

Too Many Men, Too Little Time

No woman was ever ruined by a book. — Jimmy Walker, NY (1881-1946)

Wendy Cowles Husser

As brief background, I am the daughter of a man who had two brothers; his father was one of seven boys; my own brothers number three; I married a man who was one of two boys only; he and I had three boys only; those three boys of mine also are parents of three boys (one lone girl – but – she plays soccer). Who *could* a girl grow to know and love but boys/men?

Ah, men. I was practically damaged goods right from the start.

And there were compounding nurture factors: When I was 10, my handsome, unmarried, 26-year-old uncle took me with my parents to a nightclub in Rochester, NY, for a special birthday celebration for me. This was a real “night” club, The Triton. I mean they even had a band. My uncle danced with me and people at other dinner tables

were looking at us. I asked my uncle: “Do you think that they think we are boyfriend and girlfriend?” Painfully I recall this because it haunted me that any one could ever have been that stupid. But oh, I loved my Uncle Al... Ah, men.

Now, right here at the beginning, I want you to start thinking the right way. And here is what I want you to remember: A woman can be sexually attracted to many men in her life (that sentence is from “What Every Woman Knows,” Act I of a play from 1908) and you are going to hear

this again, so keep it in mind, eh? A woman can be sexually attracted to many men in her life....I think that the first of my innamorati is going to be a disappointment for you to hear about because he lacks the more interesting lust-filled rapturous times that would come later, but remember, I was in my mid teens, working as a volunteer shelf-reader in the adult book section of the Edgerton Branch Public Library. I had to start with someone, and I found

William Strunk and Elywn White, two men who provided me most of my *Elements of Style*.

Style takes its final shape more from attitudes of mind than from principles of composition, for, as an elderly practitioner once remarked, ‘writing is an act of faith, not a trick of grammar.’

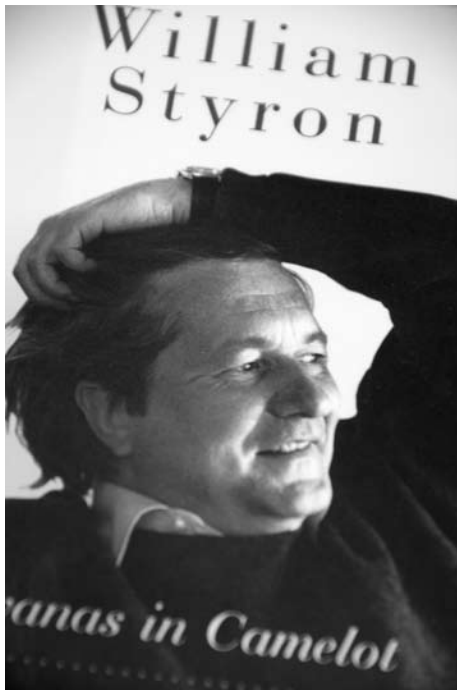
The love affair with these intellectual men taught me that sentences should have no

unnecessary words, a paragraph no unnecessary sentences, and, all of this for the same reason that a drawing should have no unnecessary lines, and, of course, a machine would want no unnecessary parts. William Strunk has been perhaps my longest and most constant love, certainly more than 35 years...and even with many more interesting and playful affairs, he remains a man I return to for solid goodness. I like to think that I still

retain a certain sense of style because of these two men.

But: On With the Story. Once Upon a Time, at *The End of the Road*, I came across a Baltimorean *Sot Weed Factor*, John Barth. Oh Lordy, I fell fast and hard. I was bedazzled, bewitched, and bestirred. An affair in full bloom – a girl could practically die from it. I was succumbed by the outrageous Sheherezade stories with Pocahontas and John Smith

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Frank Yerby and his *Foxes of Harrow*; I was launched on my lifelong non-paying career, if you will. He was my first stepping stone to many men and to discovering how little time there really is.

And a decade after this, with several flirtations, but nothing really lusty happening, I fell deeply, lastingly, forever and ever, for two men at the same time and with the same approach to what would become increasingly meaningful to me personally, and in my life's work. The perfect men for a Puritan woman. I am quoting now from



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emerging through Ebenezer Cooke, I spent time with the artful and Barth-madeup language of Barth, after Barth, after Barth. But *Coming Soon*, I had that clarity, you know, the clarity that comes with a sudden absence of desire? I mean that absence of desire gave a girl time to think. What was a girl to do? I had to give him up. He was dismayed and a little hurt because it's hugely unlikely that someone from Johns Hopkins would summarily be let go. But it was time to move on, I was sated with that language and there were too many men in the future, and too little time, to linger in, well, uh, let's say it, "Baltimore."

At about this point in my emotional growth, I thought *I Was Mary Dunne*, and soon became enamored with Brian Moore, he of the 20+ novels. The way a writer uses language tells us about his spirit, his appetites, his capacities. *Mary Dunne* is the nearly unbearably intimate story of one day in the life of one woman; I can remember where I sat reading it and what impact it had. I kept saying to myself, looking again at the title page to be sure, this was written by a MAN. Oh, what a man. I adored him for the sensitivity and truthfulness he could

portray. An old poet friend said that truth was beauty, beauty truth. And so it was. I was bereft when Brian died just as our Chicago Caxton Club Nobel reading group included him in our list of must reads for the Nobel Prize in literature. (Bereft as I was, it was confirming that I had made some good choices in men). Well, that is, uh, in literature.

My first and only employer until I moved to Chicago in 1996 was the University of Rochester, and again, I found the best of both worlds; on the River Campus (where I did graduate work in English Literature) were men and books; at the medical campus (where I worked to support three small boys and me) there were men and books, and men in books, and men writing books. What was a naïf grown woman to do? Even though the men were surgeons, I was able to develop a male reading pal or two (but that really is another story – one that will not be read here ever). And my task is to provide the rest of the story at hand.

I studied Milton during my early working years and discovered something I'll bet very few people know: all the endings to Milton's lines are masculine. Imagine this? Despite his shortcomings of blindness, and, apparently, deeply innate chauvinism, and the fact that he was 400 years older than me, I adored him, his mind, and grew immeasurably during the time John and I spent in our own kind of *Paradise Lost*.

At this point I grew restless, and spent a quiet and restorative few months where *A River Runs Through It*, with Norman Maclean, but his relationship with his brother overshadowed the, uh, well, let's call it fishing for substance between us. But that was early in my adventures, and anyway, I was looking for more unbridled experiences. Two Puritans did not a combustion make. I already was pretty certain that there was too little time. By now I knew that there was absolutely too little time; I was not sure that there were ever too many men, however.

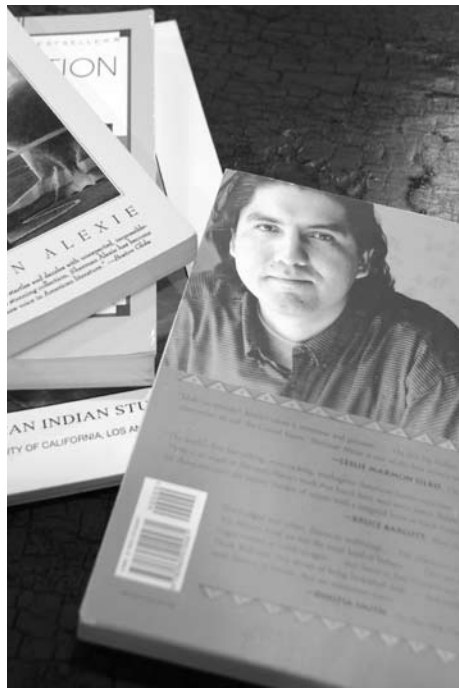
Now, each time I fell in love or lust, it was never with just your average, decent, next door lawn-mowing nice guy. Oh no, I ventured where angels fear to tread, right up to Harvard grads, Guggenheim Fellows, Nobel Laureates. With my youthful and childlike daring as an undergrad, I had early-on embraced the avant-garde fad in my Presbyterian undergraduate school. As an aside, even though I was Anglican, we attended Presbyterian Chapel every day at 8:11 am.

Well then along came Edward. It is so sad that he died almost before I could tell him how aroused I'd become with his erotic blend of typography and picture-painting poetry. Oh yes, I was ripe for the kill for Edward Estlin, aka e.e.

cummings, celebrator of love, sex, rebirth. See what I mean about men and books etc., even in the medical center. I was surrounded.

e e cummings's poetry was full of: you and I and everyone who's we:

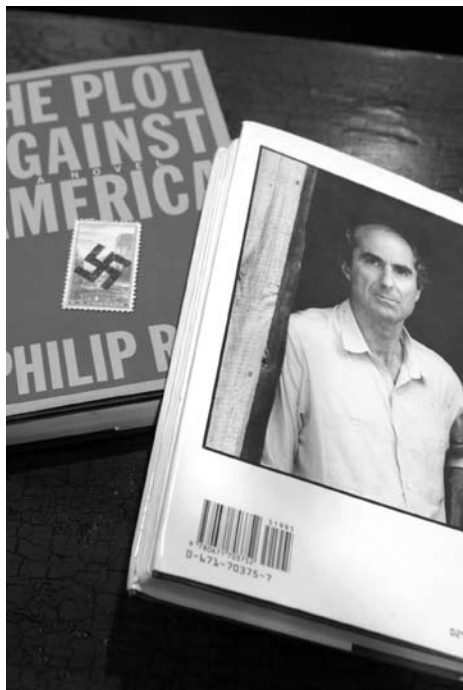
I carry your heart with me (I carry it in my heart) I am never without it (anywhere I go you go, my dear; and whatever is done by only me is your doing, my darling)



But the wise and funny words that really lured me (humor is the sexiest, isn't it?) is one poem I can't locate, but recite from memory and in those youthful, untainted days, we all loved this:

As Joe Gould says in his terrifyingly human manner,
The only reason every girl should go to college is
So that she can never say, Oh if I'd ownly gawn
to college

Some loves and losses later, on a flight from Rochester to Arizona, for some



reason I renewed an old relationship with an *Everyman*, a man with a deep *Human Stain* indeed, to say nothing of a *Plot Against America*. Although I was indifferent to his lures earlier, when *Portnoy* was complaining, when he was a sensation, I now read *Patrimony* and I cried for the length of that flight. I readjusted my goals immediately and found time for one more man. This is from *Patrimony*, Philip Roth (and here he is describing a scene with his terminally ill father, and quintessentially Roth, he is involved in every hiccup, nuance, clothing faux pas, bowel movement, etc.):

These teeth were the new ones, made for the lower right side of his mouth. Because of the facial disfigurement, the dentist was having a lot of trouble fitting them precisely; only two days earlier, out taking a walk with me, my father had yanked them from his mouth – these God damn things. Too many teeth. But then when he had them in his hand he

didn't know what to do with them. Here, I said, give them to me, and I took the dentures and stuck them in my pocket. To my astonishment, having them in my own hand was utterly satisfying....I had, quite inadvertently, stepped across the divide of physical estrangement that, not so unnaturally, had opened up between us once I'd stopped being a boy. [Here Roth goes on to discuss holding slimy false teeth in his hand....]

I think I wanted Philip as a lover because he was interested in the aesthetic jolt you



get inside the story, to say nothing of the fact that his words are so delicious running around in the back of your throat as you read. But we fought too often; he did not like parts of my reticent expression, if you take my meaning, and even if the erotic reverberations were wonderful and exhilarating, they also were tiring and trying. I admired him for believing that there were no demarcations in literature, no black, no Jewish, no feminine literature, and believing that "everyone who opens a book enters the story without noticing these labels." But I was worn out, really had had enough. Well, I told him I simply had to move on, so in New York at *Columbus*, I said *Goodbye* and made my *Exit Ghost* moves.

At this point, if there was any love that emphasized my 'so little time' theme, it was my 10-year intense and meaningful relationship with Sherman Alexie. I was sexually growing up, and I craved his ruthless intensity. I soon learned he was *The Tough-*

est Indian in the World, and played a huge part in the *Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven*. Not only the toughest Indian in the world, but the *First Indian on the Moon* and he was playing *Ten Little Indians*, and discussing *Reservation Blues* with his pals in *Old Shirts and New Skins*. And one time, after the *Business of Fancy Dancing*, we had some private and soft moments when he told me about a sad time in his life; this is called

Sociology

Waiting in line for U.S. Commodities
I fell in love
with an Indian woman and her six kids
loading up a truck
with the maximum allowance.
I took her hand
and helped her into the cab
and drove them home
where my minimum wage
raised the household income
and lowered our benefits
When the cheese was gone
she told me to leave.

But the real reason I loved Sherman so much was not that he was young, articulate, educated, and handsome in that boyish Coeur d'Alene Indian way (will we ever forget his *Smoke Signals* movie?) but he was so deep and so facile with words, and so confounded himself by generations of internal wounds; this is called Evolution:

Buffalo Bill opens a pawn shop on the reservation
right across the border from the liquor store
and he stays open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week
and the Indians come running in with jewelry
television sets, a VCR, a full length beaded
buckskin
outfit it took Ines Muse 12 years to finish.
Buffalo Bill
takes everything the Indians have to offer, keeps
it
all catalogued and filed in a storage room. The
Indians
pawn their hands, saving the thumbs for last,
they pawn
their skeletons, falling endlessly from the skin
and when the last Indian has pawned everything
but his heart, Buffalo Bill takes that for twenty
bucks
closes up the pawn shop, paints a new sign over
the old
calls his venture THE MUSEUM OF NATIVE

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AMERICAN CULTURES

charges the Indians five bucks a head to enter.

Now to prove what I mentioned at the beginning of this talk, about women being sexually attracted to many men in life, another of my fulfilling lovers was a man much older than the youthful Sherman, but oh, so intense and rewarding. I had many *Conversations with William Styron*. And, as an aside, again, my home city and university of Rochester, NY played a critical role. As badly and wrongly as Styron was bashed after his *Confessions of Nat Turner*, interestingly, it was a huge voice from my university, Eugene Genovese (who went on to become the preeminent historian of American slavery). Genovese issued a massive rebuttal to the critics who lashed out against a white writer describing a black experience. I briefly thought about moving my affections to a more winning side, but cravings got the better of me. It's funny, isn't it – brains are sexier than anything, in the long run, eh? Sadly, Styron died, but for the time we had, he was one of my deepest, most intense, rewarding loves, and the loss of him is hard to discuss even now. Roth mentions in

Exit Ghost, that great love later in life comes at cross-purposes to everything. I'll bet that a few of us can attest to that little aphorism, eh?

Well, for a while, I was buoyed by Edgar, rather on the rebound. I think what mesmerized me was not what he said, but the kind of dreamscapes he created. True, he was a New Yorker (my absolute unraveling), and he was from the Bronx High School of Science and did graduate work at Columbia. Now how could a shikza from upstate New York resist?? What was a girl to do? He was older than me, more educated than I'd even dreamed I would be, and I think I felt rather like "Rita" ready to be educated in some interesting ways....

Well my syncopated rhythm moved to his *Ragtime*, in a big-time way. I think I

loved E.L. Doctorow because he used fiction to open up and provide the real colors to history. But mostly it was because characters lived in those dreamy tones of his. Like all good things, it did come to an end for the time being – because occasionally that desire came back and I repeated that satisfying love affair. He never seemed to want to get rid of me either. A smart man. Remember, even though he was a repeat, he counts as only one man, but time was still fleeing into an ever increasing horizon.

About this same time, and maybe the reason that my desire for E.L. was ebbing, I met *The Moviegoer* and he really was *The Last Gentleman* I was to know (a southerner). Walker Percy studied Kierkegaard, and Dostoevsky, questioning the ability of science to explain basic mysteries of human existence, he converted to Catholicism (well, I had to avoid that issue) gave up as a physician, and became a writer. So he was more interested in the soul than the body, which, we admit, has its good and its not so good points; my soul was just fine, thank you very much. I was NOT worrying at that point about my soul. Well our love got *Lost in the Ruins* but I did hang on

writers? Because we got beat." Anyway this from Percy:

I had discovered that most people have no one to talk to, no one, that is, who really wants to listen. When it does dawn on a man that you really want to hear about his business, the look that comes over his face is something to see.

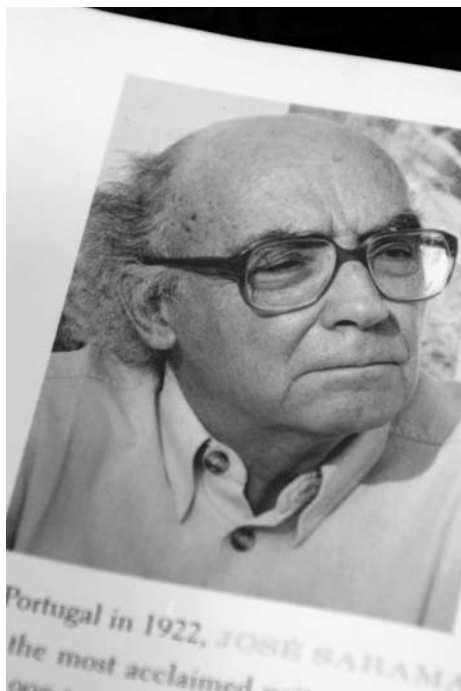
Of course, Percy (PERCY? where is Rhett when you need him) was a southerner, and given that, and his Church with the capital C, and his National Endowment for the Humanities award, we parted as characters in an unfair fight. I have to say in all honesty that my flaws probably outstripped even his interest in flawed characters. I mean I might have been, as they say, something else. Another aside I have to read to you is a quotation from the author Pat Conroy, yes, another man, but not one of mine in THAT sense. This gratuitous humor insertion:

My mother, Southern to the bone, once told me: All Southern literature can be summed up in these words:
'On the night the hogs ate Willie, Mama died when she heard

What Daddy did to Sister.' She raised me up to be a Southern writer, But it wasn't easy.

I mention a truly fascinating lover who endured only briefly because right after this I plunged into deep and long-lasting forays with Asian lovers. Jose Saramago and I met in *The Cave*, and after we confessed everything from our erotic pasts, revealing *All the Names*, a kind of *Blindness*

came over me, possibly because of the bad air in the cave, but for whatever reasons, I simply could not see what I originally saw. So, sated, for a time, I again had that clarity I mentioned, you know, the one that comes from the absence of desire, and I traveled on.



through a *Second Coming*, and I remember the awe of being able to connect with his characters, however; the ordinariness of them was a confirmation to me in those unsophisticated years. This from Walker Percy, the man once quoted as saying "why has the South produced so many good

I went romantically to Turkey where I stood out because *My Name Is Red*. 'Knowing' Orhan Pamuk, a terrifyingly intense, articulate, and intelligent man, is a lifetime high in my amorous excursions. Talk about celebrated virtue (I speak here of *his*, not mine) and this with at least a couple of wives so far. But after we frolicked in the *Snow*, I began to tire of his coldness, apartness, and anyway, he was so busy writing he had little time for me really. Faulkner said about writers: "Everything goes by the boards; humor, pride, decency... to get the book written. If a writer has to rob his mother, he will not hesitate; Ode on a Grecian Urn is worth any number of old ladies." Well that, in capsule form was my Orhan. A Nobel Prize and wives later, however, I still have to say: not bad, not bad, Ah, men.

And now, about the Asian experiences. I saw Japan through Yasunari Kawabata (I know, my penchant for highly placed men is showing again with yet another Nobel Laureate, but I have

to aim high for the little time I can have... I can't suffer fools, after all), I encountered Kawabata on *The First Snow on Fuji*, in the *Snow Country*, where I watched a *Thousand Cranes*, and, later, the *Master of Go*. These experiences remain so beautiful and so delicate and so filled with subtle psychology acting on me, they are difficult to discuss openly.

Kenzaburo Oe was another attempt on my part to really understand the Japanese sensitivity. And once again, I had to deal with a Nobel Prize winner (1994). We had *A Quiet Life*; it was *A Personal Matter* for us, and as with all his writing, everything was personal first and then linked to society, the

state, and the world. What a magnificent education I received. And that is as much as I am willing to undress, ah, that is, address at this time.

Kazuo Ishiguro won my heart at *The Remains of the Day*, and I beseeched him to *Never Let Me Go*. Sadly, even though I was one of the *Unconsoled*, we did part. After all he had a wife and so many awards he really could not concentrate on me; and once he began the movie with Isabella Rossellini, I decided, quite sagely, to move along.

It was time for real passion and adventure... I found time to fly with the *Wind-up Bird Chronicles* that Haruki Murakami provided me. I say this cautiously (because there are more men to come) but Haruki

that's what I took from this man with a voracious appetite.

So I took a brief respite from all the shadows of Murakami, the sadness of Oe, and that withheld demeanor of Ishiguro, and stayed in the good old USA with a recuperative *Book*. I recently read that:

The word book is found with variations of form and gender in all the Teutonic languages, the original form postulated for it being a strong feminine Bo'ks, which must have been used in the sense of a writing tablet. The most obvious connection of this is with the old English boc, a beech tree, and though this is not free from philological difficulties, no probable alternative has been suggested. [AW

Pollard, "Book" 11th Edition *Encyclopedia Britannica*]

Well, Bob Grudin and I spent some linguistically parrying, intellectually daring, and always laughing times out in Oregon. Oregon, I mean you have to laugh, eh? I am an easy mark for a PhD with a facile mind, and words are so sexy anyway, what was a girl to do? But after the amusement and intellectual sparring, I was and am still hoping for more amore. But through it all, "A book is the

only place where you can examine a fragile thought without breaking it, or explore an explosive idea without fear it will go off in your face." [Edward P. Morgan 1910-1993] And you can have a torrid arm chair love life that goes on and on and on.

Now I leave you with the opening words that I hope you remember. Okay?

What was that phrase? A woman can be sexually attracted to many men in her life; but she can only truly adore about 50.

Amen.

§§

Read at the Chicago Literary Club, 17 December 2007. Photos of books in the author's collection by Robert McCamant.



was probably the most sexually adventurous of all my inamorati. Here are words from a review that I could have written: "That he manages, in his sexual explicitness, to make intimacy real – appealing and un-embarrassing, innocent even...." Well, he was a tad younger than me, but oh so amazingly gifted, if you take my meaning here, and that probably accounts for the short-lived fantasy, and, I mean, given the language barrier and all. Full disclosure; he writes in Japanese but often is the translator into English for his own Japanese readership. He lived in the U.S. for many years. It is likely, actually, that he lives like there is too little time and too few women, at least

Publication of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858

R. Eden Martin

Next year – 2009 – will mark the 200th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, an event which will be celebrated throughout the United States, particularly in his home state of Illinois, and in Chicago, where he spent so much of his professional and political life.

As Chicago and Illinois prepare for the 2009 celebrations, we may overlook an important anniversary – the sesquicentennial of the seven Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois held during the period August-October 1858. These debates led to Douglas' narrow re-election as U.S. Senator from Illinois. More important, they contributed mightily to Lincoln's nomination for President by the Republicans in May 1860 in Chicago, and to his victory in the general election six months later.

The idea for the debates may have originated with Horace Greeley in his *New York Tribune*, on July 12, 1858. The Chicago newspapers and Illinois Republican politicians quickly picked up the suggestion, and transmitted it to Senator Douglas. Douglas knew that he was far the better-known candidate, and that by giving exposure to Lincoln, he might be hurting his own chances. He also knew that Lincoln was a powerful thinker and speaker. Yet he accepted the challenge – perhaps because he did not want to be accused of cowardice, perhaps because of his confidence in his own abilities.

The principal issue in the 1858 election and in the debates was whether the United States should – or constitutionally could – block the expansion of slavery into the territories.¹

Whether slavery should be permitted in the territories or new states entering the Union was not an issue that had stirred the political waters of the early republic. When the old Northwest Territory (including Illinois) was organized by Congress in 1787, slavery had been prohibited without unduly exciting the Southern members of Congress. But gradually, as it appeared more new territories would be added, the Southerners realized that if more “free” states were admitted than “slave” states, the South's ability to protect its economic and cultural interests would be jeopardized. Southern

concern was heightened with the growth in the North of anti-slavery advocacy groups.

President Jefferson triggered the first conflict over slavery in the territories when he purchased Louisiana from France. The various parts of Louisiana would have to be set up as territories, and at some point some of them might seek statehood. Would slavery be permitted during the territorial phase, and would it be allowed in a new state? Matters came to a head in 1820 when Maine and Missouri both presented themselves as candidates for statehood. After great political gnashing of teeth, Missouri was allowed in as a slave state – but on the proviso that all other parts of the Louisiana territory to the north of Missouri's southern border (an extension of the old Mason-Dixon line) would “forever” be free.

With this compromise, the Union was saved – at least until more territory was proposed to be added. This occurred with the success of the American military against Mexico in 1848, which resulted in the addition to American territory of the great chunk of land from the Rio Grande (including present-day Arizona and New Mexico) west to California, and from Texas northwest to Utah. (Texas had been admitted as a separate slave state in 1845.) In 1850, as part of the great “Compromise of 1850,” the territory of New Mexico was organized without any specific reference to slavery, one way or the other – thus rejecting the “Wilmot Proviso” that would have banned slavery in the new territory.

This left the future to be determined by the citizens of the territory – an approach which came to be called “popular sovereignty.” Senator Stephen Douglas helped nurse the 1850 compromise through the

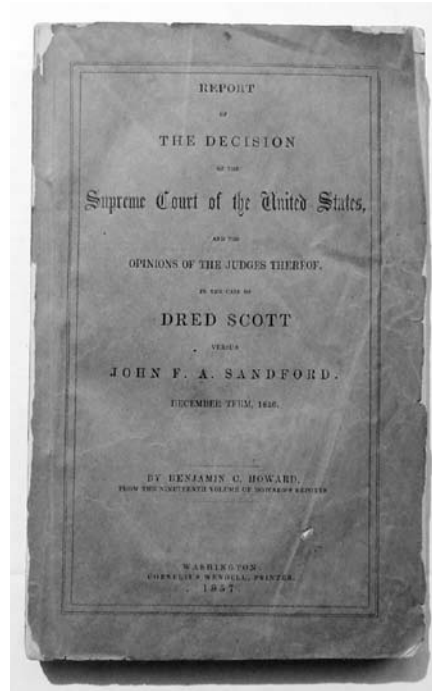
United States Senate.

But the future of slavery in the territories was far from resolved; and the territory which put the United States on the way toward a smash-up was Kansas – part of the old Louisiana territory. Kansas lay north of the southern boundary of Missouri – and thus, according to the Missouri Compromise of 1820, should be “forever” free. With enactment of the Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854, Nebraska was organized as a free territory. Kansas had both pro-slave and anti-slave settlers. The “solution” – or so thought Senator Douglas – was to apply the “principle” embodied in the 1850 compromise and let the people in the new territory decide its future. So the Missouri Compromise was expressly repealed, and Kansas was set up as a territory with the right to decide for itself whether slavery would be permitted or excluded. Kansas promptly dissolved into civil war, with rival territorial legislatures and acts of terrorism by John Brown and others.

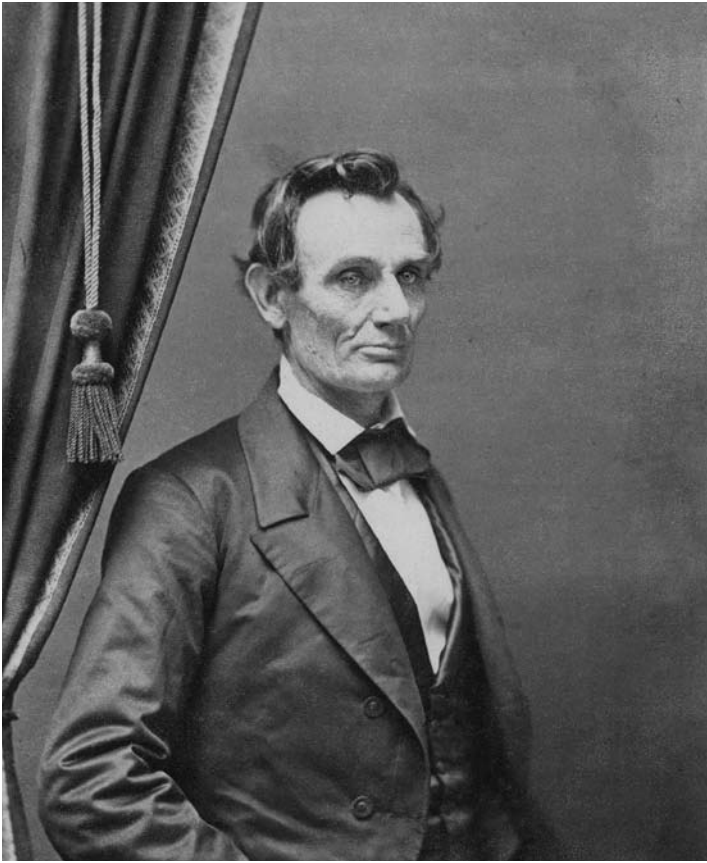
In the meantime, the Supreme Court injected itself full force into the controversy when it decided the *Dred Scott* case in 1857.

In a classic example of reaching out to decide issues that need not have been addressed, the Court (in a complicated opinion by Chief Justice Roger Taney) ruled that people of African descent could have no standing as “citizens” within the meaning of the Federal Constitution; but even if Scott had had standing, slaves could not attain the status of free men by residing in a “free territory” since neither Congress nor the people of a territory could constitutionally prevent citizens from taking their “property” into any of the federal territories.

If the people in a territory could not, through their territorial legislature, prohibit slavery, what then was left of “popular sovereignty”? And if a territory could not prevent property-owners



The Supreme Court's *Dred Scott* Decision.



Abraham Lincoln (photograph attributed to C.S. German, Springfield, Illinois, 1858; albumen print, Chicago History Museum Charles F. Gunther Collection, ICHI-22206), left. Stephen A. Douglas (photograph, Case & Getchell, Boston, c. 1860; albumen print, Chicago History Museum, Gift of Frederick E. Olinger, ICHI-10097), right.

from bringing their slaves into the territory, could a state do so?

These were among the issues troubling the voters of Illinois and the people throughout the United States in the fall of 1858. Though many residents of Illinois were anti-slavery, few were openly abolitionist. Many in the southern and central parts of the state were from families with southern origins and supported the Democratic Party, which was dominated by political leaders from the South and their allies. Only five years before, in 1853, the Illinois legislature had banned “any negro or mulatto, bond or free” from settling in Illinois on pain of fine or the threat of being sold at auction into forced labor.

Both candidates wanted to win the 1858 Illinois Senate election. But each also had his eyes on the 1860 Presidential election. Douglas intended to seek the Democratic Party nomination. Perhaps Lincoln was quietly hoping – unlikely as it might seem – that he could gain the Vice Presidential spot on the new Republican Party ticket. In any event, he would lay out his position and nature would take its course.

Lincoln’s position was that slavery was

a great moral evil, and that although the Federal Government had no power to interfere with slavery in the South, it could and should prohibit any further extension of slavery into the territories in the expectation that slavery would then be on the path to ultimate extinction. But Lincoln sharply separated himself from the abolitionists – and saw no inconsistency between opposing them and, at the same time, opposing any extension of slavery.² He also disclaimed any purpose of creating political or civil equality between black and white citizens.

Douglas’ task as a candidate was trickier because, as he was running for two jobs at the same time, he had to appeal to two audiences – one northern, one southern. If he ran for the Senate in Illinois as a pro-Southerner – a full defender of the slave-holder’s right to take slaves wherever he might wish – he would risk offending Northern Democrats and old-style Whigs. But looking ahead to 1860, he could not afford to offend the South either. “Popular sovereignty” in 1858 was (as it had been in 1850) an effort to find a compromise, to duck the ultimate moral issue by leaving it to the people of each territory and each

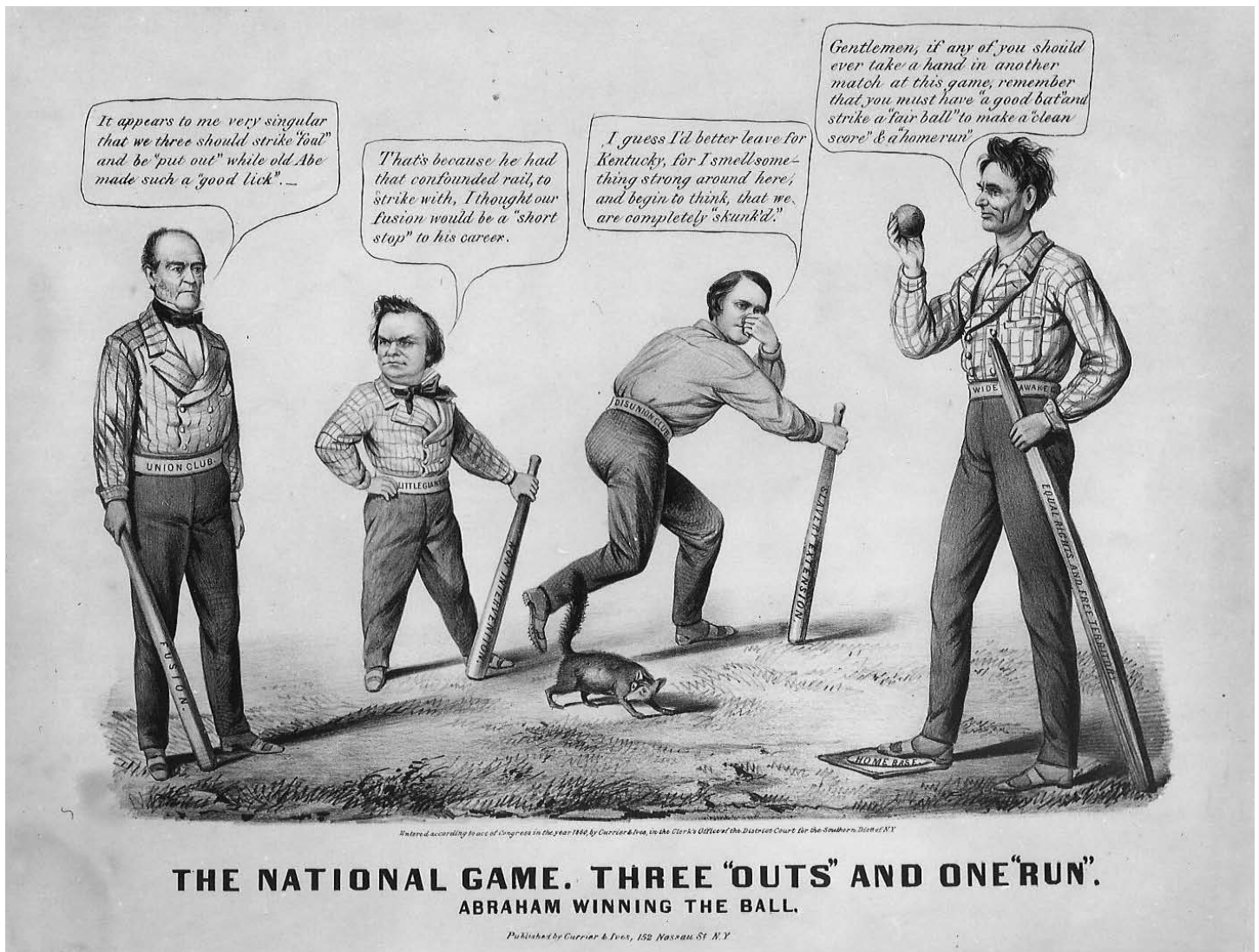
state. Of course, from Douglas’ standpoint, there was nothing wrong with ducking. Democracy itself embodies compromise; and leaving the most important matters to be decided by the people had long been at the heart of the Democratic Party’s core doctrines.

The first Lincoln-Douglas debate took place in Ottawa on August 21, 1858; the seventh and final one was held in Alton on October 15. They were not “debates” in the original sense of the term. They were sequences of speeches – with only slight interaction between the two speakers.³ In addition to these formal so-called “debates,” Lincoln and Douglas traveled thousands of miles throughout Illinois and gave many dozens of speeches during the hard-fought campaign.

At that time, Senators were not elected directly by the people, but were instead elected by state legislatures. In the November 1858 election, the Republicans did well in northern Illinois, but the southern part of the state was carried by the Democrats. Republicans carried the state-wide vote (in races for state-wide office); but the

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CAXTONIAN, SEPTEMBER 2008



**THE NATIONAL GAME. THREE "OUTS" AND ONE "RUN".
ABRAHAM WINNING THE BALL.**

Published by Currier & Ives, 152 Nassau St. N.Y.

The National Game. Three "Outs" and One "Run." Abraham Winning the Ball. Published by Currier & Ives. Courtesy Chicago History Museum.

LINCOLN/DOUGLAS, from page 7
 legislature – voting on January 5, 1859 in a joint session of the two houses – reelected Douglas by a vote of 54 to 46. The state’s 1854 reapportionment plan, which gave Democratic legislative districts greater representation than the Republican districts in the northern part of the State, helped explain the fact that the Republicans carried the state-wide vote, but Douglas won the vote in the legislature.

Allen Guelzo tells how the 1858 Illinois Senate debate marked an innovation in the speed by which the words spoken in the debates were converted to print and then transmitted to a national audience. In this respect, the 1858 Senate debate was a communications milestone, just as the Kennedy-Nixon Presidential debates on television would prove to be a similar technological milestone a century later, in 1960.

The *Chicago Press & Tribune* – predecessor of today’s *Chicago Tribune* – was the

voice of Republicanism even in the era before Colonel McCormick. The *Tribune* hired Robert Hitt, a stenographer trained in shorthand, to make a record of Lincoln’s words. The *Chicago Times*, the Democratic newspaper, did the same for Douglas’ speeches. Hitt’s practice was to fill up pages with transcriptions of the speeches of both Lincoln and Douglas, and then put them on the first train from the debate site to Chicago. His notes were converted to text by a colleague on the train as it moved toward Chicago. Hitt would stay until the debate was completed, filling up more pages of shorthand, and then would catch the next train to Chicago, doing his own converting to text of the remaining pages. By the time he got to Chicago, the first part would usually be set in type; and the remainder could be quickly added, so that the entire text could be ready for publication in Chicago about a day and a half after the debate – and in New York within three

days. Because of this procedure, Lincoln never had a chance to see or edit the stenographically-captured texts of his remarks before they appeared in print. The *Chicago Times* followed a similar procedure for Douglas’ speeches.⁴

Lincoln kept a personal scrapbook of newspaper clippings from the two Chicago newspapers – his own words, and also those of Douglas. The scrapbook is now in the Library of Congress. For his own words, Lincoln used the *Tribune* version; for Douglas’ he used the *Chicago Times* (or Democratic) version. Probably he kept the clippings from the early debates for use in subsequent appearances. Perhaps he was also thinking throughout the campaign about the possibility that the debates might be published in book form – and might thus be used throughout the country to educate the public about the issues and enhance his own reputation and chances for future political success. Lincoln, though

not well-known nationally in 1858, had already been nominated as a Republican Vice Presidential candidate during the 1856 convention, where he had received 110 votes as against the winner's 253 votes. (When Lincoln was told the news back in Illinois, he put on his best Gary Cooper act: "I reckon that ain't me; there's another great man in Massachusetts named Lincoln, and I reckon it's him.")⁵ In any event, Lincoln had quiet hopes that he might be on the national ticket in 1860, so not long after the Senate campaign was concluded in 1858, he "began assembling the debate transcriptions from the *Chicago Tribune* to issue them in book form."⁶

Only two weeks after the Senate campaign had ended, Lincoln asked a friend to obtain a double set of the newspapers containing the debate texts.⁷ Lincoln's friend from the old Eighth Circuit, Henry Whitney, reported that on January 5, 1859, the day the legislature formally elected Douglas to the Senate, Lincoln showed him his "scrapbook":

He had got a book-binder to paste the speeches, in consecutive order, in a blank book, very neatly. He made several efforts before he could procure a publisher.⁸

By March 1859, Lincoln was talking with a Springfield publisher about publishing a book of the debates – using the *Tribune* version for his own speeches, and the *Chicago Times* version for Douglas. "[T]his would represent each of us, as reported by his own friends, and thus be mutual and fair."⁹ Lincoln's law partner, William Herndon, later reported that the Springfield publisher turned him down:

A gentleman is still living [1889], who at the time of the debate between

Lincoln and Douglas, was a book publisher in Springfield. Lincoln had collected newspaper slips of all the speeches made during the debate, and proposed to him their publication in book form; but the man declined, fearing there would be no demand for such a

book. Subsequently, when the speeches were gotten out in book form in Ohio, Mr. Lincoln procured a copy and gave it to his Springfield friend, writing on the fly-leaf, "Compliments of A. Lincoln."¹⁰

During the remainder of 1859, Lincoln was active in appearing and speaking for other Republican candidates throughout the East and Midwest – and, not surprisingly, spreading his own reputation as a thinker and speaker. During these appearances, he continued to make use of the debate scrapbook. Lincoln was particularly helpful to the Ohio Republicans during their gubernatorial election. Not long after that election, in early December, 1859, the Ohio Republicans wrote asking for copies of the Debates so that they might be published for use in the up-coming Presidential election. Indeed, the Ohioans were sufficiently grateful that they "offered to underwrite the publication of the 'Scrap-book' and put Lincoln in touch with Ohio's principal political publisher, Follett & Foster of Columbus."¹¹

In response to the Ohio Republicans, Lincoln sent the Follett firm the newspaper print versions of the debates, with an accompanying letter, in which he wrote:

made in mine, you perceive, are verbal only, and very few in number. I wish the reprint to be precisely as the copies I send, without any comment whatever.

The publishing firm gave the book its title: *Political Debates Between Hon. Abraham Lincoln and Hon. Stephen A. Douglas in the Celebrated Campaign of 1858, in Illinois*. The 268-page book, bound in brown cloth stamped in blind, with a gilt spine, probably appeared on March 20, 1860 – the date the publisher offered copies to the public.¹² Lincoln received 100 copies from the printer for his own use. He signed and presented many of these to his friends. Most inscriptions were in pencil – apparently because the paper was of a kind that caused ink to spread, or "feather." One census reports that 36 of these presentation copies have been located.

(Lincoln had given his highly important speech at the Cooper Union in New York on February 27, 1860. It was published in pamphlet form by the Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune* on March 4th – two weeks before the book edition of the debates.)

Political Debates sold well enough to justify several printings. One of the later

printings reported that 30,000 copies had already been sold. The traditional distinction between the first two printings is as follows:¹³

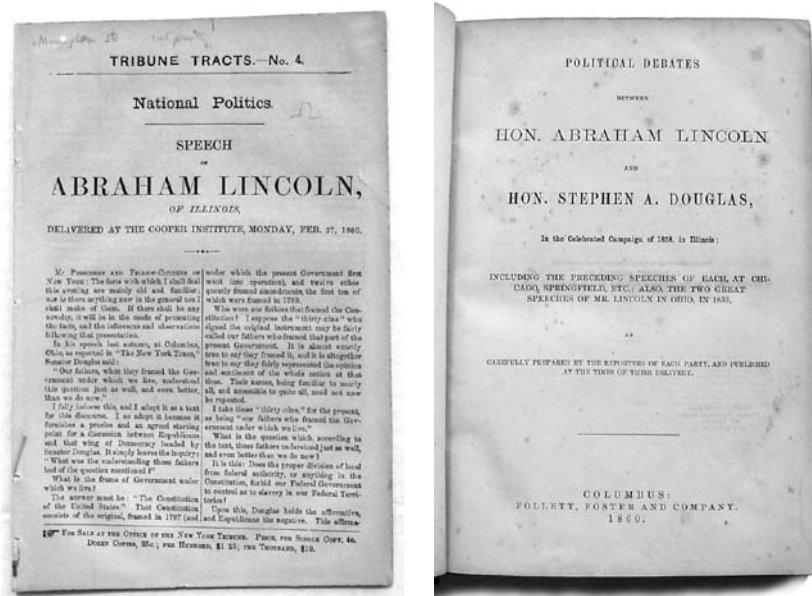
(1) The first edition, first printing, is now a book of considerable rarity. It contained no advertisements; and in this first printing the signature mark "2" (for the use of the binder) appeared at the bottom of page 17. The first printing had no rule over the publisher's imprint on the copyright page, and had between the title and contents leaves a leaf headed "Correspondence," though

it lacked the letter which Lincoln sent the printer explaining the source of the texts.

(2) The second printing also contained no advertisements. The leaf headed "Correspondence" was removed; and Lincoln's letter to the printer was included before the

See *LINCOLN/DOUGLAS*, page 10

CAXTONIAN, SEPTEMBER 2008



Lincoln's Cooper Union speech and the Follett & Foster printing of the 1858 Debates.

title page. When the printer added Lincoln's letter in the first signature, he moved the signature mark "2" to the first leaf of the second signature – at the bottom of page 13.

I have two copies – neither the first printing. One copy corresponds to the description above for the first printing (no ads, mark "2" on p. 17, no rule above publisher's imprint) – but it includes the letter from Lincoln to the printer. My second copy corresponds to the description above for the second printing (no ads, mark "2" on p. 13, and rule above publisher's imprint) – but it lacks Lincoln's letter. It's a mystery.

Later printings have various pages of advertisements following the title pages, as well as correspondence related to the publication, including a letter from Senator Douglas. Although I have not found a detailed bibliographical analysis of these different printings or issues, Kevin Mac Donnell, the well-known book dealer from Austin, Texas, provided me helpful information about the various printings.

The Republicans held their 1860 Presidential convention at the Wigwam in Chicago, beginning May 16. Doris Kearns Goodwin in her great book explains that Chicago beat out St. Louis for the site of the Republican convention by a single vote.¹⁴ If the convention had been held in St. Louis rather than Chicago, the odds are high that Lincoln would not have been the Republican nominee.

Senator Douglas, who had not been consulted in the editing or publishing of the debates, was not happy. On June 9, 1860, he wrote a letter to the Ohio publisher complaining

against the unfairness of this publication, and especially against the alterations and mutilations in the reports, as published in the *Chicago Times*, although intended to be fair and just, were necessarily imperfect, and in some respects erroneous. The speeches were all delivered in the open air, to immense crowds of people, and in some instances in stormy and boisterous weather, when it was impossible for the reporters to hear distinctly and report literally. The reports of my speeches were not submitted to me or any friend of mine for inspection or correction before publication; nor did I have the opportunity of reading more than one or two of them afterwards, until the election was over, when all interest in the subject had passed away.

In short, I regard your publication as partial and unfair, and designed to do me injustice, by placing me in a false position. ... [I]t appears that Mr. Lincoln furnished his speeches and mine for publication – his in the revised and corrected form, and mine as they came from the hand of the reporter, without revision. Being thus notified that his speeches had been revised and corrected, this fact ought to have reminded you that common fairness and justice required that I should have an opportunity of revising and correcting mine. But to deny me that privilege, and then to change and mutilate the reports as they appeared in the newspaper from which they were taken is an act of injustice against which I must be permitted to enter my protest.¹⁵

The publisher included Douglas' letter in the next printing of the *Debates*.

Douglas had a point. It appears that neither candidate had been able to edit the texts *before* they appeared in the two Chicago newspapers. But Lincoln had, according to his own letter, edited his text *after* it appeared in the newspaper, and before sending it to the book publisher – though he asserted that his changes were "verbal only, and very few in number." Douglas had been given no opportunity to make any changes, any time. The publishers responded to Douglas, stating, "The speeches of Mr. Lincoln were never revised, corrected, or improved' in the sense you use those words." In his later edition, Sparks agreed with the publisher, concluding that there were only "a few unimportant verbal changes, and the omission of the numerous interruptions" from the crowd.¹⁶

In the end, the fact that Lincoln got to make a few changes while Douglas did not, could have made no difference in the outcome. No harm, no foul. With four candidates dividing the vote – Lincoln, Douglas, John C. Breckinridge (Southern Democrats), and John Bell (Constitutional Union Party) – Lincoln received less than 40% of the popular vote. But he received 180 electoral college votes – well ahead of 72 for Breckinridge, and 39 for Bell. Douglas came in last, with only 12 electoral votes.

Douglas had tried to take a middle ground, arguing that the federal government should avoid tearing itself apart by adopting a procedural compromise – in this case, popular vote in each of the new territories. Compromise had worked before – in the framing of the Constitution itself,

in 1820, and again in 1850 and 1854. But the time for compromise had run out. There was no longer a middle ground. The debates had helped make that clear.

§§

Lincoln and Douglas photos, and cartoon, from the Chicago History Museum. Document photos by the author from items in his collection.

NOTES:

¹ This is not the place for an examination of the debates themselves – either as rhetoric or as politics. The general story has been told well in the many excellent Lincoln biographies. See, for example, David H. Donald's Pulitzer-Prize winning *Lincoln* (New York, 1995), p. 215-229, and Doris Kearns Goodwin, *Team of Rivals*, (New York, 2005), p. 200-209; see also Robert H. Johannsen, *Stephen A. Douglas* (Urbana, 1973). My favorite edition of the debates appears in the *Collections of the Illinois State Historical Library, III, Lincoln Series, Vol. I*, edited by Edwin Erle Sparks (Springfield, 1908). For an appraisal of the rhetoric, one may consult David Zarefsky, *Lincoln, Douglas and Slavery: In the Crucible of Public Debate* (Chicago, 1990); for the politics and the campaign, one should read Allen C. Guelzo's recent *Lincoln and Douglas: The Debates That Defined America* (New York, 2008). My brother, Philip Martin, the scholar of our family, also shared with me his excellent as-yet-unpublished recounting of the history of the territorial expansion issue leading up to the 1858 senate election.

² As Lincoln explained his position during the Presidential campaign in 1860: "If I saw a venomous snake crawling in the road, any man would say I might seize the nearest stick and kill it; but if I found that snake in bed with my children, that would be another question. I might hurt the children more than the snake, and it might bite them. Much more, if I found it in bed with my neighbor's children, and I had bound myself by a solemn compact not to meddle with his children under any circumstances, it would become me to let that particular mode of getting rid of the gentleman alone. But if there was a bed newly made up, to which the children were to be taken, and it was proposed to take a batch of young snakes and put them there with them, I take it no man would say there was any question how I ought to decide!" (New Haven speech, March 6, 1860.)

³ Guelzo, p. 94.

⁴ Guelzo, p. 114-117; see also Sparks, p. 75-84.

⁵ Donald, p. 193.

⁶ Guelzo, p. 292.

⁷ Guelzo, p. 305.

⁸ Whitney, *Life on the Circuit With Lincoln*, Boston, 1892, p. 458.

⁹ Guelzo, p. 305.

¹⁰ *Herndon's Lincoln*, Chicago, 1889, Vol. III, p. 451

¹¹ Guelzo, p. 305-06.

¹² Guelzo, p. 306.

¹³ Sparks at 592; Howes, U.S.IANA, New York, 1962, 346

¹⁴ Goodwin, p. 229.

¹⁵ Sparks, p. 593.

¹⁶ Sparks, p. 594.

CAXTONIAN FOOTNOTES

Wynken de Worde

Phoenix-like, Chicago rose from the ashes of the Great Fire of 1871. Another resurrection event will be attempted a year from now. Bruce Barnett ('05) was elected to be the new Chair of the Midwest Chapter of the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America. With committee members Bradley Jonas ('89), Thomas Joyce ('82), Florence Shay ('85), Daniel Weinberg ('05), and others, Bruce is planning to revivify the Chicago International Antiquarian Book Fair in September, 2009. There is strong interest from other members of this nationwide organization who want a big league book fair in The Windy City. If Bruce & Friends can pull it off, it will be a magic trick worthy of Jay Marshall ('78).



Speaking of Jay Marshall, there was another selection of books, posters, and memorabilia from Jay's collection of magiana. The items were sold by auction in Louisville, Kentucky, in late July. It was the first event by Potter & Potter Auctions, Inc., and coincided with the annual convention of magicians. A high-quality 86-page color-illustrated catalogue was produced and offered by the Potters for \$20. It could be ordered from them at 1719 W. Leland Ave., Chicago 60640. The question is, since it is after the sale, will the cost be lower? or higher – as a collectible?

The catalogue reprints a 3-page essay about Jay that first appeared in 1962. One sentence jumped out at me. “[Jay] is celebrated mostly as a magician, which is like honoring Joe DiMaggio because he was married to Marilyn Monroe.”

Cartophiles and anyone else who enjoyed the recent massive city-wide map exhibit should anticipate the return of Greg Prickman ('99), formerly of the Chicago Public Library. Greg returns on September 18 to speak at The Newberry Library about *The Atlas of Early Printing*. “It is a map-based visualization of historical data, depicting both geography and time.” His talk is titled, “Where in the World was Colonia Munatiana?” It will not spoil the presentation if you already know that it is Basel, Switzerland. (Or you can wait for his talk to the

Club come January 21.)



Michael Godow ('06) recently stepped away from his position as Director of the Field Museum Library. He has been taking care of his elderly parents in Arizona. Improvements there will allow Michael to plunge back into the job-hunting pool.

Mr. Leslie S. Klinger's New Annotated Sherlock Holmes edition of few years ago initiated a panel discussion at Milt Rosenberg's WGN Radio program, “Extension 720.” Appearing on the panel with Klinger were local Sherlockians Tom Joyce ('82) and Ely Liebow ('83). The next day, Klinger continued discussing Conan Doyle's work at the Newberry Library, which houses the Conan Doyle family collection assembled by Dr. C. Frederick Kittle ('85).

Dr. Rosenberg, a psychologist, favors 18th century writers in contemporary editions, as did his University of Chicago colleagues, Ned Rosenheim ('80) and Gwin Kolb ('66); but, then, those two were in the Department of English. To his eternal credit, Rosenberg has actually read the books written by most of his radio show guests during the past three decades.

Leslie Klinger has a return engagement at the Newberry on October 28th to discuss his latest effort, *The New Annotated Dracula*. He will autograph copies of the book, which details his findings in and about the original typescript mss. of *Dracula* – with its different ending, previously unavailable to scholars. You will not want to miss this one.

Earlier in October, the 4th, there will be another panel for the Second Newberry Library Sherlock Holmes-Arthur Conan Doyle Symposium. It will feature Don Terras ('03).

Oprah Winfrey (2009?), Chicago's second most-recognized celebrity (just edging out Leslie Hindman ('84)), has a collection of Pulitzer Prize-winning novels, in first editions. However, Ms. Winfrey almost certainly lacks a copy of the latest version of James Agee's winner, *A Death in the Family*. This edition, appropriately from the University of Tennessee Press, is a restoration of the author's text. After Agee's death in 1955, David McDowell, Agee's literary executor, assembled the book from

the manuscript parts Agee left behind. This latest incarnation, edited by Michael Lofaro, has ten new chapters, and McDowell's first chapter is Lofaro's 17th!

Thus, better than *Dracula*, *A Death in the Family* epitomizes the challenges faced by editors who must determine the Definitive Text for future readers. The 1957 original version is virtually plotless. Does it remain so in the newest version fifty years later? Will there be some future hybrid edition? At least Bram Stoker was alive when the changes were made to his writing, which gave him some measure of control over the published text.

The Prologue to the original edition, “Knoxville: Summer of 1915,” was naturally so lyrical that Samuel Barber set it to music, and it was sung by soprano Leontyne Price, among others. Discovering or re-discovering the poetry of James Agee's prose, with its sacred but not saccharine overtones, is sufficient reason to justify reading this new “first” edition.



Barbara Metz ('92) suffered a ruptured artery in the right frontal lobe of her brain while traveling in Turkey. She required immediate surgery and is recovering in Minnesota with her daughter. The link below allows access to updates and leaving messages. I found out while trying to contact her for a fundraiser we both participate in at The School of the Art Institute – BareWalls. Barb – a true Caxtonian – usually attaches book parts to her canvas at the live paint event.

<http://www.caringbridge.org/visit/barbarametz>



Anthony J. Mourek ('90) has lent a drawing to a major exhibit of the works of Arthur Szyk at the Deutsches Historisches Museum (Berlin). The drawing is one of Szyk's few drawings that refer to American racial problems. A white soldier asks “...what would you do with Hitler?” and a black soldier answers “I would make him Negro and drop him somewhere in the USA.”

“Arthur Szyk – Drawing Against National Socialism and Terror” (August 24, 2008 to January 4, 2009) can be seen at the Deutsches Historisches Museum's I.M. Pei Building behind Gießhaus 3 in Berlin.



Marilyn Sward: Artist, Educator, Caxtonian

Marilyn Sward (’97) died August 5. These are recollections of her by Caxtonians and others who knew her well.

THE ARTIST AS TEACHER

Marilyn Sward was one of my favorite people in the book world. Our relationship was largely professional, though after she joined the Caxton Club in 1997, we had a chance to socialize as well. At first, however, we met just because Marilyn was a founder of the Columbia College Chicago Center for Book and Paper Arts and I was curator of the major paper-history collection in town. Marilyn was one of those professional contacts to treasure, not just because it was a joy to see her deep dedication to her students, but also because her good-natured persistence in bringing them to the Newberry and her extensive knowledge of paper as a subject meant that I learned as much from her every visit as her students ever did from me. Immediately after her first class visit, we developed a running joke. I would try to surprise her in front of her students by finding something strange and wonderful in the Newberry that she had never seen before; and she would pretend to complain that I was not showing her favorite item from the last visit. After a few repeats of this back and forth I garnered a whole list of Marilyn’s favorites that serves me to this day in showing what I learned from her to other visitors. Like her real students, I hope to have learned her lessons well.

Paul F. Gehl

The Newberry Library

MARILYN SWARD (1941-2008)

It is with heavy heart that I write to say that in the early hours of August 5, 2008, Marilyn Sward lost a two-year battle with cancer. She had just turned 67 years old on the 22nd of July. Many people know that Marilyn approached her final illness with the same kind of optimism and assertiveness that she brought to all things. When she first went into the hospital in late June, she was talking about going biking in Italy in a couple of weeks. But, for once, she was not able to make her idea happen.

More than almost anyone else I have ever



Marilyn (left) with Norma Rubovitz and Robert Williams at the Leaf Book opening in 2005.

known, Marilyn was completely remarkable in her ability to bring ideas into reality. Marilyn would look at a situation, see a problem, come up with a solution, and make that come to be. When her daughter Heather had trouble in the Evanston public schools, Marilyn thought that artmaking might improve her learning. So she helped to start an innovative and influential art program in the Evanston schools. Feeling that papermaking and paper arts needed a venue in Chicago, she started Paper Press. When the building where Paper Press was located burned to the ground, Marilyn moved it to another location. And in the late 1980s, when many of the non-profit art centers were starting to fold, Marilyn had the vision to merge her organization with Artists’ Book Works and form the Center for Book & Paper Arts at Columbia College. Marilyn was the Director of the Center in its formative years, but not content with the facilities at 218 S. Wabash, she managed to convince the powers that be to construct a state of the art facility (at a cost of close to \$1 million) in the historical Luddington Building at 1104 S. Wabash.

Marilyn was a wonderful teacher and colleague. Given her love for all things green (from flowers, plants and trees to frogs) and her affinity for things aquatic (Marilyn was an excellent swimmer) it was perhaps inevitable that she would work primarily with paper, that “hydrophilic medium,” as she

once put it. She loved all things paper, and managed to share that love with decades of students at both Columbia College and the School of the Art Institute, and across the country in residencies at places like Penland and Haystack. I will spare you the list of her professional accomplishments: the boards she sat on, the publications she helped foster, etc. Instead, let me share some more personal recollections.

Marilyn was the ultimate “morning person.” She was typically up at or before dawn, would go out for a run or a bike ride, and be at work on things by 7 a.m. I once had to tell her that if she kept calling me on the phone before 8 a.m. I would never speak to her again. On the other hand, by 9:00 or so in the evening, she would wilt, like flowers in a waterless vase. When she and I traveled together in Indonesia, you could count on her to be the first one up and about each day, but keeping her awake for an evening performance required caffeine, and even that didn’t always help. How she managed to stay awake for all those performances at Lyric Opera over the years is anybody’s guess.

When Marilyn was in my Sound class (she got her Master’s Degree from Interdisciplinary Arts shortly after I started teaching in the program) I had students write pieces for each other to perform. She told her accomplice, “Just don’t make me play the piano.” So what did the other student do?

Wrote a piano piece that Marilyn had to play. I don't think I ever saw her that angry again. But she played it. No challenge was to be left unmet, or unconquered.

It was also Marilyn who taught me never to travel without a journal, multiple writing implements (pens get lost), tape, and a small stapler. That way, everything of importance from the trip – ticket stubs, receipts, cards from restaurants where you ate, etc. – all end up in “the book.” Helpful come tax time, and an invaluable document. Even now, when I tend to travel with my laptop, and keep my account of the day's activities directly in my computer, I still need “the book.” Marilyn also taught me that when traveling, you should buy something useful. One of her souvenirs of Bali was some brightly colored plastic buckets. I asked her why she wanted to lug these back to Chicago in her suitcase. “Because I'll use them every day in my studio, and think of where they came from,” she replied.

Marilyn was always remarkably clear-sighted, a force of rational decision-making, a wise advisor. During some recent “drama” at school, she called me on a Sunday morning (at 8:30, thankfully) and we had a long chat. Not only did she offer insights into the situation, but she actually listened to what I had to say. That's really what made her such an effective administrator: she didn't just talk, she listened. In fact, that's probably what made her such a won-

derful artist and human being: she listened.

Jeff Abell
Columbia College Chicago

HER VISION WILL BE MISSED

With the passing of Marilyn Sward, the world of hand papermaking has lost an important proselytizer. She was a great and supportive teacher who had a unique ability to inspire her students: go out on a limb and try out your idea, as far-fetched as it seems. There was no wrong way to do things and if one tried out that concept, who knows, you just might stumble upon something new and unique. While many did not agree, she believed that paper was an art form just as “legal” as those sacred to the mainstream, and she fought to further that cause.

While I knew Marilyn in her “Paper Press” days, it was really in her association at the Book & Paper Center that we became better acquainted.

She chose my work to represent the world of book arts in the inaugural exhibition at the opening of Center. It was this kind of opportunity that she was constantly, unselfishly giving people. It remained a goal of hers as an artist and art advocate, to promote her fellow book and paper artists. She always

had new ideas and tirelessly went about promoting them until her vision turned into reality.

Gone is a great advocate of the arts, and she will be deeply missed.

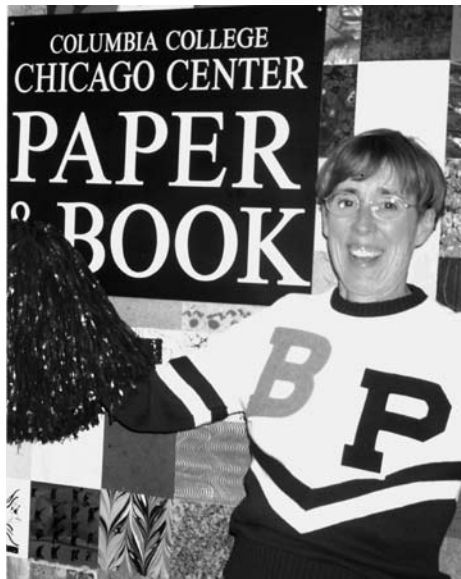
Bill Drendell

MARILYN SWARD

In the early years of the Columbia College Center for Book and Paper Arts, when Marilyn and I were its Director and Assistant Director, we used to have these little plastic signs on our desks. They were the kind of signs you see in banks, or in little offices with fake wood paneling, the kind that would ordinarily show the name of the person sitting at the desk. We each had several of these signs and could change them according to our mood. Marilyn's little signs said: Pooh, Batman, Thelma. Mine said: Eyore, Robin, Louise. So some days Marilyn was Batman and I was Eyore, some days she was Pooh and I was Louise. But really, Marilyn was always a unique mixture: an irrepressible, gentle optimist; a superhero with a keen sense of what is good and just; a woman who knew what she wanted and almost always managed to make it happen.

Marilyn was an artist who was able to access the deep place in herself where the art comes from, and she was able to teach other artists to do the same. She was inspiring, offbeat, fun. She saw the best in each person she encountered. She never took No for an answer; I am not sure she even believed in No as a possibility. So it is with disbelief that I say goodbye to her. In her honor I try to say Yes as often as possible, to be as open as she was to the joys and beauties of life.

Audrey Niffenegger
§§



Marilyn leads a cheer for the book and paper center. (photo courtesy Kitz Rickert)

Nominees for the Council Class of 2011:

The Nominating Committee, consisting of Adele Hast, Rob Carlson, and Ed Hirschland, has proposed the following slate for the members' vote at the September dinner meeting: **Martha Chiplis** is a designer and printer who has worked on several Sherwin Beach Press books, and has volunteered on several Club projects, including the Symposium Committee and the Public Relations Committee. She has been a member since 2000. **Jill Gage** is a Reference Librarian at the Newberry Library, teaches at

Columbia College, and has volunteered on the current Exhibitions/Publications Committee project on association copies. She was elected to the Council last year to serve out the remainder of Carolyn Quattrocchi's term, and has been a member since 2005. **Brad Jonas** is the proprietor of Powell's Bookstores (one of the nation's premier used and rare booksellers) and is a member of the ABAA and is a founder of the Chicago International Remainder and Overstock Book Exposition. He has been a member since 1989. **Skip Landt** teaches harmonica at the Old Town School

of Folk Music and leads the eclectic folk music group Patent Medicine. He is a retired university teacher and administrator. For the past several years, he has chaired the Club's Membership Committee; he has been a member since 1994. **Alice Schreyer** is Director of the Special Collections Research Center at the University of Chicago Library. She is a founding editor of *Rare Books & Manuscripts*, has taught at Rare Book School, and volunteered on the Symposium Committee and other Club projects; she has been a member since 1991.

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Book and manuscript-related exhibitions: a selective list

Compiled by Bernice E. Gallagher

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

Two new exhibits are being presented at the Art Institute of Chicago, 111 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 312-443-3600. "Daniel Burnham's Plan of Chicago" (a preview of the citywide celebration of the Burnham Plan Centennial that begins in January, including maps, diagrams, perspective drawings and watercolors, many of them rarely displayed publicly) in Gallery 24 (September 6-December 15); "The Bill Peet Storybook Menagerie" (sketches, storyboards and thirty-four books by Bill Peet, Walt Disney's principle animator for 27 years) in Galleries 15 and 16 (through May 24, 2009). "CCCP: Cosmic Communist Constructions Photographed" (Frederic Chaubin's photographs of startling architectural artifacts built during the last two decades of the Cold War, plus magazine articles, historical timelines and film stills from this chapter in twentieth century design history) in the John Buck Company Lecture Hall Gallery, Chicago Architecture Foundation, 224 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 312-922-3432 (through October 3).

"Mushrooms and More" (beautifully illustrated color plates from the Rare Book Collection, featuring the amazing range of mushroom species) in the Lenhardt Library, Chicago Botanic Garden, 1000 Lake Cook Road, Glencoe 847-835-8202 (through November 23).

"Catholic Chicago" (books, historic documents, maps, architectural drawing, artifacts and film footage, exploring ways that religious communities shaped the ever-changing urban landscape) at the Chicago History Museum, 1501 N. Clark Street, Chicago 312-642-4600 (through January 4, 2009).

"Fifth International Book & Paper Arts Triennial" (a group show of fine and letterpress printed and bound books, broadsides, artists' books and altered books) at Columbia College Center for Book and Paper Arts, 1104 South Wabash, Chicago 312-344-6630 (through September 12).

"Priests for Peace: The Nonviolent Roots of 1968 Protests" (items from the collection of Daniel Berrigan – Jesuit priest, social activist, author of nonfiction and poetry – featuring works annotated by Berrigan while in prison as well as copies of works by Buddhist monk Thich Nhat Hahn) in Special Collections and Archives, Room 314, John T. Richardson Library, DePaul University, 2350 N. Kenmore Avenue, Chicago 773-325-2167 (through November 1).

"1968: Art and Politics in Chicago" (diverse artistic responses to the 1968 Democratic National Convention, including posters, photographs and documents as well as sculpture and paintings) in the Main Gallery, DePaul University Museum, 2350 North Kenmore Avenue, Chicago 773-325-7506 (September 18-November 23).

One new exhibit has opened and two others are continuing at the DuSable Museum of African American History, 740 East 56th Place, Chicago 773-947-0600. "Forgotten Roots: Muslims in Early America Through the 20th Century" (historical documents and photographs highlighting America's rich Islamic heritage, from the 17th century to the present); "Wisdom of Words: Lerone Bennett Jr., The People's Historian" (includes copies of Bennett's ten books documenting the historical forces shaping the Black experience in the United States, plus rarely seen vintage copies of JET and Ebony magazines) at the DuSable Museum of African American History, 740 East 56th Place, Chicago 773-947-0600 (all ongoing).

"Artifacts of Childhood: 700 Years of Children's Books: (works by and for children in more than 100 languages from the fifteenth century to the present, including the first edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures* in Wonderland (1865) and ABCs from 1544 to 1992) at the Newberry Library, 60 West Walton Street, Chicago 312-943-9090 (September 27 through January 17, 2009).

"1933: An Exhibit Celebrating the 75th Anniversary of the Deering Library" (rarely seen materials published or otherwise created in 1933, the year the Deering opened) in Special Collections (Deering Library, Level 3), Northwestern University Library, 1970 Campus Drive, Evanston 847-491-7658 (through September 22).

"Integrating the Life of the Mind: African Americans at the University of Chicago" (archival documents and published materials highlighting the history of African Americans at the University, beginning in the nineteenth century) in the Main Gallery, Special Collections Research Center, Joseph Regenstein Library, University of Chicago, 1100 East 57th Street,

Chicago 773-702-8705 (September 19-February 27, 2009).

"East European Jews in the German-Jewish Imagination" (documents tracing the influence of this group up to the eve of World War II) in the Gallery of the Ludwig Rosenberger Library, Special Collections Research Center, Joseph Regenstein Library, University of Chicago, 1100 East 57th Street, Chicago 773-702-8705 (September 19 through June 22, 2009).

"Chester Commodore, 1914-2004: The Work and Life of a Pioneering Cartoonist of Color" (original cartoons, photographs, letters, awards and other memorabilia relating to the artist's work as editorial cartoonist for the *Chicago Defender*; with additional material from the Chicago Public Library's Vivian Harsh Research Collection) at the Carter G. Woodson Regional Library, 9525 South Halsted Street, Chicago 312-745-2080 (through December 31).

"State Street: That Great Street" (newspaper clippings, books and memorabilia exploring the history and attractions of State Street over 150 years) in the Chicago Gallery, 3rd Floor, Harold Washington Library Center, 400 South State Street, Chicago 312-747-4300 (through June 21, 2009).

Bernice Gallagher will be happy to receive your listings at either 847-234-5255 or gallagher@lakeforest.edu.



CCCP at Chicago Architecture
"DRUZHBA" (YALTA, UKRAINE, 1985). ARCHITECT IGOR VASILEVSKY

Caxtonians Collect: Neil Harris

Forty-fifth in a series of interviews with members

Interviewed by Robert McCamant

Neil Harris joined the Club in 1986. He's not certain who nominated him, but it may well have been Bob Rosenthal, Curator of Special Collections at the University of Chicago Library and a big influence in his life of books and collecting. But Harris had spoken to the club before he joined it; he recalls that Morris Phillipson was president when he spoke for the first time, which would make it 1976 or 77.

Harris recently retired as the Preston & Sterling Morton Professor of History and of Art History at the University of Chicago. He hopes that the reduction in his teaching duties may mean that he can attend more Club meetings, but he's still busy writing and editing books and will be teaching in Paris next spring.

Harris stumbled into his collecting interests by way of the University of Chicago Library, rather than as a result of his profession. "I taught and wrote about cultural history, the history of museums and libraries, the history of the built landscape. My courses ranged from subjects like 'History of the American Landscape' and 'Development of Tourism' to 'American Graphic Design and Commercial Culture' and 'Modern Uses of Spectacle.' But when I looked at books in the library I realized I had a visceral love of color printing and illustrated books. So those things, especially from France, are what I have collected."

This does not mean *livres d'artiste*, mind you. "The things that fascinate me, and my wife Teri Edelstein, are on the cusp between commercial publishing and limited editions, what Gordon Ray termed the 'demi-luxe.' Typically such books would have been issued in an overall edition of 600 or 800, but with the edition subdivided into copies on various kinds of paper, some with suites. There might have been 50 copies on Japon, another 50 copies on papier de Chine, and the remaining 700 on papier de rives. I'm happy when I can get the best paper, but I tend to buy what I'm able to buy, not to hold out for the exact right version."



The one thing that unifies the examples Harris showed me is vivid color. In French books of the post WWI-period, that frequently meant the technique employed was the special sort of stencil work that the French call "pochoir." "Typically," Harris explained, "pochoir was done in ateliers by a corps of female workers. A near assembly-line of craftspeople would cut the stencils and color the pages. That was how they managed to do editions of 800." Pochoir was a sleepy area of collecting until the late 70s and early 80s. "Luckily I started collecting while there were still copies around for comparatively affordable prices. Nowadays they are more expensive."

Harris and Edelstein have a small collection of the wood block master Francois Louis Schmied, often regarded as the best printer-designer of his time and place. But they have a much larger collection of Joseph Hémard's work. "He was a popular figure in his own time. He even did work for the national lottery. During the boom years of

the twenties he did well. But during the depression he pretty much took any job he could get." The collection includes dozens of French illustrators; Lucien Boucher, Pierre Falké and Lucien LaForge were others whose names I managed to catch.

While the majority of work they have are books aimed at adults, they also have a number of children's books. "It's all in the illustrations. When I like the illustrations, I want to get the books," he says. He even has some paper and ink sample books from his earliest days of collecting. "Part of the R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company Training Department Library came to the University of Chicago back in 1979. Rosenthal would let me browse the stacks when those items first came in, and they immediately caught my attention. At the time, it was quite easy to find the same items on the market." He also has the complete "27 Chicago Designers" series, which includes the work of Caxtonians Hayward Blake and Bruce Beck.

They still try to do as much of their collecting in person as they can. "It's no great hardship to go to Paris to shop for books," he admits. "Parisian dealers don't want just any customer to browse their shelves, but if you establish that you are credible customer – and clean – that you know something about what you are looking for, they're usually quite accommodating."

Appropriately for someone who has published so much himself, at the time of his retirement his friends, colleagues, and students established the Neil Harris Endowment Fund to support the publication of illustrated interdisciplinary books by the University of Chicago Press.

His advice for a budding collector? "Look at books as often as you can. Not just with booksellers, but also in libraries. The key thing is being able to browse. If you have to ask for a book, that means it's a book you already know about. Your horizons only expand when you see things that are new to you."

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Bookmarks...

Luncheon Program

Friday, September 12, 2008, Women's Athletic Club
Malcolm Hast

"A Book that Changed the World of Medicine,
Fully Translated for the First Time"

When Andreas Vesalius, a 28-year-old Flemish physician, published his anatomical atlas (*Fabrica*) in 1543, he became the major figure in establishing modern medical science, forever changing medical education in the West. As an active performer of numerous dissections of the human body, Vesalius insisted that direct observation was vastly superior to debate (common with scholastics of the time), and *Fabrica's* 272 sumptuous illustrations (done by artists in Titian's studio), still today influence how we view our bodies.

Malcolm Hast, Professor Emeritus of Otolaryngology-Head and Neck Surgery and former Professor of Anatomy at Feinberg School of Medicine, Northwestern University, has, for the past 15 years (along with Daniel Garrison, Classics), been translating and annotating the 1543 and 1555 editions of Vesalius' *De humani corporis fabrica* (*Fabrica*). Dr. Hast's presentation (with slides) will also include how his monumental project (now complete) was accomplished and how this epochal scientific work has been taken out of the research library and is going to be made available to all.

Definitely attend.

*The September luncheon will take place at the Women's Athletic Club, 600 N. Michigan Avenue. (Enter on Ontario; go to the Silver Room on the 4th floor.) Luncheon buffet opens at 11:30; program 12:30-1:30. Luncheon is \$32. The September dinner will take place at the Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton Street. Dinner timing: spirits at 5 pm, dinner at 6 pm, talk at 7:30 pm. Price for dinner is \$48. For reservations call 312-255-3710 or email caxtonclub@newberry.org; **reservations are needed by noon Wednesday for the Friday luncheon, and by noon Friday for***

Beyond September...

OCTOBER LUNCHEON

On October 10 at the Woman's Athletic Club Caxtonian Bruce Barnett will deliver an illustrated talk about his extensive Dance of Death Collection. Begun in the 14th century in response to the plague and other gruesome ends, Dance of Death albums with skeletons and still today has an impact on our literature, art and music.

OCTOBER DINNER

On October 15 at the Woman's Athletic Club Jon Lellenberg will give us the inside story of editing *Arthur Conan Doyle: A Life in Letters*. It draws upon over a thousand unpublished letters written over 54 years. The process was an ordeal. The letters were disorganized and scrambled, with most undated as well. The contract called for a manuscript of 135,000 words; the eventual ms. submitted was over 208,000.

Dinner Program

Wednesday, September 17, 2008, Newberry Library
Ronald L. Ravneberg

"The Hawkesworth Copy: James Cook, John
Hawkesworth and the 1773 *Account of the Voyages...*"

James Cook was one of the most important explorers of any age. Between 1768 and 1780 he led three voyages of discovery that circumnavigated the world, opened the Pacific Ocean to European influence, and added to scientific knowledge in such fields as astronomy, anthropology, botany, navigation, medicine and geography. The publications that presented the results of Cook's voyages combined narrative with detailed plates, charts and maps to produce some of the most eagerly anticipated published materials of the 18th century. For years they were among the most requested library resources, and in many cases were literally read to pieces.

In 2001, Mr. Ravneberg located and identified the hitherto unknown printer's copy used for the preparation of the second edition of one of the most popular books of the 18th century, John Hawkesworth's official account of James Cook's first voyage to the Pacific. The process of researching the volumes led down numerous paths and drew upon materials located in such far-flung locales as London and Sydney. Along the way he encountered simple and not-so-simple typographical errors, problems in handwriting analysis, conspiracy theories, and other interesting diversions.

Join us for a review of this influential character who was Captain Cook, and the equally fascinating story of one collector's quest.

Also at the September dinner meeting: election of the Council Class of 2011. See page 13 for the proposed slate.

the Wednesday dinner. Information on parking at the Newberry: With a validation of the claim check with the Newberry security guard, pay \$7 for 6 hours at 1025 North Clark, 100 West Chestnut (Chestnut & Clark) and 100 East Walton St. The Library's lot is available to guests for evening parking, but the staff (who pay for their parking) do not begin leaving until between 5pm and 6pm, so there are no guarantees of spaces until they are vacated. See www.caxtonclub.org for additional parking and transit information.

NOVEMBER LUNCHEON

On November 14, 2008 Caxton scholarship winner Drew Matott returns (along with 2 Iraqi veterans) to tell about the fantastic paper-making, creative writing and art projects that he has helped initiate with Iraqi veterans and vets of all wars.

NOVEMBER DINNER

On November 19, Samuel Crowl of Ohio State University will talk on "From Page to Stage to Screen: The Shakespearian Cinema of Kenneth Branagh." Almost a decade ago, Professor Crowl addressed the Caxton Club on the topic "Shakespeare in Film." Now, by popular request, he has agreed to return.