



# Caxtonian

Journal of The Caxton Club of Chicago

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## In Search of Wilkie Collins: A Literary Pilgrimage Through England

By Susan Hanes

William Wilkie Collins was one of the most popular and prolific authors of the mid-19th Century. He was generally considered the father of the detective novel, the prime exponent of sensational fiction, and was a close friend and associate of Charles Dickens. Although he wrote more than 25 books, as well as numerous short stories, essays, and dramas, only *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White* are recognized today as classics. He excelled in plot and character development, and was a consummate storyteller. He has been described as the most readable of major English writers, and T. S. Eliot said of him, he had "the immense merit . . . of being never dull."

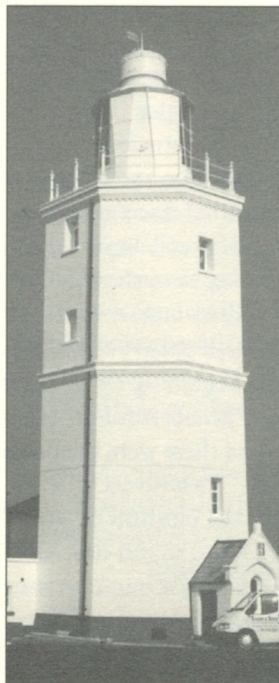
Wilkie, as he was always known, was born on January 8, 1824, the eldest son of celebrated landscape painter William Collins and Harriet Geddes Collins. Although he lived his entire life in the Marylebone area of London, he always enjoyed the seaside, and sought inspiration for his writing and relief from chronic physical ills in the sea air.

Within the strict upbringing of his evangelical father and the rigid constraints of Victorian society, Wilkie developed his own particular rebellious spirit that was to remain with him throughout his life. As a young man, he did not share his father's hopes that he become a lawyer, but sought fulfillment in writing. Although he was warm and charming company, (one woman wrote of him, "To sit next to Wilkie at dinner is to have a brilliant time of it.") he eschewed society's demands and preferred his own brand of the Bohemian lifestyle.

Wilkie never married, although he spent his adult life in the company of two women. The story of how he met Caroline Graves on a moonlit night reads like a parody of his own sensational novels. She lived with him as his "housekeeper," and traveled with him on his writing expeditions. Some years later, the much younger Martha Rudd drifted into his life and



Site map of the Hanes' pilgrimage in search of Wilkie Collins. Those sites in white rectangles are locations discussed in the article (from the collection of Susan Hanes).



North Foreland Lighthouse, which inspired Collins to name his famous novel *The Woman in White*. (Photo by and from the collection of Susan Hanes.)

eventually became the mother of his three children. For the rest of his life, Wilkie supported two households with total responsibility for both.

The story of this enigmatic little man, who lived a double life on the outside of convention, is as intriguing as any that came from his own pen. That he was born into a fine and loving family, yet never chose to marry the women he supported and cared for; that he remained a faithful friend and charming companion in spite of acute suffering and addiction to laudanum; that he wrote some of the best-known fiction of his time, yet most of his books today are unknown: all contribute to the conundrum that is Wilkie Collins.

In rediscovering this Victorian master of mystery, I became

fascinated by the man as well as the writer, and set out to gain a sense of the England that Wilkie Collins knew. After months of research and planning, I determined to see where he lived and traveled, and to visit the places from which he drew the inspiration for his writings.

This past September, my husband Houston and I set out for England in search of Wilkie Collins. Once reaching the southern coast of England, our first stop was Ramsgate, where Wilkie's father first introduced him to the sea in 1829. Throughout his life, Wilkie continued to come to the Kent coast, staying at times in the nearby town of Broadstairs, which he used as a base for sailing trips to Dunkirk. In 1859, he came with Carline Graves, taking a remote cottage, where he worked on *The Woman in White*. During a time of particular frustration at not being able to find a title for his work, he went for a long walk along the cliffs outside of Broadstairs, coming at last to the North Foreland Lighthouse.

(See WILKIE COLLINS, Page Four)





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# Musings...

"Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs?"

So begins *Nature* (1836) by Ralph Waldo Emerson — one of the greatest essays in our literature and the first truly *American* writing. It marks the beginning of the Age of Romanticism in American letters. But it is more: it is a clear call to Americans of all eras to find affinity with nature, which links each with one another and all to a universal spiritual domain.

Emerson biographer Robert D. Richardson, Jr. called *Nature* a "modern Stoic handbook, Marcus Aurelius in New England. It is also a modern version of Plato, an American version of Kant. It is a brief of law over fact, aim over action, intent over outcome, pattern over print. The plan, idea, or concept of anything, whether a simple tool or the most complex piece of legislation, precedes the actual hammer or the voting rights act and determines it. In this sense, the plan or idea is more real — more important — than the physical product. This is the mainmast of idealism and Emerson lashed himself to it for life."

*Nature* is a brief essay for one so important to our cultural life. The original edition runs 95 pages. After an "Introduction," Emerson gives us eight chapters, each progressing in complexity and importance regarding the role of nature in human life. In the first chapter, he says that "few adult persons can see nature." He adds, however, that at times in nature he is "glad to the brink of fear."

He moves next to a series of considerations about nature, a separate chapter devoted to each. These are "**Commodity**," "**Beauty**," "**Language**," and "**Discipline**." Of nature as **Commodity** he says, "The field is at once [man's] floor, his work-yard, his play-ground, his garden, and his bed." Regarding **Beauty**, he suggests that the end of nature lies in Art: an "abstract or epitome of the world." Of **Language**, he enunciates this important principle: "The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language. When simplicity of character and the sovereignty of ideas is broken up by the prevalence of secondary desires, the desire of riches, of pleasure, of power, and of praise, — and duplicity and falsehood take place of simplicity and truth, the power over nature as an interpreter of the will, is in a degree lost;... In due time, the fraud is manifest, and words lose all power to stimulate the understanding or the affections." And finally in this series he says that nature as **Discipline** educates "both Understanding and Reason." He concludes, "It were a pleasant inquiry to follow into detail their ministry to our education, but where would it stop?"

He then turns his attention to "**Idealism**," which lies always at the heart of his thinking. **Idealism** bears fruit in spiritual discernment — or introspection. "The best moments in life are these delicious awakenings of [our] higher powers,..." he reminds us. The final two chapters, "**Spirit**" and "**Prospects**," bring us to the point at which "we shall come to look at the world with new eyes. It shall answer the endless inquiry of the intellect, — What is truth? and of the affections, — What is good? by yielding itself passive to the educated Will."

*Nature* was but the beginning for Emerson. There were other essays — *The American Scholar* (1837), "The Divinity School Address" (1838), "Self-Reliance" (1839), "Circles" (1840), "The Poet" (1842), and more. And there were the poems — "The Problem" (1839), "The Snowstorm" (1841), "Hamatreya" (1847), "Two Rivers" (1858), and others. In a remarkable way Emerson fulfills through his writings the idealism of which he wrote: he shaped the *idea* of our national literature before there was one. And to this day, he informs and empowers the American intellect as no other writer has done. His genius is our inheritance as people of the book — his ideas, our continuing responsibility as people of the mind.

Robert Cotner  
Editor



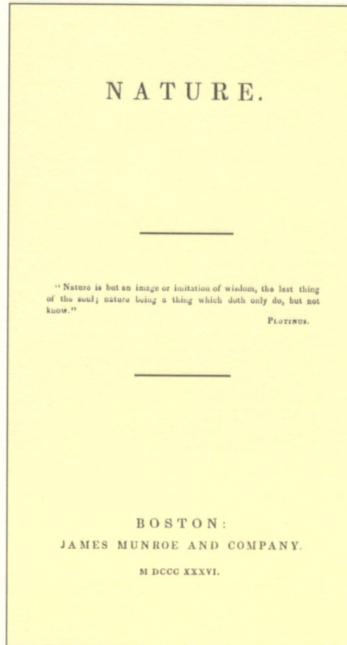
# The Marks of Ralph Waldo Emerson upon our Land — and our Mind



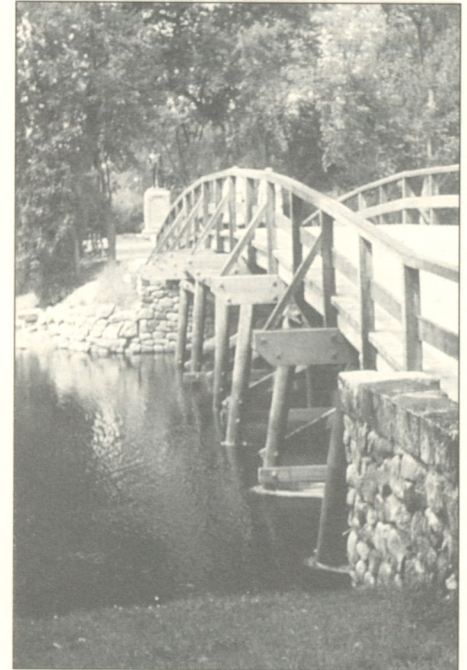
Home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Concord, MA. (Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner)



The library of Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner)



Title page of a first edition of Emerson's *Nature* (1836), courtesy of the Newberry Library.



The Old North Bridge, Concord, MA. (Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner)

## Emerson 'Sententiae'

"Books are the best things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are nothing but to inspire."

From *The American Scholar*

"... what greater calamity can fall upon a nation, than the loss of worship? Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple to haunt the senate, or the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honor."

From "The Divinity School Address"

"Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist....Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind."

From "Self-Reliance"

"The poet is the sayer, the namer, and represents beauty. He is a sovereign, and stands on the centre. For the world is not painted, or adorned, but is from the beginning beautiful;...Beauty is the creator of the universe."

From "The Poet"

*By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

From "Hymn: Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument," April 19, 1836.

## Chronology of Books by Ralph Waldo Emerson 1803-1882

- Nature*, 1836.
- The American Scholar*, 1837.
- Essays*(First Series), 1841.
- Poems*, 1847.
- Nature; Addresses and Lectures*, 1849.
- Representative Men*, 1850.
- English Traits*, 1856.
- The Conduct of Life*, 1860.
- May Day and Other Pieces*(poems), 1867.
- Society and Solitude*, 1870.
- Parnassus*(anthology of favorite poetry), 1874.
- Letters and Social Aims*, 1875.
- Selected Poems*, 1876.
- Natural History of Intellect*, 1893.



Emerson's tombstone, Author's Ridge, Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, MA. (Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner.)



## Wilkie Collins

(Continued from Page One)

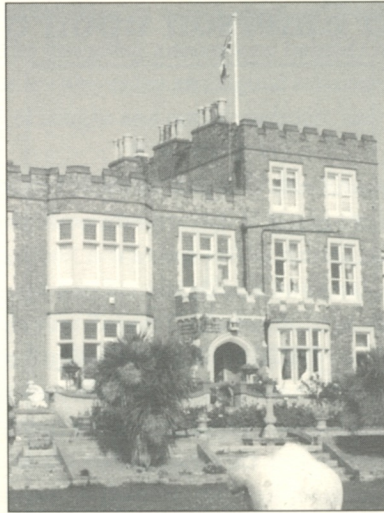
"Exhausted, he threw himself on the grass, admonishing the lighthouse, 'You are ugly and stiff and awkward; you know you are: as stiff and as weird as my white woman. White woman!- woman in white! The title, by Jove!'" (*The World*, 26 Dec. 1877)

In 1862, Wilkie returned once again to Broadstairs, and leased Fort House (which was also the inspiration for Dickens' *Bleak House*.) He was working on the novel *No Name* while taking time to enjoy the company of Dickens and other friends.

After Dickens died, Wilkie felt that Broadstairs contained too many ghosts of past friends and past times. Prompted by his happy childhood memories, he decided to return to Ramsgate, making good use of the harbor where he could get a boat whenever he wished. He would return each year, renting two houses. On the West Cliff he would stay with Caroline Graves at No. 14 Nelson Crescent. In the guise of "Mr. Dawson", he resided with the other woman in his life, Martha Rudd, and their children, across the way on the East Cliff at No. 27 Wellington Crescent.

Wilkie used the Kent coast often in his narratives. In *The Law and the Lady*, Valeria Macallan, the early lady detective, walks towards Broadstairs: "The scene that autumn morning was nothing less than enchanting. The brisk breeze, the brilliant sky, the flashing blue sea, the sun-bright cliffs and the tawny sands at their feet. . . it was all so exhilarating. . . that I could have danced for joy like a child." The day we spent on the Kent coast was just such an autumn day, as we continued on our pilgrimage to our next stop at Aldeburgh.

While researching material for *No Name*, Wilkie visited this Suffolk seaside town with Caroline in 1861. They stayed at the White Lion Hotel, overlooking, as he describes it, "the defencelessness of the land against the encroachments of the sea." Indeed, today, the beach still gives the illusion that the water is higher than the land, and is ever hungry for more. In the Fourth Scene of the novel, he describes the town as we ourselves saw it, even to the church up on the hill: "In one direction, the tiny Gothic town-hall of old Aldborough - once the centre of the vanished port and



*Dickens' Bleak House in Broadstairs, where Collins visited his famous friend and also wrote much of his novel No Name. (Photo by and from the collection of Susan Hanes.)*

borough - now stands fronting the modern villas close on the margin of the sea. . . Behind the row of buildings thus curiously intermingled, runs the one straggling street of the town. . . Towards the northern end, this street is bounded by the one eminence visible over all the marshy flat - a low wooded hill on which the church is built."

Looking out across the water, it was easy to see the ghost ships passing by, and to envision Magdalen, driven by despair, deciding to tempt her fate. Painter John Millais captured the scene in his frontispiece for the 1864 edition of the novel: "She seated herself close at the side of the window, with her back towards the quarter from which the vessels were drifting down on her - with the poison placed on the window-sill, and the watch on her lap. For one half hour to come, she determined to wait there, and count the vessels as they went by. If, in that time, an even number passed her - the sign given, should be a sign to live. If the uneven number prevailed - the end should be Death." (Scene 4)

It was soon time to continue up the coast. The shadows were beginning to lengthen as we reached the Norfolk Broads. Sensuous and mysterious, the area of Horsey Mere (or as Wilkie calls it, Hurl Mere) offers the perfect backdrop to the dramatic appearance of Lydia Gwilt in the novel *Armada*: "The reeds opened back on the right hand and the left, and the boat glided suddenly into the wide circle of a pool. Round the nearer half of the circle, the eternal reeds still fringed the margin of the water. Round the farther half, the

land appeared again - here, rolling back from the pool in desolate sand-hills; there, rising above it in a sweep of grassy shore. . . The sun was sinking in the clear heaven, and the water, where the sun's reflection failed to tinge it, was beginning to look black and cold. . . And on the near margin of the pool, where all had been solitude before, there now stood, fronting the sunset, the figure of a woman." (Chapter 9)

We continued north to Whitby, a north Yorkshire coastal town where Wilkie visited with Caroline in August 1861. At first, they were delighted with the place. From a distance, the little port with its magnificent harbor, quaint cottages and the eerie ruins of Whitby Abbey towering above looked charming and romantic. They had splendid rooms at the Royal Hotel, overlooking the bay. But soon, their opinion changed. The hotel was teeming with small children: "Among the British matrons, "Wilkie complained, "is a Rabbit with 14 young ones." In addition, the proprietor hired a brass band to play "regularly four hours a day for the benefit of his visitors." Needless to say, they cut their visit short.

We drove north along the coast towards Runswick Bay. The area looks just as Wilkie described it in *The Moonstone*: "...the raging sea, and the rollers tumbling in on the sand-bank, and the driven rain sweeping over the waters like a flying garment, and the yellow wilderness of the beach, with one solitary black figure standing in it - the figure of Sergeant Cuff." (Chapter 19)

We were looking for Mulgrave Castle, the Verinder house in *The Moonstone*, "high up on the Yorkshire coast and close to the sea." The castle was not easy to find, and as the fog rolled in, I felt as if I were retracing Rosanna's steps through the "melancholy plantation" as she made that "horrid walk" towards the Shivering Sand. Suddenly the house appeared, bathed in an eerie mist. Surely this was the perfect scene for the mysterious disappearance of the Moonstone!

We continued east toward Cumbria, an area Wilkie featured in several of his works. His most extensive descriptions appear in his collaboration with Dickens entitled "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices" which recounts the ill-fated walking tour of the "laboriously idle" Francis Goodchild (Dickens) and the "born-and-bred idler" Thomas Idle

(See WILKIE COLLINS, Page Five)



# Wilkie Collins

(Continued from Page Four)

(Wilkie). In September 1857 they traveled to the village of Hesket Newmarket, staying at the Queen's Head, close to Carrock Fell. The next day, Dickens insisted on climbing the mountain, despite bad weather. The trip was disastrous, as the innkeeper who offered to guide them lost his way, Dickens' compass broke, and they became disoriented in the fog. On the descent, Wilkie sprained his ankle.

After a doctor in Wigdon treated Wilkie, they continued to the coastal town of Allonby, a coastal village on the Solway Firth. There they stopped at the Ship Hotel, so that Wilkie could recuperate. Dickens described the inn as "a capital little homely inn looking out upon a sea... a clean nice place in a rough wild country."

We drove on to the coast, finding that the country was still rough and wild, with scrubby grass where horses ran free. We found the Ship, and persuaded the proprietor to show us the room where Wilkie kept his foot elevated, reflecting that being coerced into physical activity had caused the great disasters of his life.

The final destination of our "Wilkie Pilgrimage" was London. Wilkie lived, died, and spent most of his life within the Marylebone area. We decided to stay there, choosing the Langham, the largest and most fashionable hotel of Wilkie's time. Newly refurbished, it once again exuded the opulence and glamour that had attracted the Victorian elite. Wilkie would have been a frequent visitor, as it attracted writers and artists of the day.

Just across from the Langham stands All Soul's Church, its circular portico and fluted spire looking queerly out of sync against the art deco British Broadcasting behemoth nearby. In 1848, the young Wilkie was instrumental in helping an artist friend to sneak away and marry his underage girlfriend there.

Wilkie lived in many different houses, first with his family, then with his mother and brother Charles, and later in the two households that he established. Unfortunately, only a few are still standing. In some cases, it is difficult to determine exact locations, as street names and numbers have changed over the years, but the area retains its Victorian appearance.



Retracing Rosanna's steps through the foggy "melancholy plantation" as she made that "horrid walk" toward the Shivering Sand in *The Moonstone*. (Photo by and from the collection of Susan Hanes.)

The house where Wilkie was born was located at 11 New Cavendish Street. Though the house no longer exists, the street itself appears much as it might have at that time.

When Wilkie was six, the family moved to 30 Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, so that Mr. Collins might be nearer to the center of London and to his friend, painter David Wilkie (for whom Wilkie was named.) Painter John Linnell was a neighbor and his children were playmates with Wilkie and his brother Charley.

He started school in 1835, winning first prize at the end of the year. This was likely his first experience of the consequences of

good behavior, for as he later wrote of himself as Thomas Idle, "The idle boys deserted him as a traitor, the workers regarded him as a rival, and the previous winner gave him a thrashing."

After an extended family trip to Europe, he was enrolled at a boarding school at 39 Highbury Place. It was at this school that he first started to develop his talent for storytelling. In order to appease a bully who threatened him, he would tell wonderful tales, much in the fashion of *The Arabian Nights*. In 1841 he left school, finding employment at a tea merchant on the Strand, which allowed him time to nurture his budding creativity.

In 1846 Wilkie's father persuaded him to study law. He was admitted to Lincoln's Inn where he attended for five years. He confessed to "engaging in little or no serious study" but in November 1851, went through "the affecting national ceremony" of being called to the Bar. Although he never practiced, he used his knowledge of law and the nature of lawyers in many of his novels.

William Collins died in 1847, leaving his widow Harriet and her sons comfortably provided for. In 1850 they moved to 17 Hanover Terrace, a luxurious home on the Outer Circle overlooking Regent's Park. Charles painted a picture of their view of the park in spring, which hangs now in the Tate Gallery. Wilkie lived there for nearly six years, writing prolifically and enjoying the company of members of artistic and literary circles who were frequent guests.

In 1859 Charles Dickens founded the weekly periodical *All the Year Round* at 26 Wellington Street. Wilkie was a member of the staff, and it was in this periodical that *The Woman in White* first appeared, causing crowds of impatient readers to gather at the offices on publishing days. *No Name* and *The Moonstone* were also serialized in *All the Year Round*.

In early 1860 he and Caroline, whom he had begun living with openly, moved to 12 Harley Street, known then, as now, as the place where the most expensive private doctors worked. Although there exists now a number 12, it is not the actual house that they occupied, but with its blanket of Victorian soot, offers a close approximation. It is the house on Harley



*Moonstone* was first published in Dickens' *All the Year Round*, January 1868, and ran through August 8, 1868 (Illustration above provided through the courtesy of C. Frederick Kittle.)

(See WILKIE COLLINS, Page Six)



## Wilkie Collins

(Continued from Page Five)

Street where most of *The Woman in White* was written, giving Wilkie status as one of the most popular writers of his time.

In 1867, Wilkie moved to 90 Gloucester Place — now renumbered 65 — where he lived for almost 20 years. A substantial terraced house, five stories high, it was a home suitable for a man who had achieved success, having plenty of space for family, visitors and servants.

Unfortunately, when the lease ran out, he was faced with an exorbitant sum to renew, and was forced to confront “the horror of moving in [his] old age.” The house that Wilkie lived in for the last 18 months of his life was at 82 Wimpole Street.

In January 1889 he survived a carriage accident on his way home from a dinner party when he was thrown from the cab, and then the following June he suffered a stroke. By September, it was clear that he was failing. He died at home on Wimpole Street, September 23, 1889.

Wilkie had specifically asked for a simple funeral, that only 25 pounds be spent, and that no one was to wear “scarves, hatbands or feathers.” But there was no controlling the spontaneous outburst of floral tributes, or the throngs of followers who crowded the street and later, Kensal Green cemetery. He was buried there in a simple grave marked with the brief inscription he himself chose: “Wilkie Collins, Author of *The Woman in White* and Other Works of Fiction.”

He wanted nothing added to it; no mention of heaven or family. When Caroline died in 1895, the grave was opened for the addition of her coffin, but no word was added to the stone. From that time on, until her own death in 1919, Martha tended their grave.

It was not easy to find Wilkie’s resting-place, for Kensal Green is neglected and overgrown, but with the help of the groundsmen, we were able to locate it. Standing there in the quiet, I paid my respects. After seeing where he had lived and visiting the places he had loved and found inspiration, I felt I had come to know Wilkie Collins.

One final visit would bring together all we had seen. That evening, we went by train outside of London and enjoyed an evening with Wilkie’s great-granddaughter, Faith. Her



The simple grave at Kensal Green Cemetery, where Collins and Caroline rest together. (Photo by and from the collection of Susan Hanes.)

charm and warmth and quiet wit gave me a sense of how the past carries on to the present. It was a fitting finale to our search for Wilkie Collins.



Susan Hanes (left) with Faith Clark, Collins’ great-granddaughter. Faith’s husband Bill, is the author of *The Secret Life of Wilkie Collins*. (From the collection of Susan Hanes.)

**Editor’s note:** Upon hearing that *Caxtonian* Susan Hanes planned a trip with her husband Houston to England in late September 1998, to follow the footsteps of English writer, Wilkie Collins, the editor commissioned her to prepare an article for the *Caxtonian*. She has done that, and it is herewith presented as her maiden essay for the *Caxtonian*. She also wrote a more lengthy — 32 page — version, which she privately printed along with splendid four-color illustrations of their trip. She will present an illustrated lecture for *Caxtonians* at the March luncheon.

**Editor’s Postscript:** I am saddened to report that on January 16, Houston Hanes, 50, fell at the Hanes’ home in River Forest and was fatally injured. All *Caxtonians* extend their sympathy to Susan and her family.

### Choose One:

## William Shakespeare, Winston Churchill, William Caxton

Over the Christmas period, the British Broadcasting Company (BBC) Radio 4’s flagship and current affairs program, “Today,” conducted a survey in Britain to determine who is the English “Person of the Millennium.” More than 45,000 persons voted by telephone and nominations were reduced to a shortlist of six nominees. The result of the contest was kept a close secret until it was announced at 0815 GMT on New Year’s Day edition of “Today.”

Playwright William Shakespeare was chosen as “Person of the Millennium” with 11,717 votes; World War II Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, was second with 10,957 votes; early printer and Chicago’s Caxton Club namesake, William Caxton, was third, with 7,109 votes.

Prof. Stanley Wells, of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, said he was “delighted to receive the award on Shakespeare’s behalf.” He added, “In this century indeed [Shakespeare’s fame] has spread enormously internationally. That’s another of the reasons he’s become such a world force nowadays — he translates well.”

Caxton Club president Karen Skubish commented, “We think William Caxton translates well, too, and we’re proud to have been associated for more than a century now with a person the Brits think so highly of. We couldn’t agree more!”

The other finalists in the voting were Charles Darwin (6,337 votes), Isaac Newton (4,664 votes), and Oliver Cromwell (4,653 votes).

From BBC On-Line Network  
January 1, 1999, 11:06 GMT



# A Couple Poems for Our Time

## Line from East Central Illinois To Iowa and Below

By Laurel Church

*Draw a line just south of Kankakee  
another just north of the Dixie highway,  
east near the Indiana border, and  
flat west for two hundred sweeping  
miles of corn and beans broken only by  
a few rows of weed trees now grown tall,  
every section or two.*

*In the manner of an Inuit painting giving us a  
clear  
view below this sea of corn and beans and farm  
houses  
at the crossroads, we can see the long roots  
twining  
down through fourteen feet of loam; a glacial  
gift,  
rich, rich, but even more riches below: an  
aquifer stretching  
for hundreds of miles, roots drawn down and  
further down  
capturing and saving water from limestone  
reaches  
laid down by those great seas, in a straight line  
beyond time,  
after the Ordovician sea, after the Silurian sea.*

Wednesday, September 9, 1998

**Editor's note:** Caxtonian Laurel Church is a working poet and chair of the Communication Department at Aurora University

*"Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth,  
that around every circle another can be  
drawn; that there is no end in nature, but  
every end is a beginning; that there is  
always another dawn risen on mid-noon,  
and under every deep a lower deep opens."*

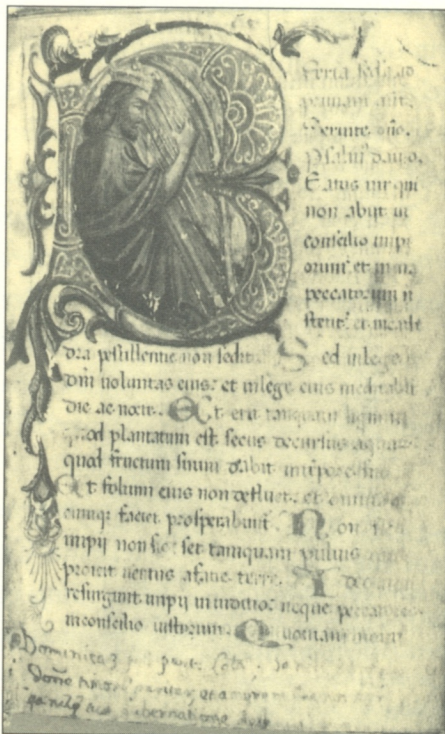
Ralph Waldo Emerson  
"Circles"

## On Rereading

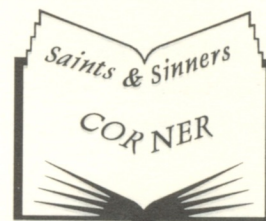
By Laurel Church

*I am not comforted  
by the sound of rain  
or wind gusting prettily  
on the sandflowers  
by the crossroad  
or even the roar of the sea  
throughout the short summer  
night; I am not  
so consoled  
as I once thought  
I should be,  
held in the arms  
of such sounds  
or even those lines  
set down in their honor;  
great reminders  
though they might be.*

Tuesday, December 29, 1998



Illuminated page from an ancient text (from the collection of Ed Quattrocchi).



**Caxtonian Elmer Gertz** was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by John Marshall Law School, Chicago, at the school's 100th Anniversary as an institution and its 168th Commencement, January 17, 1999. Gertz, one of the country's great civil rights attorneys, is a member of the John Marshall faculty. In addition to his long and distinguished legal career, Gertz is author of 18 books and a frequent public speaker, including appearances at The Caxton Club.

**The gallery of Caxtonian Richard H. Love**, R. H. Love Galleries, Wabash and Erie Sts., Chicago, was featured in the *Chicago Sun-Times* (Dec. 21, 1998), in an article, "A Victorian treasure box," by Lee Bey, architectural critic. As a result of that excellent, illustrated piece on what is most certainly one of the finest private galleries anywhere, Love and his galleries were featured with Sharon Wright on "NBC Daytime Chicago," Channel 5, Dec. 28, 1998.

**The Book Club of California** reception at the San Francisco Book Fair, which begins February 12, will be February 11, 5-7 p.m. All Caxtonians are invited. (The date was erroneously listed in the *FABS Newsletter*.)

**Caxtonian Ed Quattrocchi** will offer a seminar, "Three Medieval and Renaissance Masterpieces Address Time," at the Newberry Library, Thursdays, 6-8 p.m., beginning March 11 and running through April 29. The seminar will explore Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Michelangelo's Medici Chapel sculptures, and Shakespeare's *Henry IV Part One*, to discern what the creators had to say about time as a measure of human life on earth and to explore the ways in which time informs the structure of these great works. For information about registering for the seminar, phone Gabriel Presler, at 312/255-3665.



# Book Marks

## Luncheon Programs

*Your Special Luncheon Invitation. . .*

**Date:** February 12, 1999

**Place:** Mid-Day Club

**Speaker:** Truman Metzel

Truman Metzel will speak on James Willard Schultz and his works. A long-time collector of Schultz, Caxtonian Metzel will share from his collection and discuss the importance of the work of Schultz, who brought the wonders of the St. Mary's Lakes area to national attention long before Americans started calling it Glacial National Park. While witnessing the end of the northern bison herd, he married a Piegan woman of the Blackfoot Nation and went on war parties and horse-stealing forays with his new brothers and was, it is believed, wounded. The customs and cultures of his adopted people fascinated him. From their stories and his experiences, he crafted some 37 books and innumerable newspaper and magazine articles and fed the romantic notions of a generation.

In 1878 James Willard Shults left his comfortable home in upstate New York to go to St. Louis for a summer. He changed the spelling of his name to "Schultz" and then decided to take a trip up the Missouri River to Fort Benton, the head of navigation, taking his notebook with him. He decided to stay there. His whys and wherefores intrigued and inspired a generation of men and boys, including Truman Metzel, who will introduce us to an author who changed his life's direction, as Schultz has changed others' lives.

*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 at 5 p.m., dinner at 6 p.m., lecture at 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. 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:** February 17, 1999

**Place:** Mid-Day Club

**Speaker:** Rose Marie Burwell

Universally recognized as one of this century's most distinguished American authors, Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961) and his writings are studied, enjoyed, and admired throughout the world. Winner of the Pulitzer and the Nobel prizes, he is famous for his terse, direct style, the manner in which it mirrored his own life and his wartime experiences in both World Wars, and in Spain and China. His vivid portrayal of the life of the expatriots in post-World War I Paris is particularly striking.

Prof. Rose Marie Burwell is uniquely suited to discuss Hemingway. She has a doctorate in modern literature from the University of Iowa and has done post-doctoral work at the Chicago Institute of Psychoanalysis. Currently a member of the English department at Northern Illinois University, she has held faculty positions at Ottawa University (Canada) and Oriel College (Oxford). Her career is further highlighted by two Princeton Friends of the Library fellowships, an Andrew Mellon fellowship, and three Kennedy Library fellowships — all devoted to the study of Hemingway.

She is the author of *Hemingway: The Postwar Years and the Posthumous Novels* (Cambridge University Press, 1996). She has written, as well, several scholarly articles on Hemingway.

Her Caxton dinner presentation — "Hemingway's Last Novel: Things We Never Dreamed He Dreamed" — will be a penetrating analysis of Hemingway and his book due out next summer.

Join your Caxton friends for an enjoyable, informative evening celebrating the centennial of Ernest Hemingway's birth.

*C. Fred Kittle  
Vice President and  
Program Chair*