

COGNATE

*With thoughts of remembrance
And the best of good wishes to you,
Rosemary & Richard*

Back in my infancy, when Reading as a Lovely Way of Life was first imprinted, my pleasures were multiple.

First and primally were the Satisfactions in identifying myself with the various characters in the books I read and re-read; and in extending my knowledgeable areas about everything....persons, places and things.

Second pleasure that entered my life at that time was The Library Card. It looms in my memory as being no less than 5x3, black printing on a strong orange colored, fairly sturdy cardboard. At the top written in the round calligraphy favored by librarians was my number. My name and address were below that somewhere. The bottom half and the reverse side had four columns for date stamping....when books went out and when they were returned. The library provided pencils hung on chains which you used to enter the library card number on the charge slip in each book. Oh that thrill of independence the day I used my own pencil....and the day I used a PEN....well!

A Juvenile card was limited to two fiction and three non-fiction at a time. Non-fiction in the Juvenile department was pretty bad at that time except for The Philippino Twins, The Alaskan Twins and others of that ilk, but I read them all. My library card would get battered and grey before all the spaces were filled and they wouldn't give you a new clean crisp card until the old one was useless for recording Loans and Returns. What with the enjoyment in reading and the challenge to qualify for a new card quickly, my completist compulsion had its genesis; and this was where my fast reading habits were developed.

The day they let me use my mother's card was like Christmas and birthdays all rolled into one. I told them I was getting books for my mother. I was probably all of 9 at the time. It permitted me, legally, to walk (with stagefright butterflies twitting my heart) into the adult section and take out ANY five books. What wealth. I started at A with Abernathy (mysteries) and Abrahams (dull novels) and went right down the alphabet through H. Ryder Haggard and the rest...with a leavening from the Biography and Travel shelves.

A SORT-OF BOOK REVIEW

Sometime in my childhood, the entertainment possibilities in reading dictionaries was described to me. My first attempt was with a Funk and Wagnall....a nothing experience. An American College Dictionary, for some reason (maybe the glamour of having "College" in the title), was a little more fun. Two years ago I was introduced to A Comprehensive Dictionary of Psychological and Psychoanalytical Terms by English and English. What a jolly team. Dare you imagine finding a sense of humor in a dictionary? It is in this one.

The first clue is on the frontispiece below all the proper information. There's a limerick. The first line reads "Ad-i-ad-o-cho-kin-e-sis."

The second clue was that the Preface read as though the editor was directing it to the reader rather than other dictionary writers. A couple of paragraphs down on the first page of the Preface, Horace B. English says:

‘ “It is a common opinion that a dictionary is merely a record of frequently used meanings. This is wrong on two counts. In the first place, since every use of a term in a new context gives it a new meaning, there are as many meanings as there are contexts.”

In a later paragraph (still in the Preface) he writes:

“I have not hesitated to suggest terminological contraception, or even -dare we say?- vericide. And I emphatically refuse to follow the example of a certain admirable psychiatric dictionary in helping writers to find fancy terms, presumably with a view to using them (E.g., the entry “love of knowledge” refers you to ‘epistemophilia.’) If they are widely used, the lexicographer must condone the crime by defining these monstrosities; but to encourage their use is to compound the felony.”

It takes a good deal of self-control to stop quoting from English and English. Believe me, the tone of the Preface is found in the dictionary proper without despoiling the purpose of the book.

I looked up the word that was on the frontispiece. This is what I found after the word and its phonetic breakdown:

“n. 1. inability to make rapidly alternating movements. 2. incessant movement. Alas, all this struggle for a precise word, only to have it end up in a contradiction.

Ad-i-ad-o-cho-kin-e-sis
Is a term that will bolster my thesis
That 'tis idle to seek
Such precision in Greek
When confusion it only increases.”

For a most enjoyable way to extend one's understanding of psychological concepts, I recommend this dictionary highly.

The last entry in the dictionary makes for an appropriate way to close this “review”

“ZYZ: a nonsense syllable (such as is used in memory experiments) with which it seems suitable to end this dictionary.”

Some of our out-of-town friends might be a bit dismayed at the verbal enthusiasms which I frequently display. One provocation is any cue bringing to mind the southwest of Colorado. More of that after our adopted home town of Telluride elects a mayor. The other is the exciting goings-on in the Old Town district of Chicago.

With the ebb-tide bringing people back from the suburbs, some still preferred home living rather than apartment-dwelling. The ones who did and who thought ahead bought property just north of the Gold Coast area in what was a slum district. These new owners organized themselves into a conservation association and used every possible means to clean up the neighborhood, get more thorough police protection and encouraged all vulnerable apartment building owners to deconvert from room house to full size apartments.

These owners also got busy creating the most charming patios in whatever space was available in back of the house as well as remodeling the interiors. Even the street-side has come into its importance.....with walls of varying kind and with varying decorations around the front lawn. Creative attention was even given the patch of ground along the curb.

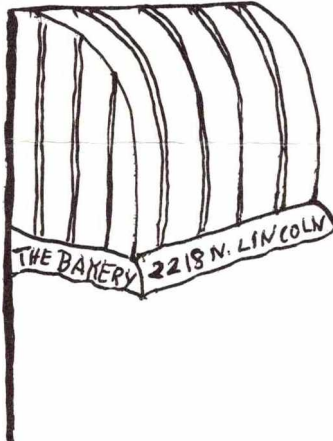
The fancy bistro belt in Chicago has always been Rush street. Wells Street in Old Town is a bistro belt of a totally different kind. Bars sit next door to antique shops next to pet shops next to under-sell-type-decor gift shops. The bars are bare of the usual red, purple, blue, green draperies. The chairs are not upholstered anything. The floors are the floors that were there...but clean, sometimes. Of course, Chances R features peanut shells on the floor. (You throw them there because they provide a dish of peanuts in the shell for you to eat while you drink.) Big Mike's features delicatessen type sandwiches and sawdust on the floor. It's all a "come-as-you-are" atmosphere....so students in corduroy jackets....and artistes (?) in long-legged leotards....and tourists complete with high heels and fancy hats are squeezed together in this "different" atmosphere. All of the bars - including Moody's Pub II-serve charcoal broiled hamburgers. The latter (Moody's) has one of the most interesting decors of all.

With the influx of antique shops inbetween all the bars, Wells street has become a crowded avenue and a street which angles off northwest from Wells is budding new places. The Crystal Palace features crystal chandeliers and sandwiches and entertainment. The Peanut Gallery (a half-block off Lincoln Avenue) has bar, tables and sandwiches and curios on the walls and ceiling.

Two blocks north of the Crystal Palace a precious shop has just opened. The owners, Lou and Sada, have named it simply The Bakery. They sell the most delicious cakes and such-like delicacies from the counter - or you can stop for a cup of coffee and a piece of pastry. The 'letter' they just had printed expresses the feeling of Old Town, the atmosphere which permeates the neighborhood AND The Bakery.

One side of The Bakery has a huge buffet with mirrors and refrigerator cases to display their pastry delicacies. The rest of the floor contains maybe seven tables to seat about 25. The wall opposite the cases is filled from eye level to ceiling (and it's a high ceiling) with the most entrancing art-work I've ever seen. Mosaics/col-

lages/whatever the right term is...of tremendously effective pictures....representational art - everything from a nude to a Chicago scene to their version of Van Gogh sunflowers to a long (vertical) thing of an ice cream cone with a zillion different layers of ice cream on it. Lou and Sada created these together. I haven't found out who did what yet....or who got the idea....but they used paper match covers and the matches themselves. When I think of the tremendous amount of delicate work and the artistry inherent in every line, I'm most humble and respectful. And the cooking and the baking is just as creative and tasteful. What a wonderful place in which to sip a cup of coffee. They're such nice people. Here are excerpts from their letter:



'Even In Old Town . . .

The Bakery is a place like no other.

'A Frenchman might know of such a place in Paris. Or you might find one there yourself on a side street where tourists don't go.

'But, incredibly, here we are - The Bakery, at 2218 N. Lincoln Avenue. You'll be hearing about The Bakery eventually. We think you prefer to know about it now.

'Do you know about Tarte Aux Fraises? Or Geroestete Haselnusstorte? or Turosretes? Of course you do. French Strawberry Cake. Viennese Roasted Filbert Torte. And Hungarian Cheese Strudel.

'This is the kind of pastry we are backing, and selling, and serving right here.

'....Don't come to us, please, for hamburgers - "Chances R" is the place. Or for corned beef sandwiches - we go to Big Mike ourselves.

'But when you feel like lunching on Egg a la Russe, with real dark bread and mayonnaise (you can even watch us make it in the kitchen) that's when you come here to The Bakery. And...our open-face sandwiches - it's a shame to call them sandwiches, the way our ham marries to a tender asparagus.

We are baker and cook, but writer we are not. So please, you'll have to come to see us. And please, if you like what you see and taste, don't tell too many people. We want to stay small and good, and be the kind of place just for you. Maybe tell just one good friend."

And everything is just as good as they claim. How lucky can we ever get to have something like this just two blocks from our apartment. Hmmm. In their 'letter', Louie and Sada ask not to tell too many people and this is going to....how many? Well, most don't live too close so maybe they'll forgive me.