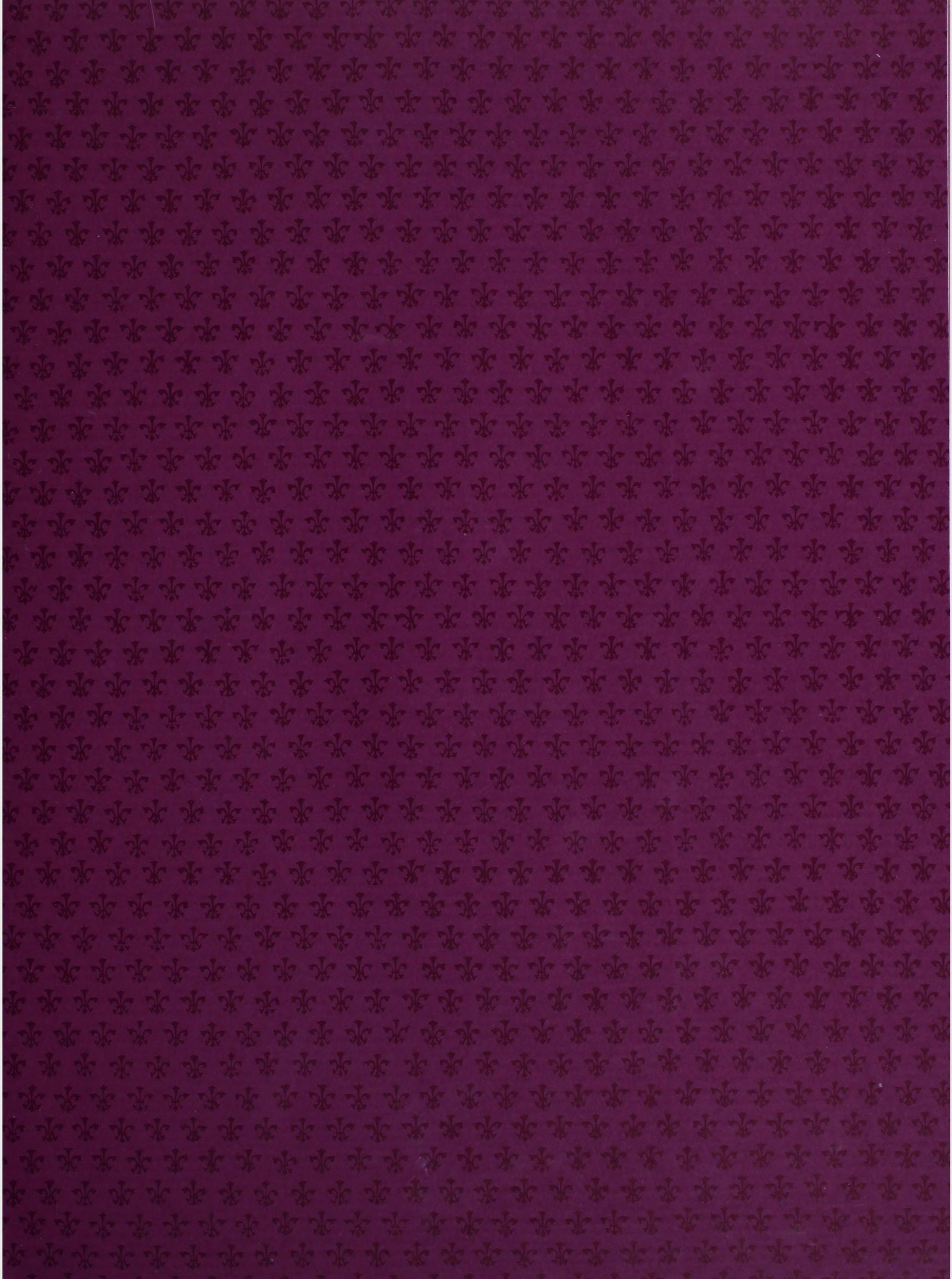


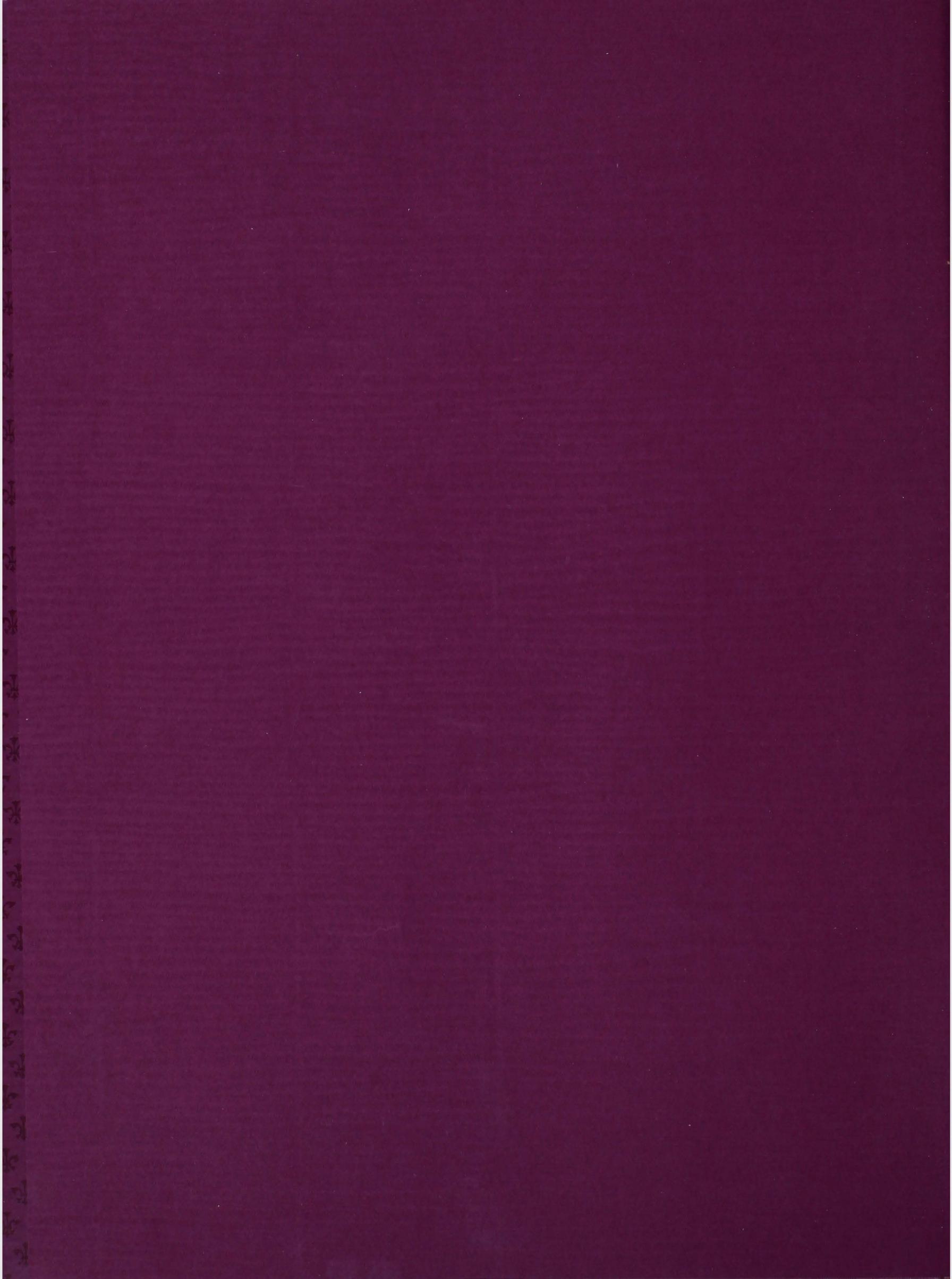
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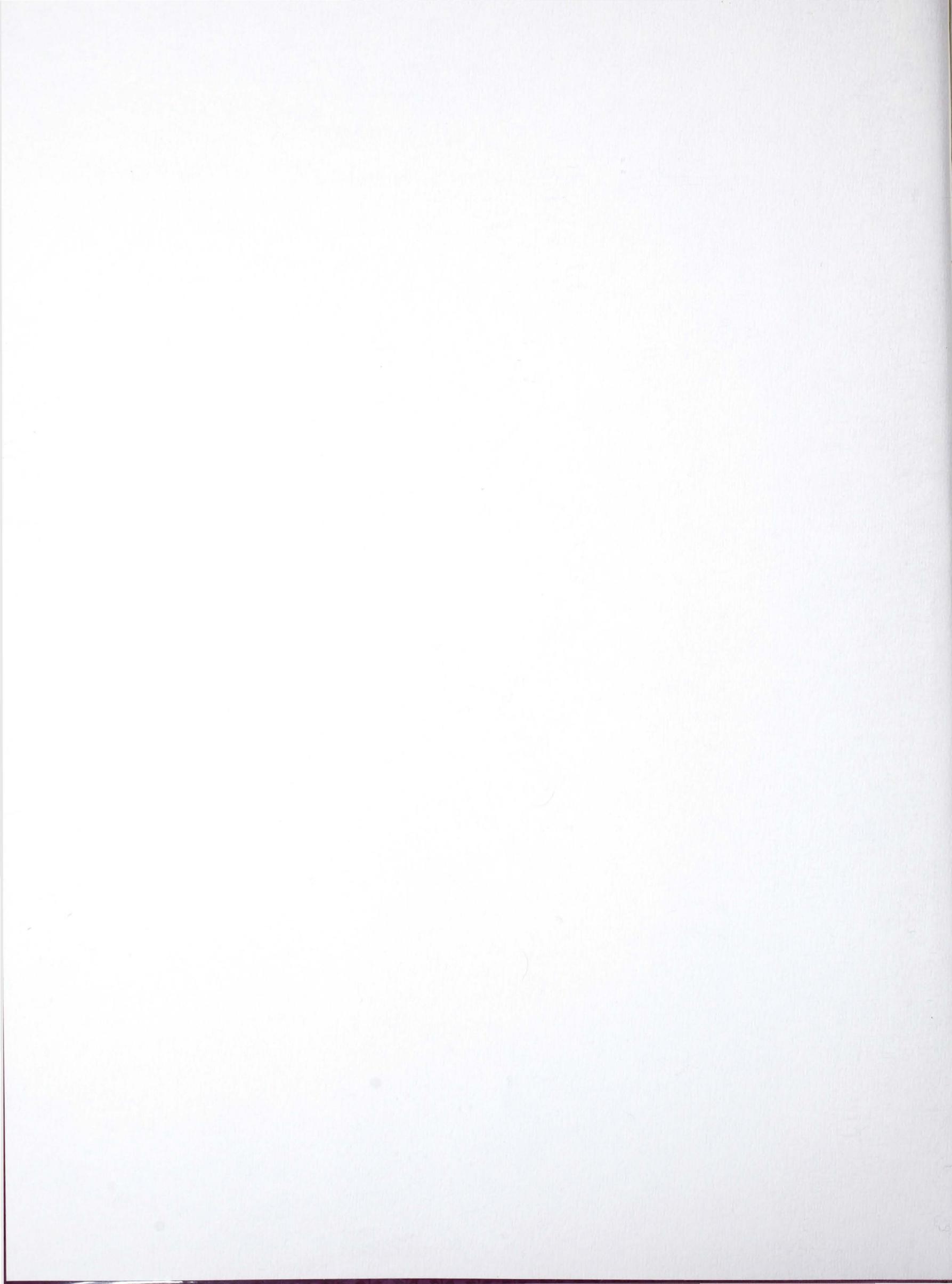
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W I T H O R A W W





THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE



THE
ROMANCE
OF
THE
ROSE

STEUBEN GLASS

English excerpts from *Romance of the Rose* by Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meun, translated by Harry W. Robbins. Edited by Charles W. Dunn. English translation copyright © 1962 by Florence L. Robbins. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, E. P. Dutton.

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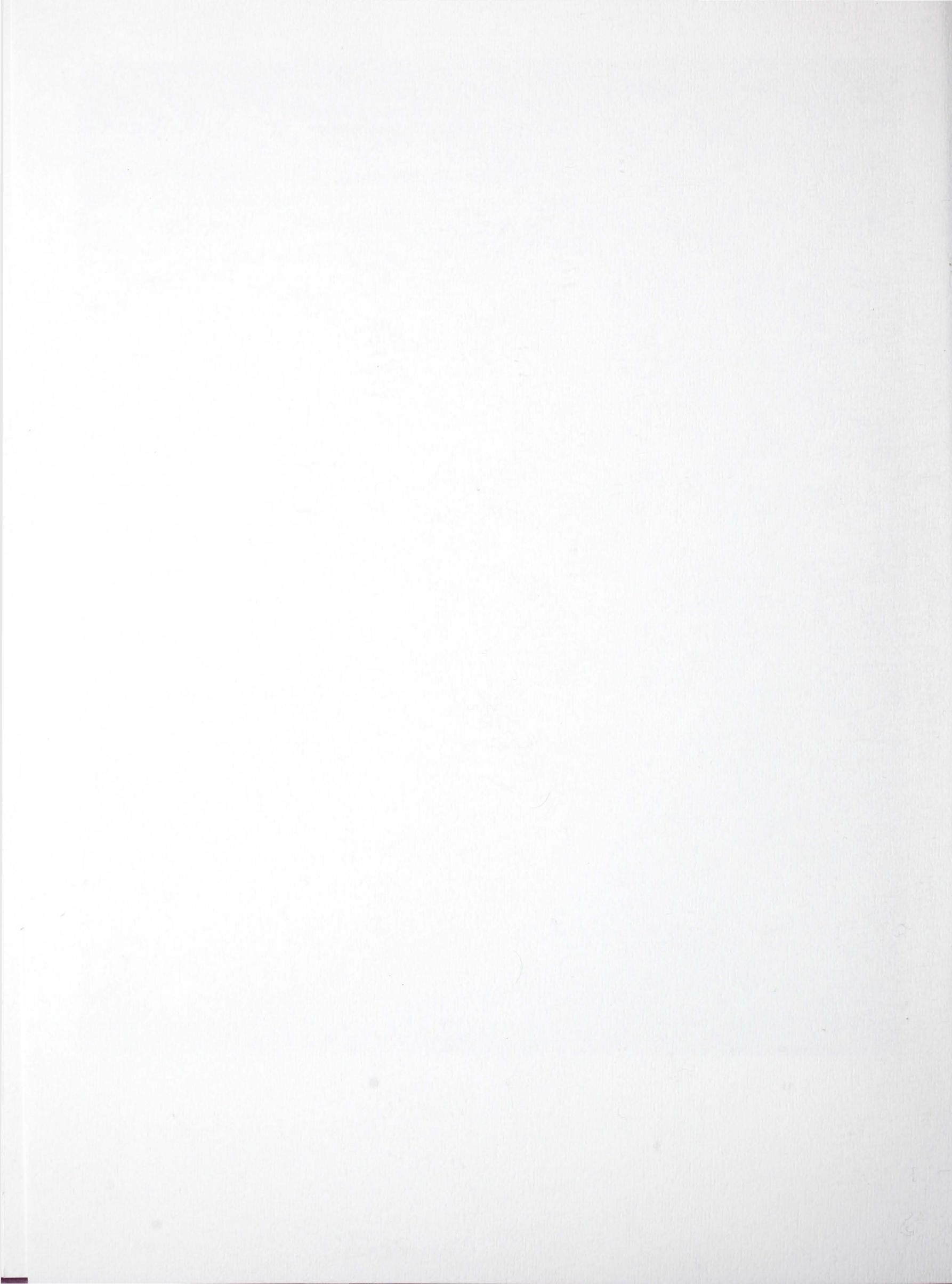
Maintes gens dient que en songes
 N'a se fables non et mençonges;
 Mais l'en puet tiex songes songier
 Qui ne sunt mie mençongier;
 Ains sunt après bien apparant.

 Oû vintiesme an de mon aage,
 Oû point qu'Amors prend le paage
 Des jones gens, couchiez estoie
 Une nuit, si cum je souloie,
 Et me dormoie moult forment,
 Si vi ung songe en mon dormant,
 Qui moult fut biax, et moult me plot.
 Mès onques riens où songe n'ot
 Qui avenu trestout ne soit,
 Si cum li songes recontoit.
 Or veil cel songe rimaier,
 Por vos cuers plus fere esgaier,
 Qu'Amors le me prie et commande;
 Et se nus ne nule demande
 Comment ge voil que cilz Rommanz
 Soit apelez, que ge commanz:
 Ce est li Rommanz de la Rose,
 Oû l'art d'Amors est tote enclose.

GUILLAUME DE LORRIS
Le Roman de la Rose

Many a man holds dreams to be but lies,
 All fabulous; but there have been some dreams
 No whit deceptive, as was later found.

 When I the age of twenty had attained—
 The age when Love controls a young man's heart—
 As I was wont, one night I went to bed
 And soundly slept. But then there came a dream
 Which much delighted me, it was so sweet.
 No single thing which in that dream appeared
 Has failed to find fulfillment in my life,
 With which the vision well may be compared.
 Now I'll recount this dream in verse, to make
 Your hearts more gay, as Love commands and wills;
 And if a man or maid shall ever ask
 By what name I would christen the romance
 Which now I start, I will this answer make:
 "The Romance of the Rose it is, and it unfolds
 Within its compass all the Art of Love."

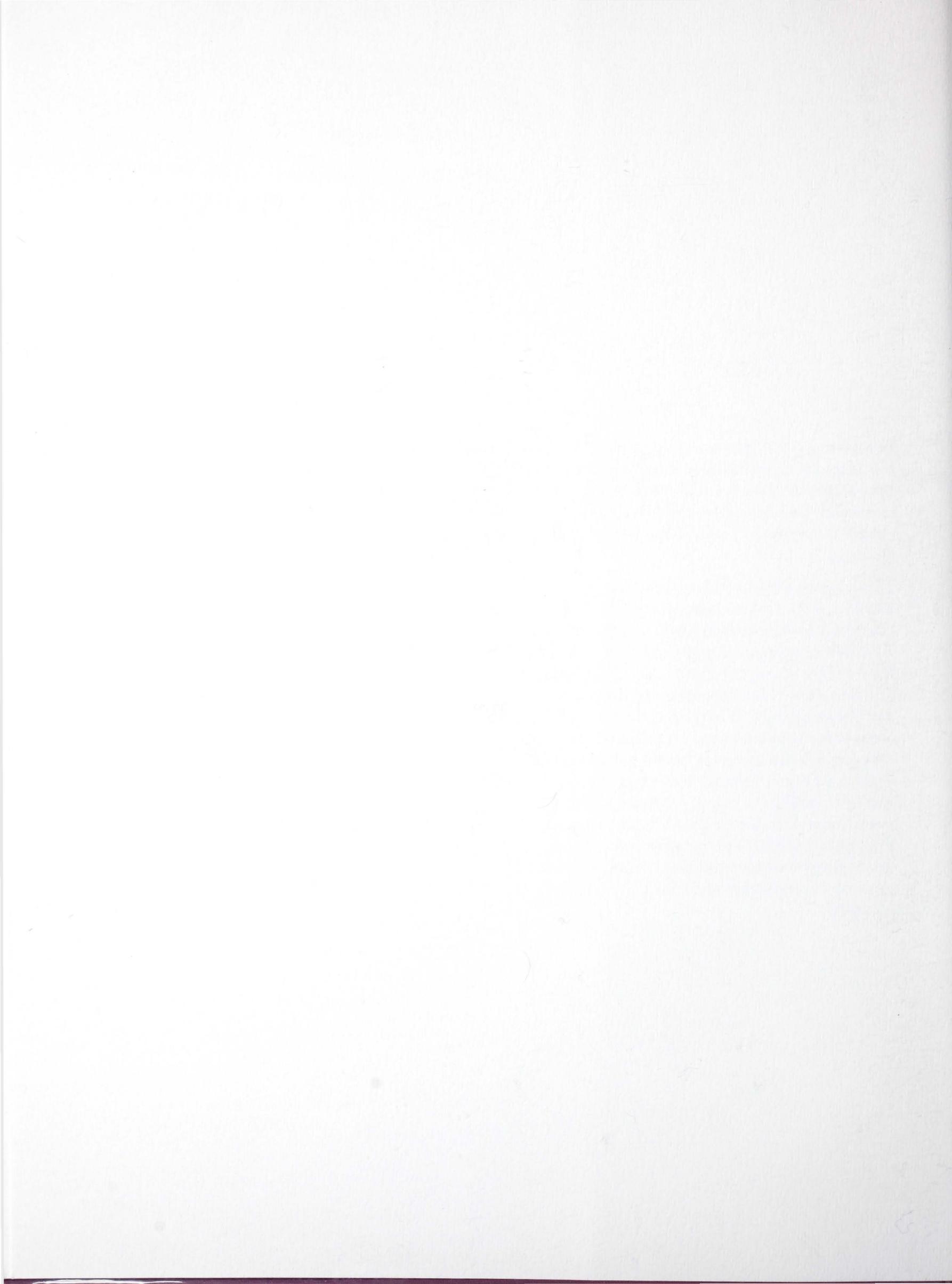


PREFACE

BEGINNING WITH "THE MYTH OF ADONIS," introduced in 1966, Steuben Glass has from time to time devoted the skills of its designers, craftsmen, and associates to the creation of a unique masterwork. Such is "The Romance of the Rose."

The designer Donald Pollard, who designed also five of the earlier masterworks, has here attempted to express in crystal a synthesis of the medieval allegorical poem, *Le Roman de la Rose*. Of his concept, Pollard says, "I first read *The Romance of the Rose* about twenty years ago, prompted by Gilbert Highet, whose radio commentaries on literature I listened to whenever possible and in whose book *The Classical Tradition* I was immersed. Ever since, I have wanted somehow to express the idea of the poem, despite its complexities. Finally came a solution: to eliminate all but what seemed to me the essential aspects of the allegory and to show these on a five-petaled crystal rose resting on its sepals."

Donald Pollard made his first model for "The Romance of the Rose" in 1973. Four years were required to complete it. The resultant piece, illustrated in the following pages, is limited to a single example.



INTRODUCTION

IN THE SMALL FRENCH VILLAGE OF LORRIS, north of Orleans on the River Loire, there lived in the thirteenth century a man by the name of Guillaume. All that is known of him is that he may have been born in the year 1212 and have died in the year 1237, and that he wrote with grace and talent of the courtly love of his day. This was the age of chivalry, whose virtues were piety, honor, valor, courtesy, chastity, and loyalty. A knight's loyalty was pledged to his spiritual master, God; to his temporal master, the suzerain; and to the mistress of his heart, his sworn love. It was an age of literary allegory—the symbolic story in which characters represent aspects of the human personality.

Guillaume, who, after the manner of his day, took his surname from his birthplace, left one evidence of his life: a 4,058-line poem, *Le Roman de la Rose*. In it he told of having had a dream, at the age of twenty, which held within its compass all the art of love—its vicissitudes, sadnesses, and joys. In it he likened his beloved to a rose and his courtship of her to the events of his dream. His ideal Lady was to be won through her responsiveness, despite her modesty and his own fears. To each of love's aspects the poet gave a human personality.

Guillaume de Lorris is thought to have died before he could complete his poem. Some forty years later, another poet, Jean de Meun, continued it; Jean's allegory elaborates on Guillaume's, but in an altogether different spirit—becoming a commentary on the whole of life rather than on love alone.

The Romance of the Rose was widely read in its own time—repeatedly copied in illuminated manuscript; it was set in type in the fifteenth century, soon after the introduction of printing. Subjects from it appear frequently on ivory mirrors, small chests, and other Gothic artifacts. In his book *The Classical Tradition, Greek and Roman Influences on Western Literature*, Gilbert Highet terms the poem “incomparably the most important of the medieval love-romances.”

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

Engraved crystal rose—an interpretation of the allegorical poem of courtly love, *Le Roman de la Rose*.

The rose is formed of five crystal petals unfolding to expose a core of ruby pistils surrounded by diamond stamens—their green-gold filaments set in yellow gold. The petals rise from a calyx of five white-gold sepals, hand wrought and chased.

On each petal, an episode from the poem is engraved by copper wheel enriched with diamond point stippling: Idleness opens to the Dreamer the door to the Garden of Mirth; Sir Mirth dances with Gladness, his love; the Dreamer gazes into the Well of Love; the God of Love aims his arrow; the Lover kisses the Rose.

One petal swings inside one and outside of the other adjacent petals. This is the garden door—the gateway to love.

*Designed by Donald Pollard
Engraving design by Howard Rogers
Engraved by Roland Erlacher
Goldwork by Louis Feron
Height 8" · Width 9½" · Gold, 18 karat*



Idleness opens to the Dreamer the door to the Garden of Mirth, where songbirds sing of love and flowers abound; beyond appears a vision of the Rose.

Je me fais apeler Oiseuse,
Dist-ele, à tous mes congnoissans;
Si sui riche fame et poissans.
S'ai d'une chose moult bon tens,
Car à nule riens je ne pens
Qu'à moi joer et solacier,
Et mon chief pignier et trecier:
Quant sui pignée et atornée,
Adonc est fete ma journée.
Privée sui moult et acointe
De Déduit le mignot, le cointe:
C'est cil cùi est cest biax jardins. . . .
.
Et sachiés que je cuidai estre
Por voir en Paradis terrestre,
Tant estoit li leu delitables,
Qu'il sembloit estre esperitables:
Car si cum il m'iert lors avis,
Ne féist en nul Paradis
Si bon estre, cum il faisoit
Où vergier qui tant me plaisoit.

"All my companions call me Idleness;
A woman rich and powerful am I.
Especially I'm blessed in one respect:
I have no care except to tress and comb
My hair, amuse myself, and take mine ease.
My dearest friend is Mirth, a genteel beau,
Who owns this garden planted full of trees. . . ."
.
You may right well believe I thought the place
Was truly a terrestrial paradise,
For so delightful was the scenery
That it looked heavenly; it seemed to me
A better place than Eden for delight,
So much the orchard did my senses please.



*Sir Mirth dances with Gladness, his love, and
two of his graceful companions.*

Lors m'en alai tout droit à destre,
Par une petitete sente
Plaine de fenoil et de mente;
Mès auques près trové Déduit,
Car maintenant en ung réduit
M'en entré où Déduit estoit.
Déduit ilueques s'esbatoit;
S'avoit si bele gent o soi,
Que quant je les vi, je ne soi
Dont si très beles gens pooient
Estre venu; car il sembloient
Tout por voir anges empennés,
Si beles gens ne vit homs nés.
.....
Déduit fu biaux et lons et drois,
Jamès en terre ne venrois
Où vous truissiés nul plus bel homme:
.....
Savés-vous qui estoit s'amie?
Léesce qui nel' haoit mie,
L'envoisie, la bien chantans,
Qui dès lors qu'el n'ot que sept ans
De s'amor li donna l'otroi:
Déduit la tint parmi le doi
A la karole, et ele lui,
Bien s'entr'amoient ambedui:
Car il iert biaux, et ele bele,

Turning to the right
And following a little path, with mint
And fennel fringed, into a small retreat,
Straightway I found Sir Mirth taking his ease.
With him he had so fair a company
That when I saw them I was quite amazed
To think whence such fine people could have come;
For, truly, wingèd angels they did seem.
No earth-born man had ever seen such folk.
.....
Sir Mirth was fair and straight, of stature tall.
In no group could you find a finer man.
.....
The lady that did hate him least of all?
Her name was Gladness, she a singer gay
Who since she was but seven summers old
Had given him all her love. Now in the dance
Mirth held her by a finger; she held his.
Well did they suit each other—she a belle
And he a beau.



*The Dreamer gazes into the Well of Love,
wherein two crystal stones reflect the garden.
Unlike Narcissus, who fell in love with his own
reflection and perished, the Dreamer chooses
the rose.*

Où fons de la fontaine aval,
Avoit deux pierres de cristal
Qu'à grande entente remirai. . . .
.....
Ainsinc cum li miréors montre
Les choses qui li sunt encontre,
Et y voit-l'en sans couverture
Et lor color, et lor figure;
Tretout ausinc vous dis por voir,
Que li cristal, sans décevoir,
Tout l'estre du vergier accusent
.....
C'est li miréors périlleus,
Où Narcisus li orguilleus
Mira sa face et ses yex vers,
Dont il jut puis mors tout envers.
Qui en cel miréor se mire,
Ne puet avoir garant de mire,
Que tel chose à ses yex ne voie,
Qui d'amer l'a tost mis en voie.
.....
Où miroer entre mil choses,
Chosi rosiers chargiés de roses,
Qui estoient en ung détör
D'une haie clos tout entör. . . .

Two crystal stones within the fountain's depths
Attentively I noted.
.....
Just as a mirror will reflect each thing
That near is placed, and one therein can see
Both form and color without variance,
So do these crystals undistorted show
The garden's each detail to anyone
Who looks into the waters of the spring.
.....
The Mirror Perilous it is, where proud
Narcissus saw his face and his gray eyes,
Because of which he soon lay on his bier.
There is no charm nor remedy for this;
Whatever thing appears before one's eyes,
While at these stones he looks, he straightway loves.
.....
Among the thousand things reflected there
I chose a full-charged rosebush in a plot
Encinctured with a hedge. . . .



*The God of Love aims his first arrow, Beauty, to
bind the Dreamer to the Rose.*

Li Diex d'Amors qui, l'arc tendu,
Avoit toute jor atendu
A moi porsivre et espier,
S'iert arrestez lez ung figuier;
Et quant il ot apercéu
Que j'avoie ainsinc esléu
Ce bouton qui plus me plesoit
Que nus des autres ne fesoit,
Il a tantost pris une floiche,
Et quant la corde fu en coiche,
Il entesa jusqu'à l'oreille
L'arc qui estoit fort à merveille,
Et trait à moi par tel devise,
Que parmi l'oel m'a où cuer mise
La sajete par grant roidor. . . .

The God of Love, who, ever with bent bow
Had taken care to watch and follow me,
Beneath a fig tree lastly took his stand;
And when he saw that I had fixed my choice
Upon the bud that pleased me most of all
He quickly chose an arrow; nocking it,
He pulled the cord back to his ear. The bow
Was marvelously strong, and good his aim,
And when he shot at me the arrow pierced
My very heart though entering by my eye.



*The Lover kisses the Rose.
He has suffered the Pains of Love; been
obstructed by Danger, Shame, and their
companions; rejected the advice of Reason.
Franchise and Pity have interceded for him;
now Venus has persuaded Fair Welcome to
grant the Lover's plea.*

Bien est, ce m'est avis, droiture
Que uns baisiers li soit grées,
Donnés li, se vous m'en créés;
Car tant cum vous plus atendez,
Tant plus sachiés, de tens perdez.
Bel-Acueil, qui sentit l'aïer
Du brandon, sans plus delaier
M'otroia ung baisier en dons,
Tant fist Venus et ses brandons:
Onques n'i ot plus demoré.
Ung baisier dous et savoré
Ai pris de la Rose erraument;
Se j'oi joie nus nel' dement:
Car une odor m'entra où cors,
Qui en a trait la dolor fors,
Et adoucit les maus d'amer
Qui me soloient estre amer.
Onques mès ne fu si aése,

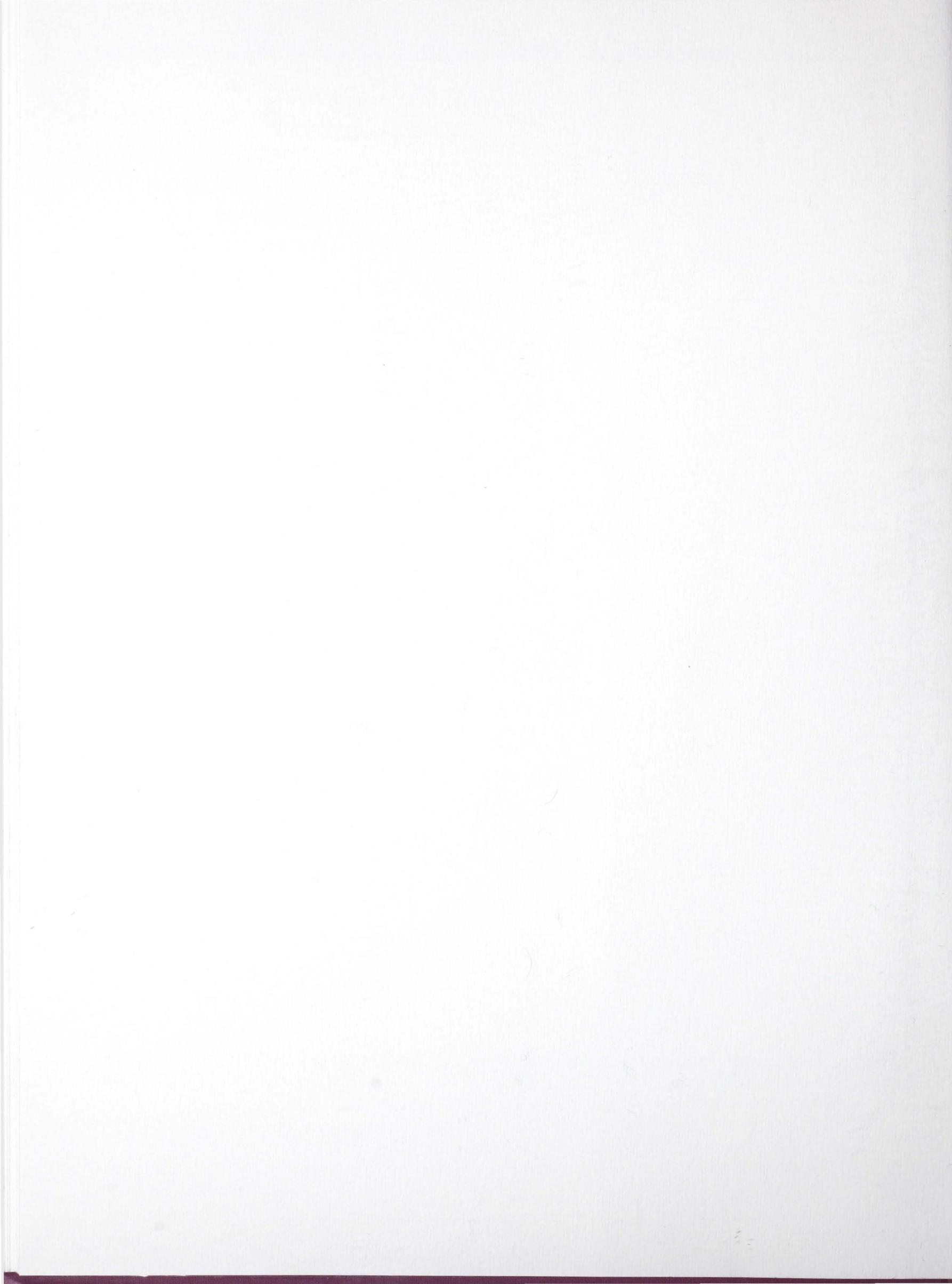
"It's my opinion that it would be right
To grant the kiss. Trust me, and give it him;
For to delay would be but to waste time."
Fair Welcome felt the heat of Venus' brand,
And, such its power and hers, immediately
He granted me the boon I asked—a kiss.
Nor did I linger, but at once did take
A sweet and savory lipful from the Rose.
Let no man ask if then I felt delight!
My senses quickly were in perfume drowned
That purged my body from its pain, and soothed
The woes of love that had so bitter been.
Never before was I so much at ease.



Moult est garis qui tel flor bese,
Qui est si sade et bien olent.
Ge ne serai jà si dolent,
S'il m'en sovient, que ge ne soie
Tous plains de solas et de joie;
Et neporquant j'ai mains anuis
Soffers et maintes males nuis,
Puis que j'oi la Rose baisie:

Completely cured are all who kiss a flower
So pleasing and agreeable in smell.
The very memory of that caress
Henceforth will keep me from all sorrowing
And fill me with delight and joy, in spite
Of all I've suffered—all the woes I've had—
Since first I kissed the Rose.





THE ARTISTS

DONALD POLLARD, designer and painter, was born in 1924 in Bronxville, New York. A graduate of Rhode Island School of Design, he worked in silver under the trainee program of the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, and later tried his hand at architectural theater design. During World War II he served in the United States Navy. A member of the design staff of Steuben Glass since 1950, he is responsible for a large number of major works, including "The Myth of Adonis," "The Four Seasons," "The Unicorn and the Maiden," and "Chinese Pavilion," now in private collections, and "The Great Ring of Canada," collection of the Canadian Government. His designs have been included in every Steuben exhibition held since 1955.

HOWARD ROGERS, illustrator, was born in 1932 in Medford, Oregon. A graduate of The Art Center School of Los Angeles, he worked for about ten years in major art studios of Detroit, Michigan, before moving to Weston, Connecticut, where he established his own studio. His work includes covers for *Time Magazine*; illustrations for magazine articles; illustrations for T. S. Stribling's *The Store*, Edna Ferber's *So Big*; and Shirley Ann Grau's *Evidence of Love* published by the Franklin Library; illustrations for paperback editions of the work of John Steinbeck and John O'Hara published by Bantam Books, and illustrations for a number of condensed books published by the Reader's Digest. He is a member of the New York Society of Illustrators in whose exhibitions he has been represented consecutively over the past ten years.

THE CRAFTSMEN

ROLAND ERLACHER, copper wheel engraver, was born in 1933 in Innsbruck, Austria. After graduating from the Glass Technical School at Kramsach, he worked for the Viennese firm of J. & L. Lobmeyr—receiving, while there, a master engraver certificate from the Austrian Government. In 1957 he came to the United States to join Steuben Glass. Among his principal engravings are “The Myth of Adonis,” “The Four Seasons,” and “Chinese Pavilion” and plaques for “The Great Ring of Canada.” He has taught engraving at Corning Community College, Corning, New York, and in Steuben’s apprentice program, and was invited to introduce the art at the World Crafts Council, Mexico, 1976.

LOUIS FERON, goldsmith-sculptor, was born in 1901 in Rouen, France. After studying in Paris at the Municipal Art School and Ecole Nationale des Arts et Métiers, he apprenticed in workshops as sculptor, chaser, gold- and silversmith. In 1932 he won the title of “Best chaser, gold- and silversmith of France” and was decorated by the Sorbonne commander of the *Ordre du Travail*. In 1935 he was appointed professor at the Public Works School in Costa Rica and organized a school of apprentices, becoming its director. During eleven years in Costa Rica, he was master of his own workshop creating sculptures, goldsmith objects, and jewelry for government, church, and private customers. In 1945 he came to New York City to create and execute art objects and jewelry on commission. His Steuben commissions include goldwork for “The Four Seasons,” “The Unicorn and the Maiden,” and “Chinese Pavilion.”

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