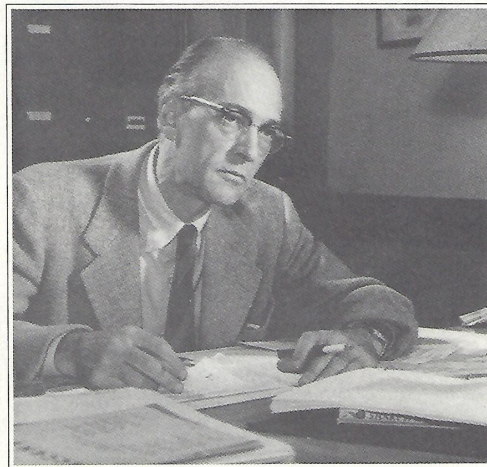


He was a man, take him for all in all.  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hamlet, I, ii, 187*



Charles Harlen Shattuck

November 23, 1910 - September 21, 1992



Charles and his sister  
Betty, c. 1913



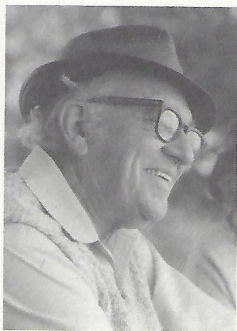
Charles and Susan with  
daughter Kate, 1941



1935



1976



1983



c. 1960

### Memorial Service

#### PROGRAM



George Scouffas

Judy Shattuck

Gary Williams

Larry Woiwode  
(read by Zohreh Sullivan)

Richard Wheeler

Jim Hurt

William Maxwell  
(read by Jack Campbell)

With airs from *The Beggar's Opera*,  
Prospero from *The Tempest*,  
Vladimir from *Waiting for Godot*, and  
"Alabama Song" from *Mahogany*



12:30 p.m., Saturday, November 14, 1992  
Levis Faculty Center, University of Illinois, Urbana



expertise in English lit and his lovely lecturing voice. He had been in Turkey during the War (before he met me) and his friends there got him to go back to Bogazici—the University of the Bosphorus. The Head of the English Department was a lovely, lively lady called Oya Basak. At lunch on the first day she told us that she had a degree from the University of Illinois. I said, “Did you ever meet Charles Shattuck?” She nearly exploded with joy and amazement—he had been her mentor, advisor and friend. That helped to cement a friendship which still endures, as Oya regarded Chuck and Arthur as two of the great exemplars of good scholarship and honorable living. . . .

—Jean Humphreys  
Leicester, England



As Chairman of this Society [Society for Theatre Research] I have been asked to express to your family our great sorrow and sense of loss in your Father’s death. All our members with a special interest in Shakespeare and in the nineteenth-century theatre realize how much he contributed to theatre scholarship and how large a gap in that field he leaves behind.

Speaking personally and from memories of our first meeting (almost forty years ago) onwards, I shall always recall his kindness to a younger man and his encouragement of my own work. Only two years ago I had a most cordial letter of thanks for my contribution to the volume of essays in his honour, in which of course I was only one of eighteen to pay him tribute.

My memories of him will always be happy and grateful.

—George Rowell  
Bristol, England



. . . He was one of the most remarkable people I ever met: a uniquely gifted scholar, critic, and writer, whose influence will be permanent and whose presence will be with us for as long as we have readers for such classics as his two volumes on Shakespeare’s place in American theater and cultural history. I count it one of the privileges of my life to have worked with Chuck on these and other endeavors. . . .

I first met Charles Shattuck during my initial summer as Director of Academic Programs at the Folger. I was only 31 at the time, less than three years beyond the completion of my doctorate, and I felt very insecure in the prepossessing office I suddenly found myself occupying. More

65

than anything else, I felt daunted by the task that confronted the new Editor of *Shakespeare Quarterly*, and it meant a great deal that a scholar of Professor Shattuck’s eminence, a kind and gentle man who insisted on being called Chuck, went out of his way to reassure a neophyte and help him learn his way around. Chuck graciously accepted my invitation to join the Editorial Board of the journal at a point when it was clear that it would require a tremendous amount of attention, and over the years he proved time after time to be the most keen-eyed, learned, wise, and generous of counselors.

Meanwhile Chuck accepted another invitation that brought the two of us into even closer working relationships. If I recall correctly, this offer came after the Library closed one hot summer day in 1974. O. B. Hardison and I were walking along Third Street near the front gate of the Director’s house and not far from the door to the Folger Guest House. Along with the Shakespeare Association of America, the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, and the newly formed International Shakespeare Association, the Library had begun work on plans to commemorate the bicentennial of American independence less than two years later with a mammoth week-long celebration of “Shakespeare in America.” Details were still far from firm, but one thing O. B. wanted to feature was an exhibition. That called for a curator and a catalogue, and O. B. asked Chuck if he’d be willing to write a history of Shakespearean production in the New World. In what I suspect he later rued as a rash decision, Chuck said yes, and by noon on April 19, 1976, he had performed the dozens of miracles required to present a copy of *Shakespeare on the American Stage: From the Hallams to Edwin Booth* to Lady Ramsbotham, the wife of “Her Britannic Majesty’s Ambassador to the United States.” This book was quite literally hot off the press. After a three-week race to the finish, a race that required an emergency change of printers and a change of publishers to boot, the first copies, with ink still fresh enough to smudge in places, arrived at the Folger exhibition has exactly two hours before the ceremonies that would open the World Congress.

It was a magnificent volume, and its appearance was by all accounts the highlight of a week that featured lectures by such luminaries as Alistair Cooke (who really was bright pink, as Stephen Booth remarked in a hilarious review of what he dubbed “Shakespeare at Valley Forge”), Jorge Luis Borges (who whispered some enigmatic reflections on “The Riddle of Shakespeare”), Elliot Richardson (who talked about how Shakespeare had helped him get through the Saturday Night Massacre in the Nixon White House), and Joseph Papp (who proved to be the quintessential ugly American, but who had the great good fortune to be spared an honest assessment in Chuck’s eventful narrative of what the United States has done both for and to the “sweet Swan of Avon”). Everyone loved *Shakespeare on the American Stage*. It received enthusiastic reviews in *The New Republic*, *The New York Times Book Review*, and *The Washington Post*, and it won the American Theater Association’s George Freedley Award as the best new book in its field for 1976.

It is not necessary to remind today’s audience that yet another Shattuck volume had become an immediate classic. Soon there were clamors for a sequel, and Chuck spent the next decade on an even more splendid study of *Shakespeare on the American Stage: From the Booths and Barrett to Marlowe and Sothorn*. It too captured the Freedley Award, this time for 1987, and once again there

66

were calls for an encore. Alas, by this time, Susan and Chuck were both beginning to weaken, so Chuck turned over the voluminous notes he had been making to Gary J. Williams of the Catholic University of America. Gary is now hard at work on Volume 3, an exciting study that will bring the story up to the 1864 Shakespeare quartercentenary.

I can think of nothing that more fittingly epitomizes the legacy of Chuck Shattuck. So thoroughly did he survey, define, and cultivate the territory of American theater history that for decades, if not centuries, scholars will continue to produce fine vintages from the vineyards he bequeathed us. We shall not see his like again, but we shall continue to see him, and be grateful for him, every time we read a book or article about Shakespeare in performance and every time we see the plays interpreted on the stage by artists who have worked with, studied under, or benefited from the scholarship and criticism of this wondrous and prolific man from Illinois.

—John F. Andrews  
Washington, D.C.



. . . That Chuck was a leader in his chosen field is well-known—but more than that he was always a concerned and good friend, who helped so many young people at the beginning of their careers.

I remain always grateful to him for his kindness.

—Kalman A. Burnim  
Medford, Massachusetts



The last time I saw Chuck Shattuck was at a Shakespeare Association meeting some years ago. He was then president of the association and we spent a morning together at a trustees’ meeting, which he chaired with characteristic seriousness and humor. I had not seen Chuck for many years, but that did not seem to matter. His hand came quickly to my shoulder; we ribbed each other, congratulated each other on our Shakespeare volumes, and had a very good time of it. Others can speak with more authority about Chuck’s accomplishments in the theater. I recall a wonder *Twelfth Night* which he put on at the university. Others can speak also with more authority of Chuck’s important contributions to the history of Shakespearean productions. My remembrance of him is wholly personal. He was, it seemed to me, as wise as he was wickedly funny. He was always himself, a very good self—without any pretensions, full of life, and not afraid to

67