

# Caxtonian

Journal of The Caxton Club of Chicago

Volume V, No. 11

November 1997

## Harry S. Truman - The Friendliest of Presidents: A Memoir

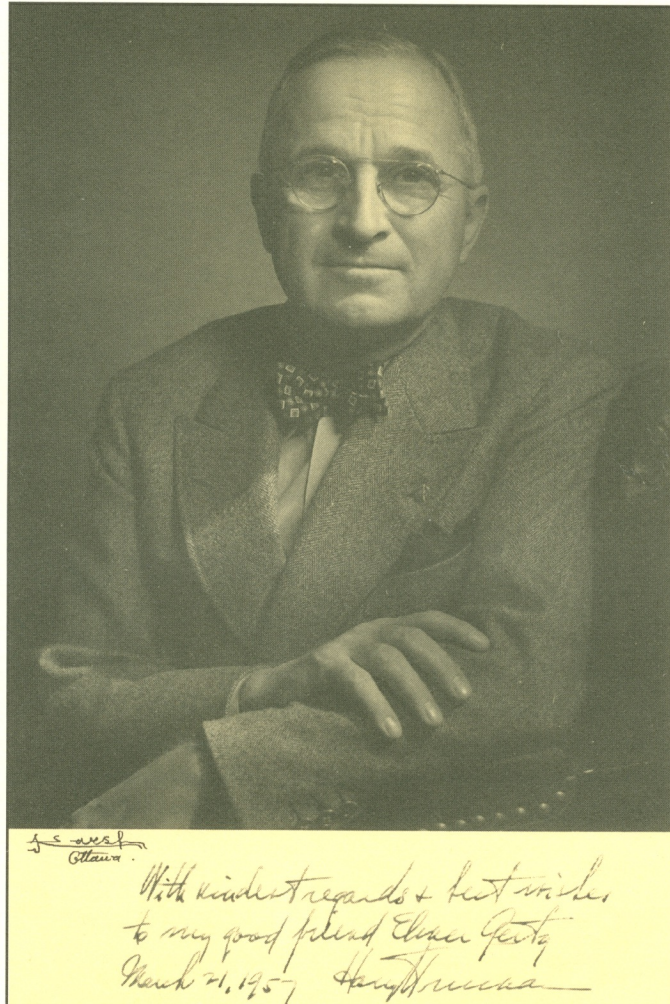
If I had been asked in the 1950s to name the President of the United States whom I would most like to have known, I would, unhesitatingly, have named Harry S. Truman. And I did, indeed, get to know President Truman, with increasing closeness.

I did not know Truman when he was in office (1945-52). A few years after he left the White House, I became the president of the Decalog Society of Lawyers, the Jewish lawyers' group. We decided to honor Truman at a dinner because of his many contributions to America and the world, just we had honored Eleanor Roosevelt and Albert Einstein. A small committee of the society, consisting of the well-connected judge, Henry L. Burman, Bernard H. Sokol, and I went to meet Truman in his post-presidential office in Kansas City to complete arrangements. It was a tremendously enjoyable meeting. Truman seemed like a plain and simple American who treated us as if we were his plain and simple colleagues. As we left the meeting, Judge Burman said to me, "The President loves you, Elmer." I was flattered but skeptical.

Soon enough, and increasingly, there were visible signs of Truman's regard for me, which lasted until his death in 1972. I would like to write briefly of some of the tokens of our friendship.

At the same time that Truman was being honored by our Jewish group, he was also being feted by a Greek organization. He appealed to all ethnics and all others — except "stuffed shirts."

As I personally observed, there was a love affair between Truman and the press. Wherever he went, the photographers and reporters



*Karsh photograph of Harry S. Truman, inscribed to Caxtonian Gertz. From the collection of Elmer Gertz*

followed. I was never more photographed than when I was with him. When he strolled anywhere, and he enjoyed these "constitutionals," the newspapermen followed. They engaged in friendly conversation and banter with him. There was none of the hostility that is generated today by the *paparazzi*. Being a celebrity today is a perilous occupation.

Truman did not mind being photographed by or with anyone. I had the joy of having sat with members of my family on a couch in a hotel room and being

photographed with him. On the wall of my den is this photograph of Truman, my late wife, Ceretta, my daughter, and myself, all smiling happily (see Page 6).

I noticed that there was one pose that Truman would not permit. Although he took joy in an occasional bourbon, he would not be photographed with a glass of liquor in his hand. It was a sort of concession to his Baptist upbringing.

But he could be earthy in his conversation, as attested by his wife, the "Boss," as he called Bess. I spent some hours with Mrs. Truman on one occasion and was amazed by her knowledge of the ins-and-outs of politics. She was supposed to be disinterested in such matters. She exemplified the truth of the adage that all politics are local. I would add that politics knows no gender.

Once I was seated beside Truman at the head table when he was scheduled to make a speech, and he turned to me saying, "Elmer, come with me. I always go to the men's room before I am to make a speech."

His conversation could be frank, indeed, when he was talking about exalted personages. Once he said to me, "Ike will make Grant seem like a statesman!" Referring to another much-admired public figure, he said, "It is too bad that he cannot be more of a human being." I did not hesitate to ask him about people who had been named by him to his cabinet and to the Supreme Court. He talked of them without inhibition. Why did he value some so highly? "Because they were on the firing line with me," he replied.

*(See TRUMAN MEMOIR, Page Six)*



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The *Caxtonian* is printed by  
River Street Press, Aurora, Illinois  
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# Musings...

In mid-afternoon on November 22, 1963, I sat in Taylor University's campus grill, having afternoon tea with Buddhadeva Bose, India's leading poet and long-time friend of the poet-philosopher, Rabindranath Tagore. As we took our tea and talked, my ear caught words from a softly-playing radio somewhere in the background: "The President ... Dallas ... assassin's bullet ... near death ..." Our waitress, when asked, said that President John F. Kennedy had been shot in Dallas earlier in the afternoon.

My 4 p.m. English class met in a room with one of the few television sets available to students. Shortly after I arrived to a room full of students, a few of whom were mine, Walter Cronkite, extraordinarily sad, reported that indeed the President was dead and Lyndon Johnson had been sworn in as President of the United States. I did not try to teach that afternoon, and I walked home with a sadness I had never before known.

Because I was Dr. Bose's host for his day-long lecture tour on the campus, we had dinner together that evening, and then he came to our home to await a bus that would take him back to Indiana University, where he was Visiting Professor. We watched the solemn reports on TV throughout the evening and the tributes given by dozens of dignitaries. At one point he asked, "Why do all Americans *read* their condolences?" Earlier in the day, Dr. Bose had given a brilliant, 50-minute convocation lecture on the life and writings of Tagore without a note. I never saw or corresponded with Dr. Bose after I bid him goodbye aboard the midnight bus, but I occasionally come across his poetry, which I always read with pleasure.

This past March while in Dallas I visited the site of the Kennedy assassination. I also went to the Sixth Floor Museum, located in what was formerly known as the Texas School Book Depository. Bob Porter, director of public relations for the Dallas County Historical Foundation, gave me a personal tour of the museum. As we looked at the excellent exhibits, he told me about Walter Cronkite's recent visit here. "Walter explained how difficult it was to keep from weeping as he reported on the assassination. When he came here," Porter said, "he was swept again with intense emotion as he watched the video of the motorcade through downtown Dallas and recalled the dramatic events of 1963." I had the same experience as I walked through the warehouse museum, saw the window from which the fatal shot was fired, and remembered that the country's hope as well as its President was executed here more than 30 years ago.

This was the first in a series of assassinations in this country during the latter half of the 20th Century, taking the lives of important leaders and rending, it seems to me, the democratic fabric of the country, which still today remains unended. I wrote some lines at the time of Robert Kennedy's assassination in 1968, which seem appropriate: "We,... have learned to measure/time by whims of small caliber men,/ staccatoing hatred at mind democratic...." It is the "mind democratic" that concerns me. If there has been a failure in this magnificent nation — and I believe there has been — it is the grand failure throughout American education to foster an essential, sustaining allegiance to a magnanimous life of the mind. As a result, the opened-minded, wide-ranging, and deeply-driven intelligence from which Democracy emerged in the 18th Century — an intimate, constant association with people of wisdom through books that would become, all expected, the essence of a civilization of the "people" — is yet to be fulfilled. As bibliophiles, we work toward that fulfillment — and toward a genuine civility of mind and spirit, making assassinations of all kinds unthinkable, even impossible.

Robert Cotner  
Editor

## Some Word to Say

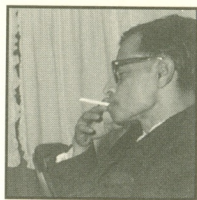
No, I will not pledge  
Remembrance or grief,  
Knowing where the worm is lodged.  
I will take no pledge, but say  
What some have known,  
That others may also know  
In times to come.

I pull the shade on my lamp  
And up and down the room  
Fling for some word to say  
That you have been.  
And then your face returns;  
Face so fair that now  
I think it has become  
Texture of leaf and moss,  
Or the loveliness of rain  
On small, obdurate grass —  
Woven into the pattern  
For all time to come.

Woven into the pattern,  
Transfigured in the loom  
Of dawn, dark and seasons,  
Out of the hand of Time.  
And yet another turn  
I take in the darkened room,  
Room of vacancy,  
Bitter vacancy  
Of light on empty paper.  
Word, some word to say  
For times to come  
What I alone have known,  
That rain, moss and trees  
And the loom of dark and dawn  
Nor are, nor could be more  
Than the you, embodied, warm,  
I held in my arms.

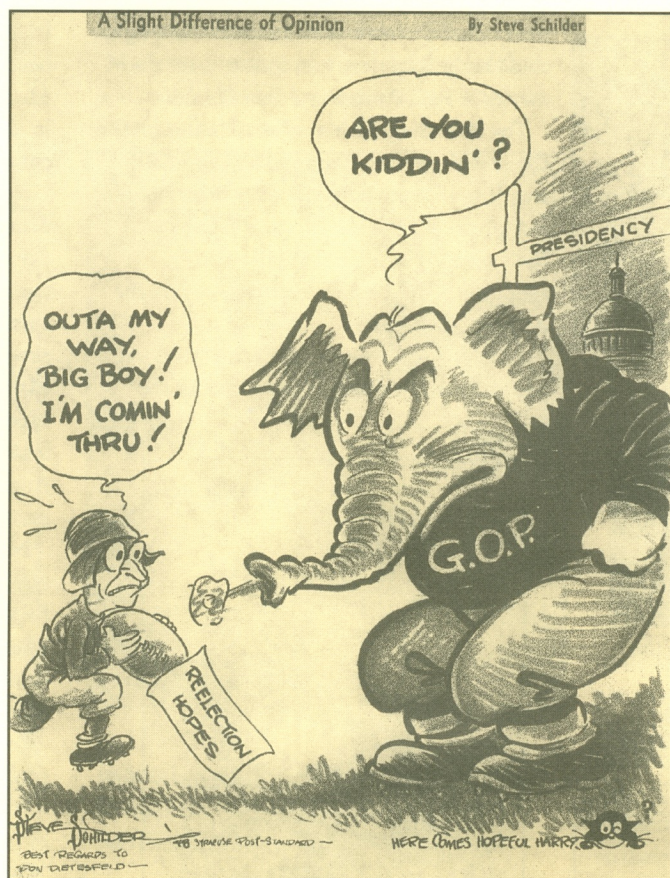
Buddhadeva Bose

(Adapted from the Bengali by the author)  
From Poetry, April 1954, pp. 8-9.



Photograph of Buddhadeva Bose (1908-1974), taken November 22, 1963, in the Cotner home, Upland, IN. Dr. Bose's works include Bai, Dhara, Diyona, Amara, and Catlebela. Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner.

## The Political Cartoon - Democracy's 'Subversive' Art



"Better, better far, there had been no art, than thus to pervert and employ it to purposes so base, and so subversive of everything interesting to society."

James Barry  
Irish Artist, 1795

"Stop them damn pictures. I don't care so much what the papers write about me. My constituents can't read. But, damn it, they can see pictures."

William Marcy "Boss" Tweed

"Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press..."

1st Amendment

When I was young, Chicago supported four major daily newspapers. In the morning, you could choose the *Tribune* or the *Sun-Times*, while in the afternoon the *American* or the *Daily News* were available. My father was a news junky and chose all four.

Each of the four Chicago daily papers employed at least one political cartoonist who produced a daily political cartoon. The *Tribune* usually printed its cartoon on the

front page; the other papers printed them on their editorial pages. Each morning and evening these cartoons were a point of discussion in my home. Each morning and evening I learned something about politics and something about art. I learned to love the very ungentlemanly art form and its use as a political weapon.

This interest in the political cartoon may never have turned into a collecting interest if my father had not visited Caxtonian Ralph Newman's book shop and been given an original drawing by John T. McCutcheon. That cartoon became mine and the beginning of a collection that now contains thousands of items of political art. In addition to original drawings, my collection includes paintings, prints, posters, postcards, sculpture, buttons, dolls, canes, books, recordings, and computer disks.

Much of the earliest history of art is a history of political art. The

artists who created portraits of the god-kings were illustrators who worked for the propaganda ministry of their day. Over the years some of these artists created caricatures of their boss or their boss's enemy. These few individual examples of humorous art did not develop into an art form we now call "caricature" until the birth of a somewhat freer world.

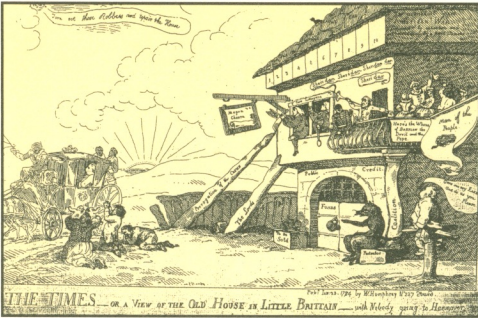
In Renaissance Italy, the word "caricature" was first used to honor and describe the work of Annibale Caracci, a late 16th Century Bolognese naturalistic draughtsman. Caracci became the first noted caricaturist of a line that reached its height with the "cartoons" of William Hogarth (1697-1764). Artists, like Caracci and Hogarth, were not political cartoonists but helped create the art form that a higher level of freedom allowed to become a political cartoon.

Freedom House would have considered late 18th Century England as a "partly free" state. In that state the first great

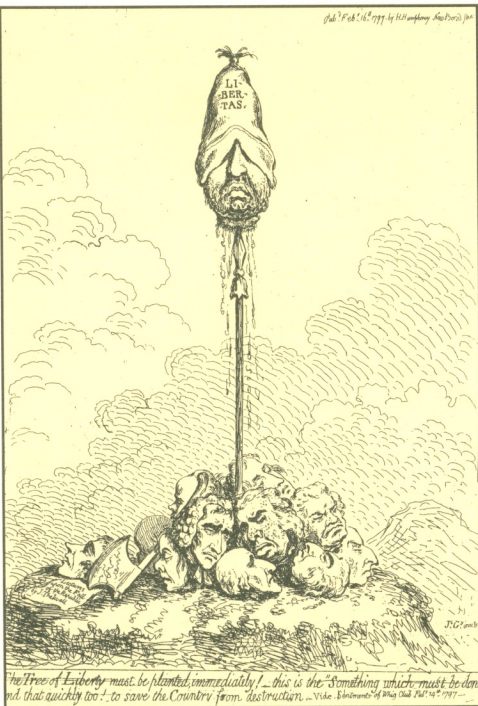
(See *CARTOONS*, Page Four)

# Cartoons

(Continued from Page Three)



political cartoons were created. Of the people who created these cartoons, the greatest by far was James Gillray (1756-1815). English cartoonists like Gillray produced their fine, often hand-colored, prints for a small political elite, mostly based in or frequent visitors to London. They were often in the pay of the government or those who wished to become the government. Their works, although affecting the general population, were aimed at the small elite that could control



Parliament. Members of that governing elite would buy or rent portfolios of these cartoons for an evening's entertainment.

Many of the anti-government cartoons made their way to America and had a

stronger effect here than in the Mother Country. Originals and crude copies were distributed together with works of those who called themselves Americans. Among those early American cartoonists were the names of Paul Revere and Ben Franklin.

The Founding Fathers and cartoonists of the new American Republic had an understanding of the power and importance of a free press. And in the first amendment to their second Constitution, they firmly established freedom of the press — and the American cartoonist.

At first few cartoonist used this freedom, because cartoons were reproduced by the



means of copper engravings or woodcuts, which required a great deal of time and skill. The process was expensive and that expense had to be paid. The new nation did not have a governing elite that supported a large production of expensive cartoons or an issue that the elite cared about.

The development of lithography, together with an attack on a major interest of the new American elite, created the environment that would produce the best early political cartoons. Fear of the upstart Westerner Andrew Jackson coupled with his attack on the Bank of the United States, produced an outpouring of fine cartoons, but no major cartoonists.

The Library of Congress' print collection traces the development of the nation and the American cartoon. One can see the first

anti-foreigner cartoons attacking the Irish and their religion, Catholicism. But most importantly, one can see the attacks on the Irish national leader, Daniel O'Connell, because of his attack on American slavery. Much more of American history is pictured in these cartoons, but the most important comes down to one — slavery.

As the American Republic moved toward disunion over the issue of slavery, many fine cartoons were produced by nameless American artists. The first two great American cartoonists were both German-born — one pro-slavery and the other anti-Catholic. Most Americans know the name of Thomas Nast (1840-1902), whom "Boss" Tweed learned to fear, but few know the name of Adalbert J. Volck (1828-1912) — or the name under which he worked, B. Blada.

Nast's original drawings are by far the most valued older American cartoons, and he remains the only name most dealers know. Nast became a staff artist for the weekly magazines — first *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* and then *Harper's Weekly* in 1862 — where his cartoons were produced in large numbers.

Volck, a dentist, worked secretly at night in Union-controlled Baltimore on his "Confederate War Etchings." His etchings defending the past were themselves produced in a method of the past. Few saw his



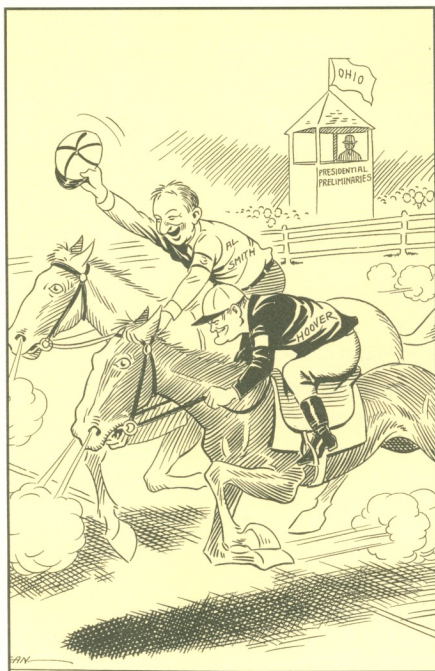
work and fewer remember or honor his name.

After the Civil War, political cartoons appearing in magazines like *Harper's* and *Puck* became a major part of the American

# Cartoons

(Continued from Page Four)

political scene. And, as these magazines began to die out, political cartoons became a normal feature of the major daily newspapers. The power and importance of the American newspaper and the cartoonist were intertwined.

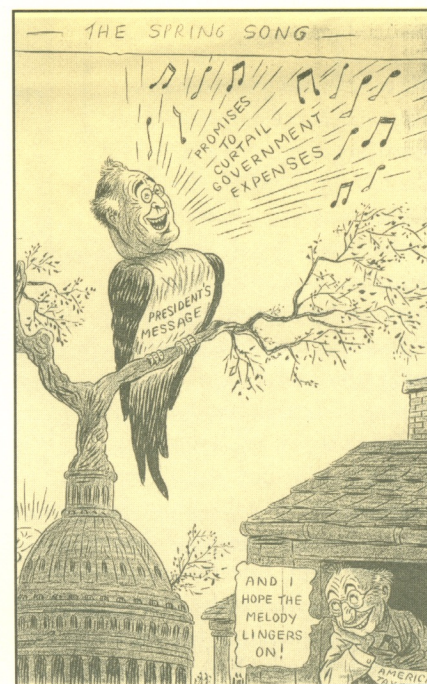


becoming our national newspapers. Every year, it seems, newspapers print fewer cartoons and employ fewer cartoonists.

Many see newspapers as a technology of the past, much like the copper engraving. The few attempts that have been made to use the



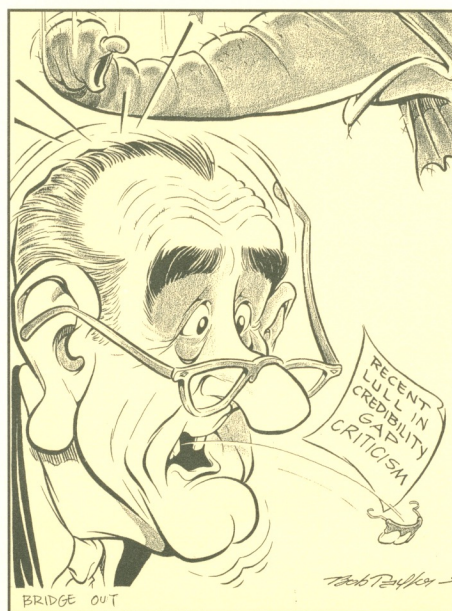
political cartoon on television have all failed. Perhaps the Internet will create a new market for this art form and the newspaper. Or we



drawings from my personal collection. They are powerful documents from the past. They are unfair; they are evil; they are just. Some of the faces and subject you will recognize; some you will not. Few of the artists you will recognize although, in their time, they were, in their way, creators of subversive art that changed the way people looked at issues.

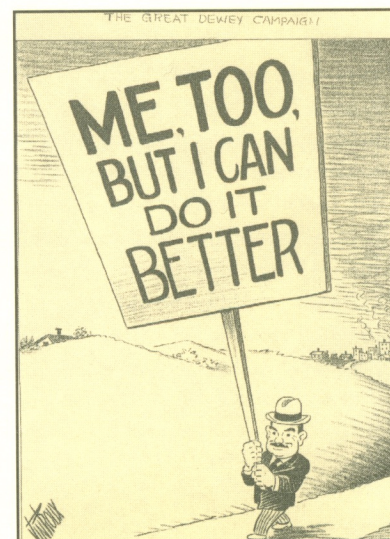
Anthony J. Mourek

Of Chicago's four major daily newspapers of my youth, only two remain. It is not unusual today to find an American city with only one major newspaper. The *USA Today*, *Wall Street Journal*, and *The New York Times* are



may see a day when a small political elite buys or rents collections of cartoons on DVD for an evening's entertainment.

The *Caxtonian* features prints and original



Editor's Note: Caxtonian Mourek had an exhibition of his cartoon collection at the Union League Club, Chicago, in 1987.

## Truman Memoir

(Continued from Page One)

He maintained warm relationships with those who had served in his artillery company during World War I. I have told about Bert Maybee, who later became his dentist. Bert, as he told me, always greeted him as "Captain Truman" long after the "captain" had become the President of the United States, and he referred to Bert as "Private Maybee." Truman's friendship with Eddie Jacobson is well known. During the war, they ran a soldiers' convenience store at the camp where they were stationed. It was one of the few such profitable shops. After the war, they were partners in a haberdashery business that failed. But that did not impair their friendship. In time Truman paid off all of his creditors.

He stood by his benefactors even when they got into difficulty — the Pendergasts, for example. When he held high office, one of the Pendergasts, recently released from prison, died. Truman attended the funeral. Some pundits complained of cronyism, not recognizing that there was something nobler in his attitude. He was not governed by favoritism of any kind.

Before one of the Democratic political conventions in Chicago, Truman wrote that he was going to be at his usual suite in the Blackstone Hotel and that he expected me to visit him there. When the convention began, I went to the floor where Truman's suite was located. There was a big crowd there, so I suddenly concluded that the former President was merely being polite about seeing me and I left. Later I went to an upper floor of the Hilton Hotel, across from the Blackstone, where I knew that there would be many delegates, because it was a favorite spot for them. Suddenly lights began flashing, and Truman and others were seen leaving Speaker Sam Rayburn's suite. I walked to the side of the hall to avoid them. Suddenly Truman, who was reputed to have bad vision, saw me, rushed up, put his arm around me, and said, "Elmer, why haven't I seen you earlier?"

He once invited me and my late wife to a party at his home in Independence, MO. Ceretta was then in the last weeks of her life and ailing, but we went eagerly to visit the



*Caxtonian Gertz, with his first wife, the late Ceretta, and their daughter Margery Ann, pose with Harry S. Truman at the Sherman Hotel, Chicago, on April 27, 1955. Photo provided courtesy of the McCormick Library of Special Collections, Northwestern University.*

Trumans. There was a large number of celebrated guests, among them former President Herbert Hoover, Chief Justice Earl Warren, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Speaker Rayburn. Very early, Ceretta and I had to leave because of her condition. We bid our hosts good-bye; but Truman insisted upon leaving all of his other guests and walking us out of the house, through the yard, and to the exit. There he talked consolingly to Ceretta, like a concerned parent. He tried to cheer her up. It was touching then and in retrospect.

One time on Truman's birthday, my son Ted was admitted to the practice of law. Truman sent a beautiful letter telling Ted that, if he became as a good a lawyer and man as his father, he would do well. Ted now has a photostat of that wonderful letter framed and on a conspicuous spot in his office. Ted is a successful lawyer and a good man, and Truman would be as proud of him as I am.

There is another story concerning my son. When, earlier, he was about to enter college, he and I discussed his allowance and agreed upon an amount. Shortly afterwards I got a telephone call from Ted, saying, "Dad, the allowance is too large. Cut it down." When I told Truman about the matter, he said, "Elmer, you need never worry about Ted."

I regret that I never met Truman's only child, his daughter Margaret. His love for her was legendary, especially his threat to punch a critic who publicly deplored her musical abilities. Perhaps it was well that Margaret

turned from music to writing.

Once when Truman was in a hospital, I arranged for a floral wire service to send him flowers. When he got out of the hospital, he sent me a thank-you letter in which he described the flowers minutely, knowing that I could not have seen them. These big little things endeared him to the people.

I will not forget the laying of the cornerstone of the Truman Library. It was a Masonic rite, typical of the man who had been Grand Master of the Masons. It was my first close-up view of President Hoover as well.

Truman and Hoover were friends, but President Franklin Roosevelt had snubbed his predecessor in the high office. Hoover was grateful to Truman to the end of his life.

One of my prized possessions is a magnificent portrait of Truman by the famous photographer Karsh, inscribed by Truman, "to my good friend Elmer Gertz" (see Page 1).

Many people despaired when Truman succeeded that veritable giant, Franklin Roosevelt. They could not imagine anyone filling Roosevelt's shoes, least of all a little man from Missouri. They had forgotten, if they had ever known, what the Truman Committee had done when Truman was a Senator. It had given him the prominence to be selected as Roosevelt's running mate in his unprecedented fourth term. The Truman Committee had looked into military waste during the war and had saved vast sums for the country.

Truman did not have the speaking ability of the legendary FDR, but he had enormous knowledge of American and world history, and he readily grasped the significance of his office, as evidenced, for one thing, by his discharge of the popular hero, General Douglas MacArthur, when the vain general tried to determine American policy in violation of the President's instructions. Truman forged NATO, the alliance that saved Europe from the Soviet juggernaut. He was really responsible for the Marshall Plan, which rescued the European nations from bankruptcy; the Truman Doctrine, a further step in the protection of the free world; and much else. He was the first international leader to

(See *TRUMAN MEMOIR*, Page Seven)

## Truman Memoir

(Continued from Page Six)

recognize the independence of Israel, even though his top advisors were against it.

I like to think of how Truman did not hesitate to desegregate the armed forces of the nation by executive order when Roosevelt had failed to do so. He, the son of an unreconstructed Confederate mother, fought vigorously for civil rights.

I remember a story told to me by my friend, the late Morris Ernst, one of the founders of the American Civil Liberties Union. Truman had named him to a commission to study civil rights. When the commission had finished its work, Ernst came to Truman with two versions of the committee report. He asked the President, "Which do you prefer — the easy or the tough report on civil rights?" Truman replied instantly, "The tough report." Of American presidents, only Lyndon Johnson accomplished more in this area, because Johnson had the benefit of following Kennedy — and the example of Truman.

Truman and I exchanged many letters, and he inscribed copies of his Presidential messages

*With his ability to "take it," his inner iron, his bedrock faith in the democratic process, his trust in the American people, and his belief that history was the final, all-important judge of performance, [Harry Truman] was truly exceptional. He never had a doubt about who he was, and that too was part of his strength, as well as the enjoyment of life he conveyed.*

*He was the kind of president the founding fathers had in mind for the country. He came directly from the people. He was America. In his time, in his experience, from small town to farm to World War in far-off France in 1918; from financial failure after the war to the world of big-city machine politics to the revolutionary years of the New Deal in Washington to the surge of American power during still another terrible World War, he had taken part in the great chronicle of American life as might have a character in a novel. There was something almost allegorical about it all: The Man from Independence and His Odyssey.*

*From David McCullough, Truman, 1992, pp. 991-992.*

for me. These items and the letters that I received from other national and world leaders hold a special place in the archives of Northwestern University, where I deposited them. Truman once told me that one could write a history of his administration from my material.

I, for precious personal reasons, the nation, for many other important reasons, have good cause to cherish Truman's memory. Even staunch Republicans, like Barry Goldwater

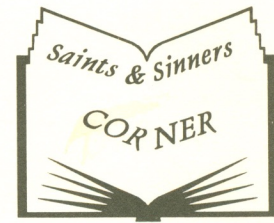
## Metz and Railing Team up at Columbia College Exhibit

Caxtonians Barbara Lazarus Metz and John Railing are co-curating the exhibition, "Wondrous Worlds: Pop-Up and Movable Books," at the Chicago Center for Book & Paper Arts of Columbia College, Chicago. The exhibition will open with a reception to which all Caxtonians are invited. This event is scheduled for 5 to 7 p.m., November 14, at the Center, 218 S. Wabash Ave., 7th Floor.

Following the reception, Railing will give a lecture, "Books that Spring to Life." The exhibition of Railing's pop-up collection, described as "our ode to joy in the realm of the book and paper arts," will run through December 19 at the Center.

On November 14-15, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Metz will offer a workshop at the Center, "Pop-ups, Pop-ups, Pop-ups," an introduction to the basics of paper engineering and tunnel book making.

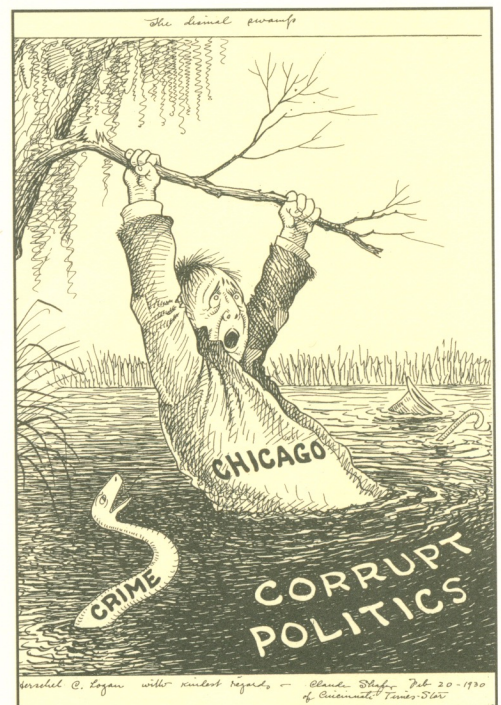
For information about the exhibition and the workshop, telephone 312/431-8612.



**Caxtonian Gwendolyn Brooks**, Poet Laurette of Illinois, shared on the Op-Ed page of the *Chicago Tribune* (September 2) "The sounds of poets laureate," a sampling of the writings of her 1997 winners from area grade and high schools. Miss Brooks has been working with young people for 28 years now, and continues to make a vital impact in the lives of children through her teaching of the appreciation of language and poetry.

**Caxtonians** are urged to send photos and any Caxton Club documents that might be in their possession to Dan Crawford for the club Archives at the Newberry Library.

**Jill Metcoff, wife of Caxtonian Jeffrey Jahns** and his frequent companion at Caxton dinner meetings, will see the publication of her book of photographs, *Along the Wisconsin Riverway*, this fall by the University of Wisconsin Press.



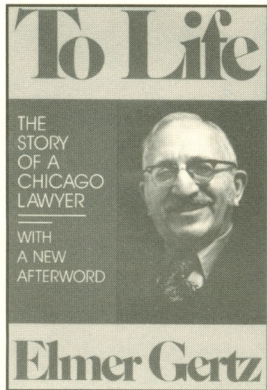
*Editor's Note: This political cartoon and all others in this issue are from the collection of Anthony J. Mourek.*

and Alf Landon, wrote to me in praise of Truman. It has become fashionable for others, totally unlike him, to set him up as a model for the presidency. He represents superlatively the virtues that have made us a great nation. We will always remember that, when he was counted out by all the pollsters and pundits in the 1948 presidential election, he won a great victory. The miracle of it will always live in our history, as will the person who achieved it.

Elmer Gertz

# Book Marks

## Luncheon Programs



The cover of Caxtonian Elmer Gertz's autobiography, *To Life*. (1974, 1990).

### *Your Special Luncheon Invitation. . .*

**Date: November 14, 1997**

**Place: The Mid-Day Club**

**Speaker: Elmer Gertz**

Caxtonians and guests are invited to hear long-time Caxtonian, distinguished attorney and author of 16 books on some of the most important legal and literary matters of our time, the Honorable Elmer Gertz.

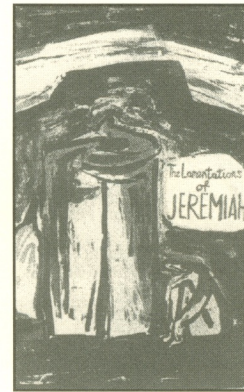
Gertz will speak on "Frustrations of an Author." He will share stories and experiences about books that were not printed but should have been. And he will tell of difficulties and problems in getting those books published that were.

A friend of the famous and infamous, Gertz has been called by former U.S. Senator Paul Simon the greatest civil rights attorney of our time. Now in his 91st year, our speaker brings a rich personal heritage to every presentation he gives.

This noon luncheon is a rare opportunity to hear a man whose name is known in every law school of the country, whose influence has been both broad and deep, and whose life and work have provided a beacon for the people of all democracies.

*All luncheon and dinner meetings, unless otherwise noted, are held in the Mid-Day Club, 56th floor of the First National Bank of Chicago, Madison & Clark, Chicago. Luncheon and discussion, 12:30 p.m. Dinner meetings begin with spirits, 5 p.m., dinner 6 p.m., lecture, 7 p.m. The First National Bank of Chicago's parking garage, 40 S. Clark Street, offers a special parking rate after 5 p.m. to guests of the Mid-Day Club. When you leave, please tell the parking attendant you were at the Mid-Day Club, and your parking fee will be \$5.25*

## Dinner Programs



The Lamentations of Jeremiah. *Lithographs* by M. Karasik. St. Petersburg, 1994.

### *Your Special Dinner Invitation. . .*

**Date: November 19, 1997**

**Place: The Mid-Day Club**

**Speaker: Mikhail Karasik**

Mikhail Karasik, St. Petersburg, Russia, is a book artist working mostly in lithography. He has published books combining offset printing and lithography. He writes on the theory and practice of the artists' books and has organized exhibitions of artists in Russia and throughout Europe.

Karasik's book works are in the Victoria and Albert Museum, the British Library in London, the Bibliotheque National, and the Centre Pompidou in Paris, as well as in numerous museums and library collections in Russia and Germany.

In the U.S., his works are at Stanford University Libraries, the New York Public Library, and the Library of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America.

November's dinner meeting provides a rare and important opportunity to meet Karasik, to hear one most important book artists of Europe, and to see his work on exhibit. This is an opportunity that, until recently, simply would not have been possible. It will help us see the important work we do as from afar, and give us perspective and vision.

*Important Note: Members planning to attend luncheons or dinners must make advance reservations by phoning the Caxton number, 312/255-3710. Luncheon for members and guests, \$20. Dinner, for members and guests \$35.*

Internet users may communicate with The Caxton Club at the following address: <http://www.caxtonclub.org>