

Aldus Society Notes

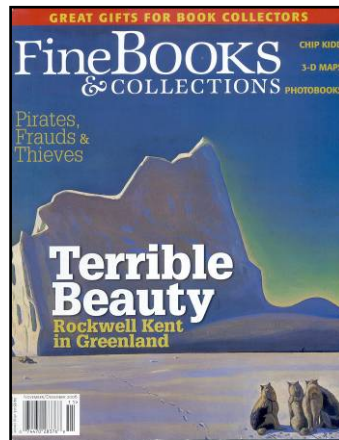
Summer/Autumn 2007

Volume 7, No. 4 – Volume 8, No. 1

To the Ends of the Earth: Voyaging with Rockwell Kent

It's that time again – time to gather with your fellow bibliophiles for another season of Aldus Society programs. We begin our program year with a return visit from a long-time Aldus Society supporter and member, Bob Jackson. Bob will be taking us on a journey to Greenland and other remote places on the heels of the subject of one of his several collecting areas, author and illustrator Rockwell Kent. Bob has combined his collecting pleasures with travel, and has followed Kent from one end of the earth to the other, having traced Kent's footsteps from Terra del Fuego to Greenland. September's meeting promises to be a delight.

Bob is a noted collector of rare books and tribal art. His broad interests are reflected in his affiliations with such organizations as The Grolier Club, The Rowfant Club, Association Internationale De Bibliophile, Paris, France, our own Aldus Society, and the Fellowship of American Bibliophilic Associations (FABS), of which he is one of the founders and now chairman. He has served on the editorial advisory board of *Biblio* magazine, on Brown University's Rare Book Committee and on the Visiting Committee at Oberlin College. Recently, he was appointed as an advisor to the Baker-Nord Center of Case Western Reserve University.



Bob's rare book collecting interests range widely and include Victorian literature, Charles Dickens, English and American Nineteenth and Twentieth century authors, including Rockwell Kent, Eugene O'Neill, and, previously William Burroughs, as well as early color plate collections and books first issued in parts. Sharing widespread interests including world-wide travel with his wife, Donna, they actively collect Southeast Asian manuscripts and Oceanic and African Tribal Arts.



Aldus Calendar

September

27 (Regular Program) — Robert H. Jackson returns to the Aldus Society to take us to Greenland in search of author and illustrator, Rockwell Kent.

October

6 (First Saturday) — Topic to be announced.

11 (Regular Meeting) — In October the Aldus Society will welcome back Ann Woods for a presentation on the history of paper marbling. Ann is an award-winning calligrapher and book artist, and her presentations and workshops are always extremely popular with Aldus Society members.

November

8 (Regular Meeting) — The November program will continue our "Aldus Collects" tradition, with several Aldus members bringing samples from their collections or interesting book-related items to share with attendees of the meeting. The meeting will be great fun, as speakers are limited to under 15 minutes for their presentations. Enthusiasm always abounds as each speaker tries to describe his or her collecting passion in such a short time.

December

3 (Holiday Dinner) — December will once again find members of the Aldus Society gathered together at *La Scala* for the annual Holiday Dinner and Book Auction to celebrate the wrap-up of another year.



Aldus Society Meetings

Regular meetings of the Aldus Society are held at 7:30 PM on the second Thursday of the month at

**The Thurber Center
91 Jefferson Avenue
Columbus, Ohio**

~ Socializing Begins One-Half Hour Before ~



Visit the Aldus Society web site for up-to-date information about our programs and activities, in-depth articles about many of our speakers, and links to other book related organizations.

www.AldusSociety.com

The Aldus Society

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Aldus Society Notes is published quarterly by the Communications Committee of The Aldus Society. If you have submissions or ideas for articles, please contact Ron Ravneberg at (614) 457-1153 or AldusSociety@aol.com.

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"No reading for a week!"

Bill Evans

My eye surgeon insisted as he left the room following my 24 hour post-op check-up. Floaters had suddenly filled my right eye one day last month. I went to my ophthalmologist, he found a retinal tear and I was in surgery before the day was out.

Following the actual laser repair session, Dr. Klisovic had been a bit more vague. "No heavy reading" he cautioned. (P.G. Wodehouse but not Nietzsche? Maybe that wouldn't be too bad!)

Now, the next day, he sounded more firm. NO READING. Have you ever tried to not read? Try it for even a day. No books and newspapers, of course. But no Internet either. Do billboards count? Cereal boxes? I really find it hard to watch TV and seldom do, so I just wandered aimlessly around the house driving Marcia crazy. Of course, next to every chair was a stack of books and magazines. The bedside table, the back seat of the car, the emergency books stashed in the trunk of the car, my desk at work. Everywhere I looked, unfinished articles beckoned. Books that were too dry to plow through two days before, now looked like the fertile crescent. Even the *Columbus Dispatch* "flip side" section began to entice. Whew!

As the days crawled by, I needed to do something so I went to the Grandview Library – a dangerous place to not read! – and found James Joyce's *The Dubliners* on CD. I've always had trouble with Joyce, so I figured this would give me something to concentrate on during the week. I tried to listen as I drove around town and it helped a bit, but some of the voices tended to put me to sleep – not a good thing when driving. So I tried to lie on the couch and listen. I guess I'm just not cut out for books on tape. I remember putting our daughter Gwen to bed with a tape of Claire Bloom reading "The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies." I could get about as far as "When Benjamin Bunny grew up, he married his cousin Flopsy..." ZZZZZ. I'm not sure if Gwen ever fell asleep, but I was well rested. Joyce had the same effect!

I did as well as I could not reading. Oh, I cheated now and again, but just a bit. The week finally passed, my check-up was "perfect" and I asked Dr. Klisovic if I could read again. "Yes," he said on his way out. "You're normal."

I turned to his assistant and said, "Did you hear that? I'm normal."

"Don't forget," he answered. "He's only the eye doctor!"

Read, Eat, Sleep

Bill

A Postscript: Aldus Society Books Arts Workshop

Remember the old caution "Do not fold, spindle or mutilate?" Saturday, August 25th, saw plenty of the first two while the third was kept to a minimum under the patient training of Debra Fink Bachelder at this summer's Aldus Society Book Arts workshop. Arriving with fine arts experience ranging from none to tons, nine of us learned step by step how to make a wide variety of creative book forms – and boxes to hold them. Many thanks to Deb for sharing her enthusiasm and talent, to Bob Tauber for providing the space at the OSU Library Center for the Book and, of course, to Helen Liebman for coordinating this event.

Now if I can just remember how to make those artsy little boxes and cards until the holidays ...

Barry Moser Supports OSU Library Renovation with Don Quixote Print



Artist and author, Barry Moser has generously donated his time and talent to create a special printed edition of his image of *Don Quixote* in support of the Thompson Library Renovation.

Moser, whom Nicholas Basbanes calls “the most important book illustrator working in America today,” was hosted by the Aldus Society and the Friends of the OSU Libraries when he was a featured speaker at our 2004 *Celebration of the Book* in Columbus. It was during his visit that Barry offered to authorize an edition to help with the renovation project.

The image, which has never before been the subject of a printed edition, was released at the end of 2005 to coincide with the 400th anniversary of the publication of the first part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha* by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. The Talfourd P. Lynn Cervantes collection in OSU’s Rare Books and Manuscripts Library is one of the world’s most significant collections of publications by Cervantes, and includes a copy of the extremely rare first 1605 Madrid printing of *Don Quixote*.

Moser’s *Don Quixote* is printed on Mohawk Letterpress Superfine, off-white, eggshell finish 80# stock. The print size is approximately 12.5” x 19” and the centered image is approximately 8” x 12.5”.

The print is be available in a signed and numbered edition of 100 prints at \$250 each. An additional 125 unsigned prints are available for \$150 each. Both versions are available exclusively through the Aldus Society and the Friends of the OSU Libraries. Proceeds from the prints will benefit the Thompson Library Renovation Campaign.

Several Aldus Society members have already added the print to their collections. If you are interested in acquiring one or more print(s), please contact the Aldus Society at (614) 457-1153 or at AldusSociety@aol.com. You can also contact Friends of the OSU Libraries office at (614) 292-3387.



Don Quixote de la Mancha and his faithful horse Rocinante, a limited edition print by Barry Moser, available exclusively through the Aldus Society and the Friends of the Ohio State University Libraries. All proceeds will benefit the renovation of OSU's Thompson Library.

Bookstore-ies

George Cowmeadow Bauman

Bookstore-ing in Paris (Part 3):



This is the third part of my store-y about visiting the bookstores of Paris in September 2006. On our first day in the city of bookstores, Linda and I had been spending some time browsing along the Seine-side bouquinistes' green bookboxes. Very enjoyable, but I

was anxious to get going to the legendary Shakespeare & Company bookstores. I'd waited a long time for this.



When we decided to splurge and go to Paris, I began thinking about the bookstores of Paris. Immediately Sylvia Beach and her celebrated Shakespeare and Company bookstore came to mind.

I've read her fascinating history of the store – *Shakespeare and Company* (1959) – a couple of times, the first when I was in graduate school and taking a seminar on James Joyce. I didn't connect with Joyce at all, but I certainly did with the publisher of his *Ulysses*. She was Sylvia Beach, a New-Jersey-born woman who was at the center of the American literary community of the 1920s.

She had founded her bookstore, Shakespeare and Company, on the advice of her very good friend, Adrienne Monnier, who owned a French bookshop across rue de l'Odeon from where Shakespeare and Company would gain international repute.

From 1919 on, many of America's leading literary lights landed in the small shop. Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Sherwood Anderson, Ezra Pound, Paul Valery, T. S. Eliot, Aldus Huxley, Richard Wright, and many more spent time there. Some literary ex-pats used Beach's store as their postal address, the one certain location where they could be contacted regularly.

Beach's reputation was bound when she befriended James Joyce, living in Paris with his family. He was struggling to write and get published. After Joyce had received several publishers' rejections of *Ulysses*, bookseller Beach impulsively offered to publish the book.

"Undeterred by lack of capital, experience, and all the other requisites of a publisher," she wrote, "I went right ahead with *Ulysses*."

Ulysses became famous for its unique writing style and subject, as well as for being the target of censorship so intense that copies had to be smuggled into the States, away from the prying eyes and hands of the U.S. postal system. 77 years later, the Modern Library named it the best novel of the 20th

century. It was Beach herself who coined the term "Bloomsday" for June 16th, on which many celebrations of *Ulysses* are held throughout the world each year.



From 1919 to 1941, Beach ran one of the world's most important and renowned bookstores.

But one morning in '41, Beach refused to show a copy of *Finnegan's Wake* to a furious Nazi officer, knowing he had come to make an issue over it. "We're coming back to confiscate all your goods today!" he threatened, and drove off to assemble reinforcements. Two hours later, there was no evidence a bookstore ever having existed there.

Beach and her friends had hurriedly taken down the light fixtures and carted all her books and furniture up to the third floor, while a carpenter removed bookshelves from the wall. A house painter had even blacked out the name of the shop above the door. The shop was saved by ceasing to exist. It never reopened.

Sylvia Beach was eventually arrested by the Germans and spent six months in an internment camp.

As WWII neared its end, she was living with Monnier in Monnier's apartment across the street from the former Shakespeare and Company location. In her autobiography, Beach wrote of the liberation of Paris:

"There was still a lot of shooting going on in the rue de l'Odeon, and we were getting tired of it, when one day a string of jeeps came up the street and stopped in front of my house. I heard a deep voice calling: 'Sylvia!' And everybody in the street took up the cry of 'Sylvia!'"

"It's Hemingway! It's Hemingway!" cried Adrienne. I flew downstairs; we met with a crash; he picked me up and swung me around and kissed me while people on the street and in the windows cheered.

"He was in battle dress, grimy, and bloody. A machine gun clanked on the floor...He wanted to know if there was anything he could do for us. We asked him if he could do something about the Nazi snipers on the roof tops in our street. He got his company out of the jeeps and took them up on the roof. We heard firing for the last time in the rue de l'Odeon. Hemingway and his men came down and rode off in their jeeps – to 'liberate,' according to Hemingway, 'the cellar at the Ritz.'"

Having read Beach's biography years ago, as well as *The Very Rich Hours of Adrienne Monnier* (1976), I was familiar with the store-y of Shakespeare and Company. What I didn't know much of was the store-y of the Shakespeare and Company founded by Massachusetts-born George Whitman in 1951, which continues today.

This store was our destination on our first magical day as initiates to the shrine of Paris.

Whitman was an idealistic young man from well-off parents. He hobo-ed across America and walked through adventures and borders from California to Panama after college.

Back in Massachusetts, he opened the Taunton Book exchange, becoming a Marxist entrepreneur, and foreshadowing his life's work and philosophy.

When he learned of the call for volunteers in post-war France, he went to Paris. With books in his blood, he began scrounging up scarce English language books and selling them out of his cheap hotel room – where he first met customer Lawrence Ferlinghetti, who became a lifelong friend and colleague (City Lights Books/San Francisco).

In 1951, he was inspired to open an English-language bookstore called La Mistral, across the Seine from Notre Dame, in a building which had been a monastery in 1600.

He stated to one interviewer, "I like to tell people I run a socialist utopia that masquerades as a bookstore." From the beginning he had a bed in the back of the shop for friends, kept soup bubbling for hungry visitors, and offered a free lending library for those who couldn't afford the books.

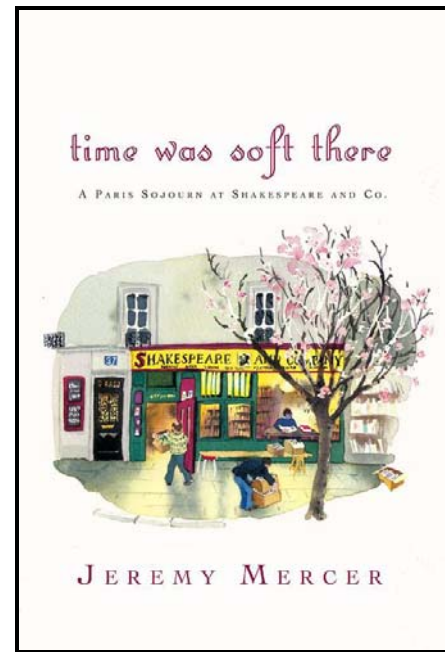
In the late 1950s, Sylvia Beach was justifiably celebrated during the renaissance of interest in the American literary scene in Paris of the 1920s. She visited La Mistral bookshop to meet Whitman, and invited him over for tea. He was well aware of her literary legacy to Paris and the world.

When she died in 1962, he bought the long-stored books, and in 1964 renamed his bookstore Shakespeare and Company to honor her.

Several months before leaving America, I was excited to learn of a recent book about Whitman's Shakespeare and Company, titled *Time Was Soft There: A Paris Sojourn at Shakespeare and Company* by Canadian journalist Jeremy Mercer. I ordered a copy from Amazon and read it immediately.

Much of what I took with me to Paris in the way of knowing about this second Shakespeare and Company came from Mercer's mostly-positive, inside look at the store.

Mercer was a down-and-outter when he landed in Paris, having fled for his life after betraying a source on his crime beat in Toronto. With little money, he wandered the Parisian streets aimlessly, wondering about his future. One rainy Sunday he stepped into Shakespeare and Company, and stayed for about six months.



Stayed, as in lived there. On his first day, he was told by a young woman, "The bookstore is like a shelter. George lets people live here for free." A prominent sign hangs above the door between two of the many small rooms that make up the bookstore, stating the store's motto: "Be not inhospitable to strangers lest they be angels in disguise."

Whitman has a policy of letting young would-be writers stay in the shop in one of the many beds scattered throughout the two crowded floors of overflowing bookcases. Each resident guest is required to do three things: write at least a one-page autobiography; read one book a day – usually recommended by George; and to assist one hour a day in the store, including helping to open the store at noon and to close at midnight, which occurs 365 days a year. There's no shower, one horribly filthy toilet, and a hallway on the third floor that has been turned into a none-too-clean, roach-infested mini-kitchen. "Exceedingly disagreeable and uncomfortable," observed one early writer-resident of the shop.

But it has been a home to tens of thousands of writers, including Allan Ginsberg, Lawrence Durrell, Anais Nin, Ferlinghetti, Langston Hughes, Henry Miller, and Richard Wright. Most stay for a few days to a couple of weeks before moving on. Whitman wrote – in *The Rag and Bone Shop of the Heart* (2000) – that it is "a way of repaying the hospitality I received in many countries when I was a vagabond."

As a published writer, Mercer gained favor with the aging owner and settled in quickly, eventually bedding down in the antiquarian room.

His book is an amazing tale of the wacky life in Shakespeare and Company, working closely with the eccentric Whitman, a very irascible man given equally to bursts of anger and generosity. He writes about both the international customers – many of whom came into the shop clutching their guide-books, fingers inserted to the page which spoke of the infa-

mous status of the Bohemian bookstore, and the equally international, young, itinerant, bookstore-crashing staff, most of whom floated in and stayed for a few days, handling George's cash drawer, running his store, becoming involved with each other as well as customers.

Mercer observed, "...the day you move into an infamous old bookstore certainly isn't the day for rational thought...The bookstore was catnip for idealistic writers and I was succumbing to the drug."

He learned that in 1981, the women-loving Whitman was married to a British woman and a daughter was born to them. She was given a name that truly tells how deeply George honored his famous bookselling predecessor: Sylvia Beach Whitman.

After several years, her mother moved with Sylvia to England to avoid the stress of living in a chaotic, communal bookstore.

Near the end of his stay at Shakespeare and Company, Mercer decided to try and find Sylvia – who had become estranged from her father. After doing so, he channeled to London, where she was at the University of London, studying Slavic and East European Studies, and acting in student theater productions.

According to Mercer, he was the catalyst to persuade Whitman's daughter to return to the store to try and reconcile with her father. The reunion was successful, eventually.

Sylvia Beach Whitman is now the general manager of Shakespeare and Company, and shows much affection – and exasperation – with her elderly, eccentric, Marxist /socialist/capitalist father.

I was hoping to meet them both, and to visit the location of the former Shakespeare and Company of Sylvia Beach.

We crossed a street, looked to the left, and there it was.

To be continued...



What Makes a Book Collectible: Prices & Passion

From Harry Potter to Ernest Hemingway, Mark Twain to Kurt Vonnegut, from Victorian Bibles to multi-volume sets, we'll discuss how to determine what books have commercial value, and talk about how you can tell whether those books up in the dusty attic that you inherited from Aunt Peg are worth anything beyond a good read. Book this program for a good investment of your time.

George Cowmeadow Bauman will present this program on Wednesday, November 7, 2007 at 7:00 PM at the Upper Arlington Public Library, 2800 Tremont Road, Columbus, Ohio 43221. (614) 486-9621 www.ualibrary.org



Book Hunting Notes

Bill Rich

Forgeries: William-Henry Ireland

Forgeries, fakes, and other frauds are relatively rare in book collecting. I am not speaking of the occasional facsimile dust jacket, the missing leaf supplied from another copy, the faked presentation inscription, or other such surreptitious alterations with which



overly ambitious and greedy dealers seek to entice the poor book hunter. These are easy to fake, and can be encountered. But forging whole books, or even a leaf or two of printed or manuscript material, is a considerable undertaking, and difficult to do in a convincing manner. In this, book collecting has inherent safety features not vouchsafed to collecting fields such as, say, autographed baseballs, moon rocks, paintings, or even coins. Major book or document forgeries are rare, but, when they occur, their discovery makes spectacular stories. Literary forgeries, in particular, have a long, rich history, and exert a fascination of their own. A while ago, I succumbed to the temptation of collecting some classic forgeries (and their exposés) and now have a modest gathering of primary source examples of such intellectual crime. This collection ranges from several of the English 18th century hoaxes through the more sophisticated 19th century forgeries, and includes some of the famous 20th century efforts.

The histories of many of these fraud perpetrators are fascinating, as are the stories of the scholarly detective methods used to uncover the frauds. Some stories are predominantly tragic, and have ended in suicide and, in at least one case, in multiple murders (this was Mark Hoffman, the "Mormon Forger", in prison to this time). Other tales are more comic, with overtones of broad farce. I have selected one of these latter to discuss here, the story of William-Henry Ireland, the teenager who forged Shakespeare. Not that this story doesn't have its tragic overtones – William-Henry began his forgeries in an effort to please his father, who was – a book collector.

William-Henry was born in London in 1777. He was the son of Samuel Ireland, who had made some reputation as an engraver, author and publisher of books of picturesque travel scenes and antique views. But Daddy Ireland's heart lay in his collections – his prints, his antique books, his memorabilia associated with the lives of famous men. Principal among these were Shakespeare items – Samuel enthusiastically shared in the bardolatry that swept the educated classes in late 18th century England. He was the proud possessor of a First Folio, and, much more exceptionally, he owned several of the quarto editions of the plays.

Trouble began in 1794. Samuel had apprenticed the 17-year old William-Henry to learn law, serving as a clerk to one William Bingley, whose principal business was that of a “conveyancer” – a lawyer who prepared documents for the transfer and sale of property. If this sounds dull to 21st century readers, the reality of work for Mr. Bingley was even duller. The major duty of an 18th century clerk was to serve as a human Xerox machine – laboriously producing manuscript copies of conveyance documents. No doubt young William-Henry was bored out of his mind. He was often alone in the office, with only his quill pen, ink-horn, piles of blank parchment, and even higher piles of property documents. A slight relief must have come from some of these documents themselves – they included deeds and other legal papers dating back through the ages – to the reign of Elizabeth I and even earlier, often complete with affixed wax seals and ribbons of the period. Now, William-Henry was, more than usually, an insecure adolescent. He was not even really sure of his status in the family – he was, apparently, Samuel’s illegitimate son, and desperately sought approval in his father’s eyes. William-Henry had frequently heard Dad remark that even one sample of Shakespeare’s handwriting would form the crowning item in his collection. Naturally enough, young Ireland sought to provide such. He searched every document in the law office that could date from Shakespeare’s time, hoping to find the famous name affixed, at least, as a witness to one of the innumerable conveyances and similar legal paraphernalia that were stacked about. Coming up empty, he extended his search to nearby old book shops, but still found nothing. At which time, he got creative. After all, Shakespeare might well *have* been a witness to one of these many documents, right? And William-Henry set to work. He cut a blank leaf off one document of the right period. He had experimented with some inks, and had managed to get a mixture that produced the appearance of the faded writing of the c. 1600 documents he had seen in abundance. These documents also provided exemplars of the wording and the writing style of a genuine Tudor conveyance. However, with a rapidly growing awareness of the possibilities, he became more ambitious, going beyond Shakespeare’s signature as a mere witness. He drafted a mortgage deed between Shakespeare and his partner, John Heminge, on one part, with a “Michael Slater” and his wife on the other part. For examples of Shakespeare’s signature, he had only to have recourse to the facsimiles in the books in his father’s library. Another legal document from the office provided an official wax seal and parchment ribbon, which he removed and affixed to his forgery. The result was extremely convincing, he thought; the final product looked quite authentic. Dad would be thrilled – and no harm done.

The illustration following shows William-Henry as a young man – the romantic, Byronic hero several year before Byron – but, unfortunately, without the Byronic genius.



Before springing his little hoax, W.-H. faced the problem confronting almost all forgers – that of establishing some reasonably credible provenance for his amazing discovery. He knew better than to say he had come across it in Lawyer Bingley’s office – that would involve too much explaining as to the rest of the document, and, in any case, anything from the office was not his property, and could not be a gift to his father. At this point, William-Henry began to weave a true tangled web, and invented a whopper of a tale that would have disastrous repercussions. He invented a mysterious benefactor, a Mr. H., a gentlemen who had, he claimed, a host of Shakespeare documents, which his family had inherited from no less a person that John Heminge himself. Further, Mr. H. had incurred a debt of gratitude to William-Henry, who, with his legal acumen, had discovered an invaluable family deed among Mr. H.’s papers. For this reason, William-Henry had been given the Shakespeare deed, to be presented to Samuel Ireland, with Mr. H.’s compliments for having fathered so brilliant a son.

William-Henry gave the bogus mortgage deed to his father in December, 1794, and, almost immediately, a huge uproar began. Samuel was ecstatic, and quickly showed the “discovery” to several of his antiquarian friends, who were presumed expert in Shakespeare’s writings and times. To a man, they pronounced the find authentic. W.-H. found that he was now riding a tiger. His father importuned him to request more Shakespeare documents from the hoard of the mysterious “Mr. H.”. And, of course, Samuel wished to meet this great benefactor in person. W.-H. began producing a plethora of Shakespeare documents. Notably, he fashioned a “Profession of Faith” in Shakespeare’s own hand, demonstrating that the Bard, was, of course, a good Protestant, and freeing him from the suspicion of popery which various critics had inferred from the plays and sonnets. There were many letters, including a personal one from Queen Elizabeth herself, congratulating him on his work (!), and, finally, fragments of holograph drafts of both Hamlet and Lear, and even two complete plays, never known before. All were the work of the industrious William-Henry, who must have been

hard put to keep up with his father's insatiable demands, staying up nights and undoubtedly getting severe writer's cramp. An elaborate cover story was devised to explain the non-appearance of the fictitious Mr. H. He wished to remain unknown, and let all credit go to young William-Henry. Indeed, if his identity were sought, he would have to forego any access to his archives by the Irelands. William-Henry enlisted the aid of a fellow apprentice in the fraud; this young man was prevailed upon to verify the existence of Mr. H., and to claim that he had visited the gentleman several times in William-Henry's company. All of this staved off inquiry for a while.

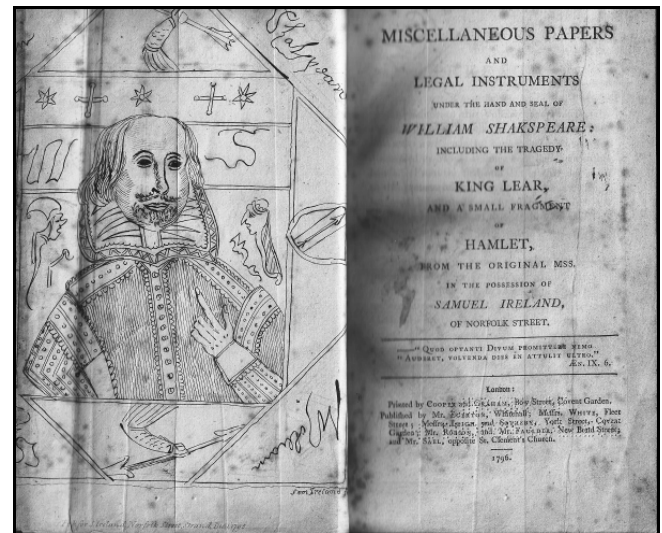
The gullibility of Samuel Ireland and his literary friends was, of course, incredible. William-Henry had only the slightest knowledge of the informal writing style of Shakespearean England, and was also ignorant of the details of the history of the period. He produced his form of 17th century English by liberal use of double letters and lots of terminal "e's". For example, the opening sentence in the letter from Queen Elizabeth reads:

"Wee didde receive youre prettye Verses goode Masterre William through the hands of oure Lorde Chamberlayne ande wee doe Complemente thee onne theyre greate excellence."

He who would the world deceive, first finds those who would believe. Samuel and the London bardolators wanted, passionately, to believe. Mr. Ireland set up what was almost a shrine in his house, and displayed the "discoveries" to many of the great and good of literary and polite London society. James Boswell visited, and paid obeisance. Indeed, Boswell, who could on occasion be a great ninny, actually fell to his knees before W.H.'s productions, exclaiming:

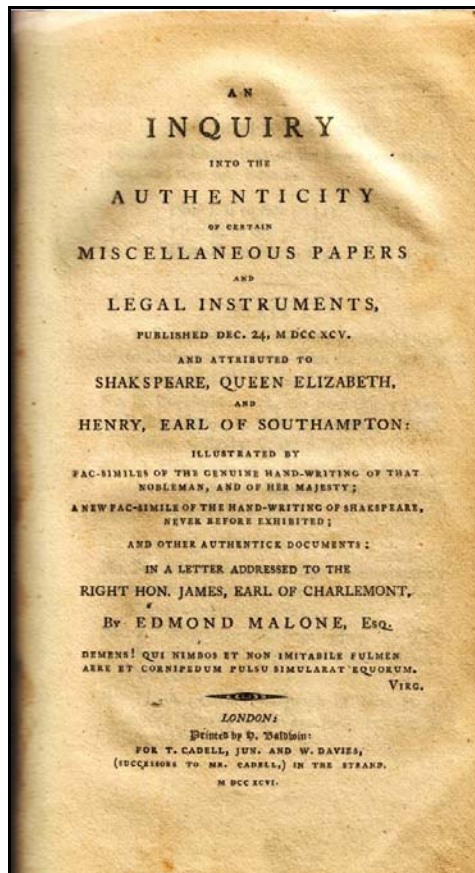
"I shall now die contented, since I have lived to witness the present day. I now kiss the invaluable relics of our bard: and thanks to God that I have lived to see them."

At this point, nothing could stop Daddy Samuel from publishing his son's great discoveries, despite W.-H.'s best efforts to dissuade him. So, on Christmas Eve, 1795, was published *Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments under the Hand and Seal of William Shakespeare* (dated London, 1796). The book appeared in both a deluxe folio edition (by subscription) with hand-colored facsimiles of some of the drawings by "the Bard", and in an octavo edition for hoi polloi. Copies were available from several London booksellers, and subscribers to the folio could obtain their copies directly at Samuel Ireland's house. Twenty-five years ago I was able to buy a copy of the octavo version from Allen's, the old-time Philadelphia book dealer, another of the great urban shops that is no more. The title page and frontispiece are reproduced below. The frontispiece is supposed to be a self-portrait sketch! In making this crude affair, it appears that William-Henry was influenced by both the Droueshout portrait in the First Folio, and by the statue on Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford. Well, why not? After all, maybe Shakespeare couldn't draw either.



With the publication of this famous fraud, the fortunes of the Irelands peaked. Samuel was called to the Palace, met the Prince Regent (the later George IV), and discussed his discoveries in a 3-hour audience. However, doubts were now being raised. The absurd language, the dissimilarity of the writing from known authentic examples, historical errors, all begged questions. Nemesis appeared in the guise of the famous Edmond Malone, a real Shakespearean scholar, who had immediately expressed his conviction of fraud, and announced that he would soon publish a definitive critique. Undeterred, the Irelands proceeded to even greater levels of imposture. William-Henry had produced a complete manuscript play, dealing with the early history of Britain, entitled *Vortigern* (surely Shakespeare *should* have written on such a theme?). Arrangements were made for the play to be produced on the London stage, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the great figure of 18th century English theatre, and one of the owners of the Drury Lane Theatre. The play opened (and closed!) on the evening of Saturday, April 2nd, at Drury Lane.

Unfortunately for the Irelands, Malone's book had been published two days before the opening of *Vortigern*. The book was completely devastating. By textual analysis, by comparison of the orthography with known documents of the period, and by examination of historical and chronological errors, it was proven that the Shakespeare papers were a fraud. There were 424 pages of scathing analysis. The title, *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of Certain Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments ... attributed to Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, and Henry, Earl of Southampton ...* is famous, and both the title and the scholarly approach have been a model for investigations of literary forgeries for the past 200 years. Within a day of publication, all 500 copies had been sold. Though not the rarest of literary books, I was glad to secure my copy of the first printing from a Buffalo, New York dealer (title page illustrated below). As a model of scholarship, it remains in print to this day.



All of this adverse publicity guaranteed that the opening night of *Vortigern* would be SRO. Actually, Drury Lane Theatre was packed to its 3,600 capacity – only 2,500 of whom had paid to get in. The others were the mob who had forced their way into the pit from the overflowing streets outside the theatre. It was reported that the audience were seen to be carrying in various overripe fruit, rotten eggs, and more than one dead cat, in anticipation of an uproarious time. They were not disappointed. Sheridan was by now no more a believer in the authenticity of the papers than was Malone, and the actors had been instructed to play for laughs. The Irelands and their guests, cringing in a box above the melee, were treated to a front row show at one of the greatest disasters in English theatrical history. As the evening wore on, the boos, catcalls, and missiles intensified. The nadir came in the 5th act, when John Kemble, the actor playing King Vortigern, pronounced a long speech which included the lines: “And when this solemn mockery is o’er”. At this point, in the words of William-Henry himself, “the most discordant howl echoed from the pit that ever assailed the organs of hearing.” The uproar continued for ten minutes, when Kemble, instead of continuing, repeated the ridiculously appropriate line. From this point on, the play could barely continue amidst the jeering, and when the curtain fell, it was apparent to all that there would not be another performance.

Despite everything, Samuel Ireland was undaunted, and devoted himself to preparing a book with the impossible mission of rebutting Malone’s masterly analysis. But by now, the whole affair was a public scandal, providing unholy joys to the press and public alike.

The absurdities of the forger’s “Elizabethan” style were thoroughly mocked. For example, the newspapers began to publish more newly-discovered “Shakespeare” letters, supposedly found in an old attic trunk, or under a rock, or somewhere. One of the funniest is a dinner invitation, purporting to be from Shakespeare to Ben Jonson:

*Tooo Missteerree Beenjaammiinne Jooohnnssonn
DEEREE SIRREE,*

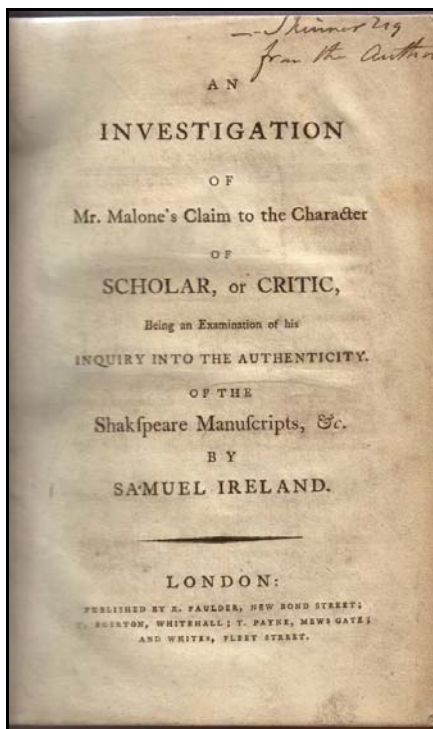
*Wille youe doee meee thee favvourree too dinnee wytthee
mee onnn Friddaye nextte attt twoo off thee clocke too
eatee somme muttonne choppes andd somme pottaat-
tooesse*

I amm deeerree sirree

Yourre goodde friendde

WILLIAME SHAEKSPARE.

All of this became too much for William-Henry. A few months after the Drury Lane fiasco, William-Henry tried to come clean with his family, and, finally, tried to convince his father that he was the sole author of the Shakespeare papers. The rest of this story now goes from comedy to real tragedy. Samuel’s reaction might have been expected. He was hurt and angry with his son, not because he thought W.-H. was a forger, but because the young man was obviously incapable of writing the Shakespeare papers. These were works that his father was convinced could only have come from the hand of England’s greatest literary genius. Samuel believed that W.-H. was, for some inconceivable reason, refusing to come clean, and refusing to lead him to the mysterious Mr. H. and the true source of the Shakespeare “archive”. William-Henry left home, and father and son were never reconciled. William Henry ‘fessed up to the forgeries in a short book published at the end of the year; in 1805, his much more complete *Confessions* was published. Samuel remained unable to recognize the truth until his death. In 1797, he published his attack on Malone, *An Investigation of Mr. Malone’s Claim to the Character of a Scholar, or Critic* ... A couple of years ago, I obtained a copy of this from Heritage Books in Los Angeles (another major urban dealer that has now closed its open shop). This book is a presentation copy from Samuel, as indicated on the title page reproduced below. Bear in mind that this is a large labor of unshakeable delusion, undertaken in full knowledge of his son’s confession. In a book of more than 150 pages, he manages to score a few hits on Malone – he finds 16th century use of a few words which Malone had claimed were not current at the time. However, nothing of real consequence appeared in this, and Malone’s verdict of fraud remains unchanged to this day.



In the years immediately following, there were other defenders of the forgeries, and there was a considerable published literature, which has been a pleasure to seek out. Most of the original forged manuscripts have been lost – when Samuel died, they were bought at his auction by a collector, and finally were donated to an institutional library, but were burned in a fire in 1879. William-Henry lived out his life as a Grub Street hack, grinding out a large output of both fiction and non-fiction potboilers. In regard to his youthful forgeries, in addition to his *Confessions*, he eventually published the text of the plays he fabricated out of the whole cloth. Frankly, while I have his *Vortigern*, I am unable to read the whole thing – Shakespeare it ain't.



Serendipity in the Stacks

Geoff Smith

"Serendipity ... always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things they were not in quest of."

Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann
January 28, 1754

I am consistently amazed at the frequent occurrence of serendipity in the Rare Books and Manuscripts Library (RBMS), a condition that I imagine is common to most libraries where, amidst our thoughts about great thinkers, writers and historians, we are surrounded by the physical works, the books and papers, of these very geniuses whom we are meditating upon. I would like to relate some coincidences that appear, to me anyways, to be crossing the bounds from the serendipitous to a benign eeriness.

In recent years it has been my good fortune to become friends with Joseph William (Bill) Rich, Professor Emeritus

from the Department of Mechanical Engineering and recipient of Ohio State University's Distinguished Scholar Award, which recognizes scholarly accomplishments by senior professors who have compiled a substantial body of research. In addition to being a renowned scientist, Bill is also an avid and knowledgeable book collector of 18th and 19th century British and American literature. While RBMS was relocating to its temporary headquarters during our Main Library renovation project, I took Bill on a tour of our rare book stacks before they were completely empty. There were still some choice items on the shelves and Bill took down our cased set of the six volume first edition of Henry Fielding's *The History of Tom Jones, A Foundling* (1749). Book provenance, the history of a book's ownership, is an area of book research of traditional interest but experiencing a particular resurgence over the past decade. Imagine our surprise when Bill noticed that our *Tom Jones* contained the bookplate of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the great 18th century British dramatist. Such a remarkable association is rare and this discovery was a talking point for weeks afterwards.

Before the winter meeting of RBMS' Advisory Committee, of which Bill is a member, we were clearing rare books from a class that had just vacated our meeting room. We decided to leave the books, for this was, after all, a meeting of supportive faculty who might well wish to view a variety of rare books during the meeting. Bill and his physics colleague, Igor Adamovich, were inspecting a copy of an early English translation of Thomas More's *Utopia* when the two scientists gasped: contained within was the bookplate of Michael Faraday, perhaps the world's greatest experimental scientist and the discoverer of electromagnetism. Again, the benign eeriness of remarkable coincidences; our leaving the books out and a book owned by Michael Faraday settling in the hands of two scientists.

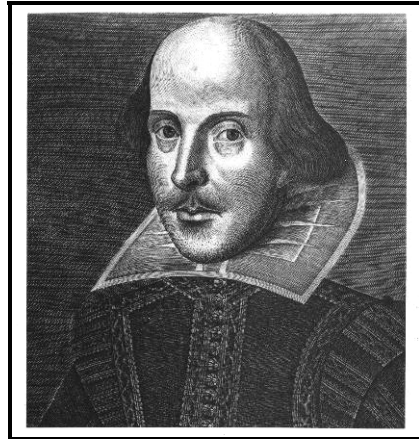
Thus it was decided that I would write on Bill Rich's own magnetism for special books. I asked Bill's permission, of course, and he agreed. Shortly thereafter, at a Saturday morning meeting of local bibliophiles, I gave a desultory talk on author's last books, subsequent to an earlier session of the same author's first books. In the case of Walt Whitman, his first book was *Leaves of Grass* and his last book was *Leaves of Grass*. As an example of the books constant evolution, I displayed editions of the book from 1855 to 1892. (In my rapid preparation for the talk, I had little time to look closely at any of the books, some of which I had never handled before). After the talk, people were looking at the books by Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Twain et al. that I had selected for display. I was with Bill when he opened the 1856, second edition of *Leaves of Grass*: therein was the bookplate of Oliver Wendell Holmes with its emblematic "Chambered Nautilus," the title of Holmes' most famous poem. That moments earlier I had read a selection from John Greenleaf Whittier's poem "To Oliver Wendell Holmes" caused the chill up my spine to linger ever longer.



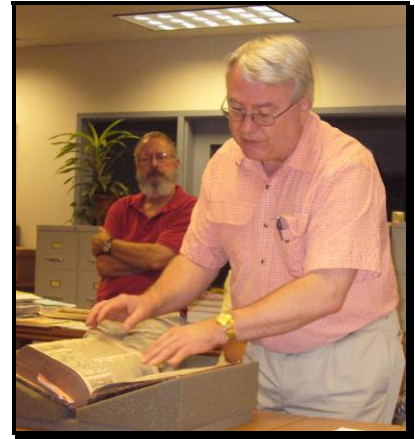
Touching Treasures: A First Saturday Review

First Saturday events are informal hands-on sessions, wherein members are invited to the OSU Rare Books and Manuscripts Library to view and discuss several books selected from the OSU collection, and are designed to provide attendees with an opportunity to explore books in relative depth with commentary by a subject specialist. The events are held at the OSU Rare Book and Manuscripts Library's temporary location at 2700 Kenny Road. The events begin at 10:00 am. For directions, go to <http://library.osu.edu/sites/rarebooks/location.php>

Two recent sessions included a review of some of the early holdings of works penned by those two chaps you hated in high school – Geoffrey Chaucer and William Shakespeare. (Funny how tastes change over time, isn't it?)



Chaucer and Shakespeare.
Two recent visitors to Aldus Society First Saturdays



Geoff Smith points out an arcane point in an early Chaucer, while Bill Evans watches to make sure he does it correctly.



Shakespeare, Shakespeare everywhere.



Back to the stacks. With \$2M-\$3M in spare change, you too could have a pile of Shakespeare folios and quartos like this.



Where it all began – an early 17th century panorama of London. A bit after Chaucer, perhaps, but right in the thick of Shakespeare's time.



The Aldus Society

P.O. Box 1150

Worthington, Ohio 43085-1150

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Books & Brats with Bill & Bea

Bill Evans

What promises to be an annual event took place thanks to the gracious hospitality of Bill and Bea Rich. The food was great, Bill's books were incredible and the conversation never lagged around the Rich's home and gardens at the Aldus Society Picnic on June 24th. Several years had gone by since the last picnic but the folks who attended certainly won't let that happen again. In fact, the only thing lacking that afternoon was the planned Aldus "show and tell" of non-book interests. Several members brought items to share, but the party never slowed down enough to fit them in. It's probably Bill's fault for having room after room full of book treasures. Or maybe we just like to talk. Whatever it was, the time just slipped away. See you next year.



Images Courtesy of Willkie Cirker