

A New Robert Frost Letter Collection

The *Caxtonian's* First Editor Reviews a Transformative Volume

The Letters of Robert Frost, Volume I – 1886-1920. Donald Sheehy, Mark Richardson, and Robert Faggen, eds. 811 pages. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2014.

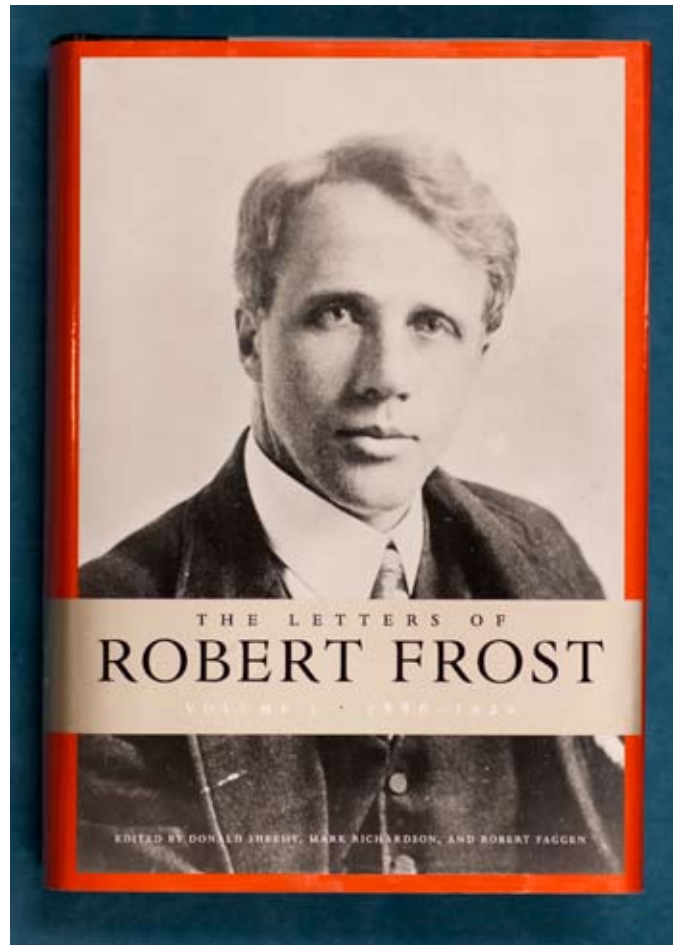
Robert Cotner

The *New York Times* (February 5, 2014) ran a page-one story, “The Road Back: Frost’s Letters May Soften a Battered Image,” a preview of the then soon-to-be-published *Letters of Robert Frost, Vol. I* (hereafter *LRF*). Three things stand out regarding this article. The first is its placement on the first page.

In the world of letters, the editors realized, the publication of this book is a major event about an American poet, who, as the preface of *LRF* notes, “had become an American icon, the wise and witty New England bard, the beloved figure of the poet as ordinary man.”

But Jennifer Schuessler, author of the *Times* article, opened with a reminder to her readers: “Few figures in American literature have suffered as strangely divided an after-life as Robert Frost.” This brings us to the second outstanding feature of the article – the restoration, to some, of a tattered image of the poet. If you have been exposed to enough literary studies, you will know that there can be a sinister strand running through scholarship, which, for reasons known only to those who write darkly of their subjects, diminishes the integrity of their work and injures those about whom they write.

Robert Frost has experienced such diminution in recent years, in particular at the hands of his official biographer, Lawrance Thompson, whose widely-read, three-volume biography of Frost redefined the poet, as Schuessler put it, “as a cruel, jealous megalomaniac.” I have a personal observation regarding the background for this diminishing view of Robert Frost at the hands of Lawrance Thompson. On April 23, 1970, my wife Norma and I were getting into Lawrance Thompson’s car, leaving the



Thompson’s home on Lake Drive, Princeton, for lunch at the Faculty Club. Thompson had invited us to Princeton to be interviewed for the forthcoming third volume of his Frost biography, regarding our afternoon visit with Frost at his Ripton, Vermont cabin in 1962.

As we got into the car, I offered a casual comment to the Thompsons, “You folks must eat, sleep, and live Robert Frost.”

“Not if we can help it!” was the instant reply of Janet Thompson, Lawrance’s wife. Glancing at her, I realized there was no humor in her response – I saw, in fact, anger in her eyes. Upon our return to their home after lunch, Lawrance took me to his study for an intimate tour of his extensive and marvelously

organized collection of the Frost biographical materials. As Lawrance shared these materials with me, Janet confided with Norma in the family living room her deep resentment toward the demands the Frost family had placed upon the Thompsons, and their great cost in time, taking Lawrance from his own family for travel, research, and writing. As we drove from their home that day, Norma said, “There’s big trouble in that house.”

Upon accepting the invitation to write this review a few weeks ago, Norma and I reengaged in our remembrances of 44 years ago. Norma offered what may be the most insightful assessment in a single word – and explanation, perhaps – for the sinister treatment of Frost: “I

think Thompson wanted to *invalidate* Frost,” she said.

“That’s the precise word for what has happened,” I replied. Perhaps scholars put upon others the deficiencies in their own lives. Perhaps, unable to achieve the greatness of those about whom they write, scholars choose to compete by denigrating – diminishing, *invalidating* – what the truly great ones accomplish. The source of dark writings is deep – perhaps unfathomable – but the result is always public, and injurious.

The third point regarding the *Times* article lies in the editorship of *LRF*. Schuessler writes of “the tightknit world of Frost schol- See *FROST LETTERS*, page 2



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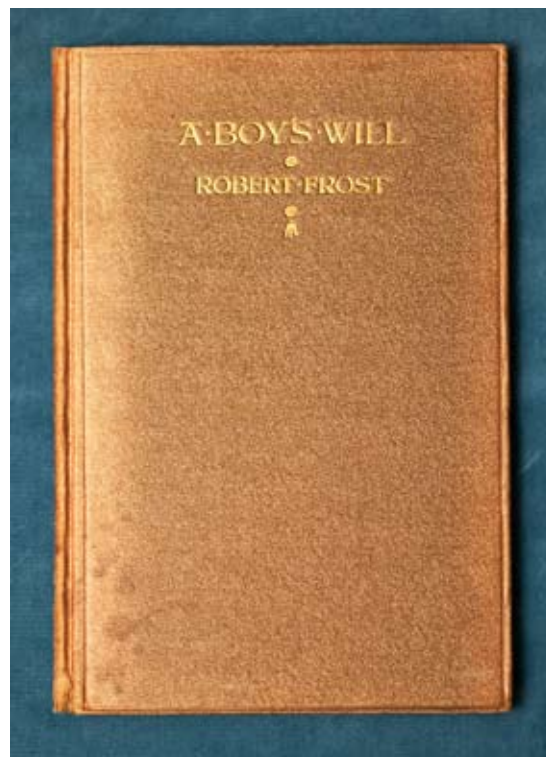
ars, some of whom gather each year at an informal symposium, organized by Lesley Lee Francis, one of the poet's granddaughters." The annual gathering of Frost scholars came into being many years ago when our Caxton friend, the late Peter Stanlis, and Lesley Lee Francis first assembled a dozen or so serious Frost scholars to meet at a site where the finest collections of Frost materials were available.

They view the collections and hold a daylong conversation – an annual tribute to Frost's great gift for conversation – around a topic Peter and Lesley usually selects. It has been my pleasure to be part of this group for 20 years, and I am honored to know the three scholars who have undertaken the planned four-volume collection of Frost letters. Some Caxton members will remember that Peter and I arranged for Lesley to speak to the Caxton Club in 1996 (*Caxtonian*, March 1996).

Having sat in dialog with the editing scholars, I know them to be men of intellectual integrity, who have a deep and abiding commitment to the person of Robert Frost and his poetry. They are, as well, brilliant scholars in their own rights. And they often tapped members of our group as resources in the demanding research for footnotes. This initial five-part *Volume I* has 1,461 highly readable footnotes, identifying sources and people, explaining circumstances, illuminating the rich texture of Frost's life, work, and thinking. Organized around "The Early Years," "England in the Grip of Frost," "This Quiet Corner of a Quiet Country," "Making it in America," and "Amherst," it begins with a letter to a childhood sweetheart, Saba Peabody, September 1886 (signed *Rob*). The book concludes with a letter, February 2, 1920, to William Breed of the Amherst Alumni Association, declining a lecture and announcing his departure from Amherst, a protest against the removal of Amherst President Alexander Meiklejohn. The volume spans the publication of Frost's first three volumes of poetry, *A Boy's Will*, *North of Boston*, and *Mountain Interval* and his rising esteem in American letters.

Written letters represent a working mind at ease – playing, promoting, teasing, taunting, teaching, and often ironic. Letters provide a perspective distinct from that which we have come to know in poetry. We see the mind of the poet engaged in personal discoveries it did not know it knew and forging these discoveries into a viable philosophy of art and life.

One of the most remarkable discoveries we see emerging in these letters is Frost's understanding of the vernacular of everyday speech shaping itself into enduring poetry with grace and wit. In a letter of May 13, 1913, which included a copy of *A Boy's Will*, to his early mentor, Susan Hayes Ward, he



Signed first edition of Frost's first book, A Boy's Will, London: David Nutt, 1913. Only 50 pages in length, it contained 32 poems and sold for 50 cents.

described key poems in this book as being what would become the hallmark of his poetry, saying their beauty lay in the "unforced expression of a life I was forced to live."

In February 22, 1914, he declared to his long-time friend John Bartlett, "A sentence is a sound in itself on which other sounds called words may be strung." He becomes very specific regarding the writer's relationship to sentence-sounds. "A man is a writer if all his words are strung on definite recognizable sentence-sounds. The voice of the imagination, the speaking voice must know certainly how to behave, how to posture in every sentence he offers."

In July 1914, he captured another dimension of sentence-sound, saying he wanted to cultivate the "hearing imagination." Later that year, he wrote his former student and lifelong friend Sidney Cox, "...I establish the distinction between the grammatical sentence and the vital sentence." In June 1915, he proposed a language textbook "based on images of sound particularly the kind I call vocal postures or vocal idioms that would revolutionize the teaching of English..."

By 1919 he had come to this conclusion regarding the sentence: "...the colloquial is the root of every good poem..." His views were taking hold in the intellectual communities. A footnote informs us that, in *New Voices: An Introduction to Contemporary Poetry* (1919), Marguerite Wilkinson wrote, "Robert Frost is influenced by the tunes of human conversation, and he is the greatest living master of the

poetry that talks.”

In 1919, Frost wrote daughter Lesley at Barnard College, urging her “to keep on top of your reading by thinking. Have at least one idea for every one in the books.” Frost would appreciate an idea I have discovered in reading *LRF*. Frost loved baseball – he kept up with the Boston Red Sox, particularly when they won the World Series in 1915. In a November 10, 1915, letter to his friend Harold Rugg of Dartmouth, he noted that Rugg had attended the final game of that series on October 13. “Glad you didn’t go to Fenway Park for nothing,” he wrote.

I want to link Frost to one of the greatest of the Red Sox players in a way that would have pleased the poet. It was said of Boston Red Sox baseball legend Ted Williams that his unmatched ability to hit a baseball derived from his acute *eyesight*. He could see the rotation of a pitched baseball by studying the stitches on the ball as it sped toward him in the batter’s box.

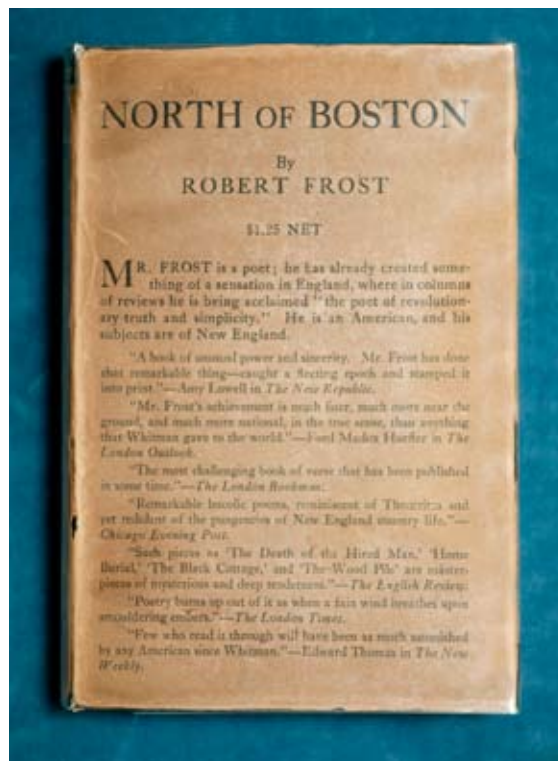
From what I have discovered in Frost’s careful delineation of what he heard in conversations, nuanced sounds within and beyond words, I believe Robert Frost possessed an extraordinarily acute sense of *hearing*. He heard movements in conversational sounds that most of us miss, and he shaped these subtle sounds of ordinary speech into poetry of such vital language it strikes a chord in the auditory intelligence of the common reader and gives Frost’s poetry its universal appeal and its enduring quality.

This acute awareness of sounds in conversational sentences led Frost, at the height of his creative powers, to write what I believe is one of the truly great sentences in the English language. This sentence forms the text of one of Frost’s most brilliant poems, “A Silken Tent,” published in *The Witness Tree* in 1942.

A Silken Tent
She is as in a field a silken tent
At midday when a sunny summer breeze
Has dried the dew and all its ropes relent,
So that in guys it gently sways at ease,
And its supporting central cedar pole,
That is its pinnacle to heavenward
And signifies the sureness of the soul,



Robert Frost plays softball on the grounds of the Homer Noble farm, 1941. Peter Stanlis is standing between Frost and the catcher.



An early American edition of *North of Boston*, New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1915. The dust wrapper contains endorsements by Amy Lowell, The London Bookman, Chicago Evening Post, The London Times, English poet and Frost friend, Edward Thomas, and others.

Seems to owe naught to any single cord,
But strictly held by none, is loosely bound
By countless silken ties of love and thought
To everything on earth the compass round,
And only by one’s going slightly taut
In the capriciousness of summer air
Is of the slighted bondage made aware.

The poem, in its single-sentence elegance,

is a religious poem by Frost, in his role as Old Testament Christian. It represents an adaptation, an extension, if you will, in structure and theme of Proverbs 31 – the so-called “ideal woman” passage. Because the poem lies beyond the scope of the book under review, I will discuss it no further, and I mention it here only because I believe it illustrates the culmination of the poet’s rich compositional philosophy evolving throughout these early letters.

We meet and become acquainted with a remarkable mind through *LRF*. An important part of Frost’s intellectual essence was a deep memory of things literary. Throughout his

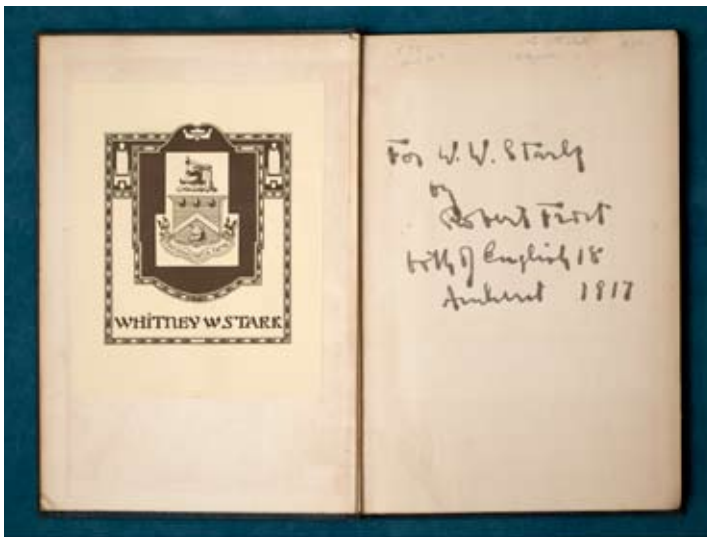
correspondence, he had the natural gift for recall of scores of quotations and allusions from a vast range of literary sources. The superb annotations, which identify and elaborate these references, provide the great strength of this book.

One note explains, for example, Frost’s use of “for evermore” in a July 17, 1915 letter. The editors comment: “One might expect ‘forever more,’ but the phrase ‘for evermore’ occurs scores of times in the King James Bible; RF adds, for the nonce, a slightly scriptural note of gravity.” I did not know that and would have missed it but for this note. Knowing it enriches our appreciation of Frost’s perspicuity. One question, however, does linger regarding two sentences, one on page 392: “We are not now the strength we were,” and another on page 474: “It may be that the gulfs will wash us down.” Are these not allusions from Tennyson’s “Ulysses”?

The mind of Robert Frost was rich in subtlety, and these letters were conceived in varied tones appropriate to the person being addressed. His brilliant playfulness in the letters to Louis Untermeyer is a genuine delight. Over the years, we see Frost’s intellect develop, from hesitant confidence in the early years, to an understanding of himself as “minor poet” in the middle years, to a fully confident and accomplished master of the written word as he assumes the role of professor at Amherst College in the final section.

No American poet since Walt Whitman lived so singularly dedicated to the craft of

See *FROST LETTERS*, page 4
CAXTONIAN, JUNE 2014



Inscription to an Amherst student by Frost in a first edition of *Mountain Interval*, New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1916.

FROST LETTERS, from page 3

poetry as Robert Frost. His devotion to poetry controlled his family economics, it inspired him to seek in England the finest literary minds as comrades, and it drove him to a success that a less disciplined person would never have achieved. One is moved frequently by Frost's attention to the welfare of his family – their illnesses, their living arrangements, and their happiness. His letters to daughter Lesley, the only family letters included in *LRF*, are most touching as he teaches, guides, and inspires her. We see in these pages, quite literally, the birth of a poet in all aspects, personal and public.

There is so very much to comment on in this extraordinary book, but "I hear time's wingèd chariot hurrying near," and I must close. Let me do so with a remembrance.

At approximately 2 pm, June 3, 1962, I knocked on the screen door of the screened-in porch of the Homer Noble cabin in Ripton, Vermont. The voice of the poet came from within, "Come in!" Not feeling comfortable entering with the poet unseen, I knocked again. Robert Frost now stood at the inner door of the cabin, and repeated, "Come on in!"

He stepped into the porch, we shook hands, and I introduced myself, my wife Norma, and our 3-year-old son Jon. Without a moment's hesitation, he retrieved from his vast reservoir of literary references these lines, "Cotnar, Cotnar as old as the time of the Druids. Did you ever hear that line?" I had not, and he added, "I think it's from Browning . . . Yes, Browning . . . 'Flight of the Duchess,' I believe."

He looked at us with smiling, bright eyes and said, "Cotnar was a Scotch brew warriors used to drink before they went into

battle." Expressing genuine camaraderie, he teased us, saying, "Maybe your folks were Scotch brewers." Chuckling, he led us to the living room and Morris chairs which flanked the fireplace, where a small fire burned. Gilly, his border collie, lay beside his chair. Jon sat cross-legged beside my chair, and we talked for the next two hours – about everything from poetry to politics. *In the Clearing* had just

come out, and we talked about many of the poems in that collection.

Before leaving the cabin, I suggested making some photos outside in the sunlight. "Just don't take me in front of a birch tree or stone wall," he cautioned with a smile. Our dialog continued as we moved into the yard beside the cabin, where I made what may have been the final portrait of Frost at his cabin, and Norma took a photo of Frost and me together.

I share this reminiscence because the poet we met at the Homer Noble cabin so many years ago is the very person we become reacquainted with in *The Letters of Robert Frost*, Vol. I. Through this splendid book, Robert

Frost provides a validation of himself – as person and poet – as no biography will ever do.

Frost's own words, the final lines of the opening poem in *A Boy's Will*, may provide the best summation for what I have shared:

They would not find me changed from him they knew –
Only more sure of all I thought was true.

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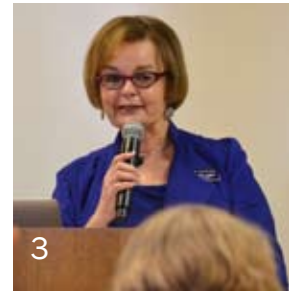
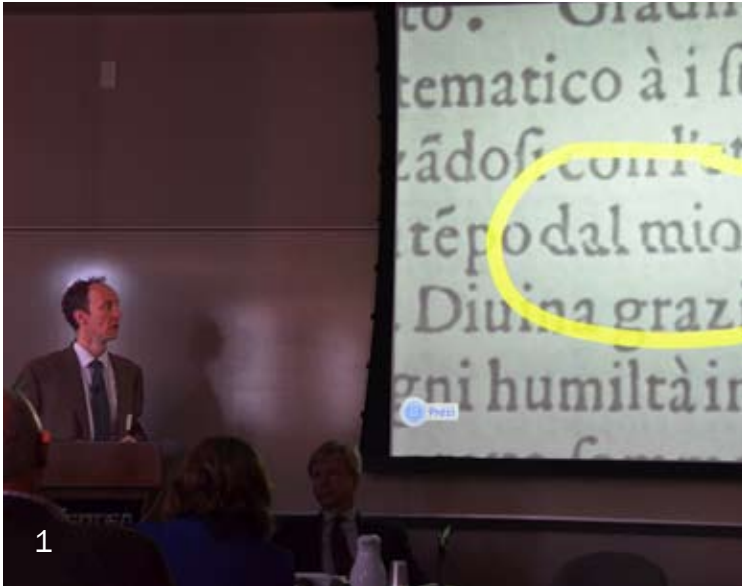
Robert Cotner and Robert Frost, Homer Noble cabin, Ripton, Vermont, June 3, 1962.



Robert Frost beside the Homer Noble cabin, June 3, 1962. A moment after making this photograph, Frost waved his goodbye to the Cotners. Timing is everything! (All items in the illustrations are from the Cotner Robert Frost Collection.)

HISTORY OF SCIENCE SYMPOSIUM, MADISON, WISCONSIN: APRIL 25-6, 2014

1 Nick Wilding with evidence of a faked Galileo. 2 Michael Thompson. 3 Susan Hanes, Caxton President. 4 Marcia Reed, in behalf of co-sponsor Bibliographic Society of America. 5 Robin Ryder of UW, moderator of the afternoon session. 6 Michael Shank of UW 7 Florence Hsia of UW. 8 Daniel Albert of UW. 9 Richard Lan, book dealer. 10 Bruce Bradley of Kansas City. 11 Caxtonian Ronald Smeltzer. 12 Enjoying artist books in the Kohler Art Library. 13 Open house at UW Special Collections.



Photograph by Robert McCamant

Book and manuscript-related exhibitions: a selective list

Compiled by Lisa Pevtzow

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

Chicago Botanic Garden, Lenhardt Library, 1000 Lake Cook Road, Glencoe, 847-835-8202: **“Moku-Hanga: The Art of Japanese Woodblock Printing”** (Japanese design books from the collection of Caxton member Lisa Pevtzow), through August 10. See page 8 for special Caxton event.

Chicago History Museum, 1601 N. Clark Street, Chicago, 312-266-2077: **“Jack Delano’s Homefront Photography”** (the Office of War Information issued photographer Jack Delano a new assignment: document “railroads and their place in American life”), through August 10.

Chicago Cultural Center, 78 E. Washington Street, Chicago: **Matthew Girson: The Painter’s Other Library** (the quiet of the library evoked in paintings), through August 10.

Harold Washington Library Center, 400 S.

State Street, Chicago, 312-747-4300: **“Vivian Maier: Out of the Shadows”** (silver gelatin prints of images selected from the book *Vivian Maier: Out of the Shadows* by Richard Cahan and Michael Williams), special Collection Exhibition Hall, Ninth Floor, through September 28. **“Ideas and Inventions from the Covers of Popular Science,”** Congress Corridor, Ground Floor, through August 31.

Loyola University Museum of Art, 820 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 312-915-7600: **“Elegant Enigmas: the Art of Edward Gorey”** and **“G is for Gorey - C is for Chicago: The Collection of Thomas Michalak”** (two exhibitions of Gorey’s legacy through hundreds of original drawings, works, and illustrations, and ephemera of popular culture), through June 15.

The Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton Street, Chicago, 312-943-9090: **“The Bard is Born”** (a celebration of Shakespeare’s 450th birthday featuring a First Folio), through June 21. **“Plainly Spoken”** (celebration of book conservator and archivist Julia

Miller’s work through the rebinding of pages of her work, “Books Will Speak Plain,” by bookbinders across the country), through July 8.

Northwestern University Block Museum of Art, 40 Arts Circle, Evanston, 847-491-4000: **“The Left Front: Radical Art in the “Red Decade,” 1929–1940”** (revisits a moment in U.S. cultural history when visual artists joined forces to form a “left front” to make socially conscious art), through June 22.

Northwestern University Library, 1970 Campus Drive, Evanston, 847-491-7658: **“Ancient Monuments of Rome: Reconstructions by the Students of the Académie Française From the Revolution to the 1880’s”** (best and most interesting reconstructions published by the French government), through June 14. **“Best of Bologna: Edgiest Artists of the 2008 International Children’s Book Fair”** (illustrations featured at the Bologna Book Fair, the world’s largest annual children’s book event), ongoing.

Pritzker Military Museum and Library, 104 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-374-9333: **“SEAL The Unspoken Sacrifice”** (features photographs from

Stephanie Freid-Perenchio’s and Jennifer Walton’s 2009 book and artifacts on loan from the Navy SEAL Museum), ongoing. **Smart Museum,** 5550 S. Greenwood Ave. Chicago, 773-702-0200: **“Performing Images: Opera in Chinese Visual Culture”** (showcases how operatic characters and stories were represented in a wide array of media including ceramics, illustrated books, painted fans, prints, photographs, scroll paintings, and textiles), through June 15.

University of Chicago, Special Collections Research Center, 1100 East 57th Street, Chicago; **Smart Museum of Art,** 5550 South Greenwood Avenue, Chicago; **John Crerar Library,** 5730 South Ellis Avenue, Chicago: **“Imaging/Imagining the Body as Text / Art / Data”** (explores the intersections and contrasts between imaginative artistic depictions of the human body and the more literal imaging of the

body or parts of the body created in anatomy and medicine), at all three venues through June 20.

Send your listings to lisa.pevtzow@sbcglobal.net



Chicago History Museum: Jack Delano Photographs
ILLINOIS CENTRAL ROUNDHOUSE, 1942



Chicago Botanic Garden: Moku-Hanga Woodblock Printing



University of Chicago, three venues: *The Body as Text / Art / Data*

Caxtonians Collect: Sarah Alger

interviewed by Robert McCamant

Sarah Alger grew up in Wilmette. "I went to New Trier East back when they had an East and a West," she says. From there, she went to Carleton College in Minnesota.

There she was a biology major, though she says she was torn over the choice between biology and English. Perhaps to balance having picked biology, she worked on the student yearbook and newspaper.

For a job out of college, she moved to New York City and started working for a medical publishing firm, combining her dual interest in words and biology. She enjoyed the challenge of editing the work of doctors who knew what they meant, but couldn't quite make the words come out so others could understand them. "I still think about the article which was supposedly about the 'survivors' of 'sudden death.' To me, those words seemed pretty mutually exclusive."

Still in New York, she became a free-lance editor. That led to work for a grant-making foundation, and then to Boston and a job at Mass General hospital in their development communications department.

In Boston, she joined the Courageous Sailing Center, a non-profit community sailing school located in the Charlestown Navy Yard. One year they were hosting a race, and she volunteered to help. The executive director suggested she go out on the judge's boat. On the boat was Fred Hagedorn, who she later discovered was the chief judge. Before long, he asked if she would help race his boat.

This would be the same man who became her husband and the father of their two sons (now a freshman and a senior in high school). The family continues to be involved in sailing and until a couple years ago had three sailboats, all 16 feet or under: one racing boat shared among everyone, and an elderly knock-about for each of the sons. All three have been passed along, so currently the household is without a boat as they get ready to put a son through college, but they enjoy sailing with others.

The two had a long-distance relationship

while he was attending Kellogg School of Management at Northwestern, and she stayed in Boston. But when he returned to working life, they got married and she moved back to Chicago. Her husband now works as an executive coach and co-founded and manages the



largest youth soccer club in Chicago, Chicago Fire Juniors City. They live (with the two kids, and a 100-pound standard poodle) in West Lakeview, in a two-flat they bought back when they were affordable.

Her first job in Chicago was a lateral move, to another hospital: Northwestern Memorial, where she did marketing and communications at first, and then moved to the hospital's foundation, where she worked into doing actual fundraising and also got a Master's from Kellogg's part-time business program. She came to the Newberry in 2007, arriving just in time for that year's book fair. "The book fair is a lot of work, but a lot of fun. It raises money for the library; but more than that, it brings people into the Newberry circle who otherwise would just walk by the building."

She counts herself lucky to be Director of Development there. "People give to the Newberry because they really love the place and they believe the humanities are important. I love the fact that I am always learning

– the knowledge of the staff, our donors, the people who use the library amazes me." At the Newberry she is Director of Development, answering to the Vice President for Development, Michelle Miller Burns. She works with candidates for planned giving and restricted gifts, including the Society of Collectors, as well as the Annual Fund. She has worked to incorporate stories about the collection and the staff into the fundraising letters.

While the value of the Newberry's endowment has recovered most of its ground from the scary days of 2008, it is not large enough to support all of the activities of the library. Besides, like any well-run organization, a non-profit needs a variety of sources of revenue. The Newberry charges no fee for entrance and is not supported by the city or the state, so the \$2 million goal for this

year's annual fund is very much needed. In addition, there are always new projects that need to be funded. For example, the compact shelving added to the lower floors of the Stack Building thanks to the Fitzgerald family as part of the Newberry's recent comprehensive fundraising campaign has given the library a bit of breathing room for finding space for new acquisitions.

She does not consider herself a real book collector. She has a few Horatio Algers – the author is a distant relative. "And my father introduced me to Ernest Thompson Seton, the British-American wildlife author. I have a few of his books, including a first edition I found at Book Fair, which I think partly inspired my love of nature," she says. "I especially like the animal footprints and sketches printed in the margins."

Roger Baskes supported Sarah Alger's joining the Caxton Club last year, and Bill Locke seconded her application. .

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Photograph by Robert McCamant



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Luncheon: Friday June 13, 2014
Martha Chiplis and Cathie Ruggie Saunders
For the Love of Letterpress

Caxtonian Martha Chiplis and Cathie Ruggie Saunders will give an illustrated talk about their recent book, *For the Love of Letterpress*, a guide book that has been called “brilliant,” “inspirational,” “an excellent resource,” and “a visual treat.” Published in 2013 by Bloomsbury, the book addresses why a 15th-century printing technology, based upon crafting with one’s own hands, still has appeal and value to a 21st-century digitally literate society. Out of 2000 images, the authors chose the work of 100 printers from 23 countries. Caxtonians included Bill Hesterberg, Bob McCamant, Audrey Niffenegger, Caryl Seidenberg, and Muriel Underwood. Many of the photographs are by Caxtonian John Dunlevy. Martha was a letterpress printer and designer at Sherwin Beach Press for 16 years; she bought her own press in 1989. Since 2008 she has taught at the Art Institute of Chicago. Cathie has been proprietor of the Hossana Press since 1972 and, since 1980, has overseen the letterpress shop at the School of the Art Institute, a period of tremendous growth. An equally fascinating talk for students of letterpress and those who are not.

June luncheon: Union League Club, 65 W. Jackson Boulevard. Luncheon buffet (main dining room on six) opens at 11:30 am; program (in a different room, to be announced) 12:30-1:30. Luncheon is \$30. Reservations suggested by noon Wednesday for Friday lunch. May dinner: Union League Club, 65

Dinner: Wednesday, June 18, 2014, Union League Club
Shawn Sheehy
Packing a Political Punch with Pop-Ups

Pop-up books, though often relegated to children’s novelty shelves, can engage the reader in ways that text/image-based books cannot. The history of pop-up books extends back to the Renaissance when they were used primarily for the study of anatomy, horticulture, and other emerging fields of science. Gradually pop-up books evolved into sculptural works made to stretch the imagination. When paired with



content of substance, pop-up books can be powerful, expressive tools. Shawn Sheehy has been described as a “book artist” and “paper engineer.” His creations combine math and geometry with an aesthetic sense for shape, color, and structure. And there is always a touch of magic as

his art must spring to life and yet fold flat. Sheehy’s sculptural pop-ups delight and entertain as they invite us to ponder environmental and social concerns. They say a picture tells a thousand words. Pop-up books are not just for kids. Even adults can be awed.

*W. Jackson Boulevard. Timing: spirits at 5:00, program at 6:00, dinner at 7:00. Dinner is \$48, drinks are \$5 to \$9. For reservations call 312-255-3710 or email caxtonclub@newberry.org. **Please reserve by noon Friday for Wednesday dinner.***

Caxton on the move to the Botanic Garden in Glencoe, Monday, June 16! See the web site for full details.

An afternoon of books, art, food and music.
WHEN: Monday, June 16, 2014. **WHERE:**
Chicago Botanic Garden, Glencoe, 1000 Lake
Cook Road. **TIME:** 4 pm

Schedule:
4 - 5:15 pm. Tour of the Lenhardt Library
by Caxtonian and Curator Edward Valauskas,
featuring highlights from five centuries of

material in botany, botanical art, horticulture,
and gardening
5:15 - 6 pm. Exhibition: The Art of Japanese
Woodblock Printing with guided tour led by
Caxtonian Lisa Pevtzow.
6 pm. Three-course picnic dinner buffet,
\$38.00
7 pm. Carillon Concert with Jim Brown.

Reservations and advance payment for
dinner are required. (Please register even
if you do not plan to dine.) **CONTACT:**
Jackie Vossler 312-266-8825 or email
jv.everydaydesign@rcn.com. Dinner checks
should be made payable to Caxton Club c/o
Jackie Vossler, 401 E Ontario #3601, Chicago
Illinois 60611.