

family that had been prominent in Massachusetts since colonial times. A Harvard graduate with inherited wealth, he was the founder of the Worcester Art Museum and a generous contributor to it and many other cultural institutions in the city. A bachelor, he left his entire estate to charities. Although these men's backgrounds were strikingly different, they shared a common commitment to benefit humanity through philanthropy. And they were both members and strong supporters of the American Antiquarian Society.

Fairman C. Cowan

HUGH AMORY

Hugh Amory, the most distinguished rare-book library cataloguer of his time, succumbed to cancer on November 21, 2001, in the midst of a very active post-retirement career. He was elected to membership in the American Antiquarian Society in October 1994, published in the *Proceedings* a paper on the inventory of the seventeenth-century Boston bookseller Michael Perry, and was a sparkplug in the Society's collaborative publication project *A History of the Book in America*.

Hugh was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, on July 1, 1930, to Harold Amory, a cotton merchant, and his wife, Amey Peters Amory, the third of their five sons. He graduated from Groton (1948), Harvard College (1952, magna with highest honors), Harvard Law School (1958), and Columbia University (Ph.D. 1964). In 1963 he married Judith Malev who survives him, together with their three sons. The following tribute is the best account of the character and achievements of Hugh that this memorialist is capable of composing.

The American Printing History Association (APHA) presented its Individual Award for 2001 posthumously to Hugh Amory,

retired senior cataloguer in the Houghton Library, at the annual meeting in the Trustees Room of the New York Public Library on Saturday afternoon, January 26. Hugh's son Patrick received the citation from David Whitesell of the awards committee, and this tribute was offered by Roger Stoddard, Curator of Rare Books in the Harvard College Library.

For Hugh from Roger at APHA, January 26, 2002

Good afternoon! It's been six years since you invited me and David Whitesell to speak about books and Thomas Jefferson. David's paper, altogether brilliant and far more original than mine, remains unpublished; but you printed mine, so you know that I quoted Hugh Amory on the unreliability of printer assignment in early American books: 'Incomplete, inconsistent, and unreliable,' he said. Since then Hugh and I have lamented jointly the identical situation in English books, 1641-1700. Fortunate are the members of APHA to have such open and fascinating fields for research. If only Hugh were here with us this afternoon so that I could roast him, what fun we would have! What laughter! What a life! Well, here we go, Hugh:

'As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind: a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom. . . . Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humor; he frequently indulged himself in

colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it.¹

You will recognize these sentiments as those of James Boswell in his summary of the character of Samuel Johnson, but for those of us who were his colleagues, these words apply just as well to Hugh Amory (July 1, 1930–November 21, 2001). In his youth Hugh was mechanical, assembling parts in order to achieve special effects. He designed and constructed a cart for his brothers; he mastered the soldering iron; he cast lead soldiers; he cast wax soldiers; he learned how to concoct gunpowder. (Later, in Korea, he served as staff sergeant in the United States Army Explosive Demolition Team.) He taught himself how to take apart the engine of his Cord automobile and how to put it back together again: it worked just fine. All of it worked just fine—except for the wax soldiers; they emulsified with cauterizing effect.

At Harvard he discovered the Poet's Theatre—more special effects—for which he composed at least two vehicles, one of them being a translation of Sophocles's *Ajax*. He got a reputation as a poet. The sublime Frank O'Hara challenged him:

Listen, you mad poet, never
ask for gasoline from the girl
selling bonbons in the department store!

. . .

Your words, sea-rushed engines,
hammer on, and from the muck
and bones and golden curls and silk
your sienna house, New Jerusalem,
rises. Art! Hosanna! Huzzah!²

1. James Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, ed. R. W. Chapman (Oxford: Oxford University Press: 1980), 1400–1401.

2. Frank O'Hara, *Early Writing*, ed. Donald Allen (Bollinas, CA: Grey Fox Press, 1970), 64.

After achieving the magna, with highest honors, in 1952, he styled himself 'playwright' in his class report, but in 1958 he got the LL. B. from the Law School, followed by the Ph.D. in English literature—eighteenth-century, he would report, from Columbia in 1964. There they charged him with the proseminar as assistant professor, and his former student and later colleague and collaborator Elizabeth Falsey recalls him as smart, mysterious, infuriating. Student papers were followed by an hour and a half of punishing cross-examination, and the material argument or material evidence seemed to be a subtext. They asked themselves: Where was he coming from? Didn't they know that the protocols of the classical rhetoric of Quintilian together with courtroom practice and the handling of evidence would follow a law school graduate into any classroom? Only years later did Elizabeth figure out that Hugh had been teaching from the perspective of a library, the attitude of a library cataloguer.

But where were the publications of smart young Hugh Amory? Just an eight-page article in the journal of the Manuscript Society, and that just a touch-up of his classroom handout, 'Eighteenth-Century Autographs and Manuscripts: A Selective Bibliography'? He left Columbia to become an associate professor at Case Western Reserve from 1968 until 1973. But where . . .

But then, in 1972, the tragic death of Daniel E. Whitten opened a position for a cataloguer in English literature at Houghton Library. Hugh came for an interview on a Saturday, so James Walsh, keeper of printed books, had to unlock the great front door of the library for him, locking it up behind him with the usual great thud and echo. Must have seemed like the Tombs—or a Yale fraternity house! James handed him two copies of an early English book. They were the same (line-for-line), but also different, as one was a reprint of the other. There was no reason for Hugh to spot the differences so fast and explain them so well, for, whatever he had been doing, he had not been comparing dozens or hundreds of early printed books in order to sort out bibliographical conditions. James was dumbfounded; Hugh

got the job and remained inside the great front door. Hugh Amory, the catalogue department, and Houghton Library were never the same again.

My first clear recollection of him is the moment when he discovered me unpacking from two tea chests the Russian books that I had bought at the Diaghilev-Lifar sale at Monaco in 1975. He seemed reluctant to believe what he was being handed, including all those gift books and journals with printed labels from the Paris exhibition that Lifar had organized for the Pushkin centennial in 1937, and that Hugh would organize and publish for Houghton's celebration of Pushkin's 150th in 1987. How was I to know that he could read the stuff?

That compartment behind the great front door was no sleeping car; it was an express special into print for Hugh, beginning with a prodigious output of catalogue cards. Neither language nor subject could baffle him, and he would explain to you that he had simply changed classrooms, for he was teaching as before: books remained his subject, but catalogue descriptions were his lectures.

That was not enough for him, for someone who wanted to create special effects. One thing to describe a book, another to show it. From 1977, with his Edward Gibbon, Hugh became the library's most prolific and inventive designer of exhibitions: Johnson, Increase Mather, Fielding, Pushkin, F. J. Child, Cambridge Press, Carlo Goldoni. Many were memorialized by printed catalogues no less creative than the shows that spawned them: 'He Has Long Outlived His Century' (a catalogue written by Harvard graduate students for the Johnsonians), 'New Books by Fielding' (designed for class reading, just like 'Pushkin and His Friends'), 'The Virgin and the Witch' (poster/catalogue of the Law Library exhibition on Elizabeth Canning), 'First Impressions: Printing in Cambridge' (distributed with the long-awaited type specimen of the press). He changed formats, won prizes, reformatted the exhibition cases. Articles flowed freely now, rich with insights and connections, full of new data from unexpected sources. All the while, Fielding provided the ground bass; is any English author

so well 'grounded' in every aspect of printing, bookselling, and reading culture now that Hugh has considered and recorded all those aspects with his articles and editions?

At his retirement party Hugh shared an important anecdote. He said that cataloguing books was not very difficult, in fact it was easy, just telling the truth about books. But recently he had discovered that the authorized heading for Ossian, the fictitious creation of James Macpherson, was 'Ossian, 3rd cent.' as if such a person had actually existed. He complained to the LC authority office, but he was told to subside—the heading holds false to this day: they had created it by analogy with the heading for Homer. 'So, I'm glad I'm retiring. Now I can go back to telling the truth about books,' he concluded. And so he did.

Almost immediately appeared the indexed facsimiles of the first three catalogues of the Harvard Library, then five years later *The Colonial Book in the Atlantic World*, both of them monumental contributions to American history from the point of view of the history of the book. The first was a collaboration with W. H. Bond; Hugh helped to identify the 'catalogued' books, but also he rendered the badly printed originals, with the readthrough that had prevented any earlier facsimile edition, into legible masters, no mean feat. He collaborated in the editing of the latter with David Hall; instead of thinking about what he contributed—all the sections are signed—just consider what the volume would have been without his knowledge of British book trade practice and without his clearheaded analysis of printing statistics. Don't just count the products, he said, distinguish job printing from newspapers and book printing; count by the energy factor of the press, materials plus labor, by enumerating sheets, just as the trade priced their work—by the sheet. Don't miss his 'Pseudodoxia Bibliographica [i.e., False Bibliographics], or When Is a Book Not a Book? When It's a Record' in the *Consortium of European Research Libraries Papers II: The Scholar and the Database* (2001).

Hugh's colleague, the Slavic cataloguer Golda Steinberg, would burst into tears when she saw how the cancer was ravaging

his body and darkening his countenance. We embraced, Golda and I, when word of his death reached the library. She says that she still sees him, don't we all, with his face deep in a book, concealing for the moment that outrageous laugh of his that so endeared him to friends!

The next issue of *The Book*¹ will memorialize Hugh by printing work both by and about him. His chapter on the London book trade will appear in the fifth volume of *The History of the Book in Britain*, and his biography of Andrew Millar will be printed in the *New Dictionary of National Biography*. Let us hope that we will see more fruits of Hugh's dedication to the products of the printer's twenty-six little lead soldiers, as he styled them. What a life! What an afterlife! What laughter! What special effects! What fun we had!

Roger Stoddard

JOHN HENRY HAUBERG, JR.

John H. Hauberg, Jr., of Seattle, Washington, who was elected to membership in this Society in 1991, died on April 5, 2002, after a short illness. He was eighty-five. Mr. Hauberg had distinguished careers in several fields—industry, visual arts, collecting, performing arts, glass art, forestry, and Republican politics.

Born in Rock Island, Illinois, he was the son of John H. and Susanne Denkmann Hauberg, whose father was a co-founder of the Weyerhaeuser Company. After graduating from Princeton University, he married Anne Gould of Seattle, daughter of Carl Gould, architect of many University of Washington buildings, including its cathedral-like library. He served in World War II, held positions with Weyerhaeuser in Idaho, and moved with his family to Seattle where he earned a degree in forestry at the

1. David D. Hall, 'Hugh Amory, July 1, 1930–November 23, 2001,' *The Book: Newsletter of the Program in the History of the Book in American Culture*, 54–55 (July and November, 2001), 1.

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