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Peter Meinke, Poet Laureate of Florida and FBS guest speaker for March



National Library Week
April 10-16, 2016



Florida Bibliophile Society
A community of book lovers

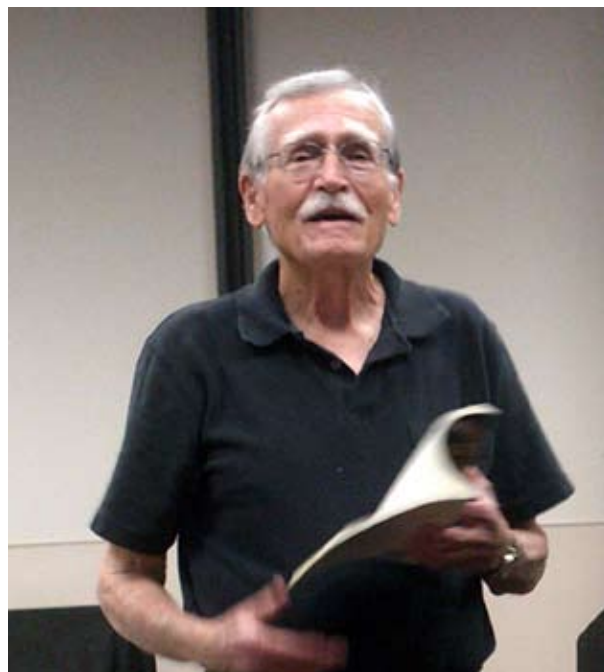
Minutes of the February Meeting of the Florida Bibliophile Society

March 20, 2016, 1:30 p.m.
Seminole Community Library,
Seminole, FL

On Sunday, March 20, 2016, at 1:30 pm, eighteen members and guests of the Florida Bibliophile Society gathered at the Seminole Community Library to hear a presentation by Peter Meinke, Poet Laureate of Florida. Peter and his wife Jeanne had set up a beautiful display of their books, which were available for purchase after the meeting, and many of which Peter and Jeanne inscribed. After members and guests had sampled the desserts and coffee laid out on the refreshment table and had a chance to greet each other, we took our seats around 1:45 pm, and Charles Brown, president of FBS, called the meeting to order. After welcoming the assembly, Charles outlined the events of the afternoon. He then called upon former FBS president Irene Pavese and invited her to introduce the guest speaker, Peter Meinke. Peter had spoken to FBS on a previous occasion several years ago at a meeting held at Irene's former bookshop.

Peter then came to podium to present a very enjoyable series of poems, their inspiration, and thoughts about his work. The poems he read and some of the thoughts he shared appear on the following pages.

After the presentation, FBS vice president Jerry Morris presented Peter with a 1947 reprint of *A Wordsworth Anthology* by Laurence Houseman. Though the anthology itself is not uncommon, it had a remarkable provenance: the book is from the library of the American poet, William Stafford (1914-1993), who was appointed Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress in 1970 -- a position that became Poet Laureate of the United States. The book was inscribed to Stafford by his room-mate from the University of Iowa. The gift was all the more appropriate as Peter shared that he had known Stafford.



Peter Meinke reads from his book, Liquid Paper.

Peter Meinke was appointed Poet Laureate of Florida in 2015. This followed his 2009 appointment as Poet Laureate of St. Petersburg; both honors are testimonies to Peter's literary influence and a renewed appreciation of poetry in cultural life.

Peter is a native of New York and New Jersey, but after earning his Ph.D. in English Literature in 1965 at the University of Minnesota, he, his wife Jeanne, and their four children moved to St. Petersburg, where Peter taught at Florida Presbyterian College, now Eckerd College. Meinke taught literature, and founded and directed the Writing Workshop. Despite his love of students and teaching, Peter took early retirement in 1993 to focus on his own writing.

The Meinkes have traveled extensively, which is often reflected in Peter's work. But he is just as likely to focus his poetic insight on the home he and Jeanne have shared for several decades, their front garden, or even the neighborhood grocery.

Peter has published over 25 books of poetry, fiction, nonfiction, and children's books. He has received many honors for both his teaching and writing, including an honorary doctorate from Eckerd College for his "long and distinguished service as a teacher, mentor, and writer." In 2008, Eckerd College established the Peter Meinke Chair in Creative Writing, with novelist Sterling Watson its first holder.

*FBS March Minutes, continued**Azaleas*

In the morning, in December
 they lean like flares over our brick pathway,
 vessels of brilliant energy,
 their bright explosions enclosed by the frailest membrane:
 they tremble with their holy repressions.
 We watch; we tremble, too. We learn.

They thrive on acid, these azaleas; they burn
 in darkness, loving the shadows of old oaks
 whose broken leaves flutter down to feed
 their flowering fantasies

For surely azaleas are not real, they grow
 in some deep wilderness of soul, some known
 ideal of vulnerability made palpable,
 whose thin petals float dying to the ground
 even as we walk by, without touching.
 Our very presence seems to kill.

We know more than we can say: we live
 in waves of feelings and awareness
 where images indwell and grow
 along the leafwork of our nerves and veins;
 and when one morning late in March
 we walk out on our porch and see
 the white azaleas open to the air
 we recognize them from our dreams
 as every cell projects our affirmation.

O Pride of Mobile, Maiden Blush,
 Prince of Orange, President Clay:
 the names are humorous examples
 of human hubris – O Glory of Sunninghill!

Peter introduced the poem “Azaleas” by suggesting that Americans are not known for their love of poetry, but that one thing Americans do know is that poetry celebrates – important occasions, life’s joys and sorrows, beauty and mystery – poets are celebrating the world. He noted the happy coincidence that his afternoon with FBS preceded by one day World Poetry Day, March 21, for which St. Petersburg would be hosting an event featuring

the United States Poet Laureate, Juan Felipe Herara. Peter had been invited to introduce Herara. By another happy coincidence, March 20 was the first day of spring, a day to celebrate an important signal of spring in the South, the azalea. Part of the fun of writing the poem, he said, was finding the names of azalea varieties – by turns humorous, grandiose, and charming – with which the poem ends.

FBS February Minutes, continued

The Bookshelf

Lying flat on the floor because I'm old
 and it's good for my back
 counting coins of dust in the twilight
 and squinting at the books huddled above me
 like immigrants in ragged overcoats
 guarding their family secrets
 I think You have cost me everything:
 stoopshouldered nearsighted soft and white
 as a silverfish caught in the binding
 of *The Complete Works of Henry James*
 from hours days decades spent bent
 over your pages when I could have been
 pruning azaleas or hitting tennis balls with real people
 Now I've been down so long

I'm too stiff to get up or even reach for a book
 so I call for help not expecting an answer
 but from the stern and shadowed shelves
 Emma and Anna and all the lost inaccessible
 women above me cry out with their special accents
 words I understand only from their rhythm and inflection
 O sorrow they say all of them over and over
 Carrie and Carol and Cora and Julia sorrow o sorrow Catherine and Scarlet
 and Sonja and Daisy o sorrow sorrow
 Molly o sorrow Wendy sorrow Dora Maud Helen Hester
 and I like any man who has blindly loved
 understand too late as unhappy endings pour down
 just sentences on their weeping and guilty prisoner
 pinned to the floor by threads
 of vanishing light

To introduce "The Bookshelf", Peter remarked that a library was nice place for a reading – and to a group of bibliophiles! This poem comes from a time when he used a slantboard (a bench with one end higher than the other that one lie's on with elevated feet; they are often used for back problems, feet-

over-head circulation therapy, etc.). While lying on the slantboard in his home office, he began to scan the titles of the books on his shelves. It occurred to him how many of his favorite heroines, such as Anna Karenina or Emma Bovary, had come to an unhappy end.

FBS February Minutes, concluded

J Randall Randle

J Randall Randle was an undercover
poetry lover On bottlegreen links
he'd knuckle the pockets of his narky
knickerbockers duck in the grove by
the 13th hole where he shanked
his Spalding & pull out the wrinkled
lines on Prufrock thin & balding

On raindark evenings walking the dog
he'd snap down the brim of his tan fedora
snap up the collar of his London Fog
& tie the lout to a doctor's bumper
while he read by penlight in alleys
off murderous cobblestone streets
down by the salley gardens
my love and I would meet...

One evening when he returned he found the thread
broken which he had taped over his fake bar and
knew that someone had turned around the fake
bottles and seen his poetry books lined up
like bullets in a belt and 2 weeks later when
Billy Hines casually asked at a party Say Randy
what's a sonnet? J Randall Randle stalked him
home for 14 blocks and shot him iambically kaboom
kaboom between the lines



“J. Randall Randle” — not his real name — is the alter ego of a student Peter had in a poetry class some years ago. The original of Randle was one of those students who had no time or sensibility for poetry—so much so that he became fixed in Peter’s memory. Peter remarked that poetry often explores

its subjects through reversals, and in this poem, Randle’s overt attitude toward poetry is turned into a facade that shields a secret, intense love... a love that must be protected by extreme measures. Poetic revenge at two levels.

FBS March Minutes, continued

Mendel's Laws

I A monk can do his work on bended knees
inside or out; the bishop looked askance
when Mendel labored in a row of peas
and led the combinations in their dance.
The spark of genius dominates the heavens
and sparkles in the furrow and the loam;
both earth and sky are broken down in sevens
and Christ is captured in a chromosome.

My lover, this was many years ago.
Mendel became abbot and then died.
But all his scorned experiments proved so:
the row of peas spoke truth, the bishop lied.
And what has this to do with us? I'm wild
to know it all since you are now with child.

II The double helix and the triple star
work in conjunction, like harmonic tones,
and I will praise--how beautiful you are!--
the spiral staircase turning through your bones.
Genetic links, for better and for worse,
bind us to all creation: in my ears
your voice has blended with the universe
and vibrates with the music of the spheres.

Your fingers on the keys at Christmastide,
so effortless, like natural selection,
pick out the combinations; by your side
I turn the pages at your soft direction
and wonder at your slender hands because
your fingers follow God's and Mendel's laws.

III When Eve was cloned from Adam's rib, and stood
by the serpent underneath the Tree
she understood what lovers understood
since first they separated from the sea.
Her choice was meagre; still, she had to choose;
and we, like Eve, have chosen ever since,
face to face, the brown eyes to the blues:
it is the choosing makes the difference.

And in the code that Mendel labored on
our child will be deciphered; there will merge,
in childish shape and spirit, a paragon
where paradox and paradigm converge.
Now I can see Eve's children in your eyes:
completely new, yet linked to paradise.

Though much of Peter's work is free verse, he also enjoys writing formal poetry. The formula for a sonnet forces the poet to invent and solve problems in meter and rhyme that he might not have thought about when writing free verse. He calls this formal poetry's way of making you "smarter than you are."

One day, when Peter was riding his moped to work, inspiration struck. A line of poetry occurred to him: "the double helix and the triple star," the double helix representing science and the triple

star – the Christian Trinity – representing religion. He began to think, "What do I know about DNA?" He remembered his high school days when he had studied Gregor Mendel, the monk who had carefully bred peas, following seven qualities through many generations. At one point, his work was forbidden by his abbot, who considered that Mendel was prying into God's plan and compromising the very principle of faith – a philosophy that still resonates. Mendel continued his research in secret until he was able to state the laws of genetic inheritance.

FBS March Minutes, continued

Supermarket

My supermarket is bigger than your supermarket. That's what America's all about. Nowhere am I happier, nowhere am I more myself. In the supermarket, there you feel free. Listen: the carts roll on their oiled wheels, the cash register sings to the Sound of Music, the bagboys are unbearably polite! Everywhere there are lies, but in the supermarket we speak truth. The sallow young man by the cornstarch bumps my cart, I tell him, There are always two brothers. One is hardworking, serious. The other is good-looking but worthless; he drinks, he is a natural athlete, he seduces Priscilla Warren whom the older brother loves, and then abandons her. Yes, cries the sallow young man, O my god yes! Everywhere there are lies, I lie to my classes, I say, Eat this poem. Eat that poem. Good for you. I say, Sonnets have more vitamins than villanelles, I give green stamps for the most vivid images. But in the supermarket truth blows you over like a clearance sale. I meet Mrs. Pepitone by the frozen fish, dark circles under her dark eyes. I tell her, If we had met 16 years earlier in the dairy section perhaps, everything would have been different. Yes! Mrs. Pepitone cracks a Morton pie in her bare hands, lust floods the aisles, a tidal wave, everyone staring at everyone else with total abandon; Mr. Karakis is streaking through the cold cuts! Outside, the lies continue. We lie in church, we say Buy Jesus and you get Mary free. If you have faith you can eat pork, dollar a chop. We give plaid stamps for the purest souls.

I meet Sue Morgan by the family-sized maxi-pads. Or is it mini-pads? --Or is it mopeds? In the supermarket everything sounds like everything else. I tell her, You can see azaleas in the dark, the white ones glow like the eyes of angels. I tell her, Azaleas are the soul of the South, you kill all azaleas Jimmy Carter will shrivel like a truffle. Yes, she exclaims, Hallelujah! And still the lies pile up on the sidewalk, they're storming the automatic doors. Mr. Hanratty the manager throws himself in front of the electric beam, he knows this means he will be sterile forever, but the store comes first: the lies retreat to the First National Bank where they meet no resistance. Meanwhile, in the supermarket I am praising truth-in-advertising laws, I am trying to figure the exact price per ounce, the precise percentage of calcium propionate. And for you, my tenderest darling, to whom I always return laden with groceries, I bring Spaghetti-O's and chocolate kisses, I tip whole shelves into my cart, the bag boys turn pale at my approach, they do isometric exercises. But I know this excess is unnecessary, I say, My friends, think Small, use the 8-item line, who needs more than 8 items? All you really need is civility, honesty, courage, and five loaves of wheatberry bread. Listen friends, Life is no rip-off, the oranges are full of juice, their coloring the best we can do, why do you think we live so long? So long.

My dear friends, the supermarket is open. Let us begin.

For the academic year, 1978-1979, Peter received a Fulbright scholarship to take the position of Senior Lecturer at the University of Warsaw, Poland. Poland was then an Eastern Bloc country subject to the feast and famine supply system under communist rule. What might be in the small shops at any given time was unpredictable. After a year, Peter, Jeanne, and their family returned to the U.S. with its feast and feaster supply system. After

so much time abroad, a trip to the local Skaggs-Albertson's was a revelation – he suggests that this poem proves you can write about anything. In fact, Peter stated, there are many supermarket poems, such as "A Supermarket in California" by Allen Ginsberg and "Next Day" by Randall Jarrell. After reading the poem, he wondered how many in the audience remembered the streaking craze of the mid 1970s.

FBS March Minutes, continued

Artist of the Heart

When we were young we couldn't imagine living to be over thirty
 nor did we deserve to: everyone chain-smoked drank till we dropped
 and drove like suicidal maniacs Yet here I am at sixty in perfect health
 except for fainting once in a while
 And you Mother who always lied about your age: confess!
 You're eighty-six! You sit with your cronies playing bridge in permed
 respectability still wishing there were men to flirt with
 But you've outlived them all sailing your old Buick
 across the desert of Orlando like the Queen of Arabia
 at twenty miles per hour ignoring all traffic lights
 And didn't Harold run over you twice with that same Buick
 without breaking a single bone your legs ballooning
 like a purple elephant's? And didn't you throw a TV set
 half as large as yourself at our father? I have often tried to misbehave
 as much as you but it's difficult difficult . . .
 Did any of this really happen? We can hardly remember
 what we did last Tuesday Once at a party you drank four martinis
 and played Chopin's Polonaise with a toothpick in your mouth
 not missing a note Now you get wobbly as a baby on a sliver
 of Sacher torte You can't hold your chocolate anymore
 When you had your old face sand-papered it was painful
 but you didn't care Above your cheeks as smooth as Barbie's
 your fierce bruised eyes glinted like the Witch of Endor's Take that
 Father Time they said you male pig We were terrified That's Grandma
 we told the kids She's made some sort of pact
 Still you are the perfect mother you remember everything I tell you
 Even things I make up are as clear to you as the day they never happened
 Each of us is convinced you love us the most how do you do it?
 I think you are an artist of the heart When you enter a room
 a secret ray shazams from your withered breast to atomize my knees
 On shaky feet I approach you the world slides away
 an insubstantial shadow I am six years old forever
 holding out my sticklike arms to you Mother dearest Mother

Peter had first become attracted to poetry as a child in the Book of the Month selections, among the few books in his mother's home. His mother, the very Irish Kathleen McDonnell, became Kathleen Meinke in the 1920s. Divorcing Meinke in the 1950s, she became Kathleen Lewis by marrying Harold, a pianist, a skill she herself took pride in. In 1992, the year after Harold died, Peter wrote this poem for Kathleen for Mother's Day, reading it to her before he and Jeanne took

her to a favorite Orlando restaurant, Le Cordon Bleu. She seemed thoughtful and quiet at dinner when, suddenly, she leaned forward – so did Peter and Jeanne, alarmed that she might set her hair on fire in the table's candles. Kathleen said, "You didn't leave out much, did ya?" He described her as a chocaholic who had perfected the Sacher torte – so much so that it had become the family cake, prepared for all important occasions, a tradition that carried over to his own family.

FBS March Minutes, continued

The First Marriage

for Gretchen and Herb: June 15, 1991

imagine the very first marriage a girl
and boy trembling with some inchoate
need for ceremony a desire for witness:
inventing formality like a wheel or a hoe

in a lost language in a clearing too far from here
a prophet or a prophetess intoned to the lovers
who knelt with their hearts cresting
like the unnamed ocean thinking This is true

thinking they will never be alone again
though planets slip their tracks and fish
desert the sea repeating those magic sounds
meaning I do on this stone below
this tree before these friends yes in body
and word my darkdream my sunsong yes I do I do

Lucky Bones

He's a sight the old athlete
bent at 78

hopping crow-like to peck
a ball on the short bounce

dropping it dead over the net
in open court *Great shot!*

his partner shout but
he can't hear Instead

his birdneck swivels
toward his wife

who used to toss the car keys
that flashed through light

like lucky bones crying *Hey*
big fella think fast!

and he thinks *That's*
just the past in my head

like a red-eyed crow
and he's thinking *Christ* he

could still catch them if she
were she still there to throw

Peter and Jeanne moved to St. Petersburg in 1966 when he was invited to begin Florida Presbyterian College's (now Eckerd College) creative writing program. At the time, such programs were rare. On his first day at work, over coffee, he met a German professor who asked him if he played tennis. He

said yes, a tennis date was made, and 50 years later, Peter is still playing tennis with the group, though over such a long time, some are gone. Regarding his devotion to tennis, Peter quoted poet John Berryman: "The world is a solemn place with room for tennis."

FBS March Minutes, concluded

Poem on Your Birthday

We always love the poem we're working on
we like the sounds of it
consonants and vowels
floating off our ballpoint pens
as if they were going somewhere important

Right now I'm so excited
by this very poem
I have to summon your soft touch
to calm me down
After all we remind ourselves
tomorrow I may not like it so much

But it's no use: I love it today
with my primitive heart
wingless as an Apteryx
Hey poem come down to me
Make this day a special day:
the twenty-fifth of march
two thousand and six

Poem to Old Friends Who Have Never Met

When I'm not wishing I could find a unicorn
I wish all our old friends knew each other
The very least they deserve
is the pleasure of each other's company

We'd go down by the river
and the rocks would hum
with this rich collection of men & women
They would look around and see themselves
no longer isolated

no longer points in the darkness pointing nowhere

but as links in a magnificent chain of
impossible flowers
girdling the world and their talk
(they are all talkers)
would burst like spray in the sunlight

and I would smile
saying nothing
with a bottle of beer in my hand
and a small white bird banging in my heart



Peter read a birthday poem he had written for his wife Jeanne. The first two lines contain an inside joke. He said that he probably wrote this poem in 2005, but the yx/ix rhyme was irresistible.

To close, Peter read one the few poems he has ever written that contains a unicorn, a rare animal in serious poetry. It was a perfect closing for our FBS meeting, thinking of all the friends we've made over the years, and now two new ones, Peter and Jeanne.



FBS at the Florida Antiquarian Book Fair

The 35th Annual Florida Antiquarian Book Fair was held at the St. Petersburg Coliseum on March 11-13 – as the bank accounts of FBS members will clearly show. As it has done for over 20 years, FBS staffed a booth at the entrance to the fair generously staffed by FBS members. We held packages that were not allowed into the fair, held books for fair visitors as they bought them (so they wouldn't have to carry them), and welcomed visitors to the fair. On Sunday, FBS members Jerry Morris and Irene Pavese spent several hours evaluating books for fair patrons and the general public.

Of course, we also had a display and materials to introduce fair-goers to the Florida Bibliophile Society. Our display included information sheets, bookmarks, and our newly designed and printed tote bags. On Friday evening, FBS member Maureen Mulvihill's husband, musician-composer Daniel Harris (danielharrismusic.com), brought a laptop and large computer monitor and set them up to display the new FBS website. Maureen donated two large posters displaying the FBS logo display to anchor both ends of the display, as well as a stack of FBS information sheets and bound display copies of two recent FBS newsletters.

Among the many people we assisted during the three days, thirteen became new members (see New Members in this issue). Well over 100 people signed up to receive our newsletter.

Of course, it was great fun to work together on this special project. Many thanks to all the dedicated members who participated and made this event a special success for FBS.

Special thanks to Jerry and Linda Morris, who coordinated the volunteers, provided supplies and sign-up sheets, and managed the booth for the three days of the event. Above and beyond!

Thank you for making the FABF event a success!

Tarsha Ahmad • Charles Brown • Jay Gould
 Daniel Harris • Jerry Morris • Linda Morris
 Maureen Mulvihill • Jaya Nair • Carl Nudi
 Irene Pavese • Jaja Punya • Elenora Sabin • Joan Sackheim
 Shannon Schane • Gary Simons • Jeanne Simons
 Barbara Thiel • Fritz Thiel • Sue Tihansky • Coleen Trickey



Jeanne Simons, Gary Simons, and Carl Nudi



Tarsha Ahmad, Jaya Nair, Jaja Punya, Irene Pavese



Irene Pavese, Elenora Sabin, Jerry Morris, Joan Sackheim, Linda Morris



FBS Welcomes Our Newest Members!

FBS is delighted to welcome these new members, all of whom joined during the recent Florida Antiquarian Book Fair. We look forward to meeting them in person at upcoming FBS events, and as several have offered to give presentations, we can also look forward to hearing from them.

James Abel and Kellee Riley – James works for an independent publisher as a ghostwriter, editor, and designer. Kellee is a well established illustrator who has worked with many companies including American Greetings and Mattel.

Carol B. Curtiss

Edie and Steve Eisenstein – Edie and Steve are proprietors of the Book A Brac book shop in Miami (by appointment). Steve hosts a radio show, Bucks on the Bookshelf, on WDBFradio.com and Rare Book Cafe on twitter.com.

Michael and Suzanne Fernandez

David R. Hall – See adjoining column.

Mark and Martee Halloran – Mark and Martee are avid readers and collectors. Their special interests are classics, science fiction, Floridana, gardening, and travel.

Peter J. Heim – Peter's interests run to 16th and 17th century literature and history. He owns a few manuscript leaves and does a little buying and selling online.

Charles Purro – Charles is book dealer and collector. His special interests are tennis books, prints, art, and poetry in fine bindings. Charles ran the Yankee Book and Art Gallery in Plymouth, MA, for 34 years before relocating to the Gulf Coast. He recently had a booth at the Florida Antiquarian Book Fair.

Jan Mahowski

Rob Norman – See adjoining column.

David and Joann Hall



David R. Hall, shown with his wife, Joann, joined FBS at this spring's Antiquarian Book Fair in St. Petersburg, home to them since November 2014. They came here after a short stay in suburban Detroit, following more than 40 years in New York City. There David's last job was as managing editor of the adult trade book's division of Charles Scribner's Sons. Among the highlights of the New York book scene that he enjoyed were an introductory course in rare books at the Grolier Club. When he arrived in New York in the mid-sixties, Fourth Avenue in Manhattan was chock-a-book with used book stores. One reason for choosing St. Pete as a retirement venue was access to probably the best range of book stores in the state.

Rob Norman

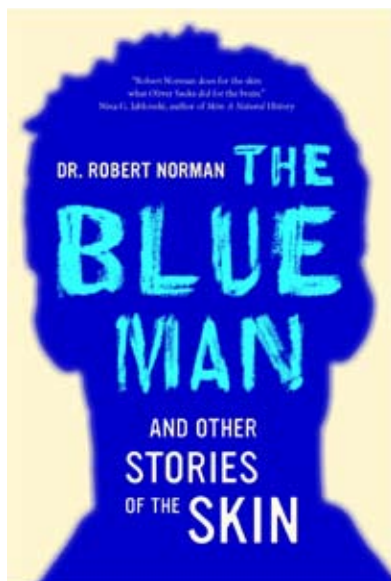
Dr. Robert A. Norman of Tampa, Florida, has written or edited 28 volumes – from medical textbooks to popular, yet scientifically based books – on the skin. A fund-raising co-chairman of the Jewish National Fund's Doctors for Israel and the 2012 recipient of Hadassah Women's Zionist Organization of America's Humanitarian Award, the 58-year-old Norman is not only a physician and author, but also a professional-level tennis player, blues harmonica player, nature



New Members, concluded

photographer, artist, husband and father of five, and faculty member of five medical schools. Every summer, he also takes medical students to South and Central America, including to Haiti, Argentina, Cuba and Guatemala, to show them unusual dermatology cases in clinics that give them more experience. The latest of his dermatology books, a 138-page volume called *The Blue Man and Other Stories of the Skin* published by the University of California Press, explains not only basic and interesting facts on skin, but also contains vignettes of unusual patient cases. He enjoys an ideal world, as he decided when he reached the age of bar mitzva that he would be both a physician and a writer.

— *The Jerusalem Post*, Sunday, March 20, 2016, p. 6



The Blue Man and Other Stories of the Skin, written by a leading dermatologist, provides a compelling and accessible introduction to the life of our largest organ, while also recounting the author's experiences with memorable patients he has treated who suffer from mysterious skin conditions. Robert Norman begins by highlighting the qualities of the skin, tracing

the history of its conditions and diseases, then examining the cultural, social and psychological impact of both color and irregularity. The book also features an absorbing collection of stories about some of his most intriguing patients: from a man whose skin mysteriously turned blue, to a hypochondriacal woman who begins to show signs of a life-threatening disease. This is a fascinating account of the dynamic nature of the skin, and the people who inhabit it. —Amazon.com

FBS Members Activities

McGuire Center, University of Florida

John B. Heppner (Gainesville), curator of microlepidoptera, McGuire Center for Lepidoptera, University of Florida, Gainesville, and Executive Director emeritus, Association for Tropical Lepidoptera, has recently returned from field work in the exotic climes of French Guiana and Martinique with a few thousand moths. He will sort through his catch, codifying the best and rarest for collections, exhibitions, and public education at the new McGuire Center. Its annual newsletter may be [viewed online](#). John's recent scientific papers and publications are available at his own imprint: Scientific Publishers, Inc. He reminds us that the Gainesville Book Sale begins on April 16th.



Jack B. Yeats, "The Liffey Swim", 1923

Maureen E. Mulvihill (Sarasota), a rare book collector & scholar with the Princeton Research Forum, Princeton, NJ, and former FBS officer, reports that her (illustrated) essay, "Shaking Hands with Jonathan Swift?" (*Irish Literary Supplement*, Spring 2015), is now [hosted online](#) by the WB Yeats Society of New York*. Her other essays on the Yeats site discuss Irish painter, Jack B. Yeats, and Irish patroness & Abbey Theatre co-founder, Augusta (Persse), Lady Gregory.

*[Yeats site](#) presently undergoing redesign.



FBS Member Profile: Sue Tihansky

interviewed by Jerry Morris

Jerry Morris: Tell us a little bit about yourself: where you were born, where you lived, and when you came to Florida.

Sue Tihansky: I was born in New Philadelphia, Ohio, and lived there until we moved to Florida in 1946 or 1947. My dad, a newspaper reporter, came down here to buy a weekly newspaper that was for sale on the east coast. That never happened, and my dad ended up coming to Tampa.

JM: When did you first get interested in books?



ST: At age four, I received the Platt and Munk's Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* as a birthday gift. I was enchanted with the illustrations. (I still am.) One of the books that I loved was about book collecting, and from then on, I began saving all my books, becoming a 'collector.' I must have been about nine. I also read one on deep sea

diving, and for a while, I thought I would be a deep sea diver when I grew up.

JM: I know you are a booklover, but do you consider yourself to be more a reader, a book collector, or both?

ST: I used to do a lot of reading, but not as much as I would like. I didn't actually 'collect' books, but I would hang on to the ones I liked. I started serious 'collecting' probably in the late 70s. I heard Jay Dobkin talk about collecting. "To get started," he said, "decide upon a subject or category you want to collect". I wanted to collect children's books, but they had already become too expensive. So I decided to collect books on Florida. My dad had several so I had a few to begin with. They had not become too pricey, and Mike Slicker had a lot to choose from.

JM: What kind of other books do you like?

ST: Besides children's books and Florida category, I like art books, American history, English history, books

on Indians, cookbooks, garden books, illustrators, books on books, and now I'm making sure that when I buy a new book that it's a first edition and, if at all possible, signed. You see, I'm not very well focused.

JM: You are on a desert island and a book genie mysteriously appears. She will give you three books to read and only three. What are the titles of the books you'd choose?

ST: I'd rather she gave me some watercolors, a couple of brushes and Arches 300 lb cold-pressed paper. My eyesight isn't good enough.

JM: That's right. You teach watercolor classes. I should have known!

JM: When did you join the Florida Bibliophile Society?

ST: I met Art Walker in a class at USF's Osher Lifelong Learning Program, and he invited me to come to a meeting. I don't remember the year.

JM: I know you edited the FBS Newsletter—how long did you do that?

ST: Maybe Carl can tell you that. I can't. Lee Harrer was looking for someone to take over the newsletter. I said I would do it; I felt that I could. I had a career in advertising layout and design, loved type, and was able to use a program on the computer. Lee had done such a wonderful job. I had big shoes to fill.

JM: How long did an issue of the newsletter usually take you to complete from start to finish?

ST: I worked on it the whole month. It took a lot of time, but I enjoyed doing it. I accumulated a



An Interview with Sue Tihansky, concluded

lot of material for the issues, and that was a lot of fun. I learned so much and became aware of all the 'book' things going on around us, some place, all the time.

JM: I know you're going to San Francisco in June for this year's FABS [Fellowship of Antiquarian Bibliophilic Societies] tour. What other FABS tours have you attended?

ST: I got brave enough to attend my first one in Seattle. Jack Walsh would go with me because he had two sisters who lived there. It was simply one of the best things that I have done. So much so that I signed up for the next one and the next one. I have gone to Washington, D.C., Detroit, Pittsburgh, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland. Imagine! You are around like-minded people. You get to see, have access, to all the special collections, the rarest books, the private libraries, the most knowledgeable people, historic places, and end up having a farewell feast at the poshest club in town. It's an incredible trip. I wish I had started sooner and learned to focus more.

JM: Thanks Sue for letting us get to know you just a little bit more!



This Month's Writers and Contributors

Many thanks to those who contributed words and ideas to this month's newsletter!

David Hall	Maureen Mulvihill
John Heppner	Rob Norman
Peter Meinke	Sue Tihansky
Jerry Morris	

Have an idea for an article for *The Florida Bibliophile*? Contact Charles Brown, cmbrown@atlantic.net, to submit or for assistance in preparing your article.

**Block City**

by Robert Louis Stevenson
from *A Child's Garden of Verses*

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbour as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors aboard!
And see, on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

Bob Dylan Collection Headed to University of Tulsa

On the eve of his 75th birthday (May 24), Bob Dylan has placed a collection of over 6,000 pieces of memorabilia at the University of Tulsa, Oklahoma. The University and the George Kaiser Foundation reportedly acquired the collection for between \$15 million and \$20 million.

The collection covers his entire career, including his earliest recordings from 1959. The most important item in the collection might be the 1974 notebook in which Dylan worked out the lyrics for his songs from his biggest selling record, *Blood on the Tracks*. The notebook also includes sketches and poetry.



There is also correspondence between Dylan and the late beat poet Allen Ginsberg, as well as master recording tapes of Dylan's entire music catalog and hundreds of hours of video.

Dylan has released a relatively small amount of this kind of material so when any has appeared at auction, it has commanded high prices: a handwritten copy of the song "Like a Rolling Stone" sold for a record \$2 million at a New York auction in 2014, while the electric guitar he played at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival sold for nearly \$1 million in 2013. Because so few pieces have been released over the years, the size of the collection surprised many.

The exact reason for choosing Tulsa has not been revealed, but Tulsa is also home to the Woody Guthrie Center, and Guthrie was a major influence on Dylan. In the press release, Dylan explained, "I'm glad that my archives, which have been collected all these years, have finally found a home and are to be included with the works of Woody Guthrie and especially alongside all the valuable artifacts from the Native American Nations."



Milton Glaser is one of the U.S.'s most famous graphic designers. His 1977 "I [heart] New York" logo is one of the most recognizable symbols in the world. But 10 years before he had produced a similarly iconic image, a poster featuring Bob Dylan. It became one of the most famous images associated with the singer and an iconic image of the 1960s. Glaser produced it for inclusion in the album *Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits*, released by Columbia in 1967. The album was Dylan's last for Columbia, with whom he had become frustrated. He left Columbia in 1973.

The poster combines three elements. According to Glaser, the silhouette was directly influenced by a simple cutout created by Marcel Duchamp. The power and simplicity of that image impressed Glaser. He joined this with his trademark waves of color and a few letters from a typeface he was working on that just happened to be on his desk when he was creating the Dylan poster. Inspired by a sign he saw in Mexico, this typeface became Baby Teeth, one of his most famous designs and another icon of the late 1960s.



400 Years of Quixote

The 400th anniversary of the death of the English language's most famous – and some would say greatest – playwright tends to overshadow the 400th anniversary of the Spanish language's most famous – and some would say greatest – novelist. In any case, Shakespeare's 1616 death a few days after Cervantes' is a case of one of the greatest uptagings in the history of literature – sinking of another Armada.

Don Quixote was not Cervantes only work, but it is his best known and most influential. Shakespeare himself, always on the lookout for good sources, is believed to have written a play based on an episode in *Don Quixote*. The first part of *Don Quixote* appeared in English in 1612, translated by Thomas Shelton. This version could have been available to Shakespeare and his co-writer, John Fletcher. Unfortunately, the play, *Cardenio*, is known by name only; the text has never surfaced. Some theories and documents have been

“Finally, from so little sleeping and so much reading, his brain dried up and he went completely out of his mind.”

advanced over the years, but none of them is widely accepted.

Well, you see how it happens... back to Cervantes!

Of special interest to bibliophiles, it is Alonso Quixano's books that start the long journey by which he will become Don Quixote.

Quixano obsessively reads and re-reads chivalric romances, even

selling off land to purchase more books. He comes to believe that the stories are all true and to desire to be a knight like the ones he reads about. He undertakes a series of heroic deeds, but he is not quite the combatant he believes himself to be, and soon he is unconscious, left for dead on the side of a road. He is carried back to his home by a neighbor.

As he lies unconscious in bed, his niece, housekeeper, barber, and a local priest discuss his strange behavior. Believing that his obsession with his books has driven him mad, they resolve to destroy his library. In a lengthy passage, the priest reviews the books and decides what to keep. The rest they burn, and then they seal the room. When Quixano is awake, they tell him that all this is the work of a wizard.

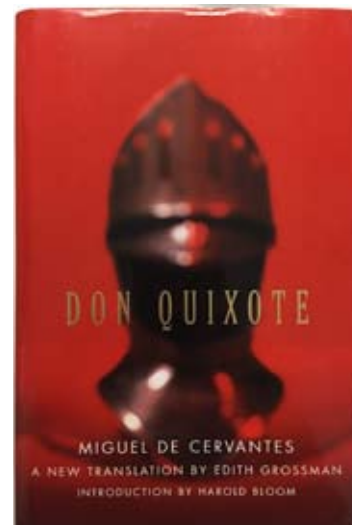
Eventually he sneaks out and with promises of great riches, induces his peasant neighbor, Sancho Panza, to join him on his quest. The hero and his sidekick hit the road, and the great story truly begins.

The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha was published in two parts. Part one, published in 1605, was an immediate success.

The first edition was 400 copies, most of which were sent to the Americas, where the publisher thought they would command a better price, but most of them were lost in a shipwreck; only a few dozen made it to Peru. The second part appeared in 1615. Both parts were translated into English within a few years of their Spanish publication.

Just as Quixote was influenced by great works that came before it, it became the inspiration for [many great works that came after it](#). Don Quixote is widely regarded as the first modern novel. The main character himself is a metaphor for the transformation that Cervantes applies to the formulaic literature that was so well known to his audience: Cervantes sends an old man who has lost his grip on reality on a quest normally undertaken by a young and capable hero. And what is Quixote's quest – just that, to be on a quest.

Programs of special events have been planned in many countries to celebrate the quadricentennial. None more than in Spain, where a National Commission for the Commemoration of the 4th Centenary of the death of Miguel de Cervantes was established in April 2015, with King Felipe VI and Queen Letizia of Spain as its honorary presidents. The commission has established a [website](#) filled with information about Cervantes' life and works and about the many events planned in his honor.



Edith Grossman's 2005 translation of Don Quixote is highly recommended.

400 Years of Quixote, concluded

Title pages of the first edition of Don Quixote, part one (left) and part two (right). Fewer than 20 copies of the first edition of part one are known to exist for reasons explained in the accompanying article.



Don Quixote has been in continuous publication for 400 years. It has been translated into several dozen languages. It has been adapted to the stage and screen dozens of times, perhaps most memorably in the 1964 Broadway version by Dale Wasserman, Joe Darion, and Mitch Leigh that gave us "To Dream the Impossible Dream." It has been a subject for hundreds of illustrators and artists. The images above are by Salvador Dali, Pablo Picasso, and Honore Daumier (left to right). Picasso's image of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza has become iconic through widespread reproduction on everything from posters to mugs.

First Folio Discovered on Scottish Island

One for the books, as they say: on the eve of the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's death, April 23, a previously unknown copy of Shakespeare's first folio has turned up in Mount Stuart House on the Isle of Bute, Scotland. Of the 750 copies believed to have been printed in 1623, only 233 – now 234 – are known to exist today. The First Folio is one of the most prized of rare books, and the appearance of a previously unknown copy is significant. The most recent discovery of a First Folio before Bute occurred in 2014 in a Jesuit library in St. Omer in France.

The First Folio, published seven years after Shakespeare's death, contains the texts of 36 of the 37 plays accepted as being Shakespeare's; the one remaining play, *Pericles*, is known from quarto editions that preceded the First Folio. Eighteen of the plays in the First Folio would otherwise be unknown to us (or perhaps known only by title), including *Macbeth*, *Antony & Cleopatra*, *All's Well, As You Like It*, and *The Tempest*.

Alice Martin, Mount Stuart's head of historic collections, believes the Bute First Folio was bought by the third Marquess of Bute, John Patrick Crichton-Stuart (1847-1900), an antiquarian and collector. In addition to the First Folio, Mount Stuart House contains many other treasures: as the *New York Times* reported, "paintings by Titian and Veronese, a garter presented by King George III to the third earl of Bute (the first Scottish prime minister of Britain) and, perhaps more prosaically, the world's first heated indoor swimming pool."

The Bute First Folio is unusual in that it is bound in three volumes, one each for the comedies, the histories, and the tragedies. Most copies are single volumes. However, many of the existing First Folios are incomplete, lacking introductory or other material; only 40 complete copies are known.

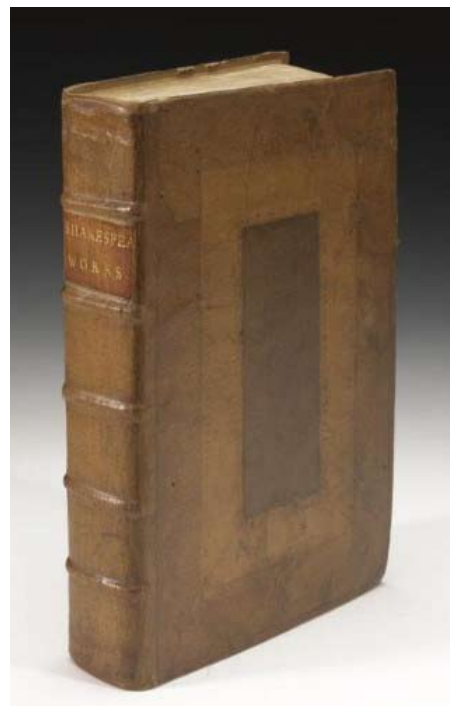
Sidney Lee published a world census of First Folios in 1902, locating and documenting 152 copies. In the 1990s, Anthony James West added 80 more, bringing the total to 232. With the St. Omer

and Bute copies, the total is 234. However, the whereabouts of all 234 is not known with certainty as several copies documented by Lee have disappeared.

With 500 copies of the First Folio unaccounted for, the chances that more will turn up is good. As with Mount Stuart House, many libraries in Europe are "forgotten or neglected," with many more treasures awaiting discovery.



The three volumes of the Bute First Folio. In the foreground, the volume is open to the famous portrait of Shakespeare by Martin Droeshout. According to Ben Jonson it is a very good likeness.



A single-volume copy of the first folio purchased in 2006 by Microsoft cofounder Paul Allen for \$6 million.



Upcoming Events




April 2016

FBS Road Trip: Gainesville Friends of the Library Spring Book Sale, April 16-20, 2016

FBS members are planning a getaway to north central Florida, drawn irresistibly to the 500,000 books and more on sale during the five days of the Alachua County Friends of the Library Book Sale. From the rare and unusual in the Collector's Corner to books on every subject, vinyl records, dvds, VHS tapes, comics... there is something for everyone at this sale, the largest of its kind in Florida.

Gainesville is home to the University of Florida, the Harn Museum of Art, the McGuire Butterfly Center, the Florida State Museum of Natural History, the Hippodrome State Theatre, and more. Gainesville has many delightful restaurants, from national chains to local establishments with cuisine from all over the world.

Let us know you're joining us. Contact Jerry Morris at moibibliomaniac@gmail.com. 



May 2016


FBS Annual Banquet Brio Tuscan Grille International Plaza

**2223 N Westshore Blvd, Tampa, FL
May 15, 2016**

Guest speaker:

Colette Bancroft

book editor, *Tampa Bay Times*

The FBS Annual Banquet will be a wonderful opportunity to reflect on the 2015-2016 season and its fascinating presentations and events. We'll have a chance to enjoy each other's company, some end-of-year traditions, and a special guest speaker in a private room at Brio Tuscan Grille. I am assured the food is excellent. Contact FBS treasurer Linda Morris to reserve a seat — linjer25@gmail.com. 

Florida Book Events Calendar

Know about any events of interest to book lovers? Send corrections and additions to Charles Brown, cmbrown@atlantic.net

LIBRARY BOOK SALES

For the numerous library book sales around the state, visit Florida Library Book Sales:
<http://www.booksalefinder.com/FL.html#X676>.

M A Y

May 20-22, 2016
**Jacksonville Friends of the Library
Warehouse Book Sale**
(fjpl.info/?page_id=240)

FLORIDA BOOK EVENTS

2 0 1 6

A P R I L

April 1-30, 2016
O, Miami Poetry Festival, Miami, FL
(<http://www.omiami.org/>)

April 8, 2016
Ocala Storytelling Festival, Arola

April 8-10, 2016
**University of Florida Conference on
Comics and Graphic Novels**, Gainesville, FL
(est. 2002)
(www.english.ufl.edu/comics/conference.shtml)

April 8-10, 2016
Word of South Festival, Tallahassee, FL
(<http://www.wordofsouthfestival.com/>)

April 13, 2016
James Joyce Society, Sarasota, FL
10 AM at North Sarasota Library,
2801 Newtown Boulevard
Topic: "Nausicaa" episode

April 16, 2016
Tampa-Hillsborough Storytelling Festival,
Tampa (est. 1980)
(tampastory.org/category/2016-festival/)

April 16-20, 2016
Friends of the Library Book Sale,
Gainesville (est. 1954)
(folacld.org/)

April 27, 2016
James Joyce Society, Sarasota, FL
10 AM at North Sarasota Library,
2801 Newtown Boulevard
Topic: "Oxen in the Sun" episode

J U N E

June 15-19, 2016
**Fellowship of American Bibliophilic
Societies 2016 Rare Book and Manuscript
Tour**, Host: The Book Club of California, San
Francisco, CA
(<http://www.fabsocieties.org/meeting.html>)

J U L Y

July 1-4, 2016
Florida Supercon, Miami, FL
(<http://floridasupercon.com/>)

July 23, 2016
**John D. MacDonald Centenary Birthday
Celebration**
(www.jdmhomepage.org)

A U G U S T

August 7-9, 2016
Tampa Bay Comic Con, Tampa, FL
(<http://www.tampabaycomiccon.com/>)

S E P T E M B E R

September 23-25, 2016
**Valencia College's Winter Park Writers
Festival**
(winterparkwritersfestival.weebly.com/)

September 24, 2016
**Tallahassee Writers Conference & Book
Fair**, Tallahassee, FL
(<https://twa.wildapricot.org/>)

September 26, 2016
**Florida Heritage Book Festival and
Writers Conference**, St. Augustine, FL
(fhbookfest.com/)

Florida Book Events Calendar, concluded

O C T O B E R

[no 2016 date yet]

36th Annual Berrin Family Jewish Book Festival & Women's Day Luncheon, Miami, FL

Florida Writer's Conference

(floridawriters.net/conferences/florida-writers-conference/)

Jewish Book Festival, Jacksonville, FL

WasabiCon, Jacksonville, FL

(<http://www.wasabicon.com/>)

October 8 – December 3, 2015

35th Annual Berrin Family Jewish Book Festival & Women's Day Luncheon, Miami, FL

(<http://www.alperjcc.org/artsculture/book-festival/>)

October 22-26, 2016

Friends of the Library Book Sale, Gainesville (est. 1954)
(folacld.org/)

N O V E M B E R

November 5-8, 2016

Sanibel Island Writers Conference
(www.fgcu.edu/siwc/)

November 12, 2016

Festival of Reading, St. Petersburg
(www.tampabay.com/expos/festival-of-reading/index.page)

November 25-27, 2016

32nd Annual Miami Book Fair International
(miamibookfair.com/)

D E C E M B E R

[no 2016 date yet]

INK Miami

modern and contemporary works on paper by internationally renowned artists

(www.inkartfair.com/about.html)

2 0 1 7

J A N U A R Y

(no events found)

F E B R U A R Y

(no 2017 date yet)

Amelia Island Book Festival, Fernandina Beach, FL

(<http://www.ameliaislandbookfestival.org/>)

Charlotte Harbor Book Festival, Punta Gorda, FL

(<http://charlotteharborbookfestival.weebly.com/>)



Friends of the Library Book Sale, Gainesville



Florida Bibliophile Society, 2015-2016 Season



September 20 • Kick-off meeting – New officers were introduced; the year's events were presented; organizational issues were discussed.

October 18 • Florence M. Turcotte, Literary Manuscripts Archivist and curator, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings Papers, George A. Smathers Libraries, University of Florida, Gainesville, spoke about Rawlings life and the topic of her forthcoming book, *Rawlings and the moonshine culture* she found when she moved to Florida in 1928.

November 15 • Patti Wilson Byars spoke about her book *Separate Fountains*, which tells about growing up in the 1940s and 1950s in Jonesboro, Georgia. *Separate Fountains* is a compelling picture of life in a small southern town wrestling with the post-war period, with its traditions, and with the Ku Klux Klan. (Seminole Community Library, Seminole FL)

November 23 • Rebecca Rego Barry joined members of the Florida Bibliophile Society for dinner and a pre-release book signing. Barry is editor of *Fine Books & Collections* magazine. Her book, *Rare Books Uncovered: True Stories of Fantastic Finds in Unlikely Places*, was published by Voyageur Press on December 1, 2015. It has been likened to "Antiques Roadshow," but devoted entirely to antiquarian books and manuscripts. Barry interviewed more than fifty collectors, booksellers, librarians, and other "finders" about their best book find. Among her interviewees, FBS's own Jerry Morris. A special keepsake was given to all attendees.

December 20 • FBS Holiday Party. The holiday gala you don't want to miss! At the home of Joan Sackheim. Details are elsewhere in this newsletter.

January 17 • Friedrich "Fritz" Thiel's distinguished academic career in German literature has garnered many honors both in the U.S. and Germany. Thiel is the author of many works and an avid book collector. Thiel will speak about the Dutch language and its relationship to German and English vocabularies. This presentation was well received at the Rowfant Club of Cleveland.

February 21 • BonSue Brandvik is an author and preservationist whose life has become entwined with the historic Belleview Biltmore Hotel. Its structure is mostly gone, but the hotel lives on in Brandvik's work, in which guests of the hotel face the challenges of their lives with the help of guests from the past. (Kelce-MacDonald Library, University of Tampa)

March 20 • Peter Meinke is in the second of a three-year term as Florida's Poet Laureate. Meinke has published two children's books, a monograph on poet Howard Nemerov, and eight poetry chapbooks; a bilingual collection of poems, *Maples & Orange Trees*, was published in Russia in 2005. Meinke will discuss his work and read some of his poems. Also, he will have books for sale and will be available for signing.

April 15-17 • FBS members and guests will have an "away" event, traveling to Gainesville for its semiannual **Friends of the Library Book Sale**, the largest of its kind in Florida, offering over 500,000 books in every imaginable category. Most books on the main floor are priced at \$4.00 and less. In the, "Collector's Corner," rarer and more collectible books are offered.

May 15 • Annual Florida Bibliophile Society Banquet. Our guest speaker will be Colette Bancroft, Book Editor of the *Tampa Bay Times*. (Brio Tuscan Grille, Tampa, FL)



Endpaper • Time Enough at Last



“Time Enough at Last” is the title of what is arguably the most famous and most loved episode of the *The Twilight Zone*. In it, Burgess Meredith plays a bank teller, Henry Bemis, a man who seeks to escape the harassment of his home life, his work life — in fact, life in general — through his reading. One day, during his lunch hour, which he and a book customarily take in the bank’s vault, the bank is rocked by a huge explosion. He exits the vault to find a demolished bank and a city in ruins — everyone appears to be dead — the result of a nuclear explosion. At first, Bemis is overwhelmed by the horror and isolation, but soon, he finds consolation in the time that he will now have for his books — except that, as he delightedly gathers a pile of books to devour, he inadvertently crushes his very thick glasses.

After sharing that shocking parable, I can only say that I hope you enjoyed the Florida Antiquarian Book Fair as much as I did — secure in the knowledge that a complex and effective regime of protections and a good deal of governmental vigilance should prevent

any large-scale mishaps that might otherwise interfere with sitting down with the fascinating books I found. I’m especially intrigued by a railroad man’s scrapbook, which he crowded with articles cut from the newspaper, cigarette stamps and postage stamps, and typed-up lists of hundreds of other railroad personnel and their fates, and which was sold to me by a distinctly unbookish young couple, who nevertheless turned out to be quite knowledgeable.

The fair was a series of encounters like that — interesting books and interesting people, all with stories to tell. I think that’s a much better (and more reassuring!) parable about bibliophiles. Every time I sit down with that scrapbook, I’ll remember that encounter, and perhaps I’ll see those dealers again next year. In the meantime, I hope to find some time to get to know someone I will never meet, who took the time to leave an amazing token of the time he was given.

See you at the book store! — Charles



The Florida Bibliophile is the newsletter of the Florida Bibliophile Society, established 1983. It is published monthly from September to May.

Correspondence regarding the newsletter and submissions should be sent to: Charles Brown, cmbrown@atlantic.net.

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Treasurer: Linda Morris — linjer25@gmail.com

www.floridabibliophilesociety.org

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