

# Caxtonian

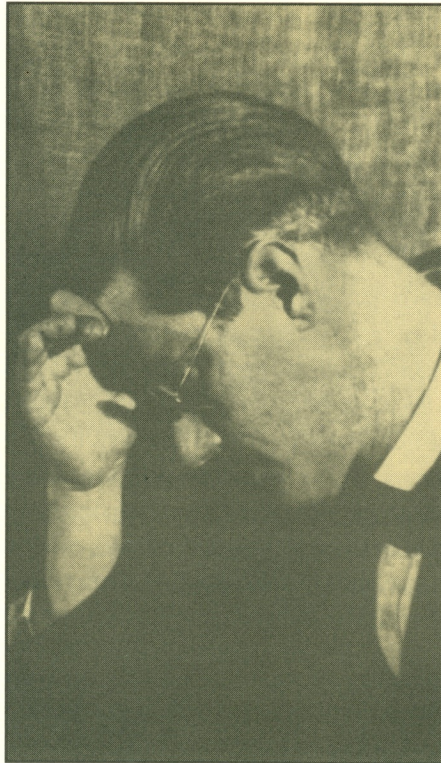
Journal of The Caxton Club of Chicago

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## A Private Reading of James Joyce: Himself, A Literary Epiphany of This Century

There is no more curious or adventuresome phenomenon in Irish literature than the accomplishment of reading James Joyce's *Ulysses*. It is truly one of the grand belt-notches of the English-reading public. Just as significant are those countless failed attempts at such an undertaking. I suspect the latter far outnumber the former. The spine of *Ulysses* was not really broken for me until I came to know a remarkable, irascible octogenarian, a curmudgeon of a journalist and sturdy Oak Park resident, Frank Walsh. Frank easily could have been a character out of Joyce's own imagining. Along with Caxtonian Barbara Ballinger, I was invited to join Frank Walsh's small literary group that was soon to set out across the terrain of *Ulysses*. Frank loved to refer to our little group as "the James Joyce sewing circle." I still cherish that experience some 12 years ago. My careful note-taking in the margins of my edition of Joyce's epic resulted in a wonderful collection of "Walshisms," those imaginative editorial comments Frank so freely furnished during our meetings. "Once you have *Ulysses* under your belt," he loved to say, thoughtfully eyeballing our little assembly, "you can enter it where you want — like a city, Dublin, the city it is." Our group reading of *Ulysses* was a kind of Irish literary "12-step" program. The wit and the humor were abundant. Perhaps this really was the way Joyce intended his work to be engaged. Frank certainly felt so. With no end to the hearty ritual of our gatherings, they exhibited a liturgical character Joyce could be proud of, brimming with easy entertainment and large hospitality. It enhanced our wanderings around the Dublin of 1904. Occasionally our "sewing circle" formed around a turf-fire, making our winter more sweet and pungent. Plenty of Bushmills and Jameson's, smoked Irish salmon and homemade brown bread deepened the character of the project. With a catechism-like faithfulness, group members completed required readings before assembling for our literary free-for-all. Frank kept us stirred up and hungry for more Joyce. We often met in his rambling Oak Park clapboard home, filled with the bric-a-brac of a lifetime, photos and memorabilia everywhere. His fine library



*Photograph of James Joyce by Man Ray, the Museum of Modern Art (from the Fanny Butcher collection at the Newberry Library, through whose courtesy it is used).*

provided a marvelous backdrop of scholarship for our literary meetings. Frank religiously added his own Joycean layers to our efforts, reminding us early on (especially those who were not of Irish heritage) of something Jack Kennedy was fond of repeating: "There's no use in being Irish," Frank said, with a sparkle in his eyes, "unless you understand life will break your heart someday." To him, this was the revelation of *Ulysses*. From the pulpit of his favorite over-stuffed chair, Frank pushed us to chew Joyce, "masticate the text," he'd say. This was literary spit from a real newspaper man who was convinced part of the process of digesting Joyce was to trash about with him on the floor over this landmark literature. Engaged in our own version of "Show-and-Tell," someone would bring in some literary or artistic artifact that

might assist in seeing what was in Joyce mind's eye. Most of all we loved savoring Joyce's words and phrases out loud. Hark! Shut your obstropolos. Pflaap! Pflaap! Blaze on. — someone might shout to our delight. Or Frank might intone — Pornosophical philotheology. Metaphysics in Mecklenburgh street! — to the rapture of us all. We chewed and chewed and chewed. The delight on Frank Walsh's face added to our appreciation. He'd remind us over and over that it was the "working" of Joyce's words and the "doing" of it, that would ultimately expand our delight. We pronounced the phrases, debated them, argued about them — just what the genius Joyce had in mind. "It's not the words in the sentence," Frank would say, "it's their sequence." Early on I voiced my dissatisfaction with Joyce's Irish nationalism — or lack thereof — and my resentment of his exile not only from Irish politics but from the Irish literary revival of the time, for which he cared little. This of course was great fodder for an excellent Walsh soliloquy or diatribe. But no matter how much we wrestled Mr. Joyce to the floor or how much we might seek to pillory him, we continued to move methodically across the cobbles of Dublin, watchful of Leopold Bloom, Blazes Boylan and the redoubtable Molly Bloom. The mayhem was nothing another Irish whiskey couldn't cure, or some erudite Walshism couldn't fix. Barbara Ballinger located a copy of the 1966 black-and-white film version of *Ulysses*. Viewing the reel-to-reel movie with Miolo O'Shea as Leopold Bloom was a great moment for the group. We were juiced up by the experience and glib in our criticisms and comparisons between the book and the film, since we were by then opinionated Joyce experts. By the time the snow melted, we managed to complete our goal. For our last meeting, Frank produced a stirring old LP recording of the Abbey Theatre's Siobhan McKenna, reading the concluding soliloquy of Molly Bloom's. We listened to it on Frank's

(See JOYCE, Page Four)

# Caxtonian

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# Musings...

First, there is Truth. "Truth is beheld by the intellect," Stephen Daedalus told his friend Lynch in James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. "The first step in the direction of truth," he elaborated, "is to understand the frame and scope of the intellect itself, to comprehend the act...of intellection." First, as I say, there is Beauty. "Beauty," Stephen said, "is beheld by the imagination which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the sensible." Acknowledging that "the true and the beautiful are akin," Stephen said "beauty is the splendor of truth." I am reminded of John Keats' conclusion of "Ode on a Grecian Urn": "*Beauty is truth, truth, beauty, that is all/ 'Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.*" Truth carries humankind beyond innocence; beauty embraces innocence. Truth is the permanent in human life; beauty, the evanescent. Truth has its own self-evident reasons for existence, and, as Emerson once observed, "*Beauty is its own excuse for being.*"

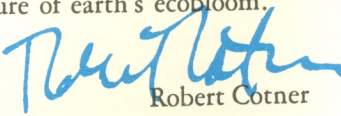
Joyce, in his abundant genius, gave us insight into his monumental *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake* through *A Portrait*. We have, as well, at its conclusion an intellectual and aesthetic construct fusing classical and medieval thinking and offering illumination for our time. Borrowing Thomas Aquinas' "*integritas, consonantia, and claritas,*" Stephen translated these three elements inherent in beauty as *wholeness, harmony, and radiance*. Even the most casual reader will recognize these qualities as having religious bases and implications.

It is through the highest artistic endeavors of the human spirit that, it seems to me, humankind comes closest to the divinity of which he is both capable and inclined in his finest hours. Those who came through American education guided in principle by Harvard's famed *General Education in a Free Society*, that most important 1945 treatise on American education, will recognize and identify with this profound goal in liberal education: "To believe in equality of human beings is to believe that the good life, and the education which trains the citizen for the good life, are equally the privilege of all. And these are the touchstones of the liberated [person]: first, is he free; that is to say, is he able to judge and plan for himself, so that he can truly govern himself?...Second, is he universal in his motives and sympathies? For the civilized [person] is a citizen of the entire universe;..."

Humanism of this kind rises beyond limitations of nationality, race, religion, gender, ethnicity to a common humaneness in which the only question of equality is one's capability of celebrating the arts appropriately. Stephen described the process so beautifully: "The dramatic form is reached when the vitality which has flowed and eddied around each person fills every person with such vital force that he or she assumes a proper and intangible esthetic life."

What Stephen came to in *A Portrait* is as complex as the act of intellection, as simple as aesthetic appreciation. It is in an abiding recognition of the sacred elements of the human spirit — *integritas, harmony, and radiance* — not as isolated claims driven by sectarian interests but as daily devotion carrying democracy toward a new organizing precept, rooted in the ancient and freeing us to perpetual creativity and its consequences in human life. Joyce in all of his writings demanded luminosity of the mind, "which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony," and culminating in what has been called the "enchantment of the heart."

Stephen had a brief conversation with a whore near the end of *A Portrait*, in which she tells him: "*You are a great stranger now.*" "*Yes, I was born to be a monk.*" "*I am afraid you are a heretic.*" "*Are you much afraid?*" In my own Joycean syntax, I answer for her, for myself, and, perhaps, for others: "Fearnaag lurks perpendicularly in the silences of daynightdreamares but eases perilinearly through the literanature of earth's ecobloom."

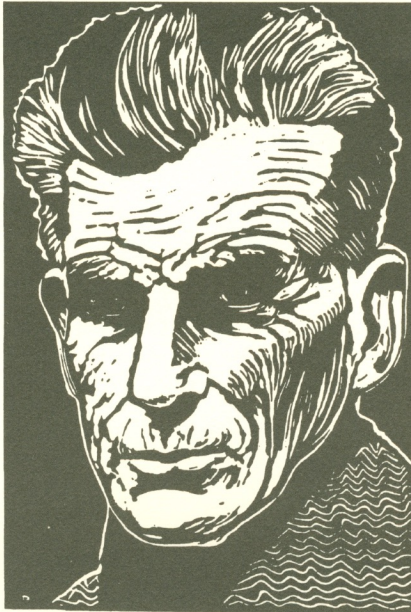
  
Robert Cotner  
Editor

## James Joyce and Samuel Beckett — 'Nothing left but Sawdust'

It may tell us something that, mostly, the good stories about James Joyce turn out to be fact, while those about Samuel Beckett turn out to be fiction, but that both seem about equally true. It's pretty much verifiable that Joyce wrote from exile to ask a friend to measure the depth of the areaway at No. 7 Eccles Street in Dublin, to be sure that Leopold Bloom, a rather small and not particularly athletic man, could have been expected to be able to drop down and gain entry through the basement window, as he is forced to do at one point in *Ulysses*. On the other hand, it seems pretty evident that the Beckett analogue (asking his friend A. J. Leventhal to go and measure the height of the buttocks on Cuchulain's statue in the Dublin General Post Office) is a fabrication (Leventhal loved a good romp of a story, and also gave us the equally unverifiable tale of Beckett's resignation from the Trinity College faculty — submitted on a scroll of toilet paper). But wait — why else would Beckett's character Neary, the erstwhile philosopher of *Murphy*, be described as extraordinarily tall, except to assure that he could be expected to be able to bang his forehead on Cuchulain's bronze buttocks in a moment of despair?

So what is it about Joyce and Beckett? A generation separates them, though also, it seems, an age. To get a handle, perhaps, on what may be going on here I think I shall, like Beckett's character Molloy, begin by telling a series of stories. Along the way, some things may come clear, or fall away, and then perhaps we shall have some thoughts on the matter, if not conclusions.

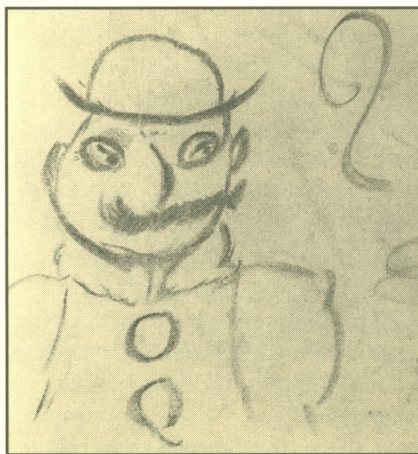
Joyce had already been an exile in Paris for some nine years when the young Beckett was introduced to him in 1928. *Ulysses* had been published some six years before, and had some six years to go before it would be cleared for publication in the United States. Beckett had finished his B.A. at Trinity College in Dublin and had received the honor of being designated as Trinity's exchange fellow at L'Ecole Normale Supérieure in Paris. In a scene worthy of one of Beckett's novels, he had arrived in Paris to find that his predecessor from Trinity, Tom McGreevy, had not been informed that he needed to vacate the appointed rooms. After some awkwardness, McGreevy moved upstairs, Beckett moved in and proceeded to keep odd



*Woodblock portrait of Samuel Beckett, from the collection of Michael R. Sawdey.*

hours, often sleeping far into the day. McGreevy and Beckett, nevertheless, became fast friends and, in due time, McGreevy introduced Beckett to Joyce. The first meeting nearly fell through, because Beckett and McGreevy would have made 13 for dinner and the superstitious Joyce would either not have stood for it or would have withdrawn for the evening. In the event, someone failed to show and the day was saved.

As people, the two could not, in many ways, have been more different: Joyce, Catholic, from an impoverished family; Beckett,



*James Joyce's caricature of Leopold Bloom waiting in the rain for Molly, drawn in the Paris studio of American portrait painter, Myron Nutting, who was in the early 1920s doing portraits of Joyce, his wife, and his daughter. (Used through the courtesy of Northwestern University.)*

Protestant, of a genteel background, comfortable money — although at this point he had not much of it; Joyce, appearing physically frail, afflicted in his vision, affecting the languid and even the effete; Beckett, a wiry athlete, an accomplished cricketer, given to long vigorous walks in the "Dublin Mountains," or nearly anywhere, for that matter; Joyce, a tireless and disciplined worker, writing "every day of his life," and only allowing himself to relax with a bottle of wine at eight o'clock in the evening; Beckett, capable of astounding intellectual production by fits, but as likely to be plunged into an unmoveable, unreachable torpor, and a hard drinker at any given hour (Jameson's, though the high price of whiskey in Paris quickly drove him to white wine); Joyce, intensely devoted to his family; Beckett, the quintessential loner, given to visiting the whores and to improbable, dysfunctional relationships with those women for whom he cared.

And, of course, some eerie similarities. McGreevy seems to have sensed immediately that they belonged together, that he was in fact bringing together two of the greatest writers of the century — though apparently only he could see this in Beckett, the rather odd young man of 22, who had as yet written hardly anything at all. For one thing, both possessed formidable facility of language. Both were accomplished linguists, perhaps Beckett even more than Joyce, though he apparently went to his grave speaking French with a harsh Irish accent. Both read widely, perhaps Joyce more than Beckett, who seems to have been more of a burrower, inclined to brood on a given author (Samuel Johnson, for one) for years.

Quite early in their relationship (friendship seems to be somewhat the wrong word for whatever it was they had), Joyce related to Beckett a story that his father had told many years before, about a private Buckley, an Irish sharpshooter in the Crimean War. Joyce had been telling the story for years, to anyone who would listen, convinced that it had a meaning that had eluded him. He tried it on Beckett. The story involves Buckley twice drawing a bead on a Russian general, and twice being unable to shoot him, the first time because he is dazzled by the resplendent uniform, the second because the general, unaware that he is being observed, stops to defecate. However, when the general finishes

## Joyce

(Continued from Page One)

old hi-fi-phonograph — what else. We were moved and excited by the Dublin pear-shaped tones of Miss McKenna. Like Joyce, our discussion seemed to run over a “stream of consciousness.” We gabbed about Dublin and Ireland and the Church and the Irish and Chicago and the Irish and Oak Park and the Irish and the Jews and the Irish and the Protestants, and freshened the Jameson’s in everyone’s glass. It was a grand finale — brimming with the tastes and fragrances of Leopold Bloom and James Joyce himself. Chewing on *Ulysses* in our “James Joyce sewing circle” will always be one of the great poetic and human accomplishments of my life. Joyce’s eccentric character certainly cemented our little group together. Frank Walsh would often write me from time to time after that. I still keep his letters in my volume of *Ulysses*. He wrote in a strong, clear, matter of fact style — like his hero, James Joyce. The closer I got to know Frank, the more I thought he came to look like Joyce, the handsome Irish mug, the boney limbs and the wirey, poetic hair. He always managed to send me a few “bon mots” to refresh my soul. It was enjoyable receiving letters from Frank, typed on his trusty Underwood, replete with his own editorial corrections of himself in brown pen. Sometimes he would include his column, “The Spectator,” that appeared in *The Wednesday Journal*. It’s “my local literary rag,” he loved to note. I treasured reading his columns and always told him so. Frank died the year after our Joycean adventure. Asked to speak at his memorial, I recall my words were driven by our union with Joyce. *Ulysses* had brought us together. In the process it brought out the best in us. And Joyce, as madcapped as he was, had become a treasured friend. I can never think of Joyce without thinking of Frank. At the end of February I was in Dublin. Up early one morning, I walked over to the Franciscan Church of Adam and Eve along the quays of the Liffey for early Mass. As I passed the Halfpenny Bridge warm sea-winds blew along the river bank. In the distance I saw the Guinness windmill and the stately Four Courts, by Gannon, across the river. The city was hushed and the footpath dappled with soft

sun, lighting what was truly the essential Dublin view. I thought of Frank Walsh and what absolute delight he would have found in this moment. I thought too of James Joyce whose words were coloring my sight of Dublin, a scene much familiar to him. It was a grand moment of rich remembering, fresh as the Irish day before me. And the green-ink-waters of Anna Livia, purra livia, purra bella, gently rolled beside.

Thomas J. O’Gorman

*Editor’s note: Caxtonian O’Gorman is the Managing Editor of the fine publication Hibernian, which celebrates Irish life in America and around the world.*



Portrait of James Joyce by Augustus John, in 1937. (From the Fanny Butcher Collection at the Newberry Library, through whose courtesy it is used.)

## Beckett

(Continued from Page Three)

by tearing up a clod of grassy turf to wipe himself, “Buckley lost all respect for him and shot him.” Joyce concluded and fell silent. Deadpan, Beckett replied, “Another insult to Ireland,” and, likewise fell silent. Joyce was won, and eventually Beckett’s gloss found reflection in a passage in *Finnegans Wake*.

Yes, the silences. Punctuated, on both parts once Beckett began imitating Joyce in small things, by sighs. With a difference: Joyce silent for himself, Beckett for the world, or so Richard Ellmann editorializes in his biography of Joyce. Nor did the imitation, at some points, stop short of both the puerile and the absurd: for a while, at least, Beckett hobbled about Paris in great pain, having affected the same pointed, patent leather shoes of which Joyce was so fond—the same

to the point of being the dainty size Joyce wore, far too small for Beckett’s feet.

Beckett was at pains to emphasize in later years that he was never really Joyce’s “secretary,” although, like nearly everyone else in Joyce’s coterie, he fell at times into doing secretarial chores, or worse. During the composition of *Finnegans Wake* Joyce’s cataracts and glaucoma grew worse, and he often prevailed on his acquaintances to take dictation. It was on one such occasion that someone knocked on the door, Joyce announced, “Come in,” and Beckett, who had not heard the knock, wrote it into the narrative. Later, when he read back the passage, Joyce asked where the phrase had come from, Beckett replied, “You said it,” and Joyce replied, “Let it stand.”

Beckett later recalled that he found this random, serendipitous approach to composition to be puzzling and frustrating. And it is perhaps this comment that gives us the thin point of the wedge to begin to making our way into the essential distinction between Joyce, the last and greatest modernist, and Beckett, the first and perhaps greatest post-modernist.

At this point I am about to run amuck, to begin tossing about loosely conflated definitions that will undoubtedly get me into trouble with the critics of critics. In fact, I’m possibly straying into just the sort of unprovable-but-as-true-as-the-next-thing territory where Beckett mostly wrote. Is there a ring of truth from the pummeling of Neary’s forehead against the bronze butt of Cuchulain? Prepared for the worst, let us have at it.

In short, if Joyce spent a remarkable literary career in the task of packing all of human culture into the elegant classical-unity containers of two great books — Bloom’s odyssey through one day in Dublin, then the life that is rounded with a little sleep, in the head of H. C. Earwicker who haveth childers everywhere — if Joyce did that, well then Beckett did...something quite opposite and other. In the early Beckett — *More Pricks Than Kicks*, *Dream of Fair to Middling Women*, *Murphy* — one sees beneath relatively conventional narrative surfaces some of the vast web of erudition that underlies Joyce. In Beckett’s case though, even at the earliest

(See BECKETT, Page Five)

## Beckett

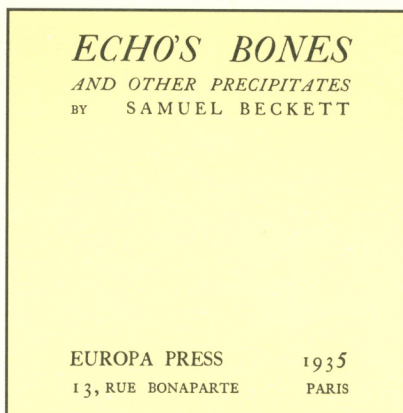
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stages, the underlying cultural machinery has something of the air of the academic gone to seed. ("Oh, the history I had, oh, the geometry I had!" laments a character in a much later Beckett play.) It even seems provable that Beckett's first published work, the poem "Whoroscope," is actually an exercise in recycling his master's thesis on Descartes.

In *Murphy*, Beckett begins to make a series of remarkable excursions into the dismantling of meaning, as in Murphy's biscuit-eating ritual (in which he is defeated by the mathematics of permutation and combination — aided and abetted by a wayward dachshund) or in Miss Dew's inability to feed the sheep (whose internal mental world is not only complex but based on different principles than hers). Then in *Watt*, written while Beckett was in hiding in unoccupied France during the war, but only published much later, we see a brilliant exercise in ungluing the epistemological foundations of western culture, or at least the European version of it since Descartes.

The final blow for Beckett apparently came some four or five years after Joyce's death. On the proverbial dark and stormy night, clinging to a quay amid crashing seas on the coast near Dublin, Beckett was struck by the pivotal insight that directed him toward his greatest work. It was at that moment that he understood that his way lay not in assembling definitive meaning — the way of Joyce — but in painting the agony of his inability to do so. It is of course the test of the grandeur of his art that he is able to speak to all of us in the agony of our own failures — with language, with system, with beauty, with belonging — through his art. With all appropriate irony, his massive artistic resources become the means to depict failure, on all fronts as it were, leading at last to the Unnamable's indefinite/definitive statement, "I must go on. I can't go on. I'll go on." Auden may advance the definition of the poet as one who can "Sing of human unsuccess in a rapture of distress," but Beckett is one of the few authors who truly makes good on the task.

So what is it, finally, about Joyce and Beckett? It is not just a glancing blow, like the relationship between Keats and Coleridge ("That young man has death in his touch," said the latter after his one meeting with the



Title page of Beckett's second book of poetry. (From the Fanny Butcher Collection at the Newberry Library, through whose courtesy it is used.)

former, and the scholars have been toiling ever since). They knew each other for some 14 years. Beckett played several small but instrumental roles in the composition of *Finnegans Wake*, from supplying essential bits of linguistics to taking dictation to running errands. Beckett was only one of many young and not-so-young followers of Joyce who did so (even a Tom McGreevy poem wove its way into the complex palimpsest of Earwicker's inner voice). Beckett was also pursued as the unwilling love interest of Joyce's daughter Lucia, as she slipped into schizophrenia (when Beckett started making real money, after the production of *Waiting for Godot* in the mid-'50s, Lucia was one of many from the old days that he supported generously, contributing to the cost of her life-long institutionalization). In both of these aspects — as errand boy or Lucia-target — Beckett was hardly unique, but he is the only member of Joyce's loose circle to prove a genius and not just a talent.

For Joyce, it seems, the key lay in finding and understanding the punchline (which is why the Buckley joke tells us so much more than the cleverness of the young Beckett). One has the sense that Joyce truly believed that, if you could get it all down, then know why you laughed at the joke, you could understand the cosmos. It is not a sacrilegious comparison when, with respect to *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce remarks that, if a pun was good enough to use as the foundation for the Catholic Church (Peter, the rock, and all that), then it is good enough to serve as the basis for

## Chronology of Books by James Joyce (1882-1941)

### Fiction

*Dubliners*, 1914.  
*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, 1916.  
*Ulysses*, 1922.  
*Finnegans Wake*, 1939.  
*Stephen Hero*, 1944.

### Poetry and Plays

*Chamber Music*, 1907.  
*Exiles*, 1918.  
*Pomes Penyeach*, 1927.  
*Collected Poems*, 1936.

a novel, and, at that, a novel that happens to have pretty much the whole of western civilization folded inside it). And at the start of the process, Stephen Daedalus is a blacksmith, a maker in much the way that Eliot praised Pound as *il miglior fabbro*.

For Beckett, on the other hand, all the images devolve quite the other way. Finding the ideal core of the onion. Making a knife without a blade that has the handle missing. Or Beckett's statement in a 1961 interview that, "when I finish [writing] there is nothing left but sawdust." There have been suggestions that the author of the piece, Tom Driver, never met Beckett. And so it goes. On.

*Author's note: While many of the insights in this piece, particularly those surrounding the central transition from modern to post-modern, grow directly from the longest and richest conversation of my life — 20 years, come this summer, with my wife, Dr. Laurel Church — all of the misquotations, dishonest paraphrases, too-clever-by-half speculations, and sprung chronologies are my own.*

Michael R. Sawdey

*Editor's note: Caxtonian Michael Sawdey is a specialist in Beckett, a collector of photography books, books on the history of science, and World War I, and is Associate Provost and Dean of New College, Aurora University.*

## Chicago Area Institutions Feature Rich Variety of Special Summer Exhibits



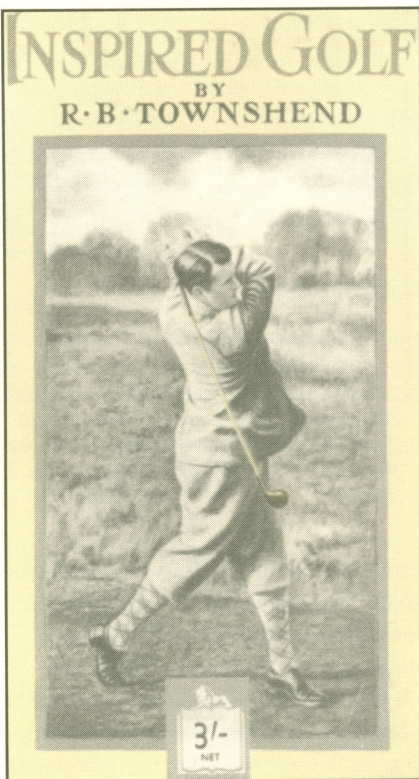
Frances S. and Melville J. Herskovits in the late 1920s

### Mary and Leigh Block Museum of Art, Northwestern University

"Living Tradition in Africa and the Americas: The Legacy of Melville J. and Frances S. Herskovits," opened April 2 and will run through August 9, at the Mary and Leigh Block Museum of Art, 1967 S. Campus Dr., Evanston. From 1928 to 1943 Melville and Frances Herskovits traveled together throughout West Africa and the Americas to collect evidence of the legacy of African culture that slaves had preserved and passed on. This summer's splendid exhibition celebrates the 50th anniversary of Northwestern's Program of African Studies, founded by Melville J. Herskovits in 1948.

The exhibition is intended both as a testimony to the work of the past and as a resource for the future. The legacy of Melville and Frances Herskovits — the Program of African Studies, the varied collections they assembled, their publications, and their passion for Africa and its diaspora — comes with an invitation: The road is open to new frontiers of creativity by new generations of scholars and artists.

Caxtonian and Council member, David Easterbrook, is the Curator of the Melville J. Herskovits Library of African Studies. The exhibition was curated by Deborah L. Mack



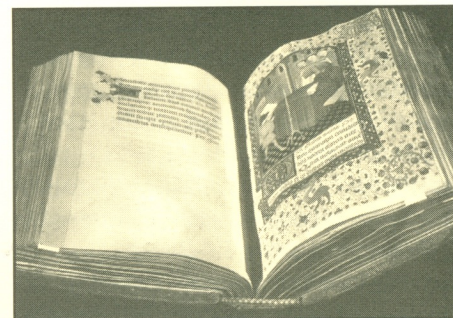
Cover of *Inspired Golf* by R. B. Townshend, London: Methuen & Co., 1922. Second Edition.

### University of Chicago

"Reading of the Greens: Books on Golf from the Arthur W. Schultz Collection," opened on May 4, and will run through August 2, at the Department of Special Collections, the University of Chicago, 1100 E. 57th St., Chicago. The exhibition revisits the history of the game of golf, the origins of which are famously shrouded in myth since the 16th Century, when the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews was established on the eastern coast of Scotland. Golf in the United States can also claim a storied lineage, dating from the founding of the St. Andrews Club of Yonkers, NY, in 1888.

"Reading of the Greens" examines the ways in which the literature of golf has defined, publicized, and shaped the game since its great rise in popular appeal at the end of the 19th Century. Books, prints, programs, and ephemera on display are from the Golf Collection of Arthur W. Schultz, an alumnus and a Life Trustee of the university.

Caxtonian and Council member, Alice Schreyer, is the Curator of Special Collections at the university.



Book of Hours, the prayer book of Margaret of Croy, inscribed in Flanders and Holland, Rome, c. 1430-1450.

### R.R. Donnelley and Hermon Dunlap Smith Exhibition Galleries, The Newberry Library

"Living Treasurers of the Newberry Library," opened on May 5 and will run through July 15, at the R.R. Donnelley and Hermon Dunlap Smith Exhibition Galleries of the Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton St., Chicago. The exhibition showcases items from Europe and the Americas, from the Medieval period to the 20th Century, and includes music, maps, and the history of the book in many formats — from Babylonian clay tablets (c. 2000 B.C.), to the 14th Century book of palm leaves from Southeast Asia, Hebrew scrolls, and a page of the Gutenberg Bible.

Other items on display included Christopher Columbus' letter announcing his discovery of the New World (1493), a copy of the First Folio edition of William Shakespeare (1623), the Popul Vuh — the oldest manuscript version of the creation story of the Quiche Maya (c. 1700), Thomas Jefferson's annotated copy of the *Federalist Papers* (1788), screenwriter Ben Hecht's Oscar (1929) and several of his screenplays, the employment card of Malcolm X from Pullman Co. Archives (1941), and many other excellent items.

Caxtonians Paul Gehl, Robert Karrow, and Paul Saenger are all curators at the Newberry. Ruth Hamilton assembled the excellent exhibition now on display.



THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY  
60 West Walton Street Chicago, Illinois 60610

## Chronology of Major Works by Samuel Beckett (1906-1989)

### Narrative Prose

*More Pricks Than Kicks*, 1934.

*Murphy*, 1938.

*Watt* (written c. 1942-44), 1953.

The Trilogy—

*Molloy*, 1951; trans. from French by Beckett and Patrick Bowles, 1955.

*Malone Meurt*. 1951; *Malone Dies*, trans. by Beckett, 1956.

*L'Innommable*, 1953; *The Unnamable*, trans. by Beckett, 1958.

*Nouvelles et textes pour rien*, 1955; *Stories and Texts for Nothing*, in *No's Knife: Collected Shorter Prose 1945-66*, 1967.

*Comment c'est*, 1961; *How It Is*, trans. by Beckett, 1964.

*Imagination morte imaginez*, 1965; *Imagination Dead Imagine*, trans. by Beckett, 1965.

*Assez*, 1966; *Enough*, in *No's Knife: Collected Shorter Prose 1945-66*, 1967.

*Bing*, 1966; *Ping*, in *No's Knife: Collected Shorter Prose 1945-66*, 1967.

*Têtemortes*. 1967.

*Fizzles*, 1977.

*Company*, 1980.

### Drama

*En attendant Godot*, 1952; *Waiting for Godot*, trans. by Beckett, 1958.

*Fin de partie*, 1957; *Endgame*, trans. by Beckett, 1958.

*Act sans paroles I*, 1957; *Act Without Words*, trans. by Beckett, 1958.

*All That Fall*, 1957, in *Krapp's Last Tape and Other Dramatic Pieces*, 1960.

*Embers*, 1959, in *Krapp's Last Tape and Other Dramatic Pieces*, 1960;

*Happy Days*, 1961; *Oh les Beaux Jours*, French trans. by Beckett, 1963.

*Play*, 1964; *Comédie*, French trans. by Beckett, published in *Comédie et actes divers*, 1966.

*Words and Music*, 1964; *Cascando*, 1964; *Come and Go* (first published in a bilingual German collection), 1966; (separately), 1967; *Va et vient*, French trans. by Beckett, 1966

*Eh Joe!*, 1967; *Dis Joe*, French trans. by Beckett, 1966;

*Film*, 1967.

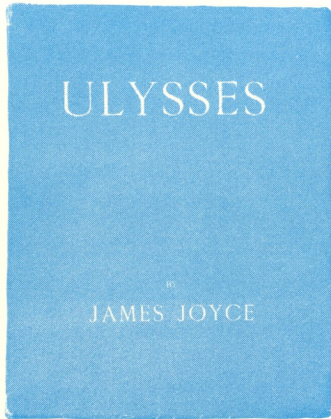
## Rare Copy of *Ulysses* Offered by Baumans

The following ad appeared in a Bauman Rare Book ad in *Chicago Tribune Books* (March 1, 1998):

James Joyce

### *Ulysses*

1922. First edition, one of only 100 copies signed by Joyce. "The most influential work of modern times." Price on request.



A color scan of the cover of the rare copy of *Ulysses*, described above in an ad by Bauman Rare Books of Philadelphia. The blue of the cover of the original publication was specially mixed to the exact shade of blue by the American portrait painter, Myron Nutting. The book was bound in blue – "Greek colors – white letters on a blue field – that [Joyce] considered lucky for him, and suggested the myth of Greece and of Homer, the white rising from the sea." Helen Nutting, wife of the artist, sent Joyce blueets and white carnations the morning that *Ulysses* was published in 1922 (Richard Ellman, James Joyce, p. 524). (Illustration above provided through the courtesy of Bauman Rare Books, Philadelphia.)

Natalie Bauman, one of the proprietors of this fine bookshop, told *Caxtonian* editor Robert Cotner, who visited her recently in the Philadelphia Gallery, that the book was indeed sold for a "five-figure" sum – and "almost six."

*End and Odds*, 1977.

*Rockaby and Other Short Pieces*, 1981.

### Verse

*Whoroscope*, 1930.

*Echo's Bones*, 1935.

*Poems in English*, 1961.

## Afternoon Tea, Service for Two: Mr. Eliot Advises Mr. Beckett

by Laurel M. Church

*Let's talk about the human condition for a few minutes, sir.*

*The what condition? he said. You cannot possibly mean me or even you.*

*You must mean that guy, next door who left it to us to clean up the mess, without comment, clueless — no one should live like that, the smell is enough to stop you in your tracks.*

*Hell, I've already resigned, who could go on like this? It's just a matter of time,*

*That's not what I meant, sir but I can only guess at your distress; assurances aside, we must stay the course, but you already know that; when I have those thoughts, I have a nice bath.*

## Caxton Nominating Committee Presents Slate for Class of 2001

The Caxton Council and the members meeting at the Annual Dinner meeting, April 20, 1998, approved the following slate of Council members for the Class of 2001: Leonard Freedman, Lynn Martin, Barbara Lazarus Metz, J. Ingrid Lesley, and James S. Tomes.

Members of the Nominating Committee included Eugene Hotchkis III (Chair), Robert Cotner, Kim Coventry, and Fred Kittle. The new Council members will assume their roles at the September meeting of the Council.

*James Joyce*

# Book Marks

## Luncheon Programs

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

**Date:** June 12, 1998  
**Place:** Mid-Day Club  
**Speaker:** Donald Yannella

Caxtonian Donald Yannella, Distinguished Professor of American Literature at Barat College, will discuss James T. Farrell (1904-79), once one of Chicago's and America's most recognized and celebrated authors and probably best known and remembered for his Studs Lonigan trilogy of novels (1932-35). Yannella has recently completed a collection of Farrell first editions (many are signed or presentation copies); the more than 50 volumes are enhanced by books from Farrell's own library, as well as copies of his own shorter writings, some annotated. In addition some of the writer's correspondence will be on display and shown in slides. The collection includes what may well be the most pristine copy of Farrell's first book, *Young Lonigan*, in first issue; the title page is unopened and both the volume and the dustjacket are very fine, probably placed in a glass case when bought, and left there.

A political and social activist, as well as an intellectual and author, Farrell remains one of the city's and America's most important writers, one whom Caxtonians might renew an acquaintance with or be introduced to by Yannella's presentation. This will indeed be a rare time to hear a man who knew Farrell well in his final years.

*Edward Quattrocchi  
Leonard Freedman  
Co-Chairs*

*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. 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 visit The Caxton Club at the following address: <http://www.caxtonclub.org>

## Dinner Programs

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

**Date:** June 17, 1998  
**Place:** Mid-Day Club  
**Speaker:** John Astin

Bloomsday, June 16, 1904, was the day that James Joyce met Nora Barnacle and the day that Joyce's great novel *Ulysses* is set. Joyce himself named the day and celebrated Bloomsday regularly.

We'll be a day-late but hardly a dollar short for Bloomsday 1998. Usually held on June 16, Bloomsday for Caxtonians this year will be celebrated at our regular Wednesday dinner and will feature John Astin, the famed actor, director, and writer — coming from Los Angeles just for this occasion.

Besides his much-loved work in the television series, "The Addams Family," Astin is recognized as a distinguished actor and director on the American stage. In 1958 he was Associate Director of New York's Rooftop Production of James Joyce's *Ulysses in Nighttown*. Burgess Merideth conceived and directed this production, the first performance of Joyce on an American stage. "It was done," Astin comments, "with great courage and skill by Burgess Merideth."

What was remarkable about this production was the superb cast assembled by Astin and Merideth. It included Zero Mostel as Leopold Bloom in the performance that transformed his career. It also included Carroll O'Connor, Beatrice Arthur, Tom Clancy, Belita, Anne Meara, Sean Dillon, Aza Bard, Eve Beck, and John Astin.

Astin will share the humorous, untold story of this landmark production of Joyce's work in America. He will give insights into the writings of Joyce and will delight us — as only he can do — with stories of actor- and director-friends who worked with him on this enterprise of 40 years ago, which he calls a "great theatrical experience — funny, literary, and deeply moving for all of us."

*C. Fred Kittle  
Vice President and  
Program Chair*