



Letterhead Stationery

Reflections of a Hunter-Gatherer

David Meyer

For many years I kept several file cabinet drawers filled with letterhead stationery, none of it carrying my name or address. I acquired this hoard sheet-by-sheet, handful-by-handful and, once, in a complete ream with a manufacturer's paper band still wrapped around it. Each of these particular sheets is as crisp and smooth as if it had just come from the paper mill. A blind-stamped outline of a bunny's head with a tuxedo bowtie around its neck and a black dot for an eye form an integral part of the letterhead, which reads "Playboy, 232 East Ohio, Chicago II, Illinois."

According to Gretchen Edgren's *The Playboy Book: Fifty Years* – which I bought *strictly* for the articles – Hugh Hefner moved his enterprise to the Ohio Street address in 1956. The ream was a gift from a friend who was helping me sell my self-published *Memoirs of a Book Snake: Forty Years of Seeking and Saving Old Books*. We had a table at the Second Annual Festival of the Book, hosted in 2001 by the Center for Book and Paper Arts at Columbia College. My friend had found the stationery along with early issues of *Playboy* magazine in a cabinet in the basement of his parents' house in Milwaukee. They had belonged to his father, a business

executive and book collector who kept an apartment in Chicago in the 1950s.

My friend's gift was perfectly timed, for soon after giving it to me we happened to look down from the balcony where our table was located and saw an attractive blonde woman

exhibiting at the fair, as I pursued Ms. Hefner, showing Brad the sheet of stationery and telling him of my intention. If he'd said, "Don't be silly, Meyer," I might have faltered, but I only recall him smiling. Ms. Hefner also smiled briefly and thanked me as I presented



entering the building. She was appropriately dressed for the hot July weather – a light blouse and shorts – and she looked familiar. Yes, there was Hugh Hefner's daughter, CEO of Playboy Enterprises at the time, stepping in to browse the Festival of Books.

I'm not good at what salespeople call "cold calling," but this occasion called for boldness. How could I let Ms. Hefner pass through the building without receiving a souvenir of her father's early days in their famous (and, to some, infamous) enterprise? I passed fellow Caxtonian Brad Jonas, who was also

the sheet to her. An instant later our encounter was over. By the time I returned to the balcony I couldn't help wondering if she hadn't seen countless versions of the letterhead with other addresses as her father relocated his headquarters from Ohio Street to a mansion on the Gold Coast and then to the former Palmolive Building on Michigan Avenue, before moving on to Los Angeles.

I'm guessing my friend's father acquired the ream of stationery by being in the right place at the right time, perhaps on the day when See *COLLECTING STATIONERY*, page 2



CAXTONIAN

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COLLECTING STATIONERY, from page 1

Playboy's Ohio Street office was being cleaned out. I had a similar experience when visiting a restaurant long noted for its excellent food. I noticed at the host station several boxes containing 50 or so packs of matches with the restaurant's elegantly monogrammed name on the covers. I asked the host if I could take several packs. "Take them all," he said. "We're closing tomorrow."

My affection for letterhead stationery began at the mail-order herb products company founded by my grandfather in 1910. Our stationery fit the mode of ornate letterheads of the time, when a firm's name and address were often embedded in or surrounded by decorative borders. A statement about a company's products and services was usually a key element in the design, and a depiction of the headquarters (manufacturing plant, warehouse, etc.) with directions for getting there were often included. Our company's directions were a mouthful: "Office and warehouse on the banks of the Little Calumet River at intersection of U.S. 41 and Chicago-Detroit Super-Highway, Hammond, Ind."

This was not the only source of stationery at our family business. In the 1950s one of my uncles tended to start sideline businesses of his own on company time. As each one failed the leftover stationery accumulated. Two of his "companies" were oddball enough to warrant mentioning.

The first, "Dentabiet Laboratories," was his attempt at making and marketing toothpaste in the form of a pill. The illustration at the top of the letterhead was a drawing of a finger pushing the pill into the bristles of a toothbrush. A helpful



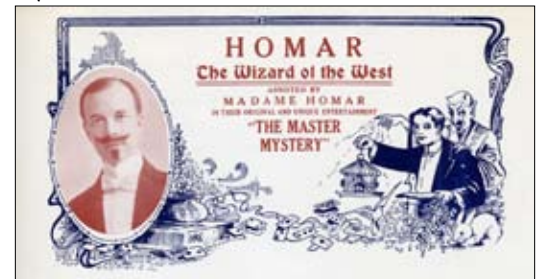
explanation ("Push down") and an arrow indicating the direction of the "push" appeared next to the company's name. (No mention was made about the pill foaming in one's mouth.) The stationery was pink, the same color as the pill.

Another venture was the "Three Dimensional Company," with its industrial-strength description as "Manufacturers of Christmas Beauty." The intention of the company was to sell a "Magical 2-in-1 Christmas Tree" made of cardboard. In case one didn't know what to do with a cardboard Christmas tree, the possibilities were spelled out along one margin of the stationery: "ONE TREE CAN MAKE 2 Wall Portrait Trees / 2 Mantle Place Trees / 2 Corner Trees / 2 Mirror Trees" / "CHRISTMAS BEAUTY can be used - Plain. Flocked. Decorated." The stationery was printed in red and green on off-white paper.

The sheets of this and the Dentabiet Laboratories stationery that I did not carry away were eventually cut in half, glued together and used in the office as scratch pads.

My late friend and fellow Caxtonian Jay Marshall was equally fond of stationery. In the process of purchasing numerous collections of magic books and ephemera over the years, he amassed great quantities of early 20th-century magicians' stationery, some of which he gave me.

Exceeding even the elaborate designs of other business stationery of the time, magicians' flamboyant and wordy letterheads could, in some instances, take up nearly half a page. A performer's name was usually rendered in large, bold type accompanied by dreamed-up titles before and behind. "The Great" was the most common honorific, often followed by "Master Magician." Alliteration was abundantly used to describe the kind of performance offered, such as "Merry Moments of Modern Magic, Mirth & Mystery." A portrait of the magician, with or without a tiny devil sitting on his shoulder, was as customary as an address. If an address wasn't included, the





statement “en route” often was – with a line for filling in the location from where the letter had been written and sent.

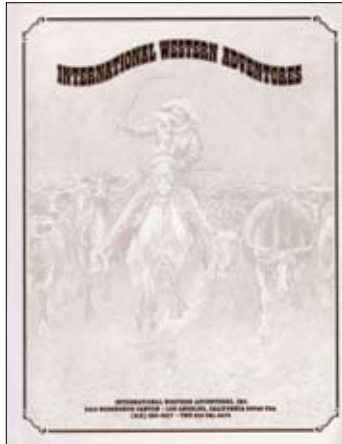
Designs frequently included objects typically associated with magic acts: skulls, rabbits, playing cards, silks, dice, doves, paper coils, illusion props, etc. Colored inks and papers were intended to add excitement, while stationery of the most successful magicians was often printed by a lithographic process that produced deep color tones and precise portraits. All this finery allowed for only the briefest space for actual correspondence. This didn’t seem to matter, as most letters were sent to magic shops ordering supplies or to other magicians complaining about poor business. Highly adorned letterheads were also commonly used by circuses and touring showmen of all kinds.

Spectacular letterheads might still be



produced for the entertainment industry and other businesses that want to draw attention to their products or services. Two sent to me by a friend in the 1980s attest to this. A New York firm devoted the top third of its stationery to a four-color cinematic rendering of a sunset over an ocean (its waves washing into the white of the paper) with a neon-sign-like logo jutting out of a moody sky in 3-D mode to announce “The Boardwalk Entertainment Co.”

An even busier example was produced by



a Los Angeles company with the hyperbolic name of “International Western Adventures.” Its stationery resembles a 19th-century steel engraving that might have appeared in *Harper’s Illustrated Weekly*. A cowboy with a bullwhip in hand rides his galloping horse straight at the viewer’s eyes while a herd of longhorn steers stampedes behind him. Unfortunately, writing *anything* as much as a “Dear Sir” on this stationery obscures the scene and dilutes the effect.

Hotel stationery: who hasn’t taken some home? In European hotels

especially, stationery can often be found in attractive folders, enticing guests to carry away all their contents.

A friend of mine inherited a suitcase filled with hotel stationery accumulated by a wardrobe mistress for a traveling show. She was “on the road” from the 1920s through the 1940s, staying in hotels in small towns and midsize cities. Considering the number of identical letterheads in her collection, it can be assumed that when she checked out of a hotel, all of her room’s stationery left with her. This may have been the expected behavior of the time, for stationery of that era which I have acquired appears to be a form of advertising.

Letterheads usually carried an engraving of the hotel with accompanying text describing its amenities. The terms “modern” and “fireproof” were widely used; the manager’s name was often given, but, oddly enough, a telephone number sometimes wasn’t. At other times seemingly needless information was



included. In Springfield, Massachusetts, for instance, the letterhead of the Hotel Kimball stated “owned and operated by the Hotel Kimball Company.” Or the letterhead might border on confounding. The Hotel Lafayette



in Marietta, Ohio, offered “80 rooms – tub and shower baths / 20 rooms – hot and cold water.” After checking into this hotel, was it possible one received a room with a sink running hot and cold water or a tub and shower *without* hot water?

From the mid-20th century until its recent and general displacement by hotel-room internet connections, hotel stationery has come in all sizes, paper textures, weights, and colors – printed using a vast assortment of typefaces and designs. To sum up the scope of my accumulated hotel stationery is impossible. The best I can do is to describe a handful, all collected in the 1980s and 1990s.

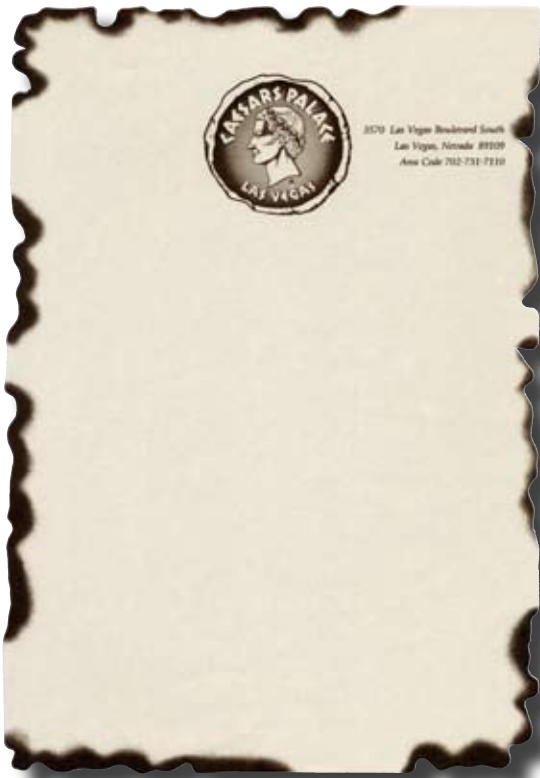
The most spartan belonged to the Hyatt hotel chain. One could stay in *any* basic Hyatt



Hotel *anywhere* and find the *same* stationery because it carried no address, telephone number, or other local information – only



the company’s logo. At the other extreme was the Windermere Hydro Hotel in the English Lakes region which offered its address, telephone, telex, and telegram numbers *and* a railroad station address. The Plaza Hotel in Copenhagen, like many European hotels, favored onionskin paper to avoid excessive postage costs. Other upscale hotels, such as the Palace Hotel in Beijing, printed their stationery on substantial, watermarked paper. Caesars Palace in Las Vegas (“Nero’s Palace” would have been a more accurate name) offered stationery with ragged die-cut edges. See *COLLECTING STATIONERY*, page 4



COLLECTING STATIONERY, from page 3 and fake burn marks to appear as if each sheet had been fire singed. Then there's "Le Montrose Suite Hotel De Gran Luxe," which is not



in Europe but in West Hollywood. It has, to my mind at least, the effect of trying to be a faux Montreux hotel.

I could continue offering examples for, like the wardrobe mistress traveling in the early



20th century, I've probably collected enough hotel stationery to fill two suitcases.

Although I've seldom bought a box of stationery, my work as a publisher led me to print shops and paper distribution companies which offered packets of sample stationery. They were free to take and their fanciful letterheads were frequently humorous. The earliest I own was sent to our family's business in 1935. Each sample sheet carries a distinctly designed letterhead for a fictitious company with a made-up address. Whoever conceived these must have had fun doing so. He concocted one letterhead for a purveyor of

"undergarments and personal things de luxe" at the "Waldorf Astoria Annex" in Chicago. Another sample sheet was for the "Liberty Flower Shop" in "Baltimore, Montana."

Two of my favorite sets were produced to be sold in gift stores and novelty shops. The first is a packet of humorous letterheads marketed in 1943, supposedly intended to help – or at least profit from – the war effort. Cartoon depictions of Hitler, Mussolini, and a Japanese



warlord are shown suffering humiliating defeat on "18 colorful sheets [in] three different designs" for ten cents. In one scene a group of GIs on a jeep is chasing the infamous trio "right off the map!" In another the roped-together villains are being led behind a tank under the banner "Bring home the bacon – Three little hams who gotta be cured." An Air Force bomber heads the third design with the message "Give them 'Hell-o' for us!" as bombs fall on Berlin. "Keep 'Em Smiling," the paper band around the stationery reads, which would seem to suggest it was used to send



letters from the home front to those overseas. Did any smiles result in the war zones?

Also in the 1940s the S.S. Adams Company spoofed hotel stationery of the era with a packet of “Loony Letters” complete with matching envelopes. “When you write your friends,” its promotion declared, “use a loony letterhead . . . make them laugh and always be popular.” All these were slightly naughty and made sport of a variety of probable locations. For a vacation there was “The Sonova Hotel / On Beautiful Sonova Beach / Large Room for Public Affairs / Small Rooms for Private Affairs / Fire Proof / Quake Proof / Judgment Proof.” While traveling in the country one could use “The Outhouse Inn / Just a Step-In from the Outskirts / A Family Hotel in a Family Way / Near a Waterfall by a Dam Site / Every room with Bath or Toilet . . . or Something Just as Good.” For a visit to New York City there was “The Phlopp House / Overlooking the Beautiful Third Street ‘El’ / Many Rooms with Intimate Atmosphere / Others Air-conditioned / Your Comfort is Our Business . . . and Business is Lousy.” There was also “The Dee-Tee Sanitarium / For a Night’s Stop-over or a Week’s Hang-over / 100 Proof Coffee / Animated Murals / Snake Traps and Pink Elephants in Every Room” and, finally, “The Musclebound Arms / The Joint with the Friendly Chambermaids / [and] All the disappointments of home.”

Many different letterheads came to me by way of family and friends, friends of family, and friends of friends who knew of my penchant for collecting stationery.

Jean Abbott, who was married to Caxtonian Robert Parrish, gave me several dozen sheets from the Chicago branch of the famous Gaslight Club, as her first husband was one of the club’s founders. When the operation shut down in the 1980s, many of the Tiffany table lamps and ceiling shades went home with the owners. The club’s stationery was as elegant as the décor; its Victorian-inspired lavender paper is embossed with a gold design of a bacchanalian crown of grapes and vine leaves, in the center of which is a gold key, for the Gaslight was a “private” key club in Chicago.

I can track the working life of a former girlfriend over an eight-year period in the 1970s because she gave me stationery at every job she had: From a girls’ school called Gulliver Academy in Coral Gables, Florida, to the National Dissemination and Assessment Center for Bilingual Education in Austin, Texas. Her brother worked for Arvida Corpo-



ration, the largest developer in South Florida, so I have stationery from that firm as well.

One of the most charming letterheads I’ve ever acquired (thanks to a sister who worked for a city commissioner) was used for news releases by the Department of Economic Development for the City of Miami. The design employs an outline of a green palm tree framed within orange rays of sunshine. Merely



glancing at it reminds me of the many times I enjoyed the climate and lively culture while living in Miami.

The Museum of Modern Art in New York may have several versions of its stationery. I have letter-size sheets for the Department of Painting and Sculpture printed on elegant Strathmore Writing paper and note-size



sheets on Strathmore cream stock. A folder filled with multiple examples of these came to me (unasked for!) from a friend who worked at MoMA for a very short time.

The last time I was tempted to add a sheet of letterhead stationery to my collection was when I was taken for lunch to a prestigious private club in New York City. The moment I saw the club’s stationery on a table, I



approached with my hand reaching out and a remark muttered to my host that this would be a nice souvenir to take home. He frowned and I backed off.

Does clean, unused letterhead stationery qualify as “collectible”? I never thought so, although ephemera collectors might disagree. Stationery serves a function, and as beautifully designed as a letterhead might be, its purpose is still only a practical one, to provide basic information about the person using it. I was drawn to it just as I’m drawn to books, art, illustrations, engravings, designs – everything that goes on paper. My reason for acquiring it was never formalized. I merely liked it. And after so many years of filling file drawers, I began to wonder what to do with it. I had hunted it, gathered it, gazed at it, filed it, but the fact that it existed to be used never left my mind. So I began writing on it – all but those three or four sheets of Frank Lloyd Wright’s stationery that I found in a thrift store and eventually sold at auction.

I had many correspondents in the late 20th century, and although I typed my own address under whatever letterhead I happened to use, many who received them from me were misled by the headings and they often responded with questions: When did I stay at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo? (I didn’t.) As I live in Illinois, why would I belong to the Milwaukee Athletic Club? (I don’t.) What was it like to rent a room at “Lawson . . . The Executive YMCA” on West Chicago Avenue? (I wouldn’t know; I’ve only been in their cafeteria.) Did I gamble when I was at Merv Griffin’s Paradise Island Resort and Casino in the Bahamas? (No, I was never there to do so.) When was I in Saudi Arabia, Bulgaria, New Zealand or Kenya? (Never.)

As the years passed, my correspondence decreased through the loss of old friends and the emergence of e-mail. Yet my file drawers were still full and eventually I decided to have the sheets bound. Now, with the remaining letterhead stationery between cloth covers and labeled as journals, I write to myself.

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Book and manuscript-related exhibitions: a selective list

Compiled by Robert McCamant

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

Art Institute of Chicago, 111 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 312-443-3600: "Blood, Gold, and Fire: Coloring Early German Woodcuts" (how a largely illiterate public liked their devotional imagery: raw, emotional, and very bloody), Gallery 202A, through February 17. "Modern Inkers: Experimentation in Comics" (comics now also function as avenues for visual experimentation), Ryerson and Burnham Libraries, weekdays only, through September 24.

Chicago Botanic Garden, Lenhardt Library, 1000 Lake Cook Road, Glencoe, 847-835-8202: "Botanical Art: Expressions of Natural Beauty" (books known today for their magnificent color illustrations were originally created for scientific discovery and research), through November 11.

Chicago History Museum, 1601 N. Clark Street, Chicago, 312-266-2077: "Vivian Maier's Chicago" (Maier spent her adult life as a nanny but devoted her free time and money to photography), opens September 8.

Columbia College Center for the Book and Paper Arts, "Druckworks: 40 Years of Books and Projects by Johanna Drucker" (comprehensive retrospective exhibits her books, graphic art, and visual projects), opens September 6.

Harold Washington Library Center, 400 S. State Street, Chicago, 312-747-4300: "Author, Author" (retrospective by photographer Michael Childers has 50+ intimate portraits of the 20th century's greatest authors), Congress Corridor, Ground Floor, through February 3.

DuSable Museum of African American History, 740 East 56th Place, Chicago, 773-947-0600: "Buried Treasures: Art in African American Museums" (art, produced by African Americans, from the collections of 30 museums), through December 31.

Museum of Contemporary Art, 220 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago, 312-280-2660: "MCA DNA: John Cage" (traces the decades-long relationship between the Museum and the celebrated avant-garde composer), opens September 1.

Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton Street, Chicago, 312-943-9090: "The Newberry Quasiquintennial: 125 Extraordinary Years, 125 Extraordinary Objects" (including the first Bible printed in North America; an aria handwritten and signed by Mozart—when he was 9; a Shakespeare First Folio; original artwork featuring American Indians by American Indians; an original and never-bound manuscript of Voltaire's *Candide*; letters from Thomas Jefferson, Jack Kerouac, and Ernest Hemingway, and rare correspondence between a slave woman and her husband), opens September 6.

Northwestern University, Block Museum of Art, 40 Arts Circle Drive, Evanston, 847-491-4000: "Shimon Attie: The

Neighbor Next Door" (re-envisioning of the artist's 1995 installation in Amsterdam; deals with absence and legacies of the Holocaust), opens September 21.

Oriental Institute, 1155 East 58th Street, Chicago, 773-702-9514: "Birds In Ancient Egypt," opens October 15.

Smart Museum of Art, 5550 S. Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, 773-702-0200: "Uppers and Downers" (reworks the familiar kitchen setup of cabinetry, countertop, and sink into an abstracted version of a massive rainbow arching over a waterfall), through December 16.

University of Chicago, Joseph Regenstein Library Special Collections Research Center Exhibition Gallery, 1100 East 57th Street, Chicago, 773-702-8705: "Medieval Margins and the Margins of Academic Life" (marginalia in manuscripts from Special Collections paired with photographs of student life), through September 11. "Swiss Treasures: From Biblical Papyrus and Parchment to Erasmus, Zwingli, Calvin, and Barth" (historical Biblical texts and modern manuscripts in Biblical studies drawn from eight libraries in seven Swiss cities), opens September 21.



Newberry: Quasiquintennial

Art Institute: Blood, Gold, and Fire

MICHAEL WOLGEMUT AND WORKSHOP. RECTO OF THE ISRAELITES ENSLAVED IN EGYPT, PAGE 69 FROM THE TREASURY (SCHATZBEHALTER), 1491.

MCA DNA: John Cage

A DIP IN THE LAKE: TEN QUICKSTEPS, SIXTY-TWO WALTZES, AND FIFTY-SIX MARCHES FOR CHICAGO AND VICINITY, 1978



Until a replacement exhibit editor is found, please send your listings to bmccamant@quarterfold.com, or call 312-329-1414 x 11.

Caxtonians Collect: Martha Chiplis

Interviewed by Robert McCamant

Martha Chiplis is a born and raised Midwesterner from Indianapolis. She attended Catholic schools there until she came to Chicago to attend the School of the Art Institute. While there she was exposed to various kinds of printmaking, including letterpress, where Cathie Ruggie Saunders was her instructor. The Art Institute was followed by more art study at the University of Wisconsin, Madison. There she did mainly drawing, etching, and painting, but “took three separate ‘classes’ from Walter Hamady. Two were independent credits (one semester I made a letterpress book, and the second semester I learned papermaking). The third class was a seminar called “Artists Books.” The goal was that each student would make one book a week (outside of class), without text. That was quite interesting. He talked the entire time about books and life, then give us the parameters of the next book we were supposed to make. Examples? make drawings based on Durer letters on gridded tracing paper, have blueprints made with them, make that into a book.) At the end of the semester I had some books I made that I still actually like,” she says.

“My Grandpa worked at the Indianapolis News as a photoengraver, so when I went to art school and took letterpress my mother gave me some printer’s cuts he had made. I used one of them for my first broadside,” she says.

Madison was followed by a year back in Indianapolis, but then in 1992 she came to work for me. She divided her time between my Sherwin Beach Press and Alphabets, Inc., a Postscript type-design firm I worked on and invested in with Peter Fraterdeus.

At Sherwin Beach, she worked on *\$144 a Month*, *Poisonous Plants at Table*, and *Ballet for Opening Day*. The biggest project was Mark Twain’s *Innocents Abroad*, which was really too big a project for our little press--as I recall, printing alone took two years of Martha’s life!

Her final project for Sherwin Beach was Lee Sandlin’s *Saving His Life*, which she also designed. To print the illustrations (family photos) she developed a photoetching process which combined digital photo manipulation with photopolymer plates. That project also

took more than a year, but this time it was because she had to figure it out as she went.

For Alphabets, she worked some on the typeface Egyptian Bold Condensed, but her main task was the digitization of typefaces based upon the hand-lettering of Chicagoan Oswald Cooper. Although specimens from the Society of Typographic Arts’ *Book of Oz* were enough to give a flavor of the letters, many individual characters were missing and had to be invented to fill out the character set.

She did the work without having had any



formal training in type design. “But I have been obsessed with lettering since I was a child,” she explained. “In grade school, the teacher used to ask me to cut out letters from construction paper to make the bulletin boards.”

When *Saving His Life* was completed in 2008, Martha went back to the School of the Art Institute, this time as an instructor in the design department. Saunders, who had been teaching her first year back when Martha was a student, wanted her back.

In addition, Chiplis has designed and printed ephemera for various clients. She also participated in two major multiple-printer projects: *The Vandercook Book* (Roni Gross and Barbara Henry’s collection of broadsides about the Vandercook press on the occasion of its 100th birthday in 2009) and “Pandora’s Box” (a special limited-edition box of original prints by various book and paper artists, produced by Columbia College Center for the Book as a fundraiser.

And as a collector, she has built a small

library of books similar to the ones she has worked on. As early as her undergraduate days, she visited Printed Matter in New York City on a school field trip, where she found she could not leave without a few items. And, she says, “Printmakers often do ‘print exchanges,’ where two artists who like each other’s work trade books or prints. I’ve gotten some of my favorite pieces that way,” she says.

Her most recent substantial purchase, made with her husband John Dunlevy (also a Caxtonian) was of Russell Maret’s *A Meditation in Rome*, which includes an essay by Caxtonian Paul Gehl. “What made it even more special to me is that I attended ATypI Rome in 2002, where Paul gave the talk that became the essay,” she says. “It gives it multiple resonances.”

Another multiple-resonance book is *Tree House*, a narrative in linocut by John Liddell published by Incline Press in the UK. “My father, who worked as a mechanical engineer, designed a tree house for our back yard. It fell down in a storm, just as one does in Liddell’s story. So, not only have I met the bookmakers (John Liddell, Graham Moss and Kathy Whalen), but it also tells a familiar story.”

Her newest project, which she is working on with Ruggie Saunders, is a book. They have a contract with the publisher A&C Black (a division of Bloomsbury) for one with the working title “For the Love of Letterpress,” to be published in summer (UK) and fall (US) of 2013. “We solicited and received 2000 images of projects from around the world, and now we are trying to whittle them down to 200 pictures. We are finishing up the writing in the next couple of months – it will be hard to keep it to 30,000 words,” she says.

“For the book, our goal is to communicate the love we feel for the letterpress process and its result: the sensual, printed artifact. The book will feature examples of the best in international contemporary letterpress printing, and will address the teaching and learning of the process, particularly within art and design school curricula,” she concludes.

Chiplis and Dunlevy live in Berwyn with two cats. She joined the Club in 2000, nominated by me. John Chalmers seconded the nomination.

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Luncheon: September 14, 2012, Union League Club
John Notz
Chicago's Graceland Cemetery:
A Place Alive for the Living

Caxtonian John Notz returns to talk about the creation of a scholarly new book: *Graceland Cemetery: A Design History*, by Christopher Vernon, envisioned and commissioned by John and his fellow Graceland Cemetery Trustees. The book determines, for the first time, the layers of design by nationally-known professionals, resulting in the world-renowned National Registry Cemetery design that had won prizes in the 1900s and 1920s. John will speak about the unusual challenges faced as they shepherded the book to its completion in December 2011. He will also discuss the task of restoring and renovating an ill-maintained section from 1990 to its prize-winning glory today.

A long-retired corporate attorney (Gardner, Carton & Douglas), John is vice-president of the Graceland Cemetery Board of Trustees; he has done his own extensive research, writing and speaking on Jens Jensen, Marion Mahony Griffin and William Le Baron Jenney, Charles R. Crane, to name a few, most often for The Chicago Literary Club, of which he has been a member since the 1980s and a past president.

September luncheon: Union League Club, 65 W. Jackson Boulevard
Luncheon buffet (main dining room on six) opens at 11:30 am; program (in a different room, to be announced) 12:30-1:30. Luncheon is \$30.
September dinner: Union League Club, 65 W. Jackson Boulevard.

Beyond September...

OCTOBER LUNCHEON

Newberry Library President and Caxtonian David Spadafora will deliver a talk on October 12, 2012 about the Library's extraordinary 125th Anniversary show. Set to open September 6, 2012, the exhibit will showcase the depth of the Newberry's collection with 125 of its best items.

OCTOBER DINNER

Michael Mendle, Professor of History at the University of Alabama, will discuss the rise of shorthand in 17th century England at the Union League Club on Wednesday, October 17.

Dinner: Wednesday, September 19, Union League Club
Carla Zecher
The Musical Treasures of the Newberry Library

Beginning in September 2012, the Newberry Library celebrates its quasiquintennial with an exhibition of 125 of the millions of books, maps, manuscript pages, drawings, and photographs in its collection—these featured items not only creating a neat parallelism (125 items for 125 years of existence) but also embodying the Newberry's mission to provide relevant research and learning opportunities for the public of Chicago and beyond. Carla Zecher will discuss the music-related items that did – and did not – make it into the exhibition, and how these items relate to the library's music collections as a whole.

Carla Zecher is Director of the Center for Renaissance Studies. She specializes in French Renaissance poetry and music, and early modern French travel writing. She is the author of *Sounding Objects: Musical Instruments, Poetry, and Art in Renaissance France* and a co-editor of *Dumont de Montigny, Regards sur le monde atlantique, 1715-1747*.

Timing: spirits at 5:00, dinner at 6:00, program at 7:30. Prices will be shown on the postcard and at www.caxtonclub.org. For reservations call 312-255-3710 or email caxtonclub@newberry.org; **reservations are needed by noon Friday for the Wednesday dinner.**

NOVEMBER LUNCHEON

On November 9, 2012, Caxtonian and Chief Librarian at the Pritzker Military Library, Teri Embrey, will lead a rousing tour of the Museum, including the Library and the new exhibit: "She's a WOW: Women in WWII". Luncheon arrangements to be announced.

NOVEMBER DINNER

Thanksgiving falls on Nov. 22, so we will meet at Union League for dinner on the second Wednesday, November 14. Our speaker will be Dr. Gordon Turnbull, general editor of the Yale Boswell Editions. "When a man is tired of hearing Gordon Turnbull speak, he is tired of life." – Jill Gage