

mences by describing the Berkeley Poetry Conference, a two week seminar in 1965 sponsored by the University of California's Extension Division, which featured readings and lectures by local and out of state poets, some of them, like Allen Ginsberg and Robert Creeley, having an international reputation. The Conference was taped and the tapes deposited in the Bancroft, but, "The Conference also served to render local tribute to the many poets representing the San Francisco Bay area poetry movement and stimulated keener interest in the growth of the University Library ongoing poetry collection which had begun in 1964 . . ." In 1967 a prominent San Francisco poet was appointed Poetry Consultant. He, being involved with the contemporary scene, has been able to give sound advice on whom and what to collect. Amongst the important material collected have been the archives of poetry publishers which contain correspondence from poets known some distance beyond the San Francisco Bay area.

From Berkeley I travelled over two thousand miles to Austin, Texas, crossing the Sierra Nevadas and passing through Colorado and New Mexico on the way. Some of the route lay close to the nineteenth century emigrant trails to California and from Colorado down to New Mexico it more or less followed the old Santa Fe trail. There was much spectacular scenery and the enjoyment of the trip was further heightened by reading at the same time Bernard De Voto's *The year of decision, 1846*, a literary history of that key year in American expansion to the West when emigrant trains first attempted to cross the Sierra Nevadas, the Mormons crossed the plains on their way to Utah, and, war being declared against Mexico, a force was marched down the Santa Fe trail to conquer New Mexico, California, and other south west territory for the Union. I stopped at Taos, New Mexico, for a few days and as well as examining the Kit Carson museum, I was reminded, from dawn to evening, of the genius of D. H. Lawrence. Over twenty years ago, when I visited Eastwood, Nottingham, the birthplace of Lawrence, I felt I had been there before. Lawrence lived in Taos only for some months but again I was in a place with which I already felt familiar. What library would not wish to hold the papers of a man whose writings so vividly express the essence of a place and its people as those of D. H. Lawrence do?

Although the Library of the Humanities Research Centre of the University of Texas at Austin was only established in 1958, it now ". . . holds definitive collections of printed works of most of the significant recent British and American writers. Of greater importance, the collections of many of those author's manuscripts are so extensive as to represent the majority of their extant papers, including manuscripts of their works and personal correspondence". Much of the success of the Texas