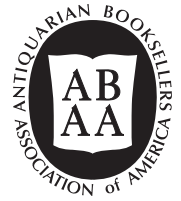




# The ABAA NEWSLETTER



VOLUME SIXTEEN, NUMBER 2 ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SPRING 2005

**INSIDE: *The Finer Print: Growing Concern over Facsimile Dustjackets.*  
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## Live...from Tokyo!

**by Rob Rulon-Miller**

In honor of its fortieth anniversary the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of Japan (ABAJ) sponsored a series of events in January, which included a lecture (given partially in Japanese) by ABAA President John Crichton on "The Current State of the American Antiquarian Book Trade," and culminated in an international book fair Friday and Saturday, January 28-29. The staging of an international fair in Tokyo is in itself an event. The last such fair was held when ABAJ hosted the ILAB Congress and Book Fair in 1990, although both Yushodo and Maruzen have invited Western dealers on several occasions to "exhibit" books in controlled environments. This was John Crichton's first trip to Tokyo but he's ready to go back in an instant. I mention this only because this is how I felt after my first trip there in 1990. I've been back at least twenty times since and over the years have come to recognize that Tokyo truly is one of the great book cities of the world.

The festivities began for me with a small party hosted by Mr. Mitsuo Nitta on Thursday night in Yushodo's reception room, where two sushi chefs worked their magic behind a sushi bar brought in for the occasion. This event was separate from the ABAJ festivities, planned by Mr. Nitta himself as a welcome for the Western dealers; and though there were Tokyo dealers present, they were outnumbered, I'd guess, by at least two to



**Dawson's employees in front of the shop, circa 1940.**

## 100 Years of Dawson's Book Shop

*Editor's Note: Muir Dawson passed away shortly after this article was written. See obituary, page 30.*

### **by Muir Dawson**

The founder of Dawson's Book Shop, Ernest Dawson, grew up in the old Mission town of San Luis Obispo, half way between Los Angeles and San Francisco. The small town was a center for ranching and farming, and not yet connected to the rest of the world by a railroad.

Ernest was the elder son of what was to become a family of eleven children. When he was 13 years old in 1895 it was decided that he should drop out of seventh grade in school and go to work to get experience and help support the

family. It was arranged that Ernest would work at Goodrich's, a general store with a book department. Ernest's work was in many parts of the store but he liked the books the most. He already had an introduction to books when his father gave him a volume on Buffalo Bill, and the family minister loaned him Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. His work at Goodrich's lasted a year and eight months and ceased when the family moved to Los Angeles, but it was an experience that surely set Ernest on the path of going into business on his own.

When the family was settled in Los Angeles, Ernest obtained a job as a wrapper at the Broadway Department Store.

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## ILAB Book Fairs

2005

### April 28–May 1

New York, NY (ABAA)  
Park Avenue Armory

### May 19–22

Paris, France (SLAM)  
Maison de la Mutualite'

### June 9–12

London, England (ABA)  
Olympia Exhibition Center

### October 28–30

Boston, MA (ABAA)  
Hynes Convention Center

### November 4-5

London, England (ABA)  
Old Chelsea Town Hall

*For a calendar including non-ILAB book fairs, visit [www.abaa.org](http://www.abaa.org)*



**APRIL 28 - MAY 1, 2005**

**PREVIEW Thursday April 28th to benefit the  
New York Public Library**  
for tickets and information, call 212.930.0730

**Friday noon - 8pm Saturday noon - 7pm  
Sunday noon - 5pm**

**Admission \$15 • Three Day Pass \$35**

**PARK AVENUE ARMORY  
Park Avenue & 67th Street**

**DISCOVERY DAY**

**Sunday May 1, noon - 3pm**

*Bring up to 5 books for free verbal appraisal  
Admission ticket necessary*



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# The Finer Print – Growing Concern Over Facsimile Dustjackets

by Dan Gregory

A few weeks ago a longtime collector sent us a few books to sell on consignment. His is a major collector of twentieth-century literature, including a healthy number of the desirable high spots acquired from many of the most respected dealers in the trade. Among the books he sent was a very sharp copy of Mickey Spillane's *I, the Jury* with one significant flaw: unbeknownst to the collector it was a facsimile jacket.

It is often assumed that facsimile jackets are easy to spot and that only a novice will be duped, but we've seen facsimiles of *The Sheltering Spy* and *Catch-22* that have been purchased by overly optimistic ABAA and ABA dealers. We've seen facsimile jackets for *The Hobbit*, *Main Street*, and *The Seven Story Mountain* that have been successfully offered as the real thing and found their way into otherwise solid collections alongside

legitimate rarities. If you make a color photocopy of a dollar bill you are breaking the law, but law enforcement officials could not care less if you print a forged dustjacket that might sell for \$10,000 or more.

There are two basic types of facsimile dustjackets floating around today: ink jet prints and commercially printed jackets. The former are more prevalent, while the latter pose a much more serious problem to the trade. Most facsimiles are produced without duplicitous intentions, but we have started to see these jackets purchased, distressed to simulate age and wear, and most importantly torn and then restored to remove any printed text stating that they are facsimiles.

## How Dustjackets Are Made – Printing 101

The easiest way to identify a counter-

feit of any kind is to have an authentic article right next to it. Barring that, it helps to have a familiarity with the authentic article even if it is not present for comparison. Neither the real thing nor familiarity with it is necessary in identifying most facsimiles, however, if the potential buyer has a basic understanding of the mechanics of printing.

Original dustjackets were commercially printed, either with a letterpress or an offset press (mechanically different, but in both cases the ink is pressed onto the paper). Large blocks of solid color on a jacket were generally achieved either by starting with appropriately colored paper, or by using a single spot color of ink. The instantly recognizable jackets for *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Gone With the Wind* were printed with three inks on

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## Life in ILAB, or It Isn't Always Dinner With Wine

by Robert Fleck

I'm constantly reminded of how few people in our book world really know what ILAB is all about. Ask an ILAB bookseller what they currently pay in dues per year and what they get for those dues and you will mostly draw a blank stare (p.s. - dues are \$20US per year).

We are rapidly becoming a global market where problems in one area of the world quickly translate into problems for all of us. The internet has changed the book world for good and for bad but it is here to stay. Booksellers will eventually adjust or perish. No business is static.

ILAB was founded in 1947 by the booksellers in 10 countries. The purpose of the League "is the co-ordination of all efforts and projects relating to the development and growth of the trade of antiquarian bookselling, thereby creating friendly relations between antiquarian booksellers throughout the world." Communication was by letter with an occa-

sional phone call. The original member countries decided to form a Committee that would meet once or twice a year to handle general problems but were to act only in an advisory role. They would not take action unless authorized by the Presidents at the once-a-year General Assembly. Ideas moved slowly at ILAB and that was as it should be.

Then came the internet! How did ILAB booksellers react to this new phenomena? The ABAA jumped on the internet wagon very early. Email became an increasingly popular method of communication, web sites were created, search engines implemented, and sales took off. The Americans presented many ideas to a reluctant Europe. The Australians developed a web site and even held a virtual bookfair. I traveled to Stuttgart with Mike Harris, the ABAA webmaster, to discuss this new technology at a meeting of the Committee in January 1996 and we were met with an overwhelming yawn by our

European colleagues.

But changes were in the works. The Committee of ILAB started to think about this internet. Anton Gerits as ILAB President created the first "sub-committee" in ILAB's history and asked it to report back with advice on internet matters. He asked me to be the advisor on that sub-committee. Work by that sub-committee led to questions about our by-laws and our goals as an organization and what responsibilities the ILAB Committee had in helping to form policy for ILAB.

Alain Nicolas and Kay Craddock, the next two ILAB Presidents, each continued the trend toward a stronger Committee which would be more pro-active in formulating the goals of ILAB. A web site for all ILAB booksellers was introduced after considerable discussion, a search engine was added, and our rules and regulations were examined closely and made into a vehicle which would

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light paper, while the elusive jackets for *White Fang* and *Sartoris* were printed with only a single color of ink on darker paper (green on gray and black on red respectively). Gradations of intensity were produced through a line-screen of dots of ink, where larger dots made darker or more colorful images (think of the 7-Up logo or look closely at newspaper photos to see examples of how the dot size in a line-screen print creates a graded image). More complex illustrations on jackets, such as the painted scenes used for the covers of *The Old Man and the Sea* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, were usually printed with four or more color inks, called process colors, also arranged in lines of dots. The sizes of the dots of ink vary, but the direction of the line and the space between the centers of the dots stays the same. To prevent the ink dots from overlapping too much, the lines of dots were rotated at different angles for each process color (for example, the yellow dot line might be 15° clockwise to the black dot line). When magnified, or just examined carefully with the naked eye, most complexly illustrated jackets show rosettes, small circular patterns that form from the rotation of the ink line-screens. Seeing rosettes and line-screens in commercially printed dustjackets is a little like seeing an optical illusion – once you notice them it can be hard not to see them.

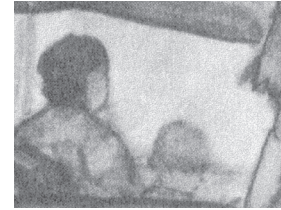
## Ink Jet Facsimiles

Ink jet printers employ an entirely different mechanical process. Rather than pressing different size dots of ink onto paper to make an image, ink jets spray tiny, uniform dots onto paper in greater or lesser densities to make an image. A dark or intensely colored image has the same size dots as a light image, but the dots for the former are much closer together than the dots for the latter. The same image printed both commercially and with an ink jet printer will appear very different under high magnification

because of the difference in the way the ink dots are made and arranged. Under even higher magnification, differences can be seen in the way paper reacts to being sprayed with ink rather than pressed with ink. But it takes only mild magnification, or just a good set of eyes, to see the rosettes on a commercially printed jacket. Ink jet printers cannot



deceive) are usually done on this bright paper. With the exception of some of the coated stocks used in the early 1900s, the ink jet papers used today look and feel nothing like the paper used to print dust-jackets. And because the blank sheets used for ink jet prints are usually very bright white to begin with, any coloration or wear on the original paper is reproduced with ink dots



**In this detail from an authentic jacket for *The Grapes of Wrath* [on the left], rosette patterns of linescreen can easily be seen. On the ink jet facsimile [on the right] the same image is composed of a very different kind of ink dot. Though the result appears similar to the naked eye, under magnification the differences in the printing process are obvious.**

make the rosette effect – even attempts to duplicate it at the highest possible resolutions of scanning and printing will fail because of the differences in the mechanical processes.

Ink jet printers are also limited because they cannot use any color of ink you choose; rather, they build all colors by combining dots of just four inks (some newer models use up to eight inks). Under magnification it is easy to see that the large brown and green areas on a facsimile jacket for *To Kill a Mockingbird*, for example, do not actually contain any dots of brown or green ink. Colored text on an authentic jacket is composed of contiguous shapes of a single color of ink. On a facsimile the letters of colored text, such as the blue text on many Edgar Rice Burroughs jackets, are not actually blue ink but dots of cyan, magenta, and black ink combined to approximate the original color– any inexpensive magnifying glass will show the difference.

Ink jet printers have another mechanical limitation. The most vibrant and crisp results come from using specialty papers, usually very bright, coated, calendared (smooth) papers – prints done on rougher papers tend to blur slightly. Jackets that are produced and sold as facsimiles (that is, produced with the intent to create an attractive jacket, but without the intent to

– what should be integral to the paper is instead printed onto it.

Ink jet facsimiles are prevalent because there is a demand for them and they are relatively cheap and easy to produce. They are so popular among some Edgar Rice Burroughs collectors, for some reason, that I have found at least five different individuals producing and selling them. The most prominent individual in the dustjacket facsimile “industry” is Mark Terry of Facsimile Dust Jackets L.L.C., who sells them through his web site. Terry, who has a professional background in graphics and commercial printing, started as a hobbyist who loved the period jackets but was unable to afford to own originals. Realizing there was a market for his work, Terry turned his hobby into a full-time industry. He has many friends and contacts among collectors and dealers, including ABAA dealers, and has assembled an archive of many thousands of jackets. Terry’s jackets all state clearly that they are facsimiles and he refuses to produce them without this statement (he has only been asked a few times and has only lost one or two customers because of his refusal). One eBay dealer long suspected of nefarious activities asked Terry to “age” facsimiles

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and to print them on varied paper stocks, requests he also refuses. Because he produces facsimile jackets for both first editions and reprints (surprisingly there is some demand for these as well), and because he will resize jackets to fit a customer's

hardcover copy, regardless of its edition, he warns that his facsimiles should not be taken as bibliographic reference.

Outside of Bur-

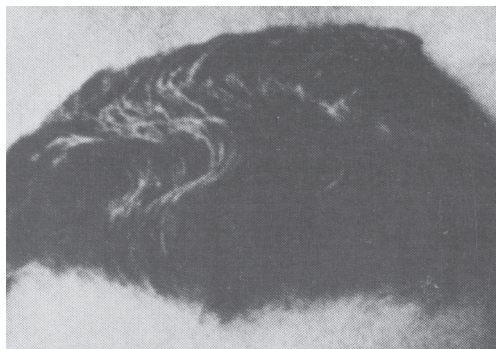
roughs titles, most ink jet facsimiles that look good enough to fool someone at first glance come from this single and easily identifiable source.

Ink jet facsimiles are not very hard to spot once you know what to look for, particularly if the jacket is taken out of the ubiquitous Mylar protector or a magnifying glass is used. Any buyer deceived by them could only be motivated by the same impulse as the duplicitous seller – greed.

## Commercially Printed Facsimiles

Commercially printed facsimiles, on the other hand, pose a much greater threat to the trade, and have been circulating for much longer. Probably the first mass produced facsimile dustjacket is still one of the best. In 1974, New Jersey collector and publisher Gerry de la Ree produced very good facsimiles of the jacket for H.P. Lovecraft's *The Outsider*. According to Lloyd Currey, Arkham House often supplied replacement dustjackets of their books on request (in fact most major publishing houses still supply fresh jack-

ets for their current hardcover editions on request to new bookstores to assist in book sales). Mr. de la Ree had contacted August Derleth about replacement jackets for *The Outsider*, but Derleth replied that there had never been extra jackets for that title. The facsimile that de la Ree produced to fill this gap was made from an excellent photographic reproduction of an original but is ever so slightly out of focus in some areas. Since it was not



**For this commercially printed reprint of *Catch-22*, the original photograph of Joseph Heller from the rear panel of the jacket was copied and blurred to avoid an unsightly moire pattern. Note the great loss of detail in the hair, making it appear much darker (a process of which the author may have approved).**

printed from the original plates it was not a second state jacket, though it is sometimes mistakenly referred to as such. It was, however, of a very high quality and to this day often fools even knowledgeable dealers.

In the last two decades the quantity of commercially printed facsimiles has grown considerably. Some time in the late 1980s or early 1990s Simon and Schuster re-issued *Catch-22* in a facsimile of the original edition, without the first edition statement. These unpriced reprints were sold on remainder tables by the thousands. For many years the Book of the Month Club has issued anniversary editions of some of their most popular titles that are very similar to the originals. In the 1990s Easton Press began publishing facsimiles in its First Edition Library and Otto Penzler began to do the same for classic mystery titles. The jackets for the first several volumes in the First Edition Library were not clearly marked as facsimiles, although the press now places an FEL logo on them. (Easton Press refused to answer questions about

their facsimiles for this article.) The copy of *I, the Jury* mentioned at the beginning of this article has a jacket that came from one of Penzler's reprints. The part of the jacket bearing a statement clearly identifying it as a facsimile had been torn off, some additional wear had been applied to the jacket, and then the jacket was restored to "fine" condition, with plain paper replacing the identification statement. Restoration complicates the

identification of facsimiles, particularly when one is in a hurry, because it focuses attention on painted and mended areas and away from the printed portions of the paper. We have seen numerous instances of commercially printed fac-

simile jackets infiltrating the mid to high end of the modern first edition market in recent years.

Not surprisingly, commercially printed facsimiles require closer scrutiny than ink jet prints. Unlike ink jet facsimiles, there are no printed "tells" that all commercial facsimiles share. Experience and familiarity with the original are particularly helpful, because in most cases the glaring difference between the original jacket and the commercially printed facsimile can be seen and felt in the paper. Today's papers (and today's inks) are produced with much greater consistency and adherence to industry standards than in decades past. Commercially printed facsimiles tend to be made with paper that is thinner, lighter, but also stronger and much smoother than the originals. In addition, for the last few decades paper manufacturers have used fluorescent optical brightening agents in their papers – under ultraviolet black light a 1990s reprint jacket will glow but

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a pristine 1950s original will not, even if both copies appear equally “bright” to the naked eye.

Most commercially printed facsimiles are, like their ink jet counterparts, made from scans of originals. Line-screened originals, when scanned and then reprinted, often produce a moiré effect, unsightly bands of light and dark waves on the image where the printed dots of the original and the newly imposed line-screen of scanned pixels conflict. To avoid this, a digital image is usually slightly “degaussed” or blurred, and this loss of detail can usually be seen when the original and facsimile are compared side by side. On *Catch-22*, for example, the rear panel of the dustjacket has a photograph of Joseph Heller. Strands of gray hair can be seen throughout the original photo, while only a few highlights are visible on the facsimile. On *I, the Jury*, the subtle shadows on the reclining figure of the front panel, originally printed as a black-ink only line-screen, are mostly lost on the facsimile, whose shadows are actually composites of several ink screens. Some First Edition Library books show blurred rosettes faintly reprinted from the original. Because the press inks of today are very different from those of the past, large blocks of solid color on a jacket either do not match the original exactly, or are actually composed of dots of various colors (as with an ink jet print). In fact, a microscopic comparison of the dots would show that the process inks of the past do not match those of today – it is technically impossible to exactly match the colors under magnification.

Companies that produce commercial facsimiles tend to handle text in one of two ways: they either scan the text at a high resolution and reprint type as dots, or they reset the type. Both methods produce results that can be detected under scrutiny. Scanned text will reproduce either too thick or too thin, and, if a color other than black, will usually show uneven edges under modest magnification.

Reset type often matches the original typeface and spacing very well, but I have never seen a perfect match. Non-alphabetic characters in particular, such as dollar signs and ampersands, almost always differ from the original jacket. Noticing these differences can be very difficult, however, without access to an original for comparison.

## Issues for the Trade

There is currently no prohibition against the display and sale of facsimile dustjackets at ABAA fairs, though many feel that their presence at ABAA fairs cheapens the real articles. A fine, unrestored first in jacket of John Buchan’s *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, for example, might seem relatively common, as opposed to genuinely rare, to a book fair patron who does not realize that the three other jacketed copies he has seen that day were facsimile. One might optimistically speculate that this discrepancy would heighten appreciation for the “real deal.” But there is a danger, as has been seen in the woefully problematic sports autograph market, that potential high-end collectors will not want to be bothered with the complication of facsimile jackets and will return to their yacht and oil well collections for the simpler comforts these latter pursuits offer.

The ABAA has responded in some measure to the increasing prevalence of facsimile dustjackets. In October, 2003, the ABAA Book Fair rules were amended, requiring full disclosure in descriptions of items (as always) but specifying the prominent identification of facsimile jackets if displayed in showcases. Furthermore, “In an effort to uphold the high standards of material exhibited at ABAA book fairs, the Book Fair Committee discourages the exhibition of facsimile dust jackets.” Some dealers propose an outright ban on facsimile dustjackets at fairs, but it is not a simple issue. There is a slippery slope in discussing what is and is not acceptable in book “sophistication” when full disclosure is made. For example, for the sake of consistency perhaps the Book Fair Committee should similarly discourage the displaying of any items within attractive custom

clamshell cases. While custom cases are often made to protect books, they are also frequently made less for conservation and more to dress-up an uninspired looking rarity. Like facsimile jackets, custom cases are of nugatory importance to the value of a book but may appear otherwise to the uninitiated. It might also be argued that equally prominent identification of rebinding should also be in the rules. But unlike facsimile dustjackets, rebinding at least serves an essential and fundamental purpose to the structure and survival of a book.

Dealers in “antiquarian” books – those brown, pre-twentieth century things whose values are not 80% dependent on flimsy out-coverings, may look at the whole facsimile dustjacket issue with satisfied amusement and think it about time the “modern boys” got their comeuppance. But no one in the trade would laugh if the ABAA insisted its members could only sell unsophisticated items (sophistication in the sense of altered, repaired, restored, etc. and not to pass judgment on the subject matter). There are fundamental differences between offering a book with a leaf supplied in facsimile, and one with a dustjacket supplied in facsimile. But there are also fundamental similarities. How can an issue such as this be black and white when the best in the trade have, in a larger sense, been dealing in gray areas for centuries?

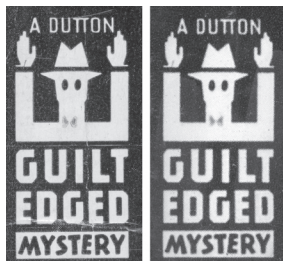
Many collectors make a personal choice never to buy books in facsimile jackets, and many dealers make a personal choice never to sell them. I have met collectors who claim to refuse to buy restored material under any circumstances, but I have yet to meet an active dealer who refuses to buy and sell restored material – it is simply unavoidable in rarities. There are clearly many collectors who cannot afford jacketed copies of the first editions they desire, but are willing to supplement their unjacketed copies with attractive and inexpensive facsimiles. The ABAA’s 450 members who, it is assumed, control the upper end of the market despite the growth of eBay and ABE, will never have much sway

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over the many thousands of other dealers. We may hope to at least influence collecting tastes and trends, but, if the prevailing preference for “flatsigned” books over inscribed ones is any indication, we are failing in the short term. The current collecting preference, a Pyrrhic victory for



**Although scanned at a high resolution and commercially printed, the publisher's spine logo on the facsimile of *I, the Jury* on the right is composed of dots of process colors (note the rough edges), whereas the original was printed with just two inks.**

the “signature only” camp (a position favored by forgers, who benefit greatly by it), teaches an important lesson. In a world where reality television is as scripted as the next professional wrestling championship, marketing and salesmanship are no less potent than authenticity and quality. Is it too much to ask of the bookselling gods that never in the future will a book with a facsimile dustjacket be worth more than an unjacketed copy?

If public taste is out of our hands, so too, we presume, are most counterfeit jackets (a counterfeit jacket being a facsimile which, no matter how in-

nocuously constructed, was offered as authentic at some point). In the past high-end collectors may have stumbled here and there upon the \$10,000 book which, for reasons they were none too careful to explore, was theirs for a mere \$500. These collectors may have been hesitant to present their find to an ABAA dealer, either so as not to gloat, or more often because they did not want some nagging suspicion confirmed. So the book

gains imprimatur by proxy, and if the collection is dispersed without particular care, it stands a fair chance of going right into another distinguished collection without any facsimile identification it may have once had. Thanks to the ease of selling on eBay, collectors are doubtless now routinely finding these “too-good-to-be-true” books, and finding it hard to resist them all. Compounding the problem is eBay's private auction system, which prevents knowledgeable dealers from warning bidders about questionable items.

At present, at least a half-dozen individuals routinely offer unidenti-

fied facsimiles and, when caught red-handed, routinely offer the same facsimile claim of ignorance. They operate outside the purview of the ABAA, though we see them at our fairs. They and others like them will be aided in the future by the increased acceptance of jacket restoration, new technologies in printing such as stochastic screening and grown-polymer xerographic toners, a publishing industry with no standard for identifying facsimiles reproductions or inclination to create one, and on-line selling systems that hold themselves beyond ethical accountability. As always, the onus is ultimately on the buyer to beware. But there is a vital role that legitimate book dealers, ABAA members and otherwise, must play. I do not expect every dealer to carry a black light and a loupe around at fairs (although it would be very helpful if at least one dealer at the fair had them). They should, however, become as familiar as possible with facsimiles they may encounter and scrutinize potential purchases and their existing stock accordingly. The ABAA Internet and Security Committees hope to build on the Forgery Database that has already been assembled, and it is my hope that known, commercially printed facsimile dustjackets will be added to that database as well. ■

A contribution to the ABAA Benevolent Fund or to the Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund is a meaningful way to honor the memory of a departed colleague. A contribution can also be a thoughtful celebration of an important event in the life of an antiquarian bookseller—a birthday, an anniversary, or a retirement.

The Antiquarian Booksellers' Benevolent Fund is a non-profit charity fund established by the ABAA in 1952 to benefit any antiquarian bookseller in time of personal need. The Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund offers financial assistance for education and scholarly research relevant to the antiquarian book trade.

*Direct your contributions and inquiries to:*  
Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America  
20 West 44th Street  
Fourth Floor  
New York, NY 10036



# Rulon-Miller

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one. Filled with beer and sushi we were all taken surprised when ABAA member Andy Cahan swaggered in all jet-lagged. He was not exhibiting but he had come to Tokyo on a lark to scout photography books, and with good success from what I later gathered.

The book fair was held on the forty-ninth floor of the Mori Tower in the Roppongi Hills complex in Tokyo, a gathering of rather sublime structures of glass and steel, chrome and bronze, and studded with designer boutiques, complex fountains, and five-star restaurants. *Très up-scale et chic*. Almost the center of the universe. The Roppongi district of Tokyo was nearly obliterated by American bombs near the end of World War II and in many of the years since it has borne a lackluster, even sordid reputation. But now Roppongi Hills majestically rises, like the phoenix from ashes, and I doubt that another book fair has been held so many stories up. (For those interested in such trivia, Denver's fair is likely highest in altitude.)

I will not gloss over my shipping problems. ABAJ had recommended Nippon Air Express as a company which could coordinate the shipping of the various dealers' trunks, but Nippon Air required an official "carnet" which could only be had from U.S. Customs. The process required tedious paperwork, the carnet itself cost more than I cared to pay for it, and there was a non-refundable charge that, should I have told the truth on the value of the shipment, would have been about \$4,000. In the days before Bush I might have lied, but nowadays I fear prison time for understating the value of books. It was all more than I was willing to do, so I did what I usually do when taking books into Japan, which is to send them express mail via the U.S. Post Office (value properly stated) in care of myself at my Tokyo hotel. The twelve cartons I sent cost about \$1,500 and I thought I was way ahead of the game until I learned it would not be possible for me to take the parcels with me into

the fair because of security concerns at Roppongi Hills. I was in Japan early enough to see the problem rectified, thanks to the magnanimous help of Mr. Tomoaki Kagota at Yushodo. If ABAJ moves ahead with another fair alternative arrangements would hopefully be available.

ing rather depressed. There was virtually no time to scout the fair, but I expect the organizing committee was constrained by the rental contract. A ribbon-cutting ceremony featuring the next President of ILAB, Michael Steinbach, served as the call-to-arms, and the fair remained open eleven to eight, and ten to six over the



**ABAA President John Crichton addressed the ABAJ on the current state of the antiquarian book trade. From left: Takehiko Sakei, John Crichton, Mitsuo Nitta, and Fukujiro Yagi.**

The fair itself took place in a rhomboid room maybe 75' x 90', carpeted in corporate charcoal gray, but who noticed that for the riveting view of the Shinjuku towers and the rest of Tokyo spread out before us. The first day of the fair was brilliantly clear and from every vantage point we could easily see to the forty-mile perimeter of this mega-city, with snowcapped Mt. Fuji planted on the southwestern horizon. The Mori Tower is a modern, clean, and efficient building, and like Tokyo itself, insanely rational. And the forty-ninth floor was home to a lounge, a café, the private Academy Hills Library, and a small bookstore. Perfect-o.

Set-up lasted three hours — not nearly long enough if for no other reason than I might have wanted to freshen up and change into clean clothes before the opening. Because of the time constraint we were obliged to arrive for set-up in our newly pressed suits which, by the eleven-o'clock ribbon-cutting, were look-

two-day stretch.

The booth sizes ranged from six premium booths and eighteen full booths for Japanese dealers, to the sixteen half-booths for Occidentals - for the record, nine from the U.K., four from the U.S., two from Germany, and one from Australia. The half booths were quite small given the Western frame, and even though I was alone in my booth (my booth-mate, Dawson's, were obliged to withdraw at the last hour) I was, well... constrained by the size of the booth. The glass cases, on castors for easy positioning, were plenty adequate; but the indestructible gun-gray bookcases were meant for university stacks in earthquake zones rather than two-day book fairs. Many of them, including mine, arrived with the shelves so close together that only duodecimos or small octavos could be shelved, and the only way to get the shelves readjusted was to flag down a team of two

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# Rulon-Miller

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teamster-types with socket wrenches and screw-drivers to tackle what looked to be a more complicated job than it ought to have been. It took them about seven or eight minutes for each shelf adjustment which ate considerably into the already abbreviated set-up.

The fair seemed pretty well attended. Attendees were impeccably dressed, obviously sophisticated, and looked to be genuinely interested in the books they looked at, but there were few takers for the Western items even though many had some command of English. I should have known from the start that sales were apt to be minimal. The Japanese trade, once largely dependent on institutional purchases, now is looking to increase its customer base in the private sector. Part of the month-long celebration included a talk at Roppongi Hills by two of Tokyo's most famous collectors, the medievalist Professor Toshi Takamiya, and the novelist Hiroshi Aramata, on the joys of collecting books, and the occasional financial rewards therein. The event was crowded and probably contributed to the good attendance at the book fair. Optimistically I thought I could do as well as at an average ABAA fair, what with the dollar suffering against the yen, but there's little doubt that the Japanese market remains quite soft. Sales for the Western dealers were sporadic at best. None that I spoke with reported anything like success. The odd thing though is that virtually all of us would return, as would many others, I believe, if it were a regular event on the book fair calendar. If they were invited, I could see nearly forty Western dealers there next year.

When I exhibited with ILAB in 1990 I sold one book: Junius's *Gothic Gospels* on large paper. This year I sold two: a *Dard Hunter*, and the penultimate edition of *The New World of Words*, 1706. The improvement over the fifteen year gap was 100% exactly, and of this I take cautious note. Japan, even in its slump, remains one of the four best book centers in the world. (I count London, New York

and California as the others.) Yet rarely do the members of ABAJ come to exhibit in the West, and Westerners as a rule (Cahan notwithstanding) do not fly off to Tokyo on scouting trips. Was Kipling really right? I have long been a proponent of getting Japan more involved in the international trade, and if there were ever an industry in Japan to break the shackles of restraint it is surely its talented anti-quarian trade. I am thinking here more of the future of the book trade in general than I am of either Japan, or Japan's business relations with the West. I foresee an annual Tokyo fair, supported — perhaps largely — by European, Australian, and American dealers who, if attending in critical numbers, could create a synergy among themselves, even without having an interest in Eastern books. Over time the Japanese market will be further exposed to Occidental books, and better yet, the Western dealer will be further exposed to the Japanese aesthetic; thus, Japan will sell more books to the West. It's a win-win thing. In time, universality inevitably will be thrust upon us.

Tokyo, the largest first-world city on the orb, is a rollicking megalopolis in all its degrees. In spite of the current financial malaise, Japan remains wealthy and the population continues to be sedulously educated. Moreover, the smart eyes in Japan are on China these days. It's not without reason Mr. Nitta takes Chinese lessons every Friday night and contemplates a Chinese edition of *Printing and the Mind of Man*, copies to be distributed free to the major cultural institutions in China. No, I'm not going to be surprised when the Tokyo market booms again, and I'm willing to bet it's not far off.

The perfect time for an annual Tokyo fair would be almost as it was, at the end of January or the first part of February, timed to lead into the California fairs. European dealers could then ship directly from Tokyo to either Los Angeles or San Francisco, and perhaps could take advantage of around-the-world fares. Were this fair to take place, it would have to continue on an annual basis; and be forewarned, its success will not necessarily be immediate. Patience is ever the word in the East.

In the meantime, Roppongi Hills is a great Tokyo destination, and Mori Tower a stunning venue. The exhibit room itself would have to be at least twice as large (perhaps an adjacent room could be utilized), and all ILAB members should be eligible to apply. Fair and simple lotteries could be held in the event of over subscription, but with the ABAJ holding steady at only thirty member firms, it's not likely to be oversubscribed.

Which brings me to another point: there are at least 2,500 other booksellers in Japan, and probably more lurking on the internet. I've had the opportunity to meet and speak with a few of them. Several were scouting the aisles at this Tokyo fair, and some were doing the same at the recent San Francisco fair. I have visited with other dealers in the Japanese countryside and I can attest to their interesting inventories. They do not inhabit the high-end real estate of Kanda, and some are still kids, selling pricey manga, modern western lit, Nobel Prize recipients, math, dictionaries, the Beats, even animé. If ABAJ is to remain viable, and if it wants the best book fair it can have, it must begin to find a way to bring these young dealers into their ranks, otherwise the kids with their internet skills will overwhelm it absolutely. ABAA and other ILAB associations are faced with similar problems. (See David Lilburne's article elsewhere in this issue.)

Most of Japan's used booksellers are unionized. The Second Hand Booksellers Union is registered with and protected by the government, and is rigorously policed. The SHBU has approximately 2,000 members, half in the Tokyo area. Each prefecture in Japan has its own chapter, and often they have their own buildings which are used for book auctions. These auctions are not open to the public, and are available only to SHBU members. In Tokyo these auctions generally take place once a week, or at the least, twice a month. There are major auctions semi-annually for which a catalogue is produced so the booksellers can solicit bids from the public, although the public is not allowed to attend. Because of the restrictions of the union, it is diffi-

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# Rulon-Miller

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cult for those who are not union members to be active in the used and out-of-print trade in Japan, although this may be changing now with the new technology.

The members of ABAJ, many of them also SHBU members, offer a different product to a different clientele. ABAJ members deal mostly with rare and antiquarian (and so more expensive) material. ABAJ also tends to be far more pro-active in the book community, sponsoring lectures, seminars, and even going so far as to occasionally publish books. This most recent book fair is just another facet of ABAJ's outreach. In the past, ABAJ has had a more liberal approach to getting new members but there were many problems, most notably getting payments to foreign dealers. ABAJ has since tightened its rules, and while the association remains open to all booksellers, the standards are higher than many other booksellers care to strive for.

The Japanese dealers at the fair seemed to do reasonably well. I heard a report of one dealer whose sales reached the equivalent of \$400,000 and I know of at least one other who attained the six-figure level. Mr. Namikawa at Ogawa Toshō, who had the booth across from me, seemed to be making out invoices over the course of the whole fair, and staff from The Isseido also reported having a very good fair. Yushodo's operatives from its various branches (Tokyo, Nagano, Osaka, etc.) seemed ubiquitous, and placed many books on hold, or took them on consignment for various customers, partly as a courtesy to those who traveled from afar with so many interesting books, but mostly because they have the customers.

The ABAJ dealers and their employees did most of the work for this fair: they manned the coat-check, supervised and assisted the security, and made all the arrangements for the room and equipment rentals. There was no promoter involved, all the advertising and advance publicity were done by ABAJ personnel, and I learned later that in the end ABAJ

managed to make a little money for itself. They deserved it. The fair was smoothly run, and by most accounts it was a successful production. I was encouraged to see that a questionnaire was handed out near the end of the fair which perhaps is

enty people there, and I felt transported, as I often do in this surreal city, back to The Boston Tea Party, the favored club of my youth.

The performance somehow put perspective on the week gone by. Mr. Ueda



photo by Mitsuko Ueda

## Tokuei Ueda (right), Japanese antiquarian bookseller by day, rock star by night.

indicative of ABAJ's plans for more fairs in the future. It is unreasonable for the ABAJ itself to assume all the responsibilities for managing an international fair. A promoter or event organizer could be hired to shoulder the more demanding tasks of mounting such an event.

So, without further ado, "Live ...from Tokyo! It's the Rolling Stones!" On the evening before our departure we were invited by Mr. Tokuei Ueda, by day the mild-mannered manager of the antiquarian department at The Isseido, by night a rock 'n' roll guitarist, this night performing at Live Freak, a small, dusky soundstage thick with smoke illuminated by colored spotlights underneath the mews and warrens of Shinjuku, in the basement of another club called The Pit. I was thinking of earthquakes and looking for emergency exits, at least until the beer kicked in and the lights went down and the early chords of "Street Fighting Man" thumped in my lungs. The band's repertoire was all Jagger/Richards; other bands that evening were devoted exclusively to The Who, The Kinks, and other groups of the sixties and seventies. I was certainly the oldest of the sixty or sev-

is one of the young and interesting members involved with ABAJ, and the future of that organization is inevitably going to fall more and more on his and his generation's shoulders. I thought back to how young I was when I first became involved with ABAA, and how it was the youth and youthful-minded of those in the late eighties and early nineties who managed to change the direction of our entire association. Because of its small size, ABAJ needs new young members more than other national associations, and it needs them badly. Perhaps there is a way for ABAJ to find some common ground – an alliance, if you will – with the Second Hand Booksellers Union. Perhaps there is a way for ABAJ to court SHBU members and teach them the rewards of international bookselling, and the merits of the ethical code of conduct recognized by ILAB members worldwide. In any event, young Japanese booksellers, metaphorically speaking, are already upon ABAJ's parapets, laptops strapped to their backs, Blackberries in their pockets, and they're probably already close enough for the thirty member firms to hear them belting out, "The times they are a-changin'." ■

# Dawson

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Later, Ernest's father, being a carpenter, was remodeling a new book shop for Henry Ward. While visiting his father at work, Ernest met Mr. Ward and managed to get a job. This was a great step upward for Ernest because Mr. Ward was a literary man and carried nothing but books and magazines.

While working at Ward's, Ernest, now eighteen, began night school to work toward his high school diploma. This went too slowly so it was worked out that Ernest would go to school part time and work for Mr. Ward mornings, evenings, Saturdays and holidays.

At age 23 Ernest completed his high school education at Los Angeles High-School and had a small savings account that was had been enlarged a bit when his father paid back a \$75.00 loan. While riding his bicycle down Broadway on an April day of 1905 Ernest saw a sign, "Part of store for rent," and decided that it was time to go into business for himself. He had a small collection of books of his own and soon was able to buy a lot of 2,250 discarded books at the Salvation Army for a penny apiece, delivered in 45 burlap sacks. One of the first books he pulled out was Otis Mason's *Indian Basketry*. Ernest remembered that Le Compte Davis had come in to Ward's Book Store for this title and it was not in stock. Ernest now rushed over to Mr. Davis's office and offered it for \$2.50 and a sale was made. Ernest happily said to himself, "I bought a book for a penny and sold it for \$2.50."

Ernest's shop at 713 South Broadway was on the southern edge of the retail business district of Los Angeles, but by carrying magazines, schoolbooks, stationery, new books and whatever older books he could buy he managed to continue. After the 1906 earthquake and fire in San Francisco, Ernest found that there was a rise in interest in California history. He also ordered calf bound books by mail in England and had shipments sent around the Horn. By 1907 he had

accumulated enough material to issue the first rare book catalogue in Los Angeles.

The success of that first catalogue encouraged Ernest to move a few blocks north to a better retail section of Los Angeles, 518 South Hill Street opposite Pershing Square. Here he was able to continue improving the stock by dropping schoolbooks, stationery and post cards. In 1911 he made a big decision - he would take a trip to New York, Boston, London and the Continent. The friendships he made, the books he bought, the things he learned all had a strong influence on the development of his own business. He was to make many more trips through the years and also made it possible for members of his staff to likewise. This added more variety to the stock and provided more experienced sales people.

In 1921 Dawson's Book Shop moved again, four blocks west to 627 South

of books. Each of them did catalogues, buying, selling and carrying on correspondence. There were frequent "store meetings" to exchange information and a short presentation by one of them about an important book, a new bibliography, or some new things they had learned. Ernest wrote memos to each of them, or more often a letter to the whole staff, to be initialed and passed along.

Everything was thought out, considered, and changed from time to time. One enduring feature of the shop was to write in code in each book the original cost. This figure was recorded when a sale was made and formed a solid basis for a monthly profit and loss statement. Once a year a physical inventory was made to keep the system accurate. For a long time a month and year date of purchase was written in each book so that slow moving stock could be identified and dealt with. That, of course, went out when good



**Ernest Dawson.**

Grand Avenue. The number of employees increased as he added new subjects to his stock and in the 1940's there were about 20 people working for Ernest. He gave much thought to his relations with the staff and saw to it that each of them were given responsibilities, time to learn, and opportunities to increase their knowledge

books became much scarcer. There was a time when Ernest tried a one price policy - no discounts to anyone. That did not last long since it caused more problems than it solved. During World War II a flow of very good books came to the shop. Marks & Co of 84 Charing Cross

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# Dawson

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Road in London, having become an agent for Dawson's Book Shop, sent some of their best books for safe keeping and selling. Some other dealers did the same and it turned out that hardly anything had to be returned after the war. This was a period of a great flow of books coming into the shop and the problem was how to keep them moving out.

Ernest Dawson passed away in 1947. His four children are Glen Dawson, the elder child; Fern Shochat; June McKeon; and the younger child, Muir Dawson. All of them grew up playing and working in the book shop. Ernest held the belief that the ownership and management of a business should not be spread widely. It was never discussed in the family but it was always assumed that Glen and Muir would go into the business and the girls were compensated in his lifetime in other ways. Glen and Muir were made equal partners and were to buy the business with a monthly payment to their mother, Sadie Dawson, for the remainder of her life, which was 20 years.

One of the first things that Glen and Muir did was to take out life insurance policies on each other and prepare a buy-sell agreement that detailed the terms that one partner would carry out to buy a deceased partner's share. Some years later the ownership of the building was placed in a separate partnership of Glen and Muir so that if a buy out of the business might take place there would not be the burden of the surviving partner to buy both the business and the building. Happily both partners are alive and the original buy-sell agreement was put into effect when Glen retired in 1995, making it possible for Muir's son, Michael, to buy the business.

In 1952 it was necessary to make another move and a shop, a little further west, was found at 550 South Figueroa. Here there was more space and an enclosed patio at the back of the shop permitted frequent receptions, meetings,

and lectures. Ellen Shaffer organized a lecture series on book collecting for the University of California, Los Angeles Extension. Meetings of various sorts and exhibitions became a regular feature. Muir organized a series of lectures on the history of printing and taught two summer sessions at the University of Southern California Library School.

After 16 years it was again necessary for Dawson's Book Shop to move. Glen and Muir soon realized that an effort should be made to own a building in order to have what was really wanted - parking space and air conditioning. After considering many possibilities a piece of property was found, and a design for an attractive building drawn up by an architect friend, Alfred Wilkes, and financing worked out. There was the worry that by moving out of the downtown area there would be diminished business. The move has since proved to be the best thing the two partners ever did.

Ernest Dawson set a tradition of involvement with book trade colleagues by being active in the American Booksellers Association even though he did not stock many new books. Glen became a member of the first Board of Governors of the ABAA when it was formed in 1949, and is probably the last one of that group still living. He went on to serve as vice-president and then became a member of the Committee of the ILAB and also treasurer. Glen was active in organizing the Southern California Chapter, the first one in the ABAA. The first directory was edited in 1952 by Ellen Shaffer. Muir served as a President of the ABAA and Michael was active in setting up ABAA's first internet presence.

Even before personal computers began a thorough shaking up of business, there were other forces at work. There was the rising cost of business, including the price of books, compensation paid to employees, plus the need to pay for health insurance. Everything had to be adjusted to operating with less labor.

Glen's children Keith Dawson, Karen Ganske and Susie Smith each have a good understanding of books and worked in the shop at various times. Keith is Librarian at Life Pacific College in San

Dimas, Karen is Director at the Nampa Public Library in Idaho, and Susan is an enthusiastic public school teacher and wife of a minister.

Michael Dawson graduated from the University of California, Santa Cruz and decided to live in San Francisco and work in photography. When his wife wanted to pursue her Ph.D. in art history at UCLA Michael came to the shop to give the book business a try. He fitted in well and learned quickly. After Glen retired, Michael began to seriously think about making the book shop a career, but he saw that things would have to change to fit his interests, and understood how the shop would have to change to survive. He wanted to computerize everything and do it with specially written software, reduce the number of subjects handled, clear out lower price stock, get rid of numerous tables and shelves, install more dramatic lighting, and turn the rear third of the shop into a photo gallery. Since Michael carried out pieces of his plan over a period of time it was not too hard for Muir and Agnes (who had worked as the shop's bookkeeper for 43 years). Eventually the realization came that it was best for all of us that Michael have a free hand and the decision for Muir and Agnes to retire came easily in 1999.

A long line of employees contributed to the success of Dawson's Book Shop. Some of them became proprietors of book shops and some became rare book librarians.

Dawson's Book Shop has not only bought, sold, and appraised rare books, but has also published about 300 books. Publishing by antiquarian book shops is considered a diversion by some but it worked out to be good business and enjoyable. Printing of small editions of well-printed books the way it was done for many years at Dawson's would be more difficult to do under present conditions.

For a long time the Dawsons have looked toward the century mark even while wondering if the shop, or who among us would still be around. But here we are, all the children of Ernest and Sadie Dawson, and the shop is doing well under the hand of the third generation. ■

# Fear & Loathing in Denver

by Ed Smith

I was asked to give advice on book matters by Hunter S. Thompson and his camp over the years, but the first time I ever met him in person was the summer of 1997.

He invited me to join him in Denver for a book signing for *The Proud Highway*. The event was held at the Tattered Cover (the Lodo store) downtown. Jim Pepper and I were going to be in Denver that week to hunt books and visit his friend, John Dunning, so the timing was right. We really didn't know what to expect, but knew that it would not be normal. By the time we flew into the mile high city we were worried that Hunter might have somehow forgotten that he had invited us, and then we would show up at the event looking like a couple of morons. We had been in town several days buying books and had dinner with John Dunning and his wife Helen when the night came to meet Hunter downtown. We braced ourselves and showed up early hoping for the best, and explained to the powers-that-be that we were guests of Dr. Thompson.

"Yeah.....sure, and so are these 600 or 700 other people in line." Thinking quickly, I placed a call to Woody Creek and the machine picked up. This was enough to convince the organizer to put me and Pepper upstairs in the press suite. We were both nervous while waiting, trying to act normal, trying to act like we did this kind of thing all the time, but wondering what we would say when the great man showed up. We could hear the building crowd on the steps starting to make some noise.

The signing was to start at 7 sharp. Finally, at 7:45, the event organizer approached us, looking quite frantic, and said, "Hunter is downstairs but refuses to come into the building without your escort. Please help."

Pepper and I, feeling uneasy and maybe a little scared (but also maybe a little puffed up), braced ourselves and headed down in the elevator. When it opened on the ground floor (outside to the parking

lot) there was Hunter, fifteen feet away in a long gleaming stretch limo, with his son Juan. Hunter was holding the largest glass (bigger than a Big Gulp) of Chivas Regal we had ever seen. He appeared both normal and crazy, both at the same time. He exited the stretch limo without spilling a drop of his beverage, real casual, and approached us with a big grin. After shaking hands and some small talk, we all rode back up in the elevator to where the signing was to take place.

The crowd had sensed that Hunter was in the building and started to make some noise. We knew we were no longer in our normal comfort zone. We hung out in an office making small talk with Hunter and his son when his chauffer left to get something to eat. Hunter had forgotten, though, that his signed bookplates were still in the limo, so we kept our conversations going for another hour waiting for the chauffer to return, as the crowd started to whip itself into a frenzy. Hunter was explaining his new book, and what he had been doing lately, and asked some book questions. Pepper and I were getting comfortable and settling down some, and finally it was showtime. We escorted Hunter to the table where he was to greet his fans and the place exploded.

En route to the table where he was to sit, Hunter swung his cane in a wide arc (like Jose Canseco on steroids) into a roll of paper towels that was sitting on the edge of the table and the roll flew 25 feet, like a rocket, and hit the event lady right square in the side of the face. It stunned and staggered her, but Hunter didn't break stride (but told me to apologize to her, which I did). She was fine with it, but it scared her, as it did us. The crowd was howling by now, and seemed dangerous. There was a sense that anything could happen. Hunter could be a southern gentleman one second, and Attila the Hun the next, and switching back and forth without effort.

Pepper and I positioned ourselves right next to the Doctor of Gonzo just in case something happened, a fistfight or a weapon being pulled, or God knows

what. While we tried not to show how scared we both were (after all we were only two booksellers), we were his last line of defense.

At the head of the line, a store employee would stick a signed bookplate into the offered book. Then the crowd would shuffle by me and Pepper. We would look them over for signs of possible danger (or a weapon) and tried to look like we were in control, doing our best bodyguard imitations. Then Hunter would be confronted by them, or they would be confronted by him, shake hands or answer a question, or yell or curse, or laugh, all the while sipping his Chivas, which he kept refilling. He was starting to get turned on by the crowd and he was getting rowdy. His eyes were shining and were a little too bright.

And they kept coming. It seemed all of Denver passed in front of Hunter that night. Some as crazy and wild as the writer they came to see. Each with a question or a comment, or to pay homage to their hero, who could and did write things they either could not write or would not. The store declared nothing could be brought in to this event except books purchased there, but most of those in line brought something, bottles of spirits as gifts, some brought books to give, a few slipped Hunter some hand rolled smokes, some brought their wives and girlfriends, and one guy brought Hunter a buffalo head mask which he immediately put on top his head. The line was endless and very loud, and close to the end, the house went crazy and so did Hunter. At one point he stood up on the desk and did a little dance. It was a wild and crazy night. We had a great time being in the center of a whirlwind and it made our trip extra special. Hunter seemed to enjoy himself immensely, being in the limelight with his new book, and a huge, rowdy crowd. He was in his element.

All of us were kind of shaky after the signing. Time seemed to speed up and stop all at the same time. Hunter con-

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# Smith

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tinued sipping his big glass of Chivas like it was ice water, and all the while he seemed to have an aura of danger hovering just above him. After it was over, Hunter flew back to Aspen, and Pepper and I stepped quietly into that good night, feeling like we experienced something extraordinary.

The next day we showed up at the bookstore, trying to cover all bases one last time before we flew home the next day. We wanted to re-visit the scene of the madness of the night before.

As it turned out, people who could not attend the signing took orders for signed copies. When customers showed up to get their books, or called, and found out that Hunter used signed bookplates, they declined to pick up and pay for their ordered books. So all those copies were put back out into the store. Realizing this fact, Pepper said, "...let's do it..." and all we loaded up two or three book carts with signed copies, purchasing each and every copy we could find. Several store employees helped us round them all up. I think we purchased eighty-five or a hundred copies (now long gone).

As you know, Dr. Thompson took his own life Sunday, February 20,

about 5:30pm (local time). I was in San Francisco at that exact moment, packing up at the book fair. I found out the next morning at the airport when I picked up the paper for the trip home. I knew Hunter had been in a lot of pain from a hip replacement, a major back operation, and a broken leg. I also knew he had been trying to recover from a difficult trip to New Orleans last month. He was on the phone with his wife when he pulled the trigger of a 45 in his kitchen in Woody Creek. We will never know what his reasons were for ending his life, but we will always remember that night in Denver, hanging out with Hunter. May he rest in peace. ■

# Fleck

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allow ILAB business to be done more efficiently.

That is our history. We have now grown to 20 country organizations with almost 2000 booksellers living in 31 countries. I would now like to describe the new reality.

I am writing this article while on the Eurostar traveling back to London from Paris. I have been to Europe to attend our most recent ILAB Committee meeting in Zurich, that once a year meeting usually held in March in between the Congress and the President's meeting. All eight Committee members and ILAB's new Executive Secretary, Nevine Marchiset, and Anton Gerits, ILAB President of Honour have attended the meeting.

The best way to describe how the new ILAB is working for you is by sharing my day-to-day journal with you. Here it is:

## Wednesday, March 2nd.

Fly from Philadelphia to Zurich, Switzerland.

## Thursday, March 3rd.

Arrive at 1pm and sleep for an hour. Meet with Alan Mendoza, the production manager of Publications UK and Jelle

Samshuijzen, owner of Rockingstone and webmaster to the ILAB. Alan has flown to Zurich for the day to attend this meeting. Jelle arrives by train after all flights are canceled from Amsterdam because of the heavy snows. The Presidents have told the Committee to proceed with an entirely new concept for the ILAB Directory and the results will be officially shown at the Zurich meeting on Saturday. Production problems in the Directory were unnecessarily difficult and no one wants them to happen again. We find a solution by getting Rockingstone more involved in the data base set up to be used for the next Directory. Informal dinner with Committee members in town and some local Swiss dealers at the fondue restaurant, Le Dezaley. Dinner and drinks at the bar afterwards is often a very productive way to discuss ideas and problems.

## Friday, March 4th.

8 am meeting with Georg Beran (Committee member with internet responsibilities), Nevine Marchiset (ILAB Executive Secretary), Jelle and myself. We finish at 11:30 after a very productive meeting discussing all aspects of web site design, data base ideas and marketing. Nevine has developed a spread sheet of information showing all the data bases to which each ILAB bookseller belongs which proves invaluable to our discussion. A lengthy summary of our meeting

is prepared by Nevine and Georg that will be presented to the Committee at our Saturday meeting.

Rush off to the Notary with Steven Temple (ILAB Secretary) and Michael Steinbach (ILAB Vice President) to sign official registration papers which documents ILAB's status as a Swiss organization protected under the laws of Switzerland. For some reason our official registration had lapsed in the 1970s and we must correct the situation. This simple step has taken months of preparatory work but now gives us the legal status we need to deal with library groups, police bodies and insurance problems.

Attend the opening of the Zurich book-fair. Dinner at the famous old Restaurant Kronenhalle in Zurich. Have invited various officers of the Swiss organization to join the Committee for dinner.

## Saturday, March 5th.

ILAB Committee meeting starts at 9am. Our lengthy agenda (15 items) must be finished by 5 as we lose the room then (finish at 5:10).

Selection of important items discussed: Internet. Jelle will give us cost to do a website redesign with no scroll down, cost of recognizing the language of a book so that we can sort by language, cost of developing a simple home page in Chinese, Spanish, Italian, etc, cost of adding our books to the new UK Froogle.

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# Fleck

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Committee commits to developing a logo design that will be used for all advertising (use ILAB – I Love All Books). Swap ads with major magazines using this new design and quickly print bookmarks with new design for New York and London bookfairs. Give Jelle permission to proceed with the organization of auctions on our web site restricted to only ILAB booksellers.

We discuss China (Jelle had made two recent trips to China) and decide that each member of the Committee will contact government agencies in their home country that might give us advice on how to develop a better working relationship with the booksellers and librarians in China.

Decide to separate ILAB announce list into commercial and non-commercial lists as spamming has become too frequent.

Paul Feain will develop proposal to present to the Presidents that will open up our Stolen Book Data Base to selected international library and police groups.

Break for lunch. Interrupted halfway through lunch by request from a Swiss newspaper for a group photograph. Of course we oblige.

**Directory.** Stuart Lee and Sam Hussein of Publications UK have flown to Zurich to show the new ILAB Directory to the Committee for the first time. The Committee recognizes some problems but impressed with this initial result. We discuss problems with production, marketing of ads and other issues with them. Result – ILAB will get 4500 free copies and not 3000 and will have them delivered to more locations. We are all pleased as this first Directory caused everyone on the Committee a great deal of work, especially Nevine.

**Bibliographical Prize.** The Committee has been instructed by the Presidents to raise the funds for the Prize so that it will support itself over the years. We can now

announce that we have matched the kind challenge by Ann and David Bromer of the ABAA in which they said they would contribute \$10,000 if we could raise another \$10,000. We have now raised \$15,000 for a total of \$25,000. More work to do but a great start.

**UNESCO and UNIDROIT.** Will report on these later in this article.

Mundi (Mr. Pastore), I mention that the Committee has been invited to Brazil (the only country in South America with an ILAB organization) for our next Committee meeting. We would like to go to South America but only if we can make the trip a way of forming new country organizations for ILAB and entice more booksellers to join. Mr. Pastore says that there are many booksellers who would want



The Committee at work.

**Executive Secretary.** Nevine Marchiset has prepared a report of her activities and the Committee applauds her outstanding work since her hire date late last year. Her half time employment was a major result of the President's meeting in Australia.

And much, much more was discussed and voted. End at 5:10 and all are tired.

The ILAB Committee has been invited to dinner at the 17th century guild hall for dinner (Haus zum Ruden) in association with the Swiss organization and the dealers attending the Zurich bookfair.

Get to lead a happy birthday song for Committee member Georg Beran. While sitting at the dinner table with our new ILAB bookseller from Argentina, Imago

to attend such a mini conference and he would help recruit others including the 15 Argentine booksellers who belong to their small country organization. This is exciting news and I invite Michael Steinbach (our Vice President and Spanish speaking committee member) to come to the table and talk about this project.

## **Sunday, March 6th.**

A free day in Zurich and I spend much of it in the local history museum learning about the history of Switzerland.

## **Monday – Wednesday, March 7-9.**

Travel to London and buy books. The pound to dollar ratio makes it hard.

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# Fleck

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## Thursday, March 10th.

6:34 am Eurostar to Paris. Never have taken the “chunnel” before and find it an excellent way to travel. Nevine has arranged a meeting with Dr. Guido Car-

Federation of Library Associations and Institutions) and find that she is in Paris on the days that I am visiting. Adrian, Nevine and I meet her for lunch in Paris. We discuss the strict import rules that the Getty has formulated and how these rules will eventually become more standard practice. All ABAA members who import books and manuscripts will need to understand this area better in the future

where we finally find Dr. Carducci in his office overlooking the Eiffel Tower. This brilliant Italian lawyer (with a law degree in France as well) quickly but pleasantly educates us on the principles of UNESCO and their various codes covering the movement of cultural property across country borders. The code is loosely structured to allow each country to pass its own set of laws within the framework



**ILAB President Bob Fleck and Dr. Susan Allen of the Getty Museum.**

of the code. This has been done in France, Netherlands, Germany and a number of other countries but not in the U.S. We learn what it takes to become a NGO (non-government organization) working with UNESCO. The meeting lasts an hour and goes so pleasantly that Nevine, in a quick moment of inspiration, asks him to a special dinner she is hosting that evening for Dr. Allen and me. He accepts! We are joined by Alain Marchiset, Nevine’s husband and Past President of SLAM and the current Vice

ducci, Chief of the International Standards Section of UNESCO. We want to discuss the principles of ILAB with him and determine how our two organizations can work together on laws concerning export and import of books and manuscripts. We are especially interested in the UNIDROIT treaty and how it applies to our material and the UNESCO Code of Ethics for dealers. Nevine and I are joined by Adrian Harrington (ILAB Committee member overseeing import – export issues). The one day transportation strike affects travel everywhere.

In a stroke of excellent timing, I have been in correspondence with Dr. Susan Allen of the Getty Museum in her role of Chair of the Rare Books and Manuscripts Section of IFLA (International

(see Michael Thompson’s article written for the ABAA Newsletter and reprinted in the ILAB Newsletter). We also learn of a conference that IFLA has scheduled in Copenhagen and ILAB is invited to have someone participate in the conference (who better than Poul Poulsen, our Danish Committee member and ILAB Treasurer!). Dr. Allen plays another role in the world of stolen books as she is the founder and moderator of an international library list serve devoted to stolen books. She allows us to appoint an ILAB member to be part of that list serve (Paul Feain, ILAB Committee member and our security chief).

Then we are on to our meeting with Dr. Carducci. Adrian, Nevine and I go to the massive UNESCO complex in Paris

President of SLAM, Anne Lamort. We learned a great deal about the workings of UNESCO during this dinner.

## Friday, March 11th.

Back to London on the Eurostar but not before an hour and a half interview in the train station with Jacques Renoux, the editor of *Le Bibliophile*, who is very interested in learning about ILAB. Nevine had requested this interview – she is becoming a great ILAB PR person.

So this is your new ILAB. Take part in it by doing Congresses (Philadelphia in September 2006), work with your country organizations, and smile with pleasure when your country pays its \$20US ILAB dues per bookseller (and, dare I be so bold, perhaps ask them to pay more!). ■



# House Calls-Movie Mania

by Arnold Herr

**Now:**

My bookshop on Fairfax Avenue is located on the fringes of Hollywood, so folks assume that I have something to say about the relationship between books and films. I do. I have plenty to say. Nothing earthshaking or very profound, just some informal, firsthand observations gleaned from having spent the past 37 or so years living and working in both the film industry and the book business among a cast of pratfalling, zany, colorful, and annoying characters. Hence, my somewhat offbeat and certainly irreverent and disrespectful comments. So get a firm grip on your popcorn.

**Then:**

**October 14, 1987 - Books about Hollywood**

There I was, hurtling down Laurel Canyon in the center of a large truck tire, getting a hubcap's eye view of the blistering, miasmatic streets of Hollywood, film capital of the world and asking myself, "This is the book business?" If you had worked for Morty Plonk at Megalopolis Bookshop, as I once did for about 19 years, the answer was yes. A former employee once said, "A day spent working at Megalopolis was like being held hostage in a prison riot." Yup, sounds about right.

As I went rolling and tumbling, tumbling and rolling, I thought of Morty, who lay unconscious atop a pile of crushed cardboard boxes on the roof of his Buick wagon. You know, the one that lowered property values wherever he parked it. I envied Morty being able to take a nap in the middle of the afternoon even though he might also be suffering a minor concussion. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Earlier in the day Morty and I were heading up into the Hollywood Hills to meet Howard, a customer now eager to thin out his collection of Hollywoodiana. Howard was an engineer of some sort who free-lanced as a technician for the various film studios and smaller production companies. He had an enduring interest in both the technical and superficial

aspects of cinema, but his collection had grown too large.

We spotted Howard's Citroen 2CV on the street and he waved us into the driveway. The house was built against the side of the hill and was three stories tall. Tenants occupied the first two floors. Above them was an apartment filled with books. There was a staircase along one side that went directly up to the third floor. It was more like a ladder, narrow and steeply pitched. Howard went up first, Morty second, and I brought up the rear. Now's the time to cut and run I thought; being the lowest man on the totem pole, I was the one who'd have to schlep the books down. Probably end up killing myself in the process. Maybe Morty would let me toss them out the window. Nah....

The staircase was groaning and swaying slightly and seemed to be pulling away from the wall - probably too much weight. I peered over the side: the four-by-fours were dry-rotted. I started looking for something to cling to in case things began heading south. Howard was already at the top unlocking the door, Morty was maybe three-quarters of the way up and I was about halfway when things began to happen quickly. The staircase started to crumble and fell almost straight down. Howard grabbed the doorstep and hung on. Morty dove over the side and landed on top of his car and was cushioned by the empty boxes. I leaped for the truck tire suspended from a tree limb two stories above the street. What parent would tie a swing 20 feet above the pavement? I wondered in mid-air. I pulled myself into the tire and sat for a moment gathering my wits. Luckily, I didn't have many to gather. Howard had hoisted himself into the apartment and was holding up a handful of books. "Look, they're all trade editions," he yelled. "Not a book club copy in the bunch." He held up Shelley Winters's autobiography. "She inscribed it for me, 'Dearest Howard, my thighs will make you my slave, Shelley.'" I looked down. Morty was snoozing peacefully on the car with a small knot on his head.

I couldn't stay up there forever and I figured if I cut the rope with my pocket knife the tire and I would hit the driveway bouncing. I could also die. I tried not to think of the five or six or fifteen near-death experiences I'd had in the years spent working for Morty. But then, getting caught hanging from a tree wouldn't look good on my resume. Once I hit bottom I could then roll nonstop down to Sunset Boulevard, out to the ocean, into the water and then float to a remote desert isle and have three or four wahines cater to my every whim. (Sigh)....

I cut the rope and dropped, remaining seated in the tire, and while the initial impact jarred three fillings loose, at least my giblets remained intact. And then I started rolling. I didn't have time to pull myself out of the center of the tire. We (the tire and I) were on a slope and had landed upright. Down we went. Nothing could stop us now....except maybe a car... or a tree...or a wall.... Or maybe I could tumble over an embankment, down a hill, through some brush and into a pool. That happened once before, but that's another story.

I considered Hollywood as I whizzed through it ass over teakettle. Hollywood considered me, but not for long. I hoped to make it all the way to Megalopolis Bookshop on Melrose near LaBrea, where the dirt meets the shirt. I wobbled past the storefront signs on Melrose announcing, "15% cooler inside," and "Shop in air-conditioned comfort." The sign in front of Megalopolis Bookshop read "28% more gravity inside."

Fellow-employee Jack had been sipping vodka-laced Gatorade and was regaining consciousness as I flopped to a stop at the door.

"Dr. Rosenbach, I presume?" he inquired.

**Flash forward to:**

**August 19, 2004 - Movie history**

Morty and I were chowing down on lunch at Tortilla Flatulence earlier today.

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We dined there often and the restaurant prepared dishes for us that weren't on the menu. I was munching on some kind of Indian dish. Morty was spooning down great honking dollops of cold, gray gruel prepared from an old gulag recipe. I had worked for him for about 19 years before fleeing back in 1990. We occasionally got together for a bite to eat and a few yuks.

Morty: "I really think my bookshop and my life in it would make a great movie."

Me: "A documentary, a drama, or a slapstick comedy?"

Morty: "Yes."

Me: "Yes what?"

Morty: "It could be all of those things."

Me: "Okaaaaaay. And who would play you?"

Morty: "Maybe DeNiro. Certainly Dustin Hoffman. Ben Kingsley perhaps."

Me: "How about Elmer Fudd? He was born for the part."

Morty: "Who's he? What's he been in? Where's he from?"

Me: "He appeared in a lotta Bugs Bunny films. He came out of an inkwell."

Morty: "Don't ya think people would pay money to see a flick about the book business?"

Me: "Unless it had lots of sex and violence, no."

Morty: "I think there's a real symbiosis between films and the world of books."

I stared at the lumps in Morty's gruel. They must have been raisins because they weren't moving.

Morty: "Ya want a taste?"

Me: "No thanks, I'm still working on my curry with the singe on top."

Morty: "We've had lots of contacts with Hollywood types over the years. Some bought books from us, some sold us books. Some were remarkably literate, others wouldn't know their Aeschylus from their Albee. Remember that cutie-pie from "Get Smart?"

Me: "Yeah, we hauled all the books out of her house in the Hollywood Hills."

Morty: "We gave her a slip for store credit. She didn't want cash. We came out

okay on that deal."

Me: "She came into the store about three months later. She had the slip with her and wanted some books."

Morty: "Oh yeah, I forgot. At some point she had to drain her crankcase. Do you remember how she looked when she came out of the john?"

Me: "I remember her reaction when you asked her if she had had her tetanus shots recently."

Morty: "She looked pale and sick when she came out. I don't know why..... she certainly couldn't see very much in there....and what you can't see can't hurt you...."

Me: "Not with your 15-watt light bulbs..."

Morty: "I wanted 2 1/2-watt bulbs, but you told me they don't make 'em that dim."

Me: "Remind me please. Why would you want 2 1/2-watt bulbs?"

Morty: "To keep the employees from reading in there. Ya go in, ya take care a business, ya get out."

Me: "That's why I no longer work for you."

Morty: "Edith Head used to come in back in the old days and buy paperback mysteries."

Me: "I remember. Dorothy Sayers, Margery Allingham..."

Morty: "She commented on your wardrobe once."

Me: "Yeah, she said I looked like a pile of dirty laundry."

Morty: "So let's get back to this Hollywood thing....I think it's a natural to have a rock 'em, sock 'em movie about the antiquarian book trade. It's anecdote-rich. After all, since the beginning Hollywood has made movies about itself and the people who populate it. Mostly, they're about actors or directors. Y'know, *Sunset Boulevard*, *A Star Is Born*..."

Me: "...*A Book Is Burned*..."

Morty: "There have even been scenes filmed in actual bookshops. They used Megalopolis once. You remember..."

Yes, I do. About 20 years ago movie director Howie Storm wanted a funky, musty, chaotic old bookshop for his film *Once Bitten*, a goofy comedy about a vampire played by Lauren Hutton and

co-starring a young Jim Carrey. Storm had his crew do a little housecleaning and straightening up at Morty's shop to get the level of funk, mustiness, and chaos he wanted for the picture. He changed the numbering of the aisles from 1, 7, 3, 18, D, and 6 to 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on. "The plot is complicated enough" said Storm. Warped and splintered shelving was hauled out and carefully laid out in the alley behind the store. "Don't worry," the location manager soothingly told Morty, "When we're done, we'll reinstall it better than it was before."

"I don't want it better," wailed Morty. "It was good enough before. And good enough is good enough."

I could sense that we were becoming something of a nuisance to the crew and Storm told us to help ourselves to all the food we wanted from the catering truck parked in the lot around the corner. "To hell with the store," said Morty. "Let's eat." And eat we did. The seedless grapes were going fast and he wanted some for dessert, so before they were all gone, he stuffed bunches of them into his coat pockets. We sat down and began eating. Morty was packing it away, perspiring copiously. He was a lot like Lord Cardigan - you know: a heavy sweater. After several minutes he stood up and removed his coat and set it on the seat of the chair and then headed back to the gedunk truck. He returned with a full plate, sat down on his jacket and continued eating. After a few moments he slowly put down his knife and fork, and wondered aloud, "Why's my butt wet?"

## Cut to:

### Movie technique. The editing room.

A film editor sits hunched over a hot Moviola (hot to the touch, not stolen) while a movie director paces frantically behind him. The floor is belly-button high in coils of movie film and mag stripe. The machine is rocking and rolling backwards and forwards as the editor unspools picture and audio track onto their respective playback heads.

Editor: "A bookshop? This is a movie about a bookshop?"

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# Herr

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Director: "Whaddya think?"

Editor: "Needs a little humor. What I've seen so far makes Henny Youngman seem like James Joyce."

## December 4, 1986 - Breathing in Hollywood

The air was especially noxious here in L.A., particularly around Morty's warehouse at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Western Avenue (a really rough neighborhood). His Buick station wagon (a horrendous polluter) was due for a smog test so Morty could renew the car's registration. "It'll never pass" Morty groaned. Jack Gallagher, one of Morty's employees who was sorta street savvy, offered a suggestion: "Park the car in front of the warehouse, leave a \$100 bill under the windshield wiper, turn two pirouettes, do a cartwheel and take a walk around the block. When you come back you'll find a smog certificate."

Morty took his advice and came back ten minutes later. Sure enough, there was a smog certificate. Only problem, the \$100 and the car were gone.

## August 19, 2004 - a few minutes later

Me: "What I'm driving at though: d'ya think the life and times of a bookseller, even though he's located in Hollywood, are intrinsically interesting?"

Morty: "Sure. What other bookseller can claim he had a blind giraffe in his shop for two days?"

Me: "Three."

Morty: "Okay, three. And weren't you the one who had his lamps punched out by Pinky Lee?"

Me: "I made a pass at the blonde he was with. I admit, it wasn't very discreet."

Morty: "Then he called me a horse's patootie for not buying the books he was selling. What are you writing?"

I had been scribbling on my place mat.

Me: "This is all going into the script."

Morty: "If you're writing all this down, I should tell you about the guy who called

me yesterday wanting to buy a *Funk & Walnuts Encyclopedia*..."

More scribbling.

Me: "It's in the mix..."

Morty: "Leave out the silly stuff."

Me: "You mean like the time we picked up all those boxes of linguini noodles from behind the Via Fettucini Restaurant?"

Morty: "Yeah."

Me: "Not a chance. It goes in."

Morty: "I had a use for that linguini."

Me: "It was inedible."

Morty: "I figured we could soak the noodles and use them to tie boxes to the luggage rack on top of the car."

Me: "It didn't work."

Morty: "Neither did the dental floss."

## Flashback to:

### March 3, 1981 - Celebrities

The sound from the front wheels was "shpocketty, shpocketty, shpocketty." Morty could barely steer the car, the wheels shook so violently. In the world of book folk, caster and camber do not exist. "You could make a fortune using this car to churn butter," I said. "Wisenheimers," replied Morty, "I'm surrounded by wisenheimers." The car wheezed up into the Hollywood Hills. We were on our way to look at another book collection belonging to some celebrity.

When they named the street Lookout Mountain Road, they weren't whistlin' Dixie. It was a warning to look out for sheer drop-offs with no guard rails. Look out for steep, winding roads that show no mercy. Look out, we have no brakes! Look out, you're gonna kill us all!

We bounced over potholes and played chicken with cars coming down the hill. Morty was complaining bitterly about Flush Gordon, the plumber who crawled under Morty's house and used a car jack to hold up the tub that was falling through the bathroom floor. "So he got a little dirty under there," Morty grouched. "Plumbers are supposed to get dirty."

"He had to crawl through a swamp" I said, "He was radioactive. No wonder he charged you double."

Morty stopped the car. "I think this is it," he said, checking a scrap of paper. Actually, he was checking a lot of scraps

of paper. One was his draft notice from May, 1943.

The house was perched on a hilltop just off Appian Way, high above Laurel Canyon. It was the home of Madeleina Abundanza, the star of that classic of Italian Neo-Realism, *Bitter Rice Krispies*. I rang the bell. The door opened and Weems the butler ushered us into the house. "Walk this way please," he urged. "Not without talcum powder," thought I. We were told to wait in the library. So we waited. Time and patience began to flake away like a case of advanced eczema. Morty looked at his watch. I don't know why: it hadn't worked since Eisenhower held office. He began pulling books off the shelves and stacking them on the floor. He made neat piles. "I'll offer her a quarter apiece for these, half-a-buck for those and a dollar each for these." We had perhaps 300 or 400 books heaped on the floor when Senora Abundanza appeared at the top of a curving staircase. She resembled Margaret Dumont and to be perfectly frank, Morty and I looked like a couple of the Marx Brothers. "Ah," thought I, in the reptilian part of my back brain, "This is gonna be good." She came slowly down the stairs on legs that looked as if they oughta be holding up a piano and shoes that had a secret compartment for her bunions.

"Whaaat are you doing here? Who are you people?"

I told her we were there to buy her books. Morty tried to explain how generous his offer was. Most of the books really had no more than sentimental value (in plain English, that's little or no retail value), but since he was already here, he hated to leave empty-handed and felt obliged to make an offer. [Pause, pause, pause] Senora Abundanza arched an eyebrow, turned and walked to a closet door on the other side of the room. It slowly began to dawn on me that we might be at the wrong address. It wouldn't be the first time. Morty looked at me and waggled his eyebrows as if to say, This deal is done!

Well, not quite. There's something very wrong with someone who resembles

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# Herr

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Margaret Dumont holding a weapon. Especially when the weapon is a Mossberg 12-gauge pump shotgun. Cops refer to them as alley-sweepers. "Let's leave," I suggested. "Let's leave now!" Morty kept eyeing the books on the floor. I knew he loathed leaving without buying even a one. "All right then, I'll double the offer: 50 cents for the books on this pile and two bucks each for these. No other book dealer would pay you that much!"

Most of the last part of that was lost in the loud blast. Ms. Abundanza had aimed toward the ceiling creating a new entrance to the second floor. What was all that livestock doing up there? A chandelier crashed onto the piano. Weems the butler swooned and corkscrewed to the floor, noisily losing control of his bodily functions. Morty was already through the door, legs pumping furiously. I was momentarily paralyzed staring at the smoke and falling debris. I remember thinking, "Feets, don't fail me now!" and bolted for the door.

**Cut to:**

**August 19, 2004 - A scene from the editing room floor.**

Earlier in the day (before meeting Morty for lunch), a near-hysterical woman called me urgently wanting to sell her collection of TV Guides. "The collection goes back to 1953. I've never missed an issue; they arrive punctually every week in the mail. How quickly can you get here?" she burred.

Me: "Well, I don't know....I don't usually buy magazines."

Her: "I'll sell them cheap. I need you to get them out of here right away! Please hurry!"

Me: "What's the rush? Maybe I can suggest someone else who..."

Her: "You don't understand. The piles shifted and fell over. My cat's underneath them. Bring a shovel."

Me: "Your umm...maybe....are you....uhhh....what's your cat's name?"

Her: "Fluffy. I may have to change it to

Pancake..."

Me: "Do you have a neighbor who's closer than I am who could run in and help you?"

Her: "The landlady's son is home, but he hates Fluffy...well, I guess Pancake now..."

**2 hours later, August 19, 2004 - Scandalous behavior**

Morty: "Remember that joker who had the role in the first Star Wars flick was haggling with me over the price of that Dore-illustrated Divine Comedy?"

Me: "Vaguely."

Morty: "I got so upset with him. I really lost my cool. I took the book out of his hands and whacked him over the head with it. Never saw him in a movie after that."

Me: "No, because you hit him so hard, he now has to pull down his pants to brush his teeth."

Morty: "That's not to say I don't get along with the Hollywood crowd. Remember that character actress, Mimsy Quince?"

Me: "Used to walk sideways down the aisles in your shop yelling 'Wide load, comin' through!'"

Morty: "Got invited to her wedding a coupla months ago. She and I are on very good terms. She also invited Jack, but we had to wear tuxedos."

Me: "You own a tuxedo?"

Morty: "Remember the Dead Dentist incident?"

Me: "Sure."

Morty: "I bought all his clothing from his little babushka of a widow. It was nice stuff, except he was about twice my size."

Me: "He stood 6'3" and weighed nearly 300 pounds."

Morty: "Yeah. I'm 5'8" and weigh 140. But I had his tuxedo."

Me: "It could have held both you and Jack together."

Morty: "Jack suggested that. He said we'd be two schmucks in a tux."

Me: "I can see it now. Both your heads sticking out above one bow tie."

Morty: "Then I opened a box of shmootz and found one white Italian loafer. Inside was a stamped message that said 'If found, please return to Caesar

Romero.'"

Me: "So then what?"

Morty: "I went in a sport coat and a Hawaiian shirt. Nobody threw me out. It was typically Hollywood: you can't dress down too far. Anyway, the reception was held in a tent. Can you imagine more than 200 people in a tent? It was stifling in there and there was some dame behind me who kept cackling."

Me: "Cackling...."

Morty: "I hate cacklers. This one sounded like a large bird."

Me: "You can hire cacklers you know. For weddings, bar mitzvahs, funerals...."

Morty: "It was getting on my nerves. If I'd had a clear shot I might have pumped a few into her."

Me: "You were packin' a rod to a wedding?"

Morty: "I used to flirt with Mimsy and I thought maybe her new hubby might harbor a grudge. Small caliber. I didn't think they'd have a security check at the door. They didn't."

**Flashback to:**

**July 17, 1972 - Another Hollywood celeb with an association copy.**

It was hot in L.A. We had just gotten a call to go look at a collection of books belonging to some forgotten celeb in Hollywood Flats. The Flats are the back streets of Tinsel Town behind the film labs, the insert stages, the costume and prop rental houses, and Paramount Studios where housing for employees of the studio and affiliated businesses were built in the 1920s. These houses - bungalows mostly - and the small crackerbox apartment houses thrown up after World War II have not aged gracefully. Down-on-their-luck drifters, would-be screenwriters/producers, wannabe actors and actresses, druggies and immigrants from near and far populate most of these shacks. Here and there, one might find a relic of a mansion where an old movie star decided for the sake of convenience, to locate near the studio to save commuting time back in the old days. Most of these grand old homes have been replaced, but a few remain standing. Like

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the one where we were headed that day. I still had my 1931 Chevy pickup truck back then and it was in that that Morty and I pulled up in front of the house on Bronson Avenue. A neighbor watering her lawn looked at us as if we were the Joads.

"Big," remarked Morty. "Messy," commented I. He was looking at the neighbor. I was looking at the lawn...or maybe it was vice-versa. A seven-foot-tall ceramic cactus with a sombrero stood majestically over a sea of weeds. But the way things looked, if everything went according to Hoyle, the weeds would soon be as tall as the cactus. The door was slightly ajar. I could see movement inside but it was too dim to distinguish shapes. What appeared to be a floating pepperoni pizza approached us. Only when it reached the sunlight at the door did I realize that it was a splotted and stained T-shirt stretched over a belly large enough to have its own zip code. I recognized the face though: it belonged to a guy who had been a former matinee idol who later pleaded with us not to reveal his identity or his reduced circumstances. Since his nom de cinema would be immediately recognizable, he preferred we use the name he was born with: Rupert Barnyogurt. He walked right past Morty and me, down to the curb and placed a pair of socks on the warm hood of my car. "I forgot to wring them out last night. They're still wet." He caressed the fender of my then forty-one-year-old car and murmured, "Sleek."

Me to Barnyogurt: "You don't get out much do you?"

Barnyogurt was (and may yet be - he's still alive as of this writing) a packrat. "Those Collyer Brothers in New York... remember them? A coupla of pikers! They didn't know how to fill a room. I know how to fill a room!" Barnyogurt's arm swept grandly at the interior of the house and dislodged a small mountain of debris which set off a chain reaction, sending bicycle frames, wooden legs,

cardboard boxes, broken toilet seats, newspapers, galoshes and a suspicious looking box labeled "Jimmy Hoffa - parts 158-214" into the only passage through the room and presumably the rest of the house. I cautiously stepped over the threshold to get a better view. The floor felt kind of pulpy and soft. "Don't," warned Barnyogurt. "Most of the books are out back anyway. Follow me." We walked - no, actually we clambered our way to the rear of the once stately house. We climbed shirt mountain (a moldering mass of shirts, shorts and sheets). Morty developed a nosebleed from the altitude.

Barnyogurt: "I stopped doing laundry when Adlai Stevenson lost his first bid for the presidency. I was seized with such a fit of depression, I couldn't bear to look at soap suds anymore."

"I can dig it," I said. "With the money I earn working for this guy," I jutted my chin toward Morty, "I can only maintain my wardrobe by buying at thrift stores."

Barnyogurt: "I used to get my clothes out of dumpsters. Still do, in fact. My wife and I...my ex-wife that is... and I would frequently raid dumpsters along Santa Monica Boulevard. One day I was rooting around in one and came up with a sport jacket. 'Look at this,' I said to her. 'It's a MacGregor. I can go anywhere in this.' She said, 'The first place I'd go is the dry cleaners. And while you're at the cleaners, I'll be at my attorney's filing for divorce.' And with that, she walked out of my life."

We reached the back yard and patio on which he slept, surrounded by mounds of muck that had oozed through the sliding glass doors. He spent his nights on a foam pad on the concrete deck, heated his meals on an electric hotplate, and slurped water from a garden hose, which he did now. "Mmmm. Refreshing." He offered Morty and me a drink. We both declined. His eyes lovingly scanned the heaps of boxes and detritus. "Well, whaddaya think?"

I thought, "What a fungoid, spreading, cyclopean tumulus of paleogeon schlock."

I said, "Interesting."

Morty interrupted. "Where are the books?"

Barnyogurt: "Over here at Mount St. Methane."

We stepped over what appeared to be mummified carcasses of small animals. Barnyogurt went on. "After my career in films dried up, I thought I'd try my hand at being a veterinarian. Didn't work out. I used to think there were other things besides the movies, but to be perfectly honest with you, I miss the flickers. Do you remember *The Monster from Last Week*?"

Me: "Sure. It was a musical."

Barnyogurt: "That's right. It was my last flick. Now all I'm left with is a song in my heart and the smell of a million dancing feet in my nose."

I leaned an extension ladder against the mountain of rubble, climbed up, pulled back the tarp and began handing boxes down to Morty. Much of the top layer had been reduced to mulch and as I lifted the boxes, the bottoms fell out.

Morty (wiping compost from his face) to Barnyogurt: "So you live out here?"

Barnyogurt: "I do now. I used to live in the kitchen - at least I think it was the kitchen, there was granola all over the floor - then the Sylmar earthquake struck and everything collapsed. Except for the architecture books. They held up pretty well. Anyway, I put a corrugated roof over the patio. It's no worse than living in a carport."

Me: "But why don't you move some of the stuff out of the house and move yourself back inside?"

Barnyogurt: "I'd only fill up the house again. I used to have a network of paths and tunnels in there. After a while the passages became more like game trails and then the stacks shifted, and all the rooms became impenetrable, and so the only logical thing to do was move out here. The neighbors call me Patio Bob. I kinda like that."

Morty: "What about the second floor?"

Barnyogurt: "It collapsed onto the first floor."

I opened a dry box and the first thing I pulled out was a first edition of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. A bright, cheerful dust jacket...nice. Lacks the photogra-

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# Herr

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pher's name on the back...hmm, even better. Opened it up and...Holy Moley...it was inscribed and signed by Hemingway himself. I read the inscription aloud:

*"Mon cher Nutmeg:  
How well I remember those lambent  
evenings in the Pyrenees. Every time  
I smell goat cheese, I'll think of you.  
Ernest Hemingway, August 15, 1949"*

"Nutmeg," sighed Barnyogurt, "I haven't thought of her in years. We met after she had her fling with Hemingway. It was at Paramount up the street there." He gestured with his thumb. "I was starring in some Technicolor epic and she was in a crowd scene. I made some inane comment to her. She responded and we found we shared an interest in books. We spent a lot of time here." He spooled off some toilet paper from the roll he carried in his pocket and dabbed at his eyes. "I developed a really bad case of runaway hormones for her." He blew his nose but the piece of toilet paper wasn't big enough for the discharge and he wiped his hand on a street map of San Diego.

"What became of her?" asked Morty.

"I don't know for sure," said Barnyogurt. "I think she became a film critic."

I had to ask. "Do you think she might still be in the house?"

Barnyogurt looked at the house for a sad moment and turned back to me. "She was compulsively neat. I think the place would look a little different if she were still here."

We ended up buying the Hemingway along with maybe another dozen or so modern firsts of lesser importance. We left everything else behind, except for a circus cannon with Zucchini or something similar lettered on the side. "You can never have too many cannons," rationalized Morty, peeling off a couple of extra fifties. But more about that and the Melrose Cannonball at another writing.

Later, while driving away, I realized Barnyogurt's socks were still on the hood of my car.

## Three weeks ago: Book dealing in Hollywood: harsh realities.

Fred is a sometime-author and a full-time book scout who sleeps in a stolen Pontiac. "I think the guy who owned it was happy to get rid of it," says Fred. "No one's bugged me since I set up light housekeeping in it six months ago."

Fred has been coming into my bookshop since I first kicked open the door nearly eight years ago. His unique take on things Hollywood has made him a welcome raconteur, and has kept him fed when advances on his own books were slow in coming. "I would love to have one of my books made into a film. I don't care how much license they take with the text as long as the check doesn't bounce.

"I've been around Hollywood for years, getting in the way of one production company after another. About thirty years ago my presence really bugged Roman Polanski. He directed *Chinatown*. Remember that? Anyway, I was over on Lemon Grove living in a Studebaker back then. Roman had all these old cars on the street - the story took place during the 1930s, and my car was too new for them

so they made me move it. It wouldn't start so we had to push it around the corner. Even Jack Nicholson helped. That's what's so wonderful about Hollywood: sleaze and glamour working side by side. I used that theme in my first book, *A Hill of Beans*. I wish somebody woulda picked up an option on that one. I sure coulda used the dough."

Fred has published six books, all of them only modestly successful.

"You're too kind," comments Fred, peering over my shoulder as I write this. "But I don't think success enters into the equation at all."

I suggested he upgrade his living situation.

"You mean move into a Lexus or a Lincoln Navigator?"

I meant an apartment.

"People know to look for me in the green car. When they come to hand me the Nobel Prize for Literature, they're gonna know to tap on the window of my car. That's why it's prob'ly good it doesn't run. It's been landlocked on Sierra Bonita for two years. I had a terrible childhood, you know."

Me: "How terrible was it?"

Fred: "When the other kids and I played hospital, I was always the bedpan."

He stood there talking and blocking the counter. He wouldn't move. Finally I said, "You're standing directly under the boiling oil. Would you care to move now?"

He then excused himself; "I have a rendezvous with porcelain."

Coming soon, *The Melrose Cannonball*..... ■

# Getty at the Grolier

by Susan Dixon

*Past Presence: The Objects of Study at the Getty Research Institute*, the current exhibition at the Grolier Club, offers a dizzying and diverse array of objects and printed matter (photographs, books, paintings, architectural renderings and pseudo-sculpture) from the fifteenth

century to the present. Curated by former ABAA Associate Member David Brafman, now Curator of Rare Books at the Getty Center, the exhibition looks at how artists, writers, and architects respond to notions of time.

The room is well suited to this exhibition. One enters the room at six o'clock

and proceeds clockwise through a series of displays that are categorized into four areas of exploration: Past, Presenting the Past, Present, and Future which explain how time contributes to our understanding of the history of art. The objects

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evoke emotions that range from shock, amusement and disbelief- not always at the most appropriate times. After viewing a series of vernacular photos of catastrophic natural disasters like the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 and a Nebraska tornado in 1913, I was surprised to find myself laughing at an optical theatre from the 1700s depicting collapsing buildings and people with arms flailing - all in period dress. Such juxtapositions give the exhibit a certain lightness.

An ironic notion of preserving the past for the future is Duchamp's *Box (series C)*, in which he allows the viewer to survey his career in a Lilliputian format. Utilizing standard curatorial practices,

miniatures of his past work are arranged in a box with cards describing each entity for identification.

Situated directly at 12 o'clock is a glass case displaying two panoramas under the header "Telling Time". Here we see two unraveled panoramas, the first being the painter and photographer Ed Ruscha's 1966 artist's book, *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*. The black and white photographs pull the viewer into the rugged seediness of the Strip. The effect is quite the opposite when viewing Peter Suhr's romanticized *Panorama of a Trip from Hamburg to Altona and Back* from 1823. Suhr takes us on a grand tour; the images are not unlike the accordion-fold postcard packs that one can buy today at souvenir shops. While Ruscha's images are raw and display a harsh reality, Suhr's images are those of fond memories.

The final exhibit is labeled "Passing," and deals with death and reincarnation. *A Tibetan Book of Proportions*, which explains how to construct and design the perfect Buddha, is reminiscent of Da Vinci. Displayed just inches away is Don Celender's book, *Celebrities on Reincarnation*, which includes musings on reincarnation from New York and art world luminaries like Ed Koch, Lee Krasner, Ed Ruscha, Clement Greenberg and Andy Warhol. When asked about his thoughts on reincarnation, Warhol replied, "I want to come back as an heiress." It is a delight to come across such cheekiness in what could have been a very dark exhibit.

*Past Presence: The Objects of Study at the Getty Research Institute* is on view at the Grolier Club through April 30th. For more information, visit [grolierclub.org](http://grolierclub.org). ■

## THE ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA



SALUTES

## ROGER STODDARD

In an Event to Benefit the ABAA Benevolent Fund  
Roger Stoddard will Address Members of the ABAA and Guests on  
No More Mr. Nice Guy;  
or How to Get Along When Roger's Not Around Anymore

Saturday Evening, April 30, 2005 - Following the closing of the New York Book Fair -  
at the Grolier Club, 47 East 60<sup>th</sup> Street

Mr. Stoddard's address will begin promptly at 7:30, followed by a reception

A donation of \$35.00 per person to the ABAA Benevolent Fund is suggested  
(and more would be appreciated)

R.S.V.P. to Susan Dixon: [sdixon@abaa.org](mailto:sdixon@abaa.org)

## **BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA JOINS ABAA IN OFFERING SCHOLARSHIPS TO THE COLORADO 2005 ANTIQUARIAN BOOK SEMINAR**

Now in its 27th year, the Colorado Antiquarian Book Seminar provides an opportunity for specialist dealers, librarians, and collectors to share their experience and expertise with other booksellers, librarians, and collectors, novice and experienced book people alike, in a comprehensive survey of the rare, used, out-of-print, and antiquarian book market. Now in its twenty-seventh year the annual event is an intensive, week-long program for new and experienced booksellers who have never had the advantage of formal training, or who wish to exchange ideas on the latest developments in the field. Over the years a good number of ABAA members and their employees have attended, and in total the Seminar has graduated close to 250 booksellers, librarians, and collectors.

This year, the Seminar will feature *Between the Covers'* Tom Congalton as the specialist dealer, and the talented Dan Gregory as the Internet specialist. The keynote speaker will be Ken Sanders, ABAA Security Chair. Dan De Simone from the Library of Congress will return again to discuss the library market for books, and the problems facing dealers when selling to libraries. This year's conservation specialist will be Gillian Boal, Hans Rausing Conservator at UC Berkeley. Other specialists include past ABAA presidents Ed Glaser, Mike Ginsberg, and Rob Rulon-Miller, and past ABAA officers Jeff Marks and Jennifer Larson. The faculty also includes Lois Harvey of Westside Books in Denver, and Mary Frances Ciletti of Hooked on Books in Colorado Springs, both of whom provide participants with years of experience in the open book shop.

This year the seminar will take place August 7 –12, on the campus of beautiful Colorado College, Colorado Springs, in the shadow of Pike's Peak in the Rocky Mountains. The fee for the Seminar is \$995 and includes all instructional materials, Sunday evening reception, Monday picnic, Friday luncheon, transportation to off-site sessions, and daily breaks. For more information and registration information, please visit [www.bookseminars.com](http://www.bookseminars.com) or contact the Seminar coordinator, Kathy Lindeman, at [klindeman@coloradocollege.edu](mailto:klindeman@coloradocollege.edu). The 2005 Seminar should provide an intensive opportunity to meet and network with others of like interest.

As in past years, the Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund of the ABAA is offering two scholarships of \$1000 each for the Colorado Antiquarian Book Seminar. This fund is available for a variety of educational purposes of which the Colorado Antiquarian Book Seminar is one. These two awards are made in memory of Elisabeth Woodburn, ABAA President 1982-84, and for many years a distinguished bookseller. Competition for the Woodburn scholarships is open to all. In addition, the Book Club of California is offering five scholarships to the Seminar. All scholarships will be administered by the trustees of the ABAA Benevolent Fund. To apply for the scholarships please submit a letter stressing desire and need, 500 words or less, to ABAA Headquarters, 20 West 44th St., N.Y., NY 10036-6604, or by email to Susan Dixon, at [sdixon@abaa.org](mailto:sdixon@abaa.org). A letter from another bookseller, librarian or collector in support of the applicant may accompany the entry statement, but it is not required. All applications must be postmarked no later than July 1, 2005. Successful candidates will be notified by phone, fax or email, and the awards will be presented at the Seminar registration on August 7.



# Book Reviews

•Rick Gekoski. *Nabokov's Butterfly and Other Stories of Great Authors and Rare Books.* "). New York, Carroll and Graf 2004. 240 pages.

I have often wondered what might be the unifying factor that links the tribe of rare booksellers worldwide, if there is one. From the titans of the trade to the smallest bedroom dealer, I believe there's a common thread that links us all, which I would dearly love to identify. Perhaps it's a cloaking mechanism, that somehow we have all learned to hide from whatever we fear most by surrounding ourselves with books; perhaps it's a stubborn streak that won't conform to the 9-5 routine and can't abide commuting in a gray suit on the 7:38 from Stamford; less likely is a financial motive though the thrill of a bargain purchase or a high-ticket sale is addictively exciting and carries a frisson of wickedness with it as if you've committed daylight robbery and gotten away with it. William and Victoria Dailey once created a game called "The Heartbreak of Bookselling." Akin to "Snakes and Ladders," you moved through a series of actions dictated by the dice—Bought a book at auction way below my bid, Yay—turns out it lacks a plate, Groan—get a huge order from a new customer, Yay—he returns the most expensive item after negotiating a big discount, Groan—item then ordered by an Italian collector, Yay—book lost in the Italian mail system (so-called) and your insurance company won't cover it, Groan. It's such a roller-coaster ride this bookselling game and every time I buy a pricey book I lie awake at night wondering why on earth I paid so much, who do I think I am paying such prices, and every time I sell said pricey book I lie awake at night wishing I'd priced it what I originally was going to before I lost my nerve, and then around 3:30 a.m. a nagging memory surfaces that the purchaser doesn't always pay promptly and what if the money gets held up just when I was under the gun to pay down my line of credit, oh God my wife is going to kill me, but maybe he'll pay if

I ask him nicely or will that cause him to change his mind and send it back, oh God what if his check bounces, didn't someone on discuss@abaa.org mention this guy was no good, I should have asked him for a credit card but then I'll sweat blood for months wondering if there'll be a charge-back and anyway I resent the almost 4% it costs plus the monthly charges, so I get up and stagger off to the laptop in my home office and bingo! there's an order for a decent book at a decent profit from an old customer who's safe and I start to feel better as I scroll through my inbox and see with a start that wants@abebooks.com has located a Blake book so rare that even Bob has never seen it, but what if it's already sold and the vendor is in Northumberland wherever the heck that is, what time is it there anyway, I can call right now but wait, it's way too much money and what if Bob's picked up a copy since I last checked his wants list, well heck, he isn't the only customer on the planet and I can afford it sort of now that I got that other order so I call and some grumpy English dealer says yes he has it and prices are net to all on internet orders and I bite my lip and just manage to refrain from screaming at him about trade courtesy and common decency and how the pound's killing us right now anyway and I ask him to send it by air data post with no value declared so he sends it FedEx collect fully insured and it costs \$350 plus brokerage fees and sits in customs for a week because he didn't put my phone number on the package, and when it arrives it's nowhere near as nice as I'd hoped so I call Bob with my heart in my mouth and no, he doesn't have it but like a wimp I already told him a price that included a whopping 10% markup so I can't even make a decent profit but at least I'm not stuck with owning it at that price since, as we all know, great collectors are few and far between and with the internet the competition for their dough has gotten wicked and it's such a trick to find the right book at the right price at the right time for the right customer that even

as experienced a rare bookman as Nicolas Barker once called dealing in rare books a version of the Indian rope trick the final economics of which he could never understand.

All of which leads me to recommend wholeheartedly a new book about book dealing by Rick Gekoski called *Nabokov's Butterfly and Other Stories of Great Authors and Rare Books* which appeared in England under the title of *Tolkien's Gown and Other Stories of Great Authors and Rare Books* late last year and is in its third printing there. Full disclosure: Rick and I once partnered a book together that was too good not to sell itself at once, so of course it didn't, and it languished on my shelves for a couple of years, starred in a catalogue (illustrated), was shown at umpteen book fairs, languished in Rick's care in London ditto, came back to me for seconds and even failed to sell at a Bonham's auction on a reserve that might have just got us our money back, only to sell recently at full price with a good chance that by the time you read this (I'm writing just after Christmas) we might have (a) been paid and (b) split the proceeds, events which do not always follow hard upon each other's heels in our trade, sad to say. Rick has been a tolerant and good-natured partner so I confess to some prejudice on his behalf when I picked up his new and rather nicely printed book. Oh, you want to know what the book we partnered was? I could tell you but then I'd have to kill you so just use your imagination. Peter, Rick's colleague in his business, who can put the kibosh on a modern book at fifty feet without breaking a sweat, memorably said of our treasure: "If they don't buy it while they're still laughing, it won't sell," and for years he was right damn him. Anyway, back to Rick's book for which he engagingly chose a simple theme—the purchase and sale of twenty modern first editions with attendant details of general interest. Rick is a friendly, shaggy-haired fellow who reminds me of Peter Ustinov (whose gorgeous daughter Tamara I was at kinder-

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# Book Reviews

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garten with but that's another story—Julie Christie was there too—I was a magnet for beautiful women from an early age); in fact, Rick and I have a number of things in common but in reverse such as his D.Phil at Oxford and my Ph.D at Berkeley (a.b.d); his running books round the English trade whilst I was flogging Rackhams and press books to Duschnes and Howell; he's a Yank living in England and I'm a Brit living in America; but one thing I don't have in common with Rick is an inventory of, and, more importantly, (for the books can always be had), great customers for milestones of 20th century literature.

When I worked at Quaritch in London in the 1960s I was placed, after an apprenticeship in the basement sweeping, packing, and dusting, as the junior assistant in the department of modern first editions, which in those days was books after 1700. 20th-century books were virtually ignored though they came and went in profusion, and the dustjacket fetish had not yet reared its ugly head. How well I recall picking up several boxes of books from the Mews house of a customer one gray London day and, as I was loading them up, said collector popped his head out of the upstairs window shouting "You don't want all the dust-jackets do you? I couldn't bear to throw them away." Back I went muttering under my breath and there they all were, lying flat in library drawers absolutely mint and unfaded, unlike the books. I wonder how many of those books have since been rejected by the modern firsts pundits as "married copies." Rick writes of *Lolita*, that seductive book in its green wrappers with the funny "point" about the price sticker, but not any *Lolita*, oh no, try Graham Greene's copy inscribed to him by Nabokov, he whose influence had played such an important role in getting the book published; and with a disarming honesty Rick tells us how much he paid for it (4000 pounds which Greene thought too much and tried to take less), how much

he sold it for (9000 pounds), to whom (Bernie Taupin, Elton John's lyricist and the nicest man with a ponytail I ever met), and most delightfully not complaining like most dealers (e.g. me) of selling it too cheaply but instead, coining a phrase new to me but utterly indicative of Rick's style, of having "underowned" it. How often we sell too quickly and regret not the loss of any potential increase in price but the sheer joy of pausing at an idle moment and suddenly remembering that a certain book is right there on the shelf or in the safe, letting us feel a warm glow to know that for this little shard of time it rests more or less safely with us.

His chapter on Tolkien and *The Hobbit* gave the British edition its (much better) title *Tolkien's Gown...* for Rick had acquired the professor's black academic garb in an entertaining way and sold it through his second catalogue for 550 pounds to an American which led to a hilarious conversation with Julian Barnes who wanted to know if Rick would like to have Gertrude Stein's bra or D.H. Lawrence's underpants. I myself have bought and sold Edith Sitwell's stockings, Lawrence of Arabia's boots, and a pair of earrings made from lions' fangs given by Rudyard Kipling to his wife. I am frequently amazed at how creative we booksellers are in our buying and selling and how uncreative we are in recording our trade and recognizing our geniuses. I wonder why we don't we have an annual dinner where awards are given for Most Interesting Single Item, Catalogue, Best Illustration, Most Ambitious Price, Bargain of the Year, Greatest Book Fair Display, Best New Dealer, perhaps a special lifetime achievement award—our very own Oscars, which could be called Rosies after the Doctor, or perhaps Bernies after Mr. Quaritch or perhaps by now Mr. Shapero. I would nominate Rick for Best Memoir, by a long shot, not falsely self-effacing or (worse) grandiosely rattling off the names of famous and wealthy customers and tedious details of huge auction purchases with other people's money, but a real nuts and bolts account of buying, sweating, selling, sweating, and buying again with his own dough, the merry-go-round of our so-called business.

His chapters on Wilde, Kerouac, Salinger, Joyce, Lawrence (Tiny Edward, not Dirty Herbert), Plath, Waugh, Hemingway, Eliot, Orwell, Greene etc. all breathe new and fresh air into what have been very stagnant waters for way too long. More surprising and equally delightful are his chapters on Rushdie, Rowling and Larkin with which he closes out a book far too short though I suppose I should be grateful as I began reading it at 9:00 p.m. while my better half was watching CSI, a TV show so grisly I can't bear to be within earshot as even the sound effects gross me out though she, otherwise the gentlest and most loving of creatures, can't bear to miss an episode—so I retired to bed with Rick and chastely enjoyed his company until 3:30 a.m. when I finished the last tale. My only criticism, and I have since reread it to be sure it wasn't some sleep-deprived euphoria that caused me to be so over the top about *Nabokov's Butterfly* a.k.a. *Tolkien's Gown* is that he only mentions two book dealers in the entire book and, to save you all worrying if you're one of them, they are Ed Maggs and Glen Horowitz (no comment, as I'm terrified of them both for utterly different reasons). Frankly I was crushed—we're partners after all, Rick and me, Ricko as I call him, der Rickster when we're joking around, Rikitikitavi, we've bought cheap and sold dear together, that should have got me a footnote if not a paragraph and frankly Rick, of all the bookshops in all the towns in all the world, I sure hope you'll walk into mine someday soon so I can tell you how hurt I was—so hurt I had to make my review of your book all about me. So it goes buddy, and you can laugh all the way to the bank; me, I'm working on my autobiography and you can bet I'm not sending a copy to you for review.

John Windle

•**Harold Nestler.** *Where Did You Find That? Adventures of an Antiquarian Bookman.* n.p., [2001]. ISBN 2001130788. Wrappers, octavo. \$20

One of the difficult things about being a volunteer editor, writer, reviewer,

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photographer and production manager of an association's newsletter is that, when combined with the demands of making a living, things fall through the cracks. Apparently, Mr. Nestler had sent The ABAA Newsletter a copy of his book some time ago but it failed to reach the editor's desk. In February, I received another copy from Mr. Nestler with a letter typed on a two-part invoice (terms clearly stated): "Pat Smith, of Montclair, N.J. called me and said I should send you a copy of my book on the antiquarian book business..." I owe Mr. Nestler an apology, but not for not having reviewed his book. I owe him an apology for not having read it sooner.

A refreshing air of honesty and humility pervades the entire book. It is one of the most interesting books about bookselling that I have read in a long time, and fills a large void in the annals of the trade. Unlike most booksellers' biographies or autobiographies, where the subjects are generally internationally known dealers at the top or near the top of the trade, whose premises are costly, and tell (sometimes tall) tales of wealthy collectors, major libraries, big-name auctions, and expensive high spots, this autobiography is of one who worked at bookselling first as a side-line, then part-time, and finally, in his sixties, full-time. Nestler worked the trenches of the business day and night in the years before the computer and internet. He is not bashful about his miscues and bad buys, and deals effectively with issues such as fair pricing and ethics.

Nestler was born in Poughkeepsie and grew up in Dutchess County, New York. He served two years in the Army in World War II in Darwin, Australia. After failing as a lineman for a telephone company, Nestler was offered a job with John Lindmark, a well-known out-of-print bookseller in Poughkeepsie. He declined the offer and ended up delivering milk door to door for fifteen years, then moved on to the U.S. Postal Service

as a mail carrier, all the time buying and selling books on the side (and occasionally on the job) while making mail or milk deliveries. Among his early contacts in the trade was Ellis Boonstra with whom he first scouted. His first lists were of evangelical books sent to Bible college libraries and ministers. Later he scouted with Bill Kaplan. Throughout his apprenticeship Nestler occasionally dabbled in scholarly pursuits, wrote an occasional article here and there for small historical periodicals, and over time, made a name for himself as a good, hard-working bookman.

This is not just Nestler's story, but the story of a host of bottom feeders, scouts and mid-level dealers, among them Monty Hankin, Jay Keffler, Milton Sherman, and Bill Kelleher. More familiar names of whom Nestler writes about include Bob Paulson, Rocky Gardiner, Jack Bartfield, and Sidney Hamer, Fred Rosenstock, Harvey Brewer, Cedric Robinson, Howard Mott, Harold Burstein, Charlie Tuttle, Lee Ash, Ken Dorn, Timothy Trace, Sam Murray, Elisabeth Woodburn, Paul Richards, and Johnny Jenkins; these, along with many others. Nestler is unstinting in his praise of other booksellers and in his love of the trade itself. He shares with us his stories as well as the stories of others in the book world, customers and dealers alike. The accounts of these are often anecdotal but collectively offer an close-up picture of the workings of the mid-level trade. Who would have known, for example, that Rocky Gardiner "made use of practically everything. With a huge pair of shears he cut up old automobile tire inner tubes into rubber bands of various widths. These he used to hold cardboard boxes shut, and to strap up small piles of books. He even used some of those bands to hold his refrigerator door shut when the hinge broke."

This volume is self-produced, printed directly from typescript, interspersed with photocopied illustrations; the margins are tight, there are a number of minor typos throughout, the grammar is less than brilliant, the syntax is not challenging, and much of book is based on twenty-six years of his catalogues of Americana woven into narrative form. But because

of this the narrative has extraordinary continuity: one can begin reading at virtually any word and be immediately whisked away into the hunt for books. Most of the work is divided into chapters that look like sections of a rare book catalogue: Maps & Atlases; Abraham Lincoln; Almanacs, The West, etc. There are also chapters on his beginnings in the trade, as well as one on "Dealers and Catalogues and Customers." And for puzzlers, there is a Revolutionary War Numeric Crossword Puzzle at the back based on Lossing's *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, testimony to his ever-active mind.

"I am a fugitive from the milk delivery and mail delivery business," he writes in the last chapter. "In spite of my determined lack of grammatical skill, I am a would-be author and am able to use that hoped-for ability in the annotations with which I sprinkle my catalogues. I am definitely not in the top echelon of dealers, nor in the bottom – I put myself somewhere in the middle. Years ago I exhibited at an expensive book fair, and in the evening I went to a near-by restaurant with some other dealers. One of them was Paul Richards, a noted New England autograph dealer. As we were casually talking about business, Paul mentioned what his average accounts receivable was. I was amazed, it was almost what my average yearly gross sales were."

Nestler is also the author of *A Bibliography of New York State Communities* (third edition, 1990); *The Encyclopedia of New York State Ephemera and Americana* (2001) which is a compilation of 26 years of his catalogues on New York State History (also available on CDROM); and several articles on local history, rare books and bookselling. I expect that Mr. Nestler has met with encouragement and success with this book, so much so that he has published a sequel, *More Adventures of an Antiquarian Bookman*, (2004), also \$20. Copies of the first are in short supply, but both titles are highly recommended. Both are limited to 500 signed copies. Orders can be placed with Harold Nestler himself at 13 Pennington Ave.,

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Waldwick, NJ 07463, or by phone at (201) 444-7413. Call him now and order both.

*Rob Rulon-Miller*

• *A Heavenly Craft: The Woodcut in Early Printed Books. Illustrated Books Purchased by Lessing J. Rosenwald at the Sale of the Library of C. W. Dyson Perrins.* Edited by Daniel De Simone, Curator, Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection, Library of Congress. New York: George Braziller, Inc, in association with Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., 2004. ISBN 0-8076-1536-6. Cloth; large 4to. \$50

Former ABAA member Dan De Simone has teamed up with a trio of experts in the field to produce this fine volume on the Renaissance woodcut in Europe, specifically in Italy and Germany. Paul Needham, Scheide Librarian at Princeton contributes a chapter chronicling the history of “the magnificent library” of C. W. Dyson Perrins, Rosenwald’s role in the auction, and his relationship with the bookseller, A. S. W. Rosenbach. Lillian Armstrong, the Mildred Lane Kemper Professor of Art at Wellesley College discusses Venetian and Florentine woodcuts in Bibles, liturgical books and other devotional books. And Daniela Laube, formerly of August Laube, Zurich, and currently of Daniela Laube Fine Arts, a New York gallery of prints and drawings, has added a chapter on The Stylistic De-

velopment of German Book Illustration, 1460-1511. These essays are followed by a catalogue, created by Mr. De Simone, of the seventy-five books in the collection ex-Perrins.

A Heavenly Craft is not only a scholarly and beautiful book. It is also an exhibition on tour: it opened at The Grolier Club in December, and will also come to the Library of Congress in April, and the Bridwell Library, Southern Methodist University in September. The book is lavishly illustrated in both color and black and white, and is certain to be a noted reference in the area of early printed books and Italian and German Renaissance art for years to come. With a foreword by Librarian of Congress, James H. Billington. ■

*Rob Rulon-Miller*

## About ABAA Membership

by David D.R. Lilburne

The Headquarters office receives many questions about membership in the ABAA from the general public and from our members. As Chair of the Membership Committee, I hope to address a few of them. My ultimate goal is for us to have 1,000 members. Please encourage membership and if you know anyone eligible, and you’d like me to talk to them, please call and give me their number.

There are four Categories of membership: Primary Member, Second Primary Member, Associate Member, and Emeritus Member. All names, except for Emeritus members, are circulated to the Association’s membership and to the general public for comment.

To become an ABAA member one must fulfill the “Definition of an Antiquarian Bookseller” (By-Laws, Article V: Membership, Section C. Requirements for Membership):

“1) Definition of An Antiquarian Bookseller. An Antiquarian Bookseller is any individual actively and continuously engaged in buying, pricing, and selling fine

and antiquarian books and other printed materials, and manuscripts.”

The applicant must have four continuous years of bookselling experience, be of good character, reputation and credit rating, and whose principal place of business is in the United States. Four ABAA members who have been full members for at least three years must sponsor the applicant by letter. (Governors and Officers may not be sponsors, and sponsorship is limited to two applicants per calendar year.)

The Second Primary membership category was voted into existence by the Board about 10 years ago to accommodate the situation where two people run the business and both wish to be full members. This category of membership is especially important in the case of the death of one partner; the other does not have to apply for ABAA membership, alleviating stress at a difficult time.

Primary and Second Primary members are listed on the ILAB and ABAA websites, the ILAB Membership Directory and ABAA Membership Directory, vote on Board of Governors and Officers can-

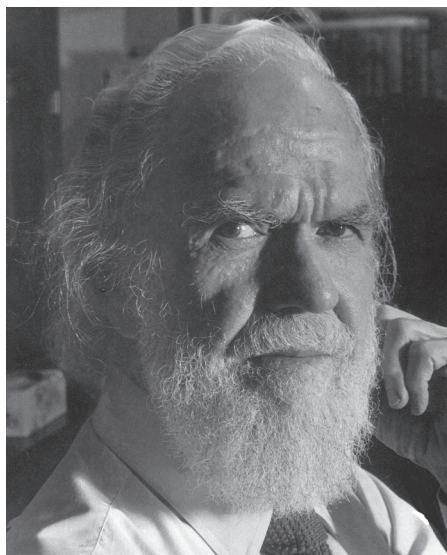
didates, and for changes to the By-Laws of the Association.

An applicant wishing to become an Associate Member must be of good character and reputation who has worked for or with a full member for two continuous years. One ABAA member, not a member of the firm, must sponsor them in writing. The Associate Member is listed in directories and on websites. They do not vote.

The present qualifications for Emeritus Membership are: Any member of the Association who has retired from active bookselling, and who has been a full member for no less than ten years. Or any full member of the Association who has attained the age of 75 years old will also be eligible for Emeritus Membership, whether retired from active bookselling or not. They do not pay dues and do not vote. They are listed in a special section of the ABAA Directory, and remain on the ABAA discuss list-serve if they wish.

If you have questions about the process, please call me or call the ABAA Headquarters office. If you wish an application, please call Headquarters. ■

# In Memoriam



## George Chamberlain Scottsdale, Arizona

George E. Chamberlain, founder of the Antiquarian Shop in Scottsdale, Arizona, died suddenly from an aneurism on January 19, 2005. He was 87. He always insisted everyone call him “George,” and he had built the Antiquarian Shop into one of the finest rare book stores in America. He began in very humble surroundings in 1963 but within a decade, through hard work and ingenuity, he had already established a very good rare book store. Before his arrival, the Phoenix area had a series of less-than-average used book stores that never sought to look for serious books. His was the primary influence that helped to make Scottsdale and Phoenix into places to find better rare and out-of-print books.

George was born in Clarendon, Texas on July 11, 1917. About a year ago, Larry McMurtry visited the Antiquarian Shop and sent George a copy of his somewhat autobiographical work, *Walter Benjamin and the Dairy Queen*. Across the front endpapers was an old picture of a McMurtry and Chamberlain family gathering. Larry had inscribed the book:

“For George Chamberlain, some people you used to know.”

Taken in 1918, that picture shows a gathering of men well-dressed in front of

three cars of the day, with family. George remembered his father Fred Chamberlain, a leading banker in the Texas Panhandle, spending hours talking to the McMurtry brothers on the phone about cattle and land. Together, his father and the McMurtries bought many thousand head of cattle. We can picture George as a small boy seeing the unsold stacked copies in the kitchen of Harley Burton’s book *The History of the JA Ranch*. (Although the market seemed to be saturated at that time, copies today sell in the \$1000+ range). George remembered as a small boy meeting the legendary Col. Charles Goodnight, and although he didn’t care for the reactionary politics of J. Evetts Haley, he loved his writing of cowboys and the range.

The Texas landscape was dominated by the presence of cowboys who for the most part were silent, but the few words they spoke revealed men who knew exactly what they were about. Their presence was so dominant that little George assumed that you had to be a cowboy when you grew up and he told his father he didn’t think he would ever be a good cowboy. He was reassured that there were other things you could do in life besides being a cowboy. Little did anyone dream that instead of rounding up steers, he would be collecting books. Where his father and the McMurtries had bought cattle at Panhandle auctions, George would buy books at auctions held in New York, Los Angeles, and London, and if I may extend the metaphor, he ended up corralling them into his shop on Scottsdale Road.

It is not surprising that he ended up at the University of Texas where he was a student of J. Frank Dobie and a classmate of John Connolly. Besides being an outstanding student in the pre-law program, he was a member of the University Discipline Committee, President of the Panhandle Club, a member of the University Press Association, a part-time committee clerk in the Texas legislature, and editor of the *Cactus*, the annual yearbook of the University of Texas.

In the meantime, when one of the devastating floods in the Panhandle left people without homes and livestock, he served on the committee to bring relief to the flood victims. The speech he gave to a large crowd in Clarendon at the Pageant Theater was punctuated in the family scrapbook with the words by an unknown editor (perhaps his sister): “You should have heard him—hometown boy makes good.” His first work was in the oil industry where he was a key manager at Bay City, Texas

When World War II broke out he began Officer Training and eventually was sent to the Philippines. After returning home, he seemed to settle down in the insurance business but the fascination of books continued to haunt him as he also went through a number of personal struggles. He would occasionally go into Sawnie Aldredge’s bookshop in Dallas where he discovered another world. Although it would have been an extravagance at the time, Sawnie showed him a Kelmscott Chaucer priced at \$500. George wanted it but could not afford it, and Sawnie assured him that no one else would want it. It would best be considered an excellent door stop. While there he met Aaron Cohen, a Californian, who was also planning to move to Arizona. Within a year, they both would end up in Scottsdale about a mile apart, Aaron specializing in the Civil War and the West, and George working toward the day when he would specialize in what he called “rare and worthwhile books.”

I met George a little over twenty years ago and can say without reservation he was what I call “a gentleman bookseller.” His concern for the lives of others was genuinely felt by those who came to know him. Although he did not hesitate to put a strong price on a truly rare book, the market would almost always catch up with his price. Lou Weinstein sold George a number of rare books and George didn’t even put them in the shop but would season them at home. Many

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accused George of being a collector rather than a bookseller, but after he had savored the book he would bring it to the store five or ten years later. As Lou told his gathered friends at the Memorial Service for George, he would often gladly buy the book back at the much higher price and still be ahead of the game.

George was a shrewd buyer of fine books. He offered a very serious price but would not be driven to a higher price. One fellow brought in a good book that would have been at the \$150-200 level. When George offered \$90 for the book the fellow said, "We're almost there." George replied, "No, we are there." I saw him walk away from some serious libraries because he wouldn't play the game of dealer-versus-dealer in some kind of continuing auction. Of course, people want to sell books and maps, but they would always tell stories of how much the books meant to them because of the family member who once owned them. They would say that they were only willing to sell them because they wanted them to find a good home. Afterwards George would say, "It's always about the money."

When light rail came to Phoenix and I was forced to move my store, I told George I was considering a move to East Phoenix or Scottsdale. George suggested I move my store next to his. He said, "Richard, we have a history." I treasure that comment because it meant that we enjoyed a honest, frank relationship. It so happened both of us liked Samuel Pepys. George would read out of his set almost daily. I reminded him that my 1650 *Newman Concordance* was referred to by Pepys when the diarist would be studying his Bible. Of course, we noted that the next day Pepys would either be seducing the chambermaid or the wife of one of his subordinates. George said, "We probably wouldn't do the things he did, but they sure might have occurred to us."

It was a little over a month ago that I had just acquired a signed copy of J. Evetts Haley's *Life on the Texas Range*. His long time associate Maxine Davis

saw that he wanted it, so we arranged a transaction to allow her to buy it for him. He lovingly looked at the marvelous pictures of cowboys so at least temporarily forgave Haley for his right-wing politics. Although I had seen George grow a little more feeble in the past few years, his mind was alert as ever. We talked in what turned out to be our closing days together of his early life in Texas, examining auction catalogues, and life in general. Like those who knew him, I'll miss his presence, but I will always treasure his memory. He was not only a great bookseller but, above all, a great and gentle human being.

Richard Murian

## Muir Dawson Los Angeles, California

Muir Dawson, beloved bookseller and former ABAA president, passed away at the age of 83 on February 21, 2005. He was a second-generation partner at Dawson's Bookshop in Los Angeles, having joined the business while still in college. A champion skier, Dawson was drafted into the army during World War II, and served in the Mountain Artillery Battalion in Italy, Germany, and the Aleutian Islands.

Dawson's Book Shop was opened in Los Angeles in 1905 by Muir's father Ernest. After the 1906 earthquake in San Francisco had devastated many important collections, Dawson's became very successful by helping to rebuild them. Muir joined the firm in 1947 after completing his military service, and finishing his degree at Pomona College. His older brother Glen preceded him in 1936, building up the firm's reputation for California and the West. After studying practical printing at Scripps College, Muir added books about the history of printing to their specialty.

Muir and Glen moved the shop to its current premises, located on Larchmont Boulevard in West Hollywood.

He expanded their collection of books on printing when he bought Jackson Burke's collection. Dawson's subsequent catalogue has become a major reference source in this area. Muir aided Lawrence Clark Powell in building many major collections at the UCLA library. UCLA still keeps a set of Dawson's catalogues as a reference.

Muir was devoted to the work of nineteenth century British engraver Thomas Beckwith. An amateur printer himself, he owned several of Beckwith's blocks from which he printed skillfully. He maintained friendships with prominent L.A. area printers Ward Ritchie, Grant Dahrstrom and Saul Marks. While Ernest Dawson was always a businessman, Glen and Muir were collectors as well as booksellers. They were known for keeping a secret stash in their back room



with which they could not part. Muir also collected Japanese prints and art.

In 1990 the ABAA called upon Muir to serve the association as its 21st president. He had been active in the association since its founding in 1949, and had served unselfishly in many other capaci-

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# In Memoriam

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ties over the intervening years. Times were difficult then for the ABAA both financially and ethically. Muir was ready for the challenge and held a steady tiller through those years. He led the Board of Governors through a series of changes that are still with us today, including the rewriting of the ABAA By-Laws and the Code of Ethics. Tough new financial plans were implemented which brought the association both solvency and prosperity. During his two years in the President's chair the association turned a major corner from which it has yet to look back.

Known for being knowledgeable, Muir was approachable and humble. An avid outdoorsman, he was named after the great John Muir, the founder of the Sierra Club. He hiked and skied the Sierra Nevada Mountains and placed first in the 1940 Mount San Antonio and San Geronio ski racing championships. After meeting Agnes Cloud while folk dancing in 1947, he married her six months later. His brother Glen, sisters Fern Shochat, and June McKeon, wife Agnes and their son Michael, who continues to run Dawson's, and a grandson survive him. A memorial service is planned in conjunction with Dawson's centennial. Donations can be made in Muir's name to the Benevolent Fund.

## **Leona Rostenberg New York, NY**

We note the passing of Leona Rostenberg on March 17, at the age of 96. A full obituary will be in the next issue.

## **Josephine Ver Brugge Zeitlin Los Angeles, California**

On Tuesday February 16th, 2005, Josephine Ver Brugge Zeitlin passed away in her sleep of respiratory failure at Santa Monica-UCLA Medical Center. She was 90 years old.

From the late 1940s through the 1980s the Zeitlin & Ver Brugge Booksellers became one of the leading bookselling

firms in the history of science and medicine. Since the early 1950s it was located at the famous "Red Barn" on La Cienega Blvd. in West Hollywood.

Born in Emporia, Kansas, she had taken a bachelor's degree from Park College, Parkville, Missouri, and did graduate work at the University of Iowa in English literature, working as a teacher in Missouri and Kansas for two years. Her father owned a hardware business in Reading, Kansas.

Although she was well-known for being Jake Zeitlin's wife, she was herself a bookseller, starting her own firm, Ver Brugge Books (and later Zeitlin Periodicals), in the 1940s by selling out-of-print periodicals and in-print technical books. She started in Los Angeles with a job at Bullock's, and then later joined the Haines Foundation. Josephine met Jake Zeitlin in the summer of 1937. Nathan Van Patten of Stanford University's Lane Medical Library sold Jake some journal sets which Jake made a deal to buy for \$600 and he set Josephine up in business. Her first catalogue, comprised of this material, was issued in October 1941. The journals sold well because there was very little competition, and she was eventually able to quit her job at the Haines Foundation.

When she married Jake in 1941, Jake Zeitlin, Incorporated, was liquidated, and they merged the two book businesses, maintaining separate locations for books in one building and the journals in another. They combined the firm names as Zeitlin & Ver Brugge. Apple boxes were bought for five to ten cents a piece and arranged to make bookshelves. These apple boxes were later used in the Zeitlin & Ver Brugge Booksellers' building on La Cienega which lasted until 1988. Jake Zeitlin said of her "... in truth, I didn't take her into my business; she took me into her business."

Without a doubt Jo was a steadying influence on the Zeitlin firm. She was Jake's backbone and guiding force. Jake himself said, "[she] was the most important thing that happened in my life to sort of turn me into a much more whole person than I was before, and to give me the solid continuity and backing which I

needed in order to make a businessman out of me -- and to give me a sense of security." Her watchful eye was always present in the store - Jake up front and Jo in the back. She was tall and elegant, always fair and always friendly. She retired from the trade with the closing of Zeitlin & Ver Brugge in 1988. Since then Jo enjoyed being with her family and assisted in organizing the Zeitlin store archives which are located at UCLA.

Jake and Jo collected the engravings of Pieter Brueghel, as well as some drawings of Kathe Köllwitz and prints of Paul Landacre. Jo was also a collector of Aldous Huxley. The books about Brueghel were given to National Gallery of Art.

She leaves two children, Joel and Adriana, and their grandchildren. In addition she is survived by Jake's first son, David Zeitlin. Jake's first daughter (from another marriage) Judy passed away earlier.

Contributions in the name of Josephine Ver Brugge Zeitlin can be made to the Library Fund of the Center for Early Education, 563 North Alfred Street, Los Angeles, CA 90048, or The Library at Balboa Blvd. Elementary School, care of Ann Zeitlin, 5011 Odessa Ave, Encino, CA 91436. ■

*Jeff Weber*

**We wish to note  
the change  
in the  
Newsletter  
issue numbering:**

**The current issue  
is the  
Spring Issue**

**The previous issue  
was the  
Fall Issue**

# New Members

The ABAA *Newsletter* is pleased to welcome the following new member who was accepted at the Board of Governors Meeting in February:

**Clifford Gary Niederer**, Niederer Architectural Books, 20504 David Street, Sonoma, CA 95476. Phone: (707) 935-1252.

# Membership Updates

**Joseph the Provider** has a new address and phone: P.O. Box 90, Santa Barbara, CA 93102; phone 805-683-2603.

**McDonnell Rare Books** has a new email address: info@macdonnellrarebooks.com.

**Harper's Books** has a new address and phone: 87 Newtown Lane, Suite 1, East Hampton, NY 11937; phone (631) 324-5695.

**James Pepper Rare Books** has a new address: 3463 State Street, Suite 271 Santa Barbara, CA 93105.

## ABAA Committee Roster 2005

**Executive Committee:** John Crichton, Pres.; Forrest Proper, VP; David Lilburne, Sec.; Rob Rulon-Miller, Tres.; Ed Smith; David Lesser

**Benevolent Fund/Woodburn:** Ken Lopez, Tom Congalton, John Crichton

**Book Fair:** Brad Jonas, Rob Rulon-Miller

**By-Laws:** David Lesser, Sarah Baldwin, Stuart Bennett, Mary Gilliam, Rob Rulon-Miller

**Ethics and Standards:** Stuart Bennett, John Hellebrand, David Lesser, Forrest Proper, Rob Rulon-Miller, John Thomson, Larry Fox, Counsel

**Finance:** Rob Rulon-Miller, Tom Goldwasser, Michael Vinson

**House:** David Lilburne, Chris Loker

**ILAB Representative:** Bob Fleck

**ILAB Congress 2006:** John Spencer, David Lilburne, Tom Congalton, Bob Fleck, Jack Freas, Bruce McKittrick

**Insurance:** David Lilburne

**Internet:** Tom Goldwasser, Forrest Proper, John Hellebrand, Tracy Smith, Michael Vinson,

**Membership:** David Lilburne, Stuart Bennett, Tom Goldwasser, Forrest Proper, Michael Thompson, Michael Vinson

**Nominating:** Ken Lopez, Tom Congalton, Michael Thompson, Sarah Baldwin

**Planning:** John Crichton, Others

**Public Relations/Advertising:** Ed Smith, Sam Hessel, David Lilburne

**Publications:** Brad Jonas, Rob Rulon-Miller, Tracy Smith, David Szewczyk

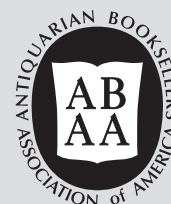
**RBMS:** Mary Gilliam, Sarah Baldwin, Howard Rootenberg, Michael Thompson, Vic Zoschak

**Security:** John Thomson, David Szewczyk, Dan Gregory, Ken Sanders

**The deadline for submissions to the next *Newsletter* is**

**June 7, 2005**

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**New York, NY 10036**  
**FAX: 212.944.8293**  
**EMAIL: rulon@rulon.com**  
**sdixon@abaa.org**



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