



Aldus Society Notes

Winter 2018

Volume 18, No. 1

Aldus Collects 2018 January 11, 2018

One of the many benefits of Aldus membership is our annual January program, "Aldus Collects". Six members have volunteered to share their bookish joy with us:

- Aubrey Sanfillipo, our youngest Aldine, will address us with, "Young Adult Books, or 'I Blame Dad.'"
- Paul Watkins focuses on, "What Makes a General?"
- John Bennett, whose enigmatic title is "Collecting John M. Bennett by John M. Bennett."
- Tom Thacker is back with "Nelson Evans' Bathing Beauties."
- Ann Alaia Woods will interest us with "Getting the Measure of It". This particular and tiny "collection" from Ann Woods revealed itself quite by happenstance recently when she discovered that over the years she had been setting aside devices from her own and her family's past that were designed before the era of the calculator to help us count, measure, or even, curiously, to predict.
- Don Rice, talking about "Famous Writers Who Have Known Me", another great title.

Once again, George Cowmeadow Bauman will be the MC.

We are fortunate to have members who are interested in sharing their reading/collecting interests with us. If you haven't participated before, now's the time to sign up for next year's program of Aldus Collects!

February 8, 2018: Alan B. Farmer (The Ohio State University) presents "Women Obstinate in Mischief": Commonplacing Femininity in Meisei University's Shakespeare First Folio (MR 774)

This talk examines the marginalia in the most extensively annotated extant copy of the Shakespeare First Folio, Meisei University's MR 774. Nearly every page of this volume, from the opening scene of *The Tempest* to the conclusion of *Cymbeline*, contains underlining, dots, slashes, and notes most likely made by a Scottish reader in the 1620s or 1630s. While several topics clearly interested this reader, he was more than unusually attracted by the plays' moments of antifeminist misogyny, such as Hotspur's contention in *Henry the Fourth, Part One* that secrets are "not to be trusted to women," a comment by Hamlet about "women's dissimulation," or Master Ford's conviction in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* that women are "obstinate in mischief." Although this reader's notes have usually been viewed as one person's idiosyncratic responses to Shakespeare's plays, I want to argue instead that the Meisei reader's misogynistic marginalia grew out of a wider set of early modern reading practices taught in schools and universities. In particular, this reader's notes often take the form of commonplaces, that is, sententious adages he either transcribed directly from the First Folio itself or was inspired to create by Shakespeare's plays. Commonplacing was a ubiquitous reading practice in early modern England, but the Meisei reader's approach to commonplacing women could also lead him to fundamentally misunderstand some of Shakespeare's plays. When he tried to make sense of *The Merry*

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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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Kahn at mbkcons@gmail.com,
or 614-239-8977.

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Contact Information

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



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From the President

Dear Friends,

Thank you for bringing joy to the holidays this year!

Your joy in donating time and items to the auction this year, sharing your wit and wisdom at the dinner, and taking home treasures reminds me 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 present it to Genie Hoster this year for her long and continued commitment to the group. There is nothing Genie can't or won't do to support Aldus.

I'd also like to thank Doug Allinger for his service on the Aldus Board of Trustees! Doug was a much-appreciated sounding board for our discussions and contributed lots of great ideas at a special fundraising workshop last summer. He is giving up his seat on the board to relocate to some idyllic warm-weather location.

Enjoy all those treasures you took home from the auction,

Debra

Editor's Words

Each issue of the Aldus News is a surprise and delight to put together. Tucked within these pages are five articles, a few of them lengthy and bound to delight all readers. Best of all are contributions of shorter pieces by many of you. So what's inside? A Book Store-y reminiscence by George Bauman that will bring smiles to you; a recounting, with lots of photos, of Irish writers encountered by Roger & Judi Jerome on their travels this fall. Bill Rich tells of his encounter with a Civil War diary of extraordinary provenance and a mysterious present. The Salem Witch Trials are the focus of Matt Schweitzer's contribution along with stunning images from the books. And a new column of Books About Books as suggested by a few members.

There are shorter pieces about the annual dinner and auction and the field trip to OU's Special Collections. The Carol Logue Bibio-Fellowship Award went to Genie Hoster this year. Congratulations Genie for all your contributions to Aldus.

A big thank you goes out to four members who submitted reviews of books that were exciting, stimulating, and oh so wonderful. Consider submitting a review of a book you read this winter season.

It is books that draw us together. Please consider writing about your book adventures whether they are of the armchair variety or an excursion, a rainy afternoon delight or perfect for a sunny, snowy day, or even an intellectually challenging read.

Best wishes for a wonderful, book filled New Year,

Miriam Kahn, Editor

Wives of Windsor, he turned the play into a dark fantasy of cuckolds, bawds, and “whoores subtle shifts.” Ultimately, I want to suggest that the Meisei reader’s misogynistic marginalia and misreading of *Merry Wives* provide us with an insight into different, and more disturbing, ways that Shakespeare was read, interpreted, and appreciated as literature in the seventeenth century.

Alan B. Farmer is Associate Professor of English at Ohio State University. He has published widely on Renaissance drama and the book trade in early modern London. He is the co-creator, with Zachary Lesser, of one of the earliest and most widely used Digital Humanities resources in early modern studies, *DEEP: Database of Early English Playbooks* <http://deep.sas.upenn.edu/>, an online resource for studying the printing, publishing, and marketing of Renaissance drama. He co-edited, with Adam Zucker, the essay collection *Localizing Caroline Drama: The Politics and Economics of Early English Stage, 1625–1642* (Palgrave, 2006). He is currently working on two projects, one with Zachary Lesser on *Print, Plays, and Popularity in Shakespeare’s England*, and the other on *Newsbooks, Playbooks, and the Politics of the Thirty Years’ War in England*.

Editor’s Note: Commonplace books are notebooks where the reader kept quotes from books, articles, and sermons. They often served as scrapbooks. Wikipedia defines *Commonplace Books* this way: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Commonplace_book



Alan B. Farmer

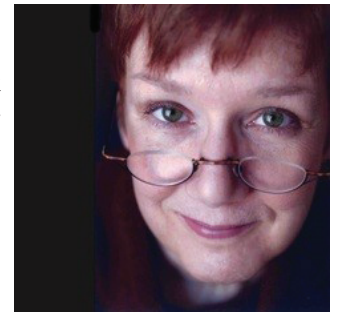
March 15, 2018: Ravneberg Lecture Science Writing for experts and others presented by Marcia Bartusiak, Professor of Science Writing at M.I.T

In the tradition of exploring science and authors, Marcia Bartusiak will share her passion for science and the history of scientific discovery of heavenly phenomena.

Combining her skills as a journalist with an advanced degree in physics, Marcia Bartusiak (pronounced Mar-sha Bar-too'-shack) has been covering the fields of astronomy and physics for more than three decades. The author of six books, she is currently Professor of the Practice of the Graduate Program in Science Writing at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Her latest books are a revised edition of *Einstein’s Unfinished Symphony*, the award-winning history of gravitational-wave astronomy and its first detections, and *Black Hole: How an Idea Abandoned by Newtonians, Hated by Einstein, and Gambled on by Hawking Became Loved*.

Bartusiak’s other books include *The Day We Found the Universe*, *Archives of the Universe*, *Through a Universe Darkly*, and *Thursday’s Universe*.

If you want to read more about the speaker and her books, check out her website <https://www.marciabartusiak.com/>.

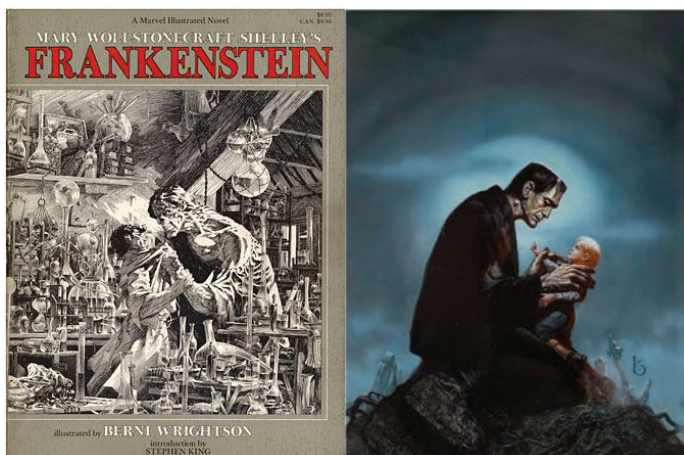


Marcia Bartusiak

April 12, 2018: Frankenstein at 200, a Presentation by the Frankenstein Project of Arizona State University’s School for the Future of Innovation in Society <https://sfis.asu.edu/> presented by Robert Cook-Deegan, M.D

“Frankenstein,” a story written on a dare by an 18-year-old Mary Shelley on a gloomy summer holiday with her lover and friends, was published 200 years ago. Celebrate the bicentennial of the novel and its enduring impact with a presentation on April 12, 2018, by Robert Cook-Deegan from Arizona State University’s Frankenstein Project, an extraordinary multi-year effort by the School for the Future of Innovation in Society. The Frankenstein Project delves into the novel’s “landmark fusion of science, ethics, and literary expression.” It explores the novel’s lasting impact on issues and ethics surrounding the present day development of medicine, artificial intelligence, science, art, literature, and movies.

ASU’s School for the Future of Innovation in Society adopted Shelley’s story of unconventional creation and its eccentric creator to prompt discussion and contemporary projects while addressing the questions: What is life? What does it mean to be human? Why do we create?



Frankenstein is believed to be the first science fiction novel and certainly influenced the genre of horror literature and, later, film. Shelley likely drew from the fears and anxieties of her contemporaries, the early experimentation and fear of electricity, the resurrectionists, and study of surgery. The program will also address her legacy that leaves the issues of responsibility and ethics in what we create today.

Robert Cook-Deegan is a professor at the School for the Future of Innovation in Society, and Consortium for Science, Policy & Outcomes at Arizona State University. He founded and directed Duke's Center for Genome Ethics, Law & Policy 2002- 2012, and Duke-in-Washington through June 2016. Before Duke, Deegan worked at the National Academies of Science, Engineering and Medicine 1991-2002; the National Center for Human Genome Research (NIH) 1989-1990; and the congressional Office of Technology Assessment 1982-1988. Holding an MD, University of Colorado and BA in chemistry (*magna cum laude*) from Harvard, he is the author of *The Gene Wars: Science, Politics, and the Human Genome* <https://dnapatents.georgetown.edu/genomearchive/GeneWars.htm> and over 250 other publications.



Editor's note: If you want to read up on Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* before the meeting, check out the article in *Fine Books & Collections* <https://www.finebooksmagazine.com/index.phtml> entitled "Mary Shelley's Monsterpiece" by Jonathan Shipley https://www.finebooksmagazine.com/fine_books_blog/2017/11/frankenstein-revived-and-revisited.phtml



May 10, 2018: "Why We Collect: Leveraging Cultural Heritage Collections for Transformational Change" Presented by Damon E. Jaggars

Learn about library and archival collections in academic libraries from the new Librarian at The Ohio State University. He's worked with some of the greatest and broadest special collections in the country. Damon Jaggars will focus on using collections to spur change in the intellectual sphere.



Damon E. Jaggars

Damon E. Jaggars assumed the post of Vice Provost and Director of University Libraries at The Ohio State University in 2016. He previously worked for libraries at Columbia University, the University of Texas, and Iona College. His background includes service planning and assessment, collection development and management, and facilities planning and design, as well as building and managing distinctive and unique collections and developing and overseeing information technology infrastructures within research libraries. His work has been published broadly in peer-reviewed journals and conference proceedings, and his editorial service includes board membership for *portal: Libraries & the Academy*, coeditorship of a special issue of *Evidence Based Library and Information Practice*, and a stint as editor-in chief of the *Journal of Library Administration*. He currently serves on advisory boards for the Digital Preservation Network, SHARE, OhioLink, the Big Ten Academic Alliance, as well as on the Diversity, Inclusion, and Equity committee of the Association of Research Libraries.

Books About Books

By Miriam Kahn

How do you learn a new subject or specialty? Do you read everything you can find on the topic or watch every video? Do you “learn as you go,” take classes, or ask an expert? The Aldus Society fosters learning about books and other information media. This column will help the novice learn about books while veterans and experts will find new information. There will be new titles and old friends to savor and learn from.

I thought I would begin the new year with a new series of articles and reviews about understanding, exploring, and collecting books. In this first column, we will look at books that focus on various aspects of the book, including physical, intellectual, and design. In each case, these books complement and overlap one another. They cover parts of the book, vocabulary to discuss and describe the book, layout and design of typefaces, pages, and books themselves, and the history of the book. The first four were published in 2016 and are perfect for beginning and expert collectors.

Let's begin with books that identify and define parts of the book as the reader moves from the cover to the flyleaf and title page, from appendices to bibliographies and indices.

John Carter's *ABC for Book Collecting* is a classic in its ninth edition. Each edition expands upon the previous one and is perfect for students of the book, for looking up terms used to describe bindings, covering materials, and so much more. Each edition references the parts of the book, identifying the endpapers, flyleaf, half-title page, advertisements, and more. The first edition was published in 1952 to explain the jargon, technical terms, and book specific definitions of the book for collectors and scholars. The newest edition, revised in 2016, is printed on slick paper and updates definitions and references, while adding line drawings and color photos [Fig. 1].

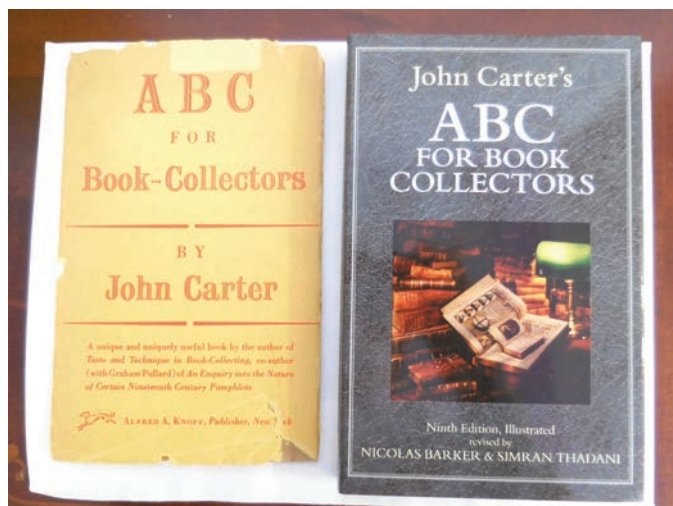



Figure 1

ABC for Book Collecting's newest editors are Nicolas Barker and Simran Thadani. They revised the entire text and selected illustrations, both black & white and color, for

students and collectors alike. The preliminaries include an introduction by Barker, a note about the revisions by Thadani, and the original preface by Carter. All three provide readers with the history and purpose of the ABC. The first entry of the glossary consists of six pages of abbreviations and the learning experience moves on from there. Readers looking for a bibliography of works consulted will find citations within definitions and there are occasional footnotes. *See-also* references and terms in entries found elsewhere in the book stand out in SMALL CAPS. In contrast, **DEFINITIONS** are denoted in bold-face upper case. Readers will find contemporary and obsolete terms about features and characteristics of books. Printed on coated paper, this octavo is sewn and all signature or collation marks are identifiable, pointed out with manicules  for the less attentive reader. This edition is published by Oak Knoll, the pre-eminent publisher of books about books <https://www.oakknoll.com/pages/books/120362/john-carter-nicolas-barker-simran-thadani/abc-for-book-collectors-9th-ed>. The eighth edition is available online as a PDF 29_2 ABC forbookcollectors Bob Fleck.pdf

Sidney Berger's *The Dictionary of the Book: A Glossary for Book Collectors, Booksellers, Librarians, and Others* (Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 2016) is the most expensive of the group (\$125). Nevertheless, the book will appeal to a broad audience interested in “all things bookish” [Fig. 2]

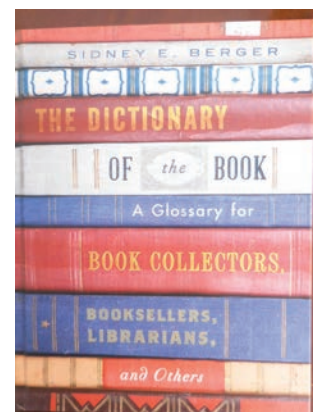


Figure 2

Sid Berger, an historian of paper and the book, is also a librarian. He spoke to the Aldus Society, in September 2016, about his paper collection at the same time his book hit the market. *The Dictionary of the Book* defines aspects of the book with lengthy definitions and URLs where available. Berger expands upon Carter's book and incorporates terminology from various thesauri. According to Berger, Carter needed a refresh or a substantial rewrite, which Berger successfully accomplishes. Entries include embedded citations to books in the bibliography, a significant number of *See* references and plenty of black & white illustrations and photographs. Five appendices contain subject specific terminology for paper and paper related terminology, terms for describing typefaces, paper sizes, binding, and a list of bibliophilic organizations. This slim volume concludes with a fourteen-page bibliography. *The Dictionary of the Book* is a wonderful addition to a collection of reference tools. Unfortunately, Rowan & Littlefield's pricing of this slim volume limits its market to libraries, special collections, and book dealers, keeping the book out of hands of casual collector. Carter's book on the other hand is from Oak Knoll, best known of

publishing books for collectors and book aficionados at a reasonable price.

The third book about books released in 2016 is Keith Houston's *The Book: A Cover-To-Cover Exploration of the Most Powerful Object of Our Time* (NY: W.W. Norton, 2016) [Fig. 3]. Keith Houston identifies and describes the characteristics of the book while embarking on the history of the book. Published by W.W. Norton, a commercial publisher, it is clear they spent lots of money on the design and construction of this book, most particularly the covers that are bare Davey Board. The creative cover identifies parts of the book, the page, and then goes into detail about various physical and visual aspects of the book. *The Book* is a text for reading. It is not a glossary as Carter's *ABC* is. Indeed, *The Book* is a history of the book that is both chronological and idiosyncratic as it discusses the physical aspects of the book, both historical and visual.

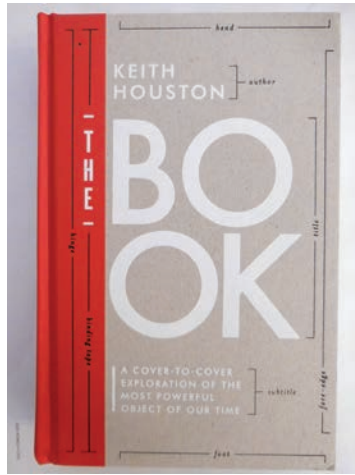


Figure 3

Two older examples of books covering the history of the book and their printed features include Douglas C. McMurtrie's *The Book: The Story of Printing & Bookmaking* (NY: Dorset Press, 1943, 1989) and Seán Jennett *The Making of Books* (London, Faber & Faber, 1951, 1973). These classic titles cover the history of the development of the book and its physical attributes. McMurtrie's opus is a hefty, sweeping

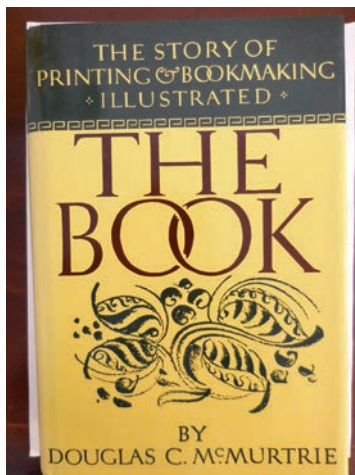


Figure 4

matter, and the design of books [Fig. 5]. All three authors, Houston, McMurtrie and Jennett, provide bibliographies and extensive indices. Jennett added a polyglot glossary of book terminology while Houston includes endnotes for every chapter.

All three books are written for a general audience, with user-friendly language. They set the book into its social,

narrative history [Fig. 4]. It begins with the syllabaries, alphabets, and the idea of books in the broadest sense; continues chronologically highlighting advances in the technology and structure of books; and identifies the major printers and typographers through the ages. In contrast, Seán Jennett's *The Making of Books* is divided into two parts: the technical aspects of books and printed

technological, historical, and political context. They are global in nature, including references to the development and evolution of the book in Western Europe, the Middle East, and China. Houston's *The Book*, as the most recent publication, is important for a global understanding of the development of the book, beginning with Papyrus. All three have excellent illustrations, drawings, and examples of books and their features throughout history.

Houston is also interested in letters, characters, and logographs as is reflected in his blog "Shady Characters" <http://www.shadycharacters.co.uk/> and his charming and informative book with the same title *Shady Characters: The Secret Life of Punctuation & Other Typographical Marks* (NY: W.W. Norton, 2014) explores the evolution of symbols used today.

The final book is the *Typographic Desk Reference*, a specialized book with a broad appeal to book collectors and aficionados everywhere.

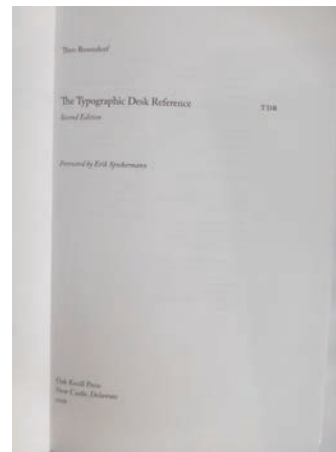


Figure 6

introduction alongside the previous ones. Charming, the original forward by Ellen Lupton and the original introduction by Theodore Rosendorf are included. The updated preliminaries sing praises for the expanded edition, which includes new and old definitions for all things typographical. The author quadrupled the content while keeping the focus on all things typographic, justification enough for purchasing the new edition.

Each section contains short definitions for terminology, even the most tangential, associated with typography, design and layout of printed works. Each of the six sections is arranged alphabetically. The entries contain definitions, visual examples in the generous margins and interspersed in the text, and end with related terms and synonyms. Terms in parts of this book

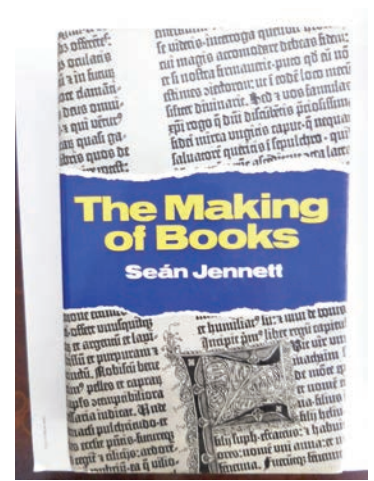


Figure 5

The Typographic Desk Reference is divided into six parts: Terms; Glyphs; Anatomy & Form; Classification & Specimens; Further Reading; and an index. Originally published in 2009, the new edition is greatly expanded to include updated terminology for type specimens, the inclusion of more glyphs, and an extensive index, itself a sixth of the physical book [Fig. 6].

The second edition includes a new forward and

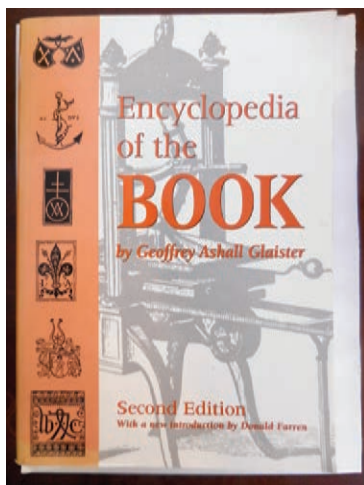


Figure 7

are identified first by section in SMALL CAPS. Definitions with terminology used within the TDR stand out in *italics*. Wide margins are perfect for cross references, examples, and marginal notations. One example is “Alphanumeric” accompanied by an example of Hebrew letters and their numeric equivalents placed within the generous margins [6].

If you want an encyclopedic book about books to round out your collection, check out Geoffrey Ashall Glaister’s *Encyclopedia of the Book 2nd edition* (1960, 1979, 1999), also published by Oak Knoll. It contains 4000 long and short definitions, photos, and entries about the book [Fig. 7]. It has a broader coverage of the field of the book than Berger or Carter and supplements Houston and Rosendorf. While a little older than the four books highlighted above, Glaister is perfect for broader definitions of the book as well as the whole publishing / printing industry. While Berger and Rosendorf are reference tools, Carter and Glaister are more like etymological dictionaries, which provide the history of terms whether they are obsolete or used in older texts by earlier scholars and collectors.

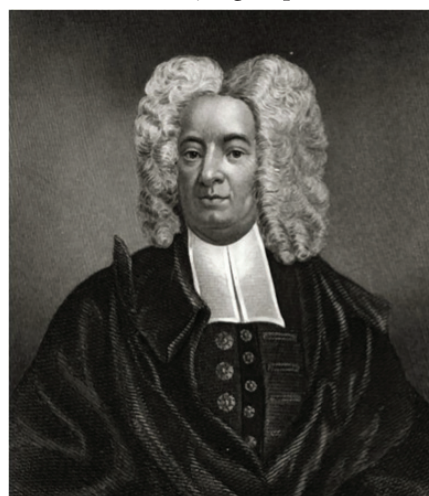
All four books (Berger, Rosendorf, Carter, and Houston) were published in 2016. We see a trend in the book world toward refreshing our knowledge and understanding of the book as an object and as an idea. These books serve as sources and resources for book collectors in this early digital age as they grace our shelves. Best of all, the books play off one another for each is written for a slightly different audience. Acquire one or all the books to flesh out your knowledge of the book.

Our next column will include books about bibliography, that is, the art of describing the features and construction of the book in your hand.

Wonders of the Invisible World: Cotton Mather and the Salem Witch Trials of 1692

By Matthew S. Schweitzer

In the winter of 1692, in the small village of Salem, Massachusetts, several young girls, two of whom were living in the home of the local minister, the Reverend Samuel Paris, began to exhibit strange symptoms that confounded the doctors who came to examine them. Over the course of several weeks, the physicians were unable to diagnose the girls with any known natural malady and came to a sinister conclusion: the girls must be under the harmful influence of witchcraft. This was to spark one of the most famously tragic events in the history of colonial America. The Salem Witch Trials would last for over a year and in the end nineteen people were hanged for the crime of witchcraft. One man was pressed to death under interrogation and hundreds more were arrested and imprisoned, some of them for many months, with at least four dying in prison.



After the trials finally came to an end in early 1693, several detailed accounts of the “Witchcraft Troubles” were published by men who had been involved in the events which would come to define 17th century New England. But the single most important and influential of these was

Thurber House is Pleased to Announce the 2018 Winter/Spring Evenings with Authors Series!
For more information, check out our website at www.thurberhouse.org.

February 6

Lori Erickson

*Holy Rover: Journeys in Search
of Mystery, Miracles, and God*

February 27

Laura Lippman

Sunburn

March 6

Marisa de los Santos

I'll Be Your Blue Sky

March 27

Carl Hoffman

*The Last Wild Men of Borneo: A
True Story of Death and Treasure*

April 25

Robin Yocum

A Perfect Shot

May 15

Janet Beard

The Atomic City Girls

Wonders of the Invisible World written by Cotton Mather, the son of the politically connected Reverend Increase Mather, one of the most important men in the colony at the time. Young Cotton was just starting out on his career as author and clergymen. As a key eyewitness to the Salem Trials, his book was hugely successful. In fact, his book was the primary source of knowledge about the Salem trials prior to the late 19th century and as such has been studied and researched by scholars for the past three centuries.

Cotton Mather was a devout Puritan and both he and his father were prolific authors. The younger Mather had already ventured into the world of witchcraft with the publication of his *Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcrafts and Possessions* in 1689. Mather was a firm believer in diabolic witchcraft and saw the hand of Satan behind many calamitous and preternatural events he observed as a minister in Boston. He argued that the Devil was waging an all-out assault on the Puritan colony and was determined to destroy God's New Jerusalem. He was a key figure in the witchcraft case involving the children of the Goodwin family who, it was claimed, were bewitched by a local woman accused of sending her specter out at night to torment them. Mather went so far as to bring one of the afflicted children into his home to help restore her faith and thus relieve her from the effects of witchery. Mather included the details of this case in his book which was to become a powerful influence on Puritan beliefs about witches and was known to be one of the works consulted by the Salem court during the trials.

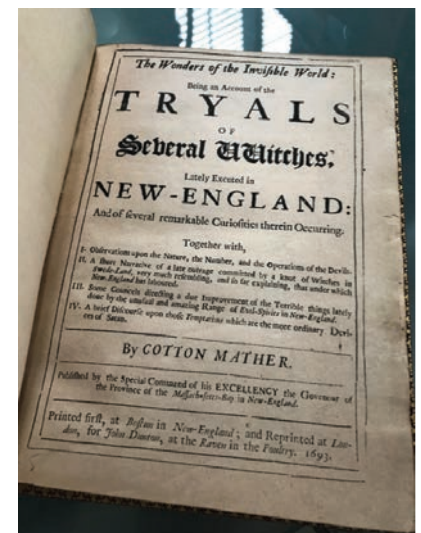


Mather's direct involvement with the trials was limited, but one particular case commanded his full attention, that of disgraced minister George Burroughs who stood accused of being the ringleader of the Salem witches. It was this episode more than any other which was to darken Burroughs' reputation for generations to come. George Burroughs had been the minister in Salem years before and had left the village under a cloud. He was arrested and dragged back to face accusations of serving the Devil by enlisting an army of witches to undermine the Massachusetts

Bay colony and the good work Mather and others were doing to serve the Kingdom of Heaven. Mather and his father despised Burroughs, both because of his perceived divisive nature, but more so because of allegations of his holding heretical Baptist beliefs in contravention to the Puritan leadership of the colony. Mather had intervened with the court especially to see Burroughs convicted despite the clergyman's own previous insistence on not convicting accused witches on the basis of unprovable and judicially questionable "spectral evidence" alone. But in this case Mather seems to have jettisoned his earlier convictions to ensure his political and clerical enemy was soundly convicted and sentenced to death. Yet, as we are told later by Mather's ideological nemesis Robert Calef, he set aside these principles to further his own political ends, even going so far as to attend Burroughs hanging on Gallows Hill. This was the only execution Mather would personally attend during the trials and would be the setting of a spectacle which would prove damning to Mather's historical reputation.

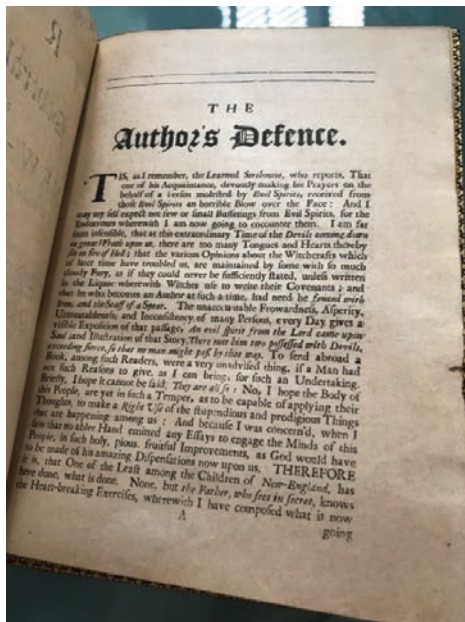
As Burroughs climbed the scaffold and had the noose hung around his neck Cotton Mather watched from a distance mounted on horseback, appearing pleased that his own influence had helped to secure the death of his rival. But then something remarkable occurred. Burroughs, only moments from dying, stood upon the scaffold and proceeded to give an impassioned, and perfectly unerring, recitation of the Lord's Prayer. This was significant because Mather himself had written in his book on witchcraft that true witches, who had become instruments of Satan on Earth, could NEVER recite the Lord's Prayer correctly. This test, according to Mather, was commonly used as supporting evidence of one having become a witch. But now Burroughs had just done what even Mather himself had declared impossible. The crowd which had gathered that day to watch the executions now began to fear that they were hanging innocent people and called for Burroughs and the others to be cut down and freed. Mather, sensing the moment, immediately rode forward to stifle the mob, and contradicting his own stated beliefs, declared that Burroughs' flawless recitation was meaningless because "The Devil has often been transformed into an Angel of Light!" And with that Burroughs and the others were executed.

This proved to be Mather's most self-damning act, one which he went to great lengths to justify in his *Wonders of the Invisible World*. He realized too late that he had allowed his own



personal prejudices to overshadow his oft-stated principles and that many of his critics, especially Calef, had taken notice and hammered him for it repeatedly as have many historians down the long haul of time.

Wonders was published in Boston and London in January 1693 and was instantly a best seller being reprinted twice the same year. Its publication and success only added to Mather's growing notoriety throughout New England, although it also fed the fires of hostile criticism for the role he admittedly played in promoting the trials. Robert Calef proved to be his most vocal critic and opponent, publishing his own account of the Salem episode in his scathing *More Wonders of the Invisible World* in 1700. As evidenced by its mocking title, Calef's work was a direct attack on both Cotton Mather and his father for their perceived meddling in the legal proceedings of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, which resulted in the deaths of 24 people over the course of the trials. Calef's book was so strong in its attack on the Mathers that not only did Increase Mather allegedly order the burning of his book in Harvard Yard, but his son brought a lawsuit against Calef for libel.



The Salem Witch Trials were a watershed event in American history and have proven to be a subject that in many ways has come to define the superstitious credulity of the early Puritans. Salem looms large in the American mind today as the symbol of religious fanaticism run amok resulting in the wrongful deaths of innocent people convicted of a fictitious crime. Arthur Miller helped solidify this view with his 1953 play *The Crucible* which shaped modern perceptions of Salem as a hotbed of religious persecution, intolerance, and personal vendettas. Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World* played an undeniably huge role in helping to shape that opinion from the beginning. It remains an enormously important book not just in relation to Salem, but as a snapshot of a Puritanical worldview haunted by witches and demons in the service of Satan seeking to subvert and destroy God's Kingdom on Earth.

SLAINTE TO ALL OF YOU!

By Roger Jerome

*"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams; -
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever it seems".*

(Alfred O'Shaunessy, 1844-81)

With Ireland, the problems are "where to go?", "what to see?". There's so much. The self-drive trip that Judi and I took to Ireland, early Fall 2017, was full of book/spoken word/traditional experiences. The country – area 10% less than that of Indiana – celebrates its artists – especially its writers – and its complex history.



Nine Irish writers

Four Irish writers won Nobel prizes for Literature. And the classic Big Four, from the Victorian period on, are Wilde (b. 1854), Shaw (b. 1856), Yeats (b. 1865) and Joyce ('JJ' b. 1882). I would add Beckett (b. 1906), making five greats. Of these, all left Ireland, except Yeats who, ironically, died in Paris. Shaw was the only one who also won an Oscar. Oscar himself didn't. Irish writers make up an endless pantheon. Those I've encountered include Banville, Barry, Behan, Binchy, Boland (three females), Boucicault, Bowen,

Boyle, Boyne, Brown, Carr, Carroll, Cary, Clarke, Colum, Congreve, Conlon, Corkery, Day-Lewis, Donoghue, Doyle, Dunleavy, Durcan, Dunsany, Edgeworth, Enright, Ervine, Farquhar, Ferguson, Friel, Gogarty, Goldsmith, Heaney (male and female), Hegarty, Hyde, Johnston (male and female), Jordan, Kavanaugh, Keane, Kelly, Kennelly, Keyes, Kilroy, Kinsella, Lavin, Ledwidge, LeFanu, Lever, Lewis, Macneice, Martin, Martyn, McCabe, McCann, McCarthy, McCourt, McDonagh (two of them), McEvoy, McGahern, McGuinness, McNamara, McNamee, McPherson, Montague, Moore (two of them), Moran, Morgan, Muldoon, Murphy (way over twelve), O'Brien (male and female), O'Casey (a fave of mine), O'Connor, O'Connor (two of them), O'Duffy, O'Faolain, O'Flaherty, O'Grady, O'Reilly (not THAT odious slob), Reid, Robinson, Roche, Ross, Russell, Sheridan (two of them), Somerville, Steele, Stephens, Sterne, Stoker, Swift, Synge, Trevor, Toibin, Tynan. Phew! And there's not a large Irish population. Of these, I've only met two – Tom Kilroy (in 2002, when I also met John B Keane's son and two of Brian Friel's daughters) and Tom McNamara (see below). Also, there's a huge body of legends and folk-lore, with many mythic heroes and warriors. I sometimes wonder where 'English' literature would be without the Irish.

I'll omit the literary and historical abundance of our three days in Dublin (including ubiquitous 'JJ' and his famous book) covered so well by George Cowmeadow Bauman in the Aldus Society's "Notes", Autumn 2015 and Spring 2017. However, our third day featured *Switch on Culture Night*, a nationwide arts festival in every city with thousands of arts presentations all over the country. Staggering. We then visited Glendalough in the Wicklow Mountains area. The ruined monastery, famous for St Kevin, resident here, is typical of many which began to appear in Ireland in the 6th Century AD. Later patronage by wealthy noblemen allowed literacy and the arts to flourish. Christian stonemasons would include the earliest Irish writing in their work.

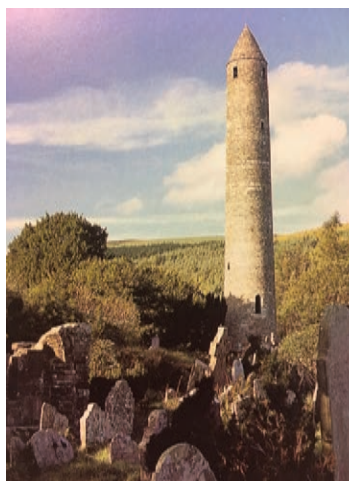


Kells high cross, County Meath, showing Ogham

This is thought to be Ogham, a system in which straight lines were cut along the edge of stone, appearing around the 4th Century AD. By the late 7th Century, literacy was more refined as monasteries produced many Latin-trained scholars. Christian beliefs became the background for Ireland's civilized society.

In *Under the Round Tower* Yeats wrote:

*"Upon a grey old battered tombstone
In Glendalough beside the stream,
Where the Byrnes and O'Byrnes are buried,
He stretched his bones and fell into a dream
Of sun and moon a good hour
Bellowed and pranced in the round tower;
That golden king and that wild lady
Sang till stars began to fade,
Hands gripped on hands, close together,
Hair spread on the wind they made;
That lady and that golden king
Could like a brace of blackbirds sing"*



Glendalough Round Tower



Sugarloaf Mountain

In the Wicklows are the gardens at Powerscourt. Overlooked by Sugarloaf Mountain, this Palladian style villa has a sumptuous 47-acre garden with a huge variety of features, trees and treasures. Parts of *Barry Lyndon* and *The Count of Monte Cristo* were filmed here.



Newgrange entrance

Then we turned north for the 'Six Counties' via Brun na Boinne, to see the great Stone Age tombs of Knowth, Newgrange and Dowth. There are about 330 such passage tombs in the whole country. Cormac Macairt

was, in tradition, high king of Tara. Said to have reigned in the period 227-267 AD, he is regarded as the embodiment of 'the good king'. The old Irish text *Senchus na Relec* says he was one of three people who believed in one god, before St Patrick arrived. His followers intended to bury him at Brun na Boinne, but the river rose in flood three times to prevent them. He was buried as he had wished at Rosnaree, outside the pagan burial place.

We crossed the border between the Republic of Ireland and the UK province of Northern Ireland. For almost 70 years this was a highly dangerous area. Now the border is virtually invisible. What Brexit will bring is problematic. At present there's merely a change of currency, from the Euro to the UK Pound. Karen F McCarthy (*The Other Irish*, 2011) says that, in Ireland, Northern Irish people are "called Ulster-Scots, Ulstermen, Northerners, Ulster Protestants, Presbyterians, Unionists". They provided America with icons like Davy Crockett; literary giants like Mark Twain and Stephen King (the highly esteemed Flann O'Brien, born in Northern Ireland, once wrote "I declare to God, if I hear that name Joyce one more time I will surely froth at the gob" – more on 'JJ' later); provided more than 20 US presidents; warriors from Sam Houston to George Patton – plus Ulysses (no, not yet) Grant, General Burnside, Joseph E Johnston and Stonewall Jackson. Ulster people invented NASCAR.

We spent two nights in Belfast, the region's capital, home to C S Lewis, Louis Macneice and 1995 Nobel Prizewinner, poet Seamus Heaney. It's also the home of the *Game of Thrones* studio, visited by hundreds of thousands. Tours can be taken of the primary film locations used in "the biggest TV series in the world", visiting the Antrim coastal spots – Cushenden Caves, Dunluce Castle, Larrybane and The Dark Hedges.



Titanic Centre

There's the splendid Titanic Centre – the doomed Cunard liner was built here. From Thomas Hardy's 1915 poem *The Convergence of the Twain*:

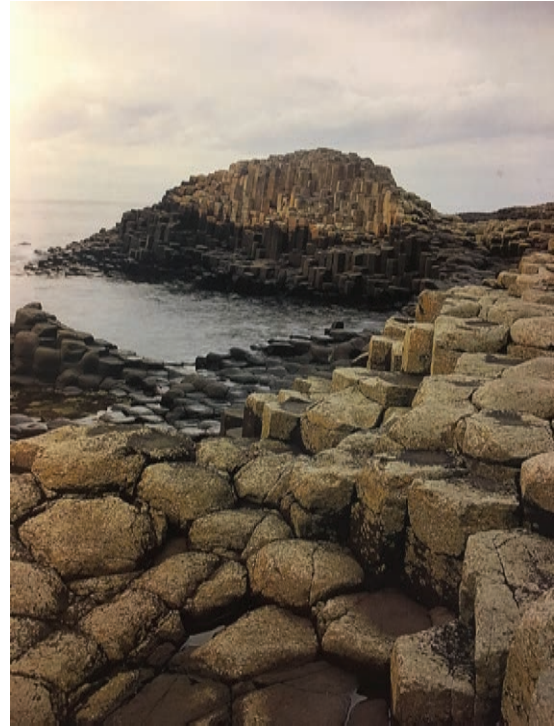
*"Over the mirrors meant
to glass the opulent,
The sea worm crawls –
grotesque, slimed,
dumb, indifferent"*

As we left Belfast, north by north-west, the extended mountain profile of a human face, at Cavehill – reputedly the inspiration for *Gulliver's Travels* – receded behind us.



Cavehill Profile

Our next stop was the Giant's Causeway, a huge World Heritage site, where visitors are warned "No area is completely safe!" Dr Johnson said the place was "worth seeing but not worth going to see." Uh huh. It now receives almost half a million visitors a year. The strange, geometrically-shaped rocks were formed by volcanic lava cooling to form a hard rock – basalt.



Giant's Causeway

W M Thackeray was overawed by the landscape – "a remnant of chaos". G B Shaw visited it on his 54th birthday in 1910 – "I sat under my umbrella in my aquascutum, like a putrid mushroom, whilst a drenched mariner rowed me round the cliffs and told me lies about them". Similar basaltic columns are found across the water on the Scottish island of Staffa, at Fingal's Cave. This gives some credence to the story of the local giant Finn McCool. He features as the leader of a band of warriors, the Fianna, in Irish stories going back to the 3rd Century AD. Finn had an even larger giant enemy in Scotland, Bennendonner. Finn built enormous stepping stones across the sea for the rivals to cross the water to face off. Suffice to say, the Scottish adversary fled, ripping up parts of the causeway as he left!

Next up was Derry (formerly Londonderry), the site of dreadful events (e.g. 'Bloody Sunday' in 1972) in the period of 'The Troubles' (1960's to the 90's), in which over 3,600 lost their lives. In *Funeral Rites* (from *North*, 1975), Seamus Heaney wrote:

*"Now as news comes in Of each neighbourly murder
We pine for ceremony, customary rhythms:
the temperate footsteps of a cortege, winding past
each blinded home. I would restore*

*the great chambers of Boyne, prepare a sepulchre
under the cup-marked stones. Out of side-streets
and by-roads
purring family cars nose into line, the whole country
tunes to the muffled drumming
of ten thousand engines. Somnambulant women
left behind move through emptied kitchens
imagining our slow triumph towards the mounds."*

It was inspiring to see the new Peace Bridge between the former adversarial areas, Bogside and the east bank of the River Foyle.



Derry's Peace Bridge

Several people we asked about 'The Troubles' told us "Ah, that was all in the past; we're trying to make 'the Peace Process' work." We saw the political murals preserved on houses and walls and we walked around the town on the old city walls, built 1613-18. They're still intact, apart from wider gates for modern traffic. The walls, says ace tour-guide Rick Steves, hold a sacred, almost mythic, place in Irish history. Unfortunately, no contemporary city guidebook is available. The Apprentice boys, the city siege, the defiance and sacrifice of the citizens, turned the tide in favor of King Billy (William III), who defeated James II at the battle of the Boyne, 1688-90. From the walls we also noted Sir John Vanbrugh's birthplace (apart from being a noted dramatist, he designed Blenheim Palace and Castle Howard in England) and the Playhouse Theatre, where I appeared as Teddy in Brian Friel's *Faith Healer*, as part of a 13-venue tour of Ireland in 2002.



Derry Playhouse Entrance

Northern Ireland is reviving, with tourists bringing in \$700 million to the economy annually.

Moving back into the Republic, we took the well-marked route going the whole length of the sensational west coast – the 'Wild Atlantic Way', with its ingenious, arresting logo.

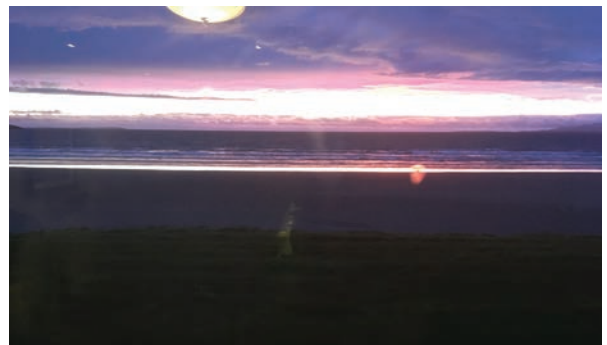


Wild Atlantic Way

Donegal Bay is a large area and our destination was the Sandhouse Hotel, Rosstown. Our most idyllic accommodation, it looked out on an almost deserted, flat, one-and-a-half-mile-long, sandy beach, surfers using the modest Atlantic waves, clouds and colors changing constantly.



Rosstown Beach, afternoon



Rosstown sky, evening

In *I Saw From the Beach*, Thomas Moore (1779-1852) wrote:

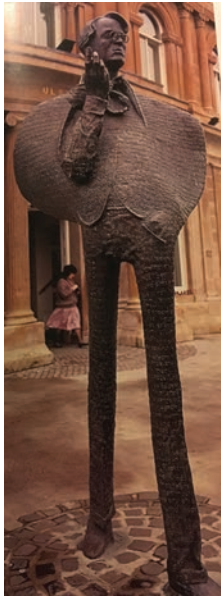
*"And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone."*



Slieve League

And Oscar Wilde seems to be everywhere these days. Our breakfast menu was headed by his epigram: "Only dull people are brilliant at breakfast." We drove to Sliabh Liag (or Slieve League) in a heavy rainstorm. This mountain, 1,972 ft., has dizzying views from Ireland's highest sea cliffs. It's almost four times higher than the much more popular Cliffs of Moher.

Donegal is the bailiwick of the second greatest Irish playwright (for me) of the second half of the 20th Century, Brian Friel, coming in after Samuel Beckett. Friel died in 2015 and was called by some an 'Irish Chekov'. Fourteen of his 24 plays are set in the fictional town of Ballybeg, Donegal. His work led him to be elected to the honored position of Saoi of Asdana. The Asdana is an association of Irish artists, created in 1981. Members, who are well subsidized by the Irish government, are limited to 250 individuals. The Saoi is the highest recognition

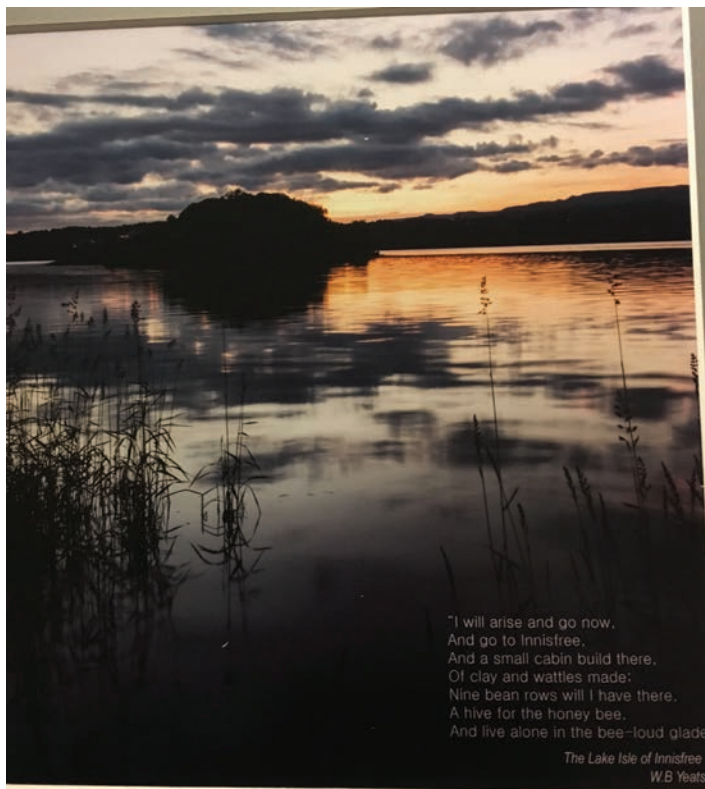


Yeats statue, Sligo

that members can bestow on a fellow-member and it is limited to 7 living artists.

We drove south to the hallowed area – 'Yeats Country', County Sligo. The poet's early writings in the 'Gaelic Revival' (a.k.a. 'Celtic Twilight') developed into his key role in the Irish Independence movement. My main interest in him is his leadership in establishing Dublin's Abbey Theatre (1904). He passed away in France in 1939 but his body was brought back to the Sligo area in 1948.

At Drumcliff, his simple grave, with its inscription "Cast a cold eye on life, on death. Horseman, pass by!" is among his beloved mountains and meadows. We met photographer Neil O'Rourke, running his father's art gallery there.



Isle of Innisfree, by Neil O'Rourke

The final lines of Yeats' play *The Death of Cuchulain* are:

*"I meet those long pale faces,
Hear their great horses, then
Recall what centuries have passed
Since they were living men.
That there are still some living
That do my limbs unclot,
But that the flesh my flesh has gripped
I both adore and loathe.
(pipe and drum music)
Are those things that men adore and loathe
their sole reality?
What stood in the Post Office With Pearse
and Connolly.
What comes out of the mountain
Where men first shed their blood?
Who thought Cuchulain till it seemed
He stood where they had stood.
No body like his body has modern woman borne...
But an old man looking on life
Imagines it in scorn."*

I recall seeing today's popular movie/TV star Ciaran Hinds as Cuchulain at the Abbey, years ago.

Today, he's grizzled, lined and gritty. But, then, his body **was** beautiful!

Yeats invited Bernard Shaw to write a play for the Abbey's opening. GBS set only one of his 29 full-length plays solely in Ireland. He wrote:

"John Bull's Other Island was written at the request of Mr William Butler Yeats as a patriotic contribution to the repertory of the Irish Literary Theatre. Like most people who asked me to write plays, Mr Yeats got rather more than he bargained for...it was uncongenial to the whole spirit of the neo-Gaelic movement...bent on creating a new Ireland after its own ideal, whereas my play is a very uncompromising presentment of the real old Ireland...writing the play for an Irish audience, I thought it would be good for them to be shewn very clearly that the loudest laugh they could raise at the expense of the absurdest Englishman was not really a laugh on their side; that he would succeed where they would fail; that he could inspire strong affection and loyalty in an Irishman who knew the world and was moved only to dislike, mistrust, impatience, and even exasperation by his own countrymen..."

Shaw called Ireland “part of our dream world” and always insisted that it was “the beauty of Ireland” that gave Irishmen their distinctive perspective. He left Ireland for London in 1876 but was always an Irishman at heart. He made 13 visits to his homeland, between his marriage in 1898 and the 1930’s.

Continuing our journey south, we stayed – on a friend’s recommendation – in Salthill, just outside Galway, a city with a great historical and cultural reputation. Unfortunately, no contemporary city guidebook is available.

At O’Connor’s self-proclaimed ‘famous’ pub in Salthill, there’s an image on a wall outside of one Mr Joyce. ‘JJ’? We’re getting closer to him and his celebrated book.



Joyce face on pub

Galway was the home of Norah Barnacle. ‘JJ’ met her in 1909 and, six days after their first meeting, they ‘stepped out’ together, on June 16. This date is now, of course, ‘Bloomsday’.

When ‘JJ’’s father heard her name, he commented she would surely stick to him. She did. On our morning walk along the promenade into Galway, we were hit by the remnants of Hurricane Maria whose former address was the USA. Soaked to the skin, we dried off somewhat in a movie theater, watching *Goodbye Christopher Robin*, the little-known story behind Winnie the Pooh. We then dried more than somewhat in the Imperial Hotel for three hours, eating and enjoying glasses of Guinness and Jameson. That evening we caught Druid Theatre’s excellent production of Eugene McCabe’s powerful play from the 1960’s, *King of the Castle*, staged by the doyenne Irish director Garry Hines.



Between two wits

Oscar Wilde’s statue in Dublin is famous but the one in Galway is much more interesting. In these (almost) post-prudery days, his scintillating genius is recognized all over the world. During his last fading days in Paris he was still able to quip “I am dying beyond my means... this wallpaper is killing me; one of us has to go.” The Galway tribute is a bronze of Wilde (1854-

1900) in conversation with Estonian writer Eduard Vilde (1856-1933), sculpted by Estonian artist Tiuu Kirsipuu. It was a gift to the city from Estonia when it joined the EU. The sculptress had 1890 in mind, when the two writers could have met for a witty chat.

The Aran Islands can be seen from Galway. J M Synge (1871-1909) was encouraged by his mentor, Yeats, to go there to find new subject matter. He made five visits and was impressed with the exuberant vigor of the English they spoke there. In his plays, the characters use an English based on Gaelic syntax, as in his masterpiece, *The Playboy of the Western World*.

Thus ended 3 days of rain. We were fortunate, the other 12 days of our holiday were dry, often sunny.

As a road-trip out of Salthill, we drove what Rick Steves calls ‘the Connemara and County Mayo Loop’. What an abundant day! Cong was not far away, where luxurious Ashford Castle has elegant gardens. Reagan stayed here in 1984. Earlier, in 1952, the village was the setting for *The Quiet Man*, the film directed by John Ford (real name – Sean Aloysius O’Fearná). I got up close and personal with Maureen O’Hara.



A near brush with stardom

On to pretty Westport whose town center was originally designed by James Wyatt in 1780. Our visit coincided with a festival jamming the streets. Thomas de Quincey and, later, Thackeray spent time here.



Along Carrowbeg River, Westport

Turning west, we approached Clew Bay, soaked in tragic memories, with traces of the appalling Great Potato Famine (1845-1852). The large bronze sculpture of a ‘coffin ship’ reproduces those that took the sick and starving across

the Atlantic in hope of a new life. Many were unseaworthy and all were cramped. 'Famine fever' on board often killed the desperate emigrants.



Famine ship memorial



Croagh Patrick

Then we saw a pyramid appear on the slightly misty horizon. Surely not! Striking and majestic, it turned out to be an important holy site – Croagh Patrick, rising 2,500ft. above the bay. Here, reputedly, St Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland. Even more incredible, for some Americans, is that lucrative gold deposits were recently found within the sacred mountain. **THE** pot of gold? Thankfully, public feeling has prevented commercial exploitation.

Next, south, through more magnificent scenery, the Doolough Valley. It's glacially formed and epic, rather like I imagine Ibsen's Norway to be. I'd never heard about it from anyone before. At the end of the valley was Leenaun or Leenane. The 1990 movie *The Field* was shot here, starring Richard Harris, written and directed by Jim Sheridan, an adaptation of the 1965 play by John B Keane of Listowel. The area is also the eponymous setting for one of Martin McDonagh's smash hit plays *The Beauty Queen of Leenane* (1996) which Judi and I had seen on Broadway. McDonagh has gone on to create excellent movies. We were on the edge of Connemara National Park, almost 5,000 acres of wild bog and mountain scenery. Here is 'Joyce country' – but wait, we haven't got yet to 'JJ' and the darned book. This name is because the colony of Joyce came here from Wales in the 14th Century and acquired a lot of land. 'JJ' was the most famous descendant.

We took the coastal road, with attractive holiday venues and striking, dramatic bays and cliffs.



Stony Connemara scenery

Much of the terrain was stony, inhospitable and bleak. In Samuel Beckett's masterpiece *Waiting for Godot* (1953), the climax of Lucky's 'thinking' speech is: "...abode of stones in the great cold...the stones so blue so calm alas alas on on the skull the skull the skull the skull in Connemara in spite of the tennis the labours abandoned left unfinished graver still abode of stones in a word I resume alas alas abandoned unfinished the skull the skull in Connemara in spite of the tennis the skull alas the stones Cunard tennis...the stones...so calm...so calm...Cunard...unfinished...". Titanic's final port of call before disaster was Queenstown (now Cobh), not far away on Ireland's southern coast. And since Beckett was close to 'JJ' as secretary and friend, this a prequel to finding the elusive book. Be patient.

On, on, more Wild Atlantic Way, more seaside resorts, around The Burren – a big limestone plateau, another stark, barren landscape – before arriving at the Cliffs of Moher, 509ft., the Republic's most visited natural attraction. Despite the wind, there were many visitors from all over the world.



Judi at Moher Cliffs

I heard somewhere that 'in the old days', people who ventured too close to the edge were picked up by the Atlantic gusts and blown over. Did 'JJ' ever come here, I wondered?

On, on, on to Ennis, a smallish town of medieval origins, on the Fergus River. It's the commercial centre of Co Clare. And **TARRAH!** At last!! Finally!!! A definite link with **THE BOOK!!!!** The Queen's Hotel here, according to the *Eyewitness Travel Guide*, is featured in *Ulysses* (1922). I've never read the book (tried twice) nor *Finnegan's Wake* (apparently nobody has). I have read the other three main books by 'JJ' and seen his play *The Dead* a couple of times. Further investigation tells me that Leopold Bloom's father, Rudolph, poisoned himself at the Queen's. We could have easily missed it. Death in Ennis... 'JJ' left Ireland forever in 1902 and lived in mainland Europe for most of his remaining life. He died in 1941. Many Irish folk admitted that like me they'd never read the book. A few of the non-readers expressed their opinion anyway of the book with the

universal Irish term of disapprobation – “shite!”. This word was also used when I asked them about Bono (ask me why later). Ulrick O’Connor, writing about the ripe language in Ireland; *“Even their swearing was more than cursing; it was an orchestration of words used musically with sense of the rhythm of language to improve the effect of their sentences. Words choicely chosen give them the same pleasure that others might get from food and drink”*. Even one syllable?

Then we arrived in Limerick on the Shannon, the longest river in Ireland. It’s often claimed to be the stimulus



for the comic five-line poetic form, the limerick (“There was an old fogey of Aldus...”.) It’s a place of surprises but unfortunately no contemporary city guide book is available. We met Tom McNamara playing his accordion on the sidewalk.

“Do you write music and lyrics?”

He is a published poet. From *The End*:

*“I went to school for the sole purpose of
becoming a dictator
But as time went by I became disillusioned
So much so, I had to stop and say, what is this,
Incessant screams from the back of the classroom
had me perturbed
So I left and took up busking...”*

Frank McCourt is from here – there’s a ‘Frank McCourt Tour’. In *Angela’s Ashes* (1994), the book that made him a millionaire, he wrote “Worse than the ordinary miserable childhood is the miserable Irish childhood and worse yet is the miserable Irish Catholic childhood...America is not like Limerick, a gray place with a river that kills”. But, in fact, he loved Limerick and on his raucous New York deathbed (2005) he was singing his favorite song *Lady Limerick*. We visited one of the two cathedrals, the Hunt Museum and King John’s Castle. The Las Vegas shootings occurred while we were there, leading to spirited cross-cultural discussions. Due south to Cork, an even more surprising city but unfortunately no contemporary city guide book is available.

The place seems packed with impressive buildings, college students, pubs with music, Venice-type waterways, bustle, coffee shops, restaurants of all kinds, cops with no guns, street entertainers, The English Market, newspaper and grocery shops, good drivers, helpful people, an atmosphere of

work and fun. Wonderfully, next door to our hotel was a superb store with antique books. *Time Travellers* is known worldwide and it has a knockout literary journal.



Canal in Cork



Time Traveller bookstore



Two Dickens first editions

Bill Rich would feel at home here. Enquiring about Dickens, I was offered a first edition of *The Pickwick Papers* for \$1,600 and a first edition of *Dombey and Son* for \$800. After explaining my pensioner status, I purchased the Folio Society's *Dickens' London* for \$33. We had a great evening of Irish music and dancing in the Oliver Plunkett pub. Irish music, in the form of songs and instrumental pieces, is justly celebrated. Some are known everywhere – e.g. *Molly Malone*; *Danny Boy*; *The Irish Rover*; *No Nay Never*; *She Moved Through The Fair*. The lyrics are poetic in themselves. Brendan Behan's unforgettable play *The Hostage* (1958) contains a large number, which augment the political punch and booze-soaked fun of the piece. Behan, born in Dublin in 1923, once said "I am a drinker with writing problems". He died in a bar, still not far from the Guinness brewery. I think the best Irish songs and singers are those who summon up the past and anchor it to the present. Irish culture at its best offers wisdom as a distillation of experience, imagination, instinct and intellect.

There are many literary aspects of Cork. Edmund Spenser acquired an estate nearby in the 1580's. 'Spenser's Oak', under which he is said to have written some of *The Faerie Queene*, was only destroyed by lightning in the 1960's. Two writers, Frank O'Connor (1903-66) and Sean O'Faolain (1900-1991) lived here with parallel writing careers. Each had revolutionary war service and teaching experience in the USA. Shaw's wife brought him to nearby Rosscarbery to enable him to finish *Major Barbara* (1905). He blamed the Irish climate for his writer's block.

We detoured to Waterford when returning east to Dublin. Our aim was to see the glass crystal workshop there.



A part of
crystal glass
production

The city has many medieval-type streets and vistas. There was a final surprise. Raymond Chandler grew up here. Who knew?



Blue plaques re Chandler

What a trip! What treasures we saw, what amazements and culture, deep culture. Judi and I learned so much from the available wealth. The island is more than St Paddy's Day and green beer. The Irish present is embedded in the past which in turn enriches the present. The interface between paganism (ancient and modern) and Christianity (and other belief systems) is productive. Irish writers have access to two languages, English and Gaelic, with their symbiotic relationship. The written and oral word – often nourished by emotion, 'the water of life' and brewer's yeast – seem to ooze out of the Irish rocks, every nook and cranny.

The advice from George Russell (AE) from *On behalf of Some Irishmen Not Followers of Tradition* was:

"...we would no Irish sign efface,
But yet our lips would gladlier hail
The firstborn of the Coming Race
Than the last splendor of the Gael.
No blazoned banner we unfold –
One charge alone we give to youth,
Against the sceptered myth to hold
The golden heresy of truth."

Roger's suggestions for further reading:

Mythic Ireland – Michael Dames
(Thames and Hudson) 1992

How the Irish Saved Civilization –
Thomas Cahill (Doubleday) 1995

Ireland – (Knopf Guides) 1998

Green English – Loreto Todd (O'Brien Press) 1999

Ireland – (Lonely Planet) 2016

Pagan's Progress – Michael Dames
(Strange Attractor) 2017

Book Hunting Notes 35:

A Lost Civil War Diary

By Bill Rich

My family lived in New Orleans for many years. My two older sisters and I were born there. When a young woman, my mother became the friend of some mature southern ladies, the Lawrence sisters. One in particular, Elizabeth Elvina Lawrence, became my mother's fast friend and patron. Elizabeth was known forever in our family as "Aunt E" (Fig. 1). She was the godmother of my older sister, "Mary Elizabeth", or, in the good old southern fashion, "Mary Beth". Later in life, she was just called "Betsy" in our family. She was 14 years older than I.



Figure 1 - Elizabeth Elvina Lawrence ("Aunt E")

Many years later, our family was scattered. I was visiting Betsy, who had lived in St. Petersburg, FL for a long time. Her son was now grown, moved away, and she was recently widowed. She was starting to break up house-keeping, intent on moving back to New Orleans. One evening, she pointed to a stack of books on the floor, amidst the beginnings of moving things. Betsy said, "I know your interests in old books.

Those books in the stack

belonged to Aunt E. Take a look through them; you can have any that interest you."

Well, an invitation such as that was like the post call to an old race horse, as far as I was concerned. Betsy said she was going to bed; I told her I would be up after I looked at the books. Initially, they were a disappointment, although what I should have expected: the books of a proper Victorian lady. There were late editions of Tennyson's poems, a set of Thackeray (a late American reprint), Walter Scott (also a late set), etc., etc. But then, I struck pay dirt. Near the bottom of the stack, I pulled out an 1876 "Tom Sawyer". The first edition, no doubt, and in the deluxe half leather binding. It has the signature of Ida M. Lawrence, and the date 1888. This, I knew, was one of Aunt E's sisters, who could not have been much older than 16 when she put her signature in the book. (Fig. 2).

Finally, at the bottom of the pile, was a book, bound, as best I can remember, in quarter red leather and cloth. Opening it, I saw it was hand-written, some sort of journal or diary. The writer clearly had a paper shortage, both front and back end papers of the diary were completely written on. I was intrigued. The writing was in a girlish hand, but with all

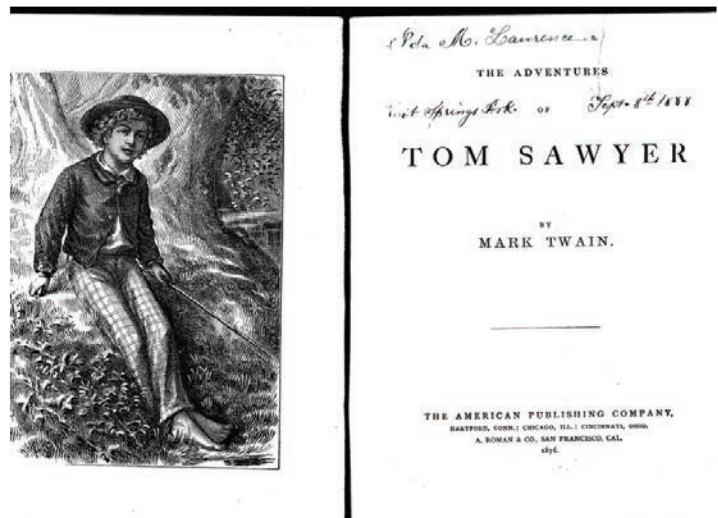


Figure 2 - "Tom Sawyer" 1st Ed. Signature of Ida M. Lawrence

the literacy of a good 19th Century schooling. In the opening page, she describes coming home with her sister. They have spent most of the day unsuccessfully scouring the town for new shoes. The occasional reference to street names revealed that the town was New Orleans. At the time of the writing, New Orleans was under siege by the Union forces, and no supplies were getting in. It evidently escaped my young writer that most shoes at the time were made in New England or New York, hence, no ladies' shoes.

Ok, I was hooked, and read the whole thing, finishing in the wee hours. The girl who wrote the diary was living at home with her mother and sisters. Her father, I read, was away from home "with our valiant heroes in the Army of Northern Virginia".

I read this more than thirty years ago, and memory fades. Certain sections have remained with me, however, though I cannot guarantee the exact wording.

First, the young author writes about exchanging letters with a young soldier named John, who is also away fighting in Virginia: "I have received a letter from John, who addresses me in a most familiar manner. I am sure that dear Papa would not allow us to correspond, only John is one on our valiant heroes, etc., etc."

It becomes apparent that the family is Jewish. My young diary-keeper refers frequently about going to synagogue. There she often sees someone she calls "the beautiful person", although it appears she never talks to this individual. I couldn't identify whether the "beautiful person" was man or woman. Was this a school-girl crush?

Finally, slavery. The family is keeping only one servant in the house, a maid of all work called "Lucy". She is their slave. One of her duties is to be the first person to rise in the mornings, prepare the fires, and get breakfast going for the family. New Orleans is now surrounded by Union forces. They have offered emancipation to any slave fleeing to their lines. The girls and their mother are afraid Lucy will take the Yankees up on this offer; they are relieved each morning to find that

Lucy has remained faithful and is still with them.

I finished reading the diary and went to bed but only for a couple hours before breakfast. My sister Betsy, who had always been like a second mother to me, had breakfast ready. "Well," says she, "did you find anything you like among Aunt E's books?"

"Well yes, I replied: there's a first edition "Tom Sawyer" in an original deluxe binding. This is a valuable book". And good old Betsy said "Take it, it's yours."

Well, in for a penny, in for a pound. "And, finally, this diary is tremendous. A teen-age in the Civil War siege of New Orleans! It could be published. Who wrote this?"

Betsy answered: "Oh, that was kept by Aunt E's mother. I can't let you have that one. I promised Aunt E. I would keep it always".

So that was that, at the time. But delighted with my "Tom Sawyer" first, I went home. From time to time, I thought of the diary, as with any book collector, I couldn't put it entirely out of mind. But I was busy raising a young family and trying to build a career as an aerospace engineer, so it didn't exactly become an obsession.

Things changed in 1995. Among the many book dealer catalogs I received at the time were quite a few slingers from university presses, advertising newly published books. One was from the Louisiana State University Press, featuring a newly published book, "The Civil War Diary of Clara Solomon. Growing up in New Orleans 1861-1862" (Fig. 3). With a dawning suspicion, I gave my sister a call.

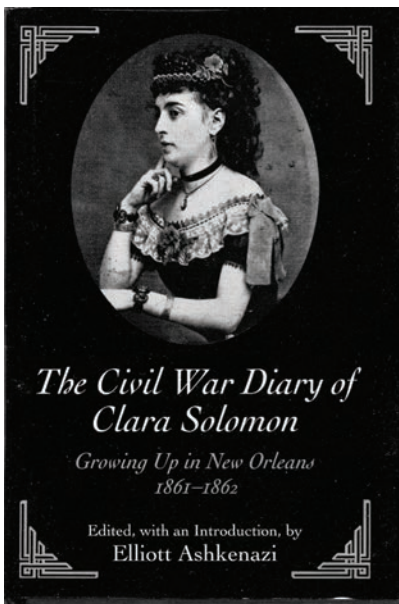


Figure 3 - "The Civil War Diary of Clara Solomon. Growing Up in New Orleans". 1 st. Ed. 1995

"Hey, Betsy. What was Aunt E's mother's name?"

"Why, Clara Lawrence, of course"

"No, I mean her maiden name".

"That was Clara Solomon."

"Well, do I have news for you. The diary has just been published by LSU Press. What did you do with it?"

"It must have been lost during my move back to New Orleans". Dear Betsy, the truth was not in her, I knew this must

be a fib. My news also sent her into orbit. "How can they publish the material of our family without permission?"

I tried to put water on the fire by ordering two copies of the diary from LSU, one to be sent to her, and suggesting she wait to see what was in it.

When the diary arrived, I found it to be a splendid book. It is beautifully edited by Elliot Ashkenazi, a Washington, D.C. attorney, who was already the author of "The Business of Jews in Louisiana, 1840- 1875." In reading it, I quickly ascertained the author was my Clara. The book was edited from 4 or 5 journal volumes in the Special Collections at LSU. The editor noted that there was a 3 month gap in the diary, and he assumed that Clara did not keep it for these months due to a lack of paper. Of course, I knew better.

I learned much more from this book. The diary extended into the months after New Orleans fell to the Union. Clara, who was a proper little rebel, was crushed. Clara, who was 16 when the diary ended, and still in school, joined her classmates and other young girls in jeering and taunting the Union occupation soldiers in the streets. This was kept up for so long that General Butler, the commander of Union forces in the city, issued a decree that any girls continuing to do this would be treated as "common women of the streets", and arrested. This shut up Clara and her friends, but she still burned with resentment.

Clara's family name was Solomon. Daddy Solomon was a "sutler" with the Confederate forces, someone who sold supplies to the troops. He returned home after the war. The Solomons were one of the prominent Shephardic Jewish families that were successful merchants in several Southern cities, New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston.

Clara was 16 when the War ended. From Ashkenazi's notes, I learned that Clara, still in her teens, married a Julius Lilienthal in 1866. I suspect this was a marriage of convenience between the two families, Lilienthal was more than 20 years older than Clara, and in bad health. Lilienthal's health continued to decline, and Clara took him to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where the springs were a supposed cure for even the seriously ill. Nothing worked, however, and Julius died.

There was a doctor who cared for Lilienthal during this last illness. This was Dr. George Lawrence, late an officer in the medical corps of the Army of the Confederacy. Dr. Lawrence was dazzled by the beautiful young widow, and proposed marriage. Clara accepted, indications are her family strongly disapproved. They were married in 1872. While, these days, it is jokingly the ambition of every Jewish mother to marry her daughter to a doctor, not in this case. Clara had converted to Christianity on marrying the doctor. Nevertheless, it was a happy marriage. They had four daughters together, one of whom was Aunt E.

Betsy had become reconciled to the publication of LSU's part of the diary. She had called LSU, and the rare books librarian, a lovely Southern lady, had calmed her down.

They had met once or twice in New Orleans, and Betsy had agreed to give some of her material, photos and letters, to LSU. She waited until I came to visit to make this trip. This was in the middle of a Louisiana August, temperature and humidity were both in the mid 90's. Betsy drove us in her colossal old Buick, thank God, the a.c. still worked.

We traversed the 75 miles up to Baton Rouge, driving along the Mississippi, past oaks heavy with Spanish moss. But when we got out of the car, it was a fair walk across campus to the library. Betsy was an LSU graduate from years before, Dressed up and in high heels, she marched briskly along, leading the way. I had lived far too long in Yankee land, despite being 14 years younger, I almost died in the heat.

The librarian received us graciously. We turned over the Lawrence memorabilia, and then were shown the LSU part of the diary. These were 3 or 4 manuscript books, of the same type binding I had seen on Betsy's copy. We were told that at least one had been given to LSU, the others came from rare book dealers. I told what I had read in Betsy's copy.

We parted with mutual expressions of regard. Throughout, Betsy protested that she didn't exactly know how her copy was lost. I had a theory, but kept it to myself. This important piece of Americana is gone forever, as far as I know.

I owe very much to Aunt E. When she died, she left my mother a small legacy, a part of which helped to pay my tuition my first semester in engineering school. A gift from another time.

Disney, Davy, and the Witch Doctor

A Christmastime Bookstore-y - 2005

By George Cowmeadow Bauman

Most Saturdays in the Acorn Bookshop are busy, filled with buyers and sellers, browsers and characters, all on a book-buzz. Some days it's all we can do to talk with them, ring them up, and for me to find time to write up their store-ies. This Christmas Saturday was one of those that kept me jumping between customers and computer.



It was also our annual Customer Appreciation Day when we lay out complimentary holiday refreshments for our loyal customers and reward them with a 10% discount as well, as our way of saying thanks for keeping the bookshop-devouring wolf from the door.

Last night I'd stayed here until 11pm, getting everything ready, enjoying the anticipation of saying thanks and Merry Christmas to the folks that make it possible for me to be living my life's dream. I cranked up Christmas music; a big-band CD titled "Christmas in the '40s" was the perfect companion to keep me moving as the hour got later and I imagined all the gaily-dressed folks who were going to be making yummy sounds over the refreshments as they were checking off names from their gift lists.

At the Giant Eagle across the street I had bought festive thumbprint cookies and a few bags of holiday-foiled Hershey kisses. The grocery was all out of sugar plums, hot chestnuts, and figgy pudding; some character named Dickens had cleaned them out.



Yesterday, Christine spread a bright red cloth on the counter next to the side door. Display area in the store is limited, and I was reluctant to give up that counter's space on a holiday Saturday, but we needed to set up Party Central there. *Indian Trails of Ohio* and other holiday gift suggestions had to go elsewhere.

I set up the coffeemaker and electric teapot without electrocuting myself or spilling teawater all over the collectible leather-bound Mark Twains behind the counter. The Christmas music was ready. I loaded into the stereo the Ray Conniff Singers, Johnny Mathis, Nat "King" Cole, Andy Williams, and Linda Ronstadt for non-stop enjoyment. Holiday-themed paper plates and napkins completed the scene; we were ready for our special day.

Linda comes in with me on our party Saturday mornings to help finalize everything...and to be the goodie-sampler. As the first customer of the day came in and was offered munchable thanks for his patronage, Linda left, wishing us a big day, and a fun day.

It was to be both.



I ran the shop alone for the first hour, as Christine was with her elderly mother, who last week fell and broke her leg.

During that opening hour, customers were as scarce as Scrooge's smiles, and I began to have fears of a terrible sales day. Retail shops count on that last Saturday before Christmas to be a register-buster to insure a decent holiday season, and here I was, sampling the treats meant for customers and unnecessarily straightening displays, envying the full parking lot across Fifth Avenue at the Giant Eagle supermarket.

Around noon, folks started coming by for last-minute gifts. We eventually got so busy that my only lunch was tea and

cookies, but I'm not complaining. Putting money in the cash drawer comes before putting food in my body, any day. In retail, you eat when there's slow time, which for us on a normal day is usually around 3pm or so.

One of the first customers was a grandmotherly older woman with short, blue-ish hair, with a specific request: "My grandson is beginning to be interested in drawing. Do you have anything on cartooning?"

We did, and she excitedly bought a book on drawing superheroes, only to return a little later. "Would you please let me exchange this book for the other one I was considering for my grandson?" she inquired. "I hate to trouble you, but as I was showing it to his mother, she found one nude woman, and that took care of that! It wasn't a seductive drawing at all, but to her, nude is nude, and nude isn't allowed in my daughter's house," the woman said disapprovingly. "I myself wouldn't care. When I was small, I had a drawing book with nudes in it and that was OK with my mother. But my daughter is more of a prude than my mother was."

We made the exchange, and to the keyboard I dove to capture that great quote.

Christine had joined me by then, and together we welcomed everybody and found books for Christmas shoppers. The cookies were a big hit, causing us to refill the plates throughout the day and to be on constant cookie-crumb patrol. Christine and I sampled each new batch to make sure they weren't moldy.

A music critic Christine knows came by to book-shop. After browsing a bit, he brought a stack of books to the counter and smirked, "I found a \$50 bill in an unnamed coffee shop, and I decided that I was going to spend it on art and books." His bill came to \$46, so there wasn't much left over for art, though he did buy a couple of art books. However, it was impossible not to think of the unfortunate person who lost that \$50 bill at Christmas time.

Former Columbus librarian Susie Cobbledick walked in with her friend and co-librarian Bill Meltzer to pick up a first edition of Pullman's *The Golden Compass*—the first book of the trilogy, *His Dark Materials*, which I'd emailed her about. She's about five-foot high with four-foot long hair. Bill said hello when he walked in and half-seriously told me, "Susie drove all the way from Cleveland just to visit your store."

George Fielder, a local writer who browses our store frequently—without buying much—was nearby when Bill made his comment about Susie's trek from up north to Acorn. "That's understandable," he agreed. "Just this week I was listening to the local PBS station and heard someone call in and recommend Acorn." Turning to me, he added, "And she was particularly praising you, George, and how you went out of your way to help her."

I try to deflect such compliments, and after a quick acknowledgement, I joked that it was Sing-Along Time in Acorn; we were all to sing along with the Chipmunks, who were performing "The Chipmunk Song" on an all-Christmas radio station. Everyone chuckled at the thought, but the involuntary Acorn Chorale declined the roles of Theodore, Simon, and Alvin. I sang alone anyway.

I challenged the two librarians to name the other novelty hit that the singer, David Seville, had recorded.

"Witch Doctor," replied Bill instantly, as I began singing, "Oo-ee, oo-ah-ah, ting tang, walla walla bing bang".

Another regular, Art Bollman, a tall, thin 30-ish man who trades books with us was walking past, and without missing a beat, added, "And he was the first Armenian-American to have a Top 40 hit."

We all turned to him in amazement.

"Ah, but what was his real name?" I challenged everyone.

Contorted faces twisted in thought came up with nothing.

"Ross Bagdasarian!" I proudly announced, my days as a high school disc jockey paying off.

Bill noted, "I knew it would end in -"ian", for that's the most common Armenian surname suffix."

Spoken like a true librarian.

I concluded the conversation with, "But does that mean since the word librarian ends in "ian" that all librarians are—by name—Armenians?"

They groaned and moved away from me and the Chipmunks, one of them grumbling that it was clear who would have played the part of Alvin in the song.



The store was really jumping by mid-afternoon, and we were having a great time, running on cookie-power. Customers were pleased to have free goodies, though one long-scarfed woman good-naturedly muttered about our free coffee as she walked in with a steaming cup she had just *paid* for at the French Loaf bakery, four doors away in our small retail center.

Though we preferred to be selling, not buying, books on this busy day, when Pokey Reese called to ask if we wanted to buy more of her Limited Editions Club collection, of which she has sold us about 75 titles, I green-lighted that request, and gladly spent a half-hour and \$450 buying those collectible books, which priced out between \$50 and \$200 each.

We could have used an LEC of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, as we had several requests for collectible editions. One woman came in wanting just a reading copy. "My book club is reading it, so I guess I should read the dog-gone thing!" she complained.

Another woman called and was looking for *The Best Slovak Cookbook*. We didn't have it, and Christine laughed while commenting that it was probably in my cookbook collection at home, along with a Romanian cookbook—as we had lived in both of those Eastern European countries. She was right.



More women than men were shopping today, which is the reverse of the normal order of things in a second-hand bookshop.

An attractive, long-haired and well-dressed, 30-ish mother with her just-crawling daughter Georgia was browsing around; Christine offered assistance. Within five minutes the mom came to the counter with an armload of gift books, thankful for Christine's suggestions.

While the mother was checking out, the baby was boogie-ing along the carpet, first from the counter toward the front door, then turning left into the Art corner. She looked left again and saw us at the counter; she hands-and-knees'd it straight down the Art aisle toward us, the bright December sun coming in the front window behind her. Pulling my ever-present digital camera out of my pocket, I snapped a photo of her while she continued to crawl right up to the counter. She looked up at me, so I began talking to her. I reached behind me to pick up a cow handpuppet that mooed when squeezed. It had been a recent gift from the woman we call ArtWoman who was amused by my middle name. Without showing it to the crawler, I made it moo, which got Georgia's attention.

"What is *that*!?" I exclaimed wide-eyed toward the equally wide-eyed carpet-crawler. She looked around for the source of the sound.

Enjoying the connection I'd made with her, I stepped over her and got our stuffed Cat in the Hat, and set it down near her. But she had no interest in that despite my best cat voice, learned from our Siamese at home. She wanted moos, not meows; bovines not felines.

On the display cabinet high above her we had a ceramic cow, another gift from another customer. (We've developed a meadowful of gift cows.) This one was motion-activated. I reached up to turn it on, and then passed my hand in front of it, causing it to give three loud moos. That turned little Georgia's neck around, then up to see where *this* cow was hiding.

I set the cow on the floor. She was fascinated. As she hesitantly crawled toward the cow, it moo-ed. She stopped and stared at it, then unsteadily turned toward me, for I had followed her crawling route and had circled around behind her. I got down on the carpet myself, and stretched out with one of the mooing cows.

After the mother paid Christine for her books, she came around the counter to bundle the little girl in the cutest little bear coat with ears. While buttoning up the top of the girl's coat, she spied a book displayed on the floor in the corner under the Easton Press books. It was a signed, limited edition of Desmond's Houses. "How much is that?" she inquired. Before I could check the price she explained, "My husband's a custom house builder, and he would love this!"

"\$75."

"I'll take it" she cried.

That added-on sale came about purely because I got down on the floor and played with her child with no intention of turning it into a sales situation. It was a reminder that *anytime anyone is anywhere in the bookstore, every situation is a potential sales situation*.



The last store-y of the busy day involved a cinematic hero: Davy Crockett.

A well-dressed old woman with sparkling eyes and heavy-henna'd eyebrows approached me as I exited the backroom with a book I'd retrieved downstairs for a customer working a shopping list.



"Excuse me, sir," she began in a quiet and almost formal voice, "but I would like to ask you if you have a copy of this book." She reached out with arthritis-gnarled hands to hand me a Barnes & Noble printout regarding *The Davy Crockett Craze: a Look at the 1950s*.

Whoa! I stepped back and took another look at this slight woman who had just rung my bell by invoking the name of one of my TV-inspired heroes.

She smiled a little more at my reaction, and said, "Yes, I thought you might be of that age."

I wondered why this octogenarian wanted this book. For a son perhaps, to rekindle his coonskin, cap days?

"A lot of us boys back then had coonskin caps," I said, to her chuckle. Which presumably had caused a huge jump in the price of raccoon pelts, and, one would believe, a serious decline in the raccoon population.

"It's available new on Amazon," she patiently explained, "but my funds are limited and I'm trying to find a used copy."

I told her that I knew for certain that we didn't have the book, for if we did, I would have taken it home, being a big fan of Davy.

The Internet had only one used copy—in Germany for \$36 plus international shipping.

“I’m afraid I’ll just have to buy a new copy,” she sighed with resignation when informed her of my Internet finding.

I knew there had to be a story in her about this interest; I introduced myself, and asked her.

As Mannheim Steamroller played in the background and customers wandered our book-lined aisles, she gently but firmly shook my proffered hand and introduced herself as Ruth Albert.

“With your obvious interest in Davy Crockett, you must remember the movies that Walt Disney made for TV back in the mid-50s?” she began.

I nodded that I did.

She glanced around to see if anyone were listening, as though she was about to pass the secret of the Holy Grail on to me. She said in a low voice, “I was the Assistant Production Manager on the film.” To explain her wanting to keep our conversation private, she added, “I don’t tell anyone, because I don’t want to be presumptuous.”

“What does an Assistant Production Manager do?”

I asked.

She laughed, “Mostly getting everyone where they were supposed to be and doing it on time!”

“I was living in Tennessee, and they called me any time they did any filming there, which was quite often.”

“Of course,” I interjected. “Since Davy was from Tennessee, it would be only right to film in ‘The Land of the Free’.”

“Yes!” she exclaimed. “Mr. Disney insisted on everything being historically accurate. There was always an historian on the set. And Mr. Disney was also there much of the time, himself.” She paused to remember something—which she did frequently during our conversation. I didn’t rush her, knowing that she was enjoying the conversation and the revisitation of treasured memories. I glanced around to insure no customers needed service.

“Do you know the reporter Campbell Brown?” she asked me, after a moment or two.

“The reporter who works for NBC?”

“Yes, she’s the one. Well, her father was a noted historian. He was the man who Mr. Disney hired to make sure that all our movies didn’t stray from accuracy.”

Oh, the things you learn when talking with customers.

“How did you like working with Fess Parker and Buddy Ebsen?” I asked, recognizing that she needed prompting. Her age and her modesty kept her from a coherent narrative flow.

She gave me a movie-star’s smile and gushed, “Fess and Buddy were as genuine as you can imagine! They were almost like the characters they played in terms of character.”

“Fess was very appreciative of all the attention he received,” she said. “He was as big in heart as he was in size.”

Another of her pauses, and then, “All the adulation did catch him and all of us by surprise.”

“Why was that?” I asked, stepping in to give her a momentary pause.

“Oh, no one was pleased at the end of filming,” she explained. “They didn’t think much of the film. But I did! I knew it was going to be popular. How could it not be a hit, with someone as engaging as Fess and a good story that was based on historical truths and showed how good character would always win out?”

I agreed with her that it was one of the biggest hits of the time, “Or you wouldn’t be asking me for a book called *The Davy Crockett Craze*.”

She chuckled in agreement, and went on.

“Mr. Disney wanted his stars to be very genuine with high moral standards. And Fess fit the bill perfectly.”

“Didn’t Buddy Ebsen pass on in the last year or two?” I asked.

“Yes, he did,” she replied, lowering her eyes. “I kept in touch with Fess and Buddy until five or ten years ago,” she said, looking back up at me. “Fess is doing quite well for himself. He has a very well-respected vineyard out in California, and is quite a good businessman.”

I could see she was tiring, though I wanted to continue to ask her question after question about her experiences with “Davy Crockett”.

As though she read my thoughts, she began wrapping up the conversation by giving the printout a shake and saying, “Next year is the 50th anniversary of the ‘Davy Crockett’ movies, and the Disney people are having a reunion. I want to see what this book has to say about those days. It was such a different time for this country.”

“Davy Crockett became as popular as it did because we needed heroes back then.”

She paused as perfectly as a script-writer might have created her lines, and then added in conclusion, “And I think we need them even more today.”



This last Saturday before Christmas turned out to be a very good one for us at the cash register, in customer service, and in the richness of the day’s experiences. I had shaken the hand that had shaken the hand of Walt Disney and his Davy Crockett.

Ruth Albert’s visit to our store just before Christmas reminds us all to focus not on the gifts we find beneath the tree—even if they are books, but on the gift of our hearts and minds, that we can feel joy and love and compassion for others, and be able to think of ways to live our lives to express that compassion, that love, and that joy.

Just as Mr. Disney would have wanted.

*Merry
Christmas*

Reviews by Members of Reading Favorites for 2017

In the spirit of sharing books and our passion for books, here are four submissions by Aldus members that showcase books they enjoyed this year. Consider submitting some reviews throughout the year to share with one another.

From Catherine Mehrl Bennett

In the past year I've read the following books of collected short stories or essays with an absurdist, surrealist, or existentialist bent to them; all are first editions, or first editions of English translations of early 20th century works; all were published in 2017.

The Complete Stories of Leonora Carrington includes a number of short stories that were translated from French or Spanish, though she was born in England to a wealthy family. She was an accomplished surrealist writer and painter, had lived in France with Max Ernst, and both were an important part of the surrealist movement. Ernst was imprisoned when France was invaded, and Carrington ended up in Spain and had a mental breakdown. She made it to the United States with the help of a diplomat she met in Spain, then moved to Mexico, where her surrealist sensibilities were a good fit and her art was celebrated. Carrington died in 2011. Many of her stories are modeled as adult fairy tales. The stories are magical gems, composed of fantastical creatures and surrealist (sometimes Freudian) symbolism, and they all have a deeply personal feel to them, like her paintings. We were able to see a number of her paintings in a modern art gallery during a visit to Mérida in the Yucatan years ago.

Another writer, Daniil Kharms, has perhaps become better known in the States perhaps because of the current trend in Russian cultural studies, but also because of the work of translator Alex Cigale. His introduction and translations were published by Northwestern University Press as *Daniil Kharms Russian Absurd: Selected Writings*. With stories and poems and a few excerpts from Kharms's diary, these works from varying periods of Kharms' life were never published in Russia during his lifetime, mostly due to the repressive culture of the 20's and 30's. He and others in his circle were able to make a living by writing children's literature, and I expect he was very good at that, based on the vivid imaginary setups in these selected writings. We see, for example, old women falling out of windows due to over-inquisitiveness, or a man disappearing into thin air. Alex Cigale feels Kharms ought to be categorized with other great existentialists like Sartre and Camus.

Nest In The Bones / Stories By Antonio Di Benedetto is a translation from the Spanish by Martina Broner of selected works by this well-known (in Latin America) novelist from Argentina (1922 – 1986), and this first Archipelago Books

edition came out in 2017. Compared to Carrington and Kharms, these stories appear to be more rooted in realism at first glance, but with characters and creative plot lines that retain a kind of weird after-taste in a memorable way. I can't quite explain it as "magic realism" though the stories are deeply rooted in Latin American culture, instead he is a great prose stylist whose characters are astoundingly unique. The story *Aballay*, originally published in 1978 as part of a collection called *The Absurd Ones*, features a man burdened with a bad conscience, having killed a man in front of the victim's young son. After hearing a sermon and discussing it with the priest afterwards, he decides on a form of penance that involves staying mounted on his horse. This was, in his mind, akin to the Syriac ascetic, St. Simeon, who remained atop a high pillar exposed to the elements and dependent on the kindness of people from a nearby village for food. He's definitely a memorable character, this gaucho pilgrim!

Vol. One of *Slow Reader* magazine was published in Canada by Madras Press in early 2017. I came across it at Shakespeare and Company book store (an historic English reader's bookstore) in April when we were in Paris, France. The magazine features poems, essays, art, and works that are all inspired by the contemporary Japanese novelist, Haruki Murakami, a popular writer with an existentialist bent. I've read a few of his novels that have been translated into English, for example: *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicles*, *A Wild Sheep Chase*, *And Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki* and *His Years Of Pilgrimage*. The magazine is evidence of a Murakami cult in our western hemisphere, as we all wait in suspense for the next English translation of his novels to come out!

From Tricia Herban, a new member of Aldus

The Bad-Ass Librarians of Timbuktu and their Race to Save the World's Most Precious Manuscripts by Joshua Hammer, Simon and Schuster, 2016, 278 pages.

The intriguing title and mention in the *New York Times* Book Review guided me to this arcane and fascinating book about a corner of the world little known in the West. Timbuktu actually does exist and it is located in Mali, the eighth largest country in Africa. Due to its location on the Sahara desert most residents of Timbuktu live below the poverty level of \$1.25/day.

At present, Mali has a population of 14.5 million. Today the landlocked country has few resources, but in the 1300s, its empire included much of central Africa. At that time scholarship flourished and the written record of studies in mathematics, astronomy, literature, and art remains in the form of manuscripts long treasured by individual families. The rediscovery of these documents is the subject of Joshua Hammer's remarkable book.

Thousands of manuscripts written in elegant calligraphy in inks of varied colors with gold leaf decoration, as elaborate as an oriental rug, were produced during Timbuktu's

three century Golden Age 1300-1600. These books consisted of separate pages, carefully wrapped and tied in leather wrappings. In the dry desert climate, when these documents were protected from the elements, they could retain their original beauty and legibility for centuries.

Timbuktu's manuscripts are unique and irreplaceable. The knowledge and scholarship they contain provides a record of intellectual flowering as spectacular as that of Greece or the Renaissance. And while the familial owners of these hand me downs may not have known exactly why they are important to the modern world, they considered them a priceless inheritance and guarded them, literally, with their lives.

The effort to unearth these buried documents and then to preserve them is the story of Abdel Kader Haidera, a man who inherited wealth and a private library of 45,000 manuscripts. Haidera was hired by the Ahmed Baba Institute which was founded by UNESCO and originally funded by the ruling families of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia in order to prove that Africans were capable of scholarship and discovery and that Sub-Saharan Africa had once been a remarkable intellectual center.

Over a period of years, Haidera became a skilled judge of manuscripts, moreover he ultimately secured international funding and was able to build climate controlled repositories for these works. But in the process, he had to deal with the Tuareg rebellion, a civil war that put the moderate Muslims of Timbuktu in the path of violent, conservative militaristic Islamists and members of Al Qaeda.

After persuading his kinsmen to relinquish their literary treasures for safekeeping in national repositories, Haidera found himself calling on those same donors to remove and hide them from the invaders. His is a remarkable story of ingenuity, commitment, dedication and trust, bringing foreign events up to the moment, as the story continues today. One day, these manuscripts may be accessible at the touch of a key stroke, but until then, they must be saved and protected as an intrinsic part of mankind's intellectual heritage.

George Washington's Secret Six: The Spy Ring that Saved the American Revolution by Brian Kilmeade and Don Yeager, Penguin Press, 2013, 235 pages.

All wars involve spying. Long before drones and hidden cameras, there were codes and invisible ink because it has always been critical to know what the enemy is planning. Spies and double agents have been woven into the fabric of diplomacy and warfare since time immemorial. George Washington became the head of a rag-tag assortment of militia men and just as he had to forge an army from those men, he had to develop an espionage network from partisans and Tories whom he didn't even know personally.

It was a daunting task, made the more important by the embarrassing and widely known capture and hanging of Nathan Hale on September 22, 1776.

Kilmeade and Yeager have woven a fascinating tale,

based directly on the correspondence and records of these secret agents. As the British ebbed and flowed through New York and Philadelphia, these five men and one woman had to continually adjust their disguises and travel routes. They had to create excuses to eavesdrop and were ever on the alert to avoid capture and certain death. At times, fear silenced them, and Washington was continually frustrated by the time it took for information to reach him, even when communication went smoothly.

Nevertheless, these six foiled Benedict Arnold's plot to hand over the fort at West Point to the British. And by capturing the British naval codes, they were able to provide Washington with intelligence necessary to decode ship-to-ship communication prior to the battle of Yorktown. These two accomplishments saved the Revolution. This readable book provides a fascinating account of six unsung American heroes.

Two books about remarkable women from Debra Jul

Kondazian, Karen. *The Whip: A Novel*. East Brunswick, NJ: Hansen Publishing Group, 2013. This wonderful fictionalized biography features episodes from the life of Charlotte "Charley" Parkhurst (1812-1879). Charley lived most of her extraordinary life dressed and acting like a man in the old west. As a young woman in Rhode Island, she fell in love with a runaway slave and had his child. Her story doesn't end here, Charley traveled on her own to California, dressed as a man, to track the killer of her husband and child. She was renowned as a stagecoach driver for Wells Fargo, killed a famous outlaw, had a secret love affair, and lived as a man with his housekeeper, who was unaware of her true sex and fell in love with her. This courageous woman voted (as a man) in 1868. Her grave lies in Watsonville, California.

Montgomery, Ben. *Grandma Gatewood's Walk: The Inspiring Story of the Woman Who Saved the Appalachian Trail*. Chicago Review Press, 2016. Telling her family she was going on a walk, Emma Gatewood left her small Ohio hometown with a change of clothes and less than two hundred dollars in her pocket. This extraordinary woman, this genteel, farm-reared, 67-year-old great-grandmother had walked 800 miles along the 2,050-mile Appalachian Trail. How could anyone keep that feat from their family? More amazing, Greenwood stood atop Maine's Mount Katahdin in September 1955. She had survived a rattlesnake strike, two hurricanes, and a run-in with gangsters from Harlem. On the mountain top, she sang the first verse of "America, the Beautiful" and proclaimed, "I said I'll do it, and I've done it." Reporters called her Grandma Gatewood. She was the first woman to hike the entire Appalachian Trail alone, as well as the first person, man or woman, to walk it twice and three times.

Courtesy of John M. Bennett (Noviembre 2017)
TWO EDITIONS OF THE POETRY
OF CÉSAR VALLEJO

*¿Qué se llama cuanto heriza nos?
Se llama Lomismo que padece
nombre nombre nombre nombrE.*

I have been deeply engaged with the extraordinary poetry of Peruvian César Vallejo (1892-1938) since about 1959. Since the publication of his *Obra poética, Edición crítica, Américo Ferrari, Coordinador*, (Madrid: Colección Archivos, 1988), I have been reading, learning, and being perpetually amazed, not only at the genius and authenticity of his work, but at the treasures of this edition, with its variant versions, textual annotations, essays, and much more. Vallejo is one of the greatest poets of the 20th century, in any language, and this volume is an essential cornerstone of my library and of my writing life. It was expensive when first published, but I recently saw that it is now being offered for \$200 to \$400. Good thing I bought it when it was new! It was published in an edition of 3000 copies by a consortium of institutions and publishers under the auspices of UNESCO. I recently acquired at long last another essential Vallejo edition, the large-format *Obra poética completa* (Lima, Perú: Francisco Moncloa Editores, 1968, 4000 copies printed). It is an edition with a wealth of MS facsimiles, was prepared by Vallejo's widow, Georgette de Vallejo, and has an introduction by Américo Ferrari. Vallejo was a poet of multiple voices, including a highly innovative and expressionistic one, and the ability to see his MSS, intensely annotated and revised as they are, shows a lot about his creative process, and how deeply immersed he was in pushing his art toward a kind of perfection rarely seen, one in which a multi-layered human consciousness is as fully embodied as possible in written language.

Fall Program Recap

September brought us Jeanne Drewes and her adventures in Cuba among the wonderful book artists there. Her enthusiasm and energy delighted her audience. Best of all, Jeanne encouraged questions galore.



October was full of *Highlights* as Diedra Herring regaled the Aldus Society with the history of the publication which delighted us all as children.

In November, Tony Sanfilippo charmed the society with his reminiscences of Bookselling and Publishing in the 21st Century.



As always, our fall season ended with a dinner and auction, described on the next page.

2017 Aldus Society Book-Lover's Silent Auction and Dinner

The Aldus Society annual book-lovers silent auction and dinner at the La Scala Restaurant, featured 60 Lots of book-related items, highlighted by a tour of the Stuart Rose private collection and lunch with Stuart and Mini Rose; a lunch and conversation with WOSU radio classical music personality, Christopher Purdy and his wife, Linda; a quilt hand-sewn by Margo Thacker; a custom-made full leather binding of *A Select Collection of Views and Ruins in Rome* by Harry Campbell, rare book conservator; and George Bauman's donation of an Acorn Bookshop \$100 gift certificate as a raffle prize.

George Bauman was the emcee for the evening's festivities, which included a raffle of baskets of wine and book-related items offered by the Board of Trustees. He entertained us all with his usual wit and enthusiastic banter.

Genie Hoster was given the 2017 Carol Logue Biblio-Fellowship Award in recognition for her years of service and support. Genie was a member of the first board of trustees and former Aldus Society president.

The success of this year's holiday dinner and auction was largely due to many hours of preparation by the auction committee, chaired by Aldus president Debra Jul, and the quality of items donated. Jay Hoster organized books and related items the auction lots and Jay prepared the *2017 Silent Auction Catalogue*.



Genie Hoster Tribute for the 2017 Carol Logue Biblio-Fellowship Award



Genie Hoster knows about strong foundations. From restoring neglected Victorian homes needing a LOT of TLC to shepherding the Aldus Society through turbulent times of change and growth, Genie demonstrates the strength of quiet leadership.

Genie was a founding member of the Aldus Society, serving as its first Secretary in 1999 and several terms on the Board of Trustees. Ten years later, she was elected the first woman president of the Aldus Society, presiding over a time of significant growing pains in this organization. Genie also served as newsletter editor for ten years. At the end of her three years as president, the Aldus Society was no longer a small organization, informally run, but a thriving professional association that has continued to expand its role and impact on our local book community.

Genie's background in architecture and communications were respectable professional pursuits, but as far as Aldus is concerned, it was Genie's book sense – as a collector, dealer and now author – that matters most. Whether it was working in a bricks-and-mortar book store run with husband Jay, or generously helping Aldus members – and their loved ones – pass on precious book collections, or the creation of this very Carol Logue Fellowship Award to honor the contributions of Aldus members, Genie's love for the book and its admirers has been an example for all of us.

On just about any day of the week you can find Genie hard at work selling books online from the home she is restoring to its former glory and working on a comprehensive history of Columbus book dealers. We are delighted to have her lay down both her hammer and her computer mouse to be honored.

'Twas the Saturday Before Christmas at Acorn

*'Twas the Saturday before Christmas
and all through the shop,
Buyers were here to shop till they dropped.
Tolkien-in-a-box, went into a bag;
We rang up the sale—this wasn't a drag.*

*Our cookies and punch disappeared through the day
As sweet crumbs and customers found their way
To books calling them, "Please take me right now,"
And children were playing on the floor with our cow.*

*We talked to the folks about books on their lists,
Cartooning and Dune-ing and books with a twist.
Like O'Henry and Poe, and mysteries galore,
Another request for "The Raven"?,
we cried "Nevermore!"*

*Shakespeare would make a great gift for Grandpap;
We offered all customers their books to giftwrap.
Little Women was hot, we sold I think two,
The Art section was busy, and History was, too.*

*We talked and we sold many books every hour,
And stories were told; we all love word-power.
Christine was ringing the register so fast,
I knew the day's total would be quite a blast.*

*Davy and Disney made their appearance—OK!
We all need our heroes to this very day.
As Christmas arrives one week from today,
The staff of the Acorn just wants me to say*

*Merry Christmas to you from them all and me
We hope you find books wrapped under your tree.
We thank you for coming this day to our store,
May peace and joy be yours evermore.*

©2005/2017 GEORGE COWMEADOW BAUMAN

Fall Field Trip to Ohio University's Mahn Center

Reflections Compiled By Lois Smith

On Saturday, October 21, 2017, eighteen Aldines took a fall road trip to the Alden Library on the beautiful campus of Ohio University in Athens for an up close and personal look at the Robert E. and Jean R. Mahn Center for Archives and Special Collections. Dr. Miriam Intrator, Special Collections Librarian, was our host for the tour. She was helpful and informative as she shared some of the crown jewels of their rare book collection.



Dr. Miriam Intrator

Lynda Berman, an Aldus friend and Athens artist and art teacher, gave insight into Miriam's thoughtful preparation for our visit: "Miriam did a herculean job of assembling the works on display. They did, indeed, represent strengths of the collection and the singular collections that OU holds. Many of the informative tags were created for the Aldus visitation. That she returned from her own wedding in California on Monday and had the exhibit ready by Saturday shows a passion that Aldus members, in particular, can well recognize and appreciate."

Lynda was accompanied by her husband Joe Berman, a retired OU telecommunications professor and dean of the OU Honors Tutorial College. Together they support conservation efforts and restoration of works in the Mahn Center. Lynda said she always enjoys "seeing something more when I see it through the eyes of another." Laralyn [Sasaki Dearing] pointed out the dogs in the VERY detailed long accordion folded etching of

the funeral march for the King of Sweden. To paraphrase, she said 'I love it that they always put dogs in. And they do it so well!' Indeed! They were about the size of a grain of rice and were full of life romping in the foreground behind the assembled crowds. You can be sure that I will be on the lookout for other antiquarian dogs!"



As always, the social aspect of our field trips is a highlight. We had lunch at Latitude 39 in Baker Center, the student union, which we highly recommend. Lynda said she enjoyed conversation over lunch getting to know Cathy and John Bennett who had a Mail Art Exhibit as part of their wedding. "Although shared in miniature on the screen of her iPhone, it was fascinating to see her approach to art production, so creative, and so different from my own," she reminisced.

Dr. Intrator also reflected on our visit. "I really enjoyed the experience of selecting books for true book lovers, and am always excited for opportunities to introduce people to our rare book collection and to the work that we do."



Geoff Smith noted three items that caught his attention: “a Frankfort imprint from the early 19th century, essentially incunabula of North American imprints west of the Alleghenies. First a book that addressed frontier medical emergencies and diseases, with particular attention to putrid maladies. The 2nd printing (1815) of the official map of Ohio was impressive, as well as an early printing of Phillis Wheatley’s *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (first published in London, 1773). I am fortunate in having read and studied much early colonial British-American literature (and co-incident British literature), and, within that context I was re-awakened to how good a poet Wheatley is. The copy at OU, by the way, is in need of conservation: it is a primary American document.”

Doug Allinger thought the presentation was “very comprehensive and well done. I enjoyed the hands-on opportunities with the books, and viewing the Codex was a great opportunity.”

Scott Williams, a serious collector of travel books, had a special request for Miriam: “OU Libraries’ special collections include travel guidebooks, so I asked in advance our host Dr. Intrator to share some. The 1914 four volume set of English language travel guidebooks published by Imperial Japanese Government Railways covering Japan, China, Korea and the Trans-Siberian Railway reminded me of those famous Karl Baedeker (Leipzig) guidebooks—small, thick, red covers, gilt lettering, massively detailed content and foldout maps. Curious, I did some follow-up research and found that Baedeker did publish a guidebook in 1914 on ‘Russia’ that included China and Iran for good measure! Likewise in 1914, in London (Constable) and Boston (Houghton Mifflin) we find ‘Terry’s Guide to the Japanese Empire...’ being published in the ‘identical’ manner as Baedeker and those Imperial Japanese Government Railways guidebooks. One suspects shared content, but that will remain a mystery!”



<http://wildlife.ohiodnr.gov/stay-informed/online-articles-amp-features/your-wild-ohio-hunter/post/the-coonskin-library-in-ames-ohio>

“A nice surprise was getting to inspect several books from Amesville, Ohio’s famous ‘Coonskin Library’ – apparently the third library established in Ohio (opening on February 2, 1804). One of these books was by Frederick Shoberl, *Persia; Containing a Description of the Country, with an Account of its Government, Laws and Religion; Philadelphia: John Grigg, 1828* (first published in 1821 it seems). Here was the 208th book added to the Coonskin Library! Lovely ‘primitive’ hand-colored illustrations could be found inside including one that I discovered had been purposefully damaged—a Persian priest holding something in his hand that someone had carefully scraped out a hole in the page to remove! Field Trip *Aldusuvian** Geoffrey Smith came to my rescue and reading a bit of the text on the opposite page suggested it was probably a Koran that the priest was holding. Seemed obvious to me! We brought our curator Miriam Intrator over to see this, who shared that she was not aware of the ‘edited’ illustration. For further insight into the founding of one of our state’s most famous libraries, Ohio University recently published this web page: <https://www.ohio.edu/foundersday/2014/shared.cfm>

It is a special feature when our members are able to ask our hosts in advance to pull materials of interest as Scott did on this trip. Field trips are a benefit to members and are usually planned for the fall and spring, with book crawls over the summer months. We try to take advantage of book-related events and destinations both local and within driving distance, although we have talked about an overnight trip if there is enough interest. If you have an idea for a visit you think Aldus members would enjoy, please inform a board member. Meanwhile, watch the list serve for upcoming events.

**Aldusuvian*: Scott has coined this term with the understanding that “some may object.” The closest form I could find was *Aldosivi*, an Argentine football club. -- Lois

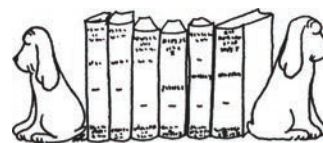
Visit Thurber House!

77 Jefferson Ave., Columbus, OH 43215
Open seven days a week from 1:00-4:00 pm

Tour the house that Thurber made famous in *My Life and Hard Times*. Built in 1873, it is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Daily self-guided tours are free, and guided tours are available on Sundays for \$4.00/adults and \$2.00/students and seniors.

Large guided group tours are welcome! To schedule for 10+ people, please call 614-464-1032 x11.



2018 FABS Tour of Delaware



Howard Pyle (1853-1911), *Caxton at His Press, 1902* for *The Bibliomania or Book-Madness. History, Symptoms and Cure of this Fatal Disease*, by Thomas Frogall Dibdin (Boston: The Bibliophile Society, 1903). Oil on canvas. Delaware Art Museum, Bequest of Harriet K. Richards, 1987

The 2018 FABS trip will be devoted wholly to the First State (the first to ratify the Constitution), which has large attractions including: four hundred years of political and industrial history; the beautiful Brandywine Valley; historic architecture; good food; and a truly remarkable and wide range of books, manuscripts, and art held by libraries, museums, and private collectors.

The 2018 FABS tour promises to be full of art and books to tempt the eye and stimulate collecting desires.

The dates are Wednesday, May 16, through Saturday, May 19, hosted by the Delaware Bibliophiles, who have developed a program that includes most of the collections, which make Delaware unique, as well as a public symposium.

The planned schedule of site visits is:

- Thursday, Winterthur Museum, Garden & Library; Hagley Museum & Library; and Longwood Gardens founded by Henry Francis du Pont;

- Friday, University of Delaware, in Newark, Special Collections and the Mark Samuels Lasner Collection in the

Morris Library and the Brandywine River Museum of Art in Chadds Ford, PA; and

- Saturday, tours of The Delaware Historical Society, the Delaware History Museum, the new Jane and Littleton Mitchell Center for African American Heritage and the Delaware Art Museum; and finally Oak Knoll Books in New Castle, DE and the Delaware Street to the Arsenal.

Please note that the plans outlined here, while tentatively confirmed as of early August, are subject to change. We anticipate a tour fee of \$625 per person, to include all receptions, lunches, and dinners from Wednesday night, 16 May through Saturday night, 19 May. Bus transportation to all venues from the FABS hotel in Wilmington will be provided, and the fee also covers all museum/library admissions. The tour fee does not include hotel accommodations, breakfasts, or other forms of local transportation. A block of rooms has been set aside at the Sheraton Wilmington at the rate of \$129 per night, single or double occupancy. The 2018 FABS tour of Delaware is limited to 50 participants.

For more information, visit the FABS website <http://fabsclubnews.blogspot.com/>

2017 Symposium Recap

The 2017 Symposium: "The Codex: History, Art, and Practice" was sponsored by the Ohio Preservation Council and the State Library of Ohio. Held at the Jessing Center at the Pontifical College Josephinum, the symposium focused on the history and art of the book.

Julia Miller was the keynote speaker. She talked about the importance of studying and describing historical bindings, fancy and plain, spectacular and quotidian. Julia included many images of books and book structures that she studied while writing her most recent publication *Books Will Speak Plain: A Handbook for Identifying and Describing Historical Bindings* (Ann Arbor, MI: The Legacy Press, 2014).

Following the presentation was a panel discussion by James Reid-Cunningham, Bonnie Mak, and Macy Chadwick. These panelists spoke about the "post-codex" period, each punctuating their talk with pictures. A lively discussion among the panelists was moderated by Ed Vermue.

The afternoon featured two sets of break-out sessions and hands-on training lead by Julia Miller and Kyle Holland, then Jayme Jamison and Ashleigh Ferguson, and Carrie Phillips.

All of the presentations and hands-on sessions included excellent visual examples that stimulated noisy discussion amongst the symposium attendees who packed the room. Several Aldus Society members attended, captured by the spell of books of all ages and subjects. The positive and passionate response to this symposium proves yet again that the study of the history of the book is alive and well in Ohio and beyond.

Aldus Authors

Sam West has just published a book of his poetry entitled "The Biker and the Babe". It is now available at the Acorn Bookshop for \$16.95, so you can support a fellow Aldine.

John Bennett, *The Sweating Lake*:

<http://www.lulu.com/shop/john-m-bennett/the-sweating-lake/paperback/product-23351599.html>

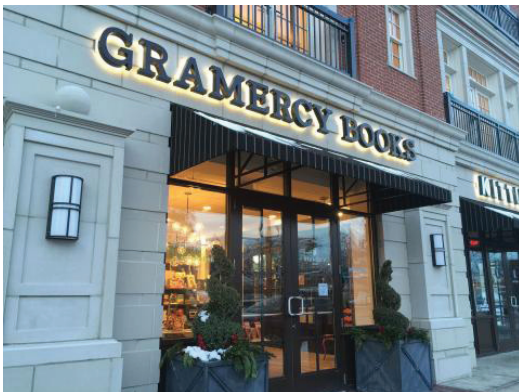
Christine Hayes and Doug Motz, *Lost Restaurants of Central Ohio and Columbus (American Palate)* Published Dec 4, 2017. It's available for sale at Acorn Bookshop and is the companion book to *Lost Restaurants of Columbus* (November 2015)

In Memorium

For those of you who may not have heard, Laralyn's husband, Tom Dearing, passed away on Friday morning, October 13, 2017. He was bold, funny, confident, compassionate, and had a way of making everyone around him feel special. Those of us who knew Tom will miss him. You can find Tom's obituary at <http://www.shaw-davis.com/notices/Thomas-Dearing>. There will be a Celebration of Life at some point in the future.

Support Our Local Independent Bookstores

We are so very fortunate to have three independent bookstores in Columbus. Support local book stores. Let them know you are an Aldus member and get a discount.



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