LIBRARY OF CONGRESS MAGAZINE
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MURDER, THEY WROTE

Inside
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Madness: The Killing of James A. Garfield

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Kate Fogle, an intern in the Library’s Junior Fellows program, creates a noirish silhouette in the Adams Building stacks. Shawn Miller
Mission of the Library of Congress

The Library’s mission is to engage, inspire and inform Congress and the American people with a universal and enduring source of knowledge and creativity.

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On the cover: Charles Manson takes the witness stand at the Tate-LaBianca murder trial in Los Angeles in 1970 in this illustration by courtroom artist Bill Robles. Prints and Photographs Division / courtesy of Bill Robles
In this book, Houdini exposed the secrets of successful criminals.

One of the most recognizable figures of the 20th century, Harry Houdini — escape artist, debunker of frauds, delver into all things mysterious — spent a surprising amount of time in the company of the police.

The self-proclaimed Handcuff King routinely issued challenges to law enforcement, claiming that no handcuffs or prison cells could hold him — stunts that made Houdini famous around the world and frequently brought him into contact with people on both sides of the law. He spent a lifetime studying

the methods of the criminal element to understand how they duped the innocent and unsuspecting.

This insight resulted in law enforcement occasionally asking for Houdini’s help in solving crimes. On at least one occasion, Houdini received an official police pass allowing him to cross any police barriers in an active crime scene or investigation.

This unusual level of involvement with police matters allowed Houdini to amass a huge amount of information related to crime, fraud and general wrongdoing. In 1906, he gathered this information and published “The Right Way to Do Wrong: An Exposé of Successful Criminals.”

In the preface, Houdini outlines his purpose: “I trust this book will … put you in a position where you will be less liable to fall a victim.” Each chapter explores various classes of criminals, from burglars and cracksmen to “healers” and humbugs, revealing the tricks they use to con their innocent prey. Houdini condemns the behavior of criminals but also claims they have the same “talents” as giants of business and finance — only with their energy and skills applied in the wrong direction.

The books were sold primarily at Houdini’s own performances, and rumors circulated when it was published that criminals snatched up as many copies as they could in an effort to protect their secrets (rumors now supposed to have been started by Houdini himself). Perhaps Houdini truly did hope to use his knowledge to inform and protect the innocent public; perhaps he also saw this as an opportunity to once again display his incomparability as the master of all that mystifies.

—Amanda Zimmerman is a reference assistant in the Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

MORE INFORMATION

Harry Houdini Collection
loc.gov/rr/rarebook/coll/122.html

A shadowy figure steals out of a house in Gramercy Park. A second will is drawn up to make amends for a family secret. A one-eyed doll leers from its perch on the police station’s doorstep.

Dark secrets and bloody deeds have lurked for decades in the massive collections of the world’s largest library. A new series, Library of Congress Crime Classics, will bring back into print some of the most significant crime novels from the 1860s to the 1960s. The project is a collaboration between the Library and Poisoned Pen Press, an imprint of Sourcebooks. Series editor and mystery expert Leslie S. Klinger has selected scarce and lesser-known titles that represent a range of genres, from “cozies” to police procedurals. Along with the original text of the novel, each book includes a contextual introduction, brief author biography, notes, recommendations for further reading and discussion questions for book clubs and classrooms.

“Early American crime fiction is not only entertaining to read, it also sheds light on the culture of its time,” Librarian of Congress Carla Hayden said. “It’s fascinating to read these books and reflect on the evolution of our society’s perceptions of race, gender, ethnicity and social standing.”

The series will launch in spring 2020 with three titles: “That Affair Next Door” by Anna Katharine Green (1897), “The Rat Began to Gnaw the Rope” by C. W. Grafton (1943) and “Case Pending” by Dell Shannon (1960).

Poisoned Pen Press President Robert Rosenwald, who publishes the successful British Library Crime Classics series in the United States, is delighted with the collaboration: His grandfather, Lessing Rosenwald, donated his extraordinary collection of 2,653 rare books to the Library between 1943 and 1960.

“My family has deep roots at the Library of Congress,” he said. “It’s an honor to continue the Rosenwald tradition of sharing books from the past with readers of the present.”
A CAST OF SKETCHY CHARACTERS

Artists capture the drama of the courtroom.

It’s safe to say not many people go to art school expecting to spend their days in the company of mobsters, serial killers or other unsavory characters. Marilyn Church didn’t. Neither did Elizabeth Williams. But that’s the way it turned out for the two noted illustrators whose original artwork is included in the Library’s unique collection of courtroom drawings.

Church was doing fashion illustration in New York City in the early 1970s when a lawyer friend told her about a trial involving a Queens district attorney accused of carrying out a Ponzi scheme. Artists were drawing in the courtroom, he said. The next day, Church attended jury selection, and she was hooked. “I can do this,” she thought. She was hired first by the ABC News affiliate in New York and then by The New York Times. In the decades since, she has drawn many notorious defendants — among them John Gotti, Woody Allen, Bernie Madoff and the “preppy” murderer Robert Chambers.

“There’s the drama of what’s being told — real life stories, people’s lives are on the line,” Church said of the attraction of courtroom illustration. Once in a while, the drama hits home. Church recounted an incident in which a defendant’s family surrounded her in an empty hallway as she completed a drawing, taunting, “Who is that supposed to be? Who do you think you are?” Luckily, a court officer walked in, defusing the situation. “I was really, really afraid,” Church recalls.

Like Church, Williams started in fashion drawing and migrated to courtroom illustration. She, too, has worked for multiple top-tier broadcast and print outlets and illustrated a panoply of famous and infamous defendants — Mick Jagger, John DeLorean, Michael Cohen, El Chapo.

“You have to have nerves of steel, and you have to be able to roll with the punches,” Williams said of the challenge of being a courtroom illustrator. “You can’t push a reset button and ask somebody to come back.”

She cites as an example last year’s arraignment of disgraced movie mogul Harvey Weinstein in a New York City criminal court. Unexpectedly, he entered the courtroom through a side door adjacent to holding cells — like any other accused criminal. Observers thought he would be allowed to enter through the front doors. “All of the sudden, he bursts out with two detectives on either side of him,” Williams said. “He still has handcuffs on. He’s swerving back and forth, and they’re sort of holding him up.”

No cameras were allowed until Weinstein’s arraignment started, so it fell to illustrators to capture the moment. “You can’t faint away when the pressure like that is on you,” Williams said. “You have to step up.”

Federal courts typically don’t allow cameras; state courts do, but at the discretion of judges. Even when cameras are present, however, courtroom illustration adds to the documentary record, Church said. An artist can sum up the emotional tenor of a courtroom more effectively than a photographer who is limited to only one location and angle, she said. “It creates an immediacy. The artist’s hand and energy are added to the picture.”

—Wendi A. Maloney is a writer-editor in the Office of Communications.

MORE INFORMATION

‘Drawing Justice’ exhibition
go.usa.gov/xmfpu
CURATOR’S PICKS

IN LINCOLN’S POCKETS

We chose pieces from the Library’s collection of items that Abraham Lincoln carried with him the night of his assassination on April 14, 1865.

CONFEDERATE CURRENCY

The lone bill Lincoln carried in his wallet that night was a Confederate $5 note, issued in 1864 and bearing images of the Confederate capitol and Treasury Secretary C.G. Memminger. Lincoln had visited Richmond and Petersburg earlier that month and might have acquired the bill then as a souvenir.

LEATHER WALLET

This brown leather wallet, lined with purple silk, features compartments for notes, currency and railroad tickets. The night Lincoln was assassinated, the wallet carried one piece of currency – a Confederate bill – along with eight newspaper clippings and a pencil.
INSCRIBED SPECTACLES
Lincoln suffered from multiple vision problems that forced him to switch among several pairs of glasses. On the night he was assassinated, Lincoln carried two pairs, including these gold-rimmed spectacles that bear his name on one stem and a piece of string he used to repair one of the bows.

SILVER-MOUNTED KNIFE
The president carried this silver-mounted pocketknife, with six blades held inside an ivory case. Lincoln likely employed the knife, among other uses, to tighten and repair his glasses.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEF
This oversized Irish linen handkerchief bears the name “A. Lincoln” embroidered in red cross-stitch. The handkerchief and these other everyday items were kept in the Lincoln family for over 70 years. Lincoln’s granddaughter, Mary Lincoln Isham, gave them to the Library in 1937 as part of a larger gift.
This pictorial work offers a satirical look at corruption and violence in Capone’s Chicago.

In his 1931 pictorial map of gangland Chicago, Bruce Roberts declares an intention to scare impressionable young viewers straight — to, as the title puts it, “graphically portray the evils and sin of large cities.” Any map that uses a smoking handgun in its compass rose to point north, however, might be better appreciated for its satire and social criticism.

The dark humor is evident. The crowned head of mob boss Al Capone sits atop the cartouche, a reluctant nod to his kinglike power over the crime-ridden city. A dark parody of a nursery rhyme serves as the map’s border: “Sing a Song of Gangsters, Pockets Full of Dough, Four-and-Twenty Bottles, Make a Case You Know.” In the upper left, a “Gangland Dictionary” explains euphemisms such as “taken for a ride” — i.e., murdered.

The humor reveals some truths: Prohibition was little respected in Chicago, with its numerous bootlegging operations and speakeasies to which police were accused of turning a blind eye. The map depicts a “shamus” — a derogatory term for a police officer — on North Avenue scolding bootleggers for parking in front of a fire hydrant while ignoring their truck-sized beer keg.

Gang violence in the city reached national attention with the notorious St. Valentine’s Day massacre of 1929, illustrated on the map west of Lincoln Park. There, Capone’s men mow down a rival gang with tommy guns.

Taxes, of all things, were Capone’s downfall: A federal jury convicted him of tax evasion in 1931. Of irony is the inset west of the stockyards where an officer, ignoring a gangster’s literal smoking gun and a nearby corpse, declares: “Say, Uncle Sam wants to see about your Income Tax.”

Not everyone embraced the map’s sardonic image of Chicago. Sponsors of the 1933 World’s Fair purportedly destroyed copies to minimize the chance visitors would see it.

—Ryan Moore is a cartographic specialist in the Geography and Map Division.

MORE INFORMATION

‘A Map of Chicago’s Gangland’
go.usa.gov/xySCh
Library official and mystery writer Colleen Shogan talks about her work and favorite crime-related collection items.

Describe your work at the Library.

I am the assistant deputy librarian for Library Collections and Services. In this capacity, I have primary responsibility for the National Library Service for the Blind and Physically Handicapped, the Kluge Center for Scholars and the Library’s internship and fellowship programs. I also serve as the vice chair of the Women’s Suffrage Centennial Commission, a congressional commission to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the 19th Amendment.

The Library of Congress is such a diverse place, with an impressive array of programs, opportunities and treasures. I love that my work enables me to collaborate across the institution with a wide variety of colleagues.

How did you prepare for your position?

I am a political scientist, which might seem like a mismatch. However, my education prepared me to understand why institutions change over time, what incentivizes behavior and how to analyze problems and data objectively using appropriate methods. Political science has proven quite useful in all the jobs I have held, including my positions at the Library of Congress, as a congressional staffer and in academia. It has enabled me to think critically about causality, inference and extrapolation. These are valuable tools in all areas of executive management.

What have been your most memorable experiences at the Library?

Every week, something amazing happens at the Library of Congress. However, my personal highlight was an opportunity to spend time with Stephen King at the National Book Festival. When he learned I was a mystery writer, he immediately whipped out his Kindle and bought one of my books. What I admire about King is that he is one of the greatest storytellers of our time, yet he also supports up-and-coming authors. His book, “On Writing,” is a must-read.

What are your favorite crime-related items from Library collections?

As in all subject areas, the Library has an impressive crime, suspense and mystery collection. For me, the highlight is Truman Capote’s handwritten interview notes with convicted killer Perry Smith that formed the basis of “In Cold Blood.” When I saw pages from that notebook, I literally got chills up my spine. The Library also holds the papers of Shirley Jackson, which include many of her story outlines, such as the manuscript drafts and setting sketches for “The Haunting of Hill House.” Given Jackson’s lasting influence, this particular collection is a treasure for readers, scholars of the genre and horror aficionados.

How have the Library’s resources informed your own work as a mystery writer?

I consult the Library’s online collections routinely when I write. My books include a fair amount of description about Capitol Hill and other Washington, D.C., neighborhoods. I use the Library’s collection to examine photographs of specific locations and learn more about the history of relevant landmarks. The public CRS reports are a terrific resource when I reference current policy debates or government processes. Most recently, I had the chance to view a curated display from the James Garfield presidential collection. Deeply moved by the heart-wrenching account of his assassination, I ended up devising a creative way to include Garfield’s story in my most recent novel.
The Town—remote, what the rest of
Kansas calls “out there.” It sits on its

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IN COLD BLOOD
Capote’s drafts shed light on his groundbreaking, true crime masterpiece — and its controversies.

Truman Capote, one of the great bon vivants of American letters, gave the Library a trove of his early works in 1967, including some of the notebooks, manuscripts and drafts of “In Cold Blood.” These come from his reporting of the 1959 murder of the Clutter family in Holcomb, Kansas. Going through these files today, you can see Capote working in the field, building his masterpiece. Time after time, details in the notebooks translate directly into finished prose.

“The village of Holcomb stands on the high wheat plains of western Kansas, a lonesome area that other Kansans call ‘out there.’ ” That’s his famous opening sentence. The book’s next two sentences refer to the nearby Colorado border and that the local men tend to wear boots and Stetson hats.

This is pulled from three scrawled lines from his first notebook: “Western Kansas and eastern Colorado ought to be one state. The town – remote, what the rest of Kansas calls ‘out there.’ Stetson hats.”

His notebooks reveal a sturdy, Journalism 101 approach. In one, he lists questions about the crime: “Where were Kenyon’s glasses? Bloody footprints? Who shot who?” In another, he makes a sketch of a room in the Clutters’ house, indicating furniture positions. (All of these turn out to be key plot points.) The last morning of teenage Nancy Clutter’s life, she helped a little girl in town bake a cherry pie. Capote’s interview with the little girl is in the notebooks. You can look from notebook to published page and see how it came together.

Gerald Clarke, whose 1988 “Capote: A Biography,” is still the definitive volume on the man, spent years interviewing Capote, researching his material at the Library and in other collections. In a recent interview, he spoke about the copious nature of Capote’s research. “I myself have boxes and boxes [of Capote’s files], much of it, such as the letters from the killers, relating to ‘In Cold Blood,’ ” he wrote in an email.

But Capote’s notes also belie the licenses he took that made the book so controversial. He invented at least two scenes and did not take notes during his interviews, writing them up later. This makes suspect several of the long, quoted passages that give the book its disquieting verisimilitude.

Here’s a circled quote about the fear that swept through the tiny town after the slayings: “All we’ve got out here are our friends, there isn’t anything else.” In the notebook, it’s disembodied, tied to no one. But in the book, it appears verbatim on page 70, buried in a half-page narrative from waitress Bess Hartman, at Hartman’s Café, attributing it to a diner she overheard. The rest of her lengthy quote is nowhere to be found.

Capote, a novelist, screenwriter and staff writer at The New Yorker when he went to Kansas, took along one of his best childhood friends, Nelle Harper Lee, (who had just written, but not yet published, “To Kill a Mockingbird”) to help him report. On the inside back page of that first notebook, Capote, like many a roving reporter, kept an on-the-fly tab of his expenses. “Miss Lee, salary – $900” reads one line; another reads, “Advance to Nelle, $250.” It’s not a small sum; today, that would be about $10,000.

But on the same page, two unsettling lines indicate he also paid the killers, Perry Smith and Dick Hickock, far more than a couple of bucks for jailhouse cigarettes: “Payment Perry Smith $100 Hickock $100.” That’s no joke, either – that’s $900 each today, and a huge ethical line to cross.

It’s jolting lines like that which make the notebooks to “In Cold Blood” as fascinating a read as the book they support.
Dark Obsession

For thousands of years, we've been transfixed by stories of the killers in our midst.

BY NEELY TUCKER
Fifty years ago, in the late summer and fall of 1969, Americans in general and Los Angeles residents in particular were terrified of Charles Manson and his “family” of killers, most of them cheerful young women who had a penchant for sex, drugs and knives.

“Helter Skelter,” the book by prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi about the horrific Tate/LaBianca murders Manson’s followers carried out on the nights of Aug. 8 and 9, 1969, has sold in excess of 7 million copies, more than any other true-crime book in the nation’s more than 350 years of writing about homicide.

The Manson killings spawned dozens of books, documentaries and films; Quentin Tarantino’s “Once Upon a Time in Hollywood,” a fictional retelling of the crime, lit up theaters this summer.

“Everyone was terrified of Manson,” said Bill Robles, the legendary courtroom artist whose sketches of that trial now reside in the Library’s collections. “I was sitting a few feet away from him for months during the trial, and I could see how people were attracted to him. He had an appeal, a warmth.”
This fascination with brutality is nothing new, as the Library’s holdings attest. Ever since humans put reeds to papyrus (and long before), we have been transfixed by the killers in our midst. Human beings kill one another, often for reasons that cannot be clearly articulated or understood, and this violent mystery goes to the heart of human nature. Who are we? What are our ultimate taboos, and how do we respond when these are violated? Crime, writ small or large, can therefore become a shorthand, a brutal slash of insight, into the society that spawns it. If true stories of love and tenderness have inspired and moved us for centuries, then reports of murder and crime, their dark twins, have frightened and warned us for ages.

“True crime publishing started with the Gutenberg press,” says Harold Schechter, editor of the Library of America’s “True Crime: An American Anthology,” and the author of dozens of scholarly and popular books on the subject, referring to the ubiquity of such stories over the centuries. “Each particular historical period produces its signature crime. They reflect the prevailing cultural anxieties and fears and obsessions.”

Indeed, stories of murder – sometimes beginning in fact and ending in fiction – are some of the most deeply embedded tales in our cultural consciousness.

Homer’s “The Iliad,” for example, is the foundational epic of Western literature, composed about 2,800 years ago. The very first lines describe the murderous “anger of Achilles” that sent many a brave soul “hurrying down to Hades.” The biblical Book of Genesis, another cornerstone of Western culture, says that when the population of the Earth was four, Cain killed Abel, reducing it to three. And perhaps no line in the English language is quoted more often than “To be or not to be,” Prince Hamlet’s agonized soliloquy from Shakespeare’s 1600 play. The question is if Hamlet, who seems unwilling to kill his usurping uncle, should kill himself.

The Library’s holdings on the meanings of murder range from ancient manuscripts to the Manson courtroom sketches, from medieval religious texts to Wild West ballads, and most everything in between. Some of these reflect the low arts of the “penny bloods,” the wildly popular Victorian-era serial stories that presaged today’s tabloids. Others achieve the status of high art, such as Truman Capote’s “In Cold Blood,” the 1966 story of a multiple murder in Kansas that helped create the true-crime-as-literature-and-social-commentary genre that today we regard as commonplace.

But, as Schechter points out, these are only current variations on a very old theme. In medieval Europe, some of the dominant cultural obsessions were Christian notions
of sin and heavenly retribution. Heresy was punishable by being burned at the stake or beheadings – both well-attended events, sometimes drawing thousands of spectators. In this atmosphere, in 1663 London, John Reynolds penned a 467-page epic that addressed those concerns. “The Triumphs of God’s Revenge Against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of (Wilful and Premeditated) Murther” was a huge hit, going through multiple editions. It was divided into six books and 30 histories, or cases, most of which dealt with people doing things with other people’s spouses that they shouldn’t have been doing.

The message was clear: Crime did not pay. But by the time the Victorian era rolled around, it most certainly did. Publishers of “penny bloods,” weekly tales of outlaw highwaymen, outnumbered their traditional counterparts in London by 10 to one by the 1840s. G.W.M. Reynolds’s “The Mysteries of London,” a blend of fact, fiction and rumor, started in 1844 and ran for a dozen years. Historian Judith Flanders, writing in 2011’s “The Invention of Murder: How the Victorians Revelled in Death and Detection and Created Modern Crime,” says that it might still be the bestselling series the world has ever known. Charles Dickens, among others, was a huge fan.
In what would become the U.S., true crime arrived with the Pilgrims. Mayflower passenger John Billington shot a fellow settler and was hanged for it. The 1651 account of this, contained in "History of Plymouth Plantation," was the beginning of American crime writing, Schechter notes.

After the Civil War, the Wild West became an American mythological landscape, a place where murder, blood and cruelty became ... a romantic notion. Outlaws were the subjects of ballads and story songs that would last for decades. Jesse James, a Missouri-born bank robber and killer, became a cultural icon. Nearly a century after James was gunned down, President Harry Truman, a fellow Missourian, acquired his pistols and playfully posed with them — murder weapons as presidential guffaws.

"It's always been an American theme to make heroes out of the criminals," Johnny Cash, who himself made a career from songs of outlaws and prisons, told Rolling Stone magazine in 2000. "Right or wrong, we've always done it."

James' killings came to signify a certain time and place in U.S. history, as did the Ku Klux Klan terrorist killings of African Americans. Famously, in a moment that said
much about American society, D.W. Griffith used those actual crimes as the basis for glorifying the KKK in “The Birth of a Nation,” a 1915 silent epic that became one of the most darkly influential films ever made. Using fiction, it turned actual white terrorists into cultural protectors.

But it was only after Capote’s lyrical tale of murder in rural Kansas that Americans began seeing literature and serious art as appropriate forums with which to address the nation’s violent culture without the gauze of fiction. The “New Journalism” Capote and others espoused became so influential that, today, we take it for granted. Pulitzer Prizes, National Book Awards, Academy Awards – all have been given to tales of true crime. In 2016, ESPN Films described “O.J.: Made in America,” its Academy Award-winning, eight-hour documentary about the 1990s O.J. Simpson murder trial and its aftermath, as “the defining cultural tale of modern America — a saga of race, celebrity, media, violence and the criminal justice system.”

They might well have been describing the Manson case half a century earlier. The slayings were a horror show that brought every excess of the decade into a glittering focus, a moment when the nation, transfixed, looked at the killings and saw the larger society unraveling. Hippies, drugs, guns, celebrity, violence, racism, counter-culture revolution – it all blew up into the madness of a man who wanted to ignite an apocalyptic race war.

Robert Kirsch, the L.A. Times book editor, reviewing “Helter Skelter” upon publication, seized on the crime’s significance. The book, and others like it, he wrote, were attempting to understand the frightening era in which they were living: “To accept these [killings] as simply symptoms of the malaise of the times,” he wrote, “is to abandon the obligations of civilization to rationally address even the most irrational and fearful events.”


For decades, the Library’s labyrinthine passages and stacks have stimulated writers’ imaginations, providing countless ways to secretly move around and escape, as well as ample opportunities for hiding a body. “That Mr. Rivers in the Semantics Division said once there were corners in this pile where a body could be undisturbed for months,” R.B. Dominic wrote in “Murder, Sunny Side Up.”

Here, writers have found all kinds of creative murder weapons: Lethal gas in a rare book sealed vault, a conservationist’s lead weight, a nozzle on a fire hose and even the sharp edge of a steel beam in the stacks – enough to make the occasional mere gun seem dull.

While most of the fictional Library staff are portrayed as knowledgeable and helpful, novelists also enjoy using the stereotypical “introverted librarian” façade either to depict heroic crime-solving actions or to hide bad guys intent on fraud and theft.

In short, the Library of Congress is almost as exciting in fiction as it is in real life.

—Abby Yochelson is a reference librarian in the Researcher and Reference Services Division.
A TALE OF MADNESS AND MURDER

Library collections preserve the story of the assassination of President James A. Garfield.

BY MARK HARTSELL
Something about Charles Guiteau wasn’t right — anyone could see that.

He so creeped out the women of his religious community that they nicknamed him “Charles Git-out.” His wife — he later managed to find one — divorced him, convinced he was possessed by an evil spirit.

Guiteau’s own family thought him insane. I’d have Charles committed, his father once wrote, if only I could afford it. His sister, long a defender, finally admitted the problem after Charles threatened her with an ax.

“It was the look of his face that frightened me,” she would recall. “He looked to me like a wild animal.”

One man’s madness ordinarily isn’t the stuff of history. Guiteau’s story is anything but ordinary.

In 1881, he stalked and shot down the president of the United States — a tale of murder, insanity, invention, arrogance and incompetence preserved at the Library in the papers of President James A. Garfield (recently placed online), Alexander Graham Bell and others.

Though no one in the Washington establishment really knew him, Guiteau believed himself a kind of political hero — the man who got Garfield elected president. During the 1880 campaign, Guiteau had delivered a speech supporting Garfield at a small gathering. Even before Garfield won, Guiteau was convinced his speech — heard by few, noted by none — would make a crucial contribution to victory. The new president, he felt, owed him a plum diplomatic post as a reward.

“I would like the Austrian mission and call your attention to it, as ‘first come, first-served,’ ” he wrote Garfield, weeks before the election. (Guiteau later changed his mind: He preferred Paris.)

In his characteristic unsettling way, Guiteau sought support from prominent Republicans. Sen. John Logan once awoke to find him sitting in his parlor. After Garfield took office in 1881, he began showing up at the White House. Finally, Secretary of State James G. Blaine, tired of the badgering, told him to drop the matter — a rejection that persuaded Guiteau he must “remove” the president. Chester Arthur, a friend of the spoils system, then
The President's condition has not changed materially since the last bulletin was issued, and there has been no further gastric disturbance.

Pulse, 106; Temperature, 98.4; Respiration, 18.

D. W. BLISS, J. J. WOODWARD,
J. K. BARNES, ROBT. REYBURN,
D. HAYES AGNEW.

[Handwritten note:]

J. W. BLISS, J. J. WOODWARD,
J. K. BARNES, ROBT. REYBURN,
D. HAYES AGNEW.

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D. W. BLISS, J. J. WOODWARD,
J. K. BARNES, ROBT. REYBURN,
D. HAYES AGNEW.

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D. HAYES AGNEW.

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D. W. BLISS, J. J. WOODWARD,
J. K. BARNES, ROBT. REYBURN,
D. HAYES AGNEW.
would become president, Guiteau figured, and he would have his post in Paris.

Guiteau bought a .44 British Bulldog pistol and began stalking Garfield. The night of July 1, Garfield wrote in his diary about the day’s events and a trip to New England scheduled for the morning. “Retired at 12,” he concluded—the last entry he would write. The next day, Guiteau ambushed Garfield in the train station waiting room, shooting him in the arm and the back.

Physician Doctor Willard Bliss—Doctor was both his first name and his profession—examined Garfield at the station and, back at the White House, declared himself head of Garfield’s medical team. “If I can’t save him,” Bliss said, “no one can.” That decision would have the gravest consequences: Bliss couldn’t locate the bullet lodged in Garfield’s body, and weeks of probing the wound with unsterilized fingers and instruments produced infections that ultimately killed the president.

Over the next two months, Bliss issued regular bulletins—posted at telegraph and newspaper offices—to a nation anxiously awaiting news of Garfield’s condition. Eager to help, everyday Americans offered advice—preserved on scraps of paper—about the president’s diet, spiritual well-being and medical care (“pass a double catheter into the presupice,” one advised). Navy engineers, trying to ease Garfield’s suffering in the suffocating summer heat, rigged up what would be America’s first air conditioner in the president’s room.

Among those keen to help was Bell, by then a renowned inventor who four years earlier had successfully introduced the telephone. He set to work on a device he believed could be used like a modern metal detector to locate the bullet in Garfield’s body.

In letters and laboratory notebooks, Bell chronicles his race to improve this “induction balance” machine quickly enough to save the president. He tinkered, tested, failed and, exhausted, tinkered more.

“I feel woefully disappointed and disheartened,” Bell wrote after the first examination of Garfield failed to locate the bullet. “However, we go right at the problem again tomorrow—trying to improve our apparatus.”

A second exam of Garfield failed, too, and likely couldn’t have worked: Attending staff failed to remove a mattress with metal springs, throwing off the device. And, fatefuly, Bliss permitted Bell to search only the area of the wound, on the right side of Garfield’s body. The bullet, it turned out, was on the left.

Bliss, his reputation now bound to the outcome of Garfield’s case, continued issuing optimistic bulletins even as it became clear to Garfield and others around him that he was dying. Old friend Almon Rockwell, writing on the back of a railway pass, recorded scenes around Garfield’s bed just days before he died.

“Darling does it hurt?” Garfield’s wife, Lucretia, asked. “It hurts only to live,” he replied.

Garfield died Sept. 19, and Guiteau soon faced justice in a trial every bit as strange as his life had been. He objected to his own lawyer’s arguments and sang “John Brown’s Body.” He confessed to the shooting but not the murder—the doctors, he said, had killed the president. The jury quickly found Guiteau guilty, and he was hanged in June 1882. He mounted the gallows, then recited a poem he wrote for the occasion:

I saved my party and my land,  
Glory hallelujah!  
But they have murdered me for it.

When he finished the poem, the trap dropped, and it was over.

In one of his last conversations, surrounded by family and friends, Garfield had pondered his passing life.

“Will my name,” he asked, “have any place in human history?”

“Yes, a grand one,” came the reply, Rockwell recorded. “But a grander place in human hearts.”

MORE INFORMATION

James A. Garfield Papers  
go.usa.gov/xVxUu
FEAR LIVES HERE

Original drafts of ‘Hill House’ reveal the beginnings of a terror masterpiece.

Some houses, Shirley Jackson wrote, are just born bad.

The building at the heart of her horror classic, “The Haunting of Hill House,” is one

—a tangle of dark hallways, crooked angles, forbidding towers and cursed history that inspires the story’s central character, after one glance, to conclude “it is diseased; get away from here at once.”

Jackson’s work often explored the psychological terror she perceived just below the surface of modern life. In “Hill House,” a small group convenes at a country house to investigate paranormal activity.

Inside, sinister forces target lonely Eleanor Vance, who, despite a string of frightening events, finally feels accepted and content. It doesn’t last: At book’s end, Eleanor desperately flees by car, smashing into a tree, presumably dead.

Left unclear is whether those events—pounding on doors at night, messages scrawled in blood on walls—were real, the result of some malevolent power, or just figments of Eleanor’s tormented imagination.

Jackson’s drafts of the book, held among her papers in the Manuscript Division, shed light on how “Hill House” was built.

Over typed and handwritten yellow pages, Jackson outlines plot, sketches floorplans, fleshes out characters in penciled notes and experiments with ideas—right to the finish. She tries out one ending (minus Eleanor’s car crash) and, later, a new one with the crash and a conclusion that, a half-century later, still resonates eerily.

“Hill House itself, not sane, stood against its hills, holding darkness within; it had stood so for eighty years and might stand for eighty more. Within, walls continued upright, bricks met neatly, floors were firm, and doors were sensibly shut; silence lay steadily against the wood and stone of Hill House, and whatever walked there walked alone.”

—Mark Hartsell
A DARK PAST, NOW IN COLOR

Research and technical skill bring new life to historical, black-and-white images.

The strikingly handsome young man staring defiantly away from the camera grabbed Marina Amaral’s attention a few years ago as she scrolled through the Library’s online collection of Civil War-era photographs. Leaning against a dented gun turret, his manacled hands signaling his status as a prisoner, he brings to mind a modern-day tough guy.

The Brazil-based Amaral colorizes digitized public-domain photos using the ubiquitous image-editing software Photoshop. The man in the picture was Lewis Powell, alias Lewis Payne, one of the conspirators in the plot to assassinate President Abraham Lincoln. Powell’s job was to murder William Seward, Lincoln’s secretary of state, and he nearly succeeded.

Photographer Alexander Gardner took Powell’s picture in April 1865 when Powell was in federal custody aboard an ironclad warship docked on the Potomac River in Washington, D.C. “It instantly went viral,” Amaral said of her colorized rendition, which she made available on her website. “A man who tried to assassinate another man looks just like a Calvin Klein model.”

Amaral started using Photoshop in school to illustrate a blog she created, becoming fascinated with its possibilities. “I loved to spend hours trying new things, watching tutorials and learning new techniques,” she said. By the time she colorized Powell’s picture, she was expert in the software.

Beyond technical proficiency, Amaral’s work requires hours of research – she consults historians about details such as period dress and fabrics – and a great deal of patience.

Colorization, she said, helps people to perceive that “historical characters, even those who committed atrocious things, are as real as us.”

—Wendi A. Maloney

A colored version of a historical photo of Lewis Powell, one of the conspirators in the plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln. Prints and Photographs Division | colorization by Marina Amaral
1. Members of Congress pose with Girls Who Code officials and other participants in a bipartisan discussion at the Library on July 10 about how to bring more women into careers in tech.

2. Studio Ghibli writer, producer and director Kihara Hirokatsu (left) and singer and voice actress Diana Garnett give a presentation on Japanese anime production as part of the Anime for All celebration in the Jefferson Building on July 26.

3. David Axelrod (center), Karl Rove and moderator Ann Compton discuss political leadership in an age of conflict, the final event in the Daniel K. Inouye Distinguished Lecture series hosted at the Library on July 16 by the Kluge Center.

4. Anthony Lowe of the University of Maryland talks with visitors about his internship project at the annual Junior Fellows Program display day in the Jefferson Building on July 24.

5. Visitors watch “Beauty and the Beast” outside the Jefferson Building on July 18, part of the Library’s third annual Summer Movies on the Lawn film festival.

6. Cinderella joins Librarian of Congress Carla Hayden (right) and Walt Disney Animation Research Library managing director Mary Walsh in the Great Hall on June 20 to celebrate the addition of the classic film to the National Film Registry.

ALL PHOTOS BY SHAWN MILLER
Ford Named Recipient of Prize for American Fiction


“He has been called our Babe Ruth of novelists, and there is good reason why,” Hayden said. “He is quintessentially American, profoundly humane, meticulous in his craft, daring on the field, and he hits it consistently out of the park.”

The annual prize honors an American literary writer whose body of work is distinguished not only for its mastery of the art but also for its originality of thought and imagination.

Ford’s seven novels include “The Sportswriter” and “Canada.” He also has published three short story collections, as well as the best-selling novella collection “Let Me Be Frank with You” and a memoir, “Between Them: Remembering My Parents.”

MORE: loc.gov/item/prn-19-054

Opera Singer Norman Donates Papers to Library of Congress

World renowned opera singer and recitalist Jessye Norman donated thousands of items documenting her illustrious 50-year career to the Library of Congress.

The collection of about 29,000 items consists of musical arrangements written specifically for Norman, including orchestrations of songs by George and Ira Gershwin and the sacred music of Duke Ellington; business papers related to Norman’s opera and concert performances; publicity materials; concert and opera programs; mockups of album artwork; fan mail; recordings; and professional and amateur photographs, providing a visual record of her legacy as a performer.

Norman is a five-time Grammy winner, which includes the Grammy Lifetime Achievement Award. She has received numerous awards, including the Kennedy Center Honors, the National Medal of Arts, the Glenn Gould Prize for Music and more than 40 honorary doctorates.

MORE: loc.gov/item/prn-19-055

Temple Appointed Head Of U.S. Copyright Office

Karyn A. Temple recently was appointed the 13th United States register of copyrights. She had served as acting register since October 2016.

Prior to her appointment as acting register, Temple served as associate register of copyrights and director of policy and international affairs for the U.S. Copyright Office. In that role, she oversaw the office’s domestic and international policy analyses, legislative support and international negotiations.

Temple received her Juris Doctor from Columbia University School of Law, where she also served as a senior editor of the Columbia Law Review. Temple received her Bachelor of Arts from the University of Michigan.

Congress created the Copyright Office in 1897 as a separate department of the Library of Congress. The office is the principal federal entity charged by statute with the administration of the U.S. copyright law.

MORE: loc.gov/item/prn-19-034

Sánchez Appointed Deputy For Collections and Services

Librarian of Congress Carla Hayden recently appointed Jane Sánchez, the law librarian of Congress, as deputy librarian for Library Collections and Services.

As part of the Library’s five-year strategic plan announced last year, Sánchez has been serving in this role on an acting basis while the institutional realignment is being implemented. She will continue to serve concurrently as law librarian of Congress.

Sánchez has led the Law Library since 2017 and led the Library’s Humanities and Social Sciences division from 2014 to 2017. She previously held positions at the U.S. Government Publishing Office, the Department of Justice and the Smithsonian Institution Libraries.

Sánchez holds a Juris Doctor from American University’s Washington College of Law, a master’s of library science from Simmons College and a Bachelor of Arts in English from the University of New Mexico.

MORE: loc.gov/item/prn-19-062
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THE ART OF GENEROSITY

Donors have built America’s largest collection of courtroom illustrations.

Over the past six decades, the Library has amassed the most comprehensive collection of courtroom illustrations of any institution in the United States — artwork that documents the workings and drama of the American justice system. The 10,000-plus pieces in the collection also illustrate a who’s who of killers, mob bosses, celebrity villains and other miscreants from the courtroom: Charles Manson, O.J. Simpson, Dzhokhar Tsarnaev, John Hinckley, John Gotti, Bernie Madoff and many others.

This great collection exists at the Library only through the generous support of the artists, of their families and heirs, and of passionate collectors — all of whom recognize the importance of preserving these colorful, hand-drawn pieces of legal history for posterity.

Artist Howard Brodie got the collection started in 1965 with the donation of 1,400 of his drawings from seminal trials such as those of Jack Ruby and Sirhan Sirhan. Illustrator David Rose later gave over 100 drawings from the Pentagon Papers trials. In 2009, the family of artist Marilyn Church donated over 4,200 drawings. The family of artist Joseph Papin gave more than 4,700 — and placed the artwork into the public domain. The Library also executed gift/purchases with artists Pat Lopez, Gary Myrick, Jane Rosenberg and Brigitte Woosley and the estate of litigator Roger M. Adelman.

In 2016, Thomas V. Girardi, a member of the Library’s James Madison Council private-sector advisory board, donated scores of illustrations from high-profile trials, including Manson, Madoff and Michael Jackson.

These drawings document moments in history not captured in photos because news cameras were banned from courtrooms. For researchers who want to better understand how the courtroom looked and felt, these collections are a good place to start. And that starts with the generosity of the Library’s supporters.

MORE INFORMATION

Make a gift
loc.gov/donate
Crime novels are often called whodunits but in 20-plus years of writing them, I’ve always been more concerned with who has died, and why, not who killed them. I heartily dislike books that rely on a high body count to keep readers’ interest. One body, one murder, is tragic enough.

Because I was a reporter for 20 years, I understand the human impulse to distance ourselves from tragic events. Say, for example, that a crime has occurred in your own neighborhood, a carjacking or a robbery. Whether you encounter the information through the news or social media, you immediately want to know more. Time of day? Exact location? Did the victim resist? We ask these questions — and we all ask these questions — in hopes that we can distance ourselves from the crime. We are looking for the information that convinces us we don’t have to worry that such a fate will befall us. That’s not only human, it’s probably key to survival, to functioning, at least in cities such as mine where the crime problem is chronic. Just this week, my neighbors circulated video of three teenagers accused of a vicious assault. The woman they attacked walked the streets I walked, at the same time of day. How can I possibly rationalize that I am safe? And yet I do.

A work of fiction, on the other hand, can allow the reader to risk identifying with victims and their families. Because the story is not true, there’s no need for a risk-assessment. And because the reader isn’t worrying about how he or she could be affected by a crime, the crime novel creates space for readers to have empathy for victims.

Doesn’t everyone have empathy for victims? I don’t think so. Sympathy, sure. Sympathy is easy. But empathy, true empathy, requires imagining how another person feels. It’s the essential lesson of “To Kill a Mockingbird”; Atticus Finch is constantly exhorting his children to try to see the world from someone else’s perspective.

That novel’s penultimate scene takes place on the porch of the neighborhood weirdo, the reclusive Boo Radley. For years, Atticus’ children have made fun of him, trafficked in gossip about him. But in the end, Boo saves them, quite literally. Scout, who tells the story, stands on Boo’s porch and sees the world as he saw it. “He was real nice,” she tells her father. “Most people are, Scout, when you finally see them,” Atticus says.

Atticus has a higher opinion of human nature than I do, but I agree with him on empathy. I find it in short supply in the world at large, so I think it’s especially important that it be emphasized in our darkest stories. The best crime fiction gives everyone a chance to stand on Boo Radley’s porch and see the world from his perspective.

—Laura Lippman is the bestselling author of novels such as “What the Dead Know,” “Every Secret Thing” and, most recently, “Lady in the Lake.”
A visitor casts a ghostly shadow during an open house in the Jefferson Building. Shawn Miller
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