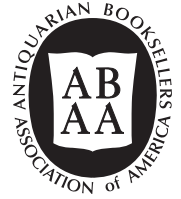




# The **ABAA** NEWSLETTER



VOLUME SEVENTEEN, NUMBER 2 ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SPRING 2006

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## Report from the New World: The 39th California International Antiquarian Book Fair



Photo credit: Lynne Winslow

The Book Fair Committee celebrates the success of the fair. Pictured: Gordon Hollis, Carol Sandberg, Ed Postal, Victoria Dailey, and Rachel Weinstein.

by **Gordon Hollis and Kate Fultz Hollis** (Mr. Hollis was chair of the 2006 Los Angeles Book Fair Committee)

When you think of the California International Antiquarian Book Fair in Los Angeles, does the following come to mind:

- Over 3,000 collectors and potential new clients attend?
- Three educational seminars take place, one with standing room only?
- The hotel is classy, comfortable, has good food and a spa?
- The weather is cold with a little rain?

If this wasn't your impression of the Los Angeles Book Fair then you might have missed the 39th California International Antiquarian Book Fair at the Century Plaza in Los Angeles where all of the above was true. The numbers for the fair this year were impressive: there were 190 dealers from the U.S. and 11 countries; 11 exhibitors had never participated in the Los Angeles fair before; 230 more people attended than in 2004 for a grand total of 2,958 walking through the Century Plaza in two and a half days; and a surprising number of people, 240 to be

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## ABAA Member Wins Oscar



Photo credit: Copyright A.M.P.A.S.

Diana Ossana and Larry McMurtry at the Academy Awards.

by **Susan Benne**

Longtime member Larry McMurtry won the Oscar for Best Adapted Screenplay for his treatment of *Brokeback Mountain* at the 78th Annual Academy Awards. He shared the honor with his writing partner, Diana Ossana.

In his acceptance speech, Mr. McMurtry thanked his bookselling colleagues of the world. In a follow-up interview with McMurtry, he conveyed to *Newsletter* Editor Rob Rulon-Miller: "Here is roughly what I meant to say at the Oscar[s]--actually got to say most but not all of it... Finally, I'd like to thank booksellers--all booksellers everywhere, from the owners of the humblest paperback exchange up to the grand masters of the great book rooms of the [world]--they contribute to the survival of the culture of the book: a rich, nurturing culture which our society can ill afford to discard.

"Booksellers are my heroes and my teachers, my colleagues and my friends."

McMurtry is the owner of *Booked Up* in Archer City, Texas. Congratulations! ■



## ILAB Book Fairs

2006

### March 24-25

Edinburgh, Scotland (ABA)  
Assembly Rooms

### April 20-23

New York, NY (ABAA)  
Park Avenue Armory

### May 18-21

Paris, France (SLAM)  
Maison de la Mutualité

### June 8-11

London, UK (ABA)  
Olympia Exhibition Center

### September 15-17

New York, NY (ILAB)  
Park Avenue Armory

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

## New York Antiquarian Book Fair April 20-23, 2006



Preview April 20th to Benefit  
the New York Public Library



Thursday evening benefit preview 5:30pm-9pm

Tickets: 212.930.0730

Friday noon-8pm

Saturday noon-7pm

Sunday noon-5pm

Tickets Friday, Saturday, Sunday: \$15

3-day pass: \$35

For more info, visit [sanfordsmith.com](http://sanfordsmith.com), or call 212.777.5218.



## Please Join your Colleagues for the Annual Dinner Meeting of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America



7:30 Saturday April 22  
at the Grolier Club  
47 East 60th Street  
New York City

The meeting will be held  
in honor of the past presidents  
of our Association

Wine, hors d'oeuvres and dinner: \$60.00  
Special dietary requests will be accommodated

R.S.V.P. to Susan Benne by April 15,  
ABAA, 20 W. 44th St., New York, NY 10036  
[sbenne@abaa.org](mailto:sbenne@abaa.org) or (212) 944-8291

# Newsletter Editor Steps Down after 17 Years

by Rob Rulon-Miller

As Mid-West chapter representative I started attending Board meetings as early as 1987 when Ed Glaser was president of the ABAA, but I didn't attend as a governor until the April meeting of 1989, the second year of Mike Ginsberg's tenure in that office. We met at the old ABAA headquarters at Rockefeller Plaza, without much light, as I recollect, and I remember gathering around in a circle of clunky old chairs. I don't remember that there was even a table. We worked from our laps. Several months before, Barbara Rootenberg had published a trial newsletter on behalf of the organization, and a newsletter was an idea that Mike had wanted to run with. So when he asked who would volunteer to be the editor of an ABAA newsletter, I put up my hand, not thinking, of course, what that meant, exactly.

Well, lots has happened over the last seventeen years and in some future issue I may recollect at length about my tenure as Newsletter editor and Board member. But for now, a farewell summary of what was reported in the *Newsletter* will do, which is probably more for my own amusement than it is for your reading enjoyment. Early on we hired Liane Wade who is with us to this day. Together with ABAA counsel Larry Fox, she provides as much continuity for the association as anyone. She will remember, for example,

that at the time the ABAA was being taken to task by our foreign colleagues - unfairly, in my opinion, and worse, haughtily - for not having addressed the Texas forgery matter in a manner the ILAB Committee thought fitting. (Whether that was the case or not is a matter of debate as our foreign colleagues were not privy to much that was discussed in the ABAA Board room.) But as a consequence we did rewrite our *Code of Ethics*, and within a year we rewrote the By-Laws which gave teeth to the Code. Both have served us very well over the years and, as testimony to their success, have needed but minor revisions over the last fifteen years. New book fair rules followed and it wasn't long before ABAA was the model that the rest of ILAB wanted to imitate. We were first on the internet, the first with a website, and the first with a search-engine. We were open with our debates on piracies and screenplays, and ultimately the Texas forgeries. We instituted new accounting measures. We foiled book thieves and forgers. We weathered Pepper in Hollywood.

We accepted into membership an extraordinary number of young, promising booksellers, including future presidents Tom Congalton and Ken Lopez; our newest vice-president, Stuart Bennett; and our newest secretary, Sarah Baldwin. We have honored our departed past presidents, including John Jenkins, Larry

Witten, Geoffrey Steele, William Salloch, Elizabeth Woodburn, George Goodspeed, Muir Dawson, and Leona Rostenberg.

We endured. On several occasions I wanted to be rid of the responsibility of getting a *Newsletter* together every three months. When I became president in 1994 I thought I'd have too much on my plate. When the ABAA discuss list came along, I thought the *Newsletter* had outlived its usefulness. Yet, for one reason or another, I continued forward with it. Tracy Smith was an immeasurable help to me, and in the past 18 months, so has Susan Benne; both were putative editors and I succeeded in my job because of their talents.

I was often frustrated by not being able to get enough submissions, and many issues went out with too much puff and filler. So I implore you now, members and subscribers all, not to let this happen as the *Newsletter* moves ahead in the years to come. The *ABAA Newsletter* has a viable and important role in today's trade. It is a vehicle of the trade, for the trade, and by the trade, and as such stands apart from the glossy glamour mags, and even the discuss list where politics and alcohol consumption are bandied about ad nauseum. What gnawed at me the most was... Well, I'll desist now, before I get on that horse. Beginning with the next issue, Susan will take over as editor. She deserves all our support, and then some. She certainly has mine. ■

## Another Perspective on Dust-Jackets

By Tom Congalton

I read Julian Rota's article "*The Fate and State of Removable Dust-Jackets*" reporting on the conference of the same name held at the University of London, with the sort of fascination and enthusiasm that I usually reserve for articles on sordid sex scandals involving Hollywood starlets. I very much regret that I did not have the opportunity to attend the symposium, at which I have little doubt I would have been an appreciative and attentive attendee.

While I found all of the subjects upon which Julian Rota reported worthy of attention (and it sounds like a broad and useful array of topics was covered), I was particularly struck by the apparent unanimity of opinion that existed among the participants upon the subject of the switching of removable dust-jackets. Julian expressed regret in his article about having no opposing view represented at the conference, although his description of Rick Gekoski's presentation seemed to me, at least, to suggest some modest

chinks in the armor of that unanimity.

For a bookseller, whose stock in trade largely consists of modern first editions, to voluntarily take up the cudgel against the professed cause of "bibliographical integrity" as this ideal relates to dust-jackets, hazards the same risk that an American or British politician might incur in defending the practice of inter-species dating. There's no real upside to it.

To some degree, I find myself not entirely unsympathetic with the appar-

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# Bookscouting in Tijuana

by Arnold Herr

Bookscouting in Tijuana - January 1989

"AAAAH! AAAAH! AAAHH!  
CHOOOOOOOO!"

That was me sneezing while driving Mickey Tsimmis's car. The muzzle velocity blew out the windshield. There was a lot of book dust in the air.

"GLOOOGGH!"

And that was Jack Gallagher tossing his cookies out the open window on the passenger side of the car.

We were on the American side of the U. S. - Mexican border, a few miles south of San Diego. Jack was blowing chunks all over the interstate while we were on our way back to Los Angeles.

Jack: "Gezund - BLOORTZ! - heit."

Me: "Thanks. How're ya feeling?"

Jack: "Miserable."

Me: "But at least - TTHPPPTTTT! - we got the books, so I don't feel too bad. How about you?"

Jack: "Ask me - GLORK! - tomorrow."

I know, I know; it's offensive. And somewhere in my resume it states that I've been pandering to the taste-impaired since 1972 and it's a tradition I enjoy maintaining.

## Several hours earlier:

"Senor looks as if he is carrying a heavy burden on his shoulders."

"You have no idea" I answered the bartender. "Let me have another cerveza please." I was sitting in a smoky, dimly lighted dive in Baja, California, somewhere south of the border scraping the label off the frosty bottle with my thumbnail and feeling crummy.

He set another cold Corona next to my empty one and helped himself to a couple of greenbacks from the stack I had sitting on the bar in front of me. It was a short stack and would most assuredly grow shorter before very long. He must have known I had a tale to tell, because he rested his chin in the palm of his hand waiting for me to recount the events of the day. He seemed bored and in need of entertainment. I began to blather.

## Earlier that evening:

We were hurtling through the night; the car's wheels scarcely touched the road. Jack Gallagher and I were in Mickey Tsimmis's car which we had borrowed a couple of hours earlier. We had left Mickey at Mrs. P. Talbot-Carson's place after we hot-wired the ignition. We were headed for the border to do some bookscouting in Tijuana. We needed a change of scenery. Earlier in the day, Jack, Mickey and I arrived at Mrs. PTC's residence to look over her book collection and make her an offer on the holdings. After a brief dunking in Mrs. PTC's koi pond however, Mickey soon found her books less interesting than her skivvies. On the way out the door to get some empty boxes, Jack and I caught a glimpse of Mickey and Mrs. PTC three sheets to the wind, up on the tabletop, dancing the kazatski. (Later, Mickey had told me that if we had stuck around a bit longer, we could have seen him and Mrs. PTC in her library among the Henry James firsts and the Shakespeare folios, dancing the funky chicken). No thanks. So we took a powder.

(I know, I know; I seem to be endlessly digressing but lemme back up just a bit here, and I promise not to do it anymore):

By 1989 I had been working off and on for Mickey for approximately 19 years. Every so often I would stand back and try to figure out how and in what ways it had enriched me; it certainly hadn't ennobled me. I had mastered the art of precarious perching: piling things one on top of the other and having the mound remain standing. Inverted pyramids were a cinch. Balancing my checkbook was another matter. In fact, Mickey didn't even pay me a salary when I first started working for him; he made it clear that the experience I would gain in his bookshop would be invaluable and that maybe I should be paying him during my apprenticeship. Luckily for me, that arrangement didn't last very long. I began collecting a salary in the following manner after working for him for about two months back in 1970:

A very obnoxious customer (whom

I was helping look for something) kept asking again and again me why a particular book was so expensive. None of my explanations satisfied him. So I asked him why he was so cheap. This didn't sit well and he demanded of Mickey that I be made to forfeit half my pay.

Mickey: "But I don't pay him anything."

Customer: "Then put him on the payroll for \$50.00 per week and take out \$25.00."

Mickey (scratching his head): "Hmmmmmm."

Me: "If you paid me \$100.00 per week you could then take out \$50.00!"

Mickey: "That's right, I could. That'll be an even bigger forfeiture."

Me: "Yep."

Mickey: "There! That'll teach you!"

So I not only went on the payroll, but I had negotiated a raise, all in less than a minute.

## Meanwhile:

Mickey Tsimmis has been known around town under several names: Morty Plonk, Percy Duckbutter, California Eddie and The Shadow. "Names were meant to be changed," he claimed, "most people are not the same people they were five, 10, or 20 years ago. Why should the name remain the same?" So the bank can track you down when they have to notify you about one of your dormant accounts" I offered. "Hmmm, good point" he conceded, rubbing the stubble on his unshaved chin.

And so on a clear, bright January day in Southern California, Jack Gallagher and I accompanied Mickey to Mrs. P. Talbot-Carson's swanky pad in Pasadena. She was eager to get her hands on Mickey and it was pretty obvious that Jack and I should disinvite ourselves and leave. So we left the Mickster draining water and carp on Mrs. PTC's carpets and headed for Mexico.

A coupla hours later, Jack and I found ourselves in a cantina somewhere in or near Tijuana (it coulda been as far south as Ensenada, everything was kinda blurred). It was probably the Marty Rob-

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# Thrice-haired Donnis, and Marc, Her Pirate

Donnis Joan re-enters, as a Tibetan Buddhist might have it, in Kansas City, MO on September 21, 1951, borne by Margaret, Verl de Camp was her father then. She took off on Saturday, January 28, from Alamo, CA, and she was 54 or 55, depending upon the system of computation. Marc Selvaggio was by her side and some women were singing; ovarian cancer proceeds at its own pace. Death is either nothingness or nothing, but dying is awesome, awful.

Because she grew up in Flourtown or for some other reason, Donnis skipped senior year at Plymouth-Whitemarsh High School and also did not go to the prom, and she also skipped a year of Georgetown College, which did not prevent her from learning French and German and wintering in Salzburg and Paris, and graduating in 1971. Let it be said, she was abroad on merit because she read a lot as a youth and also trained horses and made the horses turn the tricks. The skills accumulated qualified her for bookselling, obviously enough, and she immediately managed two B. Dalton /Dayton Hudson shops, in Detroit and Philadelphia. B. Dalton, a modest book chain, then. Nonetheless, soon, Donnis was regional manager in charge of exactly twenty-two stores, and sent to Pittsburgh, where actually some other ABAA members were born. Most ABAA members have written poetry, few will admit to it, and fewer still will publish any. Marc Selvaggio read his poetry in public on November 6, 1982, so that's when our story really begins, as Donnis was in attendance, and swarthy but week-bearded Marc was at the podium, reading poetry, and Donnis was on the make, but only for a funny guy and Marc must have been funny, in addition to being a poet. So he was born in Pittsburgh. So he went to Hampton High School. So he did not letter as a tight end because he was on the bench. So he had taken five years to get his M.A. from the University of Pittsburgh. So What? He had shaven himself clean the week before [never, ever, again]. He read his poems at St. Peter Church, Oakland. South Oakland. That's

Oakland in Pittsburgh, PA. Marc says she changed his life. They tried on each other for a full year and on the penultimate day of 1983, they married. And stayed married. They had a home on the South Side Slopes, which looked down into a river or two or three or an alley, or a pit. Truth be told, it was the back yard that was of concern. It was the mouth of a mine.

B. Dalton has in the end a limited capacity to satisfy, and Marc apparently could not live by poetry alone, and like some maddened few of that and earlier generations, Marc and Donnis decided that nothing was more sensible and safe than enduring poverty and endless hours of drudgery, like sweeping the sidewalk and using a hand-cranked adding machine and typing on a typewriter and driving after rumors, so Donnis quit representing Harcourt Brace after two years as a sales rep [a lateral career move, perhaps, after managing twenty-two new book stores at once]. Yes, she became a mid-day dj, and "out of the air, a voice;" "her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," hosting classical on WDUQ. But Donnis joined Marc in attempting to do what he says he had wanted to do since when he was a tweeny [fourteen, he says], which was be a bookseller, so the two of them bought some one else's two-storey used book store. Schoyer's. Property of Bill and Maxine Schoyer. Hard to pronounce in 1985. Located right in Pittsburgh, built in 1900. That is the mistake of the young and the ignorant and the romantic and is a certain path to quarrels over money [but there would be no quarrels because Donnis kept the books]. There is no good will in buying another's name, in order to lose your own; used inventories have been deselected so many times, they ought to be considered liabilities. Used books are non-fungibles and you cannot pour them into a tank or even eat one if desperately hungry. You can eat them in other senses, however, as everyone knows. But Bill and Maxine financed the sale of Schoyer's themselves, \$83,000.00, which no bank would give Marc and Donnis. "You must be kidding!" The ABAA had

a toehold in Pittsburgh, 1988, and Donnis was our Member, always, and Marc the Associate. Marc is a Member now.

Naturally, the pirate set his wife to mind the shop in Squirrel Hill. He said so in print. Donnis had to type catalogues too, so she did, but they were her own catalogues, on travel literature, the Middle East and Asia, of women, before there were "women's studies." Ten years of equity, and one month; ten years plus of territorial enterprise, forty-eight catalogues, [the next, in Berkeley, will be number one hundred twenty]; no small matter, to think of leaving when you have been in control of book territory in those days, even if you are delusional, when it took an hour to snag a trunk line from Scotland to home. And let's be honest, our couple are bright, there was not much competition then, and Pittsburgh, PA is a seat of learning with many institutional libraries one must serve. But not so much walk-in. This was pre-internet. Walk-in = 10%. Then. He thought New England, but Donnis loved California. So they left for California. First they cashed out their equity, sold off much of the store inventory, the art to Powell's, even then, \$10,000; 50 boxes here, 50 boxes there, 175 boxes to Kane Auction Gallery. Bless Gary Kane, and remember him always. Sold the store, sold the home! And headed West, young people; West! where 45 or so bookstores have closed in the Bay Area alone in the last 5 years. And 1 or 2 or 3 opened.

Seek debt? Buy a home in the SF Bay Area. So our couple did, a duplex, one for the books, one for the pair, instead of one for a tenant, but nearby was the most welcoming of couples, however private, otherwise, and Ann Arnold, a painter whose still lifes brightened the walls of Chez Panisse [downstairs!] for many years and Ian Jackson, bookseller, private scholar, eased Donnis and Marc into a new and larger book world with hearty Italian cuisine, book wisdom, learning, affection, and a major jolt of energy. Once a year the Jacksons willingly sacrificed a

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ently unanimous view expressed by the participants in the symposium. However, I have always been suspicious of unanimous opinions, especially where they concern the rare book trade, where any random gathering of ten booksellers can pretty much be counted upon to elicit at least twelve different opinions on any book-related subject.

This unanimity of opinion described by Julian seems also not to be entirely devoid of some elements of hypocrisy and righteousness which, taken by themselves, are at least mildly unpalatable, but which when mixed together create a brew of some toxicity that I find very difficult to swallow. So despite all the obvious hazards and pitfalls to which I might subject myself, I find myself willing to take issue with some elements of this unanimity.

In order to aspire to my rapidly dwindling hope of brevity, I think I will do well to confine my remarks to the commonly collected books of the twentieth century. I do not mean for them to apply to what are perhaps certain unique nineteenth century jackets, or books and examples of their jackets that exist in only a handful of copies.

Julian's article notes Rick Gekoski's opinion "referring to the ABA / Book-dealer debate," that "books and dust-wrappers are 'married' in the first place at the publishers and switching of the correct dust-wrapper is therefore justifiable although it 'risks monkeying about with bibliographical evidence'."

I do not know if Rick's conclusion is correct, but the basis on which he posits it is at least evidentially correct. Jackets are often printed at geographically distinct locations from where their corresponding books are printed, and as they are usually printed in color - a more costly printing process - the publisher often takes advantage of the economies of scale inherent in the process to commission a larger quantity of dust-jackets than he might immediately have uses for. Thus, it is not at all uncommon for second and third printings,

and even in some less common cases of which I am aware, as late as eighth and ninth printings, of a certain book being issued by the publisher in identical "first printing" dust-jackets. (I won't be more specific about these books, more or less on the same principle that one hesitates to publish detailed instructions on the manufacturing of high explosives.)

When a publisher's functionary or warehouseman applies one of these dust-jackets to a corresponding book, is he the founder of this sacred bibliographical integrity to which we all so aspire? Is he any different than a dealer or collector who switches a bibliographically correct dust-jacket from one book to another? I suggest perhaps not; or, at least not always.

Would Professor Tanselle's exhortation to dealers against ever marrying dust-jackets to the appropriate books extend as well to the British Library, which apparently stores, or at least has stored their dust-jackets in bales at a discrete location from the books? While the forensic bibliographic chain might well have been broken, is it really a sin to re-unite them, and would the bibliographer have nothing to gain from this blessed (or apparently, damned) event?

If a collector or dealer wishes to adorn his inscribed copy of a notable book with a dust-jacket that is identical to the one with which it might originally have been adorned, is the bibliographical integrity of his copy impugned? Perhaps, but I suggest in very few cases does this apparent break in the bibliographical chain result in the loss of some usable bibliographical information. If that book is a copy of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, is the removal of one of the seemingly hundreds of available copies of the first edition from the marketplace in order to supply said dust-jacket going to impede the laborers in the bibliographical groves? Probably not.

I submit that the economic imperative that might make the switching of jackets on a particular title tempting in the first place, is at least strong evidence that the necessary bibliographical work vis-a-vis that book has already been accomplished. Long before there was an economic

incentive to switch the dust-jackets on first editions of such highly collectible American authors as Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, or F. Scott Fitzgerald, all or most of the bibliographical issues and states of those dust-jackets had been identified (if not always published) by bibliographers, collectors, or dealers, or in many cases, in various combinations of the three. And it is the dealers and collectors who have the most at stake in determining the proper sequence of these issues and states because, ultimately, they are going to be the ones to put their money where their conclusions lead them.

Ever heard of Lida Larrimore? I thought not. My interest in vintage dust-jackets has given me cause to buy, and even occasionally sell, copies of novels by this thoroughly forgotten American romance novelist. I have never been tempted to switch the dust-jacket on a Lida Larrimore book. I have never heard of any of my colleagues or customers being tempted to switch the jacket on a Lida Larrimore book, if indeed they had even heard of her at all. I suppose Ms. Larrimore will reside forever in the netherworld of literary obscurity. However, if the clamor rings forth from Manhattan or Mayfair, from Harvard or Cambridge for first editions of the novels of Ms. Larrimore, I will, I hope, be prepared to meet the demand. And long before the economic incentive exists for me, my colleagues, or the collectors of her works to supply dust-jackets for Ms. Larrimore's books from other copies, I suspect I will have identified, through observation and experience, in consultation with my colleagues, and maybe even with the help of some visionary (or really, really desperate) academic, a bibliographically convincing trail of evidence about the priorities and states of those books and their dust-jackets.

Dealers' catalogues from the first part of the twentieth century seldom, or rarely, mention the presence of dust-jackets. However, since I have been active in the trade, like every other modern first edition dealer, I have labored under a constant barrage of accusation by collectors,

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librarians, and even from my antiquarian colleagues, that in my professional capacity I have valued dust-jackets too much. Were we Philistines because we paid too much attention to dust-jackets, their states, their points, their condition, and priced our books accordingly? Have we now come full circle when a conference must be convened in order to tell me that I am a Philistine because I have valued them too little? Who knew?

On this note, am I alone in noting at least a whiff of irony emanating from this conference composed in large part of academics, librarians, and bibliographers? These professions as a whole, if the rest of Julian Rota's report is accurate, supplanted by their own testimonies, have been singularly and in large part ignorant of the bibliographical significance of dust-jackets, and mostly heedless of the continuing need for preserving them. Most bibliographers (and here may I pay homage to the exceptions) have historically paid little, if any attention to dust-jackets, and nearly all the information we have on these objects has been preserved by dealers and collectors. Most scholars have come late to the game, and apparently seem to think that all that should be left now is for them to apply their imprimatur to the subject, when much of the hard work has already been done. Sadly, their attentions come a bit too late to be of great use.

They further feel compelled to issue ethical guidelines on the handling of dust-jackets to those who have been the most active in preserving and identifying them: collectors and dealers in modern first editions. I hasten to add that the participants in this conference, who seem willing to acknowledge the mistakes, omissions, and depredations of their predecessors, should probably not be numbered amongst these transgressors. This conversation among their fellows to the point of view that dust-jackets matter is all to the good, but bibliography is much too important a subject to be trusted solely to the bibliographers.

Bibliography, long the province of enlightened amateurs, has not been appreciably improved, at least as it concerns modern first editions, by the ministrations of professional bibliographers. As one colleague remarked to me, "If you could take all the bibliographers in the world, and laid them end to end, they couldn't reach an agreement." More important to me than a vague allegiance to a perhaps unknowable bibliographical ideal are the exigencies of everyday experience as they present themselves to a practicing bookseller, a collector trying to assemble a collection, and to a bibliographer busily parsing states and issues, much of whose work he may find has already been done for him.

Pious and heartfelt pronouncements decrying the practice of dust-jacket switching are all well and good, and, when that fact is not disclosed, probably morally and ethically unassailable. However in practice, they are rather like issuing a prohibition to Eve from partaking of the fruit of the Tree of Good and Evil. Dust-jackets have been switched from books for decades. And while there is some reason to believe, as Rick Gekoski asserts, that this practice may have started as a collector-driven American phenomenon, English dealers and collectors were not long in adopting it as their own.

We are perhaps better served by applying our critical faculties to the task at hand – identifying to the best of our abilities, and with what bibliographic rigor we can muster, the object as it is, not the one that we might wish that it was. A dealer who repeatedly mis-describes dust-jacket states, or wantonly supplies bibliographically incompatible dust-jackets to books, will not long enjoy the confidence of his colleagues or customers, and is sure, in the fullness of time, to suffer the corresponding economic consequences.

A bad dust-jacket marriage is much like its human counterpart – an event much to be regretted and inevitably bound to wind up in tears. I have railed against this practice before, to no very good effect, but I am heartened by my continuing observations that the machinery of the marketplace, abetted by single-minded collectors, the better spe-

cies of bibliographers, curious librarians, and working booksellers is sufficient to police itself. While unscrupulous or incompetent specimens in each of these professions will always exist, and might even seem in the ascendance in this brave new world of eBay and the Internet, I suspect that competence and professionalism will eventually and ultimately hold sway. Organizations such as the ABA, the ABAA, the other national associations of ILAB, and their individual members, are the bastions that help to protect the ideal of bibliographical integrity from the depredations of the marketplace.

I understand that the ABA's Modern First Editions sub-committee has reported to the ABA council that the organization's current code of practice is sufficient to cover this topic. Earlier attempts, spearheaded at least in part by dealers in more antiquarian books, to ban the exhibition of books so adorned, have been forestalled. In private correspondence, Julian Rota tells me that this was never seriously considered, and while I don't for a second doubt Julian's sincerity, others in the British modern first edition trade say otherwise.

At any rate, they are to be congratulated. One can only marvel at the spectacle that might otherwise have occurred. One wonders if the members of an ABA vetting committee comprised of antiquarian dealers would be willing to interrupt their tireless labors in preparing their inventory for sale - industriously replacing endpapers, transferring maps and plates that are lacking from their copies from other copies in their hospitals, supplying leaves in facsimile when that is not practicable, trotting out their paint boxes to color the supplied maps and plates, matching up the odd volumes of sets, or gathering Dickens novels in parts from very disparate parts indeed (all carefully described and noted, of course), in order that they might otherwise apply their tender mercies to parsing whether one or another dust-jacket has arrived at a book fair on the self-same book that it originally adorned? Again, I applaud the ABA for avoiding this hypocrisy, which seems

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less the province of such an august body as it does the stuff of farce. One can only imagine what fun Mr. Wodehouse, or Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, would have made of such a fulsomely throated quire.

In my inventory of nearly 35,000 books, I have four that are described as almost certainly having supplied dust-jackets, and two that I positively assert have supplied dust-jackets. I think supplied dust-jackets should be identified as such. I think that it is the responsibility of reputable dealers to make the strongest attempts to ascertain the nature of

the material in their possession, and then clearly and forthrightly describe the results of those investigations. Beyond that I am a little leery of passing judgment. A prohibition against switching dust-jackets may produce a most satisfying and self-righteous warmth in the pulpit, but is, ultimately, a delusional avoidance of the reality that exists on the ground. ■

## Arts & Crafts Exhibit opens at the de Young in S.F.

by **Barbara Traisman**

More than 300 of the finest examples of the Arts and Crafts Movement dating from 1880–1945 will be on display in *International Arts and Crafts: William Morris to Frank Lloyd Wright*. Organized by the V&A, London, this is the most comprehensive exhibition ever assembled on the Arts and Crafts Movement. It is also the first to look at it from a truly international perspective, tracing the development of the movement from its flourishing in Britain in the 1880s to its interpretation and development in the

United States, Europe, Scandinavia, and Japan.

The objects on view have been drawn from private and public collections all over the world with approximately a third of them coming from the V&A's collections. They include textiles, stained glass, furniture, ceramics, metalwork, jewelry, books, architecture, photography, paintings and sculpture. Altogether they serve to illustrate how Arts and Crafts became the first British design movement to have widespread and recognizable international influence.

Taking its name from the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, founded in England in 1888, the Arts and Crafts Movement initially responded to Victorian mass-production and inappropriate ornamentation by celebrating the simpler forms of traditional decorative arts and reasserting the value of hand craftsmanship. Through its evolution and dissemination to wider Europe, America, and its reverberations in Japan, the Arts and Crafts Movement affected the decorative arts, interior design, and architecture over

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bins tunes on the Wurlitzer that drew us in. Certainly it was the Corona cerveza that kept us there. We sat at the bar. Jack was happily puffing a Camel. I had stopped smoking several years earlier, but an American at the other end of the bar offered me a Cuban cigar - he called it a Monte Cristo or a Christ Almighty - I don't clearly remember. "Contraband in the U. S." he said, "but if you've never smoked one before, here's your chance to do it without fear of being busted." I'd never had a Cuban cigar before, but I figured I could fall off the wagon just long enough for a taste. I fired it up; not bad, I thought. Some good beer, a good cigar; about all that was lacking in this picture were some good books. I then became aware of a bargirl clinging to me like a cheap suit. She had festooned my neck with hickeys. She wanted me to buy her a drink. I asked her what she wanted.

Bargirl: "A cup of hot Ovaltine."

I caught the bartender's eye and gestured toward the girl. He nodded and brought her her drink. He knew what she liked. There were even a few ginger snaps in the saucer. Those are gonna cost me, I thought.

I waved my hand back and forth, pushing some of the smoke away to get a better look at my surroundings and - Saints Preserve Us! - there were several shelves of books on the walls, way up there in the gloom, high above eye level. "Books!," I burped. That hoicked Jack from his boozy torpor. (I've noticed that the cry of "broads!" or "dames!" just doesn't elicit the same response as "books!" anymore. I - and my associates - must be getting older. Or deranged).

Jack: "Where?"

Me (pointing): "Up there."

The bargirl wandered off. I pointed to the books and the bartender shrugged and gestured as if to say "have at 'em." Jack clambered (what a great word, huh?) up on the bar, upsetting his neighbor's drink. It looked like a Mexican Edsel (which I think I described in another episode, but

for the benefit of those who haven't read it or drunk one, is vodka combined with V8 vegetable juice and a kiss of tabasco to give it some authority). I motioned for the bartender to replace the spilled drink with a fresh one and tossed a couple of Yankee bucks on the bar. I handed my barstool up to Jack who grabbed it and began stumbling, blundering and crawling toward the end of the bar, stepping on hands, drinks, ashtrays, loose change and some sleeping guy's beard. Jack placed the stool firmly down on the bar with a loud THWACK! Most of the folks in the cantina were now staring at him. Both of him. He/they turned to face them.

Jack (theatrically): "Watch this."

Jack was torqued on nine beers and so was hamming it up. He climbed up into the smoky darkness. He grabbed a book at random and tossed it toward the sound of my gibbering voice. I caught it. It was a vellum-backed copy of Somerset Maugham's *A Writer's Notebook*. Signed and limited. What the hell? I looked

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closer; the spine was a little grimy, but so what. Next came a copy of Canemaker's *Winsor Mckay*. I guess Little Nemo and Gertie the Dinosaur have a following in Baja. More surprises came flying off the shelves; some dropping on the wet bar, some knocking over bottles and glasses. Others were caught by me and suddenly-eager participants in this game of catch the octavo and catch the quarto or whatever else came sailing down. We missed a few and those landed on the sawdust and spittle-covered floor. These I wiped off on the bartender's dog which remained sleeping through all the excitement.

Bartender (pointing to the books): "You like this stuff?"

Me: "Yeah. You have more?"

Bartender: "Plenty. In the house across the road."

He stuck two fingers into his mouth and whistled loudly. It spooked Jack and he fell off the ladder onto the bar. Luckily, a puddle of watered-down scotch broke his fall. The whistle also brought a kid out of the back room.

Bartender (to me): "My son. (To the kid): Take these two locos across the street and show them the books."

The kid led and Jack and I followed. It was a dump and there was no electricity.

Me: "This place smells of cat."

Jack: "Big cat."

Me: "Bad cat."

Jack: "Big, bad, incontinent cat."

Me: "Generations of cats."

Jack: "Cats immemorial."

Me: "Cats primeval."

The kid handed me a flashlight and Jack went out and found another in Mickey's car. There were many books there, some good ones among them: A 12-volume set of *The Golden Bough*, Seneca's *Tragoediae* (16mo.) dated 1656 and in its original vellum binding with yapped edges, B. Traven's *The Death Ship*. And more goodies, old and recent. We were madly tossing them into old gin and tequila boxes. The dross we stacked in the corner. Somewhere back in the

reptilian part of my brain I wondered who originally owned this collection and how it all ended up in this hovel. In all the ensuing confusion I had forgotten to ask.

We found a large box containing what appeared to be a set of toy soldiers. I shined the flashlight on the label; it read: "complete with smoldering cities in ruins. Bleeding corpses not included." (Later, on the road back to L. A. I realized we had forgotten to pack them into the car. Jack referred to it as a "nocturnal omission").

Altogether, we had pulled out about 30 boxes of books and the kid hollered across the road for his father the bartender who came over and told us how much he wanted for them, along with all the broken glasses, the spilled and replaced drinks and the scratches on the bar. Jack and I realized we simply didn't have enough dinero between us. The bartender's eyebrow shot up and I thought we might end up spending the night in the Tijuana jail. But then in a moment of inspiration, I remembered the carpet we had used to wrap Mickey earlier that day; it was still rolled up in the back of the car, and I dashed out and carried it back inside. The bartender was mightily pleased with this offering, waved away the books and happily clutched his new rug. The kid helped us shlep boxes out of the shack and load them into Mickey's car. He crawled into the back of the station wagon and piled up the boxes we handed in to him. He sniffed the air in the car.

Kid: "Senor..."

Me: "Yeah?"

Kid: "There is something in this car..."

Me: "Yeah?"

Kid: "It is big and it is dead."

Yeah, I thought, but it doesn't smell like cat.

The drive back to the border was uneventful; Jack's head lolled and thumped against the window on the passenger's side of the car. His eyes were open but unseeing. Customs waved us through without a second glance. We stopped a couple of times to irrigate the shoulder of Interstate 5 and toss out meals eaten six months earlier. Approaching L. A. sometimes does that to you.

Los Angeles had a kind of magical look

to it as we neared it; if I didn't know better, it looked almost ethereal and magical glittering in the damp early morning air. But I knew better....

After dropping off Jack at his room in Hollywood, I parked and locked up Mickey's car behind his store after covering up the books in the back with flattened cardboard boxes. The car looked so disreputable, no one would bother it. I once watched a woman approach Mickey as he exited the car after parking it and she handed him a dollar bill and said "you poor man. Here, go buy yourself a Snickers bar." She then turned and walked away.

I chuckled at the memory.

Dawn was slowly breaking over a chilly, misty Hollywood as I hoofed it home.

A day or so later, Jack and I found that Mickey had replaced us with a couple of new chumps.....er, uh employees, and was teaching them Stamp-Moistening 101. He would lip-shpritz the stamp (or the envelope flap) with a fine, even mist. That way you never actually had to touch the flap or the stamp with your tongue. You couldn't be too careful in those days (the ones before self-sticking stamps). I worked up the nerve to ask Mickey how he had gotten back to the store from Mrs. P. Talbot-Carson's pad in Pasadena. Jack and I had after all, stol.....uh, borrowed his car. We found him puttering around in the psychology section of the store, standing under the sign that read "a death wish a day keeps the analyst away."

Me: "How did you...uh...get back here to the store from Mrs. P. Talbot-Carson's place?"

Mickey: "She had Wormwood drive me back in the Bentley. It's a really big car, y'know."

Me: "I don't know. I'm a buck-ninety-eight kinda guy. I don't ride around in Bentleys."

Mickey: "I got into this discussion with Wormwood about how many books could be stuffed into it. We couldn't agree on anything because neither of us knew exactly how many cubic feet of space were in the car."

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Me: "Yeah...."

Mickey: "So we pulled onto the shoulder of the Pasadena Freeway and found a tapemeasure in the trunk and tried to figure it out. While we were doing this a CHP officer on a motorcycle pulled up thinking we were having car trouble. When we told him what we were up to, he wanted to cite Wormwood for some sort of infraction."

Me: "And Wormwood would have scalped you for all the grief you cause him."

Mickey: "No. The CHP guy's father had been an architect and so the officer knew a little bit about volume and how to determine cubic feet and we all stood around doing calculations."

Me: "So how many books could you cram into a Bentley?"

Mickey: "About 900, if you ripped out the seats."

Me: "Front and rear?"

Mickey: "Right. You would have to drive the car seated on a milk crate."

Me: "So did you customize the interior?"

Mickey: "Naw. Wormwood figured if we did that, Mrs. P. Talbot-Carson would run his giblets through a wringer."

## Last Thursday:

I phoned Morty. I had a problem that needed clearing up.

Me: "Morty?"

Morty: "Yeah. What's up?"

Me: "I've got a little problem."

Morty: "Whatsamatter?"

Me: "I'm getting complaints: people who are reading the stuff I'm writing are confused. They ask me if Morty Plonk and Mickey Tsimmis are the same guy or two different people. I tell them you're actually about 17 different people, each with his own distinct personality but the same lousy taste in clothes."

Morty: "What are you driving at?"

Me: "For the sake of simplicity, I'd like to stick with one name for you in my articles. I know you've used different

monikers at different times and I've even tried drawing a timeline to refer to when I'm writing, but it's still bewildering."

Morty: "Howzabout referring to me as the Bookseller Formerly Known as Morty Plonk."

Me: "Someone's already come up with something very similar."

Morty: "Call me Slick; I've always liked the name Slick."

Me: "Forget it. What name do you have on your driver's license?"

Morty: "I don't know; I can't find it. I think it's Parsnips K. Magpie, but I'm not sure."

Me: "Any other documents?"

Morty: "My last will and testicle?"

Me: "Testament."

Morty: "It's Noodnik. I think my license says Noodnik."

Me: "I'll make it easy: I'll call you Mickey Tsimmis regardless. From now on, whatever you were calling yourself, you're gonna be Mickey Tsimmis."

Mickey: "Fine, as long as you don't call me late for lunch."

Not too long ago:

I ran into Rupert Barnyogurt at a dinner party given by an old customer of mine who collected books on photography and architecture. I hadn't seen old Rupert for thirty-some years and was surprised he was still alive. I found him rinsing his dentures in the punchbowl.

Rupert: "I had some food stuck between my gums and the plate. I hope you don't mind."

Me: "I don't care. I'm not drinking that stuff anyway. Is that the same filthy t-shirt you were wearing in 1973? It's ripened nicely."

Rupert: "No, I've had two others since then. And it does have a nice seasoned look to it don't you think?"

Me: "Hunh, seasoned...."

Rupert: "In the old days I used to take whatever shirt, socks and shorts I was wearing that day into the tub with me when I bathed at night. Kind of an efficient use of water and soap, wouldn't you say?"

Me: "Hunh, efficient..."

Rupert: "And then carrying that thought one step farther, I asked my priest if it would be couth to wash my

dishes in the same water."

Me: "Hunh, couth...."

Rupert: "...and he suggested I eat off my shorts and save a step."

Me: "Hunh, a weisenheimer."

## A few weeks ago:

And so I wasn't too surprised when a short time later, Rupert called to let me know he had unearthed some more books while on one of his periodic archaeological digs at his old house in Hollywood. Perhaps the term "dig" is a little shy of the mark; "mudslide" might be more accurate, or a tectonic shifting of layers. Whatever it was, I was invited to come over and take a look.

Barnyogurt: "If Morty Plonk is still around, he's welcome to come over too."

Me: "He's still around and he's calling himself Mickey Tsimmis now."

Barnyogurt: "That's not a good sign; the man is having an identity crisis."

Me: "He has no problem with knowing who he is; he has difficulty with how he's perceived by others."

Barnyogurt: "I'm glad you cleared that up for me. Whoever he is, he's welcome to come over."

I then phoned Mickey. He sounded sad.

Mickey: "I was thinking of my mother and the times when I told her I was bored and had nothing to do and she made me play "wet toe in a hot socket." She found it amusing when I skittered across the floor on my butt after getting zapped."

Me: "Well, cheer up! Rupert Barnyogurt invited the two of us over to look at some books he's excavated."

Mickey (groaning): "Why are you throwing temptation in my path? You know I shouldn't be buying any more books. I can't even get to the john here at the store. The trail is completely blocked."

Me: "I love torturing you Mickey. Besides, Rupert's good company; we'll have a few yuks."

And so that evening, as Rupert pried open the door, he handed each of us hardhats with flashlights duct-taped to them. I noticed someone had tacked up a sign to the front door which read "proof of recent

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tetanus shot required." Rupert offered us a drink, but he couldn't find any glasses, clean or otherwise, so we sipped from the garden hose which we passed around. Tap water was the beverage du jour.

Mickey (sniffing the air): "I smell burning feathers."

Barnyogurt: "That's some of my down-home cooking. But before we look at the books, I want to show you something."

He led us to a bathroom.

Barnyogurt: "I don't often have company over, so I decided to clean it up a little."

It wasn't exactly "cleaned" - he had pushed the heavy stuff to one side and raked up the rest of it.

Mickey: "It's very nice, but I wouldn't want to eat a meal in here."

Me: "Yeah, and it's nice to know that when you drop your pants, they won't stick to the floor."

I returned to what I thought was the living room since it seemed the most geologically active. I poked around for a bit and found some furniture...or what used to be furniture. The area near the couch seemed promising, so I cleared away some debris. I spotted something that looked promising so I took a chance and reached under the couch. The thing I touched had a halvah-like consistency; it felt warm, so it's possible it may have been alive but it didn't react to my prodding, so it was in all probability, dead. Rupert shouted from the end of a distant tunnel that a copy of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.'s *The Common Law* inscribed by Holmes to someone wonderfully important might be somewhere near where I was groping. He said if I didn't mind getting bitten and possibly contracting rabies, I might poke around a bit more. I asked him who the "wonderful" recipient might have been, but it had been so long since he had seen it, he'd forgotten. I began rooting around in earnest - Rupert made his way toward me through the tunnel but was unable to bend down, his belly was so large. He owned an interest-

ing contraption that had two hooks, one on either side of a doorway (I think it was a doorway - it might have been a vent) that would grasp each side of his trousers' waistband. With a small wheel, he could lower the pants enough so he could step out of them. He could also raise them after he had stepped into them. That saved him from having to bend over. His footwear included flip-flops, loafers and bedroom slippers. Sometimes in matched pairs, sometimes not. He didn't give a damn.

And then Rupert wandered away and I continued ferreting through the slag. I opened a box and found a complete set (13 volumes bound in seven) of Hastings' *Encyclopedia of Religion & Ethics*. I hauled the box outside - not as easy as it sounds - I had to push it through a 15 foot tunnel with my nose to get it to the main trail leading to the door. I was getting a little light-headed breathing all that bad air in the house, so it was a perfect opportunity to remain outside for a spell. I found Rupert out there on the lawn seated on a rotting mound of Harlequin Romances.

Rupert (sighing): "I'm soooo depressed."

Me (sympathetically): "Of course you are: you're overweight, you live in unbelievable squalor breathing mold and dust, your t-shirt is filthy, and you're reading a book by Norman Mailer. No wonder you're unhappy."

Rupert: "I've been thinking of some of my disastrous first dates. Believe it or not, there used to be a driveway over there."

Rupert was describing the topographical features of the grounds surrounding his house and his love life, certain I could make sense of it all.

The term "grounds" may be a bit misleading because you couldn't see any of them; they were all covered with... well, with stuff. There was stuff piled everywhere, higgledy-piggledy. Stuff was oozing out the windows, some of which hadn't been closed since 1955. Decrepit lawnmowers were leaning against ceramic cactii; the hulks of a Buick Riviera and a Chrysler Cordoba (that's right, the one with rich, Corinthian leather) were posi-

tioned nose to nose on the lawn with their hoods raised and they seemed to snarling and spitting antifreeze at each other.

Rupert: "I used to be able to drive around to the back of the house; there was a driveway over there. But as my holdings increased and the place began to overflow, the driveway kept getting shorter and shorter and I had to park on the grass and then on the street."

Me: "And what has this got to do with disastrous first dates?"

Rupert: "I'm getting to that. One evening when I could still get the car into the driveway, I pulled in with Angie on the seat beside me..."

Me: "Don't tell me: her last name was O'Plasty."

Rupert: "Oh, have you dated her too? Well, no matter. The driveway was so narrow I could barely squeeze the car in. Also that kitchen window there...."

Me: "What kitchen window? I see what must be a mound of 1,500 to 2,000 boxes and other assorted detritus topped with a Maytag washer."

The tumulus must have equaled the weight of a dwarf star. A blue tarp lay on top of the heap; a feeble attempt to protect it from the elements. Sort of like covering Orson Welles with a Kleenex and hoping to keep him dry during a monsoon.

Rupert: "Take my word for it, the window's there. I hadn't been able to close it for years. I hadn't been able to reach it in years. But bad weather couldn't get inside because of the heaps of dirty dishes and pots and pans and rotting food."

Me: "Cute..."

Rupert: "I pulled the car in the driveway with Angie sitting beside me."

Me: "Yeah...."

Rupert: "...and the corner of the bumper nudged the side of the house..."

Me: "Uh huh..."

Rupert: "...which was enough to dislodge all the dishes and pots and pans and they all came crashing down on the hood of the car."

Me: "And Angie?"

Rupert: "She nearly plotzed. The waffle iron broke the windshield. I didn't

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even know I owned a waffle iron. Such noise; such confusion; such a mess. Have you ever seen an eight year old banana? It resembles a strip of beef jerky. Needless to say, the romance had gone out of the moment. Angie tried to flee but she couldn't get the car door open. There was a minor avalanche of rubble that threatened to crush the car. She started crying and blubbering about being only 31 years old and that her child-bearing years were slipping away. Suddenly, it seemed that neon lettering was flashing before my eyes saying "Commitment" and I wanted no part of it. I blurted out "you want to have a baby?" She said "I've admired your genes for a long time Rupert, but is see now that you're...well, you're untidy!" "It's even worse inside Angie" I said. "I don't know how to tell you this, but I'm a pack rat."

Me: "How did she react to your candor?"

Rupert: "She began throwing lighted matches out the window and screaming."

Me: "Matches?? What does that mean?"

Rupert: "I don't know. Luckily, nothing caught fire."

Me: "Probably not enough oxygen."

Rupert: "So then she climbed into the back seat, grabbed a volume of Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language* and beat me nearly senseless with it. She then kicked out the rear window and went running off into the night."

Me: "Probably just as well. You two wouldn't have been compatible."

Rupert: "Yeah....."

Me: "By the way, tell me about the Johnson volume."

Rupert: "London. 1755. It was the real McCoy."

Me: "Both volumes?"

Rupert: "Yup. And in pretty good shape. Even volume one. I got the worst of it in the drubbing. The front hinge was a little weak, but not too bad."

Me: "Where is it now?"

Rupert: "Still in the car."

Me: "Which one?"

I torqued my head in the direction of the Riviera and the Cordoba.

Rupert: "It's not those. It's in the Plymouth."

Me: "What Plymouth?"

Rupert: "I think it's buried under that mound."

Me: "You think?"

Rupert: "I'm certain. It's buried under the mass."

Me: "Let's dig it out."

Rupert: "Another time. It's a formidable task."

Me: "Nah! It'll be a cinch. In the old days Mickey and I were known as the Megalopolis Wrecking Crew. Steaming, cyclopean heaps were our specialty."

And so Mickey and I burrowed a path to the old Plymouth. After an hour of filthy work, Mickey was able to crawl into the window broken by Angie O'Plasty and retrieved the books. The damage to volume I was worse than Rupert remembered: the board was detached and the spine was splitting. But Rupert's confusion could be forgiven; he had probably suffered a minor concussion and his brains were probably addled from the abuse.

We stood under a streetlight inspecting the dictionary when I noticed an early inked note on the first free endpaper. The hair on the back of my neck stood up. "Holy moley!" I muttered, was this written in Johnson's own hand? I had seen examples of his writing before and this looked pretty good to me. Unfortunately, there were several deep stains covering and obscuring part of the inscription. It was in Latin and although I was unable to decipher all of it, I was able to pick out a few words..."*mingere* [maybe].....*cum bumbis*...*saluberimum* [I think] *est lumbis*...."

My hands were trembling. I wouldn't mind owning this set. I could tell that Mickey was thinking the same thing. Would I trading blows with him on the sidewalk over who took precedence in this matter? Nah. Mickey and I went back a long time and I knew we wouldn't fight over some something like this. I knew he would treat me as honorably as I would him. I started to reach for my

revolver. But Rupert solved the problem before it came to that. He decided to keep the books. "But you invited us over here to buy books!!" Mickey remonstrated.

Rupert: "Yeah, but not these books."

Mickey: "C'mon Rupert, they'll only get buried again in this pesthole, and what good'll that do you?"

Me (whispering into Mickey's ear): "Tell him you got a tetanus shot today just for the occasion."

Mickey (to Rupert): "I was inoculated before coming over here."

Rupert grabbed volume II from Mickey and held out his other hand to me for volume I. I handed it to him. Rupert replaced the books in the Plymouth, emerged from the tunnel we had dug and kicked out the supporting 2 x 4s allowing all the rubble to once again entomb the car. We tried mollifying Rupert but the visit ended on a sour note.

A little later:

"He'll be fine tomorrow," I consoled Mickey. "He knows we're not evil."

Mickey: "Speak for yourself."

We were seated in a booth at Tortilla Flatulence, a restaurant hidden away in a back lane of Hollywood. I was picking at my free-range lima beans while Mickey stared at his plate and dragged his fork across the liver and into the peas.

We both sighed. Bonifacio the cook thought we were editorializing about our meals and frowned. Just to be safe, I suggested to Mickey that we shouldn't return for another meal there for a while.

## Earlier today:

A very attractive woman (long raven-black hair, beautiful symmetrical face and a lush figure in a low-cut, tight black leather outfit) stepped up to the counter in my shop and asked me about books written by and about exotic dancers. I asked her if that included burlesque and she replied "yes, of course."

Me: "It's an area I wish I knew more about. The only ones that come to mind are the obvious ones by Gypsy Rose Lee and Ann Corio."

She: "I have copies of those. I'd like to find some others because I'm writing my

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memoirs and would like to - you know - compare notes."

Me: "You're an exotic dancer?"

She: "Yep! My name is Queen Bunny-pants. You play a tune, any tune and I'll dance exotically to it."

Me (reaching for a CD): "All right, let's try this one."

Queen Bunnypants (turning her head to read the title): "Oooooo, John Phillip Sousa. My favorite."

I slipped the disk into the player and cranked up the amperage. Out blasted *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. She did a few high-steppin' movements, grabbed the stanchion, swung around it a couple of times, arched her back and let her hair sweep across my counter. I lifted the calculator so she could clear away the eraser crumbs.

Queen Bunnypants (leaning on the counter): "So whaddya think?"

Me: "I'm impressed. Is Queen Bunny-pants your real name?"

Queen Bunnypants: "It's really Ginger Hale."

Me: "C'mon."

Queen Bunnypants: "I've also danced under the names Joy Almond and Jugs Wilde."

Although I didn't have any books on exotic dancing, I remembered that I might have a few photos of interest, so I rummaged through one of my file cabinets and found several 8x10s of Josephine Baker, all taken in Paris during the 1920s. One was signed by her. Queen Bunnypants bought a couple of them including the signed one. She was delighted with her purchase and bounced and jiggled in glee. She said she'd be back. I suggested she phone me before coming in. That way, I could post an urgent message on the ABAA discuss list (non-trade of course) and alert the other members who might like to be here when she shows up.

**To bring you up to date:**

I've had to move my shop recently.

A large corporation bought up several retail buildings in the 400 block of North Fairfax Ave. in L. A. where I had been located for more than nine years and sought to upgrade the neighborhood by chucking out what they deemed to be undesirable businesses - mine included. It's still difficult for me to discuss this matter calmly; I was driving along Beverly Blvd. near my old store when I saw one of the new landlords of my old shop in the car next to mine. I had one of my assistants with me in my van at the time and he told me I started snapping and snarling at the other car. I was apparently foaming at the mouth too. I don't remember any of it.

But I've already relocated to another shop about six blocks north of the previous one and am now positioned at a very busy intersection in West Hollywood. It's an old (for Southern California) building - built in the 1920s - and has a stateliness to it that my former shop lacked. For five or so decades it had been the Big and Tall Men's clothing shop. Those folks folded up their tent about two years ago and a Russian video store moved in. They lasted a bit over a year and for a short while before I moved in, it had been a dog poop removal company. I kid you not. They left a few things behind: a beat-up old desk and 15 shovels. I tossed them all out. I mentioned this to Mickey Tsimmis and he admonished me for not calling him. He would have taken the shovels. "A bookseller can never have too many shovels," he said authoritatively.

There was some white lettering on a black glass panel under one of the two plate glass windows at the front of my new shop that read "Poop Removal." I cleverly transformed the capital "P" to a capital "B" with a single brushstroke. The lower case "p" took a bit more work, but I managed to make it look like a "k". It now read "Book Removal." But only for a couple of days, when the city of West Hollywood notified me that the lettering on the front of my shop covered more square footage than I was entitled to.

Me: "What are you complaining about? The dog poop guy had more lettering than I do. He even had a picture!"

West Hollywood official: "But at least he was providing a useful service to the

community."

Shows you where I stand in the pecking order around here. The lettering got painted over. Oh well....

Shortly thereafter, the guy who had owned the poop business dropped by my new shop and introduced himself as I was unpacking books. He told me he had been a newspaper reporter once, but wasn't very good at it and going into the poop removal business seemed to be a natural for him: it enabled him to keep his old nickname - Scoop. He was sad that he had to close up his shop.

Scoop: "I miss some of the neighbors around here. See that old guy across the street?"

Me (looking out the window): "The one with the cape?"

Scoop: "Yeah. He used to come in every day. The entire year I was here, he always came in to say hello."

Me: "That's nice."

Scoop: "In all that time he never shook my hand. In fact, almost everybody avoided shaking my hand."

I made a mental note to head for the sink the moment Scoop left.

**Just last week:**

Mickey called me on my cell phone. I was in my car driving back to my bookshop in West Hollywood after buying a load of *Limited Editions Club* volumes at Park LaBrea. My sister was holding down the fort at the store while I was out. I would have used my van, but it was being repaired that day. The books were piled loosely and were sliding around in the back of my old Corvette. All my empty boxes were still in the van.

Mickey: "Harry Greenstamps died and is being buried today. My car's on the fritz and I was hoping you could pick me up to take me to the funeral. Whaddya say?"

Me: "I never liked the guy, Mickey. You hated him too."

(Harry Greenstamps fancied himself a book maven, but was a sometime book scout whose specialty was medical and technical textbooks. Most dealers bought nothing from him).

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# Herr

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Mickey: "I know, but I'm going just to make sure he's really dead."

Me: "OK, I'll be by in 15 minutes."

I got there in 10 and found him noshing on a bowl of cold gray gruel.

Mickey: "I have to fortify myself for this."

Me: "Gimme a break Mickey; you get flatulent when you eat that stuff."

Mickey: "Not excessively so."

Me: "We're gonna be in a small car. A little bit goes a long way. Why don't you eat this thing over here instead."

Mickey: "It's a six-year-old banana. It's past its prime."

I lowered the two windows in the car and we set off for the funeral parlor.

Mickey was pawing through my *LECs*.

Mickey: "How come I don't get calls for stuff like this anymore?"

Me: "Change your diet."

Mickey: "In fact, I rarely get calls at all anymore. I miss the looting and pil-laging."

We got to the viewing and sure enough, Harry was righteously dead. Mickey and I were all for leaving at that point, but Harry's ex-wife pleaded with us to accompany the small gathering to the cemetery. Small was right: there couldn't have been more than 10 or 12 people altogether. That included Harry. In a weak moment I relented and said "sure, why not?"

Dumb! Dumb! Dumb!

Mickey wasn't pleased either but kept quiet since I was his ride back to his store. Harry was stowed in the back of a hearse as Mickey and I galumphed outside and piled into the 'vette. We pulled into the procession. Somehow we ended up directly behind the hearse; the limousine and rest of the caravan had gotten stuck at a long light. A few moments later, as the hearse stopped at an intersection, some goniff ran up to the driver, stuck a gun in his face and yanked him out of the car. The carjacker slid behind the wheel and sped off. Mickey and I stared in disbelief. The hearse driver ran up to me.

Driver: "That son-of-a-bitch just stole my hearse with your friend in the back."

Me: "He was no friend of mine."

Mickey: "Nor mine."

Driver: "Lemme in the back!"

Me: "Are you kidding?"

Another weak moment: I popped the release for the rear window/hatchback which is hinged at the targa top. The hearse driver leaped in among the *LECs*. He made to toss them out but I spun around in my seat and glowered menacingly at him.

Me: "Toss out one book from this car and I will beat you to death with that copy of *Walden* you have in your hand there."

Mickey: "Is that the one signed by Edward Steichen?"

Me (still glaring at the hearse driver): "Yeah."

He carefully set the book down and made himself comfy.

Driver: "OK, I won't mess with the books. Could you please haul ass?"

The car was dangerously overloaded and hadn't been tuned up in a year and half. I told him if we have to haul ass, we'll have to make three trips. But then I realized that I could never live down the humiliation of having the 'Vette outrun by a hearse. So I floored it."

KA-POW! PTOOOEY!  
SCREEEECH!

That was the car, not me. I burned plenty of miles off my rear tires. There was a lot of roaring and screaming going on. The roaring came from under the hood and the exhaust pipes. The screaming from my passengers. We went careening along surface streets through Hollywood, onto the 101 freeway, across the Valley and down the 405. Along the way the hearse driver called 911 on his cell phone and we picked up a contingent of police cars. They signalled for me to back off, but I stayed close nonetheless. The hearse barrelled off the freeway near Los Angeles International Airport and quickly spun out of control when the carjacker hit a patch of oil in the road. The hearse plowed into a light pole at about 45 mph in front of a doughnut shop just off Century Blvd. The tail end swung around and the rear door flew open, launching the

casket (with Harry inside) into a parked Willys. The coffin splintered and Harry's body rocketed over the car and landed in the hole of a 25-foot tall doughnut.

"God, I love the book business" I said as I slammed on the brakes behind several police cars. To make a long story short, the carjacker was arrested after being pulled from the wreckage and the hearse driver (he called himself Downwind Murphy and after skidding through much of L. A. County with him jammed into my car, I can attest to the appropriateness of his name) made a persuasive case to the cops that we had to get the body to the cemetery.

The problem though, was that we had no way to carry Harry's carcass to the gravesite, what with the hearse all smashed up. One of the cops though, got the bright idea of tying him to my car. He produced some rope and helped us tie Harry to the Corvette's hood.

It was a warm day, and Corvettes run hot despite the weather. But on a warm day they run even hotter. Having Harry's corpse simmering on the griddle was sufficient reason for me not to spare the horses to the graveyard.

While waiting at an intersection I did a double-take when I spotted a guy in a dirty, fringed buckskin jacket holding up a sign that read "will blow for food." In his other hand was a trumpet. Downwind got very excited and yelled for me to pull up alongside the musician.

Downwind: "Let's grab that guy. We'll slip him a few bucks and get him to play Taps. They were gonna have me play it on my spoons, but he'll be better."

Downwind talked the guy into accompanying us for ten bucks. He crawled into the tiny space behind the two seats already filled with Downwind and my *LECs*. He tossed the trumpet to Mickey to hold and introduced himself as Howard Wagstaff Gribble. He had recently eaten something with a lot of garlic in it; you could tell. We were all sweating heavily. It was a pretty funky ride. Mercifully, it was short.

We arrived at the cemetery a short while later with Harry strapped to the

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# Herr

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hood like a dead moose, and Mickey, Downwind, Howard Wagstaff Gribble, me, and 100 or so *LECs* all scattered higgledy-piggledy inside the car. There were gasps of shock from some of the attendees, but I could also detect a few satisfied “see, I told you he was really dead” and similar remarks making the rounds.

The body was quickly wrapped in my blue car cover, which was quickly pulled out from under the *LECs* - no replacement coffin was handy, and frankly, we

were all in a hurry to get this over with anyway. Harry was then lowered into the ground with great alacrity and little dignity.

It was obvious Howard Wagstaff Gribble hadn't had much experience with a trumpet, and I overheard him telling someone that he had “blown up a lot of balloons, so how bad could I be?” Actually, pretty bad. But what he lacked in musicality, Howard Wagstaff Gribble made up for in lungpower.

The tune started out resembling Taps, but quickly gained momentum and began sounding like Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy. As you might imagine, the ceremony

soon morphed into a scene of graveside jitterbugging and a swell time was had by all. Downwind Murphy was even persuaded to play much of the Cole Porter Songbook on his spoons.

Thusly, Harry Greenstamps was laid to rest as most of the mourners boogalooed off into the sunset.

I on the other hand, was not feeling so merry; turns out that one of the *LECs* - the Matisse-signed edition of Joyce's *Ulysses* got interred with Harry in my car cover. On the drive back to Hollywood, Mickey and I plotted its retrieval. ■

*Coming soon: The Lopsided Merkin*

## Elisabeth Woodburn Fund and ILAB Congress Committee Announce Scholarships to Congress in Philadelphia



The Trustees of the Elisabeth Woodburn Fund are pleased to announce the ABAA is sponsoring five scholarships for ABAA members to attend the ILAB Congress in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania September 9-14, 2006. The scholarships will provide the entire fee for the ILAB Congress, up to \$300 towards travel expenses, and free participation in the ABAA booth at the ILAB Book Fair September 15-17. Travel expenses above \$300, lodging and shipping of books to the book fair will be the responsibility of the recipient. The Woodburn Fund Scholarships are open to full members of the ABAA who have not previously participated in an ILAB Congress and who have not registered for the Philadelphia Congress.

ABAA member recipients of the scholarships may exhibit up to 10 books as part of the ABAA booth at the ILAB Book Fair and participate in setting up, manning and packing up of the ABAA booth with other members during the full three days of the ILAB book fair. Recipients may be asked to write about their ILAB Congress experience for the *ABAA Newsletter*.

The ILAB Congress Committee is pleased to offer five additional scholarships in the amount \$1,000 each to be used toward Congress fees. The ILAB Congress Committee Scholarships are open to non-ABAA ILAB Members who have never participated in an ILAB Congress.

### Requirements for both Scholarships:

Applicants must write a brief essay of approximately 250 words describing why they think they are deserving of the scholarship, and what contributions they will make by attending the Congress. Those who choose to display books in the ABAA Booth at the Book Fair will be required to work in the booth.

Please submit the essay by May 1st either by email to [sbenne@abaa.org](mailto:sbenne@abaa.org), or to ABAA Headquarters at 20 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036. Applications will be reviewed and recipients awarded by the Trustees of the Woodburn Fund and ILAB Congress Committee respectively. Scholarship recipients will be announced by May 15th. All applications except those awarded scholarships will be kept confidential.

# Traisman

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several decades.

## Highlights and Special Features of the Exhibition

A special feature of the exhibition is four specially created room sets emphasizing the importance of the Arts and Crafts home and interior. There will be two British sets—one urban and one rural—one American ‘Craftsman’ room and one Japanese ‘model room’ dating from 1928 and recreated recently with rediscovered objects.

Other highlights include objects by influential British designers such as Voysey, Mackintosh, Ashbee, Morris, and Baillie Scott; a group of Russian objects that have not heretofore been exhibited in the United States; four-meters-wide stained glass doors by California designers Greene and Greene, as well as works by Gustav Stickley and Frank Lloyd Wright; and Japanese objects by craftsmen of the Mingei (Folk Crafts) movement.

## Arts and Crafts: Both a Movement and a Style

Arts and Crafts was both a movement and a style, a reaction to the Industrial Revolution and its machine dominated production. Inspired by John Ruskin and William Morris, the movement promoted the ideals of craftsmanship, individualism, and the integration of art into every day life. The movement challenged the hierarchy of the arts to raise the status of craftsmen, and it also advocated social reform through improved workshop conditions and a simpler way of life. The exhibition illustrates that while handicraft and the simple, country life was the ideal, the movement was also sophisticated, intellectual and urban, with a strong commercial basis and a desire to influence industrial design and manufacture.

International Arts and Crafts explores the influence of Arts and Crafts throughout the decorative arts across all spectrums of society from furniture made for country cottages to highly crafted



## Stained glass doors from the entry hall of the Robert T. Blacker Estate by Charles S. Greene and Henry M. Greene.

silver, glass, textiles and fine art made for houses of the rich.

Promulgating new attitudes toward work, design, and the home, as well as the value placed on the way that things are made, the Arts and Crafts Movement laid the foundations internationally for new approaches to design and lifestyles in the twentieth century.

Each section of the exhibition, which is organized geographically, explores the distinctive characteristics of the Arts and Crafts Movement and the different ways in which its ideas were interpreted as it developed in countries or regions from England to Japan. The movement emerged and flourished in Britain in the 1880s. It then spread to continental Europe and Scandinavia from 1880 to 1914, and to America from 1890 to 1916 before its final manifestation in the Mingei (Folk Crafts) movement in Japan between 1926 and 1945. In Scandinavia, Austria, Russia and Germany, the Arts and Crafts ideology led to a revival of nationalism as craftsmen returned to indigenous materials and native traditions. In America, the movement flourished in the mid-West, upstate New York, Boston, and California.

## Arts and Crafts and the San Francisco Bay Area

For California and the West, the earliest examples of the Arts and Crafts Movement were created in the Bay Area. In San Francisco, the Swedenborgian Church in Pacific Heights was one of the earliest projects realized by a group of artists, architects, and designers in the spirit of the Arts and Crafts ideals.

In 1894 and 1895, artists William Keith and May Curtis Robinson, and architects A. Page Brown, Albert C. Schweinfurth, and Bernard Maybeck collaborated on this church under the inspiration of the Reverend Joseph Worcester. Bernard Maybeck (1862–1957), who started as a drafts-

man on this project, subsequently created over 40 private residences and several public landmarks in the area, some in his singular Gothic style featuring massive carved timbers. His First Church of Christ Scientist, Berkeley, (1910) with its freely inventive design is his masterwork in the Arts and Crafts style.

The Craftsman bungalow was popular all over the West in the period from 1900 through 1920 and came to represent the California lifestyle. These houses built of simple redwood construction are found in many parts of the Bay Area, particularly in the Berkeley Hills. The most elaborate variations are included in the work of the architects Charles and Henry Greene (1868–1957 and 1870–1954). They created the ultimate Arts and Crafts houses, designing every aspect of both the interior and the exterior, from the furniture and textiles to the lighting fixtures. Using the most expensive materials, each detail is beautifully finished to the highest degree of design and craftsmanship. Although their practice was based in Pasadena, they also worked in the Bay Area; their Green Gables estate in Woodside and Thorsen House in Berkeley are two of their most important projects.

Of all the artist craftsmen working in the Bay Area, the metalworker Dirk van Erp (1860–1933) is the most famous. His hand-hammered copper and mica lamps have become synonymous with the whole Arts and Crafts Movement in the United States. The paintings and decorative work of the artists Lucia and Arthur Mathews (1875–1945 and 1860–1945) evoked Cal-

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# Traisman

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ifornia and its landscape. The Mathews's picture frames, lamps, and painted furniture, sold in their Furniture Shop from 1906–1920, were often painted in bright colors with Californian trees, poppies and Arcadian scenes. Pottery, often seen as the most typical product of the Arts and Crafts Movement, was made in the Bay Area at the Arequipa Pottery. Under the direction of the English-born ceramicist

Frederick Hürten Rhead (1880–1942), this pottery was located in a tuberculosis sanatorium in the Marin County town of Fairfax, where its making was offered as an occupation to its women patients. As with the Mathews's work, Arequipa pottery is characterized by decorative motifs often influenced by the natural beauty of California in the form of landscape, trees, and flowers. The factory's signature style resembles the mosaic effects of stained glass. Examples of the work of some of these artists, craftsmen, architects, and

designers can be found on view in the permanent American art collections of the new de Young museum.

*International Arts and Crafts: William Morris to Frank Lloyd Wright* is organized by the V&A, London, and the presentation in San Francisco is generously supported by the San Francisco Auxiliary of the Fine Arts Museums. On view at the de Young in San Francisco 18 March–18 June 2006. For more information, please visit [www.famsf.org](http://www.famsf.org), or call 1-866-912-6326. ■

# Hollis

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exact, attended "Rare Books 101" led by Carol Sandberg of Michael R. Thompson Books, Rachel Weinstein of Heritage Bookshop, and Katie Carter, independent book binder and restorer.

We are going to talk about how the fair changed this year, and remark on some successes and some problems. First of all the incredible work of Lynne Winslow and Winslow Associates as well as that of the book fair committee (Victoria Dailley, Ed Postal, Carol Sandberg, Rachel Weinstein, and chairman Gordon Hollis) made this fair better than we imagined. In addition to "Rare Books 101," ABAA president John Crichton moderated a panel discussion on the rare book trade with Tom Congalton, Michael Ginsberg, Ian Smith and Lou Weinstein on Saturday morning. Early Sunday afternoon, Sal Güereña of the University of California Santa Barbara, Avery Clayton of the Los Angeles African American Historical Museum and Harry Sondheim, a collector of Judaica, talked about collecting materials based on ethnic and cultural backgrounds.

## Changes in the Book fair

With declining attendance, a declining number of exhibitors and almost no press coverage for the 2004 book fair, the book fair committee was faced with making major changes for the 2006 fair if we hoped to be profitable, especially since costs skyrocketed at our new venue, the Century Plaza Hotel.

To offset the declining number of exhibitors at the Los Angeles book fair, we abandoned the premium booth allocation system for an egalitarian system. The premium booth system is one in which a dealer can pay for a premium location at the entrance of the fair or in front or along center in the main aisles. This system caused resentment, marginalization into side rooms and even attrition among some exhibitors for whom the extra several thousand dollars for a premium booth was too great an expense, and it seems, to the book fair Chairman anyway, to be contrary to the spirit of the ABAA by-laws which create book fairs for the equal advancement of all members.

For 2006, we changed to the San Francisco model of booths allocated without preference to location and all sizes dispersed equally throughout the rooms. We added a small (perhaps too small) \$2000 booth that we felt anybody could afford. (The small booths did draw a number of new exhibitors who would not have otherwise come.)

This "equal opportunity" system we adopted, while it did cause some grumbling—most loudly from the exhibitor who demanded a better location because he was a founding member of the ABAA—was accepted overall because it was absolutely fair. Every exhibitor was treated as an equal member of the ILAB no matter how rich or poor he or she happened to be.

To bring new customers to the book fair, we tried to attract the Internet-savvy, young collector by advertising a high-tech, multi-cultural new world of book collecting. We convinced the Autry

National Center to install a museum-quality exhibition on Los Angeles' early immigrant groups and their artifacts; we advertised a special seminar on Sunday entitled *Collecting your Roots* with Hispanic, Black, and Jewish book collectors and experts.

This approach seems to have worked: the book fair was featured on two Network prime-time newscasts Friday and Saturday evening. The TV spot highlighted Laurens Hessenlink of Antiquariat Forum with a Tupac Shakur manuscript, right next to his 17th century *Blaeu Atlas*. The day before the book fair, *The Los Angeles Times* ran a huge, two-page feature story highlighting Rachel Weinstein of Heritage Bookshop talking about her seminar "Rare Books 101," which drew 240 people, most of them potential new collectors. (A selection of press references about the fair appears at the end of this article.)

The biggest problem we encountered was the dealer reaction to ending up in the "less elegant" of the two exhibition rooms. Of the two rooms, one had low ceilings and narrow aisles. The other hall, separated by a lobby, was a Victorian type of ballroom with spacious aisles, high-ceilings, and chandeliers, which provided a very poorly lighted elegance.

A number of dealers were concerned about how different the exhibition rooms were. Rodolphe Chamonal of Librairie Chamonal, Paris (who was located in the ballroom) suggested that placement in the ballroom should be a reward for the long-distance traveler. "I am particularly

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satisfied with the fair organization (and I'd like to remark on the new rooms at the Hyatt. The two rooms are completely different: the one is fantastic; the other horrible. [Une différence de prix pourrait faire une sélection parmi les librairies qui seraient dans la belle salle. D'autre part, je précise que de nombreux libraires font un gros effort pour venir de très loin (Europe-Australie) et il serait peut-être bon d'en tenir compte car ils ont des dépenses supérieures par rapport aux libraires locaux.]”

(The difference in price in the rooms could provide a choice for dealers to be in the better room. It's my view that many booksellers make a great effort to come from far away (Europe, Australia) and it would perhaps be good to realize that their expenditures are greater than local booksellers.) Other dealers felt that the book fair location should be determined by subject specialty with the antiquarian dealers placed in the ballroom and the modern dealers in the room across the hall.

Actually, traffic patterns seem to indicate that more visitors went, not first into the ballroom, but into the low-ceilinged room with bright lights and narrow aisles (and sales certainly were substantial there). The two rooms didn't seem to make much difference to many collectors as both rooms were busy. To Beverly Hills attorney John Schwartz, it was the best L.A. fair he had attended, and he thought this fair had a uniformly high quality about the booths, no matter where they were situated.

We suspect the two-room issue will continue to be debated, since we cannot change the venue in 2008 and have the option to stay at the Century Plaza in 2010. A final perspective on this topic comes from Reed Orenstein of Reed Orenstein Rare Books in New York.: “As the ancient proverb goes, the grass is always greener on the other side of the lobby.”

## New Perspectives

Since we had new participants at the



Reed Orenstein.

fair, we wrote to a few to see what they thought. Reed Orenstein was thrilled with his experience at the fair: Reed notes, “It was a pleasure participating in my first Los Angeles book fair. As it was only my second ABAA fair as a member of the organization, I am limited in my ability to compare it to previous fairs. Nonetheless, I am pleased to report that the fair went exceedingly well for us. Our sales were strong and very steady on Friday, although Saturday and Sunday, while producing a few large sales that made the fair a financial success for us, were, it seemed both very slow, and the (ball)room seemed to lack the energy that had been there at the opening.” Reed also noted that some of the logistics of the fair worked very well. “I found that it was probably the easiest fair that I have ever done. My books were picked up by Caladex and magically appeared in my booth upon my arrival. Those books that [were not sold] arrived back in New York, a full day before the promised delivery date. Set-up was made easy by the management staff who quickly and efficiently dealt with what might have otherwise been a thorny logistics problem.

“The camaraderie was wonderful, the assistance and support I received from ‘old timers’ very much appreciated. And if that weren't enough...the hotel upgraded me to a huge VIP deluxe suite!!!”

Since the Century Plaza hotel was once the “Western White House (of Ronald Reagan)” as well as a favorite with celebrities, the upgraded suites must have been pretty nice.

We asked new dealers from Europe about how they felt at the Los Angeles fair. Jean Francois Letenneur of Librairie Ancienne des Trois Islets, St. Briac Sur Mer, said that he “appreciated the dynamic nature of this 2006 fair: this large gathering joining together more than 200 booksellers of the world was wonderful for the booksellers and the collectors.” He noted that he was particularly

surprised by the number of California bibliophiles of all ages who spoke to him in French and “who asked a raft of questions about where I come from. The story is that St. Briac Sur Mer has been the summer home of the Forbes-Kerry family for more than 50 years and your celebrated senator, John Kerry, has spent his vacations there since childhood. Our mayor is a cousin of Kerry's, which, of course, merited our harassment by several big U.S. television networks during your last elections.” Jean Francois also attended the party at Heritage Bookshop Saturday evening and was very pleased by the camaraderie of his American colleagues. As a new Los Angeles exhibitor, Jean Francois wrote that he was satisfied with the business he could do at the fair and the new customers he could find. “Je pense donc bien être à San Francisco en 2007 et LA à nouveau en 2008!”

Many returning book dealers also did well at the fair. We received a couple of unsolicited comments from Christopher Sokol of Sokol Books, London and Helen Kahn of Helen R. Kahn & Associates, Montreal. Chris, who was stuck in a frigid section of the ballroom, wrote, “Although I had a cold for days, (the Los Angeles book fair) was a HUGE IMPROVEMENT on all previous (L.A.) book fairs. The people who came to this fair were the right people too, that is the ones who could buy a book if they wanted. We did not sell much more than usual but we did pick up a good handful of new private clients and we have not done that in Los Angeles for a while. Reason: you got new people through the doors--not just the same old (if nice) faces.”

Helen wrote, “Just a note to thank you for a superbly-organized book fair. There was not a glitch that we could think of—the committee, the Winslow gang, and the set-up people were friendly, polite and extremely helpful and for all of that we thank you very much. On top of it all, we had a very good Fair!”

## Response from Collectors

All of the collectors we spoke with thought that the Century Plaza was so

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much better than the Los Angeles Marriott at the airport. In terms of getting around the fair, collector Maria Orefice told us that the directory for the fair was very well done and it was easy to find booths. She was particularly impressed with the special exhibits such as the Scripps College Press, the Printing Museum and the Autry Museum's exhibit, "Becoming Southern California: Selections from the Braun Research Library Collection." Maria did not get a chance to go to the seminars as she came on Saturday and she suggested that there should be one seminar on Saturday and one on Sunday. Perhaps also we could have a seminar on a certain area of collecting such as 19th century books. She said, "The informative lectures were so good for people who didn't know about antiquarian books and wanted to learn how to collect, and how to explore the book fair."

David Lundberg, a collector of World

War I materials, found the variety of books wonderful to see and enjoyed the range of books available in literature. He noticed in particular how many European dealers were at the fair and because there could be more materials in his collecting interest from British dealers (as WWI took place in Europe longer than here in the US), he liked seeing books and ephemera from many of our British colleagues. Also, David said that there seemed to be so many bibliophiles talking to dealers, maybe more than in the last fair, and he enjoyed hearing what other people had to say about the books.

## Conclusion

The importance of the Los Angeles Book Fair to both the exhibitor and the collector cannot be over estimated. The post-book fair evaluations by exhibitors indicate that the Century Plaza, while far from perfect, seems to be potentially more attractive than any Los Angeles location since the Ambassador Hotel, which was our home until the late 1980s, when it closed. However, with costs

exceeding \$600,000 for the Century Plaza venue, costs that are largely paid by booth subscription, one fact becomes clear: success in 2008 will be determined by the willingness of exhibitors to return, by word of mouth to attract those dealers whom we have lost over the years, and those who have not exhibited here before. ■

Below is just a selection of what appeared with references to the 39th California International Antiquarian Book Fair. Thanks very much to Roberta Silverman of Rogers & Associates for her work with the media.

CBS 2/KCAL 9 Local News, *The Tomes they are a Changin': Rare Book Fair Opens. February 17, 2006*. Video about the fair that was televised live and is now available on this website:  
[http://cbs2.com/local/local\\_story\\_048185842.html](http://cbs2.com/local/local_story_048185842.html)

Brett Johnson, *Rare Reads: Bibliophiles Hope Hobby Proves Contagious*. Ventura County Star, February 16, 2006. Article on fair and on Daryl and Joan Hill of the Literary Lion:  
[http://www.venturacountystar.com/vcs/lifestyle/article/0,1375,VCS\\_230\\_4470602,00.html](http://www.venturacountystar.com/vcs/lifestyle/article/0,1375,VCS_230_4470602,00.html)

Jennifer Kim, *Ones for the History Books: Collectors of rare volumes are attracted by the authors, artistry, and yes, smell*. Los Angeles Times, February 16, 2006. Calendar, Weekend, E4. Very large feature article on young collectors and dealers appearing at the Los Angeles book fair.  
<http://www.calendarlive.com/books/cl-wkbooks16feb16,0,696476.story?coll=cl-books>

Lewis Segal, *Critics Notebook: Still a Step Ahead*. Los Angeles Times, December 25, 2005. Article about Isadora Duncan collection to appear at the Los Angeles book fair:  
<http://www.calendarlive.com/stage/segal/cl-caisadora25dec25,0,624265.htmlstory?coll=cl-segal>



Photo Credit: Gordon Hollis

Visitors browse the larger of the two rooms at the 39th California International Antiquarian Book Fair in Los Angeles.

# Southeast Chapter Launches Web Site

by Susan Benne with additional reporting from Nina Matheson

The Southeast Chapter, largely through the hard work of Nina Matheson, Sarah Baldwin, and Ed Bomsey, has launched a web site. Since the chapter is geographically so large and diverse, the chapter saw this as an opportunity to equally benefit all members-- placing print ads that would reach all of the areas had been a continuing problem. The web site provides yet another venue and means to advertise the chapter membership.

The idea of a site for the chapter came about after ABAA's revamped website launched, and the Chapter's awareness that WABA (Washington Antiquarian Booksellers Association) had had a functioning website for a couple of years that seemed to be attracting traffic and fostering communication between and among its members. The designer, Patty Johnson, was recommended by another bookseller, and was chosen from a group of candidates by Nina, Ed and Sarah.

Remarking on the site, Nina says, "I think we got a great bargain. I think I

speak for Sarah and Ed in saying that we believe each Chapter should have an individualized website linked to the main ABAA site. Also, that we should look to making it possible for each member's holdings to be searchable from the Chapter sites as well as from the main ABAA site. We are looking forward to enhancements that include publicizing ABAA shows and events in which Chapter members participate."

It is a job well done! Please visit the web site at [www.abaasoutheast.org](http://www.abaasoutheast.org) ■

## Members in the News

Portland antiquarian and rare book dealer Charles Seluzicki has also been a fine press publisher for the last 35 years. He has had the vision to combine writings by great authors including Seamus Heaney, Ted Hughes, Czeslaw Milosz, Katherine Dunn, Charles Simic, and many others, with skillful artists, binders, and printers to produce extraordinary limited edition

books and broadsides. His entire body of creative work, taken from Multnomah County Library's John Wilson Special Collections, along with original manuscripts, correspondence and ephemera from the publisher's personal collection, will be on exhibit for the first time anywhere in Central Library's Collins Gallery.

*Charles Seluzicki: 35 Years as a Fine Press Publisher* on view from April 27-June 19, 2006. Reception: Saturday, April 29, 2006, 2:00-3:30 PM. For more information, contact Jim Carmin, John Wilson Special Collections Librarian, Multnomah County Library, 801 SW 10th Ave., Portland, OR 97205; phone (503) 988-6287; email [jimc@multcolib.org](mailto:jimc@multcolib.org) ■

## ABAA Benevolent Fund & Woodburn Fund

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.

Your help is greatly appreciated.

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



# de Camp

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son to a putative single parent, and once a year Marc became a father, but a Pirate too, [in memory of our Pittsburgh?], and the two threatened many a doorway, for Marc was in charcoal and had a two-foot parrot sewn upon his right shoulder and Aldo's parrot was upon a perch, which he could swing AT you, held by one hand, his other armed perhaps with a cardboard sword, not an ash or maple bat, but holding a sizable bag as well, and Marc's hook held a satchel and they counted their jellybeans home alone and out of sight. Who yet knows their take? Pirates for years after.

In Berkeley, the Schoyers, awkward to put it that way, yoked, could walk downhill five blocks to gourmet ghetto, or across campus to Donnis's favorite Bistro Santa Fe [now gone], or four blocks to the Jacksons, or five blocks to Black Oak, or nine blocks to Moe's,

or for five minutes to the Bancroft, to meet with Bonnie Hardwick or Teresa Salazar or Tony Bliss or Steven Black, or Jack Von Euw, (or any combination of these good specialist librarians) and offer books, or be graced with books. Jeff Carr and Stuart Bennett might visit, or Burton Weiss, or Peter Howard, or John Crichton, John Durham and Mike Pinkus, or from afar, Garrett Scott, or Robert Fraker, or Steve Finer, or David Lesser, for each and all of whom the Schoyers would have books, and what a range of books, from Spanish Studies, or Isabella Bird, Americana, Travel, Federal Writers' Project, (Marc the foremost in the land, here), Food & Wine, Expositions, World's Fairs, Western Americana, California, Mideast, nineteenth century American poetry if it was sufficiently obscure, nineteenth century American religion if it was obscurantist, books inscribed by de Falla, American sheet music if it was particular enough, and water-witchery, because only Marc specialized in books covered by the flooding generality of "water in the West." Once a year, at least, David Sachs

would sidle by, he will continue to do so, with a sliver of this and a two-page that, and fourteen pamphlets, six unrecorded, on a radical religious sect from 1873, of a pipeline to nowhere, a WPA prospectus. Maybe David would stay for tea. Likely he would avoid collision with a coarser sensibility, by timing his call a week in advance. The prices would be beyond fair. Who wishes to please others, these friends, who wishes not to devour?

What is kindness, who cares in the trade, with empathy? Many have been treated at Vino

e Cucina by Marc and Donnis, at the sign of the BIG tomato hanging outside, overhead, threatened by two freeways further above, just steps from Pac Bell / SBC / AT & T soon to be Bonds Park, you know, where the Giants play in the springtime of life, enough steps so the beer-loving fans do not trip that far up Third to slake and dine. Perfect, before or after. Few knew the weights borne by Marc and Donnis in welcoming ILAB / ABAA Fair exhibitors to the Ricky Jay cocktail party an ABAA Fair ago, in offering, selflessly and up close, at V e C, Donnis' favorite belly, not her own, but the tattooed one that shook for Donnis and Marc and their friends shook, rippled, and jelly-rolled. Whom have our couple not introduced to the swirled swordfish carpaccio, antipasto mm! The price was time and anxiety. \$500 [not profits] went to the ABAA Benevolent Fund.

In California NW, each of our friends sought, had time, found time, made time for singular diversions. Marc goes to the Berkeley Y, the most democratic of all American institutions, not too early in the day, and not to swim, but to be aerobic, hardly in parallel form to his wife, who studied Japanese prints, several of the martial arts, including karate and tai chi, and, mercifully, took up yoga. Stuart Teitler still dances at Montero's, Solano and San Pablo, Albany. Latin. Donnis danced, flamenco, and salsa, risked the Mission Clubs of SF, but favored Mister E's and Mister E's on the Spotlight, nearer to home. So, soon Marc danced, salsa anyway, and with his wife. To Pete Escovito's timbale. Concern with Music grew as a passion ripens, Donnis was free to learn Spanish, and to Spain she went three times, her husband twice, together to Granada, so that both concluded they could be together in Spain without business reverses, a conviction that allowed them to plan to return to Spain. In the future. Donnis will not make it back.

Modest success in the book business, a reputation for civility, forthrightness, honesty sometimes all the positive values converge. There is no good luck in the book business. What happened to Donnis



Photo credit: Steven J. Gelberg

Donnis de Camp with her cat, Rossini.

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# de Camp

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and Marc in December 2003 was due to their toiling as booksellers for almost twenty years. An obsessive loner died intestate, the keeper of the Museum of the Ordinary [Common Objects] represented the Alameda County Court and Coroner system of disposals, and the Schoyers had for \$225,000 the best collection of geology, historically considered, the best geo-science collection that the Schoyers were ever going to have. Now, the Schoyers had never glowed in the aura that some dealers think emanates from the temporary possession of a \$60,000 treasure, though one such [Aldrovani, 1599-1667] was suddenly in their possession, nor chosen to surround themselves with fine copies only. Rather, they perceived value where others did not, and laid out research and sought out customers the hard way: distinctive, well-written catalogues. But, Rule Number One: if it is great, buy it. The Melvin Jahn geology books were great, they were acquired, and with reference assistance from master Jackson, Donniss and Marc wrote the entire catalogue themselves, and, determined to respect their own labor, they had the catalogue designed nicely, which means appropriately, by Andrea Latham. There are pictures, but no reproductions of dust jackets in color. Then the Schoyers proceeded to sell the books.

The fact is, however, that Donniss was mortally ill, though the cancer was first diagnosed in May 2003 at level 2C, a height from which a view of hope is permitted. She was profoundly scared and she wanted hugs. They carved out the ovaries, cycles of chemotherapy followed, cycles, cycles. Donniss had been brunette, sometimes a touch of henna, though Donniss was not vain; now she was bald and rightfully beautiful. Pride in self, after all. Booksellers more than some others require pride in self. But Donniss soon had new hair and it was gray, with edges of silver or white, and she kept it short and several found it very pleasing and no one felt the new color foreboding. After 15 months in remis-

sion, the cancer reappeared in December 2004, discovered in a routine CAT scan, the cancer having spread to abdominal lymph nodes and onto the surface of the liver. Chemotherapy in another six rounds was endured, a routine not unlike that which is practiced in California in particular, in execution chambers, except that the degree of finality is more exact, more certain even, in the latter instance. The chemo worked once, for a PET scan in July 2005 could not find the tumor/lesion on the liver. The liver is remarkably resilient after abuse, and here the abuse was laid on by the gods. But cancer in the nodes remained. Further treatment. When the surgeons thought it was time for yet another look, on August 11, 2005, second opinions having been abandoned rather a long time before, surgeons found cancer spread. In December Donniss enjoyed eight visits to the hospital, including a few two-day stays. The twenty-second wedding anniversary was celebrated in San Ramon with sushi. The first day of 2006 brought Donniss home and the second day of 2006 brought her back to San Ramon. Doctors and RNs are dedicated and highly educated, but chemo nurses are saints on earth, and Donniss employed three, Cammie and Cheri and Midge, and all three were in attendance every single time Donniss visited the San Ramon Resort. That would be three times on extended vacation.

Now Donniss was able to enjoy more of the reading she had always relished: Rebecca West and George Eliot, Henry James, Yeats all, again, and she read Buddhist works new to her, and as she was free now from the compulsion to research her own illness on the internet, she could meditate. Irony of ironies, another great library had come upon Marc and Donniss this difficult year, the Frederick Board [senior vice-President of Borden, Inc] library, partnered with Robert Fraker. Odd books, a huge WPA collection, Hergesheimer and Hearn, Manhood, Rhys Davies, Potocki of Mont-talk, [= unsalable authors?.....wrong!], a book from John Dee's library, pop-up books surrounded by a field of childrens' books, four "blow" books, miniatures SO NUMEROUS they were left behind,

and more. A feast. Ironic only in that book sellers are not customarily offered chances of this magnitude to reap such bounty and such pain simultaneously, so intertwined.

No, Donniss was never loud. In a photograph her hair is long, it is dark because the photograph is black and white, but her hair was dark. Her mouth is wide and closed for she read with glasses and her eyebrows are thick and arched and disappear into her dark hair. She sewed a muslin bag once, and buried Rossini in it, her cat, but Rossini had her own name and that was "the beaner" which is what Rossini wanted to be called, but Donniss and Marc knew her also as "the wiener". Donniss holds Rossini in her photograph and after Rossini died and was privately interred Donniss once a week went to the Berkeley Animal Shelter, once a week for at least an hour, and she petted a cat or more than one, and she was dying, not the cats.

On Friday January 6, 2006 Donniss removed to the Bruns House, operated by Hospice and Palliative Care of Contra Costa ([www.hospicecc.org](http://www.hospicecc.org)). The average stay is two days. Recommended, book in advance, but far in advance. The care is superb. Full kitchen, five bedrooms, two RNs, a doctor, lots of morphine, the price is irrelevant.

Twenty-two days, not the house record of twenty-eight. "I did not think life would be this easy," she said. Donniss was but awaiting the new moon of the Chinese New Year. Many visited to say hello. Once Donniss and Marc danced to Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan at the University of California Greek Theatre. Now, Marc danced for Donniss to that rhythmically compelling music, and to her threw one-dollar bills and she carefully gathered each, one by one, in turn, and arranged them square. She was bolt upright and cross-legged and her arms then rose, one and then the other, one to almost an eyebrow and the other rose, bent, to a kiss, and she stayed thus. "I'm going to cross the world in song; that's my special plan right now." Those were Donniss's last words and her new hair was the color of

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# de Camp

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steel. Voci were singing for Donnis when she died.

Marc met Robert Fraker and Ian Jackson at the ABAA Boston Book Fair, 1988. Marc and Donnis met Jeff Maser (ABAA, our youngest member when joining) and his pal Andrea Latham a decade or more later; Jeff and Andrea will share the duplex, moving into the lower half where Marc and Donnis ate and slept together. Marc will move north, but not

so far north, only to the upper half of the duplex, a little further from the sharp declivity in his own driveway, that took his ankle, a presentiment of sorts. Marc was one-legged not long ago. Marc will continue as Marc Selvaggio Bookseller, member of the ABAA. "No one could ever pronounce Schoyer's so I should give them a good Italian name to wrap around."

Donnis will be celebrated privately in a family party in the Spring; honor her if you are able, with contributions in her name.

*Berkeley Animal Shelter* (attn: Amelia

Funghi), 3013 Second Street, Berkeley, CA 94710

*Hospice of Contra Costa Foundation* (attn: Burns House Inpatient Facility), 3470 Buskirk Ave, Pleasant Hill, CA 94523

*Ovarian Cancer National Alliance*, 910 17th Street NW, Suite 413, Washington, DC 20036

*Women for Women International*, 1850 M. Street NW, Suite 1090, Washington, DC 20036

## In Memoriam

*The Editors note the passing of L. Clarice Davis and R.E. Lewis. Obituaries will appear in the next issue.*

### **Diane Peterson Atherton, CA**

Diane Peterson passed away on February 18th at her home in Atherton, California after a long struggle with cancer. She was 73 years old, and is survived by her husband Bill, a retired firefighter. In business as Diane Peterson-Book Lady, she was a member of the ABAA for more than 20 years.

With her white hair, fair skin, and demure demeanor, Diane appeared as every inch a Lady at book fairs. But she was a strong and independent woman, who succeeded on her own terms at a time in the trade when some members of the "old boys club" were still prone to occasional fits of misogyny. She handled heavy wooden cases of books with grit and resolve that any Teamster would respect.

Like many of us in the trade, Diane began as a collector. A former dental-hygienist; she began selling books along side her extensive collection of Royal Doulton China at west-coast antique fairs during the 1970's. Over time, she found that she enjoyed bookselling more. Bill recalls that Diane was one of those, "Who started out with a trunk-full of books and pretty soon had a truck-full."

Diane was a major American dealer in miniature books, and also became well known for her specialization in John Steinbeck and Wallace Stegner. In 1991 and 1992, she published two exceptional catalogs devoted to Steinbeck and Stegner based upon her acquisition of the Alexander Summers and Maurice Dunbar collections.

In the west-coast book trade, Diane may have been most recognizable as the lone driver of 1989 GMC step-van with a roll-up rear door, that had been specially modified by Bill into a rolling rare bookshop. "There is no book dealer," Bill claims proudly, "that could ever compete with us for mechanical convenience."

Diane was the daughter of a U.S. Army doctor, and grew up in Hawaii after World War II. She was an intrepid world traveler, and among her many international journeys, went to Rwanda to observe mountain gorillas and to the Canadian arctic to see polar bears.

"Strong Woman"... "Knew her own mind"... "Flinty"... "Tough Chick"... are some of the phrases that colleagues have employed to describe Diane. All of which under some circumstances are as undeniable as the rap of a gavel: "Guilty as charged!"

I once watched with great admiration as Diane patiently dealt with a loutish and particularly obnoxious customer at a book fair who hammered her relentlessly over the price of a book. After a grueling bout of give-and-take, the sale was finally concluded on terms that were more favor-

able to Diane than to him. As the buyer left her booth, she clasped his hand in both of hers, and with all the sincerity and deference of a preacher's wife, she smiled sweetly, and almost inaudibly, deftly said, "F\*\*\*youverymuch." The poor cluck was completely entranced by her charm, and departed none-the-wiser with a courteous "You're welcome, you're welcome..."

During the last fifteen years of her life, Diane successively faced breast, spinal, and finally brain cancer straight on. "She was indefatigable," observes Jim Pepper. "She maintained and sold quality stock under extreme adversity. I have never known anyone who was more determined than Diane to continue working as a bookseller."

In 1995, Diane was my primary sponsor for admission into the ABAA. There is no one in the trade whose friendship has meant more to me. She was graceful, she was tough, and during that final interval of her life, when illness had depleted her strength but not her will, she was truly heroic. When I last spoke with her on February 10th, she was still planning on exhibiting at the Walter Larsen fair on February 26th.

Diane specified that there be no memorial service for her. Those inclined to celebrate her life are encouraged to donate to the Benevolent Fund.

Sleep well, Dear Friend.

*Roger Gozdecki*

# New Members

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

**David Joseph Brass**, David Brass Rare Books, Inc., 23901 Calabasas Road, Ste. 2074, Calabasas, CA 91302. (818) 222-4103.

**Lee Allen Perron**, Lee Perron Fine Books, 4702 Balsam Street, Santa Rosa, CA 95404. (707) 568-3779.

**Henry G. Taliaferro**, Cohen & Taliaferro LLC, 59 East 54th Street, Suite 62, New York, NY 10022. (212) 751-8135.

For Associate Membership:  
**Susan Gallagher**, The Gallagher Collection, 2102 South Milwaukee Street, Denver, CO 80210.

# Membership Updates

Please note the 2006 ABAA Directory will be available in April.

**Black Sun Books** has a new email address: blksnbks@earthlink.net.

**Columbia Books, Inc.** has a new address: 309 South Providence Road

Columbia, MO 65203.

**Gotham Book Mart** has a new web site: [www.gothambookmart.com](http://www.gothambookmart.com).

**Wonder Books** has a new phone number: (301)694-3547.

# Notice of Expulsion

## Bennett Gilbert Expelled from ABAA

At its meeting in Los Angeles on February 16, 2006, the Board of Governors of the ABAA voted pursuant to the Association's By-Laws (Article 5, Section I, 2) to expel Bennett Gilbert from membership of the ABAA. The expulsion, effective immediately, was the result of Mr. Gilbert's failure to honor the promises he

made to the Association and to his creditors about paying bills which were the subject of complaints to the ABAA Ethics Committee. This announcement has been sent to all recipients of the ABAA "Announce" listserve, and is published in the *ABAA Newsletter*, and it will be sent to the presidents of ILAB member organizations.

# Notice of Censure

## Thomas G. Boss Censured

At its meeting in Los Angeles on February 16, 2006, the Board of Governors of the ABAA voted pursuant to the Association's By-Laws (Article 5, Section I, 2) to censure Thomas G. Boss. This was the result of a formal complaint regarding issues arising from a consignment of books. In determining that Mr. Boss be censured rather than suspended, the

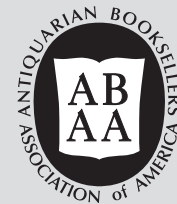
Board considered the recent statements by the complainant that Mr. Boss had agreed to the points of the complaint, and was in the process of making financial and other restitution. This announcement is being sent to all recipients of the ABAA "Announce" listserve, and is published in the *ABAA Newsletter*, and will be sent to the presidents of ILAB member organizations.

**ILAB CONGRESS 2006**  
September 9-14 • Philadelphia  
**ILAB BOOK FAIR**  
September 15-17 • Javits Center, New York City

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

**June 15, 2006**

**Send your contributions to:**  
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**20 West 44th Street**  
**New York, NY 10036**  
**FAX: 212.944.8293**  
**EMAIL: [sbenne@abaa.org](mailto:sbenne@abaa.org)**



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