CAXTONIAN

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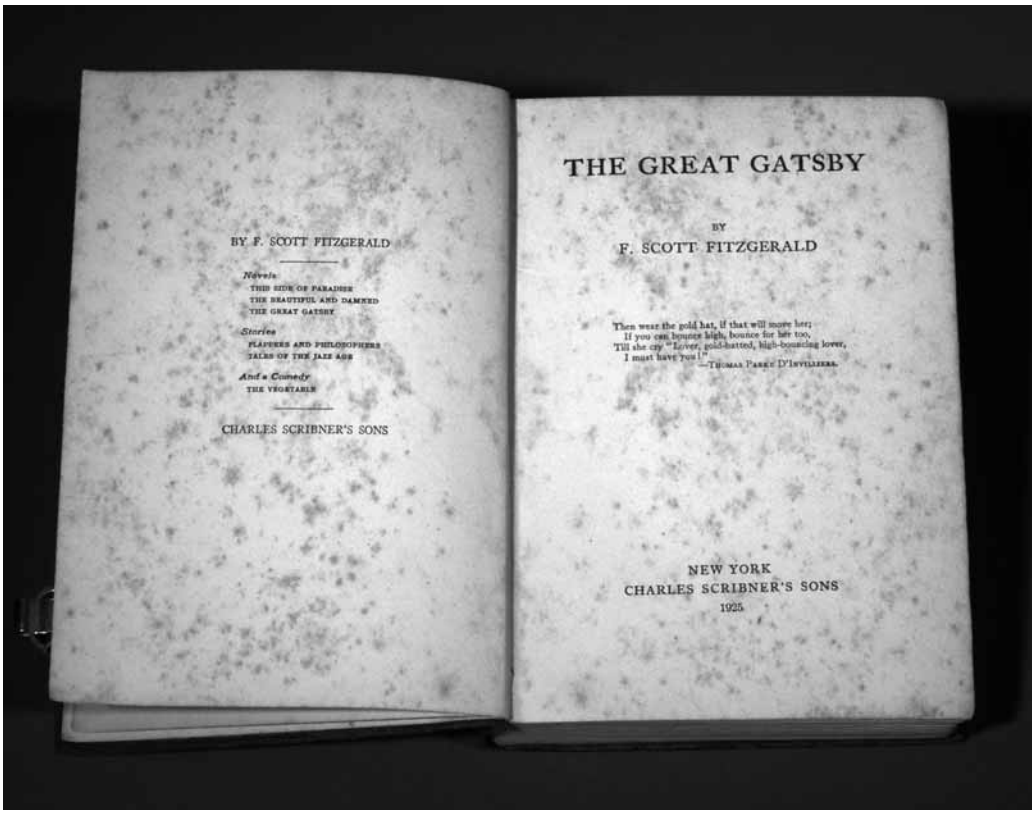
"With All Faults"

Or, good books gone bad

David C. Meyer

"When the auctioneer adds to the description of an ordinary book the words… 'with all faults,' it is because he knows or suspects that it is imperfect.… You have been warned."

—*ABC for Book Collectors*, John Carter



The Great Gatsby *by F. Scott Fitzgerald, first edition, first issue, heavily foxed.*

Who would willingly highlight the shabbiest books in their library? Allow me to be the first.

After all, what are the chances of finding a first edition of F. Scott Fitzgerald's most acclaimed work, *The Great Gatsby*, in good condition for less than a small fortune? The novel was published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1925. If you admire Fitzgerald's work and enjoy reading a book in its original edition, as I do, then a copy of *The Great Gatsby* in almost any condition will suffice. I am not certain where and when I found the copy now on my shelves, but I've narrowed the possible locations to two—both in South Miami, Florida, in the 1960s.

One was Maggie DuPriest's Old Book Shop, where I worked and often bought first editions of modern literature in second-hand condition. Had they been pristine in dust jackets, they would have cost much more than I paid—and Maggie might have refused to sell them to me. Paying customers came first; store help, whether able to pay or not, did not, in Maggie's mind, build her customer base. If I bought *The Great Gatsby* from her, I did not pay more than a few dollars for it.

The other possibility was a mile or so east of Maggie's. My guess is that the building originally housed a muffler repair shop. By the time I visited it had become a junk shop. When the proprietor raised the large garage door in the front, the entire contents of the shop came into view—in heaps. You had to work your way in and dig your way out again. The only good thing you could say for the place, beyond what you might find there, was that its openness never hindered a breeze passing through.

Of course, weather in Florida is not kind to books. The climate brings mildew and decay, insects with appetites and excrement. Having books linger in open areas, say, in the vicinity of an open garage door—especially in the rainy season—is not good, and usually not of concern to a junk dealer. This may account for the condition of my copy of *The Great Gatsby*. If I bought it at this open-air thrift shop, I paid no more than fifty cents. What Fitzgerald admirer could pass up *any* edition of his work at that price?

The green cloth covers are probably not much duller than they were the day they came from the bindery, but there is some mottling of the color along the bottom edges. (Caused by a few sprinkles of rain perhaps?) More noticeably, the pages are heavily foxed. Booksellers describe foxing as a brownish-yellow discoloration. John Carter's *ABC for Book Collectors* ascribes foxing to "chemical action in paper which has been badly bleached in manufacture, usually caused by damp or lack of ventila-

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tion."

If you've read *The Great Gatsby*, you know that it's a story about the pursuit of the American dream—power, love and money—and its failure in one respect or another. Something of the decadence of the 1920s before the stock market crash, so memorably portrayed in this Jazz Age novel, seems to be conveyed by the condition of my copy. That's a romantic notion, for sure—a book's foxing emphasizing the moral decay depicted within—but why not? Thinking of my *Great Gatsby* in this way is more meaningful to me than just blaming its flaws on bleach or the weather.

You can't expect people working in a thrift store to know or care about books. (As soon as they do, the prices go up.) But a book dealer should know better than to harm the books that pass through his hands. Yet it happens. Too many books get crammed onto a shelf or piled in stacks in the aisles between shelves, and consequently bindings get torn or weakened by customers tugging at or tripping over them. (I suspect that you need not operate a bookstore to inflict such damage; the inventories of internet dealers can also deteriorate in similar ways.) It would be better if these rough-handed dealers were in another trade, perhaps scrap metal recycling.

Yet one of my favorite book dealers, whose name I will not mention, was not kind to the books he sold. I still have fond memories of him, however, for he was the first dealer who treated me as a customer, not just a kid following my father into the store. This man and his wife owned two bookstores in Chicago, a few streets away from each other. Within several floors of the two buildings (and there may have also been a warehouse), thousands upon thousands of books were stored, priced, shelved and sold. With so much inventory, some books had to get hurt.

The telltale history of a book's life can usually be found in its first pages or the margins of its text. But this book dealer had the terrible habit of gluing the front free endpaper of a book to the inside of the front cover. Why would he do this? Although I never attempted to pry up a glued-down page to see what was underneath, mostly likely a former owner's name, an inscription or, possibly, a bookplate was being covered. Many of the books treated in this way were simply *used* books, never destined to become collectible or to rise in value; but chances are that good books and possibly important signatures were indelibly altered by this dealer's pot of glue.

Here's an example: *The Books of William Morris Described with some account of his doings in literature and in the allied crafts* by H. Buxton Forman. The American edition was published by the (now highly collectible) Chicago firm of Way and Williams in 1897. The maroon buckram binding of my copy is worn along the cover extremities, and the spine has a library number in white ink penned on it. A review of a facsimile reprint in 1977 identifies the book's importance as presenting "in a connected narrative the public appearances of Morris in literature, from [his] time…as an undergraduate…to the issue by his trustees of the last…of the posthumous writings destined to come from his Kelmscott Press. Woven into the narrative is exact bibliographical detail and knowledge of each book, supported by typographical arrangements and some 30 pictorial illustrations."

What the reviewer failed to mention is that the compiler, H. Buxton Forman, was, with Thomas J. Wise, one of the great forgers of his time. In November 2003, Howes Bookshop in Hastings, England, offered a copy of the original English edition of Forman's bibliography for 150 pounds sterling. The cataloguer's description is intriguing. He states that "with the various catalogues and bibliographies of Wise, this [Forman's] book was the primary document for establishing the bona fides of the Wise and Forman forgeries.… Nevertheless, a century on, it remains a standard reference."

But what did our man in Chicago do to the copy now in my collection? He glued the front free endpaper over the bookplate of the library that first owned the book in the 1890s. Then he wrote "As-is $2.00" on the inside back cover. Too bad that he was one of those who helped make the book "as is."

All used books come to us "as is," of course, and some are in a worse state than others. What condition would you insist upon when acquiring a copy of the first edition of William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*?

Once again, I was willing to take an original edition in any condition it might come to me. This occurred in the early 1970s while I was (as a friend used to say of me) "living the Spartan life" of a writer in New Hampshire. A friend of my girlfriend at the time showed me a copy of

Faulkner's great novel which had been in her family since the book's publication. She knew of my interest in old books but probably didn't realize that I had as little money to spend on them as she did. Still, I thought this might be my best or possibly only chance to own a first edition of *The Sound and the Fury*.

"How much do you want for it?"

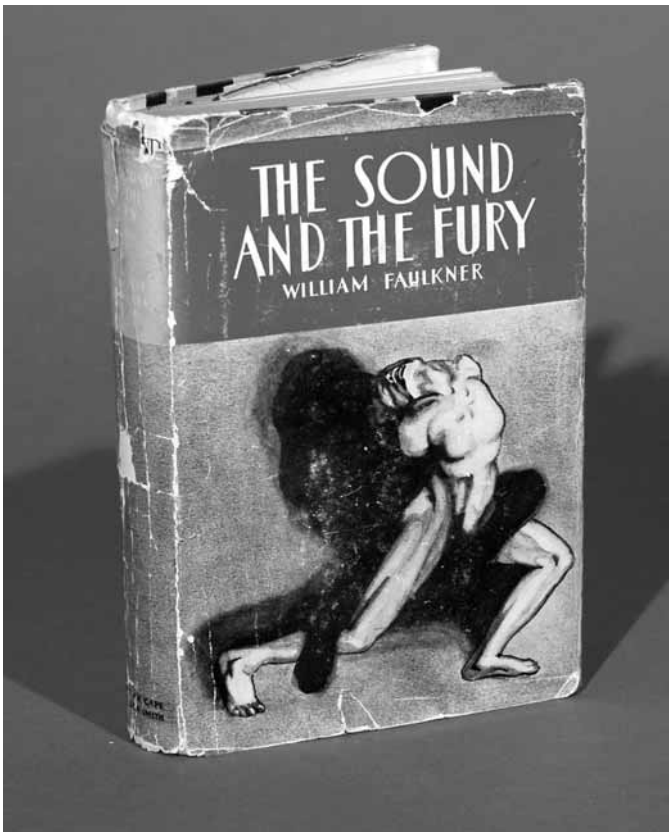
"How much do you think it's worth?"

These, of course, are the gravest questions of such a transaction, and neither one of us had the answer the other was seeking.

We both assumed her book was a first edition. The publisher's imprint on the title page read "New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith" and the copyright page stated "First published 1929." The book was (and is) in used condition. The paper-covered boards—in a black, gray and white wavy design—are worn along the edges and nicked at the corners. The endpapers are identical to the covers, and the front flyleaf and inside cover have a narrow yellow stain from a newspaper clipping which had been laid in. Several interior pages also show acidic darkening where contemporary newspaper reviews of the book had been pressed between the pages. The dust jacket is frayed, torn and fragile; the spine of the jacket is faded and missing a piece about the size of a thumbnail.

Is there any *good* news to offer about this copy? The white cloth spine is clean and bright; the book itself is tight and clean. *And* the top page edges are stained blue-gray. This and the cover design indicate that my copy is not only a first edition but an early issue, perhaps the first. A proper Faulkner bibliography had not been published in the 1970s so I could only act on my book scout's instinct that, regardless of the condition, this was a rare find.

I paid what I could afford at the time. Forty dollars. My girlfriend's friend was happy to get it. I no longer remember her name, for we lost contact decades ago. I need not ever have to tell her that a first edition of *The Sound and the Fury* in a dust jacket, with all faults, now sells for thousands of dollars.[1]



The Sound and the Fury *by William Faulkner, first edition, second- or third-class condition.*

Dust jackets invite abuse. Flimsy dust jackets get torn; bright-colored jackets and light-colored bindings become soiled. Any element of a book which might need to be handled carefully will show damage at the first misuse. But those books which reach the marketplace with *unopened* pages are the most likely to suffer.

ABC for Book Collectors explains that "unopened…means that the leaves of a book issued entirely untrimmed (and therefore having the folding of its component sections still intact at the top and fore-edges) have not been severed from their neighbors with the paper-knife."

"Unopened" is often confused with "uncut," a term referring to pages that have rough-trimmed edges. A simpler way to describe unopened pages is to say that they are still attached, one to another, because they have not been separated. How the pages are opened—if not by the bindery—determines whether or not a book's condition is affected.

Every so often one comes across a book roughly opened after someone ran a finger between two pages still connected. The usual result is a ragged edge to both pages, one torn short and the second with the excess of the first attached and uneven, dangling beyond the book's binding. Books to be casually read and tossed are often candidates for this treatment but it can happen to any book with unopened pages. Impatient and careless readers are the culprits.

There are other reasons for a book's pages to be improperly opened. An example in my library is the collected edition of the literary magazine *The Lark*, published in San Francisco from May 1895 to April 1897 by William Doxey. The book dealer David L. O'Neill noted that "the editor-contributors to *The Lark* parodied and lampooned the very fin de siecle movement it was a part of…."[2] The principal editor was Gelett Burgess, who was known to have written entire issues himself. (He became famous in the first number for his poem "The Purple Cow": "I never saw a purple cow/ I never hope to see one/ But I can tell you anyhow/ I'd rather see than be one." The poem became such an irritation to Burgess that he wrote a sequel in a later issue of *The Lark*: "Ah yes I wrote the Purple Cow/ I'm sorry now I wrote it/ But I can tell you anyhow / I'll kill you if you quote it.") Among the more prominent contributors to the magazine were the novelist Frank Norris, the humorist Caroline Wells and the painter Maynard Dixon.

The Lark is a handsome production inside and out, containing 24 issues bound in two volumes. The publisher's bindings are coarse canvas stamped with three-color drawings of Pan playing his pipes. The text is profusely illustrated with whimsical drawings and designs. The publication is interesting and eye-catching overall, but the paper is acidic and is now browned and fragile. Worse, issues 1 through 7 were printed on both sides of a single page, but

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in issues 8 through 24 each leaf was folded at the bottom to make a two-sided page. This meant that each page of text has an unprinted back. Readers confused by what they thought were hidden inside pages often took a knife (or finger) and cut the pages apart, only to find them blank inside. Had individual pages been numbered—they weren't—readers might not have tried to expose what they assumed were unopened, printed pages. The fault for this needless action was precipitated by the printer and/or the publisher.

But the most deceptive unopened book I ever encountered was *A History of Stone & Kimball and Herbert S. Stone & Company 1893-1905* by Sidney Kramer. It is a history *cum* bibliography of two Chicago-based publishing firms noted for their artistically designed and handsomely printed books.[3] The Kramer volume meets these same criteria, having been designed and typeset by Norman W. Forgue, a Chicagoan who was involved in printing and publishing private press and commercial books for over 50 years.[4] One thousand copies of the Kramer book were printed on laid ivory paper and 500 copies on special rag-content paper at the Black Cat Press, one of Forgue's four printing operations. The lithographic illustrations reproduce Stone & Kimball title pages and *art nouveau* bindings. The book's binding, with title, author's and publisher's names stamped in gold on the spine, is dark blue-green, heavy linen cloth and came in a paperboard slipcase embossed to resemble alligator skin.

Substantial both in subject matter and production values, Kramer's book must still have been a bust in the marketplace. Appearing on the eve of World War II and being a scholarly work issued as an example of fine printing could not have added to its sales appeal. Over the years I recall seeing copy after copy in used book stores. They were always in new condition, with or without their slipcases. Some were bound in a cloth different from the publisher's original choice. Even unbound but sewn page signatures were offered: the text pages ready to go to a bindery but never having made it. Nearly all of these copies, bound and unbound, had unopened pages.

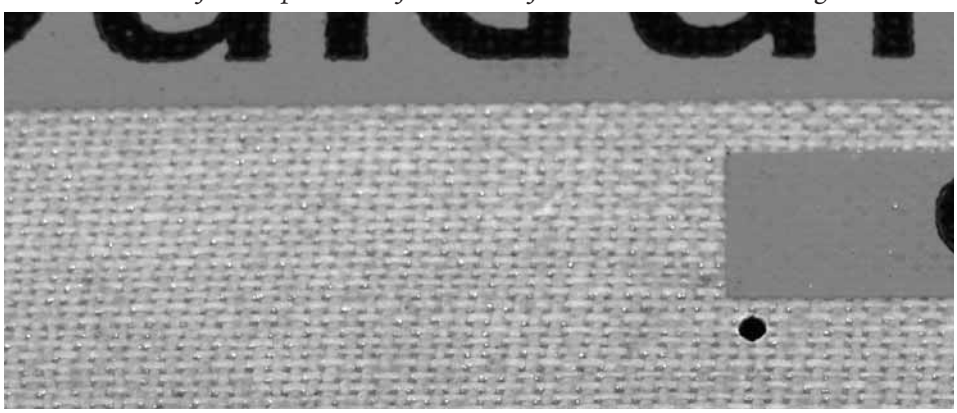
The Lark, *hiding its faults.*

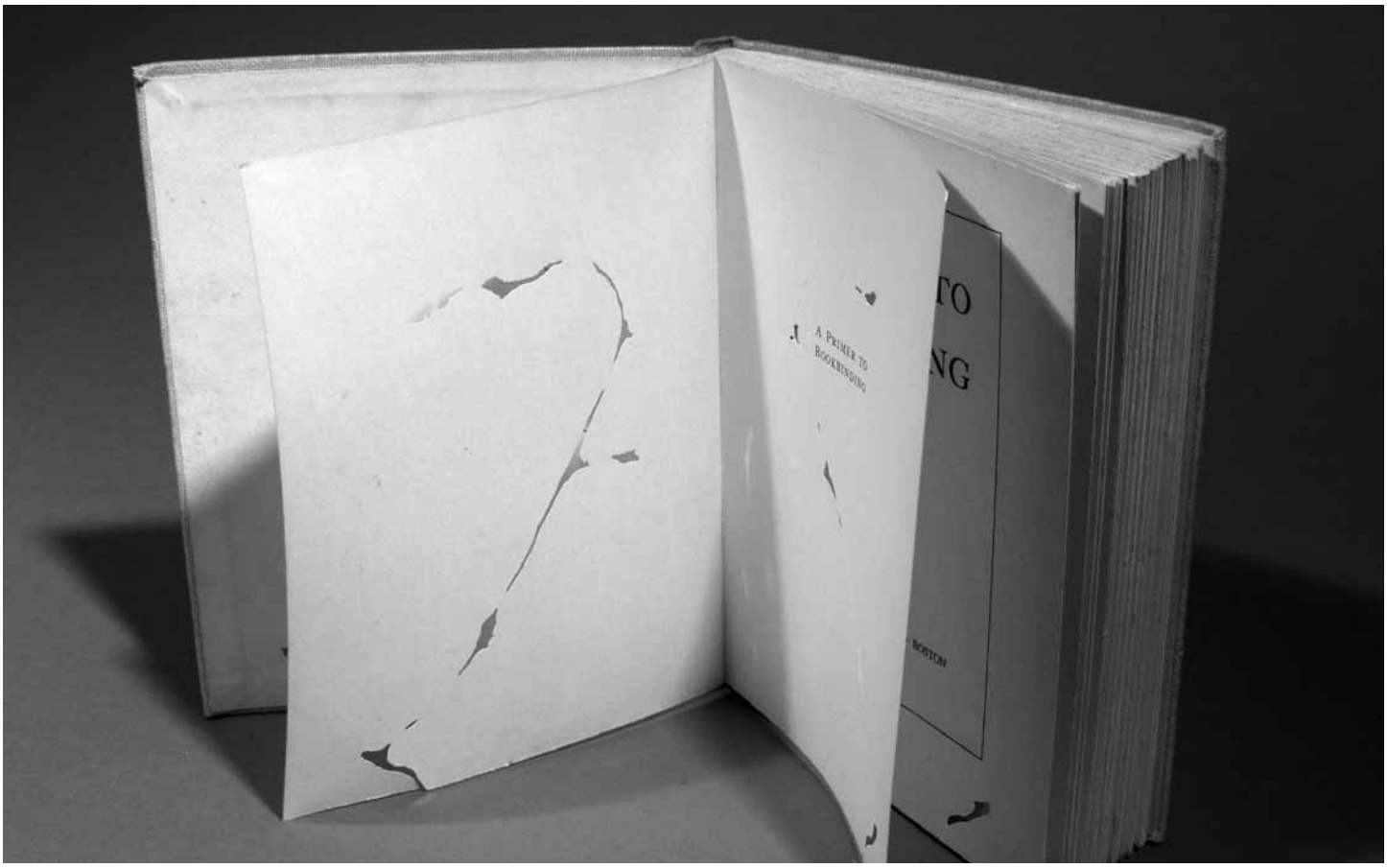
When I finally bought a pristine, bound and slipcased copy from my friends at Hamill & Barker, I knew I needed a knife to carefully cut open the pages if I wanted to read and use the book. So I went at it, not realizing that among all those pages that needed to be cut was a fold-out page that shouldn't be cut. Its uncut edge fooled me, for it was identical to all the others. I cut the fold-out in two, and suddenly I had a loose page of text lying in my lap.

Am I offering a lesson here or confessing to a mistake that still disturbs me? Yes, to both these questions. A bookbinder has repaired the damage somewhat by inserting and reattaching the loose leaf. However, the book is changed, for it no longer has its fold-out page.

My friend at Hamill & Barker, the late Terry Tanner, used to refer to damaged or defective books as "puppies." "This poor puppy," he'd say, trying to decide what to do with the book he held in his hand. As all of his puppies were of the anti-

Pinhole entrance of the culprit on the front cover of A Primer to Bookbinding.





The devastation within A Primer to Bookbinding.

quarian kind, often rare and of value historically and monetarily, he invariably found buyers for them.

A puppy I've owned since my Florida days is the opposite of those Terry had. Where I found it has been long forgotten; but I bought it and keep it solely because of its faults. *A Primer to Bookbinding* is the title and subjectof the book which was written by Francis W. Grimm and published in Boston in 1939 by the venerable firm of Houghton Mifflin. The book is bound in a coarse linen cloth that appears to have been brushed with a coating of shellac (perhaps by a librarian anticipating repeated use) which has worn away in spots. Just to the right of the front cover's stamped title is a small hole, not much larger than the head of a pin. This is the only evidence of the devastation that lies within.

Opening the cover reveals a highway of destruction, left by a termite that invaded the book decades before. The insect's random path runs down along the inside of the cover, the flyleaf and the half-title page. The paper it chewed disappeared into dust so the path is merely an outline of where the paper had once been.

On reaching the bottom right-hand corner, the termite ate its way straight *into* the book, through every page—66 of them—sometimes side-tracking up or down, and then out the back cover.

Flipping the pages animates the trail. Two points of entry become apparent (were there two termites or did one just turn back and take another route?); and as one page after another falls down from front to back, two cavities appear, grow larger or longer, then smaller again, then very long as side trips were taken. By the time the back cover was reached, only a single narrow incision shows, barely the width of a fingernail, still in the bottom right-hand corner. Two exit holes are barely evident on the edges of the back cover. Where the termite(s) went next will never be known. However, the evidence gives sinister meaning to the old phrase "delving into a book."

Whatever their faults, inside or out, through age or bad luck, a few books of this kind will find their way into almost every library—perhaps even yours.

§§

Thanks to fellow Caxtonian R. Russell Maylone, Curator of Special Collections at Northwestern University Library, for providing valuable information on the first edition of The Sound and the Fury.

NOTES

[1] Fine copies of *The Sound and The Fury* have sold for upwards of $45,000.

[2] David L. O'Neill Catalog 106, 1994.

[3] "Herbert Stuart Stone and Hannibal Ingalls Kimball, Jr., were two young men who came to Chicago against the advice of their elders to start a publishing business. Stone & Kimball was a brilliant publishing enterprise, a bright star on the cultural scene of the late 1890's," Gaylord Donnelley wrote in *The Newberry Library Bulletin*, Vol. VI, No. 9, August 1978. R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company printed a major portion of the Stone & Kimball books.

[4] For a brief history of Norman Forgue's printing and publishing activities, see John P. Chalmers' essay in *Inland Printers: The Fine Press Movement in Chicago, 1920-45*, published by The Caxton Club in 2003.

Caxton-Newberry Symposium: Personal Reactions

Members and a guest give their responses to an extraordinary day of discussion about translation

Fidelity in Translation

"The Translator's Role in a Shrinking World" was the umbrella title for the four presentations on March 31, 2007 at the Newberry Library, with "Today and Tomorrow" the subtitle for the afternoon panel discussion and question and answer program. Translation is, we learned, really too broad a subject to treat in a morning and afternoon; fortunately the speakers provided specifics that narrowed further the effort to roam within the breadth of the announced subjects. The first two speakers, Patricia Ingham of Indiana University and Thomas Hahn of the University of Rochester, spoke from their perspectives as literary historians, while the last two, Douglas Hofstadter of Indiana University and Goran Malmquist of the Swedish Academy spoke as translators. The dichotomy evident in this split proved informative of the possible meanings and uses of translations and translators, and entertaining in the varying approaches and purposes translators bring to the work of transforming the written word from one language to another.

As the first two speakers made clear, the early uses of translation were principally commercial and political, not literary. Using *Le Morte D' Arthur* as illustration, Prof. Ingham explained how Thomas Malory's 1470 English book (with French title) owed much to earlier French sources, including Chrétien De Troyes. As William Caxton's preface to his 1485 printing makes clear, it was "reduced" from French sources, but, more important, it took the hero of the French medieval romances, who, if he lived at all, was most likely a sixth-century Welshman, and turned him into a symbol for a greater British nation. Caxton and Malory were intentionally creating a new Arthur, a Briton, rather than "translating" a French history of an ancient Welshman and his times. Prof. Hahn emphasized, similarly, the unifying commercial and market-driven purpose of translators—or at least of their printers—in exploiting a demand for the early genre of travel writings. In a world where few people traveled far from the place of their birth, books, and especially travel books in translation, provided a window into other, unknown worlds. The early experience of "America," exemplified by Jan van Doesborch's *Of the new landes*, and other exotic places was a function not only of translating the written accounts of travelers or explorers, but of translating their experience into images—drawings or sketches—of what the text described. The experience of the traveler was thus translated to another language, and into images. Whether fanciful or stylized, focusing on family groups or domestic scenes, these "translations" of foreign life and lives were produced to meet a market demand, but also shaped the world's view of its varied parts.

The contrast of these views of "The Translator's Role in a Shrinking World" was provided by the translators, who themselves represented strikingly different approaches to the purposes and processes of translation. Poetry, said Robert Frost, is what's lost in the translation. Not so, our speakers assured us, both denying that the old cliché about *traduttore-traditore* has any essential validity. Both agreed, in fact, that a translation, standing on its own as a work of art, can exceed the original. And both agreed that accuracy and authenticity were the translator's obligation to both the author and the reader. Here though Prof. Hofstadter and Prof. Malmquist parted ways. Prof. Malmquist described a rigorous process of working with the original in the search for fidelity, but stressed that it is the communication between author and reader that most requires fidelity. Thus, if the original is intended to be in the vernacular to reach a certain audience, then the translation ought to try to achieve the same effect, and have the same affect; that is, if the original is in a formal tone addressed to a narrow audience of scholars, the translation ought not try for a casual approach to an undifferentiated mass of readers.

Prof. Hofstadter, on the other hand, was far and away the most provocative and unorthodox

Morning presenters, clockwise from upper left: Patricia Ingham, Thomas Hahn, Douglas Hofstadter, Göran Malmqvist.

The afternoon panel discussion was moderated by Diana Robin, upper right.

of the presenters. Insisting that he is driven by the obligation to achieve the greatest verisimilitude possible in his translation, he used as an example his translation of a poem from the Chinese that went through successive drafts until it even mimicked, on the printed page, the appearance of the Chinese characters by a distribution and order of the English words and letters that broke them into a format rendering it difficult to comprehend. If, again, as Frost said, poetry is "the sound of sense," Prof. Hofstadter seemed to argue for the sound and the look, but perhaps at the expense of the sense. Yet, on the other hand, he defended his translation of a straightforward French phrase, "he said nothing" as "he bit his tongue," less "accurate," but, he assured us, more in tune with the original. He also described a kind of "total immersion" process in the original, suggesting that achieving an almost trance-like state enabled him to absorb and translate the true essence of a work. This conflation of the translator's role with something like a shaman's, is not, perhaps, what most of the audience would have assumed about the translator's search for fidelity.

The presentations and discussions were fascinating, but, as all the best programs do, left more questions unanswered than resolved. Clearly the concern with "accuracy" seems to matter more for literary translations, than for commercial ones—or does it? Clearly, translating poetry presents problems not present in translating prose—or does it? Can literary critics and judges—as those in the Swedish Academy—fairly judge the literary worth of works in translation, or, even harder, works not even translated, but merely discussed by critics or others in the languages the members of the Academy do know?

Steve Tomeshefsky, Paul Gehl, and the Caxton-Newberry Seminar Committee are to be applauded for bringing together this intellectually stimulating and engaging day for lovers of the book. ***Paul T. Ruxin***

Translations in My Life

On my way to the Caxton Club symposium on translation on Saturday, March 31, I was reading Philip Eliot's collection, *Celtic Fairy Tales*, and realizing how reliant I am, as a storyteller, on translators and their work. When I gave a program for fourth-graders recently, the theme was Heroes through the Ages, and almost every tale I told came from another culture—Greek, Japanese, Native American, to name a few—and few would have been available to me were it not for translators and collectors of tales through the ages. I think that, with the exception of *The Bible*, which I never read assiduously, the first translated book I ever read was *The Arabian Nights*. I loved those stories, and, as a fourth grader, I got extra credit for reading something considered above my grade level. Some time later, I heard that the stories were ones told by Scheherezade in order to extend her life, and I had no idea what that was all about. Another few years later, I came across the exact edition I had read in the fourth grade, and noted that the whole Scheherezade story was written in italics, and at that stage of my reading, I had just skipped all italics. I had no idea, of course, what I was missing, but I did end up with recognition of how editing, format, choice of type, and a dozen other things can affect the reader and change one's reading experience.

When I arrived at the Newberry Library, Patricia Clare Ingham was talking about the legends of Robin Hood and how they have been brought down to our times. Once again—there was folklore brought to today's readers thanks to translators and collectors!

I appreciated the scholarship of Goran Malmqvist, and, for the umpteenth time, marveled at the wide-ranging linguistic skills of Scandinavians especially, who often take knowledge of German, French, English, and the other Scandinavian languages as just the most basic parts of their language skill base. I remembered a dear Danish friend, Lisette Lund, whom I've known for more than fifty years, and whose English has her own style and intonations but is wonderfully fluent. For me, one of the highlights of her language proficiency occurred when we were traveling in Italy. I was falling asleep and she was writing a letter in Danish to her parents in Copenhagen, while telling me in English what the Italians were saying outside our hotel window!

Lisette occasionally used to translate books for publishers, and when I asked whether she translated from English to Danish or the other way, she firmly replied that one never could, never should translate into a language other than ones own. Once, while visiting her, she introduced me to a children's book in Danish, that she thought would be great in English. I brought a copy

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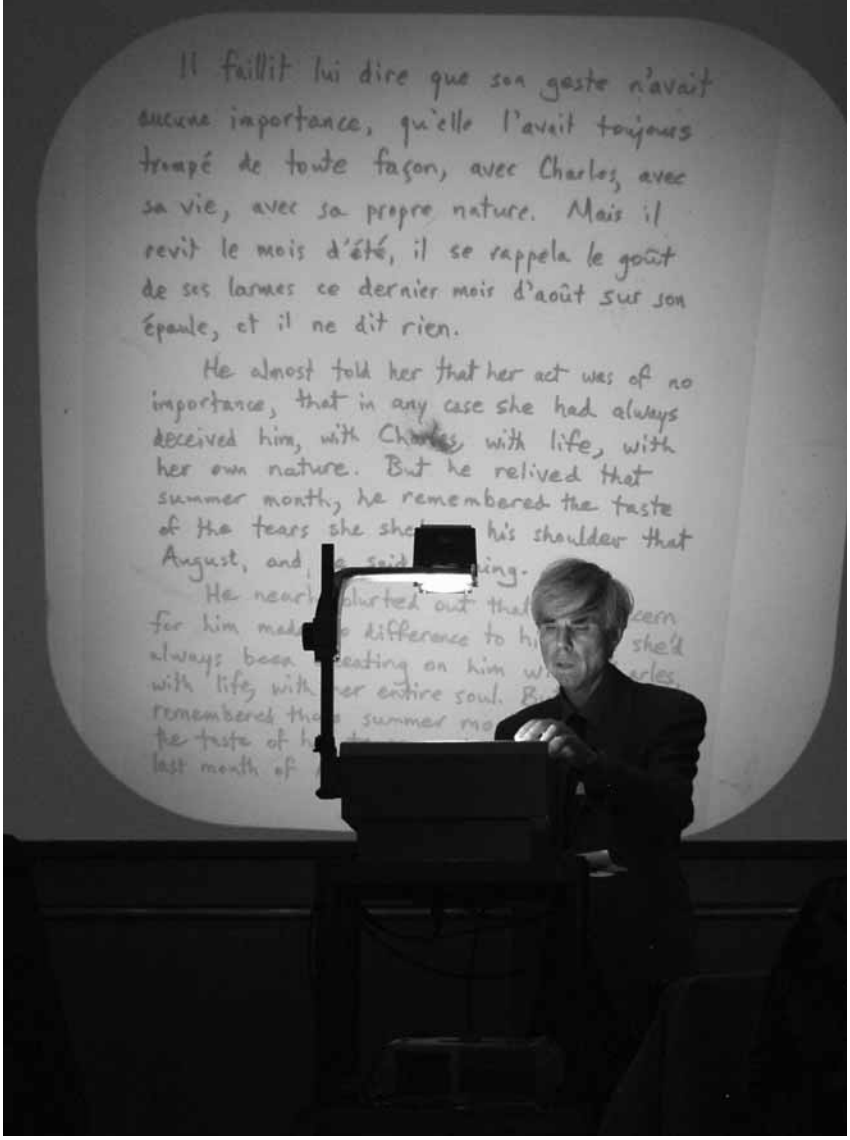
back to the US and gave it to one of the best children's book editors then in American publishing, Margaret McElderry. She, too, saw its possibilities, got the rights to it (never a simple matter), and asked a colleague of mine, Edith McCormick, to translate it for publication. I believe that Edith did a good job of translating, but the book just did not click with American children. There were so many other factors—its illustrations, its format, and, as always, the timing of its publication, that it would be hard to say why it just didn't work out. On another occasion, I sent the 1990 Newbery Award book, Lois Lowry's *Number the Stars*, to Lisette for her to consider translating it into Danish. It was the story of a Danish girl in World War II during the German Occupation of Denmark. The Danes are proud of the fact that their king never left their country during the Occupation, that an underground effort continued throughout the war, and that both known and unknown heroes showed their courage and patriotism. All of that was in the book, but Lisette replied rather tersely that she would not consider translating it. Perhaps it made too light of the history of the time. I knew her reasons had to be good, and I let the matter drop.



Among Hofstadter's illustrations was this parallel translation.

Some years ago, in an effort to encourage American children to reach beyond their own cultures, the Association for Library Service to Children set up the Mildred Batchelder Award, named for an Evanstonian who was the Association's executive secretary. Mildred traveled extensively, strove to bring children's books from other countries into the US even during World War II and the years thereafter, when what was never an easy task was even more complicated. The award is available annually to the US publisher that brings out the best book translated from another language. Like many such awards, it serves to encourage publishers and their translators, as well as to enrich the cultural background of American children.

Thomas Hahn, speaking at the symposium, distributed some illustrations from the early reports on "the new world," showing fanciful illustrations that were intended to give Europeans a sense of what the western hemisphere was like. He also distributed a photocopy of a long Latin piece, and tossed in a comment about how few people can now read Latin. I, alas, am among them, but it did remind me that in college, I had translated a Latin verse into English, and had it published, to my great satisfaction, in the *Clarke College Labarum*. I knew then that I wanted it to give readers the same feel that the poem gave one in Latin, but I lacked the precision and discipline that characterized Douglas Hofstadter, who told, at the symposium, how he had struggled with his translation of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*. He believes—and he practices his belief—that a poetic translation should be in the same meter as the original, that feminine rhymes and masculine rhymes should be used to match those same features in the original. That makes life hard, indeed, for a translator, but it is a marvelous standard to set.

We would lack so much if we did not have access to translations. From Aesop to Montaigne, from Aeschylus to Moliere, our literary heritage is the richer for them. And yet, each translator has had to hold onto two ends of the wire of communication, being true to the original and being committed to the audience for whom the translation is intended. During the afternoon panel, Ingham said that she really appreciated Seamus Heaney's choice of a word to begin his translation of *Beowulf*. The first word was an Anglo-Saxon word that meant, "Hark!" or "Attention!" but Heaney chose to translate it as "So," just as a storyteller might do in continuing or even in introducing a long story. Some hackles probably rose in the audience, just as Ingham said they did among her purist colleagues, but the choice made the poem more accessible for students. And isn't access what almost all of this is about?

Peggy Sullivan

Specialists and Generalists

Unfortunately, I was unable to attend the afternoon session of the symposium. Consequently, some of the remarks that follow might be unfair, since later explications or elaborations by the presenters might have modified my view.

In any case, I found that the offering of Ms. Ingham, the first speaker, somehwat specialized for my taste. I believe it would have been more appropriate for an audience of medievalists. Further, I thought that her main thesis was not successfully articulated. Was she positing that an imperialist lingua franca can be both an impediment to and a force for social progress? Somewhere in all the material on King Arthur, I found myself floundering. The presentation of the second speaker, Thomas Hahn, was even more a lecture for specialists in my opinion. Again, I was not clear what his main points were or how his talk related to the main topic of translation. Professor Hahn seemed to suggest that translations in the XVI Century were often no more than plagiarisms. If so, I was not sure how this related to the broader topic of the symposium. Perhaps his offering was meant to be merely descriptive?

On a more positive note, I thoroughly enjoyed the talks of the last two speakers, Professors Malmqvist and Hofstadter. As someone who has attempted to translate contemporary French poetry with varying degrees of success, I found something of value in each of their dos and don'ts for translators. In particular, I found Mr. Hofstadter's explication of his method of translating the Sagan novel quite fascinating, though I think that at times he pushes the envelope in his translations. I also question his position that it is permissible for a translator to attempt to "improve" on the work he is translating. If you want to be a creative artist, why not just create rather than using another artist's work as a starting point? ***Ron Offen***

ABOVE *Hayward Blake and Margaret McCamant.* BELOW *Steven Tomashefsky and Bill Mulliken.*

Beauty In the Eye of the Beholder

The task of a translator is to transfer as well as possible the message even as it is carried by the form and structure of the original. Yet, as if by default, the translator is a sinner, for realizing a one-to-one equivalence between the original and the translation is a feat doomed to failure because of the constraints imposed by language. On the other hand, the question is which message is to be transferred, for each one of us brings his or her associations and feelings to the words on a page. This idea was central to Roland Barthes' essay, *The Death of the Author*; readers, and not individual authors, are the creators of meaning. Each time the original text is read by a different reader, the meaning shifts slightly. The images evoked by words may not be of a different color, but of a different shade. The same applies to a translation, except that the images perceived by the reader of a translation are through the eyes, or rather words, of a translator.

When translating poetry, both Malmquist and Hofstadter agree that the duty of a translator is to make a poem pleasing both to the ear of a listener and the eye of a reader. Malmquist says, "If a translator fails to convey the architectonic beauty and rhythmical tension of the poem, it is cold-blooded murder." Hofstadter exclaims, "If a translator cannot achieve it [accuracy on all levels], he is not trying hard enough." For example, in translating a Chinese poem, Hofstadter demands equivalence on all levels, adhering not only to the rhyme and syllabic patterns of the poem, but also to the position of the characters on the page. Therefore, Hofstadter places the English words vertically from right to left, and in order to reproduce the look of the original as closely as possible, he also breaks the words up into syllables.

See ***SYMPOSIUM****, page 10*

SYMPOSIUM, *from page 9*

This "translational variant" of the Chinese poem produces a striking visual effect. And why shouldn't it? We can all recall e.e. cummings' poems where the positioning of words on the page is an intrinsic part of the poem. Definitely, Hofstadter acknowledges, as a reader of a work in translation, he wants to be transported into the culture of the original, "to eat Mexican and not Taco Bell tacos when in Mexico."

How faithful a translation is to its original is always a matter of degree. Translators, like any readers of a work of art, bring their own interpretation to it. In addition, as Malmquist reminded us, beautiful translations, just like beautiful women, are not always the most faithful ones. To this, Hofstadter added the words of his colleague, "Beauty trumps truth." Yet beauty is also a matter of taste, and tastes can change, so it seems almost inevitable for multiple translations of the same work of art to exist side by side. ***Teodora Burian***

Language and Thought Pattern

Göran Malmqvist's talk about the translator's responsibility struck several chords with me and reminded me of one of the major life lessons I learned while living in Germany as a high school student and for the year following college graduation, when I worked as a translator and English teacher. There is no question that spending my sophomore year in high school in a German Gymnasium class broadened my worldview immeasurably—so much that I fear I was quite scornful of the provincial attitudes I saw in my classmates when I returned to Minneapolis for the rest of high school. But the big lesson from navigating life in a second language is the realization that often there just is no translation, much less a word-for-word one. Sometimes we can't talk about ideas with corresponding words because we think about the ideas differently. Apparently the structure of our first language influences our thought patterns. Or, the way we think about things determines how we talk about them. These ideas were heady stuff for me at age 16.

Göran Malmqvist discussed the German verb *aufheben*. He said it has three major meanings, but the Swedish verb cognate only works for two of them. Lesson learned: never assume anything about a word that looks like one you know. The best example I know of that one: the German verb *bekommen* does not mean become, but receive. I heard a harried German teacher yelling at a student in an English class: "Be quiet or you will become a five [failing grade]!"

Malmqvist also talked about how sometimes it is possible to translate only a label, not the underlying meaning. I have an example of the opposite problem. There's a phrase I learned from a Swedish friend of the family. She said it was impossible to translate into English neatly, but that I would understand it in German because the structure of the sentence was the same in German and Swedish. "*Er singt lieber als gut*." Over the years I've thought about how to translate this succinct comment into English. It means "He sings with more ardor than skill," or, more literally but worse, "He likes singing better than he does it." Both convey the underlying meaning, but totally fail to deliver the snappy put-down tone of the original.

Margaret McCamant

The Meaning of Translation

The Merriam-Webster dictionary defines translation as "a rendering from one language into another" and also "the product of such a rendering." The speakers at the Caxton Club symposium on translation showed that the work of translation is far more complicated, both in the creation of a literary translation and in the final result in another language. The talks addressed two aspects of translation. The first is the content, the meaning of words in the translation. This aspect includes various elements of language involved in translation: the difference in the sound of words in two languages, the varied meanings of words in various cultures, the methods of translation. The second is the use of translated works in society, both in a local community and in political issues. A translation may be a statement of a political view.

Patricia Ingham and Thomas Hahn focused on the second use of translations. Ingham, in her discussion of translations of the Arthurian stories into several languages, pointed out that translation is cultural as well as literary. Hahn, showing pages from several translations of a medieval travel book on the New World, pointed out the importance of illustrations as part of the text.

Göran Malmqvist and Douglas Hofstadter, speaking about the content of translations, discussed the work of the translator, revealed the complexity of the translation process. They described the emotional aspect of translating—the need to love doing the work. Knowledge of the characteristics of the language to be translated is critical, including an understanding of the culture within which the original work was written.

Describing his translations of Chinese poetry, Malmqvist believes that the translator has to try to keep the form and structure of the original. The task is not always possible. The two languages differ in nature, for example, the respective ways to deal with tense and singular versus plural, tonality in Chinese that cannot be translated to a western language. Translating words is not sufficient. The translator must be a craftsman, conveying the culture of the original work.

Hofstadter discussed abstract elements of translation beyond dealing with words. He pointed out that imagery was more important than words. In translating dialogue, he went beyond the words to convey underlying unspoken thoughts, using his knowledge of the persons involved.

The speakers revealed the complexities of the translator's role in transmitting literature, thought, and artistic accomplishment from one language to another. A constant factor in translation that emerged was the personal nature of the translation process and its results. ***Adele Hast***

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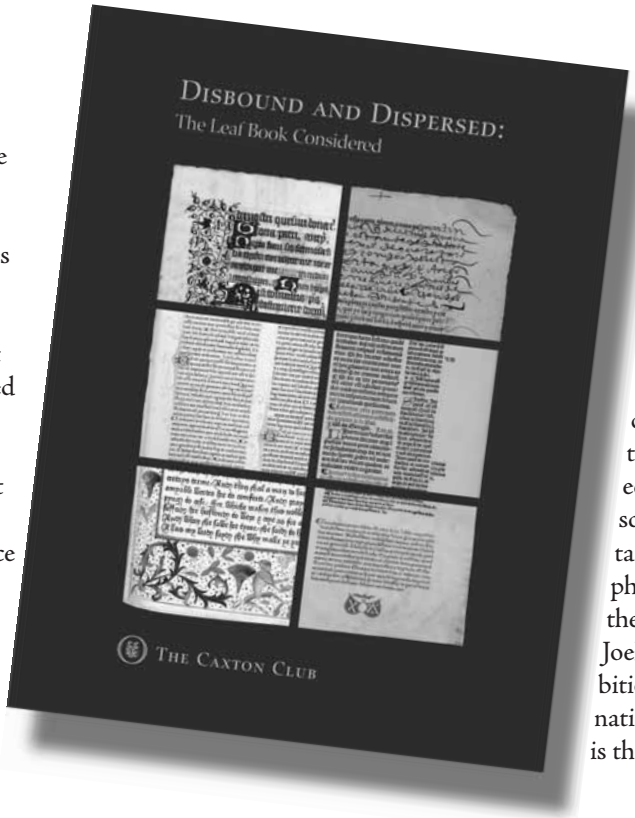
Teodora B. Burian is an ESL instructor at Northeastern Illinois University and a freelance translator and interpreter working in Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, and English languages. Other contributors are Club members. ❡ *Photographs by Robert McCamant.*

Disbound and Dispersed *Reviewed*

Two bibliographic journals give it favorable discussions

The Caxton Club exhibition catalogue *Disbound and Dispersed: The Leaf Book Considered* recently received favorable reviews in two of the most distinguished journals in the book world: *Matrix*, an annual journal for printers and bibliophiles published by The Whittington Press, and *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* (PBSA), the journal of the oldest scholarly society in North America devoted to bibliographical research.

In his review in *PBSA*, Michael Ryan, director of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Columbia College, wrote, "At a moment when sensitivity to the provenance and integrity of cultural artifacts seems particularly acute, it requires special courage to celebrate the leaf book. Enter the Caxton Club, undaunted and determined to hail the centenary of its 1905 leaf book of Caxton's printing of Chaucer and to acknowledge (without apology)



the problematic status of the enterprise. And they have—largely—succeeded.... The result is a welcome window onto an under-studied byway of bibliophilia."

In *Matrix*, David Butcher wrote, "Only the richest collectors can afford the Gutenberg Bible or many other key works in the history of printing. Leaf books are democratic in spreading ownership to a wider group of collectors and educational in often providing a scholarly introduction of commentary. They are a mainly 20th-century phenomenon, yet surprisingly this is the first substantial book about them. Joel Silver curated the traveling exhibition and his catalogue full of fascinating details about forty-six exhibits is the heart of the book."

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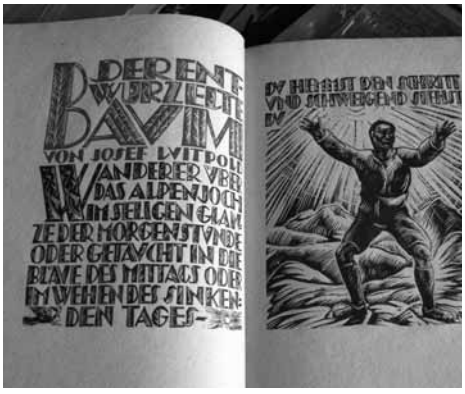
ROSSEN, *from page 15*

prized possession is her collection of nearly 200 paperback works of fiction, along with a few non-fiction titles, that appeared in



France in a series called Le Livre de Demain (The Book of Tomorrow) published by Arthème Fayard, Paris. Like the Book of the Month Club in the U.S., these 120-page (on average) volumes appeared monthly between the late 1920s well into World War II. But unlike BOMC, the books all have the same yellow cover and format, and each features numerous woodcuts made by one or another of France's leading illustrators. Rossen states, "I now have all but about 30 of them, and I hope someday to complete the collection." Rossen has another category she calls "kitsch"—goofy examples of bad taste or commercialism. And she has developed a weakness for silhouette books, even though they are mostly aimed at children.

Like many book collectors, Rossen has a love/hate relationship with shopping for books over the Internet. "A few things are less expensive now, because people have realized how many copies are extant. But terrific bargains have become few and far between because it's now so easy to find out what a book is worth." In addition to online searches, she still visits bookstores, especially on her European travels.

Rossen has done yeoman service for the Club as chair of the publications committee. *Disbound and Dispersed*, *Inland Printers*, *The Chicago Diaries of John M. Wing*, and *Chicago under Wraps* were all done under her watch. "While deeply rewarding, the leaf book was so much work that I just had to take a rest," she says, but she does not rule out getting her energy back someday soon.

Rossen joined the Club in 1982, nominated by Hayward Blake.

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Carolyn Quattrocchi: Writer, Editor, Mother, Teacher and Caxtonian

Robert McCamant

Caxtonian Carolyn Good Quattrocchi ('95) died of cancer on April 2. She had been an educator, writer, wife, mother of five, and grandmother of fifteen; her husband, Ed Quattrocchi ('86) survives her.

Carolyn joined the Club in 1995, but was no stranger when she joined. Her husband had joined nine years earlier, and Carolyn attended frequently as his guest. "She almost always attended with Ed before she joined," a member said. Another member speculated that the old rule that required the host to attend with any guest was what caused her to join. If she wanted to attend but Ed could not, she had to find another member to act as her host. In so doing, she was among the first wives to become Club members in her own right.

"She was close to so many Caxtonians," explained Glen Wiche ('79). "Our case was not unusual. In the late '80s, my wife and I attended frequently. We always sought out the Quattrocchi's company. Carolyn had a quality I would call 'active listening.' She constantly registered surprise and laughter. When she finally made a comment herself, the words were always thoughtful and well considered. She only spoke reluctantly about her own accomplishments, which were many."

Bob Cotner ('90) made great use of Carolyn during his 13-year editorship of the *Caxtonian*. "I thought Carolyn was an English major," he said. "As it turned out, she was a political science major, but no matter: she was very good with words. And she supplied a great deal more than her copy editing and proofreading. Frequently when an issue was in process I would send her the articles and we would end up having a two hour conversation about them." Not surprisingly, it became a friendship. "She had a wonderful voice which never betrayed fear or dread. I'd call her 'buoyant'." Cotner has been working on a book, and he naturally asked her to help him with it. "She was working on my book when she died."

Carolyn, left, with Dorothy Sinson at the 2006 Symposium on copyright.

Carolyn continued her help with the *Caxtonian* right up until the end. The last one she proofread was the April, 2007 issue. She was also serving on the Club's Council at the time of her death.

Peggy Sullivan ('95) tells a story that is in many ways a typical Carolyn story: "Carolyn combined kindness with astuteness and honesty. Once, after a Christmas concert in Evanston, I visited her home with a friend of mine who had earned his living as a radio writer in Chicago but was then retired. He said he had always meant to write a children's book, even had an idea for one for Christmas—and he gave a few plot details not unlike a dozen other books that would probably appear that Christmas season. 'Well, good for you!' Carolyn exclaimed. She did not mention she had written a number of children's stories herself, but later, she said to me, 'You know, that's not a very fresh idea he has.' And I was able to say, 'Oh, that's okay, Carolyn. He's never going to write it anyway.' She did not want to discourage him, but her own standards would not let me go away thinking it was the greatest idea in the world."

Carolyn was raised in El Dorado, Arkansas. She graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Oklahoma and won a Rotary scholarship to study political philosophy at the University of Brussels. Ed and Carolyn met, appropriately, in a Great Books course the year after she returned from Europe. They settled in Athens, Ohio, where he taught English and humanities at Ohio University, and she set about raising five children with little money but boundless energy. Her efficiency and exceptional organizational skills earned her the reputation as the "General," as she undertook projects like painting the entire outside of their home with the Watergate hearings blasting from the kitchen radio. Her daughter Carolyn remembers, "She helped us learn to

Carolyn, right, with Dorothy Anderson, Truman Metzel, and husband Ed at the 2005 Leaf Book exhibit opening.

get along by making us switch bedrooms every six months so cliques wouldn't form among the sisters." Yet as Ed describes it, "her energetic management was always infused by her unparalleled capacity to listen and console."

Once Carolyn had her children's adolescence underway, she began to extend her interest in children beyond her own. She earned a master's degree in child development, taught courses and managed a preschool at Ohio University, and wrote a series of children's books. Carolyn also combined her love of literature and children with her compassion and desire to help those in need. She became a volunteer for Book Worm Angels, an organization that collects gently-used books from the North Shore and donates them to schools in the inner city. Even in the later stages of her illness, she would don her wig, push aside her fatigue, and drive into some of the poorest neighborhoods in Chicago to give a school enough books to create a library.

Carolyn's work for children outside her family, however, did not keep her from delighting in her fifteen grandchildren. As one of her daughters describes, "She never forgot a single birthday, she babysat, she helped with school projects and changed diapers, she read stories and played games. She was not one to boast, but she was too proud of her grandchildren to hide it from anyone."

Carolyn in 1989.

Her husband and children remember also her formidable intellect and interest in everything from politics and the performing arts to making sure her family became educated. As her son recounts, "she spoon fed us through 36 applications to college and 12 to medical, graduate, and law schools." Daughter Carolyn emphasizes her nurturing instinct, explaining, "She had a strong belief in the family dinner, she was a wonderful cook, and anyone she cared about, or we cared about, was always welcome." They all agree, however, that her most important quality was her warmth and ability to draw people out. As one of her oldest friends from college quips, "people say that really good conversationalists 'can talk to a post,' but Carolyn was the only one I ever knew who could get the post to talk back."

Peggy Sullivan applies a quotation from Proverbs to Carolyn: "'The valiant woman is beyond price. Her husband rises up and calls her blessed.... Her children rise up and call her happy....' Those of us who attended her funeral came away so impressed with the members of her family who participated. We saw and heard sorrow at death combined with happiness in her life, pride in the midst of loss and richness with the memories she left and with the strength she had given to others. It was a memorable event honoring a memorable person."

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Book and manuscript-related exhibitions: a selective list

Compiled by John Blew

(Note: on occasion an exhibit may be delayed or extended; it is always wise to call in advance of a visit.)

"Typing for Tomorrow: Modernism and Typography in the Collection of the Ryerson and Burnham Libraries" (features periodicals, books and exhibition catalogues that highlight the Modernist romance with the typographical arts, including work by such artists as László Moholy-Nagy, Theo van Doesburg, Kurt Schwitters and El Lissitzky) at the Ryerson and Burnham Libraries of the Art Institute of Chicago, 111 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 312-443-3671 (closes 31 July 2007)

"An Admirable Nucleus: The Prussian Purchase at the Heart of Today's Northwestern University Library" (features highlights from the 20,000-volume personal library of Johannes Schulze, an influential 19th century Prussian educator and collector, and tells the story of its purchase for Northwestern in 1869 by University librarian Daniel Bonbright) in the Main Library's first-floor exhibit space and on the third floor of historic Deering Library at Northwestern University, 1970 Campus Drive, Evanston 847-491-2894 (closes 28 June 2007)

"The Meaning of Dictionaries" (featuring historical dictionaries from the Research Center's holdings, as well as archival materials from the University of Chicago Press, this exhibit explores the ways English language dictionaries have defined meaning from the Enlightenment to the digital age, as well as what dictionaries mean within their cultural contexts) at the Special Collections Research Center, University of Chicago Library, 1100 E. 57th Street, Chicago 773-702-8705 (closes 6 July 2007)

"Black Jewel of the Midwest: Celebrating 75 years of the George Cleveland Hall Branch Library and the Vivian G. Harsh Research Collection," spotlighting their roles in the cultural flowering of the Chicago Renaissance and the Black Arts Movement (includes books, manuscripts, photographs and ephemera, many of which have never before been exhibited, from the Harsh Collection, one of the finest institutional collections anywhere of African-American history and literature) at the Woodson Regional Library of the Chicago Public Library, 9525 South Halsted Street, Chicago 312-747-6900 (closes 31 December 2007)

"John James Audubon: The Birds of America, Prints from the Collection of the Illinois State Museum" (includes more than 30 Audubon prints, mostly from the Bien edition, together with a number of landmark 18th and 19th century ornithological plate books), Illinois State Museum Gallery, 2nd floor, Thompson Center, 100 West Randolph Street, Chicago 312-814-5322 (closes 24 August 2007)

"The American Circus Collections" (an exhibition of items from the Library's collection of American circus broadsides, posters, programs and other items) at the Newberry Library, 60 West Walton Street, Chicago 312-255-3700 (8 June to 10 July 2007)

"Happy 300th Birthday Linnaeus" (rare books from the Library's collections showing Linnaeus' contributions to plant classification) in the Lenhardt Library at the Chicago Botanic Garden, 1000 Lake Cook Road, Glencoe 847-835-8202 (closes 22 July 2007)

"Inspired by Nature: the Picturesque Landscape Garden" (rarely displayed antiquarian books and art from the Library's collection, featuring the work of four important landscape architects: Lancelot 'Capability' Brown, Humphry Repton, Frederick Law Olmsted and Jens Jensen) at the Sterling Morton Library, The Morton Arboretum, 4100 Illinois Route 53, Lisle, IL 630-968-0074 (closes 1 August 2007)

"Building the Future City: Past Visions" (a small exhibit featuring maps, plans, manuscript materials, publications and photographs from the collections of UIC Special Collections and the UIC Archives Department which document past visions of improvements and grand plans for Chicago) at the Richard J. Daley Library (first floor lobby case) of the University of Illinois at Chicago, 801 South Morgan, Chicago 312-996-2742 (closes 17 August 2007)

Typing for Tomorrow, Ryerson Library
El Lissitzky. Cover of Die Kunstism, 1925

Members who have information about current or forthcoming exhibitions that might be of interest to Caxtonians, please call or e-mail John Blew (312-807-4317, e-mail: jblew@bellboyd.com).

Caxtonians Collect: Susan F. Rossen

Thirty-first in a series of interviews with members

Interviewed by Robert McCamant

Sometime in the mid-1970s, Susan Rossen stumbled across a copy of Lynd Ward's *God's Man* (1929) in a dusty and rambling used bookstore in downtown Detroit. Despite her degrees in the history of art and her many years as an educator, curator, and publisher at the Detroit Institute of Arts, she had never heard of the illustrator nor had she ever seen a novel without words. Ward's linocuts resonated with her, because they reminded her of her parents' work. Living in Milwaukee, both had become artists during the Depression and had done numerous black and white wood- and linocuts that they sometimes published in calendars with other Milwaukee artists. (Her father, Joseph Friebert, who died in 2002, enjoyed a long career as a painter and teacher at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee; her mother, Betsy Ritz Friebert, curtailed her career to raise a family, but continued to draw and paint until her untimely death in 1963. Works by Rossen's parents hang throughout her Edgewater Beach apartment.)

When Rossen showed her father *God's Man*, as well as a few other books by Ward that she'd subsequently found, he too was struck by them and encouraged her to pursue this interest. "Everyone should collect something," he advised. After arriving in Chicago in 1981 to head up the publishing arm of the Art Institute, Rossen combed the city's bookstores and found examples by Ward's contemporaries: Fritz Eichenberg, Rockwell Kent, and others. But it was in Frankfurt, Germany, that her passion for illustrated books for adults ignited. Attending the world's oldest and largest book fair (where the Art Institute annually exhibits its newest titles), Rossen took a break and went outside. There she found a small antiquarian book fair and dealers with German and French books illustrated by wood- and linocuts, including some image-only novels by the Belgian artist Frans Masereel, who, she found out, had deeply influenced Ward. A whole new world opened before her. It also intrigued Rossen's sister, Judith M. Friebert, an artist and a rare-book librarian who in 1995 did a show and wrote a catalogue on this material entitled *The Ardent Image: Book Illustration for Adults in America, 1920-1942*, at the University of Toledo library.

Rossen quickly discovered that, especially between the two world wars, books for adult readers with original illustrations—by talented and relatively or totally unknown artists—were common. "This was a very interesting kind of object, frequently with good art, being sold at affordable prices compared to the exclusive *livres d'artiste* or the stock of print dealers." Combining her love of art and books, this seemed a natural to collect, for it was affordable and offered a chance to learn about a whole new field. And just that has happened: the collection, which she estimates comprises about 600 books today, is significant enough to have attracted the attention of Martin Antonetti, once director of the Grolier Club and now special-collections librarian at Rossen's alma mater, Smith College, who would like to have it when she can bear to part with it.

Rossen knows the kind of book she wants when she sees it, though she does not adhere to strict definitions for what she collects. In addition to being targeted for an adult but not necessarily erudite audience, the books range in date from the 1910s to the '50s, with a concentration in the 1920s and '30s. She has examples from trade, small-press, and fine-press publishers. Over time sub-categories have developed within the collection. One logical way to group them is by country of origin. Britain, France, Germany, Mexico, and the U.S. are well represented. But there are also examples from Australia, China, and Finland. Among the nonfiction titles are a number of travel and nature books. A large group of books contain content and illustrations that reflect leftist sympathies. And there is a substantial selection of artists' calendars, much like those to which Rossen's parents contributed, assembled by artists' groups and high-school and college art classes.

The category that appealed the most to me is the typographic books: some include illustrations, some not, but what they have in common is type that had been rendered in hand-cut letters. Rossen suspects that one of these is her most valuable object: a quirky Viennese book (1927) on health expert Dr. Thun-Hohenstein's exercise program, featuring hand-colored, Expressionistic woodcuts by Max Ermers depicting the doctor's assistant, a gymnast named Alois Weywar, demonstrating the exercises. Antonetti has suggested she might have one of only a few only extant copies. Another

See ***ROSSEN****, page 11*

Bookmarks...

Luncheon Program
June 8, 2007
Kay Michael Kramer
"Celebrating Benjamin Franklin as Author, Printer and Publisher"

We heartily welcome the return of Kay Michael Kramer: a founder of the Bixby Club (St. Louis), a retired Art and Design Director at C.V. Mosby (a journal publisher), and currently the founder of the much-heralded Printery, a private press employing traditional materials and methods. Kay, a Caxtonian, is especially known as the Editor of the FABS [Fellowship of American Bibliophilic Societies] Newsletter. His anecdotal illustrated presentation will include Franklin's apprenticeship to his brother, the Mrs. Silence Dogood's letters, his youthful sojourn in London, his establishment in Philadelphia of the most successful array of franchised printing offices in the New World, tales about Poor Richard and the *Pennsylvania Gazette* and finally his retirement, including 10 years in Paris and his press at Passy. Kay wll conclude by telling the curious publishing history surrounding Franklin's autobiography and the "story" of his epitaph (written at age 22!).

Do not miss this one.

Dinner Program
June 20, 2007
Gary Johnson
"Author! Author!: Assessing the Impact of a Research Collection"

Gary Johnson is the President of The Chicago History Museum, formerly The Chicago Historical Society. Gary was a double major at Yale in history and political science. and went on to earn an M.A. in history as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University. From there he went on to earn a law degree from the Harvard Law School, and practiced as a partner at several distinguished Chicago firms before returning to history, his first love. His talk will be "Author! Author!: Assessing the Impact of a Research Collection." How is it possible to understand the impact of a collection numbering over 22 million objects? The talk will look at rights and reproduction requests and how a survey of those requests offer a view of the collection,and the information they provide about the way the world views Chicago history, and the "market" information they suggest for libraries and museums. The talk will also touch on his efforts to open a window to the on-going work of authors.

Meal pricing: at its March meeting, the Council voted to increase the price of dinners from $45 to $48 effective with the April meeting, and of luncheons from $25 to $27 effective in September, due to increases imposed by the Mid-Day Club. A budget committee, chaired by Rob Carlson, will continue to study pricing options and report back to the council.

All luncheon and dinner meetings, unless otherwise noted, are held in the Mid-Day Club, 56th floor of Chase Tower, Madison and Clark, Chicago. Luncheon: buffet opens at 11:30; program 12:30-1:30. Dinner meetings: spirits at 5 pm, dinner at 6 pm, lecture at 7:30 pm. For reservations call 312-255-3710 or email caxtonclub@newberry.org. Members and guests: Lunch $25, Dinner $48. Discount parking available for evening meetings, with a stamped ticket, at Standard Self-Park, 172 W. Madison. Call Steve Masello at 847-905-2247 if you need a ride or can offer one.