SPECIAL SECTION: "NO WRITER NOR SCHOLAR NEED BE DULL": RECOLLECTIONS OF PAUL J. KORSHIN

When word got out that I was planning a volume of scholarly essays to honor Paul Korshin's memory, many of his friends, colleagues, and former students expressed a desire to contribute something—even though some work in fields far from eighteenth-century studies, and others had not gone into academia at all. My first inclination was to turn them down; *The Age of Johnson*, after all, is a scholarly forum devoted to eighteenth-century British literature, and personal recollections seemed out of place. But soon I noticed that even the Johnsonians had loaded early drafts of their articles with digressions, both in footnotes and in the text, on their recollections of Paul.

I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised by this; Paul's often larger-than-life personality left an impression on all who knew him. No delegate at an ASECS meeting in the last thirty years could miss him as he passed through the room, and countless scholars have entertained colleagues by trading often outrageous "Korshin stories" over dinner or drinks. His dapper mode of dress, his rapid and yet meticulously precise speech, his ability to quote from memory long passages from obscure seventeenth-century treatises, his fondness for good food and drink, his love for a good scholarly brawl, his quick wit—all have left a mark. More important, his generosity and kindness to students and colleagues have meant that those in his debt felt his loss especially keenly: I notice at least ten occurrences of the words *generous* and *generosity* in the recollections below.

Recognizing that personal tributes were forthcoming whether I invited them or not, I decided to provide this section in which those who knew Paul might record some of his more distinctive traits. It may seem inappropriate to discuss his fruit label collection and his cats in a scholarly periodical, but from the beginning Paul made *The Age of Johnson* an unusual learned journal, one not bound by the usual conventions of scholarly publishing. Besides, Paul himself had paid tribute to a number of his friends and mentors: he edited *Greene*

Centennial Essays for Donald Greene, for instance, and contributed an essay to *Eighteenth-Century Studies in Honor of Donald F. Hyde*. The eighteenth century was a sociable age, and there's no reason to pretend to impersonal objectivity even in an academic publication.

The urge to commemorate the character of the dead is strong, too, in the figure to whom Paul Korshin devoted much of his scholarly career: this collection of reminiscences might be said to continue the tradition of Samuel Johnson's tributes to Claudy Phillips, Robert Levet, and especially Richard Savage. Even the attention to Paul's quirks and eccentricities has Johnsonian precedent: in the "Essay on Epitaphs," Johnson warned that "In drawing the characters of the deceased, . . . praise ought not to be general." After all, he wrote, "When we hear only of a good or great man, we know not in what class to place him, nor have any notion of his character, distinct from a thousand others." A worthy tribute acknowledges the characteristics that made "a good or great man" the subject of such fond recollections. Johnson gave even more specific advice to his friend James Elphinston, who lost his mother in 1750:

> The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard, and excite and elevate his virtues. . . . There is one expedient, by which you may in some degree continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you remember of her . . . you will read it with great pleasure.

I hope readers of this collection—both those who knew Paul and those who didn't—will take similar pleasure in the personal reminiscences, recollections, and memorial tributes of those who knew him over the last forty-five years. The depiction of a life, in all its particularity, was an eighteenth-century obsession, and these brief essays in life-writing constitute a tribute not only to Paul Korshin but also to the era to which he devoted his professional life.

The recollections open with an extract from Paul's journal from the early 1960s, from which the title of this section is taken; they appear in a rough chronological order thereafter.

JACK LYNCH

ROBERT ALLEN

PAUL AND THE MILTON PAPER

Paul's journal begins on 8 March 1962; the last entry is dated 7 March 1963. Although the entries are only six in number, they are not brief, filling thirteen pages of the ruled-and-bound, quarto-shaped "Record" ledger from the Harvard Coop. Paul's entries signal concerns in a difficult and formative year —in graduate school at Harvard. It is the only journal I know him to have kept. The excerpts transcribed here constitute approximately half of the text:

> PAUL KORSHIN | WHO, never having regularly kept a JOURNAL before, some few pages of manuscript excepted, in 1957–1958, and having resolved that some actions & utterances merit being recorded for the benefit of future reflection, decided today 8 March 1962 to write herein all sentiments that seemed worthy of some written memoria / however slight.
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> 8 March 1962. . . . Read again from the beginning Milton's *History of Britain* for the remaining paper due from last term. *Time is short:* scholarships will be announced for the next year, & I hope not to be disappointed. Still, there may be many with greater merit. *N.B.:* were reward made as *Amelia* shows, I would be empty-pocketed even now. *Note:* Milton's Second book *ab init.* where he shows the task of the *true conqueror* and the cycles of decay, beginning with *decay of human achievements* that cause changes in history. . . .
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> 9 March 1962 . . . Read *The Vanity of Human Wishes* again & apply J's ideas to Richardson's. . . . How often we are obliged to rely on our nearest relations in time of greatest need, better doubtless than to pay usurious rates of interest to those *legal thieves,* the banks. Read most of Book II of Milton's *History;* he takes the speech of Caractacus (X, 60) from Tacitus's *Annales,* xii.xxxvii without any great changes. Yet he asserts that he will never interrupt the smooth course of history with speeches whose actuality may be in question. Milton relied on Tacitus as he does in gen. on the classical writers but we do not know where Tacitus got the speech. Could he have invented it—a second-century Holinshed, dramatizing history as some play? v. the notes ap. This passage in the 2-vol. Ed. of Furneaux (Oxford, 1896–1907), still in print (75s. + $10.50) (America, $12.00). . . . Nothing from Professor Sherwin, *but he will write, I know.* I should not complain of others' tardiness having owed Aaron a letter these two months or longer; I can't write, however, until the latest Milton paper be finished, which soon I trust. New catalogues of the Loeb Classical Library at the University Press today; send one each to Ollie &

Dee Boy. The first vol. of Ehrenpreis' work on Swift due in two months costs $6.00 not $3.75 as previously said.

11 March 1962 Sunday. Yesterday arrived the expected letter from Oscar Sherwin, mailed in New York too late Thursday evening to reach me on the next day. I am uncertain whether he views my chances for this summer at City College with optimism. . . . Finished taking notes on Milton's *History*, Bk. II. My notes to the last four books, made earlier, show a different slant & perception from these: now I am aware of the *remarkable concision* of the style. The Digression, by some titled the Character of the Long Parliament and the Assembly of Divines, is written in a style that sometimes recalls the metaphorical, argumentative, and urgent style of the 1640–1650 pamphlets. It should be treated separately from, rather than as a part of, the entire book.—Began Vol. III of *Grandison* yesterday, the Italian subplot being finally introduced, often to the obvious moral perplexity of Sir Charles. Of which more later; only many points seem to recall the views of Dr. Johnson.—Today the *Morte Arthure* at last finished: although I see not anything suitable for long critical treatment, my inquiries into the chronology & date of the poem have shown me *a greater religious character* in the work than I had earlier observed. The chronology itself is occasionally vague, sometimes confusing in its explicitness. . . .

12 April 1962 After a month of silence—enforced by the labours on that pernicious Milton paper, yet to be finished—now a few brief notes. Many doubts cleared up within the last month: a fellowship from Harvard for next year (now only the exam remains, and I believe that I shall be ready on four of the five questions); a definite rejection from Ridel & Middlebrook at City College; but to balance that, some hope from Douglas Bush of a readership next year. The summer will have to be spent on languages & background for seminars. . . . —Benson asked me Tuesday last whether I were settled on the idea of becoming a *medievalist:* not yet, answered I, of course all my desire still tends towards the 18th century, with an occasional glance at the Renaissance. . . . —Dad writes that spring is arriving in New York already: but today cloudy & cold, with a bite that reminds one of late October rather than mid-April. As I walked out of the darkened library at the stroke of ten, a few cold specks fell here & there, now thickened into a scudding down pour. But today—as the first in many on which I keep this record—was a better & more successful day than many another when the sun shone.

17 November 1962 Seven months without even a jot of an entry to please myself, while I have written more letters than I can count or remember in this time to please others (and so many go unanswered because others don't care to please one back). Good people are few. But

now, a summer between the last entry & this, it seems more propitious that I will get the City College job next summer. Woodrow Wilson offers promise to provide me with some chance of a fellowship in 1964–65. . . . I am not at all sure at this time of the program of my life, if mine is to have any. We flatter people in hopes of obtaining something fr. them in the future—how despicable.—Yet it is possible to do so, I feel, without being despicably obsequious: how else to preserve one's own character. I still feel firmly committed to my old political-social tenets, [with] less conversation about them in the last year than meditation, and I am wondering whether the academic world is the proper place to express these ideas. Indeed, many people, otherwise intelligent & shrewd fall silent when I give them my views & cause me to wonder whether others have any ideas & firmly thought-out impressions of events & affairs: certainly few enough of them seem to. Is it wise to avoid controversy? I prefer to discuss them than to remain silent, yet I am always troubled by vague thoughts of inquisitorial committees trying to justify their noxious doctrines. I am troubled, too, by the question whether it be possible to discuss right & wrong in such a way to one's students as to show what is the truth.—The great intellectual love of my life is my work & books. Now more than ever the path seems to lie open to me alone, down which none have ever gone, although some may have crossed at scattered points. I don't yet know whether critical rationalism or sentimentalism or nature vs. art will occupy me on my dissertation, but whatever it is, I am thoroughly determined to make a book out of it.——To New York at Thanksgivingtide next week for a breather from stifling Boston. Why I can't tear myself away from the great fancy of New York is difficult to say, unless it is a kind of intellectual magnet for me. . . .

6/7 March 1963. Reading Johnson's *Lives of the Poets:* Prior & Congreve. Mean men & mean lives. Prior drank (why?) & Congreve left £10,000 to a rich duchess who did not need it, leaving his family impoverished. He got rich from sinecures. Sinecures still exist today, not only for the toady, but for the millionaire who walks into [a] plush job, though nearly a blockhead in every way. Read much Swift & Johnson lately. Johnson's dislike for Swift was formed early, reflected in earliest remarks on the subject. But they have similar intelligences differently directed.—"Tediousness is the most fatal of all faults" (Life of Prior).—Read the latest novel of Hammond Innes, *Atlantic Fury*—spellbinding, to use reviewers' cliché. Give to Dad for birthday present. Reviewers of scholarly books should be more demanding in respect to literary style: adventurous hope, sometime to damn the dull. Project—A Brief History of Dull Scholarship, take most examples fr. Modern authors. Remarks on the recent past are more popular than antiquities.—Read Ilya Ehrenburg's *People and Life, 1891–1921* (1962). Knopf publisher; orange cloth cover, various stamps. Another birthday present for Dad. Literary-

political memoirs, beautifully written, with an appreciation for irony, climax, & anticlimax. Scene mostly Russia & Paris, the international city. Descriptions of Poverty, food, wealth, Lenin (*very* stirring). "Memory is like the headlights of a car, picking out a house, a pole, sometimes a man from the blackness." — "But life is not a writer; it cares nothing for unity of style; it writes one chapter with a simile and, on the next, it lacerates the soul" (p. 362). — The exile or émigré always longs for home, for the place where all is familiar, where the people in the street all speak his native tongue. Pushkin — "Life has no happiness; only peace & freedom." But discussions of happiness are the worst possible way to go about finding it. — We are concerned mostly in our discourse with the past or with the future; only when we praise of lament or describe a contemporary event or thing, like dying elms or dirty streets are we being realistic. — Scholars seem to enjoy a ridiculous isolation from life & worse yet, from other scholarship than their own. The "ivory tower" applies not to the poet, who even in isolation is concerned with life & nature, but rather to the unrealistic attitude of the scholar. Were Shelley & Tennyson isolated from the materials of life? Or AE Housman, who was a scholar as well? Yet Browning praises a Renaissance (Italian) scholar who studied Greek grammar. — Questions: Is grammar a science? Is literary criticism a science? — Letters: Dad, Mom, . . . Sherwin (all recent — no replies to any). Small hopes of teaching in New York this summer: Middlebrook refuses to answer letters. Study for orals instead, hope for teaching fellowship here next fall. — Graduate work discourages thought in any free sense of the word. Many dissertations are poor — nothing but expanded papers badly written. No writer nor scholar need be dull. Images of life & acquaintance with the world even if partially second-hand, are needed to enliven one's style. — Weather bad: New England Winterend (better, Winter's end); piles of decaying snow, rain, slush, some foretokens of spring seen. Rebirth of the seasons is real, & cannot fail to delight & invigorate even the most phlegmatic spirit.

DAVID W. JOHNSON

When I arrived in the family station wagon in Harvard Yard in September 1964, I was among the most clueless of freshmen. In the mid-1960s, approximately half the members of the freshman class at Harvard College came from the ranks of the better preparatory schools in the East and elsewhere in the country. I had attended a small Catholic preparatory school north of Boston that was a good school then (and has since become an excellent school), but I had been a day student who needed the structure of home to get up in the morning and leave for class. In my first weeks at Harvard (and for longer than

I care to remember), I had difficulty attending morning classes because I stayed up well past midnight, finding it easier to talk with a new friend than to study.

Sorely in need of guidance, I managed to keep an appointment with my freshman advisor, who turned out to be Paul Korshin. Full of energy and optimism, Korshin was then a doctoral student. Sitting in a sparsely furnished office, he reviewed the information on me he had been given. Noticing that I had received a 4 (not even a 5, mind you) on my advanced placement examination in English, he informed me that "all the best men in the department" passed over the two introductory courses in English and American literature and made up the material later in tutorial.

Paul had not yet discovered how undisciplined a Harvard freshman—or this freshman, at least—could be. Flattered with his high opinion of my worth, I followed his advice and skipped English 10 and English 70. To this day, I have yawning gaps in my knowledge of British and American literature. For years I thought that Paul had given me bad advice, and in some ways he had. My tutors had minds and material of their own, never offering an opportunity to make up what I had missed. In an unintended way, however, Paul's advice helped me survive my freshman year at Harvard and spark a continuing interest in literature that I act on even today.

Instead of taking the introductory courses, I enrolled in a course in the early American novel, reading Charles Brockden Brown instead of Jonathan Edwards. I took "The Age of Johnson" with Walter Jackson Bate, which was the most popular English course in the university. I still recall Bate talking about Johnson's harrowing youth and the older Johnson's keeping chains in his house in fear that he would go mad. Bate both epitomized and personalized Johnson. Perhaps I would have taken his course without Paul's advice, but I might never have been that adventurous unless I thought of myself as a superior student of English. Surely I did better with the Gothic Brown and the tortured Johnson than I would have with the two survey courses.

My contact with Paul Korshin was limited to a subsequent advisory meeting or two. This was not due to a lack of generosity with his time. At one of our meetings, he did his best to make sure that I would be able to attend a gathering of advisees that he and his wife were hosting. On the appointed day —a Sunday, if I recall—I had gone to my home north of Boston for the weekend, completely forgetting about the gathering until I returned to Cambridge. Realizing my oversight with considerable embarrassment, I wrote Paul and his wife a letter apologizing for my absence. We must have had a meeting after that, because I recall his telling me that he and wife read the letter and—smiling—that both of them thought I was a good writer. He made lemonade out of my lemon.

The Paul Korshin I remember was a positive, supportive man who made this struggling student feel special and urged him to explore his interests with challenging material rather than to plod along the pedestrian path. Perhaps I am compensating for those gaping holes in my knowledge, but I am back in graduate school in English at age sixty, feeling a renewed spark of interest and even moments of excitement. That says something for the value of following Paul Korshin's advice more than forty years ago.

IRA P. ROBBINS

I knew Paul Korshin longer than most people in his professional life did—not as a colleague on the University of Pennsylvania faculty, not as a collaborator on his scholarly works, not initially as a friend. Rather, my first year as a student at Penn—1966–67—was also Paul's first year as a teacher at Penn. I was in his Freshman English class that year.

What not only impressed me early on, but also truly astounded me—and what has remained with me to this day, some forty years later—was that Paul Korshin always took a genuine interest in his students, in their abilities, and in their potential. He actually believed that seventeen- and eighteen-year-old kids just out of high school could have something important to contribute to intellectual discourse. It is no exaggeration to say that he helped us to believe in ourselves.

Paul must have seen something in me that I did not see in myself at the time. He invited me to meet with him on a regular basis—whether for lunch or in his office in Bennett Hall—during my next three years at Penn. He would always pepper me with questions: "Of course you remember, Ira, what Samuel Johnson said about human nature." . . . "Of course you remember, Ira, what Ben Jonson said about Shakespeare." . . . "Of course you remember, Ira, what Wordsworth said about personified abstractions."

And of course I did *not* remember. For to remember would be to presuppose that I had once known these things in the first place. But I never wanted to disabuse Paul of his belief that I *might* know something that he *expected* me to know. When I would leave his office, without fail he would take a book off his shelf and give it to me as a gift—sometimes it was a second or third copy that he owned—and we would discuss the book during my next visit. While I did not go on to major in English, Paul thought that I would be well suited for a career in academia, and always he engaged me in intellectual conversation.

In my senior year at Penn—1969–70—Paul told me that I had been his number-one student. I could not have been more pleased to hear something

like that from my esteemed professor, with whom I had had just the one course, three years earlier. Not wanting to let that moment pass by too quickly, I asked him if he would write a letter of recommendation to several law schools for me. Of course he said yes. Several weeks later he phoned me with what I thought was a very strange request. He asked if *I* would write a letter of recommendation for *him*. Paul was coming up for tenure and thought it would be a good idea for the tenure committee to hear about him from a student. (This was before the days of student evaluation forms.) I really don't know whether my letter was of any help, but Paul, of course, did get tenure. So at least my letter didn't hurt, or didn't hurt too much.

Paul took an active interest not only in his students, but also in his students' families. When I was in law school, Paul visited my wife and me in Cambridge. We had a wonderful dinner together. At some point that evening, I remember Paul telling my wife, Jo, that I was one of his top three students of all time. I smiled on the outside, while on the inside I was thinking, "What happened? Where did I go wrong?"

In the late 1970s, Paul visited with us in Lawrence, Kansas, where I had my first law school teaching position. Paul had been invited to present a paper at the University of Kansas. So Jo and I invited him to dinner at our home and, to make him feel welcome, we also invited several of our friends and colleagues who had gone to Penn undergrad or to Penn law school. Again we had a wonderful evening. Several times, Paul turned to me and said something like, "Of course you remember, Ira, what Dryden wrote about creation." Yet again, I did not remember. Although I do remember shaking my head in the affirmative and hoping that Paul would not call on me to recite.

Before we had finished dinner, Paul turned to my guests, sat erect, puffed out his chest, and—very proudly—declared that I was one of his top seven students of all time. Realizing that I was slipping more quickly than I would have liked and suspecting that Paul had been pulling these numbers out of thin air every few years, I remember saying to him, "Oh yeah? Who are the other six?" Without the slightest hesitation, he rattled off their names, in order. I never asked Paul a question like that again.

We spoke regularly over the years, and saw each other from time to time, either in Philadelphia or in Washington. At some point, however, our teacher/student relationship had changed. Many of Paul's colleagues and friends know about his "Madness & Literature" course, which was one of the most popular courses at the university. In the mid-1990s, having taught for some thirty years —that is, at a time in their careers when most senior professors are set in their ways, and in their courses—Paul called me to say that he had been thinking about developing yet another new course—on legal trials in literature. He asked me to teach him everything I knew about criminal trials in particular,

and to recommend readings for him to assign. Over the course of many months we chatted, often in a very Socratic way, about how to design the course, which trials in literature would be the most educational, and for what purpose. My teacher had become my student.

Paul ultimately did create and teach an extraordinary course, entitled "Literature and the Law: The Trial in English and American Literature." Some of my own students who went to Penn as undergrads have told me that this was their favorite course at Penn, and that Paul was their favorite teacher.

With his inquisitive mind and his always-engaging classroom presence, Paul would have been a stellar law school professor. He would have been a stellar lawyer as well. In 2004, he called me to chat about an income tax matter. Paul, a man of great principle, thought that the City of Philadelphia should not have levied an income tax on salary he had earned from the University of Pennsylvania while he was on sabbatical leave, and during which time he did not work within the Philadelphia city limits. My initial thought was that he had a plausible argument, but that there were several good counterarguments as well. I told him that I would be happy to discuss the matter with him, but that, because tax was not my specialty, I should not represent him. He said that, actually, he thought it would be great fun to represent himself—even though tax was not, in his word, his "*spec-i-ál-i-ty*" either.

There is an adage that "he who represents himself has a fool for a client, and an ass for an attorney." Generally that may be true, but definitely not in Paul's case. We spoke on the phone several times about what likely would occur at the hearing. I had done some preliminary research on the question and suggested some cases for Paul to read. But he already knew about those cases. He had gone to the Biddle Law Library at Penn to do extensive research—probably more than the case merited—but once he got into the issues and sub-issues he could not be stopped. (Paul often told me that among the most important people at any great university are the librarians.)

Paul visited with me in Washington a couple of weeks before the hearing to discuss how to present the oral argument in his case. We talked for several hours about various approaches to the case—which arguments he might use at the outset, which ones he should save for rebuttal, and particularly about various pitfalls to avoid. A few weeks later, soon after the hearing, he phoned. He told me he was "happy as a clam," and that he had enjoyed everything about the proceeding. He said he had anticipated all of the possible questions that the panel had asked him, and that he had answers—"knockout answers"—for each and every one of them. He also described with great delight the laughter and applause—all at appropriate points—from members of the gallery who had been waiting for their own cases to be heard. Paul won his

case. And he did have great fun in the process, just as he had great fun in all things intellectual.

As Samuel Johnson says in *The Life of Pope*, "Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do." For all that Paul did in his life—a life so well led; for all that Paul was to the students in his life—always so proud of them, always endeavoring to help them believe in themselves; for all that Paul was to me in his life—my mentor, my friend, my all-time number-one teacher, and my all-time number-one student, the best way for me to conclude is to use two of Paul's favorite adjectives, almost always uttered wryly by Paul, and with a devilish grin:

Bravo, Paul . . . and *boffo* as well!

A. Helen Greene Standring

I first met Paul Korshin in September 1968, when he was lecturer to a large class on eighteenth-century literature. By the end of the class, he had us divided into small groups of about five for small meetings, to get to know each of his students. He showed that he really cared about his work. He clearly expressed a concern that his students like particular authors. He expressed this hope particularly before introducing us to *Tristram Shandy* and the poems of William Blake. He felt we might find them relevant to the present day. He wanted to receive the reactions of the students. He was *unique*.

I owe the life that has evolved since then to him.

When in the small group, Paul heard that I, a transfer from Barnard, was particularly interested in British history and culture over, he *encouraged* me to apply for an independent major in British Civilisation—in which I would have majored at Barnard/Columbia, but which was not offered by Penn. (I had not known independent majors existed). He gave me a strong endorsement in this application and, with the recommendations of a few other professors, I received it. This was an out-of-the-ordinary event. As a result I was able to apply for and have individual tutorials with professors in subjects that were not on the course calendar, including at Swarthmore.

Paul later encouraged me to apply for the Thouron Scholarship for three years to a British university for post-grad work. I would never have done so otherwise. I received the prize and benefited from three years at the University of Edinburgh. I have kept eight friends from my Edinburgh years. Before the

Penn graduation I wrote a senior thesis for Paul which was approved by several profs. Before I graduated, Paul answered my asking him, by writing ten letters of recommendation to U.S. grad schools (in case I did not receive the Thouron) and to ten British universities (in case I did). His support and encouragement made my life hopeful and possible. He made my student life very rewarding. His help and kindness to me were immeasurable.

I have amusing memories of Paul from my senior year when he shared experiences and showed he could laugh at himself. In a course on Dada art he had taught, he threw away a student's final paper because it had been written on toilet paper! He saw the student's point, of course.

It was while I was doing research in London that I met an Englishman and Oxford history grad who later went on to work at the EU. We were married in December 1974 and moved to Brussels. Paul first met my Rodney when we visited Philly in '81. Our one-year-old having been left with a friend, we accepted Paul's invitation to his house for a grill which he prepared and we enjoyed conversation. He then and later enjoyed talking with Rodney, I'm glad to say.

In 1993, Paul was visiting Brussels on a tour and we arranged to eat at a typical old restaurant. Paul preferred it to a quieter one I'd also booked at. He was lively and chatted till the last moment with enthusiasm. He looked so happy. We enjoyed the evening very much and felt privileged to be in the company of such a good, interesting, and special man. It was remarkable that he remembered us as his "friends" after twelve years. He even interested himself in our travels. Before we visited Prague in 2001, Paul wrote and recommended several restaurants there to us!

I believe the last time I saw him was in London in 2001. He looked great and was energetic, full of life and busy. He particularly mentioned his sadness at seeing beggars before the British Museum. It had upset him very much. This indicated his deeply sincere compassion and sympathy for the poor and for people he'd never met. He said, "How sad," and shook his head. He was a man full of goodness. He was very rare in seeing each student and person as an individual.

To my surprise, despite all his work, I, like other students, found out that Paul stayed in touch with me (and so I did likewise) from 1971 until March 2004. When he wrote, he would mention a new student whom he thought of promoting to the Thouron Scholarship again. I believe he was loyal to and concerned about all of the students who were lucky enough to gain his attention and become his friends. I believe Paul last stayed in our London flat in 2004.

Clearly, his remarkable career, as a master of eighteenth-century British literature and work on the Johnson collection, in no way took away from Paul

Korshin's time spent on and with students and friends. It seems that he had friends everywhere. Paul's untimely death reminds us all that he took every chance to "carpe diem," a wise philosophy to follow.

As I had left the U.S. in 1971, it took a long time for word of this friend across the ocean to reach me. When I received the dreadful news about Paul's death, I was shocked. I fell into mourning, lamenting, like all his friends, not having seen and spoken with him "one more time." Paul J. Korshin had a good heart. I miss him. My life has been enriched by his intervention since 1968.

JANE HERSHEY CUOZZO

When I was accepted at the University of Pennsylvania in the spring of 1970, the son of a family friend advised me to take a course with Dr. Korshin. "Even if you don't major in English," he said, "you can't miss him."

Paul—I never called him by his first name until after graduation—was teaching a seventeenth-century course that semester. My knowledge of the age of Charles II was based on scant high school reading and a vague memory of "Forever Amber." I heard that Dr. K was a ferocious grader; my first year at Penn had gone well—two A's in high-level courses with big-gun professors. Why break my early Phi Beta Kappa streak for the sake of an "interesting" experience?

The classroom in Bennett Hall was packed to capacity. Who was this guy? Suddenly, a wavy-haired figure in a hand-knotted bow tie made his entrance —more Harold Hill in Savile Row than Johnsonian scholar. No, you certainly couldn't miss him.

After a disappointingly staid introduction to the period, he began passing out monographs for our study: "These are by John Wilmot, the Earl of Rochester." Within minutes, we were in deep discussion over the nuances of a poem titled "The Imperfect Enjoyment." This was Wilmot's apology to his mistress for performance anxiety. While most details of that first lecture are forgotten, still retained is Paul's assertion that men "need to know the other ways to make love to a woman, including stimulation of the armpit." By the time we delved into Jonathan Swift, I was hooked on his oratory and insights. He took an interest in my writing, encouraging me to push my own boundaries of analysis. There were several other brave sophomores in that class. To this day, we are friends who cannot quite believe that this extraordinary man is not going to be sending us holiday greetings signed with a fountain pen.

Paul Korshin was one of the reasons that Penn was a special place. But his very uniqueness made him enemies all over campus—a fact that I, as one of his favored students, would learn the hard way.

When it came time to do my undergraduate honors paper, Paul suggested that I tackle the subject of seventeenth-century women writers. At that time, most of the primary source material on the subject was located at the British Museum. Since I was competing for a Thouron Scholarship (which I achieved in no small part because of Korshin's coaching), this was an appealing summer study option. Fortunately, my parents had many friends in London with spare couches.

Paul opened up his treasury of English friends, and even smuggled me into the Museum's nearly impenetrable reading room. Although I enjoyed my other literature courses, nothing trumped doing what turned out to be original research—as an undergraduate! All this because of Korshin's generosity and enthusiasm. I was flattered and took full advantage.

But when the time came for honors certification, the Ivory Tower cast a darker shadow on the nobility of academia. The only two other Penn faculty members conversant with my subject matter were foregone detractors of my work: one of them simply hated Paul, and the other went quietly vindictive when she discovered that certain facts I'd carefully established and footnoted sank a dagger into the heart of her own doctoral dissertation. Or so I was told by embarrassed members of the English department who were faced with a Thouron scholar, Phi Beta Kappa, 4.0-average English major, mentored by a maverick faculty member.

I was one of only two students whose paper was rejected for honors. I know that Paul felt a little guilty for putting me together with Aphra Behn and Susanna Centlivre, playwrights with whom his own colleagues were then unfamiliar. If I was the victim of Paul's scholarly mischief, so be it. Paul thought I did my best work; that was enough for me.

But when we got together on one of his New York opera weekends, it was I who bought the drinks. As it turned out, the two of us whose papers were rejected were also the only two to see them published in academic journals. Paul and I both learned something from that experience. Perhaps the entire episode was really a short-form version of Paul's famous course on evidence. He bet on my fledgling research abilities and I delivered the goods.

During my graduate years in London, I came to know another Paul Korshin. The transition from college mentor to friend wasn't always easy. Having a wider window into his personal life created complications. That Wildean turn of the tongue stung a bit more outside the classroom setting. As someone close to him reminded me, "You're not his student. If he is rude or hurtful, you just let him know and close the door behind you." I did this once after a nasty

afternoon tea on a hot summer day. The next morning, he called to apologize and never treated me like a freshman again.

Our friendship, though sometimes at E-mail or snail-mail distance, continued. My husband, Steve, who held his own with the likes of Alfred Kazin, was enthralled by his hospitality and genius. Paul's dinner table was never without delicious food and dazzling wordplay. His nicknames for ephemera have lasted with us through the years. A feeble cocktail offering was a "cheese effort." While moving into a new house, he made good use of his "Salvador Dolly." When I once described a toaster oven that came with a browning unit, Paul quipped, "Ah, Jane, but mine has a Tennyson unit." And there was Carmore, his orange VW bug. In his honor, we dubbed our sputtering Hyundai "Harambi," the Swahili phrase that translates as "let's pull together."

The last time we both saw him was when he lectured at the Jane Austen Society several years ago. I was pleased that my husband would finally get to hear him lecture. For me, it was like experiencing a great singer after a long hiatus, delighted that the high C's were still in perfect pitch.

He was about to embark on an ambitious trip to India with his wife, Joan. I was delighted that he was finally being pushed beyond the borders of his *New Yorker* cartoon image of the world. Until he asked for advice on Paris restaurants (I hadn't been there for at least five years), I had no idea that his range was basically limited to London, New York, and Philadelphia, with an occasional detour for a lecture or conference. All of that was about to change, and subsequent conversations revealed a new dimension to his ever-expanding consciousness. Joan was taking Paul to new places in all senses of the word.

His sudden death left me numb. While I knew he'd had serious health problems, the loss of Paul Korshin did not seem possible. For some reason, those of us who were members of his special student circle in the mid-1970s were among the last to hear the news. As we mourned together over the phone and the Web, I recalled what he once pronounced quietly during that contentious honors paper period: "Jane, there are things that are more important than academics."

For all his vast erudition, Paul never forgot his own words. As I sit writing this tribute, hoping for a coveted A, I think of all the friends I made, and still have, because of Paul. Several of us are sharing memories in this volume. For everyone who was fortunate enough to know and learn from him, or simply to have dined on his spicy pastas and homemade patés, this collection will be a comfort. For all of his cranky moods and verbal barbs, he knew that a warm and lasting friendship was the best legacy. And that we are all more than happy to endow.

WILLIAM COURSHON

I first encountered Dr. Paul Korshin as an undergraduate student at Penn in 1972–73, when I enrolled in his course on eighteenth-century English literature. Although he was only ten or so years older than most of his students, his impeccable dress, urbane manner, and sheer brilliance made him appear much more worldly and larger than life. In every class he regaled us with his witty and pithy anecdotes about Pope, Swift, Johnson, and Boswell, and mesmerized us with his seemingly endless knowledge of eighteenth-century English literature, art, culture, history, and politics. We all became Boswells to Paul's Samuel Johnson. The following year, I took his general literature course on Surrealism and Dada, which may have been one of the most unusual and entertaining courses ever offered at Penn.

Paul was intrigued by the similarity of our surnames, something about which he commented more than once in class—to my chagrin. He also was fascinated by the fact that I was both a business student in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce and an aspiring poet and editor of the *Pennsylvania Review*. He encouraged me to major in English, which I was able to accomplish by obtaining dual degrees from Wharton and the College of Arts and Sciences. I was fortunate to become part of Paul's circle of favorite undergraduate students at the time, which included Jane Hershey, Nancy Gierlich, Victoria (Tia) Mondelli, and his ASECS work-study assistant, Brooks Kolb. Paul hosted us at lavish dinner parties and brunches, invited us to serve as "hosts" for the annual ASECS conference held at Penn, and encouraged us to apply for Thouron scholarships to study in Great Britain and to pursue academic careers.

Although I did not pursue an academic career in English literature, Paul continued to be a mentor and friend for over thirty years. Prior to embarking on my present career as an attorney with the U.S. Department of Justice in Seattle, with Paul's encouragement, I spent two years as a full-time law school teacher, which was the happiest and most fulfilling time of my professional life. If you were able to earn Paul's respect, he treated you as an equal, which in turn inspired you to hold yourself up to his own exacting standards.

BROOKS R. KOLB

Dear Joan, October 10, 2005

I had meant to write to you some weeks ago and have been composing this letter in my head for a long time. I'm a friend and classmate of both Jane Hershey Cuozzo and Bill Courshon—and I keep up with both of them regularly. I learned of Paul's death from Jane last June and was of course shocked and saddened.

As the weeks and months have gone by, I've had time to reflect and to realize fully what I already knew: what an important and central figure in my life Paul was (and is). In my life, I have had a series of three mentors who have helped shape me into the person I am today. Since Paul was the first, he is arguably the most important one of the three!

Consequently, I wanted to write to you a sort of testimonial—a series of vignettes that I hope you will find both amusing and illuminating concerning my memories of Paul.

Paul was not my official advisor at Penn, but he was far more instrumental in helping me along my path—indeed in pointing the path out to me—than Lynn Lees, my official one in the History department. It came about simply because I enrolled in his introductory class in eighteenth-century English literature. I believe it was spring semester, 1973, when I was a sophomore. Since I had transferred to Penn from the American College in Paris, it was my first year on campus. Paul must have had a habit of picking out certain students who interested him most because, before I knew it, I was part of a social group that included Jane, Bill, Nancy Gierlich, and Victoria (Tia) Mondeli.

Since I am from Seattle, I returned home for the summer of 1973, where I scrambled to find a summer job. The best I could do was Dick's Drive-In, a '50s-era hamburger joint on Capitol Hill, where I struggled to flip burgers, burning my fingers on the grill and in the hot oil of the french fries, which were actually shredded on site from whole spuds. All my high-school classmates were much more gainfully employed painting houses or working in the Alaska canneries, where they were earning the big bucks. Being of a philosophical disposition, I tended to look up from the fries and gaze thoughtfully down the street from time to time. Needless to say, this did not please my boss, who reprimanded me more than once, and I nearly lost my job. I wondered if I would ever get back to Penn and doubted my family and I would ever be able to afford the next year's tuition.

It was at that moment, in mid-summer 1973, that an official-looking letter on ivory stationery arrived from Paul, bearing both his embossed name and his

distinguished fountain-pen handwriting. (Whatever happened to fountain pens?) The letter contained the important message that Paul had selected me for a work-study job as his assistant as executive secretary of the American Society of Eighteenth Century Studies. I was elated.

All during the following academic year of 1973–74, I spent two or three afternoons a week in Paul's office in Bennett Hall, affixing thousands of address labels to envelopes. I learned the names and addresses of virtually every English department in the U.S. and Canada where one or more professors specialized or at least dabbled in eighteenth-century lit. More importantly, I was in Paul's presence where his sparkling wit, eminently pragmatic spirit, energetic disposition, and sartorial elegance completely enthralled me. I wanted to be Boswell to his Johnson, Watson to his Holmes, and, for a brief and enjoyable time, I was.

Paul had no time for "bozos" and "Repo's" as he called them—Repo's being the bozos who are running our country at this very moment in time. If someone was a bozo, he made short shrift of them on the telephone, addressing them as "Sir" only to better reveal his contempt. When I returned home to Seattle the following summer, I tried this intimidation technique on various functionaries—emissaries of the phone company or other large commercial entities with whom I had to do business. Unfortunately, it completely backfired. Not only was it not my personal style, but with me it manifested as bitchiness rather than as haughty Johnsonian rancor. Moreover, it did not fit with the "laid-back" West Coast ethos.

While afternoons were spent in Paul's office at Bennett Hall, I was invited repeatedly to his wonderful Tudor-style house at "Arthur's Round Table" in Wynnewood, where the walls were painted all shades of peach, periwinkle, and plum. In the greater Seattle area, there are to my knowledge no streets named "Arthur's Round Table," and it fit Paul perfectly, even though his academic specialty was concerned with a literature that occurred centuries after the Arthurian legends. Paul would pick me up at the Wynnewood station in his little orange VW Beetle and spirit me to a world as far removed from my own home in Seattle as it was from the grotty confines of West Philadelphia student housing.

Oh, the dinners we had! Sometimes Jane would be there, sometimes Bill, and usually one of Paul's friends from his own peer-group, such as Professor Gerry Reedy of Fordham University and the large and rotund gentleman (whose name I have since forgotten) whose claim to fame was that he traveled often to San Francisco, where he would restaurant-hop the way we students bar-hopped, taking one course each in a series of fashionable bistros until he had dined at eight or more establishments. The dinners Paul and his first wife, Kate, prepared were the most delicious I have had in my life, before or since.

When Paul felt like doing a hot Indian curry, beer was served instead of wine, and I learned to love that combination.

I remember on one occasion, Paul had invited an announcer from one of Philadelphia's two classical music radio stations. The man was incredibly stilted and snobby. To start a conversation with him, I remember bumblingly saying, "... So, I hear you're a DJ!" He immediately and volubly expressed his offense at the term. Being a young student, I was horrified at my gaffe, although inwardly I smiled at myself for adding a bit of spice to the conversation. But the next day Paul expressed his delight that I had addressed the man this way. It was then that I knew for sure that Paul was someone truly original —highly intelligent and accomplished, a dandy, and yet intolerant of people who expressed boring pretentiousness.

Basically, I had no idea why Paul and Kate kept inviting me to their home for dinner. I must have dined there eight, ten, or even twelve times in the two years between the time I met Paul and my early graduation in December 1974. In an odd way, I felt that I didn't deserve such special attention as there were many talented students at Penn. To this day, I don't fully understand what he saw in me but I enjoyed every minute with him to the fullest. He was probably the most entertaining, knowledgeable, and gentlemanly person I have ever had the pleasure and the honor to know.

In September 1974, Paul threw a twenty-first-birthday party for me at Arthur's Round Table. Bill Courshon was there, along with Professor McCarthy of the German department and his lovely wife. Paul gave me a copy of Alastair Cook's *America*, and I still have the photograph to prove it. It was wonderful and again, I wondered, how did I deserve this? I had never in my wildest dreams expected that one of my Penn professors would invite me to his home to celebrate my twenty-first, or any other birthday!

Before I knew it, I was on the home track, coming up to my early graduation. Paul asked me what I intended to do for a career. I said I didn't know—I wasn't the sort of driven pre-med, pre-law, or pre-Wharton student that seemed to make up 99% of the Penn student body. To this day, I remember Paul's retort: "Well, do you expect to become a stevedore?" So I got serious and began to think about my Future. It was at this time that Paul began to groom me for a Thouron Fellowship. The only problem was, without a profession in mind, how could I apply to an English university? I thought about it and announced that I intended to go into city planning. I set myself to the task of applying for the Thouron and to the City Planning department of University College, London. I know it was Paul's grooming, plus my attitude of confidence and calm that got me accepted for the fellowship. When I was awarded the Thouron and accepted by University College, he actually hugged me on the corner of 34th and Walnut in front of Bennett Hall.

Once in London, I realized that I had had no idea that city planning, at least as it was taught in London in 1975–76, had much more to do with Marxist theories of urban economics than with my true interest, urban design. Touring the English countryside, I fell in love with the great estates and parks, and began my conversion to my actual career in landscape architecture. Oddly enough, it turned out that a large number of the British students interested in landscape architecture applied to Penn, sometimes as Thourons. After a wonderful year in London, I found myself back at Penn where I completed my master's in landscape architecture in 1979.

I don't think Paul knew what to make of my decision to go into landscape architecture. He probably approved of it, but it well may not have been what he envisioned for me. All I knew was, I didn't have the patience for law school or business and I didn't have the aptitude or stomach for medicine. Once settled in the landscape architecture program, I moved on to new mentors, including Bob Hanna, who died several years ago in somewhat similar circumstances to Paul. During those graduate school years I saw little of Paul.

As the years rolled by, Paul and I corresponded, mainly through Christmas cards. Around 1990 or '91, he contacted me because he was planning to attend an academic conference in San Francisco and I lived in Oakland with my partner, James, at the time. James and I invited Paul and his second wife, Debra, to our Oakland apartment for dinner. James made his wonderful *tortellini alla panna*. Paul was touched, saying that in his travels, few people ever invited him to their homes for dinner. I was merely nervous, remembering all the exceptional cuisine Paul had prepared for me and his other guests.

We had a terrific time and after dinner, Paul announced that what was wrong with my generation was that I and my ilk never sing at the table after dinner, whereupon he and Debra immediately broke out into song. To my surprise, I have completely forgotten what numbers they chose, but I do remember Paul challenging me to rise above my generation by beginning a song, myself. I chose one of my favorites, "New York, New York," but as I have always had trouble memorizing lyrics, the song ended shortly after the famous opener, "My little town blues . . . Are fading away . . . ."

A year or two passed after the Oakland dinner party and Paul contacted me again, I think by telephone. This time, I was even more surprised by the content of our conversation. Paul asked me to go down to his favorite San Francisco restaurant, Pompei's Grotto, and, as he put it, "filch" a souvenir ashtray for him. Apparently he already had one from his last visit to the restaurant, but he had broken it. Not only was I astounded that an esteemed professor of an Ivy League university was asking me to indulge in a petty crime, but I was also perplexed about his choice of restaurant. One of a number of touristy Fisherman's Wharf restaurants, Pompei's Grotto was not

the sort of place one read about in the restaurant review columns of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It was neither new nor trendy and nobody had ever recommended it to me before.

To this day, I don't know whether Paul really admired the place for its cuisine or just had a memory of an enjoyable conversation there. Perhaps he was being arch and favored it for its distinct lack of glamour. In any case, James and I went down there, had a couple of cocktails in the lounge, and, when we had a sufficient buzz on, James slyly slipped a "Pompei's Grotto" ashtray into his coat sleeve. I wouldn't do it as I was already feeling especially visible and suspicious. We did eat dinner there, although I don't remember if it was on the same occasion or another. The seafood was decent but not memorable.

The last time I saw Paul was in late 1993 or '94, when he returned to San Francisco for another conference. He took me to dinner at Zuni Café on Market Street. Unlike Pompei's Grotto, Zuni Café has first-rate food and tremendous staying power, as it has been there—and popular—for years. There is, or was, a colorful oyster bar outside in front of the restaurant from time to time. It was just Paul and me for dinner, because James had died in September 1993 and Debra was indisposed, staying in their hotel room. Oddly, I have little memory of our conversation.

Paul was truly the best mentor one could ever hope for—a wonderful cosmopolitan guide, friend, and example to follow. With his pragmatism that partnered with his intellect, he never grudged me and my compatriots for not following him into a Ph.D. program in English lit—he knew well how slim the chances were of us entering that extremely limited fraternity of English professors. I can't believe he is no longer with us and I will always think of him with fondness and respect. Still, there is a part of him that will always be beyond reach to me, for much of his behavior and his persona is an enigma, a mystery that will never be resolved to my satisfaction.

All best to you, Joan,

And I will think of you when I think of Paul at Christmas time.

I close now as Paul would:

As ever,

Brooks R. Kolb, ASLA

ROBERTA S. KLEIN

I've often pondered the process through which one became a "Friend of Paul." Taking his courses helped, but was not enough: you needed to distinguish yourself through gumption and wit. In short, he had to get a kick out of you.

Our first meeting was not propitious. In 1974 I was a new grad student exploring Bennett Hall, English Department headquarters, when I discovered a poster on the second floor landing advertising a lecture I wanted to attend. As I had never heard of the venue and had no campus map with me, I decided to ask directions of the first professor who came by. Within a minute, a resplendent fellow in a tailored suit and velvet bow tie came up the stairs. His glare told me that I was in his way, but I was not about to let him by without getting an answer. "Where is this lecture?" I demanded. He peered at the poster, then jabbed at the words Williams Hall. "I don't know where that is," I said. Only then did he speak—"Well, in THAT case . . ."—and he civilly gave me cross-campus directions.

My informant, whom I'd so impertinently challenged at the head of the stairs, was the formidable Dr. Paul J. Korshin. Perhaps because he reminded me of a childhood friend, a cousin of Anne Frank, I had spoken to him as a peer, and I'd refused to back down or be bullied. It was the start of a thirty-year friendship, and we were to laugh over this incident (of which Paul had no recollection) in 1999 as we celebrated the completion of my Ph.D. on Agatha Christie. By a fluke, I was to become Paul's last dissertation student.

I had come to Penn to study Chaucer, but I had some background in Swift and the eighteenth century, whetted by Maurice Johnson's course in satire. After Johnson's death, I decided to try some of Korshin's offerings. I knew that he could make any topic hilarious, for I had attended his departmental lecture on how to submit articles for publication. His handout consisted of a series of sample letters, purportedly by an earnest graduate student named Regnera P. Dowdy. The audience shared Regnera's optimism as she submitted her maiden article to *J.E.R.K.* magazine, languished as she wrote repeated requests for a decision, then thrilled as she threatened to withdraw her article from *J.E.R.K.* for consideration by the rival journal *J.O.C.K.*, though "I would much rather publish in *J.E.R.K.* than in *J.O.C.K.*"

Over the next few years I studied with Paul the various picaresque novels (he insisted on pronouncing *Lazarillo de Tormes* as though it were a French title) as well as the Gothic novels, which seemed appropriate, as Paul bore a certain resemblance to a handsome young Dracula. (The only hint of inelegance was the adhesive tape he used to bind his reading glasses.) Paul by now knew me, since I laughed at all his jokes, but he never had a firm grasp of who was actually in these courses; as he enjoyed performing for whoever showed up, I

took to inviting various friends to sit in on the lectures. He never showed any surprise, even when no one had a book. Perhaps *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son* was never ordered or never came in to the bookstore, but lack of reading on the class's part never stopped Paul, whose lectures were so memorable that they virtually supplanted the books. Paul's lecture on Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, for example, impelled me to take a fine arts seminar at Strawberry Hill in 1997 and to become a "friend" of this endangered "gothick" treasure. Occasionally Paul would invite us graduate students to attend a relevant lecture he was giving in a survey course for undergraduate English majors, whom he called "paraliterates." After one such lecture, on *The Vicar of Wakefield*, he told our class, "You saw how basely I had to jazz it up."

Paul's asides were as memorable as his lectures. He referred to his physician brothers as "healers"; he told how he'd had to attend City College instead of Harvard as an undergraduate because his father had lost money in the De Angelis salad oil swindle. (De Angelis offered vats of salad oil as collateral for a loan; inspectors visited the vats: "Looks like salad oil, tastes like salad oil." But most of De Angelis's salad oil was floating on water.) By coincidence, Paul had studied Chaucer at City College with Vernon Harward, who went on to become my Chaucer professor at Smith College. Paul confessed that Harward gave him his only B as an undergraduate. Paul often alluded to a psychological test that asks, true or false, "I have never stolen anything, not even a button." According to Paul, liars always answered "true." He was not impressed by the 1970s disco scene or the dance moves of one "John Revolta."

References to Paul abounded in Philadelphia publications. Once the Penn *Almanac* ran a transcript of a faculty discussion about a proposed candidate for Penn's presidency. Paul was quoted making a series of alliterative quips about the candidate's shortcomings in previous posts: "Then he went to Buffalo, where he buffaloed . . . ." The moderator finally said, "I trust you are coming to a point?" "I am." A long article in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* featured Paul and his wife Debra as a couple "childless by choice." The *Penn Gazette* immortalized him in a feature article as "The Unforgettable Dr. Korshin."

Paul and I became friends in his Editing and Publishing seminar in the summer of 1979. The course attracted mostly graduate students, with a few "mature students" off the streets of West Philadelphia. In the center sat the Walt Whitmanesque Mr. Natkin, clutching brown grocery bags stuffed with papers. No lecturer, including Paul, could get through a presentation without interruptions from Mr. Natkin: "Could you repeat that last line? I think you said something for my benefit." One day when we were on break, an elderly bag lady wandered in, attached herself to a member of the class, and said, "I have a message for you. It concerns my doctor. I loved my doctor. I trusted my doctor . . . ." Here the story degenerated into obscenity. To Paul's credit, all of

the above served as local color for the seminar. He had the true eighteenth-century appreciation of the coarse and the ribald; no one suffered less from inhibitions or false modesty. He kicked off the first meeting by telling us that to succeed in editing and publishing one has to read everything, even the backs of cereal boxes and the inserts on birth control pills. His wife, Debra, who worked in the publications office at Bryn Mawr, surfaced a few days later to give a lecture. In her soft voice, with its blurred, almost French *r*'s, she punctuated her address with the line, "And you do this . . . because you've got . . . to cover your ass."

Paul turned forty on July 24th of this course, so some friends and I treated him and Debra to dinner at a Chinese restaurant. Paul confessed to a love of food so spicy as to cause "painful, burning diarrhea that lasts for days." Conversation turned to a discussion of *frotteurs* on the Paris metro, Paul confidently asserting that *frotteurs* are instantly identifiable by the way they cup their hands while waiting for trains. Later in the meal he asked Debra, "Darling, what is that Chinese fruit that looks like testicles?" "Ly-chee, darling."

When Paul and Debra moved to Osage Avenue in West Philadelphia, Paul offered a graduate seminar in the eighteenth-century novel one night a week. Course members Mary Yates, James Cruise, and I would eventually write dissertations with Paul; Linda Troost would be Arthur Scouten's last dissertation student. We sat at the dining table with Paul at the head discussing *Amelia* and *Joseph Andrews*. Paul would brew French-press coffee at the table, then offer rather weaker seconds from a second pressing. He was known to doze lightly during a boring seminar report, but he always awoke with a start in time to say, "Yes, yes, very good!"

Debra usually absented herself on seminar nights, but once she came home mid-discussion and asked in her purring voice, "Darling, where are Mother and Boy?" Was this some code, we wondered? Paul responded, "They're upstairs, darling, where else would they be?" (We found out later that they were Debra's mother and stepfather, visiting from the south.)

At the Osage house, Paul revealed himself as a doting cat lover. He and Debra had adopted brother and sister tabbies he'd named Oscar and Sherwin for his undergraduate mentor at City College. Oscar, the color of an orange creamsicle, would jump into Paul's lap and purr during the seminars. Paul would cradle him, saying, "He likes to be made much of." Both cats had free run of his exquisite suits, though he kept lint tape handy to pick up the fur.

When Paul met my tuxedo cat Edgar, I mentioned that Edgar was partial to earwax. Intrigued, Paul said, "I don't know if I have any," but he put a finger to his ear and allowed Edgar to lick off the spoils. In time, Gaylord and Holly would join Paul and Debra's cat family. We exchanged Christmas cards over

the years "from our cat house to yours." When my cat Milwan died, Paul sent me an elegy he and Debra had written to commemorate the late "Sherwin, of the fine eyes." Responding to a photo of my new cat, Melchior, Paul wrote back, "Melchior looks great!" In his last Christmas card, Paul wrote of his pain at the loss of Holly, the last of his "favorite cats."

During these West Philadelphia years, I was lucky enough to be invited to Paul's lavish December "Korshinalias," where chosen colleagues and grad students lined up to sample the delicacies he had prepared. In return, I would invite him, Debra, and a few friends to attend a Gilbert and Sullivan performance at Annenberg each March, with refreshments at my Spruce Street apartment. ("No herbal tea!" he admonished.) Once Mary Yates and I were brave enough to invite him and Debra to a salmon dinner we cooked from scratch—not up to his gourmet standards, but edible.

I left Penn in 1985 for a prep-school teaching job in Alexandria, Virginia, but Paul and I stayed in touch by mail. He was an assiduous clipper of articles on Agatha Christie from the London *Times*, always accompanied by his engraved card: "With the compliments of Paul J. Korshin." I wrote him post cards from my summer travels through Britain, including one of an Oxford gargoyle that was his long-lost twin. Knowing that nothing fazed him, I requested answers to many bizarre and *outré* questions, and he happily offered suggestions on everything from how to clear up my cat's chin acne to the practical use of a merkin.

In his 1998 Christmas card he wrote that he and Debra had divorced, but that he had met a marvelous new woman, Joan, and would be marrying her in 1999. It was on a 2003 trip to Africa with Joan that Paul was able to observe the Big Cats. He wrote: "The Big Cats make one appreciate our feline people even more, for they have all the same qualities, on a larger scale."

Paul saw me through my dissertation, which I wrote during the mid-1990s, one chapter per summer. He asked me to come up to Philadelphia in the summer of 1999 for a final edit. I had not seen him since 1985. I warned him by phone, "I'm not as svelte as you remember me." He looked gaunt at sixty; I now know that he was already suffering from lymphoma. After making some suggestions ("Quote from Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* for your section on game playing"), he took me to lunch on Sansom Street. I made him laugh with tales of a friend from Peru who, despite having been sent to "accent reduction school," couldn't pronounce *focus* without embarrassment.

Paul found it amusing that my dissertation, a feminist assessment of Agatha Christie, was ultimately approved by three men. When I delivered the typescript to Penn for binding in November 1999, Paul and my second reader, David Espy, treated me to lunch at La Terrasse. Paul ordered rabbit to my steak, helping himself to French fries from my plate. We spoke of how Julie

Andrews had lost the part of Eliza Doolittle to Audrey Hepburn in the film version of *My Fair Lady*. "Julie Andrews can sing, but she has no sex appeal," I said. He countered with, "Neither does Audrey Hepburn!" He asked how my parents felt about my getting my Ph.D. after all these years and chuckled when I responded, "They were never sure of what the program was or when it was supposed to end."

I returned with him to his office in Bennett Hall. He had to take a phone call, so I wandered around, looking at the shelves of books. Tucked away on one shelf was a familiar card with a cat design: it was from me from years back. He was in a reflective mood. "My last birthday ended in a zero. You don't get too many of those." As we said goodbye, he said, "You will be my last dissertation student. No one comes to study eighteenth century any more."

I sent him wry birthday cards for four subsequent Julys. He wrote back in 2003, "Not even my mother remembers my birthday anymore." Perhaps he thinks this birthday card business is silly, I thought, so I didn't send a card in 2004, on what would be his last birthday. At least I'd said it all in the card I sent him just after getting my Ph.D.: "You are my mentor, my guru, my all-around favorite cat."

THOMAS M. CURLEY

Samuel Johnson wrote wisely in *Rambler 28* about the rarity of having a friend like the late Paul J. Korshin, who was a professional role model, possessed with loyalty, generosity, integrity, and authority ensuring leadership in his calling: "A long life may be passed without finding a friend in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and sincerity." I am proud to say that Paul filled that vacuum of exemplary friendship for me.

Almost all my memories of him revolve around high-powered intellectual pursuits undertaken by this exceptional, uncompromising scholar. My first recollection involves a mental picture of a dashing dandy of a speaker, sartorially splendid in a black velvet suit with matching bow tie, presenting a paper with his usual crisp aplomb at a Modern Language Association annual meeting in New York City years ago. Another image floats into my mind pertaining to a later, more important event in his life and for our discipline: Paul, surrounded by a crowd of professors in an elevator during a subsequent Manhattan MLA conference, excitedly announcing the coming creation of a major new periodical on his scholarly passion, *The Age of Johnson: A Scholarly Annual*, under his editorship at the University of Pennsylvania. At the time he

turned to me and archly noted that he expected my help in this grand venture, and I pledged my enthusiastic support on the spot. I kept my promise to the time of his death and beyond, and he more than returned the favor with steadfast encouragement and active promotion of my scholarship.

Paul remained a bracing inspiration for intellectual excellence, and the prestige of his name alone as an indefatigable recommender and advisor was almost a guarantee of success in any scholar's search for fellowships and funding for serious scholarly projects. He opened up opportunities for me as no other mentor ever has. Both of us pupils of the Harvard legend, Walter Jackson Bate, we shared an abiding love for the wisdom and world of Samuel Johnson. I lived to see Paul become the dean of Johnson studies and had the pleasure of telling him so by the century's end. Not long ago we were inseparable at a Milwaukee meeting of the American Society for Eighteenth-Century Studies. By then he had found not only academic fame but also personal serenity as a new groom, whose happy marriage turned his final years into a golden era. I still have trouble with accepting the fact that this good man, at the peak of his fortunes and in apparent good health, passed away after a long brave battle with an insuperable disease.

In perhaps the most beautiful prose elegy in the language, Johnson in *Idler* 103 summed up the hard lesson that loss teaches: "We seldom learn the true want of what we have till it is discovered that we can have no more." My memorial in this volume is an essay about friendship, Johnson, and truth—to all which Paul was dedicated as a man and a scholar. I miss him very much. He was a fellow Johnsonian and my dear friend.

JAMES GRAY

As I started to write this memoir I imagined Paul at my elbow, saying "Now, James, don't forget what Johnson said to Charles Burney: 'In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.'" Okay, Paul, I'll do my best to be honest, if not upon oath!

Just a few days before his tragically premature death Paul 'phoned me from his home for what turned out to be the last of many chats we'd had over the years. It was also one of the longest, and it gave me the feeling that he was anxious to share some of his apprehensions of what lay ahead for him, as well as his hopes for a happy outcome from his marrow transplant operation. But most of our conversation was about the forthcoming issue of *AJ* and his tentative plans for a future trip (it would have been his third) to Nova Scotia with his new wife Joan, sadly never to be realized.

My first encounter with Paul and his second wife, Debra, occurred some thirty years ago at a conference, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, of the Atlantic Society for Eighteenth-Century Studies. As I recall, the banquet on that occasion was held on the upper deck of a then-fashionable restaurant called the Clipper Cay, overlooking the harbor where the famous schooner *Bluenose* was at anchor. The Halifax Town Crier (the city of Halifax was founded in 1749), decked in eighteenth-century garb, gave us all a loud welcome, and there was a variety of musical entertainment as we ate. Paul and Debra sat opposite my wife and me at our table, and we enjoyed a pleasant *causerie*, limited only by the noise of the musical offerings. My first impressions, I must confess, however, were not entirely favorable. I thought Paul a little too self-possessed, perhaps, too managerial, *en grand seigneur*, while Debra seemed rather quiet and subdued. Both were nattily dressed for the occasion, Paul in his London-tailored suit (one of his sartorial trademarks, as I later discovered), and Debra neat and attractive in a model dress of the latest New York fashion. There was about them, so my wife and I thought, a fairly rigid formality, which softened a bit as the wines came on. The banquet speaker was the late James L. Clifford, then editor of *JNL*, and highly esteemed author of *Hester Lynch Piozzi (Mrs. Thrale)* and *Young Sam Johnson*. He spoke affably and authoritatively on the social background of Johnson's years, with amusing remarks on sanitary arrangements, a special sideline interest of his.

Most of my reactions at that first meeting were replaced over the years by unstinting admiration for Paul's brilliance as a scholar, his editorial prowess (I think of him in retrospect as a kind of stage manager, always on the lookout for new talent and yet respectful of the work of the old guard), and his remarkable ability to keep in touch with active Johnsonians everywhere. One of his many achievements, apart from his seminal work on typology, was his outstanding article, published in *SEL*, volume 26, in 1986, "Recent Studies in the Restoration and the Eighteenth Century," which not only illustrated his extensive knowledge of what had been going on in bibliographical, historical, social, economic, artistic, and literary fields, but also his critical acumen in evaluating the productions of individual authors. Paul knew how to damn with faint praise, as well as to praise with faint damns. This particular talent of his came in very handy when he inaugurated and edited *The Age of Johnson*, his monumental pride and joy.

On my fairly frequent visits to London and the British Library, I would invariably see Paul, ensconced in what I came to think of as "Korshin's Korner" of the North Library, and we shared occasional "eureka" moments, such as the time of Paul's discovery of what really happened when Hawkins swiped two of Johnson's private notebooks while the great man was on his deathbed, later to be discussed in Paul's valuable compilation, *Johnson after*

Two Hundred Years with the title "Johnson's Last Days: Some Facts and Problems."

Paul was our guest in Nova Scotia in 1996, when he spent three days with us in the month of July—a fairly warm period as I remember it; Paul changed his usual smart suit for something lighter (but not shorts), yet still retained his man-about-town look. Debra was unable to join us as she had to attend a week-long conference in California at the time. We visited several favorite Maritime spots, did some book hunting together, and enjoyed a day in Hall's Harbour, with its picturesque fleet of fishing boats and its celebrated Lobster Pound. An accomplished cook and wine connoisseur himself, Paul later enjoyed a lobster thermidor of my wife's making, and took a copy of her recipe home with him. He also had in his luggage a quaint and colorful marker buoy, purchased at a little gift shop in Hall's Harbour, and reported to me later that he had had some trouble, on his flight back to Philadelphia, convincing Customs that it was not a threat to security.

It was during his last visit to us that I got to know Paul much better than before, as a friend and fellow Johnsonian. We had a number of interests in common, quite apart from Samuel Johnson. For instance, I sent him fruit labels and he sent me foreign stamps from time to time. Both avid book collectors, we regularly exchanged news of fresh acquisitions, and there was always in him an eagerness and excitement in the chase as well as the capture. Of the many scholarly people I have known, Paul Korshin will stand out as one who, in Kipling's famous phrase, really knew how to "fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run."

STUART CURRAN

The last time that Paul and I talked in his hospital room, the conversation got around to Athanasius Kircher, a figure for whom I believe Paul and I alone shared an interest in these parts. Kircher was the Jesuit, counter-Reformation polymath, both natural scientist and linguist, who was so learned that he solved the problem of the Egyptian hieroglyphics two centuries before Champollion. Naturally, none of his exposition was true, but it was nonetheless impressively erudite. Paul admired erudition and practiced it without ostentation. He read widely and deeply. He was a scholar, devoted to the life of the mind. It is perhaps easy to forget this because he was so much more and because he never paraded his learning.

But that "much more" is, I suppose, what we want to capture. I thought I would begin with one of my earliest encounters with what gave Paul a special

nature. It occurred over an IRS audit. When I first moved to Philadelphia in 1975, I seemed to incur one every year. When I mentioned to Paul that I was going through this process, his eyes lighted up: "Be sure to take a taxi," he said. I responded, "But Paul, I live close enough to walk." "No," he said; "they owe you a taxi." And then with the chortle you all would recognize: "It's tax-deductible." He then went on to recount his own recent audit. The IRS, it appears, found his annual month-long excursion to the British Library suspicious, and they scheduled an 11 a.m. appointment one day to discuss its propriety. Paul arrived with exact promptitude, bringing with him an official university letter on the subject of the demands of academic scholarship and a briefcase full of receipts. He entered promptly at eleven and left that day, he told me, somewhere just short of three o'clock, with a hapless—and lunchless—auditor surely wishing the day had never happened. It seems that Paul had forgotten—perhaps intentionally forgotten—to include in his deduction the little receipts from buses you once were given on every trip on a London double-decker; so he brought these with him in a sizable envelope, which he upended on the desk, and asked the auditor, in that formal voice he could summon, "Please, Mr. Auditor, would you add these up for me?" And then there were other categories of receipts, numbers of them, as Paul told the story. The upshot was that he walked out of the IRS office that day being owed considerably more from the U.S. government than had been the case four hours earlier. It was a lesson for me. Whereas I saw this experience as disagreeable and invasive, Paul accepted it as a challenge to his ingenuity.

Fun, in an eighteenth-century sort of way. It wasn't exactly humor that animated Paul, not wit in a conventional sense, nor eccentricity, nor mere quirkiness. And though he had a dandy's instincts, if you knew him well, he wasn't really mannered. On weekends the elegant suits were traded in for plain jeans. Fun is the way I put it. There was always in Paul something of the naughty boy playing, a boy who grew up to be *homo ludens*.

Paul loved to experience life as fun. The annual summer trips to the British Library were always announced to those in the know by a letter from Paul Korshin to the editor of the *Times* of London, often on whatever trifling topic of the day was engaging the considerable capacity for trivia among the British public. He tried to time it so it would be printed within a week of his own appearance, as an oblique and free announcement of his impending arrival—easier to write one letter than a couple of dozen. And he always succeeded in getting it printed. Perhaps the "editor" thought one letter a year a small recompense for Paul's costly annual subscription. Those who visited Paul in the hospital surely noticed the sizable pile of daily *Times*es on which, Paul said, he was catching up. He could do the impossible crosswords too, the only sort he would ever undertake.

Paul's special sense of fun is clearly what drove his teaching. Back in the '80s his daily riffs on President Ray-Gun, as he called him, were legendary. I saw Paul in action on only two occasions, but they were gems. We once had a required survey for English majors, which had a Monday afternoon lecture conducted by various professors in the department, with sections meeting later in the week. One year our eighteenth-century staff was noticeably low, so a medievalist launched forth on *The Rape of the Lock*, and Paul was asked to speak on two novels, with a week of less hefty readings intervening. With Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* Paul walked to the lectern, surveyed the group of a hundred or so students and began a learned discourse on the geography and various gradations of the wine output in Bordeaux. It was highly detailed and knowledgeable, and Paul spoke as if he had inadvertently walked into the wrong room and was participating in a course on oenoculture. He appeared dead serious, though at one point I remember his acknowledging that his auditors probably knew a good deal more about gin than Bordeaux. But he continued in an earnest manner to recount the virtues of Bordeaux wines, and slowly it dawned on me that he was obliquely giving a lecture on *Joseph Andrews*, which after twelve or so minutes it became wholly. Two weeks later Paul returned to introduce Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. He walked up to the blackboard, picked up a piece of chalk, surveyed his auditors once more with intensity, then holding his arm behind him managed one of those excruciating noises made by chalk scratching a perpendicular line and uttered the memorable sentence, "Ici est la Garonne." There followed another earnest oenophile's excursion, this time into the geography and values of Burgundy, and, again, slowly the geography and values of the itinerant Parson Primrose became the subject. I always wondered what the students thought of this performance. I'm sure they could understand it as theatre, and many students over the years took to Paul on that account. But I suspect that at least some in that room have grown up to understand full well the differences between Burgundy and Bordeaux, and who knows but that this was their first serious introduction to either? Or maybe Paul was suggesting that oenoculture had something quite serious to say about culture that was not *Kultur*, but rather what civilized people lived in, ate in, read books about, had fun with.

Sometimes Paul's idea of fun got him into difficulty or collided with others' sense of what was definitely un-fun. One year Paul was supposed to have taught a graduate course, but it didn't have enough students, and when that was discovered it was too late to do much about it. Paul good-humoredly agreed to take on a section of basic freshman English. It was, however, also too late to wait for a textbook to be ordered. So Paul proposed to his class of first-semester students that they use the various ephemeral texts that would come to hand in a university setting, articles in the *Daily Pennsylvanian*, memos about

meetings, long expostulations from various important university vice presidents empowered to make such expostulations but suffering from what we might call scriptorial deprivation. These latter Paul's students engaged to red-pencil and query and rewrite, and what is the good of twenty eager undergraduates showing the result of their fine education if you don't return the papers to the various important university vice presidents? And so they did. All term.

Of course, Paul's love of food was a defining characteristic, and being invited to one of his dinners was always a delight. His guest list always went beyond the English Department and even Penn, and the food was superb. But it didn't take long for one to learn Paul's secret. As fine a chef as he was, Paul loved better to eat out. In someone else's dining room, he didn't have to worry about presiding over the kitchen. In those circumstances Paul could sit far into the night, telling stories, enjoying the sheer play of minds, having fun. He had to be corralled to go home.

Paul met the travails of his final year with great and unostentatious bravery. On that last afternoon, when we had talked out the scholarly Kircher with his forty-four massive, illustrated folios and I left, Paul was wearing a beaming smile.

O M Brack, Jr., and Robert Allen

Paul Would Have His Peppers Hot: A Dramatic Fragment

Place: An Indian restaurant a long walk from Russell Square, London. [Paul would remember its name; we don't.]

Time: 8 p.m. on an "uncommonly hot" evening, June 1976.

Characters: *Paul*
A covey of six or seven ESTC-minded fellow travelers (American)
Restaurant staff (Indian)

Enter the group, Paul *briskly; remaining members of the group showing fatigue after the day's conference-meeting. Maître d' seats party at a long table. Hands out menus.* Waiter *enters. Appropriate courtesies exchanged.*

PAUL *to* WAITER: Thank you, sir, but before we select our dishes from the menu, we wish to order some peppers. A serving of peppers. Hot peppers if you please. We would hope that your peppers are hot.

WAITER: Yes, sir, our peppers are hot.

Exit WAITER. . . . WAITER *returns and sets down a threatening dish of greenish peppers.* PAUL *selects and tastes one. Several members of the group put a pepper on plate and prod it; several hold a pepper near mouth without risking it; one just looks on sheepishly.* PAUL*'s countenance registers disappointment, then marked displeasure.*

PAUL *(for* WAITER *to hear)*: Why, these peppers are not hot. They are not hot at all. Does this restaurant not have hot peppers? I doubt that the food we shall order from this menu will be hot at all.

Exit WAITER. . . . *Enter* WAITER *and additional Restaurant Staff, gathering at or near the table.*

Assured that he has been heard, PAUL *proceeds, to* WAITER: We are disappointed that your peppers are not hot, but we are ready to order from the menu. Please do tell your chef that our dishes must be hot.

PAUL *orders a table's-worth of dishes from menu.*

WAITER: Thank you, sir. I will tell the chef to make sure that your dishes are very hot.

Exeunt Restaurant Staff to kitchen—with countenances registering various indignation, cunning, and wild mischief. . . .

ANN MATTER

TALKING WITH PAULUS

All of my memories of Paul are of conversations. The first time I ever saw him he was talking, and it was a very public conversation. It must have been 1977 or 1978, just after I came to Penn, when the faculty was considering extending the probationary period for tenure from six years to nine or ten, in imitation of our sometimes envied colleagues to the north. In those days, over a hundred

people always came to the SAS faculty meetings. This one was held in 200 College Hall, and it was packed. Paul stood up, dressed impeccably in pinstripes and bow tie, and made a long speech, with no notes, in full periodic sentences, without a single "um" or "err," thoroughly denouncing the idea of an extension. As a very young assistant professor, rightfully terrified of the tenure process, I quite hated that person, whoever he was, who was eloquently denying me more time to prove myself. I turned to the friend sitting next to me and whispered "Who IS that?!" "Why," she said, "that's Paul Korshin, one of our more colorful colleagues."

After that inauspicious start, I never dreamed that Paul and I would become friends. We were, perhaps, the most unlikely of friends, but we were friends, especially after his marriage to Joan Kosove. I was invited to Joan and Paul's wedding, and spent many happy evenings with them and my friend Carla Locatelli, always talking. We talked about travel (Joan was the expert here, although Paul always had a few aesthetic comments on their latest trek), about people (where Paul's wickedly funny insights into personal foibles always made me laugh, even if sometimes a bit guiltily), often about politics (Paul regaling us with imitations of "The Man, Boosh"), occasionally about religion, and very often about books, books, books.

Just before Paul went into the hospital for a stem-cell transplant, I went out to the house for an intimate dinner with Paul and Joan. Since I had been through a stem-cell transplant a few years earlier, they had invited me to give advice about how to get through such a gruesome procedure. But we talked mostly that night about their recent trip to Andalucía, where they visited a number of medieval synagogues. I had just read A. B. Yehoshua's *Journey to the End of the Millennium*, and started talking with some fervor about the portrait of the Sephardic and Ashkenaz Jewish communities of the tenth century. "I tell you what," I said to Paul, "the first time I come to see you in the hospital, I will bring you a copy—then, when you have read it, on some later visit, we can discuss it. You will have plenty of time to read it!"

And so I brought Yehoshua's book to Paul, and he read it. One evening, I went to see him right at the end of visiting hours, and found that the transplant had been discontinued. Instead of being hooked up to tubes, Paul was sitting jauntily on the edge of his bed; when he saw me, he picked up *A Journey to the End of the Millennium* and started waving it at me. "Ann! How could you recommend such a book?" "What's wrong with it?" I asked. "Don't you like it?" "Do you realize," he asked in return, "that the women characters *do not have names*?" "Well," I said, "isn't that the point—that they are just the two wives of the protagonist?" "How," Paul retorted, "can *you*, of all people, approve of a book where the *women* characters *do not have names*?! And you call yourself a feminist!" I had to laugh, of course, and so we had a spirited half-

hour talk before visiting hours ended and I had to leave. I left him perched on his bed, in his Ralph Lauren jammies, still waving his hands and going on about the sexism of a certain Israeli novelist.

That was the last time I saw Paul. The next morning, at my office computer, I got a message from the English Department that, incredibly, he had passed away that night. I may have been the last of his friends to see him. I will always remember with great fondness that last moment, Paul laughing, and talking, and telling me the way it is.

JAMES CRUISE

CORAGGIO, JAMES

At the end of *Journey to the Hebrides*, Dr. Johnson writes of his visit to a college for the "deaf and dumb," run by one Mr. Braidwood, whom he describes as a "gentleman." The five paragraphs making up this account are typical of Johnson's prose, as I understand his prose, at once deeply resonant and oracular, yet also hauntingly personal. Paul loved *Journey to the Hebrides* as much as he loved Faulkner's *Light in August*, which he read every year of his adult life. I know he loved *Journey* because he told me so, only once, but that was enough. He did, however, refer to the Braidwood passage many times and, when he did, he almost always used it to illustrate some feature of codes—compellingly, in typical Paul-fashion. But in the nearly thirty years I knew Paul, though he recited many lines to me in conversation, he never once, in so many words, spoke Johnson's coda on Thomas Braidwood—"whatever enlarges hope, will exalt courage."

It may seem clumsy now to shift the scene from Edinburgh of the eighteenth century to a street corner in West Philadelphia more than two centuries later, but that is where the story picks up. As four o'clock approached one afternoon, I knew I had had enough of my basement office in Bennett Hall, so I loaded my case and started toward home on 39th and Pine. The late Philadelphia afternoon I walked into made my escape from Bennett all the more agreeable; it was a spring-like day that allowed the college green to wear its name well. After crossing 34th Street, I started up the most direct path to home, the one that cuts a diagonal through the green and on to Wistar, but hadn't walked more than a dozen steps before Paul, coming in the opposite direction, called out to me, "Good afternoon, James!"

"Good afternoon, Paul," I returned, though I was surprised to see him coming from the college green, a rarity for me.

"Were you at the *library*, Paul?" I asked, and he interpreted correctly.

"James, it is possible to retrieve insignificant information from one's home library. On such occasions, we do what we must." Whether he was actually at the library he never said.

Paul was Paul that afternoon and dressed, of course, as he always dressed for the office: Hogg and J. B. Johnstone suit, bow tie, Italian shoes. He faced Bennett Hall and 34th Street, while I pointed in the homeward direction. Our conversation continued in the manner it had started for several minutes more when, from behind, the steady rumbling of a powerful motorcycle drew very close. As a city-dweller for more than a few years, I dismissed the noise as inconsequential. Paul did not.

"Pardon me, James," he said, as he walked hastily past me toward 34th Street. Immediately I turned to follow what he was doing and saw he had moved quickly to position himself directly in front of man and offending machine about to make their assault on the college green ahead. In the scene unfolding, motorcycle man looked his part—he could easily have qualified for membership in the Hell's Angels on appearance alone: hairy and of large proportions. Paul remained Paul. I did not know what to think as I watched and could hear nothing. And because I had only read about Braidwood, not studied under him, I could not read lips—yet I could see that only Paul's were moving. Fearing the worst, I started walking toward the stand-off. Before I could take another step, however, the hairy man bobbed his head in the affirmative, switched off the ignition of his motorcycle, dismounted, and inexplicably began the laborious process of pushing it up the walk in the direction I would shortly take.

Paul returned to me and said, "James, these yobs think they can do whatever they wish. I had to explain to him that he could not ride his motorcycle up a pedestrian walkway and that if he intended to proceed onto campus, he would have to push the motorcycle to his destination, not drive it."

Instant analysis followed, other words passed, but my head spun to make sense of it all. Eventually Paul headed toward Bennett and I toward home. For reasons I could not then explain, I stopped, turned, and watched Paul as he disappeared into Bennett. He never looked back. In the opposite direction and some distance ahead, the hairy man pushed and plodded on.

Years later I recalled this incident to Paul. He did not remember it. But he had a good laugh about the hairy man and his motorcycle. "A hirsute man, James?"

"Yes, Paul, a hirsute man."

Every career, every life, goes until it stops. Along the way we sometimes run the car off the road. And with help we get it going down the road again. Those couple of times I ran my car off the road, long after the hirsute man and

his motorcycle, Paul was there to help. "Coraggio, James!" he would say hopefully.

It was not in Paul's nature to stint on anything, and his "coraggio" was of that nature. "I know, Paul," I would tell him, and I did. Because no matter how far I have retreated from that street corner in West Philadelphia, I return to it often to watch silently, to stand in wonder, and to remember.

THOMAS E. KINSELLA

Paul J. Korshin was my teacher and dissertation director in the 1980s. The fact that he was a distinguished Johnsonian first attracted me to him. In those years he taught me about Johnson, Boswell, and the eighteenth century, but he also began a much deeper lesson that was completed only upon news of his death.

To an inexperienced graduate student, Korshin was an imposing figure. Sporting bow tie and natty English-tailored suits, he walked the corridors of Bennett Hall with authority and elegance. He spoke well on almost every subject, extemporizing in his own Johnsonian way. On visits to his office I was regularly tongue-tied. Sitting at a separate mail desk, he would open and glance through correspondence as I stumbled through ideas and asked questions. He listened, and after putting down the last envelope, would say a few words and send me on my way. During class lectures I kept a tally of his brilliant statements. Most days there were two or three, or more. Korshin tossed off my dissertation topic at one of those moments. To me he embodied the academic life.

His lessons could be subtle, but he expected his students to recognize and understand them. After receiving my degree I knew it was time to stop calling him Professor. I waited in vain, however, for some gracious announcement such as, "Just call me Paul." I finally screwed up my courage and, calling him on the phone, asked for "Paul." He had been waiting and responded, "Yes, Tom, it is I."

As I progressed through my teaching career, we remained in touch, catching up at least once a year during an unhurried lunch in West Philadelphia. Paul would ask about my private life, discuss the state of my scholarly career, and suggest projects. Filtered through these conversations were the names of his other dissertation students, past and present. It became clear that he was keeping track of many of us, and I began to recognize an important arc within an academic career. Paul, who talked glowingly about Jack Bate, his dissertation director, quietly insisted that we maintain the bond begun many years before. Our academic lives were linked. At one of those lunches, a few years

before his death, he remarked, "We've got to get you promoted to full professor. You'll want to buy a house, get married, start a family." At first it seemed odd reasoning, although it was touching. Now I understand that Paul was placing the academic career in service to a more robust, and more important purpose. I was not to live for my career.

I learned of Paul's death while reading E-mail and eating lunch at my desk, and within the hour headed to a class. Before formal discussion began, I spent five minutes trying to explain to my undergraduates who Paul J. Korshin was. It was easy to tick off his many scholarly accomplishments. It was more difficult to explain why this flamboyant man—a gourmet cook who brought basket lunches to faculty meetings and threw holiday parties requiring formal attire—why he was so deeply important to me. I tried to explain the ways that the teacher–student relationship could extend beyond the classroom and across time. But once more I was tongue-tied for Paul.

I missed his memorial service, an easy one-hour drive away. It conflicted with an end-of-year party that my colleagues and I throw for our literature majors. As I stood in the crowded reception that afternoon, I thought of Paul, and realized that I was keeping the tradition. In my own way, I was looking after my students, as he did.

BLAKE ALLMENDINGER

I forget everything Paul taught me in graduate school. I took two courses with him in eighteenth-century literature. He advised me on my Ph.D. dissertation, wrote letters for me when I went on the job market, and supported my application for tenure at UCLA. During the twenty years that I knew him, we had many conversations about literature, the academic profession, and the publishing industry.

At least I think we did.

What I remember about Paul is the way that he would snort through his nose if he was amused, or irritated, or about to make a point. He would preface his remarks by snorting—the way Spanish writers put the exclamation mark at the beginning of a sentence—to warn you in advance.

When Paul stood at the blackboard, he held the chalk in his hand like a cigarette. He always wore a suit and bow tie. When he was sitting he would cross his legs. When some men do that their pants hike up, or their socks slip down, revealing a glimpse of pale leg, which tends to spoil the effect that they're going for. That never happened with Paul.

When I was in graduate school I lived in an apartment in West Philadelphia, a few blocks from Paul's house. At the end of one semester, when my paper was due, Paul told me to drop it off at his house. He said he would be working in his study, so just leave it under a rock by the front door.

I arrived at his house a few minutes later. As I stooped down on the doorstep I noticed that the rock was spray-painted purple. I put the purple rock on top of my paper and left, just as it was beginning to rain.

Later Paul said that he liked the paper a lot.

When Paul didn't like someone he would deliberately mispronounce the person's name. As I get older I tend to forget important dates and people's names and who was president when. But I seem to recall that Ronald Reagan must have been president when I was in graduate school, because I remember Paul calling him "[*snort*] President Ray-gone."

If Paul liked you he would not only pronounce your name correctly but use it in a sentence like, "Yes, Blake, I see what you mean." Or, "No, Blake, I can't agree with you there." Sometimes when the two of us were alone in a room talking, he would say my name and I would jump, or look around to see who he was referring to.

The last time I saw Paul was when he and his wife came to Los Angeles to visit family. Paul and I went out to dinner one night. He had just finished his chemotherapy treatment but, except for the fact that he had lost all his hair, he seemed like the same old Paul. After dinner was over, he asked me if we could stop by the grocery store on the way back to the hotel so he could pick up something for his wife. I followed him around the store as he paced the aisles with his hands behind his back, striding with purpose, or stopping suddenly and wheeling around, then heading back in the other direction. He chatted for a long time with the woman at the check-out register about something, I forget what. Then we left.

I dropped him off at the hotel. We shook hands in the car. Sometimes I wish I had gotten out of the car and walked him to the hotel door. The last thing I remember is driving away while he stood on the steps, wearing his hat, waving, and holding in his other hand some breakfast cereal in a brown paper bag.

I guess I thought I'd see him again next year.

JACK LYNCH

As a timid first-semester freshman at the University of Pennsylvania in 1985, I enrolled in English 44A, "Madness and English Literature," taught by one "Korshin," a name then unfamiliar to me. Thirteen years later the same name, by then very familiar, appeared on the title page of my doctoral dissertation. Over those years and beyond he taught me a tremendous amount—not only about Johnson and eighteenth-century literature, but about what it meant to be a scholar, a teacher, a colleague, and a friend.

That course on madness gave me my first introduction to Paul as a teacher, a scholar, and (most memorably) a collector of fruit labels. But I really began to appreciate Paul's distinctive qualities in my sophomore year, and that was when I began accumulating the Korshin stories with which I've regaled friends for more than two decades. A scholarship from an external source had to be renewed annually, accompanied by a signature from "an academic dean or advisor" willing to testify that I was making "satisfactory academic progress." After my freshman year, whether my academic progress was satisfactory might euphemistically be called a question that could prompt debate. I would probably have won the debate, but it wasn't an argument I relished having.

The scholarship committee clearly expected the signature of someone in the administration who could look at my records and certify whether or not I was in good academic shape, but I knew that anyone who could call up my transcript was bound to give me a stern talking-to about incompletes and less-than-stellar performance in a few classes. I dreaded the finger-wagging "Who's-been-a-naughty-boy?" lecture I was destined to receive from the dean's office. But then I recalled that I'd recently named Professor Korshin as my supervisor in the English major and, even though he had no access to my transcript, he was an "advisor" of sorts—maybe, I thought, that would be enough to get it past the bureaucrats. The only question was whether he'd be willing to sign the thing. Still, my grade in his class had been good, and I hoped he'd ask me a few questions about my other grades, to which I could return noncommital half-truths, and he'd extrapolate from my performance in his class and assume I was less of a slacker than I really was.

Paul could be intimidating to a sophomore, and it took me a while to work up the courage to approach him. Finally I knocked on his office door and, after he invited me in and offered me a seat, I took the form from a folder and held it in what must have been visibly trembling hands. I nervously asked whether he'd be able to sign something for me. "Of course," he said without a pause, and dramatically snatched the paper from me. Without so much as glancing at its text, he uncapped his pen, signed the form, folded it neatly in thirds, and handed it back to me. "What did I just sign?" he asked.

"Um, I have this scholarship," I stammered, "and, uh, they need a signature from an advisor, that I'm making academic progress, and—" All of a sudden a look of concern clouded his brow, and I began to worry that things hadn't gone as smoothly as I had thought. And when he yanked the form out of my hands once again, I feared the jig was up.

Paul stared at the form for a few moments, muttering as he read it to himself *sotto voce*. He then paused, and took from his desk a carousel of rubber stamps and two pads of ink, one red, one black. He worked his way systematically through all the stamps—his signature, the date, "APPROVED," "RECEIVED," "DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH," "UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA," even, I think, a stamp he used to endorse checks at his bank—and stamped the form almost maniacally, front and back, for nearly a minute. By the time he finished there must have been two dozen red and black stamps on it, leaving very little of the original text legible. He then folded the paper again, handed it back to me, and announced, with a look of faux earnestness, "Bureaucrats love this sort of thing. Makes them feel important." Suffice it to say the scholarship was renewed, and I made it through my sophomore year not much the worse for wear.

That same mischievous sense of humor showed up even in the sober pages of this scholarly annual. Paul often took a childlike delight in some inside jokes that were so "inside" that no one could ever hope to get them. An example came in volume 6, when I first began working as editorial assistant. The story makes sense only with some historical background. Sir Edmund Gosse was the sort of late-Victorian gentleman-scholar who dabbled in many literary fields. Among his works was a popular *History of Eighteenth-Century Literature*, which ran to nineteen editions between 1889 and 1929. However much Gosse appealed to the Victorian and Edwardian masses, though, the increasingly professional scholars of the 1920s and '30s reacted against the dilettantism of his generation. And one of the most influential of the young Turks, R. S. Crane, had a particular enmity for Gosse's criticism.

In 1926 Crane founded an annual compilation called *English Literature of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century: A Current Bibliography*, which became a regular feature in *Philological Quarterly* before it became the more comprehensive standalone series, now known as *Eighteenth-Century Current Bibliography*. Beginning in 1950, Princeton University Press published compilations of all the bibliographies. At the end of the second collected volume from Princeton came a delicious errata slip: "Page 64, *for* Sir Edmund Goose, *read* Sir Edmund Gosse." And on p. 64, Sir Edmund had indeed been goosed.

Exactly how Gosse became Goose is unclear. Some say it was an accident, pure and simple. Curt Zimansky, on the other hand, insists that Crane planted it deliberately. Still others say it began as a mistake, but one Crane was

delighted to leave in place. One of Crane's collaborators says "I clearly remember Crane's telling me that, though he was proud of the mistake, its occurrence was wholly unintentional. Then, with his eyes twinkling, he added, 'It was obviously a distinguished Freudian slip.'"

Paul relished quirky stories like this, and had a substantial repertoire of anecdotes about scholarly oddities. And so he was literally rubbing his hands together with glee when, in 1993, he received a contribution on Leslie Stephen's and Virginia Woolf's knowledge of eighteenth-century literature. What had him particularly excited was the fact that the article quoted from Woolf's diary about the discovery of the Boswell papers, where she noted in passing that "Sir Edmund Gosse is dead." Paul was thrilled that he'd finally get to pay tribute to Crane's bit of scholarly eccentricity. If you check the index nominum to volume 6 of *The Age of Johnson*, you'll see "Goose, Edmund, 160." The press's copy-editor tried to correct it, but Paul wrote a gruff "STET" in the margin of the page proof. After he told me the story, I asked him, "You realize, don't you, that if every copy of the journal survives a thousand years and is read by a thousand people, not one of them will recognize the strange history behind it?" Of course he knew that; he still insisted on it.

When I received the grim news of Paul's death in 2005, my mind immediately turned back to these stories and dozens of others, some of the fondest memories of my academic career—for that matter, of my life over the last two decades. But I also think of the kindness he lavished on me beginning with that vigorously stamped form, continuing through his support for my admission to Penn's doctoral program and his supervision of my dissertation, and perhaps culminating in his entrusting me with the co-editorship of *The Age of Johnson* in my first year as an assistant professor at Rutgers. I can only hope the journal lives up to the standard he set.

Robert Allen

Paul's Fruit Label Collection

Yes, #4135 is a Washington Gala Apple, and #4379 is a Tree-Ripe Nectarine, but Paul Korshin's collection of those small printed labels that you find stuck onto fruit and produce in the market went far beyond just "is." Paul's collection was early, international, extensive, and recognized. Paul was well along at collecting these stickers by the year 1983. According to a tally that he kept, by 9 September 1983 he had 522 fruit labels. By 12 December of the same year, 561. By the last count that he recorded (dated 17 December 1997), 1,361. And he kept on collecting after that.

By 1986 (26 October), Paul's collection had drawn the notice of the *New York Times*—in an article titled "What's New in Collectibles: A Gold Mine in Labels and Cans." (The point of the article was that a collector could pursue an interesting hobby without laying out much money, and Paul's was one of the several byways of collecting that it featured.)

1

An account of Paul's collection begins with the variety of the fruits, their countries of origin, their shapes, what they depict, and what they say. Well beyond the expected apples, bananas, and oranges, Paul had labels that stated they came from blueberries, cherimoya, cucumbers, kiwi, lemons, mangos, melons, papayas, pears, spaghetti squash, strawberries, tomatoes, and watermelon. Yet there were many labels that did not say what product they once were stuck to—and Paul did not annotate his labels. It lies, therefore, with Future Researchers to figure these others out. There are surely labels from additional and yet stranger fruits.

Paul had labels that plainly declared their foreign origins: Australia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, El Salvador, France, Greece, Guatemala, Israel, the Ivory Coast, Honduras, Jamaica, Kenya, Mali, Morocco, New Zealand, Panama, Spain, Tasmania, Turkamen, and Venezuela. No fewer countries than these. Paul's foreign labels outnumber his domestic ones—and his foreign labels do not just indicate the country from which a fruit was imported. Paul gathered a great number of labels abroad—in places to which Joan Patáky-Kosove, his Wife Known for Her Uncommon Travels, had led him. But Paul did not specify whether his foreign labels came on imported fruit he found in domestic markets or on fruit he found in markets overseas. There are surely labels from additional and yet stranger lands.

As for the shapes of Paul's labels, his domestic labels favor the oval—on a landscape axis. Labels of recent years add the feature of a tab (apparently to make you think that they were easy to remove). Paul's foreign labels favor the shape of the lozenge—an oval with blunted ends. Upon the oval and the lozenge, there are variations. There are ovals with national-flag extensions. Beyond the oval and the lozenge, there are circles, crescents, crowns, discs, shields, and medals with ribbons. Paul had one label in the shape of a letter *Q*. He had another in the shape of the State of Texas.

As for what is printed on them, some of Paul's labels have numbers and words; some contain pictures—or, because of their shape, are pictures. His basic labels give the PLU (Price Look-Up) Code number plus the variety and origin of the fruit (e.g., #4129 | Fuji | New Zealand). When the code number has a prefatory 9, the fruit is Organic.

His better labels give you more than just an identifying text. That is, some labels tell you how they got to the market: "Made in Nature," reports Paul's label from a Certified Organic #94799; "Vacuum cooled freshness," says his label from Family Farm Iceberg lettuce; "Papaya by Air for freshness and sweetness," declares a label from Valley Fruit, Jamaica. Some labels provide justification why they should be there: "Pesticide Free," swears "The Tasty Tomato" from Wilson's Greenhouses in Nova Scotia; "Garantito Agri Paestum senza sostanze dannose," guarantees another label in its own vernacular; "Cholesterol Free" assures Paul's label on a Trileen Farm Avocado.

Some of the labels venture Modest Assertions: "Select," says one; "Special Fruit," says another; "Good Value," advises a label from Spain; "Ready for You," assures a Melo-glow Honeydew. Some labels go further into the subtleties of salesmanship, offering pleasant connotations: "Mango Health," declares a Nayarait Mexican label; "Bunny-Luv," murmurs the label on an Orange Flesh Melon; "Sealed-Sweet Sales," alliterates another, from Indian River, Florida; "The King of the Tropical Fruit," decrees a label from Mexico; "My I'm Sweet and ready to eat," croons another label; "Gee Whiz Finest," utters a down-home fruit label from Washington State.

Then there are labels that offer needed hints and encouragement: "Ripe when lightly soft," clarifies Paul's label on a California Tropics Cherimoya to the hesitant purchaser; "Ripe tonight," announces a product from Rocky Ponds, Australia; "To Eat Chill and Peel," directs a label on an Asian Pear. More authoritative are the labels that speak in the imperative mood: "Slice me on Cereal," enjoins a label on a Chiquita Banana; "Try me and see," propositions a label on a product from Venezuela.

As for graphics, the objects depicted on Paul's labels include a domino; an ace of spades on an Asso label; a crown (from Chateau Pérouse); a Panama hat on a fruit label from that nation; a motorcycle. More painterly, a fruit label from Rémy Pons gives you a rural bridge with a stream flowing under it.

Beyond objects, there are birds, beasts, and people. The birds pictured on labels in the collection include: a toucan; a Blue Goose on an Indian River citrus label; "Le Merle blanc" on a label reading Guedj Cavaillon; a yellow chick hatching from an egg on an Il Pulcino, C.O.A. label; a "Lucky Bird" sitting on a lucky nest on an El Pájaro Afortinado honeydew melon label.

Critters pictured on labels in the collection include a ladybug on a leaf; a blue seal balancing a striped ball. Three related labels from Spain give you a cat arching its back, a Scottie dog, and a Saint Bernard. Other labels give you a horse, a panda, and (from an AAS Avocado) a gazelle. A particolored fox on a "1980 Lake Placid Chiquita Banana" label makes a commercial tie-in to corporate sponsorship of the Winter Olympics of that year. A particularly pleasant series of Dole labels gives you verbally playful banana-word animals:

an orange Banilly goat, a pink Banelephant, a yellow Banangaroo, and a green Baneroceros. More urbane, even, than these is Dole's "Babe—Pig in the City." The only beast-bird on a label of Paul's is a griffin.

Best of all are Paul's labels that depict People. A Farmer with his Plow on one label assures you that the fruit was field-grown—not concocted in a laboratory. A Snowman with tree-branch arms, twig hands, and a fedora (but no writing) leaves us wondering, why a Snowman? Likewise for a Santa Claus with no text. The profiled head of a Seminole on a Florigold Indian River label connotes sub-tropical sunshine and the dignity of his tribe.

Best among Paul's Label People are his Fruit People. There is "Mr. Mango," who is a mango-person. Then there is "Mr. Melon," who (like Paul) wears a bow tie. Paul's label from a Topper Melon displays a dapper yellow-color melon-person in a top hat—connoting style and good taste on the part of you—the about-to-be-consumer. Lemon King, from Spain, is a crowned and yellow lemon-person in a red robe trimmed with ermine—a kingly figure at the top of the person chain. A Tanio Farms (Bahamas) Sunshine Papaya label depicts an orange papaya-person with a yellow neck-kerchief and a field hat—a laborer inseparable from his product. Poggio Rusco, Malavasi Agostino & Figli fruit from Italy features a hefty bambino, seated, eating a slice of watermelon—the pleasures of childhood. Les Fruits d'Aramis give you an apple-shape label depicting a Musketeer, bearing a red shield with a white cross on it—the Present Age keeps Dumas père alive. Sport Billy, a boy label-person booting a futbal (on Weltmeisterschaft 82 fruit from Spain) counts on your enthusiasm for his sport group to transfer over to enthusiasm for his sponsored food group. Onkel Tuca, an affable banana-person under the straw hat of a paisano, assures you need not ask whether the workers for Bananas Originales are well paid and content.

2

The world of a fruit label collector contains no less than its fellow collectors, its journalists, and its abettors. Paul had connections with all three. He had correspondence from fellow collectors. "My law partners have been laughing at my fruit label collection for the six years of its existence," wrote Robin Alvin Alder of New Jersey. "I stop frequently to go fruit stickering, [and] I did almost get arrested in Albuquerque for behaving suspiciously in a supermarket," wrote Sara Comstock of New York. As for journalists, Paul had proof in print that there is a literature on collecting fruit labels. He had issues of the newsletter *Please Stop Snickering*, in its twenty-eighth number by 1997. He had a *New York Times* article dated 17 April 1999 titled "Collector Stuck on a Bizarre New Pastime"—an article focusing on the banana-centric collection of

John Stather, himself the publisher of newsletter *Completely Bananas*. (The *Times* article fixes the historic first fruit label to July 1929, on a Fyffe's Blue Label banana; it also reports that, to come by his labels legitimately, Mr. Stather eats two bananas a day.) And Paul had his abettors. There is correspondence from at least four—Isobel Grundy among them. These were persons amused by Paul's accounts of his curious pursuit who offered up labels they stumbled upon. They even took risks on his behalf: an "Italian grocer asked me to leave his store," wrote one abettor—who apparently got away with the label.

Who among us will step forward to continue collecting where Paul left off? Volunteers, please be warned that there may be obstacles to the enterprise ahead. An article in the *New York Times* dated 19 July 2005 announces that laser-coded "Tattooed Fruit Is on the Way," and that it will bring "an end to those tiny stubborn stickers that have to be picked, scraped, or yanked off." Hmm. Were those "stubborn stickers" really so annoying? Well, the peely labels may have had their day—but let it be remembered that in that day, Paul was an Early and an Active Riser.

JOHN RICHETTI

Remembering Paul is for me effortless if bittersweet, an experience still full of a terrible pathos but also of pleasure and even of joy. He jumps into view so readily that I have to smile. Paul was nothing less than unforgettable, so distinctive in his manner, so original, so striking and lively in his person. So he is vividly present to me as I write, and it is truly hard for me to believe that he is gone. My memories of Paul go back about twenty-five years; I met him at an eighteenth-century conference, in Providence I think, where he was to say the least an unmistakable figure, especially in a sea of academic sartorial drabness. All of us remember those tokens of his bright-eyed singularity—his impeccable bow ties and his sleek bespoke suits, which—as his brother, Oliver, reminded me—were in fact not from Savile Row itself but from a tailor on Sackville Street, just around the corner. Paul always said that the best tailors were actually not on Savile Row; he claimed to know such things, and who knows, maybe he was right!

About twenty years ago, Paul helped bring me to Penn, and I will always be grateful to him for that. He introduced me then to his tailor on Sackville Street, and I guess I am also grateful for that introduction. Once you've worn a bespoke suit, it's hard to go back to off-the-rack garb, but these English suits are a very expensive addiction on a professor's salary. One morning in the Bennett Hall mail room, I greeted Paul and admired what seemed to be an

especially resplendent new suit. But, I said, these garments are so expensive, and asked as cautiously as I could, "Paul, aren't you living beyond your means?" "Of course, John," he replied, in that wonderful bark of a voice, his eyes sparkling mischievously. "The best life, John," he said, "is one in which the check to the undertaker bounces!" This strikes me still as a valuable life lesson. I understand it not as an invitation to improvidence and prodigality but as the expression of pure joie de vivre, a gusto and love of life that were the essence of Paul's personality.

Paul was an indefatigable bon vivant, a man of the world with many and varied pleasures and interests. A frequent sojourner in London, where he was for years a fixture in the rare book room, the North Library in the British Museum, he had in recent years traveled farther afield with his wife, Joan, regaling us with tales of his travels in southeast Asia and Africa as well as in old Europe. But you could never predict Paul's interests; he was full of surprises. He collected, and I can hardly believe my memory of this hobby, the colorful little labels that appear on fruit, and he once showed me his large and meticulously mounted collection of these stickers. Here is something even stranger: he was especially fond of the old Donald Duck comic books and also those that featured Donald's fabulously wealthy Uncle Scrooge McDuck, and his nephews, Huey, Louie, and Dewey; Paul's brother told me he had a definitive collection of these comics. Like Dr. Johnson, Paul understood that nothing is too little for so little a creature as man.

On a rather more exalted level, he loved music, especially opera, and once told me that he owned no hi-fi equipment, that he hated mechanically reproduced music. I envisioned him then, like some sort of Holy Roman Emperor or Austrian princeling with a court composer and orchestra, listening only to live music, performed just for him. He was to the end of his elegant fingertips a gourmand and oenophile, as well as a cook of cordon-bleu accomplishments whose dinner parties were legendary. But it was not all foie gras and bechamel sauce with him; he had omnivorous tastes. A year or so before he died I had a wonderful sushi lunch with him at a Japanese fusion restaurant on the Penn campus, Pod, which he consumed with great relish. He once told me that he had one year served a brief apprenticeship to a chef in a Tandoori restaurant in London. The image of Paul, elegant shirt sleeves rolled up, furrowing his brow in concentration and plunging his arm into the red hot clay oven that is the centerpiece of that cuisine is a picture I treasure, and invite you to imagine with me.

For those who knew him well, there was much more to Paul than the public persona he had cultivated, since his college days as one of his classmates from his days at CCNY told me. Beneath the Wildean, dandyish exterior, the worldly hedonism, the aristocratic hauteur, the scholarly ironies and acerbities, the

Johnsonian abruptness and even aggression bordering on rudeness in argument, the eccentric Anglophilia, there was a deep core of fellow feeling and human decency that he showed only to his close friends. I still remember my surprise when he told me with an intensity that startled me that he hated racism, sexism, and even agism. Without wearing his heart on his sleeve and without a trace of moral superiority or solemnity, he was a democrat with a small "d" who passionately hated injustice and inequity. He was a Democrat in capital letters as well, and I can still hear his hilarious evocation of various Republican bêtes noires like the two Bushes and the appalling Oliver North, as "the man, Bush," or "the man, North." And Ronald Reagan was always for Paul rendered as "Ronald Ray-Gun." Yet under that playful frivolity and subversive wit, Paul was very much a Mensch, a man of deep and genuine feeling, which often enough erupted spontaneously amid the artifice of his persona. Some years ago, he met at a book launch in England an editor who told him that she had been very recently widowed. Paul instantly burst into tears—a true Man of Feeling, in the Mackenziean mode. To quote some familiar lines that in this light now seem appropriate for remembering Paul:

> . . . the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

For me, that fellow feeling, that core of humanity and decency, of generosity and kindness in Paul, were all the more valuable as the private complement to his elegant but sometimes brittle public persona. Who knows but that persona was a mask for his intense emotionality?—for his deep and caring involvement with his fellows? Those who saw Paul the public person most often were his fellow eighteenth-century literature scholars, whom he had served years ago as the second executive secretary of the American Society for Eighteenth-Century Studies. Paul was not only one of the founding leaders of the society but a formidable scholar, respected for the great depth and range of his knowledge, who salted his learning with irrepressible wit and high spirits. An intensely committed founding editor of this journal, Paul nurtured and encouraged in its pages and at professional gatherings over the years many younger scholars. Just after he died, at the eighteenth-century conference in Las Vegas, a number of those scholars, now somewhat older, had just heard of Paul's death and went out of their way to take me aside and to share their memories of Paul's kindness and encouragement of their work. Their tributes, spontaneous and heartfelt, moved me. These tributes brought home to me that Paul did a great deal of good. He is remembered by many of his students and colleagues as a friend and mentor. To reverse Shakespeare's Marc Antony on

what survives us after our death, that good lives after him. Let these spontaneous tributes from his younger colleagues to Paul's kindness and generosity serve as my last word as I remember him.

Frater, ave atque vale!

GEORGE JUSTICE

When I took Paul Korshin's class on "The Poetic Vocation" in the fall of 1988, I had no idea how unusual the course actually was. It did not seem strange at the time to be reading all of Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*, or Thomson's *Liberty* and *The Castle of Indolence*, or Cowper's *Olney Hymns*. As far as I knew, this was what people studying eighteenth-century literature actually did. I now believe that it's what students of eighteenth-century literature should be doing, and (parenthetically) it is a program of study made much easier by the presence of Eighteenth-Century Collections Online (ECCO) on many university libraries.

I entered the Ph.D. program at the University of Pennsylvania in 1988 intending to work on eighteenth-century literature but with no set program of study. When I got to campus in August, I knew only little about the period and even less about the faculty in the department. I had to choose between a survey taught by Paul Fussell and Korshin's more specialized course. Fussell had long been a hero of mine, not for his work on Samuel Johnson or Augustan humanism, but for his essays on literature and culture. I knew I would want to study with Fussell while at Penn, but with the approval of John Richetti, for whom I was a TA and to whom I had been assigned as an advisee, I signed up for Korshin's course, along with a number of other bewildered first-year students.

Paul Korshin did not run seminars. He was not adverse to hearing what students had to say, but he lectured, even to our class of eight or nine students. And his lectures were not exactly what you would call "methodical." They were mirrors of his mind: filled with interesting information, combining standard details that students would have to know to pass as minimally competent in the field with idiosyncratic titbits and opinionated observations. Classes were fascinating, bewildering, and hilarious. I remember distinctly in one class, sometime in late September or early October that fall, Korshin described to us his current enjoyment in reading Derrida's *Glas*, and he made a comment on its impenetrability with a paraphrase of 1 Corinthians. I started laughing uncontrollably and couldn't quiet down for about ten minutes. Korshin, eyes twinkling and a smile playing on his lips, repeated the joke,

moved back to the poetry under consideration, came back to Derrida, and then proceeded as if unaware of the laughter he had provoked.

I obviously learned a lot that semester. The paper topics I thought of (under Korshin's questioning during office hours) were better than most I came up with during my entire graduate career. I still think about surveying all of the St. Cecilia's Day odes and seeing what happens. As uninterested in student opinion as Korshin seemed to be during class, he pursued with generosity, interest, and suggestions for further reading pretty much anything of any value a student could come up with in his office. As it happened, he encouraged as well another of my paper topics. I was interested in the combined issues of "taste" and the publishing world (having entered graduate school after at two-year stint at Harper & Row in New York).

Korshin encouraged me to look at an article by "Raymond Dexter Havens" on issues of changing taste during the period as registered in Dryden's and Dodsley's *Miscellanies*. (Korshin's insistence on using Havens's middle name—an affectation I have persisted in, despite my knowing no more of Havens than I know of Franklin Delano Roosevelt—befuddled me at the time, since the article I had been directed to was published under the name of Raymond D. Havens.) After reading the article, and looking into Dodsley and his *Collection of Poems by Several Hands* and determining that this is what I wanted to pursue, Korshin helped me narrow the topic to Dodsley's relationship with Thomas Gray and the publication of some of Gray's poems in the *Collection*.

It was the perfect topic, as it introduced me to a number of kinds of research, particularly the field of the "history of the book," and using an author and publisher's correspondence, building on my interest in art history (specifically using book design, with another article by Richard Wendorf that Korshin drew my attention to), and thinking *editorially* about the literature of the period. I'm sure the paper that resulted was awful, but it formed the germ of one of my dissertation (and then book) chapters, although I shifted my focus from Dodsley's publication of Gray to Dodsley's publication of a few of Pope's poems in his *Collection of Poems by Several Hands*.

Paul Korshin became a crucial member of my dissertation committee. He knew a great deal about my general topic of the literary marketplace and writers during the period, and he knew very much about some of my specific chapter subjects, including Pope, Johnson, and Dodsley. His comments on chapters were always useful, even if he was expressly skeptical about some of my high-flying theoretical prosing. The dissertation and the book would not have been written without his guidance and support, and therefore I can safely say that any success I've had in my career has resulted in large part from Paul Korshin's care and attention. While I was writing my dissertation in England, Korshin employed me to try to find information on the first complete works of

Johnson published in the nineteenth century. I was pretty much unsuccessful, but through his direction I learned how to use libraries in England and how to query librarians there so as not to make myself a nuisance but to find out what I needed to know. I was not the only student of his at the time, of course. His student Diane Hunter died while working on a dissertation under his tutelage, and Korshin helped establish the Diane Hunter dissertation prize, which still exists at Penn. And, of course, there's Jack Lynch. May I never have to write an account of Jack Lynch, for may he never come into danger!

Paul Korshin also encouraged my writing after I had successfully found a tenure-track position, and he published in the *Age of Johnson* my reviews and an essay of which I am particularly proud. He gave me my first change to act as a peer reviewer, and he helped me to craft a review that would be of help to the piece's author. (I was proud when that piece was published in the *Age of Johnson*. That piece takes a different approach from mine on a number of issues that are important to me. Korshin helped me here to channel my editorial impulse to encourage good work even when at odds with my own positions on important issues.)

And I cannot forget the bow ties and the suits that, he told me, were tailored for him on Savile Row. Rumor had it that he had them made purposely one size too small, but I never believed it. The cut of the suits never strained his figure. Rather, the suits seemed a living part of him, the bow ties an expression of his personality in the way that a punk might wear an extravagantly colored Mohawk for a hair style. Paul Korshin cut an unforgettable figure, as much for the way his limbs could splay out in odd and inconsistent directions, somewhat like toy giraffe I had when a child—it was wire underneath rubber, allowing me to bend the legs, tail, and neck in all sorts of unusual directions. With his spray of hair (graying as he aged), his butterfly bow ties, and his outlandishly exaggerated gestures (often involving a hand placed in one of a number of places on his head), he was a *character*. As many know, he was a wonderful cook, and the evening he invited a number to his house for a meal was a highlight of my graduate career. I had been prepared by friends for the nature of the meal (delicious) and the number of cats (extraordinary), but I was shocked by—the jeans he wore. Paradoxically Paul Korshin's Levi's made him both more down to earth and more legendary at the same time.

After I married Devoney Looser, Korshin became her encourager and supporter, too. We had a number of memorable dinners at ASECS, remarkable largely for how much he made all of us laugh, but filled with tips, related to scholarship, of course, but also to personal finance, that I'll never forget. He regaled us with accounts of his world travels, and delighted us with his just rage at the powers that be. He was his own man, and he scorned those who would try to control him by predicting what he should believe or how he

should act. I am sure that there were negative personal and professional consequences to all that, but as devoted as he was to his own image he was more devoted to large issues in research as well as the details of the "scholia." He had a true scholar's respect for tradition combined with a desire to discover and decode the archive. If his devotion to discovering the truth led him sometimes to disregard the opinion of others? So be it. I miss Paul Korshin as a scholar and as a friend, and I revere his dedication to eighteenth-century studies, and I cherish my memories of him.

ERIC WERTHEIMER

THE CATTERY: FOR PAUL KORSHIN

> "For he is tenacious of his point.
> For he is a mixture of gravity and waggery."
> —Christopher Smart, *Jubilate Agno*

Paul Korshin sent me a letter almost a month before he died. Of course, I did not have the chance to respond to it—it feels like sentimental fiction to say it, but it is true. The letter asked for no response, it merely caught me up on a few things. I count that correspondence as an unfinished conversation, and this as my chance to respond.

I have been drawn to Paul, both when he was alive and now in his passing, through his cats. Anyone who entered his house knows that Paul took cats seriously. In several important respects, the cats were the result of how he lived in West Philadelphia, and a perfect emblem of his arch personality. Many of the cats were, after all, irresistible strays, taken in from the doorstep. They—one, two, three, four, until six in number—were welcomed into his home.

And, it is strange to say but true, they were then *educated* into his world of books, fine food, and independent thinking. They took their place in that house and Paul took his place alongside them. His home was a cattery—a house that bred cats of the best pedigree, a derivation by virtue of personality rather than bloodline or breeding. His cattery was a family of refinement, of cultivated and artful ease, of affection. This community was Paul in its cultural and creaturely hybridity—Philadelphia and Whitman by way of Johnson and London.

I'd like to explain how I came to know Paul and his cats, because it says something about how he came to collect those he cared about. Paul became a dear friend to me primarily through my wife Milagros, who was a foreign student, from Peru. Mili was an undergraduate at Bryn Mawr College at the

time, and Paul's then wife Debra Thomas was the director of the Bryn Mawr College Office of Public Information. Debra took an interest in Mili (who was a student worker unable to return home for summer breaks) and came to learn that their respective partners were Penn English people. Paul was a devotee of Bryn Mawr and Haverford (my undergraduate alma mater), I suspect out of respect for their traditions of proto-feminist Quakerism and rigorous undergraduate scholarship.

When he and Debra lived on Osage Avenue he would allow us, like the strays we were, to stay there when we needed a place between apartments. We were often honored with an invitation to one of their meals and de facto salons. But I'm sure others will recall and describe those better than I could. Needless to say, Paul and Debra's invitations, whether to a dinner or a room to stay in, were a bracing and enriching entrance into the world of academia-behind-the-scenes, invaluable to an aspiring professor. Perhaps more importantly, it was a place to stay when there were no others.

During the years I was at Penn, he set me up on a ridiculous kind of scholarship. I would watch the six cats when he was in England, California, or Italy for weeks at a time during summer or winter breaks. Paul paid me the inflated sum of sixty bucks for reading newspapers to diffident felines. (He had a vet student take care of the more scientific task of feeding the "boys," as he called them, though some were, in all honesty, girls.) To me Paul left the arts of litter clean-up and, more interestingly, "keeping them company." His instruction letters were exhaustively detailed, which I at the time took to be a kind of mania, but in retrospect see as a form of radical caring. The list of responsibilities involved reading the *New York Times* (preferably aloud), puzzling through the crossword as I scratched a curious seeker, watering various plants with precise doses of water, moving garbage cans, sorting voluminous amounts of mail, searching out who might be hiding or committing mischief in the numerous nooks of the three-story Victorian twin.

I saw Paul last at the 2004 MLA convention in Philadelphia, and he looked reasonably healthy for someone who'd just endured chemotherapy. Mili and I wanted to introduce him to our daughters, Dani and Aya, when we were roaming the Main Line that winter vacation, but his new home phone number was unlisted. They never got to see Paul then. But our chance meeting that week, fittingly in Philadelphia, among the book exhibits, prompted the letter I respond to now.

I loved Paul and honor his memory and gifts. The older I get and the more experience I have with academics (both on scene and behind), I find that such friends are worth more than intellectual or political allies. I've had mentors with whom I've agreed more often than I did with Paul about literature, politics, and university life. But I've come to learn that such mentoring is not

necessarily the best sort of guiding wisdom. In truth, I grow less impressed with what passes for such superficial alliances and, instead, recall simple friendship. Paul was a friend, an older and therefore more generous light. He authored, it would seem, a bequest that was surprising, witty, quiet in its way, and rare. He attended to me without my really knowing it. Like his cats, the ones that minded me, and permitted me to think it was the other way around.

GLORIA SYBIL GROSS

PILGRIM

The other day an old E-mail from Paul popped up on my computer screen. It was about his forthcoming trip to Africa in the summer of 2003. I had told him to bring me back an animal, and here is his reply: "Yes, I will get you an animal, no problem—on Madagascar there are rafts of them, hopping all over the place. It will be a lemur, for they are the most portable of the smaller mammals." Of course he knew that I favored red, the color of my precious chow chow, so he described what the lemur would look like, regretting that there were no other portable African primates, and certainly a lizard wouldn't do. Paul could enter fully into his friends' infatuations and make-believe. He was a world-class prankster.

Paul immensely enjoyed travel, and would return with detailed reports of the food, the landscape, but most of all, the inhabitants. Whether to Europe, where he frequently passed English summers studying and touring, or to international conferences, in assiduous attendance, or to exotic locales in Asia and Africa, he very probably surveyed mankind from China to Peru. An astute observer and accomplished mimic, he could tell you how so-and-so sounded, what precisely he said, and what really was meant: from blue-bloods in London clubs, to Spanish bullfighters and Thai innkeepers, to New York socialites and Washington pols, to elderly academic pontiffs he affectionately dubbed "worthies." But he was also an enraptured impresario and performer. The art of conversation was his métier, and he often wielded it by crisp parody and walloping wit, and always with supreme pleasure. He had, by Hester Thrale's standard, the highest marks for good humor, combined with the genius to cultivate an exhilarating intellectual atmosphere. His merriment abounded "at table," as he put it, and there was no one more animated, sportive, and delighted to see you.

Paul was my favorite out-of-town guest, and preparations for his visit were always festive. First, you needed at least a couple of really good jokes, then an advanced schedule accommodating a flurry of activity, convivial gatherings

and good company, and usually an academic setting where he spoke. One weekend we traversed Southern California, from Cal State Northridge in the San Fernando Valley for his lecture on eighteenth-century cuisine, to Palos Verdes for a reception in his honor, to downtown Los Angeles for his keynote speech to the Samuel Johnson Society of Southern California. Obviously, he was in top form all the way: brimming with tantalizing news and arch gossip, tossing and goring Republicans, and delivering a splendid scholarly address on Johnson and Boswell. Another time, we crossed Los Angeles County into San Bernardino for a WSECS meeting, and took the wrong turn to Las Vegas, where I'm sure he would have been just as happy. As we arrived at high noon by the quiet, mountain-ranged campus, he burst into song. Evidently, he thrived on all sorts of entertainment.

Paul was a dashing man, sparkling and charismatic, who dressed in London custom-tailored Savile Row suits and bow ties. Not only was he a celebrated scholar, but he had many hobbies: serenading friends, as above, in a deep baritone voice; showing off his produce label collection, some of which he carried in his wallet; reciting rascally nineteenth-century limericks; practicing the inexhaustible repertoire of a gifted raconteur.

Most of all, Paul was a gracious, generous man, who supported learned institutions, as well as individual scholars, notably fledgling Ph.D.'s, whose work he guided and assisted. To be mentored by Paul meant a lifelong mutual devotion. In mid-January 2005 I was lucky to spend an afternoon with him in Santa Monica. Optimistic about his recovery, we basked in the sunlight high up in the palisades, the Pacific Ocean glistening below. Typically, he discussed many plans, past, present, and future, but he also made an odd comment about how he chose his profession. As an undergraduate, riding one day in the New York subway, he saw an obituary in the *Times*, which praised the character and productivity of an English professor. Impressed that such a one would be so esteemed, he thus chose academia. Paul had a passion for film—I'm not sure about John Wayne, but I think he would have been tickled to hear, with appropriate drawl, "Listen up, pilgrim, ya done us proud." He left us too early, here memorialized for loving life, learning, an abundant variety of companions, and for presiding, irreplaceably, "at table." Together with his family, students, colleagues, and friends, I cherished and adored him.

JAMES DAWES

Since Paul died, I have had the chance to talk with many of his friends and colleagues for the first time. It seems like Paul was kind of person that is remembered in anecdotes, in sharp, witty, intensely focused performances. But even though I knew him for more than ten years, I have no anecdotes about him. The part of his personality that seems to have been the front edge of his identity with so many others was something he never showed me. For me, Paul was something different: a steady, kind, supportive presence.

I was an undistinguished student in a lecture hall of perhaps two hundred students and, for reasons I will never understand but for which I will always be grateful, Paul took an interest in me. He read all my papers (again, two hundred students with TAs to do that for him), invited me to his office, encouraged me. He practiced a model of mentorship that, in its abundant generosity and comprehensive concern, seems almost obsolete today.

I remember my last conversation with Paul, when he was in the hospital. He was so confident, so vibrant even in his pain, it seemed impossible that he could die. He seemed somehow above his cancer; he was more interested in talking about his friends, his hopes and ambitions for them. As I look back on that conversation, I think that's what I will remember most about Paul: how intensely loyal he was to his students and friends, the pride he took in them, and how focused he was on their well-being. It was always a pleasure to listen to him talk about them—many of whom are represented in this volume. The power of his belief in our best selves, his ability to make us seem, and feel, so much better than we actually are, is a gift we will all miss. It wasn't long after that last conversation that he died suddenly, surprisingly. If I had only known —I wish I could have said thank you one more time, for all of us.

MALCOLM WOODFIELD

LUNCH AT THE IVY: A MEMOIR OF PAUL KORSHIN

"Even the dead ask only for *justice*: not for praise or exoneration."
—D. H. Lawrence, Introduction to "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion"

It was a warm, cloudless February day in what passes for winter in Los Angeles. We were to "do lunch." It was to be the last time I would see Paul Korshin. His marriage to Joan Kosove had unforeseeably given him a connection not only to LA, but to the very heart of the (notoriously heartless) "Industry." Joan's son is a successful movie producer, who, building on the

unarguable success of *Dude, Where's My Car?* (2000), was about to release the animated film *Racing Stripes* (2005). Paul, no less animated, was in town for the premiere, where he took to the red carpet like old Hollywood royalty, "ready for my close-up." At first this may seem like a discordant move for a scholar, from cap-and-gown to ball-gown-and-tiara. But the transition from lecture theatre to movie theatre was seamless for the showman and sybarite in Paul.

Which brings me back to lunch. On his now quite frequent visits to Los Angeles, Paul would call me and arrange to have lunch. It always had to be lunch at The Ivy in Beverly Hills. This is a predictable "out-of-towner" choice, but also quintessentially Korshin. Just as no one will ever figure out how much of Paul was artifice and how much reality, so The Ivy is both overpriced tourist trap and genuine power-lunch watering hole for Hollywood honchos and wannabes. The picket-fenced, flower-filled patio overlooking Robertson is fake English cottage, but the interior is pure Americana, with framed American flags on stucco walls. Perfect for Paul, the New Yorker who desperately wanted to be mistaken for an Englishman.

Trophy cars bearing trophy wives were parked out front by valet parkers-slash-actors who quickly hid my non-trophy-like car in a back alley. The maître d', a Californian version of Jude Law, showed me to a surprisingly good table—the staff never knows how "connected" you might be, so treatment is surprisingly democratic despite appearances to the contrary, another Korshin feature. Paul walked from the home of his stepson, who lived in a nearby BHA ("Beverly Hills Adjacent") neighborhood. In the ten years I knew Paul, I don't recall ever having seen him drive a car, though I assume he had one, especially since his move from Powelton Village to the Philadelphia Main Line. Paul arrived dressed for February in New York, Philadelphia, or London —the Korshin loop until LA came along to square the circle. He managed to look simultaneously at ease and utterly out of place among the "California casual" crowd. The bow tie, the Savile Row suit, the rolled copy of the London *Times* (presumably in case I was late)—people appeared not to notice, or were too "cool" to notice; either way Paul both cared immensely and could not have cared less.

We spoke of the movie, which Paul carefully complimented and compared favorably to the earlier *Dude, Where's My Car?*, which had had all the strengths and weaknesses of an energetic but flawed early work. We ordered the most expensive lunch on the menu, a lobster salad, and a half bottle of champagne, which was inevitably followed by the other half bottle. When the plates arrived they filled the entire table, covered as they were by whole lobsters which had been split and spread, and garnished with fresh lemons and ripe tomatoes. The table was a riot of color and festivity, a posed snapshot of epicurean excess, much like the egregious Dr. Korshin himself. Two trophy

wives at the adjacent table squealed with surrogate pleasure and congratulated us before returning to their own sad, Spartan repast of Perrier and lettuce. The visual in front of us reminded me of the top cover of the stack of *Gourmet* magazines which Paul used to keep in his kitchen in Powelton Village. We caught ourselves reminiscing a little nostalgically about those famous dinner parties, fueled as they had been by martini drinking, joke telling, and faculty politics. But then cheerfulness broke through, as it always did with Paul, whose most profound feelings were always passed off as superficialities, jokes, or eccentric tics.

If the thought of imminent death concentrates the mind wonderfully, then nothing frees it like escaping a death sentence. The previous year, Paul had fallen ill while summering in Provence, and cancer had been diagnosed. Of course, he used a variety of more elegant synonyms and stoic workarounds. But he was free of the disease and was in celebratory mood. He was expansive, generous, contradictory, witty—in other words, he was essentially Paul Korshin. It was also untrue that he was free of cancer, though whether this was a deliberate "sophistication" or not is, while typical, not important. He was determined to make this memorable, and so it was, in fact so it always was.

This was the last time I saw Paul, though not the last time I spoke to him. He called me from his hospital room at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. The treatment was, literally, killing him. They stopped the treatment. He called me two days later feeling quite recovered. Never one to look back, he was planning a trip to Lichfield, England, and other Johnsonian sites. We talked lightheartedly about Staffordshire pottery, and less lightheartedly about Johnson standing, hatless, in the rain, in the Uttoxeter marketplace. Paul and I both had mixed feelings, mainly of remorse and denial, about our backgrounds and origins, and the lives we had, in every sense, "forged" to become who we were. So Paul contemplated a return to the country from which he did not, in fact, originate, except in his dreams—a return to England, and most especially to London, which Paul never tired of, as he never tired of life.

He died that night, and I suspect his spirit made the Johnson tour nevertheless. He was in some respects himself a Johnsonian figure, and it would take a *Life of Savage* to do him justice. He was, as Johnson says of Savage, a "man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations . . . whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist . . . whose delicacy might have polished courts." "Might have," of course, is pointed. Paul was often marginalized, and often was his own worst enemy in taking up marginal positions. He looked like a Pillar of Society but was in actuality a subversive. He was a Romantic masquerading as a Classicist. He was Sir Joshua Reynolds making magisterial

generalizations, but he was also William Blake fuming in the margins, "This Man was Hired to Depress Art!!!" He was a man of strong opinions but rarely "judgmental." He was, as Johnson wrote of Levet, "of ev'ry friendless name the friend." There is a long, unseen list of those at home whom he helped with a heartening cry of "Coraggio!," and those abroad he continues to help through his fund for children in Mali and Madagascar.

"Coraggio!" was his battle cry—it took uncommon courage to live as Paul did, and it took uncommon courage to die as he did, still looking forward. Obituaries of Paul have noted his eccentricity and his dandyism, but his character was more complex than that. His individualism had an element of stoicism and moral courage which indeed "might have assisted the statesman [and] enlightened the moralist." Though his English stiff upper lip appeared theatrical, his genuine backbone was real. In the sea of moral jellyfish in which he spent so much of his career, he showed his back above the element they lived in.

ROBERT ALLEN

AMONG PAUL'S BOOKS

"Paul J. Korshin | Acad. Harvardianae"—so Paul proclaimed his ownership in books that he acquired in his final student-years, and he entered dates that were in keeping—like "2 novembris 1965." (As the years went on, however, the form of it receded to "PJK.")

At the end, Paul had assembled a scholarly library of four thousand volumes. Its focus—no surprise—was on standard texts and on studies, 1660–1800. From his student years on, Paul gathered books representing the scholarship of his antecedents, his mentors, his peers, his colleagues, and his juniors. His library spoke to his alertness to the work of fellow laborers in his field.

Paul had brought together forty linear feet of books dealing with writers from Pepys through Dryden. He had sixty linear feet of books relating to Johnson and Boswell. To Savage, Swift, and poets of the century—another twenty-five feet. He had the eleven volumes of the 1825 Johnson's *Works*. He had eighteen—but not the supplementary—volumes of Boswell's *Private Papers . . . from Malahide Castle*. He had the forty-eight volumes of Walpole's *Correspondence*. He had thirty-three texts and studies by and about John Dryden, and close to that many on Pope and on Swift. His volumes in the standard editions in the Oxford English Texts series pursued authors past Bunyan, Gay, and Gray—into minority.

These strengths were supported by runs of books on such subjects as the history of printing, literary modes, literary forms, literary criticism, Christianity (especially early Church Fathers) and other religions, classical studies, and rhetoric—as well as typology and madness. The pride of his reference works was his set of the 1888–1933 *OED* in an original binding.

Paul had accumulated fifty linear feet of unbound issues of scholarly periodicals. The lot comprised nineteen journal titles, many in runs of more than three decades—and it amounted to more than a thousand individual issues. His run of *ECS* was unbroken, from the first issue. His volumes of *The Library*, from 1970 into 2002, in slipcases, out-dressed all rivals.

For all its breadth and depth, Paul's was not a collector's library. Nevertheless, he did have some twenty-five antiquarian—or otherwise exceptional—books. His first edition of *The Rambler*, previously Frederick W. Hilles's copy, is the pick of his shelves. His set of the Harleian Catalogue, even in its rough-and-ready condition, is the runner-up. The nattiest book on his shelves is his copy of Thomas Carlyle's *Samuel Johnson*: very good in blue-green wrappers, the first separate edition—an early volume in the New Library of Railway Literature—and now in a protective case.

Paul acquired his books from dealers foreign and domestic. He favored British dealers with his custom. He bought many books from J Clark-Hall Ltd, Kent (and carried on a cordial correspondence with them). He bought good books from Clifton Books, Essex, and from Adam Miller Rarebooks, Cambridge. American dealers were not neglected. A number of choice books came from Bob Barry, Jr., of C. A. Stonehill. I recognized four books that Paul had bought from me. Paul followed auctions. He placed seven successful bids on the stock of Hartfield Books at the Waverly Auction/Iglehart Sale, in 2003. There was evidence of Paul's purchases of scholarly books direct from publishers. Many books had codes and prices of college bookstores. There were quantities of review copies—sent to him by *ECS*, *PQ*, *ECCB*, *The Age of Johnson*, and less-expected journals and publications.

Some of the previous owners of Paul's books were persons that he knew. Paul owned at least six books that came from the library of Marshall Waingrow. As it happens, the most heavily annotated book in Paul's library is one marked by Waingrow—not by Paul. It is the Nichol Smith & McAdam edition of Johnson's *Poems* (1941) with indications, through exceedingly attentive marginal notes, of a close reading of *Irene* by Waingrow that may never be equaled. Waingrow's copy of Curtis and Liebert's *Esto Perpetua* (1963) came to Paul with an elegant presentation: "For Marshall | JB to my Malone, | with warm regards, | Fritz | 24 June 1964." Waingrow's *PQ* review copy of Mary Hyde's *Impossible Friendship* (1972) contains a carbon copy of Waingrow's letter

to the author thanking her for the gift a copy and tactfully acknowledging that he is "now the fortunate possessor of two."

Paul owned at least two books from Arthur Rippey's library. Rippey's copy of Katherine Balderstson's *Thraliana* features more than his bookplate. It bears a Quaritch collation-mark and was earlier the copy belonging to Roger Senhouse—he who is famed for being (at different periods in his life) a clandestine lover of Lytton Strachey, a translator of Colette, and an editor and owner at the firm of Secker & Warburg. To the markings in this copy, Paul added the location of "Thrale Street—left before Southwark Bge"—and Paul glossed Captain Conway (1:225) with a query: "Was it to whom the older Mrs Thrale wrote love letters?"

Paul was not a heavy marker of his own books. Many of his books remained clean. When he made notes, they were less often in the books themselves than on slips and cards left inserted. In his student years, he availed himself of printed City College Attendance-Record cards—and lots of those stubby blue Harvard College Library borrower's cards that were in use in Widener in the early 1960s. Onto file cards still between pages of his student-era, double-column, Merritt Hughes edition of Milton, Paul copied out words like *elenchs*, *peccant*, and *syntagma*, and terms like *hidebound humor*—to lock in memory. Insertions in later books include clipped obituaries of such scholars as Magdi Wahba and Frank Brady.

Some of Paul's marginal notes were notes to self: in one of his two copies of Donald Greene's *Politics of Samuel Johnson*, Paul observed, "J's opposition to Walpole appears to diminish after W resigned, in 1742." Some of Paul's notes were merely marginal glosses on the subject at hand. Some were notes that invigorate the general category "Interactive Reading." In the margin of the scholarly author who asserted "The Pindaric ode [Johnson] distrusted as a vehicle likely to unleash at least the appearance of passion," Paul qualifies, "But he praises those of Dryden." In the margin of the scholar who wrote "Boswell considerably strained his friendship with Bishop Percy when he flatly refused to allow the bishop to remain an anonymous contributor to the Life," Paul declares, "false—B. cancelled the ref. to Percy, as L F Powell shows." In the margin of him who—speaking of portrayals of Johnson in Routledge's illustrated Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—opined, "In each instance Johnson looks old and dyspeptic," Paul retorts, "But he was dyspeptic." To him who quotes Carson S. Duncan as saying that Johnson "accepts the new science as a matter of course," Paul demands, "Well, then, why bother to write a book about it?"

Nor did little faults pass unrecorded in books Paul read. In his 1811 edition of Johnson's *Debates*, Paul supplies that it was Lord Chesterfield, not Lord Carteret, who "then rose up [in the debate on Spirituous Liquors, 23 Feb.

1742/43] and spoke in substance as follow[ed]." Paul adjusts Jim Clifford's citation of a volume number of *Dublin Magazine* in *Young Sam Johnson,* note 38 on p. 353, from 29 to 28. Paul irons out an agreement between subject and verb for Jack Bate in a sentence in Bate's *Samuel Johnson*—"His real attention and involvement during those years was elsewhere"—by correcting *was* to *were* (p. 32).

Of the many inscriptions in books presented to Paul by their authors or in books presented to him as gifts, the most affecting one in Paul's entire library is the one penned by his soon-to-be-wife Kate Frank in her gift to him of a copy of Lewis & Short's *Latin Dictionary.* It proposes:

> That this gross volume humbly represent the world of knowledge and that both the symbol and the symbolized be well-thumbed with the passage of time. | Kate | December, 1959.

How many other college seniors asked for or received a Lewis & Short in the holiday season 1959? And how many of those that did also received an accompanying inscription that would point the way to the remainder of their knowledge-hungry lives? And of them, how many went on not only to live up to the choice words that were inscribed for them, but also to locate & correct in the *Dictionary* itself three errors in the citations of authorial uses in support of the definitions—one of which, sampled here, Paul recorded thus:

> p. 1440, s.v. premo IB10b(α)l3 Verg. A.I.63 for "laxas dure habenas," read dare