

Aldus Society Notes

Summer 2008

Volume 8, No. 4

Aldus Society Field Trip in July: A Hard-Hat Tour of the OSU Library

Join the Aldus Society on July 22, 2008, for a picnic and hard-hat tour of OSU's Thompson Library, currently undergoing a \$109 million renovation. We'll gather at Mirror Lake (weather permitting) at 2:00PM for a boxed lunch from the Faculty Club. The 60-75 minute guided tour will begin at 3:30PM.



Lunches include chips, fresh fruit, dessert, napkin, flatware and appropriate condiments. Choices are:

1. **Portabella Mushroom Sandwich (\$7.50)**
Marinated portabella, pickled red onions, lettuce, marinated roasted red pepper and blue cheese mayonnaise served on nine grain bread
2. **Turkey Croissant (\$8.00)**
Served with lettuce, tomato, smoked gouda cheese and chipotle mayonnaise
3. **Ham on Marble Rye (\$8.00)**
Served with Swiss cheese and whole grain mustard mayonnaise
4. **The Faculty Club Sandwich (\$8.00)**
The classic ingredients served on a croissant, a tradition at the Faculty Club
5. **Fruit Plate (\$7.00)**
Seasonal fresh fruit served with a fresh baked muffin

RSVPs, specifying your lunch choice, should be sent to Helen Liebman at hliebman@columbus.rr.com by Friday, July 11.



Aldus Society Calendar

Dates and topics are subject to change. Check the Aldus Society web site for up-to-date information.

July

22 (Field Trip) — Combined "hard-hat" tour of the \$109 million renovation of OSU's Thompson Library and box lunch picnic at nearby Mirror Lake.

September

11 (Regular Meeting) — Bob Tauber, Logan Elm Press

October

23 (Regular Meeting) — Christopher Reed, History of Text: & Image (Chinese)

November

13 (Regular Meeting) — Nicholas Sheetz — CIA-related material

December

8 (Special Meeting) — Annual Society Holiday Dinner at *La Scala* Restaurant

January

8 (Regular Meeting) — Jack Salling, Collecting early medical books

February

12 (Regular Meeting) — (Tentative) Fore-edge paintings

March

12 (Regular Meeting) — Aldus Collects

April

9 (Regular Meeting) — TBA

May

14 (Regular Meeting) — Scott Brown, Editor of *Fine Books* & *Collections* magazine

Aldus Society Meetings

Regular meetings of the Aldus Society are held September through May 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

TRUSTEES, 2008-2009

PRESIDENT

Bill Evans

MEMBERSHIP

Ron Ravneberg

SECRETARY

Christine Hayes

TREASURER

Dave Reiff

PROGRAMS

George Bauman

Genie Hoster

ARCHIVES

Geoff Smith

MEMBERS AT LARGE

Tony Clark

Jay Hoster

Helen Liebman

Marilyn Logue

Joe Perko

Bill Rich

Kassie Rose

Laralyn Sasaki

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.

The Aldus Society

Mailing Address

P.O. Box 1150

Worthington, Ohio

43085-1150

Web Site

www.AldusSociety.com

Ron Ravneberg can be

contacted at:

(614) 457-1153 or

RRavneberg@aol.com.

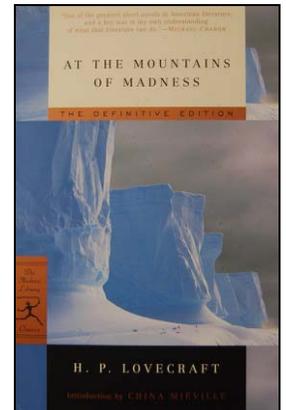
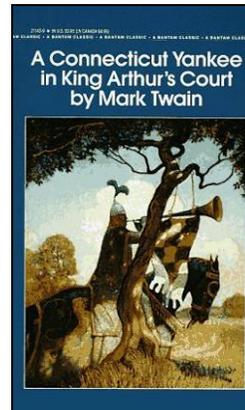
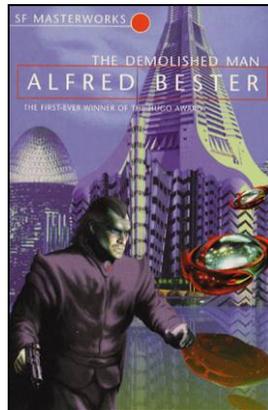
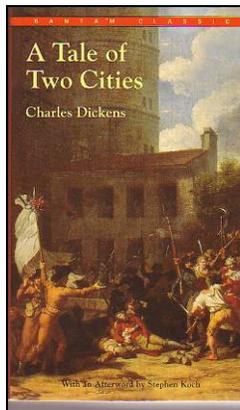
Summer Reading

Bill Evans

As days grow longer and warmer and my thoughts turn to summer vacation or even just more quiet time on my back deck, the choice of books to read seems to gain an urgency that is missing in the randomness of winter nights. The collecting side of my book addiction wanes a bit as a desire to be lost in stories gains. I follow closely as book reviewers choose this season's surefire beach reads. On and on they go, touting the first book of a promising new author or the latest from a recent sensation who is now teaching creative writing at some college I know only from crossword puzzles. Many of these books are perfectly fine, some are exceptional, but just once I'd like someone to suggest a book that's more than fifty years old – or a hundred – or a hundred and fifty! Just because we were forced to read *The Mayor of Casterbridge* in high school way before it made any sense to us, doesn't mean that all the classic books are dense or just much too long. Some books can be classic and terrific reads – perfect for a summer escape.

Some quick ideas:

Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities* – a great action/romance; Alfred Bester, *The Demolished Man* – an amazing murder mystery; Mark Twain, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* – fun; H.P. Lovecraft, *At the Mountains of Madness* – creepy. The list is endless.



So here's a thought. Pick at least one book this summer that hasn't been anywhere near a best seller list for decades, make it a short one if you want, and give it a try. Let me know how it goes. I'm always looking. And dreaming.

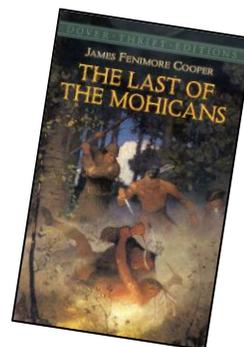
A warm breeze ruffles the leaves; a plane courses lazily overhead; distant traffic hums. I'm lost in Revolutionary France. "It's a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done before"

Read, Eat, Sleep

Bill

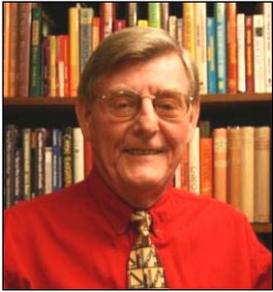


Editor's Note: I couldn't agree more. In fact, I'm midstream in James Fenimore Cooper's 1826 *The Last of the Mohicans* as we go to press.



A Paris Bookstore-y (Part 6)

George Cowmeadow Bauman



This is the final installment about visiting Paris with Linda in September 2006. A primary goal was to meet famous/infamous George Whitman, American owner of one of the most legendary bookstores in the world, Shakespeare and Company.

In Part 5, I had just met the 90-year-old Whitman, and he'd been very welcoming and cordial. He was a literary visionary, celebrated around the world, committed to writers and the written word, and bookstores to match up writer and reader. He was one of my heroes.

But as Jeremy Mercer had written in his book about the store – *Time Was Soft There*, George at times was cranky, with a mercurial temperature, rising and waning quickly. I was about to witness just that, though proving nothing more than he was human like the rest of us, for all his genius.

Tea with George

“We can’t have a tea party today!” George Whitman yelled at British Catherine, one of the young itinerant writer-wannabes who had been invited to stay at the store, one of the 100,000 temporary residents since the store opened in 1952. She’d been there for five days, and had quickly become the store’s housemother.

“Why not, George?” patiently replied Catherine, knowing that tea was served *every* Sunday afternoon to invited guests and in-house writers.

He flung his arm out at the room with the overflowing table and said, “Just look at the place! It’s a god-damned mess! This should have been cleaned up!”

Catharine tut-tut-ed him and said that they’d be able to clean things up just fine.

Shakespeare & Co. has been hosting a Sunday afternoon tea for years, firmly entrenched in the Parisian tradition of literary salons. A traveler could invite herself to tea, knowing of George’s Sunday hospitality, or he could be invited by one of the here-for-today staff to join the other tea-takers upstairs.

I offered my help in cleaning things up for today’s tea. George seemed to be mollified, though no less grumpy.

“All these boxes need to be moved from this couch!” he growled, and picked one up easily, defying his 90 years. I picked up another heavy box and followed him into “my” room – which he had offered me, along with a job, within five minutes of our meeting. We brushed aside some files – their contents spilling onto the cruddy floor – and set the boxes down. “I must do something about these files,” he muttered, which is exactly what Mercer recorded him saying

constantly when Mercer was living/working at Shakespeare & Co. Mercer, like me, knew that those files contained amazing treasures that needed to be organized while George was still around to help and to offer insights into the accumulated notes, which only he could expand upon.

At four o’clock, several people wandered up the staircase and took seats on the assembled motley chairs and on the three raggedy-bedspread couches, which at night were writers’ beds. About 12 people gathered, including George, who was lively and friendly.

The kitchen was merely a hallway from the third floor front room to the back rooms. A tiny black – or was it just blackened from never-cleaned usage? – stove had been installed many years ago, and now was less than Martha-Stewart-clean. On the cupboards at eye level were taped signed photos of Nat Hentoff and James Baldwin and others, curling from age and heat and grease from the stove below.

Roaches were everywhere, bold roaches that had acclimated to the light and footsteps. Just walking through the hallway was an exercise in ignoring the slum-like conditions.

George’s living quarters made graduate student apartments look like the Ritz. And Linda and I know what the Ritz is like, *having* visited the fabulous, opulent hotel. We had read Sylvia Beach’s description of Hemingway liberating her apartment building’s rooftop from snipers at the end of the Paris occupation before he declared that he was going off in his jeep to “liberate the cellar of the Ritz”, so we decided to at least walk through the hotel, and have a drink at the famous, liberated bar.

Hemingway would have been even more shocked than we were at the sign outside the Ritz’s bar that bore his name: It said that the bar didn’t open until 4PM, and that men were required to wear a jacket. No drinking in the bar until 4?! A dress code? When the already-famous writer strutted into the bar in 1944 in fatigues with his machine gun, was he stopped and offered a loaner jacket and a hat-check ticket for his weapon?



Whitman’s hot, thin tea was ladled from a large church-kitchen-sized urn into a strange assortment of cups that would have been discarded by any thrift store in America. But the atmosphere of congeniality was so strong that no one seemed to care, though as I was looking around making mental notes for this store-y I saw several people glance quickly at the cups, take a sip, then look into the cup at whatever liquid was passing for tea.

Sylvia – George’s daughter named for the owner of the first Shakespeare and Company – had come up briefly, but her duties downstairs in the bookstore kept her from sitting down and joining us for conversation. I had been hoping to chat with her a bit.

Most of the current writers-in-residence showed up for tea. They told fascinating stories of how they came to be staying

at Shakespeare & Company, including one young Australian woman who had come to Paris only after reading Mercer's book, *Time Was Soft There*. Several had come into the store as customers recently, and were fortunate enough to have been invited into the inner sanctum of this unique bookstore in Paris.

A middle-aged couple who had just returned from Romania were interested in my stories about our year there under communism. The conversation around the room was quite international in focus.



As the tea broke up, George waved me over to his chair. "Why don't you stay for dinner tonight?"

After seeing what the tea was, I had no idea what "dinner" might actually be, but just to be asked was gratifying. I accepted and told him that I'd have to go and tell Linda about it.

"Bring her along!" he said. "I'd like to meet her."

I was supposed to have met Lin at the next-door café around 5, but it was 5:30 by the time I exited Shakespeare and Company and slid into a seat in the canopied Café la Bucherie, next to my journal-writing wife.

She could see that I was excited, with lots to tell, and I knew she also would have tales of her afternoon alone in Paris at the film museum.

"You first," she instructed me.

Pausing for effect, looking up from my Belgian beer, I announced, "We've been invited to have dinner with George! Both of us, upstairs in his apartment, and you wouldn't believe the afternoon I've had in there."

I could see the instant panic in her eyes. "But I'm not dressed for dinner!" When I replied that George was dressed in pajamas, she laughed and relaxed.

I'd been told to come back up around 6, so I could give Linda only an abbreviated summary of my experiences, before we were heading back inside the bookstore.

Dinner with George

"Dinner" was memorable.

Cabbage stew was served in cracked bowls. Linda and I shared one because there weren't enough to go around to the seven people privileged to join the aging bibliopole. We shared a spoon for the same reason.

George sat in an unsteady folding chair in old pajamas, his wild long hair nearly falling into his stew. He casually told us that he trimmed his stringy hair by setting fire to it, letting it burn an inch or so off, then smothering the fire with a towel.

I was hard-pressed to make notes as fast as George was talking, not wanting to miss any of the details.

After we were all served our stews and spoons to share, George pulled a bottle of red wine from a shelf, and with a flourish opened it to goodtime cheers from us worshippers at the Shrine of St. George.

Someone asked him if he was a smoker, knowing that so many Europeans indulged in the weed.

"I use to smoke all the time," he said, looking up at the questioner, stew dribbling down his elderly, jutting chin. "But I got (tear-) gassed in the '68 riots, because I allowed my bookstore to be a haven for the demonstrating students. The police came and stormed the store and my lungs inhaled so much gas that I went to the hospital. They told me I'd have to give up smoking for at least 15 days, so I just decided to stop altogether, and haven't smoked since then."

Downstairs on Tuesday I'd asked for the name of the black cat lounging on the books, and had been told that it was "Kitty". Over our stew I asked George about Kitty and told him about our Siamese named Biblio who visits Acorn.

He growled, "I like Siamese cats. But I'm a dog man! But I've had both cats and dogs in the store, and have had several of each stolen," he complained bitterly, "including one tied to a tree out front!"

Sylvia did come up for part of the dinner, and sat next to me, perched on the arm of a sofa-bed, no more chairs being available. She talked about visiting her "mum" in London, and buying books for the store. "It was only three days, but I couldn't wait to get back!"

You could never tell when George was paying attention to any given conversation around the table, but he responded to his daughter's comment by saying, "The bookstore really belongs to Paris, but don't tell my daughter that!"



After an hour the dinner broke up when Sylvia said she had to head back downstairs to look after things. It seemed to be the signal for all to give their thanks and head out.

Linda and I helped Catharine and George carry the fragile cups, bowls, and wineglasses to the heaped-up dirty sink. I knew my insider time was about to end, and I was trying to suck up every impression for later notes.

"Do you mind if I have a picture taken of you and me together?" I asked Whitman. He gruffly agreed, then led me to the second floor, where he insisted we pose for the photo in front of what is called The Mirror of Love.

"It's the part of the store I'm proudest of," he told me as we settled onto a shelf/bed in front of it. Unable to hold still for the picture, he talked about the Mirror, about how it was the focal point of the store with its many photos and messages posted everywhere.





We then descended into the commercial chaos of the bookstore. I had several book-gifts from George clutched in my hand, with a plan in my head to obtain signatures of the Whitmans.

Sylvia was staffing the storefront with Kitty. She thanked me for coming to the store and spending some time with her father. I asked her to sign the booklet she'd produced, *Shakespeare & Company: Biography of a Bookstore in Pictures and Poems*, which she did with a laugh. "He's always the one who gets asked for an autograph!" thrusting an elbow toward her dad. I'd already had him sign that book-gift upstairs. I had one special book I wanted both to sign: my own carried-across-the-ocean copy of Sylvia Beach's *Shakespeare and Company*.

Which they did with some amusement. "No one's ever asked us to sign this book," Sylvia said with a dazzling smile

For me, their signatures in that book symbolize the bridge between Sylvia Beach and her Shakespeare and Company (1919-1941) with George Whitman and his store of the same name, and again with the next generation of S & Co's ownership, Sylvia Beach Whitman.

Linda and I left then, with many thanks both ways. George in his pajamas was talking to a pretty young Czech woman and waved farewell.



Two days later I presented myself back at Shakespeare & Co. in the subdued hope that I'd get to meet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, as invited by Whitman on Sunday.

"He and Ferlinghetti went out to lunch at two," replied Melita, one of the writers we'd met at the dinner. "We have no idea when, or if, they'll be back."

I was a little disappointed, but in Paris it's hard for a traveler to stay disappointed long.



We continued our nightly routine of passing by S & Co. on the way to our Notre-Dame-view flat, and I stopped in during the days occasionally.

On our next-to-last day in the city, before we headed out to Annecy in the French Alps, I stopped in to say goodbye to anyone around that we had gotten to know, "Cheers"-like, with everybody knowing each other's name.

Sylvia was setting the boxes of sale-books out as part of opening the store. I offered to help, but Catharine and David showed up to earn their beds. A young, red-headed Irishman – tall, thin John, was there taking his leave of the store, and was talking with Sylvia in the antiquarian room when I arrived. He had been serving as the paid Night Manager, and was leaving for Dublin as soon as the taxi arrived. "See, George? There's the job for you right now!" laughed Sylvia.

I fantasized for a few seconds: being paid to help run the renowned bookstore in the center of Paris. But I knew I couldn't choose poverty in a famous Parisian bookstore over Linda and Columbus and the Acorn Bookshop. Could I?...

I took a few more pictures, and left.



As we walked past Shakespeare and Company one last time around eight, Linda said "Look!" and pointed at the high window over the bookshop.

There was old George, leaning out of the third-story window in the golden light of evening, peacefully gazing down at the store's esplanade where a dozen or so sale-books browsers enjoyed the warm Sunday air. He then raised his head to look across the Seine, past the riverside bouquinistas, over to Notre Dame and its large parvis, the scene of so much activity in Parisian history.

George Whitman and his famous bookstore had become part of that long history.



A Call for Contributions

Aldus Society Notes is always seeking material from its readers, and such requests have often graced the pages of this newsletter. But nobody has ever asked for contributions to a publication better than James Franklin (older brother of Benjamin) who called upon the readers of his newly formed [1721] newspaper, Boston's *New England Courant*, with the following words:

The publisher earnestly desires his friends may favour him from time to time with some short pieces, serious, sarcastic, ludicrous, or otherwise amusing; or sometimes professedly dull (to accommodate some of his acquaintance) that this Courant may be of the more universal use.

Keep those cards and letters (and articles) coming in, folks!

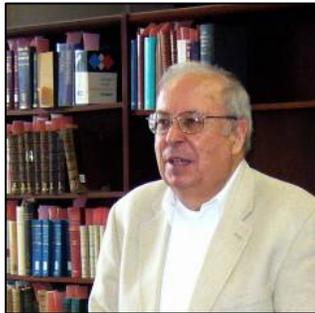


Book Hunting Notes

Bill Rich

Book Hunting Notes: Archaeology II The Discoverer of Troy

The first publication of the great discoveries in archaeology has been a theme for some of my book collecting. Favorites in the collection are the books of Heinrich Schliemann, the 19th century German who found what most scholars today concede are the ruins of Homeric Troy. He discovered lost legendary lost cities and buried treasures of incredible wealth, all while assisted by a beautiful girl – but Indiana Jones he wasn't. He was a businessman who aspired to a life of scholarship.



Schliemann was the ultimate self-made man with an abundance of human frailties, but with more than any one man's share of human strengths. He was born in 1822, the son of a poor Lutheran pastor in a small German town. His father disgraced himself and his family, scandalizing the town by an adulterous affair with the house maid and by misappropriation of church funds. Heinrich had to leave school at 14, and worked as a grocer's apprentice for the next five years. Driven by no inconsiderable ambition, he left to work for various firms of trading merchants in the great port cities of Hamburg, Amsterdam, and, eventually, St. Petersburg. He showed a brilliant capacity for languages, and could achieve fluency in a new language with only several weeks study. By his later twenties, he could read, write, and speak English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and Portuguese. Independently of his own quite boastful accounts of his early life, his letters and various business correspondences from this period confirm an amazing linguistic facility. This skill, together with his general business acumen and his incredible energy made him invaluable to his employers. He was sent as their agent to various overseas ports, and eventually became an independent merchant trader on a large scale. He set himself up as a merchant in St. Petersburg, married a Russian wife, and waxed wealthy in various business enterprises. His travels even took him as far as the U.S., where he was in business in gold trading during the California gold rush. By the early 1860's, when he was barely 40, he was one of the richest merchants in Europe.

Talk about a midlife crisis. At this time, Schliemann decided to find himself and started a search for a new life – but a search with all the resources of a multi-millionaire. He began by taking two years to travel around the world, seeing all the famous sites of the classical and biblical Mediterranean lands. He went on to India, China and Japan. Upon his return to Europe, he made his headquarters at one of his many residences, a fashionable apartment on the Rue St.

Michelle in Paris. In the fall of 1866, he enrolled at the Sorbonne – studying everything from French Literature to Greek Classics, Philosophy, and Egyptology. The contrast between the middle-aged businessman and the earnest young students at the premier college of humanities must have been striking. The small, thin, graying Schliemann already looked at least ten years older than he was. It is an appealing picture – he studied for the pure love of the stuff, to know, and to find joy. Apparently at this time, despite his many claims in later writings, he had no definite intentions toward archaeology.

On breaks from the university schedule, Schliemann made further visits to Greece and the Aegean. He published memoirs of his world travels, and then, two years later, appeared the very significant *Ithaca, the Peloponnese, and Troy*, C. Reinwald, Paris, 1869. This first edition is in French, although he also published a German edition the same year. It is a book I would dearly love to have, but it has so far escaped me. In it, he suggests a particular site in the Troad, a great hill which the locals called Hissarlik (Turkish = “Fortress”), as the possible site of Homeric Troy. This identification had been suggested to him by Frank Calvert, an expatriate Englishman in Turkey, who owned part of the site and had made some exploratory digging. The idea that Hissarlik (or, indeed, any other possible site in the world of reality) could be Homeric Troy was rather a minority opinion at the time. The great classicists and historians at the Sorbonne, and elsewhere in Europe, had “serious reservations” about the historicity of Homer. How could they not? The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* both abound with tales of giants walking the earth, the gods coming down from Olympus and directly interfering with the deeds of men, miracles in profusion, etc. Learned opinion had far fewer reservations about the biblical histories of Judaism, despite their equal admixture of obvious myth and fable. Indeed, the famous Palestine Exploration Fund had just been founded (1869) by some of the leading historians and classicists, with the avowed hope of finding traces of Solomon's temple, David's palaces, and the walls of Jericho. There was, however, much less sympathy with Schliemann's ideas of finding traces of fabled Greek sites. Well, the Greek gods had not been the prevailing religious paradigm for 1,500 years. Most of the professors had beliefs in the historical books of the Bible at least as naïve as Schliemann's belief in the *Iliad* as history. The ancient Greeks and Romans had no doubts, of course. Herodotus and other classical-period Greek historians dated the Trojan War to about 1,200 B.C., a time roughly contemporaneous with the events narrated in Exodus. But belief in the historicity of Homer was a lot different than belief in the historicity of the Bible. Schliemann's Troy theories met with a largely skeptical reception by the learned world of 1869. Undeterred, Schliemann resolved to excavate Hissarlik, and set about trying to buy the half of the site not owned by Calvert, obtaining Calvert's cooperation and seeking the necessary permissions from the Turkish government.

Schliemann proceeded to follow his dream. First, there were some serious personal issues to get out of the way. Never a man to go by half measures, he tried to convince his wife and family in Russia to move to Paris, where he was beginning his new life. His wife, evidently a lady of very conservative opinions, was reluctant to leave the comfort of either her Russian Orthodox faith or her home in mother Russia. He had no real grounds for divorcing the good woman, and this was impossible in Russia. Looking around, he bethought himself of the U.S. Each of the states had different divorce laws, of course, and in the rough and tumble post-Civil War years, Indiana, of all places, had the most liberal – the Nevada of the 1860's. Both parties did not have to reside in the state to obtain a divorce, and any U.S. citizen could apply. Schliemann traveled there, and, with a certain amount of chicanery and, presumably, with a larger amount of money, obtained citizenship, and misrepresented to the court that he had been a U.S. resident for more than the required 5 years. Back in St. Petersburg, poor Mrs. S. received letters that told her she was now divorced. In defense of my hero, it appears that some of the Schliemann fortune did go to support this family for the rest of their days.

Personal issue No. 2 was that, like many a would-be academic in more modern times, he felt the lack of a doctoral degree. This was particularly important for someone with a German background. The Germans had practically invented the graduate school system and the academic Ph.D. at this time. Heinrich believed, probably correctly, that if he were to be taken seriously in the world of European scholarship, he had best be “Herr Doktor.” This problem was addressed and solved with even more dispatch than the American divorce. Schliemann applied to the University of Rostock, which was in his home province of Germany; he used the services of a prominent local attorney, who also happened to be a cousin. Both influence and monies were probably liberally applied; certainly, the attorney had all his considerable gambling debts paid. The upshot of the business was that the University granted a doctorate, waiving all the graduate studies usually required. The dissertation as submitted consisted of the text of Schliemann's two published books: the *Ithaca, the Peloponnese, and Troy*, an earlier travel book based on his round-the-world trips, and an autobiography of the author. The doctorate was duly awarded the same year as the American divorce, 1869. Both the doctorate and the American citizenship were titles that Schliemann was proud to claim for the rest of his life. On all his subsequent books, the author's name on the title page is “Dr. Heinrich Schliemann”. On the American editions of the books, immediately under the author's name is the line “Citizen of the United States of America.”

Having thus cleared the decks, Schliemann undertook to find a new wife closer to his heart's desire. He seems to have invented the trophy wife a century before it became fashionable for successful businessmen. He wrote to one of his Greek friends even before he had initiated divorce proceedings and commenced his wife search. The friend was an

archbishop in the Greek Orthodox Church; Schliemann asked him to assume the duties of a marriage broker. Heinrich's requirements were several and exact. The second Mrs. Schliemann must be young, good looking, of a good, purely Greek family, and well-educated, particularly in respect to classical history and ancient Greek literature. The bishop, nothing loath to serve the millionaire, served up vitae and photographs (!) of several possibilities. The information on a certain Sophia Engastromenos seemed to fit the bill. She was definitely beautiful. The fact that she was only 18, exactly 30 years younger than the intended bridegroom did not seem exactly an insuperable difficulty to Schliemann. With his divorce final, Schliemann left Indianapolis, and arrived in Athens in September of 1869. He was introduced to the Engastromenos family, and was able to have a tête-à-tête with Sophia. He was smitten: she was as beautiful as her photographs, and was not only fluent in classical Greek, but could recite hunks of the *Iliad* by heart. Things were going swimmingly, and then Heinrich made the mistake of asking the girl why she would want to marry a man such as himself. With a charming naïveté and an honesty and directness that the old goat should have prized, she replied that “my parents have told me that you are very rich.” Schliemann was affronted and outraged at what he regarded as *her* extreme crassness, and fled from the room, resolving to have nothing to do with marrying Sophia. However, after a day's reflection he reconsidered, the archbishop/marriage broker patched things up, and finally married the unlikely pair three weeks later.

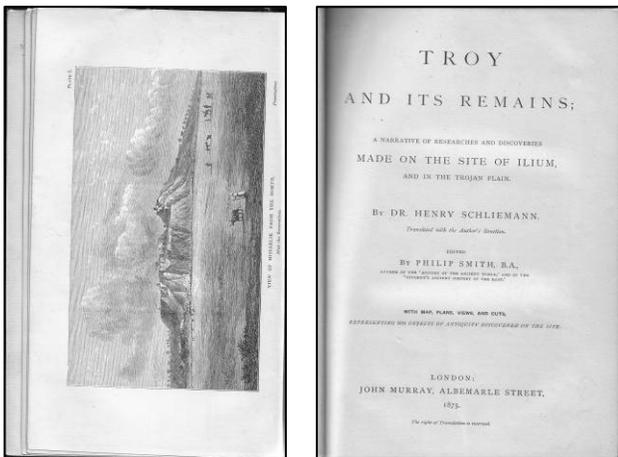
Who would have thought? Sophia ended up making Schliemann a wonderful wife for the remaining 20 years of his life.



She accompanied and assisted him on all his major archaeological digs – even, according to the tales he told, helping him smuggle out some of the major Trojan gold jewelry finds (in her work apron) from under the eyes of the Turkish government archaeological inspectors. The photograph reproduced here shows Sophia when a young wife, in all her glory, wearing the most spectacular of the gold jewelry they found on the Hissarlik site.

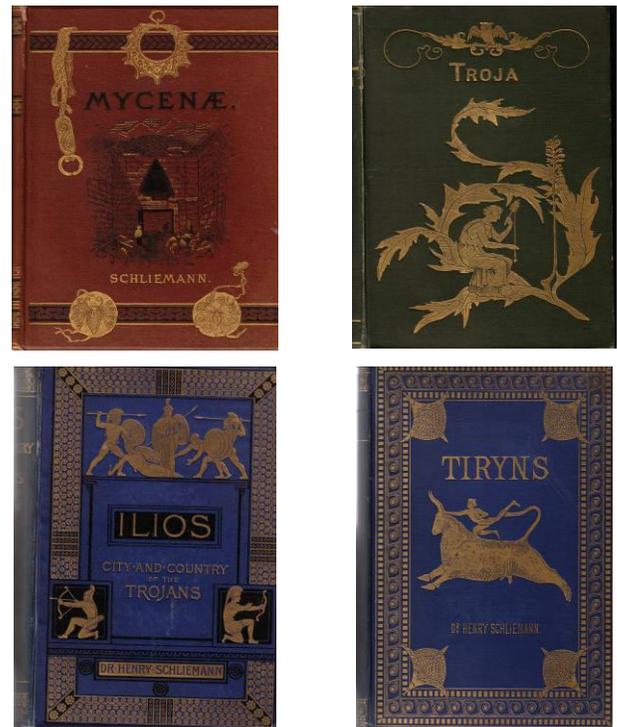
As to the excavations themselves, Schliemann commenced operations in earnest on October 11, 1871, the necessary permissions having been obtained. Sophia accompanied him, although their first child, a daughter “Andromache” (what else?) had just been born that May. Endless money and labor were available on site, and Heinrich's enthusiasm was unbounded. His methods were amateur, of course, but professional archaeological excavation only began at this time, largely with the knowledge acquired during Schliemann's projects. No question, large city structures and walls were quickly uncovered, but important evidence was no

doubt lost that would have been recovered by a more knowledgeable excavator. But there were a variety of strata, of obviously differing periods. Artifacts belonging to the classical Greek, Roman, and Byzantine city of Illion were uncovered, demonstrating that this was, indeed, the place the classical Greeks knew as “Illion”. But, wanting to get down to the earlier, “Trojan” levels, Heinrich took the approach direct, and had his workmen dig a massive trench, practically down to bedrock level, bisecting the site. Well, one of the earlier levels had massive walls, which Schliemann took to be the city of the Homeric poems – he had, of course, no means of absolutely dating anything at the time. For example, the gold jewelry shown on Sophia in the picture actually comes from a stratum predating the Trojan War by several centuries. But, no matter, Schliemann had struck it big. His massive campaigns of excavation on the site continued for three years. With all the uncertainties, it appeared evident that there was a major fortified city (or series of cities) at the spot attributed in the Homeric poems to the location of Troy, and with an occupation history that bracketed any possible date for the Trojan War. With alacrity unknown to modern archaeologists, Schliemann hastened to publish. In 1875 appeared *Troy and Its Remains*, the first English edition published by John Murray in London. The title page and frontispiece are shown below.



With this triumph, accolades and acknowledgements flowed in from the world. Having found Troy, Schliemann turned his attention to the other side in the ancient war. Unlike Troy, the remains of the cities of some of the Greek leaders were not totally lost to history. The frowning ruins of Mycenae, the capital of Agamemnon, Homer’s “King of Men”, had stayed above ground for the last 3,500 years. And, nearby, the stronghold of his brother and Helen’s husband, Menelaus, the citadel of Tiryns, was still equally visible. Schliemann excavated both places, making spectacular finds at Mycenae, finding tombs of the ancient Greek kings with gold and other treasured items that are the centerpieces of the National Archaeological Museum in Athens to this day. And, finally, he went back to Troy, this time, having learned much, with a staff of architects and other scholars having the specialties that he lacked. These later campaigns yielded four more massive books: *Mycenae*, John Murray, London,

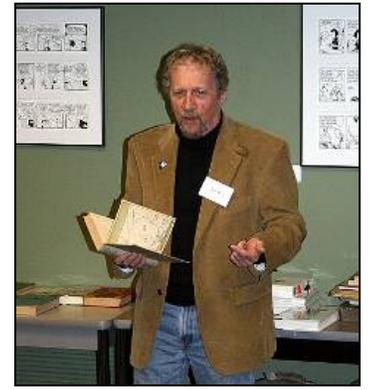
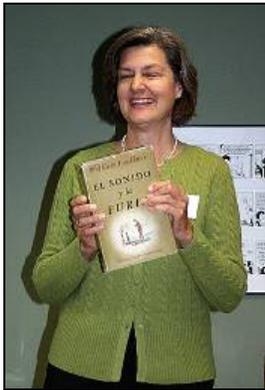
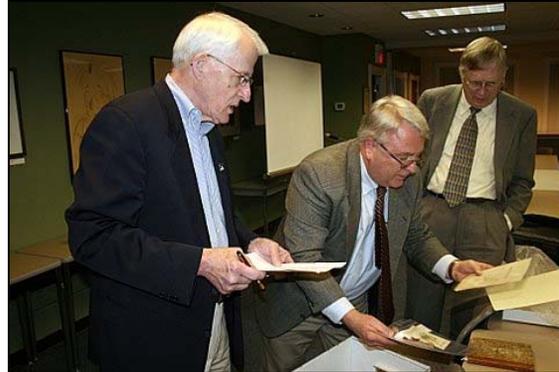
and Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N.Y., 1878; *Ilios*, John Murray, London, 1880, and Harper & Bros., N.Y., 1881; *Troja*, John Murray, London, and Harper & Bros., N.Y., 1884; and *Tiryns*, C. Scribner’s Sons, N.Y. 1885, and John Murray, London, 1886. These four first editions are shown in the illustration below. They are sumptuous publications, resplendent in pictorial cloth bindings decorated in gold and color. With the immense public reception of the discoveries, printing numbers were evidently rather large. None of these books is particularly scarce, even today. While my copy of the scarcer *Troy and Its Remains* is in a rather nice Victorian binding of marbled boards and gilt morocco, I have been able to obtain these four later books in very good original cloth. The *Mycenae* shown is the 1st American; the other three in the illustration are the first English.



Heinrich Schliemann died in Naples the day after Christmas in 1890; he had collapsed on the street the day before. He was stopping in Naples on his way home to Athens, wanting to see the latest antiquities excavated at Pompeii. He was planning even more adventures – he wanted to excavate Knossos, in Crete. But, the great discoveries there were left for a later generation of archaeologists. Today, if the visitor to Athens walks a little way off the main square in the center city (Syntagma, or Constitution Square), going toward the University, a marble palace is still on the street front, with the inscription in large Greek capitals “Iliou Melathron”, or “Troy House”. This was Schliemann’s home that he built in his adopted city, and is still a place of some pilgrimage. With all his failings, he created the study of Greek Prehistory, and made some of its principal discoveries. He loved scholarship; he loved the Greeks and their history, and was one of them – a quintessential Western man.



A Smattering of Aldus Moments to Hold You Until Autumn



The Redwood Library

Marilyn Logue

What do you think of when someone mentions the town of Newport, Rhode Island? Most of us think of the Gilded Age and that time after the Civil War when the Astors, the Vanderbilts, and the Belmonts built mansions there as summer “cottages” so they could compete in Newport for social standing by trying to act as much as possible like the aristocracy of Europe. But, as I was to discover, Newport had a more important and very interesting early history as well. Eighteenth-century Newport became a center of culture in the colonies due to the desire of its citizens for self-improvement. Indeed, Americans through the Colonial and Federal periods were highly literate. It is said that by the period 1787-1795, nearly 90% of New England men could write. In homes, Colonial mothers and fathers worked diligently with their children, teaching them to read.

Contributing to this high rate of literacy, of course, was the emphasis placed on being able to read the Bible; religion in colonial America was intensely bookish. And then, around the time of the Revolution, the colonists voraciously read newspapers, pamphlets, and books in order to better understand the political and military turmoil that was going on around them. (Unfortunately, this high literacy rate would begin to fall in the early 1800s and the lower reading standards of the general public would be of great concern by mid-century.)

It was against the backdrop of this highly literate world that Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) founded the Library Company of Philadelphia in 1731. This was America’s first subscription library, the predecessor of today’s public library. Members had to pay a subscription fee of forty shillings, plus an annual fee of ten shillings. In March 1732, the company sent to England for its first order for books. Until 1740, these books were shelved in a member’s home. After that, they were housed in a wing of the Pennsylvania State House (today’s Independence Hall). Finally, in 1789, a dedicated building was erected to house the collection. This building was demolished in 1884. Today, Library Hall, constructed in 1959 for the American Philosophical Society, is an enlarged version of the original Library Company building and boasts a replica of the first building’s façade.

Franklin’s Library Company inspired many other communities to create similar subscription libraries. The Book Company of Durham, Connecticut, founded in 1733, was the second subscription library to be formed in the colonies and it lasted for more than a century, being finally dissolved in 1856. Then, in 1747, The Company of the Redwood Library of Newport, Rhode Island was chartered, with a building erected in 1750. It remains the oldest lending library to survive today in its original building.

The subscription library is a kind of “social library”; these libraries grew out of social clubs that were formed at that time for the encouragement of intellectual and cultural, as

well as social life. In Ben Franklin’s case, his social club, called the Junto or Leather Apron Club (members worked as tradesmen during the day), led to a need to form the Library Company of Philadelphia. In a similar manner, The Company of the Redwood Library grew out of the Literary and Philosophical Society formed by George Berkeley (1685-1753), the distinguished Irish philosopher, Anglican minister, and dean of Derry, during the three years (1729-1731) that he lived in Newport before returning to Ireland to become the Bishop of Cloyne.

This Newport literary society included the intellectuals, artists, and cultural leaders of the town, including John Smibert, the painter, and the wealthy merchants, Abraham Redwood and Henry Collins. Abraham Redwood (1709-1788) arrived in Newport a rich man who had inherited interests in his father’s sugar plantation in Antigua. He was a Quaker who was forced to leave the Quaker Meeting because he refused to free his slaves. In 1747, Mr. Redwood donated £500 sterling for the purchase of “useful” books and he and forty-six of his friends proceeded to found The Company of the Redwood Library. Henry Collins (1699-1764) donated a level parcel of land that had been used as his bowling green. And the other members of the Library Company provided £5,000 for the construction of a building.



Newport resident, Peter Harrison (1716-1775), who is often called America’s first true architect, was chosen to design the library building, which he did in 1748; the structure was completed in 1750. Harrison had a huge personal library of architectural pattern books and it was from one of these that he chose the design of a Roman Doric temple with portico and wings. The style is called “Palladian” because it was inspired by the work of Andrea Palladio, a sixteenth-century architect of the Italian Renaissance. The Redwood Library boasts the first classical façade in this country. When I first saw the building, I thought it was built of stone, but, actually, it is constructed of wood and covered with pine planks to imitate the look of stone. Harrison went on to design other notable buildings, including Touro Synagogue, the first synagogue in North America (1763), and the Brick Market

(1762-72) in Newport, and well as Christ Chapel in Cambridge and King's Chapel in Boston.

The original collection of books, selected by the first directors of Redwood Library, were purchased in London through the agency of John Thomlinson, and shipped to Newport in 1749. The collection consisted of 1,339 volumes (751 titles) typical of a library from that period. Most of the books either are historical, classical (Homer, Herodotus, Cicero, Caesar, etc.), or scientific. About three hundred of the volumes are theological (13% of the titles). There are a number of dictionaries and books of reference, an occasional book of fables, and a few volumes of poems. But there is only one novel, Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, the novel being then a new, and somewhat suspect, literary form.

Ezra Stiles (1727-1795) was the most notable librarian to work at Redwood. He came to Newport in 1755 to become the minister of the Second Congregational Church. But he was soon also working as the Redwood librarian. Over the course of twenty-two years, Mr. Stiles made important contributions, including acquiring gifts of books from Europe and elsewhere and keeping an informative diary of life in Newport. He was forced to flee in late 1776 on the eve of the British occupation of the town, only to become one of Yale University's most distinguished early presidents from 1778 until his death in 1795. Ezra Stiles College, one of Yale's residential colleges is named in his honor.

On December 8, 1776, the British Army landed at Long Wharf, and took possession of the city. Consequently, about three-quarters of the inhabitants fled Newport (including Ezra Stiles). During the three years of the occupation, the soldiers used the library for a British Officers' Club and over half of the books disappeared. (Some had also been taken to residents' homes for "safe-keeping".) About 1806, the library began advertising for the missing books to be returned, and it had some success. Then, in 1947, a concentrated effort was made to get replacement copies of the remaining missing editions in the original collection. Today, amazingly, the library houses 90% of the lost volumes. Luckily, the Library Company of Philadelphia, unlike the Redwood Library, got through the Revolutionary years relatively unscathed.

In 1833, "The Company of the Redwood Library" changed its name to "The Company of the Redwood Library and Athenaeum" to better reflect its mission as an educational institution. (Lectures, exhibitions, fine arts displays, etc. are offered regularly.) Wide-ranging collections are housed there, including holdings of paintings, statuary, and 18th century Newport furniture that have been donated by generous patrons. Indeed, the library has one of the finest collections of American art in the region, primarily 18th and 19th century portraits, including major works by Gilbert Stuart, who lived in Newport as a boy. Many other gifts have been received by the Redwood Library in its ensuing years. One of the most unusual was in 1834, when William IV, king of England, presented eighty-four volumes to the library, consisting of

public records of England (of which seventy-two are large folios). Then, in 1981, the library received the Cynthia Cary Collection of 18th century English and continental decorative arts pattern books. Since Redwood architect Peter Harrison's huge personal collection of 18th century architectural pattern books was destroyed during the Revolutionary War, this collection is an especially important holding for the Redwood Library.

And then there are special treasures in the vault! Redwood Library has been given some rare gifts that are so special that they have to be locked up. Most notable is the *Montanus Plantin Polyglot Bible* of 1569-1572, eight large folio volumes acquired by Ezra Stiles in 1774. Also, the vault contains the Bible printed in Venice in 1488 by Giorgio Arrivabene; it is one of the earliest instances of an incunabulum owned by an American library. In addition, the library has the 1791 unexpurgated first printing of the first edition of James Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*. These are just a few of the treasures found here.

Additions to the original library (now called the Harrison Room) have been built; they include the reading room (1858), delivery room (1875), three-story stack room (1913), and further stack and storage area (1986). All of these additions were designed to complement the Palladian style of the original building. The Redwood Library still operates as it did back in the days of its founding in 1747. An individual can become a stockholder and buy shares in the library company, which entitles one to a voice in its governance with a vote at the annual meeting. Or one can choose to only become an annual subscriber member, which allows the patron to have full use of the library, including borrowing privileges. Present subscriber fees range from \$25 for a youth to \$70 for an individual, \$100 for a family, and up to \$500 for a contributor.



Unfortunately for the Redwood Library, a disaster struck on the evening of November 19, 2003 when the ceiling in the Delivery Room collapsed and plaster came pounding down. Damage was done to the library materials, computers, and furniture. The library appealed online for donations, and the Rhode Island Foundation quickly issued the library a \$10,000 emergency grant to help save this National Historic Landmark. Staff began a 6.2 million dollar renovation of the building. While this construction was ongoing, many of the priceless books (4,000 books and 500 colonial maps) and furniture were stored in an off-site facility in Dedham, Mas-

sachusetts. An adjoining building at the storage complex caught fire on December 2, 2005. The firemen applied water to the building and, as a precaution, to all the adjoining buildings. The wet materials from the library all had to be freeze-dried at a conservation center in Andover, Massachusetts. Thankfully, only about fifteen books were completely destroyed and the library was able to reopen in early 2006.

Even though free, tax-supported public libraries have been around since the 1850s, a few membership libraries, such as the Redwood Library, the Providence Athenaeum, the New York Society Library, and the Boston Athenaeum, are still able to exist alongside their rivals. And this reminds me that people used to expect to pay for their library services, and that the subscription library was indeed an important factor in the evolution of the modern public library.



Summer Road Trip: Aldus Goes to Miami University

George Cowmeadow Bauman

The longest day of the year provided ample time for 16 Aldus members (Aldusites? Aldusians? Aldines?) to spend a pleasant summer afternoon among the fascinating books at Miami University's Walter Havighurst Special Collections Library at the King Library in Oxford, Ohio.

<http://spec.lib.muohio.edu/>

We could see why Robert Frost, in the 1950s, declared Miami to have the most beautiful campus of any he had visited.

Betsy Butler – Columbus' and OSU's own – welcomed us as their Special Collections Librarian. She researched, selected, and prepared 100 highly collectible/valuable items. They were attractively laid out over 13 tables within the walls of the attractive Special Collections department.

We moved slowly from table to table, tempted to hang behind the group and browse the treasures in the privacy of our minds and imaginations. Something of the history/importance/provenance of each book was reviewed, and we were appropriately impressed and educated. Those who have ready access to this Special Collections Library and staff are fortunate.



Among the highlights were:

- A signed first edition of "Little Women"
- Wonderful historic material regarding the early days at Miami, founded in 1809
- Hand-written letters from Lincoln and Washington, the latter's having been written from Yorktown just 12 days after the effective end of the Revolutionary War there
- A substantial collection focused on famed educator W. H. McGuffey – though his octagonal desk was in another building
- Four books featuring fore-edge paintings – about which we hope to have an Aldus program in the spring of 2009
- A delightful collection of books with moving parts, including many from the 19th century
- The extremely scarce *Mansion of Happiness*, the first American board game (1843), subtitled "An Instructive, Moral, and Entertaining Amusement". The players roll dice and try to land on the "Honesty" and "Temperance" spaces, while avoiding "Perjury" and "Poverty".
- An outstanding collection of Russian books, including a beautifully bound and illustrated military history, which displayed the personal bookplate of Tsar Nicholas II and his son, Alexei.
- The largest book in the world, the 5' x 7' *Bhutan: A Visual Odyssey Across the Last Himalayan Kingdom*
- And so much more.

After the program, I asked Betsy to pose for a photograph for the newsletter with perhaps her favorite from among many she holds dear. As can be seen below, she chose their signed first edition of *Little Women*.



The road home to Columbus seemed even longer than the way down because of the thunderstorms that swept into Butler County just as we exited the library.

Many thanks to Betsy Butler and Miami University for hosting our visit and treating us so graciously.

We close with words of Walter Havighurst, a revered professor and writer at Miami, for whom their Special Collections is named:

*We usually think of a library as a silent place ...
But in the silence it is possible to hear a murmur of voices,
like the roar of a city from a window ...
echoed with the life of many times and places.*

Walter Havighurst



What Shall I Do With My Books?

Winston S. Churchill

“What shall I do with my books?” was the question; and the answer, “Read them,” sobered the questioner. But if you cannot read them, at any rate handle them and, as it were, fondle them. Peer into them. Let them fall open where they will. Read on from the first sentence that arrests the eye. Then turn to another. Make a voyage of discovery, taking soundings of uncharted seas. Set them back on their shelves with your own hands. Arrange them on your own plan, so that if you do not know what is in them, you at least know where they are. If they cannot be your friends, let them at any rate be your acquaintances. If they cannot enter the circle of your life, do not deny them at least a nod of recognition.



A Simple Question of Value

Ron Ravneberg

Warning! Slightly irreverent opinion contained herein.
Proceed at your own risk.

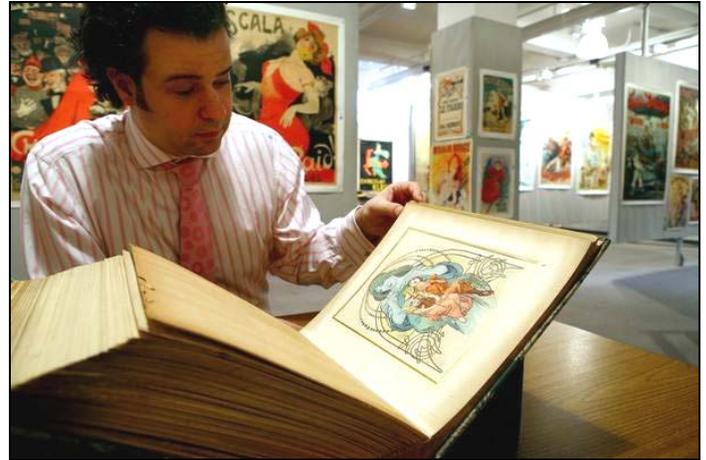
It was another weekend in New York City for the annual New York Antiquarian Book Fair, and Bill Evans and I had agreed to meet at Swann Galleries for the antiquarian book auction they hold each year preceding the opening of the fair. Not that either of us was in the market, of course, but what better way to kick off a book weekend than by attending a book auction?

Nicholas Lowry, President of Swann Galleries and familiar face to *Antiques Roadshow* fans, conducted the auction and rapidly hammered down lot after lot ... a \$3,500 item to an Internet bidder, a \$2,000 item to a raised paddle in the room, a \$15,000 item to a phone bidder, ... book after book.

Then the situation changed. A rather nice lot (I neither recall, nor does it really matter what it was) with an estimate of somewhere in the \$20,000+ range came up. There was no particular fanfare or murmur in the room; it was just the next book offered for sale.

The bidding started as before, but just kept going. Internet and phone bidders soon dropped out, and it came down to two bidders in the back of the room.

\$80,000, \$90,000, \$100,000, \$120,000 ... it kept going as Lowry called out the next bid, alternately pointing first to one back corner of the room then to the other. The room held its collective breath until the book finally sold somewhere around \$160,000-180,000 (once again, the exact figure doesn't matter). The room erupted in applause and the moment passed.



Nicholas Lowry in a quiet moment.

At that point I leaned over to Bill (who had kept his paddle safely holstered throughout the fray) and remarked how some things had intrinsic value, while others had attributed value. For me that fact seemed particularly relevant when talking about books.

Unlike food, water and air, all of which have obvious intrinsic value, much of the value books have is attributed to them. Sure, books can have intrinsic value, but in today's world it's usually based upon their content. A First Aid manual would be a good example. But if content is the primary driver of intrinsic value, then the Dover reprint should be as good as the original edition.¹

What interests me, however, is the attributed value that drives two bidders to be willing to spend close to \$200,000 for a small dingy volume that neither Bill Evans nor I even knew existed. What did those bidders see in the book that the rest of us didn't? Where was the attributed value?²

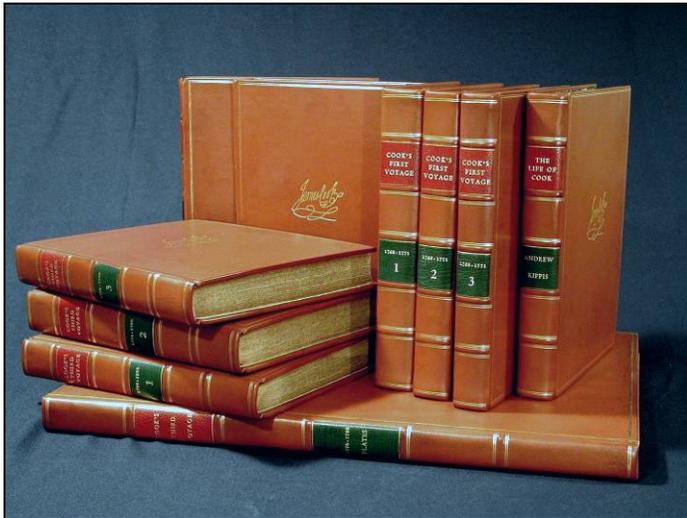
I think the line between intrinsic and attributed value is often blurred. Why was that Swann Auction book so valuable to those two bidders (and only those two)? I'm sure if you

¹ I qualified my above comment with the words “in today's world” because in earlier times books' intrinsic value also included the materials from which they were made. Bookmaking materials were so scarce that valuable vellum pages were often reused in bindings or even scraped of their previous content and overwritten with new content. But that was then, and this discussion began in an auction house in 21st century New York City.

² Example. Remember the ESPN television commercial with the young couple sitting on a couch wrapped in love's embrace? All is well until you notice that one of them is wearing an Ohio State sweatshirt and the other a sweatshirt from Michigan. Tag line in the commercial? “If it weren't for sports, this wouldn't be disgusting.” Now that's attributed value!

asked them they would wax eloquently on the book's value and importance (i.e., its intrinsic value), not on why they personally wanted to acquire it and what it meant to them (i.e., their attributed value).

I know that's what I'd do about my books. I collect the voyages of Captain Cook and can go on *ad nauseum* about how his exploits opened up the world, shaped western consciousness, conquered scurvy, blah, blah, blah. By golly, I think my books about Cook are intrinsically valuable!



On the other hand, others might find Cook interesting (I mean he is interesting), but intrinsically valuable?

But then ask Jay Hoster about James Thurber, or Bill Rich about Jane Austen, or George Bauman about books on American bookselling, or Scott Williams, or Kassie Rose, or any other collector of books. Each will no doubt stress the intrinsic value of what they collect.

But I'm not interested in those topics, so I'm convinced that all other collectors are obviously confused and that the value in their books is really attributed.³

The late George Carlin may have stated it better (or at least more concisely) when talking about "stuff." Substitute "books" for "stuff" and you'll see what I mean.

That's all your house is; it's a place to keep your stuff while you go out and get more stuff. ...

Enough about your stuff. Let's talk about other peoples' stuff.

Did you ever notice when you go to somebody else's house you never quite feel 100% at home? You know why? No room for your stuff. Somebody else's stuff is all over the place.

³ A former OSU Libraries Development person once commented to me that for some reason the individual author programs were the least well attended of the library-sponsored programs and activities. My response was that while virtually everyone was interested in the library, per se, because it provided them with what they sought, only those who valued the individual author in question would be likely to attend such an event. In other words, if I like the author, he/she is intrinsically valuable. Whereas, if you like the author and I don't, his/her value is attributed.

And what AWFUL stuff it is.

Where did they GET this stuff? ...

Finally summing up in typical Carlin style with ...

Have you noticed that their stuff is s _ _ _ and your s _ _ _ is stuff?

I guess that's why libraries are so great. They are successful in bridging the gap between intrinsic and attributed value, if for no other reason than their wide range of holdings (i.e., their stuff) helps them appeal to many interests and many changes in fashion. In other words, in a large library, anyone can find his or her favorite stuff (even if he has to wade through a lot of s _ _ _ to get there).

∞

One-Liners from a Bookshop

George Cowmeadow Bauman

"Books are my vice in life."

"I love books, but they do get me in trouble with my paycheck."

"The only thing I do more than read books is to shop for books!"

"I do a bit of humming when I'm out there in traffic. Don't do a bit of good to get mad, so I just hum a hymn or two."

One of the sweetest things a bookseller can hear from a customer has to be,

"Can I start a stack of books I want to buy?"

Christine [Hayes] noted that we've had a lot of women in the store this week.

"It's wonderful; they smell so much better than the men!"

A very elderly woman with curly blue hair tottered to the counter, carrying a John Galsworthy book.

"I'm very unhappy with the local library! They're throwing away any book that's more than three or four years old! I'm a retired librarian and it's so frustrating! I'm There are many other factors to consider beyond circulation figures, but only circulation data matters to them!"

"Painted Nails" brought eight paperbacks to the counter, mostly mysteries, and declared,

"I've got a couple days off this week, so I'm going to read until my eyes cross!"

A 55-ish guy with ball cap and pinched-in face was buying the *Valley of Horses* by Jean Auel, the sequel to *The Clan of the Cave Bears*.

"I started this series 25 years ago, so I guess it's about time to read the second book. I remember reading that first book well, because I was on a nude beach and got my derriere blistered."

A nearby browsing woman chuckled audibly at that image.

"It wasn't so bad except it made for a long plane ride home!"

∞

This Perpetual Fight: Love and Loss in Virginia Woolf's Intimate Circle

September 17 – November 22, 2008
The Grolier Club (New York City)

In September 2008, The Grolier Club will present *This Perpetual Fight: Love and Loss in Virginia Woolf's Intimate Circle*, an exhibition drawn from a number of private collections as well as from the Smith College Library, the Theater Collection of Harvard University, and the Berg Collection at the New York Public



Library. The exhibit, curated by Sarah Funke and William Beekman, will include over 200 items, including books, images, letters and other manuscript materials, some of which have never been exhibited publicly. The items on display pertain to Virginia Woolf, her parents, her husband, Leonard Woolf, and their friends and relations. The circle around Virginia and Leonard Woolf, including the painters Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, Dora Carrington and Roger Fry, the economist John Maynard Keynes, authors Lytton Strachey, T.S. Eliot, Vita Sackville-West, and other luminaries of the period, became known as the Bloomsbury Group (for the hitherto unfashionable area of London where the Woolfs lived), and has been, ever since, by turns famous and infamous.

The title of the exhibit is drawn from an entry in Virginia Woolf's diary in which she is reflecting on the death of her good friend Roger Fry:

I had a notion that I could describe the tremendous feeling at Roger's funeral: but of course I can't. I mean the universal feeling: how we all fought with our brains, loves and so on: and must be vanquished. A fear then came to me, of death. Of course I shall lie there too before that gate, and slide in, and it frightens me. But why? I mean, I felt the vainness of this perpetual fight, with our brains and loving each other, against the other things; if Roger could die.

The "universal feeling" was an express or implied theme in much of Virginia Woolf's fiction, and one that resonates with the story of her own life, from her troubled childhood, through her loss of family, friends and security in two World Wars, to her struggles with mental illness and her eventual suicide. And yet Virginia Woolf was, by all accounts, a lively and engaging woman. She had a prodigiously active career, and she stood at the center of a large group of notable, en-

gaged figures, many of them public intellectuals at the forefront of their generation, who were connected to her (and to each other) by bonds of family, affinity and affection.

Virginia Woolf's novels are still widely read, but she also published influential literary criticism and feminist essays. Her husband Leonard was a political journalist, the editor of a number of prominent journals, and an intellectual founder of what would be born as the League of Nations. They came from two very different backgrounds (hers academic and genteel; his Jewish and professional), but they formed a life-long bond in a marriage blessed with everything except sex and children. In addition to their other achievements the Woolfs founded and (until shortly before Virginia Woolf's death in 1941) personally managed the Hogarth Press, which began as a hobby and grew into a flourishing publishing business.

Supporting characters in the exhibit include Virginia Woolf's parents, Leslie and Julia Stephen, so memorably portrayed as Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse*; her older sister, the artist Vanessa Bell, who married the art critic and bon vivant Clive Bell, bore two sons and a daughter (all adored by Virginia Woolf), and made her life in a farmhouse in Sussex which she decorated extravagantly with her lover and artistic collaborator, Duncan Grant, applying their original art to every available surface; Grant's gay cousin, Lytton Strachey, the famously eccentric historian who proposed to Virginia Woolf and then, after she refused him, made his life with Dora Carrington, a beautiful young artist who married another man but dedicated her life to Strachey and committed suicide after his death; T.S. Eliot, whose early poetry was set by hand and first published in book form by the Woolfs; and the exotic, glamorous lesbian Vita Sackville-West, a best selling author from a noble English family (and wife to Sir Harold Nicolson) who swept Virginia Woolf off her feet and then settled into the role of close friend (and Hogarth Press author).

This group, and their friends, produced mountains of books, hundreds of square feet of paintings and reams of press. The exhibit documents how their lives and work intertwined and enriched each other, and how Virginia Woolf's greatest literary work (*Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, *Orlando*, *A Room of One's Own*) resonates with the story of her own life and the people who were so dear to her. The exhibit will also be documented by a large format illustrated catalogue, which will be available for purchase through The Grolier Club.

Location and times: This Perpetual Fight will be on view at the Grolier Club from September 17 - November 22, 2008, with the exception of October 13, when the Club is closed for the Columbus Day holiday. Hours: Monday-Saturday, 10 AM – 5 PM. Open to the public free of charge. For more information call the Grolier Club at (212) 838-6690.





The Aldus Society

P.O. Box 1150

Worthington, Ohio 43085-1150

WWW.ALDUSOCIETY.COM

Touching Treasures: A First Saturday Review

Geoff Smith

As most members know, our First Saturday programs are becoming more popular with each session. 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.

Since the last Aldus Newsletter, Jenny Robb, Associate Curator of the Cartoon Research Library, presented a First Saturday program on selected rarities of that collection with an emphasis on nineteenth-century graphic arts. It was a rainy May 3rd, but the turnout was very good. Cartoon Research wishes to present additional First Saturdays and this fall Gerard Gardner of the Department of English will give a program on Penny Dreadfuls (cf. [Wikipedia entry at http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Penny_dreadful](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Penny_dreadful)). The First Saturday on June 7th featured acquisitions made by the Rare Books and Manuscripts Library at the 2008 New York Book Fair and a discussion as to the rationale for those purchases.

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>

So how would you sum up the First Saturday experience? According to Laralyn Sasaki, it's like "a wide-ranging, eclectic grad course" and is a "great way to start the day."



An Aldus Moment

June 2008 – Another spirited First Saturday discussion as Paul Watkins, Bill Evans, Dave Reiff and Bill Rich examine some of OSU's recent acquisitions from the New York Antiquarian Book Fair.