

Aldus Society Notes

Fall 2018

Volume 18, No. 3

September 13, 2018: Pirates and Women in 19th Century American Literature, Featuring Dr. Beth Avila



Dr. Beth Avila

Swashbuckling, handsome and lawless pirates and their beautiful and feisty female captives have long excited the imaginations of readers and, later, moviegoers. However, popular novels and ephemeral stories of 19th Century America often presented alternatives to the gentleman pirate. Within these pages reside violent men, lady pirates, cutlass-wielding virtuous ladies, and female privateers. Dr. Avila examines how antebellum American authors used pirates and female characters to explore

social issues surrounding gender roles, the problem of violence and to legitimize unconventional versions of womanhood through fiction.

When asked how she became involved in studying this genre, Dr. Avila wrote:

“This was a fun question because I hadn’t really thought through how I ended up with this topic. The unexciting, grad-school-made-me-do-it answer is that it grew out of my work on (Catharine Maria) Sedgwick’s novels (the subject of her master’s dissertation) and my desire to discuss some aspect of those novels that hadn’t been discussed before--surprisingly, no one had seemed to notice the pirates! So, I suppose that it wasn’t pirates, but women in adventure stories that I was most interested in it initially. But even more than that, I think that this topic brings together my academic interests, which one way or another, tend to focus on gender roles in fiction, and my non-academic interests as a fan of adventure-oriented science fiction and fantasy stories, which I also write under the pen name Beth Powers (if you want to check it out, my website is <https://bethpowers.com/>. There’s at least one pirate story in there :)). I think my academic and non-academic interests do run parallel, and although it wasn’t a conscious effort, they came together in my study of women and pirates in nineteenth-century American fiction.”

Dr. Avila earned her PhD in American Literature from The Ohio State University. Her dissertation was entitled “I Would Prevent You from Further Violence: Women, Pirates and the Problem of Violence in the Antebellum American Imagination.” She received her master’s from Miami University in Oxford, OH, and her bachelor’s from the University of Saint Francis in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Dr. Avila writes adventure-oriented science fiction and fantasy stories under the pen name of Beth Powers and currently conducts historical property research for environmental surveys in Fort Wayne.

To discover a list of ephemeral pirate stories, visit Beth Avila’s website at <https://piraticalpages.com/>.

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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From the President

Dear Aldines,

When I retired from the OSU Libraries on January 31, 2018 it was merely a matter of hours—or so it seemed—that the Aldus Society Nominating Committee came calling to ask if I would like to join the Board of Trustees, and in addition to that, would I accept the nomination to be president? The rest, as they say, is....well, here I am!

I am pleased to take over as president of this wonderful group of trustees—three of whom are ex-presidents of the society! In fact, all of the current board members are veterans—I'm the only rookie. We have our work cut out for us: re-establishing several of the committees, considering issues and challenges related to operations of a small non-profit bibliophilic society, planning for our holiday event, and—I'm sure a challenge for the rest of the trustees—getting me up to speed. I hope I can fill the shoes of out-going president Debra Jul, who has admirably guided the Society, as well as all those who came before her. These volunteers have worked hard over the years to sustain this terrific enterprise since its earliest days.

Just to review, my fellow trustees are: Genie Hoster, vice-president; Emerson Gilbert, treasurer; Mary Saup, secretary; Pat Groseck, Leah Kalasky, Janet Ravneberg, Tony Sanfilippo, Geoff Smith and Scott Williams.

We are anticipating a year of inspiring and entertaining programs, as always, and as I write this, we are in the early planning stages for the annual holiday event to be held December 13th at LaScala, including dinner and the silent auction. At this point, we don't know all the details, but you will be hearing much more about this!

I hope you have enjoyed some summer reading, as I have, even though now I seem to have a lot more email than I did when I was employed! So far I have read *Shakespeare By Another Name*, by Mark Anderson (actually, a biography of Edward de Vere which I read before, years ago. Someday, I hope I can convince Jay Hoster to read THIS version...); *The Swerve: How the World Became Modern*, by Stephen Greenblatt; and *The Secret Token: Myth, Obsession and the Search for the Lost Colony of Roanoke*, by Andrew Lawler. I shouldn't have been surprised, but these three books are marvelously intertwined with common characters and events during the Elizabethan period—I felt like I enrolled in a summer school class on that period.

Before I go, I want to say a special THANK YOU to our editor, Miriam Kahn, for the wonderful job she continues to do getting out this newsletter. Well done, Miriam! And thanks also to all of the authors and contributors. Time now to sit down and read!

Harry

The Editor's Message Is Printed on Page 31

October 11, 2018: French and Italian 20th Century Literary/Art Avant-Garde *Inism* and *Lettrism*

Gabriel-Aldo Bertozzi and Gabriella Giansante will talk about *Lettrism* and *Inism*, international movements that push avant-garde thinking and writing to the next level.

Lettrism, an avant-garde movement born in Paris in the 1940s, focuses on visual and spoken symbols within the literary scene. Letterists' works include symbols, hypergraphics, and sounds in their poetry.

Inism was founded at the Café de Flore in Paris on January 3rd, 1980, which has accepted the definition of avant-garde, a term which became usual in art and literature during the last century, the twentieth century. With the Inism begins the Third Phase of the Avant-garde, the so-called RR, *Revolutionary Revolution*, which follows the two phases first of *revolt* (Futurism, Dada) then of *revolution* (Surrealism).

They will read selections from their works and talk about these forms of avant-garde literature and expression.

Gabriel-Aldo Bertozzi and Gabriella Giansante will speak about founders of the University Center of Applied Multimedial Development for the Research and Study of Creativity; editors of *Bérénice: Quarterly Journal of Comparative Studies & Research on the Avant-Garde*, and *French & Italian 20th Century Literary/Art Avant-Garde Inism & Lettrism*.



Gabriella Giansante

Gabriella Giansante is a university professor, author, and inist artist since 1999. She is one of the most active participants of the avant-garde movement INI (Internazionale Novatrice Infinitesimale), created at the Café de Flore in Paris, January 1980 by G.-A. Bertozzi, her mentor.

In Gabriella Giansante's poetics, which are above all pictorial, the use of the inist sign is always found, namely innovative, abstract, phonetic writings, and "inias," often invented by the artist, as well as other known signs drawn

from ancient and modern alphabets. She pursues a study of superimposing layers that she achieves through the use of colors added in simultaneity. She is the author of many literary studies, she has dedicated herself to Inism and also to the Poètes Maudits, Symbolism, Futurism, Dada, and Surrealism.



Gabriel-Aldo Bertozzi

Gabriel-Aldo Bertozzi resides in France, Spain, and Italy. He is the founder of INISMO or INI, a movement created in Paris at the Café de Flore in January 1980, Gabriel-Aldo Bertozzi is among the most recognized artists in international circles of avant-garde.

The breadth and diversity of Bertozzi's activities and interests suggest the Renaissance model: painter, sculptor, playwright, philosopher, novelist, scholar, university professor. The French President honored him with the title Officer in the Order of Academic Palms. In the commune of Borée, France, a street has been named Voie de l'Inisme, dedicated to the movement he founded.

His artistic activity is documented in some fifty books and catalogs, and a thousand articles, among which the period 1980 to 2000 is covered in the monograph *Bertozzi* (Electa), followed by the catalog *G.-A. Bertozzi. Opere scelte* 2001-2016 (SIGRAF). On the internet he can be found in the sites www.inisme.com, www.gabertozzi.com, and the blog www.inismoavanguardia.com.

November 8, 2018: The Joys of Independent Press in the Digital Age presented by Eric Obenauf

Eric Obenauf will speak to us on the joys and tribulations, but mostly joys, of founding an indy press. In 2005, he and his wife, Eliza Wood-Obenauf, founded Two Dollar Radio here in Columbus. As of 2018, they've

published over fifty titles and have recently moved corporate headquarters from their living room to a retail space on Columbus's Southside, on Parsons Avenue. It is also a bookshop selling only indy press books, an event space, a vegetarian restaurant, coffee shop, and bar called Two Dollar Radio Headquarters.

Eric Obenauf founded the publishing company Two Dollar Radio with his wife, Eliza. Their publications have been honored by the National Book Foundation, named Notable Books at *The New York Times*, finalists for the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize, and placed on best-of-year lists at *O*, *The Oprah Magazine*, the *Washington Post*, NPR, and others.

Two Dollar Radio runs The Flyover Fest, a multidisciplinary festival featuring artists working in music, literature, and film over the course of 3 days in Columbus, Ohio, most recently celebrated in May of 2018. Check out their website at <https://twodollarradio.com/>.



What Have You Added to Your Collection(s) This Year?

We're thinking ahead to January's perennial popular program, "Aldus Collects." Surely some of you have added to your book collection(s) this year, maybe from a road trip, or up at the Village Bookshop as it's holding a going-out-of-business sale. We'd like to hear about your new acquisitions.

As well, we'd enjoy hearing about a collection of yours if you haven't already spoken about it. Some of you have more than one collection, so even if you have talked to us before, we'd love to hear about another of your collections. You need only to speak for 10 minutes, and you'll be surprised how fast that goes.

We're easy; come and share your enthusiasm for books in any form, and you'll have an appreciative audience.

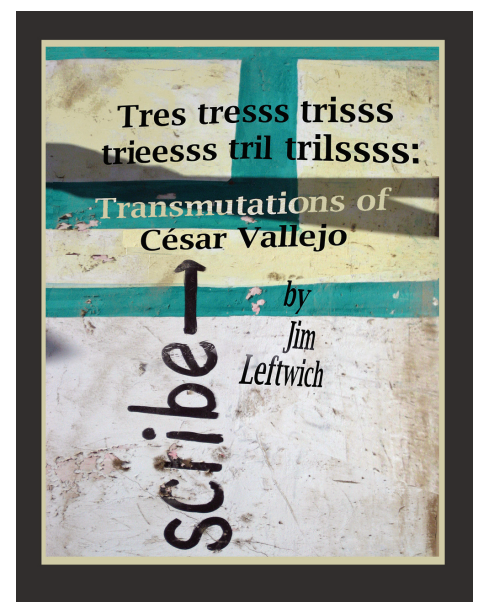
Please contact George Cowmeadow Bauman <mailto:booknman@gmail.com> to be placed on the fun program. We need five or six speakers, so think about it now, and join in the fun.

An Update on Editions of César Vallejo

By John M. Bennett

In the Winter 2018 issue of the *Aldus Society Notes*, I wrote briefly about two important editions of the poetry of Peruvian César Vallejo and of my lifelong involvement with his poetry. Since then, I, with my wife C. Mehrl Bennett, have had the honor of publishing an edition of some of Vallejo's poetry in English version by avant poet Jim Leftwich. These are not exactly translations, but a kind of engagement with the Peruvian's poems. As Ivan Argüelles said about the book: "Jim Leftwich's transmutations (not translations) of the poetry of César Vallejo are nothing short of brilliant. They feel more Vallejo in English than any previous translations ever have. Vallejo is certainly, bar none, among the greatest poets of the 20th century. Human, more than immediately human, tortured, both baroque and surreal, and lyrical beyond compare, his poetry defies translation, so difficult does it appear at times. This is especially the case with his early work Trilce (Tres tresss triss trieesss tril trilssss, Leftwich's title has it). Claimed by the surrealists as a master in that genre, Vallejo is that and more than that, opaque as Góngora or bittersweetly acerbic as Lorca, the complexity of his language and imagery find few parallels. Leftwich has created a Vallejo more Vallejo than Vallejo at times. These transmutations have all the speed, energy and enigmatic beauty of the originals on which they are based."

Tres tresss triss trieesss tril trilssss: Transmutations of César Vallejo by Jim Leftwich is available from the Luna Bisonte Prods' print-on-demand store: <http://www.lulu.com/shop/jim-leftwich/tres-tresss-triss-trieesss-tril-trilssss-transmutations-of-c%C3%A9sar-vallejo/paperback/product-23492687.html>.



The Lady's and Gentleman's Library

By Donald Tunnicliff Rice

Nineteenth-century book reviewers often insisted that this or that book belonged in every gentleman's or lady's library. Inspired by their example I invited Aldines to suggest two nonfiction titles from their personal collections that they feel should be on the shelves of every lady's and gentleman's library. Here, in no particular order, are the seventy-two nominations received. There were only a couple of dupes. Of the seventy or so authors named only twenty-five percent were women. That number might have been higher.

My thanks to everyone who participated.

Lani Heilman

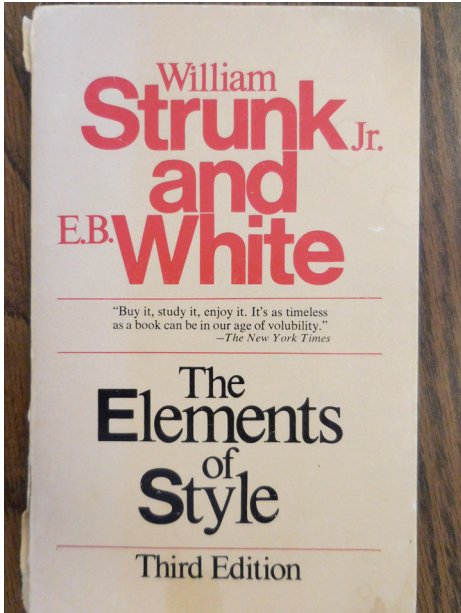
The Search for Modern China by Jonathan Spence

Renée Matusik

Bitter Fruit by Stephen Schlesinger and Stephen Kinzer
A Room of One's Own by Virginia Woolf

Eric Jul

Elements of Style by William Strunk Jr. and E. B. White
An unabridged English dictionary



Kassie Rose

Dispatches by Michael Herr
Meanwhile There Are Letters: The Correspondence of Eudora Welty and Ross Macdonald edited by Suzanne Marrs and Tom Nolan

Pat Groseck

The National Parks: America's Best Idea by Dayton Duncan and Ken Burns

An Expert's Guide to International Protocol: Best Practices in Diplomatic and Corporate Relations by Gilbert Monod De Froideville and Mark Verheul

John Kirsner

The Second World War by Winston Churchill (six volumes)
The World Crisis by Winston Churchill (six volumes)

Mike Talbot

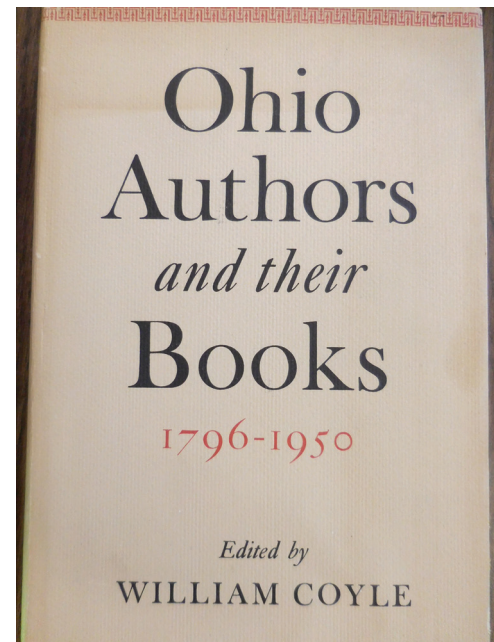
A Short History of Nearly Everything by Bill Bryson
A Brief History of Everyone Who Ever Lived: the Stories in Our Genes by Adam Rutherford

Liz Talbot

The Well-Tended Perennial Garden: Planting & Pruning Techniques by Tracy Disabato-Aust
Survival of the Sickest: A Medical Maverick Discovers Why We Need Disease by Sharon Moalem and Jonathan Prince

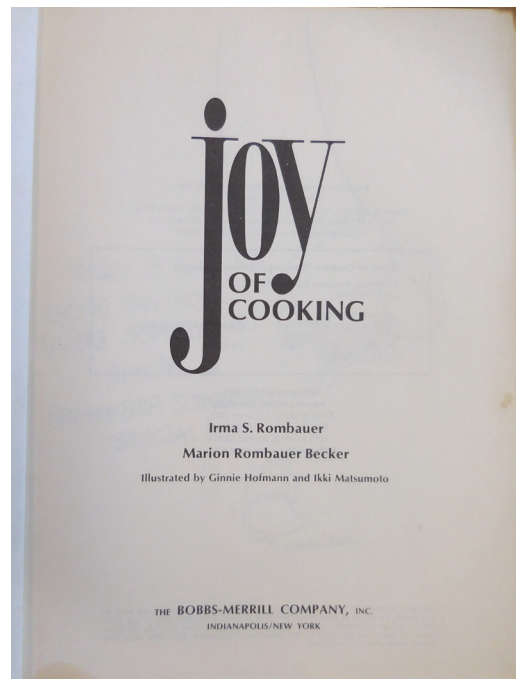
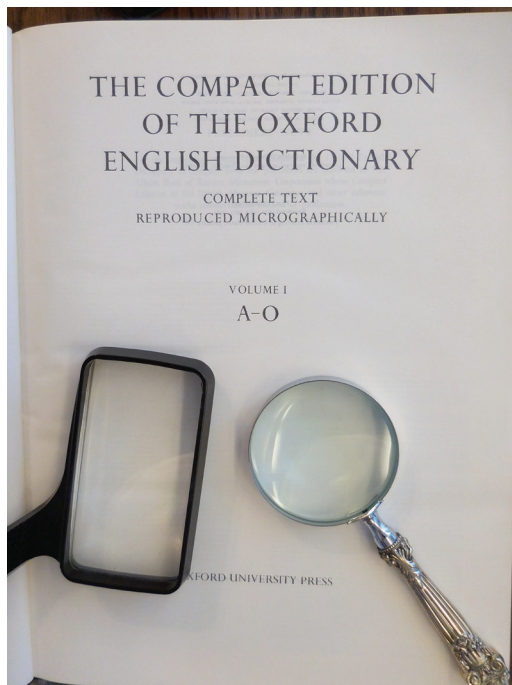
Ed Hoffman

Ohio Authors and Their Books, 1796-1950 by Wright Howes
U.S.IANA, 1650-1950: A Selective Bibliography in which Are Described 11,620 Uncommon and Significant Books Relating to the Continental Portion of the United States by Wright Howes



Roger Jerome

The Lost Rivers of London by Nicholas Barton
The Compact Oxford English Dictionary (with magnifying glass)



Susan Meyer

Better Homes and Garden Cookbook
Merck Home Health Manual

John M. Bennett

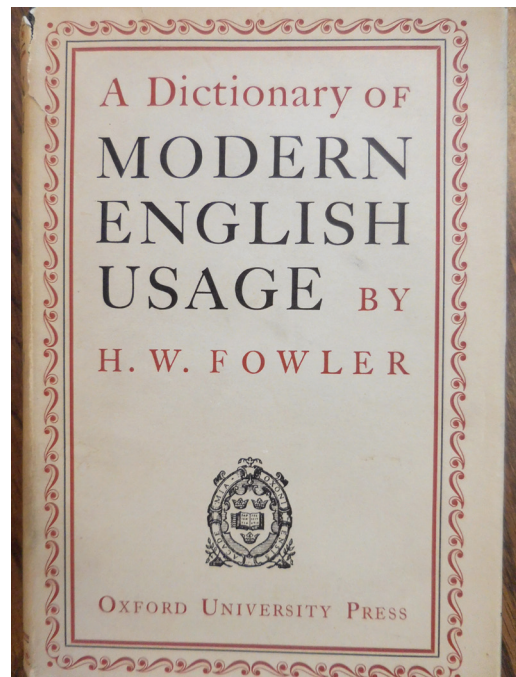
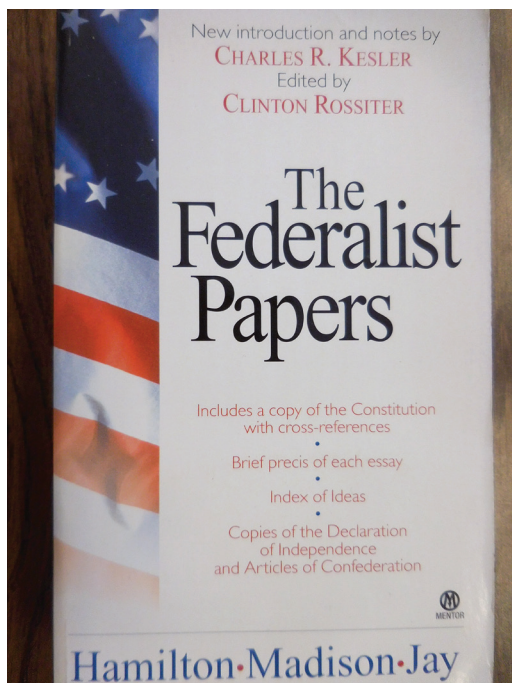
Poetry Comes Out of My Mouth by Mario
Santiago Papasquiaro
Trilce by César Vallejo

Wes Baker

Areopagitica by John Milton
The Federalist Papers by Alexander Hamilton, James
Madison, and John Jay

Geoff Smith

A Dictionary of Modern English Usage by H. W. Fowler
Walden by Henry David Thoreau



Tony Sanfilippo

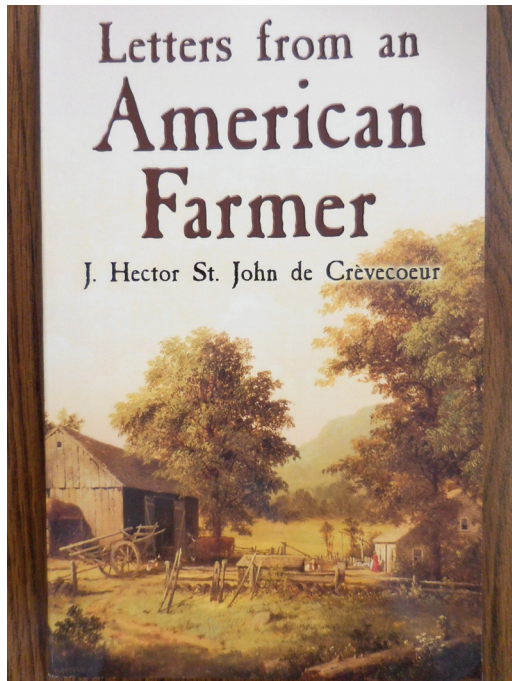
The New Oxford Annotated Bible with Apocrypha
The Joy of Cooking by Irma S. Rombauer and Marion
R. Becker, 1964 edition

Sam West

The Story of O by Anne Desclos
Venus in Furs by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch

Miriam Kahn

Letters from an American Farmer by J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur
A Child's Garden of Verses by Robert Lewis Stevenson

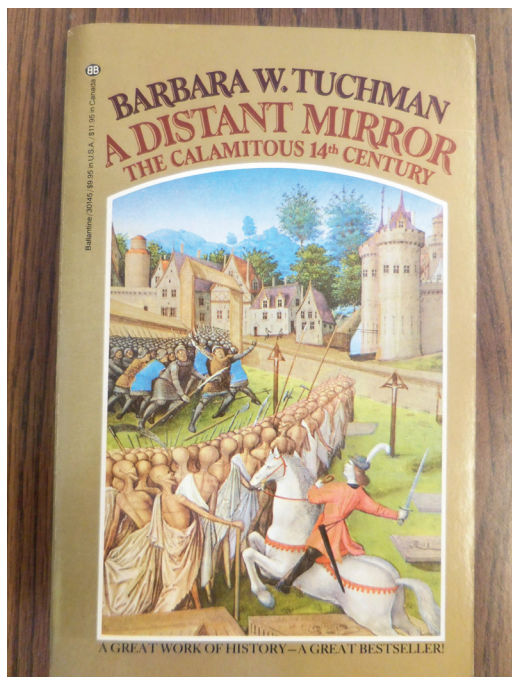


John Friedman

Essais by Michel de Montaigne

Kristen Figg

A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century by Barbara Tuchman
Sixty Million Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong: Why We Love France but Not the French by Jean-Benoît Nadeau and Julie Barlow



Christine Hayes

The Uses of Enchantment by Bruno Bettelheim
The Montessori Method by Maria Montessori

Linda Skelley

Understanding Comics: The Invisible Art by Scott McCloud
Story of Art by Ernst Hans Gombrich

Marcia Evans

The Joy of Cooking by Irma S. Rombauer, Marion R. Becker, and Ethan Becker
Grey's Anatomy by Henry Grey

Bill Evans

The Immense Journey by Loren Eiseley
The Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell (various editors)

Judi Jerome

Eats Shoots & Leaves by Lynne Truss
Elements of Style by William Strunk Jr. and E. B. White

Jay Hoster

The Road to Xanadu: A Study in the Ways of Imagination by John Livingston Lowes
William Shakespeare: A Compact Documentary Life by Samuel Schoenbaum

Nancy Campbell

Dorling Kindersley Ultimate Visual Dictionary
Miss Manners' Guide to Excruciatingly Correct Behavior by Judith Martin

Don Rice

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas by Gertrude Stein
A Man and His Ship: America's Greatest Naval Architect and his Quest to Build the S.S. United States by Steven Ujifusa

Lois Smith

Essentials of Classic Italian Cooking by Marcella Hazan
History of Art by H. W. Janson

C. Mehrl Bennett

Baroness Elsa: Gender, Dada, and Everyday Modernity—A Cultural Biography by Irene Gammel
Dr. Mütter's Marvels: A True Tale of Intrigue and Innovation at the Dawn of Modern Medicine by Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz

Paul Watkins

Life on the Mississippi by Mark Twain

Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus by John Gray

Craig Speece

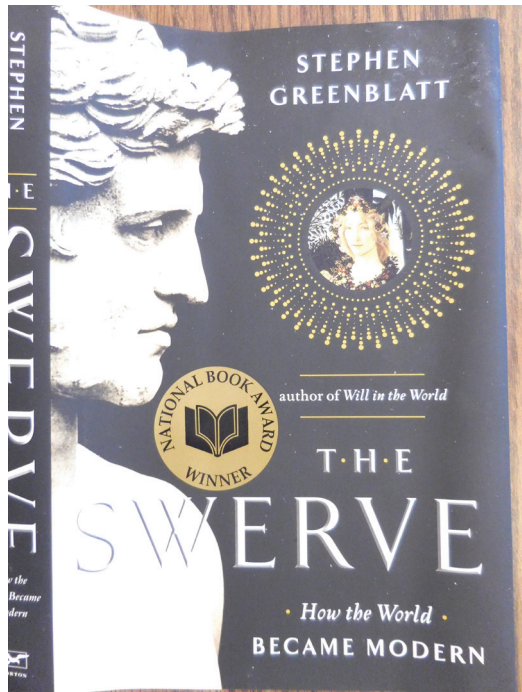
A Bright Shining Lie: John Paul Vann and America in Vietnam by Neil Sheehan

Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant by U. S. Grant

Harry Campbell

The Monuments Men by Robert M. Edsel

The Swerve: How the World Became Modern by Stephan Greenblatt



Bill Rich

An Anthology of Famous English and American Poetry edited by William Rose Benét and Conrad Aiken

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples by Winston Churchill (four volumes)

Wilkie Cirker

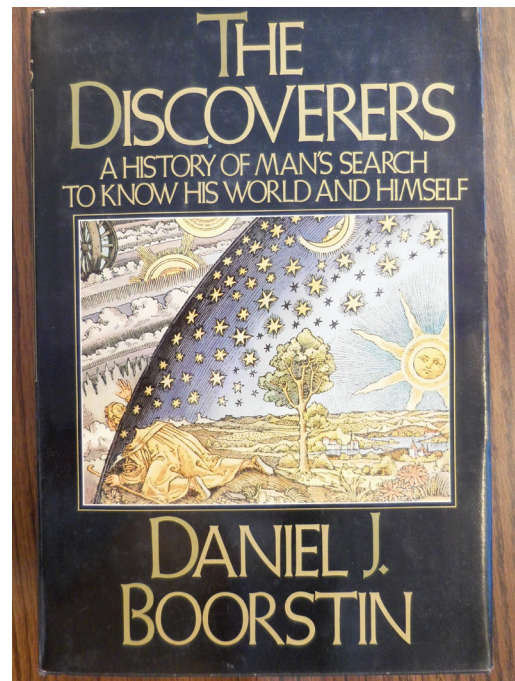
A Treasury of the Familiar compiled by Ralph E. Woods

Starlight Nights: The Adventures of a Stargazer by Leslie Peltier

Scott Williams

The One Minute Manager by Kenneth Blanchard & Spencer Johnson

The 59-Second Employee: How to Stay One Second Ahead of Your One-Minute Manager by Rae Andre and Peter D. Ward



George Cowmeadow Bauman

The Discoverers: A History of Man's Search to Know His World and Himself by Daniel J. Boorstin

The Book about Books: The Anatomy of Bibliomania by Holbrook Jackson

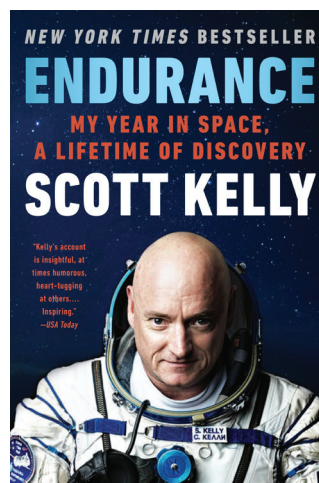
Thurber House Special Event

ASTRONAUT SCOTT KELLY

Thursday, Nov. 1 • 7:00 pm • Capital University

For tickets or more information, visit

www.thurberhouse.org or call 614-464-1032 x11.



Astronaut Scott Kelly spent a record-breaking year in space. He is a former Navy fighter pilot, a test pilot, and a veteran of four spaceflights. Kelly commanded the space shuttle Endeavour in 2007 and twice commanded the International Space Station.

Kelly will visit Thurber House with his national best seller, *Endurance*, a stunning, personal memoir from the astronaut and modern-day hero who endured the extreme challenge of a year aboard the International Space Station.

Book Collecting 101: What Can I Read to Stay Current on Collecting, Auctions, Resources, and Scholarship?

By Miriam Kahn

As book collectors and bibliophiles, it's essential that we stay current on the latest, the greatest, and the most inspirational. For many, this means reading books about collecting and collectors, the latest about a book or author we collect, or even about books in general. Many of us are set in our ways. We read the latest by Nicholas Basbanes or Christopher deHamel or even our favorite contemporary author. What about those of us who are starting out or need to stay current because we're often asked "What do you read to learn about books"? In answer to that last question, let's look at some resources in print and on the web that will help you stay current on collecting, acquiring, gathering, and just enjoying.

Magazines

Let's start with magazines for collectors and readers which are getting scarcer by the minute. There are two that fit that bill, *Fine Books and Collections* and *Bookmarks*.

Fine Books and Collections (<https://www.finebooksmagazine.com/>) covers everything from collecting to authors, from book fairs to auctions and recent discoveries. You'll find articles about specific books and genre within book collecting. The paper magazine comes out quarterly while the blog "Fine Books Blog" (https://www.finebooksmagazine.com/fine_books_blog/) lands in your e-mail daily with a mid-month summary. There are book reviews, auction recaps, and even extensive obituaries. Nicholas Basbanes always runs a column where he discusses "all things books." Best of all, you'll learn something new about books, maps, photographs, collections, and collecting whether you read the blog or the magazine, or, like me, both.

Bookmarks magazine (<http://www.bookmarksmagazine.com/>) is a monthly commercial publication that is perfect for collectors of contemporary works. You can read about recent releases, your favorite contemporary authors, and about the book trade. The reviews are short and the pages are jammed with more books than you can read in a lifetime.



If you are looking for more magazines and tabloids about contemporary books because that's your collecting interest or you just love to read contemporary authors, there are tons of blogs and publications out there. Try *BookPage* (<http://bookpage.com/>) which comes out monthly. There are numerous professional (read "librarian" or "publisher") review publications like *Publishers' Weekly* (<https://www.publishersweekly.com/>) which has articles and news about the publishing industry, of course.

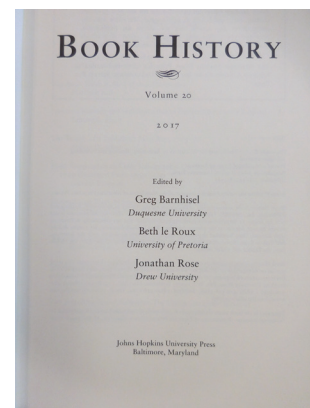
Listserves for Book Collectors and Special Collections Librarians

The magazines listed above are great for what's happening today. They are all for a general audience. What if you want to read something more academic or specific about the field of books, bibliography, and authorship? There are plenty of academic and scholarly organizations that publish journals and newsletters both in print and online. Two that come to mind are Society of the History of Authorship, Reading and Publishing (SHARP) and Rare Books and Manuscripts (RBMS). If you add BOOKARTS and EXLIBRIS to the mix, you'll have more than enough to read about books every day.

- Society for the History of Authorship, Reading, and Publishing (SHARP) is devoted to "forging connections among scholars in all disciplines who are working on the history of the printed word in any place or period." They publish a quarterly newsletter *SHARP*

News and an annual monograph *Book History*. They host an active listserv SHARP-L (<http://www.sharpweb.org/>).

- Rare Books and Manuscript Section (RBMS) is a Section of ACRL and ALA. While it is organization oriented, non-members are welcome to subscribe. *RBM: A Journal of Rare Books, Manuscripts, and Cultural Heritage* (<http://www.rbms.info>) is available in print and online. The audience for their publication is librarians who work in rare and special collections. You can



subscribe to the listserv here: http://rbms.info/publications/discussion_list/

- BKARTS (https://listservsyr.edu/scripts/wa.exe?SUBED1=BOOK_ARTS-L&A=1). Its primary focus is book binding and book binding skills. There are practitioners, conservators, and vendors who subscribe to this list. It's a pretty active listserv.
- EXLIBRIS (<https://list.indiana.edu/sympa/info/exlibris-l>) provides "an environment for discussing matters related to rare book and manuscript librarianship, including special collections and related issues." It is not intended to be an avenue for the sale and purchase of books. Tuesdays is bookseller / book dealer day with links to current offerings of rare and collectable books and manuscripts.

Three other resources round out this section:

- History of the Book website – UCLA (<https://hob.gseis.ucla.edu/index.html>)
- Book History Resources through SHARP (<http://www.sharpweb.org/main/academic/>)
- Book Arts Web (<http://www.philobiblon.com/>)

Auctions and Collectors

For those of you interested in auctions, there are many places to look online other than Ebay. Here are links to a few online resources. *Fine Books and Collections* has an autumn digital edition for auctions (<https://www.finebooksmagazine.com/auction-guide/2018/autumn/>). Of course, if you follow ExLibris, Tuesdays is the day all the bookstores and dealers post their new offerings.

There are any number of blogs to satisfy your drive to acquire books and learn about authors, printing, typography, photography, and participate in auctions. You could subscribe to so many of them that you might never get up from your computer.

- Auction Exchange and Collectors News (<http://www.eauctionexchange.com/default.asp>)
- Christie's Magazine (<https://www.christies.com/>)
- Sotheby's (<https://www.sothebys.com/en/>)
- Bonhams (https://www.bonhams.com/publications/bonhams_magazine/)
- Live Auctioneers (<https://www.liveauctioneers.com/c/books-magazines-papers/20/>)
- Antique Trader (<http://www.antiquetrader.com/>)
- Art & Object, brought to you by Fine Books & Collections, focuses on the art, photography, and prints (<https://www.artandobject.com/>)

Many of these websites have blogs and weekly updates that can be delivered directly to your e-mail box. E-mail delivery is the most efficient way to stay current and find auctions for items you collect. Many of the auction houses and rare book dealers charge for their paper catalogs which vary from gorgeous slick pages filled with photographs of book covers to black and white booklets packed solid with descriptions sans illustrations.

There are more than enough resources, publications, listservs, and websites to feed your book collecting or acquiring habits. Let me know if you come across resources that everyone should know about and I'll post an addendum to this article.

The next Book Collecting 101 column will look at books about printing from typography and printing techniques to identifying printing processes.

The Accidental Literary Tourists

By David Gold

At the end of April my wife and I set out on a three-week vacation to Ireland and the UK, with a preliminary stop to see friends in Lincoln, Massachusetts. This was not meant to be a booklovers' holiday. We planned to see Lexington and Concord; the Cliffs of Moher and the anomalous landscape of western Ireland known as the Burren; the Old Town of Edinburgh; the ancient city of York; the Cotswolds, where we could hike through some pleasant English countryside; and Oxford, home of the oldest university in the English-speaking world (says Wikipedia). The only book-related item on our agenda was a view of some illuminated manuscripts in Dublin, and even that was an afterthought. Originally, we didn't plan on going to Dublin at all.

Somehow, though, things literary kept popping up. Lincoln is near Walden, so a stop at Thoreau's pond was *de rigueur*. The Alcott home was nearby, too. There we had a wonderful tour through the house, getting acquainted with Louisa May and her family. At the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in Concord we paid obeisance, with words and thoughts only, not writing materials, to Thoreau, Emerson, and Alcott. I wondered what Thoreau would have thought of all the pens and other tchotchkes with which previous visitors had littered his gravesite.

We got more of Thoreau and Emerson at the Concord Museum. Emerson interests me less for his essays than for his connection with Edward Kent, a lawyer and politician about whom I published a book a few years ago. Kent and Emerson attended Harvard together and kept up an occasional correspondence until Kent's death. I suspect that Kent introduced Emerson to his step-sister, Ellen Tucker, and thus

midwived one of New England's storied romances.

We squeezed in a visit to Harvard, too. Strolling past the Old Burying Ground, the first gravesite that caught my eye belonged to Richard Henry Dana Jr. I'm familiar with Dana, a prominent lawyer, from my research in nineteenth-century legal history, but he is probably better known as the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, a classic account of life aboard a merchant vessel.

From Massachusetts we flew to Shannon, Ireland, staying in Ennis for three nights. Ennis is a small city of maybe 25,000 people. While nothing of great literary interest occurred during our stay in western Ireland, I did notice that the city had bookstores—not chain stores of the Barnes and Noble ilk but small shops with distinct personalities. This was a phenomenon we would see in the UK as well.

Dublin was a different story. As part of a tour of Trinity College, we saw the Book of Kells and the Old Library. The Book of Kells is a ninth-century illuminated manuscript of the four gospels produced by monks in Iona, an island off the west coast of Scotland, or in Kells, a town forty miles north of Dublin. The Book is on display in a glass case. Every so often, its guardians turn the page so that no one part of the Book is exposed for too long to damaging light. Unfortunately, the pages we saw were rather dull. The accompanying exhibition, on the other hand, was fascinating, with its history of the Book and similar decorated tomes and with enlarged illustrations.



Fig. 1 - The Long Room

The great attraction of Trinity's eighteenth-century Old Library is the Long Room [Fig. 1]. At more than 200 feet in length, with its high, vaulted ceiling, stack after stack of old books in their classic brown bindings, and two rows of facing marble busts, the Long Room has an aura of old-fashioned erudition that can't be replicated on a computer. Whether anyone ever uses any of the 200,000 volumes housed in the Old Library I never learned. They're shelved by size (many are enormous), so cataloging must be a nightmare. Photographer Darren Olson, who took

part in the Columbus Arts Festival this past June, has some gorgeous photos of the Long Room on his website.

From Trinity we went to the Chester Beatty Library. Chester Beatty was an American mining engineer who collected, among other things, European, Asian, and African manuscripts and early printed books. He moved to Ireland, built a library for his acquisitions, and bequeathed his collection to a trust for the benefit of the public. We visited the first-floor gallery and its magnificent Arts of the Book exhibition. The exhibition includes beautifully decorated Japanese scrolls, awe-inspiring European illuminated manuscripts, and equally impressive works from China, India, and the Islamic world. My favorite item, though, was an Ethiopian book sewn to open flat with no stress on the spine. The naturally brown cover had been blackened by camel-dung fires, which also gave the book a sweet aroma (or so the sign said; I couldn't smell it through the glass). All this and more, by the way, is free, although the library gladly accepts donations.



Fig. 2 - Street in Edinburgh

From Dublin we flew to Edinburgh [Fig. 2]. During a walking tour of the city, we spotted the Writers' Museum [Fig. 3]. Its website says the museum is "in Lady Stair's Close, just off the Lawnmarket section of the Royal Mile," which would have deceived this tourist into imagining a prominent setting for the place [Fig. 4]. In fact, the "close" was just a narrow alley, the building housing the museum just an ordinary (for



Fig. 3 - Inside the Writers' Museum



Fig. 4 - Makars' Court

Edinburgh) structure, and the sign barely noticeable. But the place is a treasure dedicated to the lives and works of three famous Edinburghians: Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Burns, and Sir Walter Scott. Muriel Spark gets some love, too. And here too admission is free.

Then there's Harry Potter. Conceived in Edinburgh, the Harry Potter series has a lot of the city's character. J. K. Rowling reputedly drew inspiration from Edinburgh's buildings, bridges, streets, and cemeteries. And the tour companies have been inspired by Harry Potter's success. We didn't spring for a Potter tour, but on our free walking tour we saw the school that supposedly served as the model for Hogwarts, the graveyard where the real Thomas Riddell (Voldemort) is buried (along with a McGonagall), and the street that reportedly is the basis for Diagon Alley.

From Edinburgh we took the train to York, which is deservedly known for its medieval walls, magnificent cathedral, and marvelous Viking museum but not, so far as I knew, for anything literary. But close to York Minster we stumbled upon the Minster Gate Bookshop (or, as its sign says, Minstergate Book Shop), a used and antiquarian bookstore of five floors divvied up into small rooms and crammed with maps and prints as well as old books on just about everything. (Yes, I know, it's not the bookstore that is used or antiquarian. You know what I mean.) The picturesque street on which the store sits was formerly called Bookland Lane and Bookbinder's Alley and has been associated with bookselling for well over four centuries. We had a short stay in York and didn't have time to drop into other bookstores, but a quick internet search brings up several other secondhand and antiquarian bookstores in the city.

Next on our agenda came the Cotswolds, a region of pretty little villages and wonderful walking trails. Our objective here was to hike, visit with friends, and take a side trip to Blenheim Palace, all of which we did. Bookish things had no place in our plans. But those little, independent bookstores that are dying out in Ohio seem to be everywhere in the UK. I believe it was in Draycott Books on Sheep Street in Chipping Campden, a place we had to visit for the name alone, that I found a copy of *The Smallest Room*, a history of the bathroom. I had chanced upon this little volume years ago in the old State Library in what is now the Ohio Judicial Center on Front Street. That was a musty old library in which you reached the stacks via a tiny elevator with a folding gate for a door, way out of date but suffused with character and full of eccentric books. I thought I was the last person in the world to read *The Smallest Room*; I never expected to see or even hear of the book again. But here it was, before my eyes, in a used bookstore in Chipping Campden. There'll always be an England.

What was even more interesting, though, was the fact that Chipping Campden hosts an annual literature festival, which we just missed. This year's event, which ran for five days in May, featured talks, workshops, and films on everything from Frankenstein (of course, this being the 200th anniversary of the book), to modern Gothic fiction, to the umbrella in literature, to book collecting. The impressive list of presenters included Nobel Prize winner Kazuo Ishiguro. A program on Rachmaninoff was presented in conjunction with the Chipping Campden Music Festival, which, it turns out, is one the leading music festivals in the UK. Chipping Campden is a town of 2,300 people. Who knew?

We finished our vacation with a day and a half in Oxford. Here, again, despite the prestige of the university, we had no book-related items on our agenda. We just wanted to see the place. But in Oxford, books are unavoidable. For starters, there's Harry Potter again. Several of the movies' most iconic scenes were shot at the Bodleian Library and other university locations. Then there's Blackwell's, which, our tour guide told us, is the largest bookstore in the UK. Or the largest academic bookstore. Or the largest something else. In any case, it was big. To test the comprehensiveness of their stock, I asked if they had *Plato and a Platypus Walk into a Bar*, a title I knew only from having seen a copy left on a picnic table in Bexley. Yes, of course—five copies on the shelf. I should have asked for *The Smallest Room*.

But Blackwell's was not the only game in town. Across from Christ Church I spotted St. Philip's Books, a secondhand and antiquarian bookseller [Fig. 5]. The stock was heavy on religion, but the first book I noticed upon entering was a volume of Thomas McCauley's *History of England* that looked like a first edition. Unlike Blackwell's, St. Philip's is small, unprepossessing, and devoid of the culinary delights for sale in Blackwell's, but it offers an equally enchanting experience.

Oxford was our last stop before the airport, where the words painted on a column in an eatery caught my eye: "A



Fig. 5 - St. Philip's Books

book worth reading is a book worth buying” [Fig. 6]. As an author, I heartily concur; as a homeowner with a clutter-averse spouse, I must say that borrowing from libraries can be a healthy practice. In any case, that column was an apt conclusion to a trip full of serendipitous, bibliophilic joy.



Fig. 6 - Column

Traveling from Here to There in Search of Local Mysteries

By Miriam Kahn

Like most Aldines, when I travel, I search out local bookstores. For souvenirs, I collect mysteries, romances, and historical fiction set in the towns or states I visit. This summer as I traveled the blue highways of the Appalachian foothills and Cumberland Mountains, I visited a two local bookstores. A surprise visit to Florida necessitated a return visit to a mystery bookstore for new reading adventures.

My first glorious book adventure this summer was in Chattanooga. I know, it's not really in the mountains. It's in the plain just south of the glorious Cumberland Mountains. I'd just driven through them in a horrendous gully washer of a thunderstorm. The mountain trees and valleys were verdant, and the roadside ditches ran red with clay washed down from the mountaintops.



Figs. 1 and 2 - StarLine Books

In an effort to recover from this torturous, hilly drive, I decided to explore the three independent bookstores in Chattanooga. Two were used bookstores and since I didn't know what I really wanted but desired local fiction, I decided to explore the new-book bookstore first. After alighting from the electric trolley that traverses the downtown, I walked the four or five blocks to StarLine Books [Fig. 1]. The two-story store is triangular in shape and studded with their star logo [Fig. 2].

I was in luck! Starline Books is the only independent bookstore in the city and the book seller was very knowledgeable. I asked about local authors, local mysteries and romances, and even history. They had a great selection. She talked about authors who had come to sign books and about their clientele. When I mentioned I was a book reviewer, she picked

out a few of her favorites then left me to explore. I was thrilled to find a variety of books and decided to take home a signed copy of Susan Gregg Gilmore's *The Funeral Dress* [Fig. 3]. The author lives in Chattanooga and appears there regularly.

Just before I left, I asked about the other bookstores in town. The book seller looked at me, thought a minute, and said cautiously (and I paraphrase) “Oh, you'll want to check out the used bookstore north of the river first, then, if you want to, check

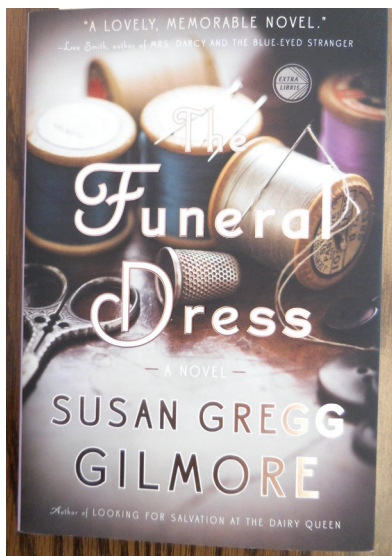


Fig. 3 - *Funeral Dress*

of books, she adamantly recommended the local drug store saying “the used store isn’t worth your time.” Needless to say, neither used bookstore enchanted me. They were uninteresting; filled with overly used books. The book sellers couldn’t or wouldn’t suggest local authors and I didn’t have anything in mind. So I left them empty handed.

Fortunately, StarLine Books was a hit. I was thrilled to have a book to accompany me to dinner that night and entertain me throughout the evening hours.



On my return trip, I traveled through the mountains to Asheville, home of the Vanderbilts, the Biltmore, and many artists. I was taking two days to explore the arts of the city nestled in the mountains. It’s a lovely place with tons to do in town and the surrounding area. I started with downtown, wandering up and down the streets, into galleries and shops. There’s lots to see and some pretty good restaurants to try.

By mid-afternoon, I was tired but still wanted to check out the bookstores in town. I asked a store owner who said, “Yes, there’s one on the next street over. Walk to the end of block, then turn left and go up the hill to the next street. It will be on your right.” So I jauntily walked to the corner and looked left, only to see a hill that was almost vertical. “Oh my!” I took a deep breath and proceeded to hike slowly, taking several stops to catch my breath and slow my heart, and finally reached the next street.

Turning the corner, I cracked up laughing. The bookstore’s sign hung from the rafters of the covered balcony. MALAPROPS [Fig. 4]! What a perfect name for a bookstore. I was in the right place for finding local authors. Quietly, I approached the desk, telling the clerk that I was visiting Asheville and looking for fiction about the town. She scratched

out the other used store. But, I wouldn’t bother, neither has a good selection and the second proprietress has an odd reputation of chasing off book lovers.”

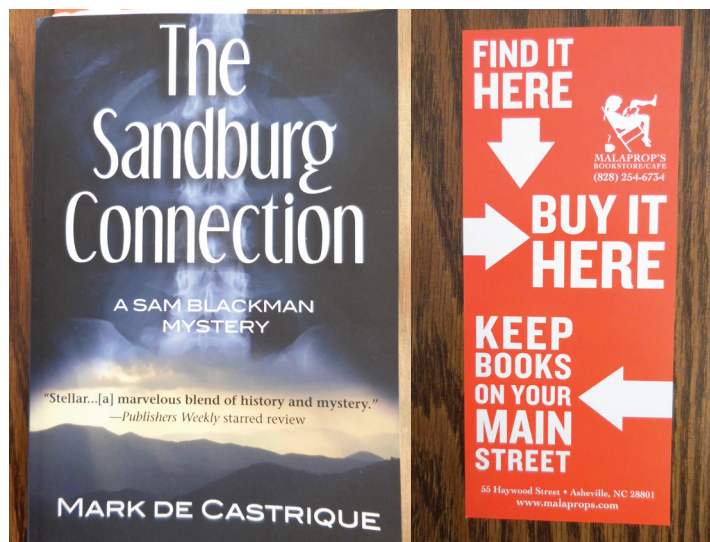
With that in mind, I trudged back to the electric trolley stop and rode to the other end of town, across the river and into the “north of the river” area. When I mentioned to the trolley driver that I was in search



Fig. 4 - Malaprops

her head then trotted to a largish section of books and began to tell me all about the local mystery and romance writers and the non-fiction writers. “By the way,” she said, “if you are here tomorrow, there’s a talk by local author Andrew Lawler, who’s launching his book on the lost colony of Roanoke. You should come back.”

After perusing the shelves, and checking out all the mysteries and romances, I decided to try the latest book in Mark De Castrique’s Sam Blackman series called *The Sandburg Collection*, a literary themed mystery at its finest [Fig. 5]. In addition to a wonderful collection of books by local authors and about Asheville, their bookmark is great [Fig. 6]. Talk about luck, I had another new book for a dinner companion and went away happy.



Figs. 5 and 6 - *The Sandburg Connection* and Malaprops bookmark

As luck would have it, I did return to MALAPROPS the following day, this time for the book talk. I hung out as BookTV staff prepared to record. What fun! I would be part of

a live audience on one of my favorite television shows.

The bookstore put out their other logo [Fig. 7] and I began to yearn for my back yard. Right on time, Lawler (on the right) and a history professor from the local college spoke about the lost colony of Roanoke and his book *The Secret Token* [Fig. 8 and 9]. Lawler is a local author and an archaeology writer for *National Geographic*. The book focuses on the archaeological evidence found at and near the site of the Roanoke colony. While the book isn't about Asheville, the discussion was interesting and the book sounded good. Another successful book adventure.



Figs. 7 and 8 - Malaprops logo and *The Secret Token*



Fig. 9 - Andrew Lawler

Several weeks later, I was again traveling, this time in Florida. I convinced my mother, without much arm twisting, to visit the local mystery bookstore in Delray Beach, Murder on the Beach. There's a tiny sign in the window that isn't easy to find [Fig. 10]. It's tucked away in a little strip mall about 5 blocks off Atlantic Boulevard. It's in an arts district but out of sight with a sign above the door announcing Mystery Bookstore [Fig. 11]. Locals know about it and definitely hang out there, reading, discussing books, and more.



Fig. 10 - Murder on the Beach Bookstore



Fig. 11 - Murder on the Beach Bookstore

It was my second visit to Murder on the Beach, so I knew to ask for mysteries by local authors, particularly new releases. The selection is great, filling more than 6 two-sided bookcases. There are lots of books by mainstream authors, best sellers, of course, and local writers. I picked up three books for myself to keep me occupied during my visit and to think about sun

and fun when I was back in cooler Ohio [Fig. 12].



Fig. 12 - Florida Mysteries



Fig. 13 - Murder at the Beach Bookstore

Murder on the Beach is a charming store, jammed with books and some interesting mascots [Fig. 13 and 14]. While the store was pretty quiet that day, the book seller had lots of great information to impart about local authors and books set in Florida. I picked up an early book by James Grippando, who writes murders set in the Everglades. I've been reading his books on and off for years so I



Fig. 14 - Murder on the Beach Bookstore

was thrilled to get an early book by him that's not part of a series. I also picked up Ali Brandon's *Words with Fiends*, a black cat bookshop mystery that looked like a delightful cozy. It turns out I acquired her first book on my previous visit to Murder on the Beach. I decided to try a very local author and selected the first book in a trilogy by Richard Coonrath entitled *Cooper's Moon* that's set in Ohio and Miami. Yeah, my Ohio friends will like this one also.

Exhausted from our book outing, I promised myself another visit there when next I travel to Florida. In the meantime, I have plenty of mysteries and local authors to read and savor.

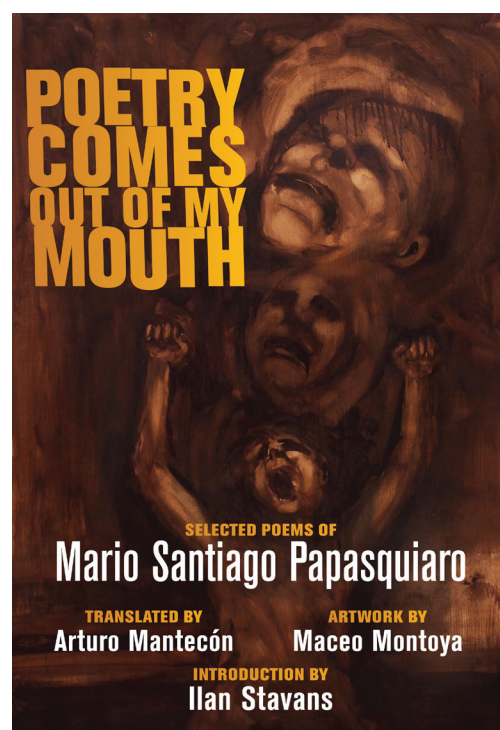
My three summer book adventures reminded me that acquiring books is half the fun. Exploring local bookstores is about getting to meet the local book sellers, seeing what's out there that I haven't been exposed to, and reading to learn about different cities and states.

Mario Santiago Papasquiaro. *Poetry Comes Out of My Mouth:* *Selected Poems*

Translated by Arturo Mantecón;
Introduction by Ilan Stavans; Artwork
by Maceo Montoya. Diálogos Books,
2018 (ISBN 978-1-944884-40-6)

DIALOGOSBOOKS.COM

Reviewed by John Bennett



Going back to long before the European invasion, there is a history of major literature and poetry in Mexico, much older than such history in the United States. Readers may be familiar with the poetry of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz and of Octavio Paz. Now there is available, in English, a generous selection of a very different kind of poet from Mexico, Mario Santiago Papasquiaro, 1953-1998. Readers who have read the Chilean/Mexican novelist and poet Roberto Bolaño's great novel, *The Savage Detectives*, have met him as the character Ulises Lima. Papasquiaro and Bolaño were close friends.

Papasquiaro's poetry has echos of César Vallejo and Bolaño, but he is a unique poet, with a strong, authentic, and complex voice. His work, full of rapidly shifting references, languages, and tones, is so rich and multi-voiced that readers will each encounter a different poet, a poet that seems to be speaking to *you* quite specifically. It is, however, *you* as if you were both coming apart and coming together, as if you were in a rapidly moving mirror:

A Mural of alcoholics the day
 Explosion: the night eternal
 The wind incarnate in flowering woman bone
 In slothfulness of children behind the dreams of
 the flautist
The rest is death in life
 Cohabitation of rats & scorpions
 / at different times & different spaces /
 But tethered to the stench the rainbow traces from
 1 oven to another

crematorium

- From *Unmirror*

Translator Arturo Mantecón's large selection (229 pages) includes some of the poet's most striking poems and is everything a translation should be: for starters, the translations themselves are excellent. I tend to believe that it is impossible to translate poetry at all, since it is so deeply embedded in the particularities of a language and a particular personality using that language, which is very much the case with Papasquiaro, but these translations are an exception. They really do get much of the voice, or voices, of Papasquiaro, and I would even say that they sound like the poet might have written them this way if he had written in English. Quite a feat: Mantecón, a poet himself, is to be congratulated. In addition, the book includes the Spanish originals (*always* essential for translated poetry), an excellent introduction by Ilan Stavans, a bibliography, notes, a biography of the poet, and great paintings by Maceo Montoya. The book is a model of what a collection of translated poetry should be.

Papasquiaro's voice swarms with multi-cultural and international references (Stéphane Mallarmé and Leopoldo Panero, for example), many of them referring to USA culture (William S. Burroughs, Frank Zappa, Ezra Pound, Kenneth Rexroth, and many others), more so than any other Mexican poetry before him (except perhaps for the Estridentistas, an early 20th-century avant-garde group). But his poetry is deeply Mexican; full of multiple references to Mexican culture and history, Mexican words, expressions, and slang, and words in Nahuatl (the most wide-spread indigenous language). It also uses metaphor in a manner very reminiscent of metaphorical structures in indigenous works such as *The Books of Chilam Balam*, in which metaphor is not just a way to make things sound pretty, but to add layers of unexpected and enriching meaning to the things referred to: "Our tongue has been a sharp barb / it is a watermelon..." (from *Already Far from the Main Road*). Of course these kinds of associations are also found in much 20th century surrealist writing from Europe and Latin America. His poetry will at first seem chaotic, darting off in multiple directions, but it is actually carefully constructed to find the perfect voice and structure for a complex and fleeting experience. A complete experience of life and consciousness in fact, and not at all the kind of narrow, moralizing posturing so

frequent in North American poetry.

For example, consider the following passage:

Some filthy pants & death in one's breast
 Órale!
We'll see each other at the wall
/ crossing the ford /
 the winds crystallizing to the left
 fins of dust : your fins
 an oasis harpooning dry land for us
 In the daughter of your eye / the cemetery
 : Peyote button shoots out flowers :
 The Earth & its opposite : deer as hushed as
 noises in their weddings
You shouldn't go / but you must go

- From *Already Far from the Main Road*

On the surface, this passage is quite clear as an invocation of a voyage toward a border, from a condition of "filthy pants" and desperation, and from a position of consciousness of the vastness of reality and life, of sea and land, of wind and water, of "The Earth & its opposite". But this universal point of view or consciousness says that "the wall" is not just a border, but the limit or culmination (the ambiguity is deliberate) of life and consciousness itself. These are in no way chaotic ramblings, but a deliberately constructed recreation (through revision and condensation) of a kind of visionary experience emotionally perceived. Thus a phrase like "deer as hushed as noises in their weddings", which combines life (deer) with the joining (weddings) of opposites (hushed as noises). This is the kind of totalizing experience that can only be understood, or partially understood, through the careful positioning of metaphor and indirect allusion.

In the book's first poem, an auto-descriptive text titled "Carte d'Identité", Papasquiaro refers to himself as an "Antipoet & incorruptible idler / fugitive from Nothingness / giant salamander in a cascade of wind." That phrase is constructed on contradictions: assertive "antipoet" and "idler", "fugitive from nothingness", "salamander [ajolote] in wind". (In the original, "salamander" was "ajolote" or *axolotl*, the unique Mexican aquatic salamander with external gills). This makes perfect sense, as Papasquiaro is in a tradition of mold-breaking poets that includes the likes of Vallejo, Rimbaud, Antonin Artaud, and Nicanor Parra – the latter being the poet most identified with the term "antipoet". Papasquiaro was certainly not part of the rather stuffy atmosphere (as Stavans points out in his introduction) that had developed in Mexican poetry during the poet's lifetime. He, Bolaño, and a few others formed a group they called Infrealism, as a challenge to the literary establishment. ("...infrealist from the very start...he let out his Swan's Howl in Mexico City..." speaking of his birth by incorporating references to Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*, and to a famous poem

by Mexican poet Enrique González Martínez, “La Muerte del Cisne” (“Death of the Swan”), which announced a rebellion against what had become the stagnant preciousness of late Modernismo, a late 19th- early 20th century aesthetic style in literature, that was revolutionary in its own time.) I should point out that there are and have been other non-establishment poets in Mexico during Papasquiario’s life; for example the dynamic work by César Espinosa and Araceli Zúñiga in the areas of visual and experimental poetry, including the numerous international literary biennials they organized in Mexico. Or the experimental writer and artist Ulises Carrión, 1941-1989, who lived much of his life in Amsterdam.

Stavans’ introduction gets at an important paradox regarding Papasquiario’s work: that perhaps he is best served by being left as an underground, mythical poet, maybe as the poet Ulises Lima in Bolaño’s work. Papasquiario is so protean, so complex and intense, so resistive of definitive interpretation that putting him in a “canon” would tend to severely limit how he is experienced by readers. This is a conundrum: for he is without doubt one of Latin America’s - or the Spanish language’s - or the world’s - most compelling and necessary poets. He is not to be ignored.

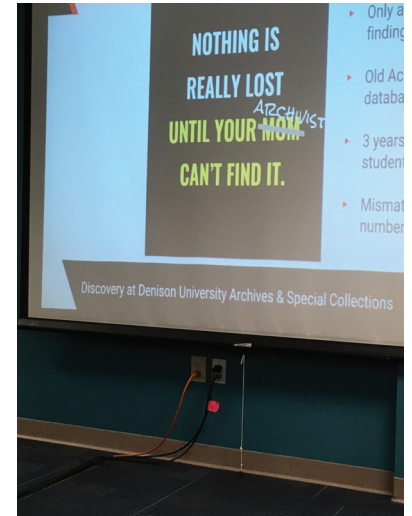
& I grew up a Toltec / even though dazedly
beset by slow cemeteries
.....
May fog no longer be
may my eyes be reborn
The moon harpooned we will row at intervals
never mind the twisting course / the scorpion
of wrath
Where magic flows the droplet falls standing on
end
dew hums in the rags
& if there are opposing paths / *the magnet of the
dawn unites them*

- From *The Moon Harpooned*

May 2018 Recap

The May program commenced with Damon Jaggars, Vice Provost and Director of University Libraries at The Ohio State University. He was joined by Nena Couch, Curator of Theater within Special Collections at OSU and Jenny Robb who is the curator of the Billy Ireland Cartoon and Museum Library.

Damon Jaggars’ part of the program focused on why OSU University Libraries collects what it does, who uses the collections, and how they make those collections known to the university community and the world at large. Jenny spoke about the new US immigration exhibit while Nena described the theater exhibit of dance in motion. As always, it was interesting to get insiders’ views of the magnificent and vast collections at OSU Libraries and to learn about some of their unique collections.



Thurber House Evenings with Authors

Presenting Sponsor



To order tickets or for more information, visit www.thurberhouse.org.

September 11
Stephen Markley
Ohio: A Novel

September 17
Kelly Sundberg
*Goodbye, Sweet Girl:
A Story of Domestic
Violence and Survival*

September 26
Bob Lederer
*Beyond Broadway Joe:
The Super Bowl Team
That Changed Football*

October 3
Eileen McNamara
*Eunice: The Kennedy
Who Changed the World*

October 23
Becket
*Anne Rice's Vampire
Chronicles: An Alphabettery*

November 6
Sarah McCoy
Marilla of Green Gables

Picnic 2018 Recap

Many thanks to Pat Groseck for organizing and putting on a fantastic picnic.

The theme this year was “food from your mother country” and boy, did we have great food. The titles were creative and the food was delicious. Everyone brought something to share.

The names for the foods were judged and weighed (not the food or dishes, just the names) and the following dishes won recognition. First place were the Viking Vittles; The Tiramisu was out of this world, winning second place; and the third runner up were the cabbage rolls.

After the judging, while our food was digesting, Aldines were entertained by numerous acts, songs, and performances. Harry played his accordion with a brief rendition of a Croatian Love Song; John Bennett declaimed Mayan poetry; Roger Jerome recited Lewis Carroll’s Jabberwocky with great aplomb; Jay Hoster declaimed Elizabethan Poetry; and finally, Pat Groseck sang a Ukrainian Folk song accompanied by Harry on the accordion.

Laughter, friendship, and good food ushered out the spring season of the Aldus Society with promises of a joyous fall to come.



August 23, 2018 Revisited - A Night of Beat Poets and Avant-Garde Writers

Jolie Braun, curator in the Rare Books & Manuscripts Library at OSU, provided a wonderful introduction to Beat writers and the Beat generation. She defined the period and reminded listeners that Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, and William Burroughs weren't the only prolific writers of that generation. With examples and illustrations, Jolie charmed Aldines and sparked fond memories of that generation.

John Bennett showed his many examples of publications by Avant-garde writers. He talked about the unusual literary and visual forms of their works and his role in publishing Avant-garde writers' works. This fascinating talk followed the evolution of the Avant-garde movement through the explosion of their literature.

For those of you who want to read about the Beat generation, Bill Evans suggests Joyce Johnson's *Minor Characters: A Young Woman's Coming-of-Age in the Beat Orbit of Jack Kerouac* (1983). It's been reprinted with a new subtitle, "A Beat Memoir" (1999).



Bookings in England and Paris By George Cowmeadow Bauman

Linda and I booked tickets to Europe this past summer for a bookish reason: she'd been invited to give a keynote address to the "Captivating Criminality" conference in Corsham, England, discussing crime fiction. It would have been a crime to miss it!

So as long as she was going to Jolly Old, why not go along?! And as long as we're going to be *there*, why not take the Eurostar train through the chunnel after the conference and spend a few days in Paris?!



Chunnel

At British Passport Control, a stocky, dark-uniformed woman in the tiny glass booth examined our passports, and as part of her job, asked what my profession was.

I handed her my card stating my name and "Bookseller Emeritus".

She brightened when she spied that, and became less officious when she smiled and said, "I like to read, but a *proper* book, you understand! *Not* on a cell phone! A real hardback!"

Love those welcoming Brits in the land of Grandfather Cowmeadow!



The European vacation began in London, our AirB&B located in the city of Westminster. Each time we walked to the Underground, we passed a wall-plaque announcing the home of writer J. M. Barrie, creator of Peter Pan.

The home was private, inaccessible to curious travelers. Climbing greenery has taken over the yard and house, but when we spied the sign each day on the way to the Underground at Bayswater, we considered it a blessing.

On our second day, the over-crowded, non-air-conditioned Underground spit us out at Westminster Cathedral, but the unshaded lines in the oppressive heat were way too long to enter that hallowed resting place of so many writers. Twenty years earlier we had visited, with reverence and appreciation, the Abbey's Poets' Corner where we stood among Dickens, Chaucer, Samuel Johnson, Tennyson, Macaulay and more. A bookseller's dream come true, for I spent my bookshop

days with those literati for many years, great writers as my daily companions.



A bucket list item for Linda has been to attend a Shakespeare play at the “new” Globe Theatre, on the south bank of the Thames, two blocks from the original Globe. One night this past February she spent hours clicking “Buy Tickets Now” until the gateway opened up, and she scored prize tickets to *As You Like It*, the cats scattering as we shouted for joy.

Prior to the performance, we toured the exact-replica theatre, and visited the Globe’s story-telling history museum. Thanks to the interesting presentation of its fourteen-year existence on the south bank of the Thames, 1599 to 1613, when candles from a performance sparked into the thatched roofing and burnt the place to the ground, we were better prepared for the real production.

We got good seats—first row in the first balcony under the roof, not the cheaper Groundlings admission. So if it rained, *we* would be OK. What we didn’t expect was the intense heat wave that hit Europe about the time we arrived, with the hottest weather in 40 years, the media announced—always thrilled to apply superlatives. There certainly was no A/C at the theatre, so we sweated through the comedy with an unusual interpretation. Linda loved it; I endured it; we both enjoyed the Globe experience.

The next day, still in a Shakespeare frame of mind, we explored Southwark, the original site of the Globe. After discovering the sign for it, we spent a few moments just hanging around, taking photos, envying those nearby residents who lived lives of drama and humor and love in the apartments on the land where plays of drama and humor and love were once acted out.

We lunched at the Anchor, where William and his buddies may well have hoisted a few, perhaps discussing/arguing about staging and writing and casting as the Thames flowed by. There’s been a tavern on the spot for 800 years, and it’s where, during the Great Fire of London in 1666, diarist Samuel Pepys took refuge in “a little alehouse on bankside ... and there watched the fire grow”.

Inside the place 400 years later, crazed, shouting fans filled the place, watching England playing (and winning) a World Cup match. We couldn’t get close to a table, even if one were available, but we grabbed one outside along the waterfront as another couple left, deftly slipping into the seats as they were still gathering themselves to leave, before other lurking would-be diners nabbed the prized table at the historic café.

Linda summarized things, “What a great day this has been, hanging around on the south bank of the Thames in ShakespeareLand!”



Because of the intense heat with little to no A/C in stores, we didn’t want to spend time hanging out inside. Bookstores are cool places, right? But European bookstores are not air-conditioned, not cool. Our daily goal became to visit London...*in the shade*.



As we arrived at Paddington station to train to Bath, we were welcomed to the station by Mr. Bean and Paddington Bear. Really.

As with every London Underground and railroad station, and Paddington was both, we found helpful attendants assisting confused visitors acquire tickets, or find the correct trains. There’s enough anxiety in making travel connections without struggling to find elusive working ticket machines and where we might locate our train in the multi-layered, complex station.

That morning we approached a guy wearing a lanyard ID tag and uniform who turned and instantly became “Mr. Bean” for us: a dead-ringer for Rowan Atkinson, the creator of and actor in the “Mr. Bean” British 1990s TV series [Fig.1]. He even talked like Bean, as we conversed about finding medication for an intestinal distress I had—the revenge of King George III.



Fig. 1 - “Mr. Bean” and Linda

He walked us down the rails and into the station, right to the door of the Boots pharmacy, chatting pleasantly the whole time. When we exited, he was nearby and politely asked, in front of the person he was then assisting, “How is your tummy feeling?”

What made that moment even more of a memory was that this uniformed representative of the London transportation system was carrying...a stuffed Paddington Bear, wearing *his* own famous uniform—blue coat and red hat. Paddington station was joining publisher HarperCollins in celebrating author Michael Bond’s bear’s 60th anniversary. Signs proclaiming Paddington’s big event brightly decorated the old station’s large, spacious, glass-covered rotunda.



Linda’s conference village of Corsham was near Bath, so we booked a Bath B&B for a few days prior to the conference to visit what friends told us was a great city to explore, including the Roman baths—which *were* spectacular.

Near our apartment was Bath Old Books, owned

by affable, white-bearded Chris Phillips [Fig. 2], retired from the computer world, yet without a computer anywhere in sight on the totally-clear 2'x3' oak mini-table he sat behind, just inside the door, waiting calmly for customers.



Fig. 2 - Bath Old Books

He volunteered that he'd owned the secondhand/antiquarian shop since 1997, before which it had been what he'd called a book-mall, although how one small room at ground level and another down below could be called a mall was strange to me. He explained the store was about 30 years old, and that before he bought it, the shop had been owned by several book dealers. "It was good for each of us to have to work only one day a week, so we could go out hunting for inventory (on what he called 'house calls') the rest of the time. Now I'm here every day."

Didn't sound like he was complaining. I well know the joys of welcoming customers to my well-stocked bookstore every day. There are few things finer than connecting readers with books, enjoying their anticipation of beginning a new read, or the excitement of adding a new title to their collection.

This was the first time that I was presenting myself not as a fellow book dealer, but as one who *once* had a bookshop. It felt very disconcerting. There's a big difference between a *former* bookstore owner and one whose daily life yet revolves around the ebb and flow of books, customers, staff, and money. My 54 years of service to the bibliopolic profession is a mighty presence in my head, but I still feel guilty when facing *current* bookshop owners that my days do not now rotate around my Acorn Bookshop. I envy them.

Phillips had some very nice first editions as well as fine bindings on the wall behind him, which made for enjoyable browsing, if not purchasing.

As I mentioned that we Americans appreciated old European buildings, especially ones sporting bookshops, he laughed and said, "Underneath the Literature room downstairs runs an old Roman sewer!" So if a customer down there were to say about a novel, "This book stinks!"...



Fig. 3 - GB and Mr. B's

Bath had another good bookstore—Mr. B's. I used to be called "Mr. B" by one of my colleagues at the Bethany College Bookstore [Fig. 3], so I felt right at home stepping inside the lively bookshop, brought there by old friends Liam and Allie Dillon.

Liam was an Acornista for many years before marrying English Allie and settling in Bristol, a short bus ride from Bath. They came over for the day and walked me around, saving the bookstore as a special treat. The staff's recommendations were signed, "The B's Knees"! I loved it. They had clever, smart signs on both floors, with

a very good vibe, and did have a Books about Books section, though I found no bookselling books I didn't already own.



Fig. 4 - Village of Corsham

The conference village of Corsham was a pleasant respite from the crowds in London and Bath, but the intense heat baked us there as well. Our 650-year-old inn had a fan in our room, but it was still so hot that we had to leave the large windows open. Right below us was the bar's courtyard, which stayed open for drinkers and talkers and laughers until midnight as they tried to solve the problems of the world over Guinness and grappa.

The village was so authentically old that it was used to film parts of the BBC series *Poldark*.



Fig. 5 - Linda and Val McDermid

Linda's conference paper was [Fig. 5] an analysis of Val McDermid's popular mysteries. McDermid was another keynote speaker, so Lin was able to meet and dine with one of her favorite writers.

Except for attending Lin's presentation, I was free to ramble around the town and stroll out into the sheep-dotted countryside. Just a block up the narrow, cobbled High Street was the small, well-stocked Corsham Book Shop [Fig. 6], which sold only new books. I'd noticed previously that there were no what we call mass-market paperbacks, pocket-books, in England, so I asked the counter-guy John about it. "Those are American editions," he said. "Our publishers publish these larger paperbacks," as he handled a copy of *Pride and Prejudice*—some of which takes place in Bath. I mentioned the famous small British Penguin paperbacks, and he shrugged and said that he didn't see them much anymore.



Fig. 6 - Corsham Book Shop

Janet Bakspear owned the fifteen-year-old shop, but was away on holiday; the store was being staffed by part-timers who she should be proud of. One staffer said she'd been a bookseller since she was 12! I was impressed with how steady the traffic was. People buying and ordering and picking up requested books being held for them, conversing with the book-keep. It warmed this old bookseller's heart to see that the Corsham Bookshop was such a vital part of this small village. I would gladly have lived that life. And maybe I did...in my own way.

They had no Books about Books section, but while I was talking to retirement-age John, I scanned the impulse items displayed near the register, looking for souvenirs—a bookmark or business card. Boing!! Even better, I spied ____, which became my book souvenir of this trip, a special addition to my bookselling library.

We stayed in a Shakespeare frame of mind, of sorts, in Paris, for we lit up our book-loving souls by visiting one of my meccas: the Shakespeare and Company bookshop.

We had to wait a day after arriving for Linda to recover from getting food poisoning in the City of Renown Food on our first night there, at guidebook-recommended Chez Paul in our Bastille neighborhood. She'd had a stuffed mushroom, whose ingredients hadn't been properly refrigerated in the record-setting heat. She rested all that first day.

With Lin feeling better on the second day, but tired, we approached Shakespeare and Company Bookstore, the revered book-heaven, full of memories of our 2006 visit to the most famous bookstore in the world, when I met the founder/owner George Whitman, and his daughter, Sylvia Beach Whitman, who by then had returned from England and estrangement to take over the store's operation, for George was 93. The connection between us veteran booksellers was such that Linda and I were invited to Sunday afternoon tea, then dinner with the Whitmans in his dingy cockroach-infested apartment on the third floor, where "cabbage stew" was served in unmatched cracked bowls with not enough spoons for his guests. I wrote about this intense experience, and Ron Ravneburg published a series of my articles in the Aldus newsletter back in 2008.

About the endless parade of noted authors to Whitman's store, "Vanity Fair" in '15 called it the "celebrated haunt for his generation's literati". He admired Sylvia Beach, the owner of the first Shakespeare and Company—the doyenne of the Lost Generation, the woman who published Joyce's *Ulysses*—to the extent that he asked her if she would mind if he named his bookstore after hers—which had been closed when Nazis threatened to tear the store apart, steal all of her inventory, and detain her. Like Beach, Whitman also encouraged the world's writers to come and visit and stay and write and read and be recognized for their contribution to culture.

Once inside the funky bookshop, sister shop to Lawrence Ferlingetti's City Lights in San Francisco, where Allan Ginsberg, Langston Hughes, Robert Bly, Ferlinghetti, Anais Nin, and so many others pilgrimaged to George's shop, bringing crowds of adoring booklovers behind them as though magnetized to writers, I opened my eyes and mind wide to absorb being back in the shop, taking in sounds and shelves and aisles crowded with books and browsers and the ghosts of writers and readers.

I wove with my camera through the crowded aisles and up a ladder to the top shelves in the Poetry section. After about five shots to fix a panoramic photo, I heard, "Excuse me, sir, didn't you see the signs forbidding photos?"

No photos?! She had to be kidding, right? Nope, she pointed out signs I'd missed, "NO PHOTOS". I

beelined to the check-out counter and politely asked about that policy. "When I was here with George and Sylvia before, I was encouraged to take photos, as were other customers who had travelled far (two were from Australia) to visit Shakespeare and Company and take home memories, books, and *photos* from the shop."

The young bearded man replied, without apology or interest, that the store had had just too many people coming in to stand around and gawk and take photos without buying anything. And that they had to put a stop to such non-commercial sentimentality which blocked real book-shoppers. I understand that problem, but still! I knew then that a new day had dawned at Shakespeare and Company, one I disagreed with, and which curmudgeonly old George would have forbidden.

"But *you* can take photos," the Beard told me. Damn skippy I was going to take pictures. If I got thrown out of the store, what a story that would be on mine and their Facebook pages.

So snap away I did, though experiencing a little disappointment that Shakespeare and Company was not the shop I visited 12 years ago. The world changes, oui?

Whitman died in 2011 [Fig. 7], so I knew he wouldn't be there—except in spirit. And I learned that Sylvia was on maternity leave. So neither connection was present, and the other staffers were either newbies or the *tumbleweeds*—as GW called them—who were crashing there for a few days, each night sleeping on slabs converted from bookshelves, helping to run the store as partial payment for a free "bed". The other "payments"—at least when George was around—were to write an autobiography of at least one page, and to read a book a day.

The store itself was changed as well. The interior space had been altered; the downstairs had been expanded into nine small rooms, with several more on the second floor—kind of like the Book Loft of Paris! George's famous Poetry corner had been moved upstairs, and the legendary mirror where visitors could post comments or have their pictures taken (as I did with Whitman—George&George), had been relocated to a less accessible corner.

The bookshop felt as though, once George was gone, a more business-like approach had been applied to the bookselling institution. Even the front counter had been moved from the prow-of-a-ship fixture in the middle of the welcome room to nearer the door. Not that it wasn't still a great store, as customers were attesting to one another and as they checked out, making sure that they received a Shakespeare & Co ink stamp inside their purchases.

Due to the seemingly haphazard shelving arrangement, books about books eluded me, though I asked at the counter. They had a display of the comprehensive 2016 *Shakespeare and*



Fig. 7 - GB and Shakespeare & Co

Company Paris, by Krista Halverston, but no copies of Sylvia Beach's autobiographical *Shakespeare and Company*, or *Time Was Soft There*, by Jeremy Mercer, who spent a few months living and working in the shop, describing it all in his fascinating book.

George would have approved of the new bookcase-lined café to the left of the store. In '69, Whitman declared, "I'm going to open a literary café. Everything will be cooked under my supervision. There's only one way to make a good lemon pie, you know." For years, every weekend George begged, unsuccessfully, the owner of the little medieval building next door to sell it to him. Finally, Sylvia had acquired it.

Bookstore lovers who were willing to pay their prices filled the outdoor seating, where the back and garden of Notre Dame across the Seine was visible to the diners. Literature-inspired light and healthy fare was offered, such as a cheddar-relish sandwich called "The Bun Also Rises."

I went back into the busy shop to ask whether they still had a store cat, remembering black Kitty lying across the displayed books at the entrance. "Kitty is gone, but Aggie now roams the shop," the bearded bookseller said between customers from a variety of cultures. "She's usually out here, but because of the heat (and maybe the hordes?) she finds a place to hide."

One important thing had not changed. Above the door to the second room was George's well-known sign which offers sage advice:



Fig. 8 - Sign

Another unique Parisian bibliopolic experience also disappointed. Most of the bouquinistes, whose dark green bookselling boxes lined the Seine up and down from Notre Dame for the last several centuries, were closed, their books locked away from us bookbuying visitors to the long outdoor bookshop.

"It is too hot," one open bouquiniste told me, no browsers at [Fig. 9] his displayed books and posters and souvenirs. "No one buys in such heat," he said with a Gallic shrug, "so boxes stay locked."



Fig. 9 - Bouquiniste

I remember one riverside bookseller from our previous visit, named Xavier. When I told him I was from Ohio, he said, "Oui, I know zees Ohio." And he sang a few bars of, "Four dead een Ohio, four dead een Ohio," the Crosby Stills Nash & Young song about the Kent State killings, apparently heard around the world.

We took a night-tour of Paris, and of the bouquinistes

the guide declared, "It is said that the Seine is the only river in the world that flows between two bookshelves." Oh, to live in such a city.

One Parisian afternoon, to get out of the heat and crowds, we fell into chairs at Café des Livres in the shadow of the Tower of St. Jacques. We couldn't pass this up; I wanted to find out just why they were called the Café of Books. While Lin rested in a shaded café chair, spooning some ice cream—which always makes you feel better, I found thousands of books lining the walls inside, justifying the restaurant's name. They were available to patrons; start reading one you like and take it home. Drop off one of your own next time. A few English-language bestsellers were around, but most books of course were in French.

No one at any of the many tables was reading a book, or even browsing, though one unshaved old timer with a dirty white shirt and crumpled brown trousers was slumped in a chair studying *Le Monde*, unlit cigarette in his left hand, an espresso served him as I studied the scene, the female server in a bright blue blouse deftly scooping up his empty cup, both clearly enjoying their commercial roles, each profiting in their own way.

Another literary-named eatery was the Café Le Balzac, an uncrowded place just two blocks off the luxurious Champs-Élysées, where huge wild and noisy crowds were celebrating the French victory in the World Cup quarter-finals. We had found peace and quiet. I had to check out their signature item, the Crepe Balzac. Our statue-like waiter told us they had none. No explanation, no shrugged shoulders in apology, just a blank stare at me as I tried to figure out how they could be out of their Balzac dish. I ordered another crepe, and it was delish...but really!

We kicked our feet out and relaxed in the shade, worn from our walking through Paris.



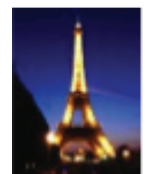
Fig. 10 - GB and Café des Livres

At the end of our week in Paris, we said our goodbyes to Anne, our host—who, despite her diminutive size, spritely carried both suitcases down the 69 dangerous steps of the tight spiral staircase to the street.

She asked if I'd gone to her recommended bookshop across the street. I told her I had, and that it was a very good bookstore—if you spoke French, and in our Bastille neighborhood of few tourists, everyone did. I mentioned going to Shakespeare & Co, but she did not know of it, which told me a lot about her.

"Not so many bookshops in Paris, because," and she pantomimed holding an e-reader.

Then she added, "and Ameezon." Even in Paris.



We are sustained and nurtured by literature, bookshops, libraries, theaters and chance bookish encounters on our adventures. It's an extension of our lives in Columbus where the comforts and challenges of text are the focus of our lives, personal and professional. So naturally, anytime we're packing our bags, no matter where we're going, we research where we'll find a welcoming Bookland while we're on the road, knowing that old Serendip will place other booking adventures in our wandering, wondering path.



Fig. 11 - GB and Books Background

Book Hunting Notes 37 - Byron: Books and Poetry

By Bill Rich

George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron (1788-1824), was one of the greatest of the Romantic Poets, and certainly the most famous in his lifetime (Fig. 1).



Fig. 1 - Lord Byron

For many years, I lived near Buffalo, NY, in the suburb of East Aurora. It was there that I first acquired early editions of Byron's works. In the 19th and early 20th centuries, Buffalo was a major industrial and commercial center in the U.S., and the home of many wealthy families. These great and good families maintained large mansions in town, in which a private library was an item of décor. Some of the books from these places eventually found their way into the one or two rare

book dealers in town. The best of these dealers was Thomas Mahoney, who had renovated an old Victorian house in Buffalo, from which he sold books. There, in 1977, I bought four 1st edition copies of some of Byron's poems: *The Prisoner of Chillon and Other Poems* (1816); *The Lament of Tasso* (1817); *Manfred, A Dramatic Poem* (1817); and *Mazeppa* (1819). All were published in London by John Murray, who was Byron's perennial publisher.

Poetry such as this was usually published in paper wrappers or in boards with a cloth spine. These do not age well. My copies had been bound for the American owner in half red morocco and marbled boards, sometime around the turn of the 20th century. As was common for the American upper crust, a London bindery had been used – in this case, the firm of Root & Son. In addition, I bought a later edition of Byron's *Don Juan*. This is an edition limited to 24 copies, published in 1924, the 100th anniversary of Byron's death. It was bound in full Niger morocco by Zaehnsdorf, another well-known London binder from the great days of book collecting. These bindings are all shown in Fig. 2.



Fig. 2 - Foreground: 1st editions of Byron's poems in half morocco bindings; in back, limited edition of *Don Juan* in full Niger morocco.

One of the pleasures of book collecting is tracing signs of previous ownership, through book plates or other inscriptions and writing. In the books shown in Fig. 2, the four 1st editions all have the bookplate of F. H. Goodyear (yes, those Goodyears, I think) (Fig. 3). This branch was a prosperous family that had an estate near Buffalo. The motto, *possunt quia posse videntur*, "they can because they think they can", is from the *Aeneid*. The limited edition *Don Juan* has the bookplate of Hamilton Phelps Clawson of another

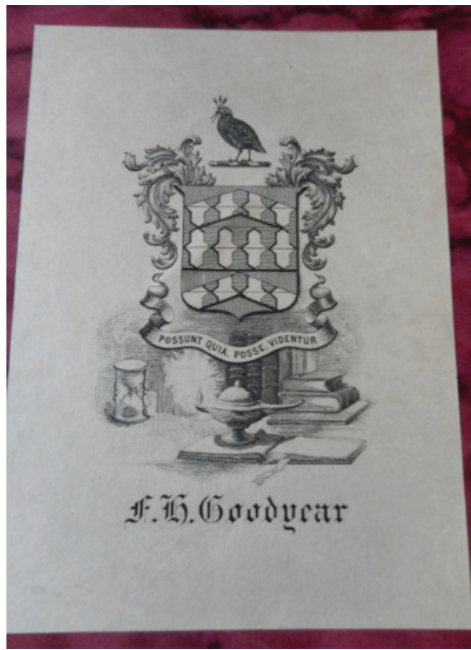


Fig. 3 - Bookplate of F. H. Goodyear

prosperous Buffalo mercantile family who were indeed book collectors (Fig. 4). But if the hieroglyphic-looking motto has meaning, I'm damned if I know what it says.

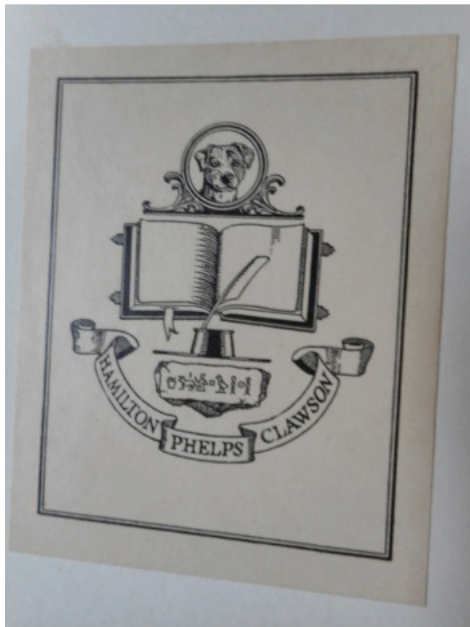


Fig. 4 - Bookplate of Hamilton Phelps Clawson

After buying these books (in 1977), I was a little hooked on Byron, and picked up first and early editions when I could. Of the Romantic Poets, Byron was by far the most popular and widely read in his lifetime, and the books are even now more accessible and cheaper by far than Keats, Shelley, and the rest. And, I think much of his poetry is beautiful, melodic, and, frequently, sarcastic and humorous.

His first book of poetry that was regularly published is *Hours of Idleness*, in 1807; Byron was 17 and a student at Cambridge. This one is truly scarce, accordingly expensive, and beyond my means. It was savaged by the reviewers, notably the Edinburgh Review. The tastes of the time favored the poetry of the Augustan Age, and the more modern Romantics were scorned in the reviews. Poor John Keats was crushed by his reviews, and never completely recovered. Byron was made of sterner stuff and quickly published the retaliatory and satirical *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* in 1809. This became popular, and went into more editions within a year. Figure 5 shows the 3rd edition of the book, appearing in 1810, with a new preface and some additional lines by Byron. The title page is shown on the left and the original board covers, worn by 200 years, on the right.

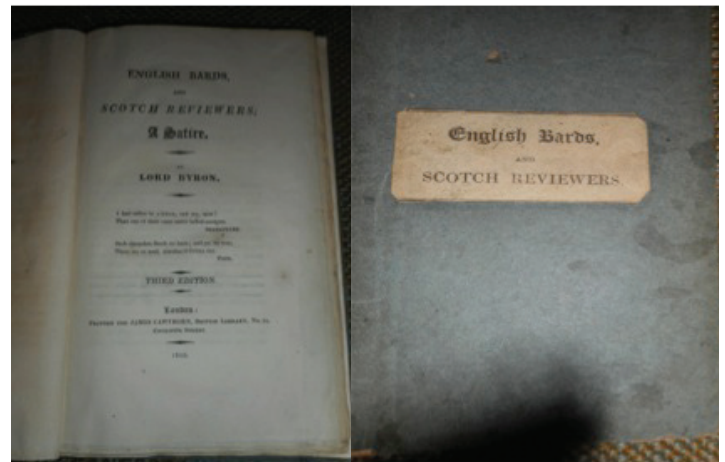


Fig. 5 - *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Left, title page of 3rd ed., 1810. Right, original board covers.

I can't resist quoting another poem dating from this period. In 1808, Byron's pet Newfoundland dog, "Boatswain", contracted rabies and died. Despite the risks, Byron nursed his dog through this last illness. He had a monument erected to Boatswain over the grave (Fig. 6). The first part of the epitaph is moving for any pet lover:

Near this Spot
are deposited the Remains of one
who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
and all the virtues of Man without his Vices.

This praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
if inscribed over human Ashes,
is but a just tribute to the Memory of
Boatswain, a Dog
who was born in Newfoundland May 1803
and died at Newstead Nov. 18th, 1808



Fig. 6 - The Monument to Byron's Newfoundland dog, Boatswain, over his grave at Newstead Abbey

No first edition to be collected here. But from 1809 to 1811, Byron made the grand tour of Europe, then traditional for wealthy young Englishmen. This concentrated on the Mediterranean lands, owing to the Napoleonic Wars. On his return, John Murray published the first two cantos of the famous *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* in 1812. This was enormously popular, and went through several editions that same year. Byron said, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." He was the toast of London, becoming a figure in fashionable society. Shown in Figure 7 is my copy of the 5th edition, bound in contemporary calf.

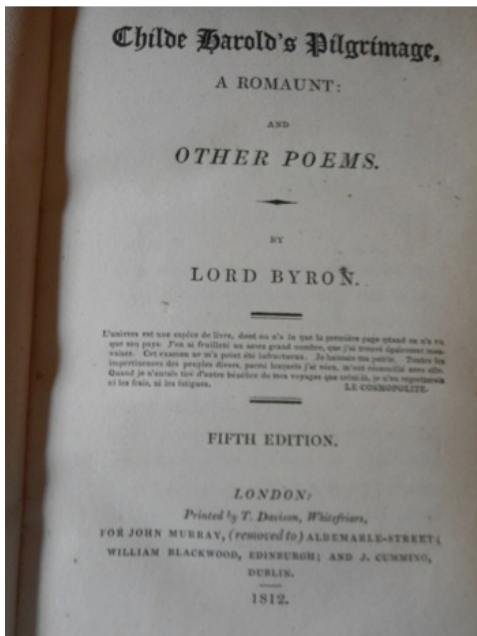


Fig. 7 - *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, 5th Ed.

By this time, Byron's works were widely published. I was able to acquire an early American edition (1816) without much trouble. This is in 3 volumes, in rather attractive mottled calf bindings of the time (Fig.8).

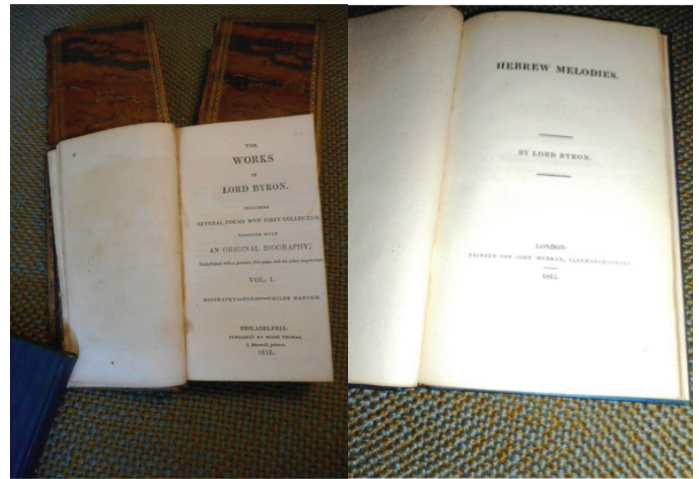


Fig. 8 - An Early American Edition of Byron's Poems. Moses Thomas, Philadelphia, 1816.

Fig. 9 - *Hebrew Melodies*, John Murray, London 1815

In 1815, Isaac Nathan published a book of Jewish tunes. Byron was asked to provide lyrics for these. The lyrics were then published separately as a book of poetry. Figure 9 is a copy of the first edition. Unfortunately, it has been rebound in modern cloth, but I prize the book above almost all my other Byrons. Byron included other poems not related to the Jewish melodies. The first such poem, at the beginning of the book, is the immortal "She Walks in Beauty." This was inspired by Byron's seeing a beautiful young widow, Anne Beatrix Wilmot, at a ball. Newly widowed, she was wearing a black evening gown covered with sequins. Byron was smitten, and that night, returning home, he composed the entire poem. I quote the first verse here:

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

Another widely quoted poem in the book is "The Destruction of Sennacherib." The meter (anapestic tetrameter) is evocative of the sound of a galloping horse's hooves, and was often used by Byron. But the easy meter is often used in comic and fun verse (cf. "A Visit from St. Nicholas"). But in Byron's hands, here is a masterpiece:

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!"

Good stuff, I do think!

Our poet was a notorious lover of women (and, if rumors are correct, of quite a few men, also). One of his lovers, Lady Caroline Lamb, referred to him as "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know". Nevertheless, moving in high society, he married a prudish and judgmental young heiress, Annabella Millbanke, in 1815. They had a daughter, Ada, almost a year later. Big surprise - things did not go well. Byron had a continuing liaison with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, and was rumored to be the father of her daughter, Medora. Scandal erupted and Annabella fled home to mother with their daughter Ada. Byron left England the same year, 1816, never to return.

Eighteen-sixteen was the long-remembered "year without a summer" due to the eruption and explosion of the Tambora volcano in Indonesia, which sent a high altitude dust cloud around the northern hemisphere, dropping the temperature in Europe and America. That summer, Byron rented a house, the Villa Diodati, on Lake Geneva in Switzerland (Fig. 10). He was joined by the poet Shelley and Shelley's future wife, Mary Godwin. Also there were Mary's stepsister, Claire Clairmont (Byron had an affair with her, too), and Byron's physician, the Italian doctor John Polidori.

During several days in June, a cold rain kept the group indoors, and, one evening, it was decided each person



Fig. 10 - Villa Diodati, Lake Geneva

should turn their hand to writing a horror story. Mary Shelley wrote the immortal *Frankenstein*. Byron began a vampire story, but never finished. The unfinished fragment was published at the end of *Mazeppa* in 1819; it is pleasant to have this (Fig. 11). The idea was picked up by Polidori, who wrote *The Vampyre*, which is credited with being the first vampire story.



Fig. 11 - *A Fragment*, the beginning of a vampire story by Lord Byron, published at the end of *Mazeppa*, 1819

Byron and his companions continued to travel in Mediterranean lands, living in Italy for an extended period, but visiting Greece and Turkey. During this period he was writing his masterpiece *Don Juan*. Sixteen cantos were written in the period 1819 -1824, each being dutifully sent off to John Murray and published in London. It was still unfinished at Byron's death. It is a privilege to have some of these in 1st editions (Fig.12). I quote here one of my favorite parts, the "poem within a poem"

in this epic. The situation is that the poem is recited in the court of an Ottoman chief, by a Greek singer in the head man's absence. The opening lines give the singer's thoughts:

“now being lifted into high society,
And having pick'd up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among friends,
That, without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And, singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.”

This is followed by the poem he recites, which nowadays is called “The Isles of Greece”:

“The isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.”



Fig. 12 - *Don Juan*, first editions of some of the cantos

These are, of course, exactly Byron's thoughts. With the courage of his convictions, he fitted out a regiment and went to Greece to join the Greek rebellion against the Ottoman Turks. There he died from a septic infection, at Missolonghi, a town held by the rebels, on 19th April, 1824. Figure 13 shows the statue erected in his honor at Missolonghi. Actually, there are statues in his memory all over Greece, including one in the heart of Athens. And this year, the Greek republic has made the anniversary of his death a national holiday.



Fig. 13 - Statue of Byron at Missolonghi, Greece

Books on Byron are of course numerous. Shown in Figure 14 is part of my collection of Byroniana. The best of these, I think, are the three-volume biography by Leslie Marchand, and *Byron's Letters and Journals*, in 12 volumes (!) edited by the same scholar. These last are a fascinating insight into the mind of this great man. They are the writings of a man on the run through life – a challenge to put down.



Fig. 14 - Some of the Byron books in my collection

Finally, the monument to Byron in Westminster Abbey. For generations, this was denied him. As recently as 1924, the Dean of Westminster forbade it, on the grounds that a monument to him would be an affront and insult to the Christian religion! Finally, in 1969, the establishment relented, and a plaque was placed in the Poet's Corner in the Abbey (Fig. 15). Pagan Bill here notes the monument to his dog is much larger.



**Fig. 15 - Byron Plaque in
Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey**

New Acquisitions Preview
Night at The Ohio State
University Rare Books and
Manuscripts Library

October 25, 2018
6 to 8 p.m.

Thompson Library, OSU

<https://library.osu.edu/rbml>

CORRECTION

The Nuremberg Chronicle: A 15th Century Treasure

Minor correction to Matthew Schweitzer's newsletter article on *The Nuremberg Chronicle* in the January 2017 issue of *Aldus News*:

The Nuremberg Chronicle: A 15th Century Treasure mentions two copies in Special Collections at Kent State University. Their copies, however, are not hand-colored. They do have a single hand-colored leaf in their collections, but neither of the two bound copies has any coloring.

Mark Your Calendars! 2019 Aldus Society Programs

January 10, 2019

Aldus Collects

Curated by George Cowmeadow Bauman

February 14, 2019

"The Role Ohio Played in the Political
Career of Abraham Lincoln"

Phil Stichter, local historian and collector

March 14, 2019

"History and Highlights of the Albrecht History of
Architecture Library Collection at The Ohio
State University Libraries Rare Books and
Manuscripts Library"

Eric Johnson, OSU

April 11, 2019

TBA

May 9, 2019

"Hardboiled and High Heeled, the Woman
Detective in Popular Culture"

Linda Mizejewski, local author

Note from the Editor

For many of us, summer means travel and exploration, a chance to discover new places whether by car, on foot, or through the books we read. This issue is full of travels and books with contributions from George Cowmeadow Bauman, David Gold, and Miriam Kahn. All three traversed highways and byways and found book stores along the way. Bill Rich writes of his search and discovery of early and first editions Byron's magnificent poems. In his piece, Bill describes Byron's travels and writings which bring him to life.

Don Rice tallied up submissions to his contest, what should a Gentle Person's library contain, and John Bennett submitted reviews of two books from Avant-garde presses.

There are a number of book events in Columbus this fall including author talks at Thurber House, a preview of new acquisitions at the OSU Rare Books and Manuscripts Library, and the OHIOANA Book Awards. Information about all three events are found within the pages of the newsletter.

Thanks to everyone who submitted articles and information to the newsletter. This publication is richer because you contribute.

Miriam

2018 Ohioana Awards



October 18, 2018 · 6:00 pm - 9:00 pm

Ohio Statehouse Atrium

Tickets: \$50 and will go on sale September 15, 2018

Visit www.ohioana.org for more information.

DECEMBER AUCTION!!

SAVE THE DATE!!

The annual holiday event will be held **December 13th** at LaScala, including dinner and the silent auction.

Watch the ListServ for details and information about auction items and where to deliver your auction items.

