



BRIDWELL LIBRARY, PERKINS SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY // ISSUE 16 // SUMMER 2022

The Bridwell Quarterly

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SMU Libraries

The Bridwell Quarterly: Welcome

Anthony J. Elia, Director of Bridwell Library and J.S. Bridwell Foundation Endowed Librarian

Dear Friends,

On the evening of August 11th, a supermoon cast its glow over DFW. It would be the last appearance of what is often called a Sturgeon Moon (because of its association with Native American traditions of catching the ancient fish) until August 2023. I had meant to go out later in the evening and observe the phenomenon, but got distracted and eventually fell asleep, thus missing the spectacle. The following morning, I realized that the moon was still visible for a short time before sunrise and rushed out to see if I could spot it. It was about 6:30AM, and I looked for the best place to scan the horizon, as I was amid a sea of tall buildings and other humanmade structures. But as I turned a corner on a nearby path, I saw the massive moon up in the sky before me. It was like its own deity in the nearby universe and it was magnificent.

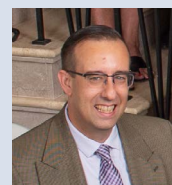
I stood there for several minutes as the sky became a paler shade of blue, and the moon faded and sank toward the horizon. I enjoyed the morning air that was still mild and not too humid or hot for Dallas. I also thought of how such fleeting moments are cherishable and should be valued, respected, and not taken for granted. It was a pensive experience that gave me a deep appreciation for what I had before me. And as that distant lunar globe paled further, now beginning to hide behind electrical towers and tree lines, I turned around to see an even more magnificent orange glow of the rising sun.

I toggled back and forth, casting my gaze 180 degrees from sun to moon and moon to sun. They were parallel spheres in this orbital dance, and it was even more profound and enlivening than the magnificence of the Sturgeon Moon itself. As it all melted away and the sun grew into the powerful yellow orb of fire that it is, I returned home and thought about what I'd just seen. I didn't know when I would see such a phenomenon again, probably not for a very long time. It also made me think about something else that would happen later that day, as the Bridwell staff was gathering together to share in an end of summer luncheon. It was a *non-retirement* party that honored both our entire Bridwell staff and specifically Jon Speck, who would be retiring in a few weeks on September 2. Jon will be followed by our colleague Rebecca Howdeshell, who is set to retire on November 18th. That very morning of the party, I recognized, like the vision of the sun and moon, that the coming retirement departures of two of our staff members were in some ways a reflection of this experience—that we tend to appreciate the joys and exceptional nature of our environments (or colleagues) most when we know that they are fleeting.

We are reminded of the great and profound things that come before us, especially when those great and profound things are about to slip away. And then we lament that we are about to lose them. And while we will not see another Sturgeon Moon for a while, Jon and Rebecca will soon be gone in permanent retirement and we will be left with their friendships and memories of all that they have done for and with us to make Bridwell the remarkable place, library, and community that it is. Let us relish the moments we have together and give thanks for the goodness of these bonds of friendship and joy in all the greatness they've brought to us.

Congratulations and happy, restful, and creative times ahead!

Anthony



Announcements



JON SPECK RETIRES

After thirty-three years, Jon C. Speck, Director of Operations and Exhibit Designer, is retiring this fall. Looking back at his storied career at Bridwell, his colleagues and friends thank him for his contributions and collegiality and wish him well in his retirement. His last day was September 2.



BRIDWELL FALL EVENTS

Week of September 19th: *Dance of Death Modern Art Book Exhibit* Opens. Renowned American artists Nicholas Kahn and Richard Selesnick will be visiting Bridwell that week for the exhibit's opening reception. October 17th Prof. Fred Aquino (ACU) will give the Inaugural William J. Abraham Memorial Lecture, Perkins Chapel, followed by a reception in the Blue Room. All welcome.



PERKINS EVENTS

September 26: Drs. Ted Campbell and Rebekah Miles Chair Installation Ceremony, Perkins Chapel and Reception to follow at Bridwell Library. November 14–15: [Perkins Fall Convocation on Food and Faith](#). Read more about the event and special guests Aarti Sequeira and Norman Wirzba. Reception to be held at Bridwell Library.

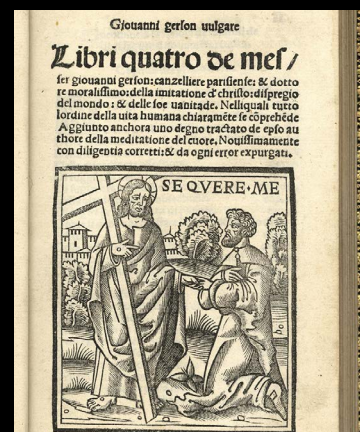
BRIDWELL LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS:

[Invention and Discovery: Printed Books From Fifteenth-Century Europe](#)

Online Exhibition

Since 1962, Bridwell Library has built one of the finest collections of fifteenth-century printed books held in America. Numbering more than 1100 volumes, Bridwell's collection of pre-1501 imprints is not merely a gathering of early typographic specimens. A highlight is the Mainz edition of the Latin dictionary known as the *Catholicon* printed on paper with a Bull's Head watermark. It is therefore from the original 1460 edition attributed to Gutenberg himself. Its rubrication is Netherlandish in style, with red and blue initials ornamented in crimson, green, and mauve, with fine penwork extensions.

<https://bridwell.omeka.net/exhibits/show/inventionanddiscovery>



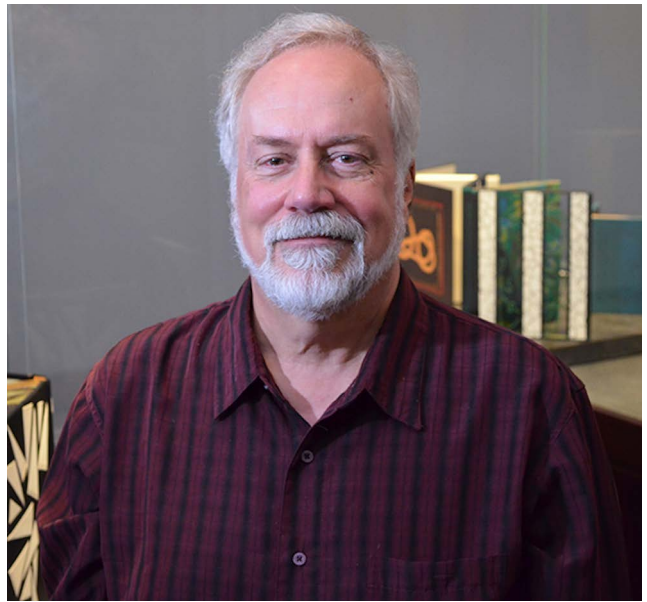
For other Bridwell news, visit the Bridwell Library News blog: <https://blog.smu.edu/bridwellnews/>
Bridwell Special Collections is open by appointment only: <https://www.smu.edu/Bridwell/About/ContactUs>

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BQ Online: <https://blog.smu.edu/Quarterly>

Jon Speck Retires

Jon Speck came to SMU 33 years ago this month and has had a long, distinguished, productive, and honorable career, making and keeping Bridwell the magnificent building, refined artistic-theological space, and close-knit community that it is. Bridwell's public persona, its displays both in the exhibition halls and interior spaces, as well as the presentation of walls, windows, artwork, facades, trims, surrounding lawns, and overall facility aesthetics have been under his direction these many years. He has also been the *man behind the scenes*, the one who has kept things going with his quiet persistence and dedication to the building's needs and our staff's comfort, from internal infrastructure, security systems, electrical and plumbing, to HVAC maintenance and a multitude of other responsibilities. Jon started his career in art, completing his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Painting/Drawing at the Atlanta College of Art. He brought this talent to his jobs both before coming to Dallas and to Bridwell for the last three decades. In his student years he had worked in Chamblee, Georgia at the Dekalb Art Center, the High Museum of Art, and Atlanta Arts Alliance, before returning to the High Museum as Preparator and then Chief of Art Handling. Jon arrived at Bridwell in September 1989, as Exhibition Designer, around the time of our last major renovation—before, of course, the one that just finished last year. During the intervening decades, Jon has served steadfastly as Exhibition Designer, Director of Operations, and Facilities Manager (see p. 5 for highlights of his work). Jon has long been our staff guide on all things related to exhibition design, signage and public-facing typography questions, and issues of aesthetic consistency, especially as they concern interior design, paint and crown molding, lighting, and physical hardware—from the appropriate types of brass fixtures to the kinds of polished stone used in the building. We are already learning the true nature of the building itself, which needs constant attention and repair, yet under Jon's watchful eyes we all recognize the care that he brought to making sure we were all comfortable and safe within its interiors. As we have sent off Jon this month to his next chapter, we have celebrated as a community our appreciation. Among the send-off gifts presented to Jon were a commemorative box engraved with his name and Bridwell Library on its sliding lid (see below right) and a keepsake 1956 Ford Fairlane hood ornament (see below left)—a nod to both Jon's childhood and the outstanding era of automotive industrial design that Jon very much admires. Jon's last day on campus was Friday, September 2, 2022. With that, I invite you all to join with us, Bridwell Library, Perkins, and the whole SMU community, in wishing Jon a happy, healthy, and enjoyable retirement. Thank you, Jon!



QR Code System

Jon Speck worked with Rebecca Howdeshell to create a QR code system to pair with each piece of art featured throughout Bridwell Library. By scanning QR codes with a smart phone, viewers connect to websites where they can learn more about each artwork.



Exhibition Design

As an Exhibition Designer for Bridwell Library, Jon designed and implemented the lighting, layout, and display for many of Bridwell's exhibitions throughout his thirty-three years.



Gallery & Art Pedestal Design

Jon designed gallery display panels, poster boards, signs, and most recently, a series of stately and high-quality wooden pedestals to showcase long-hidden Bridwell cultural artifacts and artworks.



Building Management

The library's building has been in operation for over seventy years. Jon has spent nearly half of that time working with SMU's Facilities department to maintain the upkeep of the building in every aspect.



Bridwell All-Staff Luncheon

On August 6th, 2022, Bridwell Library held an all-staff luncheon in celebration of our staff and a nod to the coming end of summer. It was also a moment for the staff to come together and share in good food, conversation, and fellowship with one of Bridwell's senior team, Jon Speck, who would soon be retiring after more than three decades of service at Bridwell. Though this was *not* ostensibly a “retirement party”—indeed, the cake said as much—since Jon requested not to be feted, it was in the tempo and enjoyment of the whole staff that we gathered like old times and enjoyed the camaraderie and friendship of each other's presence. Jon shared with the group some of his personalized gifts, including an engraved wooden box and a chrome finial hood ornament from a 1950s Ford—a object that was of fine and classic industrial car design, an area of art that has long interested Jon. The luncheon was punctuated by a slide presentation of photos from the last thirty-five years, along with Italian cream and split vanilla-chocolate sheet cakes.



NOT a Retirement Speech

That was NOT given August 12, 2022

By Charles Baker, Retired Bridwell Staff

Some of you don't know me. I am Charles Baker and I worked here for a long time a long time ago. I thank your director for letting me say a few words.

As the cake so tastefully puts it, this is NOT a retirement party so what I have to say is not addressed to anyone in particular, just some person whom I have known for a long time who may or may not even BE here right now. I met this person in 1989...some of you were not even born yet...and to my mind we were friends immediately. Everyone loves this person but I love this person more than all of you put together! On an almost daily basis, we met and had some laughs and came up with solutions to all the world's problems (no one listened to us, and just look at the state of things today...it's not our fault...we did what we could) and every now and then we did some real work together, work that involved me following this person around like an annoying baby brother and being a tremendous help by watching over this person's shoulder and making wise cracks. This person was then and is now at this moment very patient with me.

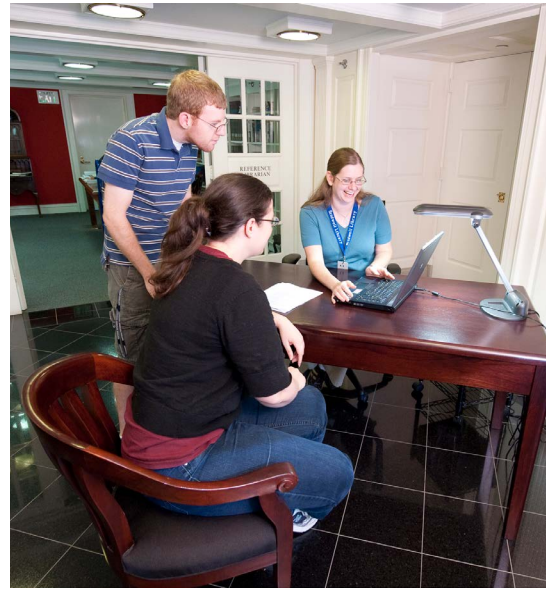
Over the decades this person and I saw many, many people come and go. Some were very close to us and together we missed them when they left. It is hard for this person and me to believe that many of you do not know of Page Thomas, Wanda Smith, Jan Sobota, Decherd Turner, Lou Berta Swain. There used to be a sheet of instructions in the staff room that read "Charles's Secrets for Making the Perfect Pot of Coffee." I was visiting some years ago and as I stood by the sink in the staff room, a new staff member came in, looked at the instructions, turned to me and asked, "Who is Charles?" No one, NO ONE will ever have to ask who this unnamed person was or what this unnamed person did to make this library what Stanley Marcus called "The hidden gem on the SMU campus." This person will NEVER be forgotten.

There is a poem I want to read to this unnamed person who will understand its meaning very well indeed. It is not one of my poems, this one is by William Shakespeare, but he is pretty good too. (If you have handkerchiefs bring them out now).

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then I can drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.



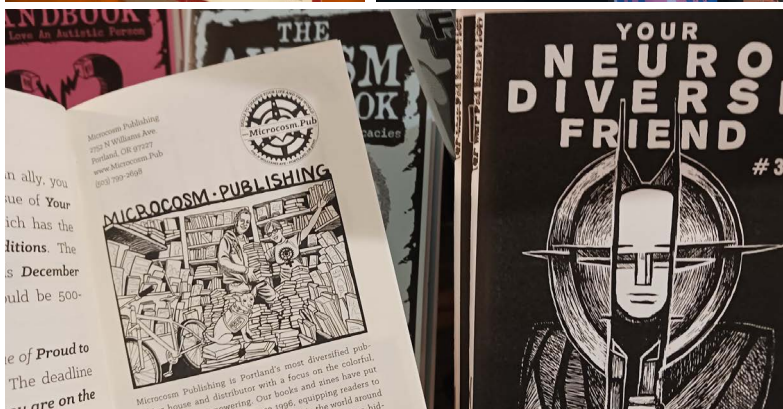
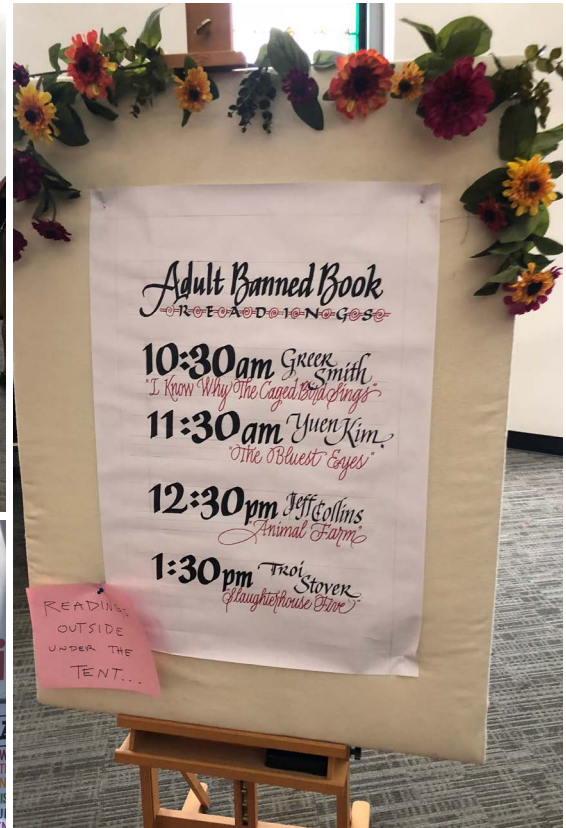
Bridwell, Remember When...



(Above) Looking back over the last 30+ years, we found some interesting and memorable photos from around Bridwell, which included images of both current and former staff, students, and colleagues. (Clockwise from above left) the former low-ceiling circulation desk, the low-ceiling reference desk, the entry hall and front staircase with Page Thomas and Ellen Frost speaking precariously on a middle step (!), a view from the Red Reference Room looking into the alcove where the Theological Writing Center now lives, and the former Special Collections Reading Room on the 2nd Floor, where the Archives Processing Room now resides.

Banned Books & Literary Resistance

During summer travels, Bridwell staff shared encounters with communities where banned books and literary resistance were points of interest—themes that have become hot topics in the last year. In the Old Dutch Reformed Church in Kingston, NY during the July 4th weekend, the congregation hosted a *Banned Book Fair* that saw a host of tables featuring banned books, authors fighting censorship, and presses supporting open publishing and freedom of speech. In Amarillo, TX, *Aunt Eek's Books and Curiosities* is a chic and edgy bookstore brimming with all sorts of titles, from Jane Austen to *zines* on neurodiversity and reproductive health. You can find that many bookstores will highlight topics that are on the front pages of national and international news, and these communities proved no different.



Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum

In late July, Bridwell Director Anthony Elia visited the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum in Canyon, TX and met with members of its talented and engaging staff. Dr. Andrew Hay gave an overview of the history and future of the extraordinary museum, along with tours by Deana Craighead (Curator of Art) and Jenni Opalinski (Curator of History). This marvelous museum and historical resource is located on the campus of West Texas A&M, and has an impressive footprint with extensive collections ranging from military and vehicle exhibits to an indoor replica of an old Texas town you can wander through and an authentic full-size antique oil rig featured in the atrium. For those who have never been to the PPHM, it's well worth the visit and we encourage you to take the trip. The museum sees more than 70,000 visitors a year.



(Above) Images from the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum in Canyon, TX, just south of Amarillo. The museum is about a dozen miles west of the well-known Palo Duro Canyon.

Taos Cultural Institute 2022

For nearly two decades, the Taos Cultural Institute has been a vibrant opportunity for the greater SMU community to come together and experience lifelong learning in the high desert of northern New Mexico. Every year in late July, scores of SMU alumni/ae and friends gather to attend a range of courses from Southwestern history and Iberian art to watercolor design and the history of warfare. This year, the Institute included several faculty and staff from Meadows School of the Arts, Cox Business School, and SMU Libraries—Dean Holly Jeffcoat and Bridwell Director Anthony Elia attended and partook in activities at SMU's Fort Burgwin campus. Anthony participated in the course titled “Los Alamos and the Manhattan Project: The Origins of Big Science,” taught by the stellar team of professors Cas Milner, Stephen Sekula, and Jodi Cooley-Sekula. This included a fieldtrip to the famed Los Alamos site about an hour from Taos, where the class visited J. Robert Oppenheimer's cabin, Fuller Lodge, and the Bradbury Science Museum.

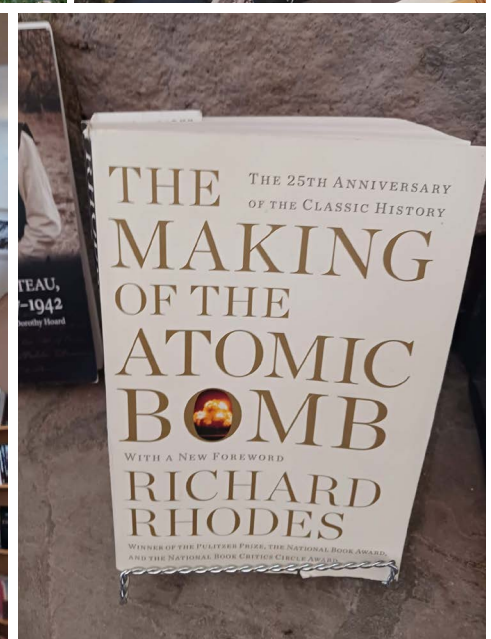
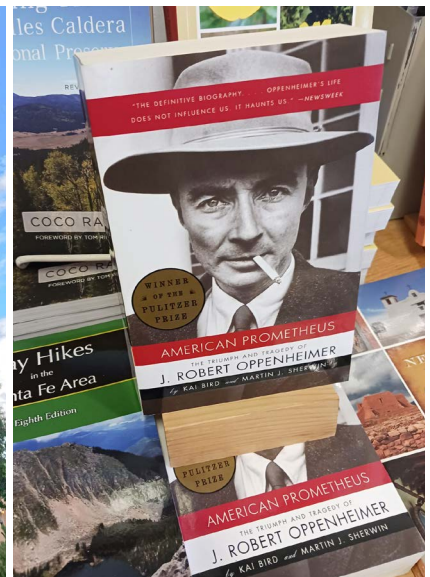


(Above, clockwise) Fort Burgwin chapel; Anthony in front of Taos campus library (aka “Info Commons”); “Fat Man” Atomic Bomb model in the Bradbury Museum; the Fred Wendorf Information Commons welcome sign; book display at Los Alamos museum near Oppenheimer’s cabin.

Bookstores and History in New Mexico

The region of Santa Fe and Taos, NM are exceptionally rich in literary culture. If you ever find yourself in any of these areas, you'll be sure to have plenty of opportunities for both specialized book browsing and the more incidental wandering into bookshops and their clearance sections. Among the many remarkable places is the famous *Alla* bookshop in downtown Santa Fe (images below)—right on the village square, on the second floor of one of the main promenades. According to its site “Alla specializes in academic and scholarly, Afro Latin America, Anthropology, Art and Photography.” The proprietor has been in business for nearly forty-five years, and has stories to share—including having met the likes of both John Cage and Conlon Nancarrow, composers whom we featured in Bridwell’s spring *Festival of Form*. Another bookstore *Hooked on Books II* was closed, but was among the various literary stops for book-curious travelers. In Taos, the favored spot is *op.cit. books*, found right downtown and fully packed with an array of literary, historical, and culinary offerings, and especially books on Los Alamos and the *A-Bomb*.





Images from around Taos including (top row): Hooked on Books II and SMU's Fort Burgwin campus; (middle row): physics experiment related to the Los Alamos course, op.cit. books sign, and Oppenheimer biography *American Prometheus* in op.cit; (lower row): upper floor ceiling portraits of writers in op.cit., the definitive history of the A-Bomb by Richard Rhodes, also found in op.cit.

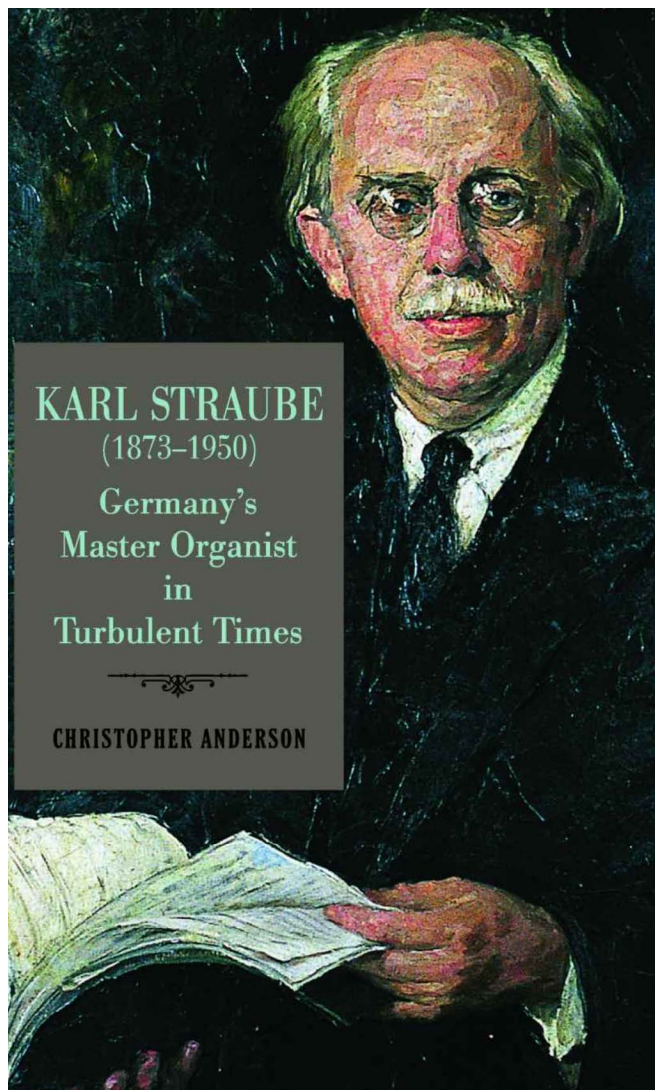
Karl Straube: Germany's Master Organist

Review of Christopher Anderson's new book by Anthony J. Elia, Director

Biographies about organists are not that commonplace and those which have been published in the last few decades, such as the lives of Langlais, Duruflé, and Buxtehude are complimented by those subjects also being composers. Somehow, the creative component enhances the desirability of their story. Among the *Eastman Studies in Music* series, under which the current title was published, we find that at least three other organists were subjects of major biographies, including Anton Heiller, Pierre Cochereau, and Charles-Marie Widor. The few biographies of non-composing organists leave us with Albert Schweitzer, who had other lives outside of organ playing for which he was famous, and the likes of Virgil Fox, whose unauthorized eponymous biography titled *Virgil Fox (The Dish): An Irreverent Biography of the Great American Organist* was described by its writers and critics as a “spicy” collection of stories.

While Fox's life may have been entertaining for other reasons, the newest organist biography written by SMU professor Christopher Anderson (Perkins School of Theology, Meadows School of the Arts), is in another league altogether. Spending nearly fifteen years researching in greatest detail the life, work, musical machinations, and socio-political intrigues of one of Germany's most famous and respected organists, professor Anderson has presented the world with a new standard in biographical and music historical writing. Anderson has accomplished a herculean task in both undertaking and writing the life of Karl Straube in his *Karl Straube (1873-1950): Germany's Master Organist in Turbulent Times*, published by University of Rochester Press this May.

The weighty tome does not disappoint in its thoroughness, specificity, and expansive reach of early 20th century European church music. The immensity of Anderson's task is certainly reflected in the profound minutia surrounding Straube's life and work, a grand historical arc that ran from the Bismarkian unification of Germany in the early 1870s through the midpoint of the 20th century during the Adenauer Chancellery (or Ulbricht Secretariat of East Germany). Three months older than Rachmaninoff,



Karl Straube (1873-1950): Germany's Master Organist in Turbulent Times (Eastman Studies in Music, 182). April 2022.

Straube began life in Berlin. And though he was not nearly as famous as his Russian contemporary, he was well-known in musical circles as the successor of J.S. Bach, occupying the position of the twelfth Thomaskantor in Leipzig since the 18th century master.

Throughout the biography, the articulations of Straube's life are mostly described in the intimate features of his interactions within the musical and church world, where the politics of choral and organ faculties, local mayors and town boards, and congregational interactions are the

focus of exchange and contention in many cases more than the upheavals of state and war (at least until 1933). The major exception is how Weimar era economics affected salaries and promotion levels. One might say that the *really* turbulent times occupy the second half of the book, while the less turbulent times occupy the first half. Yet, the book is pregnant with both the serious and mournful, just as much as the comical and entertaining—like with the purposeful repartee of Reimann and Riemann, two men of almost identical name, whose connections in reality and in the book would sensibly confuse both their contemporaries and readers today. That said, this playfulness adds a delicate flavor to the rich text.

Anderson's treatment examines Straube's context exceedingly well with a profoundly astute prosopography that is unparalleled in almost any musical biography in recent years, and certainly no biography of an organist. Indeed, it is not difficult to declare that Straube's life here is by far one of the most detailed and highly articulated musical biographies that has been produced in the last quarter century. As for our protagonist's character itself, Anderson treats Straube in contrast to the organist's environment and relationships, and readers might wonder if Straube himself was simply a reticent actor who demonstrated his power, passion, and beliefs more through his playing than through his actual behaviors and connections to a larger milieu of German society. That said, this may have been true of his younger years, but as he faced greater challenges of the state and society, his voice and opinions became more known. (He may have grown surer of himself or had more to say; or perhaps there is simply more documented in letters and writings than before the 1920s). Straube's developing views paralleled the increasing incursions of political organizations like the *Hitlerjugend*, which was attempting to integrate many aspects of society into its anti-intellectual, hyper-national, and anti-Semitic isolationist platform. Straube's own arc of participation, reticence, conflict, hesitance, and irritation simmer through the pages until the very end of the book, as he struggled with a limited and imperfect knowledge of the political surroundings and the grand scale of global conflict—what he knew about world events was clearly filtered through a propaganda machine. And sometimes, these shortcomings often make him look more provincial than cosmopolitan, even while he aggressively championed

the transcendence of classical German culture.

Straube's life was an evolution into an ever-tortured soul that contended with his mother's English identity and his father's German one. His particular rebuke of the Royal Air Force bombing Leipzig to pieces, leaving him effectively homeless, while ignoring the German's countless bombings of London, seems not to matter—or at least, he questions the British bombings of his home with something like “what kind of gentlemen are those who drop bombs on a place of culture!?” The temperament of his youth does not much mirror that of his maturity, and perhaps it is this *turbulence* of National Socialism and the troubles of the state insinuating itself into his affairs that brings him more alive. His personality seems at times elegiac, but such that it is punctuated by introverted sarcasm and a regular need for approval. We get the best indication of his sizzling wit when we hear his voice through letters—vast texts culled through and translated by Anderson—on occasions when he mocks the idea of having to fly a flag during the First World War or wondering when we as a society will be sending rockets to the moon (in 1928!); or commenting upon contemporaries he finds either useless and manipulative or beneficial and worthy of currying favor.

His most vibrant moments are with other people—which seemingly make him more alive, more human, and frankly, more interesting. This is especially true of his relationship with Reger, who predeceased Straube by more than thirty years. It is a relationship that is rich, profound, and complicated, but makes for very good conversation and description. The most animated moments in the pre-WWII years are his affair with the singer Emmi Leisner; the subsequent trials and repairs of his marriage; and the untimely death of his 19-year old daughter and only child, Elisabet.

The rise of the Nazi Party, which he joined early on, problematizes an already distant figure, whom we are drawn to because of his position, status, and musical methodologies. As we get to the very end, we might ask what kind of person he really was: a hero? A coward? Maybe an anti-hero? Or something in between, a German portmanteau of our invention: a coward-hero (*ein Feiglingheld*)!? What is one to make of a man whose heroics

were in the commitment to a transcendent music, but who seemed to tread lightly on the peculiarities and errors of a convulsing German society? Additionally, Straube's truer sensitivities about Bach and Bach interpretation emerge during the war years, and in these particular reflections we find a truly fascinating and perceptive critic. For example, on the one hand he was extremely critical of Albert Schweitzer's method, in part being too "ecclesial-theological," yet on the other hand, Straube would later be more firmly against the secularization of both his choir and the music he was so endeared to, in conflict with the increasingly pugilistic local National Socialists and their subversive *mythoi* of race and culture. His tensions with Schweitzer, though incidental, appear more to be issues of popularity and the recognition that Columbia Records and PR folks billed the latter as the "20th century's greatest Bach interpreter," which was by no means true. But Straube's interpretations were at odds with his later contemporaries (see pp. 469-70), including those who sought unjustified hidden meanings in Bach's works, such as unresolved lines and uncomfortable harmonies in chorales or even debates on hermeneutical structures with no less a character than Hans-Georg Gadamer—Mr. 20th Century Hermeneutics himself!

The important things that made for historical grist in the biography of a most accomplished and most famous organist were accompanied by the humanness of these life events. Such experiences bring him closer to the reality of readers, maybe more through these debates and fights over salaries, positions, and organizational disappointments of local music festivals. These experiences reflect our own times in ways that make us realize how important all aspects of our lives are, connecting the realities and pains and traumas that make us more real, even among the most famous of us. The 1930s, the Second World War, and the destruction of his country, city, and home, his descent into a temporary transience, and the trials of post-war denazification interrogations seemed to drain his psyche, soul, and heart. Every part of Straube strikes us as a trauma in the last decade of his life, even if he's purposefully trying to rewrite or reposition his own story, purpose, and legacy. One can sense a level of disappointment of unfinished work and achievement, despite having achieved much in his time.



Christopher Anderson is Associate Professor of Sacred Music at Southern Methodist University

While reading through this work, it occurred to me that it is a biography like no other, because it reads in many cases more like a modernist novel—something that I personally enjoy and am enriched by. The density of facts, names, and dates often intimidated this reader but getting through each of the many short chapters afforded me new context to the work, an appreciation of scale and a curiosity about a man who held one of Germany's most important musical positions, while becoming a contradictory character in his own right. Perhaps this is less herculean than Joycean—the character of Straube is almost like Leopold Bloom, heroic among the mundane and extraordinary alike, a poet among masses. But instead of a single day in Dublin, it's half a century in Leipzig. The character of Straube is a complex one. It is a portrait of a man of social and internal conflict, who struggles with the terms of his circumstances. In the end, Straube's own strengths and shortcomings were part of the crucible of his identity—and ours, as readers and human actors who might also see ourselves in those not so distant times or circumstances. Curiously, it was his competitor Schweitzer, who wrote in 1906 that our search for the historical Jesus is like a person looking into the well for some truth, only to see our own dim reflections rather than the reality of Jesus' life. So too, as we look back on history for the life of Straube or the tumult of the last century, we often find less of those realities, and instead an image in that metaphoric well. While we cannot help but observing in Straube his own challenges, complexities, and successes, we also see dim reflections of ourselves and our own lives as we try to make out the image of another time, place, and man.

J.S. Bridwell in Wichita Falls

Wichita Falls, TX was the long-time home of J.S. Bridwell.

On a recent stop in the north Texas city, Bridwell Director Anthony Elia visited some of the Bridwell sites around town. The first and perhaps most famous of these was Mr. Bridwell's one-time home, which he purchased from fellow businessman Walter Cline. It was built by Wichita Falls oilman and entrepreneur Walter Cline in 1929 and is notable because it is a partial replica of the White House in Washington, DC—specifically the east wing of the presidential mansion.

The home is privately owned today. When you drive around the curved street, which is located adjacent to Martin Plaza and Hamilton Parks, you'll see the expansive 11,000 square-foot home with its imposing Corinthian limestone columns. Not far down the road is Midwestern State University, which has also been a beneficiary of Bridwell's generosity over the years. In the Dillard College of Business Administration, one can see the J.S. Bridwell Auditorium.



Cultural Tour of Uzbekistan

by Anthony J. Elia, Director

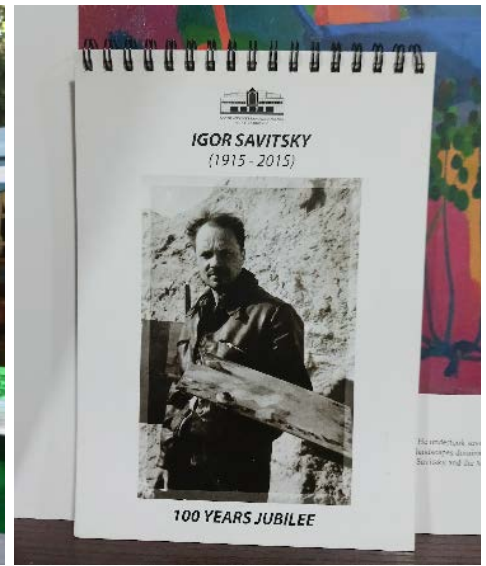
During the month of May, I spent three weeks traveling through the Central Asian nation of Uzbekistan, in what we would now consider the center of the ancient Silk Road routes. While this ancient confluence of markets, trade routes, and nodes of transcontinental commerce goes deeply into the historical past, the term itself is relatively new in comparison. It was first used in the work of the German geographer Ferdinand von Richthofen (1833-1905), who employed it to describe the expansive tangles of trading routes across Central Asia, which were known for their particular commerce in silk, hence *Seidenstrasse* or *Silk Road/s*. My travels took me more than 2,000 miles across the geographically and culturally diverse terrain of this economically burgeoning country, from its very modern capital city Tashkent to the ancient cities of Samarkand, Bukhara, and Khiva; from the dried up Aral Sea in the far northern autonomous republic of Karakalpakstan, where a thriving fishing industry once dominated the region, but is now completely gone, to the lush, fertile, and agriculturally vibrant Fergana Valley, where cities like Andijan, Margilan, and Kokand offer wide selections of fresh produce, regionally specific cuisines, unique artisan and craft wares, and major historical sites to visit (including the Babur Museum). One of the most striking observations about my travels in Uzbekistan was how rich its literary history and culture were. There are bookstores everywhere in the larger cities and in the many national or regional parks, there are promenades with fountains, lawns, and snack kiosks, which are almost always followed by a book kiosk or seller. In one major park in Tashkent, there were no fewer than twenty book shops along a thoroughfare, with dozens of individual book sellers pushing their wares on rugs or tarps along the sidewalks. The selections are wide and rich, and in one bookstore in Khiva, I found several books that I've not seen anywhere else in the world, nor have I since been able to find them online or in any library catalog. The richness of a place like Uzbekistan is enhanced by such discoveries and the realization that there's much more to be found when we travel to places that are off the beaten path of traditional travel. The following pages include a photo essay of my travels.



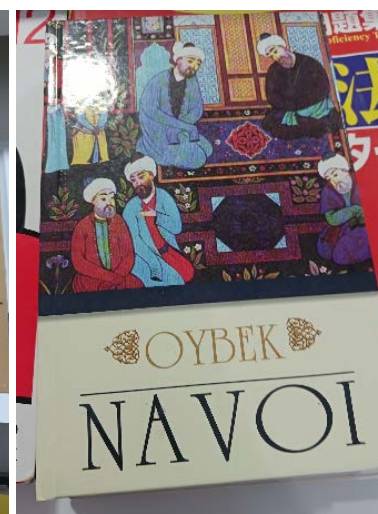
(Top) Photo of Anthony with SMU's *Peruna* in front of Amir Timur's mausoleum in Samarkand; (bottom, l-r) pilgrimage prayer structure atop ancient Zoroastrian site in the *Elliq Qala* (or Fifty Fortresses of Khorezm) region of Karakalpakstan near Khiva, Uzbekistan; men gathering before noonday prayer outside the Bolo Haouz Mosque in Bukhara (an UNESCO World Heritage Site), built in 1712.



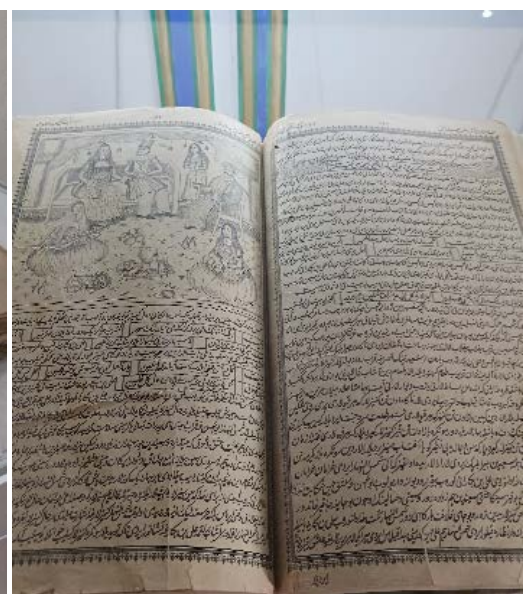
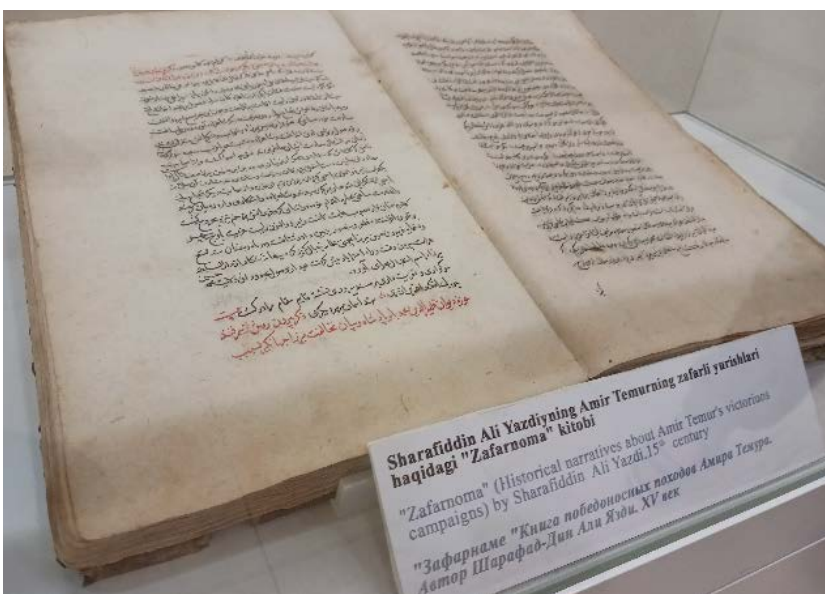
(Top) Silk carpet weaver in Registan complex, Samarkand; (below, l-r) Yodgorlik traditional hand-woven silk carpet factory near Margilan, Fergana Valley; spice market in Samarkand bazaar.



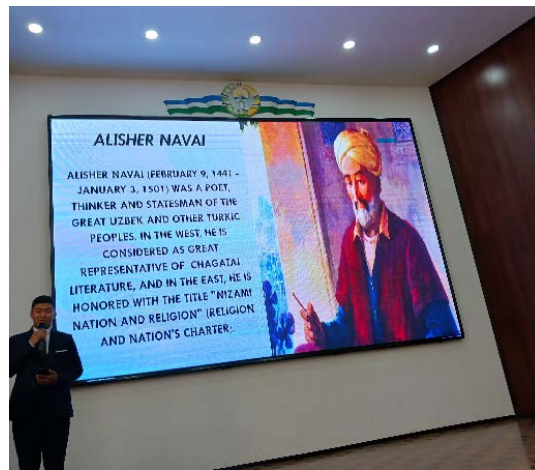
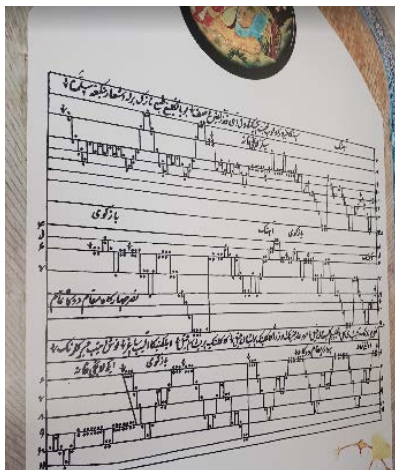
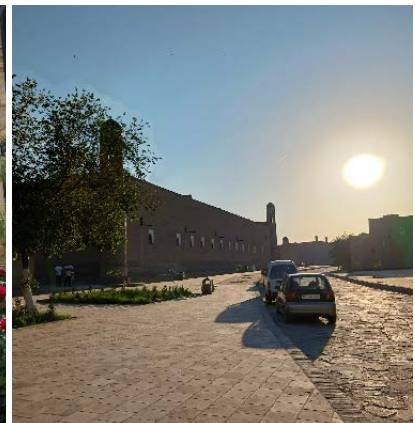
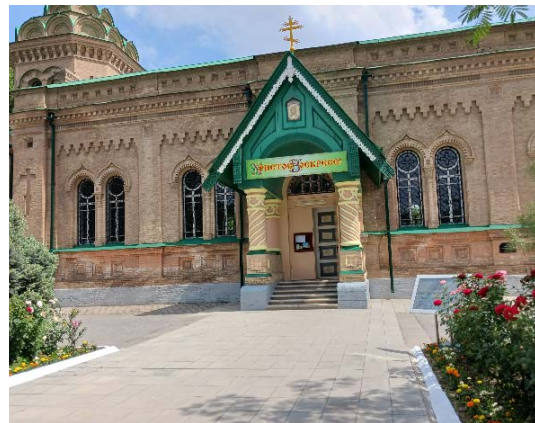
(Top row & middle left) Tashkent outdoor book market and kiosks; (middle right) Igor Savitsky, image of founder of Nukus Museum of Art in Karakalpakstan, a major collection of Russian avant-garde art; (bottom) Tashkent bookstore (traditional medicine section), images from the new Victims of Repressions museums (Tashkent & Andijan).



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(Top and center right photos) Books on display in Ark of Bukhara; (middle left) Book in Ulugh Beg Observatory Museum; (bottom left) Regional Center of National Library, Samarkand; (bottom right) early modern medical text sold at a market in old Bukhara book stall.



(Top, l-r) *Navoiy va Jomiy Haykali* statues in Navoiy Park & Gardens, Samarkand; (middle, l-r) Zoroastrian-influenced Shrine, Bukhara; Russian Orthodox Church of St. Alexius Metropolitan of Moscow, Samarkand; late afternoon in old city of Khiva; (bottom, l-r) enlarged image of medieval Islamic music in the Qozi Kalon Madrassah and Museum of Musical Art, Khiva; cultural presentation at Samarkand State University; regional *Tomb of Daniel*, Samarkand, measuring in at nearly 60-feet in length!



(Top) Hilltop near Hazrat Khizr Mosque and first president Islam Karimov's mausoleum; Tashkent park near central TV tower and Repression Museum; (2nd row) inside Registan complex; (bottom left images, t-b) Old Bukhara madrasa and mosque; (bottom right) Tashkent WWII memorial.



(Top l-r) Konigil Crafts Village, Samarkand; old religious school room, Bukhara; tiled fascade, Khiva; (middle l-r) Muslim shrine (two images of Khoja grave) in main bazaar of Bukhara; Ulugh Beg Observatory museum; (bottom left) original Sogdian mural, Afrosiyob site, Samarkand; (right) old Jewish home, Bukhara; (lower right) Market near personal shrine and historic school *Chor Minor Madrassa*, selling Soviet-era souvenirs



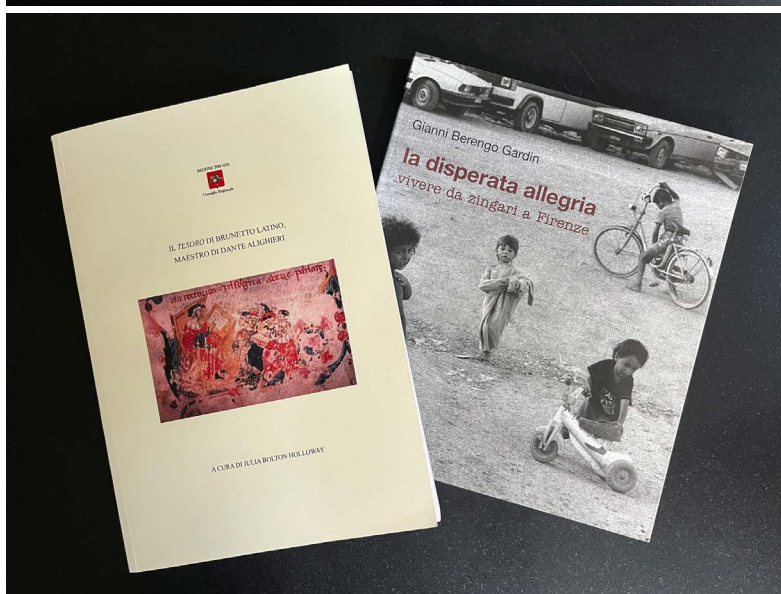
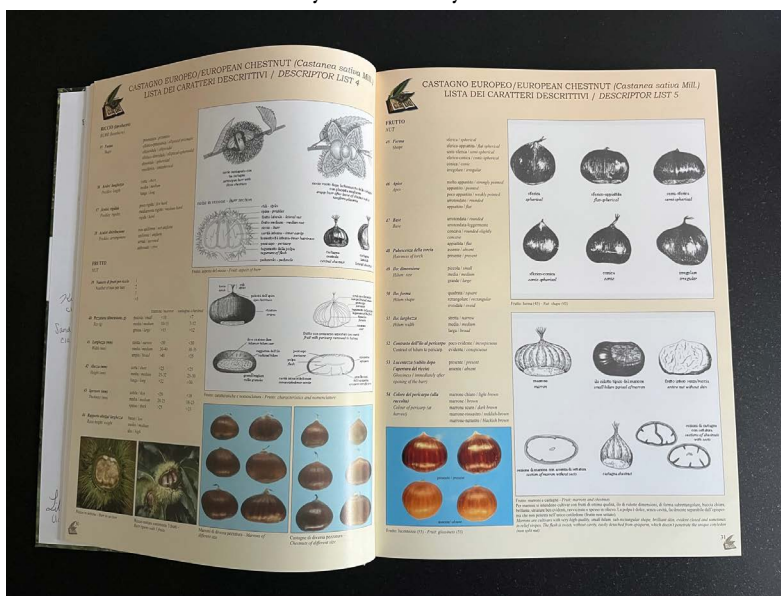
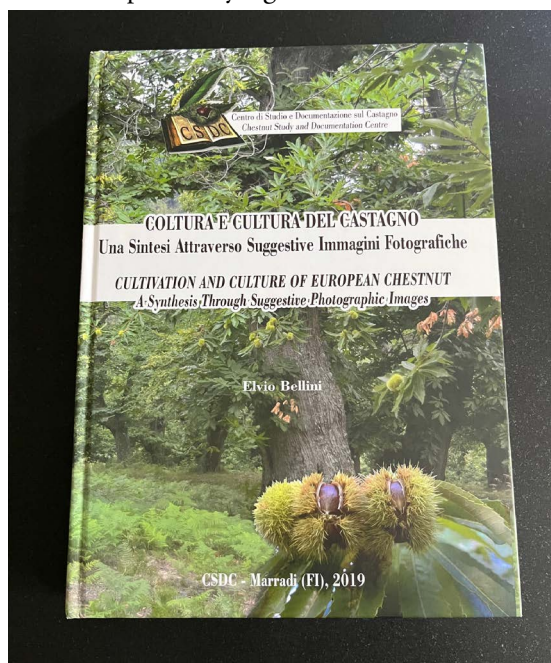


(Top) Abandoned ship in Moynak, Aral Sea; (bottom left) Old town Khiva at night; (bottom right) Central Square, Nukus, Karakalpakstan.

Recent Bridwell Gifts and Acquisitions

On Dante, Chestnuts, and Art Books: Gifts from Prof. Wheeler's Italian Pilgrimage Seminar

In late March of this year, Prof. Bonnie Wheeler gathered a group of colleagues and friends together to present Bridwell Library with a fine and diverse selection of books acquired on the famed *Pilgrimage* course, which Dr. Wheeler has coordinated over the years. The most recent iteration was a trip to Italy to explore Medieval and Renaissance sites associated in part with the life of Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), whom Bridwell celebrated last August at our eponymous festival. Faculty on the trip included Stephanie Amsel, Shira Lander, Denise du Pont, and Brandy Alvarez, along with several SMU students. Among the books that were acquired and then donated to Bridwell were two hand-made and printed volumes on theology and literature, an edited volume titled *Il Tesoro di Brunetto Latino, Maestro di Dante Alighieri*, a book of photographs by Italian photographer Gianni Berengo Gardin (b. 1930), and a marvelous volume on the history of chestnuts in Europe!—the chestnut book is titled *Coltura e cultura del Castagno: Una Sintesi Attraverso Suggestive Immagini Fotografiche* (“*Cultivation and Culture of European Chestnut: A Synthesis Through Suggestive Photographic Images*”) by Elvio Bellini, arguably the world’s leading chestnut expert and aficionado. The last of these titles was specifically signed and dedicated to Bridwell and the SMU scholarly community.



Newly Acquired Methodist Manuscripts at Bridwell

1782 John Wesley Letter Regarding Military Violations on the Sabbath

Bridwell Library recently acquired several early Methodist manuscripts, including letters of John Wesley. The first of these is Wesley's May 21, 1782 letter regarding military violations on the Sabbath, which reads, in part... "If I wrong your lordship, I am sorry for it. But I really believe your Lordship fears God. And I hope your Lordship has no unfavourable opinion of the Christian Revelation...Above thirty years ago a motion was made in Parliament for raising & embodying the Militia & for exercising them (to save time) on a Sunday." [The motion was then dropped but has now returned, but] "it is expedient to give such a shock to so many Millions of people at once?...For would not they, would not all England, would not all Europe consider this, as a virtual Repeal of the Bible. And would not all serious persons say 'We have little religion in the land now: and by this step we shall have less still'. For whenever this pretty Show is to be seen the people will flock together... the Churches will be emptier than they are already..."

is to see, the people will flock together; & will gather
away so much time before & after it, that the Churches
will be emptier than they are already". My Lord
I am concerned for this on a double account. First,
because I have personal obligations to your Lordship,
& would fain out of gratitude recommend your Lordship
to the love & esteem of all whom I have any
influence over. Secondly, I own no more your Lordship
for your Office sake. It is true it is to my broader duty
to do all that is in my little power, to advance your
Lordship's Influence & Reputation. Will
your Lordship permit me to add a word in my dis-
favour'd way? I pray that that has all Power in
Heaven and Earth, to prosper all your Lordship's
endeavours for the public Good; and am
My Lord,
Your Lordship's willing Servant
John Wesley
21 May, 1782
Bristol

My Lord
If I wrong your Lordship, I am sorry for it.
But I really believe your Lordship fears God. And I
hope your Lordship has no unfavourable opinion
of the Christian Revelation. This encourages me to trouble
your Lordship with a few lines, which otherwise I
should not take up time to do. About thirty
years ago a motion was made in Parliament for raising
& embodying the Militia & for exercising them (to save
time) on a Sunday. When the motion was brought before the
Gentlemen stood up & said "I have one objection
to this. I believe an old book called the Bible. The members
looked at one another, & the motion dropped. Must
not all that who believe the Bible have the very same
objection? And from what I have seen I cannot but think
there are still three fourths of the Nation now, calling
Religion out of the question, is it expedient to give such
a shock to so many Millions of people at once? Undoubtedly
it would shock them extremely. It would wound them in
the tenderest part. For would not they, would not all England
would not all Europe consider this as a virtual Repeal
of the Bible? And would not all serious persons say "We
have little Religion in the land now: and by this step
we shall have less still." For whenever this pretty show

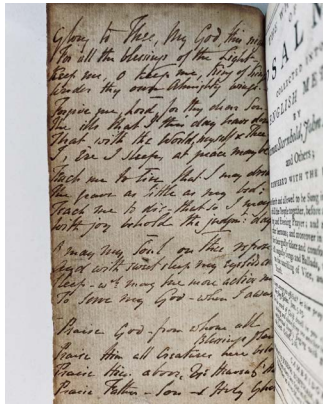
1742 David Jennings Letter to Philip Doddridge Regarding the Nature of the Christian Faith

Dear Sir
I was prevented being at the Fund yesterday, but I took care to
transmit your account of the Pupil, and also to get the Petition for
Warburton solicited, which was accordingly granted. The Turkey and
China came safe and good conditioned; for which Mrs Jennings joins
in returning our most hearty thanks. I most sincerely thank you
also for your late Book, tho' I find it has not the approbation of our
good Methodists. I am told that Seagrave was but this Day, in the
Coffee House vindicating the Book you write against, imagining I
suppose it was written by one of his own Party. It is I think a pretty
specimen of Warburton, that has sent the Jews the use of Chivalry, in purpose
to show that he protects that Nation by a special Providence, suppose
it were allowed, that God had ordered the external Evidence of Faith
it should not in fact be before one in a hundred, nor before to show that he
wonders the Reason of Grace by his Spirit, yet what advantage would the
Deists make of this Concession when there are sufficient external Evidence
to convince all that will fairly enquire into them, and when also Christ
tells us of our internal Evidence, and there have been hundreds of Testimonies
before whom it is allowed, the external Evidence did not lie, who yet have
given the best Evidence that men could possibly give of their being reli-
gious Believers, on some Text or other, I mean by their testimony for
Christians, will not this amount to a new external Evidence in favour

Another recent acquisition is a letter from the period of the First Great Awakening written by David Jennings (1691–1762)—son of puritan divine John Jennings. A selection from his letter begins:

"Dear Fr[iend]—I was prevented from being at the Fund yesterday, but I took care to transmit your account of the Pupil, and also to get the Petition for Warburton solicited, which was accordingly granted. The Turkey and China came safe and good conditioned; for which Mrs Jennings joins in returning our most hearty thanks. I most sincerely thank you also for your late book, ... it has not the approbation of our good Methodists. I am told that Seagrave was but this Day in the Coffee House vindicating the Book you write against, imagining I suppose it was written by one of his own Party."

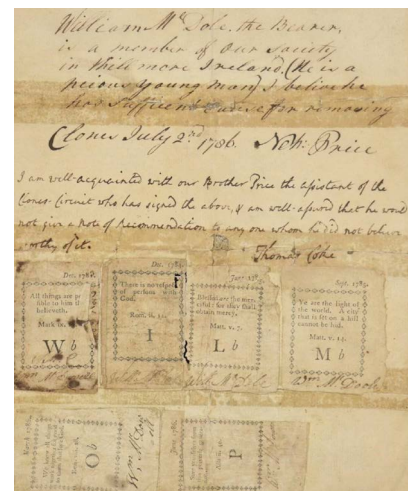
1765 Psalter Owned and with Manuscript Notes by Abolitionist Beilby Porteus (1731-1809)



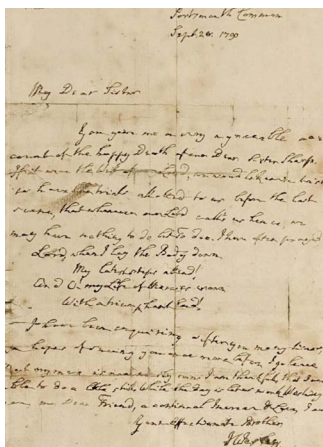
This interesting piece acquired by Bridwell is an historical text with notes by “Bielby Porteus (1731-1809) [who] was the Bishop of London and the earliest and most significant voice within the Church of England’s clergy structure arguing for the abolition of the Slave Trade. Acting as the Corresponding Secretary at Lambeth Palace as a young Priest, he corresponded with the missionaries in the West Indies and Americas; these correspondences often included first-hand reports of the treatment of the ‘labour force’ that was building the British Empire.”

1786 Thomas Coke Irish Letter of Circuit Transfer with Early Methodist Class Tickets

From the auction catalog, the present item is described as follows: “...a letter of Circuit transfer signed by the famous Irish Methodist, Nehemiah Price, and affirmed by Thomas Coke. This is from the earliest period of Irish Methodism. By 1786, only 17 Annual Conferences had been held in Ireland, with the first truly Annual Conference being held in 1782, just one year prior to William McDole’s earliest class ticket. The twelve Conferences before 1782 were sporadic. Nehemiah Price was one of the earliest of the Irish Methodist circuit preachers and an original member of Wesley’s ‘Legal Hundred.’ Price was from Tonymolman originally and attended a small class in Fermagh in 1762 and is recorded as having been sent out to preach around Enniskillen with John Smith as early as 1768.” Additionally, the text reads in part (in the hand of Nehemiah Price): “William McDole, the Bearer, is a member of our Society in [?]illmore, Ireland. (He is a pious young man). I believe he has sufficient cause for removing Clones July 2nd 1786. Neh: Price”—and following (in the hand of Thomas Coke): “I am well acquainted with our Brother Price the assistant of the Clones Circuit who has signed the above, & am well-assured that he would not give a note of Recommendation to any one whom he did not believe worth of it. Thomas Coke” Dated 1786.



1790 John Wesley Autograph Letter, Portsmouth Common



A very late John Wesley letter, written a few months before his death was acquired by Bridwell. It reads in part: “You gave me a very agreeable account of the happy death of our Dear Sister Sharpe. If it were the week of the Lord, we would likewise wish to have the trials all attested to us before the Last Supper, that whenever our Lord calls us hence, we may have nothing to do but to die.” “I have often prayed: Lord, when I lay this body down, My latest steps attend, And O! my Life of Mercy crown, With a triumphant End. I have been enquiring after you many times and hope of seeing you once more before I go hence... I am thankful...”

Camping Ministry Changes Lives

Rev. Heather Gottas Moore, Provisional Deacon, North Texas Annual Conference UMC

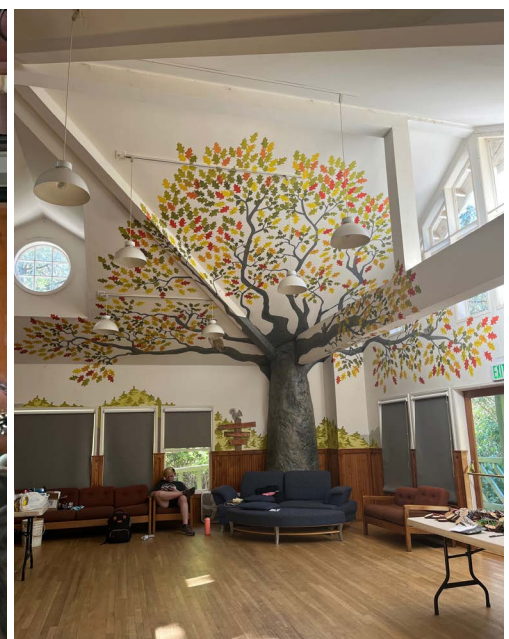
Ask any clergyperson about their call to ministry; there is a good chance it includes a significant amount of church camp. It's not just clergy—lay people, too, recall fond and transformative memories from their experiences of church camp. I began going to church camp as I entered 6th grade. By the time I entered 9th grade, I was serving as a counselor-in-training for Elementary camp. I spent two or three weeks at church camp each summer by the time I graduated high school and stepped into leadership as a co-director of Junior camp. Camping and retreat ministry has been instrumental in not only my faith development but my social development as well.



Every winter and spring, churches and conferences everywhere work for months to pull together a staff team, theme, curriculum, and activities that will help students of all ages further build up their faith foundation. Every summer, staff volunteers pour their hearts and souls into the lives of the young people with whom they spend a maximum of seven days. In those seven days, bonds are made, hearts are changed, and faith is strengthened.

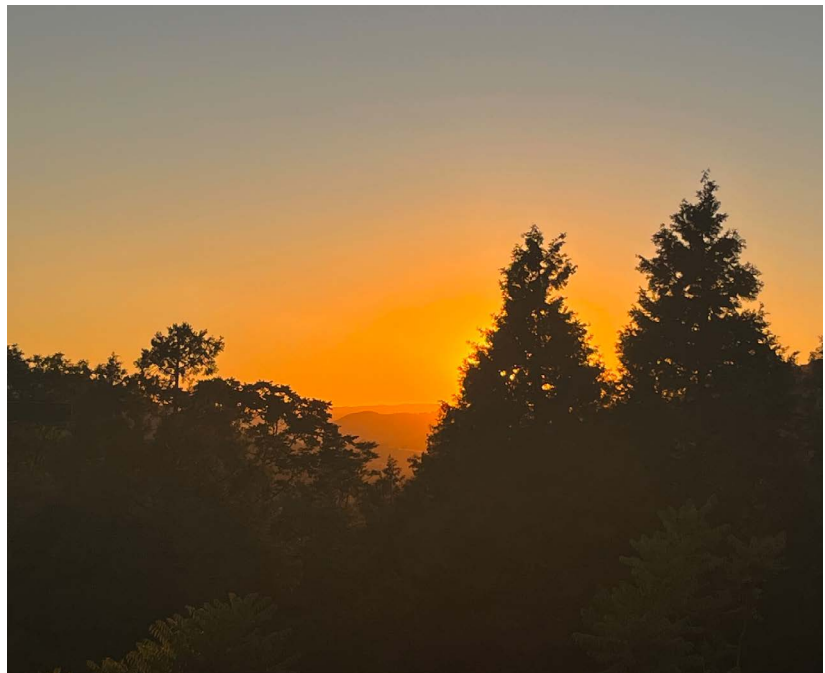
Camping ministry changes lives. My experience as a youth camper may have been over 25 years ago, at Camp Colby in the Cal-Pac Annual Conference of The United Methodist Church. There is a good chance that you, reading this, have your own camp experience. Or your kids or grandkids do. The impact of camping ministry transcends time and space. That's because the Holy Spirit is present and fervently moving in those spaces—and we are keenly aware and openly acknowledging her movement.

But the Holy Spirit isn't only at work at camp. She is moving in the months leading up to camp in planning and creating. She is moving in the fall before camp to recruit staff volunteers for next year. Camp can't happen if adults don't volunteer





their time to serve and lead. If Donna, Marianne, Butch, Kitty, Dave, Scott, Eva, Erin, Bob, Amy, David, Judy, and so many others did not volunteer their time some 25 years ago, my transformative camp experience would have been very different. What makes camp such a formative space is how the Holy Spirit works within the adults and students who attend to bring about the kingdom of God and give us a glimpse into what God wants for us now and for eternity. I pray that you'll support your local camping ministries with your gifts and graces and consider volunteering as part of this life-changing experience for students in your life. If you can't volunteer, I hope you will support a camper so they can have the experiences as well. Our students learn how to be leaders in the church through our modeling. May we be so bold as to model servant leadership throughout the year in all the ways the Holy Spirit leads. Even at camp. Especially at camp.



(p. 30) Clockwise from top: campfire, music, and a sermon at night under the stars; dining hall and main cabin; singing at the Chapel, Camp Cedar Glen; (above, clockwise from top) Volcan Mountain Wilderness Preserve in Julian, California (home of Cal-Pac Camps); sunset at the Chapel; rock climbing wall at Camp Cedar Glen.

The Bridwell Quarterly invited Rev. Gottas Moore to contribute this piece. Bridwell's Michelle Ried was also a counselor at the camp and worked with many of these talented staff and students. For more information on and to support your local UMC camp, go to : <https://umcrm.camp>.

Perkins Faculty-Admin Retreat at Lake Texoma

On August 15th and 16th, 2022, Perkins School of Theology hosted one of its first Faculty and Admin off-campus retreats in more than a decade. It was held at the Prothro Center at Lake Texoma—described as being the perfect retreat for everyone from “plant enthusiasts, animal lovers, and hippies...to bird watchers and entomologists.” Perhaps there may have been a few of those enthusiasts among the Perkins faculty! The retreat was meant to gathering community together and discuss important questions around various current needs and future prospects, including ways to look forward collaboratively and constructively, especially in terms of clear communications and listening. Sessions led by improv artists were especially entertaining and productive. There were also opportunities to walk around the lovely grounds of the Prothro Center, including some late evening firepit activities replete with professors Ted Campbell (on guitar) and Marcell Steuernagel (on mandolin) jamming out the wild hot north Texas nights (see the artistically rendered blurry photo below). Dr. Campbell also treated us to a group video courtesy of his drone camera, though the groups were separated on different beaches—so much for that improv lesson! We thank all those who participated and made the retreat successful, and importantly, to all those who financially supported the event, which made it all possible. Thank you!



Bridwell Staff Spotlights

As of September 2, **Jon Speck** has retired from Bridwell Library after thirty-three years of dedicated service. **Arvid Nelsen** celebrated his 6 year work anniversary at Bridwell on July 16. **Michelle Ried** celebrated her 6 year work anniversary on August 22 and has taken on the new role of *Operations Manager*.



Anthony Elia (image left) was invited to give this year's Perkins Banquet speech, held in the Mack Ballroom on the SMU campus, on Friday, August 26th. He provided an upbeat and playful spiritual autobiography with a few critical appraisals of the Christian cafeteria of denominations in our current world—from Catholic chowders to Baptist bouillabaisse!

Fernando Berwig Silva, Bridwell's student manager, was featured in [SMU's Student Spotlight](#). Congrats, Fernando! Bridwell Library welcomes new temporary staff and student workers. **Molly Doyle** is our new Library Specialist I at the Main Circulation Desk. Molly is a therapist and owns her own private practice in Colorado. Three new writing center assistants joined our team: **Yolanda Santiago Correa** is a Ph.D. Candidate in Religion and Culture. She is bilingual (Spanish and English) and can work with students in either language. Her research interests include: Latinx theology, blackness, blackness in Latin America, culture, music,

and the interaction of culture and religious practice. **Mykayla Turner** is a Master of Sacred Music student with an interest in a lifelong academic career focusing on church music and liturgical studies. Mykayla hails from Canada and brings interdisciplinary writing experience to the Bridwell team ranging from health sciences to music theory to theology. She is also trained as a classical pianist and continues to develop her musical abilities in liturgical contexts. **Christopher Walton** is a PhD candidate in History. His research explores American religious history from the colonial era to the early national period. More particularly, he examines the effects of the Revolutionary war on the religious ideas, experiences, and identities of Congregationalists in the Connecticut River Valley.

Bridwell Building Updates

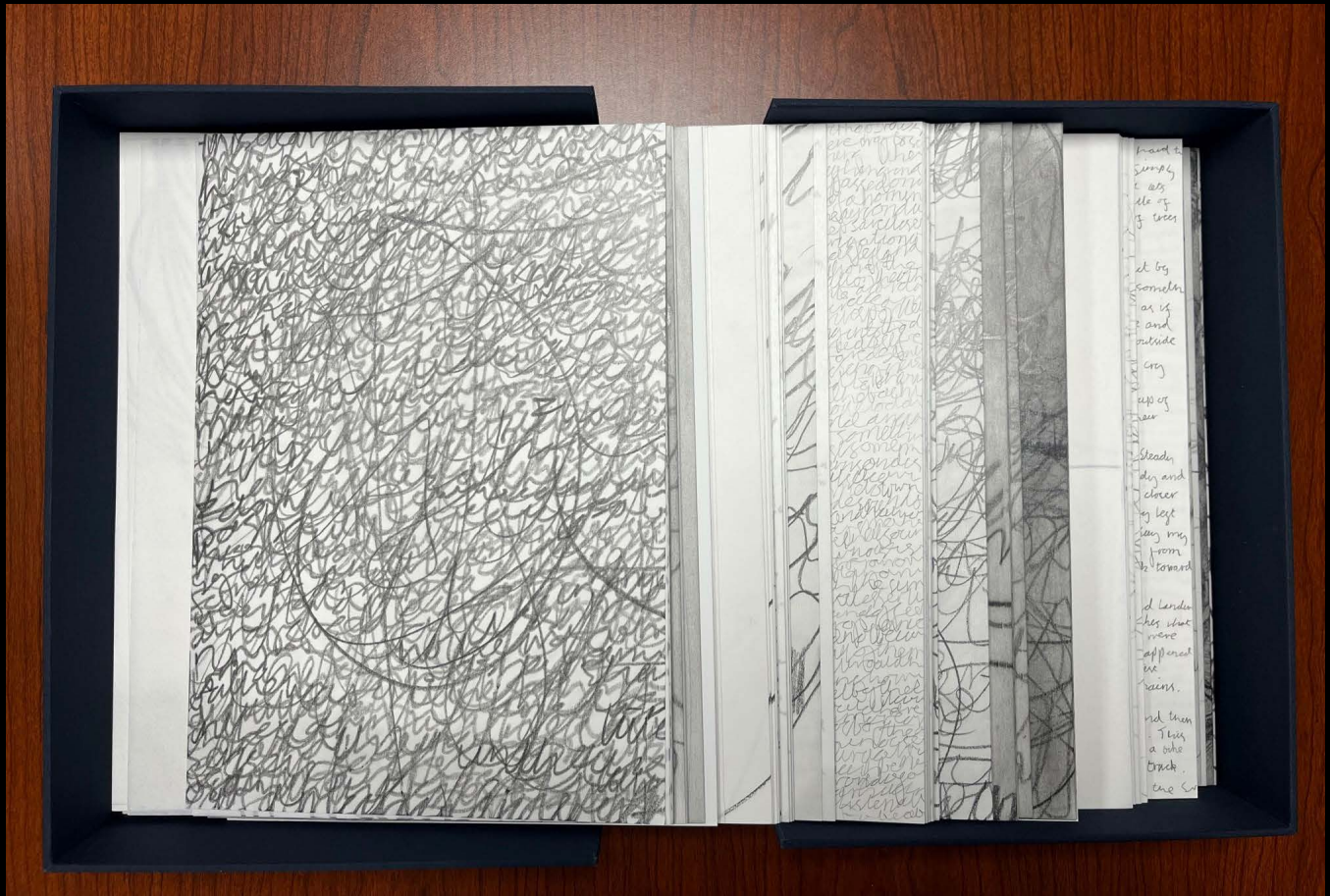
(Top, left and bottom, l-r) New ducting work was completed mid-September in an effort to increase airflow to the lower level doctoral carrels at Bridwell Library. The addition of this ducting, and a new automated coil flushing system in the air handling units will improve environmental factors in these spaces.

(Top right) Additionally, OIT ran new ethernet cabling through the hallway ceiling in the lower level so that the Collaborative Study Room will soon be accessible by use of a card reader.



of painted ears and listening eyes

Rebecca Howdeshell, Digital Projects Librarian



Sam Winston
London: Arc Editions, 2021.
Unique archival edition.

A visual retelling of John Cage's 'Three Songs: 1. Twenty Years After.'