

# THE FOSSIL

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SAMUEL LOVEMAN:  
POET OF EROS AND THANATOS

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Samuel E. Loveman (1887-1976), writer of poems, drama, translations, fiction, and essays, was recruited by fellow Clevelander Harry E. Martin into the National Amateur Press Association in 1902, and dropped out in 1910. In 1917, Loveman's friend H. P. Lovecraft persuaded him to rejoin the National and join the United A.P.A. Close study of the Bibliography in the excellent new book, *Out of the Immortal Night: Selected Works of Samuel Loveman*, edd. S. T. Joshi and David E. Schultz (New York: Hippocampus Press, 2004), reveals that many of the 148 poems therein first appeared in 1905-08 and 1919-26 in such amateur journals as *Clevelander*, *Cartoons*, *Sprite*, *The National Amateur*, and *The United Amateur*. Then the Summer 1935 issue of Hyman Bradofsky's mammoth *Californian* featured twenty-three new Loveman poems!

*Out of the Immortal Night* has 244 pp., twenty of which are devoted to an informative, judicious Introduction by co-editor Joshi. The book contains all Loveman poems the editors could find, plus selected dramas and prose. Joshi is much more detailed about Loveman's amateur career than his later years. As Joshi tells us, Loveman self-published *Poems*, sixteen of them, in 1911. His longest poem, *The Hermaphrodite*, was first published by amateur stalwart W. Paul Cook, at The Recluse Press, in 1926. (Cook also printed the Loveman drama, *The Sphinx: A Conversation* in 1944.) Loveman's second, largest, and best book was *The Hermaphrodite and Other Poems* (Caldwell, ID: Caxton Printers, 1936). All the poems from the 1911 and 1936 books are included in *Out of the Immortal Night*, as are seventy previously uncollected.

These poems are for me a revelation of unsuspected excellences. I had heard praise of

Loveman's poems from my elderly cousin, Porter Steele, a long-time Brooklyn resident (as were Loveman and Hart Crane from 1924 on), when I visited him in South Plainfield, NJ during my Amherst College student years, 1948-52. Porter was a pianist, composer, and lawyer whose lifelong best friend from Yale in the 1900's was Brian Hooker, best known as translator of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Knowing my love of poetry and my NAPA activities (I had joined in 1943), Porter showed me the idealistic 1911 *Poems* by "Sam Loveman, a dear friend, who wrote beautifully but had become silent, alas!" I thought the poems sentimental and old-fashioned, though technically accomplished and melodious.

Later, in the 1970's, I read all 773 pp. of John Unterecker's *Voyager: A Life of Hart Crane* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1969). Its index contains sixty-four entries for "Sam Loveman." Unterecker's use of "Sam" implies affection: perhaps Loveman said "Call me Sam" early in the several meetings during which Loveman told Unterecker a great deal about Hart Crane and his mother Grace, who outlived her son, and for whom Loveman became literary executor. In the text of *Voyager*, little about Sam Loveman comes through—he's just repeatedly cited as a source—except for this revealing passage, in which the octogenarian Loveman wryly anticipates his own death: "I love to walk. I can't walk much now. This damn physical condition. Well, I'll wait. I can walk in heaven" (p. 181).

Of Loveman's essays in the Joshi-Schultz book, the most intriguing are the two on Lovecraft and "A Letter on Hart Crane" (1933). Loveman's take on Lovecraft is decidedly mixed. His view of Crane is unalloyedly favorable, compelling, moving. The Loveman-Crane friendship was mutual and heartfelt. Unterecker writes (p. 192) that "Loveman and Crane were born storytellers, and between them they shared a whole world of literary gossip," as well as lively debates on the merits of Romantic vs. Modernist poems, especially Keats vs. Eliot. As Joshi says, "The

young Crane was immediately taken with Loveman, although temperamentally they differed significantly, Crane being emotionally open, flamboyant, and an enthusiast of literary Modernism while Loveman was shy, reserved, hypersensitive, and devoted to the literature of a century or more ago. Crane speaks affectionately of "my classic, puritan, inhibited friend Sam Loveman" (p. 16). And Loveman, in his "Letter," praises Crane for "some innately loyal feature that predominated in his makeup, in a personality drenched with sensitiveness and imbued with sincerity." Loveman also recalls Crane's "Dionysiac light and gusto," quotes from Crane's last letter "mailed to me a few days before his death, Easter, 1932," and ends, "Hail and Farewell to you, Hart Crane!"

Joshi rightly associates Crane with "literary Modernism." I would also link his major epic poem, *The Bridge* (1930), to Transcendentalism and Futurism. In the "Cape Hatteras" section, Crane's speaker addresses the WWI "Falcon-Ace": "Thou hast there in thy wrist a Sanskrit charge / To conjugate infinity's dim marge • / Anew!" •anticipating NASA's planetary probes and the Hubble telescope's gaze into the far reaches of the universe. Crane and Loveman share a hatred of war; and Crane deplors the use of the airplane as a killing machine. But Crane hopes to create a new secular myth in which technological inventions figure to help mankind transcend base instincts and achieve love and harmony. He looks forward with optimism. Loveman, in his earlier poems, looks *backward* with optimism to ancient Greece for nourishing myths, ideals of art and beauty, and ways to express the erotic.

The idealization of intense feelings aestheticized in Loveman's poetry focuses on Apollo and Sappho. He calls himself "the rapt son of Apollo" ("Euphorion," p. 58), titles a poem "To Apollo," and in the superb poem, "On the Passing of Youth" (p. 99), says he has read "Joy's pagan missal, / Fire-lighted, paradisal," and has seen, "Regal and passionate, / With hearts like molten dew, / Antique Apollo and his burning crew..." Sappho is associated with a "bitter" heart and "passionate memory" in "A Burden" (p. 97). The fine elegy, "Amy Levy," asserts that "Something within her like a fever" drove her to "temples that were Greek"; though "singing," she was sadly "Alone, immutably apart; / Till night fell on her soul despairing / And night upon her Sapphic heart." Loveman shows sympathetic understanding of erotic drives, in himself and others. Unlike Amy Levy, however, he was, as Crane said, "inhibited"; and he was never "Alone." He had many, many friends.

In fact, the major theme in many of Loveman's best poems is *friendship*. Live friends,

including Lovcraft, are celebrated. Dead friends are missed and remembered in verses realistic and incisive. Among Loveman's best lyric elegies are "Memorialia" (p. 68), "E. E." (p. 98), "To George Kirk..." (p. 112), and "Heldenleben" (p. 108), a keen anti-war poem, dedicated to Kirk. I quote it entire:

The boys who did not choose to fight •  
 So long it is • so long ago!  
 Still, in the solitary night,  
 There comes to me their endless woe.

For always, keen and bright, there thrills  
 The vigil of my friends in pain •  
 Clark, a deserter to the hills,  
 And Cross, a bullet in his brain.

Another of Loveman's themes is the plight of the poet in facing an unreceptive modern audience. "Talent" (p. 103): "Dante saw hell, an opal lit with ice, / And heaven, the loneliness of love long flown; / I, who have neither hell nor paradise, / Breathe speech and beauty into hearts of stone." Can stone hearts be poeticized into feeling? One can always hope • though I hear Loveman's tone as despairing. In his great dramatic monologue in odic form, "Debs in Prison" (p. 117), Loveman has the Socialist leader Eugene Debs invoke such martyrs as Giordano Bruno and Socrates as avatars of "tenderness" who cared "for the naked, the despoiled, abhorred," cried out against "tyranny," died for "Liberty." But, Debs ends, "Until the brotherhood of man is come" and "Love everlasting" arrives, "I stay imprisoned with my fellow men."

Who knows why Loveman, as Joshi asserts, did not publish poetry during his last four decades? Had he stopped writing? Had the inner need to write dried up and blown away on a bitter wind? A clue, perhaps, is this sentence from Loveman's "Letter on Hart Crane": "Something seemed to have burned itself out within the boundaries of his creative consciousness after the actual publication of *The Bridge*." Maybe the pessimism of his sardonic "Christmas • 1923" (p. 118) eventually made Loveman ask himself, Why bother to sing in this misery-laced world? I quote the poem:

As I went through the rain and wind  
 The beggar-men by twos and threes  
 They bowed and murmured: "Sir, be kind  
 Unto our mighty miseries."

And I, whose brain was never quiet,  
 I saw, eternal to their call,  
 Heart-ache and penury and riot,  
 With Death the master of it all.

*Out of the Immortal Night* is a valuable book for amateur journalists, professors of poetry, Lovecraftians, Hart Crane scholars, and anyone who enjoys reading poems. I have quoted from and alluded to only a few of the strong poems in this volume. It is well worth owning!

In closing, I'd quarrel with one word in Joshi's splendid Introduction. On p. 21, Joshi writes, "Loveman once declared to [Clark Ashton] Smith that he had 'undivided respect' for only four American writers • Smith himself, George Sterling, [Edgar] Saltus, and (oddly) Sherwood Anderson." Why "(oddly)"? It is *not* surprising to me that Loveman liked Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* (reread "Hands"! ). Stylistically clear, direct, and lyrical, Anderson expresses a love of beauty, a sympathy for repressed erotic drives, a deep awareness of loneliness, the value of friendship, and the sad reality of death • all of which suffuse Loveman's best poems. Thanks to Joshi and Schultz, we can now appreciate our long-ago amateur journalistic compatriot Sam Loveman not as an old-fashioned sentimentalist locked in yearning for an idealized past, but as a major minor poet whose truest themes are timeless.

## BUSY FOSSILS

### PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Guy Miller

On or about July 10 we will be mailing out ballots for the 2005-2006 elections. The Offices to be filled are president, vice president, and official editor. In addition, you will be asked to approve an amendment to our by-laws which is one of those "house keeping" duties necessitated by the recent transfer of our Library of Amateur Journalism to the University of Wisconsin Libraries in Madison WI. The amendment is as follows:

#### *By-Laws Amendment Text Commences*

##### (1) Article II - Purposes

Sec. 2. Change to read: "The Fossils, Inc., maintains an active interest in The Library of Amateur Journalism donated in 2004 to the Special Collections Department of the University of Wisconsin Library, Madison."

Sec. 5. Delete.

##### (2) Article III - Membership

Sec. 2. Delete.

Sec. 3. Renumber "Section 2."

##### (3) Article V - Officers

Sec. 6. Librarian: Delete wording beginning with "The Librarian shall monitor...." and replace

with "The Librarian will convey to the membership through *The Fossil* any pertinent communications from the Special Collections Department of the University of Wisconsin Library, Madison, pertaining to The Library of Amateur Journalism."

#### *By-Laws Amendment Text Ends*

Both regular and same household (i.e., family) members are eligible to vote. Your ballot should be returned to Secretary-Treasurer Stan Oliner no later than July 31. The elected officers assume their posts on August 15.

In the meantime, activity goes forward. One accomplishment has been the final signing by your Board of Trustees of the Donation Agreement with the University of Wisconsin Libraries at Madison WI, thus completing details of the transfer of our Library of Amateur Journalism from Stayton OR to Madison.

Another giant leap of progress has come about through the hard work of our Webmaster David Tribby who has been shaping a masterpiece of a web page for The Fossils. Be sure to check it out at:

<http://www.thefossils.org>

Incidentally, one embellishment you will find there is an updated Fossil logo. We have borrowed Dave's rendition for use in the banner of this issue of *The Fossil*. Compare his creation with the quaintly shaped logo on our April issue, and you will see why we changed!

Finally, we are happy to report that distribution of our centenary *One Hundred Years of The Fossils, 1904-2004* has finally begun. You can order your copy by remitting the sum of \$15 made payable to Guy Miller, 2951 Archer Lane, Springfield, OH 45503-1209. Ten dollars of that amount goes into *The Fossil* Fund which was established to assure that we can continue to deliver to you first-class issues of our Official Organ even though our dues income might fall short of financing this most important function of our organization. There is one thing we must warn you about when you order: you might have to wait to receive your copy of the centenary mainly because each book is hand-crafted from start to finish in the publisher's private hobby shop; so, the speed of production is determined by the other demands on the workman's time. But when you do get your copy, you will know that it is a unique product • each book marked, in one way or another, with characteristics distinctly its own. Therefore, after an examination, we hope that you will feel that your wait has been justified, not only by the content but also by the covering which enwraps it.

RUSSELL L. PAXTON MEMORIAL AWARD

RECIPIENT:  
FRED LIDDLE

Leland M. Hawes, Jr.

The Russell L. Paxton Memorial Award is given annually by The Fossils for exceptional service to amateur journalism. It was first presented to Paxton himself, a former president of the American, the National and The Fossils, in 1986.

Donor of the award was secret at the time, but was revealed later as John Horn. He set out a number of criteria for the annual choice, and one of those suggestions was this:

“A recipient might be someone who has set an example to other amateur journalists by long and regular publication •and encouragement to others to do so.”

That might give you a clue as to this year's winner. He is currently approaching the 700th issue of his main publication.

Yes, Fred Liddle has been setting records for years, first when he was turning out issues by letterpress of his *Rhatt Race*, *Flimsie Excuse*, *Solid Muldoon*, *National Calamity* and *Suncoast Amateur*. They ranged in size from 4 to 24 pages.

In recent years, when he switched to desktop publishing after having to dispose of his printing equipment, he has been even more prolific. For a while, it seemed he was turning out a new journal every other day.

Soon after joining in 1969, Fred agreed to take office in the American. He said he felt an obligation to give back to a hobby in which he gained so much enjoyment.

First appointed AAPA's printing & publishing manager, he went on to serve as second vice president, then virtually every other office except mailer. He has been president, official editor for eight volumes, historian for seven terms, first vice president for three terms, and director for four terms.

His journals have won AAPA laureates 21 times •usually for best letterpress printed journal or journal of overall excellence. After his changeover to computer, he started winning for best non-letterpress printed journal.

In the year 2000, Fred received a special award for “consistency in producing a quality journal.” That was for *Flimsie Excuse*.

It goes without saying that Fred Liddle is an all-time “great” in amateur journalism. So it's a special pleasure to announce that the 2005 Fossil award for service to amateur journalism goes to Frederick Joseph Liddle.

*Because of recent surgery, Fred Liddle was unable to attend the recent AAPA convention in Scottsdale, Arizona to receive the Russell L. Paxton Memorial Award in person from Lee Hawes. Lee brought the plaque memorializing the award back to Tampa to present to Fred. The Fossil thanks Lee for providing the text of the speech which he delivered in Scottsdale, and award recipient Fred Liddle for his many years of notable service to the amateur journalism hobby.*

IN MEMORIAM

*Bob Mills*

*The Fossil* learns with regret from Bill Venrick's “AAPA Alert” that Fossil Bob Mills, who served two back-to-back terms as NAPA President, passed away at his home in San Jacinto CA, on July 6, 2005, shortly after spending time with his many friends at the NAPA convention he helped plan in Carson CA. According to Mark Barbour's report in “AAPA Alert,” Bob was able to join the NAPA conventioners for the afternoon sessions at the International Printing Museum on Monday, July 4, 2005; the same evening, he participated in the group photograph and banquet. Bob's family has asked that donations in his memory be made to the International Printing Museum, 315 Torrance Boulevard, Carson CA 90745. Bob, a printer by profession, had been a major supporter of the Museum from its founding in 1988. Condolences can reach Bob's family at 2230 Lake Park Drive #27, San Jacinto CA 92583.

*Dr. Harold E. Davids*

Dr. Harold E. Davids, 85, of Kaytonne Avenue [Waterbury CT], died Sunday, May 29, at Wolcott View Manor. He was the husband of Sonya (Seymon) Davids.

Mr. Davids was born Jan. 14, 1920, in Waterbury, son of the late Joseph and Fannie (Greenblatt) Davids. He graduated from Crosby High School, class of 1937, and from Pennsylvania College of Optometry in 1941. He was an Army veteran having served in World War II. He served as chief optometrist in the 184th General Hospital, European Theater of Operations. Dr. Davids practiced optometry in Naugatuck from 1943 until his retirement in 1982.

He authored and printed essays and books. He was a member of the Connecticut Society of Optometrists, the New England Council of Optometrists and the American Optometric Association. He was also a member of the American Legion, former member of the board of directors of the Naugatuck Chamber of Commerce, past president of the Naugatuck Jaycees, past chairman of the Blood Programs of the Naugatuck Red Cross, past president

of the Naugatuck Rotary Club and Paul Harris Fellow of Rotary International, a former member of the Appalachian Mountains Club and past president of the National Amateur Press Association.

Besides his wife of more than 58 years, he leaves a son, Noah Davids; a daughter, Frances Davids, and two grandchildren.

*The Fossil thanks Bill Venrick ("AAPA Alert") and Bill Boys ("NAPA Email News") for the information in these notices.*

## FOSSIL NOTES

### *Merry Harris*

Four times Fossil president, Merry Harris, has been selected for recognition on the basis of her writings on human brotherhood. Her name will be inscribed on the Wall of Tolerance in Birmingham, Alabama.

Merry has been active in amateur journalism for over forty years. She has served one term as NAPA vice president, and held the office of critic in two ajay groups.

She is presently finishing the revision of a book-length manuscript of narrative poems, "A Fine and Private Place."

Recently printed was her book of narrative poems "Cardboard City." The poems are the life stories of life's unfortunates, and how they came down to ruin.

Mary's daughter, Laura White, a NAPA family member, wordprocesses the writings of her 84-year-old mother and does the final editing.

Merry's biography will appear in the 2005 edition of *Who's Who of American Women*, a Marquis publication.

### *Leland M. Hawes, Jr.*

Lee Hawes retired from *The Tampa Tribune* at the end of 2004, after fifty-two years of service. He filed his final "History & Heritage" page for the Sunday *Tribune* on December 26, 2004. Fellow *Tribune* columnist Steve Otto, his colleague for thirty-five years, called Lee "the institutional memory of this town." Lee first came to the attention of the *Tribune* in 1941, when the newspaper reported on the 11-year-old Lee's weekly mimeographed neighborhood newspaper the *Flint Lake Diver*. The *Tribune* renamed its research center "The Leland M. Hawes, Jr. Archives & Research Center" and granted him a lifetime building pass and a research "nest" to pursue his "retirement" projects.

Honors for Lee did not stop with his retirement. On January 28, 2005, he was the guest of honor at a luncheon hosted by the Tampa Bay History

Center and the University of South Florida Special Collections Department. Over 400 persons, including AAPA colleagues Fred Liddle and Sean Donnelly, attended. Tampa Mayor Pam Iorio proclaimed January 28, 2005 to be "Leland M. Hawes Day."

Lee is certainly not letting the grass grow under his feet following his retirement. Besides serving as Vice President for The Fossils, he is currently running for AAPA President.

The following thoughts about Lee by Fred Liddle were originally printed in *The American Amateur Journalist* for March 2005 under the title "A salute to a good friend who made a difference in my life":

For every old saw there is said to be an "exception that proves the rule." Thus, the old myth that spinsters and bachelors tend to be self-centered must be true because of the exception: Leland Hawes.

On the occasion of his end of the year retirement from "Mother Trib," honors were heaped on him, not only by management but even more so by the many co-workers whose lives he touched.

Lee's interest in the job didn't end with the completion of his shift or assigned duties. Like the newspaperman he is, he always had his eyes out for a story. When he heard of or spotted a news item, he would always tip off the appropriate colleague in the department that should cover the story: features, business, whatever.

Nor should we forget another segment of the population whose lives he touched: the readers. Leland and I lunch together frequently and I couldn't keep track of all the times he was approached by acquaintances or total strangers who told him how much they enjoyed his Sunday "History & Heritage" page.

On a personal basis, when my New York employer closed his shop shortly before the 1971 Tampa AAPA convention, I told Lee I'd have to forget about attending. He immediately urged me to fly down if I could, offered to let me stay at his house and save the price of a hotel room. And in spite of all the convention details that needed his attention, he broke away long enough to take me to the Tribune building and introduced me to the superintendent of the photoengraving department. This led to a job of nearly 20 year duration.

I'm grateful to say he touched my life, too.

### *Louise Lincoln*

Bill Boys's "NAPA E-News" reports that Louise Lincoln has moved to an assisted living facility to continue her recovery from the fall she suffered in January. Louise may now be addressed at 400 South Broadway Place, Apt. 1277, Tucson AZ 85710-3792.

*The Fossil* remains deeply indebted to Louise for the "Fossil Portrait" which appeared in our April 2005 issue. I am sure she would love to hear from her fellow Fossils and from her many other friends in amateur journalism as she continues her recovery. "NAPA E-News" reports that Louise was sorely missed at NAPA's recent Carson CA convention.

*The Fossil thanks Merry Harris, Mike O'Connor's The American Amateur Journalist and Bill Boys's "NAPA E-News" for the information appearing in "Fossil Notes." The Fossil welcomes news notes concerning our members and other notable figures in the world of amateur journalism. A few samples of Merry Harris's verse follow.*

#### A GARLAND OF POEMS BY MERRY HARRIS

##### *Modern La Pieta*

(For Carolyn Martin; in memory of Chet)

Dear God, having seen your own Son die,  
You must have a special dispensation  
For grieving Mothers. You must look  
Upon them  
With special empathy and compassion.  
You can wipe all tears away  
With the warmth of your love.  
In the dark night of their souls  
Please make your presence felt.  
Let them know they do not grieve alone.  
As Mary embraced your only Son  
And laved him with her tears,  
So does each modern mother cling  
To memories of her beloved son  
Who now resides with you.  
Bless her, God. Enfold her  
In your great love, and give her peace.  
Let her tears like holy water  
Have miraculous healing powers.

##### *Unknown Poets*

Children of no lesser muse  
Are we  
Who never win great fame,  
Yet bear to the tomb  
Inspiration's sacred flame.  
We die unknown, as we lived.  
Our works go down in waste  
Because we do not satisfy  
The public's current taste.  
Yet no one truly fails,  
However it may seem,  
If he remains steadfast  
To the last  
To his vision and his dream.

##### *In A Time of Grievous Loss*

Thank you God for having ignored my plaint  
When I implored: "Please let me die.  
I cannot bear this awful change  
Which has rent my soul asunder."  
Thank you for not listening  
When I asked you to turn my heart to stone  
So that sudden traumatic loss  
Could not again find me vulnerable.  
Thank you for removing from me all bitterness  
And leaving only good, clean grief  
Which purifies the soul...hurts come to us  
To test our faith, our strength, our courage,  
and teach us truths we do not want to know.  
I have survived the ordeal, Lord,  
Battered beyond belief...still vulnerable,  
But I have learned one can survive  
Life's worst traumas, and that love  
Is worth the price we pay for it in pain.

##### *My Memorial Poem*

Please do not grieve for  
Me when I am gone:  
I will be released from pain  
And shall go home to  
Loved ones  
Who will embrace me once  
Again.

Death, I have too often said,  
Is a bright new beginning.  
It is not a matter of losing  
Anything,  
But of glorious winning.

If you can, remember  
Things I said to  
Make you laugh.  
Remember me with Lasting  
Love •  
Let love be my epitaph.

##### *Cumulus Clouds*

Lovely cumulus clouds  
Today remind me:  
A cloud by day,  
A pillar of fire by night  
Led God's chosen children  
To the promised land.  
Today we have no visible means  
To lead us to the land of our desiring  
But God himself will lead us, if we ask,  
Not to the land of milk and honey •  
But to enrichment of the spirit  
And a place of utmost happiness •  
If not in this present world,  
In a glorious realm to come.

## AN AJAY TIME CAPSULE

Sean Donnelly

Last year I bought a collection of 600 or more amateur journals. Most are from the 1880s to the 1910s. These belonged to Louis B. Gardner, a printer and publisher from Groton, Connecticut, who was active in amateur journalism around the turn of the twentieth century. Unfortunately, rats and water had ruined dozens of them, but the majority remain in decent condition. Sorting through them has brought to light the career of Louis Gardner, and also shed light on an interesting trend in amateur journalism during the period.

Gardner's debut journal, *The Gem*, was first published in November of 1897. He followed it with *The Rapier*, and then *Daphne*, its privately circulated supplement. *The Rapier* was co-edited in its early years by William J. Clemence, a notable amateur journalist and lyrical poet from Rhode Island. Clemence is best remembered for the sad story told by W. Paul Cook of the time H. P. Lovecraft gave Clemence a coat when he was down-and-out during the Great Depression; but he deserves to be known as well for his energetic activity in ajay in the 1890s and 1900s.

*The Rapier* was basically a vehicle for Clemence and Gardner, who contributed poetry and stories to most issues. Both men were fair writers, so the contents are worth perusing today. Gardner's talents as a printer, though, leave something to be desired. *The Rapier* was printed on cheap paper. Some issues were illustrated with crude woodcuts. These are not credited, but the cover illustration for *Daphne* is credited to Gardner. It's a charming drawing of a girl on a bicycle in the style of Howard Chandler Christy. (There's a similar illustration by Gardner on the cover of the February 1906 issue of *The Criterion*.)

Gardner obviously had some artistic talent, but poetry seemed to be his true *métier* and passion. In addition to promoting it in his journals, he issued the "Brier-Rose Series" of poetry booklets, of which there were at least two issues. The first number published eight poems by amateur writers, including Clemence and William R. Murphy. The second volume in the series, *Thoughts in Rhyme*, collected poems by Gardner himself.

Besides issuing his own journals and booklets, Gardner operated the Gem Printing Company, which printed papers for other amateurs at competitive prices. His "Price List for Amateur Papers," published on February 12, 1900, offered to print 250 copies of a 5x7, 4-page journal for just \$1.00!

Gardner's own journals are just a small part of the collection I bought. Unfortunately there aren't many long runs of journals. It's rather a sampling of the ajay world at that time. As I arranged the journals by title and date an interesting trend emerged. The drab journals of the late 1800s, typified by self-wraps and newspaper-style layouts, underwent a dramatic change that reflected what was happening in the wider world of printing and book making.

Many American printers and typographers of the 1890s and early 1900s were influenced by the work of William Morris and his Kelmscott Press. He set a high standard for materials and attention to detail, and promoted quality craftsmanship over mass-produced machine goods. That influence is seen in the work of Will Bradley and his Wayside Press, Paul Elder, John Henry Nash, the Elston Press, Roycrofters, Stone & Kimball, Way & Williams, Copeland & Day, Thomas B. Mosher, Bruce Rogers, and Frederic W. Goudy and his Village Press. Their work also reflects the Arts & Crafts movement and the period's signature style, Art Nouveau.

These influences are evidenced by sewn bindings, printed color covers, tasteful decorations, a conservative use of color, and fleurons and other typographic ornaments like paragraph marks. Some or all of these elements are to be found in dozens of amateur journals from circa 1900. Journals that fit this description include: *Girdom*, John Leary Peltret's *Hesperides*, *Duo Lambda*, *The World*, *The Scribbler*, *The Amateur Printer-Journalist*, *The Phoenician*, *The Acorn*, *Editorial*, Linden D. Dey's *Villa De Laura Times*, *The Hub Club Quill*, Frank S. Morton's *The Reverie*, and Samuel Steinberg's *Dilettante*. Deserving of special notice are Foster Gilroy's *The Stylus*, Tim Thrift's *The Lucky Dog*, *Vanity Fair: A Whim* (printed by E. G. Hulse), Alfred Victor Peterson's *By the Way*, and my favorite, *The Thomas Cat* (produced by The Jackson Quick Print). The journals in this latter group stand out because of the extra care lavished on them by their printers.

The majority of these journals were produced in the 5x7 format. A smaller number issued in a larger format also show the influence of the same trend toward finer printing. Among these are: Theo. B. Thiele's *The Pirate*, *The Interpolitan*, Frank A. Kendall's famous *The Torpedo*, and Edith Minter's quarterly, *The Varied Year*.

I have not dared to attempt a comprehensive exposition of this trend. This is an essay, a first step along what may be a promising avenue of research. I will continue to gather examples and evidence and heartily encourage anyone else interested in this trend to join me in the search for answers to questions about its origins and inspirations.

## PUBLICATION NOTES

Al Fick, *A Rural Life: Essays and Notes From A Writer's Journal*, Fountain Hills, Arizona: Four Peaks Press [Mike O'Connor], 2005, 21pp., edition of 75 copies.

Alvin Fick, *Turning Out the Ducks*, Cornwall, Pennsylvania: Blockhead Press [the author], 2002, 79pp., edition of 100 copies.

Ralph W. Babcock, *A Sampler of Weaker Moments*, Oak Harbor, Washington: [the author], 2002, 290pp., edition of 400 copies.

Guy Miller and Ken Faig, Jr., *One Hundred Years of the Fossils 1904-2004*, Springfield, Ohio: Potpourri Private Press, 2005, 96pp., first printing of 50 copies [March 2005].

Here are four amateur books from the last three years • diverse in format and content, but unified in their love for the printed word.

*A Rural Life* is a beautiful example of presswork and book design. Mike O'Connor has taken ten short essays by Al Fick, printed them by hand, and enshrined them in a beautifully manufactured volume fully worthy of the contents. Primarily known as a poet, Al herein expresses in prose some of the same wonder expressed in his poetry. Dedicated to his wife Alma, these essays reflect the experience of Al and Alma during twenty-two years of life on a farm in upstate New York. "A Winter Walk" and "Countryman's Thanksgiving" describe how even the desolation of winter can yield decoration for the rural household. "Time and Change" records how "the countryman listens and looks, loathe to lose a note of nature's sweet song." "Passing of the Lantern" mourns the loss of the warm yellow light which once illumined so many rural scenes. "The Hedgerow" is a remarkable reflection on a seemingly non-productive part of the rural domain which is nevertheless a world of wonder in its own right. In "Hyla Crucifer," Al reflects that "the lowliest folk of creation are among the most exalted" for the countryman. The eternal springtime piping of the little peepers reminds the countryman of John Burroughs's saying: "I stand amid the eternal ways."

*Turning Out the Ducks* contains many of the same kinds of reflections on nature, expressed in poetry rather than prose. This selection of fifty or more poems was produced for the author by Linda Donaldson in a handsome spiral-bound edition. "Gardener" provides a feel for Al's remarkable sensitivity to nature:

Kneeling in the dust  
by the bean row,  
he tugs at a weed.  
It breaks and leaves  
a healthy growing root.  
He sees beetles  
on the squash vine,  
hears corn larvae  
boring in the stalk  
on the way to the ear,  
watches horn worms  
climb tomato stems,  
hears distant thunder,  
but know in his heart  
there will be no rain.

These poems are rarely didactic but in "Summer" the poet allows himself the reflection:

it's only birdsong, trees and grass  
that slip away until at last we see  
the best has been and it was free.

These sentiments echo the poet's reflection in his essay "Time and Change": "[But] a man can never call back the crimson of a single sunset; he can never resurrect the call of one unnoticed bird."

The reverence of poet and essayist Alvin Fick for all of nature is reflected in both of these wonderful books. Like the poet Milton, Al has now lost virtually all of his sight; but so long as touch and taste and hearing remain, I suspect that the poet will remain grateful for all of God's creation that he can still perceive. In his wisdom he knows that this creation is for all generations.

Ralph Babcock's *A Sampler of Weaker Moments* was created for the author by Whidbey Printers by digitally scanning a wide selection of issues of Ralph's one-sheeter *Weaker Moments*, which ran to over 650 issues over his long amateur career. It bespeaks Ralph's devotion to the hobby that he oversaw the creation of this book while confined to a nursing home during the final months of his life. As with Ralph's earlier collection of amateur writing, *Your Thoughts*, published with the sponsorship of The Fossils in 1983, reproduction of the original printing and design adds much to *A Sampler*. First and foremost, we realize the pre-eminent importance of letterpress printing to Ralph • perhaps he is nearest to heaven when sharing the facilities of another amateur printer to produce a "tramp" issue of *Weaker Moments*. How he glories in the many wonderful typefaces he encounters in his travels and his own collecting. Both his wife Nancy and his father-in-law Steve Watts worked for ATF. There are many wonderful displays of curious typefaces and typographical decorations in this bountiful selection of *Weaker Moments*.



Then we also have Ralph the writer: famed for the staccato succession of capsulized images, famed for the warmth of his opinions, moderated by his love of the amateur journalism hobby. Over the years, he did yeoman's work for NAPA, AAPA, and The Fossils. His long run of *Scarlet Cockerel* contained everything that a finer amateur journal should aspire to. We will not see the like of "giants" like Ralph Babcock soon again. *A Sampler* is a wonderful reflection of his long career in the hobby. That he saw fit to create it in his final years as a widower confined in a nursing home bespeaks his dedication to the hobby. More than a year after his death in 2003, bequests left by Ralph to amateur journalists funded most of the cost of transferring Library of Amateur Journalism to its new home at University of Wisconsin (Madison). If one can regret anything at all concerning such a long and useful life, it is that Ralph did not live to complete his intended book on his father-in-law Steve Watts. I am sure it would have been a classic in the field of typography. Now Ralph is gone but the publication of this wonderful book during the final months of his life should assure fulfillment of the wish the author expresses on its cover: "Enjoy Herein Toil & Dreams of Ralph & Nancy Babcock." Last but not least we have *One Hundred Years of the Fossils 1904-2004*, the centenary tribute to our organization edited by President Guy Miller and yours truly. Guy is binding them up (using backing boards manufactured from cereal boxes) ten copies at a time and will doubtless go to a second printing if more copies are needed to supply demand. He is asking \$15 per copy of which \$10 will be donated to *The Fossil* Fund.

I wrote a fair amount of the content of this book, so far be it from me to do a "review," but I thought it would be in the interest of our readers to describe the contents so they can make their own decisions regarding acquisition. Guy has printed a handsome title page including his re-designed Fossils' logo with the legend "Historians of Amateur Journalism." Harry T. Cook's "The Founding of The Fossils," reprinted from *The Fossil* of January 1950, is the lead-off article and describes the circumstances surrounding the founding of The Fossils in 1904. This article is accompanied by a short paragraph "Why Fossils?" and a listing of those in attendance at the founding meeting on May 28, 1904. A fifty-page history of the Library of Amateur Journalism by yours truly follows. (This text, supplemented by the Historian's Report in *The Fossil* for January 2005, can also be found on The Fossils' website at <http://www.thefossils.org>. A bonus, not found in the electronic text, is an excellent photograph of longtime Librarian Mike Horvat and his family appearing on p.

66.) Next follows the gallery of Presidents of The Fossils assembled by President Miller. Only Henry L. Bryan (1918-19), Charles W. Darr (1924-25), and Frederick H. Bowersock (1935-36) are missing—a pretty impressive gathering of images of our past leaders. The gallery is accompanied by rosters of our presidents and our official editors through 2004. Guy Miller's discussion of "Our Seals" and my discussion of "Fossil Books" follow. Vic Moitoret's "Fossils Awards: An Historical Roundup" concludes the volume. I think President Miller and his Potpourri Private Press have done an outstanding job with the centenary tribute and I hope that many of our members will want to acquire this volume.

H. P. Lovecraft, *Letters to Reinhart Kleiner*, New York: Hippocampus Press, 2005, trade paperback, 298pp., ISBN 0-97487789-5-2. Edited by S. T. Joshi and David E. Schultz.

H. P. Lovecraft, *Letters from New York*, Portland and San Francisco: Night Shade Books, 2005, hardcover, xx+332pp., ISBN 1-892389-37-1. Edited by S. T. Joshi and David E. Schultz.

It's not the place of *The Fossil* to review every contribution to scholarship on H. P. Lovecraft and his work—if it were, most of our quarterly issues would be devoted to this single subject—but the Lovecraft correspondence which S. T. Joshi and David E. Schultz are gradually bringing into print is often noteworthy for its references to HPL's involvement in the amateur journalism hobby, whose history is our principal focus. Large selections from Lovecraft's voluminous correspondence were originally published in five volumes under the title *Selected Letters* by Arkham House between 1965 and 1976. The original work of assembling and transcribing this correspondence was undertaken by Arkham House over many decades; one set of the unpublished end product, commonly referred to as the "Arkham House Transcripts" (AHT) is owned by the John Hay Library of Brown University. Messrs. Joshi and Schultz began their new editions of Lovecraft correspondence with Necronomicon Press, but have continued with Night Shade Books (which earlier did Lovecraft's letters to Donald Wandrei) and Hippocampus Press (which has done Lovecraft's letters to Alfred Galpin, Samuel Loveman, and Vincent Starrett). Joshi and Schultz have generally chosen to publish Lovecraft's correspondence correspondent by correspondent without textual omission. *Letters from New York* is an exception since it contains letters to various correspondents written during Lovecraft's stays in New York City in 1922 and 1924-26. Lovecraft's aunts Lillian D. Clark and Annie E. Gamwell are the

recipients of most of the letters and there is some material left out. Lovecraft spent an additional six weeks in New York City in the spring of 1928 but no letters from that period are included. In the mid-thirties, Lovecraft made a habit of spending part of the week between Christmas and New Year's Day with the Longs in New York City, but during these short visits he probably only had time to write postcards.

*Letters From New York* is mostly memorable for its remarkably detailed account of Lovecraft's domestic arrangements in New York in 1924-26. He had married Sonia E. (Haft) Greene (1883-1972) on March 3, 1924 and the couple took up residence in Sonia's apartment at 259 Parkside in Brooklyn. Economic difficulties forced Sonia to depart for employment in the Midwest on the final day of 1924, and Lovecraft took up bachelor quarters at 169 Clinton Street in Brooklyn, where he remained until his return to Providence in April 1926. He took few housekeeping decisions without consulting his aunts, and the discussion is all reflected in these letters. The theft of a good portion of his clothing in the spring of 1925 was a near-devastating blow, but Lovecraft handled it with aplomb and acquired decent new clothing at reasonable cost. It is quite evident, however, that the failure of his prospects in New York City began gradually to wear upon him to the extent that even the meetings of the famous Kalem Club could not relieve his unhappiness. During this period, Lovecraft's activity in amateur journalism was at relatively low ebb; after being turned out of UAPA office by the "anti-literary" faction in 1922-23, Lovecraft and his wife returned to office in 1923-24 and 1924-25. He succeeded in installing a replacement slate with Edgar J. Davis as president and his recruit Victor E. Bacon as official editor for the 1925-26 official year, but the old Hoffman-Daas faction of UAPA lapsed into inactivity after HPL turned over office to Davis and Bacon. (I do not believe the Hoffman-Daas faction elected any more official boards after Davis-Bacon in 1925-26.) Amateur affairs in general were at low ebb in the late twenties (NAPA's Niagara Falls convention in 1928 drew only eight attendees), so the failure of the "Lovecraft United" in the 1925-26 official year can probably be attributed more to the general state of affairs than to any individual influence.

If the interest of *Letters From New York* for the historian of amateur journalism is relatively minor, the opposite is true of *Letters to Reinhart Kleiner*. Kleiner (1892-1949), whose activity in amateur journalism predated Lovecraft's, succeeded Lovecraft (1917-18) as UAPA president for the 1918-19 term. He visited Lovecraft in Providence in 1916 and 1918. Lovecraft's mother caught him about to light his pipe

during the latter visit and expressed the view that her son might find the smoking habit soothing, but Kleiner wisely omitted any attempt to convert Lovecraft, who had smoked as an adolescent, to the "weed." Lovecraft and Kleiner were both poets, and often replied to each other in verse. Quite a few of these exchanges are printed in this collection—probably Kleiner's "To Mary of the Movies" (addressed to Mary Pickford) and Lovecraft's "To Charlie of the Comics" (addressed to Charles Chaplin) are the most memorable. A copy of the latter was actually forwarded to Chaplin, who acknowledged it in a note to Lovecraft. (So far as I know, Chaplin's note does not survive.) After Lovecraft died in 1937, Kleiner penned quite a number of memoirs of his friend, which are also reproduced in this volume. Kleiner was one of the few friends to offer memories of Lovecraft's long-suffering wife Sonia. One particularly hilarious memory goes as follows: "No doubt, some of Mrs. Greene's standards of conduct, at least for men, were a bit naïve. I do remember her once remarking with finality to a circle of Lovecraft's companions, gathered at her home, 'No gentleman ever carries a pocketknife!' Forthwith, Lovecraft, Long, Kirk, Loveman and I produced ours." (This anecdote reminds me of the reaction of Messrs. Howard and Fine when addressed as "Gentlemen!")

There is a lot of information about the amateur journalism of the day in Lovecraft's letters to Kleiner, which extend from 1915 to 1923 and then curiously cease until 1936-37. Lovecraft expresses his frustrations with the burdens of the presidential office both during his UAPA term (1917-18) and his NAPA term (1922-23). He was clearly more comfortable as critic than as chief executive officer, and it was as critic that he returned to activity in NAPA after attending the 1930 Boston NAPA convention at the invitation of his friend Edward H. Cole (1892-1966). Cole's activity in amateur journalism predated Lovecraft's by nearly decade, and Lovecraft, conscious of his own narrowness as a young man, early on felt resentment towards Cole's pre-eminent position within the hobby. However, they ended as fast friends. Cole was the only friend to accompany Lovecraft's body to Swan Point Cemetery for burial in 1937. Especially during his first decade in the amateur journalism hobby, Lovecraft was a controversialist—in fact, his controversy with John Russell in the pages of *Argosy* had resulted in his recruitment to UAPA by Edward F. Daas in 1914. He had earlier engaged in controversy in newspaper columns with the Providence astrologer J. F. Hartman and he continued this tradition with disputes with amateur journalists including Charles M. Isaacson, Elsa Gidlow, George Rosswell Mills, Michael O. White, Noah F. Whitaker, Ida C.

Haughton, Anthony F. Moitoret and others. Toward the end of his career, he engaged in a dispute with Forrest J. Ackerman in the columns of *The Fantasy Fan* over the merits of the work of his friend Clark Ashton Smith. Nothing drew response from Lovecraft more readily than attacks on his friends. On the other hand, Sonia Greene's generous recognition of the work of Lovecraft and his circle in her amateur magazine *The Rainbow* probably did much to cement their relationship. A future volume centering on Lovecraft as a controversialist (with words from both sides of his disputes) would be very welcome.

Some of Kleiner's own recollections of Lovecraft pose some puzzles for the Lovecraft student. At the suggestion of James F. Morton, the NAPA Executive Judges tendered the NAPA presidency to Lovecraft after the resignation of William Dowdell in the late fall of 1922. Lovecraft's acceptance of their offer is dated November 30, 1922. But Kleiner recalls that "the occasion of his capitulation, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Julian Houtain, on Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, was a memorable one," and that Dorothy (McLaughlin) Houtain's personal appeal finally swayed the reluctant Lovecraft. So was Lovecraft once again in New York City (perhaps for a visit of only a day or two) at the end of November 1922? The record sayeth not. Kleiner also recalls sharing a bed with Lovecraft (probably in a suite of rooms taken by Houtain) at an amateur journalists' convention at the Broadway Central Hotel in New York City. (He specifically recalls Lovecraft's old-fashioned nightshirt.) The problem is that the only two away conventions which Lovecraft is known to have attended in person were NAPA's meetings in Boston in 1921 (where he met Sonia Greene for the first time) and in Boston in 1930. NAPA did meet in New York City in 1922, but S. T. Joshi's biography states that HPL was with Mrs. Greene in Magnolia, MA from June 26 to July 5 in 1922. Perhaps he returned with her to New York City in time to catch the "tail end" of the NAPA convention (which traditionally meets over the 4th of July holiday). Perhaps Sonia had turned over her Brooklyn apartment to others during her absence on the Boston North Shore, necessitating use of the rooms in the "Houtain suite" at the convention. On the other hand, it is certainly possible that Kleiner's recollection of sharing a bed with Lovecraft at the Broadway Central Hotel in New York City dates from some later amateur gathering during Lovecraft's residency in New York in 1924-26. We surely do not know everything about Lovecraft's movements during that very busy year 1922. It is only a pity that the letters to Kleiner are so sparse during that year. Perhaps Lovecraft's own busy schedule in 1922 helps to explain their sparseness.

Even The Fossils come in for a mention in *Letters to Reinhart Kleiner*. Writing to Kleiner on May 5, 1918, Lovecraft commented: "[W. Paul] Cook attended the banquet of the 'Fossils' in New York on April 27, & stopped off at Providence Monday [April 29, 1918] on his way. home. He was very tired after his trip, but had enjoyed himself immensely. He shewed me a programme bearing the signatures of all the prominent amateurs of the past. He thinks the 'Fossils' are becoming less hostile toward contemporary amateurdom. Dr. [Edwin B.] Swift gave him a bound volume of his celebrated *Weekly*, which Cook left here for my perusal. He has also left me a copy of Truman J. Spencer's famous farewell *Investigator*, which some kind 'Fossil' gave him." This was the famous visit when Lovecraft's mother nearly turned the poorly-dressed Cook away from the door of 598 Angell Street. The visit was only saved by the appearance of Lovecraft himself at the door in his robe. Lovecraft was not eligible for membership in The Fossils during his lifetime, so it does not seem very likely that additional mention of our organization will be found in surviving correspondence.

There is much else of interest relating to Lovecraft's involvement in amateur journalism in *Letters to Reinhart Kleiner*. For example, in his letter dated June 29, 1915, Lovecraft mentions his frequent visits to his cousin Phillips Gamwell (1898-1916), the son of Edward F. and Annie E. (Phillips) Gamwell, in Cambridge MA. "This same cousin," he states, "is the son of an old time amateur and may possibly become interested in amateur journalism himself." This reference is the only indication I know that Lovecraft was aware that his uncle Edward F. Gamwell (1869-1936) edited thirty-six issues of *The Amateur Journal* in Holliston MA from September 1883 to July 1886. Gamwell was later involved in professional newspaper work in Cambridge MA. Lovecraft's sparing references to Gamwell (who married Annie E. Phillips in 1897) are all glowing, but the reality was that the Gamwell-Phillips marriage eventually failed; Annie and Edward separated in 1916 or earlier. Their son Phillips died of tuberculosis on the last day of 1916 in Roswell CO; so far as I know, he never participated in the amateur journalism hobby. Edward F. Gamwell died alone in Boston in 1936.

Surprisingly, Joshi and Schultz have had to edit the Lovecraft letters to Kleiner not from the originals, but from the Arkham House Transcripts and from an earlier selection from the correspondence file published as "By Post From Providence" in Hyman Bradofsky's *Californian* for Summer 1937. In one of his essays, Kleiner remarks that his file of letters from Lovecraft was one of four or five similar files he knew of in New York City alone. Kleiner later loaned his

letters to Arkham House for transcription. That this large file of letters has been completely lost is very difficult for me to believe. Perhaps it will some day re-emerge. Some Lovecraftians have the mistaken idea that the Arkham House Transcripts represent a complete transcription of all of the Lovecraft correspondence which passed through Arkham House; however, anyone who has examined any of the original correspondence which was so processed can testify to the pencilled brackets which indicated the portions to be transcribed. So, neither the Arkham House Transcripts nor "By Post From Providence" represent the entirety of Lovecraft's correspondence with Kleiner. *Letters to Rheinhart Kleiner* does reproduce (pp. 35 and 186) drawings from Lovecraft's original holograph letters which were probably photographed as part of the processing at Arkham House. (Other wonderful drawings reproduced from Lovecraft's original holograph correspondence adorn *Letters From New York*•my favorite being Lovecraft's solution of a "balls rolling uphill" illusion that he witnessed at Coney Island.) If the original holograph letters to Kleiner do become available to scholarship, a complete edition of the correspondence may be possible. Of course, should the original file of letters to Kleiner emerge on the commercial market, break-up would surely be a major risk•for while many collectors might be found willing to spend \$2,000 or \$3,000 for a single letter•a purchaser of the entire file for \$150,000 or more would be more difficult to find. For now, we must congratulate Messrs. Joshi and Schultz for doing such a fine job with the material they had. Lovecraft's involvement with the amateur journalism hobby is but one important aspect of the Kleiner letter file. It also contains highlights like Lovecraft's accounts of his dreams and the poignant account of his failed 1917 attempt to enlist in the Rhode Island National Guard. It is a rich mine both for the student of Lovecraft and for the amateur historian.

## TWO POEMS OF SUMMER

Martha E. Shivers

Our Special Hours

Spending many days in youthful leisure  
filling our memories with fun and pleasure,

we roamed the farm and 'round about  
answering each other's eager shout

when a special treasure was found  
in brook, or tree, or on the ground.

Each place was named, like Old Skunk Hill,  
Stately Elm, or Clear Water Rill;

Sour Haw Tree beside the Frog's Ol' Pond,  
Red Winged Beauties on cattail fronds.

We slid down the wall of Steep Clay Bank,  
then followed the leader over grasses, rank.  
Splashing up stream for pebbles, our gold,  
We found some arrowheads in a sandy mold.

We carried home wealth long to remember,  
those summer months, from June to September.

## An Operetta of Nature

Icy fingers cling  
to eaves, and from maple limbs;  
remnants of winter.

Sun bursting forth as youthful  
sprinter, juggles warmth and hope.  
Returning birds bring  
robins trilling, searching food,  
plucking worms from yards,  
laying claim again to nests  
where fledglings had housed last year.

Coaxing and teasing from cedar boughs,  
cardinals chirp to fellow neighbors,  
what-cheer, what-cheer, what-cheer-what?  
Red wings answer, Oka-lee.

Tanagers and waxwings flit  
reds and blacks among the trees  
calling other friends,  
serenading together regardless  
of the weather,  
before the happy summer ends.

## INSTITUTIONAL NEWS

The final donation agreement relating to the Library of Amateur Journalism was executed by University of Wisconsin-Madison Library Director Kenneth Frazier and by the three members of The Fossils' Board of Trustees since our last issue. The donation agreement is reproduced in facsimile in the center section of this issue. Hopefully, our next news from Wisconsin will be of plans for the organization and opening for public use of LAJ.

UW-Madison Special Collections mounted an exhibit entitled "Paragraphs on Typography" from January 20 through June 10, 2005. The exhibit was named in honor of the book *Paragraphs on Printing* by the noted book designer Bruce Rogers (1870-1957). Curators for the exhibit were William G. Reeder, President of Friends of UW Libraries; Special Collections curator Robin Rider, who worked closely with The Fossils on the donation of the Library of Amateur Journalism; and Tracy Honn, director of UW-Madison's own Silver Buckle Press, a working letterpress museum housed in Memorial Library, the

same building which will be the permanent home of Library of Amateur Journalism. Kristin Knipschild's article on the exhibit, "Palatino: Letters As Art" appeared in UW-Madison's *Friends of the Libraries Magazine* for spring 2005. The exhibit featured the work of many type designers, including Palatino's designer Hermann Zapf (b. 1918). Wood type from the Hamilton Wood Type and Printing Museum in Two Rivers, Wisconsin was also featured in the exhibit. That LAJ will share quarters in UW-Madison's Memorial Library with a working letterpress museum, Silver Buckle Press, should certainly be encouraging news for all amateur journalists who preserve the art of letterpress printing.

## WEBMASTER'S REPORT

David Tribby

The January "Internet Report" in *The Fossil* described how the amateur journalism information contained in Mike Horvat's American Private Press Association site had been saved before the APPA site expired, and noted discussions were underway for the creation of a Web site for The Fossils.

Over the next couple of months I investigated approaches to establishing a site and submitted a report to President Miller. By March, the Board of Trustees agreed to proceed with an offer by AAPA member David Oehlers to host The Fossils on his Green Apple service. He generously offered to provide the Web hosting for free (a \$20/month value). The only cost was registering the domain name "TheFossils.org" for 3 years at \$84.97.

On April 8th a Fossils home page was up and running at <http://www.thefossils.org/> and by the end of the month the Horvat information was available from the home page.

A page for *The Fossil* was added in May. Official Editor Ken Faig provided files containing all the text from recent issues. Ken also sent his history of the Library of Amateur Journalism. All of Ken's files can be viewed in two formats: Microsoft Word and Adobe Acrobat.

During May and June I added additional information, and played with the layout and formatting. As of June, the Web site has six main sections:

Home•an introduction to The Fossils, and gateway to other pages.

Awards•listings of winners of the Gold Composing Stick and Russell L. Paxton awards. Perhaps other awards presented by The Fossils, such as the Edward H. Cole Memorial Award, can be added. Eventually, I would like to create pages that contain biographical information about each award

winner.

The Fossil•text from recent issues of the Official Organ. The "on-line" version will not replace the printed version (it doesn't contain pictures, and isn't formatted to fill each printed page, for example) but gives Internet readers a sense of the publication.

History•information about amateur journalism history. Mike Horvat's APPA information is included here, plus Ken Faig's history of the Library of Amateur Journalism.

Contact•how to join The Fossils or e-mail the Secretary-Treasurer or Webmaster.

Links•connections to other amateur journalism groups' Web sites.

The AAPA and NAPA Web sites have links to our site, and the Google search engine lists us. If you have a Web site, consider including a link of your own.

Please visit the Web site and send along any suggestions you have for formatting or content. There's a wealth of information in back issues of *The Fossil*. If anyone has the interest to scan or retype articles for the History or Awards sections, we could quickly add content that will attract more readers.

## EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Ken Faig, Jr.

I'm grateful to everyone who contributed to this issue of *The Fossil*. Tom Whitbread and Sean Donnelly have both contributed noteworthy essays relating to the history of our hobby: Tom, with his analysis of the work of Samuel Loveman, and Sean, with his reflections on the emergence of improved printing and design in amateur journals around the year 1900. I am also grateful to Sean for contributing illustrations for both his own and Tom's essay. If there is any aspect of the history of the amateur journalism hobby which captures your special interest, I hope you will consider sharing your knowledge by writing an essay on the subject for *The Fossil*. With the help of Webmaster David Tribby, we are now posting the text of each issue of *The Fossil* on the Internet shortly after paper publication•so your contribution will have a much wider potential circulation than the membership of The Fossils.

I would like, if possible, to continue the series of member interviews begun with Ralph Babcock in 2001 and invite each member to consider whether he or she would care to respond to some or all of these questions: (1) Can you tell us a little bit about your life outside amateur journalism•your family, your education, your occupation, your other hobbies? (2) How did you first encounter the amateur journalism

hobby? (3) What amateur press associations have you belonged to and what offices have you held? (4) What amateur journals have you edited? (5) What printing equipment have you used? (6) What awards have you won? (7) What amateur journalists have had the greatest impact on your participation in the hobby? (8) How would you compare today's hobby with the amateur journalism hobby when you entered? (9) Have you attended many ajay conventions and can you share some of your memories concerning them? (10) What are your thoughts concerning the future of the amateur journalism hobby•particularly the role of electronic journals? (11) Is the manufacture of an amateur journal for a small circulation “just for fun”•or does it have a broader purpose? (12) What is your personal favorite among your amateur journals or amateur writings?

Any member who doesn't like these questions is welcome to make up (and respond to) his or her own questions. A photograph is a welcome accompaniment for any interview. An interview need not be framed in “question-answer” format, but can be written in essay form, just as Louise Lincoln did for her “Fossil Portrait” in our April 2005 issue. Be creative! Tell us what you would like to put on record concerning yourself and your career in the amateur journalism hobby for this archive of the history of the hobby. The ideal length for a Fossil interview or portrait is about two to four pages of text or approximately 2000 to 4000 words.

I do not think that The Fossils risk being labelled as a “self-admiration society” if we publish member interviews. Our membership shares a wealth of knowledge of the amateur journalism hobby which is at risk of being lost if we do not record it. Today, writers like Tom Whitbread and Sean Donnelly can reflect on the works of amateur journalists of the past based on the printed record left by our predecessors in the hobby. Granting *The Fossil* an interview concerning your own career in the amateur journalism hobby will enrich the record of the hobby which we leave for posterity. Please consider granting an interview concerning your own career in the amateur journalism hobby to *The Fossil*. If you don't care to write about yourself but want to write about some other aspect of our hobby, contributions on any aspect of the amateur journalism hobby, especially its history, are very welcome.

All unsigned material in *The Fossil* is by yours truly. What we need, of course, is more signed material by you the members. The text portion of *The Fossil* is posted to our Web site shortly after paper publication. A copyright notice can accompany your contribution upon request.

## PRIZE FOR BEST CONTRIBUTION TO *THE FOSSIL*, OCTOBER 2005

For the best contribution to *The Fossil* for October 2005, the Editor offers a copy of H. P. Lovecraft's *Letters to Reinhardt Kleiner* (Hippocampus Press, 2005), as reviewed in this issue of *The Fossil*. The Editor will be the sole judge of contributions. Entries close September 30, 2005.

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