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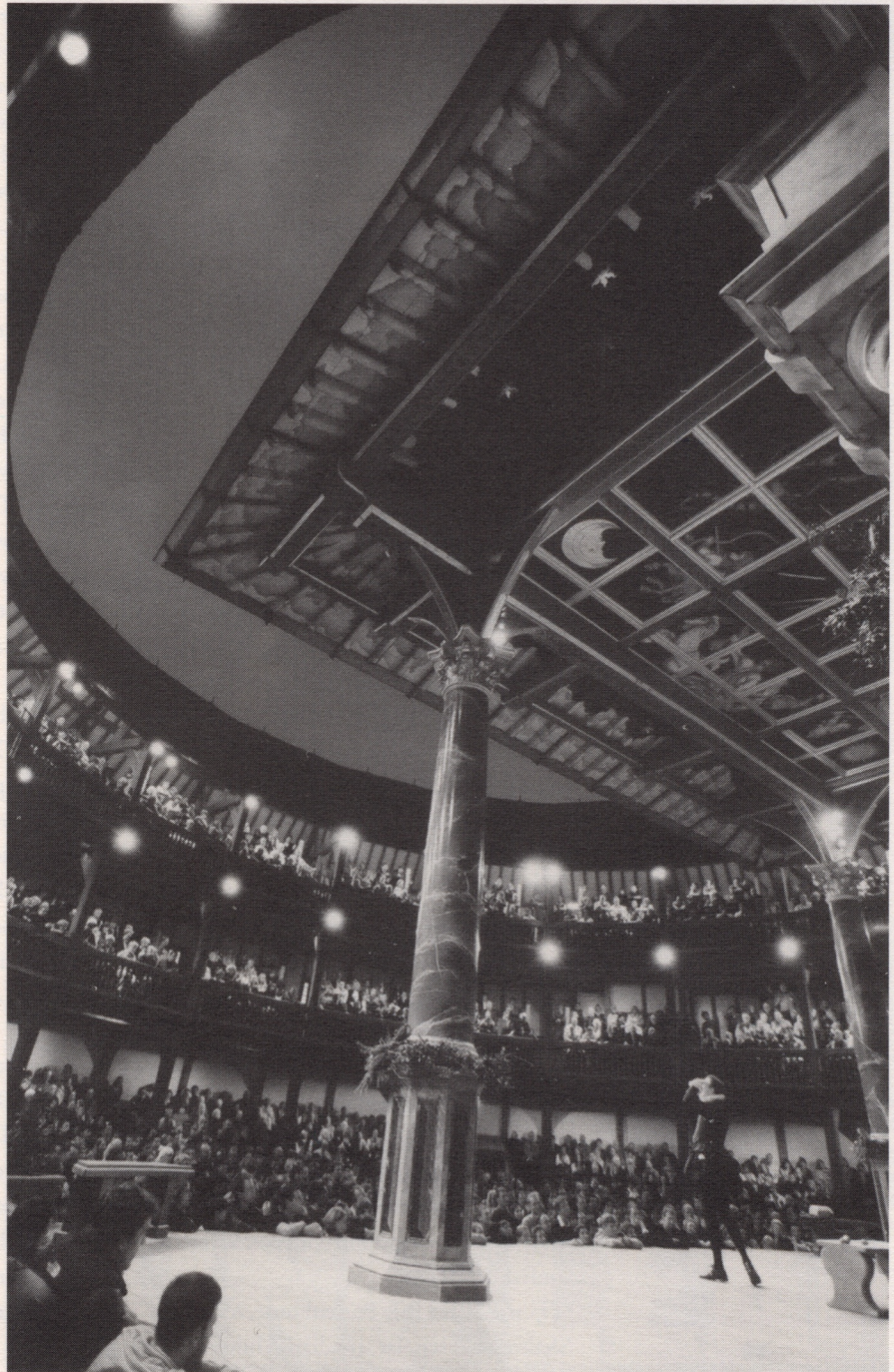
## A 'Chicago kid' fulfills a dream in London

R.C. Longworth

Sam Wanamaker, a Chicago kid, saw his first Shakespearean play at the 1932-33 Chicago World's Fair. It was staged in a crude, lakeside replica of the Globe, Shakespeare's own theater on the south bank of the Thames in London. Later in life, Wanamaker said the experience left him with two ambitions — to become an actor and to see the original Globe.

In 1949, with an acting career well under way, Wanamaker saved up the passage to get to London. He went straight to Park Street in Bankside and found the site of the Globe. It was a parking lot. Where is it? Wanamaker wanted to know. If it's gone, why don't they build a new one? The usual British answer, he said, was generally: So what? Who cares?

Wanamaker cared. Beginning in 1969, he spent the last 24 years of his life (when he was not busy being one of America's leading character actors) recreating the Globe near its original Bankside site. I interviewed him several times in those years, and he made it clear that the reconstruction was a battle. The actual original site could not be used because it would involve destruction of a 19<sup>th</sup> Century house, which is itself listed as being historically significant. (That original site remains paved over, but at least there's a proper plaque there now.) The new site is about two blocks away, next to the river, won by Wanamaker after a battle with the local borough council, which wanted to build public housing there. Fund-raising went on worldwide, of necessity. Wanamaker said he found the British baffled about his project and tight-fisted about supporting it. Only the colonials, like the Americans, revere the English language and its most eminent playwright, he told me, and most of the money came from the States, Canada,



Performance at Shakespeare's Globe — "this wooden O, " — featuring in this photograph Twelfth Night. Image by John Trampler provided through the courtesy of the Shakespeare's Globe, London.



# CAXTONIAN

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# Musings...



The music above is among the most eloquent given us by Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827). It is a portion of his "Ode to Joy," in the fourth movement of his Ninth (and final) Symphony (1824). One critic observed that this music, along with his other last works, "are among the most extraordinary achievements of mankind." This final symphony and its final movement are my favorite musical compositions.

I thought of them the other day when I read a comment by David Sayre in his splendid book, *Something There Is*: "In the context of... universal love, one is drawn to consider the possibility of a continuity of individual consciousness." Shortly after that, I happened to hear — a feat Beethoven himself never achieved, because he was totally deaf when he wrote the Ninth Symphony — "the Ode to Joy," and I thought of Beethoven's consciousness coming to me through the sounds of his marvelous music. This was not just *music*: it was the mind, the *consciousness* of Beethoven, I was hearing.

Responding to, or rising above, might be more appropriate, the turmoil of his age, when the whole social order of Europe was being shaken by the French Revolution, Beethoven asserted that it is humankind's destiny to be free. Adapting Schiller's "Ode to Joy," to this music, Beethoven composed for solo and chorus this final piece, to say with the human voice what music alone might not proclaim: "All mankind are brothers."

This same "continuity of individual consciousness" came to mind as I reread Shakespeare's *King Lear*. Here is a play so full of the dramatist's consciousness that it is as if I held the poet's protoplasmic gray matter in my hands and felt the very pulse of Shakespeare's thought throughout my own being. What does that consciousness reveal? — that extreme age may be not just a time of frailty but of madness; that life itself is not succored by love; that kingdoms indeed mirror the schizoid nature of leaders; that redemption is more than just a confession away.

I once heard Roy Battenhouse, noted Shakespeare scholar at Indiana University, call Shakespeare a *christian* writer. He could not have had *King Lear* in mind when he spoke. *Lear* exists on the very fringes of human understanding and acceptance. The character of King Lear is at once the most complex and the most baffling in the

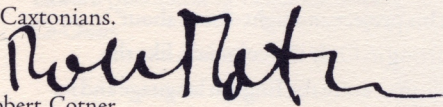
Shakespeare canon. He emerges from the heart of Shakespeare's most mature consciousness, and I read and view *King Lear* with an awesome sense, which chills my own responses to the human condition.

The play is nearly impossible to perform and, as many have suggested, should be read only. It was my pleasure to see the great Christopher Plummer perform *King Lear* at the 2002 Stratford, Ontario, Shakespeare Festival, the centerpiece performance of the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of that festival. Few people have been able to capture the tortured soul of ancient King Lear as did Plummer.

As always happens in great theatrical performances, another level of individual consciousness is attained through the acting of a master thespian. We hear Lear speak with the majesty of frail age, and we remember, long after the performance, the timbre and the passion of the actor's voice, enlivening the printed word: "When we are born, we cry that we are come/ To this great stage of fools. This's a good block./ It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe/ A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;/ And then when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,/ Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill." (Act IV vi)

And we carry with us — who knows how far — the play's profound tragedy in the somber voice of Christopher Plummer, of the Lear's final words, speaking of his beloved daughter in his madness: "And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!/ Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,/ And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,/ Never, never, never, never, never!/ Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir./ Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips, / Look there, look there!" (Act V iii)

To what end is this "continuity of individual consciousness"? David Sayre speaks of the *Whole Each Other* as a suitable culmination to the human process. This is a reciprocal enterprise, through which we give and are given of humanity-sustaining, community-building, life-enriching experiences, such as we share through music, art, literature, and social gatherings, such as we've become accustomed to each month as Caxtonians.

  
Robert Cotner  
Editor

*Musical text of Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" above from "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee," Hymnbook for Christian Worship, St. Louis: Bethany Press, 1970, p. 1.*

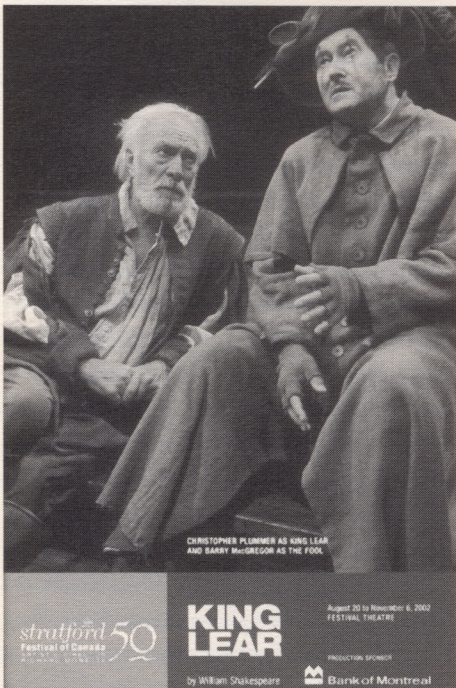
# Some images of the Stratford Festival's 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, 2002

## Last-Minute Message for a Time Capsule

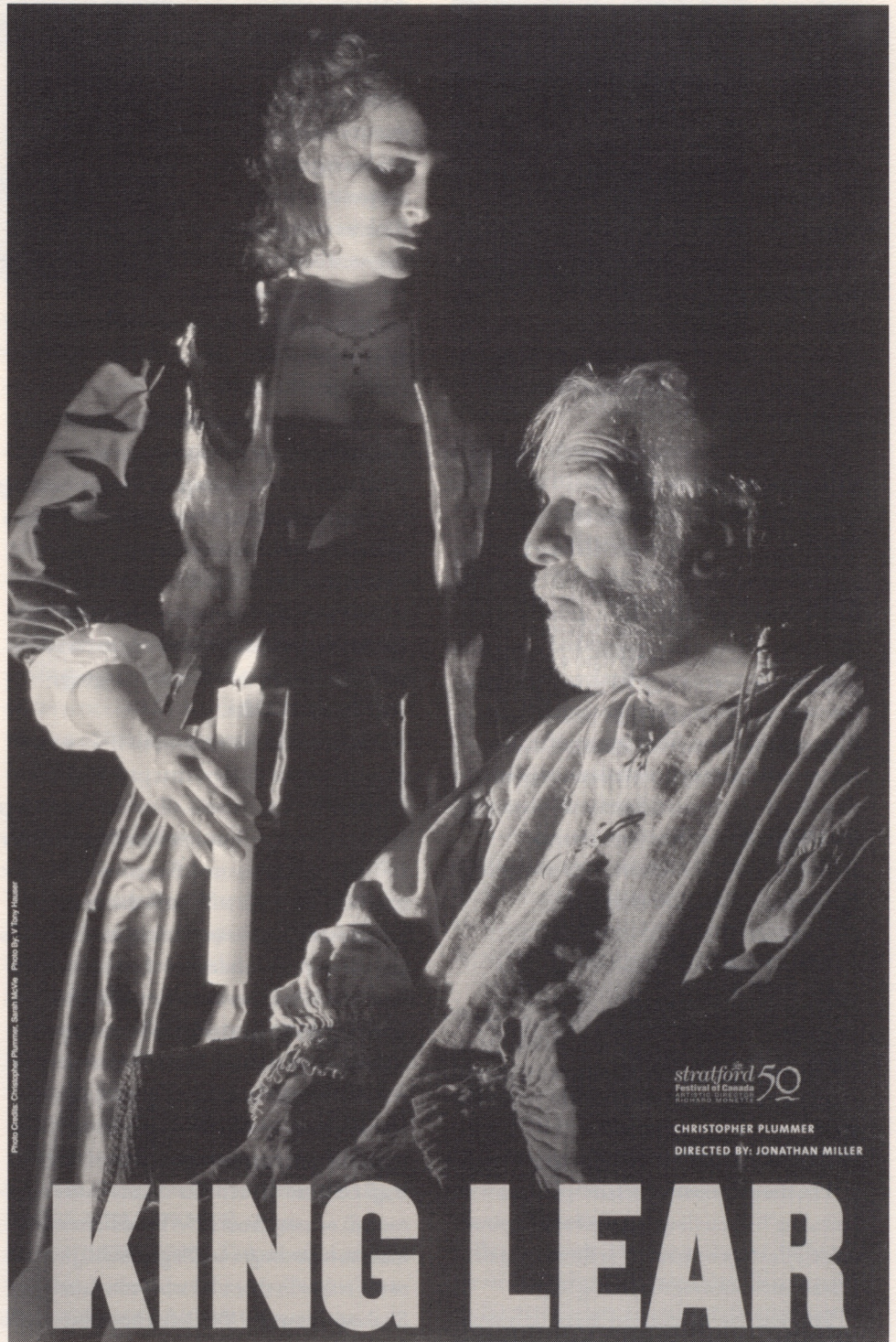
Philip Appleman

I have to tell you, whoever you are:  
that on one summer morning here, the ocean  
pounded in on tumbledown breakers,  
a south wind bustling along the shore,  
whipped the froth into little rainbows,  
and a reckless seagull swept down the beach  
as if to fly were everything it needed.  
I thought of your hovering saucers,  
looking for clues, and I wanted to write this down,  
so it wouldn't be lost forever —  
that once upon a time we had  
meadows here, and astonishing things,  
swans and frogs and luna moths  
and blue skies that could stagger your heart.  
We could have had them still,  
and welcomed you to earth, but  
we also had the righteous ones  
who worshipped the True Faith, and Holy War.  
When you go home to your shining galaxy,  
say that what you learned  
from this dead and barren place is  
to beware the righteous ones.

From *New and Selected Poems, 1956-1996*,  
Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 1996, p. 202.  
Used with permission of the author.



Play program cover for *King Lear* (Stratford Festival of Canada, 2002)



Advertising poster for *King Lear* (Stratford Festival of Canada, 2002)

Australia, and other English-speaking nations. Prince Philip was a major presence on fundraising trips but, then, he's Greek by birth, not British.

Wanamaker died in 1993, four years before the new Globe opened officially, but he lived long enough to know it would be completed. The theater's official histories and literature make it clear that the new Globe is Wanamaker's personal triumph. And what a triumph it is! Judging by the crowd the night we went in the summer of 2002, even the British love it. It is, of course, a marvelous recreation and, as such, a triumph of historical nostalgia. But it is more than that — a scholarly, reality-based insight into the very roots of English-language theater.

Those roots were planted and flowered in an astonishingly brief 66 years, from 1576 to 1642, mostly in the bawdy Bankside area, a sort of Elizabethan Soho, where fun-seeking Londoners came from the more respectable city across the Thames to gamble, whore, drink, and bait the bears. Actors and acting ranked down with these lowlife activities, so Bankside was the logical venue for the early theaters, like the Rose and the Swan. Shakespeare, like Ben Jonson and Christopher Marlowe, wrote his plays for these theaters, first for the Rose and then for the Globe. Two brothers, the Burbages, built the Globe in 1599 and split the ownership with five actors, including Shakespeare. Shakespeare called it "this wooden O" and some of his most glorious works — *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Measure for Measure*, and others — were first performed there.

One night in 1613, the thatched roof caught fire during a performance of *Henry VIII*, and the Globe burned down, but the owners rebuilt it. The theater could hold 2,200 persons, including 700 standing in the groundling area before the stage or perched in three steep tiers of seats surrounding the jutting stage.

The sunburst of creativity lasted only until 1642, when the Puritans closed the Globe and the other theaters. Two years later, it was pulled down to make room (what a pre-echo of Wanamaker's time!) for public housing. The

era of Elizabethan theater came to an end. The ruins of the theaters vanished beneath new buildings — or parking lots — on Bankside and remain there to this day. (Archaeologists found the remains of the Rose, an unexpectedly informative site, in 1991, in digs carried out between the destruction of one building on the site and the building of another. Thespian demonstrations, perhaps the most eloquent demos in history, forced the redesign of the new building to permit permanent access to the foundations of the Rose, but this tiny museum is closed now, apparently for lack of money.) The upshot is that no one has ever seen an Elizabethan theater, so nobody knows for sure what the seminal English-language theaters looked like.

Think of that for a moment. If we want to know about the theaters that gave birth to Greek or Roman theater, all we have to do is go look at a Greek or Roman amphitheater: they're still there and being used. But no modern actor has ever been inside an Elizabethan theater, because they don't exist. Shakespeare wrote his plays to be performed in the theaters he knew best, but we've never seen them. The few surviving drawings of the Globe are hazy and contradictory and unreliable. How close were the actors to the audience? How loudly did Shakespeare want his actors to talk, and how broad did their gestures need to be? Did the stage face into the sun (the theaters were open-roofed) or away from it? What difference did it make to have the groundlings standing so close to the stage? In short, for what conditions did Shakespeare write? We didn't know before. But now perhaps we do.

Through meticulous scholarship and the study of ruins like the Rose, Wanamaker and his aides made educated guesses and recreated



Shakespeare's Globe. Image by Nik Milner provided through the courtesy of Shakespeare's Globe, London.

the Globe as best they could. The consensus is that, if it's not identical, it's pretty close, which makes it a scholarly contribution of the first water.

The Globe is best approached by the new Millennium Bridge across the Thames from St. Paul's. It's a small complex, right on the river, just down the Embankment from the mammoth Tate Modern gallery. About half the space is given over to decidedly non-Elizabethan activities — an excellent museum on Shakespeare, the original Globe, and Sam Wanamaker's campaign; educational facilities and a gift shop; a pleasant café and a good restaurant, both with views out over the river, good places to eat before the show.

The heart of the complex is, of course, the theater itself and the yard outside, where theater-goers gather before the play and at intermission. The theater is as authentic as present scholarship and modern building codes permit. It is still thatched, but the thatch is treated with a fire retardant. Lighted signs mark the exits. Daytime performances rely totally on natural light through the open roof, but discreet artificial lighting supplements the late summer dusk for evening performances. Small signs announce that companies like Mitsubishi and Merrill Lynch have sponsored some boxes but, then, Shakespeare had his patrons, too. There is evidence that Shakespeare sometimes squeezed 3,000 persons into the theater, but modern codes and our tendency to add poundage over

## Caxtonian Freedman recalls Sam Wanamaker

Leonard Freedman



Sam Wanamaker (1919-1993), Chicago actor/director responsible for the building of Shakespeare's Globe. Image from MSN Entertainment website.

the centuries keeps it to 1,600 now — 700 standing on the ground, 900 in the seats. Perhaps even Shakespeare rented cushions for the hard wooden seats: at a pound (\$1.50) each, they're a wise investment.

Apart from this, authenticity reigns. We saw *Twelfth Night* at an evening performance last summer, and it was a delight. (Coincidentally, it was a homecoming of sorts: 42 years earlier, newly arrived to live in England, we took the bus to Stratford and saw our first Shakespeare, a luminous performance of *Twelfth Night* with Dorothy Tutin.)

The oak and lime plaster walls are laid out, not in a perfect O, but in a ring with 20 sides. The wooden tiers rise sharply from the stage. The stage itself is supported by two massive pillars, with a musicians' gallery above. Not all the Shakespeare done there is in period dress, but *Twelfth Night* was given the full treatment — authentic dress, Elizabethan music, even an all-male cast, just as in Shakespeare's time.

The Shakespeare that night was very good and certainly closer in atmosphere to Shakespeare's time than any other theater could create. In other words, this is a serious company doing first-rate work. About one-third of the audience must have been school kids, many of them probably seeing their first Shakespeare. The acting was broad, even hammy, with the male actors emphasizing the sexual confusions and suggestions inherent in a man-playing-a-woman-dressed-as-a-man. The audience caught the jokes, all of them. They roared at old Will's lines and the actors' japes. They hooted at ridiculous Malvolio and suffered with him through his humiliation. Asides and winks that would be lost in a larger theater, like the one at Stratford, became complicit when tossed to groundlings standing an arm's length away.

The Bankside actors themselves say that being so close to the audience, and especially the groundlings, makes all the difference in communication with the playgoers. At one point, one poor groundling fainted and the actor playing Feste called for the paramedics without breaking stride or character. The audience applauded the good lines, shouted at the outrages, became totally involved in the

play. It was, in truth, a little rowdy, not at all decorous — probably not all that much different from the good old days of the early 17<sup>th</sup> Century when the blades came across the river to find a bawd, a few drinks, and a good evening at that new theater, the Globe.

Sam Wanamaker, who always knew that Shakespeare could be fun, would have expected no less. Nor would he have been surprised at the fact that some Brits still haven't quite got the idea. West End newspapers, who used to treat the Globe as a Shakespearean theme park for American tourists, give the excellent productions serious reviews now. The theater fills 80 percent of its seats, and the bottoms in those seats aren't all American. The Globe, unlike the Royal Shakespeare Company in Stratford, gets no state subsidy. The RSC and some reviewers still turn up their noses at the populist Bankside upstart, treating it as a theme park (and one dreamed up by an American, at that). But truth to tell, recent performances I've seen in Stratford have been stuffy, even a little snoozy after a good dinner, while the Bankside productions are meant to be enjoyed. Stratford actors recite and declaim, while the Bankside actors *act*. Shakespeare would have understood, and approved.

### To go to the Globe:

The season runs from May through September. The Globe stages no plays during the winter, but tours go on year-round. The schedule of plays and other information are available on the web site, [www.shakespeare-globe.org](http://www.shakespeare-globe.org). Tickets for seats range from 10 to 27 pounds (about \$15-\$40). Standing room in the groundlings area is 5 pounds (\$7.50). An online site to order tickets is in preparation, but tickets can be ordered now by telephone (from the US, dial 011.44.20.7401.9919) or fax (011.44.20.7850.8590.) Tickets often are available on the day of the play, but don't bet on it; reservations for both plays and the restaurant are advisable. The closest *tube* stops are Blackfriars, London Bridge, Mansion House, Cannon Street, and Southwark; signs point the way to the theater. ❖

Those of us who have literary interests are probably aware of Sam Wanamaker as the force behind the rebuilding of Shakespeare's Globe on the South Bank of London's Thames River. At the time of his death in 1993, the Globe was half-finished, but he had supervised its first stage of production.

Sam was a high school mate of mine in the 1930s at Chicago's Tuley High School, and in choosing further education, he chose the Goodman Drama School in Chicago on advice of our high school drama teacher, who recognized his acting talent.

At the Goodman, I attended his appearance in the Shakespearean role of Henry VIII. On the strength of this performance, he was invited to appear in Chicago and Broadway roles. He appeared in a number of stage hits in 1940.

In 1950, he moved to London, where he made his permanent home and turned from acting to directing. Movie studios also became interested, and he created cinema features, including *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, *Taras Bulba*, *The Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*. Later in his career, he was director of the television series *Columbo*, starring Peter Falk.

But I remember him as a talented, highly social person by the name of Sam Watenmaker — his name before he adapted the stage name of *Wanamaker*. I remember him as a colleague, who used to come to me on trips home from England for assistance in finding stage equipment that he could not find in Europe. I remember him as a friend. ❖

# Redeeming Time — in Dante, Michelangelo, and Shakespeare

Ed Quattrocchi

When Bob Cotner invited me to submit a piece about Shakespeare for this issue of the *Caxtonian*, several possibilities came to mind. I nixed them all with the excuse that I had no time. Then I thought of the irony in that reaction since I had given a seminar at the Newberry Library last fall on “The Concept of Time in Works of Dante, Michelangelo, and Shakespeare.”

All three of these titanic artists seemed obsessed with time. Dante learns from Virgil, his guide in the *Divine Comedy*, that “the more one learns, the more one comes to hate the waste of time.” (*Purg.*, Canto III, ll 77-78) He sees the slothful sinners in Purgatory punished by their compulsion to be constantly in motion. As they run in a horde, the two in front cry out: “Faster! faster, we have no time to waste, for time is love,” (*Purg.* Canto XIX, ll 103-104).

Michelangelo, at the end of his long life at age 89, working on two unfinished marble versions of the Pieta, expressed in a sonnet what to me is the most poignantly ironic utterance I have ever read:

*Ah me, ah me, how I have been betrayed  
by these fleeting days of mine and by the mirror,  
which tells the truth to all who gaze in it!  
This happens to those who leave too much to the end  
—happens to those who leave too much to the end —  
as I have done, until my time has fled —  
and find themselves, like me, grown old in a day.  
Too late now to repent or to prepare,  
too late for counsel, with my death so near.  
My own worst enemy, I spill my soul in tears and  
sighs — in vain,  
for there's no greater evil than lost time.*

Shakespeare also felt keenly the effects of time in his life. It permeates many of his works, especially the sonnets. But in *Henry IV, Part One*, time shapes the characters, plot, language, and imagery like in no other. All of the characters display various attitudes toward time. At one extreme Falstaff could care less about time. His first exchange with Prince Hal reveals his child-like attitude:

Falstaff: Now Hal, what time of day is it lad?  
Prince: Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know.

*What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day?  
unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons,  
and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of  
leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot  
wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why  
thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of  
the day. (Act I ii ll. 2-7)*

On the other extreme, Hotspur is the warrior workaholic. He is impatient to go to war and urges his father and uncle not to be so wimpish: “Uncle, adieu: O! let the hours be short, Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!” (Act I iii ll 312-313). He cannot abide his wife’s attempt to dissuade him from rushing off to war with the macho boast, “we must have bloody noses and cracked crowns.” (Act III iii l 98)

Prince Hal, who later becomes King Henry V, England’s most celebrated monarch, represents the Aristotelean golden mean. He reveals his attitude toward time and his plan to emerge from behind the clouds when the time is ripe in his famous soliloquy at the close of the first tavern scene.

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.  
(Act I ii)

In redeeming time, Hal defeats Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury. Hotspur’s last words reveal that he has come to recognize that his

impatience has caused him to lose both his honor and his life:

*But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. (Act V iv ll 88-90)*

Not only the characters, but also the plot and imagery of the play are informed by the concept of time. Hal conspires with the tavern thieves to work as “minions of the moon” to rob the travelers on the road from Gadshill to London. This extended episode takes place in a 24-hour period in the dark, starting at 2 AM (Act II i) and ending at 2 AM, the following morning in the Boarhead’s tavern (Act II iv). At the climax of the plot (Act III ii), Hal emerges from behind the “base contagious clouds,” when he vows to his father, King Henry, to regain his honor. The action in the remainder of the play takes place during the day. Act V, the battle at Shrewsbury, encompasses a period of time from sun up to sun down, in which the Prince emerges as the future sun/son king.

As I enter the seventh decade of my time on earth, I wistfully regret that I had not understood earlier in life the lessons that the poets and artists could teach me about not wasting time. I recommend to my *Caxtonian* friends that the next time you read a work of Shakespeare or Dante or consider a work or poem of Michelangelo, pay heed to what these wise men can teach you about redeeming time. ❖



## A letter from Carmel-by-the-sea

Dear Bob,

As usual, the *Caxtonian* and your "Musings," Bob, set my compass and regulate my clock, bringing my mind back into focus on what really matters to me. The lines from "Ulysses" [*Caxtonian*, January 2003] are among my favorites, too. Speaking of Ulysses and Ithaca, I wonder if you know the work of Constantine P. Cavafy (1863-1933)?

### Ithaca

*When you start on your journey to Ithaca,  
then pray that the road is long,  
full of adventure, full of knowledge.*

*Do not fear the Lestrygonians  
and the Cyclopes and the angry Poseidon.  
You will never meet such as these on your path  
if your thoughts remain lofty, if a fine  
emotion touches your body and your spirit.  
You will never meet the Lestrygonians,  
the Cyclopes and the fierce Poseidon  
if you do not carry them within your soul,  
if your soul does not raise them up before you.*

I enclose the interesting introduction (by W.H. Auden) to Rae Dalven's edition to Calafy's poems in translation. As usual with translated work, we miss so much. I wish I'd not dropped my study of Greek 30 years ago. I quit the class while we were in England, then never resumed. A handful of people studied together with Dr. Fred Farley, a retired classics professor from the University of the Pacific, in his cozy house on Carmel Point near the [Robinson] Jeffers house. Those were indeed the days!

I pour over another, bilingual, edition I have of Calafy's poems, trying to pronounce the Greek properly. Editors say that he liked to use words that harmonize with whatever picture he portrays. He uses iambic feet, with lines of 11 syllables ("The First Step"), but some of the others are written in lines of 15 or 18 syllables. Of course, in the English translation, it's different, and the translations do not initial-capitalise each line but honor the syntax instead, the sentences with caps.

### The First Step

*The young poet Eumenes  
complained one day to Theocritus:*

*"I have been writing for two years now  
and I have done only one idyll.*

*It is my only finished work.*

*Alas, it is steep, I see it,*

*the stairway of Poetry is so steep;*

*and from the first step where I now stand,  
poor me, I shall never ascend."*

*"These words," Theocritus said,*

*"are unbecoming and blasphemous.*

*And if you are on the first step,  
you ought to be proud and pleased.*

*Coming as far as this is not little;  
what you have achieved is great glory.*

*For even this first step,*

*is far distant from the common herd.*

*To set your foot upon this step  
you must rightfully be a citizen  
of the city of ideas.*

*And in that city it is hard  
and rare to be naturalized.*

*In her marketplace you find Lawmakers  
whom no adventurer can dupe.*

*Coming as far as this is not little;  
what you have achieved is great glory."*

.....

My final quote today is most topical, I think.

### The Barbarians

*What are we waiting for, assembled in the public square?*

*The barbarians are to arrive today.*

*Why such inaction in the Senate?*

*Why do the Senators sit and pass no laws?*

*Because the barbarians are to arrive today.*

*What further laws can the Senators pass?*

*When the barbarians come they will make the laws.*

*Why did our emperor wake up so early,  
and sit at the principal gate of the city,  
on the throne, in state, wearing his crown?*

*Because the barbarians are to arrive today,  
and the emperor waits to receive their chief. Indeed he  
has prepared*

*to give him a scroll. Therein is engraved  
many titles and names of honor.*

.....

*Because night is here but the barbarian have not come,  
some people arrived from the frontiers,  
and they said that there are no longer any barbarians.*

*And now what shall become of us without any barbarians?  
Those people were a kind of solution.*

Bless the Cotners, one and all, and the grandchildren....

Ione Strum

Non-resident Caxtonian

Carmel, CA

P.S. I'd like to tell Pierre Ferrand how perfect and beautiful is his translation of the concluding lines of "Boaz Asleep." I agree with his critique of the other translations.

## Saints & Sinners Corner



Honorary Caxtonian Hermann Zapf, Darmstadt, Germany, will receive the Honorary Doctoral degree from the University of Illinois on May 18. He will travel with his wife from Champaign-Urbana to attend the May Caxton Dinner meeting, scheduled for May 21. We look forward to meeting Mr. and Mrs. Zapf when they join us in Chicago.

We are saddened to report the death of non-resident Caxtonian, Jean Larkin, a regular attendee of club events when she lived in Sycamore, IL, where she ran the charming bookshop, Storeybook Antiques and Books. She had been living in St. Helena, CA for the past four years, and sorely missed her book colleagues in The Caxton Club. We shall sorely miss Jean, and all Caxtonians extend their sympathy to Jean's family.

We are equally saddened by the death of Jane Jordan Brown, wife of Caxtonian William Peterson, a regular participant in Caxton Club events in Chicago. Caxtonians will remember that Jane and Bill hosted touring Caxtonians in their lovely Victorian home on Lake Geneva, WI, in 1997, when the club made a weekend trip into Wisconsin. We shall miss her greatly, and we extend our sympathy to Bill and their family.

Late word has arrived that Marie-Louise Rosenthal, widow of Caxtonian Sam Rosenthal and long-time friend of many Caxtonians, died in Tucson, AZ, where she was visiting relatives. We shall miss her presence in our Chicago circle, and we extend our sympathy to the family.

The Dolje collection of Caxtonian and Past President Fred Kittle was featured in a beautiful four-color article in Shelter Chicago (Winter 2003, pp. 41-45).

A correction: Caxtonian Scott Kellar's new website address is [www.scottkellar.com](http://www.scottkellar.com).

A correction: The Annual Meeting of The Caxton Club will be held during the May Dinner meeting rather than in June. All nominations should be submitted to the Nominating Committee as soon as possible.

# Bookmarks...

## Dinner Program

April 23, 2003

C. Frederick Kittle

### *Beyond Sherlock Holmes*

Please note the following changes: This dinner program is at the Newberry Library and on the 4<sup>th</sup> Wednesday, April 23, 2003, at 5 p.m.

One of the most popular issues of the *Caxtonian* was the March 1997 issue. That issue, many readers will remember, featured a complete story on the Doyle Family Collection assembled by our own beloved C. Frederick Kittle, Past President and bibliophile *extraordinaire*. It was announced in that issue that Fred and Ann Kittle were donating their world-class collection to the Newberry Library. The transfer of the collection is now complete, and a major exhibition is set at the Newberry Library in Spring 2003, centered on this remarkable gift of books, art, manuscripts, letters, and rich memorabilia.

Caxtonians and their friends will have one of the first opportunities to view the exhibition at the Newberry, and Fred will talk about the genesis and development of his unique collection at the April dinner meeting. We will learn the kinship between the two medical doctors — Doyle and Kittle — and we will see the first manuscript, a bound and typed medical lecture by Dolye, the acquisition of which launched the collecting enterprise by Dr. Kittle. And, if we're very fortunate, we will see and learn about the marvelous manuscript of Doyle's *The White Company*, a novel which was Doyle's own personal favorite.

The exhibit includes Arthur Conan Doyle's handwritten manuscripts as well as examples of his writing on social issues, and his works on Sherlock Holmes and other detective fiction. However, the distinction in Fred's collection is

that it does indeed go beyond Sherlock Holmes and beyond Arthur Conan Doyle himself, to include books and artwork by John Doyle, best known for his 18<sup>th</sup> Century political caricatures and the art and writing of Arthur Conan Doyle's father and uncle.

Many Caxtonians got a taste of this exhibit during the FABS' (Fellowship of American Bibliophilic Society) June 2002 program and can vouch for the range of items in the exhibit.

Please join us at the Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton St., Chicago. For reservations: e-mail: [caxtonclub@newberry.org](mailto:caxtonclub@newberry.org) or call: 312/255-3710. Dinner \$45 for members and guests. No-shows may be charged if not cancelled.

Special indoor parking arrangements have been made for the occasion at 100 W. Chestnut St. (north west corner of Chestnut and Clark Sts.; entrance on Clark St.), at \$6 (for 6 hours) or \$8 (for 8 hours), with validation.

RC

## Luncheon Program

April 11, 2003

Four Caxtonians - Show & Tell  
*Anecdotes and discussions about special books in their collections*

Dorothy Sinson will explain her love affair with a 1985 Limited Edition Club copy of Edgar Allan Poe's *Fall of the House of Usher*. She thinks she has solved her own mystery of why buying a book by a "little drunk gave her nightmares."

Adrian Alexander, a revolutionary war history buff, will show a handsome copy of a 1771 *Pocket Traveler's Atlas of France*. The book was undoubtedly read and used by American diplomats traveling in France.

Truman Metzger, with his nose for off-beat books, will show two copies of a lovely edition of *The Outsider 4&5, A Continuing Documentation of Today's Directions in Poetry and Prose*. This book is a prime example of 1960s counter-culture bookmaking.

Jack Weiner, a scholar and teacher, will talk about *Prouerbios y consejos que qualquier padre deve dar a su hijo (Proverbs and Advice That Any Father Ought to Give His Son)*, Salamanca, 1607, a rare book by an important writer of the Spanish Renaissance.

These meetings invariably provoke stimulating discussion and light-hearted banter. Come, relax, and enjoy some captivating adventures by Caxtonian book hunters.

Join us for lunch at the Mid-Day Club on the 56<sup>th</sup> floor of BankOne, at Madison & Clark in Chicago. For reservations call: 312/255-3710 or e-mail: [caxtonclub@newberry.org](mailto:caxtonclub@newberry.org), lunch \$25 for members and guests. No-shows may be charged if not cancelled. Remember, you will need a photo ID to enter the bank.

Edward Quattrocchi & Leonard Freedman  
Co-Chairs

All luncheon and dinner meetings, unless otherwise noted, are held in the Mid-Day Club, 56<sup>th</sup> floor of BankOne, BankOne Plaza, Madison & Clark, Chicago. Luncheon and discussion, 12:30pm. Dinner meetings begin with spirits at 5pm, dinner at 6pm, lecture at 7:30pm. **Members planning to attend luncheons or dinners must make advance reservations by phoning the Caxton number, 312/255-3710.**

Luncheon for members and guests, \$25. Dinner, for members and guests, \$45.