



Aldus Society Notes

January, 2015

Volume 15, No. 1

January 8, 2015: Aldus Collects - Starting the New Year Right

What do maps, Samuel Wilson, the Lakeside Press, Charles Dickens, and a 15th-century Bible have in common?

We'll all find out what the connection is when our annual "Aldus Collects" program takes place on January 8th. George Cowmeadow Bauman will MC once again.

He'll be introducing a great line-up:

- Miriam Kahn will present "Finding Our Way", about maps and mapping.
- Matt Schweitzer will discuss his 1495 Froben Bible.
- Roger Jerome's talk will be "Two Eminent Victorians - Dickens and Dodgson". He'll talk about his varied collections of Boz and Lewis Carroll, both pen names of the two possibly most well-known British writers of the 19th century.
- Paul Watkins will feature his impressive collection of the Lakeside Press classics.
- Mike Struble will ask the literary question: "Who Is Samuel Wilson and Why Do I Have His Book?"

And if you Google Samuel Wilson before that evening, you might have a good question for Mike.

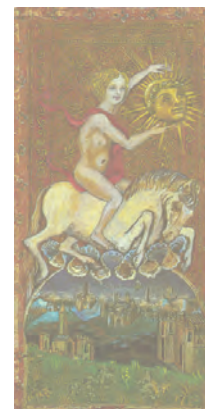
February 12, 2015: Tony Clark - Tarot Cards

Aldus member, Tony Clark will present a comprehensive look at the foundations of contemporary western style Tarot and important historical events and persons that have significant impact on the transition of Tarot from ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics to the modern day vision of tarot. A highlighted number of pivotal events that have changed the



use and purpose of the cards will show how contemporary decks evolved.

Tony will also present the importance of resources preservation from the Bibliotheca Alexandrina and the Royal Library of Alexandria to the Beinecke RBAM Library at Yale. A brief look in the direction and future of tarot and also resource protective organizations that provide continuance of historical significance in both the image and the text.



Aldus Society Meetings

Regular meetings of the Aldus Society are held at 7:30 p.m. on the second Thursday of the month between September and May.

*Meeting are held at **Thurber Center, 91 Jefferson Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.** Socializing at 7:00 p.m.*

Free parking behind Thurber House and at State Auto rear parking lot (between 11th St. and Washington)

The Aldus Society

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Aldus Society Notes is published three times a year. For article ideas and submissions contact the Newsletter Editor, Miriam Kahn at mbkcons@gmail.com, or 614-239-8977.

Newsletter deadlines are August 1, December 15, and April 1.

Contact Information

P.O. Box 1150
Worthington, OH 43085-1150
www.AldusSociety.com
aldussociety@gmail.com

President's Message

As I sat on our porch overlooking our bird-filled, tree-lined ravine on an early September morning last Fall, with Carol reading the paper and with a cup of coffee in hand, I read the August issue of *Aldus Society Notes*. What a treat! And as I read Bill Evans' review of the 2014 Cleveland FABS Tour and articles by George Bauman, Don Rice, Marilyn Logue and Bill Rich, and appreciated the editorial work of Miriam Kahn, I began reflecting on the varied and remarkable interests and talents of my Aldus comrades. What a wonderful "collection" of individuals with diverse backgrounds, interests and talents!

Are you looking for someone to share your bibliophilic interests? The *Index of Interests* in the *Aldus Society Membership Directory* is an excellent resource and the Aldus Society website has a *Helpful Resources* section which includes access to the Vatican Library, the Rare Book School at the University of Virginia, the Conservation Center for Art and Historic Artifacts and references to other valuable sources.

Although the crispness of the season now inhibits my back-porch reading, I'll be enjoying this issue of *Aldus Society Notes* fireside with Carol nearby and a glass of wine in hand.

- *Emerson*

Editor's Notes

This issue is stuffed with articles about Weird Tales, God's Revenge, and Charles Dickens. Many thanks to our regular columnists, George Baumann reminiscences about his fifty years as a bookseller, Bill Rich sheds light on Great Edwardian Ghost Stories. You'll laugh at the Clerihew's submitted for Don Rice's contest. Willkie Cirker debut's as a columnist writing about the trip to Dayton to see Scott Rose's collections. Congratulations to Marilyn Logue for winning the 2014 Carol Logue Biblio-Fellowship Award.

As always, my thanks to Don Rice for his copy editing skills, and to all the Aldus members who wrote articles for this issue. There were so many submissions that I already have some waiting for the May issue.

- *Miriam*



Lois Smith honors Marilyn Logue



Marilyn Logue accepts the 2014 Carol Logue Biblio-Fellowship Award

March 12, 2015: The Archimedes Palimpsest Presented by Willam Noel

The annual Ravneberg Lecture honors our inspiring former Aldus President, Ron Ravneberg, and this year's program on March 12, featuring Dr. William Noel, Director of The Kislak Center for Special Collections, Rare Books and Manuscripts and The Schoenberg Institute for Manuscript Studies at the University of Pennsylvania <http://schoenberginstitute.org/>, promises to be both inspiring and memorable. In 1999, when Professor Noel was the curator of manuscripts and Rare Books at the Walters Art Museum in Baltimore, a book showed up on his desk which has since become world famous as "The Archimedes Palimpsest" <http://www.archimedespalimpsest.org/>.

Professor Noel directed an international project using highly advanced technological procedures to unlock the secrets of this rare manuscript and in the process has become a leading figure in the cause of "open access" to the internet in the service of teaching and learning. His TED talk in 2012 on the Archimedes Palimpsest Project has attracted nearly 800,000 viewers. You can watch the TED talk here: https://www.ted.com/speakers/will_noel, or check out his book *The Archimedes Codex: How a Medieval Prayer Book Is Revealing the True Genius of Antiquity's Greatest Scientist* by Reviel Netz and William Noel (Philadelphia: Da Capo Press, 2007).

April 9, 2015: The Kenyon Review Presented by Publisher David Lynn

On Thursday, April 9, Professor David Lynn who has edited the Review since 1989 will visit the Aldus Society to discuss the history, mission, and achievements of The Kenyon Review.

The Kenyon Review <http://www.kenyonreview.org/> published in Gambier is one of America's greatest literary journals. John Crowe Ransom was the founding editor in 1939 and during his 20 years of leadership the Review published the early works of Robert Penn Warren, Robert Lowell, Delmore Schwartz, Flannery O'Connor, Bertolt Brecht, Peter Taylor, Kenneth Burke and many others.

The next editor, Robie Macauley, published fiction and poetry by T.S. Eliot, Robert Graves, Doris Lessing, Randall Jarrell, V. S. Pritchett, Thomas Pynchon, Jean Stafford, J.F. Powers - along with articles, essays

and reviews. The Review went through a decade long "hiatus" throughout the 1970s but was eventually revived to carry on its great tradition of publishing important new literary work. Since 2008 the Kenyon Review also annually awards a Short Fiction Prize to writers under the age of 30.

May 14, 2015: "Tales from the Spencer" Presented by Beth Whittaker

Beth Whittaker,
Director of the
Kenneth Spencer
Research Library
<http://spencer.lib.ku.edu/> and Assistant
Dean of Distinctive
Collections at the

University of Kansas, will talk about the history of the library and its collections. She will also share anecdotes from the Snyder Book Collecting Contest <https://lib.ku.edu/snyder> and the library's aspirations and plans for the future.



Members' News

Best wishes to **Bill Radloff** for a speedy recovery.

Bill Radloff is closing The Little Bookshop in January 2015, offering a great discount on all his stock at 35% off.

Congratulations to **Debra Lewis** and **Eric Jul** on their marriage.

Welcome to new members **Renée Matusik** and **David Fanning**.

David is interested in early Ohio imprints. He lives in Gahanna.

Renée is preparing for a move to Dublin and among her interests are British and early American poetry.

Best wishes to **Bob and Amber Tauber** on their move to Florida.

An Unforgettable Saturday: Impressions from our Trip to Dayton

Article and Photographs by Willkie K. Cirker

“Actually, just about everything.”

Perhaps a slight exaggeration, but this was the response from my friend Ron Ravneberg, former president and long-time Aldus member, to my question about Stuart Rose’s collection and his area of interest. Ron had just returned from a recent visit to the Rose home outside Dayton to meet Mr. Rose and to examine his library. That’s why I so much looked forward to

seeing this amazing collection in person. The trip began with a visit to the Roesch Library Gallery at the University of Dayton, where highlights from the Rose rare book collection were on display. The exhibit was entitled, “Imprints and Impressions: Milestones in Human Progress.” Kathleen M. Webb, Dean of the University Libraries, gave an

introductory presentation and explained how the exhibit, had been arranged and integrated into a course on Western civilization. The exhibit encompassed works by Austen, Chaucer, Copernicus, Marie Curie, Shakespeare and Mark Twain, to name only a very few, and featured first editions, manuscripts, galley proofs, papyri and illustrations spanning the scholarly spectrum from philosophy to physics. Just to mention a few examples here: one case enclosed a 1632 second folio of Shakespeare right next to the 1790 first edition of Goethe’s *Faust* (actually a portion of *Faust Part One*, which Goethe went on to finish between 1806 and 1808, then followed up with *Faust Part Two* published posthumously in 1832). Another presented Dante’s *Divine Comedy*. Over in a corner was a 1492 London copy of Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*; another housed the 1484 Venice edition of Thomas Aquinas’s *Summa theologiae*. Nonliterary works included Marx’s *Das Kapital*, and a first imprint of Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony. Although the exhibit ended in early November, a wonderful interactive catalog comprising large photos and historical background information is still available online at

<http://library2.udayton.edu/rosebook/category/main-2/> .

Seeing these works under glass was only a foretaste of what was to follow during the second part of our excursion.

About 40 Aldus members then made the half-hour drive to Mr. Rose’s beautiful home outside Dayton. After being welcomed

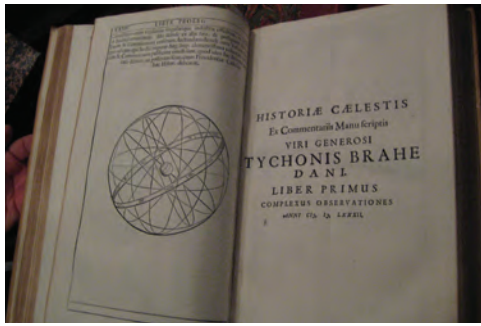
by Rose and his wife Mimi, plus their two friendly dogs, we enjoyed a nicely catered lunch, after which we had several hours to view the two-floor library.

Needless to say, every man and woman rushed to see his or her own special areas of interest. One of mine is the history of science, particularly, astronomy. Newton’s *Principia* was among the first provided for our inspection. Back at the university library, I had enjoyed seeing those revolutionary works, the 1610 first edition of Galileo’s *Sidereus Nuncius* (Starry Messenger), and the Nuremberg 1543 first edition of Nicolaus Copernicus’s *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium* (On the Revolutions of Celestial Spheres), one of only 276 copies as explained to Aldus a few years ago by Copernicus scholar Owen Gingerich in our first Ravneberg lecture. Here on one shelf were Johannes Kepler’s *Dioptrice* and *Harmonices Mundi*, along with the *Rudolphine Tables*, a star catalog Kepler developed based on observations undertaken at the observatory of Tycho Brahe. Brahe’s two-volume



Historia Caelestis

was next on the shelf. We took this down to view the wonderful engravings of instruments Tycho used for his very-accurate but non-telescopic observations of the heavens.



Dickens in Ohio

by Roger Jerome

Having arrived and semi-settled in the USA in the late 1980s and subsequently deciding to develop my theatre work by performing as a solo artist, I settled for a subject on the life and works of Charles Dickens (1812-1870). The first of the shows was "An Audience with Boz," and premiered at Potomac State College, WV, in 1993. Boz was the pen name used for Dickens's first popular novels. He was a fitting choice for me, as an ex-pat Brit, because he had, from the age of forty-one, presented public readings of extracts from his written works. After four years he accepted payment and, for the rest of his life, the readings were emphatically successful, artistically and financially.

My Dickensian programs, offering a mixed menu of prose selections (Fagin, Mr. Jingle, Gradgrind, Uriah Heep, John Jasper, etc.) became the most booked of all my solo shows and the last which I retired. I had settled and married in Gallipolis, OH, in the early 1990s and was captured by the fact that the town was one that Dickens would have passed while travelling down the Ohio River, during 1842, the first of his two visits to America. Disappointingly, when I encounter the numerous Dickensian biographies, I find that his travels in the Buckeye State are mostly dealt with perfunctorily, if not skipped over. Ohio exists as a flyover state, even then.

So I wrote a program "Dickens in Ohio" to redress this situation somewhat. It was first performed at the international conference of the Dickens Fellowship, in Cleveland, in 2009. Dickens began his professional writing as a journalist. My script was based on his letters and journals, my personal reading and travel and, essentially, the book he wrote on his return to England, *American Notes for General Circulation*. Outside academia, I haven't encountered many people who know this publication.

Dickens experienced America, for just over fifteen weeks in 1842, like a rock star. Amazingly successful and opinionated, his work was known even in the depths of the wilderness. He was clean shaven and had long wavy

hair. One of his resentments was that fans would snip at his lustrous locks - the price of fame.

After visiting the major cities in the East, he went the full length of the Ohio River, from Pittsburgh, PA, to Cairo, IL, by steamboat. *The Messenger*, casting off on April 1, took him to Cincinnati. His companions



Steamboat Messenger
On which Dickens traveled from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati

were his wife, Catherine, her maid, Anne, and a young man, George Washington Putnam, whom he had hired in Boston to be his assistant and secretary. Putnam later wrote his own account of the trip for *Atlantic Monthly*, 1870, "Four Months with Charles Dickens."

In the 1840s, two million people traveled the Ohio every year and, from 1820 to 1870, the steamboat dominated the commerce and agriculture of the middle area of America. The Rev. John A Clark of Philadelphia wrote in 1842 of an Ohio River trip: "I know of nothing more delightful than to sit at one's ease, and be wafted down such a beautiful stream as this, winding its graceful and circuitous way through groves and grass-covered fields and beauteous woodland scenes." Dickens wrote with more depth and detail: "For miles, and miles, and miles, these solitudes are unbroken by any sign of human life or trace of human footstep; nor is anything seen to move about them but the blue jay, whose colour is so bright, and yet so delicate, that it looks like a flying flower." He notes the endless vistas of trees as a background to the ebb and flow of human existence, and the momentousness of new immigrants being set ashore, some of whose descendants might be reading this very article. He was moved by the Indian mound at Big Grave Creek: "the very river, as though it shared one's feelings of compassion for the extinct tribes who lived so pleasantly here, in their blessed ignorance of white existence, hundreds of years ago, steals out of its way to ripple near this mound." I like to imagine Dickens



seeing Blennerhassett Island, the “Eden on the River”; Marietta, the first of all the river settlements under the Northwest Ordinance; Portsmouth where local legend maintains he walked up and down the streets; and the high bank where John Rankin’s house at Ripley was already part of the Underground Railroad.

Dickens arrived in Cincinnati on April 4, and was very impressed by this “beautiful city. He placed it



second only to Boston, in prettiness, of all the American cities he saw: “I have not seen a place that commends itself so favourably and pleasantly to a stranger at first glance as this does.” He admired the city’s free schools, the judges in the court and commented that in only fifty-two years, the Queen City had grown from “a handful of dwellers” to “a population of 50,000 souls.” He paid much attention in his book to a temperance convention which he attended. Dickens had opposed temperance movements in England, he enjoyed the pleasures of London society, including good food and especially drink. Ohio frequently thwarted him on this score. He talked of “a profusion of wet blankets devoted to cold water” and there is the well-known story, which occurred later in Lebanon, when he stormed out of the Bradley House (later known as The Golden Lamb) because they wouldn’t serve him alcohol. Ohio’s position in the history of temperance is well established. Dickens would also have noticed the pigs of Porkopolis. Pigs ran loose in the streets and Mrs. Trollope, an earlier English resident of the city wrote: “if I determined upon a walk up Main Street, the chances were five hundred to one against my reaching the shade side without brushing by a fresh snout dripping from the kennel.”

After an excursion to the Mississippi - a river he disliked intensely - and beyond - he wanted to see a prairie - Dickens returned to Cincinnati on April 19. His party stayed at the Broadway Hotel. It is gone now, like all the Ohioan venues where he spent the night. They are replaced by office blocks and parking lots.

The famous writer was appreciative that the mail-coach, which took him the 120 miles to Columbus, was

driven on a macadamized road. Hardly like our modern blacktop, it was nevertheless smoothed and drained, perhaps like what we call a dirt track. Horses were watered or changed every 20 miles or so and we have descriptions by Dickens of the tedious and humdrum nature of such travel - the refreshment rooms “with a blurred lithograph of Washington over the smoky fireplace and a mighty jug of cold water on the table”; the boring conversations; the limited cuisine (corn bread and bacon); and something that brought out the sharp, satirical, aggressive nature of Dickens - the tobacco chewing and spitting. He treated this with opprobrium whenever he encountered it: “this filthy custom is inseparably mixed up with every meal and morning call, and with all the transactions of social life.” A custom not entirely eradicated today.

Columbus he found “a clean, pretty town.” He had “excellent apartments in a large unfinished hotel, the Neill House. Our rooms faced with black walnut, resemble those of an Italian mansion.” His hotel was by the State House and he could well have seen pigs grazing on the grass. The proprietor, William Neill, also owned huge areas of the present day OSU campus, his money coming from the travel business. He was known as “The Stagecoach King.”

Dickens hired a private coach to take him northward on April 22, paying for it with the gold he carried with him so carefully. He wanted to see Niagara Falls and decided to get to Lake Erie and then head east. This time much of the way was on a “corduroy road,” made by placing tree trunks parallel to each other. There was plenty of wear and tear, deep holes and swamps. There are vivid descriptions in *American Notes* of the traveler’s bumpy ordeal. I was lucky to meet, in Marion, the descendants of the actual coachman that Dickens employed. He was well known in the area and later became a commissioner, I was told.

One of the first stops for the horses was in Delaware and the house he visited still stands, redbrick and foursquare, on Route 23. This was Mrs. Gooding’s house and, since she was famous for her apple pies, I think we can assume that Boz tasted one of them. After an all day journey of sixty-two miles - going through an epic thunderstorm - the party arrived at midnight at Upper Sandusky, “Indian country,” as Putnam called it. The only place to stay was the Walker-Garrett Hotel, which seems to have been a miserable place. It was a log building, with newspaper for wallpaper, bedroom doors that kept blowing open and an infestation of bedbugs. I understand these insects are still to be found in some

Ohio hotels. Putnam had a very miserable night. The bugs drove him outside: “the night air was piercing cold...I took to the coach...lined with leather, it was not very warm. I spent the night in useless attempts to catch a nap.” Perhaps this is the point to pay tribute to Catherine Dickens and her maid, who went through such tribulations in the wild as well as being expected to present the lady at elegant receptions. Dickens did not treat his wife well in later years but, he did praise how well she coped with the challenges of this lengthy trip. Ohio was the frontier in those days. Life was very different in London’s middle-class society.

What a coincidence at next morning’s breakfast, on April 23 - a fellow guest was Col. John Johnston. Dickens described: “a mild old gentleman, who had been for many years employed by the United States Government in conducting negotiations with the Indians, and who had just concluded a treaty with these people.” This was the treaty of March 17, 1842, which arranged the removal of the Wyandots, the very last Native American tribes from Ohio. Dickens intersected with a huge moment in the state’s history. Johnston’s farm and building stills stand, further west, in Piqua.

On they all went and by noon reached Tiffin. A further trial awaited them there. Putnam describes how the landlord, who served them lunch, organized a special trip to the railway depot, on an “open wagon with springs, with seats very high, on which Mr. and Mrs. Dickens were perched.” The driver went on a detour through all the principal streets of the town, moving slowly in order that all the inhabitants might see them.

The group traveled on several rail lines in the United States. In 1840, Ohio led the nation with almost 3,000 miles of railroad. This line from Tiffin was the Mad River and Lake Erie Line, which had opened in 1838 with 16 miles of track. Dickens wrote: “the travelling was very slow, its construction being indifferent and the ground wet and marshy.” He had a critical view on everything.

Lake Erie was reached at Sandusky City, and they stayed at Colt’s Exchange, a small hotel at the water’s edge, only demolished within living memory. The most arresting incident here was that Dickens picked up a copy of the very recently launched *Plain Dealer* from Cleveland. It was full of provocative anti-British remarks, reminiscent of those in today’s media about Islam: “England is a hypocrite in the vesture of the church...a harlot in the spotless robes of a vestal...she has tyrannized every minor power of Europe and Asia...we are ready to war with England...the people demand

war.” Dickens was infuriated by such words. Firstly, in patriotic defensiveness, and then with his disgust at the tone and quality of the journalism: “among the journals here, there are some of character and credit. But the name of these is Few, and of the others Legion; and the influence of the good is powerless to counteract the mortal poison of the bad.” It’s worth noting, in these days of glib talk about “the special relationship,” how close again the two nations were to war in 1842. The treaty of August 9 later in the year, brokered between Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, calmed the extreme belligerency down, not only decisively but, apart from more hiccups in the next two decades, we assume finally.

This contretemps was one more factor in the disappointment which developed in Dickens during the visit to America: “This is not the Republic I came to see, this is not the Republic of my imagination.” With his revulsion over Slavery and his deep and lasting anger over violations in the United States towards international copyright, there was a huge dissonance between his vision of America and the experienced reality.

A lake boat, *The Constitution*, took him to Buffalo, yet another mode of travel. The water was very choppy, the ship’s high pressure engines extremely noisy and at least one other passenger was overheard considering using his gun on Dickens! His critical remarks had not gone down well with the natives. There was a brief stop of merely nine hours in Cleveland,

“a pretty town,” he wrote. The boat docked at the Superior Street berth at midnight. However, in the short time he had, Dickens managed

to go for a stroll in the streets with Putnam; peek in the windows of the *Plain Dealer* office; be overwhelmed by crowds following him; return to his cabin and sleep; be offended by strangers peering in at his windows (“while my wife was still a-bed in her nightgown, and I was in the midst of washing!”); insist on his privacy; and insult the mayor, Joshua Mills, who came to deliver a civic speech of welcome, by refusing to meet him. As always, Dickens was hyperactive, doing things his way.

Ohio may have been glad, on April 25, to pass him on to Canada, but geniuses don’t come round very often. I enjoy exploring his time here and will continue doing so.



The Women of Weird Tales

Forgotten Stories of Genre Pioneers

by Rex Allen Hughes

Deep in the vaults of ancient tomes, the work of forgotten writers lay hidden in plain sight, stories once deemed too strange for civilized man.

One fateful day, I unlocked these vault doors and traversed dimly lit halls in search of the women scribes of Weird Tales. Shelf upon shelf of tomes wrapped in shadowy leather and cloth marked my path. The symbols marking the shelves led me to the writers I sought, buried by time and sinking publication houses.

I have gazed upon these pages, reading stories no longer present in bookstores. Now, I believe the time is ripe. The world shall know of their existence...

...or at least the readers of *Aldus Society Notes*, some of whom may share my interest in the fantasy and horror stories of yesteryear. For the sake of clarity and those who may only share a passing interest, the rest of this article will not be written as part of the Cthulhu mythos.

While the following book hunt did not involve hidden catacombs or the dastardly doings of secret societies, I was certainly surprised by the air of mystery and obscurity surrounding the women artists and writers of *Weird Tales*.

Before the hunt, I considered myself to be fairly well-read in fantasy and horror, quickly moving past the Tolkien epic at a fairly young age. Recommendations from my teachers led me to journey through Eddison's *Witchland and Demonland* as well as Moorcock's *Melniboné*. The game changers of their day were also familiar friends. For the longest time, I was under the impression that Ursula K. LeGuin, Anne McCaffrey, and others were revolutionary for being some of the first women writers to receive recognition for penning the fantastic since Mary Shelley infused her patchwork monster with life. As I would soon find out, I still had many gaps in my knowledge of the fantasy genre.

It took me a while to reach the writers of *Weird Tales*, but I finally picked up the complete works of H. P. Lovecraft in college and Robert E. Howard soon after. While stories from the magazine received very little distinction in their day, it is astonishing that the *Weird Tales* writers are given little more than a small nod of appreciation from the fantasy and horror genres today.

After releasing its first issue in 1923, an editorial for the serial (credited to Otis Adelbert Kline and reprinted by Robert Weinberg in his *Weird Tales Story*) claims

the distinction of being the first American magazine to publish stories of "psychic phenomena or the occult" and "highly imaginative" speculative fiction. In short, fantasy and horror were finally welcomed with open arms. Lovecraft could drive his protagonists mad with sightings of hybridized monsters and cosmic deities. Howard could pit his iconic barbarian against a crazed sorcerer or mythical beast without the fear of endless rejection slips. The magazine even reprinted Edgar Allan Poe on occasion, if this helps the reader gain an understanding of the macabre quality of weird fiction regularly published in the magazine.

While the prevalence of Lovecraft and Howard on bookstore shelves today may lead us to believe that the *Weird Tales* era only succeeded in yielding two iconic figures, we must remember that the genres of fantasy and horror owe a tremendous creative debt to other contributors, who seem to receive second-class attention in reprints or no attention whatsoever.

After all, we now find ourselves faced with a horde of urban fantasies that employ a master detective of the supernatural to solve the case, but how often do we see reprints of Jules De Grandin (Seabury Quinn), that sleuth of all cases macabre and occult? Fantasy stories feature more female protagonists and receive critical acclaim as the pioneers of our generation, but where are the mass market anthologies celebrating Jirel of Joiry, C.L. (Catherine Lucille) Moore's tough-as-nails woman warrior who first appeared in 1934?

Lastly, why did several recent trips to bookstores not only lack exemplars of the Unique Magazine's diverse authorship, but also fail to demonstrate that many of the contributors to the magazine were women, genre pioneers who wrote tales of horror and painted scenes of the macabre for a society that, on the whole, discouraged their creative efforts?

These characters and their creators were a mystery to me, until a minor discovery led me to explore the many worlds of *Weird Tales* and seek out the women writers whose works receive little to no representation today.

I owe the initial discovery of these writers to the serendipitous nature of my work and one of our volunteers. As a cataloger for the Ohio State University's Special Collections libraries, I come across a random assortment of manuscript collections and artifacts every

day. It was during our department's recent work on the Paul S. Powers western pulp collection that I found the June 1925 issue of *Weird Tales* amongst other pieces of the collection and with it the first female author of the serial.

The cover features a harrowing scene from Powers's "Monsters of the Pit" depicting one man's battle against giant spiders, and it was my first tangible

FIG. A



Weird Tales, June 1927 features a story by Grege La Spina, one of the first women writers of *Weird Tales*

born authoress Grege La Spina (Figure A. "Suitor from the Shades" cover story).

After learning more about La Spina, one of the earliest writers of the magazine, I mentioned my discovery to our volunteer. He then revealed to me that *Weird Tales* also featured several covers illustrated by a female artist, Margaret Brundage.

One minor discovery had piqued my curiosity. Why were the women contributors, like so many authors of the Unique Magazine, absent from mass-market shelves today? This fact seemed odd in light of modern publication practices, which reflect a massive resurgence of interest in the fantasy of Lovecraft and Howard.

This absence provoked a number of questions. Did these stories lack quality? A cursory internet search for "Women of *Weird Tales*" led me to a terrific blog entitled *Tellers of Weird Tales* and Eric Leif Davin's *Partners in Wonder*, a bibliography of women in the field of science fiction. The bibliography lists "over 114 women contributors" to the magazine who were accepted, sometimes on a regular basis, by three separate editors, one of whom was Dorothy McIlwraith, who

ran the magazine for 14 years. It was unlikely that the writing quality of each and every story would present an issue for publishers today, and my later reading experiences proved that there existed more diamonds than rough.

Were these works written in an outdated style? After sitting down later to read La Spina's *Invaders of the Dark* in three parts, it was apparent that the early werewolf yarn was short on the action and snappy dialogue that is so popular today. However, critics could accuse Burroughs and Wells of the same deficiency, yet bookstores produce new editions of *A Princess of Mars* and *The Time Machine* every few years. Did the werewolves of La Spina simply lack popularity with their contemporaries and thus miss out on becoming part of the canon? It would appear the same fate had befallen the other women of *Weird Tales*, even though my later research revealed that one writer, C. L. Moore, received the 1981 Grand Master of Fantasy award.

These unknown writers intrigued me, so after completing work on the western pulp project, I launched into a personal research effort to learn all I could about *Weird Tales*. It was around this time that the stories of Quinn and Kuttner caught my interest, but research continued to turn up more and more female authors, whose work often received the popular vote of *Weird Tales*' readership.

Robert Weinberg's *Weird Tales Story*, in addition to the names listed in Davin, proved to be an excellent foundation piece for exploring these writers and one artist in particular. Writing only two decades after the magazine ended, the collector praises the work of at least seven female contributors in the "Stories" chapter as being milestones of the serial's lifespan. He recognizes the work of these writers multiple times, putting them in league with Lovecraft and his iconic Cthulu stories. Weinberg also devotes a major portion of the "Cover Art" chapter to the "M. Brundage" pastel chalk masterpieces, and for good reason.

Based on the history related in the recently published art book, *The Alluring Art of Margaret Brundage*, the artist "contributed 66 covers" to the magazine from 1932-1945. For 38 straight issues between '33 and '36, Brundage was the sole cover artist of *Weird Tales*, coloring the face of the magazine with macabre scenes in strikingly bright pastels.

Damsels in distress were often posed dynamically before their captors in her work. Many of the writers were less-than-enthralled with these depictions of nearly-nude women as representative of their stories, but

Brundage was extremely popular with the readers, as evidenced by several letters to the *Weird Tales* letter forum, The Eyrie. Howard was also highly supportive of her work, and Brundage was the first artist to depict the powerful figure of Conan on a cover with the debut of the May 1934 issue's story, "Queen of the Black Coast" (Figure B).

Her enormous contributions to the magazine deserve recognition, and this recent reproduction of her work has been a long time coming. The full-color pages of *Alluring Art* are well done and the book contains some fascinating reading on the woman behind the art. According to the essays, Brundage led a life filled with creativity and hardship outside of the pulp magazines, participating in the artistic fervor and philosophical societies of prohibition-era Chicago.

Weinberg's history also allowed me to seek out the more popular women writers of the magazine. With a list of names, I started out on the long road of tracking down complete stories in a variety of locales.

I began by walking down bookstore and library aisles to determine whether or not these authors would be accessible to the general public. One by one, I marked off the names from the list as the search proved fruitless. Whole shelves of books and games were devoted to the Lovecraftian universe, but the only evidence that *Weird Tales* published anything by a woman was the inclusion of C. L. Moore's "Black God's Kiss," the first Jirel of Joiry adventure, in the new *Sword and Sorcery Anthology* (edited by Hartwell and Weisman).

Narrating her story against a backdrop of medieval warfare and roads paved to hell, Moore shows the heroine Jirel as a Joan of Arc figure who braves the horrors of devils and beasts to exact her revenge upon would-be conquerors. While "Black God's Kiss" (October 1934, Figure C) is in itself a ripping good yarn, I would recommend losing yourself in "Hellsgarde" (April 1939) as Jirel encounters the horrors of a haunted fortress and its strangely tranquil occupants (available

FIG. B



Weird Tales, May 1934, Margaret Brundage features the iconic Conan the Barbarian in the flesh for the very first time

through the online site, Pulp Magazines Project).

Visits to used bookstores and online merchants yielded similar results. During a weekend trip to Yellow Springs, Ohio, I paid a visit to a very comprehensive (and charming) store called Dark Star Books. Packed to the brim with tomes waiting to be browsed and home to a black cat named Mr. Eko waiting to receive a scratch behind his ears, Dark Star presented an excellent opportunity to locate older printings. I was able to find two older anthologies of C. L. Moore, including a collection edited by Lester Del Rey, and a collection of Margaret St. Clair stories.

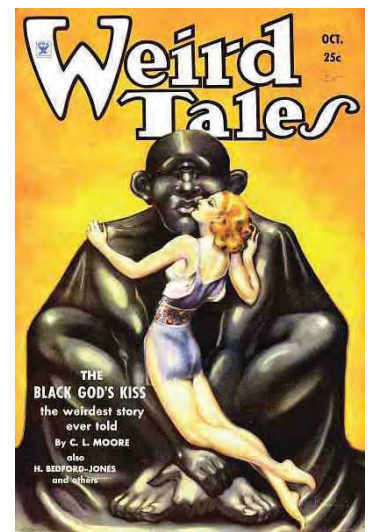
Del Rey's preface to *The Best of C. L. Moore* (1975) summarizes her brilliance for anyone who is interested in learning more about her award-winning contributions to the genre. It does not take a veteran of science fiction to recognize that Han Solo, Mal Reynolds, and Peter Quill/Starlord all share a common ancestor in the galactic smuggler Northwest Smith. Moore's fluid style is also a wonder to behold, but it was the unsettling encounter of "Brenda" (March 1954) by St. Clair that struck me as a precursor to popular writers like Stephen King.

Reprinted in *The Best of Margaret St. Clair* (1985), the tale follows an awkward pre-teen girl named Brenda to a vacation-home island inhabited by a few wealthy families and their offspring. Shunned by other children, she wanders the woods in search of her own diversions. One day, she finds the perfect diversion: a mud golem, who first chases her until it becomes trapped in a ravine. What follows is a disturbing awakening of the young girl, narrated with haunting subtext, that readers should experience for themselves.

St. Clair became fairly well-known for her unusual science fiction and contributed to a number of the pulps, including *Galaxy* and *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, but this anthology represents the last time individual attention was given to her prolific output.

The same is true of the poetry of Leah Bodine Drake, who contributed a number of poems that

FIG. C



Weird Tales, October 1934, C.L. Moore's heroine, Jirel of Joiry, is featured on a Brundage cover

produce a Lovecraftian dread in the reader. I was able to read a sample of her poetry through a lending library copy of *Dark of the Moon*, a collection edited by August Derleth (1977). I would argue that many of her poems exhibit a creepy vision of faerie mythology, such as the poems “Haunted Hour” (November 1941) and “Nixie’s Pool” (May 1946).

Our fascination with mythology and supernatural romance would make Drake an obvious choice for reprints, but alas, even her solo collection of poetry, *A Hornbook for Witches*, was only published in 1950 (with the exception of Vincent Price’s 1976 reprint of a few Drake poems in his own anthology, which possesses the same title).

The failure of major publication houses to reprint these works would have made the hunt for other authors difficult were it not for the public domain works available online. *Wiki Source* and the *Pulp Magazines Project Online* were some of the best means of accessing the stories.

Through these resources, I was able to locate tales such as “Mommy” (April 1939) and “Monkey Spoons” (May 1950) by Mary Elizabeth Counselman, both of which give off a delightful *Twilight Zone* vibe. Dorothy Quick’s “Lost Door” (October 1936) was written in the same vein. The period quality of the story is also fairly similar to the fantasy elements of Lerner and Loewe’s 1947 Broadway show, *Brigadoon*. Again, the women behind the story turned out to be equally fascinating. In addition to her writing career, Quick appears to be well known for her childhood friendship with Mark Twain and her subsequent position in the New York chapter of the Twain Association.

As the availability of these stories continued to wane, I took the opportunity to visit the OSU special collections reading room and (carefully) handle original issues of *Weird Tales*. This setting gave me the chance to read full stories by La Spina, Counselman, and others that may only be available to readers who possess the originals. Without the ability to view this collection, I would not have had the chance to read Allison V. Harding’s terrifying tale of the soul-stealing “Machine” in the September 1946 issue or works centered around her equally horrifying character, The Damp Man.

Harding also has the distinction of being the most prolific female writer of the magazine, according to *Tellers of Weird Tales*. The blog features an interesting article about the Harding mystery that is worth a read (“Who was Allison V. Harding?”), because when it comes

down to it, no one has revealed the actual identity of the authoress. The mystery that baffled me the most in regards to Harding, though, was that I could only find evidence of five anthologies published since the 1980’s that feature a sample of her stories.

I plan on frequenting the OSU reading room in the future to experience more stories by the women of *Weird Tales*, but this does not provide a satisfying solution for the wider reading public. While a dedicated reader may navigate the hidden passages to these writers, the popular fantasy reader will likely remain ignorant of their existence and, sadly, their contributions to the genres we know and love.

The absence of mass market publications creates a vicious cycle for these writers, whose contributions may eventually be lost to obscurity. Publishers invest in the stories that they believe will accrue the most profit, and many readers never look past the current trends or media tie-ins on the bookshelf, thereby feeding the profit machine. If these genre pioneers are never placed on the shelves or even online, they will never reach a mass audience. They will remain relatively unknown, as mysterious as the settings of their tales.

Even more disturbing is the way our publishing practices hide our true history. Canons of literature hold up authors as exemplars of their time, ideally giving readers a well rounded view of the written era. *Weird Tales* was revolutionary for its time. For acolytes of the fantastic, the pulp magazine deserves more than a footnote in the history books or a shortage of reprints.

Apparently, a small nod to pioneers seems to be all that *Weird Tales* has earned. Popular bookstores would lead us to believe that Lovecraft and possibly Howard are the only writers worth remembering. I will not deny the artistic quality of Lovecraft or the way his mythology continues to inspire writers to this day, but some of the themes present in his stories can be off-putting.

Anyone can argue that his philosophies were simply a byproduct of his time, but does this mean we ignore contrasting stories like Eli (Elizabeth) Colter’s “The Last Horror” (February 1939), which argues against racism, or the unease that C. L. Moore writes into the character of Northwest Smith when he is faced with the imminent genocide of a species time and time again?

Perhaps it is time to unlock the vault doors and bathe the forgotten passageways in light. Perhaps it is time for reprints to give these genre pioneers their due and tell their stories once again.



BOOK HUNTING NOTES

Great Edwardian Ghost Stories

by Bill Rich

Some of the best ghost stories were written in England in the very early twentieth century. An especial favorite is Montague Rhodes James, better known for his ghost stories as M. R. James. Ghost story writing was not, however, his day job. James was a scholar, one of the greatest of the English medievalists. He was a Cambridge don, becoming provost at King's College; he was later provost of Eton. His catalogs of the medieval manuscripts in the Cambridge Colleges are famous, guides to this day to the holdings of one of the oldest universities. His ghost stories were an amusement, initially composed and told for Christmas entertainments for his friends.

The stories typically rely on James's antiquarian background. The haunted, and/or the ghost buster, is often a scholar, an antiquarian, or a collector of books, prints, or other objects d'art. Indeed, the haunting will frequently involve some bewitched object or talisman. The scenes are old houses, old churches, ruins, and so on, and situated in some ancient town or village.

Spoiler alert here - a couple of my favorite Jamesian plots: In "Casting the Runes", a scholar has anonymously peer-reviewed a submission of a paper for presentation to a learned society by another researcher. Now, some learned societies will allow any member to present a brief paper at their meetings, entirely un-reviewed. In such cases, it is possible for the presenter to rave like a maniac for his allotted time, to the distress and boredom of the audience. I have been to a few of such. In the case of the James story, however, the paper has been reviewed by a competent scholar. Unfortunately for the poor reviewer, the manuscript is on "The Truth of Alchemy," and his review has dismissed it as arrant nonsense. The consequences are every peer-reviewer's nightmare. The furious author finds out the reviewer's identity, and proceeds to show him that not only is alchemy real, but other various forms of witchcraft and necromancy are also. The haunted reviewer

begins to have a life not worth living, until the tables are changed in a typical Jamesian twist.

Another favorite is the famous "Oh, Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad." Here, a Cambridge don, on a golfing holiday on the Scottish coast, explores the ruins of a medieval monastery. He finds an old whistle buried near the monastery altar. He cleans the dirt from the thing, and, most foolishly, blows it. Of course, this summons up an ancient horror. Without going into all the details, let it be

said that when he returns to his hotel room that evening, the second bed in the room has a tenant - that scares the living daylights out of the hapless professor.

I had long cherished the James stories, and often reread them in my paperback copy of the *Penguin Complete Ghost Stories of M. R. James*, a book that remains in print to this day. But, quite a few years ago, I was in a shop in Cecil Court, the one-block-long alley in the heart of London's West End, filled with more than twenty second-hand

bookshops (Fig.1). The shop was Nigel Williams's, specializing in nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature. There, in the glass-fronted case behind the checkout counter, was the first edition of James's *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary* (Edward Arnold, London, 1904). I asked the young clerk if I could have a look at this book. As she opened the case and put the book on the counter for me, she spoke up in a beautiful Oxbridge accent:

"Oh, M. R. James. Have you read 'Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad'?" I said the story was a favorite with me.

She replied, her brown eyes big behind the horn-rimmed glasses perched on her nose:

"I first read it when I was twelve. From then on, I couldn't sleep alone in a room with an empty bed in it until after I went to uni."

While hearing this, I was confirming that the book was indeed the first edition, in original cloth binding, and with all four illustrations by James's friend, James McBryde.

FIG. 1



Cecil Court

FIG. 2



The Ghost from the Empty Bed

These included the spectacular plate illustrating the ghost in the hotel room (Fig. 2). I also noted the price, and did a quick mental conversion to dollars – these were big bucks indeed.

As I was hesitating, the clerk reached up and brought down a second book, which I had not noticed. This was *More Ghost Stories*, also by James, again published by Edward Arnold, London, 1911. This was priced at half the amount asked for the *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*. More hesitation on my part – but, by this time, the proprietor, Nigel Williams, had also appeared beside us, and serious negotiation began. Finally he made the kind of offer this vulnerable collector couldn't refuse for long. For only a thirty percent increase over the cost of the more expensive book alone, I could have them both. Out comes the American Express Card, the two books were wrapped, and I fled back to my hotel (single bed only in my room). And once there, I meditated on the words from Proverbs 20:14: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he has gone his way, then he boasteth."

In more recent years, I have added two more books to my M. R. James collection (Fig.3). One is *A Thin Ghost and Other Stories*, his third collection of ghost stories, first published in 1919 again by Edward Arnold, London. These are certainly up to the standard of the first two collections. My copy shown here is the fourth printing (1926), but it has an interesting provenance. It was the copy of George "Dadie" Rylands, a fellow don of M. R. James at Kings College, Cambridge. It has Rylands's book plate (showing the famous chapel of Kings), and has internal stamps showing it spent some time in the Kings College Library, where many of the James scholarly works are housed. Rylands was a great Shakespearean scholar, and actively involved in the British theatre – he even directed actors such as John Gielgud, no less. I like to think that Rylands was caught up in the theatricality of the James' stories.

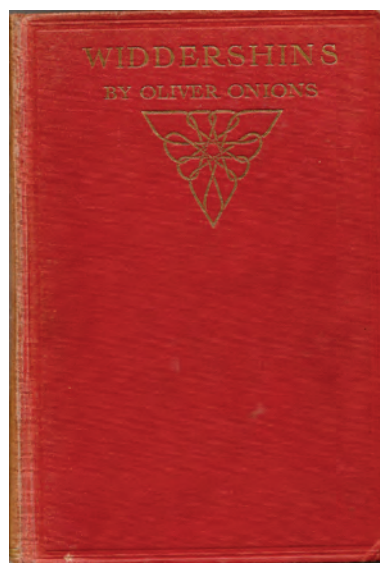
Also shown in Fig. 3 is the fourth book in my collection, *The Five Jars*, Edward Arnold, London, 1922. This 1st edition is rather hard to find, for a couple of reasons. It is a book for young people, perhaps something of a series of related fairy stories, but with strong supernatural and, yes, even ghostly elements. Here, the M. R. James collector crosses the path of the legions of collectors of

FIG. 3



M.R. James Collection

FIG. 4



Oliver Onions' "Widdershins"
1st Ed

children's books – which are rare in good condition for obvious reasons, and are pricey and sought after in such condition. In addition, some of the supernatural elements scared the pants off the younger readers; while in the present time of zombies and vampires in children's literature, it might not be so scary, in its day, the book was not hugely popular.

Finally, one other author of the period undoubtedly rivals James, in my opinion. This is Oliver Onions (real name, honest). His most famous collection of ghost stories is *Widdershins* (Martin Secker, London, 1911). This was published in red cloth, and subject to fading over the last 100 years; my copy (Fig. 4), shows this – the spine is most faded, as is common. The lead story in the collection is the never-to-be-forgotten "The Beckoning Fair One." This is a long story –

perhaps better called a novella – running to 105 pages in the first edition. This tale has its ghost, but beyond this, it is a story of psychological horror. Briefly, it is a tale of a writer, who is working on his masterpiece novel, who looks for a quiet location to isolate himself to complete the magnum opus. He finds a centuries-old house with a to-let sign in the window, and is mysteriously drawn to it.

He sets up residence, and, of course, there is a mysterious presence in the house ("the beckoning fair one," natch). There are ever-so-subtle signs of this presence – who was evidently a beautiful young woman of extremely vicious qualities, who proceeds to dominate the mind and spirit of the young writer. He isolates himself from his friends, including his very practical-minded girl-friend, stops going out of the house, and even destroys the only copy of the half-finished novel. Despite the wonderful, creepy signs of the presence of the beckoning fair one, we never quite learn if the ghost is real – or a symptom of the increasing delusions of the victim, who descends into the depths of dissociative psychosis. The tale ends tragically with madness and even murder. Not a book I want to read when alone at night in a strange old house, but fun in the comfort of my own study with

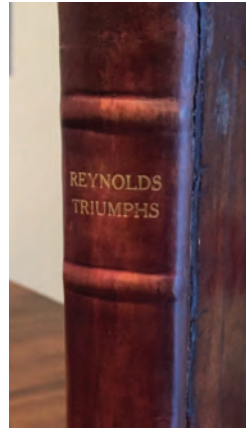
spouse and tabby cat nearby. By the way, "Widdershins" means any counterclockwise motion – but, in particular, it means running in this direction in a churchyard around the church. According to all folklore, this is bound to summon up the spirits of the undead. Don't do it.

The Triumph of God's Revenge: 17th Century Tales of Murder, Betrayal, and Divine Punishment

by Matthew S. Schweitzer

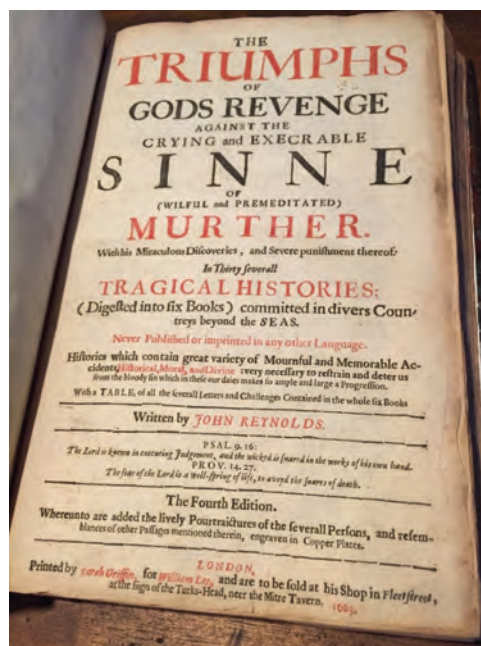
John Reynolds's popular work *The Triumphs of God's Revenge Against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther* was undoubtedly a tremendous hit with English readers eager for tales of murder and divine punishment at a time when such books were only starting to generate appeal to an ever-increasing reading public. Ostensibly a collection of true crime stories translated from a French source, Reynolds's narratives were in fact completely fictional; but this seemed inconsequential to its many readers, who found its bloody tales of murder, betrayal, adultery, poisoning, and ultimately divine retribution irresistible. The book went through at least seven editions with the last appearing in 1726. Sir Walter Scott mentions the book in his story *The Fortunes of Nigel* in the mid-19th century showing that the book still had appeal even then.

John Reynolds was a relatively unknown English merchant and political author whose output peaked with the publication of his collection of moral tales revolving around the nefarious deeds and doings of a number of reprehensible characters. They were involved in numerous acts of immorality, with each case culminating in the exposure of the culprits' misdeeds and murders, often through some act of godly intervention resulting in the conviction and execution of the criminals and often in horrid ways: hanging, beheading, being burned alive, drawn and quartered, disemboweled, and all manner of excruciating horrors. These punishments were seen as being the result of the principal antagonists' rejection of divine morality and acting in a manner irreverent of



God. Thus their comeuppance was sanctified by God for their heinous transgressions. Reynolds intended his "histories" to serve as a reminder that God is always watching and sees all no matter how hard one tries to conceal their crimes. His message was one of warning that no matter how clever the criminal, their murderous deeds would never go unpunished. Reynolds here describes God's retribution as "revenging blood for blood, and death for death; yea, many times repaying it home with interest, and rewarding one death with many." Yet he attempts to make clear that these tales are meant as a tool of moral teaching to keep men and women on the path of righteousness, "That the consideration of these bloody and mournfull Tragedies, may by their examples, strike astonishment to our thoughts, and amazement to our senses, that the horror and terror thereof may hereafter retaine and keepe us within the lists of Charity towards men, and the bonds of filial and religious obedience towards God."

The first ten of these moralistic tales first appeared in 1621 with twenty more following soon after, these being later collected into a single volume in 1635. By 1650, these were updated with primitive woodcut engravings depicting an outline of the tales which followed. In a sense, these were a kind of proto-comic strip meant to convey the basic elements of the story. The crude artistry of the illustrations was quite reminiscent of those found in the popular chapbooks of the time that were sold for a small sum to readers eager to read scandalous tales of locally important crimes like treason, witchcraft, etc. I imagine the engravings account for much of



the appeal of this book by themselves. They are quite charming in a shocking way.

The thirty stories or “histories” all follow a similar form. In each tale one or more of the characters engages in some form of immorality or betrayal such as adultery or willful licentiousness typically culminating in murder. The murderer is ultimately revealed, and some kind of deadly justice is meted out as punishment to the perpetrator. In one example, which incidentally was later made into the play *The Maid’s Revenge*, two families become embroiled in a complex web of love and lust when a young suitor courts the eldest daughter of an old aristocratic patriarch while secretly engaging in inappropriate liaisons with her younger sister. The jilted daughter exacts her revenge by imprisoning and poisoning her sister and sending her brother to kill her former lover in a duel. The murder of her younger sister is discovered by her father, who has her tortured and beheaded in turn. The other stories each follow along comparably tragic lines.

My personal copy is a fine folio of the fourth edition of 1663 “printed by William Lee in London and sold at his shop on Fleet Street under the sign of the Turk near the Mitre Tavern.” It includes the oft missing engraved title page showing Justice sitting above a collection of scenes depicting the torture and execution of criminals by fire, on the rack, broken on the wheel, burned alive, or run through by sword. The volume has been rebacked, but has retained its original boards in brown paneled calf leather. I have spent much time thumbing through this book and admiring its many engravings and thinking about how it might have appealed to its original owner with its sanguinary stories and lurid depictions of murder and violence. It makes for interesting reading indeed and is a fine specimen of a rare old book.



The First Purpose-built Main Public Libraries in Cincinnati, Columbus and Cleveland

by Marilyn Logue

Cincinnati (Library built 1870-1874)



From the Collection of The
Public Library of Cincinnati
and Hamilton County

Rufus King II, longtime Cincinnati School and Library Board President, strongly believed that the city deserved a great public library. Rufus was Harvard educated and his paternal grandfather, also Rufus King, was a drafter of the U.S. Constitution and worked on the Northwest Ordinance

of 1787. King’s maternal grandfather was Thomas Worthington, a U.S. Senator from Ohio, and the sixth governor of the state. Although Rufus King II preferred to work behind the scenes, he was a Founding Father of the Cincinnati Public Library.

The city’s public library officially began in 1853 with the passage of the Ohio Common Schools Act. In 1856 the library’s books were housed on the second floor of

the Ohio Mechanics’ Institute at Sixth and Vine Streets where the public library had opened a reading room. This interest in public libraries was unusual for the Midwest; the public library movement in the United States had started on the East Coast in 1854 when the Boston Public Library opened its first public reading room in a school. Even at an early date, Cincinnati had the second largest municipal library collection in the country.

After the Library Board determined that the Cincinnati Library needed its own building, it quickly purchased an unfinished opera house at 629 Vine Street. (The developer had run out of funds.) Then the board hired the famous William Frederick Poole, a pioneer in the American public library movement, to come from Boston to serve as the new librarian and to be an advisor to the architect, James W. McLaughlin, on planning the new building.

The front half of the new Cincinnati Public Library building (the remodeled opera house) opened to the public in 1870. The back half, with its soaring Main Hall and five tiers of alcoves, was completed in 1874. The library remained in this new Gothic Revival cathedral-style structure, that was said to be the most magnificent public library building in the country, until 1955. Then

all the library materials were moved from 629 Vine Street to a modern New Main Library, designed by Cincinnati architect Woodie Garber, at 800 Vine Street.

In 1982, the first addition to the new Main Library opened; it wrapped around New Main and encompassed an entire city block. Needing additional space, the North Building was constructed at 900 Vine Street in 1997 and connected to New Main by a glass-and-steel bridge that extended across Ninth Street.

Note: To see 15 gorgeous photos of the Old Cincinnati Library, go to: <http://www.buzzfeed.com/briangalindo/15-gorgeous-photos-of-the-old-cincinnati-library>

Columbus (Library built 1907)

The Columbus Public Library opened its doors in 1873 with an initial collection of 1200 volumes brought over from the Columbus Athenaeum. The library's location at that time was in the City Hall, which was then located on State Street across from the State House, where the Ohio Theatre now stands.

Andrew Carnegie gave \$200,000 so that Columbus could construct a main library. The historic T. Ewing Miller home at 96 South Grant Street, the official residence of six Ohio governors, was demolished to make way for the new building designed by Albert Randolph Ross of New York and Wilbur T. Mills of Columbus. The new white Vermont marble and granite Second Renaissance Revival-style library, which featured carved marble sculptures, cornices, columns, and friezes, was finished in 1907.

The first addition to the Main Library opened in 1953, and a 15,000-square-foot annex was added in 1961. Groundbreaking for a major expansion of the library behind the Carnegie building on the Deaf School power plant site was celebrated in December 1987. In preparation for the subsequent enlargement, the Carnegie Building was remodeled in 1989, and the two previous additions were demolished. An atrium to connect the Carnegie building with the new expansion was completed in 1990, and the expanded Main Library was dedicated in April 1991. This expansion more than tripled the library's usable space. Remodeling will again be carried out in 2015 to transform the Grant Street structure into a community gathering place.

Editor's Note: You can read about the new plans for CML in Deborah Fallow's article "Not Your Mother's Library: How Columbus, Ohio, is building community spaces in the 21st century" *Atlantic Monthly* (Oct 6, 2014) <http://www.theatlantic.com/national/archive/2014/10/not-your-mothers-library/381119/>

Cleveland (Library built 1925)

The Cleveland Public Library had to move many times before it finally was able to settle into a permanent structure. The library began operating in 1869 in a single room in a downtown block under the auspices of the Cleveland Board of Education. It relocated in 1875 to the old City Hall on Superior Avenue (1875-1879) and then to the second and third floors of the Central High School building (1879-1901). The next locations were the Temporary Main Library at Rockwell and East Third Streets (real name of building) from 1901-1913, the Kinney and Levin Building (originally designed as a warehouse) from 1913 to 1925, and finally, the New Main Library, located at 325 Superior Avenue N.E., which opened in 1925. It was well worth the wait. The City had given the library the deeds to the lots of two of the library's previous homes for the construction: the old City Hall and the adjoining Temporary Main Library sites. The new building, designed by Walker and Weeks of Cleveland, was five stories high and was constructed of gray marble in the eighteenth-century French Beaux Arts/ Neoclassical style with an interior that featured the use of marble and hand-wrought metal work. The library is part of the Cleveland Mall, a grouping of public buildings designed by a commission that included Daniel Burnham, the noted architect. An eleven-floor Louis Stokes Wing, was dedicated in 1997, and a \$24 million dollar renovation of the Main Building was completed in 1999.

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Fifty Years a Bookseller

by George Cowmeadow Bauman

At first I was just a book-obsessed, pre-ministerial student hanging out in the campus bookstore, reading Steinbeck, Dorothy Sayers, and John Hersey in the newly respectable, pocket-sized format. I would have done that at any college I'd gone to, but this campus store happened to be managed by my mother at Geneva College, in Beaver Falls, PA. Her sister, Peg, taught at Geneva, and was my inspiration for reading, books, and bookselling.

Occasionally I'd volunteer to help unload textbooks, supplies, or Golden Tornadoes sweatshirts from trucks at the loading dock.

"You might as well get paid for helping me," Mom said. That was how I got my first bookstore job that autumn of 1964, when the best-selling books were John LeCarre's fictional *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, and *Reminiscences* by General Douglas MacArthur for non-fiction.

While there I read Christopher Morley's *The Haunted Bookshop*, and a seed was planted: I wanted to have a bookstore. I became one of the lucky ones who early on knew what they wanted to do with his life.

Thirteen bookstores, dozens of great and not-so-great colleagues, and fifty years later, I'm still book-obsessed. After working for thirty-four years, I now co-own the Acorn Bookshop in Columbus, Ohio.

It's been a wonderful career.

Want books in twenty-four hours? Today that's possible. Back when I started, it took six to eight weeks to receive an order from a publisher. Computers wouldn't significantly affect bookstore operations for thirty years; inventory management was manual and cranial.

The one thing that's stayed consistent is customer service. It's still a joy to welcome booklovers into the store and offer to help them find what they're looking for, or to offer a recommendation. I've sent over a million books out into the world, book-children which may still be around and readable, for books (other than textbooks) don't depend on updates, or new versions. Books printed in the fifteenth century are still accessible today. Paperback editions of Charles Shultz, Leon Uris, and Kurt Vonnegut that I sold in the sixties may not be in the greatest shape after several decades, but you can still enjoy the text without an upgrade.

I've sold new books, and I've sold used books - from 35¢ paperbacks to a \$27,500 *Book of Mormon* (1837). I've sold books in a mall, in an airport, and on four campuses, including one named Slippery Rock - where we stocked Abbie Hoffman's *Steal this Book*...under the counter. I've encouraged readers in downtown Columbus and in the

hills of West Virginia. And managed The Map Store that could have supplied you with maps of all those places.

At Bethany College in Bethany, WV, (1974-84), I managed the bookstore and became known as "Bookstore George," appearing all over campus, at literary happenings, sporting events, concerts, partying along with everyone - it *was* the seventies - and hosted a campus radio program. Titled "Bookstore & Co.," it featured literary news and interviews. I loved my time there.

Intrinsically I knew how to promote a bookstore through my personality and my ability to convey and share my passion for books.

Still at Bethany in 1981, I attended a poetry reading in the Wheeling library, and ended up marrying that poet from Pittsburgh - Linda Mizejewski.

My last two years there I wrote and edited the town-oriented, semi-monthly *The Bethany News*, which hooked me on small town life, and on writing for readership.

The one bookselling job that may have been the best was on board the SS *Universe* as it sailed the world, carrying 500 students enrolled in the Semester at Sea program. What a gig!

SAS is an ongoing educational program, administered now by the University of Virginia, but by the University of Pittsburgh back in 1984. The *Universe* sailed from Florida, stopping at ports in Brazil, South Africa, Kenya, Sri Lanka, India, Hong Kong - with a side trip into China - and concluding with Taiwan, and Japan.

Students onboard needed books - or at least they did in those pre-electronic-reader days. And they needed a bookstore to get all the necessary books and supplies into student hands. I raised my hand and got the job. SAS permitted Linda to go along as my "assistant manager" - a \$40,000 benefit, for that was the charge to the fifty wealthy adult passengers who voyaged with us.

We sold everything from textbooks to translated fiction of the nation we were heading to, from language guides to many hundreds of rolls of Kodak film, and from sweatshirts to Saltines, our biggest seller - which helped with sea-sickness.

The bookstore was sealed by customs in most ports. Which meant time for a safari in Kenya, wine-smuggling in South Africa, a lost camera on a Sri Lankan train, Snake Alley in Taipei, broken ribs in China, and a thought-provoking visit to Hiroshima. I met Arthur C. Clarke in Sri Lanka - where he lived - and I was honored to introduce his presentation to the shipboard community.

I bargained in local craft markets: leather bags in Brazil; woven Masai baskets in Kenya; colorful batiks in

Sri Lanka; and cloisonné jewelry in India. We sold all of it, doubling the previous sales record.

This led SAS to hire me as a bookstore consultant to create a Policy and Procedures Manual for future shipboard bookstore managers.

I constructed that document in Iron-Curtained Romania for a year, as my wife had been awarded a Fulbright grant to teach there in 1984-85 under Nicolae Ceaușescu's severe dictatorship. I sat in our heat-, gas-, and hot-water-challenged eighth-floor flat working on the SAS Manual while Linda taught. There were microphones in the light fixtures, so Securitate - Romania's KGB - could listen to the tickety-tap of my typewriter, one of the few such machines in the country that wasn't registered. They suspected that I was typing reports for the CIA, and several times searched our apartment looking for incriminating evidence. We somehow survived the difficult year, and I completed my SAS assignment.

Semester at Sea was perhaps the best bookstore employment of my life, and the second shortest of my bookstore jobs.

My shortest and worst employment was working for Waldenbooks, though I'd sworn I'd never work for any bookstore chain.

When we came back from Romania, we settled in Pittsburgh, near Linda's parents, as she had been awarded a fellowship to work on her Ph.D. at Pitt. I could find no other bookstore work anywhere, and we were broke, so...

Right away I had conflicts with the Waldenbooks' District and Regional Managers. Both came from general retail; neither had overseen a bookstore before, and I had 18 years experience.

After a couple of months, I received a call from the Regional Office. "George, I know you've been bugging us about getting authors for a signing. I've landed someone big!

"We're going to host... 'Boom Boom' Mancini!" she exclaimed.

"Isn't he the boxer who killed a Korean man in the ring?" I asked, incredulously.

"Yes! And *that's* on the video tape that he'll be signing in the center of the mall!"

I was upfront with her, saying, "He's not an author at all. That's not what I meant, and you know that."

From that moment, I knew I was leaving soon - a three-month mistake.

The airport job (1986-88) in Pittsburgh was interesting. For Benjamin Books, I managed two *real* full-line bookstores, an alternative to airport newsstands/gift shops and their book selection limited to bestsellers, mysteries, and romance - John Grisham, Agatha Christie, and Nora Roberts.

It was fascinating to see people from all over the world striding past - and often into - our bookstores. We met the towering Yugoslav volleyball team as they bought maps of Pittsburgh and books on sports. Mary Travers of Peter Paul & Mary was a regular, for she had Pittsburgh family.

Our favorite celebrity sighting occurred shortly after we opened.

One day an assistant and I were arranging a large display of Stephen King's *It*. We saw a tall, square-shouldered African-American woman striding up the busy concourse. I nudged my colleague, and she found a copy of *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*. The woman kept heading straight for us instead of turning toward Ground Transportation. We turned the book over to check out the author's photo on the back, just as the traveler stepped into our shop and stopped just short of us.

She looked down from her height and caught our gaze. "Yes, *I am she!*" Maya Angelou said with her deep voice. We laughed at being caught out and asked how we could help her.

"I need that very title you're holding," she said, dramatically. "I'm reading tonight at Pitt, and left my copy at home."

In 1999, my lifelong dream of owning a bookstore came true, when I partnered with the founder of the Acorn Bookshop in Columbus, Ohio, where my wife - that former poet and SAS shipmate - taught at the Ohio State University.

My business partner soon retired. For twenty-two years, the store has earned its place in the Columbus literary community, doing our best to encourage folks to recognize both the entertainment and the educational aspects of reading. Books can change the world, as well as the reader.

Several Aldus Society members were recruited through Acorn, as the Acorn Staff of Nuts practice Morley's bibliotherapy, with strong encouragement to bibliophilia, if not bibliomania. My name is George; I am a biblioholic.

Selling used books and antiquarian material is much more interesting than being limited to new books. Anything that's ever been published can enter the door - over 400 years worth of possibilities, though, of course, most of a general bookshop's stock is limited to the last hundred years. Exposed to never-seen-before books each day, I am constantly humbled by understanding the limits of my knowledge of the book world, even after fifty years. Every day can be an education, *if you're paying attention*.

Each bookstore experience generated hundreds of store-ies. I've written around 150 about that interesting life in a bookshop.

"Bookshop Days" is the name of the series, true anecdotes which I call "bookstore-ies." Some are

humorous, others are touching, or outrageous: a desperate, third-generation owner wants to sell what he insists is a valuable signed first edition of U. S. Grant's memoirs - though Grant died before publication; a woman finds the first known photograph of her firefighter grandfather; a woman selling her deceased alcoholic father's books can't quite part with the AA title that transformed the family's life; a mystery fan paces in front of a display case, nervous about spending a thousand dollars for a first edition of Sue Grafton's first mystery.

Since the late eighties I've also been working on an annotated bibliography of the literature of American bookselling. Histories, memoirs, travel guides, how-tos, and even fictional representations of bookstores, bookselling, and booksellers. Several hundred books have focused on our privileged profession.

It's the only category I seriously collect, though I read widely.

Bookstores used to have the book market of their community to themselves, competing only with other locally-owned shops in town.

But by the 1990s, regional and national chains cut into local stores' business, closing many. I was the general manager of Nickleby's Bookstore Café in Columbus just after *Publishers Weekly* had named it the best bookstore in America in 1994. No chains had come to town. Two years later Barnes & Noble and Borders had opportunistically settled in. Ultimately Nickleby's - a Columbus institution - couldn't compete. "You've Got Mail" hit home to a lot of booksellers.

There have been many changes in the book business in fifty years. None more helpful - and more damaging - than the computer and online selling.

By the late nineties, electronic technology came to even small bookstores, and online selling began in earnest. The market shifted, again. Books new and used could be purchased online, often cheaper than the local store had them. It meant also that we *all* could participate in that lucrative online market, selling books around the world, even as walk-in traffic began to decline.

Amazon was spawned; more bookstores went under.

E-readers were invented; book sales declined further.

After nearly two centuries of stability and growth, the future of locally owned bookstores is in doubt. There are no locally owned general bookshops left in Columbus. The area had about ten used bookshops when we moved to town in 1991. Now there are just two of us left, both owned by seniors. Young people tell us that it's easier to sell online.

I think retiring in a couple of years or so might be the right time to get out. I've got lots of memories and notes to turn into more store-ies.

I've done my fifty, paid my dues, shared my joy and my love of books.

I didn't go into the ministry and preach the Good Book. But I've had a wonderful life distributing good books.

When my customers come in these days and ask how I'm doing, I happily reply, "After fifty years, I'm *still getting paid* to hang out in a bookstore!"

MOVING TYPES

is dedicated to R. Reid and Grace H. Vance. Written by Miriam Kahn and illustrated by Oriana G. G. Hirschberg, this sixty page book of historical vignettes commemorates individuals in Ohio's printing industries who made significant contributions to printing in their communities. ¶ Before her passing in 2008, Grace endowed The Ohio State University Libraries' R. Reid and Grace H. Vance Logan Elm Press Education Fund, which fosters collaborative research, creative exploration and the enhancement of knowledge through the arts of the book. ¶ The Logan Elm Press regularly invites designers, writers and artists to engage with students, faculty and members of the community in hands-on, interdisciplinary teaching and learning. ¶ In keeping with the Vances' passion for printing and the graphic arts, the annual support provided by this fund helps to preserve and advance the age-old technology of "thebook." ¶ Four hundred copies of *Moving Types* were hand printed from photopolymer relief plates on Somerset Book Wove mouldmade paper using a Vandercook rotary platen letterpress and were handsewn into Zerkall German Ingres paper at the OSU Libraries' Logan Elm Press, winter 2014 ♡

To get a copy of this beautifully printed hand bound limited edition book, please send your contribution of \$100 or more to the R. Reid and Grace H. Vance Logan Elm Press Education Fund (No. 607452) to: The Ohio State University Libraries, 1165 Kinnear Road, Columbus, OH 43212 or contact: Gay Jackson, OSU Libraries' Director of Development, jackson.676@osu.edu • (614) 688-4313.



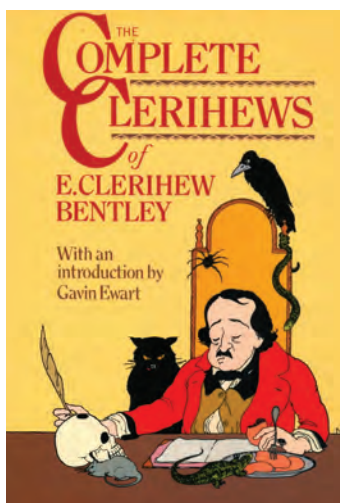
And the Winner Is...

by Donald Tunnicliff Rice

In the August issue of *Aldus Society Notes*, I announced the Aldus Society Clerihew Contest. Clerihews, in case you don't know, are a form of poetry invented by E. C. Bentley, the mystery writer. He wrote the very first in 1890 when he was just a boy of 16:

Sir Humphrey Davy
Abominated gravy.
He lived in the odium
Of having discovered sodium.

I challenged Aldines to follow this form and submit their own clerihews (a term derived from Bentley's middle name). The winning entry would receive a copy of the Oxford UP edition of *The Complete Clerihews of E. Clerihew Bentley*.



I submitted the thirty-eight entries to Steve Abbott, who had graciously agreed to act as judge. Steve, as some of you will know, is Professor Emeritus at Columbus State Community College, a locally renowned poet,

and the editor of three poetry anthologies. He received the entries in proper contest style, identified only by numbers, in the order I received them. After applying his practiced judgment and by holding submissions to the strictest of standards, he declared that number 4 "meets all the criteria for a clerihew: biographical, whimsical, and creative in its take on the (famous) person. It pokes a little fun and offers a smile as well."

The creator of that clerihew is Eric Jul, and here is his winning creation:

Pablo Diego Jose Francsico de Paula Juan
Nepomuceno Maria de los Remedios Cipriano del la
Santisima Trinidad Martyr Patricio Clito Ruiz y Picasso
Had one heck of a name, mucho mas-o!
All of this, yet he used but a fraction,
Thus beginning a life of abstraction!

I can't imagine anyone's disagreeing with our judge's

decision. And as a special treat, Steve tossed in this lagniappe, which he offered as a formal statement on Clerihew Number 4:

The writer, whose name is Anonymous,
Chose a subject whose works are eponymous
With fractured planes and curious perspectives
And behaviors drawing feminist invective.

I'd asked Steve if he would select two more for honorable mention. Instead he named three: numbers 10, 9, and 11, the reason being that he felt 9 and 11 were in a dead heat. It didn't matter much because all three were submitted by Ann Alaia Woods:

What escaped the wise Aldus Manutius
Was that his fame would spawn a group of us
By friendship, good will and fine books moonstruck-
(Not to mention the glow of a 4-Buck Chuck).

If it weren't for Aldus Manutius
We would nearly all of us be brut-eous
'Twas from his skill and sympatico
We now all read the dictionario.

Aldus Manutius and Francisco Griffo
Lived lives notorious but all too brief, oh,
But still we sing their wondrous legacy
Each time we gather the Aldus Society.

As a general comment on the submissions, Steve wrote: "I enjoyed all of the pieces, partly because I'm familiar with some of those named. It's clear that the clerihews provided (and will provide) amusement for the Aldus Society's members, inasmuch as the 'famous' people are members of the group."

As promised, here are all the submissions. I've arranged them in alphabetical order by poets. Look them over carefully. You might find yourself mentioned in one or two. I personally was delighted to find myself the subject of a poem (that was not a naughty limerick). You can hardly fail to note that Ann and Alan Woods were afflicted with clerihewitis. This is not uncommon. Beware.

I'd like to thank everyone who entered and I offer a special thanks to those who, like Steve Abbot, have the stamina to read them all.

Debra Jul

Debra's Member Directory
has broken her reverie
It's missing the members
who've joined since September

Rebecca Rolfe
Died of fever and cough
She was famous for rescuing John Smith
Though the Pocohontas story was later proved myth

Helen Liebman

Ray Charles
Hated quarrels.
He succeeded in reaching his goal:
To be known as The Genius of Soul.

Ted Cruz
Makes news.
He does it not by chanting
But only through his ranting.

Marilyn Logue

Henry David Thoreau
Preferred not to put on a show.
He was extremely fond
Of his little cabin on Walden Pond.

Laura Masonbrink

Laura Elizabeth Masonbrink
Scrubbed everything but the kitchen sink.
But where do guests always go?
The room with food, wouldn't you know.

Alan Woods

Christine Hayes Ramona Moon
Her art car makes strong folks swoon
But at Aldus her scrumptious cookies
Turn everyone into ravenous rookies

Laralyn Sasaki Dearing
Ran auctions without fearing
But mounds of books galore
Sent her screaming out the door

Helen Liebman
Has no need for yuan
As Logan Elm's general factotum
She only needs to quote 'em.

Jay and Genie Hoster
Never went near Gloucester
Books are their passion, not lobster
They need a shelf, not a defroster

The Campbells, Harry and Nancy
Live simply, nothing fancy
Their library's fame is quite deserved
All their books are well preserved

Mr. Emerson ("le suave") Gilbert
Could well have been the dashing flirt,
But being of a serious turn,
Statehouse news his passions earned.

Book collector Marcia Preston
Finds small presses to invest in,
Fine bound editions, treasures pure,
Yet it's she that's the treasure, sure.

Our dear Marcia Preston
Her laurels won't rest on-
There's a mission with each fine-print edition-
Keeping hands in the book-making tradition.

Printer Tauber, whom we know as Bob
Brought class to OSU in his job
His livres d'artists of design rare and wry
'Tis no surprise demand outpaced supply

Our members Alan and Ann Alaia Woods
Collect rare pop-ups and invent vegan foods
The first delight both hearts and eyes
The second elicit blissful sighs

Smart and savvy Helen Liebman
Any binding at all indeed can
Sew up faster than a flash
And do it, too, with great panache.

George Cowmeadow Bauman
Isn't some ordinary ploughman
He grows great readers in his store
planting literary gems galore

Helen Liebman
Grows books, doesn't seed 'em
As Logan Elm's general factotum
She only needs to quote 'em.

Marilyn Logue
Never goes rogue
She keeps us all steady
When books make us heady

The Hoffmans, Tina and Ed
Fill book burners with dread
They never find books that they fear
Bibliolophy is their chosen sphere

Marcia Preston
Doesn't get much restin'
She's too busy collecting books
To recline decoratively in nooks

Ann Alaia Woods

Geoffrey Smith,
Man of kin and kith-
Never let a rare book go by
That didn't catch his watchful eye.

Ron Ravneberg
Knew little of explorer Byrd,
But of Captain Cook he knew
More than any of us do.

To Ed Hoffman
We take our hats off, man,
He's smart and swave, and knows his books
- even has a modicum of looks.

George Cowmeadow Bauman
Is the consummate show man.
A 4-buck Chuck, he's made us sure,
Is actually a fine liquor.

Grazyna Grauer
Makes of Life an open flower
A sentiment that's truly wise-
Unless the bee's between your eyes.

Warm-hearted Wes Boomgaarden
Was not one to dishearten,
But he's done just that
By leaving us flat.

Helen Liebman
May be a fair liebchen,
But she is no whimper
When the binding is limp.

Bob "the boss" Tauber
Lets Max cook the auber-
gene, but when it's kozo
He's the know-so.

Donald Tunnichiff Rice
Rarely ponders a riff twice,
Rather, to avoid the blues
He composes clerihews.

Gentleman Paul Watkins
Bears some likeness to bodkins:
He's long, thin, and cool - but with grit,
A stiletto, his wit.

Those who know Clara Ireland
Know well that she's no firebrand,
Yet who's to say what guile
Lies behind that cheeky smile?

Do you suppose Kassie Rose
Really, really, knows
She has read more novels than
There are afghans in Afghanistan?

The 2015 Rare Book and Manuscript Tour Philadelphia June 3-7, 2015

In June, 2015 the Fellowship of American Bibliophilic Societies (FABS) book collectors from across the country - will come to Philadelphia for their annual four-day Study Tour. Hotel reservations are available at Hilton Doubletree Hotel in Philadelphia Read the about the event online here: www.abaa.org/events/details/fabs-book-tour-and-symposium or here: <http://fabsclubnews.blogspot.com/2014/09/fabs-study-tour-in-philadelphia-june-37.html> .

Aldus Silent Auction and Dinner: December 11, 2014



The auction featured prints, books, and ephemera to delight Aldus Bibliophiles. All the items, after some active bidding, went home with happy members.

The dinner, scrumptious as always, was punctuated with an award and numerous speeches. Lois Smith presented the **2014 Carol Logue Biblio-Fellowship Award** to Marilyn Logue to great applause. Harry Campbell and Marcia Preston praised Bob Tauber, printer extraordinary, for his many years of service to Aldus and his decades of devotion to Logan Elm Press. Best wishes to Bob on his retirement and move to Florida with his lovely wife Amber. We'll miss you.

2014 Carol Logue Biblio-Fellowship Award - See pictures of the presentation on page 2 of this newsletter

The definition of Biblio-Fellowship means a transformation of the love of books and reading from a solitary pleasure to even greater enjoyment because it is shared with others. Several years ago, an award was conceived and named after Carol Logue, an early board member who was lively and spirited in her love of sharing books and book talk. Previous winners of the award are Marcia Preston, Paul Watkins, Laralyn Sasaki, and Christine Hayes. There are so many deserving members it is hard for the Board to choose just one.

This year's award winner is a retired librarian and scholar. She served two terms on the Board of Trustees as Program Chair and developed a democratic system of choosing speakers involving everyone who was interested in being part of the process. She also organized many picnics, field trips, and other Aldus events.

She has published numerous articles and continues to write for the newsletter. Ed noted on the listserv that she was cited as an expert in early Ohio Libraries to promote the sale of a lot in a rare stamp auction. She received the praise with her usual humility.

Bobby Rosentock, our November speaker from JustAJar Design Press in Marietta, had this to say about her: "She was very kind to Sara & me throughout the process of having us come up to speak at Aldus. She clearly has a great appreciation for the rich history and charm of her hometown of Marietta and seems very deserving of this award." There must be something special about the surname Logue, because this year's winner of the Logue Award is...Marilyn Logue!

Harry Campbell's Remarks Re: Bob Tauber

I've had four close friends in my life who could legitimately be called "slaves to their passions." And, I'm not saying that like it's a bad thing! I'm not sure why I've been drawn to these people, but they do attract faithful followers.

Bob Tauber is one of these four, and he has many followers who all know him to be a unique and unusual person.

When the OSU Libraries was considering reviving the Logan Elm Press as part of a new Book Arts laboratory within the Preservation Department, Joe Branin and Wes Boomgaarden asked me if I thought Bob would be a good fit with the Libraries. Although Bob had been successful in the past in fitting himself and his program into unlikely places within the University, there was some question about whether he would be able to work within the confining structure and culture of the Libraries. My affirmative answer to this question came out of somewhere between guarded optimism and great enthusiasm. Now as Bob prepares to retire, I think the fact that the Library is making plans to hire an interim Book Arts specialist to continue the program says a lot about Bob's success in creating something which the Libraries finds valuable, meaningful in the digital age, and perhaps even enviable within the research library community.

Recently, Bob was invited back to UTEP to present the keynote lecture for the 2014 presentation of the Hertzog Award for Excellence in Book Design, an award which he himself won in 2012 for *Such Sensations*. In his lecture Bob refers to an image of one of Michelangelo's famous unfinished slaves - a series of marble sculptures of human beings sort of "developing" out of the marble, often with large areas of the bodies still hidden in the un-carved stone, unable to escape totally - thus, they have always been referred to as "unfinished slaves." The particular image Bob used was that which is known as *The Atlas*, in which the body seems to be, as Bob put it, "trying to shape himself out of the very stuff from which he is made, straining and pushing his own head out of the stone..." To Bob, this is the "most sublime image of the artist." He says, "It is the self...trying to articulate itself out of the very same stuff from which it is made, out of what we find in the world and in ourselves as well." To me, this is good reflection of Bob's approach to his art and the craft traditions of the book arts. He is constantly re-evaluating, re-inventing and re-creating himself and his craft in response to what he finds in the world, in other artists he collaborates with, and from within himself.

This is perhaps what draws faithful followers. This is what people learn from him - how to be creative, how to reshape, readjust and rethink oneself while struggling with the artistic process of self-translation.

Please join me in a toast: To Bob, the "unfinished slave to his passion," here's marble dust in your eye!

In honor of Bob Tauber's Retirement by Marcia Preston

I have known Bob for 25 years, and it's been a wonderful friendship, at least for me. We met at the time "Letter of Columbus" had just been made. I had been shown a copy and through it was the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. I was amazed at all the handwork that had gone into it. All the illustrations were original art, the title was written by hand in large Roman caps,



and special papers were made. I couldn't forget the book, and after much deliberation, (I didn't know books could cost so much), I decided I must have the book.

I went to campus to find the Logan Elm Press and buy my copy. I found the Press in a shack, a little run-down condemned building. It was amazing that such a beautiful book could be made in such poor working conditions. I was shown five copies of the book and made my choice. They were all different as the artist's colors varied from book to book.

The Press soon moved to a location on Kinnear Road <http://library.osu.edu/about/departments/preservation/book-arts-division/logan-elm-press/>. When I visited, I asked Bob if there was something I could do to help out, and he

thought there was, and I began about three years of volunteer work. It was a wonderful experience and I felt that I was having a small part in making the books. I think we had the most fun making "Chestnut Ridge." Bob gathered volunteers together and taught us to make the binding and do the sewing.

When Bob returned to the newly re-established Press he was able to finish a book he had started ten years before, "Such Sensations." I can't say that Bob's books got better and better as he went along since each book has always been of the highest quality. Each one is different and designed to express the text. There is no Logan Elm style.

Bob has always received accolades for his books when they have been reviewed in such publications as "Fine Print," "Bookways" and "Parenthesis." It is so appropriate for him to win the prestigious Hertzog Award for Book Design http://libraryweb.utep.edu/special/hertzog_past.php in 2011 for "Such Sensation," a fitting climax to an extraordinary career.

Exhibits Around Ohio

December 4, 2014 through March 15 2015 - Canton Museum of Art features Ferdinand Brader <http://www.braderexhibit.com/>

This exhibit features 19th century drawings of farms and homes in northeast Ohio and western Pennsylvania. Forty-three drawings cover the walls of three galleries at the Canton Museum of Art. In addition to local publicity, *The New York Times* published an article on November 27, 2014 by Eva Kahn, "Ohio Exhibitions Highlight Ferdinand Brader." Article highlights include: Brader left Switzerland at around the age of 40, after a career of carving wooden molds for baked goods and textile-printing equipment; his drawings used inexpensive paper sheets up to nearly five feet long; and he was paid for his work with room and board. A second article about the exhibit is in *AntiqueWeek* (Nov 3, 2014). The exhibit catalog *The Legacy of Ferdinand A. Brader* contains essays about the artist, his art, and images of his sketches.

December 13, 2014 through March 15, 2015 - OSU Billy Ireland Cartoon Library: "King of the Comics: William Randolph Hearst and 100 Years of King Features" <http://cartoons.osu.edu/events/king-of-the-comics-william-randolph-hearst-and-100-years-of-king-features-syndicate/>

Earlier in 2014 Jared Gardner, recent speaker for the Aldus Society, co-curated two new exhibits "The Long March: Civil Rights in Cartoons and Comics," curated by Jenny Robb and Jared Gardner and "Will Eisner: 75 Years of Graphic Storytelling," curated by Caitlin McGurk and Jared Gardner.

December 6th, in the Rare Books Reading Room, Room 105 Thompson Library, Geoff Smith and Eric Johnson hosted the only First Saturday of the season. They showed their outstanding collection of Cervantes materials including the 1605 first edition of *Don Quixote*. The session was led by Dr. John M. Bennett, Ph.D. in Spanish Literature from UCLA. John brought his vast knowledge of Spanish to the session, but, more specifically, his hands-on experience with the Rare Books Cervantes Collection, which he administered for many years as a member of the Rare Books and Manuscripts Library. The exhibit is described in more detail here <http://library.osu.edu/blogs/rarebooks/2014/09/29/467-years-old-and-still-kicking-cervantes-at-ohio-state/>. If you want to know more about the Cervantes collection, here's the link to the finding aid <http://library.osu.edu/finding-aids/rarebooks/cervantes.php>