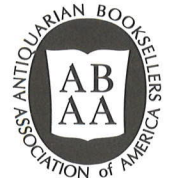




The **A B A A** NEWSLETTER



VOLUME XIV, NUMBER 1

ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

FALL 2002

INSIDE: *Salt Lake City Dealer Turns Sleuth.* PAGE 5

Bob Fleck Elected ILAB President

ABAA member Robert D. Fleck (Oak Knoll Books, New Castle, Delaware) was elected the eighteenth President of the International League of Antiquarian Booksellers (ILAB) during the league's general assembly in Oslo, Norway, in September. Consisting of twenty national organizations with a total membership of nearly 2,000 booksellers from twenty-nine countries across the globe, ILAB is the largest and most influential organization devoted to rare books in the world. Fleck is only the second American to hold this office since the league's formation over fifty years ago. The last American to be given this honor was Richard Wormser of Bethel, Connecticut, in 1965.

Although he originally trained as a chemical engineer (B.E., University of Delaware, and M.S., Chemical Engineering, University of Virginia) and worked for various companies for five years. His love of books and his own collecting interests led him to establish Oak Knoll in 1976 and become a full-time antiquarian bookseller. Fleck served as President of ABAA, the largest national organization in the ILAB, from 1996 to 1998, capping years of work as Board member, Treasurer, and Vice-President. His "holy grail" quest during his years of work for ABAA and ILAB has been to introduce the Internet to the sometimes stodgy world of rare books. He has been at the forefront of the efforts made by both organizations to establish web sites with



Photograph by Scott Carrier

Ken Sanders, ABAA Security Committee Chair, disposes of another case of Internet fraud. Govern yourselves accordingly!

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Letters to the Editor

*From: Donald C. Dickinson
Tucson, Arizona*

It would be appropriate for book dealers, collectors, librarians, and bibliographers of all stripes to pause briefly and tip their collective hats to honor two publications that are, this year, celebrating their fiftieth anniversary. This first issue of *The Book Collector* (whose history, the editor, Nicolas Barker, is currently describing in a series of articles in *The Book Collector*) came out in the spring of 1952 under the editorial guidance of Percy Muir, Ian Fleming, and John Hayward. Among the articles in that issue were the first part of Howard Nixon's series on English bookbinding, Muir's recollection of the early days of the Elkin Mathews firm, and Ifan Kyrle Fletcher's essay on collecting theatrical memorabilia. The issue also included the familiar forum for exchange of bibliographical information, "Bibliographical Notes and Queries."

In the fall of 1952 John Carter (whose biography I am working on for Oak Knoll Press) had the pleasure of reading the enthusiastic reviews for his *ABC for Book Collectors* jointly published by Rupert Hart-Davis (London) and Alfred A. Knopf (New York). The book is currently in its seventh edition (1997) with no sign of diminished sales.

When so many journals on book collecting and bibliography have failed to find an audience, and so many books about collecting endured only one printing, it is a pleasure to see the two war-horses still running strong.

From: Ed Pollack

Collier Brown in his letter in Vol 13 No. 4 has correctly reported phenomena that many booksellers have noted about the effect of online bookselling on book fairs and retail bookstores.

Local and Regional book fairs, as distinguished from ABAA fairs, which proliferated throughout the 1980s and early 1990s, have started to wither. There are fewer of them, and many of those which remain are attended by fewer exhibitors and visitors. At one I did this summer, the promoter had artfully arranged to make the room appear full by increasing the size of the booths and the width of the aisles, and by taking a double or triple size booth for himself. Attendance, which was heavy in the past, was sparse. Gone were the usual dealers, and specialty collectors. Many of those who attended walked around with a notepad, taking down information, presumably for Internet research. I sold a book to a young couple who were going to cut it up for wall decor for their soon-to-be-born

baby's nursery (I suggested, and can only hope they followed my advice, that they have laser copies made of the illustrations framed, and keep the book for the baby to enjoy later), and two photographs (I am not a photograph dealer) both of them unique, so not available on the internet. One of these was an "on-the-spot" sale; the other came three days later, over the phone. That was it. And I found nothing to buy.

Recently I had dinner with a close friend who told of encountering a dealer who knew me while buying a book on the Internet; then she said, "Oh...should I have called you about it first?"

Mr. Collier says his dealer friend found books at a show "internet priced," so saw no reason to go to fairs in the future. With the availability of the Internet as a research and pricing tool, book pricing has become seamless. Because everyone, buyer and seller, now has the same access to information, the likelihood of finding a "value" at a show or in a shop has greatly diminished and so, consequently, has the ability to buy low in one venue and sell high in another. All of this places a premium on the unusual, the unique, the rare, the historic, the associational, the perennially desirable, the useful, the tactile, and the visually appealing. The shows and shops at which this kind of material is shown, will survive. ■

**The 36th California
International
Antiquarian**

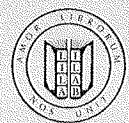
**BOOK
FAIR**

**February 2003
Friday, 7th 3-9 pm
Saturday, 8th 11-7 pm
Sunday, 9th 11-5 pm**



The 36th California International Antiquarian Book Fair will be held in San Francisco from Friday, February 7, 2003 to Sunday, February 9, 2003 at the Concourse Exhibition Center.

Over 230 booksellers from the United States and overseas will be participating in the country's largest book fair.



The 36th ILAB Congress: Scandinavia, September 2002 (and its brave little book fair)

by Peter B. Howard, with Alison's help
Seldom, I'm sure, have so many booksellers, the Scandinavians, worked so hard to please so few. Approximately 450 ABAA members missed a wonderful ILAB Congress, which is a standing biennial invitation to all to meet new colleagues and speak nicely to old ones; to view wonders safely; to travel and sleep in style; to go somewhere one has never been before; to buy books purposefully, even—and have them shipped. A bookman's holiday, and that even at not great expense. Customs and immigration barriers were nonexistent the whole journey.

The bill, exclusive of airfare, hotels (not dear), and personal necessities if you forgot something, was \$1020 per person. One hundred and six book peo-

ple took advantage, not counting hangers-on, and most landed in Helsinki by September 5th. The hotels had already been booked for each traveler by the hosts in each of four national capitals: Helsinki, Stockholm, Oslo, and Copenhagen. Each traveler had a choice, if he or she pre-selected, as we did, of a better or a moderate hotel (\$90 for two, per night, at the Lord Hotel, Helsinki). While the national Presidents did what they did on the first day, we were bused to the Marshal Mannerheim Museum, once the home of a military man of culture and leadership. Call him a statesman, also, for today we have no contemporary model. Weapons and tributes galore, for Mannerheim had been a mighty warrior, a veteran of the Russo-Japanese and Winter conflicts, among

many others. For the Russians he mapped in secret an area from Samarkand to Beijing, and collected; the Tibetan monks first pebbled him, but he left Tibet in grace. Our first dinner in Helsinki was in a small restaurant made of logs, and I had reindeer, Alison snowgrouse. Rabbit was featured also. The cuisine was said to resemble that of Laplanders. Wendy Wilson and Bruce McKittrick stumbled upon the place also. The first of many grander dinners featuring local cuisine followed on September 6th, at the Hotel Marski: cocktails (*Stucco Lustro skumvins*), salmon (not for the last time), *Entrecote le Tour*, house red and arctic bramble ice cream with chocolate cake.

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Rare Since Old Times: Yushodo Celebrates 70th Anniversary

by Rob Rulon-Miller

Nothing in the Tokyo antiquarian book trade moves forward without the awareness and subtle accordance of Mistuo Nitta, the power pack CEO of Yushodo Group, Tokyo, which celebrated its seventieth anniversary a week before Americans observed Thanksgiving. The celebration coincided with my annual pilgrimage to Tokyo, one of the best book cities in the world, and I was fortunate enough to be asked by Mr. Nitta to exhibit at the Yushodo Book Fair held this year to help commemorate the moment. A kind and gentle man full of good will and humor, Mr. Nitta is keenly attuned to Western sensibilities and is capable of balancing Western and Eastern philosophies with ease. These traits, together with sound business acumen, have helped make him the most important dealer in rare books not only in Japan, but arguably the whole of Asia as well.



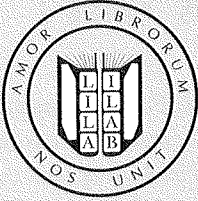
The rare book room at Yushodo.

Photograph courtesy of Yushodo

The Yushodo building sits on the steep grade of a busy but boring side street in the trendy Shinjuku district of Tokyo. Because of the grade, one has to ascend

more than a dozen steep steps just to attain the first level of the building. A

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ILAB Book Fairs

2003

January 31–February 2

Stuttgart, Germany (VDA)
Württembergischen Kunstvereins

February 7–9

San Francisco, CA (ABAA)
San Francisco Concourse

March 7–9

Zürich, Switzerland (VEBUKU)
Volkshaus Zürich

March 20–22

Amsterdam, The Netherlands (NVVA)
RAI Congress Centre

April 4–6

Cologne, Germany (VDA)
Cologne Exhibition Centre

April 10–13

New York, NY (ABAA)
Park Avenue Armory

May 22–25

Paris, France (SLAM)
Maison de la Mutualité

June 5–8

London, England (ABA)
Olympia Exhibition Centre

2004

June 3–6

London, England (ABA)
Olympia Exhibition Centre

The 2002 ILAB Congress: A Report from ABAA's President

by Ken Lopez

The Scandinavian ILAB Congress was very enjoyable and, by all appearances and accounts, a great success. The host nations did a remarkable job of handling the logistics of moving 120 or so booksellers through four countries in nine days, with only very occasional and slight glitches.

The Congress started in Helsinki, Finland, went on to Stockholm, Sweden, then to Oslo, Norway, and finally finished in Copenhagen, Denmark.

All these the cities are port cities, and all are very beautiful: Stockholm is built not only on the mainland but also on fourteen islands. All four cities were remarkably clean—little trash or graffiti were evident. I personally liked Helsinki the best, possibly because I was there for the most time—four days. It's a city of about 400,000 with wide streets, low buildings, and a central boulevard that leads from the city center, where most of us stayed, to the harbor and is reminiscent of Barcelona's Ramblas, although on a smaller scale. There was a beautiful Orthodox Church there as well as a magnificent, although severe, Lutheran cathedral. The parks were expansive and the harbor-side market was full of a wide variety of goods, some geared toward tourists but many of them—the food stands featuring the local street food, etc.—geared toward the local population. All the cities had numerous cafés where one could while away hours sipping coffee and watching passersby.

As a somewhat solitary type, I tended to wander the cities on my own rather than take many of the tours that our hosts provided, so someone else will have to report on those. But there were many of them, and I kept hearing rave reviews about one or another.

There was, for the second time, a Presidents' Workshop in addition to a Presidents' Meeting. The Meeting is a formal part of the ILAB governmental process, whereas the workshop is just that—a

place for the Presidents to air various ideas and set about defining various tasks to be worked on in coming months. This year, the focus of the Presidents' Workshop was on two main items—dealing with stolen books and other kinds of fraud in the rare book marketplace, and promoting and publicizing ILAB.

With regard to stolen books, ABA President Adrian Harrington gave a presentation that culminated in a resolve to urge ILAB booksellers to utilize the unique ID that each bookseller has in Rockingstone's directory database by coding their books with that ID on the last available blank "page" of the book—the endpaper if it's white or the last blank in the case of books with patterned endpapers, etc. The idea is that if someone—i.e., someone "suspicious-looking"—offers a book to a dealer, and the dealer has suspicions about where the book came from and whether it might be stolen, the presence of this code will allow the bookseller to check if this book has been sold or not by the dealer whose code is in the book. It wasn't presented as a foolproof system, by any means, but rather as one relatively easy way to get a lot more information into the trade about where books have originated and, in at least some cases, make it much easier to determine if they've been stolen.

Like the stolen books database that Rockingstone is working on (and reportedly almost finished with) for ABAA, there are various as yet unanswered questions pertaining to this: Where will a dealer find the codes indicating who the book came from? Will non-ILAB dealers have some way of finding out about these codes?

You'll hear more about this in coming months, no doubt, as details are ironed out and the suggestions become more concrete. The stolen books database at the ABAA website will be a significant part of this and will eventually have an

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Salt Lake City Rare Books Dealer Turns Sleuth

Reprinted with permission from the
Deseret News

by Jerry Spangler, *Deseret News* staff writer

It sounds like the plot for a crackerjack whodunit with a few new twists: An American book dealer sets out to solve a perplexing international crime, using talents and insights inherent to the dusty book trade — but also diving into cyberspace.

Still, for Salt Lake rare books dealer Ken Sanders, tackling criminals is anything but a work of fiction. Using his insider knowledge of the antiquarian book world, Sanders landed smack dab in the middle of a conspiracy involving stolen treasures, crime syndicates, and the Web.

"I am a complete and utter Luddite when it comes to technology," Sanders said, "and the mere idea that I am chasing book thieves in cyberspace amazes even me."

Call it "The Milos Conspiracy."

Since summer, Sanders has been hot on the trail of "Milos Ljevaja" and "Slavka Djakvic," who are most likely one and the same person, maybe even part of a larger organized crime ring operating out of Belgrade. The criminals have been using stolen credit card numbers to order hundreds of thousands of dollars of rare books, some of which were later offered for sale on eBay.

Sanders' sleuthing closed the book on the conspiracy before too much damage was done, although some dealers were tagged for tens of thousands of dollars in lost rare books.

It could have been far worse. Using an international network of book sellers, Sanders tipped other dealers from Australia to Great Britain, identified the stolen card numbers being used, and brought to a screeching halt book sales to suspicious customers in the former Yugoslavia.

Sanders then presented his evidence to eBay, which promptly dumped the "Milos" accounts that were selling the stolen booty.

All in a day's work for Sanders, owner of Ken Sanders Rare Books downtown

and the current chairman of the security committee for the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America.

Case closed?

Crime solved, case closed, justice upheld, right?

Not quite, Sanders said.

"Milos" has never been brought to justice and probably never will be. The FBI and Interpol have declined to investigate the conspiracy despite the mountain of evidence Sanders has collected. Add to the mix the vexing reality that there is no jurisdiction or protocol for tracking down Internet criminals in former Soviet-bloc countries or in Africa, where the conspiracy seems to have spread its tentacles. Sanders has reams of documents showing the books that were stolen, the fraudulent credit card numbers used, the names and addresses of the perpetrators, their attempts to sell the loot on the Internet — a criminal case wrapped up and ready for law enforcement. But police are not interested.

"We are precluded from processing requests for assistance from private citizens or organizations," wrote Darlene Oliver, an analyst with Interpol, the international crime investigation organization that includes the U.S. Department of Justice. "I suggest that you contact your local or state police for assistance."

"The FBI laughed when I asked about extraditing someone from Yugoslavia," Sanders added. "They were just not interested."

But they should be, he says. The stolen credit card numbers all belonged to U.S. government and military personnel working overseas.

Add to the mix the fact Milos' eBay accounts revealed he was also selling camera equipment, electronics, computers, and who knows what else, all suspected of being stolen with the same stolen credit card numbers used to buy rare books from dealers in Europe and the United States.

Why books? Could it be that Milos is a crook with a literary heart?

Rare books, Sanders said, are the ultimate untraceable currency. They are a good investment in bad economic times, they can be bought and sold anywhere, they do not raise suspicion when taken across international borders, and unless there is an unusual inscription there is no way to know if the book is stolen or not.

Perhaps most importantly, they are valuable.

Tracking Milos

Antiquarians first got wind of Milos last July when a Rochester, N.Y., book dealer got an Internet order for a first-edition John Steinbeck offered for \$750. The buyer was a Milos Ljevaja with a delivery address in Belgrade. But the dealer got suspicious when he found out that Milos' name was not on the credit card used to make the purchase.

The dealer alerted Sanders, who in his role with the Antiquarian Booksellers Association put out an alert to other dealers about the suspicious order. The alert was forwarded to similar groups in Canada, Australia and Europe.

Within days, other reports of Milos' transactions were rolling in from around the world. So Sanders then sent out an even stronger warning, urging dealers not to sell to anyone in Yugoslavia.

When the total was tallied, it seems Milos had placed orders for more than \$100,000 in rare books, from first-edition Mark Twains to rare Harry Potters. And he was using a sequence of credit card numbers, all valid numbers but none issued to him.

"Milos knew what people would like, what would sell," Sanders said, noting all of the stolen books were in the \$500 to \$5,000 range. "They were expensive but not really rare."

And besides, people ask a lot more questions when the price jumps past \$5,000. "He was keeping it in a comfort zone" for both buyers and sellers, he said.

With dealers alerted to the fraud, Sanders set out to prove fraud. He cata-

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Spangler

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logged the credit card numbers, all issued from two U.S. banks, and then pressured reluctant bank officials to look into the transactions until one bank shut down twenty-four credit card accounts and the other bank had closed a dozen others.

A gold mine

Somehow, the thieves had gotten legitimate credit card numbers issued by the two banks, and "they were ordering books and wiping out the credit limit and then moving on to the next card," Sanders said. "They had struck a gold mine."

When booksellers refused to sell to Milos, he apparently changed his name to Slavka Djakvic and ordered even more books using even more stolen credit card numbers, this time from a bank in England. More warnings went out, and nobody would touch Slavka, either.

As word spread throughout the antiquarian world, the sale of rare books to Yugoslavian customers was effectively shut down. But Milos was already busy selling the books he had on eBay, the online auction house.

As luck would have it, one of Milos' first customers was a small book dealer in the Midwest who purchased a first-edition "Hunt for Red October" by Tom Clancy for \$750. The seller was using the name Milos Ljevaja.

A short time later, the dealer read Sanders' warning about Milos. Sanders was tipped and within minutes Sanders was on the phone with eBay, presenting his case to security officials there. "To their credit, eBay within an hour had shut down all of Milos' accounts," he said.

Kevin Pursglove, senior director of communications for eBay, could not comment specifically on the Milos case, but "it would be a fair assessment that we are seeing (fraud) cases out of Eastern European countries. Certainly we have seen it in the last six months to a year."

When frauds like the Milos case are identified, eBay moves immediately to shut down the accounts. Pursglove said the company has a five-year record of

working closely with law enforcement agencies and government officials to find the perpetrators and bring them to justice.

Ripple effect

And therein lies the loophole that Milos is dancing through. Some countries, in particular Third World countries and Eastern European countries, just aren't enthusiastic about cooperating with U.S. law enforcement.

As Sanders moved to shut down Milos' source for buying and selling the rare books, Milos then began sending mass emailings to book dealers around the world, deluging them with offers to sell the rare first-editions. But nobody was buying—at least nobody tied into the legitimate world of rare books that had Milos firmly in their cross-hairs.

"I have no illusion about catching master book thieves in Yugoslavia," Sanders said. "But I think we shrunk his world to the point he has no way to steal the books and no way to sell them."

Sanders has had no reports of Milos for a few weeks now, although he doubts Milos has gone away.

Milos may be connected to a similar scam rippling through several African countries, mostly Ghana and Nigeria. Small book dealers have been getting credit card orders for a small purchase, usually in the \$25 range that would never raise an eyebrow of suspicion. The small purchase was apparently to verify the card number is still good.

After the item was shipped, the customer then makes another much larger order of books, often thousands of dollars worth. But as was the case with Milos, the credit card numbers are stolen, and the booksellers are left holding the bag for their lost inventory.

"One of the credit card numbers is identical to one Milos used," Sanders said. "I can't prove the connection. It is the same number and the same time frame, but the methodology is different. They went after a larger quantity of low-end books."

Sanders' four-year term as top sleuth for the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America ends in April, and then some other dealer will take on the

unlikely role of rare books detective looking into crimes that police won't investigate. Milos may keep on defrauding booksellers, perhaps in a different country under a different name. And if not him, others will step into the void. Over the past three-and-a-half years, Sanders said, he has seen the blossoming of the Internet and the explosion of Internet crime. The Internet is, he said, "the best and worst thing to happen to the used book world, all at the same time."

Pursglove agrees, but adds the problem goes far beyond just rare books. "Where there's a will there's a way," the eBay official said. "Perpetrators (of crime) in the off-line world have found their way into the online world." While fraud constitutes only a very small fraction of the transactions on eBay, even a small percentage of the sales out of eastern Europe, Pursglove said the company is beefing up its internal security with sophisticated computer software that will better ensure the people selling an item are who they say they are and nipping potential fraud before the items are ever put up for sale.

Sanders believes the Milos Conspiracy is the work of "some kind of Russian mafia," or at the very least a "front for an organized crime syndicate that fluked into rare books."

The oddity of this tale is that book dealers have taken on the mafia using their own brand of investigative acumen. Sanders even sends Milos biting email messages that he'd better return the stolen books, that book dealers are onto his every move.

Partially truth and partially bluster, Sanders said the investigation marks a shift in the antiquarian book world. For generations, antiquarianism has been a genteel and trusting world, Sanders said.

Then the crooks found out, whether by luck or stratagem, that books are valuable commodities.

"But the only value is to people who collect first editions. And we are an obscure, trivial corner of the world," Sanders said.

Yet one that is taking on the crime syndicates.

Fleck

continued from front page

searchable databases that cross over international boundaries.

He and his wife, Mildred (Millie), along with their son Rob reside in New Castle. Fleck has four children, none of whom have decided (yet!) to follow their father's footsteps and become booksellers.

At the podium for his inaugural address, Fleck expressed his desire to build upon the achievements of his predecessors and to promote the organization and its guarantees to the world at large:

Seventeen Presidents over the last fifty-five years have stood in front of just such an audience as this, and probably all have felt the same combination of emotions that I feel today. Of course, I feel honored to be chosen by you for this position. But I am also humbled by the

achievements of the long line of famous booksellers who have been Presidents of the League before me.

Can I fill the very capable shoes of Kay Craddock, who has devoted years of unbelievable effort in working for the League?

Can I live up to the examples and expectations set by our former Presidents but especially my mentor in bookselling, Anthony Rota?

Can I lead the League at such a critical time in book selling history, when electronic information has us all spinning in bewilderment?

Can I smooth the way for the booksellers of all of our different countries and cultures to work in harmony for a common good yet preserve the pride they feel in their own organizations?

Can I keep the traditions of our League not only alive but also felt with pride by each League bookseller?

I can only answer these questions with an assurance to each and every one of

you that I am determined to do absolutely the best job that I can possibly do for you. No person can work alone and I am very thankful that I will have a great team to help me in my work. With the old hands on the Committee who have agreed to stay, combined with some energetic new members, I hope we shall accomplish much. Kay and her former Committee have laid many of the foundation stones on which we will build.

Every President should have an overall goal to accomplish during his or her term. I have chosen my goal as "Telling the World about ILAB." I will do everything in my power to work with our League Committee and the Presidents of each national association to promote the League. We have the best dealers, the best books, and the only comprehensive set of ethical standards in the book selling community and now it is time that the world knows about it! I hereby challenge you to help me in this task! ■

Howard

continued from front page

On Saturday, September 7th, all who wished viewed the Helsinki University Library's Monrepos Collection, in part the subject matter of the notable bibliographical prize awarded this year by ILAB. I counted two street persons in Helsinki, two younger persons possibly involved with drugs, but no police officers—ever. The city was quiet always; woodwork abounded and the architecture was sometimes stolid, though plumbing (our plumbing) was usually elegant, and Sibelius was in his park, a somber sculptured head resting on the wall, organ pipes beyond in great number, rising. The women with stalls were always knitting. The world's largest training ship for sailors rested in the harbor. Windows everywhere were triple double-glazed. A flyer gave us the hours of six local (of twenty-four national) booksellers, who accommodated us with special hours. Alison was for walking, but I snuck in one store and asked after

Anselm Hollo and poetry, found the poetry shelf by my shoulder in asking, and in ten seconds I possessed Hollo's first book, in Finnish. The price was nominal, the condition acceptable, the postage about ten percent of the cost, and I concluded that Helsinki reminded me of some town I might have lived in during the 1950s. The *Laterna Magica* bookstore was exhibiting images of Finns doing the Argentine tango.

I worried my way down to the pier (we traveled light) and boarded the *Silja Serenade* ferry for Stockholm. Grand dinner number two on board, deck five I think, and on this occasion Anna Perala was awarded the 13th ILAB Bibliographical Prize for her *Suomen Typografinen Atlas 1642-1827*, two volumes, Helsinki University Library Press, 2000 (text in Finnish, Swedish and German; \$225). She spoke briefly. There had been 123 submissions for the Prize; our own David Forbes was given a notice of honor for his *Hawaiian National Bibliography 1780-1900* (not yet complete, in four volumes). These ferries have ten decks, a sauna, eleva-

tors. And berths. So we slept our way to Stockholm.

Slipping among islands is one thing—I've been to Hawaii and Guam and Japan and the Orkneys, Karpathos, Salt Spring Island, also to Nantucket. But as you enter Stockholm's greater harbor, you ease by 24,000 islands in an archipelago. It was dawn, calm; we missed first light—we were enraptured in fog—but not the guided tours. Again, the national Presidents were said to be working (I went to one of those working lunches in 1994; the work was in eating and drinking it all!). As before and hereafter, guides to most purposes awaited us in the ILAB satchel: map, bookstore directory, the locals with special hours just for us, scheduled receptions (e.g. Lowendahl's). We chanced the subway but found no graffiti; viewed with concern an exhibition of huge aerial photos of the waste to earth wreaked by man. These photographs ringed a square (as elsewhere, in Oslo)—seemingly a **permanent** reminder and warning.

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Howard

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The Swedes have hubris in style: the Vasa (or “Wasa”) Museum. The last galleon? Carved and painted figures all around, ten sail; space for an impressed crew (450 men, including 300 soldiers) to die close to one another, and cannon all around as well. Not enough cannon to scare the enemy, thought King Gustav II in 1625: “Build a second deck of cannon all around, 64 in all” They did; it took three (more?) years. The mighty ship made it twenty minutes into the harbor, maidenly, foundered; 100–150 men died, of whom twenty skeletons have been preserved. For twenty years the embarrassing mainmast stood tall above waterline, reminding the Swedes of their folly, before they chopped it off, and before they began to invent diving suits by which to rescue the precious cannon. As the *Wasa* sank into a mighty chemical preserve, it has survived intact; only some color has been lost. That stupid instinct for aggression has now left Sweden, slipped through the centuries, found haven elsewhere. Sweden has been left in peace since 1809, an ongoing world record. Our hotel, now one of the Scandic chain, offered a free fifth night, wherever, if we booked

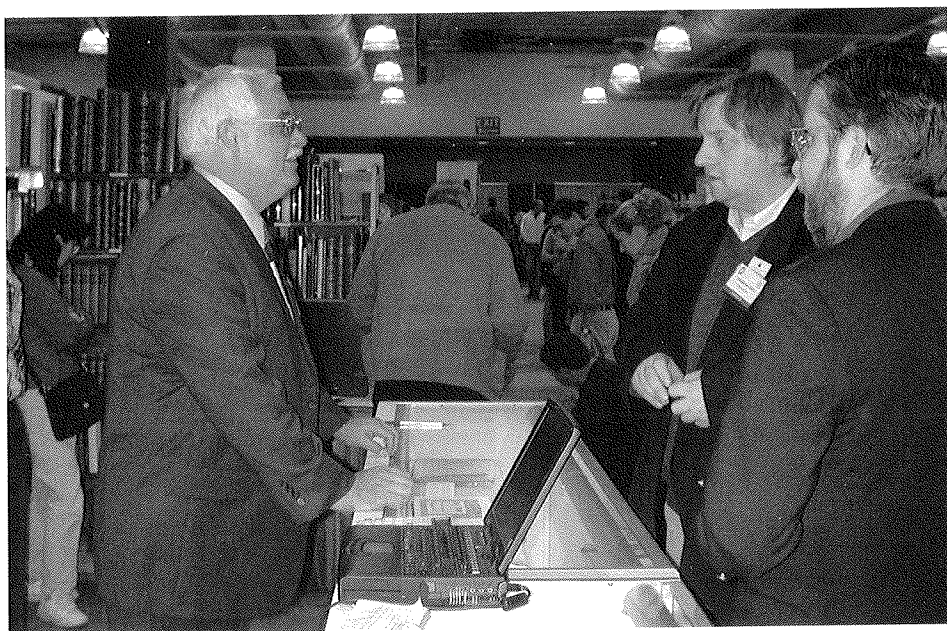
a total of four nights over time, not prepaid. We stuck with Scandic at, again, about \$90 per night for two. Hotel business was down, the voluble clerk admitted, and we were convinced the scheme was not a scam.

Congressmen and women ought to welcome the invitation of local booksellers; it was they who made Congressional pleasure most possible. But so little time between bus trips! I found my way only to Rehnstrom and Ryos, the former dealing in old books, the vast majority of Scandinavian focus, and bibliography. Only, it seemed. A bit frustrated, I asked after fish books and quickly was shown four eighteenth-century works: Roberg’s *Dissertatio* (Upsala, 1727), in which appears the first (or almost the first?) illustration of fish (eel parts in fact) based on the use of a microscope; Celsius’ plan to trap fish in northern rivers with an elaborate large wood funnel (Upsala, 1738); Estenberg’s survey of all previous studies of fish in the Baltic Sea (Lund, 1750); and the first theoretical work proposing fish farming in the Baltic, with folding woodcut, by Carl Lund (Stockholm, 1767). My high-school Latin served not at all; I have never been optimistic, commercially speaking, about old theses anyway, but my host spoke English quite well and interpreted

each. I bought all, sold all four subsequently, and covered in retrospect the costs of four nights of sleeping in Scandic hotels. I realized then and there that any ABAA member could buy books in Scandinavia. And should. Rehnstrom rented from a labor union and was not fearful of eviction.

Our grand dinner number three was in the third oldest men’s club in the world; we were surrounded by many books and handsome portraits, and we in turn surrounded very good food and drink, returning to our hotel by subway (no tickets necessary, somehow!) In the morning we toured the Royal Library, newly renovated, five stories driven into Stockholm’s bedrock, twice the size originally planned, projected sufficient for another fifty years. The tombs above the stacks already have pencil-thin stalactites forming. Three million pieces of uncatalogued ephemera and a superb poster collection (catalogued) were unveiled in part for our pleasure. Alison remembers Ryo’s son superbly constructed (Special Forces enlistee—we would be safe in his country; would he be safe in service abroad?) and Ryo’s condensed rolling shelves, two blonde girls per baby, the architecture, parks and water, elevators key-specific to both floor and room. We walked to Grand Central Station for the train to Oslo, ate box dinners and endless wine, and rolled late into the night to another hotel in another country.

Oslo is by surface land mass (175 square miles) one of the ten largest cities in the world, but a humane town. In the morning our willing buses had hurried the pack to, and we were hurried in three languages through, the Vigeland Sculpture Park. One hundred and ninety-two sculptures (600 human figures full size in Norwegian granite) with fifty-eight bronze figures as well. Gustav Vigeland was born in 1869 and was influenced (and how!) by Rodin. The sculptor cleverly traded his life’s work to the city in exchange for home and studio in which he lived and worked. The monumentality of the effort and idea (their *uebermensch* impression) dominated the art, for us. The school kids in his Park wore



Bob Fleck (L), recently elected ILAB President, talks shop with Adriaan van Oosten, Webmaster of the ABAA and ILAB sites, and Forrest Proper (far R), the ABAA Web Editor.

green hats. Then we were allowed to marvel at the Holmenkollen ski jump, but forbidden extended time in the tiny, but compelling, museum attached. We could look up at the height and be glad we no longer had interest in athletics, or we could turn around and admire the city at a distance, very briefly. Cappelen Antikvariat welcomed us with a light buffet lunch and drinks (celebrating their new gastronomy catalogue), with a book talk on the follies of a “scientific” approach to collecting. Alison scouted a book. They are an old firm, a publisher of note as well. After the General Assembly—a meeting the substance of which is difficult to recall (“many thanks and encomia were bestowed” recorded Alison in her diary)—we passed the buffet table on both sides (for once!) for salmon and extras. We were in the Gamle Logen.

Wednesday, September 11 was (and is) a day to remember, for our recollections of that day in 2002 justified our return to Norway, after only one night of the impending BOOK FAIR. Here is what you missed: the *Fram*, the *Kon Tiki* and her sister, *Ra II*, and the Viking Ships. For Norwegians could always build ships; they have a long coast and a westward lust (second sons wanting more). The Viking ships, three of the best preserved such vessels in the world (of the few extant)—the twenty-four meter *Gokstad*; the twenty-two meter *Oseberg* and a third—were excavated in the late 1800s from burial mounds. They are beautiful, the first two almost perfect because of the clay and brackish water in which they had been found. They once were rowed by their makers, not by slaves. They did not founder, and they made it to America before we did. These ships had sails of wool and hinged masts, for the Vikings to avoid being seen by the “enemy.” And, thoughtfully, wooden plates to stop up the oar-holes, when the sailors relaxed. Simply displayed, very moving. Nearby Fridtjof Nansen and Roald Amundsen’s *Fram* (built 1892), then the strongest ship in the world: four hulls, built to float and roll with the ice floe rather than to slice through them. “Another paean to

the resilience of madmen” thought Alison. In its time, she sailed further north and further south on three arctic expeditions than any other boat in history, guided by thirteen men on at least one voyage, and of those, only one a sailor, the others scientists. Bright and brave leaders. Next door, Thor Heyerdahl’s 1947 raft, *Kon Tiki*, (its storage bin covered with banana leaves), and his second raft, *Ra II*, both within the jurisdiction of the Institute for Pacific Archaeology and Cultural History. Heyerdahl was a Swede who reinterpreted ocean currents in order to understand mankind, testing his own theories, burning a raft in apologetics, on behalf of the environment. Our guide was a wit, the best guide ever to entertain us, and, of course, a close pal of Thor. Outside the doors of these museums visitors stuck their lapel receipts on a pole, creating upright collages. We were told only the *Bible* out-sold *Kon Tiki*.

Yet another museum, outdoors, allowed us to retreat again, now only 800-plus years back, to a twelfth-century farm complex, with tarred-pine stave church (oldest in Norway) and sod-roofed farm cottages closely bunched. Roofing was in the original manner, laid over birch bark, the first layer of grass down, the second layer of grass up. This memorable day ended for us on *The Pearl of Scandinavia*, enlightened yet by a talk by Hilde Sejersted, who had recently broken down the male-only membership rule of the Norwegian Bibliophile Club, by walking in on merit. In collecting Norwegian women writers she identified more than 800 women by their books, vastly expanding previous bibliography. Henry Notaker, in contrast, spoke of how few old cookbooks there were, before 1700, and how often one borrowed from another—his scholarship funded by himself, remarkable in its complexity and patience, Notaker’s gift to us. Grand dinner number four, the “Farewell Dinner” with salmon and extras, closed the evening. A gratuitous ceremony renaming Kay Craddock, the exiting president, “a President of Honor” occurred. Big ribbon and a bigger pin. Rota and Gerits wore these regalia.

Some Presidents are more important than other presidents, the notion is, I suppose. We slept in berths again, for which privilege we had supplied our passport identification numbers months before. Woke to a precious victory by the Giants over the Dodgers.

Copenhagen is flat, a cycling city, with free cycles of a certain color at certain stands. But we saw only one such bicycle, and walked instead, or taxied. It was 9:15 on the morning of Thursday, September 12, 2002. Exhibitors were setting up; their booths cost 16,000 Dkr Demi-A style for 2x4 m (10,000 Dkr for 2x2m) or 18,000 Dkr Demi-B style for 2x5m (12,000 Dkr for 2x2.5m). The poison of graduated booth sizes has infected even ILAB management. All booths should be the same size. I can assure you the space in the Oksnehallen was ENORMOUS. Graduated sizes were wholly unwarranted. The Hall was near the old slaughter yard, I believe. So the dealers were dealing while we honored a printed invitation, non-exclusive, to an exhibit of the Nordic Book at the Danish Museum of Decorative Art. A modest event, drinks on the lawn.

From 1994, I had known Poul Jan Poulsen as Treasurer, ILAB, and as a terse but formal man; now I was able to visit his store, to learn, lo, he was newly independent as a bookseller, after having apprenticed himself to another for many years. His wife tended, the stock was modest, the owner proud. He collects Danish literature, that devotion sustained him. I bought the Authentic Edition of Dickens in fine condition, and it arrived in fine condition. That evening a local dealer treated all Congressionals to a dinner at his smoky pub, an hilarious evening, following as it did his party around the corner, outdoors, tented, libationary. One of those unexpected but precious serendipitous book moments happened at that pub. Bulling about for second helpings and a large beer, I espied on the wall the one-sheet poster for the film *Gilda*. As it happens Edda had not too long before asked me to watch out for this poster, because it was

continued on next page

Howard

continued from previous page

the only one Dan Adams (Waverley Books) still wanted, needed. Now, I take book dealers' desires with seven grains of Tibetan salt, but, still, there it was, and I went for it. Rita Hayworth in 1947 in that gown and tempting. The owner/hostess was sweet and understanding and also tempting, but she was drunk and told me so: "Try me later;" she commanded. The poster was in French. The Absalon Hotel was 1000 DKK per night (for two). Now, if I can remember the restaurant... (ah! Alison has; it is the Sans Souci).

We wakened (9/12/02) to a tie score, consumed several too many Danish pastries, but then the Giants lost their first extra-inning game of the season, so we wandered a bit, stumbling upon a miniature rendition of Copenhagen constructed on the sidewalk, and visited the City Hall, a marvelous corridorred, tiered rectangle, built in 1900 to replace edifices lost in the fires of 1725 and 1789, for another set of drinks, courtesy of the Mayor, followed by another fine buffet lunch. In the basement was a small display of 9/11 photographs; more happily, a floor up, an exhibit of Danish midwifery, for us particularly pleasing as our younger daughter Esme Joy is a NYC Seton Center (Yale RN but "do not call me a nurse") midwife, the exhibit commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Jordemoder organization in Denmark, special insignia with *Ygdrasil* as central symbol.

Serendipity had exhibited at ILAB biennial fairs in the distant past, in London, when the Hime children still had to earn money by cleaning glass booths, and I dimly remember a visit to Royal places and to Oxford. More recently, we have ventured to Tokyo, Amsterdam, Cologne, Los Angeles, and Edinburgh, knowing full well sales might not, would not cover expenses. That is a decade in hand. My recent experiences with ILAB Committee members and procedures, when I was President of the ABAA (1992–1994), had soured me on

the European axis forces, or whatever someone wants to call them. Call it the undemocratic element in ILAB. Nothing prepared me, however, for the shock of Edinburgh two years ago, when after a reasonably enjoyable Congress, albeit with reduced attendance, the Book Fair, in which I exhibited, had some thirty-five stands, and no attendance—the result I felt then and now of an obviously insensitive or inept leadership. ILAB Copenhagen replicated the Edinburgh experience (see the statistical tables that follow); not for a second do I believe the causes were a decline in the economy or 9/11. The ILAB Committee ought not, must not, burden locals with the responsibilities of an elaborate Congress, participation in which is the condition of exhibiting at an ILAB Fair, and rightly so, without expending the effort to guarantee to those who come thousands of miles and pony up many thousands of dollars in expenses, the possibility of a book fair sufficiently large and well located, that exhibiting dealers can entertain hope of reasonable sales, particularly to their fellows and the local trade and local institutions. Perhaps Bob Fleck's leadership of ILAB will turn this often insufferably arrogant and dictatorial and undemocratic umbrella organization (the ILAB committee) against the bad winds. After all, American booksellers sustain ILAB chiefly, as it is, via ABAA book fair taxes, the American book fair doors open to all ILAB members, pretty much. I learned after the fact that for Copenhagen there was nothing practical to fear: no shipping problems, no travel problems; no booth size inadequacies. But I learned again ILAB leadership had not promoted sufficiently the second of two fairs in the heart of antiquarian Europe. To say the least. Reflecting, six weeks later, on this sour observation, I think I must say I may just suddenly have gotten old. At 28 in 1966 I was the youngest member of the ABAA. At 31 in 2000 Jeff Maser was our newest and our youngest member. Youth abandoned! We are an aging organization.

We walked into the Fair early, before opening, and found an enormous bean

bag cushion upon which to sprawl, before the bell. The most interesting booth for me was the ILAB stand, where all the submitted books (two each) for the ILAB Prize were for sale. None of the exhibitors had shown any interest apparently; I bought a huge pile at forty-five percent off, including both sets of the Anna Perala and David Holmes titles, though they were doubtless cheaper from Oak Knoll, given the USA customs fee subsequently inflicted. Still, my purchase was meant to be was a gesture; the receipts went to ILAB. We bought a book here and there and left before closing, but not before a few words with old friends. As upon our first night in Helsinki, Alison and I dined privately.

We had promised ourselves time off, almost a week off, after the Congress and our moment at the Fair, and, well in advance, had agreed we would be guided further by our Congress experiences. Happily, Alison and I both wished to return to Norway and to the fjords that we had not yet seen. The Lonely Planet guide urged upon us above all "Norway in a Nutshell," so we took the bus (quicker than train or ferry) from Copenhagen back to Oslo. After a lovely Vietnamese supper and a rowdy Scandic night, we rose at 6:00 a.m. to entrain for Myrdal (population in 1950: 80; population today: 1); took the electric Flambanen twenty km down the slope (55-degree grade!) through the mountain in tunnels dug by hand over eighty years, past birch forests and bright sumac berries and beside water, falling, to Flam and its modest little museum, ferried through the narrowest of Norway's fjordal gaps, past places where people live reachable only by ferry, one farm home reachable only by ladder, on the Aurlandsfjord, and then returned to the ridge at Voss by bus, past Norwegian lass with dried grass, to catch the next Oslo train to Bergen, where we disembarked at nightfall.

It had been a spectacular day, if not an incomparable train ride, for the trolley car ride from Guayaquil to Quito, 10,000 feet up through a society breathing and oinking, in one day—that ride has no equal in my (admittedly depleted)

memory bank. Bergen is a small and magical sea town, with its tiny but famous fish market (*ferskereker*, and yes, whale steaks are next to salmon, and, surprise, some vendors are Korean), and the funicular (*Floi Banen*), and the world's most quaintly beautiful McDonald's, or, rather, a pretty white old structure, #2 on its street, sullied by the smallest of objectionable (golden arches) signs. Colleagues also found their way to Bergen; for there were the Blocks also seeking directions at the *i* kiosk. At the observation point at the top of the funicular run were hundreds of little photos by children displayed at child's eye level and removable but not removed. Color snapshots of Bergen sites and sights that Bergen kids would want to send to their pen pals. Seven mountains and seven fjords in convergence. We traipsed the Hanseatic quarter, had an Elizabethan muffin.

We would have liked to wander purposefully awhile or forever, but found the coastal steamer had vacancies only that night. Off we went aboard the *Trollfjord*, newest of them all, hardwood and marble, heated bathroom floors, designed to the least detail, and mouth doors that shut (900 lost in ferry mishap in these waters, not long ago, for failure to close a mouth). A trip in a dream. Our boat was aimed at Kirkenes around the North Cape, a million miles north [and only an eleven day round trip], but we had to stop at Trondheim, northernmost Norwegian town (the third largest Norwegian town) with an open bookstore. We had docked earlier for a moment at Alesund, an Art-Nouveau fishing village, and sidled up the deepest of fjords to Geiranger, and other ports of call, but Trondheim was our last. On board, the women knit, exchanged tips. Beyond our railings farms perched precariously, some empty, the last child of twelve gone now since the 1950s; fatigue had overcome some farmers; others had lost interest in apricots. We glided by them all. The crew scrubbed the vessel incessantly. We did ten laps around deck six, took to the saunas.

On shore at Trondheim, a museum of old musical instruments, mainly key-

board and string, beckoned (the lady of the house had collected, extorted even). Our guide, a musician herself, sang traditional song in a sweet and pure voice, unaccompanied, and each of us cried unashamedly at the beauty. We looked into the Mozart room, the Beethoven room, upon the Liszt death mask, organ with Stairmaster contraption for pumping air, accordion piano, and many other ingenious and strange inventions, as well as African, Far Eastern and more modern instruments. The towering Nidaros cathedral (begun 1050, finished 1969), the largest cathedral in the Scandinavian north, was here in Trondheim, side by side with the Archbishop's museum, recreating old life and an early mint, damply maintained just as it was; the town manhole covers are like none other. The first of two booksellers specialized in comics by the pound, but knew the first Norwegian Mickey Mouse comic (1950s) was worth \$1500. We had our last meal in Norway; the second bookseller sent us to Bolgen & Moi for what proved to be an unexpectedly superb dinner. The waitress had been training as a waitress for seven years, and was pleased to discuss the matter, making the mistake of asking me if she should say "enjoy." She had done time in the Napa Valley. Napkins were folded differently at each table, the chef caps were very tall. I preserved the menu. In our last real Scandinavian day, we happened upon the modern city school library, formerly *radhus*, in search of baseball scores, which we found for free on computers available, next to a few skeletons neatly arranged as unearthed. The nearby arts and crafts museum had a fabric show: a *trompe l'oeil* creation—draped gauze painted on old canvas, dragonflies woven into back layer and front layer of vertical stripes, making them appear, disappear; shower curtains of rubber bands stitched together; spheres of mussel shells; tapestries of two famous old women weavers juxtaposed; modern weavers' works in an adjoining hall; and one amazing quilt. Then we raced through the Trondheim art museum, the Munch prints behind doors too soon to close.

The next morning we flew back to Oslo, flew to Copenhagen, lost orientation owing to the mistake we both made of picturing the train station in Oslo in relation to our Danish hotel, suffered a poor supper in Tivoli Gardens for want of a more energized notion that we deserved a better meal, wandered happily, slept, flew home.

NB! By my calculation, Penelope Daly of the ABAA was the only person in the Congress representing a firm which was not a member of a national organization allied to ILAB in 1994-1995. No national organization sponsored a pair of scholarships for young members, as ABAA sponsored Denise Carlson (D&D Books) a long time ago; in Cologne, was it, Denise? You had a good time, I remember that. Had each national organization sponsored two Congress persons and an exhibitor, ILAB would be reborn. Now they talk of allowing exhibitors to exhibit without the condition of joining the Congress. **Do not let it happen, Bob! Please!** Make of my statistics what you will. The appended menu is not intended to reflect unfavorably upon the wholesome foods we enjoyed constantly in Congress; it is offered simply in contrast to the conventions of quotidian Scandinavian fare. A statement of Nordic potentiality. Support the ABAA, support ILAB's Congresses! Exhibit! See you in Australia, 2004! ■

The ABAA Newsletter

welcomes contributions from all of its readers, ABAA members and non-members alike.

Please send your letters, articles, book reviews, announcements, and photographs to:

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Saint Paul, MN 55102
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Participants in the 2002 ILAB Congress and International Book Fair

In the Congress (alphabetically by country)		In the Congress (numerically by country; national membership in parentheses)		Number of Exhibitors
Australia	13	USA (470)	24	3 + 2 half-booths + 3 1/3 booths
Austria	3	England (225)	16	3 + 3 half-booths
Belgium	3	Australia (28)	13	1 half-booth + 3 1/3 booths
Canada	3	Japan (29)	9	-0-
Denmark	3	Netherlands (82)	8	2 + one half-booth
England	16	France (214)	6	1 + one half-booth
France	6	Germany (192)	5	2 booths
Germany	5	Austria (33)	3	2 + one half-booths
Japan	9	Sweden (53)	3	3 + one half-booth
Liechtenstein	1	Canada (63)	3	-0-
Netherlands	8	Denmark (33)	3	9 + 4 half-booths
New Zealand	1	Belgium (41)	3	1
Norway	1	South Africa (2)	2	-0-
Scotland	1	Spain (35)	2	half-booth
South Africa	2	Liechtenstein (2)	1	-0-
Spain	2	Switzerland (67)	1	-0-
Sweden	3	Scotland (ABA)	1	-0-
Switzerland	1	Norway (21)	1	2 booths full
USA	24	New Zealand (ANZAAB)	1	1/3 booth
Rockingstone	1			
Unidentified	1			

NOTES

1) I used for reference the 1994-95 ILAB Directory, not such an up-to-date guide, but revelatory.

2) Two businesses, active each for more than thirty years, were present with different names or addresses.

3) Countries not represented in Congress or Book Fair (membership in parentheses): Argentina (1?); Brazil (7); Czech Republic (27) Finland (24) ; Italy (91); Korea (16); Portugal (10)

4) Firms of living USA ABAA Presidents not represented in any way: 7.

5) Firms of former ILAB Presidents not exhibiting: Bertram Rota and Anton Gerits. Both Mr. Rota and Mr. Gerits are ILAB "Presidents of Honor."

6) Of 1571 firms in ILAB only 53 dealers exhibited, in 35 stands. ILAB had its own stand, offering two copies each of books submitted for the four-year bibliographical prize. Rockingstone had an exhibit of new software.

7) 106 book persons attended the Congress, exactly 53 dealers with companions, representing 3.3 percent of the 1571 dealers worldwide.

19th International Book Fair September 2002

List of Exhibitors

BOOTH no. 1
Svenska Antikvariatföreningen
a:Classica Antikvariat, Vetlanda
b: Harvigs Antikvariat, Karlstad
c: Antikvariat Morris
d: Runebergin Antikvariaatti,
Helsinki
e: Ryös Antikvariat, Stockholm

BOOTH no. 2
Norsk Antikvarbøkhandlerforening
a: Damms Antikvariat, Oslo
b: Cappelens Antikvariat, Oslo
c: Kunstantikvariat Pama

BOOTH no. 3
Australian and New Zealand
Association of Antiquarian Book-
sellers (ANZAAB)
a: Kay Craddock, Melbourne
b: Grants Bookshop, Prahan
c: K. Hince, Prahan

BOOTH no. 4
Bernard Quaritch Ltd., London

BOOTH no. 5
Lyng & Søn, Copenhagen
Erik Finnerups, Copenhagen

BOOTH no. 6
Antikvariat Kulturbryggarna AB,
Limhamn, Sweden

BOOTH no. 7
Antiquariat Gebr. Haas oHG,
Bedburg-Hau, Germany

BOOTH no. 8
Vangsgaards Antikvariat,
Copenhagen

BOOTH no. 9
Innsbrucker Antiquariat Dieter
Tausch, Austria
Cornstalk Bookshop,
Glebe, Australia

BOOTH no. 10
Rees & O'Neill, London
Hugh Pagan, London

BOOTH no. 11
Bruce McKittrick, Narberth, PA

BOOTH no. 12
Frederiksberg Antikvariat,
Copenhagen

BOOTH no. 13
Antiquariaat Forum BV, Utrecht

BOOTH no. 14
Bøger & Kuriosa, Copenhagen

BOOTH no. 15
Centralantikvariatet, Stockholm

BOOTH no. 16
Peter Grosell's Antikvariat,
Copenhagen

BOOTH no. 17
Kaabers Antikvariat, Copenhagen

BOOTH no. 18
Antiquaria Bok- & Bildantikvariat,
Göteborg, Sweden

BOOTH no. 19
A. Asher & Co.,
Ijmuiden, The Netherlands

BOOTH no. 20
Antiquariat Aix-la-Chapelle,
Achen, Germany

BOOTH no. 21
PRA Antikvariat, Stockholm
Antiquariaat De Rijzende Zon,
Tilburg, The Netherlands

BOOTH no. 22
Cavendish Rare Books,
Pacific Grove, CA
Ken Lopez, Hadley, MA
Justin G. Schiller, New York, NY

BOOTH no. 23
Bernard. J. Shapero, London

BOOTH no. 24
Librairie Fl. Tulkens, Brussels

BOOTH no. 25
A. Sokol Books, London
Lame Duck, Boston, MA

BOOTH no. 26
Heritage Bookshop, Los Angeles, CA

BOOTH no. 27
Buddenbrooks, Boston, MA
Daugaard Antikvariat,
Tøvelte, Denmark

BOOTH no. 28
Librairie Chamonal, Paris

BOOTH no. 29
L'Intersigne Livres Anciens, Paris
Libreria Antiquària Comellas,
Barcelona

BOOTH no. 30
Ruuds Antikvariat, Oslo, Norway

BOOTH no. 31
Jan Hansens Antikvariat,
Copenhagen
Corsaren, Copenhagen

BOOTH no. 32
Arnold Busck Antikvariat,
Copenhagen

BOOTH no. 33
Oak Knoll Books, New Castle, DE

BOOTH no. 34
Antikvariat ALDUS, Copenhagen

BOOTH no. 35
The International League of
Antiquarian Booksellers/La Ligue
Internationale de la Librairie
Ancienne (ILAB/LILA)
ILAB/LILA Bibliographical Prize

BOOTH no. 36
Simon Finch, London

BOLGEN & MOI

*(upstairs)
Trondheim, Norway
September 18, 2002*

*Eight-course dinner, unprinted menu, prix fixe
(Each entry served separately in the order given, the listed wines in order)*

BREADS

*A roll
Lightly gratinated bread with garlic
Herbal bread
Ginger bread
Pepper bread
Apricot bread*

BUTTERS (all served at once at the beginning):

*Regular butter
Hazel nut butter whipped
Herbal butter whipped*

WINES

*Italian white
Chablis
German Riesling 1982 with distinct petroleum odor
Gewurtztraminer
Sangiovese
Port
Muscat*

ENTREES

*Chief's pleasure (a tidbit)
Quail egg on a strip of better bacon
Tuna (red) roll sushi, the tuna rolled in a spiral up to a point
Halibut with cucumber & mango jelly
Chantrelle cappachino with sautéed foie gras under raspberry sauce. ***
Fresh water sea bass; caviar, Jerusalem artichoke puree, apple & Calvados sauce
Crayfish and scallops en crouete
Veal (red) and potato cannelloni; tomato & spinach aerated*

DESSERTS

*Blueberry sorbet under hot blueberry & chocolate sauce
Frozen Sabayon cake and passion fruit sorbet with praline
Petit fours
Four cheeses graded and arranged by strength, mild to very strong
Including unpasteurized brie, Blue*

Coffee, caffeinated.

**** a superb soup*

Note: the usual foods for the Congress in Finland, Sweden, and Norway were served abundantly but simply: e.g., 6 cheeses, 5 fishes, eggs soft or less soft, meats 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, as in a better buffet, with few vegetables. Carrots were often present.

Rulon-Miller

continued from page 3

wall of white brick affronts you. The sense as you climb is of leaving another world behind, like entering a rocket ship. A small man by Western standards, and looking much younger than his sixty-nine years, Mr. Nitta bolts around the reception area of his—not a bookshop at all, in spite of the books lining the walls—corporate office, shaking hands, making introductions, artfully jumping about from one group of people to the next. He is usually smiling, but more and more now, showing uncharacteristic moments of thoughtfulness and meditation, as if a deeper wisdom were percolating. Inside I believe he is a complicated man, and perhaps one even tormented by his own success. Yet all outward appearances are certainly to the contrary. Ever waxing enthusiastic, and no more so than now, in Japan's sagging economy, he conveys the sense that everything is possible; he's upbeat, friendly, positive. In his presence everyone seems important, and all projects doable.

If you come from afar, as I did, you are treated with uncommon distinction. The (visible) staff at Yushodo are gracious and attentive. The receptionist, Miss Asami Itoh, sits just beyond the swinging glass doors, greets everyone as they enter. Mr. Tomoaki Kagota, head of the rare book department, entertains customers in the inner sanctum: a long but not large room at the back of the building, a rectangle mostly shelved. Two freestanding bookshelves protrude from the short laterals, and display cases sit at either end. Kagota sits at the table and we talk about Medhurst. There are other booksellers in the room: Biondi and Brass, I think.

Meanwhile, Mr. Nitta is making sure everyone is a welcomed and respected guest, going out of his way to make the shy and less known more comfortable. The foreign booksellers who had come into Tokyo early were treated on this Monday night to a wonderful Japanese dinner (twelve courses or so, depending on how you counted) hosted by Mr. Nitta at Chinzan-so (House of the Camellia),

HANARE-YA RESTAURANT

Chinzan-so, Tokyo
November 18, 2002

APPETIZERS

Walnut-tofu, Salad, Sashimi (Tuna, Yellowtail, Shrimp)

GRILL (on stone made from the lava of Mt. Fuji)

Beef, Prawns, Onions, Sweet Potato, Pumpkin, Asparagus, Green Pepper, Shiitake mushrooms, Konnyaku (gelatin-like paste made from the starch of a yam-like tuber known as devil's tongue), Scallops, Cuttlefish

SAUCES

Peanut sauce, Sesame sauce, Oroshi-Ponzu sauce (soy sauce base with citric juice, vinegar, and grated Japanese radish), plain salt, and lemon

AFTER THE GRILL

Bowl of rice (with pickled beefsteak plant on top)
Soup, Japanese pickles (radishes, cucumbers)

FRUITS

Persimmon, Grapes

DESSERT

Sesame pudding

BEVERAGES

Wine, beer, sake, green tea, mineral water

which is nestled in the landscaped garden of the Meiji era (1866-1912) estate, still considered one of the finest gardens in Tokyo. Mr. Nitta uses this restaurant frequently for luncheons and dinner meetings, and he's on a first-name basis with the manager, who was ceremoniously recommended to me for assistance with any such meeting I might have had during my stay in Tokyo.

Mr. Nitta arrived at his own party a little late, suit jacket draped over an arm. One of his assistants, Masaki Morisawa ("Marketing and Development, International Division"), answered a cell phone, then handed it to Nitta. A twenty-second call. A pun. Then a casual greeting in English. I sensed he seemed relieved that the festivities were finally beginning, bringing to an end perhaps a year or more worth of planning. Toasts were made throughout the meal, but most of us, including the man himself, were more interested in relaxing and dining casually with colleagues. It wasn't until

Wednesday night, November twentieth that the actual celebration of Yushodo's anniversary was marked.

Seventieth anniversaries (*Koki*) are specially honored in Japan. If I didn't know any better I might have sensed this was a retirement party of sorts honoring Mr. Nitta (for he too is in his seventieth year) for something on the order of 500 of Yushodo's closest associates, vendors, business partners, librarians, publishers, other Tokyo booksellers (but not *all* Tokyo booksellers: there were faces I expected to see but didn't), and a dozen or so of Yushodo's ninety employees—and yes, I expect there were customers in attendance as well. Some came in black tie. Louis Vuitton and YSL were *de rigueur*. Back in St. Paul, I never could have imagined the luxuriousness of it all; all I had packed were Dockers and an old, green corduroy jacket.

The evening began, actually, at eleven o'clock in the morning, when the book fair at the Grand Palace Hotel opened to

the public. Some of the visiting dealers were present at the opening, but others thought it would be more useful to prowl around the shops in Jimbocho, Tokyo's bookselling district. (Both trails brought reports of success.) But by 5:00 p.m. cocktails were being served, and everyone was front and center at the Grand Palace. Three coatcheckers could barely accommodate the throng. The fair remained open while champagne, wine, beer, and assorted juices were passed out on trays held aloft by strolling hostesses. At 6:00 p.m., the attendees were invited into the Diamond Room, a venue familiar to all who exhibited at the ILAB book fair in 1990. Row upon row of chairs were laid out in three sections front and back, distinguished guests to the right and in front of the dais, the visiting booksellers to the left, by the harpsichord on which was painted in orange numerals the mysterious date of 1992.

Mr. Nitta offered a greeting in both English and Japanese that included a generous introduction of each of the foreign dealers, our names in big Roman letters on the projection screen. Two slide lectures on the pleasures of book collecting followed, the first by one of Japan's most ambitious collectors, Professor Shoichi Watanabe, on English philology; and another, on the polymath Athanasius Kircher, by the well-known natural historian and cult novelist, Hiroshi Aramata. From the slides that were shown it was obvious the talks were interesting and erudite, and as a non-native speaker I was sorry not to have had a *précis*. The lecturers were followed in turn by an announcement of the finalists for the 2002 Gesner Award, given annually by Yushodo since 1997, the year Mr. Nitta opened his bibliographical library on Western books to the Japanese public for research. The award goes to outstanding works in "the neglected world of book catalogues, bibliographical studies, and books about books." At last, the script called for the curtain to fall on the formal part of the evening, which closed with a music program (Vivaldi and Bach) performed by the

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Rulon-Miller

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Bach Collegium of Japan, Naoko Imai, harpsichord, and Azumi Takada, violin.

Suddenly, an announcement. And a rush! On someone's cue we were quickly ushered out of the room just as perhaps fifty hotel staff swarmed in from the other side and, meticulously choreographed, began stacking and carting away the chairs, even as the doors were closing firmly behind the crowd, leaving us to visit the book fair again, or to secure another libation, or to wonder at the Japanese penchant for teamwork. About twenty minutes later the room was opened to us anew, completely transformed into a gala buffet spread out over an area nearly the size of a football field, with perhaps two dozen large tables in clusters of three offering a variorum of Japanese desiderata, from *maguro* and *hamachi* to duck and dumplings to the omnipresent and ever-sweet persimmon. Judging from the din, both wine and beer were dispatched in adequate quantities, and the ice sculptures, reflecting the chandeliers, slowly melted. The last event of the evening was a ceremonial opening of a barrel of sake, followed by a toast by Donald Keene, Professor Emeritus, Columbia University. The attendees started for home. Each was given a (Yushodo) shopping bag full of gifts, including a decorative ceramic tile, a box of Japanese sweets, and a copy of Yushodo's most recent publication, *Catalogue of Bibliographical References selected from Yushodo Gesner Library* (Yushodo, 2002), an annotated bibliography of more than 1000 reference books on Western books, accumulated over Mr. Nitta's nearly forty-five years of book-selling and the basis of the library now open for research.

Mr. Nitta deserves all that he has achieved. A graduate of Waseda University in Tokyo in 1956, he traveled as an exchange student to the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, for a summer lecture course in library studies. Following his formal education, Mr. Nitta, at the suggestion of his father, came to the U.S. and immersed himself in the American

book market, staying first at the home of ABAA member Muir Dawson (just after Muir's son Michael was born) and later at the home of Fred Rothman, a law book publisher and dealer in Hackensack, NJ, where he learned about the publishing business, all the while polishing his skills in English. His command of English is far better than one might imagine. Even though he speaks in diced, choppy sentences, he kens well the syntax and understands most everything in conversation.

I'm not sure Mr. Nitta would say that his most valuable experience was working for Kraus Periodicals (specialists in back numbers and publishing scholarly reprints) in Millwood, New York, after he left Fred Rothman's, but it is certainly one that has left a profound mark on his business. After a year with Kraus, Mr. Nitta returned to the small, used book shop that was opened by his father in Jimbocho in 1932. Under his guidance and leadership, that modest book shop has grown into a publishing and book-selling conglomerate. Always true to the seed from which the empire sprang, Mr. Nitta gives great support and prominence to the antiquarian segment of his business, but in fact, this is a very small part of the pie. One branch of the Yushodo business publishes books, including many reprints of Western bibliographies translated into Japanese (one of his best sellers, the Japanese edition of *Printing and the Mind of Man*), facsimile editions (his collaboration with the Huntington Library on reproducing the Ellesmere Chaucer was a stunning success), and original editions, including Yasuo Kume's beautiful *Fine Handmade Papers of Japan*, 1980, and the Japanese issue of Menno Hertzberger's *Dictionnaire a l'Usage de la Librairie Ancienne*, 1962, with Japanese equivalents added. (In the spring of next year, Yushodo tackles another ambitious undertaking: they will publish jointly, with Faksimile Verlag Luzern, a facsimile edition of *The Peterborough Bestiary*, an illuminated manuscript held in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Produced around 1300 in the Peterborough Monastery [now Cathedral], it includes 104 miniatures depicting various beasts and should be a delight to

collectors of medieval art.) Yushodo has been a pioneer and leader in microfilm publishing in Japan for thirty-five years; they create and store digital archives; they also print and distribute on demand doctoral dissertations from around the globe; they import back numbers of scholarly and legal journals; they distribute academic and legal text books (Yushodo is the exclusive agent for LexisNexis in Japan and provides loose-leaf law publications to lawyers' offices throughout Japan); and they operate a secure, climate-controlled storage facility (with retrieval and delivery service) for books and documents, often contracting with Tokyo libraries which do not have space for shelving. These, among other ventures.

Mitsuo Nitta and his wife, Hisako, are avid supporters of the L'Association Internationale de Bibliophilie, usually traveling together once a year to the AIB Congress and visiting libraries and book centers in the far corners of the globe, often in the company of Professor Watanabe and wife. Mr. Nitta is a regular visitor—if not always an exhibitor—at international book fairs. He is a founding member of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of Japan (Yushodo has been ABAJ's perennial mailing address), and he is the only bookseller in the world of his generation (and one of only three in history) to hold the title "ILAB Member of Honor"—ILAB, where the light of democracy still does not shine brightly. Yet ILAB was Nitta's forum, and it is unlikely that any man over the last thirty years has done more for international relations among booksellers than he.

A note on Mr. Nitta's fair: The book fair is Yushodo's alone and lasts one day only. This year, seventy books in all were exhibited under glass, with descriptions in both Japanese and English, and the price in the currency of the country of origin (a book from Colin Franklin, say, was priced in British sterling). Forty-two of the books were from Yushodo's stock; twenty-eight were supplied by nineteen foreign exhibitors (John Boyle, Simon Finch, Ian Smith representing Quaritch, Colin Franklin, Bjorn Lowendahl, Michael Steinbach, and Lee Biondi prominent among them),

including representatives of ABAA (Marty Winkle from Buddenbrooks, myself, and David Brass representing Heritage Book Shop)—an across-the-board, largely ragtag team, in my opinion, finding solidarity in our being *gaijin*. All of us had been asked to send a list of books to Yushodo in advance, from which one, two, or three were selected as appropriate to exhibit. A catalogue was made listing all the books, each accompanied with a color illustration and bilingual description, which was supposedly circulated to Yushodo's all-inclusive mailing list. Certainly there were many distributed at the fair. The name of every dealer was prominently printed next to their catalogue entry. In the display cases, which were arranged around the perimeter of a large reception room with Yushodo staff wedged up against the walls behind them, red dots were placed on the descriptions of the books that were sold; blue dots were placed on those books Yushodo wanted to buy for stock. On my last pass around the room, blue dots outnumbered red dots better than two to one. Along one wall of the fair, Christies, London, as part of a two-day appraisal service staged at the invitation of Mr. Nitta, was displaying about a half-dozen six-figure books (eight or nine figures if doing yen) coming to the block this month, all



Photograph courtesy of Noriyuki Nozawa

The Yushodo Book Fair at the Grand Palace Hotel, Tokyo.

for the amusement and instruction of the Japanese clientele, of which there seemed a-plenty, and in spite of the economy, looking quite prosperous, too.

A footnote on reaching seventy years in Japan, supplied by Masataka Miyawaki, Senshu University, Tokyo:

It used to be said in Japan that the average human life span was 50 years. Therefore, people who lived longer than 50 years were thought to deserve to have their birthdays celebrated in special

ways. There are some “milestones” to be celebrated, in particular: *Kanreki* (60 years old), *Koki* (70 years old), *Kiju* (77 years old), *Beiju* (88 years old), *Sotsuju* (90 years old), and *Hakuju* (99 years old). If one compares Yushodo to a person, one can say that it has reached its *Koki*, or 70th birthday. The term *Koki* is derived from a line by the Chinese poet, Tu Fu (712-770), who wrote: “It has been rare since old times that one lives to be seventy.” *Koki* corresponds to the English phrase, “rare since old times.” ■

Lopez

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ILAB stolen books database piggy-backed onto it.

The stolen books database also came up in the Presidents' Workshop: Jelle Samshuijzen was there, and in addition to saying it was practically ready for data entry, he talked about access: all ABAA and ILAB dealers will be able to access it, as will librarians who have received a password that will give them at least some, perhaps not full, access to the information in the database. There will also need to be a form for reporting stolen books that is accessible to anyone and that filters through a moderator before going

into the database. There is some question as to whether and how to allow non-ABAA and non-ILAB dealers to have at least limited access to the database, without even a password. It wouldn't be full access, and it wouldn't provide information about which dealer corresponds with which code: there would have to be, again, a moderated contact point for non-ILAB dealers. Details will continue to be worked out, probably with the Security Committee and the Internet Committee.

My impression was that, as has been the case in the past, ABAA is well ahead of most other national associations in using the Internet—and in coming up with new ways to use it. Despite the fact that at times this appears to be a tediously slow process, we are still at a cutting

edge, especially within ILAB but also, by all appearances, within the book trade in general.

The other main part of the workshop had to do with promoting ILAB, and here much of the discussion was familiar to anyone who's been through the similar discussions we've had in ABAA—i.e., there's not enough money to do substantial print advertising; we need to spruce up the website to try to capitalize on good books, ethics code, etc.; we should be doing press releases on a regular basis, promoting the things we're already doing, for example, in ILAB's case, the Bibliography Prize), and in general making an effort to let the world know about ILAB

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and what it stands for. There have been ILAB bookmarks printed up, which can have the name of the national association on the verso; there are ILAB pins now being made that are similar to the ABAA pins we all received on joining ABAA (which I didn't remember, but which a number of ABAA booksellers were wearing the day after the meeting). There was the suggestion to put "ILAB" after the dealer's name in the listings dealers have on the various book database sites, much as we've encouraged ABAA dealers to do in the past couple of years.

One disturbing fact emerged in the course of the workshop: at present there are only about 380 dealers, total, in the ILAB book database.

There is a consensus that one way to promote ILAB (and I think these kinds of ideas are equally applicable to ABAA) is to make the website increasingly useful, providing functions that other sites don't, so that users will tend to return time and time again. Clearly the stolen book database is one such function. Other ideas were sought, and this kind of brainstorming should be going on not only within ILAB but also within ABAA.

I spent a fair amount of time outside of the meetings talking with Jelle and with Adriaan van Oosten, the Webmaster for abaa.org. Both had interesting and useful things to say: Jelle was focused on trying to develop new features of the ABAA and ILAB sites that will distinguish them from other book sites—his software for the virtual book fair that Oak Knoll held recently and that SLAM is going to have in a month or so is pretty attractive and unlike anything else I know of "out there" at present. But, again, promotion of these book fairs is crucial. Oak Knoll reportedly did very well, but it was publicizing it, as much as, or more than, having good software that made it a success.

Adriaan had a great many ideas for making the ABAA site more compelling and useful, and I'll be presenting them to the Internet Committee in coming days and weeks.

The very low number of booksellers having books in the ABAA/ILAB database was disturbing because it risks jeopardizing the database's viability. In the President's Workshop I pointed out—although I don't think many of the other Presidents realized this or heeded it when I brought it up—that all of the other book database sites on the internet have either failed or have, as yet, failed to find viable business models that can sustain them and ensure their survival, let alone their growth.

This summer we've seen ABE change its policy to include commissions, and this is not out of greed but desperation, as best I can tell: For the past three years ABE's business model has been essentially unviable—bookseller monthly subscriptions have not been enough to sustain the size business needed to support the database, nor to grow. First ABE tried the various "reseller" programs, then they adopted a commission policy, which they don't yet know will work. Similarly, Amazon.com is de-emphasizing its zShops in favor of a new approach that will allow them to take a larger percentage of each transaction than they currently do—and, again, this is more likely due to a need to make that business viable than a result of outright greed. Bibliofind sold out, but they weren't really making any money at the time; Bibliocity sold out because they couldn't get the financing they needed to grow and couldn't grow on the basis of monthly subscriptions. Different databases are trying different approaches, including cooperative ownership, large up-front investments, etc., but nobody has yet figured out how to make that kind of business survive. ABAInternational threw in the towel a few months ago. Et cetera.

Jelle has developed the ILAB database based on the old approach of relying on monthly subscriptions and not charging commissions, but—although he doesn't yet talk about this—it's pretty clear to me, based on the histories recounted above, that he's swimming upstream and will have a great deal of trouble, especially if so few ILAB dealers will put their books in the database and at least give him that monthly subscription income. I'd like to make a concerted

push to see if we can get more ABAA dealers to sign up for the ILAB database—we currently have about 160. There's a chicken-and-egg factor here: many dealers will sign up when traffic at the site is proven and sales are more forthcoming, but traffic and sales are partly a byproduct of having a healthy, large, diverse database. I have asked Board members to encourage ABAA members to sign up for the ILAB database, especially since Rockingstone will add the books of ILAB subscribers to the ABAA database for no additional monthly fee. It's very important to us to try to ensure that Rockingstone stays viable.

We were only in Stockholm for about thirty-six hours, and for me one whole day was taken up with the formal Presidents' Meeting. Both the workshop and the meeting were very similar to ABAA Board meetings, although not quite as tightly run as the ABAA's meetings have been under the last two Presidents. Still, they were more focused, and with less rambling, than I feared they might be and than I have heard they were in the fairly recent past.

The Presidents' Meeting was fairly routine. The only controversy was a resolution to change the ILAB book fair levy from \$30 per booth—which had been voted in a year ago—to 2 percent of the booth fee. This was presented as a revenue-neutral change, and one which will distribute the levy more fairly across the board. In Boston, for example, the levy would range—if it were in effect today—from \$41.40 for the largest booth (as opposed to the current \$30) to \$20.90 for the smallest half booth. New York fees would be much higher because of the higher cost of booths there.

The French objected to the proposal on technical grounds and may challenge it on those grounds, but the change was voted in 18-2-1 by the Presidents. We'll see in the coming months if it stands, but in the meantime, the Book Fair Chair and the chairs of the regional book fair committees should examine the implications of this change and report back to the Board about them.

Oslo was again a beautiful city, with one of the most spectacular sculpture

In Memoriam



Stanley Phillip Kurman

Popular Los Angeles book dealer Stan Kurman passed away on Wednesday, November 13, 2002.

With his wife Eleanor, Stan took over Needham Book Finders in 1968. For more than thirty years Stan assisted customers, including countless writers, studios, and celebrities, in their search for rare and out-of-print books. Even after closing the Westwood Boulevard store in 1982 and Eleanor's passing in 1993,

Stan continued to operate Needham's from his home, maintaining contact with customers and book dealers around the US and the world.

Stan was born July 22, 1917, in New York. He attended City College of New York, earning a degree in Advertising in 1948, and he received his Master's Degree in English from New York University in 1951. Prior to moving to California in 1968, Stan worked in key positions with the American Red Cross and Israel Bonds.

Stan was a very active and vital senior, whose energy and wit belied his eighty-five years on this earth. Stan was walking to his twice-weekly exercise class near his home in Santa Monica when he was struck by a motorist.

Stan will be dearly missed by his daughter, Toni Kurman Wade, of Valencia, California; his son, Scott Kurman, of Entiat, Washington; his granddaughters Leslie Wade, Michelle Wade, and Sandra Kurman; and the legion of book lovers, book dealers, card players, theater-goers, and fitness fanatics who were fortunate to have known him and called him "friend."

A celebration of the life of this remarkable man was held on Sunday, November 24, 2002, at the Fairmont Miramar Hotel, Santa Monica. More than 150 people attended from Stan's many diverse circles of friends—bridge players, poker players, book dealers, condo dwellers, long-time friends, and of course, family. During the informal gathering, many people stepped forward to reflect on Stan and his impact on their lives. Speakers included Stan's brother-in-law Jerry Estrin, granddaughter Leslie Wade, Ronan O'Casey, Ida Lee (who read a poem she'd written in Stan's honor), Leila Newman, Stan's son Scott Kurman, and Stan's son-in-law, Marc Wade.

You may send a message to the family at <marcwade@aol.com>, or, in Stan's memory, please consider a donation to the UCLA Library, Special Collections department. A donation to The UCLA Foundation, Attn: Library can be sent to: UCLA Library Development, 21520 Young Research Library, Box 951575, Los Angeles, CA 90095. For additional information, please contact Laila Rashid, Director of Development, 310-206-8526, <lrashid@library.ucla.edu>. ■

gardens I have ever seen or heard of in my life—the work of a sculptor named, I think, Vigeland.

We had two overnight ferry rides—one from Helsinki to Stockholm and one from Oslo to Copenhagen. While I don't think too many of the booksellers took great advantage of the casinos on board, "a good time was had by all," as they say, and quite a number of booksellers stayed up late enough to close down the nearly-all-night bars. The ILAB Congress farewell dinner was held on board the ferry from Oslo to Copenhagen.

This Congress was notable for Bob Fleck being voted in as the new President of ILAB—the first American to be President in God-knows-how-many years—nearly forty, I believe. Kay Craddock chaired the meetings, but near the end of the Presidents' Meeting the vote

was taken for the new members of the ILAB Committee, Bob was elected President, and he chaired the remainder of the meeting.

As most ABAA members know from Bob's tenure as ABAA President, he's very much oriented toward action, and it looks as though he will be a spur prodding ILAB toward more concrete steps and less politicking and verbose posturing than might be the case otherwise, and than may have been the case in years past.

The book fair was indeed in a beautiful venue in Copenhagen, and several Copenhagen booksellers also made the visitors feel quite welcome, one in particular hosting a very well-stocked open house at his shop and dinner at a restaurant across the way. It was a small fair, with only forty to fifty dealers and not a great deal of activity—that I could see, anyway—with the

best-attended day being the first, when many of the ILAB dealers who had attended the Congress but were not doing the fair were still in town.

In the end, it was an enjoyable but tiring time—nearly two weeks, with a lot of moving around and not much chance to unpack one's suitcase before it was time to pack it up again. But the cities were beautiful, the hosts were helpful, it was enjoyable to meet and spend time with a number of booksellers whom I would not otherwise have gotten to know (none of them were the least bit interested in modern firsts, for example). A few concrete proposals and some good ideas, all of which you will be hearing about in coming months as they become more clearly articulated or more practically implementable, came out of it, so it was a productive time, too, I think. ■

Recent Books by Members

First Editions of Dr. Seuss Books: A Guide to Identification. By Helen and Marc Younger and Dan Hirsch. Saco, ME: Custom Communications, 2002. 200 pages, \$150.

Reviewed by Dan Gregory

In the 1982 edition of Van Allen Bradley's *The Book Collector's Handbook of Values* (New York: Putnam's, 1982), the entry for works by Theodore Seuss Giesel, the prolific children's author best known as Dr. Seuss, lists *And to Think I Saw It on Mulberry Street* for \$150–\$175 and *The Seven Lady Godivas* for \$50–\$75. The contemporary counterpart, Allen and Patricia Ahearn's *Collected Books: The Guide to Values* 2002 Edition (NY: Putnam's 2002), lists these titles for \$3500 and \$1000 respectively. The jump in values alone is not particularly noteworthy when compared to many other books from the 1930s. More telling, however, is that the Ahearn book also lists six additional Seuss titles, ranging in value from \$1000 to \$7500 for *The Cat in the Hat*.

In the intervening years, as the young readers who initially grew up with Seuss books matured into influential educators, critics, and collectors, Seuss became an increasingly essential part of the canon of children's authors and illustrators. He is also one of those rare artists whose work, at least thus far, continues to appeal to successive generations. He has become, in fact, one of the most influential figures in children's books, and indeed of all literature, outselling any other single author in history. He has introduced his vocabulary, his characters, and, most importantly to many of us, his values to children for well over half a century. In the twenty intervening years between the Bradley and Ahearn guides cited above, while his works were gaining in importance, collectibility, and value, there were perhaps hundreds of sales of Dr. Seuss books that, upon inspection, will prove to have been incorrectly offered as first editions. Some of these sales were likely the result of duplicity, but a large part of them were

the result of the virtual impossibility of determining Seuss firsts (and the reluctance of the trade to own up to this deficiency). Publishers of children's books are notorious for their lack of consistency in identifying first editions. In the case of Seuss, whose works were reprinted with astonishing frequency and maddening variety, identifying first editions has been especially troublesome, even to dealers who handle them frequently. Further, with exceptional copies of some Seuss titles ready to break the \$10,000 mark, this need to definitively identify Seuss first editions is no trifling academic pursuit, but an essential concern to the collectible book trade.

Indeed, it was the volume of sales of "bad" Seuss first editions, particularly on the Internet, Helen Younger told me recently, that finally persuaded her and her co-authors, Marc Younger and Dan Hirsch, to publish *First Editions of Dr. Seuss Books: A Guide to Identification* (Saco, ME: Custom Communications, 2002). Not only were customers being burned, but misinformation from eBay "experts" was solidifying into dogma. At the last ABAA Book Fair in New York, for example, a customer told us that our copy of *Yertle the Turtle* was not actually a first because of some spurious issue point he found amid the thick and loosely ordered sheaf of laser-printed "reference material" he had amassed on Seuss by diligently scanning online auctions. With nothing short of the customary ABAA-by-laws-recommended courtesy and professionalism, we politely told him where he could go "look it up."

Now, thankfully, there is a far better reference destination for the Seuss collector or dealer. *First Editions of Dr. Seuss Books: A Guide to Identification* delivers exactly what the title promises and, as such, is a particularly useful reference tool filling a great need in a specific sector of the antiquarian book market. It is not, nor does it make any pretense to be, a bibliography of Theodore Giesel. Had the authors intended a comprehensive and thorough

bibliography of Seuss, including not only his eighty-three published books as first editions, but also all their reprint states and great number of foreign and variant-format editions, all Seuss ephemera and student publications, all the published advertising work from his early career, all the non-book items such as the Standard Oil jigsaw puzzle or Seuss Navy Flag (both from the 1930s), all the textiles based on his popular characters, etc., we would certainly never have this present reference. The project is simply too overwhelming to come to fruition in a single stage.

Nor is this guide like most bibliographies in another respect: Bibliographies are often exhaustive lists of published works that, unfortunately, give the book collector or dealer too little help in quickly determining whether what they have in hand is what they desire (namely, a first edition). Knowing that the book has to have been published by a particular publisher in a specific year is simply not enough, and reading the copyright information (when supplied, it is never re-printed in the same format at the original) is onerous. *First Editions of Dr. Seuss Books: A Guide to Identification* is outstanding in living up to its title: First editions of each of Seuss' books are consistently listed with all details of text, binding, size, collation, and dust wrapper. More importantly, and a model for any future book of a similar nature, the authors have, for each book, offset in blue ink a handy "First Printing Points" paragraph and reproduced in full color the covers and relevant portions of each book.

Reference material must be judged first and foremost by its accuracy. In this regard, *First Editions of Dr. Seuss Books* is exemplary. Priority of printing was determined by many years of research, comparing multiple issues in the authors' possession with copies held by Dartmouth College, the University of California at San Diego, the Random House archives at Columbia University, the Library of Congress, and private col-

lections. Particularly useful to the authors were early presentation copies, the dated inscriptions helping to sort out the murky precedence of various states. Despite exacting research, it is almost impossible for any reference work to go to press with absolutely no typographical errors or to remain fully irrefutable over time. Again the authors have created a model for other reference works: Corrections to the book are listed online at the Younger's website, www.alephbet.com.

If reference material is to be measured by its utility, another reasonable yardstick, again Younger, Younger, and Hirsch earn high marks. *First Editions of Dr. Seuss Books*, with its highlighting of issue points and multiple photographs for each entry, is eminently idiot proof and easy to use. And finally, if, as an afterthought, reference material is to be judged by more aesthetic standards, again the authors have excelled, with a book that, fittingly, has bright, glazed boards, is attractively laid out and illustrated, and printed in a large, sans-serif typestyle that is easy on the eyes (how many bibliographies can claim this?).

At \$150, the price of *First Editions of Dr. Seuss Books* may seem a bit steep to some, even those conscious of the high cost of printing all 200 pages of a book in full color. However, it is an investment easily justified by the purchase of a single "right" Dr. Seuss first edition for ten times that amount or more. Despite the abundance of colorful imaginary creatures amid its pages, at heart this is a serious book for serious collectors and booksellers, essential to any who own or intend to own Seuss firsts. If the Seuss dabblers are fortunate, a number of the 1000 printed copies will also find their way into the reference sections of better public libraries.

Professional antiquarian booksellers continuously tread a fine line between revealing hard-earned information and keeping it close to the vest. Successful and respected specialists, such as the authors, do this better than most. Unfortunately the Internet has fostered an attitude that specialized information should

He Must Be an Osteopath

His words are made up
I've occasionally noted,
Especially when from his books he is quoted
(This not being a subject on which I have doted).

And I do not much care for the creatures he draws,
Not the Fleems, not the Droots, not the Big-Blotzie-Blawz.
I watch in dismay as my own children read them
And ask, "Dad, when we're at the zoo how come
we've never seen 'em?"

Though an expert on kids' literacy I'm not,
Can all of this nonsense be good for a tot?
I wonder as I read some more rot
Of seven-wheeled cars and fuzzy pink trains—
Surely this hokum is bad for their brains.

But then I think of that egg-shoving Sam
Peddling his dangerously outdated ham.
For years I eagerly awaited a sequel
Involving hospital bills without equal.
I remember the Sneetches, I remember old Yertle;
The thoughts of them grip me like grandmother's girdle.

I recall good old Horton and that damned jokester Cat,
And I think of the times as a child I sat
On the potty seat idly musing, held fast
By the wonder of words and the times that I asked
Is the past participle of shit really shat?
(And if there's a name for a rhyme scheme like that.)

The Grinch's antics through my mind dance,
Karloff, not Carrey, my preference,
His heart swollen many times what it had been before
(An anatomical unlikelihood I chose to ignore).
As I recollect, I can't help but smile—
It grows on my face and lasts quite a while.

So, much as I'd like to bash Dr. Seuss
And for his excesses demand an excuse,
I own I can see why he's so highly praised,
Why he'll be read long past the end of my days.
Yes, despite my best efforts, of his books I admit,
In the end I'd not change them, not one little bit.

—Dan Gregory

continued on next page

Stanford University Establishes Byra J. and William P. Wreden Prize

The Stanford University Libraries (SUL) and The Associates of the Stanford University Libraries (ASUL) are pleased to announce the establishment of The Byra J. and William P. Wreden Prize for Collecting Books and Related Materials. William P. Wreden was a long-time member of ABAA.

Collecting books and related printed and manuscript materials is a mark of a literate and cultured society. SUL and ASUL established the Wreden Prize to foster this activity and to honor students' collecting efforts. The prize has been generously funded by family and friends, including the ABAA's Northern California Chapter, in memory of the Wredens.

William P. Wreden was a 1934 Stanford graduate, and within a few years of his graduation, Wreden set upon a lifelong

course as an antiquarian bookseller, occasional publisher, and collector. Wreden's most noted collections consisted of his outstanding private bibliographical library and a collection of some 2,800 titles on witchcraft, magic, and demonology.

Throughout his life Wreden actively supported the Stanford University Libraries through gifts and sales of important books and collections. In the late 1970s he was a generous patron to an earlier student book collecting competition sponsored by the Associates. Byra Wreden, starting in the late 1950s, also supported the library; she was a founding and long-time board member as well as chair of ASUL. She was also responsible for donating the archive of her husband's business, William P. Wreden Books and Manuscripts, to the Stanford University Libraries.

The Wreden Prize especially aims to recognize Stanford students who demonstrate a creative and innovative approach to collecting. A panel, which includes librarians, faculty, an antiquarian bookseller, and an ASUL member, will judge contestants' entries. The competition for the cash prize of \$1,000 is open to all Stanford students currently enrolled in a degree program. It is anticipated that the Wreden Prize will be awarded biennially; deadline for submissions for the first year of competition is Monday March 31, 2003.

For more information on the Wreden Prize, please contact Robert G. Trujillo, Frances & Charles Field Curator of Special Collections, Stanford University Libraries, Stanford, CA 94305-6004; email: Trujillo@stanford.edu ■

Recent Books

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be free, without any regard for the cost of compiling and verifying that information. But the Internet has also demonstrated, particularly in the case of Dr. Seuss books, that as a means of identifying first editions, it is about as accurate as your average six-year-old. In preparing definitive information such as this, Younger, Younger, and Hirsch obviously spent years of research and the not-inconsiderable expenses of travel, purchases of comparative copies, etc. Ultimately, they are not likely to recoup their investment unless it is in the satisfaction of knowing that they shared with the larger communities of booksellers, collectors, and readers the authoritative information they could much more easily have kept to themselves.

Copies may be obtained from the authors: Aleph-Bet Books, 85 Old Mill River Rd., Pound Ridge, NY 10576; phone (914) 764-7410; or Daniel Hirsch, PO Box 5096, Chapel Hill, NC 27514; phone (919) 542-1816. ■

Thank you from a Benevolent Fund recipient...

I want to take this opportunity to thank the members of the ABAA for their help to me, via the Benevolent Fund, this past fall. When things looked their bleakest to me, and I was unable to work at my business, the ABAA Fund came through to help my family and me.

I have just finished a hard-fought bout with Seminoma Cancer, and the doctor says at this point there is no sign of the tumor. I am very grateful for the thoughts and/or prayers of those in the ABAA.

I highly recommend the ABAA Benevolent Fund for those are thinking of giving during this Holiday Season. There is no other organization in place that helps antiquarian booksellers who find themselves distressed and in need. Any amount that you can donate will help, because collectively our donations will make a difference in a bookseller's life. Thanks to all of you who have donated in the past.

I hope you will join me in giving to the fund this Holiday Season. Just send a check made out to the Antiquarian Booksellers' Benevolent Fund, c/o ABAA, 20 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036-6604.

—Mike Vinson

Ken Sanders Hosts “Genuine Fakes”

In October 1985, three bombs exploded in Salt Lake City, killing two innocent people and injuring a third, Mark W. Hofmann. Subsequent investigations revealed that this young documents dealer had planned and executed the bombings to cover up a five-year trail of deceit and forgery.

Over twenty years have passed since Hofmann began his notorious career, and while he now spends his days at the Utah State Prison serving a life sentence for murder, his forgeries continue to appear in the marketplace, claiming unwary new victims.

In September 2002, ABAA dealer and Security Committee Chair Ken Sanders, of Salt Lake City, hosted “Genuine Fakes: The Forgeries of Mark W. Hofmann.” This two-day symposium was devoted to exploring the literary, historical, and Mormon forgeries of the convicted murderer.

Organizer Sanders kicked off the symposium on Friday, September 13, 2002, with a call for establishing a registry of Hofmann forgeries and a remembrance for those who lost their lives at Hofmann’s hand: Steven Christensen and Kathleen Sheets. He then introduced Will Bagley, Utah historian and author

of *Blood of the Prophets: Brigham Young and the Massacre at Mountain Meadows* (University of Oklahoma Press, 2002), who served as Moderator. The symposium also featured speakers from among the victims and investigators of Mark Hofmann, along with noted authors and collectors, antiquarian book dealers, numismatic dealers, forensic experts, and police detectives:

◆ Ken Rendell, ABAA member and author of *Forging History: The Detection of Fake Letters and Documents* (University of Oklahoma Press, 1994)

◆ Richard Turley, head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints Family History department and author of *Victims: The LDS Church and the Mark Hofmann Case* (University of Illinois Press, 1992)

◆ Steve Mayfield, Salt Lake City Police Crime Lab

◆ George Throckmorton, Salt Lake City Police department, the expert in document authentication who broke the Hofmann forgeries case and provided the detailed forensic analysis of Hof-

mann documents concluding *Salamanca: The Story of the Mormon Forgery Murders* (Signature, 1988)

◆ Jennifer Larson, former ABAA Board member with a notable expertise on the forgeries of Hofmann

◆ Brent Ashworth, autograph collector and victim of Hofmann who lost a small fortune and a number of genuine autograph items to the skillful falsifier

◆ Al Rust, numismatic dealer, Hofmann victim, and author of “Mormon Money”

◆ Dr. Anthony Marks, Boston cardiologist and owner of a Daniel Boone document forged by Hofmann

◆ Simon Worrall, author of *The Poet and the Murderer: A True Story of Literary Crime and the Art of Forgery* (Dutton, 2002).

◆ Robert Stott, Deputy Salt Lake District Attorney and the lead prosecutor in the murder case against Hofmann

◆ Doralee Olds, the former wife of Mark Hofmann, in a surprise appearance

A four-volume video set (VHS only) of the entire two-day symposium is now available. Jim Pepper, ABAA dealer from Santa Barbara, CA, was among the first to view the tapes: “This is six hours of informative, thought provoking, at times poignant, and frankly just fascinating, entertaining viewing... Even if you have read the several books on Hofmann, there is plenty new to glean from these tapes.”

To order the videotape set, please contact Ken Sanders Rare Books, 268 South 200 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111; phone 801-521-3819; fax 801-521-2606; email <ken@dreamgarden.com>. The video set is available to ABAA and ILAB members for the special price of \$50 including postage (add \$10 for shipping outside the U.S.). The price of the set to non-members is \$60 plus shipping. ■

...And from *The Benevolent Fund Trustees*

We would like to thank William Reese and Company for hosting the Ricky Jay show last April in New York City to benefit the ABAA Benevolent Fund.

Mr. Reese asked only that attendees donate the cost of the ticket (\$65) to the Benevolent Fund. The Trustees are surprised and disappointed that, to date, very few of our colleagues have remitted this small sum, and we ask if those who have not would do so, by sending a check in that amount made out to the ABAA Benevolent Fund to our headquarters at 20 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036-6604. Please help to continue and complete the generous gesture made by Mr. Reese.

—*The Trustees*

New Members

The *ABAA Newsletter* welcomes the following new members accepted at the Board of Governors Meeting in Boston in October 2002:

Kevin Royal Johnson, Royal Books, Inc., 32 West 25th Street, Baltimore, MD 21218; phone: 410-366-7329; fax: 801-740-3231; email: royalbooks@att.net; web: royalbooksonline.com

William C. Leone, Jr., Bill Leone, Bookseller, 2408 Chelsea Road, Palos Verdes Estates, CA 90274; phone: 310-377-2628; fax: 310-541-4624; email: wcleone@aol.com; web: www.billleonebookseller.com

James William Logan, Twice-Sold Tales, 155 Main Street, Farmington, ME 04938; phone: 207-778-4411.

Daniel Wechsler, Sanctuary Books, 535 East 86th Street, Number 19D, New York, NY 10028; phone: 212-737-8329; fax: 212-570-9175 (please phone first); email: sanctuarybooks@earthlink.net

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

James H. Goldwasser, Thomas A. Goldwasser Rare Books, San Francisco, CA.

Willis Monie, Jr., Willis Monie Books, Cooperstown, NY. ■

Membership Updates

Marjorie P. Adams has a new address: 98 Washington St., Geneva, NY 14456.

Stuart Bennett has a new email address: sbennettbooks@earthlink.net

Booked Up has a new DC address: 1407 31st Street NW, Washington, DC, 20007

The Bookstall has a new address and phone number: PO Box 4037, Walnut Creek, CA 94596; phone: 925-947-1379

L. Clarice Davis has a new email address: lcd-artbooks@earthlink.net

Golden Legend has a new address: 211 South Beverly Drive, Suite 114, Beverly Hills, CA 90212-3613

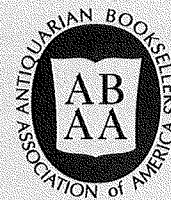
Greengate Farms has a new email address: greengate@ilab-lila.com

Hackenberg Booksellers has a new email address: hacken@rcn.com

David J. Holmes has a new address, phone, and fax: PO Box 90, Hamilton, NY 13346; phone: 315-824-9494; fax: 315-824-9699.

Leif Laudamus has a new address, phone, and fax: 198 Danforth St., Portland, ME 04102; phone: 207-774-5777; fax: 207-774-6777.

Maxwell's Bookmark has a new email address: orders@maxwellsbookmark.com ■



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