CAXTONIAN

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Abel Berland, our most distinguished Caxtonian, talks about books

Editor's note: *On October 8, 2001, Caxtonian Abel Berland's Renaissance collection, which included some of the most remarkable books of Western Civilization — a 1623* First Folio *of Shakespeare (and three other* Folios*), a first edition of Galilei Galileo's* Dialogo *(1632), Sir Isaac Newton's* Principia *(1686), and scores of other extraordinarily rare books — brought $14.3 million in public auction at Christie's in New York City. His* First Folio *set a record for a single volume of Shakespeare, selling at $6.2 million.*

Abel is now confined to his home in Glencoe, IL. The following interview between Abel and me occurred June 4, 2004, at the Berland home. It is appropriate that my final issue of the Caxtonian *feature Abel, for he nominated me to membership to the club in 1990, and he is, indeed, for all Caxtonians the very epitome of a true book collector.*

Abel Berland as a young Caxtonian.

RC – Talk about your fine collection of Renaissance books.

AB – The assemblage of my library gave me such joy, such pleasure, I cannot describe it fully. Every night, I walked into my library, and I'd read something from my books. I always found something new — and I'd read into the wee hours. I was a bibliophile — as well as a bibliomaniac!

People always wanted to know what the dollar value of my library was. To me, it was a king's and queen's treasure. I did not know the dollar value, honestly.

RC – Where did your love of books begin?

AB – We had no books in our home when I was a child, and, when I was 7 or 8 years old, my father gave me a hardbound copy of *Treasure Island*. It was my first personal book, and I cherished it. I made a wrapper for the book and came to appreciate the tactile qualities in book collecting with that very first book.

My love of Shakespeare began with Elizabeth K. Waters at Roosevelt High School in Chicago, who assigned Shakespeare's *King Lear* in my sophomore year. I read it. It was a tough play, but I loved it. I went to every library in the city and read everything I could find about *King Lear*. I even paid my first visit to the Newberry Library in my research.

RC – Give us some personal background.

AB – I was born in Cincinnati. My mother said I preferred books to toys. I was an early reader. We moved to Chicago in 1921.

On July 18, 1938, I had my first date with Meredith, and we were married in 1940. I passed the bar in 1938 and then practiced law with Steven Jurco, a prince in every way. He was a first-rate lawyer. During World War II, he went into Intelligence Service and became a Colonel. I practiced law for two years and then went to work for Arthur Rubloff in 1940. He was a spellbinder in business. I was hired as a real estate salesman on commission. I made so much the first year that Mr. Rubloff put me on salary and gave me a title of Vice President of Sales. We became friends — as good a friend as he was capable of having. And I later became President of Rubloff.

RC – Tell us about your first bibliophilic purchase.

AB – My first bibliophilic purchase — well, in the 1940s I bought some English literature — Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son*, an early edition of Boswell's *Johnson*, and some Oliver Goldsmith. In 1958, I bought a first edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

In 1961, Lou Silver of Chicago introduced me to John Fleming in New York. I bought the Yorkminster copy of the *Fourth Folio*, one of the finest copies in existence, from John Fleming. In 1963 and 1964, I bought copies of the *Second* and *Third Folios*. In 1965, I bought a copy of the *First Folio*. I then had a complete set of Shakespeare's *Folios*, which were originally issued between 1623 and 1685. But my set was seriously flawed: the *First Folio* lacked 17 original pages.

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CAXTONIAN

The Caxton Club, Founded 1895

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Musings...

I find it hard to pass up a country road I have never traveled. I love the fresh view, widening horizon, unexpected and unplanned destinations. That's why I know with some intimacy the features of many American landscapes and at least a dozen major American cities. That's why, I suppose, I love reading books, for each book is an "open road" into newness of some sort.

And, of course, you will know that my favorite poem is Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road":

> *Camerado, I give you my hand!*
> *I give you my love more precious than money,*
> *I give you myself before preaching and law;*
> *Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?*
> *Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?*

Naturalist John Burroughs, who wrote one of the earliest and most prescient biographies of Whitman, suggests that Whitman's intimacy with America and her diverse people made him a "world's poet." I believe that happens in a rather natural way with those who are nurtured in a literate, democratic society.

When I moved to West Africa in 1971 to teach English, I discovered that the American literature course I was to teach contained no African-American literature, that the world drama course consisted of European and American playwrights, and that the advanced composition course focused solely on European and American topics. So I introduced for the first time at the University of Liberia, African-American writers in American literature, African playwrights in world drama, and African-centered topics in advanced composition. What a joy the Liberian students found in these new intellectual dimensions. Together in our studies, we became citizens of the world.

NJC came home the other day very excited about a book she had found for our summertime travel reading. (You will remember that we read to each other as we drive to our many summer destinations.) She had found Christopher Phillips' marvelous *Six Questions of Socrates*, which we've been reading now over several short trips and plan to finish on our annual sojourn to the Georgia coast in August. In the book, Phillips, who conducts "Socrates Cafes" throughout the world, presents summaries of public discussions with people of wide-ranging nationalities on Socratic topics, "What is Virtue?" "What is Moderation?" "What is Justice?" and so forth.

The discussion, "What is Justice?" takes place in the *Plaza de Las Tres Cultures* in the Tlatcloco neighborhood of Mexico City — "named *Tenochtitlan* by its original Aztec inhabitants — which is the oldest continuously inhabited city in the Western Hemisphere." With its 23 million residents in and around the city, Mexico City is also the world's largest urban center.

It is an appropriate location for a discussion of *justice*, for the *Tres Cultures* indicates a place of meetings, and clashing, for the three distinct cultures composing and competing in Mexican society. And Phillips says importantly, "No one but no one I've discovered, likes to talk the talk — honest, probing, rigorous, philosophical talk — like Mexicans, or has the comparable stamina to do so for hours on end."

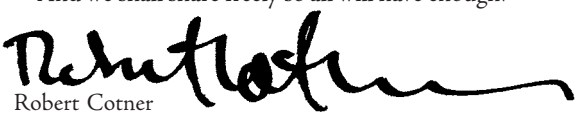
Phillips then recreates the extended and complex dialogue with the gathered Mexican people, representing a complete range of the society, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, Indian and Spanish. A master in leading Socratic dialogue, Phillips guides the discussion with perceptive questions, and the people volunteer intelligent responses and establish among themselves a rich, extended discussion. They talked openly of a "common sense of betrayal by a government that had promised them with a decent standard of living, with decent employment opportunities, but instead put them in worse straits than ever."

In answer to Phillips' question, What is justice?, a Mexican man says he can explain "*justicia Mexicana* — Mexican justice ....If you're well connected and have lots of money, then you can cheat and beat the justice system."

Phillips leads the assembly of people through paths of Mexican history and philosophy, coming ultimately to Machiavellian justice and European thinkers and leaders, probing always for an answer to his, and Socrates', question, What is justice? The discussion runs from early morning to the waning light of evening. Toward the end of the day, a 10-year-old girl standing near Phillips tugs at his shirtsleeve and indicates she has something to say. She sums up the day's discussion in this remarkable question: "Isn't justice sharing what you have so everyone has enough?"

I am a citizen of the world, past and present. I accept the awesome responsibility of this citizenship with the vital hope suggested by Pierre Teillard de Chardin, one of my very favorite thinkers: "Some day, after we have mastered the winds, the waves, the tides, and gravity, we will harness for God [and humankind] the energy of love; then, for the second time in the history of the world, we will have discovered fire."

And we shall share freely so all will have enough.



Robert Cotner
Editor

A small celebration of world citizenship

Louis P. Beleky
Iraqi-American Fulbright Professor
University of Liberia, 1972

Harold (Fritz) Whitehall
British Counsel Professor of English
University of Liberia, 1972

Julia Bing, Liberian Student
University of Liberia, 1972

There is But One Child

For the children of
Midwest Buddhist Temple,
Chicago

There is but one child,
and he is all of you.

There is but one child,
and she is all of the children
in the city,
in the nation,
in the world.

There is but one child,
since the first child was born,
until the last child shall pass away.

When that child is happy, the world rejoices,
in laughter, lightness, expectation.
When that child is injured,
you suffer.
When that child is abused,
all children are wounded.
When that child is killed,
hope for humankind lies murdered.

There is but one child;
therefore, be kind to yourself,
understanding of others,
vigilant for the welfare of all.

When you are parent, rearing your own child,
know that there is but one child;
that child is yours,
and all the world's children depend
upon you.

Robert Cotner
1994

All photographs on this page by Robert Cotner

Haile Selassie
Emperor of Ethiopia
Monrovia, Liberia, 1971

Scene from the funeral
of William Tubman, President of Liberia
Monrovia, Liberia, 1971

Norma Jean Cotner and Erin
Monrovia, Liberia, 1971

Mariano Azuela and the novels of the Mexican Revolution

Pierre Ferrand

Exterior view of Polyforum Cultural Siqueiros, Mexico City, showing some of the faces of the dodecagon, each covered in sculptered mural. These symbolic exterior murals are invitations to enter and view the great interior vault.

Many of the issues of the Mexican Revolution of nearly a century ago have not yet been resolved even today, The nation south of our border, so creative in arts and letters, is still beset by widespread poverty, corruption, and sporadic violence, though there are signs of improvement. No wonder that the story of the revolution and its aftermath has been reflected in many Mexican novels.

I own a two-volume anthology edited by Angelo Castro Leal *(Las Novelas de la Revolucion Mexicana*, Mexico City, Aguilar, 1967), which contains 22 significant works by 12 different authors, but this does not exhaust the genre. For instance, Carlos Fuentes's *La muerte de Artemio Cruz* (1962) and other novels by Fuentes, which deal with the aftermath of the revolution, are not included. Castro Leal does reprint, however, three of the classic tales by Mariano Azuela dealing with the revolution, which had raised so many hopes, and the effects of the frustrating, sordid, and brutal power struggle, which followed.

Briefly, the historical background of the novels of the Mexican Revolution is as follows: A new age appeared to have dawned when the dictatorial general, Porfirio Diaz, who had ruled the country with an iron hand for 35 years, was overthrown in 1911. The new President, Francisco L. Madero, had simply demanded a more democratic system of government, particularly a presidential term limited to six years. Many of his followers were not content with this. They wanted to dismantle thoroughly the oligarchic system of the Diaz regime, which had concentrated power and wealth in a few hands. This involved the separation of church and state. There were also peasant revolts demanding the distribution of land and led by such colorful figures as Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata; not necessarily very appealing if examined closely.

Madero was overthrown by General Victoriano Huerta and murdered soon afterwards. Huerta's brief regime turned out to be a brutal caricature of that of Diaz. He was soon overthrown by a coalition, including the generals Carranza, Villa, and Zapata. Villa refused to recognize Carranza as the country's president, but was defeated in several battles and was forced to flee. Carranza continued to face armed challenges from rivals for leadership, was overthrown in a coup in1920, and was eventually assassinated (as were Villa and Zapata). Sporadic civil war and unrest continued. It took some two decades after the fall of the Diaz regime for a measure of peace to be established in Mexico, and for even a beginning of the implementation of many of the reforms promised or even decreed by Carranza and some of his successors.

MarianoAzuela, who died 50 years ago of a stroke, was the pioneer novelist of the Mexican Revolution. Most of his total output of 20 novels is related to its history and its aftermath, starting with *Andres Perez, maderista*, published as early as 1911, not a great novel but an indictment of opportunists who supported Madero merely to save their positions and wealth. On the other hand, Azuela's sixth novel, *Los de Abajo* (*The Underdogs*), written four years later, is the first important novel about the revolution and the subsequent civil wars, and, arguably, the greatest novel on this theme.

While not truly autobiographical, it is based on personal experience and sharp observation. Azuela, who had actually taken local political office as a "maderista," joined one of Pancho Villa's army units as an army doctor after Madero's assassination and was an eyewitness to the defeat of Huerta at Zacatecas in1914. Like other officers of Villa's army, he briefly took refuge in the U.S. after Villa's defeats in 1915. His disillusionment with the aftermath of the revolution and disgust with the leaders struggling for power are apparent in *The Underdogs*, which he managed to get published in a Texan Spanish-language daily, *El Paso del Norte*. The installments ran from October to December 1915.

Like two other remarkable tales about the aftermath of the Revolution, Azuela wrote in the following years, *Los Caciques* (*The Bosses*) in 1917 and *Las Moscas* (*The Flies*) in 1918. The latter attracted no critical attention until 1925. Indeed, no more than five copies of the original (1916) book edition of *Los de Abajo*

were sold. Today, it is world-famous and has been translated into many languages.

The novel is spare, with memorable brief descriptions of landscapes and situations. People are characterized by what they say and do. It is divided into 42 short sections, or episodes, which have been properly labeled "a series of snapshots." In the aggregate, they supply a grim account of the brief military career of Demetrio Macias, an illiterate peon from a mountainous region in central Mexico, who becomes head of a guerilla band after a quarrel with a local magnate who arranged for the burning down of his home by the Huerta forces. He distinguishes himself as a leader, and is appointed a general in Villa's army after his daring assault on Zacatecas contributes to Huerta's downfall. Demetrio, originally not evil, is corrupted by power, and becomes lecherous, brutal, and unfeeling, participating in sordid orgies, and does not restrain his men from senseless looting and murderous cruelty. His revenge on his personal enemy, the magnate or "cacique" is to burn down his mansion. After the defeat of Villa by the forces supporting President Venustiano Carranza, Demetrio returns with his few remaining men to the site of his earliest triumph in battle, and they are mowed down by the government troops. The story has come full circle, and the implication is the meaninglessness and futility of the bloody and destructive events, which are presented realistically and with considerable dramatic impact.

Like Demetrio himself, his loyal followers, most of them peons and some of them ex-jailbirds, became *guerilleros* as a result of private resentments. They do not really know why they go on fighting, but wars and revolutions have their own dynamics. In the novel, a disillusioned middle class officer, when asked why he stays in the army, says that he no longer feels like a human being with a purpose of his own, but like a dry leaf tossed by a strong wind. Demetrio himself, asked the same question, similarly illustrates his feeling by tossing a stone down a canyon.

Demetrio and his intimates have no interest whatever in the abstract ideas of "justice" or "freedom from oppression" and so forth spouted by Luis Cervantes, an ex-medical student and journalist. Cervantes deserts the Huerta forces, which had drafted him, and becomes a physician for Demetrio's troops and eventually the secretary of the newly-baked general. The role of this middle class intellectual in the novel is less than glorious. His alleged idealism is not taken seriously by Demetrio or his intimates. However, he ingratiates himself to the general by pimping services under rather odious circumstances. He is the first to flee to the United States after Villa's defeat and writes a letter to an ex-companion (hoping that he can get hold of some money by hook or by crook), to join him in opening a Mexican restaurant in El Paso. Alternatively, he suggests, he could play in a Salvation Army band.

Azuela had come to despise the general run of intellectuals as hollow, futile, and opportunistic pimps, addicted to empty catch phrases and slogans, and ready to become turncoats at a moment's notice to save their skins. The same feeling is expressed in a scene of his subsequent novel, *Los Caciques*, the thrust of which, however, is to bitterly attack the magnates or "bosses," who ruthlessly exploit their fellowmen and manage to stay on top whatever the regime. In *Las Moscas*, the "flies" of the title are the opportunists eager to profiteer from a change of government.

Azuela, when at his best, is a memorable writer by any standard, with considerable artistic skills and resourcefulness, sense of form, and originality. Trained in the naturalistic tradition of Zola and Maupassant, whom he greatly admired, he also wrote at least three remarkable experimental novels, which are listed in the bibliographical note. His disillusionment and what has been called his cynicism are expressions of a sensitive man who, as someone has said, "was hurt by reality" but kept his ideals of decency. Indeed, when he left El Paso for Mexico City, he concentrated for many years on a career as a physician for the poor. His works show that he remained all his life outraged by exploitation, meanness, and hypocrisy, and that he had moments of genuine tenderness. He remains interesting even in his lesser works.

Fragment of a mural, "The March of Humanity in Latin America," Poly-Forum of the Hotel de Mexico, Mexico City.

Bibliographical Note: I used the convenient Castro Leal anthology for Azuela's 1915, 1917, and 1918 stories referred to in the text, and the edition of *Tres Novelas* (*La Malhora*, *El desquite*, and *La luciernago*, Mexico City, Coleccion Popular, 1968, many times reprinted) for the experimental novels. There is a three-volume edition of Azuela's *Obras Completas* (Mexico City, 1958). The first English edition of *The Underdogs* was published by Brentano's in New York, 1929, and contains haunting pen and ink illustrations by Jose Manuel Orozco, who was in the U.S. at that time. The most readily available English text of the book is in a Signet paperback, first published 1962.

The Flies and *The Bosses* were published in a paperback by the University of California Press (1956). People who do not read Spanish (and some who can), could do worse than to consult John S. Brushwood's *Mexico in its Novel*, Austin: University of Texas Press, 1966, for a good discussion of a number of the novels of the Mexican Revolution. For historical and social background, a convenient source is the anthology edited by James W. Wilkie and Albert L. Michaels, *Revolution in Mexico: Years of Upheaval, 1910-1940*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1969, which includes a number of key eyewitness accounts, subsequent analyses, and a good bibliography. ❖

Berland

Continued from page 1

You know that I was interested in Shakespeare from my high school days. I was devoted to everything about Shakespeare. My dream was that someday I could *see* the original of his plays. I never dreamed that I'd *own* a copy of the *First Folio* — it was the Holy Grail! I never ceased to wonder at the imagination of Shakespeare. He must have had a gigantic IQ.

John Fleming, who had a room at 322 E. 57th St., New York City, became a runner at the age of 14 for book dealer Abraham Simon Rosenbach. When Rosenbach died, Fleming took his book stock and name, as well as a collection of old aristocratic houses in New York City. After I first visited Fleming's book room, I would create reasons to go to New York just to visit Fleming's room.

In April 1970, I walked into Fleming's shop, and he said, "Abel, sit down. I'm going to give you an opportunity that comes only once in a lifetime. I'm going to sell you the four *Folios* and Shakespeare's poems, all in first-rate condition." I came back to Chicago and told my bookkeeper and personal assistant, Mary Ann French, "I need a lot of cash. Sell everything. *I want those books!* — they are immortal!" Mary Ann sold my stock, I got some advance funds, and I bought the four *Folios* and poems at Fleming's price. I had the greatest books in the English language — complete, without facsimile leaves, according to Felix Oyens and Anthony James West, Shakespeare specialists, and the scholars at both Sotheby's and Christie's.

My *First Folio* had been owned by the English poet John Dryden and had been in his family from 1760 until 1911. It is known as the "Dryden *Folio*." My *Second Folio* was known as the "Bruce Lord Amphill *Folio*." My *Third Folio* was the "Britwell-Ford Court *Folio*." And my *Fourth Folio* was the "George Daniel *Folio*." Together, these were known as the "Bemis *Folios*" because they were first assembled by a Boston attorney, Frank Brewer Bemis, between 1918 and 1921. These have been the great joy of my life — I cannot tell you how much I have loved them!

RC – What about the first *Folio* set?

AB - Because Fleming would not take my first set of *Folios* in trade for the second set — he needed immediate cash — I consigned my first *Folio* set to John Fleming, and he sold them between 1970 and 1974.

RC – And then you sold the second set in 2001?

AB – The pleasure derived from books is not only intellectual: I was transformed by my books. I was born a bibliphile, I know. I had a natural inclination as a reader. The librarian used to ask me when I checked books out, "Abel, are you going to read *all* those books?" I read by streetlight coming through my bedroom window when my parents turned off the lights.

I knew from the day I bought the Shakespeare collection that I had but temporary custody of the books. I owned the original writings of the greatest mind to exist on earth. My *First Folio* was one of three perfect copies in private hands. But I was at a stage in life where I could not take care of them properly. Taking care of these "sacred objects" requires a mental and physical obligation that is very great. You must preserve these objects as others have done for centuries before you, and it was time to pass them on to others.

Some will ask, "What about your children's legacy?" I respond that the only legacy that means anything for my children is honesty, hard work, decency, kindness, thoughtfulness. Only these represent the best qualities of human life, and Meredith and I have given our children these qualities in life. Other book collectors will have the great joy I have had in buying and cherishing these marvelous books — and that is another legacy I leave.

Abel Berland holds his cherished Dryden First Folio.

RC – What is the future of book collecting?

AB – I would tell young book collector to first become book *lovers*. Find books you love that are important and in good condition. Follow your inclinations — don't make prospective value the primary consideration in book purchases. A collection will not reflect anything important if you don't let literary inclinations dictate acquisitions.

And the future of the book itself — in this electronic age — is still very great. I cannot imagine civilization without the book. I don't know if the present format will exist in the future, but the context of the book will always inform and be a guide, and it will illumine civilization, future as well as past.

RC – And what of your association with The Caxton Club?

AB – In the late 1940s and early 1950s, I was often a visitor to The Caxton Club. But I was never asked to join. The club was not a democratic club, as it is today. Sam Rosenthal was the first Jewish member, who joined in 1940. Sam once asked me how come I wasn't a member, and I said, "Because no one ever asked me." But I did become a member in 1957.

The club provided a pleasure of association with people of taste and judgment — book collectors — and I no longer felt alone, an odd-ball.

RC – You have brought more people into The Caxton Club than any other member, it seems to me. Regularly I hear members say, "Abel nominated me!"

AB – I don't have any idea how many people I have nominated — but it has been a lot.

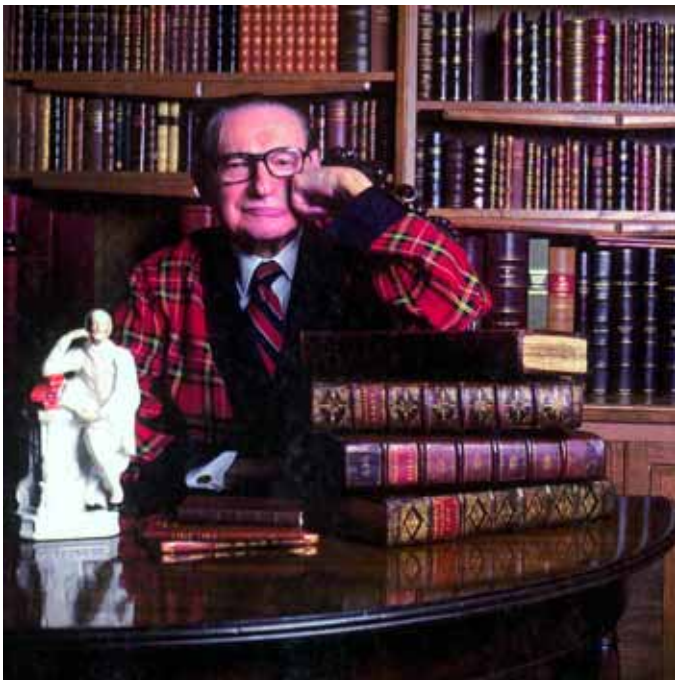
RC – You nominated me in 1990. Do you remember that?

AB – Of course! We were at a Mid-Day Club luncheon, just the two of us. I learned you collected Robert Frost, and I asked you if you knew about The Caxton Club. You didn't, and I invited you to join.

Berland

Continued from page 6

RC – Do you remember my first Caxton dinner meeting — whom we sat with?
AB – That I cannot recall.
RC – You, Rhoda Clark, Rupert Wenzel, and I sat together at a table toward the back of the room and had a delightful conversation about books and collections. I was hooked at the first meeting!
AB – We're all *hooked*! I have owned first editions of all the most important books of American literature at one time or another — *Moby Dick*, *Huck Finn*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Two Years Before the Mast* — all of them! I have had signed copies of Carl Sandburg and Robert Frost. And when I've traveled, to England, Italy, Ireland, Scotland — wherever — I always visited first rare bookstores, to meet new book-loving friends, and loved every minute of it!
RC – Has it all been worthwhile?
AB – Beyond measure! Book collecting gave me great intellectual stimulation and pleasure. It triggered my recollection of the contributions to civilization made by men and women of literature—and their elegance. I remain hungry for the intellectual companionship I find with you and other Caxtonians. And I continue to read each night.❖



Abel Berland mirrors Shakespeare's pose at his desk in his library. (See additional photos on p. 8)

Musing on Robert

Dan Crawford

The May 19, 2004 dinner meeting of The Caxton Club was the Annual Business meeting, at which there was a short report on membership, a shorter report on the treasury, and the presentation of a slate of candidates to fill vacant positions on the Council.

But a lump of time was also set aside for tributes to Robert Cotner as his retirement as editor of some literary magazine draws nigh. Oral tributes were chosen as the best form of salute for someone who had worked so thoroughly with the word. (And the Council couldn't think of anything else. He already has a club tie.)

The first of what were billed as three-minute musings came from President Michael Thompson, who recalled Bob Cotner as the first person to come up to him at a Caxton event. Receiving an issue of the *Caxtonian* soon after this proved to him how friendly The Caxton Club could be. The journal, in content and design, seemed so thoroughly in tune with the tenor of the club that he was stunned to learn it had been founded only in 1993, rather than 1895.

Next to the podium, Past President Fred Kittle considered the story of a man who had moved from town to town through the Midwest, planting apple trees. One of Johnny Appleseed's trees grew in Kendallville, a town responsible for Nobel Prize winner Harold C. Urey and Bob Cotner. "Maybe it was the apples." He also brought up Bob Cotner's track and field work in school, which taught him to keep running forward; this eventually brought him to Chicago. (Though it was only when he married Norma that he stopped running in circles.)

Ed Quattrocchi then tried to give newer members an idea of what the club was like when he joined it: a Caxton Club without Friday luncheons, without the *Caxtonian*, with precious little to connect members who couldn't make the dinners. He saluted the *Caxtonian* as one of the new joys, one of the new connections, added to the club since then. He also made note of Bob Cotner's service as Centennial President, an arduous job for a man to be pitchforked into after a mere three years as a member.

Robert Cotner himself then made a plaintive plea for a chance to respond, and made his own tribute to The Caxton Club, a group of people, as Norma told him, "as esoteric as you are." His "Musings," he noted, had always been something along the line of love letters to people for whom he had respect. He saluted his successor, Bob McCamant and the world of literature celebrated in the *Caxtonian* as one of the ties that binds us. He concluded with the closing lines of "Ulysses," which he was once sternly ordered to memorize by D. Elton Trueblood.

Bob McCamant led the club in a standing ovation, and the audience saluted Robert Cotner and the Muse of his "Musings."❖

Bob McCamant to edit Caxtonian

Bob McCamant, a Caxtonian since 1995, will assume editorship of the *Caxtonian*, the monthly journal of The Caxton Club, beginning September 2004. He succeeds Robert Cotner, founder of the journal and editor for the past 11 years. Cotner resigned to devote more time to personal writing.

McCamant comes to the position well prepared. He has been the Contributing Editor for Printing and Papermaking for the Caxtonian. He edited the September 2002 issue of the *Caxtonian* on printers of Northampton, MA. He has been a Council member for the past four years, and was Vice President and Program Chair of the Club during the past year.

Club members will want to welcome the new editor, and may he find as much joy and satisfaction in the *Caxtonian* as Robert Cotner found.❖

Bookmarks...

Luncheon and dinner meetings resume in September

Abel Berland is interviewed by Robert Cotner, June 4, 2004, in the Berland home.

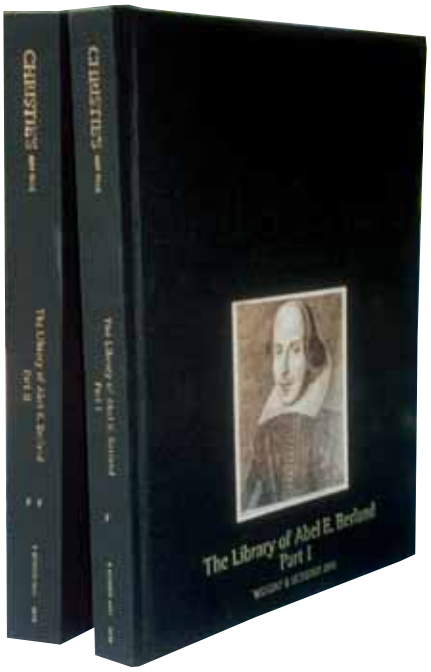
Plaque recognizing Abel Berland as an Honorary Member of The Caxton Club, May 19, 1993, signed by Robert Cotner, who was the club's Centennial President.

Mark your calendars . . .

The Caxton luncheon on September 10, 2004 will feature Caxtonian Tom Joyce, antiquarian bookseller, author, former Caxton Club president, appraiser, speaker (including appearances as "Dr. Rare"), and, most recently, TV and radio personality.

Tom will present anecdotes of Chicago antiquarian book peddlers, colorful individuals who ran the gamut from the Dickensian to the fastidious, from the mildewy to the creepily occult. Not to be missed.

Dorothy Sinson



Christie's catalog of the Berland collection.