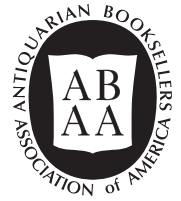




The ABAA NEWSLETTER



VOLUME EIGHTEEN, NUMBER 2 ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SPRING 2007

INSIDE: *Stuart Bennett ponders the ABAA's Search Engine Dilemma.....*PAGE 3



An ascetic hermit meditates at the Shwedegon Temple.

So You Think You're an Appraiser! How the New Rules Affect You

by **Bruce H. Barnett, J. D., LL.M.**
(Taxation)

Appraisals long have been a staple for antiquarian booksellers. After all, appraising books is a natural extension of the bookseller's core activity of pricing inventory. Thus, when collectors express a need for an appraisal for tax or insurance purposes, booksellers believe they can provide that service relatively easily. By doing so, the bookseller may help build a relationship with a new customer or strengthen bonds with an existing one,

and, perhaps makes a little money in the bargain. Certainly many booksellers are reluctant to perform appraisals for a variety of reasons including the time and effort involved, the challenge of charging fees commensurate with the time required, the need to become familiar with the formalities necessary to prepare an appraisal suitable for its intended purpose, and, in some cases, the anxiety associated with unknown risks of a potential future challenge to the appraisal

continued on page 7

Finding The Big Book In Burma Or, A Bookman In Indo-China

by **Peter Howard**

For Kimm

Part One: Cambodia. January 10-17, 2007

The brother almost did not make it. We were never all that close. When he ran the elevator through the ceiling at the Shanghai race course in 1947, I was playing duck pins in the alleys, or stealing money from Mother's purse, as was my pal Tom Tryon, from his mother, to play the slot machines at the enlisted man's club in the inner infield, or trying to hang a cat in the flower arbor this side of the moat, but well within amah's eye. The MP saved a bullet, beat the cat to death with the butt of his .45. We went to different schools mostly, as he was older. In China, in Japan, 1948-1950; back in the old USA, he was bounced around in HS, I was stuck in Towson High, a year ahead of Louis Collins. But we were this close, later, as far from Berkeley as is Petaluma. Kimm's wife died a long time ago, he was mostly free of five children, and had Priyadharshinie as daughter-in-law, from Sri Lanka, living in. Lucky him. I wanted another chance and asked him to come along. He birds all about. But the last time he tried around the world, he got only to Tanzania, from South Africa, when he scraped his leg getting into a

continued on page 9



ILAB Book Fairs

2007

June 7-9

London, UK (ABA)
Olympia Exhibition Centre

September 28-30

Sydney, AUS (ANZAAB)
The State Library of New
South Wales

October 25-27

Amsterdam, The Netherlands
(NVvA)
Passenger Terminal

November 2 & 3

London, UK (ABA)
Old Chelsea Town Hall

November 16-18

Boston, MA (ABAA)
Hynes Convention Center

September 25-27

Stuttgart, Germany
Württembergischer
Kunstverein

2008

February 15-17

Los Angeles, CA (ABAA)
Hyatt Regency Century Plaza

*For a calendar including non-ILAB book
fairs, visit www.abaa.org*

Boston International Antiquarian Book Fair



November 16-18, 2007



The 2007 Boston International Antiquarian Book Fair, one of the oldest and most respected antiquarian book shows in the country, celebrates more than thirty years, from November 16-18, 2007 at Boston's Hynes Convention Center. Rare booksellers and dealers will gather to exhibit and sell rare, collectible, and antiquarian books, modern first editions, manuscripts, autographs, maps, and a plethora of other literary ephemera. Dealers of fine and decorative prints will feature fine prints and drawings.

Hours

Friday 5pm-9pm
Saturday noon-7pm
Sunday noon-5pm

Tickets

Friday: \$15 (good for three days)
Saturday, Sunday: \$8 each day

For more info, visit bostonbookfair.com or call (617) 266-6540.

This Issue's Contributors

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Chasing Phantoms in Cyberspace: The ABAA and the Internet

by **Stuart Bennett**

In my five years on the ABAA Board of Governors, I have talked to many member and non-member booksellers about the Internet, and corresponded with scores of others. A few were Internet experts, either amateur or professional. Most, like me, were not.

Dan Gregory's ABAA Newsletter Article

One of the experts, Dan Gregory, published an article in a recent ABAA Newsletter which offered his perception of Internet problems facing the ABAA, along with some possible solutions. The present, non-expert, article attempts to enlarge on Dan Gregory's comments by articulating both my own views and those I've heard from other members, and by suggesting a couple of basic, underlying dilemmas which the Association is going to have to resolve before it can move forward.

Dan Gregory's article stated that "within the on-line bookselling world the ABAA itself is in the process of becoming marginalized." I disagree. The ABAA as an organization isn't "in the process of becoming marginalized" on the Internet; it has never been anything but marginal. Our home page is functional and links to essential information about the Association, but several individual members' websites show how much more elegant booksellers' Internet presences can be. Our search engine, powered by Rockingstone, is likewise functional, but based on my own comparative lack of sales thereon, I would not rate it as top of the line. Besides, as Dan Gregory says, "Why search www.abaa.org when this other site [e.g. Addall, ABE, Alibris, via-Libri, etc.] has almost all the same copies plus so many more to choose from?"

Stock Exclusivity And Strategic Partnerships

Dan Gregory noted that "in the past decade the two best suggestions to counter

the on-line marginalization of the ABAA have been to pursue stock exclusivity, or to pursue significantly greater visibility through strategic partnerships."

The first, stock exclusivity is an attractive concept at first glance; if we let customers know that the only place they can find ABAA members' most recently-acquired books is on the ABAA website, the website will attract new business. But it would require a substantial number of members to abandon already-established and successful on-line selling strategies, in favor of a longer-term gamble that listing new acquisitions exclusively on an ABAA website will, by making that site more attractive, ultimately bring both individual bookseller and website more business. Our sister organization in Great Britain, the ABA, is promoting the concept, and I wish it every success. But it seems to me that "stock exclusivity" is a one-size-fits-all approach that is probably alien to many, if not most of the small independent traders who make up the ABAA.

The second suggestion, strategic partnerships, is nothing new to the ABAA, whose website at one time was operated by Alibris. More recently, members who follow ABAA affairs will know that I was appointed by the ABAA Board of Governors to respond to a "strategic partnership" overture made to the Association by ABE in November of 2006. The ABE representatives were helpful and encouraging, and were prepared to run the ABAA search engine for us at no charge to the Association, and to allow our members a rebate on ABE commissions taken on books sold as a result of searches originating on the ABAA search page.

Most members' responses to the ABE overture, at least those posted on the ABAA "discuss" list, were negative. Two of the most frequently-given reasons were that a liaison with ABE would further marginalize the ABAA's own Internet presence, and that our members

should not have to pay commissions on the sale of their books through an Internet provider. In other words, most of the postings on the "discuss" list didn't like the idea of a strategic partnership.

In the end I recommended against the ABE liaison, but for an entirely different reason. I believe that the majority of sales of higher-end books on ABE are the result of already-entered "wants" in the ABE system, and ABE was adamant that matches of such wants with ABAA members' uploaded stock would not be routed through the ABAA system or subject to a rebate on ABE commissions. In my view this so vitiated the benefits of the liaison to ABAA members as to remove any aspect of its being a "strategic partnership." Virtually all the financial benefits would have gone to ABE, which would also in the same stroke have compromised one of its on-line competitors, the Rockingstone-operated ABAA search engine.

Dan Gregory's article offered two other "strategic partnership" suggestions which to some members might seem more threatening even than ABE: Amazon and eBay. These two operations are the titans of the Internet; ABE is small fry by comparison. I am not sure, even after talking about it with Dan Gregory, how serious he was, but I suggest – without going into details – that any kind of liaison with either Amazon or eBay would present difficulties compared to which the ABE proposal might start to look rather appealing.

Diverging Opinions On The Internet

The ABAA Internet Committee has the thankless job of trying to improve the status quo, which sometimes feels like chasing phantoms in cyberspace. What makes matters more frustrating is that for a half-century the Association's other major commercial venture – book fairs – has been such a tremendous success. Book fairs have provided both income

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Bennett

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and visibility for the Association and its members, albeit there are many who now say that resting on our laurels is dangerous, and that the world of book fairs is changing in ways to which the ABAA isn't paying attention. But we know we haven't got it right with the Internet. The problem is that we don't seem to know quite what it is we want, let alone how to get it.

Many people, booksellers and others, recognize there is still a lot to learn about what really works on the Internet, both in terms of promulgating information and in terms of selling products. Some booksellers, however, in and out of the ABAA treat the Internet as a bone of contention; it should be a solution, if only it were handled properly (but it never is, especially by the ABAA) to all our book-selling problems. At times the Internet seems to me nothing more, or less, than an ongoing frustration, the death of civility and collegiality.

Consider this sample of some of the opinions I've heard:

- If people knew how much better ABAA members' books were than those of the competition, they'd come to our website to buy them – therefore we've failed to advertise properly.
- If the ABAA allocated enough money to Internet matters, solutions could be found both for the search functions of the site and for directing traffic to it – the ABAA's stinginess has cost its members Internet business.
- If the ABAA allowed non-members to list on its site, the additional subscriptions would provide capital for site/search engine improvements and advertising, and by adding to the quantity of books available to search, provide customers with a better selection (but see the first bullet, above).
- The ABAA shouldn't try to engage its website in selling books at all, because it can never compete with the corporate giants.
- The ABAA should vet offerings on its website to ensure that only

the highest-quality collectible books are offered there.

- The operators of the ABAA search engine should adopt a commission structure to encourage the operator to run a more effective site with better advertising.
- The no-commission-to-sellers basis of the ABAA website is the best thing about it.
- If the site weren't being run out of Europe, but instead were owned and operated by the ABAA itself, it would work better.
- An essential part of what success the ABAA site has is its connection, Rockingstone, with our ILAB colleagues, especially those in Europe.

Many of these suggestions are, of course, contradictory, as are two of those mentioned by Dan Gregory, viz. (a) that the ABAA should seek a commercial partner to handle its search engine; and (b) that the ABAA should never compromise its nature as an association of independent traders by having links with a corporate bookselling website.

A Recurring Fallacy

I have thought a lot about all this, although I don't claim to have any definitive answers. But one fallacy regularly emerges in discussions of the ABAA and the Internet. It's double-edged and goes something like this:

Edge 1: If I have a book and I list it on the Internet, it ought to sell, wherever I list it, if there's someone out there who wants it.

Edge 2: If I list a book on an Internet website and it doesn't sell, the website's a failure.

The fallacy ignores two fairly obvious facts:

- (1) Many Internet buyers don't search all sites, let alone use a metasearch engine like Bookfinder, Addall, or viaLibri. Some buyers don't run regular searches at all, but instead rely on e-mail "wants" reports, a system which is particularly well-established on ABE.
- (2) Plenty of books we list aren't going to sell because nobody who's searching the Internet wants them.

I think I have probably heard most

versions of "where books sell best on the Internet." I can offer one anecdote of my own, which is that in November 2006 I re-subscribed to ABE, uploading the same 350-400 books which I had on the ABAA-ILAB website. During the course of 2006 I had three order/inquiries through the ABAA/ILAB; in the week following my ABE uploads I had ten, and more sales than I had on ABAA/ILAB in the preceding two years combined, from the same listings. A few dealers say they do much better on ABAA/ILAB than elsewhere; one or two swear by Alibris; others say "my own website's really improving." Clearly one size does not fit all.

Here are a few more bullet-points of my own:

- For all that it would like to claim that it offers the best of the best, the ABAA can't control the quality of the books its members offer.
- In any "strategic partnership" negotiations, the ABAA is essentially hamstrung by its inability to deliver any specific numbers, either of subscribers or books. Our members are independent traders who make their own decisions about what to offer for sale, and how and where to market it.
- Even if every member of the ABAA listed all their books on the ABAA website, the number would be unlikely to reach the critical mass needed to make it a "go-to" site.

So where does this leave us? I came to the summer 2006 ABAA Planning Committee meeting thinking it was time for the ABAA to move on from Rockingstone, either with its own proprietary website, or by finding another site operator in collaboration with our ILAB colleagues. I was initially excited by the suggestion that an effective search engine could be got going for less than \$20,000, and wondered whether the ABAA might be able to offer its members their own bookselling database/search engine without imposing either dues increases or monthly fees.

In my excitement, however, I missed

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Bennett

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one very important point. Somebody has to maintain the site, tweaking members' uploads to make sure they respond to searches, answering members' questions, and fixing glitches. Those somebodyies don't work cheap, and they have to charge retainers to cover their allocations of time, whether used or not. Four thousand dollars per month is probably the bare minimum. Therefore a free (or "dues-inclusive") ABAA site won't work without substantial dues increases which would be unfair to members who choose not to use it. And how many members would be willing to pony up an additional monthly subscription for an untried, necessarily-boutique site that would essentially replicate Rockingstone's current ABAA offerings, offerings which are currently augmented and enhanced by the presence of those of our ILAB colleagues? Two hundred subscriptions would be a minimum for viability. I myself would decline to be one of them.

I've already written about the results of the collaboration overture from ABE, and there do not appear to be any further specific "strategic partnership" possibilities in the pipeline. Moreover, there has been a definite upside to the ABAA's and ILAB's publicly-stated consideration of

alternatives to Rockingstone. Over the past few months communications with the Rockingstone site operators have improved, and recommendations for site improvements, both from the ABAA's Internet Committee, and from our European colleagues, are in the process of being implemented.

Where Do We Go From Here?

Does all of this mean that the ABAA should sit back and accept the status quo? I don't think so. One aspect of Internet marketing that has been progressing by leaps and bounds is the way specific search terms can be used to trawl the entire Internet. Many booksellers now report that they have increasing sales specifically attributable to Google searches, and I know from e-mail correspondence that the majority of my occasional customers from the ABAA website found my listings by using a "metasearch" engine, usually Bookfinder or Addall.

An even more sophisticated metasearch engine, viaLibri.net, is operated by one of our own members, Jim Hinck. It may be that one future option for the ABAA website is to add its own "metasearch" which would go beyond the offerings of Bookfinder and Addall, and even viaLibri, by applying specific author, title, date, price, etc. terms to searches of all ABAA members' stock, wherever that stock was listed, including on single-owner, proprietary websites. Such a metasearch could

operate by introducing a new check-box on the current ABAA search page, which would then allow visitors either to search the ABAA/ILAB database exclusively, or that database as part of a combined metasearch.

The ABAA has been used to offering the pre-eminent bricks-and-mortar book fairs in the United States, and perhaps the world. Nowadays, however, with the Internet offering a worldwide virtual book fair, the Association is faced with a dilemma. Renting small physical spaces at a book fair is a service the ABAA handles extremely well, and physical spaces allow individual booksellers much freer rein to present their own idiosyncratic businesses than anything the Association can offer by renting collective space on an Internet site. So why not accept that the best thing the ABAA can do on the Internet is to help prospective customers find members' books wherever they are on the Internet? That way booksellers who'd rather develop their own web spaces are just as well served as those who prefer to be part of large collectives. And the ABAA itself can come to terms with the fact that it does not have to run its own Internet database, anymore than it has to run a bricks-and-mortar bookshop, in order to remain the essential trade organization for antiquarian booksellers in the United States. ■

A Tale of Two Macs: Applied Technology in Bookselling

by Pia Oliver

Given how much has been said about the shortcomings, risks, and failures of technology in the rare book world, I thought a brief note on a book deal that technology created might be in order. This is the tale of the deal made by two Macs, an iSight, iPhoto, iWeb and a Blackberry... Oh yes, and a large group of W. Somerset Maugham photographs.

Ian Kahn, of Lux Mentis, Booksellers, recently acquired an unusual collection

of photographs of W. Somerset Maugham and his family, most taken and annotated by his nephew and biographer, Robin Maugham. A mutual friend of Kahn's suggested that I might have a sophisticated Maugham collector who would be interested in such a collection. After a quick email exchange, we established that I was interested, but Ian began to fret about how best to get a sense of the collection across. Kahn was located in Portland, Maine and I, at Randall House

in Santa Barbara, California.

A few years ago, it would have required packing the collection off, with all the risk and delay that entails: hard work in packing as well as the cost of shipping and insurance, for the customer's review. And, if the collection were turned down for any reason, the re-packaging and return could easily last a few weeks or more.

Ian, having been playing a bit with his

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Oliver

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iSight, a small video camera that works with Macintosh computers, emailed and asked if I had a chat client with video capabilities (e.g. iChat, AIM, Jabber, etc.). As it turns out, I was also Mac-enabled (which should come as no surprise) and agreed to utilize iChat which has both video and audio capability as well as text, of course.

At the time we had agreed upon, we met online and initiated a video chat. For the next hour or so, Ian showed each of the one hundred or so photographs while using the chat function to relay many of the notations from the backs. I, 3,000 miles to the west, took screen shots of each image as they were shown on my monitor, and directed Ian to turn a photograph this way or that. On a Mac it is very easy to take snapshots of anything shown on the screen – and of that item

only – not the entire screen. In relatively short order, I had digital images of every photograph.

I then used iPhoto to crop, size and turn right way up the images I'd had taken from the session. Then I created a photo gallery, a collection of miniature images which could be clicked to show the larger image, and go forward and back on the page. I uploaded these to the company website and created a unique address so the images were only available to someone with the correct web address. This whole process from beginning to finished uploading took about an hour and 45 minutes, and the bulk of that time was spent perusing the photos with Ian.

I then sent a quick email to my client who was traveling in Europe, simply saying, "I think you need to see these," and included a link to the web page with the images. He received the email via BlackBerry, looked at the page and emailed me back that he wanted the collection.

The elapsed time from the video chat

to the photographs being packed up, sold, and shipped, was 24 hours. It was the best and most efficient use of technology to facilitate a sale either of us could remember and we chatted about how much we loved our Apple computers (this is not to say that it wouldn't have worked on PCs, but it would have lacked the aesthetic value and stability).

These days, it seems more common that technology creates distance in transactions. People buy books they have not seen from dealers they have never met. It was a really nice change to use technology to bring the parties and items together. We highly recommend video chatting as a way to examine books and materials from afar...and Apple hardware, because life is too short.

The authors can be contacted via email at Pia@RandallHouseRareBooks.com and Ian@LuxMentis.com

For more information about these products and software, visit mac.com. ■

Rare Book Seminar Returns to Colorado Springs in August

by Rob Rulon-Miller

The 29th Annual Colorado Antiquarian Book Seminar will take place from August 5-10, 2007, immediately following the Rocky Mountain Antiquarian Book and Paper Show at Colorado College, Colorado Springs.

Please visit <http://www.bookseminars.com> for this year's program and schedule. We proudly announce this year's program which includes our Keynote Speaker, Marty Manley, CEO of Alibris and former Under-Secretary of Labor in the Clinton administration; specialty dealer Kevin Johnson, of Royal Books, Baltimore; and, returning as part of the regular faculty: Terry Belanger, 2005 MacArthur Fellow, and founder of Rare Book School, University of Virginia; Chris Volk of Bookfever.com; Dan Gregory, Internet specialist from Between the Covers Rare Books; and Dan De Simone, Curator, Lessing Rosenwald Collection,

Library of Congress.

Other members of the faculty include Tom Congalton of Between the Covers, Haddonfield, NJ; Mary Francis Ciletti, Hooked on Books, Colorado Springs, CO; Mike Ginsberg, Sharon MA; Ed Glaser, Napa, CA; Rob Rulon-Miller, St. Paul, MN; our tax expert Brad Walberg, Denver, CO; and conservator Angela Scott, Washington, DC.

Nearly 30 years ago, Jake Chernofsky (Editor of AB Bookman's Weekly) and others established a week-long seminar in Denver aimed at providing education for persons interested in entering the used/OP/academic/rare book trade. Under various administrative configurations, the Seminar, long well-known and highly respected in the rare book community, has continued to fulfill this function to this day. Given the enormous changes in the antiquarian book world since 1978, the curriculum has changed accordingly,

with increasing emphasis on the realities of bookselling in the electronic age. Over the years more than 2,100 students have graduated from the Seminar, many of whom have gone on to become prominent members of the bookselling community.

This year the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America (ABAA), Alibris, and the Rocky Mountain Antiquarian Booksellers' Association (RMABA) will offer a total of eight scholarships for the Seminar. Applications should be sent to each respective organization by July 1, 2007. Details are available at the Seminar website www.bookseminars.com. ■

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

July 15, 2007

Barnett

continued from front page

results. Nonetheless, most booksellers would undertake a requested appraisal rather than risk losing a customer should another bookseller accept the assignment. This state of affairs has prevailed for decades, i.e., the antiquarian bookseller conducted appraisals, often reluctantly, with little concern about her ability to do so. But, in recent years, Congress has introduced constraints that dramatically change the landscape and in the process has eradicated the choice for some booksellers to decide whether to perform an appraisal; now they'll be prohibited from doing so.

The Need for an Appraisal

Appraisals often are conducted for insurance purposes. Owners want to protect valuable properties against loss but, if lost, they expect compensation for their value. Insurance, of course, provides the platform for that compensation. Both owners and insurers need appraisals. Owners want to know current values to select the appropriate amount of insurance and insurers want evidence of value to confirm that the amount of insurance requested by the insured correlates to the true value of the property. Since insurance is a contract between private parties, the federal government has not intervened by imposing appraisal standards. Owners are free to select an appraiser for their property and, in most cases, the insurer will not object. There are cases, of course, where the insurer will care about the appraiser, and the quality of the appraiser sometimes will be called into question should a claim result in a dispute between the parties.

Support for positions taken on a tax return represents the other common need for an appraisal. Most frequently, appraisals are needed to sustain either a claim for a tax deduction attributable to a noncash contribution to charity or a value claimed on an estate or gift tax return.

Within limits, taxpayers are entitled to an income tax deduction for donations of property to recognized charities. To illus-

trate, a donation of books worth \$100,000 to Chicago's famed Newberry Library allows the donor to claim an income tax deduction on her tax return and thereby save up to \$35,000 in federal taxes and sometimes additional amounts in state taxes. Usually, the higher the value of a charitable donation, the greater the tax benefit to the donor.

By contrast, in the estate and gift tax realm, high value translates into high tax. The reason is that these taxes are imposed directly upon the value of the property and therefore, the greater the value, the greater the tax. To illustrate, assume the books worth \$100,000 are not donated to the Newberry but still are owned by the collector at the time of her death. The federal estate tax on these books could be as high as \$46,000 and there could be additional estate taxes imposed by the states. By way of further illustration, the federal estate tax would be halved to no more than \$23,000 if the books were worth \$50,000. Gift taxes similarly are imposed upon the value of the property transferred and again, the lower the value of the property, the less gift tax due.

Unlike the case of insurance, the federal government has a direct interest in the value of property claimed on tax returns and therefore is increasingly active in setting standards for supporting those values.

2004 Tax Changes

In an earlier, less regulated and perhaps less sophisticated time in our nation's history, the federal government employed a laissez faire attitude towards property valuation, i.e., values could be claimed without any particular support and the parties wrangled only if an IRS audit ensued. Later, the government required values to be supported by appraisals if large enough, and still later, the government dictated the standards to be employed in those appraisals. The growing role of government in this area sprouted from a perceived ongoing pattern of abuse by taxpayers, mostly by overstating the value of property contributed to charities but also by understating the value of property included on estate and gift tax returns. Some of these abuses were

heavily publicized such as the frequent overstatement of values of automobiles contributed to charity that resulted in recent tax law modifications.

The most recent salvos aimed at valuation abuse were fired by the federal government in 2004 and again in 2006. Legislation in those years severely tightened appraisal rules and altered the playing field to such an extent that some former appraisers no longer are able to conduct appraisals for tax purposes.

The American Jobs Creation Act of 2004 introduced new standards for appraisals that, if not followed, deny an income tax deduction for an otherwise perfectly legal and legitimate charitable donation. Adding to an already lengthy list of demands, the 2004 law required an appraiser to either regularly perform appraisals or hold herself out to the general public as an appraiser. Thus, an appraiser whose website advertised her availability to perform appraisals was qualified to conduct them for tax purposes provided she conformed to all other government standards. One such standard required the appraiser to include her credentials in the appraisal. Despite the recent amendments introduced by the 2004 Act, worries about valuation abuse persisted and new requirements were added just two years later.

2006 Tax Changes

The Pension Protection Act of 2006 introduced a host of revisions to the appraisal provisions. That legislation added, for the first time, penalties directed solely at appraisers who substantially misstate the value of appraised property. In brief, the new provisions impose a penalty of up to 125 percent of the compensation received by an appraiser for appraisal services. For example, an appraiser who received \$10,000 for conducting an appraisal may face a penalty of up to \$12,500. The penalty is particularly worrisome given the dynamics of tax audits that oftentimes result in taxpayers conceding some points in exchange for IRS concessions on others. One can easily imagine a taxpayer under

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Barnett

continued from previous page

audit who concedes a valuation issue in exchange for an unrelated issue of greater monetary value. In such a case, the appraiser may face a penalty triggered by the taxpayer's failure to vigorously contest an IRS challenge. Also troubling is the possibility that the appraiser may be barred from future IRS work.

The 2006 Act also increased penalties imposed upon taxpayers for valuation misstatements. These penalties can be as much as 40 percent of the additional tax attributable to valuation misstatements identified via IRS audit. To illustrate, if the value of a charitable contribution of a book collection to charity is found to be \$500,000 after an IRS audit rather than the \$2,000,000 claimed on the income tax return, the valuation penalty imposed upon the donor would be roughly \$210,000 (adjustment of charitable deduction equals \$1,500,000 x 35% tax rate = \$525,000 of additional tax x 40% penalty = \$210,000).

Aside from new and increased penalty provisions, the 2006 Act introduced a host of new standards applicable both to the appraisal and the appraiser. One unprecedented new appraisal provision mandates the use of "generally accepted appraisal standards (GAAS)." While GAAS is not defined, an example provided by the IRS can be found in the Uniform Standards of Professional Appraisal Practice that were developed by the Appraisal Standards Board of the Appraisal Foundation. Those Standards can be reviewed on the internet at www.appraisalfoundation.org. Additional new appraisal requirements will be detailed in future regulations to be issued by the IRS.

To be acceptable to the IRS, appraisals must be performed by "qualified appraisers." The 2006 Act severely curtails the universe of qualified appraisers by introducing new mandatory criteria. These new requirements were intended to reduce valuation abuse and while certain to do so, have the unintended consequence of dropping many competent

antiquarian booksellers from the ranks of qualified appraisers and preventing most new booksellers from ever achieving that status. These requirements are spelled out at two levels that I call the initial threshold and the secondary threshold.

The initial threshold is intended to ensure that the appraiser possesses the basic credentials to perform appraisals acceptable to the IRS. One new requirement is that the appraiser must either have been designated as a qualified appraiser by a recognized appraiser organization or meet minimum education and experience requirements. Another is that an appraiser must regularly conduct appraisals for pay. Additionally, the individual will have to satisfy other requirements that will be spelled out in future IRS regulations.

Even if the initial threshold requirements are met, the new rules establish secondary threshold tests to ensure that the appraiser is competent to value property of the type included in a specific appraisal. One of these secondary threshold tests is that the appraiser must not have been barred from practicing before the IRS for the preceding three years. Another is that the appraiser must be able to demonstrate verifiable education and experience in valuing the type of property that is the subject of the appraisal.

Some initial and secondary threshold requirements pose difficult challenges for the antiquarian bookseller considering undertaking an appraisal. For example, most antiquarian booksellers cannot satisfy the initial threshold requirement of having been designated by a recognized appraisal organization as a qualified appraiser. Fortunately, this failure should easily be overcome via reliance upon the alternative education and experience test that ABAA members, in all likelihood, should be able to satisfy.

A more troublesome initial threshold requirement is that the appraiser must regularly conduct appraisals for pay. Recall that the 2004 Act allowed qualified appraisers either to regularly perform appraisals or to hold themselves out to the public as appraisers. By dropping this latter standard, the 2006 Act makes it far more difficult for appraisers to qualify. To date, no guidance has been provided

by the IRS in defining regularly but if it eventually comes to mean frequently, e.g., at least monthly, most booksellers will struggle to satisfy that critically important test. As matters now stand, those who cannot satisfy the requirement of regularly performing appraisals for pay simply will not be considered qualified appraisers and therefore will be unable to submit appraisals acceptable to the IRS.

New booksellers will face particularly onerous obstacles in becoming qualified appraisers. Taxpayers needing a tax appraisal will not employ a new bookseller since she will not be a qualified appraiser and yet she will be unable to qualify for failure to regularly conduct appraisals for pay. Only bold action by the IRS can repair this anti-competitive "Catch 22" and new legislation ultimately may be the only way to undo this tragic inequity.

Since few antiquarian booksellers have been barred from practicing before the IRS, the only secondary threshold test of concern is demonstrating that the bookseller has verifiable education and experience in valuing the type of property that is the subject of the appraisal. Again, however, many uncertainties surround the meaning of these terms.

Notice 2006-96

In an effort to provide guidance until new regulations further explaining the new 2006 Act standards are published, the IRS issued Notice 2006-96 in November of 2006. This Notice generally is appraiser friendly by resolving a number of concerns in favor of the appraiser. For example, an appraisal is deemed to be qualified and therefore acceptable to the IRS simply by satisfying the following requirements: conforming to GAAS, complying with pre-existing appraisal requirements and being performed by a qualified appraiser.

Also liberally treated is the secondary threshold test of relevant education and experience that, according to Notice 2006-96, is satisfied so long as the appraiser claims to be qualified and supports that claim by including in the appraisal a description of her background,

continued on next page

Barnett

continued from previous page

education, experience and membership in professional level organizations. It seems a safe bet that membership in the ABAA would go a long way to establishing the requisite credentials.

More difficult under Notice 2006-96 are the initial threshold education and experience requirements. To satisfy these tests, an appraiser must have at least two years experience in buying, selling or valuing property. The vast majority of ABAA members pass this test. But, Notice 2006-96 also requires the appraiser to have successfully completed relevant college or professional level coursework. Additional IRS guidance is required to interpret this test. For example, it seems obvious that a bookseller specializing in English modern first editions would pass the relevant education test if she majored in English literature in college. But, what if that bookseller's specialty was English history or American poetry? And while a college American history major

seemingly would qualify to appraise Americana, is she qualified to appraise global voyages and travels, the history of science or architecture? These examples are intended to highlight some of the difficulties appraisers face until more definitive guidance comes from the IRS.

Finally, Notice 2006-96 provides no additional guidance to help appraisers determine whether they pass the initial threshold test of regularly appraising for pay. I have submitted comments to the IRS proposing that regularly be defined by the norms within a particular industry. Thus, for example, perhaps real estate appraisers conduct two appraisals per week whereas antiquarian book appraisers conduct one every two years. My proposal would cause the IRS to define regularly as two per week in the real estate industry and one every two years in the antiquarian book trade. Time will tell whether the IRS is receptive to this proposal. If not and if the IRS cannot craft another way for legitimate appraisers to meet this criterion, new legislation may be necessary to overturn this unintentionally harsh result. Whether lawmakers would be

willing to invest the time and effort to do so is questionable.

Conclusion

The standards for tax appraisals have substantially increased over the years. Revisions in 2004 were the most rigorous to date and even those pale in comparison to the 2006 amendments that added new and enhanced penalties for valuation misstatements and carved back the universe of appraisers qualified to perform appraisals for tax return use. In light of these new strictures, it is important that antiquarian booksellers understand both their increased penalty exposure and the new appraisal standards to ascertain whether they even are qualified to conduct tax appraisals. Many issues remain unanswered and only time and additional IRS guidance will clear the uncertainty. While much material has been discussed above, this is a complicated and evolving area and much has not been addressed. Therefore, when considering conducting a tax appraisal, a bookseller should speak with her tax advisor. ■

Howard

continued from front page

boat. Thereafter he rode the Silk Road. But of late, diabetes, diverticulitis and a large blood clot on the kidney (by-product of stone blasting, too often) had sent him straight down, shortly before the trip. But he came. If I did not walk with him, I walked behind. Aging deserves a brother.

He stumbled in Siem Reap getting into the tour bus, three days from home. I must tell these stories backwards, following the only thread I left behind. Just a simple cut in the shin, but the skin was thin and tore, and the open flesh was 6" x 3" x 3" and the instant hematoma below was purple in color, and threatened to burst through, like an over-ripe plum, and I had promised two of his kids he would get back safe. I had trouble breaking the iodine vial. The hospital had just closed, forever. But like hotels in Vegas and hotels new and underway on

the boulevard to Angkor, a new hospital had opened two days before, just down the road, the Royal Angkor International Hospital, the first Indochina regional hospital, with Diagnostic Imaging Service, CT scans, x-ray, ultrasonography, laboratory, blood bank, surgical operation services, delivery rooms, nursery, intensive care unit, orthopaedic surgery, dermatology, vaccination, immunization, and dental. "Interpreters available for English, French, German, Japanese, Khmer, Korean, Mandarin, Thai, etc." For a price. Peasants referred elsewhere. Seven nurses rushed the car, wheeled him into the cubicle, all in white in sensible shoes, with fancy caps. All the nurses were marshaled by a fierce woman in mufti, jeans. She also was responsible for all credit card transactions. We were out in two hours. The lady in a lilac pleated skirt with broad white hem had sewed him up, subcutaneous stitches and butterfly sutures. She was a Thai surgeon. For \$360. The change of bandage the

next day was another \$70, and the repairs have held. He got the business treatment on the return flight. As my brother left his cubicle a woman with a broken leg took his bed. She had been working on the new wing, not finished. The hospital brochure, photocopies available from me upon request.

The brother never missed the Wat, though he did not climb it. The last ascent is a bit difficult for the elderly; the descent is intimidating, for one in a line of seventy-five, none of whom can make a false step. We took a tuk-tuk and managed the naga entrance, and one circumambulation of the carved sandstone, the endless though often interrupted eternal battles, king upon king, armies vs unremembered armies, a Hindu triumphant celebration; Suryavarman II earned his merits, perhaps, and it required 80,000 souls to maintain it, after it was built, and the economics of the endeavor

continued on next page

Howard

continued from previous page

destroyed the immediate future of the civilization which built it, as had occurred in Borobudur. Gauguin carried a postcard picture of Borobudur in his pocket. Cecile Pineda imagined the life of just one carver of some of those 100,000 Buddhas, in FRIEZE, not knowing of Gauguin. Gauguin and Pineda similarly inspired to further art, Pineda to explore metaphors for the art of creating. Angkor Wat is the largest temple in the world, perfectly proportioned. The moat is four miles in circumference, six hundred feet wide, clean again. Once a reservoir, a fish farm also? An ocean around, to be forded, spiritually and physically. For the moat had massive stone steps on both sides, all the way down, all the way up, and around. But then the water table may have shifted. Go before dawn.

I preferred [had I been forced to choose] the Bayon in Angkor Thom which my brother missed. The nagas churning are almost entirely intact. The mural remembers men and woman; ordinary life. The king remembered himself, his huge face on all four sides of each tower, he is compassion, he says. Hinduism struck down the Buddhas and the Khmer Rouge finished them off with bullets, as some may do in California. But for one statue that had fallen face first for centuries. It was the Buddha, undefiled, a proof of original intentions.

So, two murals, two books of stories which cannot be bought in print. No annotated complete facsimiles of the Bayon and Wat murals have ever been published. The colors, lacquer and gold, red, green, black base, silver and gilding all are gone. The week's pass into Angkor is \$60 per person. Seventy years ago the French experimented with anastylosis. An army of native artists were trained in traditional carving. Not a single one ever practiced the craft after the departure of the French. All but two were slaughtered by the Khmer Rouge.

But there were a few published works about, in the antechambers of sacred

places, usually in the hands of children, peasant children, everything a dollar, or two. Mister, please. All would talk in English, each was in school, just not this afternoon, the schools we passed on the road were full, bubbling, uniformed kids, white above, dark below. The trays of gray marbles by the dusty roadway full as we passed, half empty upon our return. We stopped, curious. They were small bivalves, nicely heated all day long, for the kids one or two after school, like this our driver showed, crushing one and popping it into his mouth. The lady on the bike had a quarter pound in a plastic sack, for supper soup. Plastic sacks are discarded everywhere. That which cannot be reused. Only. We all talked at the baby boy at the back of her bike. He was naked and wore wrap-around dark glasses. He was between one and two. He gripped lightly with his big toe and second toe, right foot, the stanchion to his mother's seat. He did not reply. He was sound asleep and would remain so. There are no tricycles in Cambodia.

It soon became evident to me that I was on a trip to see the architecture of the Khmer Kingdoms, Theravada Buddhism affected by the reintroduction of Hindu gods, especially Shiva and Vishnu, in three countries, flourishing from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries, only to be surrounded by and touched by the children of the present, for whom the past was not necessarily instructive or enlightening, in the positive sense. In Cambodia: 14,000,000 land mines designed not to kill, but to maim, 2,000,000 from the United States, 5,000,000 yet to be found. Between 1975 and 1980 the Khmer Rouge eradicated half of their own peoples. Our first native guide as a child lost his parents, hid in the dirt; our second native guide, an expert on Angkor, was conscripted. Blind and maimed musicians in small ensembles line most paths to temples, passive, but playing. Schools do train the maimed for three years, where some younger people learn to carve stone or wood, or weave, or lacquer. The deaf and dumb girls, doomed by inadequate pre-natal care for their mothers, victims of German measles, sign only [?] to each other. They do not go to

the river in whose bed are carved a thousand lingas. After three years of re-education, the injured are on their own. Yes we saw traditional puppets and a young couple whose hands danced with fingers curved backward so extremely that we knew they had practiced ever since they modeled for the Khmer stone masons.

No, we did not ride the hotel herd of elephants about Angkor. But along the road was a tent with a handful of boys hammering ox hides into puppets and wall hangings for Americans, including a mermaid for me, her ancient meanings to be considered. Behind a sheet three gave a shrieking performance, and knockout blows were timely. If only the French lady had not admired prospective purchases by holding them up in front of the screen for the contrast, obliterating the nascent art behind. I skipped the torture museum. George Mark, the architect of hospitals in Puerto Rico, went alone. He was our oldest and liveliest companion, at 76, three years older than my brother, and he was born in Poland in 1929. His original surname was not Mark. He and his mother survived, left Poland in 1947. A book acquired, *Children of Cambodia's Killing Fields/Memoirs by Survivors* (Thai and Indochina edition, 1997, reprinting the Yale original), everywhere available from the hands of children. I have not yet summoned strength of mind to open it.

We had driven nine hours, with stops for the seventh century Sambor Prei Kuk and its octagonal brick towers, one hundred foot interior corbeled, arched interiors, carved brick external ornamentation. The Nandi temple had collapsed only last August. Once entirely driven out of the city by the Khmer Rouge, 1,500,000 citizens, all on bikes, motorbikes, motorcycles, or in private buses, all moving at once, dodging each other successfully. No more than five to a motorcycle, certainly no fewer than 40 to a private bus, which was the equivalent of our long wheelbase pick-up truck, with a roof. The roof will hold a lot of goods and people. A vision for the diary: three large pigs on their backs on the rear of

continued on next page

Howard

continued from previous page

a motorscooter. Not those pigs I hoped. Indeed, not. We passed a caravan of pigs thus trussed, bound like us for our hotel? Were they dead or alive? In 1980 there was no one in Phnom Penh. We camped beside the banks of the Mekong, in luxury, as in luxury we would be at the Angkor Village hotel. Alison remembers our room with a high peaked woven bamboo ceiling, canopied beds, French doors to the lanai overlooking the pool, antique furniture and wide teak plank floors. Tropical gardens surrounded us, wooden pathways over still water.

The markets of Cambodia are not up to code, anyone's code. Small businesses are packed in tight circumstances, under low roofs. Imagine New York City's diamond merchants sitting on top of their merchandise, their spaces halved, their goods quadrupled. From the markets came *Ceremonies des Douze Mois/Fêtes Annuelles Cambodgiennes*, second edition (Phnom-Penh, 1950). The original was published in 1925. And *Vorvong et Saurivong*, number 5 in the series *Culture et Civilisation Khmers*, Institut Boudhique, 1971. But I could not find a map of Cambodia printed before WWII. Actually the best books I scouted were in a locked book case in the Siem Reap hotel, for reading, not for sale. Very nice early scholarly works. Two shelves. The infrastructure of metropolitan Cambodia will not readily sustain the onslaught of tourists and foreign investors. And though there are still 260+ species of fish in the Mekong, 60+ commercially harvested, crocodiles are no longer readily found, whereas they had been worshiped, feared, carved and sacrificed centuries before, by the Khmers.

Part Two: Laos. January 8-9, 2007.

Crossing borders has become more difficult these days; prohibitive one might say, in some instances. One's identity is challenged. Consequently, it was with a sense of bookish surrealism that our group walked into Laos at the Mek Pass, after a bus ride of two days straight across Thailand, from the

Novotel Suvarnabhumi Airport Hotel in Bangkok, toward the little market town of Pakse. The gross national product of Thailand had never been a preoccupation, but we knew it as a substantial multiple of Burma's, simply from the industry of the highway sides. One bus was too big for Laos however, or not allowed to cross for political reasons, so we unloaded and walked toward a low building with darkened windows, about which we would sit or pace, as the new guide would represent our passports to unseen civil servants. Dust and dirt replaced asphalt and concrete; children were diminished in number, intensity was drained from the atmosphere, we were at no site, and the toilets were nowhere in sight. Never had any of the buses a toilet. Those of us most uncomfortable were directed to a small grocery across the path, the counter person oblivious to what had to have been a daily stream. Laos, with its historical configuration of hundreds of tribals unified only by the French, did not, as did not Cambodia, celebrate French Colonialism. But the wine rack provided Pom-mard 1995 and the printed instructions in English to "keep" instead of "drink now", the latter of which every other vintage deserved. \$40. I bought a bottle to give to our senior lecturer Richard Cooler at the farewell dinner. Fresh baguettes and birds at every stand on every road we drove upon in Laos, our group now split between two, smaller buses.

The highway to Laos had been only moderately productive, in the scouting sense. At a modest open air lunch restaurant I had noticed on the wall behind the proprietor's cash and containment cubicle, blue tinted photographs of the Thai king and family, elaborately framed, glazed, ca 1910. As the youngest person in the photographs was the current King, widely celebrated in billboards, and His Highness was possibly above the levels of corruption in Thailand, which levels were fracturing even as we were passing through, the Prime Minister in big trouble, a junta having seized some controls - I thought at least I'd ask. Each photo was \$10, sans frame, persuasion not required. It was a pity they both were left behind at the Laos border, at the rear

of the bus, where I sat habitually for the leg room, mistaken for trash among newspapers and forgotten by the Howards. I imagine them in retrospect to be copy prints or half-tones, to assuage my grief, and in subsequent contemplation, imagine further, that they were intentionally placed and replaced, as a minor, but renewable source of income for the luncheon hosts, not unlike those song birds sold to tourists and the devout alike, at almost every temple in Indochina, to be released by the buyer, to whom Buddhist merit would accrue, he not realizing the bird was trained to fly directly home to his master, to repeat the metaphor of freedom, tomorrow.

Distinct from our exploration of Wats in Pakse and Vientiane, one filled with more than 2,000 silver and ceramic Buddhas, was a visit to the silk works of Carol Cassidy, who in 1989 reintroduced silk weaving successfully, in the marketing and aesthetic senses, in partnership with Laotian officialdom. Here some 40 native artisans of both sexes, carefully trained, weave the most complex of textiles, in several distinct manners. There were at least 15 looms in constant motion, often two weavers to a loom complexly wedged, spinners, dyers making brocades, ikat and other fabrics. The commercial structure was westernized, no haggling, and a feeding frenzy ensued among our group. Most pleasing for me were 10 large sheets of handmade mulberry paper, normally used to wrap purchases, but a gift to me, to be somehow utilized in a book seller's way in the future; I had purchased three necklaces (localized consignments, local artistry) for my employees, it is true. Yet another cottage industry the string of recollections lengthens was a lacquerware shop, where men, women and children painted, gilded, engraved; in another room lathe-work on the most primitive of machines, requiring both feet and both hands for a single turner to supply materiel for the rest of the shop; while in a corner bamboo was split, and horse-hair wound, one hair at a time: for lacquering and gilt, a single cup. Just previously we had

continued on next page

Howard

continued from previous page

visited a small Burmese village, at one end of which was a compound where only alms bowls for monks were hammered into round from flat metal, shaped, lacquered, polished, wrapped and packed for transport, by mammal, bike and truck, six steps to produce the simplest bowl. It was a perfect hive.

Part Three: Thailand. January 6-7, 2007

Our initial touchdown in Thailand allowed simply for a transfer, same hour, from Los Angeles on a delayed flight, into a bus, across the tarmac, onto another bus to the Burma-bound plane which had been held up forcefully, by our in-house tour guide Kirsten. The next touch was upon our return from Burma, heading for Laos, with an overnight at the airport hotel, shining, shimmering marble floors, as many employees as guests, the one group in constant deferential or respectful bows. Where I had my fourth massage of the trip – Thai massage, Thai masseuse. We simply took to the highway, driving east to Korat and the “ancient Khmer-style ruins of Phimai. Apart from Angkor Wat in Cambodia, the Khmer sites of this region are the best representatives of this distinct period. Built between 986 and 1001 AD, Phimai is one of the oldest and best-preserved temples of this area.”

We had seen dozens of temples by now, always challenged by the distinctions of a particular place: form of architecture, lay-out and design, function, metaphoric content, masonry; collisions of Hindu, Mahayana and Theravada Buddhist belief systems. Always surrounded by children living in present time, their degree of devotion obscured for us by poverty. Most sites were protected, remaining in a state of arrested decay after the periods of restoration sustained by the French or local government. All were clean and all tourists shared access with devotees from everywhere, and the occasional old monk or guardian, who invariably enforced decorum.

Was it here I bought the only two [?] copies in stock of *Siam in Trade and War/ Royal Maps of the Nineteenth Century* (River Books, 2006)? A scholarly essay with color reproductions of “seventeen hand-drawn and hand-coloured cotton map rolls” which record cartographically “Siamese warfare and trade during the first three reigns of the Bangkok period (1782-1851).” Prior to the recent (1995) discovery of these maps, there were but two early, non-cosmological maps indigenous to Thailand known to exist. A few postcards in hand jog my memory of the grand plans, the corbeled architecture here, mastered to an even greater degree in Angkor; the many naga bridges to sacred centers, the lintels where were carved the most diverse of representations, courtyards, reservoirs, moats, even the crumbled buildings whose functions remain obscure: library, dressing room; charnel house?

A string of lesser temples, or more remote ones, led us to Ubon, a modest accommodation for once, and the border crossing. We had all looked into a market or two, the commercial nerve centers of smaller cities in Indo-China. For nail clippers, for betel nut, lime and leaf poultices, fresh meat or fish, for other ways of living.

Part Four: Burma (now Myanmar). December 29, 2006-January 5, 2007

An undulant wave of young girls, each with a broom whisk, swept the Rangoon (now Yangon) airport waiting room, barely 50' square, to and fro they eased, back and forth, continuously, perhaps whispering, heads covered, again and again and again. Their faces painted. Thanaka, the ground bark of *Murraya paniculata* in a bit of water. Sweeping perhaps for a penny, perhaps for merit, but not, seemingly, in retrospect, like the young girls sweeping for beauty at larger temples, on the day of the week each was born, when there was matter for sweeping. As at the Shwedagon Temple, the largest in Burma, an 80 carat diamond on top, with a miniature rail car rising with further gold leaf to add to surfaces, a small gift of the pious. Devotion does not confine taste under large circumstances, so the halos

could be neon. Strike a bell, pour water upon his head; in a worshipful pose, one had feet away from the Buddha, as far as possible. We were among families, worshipers, social gatherings, and a hermit, insular, isolated, in the middle of all, internalized, absolutely alone, in his many belongings.

The Botahtaung Pagoda also in Rangoon was first built 2,500 years ago, enshrining hairs of the Buddha, and other relics, which miraculously increased in number over time. The structure was demolished by Allied bombing, but has been rebuilt, and its History, by the Venerable Bhanddanta Pannasami Bonpyan Sayadaw, was translated by the Harvard graduate U Sao Htun Hmat Win, 1971. I notice page 290 is canceled: section 560, which concerns the “Quartz Apex as Diamond Bud,” weight 2 viss [= 6 pounds, sixteen ounces], 15 inches in circumference, suggesting a change, but in what?

We had in the local papers news of Schwarzenegger’s “surgery,” military gatherings and a proposed consitution, in English, filling the party paper. We never saw a soldier or a weapon in Burma. The Governor’s Residence Hotel was the first of an unbroken succession of accommodations each of which retained a whiff of colonial comforts. As our first week was dedicated to Burma’s Khmer heritage, and to the quotidian life, the impressions of those days remain the strongest. Detailing each lecture point, each structure examined, is unrewarding here. Some 13 air hops in three weeks, early risings, fatigue (but not illness) take an inevitable toll. At every site the buzz of mendicants, mostly persistent children, none without the capacity to stop for a moment to speak personally, if asked. But commercialism fell away the nearer one stepped, barefoot, to the central figures. We were in Mandalay the next day, a few dozen yards away from a magnificent mile-square moat surrounding, once, the royal abode, now the government, but the government was in removal to some distant compound, taking a high percentage of the country’s electricity. The moated area was simply in purposeless disuse.

continued on next page

Howard

continued from previous page

Mirroring a later image, the Mandalay International Airport parking lot utterly empty of automobiles, buses, trucks, taxis, junta staff cars, tanks and other armored vehicles. Just.....empty.

How do people get on? One street artist sat with a bottle of India ink, glossy paper sheets (7" x 11"), a small brush and an American safety razor blade. He created in fifteen minutes any particular Burmese landscape we might happen upon and did: a boat up the river by trees and pagodas, birds above; the lake bridge we walked upon, to an island; oxen and water buffalo at toil. I was astonished, and the more astonished to encounter in another village the same art, original, but simpler, post card size. Commonplace, I realized, ubiquitous, airport art. But I never saw such a third time. Then four boys, at 14, in a brief row, a rail at their backs, 9 lb mauls direct from above their heads, flailing downward repeatedly upon a cushioned inch of gold leaf, secured between rings of leather and a bamboo paper embrace ("the paper that makes gold grow"). At King Galon, U Ohn Maung + Daw Aye Aye Myint, No. 143, 36 Street, Bet; 77 & 78 Street/Myet Parr Yart, Mandalay. A twenty minute clepsydra drains for each hammering period, as each boy would flatten the first inch into a larger piece, which then was divided into sixths. Each sixth was then flattened further, to be divided into fourths. The twenty-four were pounded into ninety-six, each trimmed to a perfect 2" x 2" and packaged. Only a five hour work day for each boy, at good wages. The bamboo paper, specially made (by women), after maturation over three years, enveloped the leaves of gold. Typically, one leaf of gold at a time went, from the hands of men only, onto the Mahamyatmuni Buddha image at Mandalays Maha-muni Pagoda. His face is washed daily and his body is goldenly misshapen. The Irrawaddy is panned, still, successfully, at a dollar a day.

Our hotel, again, was as a tropical square, water below, cocktails at 4:30,

light skinned Cambodian rock band at night, deafening, on a platform on top of the swimming pool, singing American songs. The billboards were for cigarettes, free pool-side. It was our New Year's Eve; Burma's is April 17. One of our group wanted a picture of all the hangers-on circling the whole party, cab drivers and irrelevant hotel staff and the friends of hotel staff, those not invited to the party, so she jumped in front of our dining table, wanting us for the fore-ground, in contrast, for her photograph. End of party. We retired at 10.

No rational traveler after visiting Indo-China's teeming capitals, in motion unchecked by civil law, or any village, five children to a family, though two is now a desired number, could conclude Indo-China is underpopulated, but so it is now, and historically. The Burmese in particular do not wish to be alone. All touch, are clasped, unlike in Tibet; someone is always at home in a village. And we watched, for their second meal of the day, at Amarapura Mahagandhayon, Burma's largest monastery, 600 monks walk silently to their meal among natives, tourists, their cameras. Here too a small book, the Ten Rules/Aims: first to have a good heart, to follow the code; to be healthy, clean, tidy in dress, clever in conduct and speaking, composed in walking, to obey rules, and last in importance, but a condition nonetheless, "to be literate (or to succeed in examinations) the tenth necessity." We bused, and then ferried to Ava, sharing space with bicycles and a gentle heifer, Ava an ancient capital, now a school for village kids and novitiates both. A turn of the head finds bamboo thatch manufactory, there the alms-bowl collective.

Another outing from Bagan was past Mt. Popa's sanctuaries, 4,980 feet up from the sea, but only 770 tall bare stone steps up from our roadway, past the permanent inhabitants, monkeys, who choose not to climb too high. We were rigorously discouraged by our lecturer, for whom one ascent in the past, barefoot as required, was sufficient, and he did discourage everyone but us, so Moe, our Burmese guide, had to attend. In a hundred steps we came upon a landing where

a formal Mon [?] ceremony to please the nats was in progress, two heavily costumed dancers, three musicians playing five instruments, and a crowd of Burmese. Our virtue rewarded. Alison glided to the top, but I struggled and stumbled, fell, only to be helped along, up, even as an old Japanese couple were borne down, each in a hammock, each with two bearers, two to a pole. It would be a week home in Berkeley before I could again see blood vessels and tendons in my feet. Sweepers every ten steps, would accept a dollar. A mass of shrines on top and 360 degrees of oversight, nat, Mon, Buddhist and Hindu influences side by side, or partly merged; gay couples also aloft. It was a delegated haven, this cylindrical volcano (last eruption: 442 BCE).

The world's largest [90 tons] sounding bell is up the Irrawaddy, at Mingun, next to King Bodawpaya's folly, a zedi too huge and unsound to complete; lead beams were unwise. Now the visual opportunities multiplied geometrically, for we were in Bagan (1057-1280), a rival to Angkor truly, for after seven centuries 2,270 temples, pagodas and shrines mostly remain standing (some are reduced to mounds), of 13,000 built, within the arm of a turning river. For particulars, the reader must risk the venture. But a single book suggests parameters: Inventory of Ancient Monuments in Bagan, Volume One (Union of Myanmar, Department of Archaeology, Ministry of Culture, 1998), English translation by Dr. Khin Maung Nyunt, one of 3,000 copies. I could find only one copy. In 218 pp, conjectural and architectural drawings, color photographs, donors, dates; builder (if known). The verso of the illustrated front free endpaper gave rest to the government's dicta: four political objectives; four economic objectives; four social objectives repeating the party paper's public stance. Exactly 150 structures are covered; 2,120 to go. Some of our touring group took to the balloon, but we chose ponycart to a high hillock for an unmemorable, chilly sunrise. If forgiven the price of a signal moment, I will recall late afternoon on the veranda, the Thande Hotel

continued on next page

Howard

continued from previous page

(since 1922), on the eastern shore of the Irrawaddy, its and the Mekong's headwaters thousands of miles north in the Tibetan plateau, but here, shallow and wide in winter, before rains. We watched for the sun to set, a perfect orange flickering globe, resting upon a distant peak, for a second. But in the foreground was a human chain, eight or nine, a child, a basket-bearer, the larger family, slowly walking away from us, across the sand, across the littoral, three hours away their river edge, SSW, for a boat to cross to take them home, home from the week of celebrations, the last, all-night, for it was the time of the local, annual Ananda festival. Nearer, a couple washing dishes; three boys also, swimming; to the right a small boat with only a radio singing. At 10pm a two hour massage commenced and ended in modesty.

We said goodbye to Burma in Rangoon, in colonial fashion, lunch at the Strand Hotel: soup of pea capuccino and milk mousse; venison, a chocolate desert, the menu printed in our honor. The last of Burmese markets for us, where peasant women still bring in a hanky of jewels, only to be picked at with scorn by the merchant, a few modest stones among many thousands offered by professionals, surrounding her. Where was the Gotham Book Mart; around the corner? Strange foods, sugar cane drinks, on the second floor a succession of tailors, each with two ladies, one Singer, one pile of stuffs, sewing to order, all humming. I found a few covers franked Rangoon RMS to Pallatur via Madras, and to V. R. R. M. Raman Chettyar Avargal. /OKKUR/Madura District (1936); Japanese Occupation, Shan-Burma Surcharged overprinted stamps, November 1, 1944 and a Java set of Japanese Occupation Burma stamps issued October 1, 1943, the Japanese stamps finding found counterweight in the form of a SOUVENIR envelope/Day of Surrender/15 August 1945, the US, Russia and Britain represented by poorly colored soldiers and flags, a miniaturized Japanese officer with arms up, sword

dragging, Burma Postage/Mily Admn/ eight annas. Ebay fodder I understood. And upraised in a dim cubicle sat a merchant who invited me to his real shop of antiquities, in Singapore.

We would not forget a relic was replicable nor the reclining Buddhas, not dead, nor dying, but resting, soon to die. Closed in upon by their housings, but none were claustrophobic. In Rangoon, the Chauk Htat Gyi image was rebuilt in 1973, lengthening to 216 feet. Blue eyes, blue eye shadow, Maybelline eyelashes, and very, very big feet. Women may not reincarnate to enlightenment, before becoming men, in this creed, but we were in the presence of a concession. I remember one little girl whose cheek thanaka was carefully stenciled: two perfect palm leaves. Orwell demonizes the face powder wrongly, I felt. We never tasted the jakfruit (*Artocarpus integrifolia*).

Less than three weeks after our return, I was publicly mocked by a fellow NCC/ABAA member [I was the highlight for his fair, a delight he needed to share with all who rely upon our ABAA book business chat line for gossip] for cross-dressing, a charge born of ignorance, for it was a longyi I wore to the fair, the national dress of Burmese men, first encountered by me on page one of Orwell's Burmese Days, where U Po Kyin is comfortable in a vivid Arakanese longyi with green and magenta checks. And had I been cross-dressing? Then I was challenged to justify unethical travel, for I was charged, indirectly of course, for my colleague's amusement, with supporting the Burmese junta with my tourist dollars, a charge derived from illogic, though possibly worthy of consideration. Aung San Suu Kyi, the duly elected Prime Minister of Burma, has been repeatedly confined by house arrest, and many of her followers murdered. In the past she has advocated the boycotting of Burma by tourists. More recently, however, Thant Myint U, grandson of U Thant, and Dr. Zar Ni, who was among the founders of the Free Burma Coalition in 1995, then advocating boycott, are now totally opposed to sanctions and boycotts. The choice was mine, and I had been previously to Tibet. I lived exploitatively, though a child, in

Shanghai and Nanking, in 1947, though not for long, China then occupied by the American military.

The Burmese portion of my venture cost, prorated, about \$3,000, a decent percentage given direct to Burmese civilians. \$5,650 of my 2006 Federal income taxes will go to the Defense Department, whom I believe responsible for upsetting an equilibrium, without the ability to stabilize the consequences. The toll of the US military dead in Iraq since March 2003 is, as I write, 3,188, US civilians excluded. Some 400,000 [600,000?] Iraqis are dead, but not counted [they don't count, I suppose], unmentioned in the same newspaper report; these figures are never mentioned to American citizens by the American government. The Khmers are not the only peoples who use Buddha's head for target practice. China, whom the world and the world's booksellers now court, murdered 100,000 Tibetans in a recent moment. My wife wanted to be warm, hardly a political desire; I am a conscientious objector since draft board day, already investigated by the FBI long ago, though my father fought to defend Chiang Kai-shek and fought in the Korean War. I chose to learn more of a country a colleague, John Randall, has studied and collected for a lifetime. His wife, Burmese, an exile, has returned once, and reinvents a Burmese exile life in her novel *The Coffin Tree*. Yes, hers is an "imprisoned land," but also, and still, a "small, bypassed land." Filled with people who welcomed us.

That big book? I left it behind. It was at the Kuthodaw Pagoda in Mandalay, and consisted of 729 white marble tablets, each incised on both sides with the now standardized Pali text of a portion of the complete Theravada Buddhist canon. Each slab is five feet high, three and a half feet wide and five to six inches thick. Carvers, masons, architects and gilders worked from October 1860 until May 1869 to complete the book making. For bindings, as one might say, the craftsmen built 729 identical protective pitaka pagodas. Slab 730 tells the story of the work. The book was then read non-stop over a

continued on next page

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



Howard

continued from previous page

six month period by 2,400 monks called to the fifth Buddhist synod convened by King Mindon in 1872 (only five synods since the birth of Gautama in the sixth century BCE!). Today, only the gold leaf lettering veneer has washed away.

The Burmese do not kiss; they sniff, lightly, in and out, here and there, all about; slowly, I imagine.

Notes

1) Archaeological Tours (NYC). They took us to Tibet a few years ago. Kirsten preserved decorum in style.

2) Senior Lecturer: Richard M. Cooler, Professor Emeritus, Art History; Director of the Center for Burma Studies, Northern Illinois University.

3) Trip duration: December 28, 2006-January 21, 2007.

4) Books chosen arbitrarily to take and read: Christie's *Nemesis* (happily, a tour bus mystery); Marquand's *Your Turn, Mr. Moto* (beginning at Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel); Flann O'Brien's *The Hard Life* (the story of two brothers).

5) Retained: A Strand Hotel menu, a hospital brochure; two studies of culture; one guide to 150 monuments; the history of a pagoda; two studies of war and maiming (one Nineteenth Century, one yesterday); the rules of a monastery; some envelopes and historical stamps; 14 leaves of gold and their bone pick for a friendly binder; a guide map to modern Burma; park guides; three sheets of hotel stationery; post cards and post card art; *The New Light of Myanmar* [est. 1914]

XIV: 257 (Friday, December 2006), proposing constitutional amendments; and a small, grainy mounted Mandalay photograph, 4" x 3", possibly a copy print, possibly of Prince Maung Nyo, a special boy in royal leggings, died 1936. Plus eight bars of AK brand thanaka.

6) Opportunity overlooked? In 1901 George Bell and Sons had in Rangoon, Burma, the following distributors: British Burmah Press; Myles Standish & Co; Smart & Mookerdum. Had I only taken the extra moment, at least to check for Mookerdum in the phone book! But dear Eric Korn advises that, "Mookerdum is a Bengali name I think, and as such he probably left when the British did, in 1948."

Peter B. Howard
March 18, 2007



Elisabeth Woodburn Fund Offers Scholarships to Colorado Rare Book Seminar

The Trustees of the Elisabeth Woodburn Fund are pleased to announce the ABAA is sponsoring six scholarships for the 2007 Antiquarian Book Market Seminar. All scholarships will be administered by the Trustees of the ABAA Benevolent Fund. Competition is for four full scholarships (\$1,195 each) and two partial scholarships (\$600 each) and is open to all seminar applicants. To apply for a scholarship applicants should:

1. Write a ONE PAGE letter (500 words or less) stressing desire and need. Letters of support are welcome, but not required.
2. Submit materials by email to Susan Benne, sbenne@abaa.org or to ABAA, 20 West 44th St. 4th Floor, New York, NY 10036, fax to: (212) 944-8293. **Email is preferred.**
3. Entries must be postmarked no later than July 1, 2007.

Successful candidates will be notified by phone or email. The awards will be presented at the Seminar registration.

For more information on the Seminar, please visit www.bookseminars.com.

Teacher's Workshops to be held in July at Twain Museum

by Megan Rapp

The Missouri Humanities Council (MHC) has awarded a grant of \$10,000 to the Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum in support of the museum's two teacher's workshops being held this summer. The MHC is the only state-wide agency in Missouri devoted exclusively to humanities education for citizens of all ages. The grant will allow the museum to offer their teacher's workshops to educators at a very reasonable cost.

The weeklong teacher's workshops, held for the first time in the summer of 2006, have several goals; to familiarize teachers with significant works by Twain, to provide a forum for discussion and creative thinking about how to approach Twain's writings in the classroom, and

to experience the town that served as the fictionalized setting for his best known books.

There will be two weeklong workshops offered in 2007. The workshop scheduled for July 9-13 is geared for elementary and middle school teachers. The workshop scheduled for July 23-27 is designed for middle and high school teachers. The museum has assembled a distinguished faculty of Mark Twain scholars from colleges and universities who, with Museum staff, will conduct this exciting and inspiring course on one of America's greatest and most intriguing writers. Each participant will leave the course with content knowledge as well as new strategies for teaching Twain's works, including ready-to-use lesson plans, and

innovative ways to use technology to teach Mark Twain.

Cost for the weeklong workshop, including all sessions, lunch, dinner and refreshments Monday through Friday, transportation from museum for all tours and all admission fees, is only \$100 per teacher. Teachers also have the option of taking the workshop for either four hours of graduate credit or 40 CPDU credits for an additional fee. Due to the generous grant from the MHC, only a limited number of openings will be available for non-Missouri teachers. In order to reserve a space in the workshop, teachers must send in a reservation form by June

continued on next page

Rapp

continued from previous page

10, 2007. Openings will be filled on a first-come, first-served basis.

For more information or to sign up for the workshops, teachers are encouraged to visit the education section of the Museum's website at www.marktwainmuseum.org (direct link: <http://www.marktwainmuseum.org/content/education/teachers.php>) or call the Museum at (573) 221-9010 for an information packet. ■



Participants visit the grave sites of the Clemens family.

Miniature Book Exhibit opens at Grolier Club

The Grolier Club is pleased to present a pioneering exhibition devoted to the marvelous art and fascinating history of miniature books. On view from May 16-July 28, 2007, *Miniature Books: 4,000 Years of Tiny Treasures* is curated by Julian I. Edison, noted collector and Vice-President of the Miniature Book Society.

Despite the challenges that their small size present to typesetters, printers, binders and illustrators, miniature books explore the full range of human endeavor, and encompass nearly every subject considered in full-size books, from Shakespeare's plays to Bibles, from children's books to fiction. The hundreds of examples on view in *Miniature Books: 4,000 Years of Tiny Treasures* — none taller than three inches — range in date from a Babylonian tablet of ca. 2000 BC, to tiny artists' books of the present day. Engaging, artful, and sometimes eccentric, miniature books are also captivating examples of the bookmaker's craft: gilt, bejeweled, painted, tooled, illuminated, and illustrated by the likes of Picasso, Miro, and Edward Gorey.

Some notable selections include:

- A 40-volume set of Shakespeare's works, two inches high and easily readable.
- John F. Kennedy's inaugural address in miniature.
- The first book on contraception, originally published as a miniature, and

responsible for a 19th century decline in the British birthrate.

- The *Emancipation Proclamation* of Abraham Lincoln, first printed in book form as a miniature.

- A miniature book that flew to the moon and returned.

- A book from President Franklin D. Roosevelt's substantial miniature book collection.

- The world's two smallest books, each less than one millimeter tall.

These and other diminutives will delight, fascinate and spark the imagination of visitors to *Miniature Books: 4,000 Years of Tiny Treasures*. The show will divide some 450 volumes into sections devoted to illuminated manuscripts, the arts of the book, children's literature, the world's smallest books, almanacs, oddities, books on life's pleasures, objets d'art, and books on politics and propaganda.

Curator Julian I. Edison, a fervent bibliophile, began collecting rare books as an undergraduate at Harvard, and embarked on a collection of miniature books after his wife gave him a tiny nine-volume set of Shakespeare. A Grolier Club member and editor of *Miniature Book News* for over forty years, Mr. Edison's decades of writing, research, collecting, and lecturing on miniature books have produced a lively and scholarly exhibition, the culmination of a lifelong interest in these diminutive examples of book-

making.

Miniature Books: 4,000 Years of Tiny Treasures will be accompanied by a fully-illustrated survey of miniature books written by Anne C. Bromer, and exhibition curator Julian I. Edison. Published by Harry N. Abrams, Inc. in association with The Grolier Club, the book will be 216 pages, with over 260 full-color illustrations of the books in actual size. Hardcover in dustjacket, the retail price will be \$40 for the standard edition, and \$150 for a deluxe edition in slipcase, accompanied by a special additional version of the book in miniature. Visitors to the exhibition may purchase copies on site, or copies may be ordered directly from Club, 47 East 60th Street, New York, NY 10022, or from Bromer Booksellers, 607 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116.

Location and times: *Miniature Books: 4,000 Years of Tiny Treasures* is on view at the Grolier Club from May 16 – July 28, 2007, with the exception of May 28 and 29, when the Club is closed for Memorial Day, and July 4 for the Independence Day holiday. Hours: Monday-Saturday 10am-5pm. Open to the public free of charge. For more information call the Grolier Club at (212) 838-6690.

A related exhibition of miniature books, curated by Anne C. Bromer, will be held in the Cheverus Gallery of the Boston Public Library May 2-September 2, 2007. Visit <http://www.bromer.com/news.html> for more info. ■

ABAA Members in the News

Michael Ginsberg, rare bookseller in Sharon, Massachusetts, had the pleasure and honor to appraise a very important book in American history: the Bible used by President George Washington at his inauguration. This Bible was also used at other presidential inaugurations and at some presidential funerals.

The occasion for the appraisal was for insurance purposes at the time the Bible was being restored; Ginsberg then re-appraised it in 2006 for a traveling exhibition that will include the Bible.

Ginsberg was President of the ABAA (1988-1990), Trustee of the ABAA Benevolent fund for six years, and a three-

time member of the Board of Governors. Congratulations to Michael for his continuing work as bookseller, appraiser and supporter of the ABAA. ■

John R. Payne

Former ABAA President **Bernard M. Rosenthal** was presented the Sir Thomas More Medal, honoring "private book collecting, a public benefit," at the Annual Meeting of the Gleeson Library Associates, University of San Francisco, at 3pm on Sunday May 20, 2007 at the campus of the University of San Francisco. The Medalist Lecture "Private Book Collect-

ing - A Public Benefit: A Bookseller's Perspective" was followed by a reception.

Mr. Rosenthal was born in Munich and after completing his undergraduate degree in Chemistry at the University of California at Berkeley continued the family tradition in the antiquarian book trade. He is a specialist in pre-1600 rare books and manuscripts and is a Member Emeritus of the ABAA.

The Sir Thomas More Medal for Book Collecting is an important tradition in the history of the Library and the Gleeson Library Associates. The More Medal was established by Fr. William J. Monihan S.J. to honor the spirit of "private collecting, a public benefit." ■

Thomas A. Goldwasser

ABAA Committee Assignments 2007/2008

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Brad Jonas

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Michael Thompson
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Security Committee

John Thomson, Chair

In Memoriam



Douglas G. O'Dell
Chapel Hill, NC

Douglas O'Dell, founder and owner of Chapel Hill Rare Books in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and an ABAA member for almost 20 years, passed away on March 23, 2007, after suffering a heart attack in New York City. He was 53 years old.

Though born in Charlottesville, Virginia, Doug spent most of his early years in Wilmington, North Carolina, and Wilmington, Delaware, attending public schools in the former before finishing his secondary education at prep school in Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he

excelled both in the classroom and in athletics, especially in track and wrestling. He spent vacations and other spare time in coastal North Carolina, developing his life long love for the outdoors and a passion for hunting and fishing.

After finishing prep school, Doug attended the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill on a prestigious Morehead Scholarship and lived in Chapel Hill for the rest of his life. An avaricious reader as a youth, Doug began to buy and sell books while still a teenager to help pay for material for his personal library and then began to scout seriously while in college to help support himself. After graduation in 1975 he worked for a time in the bacteriology laboratory at U.N.C.'s Memorial Hospital and spent spare time in the role of amateur herpetologist, collecting poisonous snakes for research specimens and raising colorful Honduran milk snakes at home.

By 1977 Doug had acquired enough knowledge and stock to begin bookselling in earnest, founding Chapel Hill Rare Books with the idea of merging his knowledge of southern history and literature with his keen interests in the trade. He opened a street level retail book store on the main shopping street in Chapel Hill in 1981, where his business grew for several years before he moved across the street to the third floor office suite that his company still maintains.

Among his major acquisitions were the non-North Carolina portion of the Sondley Library, purchased in 1987 from the Asheville Public Library which used the

sale proceeds to completely computerize its systems. In 1998 Doug bought the George Holden collection of Confederate Civil War books, one of the best on the subject ever assembled.

Doug's stock comprised rare Americana, American literature, African-Americana, natural history, and other subjects, which reflected his wide ranging interests, but many thought of him as a Civil War specialist. During his 30 years in the trade, he earned the reputation of dean among Confederate Civil War dealers. He built, bought, and sold a number of major collections in the field, and many of his 173 catalogues were devoted to the subject, always including some of its scarcest material, generally in the best possible condition. The well-researched, illustrated catalogues reflect Doug's scholarly approach to the trade and are treasured reference sources for collectors, librarians, and colleagues. The very afternoon before his death, Doug spent at a Swann Galleries Americana auction, buying heavily from its strong representation of rare Confederate memoirs and regimental histories.

Doug is survived by his wife Maureen O'Dell and by a sister, Kayse Dean of Creve Coeur, Missouri. A memorial gathering is being planned for Sunday afternoon, May 20; contact Chapel Hill Rare Books online (info@chapelhillrarebooks.com) for details. As a memorial, donations are suggested to Doctors Without Borders (www.doctorswithoutborders.org). ■

Lin Respass

Membership Updates

The California Curio Co. has a new address: 6022 Wilshire Blvd. #200, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

Emerson-Hoffman Rare Books and Hoffman's Bookshop have a new address and phone: 4167 N. High St., Columbus, OH 43214; Phone: (614) 262-0059.

Harper's Books has a new address,

phone, and fax: 6 Newtown Lane, East Hampton, NY 11937; Phone: (631) 324-1131; Fax: (631) 324-1191.

James S. Jaffe Rare Books has a new web site: www.jamessjafferarebooks.com

J. & J. Lubrano Music Antiquarians LLC has a new email address: info@lubranomusic.com.

Richard L. Press has a new address: 1831 F St., Suite A, Sacramento, CA 95814.

Ed Smith Books has a new address and phone number: 9551 NE South Beach Dr., Unit 2-E, Bainbridge Island, WA 98110; Phone: (206) 201-3231.

J. Howard Woolmer has a new address, phone and email: P.O. Box 2108, Doylestown, PA 18901; Phone: (267) 247-5689; Email: jameswoolmer@comcast.net.

New Members

We welcome the following new members who were accepted at the Board of Governors Meetings in February & April:

Lorne Bair, 2621 Daniel Terrace, Winchester, VA 22601. (540) 665-0855.

Frances Durako, Kelmscott Books, 34 W. 25th Street, Baltimore, MD 21218. (410) 235-6810.

William C. Lorch, 619 E. Ship Creek Ave. Anchorage, AK 99577. (907) 258-8881.

Lawrence Van De Carr, Bookleggers Used Books, 2907 N. Broadway, Chicago, IL 60657. (773) 404-8780.

Chapter News

The Southern California Chapter of the ABAA has recently completed design on a new web site. The project was headed by Gordon Hollis who was assisted by

Ken Varane, Revere Books, P.O. Box 282, Valley Forge, PA 19481. (610) 935-0860.

Mark Weber, the Churchill Book Specialist, P.O. Box 90689, Tucson, AZ 85752. (520) 743-8405.

Associate Membership:
Laura Spencer, Riverow Bookshop, Inc., Owego, NY.

Stephen Gertz, David Brass Rare Books, Calabasas, CA.

Emeritus Membership:
Rochelle Caney, Marlton, NJ

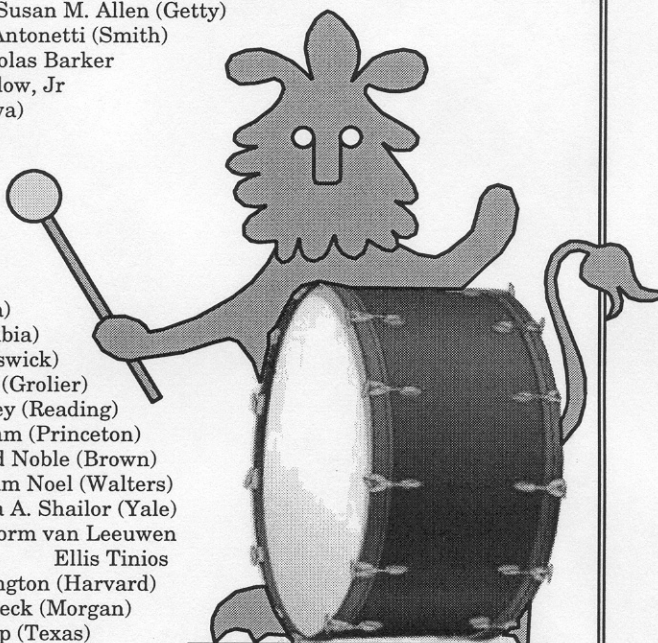
George Kane, Santa Cruz, CA

Gloria Montlack, Monroe Twp., NJ

a committee including Roger Gozdecki and Carol Sandberg. The Chapter hopes to add more information and more links over time, and they are still working on the idea of a search engine. Please visit the site:
<http://www.abaasocal.org/cgi-bin/socal>

BASED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Rare Book School offers five-day non-credit courses in January and June - September in Charlottesville, New York, Baltimore, and Washington, DC, on bookish subjects ranging from medieval book-binding structures to Japanese book illustration. Students (their average age is about 40) include academics, **antiquarian booksellers**, collectors, conservators and binders, and research librarians. RBS faculty members include

Sue Allen
Susan M. Allen (Getty)
Martin Antonetti (Smith)
Nicolas Barker
William P. Barlow, Jr
Timothy D. Barrett (Iowa)
Terry Belanger (Virginia)
John Bidwell (Morgan)
Erin C. Blake (Folger)
John Buchtel (Hopkins)
Morris L. Cohen (Yale)
Professor Albert Derolez
Mark Dimunation (LC)
Johanna Drucker (Virginia)
Consuelo Dutschke (Columbia)
David L. Gants (New Brunswick)
Eric Holzenberg (Grolier)
James Mosley (Reading)
Paul Needham (Princeton)
Richard Noble (Brown)
William Noel (Walters)
Barbara A. Shailor (Yale)
Jan Storm van Leeuwen
Ellis Tinios
David Warrington (Harvard)
Roger S. Wieck (Morgan)
Michael Winship (Texas)

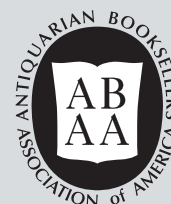


Visit the RBS website at rarebookschool.org

The deadline for submissions to the next Newsletter is

July 15, 2007

Send your contributions to:
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New York, NY 10036
FAX: 212.944.8293
EMAIL: sbenne@abaa.org



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