

NOTES

THE CENTENARY OF "HORACE'S BOOK": CAMDEN'S COMPLIMENT TO WALT WHITMAN

In 1929 Vachel Lindsay included Whitman, his "Statesman-Poet," among his gallery of heroes (along with Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Lincoln) in his fifth and final prose work, *The Litany of Washington Street*. An embellishment upon his 1923 *New Republic* essay on Whitman, Lindsay's treatment of Whitman in *The Litany* included a typically playful call that the United States "solemnly and gaily observe" Whitman's birthday "with new, great maypole dances." Bemoaning the fact that the event had been "too solemnly celebrated by long-haired, squeaky highbrows at sad, dirty, and radical 'banquets,'" Lindsay wanted to see a "proper sense of humor" dominate the scene, with May Pole dances led by "people like Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn."¹ Lindsay's light-hearted call clearly looked back to Whitman's most notable birthday party, which took place a century ago and resulted in a curious little book called *Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman*.² As we approach the centennial of Whitman's death, it seems appropriate to pause for a moment to acknowledge the centenary of this nearly-forgotten book, a volume that Whitman regarded as a significant "force" in keeping *Leaves of Grass* alive, and a book that commemorates one of the final triumphant moments in Whitman's life.

Early Friday evening, May 31, 1889, about 200 of Walt Whitman's "troops of friends" gathered at Morgan's Hall in Camden, New Jersey, to offer him a testimonial on his seventieth birthday. In a May 28 entry in his Daybook, Whitman had noted:

Am sitting here alone in my room 328 Mickle st: Camden, bet: 8 and 9 a.m.—fair spirits but almost completely bodily disabled—(Not so bad as that, either, for I have good use & volition of my right arm, as shown by this writing) bad eyesight—brain very tender & easily wearied out—my finish of 70th year of life (May 31) is close at hand—There is to be (somewhat against my wish & advice) a 'public' dinner & speeches & company, probably 200 people plus: to commemorate it, to be held at 5 p.m. at Morgan's hall here.³

Although he was not present to share the dinner meal, he did appear at its close, dressed in his blue wrapper which he shed to reveal a short black jacket, and seated in his wheelchair. The fifteen to thirty minutes he intended to stay lengthened to an hour and a half of speeches, cordial greetings and outpourings of camaraderie, accompanied by cigars, baskets of flowers, and "an extra good brand" of champagne. The event took on permanent form in the first book Whitman's young friend Horace L. Traubel edited: *Camden's Compliment to*

Walt Whitman, which Traubel considered a “little memorial trusted to my hands [containing] the eloquent records of a consecrated day” (CC, 16, 18).

The idea of issuing an “anniversary book” to coincide with the testimonial dinner seems to have originated in early May 1889 as plans for the party were starting to materialize, and leading figures in the United States and Europe were sent dinner invitations coupled with a request for “some expression touching the season and the man” (CC, 49). That the book was to include more than the speeches delivered at the dinner is clear by Whitman’s promise to Traubel on May 30: “If I receive letters that could be used for your purposes, I’ll save them for you—give them to you.” Later that day Whitman told Traubel “over and over again” that while it would not be prudent to read certain letters at the public party (for instance, William Sloane Kennedy’s with its references to Whitman’s opposition to “the sickly anti-naturalism of historical Christianity”), Traubel “must print the letter—it must go along in the pamphlet.”⁴

One of the first decisions to be made in the month following the dinner concerned which likeness of Whitman to use as the frontispiece for the “pamphlet.” Although Whitman’s young Philadelphia publisher David McKay had suggested that a new picture of Whitman be taken, on June 3 Whitman himself indicated his preference for the photo he had dubbed “the laughing philosopher” which had been taken in New York on April 15, 1887 by George C. Cox: “. . . it seems to me so excellent—so to stand out from all the others—that something ought really be done with it—something more than has been done” (WWC, 5: between 242-243, 261). Over the next month and a half Whitman and Traubel, through the good offices of William Carey of New York’s *Century Magazine*, in which the Cox photo had been used, secured first a negative and then a photoengraving of the Cox photo (WWC, 5: 268, 301, 305-306, 312, 369).

But at the same time they were also considering a reproduction of the newer of the two Whitman busts made by magazine editor and self-taught sculptor Sidney H. Morse in the summer of 1887. It seems clear that, from the beginning, Traubel had favored the Morse bust, principally because in John Herbert Clifford’s “Prophet and Bard” speech at the testimonial there were references to it, and Traubel considered Clifford’s “the orphic word of the day” (WWC, 5:249). Whitman was concerned on June 10 about the danger in photographing the bust (an earlier attempt had been “totally a fizzle”), but Traubel quickly assured him that his father would oversee a competent photographing from which a photoengraving could be made. Traubel records that Whitman “repeated as so often before his own high estimate of the head. Somehow, sometime, it ought to be justly rendered, made current. There is something in it finer, truer, than anything so far done by anybody in any way, whatever. If only that can be caught!” (WWC, 5:281). But four days later (June 14) Whitman expressed his total disfavor with the Morse bust, proofs of which Traubel had left the night before: “I don’t like it—don’t like it at all. I don’t pretend to know what it is, but there’s something there that shouldn’t be there. For one thing, it gives me a wedge-shaped head—yet my head is not wedge-shaped—nor is the bust: if anything my head is rather chunky.” When Traubel asked if they had best try again, Whitman replied, “Perhaps we had; anyhow

that does not please me" (WWC, 5:291). However, by July 16 Whitman had reversed himself again: when Traubel, perhaps trying to outpace the cagey Whitman, remarked that the bust did not satisfy him, Whitman said, "Let us stick to the bust: why not?" (WWC, 5:371).

While this flip-flop on the frontispiece illustration was going on, more important aspects of the publication came up. In a June 2 letter to Traubel, Whitman stated his overall suggestions for the book:

Horace, I was just thinking the *pamphlet* notion might be improved & expanded on by having a nicely 60 or 70 page (thick good paper, with portrait for front piece) *book*, trimmed & gilt edged—good job—bound in crepe—thick paper (like my Passage to India, robin-blue-egg color with white inside)—to be publish'd by Dave, & sold at 50cts retail—to be called

Camden's Compliment

to Walt Whitman on his finishing his 70th year.

putting in enough appropriate stuff to the occasion & latest developments—(if needed) to make out 60 to 70 pp—

Mention this to Tom [Harned], Harry Bonsall & [Geoffrey] Buckwalter—then see if Dave [McKay] w'd undertake & publish it at his expense—I don't think it needed [*sic*] be stereotyped—print it f'm the types—1000 copies—Us here, Dr. B[ucke], Tom, other Camdenites, Johnston in N.Y. &c, to subscribe for 100 & pay cash down when ready—The more I think of it *this way*, the more I believe it worth doing, & that it will pay for itself, at least—& I think Dave will go in—(no great risk or money investment any how.) The whole thing of the dinner was such a success & really a *wonder* it ought to be commemorated—⁵

Two days later, in a letter to Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke at London, Ontario, written while "feasting on strawberries (a big basket f'm my sister Lou, the best I ever saw)," Whitman added, "the project now is to have all, speeches, &c: printed in a handsome 72 page booklet (50 cts) pub'd by Dave McKay—" (Corr., 4: 345). On June 19 Whitman was apparently aware of how much energy and effort were being expended on the book, for he remarked to Traubel: "Our pamphlet, or book, threatens to be quite an affair—more and more threatens!" (WWC, 5: 305).

By Saturday the 22nd Traubel had written at least the last paragraph of what became the dozen pages of his own account of the evening of May 31: "Recorders Ages Hence": "Let us all, I should say, cherish the fact that this was a non-literary incident, as Walt Whitman is a non-literary man and his books are non-literary books; . . . Walt Whitman's future is in the hands not of anti-literary, but of a more than literary America . . ." (CC, 17). Whitman responded: "Oh! that is very good! I don't know if there's anything I could wish more said than that!" (WWC, 5: 313). At the same time Whitman also expressed his approval of Traubel's "scheme of arrangement" of materials within the book and the proposed title.

On July 4, the date of Traubel's essay in *Camden's Compliment*, he stopped twice at Whitman's room at 328 Mickle Street. At 11:30 a.m. Whitman raised the matter of an index for the book and promised he would look over the manuscript before Traubel returned that evening. By the time Traubel called again at 7:50 p.m., Whitman had gone through it with his blue pencil. Whitman's first suggestion was that the book be about the same size as his *Specimen*

Days of 1882 in "type Bourgeois leaded" on "pretty thick paper." On a sketch of the title page on which Traubel had accidentally written "Camden's Tribute" instead of "Compliment," Whitman made the correction and added, "I don't like 'tribute'—I know there are people who use it, but to me it has a bastard sound—it never satisfies me." Then Whitman, recalling how at the time of the dinner he had "felt suffocated with sugar and honey," admitted that seeing the proceedings in manuscript form came across "better far than in the hearing: it certainly has a good ring." Characterizing the testimonial as a "rally of friends, who did not come for analyses but for celebration," Traubel got Whitman to concede, "Oh! I can realize that it was all just right just as it was—that it could not have been different, . . . that it was all welcome to me—all—every word of it . . ." (WWC, 5: 345-346).

Nonetheless Whitman altered a number of the authors' welcome words. In Traubel's introductory piece, Whitman changed the phrase "Whitman's nurse, Edward Wilkins" to "Whitman's Canadian friend and nurse"—a revision Traubel labeled "an admirable change, removing the servitude implied by the first phrase." Traubel also approved of the other change in his essay: a stronger description of Whitman's indebtedness to the testimonial meeting from "for at least a part of his present comfort" to "for at least a part of his present almost exhilaration"—a change Traubel could not have made on his own, for only Whitman could have known the elation he felt (CC, 12; WWC, 5:346-347). Whitman also changed some of the wording in texts of two addresses delivered that night. In that of Camden attorney Thomas B. Harned, Whitman changed "hospitals" to "army hospitals," "war" to "secession war," "the man Walt Whitman" to "the person Walt Whitman," and "His love for the whole race of man" to "His love for the aggregate race. . . ." And in the speech of New York *Century Magazine* editor Richard Watson Gilder, Whitman reversed the order of names in "Cooper, Emerson, Whittier and Bryant" to "Cooper, Bryant, Emerson and Whittier," a change Traubel labeled "a significant re-casting," and then concluded, "No doubt, if he had been given more time to inspect he would have made other suggestions" (CC, 22-23, 37; WWC, 5:347). With these few revisions, Traubel was able to bring the manuscript of "the birthday book" to publisher David McKay and printer George S. Ferguson at 23 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, on July 5. Whitman confirmed this in his July 5-7 letter to Dr. Bucke:

. . . the 'Camden Compliment' little book copy⁶ goes into the printer's (Ferguson's) hands to-day I believe—is to be frontispiced by a photo (wh I do not like but the others do, & this is not *my* funeral) of Morse's bust (which I do like)—there is a good deal in the text wh will please you I guess—(Corr., 4:354)

By July 28 Whitman was able to write to Dr. Bucke: ". . . have been looking over the proofs⁷ of Horace's dinner-book—(it is a cataclysm of praise &c . . .)" (Corr., 4:360).

An item which Traubel said "practically completes the book" was the one-page Autobiographic Note which Whitman pulled from his pocket and handed to him on Friday, August 23. Identified by Whitman as having come "From an old 'remembrance copy,'" it was an updated account of certain years

in his life from 1819 to 1873 to which Whitman had added two handwritten paragraphs to bring the chronology to September 1889 (WWC, 5: between 242-243; CC, 4; Corr., 4:367-368).

About a week earlier (August 17) Whitman had raised the possibility of adding one more item as a supplement. This was Harrison Smith Morris's translation of Gabriel Sarrazin's essay on Whitman in *Poesie Anglaise* (Paris, 1888). After Morris had translated Sarrazin's June 12, 1889 letter for inclusion in *Camden's Compliment*, Traubel had suggested on June 25 that Morris also translate Sarrazin's essay (DBN, 2:520 n. 2836). In his notes on August 3 and September 7, Traubel records Whitman's praise for Morris's "close rendering," even though Whitman added his displeasure at the literal translation of the French word *enfants* as *infants* rather than as *children*. This gave Whitman an opening to add: "I should not wonder but the English tongue is the richest in possibilities of expression—potential for the most varied combinations, beauties, wonders, of speech" (WWC, 5:492-493). On September 25, when Traubel showed Morris the Sarrazin extract as it would appear in the book, Morris wanted to know if Whitman had not "altered it considerably." Traubel's reporting of the encounter later to Whitman brought Whitman to comment that Morris had made Sarrazin say that Whitman's father was "a great lover of infants" while Whitman preferred John Burroughs's remark that Whitman's father was "a lover of children"; "It is only in such ways I have underaken to alter it."⁸

On Friday evening, September 20, after his usual working hours at the bank, Traubel stopped by to pick up Whitman's selection of extracts from the Sarrazin essay and the copy for a brief advertisement "to close the book." He found them in a blue envelope inscribed "Excerpt f'm Gabriel Sarrazin / to fill out Horace's book / (correct and bring proof)" (WWC, 5: between 242-243; WWC, 6:12). Two days later Whitman went over proofs of the Sarrazin extract and suggested that the last section of the book be headed "Last Words," but, preferring his original heading, "Then, Postscript," Traubel decided to "let it go at that" (WWC, 6:14). On Friday, September 24, when Traubel told Whitman that "Dave's first edition would be 500 copies," Whitman's response was, "He ought to print more—I should say a thousand at least" (WWC, 6:17). Whitman was repeating the figure (1000 copies) he had suggested back in his June 2 letter to Traubel.

In letters written during early October to William Sloane Kennedy and Dr. Richard M. Bucke, Whitman promised to send copies of the book "soon as ready." Delays in presswork, however, seemed to hold up progress, but by October 15 Whitman was able to tell Dr. Bucke that Traubel had sent him the unbound sheets the night before "as soon as he could get a copy f'm the printing office—" (Corr., 4:380-383). In this letter Whitman also stated his first reaction to the ungathered pages: "I have just been looking over them—a curious & interesting⁹ collection—a centering of praise & eulogy rather too single & unanimous & honeyed for my esthetic sense. . . ." (Corr., 4:383).

Finally on Monday evening, October 28, Traubel was able to bring a copy of the bound volume to Whitman "who took it—scanned it keenly and was 'much pleased' and thought it 'looks well—rather formidable'" Then he exclaimed about the cover: "And there is Dave's monogram, too—confused as

ever—achieving the purpose of a monogram, which is to tell a thing nobody can find out!” (WWC, 6:92; DBN, 2:534 n. 2922). Traubel records Whitman a day later as remarking: “I like it more and more—it fulfills all expectations . . . the balance of the book impresses me as it had not before—its entire, I might say, singular, balance. I have thought of Herbert’s [John Herbert Clifford’s] speech there—how well it enters into its place—and of Bonsall’s [Henry L. Bonsall’s]. Bonsall’s is a great deal better than I had thought it would be—and in fact, all of them. Tom’s [Thomas B. Harned’s] too: and they pass on and on—letters, speeches—without interfering, one with the other.” Even the reproduction of the Morse bust was pleasing: “a constant new revelation—opening singularly to me—part by part, like the several lays of the telescope. . . . I held it in my hand—a bound book—the consummated deed at last!” (WWC, 6:96). Whitman remained euphoric, for on the following day (October 30) Traubel quotes him as saying:

I am growing into the book I like the book—like it all. It is remarkable in the first place—if for nothing else—as a curio, and then it is meaty—there is a great deal more meat in it than one would be apt to expect. For myself I can say I am impressed beyond words. Here is the history of Leaves of Grass—here is the whole struggle told—the long years—all. I never expected to live to see this—never. To see such an event, such a book—to see such opinions stated—men deliberately going on record in this way—willing to have the world hear, note. It means vast, vast change of front somewhere (WWC, 6:100-101).

While informal circulation of “Horace’s book” could be said to have begun when Traubel sent Dr. Bucke a set of the unbound sheets on October 14, more formal distribution began when Thomas B. Harned took 200 copies sometime before noon on October 30, remarking that he had already sold 100 of them (*Corr.*, 4:391). The single paragraph devoted to the book in the *Camden Post* for October 31, which Whitman said “comes to nothing,” was quickly lost sight of in comparison with the more elaborate paragraph in Philadelphia’s *American* for November 2, which praised the book for being such a “well done . . . substantial . . . appreciable addition to the Whitman literature” (WWC, 6:104, 119). Between these newspaper notices Traubel received letters from William Sloane Kennedy and Frank B. Sanborn in Massachusetts acknowledging receipt of their copies of “the beautiful souvenir” and the “fine tribute to the dear old man.” While Kennedy enclosed 50¢ for his copy (the announced price for the book), Sanborn enclosed \$5.00 which seemed to him “too small to pay for the ten copies of the beautiful book” (WWC, 6:108-109). On Monday, November 4, Traubel announced to Whitman that he had just mailed several books, one of which went abroad to Welsh poet Ernest Rhys whose poem to Whitman, forty years his senior, appeared on page 6. To this Whitman responded by giving Traubel a handwritten list of nine other men in Europe, all represented in the 74-page book, to whom he wished copies mailed: Alfred Tennyson,¹⁰ Edward Bertz, Edward Dowden, Gabriel Sarrazin, Thomas William Rolleston, William M. Rossetti, Edward Carpenter, John Addington Symonds, and Rudolf Schmidt (WWC, 6:110-111).

Waxing euphoric again on November 8, Whitman remarked to Traubel: “The book is the book . . . and it is not only a force as it stands, but a greater

force in the sense that the acorn is a force, or Hercules a force—for their potentialities—their high promise—future” (WWC, 6:120-121). By mid-November, Traubel observed that little had been heard from those to whom books had been sent; Whitman’s response was, “They will yet come straying in, one after another.” Then he added:

It is remarkable how men’s views differ. Out of the dozen or more who have spoken to me critically of the book, no two have the same preferences. A number have spoken to me of Tom’s speech—Tom himself thinks Clifford’s speech the best—but the Symonds and Sarrazin letters—undoubtedly and far ahead the best things in the book—go without mention: no one appears to discover them. . . . the diction of Symonds’ letter itself—isn’t it superb—simple, direct, like the elementary laws? . . . But the grand feature of the book is its power to grow—its ever better and better aspect—and its remarkable continuity—no one stepping in another’s bailiwick (WWC, 6:143).

To this he added on November 18: “It is like the flower—ever unfolding and unfolding out its new beauties. A significant revelation to me as well as to others” (WWC, 6:148).

By the 20th, following a “good little notice” of the book in the *Boston Transcript*, Traubel was able to read a more tangible response to Whitman: a letter of the day before from Daniel Garrison Brinton. Brinton’s letter spoke of the book as a “refutation of those prejudiced charges against the spirit of his [Whitman’s] writings which have been leveled against them by those who could not or would not understand their deeper meaning, nor recognize their subtler beauties.” Whitman exclaimed, “How penetrating and sweet! Certainly that is so far the best, simplest, most significant word you have received. And the best point about it is, that we can feel it is representative—that the Doctor speaks for others as well as himself.” About the volume Whitman added: “I put it down as a success. First of all a writer likes to know—to carry with him the consciousness that he has pleased himself—has in a measure accomplished what he started out to do. After [being] assured on that point, then the understanding of his friends is welcome—oh! how welcome!” (WWC, 6:150).

Another five days later they received a somewhat “conservative and non-committal” letter dated November 16 from Edward Dowden in Dublin, Ireland. This timidity did not distress Whitman, for he indicated that especially Rudolf Schmidt, J. A. Symonds, and Thomas W. Rolleston would “stick to it—turn it over—turn it over again—view it in all lights. It will be to them a revelation of the critter—a revelation from those who knew him in flesh and blood—the walking, talking, acting man—as a man who drinks wine, takes a good dinner, shakes hands, among men is a man. Heretofore I have been known to them as the author of *Leaves of Grass*—the man himself unknown, untold of” (WWC, 6:160). By Christmas the two received the letter they had hoped for from Symonds: “a marvelous letter,” better than the one in *Camden’s Compliment*, “more intimate, more personal, more throbbing.” At the same time they also heard from Schmidt, who had been responsible for introducing Whitman to Scandinavian readers—a “5 pp. notice of the banquet book from the periodical (Copenhagen) ‘Literatur og Kritik,’” which book review both agreed they would like to read in translation since neither could read the

Danish article "Fra fremmede Literatører," and they were both curious to know what Schmidt had said (WWC, 6:209-211).

As with so many of the books Whitman had published, *Camden's Compliment* was conceived of as a combination of eulogistic propaganda and personal letter. Sent to friends and potential supporters, the slender red book with gilt lettering on its front cover served to knit together Whitman's followers, and by bringing together within its 74 pages an impressive group of national and international literary figures, it became an immediate monument to Whitman's growing stature.¹¹

Marietta College

OWEN HAWLEY

NOTES

1 Vachel Lindsay, *The Litany of Washington Street* (New York: Macmillan, 1929), 8, 54.

2 *Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman*, ed. Horace L. Traubel (Philadelphia: David McKay, 1889). Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text as CC. The book's copyright date is recorded as September 7, 1889 in *Walt Whitman: A Catalogue Based Upon Collections of the Library of Congress with Notes of Whitman Collectors* (Washington, D.C.: Library of Congress, 1955), 96. Scott Giantvalley, *Walt Whitman, 1839-1939: A Reference Guide* (Boston: G. K. Hall, 1981) offers a complete list of the impressive national and international contributors to *Camden's Compliment* (93).

3 *Daybooks and Notebooks*, ed. William White (New York: New York University Press, 1978), 2: 493-494. Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text and notes as DBN.

4 Horace L. Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1964), 5:242-243. Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text and notes as WWC, 5. For Traubel's assessment of the contents of *Camden's Compliment*, see WWC, 5:248-251; for Traubel's and Whitman's disappointment over the letter from Mark Twain, see WWC, 5:229; DBN, 2:494-495 n. 2743.

5 *The Correspondence*, ed. Edwin Haviland Miller (New York: New York University Press, 1969), 4:343-344. Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text and notes as Corr.

6 For a full description of the manuscript sent to the printer, see Frances E. Brewer, *Walt Whitman: A Selection of the Manuscripts, Books and Association Items gathered by Charles E. Feinberg: A Catalogue of an Exhibition* (Detroit, Michigan, 1955), 35-36. Hereafter cited in the notes as Brewer/Feinberg. For a copy of the trial make-up page (unused) for the frontispiece, see WWC, 5: between 242-243.

7 For a full description of the first proofs, see Brewer/Feinberg, 94. Brewer/Feinberg was cited by William White in "Whitmaniana," Special Walt Whitman Number of *The American Book Collector*, 11 (May 1961), 13-14, as the more important catalogue of Whitman collections in private and institutional hands at that time.

8 Horace L. Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden* (Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1982), 6:18-19. Hereafter cited as WWC, 6.

9 Justin Kaplan, *Walt Whitman: A Life* (New York: Bantam, 1982), 33, appears to misquote this phrase as "curious and incredible." Whitman used the word *incredible* in his October 28-29, 1889 letter to Dr. Bucke (Corr., 4: 390).

10 For a full description of the copy Traubel mailed to Tennyson, see Brewer/Feinberg, 120.

11 I would like to thank the Department of English and the Faculty Development Committee, Marietta College, for funding which helped support the research and publication of this article.

The inspiration for this article is a signed and dated copy of *Camden's Compliment* which I purchased in the early 1960s at The Wolcott Shop in Skaneateles, New York. My stop there occurred while Ralph Schroeder and I were on one of our frequent gathering excursions to collect information and material about Vachel Lindsay. On the front pastedown endpaper of my copy is the identifying code "W 1022," probably an indication of the book's location in the Wolcott inventory; on the front free endpaper are the autograph and date: "Walt Whitman/Dec: 16 '89." Confirmation of the existence of this book is found in *WWC*, 6. Except for certain copies Traubel mailed, distribution of most local copies was in the hands of Attorney Thomas B. Harned and Judge Charles G. Garrison of Camden. Traubel's entry about Whitman for December 16, 1889 is both typical and telling: "Harned, he said, had just left the house. . . . He brought me down a dozen copies of your book. It seems that Judge Garrison is to take them, and wants my signature. Oh yes! I shall sign them—sign them for Tom and for the Judge, both, for their sakes." Later on December 21, Whitman noted: "We have a good friend in Judge Garrison. . . . I think he must have distributed as many as 30 copies of your book. . ." (*WWC*, 6:197, 205). Since the sixth volume of Traubel was not published until 1982, about twenty years after I purchased my copy of *Camden's Compliment*, there would not have been any public way for me to know until 1982 that my copy apparently was one of a dozen brothers. This raises many intriguing questions, two of which might be, to whom did Judge Garrison originally give or sell my copy, and by what route did it then make its way to the cozy Wolcott Shop in upstate New York? Perhaps a more answerable question might be, how many of my copy's eleven brothers have survived to this day and at what address(es)?

GERTRUD KOLMAR'S RESPONSE TO WALT WHITMAN

When Gertrud Kolmar, a.k.a. Chodziesner, was "disappeared" by the Nazis in February 1943, much of her poetry had already been sent out of Germany. Some had lines like those in "The Woman Poet" ("Die Dichterin"), which are reminiscent of such Whitman poems as "Whoever You Are Holding Me Now in Hand" and "So Long!":

Du hältst mich in den Händen ganz und gar.

. . . Der du dies liest, gib acht;
Denn sieh, du blätterst einen Menschen um.
Doch ist es dir aus Pappe nur gemacht,

Aus Druckpapier und Leim, so bleibt es stumm
Und trifft dich nicht mit seinem grossen Blick,
Der aus den schwarzen Zeichen suchend schaut . . .