

A Bibliophile in the Antipodes

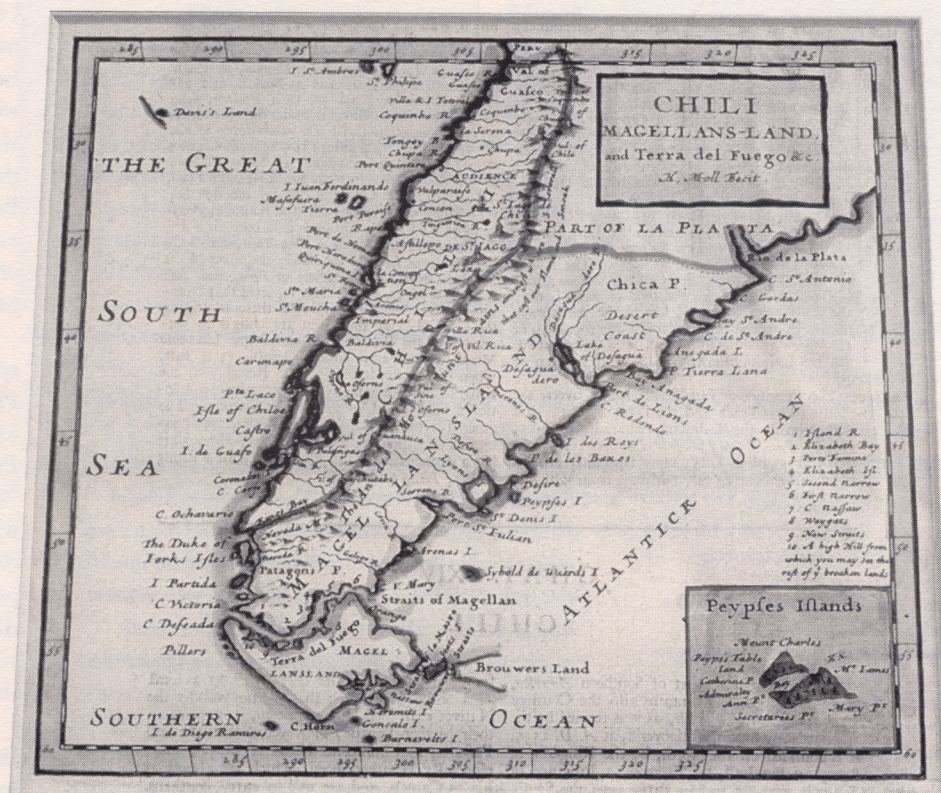
Glen N. Wiche

Having explored the world of books and printing in the little-known and seldom-reported North Atlantic islands of Greenland, Iceland, and the Faeroes, I recently turned my attention to the southern hemisphere and fulfilled a long-standing ambition by visiting the Falkland Islands.

Located 350 miles northeast of the southern tip of South America, these British islands are about the size of Connecticut, but according to the 2001 census have only 1,300 inhabitants. The nearest island neighbor, South Georgia, is nearly 1,100 miles to the east. To the south lies Antarctica. And to the west is Argentina, with which the Falklands have had a long and stormy relationship. There are perhaps few places so small and so isolated that have had such a controversial history.

Navigators who voyaged through the turbulent South Atlantic first sighted these uninhabited islands in the 16th and 17th Centuries. During the 18th and 19th Centuries there were brief periods of settlement by France, Spain, and even the United States. Only Britain, however, made any attempt to settle the islands on a permanent basis. The modern history of the Falklands began in the 1840s, when the capital was moved from Port Louis to the newly established community of Port Stanley. Among the first settlers from Britain were many Chelsea Pensioners, who arrived with prefabricated housing, some of which can still be seen.

During the boom years of transoceanic shipping, the islands enjoyed great prosperity. Commercial vessels from many nations called regularly at Port Stanley to refit, restock their provisions, and make repairs after having rounded treacherous Cape Horn. The islanders lived comfortably and, indeed, well. After the opening of the Panama Canal, maritime



An inset "Peypses or Pepys I[land]" in "A new and exact map of the coast, countries, and islands with ye land of ye South Sea Company." From Herman Moll, *The World Described*, London, 1732-1735. From the collection of Glen Wiche.

commerce lessened, and the islands fell into a long decline. The inhabitants lived quietly, earning their living principally from sheep farming. Much of the world learned of the Falklands only as a result of the 1982 conflict that occurred when Argentina invaded the islands in an attempt to wrest them away from Britain. That conflict cost the lives of about 250 British and 750 Argentine soldiers. The islands today remain proudly independent and staunchly British.

This diminutive and isolated land seems an unlikely place to investigate books and printing.

Nevertheless, my one-week stay gave ample time for exploration and provided several unexpected and fascinating glimpses into the bibliographical history of the place. Of all the Atlantic islands that I have visited, the Falklands remain the only ones that to this day do not have a commercial printing press. In spite of this fact, books and the printed word are an important part of life on the islands. While there are no single-purpose bookshops in the Falkland Islands, many stores in Port



Musings...

CAXTONIAN

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On May 25, 1803, one of the great minds of America was born — Ralph Waldo Emerson. He arrived in a family in which books and the love of learning was paramount, and he was reading at the age of three. He grew to be a well-read but conventional young man who attended Harvard University, then a commonplace institution with a rigid pattern of education. When he graduated in 1821, he was ranked well below the middle of his class.

But Emerson had the gift of tending his mind, nurturing his being, enlarging his soul, through the absorption of nature and the discipline of reading, which would be a life-long enterprise. He came to represent the self-directed and thoroughly committed intellectual who sensed in his potential something greater than his ministerial training and experience could provide. And he launched himself into a life of the mind that has had an impact on American arts and letters perhaps greater than that of any other American.

By 1850, biographer Robert Richardson says of Emerson, he was "dangerously famous." His 1836 publication, *Nature*, marked the beginning of the Romantic Era in America. The "Divinity School Address" declared his independence from organized religion and alienated him from Harvard for much of the rest of his life. His annual lectures, which took him across the country repeatedly and provided materials for two collections of essays in the 1840s, brought him close to the people of America often and regularly. Richardson comments that "By the early 1870s Emerson's reputation was so great that it had a life of its own. Eventually his fame effectively concealed him, especially from his admirers."

Much of the danger in his fame was that many people who heard him did not understand him. In his later years, he often became something of a joke in newspapers, which reported his lectures and visits to western cities. Yet William Dean Howells observes that it was "Emerson's great fortune to have been misunderstood, and to have reached the dense intelligence of his fellow [citizens] after a whole lifetime of perfectly simple and lucid appeal."

In one of the finest early reassessments of Emerson, Bliss Perry, in a series of lectures at Princeton University in March 1931 and published as *Emerson Today* by Princeton University Press in 1931, notes that the modern reader knows Emerson as a "gifted literary artist," through his essays and poetry. And his fame continued to grow.

In his own lifetime, he touched deeply the lives and writings of Henry David Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, and a host of colleagues, who considered him friend. Walt Whitman became the very embodiment of the poet Emerson predicted would emerge, "with tyrannous eye, which knew the value of our incomparable materials, and saw, in the barbarism and materialism of the times, another carnival of the same gods whose picture he so much admires in Homer;" In more recent times, Henry James could not have written *The American* except under Emerson's influence. Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* would have been impossible without Emerson's vision. It is doubtful Loren Eiseley would have been the anthropologist, essayist, and poet he became or Buckminster Fuller the architect, teacher, and essayist he became without Emerson. In short, few of the important people in American intellectual life have been untouched by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

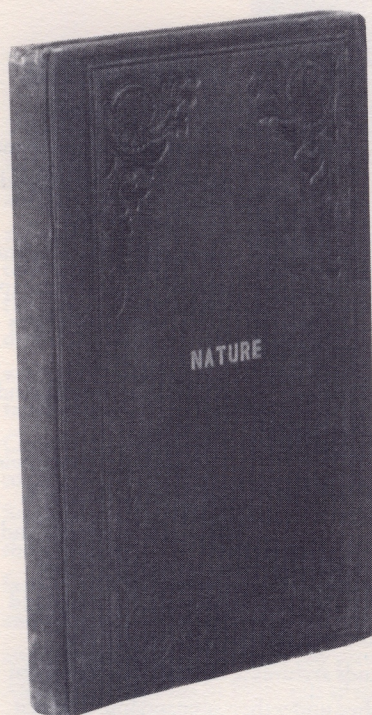
Robert Frost, too, was influenced by Emerson's spirit. Frost biographer Lawrance Thompson at the Philobilon Club of Philadelphia in 1940 gave a lecture, published by the club that same year, called *Emerson and Frost, Critics of Their Times*. In it he says, "Emerson and Frost express primary interest in whatever tends to promote the understanding of these inner harmonies in the individual, in the private [person]. They look with suspicion and distrust on any phenomenon, political or economic, that tends to impede the growth of these inner harmonies."

There is something in what Thompson called the "inner harmonies in the individual" that is vitally important to me. My own initial intellectual awakening came as I read Emerson and found in his poetry and essays a kinship with my own inner harmonies. I now read Emerson frequently in my later years for this reason. And I find in visits to Concord, MA, a compatible companionship to my inner harmonies in the setting, the ambiance, and residual spirit that seems to dwell where Emerson and his friends once lived.

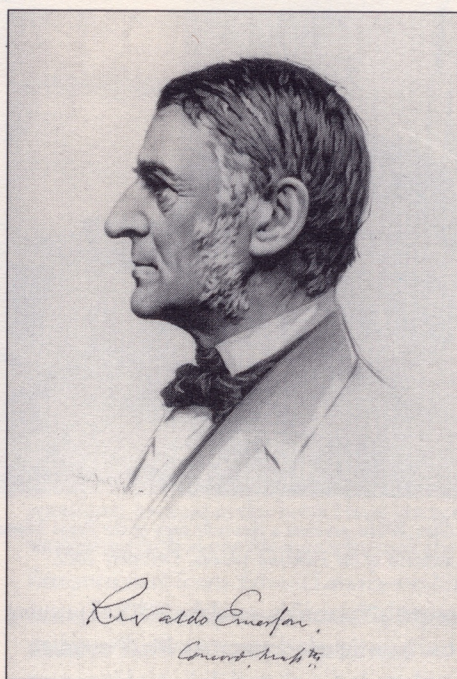
It is for these spiritual nurturings that the humanities were given, it seems to me. It is well to be reminded of them as we observe the 200th anniversary of Emerson's birth.

Robert Cotner
Editor

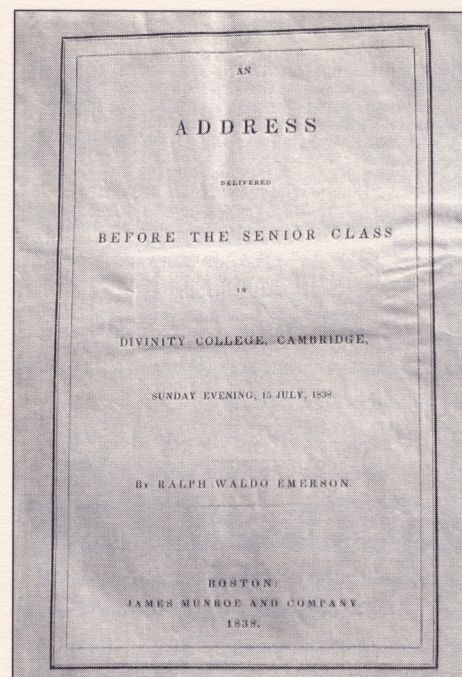
Emerson: Representative 'Great Man' of American letters



First edition of Emerson's first book, *Nature* (1836), which contained the foundation of his intellectual edifice developed over the years. From the collection of R. Eden Martin.



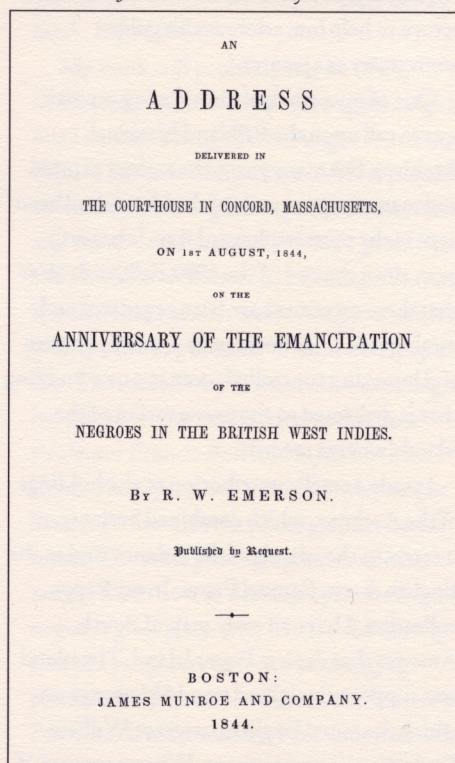
Portrait of Emerson reproduced from a lithograph by Forbes Lithograph Company of Boston. It was redrawn from a tintype of Emerson taken in the 1850s. From Frontispiece in Bliss Perry, *Emerson Today*, Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1931.



Title page for Emerson's "Divinity School Address," an address so powerful — "dangerous," was the word often used to describe it — that the powers-that-be refused to bring him back on the Harvard campus until near the end of his life. From the collection of R. Eden Martin.

A chronology of books by Ralph Waldo Emerson 1803-1882

A Historical Discourse, 1835.
Nature, 1836.
The American Scholar, 1837.
Essays, First Series, 1841.
Address on the Anniversary of the Emancipation [of British West Indies], 1844.
Essays, Second Series, 1844.
Poems, 1847.
Addresses and Lectures, 1849.
Representative Men, 1850.
English Traits, 1856.
The Conduct of Life, 1860.
May-Day and Other Pieces, (poetry), 1867.
Society and Solitude, 1870.
Letters and Social Aims, 1875.
Natural History of the Intellect, 1893.



Title page for the first edition of an essay in which Emerson becomes a significant leader in anti-slavery issues in America. Creation of this particular publication was directed, following the lecture, by Henry David Thoreau. From the collection of Robert Cotner.

*J. M. Cheney -
 from
 R. W. Emerson
 1 May, 1867.*

Emerson's inscription to a neighbor of a copy of *May-Day and Other Pieces*. From the collection of R. Eden Martin.

Stanley carry a wide variety of books. These books include works about the Falklands' history, along with current titles on a variety of subjects. Many of these volumes have been imported from Great Britain. Some islanders have moved to the Falklands from Britain and other Commonwealth nations, including Australia and St. Helena. Consequently, this small capital — population 900 — can boast of several fine private libraries.

The Stanley Public Library well serves its patrons with an inventory of about 18,000 titles. The efficient two-person staff was happy to show me the small but very interesting special collection of early printed accounts of the Falklands. These accounts included the rare first edition of *Bouganville's Travels*, which contains one of the earliest descriptions of these islands. Virtually everyone I met in the Falklands was widely read and knowledgeable in many areas, as I discovered that morning when the library's first patron came in looking for D. Alexander Brown's history of Native American life, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*.

It was through the Port Stanley library that I was able to meet the head printer of the Falklands, Mr. Tony Pettersson, who recently completed his 43rd year as a printer. As head printer, he is responsible for printing all government proceedings, a task which consumes approximately one million sheets of paper each year. His grandfather served on a Swedish vessel that was wrecked on West Falkland in the late 19th Century. He must have found the islands congenial, for he made them his permanent home. It was a great pleasure to chat with his grandson about the history of printing in the Falklands.

The first non-governmental publication was *The Falkland Islands Church Bulletin*, which appeared in the early 1900s. The first regular newspaper, *The Falkland Islands Times*, started publishing in the 1950s. Today, news and events are chronicled in *The Penguin News*, which is also available on the Internet. One of the highlights of my visit was when I examined the two English presses, circa 1900, on which all of the islands' printing had been done until



Glen Wiche presents a facsimile copy of the Pepys Island map to Jane Cameron, archivist of the Falkland Islands, December 2002.

recently. Incredibly, until the 1970s all printing had been done by letterpress. Mr. Pettersson explained to me that while he could not type, he knew perfectly where every piece of type was located in a type case. Before I left, I told him I would make a bargain with him. If he would stay at his job for another seven years, I would return to help him celebrate his golden anniversary as a printer.

One of my principal aims during my visit was to call upon the Falkland National Archives. For many years, the earliest printed and manuscript records of the islands had been kept in the most haphazard way. It has only been since the end of the 1982 Falklands War that these accounts have been organized and catalogued. They now reside in a temperature and humidity controlled room in a new building that is dedicated to the preservation of the islands' written records.

I made a small contribution to the holdings of the Archives, which combined both my interest in the islands of the Atlantic and in the English diarist Samuel Pepys. In my Pepys collection, I have an early map of South America that depicts Pepys Island. The island was supposedly sighted on a 1683 voyage on which the noted English navigator William Dampier was a participant. When accounts of the voyage were published in England, the position of Pepys Island was inaccurately recorded. Numerous expeditions unsuccessfully attempted to locate it in the 18th Century. Not until the eminent Captain Cook had examined

all of the evidence was Pepys Island finally determined to be one and the same as the Falkland Islands. It was my pleasure to present a fine reproduction of the map that I have in my Pepys collection to the Archives of the Falkland Islands.

Books that have their origin in the Falklands must still be printed and

bound in Britain. Even with access to the Internet, this process is inevitably a slow and laborious one. It is to the credit of the Falklands archives that two books have been published under their sponsorship. The first was a volume of traditional Falklands recipes, which also included much folklore and local history. This attractively designed and well-printed volume as compiled by "Tim" Sullivan, a Glaswegian who has made her home in the Falklands for the past 20 years.

A second title, *Bridget's Book*, was published in December 2002. This volume publishes, for the first time, one of the archives' great treasures: the diary of an 11-year-old girl, who lived on a West Falkland sheep station at the beginning of the 20th Century.

All of this, I think, is a considerable achievement for a country whose total population is less than that of many Chicago office buildings. The world of books and the printed word have their place in large societies as well as small ones, as these literate and charming islands at the bottom of the world so ably demonstrate. ♦

Don't forget the Newberry Book Fair

The Annual Newberry Library Book Fair is set for July 24-27 at the Newberry, 60 W. Walton St., Chicago. The hours on July 24-25 are Noon to 8 p.m. The hours on July 26-27 are 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Members-only sale is July 23, 4 to 8 p.m. Let's help book fair director and Caxtonian Dan Crawford break his record of over \$116,000 in sales a year ago.

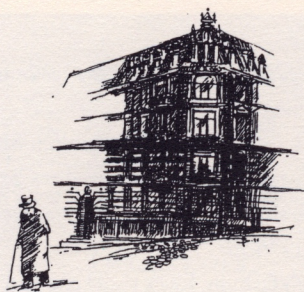
A letter from Norway . . .

Dear Robert Cotner,

Thank you so much for sending us the February issue of the *Caxtonian*, with a most interesting article on the first performance of *Ghosts*. We are well aware of the fact that this event first took place in Chicago. I also held a lecture at the Ibsen Museum some years ago on how the drama was received in Europe and especially what happened to *Ghosts* in Christiania (Oslo). In short, it was fightings three afternoons in Christiania Theatre when the director refused to play *Ghosts* and a travelling company of Swedish actors performed the drama at another theatre in town. I am really surprised by all the facts that Mr. Bruce Hatton Boyer brought up, and especially what he wrote about translations and cultural differences, the funny picture of Aurora Turner Hall in 1905, and all the information on literary works done by Scandinavians in the 19th Century Chicago, even though I've seen several Chicago prints of well-known Norwegian books in the National Library here in Oslo. For instance, Ludvid Daae's *Norske Bygdesagn*.

I have already showed the *Caxtonian* to many Ibsen scholars here in Norway (Professor Vigdisstad, Professor Bjorn Hemmer, the other two Ibsen Museums (Skien and Grimstad), Centre for Ibsen Studies, etc.) and also a lady from the British Library in London, who visited me right after I received the *Caxtonian* from you. Could you please send me some more copies of your nice journal? I would really enjoy distributing them to my Ibsen friends and to the Scandinavian Section at the British Library.

In fact, I had a reason for not responding to you earlier. I have written a book called *Ibsens Christiania*. It has recently been printed in Denmark and will probably be back in Norway on May 7th. But the original idea was that it should have been a book for tourists, translated and released in both Norwegian and English. I hoped that I could be able to send you the English version, but as I wrote a manuscript that was about three times as long as the publisher wanted and with lot more details, it had to be a kind of history book in a larger



format instead. It is a pity that it won't be translated, because in this book I have got some interesting facts about the man who took the first portrait of Ibsen. Edvard Larssen was his name, and he later became a model for Hjalmar Ekdal in *The Wild Duck* (1884). Edvard Larssen left Norway in 1865 and dwelled in Chicago for the rest of his life. We know almost nothing about him from that moment on, but at the time Larssen met Ibsen he too started to write poems and even published a book, *Digte* (1862).

My book will probably not be of any interest to you now in the Norwegian language, but I enclose a copy of some pages concerning Edvard Larssen with pictures of their possible co-residence in Hegdehaugen in Christiania and the cover of Larssen's book. I guess that he continued to write books in Chicago. Anyway, it is said that Larssen worked as a journalist and perhaps also as publisher of some newspapers too. The reason why Ibsen and Larssen might have lived on the same address is because Professor Francis Bull told in his book on *Ibsen's Peer Gynt* (1947), that the playwright lived together with the photographer in this house. The same photographer should have taught Ibsen how to develop a picture from the negative glass plate, which led to the description of a purgatory in terms of changing pictures from black to white in the last act of *Peer Gynt*. Unfortunately, Professor Bull didn't mention the photographer's name and it has so far been impossible for me to find relevant archive sources to be sure.

Who could that photographer be? We know that the first portrait of Ibsen was taken

by Edvard Larssen in the actual period 1860 or 1861 and it was not many photographers in Christiania then. If it is correct that Edvard Larssen had been that close to Ibsen he would probably also have written something about this when *Ghosts* was first performed in Chicago or when *Peer Gynt* or *The Wild Duck* was released. Perhaps this could be something of interest for Mr. Boyer and another article in the *Caxtonian*?

With regards—yours sincerely

Erik Henning Edvardsen
Director
The Ibsen Museum
Oslo, Norway

Wingbook contributor dies unexpectedly

Richard A. Schwarzlose, who wrote the fine introduction, "Newspapers in Wing's World," for the 2002 Caxton publication, *The Chicago Diaries of John M. Wing, 1865-1866*, died while bicycling along Green Bay Trail, his favorite bike path, on June 14, 2003.

Mr. Schwarzlose, professor of journalism at Northwestern University, was one of the Medill School's most distinguished and dedicated faculty. He held Northwestern's Charles Deering McCormick Professorship of Teaching Excellence. Mr. Schwarzlose, 66, was Medill's longest-tenured full-tenure professor, having joined the faculty in 1968.

A friend of many Caxton Club members, Mr. Schwarzlose will be missed. All are saddened by his unexpected passing. His wife Sally has suggested a memorial service for Mr. Schwarzlose in the fall. This will be announced when determined. ❖

A morning with 'The Indiana Kid'

Suzanne Smith Pruchnicki

Editor's note: *Caxtonian* Pruchnicki is an artist and the proprietor of Bronte Press, who produces miniature books by letterpress in her delightful shop, Ancient Oaks, in Bourbonnaise, IL. We welcome her piece here on James Weygand, another miniature book publisher.

An interest in meeting James Weygand was aroused by two miniature book titles from the Press of the Indiana Kid: *Bewick* and *Rockne*. I own two original Bewick wood engraving blocks and my uncle, Maurice "Clipper" Smith, was a football star at Notre Dame University under Knute Rockne. I had read about the Weygand books but had never met the publisher or seen any of his books. I was curious.

After a phone talk with James and, then, his English wife Joyce, a date for a visit was fixed. Weygand's hometown, Napanee, IN, is surrounded by Amish farms with rambling homesteads, old-fashioned barns, cows, horses, and buggies — a community of distinction. The day of our visit, an April day, was breezy and sunny; the trees were lacy with burgeoning leaves.

The Weygand white clapboard house with sage green shutters looked spring-like with a tree in blossom just to the left of the front door. Though Mr. Weygand had sustained a stroke in January 2002, he greeted us at the door. He and his wife, who hails from England's Newcastle on Tyne, welcomed us to their home.

We immediately noticed framed pictures of scenic subjects on the fireplace mantel. These intricate works were in needlepoint. A needlepoint map of Northumberland, done by Joyce, hung on the wall. Joyce pointed out the town from which she came, brought us books of photographs of Newcastle, and, in a lively manner, drew our attention to St. Nicholas Cathedral, in which she had been baptized, as well as a statue of Earl Grey, the tea merchant. She told us of visiting the haunts of wood engraver Thomas Bewick, who lived at

Cherryburn and had a shop in Newcastle at "Amen Corner."

Joyce was a widow with two children when she and James met on a cruise. She lived at Corbridge in the shadow of Hadrian's Wall. They were married in 1976.

In English fashion, Joyce made tea, and we enjoyed it from porcelain cups, which she said had an interesting history also. They were the first tea cups she had bought when she began teaching school. At first, her subject was domestic science, but later, she taught math, needlepoint, and music.

When we talked about the recent death of Queen Mum of England, at the age of 101, Joyce recalled standing outdoors in the cold with a row of students, who lined the road on which King George and Queen Elizabeth were passing. Joyce vividly recalls the Queen's vigorous tapping of the King's shoulder and insisting that the King step back from the car and walkover to greet each chilled child. From that day, Joyce thought highly of her queen.

We could have talked England and English places for hours, when my companion, husband Paul, suggested we see the miniatures. James then showed us into his book-filled study, where an elaborate box housed his miniatures. Seated in a chair near the bookcase lined with much larger, thinnish books with paper label titles, I found a book published by Phillip Hagreen, an English craftsman who worked with the famous English artist and type-designing sculpture, Eric Gill. Many of the Weygand books were printed on esthetically-textured, hand-made papers with cockled deckle edges. The paper suggest a homespun charm of bygone days, even as the design of the books, the type font and the timeless technical skill were exceptional. The fonts were not familiar to me but fit the subject and content perfectly. In examining the miniature books, I noted the brief colophons did not mention the name of the font or the point size of the type.

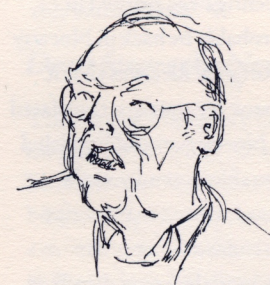
James and I talked about the illustrator and printer Valenti Angelo; we chatted about the

Plantin Moretus Museum of Printing in Antwerp and, naturally, of the Gutenberg Museum.

After my perusal of the miniatures, a swap was made: three of my letterpress printed books for three of his — the *Bewick* and *Rockne* in particular. Joyce immediately told us that the *Rockne* title was not about the coach but rather about a member of the famed "Four Horsemen" of the immortal Notre Dame team. James, as a student, fortunately fell into a stroll across the domed campus with a teacher he did not know. The two had an absorbing exchange, and James learned only later that the professor was Elmer Layden, one of the illustrious Horsemen. After James sent a copy of his *Rockne* to President Ronald Reagan, who played the role of George Gipp in the *Rockne* motion picture, the President sent a signed thank-you note, which is now framed and hanging in a prominent place in the Weygand home.

Feeling our visit might be tiring James, Paul and I left, promising to write. Joyce told us she never writes. She has discovered a way to call England and Australia for less than the per-minute charge of calling Elkhart in Indiana!

On reflection, Weygand's miniature books display a light wit, clever use of materials, and excellent printing above all: every part in proportion. ♦



President Jim

Truman Metzger

A review

Nick Basbanes: He's still among us, writing!

Nicholas A. Basbanes, *Among the Gently Mad*, New York: Henry Holt and Co., 2002. 250 pages. \$25.

Robert Cotner

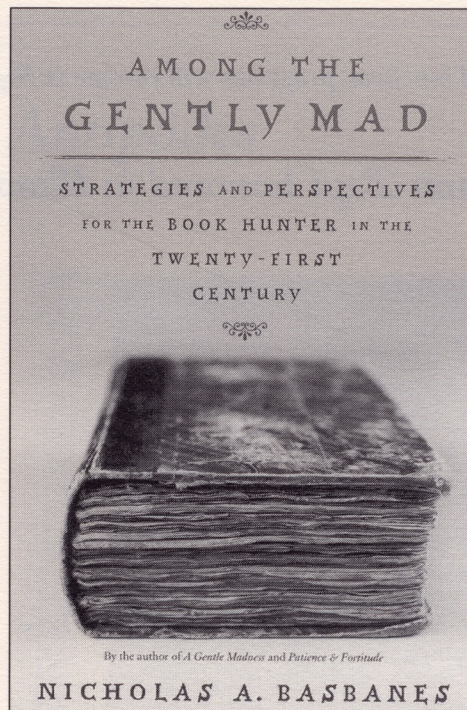
Editor's note: Nick Basbanes, who has spoken at Caxton dinner meetings in the past, will speak at the Newberry Library, July 12, 2003, on "A Gentle Madness: Collectors and Libraries." This lecture is a part of the series "Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: Beyond Sherlock Holmes," which recognizes the remarkable contribution to the Newberry of our own Fred Kittle's "Kittle Collection of Doyleana."

In his latest book, we finally meet the real Nick Basbanes. In his first, *A Gentle Madness* (1995), we met Nick the scholar; in his second, *Patience and Fortitude* (2001), we met Nick the wandering ambassador of books. In *Among the Gently Mad*, we meet Nick collector. While I like every dimension of the man so important to bibliophilia in our time, I think I like Nick the collector best of all.

While he shares with us his personal approach to book collecting and many, many intimate stories about the hunt, he never fails to give us sound principles by which to begin and to progress in this "gentle madness" we're all enjoying. And his principles are sound and need to be known and remembered.

After the necessary background "book-hunting," Basbanes tells us his purpose is "to offer a general commentary on the relevance of the exercise in a constantly changing world, spicing the narrative from time to time with a few of the views I have gathered along the way, some 'tips from the pros,' as it were, that might prove as interesting to the serious collector of rarities as they are instructive for the amateur just starting out."

He then gives us "First Principles," and first-among-first-among is "to know your limits, to work within a budget, and above all else to play with your head, not your heart." I particularly like his advice given to collectors interested in beginning with contemporary fiction, poetry, history, or other genre: "I suggest getting books you will feel comfortable maturing with, and that you can build around them as you go."



Dust jacket of Nick Basbanes' latest book

It is particularly interesting to read reference to and episodes about several Caxtonians whom Basbanes has known and respected. One of these is the late Chef Louis Swarthmary, whom Basbanes recalls saying, "You want to possess books, you want to own them, you want to hold them. Perhaps you even want to read them. But I will say that most of the books I have ever had, I know what is inside." Basbanes remembers Caxtonian Raymond Epstein's book auction at Swann Galleries in 1992, when a "mysterious buyer" appeared "unannounced" and, with paddle number 108, "dominated the auction from start to finish." "People come and go," Basbanes summarizes, "but books go on forever."

Another Caxtonian discussed is Abel Berland, who has, without a doubt, nominated more people for membership into The Caxton Club than any other member. The third chapter of Basbanes' book, "Going with the Flow," gives the important history of the record-setting sale, October 8-9, 2001, by Christie's Galleries in Rockefeller Plaza, "just two miles uptown from the still-smoldering rubble of what by then was already being called Ground Zero." He treats the remarkable collection with due fondness, such as

Mr. Berland himself felt for the Renaissance collection, which included, besides the finest example of Shakespeare's *First Folio* of 1623, but the second, third, and fourth *Folios*, as well. We get details about the thinking regarding permitting the sale to go on only four weeks after the terrorist attack on September 11, and we learn the facts and figures about not only the Shakespeare items but also the remaining, remarkable items of the collection.

Faithful to Mr. Berland's intent in the sale of his collection, Basbanes says, Abel "had decided it was time to allow a new generation of collectors the same pleasure of ownership that he had enjoyed for so many years, with some of his books representing once-in-a-lifetime opportunities."

Finally, and most appropriate to Basbanes' lecturing in Chicago this month, with appropriate kindness, he discusses the development, the generous sharing, and the donation to the Newberry Library of Caxtonian C. Frederick Kittle's collection of Doyleana, the world's most important collection of materials by and relating to the family of Arthur Conan Doyle. Basbanes observes this splendid fact this way: "Beyond the comfort this material provides around the house comes the additional pleasure of benefaction,...giving the [Newberry Library], in an instant, a research archive of international stature."

There are many other dimensions of book collecting — beyond the labors of Caxton Club members — which Basbanes shares with us and which ought to be a part of every collector's intellection. We meet, for example, his mentor, the late Raymond Morin, and travel with them to auctions and books fairs. We discover with him Henry Thoreau's copy of Gray's *Botany*, used throughout Thoreau's life in his botanical research. We look over Basbanes' shoulder in the Library of Congress to view Lincoln's signed copy of Kirkham's *Grammar*, which was the foundation for Lincoln's mastery of the English language and which he gave to Ann Rutledge to use before her untimely death in 1835. And what Basbanes says about the use of the computer in book searches, buying, and record-keeping is urgent for every collector to know.

This is a rich book, rich in story, in principle, and in language. Basbanes is a master with the English language, and the book is a joy, simply to read. ❖

Nick Basbanes

Bookmarks...

Dinner Program

Luncheon Program

Dinner and luncheon programs will resume in September

Honorary Caxtonian Hermann Zapf honored in Illinois



On May 18, 2003, the University of Illinois awarded Hermann Zapf, Darmstadt, Germany, with the Doctor of Fine Arts degree during its graduation ceremony on the Urban-Champaign campus. Shortly after the ceremony, Dr. Zapf posed for the photo above, with James J. Stukel, president (l); Dr. Zapf; Nancy Cantor, chancellor, and Kathleen Conlin, dean. Photo courtesy of the University of Illinois.

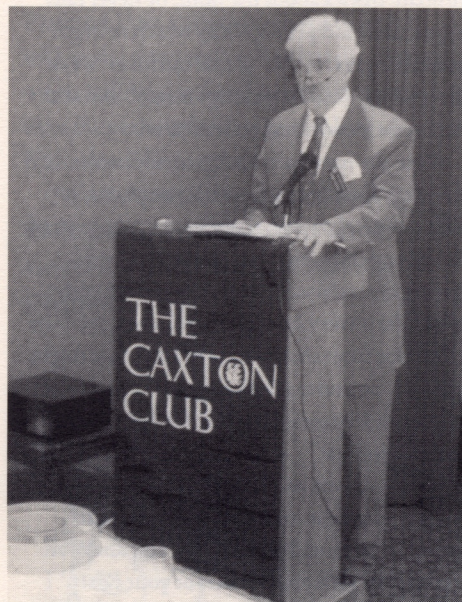
"[Hermann Zapf], you are renowned as the author of calligraphic alphabets, and you have brought calligraphy to the level of a fine art in your limited-edition silk-screen prints and calligraphic panels. Your book designs for German publishers have won 'Most Beautiful Book of the Year' awards, and your scholarship has inspired more than five generations of graphic designers.

"In appreciation for your silent but profound effect on how we read the written word, and upon recommendation of the Senate of the Urbana-Champaign campus, it is an honor to present you to the President of the University for the honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts"

From the citation
University of Illinois
May 18, 2003



Hermann Zapf, his lovely wife Gundran Zapf von Hesse, Hayward Blake, and Jack Weiss, president of the Society of Typographic Arts, pose at the Caxton dinner meeting in May. Photo by Jim Tomes.



Robert Cotner, who, with his wife Norma, represented The Caxton Club at the University of Illinois honorary degree ceremony for Hermann Zapf, reads at the May dinner meeting the university citation given Dr. Zapf. Photo by Jim Tomes.