

Caxtonian

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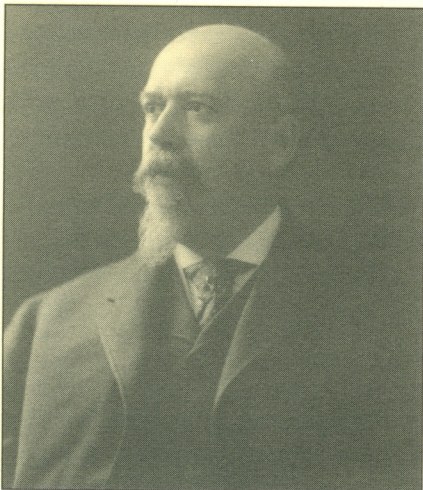
April 1999

William K. Bixby, Roswell Field, and the Dofobs

By Frank J. Piehl

Part I of II

In the introduction to his *American Book Clubs - Their Beginnings and History* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1897), A. Growoll set himself the task of analyzing the growth of American book clubs that accompanied the Arts and Crafts Movement in the latter years of the 19th Century. In his preface, he expounded that "like the monastic scribes of the Dark Ages, who rescued from oblivion the ancient literature that through their energies is now the possession of present civilization, the small bands of men who formed these clubs joined together...to cast into permanent mould some unknown manuscript or scarce printed record of inestimable value in judging of some obscure fact in history. But for these efforts much rare and curious material must have been lost to the world of literature." No one typifies that movement more than William Keeney Bixby of St. Louis.



William K. Bixby, from the *St. Louis Club Album*, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis. (Used with special permission.)

The story of Bixby's career reads like a Horatio Alger novel. He started working for the railroads at age 16, and by the time he was 42 years old, he was president of the Missouri Car and Foundry Company. He retired a wealthy man at age 48 in 1905 to devote his energies to collecting books and art objects. In a few years he had put together an impressive collection. He was especially fond of manuscripts and inscribed copies that revealed the inner thoughts of prominent literary and historical figures.

Bixby joined the leading book clubs to enhance his knowledge of books and to provide an outlet for his interest in publishing some of the choice manuscripts in his collection. He joined New York's Grolier Club in 1904 and Chicago's Caxton Club in 1906. But the club that really caught his fancy was the Dofobs. Who were the

Dofobs, and what does the name mean?

The formation of the club is chronicled in their first publication, *The First Book of the Dofobs* (Chicago, 1907). "For several years after the beginning of the new century there were desultory conversations among a few gentlemen [in Chicago] interested in book-lore and book madness concerning the feasibility of establishing a society that would bring together in a brotherly way the men of kindred tastes and hopes and expectations. . . . Late in December, 1905, four gentlemen, who had often discussed the expediency of establishing at least a dining club, dined together by appointment at a little chop-house and talked over the plans for reviving the comradeship." The four men were Charles B. Cleveland, John R. Young, Walter M. Hill, and Roswell Field, brother of Eugene Field and author of the foregoing quotation. They invited eight other men to join them in forming the nucleus of a new society, eventually named the Dofobs. By the time of their first publication in 1907, membership had grown to 39, including Bixby. The roster included distinguished collectors such as Edward L. Ryerson, John A. Spoor, and John H. Wrenn, bookmen such as Everett L. Millard, and scholars such as George Merryweather, as well as designers such as Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

The group had fun in choosing a name for the society. Roswell Field relates that "no true Dofob needs a reminder of the old bibliophile, Dofobius, who lived in Rome contemporaneously with Horace, Vergil and Maecenas, and who enjoyed the

friendship of these famous men. While little has been published concerning Dofobius, it is known that he was a most zealous collector, an omnivorous reader and a man of critical literary taste." That's one story. Roswell also adds another version: "It may be amusing to recall the impertinent remark voiced by an irreverent Chicagoan, who, hearing of the organization of the new dining club, said flippantly that 'they are getting up a society of a lot of Damned Old Fools Over Books.'" Roswell was parroting the humor of his brother, Eugene.

According to its Constitution and By-Laws: "The primary objective of the Society is to give a monthly dinner to its members, at which dinner the conversation shall relate to books, bookmen, and bookishness, for the entertainment and education of said members and for the spread of general intelligence." Buried in a later article, it provided that: "The President shall also appoint . . . a committee of four, to be known as the Committee on Publication and Printing, to supervise the preparation of such books and pamphlets as may be encouraged by the Society." The dedication to the latter Dofobian objective was realized in 1907 with publication of *The First Book of the Dofobs*. Fifty copies of the handsome small quarto were printed on Italian hand-made paper by D. B. Urdike at the Merrymount Press in Boston. Distribution was limited to members, who were assessed \$30 each for their copies.

(See DOFOBS, Page Four)

Caxtonian

The Caxton Club
Founded 1895



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Musings...

E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime* (1973) is a definitive American novel. It is not surprising therefore that the novel has become an extraordinary and a successful theater production, now running at the Ford Center for the Performing Arts in Chicago.

The novel is a brilliant urban American history at the beginning of the 20th Century. It is told in language that at times seems to mimic the rhythms of Ragtime music. The fusion of the dialog and the narrative without the use of quotation marks further enhances a Ragtime-quality of the language. I was reminded as I read *Ragtime* of Jean Toomer's 1923 masterpiece *Cane*, in which the Blues rhythm is dominant in the language. In addition to the essential recurring musical beat  within the syntax of *Ragtime*, played "not too fast," as Scott Joplin always cautioned in his famed Ragtime music, Doctorow gave us the unexpected sounds of the mind in metaphors and flashbacks that appear throughout the book. In a hospital scene toward the end of Part I, for example, we find nestled in the text, "Chutes of cheerful morning sun leaned like buttresses from the high dirty windows of the ward." Flashback vignettes throughout the novel extend and reinforce the many subtle themes, making the novel reverberate in what Doctorow called the "clusters of syncopating chords and the thumping octaves" of Ragtime.

In the novel, America is a nation of unnamed people, whose heroism, such as it is, comes in a normal day's duty fulfilled in kindness and often with a generosity "you felt you could afford." The lives of the unnamed characters are performed to bolder rhythms established by the famous among them — Houdini, Emma Goldman, J. Pierpont Morgan, Henry Ford, and Booker T. Washington — who appear in the novel as brilliant cameo refractions viewed through an historical kaleidoscope of the era.

We never learn the names of the New Rochelle family: Father, Mother, Mother's Younger Brother, Grandfather, or the boy. We do meet Sarah, the 18-year-old black mother who attempts to destroy her newborn boy. We come to know and understand Coalhouse Walker, Jr., Ragtime pianist and father of Sarah's son. We rejoice with Tateh, a Jewish immigrant from Latvia, who, with his lovely young daughter, finds success and fame in America.

Mother is the heroine of the novel. She tolerates Father's wanderings of body and spirit — to the North Pole with Adm. Peary, to Africa, to the Philippines, and finally, fatally, to Europe on the *Lusitania*. Early in the story, she finds Sarah's baby buried in her flower garden and takes into her home both the baby and Sarah, whom the police threaten with jail. Coalhouse comes courting to the family's Broadview Ave. home and plays on their ill-tuned piano, as it never before had been played, Scott Joplin's "Wall Street Rag" and "The Maple Leaf." The troubled journeys of Tateh and his little daughter take them from their arrival, to a violent strike at a woolen mill in Worcester, MA, to Atlantic City, where he meets the family. The force carrying the plot is expressed midway through the novel: "Thus did the artist point his life along the lines of flow of American energy."

But the energy has negative as well as positive force: both Sarah and Coalhouse are killed in the course of the story, a result of deeds informed by racism. But their son, Coalhouse Walker III, lives on in the gentle love of Mother, Tateh, his daughter, and the boy.

Ragtime is a picaresque novel in which vagabonds journey as in a Greek drama to the not-too-fast rhythms of a sophisticated music that told, as well as any artform could, of the humor and the pathos of life in America. The musical currently playing in Chicago is a magnificent rendition of the novel. It provides a splendid accompaniment to the minstrelsy for our daily performances upon the remarkable stage called *America*.

Robert Cotner
Editor

A Specialist's Rare Look at 'Rare' Foreign Books

By Pierre Ferrand

“Rare” is a relative term. For the last few years, I have been prying foreign books for the Newberry Library’s annual book fair. Obviously, a Bulgarian version of *Moby Dick* is pretty rare in Chicago (though perhaps less so in Sofia). This does not mean, however, that its market value in our town would be very high as a rule.

Some books are deservedly rare. In the mid-1940s, I spent a couple of years as a research assistant for the Germanic Library at Columbia University, New York. My job involved analyzing and abstracting a lot of Nazi and protonazi literature in German and other languages for historical and political research purposes. Despite the efforts of various fringe groups, few of these books have been reprinted, and most of us won’t miss them anyway.

As a matter of fact, I have tried to buy a copy of Adolf Hitler’s *Mein Kampf* in Germany in connection with research for an essay about the vicious antisemitic pamphlet, a clumsy forgery written about 100 years ago, “The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.” One of my points was that significant portions of Hitler’s book were a mere paraphrase of that pamphlet, which is still specifically referred to as authentic in the Charter of *Hamas*, the Palestinian terrorist organization.

Mein Kampf hasn’t been reprinted in Germany since 1945, and a copy would have cost me over \$100, which I wasn’t prepared to pay. Several million copies of the book were sold or distributed in Germany during the Nazi era, and, no doubt, quite a few of them still survive in various German attics, nostalgically or otherwise. However, it has become “rare” after a fashion. (English translations of the book are still found from time to time for a couple of dollars in U.S. secondhand bookstores).

A more worthwhile “rare book” was discovered in the 1930s by my older brother at one of the “bouquinistes,” the colorful secondhand book stalls along the Seine River in Paris. It was an 1852 thumb-



From Croquis Lithographique, Paris, 1823 (Courtesy of the Newberry Library).

sized copy of Victor Hugo’s *Napoleon Le Petit*, the violent pamphlet written against Napoleon I’s nephew who had taken over absolute power in France and was to adopt the name of Napoleon III and the title of Emperor. The pamphlet, printed in Belgium, was reduced in size to make it easier to smuggle it over the French frontier. Victor Hugo remained self-exiled in the Channel Islands for the next 18 years, until Napoleon III fell from power, and Hugo did not stop writing eloquent verse and prose against him. My brother was far less of a bookworm than I was, and I assume that what appealed to him was the title and the book’s quaint size. It was a valuable find, however, though I do not believe he ever bothered to read the pamphlet. He was kind enough to allow me to study it.

The book, together with my own teenage library of some 500 volumes and my parents’ more sizeable one, was left behind in Paris when we took the train to the South of France four days before the Germans marched into the capital in 1940. We never got the books back.

While in New York, in the 1950s and working on a “life and times” book about the historical Cyrano de Bergerac, I bought for a few dollars most of the series of a dozen volumes about French freethinkers in the 17th Century from a Fourth Avenue secondhand bookstore in New York City,

which was going out of business. These were the books edited by Frederick Lachevre, a grumpy and unenlightened scholar with an abiding hatred of Voltaire and the French Enlightenment. He considered the 17th Century free-thinkers as prototypes of the French 18th Century, and published them in limited editions of (mostly) two to three hundred copies to avoid contaminating the general public with their ideas.

Two of these volumes published for the first time the complete text of the uncensored Paris manuscript of Cyrano’s philosophical (and anti-religious) novel,

The Other World, and various other texts by Cyrano. Though these texts have since been republished, the Lachevre volumes are still indispensable to serious students of Cyrano since they include a number of documents about some aspects of his life which have not been reprinted since.

I also acquired, at the same time, a set of 10 volumes published in 1855-63 by Edouard Fournier, *Varietes Historiques et Litteraires*, which include hundreds of French 17th Century pamphlets, some of them exceedingly rare and of considerable historical importance. This has remained a significant part of my library of more than 5,000 volumes in the dozen languages I can read since I continue to write about the 17th Century.

If to be a bibliophile means a special interest in old and rare volumes or in unusually fine bindings, I do not really qualify. The fact that a book may be “old” or “rare” does not excite me. Whereas I appreciate fine-looking tomes, I am not prepared to pay extra for such externals. What interests me is whether a book is useful for my research or worthwhile as reading material. Still, I have picked up, at the Newberry and elsewhere, a number of those sets of hardcover “classics” which used to be displayed (behind lock and key), in bookcases with big glass doors, which

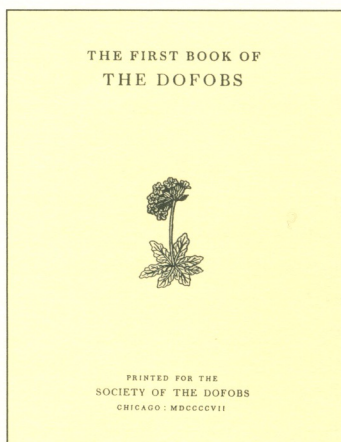
(See RARE BOOKS, Page Six)

Dofobs

(Continued from Page One)

In addition to the Constitution and By-Laws and a list of members and officers, it contained five contributions by members. The introductory essay, "The Rise of the Dofobs," by Roswell Field, set the tone for the society. A poem by Nathan Haskell Dole, "Hilarius Bibliomaniacus Dofobius," and two prose pieces, "The Search" by Charles Dexter Allen and "Some Suggestions Concerning Culture" by Neal Brown, comprised other original contributions. Bixby provided a manuscript letter from Edgar Allan Poe to Dr. Snodgrass, which was reproduced in facsimile for the first time, satisfying his ambition to share the treasures in his collection. Bixby graciously loaned a collection of original letters for the second publication, *Love Letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne 1839-1841*, issued by the Dofobs in 1907. Roswell Field wrote the introduction for the two-volume octavo edition, privately printed in an edition of 62 copies on toned Holland paper at the De Vinne Press.

The third publication was published in 1909, by which time the membership had grown to 44 and Roswell Field had been named president. It resembled *The First Book of the Dofobs* in make-up but was more ambitious in design and content. The quarto was

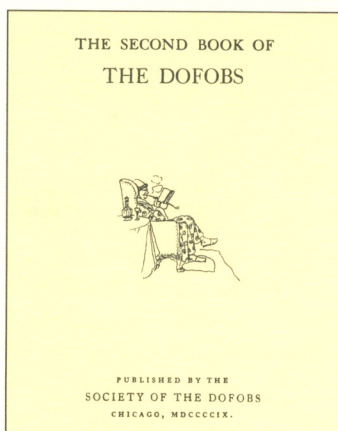


The First Book of the Dofobs (from the collection of Frank J. Pichl).

bound in half leather and brown paper over boards, a handsome binding. Fifty copies were printed on Italian hand-made paper and sold to members, leaving few for distribution to other interested bibliophiles. The book contained eight contributions by members. Two are of special interest. Roswell Field loaned a letter from Eugene Field

to Mrs. Melvin Gray of St. Louis, which was reproduced in facsimile. Roswell's accompanying essay put the letter in perspective. "It portrays the boyish enthusiasm of Eugene Field during the memorable national campaign of 1872, when he sported the atrocious white (Horace) Greeley hat."

For his contribution, Bixby again chose original documents from his collection for reproduction in facsimile. His seven-page introductory essay, "Adventures of a Manuscript," reveals how he had slipped into a bibliophilic passion for research. In describing his precious copy of Sir Walter



The Second Book of the Dofobs (from the collection of Frank J. Pichl).

Scott's manuscript of "Harold the Dauntless," or "Harold the Hardy," he wrote modestly that it "has had such adventures, and there are such associations connected with it, that they may have at least a passing interest for the Society of the Dofobs."

Bixby and Roswell Field united in their bibliophilic dedication to assume the reins of the society. Field provided the local Chicago leadership for the meetings, and Bixby became the corresponding prime mover in selecting and providing publishable manuscripts. Unfortunately, official records of the Dofobs, if there ever were any, have not surfaced. A glimpse of the latter years of the society is provided in Bixby's correspondence files, preserved at the Missouri Historical Society.

Whereas the first three publications issued without complications, the fourth, and last proved quite troublesome. Bixby and Field planned to publish poems and letters of Lord Byron in Bixby's collection. W. N. C. Carlton, Librarian at the Newberry Library, agreed to edit the original manuscripts. A period of protracted correspondence concerning the number and

choice of manuscripts and illustrations, as well as other publication details, dragged on for several years. When issued in 1912, the fourth publication proved worth the wait. The folio, *Poems and Letters of Lord Byron*, bound in light brown half-cloth and tan paper over boards, was issued in a slip case. The front cover was blind-stamped within gold rules with the title and a charming logo of a Dofob. Seven poems in Byron's hand were reproduced in facsimile and transcribed with comments by Carlton, and 14 letters never before published were transcribed by Carlton. Five handsome illustrations augmented the text. Fifty-two copies were printed at the De Vinne Press on Italian hand-made paper. This beautiful volume rivaled in content and quality of design any publication of the Grolier Club or the Caxton Club.

Alas, while the quality of the publications had improved, the ranks of the society had thinned. In January 1912, Roswell Field wrote to Bixby bemoaning that several Dofobs had died, requiring the society to "recruit our ranks." Not enough members remained to buy out the copies and to pay for the cost of their publication. Bixby purchased a dozen unsold copies as gifts for his friends. A letter dated May 12, 1912, from Walter M. Hill to Bixby, acknowledging receipt of \$25 for the last remaining copy of the Byron book, is the last letter in Bixby's file. Apparently the Dofobs expired quietly thereafter, for no further evidence of their existence has been located. Roswell Field continued to have a long and successful career as a journalist and author of numerous desirable books. Bixby continued to collect and publish. Two of his books are of special interest. A facsimile edition of Eugene Field's *My Book* - a holographic collection of poems by Field - was reproduced for distribution to his friends in 1905. And a superb group of letters and verse in Bixby's extensive collection of Eugene Fieldiana was published by the Bibliophile Society in Boston in 1917. His contributions to the Dofobs are one small chapter in the life of one of America's distinguished collectors. St. Louis bibliophiles wisely chose him as the namesake for the club they founded in 1991.

To be continued

Author's note: By agreement of both editors, this article appears in *The Bixby Bibliopod*, the quarterly journal of *The Bixby Club*, and in *The Caxtonian*, the monthly journal of *The Caxton Club*.

Caxtonian Editor Cotner Honored at February Meeting

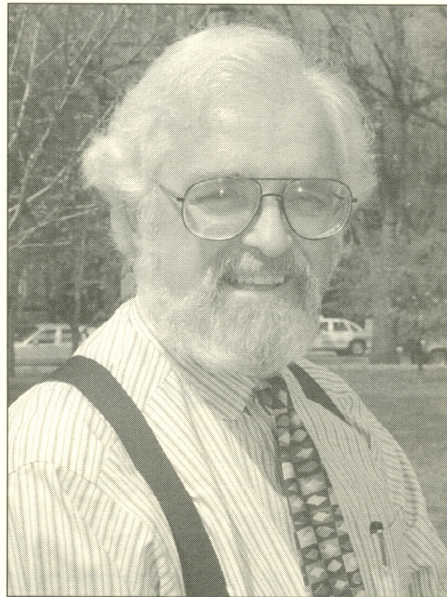
By Frank J. Piehl
Caxton Historian

President Karen Skubish called Past President Robert Cotner to the podium at the February dinner meeting and presented him an elegant plaque commemorating his recent election as Honorary Member by the Caxton Club Council. The Council reserves this honor for a select few who have made outstanding contributions to the club. Caxtonians and guests rose in standing ovation as he accepted the award, and Bob's wife, Norma, beamed with pride as he returned to their table.

Bob joined the Caxton Club in 1990 and quickly assumed a leadership role in the club's activities, being elected to the Council in 1992. When he spoke as one of four panelists on "The Pleasures of Collecting" at the November dinner meeting in 1990, he displayed his scholarship and his talents as a public speaker. These talents shone with greater brilliance in his presentation, "Vernon Louis Parrington: Illinois Roots — World Vision," at a Friday Luncheon in February 1992.

As The Caxton Club approached its centennial in 1995, the unexpected and tragic death of Vice President Rolf Erickson left a void of leadership. The Council turned to Robert Cotner to serve as Centennial president in 1993-1995, a role he filled with dignity. Those who were privileged to participate in the once-in-a-lifetime events will remember his poise at the podium and his grace in welcoming and introducing the many distinguished guests at the centennial events. His tenure as president was also distinguished by outstanding leadership in introducing long-needed administrative changes.

When Bob assumed the presidency in 1993, he recognized the need to communicate to Caxtonians the exciting events that were being planned for the Centennial Celebration. He proposed publishing a monthly newsletter. The Council approved, and the *Caxtonian* was born. Although many have contributed significantly to its publication, it has been produced from the first issue to the last by the brilliance, eloquence, and boundless energy of its founder, publisher, and editor, Robert Cotner.



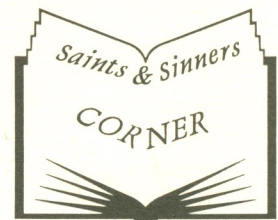
Honorary Caxtonian, Editor Robert Cotner, posed last summer in "Bug-House Square," with the Newberry Library in the background. (Photo by Victor Powell, through whose courtesy it is used.)

In the first issue, published in September 1993, Bob initiated an editorial column, which he dubbed "Musings." In his first musings, he wrote, "I was reminded that the book itself is the fragile but sacred vessel containing the essence of what we know to be truths of our civilization. The understanding and preservation of books of worth, ancient and current, are enterprises that have driven Caxtonians for almost 100 years. Today, as we approach our centennial, we hold a responsibility unique in this great city. To better fulfill that responsibility among ourselves and with others, we have founded the *Caxtonian*, a newsletter of The Caxton Club, occasionally spoken of among Caxtonians over the years, and now a reality." In this eloquent statement he reminded Caxtonians of the club's persona. It serves as a beacon for the club's second century.

The *Caxtonian* has changed substantially in its first five years. It began as a newsletter and has matured to a journal about books, book collecting, literature, and humanism. Thanks to Cotner's endless reserve of personal experiences, friends, photographs, and musings, the *Caxtonian* continues to captivate its readers across

the country. In 1998 the Editor's Workshop of Lawrence Ragan Communications, Inc., Chicago, named it as one of "Arnold's Admirables ...an example of outstanding organizational journalism in the United States and Canada."

All Caxtonians owe Robert Cotner an enormous debt for his energy and personal sacrifice in causing the *Caxtonian* to appear regularly in our mail boxes every month to divert our thoughts from the tawdry daily news to our common love for books. It is most fitting that he has been awarded Honorary Membership.



Caxtonian and Past President Tom Joyce was featured in "Feeling of Warmth," an illustrated article by Rick Kogan, in the *Chicago Tribune Magazine* (March 7, 1999, p. 6). It features the Chicago Rare Book Center, 56 W. Maple St., where Joyce and others have opened a new rare bookshop. Just a block north of the Newberry Library, Caxtonians are invited to come and browse — to feel the warmth for themselves.

Caxtonian Elmer Gertz was featured with fellow attorney and long-time rival, Saul Epton, in a splendid illustrated feature by Paul Galloway on the front page of the Tempo section of the *Chicago Tribune* (March 15, 1999). Living in the Hallmark retirement center now, they have time and opportunities to explore their differences as well as their remarkable similarities, Galloway said.

"**Beautifully Banal**," the Last Calligraphy Show, an exhibition of the work of more than 20 calligraphers, will be held March 12 to May 7, 1999, at the Center for the Book and Paper Arts, Columbia College, 218 S. Wabash, 7th floor. For information phone 312/431-8612.

The Path to Top Withens (Wuthering Heights) Le Senitier aux Hauts 1 Avril 1984

Spring sun!

Fresh wind scuttles us across the heath, stings
the eye, and numbs the cheek.

We escape behind the black stone fences.

We pass the grey faced sheep.

We pass the deserted farms.

We remember the Roman sandals and pointed
Viking shoes.

And twenty centuries of champing sheep.

At last, beneath us falls the countryside like a
rumpled quilt.

This Yorkshire belongs, forever, to Emily and
Anne and Charlotte.

We are merely visitors.



Suzanne Smith Pruchnicki and her sister Elmira on the path to Top Withens, April 1, 1984.

Lumiere du soleil!

Il fait du vent frais et froid. Les nuages
pourpres marchent a travers le grand ciel.

Enfin, nous prenons le sentier aux Hauts
Hurlements.

Nous passons des murs de pierres noires.
Nous passons des moutons gris, des
collines vertes.

Nous passons des fermes abandonnes.
Nous nous cachons du vent.

Enfin, aux Hauts! Comme les anciens rois,
nous regardons la campagne.

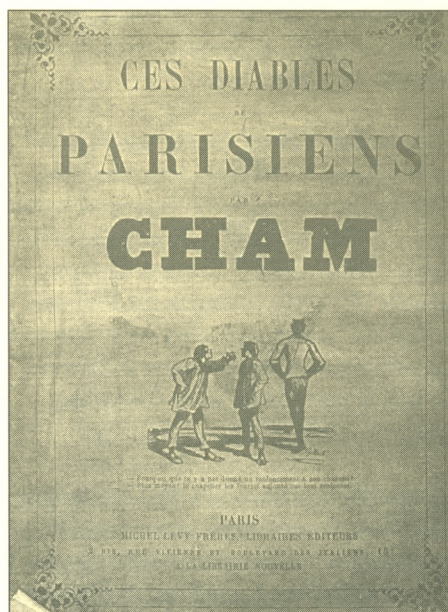
Quelle vue glorieuse!

Written by Caxtonian Suzanne Smith Pruchnicki of the Bronte Press, Bourbonnais, IL. Used through through her kindness and courtesy.

Rare Books

(Continued from Page Three)

were standard (and decorative) furniture in most educated central-European households early in the century. Contrary to the practice of many of these bibliophiles, (as witnessed by the often pristine condition of the volumes), I do consult these books fairly frequently, for my library remains essentially a working library, not for show.



Title page of an 1868 book by Parisian satirist "Cham" (courtesy of the Newberry Library).

Ragtime Relived at Chicago's Oriental Theatre



E.L. Doctorow's novel *Ragtime* has been brilliantly translated into splendid theater by Terrence McNally, Stephen Flaherty, and Lynn Ahrens and is currently showing at the Oriental Theatre of the Ford Center for the Performing Arts, Chicago. A musical, the production brings to the stage the beauty, humor, and tragedy of life in America at the

beginning of this century—to the subtle rhythms of that special form of jazz called "Ragtime." In the photo above, the cast of the production poses before one of the magnificent sets. (Photo by Joan Marcus; used through special arrangement with the Ford Center for the Performing Arts.)

A FABulous Invitation

Caxtonians are invited to the Second Annual Fellowship of American Bibliophilic Society (FABS) Outing. The event will be in Detroit, May 20-23, 1999. For information consult the Program Agenda (enclosed) or contact Sam Gatteno at sgatteno@worldnet.att.net or by phone at 810/497-0633.

A Review**Lewis' Invasion Reprinted**

The Invasion. Janet Lewis. East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 1999. 247 pages. \$21.95.

Reviewed by Robert Cotner

Janet Lewis was a literary pioneer in 1932 when she first published *The Invasion*. She pioneered first in the genre of the book. Reviewers at the time called the book a "novel," and Lewis until the end of her life referred to the book as "my first novel." The publishers called it a "narrative." I would call it a "chronicle." It is, it seems to me, the first multi-generational story in the tradition carried to great refinement and popular success by James Michener.

Lewis' chronicle begins in 1759, when the "English appeared [in northern Michigan] so suddenly that they seemed to have dropped from the sky." She gives us the lay of the land, as it were, with the Ottawa, Mohawk, Iroquois, and Ojibway Indians living in relative peace and carrying on the traditions that their ancestors had carried on for centuries. The invasion began with the coming of John Johnston, an Irishman who arrived from Montreal by way of the Ottawa River route to trade in furs with the natives. He met Neengay, Woman of the Glade, daughter of an Ojibway chief, and Johnston made an offer of marriage for the beautiful, youthful Ojibway woman. Their marriage became an alliance "between two noble houses," as Johnston described it. Lewis' four-part chronicle traces three generations of Irish/Ojibway peoples in this remote region of America, concluding with the death of Miss Molly, the Woman of the Red Leaf, granddaughter of John and Neengay, who died October 25, 1928.

Lewis pioneered secondly in her total respect for the Indian people and her comprehensive grasp of their history in these parts. As I read Lewis' book, I was frequently reminded of Juliette Kinzie's *Wau-Bun*, which told in rich, first-hand detail — though not so compre-



Janet Lewis in the 1930s — about the time of her writing of *The Invasion* — poses on a log in her beloved Northern Michigan (from the Winters' family collection).

hensive as Lewis' account — of life among the Indians in Wisconsin and Illinois in the early 1830s. The fact that Lewis wrote 100 years after the coming of Europeans to the Indian territories of northern Michigan — and in similar rich detail and with the same sense of a first-hand encounter as Kinzie's — is remarkable.

There is no doubting that Lewis had achieved by 1930 what few Americans can, even to this day, claim with any degree of honesty: she accepted the Indians as full and complete equals with the European immigrants. The beauty and grace of Woman of the Glade was a spiritual presence integral to the family, generation after generation. One thinks of her in the final words of Lewis' chronicle: "O-miskabu-go-quay, unwaybin." (An Ojibway colleague, Wawashkesh — the Deer

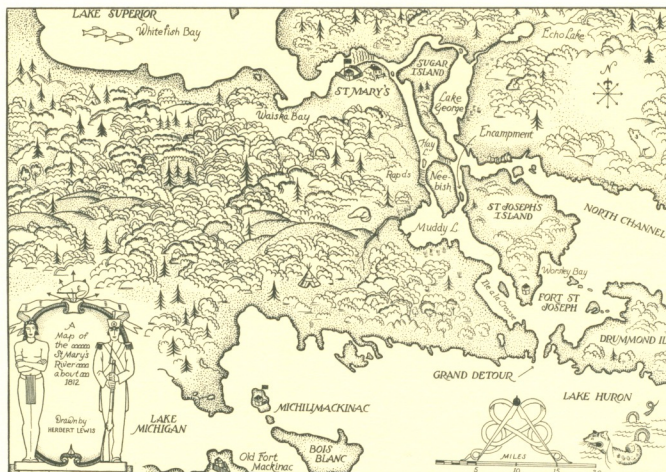
— with whom I now work translated this as: "Woman of the Red Leaf, Rest".)

Finally, Lewis pioneered in the cultural appreciation of Native Americans that has only been recently formalized by scholars, such as former Northwestern University anthropologist, Edward T. Hall, in his important studies that encompassed Indian cultures of the Southwest and elsewhere. Lewis' chronicle was based on a staggering breadth and depth of research into local, family, and Indian records. The invading cultures, emanating from Belfast, London, New York, Montreal, Paris, and other European centers, was, Lewis understood, so different from the culture of the Indians as to be of another time, place, and name. Hall called Western culture "low context culture" and that of the Native Americans, "high context" (*Beyond Culture*, 1976, et al.). While Lewis did not have the modern scholar's terminology, she did have an innate understanding of the differences and a thorough appreciation for both, which she communicates through this splendid book.

The invasion of which she wrote was comprehensive: it began with the flood of European peoples, proceeded to the destruction of the land, waterways, and sacred sites for industrial and commercial purposes, and culminated in the obliteration of memory — of the people and the sacred relationship they had established with nature in this land. *The Invasion* stands as a magnificent preservation of memory — of the Ojibway people and the early settlers who had established among

them a true multi-cultural society. But it is a story tinged with sadness, and I was reminded as I finished it of the poignant line of Vernon Louis Parrington: "If in one sense the conquest of the continent is the great American epic, in another sense it is the American tragedy."

Michigan State University Press preserved Janet Lewis' epic story from certain forgetfulness, which is so endemic to contemporary society. It fulfills in this republication the highest purposes of an academic press.



This map, which appeared as the end sheets in the first edition of *The Invasion*, was drawn by Herbert Lewis, brother of the author (used through the courtesy of Michigan State University Press).

Book Marks

Luncheon Programs

Your Special Luncheon Invitation. . .

Date: April 9, 1999

Place: Mid-Day Club

Speaker: Susan Hanes

Caxtonians one and all enjoyed reading about Susan Hanes' journey through England in pursuit of Wilkie Collins (February 1999). Now you will have the opportunity of hearing Susan tell the story in person at the April luncheon program, "In Search of Wilkie Collins."

Susan's talk will be illustrated with slides taken as she journeyed the length and breadth of the British Isle. You will see pictures of London, Broadstairs, Norfolk Broads, and Whitby. You will hear tales of Collins and his two companions, Caroline and Martha. And you will learn about his relationship with Charles Dickens and other writers, who were friends of Collins.

Susan will read appropriate portions of Collins' various novels, especially *The Woman in White* and *No Name*. She will describe North Foreland Lighthouse, one of the most famous lighthouses in history. And she will retrace for you Rosanna's steps through the foggy "melancholy plantation" toward the Shivering Stand, in *The Moonstone*. Finally, she will show guests the secluded gravestone at Kensal Green Cemetery, where Collins and his companion Caroline are buried.

In short, this is a rare opportunity to hear first-hand of a trip full of richness and meaning for Susan Hanes. Join your friends on what promises to be a memorable luncheon for us all.

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: April 21, 1999

Place: Mid-Day Club

Speaker: Harry Mark Petrakis

Harry Mark Petrakis - the first few lines in the *Who's Who* citation is matter of fact: "author; b. St. Louis;... m. Diane Perparos, Sept. 30, 1945; children, Mark, John, Dean; U. Ill 1940-41..." But then impressive accomplishments and honors follow: an L.H.D degree from four universities, numerous lectureships, many, many writings, and literary awards of all sorts.

Portraying his life, he says, "There is a stunning purity in the writing of a book that I cannot achieve in my own life with its frailty and desperation. The work takes over...I wouldn't trade writing...for any other profession in the world."

Certainly his writing does not reflect any "frailty and desperation." The comments in reviews are filled with raves and high praise: "warmhearted and luminous"... "a novelist's eye and a poet's language"... And from Kurt Vonnegut: "I have often thought what a wonderful basketball team could be formed from Petrakis' characters. Everyone of them is at least 14 feet tall."

Petrakis' published books include *Lion at My Heart* (1959), *Odyssey of Kostas Volakis* (1963), *The Founder's Touch* (1965), *Pericles on 31st Street* (1965), *A Dream of Kings* (1966), *The Waves of Night* (1969), *Stelmark* (1970), *In the Land of Morning* (1973), *The Hour of the Bell* (1976), *Nick the Greek* (1979), and many more.

Petrakis himself explains his essence: "If I get all the ingredients there...both the reader and I will share love — a love of books and a love of life." For a delightful evening, you will not want to miss the pleasure of hearing one of Chicago's true "originals" speak on "From Homer to Halsted."

C. Frederick Kittle
Vice President and
Program Chair