne
Roy and Elsa Horlock
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Joiner
Adele and Ber Pieper and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Norman T. Reynolds

Bernard Edward McMaster
Dr. Robert K. Blair, Sr.

Duane Lee Moody
Jim, Jo Ella, and Emily Exley

Elizabeth Poorman Moore
Charles and Marguerite Barnes
Katherine and Michael Dodd
Ralph S. O'Connor
Velma B. Sanford
Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Strange

James Caddall "Bud" Morehead, Jr.
Mrs. James C. Morehead, Jr.

Caroline Morrison
David and Caroline Minter

Walter D. Murphy
Dr. and Mrs. C.B. Headrick

Horace M. Orfield
Dr. and Mrs. C.B. Headrick

F. Hastings Pannill
Elaine and Frank Davis

John Rodney Quinby
Dr. and Mrs. C.B. Headrick

David Newton Read
Mr. and Mrs. Jon E. Madsen

Konstantin Romanovskic
Shaw Systems Associates Inc.

Mary Louise Britton Schumacher
Dr. and Mrs. Jim Douglas, Jr.

John W. Scott
Sally, Neilon, and Dick Luna

Gloria McDermith Shatto
Jean Y. Swenson

Thomas D. Smith
Dr. Linda M. Fahr
and Mr. James D. Watson
Dr. and Mrs. C.B. Headrick
Albert and Elizabeth Kidd

Madlin Stevenson
Dr. Robert K. Blair, Sr.

Patricia Sutton
Dr. and Mrs. Ed F. Heyne

Nancy McLean Suman
Norrie Moore Waddell

Ben Taub
The Taub Foundation

Charles A. Van Wart, M.D.
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Joiner

Martha Farmer Watson
Bill and Billie Hudspeth

Charlyn Garfield Weeke
Ann and Bert Link

Carmen Baumbach Womack
Roy and Elsa Horlock
Mary Ellen and Dick Wilson

George E. Woods
Dr. Robert K. Blair, Sr.

Joseph Everett Young
Margaret and John Smith

Looking Ahead

Mark your calendars now for upcoming Friends of Fondren Library events.

February 11, 2001

The annual Rice Authors Reception is scheduled for 3:00 p.m. on Sunday, February 11, 2001, in the Kyle Morrow Room, Fondren Library. This event will honor Rice faculty, staff, alumni, and Friends' members who have authored books published in 2000, edited journals published in 2000, composed major musical works or mounted one-person art shows in 2000.

If you are a 2000 author or if you know of someone who is, please contact the Friends' office by January 8, 2001, via phone (713-348-5157) or e-mail (mjulian@rice.edu).

April 6, 2001

This year's gala honoring the Fondren Foundation and the Fondren family will be held on Friday, April 6, 2001, at 6:30 p.m. at the Houston Country Club.

May 22, 2001

The Friends of Fondren Annual Meeting will be Tuesday, May 22, 2001, at Cohen House. The evening will begin with a reception, followed by dinner and program.



The Flyleaf

Rice University
Friends of Fondren Library—MS 245
P.O. Box 1892
Houston, Texas 77251-1892

Nonprofit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Houston, Texas
Permit No. 7549