

Rebecca—and So Much More

Daphne du Maurier celebrated in Cornwall



Peggy Sullivan

“She wrote *Rebecca*, didn’t she?” That was the most common response when I told people I was going to the Daphne du Maurier Festival in Fowey, Cornwall, in May. *Rebecca* is the book that made du Maurier’s reputation and also fixed it in people’s minds, so she was never free of it. The Hitchcock film that starred Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine is usually what people remember, even more than the book. It’s easy to understand why. The film combines romance and mystery, a husband who often appears sinister, a meek second wife who seems all too vulnerable, and a memorable first wife whose personality pervades the home where they live.

Rebecca is a memorable novel, but du Maurier took more pride in some of her other writings, and forever wondered whether she was dismissed as a writer of romances because she was a woman, even though men were the major characters of several of her other novels, and her short

stories frequently have even more sinister and innovative plot twists.

One of the traffic signs near Fowey (it rhymes with “joy”), Cornwall, where the du Maurier Festival was centered, warns: QUEUING AT THE TWISTS. It might almost apply to du Maurier’s writing, which had people lined up to purchase it through much of the 20th century, and they read it for the plot twists and for the sense of place it provided, especially during the years of World War II and the following years of hardship within England as the country recovered from its close encounter with disaster. But actually, as I drove in Cornwall, the queuing at the twists was the least of the problem. Nor was it much of a problem to drive on the left side of the road because the rental car was designed to do that. But the narrowness of roads and streets presented real hazards. In Fowey itself, almost all traffic is one way, to allow cars to navigate as pedestrians press themselves into doorways or against walls to let the traffic go past them. In the morning, when trucks



Fowey photo by Sophie Sailer

Picturesque Fowey, Cornwall (left) and the DuMaurier Festival program

stop to make their deliveries, lines form behind them. There is nothing to do but wait for them to finish so one can drive on again.

John Betjeman is supposed to have said that Fowey is a good place for sailors and pedestrians. Anyone sailing into it, from the vantage point where Daphne du Maurier first saw it before she was twenty, sees its homes and shops flung above the harbor, multi-colored and welcoming, but the driver comes to it with some trepidation—or, if she doesn’t, she should.

I first read about the festival in a Sunday supplement, I think, where it was listed with other literary festivals. I could not fit it into my schedule until this year, but I got the program each year and knew I had to go. I read and reread some du Maurier, read much of what has been written about

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her—and that's a good shelf full—and still, there is more I could and should read. But this was to be pleasure, a relaxing week or so, not like a seminar or class.

Two of du Maurier's books that I did feel compelled to read were those scheduled for discussions: *The King's General* (1946) and *The House on the Strand* (1969). Both discussions occurred on Sunday, well into my visit, and took place in the stately hotel on the hill above Fowey. I wondered how much the discussions would be like those at the Newberry Library, where I participate fairly regularly. As we entered to discuss *The King's General*, I realized there was a hush among those gathered around the long table in the billiards room (and it wasn't a billiards table). A woman in a gray dress with white cap and collar sat turned to one side at the head of the table, and after we had gathered, she began to read the first paragraphs of the book, as though she were the disabled woman who was the narrator of that story of the English Civil War and of Cornwall's long, losing battle on the side of the Royalists. Immediately, I realized it would not be much like the Newberry's less formal scene. Some of the novel's characters were real people, and their homes were still extant or remembered in du Maurier's lifetime. One of those homes, Menabilly, where du Maurier lived as a tenant for a number of years, was also the model for Manderley, noted for its centrality to the story of *Rebecca* (1938). As she did with many people and places, mostly in Cornwall, du Maurier took nuggets of history and legend, opened them up, expanded them, and created new legends that live on.

Early in our discussion, the leader of our group asked if most of us were local. One man said he was from Devon, the county neighboring Cornwall to the east, and there was merry laughter at the idea that he might think he was local, when he was not Cornish. I also realized that participating in the discussion was rather like listening to a sermon by a non-native speaker of English. I could understand much of it, but fell behind too often as I puzzled over a pronunciation or usage of a word, and found myself almost lip-reading to keep up with the discussion. There was little criticism. These people loved Daphne du Maurier and her writing, and they had not come to judge her except in the kindest way of neighbors. One person mentioned that *The King's General* was her favorite book of all time, and the leader asked whether that was true for others. Indeed it was for several people, although more of them said *Rebecca* was their favorite, and *The King's General* their second favorite.

And why would that be? The leader wondered, and the comments came swiftly. "I know these places—and I've known them all my life!" "They're so real! I've seen and walked the roads they walk in these books." "She knew these places so well!" After hearing several of them, I ventured to say that what I liked about the books was that they introduced me to places I didn't know, and that, indeed, I thought you didn't have to know the Cornish coasts to appreciate them. I even said I liked to read about places I didn't know. They listened sympathetically, but clearly thought that I just didn't get it, that, since I had not been born and had not lived in Cornwall, I was just trying to make the best of a bad break.

The House on the Strand is a story of time travel as the protagonist uses mind-altering drugs without being aware of what their effect will be. He is visiting a friend's home in Cornwall, the house of the title (actually, Kilmarth, where du Maurier lived in her last years), and he discovers himself removed to an earlier century, but he is unable to control precisely his comings and goings. Nor can he control his growing desire for a lovely woman whom he encounters on his journeys to the past. His returns to the 20th century are jarring, and his mind is unsettled. Even worse, his friend becomes a victim to the problem of moving through time. As the book ends, the reader senses that the protagonist's problems are far from over.

Critics and commentators about du Maurier have made much of the fact that the males who are the main characters in her books are really protagonists, not heroes, not truly strong and in control of their destinies. As I see it, that may be why women like the books: they are often the true heroines.

But this Festival was far from narrowly focused on du Maurier and her writing. Wendy Cope was among the more noted speakers, the woman poet who was recently considered as a candidate for the poet laureateship in England. I had not read her before I set out for the Festival, but the English-born friend who went with me was excited about hearing her and lent me one of her small collections to read on the plane. It was *Making Cocoa for Kingsley Amis* (1986), a mix of personal poems about her love life and daily observations, parodies of other poets, pithy and charming for the most part. Cope was like that herself, introducing and reading her poems, telling the fairly large audience how she had come to write some of them, what reactions she had gotten to ones written on commission, and what some of her readers had written to her.



Donald Sutherland in *Don't Look Now*;
John Mortimer

There was no direct link between du Maurier and Cope. The poet was simply invited because the audience would enjoy hearing her, and she is a part of the English literary landscape of today. And so it was with John Mortimer. I went to see him interviewed by his official biographer, Valerie Grove. She clearly knew him well, had spent many days interviewing him, reading his papers, getting a sense of his life. He came onstage in a wheelchair, and said he had been more or less confined to one for the past ten years and rather liked it. It got him good locations in the theatre, and he was frequently allowed to move to the heads of queues. In fact, he had recently seen *Wicked*, and was distressed when the witches cured a little girl in a wheelchair, because he rather thought she had a fine thing going there, and they had spoiled it for her.

My own association with Mortimer had been with his stories of Horace Rumpole, the barrister often on the shady side of the law, or at least defending those who were. Mortimer himself had practiced law, as had his father before him, but he has written plays and screenplays and novels.

He gave backgrounds on his long life and creative successes, happily name-dropping, noting he was a Queen's Counselor, but Her Majesty had not yet asked him for any advice. When, during the question period, I asked whether he had known Daphne du Maurier, he replied that he had never met

her, of course knew about her books and this Festival, but not much else.

Both Mortimer and Cope appeared in the Festival Marquee, a large white tent on the grounds of the hotel above the town. Other neighboring tents provided places for a snack bar/cafe/tertia, a book shop featuring books by speakers at the Festival as well as those by and about du Maurier herself, information about the area, and the necessary ticket sales space. People crowded into these as rains came frequently, but there was a wooden platform at the center of these spaces where, on brighter days, people could gather and talk, eat at picnic tables, or wait in line for their programs to begin.

It certainly had not been clear to me from the program how scattered some of the Festival venues would be. Walks and cruises on the estuary or river were included, but some were canceled because of rains, either because it was pouring or because there was mud that made walking hazardous. We were frequently told that the weather had been lovely right up to the date of our coming to the Festival, and the lush green shrubberies and blooming plants gave evidence of this.

One night, I drove the few miles to the grounds of Menabilly, where a local drama group was producing *Rebecca*. That night, too, was rainy, and the parking area muddy. I felt as though I was at a rainy November Friday night football game, with locals gesturing with flashlights and warning about the slippery mud as they splashed about in plastic raincoats or served coffee in a small marquee next to the big marquee where the play was performed.

There was one set for the play, doubling as Monte Carlo at the beginning and Manderley itself throughout most of the play. One side of the marquee was to have been open, but the weather, we were told, was "too filthy" to allow for that. At one point, when a character looked out a

window and commented on the terrible Cornish weather, there was a ripple of laughter. I meant to check to see whether that line was in the text, but haven't done so. In any case, it fit!

At the end of the play, after curtain calls, the actors lined up as the audience left the theater and shook hands, often giving special greetings to friends, family, and fans they knew. Close up, it was clear how young most of them were—Mrs. Danvers perhaps in her 20s, beamed at her well-wishers, not at all the malicious persona of the play. Then, it was back to the mud and the rain, the called warnings to beware of oncoming traffic, then the reassurance that it was such a bad night, there probably wouldn't be much traffic, at that. And there was not.

The last night of my stay, Nicolas Roeg was the featured guest. He appeared in an interview before the showing of his 1970 film, *Don't Look Now*, based on du Maurier's short story. He had considerably beefed up and romanticized the story and had Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie as the stars. Leonard Maltin (*Leonard Maltin's 2007 Movie Guide*, Signet, 2006) writes of it: "Arty, overindulgent but gripping Daphne du Maurier occult thriller about parents of drowned child and their horror-laden visit to Venice; highlighted by memorably steamy love scene and violent climax." He also gives it three of a possible four stars. I thought the film was smashing, although I always have the feeling that I am watching old home movies when I see modern-day stars filmed in their youth. That feeling disappeared as the subtle horror of the film developed.

Don't Look Now was du Maurier's own favorite of the film treatments of her novels and short stories, and she hoped that Roeg might do more of them, but he went on to other things. Du Maurier evidently did not mind directors' changing the plots, even the characters and emphases of her writing, so long as they somehow remained true to the ideas she had about the works. *The Birds*, another of her short stories, was moved by Hitchcock from its English setting to California, but it retained much of the feeling of the story. *My Cousin Rachel*, *Frenchman's Creek*, *The Scapegoat*, and *Jamaica Inn* are other films based on her novels. Interestingly enough, almost all of her novels are set in Cornwall, others in Ireland and France,

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but her short stories had settings in Italy, Greece, usually places she had visited on vacation or other travel.

On my last night at the Festival, on my way home from that memorable film, I discovered for the first time that there was a bus that would take me back to my hotel in Fowey. I had driven up to the Festival and parked. I had trudged up and down, sometimes via steps and sometimes on the sidewalk. For the first time since my freshman year at Clarke College in hilly Dubuque, Iowa, I had worn holes in the toes of two pairs of socks on two successive days while walking downhill after performances. And then, suddenly, on that last evening, I spied a small minibus loaded to the gills and asked where it was going. It was the courtesy bus for Fowey; I could ride free in it. And had no one told me about it? The security man wondered. No, they hadn't, just as no one had told me about the city bus, which I discovered for myself. Nor had anyone been able to suggest a place where one might get dinner in Fowey after 8 p.m. I stepped into a few bars looking for a meal and was greeted with stares and followed with laughter and jokes. It appeared to be reasonable to drink well into the night, but strange indeed to expect to eat at all hours. Only an Asian restaurant was available and appreciated by me. All of this seemed strange for a town that welcomes the Festival, but not so strange when one thinks of small towns in many parts of the world where information is hoarded and where it often seems that the natives would prefer that Americans just send money, not bring it, expecting to find service and amenities such as food. At any rate, that last evening, the bus would be returning, and the driver would take me to my hotel. And he did, regaling me with his own take on the life of Fowey, since he lived some miles away.

There was much of the Festival in which I did not participate: du Maurier's son, Christopher Browning, was there one day, and Nina Auerbach, author of *Daphne du Maurier: Haunted Heiress* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2000), also spoke. I did not see or hear them. But by the time I drove up the hill and away from the town and its harbor, I was satisfied, indeed stimulated, by what I had experienced. I had more reading, more thinking to do about this author who was personally

elusive, in her later years quite reclusive. For du Maurier, although she had an exciting romance with Frederick (nicknamed Tommy or Boy) Browning, an English army officer whom she married in 1932, really had one love throughout her adult life, and that was Cornwall, the county whose lore she knew and loved and to which she added generously. The life of an army officer's wife was not for her, and even when her husband was part of the royal household in London during the last years of his career, she avoided appearing there as much as she could. She had gone abroad with him to Egypt in 1937, but was miserable there. She had a son and two daughters, and collaborated with her son, Christian, on *Vanishing Cornwall*, for which he provided the photographs. In one of them, du Maurier herself appears, looking rather like one of Mary Poppins's charges in her yellow rain slicker, walking on a path in the woods. In the book, she was paying tribute to a Cornwall that she saw disappearing in her time, parts of it being sold to outsiders, roads making more of it accessible, vacationers and leisure sailors crowding its harbors.

Both du Maurier and her husband had other lovers, although they never separated formally. Some of du Maurier's own lovers included women, notably Ellen Doubleday, married to du Maurier's American publisher, and Gertrude Lawrence, who was married to the producer, Richard Aldrich. Auerbach suggests that because lesbianism was, in those days, so little discussed and understood, it was rather as though du Maurier realized in her adult self a boy who had been shut in a box since childhood, and who found pleasure in these romantic liaisons. Although du Maurier wrote at least one novel (*Hungry Hill*, 1943) much like Thomas Mann's accounts of families and their businesses, Auerbach notes that du Maurier never claimed links with Mann or Zola or any other male novelist, but recognized Katherine Mansfield as a major influence. Auerbach believes that du Maurier and Mann were alike in several ways: "Both were uncommonly respectable, deeply identified with and honored by their native countries, impeccably married, and clandestinely homosexual." (p. 15)

At least two men from du Maurier's own family had significant impact on her life. Her father, Gerald du Maurier, was an actor and impresario in the theater for

most of his life. Through him, as a young girl, she met many of the biggest celebrities of the arts, writers such as James M. Barrie, people from the theater such as Ethel Barrymore, and others. Du Maurier's grandfather was George du Maurier, noted author and cartoonist of his generation. His best known work, *Trilby* (1894), was the story of a young French girl who was made into a great singer by Svengali, whose name became a byword for a psychically strong man who creates women of exceptional abilities. Du Maurier based some of her work on fictional stories from her family history and also wrote a biography of her father (*Gerald: A Portrait*, 1934). She may have gotten from George and Gerald du Maurier the confidence in her talents that enabled her to live independently and alone from a very young age and to deal with publishers, film-makers, editors, and others as she moved up in the ranks of authors, especially authors of best-sellers.

While I was at the Festival, we celebrated the centennial of du Maurier's birth on May 13, and there was every expectation that the Festival would occur again in 2008. Its impact on the local culture is impressive, and in time, it may attract more international interest. I was among the few Americans there, and became accustomed to people approaching me after an event and beginning a conversation with, "You're the American, aren't you?" I have no special need or interest in going to it again, but it is a refreshing event for those who are fans—and there are many such people who scarcely know they are because they know many of du Maurier's books, but haven't thought of them for a while or haven't realized that the films they enjoyed were based on her work. Yes, she did write *Rebecca*—and so much more.

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Books read or consulted for this article: Daphne du Maurier, *Richard Kelley*, Twayne, 1987. Daphne du Maurier: *Haunted Heiress*, Nina Auerbach, University of Pennsylvania Press, 2000. *The Private World of Daphne du Maurier*, Martyn Shallcross, St Martin's Press, 1992.

TAPES NEEDED

Tom Joyce and Dorothy Sinson are in the process of converting previously-taped Caxton speeches into DVDs for the Archives and use by members. If you have such tapes, please contact Tom or Dorothy.

A Museum, a Sculpture

And our First Amendment rights

Jill Hamrin Postma

The McCormick Tribune Foundation opened the Freedom Museum in Tribune Tower in 2006 to celebrate its 50th anniversary and to “inspire as well as educate America’s citizenry” on the “often misinterpreted and frequently undervalued” concept of freedom in the United States as provided for in the Bill of Rights. The Foundation’s competition to find a sculpture to become the centerpiece of the museum ended when California artists Amy Larimer and Peter Bernheim were awarded the prize in 2005. The sculpture was unveiled and the museum was opened in April 2006. For more on the story of creating the museum, the contest, and the foundation’s goals, see the website mentioned at the end of this article.

The sculpture is made of thin cords suspended from the 2nd floor ceiling. The cords are arranged in a spiral. Each cord represents a 5-year time period. The innermost cord begins with December 15, 1791, the date the Bill of Rights was ratified. On each cord are suspended stainless-steel plates in random patterns. The effect is of papers fluttering to the floor. On each plate is a different quote from the time period of the cord; more cords can be added up to the 250th anniversary of the Bill of Rights in 2041.

My job, with nine other researchers, was to first gather the quotes to be used, and then obtain the copyright permissions for the quotes. Our guidelines were pretty simple: the quotes had to be about or expressing First Amendment rights: speech, religion, press, petition, and assembly; the quotes should be from any written medium. The quotes should particularly be from “ordinary” people (Nathan Hale’s “Give me liberty or give me death” is not there). We collected more than 900 quotes.

This research was work, with e-mail discussions about what and who was appropriate. But the real fun began when Amy and Peter announced that we needed copyright permission for each quote! For me, this was the fun part because I got to interact with authors/writers—through phone calls, e-mails, and letters, and with the



actual sources, their relatives, their agents, their publishers, or with the much beloved Copyright Clearance Center; I got to help the living freedom-writers take pride in what they had created, or feel that they had discovered or brought forth something to be proud of about our country’s freedoms.

I have to admit that my favorite communication was with the radio pioneer Norman Corwin (age 97: see <http://www.normancorwin.com/>). He wrote: “There’s something stiff and unbending about the idea of correctness...I’m not gainsaying its values necessarily. But the Bill of Rights doesn’t offer freedom from speech. To silence an idea because it might offend a minority doesn’t protect that minority. It deprives it of the tool it needs most—the right to talk back. Exemptions are for the tax laws, not the Bill of Rights. Sure, it’s a high price. But if you want a bargain-base-ment Bill of Rights, I know a lot of places you can get one. They are very quiet places because no one makes noise. Correctness silences noise. I say the more noise the better.” (John McDonough, “The Bill of Rights at 100,” *Wall Street Journal*, December 13, 1991, p. A12).

When we first talked, he didn’t remember saying or writing this, but wished he had. After sending him all the information on the quote, he admitted never getting to see the article and wished us “Godspeed on our gallant project.” BUT, he later added, “Only one thing: spare me the homework involved in certifying that I have given you permission to use it. I know that publishers worry about such things, but great God, how much clearer could my permission be than the sweeping freedom I gave you in my original internet reply to your request. And here I am repeating that permission. Show both messages if you wish to the publisher’s lawyer or editor or copyright

vigilante.”

I was able to talk on the phone or e-mail with surviving World War II veterans who had written letters to the editor of *Time* magazine in the 1940s (and I got to thank them for their service); Patsy Clarke, who founded “Mothers Against Jesse in Congress” after Jesse Helms made his remarks about gays with AIDS deserving to die—Patsy’s husband had worked for Jesse and her son died of AIDS; Arthur Schlesinger before he died; Christine Allen, a school-teacher in California who was excited about being quoted (her quote is on the website, too); Merle Debuskey, a publicist who had worked with blacklisted artists in the 1950s, who called me recently to ask if he could have the sculpture with his quote mentioned in the biography that was being written about him; an e-mail “spammer” sued out of his business who believed that his freedoms had been taken away; a retired senator; people from the American Library Association, the ACLU, People for the American Way, Frontiers of Freedom, to name a few.

Were there problems getting permissions? See *FREEDOM SCULPTURE*, page 8

Book and manuscript-related exhibitions: a selective list

Compiled by John Blew

(Note: on occasion an exhibit may be delayed or extended; it is always wise to call in advance of a visit)

“Fun For All! Chicago’s Amusement Parks” (explores the development of the amusement park in Chicago, from the Midway at the World’s Columbian Exposition to Sans Souci, Riverview, and Fun Town, using materials from the Library’s collections) in the Special Collections Exhibit Hall, 9th Floor, Harold Washington Library Center of the Chicago Public Library, 400 South State Street, Chicago 312-747-4300 (closes 14 September 2007)

“Doc Films 75th Anniversary” (charts the history of America’s oldest student film society, the Documentary Film Group at the University of Chicago, with materials from the archives of both institutions as well as rare private loans, including vintage posters, photographs, calendars, correspondence, and publicity) at the Special Collections Research Center, University of Chicago Library, 1100 E. 57th Street, Chicago 773-705-8705 (closes 31 August 2007)

“An Admirable Nucleus: The Prussian Purchase at the Heart of Today’s Northwestern University Library” (features highlights from the 20,000-volume personal library of Johannes Schulze, an influential 19th century Prussian educator and collector, and tells the story of its purchase for Northwestern in 1869 by University librarian Daniel Bonbright) on the third floor of the historic Deering Library at Northwestern University, 1970 Campus Drive, Evanston 847-491-2894 (closes Autumn 2007)

“Origins of Color” (explores the historic and scientific development of pigments and dyes and their production and uses in both fine art as well as craft manufacture) at the John Crerar Library of the University of Chicago, 5730 South Ellis Avenue, Chicago 773-702-7715 (closes 2 November 2007)

“Black Jewel of the Midwest: Celebrating 75 years of the George Cleveland Hall Branch Library and the Vivian G. Harsh Research Collection,” spotlighting their roles in the cultural flowering of the Chicago Renaissance and the Black Arts Movement (includes books, manuscripts, photographs, and ephemera, many of which have never before been exhibited, from the Harsh Collection, one of the finest institutional collections anywhere of African-American history and literature) at the Woodson Regional Library of the Chicago Public Library, 9525 South Halsted Street, Chicago 312-747-6900 (closes 31 December 2007)

“John James Audubon: The Birds of America, Prints from the Collection of the Illinois State Museum” (includes more than 30 Audubon prints, mostly from the Bien edition, together with a number of landmark 18th and 19th century ornithologic plate books), Illinois State Museum Gallery, 2nd floor, Thompson Center, 100 West Randolph Street, Chicago 312-814-5322 (closes 24 August 2007)

“Building the Future City: Past Visions” (a small exhibit featuring maps, plans, manuscript materials, publications and photographs from the collections of UIC Special Collections and the UIC Archives Department that document past visions of improvements and grand plans for Chicago) at the Richard J. Daley Library (first floor lobby case) of the University of Illinois at Chicago, 801 South Morgan, Chicago 312-996-2742 (closes 17 August 2007)

Members who have information about current or forthcoming exhibitions that might be of interest to Caxtonians, please call or e-mail John Blew (312-807-4317, e-mail: jblew@bellboyd.com).



John James Audubon at Illinois State Museum
CHROMOLITHOGRAPH AFTER AUDUBON, JULIUS BIEN, PRINTER, 1860.

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has family (living and dead, both) there, and Sandy loves it too. “But we also love our house on Noyes in Evanston,” he admits. “And I love my new dog!”

I mention the probable topic of the 2008 Caxton-Newberry Symposium, something about the future of the rare book library. “Some days, I feel like a dinosaur,” Maylone admits. “Sure, we work with 30

or more classes each year, introducing them to the possibilities of working with original sources. But I’m afraid the number of teachers who suggest it is declining. I wonder if they are just trying to look up-to-date by suggesting ways to do research from the comfort of a computer screen.”

For now, however, the future of Special Collections at Northwestern University Library looks fairly secure. It has an independent endowment (started 10 years ago)

and many friends in the Northwestern and Chicago communities. It has a variety of specialties (Audubon, the Seige and Commune of Paris, alternative publications from the 70s) that attracts scholars from around the world. And if you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em. A growing number of documents and photographs are now available on the Web and many more planned to be put on it.

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Caxtonians Collect: R. Russell Maylone

Thirty-third in a series of interviews with members

Interviewed by Robert McCamant

Russell Maylone joined the Caxton Club in 1976, nominated by Bruce Beck. That was only a few years after he became the Curator of the Charles Deering McCormick Library of Special Collections at Northwestern University. It is appropriate that we profile him this month because he is now retiring from that position.

I personally got to know Russell back in 1981 when Northwestern University Library, the Society of Typographic Arts, and the Caxton Club co-sponsored meetings and a show around the subject of typography and the private press. We were together on the committee that picked the beautiful books exhibited. (That show changed my life. I designed the catalog for the exhibit; Russell says he still has several of them if anyone wants one.)

For Russell, the life-changing experience took place when he was an undergraduate at Syracuse University, pursuing a degree in international relations. He and a friend decided, on a lark, to look in on a farm auction in nearby Skaneateles. When they wandered around, not much was of interest until they discovered a couple of bureaus blocking the view of half a porch filled with boxes of books. The auctioneer asked who would buy the whole lot. He and his friend looked at each other and they said, "We will." "What do you have?" he asked? They had \$24 between them, so they got the books.

But they only had Russell's little Triumph 4-door, so there was nowhere near enough room for all the books. The ones he was proud to have picked out included a Webster's Unabridged second edition and something by the American abolitionist Wendell Phillips. But well over half the books were left behind on the lawn of the farmhouse to be hauled away to the dump.

Before leaving Skaneateles, they stopped at the local bookseller's shop to ask how



they had done. His first question was, "Do you have any idea what you left behind?" They had to admit that they didn't. It could have been a treasure trove of historic farm documents, or it could have been a bunch of Reader's Digest Condensed Books. They had simply looked for what interested them, not for what was of interest.

The next step on Maylone's road to being a special collections librarian happened because of an injury. He was run into by a bulldozer in a logging accident on Mt. St. Helens, and, as a result, the Syracuse University Librarian assigned him a carrel in the library's closed stacks so that he didn't need to carry his books back and forth to the library. Suddenly he could see a library from the inside. What was more, a nearby room (whose door was left unlocked) held the complete library of the German historian Leopold von Ranke. "Von Ranke was one of the pioneers in basing historic analysis as much as possible upon original

documents of the time, as opposed to the oft-reworked opinions of previous historians," Maylone explained. Though the collection was at the time unprocessed, he could see the possibilities it presented and was enthralled by the ancient books.

[And here's a coincidence: von Ranke was the protege of none other than Johannes Schulze, whose 20,000-volume library formed the core collection of the University Library when it was snapped up by Northwestern in 1870. The Schulze acquisitions are the subject of the current exhibit in Special Collections.]

From Syracuse, Maylone moved to Seattle where he worked in bookstores and earned an M.L.S. in 1965 at the University of Washington. A faculty member there promoted him for a job in the rare book department of the Free Library of Philadelphia, where he spent four years until his appointment at Northwestern.

In all his years at Northwestern, Maylone has scrupulously avoided collecting books for himself. "It's very hard for a rare book librarian to collect for himself without having conflict-of-interest questions arise. Building the school's collection has provided plenty of satisfaction for me." His wife, Sandra Whiteley, jokes that she is not going to let him start collecting for himself in his retirement. But Maylone isn't worried he'll miss book collecting. For one thing, he has a printing press in his basement, a 12x18 Chandler and Price. He wouldn't mind collecting a few additional type faces to print with. What's more, he has another retirement activity planned out: building a boat. He has long admired the guide boats at the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, NY. "I'm handy with my hands. I'm pretty sure I can figure it out," he says.

But next up is a month in Italy. There will be no decisions about the future until that has been accomplished. After that, there are many possibilities. Maine comes up: Russell

See MAYLONE, page 6

Club Notes

Membership Report, June 2007

I am pleased to report the election to membership of the following individuals:

Martha Jameson, a market researcher, became interested in the Club through the 2007 Symposium. She is membership chair of the Jane Austin Society, Chicago Chapter; her interests include English literature, European history, and the history of Indiana. Nominated by Skip Landt, seconded by Bill Mulliken.

Stephen Pekich, formerly of Houghton-Mifflin, was elected to the Club in 1988. His membership lapsed when he left Chicago. He was reinstated as a non-resident member. His broad collecting interests include printing and manufacturing company histories, items relating to Antigua in the West Indies and to the Johnstown (Pennsylvania) flood, and books about books. His reinstatement was recommended by Paul Ruxin.

Susan Pezzino, an adjunct faculty

member at Harold Washington College, conducted research at the Newberry on Roger Williams when doing graduate work at the University of Illinois. She became interested in the Club through the 2007 Symposium. Her long-term project is a lexicon on letterpress printing from the incunabula to 1800. Nominated by Margaret Oelrich, seconded by Skip Landt.

Christine Watkins is a collector of gallery catalogs, publications often lost after an exhibit closes. As her nomination letter notes, "the idea of books that are 'lost' after their initial purpose is fulfilled, and then 'found' again later is one of the most appealing aspects of collecting." Watkins has worked with the American Library Association, and had careers in real estate and book forwarding. She also collects illustrated books and art books. Nominated by Rob Carlson, seconded by Paul Gehl.

Donna M. Tuke is a recent past president of the Woman's Athletic Club where she serves on the About Books Committee. She founded and runs Alert Publications, Inc., publishers of newsletters for business

and legal information professionals. Her collecting interests include illustrated books and woodblock prints, with a special interest in Lynd Ward. Nominated by Mary Beth Beal and seconded by Barbara Long.

Dennis Johnston has a modest collection of 16th-18th century maps—he notes that you can never have too many dragons popping up on the high seas. In the 1980s, he became interested in autographs, beginning with a ticket signed by Alexander Graham Bell, and including a note written and signed by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He is a board member of the Lake Forest Friends of the Library and an active participant in their annual book sale. Nominated by Bill Mulliken, seconded by Skip Landt.

With these newly elected to membership, our total of new Caxtonians for the 2006-2007 year rises to thirty. Once again, my thanks to those who have helped expand our conversational circles, bringing interesting new perspectives to our luncheon and dinner meetings.

Dan "Skip" Landt, Membership Chair

FREEDOM SCULPTURE, from page 5

Though few, there were authors refusing to sign a form or totally refusing permission, authors who wanted to change the form and how their material would be used, and a man who read about the monetary award the sculptors received and wanted a large portion of it before he gave permission. We had a little trouble with deciding who held copyright of letters to the editor, waiting for snail mail, and just not being able to find anyone who could give permission.

We all learned a lot about American history (I lost respect for Charles Lindbergh, but support his right to express his opposition to his government's decision to

go to war), about magnificent heroes you may or may not have heard of (I loved the book *I Dream a World: Portraits of Black Women Who Changed America* by Brian Lanker), about copyright law, and the legal system that has been arguing about interpretations of the First Amendment rights since 1791.

My personal favorite quotation, because of its source and it's about librarians is: "If I have been censored a lot, then teachers and librarians have had to defend my books a lot. I do not imagine for a microsecond that they have done this because what I write is so true and beautiful. Many of them may hate what I write, even though I am, at my

worst, no more dangerous than a banana split. They defend my books because they are law-abiding and they understand, as did our Founding Fathers, that it is vital in a democracy that its voters have access to every sort of opinion and information" (Kurt Vonnegut, "No More Dangerous than a Banana Split," *American Libraries*, December 4, 1982, p. 101).

§§

For more information on the Freedom Museum and the sculpture visit or consult:

<http://www.freedommuseum.us/>

Yood, James. *Celebrating Freedom*: 12151791.

The McCormick Tribune Foundation, 2006 ISBN: 0-9777255-02. Unless otherwise referenced, quotes are from the James Yood book.

Bookmarks...

SEPTEMBER LUNCHEON

At the September 14 luncheon Caxtonian and magician Jim Hagy will talk on early magician and collector-extraordinaire, Harry Evanion.

SEPTEMBER DINNER

September 19 Carl Smith of Northwestern will discuss his book, *The Plan of Chicago: Daniel Burnham and the Remaking of the American City*. He will focus on both the contents of the Plan and the publishing history of this extraordinary book.

OCTOBER LUNCHEON

On October 12, Caxtonian Robert Karrow, Curator of Maps at the Newberry Library, will present a preview of the once-in-a-lifetime Festival of Maps opening at the Field Museum and the Newberry Library on November 2. It will feature more than 100 of the world's greatest maps.

OCTOBER DINNER

On October 17, Paul Gehl will speak on Chicago Graphic Designers of the 20th Century in relation to the 80th anniversary of the Society of Typographic Arts. He will review the major figures, show examples of their work, and ask whether there is a "Chicago School" in graphic design.