



# *Aldus Society Notes*

January 2017

Volume 17, No. 1

## Aldines and Their Books

Motorcycles to Quilts. And a few things in between. That's what our popular "Aldus Collects" program will feature for our January 2017 program.

Six Aldines have stepped forward to talk briefly about the books important to them: Erik Jul, Miriam Kahn, Bill Rich, Margo Thacker, Sam West, and Alan Wood. Once again, George Cowmeadow Bauman will MC.

What a diverse lineup!

- Erik Jul will talk about "James Lackington's Temple of the Muses". Who's James Lackington? Think about an 18th-century guy who did what Ed, Bill, Paul, and I have done most of our careers.
- Miriam's talk is titled in a self-explanatory way, "Biographies of Reference Tools".
- Bill Rich once again digs deep into the richness of his library and will feature, "Collecting First American Editions of the Bronte Sisters".
- Margo Thatcher brings her love of quilting to us with, "Uncommon Inspirations—New Sources for Quilt Designs".
- Sam West rides in to talk about his collection of books on motorcycles.
- Alan Woods will discuss "Strutting on the Page: Theatrical Auto/Biographies".

If you haven't spoken recently, next September we'll be putting together the January '18 program and will be looking for "volunteers"!

Social time begins at 7, with the program slated for 7:30.

## Thursday, February 9, 2017: Neumes to Notes...The History of Written Music Presented by Graeme Boone, Professor of Musicology at the Ohio State University

Centuries before the staff, sharp and G clef, civilizations attempted to preserve, share and pass on their music in various forms. In fact, the earliest form of musical notation can be found in a cuneiform tablet that was created in today's Iraq in about 2000 BCE.

He will take us on a distant journey back to the history and evolution of the signs, symbols, and characters that lead to modern music notation. Boone's research reveals "musical notation considered itself as a form of script, evolving as the functions and implementation of handwriting evolves."



Graeme Boone

Graeme Boone, Professor of Musicology at OSU, is a nationally known researcher, lecturer, and educator on Renaissance and American music. Boone was educated at the University of California, Berkeley; the national Superior Conservatory of Music, Paris, where he received the Premier Prix histoire de la musique, and received his MA and PhD at Harvard University. Prior to coming to OSU in 1997, he taught at Haverford College and Harvard.

*CONTINUED on Page 3*

## **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. Meetings 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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Newsletter deadlines are  
August 1st, December 1st,  
and April 1st.

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## President's Words

Dear Friends,

Erik and I truly kept the holidays in our hearts this year. We did not decorate because all our festivities were away from home. Instead we took advantage of everyone else's decorative efforts and were perhaps more appreciative of the way the fresh greens and shiny things contribute to the overall awareness of the season and the ways we choose to express gratitude and joy.

You were all examples of that physical expression of joy. Your joy in donating time and items to the auction this year, sharing your time at the dinner and taking home treasures reminded us again how many enthusiastic members The Aldus Society has and how much that contributes to our continued success as a literary programming source in the central Ohio area.

While it's hard to choose just one recipient each year for the Carol Logue Award, I was honored to be able to present it to Tony Clark this year for his long and continued dedication to the group. I don't think he's ever turned down any Aldus plea for help with activities or programming.

I'd also like to thank Craig Johnson for his service on the Aldus Board of Trustees! Craig was a much-appreciated sounding board for our discussions. He gave up his seat this fall. The Board has voted for Janet Ravneberg to fill an open seat on the Board and she will begin her service in January. We will need to elect two new Board members at our annual meeting in May. If you are interested in serving, please contact me or Amy Bostic, Chair of the Nominating Committee.

Keep warm and enjoy reading all those books you took home from the auction,

*Debra*

## From the Editor

In this first issue of 2017, the newsletter is bursting at the seams, bursting with contributions short and long, from nine contributors. That's right, nine Aldines contributed ten articles about the world of books. That's not counting the shorter book tours, field trips, and other book related treats.

First time contributors include Sam West with some marvelous poetry, Scott Williams with a piece about Venice, and Marcia Evans, who tells us about a summer book tour of Spain. Veteran contributor, Lois Smith, reviews the Pizzuti collection in the Short North.

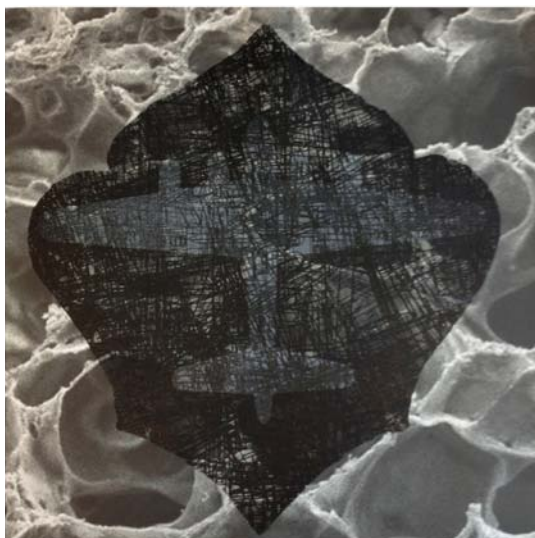
Longer articles will enlighten and entertain. Learn about the "Perfect Red" from Cathy Bennett and Argentinean poets from John Bennett. Travel the highlands and bookstores of Scotland with George Cowmeadow Bauman and explore the mysteries of the *Nuremberg Chronicle* with Matthew Schweitzer. Roger Jerome became Charles Willson Peale for a day for a forthcoming interactive video. He regales us with the challenge of acting in front of a green screen while delving into the life of this most prolific artist and his artistic family. Jay Hoster mines his Thurber collection and discovers a little mystery within. George Cowmeadow Bauman contributed a second piece about Jack Matthews and his books, while Bill Rich challenges readers to recite and enjoy poetry.

Thanks, as always, to Don Rice for his amazing copyediting, and to all of you for contributing.

There's something for everyone within these pages. Consider contributing a piece for the May issue. Articles are due April 1.

*Miriam*

## March 2017—Ravneberg Lecture: OSU Professor Sergio Soave to Speak on Printmaking



Gouge, Mixed media (relief, etching,  
and digital print) 20x20

Born in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, Sergio Soave received his BFA from the University of Windsor (1984) and his MFA from West Virginia University (1987). Soave joined the faculty at WVU in 1988 and served as department chair from 1997-2005. In August 2005, he became department chair at The Ohio State University.

The inclusion of prints in books has been an integral part of publishing for centuries, yet few people are intimately familiar with the many processes: intaglio, relief, planographic, and so on, used to produce them. OSU Professor Sergio Soave will give us an overview of the various techniques, their preparation, and execution.

Sergio Soave currently serves as an Associate Executive Dean and a Professor of Art in the College of Arts and Sciences at The Ohio State University.

An internationally recognized artist in the field of printmaking, Soave's creative practice incorporates various technologies into hybrid modes of production. His works have been included in over 200 regional, national, and international exhibitions. Residencies include Nanjing College of Fine Art, Beijing Academy of Fine Art, Universidad de Guanajuato, Frans Masereel Studio in Belgium, University of Georgia's Cortona Program, Artists Image Resource in Pittsburgh, PA, and Peacock Printmaker's Workshop in Aberdeen, Scotland. His work is represented in E.C. Cunningham's book, *Printmaking: A Primary Form of Expression*.



Sergio Soave

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## April 13, 2017: Photographic Books and the Bookseller—Presented by Andrew Cahan



Andrew Cahan

Andrew Cahan is widely acknowledged as among the premier booksellers of photographic books. Andrew received his B.A. and M.A. degrees from the Department of Photography and Cinema at The Ohio State University with an emphasis on photographic book production. While at Ohio State, Andrew created photogravures for 2 books from the Logan Elm Press, *To Goody w/Luv* (1980) and *Porphyro in Akron* (1980). After practicing the art and technique of photography, Andrew settled into the world of bookselling where he has been a photographic book specialist for the past 40 years. With his knowledge and experience, he purveys books on all aspects of photography: aesthetic, historical, cultural, and technical. He himself has printed over 100 bookseller catalogs.

Mr. Cahan will speak on the challenges of a photographic bookseller particularly the specialist trade and the art book market. In addition, he will relate his role in collection development work for universities, the importance of book fairs, the opportunities for the modest collector, and the future of book collecting.

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### ***HISTORY OF WRITTEN MUSIC, Continued from Page 1***

Boone's research focuses on Renaissance and American popular music. He wrote his dissertation on the songs of Guillaume Dufay (c. 1400-1474) and has written articles and a monograph (*Patterns in Play*, 1999) on related subjects involving paleography, musical analysis, and the relationship between poetry and song in the fifteenth century. He co-edited a book of essays in the analysis of rock music (*Understanding Rock*, 1997) and a book of writings in jazz history (in preparation). As a professor, he teaches courses in the subjects named above, and in other areas of classical, popular, and non-Western music. As a performer, he specializes in guitar, banjo, and other instruments of American folk tradition.



# May 11, 2017: Buying and Selling With Sotheby's: A Behind the Scenes Look—Presented by Selby Kiffer, International Senior Specialist, Books & Manuscripts Department at Sotheby's



Selby Kiffer

Looking to sell or purchase a hard-to-find treasure? It may not be as difficult as one would think. Selby Kiffer travels the world for Sotheby's sleuthing out the finest of manuscripts, books, and printed collections to bring to his internationally renowned auction house in NYC. This sought-after lecturer, guest on the PBS television series *Antiques Roadshow*, and a principal in three documentaries on C-SPAN2's Book TV, will give Aldus members and guests an inside look at how one becomes part of the Sotheby's art auction family.

Kiffer joined Sotheby's in 1984 as a part-time cataloguer. He has been involved in the sale of many of the most

celebrated private libraries offered at auction over the last few decades. Kiffer played a role in the discovery (or rediscovery) of several bibliographical treasures including:

- a previously unrecorded copy of the Dunlap broadside of the Declaration of Independence;
- a lost fragment of the autographed manuscript of Abraham Lincoln's 1858 "House Divided" speech;
- the first half of the autographed manuscript of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*; and, most recently,
- four early notebooks of Walt Whitman that had been missing from the Library of Congress for more than 50 years.

Kiffer frequently veers away from his usual duties. He wrote the catalogue for the sale of the Tyrannosaurus rex specimen "Sue," which realized \$8.4 million when it was sold to Chicago's Field Museum in October 1997. He also wrote the auction catalogue for The O'Fallon Collection of American Indian Portraits by George Catlin, sold in December 2004 for \$17.4 million.

## Exhibits and Programs

The new exhibit "From Author to Reader: Charvat at 50" opened September 14, 2016 in the main gallery of OSU's Thompson Library and runs until January 22, 2017, so you've got plenty of time to see it. I hope many of you find the occasion to make it in for a visit! Included below is a description of the exhibition. —Eric Johnson

"2016 marks the 50th anniversary of the William Charvat Collection of American Literature, one of the nation's strongest assemblages of fiction written by American authors between the late-18th century and today. Named in honor of a former OSU Distinguished Professor of English, Charvat pioneered an inclusive approach toward literary studies that values equally both famous and less familiar works and stresses the ways in which the activities of authors, publishers, booksellers, and readers combine collectively to help shape what we call "literature." The Charvat Collection includes a wealth of books and archival materials extending across the broad spectrum of American literary production.

'From Author to Reader: Charvat at 50' explores the relationships between the people and processes behind the creation, production, dissemination, consumption, and reinterpretation of American literature. To help illuminate these connections, the exhibition features selections from the Charvat Collection's holdings that focus on the different stages in the life cycle of a book. Authorial manuscripts and business correspondence demonstrate how writers, agents, and publishers worked together to turn disembodied inspiration into physical books to be produced, sold, and read. Fan letters, critical reviews, and editorial comments reveal the ways in which consumer opinion helped inform the content of books. And alternative editions and creative re-workings of texts into innovative and varied forms show how new authors can give old books fresh lives in reinterpreted and repackaged shapes to reach new audiences."

# BOOK HUNTING NOTES 33

## First and Early Printings of Favorite Poetry

by Bill Rich

Well, dear folks, here it is the holiday season, and your book hunter is feeling lazy. So, how about verses of favorite poetry, most of which I have happened to acquire in first and early editions? We'll let the great poets supply most of the text here. There is only English poetry, although two are translations. And I will give the verses first, and then briefly discuss their origin. Anyone so inclined can play a little game of "authors"?

To begin, try these mighty lines:

*[...] Here at least  
we shall be free; the Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
to reign is worth ambition though in Hell:  
**Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.***

This is from Milton's "Paradise Lost", first published in 1667. Here, Lucifer addresses and rallies the fallen angels, recently tossed into Hell. In "Paradise Lost", the Devil gets all the great lines. I have never aspired to the true English first, but I did manage to find something approaching the first American, the first separate publication of the poem in 1787, preceded only by the publication of Milton's works by the same publisher the year before (fig. 1). This was found, disregarded, in a Columbus bookshop many years ago, still in its original calf binding.

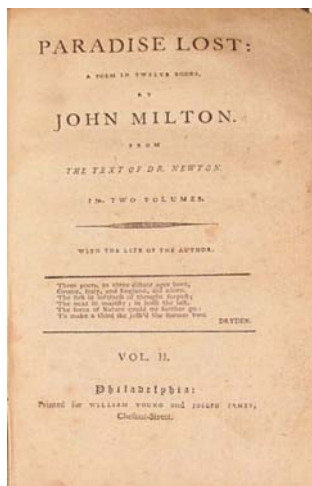


Fig. 1: Paradise Lost. 1st. American

Skipping down a century or so, we have:

*"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*

This is "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard", first published by Thomas Gray in 1751. The best I have done here is an 18th century edition of Gray's "Collected Works", containing the famous "Elegy" (fig.2).

Progressing to my favorite lyrical poet, I quote:

*A THING of beauty is a joy forever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.*

This poet is a favorite, so I include another sample:

*Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.*

Ok, both are John Keats. The first is the opening of "Endymion", published in 1818. This is the only Keats I have managed in first edition (fig.3). It has been rebound in a glorious late 19th morocco binding, gilt, by Zaehnsdorf—not uncommon treatment for the Keats first editions that survive (fig.4). The second is the ending of the ode "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer". The glory of discovery

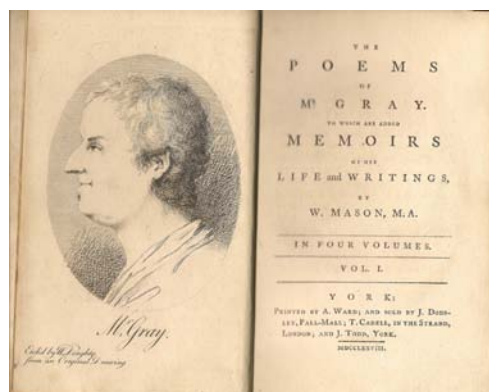


Fig. 2: Poems of Mr. Gray. 18th Cent. Ed.

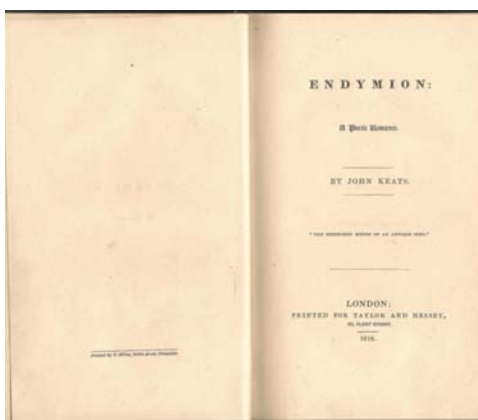


Fig. 3: Keats's "Endymion" 1st Ed.

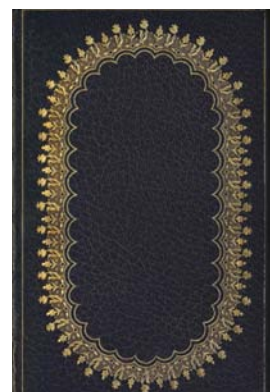


Fig. 4: Keats's "Endymion" Zaehnsdorf Binding

embodied in these lines has served as an oriflamme for generations of explorers, scholars, and scientific researchers.

From the next romantic poet we give two pieces:

First:

*She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.*

And, second:

*The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee*

These are both from “Hebrew Melodies”, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, published in 1815. The first verses were inspired by Byron seeing his beautiful young cousin, Lady Wilmot Horton, at a party in 1814. Newly widowed, she was wearing a spangled black dress. Byron finished the lines the next morning. This is being smitten with vengeance.

The second verses are from the same collection. The versification and meter have always wowed me. They are entitled “The Destruction of Sennacherib” from a biblical theme, as are most of “Hebrew Melodies”. This I do have in first edition, but bound in ordinary buckram—no fancy morocco here, I regret.

Coming to later in the 19th century, we have:

*Come, my friends,  
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield*

This is the ending of “Ulysses”, by Alfred Tennyson. It first appeared in his collected “Poems” of 1842 (Fig.5). Here, the theme is when the aging Ulysses, bored by life back home in Ithaca, gathers his old crew, and sets off West for new adventure. It has been called the apotheosis of the ideal of Western Civilization. Written when Tennyson was a young man, it still says something to us old ones, I think.

And finally, two translations. First:

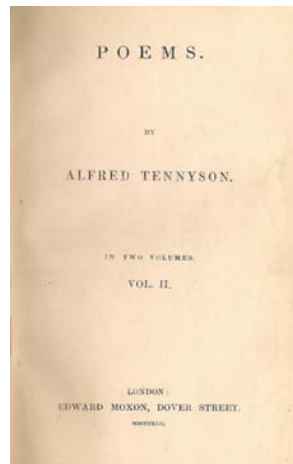


Fig. 5: Tennyson's 1842 Poems. 1st Printing of “Ulysses”

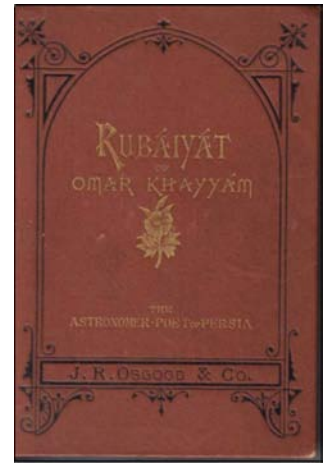


Fig. 6: Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. 1st Regular American Ed.

*And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,  
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour-well,  
I often wonder what the Vintners buy  
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.*

Yes, this is Edmund Fitzgerald's translation of old Omar Khayyam. I have no idea of how the old Persian sounded, but this creative translation is of course great English poetry, first published in 1859; a much longer version in 1872, the famous 2nd edition. The first was little-regarded at the time and is the “Black Tulip” of English book-collecting. I did manage to find what is regarded as the first American edition, taken from the second English, and published in 1878; I have a copy in the original decorated cloth (fig. 6). Alas, it is not quite the 1st American, I found out recently—there was a version printed by Omar Khayyam enthusiasts here in Ohio. Also an extremely limited printing, but The Ohio State University has a copy. The last two lines of the verses quoted rather resonate with this wine drinker. A friend with a little bar in his man-cave has these lines printed and framed above it.

And lastly:

*On this black earth, say some, the thing  
most lovely  
Is a host of horsemen, or some, foot soldiers,  
Others say of ships but I – whatsoever  
Anyone loveth*

Now, no one can have the first edition of this one—born with silver spoon in mouth, heir to zillions, or whatever. This is a poet who flourished at least 2,700 years ago, and whose works have survived only in some small quotes in extant classical literature, and from occasional finds from trash heaps around Hellenistic and Roman towns in Egypt. Yes, this is Sappho of Lesbos—in C.M. Bowra's translation of these lines, which I like best.

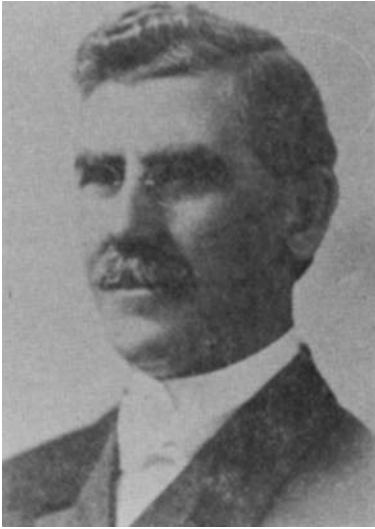


# The Get-Ready Man, *Cupid in Hell*, and other Thurber Predicaments

by Jay Hoster

*Having more than one collecting interest can produce some fascinating intersecting lines.*

James Thurber—full name James Grover Thurber—was named for the Rev. James Grover, a Methodist minister



The minister that Thurber was *not* named for

who was a friend of his grandfather William Fisher and the first city librarian in Columbus Metropolitan Library. The parlor in the Fisher house had a large portrait of the minister on the wall.

In *The Thurber Album*, Thurber comments, “I often thank our Heavenly Father that it was the Reverend James Grover, and not another friend of the family, the Reverend Noah Good, to whom the Fishers were so deeply devoted.”

While that

sounds like an example of Thurber’s whimsy, it turns out that The Reverend Noah Good was indeed a real person. He has a place in the history of Riverside Methodist Hospitals (J. Virgil Early, *Creating a Vision*, 1991) as the superintendent of a predecessor institution.

In *My Life and Hard Times*, Thurber tells the story of a production of *King Lear* at the Colonial Theatre in which Edgar’s “Tom’s a-cold” speech (Act 3, Scene 3) is interrupted by the Get-Ready Man calling upon people to get ready for the end of the world. Thurber writes, “They found him, finally, and ejected him, still shouting. The Theatre, in our time, has known few such moments.”

The Get-Ready Man was not a Thurberesque creation. In her compilation of Columbus people and places entitled *You and Your Friends* (1906), Mary Robson McGill had an article with the headline “Get Ready for the End of the World.” McGill asked her readers, “Did that cry startle you? Columbus people are accustomed to it. For many years, that gentleman, Mr. Willard P. Walters, has been calling, ‘Get ready for the end of the world,’ but some way Columbus and the old world move along without making any special preparation for the interesting event he predicts.”

One item in my intriguing Thurber collection is a postcard of an early Ohio State game in which the final score was Ohio State 18, Case 0. According to my go-to resource for OSU football history, Marv Homan and Paul Hornung’s *Ohio State: 100 Years of Football*, the score places that game in the 1913 season. That was Thurber’s freshman year at Ohio



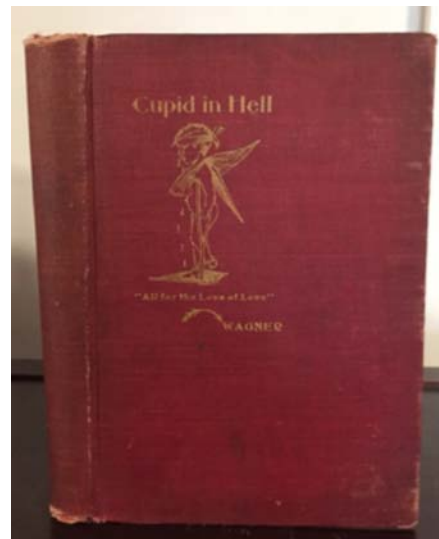
Ohio State plays Case at Ohio Field in 1913

State, and while it might be tempting to think that he would have been one of the people in the stands, he was more likely to have been in the library reading Henry James.

Among my Columbus collectibles with a Thurber connection is a well-read copy of a book written by Clara Eleanor Wagner, *Cupid in Hell*, published in December,

1910. The illustration on the front cover shows Cupid with his arm in a sling and shedding tears. The frontispiece portrait shows an elegantly dressed woman with a furious expression who looks a bit like Katherine Hepburn.

The book’s protagonist is named Frances Eleanor Vendahl, clearly intended



My copy of *Cupid in Hell*

to be the author’s alter ego. Vendahl is married to a man named Harrison, and in her description Wagner rhapsodizes about “how handsome he is.” The book is filled with verbiage worthy of a Harlequin Romance: “My sweetheart lifts me up and holds me out at arm’s length—how strong he is!—and says, ‘You bewildering and bewitching winner of hearts, what was I led by before I knew you?’” That quotation is used as the caption for an illustration depicting a well-dressed man gazing at the photographer.

This outpouring of early twentieth century purple prose wouldn’t be of interest apart from one thing: my copy of

*Cupid in Hell* has the inscription “Thurber’s father” with an arrow pointing to that photograph. I was able to confirm the identification by looking at known photographs of Charles L. Thurber.



Frontispiece of *Cupid in Hell*

The storyline of *Cupid in Hell* meanders from Columbus to the banks of the Rio Grande. An El Paso newspaper ran an article about the book that concluded with the comment, “The book promises to be a sensation, the promise being furnished by Mrs. Wagner, the author.”

There’s no question that *Cupid in Hell* was a sensation in the Thurber household, but the question remains: what in the world was Charlie Thurber doing in Clara Eleanor Wagner’s book?

The Columbus City Directory for 1910-11 lists Wagner and her husband Eugene living at the Norwich Hotel. The building, no longer a hotel, is still standing at the northeast corner of Fourth and State Streets. Eugene was a cashier at the Grove City Savings Bank. The 1910 census shows the Wagners as residents of Grove City, where they had a summer home. The 1920 census indicates that Eugene has become president of the bank.

From 1908 to 1910 Charlie Thurber was a clerk in the office of the state dairy and food commissioner and for the next two years held various short-term political jobs.

How did their paths cross? In *Cupid in Hell*, Wagner mentions a friend of the protagonist who was accused by her husband of “indiscretions.” The friend’s explanation was: “I went with a man to look at some real estate, and tried to get some friends of mine political positions, and those were my indiscretions.” In an age that valued respectability, indiscretions were serious stuff.

Perhaps Clara thought that Charlie was the person to talk to if you had a friend looking for a political position. That can only be a guess. I haven’t been able to discover anything about the circumstances of how Charlie came to be in her book. Nor is there any record of the reactions from Charlie’s wife Mame or his father-in-law, so we can only make conjectures; but because Mame was never shy about sharing her opinions and grandfather Fisher was immensely proud of his social standing, I think it’s safe to assume that there was nothing tepid in their responses.

It remains intriguing that in *The Thurber Album* Thurber included an account of Charlie in a predicament. It was one

with comic overtones, relating how his father managed to get himself trapped inside a rabbit pen “where he was imprisoned for three hours with six Belgian hares and thirteen guinea pigs. He had to squat through this ordeal, a posture he elected to endure after attempting to rise and bashing his derby against the chicken wire across the top of the pen.”

Perhaps this narrative adumbrates his father’s humiliating experience of being caught in the *Cupid in Hell* crisis, although that, too, can only be a guess. Anyone who knew what actually happened back in 1910 has

long since taken up residence at Green Lawn Cemetery. And Clara Eleanor Wagner died in 1944. The cause of death was listed as dementia.

To end on a cheerier note, I am proud to say that my family had a notable effect on James Thurber during his collegiate years. My family had a brewery prior to Prohibition, and in the early years of the twentieth century fraternities at Ohio State were known as Hoster Clubs.

Harrison Kinney enlisted me as a proofreader of the typescript of his definitive—and massive—biography of Thurber. In its published form *James Thurber: His Life and Times* comes to 1,238 pages including notes and index.

I was pleased that Harrison included a mock interview—Thurber interviewing Thurber—that Thurber wrote for the *Dispatch* on his experience of returning to Columbus as the co-author of *The Male Animal*. It is filled with nonsensical whimsy. Thurber explains, for example, that they tore down Tubby Essington (a famous drum major at Ohio State) to make room for the Statehouse. That causes a porter at Union Station to ask, “What I want to know, is what they made room for when they tore you down?” (Sadly prescient considering the fate of Union Station.)

Thurber concludes, “The old gentleman didn’t answer. He started off in a dazed kind of way, still talking to himself, in the general direction of Hoster’s Brewery.”



And then there’s this...





# Spain—A Feast!

by Marcia Evans

At the end of October 2016, Bill and I spent twelve magical days on the Manuscript Society tour of Madrid, Toledo, and Seville Spain. Since our son is currently living in Madrid, we spent a few extra days before and after with him seeing the sights, and experiencing Spain at a closer level. The tour included five star hotels and dining, and our time with Paul included small beers and tapas at street side cafes!

Our coordinator and guide was Alfred Lemon who is the Director of the Williams Research Center's Historic New Orleans collection. He brought his experience, contacts, and wonderful good taste to work with him when he planned this trip for the Manuscript Society. He brought his kindness and sense of humor as well as his hand chosen guides who led us around Spain. There were far too many experiences and far too many pictures to include, so I have selected just a few that have stuck with me and helped mold my world view.

On our first full day on the tour we visited the Naval



Map of Known World on Cowhide

Museum in Madrid. This gem of a museum sits not far from the Prado and City Hall. Here we visited the Library, which is set up to look much like the captain's quarters on a galleon. There were many historic documents stored there. One that was terrifically impressive was a map of the known world

including the new world and Cuba which was executed on a full ox hide in 1500 AD by Juan de la Cosa. This was a beautiful and well preserved document. It is highly decorated with scenes and symbols to represent the areas of the known world, such as wise men coming from the east.

Looking around in the Naval museum we saw not only many maps but also pottery, tools, navigation instruments, flags and many beautiful paintings of the time of Spain's dominance as a powerful nation with a large navy. They were the tech giants of the 14th and 15th century! And the paintings and tapestries were the news reels and Instagram of the day.

On our trip to Toledo we visited the Hospital Tavera,

a hospital from years ago that has now become a "hospital" for documents and books, the Archivo de la Nobleza. Here they are storing and restoring documents that have been in the hands of the many noble families in Spain for hundreds of years. Much of what is donated has never been explored in detail,

but contains information about much of the trade and political associations of the time as well as ephemera not typically found along with documents.

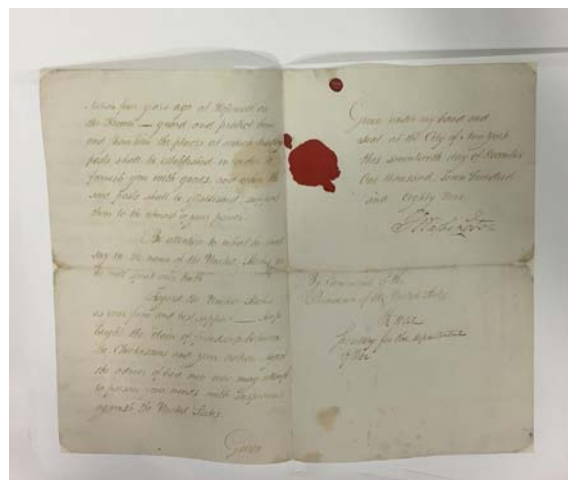
One example was a letter that contained two condoms from the 1500's!

In Seville we visited many historical sites including the Archivo General

de Indias. This beautiful building houses yet another treasure trove of documents and books. One we saw reached from Spain all the way to right here at home. The letter from 1789 was written by George Washington regarding the outposts that were going to be set up in the Hopewell territory for the protection and defense of settlers and explorers. How cool is that?



Sorting manuscripts for restoration



Letter about Hopewell posts from George Washington, 1789

On our last day on the Manuscript Society tour, we were privileged to travel to a tiny town near Cordoba to visit the Palacio de los Portocarrero. This building was originally built in the early 11th century as a Moorish castle. In the 15th century it was taken over, a new palace was built on the site using some of the existing walls from the original. It has remained in the hands of just two families since. Looking at the history of Spain we experienced three cultures living side by side for hundreds of years, the Islamic people, the Jewish people, and the Christians. It was amazing for me to see how these influenced and worked together to build beautiful buildings and enhance the country. The course of history has not always been smooth between these cultures, but today you can see the influences of all three all over the country from the beautiful tile and elaborate cathedrals to the twisty streets of the Jewish sector in Seville. Palacio de los Portocarrero has been being restored for the last 30 years under the supervision of artist Cristina Ybarra who lives and has her studio there. She served as our guide for the day. If you look at the architecture as a sort of 3D book or manuscript, you can see how integrated the three cultures have become in the Spain of today. Here is a picture of Bill eating our lunch of paella in the Palace garden. You can see the wall surrounding it is from the original structure.

Back in Madrid for our last day in Spain, we spent the day experiencing modern Spain with our son. In our wanderings around the city, we happened upon a wonderful bookshop, "Desperate Literature", which apparently has

stores in Brooklyn, Madrid, and Santorini. It was a wonderful tiny place filled with used books and delightful character. The clerk was a young Scotsman, who invited our son back to some evening get togethers at the store. What a wonderful cultural resource as many bookstores are!

This entire trip was a magical feast! A feast for those who are interested in books, art, history, and culture. It was also quite literally a feast for the senses, especially taste, as we were well fed each day on delicacies from delicious fresh olive oil and bread to foie gras, to churros and chocolate! A beautiful way to be introduced to Spain.



Bill eating Paella at Palacio de los Portocarrero

## Oaxaca MX Cochinilla, Weavers Workshop, and a Papermaking Co-op

by Catherine Mehrl Bennett

*A Perfect Red*, by Amy Butler Greenfield (Harper Perennial, 2006), was recommended to me after one of our Aldus Society events by paper marbling and calligraphy artist/instructor, Ann Alaia Woods, after I told her about our upcoming visit to Oaxaca MX with the Archeological Conservancy group. The historical research and global perspective of this book illustrate the importance of a red dye [cochinilla granules] developed from a nopal cacti parasite in Oaxaca Mexico, which first came to Europe's attention by way of the Spanish conquistadors. "Cochinilla" is the Spanish version of the word, and the oft used anglicized version is "cochineal". At one time cochinilla granules were the least expensive per kilo and were a more concentrated and color-fast dye compared to other European red dyes on the market, so demand for it quickly made it as valuable as gold or silver. Weavers created gorgeous red robes and clothing, which the rich and powerful class paid top dollar for. Later on, when synthetic dyes were invented, the competition was too great for the cochinilla market to survive, and production in Oaxaca all but disappeared. [In regard to synthetic dyes, Ann recommends a book by Simon Garfield, *MAUVE, How One Man Invented A Color That Changed The World* (Norton,

2002.) It is about the English scientist, William Perkin, and what developed from an accidental discovery he made when he was only eighteen.]

Today, a special nopalry (an organically certified cacti farm) exists in the state of Oaxaca as a way to bring back the important history of cochinilla in Oaxaca. It also provides



Sign for organically certified Nopalry



many local crafts people with an organic natural source for red dye and other colors that can be obtained with additives. It was a pleasant surprise when a visit to the del Río Dueñas nopalry was added to our tour group itinerary at the last minute! I even had my book with me to read during the trip, as I was only half finished with *A Perfect Red*. A small museum was the beginning of our tour, followed by the nopal paddle greenhouse, and then the studio where artist interns are encouraged to experiment with the dye in their artworks. Our guide was artist and architect, Edgar Jahir Trujillo, and he sold his cochinilla painting of a winged insect to a member of our group. The painting technique he used involved dried nopal paddles, dipped in the red dye, to impress texture onto the wings of a male cochinilla insect.



Edgar experiments with cochinilla color variations



Cochinilla painting using dried nepal paddle for wing texture

I took many photos and detailed notes during the nopalry tour, where we learned step-by-step about the cultivation of this natural dye that was originally produced only in the Oaxaca valley. Also included here are notes about a famous Oaxacan weaving workshop and a handmade paper co-op we visited, both of which make use of local, organically produced dyes. Photo credits for the liquid dye pot and table of paper fibers go to my spouse, John M. Bennett.

The nopal cacti grown at the nopalry has no needles. Only paddles from the highest quality plants are used in the



Edgar Jahir Trujillo describes process of raising and harvesting cochinilla insects



Incubator for impregnated cochinilla insects

greenhouse where the cochinilla insect is nurtured. These parasitic insects are protected from too much sun, while micro predators are controlled as well as possible, and the cacti are protected from breezes that might blow the tiny insects away. The fertilized eggs of the female insect take 90 days to mature, then the insects on the nopal paddle are carefully removed with a fine bristled brush into a bowl (about 3 grams of insects per paddle). The fat, impregnated females that are best for breeding are separated out by a sieve and put into a woven palm mat tube (approx. 3" long). Both ends of the tube are blocked with netting to protect the cochinilla from predators like spiders. The tube nest is hooked onto a fresh nopal paddle which is control dated with an inoculation date. This date tells the greenhouse workers when the 3-month hatchling development period is up, and when to empty the females from the nest. A small orifice in the mat tube allows male and female baby bugs come out and populate the nopal paddle like the parasites that they are. Each female insect builds a white webbing around itself on the cacti, which helps protect it as it doesn't move around and has no wings. (An aside: Zapotec mythology about the protective white webbing was that "The Cloud people



surrounded blood from the gods with white fuzz.”) The males are tiny white flies with a life span of only three to five days. The male’s proboscis breaks off after coming out of the mother, so it can’t even eat! It’s only goal is to fly around and mate with females within its very short life span.

After 15 days of incubation in the palm mat tubes, the females are removed and added to other insects brushed from the nopal paddles that were not used for breeding. Together, they are set out to dehydrate and die in the sun, or they could also be dried in an oven. The nopal paddle (only used once) is fed to animals or composted. One hundred forty thousand of the dried insects equals one kilo of cochinita. If you squish a cochinita insect in your palm, its blood reacts with elements in the skin, which affects the color. Thirty percent of the cochinita powder is pure coloring agent (pure pigment) that will last forever, and will not react to the pH of different surfaces. The carminic acid in the insect protects it from viruses, but is also the most important element used for dye. To get the carminic acid from the powder made from the dried insects, water plus alum are added to make a liquid, the liquid is boiled, then it is put through filters. Two chemical additives that achieve color variations are: Citric acid from limes for less scarlet, more pink, and bicarbonate of soda for mauve (dark purple). Artist interns working at the nopalry can achieve many texture and color variations in their art through experimentation with additives.



Liquid cochinita being heated for use at Mr. Vásquez García’s workshop

Ignacio del Río Duñas is one of the main shakers and movers to revive the cochinita industry in Oaxaca, and he helped establish this nopalry. He is the author of *Grana Fina Cochinita* (published by the State of Oaxaca) and his book was available in the small gift shop. A few cochinita products like lipstick and tie dyed T-shirts are also sold in the shop. Edgar told us that until the nopalry gets more investors they do not create huge batches of products because money would be needed for merchandizing efforts to move cosmetics quickly. For now, most of the dye is sold to local artists and

craftspeople. Edgar said that artificial dyes can be health hazards, though I’ve also read that there are some individuals who have allergic reactions to cochinita. Another side note: Cochinita is too organic for tattoo inks.

On another day we visited the Zapotec weaving town of Teotitlán del Valle, where we were graciously welcomed into the workshop of Isaac Vásquez García and son, Jeronimo. They and other family members spin and dye their own wool, using it to weave beautiful rugs on big looms. These rugs sell well to tourists in their shop called “The Bug in the Rug.” While dying wool yarn with cochinita (the bug!), alum and acacia fruits and freshly squeezed lime juice are added to fix, darken, lighten or intensify the color. They also use Tehuantepec indigo, dyes derived from lichens, the acacia tree, and other natural sources. Many of the original natural materials and the resulting dyes were displayed and demonstrated to our group by Mr. Vásquez García. The book, *A Perfect Red*, especially mentions Isaac Vásquez García as having “helped to breathe new life into Oaxaca’s age-old textile arts, allowing them to pass to a new generation.” And...”when the craft of natural dyeing had almost vanished from Oaxaca, a few artisans like Isaac Vásquez...sought to revive the old techniques. Coloring wool with cochinita...”

Our group also traveled to San Agustín Etla, Oaxaca, to visit a papermaking co-op with a separate workshop for silkscreen printing, a gallery, and a gift shop. El Taller Arte Papel Oaxaca was begun in 1998 by Francisco Benjamín López Toledo, a famous Mexican artist. He helps this papermaking co-op to get grants and he commissions their paper to use in his art practice. The goal of the co-op is to create paper from only renewable sources and materials, and to leave a small footprint on the earth. In addition to only using natural fibers, they don’t use catalyzer agents. It took 8 years of learning and organizing to establish the co-op. Today, artists come from China, Finland, Arab countries, and Japan to give paper workshops. They grow and use natural fibers from the Kapok tree (the green variety, as the black kapok tree is more rare) which is also known as the sacred Ceiba tree (Tree of Life). Also used are the natural fibers of



Fibers used for papermaking

Chichicastle, agave, Majahua, white cotton, Coyuche cotton, and lion's paw.

These fibers are first boiled with bicarbonate of soda. Mechanized Hollander beaters are used to further break down the fibrous pulp. Lots of water is used for soaking the fibers and water also helps with the swishing of the pulp when it is screened. (After use, the water is filtered and strained and treated so it's fit to consume, then gets delivered to Oaxaca City by tank transport.) The paper screening technique involves swishing liquid pulp from side to side and then up and down in order to cross stitch the fibers, thereby evening out and strengthening the paper. This workshop has their own watermark embedded in the boxed screen, which leaves its mark in either bas or high relief; its design is a heart with a swimmer approaching. After swishing in the screen, the water is pressed out with big sheets of felt. They use synthetic/industrial felt as it's easier to peel off, doesn't decompose as fast, and so it gets reused. Then the pressed pulp sheet is turned out onto a zinc tin sheet to dry. The tin sheets are cut from recycled materials like construction

siding. Before the paper dries they can press decorative indentations into it, or add decorative leaves or shiny mica bits. In the same workroom, hanging to dry, were molded paper portraits of historical Zapotec leaders we'd seen at one of the archeological sites with our tour group.

Tree bark may take up to 5 years to decompose before it's ready to use, so this paper is pricey. Today's cost is 300 or 400 pesos for a 2'x3' sheet of handmade paper, though the strength of the US dollar made it very affordable for us to buy. There is a kind of Japanese seed that is made into gel that uses less fiber and makes a thinner, yet very strong paper. They can't get it directly from Japan because of customs limits but a local seller makes it available to them in powder form. That lighter weight paper is the kind I bought from their shop, which I rolled up to pack in my suitcase. Other items in the shop included paper kites and blank paper journals silk screened with designs made by Francisco Toledo, and also jewelry made from rolled paper beads. You can see photos of the paper making process and some of the gift shop items at: <http://www.mexicoartshow.com/artepapel.html>

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## D'Ye Ken C.W. Peale?

by Roger Jerome

Every now and then, in an aged Thespian's life, a job comes up that opens a whole area of Americana and makes my jaw drop; details of Lakota history when directing an arts project at Pine Ridge reservation; the Murrah Building Memorial during presentations in Oklahoma City; and Little Rock High School National Park while acting at Arkansas Rep. One such engagement was a one-day gig in September 2016 which also entailed losing my hair. Eleven weeks on, wispy white locks are re-established.

I was employed by the Independence National Historical Park Museum in Philadelphia to portray Charles Willson (sic) Peale (1741-1827) for an interactive video feature. The role was in my age range and I employed a Yankee accent. Who was Peale? Answer: an amazing, important polymath and portrait painter during the Revolutionary years, founder of the country's first natural history museum, and a man full of energy with a wide range of talents. Press the right button on the Museum's website sometime in 2017, and I'll pop up in a nine-minute piece.

A shout-out here for the Village Bookstore in Linworth, near my home. Together with trusty old Google, the shop enabled me to gather details of Peale, including what he looked like. I asked owner Carol Friedlinghaus if she had "anything on Peale." She wasn't sure. I suggested I look in the Art section, right by the front door. "No," she said. "Try Room 2, upstairs." Going upstairs in this wonderful, rambling, old building, a former church, is an adventure. Long story short, after forty minutes, I found *In This Academy*, the hefty guide to the Special Bicentennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia in 1976, organized by the

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. For only eight dollars! A successful treasure hunt, because the third chapter was "Charles Willson Peale and His Family of Painters." Contributions in the guide by Doreen Bolger, Louise Lippincott and Mark Thistlethwaite, with the generous number of illustrations, were absolute gold dust, in trying to penetrate an area of art history virtually unknown to me, apart from a few postcards purchased as a tourist.

Together with West, Stuart, Trumbull, and Copley, Peale was one of the big five American painters of the 1770s through 1820. His oddly spelled middle name was of his own choosing. He changed it from 'Wilson' after disappointingly false expectations of a family legacy. In many ways he was a Renaissance man of the Enlightenment period.

Born in Chester, Maryland, Peale was the oldest son in a family very short of money. He took a large part of the responsibility of supporting the family and became a saddle-maker and watch-repairer. The money earned as a son and sibling by these two differing types of work set an expanding pattern for the rest of his life as a husband and father. Peale developed a self-taught skill in painting, studying under John Hesselius and John Singleton Copley. Funds were made available to him by Maryland citizens, sending him across the Atlantic to London in December 1766, where he studied further under Benjamin West.

The stirring of his patriotic feelings caused him to return to America in 1769, aged twenty-eight. He served in the Philadelphia Militia, fighting at Trenton and Princeton. He became a captain, loved by his men, of whom he made many silhouettes and miniatures. George Washington



posed for a portrait by Peale in 1772 and on six other occasions [fig. 1]. In all, Peale painted almost sixty portraits of the first President. In 2005, a full-length “Washington at Princeton”—a splendid, confident, military figure in a blue uniform—sold for \$21.3 million, a record price for an American portrait. Up to 1776, he painted many military and political leaders, including Franklin [fig. 2], Adams, Jefferson [fig. 3], Hamilton and Hancock. Eventually, he portrayed his seventh president with Andrew Jackson. It’s estimated he did 771 oil portraits [fig. 4], 297 portrait miniatures, twenty-nine landscapes, eleven still lifes, and ten history paintings [fig. 5].

Peale was the patriarch of an important artistic family in Philadelphia [fig. 6]. He taught his brother James [fig. 7] to paint and named most of his seventeen children after favorite artists, e.g. Rubens and Angelica Kauffman, teaching them to paint. Three became famous artists themselves – Rembrandt Peale, Raphaele Peale, and Titian Ramsay Peale. In 1795, he planned The Columbianum with a consortium



Fig 1: George Washington—  
Battle of Princeton—1779



Fig. 2: Ben Franklin—c.1785

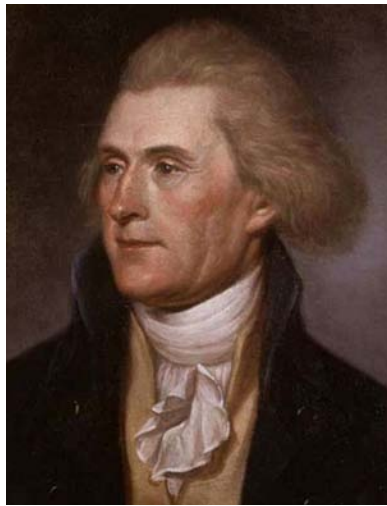


Fig. 3: Thomas Jefferson—1791



Fig. 4: Joseph Brant—1797



Fig 5: Noah and His Ark—1819



Fig 6: The Peale Family—1793



Fig. 7: James Peale (his brother)  
—1822 The Lamplight Portrait





Fig. 8: The Staircase Group—1795



Fig. 9: Exhuming the First Mastodon—1806



Fig. 10: Mastodon Bones

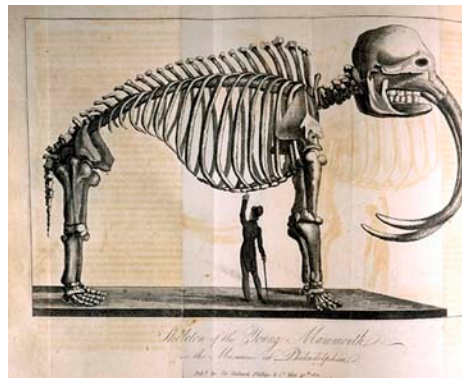


Fig. 11: The Great Incognitum (Mastodon)

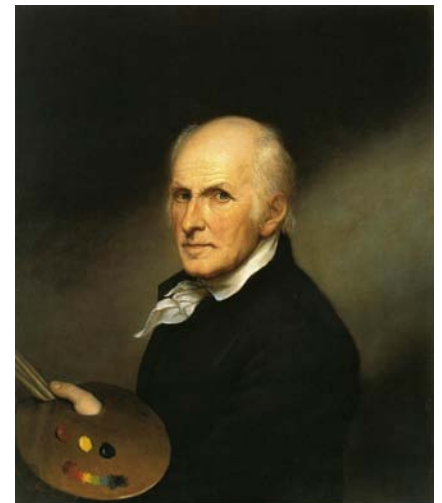


Fig. 12: Self-portrait—1822

of Philadelphia artists. It was planned to be an academy of art. The only exhibition they put on included “The Staircase Group” [fig. 8].

J. T. Flexner wrote that Peale’s life-story was fit for a novel, known as he was as “the ingenious Mr. Peale.” The following is a list of areas, apart from painting, in which he had expertise – harness-making, silversmithing, carpentry, dentistry, optometry, shoe-making, dance-teaching, taxidermy, upholstery, bridge design, and fireplace improvement. He invented a portable vapor-bath, a polygraph (a letter-copying machine used by Jefferson while President), a precursor of the bicycle, and the physiognotrace (a mechanical drawing device)...enough?

The combination of Peale’s energy and talents with his two great passions, Art and Nature, led to perhaps his greatest achievement, the creation of the country’s first natural history museum – almost by accident. He exhibited his paintings in the room known today as the ‘Long Room’ on the second floor of Independence Hall [fig. 9]. In 1786, he organized the first American scientific expedition to excavate two complete mastodon skeletons in Newburgh, New York, and displayed a few of the bones in his art gallery [fig. 10]. Some visitors became more interested in the bones than the artwork. Friends, like Thomas Jefferson, donated other pieces of interest. Peale’s Philadelphia Museum morphed into the Philadelphia Museum of Natural History and Art. More mastodon remains from Kentucky arrived in 1801 and Peale exhibited a whole skeleton of the beast, which he called The Great Incognitum [fig. 11]. He originally placed the tusks the wrong way around but later corrected that. In time, the museum contained thousands of species of preserved plants and animals, as well as Peale’s artistic renditions of flora and fauna. He used arsenic for most preservation (not healthy) and organized his content on the system recently developed by Carl Linnaeus (1707-1778). The museum made little money and, after unsuccessful attempts to get the government to take it over, Peale left it in the care of his son Rembrandt in 1810. Gradually, the contents were sold off. He moved to a country home, Bellfield. While continuing to paint [fig. 12], he tried to combine the aesthetic and utilitarian aspects of farming. His long life of

astounding achievement ended at the age of eighty-six. His Philadelphia home is a National Landmark at 5500 North Twentieth Street.

I was fitted with the costume in Pittsburgh at 7:00 A.M. on the day of the shoot. The director said, “What about the hair?” I replied, “I can slick it back.” He asked, “Would you be willing to have your head shaved?” Without considering my wife I responded, “Go for it.” One result was compulsory wearing of a baseball cap for several ensuing weeks. Uselessly, my agent told me a day later that he could have negotiated a higher fee if I’d have run the shaving past him. Problem is, he’s not available at 7:00 A.M. We began with the famous “The Artist in His Museum” [fig. 13] coming to life as me with the lines, “Welcome to Peale’s Philadelphia Museum located on the second floor of Independence Hall.” Achieving the “coming to life” took almost ninety minutes to shoot satisfactorily. The grasp and lifting of the red curtain, the angle of the body and detailed positioning of hands and feet, the delivery of the lines, together with the director’s superb but challenging perfectionism, gave me a bad back, which lasted for several weeks. But you don’t mention it at the time. Animation, captions, moving images, other Peale paintings – all of which would be edited in later – were invisible to me. I look forward to seeing the visual effect when I said, “Please be careful, this bird is alive!” The script direction read, “Bald eagle comes alive and snaps beak.” Similarly, when the script read, “I depicted the excavation of the first mastodon to be displayed in a museum – behold, the Great Incognitum!” A tougher challenge than the opening was the sequence about Peale’s invention, the Fast Walking Machine, also known as the Pedestrian’s Hobby Horse. I sat astride a mocked-up version, on a bicycle saddle which was fixed to wooden rail, leaning uncomfortably forward holding a type of handlebar, stepping forward each foot at a time, sliding along the ground beneath me, without a treadmill, while looking round at imaginary passers-by on the green screen side and the opposite, all the while waving, smiling, greeting and being the cheery, popular, sociable seventy-five-year-old inventor. It didn’t help the back but, as I previously noted, you don’t say so at the time. You ask what acting involves? Stuff like this is the answer [fig. 14]. But it’s not only a challenge, it’s fun and worthwhile delivering such lines as, “It is my firm belief that the cultivation of an educated, enlightened citizenry is essential to sustaining the republic!” Peale’s words are sometimes tested at election-times in this country.

I was lucky to have such a splendid director, Peter Argentine, and a very hard-working and supportive crew. Maybe there are one or two other neglected early Americans whose work should be looked at again? I’m willing to help. Here’s a short list of books for suggested reading. Confession: I haven’t read them myself.

James Thomas Flexner, *America’s Old Masters: Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, Charles Willson Peale and Gilbert Stuart*. Revised edition (New York: Dover Publications, 1994).

Charles Coleman Sellers, *Charles Willson Peale* (ACLS History E-Book Project, 1999).

Paul Staiti, *Of Arms and Artists: the American Revolution Through Painters’ Eyes* (New York: Bloomsbury Press, 2016).

David C. Ward, *Charles Willson Peale: Art and Selfhood in the Early Republic* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2004).

*Editor’s Note: If you are interested in artists and art during the Revolutionary War period, there is another book on the subject.*

Jane Kamensky, *A Revolution in Color: The World of John Singleton Copley* (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 2016).



Fig. 13: The Artist in his Museum—1822



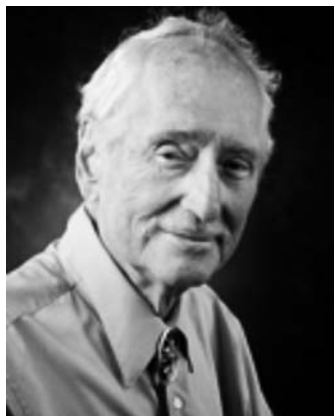
Fig. 14: Roger Jerome as Peale



# Booking Pleasures

by George Cowmeadow Bauman

Jack Matthews of Athens, Ohio, was an extraordinary man with a multi-dimensional life.



In addition to being a fine family man, he wore three professional hats: Distinguished Professor of English at Ohio University; well-respected rare-book dealer; and much-honored writer of seven novels, seven collections of short stories, a novella, and eight volumes of essays.

But in his younger days, he was also a private detective, a door-to-door Fuller brush salesman, and a produce warehouseman—whatever it took to keep body and soul together while raising a family, going to school, and writing.

Always writing.

He spoke to the Aldus Society on occasion, the last time on author Christopher Morley, and was a longtime member of our organization.

Anyone lucky enough to hear Jack tell booking stories was blessed, for he was a great raconteur. That ability to tell a tale was evident in his writings, especially his books of essays about his booking adventures: *Booking Pleasures*, which gave me the title of this story, *Booking in the Heartland*, *Memoirs of a Bookman*, and *Reading Matter: Rhetorical Muses of a Rabid Bibliophile*.



I once told Jack, to his amusement and pleasure, that he was the only author I tolerated who made me keep a dictionary close at hand for those unknown—but just right—words he spiced his sentences with.



Jack passed in '13, leaving behind a rambling house full of his private collection of books. He was a bibliophile (bibliomaniac?) who collected and sold books for decades.

His daughter Barbiel worked with Jack the last few years

of his book-dealing days. He'd had HockHocking Books for many years, and most recently online at [www.jackmatthewsoldandrarebooks.com](http://www.jackmatthewsoldandrarebooks.com).



In early November, Aldus Society members received an email inviting members to attend a big sale of Jack's books, located in a large house of many rooms—all filled with books, in the wooded, autumnal country outside of Athens.

This caused quite a buzz, for we all knew that Jack had high-quality books; this wouldn't be your average estate sale of books. Much of his inventory was high-end, acquired through the years from endless booking adventures.

"My mother was long-suffering," Barbiel said with a winning smile. "While Dad visited bookshops and Goodwill stores all over Ohio, Mom sat patiently in the car."

In *Booking Pleasures*, Jack invites us to go booking with him, which he defines as "the covetous foraging for old and rare books". Later in the book he addresses his need to go booking, "I get so much pleasure from acquiring books that I sometimes buy them just to keep in practice."

"And Dad loved to haggle!" Barbiel added. "He'd work out trades for books, using his own stock to acquire more. He didn't like to spend a lot of money on a book, but he did want the very good stuff."

So a few Aldines went booking like Jack...to Jack's house.

On November 19th, several Aldine cars headed down Rt. 33 on a cold day with intermittent rain. Three of us from Acorn made the trip, hopes high, but keeping expectations low, which is a good practice through life.

Once there, we were greeted very pleasantly in Jack and Barbara's large, airy living room by Barbiel and her husband, John Saunders, as well as her brother John and his wife Cathy.

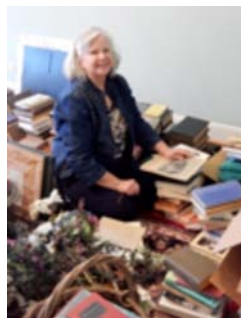


"There's coffee and light food in the kitchen!" we were told by our gracious hosts, who clearly were caught up in the opportunity to share bibliophilia with us.

But we Aldines came as book-hunters; the thoughtfully-provided coffee and refreshments would come later. The books were calling.

Soon we scattered to the many rooms, and a garage, full of oh-so-tempting books. There were Bill and Marcia Evans; Jay and Genie Hoster; Wes Baker; myself, Jack Salling, and Johnny B. from Acorn; and a bookstacker named





John Begala, a longtime friend of Barbiel and John. Before arriving, we'd thought that—like some sales—we'd need elbow pads to push our way in to look at the books, but the size of both the house and the collection gave us all plenty of room to do our booking, unchallenged.

We browsed in silence, contentedly, occasionally pointing out a great find to one another. "An incredible sale," Wes observed, as he and I browsed in Jack's study, command central for his writing—he had two desks—and for his collection of books on books.



That was the room where I wanted to focus my browsing. Acorn Jack and John were downstairs, buying for the store; I was upstairs in the study looking for books on bookselling I needed for my personal collection, and found three signed books by British bookdealer, George Sims. "Old Jack"—as he sometimes signed books—also had many books by one of my favorite writers: the late Lawrence Clark Powell, librarian emeritus.

As Jack was one of my heroes, I was pleased to have a few minutes to myself in his study. I even sat in the great man's chair, sitting quietly, pulling the atmosphere of books and writing around me like an inspirational literary cloak.



Eventually the gentle buzz of book-talk in the living room below brought me down to join the others.

Jay later told me that he'd found a beautifully-bound copy of "Saunterings in Bookland" for his souvenir of Jack's study.

We were all so busy, so focused, during our book-hunt that the food was going mostly untouched, despite Barbiel's urgings for us to

visit the kitchen. So the Muffin Man appeared, carrying treats around to all. And napkins, too, for we didn't want to soil any of the treasures we were handling.

And treasures there were. Books as far back as the 16th century decorated the shelves on seemingly endless bookcases. All price ranges were represented; therefore, many

books were chosen. Jack's strong Mark Twain collection was shelved in glass-fronted bookcases, while his assemblage of classic children's literature was spread like a magnificent banquet on a large table in the dining room. His Americana shelves called to us like the American West called to pioneers. No matter which hall or room you wandered through, excellent books awaited.

There was no sense of competition among us, unlike some library or church rummage sales. More like friends hanging out together in the most laid-back, best bookshop we'd ever been in.

After a couple of hours, we began to wander back to the living room to add to our stacks and begin the check-out process, which gave us further opportunity to chat with Jack's family.



It was a very social atmosphere, with Barbiel sitting on the couch, researching next to husband John; brother John sitting on the floor with wife Cathy in front of several stacks of books with their cellphones, also researching prices; and one or more of us bookbuyers standing, sitting, on the floor, or squatting near our stacks, scattered around the large room like so many yard gnomes. It was a fellowship of bibliophiliacs.

At one point, Barbiel made us laugh when she said, "If Jack were here now, he'd say, 'Let's all sing campfire songs! He loved to put people at ease, to cheer people up.'" In his stead, Jack's books were cheering us up.

Many wonderful titles were purchased that day as we took Jack's book-children out into a larger world, grateful to him and his family for making such a wonderful collection available to the Aldus Society.

"Few passions are as great as those of the bookish sort."  
"Books render the things of this world distant, grand, mythical."

"To hear and tell stories is our abiding human need."

—Jack Matthews, *Booking Pleasures*



## IN MEMORIAM

### BOB FLECK (1947-2016)

We learned this evening (September 22, 2016) of the passing of Bob Fleck, a great bookseller and just a wonderful and generous man. The Aldus Society was fortunate to welcome Bob and his wife Millie to Columbus in February of 2014 as a guest speaker. He came in response to an invitation from Marcia Preston. He was scheduled to visit Columbus for the IFLA (International Federation of Library Associations and Institutions) conference just a little over a month ago (August 2016) but at that time received a diagnosis of pancreatic cancer. His passing is a great loss to the world of books. Our condolences to Millie and to Bob's son Rob. —Ed Hoffman

There was an outpouring of reminiscences about Bob Fleck. It is only fitting that we print a few in this issue of the Aldus News.

Oak Knoll released a biographical sketch of Bob Fleck immediately after his passing. It reads:

*Bob abandoned his job as a chemical engineer in 1976 to start Oak Knoll Books, focusing on books about books, book collecting, book arts, the history of printing, and bibliography. Two years later, he started publishing in the same field, beginning with a reprint of Bigmore and Wyman's A Bibliography of Printing. 2016 marks the fortieth anniversary year of a company that has made an immeasurable contribution to the history of the book. It is also the nineteenth edition of the bi-annual Oak Knoll Fest, which will take place as scheduled September 30-October 2, as Bob wished. Bob was a past president of the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America (ABAA) as well as the past president of the International League of Antiquarian Booksellers (ILAB/LILA).*

George Cowmeadow Bauman writes, "His Oak Knoll operation in New Castle, Delaware was the world's premier store of English-Language books about books. Many books in my collection on bookselling came from him."

Philip Milburn, Marcia Preston's nephew, wrote "I have had the pleasure of meeting many of you. It's very sad to hear of Bob's passing. However, having visited his Oak Knoll bookstore in Delaware with Marcia on a few occasions, it's such a joy reflecting on how many lives he has enriched. For a few years, Aunt Marcia and I attended the Oak Knoll Book Fest which celebrates private press books. It was a highlight of her book-collecting career and it was in part due to Bob's care, commitment and support of the book arts and artisans. He was always such a gracious host. It was "Christmas" walking through his bookstore. She was so proud that he visited Columbus and met all of you. It's so wonderful Aldus became acquainted with him, his knowledge and big heart. With gratitude for how Bob enlarged our knowledge of books and their meaning in our lives,

You can read more about Bob Fleck and the many lives he touched through Oak Knoll Press and his numerous lectures and speaking engagements <https://www.abaa.org/blog/post/in-memoriam-robert-fleck> or listen to an interview with ABAA in 2014 <https://youtu.be/auKxVJpipig>.

## Give the Gift of ART to Someone You Love:

Reserve a place in one of these spring workshops:

**Paste Paper Technique** - Limited to 5 participants per session  
March 25 or April 1 no foolin'

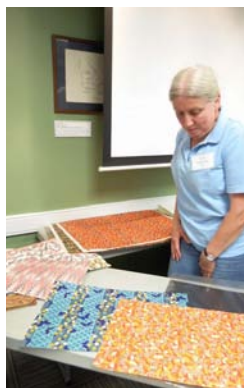
**Marbling, Turkish Style** - Limited to 8 participants per session  
April 22-23 or April 29-30

Contact Ann Woods at [aimiaart@gmail.com](mailto:aimiaart@gmail.com), if you are interested. Workshop flyers and sign-up sheets will be available shortly.

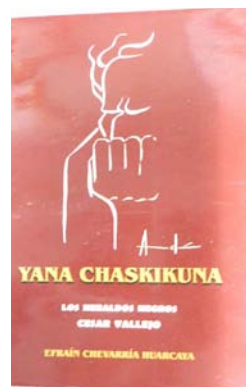
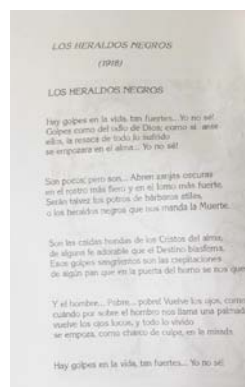
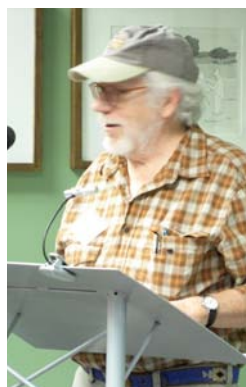


## LOOKING BACK AT THE FALL 2016

In September, Sid Berger journeyed from Massachusetts to Columbus to talk about his huge decorated and hand-made paper collection. Topping twenty thousand specimens, Sid and his wife Michelle Cloonan, just donated the bulk of the collection to Texas A&M University. Of course, Sid had samples to show us on the silver screen and in person. We learned about patterns, artists, materials, and techniques. His lecture was a feast for hungry eyes, souls, and spirits. All were inspired to touch the papers. Best of all, we gained an appreciation for the art of papermaking.



October was all things Quechua. Thanks to John Bennett, we learned all about the ancient and modern language and literature of the Quechua peoples who continue to flourish in Peru. OSU professor Ulises Juan Zevallos Aguilar spoke of the Quechua language and literature, read a fascinating paper about the renaissance of monolingual and bilingual texts in Quechua, and at our request, read some of the melodic poetry. You don't have to understand a word of Quechua to appreciate the beauty of the language.



Rounding out our fall lineup was Ron Smeltzer, resident of Princeton and secretary of FABS. Smeltzer collects seventeenth and eighteenth century books about scientists and science. Digging into his personal collection, Smeltzer talked about Gabrielle Emilie Tonnelier de Breteuil, Marquise Du Châtelet, an eighteenth century French woman who was fascinated with mathematics and philosophy. After an adulterous love affair with Voltaire, the Marquise wrote books and articles on physics, traded letters with the natural philosophers of her day, and ultimately translated the *Principia* in 1759. Aldines learned all about this unconventional Marquise while learning about her scholarly career.





# Between the Covers of a Book: Reflections on the 2016 Silent Auction

by Erik Jul, Auctioneer extraordinary

What lies between the covers of a book?

Part comes from the author's heart, mind, and soul. That's amazing enough. But the other part comes from the reader. This means that every book is unique, shaped by what each reader brings to the pages and finds between the covers.

At the 2016 Aldus Society Silent Auction, 48 different auction lots, and many times more individual books, found new homes in the hands of the winning bidders.

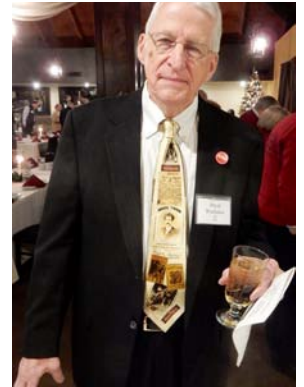
As the Auction Host, I watched the bidding. I saw members holding and perusing items, and I witnessed books and readers' hearts talking to each other. Each would-be bidder was finding the unique connection between their personal memories, hopes, and dreams and the particular artifact--the book, the artwork, the Free Little Library.

Some of you told me the stories you were experiencing at that moment, your personal connections with the items you were contemplating, and why you were considering placing a bid.

And I watched the magical union of the author's passions and yours often reaching across decades or more, depending on the age of the item. That passion would ultimately move you to place a bid in hopes of winning the item.

I, too, bid on items. I did not win any lots, but I nevertheless took a lot away: a rekindling of interest in a topic, an awareness of a body of knowledge or author to explore, and a deeper, palpable, appreciation of what really lies between the covers of a book.

It's my hope that what you took from the auction far exceeds what you gave.



## Presentation of the Carol Logue Biblio-Fellowship Award 2016 - To Tony Clark

by Debra Jul

The Carol Logue Award is presented each year to a member who, like Carol, devoted extensive time and energy to promote Aldus and its programs in the spirit of biblio-fellowship.

This year, the award goes to someone who has been a member for a long time. He has served two terms on the Board (so far) serving dutifully on all its committees. His board tenure included a stint as Chair of the Membership Committee and I am one of the people he introduced to Aldus. He attends every single monthly program and graciously tolerates us introducing him to our speakers as our AV-Guy since he helps the speakers with any visuals or audio they need for their presentations.

He is a man of great heart, generous spirit, and almost freakishly acute insight. He's a master of the Tarot and among his collections is an impressive range of Tarot decks and books about the art of reading them. We're fortunate to have him as our friend and I'm so happy to thank him for all he does for Aldus.

Please help me congratulate Tony Clark.

# Pizzuti Collection Field Trip

by Lois Smith

On October 22nd, Aldus members toured “Cuban Forever Revisited,” an exhibition at the Pizzuti Collection in the Short North Arts District in Columbus. The Pizzuti Collection, which houses the personal art holdings of Ron and Ann Pizzuti, has added an international, contemporary art venue to the cultural destinations of central Ohio. As described, the exhibition is “a return to the radical and refined beauty of Cuba. The remarkable exhibition features approximately seventy works including paintings, prints, photography, sculpture, and video. The show presents new acquisitions from the collection of Ron and Ann Pizzuti and a selection of works from the Mershad Family Collection, which includes examples from mid-twentieth-century (and pre-revolutionary) Cuba.”

The exhibition introduced us to many new artists whose color and form evince a vibrant and insightful culture. Not surprisingly, the art also discloses incisive, though often ambiguous, political points of view. For further description go to <https://pizzuticollection.org/exhibition/cuban-forever-revisited/>.

In addition to the exhibition, Aldus members viewed the Pizzuti Collection Library, “home to a unique collection of exhibition catalogues and monographs, along with art books

that reflect the contemporary mission of the Collection. Also available are art magazines, auction catalogues, and articles, reviews and press releases for a wide-range of contemporary artists.” The library is open to researchers by appointment.

After the tour, we walked to The Pearl for lunch and conversation. Stay tuned for information about a springtime excursion. Send suggestions for field trips to Geoff Smith, Program Chair, at [geo48ff@gmail.com](mailto:geo48ff@gmail.com)

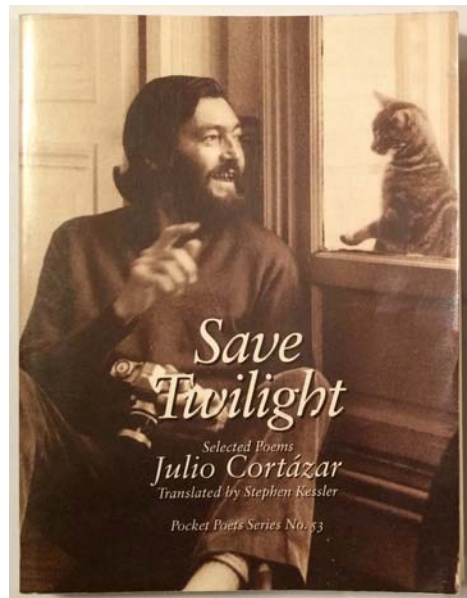


## Julio Cortázar in Pocket Poets

by John M. Bennett

With an Addendum by Bill Evans

Julio Cortázar (1914-1984), the great Argentine novelist of the “Boom” in Latin American literature, whose highly innovative and experimental fictions have had a lasting and influential impact on literature world-wide, was also an excellent and innovative poet, whose work in that genre deserves to be better known. Fortunately, the author of *Rayuela* (*Hopscotch*) is well represented as a poet in a new and greatly expanded



edition of his poetry published as No. 53 in the City Lights Pocket Poets series, translated by Stephen Kessler, 2016.

The original, and much shorter, Pocket Poets edition was published in 1997. It is a generous selection from Cortázar’s collected poems, *Salvo el crepúsculo* (México: Alfaguara, 1984).

This new, plump little volume (which would only fit in the largest pocket of your cargo pants) is an excellent introduction to the author’s poetry, which is as fascinating and compelling as anything he wrote, and is fortunately presented in a bilingual edition, which is the only way translated poetry should ever be published. Kessler’s translations are well done, capturing, as much as is possible, the sense of the originals. No poetry, of course, can ever be truly “translated,” formed as it is of a very particular language of a unique individual immersed or embedded in a different complex culture and history.

Cortázar’s poetry is quite varied in style and tone, and I want to characterize it within the context of contemporary Latin American poetry, a literary world which, since the late nineteenth century, has produced some of the best and most striking poetry ever written. Cortázar’s most frequent voice is a very personal one. He is not writing “poetry,” but talking to himself or to a listener. This is a style found also in some of Roberto Bolaño’s poetry, Bolaño being from a younger



generation. Both writers are best known as novelists and both professed poetry as their first love. Both produced major ground-breaking novels: Cortázar's *Rayuela* (*Hopscotch*); Bolaño's *Los detectives salvajes* (*The Savage Detectives*) 1998, and 2666 (2666) 2004. Bolaño clearly admired Cortázar and his (Bolaño's) poetry is also available in bilingual editions: *Los perros románticos* (*The Romantic Dogs*), 2008; *Tres* (*Tres*), 2011; and in *La universidad desconocida* (*The Unknown University*), 2013. What is striking about both poets' language is the emotional intensity they achieve while using an extremely laid-back, conversational diction. This is a very difficult effect to create, and can only be done when the poet is speaking of things he or she feels very strongly and immediately. Some of the poems are set up as "prose," and use the same sort of diction.

But this is not the only voice in Cortázar's repertoire. There is also a kind of surrealism in the vein of early Pablo Neruda, although it has a stronger socio-political aim: "where shrieking rats on their hind legs/fight over scraps of flags." Neruda's later poetry became much more overtly political.

A number of Cortázar's poems are much more formal. A series of sonnets, for example, reminiscent of the sonnets of Mallarmé, are mysterious, and, like Mallarmé's, so ensconced in their language, that they truly cannot be translated except perhaps in a strictly literal way to provide a guide to decipher the originals. Kessler includes a few of these poems, some of which are in that somewhat Parnassian mode reminiscent of Mallarmé including "The Ceremony" and "A Sonnet in a Pensive Mood." There are others, too, often written in rhyming quatrains. To my ear, a close reading of these poems reveals a less "poetic" and more conversational subvoice in their diction. These are truly excellent poems, though unfortunately they are probably not to the tastes of many current English-language readers of poetry. Kessler's edition focuses on the more conversational and explicitly personal poems, such as "Profit and Loss", which suggests that Cortázar's interest in world affairs, in contrast to intense and intimate issues, is something tranquilizing and calming:

*Sometimes you return in the evening, when I'm reading  
things that put me to sleep: the news,  
the dollar and the pound, United Nations  
debates. It feels like  
your hand stroking my hair...*

What is poetry for Julio Cortázar? In a number of places he addresses this question. In an untitled "prose" text in this book, indexed as "A friend tells me...", he deplores "... that seriousness that tries to place poetry on a privileged pedestal, which is why most contemporary readers can't get far enough away from poetry in verse..." He continues by saying "Putting this book together...continues to be for me that chance operation which moves my hand like the hazelwood wand of the water witch; or more precisely, my hands, because I write on a typewriter the same way he holds

out his little stick..." In another prose poem, "Most of what follows...", he quotes Dr. Johnson from Boswell's *Diary*: "Read over your compositions, and whenever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out."

Cortázar was a poet and writer who can be seen as taking a big step beyond the styles of Latin American *Modernismo*, which was itself a reaction against late romanticism and is considered by many to be the first uniquely Latin American style in poetry. Cortázar's roots are in *Modernismo*, however, and some of the sense of loss and exile that runs through his work can be traced, in part, to leaving behind the elegant poetic modes of the early twentieth century in Latin American poetry. A poem not included in Kessler's selection is "*Éventail pour Stéphane*", a poem in a rather *Modernista* style and form addressed to Mallarmé, which refers to the end of *Modernismo*. Mallarmé, of course, was one of the poets admired by the *Modernistas*, in that he conjoined Symbolism and Parnassian aesthetics in his work. It is a poem, which suggests to me, that poetry formed the foundation of his literary activities. Cortázar's poem concludes:

*Pues sin cesar me persigue  
la destrucción de los cisnes.*

*But ceaselessly I am pursued  
by the destruction of the swans\*.* (JMB translation)

[\*The swan was a principal symbol of *Modernista* aesthetics.]

It might be useful to briefly compare Cortázar's poetry to other major Latin American poets. I have already discussed Roberto Bolaño. The Chilean Nicanor Parra, Cortázar's contemporary and the creator of "Anti-poetry" (there is also a Pocket Poets edition of Parra), brings up the question of how much the Argentine can be considered an anti-poet. In the sense that his poetry takes a step, several steps, beyond the poetics of *Modernismo*, he can be called that. The same would hold true for Pablo Neruda, and for the—at times—desperate and expressionistic surrealism of Vicente Huidobro, who preceded Cortázar by a generation. Or Huidobro's contemporary, César Vallejo, whose early poems contain traces of *Modernismo* which evolved into some of the most intense Futuristic poetry ever written, much of it constructed on a base of every-day conversational language. The Nobel-winner Octavio Paz's highly literary and elegant poetry is quite different from Cortázar's but also has its roots in that early twentieth-century revolution in poetry. All of these poets reacted against *Modernismo* in very unique ways. My own view is that they each uniquely subsumed *Modernismo* in their work; it is the matrix from which they grew.

Kessler's expanded edition of *Save Twilight* is a real gift. The poetry and the translations are eminently readable and repay repeated readings. The poems will seem different each time. Cortázar is a poet of many styles and voices, and this

selection has spurred me on to revisit his poetry, and re-read some of his great novels, an experience that is greatly enriching. What more could one ask of poetry?

Julio Cortázar, *Save Twilight*, Translated by Stephen Kessler, San Francisco: City Lights Books, 2016 (The Pocket Poets Series, 53)

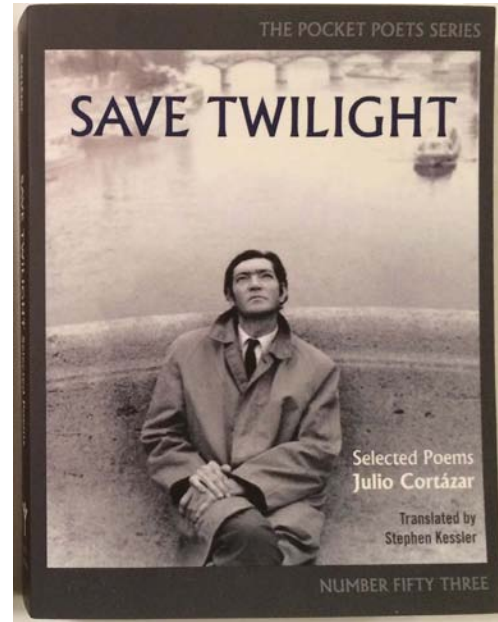
### Addendum by Bill Evans

Lawrence Ferlinghetti launched the City Lights Pocket Poets series in 1955 and in 2011 the sixtieth and presumably final volume was published. His goal was always to seek out international, dissident poetic voices that would pass unnoticed by the large profit-oriented publishing houses. Although Allen Ginsberg became the best known of these voices, the poetic range that Ferlinghetti uncovered within the literary counterculture is amazing.

Since the City Lights focus remained on small “pocketable” editions, cuts in content were often necessary. Over the years though, several of these books have been re-released in expanded versions and, fortunately for us, Julio Cortázar’s *Save Twilight* is now offered with nearly a hundred

additional pages. This bilingual book has quickly become one of my favorites. My reading copy is quite worn!

Highly recommended



## A New Bookstore in Columbus



Gramercy Books, the new bookstore in Bexley, is across the street from the Bexley Public Library so you cannot miss it. Welcome to Linda Kass and John Gaylord to the bookselling community of Columbus. May they celebrate many holidays in the book business.

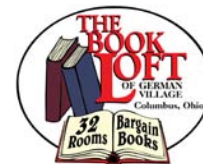
Tony Sanfilippo and others have already been by to check out their offerings, including the lovely coffee shop “Kittie’s” that’s adjoined to the store. Tony said, “It’s a lovely little store, but it has some clear strengths and weaknesses. Literature and children’s are well stocked, as was surprisingly their comics and graphics sections, but science and art left a bit to be desired. Cooking is great and history is adequate, but their local interest section clearly needs more OSU Press books.”

Let’s help them out here at the beginning by going to their new shop and buying some books from them as the best kind of welcome of all: financial and otherwise.

Read more about the bookstore in the Columbus Dispatch <http://www.dispatch.com/content/stories/business/2016/12/15/arts-advocate-author-opens-bookstore-in-bexley-tied-to-coffee-shop.html>

The Book Loft of German Village has embarked on new ventures. They are providing books for sale during Thurber House literary events and at the Ohioana Book Festival, April 8, 2017. Of course, they have lots of new and remainder books in the 32 rooms in their maze-like store.

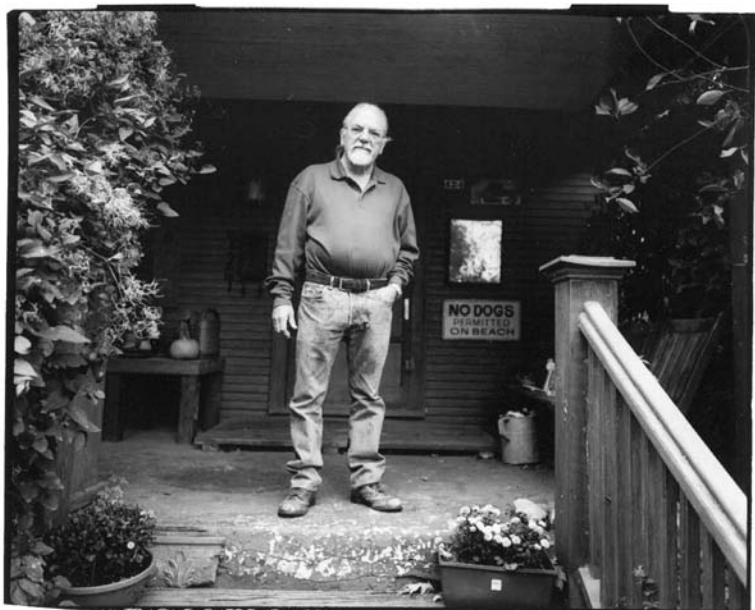
When you visit, remember to mention your Aldus membership and get a discount on all purchases.



Acorn Books on Fifth Avenue in Grandview has selections of newish and used books, and great collectibles for all your gift giving needs. And who doesn’t need a gift or three for themselves every month. Stop in and peruse the shelves, bring your list and a bag to carry home your goodies. Aldus members also get a discount at Acorn Books.







I have studied philosophy, religion and addiction, and of course the human condition. What is a man to do with that in his system? I have been a mechanic, a counselor, a race team owner, and a fabricator of carbon fiber parts. My back hurts. I am tired and grumpy. Young women are bemused when I flirt. I know what a cup of coffee costs as I do the price of whiskey. Where does this leave me? The resolution I find is to maintain the identity of poet and to endure rattlingmouths and laughter tracks, to hold the desire to write a love letter. It will be quite a time though, before I can tell the preacher "I have found my place, a nice white Toyota, and Orkin comes once a month!"

—Sam West

**old grey man**  
**on a bench**  
**scratching a lottery ticket**  
**sitting**                      **mouth moving**  
**muttering**  
**and so he sat**

**captivated**  
**my thoughts are**  
**gone**  
**replaced**  
**unruly images**  
**scenes**  
**dominate**  
**that brief time**  
**unforgotten**

**make ducati go fast**  
**go fast**  
**be best**  
**go fast**  
**every day**  
**all day**  
**out lean**  
**drive deeper**  
**brake later**  
**further**  
**faster**

**parts**  
**suspension**  
**motor**  
**team**  
**go fast**  
**faster**  
**be best**  
**every day**                      **all day**  
**make ducati go fast**

heads turned snapped  
 she walked in  
 strawberry blond  
 wearing a beret  
 taylored black coat  
 black jacket  
 low polka dot blouse  
 strands of pearls  
 tight black skirt  
 legs heels  
 drama  
 dreams  
 the women drilled holes in her  
 the males just through her clothes  
 she had a cocktail or two waited waited  
 and when  
 she walked out  
 there was no more  
 drama nor  
 dreams

## **COPORATE LAW**

she got wet  
 he got hard  
 sitting at a bar  
 representing two  
 families  
 a wife  
 a father  
 she got wet  
 he got hard  
 celebrating  
 a victory  
 several drinks  
 the evening  
 expired  
 she was wet  
 he was hard  
 the children accept  
 working late  
 just part of the coporate day

you snagged my heart  
 don't know how  
 to shake it off  
 if i were to walk away  
 its there flickering fast  
 not letting go  
 if i were to stay  
 bleeding and blood  
 ain't no saying no  
 you snagged my heart  
 don't know how  
 to let it go



**where is J?**

**do you know  
where she is?**

**the answer.  
passed out  
nodded out**

**been that way**

**for years**

**bus stops computers  
cell phones clothing**

**slipped away from limp  
fingers**

**where is J?  
consider J lost**

**in childhood**

**just wanting to be loved  
cherished**

**instead slapped  
passed around**

**like a dirty rag**

**a cum rag**

**left on the bed  
alone**

**drying out atop the  
sheets to be  
used again**

**J has a world**

**no one can enter**

**she is safe there**

**although limp and  
drying out**

**atop the bed**

**in the interstice between  
waking and  
limp dying**

**J is intelligent charming  
delightful**

**until she escapes  
into her  
world**

**J knows all the nuances  
of a promise**

**mastered them  
they guard the hole in  
her arm**

**like a rattlesnake on acid  
the promise swallows  
love**

**gold cars dreams and  
tomorrows always  
hungry**

**never swells**

**one day**

**her children will ask  
where is J?**

**they will form**

**their own answers  
and escapes**

**eventually**

**know which bus she is riding  
and have the answer**

**biker and babe ballad**

**ain't no tomorrow only yesterday**

**the two ends of the calendar**

**biker wants youth and freedom**

**babe wants to feel good**

**remembers no today**

**no tomorrow**

**only yesterday**

**can you take me....but don't go too fast**

**take me to g-town.....i feel sick**

**just get there.....now campus**

**NO.....i meant home**

**don't go too fast.....**

**yeh girl hold on tight i know where you are**

**relax just lean with the bike**

**might consider getting clean**

**i'm scared..... that was great**

**but why are we here.....take me to g-  
town..... that's where I want**

**getting sick**

**want to go get out of town**

**take you on some open road out of the city**

**like fast might not be another chance**

**just stop in g-town.....don't go  
too fast**

**gotta problem bro**

**better get her clean**

**she will sell everything you got**

**and maybe you will almost smile**

**by the end of the day**

**all you got is yesterday**

**that's how it is**

**with a junkie girl**

**lose lots of weeks**

**there is never a today**

**and never a tomorrow**

**that's how it is**

**with a junkie girl**

**junkie girl junkie girl**

**you got the bounce**

**you got the look**

**what you say and what you are**

**ain't never together**

**ain't even in today**

**let me off.....i'll take a bus to g-town**

**take me home....no....take me riding**

**gonna throw-up.....don't let anyone see**

**don't let'em see me**

**take me somewhere I'm not**

**ain't no tomorrow**

**ain't no today**

**only that yesterday**

**is what you got**

**the biker chasing youth**

**seeking the long lost**

**that's what you get with the junkie girl**

**the babe lost in g-town**

**a hole in yesterday**

# Stories Are My Refuge: Part Two of Booking in Scotland

by George Cowmeadow Bauman

*The title of this article is provided by Scottish writer Robert Louis Stevenson, who also wrote, "I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in." Amen, brother!*



Ever notice how when you're on a road trip, Willie Nelson's song, "On the Road Again" stays in your head.  
"On the road again  
I just can't wait to get on the road again."



Our July 2016 adventure in green and grey and misty Scotland inevitably found us looking for booking adventures, whether we were in Edinburgh or out on the islands and highlands.



After walking our way through hilly Edinburgh, a 21st-century city on which a veneer of tourist-oriented capitalism has been applied over layers of life going back a thousand dusty years, we spent a week traveling outside of the capital before returning to explore Edinburgh for a few more days.

I was behind the wheel of a small comfortable rented Mercedes, acquired purely by the luck of the compact-car-draw. I've driven on the left side of the road twice before, so no big deal, right.  
Oh, *yeah*, big deal, due to the dangerously narrow Scottish country roads to and on the islands and in the highlands, all of which featured "Blind Curve" and "Blind Summit" signs, occasionally in combination



with one that read: "Oncoming vehicles in middle of road"! Unfenced free-range livestock roamed the pavement, often

with consequential metal-vs.-wool encounters. Long-distance bicyclists and hikers with serious boots and colorful tall backpacks complicated driving, for there was no room on the berm for them to pedal or walk. Coming around one of those blind curves at 70 kph and discovering a pack of hikers strung out along the road just in front of your hood ornament creates instant stress as you struggle to deal with them on the verge, the narrowness of the road, and a highballing lorry coming at you at 70 kph. We even faced head-on traffic on the Isle of Mull's one-track roads. Real life dodge-'em cars.

But we survived, though on the last day with the car, one of the tyres on the car was punctured by the frequent, ragged potholes. The only replacement tyre we could find in the Highlands was a used one that even the mechanic described as "dodgy", which one online dictionary describes as "of low quality, potentially dangerous".

"It might make it to Edinburgh," the round-headed man said of the dodgy tyre. Crossing Scotland is a five-hour journey on roads so narrow and twisty that in one extended section has been called "The Devil's Staircase" for over 200 years.

Mechanic Pumpkinhead added, "But then again, it might blow out just down the road. But you can't use the tyre you drove in on. It's knackered!"



We found limited bookishness on our countryside wanderings.

We enjoyed the Isle of Iona's literary and historical significance. MacBeth, King of Scotland, is buried there.

"The Book of Kells", the stunningly-illustrated book of gospels, which we saw last year displayed under glass at Trinity Library in Dublin, is reported to have been first written and decorated in the years up to 800 AD on that tiny, remote isle.

One can sit meditatively in the still-in-use abbey, or in the ruins of the newer 13th century nunnery, and imagine the early priests and nuns seeking inspiration and peace at the place where Irish priest St. Columba first introduced Christianity to England in 563.

That sense of ecclesiastical and literary history must have taken my focus away from the uneven terrain, for I tripped and fell in the very old abbey graveyard. Twisted my ankle and went right down, barely missing a leaning-with-age-and-neglect tombstone of the family MacKenzie, landing on the grave on my surgically-repaired shoulder. Lin was a step behind, and you can imagine her concern as she saw me tumble and lie there a moment collecting myself, before





rising like a ghost from surrounding graves.

The Isle of Mull and the Isle of Skye were gorgeous and green in rugged, heathered wildness, as were the mostly uninhabited expanse of moors and misty hills around the historic Glencoe Valley, a photographer's fantasy.

But not much re books. There *was* an attractive book-and-music store in Portree,

the capital of Skye, but the Scotland-centric displays and inventory were understandably geared to the tourists: books about Scottish tartans and fairy tales, with numerous collections of beautiful photographs: landscapes, lochscapes, and moorscapes. The latest bestselling Scottish fiction was piled high, mysteries by Peter May foremost among them. Burns, Scott, and Stevenson were well-represented in very attractive editions at less-than-attractive prices. The back room had a few hundred used books, but it was a very haphazard selection, and not well-organized.

We bought nothing, though I'd made nice with the red-headed owner named George while Linda was browsing in a shop across the narrow street. "If it weren't for the tourists, I'd have no bookstore," he said. "These books here"—and he gestured to the tartan-themed display table in the center of the store—"will be bought impulsively by tourists from all over the world who want to remember Scotland. And after they've been read/looked through once, if at all, they'll lie about and seldom be picked up again. But enough of them leave Scotland for me to survive during the tourist season.

"After that, we close up for the winter. No business. The locals buy a few things, but mostly they read ebooks and order from Amazon." I told him that ereaders and Amazon are exactly the problem bookstores all over the world are experiencing, as most of us deal with consequent declining sales.

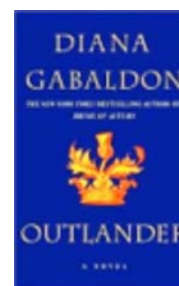
We weren't expecting our next literary surprise—Dunvegan Castle, on the Isle of Skye.

Book-lust suffused me as we stepped into its high-ceilinged, well-lit library and gazed around at the hundreds of antiquarian books. Many were bound for clan McLeod in



attractive leather; the spines gilded with "Dunvegan". At 800, the historic home of the clan MacLeod is the oldest continuously inhabited castle in Scotland, and has entertained many people of distinction, including Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir Walter Scott. (Those two seemed to have been everywhere!) I peered closely at the spines of the books in the locked up, roped off, glass-fronted bookcases. No American authors were in evidence among the many English, French, and Italian volumes.

Nearby was the castle's cramped, low dungeon, where book thieves were probably tossed for six years...without any reading material, a true torture chamber!



At the end of each day in Scotland, we took the same book to bed, Diana Gabaldon's outrageously successful "Outlander". The bestseller and its sequels were prominently displayed in every bookstore we visited. This historical fiction was perfect for our travels, as it was set in the exact highlands we visited, adding a great literary sensibility to our daily adventures. I read the paperback, while Lin read on an IPAD...



At the end of our vacation we were pleased to have four days back in Edinburgh, grateful that our harrowing Scottish driving adventure was over.

We were tempted to book the heavily-promoted Literary Pub Tour, but remembered the same in Dublin, which was a big disappointment. Two actors recited short passages in various over-crowded pubs which writers, Beckett, Yeats, Swift, Wilde, etc., had visited. We got the feeling that it was more for the actors' pay and the pubs' till than it was about literature.

Instead, we followed Rick Steves' guidebook's advice and took the Book Lover's Tour. <http://www.edinburghbooktour.com>



The sunny-day walk started from the Writers Museum, guided by the knowledgeable Allan Foster. He's rather qualified, having written "The Literary Traveler in Edinburgh" and "The Literary Traveler in Scotland". Wish I'd known about those books before the trip. Just six of us showed up that day, which made for an intimate, enjoyable, information-and-story-filled 1½ hour stroll around Edinburgh's southside, near the historic university, which dates to 1583.

We stood looking at the old buildings of the university's Medical College, once one of the finest in the UK, while

Foster told several stories about medical student Arthur Conan Doyle, including one about him meeting Dr. Joe Bell, whose medical diagnosing techniques inspired the Sherlock Holmes character.

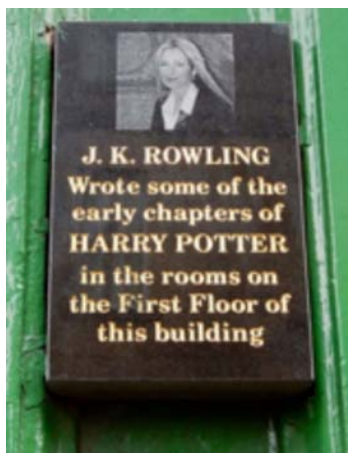
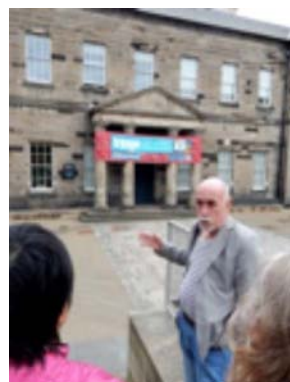
In the same medical complex, Robert Lewis Stevenson was inspired by the leg troubles of the poet William Henley ("Invictus") to create Long John Silver of *Treasure Island* fame. And

Henley's daughter was the model for the character Wendy in *Peter Pan* by J. M. Barrie, we were told. Barrie, Stevenson, and Conan Doyle often shared their works, meeting occasionally at Rutherford's Pub, a seamen's dive, which still features the writers' portraits in its windows.

He brought up J. K. Rowling, not the first reference to her we'd heard in Edinburgh.

Though Rowling isn't Scottish, she is claimed as a step-daughter of Scottish literature, for *Harry Potter* is set in the Scottish hills. Cafés and pubs fall all over themselves to find the slimmest of associations with her and Harry, to the point that one pub hung a tongue-in-cheek sign, "J. K. Rowling has nothing whatsoever to do with this pub!"

Really! Rowling and Harry Potter are everywhere! She even has her handprints in cement on the Royal Mile. Foster debunked much of the Rowling mythology around the town while specifying details of her presence. He pointed out the



Captain's Table, and mentioned how Rowling wrote chapters of the first Potter novel there in that certain second floor window, then led us over to a small plaque to that effect.

While on the "hoppy" bus, the hop-on, hop-off bus we always take on our first day in a new city to orient ourselves to the layout of the town, the guide pointed out the elegant, expensive (£400 a night), massive pile called the Balmoral Hotel. It was here that Rowling retreated to that luxury to write several chapters of the final Harry Potter book, according to our guide.

Foster led us down the literary street where Conan Doyle lived just a few doors from Sir Walter Scott. "Mark Twain hated Scott," he told us. "Twain even suggested that the American Civil War was partially Scott's responsibility. Scott's novels were so popular in America, especially in the Deep South, that Twain claimed that Scott's books, such as *Waverley*, increased the upper class's sense of privilege, and thus more and more resisted the North's trying to dictate the future of the country to include freed slaves."

The tour ended at the black statue of Greyfriar's Bobby, a legendary Scottish dog, who, legend has it, was so distraught when his owner died that it sat on his master's grave for 14 years. Eleanor Atkinson turned the tale into a bestselling book in 1912, and its fame was cemented worldwide when Walt Disney based a movie on the book.



Naturally one of my goals in Scotland's ancient capital was to visit the bookstores of the town, as well as a trip to the National Library of Scotland.

We were disappointed in the latter, the first floor given over to a large gift shop and café with little grandeur of the exterior carried over to the inside, unlike the Austrian National Library, as well as the national one in Dublin. When we tried to visit the reading rooms, hoping for gorgeousness, we were turned away with a dour, "This is not a public library."

The library's exhibition when we visited was "You Are Here!" <http://www.nls.uk/exhibitions/maps>, an entertainingly-presented display of excellent Scottish maps through the ages, which pleased me, as I was once the manager of Columbus' The Map Store, and am afflicted with cartophilia. The library has two million maps and atlases in its collection. The centerpiece of the display was a 1662 Joan Blaeu map of the world.





As in Dublin, Edinburgh doesn't seem to have much in the way of quality independent bookstores. I kept asking for recommendations, but got confused looks by locals. That *might* happen in Columbus as well, I guess, but for a city that has been so important to intellectual history, where the European Enlightenment began, this lack of good bookstores is appalling.

We did have two rather interesting bookstore visits. Blackwell's is a UK bookselling institution with many branches. We'd visited one in Oxford many years ago, and I thought that visiting a chain store would be less than fascinating.

But turns out that this particular Blackwell's stands on the site of Scotland's oldest continuously-operating bookshop, founded in 1818 and owned by a Mr. Thin and his family through the 19th century. Finally they sold to Blackwells, so consequently the current firm advertises itself as the oldest bookstore, since there's been no break in operations for 198 years.

One of the earliest Edinburgh bookstores was opened by wigmaker Allan Ramsay in 1727 next to St. Giles, the high church of Scotland.

As I was buying a Blackwell's mug for my collection of bookshop mugs, I mentioned to the two friendly (most everyone in Scotland was very friendly) booksellers, Stuart and Clark, that I was an American book dealer, and collected such drinking vessels. And that I collected photographs of booksellers; might I take one of them? They



laughed and said, "Sure!" I posed with them while Linda snapped the photo. Clark then said, "Well if you're really interested in the bookshop's history, come upstairs with me." He proudly showed off framed portraits of the dour-looking, long-bearded founder of Thin's, his son, and several others in the line of booksellers going back to its founding.

Clark and Stuart then directed us two doors away up the cobblestoned street to a used bookshop, Southside Books, where we got to meet our Character of the Day.

When you're on the road, you meet unusual people, people who are distinct from the rest of the road rabble, so to speak. Craig Jenkins qualified as that day's COD.

The grey-haired owner merely grunted as we walked in, which had happened at another Edinburgh shop we'd visited, Old Town Books and Maps. (That store was not much wider than my arms outstretched, and was without any sense of organization: paperbacks were shelved both under and over a "Hardbacks" sign.)

I walked about the Southside shop, checking out the books on Scottish writers, as well as studying signage, layout, etc., a career bookseller's behavior, you know. I snapped a few shots of the dusty, musty old place, then found a card with an artistic rendering of the front of the shop and took it to the counter to see if I could chat the dealer up a bit.

I could.

I asked for a photo, and he gave me permission to shoot the shop, but not him. "I can't stand people who come in and without permission start taking pictures of me and my books!

I've had movie people want to film in here, and I chased them out!"

I mentioned that we've had two movie companies shoot scenes in Acorn. ("Liberal Arts" and "Mrs. Stevens Hears the Mermaids Singing".)

"They paid you well for it, didn't they?!" the curmudgeon responded.

"Where are you from in America?" he asked before I could answer the first question. Many Scots asked that question about our home, and we found them amazingly familiar with far more American geographical awareness than we are with Scottish place-names and locations.

"Ohio."

"Ohio?! Where the Republican convention took place!" declared Jenkins.

We were stunned to find many Scots who were knowledgeable about American politics as well as geography, but this guy took it to an extreme. He talked about how Hilary Clinton was so much better for Europe than Donald Trump, about whom he ranted for an easy five minutes. He dismissed, as other Scots had to us, Clinton's email hassles as so much Republican malware. His attitude reminded us of what most Scots we met and talked to had to say about Trump. He worries them with his scattergun approach to foreign policy and unpredictable temperament.

"America cannot pick and choose which of its friends to support!" Jenkins said vehemently. "They must honor their treaties!" The cranked-up bookseller talked about the various military and civilian speakers at the Democratic convention, pleased, I think, to take a break from book-talk to show off his awareness of American politics.

By the time this story is read, the election will be over. Gonna be really interesting...







Linda caught a bit of a cold the last couple of days, and one afternoon suggested I take my camera and journal out on the streets of “Auld Reeky” (because the city used to reek of smoke) while she rested and read. I knew exactly where I was going: back to the Writers Museum. Lin and I had been Edinburgh-booking in a variety of ways 10 days earlier and the experience that most stuck with me was that museum.

I sipped a wee dram of high quality single malt from Oban, one of our on-the-road stops, and headed out into Edinburgh’s cobblestoned, hilly Old Town, for I’d decided to begin this article while sitting in that old 1622 building, now dedicated to writing.

I went straight down to the Stevenson room of the museum and popped open my laptop. I walked around the glass-topped exhibits, noticing a first edition of “A Child’s Garden of Verses”. My extensive journal notes suggested ideas and stories, which began coming through the Scotch mist.

The overhead speaker was motion-activated, for as I moved around, a Scottish voice intoned, “On one of these occasions, I made a map of the island...treasure island.”

I was in heaven. That map was drawn by RLS and his step-son, based upon Stevenson’s stories which would become *The Sea Cook: A Story for Boys*, which morphed into *Treasure Island*. The original map was ultimately lost during correspondence with his publisher. It may lie, a treasure of its own, waiting to be discovered in the attic of an abandoned 19th-century post office building.

The space was never empty, always a few tourists walking through, though most didn’t linger. In the RLS room, one eight-year-old redheaded boy got excited when he heard the speaker giving forth the first few lines of *Treasure Island*.

“Dad!” he exclaimed, and listened a bit more before adding in a rather thick brogue, “*It’s Treasure Island!* We just read that last week before we came here!”

He listened to the end of the short audio, and to his backpacked father said, “Can we read it again when we get home?”

Dad must have already prowled through the upstairs book/gift shop with the very nice Scottish writer’s book selection. He told his son, “I think they have an illustrated copy up at the gift shop. I’ll buy it for you so we can read it together again.”

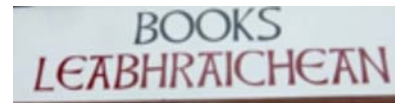
After beginning a few notes downstairs, surrounded by the creative, romantic spirit of RLS, I stepped up the twisty stones to the main room, trimmed out with oak wood and supplemented by crimson on the walls and thick carpet, which gave the place a solid and elegant feel. A large wrought-iron chandelier hangs from the high ceiling.

A friendly, red-haired young man named Nathan Lawrie was that day’s bookseller and we chatted a bit about the museum. Like Allison on our first visit, he was quite enthusiastic about the museum and the writers it celebrated. They both represented the institution well, and made visitors pleased to have stopped in. Either of them could work in my bookshop.

He saw me at my laptop; I told him I was writing an article about booking in Edinburgh. “Please send a copy of your article to us; we would very much like to read it, and we can post a link to it on our website.” I agreed to do so.

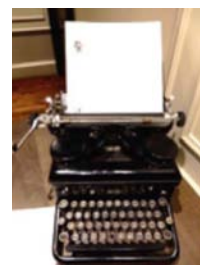
Before leaving for Scotland, I had visited Anthony Thomas Chocolates (which my late mother-in-law referred to as “St. Anthony”) and bought a few small gift boxes of that delicious peanut butter and chocolate candy to give out to our B&B hosts and anyone else who showed kindnesses to us along the road. I hadn’t had any with me that first visit when we met Allison, but I was prepared on that second visit.

I gave Nathan the box of Buckeyes and my business card, telling him that it was a special candy and it was my way of saying thanks to the staff of the museum. He was surprised and pleased with the gift, and promised to share the confection with his co-workers.



Our last restaurant meal in Scotland was at the Printing Press Bar and Kitchen, located in New Town, in the district that historically housed a number of publishers. This typewriter was on display, menu cranked in. We thought it an apt location to say farewell to a city we came to love.

Scotland is a botanical paradise, a geologic wonder, a photographer’s dream. It also has tremendous literary history, and I feel privileged to have explored just the tiniest bit of it.



# The Nuremberg Chronicle: A 15th Century Treasure

by Matthew S. Schweitzer

If the Gutenberg Bible is the most important and valuable printed book of the 15th century then the *Liber Chronicarum*, more commonly known as the Nuremberg Chronicle, is a close second. A marvel of early book production and illustration, the Nuremberg Chronicle is



a massive work bursting with over 1,800 exquisite woodcut engravings produced by one of the preeminent printer-publishers of the 15th century, Anton Koberger. It is universally recognized as not only one of the most lavishly illustrated books ever made and a treasury of Renaissance art, but also an intriguing glimpse into a world on the cusp of great and momentous

changes in science, religion, exploration, and the social structures of European civilization. Its publication marks the end of the Middle Ages and the beginning of the Early Modern Era. It represents a point in time at the dawn of the Age of Reason and for this and many other reasons, it is an artistic treasure of immense proportion.

## Background

The Nuremberg Chronicle was published in 1493 in the city of Nuremberg, Germany, which had become a prominent printing hub in the decades after the introduction of the printing press by Gutenberg nearly forty years earlier. By the time of the book's publication, Anton Koberger had already established himself as one of the great printers of that city having opened his first printing house there in 1470. Koberger became one of the most successful printers in Germany. At the height of his success, the business ran 24 printing presses and employed an army of 100 workers, which allowed him to produce a mountain of works on a wide variety of subjects over the course of his career. However, the Nuremberg Chronicle is by far his most famous and important production.

In December 1491, two Nuremberg merchants, Sebald Schreyer and Sebastian Kemmermeister approached Koberger about commissioning a grand publication: a profusely illustrated history of the world from Creation to Judgement Day. As part of the initial contract with Koberger, two Nuremberg artists, Michael Wolgemut and

Wilhelm Pleydenwurif, were hired to create the numerous woodcut engravings. In fact, it was Wolgemut who had initially suggested the ambitious project to Koberger and helped to line up Sebald and Kemmermeister as the primary investors in what they were sure was to be a "best seller". Hartmann Schedel, a local Nuremberg doctor and humanist, was engaged to write the text of the book. Schedel was well known for his extensive collection of printed books and manuscripts, which made a tremendous amount of knowledge available to him for references purposes. Schedel "borrowed" heavily from other earlier authors for his text, with particularly heavy influence from an earlier world history, the *Supplementum Chronicarum*, by Jacob Philip Foresti of Bergamo.

Two editions were planned by Koberger, a Latin and German translation. Georg Alt was hired to create the translation from the Latin text. This point alone is worthy of note since it made the book accessible to those who wanted to have a copy of the history of the world in their own native language and expanded the potential customer base beyond the typical university-educated scholar. The first copies of the Latin edition rolled off the presses in July 1493. The German edition appeared months later in December of the same year. It is estimated that 1500 Latin editions and 1000 German editions were printed. Customers could also pay extra to have their copies rubricated and have the woodcut engravings hand-colored to create an exceptionally luxurious book. A number of these hand-colored copies survive today and are held as iconic treasures by the collectors and institutions lucky enough to own them. Overall it is estimated that roughly 400 copies of the Latin edition along with about 300 copies of the German edition survive today.

## Content

Overall the book is divided into seven periods or eras, each devoted to a separate segment of world history beginning with the Creation of the World as told in the Biblical Book of Genesis and ending with its destruction on Judgement Day according to the Book of Revelation. In between the story of Man on Earth is told in great detail, recounting mankind's great achievements





and disastrous failures. The book concludes with a massive world map showing the Earth as it was known at the close of the 15th century just prior to news of the discovery of the New World and the revolutionary changes it would bring.

The book's frontispiece is an incredible full page woodcut engraving of God enthroned in Heaven, dressed in the garb of a Renaissance Pope. The throne is flanked by two columns which support an arch of branches upon which a group of Cherubim cavort wildly. Below, two hairy ape-like humanoid creatures hold large shields, initially left blank and intended to be filled in later presumably with the coat of arms of the book's owner.

The story of the creation and fall of Man are told with a series of large detailed illustrations. The stories of the Old Testament are conveyed as true history with the story of Moses and the Exodus, the foundation of Israel and the life of Christ told with large half and even full page engravings. Extensive genealogies are given connecting all the prominent historical figures back to Adam and Eve. Each of these figures is given a portrait to coincide with the passages relating to their place in the chronicle of history. Impressive cityscapes illustrate the various locales described in the text. By far the most impressive of these is a full two-page engraved view of the city of Nuremberg itself. Interestingly of the 1809 individual woodcuts included in the book, only 645 of them are unique. In many places the same engravings are used for different cities and portraits sometimes reused a dozen times across the book for various completely unrelated historical figures.

### Artists

Without question the fame and notoriety of the Nuremberg Chronicle comes from its woodcut engravings. Michael Wolgemut and Wilhelm Pleydenwurif were the principal artists contracted to create the engravings for the book and while each was a prominent artist in their own right, they are probably best remembered for their contributions to the Nuremberg Chronicle. Wolgemut ran a well-known and respected artists workshop in Nuremberg and he himself is believed to have been the original impetus for the creation of the Chronicle from the start. Wilhem



Pleydenwurif was Wolgemut's stepson and assistant, Wolgemut having studied under Wilhelm's father Hans and had married his wife after the master's death in 1472. Wolgemut is also remembered as having apprenticed a young Albrecht Durer in his workshop for several years. Durer, who was godson to Anton Koberger, has long been thought to have possibly contributed some of the woodcuts for the Nuremberg Chronicle, although this is disputed by some who say that Durer was gone from Wolgemut's workshop by the time work began on the book.

Perhaps what is even more unusual and of particular importance for art historians is the fact that much of the original artwork, layouts, and wood

blocks used for the production of the Nuremberg Chronicle were preserved and exist today. We know that Wolgemut's workshop had been working on designs for the book for years before its publication, perhaps as early as 1488 (which is why some scholars speculate that a young Durer could have worked on some of the preliminary artwork.). As part of the work contract, Wolgemut was required to submit manuscript layouts (called exemplars) of both the Latin and German editions to Schreyer and Kemmermeister. These exemplars were used to design the layout of the book and the interposition of text and illustration, which were used as a guide when executing the job of actually printing the book. The book's patrons later had the copy of the Chronicle's exemplars bound with their coat of arms displayed on the endpapers and preserved for posterity. Today Wolgemut's pencil sketch design for the elaborate frontispiece is displayed in the collection of the British Museum.

### Legacy

The publication of the Nuremberg Chronicle was largely a commercial success for its creators. In 1509 a financial accounting of the sales of the book showed that 600 copies of the book remained unsold, with blame for these unsold copies placed on the appearance of pirate editions of the Chronicle appearing not long after its initial publication. In fact we know that between 1496 and 1500 Augsburg printer Johann Schönsperger produced three "unauthorized" editions of the Chronicle in both Latin and German. These became known as the Augsburg Chronicle and contained a condensed





version of Schedel's text and all new artwork which copied the original closely. Schönsperger's editions were in a much smaller 4to format and thus were considerably cheaper and appealed to the less affluent but literate customer.

As mentioned nearly 700 copies of the Nuremberg Chronicle survive today both in institutions and in private collections. The survival of so many varied copies along with the existence of the exemplars, original artwork, and legal contracts provide an incredible and unusually full picture of the history and production of this book. It is a treasure beyond compare for scholars, historians, artists, and book lovers.

#### A Parting Note

Here in Ohio we are lucky to have at least two copies of the Nuremberg Chronicle accessible to those interested in seeing this magnificent book in person. Ohio State University and the Toledo Museum of Art both have nearly perfect

copies in their collections. Both copies have been rebound, but their contents are impeccably preserved. While neither of these copies are hand-colored or rubricated, the woodcut engravings are decidedly impressive up close. They represent a tangible link to the earliest era of the printed book and anyone privileged to see them in person will undoubtedly look upon them in awe for they are an extraordinary example of the Northern Renaissance made incarnate.

*Editor's Note: Kent State University holds two copies of the chronicle, one in each language and hand-colored. Both are available for viewing and research in Special Collections. If you want to read more about the conception, construction, and printing of the Nuremberg Chronicle, check out Adrian Wilson's The Making of the Nuremberg Chronicle with an introduction by Peter Zahn (Netherlands: Nico Israel, 1976). You can also purchase books of the city plates from Dover Publications.*

## Mark Your Calendars: Ohioana Book Festival

Since its inception in 2007, the Ohioana Book Festival has given readers the opportunity to connect with their favorite Ohio writers. Held each spring, the Festival welcomes roughly 100 authors and more than 3,000 visitors every year. Collect books by new and favorite authors, support Ohioana and its mission to collect books by Ohio authors and about Ohio subject, places, and events.

The 2017 Book Festival will be Saturday, April 8, 2017 at the Sheraton Columbus Hotel at Capitol Square, 75 E. State St., Columbus, OH 43215.

Watch the Ohioana Library website for more information <http://www.ohioana.org/programs/ohioana-book-festival/>

## Kudos to Don Rice

Don Rice's newest book published by West Virginia University Press was released on December 1st, *Cast in Deathless Bronze: Andrew Rowan, the Spanish-American War, and the Origins of American Empire*.

You can obtain information about the book at Amazon: [https://www.amazon.com/Cast-Deathless-Bronze-Spanish-American-American/dp/1943665435/ref=tmm\\_pap\\_title\\_0?\\_encoding=UTF8&qid=&sr=](https://www.amazon.com/Cast-Deathless-Bronze-Spanish-American-American/dp/1943665435/ref=tmm_pap_title_0?_encoding=UTF8&qid=&sr=) or purchase through the WVU Press catalog at: <http://wvupressonline.com/node/648>.

## Coming Soon: The Winter/Spring 2017 Thurber House Evenings with Authors

Whether you love fiction or non-fiction, spy novels or humor, this season has something for you!

Visit the newly redesigned [www.thurberhouse.org](http://www.thurberhouse.org) in January for more information about the upcoming season of highly entertaining and fascinating author talks.

# The Trials & Tribulations of Aldus Manutius

by Scott Williams

In *Venice. An Illustrated Anthology* compiled by Michael Marqusee (London: Conran Octopus Ltd., 1988), our Society's namesake is quoted bemoaning his fame! Our compiler unfortunately does not cite which preface to one of Aldus' publications he finds the quote below. Michael Marqusee, however, does explain why he thinks Aldus' statement worthy of inclusion. Briefly, Venice's unique form of governance, known as the *Serenissima*—the serene republic, discouraged hero-worship and promoted a virtual cult of anonymity for its rulers, of which the Doge (elected leader) was more a figurehead. "As a result, few charismatic characters appear in the annals of Venice. One exception is ALDUS MANUTIUS (1449-1515), inventor of elegant typefaces, publisher of Europe's first illustrated printed books, and friend to a generation of humanist scholars."

From tourist gawkers to wannabe authors, life sounds *simply horrible* for our poor old Aldus:

*"A part from six hundred others, there are two things in particular which continually interrupt my work. First, the frequent letters of learned men which come to me from every part of the world and which would cost me whole days and nights if I were to reply. Then there are the visitors who come, partly to greet me, partly to see what new work is in hand, but mostly because they have nothing better to do. 'All right,' they say 'Let's drop in on Aldus!' So they come in crowds, and sit around with their mouths open, 'Like leeches which will not let go of the skin until they have a bellyful of blood.' I say nothing of those who come to recite a poem to me or a piece of prose, usually rough and unpolished, which they want me to print for them."*

*"I have at last begun to defend myself from these thoroughly tedious visitors and their interruptions. When those who write to me have nothing very important to say, I do not reply at all: or if it is important, I reply in few words. I ask my friends not to be offended by this, or to take it in any way other than that intended: for it is not pride or scorn that makes me act in this way, but the need to spend what time I have in editing good books. As far as those who come to greet me, or come for any other reason, are concerned: well, I have taken care to warn them with a notice against bothering me anymore, or continually breaking in upon my work and study. A notice stands like some sort of an edict above the door of my room, and the words are these: 'Whoever you are, Aldus asks you again and again: if there is anything you want from him, please state your business quickly and get on your way, unless you are going to take his work on your shoulders, as Hercules did for weary Atlas. There will always be something for you, or for anyone else who comes along to do'" [77-78].*

