



Caxtonian

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Sacred Architecture — An Ongoing Dialogue with the Divine

The origin for the word “church” is the Greek word *kyriakon doma*, “the Lord’s House.” It was first used to describe the structures where worship took place. The history of churches flows from the development of religion, religious ritual, the symbolism of architectural forms, and finally the actual religious needs of the society for a church building.

Early Christian churches had no particular architectural form, as homes were used for the religious rituals. However, by the 3rd Century specialized furnishings started to appear to meet the ritual requirements. From about AD 313, when Constantine I made Christianity the official religion, we see the beginning of a new and more dignified architectural setting.

The early Christian basilica was a longitudinal structure with a central nave flanked by two or more side aisles of lower height. This is the beginning of recognizable church architecture in Western history. There were many more recognizable architectural church forms that developed, including the development of a centralized plan based on a circle, the square, the polygon, and the Greek cross. Some of these are worth reviewing. Byzantine churches, which utilize a centralized dome plan, embodied the concept of Christ as heavenly ruler. The basilica plan can be most clearly defined in the famous Hagia Sophia (532-537). It was built by the



The sanctuary of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, 152 W. 71st St., New York City. This elegant Gothic church was built in 1917. Designed by Gustav Steinbach, it was modeled after the much-smaller 14th Century French Gothic church Sainte Chapelle in Paris. (Photo provided through the courtesy of Joseph Croce, whose soft-focused portrait of the sanctuary captures the aura of this magnificent edifice, the photographer’s home church.)

Emperor Justinian I in Constantinople, now Istanbul. This is the epitome of Byzantine church architecture.

The next clearly defined group is the Early Medieval Church. The basilica plan with the central nave, however, was deliberately revived during the Carolingian Renaissance, dominating Western ecclesiastical architecture of the early Middle Ages. The Abbey church of Saint Riquier (circa 800; destroyed) in Centula in Northern France was a three-aisled basilica with transept arms. It exhibits features, unknown in the earlier basilicas, that had great impact on church architecture during the later

Middle Ages. The features of spiky silhouettes and multiple towers continued to appear into the next century, transformed into the heaven-piercing spires of the Gothic cathedrals of France and England.

A continuation occurred, over a period of time, in Romanesque cathedrals and churches — as seen in the churches of Saint Serinin (circa 1080) in Toulouse, on one of the many routes through Southern France to the shrine of Santiago de Compostela in Northwestern Spain. The many rounded arches and masonry walls recall heavy Roman architecture, which gave the Romanesque style its name. The Romanesque style varied from country to country. The Cathedral of Pisa, famed now for its leaning campanile (bell tower; begun in 1063), is the work of Italian-Romanesque architects. Romanesque architecture as practiced by the Normans was the most creative, with examples such as Saint Etienne at Caen (1067), and Durham Cathedral in England (1093). The use of pointed archi-

ture, ribbed, groined vaults allowed the use of windows that admitted light directly into the nave and overcame the problems of earlier examples, such as Saint Serinin, Toulouse.

The continuing structural evolution that brought light into the nave by using the ribbed, groined vault was not only practical, but it also involved theological considerations. In the Gothic cathedral, sunlight entering the building through the enormous stained-glass windows was as a light from Heaven and was to be equated with divine radiance. We are all familiar with the variances of the Gothic

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Musings...

In the 1970s, when my wife Norma and I attended the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, DC, we always sat in the front pew of the Neo-Gothic edifice. Pastor Louis Evans, Jr. probably took it as a compliment: the Cotners were almost always in Sunday church and always sat front-and-center. But it was not to be close to the preacher that we sat where we did. It was to be near the exquisite art that surrounded us there. The 24 magnificent stained-glass lance windows flanking the liturgical center illuminated its white Italian marble in splendor. The windows, 50 feet in height, contained not only brilliant pieces of multi-colored glass arranged in both literal and figurative designs from scripture, but also the names of the great intellectual and spiritual leaders of the faith. From where I sat, I could read "Reinhold Niebuhr" and contemplate his monumental *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness*, one of the great books of the 20th Century. I could read "St. Paul" and recall the opening of his essay, unmatched anywhere for its wisdom and beauty: "*Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal...*"

Sitting front-and-center also put us near the great Aeolian-Skinner pipe organ and the church choir — always attired in scarlet Medieval robes and caps and singing like a host of angels. Ernie Liggon was the choirmaster and the organist in those days. His organ postludes were miniature concerts in themselves, and most of the congregation would remain in the sanctuary following the Benediction just to hear him bring the worship experience to a stunning crescendo. Once, the pastor's wife, Colleen Townsend Evans, a former screen actress, invited her good friend Marge Champion, of the Marge and Gower Champion dance team, to perform "The Lord's Prayer" in the liturgical center, and we Presbyterians experienced worship in a whole new way — not unlike what our Jewish friends undoubtedly experience in their more ancient worship — "*Let them praise his name in the dance...*"

I was, in those days, a devotee of historian Henry Adams and the peculiar form of "high church" culture so beautifully expressed in his later writings. I had studied thoroughly both *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* and his *Education* and had found in them a force that lifted me beyond the institutional faith of my youth to an appreciation of the role of art, not only in worship, but in life and culture as well. His name belonged somewhere near the Virgin in the lance windows of our church.

As all great literature does, Adams' writings reverberate beyond his time. At the conclusion of *Mont-Saint-Michel...* he wrote regarding the relationships between faith and architecture, between belief and life: "*The equilibrium is visibly delicate beyond the line of safety; danger lurks in every stone. The peril of the heavy tower, of the restless vault, of the vagrant buttress; the uncertainty of logic, the inequalities of the syllogism, the irregularities of the mental mirror, — all these haunting nightmares...are expressed as strongly by the Gothic cathedral as though it had been the cry of human suffering, and as no emotion had ever been expressed before or is likely to find expression again.*"

As we come to the conclusion of this century of chaos — of "multiplicity," to use one of Adams' favorite terms — we still seek the equilibrium of which he wrote. Our task, it seems to me, is to frame in language anew and to create in reality afresh a wholeness in thought and life through which, alone, Democracy can survive and flourish: equilibrium without integrity is impossible.

The background image on this page is the Bell Tower of the National Presbyterian Church, Washington, DC, designed by Harold Wagner of Philadelphia, 1969. (Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner.)

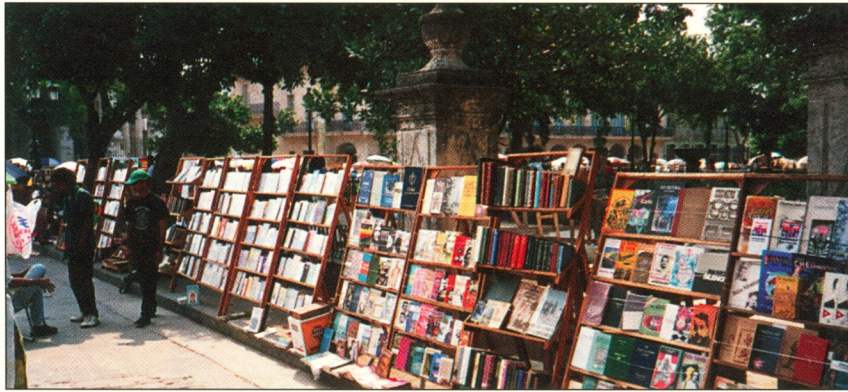
Robert Cotner
Editor

Caxtonian Finds Book Arts Alive and Well in Cuba Today

Editor's note: When Caxtonian editor Robert Cotner learned of Kenneth Paterson's forthcoming trip to Cuba, he commissioned Paterson to do a literary and book-arts piece for the Caxtonian on what he found there. Below is the second of three articles on Paterson's recent trip, under his British passport, to Havana and other parts of Cuba. Caxtonian Paterson's articles on literature and travel are published by MAST Publishing.

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Part II of III

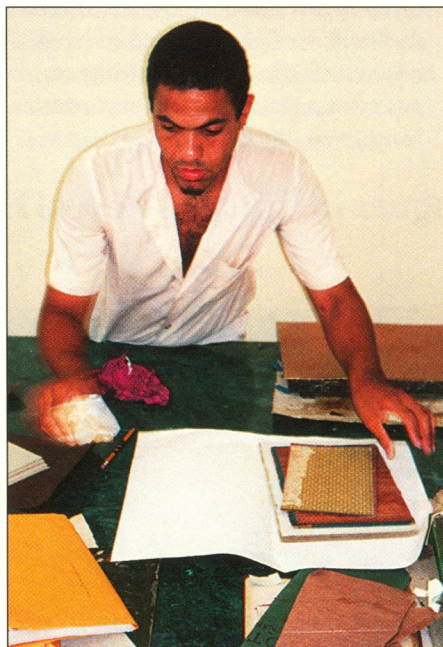


Booksellers provide a colorful display of their wares in Plaza de Armas in Old Havana. (Photo by and from the collection of Ken Paterson.)

We left Cojimar for Marina Hemingway, where private boats dock from all over the world. Several American sailboats were there, as well as boats from all over the Caribbean and Europe. I spent some time talking with the Comodoro, Jose Miguel Diaz Escrich, and he was delighted to find I had spent some time with Gregorio Fuentes. "We held his 100th birthday party here last year," he said. "You should have come. We presented him a carved sword from a swordfish to mark the occasion." I had noticed the trophy in Gregorio's living room earlier that day.

The following morning I walked along the Malecon in the early morning to the Plaza de Armas. There were some white caps on the sea and the air smelled of salt. People were walking to work and most I passed said "Good morning!" with bright open smiles. Plaza de Armas was laid out in 1519 and has been the center of life for old Havana since that date. The four buildings edging the square were constructed in the late 17th and 18th centuries. Royal palm trees line the square and at night it is lit by ornate lamps. The Palace of the Captain General was the headquarters for the rulers from Spain between 1791 and 1898, and the seat of Cuban government until the U. S. A. moved in and occupied the country from 1899 to 1902. In the center of this wonderful Spanish palace is a quiet courtyard of tropical flowers and palm trees with a statue of Christopher Columbus in the middle. Peacocks live in the courtyard and flaunt their beautiful tail feathers, competing with the colors of the bougainvillea. Today the Palace houses the Museum of the City of Havana.

The Palace of the Second Lieutenant was built in 1700 and was the home of the Vice Governor General (second lieutenant). Today it houses a bookstore. Castillo de la Real Fuenza was finished in 1582 and guarded the harbor with thick walls, towers, and a complication of moats spanned by a drawbridge. The castle houses a ceramics art store and the El Meson restaurant. Inez, the wife of Governor Hernando de Soto, the Spanish explorer who searched Florida for the Fountain of Youth, climbed the castle tower every afternoon for four years looking for her husband's return but to no avail. El Templete is a beautiful copy of a Doric temple and sits



An artisan works on gold-leafing at the Institute for Books, Havana. (Photo by and from the collection of Ken Paterson.)

on the square's northeast corner. It was built in the early 19th Century to commemorate where the first mass was held in 1519. On the southeast corner is the Palace of the Count of Santovenia whose claim to fame was that of pleasure seeker and party giver extraordinaire in the early 1800s. The palace is now the Hotel Santa Isabel. The life of the plaza today revolves around crafts people

selling woven hats, cigars, carvings, musical instruments, jewelry, and many other things. But the big impact on the life of the Plaza is the many booksellers and the thousands of books lining the square. Racks upon racks of paperbacks, hard covers, leather-bound tomes from the days of the Spanish government, all are here.

At night, all go back to be stored in homes and shops until the sun comes up and the owners wheel them out and drive them back to the Plaza again. And when a brief shower comes racing in over the Gulf, a mad scramble occurs to cover the volumes with sheets of plastic table cloth, anything at hand — definitely not up to Newberry standards.

I sat in a small cafe, La Mina, looking out at the scene, drinking a Bucanero, a good Cuban beer. I asked four wandering musicians to play La Grimas Negra, a very Cuban love song about black tears. It seemed appropriate somehow if rare Spanish volumes were dying on the Plaza of heat and salt air. But at least it was an elegant death style and that still counts in Cuba.

I talked with the booksellers and in particular with Senior Orlando Diaz, who asked me who I thought he looked like. Sammy Davis Jr. was the correct answer, and this small dignified black man proceeded to amaze me the more we conversed. He was in his late 50s and had fought in the Cuban revolution. He spoke fluent English, French, Italian, Russian, and Hungarian. By profession he was a mechanical engineer but of necessity and inclination, a bookseller. He told me of loading sacks of sugar down by the harbor, working alongside a

(See CUBA, Page Six)

Architecture

(Continued from Page One)

cathedral and church, structures utilizing flying buttresses, which allowed the removal of almost all supporting elements of the building. A premier example is the French Amiens Cathedral (begun 1220).

Gothic architecture has a great ecclesiastical value in the insistence on both order and unity, composed by the separate but closely aligned elements reflecting the order and unity of the elements of God's universe.

The 15th Century Italian Renaissance churches were, for the most part, longitudinal. They differ from their Gothic predecessors in style and in the orientation of the structuring members of the church to a humanistic ideal; the ideal human was Christ, and the Divine order of the universe must be reflected in the mathematical proportioning of all the parts of the church to one another. San Lorenzo in Florence, by Filippo Brunelleschi (begun 1421), is a prime example of the three-aisled Latin cross plan with transept. The unifying elements in this church are the consistent application of the classical order and the square module on which all churches were designed.

As in all church architecture, there was a continuing learning process carried on by such Renaissance architects as Leon Battista Alberti, Giuliano da Sangallo, Bramante, and lastly, and possibly most importantly, Michelangelo. Each built upon his predecessor's work and created his own style, Michelangelo bringing this to its historic height with a totality of harmony and unity.



With the famous 50-foot lance windows in the background, Marge Champion dances in the liturgical center of the National Presbyterian Church, May 1975. (Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner.)

The Council of Trent in 1564 and the Reformation continued this process, introducing Baroque and Rococo churches, which were flamboyant in both their architectural divergence and lavish use of decorative architectural motifs, characterized by fanciful, curved spatial forms and ornamental pierced shellwork. It emphasized the mystery of religious ritual and was most vividly expressed with a variety of forms in the North, especially in Austria and Germany.

The great fire of 1666 in London can be said to have created Neoclassical cathedrals and churches. Sir Christopher Wren, one of the greatest English architects, dominated this period of time, together with his pupil, Nicholas Hawksmoor. The epitome of this architecture is woven within the grandeur of St. Paul's Cathedral (1675-1711), a vast Latin cross basilica, rivaling St. Peter's in size and splendor. A great example in the United States of Neoclassicism is Benjamin Latrobe's Roman Catholic Cathedral in Baltimore (1804-1818), a late, but still impressive accomplishment.

The 19th and 20th Centuries brought about a revival of various styles, the major ones being, Greek Revival, Gothic Revival, and Romanesque Revival. The results are as varied as can be imagined, from inelegant structures to the outstanding creations of architects, such as H.H. Richardson's Byzantine-Romanesque Trinity Church (1872-1877) in Boston, and James Wrenick's Grace Church (1846), a magnificent English Gothic interpretation in New York City.

The extensive literature covering the broad history of churches is most rich in that it is varied in scope and intent. (See bibliography on Page Six.)

Ralph Carreno

Editor's note: Caxtonian Carreno, a specialist in church architecture, gave a splendid Friday Luncheon lecture on the Medici Chapel of San Lorenzo on February 9, 1996, and collects books relating to this highly specialized field. The article above will provide pleasant background reading in preparation for the September Dinner meeting (see Page Eight).

A Triptych of Jewish Synagogues in Chicago Reveal Historical Architectural Styles

Photos and texts by Robert Cotner



The earliest Jewish congregation in Chicago was formed in 1847. Today that congregation and the second oldest, formed in 1852, worship in a Byzantine-influenced synagogue constructed in 1921 at 1100 E. Hyde Park Blvd., and known as KAM Isaiah Israel.



The oldest North Side Jewish congregation in Chicago was formed in 1867 by a group of German Jews. After mergers with other Jewish congregations, that group now worships in Temple Shalom, 3480 N. Lake Shore Dr. in a synagogue built in 1930.



Anshe Emet congregation at 3750 N. Pine Grove Ave. was formed two years after the Great Chicago Fire, in 1873. In 1926 the congregation purchased from the congregation now in Temple Shalom their present synagogue, built in 1911.

Henry Adams, a Friend for All Time, Remembered by an Old Friend of Books

"Who's your best friend?" you ask.

"Henry Adams," I reply.

You pause, trying to place a face with the name, and then ask, "Does he live around here?"

"He's dead," I answer.

"Dead?" you say as your facial expression changes ever so slightly from friendly curiosity to suspicious caution — you don't want to be made a fool of. Then you say in an appropriate tone for the new perspective: "If he's dead, how can he be your friend?"

"Well," I explain, "I've visited his grave in Rock Creek Cemetery in the District of Columbia twice."

"But he's *dead!* He can't be your friend if he's dead." Long pause. "Can he?"

"He performed a miracle before he died," I reply, watching the expression on your face change to incredulity.

You say with your face, "This guy's a real weirdo!" but you say with your mouth, "What do you mean, miracle?"

"He wrote a book — several books, in fact — and he 'lives' through them, beyond the grave; I've read most of his books, and I love the Henry Adams I meet in them."

"Oh," you say, relieved that I'm not really weird but just an intellectual — an "academic," if you will, who can be excused for divergent thinking by virtue of his profession. It's an occupational hazard. Or it should be.

Loren Eiseley, in his splendid book, *The Invisible Pyramid*, first pointed out to me the fact that the book is indeed a reaching beyond the grave, a sort of miracle of modern times, too often taken for granted by all of us. Dr. Eiseley is another good friend of mine with whom I used to correspond; now he's a friend through the book-miracle.

There was a cartoon several years ago, in *The New Yorker*, I believe it was, that showed a man sitting in the center of a book-lined room, reading. His wife stood at the door and said, "But I mean *living* friends..." Another occupational hazard that affects spouses and families — unless it infects them too.

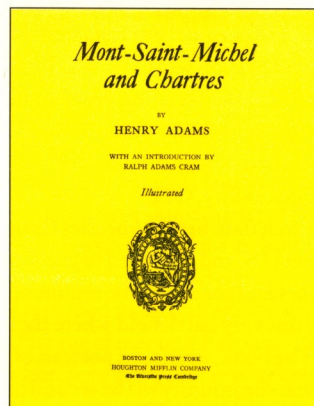
There's an old proverb that says "If you don't read any books, then you have no advantage over the person who can't read." While that sage advice is a bit too pragmatic for me, I used to place it on the syllabi of college literature courses I taught, as solemn advice for beyond



The Adams Memorial, the unmarked grave of Marion "Clover" (1843-1885) and Henry Adams (1838-1918), in St. Paul's, Rock Creek Parish, Washington's oldest church, in Rock Creek Cemetery, District of Columbia. The bronze statue, designed by artist Augustus Saint-Gaudens, a personal friend of Adams, is considered one of his finest works of art. Often referred to as "Grief," the statue is officially known as the "Peace of God." (Photograph by and from the collection of Robert Cotner.)

the course. What value is literacy if we *don't* read?

The foundation of all true education (as opposed to training) is reading. The library and not the classroom or the computer center is the heart of every good school. Reading is the one activity that keeps the mind and soul alive through life — as breathing does the



Title page of Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, Adams' study of European cathedrals and the culture that produced them. This book, first privately printed in 1905 by Adams for a few friends, was reissued by the American Academy of Architects in 1913. This title page is from the book numbered 9384 in the 1913 edition. (From the collection of Robert Cotner.)

body. The sad fact is too many of us read our last piece of fine literature before we're really mature enough to grasp its totality and appreciate its potential importance in our lives. We ought to begin the "Great Books" course after we're 25 and make it part of a lifetime reading plan.

It is no idle jest to say men and women preserve themselves in printed pages and stand as prospective "friends" to those who understand that education is as much involvement with thinking people as it is simply knowing and sharing ideas. I spent one summer with William Faulkner — reading six or seven of his novels. I spent a month recently with Simone Weil and her marvelous book, *Waiting for God*. Some time ago I spent about four months with Malcolm Muggeridge, reading five of his books, including his excellent two-volume autobiography, *Chronicles of Wasted Time*.

Other friends of mine include Philip Appleman, Annie Dillard, Vernon Louis Parrington, Kathleen Norris, Robert Frost, Reinhold Niebuhr, Walker Percy, Saul Bellow, Ralph Emerson, Emily Dickenson, Eudora Welty, Norman Mailer, and a score of other men and women from various times and many nations.

My good friend Henry Adams once told me, "One friend in a lifetime is much; two are many; three are hardly possible." He was, of course, talking about friends in our time, not those of all time, such as we meet and mingle with in books, who are timeless and whose numbers are limited only by our willingness to meet them.

Mr. Adams also once told me, "A new friend is always a miracle..." I suppose you could say a friend found in a book then is a sort of double-miracle. I've just discovered that blessed thing in Kem Luther, a University of Chicago Ph. D., now teaching at Sheridan College, Toronto, Ontario, who has written a brief but perspicacious study of his family in America, *Cottonwood Roots*, which I believe you would like very much.

Robert Cotner

Editor's note: The article above is adapted from a piece first printed as a "Guest Commentary" in The Chattanooga Times, June 18, 1984, p. A-7. Cotner was at the time Executive Director of Growth Opportunities for the Gifted and Talented in Chattanooga.

Cuba

(Continued from Page Four)

young Che Guevarra, then a newly appointed Minister of the Cuban Cabinet. I asked Orlando if that was just a photo opportunity, and he looked surprised and said no, they worked nine hours that day heaving and hauling sacks of sugar onto the boat bound for Europe and then they rested and talked with Che late into the night. We talked of books, and he asked me if I had been to the Institute for the Conservation of Antique Books or the artists' studio, Taller Experimental de Graffica, within walking distance. The passion for books is evident in Cuba, in large part due to the very high literacy rate, as is a hunger for the arts and music. The artists' studio was working space to about 20 artists. It was housed in an old high-ceilinged building. Artists pulled lithographs from stones, silk-screened posters were being run, and engraving plates were being etched in a corner. I was made to feel welcome and spent an hour photographing and talking with the artists. Above the studio, a small second floor gallery displayed finished work, and I talked with the director, Raimundo Fina, about the state of the arts in Cuba. The works on display, as were the works in progress, were, for the most part, superb. I saw no political stamp to any of it, as had ruled the arts in China and Russia



An artisan works on an old book in the Institute for Books, Havana. (Photo by and from the collection of Ken Paterson.)

after their revolutions.

A block or so away was the Institute for the Conservation of Antique Books, and some five people were working away in the old Spanish building reclaiming and refurbishing old works and documents of historical interest.

Hemingway delighted in the plazas and small narrow streets of Old Havana. His favorite bars and restaurants were, and still are, near — five minutes from the bookbinders and you are outside Hotel Ambos Mundos, where Hemingway stayed off and on during the 1930s. Room 511 is where he started writing *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The room is preserved in all its Spartan splendor and is available for viewing but not sleeping.

To Be Continued

Caxtonian Thackery Dies

Caxtonian David T. Thackery, Curator of Local and Family History at the Newberry Library, died suddenly of a heart attack on July 17. He was 45. Responsible for both collecting and the public services in local history for 15 years, Mr. Thackery was indefatigable in maintaining the largest genealogical collection in the Midwest and in guiding it into such new fields as African-American family history.

Mr. Thackery was nationally known as an activist librarian, concerned to make research collections available to the widest possible public. He published frequently and wrote a regular column, "In the Library," for *Ancestry Magazine*. His personal interests were varied, but his great passion was Civil War history. He recently finished reading proof for his history of the 66th Ohio Volunteers, a Union regiment raised largely in his native Champaign County, OH.

His research took him to libraries through the Eastern U.S. and extended to transcribing gravestones and pacing off the regiment's positions on every battlefield where they fought. The book, in affect a portrait of an entire Ohio community in the second half of the 19th Century, will be issued early next year by Kent State University Press under the title *A Light and Uncertain Hold*. Mr. Thackery is survived by his mother, Mrs. John T. Thackery of Urbana, OH.

Paul F. Gehl

A Brief Bibliography of Church Architecture

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Compiled by Ralph Carreno

Ralph G. Newman — Caxtonian, 56 years; Bookman, a Lifetime: Remembrances

The first issue of the *Caxtonian*, published in September 1993, announced that the Friday Luncheon speaker on November 5 would be “Ralph Newman, long-time Caxtonian, author, specialist in the Civil War, and book dealer for 60 years — the city’s oldest dealer in rare books.” An overflow crowd of members and special guests heard him expound in the East Room of the Mid-Day Club on “A Handful of Chicago Collectors.” He spoke about how he started in the used book business, about the many fascinating characters who frequented his shop — some famous and many just ordinary lovers of books — and about some of the memorable experiences in his long and distinguished career. He spoke without notes, and the anecdotes flowed eloquently. What a pity that we had not yet started to videotape the luncheon presentations to preserve his reminiscences for future Caxtonians, for Ralph G. Newman died five years later in Chicago on July 23, 1998, at age 86, without writing the story of his fascinating life.

As he told Caxtonians, Ralph noticed a used bookstore for sale in 1932 near the Newberry Library. He borrowed the entire purchase price of \$10,000, bought the store, slashed the prices of the used books, and paid off the entire loan within a few years. As the business grew, two friends, Carl Sandburg and Lloyd Lewis, managing editor of the *Daily News*, persuaded him to specialize in Abraham Lincoln. This decision blossomed into a career that led him to international fame. He finally sold the business in 1984 after 52 successful years.

Mr. Newman did not limit himself as a bookman. He was chairman of the Illinois Commission for the 1964-65 New York World’s Fair and of the Illinois Sesquicentennial Commission in 1968. He also served for more than 10 years as president of the board of the Chicago Public Library, and he was a co-founder of the Civil War Round Table, a discussion group that now has over 300 chapters around the world. His name appears on over 20 books as an author or editor. After selling the business in 1984, Ralph continued to appraise books and historic documents. He evaluated the papers of Presidents Truman, Johnson, and Nixon.

Chicago author and lawyer James L.

Swanson summed up Ralph’s career as follows in a *Sun-Times* essay (August 9, 1998):

“Ralph Newman was the last of a dying and now extinct breed of legendary bookmen who dominated their trade. When he founded the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop nearly 60 years ago, Ralph made a greater contribution to the preservation of American history than an army of PhDs. The bookshop became a touchstone that inspired several generations of collectors, scholars, and writers.” Ralph’s stepson remembered him by saying, “he believed that learning could be fun. It wasn’t something you swallowed like castor oil to make yourself better. It was a continuing way to enjoy yourself.”

My own visits to Newman’s shop began in 1970, when I was a neophyte collector of Chicagoana. Ralph’s Lincoln material was in the well-known brownstone shop at 18 East Chestnut Street, but the Chicago books were across the street in the building where he had his personal office. I remember riding the old rickety elevator to the third floor where Margaret April served as Ralph’s “girl Friday.” Some of the cornerstone’s of my Chicago collection were purchased there. To name only two of many: the first five issues of *Chicago Magazine*, published in Chicago in 1857 and bound together; and bound copies of the *Fergus Historical Series*, including the scarcest of the series, “Number 10,” which contains “Addresses Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Chicago Historical Society, November 19th, 1868.” In the 28 years that have elapsed since that purchase, I have not seen another copy of “Number 10” offered for sale. And all of these issues were the personal copies of Chicago’s famous printer, Robert Fergus, containing his invaluable annotations. The shelves in this little-known part of his business overflowed with such gems at prices that my meager pocketbook could afford.

As I returned month after month, I had the good fortune of meeting Ralph and getting to know him personally. He was an invaluable source of information about Chicago’s history, about books, and about their care. He shared his time and knowledge with me openly and willingly, just as he did with Carl Sandburg and the host of famous scholars who sought his counsel. On one occasion he took me down the stairs to his private Lincoln library,

which occupied a whole floor of the building. What an honor!

Ralph Newman joined the Caxton Club in 1942 and remained a faithful member for 56 years. Although his busy career precluded his becoming an officer of the club, he took time to serve on the Council (1971-73) and to address the membership five times at its dinner meetings and once at a Friday luncheon. Many members will have their own treasured recollections of Ralph G. Newman. All Caxtonians extend their sympathy to his wife and family in honoring the memory of a remarkable man.

Frank J. Piehl
Caxton Club Historian

‘The Better Part of One’s Life Consists of his Friendships.’

Abraham Lincoln

Even at the last earthly gathering in his honor, Caxtonian Ralph Newman continued to pack them in.

The occasion was a memorial service for the internationally known bookman on August 2 at the Chicago Cultural Center. In attendance were nearly 200 members of the family, friends, and relatives, many of whom rose to share their recollections of Ralph, which spanned a period of 70 years. And despite the basic reason for the gathering, it was in no sense a melancholy affair. In fact, the hall frequently rippled with laughter as speaker after speaker recalled Ralph’s well-known sense of humor.

Among the speakers were Caxtonian Elmer Gertz and Dan Weinberg, Ralph’s successor at the Abraham Lincoln Bookshop, which Ralph founded. Particularly touching was a reading by Ralph’s daughter, Carol Perry Fox, of Carl Sandburg’s hauntingly beautiful poem, “Let Love Go on,” from an autographed copy that Sandburg had presented to her many years ago. And a tribute to Ralph by Maxine Brandenburg, another of Ralph’s daughters, was also read. (This tribute and the Sandburg poem will appear in the October *Caxtonian*.)

The gathering was a touching tribute to a Caxtonian rare in fame and respect.

Charley Shields

Book Marks

Luncheon Programs

Your Special Luncheon Invitation. . .

Date: September 11, 1998

Place: Mid-Day Club

Speaker: Elmer Gertz

Caxtonian Elmer Gertz will open our 1998-99 noontime lecture/luncheon series with a program, "Henry Miller, Oscar Wilde, Frank Harris, and other Friends of Mine whom You Might — or Might Not — Like to Meet." Recalling from his vast experience as a civil rights attorney, and his encounters and friendships with a host of the century's notable literary figures, nonagenarian Gertz will entertain Caxtonians and guests with insights and observations — as well as history — regarding his literary associations.

Caxtonians will recall that Gertz was scheduled to speak at the noon luncheon on November 14, 1997, but because of the death of his wife Mamie, that talk was canceled. Since that sad day in his life, he has written his 17th book, *Remembering Mamie*, a loving tribute to his late wife and long-time friend.

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 92nd year, our speaker brings a rich personal heritage to every presentation he gives.

This luncheon will be a rare opportunity to hear a Caxtonian who has achieved near legendary stature in his profession and in Chicago life. Join your friends as we launch together a new year of luncheon programs, fellowshiping around books, with those who love them and those who create them.

*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 \$6.00. 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.

Dinner Programs

Your Special Dinner Invitation. . .

Date: September 16, 1998

Place: Mid-Day Club

Speaker: George A. Lane, S.J.

The first dinner presentation of our 104th year will feature an illustrated lecture, "The 19th Century Chicago Churches and Synagogues," by George A. Lane, S.J., Executive Director of Loyola Press. The lecture will feature the fine architectural elements of Chicago's religious edifices, with an emphasis on their history and their importance to the city.

He will begin with Chicago's earliest church, Old St. Patrick's, and proceed to the buildings of worship at the turn of the century. His 45-minute slide lecture will include presentations on both the exterior and the interior of the most important centers of worship in 19th Century Chicago history.

Lane, a native of Chicago's Rogers Park on the North Side, attended St. Gertrude Parish. Educated at Loyola Academy and Loyola University, Lane entered the Society of Jesus in 1954 and was ordained a Jesuit priest in 1967. He has a Master's degree in English and theology and has worked at Loyola Press since 1969, becoming Executive Director in 1989.

He has written two books: *Christian Spirituality: An Historical Sketch* (Loyola Press, 1973) and *Chicago Churches and Synagogues* (Loyola Press, 1981). He has, as well, been instrumental in the restoration of Holy Family Church on Roosevelt Road, Chicago.

You are cordially invited to this important dinner meeting, which will link architecture and writing and will also begin our new year of the study of books and the book arts.

*C. Fred Kittle
Vice President and
Program Chair*

 **Loyola Press**