

MY INTELLECTUAL TRAJECTORY

William Bailey

I'm going to go back to vital statistics. I'll begin by talking about my origins or my family's origins for those who are curious. I feel intimidated after reading several of the transcripts of these talks. When I was first asked to give this, I thought it would be easy. These are all academics, they got on board when they were undergraduates and then graduate students who did their dissertations and advanced through the faculty and became professors and so on and so forth. I wasn't quite that prejudiced, but that's more or less the line of thought I had. Reading these, I found that this is a most extraordinary group of people, and to be associated with you is such an honor. I have been intimidated by the richness of your backgrounds, your struggles, your qualifications. So let me say first of all, I'm undeserving of membership in this group, but vain as I am, I'll go ahead anyway. That's because I'm not talking about astrophysics. Everyone thinks they understand art.

I was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, so I've been an Iowan all my life but only lived in Iowa for a very short time, I think approximately six months. My mother's family had established itself in the late nineteenth century in Glenwood, Iowa, which is a short distance from Council Bluffs. Glenwood is smaller but is the county seat of Mills County. They had left Pennsylvania. Three brothers, the three Cheyney brothers, established a meat market; and my grandfather, one of the three, left the business quickly. I don't know how he did it, and I probably shouldn't inquire too closely, but he became a leading citizen of Glenwood. He became the president of the bank. He was the county commissioner. He looked a little like FDR from his photographs, and I only knew him briefly after he had had a stroke and sat in a window of his home looking out on a rather bleak corner of Glenwood. My mother was sent to Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, a two-year junior school, before going to the University of Nebraska, where she met my father. My parents were married in 1928, and I always assumed that they graduated from the University of Nebraska. After my father's death, my mother was trying to get her teaching credentials together and discovered that she

William Bailey (1930–2020) was Kingman Brewster Professor Emeritus of Art at Yale. He earned B.F.A. and M.F.A. degrees from Yale and taught at Yale (1956–1962) and Indiana University (1962–1969) before returning to the Yale School of Art faculty in 1969. Recent exhibitions include the retrospective *William Bailey: Looking through Time* at the Yale University Art Gallery in 2019–2020 and *William Bailey: Works on Paper* at the Koerner Center in 2019. His works are in major collections nationwide, including those of the Museum of Modern Art, New York; the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; the Smithsonian American Art Museum, Washington, D.C.; the de Young Museum, San Francisco; and the High Museum of Art, Atlanta. Bailey was awarded numerous honorary doctorates and was elected to the National Academy of Design and the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

hadn't graduated, or I discovered that she hadn't. One might suspect I was the reason, but that's not so because I was born in 1930. It remains a mystery.

12

My father after leaving school had many different jobs in the early days of broadcasting. He sold time, managing small radio stations to large ones, and during that period of my childhood we must have moved thirty or more times to different towns and cities, often several times within a school year. He was very ambitious, rising through the ranks as sales manager for various radio stations. We lived in Chicago and Detroit and Kansas City and Omaha. We also lived in Shenandoah, Iowa, and Muskogee, Oklahoma. I remember moving from Chicago to Muskogee when I was in second grade, and the kids all said, "Why do you talk so funny?" I said I didn't know I talked funny. "Well, you sure do." I remember a lot of things about that experience though it only lasted half the year. It's the only time I was ever put back in school. I was put back because I couldn't read at the same level as my classmates. Well, I had never studied reading in school. My classmates all had a year of reading in Muskogee's system, but I had been in a progressive school where we were going to read later. So the teacher suggested since I could read a little bit, it must be my eyes. So the teacher sent a note home with me: Billy should have his eyes examined, I think he has a problem. We went to the doctor, and my exam turned out to be normal, I didn't need glasses or anything, I was just stupid. Then it came to light that I hadn't ever studied reading. The only reason I could read as well as I could was because my mother had devised flash cards to teach me what little I knew. At the end of that school year we moved to Shenandoah, Iowa, and in Shenandoah they said, "You read really well for someone who never studied reading. Why were you put back?" I didn't know. So they put me forward. I can't remember whether it was 3A or 3B, but one of those I went to. Unfortunately, that was the end of my academic success.

We moved on from Shenandoah to, I think, Detroit, actually outside Detroit, Bloomfield Hills, and a bit later to Pontiac. We lived in several places in between and during that time. Oh, I did have another literary adventure. I had a small printing press when I was in the sixth grade, I think, and on the day of Pearl Harbor I heard a broadcast on the radio—I think this came to us in the afternoon in the Central Time Zone—that Japanese planes were bombing Pearl Harbor. So I printed an extra edition of the paper and delivered it in the neighborhood with my little red wagon, and some friends and of course the grownups scoffed at us: "Oh, you boys are crazy." Of course, that was the beginning of the war, which occupied my imagination and thoughts a great deal for the next several years, as it did all of us in the west and allied countries.

In 1944 we moved to Kansas City, Missouri, the first place I lived for a whole school year. I went to the local high school, Southwest High School, which was in a fairly well-to-do neighborhood. I say fairly well-to-do because the really well-to-do all went to one of the two private schools, either Pembroke-Country Day or the Barstow School for girls. Later I met Calvin Trillin, who also went to my high school, though later than I, and another writer whose name escapes me right now. How that happened

I don't know. It was not a particularly distinguished school academically, but we got through it and I'm grateful to that school for not allowing me to study art. Most of the study of art is so deplorable that it takes years to get rid of this stuff. I had a teacher named Miss Wright whose ambition for all of her students was a job at the Hallmark greeting card company. She said, "You have talent but you should use it." Anyway, I was not in art classes, but when I finished there, I went off to the University of Kansas in Lawrence, which is less than fifty miles from Kansas City, and enrolled in the school of fine arts. The school of fine arts was divided into two departments: the department of drawing and painting, seems odd today, and the department of design, which was really a euphemism for the department of commercial art. My father said he was fine with my studying art but the only art he knew anything about was commercial art, so that's what I was enrolled in.

13

Although I should tell you my father was no longer around. He had died when I was fifteen, which limited my choices and my life to a certain extent. He had been on a business trip to Omaha from Kansas City, and I was taking care of a younger sister who had some retardation; and at a certain point after he had gone, he was in the hospital and my mother was called to go to Omaha. A few days later, maybe two days later, we were asked to get on a train and go to Omaha. I thought it was simply to rejoin my mother and father. A friend of my father's picked us up at the station and took us to his home and said your mother is upstairs. The house was dark, I went upstairs, my mother was in a darker room sobbing. My father had died unexpectedly. It was perhaps the greatest shock of my life. Anyway, so there was a funeral. We went back to Kansas City. My mother had no real skills and very little insurance money. There were house payments to make, and we took in two flight attendants from TWA that had orders in Kansas City. They were paying guests while I was in high school. Then when I went off to the University of Kansas, out of loyalty to my father I enrolled in commercial art, which frankly was the only art I knew anything about myself. I didn't know there was such a thing as real painting, the kind of painting they did earlier in history, masterpieces of Rembrandt and Michelangelo, Raphael, Rubens, on and on. I knew those people existed. I thought they were wonderful, but they had nothing to do with me.

When I got into these courses, we did renderings of things—lettering, color wheels, little blocks of designs—to make them look like photographs. I thought it was incredibly boring. One of the requirements was that I take a course in the drawing and painting department, which at that time had three or four people teaching. One was a man named Robert Sudlow, who was very much a Kansas painter. He had been in the war and was a carrier pilot. He won the Distinguished Flying Cross. Another, Herbert L. Fink, drew beautifully and was featured in a *Life Magazine* article on young artists when he came back from the war. Herb had survived Bastogne, Battle of the Bulge. Then there was Raymond Eastwood, who was the chair of the department. He was a monstrous man, jealous of everyone else, petty in the extreme, and that's why I detest

him. Of course, these are only my opinions. I think Eastwood went on to become a beloved figure at Kansas, because I was back years later at Hallmark giving a visiting lecture, which was rather a big deal at that time. It had a big audience, and Eastwood must have been there, because someone in the audience said, “You talk about your influences; was Mr. Eastwood one of your influences?” I had the great and profound pleasure of saying, “Not in the least.”

Well, what Eastwood had done to me? I’ll give you an example. In 1951 I had, on the advice of my other teachers, decided to leave Kansas. I had gotten a lot from them. They were wonderful teachers, but I used up what they had to give me and they said, wisely, a big Midwest university is not the place for you right now. You should move on, which I felt profoundly. So I decided to leave. Well, the Korean War had broken out and just as I was leaving school I went to my temporary hometown, Kansas City, and looked for a job, as I had to make some money if I was going to go someplace else to school. No one was interested in me because I was in the draft and we had a war. So I had the idea that I might become a pilot. I was not equipped to be a pilot but I didn’t know that. I went to the recruiting center for flyers and took the test, and the officer who saw the results said, “I’m surprised that you’re applying for this. You don’t know anything about airplanes.” I said, “No, I thought you would teach me.” He said, “We do teach you, but you have to have some interest in flying.” “I’m kind of interested in it.” Well, it was not unreasonable, because a lot of people had become flyers who weren’t interested in aviation in the Second World War: that was my reference point. He said, “Well, I’m afraid there’s no place for you in the Air Force.” So I went across the street to the draft board offices to find out when I was going to be drafted. A nice middle-aged lady was there, I thought she was nice. I said, “I’m sorry but I’m trying to plan my life a bit, could you tell me when you think I’ll be drafted?” She looked at me and gave this terrible pained look and said, “You boys, you’re always bothering us. When it’s time, they will send you a letter.” I said, “You can’t help me then.” She said, “No, I can’t help you, we’re busy here.”

Well, that just struck me the wrong way and I was furious. I went out and around the block to the recruiting station and joined the army. At that time you could join for twenty-one months as opposed to being drafted for twenty-four months. So I joined the army for twenty-one months. Of course, they changed it right after that and made them all two years; and shortly after I found myself on the way to Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, on a February day. I had in a way found myself acting out—I think acting out is the right word, right phrase—acting out what I imagined to be a heroic life and dramatizing every moment of it until I got on the train and there I was with all of these guys who had been conscripted and we were off to Arkansas, where anyone who has been in the army knows the first few days are rather brutalizing, with your hair cut off, run every place, stupid people telling you stupid things. The one high point was I had taken a book of European masterpieces with me, just one of these cheaply produced books with reproductions of masterworks from France, Germany, England,

and Italy. I was sitting on my bunk looking at it, trying to take myself out of this world of Arkansas Fort Camp Chaffee, and a guy came sauntering down the aisle and looked at what I was looking at and he came over to look at it with me and we started talking. His name was Stuart Mansfield, and he was from St. Louis. He was a draftee and an aspiring writer—he'd gone to Washington University in St. Louis—and we formed a friendship which lasted to Korea. A very great influence on me, he was. His wonderful sense of humor, irony, biting observations on various things we were going through, experiencing.

15

I was assigned to go to Camp Cooke, California, to the 40th Infantry Division, which was a nationalized national guard unit with everyone and his cousin having various positions of authority, so they all knew one another. Then it was filled up with draftees and a few people like me. Camp Cooke, I thought, was going to be wonderful. I'm getting out of Arkansas and I'm going to California. The trouble is Camp Cooke is at Point Conception, California, the point where all the weather changes take place. So in February, at least that February, it was cold as hell. We had no uniforms, whole uniforms, because the army was just putting itself together. They had to do things like send trucks out to get toilet paper. They had no toilet paper. Later when we marched in a parade in Santa Maria, California, we were booed. Why? Because we took all of their toilet paper. There must be some relationship between that and the fact, you'll forgive me this vulgarism, but the 40th Infantry Division was known because of its shoulder patch, which was blue with the sunburst in the middle, as the flaming asshole division. Entirely appropriate for a division that had stolen the toilet paper from the surrounding countryside.

Anyway, I went through basic training with the 40th, and that night we were to sleep over in the barracks with no mattresses or anything. We were all happy because we would go home on leave before going overseas. During the night, I had my billfold in my breast pocket, and I woke up before time to wake up because something made me feel different. I reached for my billfold and it was gone. I jumped up and I said, "My money is gone, my billfold is gone." So all the lights went on and everybody looked around and looked at one another and I think they did a search of everybody and everything. They didn't find anything, and my fellow soldiers put together enough money for me to get home, which I took gratefully because I had no money. It was just enough to get the train to Kansas City from Santa Maria, California, near Lompoc. If you're a W. C. Fields fan, you'll know that his movie *The Bank Dick* was set in Lompoc. I'm going far astray; I hope you'll forgive me. Stories start to come to mind when you look back like this, and sometimes they're hard to resist. So, I went home on leave and my then girlfriend, whom I was very anxious to see, was wearing the ring of some Marine. So that was the end of that. Amazingly, it didn't cause me lasting pain. The pain was short but severe. I went on and enjoyed my leave and then it was time to go to Camp Stoneman, California, which is up the bay of the Sacramento River from San Francisco, from which we were going to ship out. We didn't know where we were

going; it was the big center with replacements where you hang around waiting for your number to be called, which is what we did there mostly. We had one two-day pass in San Francisco, which was nice but that was all. We got on ferry boats to take us up or down the Sacramento River to San Francisco Bay, where we were put on a troop ship with nice people with donuts and coffee and there was a really cool band playing. We got on the ship and the next stop was in Pearl Harbor for a shore leave of a few hours, where I couldn't get a beer because I wasn't twenty-one, and that's what I remember about Pearl Harbor. Although I do remember that sailing into the Hawaiian Islands, suddenly there was the perfume of pineapple.

We went through a terrible storm that lasted several days, couldn't go on deck. Finally we reached Yokohama and were put on trains with no glass in the windows. The train was going north. There were lots of tunnels on that run. Every time we'd go through a tunnel, the cars would fill with smoke, and everyone would be choking from coal smoke. You know what coal smoke is like when you breathe it, it's not pleasant. Anyway, we got to a little camp, I think it was called Camp Younghans, near the town of Jimmachi, which was a tiny town just inland from Sendai on the island of Honshu. I thought, this is not Korea, we're in Japan. What are we doing here in the middle of Japan? Well, we were with the 40th Division, which was training to get ready to be in Korea. I was assigned to headquarters battery of the 140th Automatic Weapons Anti-Aircraft Artillery Self-Propelled. If you don't know what a half-track is, I will explain briefly. A half-track has tracks like a tank on the back and in the front wheels like a truck, and it looks sort of like a truck only it has armor all over it and there are four 50 caliber machine guns mounted on an electrically driven turret. There was a gunner sitting in the turret and two soldiers feeding ammunition into the machine guns. They were standing up with no protection. But since there weren't a lot of air raids, there was no assignment really for these anti-aircraft half-tracks, so they became infantry weapons and we went with the infantry.

The war did have the most profound effect on my life because it was there that I realized that I was mortal first of all. That's not junk. I want to finish off my war stories by saying that I had, along with my friend Stu Mansfield, volunteered to leave the 40th Division and go to Korea. Looking back on that, it was an insane decision, but we were immortal and so we volunteered and were quickly accepted. We went to Korea and were separated immediately after. I thought we would be in the same unit again. No, he went to the 45th and I went to the 24th Infantry. When I went for my interview at the 24th to see what they were going to do with me, the major who reviewed me said, "What did you do, son?" They were all so paternalistic, an officer thirty-five years old calls everyone son who is beneath him in rank. I said I was in the intelligence section. He said, "Well we don't have any of that shit here. If we ever do, we'll call on you. In the meanwhile, I'm going to send you up to learn what line unit soldiers do." So they did, and I went up to a line unit and was there for three, almost four months before the orders came for us to leave Korea. The 24th had been the first division there and

badly mauled, and so to reorganize, we were sent back to Japan and replaced ironically by the unit that I had left behind. So I went back to Japan, finished out another year of training replacements and maneuvers and so on and so forth, and I came home in February of 1953.

I had to get a job again, but I had the GI bill. Someone suggested that I go to Wichita, Kansas, where the father of one of my fraternity brothers from Kansas had a steel company. They were steel fabricators. I got a job there as a draftsman and got a place to live in the Rex Hotel in Wichita. I can't remember the name of the street but it was skid row in Wichita, and right perched on the edge of it was the Rex Hotel, which was a walk-up hotel, one flight up, and the desk clerk was an old man named Toby who was a giant. He was six foot ten or eleven, or maybe seven foot something. He drooled. Toby used to take care of me, bring me toast in the morning. I had a room in this hotel and I went to work at the steel company and I did indeed learn something about steel detailing, which served me later when I finally quit. I went to New York and roomed with a couple of actors in Brooklyn Heights. We lived on Court Street and we lived on Grace Court; and while I was looking for schools, I was also looking for work. I didn't find either to my satisfaction, but I saved up some money so I was okay on paying just my share of the rent. I went to Cooper Union to talk to them, and a very kind man at Cooper, I can't remember his name unfortunately, said, "We couldn't take you because we don't take anyone who is transferring. You'd have to start all over again." I said, "I'm not doing that." You could see how humble I was. He said, "I think you should go see Josef Albers at Yale. He's just been there one year but he's turning things around there and it's a very interesting place." That's good, because it hadn't been a very interesting place.

So I got on a train with a manila envelope with my drawings on typing paper and some black-and-white photographs of paintings, and I got to New Haven and walked past the old Hotel Garde up through New Haven. I don't know how I knew Street Hall was an art school. I thought it was the new art gallery, the Louis Kahn building, which had just opened. This was 1953 and so I looked around at the entrance and I saw these bicycles and young men with white shoes and tweed jackets and neckties. It didn't look like my place, but I went to Street Hall, finally got to the right place, and right by the front door was an office and I asked the secretary if I could see Mr. Albers. She said, "No, unless you have an appointment." I said, "I don't have an appointment. I just came from New York to see Mr. Albers. I didn't know that I needed an appointment." I was disappointed and started out when the door in an adjoining office opened and out came this little man. He said, "Boy, you wish to see me?" I said, "Yes indeed I do." He said, "Come in, come in." I went into this marvelous room with light coming through the tall windows to a very Spartan space: a hollow-core door with two sawhorses for legs as a desk, a filing cabinet filled with color exercises, and a few books. We started a conversation. He said, "What are you going to do?" and I told him I wanted to be a painter. He said, "Show me what you've got here." I showed him my work, what

represented my work, which was very slight and I admit no one would ever present it to anyone else. He looked at it very carefully and then he proceeded to take everything that I did apart. He said, "Can't you see this doesn't work here?" He said, "You don't know anything about this." I said, "No I don't." I was exhausted by the end of the interview. He was just getting started. He wanted to know about the war. He wanted to know what I had done. He wanted to know about the job in the steel company. When it was over, he said, "Wait, I'll see if I got room for you." And he called Bernard Chaet, who was in his first year of teaching. Bernie came in with a mustache and looking like a Mississippi riverboat gambler. Albers said, "You have room for him?" Bernie wasn't going to say no to Albers. So I was assigned and I hadn't even applied. I was just looking at the school. He said, "Okay, we take you. You see the secretary." I said, "Wait a minute. How much does it cost?" He said, "I don't know, ask the secretary." So, I asked the secretary, and she said, "We will send you all the materials in the mail and you will supply a transcript and letters of recommendation and so on." Aha! this is the catch. So I went back to Brooklyn, really expecting not to hear from them again because I thought this man was some sort of fringe lunatic. No one could accept you into Yale that way. I got back to Brooklyn and within two or three days I found a letter from the secretary saying, "Mr. Albers thinks you should come right now." So I packed my bag and I went to New Haven and I had to get a job, so I went to Winchester, the principal employer at the time. At Winchester they gave me a job on the night shift and that's how I started at Yale. I went to Winchester at night and Yale during the day. I was introduced to such wonderful things that first year, such frightening things as well. All of the internationalism of the art school at that time was completely foreign to me. Here I was dealing with a man who was a friend of Paul Klee's, a contemporary of Paul Klee's. I had never had that kind of contact with an artist who was not repeating secondary information. Also, aside from knowing Paul Klee, he had utmost confidence and so did I.

At Yale, I was schooled very strictly in some ideas that had to do with change but also with stability. At the same time I was very aware of what was happening in the art world in the New York School, the work of the so-called abstract expressionists, people like Bill DeKooning, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, of course, and on and on. However, all of that had a great deal to do with conflict, and even that which wasn't about conflict was about conflict. I stumbled in that world because it really wasn't mine. The world of gestural painting didn't seem right, didn't fit my sensibility, didn't fit my emotional attachment to painting. At the same time, the patient manipulation of forms didn't either. So I was flailing around for a long time.

Aside from Albers, there were two great strengths at Yale. One of them was in the group critiques, when he would take things apart in front of the students and put them back together again to give us the benefit of his insight. The other was highly organized courses in drawing and a celebrated color course, Interaction of Color, which was never a theory course. He didn't believe in color theories, contrary to popular

belief. He said, "Color is constantly changing, it all depends on its neighbor." Anyway, besides those features of Albers, there was a kind of moral imperative having to do with honesty and so on, all virtues which he was constantly trying to make students aware of. Then he always had a visiting critic, one who usually opposed him in terms of his artistic position. In the year I had him, Conrad Marca-Relli was the visiting critic. Marca-Relli had a show of collages: figurative collages, modernist painting done in collage using a cubist structure not going back to nineteenth-century ideas of perspective and so on. Marca-Relli, whom I opposed at the beginning because I thought he was too facile with words, became a major influence on my work. He was always interested in the metaphysical in painting. I'm not quite sure what he meant by the metaphysical in painting, but I grasped something intuitively there that had to do with exchange between physicality and its psychic result. Fortunately, very fortunately for me, I was asked in 1955 to compete for the English Traveling Fellowship, which gave a graduating student I think \$3,000 to travel. I won the award, spent \$1,000 on getting out of town and paying my debts, and went to Rome. In Rome, again to my good fortune, Marca-Relli had just arrived and was going to be there for what would be the fall term. He and his lovely wife took me under their wings and introduced me to all kinds of people in Rome. Through them I had a studio at a building that's now destroyed, behind where Alberto Burri had his studio. This was long before Burri was an international figure. So I knew Burri and a whole number of middle-aged Italian painters who had risen to prominence after the war, less prominent now than in those days. American museum people I recall rushing off to Italy. During that year in Rome, I can't tell you I learned one particular thing or even a handful of things. It was a total experience, and what I felt most of the time was guilt. If I was not in the studio working but looking at art, I felt guilty that I wasn't working. If I was working, I felt guilty being in Rome and not being out looking at art. So there's back and forth bouncing all the time. I did some paintings with some cheap Italian hardware store materials at the end of my time. When I went back to the States, I had all the paintings rolled and put in a box and shipped on the boat. When I got back and opened the box, all I had were some chips of paint and pieces of canvas. All the paint had fallen off of the canvas, which was again a bit of good fortune because the paintings were pretty bad. But I had done a lot of studies for them on paper that did survive, and those studies constituted my first exhibition, which was in the museum at the University of Vermont, and then there was an exhibition of the same works in Boston.

For most of my time on the Yale faculty, I especially liked teaching people in the beginning stages. In later stages it seemed to me more career counseling and psychiatry. I want to tell one Kingman Brewster story. Kingman interviewed me for the chairmanship at Yale when I first came back in 1969. I was not fit to be chair. I don't know where he got that idea except that he sent Howard Weaver out to find a chair, and Howard and I got along well and he took my name back. I told Bernie Chaet, because I'd heard from friends elsewhere that I was on the short list, and Bernie said, "Don't hold your

breath.” Well, I didn’t want to be chair anyway, but I did think it would be good to be back at Yale. Then after I came back, there was a revolution. I was never chair. I didn’t have to be chair. I just had to do the work of the chair.

20

I’m leaving out a whole section on Indiana University, which was wonderful, and I regret having not talked about it. I had my first exhibition in New York at the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery in 1968. I had a Sunday review in the *New York Times* by Hilton Kramer, which was quite a shock and it was a very favorable review, and everything he talked about sold in the show: not for very much, but it sold. The name Schoelkopf should be familiar to you because you have a Sterling professor who is Robert Schoelkopf, the son of my dealer, who’s some sort of astrophysicist. I’m so pleased for him and for his mother, and Bob would be so delighted.

After several years at Yale, and the retirement of Howard Weaver, I got a call from Kingman Brewster, “Would you come have lunch with me at Mory’s?” You know how often you have lunch with the president at Mory’s. So I went to Mory’s, we had lunch, and he said, “We’re looking for a dean. We haven’t found one and I’d like for you to take the job. And I said, “No. I am going the other direction entirely.” I had started a life in Italy with my family and we were happy with my teaching less and being in Italy more. I didn’t want any part of it. Weeks passed, another call from Brewster, “Let’s have lunch again.” We had lunch, he said, “I know you said no, but think of it this way. If you don’t do it, I’m going to have to appoint someone who shall be nameless and you’ll still do a lot of the work.” And I had visions of that. So we struck a deal. I said—I never told people this, and I should have because I think it’s a blot on my record—“I will do it but I won’t do it as acting dean. I’ll do it for a year and if we can find someone that suits you, then I’m out of here.” He said, “All right, that’s a deal.” So that’s how I became dean for a year. He never let me forget that; he called it dean for a day. He said, “Oh, here’s the dean for a day.” It was Al Held who found Andrew Forge and suggested that I bring him to meet Kingman. I was supposed to pick Andrew up at the train. Andrew had been teaching at the New York Studio School, and he arrived typically with charcoal on his face, wearing an old army jacket, smoking his pipe. I picked him out and took him to the Brewsters. Mrs. Brewster very charmingly showed us into the library to wait for Kingman, who wasn’t there yet, but she did look a little questioningly at Andrew, I thought. But she was wonderful. We went into Kingman’s study and shortly he arrived. Now, as those of you who knew Kingman know, he was something of a clotheshorse. I could see he was checking Andrew out, and I thought, “This is going nowhere and I’m doomed.” Then they started a conversation and as soon as Andrew started speaking, I could see that he had Kingman in the palm of his hand. A few months later, Andrew was our new dean and I was out of there and that’s the story of my deanship.