



# The ABAA NEWSLETTER



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ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

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Out-going ABAA President Rob Rulon-Miller yields the podium—and his office—to incoming President Robert Fleck. The event took place at the Association's annual meeting, held this year at the Grolier Club, New York City, April 20, 1996.

## Robert Fleck Elected New ABAA President

Robert D. Fleck of Oak Knoll Books, New Castle, Delaware, became the twenty-fourth president of ABAA at the annual meeting of the Association held on the evening of April 20, at the Grolier Club in New York City.

The meeting was preceded by a cocktail reception and a dinner, which were sponsored by the Middle Atlantic Chapter, within the comfortable confines of the Grolier Club rooms. Approximately one hundred dealers and their guests attended the event and the drinks were on the house. Consequently, this year there was a din where two years ago there was an echo. Everyone seemed at once content and cheery, albeit a little sweaty and loud up there in the room across from the bar. Martin Antonetti, the dapper, laconic man who wishes only to be referred to as "librarian" seems to inhabit the place, and was our gracious and generous host. We pray he wasn't put off by the babble of the trade, or the understated pomp of the meeting.

Out-going president Rob Rulon-Miller called the meeting to order about 9:00 p.m. In keeping with tradition, Rob recited the transitions in membership over the course of the last year, and before turning the gavel over to Bob Fleck, he went on to make the following remarks:

## Book Fair Rules Amended: Lottery Attendance, Outside Vendors Allowed

The ABAA Board of Governors approved two amendments to the official ABAA Book Fair Rules during their meeting in New York, April 17, 1996. One makes it possible for certain vendors outside ABAA or ILAB membership to exhibit at ABAA-sponsored fairs. The other opens the lottery for fair booths to attendance by any ABAA member.

### Section H. Certification of Impartiality.

1) At least one (1) member of the Board of Governors shall be present at the lottery for booths. The date, time and place of the lottery shall be announced in advance in a timely manner. The lottery

may be attended by any ABAA member wishing to do so. The Chapter Book Fair Committee shall be responsible for notifying the Book Fair Committee chairperson when the lottery has been completed and that the lottery has been held in a completely impartial manner.

### Section T. Outside Vendors.

1) Chapter Book Fair Committees may at their discretion invite *Outside Vendors* to apply for space at ABAA book fairs and/or in ABAA fair catalogues at rates to be set by the Chapter Book Fair Committees; no Chapter Book Fair

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# Letters to the Editor

*From: Paul P.B. Minet, East Sussex, England, United Kingdom*

In your Winter 1996 issue, you list ILAB Book Fairs for this year and include amongst the list one or two which should perhaps not be there. I write partly as editor of the *ABA Newsletter*, your British equivalent, and partly as ex-Chairman of the Chelsea Book Fair Committee and member of the main ABA Committee.

To be called an ILAB Fair, to my understanding, a fair must, as well as conforming to written ILAB standards, fill two conditions: it must accept ILAB members from abroad as exhibitors and, following on from this, it must pay an exhibitors' captivation fee to the international body. The Chelsea (London) Fair, unlike the June London fair, does neither of these, mainly because its essential venue is such that it is filled with UK dealers year after year and has no room for anyone else. Either you have to take all comers (within reason) or home exhibitors only. The Bath Book Fair has chosen the other route and actively solicits overseas exhibitors because the Assembly Rooms in Bath can absorb them. I understand that there are some German fairs which simply will not take overseas dealers and in my view such fairs should either be excluded from these lists or an indication of their exclusivity should be added. We at Chelsea, of course, welcome both the publicity and the cash that foreign attendance offers, but that is common to all book fairs, ABA, ILAB, or anything else.

I think this distinction has some importance in that, in an increasingly mobile world, it would be invidious to lead ILAB members to feel that they can select all the fairs on your list for exhibition purposes. Regrettably, this is not quite so.

*This very question—What constitutes an ILAB Fair?—came to the fore several years ago with regard to the German Verband's policy on fairs. At that time, ABAA argued that any fair sponsored by a national association affiliated with ILAB was perforce an ILAB Fair and therefore*

*open to all ILAB members. In keeping with this view, ABAA accepts any and all ILAB members in good standing who wish to exhibit at its fairs. ABA apparently does not. The Verband also opts for exclusivity—at least at their Stuttgart Fair. Furthermore, ABAA pays a \$10 tax per booth to ILAB for every fair it sponsors, whether there be foreign exhibitors in it or not. ABA apparently does not, which might be perceived in some quarters as an inequity. ILAB has still not commented on this issue specifically, and one might hope that when the new ILAB Committee is seated in September of this year an ad hoc committee could be formed to answer the question.*

*The Editor*

*From: F.J. Manasek, Norwich, VT*

The ABAA Board seems to be losing touch with reality on several fronts all at once! Recently we learned that the ABAA is awarding "scholarships" to some members who have not exhibited previously at the New York fair. Now I learn that the ABAA conducts policy discussion via the Internet, even though two-thirds of the members are not connected!

In the first case, it is intolerable to think that our dues money is going to subsidize others' businesses. It is not a "scholarship" to pay other businesses' bills, but a direct subsidy. This does nothing to "strengthen a fair, it only makes it bigger. The New York fair is the ABAA flagship fair and does quite well already and we needn't spend our dues to californize it. If you want to make it better, pay for more advertising or lower booth rentals for all. If all this spare money is sloshing around, reduce all member's dues. Use the money to open markets for all members, not just a few. Perhaps our Board is confusing itself with Congress and is using our money to pay for lavish entertainment (most recently several thousand dollars for the DC dinner!) and the ABAA equivalent of a social program to bring some self-styled diversity into the New York fair. It is a new high in elitist effrontery to take money from members

as dues and redistribute it this way. There are many established member firms that can ill afford to subsidize their colleagues, nor should any member be so forced. Shame on the lot of you!

Regarding the Internet, we should keep in mind that the object of communicating is to communicate, not disenfranchise. I've been computer literate for over twenty years but that doesn't mean I blackmail others into it.

I think again of the analogy between our Board and Congress. Both groups take our money, spend it lavishly and arrogantly, give it to lawyers and make it hard to find out. And the results are the same. Instead of learning from the San Francisco fair debacle, now New York is in jeopardy.

There are obvious strains within the ABAA. They are similar to the ones afflicting the ABA some years ago. The British solved the problem by retaining the top-end dealers and fairs under the ABA umbrella and forming another association, the PBFA, which hold fairs monthly. I think this recognizes that the trade in general used books is not the same as the trade in rare books. They are two fundamentally different businesses. Although there are rare books exhibited at the PBFA fairs and general used books at ABA fairs, the tone and general thrust of each fair is quite different. Most dealers and collectors attend both. Perhaps American bookselling has matured to the point where we can seriously consider such a solution.

*Yes, it is true. ABAA members discuss ABAA policy on the Internet. It is also true they discuss ABAA policy by phone and by fax, and even in person. If Mr. Manasek feels disenfranchised I suggest it is not because he is not on the Internet.*

*The Editor*

*F.J. Manasek makes some interesting and thoughtful points in his letter but they are to my view both misplaced and exagger-*

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# Blumberg Required to Notify Librarians and Booksellers

United States District Judge Harold D. Viotor has ruled that convicted rare book thief Stephen Carrie Blumberg must identify himself upon entering a library or bookstore. The text of Judge Viotor's ruling, filed with the Clerk of Court in Des Moines, Iowa on April 25, 1996, reads in part:

"The conditions of supervised release imposed on defendant in the judgment and sentence entered herein on July 31, 1991, are modified by adding thereto the following conditions:

"(1) Defendant shall only work at employment approved by the United States Probation Office. Defendant shall consult the United States Probation Office prior to any changes in employment, and shall not terminate any employment without prior approval from the United States Probation Office.

"(2) Defendant shall, whenever he goes to a library or bookstore, upon entry, deliver to the librarian or bookseller the NOTIFICATION attached hereto and by this reference made a part of hereof. He shall, at least three hours before going to a library or bookstore, notify his probation officer of his intention to do so, identifying the name and location of the library or bookstore.

"(3) Defendant shall not go into abandoned houses or abandoned buildings.

"(4) Defendant shall observe a curfew by being in his place of residence from midnight to 6:00 a.m., and he shall be there unless permitted by his probation officer to be elsewhere.

"(5) Defendant shall maintain a telephone at his place of residence without call forwarding, a modem, caller ID, call waiting or portable cordless telephone."

Blumberg's "Notification to Librarian or Bookseller" reads as follows:

"My name is Stephen Carrie Blumberg. I am providing you with this notification pursuant to an Order of the United States District Court for the Southern District of Iowa.

"In 1991, I was found guilty by a jury in the United States District Court for the Southern District of Iowa of interstate transportation of stolen property (rare books that I had stolen, mostly from libraries). I was sentenced to prison and served over five years. I have been released and am now on supervised release. A condition of my supervised release is that whenever I enter a library or bookstore, I must, on entry, present this notification, and that I comply with your security rules, regulations and measures, and that I consent to a search of my person and belongings upon arrival and departure."

## Ethics Committee Rules on Catalogues

You read the debate in the *Newsletter*.

One ABAA dealer refused to send a catalogue to another ABAA dealer. The offended party filed a complaint with the Ethics Committee claiming a violation of paragraph 7 of the Code of Ethics, which states: "An Association member should permit any other Association member in good standing to buy from his or her inventory any material for sale [i.e. priced], and to extend to that Association member a reciprocal discount."

The complaint elicited much comment and discussion, both in public and within the confines of the Ethics Committee. It was finally decided by the Committee that paragraph 7 of the Code of Ethics does not *require* one bookseller to send catalogues to another bookseller. Nonetheless, the Ethics Committee encourages all ABAA members to provide catalogues to other members on the same basis as they are provided to the general public, when solicited.

## Scholarships Available

The Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund of the ABAA is offering two scholarships to the seminar-workshop, *Out-of-Print and Antiquarian Book Market for Booksellers and Librarians*.

The seminar, co-sponsored with *AB Bookman's Weekly*, is an intensive weeklong program for new and experienced booksellers who have never had the advantage of formal training, or who wish to exchange ideas on the latest developments in the field. It will be held July 14-19, 1996 at Colorado College, Colorado Springs.

Competition for the two awards of \$1,250 each is open to all.

To enter, please send a simple statement of need and purpose, of 500 words or less, to: Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund, c/o Liane Wood-Thomas, Executive Director, ABAA, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, Lobby Floor, New York, NY 10020. Applications must be postmarked no later than June 15, 1996.

The successful candidates will be notified by phone or fax, and by mail.

The awards will be presented at the seminar registration in Colorado Springs by an ABAA member.



These awards are in memory of

ELISABETH WOODBURN

ABAA President, 1982-1984,  
& for many years in addition  
a distinguished bookseller

# Ring Out the Old, Bring In the New

by Helen Kelly

I'm about to end my four-year term on the Board of Governors and feel it behooves me to write down a few of my observations as I prepare to exit this most interesting and diverse assembly.

Perhaps it is unfair to characterize booksellers, but I can't resist a few generalities. We are conservative when it comes to our organization. For the most part change is debated, measured and administered gingerly.

We are individualistic. Booksellers do not exist in a corporate environment; generally, we function in tiny microbusinesses. Becoming a Board member requires the adoption of a new perspective—the big picture—in order to determine what is best for the trade.

And finally, we're generous, industrious and kind. I've observed incredible commitments of time and energy by members on behalf of the organization—often at the expense of individual bookseller's businesses. The vast amount of energy that propels the ABAA comes from volunteers, a fact that seems at times lost on those who would have things done differently. In my experience if someone is willing to work, the Association is more than willing to cooperate. More than ideas are needed to keep it running.

As a governing board we need to ask ourselves where will our trade be in five years, ten years, even twenty years? How

best can we prepare? This long-term thinking could not help but lead to the world of cyberspace. From where I'm sitting, the world of the bookseller, not to mention society as a whole, is changing in ways not seen since Gutenberg. Though many may find this unpleasant it is no less real.

To my mind the ABAA's creation of a home page is one of the most significant benefits the Association has ever provided its members. Some of us did not need the ABAA to introduce us to the possibilities of selling antiquarian books via the computer. We did not need the guiding hand of a reliable, competent consultant. Nor were we, without the ABAA home page, inaccessible to millions of potential, computerized customers. But most of us were inaccessible and needed that guiding hand.

The effort made by the leadership of the ABAA to give every member a presence on the Internet demonstrates an enormous commitment to the long-term health of the trade. The larger bookdealers would invariably find their way around this new terrain, but the smaller dealers could potentially get lost in its complexities. Ignoring the realities of these new technologies will not make the technologies go away, but it might make our businesses do just that.

During my four years on the Board I was most involved with matters of mem-

bership. The Board debated what constituted a bookseller. Were manuscript dealers book sellers? We seemed to agree that they were. What level of sales are necessary to qualify a dealer as a professional purveyor of books? What commitment of time and activity separates the dilettante collector/seller from the ABAA-caliber dealer? At present we are working on a compromise solution.

How can we ascertain an acceptable level of expertise in our aspiring applicants? The answer seems to lie in the sponsorship portion of the application process. Not too long ago one of our more esteemed colleagues lamented the acceptance of a particular new member. Upon examination it was discovered that the disgruntled member was one of the applicant's sponsors. What is a committee to do? Some people are unable to refuse a request from a fellow bookseller. Perhaps a word from Nancy Reagan's playbook is in order; or, better yet, an offer to mentor the candidate.

I write this because I am finishing up four years which have been enormously rewarding to me both professionally and personally. I've gotten to know in a personal way booksellers whose names I had barely recognized and in doing so I've developed an affection and respect for many of them. In sum, I've always loved being a bookseller and now there's another reason why.

## ILAB Congress Committee Seeks Forgeries



ABAA members planning this year's ILAB Congress in Los Angeles are seeking examples of fakes, forgeries, and facsimiles. These articles will be used for a demonstration class to be presented by Nicholas Barker at the Congress on September 2, 1996.

Materials needed include forged or autopen signatures, facsimile leaves, and fraudulent documents—anything that can be used as teaching examples in the class.

We need the material for a few hours on September 2, but to insure we will have enough examples, we ask you to send them on now, or closer to the date. All materials on loan will be held

securely at Heritage Books, and used and exhibited only in Barker's class. We will identify everything as to its owner, and note the kindness of the each lender by name at the event. You need not be attending the Congress in order to participate in this manner. Your loan will be an important contribution to the development of our trade's educational programs and efforts.

If you can help, contact: Nancy Ruppert, Heritage Book Shop, 8540 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90069; phone: (310) 659-3674; fax: (310) 659-4872; e-mail: nruppert@aol.com.

You can also contact: Bennett Gilbert, Rare Books, PO Box 46056, Los Angeles, CA 90046; phone: (213) 876-8677; fax: (213) 876-8934; e-mail: gilbooks@ix.netcom.com.

# House Calls

*Every bookseller has his or her story to tell. Tom Congalton, ABAA Secretary, here inaugurates a new column, House Calls, which is open to booksellers inclined to relate their wildest and wackiest tales of buying—or not buying—books. Entertaining submissions for reading pleasure are now being solicited. Send your tales to: ABAA Newsletter, 400 Summit Avenue, Saint Paul, MN 55102.*

## “Ripped”

by Tom Congalton

Before I was a bookseller I was, as most booksellers were at one time, a book collector and scout. I was a singularly egalitarian collector and scout. I would buy books pretty haphazardly. As long as they seemed interesting I would buy them. Aside from the usual circuit of used book stores, library sales, thrift shops and such, every Saturday morning I would get up before the sun, roust my friend and neighbor Mickey up from his house across the street from mine in Ocean Grove, a New Jersey shore resort community, and head inland to Englishtown Auction.

Englishtown Auction was not an auction at all but a flea market spread over perhaps a dozen acres in central New Jersey. It was set idyllically downwind from a sewage treatment plant, and just up the road from Raceway Park, the local drag strip. The place was in all weathers a roiling mass of humanity, most of which was busy peddling knockoffs of designer clothes, rusty wrench sets and greasy food. It was among many other things, the tube sock capital of the world.

Near the back of the market was an acre or so of antique/junk dealers: burly gentlemen with dirty fingernails who would clean out your basement for a fee and sell the detritus at Englishtown; blue-haired old ladies displaying carefully attended depression glass; and antique

scouts who would scour house sales during the week to amass enough inventory to bring it out to the market. There was even a toothless used book dealer (who, I am happy to report—and in part by virtue of my many purchases—has incrementally provided himself with nearly a full set of dental hardware). Here the “collectibles” would eventually make their way further up the food chain to specialist dealers, dealers who could afford to maintain open shops and collectors hardy enough to brave the early hour and immoderate temperatures. While literally hundreds of antique dealers would be there before dawn with flashlights, examining the backs of station wagons and pickups for useable merchandise, only myself and perhaps a half dozen other book hunters were out at the market consistently.

Usually the pickings were slim. We would slowly accumulate acceptable volumes from the troves of the junk sellers, which we would in turn sell to “real” booksellers, meaning those with shops or who published catalogs. Perhaps once or twice a year, some book collector’s descendant would manage to overlook all of the obvious signs of value or rarity and trundle out a car load of really good books. One summer I remember a young couple was selling an Arkham House collection for fifty cents a volume. Another time a modest Faulkner collection made its way onto the field: while I was off scouring another corner of the market Mickey had bought a nice first edition of *These Thirteen* in its bright white dust-jacket for a dime. We lived for these moments of serendipity. If we had balanced the time and effort and hardship that had gone into the search perhaps we could have bought the books at retail, but the search was much the best part of the process.

We would spend the morning scouting, eat breakfast with the other book scouts, where we would gloat about finds or bemoaning the ones that got away, and eventually meander back to our homes.

But what I’m about to tell you has almost nothing to do with this except that

the event in question occurred when we were on our way back from the market.

After a moderately fruitful morning of scouting (for books, not fruit) we were barely a block from my house on the one-way street running parallel to where I lived on Mt. Pisgah Way. Outside a local rooming house we spotted a line of cardboard boxes perhaps twenty feet long and three boxes high. Steely-eyed scouts that we were, Mickey and I knew immediately what was in those uncovered boxes: books, and lots of them. I jammed on the brakes and we hastily disgorged ourselves from the van.

When we got to the boxes though, we were bewildered. These were books all right, and good ones too. This was obvious enough from a glance, even to novices like us. What we hadn’t expected though, is that they were ripped to pieces!

A quick examination revealed remnants of first editions of *The Scarlet Letter*, *Walden*, *The Great Gatsby* and *The Sun Also Rises*. There were several groups of Dickens in parts (way too many parts in this case), tattered scraps of color plates from Audubon octavos and Curtis *Botanical Magazines*, Catlin Indian plates, and who knew what else.

Dustjackets? Yes—early Hemingways and Fitzgeralds, Steinbecks and Faulkners ripped into a million pieces, turned into multi-colored jazz age confetti.

Despite being apprentice booksellers, Mickey and I retained a small measure of self respect. We were after all, conspicuously going through the trash of a boarding house in a shore resort community in the middle of the summer. Lesser men would have written it off as a lost cause, but we weren’t lesser men. We drew ourselves up, took a deep breath and loaded the dozens of boxes in the back of my van.

We spent the afternoon leisurely inspecting the contents of the boxes. In this endeavor we were assisted by Mickey’s half demented English bull terrier, Elmo. Elmo was something of a philosopher among dogs, or so Mickey claimed. Elmo’s sole organizing philosophic princi-

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# House Calls

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ple was that he wouldn't walk on leaves, presumably because he didn't believe there was anything underneath them. I guess you could call him a skeptic. He wasn't much for tricks though. His only trick was eating the mail. He would wait by the mail slot every day and eat the mail. His favorite treat was Mickey's paycheck, which he would devour whole, except for the check number. This facilitated the process of Mickey's employer issuing a replacement check, which they would mail to his house, and which Elmo would also eat. Elmo, has since gone to his reward, to be replaced in Mickey's affections by another bull terrier, Leo. Leo is only about a quarter demented.

But back to the books. Upon inspection our worst fears were confirmed: the books were a total loss. Not only had the destroyer actually ripped the books up, but for the most part he had ripped them horizontally across the boards, the way the strong man in the circus would dispatch telephone books. There was no hope of repairing or rebinding these books. And these were very good books indeed. We could identify the prices and codes of some of the dealers we knew, and the owner had paid good retail prices for most of them, and it was clear a fairly fine hand had selected the volumes.

Mickey and I, ever intrepid, hit upon a plan: I would go to the boarding house and try to discover the identity of the books' owner.

The boarding house outside of which the books were piled was known in the neighborhood as "The Solzhenitsyn House" because one of the inhabitants had plastered posters of that writer, accompanied by appropriately anti-Communist sentiments, in each of the downstairs windows. Ocean Grove and adjoining Asbury Park, with large Victorian homes that had long ago been segmented into rooming houses for summer vacationers, and low rents the rest of the year round, had proven to be the ideal dumping grounds for mentally and otherwise disabled patients who had been released in large numbers by state and federal institutions

in the late sixties and early seventies. This was such a house.

When I went to the door I discovered the name of the resident book collector: Ed. Ed wasn't in at present. I was told that Ed was burdened with a steel plate in his head and that periodically, and recently, he had been picking up signals from Mars on the plate which had resulted in some more than usually erratic behavior on his part (of which the destruction of his book collection was apparently a result, or symptom) and had been carted off to the Veteran's Hospital for a tune-up. On these occasions Ed was gone from weeks to months, depending on the severity of the signals and the extent of the tune-up. However, we were told when he was home, as he invariably would be, he was easy to recognize: he was accustomed to sitting in a chair rocking rapidly (or maybe they said rabidly) on the porch for hours on end, drinking beer and smoking two pipes simultaneously—the usual profile of a book collector, I surmised. I resolved to keep an eye out for him on his return.

My fateful meeting with Ed didn't occur until some months later. I was returning home late at night from my part time job as a bartender at Maloney's, a charming little bistro in Asbury Park frequented by outlaw bikers (most of whom were named Stumpy), their go-go girlfriends, various petty criminals, drug dealers and rugby players. We even had our own convicted serial killer as a patron—a matter of some distress to the owner, because the serial killer hadn't paid his drink tab before he had gotten himself arrested and convicted.

Needless to say, after closing the bar, ejecting the surviving patrons and mopping up the blood (all skills I've found useful in the antiquarian book trade) it was quite late, perhaps 4:00 a.m. I had taken the usual precaution of steeling myself for the five minute ride home with a case of beer, a habit all the bartenders had gotten into at the end of the long and usually stressful evening. After I had parked, some blocks from my house, cursing the blasted tourists, who did I spy rocking madly on the porch of the Solzhenitsyn house, contentedly smoking a pair of pipes? Well, you can probably guess. I made my approach.

"You Ed?" I said, ever ready with the astute observation.

"Yep."

"I live over on Mount Pisgah."

"Yep."

Reminded by my burden, and remembering the recital of Ed's habits, I asked, "Want a beer?"

"Yep."

"Can I sit down?"

"Yep."

I settled into a rocker beside the estimable Ed, although I was unable to match his frenetic pace. I continued to probe.

"You collect books?"

"Yep."

"Got any you'd like to sell?" I figured to offer him an alternative to his usual manner of divesting himself of unwanted books.

"Nope."

"What do you do with your books?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"Rip em up," he said.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, growing expansive.

"Have you bought any books lately?"

"Yep," he said

"What?"

"Boswell's *Life of Johnson*."

"First edition?"

"Yep."

"Rebound?"

"Nope."

I was aghast. "Sure you don't want to sell it?"

"Yep."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, I don't know." He paused. "I guess I'll probably rip it up."

Even a night working at Maloney's hadn't prepared me for the horror. Surprisingly, it was Ed who broke the silence that surrounded us for the next several minutes, as I searched my besotted brain for my next gambit. He was warming to the conversation, you might say.

"Mount Pisgah, huh?" he said brightly.

I started.

"House with all the books in it? I wouldn't mind takin' a look at them books sometime, if you wouldn't mind."

Ah, the time-honored communion of book collectors with a common love!



My internal reaction was immediate: Flee! In haste. Instantly. Sooner!

"Sure, Ed, that'd be nice. Stop by sometime. I'd best be going now. I've got a few things to do yet before bedtime."

Sure—like pack up all my books and mail them to my Aunt Cassandra in Altoona, and to see if there was an all-night realtor around who could put my house on the market.

And so ended my interview with Ed.

I never saw old Ed again. Apparently he started receiving radio signals again soon after and was hauled back to the Veteran's Hospital. I actually did put my house on the market soon after that (for other reasons than might seem obvious in this context), sold it and moved away.

I spoke to several New Jersey booksellers who had known Ed well. Apparently he had started collecting books while convalescing from his infirmities at the V.A. hospital in Newark. He had begun by frequenting a local bookstore there soon after the Second World War. Every month he would get his disability check, set aside the portion necessary for his room and board (and apparently a stockpile of beer and pipe tobacco) and immediately spend the rest on the best books he could find.

Most of the booksellers to whom I related the story of Ed's library were shocked, and vowed not to sell him any more books. A minority however seemed delighted that they might now have an opportunity of selling him multiple copies of the same titles.

I guess I shouldn't have been surprised. ■

## ABAA Lends Support to AAS Project, RBMS Preconference

The Trustees of the ABAA's Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund have announced two recent gifts. The recipients are the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, MA, and the Rare Books and Manuscripts Section of the Association of College and Research Libraries, Chicago, IL.

Monies from the Woodburn Fund were given to AAS to support their work in publishing the comprehensive *A History of the Book in America*. Funds were given to the ACRL in support of the RBMS Preconference to be held in Ithaca, NY, July 2-5, 1996.

In a letter to Rob Rulon-Miller, AAS President Ellen S. Dunlap wrote:

"The support which the Trustees of the Woodburn Fund have afforded our project for *A History of the Book in America* will make a real difference in our efforts to see this important undertaking through to a successful end.

"We have noted the form of name that you prefer—'The Elisabeth Woodburn Fund of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America'—and expect that space for such acknowledgement will be afforded in the front matter of at least one of the five volumes.

"Please convey our thanks not only to your fellow Trustees but to all of the members of the ABAA."

In acknowledging the ABAA gift, ACRL Executive Director Althea H. Jenkins wrote:

"On behalf of President Patricia Breivik and all 11,000 Association of College and Research Libraries members, I thank you for your support of the RBMS Preconference in Ithaca... Your donation of \$2,500 in support of the RBMS Preconference helps ACRL provide its 1,800 plus RBMS members with an exciting opportunity for professional development. We appreciate your support of our mission to advance academic libraries and librarianship in America."

The Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund was established in 1991 with funds bequeathed by Elisabeth Woodburn, ABAA President from 1982-1984. This endowed fund offers financial assistance for various educational purposes, and for the continuing education of antiquarian booksellers, including the funding of research projects related to bookselling or bibliography, and related travel expenses. Applications are available to any qualified candidate, according to terms set by the Trustees, and may be as simple as a statement of need.

Inquiries regarding the Woodburn Memorial Fund should be directed to ABAA, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, Lobby Floor, New York, NY 10020; phone: (212) 757-9395; fax: (212) 459-0307. ■



Treasurer Donald Heald, Vice-President Priscilla Juvelis, and past-President Lou Weinstein.

## In Memoriam

The ABAA *Newsletter* joins those attending the annual meeting on April 20, 1996, in mourning the loss and remembering the lives of the following long-time members who died during the preceding year:

Margaret DuPriest, Columbia, SC  
Jay Kieffer, Los Angeles, CA  
Nathan Ladden, Brooklyn, NY  
Mary Kendall, Glen Rose, TX  
Betty L. Means, Summerfield, FL  
Howard S. Mott, Sheffield, MA  
Robert Skull, Guerneville, CA

# The Press of the Pegacycle Lady

*The following is the text of a lecture given at the Beverly Hills Public Library on the subject "Booksellers as Publishers."*

by Victoria Dailey

The Press of the Pegacycle Lady.

The what?

The Pegacycle Lady.

I am often asked, what does it mean? Well, the origins of the name, as well as the Press itself, are shrouded in the mists of time. As clearly as I can recall, the Lady got her start in the early seventies when Bill Dailey bought a handpress and a few fonts of type, and began to print little odd broadsides and a small book or two. He was working for Jake Zeitlin at the time—there are not many speakers on bookselling and publishing in Los Angeles who can avoid mentioning Jake within their first few sentences, I among them. At any rate, Bill thought up the name Pegacycle Lady, but even he does not know precisely what it means. It was just a poetic-sounding name that stuck, a combination of Bill's fascination with the feminine and the mechanical. I came along in 1972 and became Bill's first apprentice and, in short order, his partner. I also became Jake's gallery assistant. So the Pegacycle Lady was conceived at the Red Barn, grew up in Laurel Canyon where Bill lived, and soon moved to Genesee Avenue in West Hollywood where Bill and I moved when we were first married. We also quit Jake's and set up as booksellers on our own. So, from the very beginning bookselling and publishing were the mainstays of our lives. We were crazy about books, and, in the motto of the International League of Antiquarian Booksellers, *Amor Librorum Nos Unit* (the love of books unites us). After buying and selling books all day long, we found that nothing seemed like more fun than to print them at night. We were eager to join the ranks of our literary and artistic idols and present well-designed books on obscure topics.

One of our first efforts was the work of Jack Hirschman, a local poet who had gained some notoriety for being kicked out of UCLA in a now forgotten scandal. Jack

was living the life of the poet *maudit*, the outlaw poet, an existence out of Rimbaud, and we liked him. He wrote an entrancing, powerful poem about the death of President Kennedy, "The R of the Ari's Razel," which we published in 1972—that is, we handset the type, printed it, and hand-sewed all 100 copies into wrappers. I still love this book: its look of the handmade, the mystery and majesty of the poem. Two years later we did another project with Jack: we all loved the French late nineteenth-century poets Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé; Jack did a really beautiful translation of Mallarmé's prose poem, "Ig-itur," which was also the first translation into English. We knew the artist Wallace Berman, who was also into the same visionary sort of stuff, and he supplied the evocative cover illustration. Wallace was a remarkable artist who died tragically in a car crash in 1976 on his fiftieth birthday; I feel we were truly lucky to have published one of the few books he illustrated.

Another early effort was a book of poems by the local poet and eccentric, Bernard Forrest. Bernard had been an aerospace executive and had retired into lush creativity in Benedict Canyon in a house filled with ferns and orchids. *Her Foot in My Hand* is the sweet title of this book, and I still often quote the memorable title poem: "She put her foot in my hand/I said my dear Are you still Doing that/ and she smiled wanly." Bernard made watercolors which we tipped into each copy as a frontispiece, and on ten special copies Bernard made watercolors which we used for the covers. We used the typeface Goudy Bold for the text, which we found strong and, well, bold, and we were proud of this little book. I'll never forget when, at a Rounce and Coffin Club meeting, we told another printer that we had printed an entire book in Goudy Bold. He reacted with disdain and horror and said, "An entire book in Goudy Bold! How hideous."

We usually print our books in rather small editions, from a very small run of 50 copies to what we consider a large run of 350. Our largest output of the 1970s was Steve Martin's book, *Cruel Shoes*,

published in 1977 in an edition of 750. At the time, Steve was just on the verge of his fame, and we thought 750 would be the right number to print; in fact, we thought we would have a good surplus. What we did not expect was that Steve would be a big hit on *Saturday Night Live*, and that the book would be in great demand. We received thousands of orders, and had to throw them away. We were simply not equipped to deal with so many orders. We would have had to stop our own rare book business in order to reply to each of the thousands of requests, and we just couldn't afford to. The popular world had descended into the antiquarian realm, and we were not ready for it.

Another book of this period—actually a bit earlier—of which I am extraordinarily proud, is the Marquis de Sade's *Letter from the Bastille to his wife*, which we published in 1975. This book had its origin at Jake Zeitlin's, where the actual letter came into Jake's inventory. The rock star Graham Nash was in the shop one day and expressed an interest in the Divine Marquis. I brought out the letter, which Graham promptly bought. Upon learning that it was an unpublished letter, he expressed an interest in seeing it published, and, being a publisher, I offered our services, and the project was born. We had a beautiful facsimile of the letter made, and a friend of mine and Bill's—a professor of French at Berkeley—offered to do an accurate translation. I set all the type, Bill printed it, and we designed a title page in two colors. What was the most fun was making beautiful paste papers for the covers, and each cover was unique. That book is one of our most elegant productions, and one of the few with which, over twenty years later, I find no fault.

Bill and I have been vegetarians for many years, and Bill has made a vast collection of vegetarian literature, with books from the sixteenth century to the present. (Booksellers, apart from being publishers, can also be avid collectors, and I certainly am one.) We wanted to add some bit of vegetariana to our output. We chose the very short and touching work by Annie Cobden-Sanderson, *How I Became a Vege-*



*tarian*, first published in a small edition of less than ten copies in 1908 by Annie's husband T.J. Cobden-Sanderson, founder of the Doves Press. We chose to duplicate the original edition as best we could, and printed 100 copies in 1983.

Another author with whom we worked on several projects was Edouard Roditi, the most intelligent, literary and lively raconteur I have ever known. Edouard spoke dozens of languages, translated for international organizations, published books on numerous topics from Magellan to Oscar Wilde, from the Cabala to the Kasbah. We first met Edouard through John Martin, our good friend and founder of the Black Sparrow Press. Edouard always had dozens of little manuscripts in preparation, and we expressed a desire to publish one.

Our first collaboration was his *Meetings with Conrad*, a reminiscence of his meeting Joseph Conrad when Conrad twice visited Elstree School north of London, where Edouard was a student. We also published a bi-lingual edition of a prose poem by the nineteenth-century French poet and dandy, Jules Barbey d'Aureville, with an introduction by Edouard. This work, *Laocoön*, was inspired by the Greek statue in which a father and his two sons lose their battle with a gigantic serpent. In the spirit of the poem, and in honor of Barbey and Edouard's dandyism, we printed eighty copies of the book on lemon yellow paper and twenty more on

blood-red paper. This may be our most eccentric book.

By now you might be wondering about the economics of publishing weird little books in small editions. We wonder about it too. Economics just doesn't seem to be a very useful part of publishing, so we ignore it. In the words of Sydney Smith, "There is nothing so fallacious as facts, except figures." As we supplied the labor, which could never be adequately recompensed in any real world terms, our costs were in materials, which could be high, but which never really mattered to us. We just loved making the books. Some books sell well, other languish for a while, but we published every book because we thought the contents worthy of being given form. We became publishers because we love books, and any profits we made were put right back into more type and more paper for the next project.

Our latest publishing adventure has been Jay's *Journal of Anomalies*, a quarterly journal written by Ricky Jay, the scholar and sleight-of-hand artist. In this case, we have not done the printing, but have engaged the services of Pat Reagh, one of the country's finest letterpress printers. This has been our first experience with publishing something on an ongoing basis, and has been an experience of many dimensions. True to our antiquarian instincts, we prepare the *Journal* in a very old-fashioned way: it is printed letterpress on handmade paper, and the color plates,

usually two per issue, are tipped in by hand, usually by my hands. The *Journal* has met with much acclaim, and we now have about 300 subscribers.

And now, after nearly one score and five years as a publisher, I am returning to one of my first authors for my next project: Steve Martin. He has written several plays, and one of them, *Wasp*, was just performed in New York. I am publishing it, with illustrations by the artist and actor Martin Mull, and, as we have all been friends over these many years, the project is a satisfying combination of all of our abilities. And this time I am prepared for orders! At least for a thousand of them, which is the limit of the edition.

This, I suppose, is one of the hallmarks of rare booksellers as publishers, the limited edition. We know the length and breadth and depth of our market, and count ourselves successful if we can sell a few hundred copies. The mass market is for the mass publishers: the rarefied market is for the rare book publishers. Our goal is not quantity. It is entity, and by that I mean we aim to put into existence worthwhile books which depend not on a multiplicity of copies for justification, but on the soundness of their content and form. Many of our books are acquired by university and museum libraries, ensuring that our books can be read by many, even if they do not exist in many copies. In this paradoxical way, less is more. ■



## 1996 ILAB Congress & Book Fair

**33rd ILAB Congress**  
**August 30 - September 3**  
Los Angeles, California

**16th ILAB Book Fair**  
**September 6 - 8**  
San Francisco, California



For more information please contact  
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# Letters

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ated. I will leave it to others to address his other points but feel as co-Chair of the MAC Book Fair Committee I must take issue with his remarks about the New York Book Fair.

For those of you unfamiliar with it, the "Scholarship Program" recently approved for the 1997 New York Book Fair was suggested to the local Book Fair Committee by a chapter member, discussed within the committee and with the officers of MAC, then recommended by the National Book Fair Committee to the Board of Governors, who gave it final approval. As an incentive for booksellers who have not previously exhibited at the New York fair, it offers a one-time \$1000 reduction in booth rent for a maximum of five ABAA members, the funds to be provided as follows: \$500 from the promoter, Sanford L. Smith and Associates, \$250 from the MAC Chapter from the Chapter's discretionary funds and a \$250 contribution from the National. Thus the National organization's maximum exposure, assuming all five of the scholarships are awarded, is \$1250.

The local chapters have traditionally petitioned the Board for funds to implement innovative programs to promote our fairs. They have petitioned for additional funds for advertising, to explore previously untried advertising mediums such as television, to defray the cost of National meetings, and yes, even to partially defray the costs of book fair dinners (which, by the way, is something the local chapters do routinely). As the ABAA derives a substantial portion of its income from the profits of the fairs, it doesn't seem unreasonable to me that the chapters should occasionally petition, and the Board should occasionally grant, funds to develop ideas to enhance the fairs, which the local chapters, with more limited funds, and usually less flexible budgets, might be less inclined to pursue otherwise.

This particular idea is intended to encourage booksellers who have not previously participated in the ABAA's oldest (and most expensive) book fair to do so. The fair has not been filled to capacity in

recent memory. This year we had 136 exhibitors, up from 134 last year. We have the capacity to accommodate perhaps 150 dealers. We are in no danger of being "Californized" as Mr. Manasek fears. Our intention, rather than to institute a "welfare program" is to strengthen and enhance one of our most important and prestigious fairs (in my opinion, our most important fair—but then, I'm prejudiced).

Our book fairs are the most public face that we present to the outside world. They are a source of considerable income to the organization and an important element in our quest to promote book collecting and booksellers to an increasingly attentive world. Small and careful improvements in our fairs, suggested locally, with benevolent attention and occasionally, partial funding from the National seems less like a "welfare program" (a much overused buzzword particularly popular with the current Congress that Manasek so readily attempts to associate us with) than a prudent, economical and strategic investment in the future of our organization.

Tom Congalton, Chair  
ABAA Book Fair Committee

From: Roger Baskes, Chicago, IL

As I mentioned to you at the Los Angeles fair in February, on my flight out from Chicago I read through the Winter, 1996 issue of the ABAA Newsletter, to which I subscribe. It occurred to me at that time that your members might appreciate having the opinion of one of their customers, so during the fair I tried to pay attention to my reactions to the size of the fair and to the proposal for grouping specialist dealers.

It is probably the case that every collector's perspective on book fairs is slightly different from every other. We are, of course, usually more specialized than most of you. And, if we are serious collectors, we know most of you who often have books in our fields of interest. Locating you at the fair is not really very difficult. To facilitate this, I typically photocopy the dealer list and layout from AB and punch it into my book lists; then I can prioritize whom I wish to visit first. If there is some way you can get the list in

advance to more of us, I am sure it would be an appreciated convenience.

After seeing a half-dozen most-likely-prospects, like everyone else I simply start at one end (usually the highest number) and go through the entire fair. It takes me at least eight hours to get through 220 dealers on the first circuit, and I realize that one has to be an obsessed collector to wish to do that. I usually spend another four hours going through a second time.

It is easier to find and buy books in a large venue, especially if that also results in wider aisles and more accessible booths. You are all buyers as well as sellers, so you must know that your interest and even your attention span is reduced when you are in the second row of wall-to-wall customers.

I don't believe the ABAA California book fair is too large for anyone other than perhaps newcomers. In perhaps a third of the instances, I can tell from outside a booth whether it is remotely likely to have anything in which I am interested. Those of you who ask us if they can help are performing a real service to the collector (and yourself) in finding books to buy and in conserving our time. And certainly collectors ought to articulate what they are looking for. If the California fair were half the size, fewer of us would come to it from thousands of miles away. I am very skeptical about the idea I have heard from many of you that collectors bring a fixed amount of money to a particular fair, which then must be spread among more dealers.

As far as grouping specialists, I personally would not like it at all. It consumes almost no time to bypass easily identifiable specialties I don't collect, like modern firsts and children's books. And I would prefer not to have "my" likeliest dealers all in a row, watching what I'm studying in the next booth and how much time I'm spending with their competitors. They are the very dealers I'll locate with the least difficulty. I want to go number by number and relish the serendipitous discovery.

By and large, book fairs seem to be the thing that most of you dealers are doing best. What many of you don't do as well is following up between fairs, by calling or faxing your customers about a book or

a short-list of books in our field of interest. Those of you who do, have my thanks; there is nothing I would rather have on my desk when I come in each morning than a fax offering some old atlas. But except for junkies like me who go to heaven in London the last week of each June, even from New York to ILAB (let alone, in typical years, Boston) is a long time to wait for a fix.

*From: Wayne Somers, Schenectady, NY*  
Regarding the eleven pages (!) of bull session transcript in the Winter issue, allow me to register the opinion that, editing being an honorable and necessary profession, the editor should edit.

If electronic conferences are worthwhile, a better technology has long existed: with ham radio outfits we could avoid all that keyboarding, and best of all, *leave no record for anyone to print.*

Seriously, you should explain to those who don't know it that there are degrees of being "on-line." Some of us find Internet e-mail access very convenient, but I don't regret at all not having the capacity to participate in discussion groups.

*The discussion on the Internet with regard to segregating dealers at bookfairs is one of interest to all members, and even collectors (two of the letters printed in this issue are from collectors addressing this very point). In reprinting a portion (yes, we did edit) of the discussion, we brought the debate to the entire membership, and in so doing hoped to show what value the medium might hold for those not yet on-line. Those not wanting to take part in the discussion on-line are not obliged to do so. Those not wanting to read the discussion in the Newsletter are not obliged to do so either.*

*The Editor*

*From: Tom Suarez (computer lover), Hawthorne, NY*

Constantly progressing technology is a wonderful virtue of our times, provided it serves us, rather than visa-versa. The Internet, a marvelous tool, has however become the object of an unhealthy romance with the ABAA. The Winter, 1996

*Newsletter* boasts(!) that members who were not "connected" were not privy to an extremely important policy discussion, segregation by specialty at fairs (a bad idea in my judgment). Is it really true, as the *Newsletter* claims, that this discussion "could not have taken place" via conventional methods? George Orwell must be smiling.

If individual members find the Net advantageous to them, that is wonderful—I am very happy for them!—but it is emphatically wrong for some members in a position of power to extort the "better than two-thirds" membership who, you acknowledge, are not connected, to adopt your interests under the threat of being excluded from policy discussions. Doesn't the fact that most of us are *not* connected suggest that perhaps the majority of us find the information superhighway to be either irrelevant—even counter-productive—to our business? I, for one attended, with an open mind, one of the pre-fair seminars arranged by the Association on the Net, but concluded for various reasons that it is in fact *contrary* to our interests for the field to become net-dependent.

Did anyone ask the better-than-two-thirds of us if the Board could hijack the Association to cyberspace? What is happening is that—in effect, even if not in stated policy—voting rights have now been reserved for those who share the Board's fetish for modems. The Internet is brilliant—in its place. Don't force it upon us just because it is your particular style, nor make the extraordinary claim that there is no alternative way of discussing policy.

Wasting considerable membership funds on Internet consultants is controversial. Blackmailing us into joining the bandwagon is downright wrong.

*The "policy discussion" was in fact just that: a discussion. Nothing was implemented, nothing voted on, and no new policy forged. The comment that "most of us find the superhighway" either "irrelevant" or "counter-productive" might remind some of us of similar comments once made about computers and faxes. In the meantime, the Newsletter continues to serve us all.*

*The Editor*

*From: Steve Bernard, Darnestown, MD*  
Although I personally choose to exhibit at only an occasional ABAA book fair, I note that the lottery system for booth assignments that I, and an overwhelming majority of ABAA members voted for is being perverted in actual practice. This is being done through a manipulated application wherein local sponsoring chapters and their book fair committees set aside "premium" booths which select members (i.e., those willing to pay an extra charge) may compete for through a *separate* lottery for the best booths.

In a pure lottery system each exhibitor has a chance to get the very best or the very worst book location based on the luck of the draw, but under the "premium" system being employed, members can avoid the possibility of ever receiving an undesirable booth by paying a tribute guaranteeing them a prime location. Once again the almighty dollar rules and the rich get richer. Those ABAA members willing, in effect, to tip the *maitre de se* cure the best tables while those unwilling to do so are assigned to lesser locations. As George Orwell so aptly put it: "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others."

To the best of my knowledge, our membership was never polled as to whether or not we supported a two-tier lottery system as opposed to a pure lottery. I, for one, thought I was voting for the latter. If the lottery concept is to be distorted to favor the bigger, richer dealers who can buy their way out of a bad booth, then let the membership vote to adopt that elitist approach and drop the pretense that we operate an egalitarian system that gives each of us the same chance of winning favorable booth locations.

*The option for chapters to "price booths differently for whatever reason" is dealt with in full in section G of the Book Fair Rules, which were approved by the Board of Governors in 1992.*

*The Editor*

*From: Robin Tabor, Harrisburg, PA*  
I recently attended the New York Book Fair at the Armory in New York and

**continued on next page**

## Letters

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while I was there I purchased a very nice presentation copy of a first edition of a well-known author. What wasn't apparent at the time—because so many of the books I saw were like this—but what became glaringly unsightly once I returned home, was the annoying “presentation” in the book, right underneath the author's, penciled in by the dealer. Why does the dealer have to make his imprint on the book so visible? Is there a need he needs to have fulfilled? Isn't it enough that he handled and sold the book? And what would happen if every dealer did the same thing? Why the original presentation from the author would be obscured entirely! In the book I purchased the dealer had written in pencil “fine copy in dust-jacket”, had given a bibliographic reference number, had given what looked to be a price code, and had stated that this was a “presentation copy to so-and-so”. All in all, more writing and larger writ-

ing, than the author's. Right underneath the original presentation! When I looked at the page when I got home I was disgusted. What kind of vanity is this? Fortunately I have a good eraser, but even so it left a slight mark. This is my plea for all dealers to use separate slips of paper at the very least.

### *Name withheld by request*

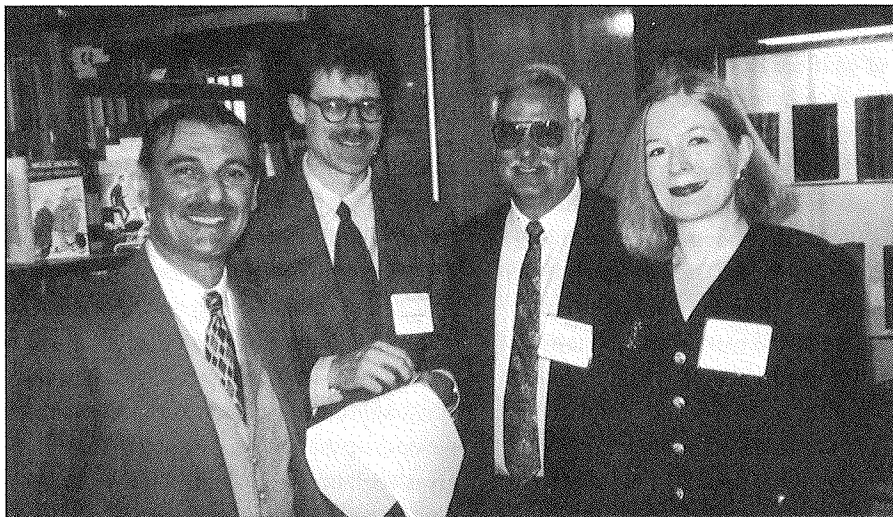
I am a new collector, just at it since March 1 of this year. I am anxious to do it right, so I have gotten the ABAA member list and subscribed to the *Newsletter*... At this point I am collecting just two people and many of the dealers I have called, regardless of whether they have a book to quote or not, have shared much information and given me many new ideas. I commend the profession for this generous attitude.

I was very interested in the long e-mail discussion in the Winter issue. In my opinion, there is such variety in the stock of most members that it would be impossible to group them by category;

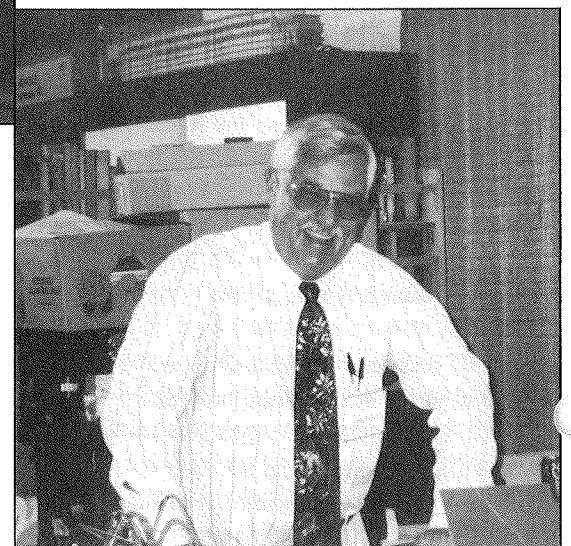
which category would you pick when a member has five or six? But I do think shows should be small enough for a collector to spend some time at each booth and also get all round the show. Otherwise, shows should be held for as many days as necessary to enable collectors to see everything.

The thrill of a show is the surprise of finding a new category of books, or a longed-for book that has been hard to find. Categorizing dealers might hinder these experiences.

*From: Jim Presgraves, Wytheville, VA  
Excerpted from a letter dated March 27, 1996, in response to Rob Rulon-Miller's comments in the Winter 1996 issue*  
With regard to the use of the term “Miss:” my grandmother, my mother, and my female cousins all have been addressed thus throughout their adult life and they considered it a term of respect as did I when I addressed [Liane Wood-Thomas] thus [in a letter printed in the the Winter 1996 issue of the *Newsletter*].



Takis Vadoros, newly-elected governor representing the Midwest Chapter, past-President Rob Rulon-Miller, ABAA President Robert Fleck, and Eileen Vadoros.



Newly-elected ABAA President Robert Fleck.

# Fleck

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"In thanking the Board for all the good work it does on behalf of the ABAA I mentioned that over the course of the seven or eight years I've served on the Board I've had the opportunity to work with perhaps seventy or eighty different ABAA members, either as governors, officers, or committee members. I was thinking at the time what a wonderful thing it was for me to have been brought into contact with so many of you, but as I thought about it afterwards, I began thinking about what a wonderful thing it was for ABAA to have so many of its members working for it—about one-sixth of the membership just since I've been serving.

"Serving on the Board is a job I wish on all of you. It is at once humbling and energizing. It offers a unique perspective on the dynamics of our trade, and there

are a great many rewards to be gained both personally and professionally. It has been a terrific experience for me, and I thank the Association, and you, the members, for giving me the opportunity to serve you."

Rob went on to thank everyone for their help and friendship over the years, and mentioned especially his predecessor as president, Peter Howard, and vice-president Bob Fleck. Rob also thanked Liane-Wood Thomas for her work at ABAA Headquarters, his assistant Tracy Smith who is also co-editor of the *Newsletter*, and his wife, B.J. Carpenter.

The out-going President concluded his remarks with two requests. He asked that the Board take pity on the new president, and he asked that they keep their comments clear and concise in the Board Room. And finally he asked that the membership recognize and appreciate the hard work and long hours the members of the Board put in on behalf of the Associa-

tion. "There is much to show for their efforts," Rob said, "and they deserve your recognition."

Rob then asked Bob Fleck to come to the podium for the ceremonial passing of the gavel. A few cameras flashed, and already Bob was off and running, waxing eloquently and excessively on Rob's contributions, and presenting the out-going president with myriad gifts, including T-shirts and a computer device that Rob could only scratch his head at, and wonder.

Meeting attendees then heard brief remarks from the newly elected vice-president, Priscilla Juvelis; the standing treasurer, Don Heald; and the newly elected secretary, Tom Congalton. New Board members Natalie Bauman (governor-at-large), Tom Boss (New England) and Takis Vadoros (Midwest) were introduced to the membership, as was governor Marilyn Braiterman, who will be filling out the remaining two years in the seat vacated by Tom Congalton. ■

# Rules

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Committee is in any way obliged to offer either space at their fairs or advertising in their fair catalogues to *Outside Vendors*. If a Chapter Book Fair Committee elects to offer such space and advertising, it must consider and accept applications utilizing fair and equitable criteria.

2) An *Outside Vendor* shall be defined as any individual, partnership, and/or business entity which, in the judgment of the ABAA Book Fair Committee, provides book-related service(s) and/or product(s) of potential interest to ABAA members, and which does not sell or offer to sell materials which compete with those offered by ABAA members. Non-ILAB consortia, or a group of non-ILAB booksellers, auction houses, book search services, or similar offerers of competitive materials or services shall not be considered appropriate *Outside Vendors* and shall not be permitted to participate in any manner in ABAA book fairs or be permitted to advertise in ABAA book fair catalogues.

3) Advertising in fair catalogues shall be made available to all qualified *Outside Vendors* on an equitable basis with ABAA members, where such fair catalogues are published, and where such catalogues are created with the intent of accepting advertising. The decision of whether to accept advertising in fair catalogues shall be at the discretion of the Chapter Book Fair Committees.

4) *Outside Vendors* renting spaces shall exhibit in a unified area which shall be appropriately segregated from regular ABAA book fair booths, such segregation to be at the discretion of the Chapter Book Fair Committees. Rented spaces for *Outside Vendors* shall be as designed and equipped by the Chapter Book Fair Committees, and assigned by a separate and impartial lottery to be conducted by the Chapter Book Fair Committees.

5) *Outside Vendors* and their employees shall not under any circumstance "scout" a fair prior to its opening to the public, and during set-up are restricted to their allocated spaces and public areas of access and egress only. Toward imple-

menting this rule, Chapter Book Fair Committees shall issue badges to *Outside Vendors* and their employees which are of a different color, or otherwise sufficiently distinct, from badges of exhibiting ABAA booksellers.

6) *Outside Vendors* and their employees shall comply in full with the ABAA Code of Ethics, and shall accept their rented spaces on the same conditions and terms as exhibiting ABAA booksellers, except as may be modified by the ABAA Board of Governors. *Outside Vendors* and their employees shall comply in full with ABAA Book Fair Rules, and other rules specific to *Outside Vendors* that the ABAA Board of Governors wishes to enact. Violation of the ABAA Code of Ethics, the ABAA Book Fair Rules, specific book fair contracts, and other rules as may be enacted by the ABAA Board of Governors shall constitute sufficient reason for immediate dismissal from any and all ABAA book fair(s), and such dismissed *Outside Vendors* shall not be entitled to any refund for space rented, or damages arising out of their dismissal. ■

# Recent Books by ABAA Members

- ***The Bookseller's Apprentice.*** George Talbot Goodspeed. Philadelphia: Holmes Publishing Company, 1996. 750 copies printed. \$35

## Reviewed by Rob Rulon-Miller

In 1937 Charles Eliot Goodspeed wrote and published his *Yankee Bookseller*, a now famous account of the well-known late Boston firm. Years later, his son George Talbot Goodspeed began dabbling in the writing of his own memoirs, and had even polished the manuscript enough to see some of it published, first in *The Book Collector* in 1979; and more recently in the ABAA's *The Professional Rare Bookseller* in 1983. "Then silence," David Holmes tells us in the Publisher's Foreword. "On a visit to Goodspeed's ... I asked George when we would see the rest of his memoirs. He replied that he had written a good deal more, but that it was still in typescript form, and he doubted whether it was publishable. I offered to read it," Holmes states, "with an eye to publication."

The happy result is *The Bookseller's Apprentice*. While the memories as such may seem random and haphazard to the casual reader, anyone connected intimately with rare books and the antiquarian book trade will quickly forgive the patchwork structure for the interesting nature of the topic: a behind-the-scenes look at one of the most prominent bookselling firms in North America, if not the world, as seen through the eyes of its redoubtable principal. Each specific memory is clear, well-written and entertaining. Here George Goodspeed describes his relations with and the mercurial whimsy of customers such as Frank Hogan, Carroll Wilson, J.K. Lilly, John Barry Ryan, A.E. Newton, Parkman Howe, and Frank Bemis whom he describes as "the greatest book collector in Boston this century," and he includes anecdotes about various literati, including Edmund Wilson, Amy Lowell, and the poet Robert Frost, who left a bill unpaid "for years". *The Bookseller's Apprentice* is peppered also with accounts of run-ins, friendly and other-

wise, with colleagues in the trade such as Dr. Rosenbach, Richard Wormser, John Fleming, and David Randall. No less interesting are the descriptions of the great books and manuscripts Goodspeed's handled. And there were many of these.

The book is illustrated with nearly fifty halftones showing views of the various Goodspeed locations, both inside and out; old Goodspeed signage and catalogues; and title-pages from some of the important or interesting books Goodspeed handled. The appendices reprint the account of Goodspeed's beginnings by Charles Eliot Goodspeed which was originally published as a foreword to Goodspeed's *Catalogue 250*; the text of Michael Walsh's obituary of him (he died on Halloween, 1950); and the amply-illustrated supplement to the fiftieth anniversary catalogue.

David Holmes has made a book of which he should be proud. How much of his editorial hand has crept into the text we cannot be certain, but the grammar is sound and the prose is fluid. The material product is a handsome and well-made octavo bound in full cloth and with a muted but aesthetically pleasing dust-jacket. The illustrations are reproduced well, and the type is a well-spaced, easily readable Caslon. From this book alone one senses that Holmes is serious about his publishing venture. This is the ninth book to be issued by his firm. An index would have been helpful given the gadabout nature of Mr. Goodspeed's recounting, but its omission is a small fault.

What makes *The Bookseller's Apprentice* interesting to the general reader is its generic appeal. Goodspeed's dealt in a wide variety of material, from incunables to modern literature, from juveniles to natural history; and dealt in prints and manuscripts as well as books. Goodspeed's was a huge operation by anyone's standards, employing at one point as many as sixty workers in three different locations. The sweep of Mr. Goodspeed's exposure in and around the trade was as great as any bookseller of his time or ours, and the stories he has to tell are sure to charm a very wide audience.

*The Bookseller's Apprentice* is available from: Holmes Publishing Company, 230 South Broad St., Philadelphia, PA 19102; phone: (215) 735-1083; fax: (215) 732-8151).

- ***Blues and the Poetic Spirit.*** Paul Garon. Revised and expanded edition. San Francisco: City Lights Books, July 1996. Trade paperback. 208pp. \$14.95.

While much has been written about the sociological significance of the blues, *Blues and the Poetic Spirit* is an inquiry into blues and the mind, a study of the blues as thought. From a poetic and psychological perspective, Paul Garon illuminates the blues' deepest creative sources and explores its far-reaching power and influence. Garon finds that the blues fulfills the poetic function of spiritual revolt against repression, communicating through highly charged universal symbols of aggression and desire: eros, crime, magic, night, drugs, and animals. His insights are conveyed with close analyses of classic blues lyrics and supplementary material from Freud, Roheim, Frazer, Breton, and Marcuse.

Out of print for nearly ten years, *Blues and the Poetic Spirit*, significantly updated and enlarged, will be re-issued this July. It includes new material that draws on insights of African-American thinkers who have recently contributed to black music and cultural studies. This edition also includes appendices and a bibliography, and many rare photographs of blues musicians and their environs.

*Blues and the Poetic Spirit* will be available in most bookstores beginning in July, or from the publisher: City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94133.

- ***Encyclopedia of New York State Ephemera & Americana.*** Harold Nestler. Saugerties, NY: Hope Farm Press, 1996. An 8 MB digital database on three 3.5" DS/HD IBM diskettes. \$30.

Harold Nestler has confided to the *Newsletter* that "it is widely known in the trade,



in the Northeast, at least, that I will have nothing to do with computers. In fact, I have a cartoon on my bulletin board of me running away from a computer."

In choosing a medium for presenting a catalogue of his forty-plus years in the antiquarian book trade, however, Nestler has turned high-tech. The three diskettes that comprise his *Encyclopedia of New York State Ephemera & Americana* offer a portable, easily accessible wealth of information on New York state books, pamphlets, maps, broadsides, ephemera, and manuscripts. The *Encyclopedia* contains more than 20,000 annotated entries gleaned from the forty-plus catalogues Nestler has issued in his forty-plus-year career. The entries include genealogies, histories, biographies, trade catalogues of New York State companies, Revolutionary War accounts, Indian histories, maps, prints, advertising broadsides, city directories, travel guides, and manuscripts.

The *Encyclopedia of New York State Ephemera & Americana* is available from: Hope Farm Press, 1708 Route 212, Saugerties, NY 12477; phone: (914) 679-6809.

• **Birmingham Bound: Opinionated and Often Irreverent Essays on the Fifty Most Important Books About Alabama's Largest City.** Patrick Cather. Birmingham: Cather and Brown—Books, 1993. 526 copies printed. 128 pp. \$30.

For more than six years, Patrick Cather sought "those books that I as a collector consider to be indispensable to anyone who would truly know" the city of Birmingham. The result of Cather's search, *Birmingham Bound*, offers a highly personalized, annotated listing of books about a city in which the author's "roots are deep," and in whose history and lore his "soul is steeped." Although he has admitted that the narrowness of his subject may grant *Birmingham Bound* a rather limited appeal, Cather has not spared any efforts in producing an entertaining and informative work.

The entries for Cather's fifty books are arranged chronologically by publication date, and span a period of nearly 150 years, from 1850 to 1991. Cather describes each book bibliographically, and



Enjoying a convivial moment at the Grolier Club, the setting for ABAA's 1996 Annual Meeting are: Natalie Bauman, Allen Ahearn, David Bauman, Corinne Weeks, Dyanne Ryan, and Patricia Ahearn.

## ABAA Logo Available in Digital Formats

As a benefit of membership, all ABAA members are eligible to receive digital versions of the ABAA logo for use in advertising their businesses. The ABAA logo is available in a number of computer graphics formats for use on IBM/PC platforms: EPS, Windows Metafile, and various bitmapped versions. The logo files are not currently available for use on Macintosh platforms.

The logo files can be transferred electronically for no charge, or copied onto a

diskette for a nominal fee to cover the cost of the diskette and mailing.

To obtain your electronic copies of the logo, please contact: Edward Ripley-Duggan, Wilsey Rare Books, 23 Mill Road, Olivebridge, NY 12461; phone: (914) 657-7057; fax: (914) 657-2366; e-mail: [ripleyduggan@delphi.com](mailto:ripleyduggan@delphi.com).

Or, you may contact: Patterson Smith, 23 Prospect Terrace, Montclair, NJ 07042; phone: (201) 744-3291; fax: (201) 744-4501; e-mail: [patsmith@openix.com](mailto:patsmith@openix.com). ■

adds notes on bindings, reprintings, and issue points. For many of the fifty books, he also comments on the availability of the work in question, basing his conclusions on the frequency with which he has seen the book during fifteen years of bookselling. The bulk of each entry, however, is devoted to Cather's personal musings about the importance of the particular book to the history, lore, and myth of Birmingham.

The book is illustrated throughout with black and white photographic reproductions of Cather's fifty, and more. An appendix offers a listing of "other useful and/or important books mentioned in the text."

*Birmingham Bound* is available from: Cather and Brown—Books, PO Box 313 Birmingham, AL 35201; phone: (205) 591-7284; fax: (205) 252-3718. ■

## Robinson Celebrates 50 Years

The ABAA congratulates Cedric L. Robinson, Booksellers, of Windsor, CT on fifty years in business.

On observing this landmark anniversary, Cedric L. and William F. Robinson noted, "The last half century has seen many changes in the rare book business, but the constant discovery of new finds and the pleasure of dealing with interesting people has remained timeless."

## ABAA Welcomes New Members

The *ABAA Newsletter* warmly welcomes the following new members, admitted at the Board of Governors' Meeting in April, 1996:

### FULL MEMBERS

**Emmett Harrington**, Emmett Harrington Fine Books, PO Box 27326, San Francisco, CA 94127; phone: (415) 587-4604; fax: (415) 586-1063.

**Jean Marie O'Brien**, Old Monterey Book Company, 136 Bonafacio Plaza, Monterey, CA 93940; phone: (408) 372-3111; e-mail: montbook@mbay.com.

**Philip K. Reynolds**, Olde Port Book Shop, 18 State Street, Newburyport, MA 01950; phones: (508) 462-0100 and (800) 870-1500; fax: (603) 394-0055.

**Ann Gottert Swindells**, Dower House, PO Box 76, Athol, MA 01331; phone and fax: (508) 249-2335.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

**Nelson Freck**, Second Story Books, Bethesda, MD.

**Marlys Glaser-Schon**, The Old London Bookshop, Bellingham, WA.

**Andrea A. Klein**, The Bookseller, Inc., Akron, OH.

**Joel Sattler**, Second Story Books, Bethesda, MD.

### MEMBERS EMERITI

**Alfred F. Zambelli**, New York, NY.

## Membership Updates

**Columbia Books** now has an e-mail address: colbooks@interloc.com.

**Jeremy Norman** now has an e-mail address: Jeremy\_Norman@jnorman.com.

**The Observatory** has a new fax number and e-mail address: fax: (907) 586-9606; e-mail: deelong@alaska.net.

**Pepper & Stern—Rare Books** has a new California address: 2026 Cliff Drive, Suite 224, Santa Barbara, CA 93109; phone and fax remain the same.

**Antonio Raimo** has a new address, phone, and fax: 700 Miami Circle NE, Suite 350, Atlanta, CA 30324; phones: (404) 841-9880 and (888) 841-9880; fax: (404) 841-9230.

**Deadline for the next issue of the *Newsletter* is**

**July 29, 1996**

**Submit your letters, articles, and photographs, anecdotes and awards, or recent publications to Rob or Tracy at**

**(612) 290-0700**

**fax: (612) 290-0646**

**e-mail: rulon@winternet.com**

## ABAJ Elects Officers

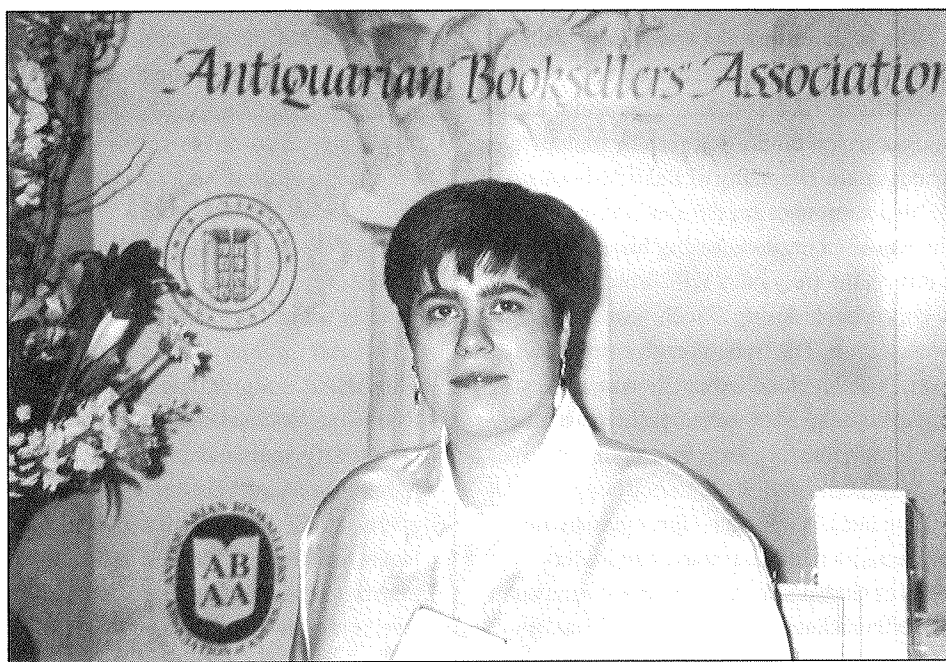
At its general meeting on April 17, 1996, the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of Japan elected the following members to its executive committee: President, Mr. Takehiko Sakai (The Isseido); Vice President, Mr. Soichi Yagi (Yagi Book Store); Treasurer, Mr. Kazuhiro Tomaru (Tomaru Bookstore); Secretary, Mr. Ichiro Kitazawa (Kitazawa Book Store), and committee members Mr. Ushio Haseki (Shibunkaku Co.), Mr. Nobumitsu Kobayashi (Manjiya Book Co.), Mr. Tetsuo Nishimura (Bunryu Co.), and Mr. Yasushi Sugihara (Sugihara Bookstore).

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Editor: Robert Rulon-Miller, Jr.; associate editors: Priscilla Juvelis, Tracy E. Smith and Liane Wood-Thomas.

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The ABAA welcomes Laura Perez to its headquarters in New York. Laura is assisting Executive Director Liane Wood-Thomas on a part-time basis. Born in Switzerland, where her father served as Ambassador from Venezuela, Laura attended schools in the United States and France. She graduated from Brown University in 1990 with a BA in literature, and from the University of Bourgogne in 1992 with a Master's in arts management/publishing. Laura is fluent in English, French and Spanish, and is conversant in Portuguese.