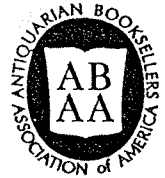




# The ABAA NEWSLETTER



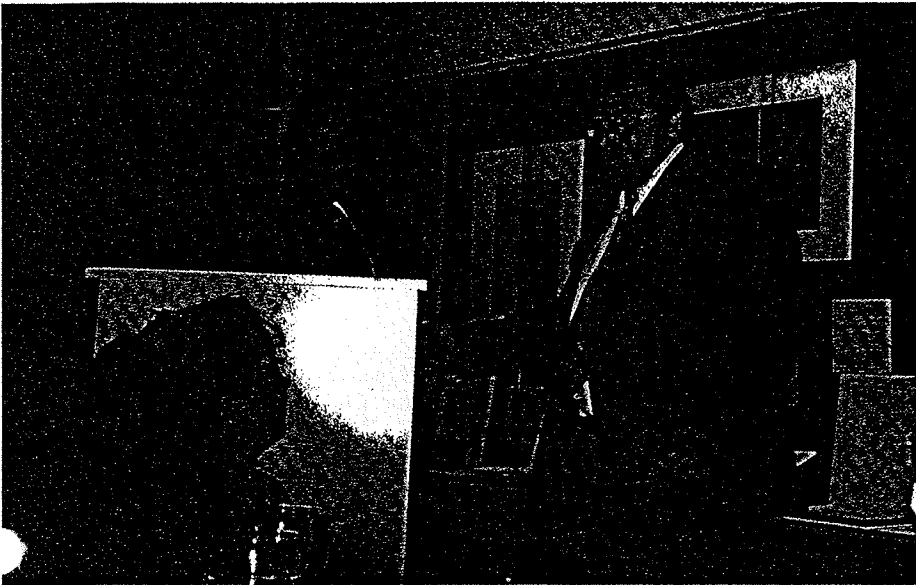
VOLUME THIRTEEN, NUMBER 3

ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SPRING 2002

INSIDE: 2001—Blue & White By Greg Gibson

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The torch passes: Tom Congalton (right) hands over the presidency of the ABAA to Ken Lopez, who will serve until 2004. Heidi Congalton observes.

## Reflections and a Look Forward from Two ABAA Presidents

*At the ABAA annual meeting held in New York this April, incumbent President Tom Congalton passed the reins of leadership to President-elect Ken Lopez. The ABAA Newsletter asked each to provide the membership with a statement: from Mr. Congalton, a summation of his two years in office; from Mr. Lopez, a prediction for ABAA's future during his tenure.*

### Memoirs of a Lazy ABAA President by Tom Congalton

When I began my term as ABAA President in April 2000, despite much helpful advice from several of my predecessors, I was a little unsure of what to expect and, from a personal viewpoint, con-

cerned how the time devoted to the position was going to effect my own business. I knew from six previous years on the board that too much devotion to ABAA business could have a real effect on one's own income. With most ABAA member firms being sole proprietorships, or small corporations with, at best, small staffs, could a small business stand the extended loss of its principal employee for the time required? Previous presidents seemed to end their terms with a mixture of relief, bemusement, and maybe, after a suitable passage of time, nostalgia.

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## Dealers in Cultural Property: Unidroit and the Unesco Code of Ethics

by Michael Thompson, Esq.

In the last *Newsletter*, Tom Congalton's report on the ILAB National Presidents' Meeting in Boston included a mention of two French proposals opposing the UNIDROIT Convention on the International Return of Stolen or Illegally Exported Cultural Objects and the UNESCO International Code of Ethics for Dealers in Cultural Property.

Although sympathetic to the goal of curtailing the illicit trade in cultural property, the French dealers objected both to what they considered the ambiguous wording of the international documents and to the substantive obligations the documents would impose. After a lengthy presentation, the French proposals were unanimously endorsed by the assembled delegates.

The report in the *Newsletter* indicated that there was some uncertainty among ILAB members from other countries about the exact effect either the UNIDROIT Convention or the UNESCO Code would have upon affected dealers' current operations. This article will summarize the substantive provisions of each and will trace, chronologically, the evolving international legal context in

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# Letters to the Editor

*From: Collier Brown*

After an inadvertent lapse of an issue or two I received the latest ABAA Newsletter the other day and read it with interest as always. Although not an ABAA member, I am always curious to see what is going on elsewhere in our business. Along these lines, I am writing today to ask Newsletter readers (a) are others as concerned as I am about the (to me) nearly cataclysmic effects of the Internet on what has been heretofore a very conservative and traditional business, and (b) are there any plans in the works either by the ABAA or, specifically, its newsletter to explore the effects of the Web on its membership and share experiences and/or solutions to some

of the changes in bookselling that have taken place? These changes might include relationships with scouts, pricing pressures, new competition for what used to be scarce books, traditional supply lines drying up, book descriptions by (to be kind) the uninformed, etc., etc.

Powell's Technical Books, where I have worked for eleven years, was, I believe, one of the first major stores to start selling on the Internet. We've made a lot of money that way (the good part), and we're now looking at all the difficulties listed above and more (naturally enough, the bad part). As people or businesses are wont to do during "interesting" times, we are muddling through: increasing our offerings of

new (rather than used) books, streamlining our processing, devoting more time to searching out used book sources, displaying more remainders and "stuff." Particularly after reading the article by Gordon Hollis, who was forced to go upscale into rare books by Web competition, I have wanted to know how others with similar situations are faring. I wouldn't be surprised if a number of other Newsletter readers have the same curiosity.

I appreciate your reading all this, and I would be interested to hear your reaction. I suppose in the old days there would have been a lot of discussion in the *AB Bookman's Weekly*, but...

Thank you again for your attention. ■

## New Officers and Committees for ABAA

The ABAA elected new officers at its annual meeting in New York in April. Ken Lopez, President; John Crichton, Vice President; Peter B. Stern, Secretary; Rob Rulon-Miller, Treasurer; and Stuart Bennett, Thomas A. Goldwasser and David D. Lilburne, Governors, Class of 2006. These newly-elected officials join Governors of the Class of 2003-2005: Edward L. Smith, Rochelle B. Caney and Kenneth H. Sanders; Gregory A. Gibson; David Aronovitz; and Forrest Proper; and Sarah Baldwin, Carol E. Grossman and Ben Weinstein.

### Executive Committee

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Rochelle B. Caney  
John Crichton  
Rob Rulon-Miller  
Ken Sanders  
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### Archives

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### Benevolent & Woodburn Fund Trustees

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Peter Stern, Chair  
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Book Fair Committee

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James Jaffee  
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Forrest Proper  
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Representative from Past Presidents Group

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### ILAB Representative

Robert Fleck

### ABAA/BBMS Committee

Carol Grossman, Chair  
Priscilla Jewels  
Vic Zoschak

### ILAB Congress

#### & Fair Committee

David Aronovitz  
Tom Congalton  
John Crichton  
Robert Fleck  
David Lilburne

*The President of the ABAA is an ex-officio member of all Committees.*

# News from the Benevolent Fund

The ABAA Board of Governors, meeting in April, passed a resolution placing "the fund-raising responsibilities for the Benevolent Fund and the Woodburn Fund with the Past Presidents Committee."

The past presidents are now working to develop ways of fulfilling their new obligation. They will meet to discuss fund-raising ideas in October during the Boston Book Fair.

Over the past year, the Benevolent Fund has benefited from three major fund-raising activities. Author Nicholas Basbanes signed copies of his *Patience & Fortitude* at the ABAA fairs in Boston, Los Angeles, and New York. He will appear again at the Boston Fair. ABAA member and author Greg Gibson was also present at the New York Fair, signing copies of his *Demon of the Waters*,

and he will do the same in Boston.

ABAA member Bill Reese organized a special performance of magician/writer Ricky Jay's *On the Stem*, directed by David Mamet, for ABAA members attending the New York Book Fair.

The Benevolent Fund is a non-profit charity fund established by the ABAA in 1952 to benefit any antiquarian bookseller in time of personal need. Administered by three Trustees and chaired by the immediate Past President of the ABAA, the Benevolent Fund is separate from all other Association funds. All applications and disbursements from this fund are held in strictest confidence. Contributions to the Benevolent Fund are tax deductible.

The Woodburn Fund was established in 1991 with funds bequeathed by Elisabeth

Woodburn, ABAA President from 1982-1984, and is now a part of the Benevolent Fund. Maintained and managed by the Benevolent Fund Trustees, this endowed fund offers financial assistance for various educational purposes and 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.

The Benevolent and Woodburn Funds, according to Past-President Michael Ginsberg, "are among the best things the ABAA does. We need to keep these funds alive and vibrant for many decades to come." ■

## 2002 Los Angeles Book Fair

by Michael Thompson

Depending upon whom you ask, the recent Southern California Book Fair in Los Angeles (February 1-3) was either "pretty good, considering the market" or "lousy, with booths that were too small and no fairness in their distribution." I'm sure that most people have read Gordon Hollis's discussion of many of the problems with the fair, and I will let that stand on its own. But between 6,000 and 7,000 visitors came, enjoyed themselves, and bought a lot of books. (We gave out unlimited complimentary tickets to all exhibitors, so the total attendance is unknown.) Some bigger dealers (the usual suspects, but Pickering and Chatto comes to mind) had fantastic fairs, and some (whom I won't name here!) had lesser ones, but they were the exceptional cases. It clearly was not the buoyant atmosphere of previous years, but most dealers were happy with the final results: a lot of books were bought and sold! There were great and exciting

books, too numerous to list. Quaritch staff set up a television monitor above their books to exhibit their collection of

some of the earliest movie footage from the British film industry. Quill and Brush sold a first edition of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. B & L Rootenberg had a complete collection of Darwin firsts, including the *Zoology*. Krown and Spellman exhibited a Holinshed's *Chronicles*. The lack of deep-pocketed customers, or at least those willing to take their hands out of their pockets, didn't affect the glory of the merchandise! Of course, there were problems with the fair size and arrangement. But, as Michael Hollander has said, "If everyone here had sold \$20,000 more, no one would have complained about anything... well, almost no one."

As was the case two years ago, the fair was held at the very nice Marriott Hotel near the airport, both for convenience of location and because we already knew the accommodations, good and bad, and what to expect. The restaurants had been remodeled and drew praise; the guest rooms drew universal accolades; and the book fair rooms were very accommodating, if small. The book fair committee spent a great deal of time and effort looking for another venue that would be more

spacious, in the same western part of Los Angeles, and still affordable. Contrary to what most outsiders are absolutely sure of, there are no such possibilities, least of all affordable ones. Much discussion has concerned the Convention Center's possibilities, but in spite of the few (this writer included) who favor giving it another try, the vast majority opposed it. So, the tried and true Marriott won out again.

Several changes were made in the arrangement of the rooms (the weaker side rooms were more open, and the main entrance hall ran between those rooms and the main hall to guarantee better visibility), but essentially the layout was the same. There were 210 exhibitors in 153 booths, ranging from the very roomy "extra standard" booths of 8' x 14', to the standard 8' x 10', to the 10' x 10' premium booths. Because of heavy oversubscription, most booths were shared: most by private treaty, but some by lottery, as is called for by national association rules. The spaces were often very tight, but for the most

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## ILAB Book Fairs

2002

September 13-15

Copenhagen, Denmark (ILAB)  
Oeksehallen

September 19-22

Vienna, Austria (IAO)  
Börse Wien

October 25-27

Boston, MA (ABAA)  
Hynes Convention Centre

November 8-10

Melbourne, Australia (ANZAAB)  
Malvern Town Hall

November 22-23

Stockholm, Sweden (SVAF)  
Shureplan

2003

January 31-February 2

Stuttgart, Germany (VDA)  
Württembergischer Kunstverein

February 7-9

San Francisco, CA (ABAA)  
San Francisco Concourse

March 20-22

Amsterdam, The Netherlands (NVVA)  
RAI Congress Centre

April 10-13

New York, NY (ABAA)  
Park Avenue Armory

June 5-8

London, England (ABA)  
Olympia Exhibition Centre

# A Letter from ILAB President Kay Craddock

Dear Colleagues,

The development of the ILAB Web site over the past five years has been based on the premise that "slow but steady wins the race." The primary objective has been to provide a home page that offers reliable, accurate, and up-to-date information about the twenty national members of the League, and the 2000 booksellers they represent.

Some of you may have thought we were too cautious in our development of the commercial side of the Web site, the ILAB/LILA database of books offered for sale. This has in fact been built carefully by Rockingstone Information Technology, under the guidance of its President, Jelle Samshuijzen, with unfailing belief in ilab-lila.com's ability to best represent that which the League represents best: second-hand and antiquarian books offered for sale by experts, which can be bought with confidence by consumers throughout the world.

During the recent ILAB National Presidents' Meeting in Boston, Jelle Samshuijzen gave a full electronic presentation of our Web site, including statistics that corroborate his positive statements about the development of the site. We now have close to 300 ILAB booksellers listing nearly two million books for sale. In 2001 the ILAB Internet Committee negotiated favorable terms with the two major multi-search engines, Bookfinder.com and AddALL.com. This has resulted in a dramatic increase of people visiting our site, which in turn has translated into increased orders for participating dealers. Based upon Jelle's statistics, the presidents endorsed these subscriptions.

The national presidents also approved the appointment of Jelle Samshuijzen as ILAB Webmaster. Jelle has already proven his willingness to support all our efforts to develop and improve the site, and he has earned the respect of everyone who has worked with him. As Webmaster, his company will be improving

the dynamics of the site by adding new features and articles, as well as constantly improving behind-the-scenes support and efficiency. Two examples of new features are the ILAB Chat Room and an active map of the world that reports the number of visitors from specific geographic regions currently visiting the site.

The national Presidents also voted to increase the funding for advertising ilab-lila.com, both electronically and through various forms of hard-copy media. This advertising is important to us all, not only to increase ilab-lila.com's position in the market place but also for the enhanced recognition of our integrity and professionalism within the international book world.

The ILAB/LILA site is now one of the best in the world. Recent developments within other commercial book sites such as Advanced Book Exchange (ABE), which has announced new structures and is introducing an additional five-percentage commission rate on sales, show how important it is that we control our own destiny. This we can now do, as the ILAB/LILA site is controlled entirely within the ILAB community. Jelle's statistics show that visitors to ilab-lila.com are not only buying books, they are also spending time browsing other features of the site, with the average visitor viewing 7.3 pages of text. This is good for us all, including even those who do not use a computer, as the addresses and specialties of all ILAB booksellers are listed on the site and are fully searchable. The site also links to the Web sites of our national associations and to those of individual booksellers.

It is within your power to ensure that ilab-lila.com becomes known throughout the book world as the first choice of Web sites to visit, where the best stock can be bought with total confidence. To do this we need all of you with stock available for on-line sale to participate in our database, so that we fully reflect the depth

# 2001—Blue and White

by Greg Gibson

ABAA member Greg Gibson's manuscript for *Demon of the Waters: The True Story of the Mutiny on the Whaleship Globe* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 2001) included much that was cut from the published work. Mr. Gibson has graciously allowed the Newsletter to print portions of this unpublished material that should be particularly interesting to booksellers: two chapters on the discovery of the nineteenth-century journal that forms the core of *Demon of the Waters*. Part II will appear in the next issue of the Newsletter.

In 1825 Augustus Strong, a midshipman aboard the US Navy ship *Dolphin*, kept a journal of that ship's expedition to Mili Atoll in the Pacific to apprehend the mutineers of the whaleship *Globe*. It is the first eyewitness account of the *Globe* saga. It precedes Lay and Hussey's published account by three years, and it forms a major source for Hiram Paulding's published narrative of that adventure.

After Strong's death this journal was returned, along with the rest of his papers, to his family in Cincinnati. There it languished until sometime in the 1960s or 1970s when a wealthy and aggressive collector by the name of Langstroth somehow got possession of the journal from Strong's family. When Langstroth died, his family sold his treasures to a Midwestern book scout named Jay Small. On Small's demise, the journal passed to his protégé, John Mullins. I acquired it from Owen Kubik, who

acquired it from Mullins, and sold it to the Kendall Whaling Museum. These two chapters recount my investigation into the history of these matters, focusing on Augustus Strong, the journal's author.

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There are many endings to this story. Some, like Columbus Worth's death at the hands of the old lady on Mili, are ugly and abrupt. Some, such as the unfortunate consequences of John Percival's temper, trail down through decades. A few are alive even now. The strand of the story carried by Augustus Strong's Vevay journal extends into our own time like a fiber-optic cable, transmitting a rich stream of information from the nineteenth century.

This singular quality of the Vevay journal drew me back to it one final time. Perhaps I was a more fastidious history detective than I imagined and could not bear to have any part of the story left undiscovered. Or perhaps it was mere opportunism. I had business in South Haven, Michigan, and Michigan was just north of Indiana. Indiana was where John Mullins lived—Indianapolis, to be exact—and Mullins was the dealer who'd bought the journal from Jay Small and sold it to the man who sent it to me. Vevay was just a bit down the road from Indianapolis. It was a simple matter to convince myself that, as long as I was going to Michigan, I'd be a fool not to drive another 350 miles to Vevay, Indiana, looking for signs of the long-gone treasure trove, and Mr. Langstroth, the

mysterious collector who had assembled it all—archaeology of the weirdest sort.

That was how, at 11:45AM on Sunday, June 17, 2001, I found myself at the Blue and White Truck Stop, 3062 Shadeland Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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Shadeland Drive was flat, wide, and straight, with not a hint of shade. Airplanes could have landed on it. The concrete motif of the roadbed spread out on both sides to parking lots, behind which sat concrete bunkers housing auto body shops and donut joints. This road had been a major artery through Indianapolis until the superhighways came along. Now it carried just enough local traffic to keep the businesses clinging to life.

Every half mile there'd be a gas station, and the Blue and White was one of these. At least, it had been once. The sign out front, a huge blue and white oval on which was written "Blue and White," was enamel, faded and pitted now, a relic from the pre-plastic era. The gas pumps were inoperable, and John Mullins' rusted, 1980-something gunboat was parked beside one of them; resting, it seemed. The building was plate glass and cinderblock, a darkened room with dead pinball machines on one side, a store on the other.

The air in the store was dusty and still. Though the corn chips and oil cans and pine-tree air fresheners on display seemed new enough, the place had a time-capsule quality. John Mullins himself was at the counter in back, staring thoughtfully through the rear plate glass onto an empty gravel lot ringed by trucks in various states of disrepair.

He was a big man, perhaps six feet and 285 pounds, in a stained blue T-shirt and gray pants, with a slow Appalachian twang to his voice and, as it turned out, a sophistication that belied his truck stop exterior. Though no longer employed by the Indianapolis Sanitation Department,

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and scope of ILAB booksellers. Jelle has set up the following link to make it extremely easy to ask for Rockingstone's guidance in uploading your items to ilab-lila.com: <http://www.ilab-lila.com/english/helpsell.htm>

Finally, as a new initiative, the ILAB Internet Committee will be issuing regular reports showing what has been accomplished on the site, as well as advising of changes and developments within

e-commerce. In return, your constructive comments and suggestions are welcome.

To those who have already joined the ilab-lila.com search engine, thank you for all your support. To those who have not, I urge you to join your colleagues, thereby making ilab-lila.com a truly united and fully rounded representation of best bookselling practice, by signing up now.

On behalf of the ILAB Internet Committee, I send kind regards to all. ■

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# Gibson

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he was still scouting rare books and manuscripts, which he said were in surprisingly good supply hereabouts. Some years ago he'd discovered the first book, other than a book of laws, printed in Indiana. At a garage sale once he found the publisher's correction copy, 1797, of a rare Indian captivity narrative known only in its 1815 edition. And of course there was the Strong Journal, which he'd bought for \$100 and sold for \$5000. He told me he knew I'd made a lot more than that, but he understood the way the business worked; it didn't bother him. I told him he'd made a hell of a better percentage on his investment than I had on mine.

He was excited by the story behind the manuscript and showed as much interest in the fates of William Lay, Cyrus Hussey, and Mad Jack Percival as if they'd been hometown boys. He liked the idea that the journal had gone to an institution where it would be available to scholars, and he told me it made sense that Strong had been from Ohio because, according to the National Union Catalog of manuscripts, there was a collection of Augustus Strong's letters at the Cincinnati Historical Society.

By this time we were sitting over lunch at one of John's favorite bistros, Steak 'n Shake. On the table between us were large bowls of Five Way Chili (spaghetti, chili, shredded beef, cheese, and onions made five, I think) and sixteen-ounce beer glasses filled to the brim with chocolate milkshakes. It is impossible to describe the thrill of pleasure I experienced at hearing the phrase "National Union Catalog" pass the lips of a guy who looked like he ought to be squatting on a Harley, terrorizing small towns. That thrill was matched immediately by the realization that there might be more to learn about Augustus Strong in Cincinnati.

As we worked our way through the chili Mullins lamented the fate of his mentor, Jay Small, who had been hustled off to die in an old people's home by greedy heirs. He repeated the chronology

of the Vevay acquisition, which he placed in the early 1970s, and he taught me how to pronounce Vevay (VEEvee). Of Langstroth, the mysterious collector, he had nothing further to add. But he suggested I contact Tom Weaver, a book dealer down there, who knew everybody in that small town. If there was anything to be discovered about Langstroth in Vevay, Indiana, Weaver would be the man to help me find it.

For the first time, I noticed Mullins' clear hazel eyes regarding the world with calm resignation back there behind all the flesh on the face, and all the years, and all the things the flesh had come to know over those years. If I'd have looked at the eyes first I wouldn't have been as surprised by the sophistication.

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As it turned out I didn't need Tom Weaver, but I enjoyed his company anyway.

After lunch with Mullins I drove south on Interstate 65, listening to the Reds get spanked by the Rockies, then turned left on arrow-straight 256 to Madison, a town 20 miles downriver from Vevay, and big enough, I hoped, to have a motel.

Indiana's flatlands break into lush rolling hills close to the Ohio River. I found a seedy place on the brow of one of these, with a golden afternoon view of the river and the noble old iron bridge that crossed it into Kentucky, and from this perch I called Tom Weaver in Vevay.

Tom told me he was a geologist by trade, but also a bookseller and historical consultant. "When you live in a small town," he said, "you do lots of things." He explained to me about "fast time" and "slow time." Vevay was right on the line that marked the change between Eastern and Central time zones. This produced some quaint effects. For example, upstairs in the courthouse, the judge, who was from Cincinnati, operated on fast time. Downstairs, in common with most of the town, they were on slow, or Central Time. I agreed to meet Tom at noon, fast time. Then I went down the hill for some ribs, and came back and slept like a baby.

Next morning I drove to Vevay and found that courthouse, a distinctive cube of red brick surmounted by a white wooden rotunda, and parked directly in front of it. This was the seat of Switzerland County. But there was plenty of room for everyone who had business in court that day. Vevay had probably been much more active as a river port in the nineteenth century. The modern age seemed to have passed it by, and for all I could tell, the locals liked it better that way. They were on slow time, all right, and there was a pleasant spaciousness to the place, from things not rushing around crashing into each other. No din of car horns, nobody walking around with twittering cell phones stuck to their faces. The lawyers looked like real people.

Since the only information I had about Mr. Langstroth was John Mullins' assertion that he owned property in Vevay, I went to the Assessor's Office first. A helpful lady there took me to an alcove in back, and showed me the large, heavy books in which property transfers were recorded. My search was somewhat complicated by the fact that there were half a dozen townships in Switzerland County, and though Vevay seemed to be in Jefferson or Craig, listings of transfers for the adjacent Pleasant and Cotton townships couldn't be ignored either. As I worked my way up through the 1960s, I became aware that there was someone else in that little room with me, behind a half wall of shelves, clack-clacking data into a computer.

I had no real expectation of finding anything in that mass of names and numbers, and so was very happily surprised when, after forty-five minutes, I discovered the transfer of a quarter acre of property to Theodore A. Langstroth on September 1, 1972. Further on I found another transfer involving Ted Langstroth. On February 13, 1976, a half-acre parcel had changed hands. I had no idea how the section and grid numbers given for these parcels corresponded to the actual geography of Vevay. What impressed me was that both pieces of property had the same locati numbers. There were two adjacent parcels for the two houses, one full of

books, the other full of antiques. Just the way John Mullins' story went.

But after the first flush of excitement passed, I realized there were a few problems. In the first place, according to the book, these properties had been sold to Langstroth. If that were the case, the dates were all wrong. What was he doing buying property when he should be dead?

Confused, I appealed to the lady at the desk out front. She entered "Langstroth" in her computer and came up with nothing. Then she asked me who had sold him the property. I remembered that the first sellers were J.C. and Janice Ramsey, and told her so. At the mention of their names the lady's face brightened. "Oh," she said. "J.C. Ramsey is the County Auditor. He's at a meeting now, but Janice works here too. She's back in the vault where you just came from.

Maybe it was Vevay, maybe it was me. Some days, things just go right.

Mrs. Ramsey, a pleasant looking woman in a plaid short-sleeved shirt, had stopped her clack-clacking, and was having a banana for coffee break. Yes, she remembered Ted Langstroth. They'd sold him the church up on Route 129, on the curve just before Moorefield. But he'd died unexpectedly, and some religious group had bought it from his heirs and turned it back into a church.

Just then J.C. walked in. He had wavy gray hair and a deep golf course tan. He and Janice, working in tandem, reconstructed the transfer of twenty-five years before. Mr. Langstroth, an impressive gentleman from Cincinnati, had made a lot of money in importing. He was a collector of many things besides books. One day he came in and inquired about the property, which J.C. and Janice had brought from a church group that had gone defunct.

"I didn't really want to sell it." J.C. recalled, "But Mr. Langstroth told me, 'J.C. I want that property pretty bad.' So I made him a price and he accepted right there. Then he went to work on the place, and boy, he put a lot into it."

"But in the story I heard there were two buildings. One full of books and the other full of antiques."

J.C. shook his head. "There was another piece of property across the street, but there wasn't any other building. What there was, was an alcove in the front of that church. It was maybe twenty-five feet long and five feet wide. He had that place lined with bookshelves. I mean, it was full of books! Thousands of them. The rest of the church, he had other things—china, paintings, prints. Old lithographs. Once he came in the courthouse here and tried to buy this antique lithograph of the town that was hanging on the wall in the Clerk's office. He offered \$1000 for it, but they said no. Should have taken it, though, because the thing disappeared a few years later. Anyway," and here he got a confirming nod from Janice, "that was the story. It was just one building. We sold it to him and he fixed it all up, but then he died, and his sons came in and sold everything off. Then another religious group bought the church. I think maybe the sons might have given it to them for a dollar. They didn't care. They didn't need the money."

Down in the Clerk's office I went through the probate records. It was quicker now that I knew what I was looking for. Theodore A. Langstroth had died on or about September 9, 1978. The personal property he held in Switzerland County was valued at \$75,016.82. His real estate holdings amounted to \$40,000, and his net worth in the county was \$109,242.91. This was divided between two sons, Robert and T.A. The estate was closed on April 4, 1979. The sons had taken the money and gone. No sign of them in Vevay, nor did any Langstroths appear in the Greater Cincinnati phone book when I looked next day.

So Jay Small had made his hit in the late seventies and sold it off bit-by-bit until the early nineties, when his wife died and he lost interest in bookselling. That was when he'd passed the Strong journal on to Mullins for a song.

I tried to tell all this to Tom Weaver at lunch, but I had trouble getting a word in. Tom was a furry man with thick glasses to whom history was not only alive, but was life itself. He started telling me about the Swiss settlers who'd come here early in the 1800s and estab-

lished vineyards along the river—Thomas Jefferson's grapes and Henry Clay's favorite wine—and somehow, magically, it became a single paragraph that lasted three hours, through our fried chicken, mashed potatoes, and mustard greens at A.J.'s Diner, out Route 129 with a stop at a very early French-Swiss farmhouse that Tom had discovered and was restoring, to Langstroth's brick church (sure enough, the front of the building, to the left of the entrance, projected out five or six feet, twenty-five or thirty feet long, twelve feet high, plenty of room for a lifetime of treasures, but gone now, all fixed up as a church inside.) and back into town, past the fine houses along the river, with brief annotations of who their inhabitants had been, to the historical museum to purchase a copy of Perret Dufour's *The Swiss Settlement of Switzerland County, Indiana*, which, Tom assured me, was an absolute necessity for any understanding of Vevay. But the historical museum was out of them at the moment, so he sold me his own copy, right out of his bag, which was crammed full of photos, notes, and maps. And in that larger context of how Vevay had come to be, Mr. Langstroth and his treasures were just a spec, which Tom Weaver gobbled in and assimilated immediately.

I told him that after he acquired a little more knowledge, he'd be one of those people to whom everything was interesting, because then everything he learned would relate to something he already knew. He blinked at me while he filed the information, and then chuckled. Tom Weaver chuckled a lot.

I chuckled a bit myself, on my way to Cincinnati that night, thinking about Tom, and listening to the Reds get whacked by the Brewers, imagining how very close I was now. A few hours with Augustus Strong's letters at the Cincinnati Historical Society, and I'd bring the story home once and for all.

Of course, I was wrong.

*John Mullins, Indiana book scout of sophisticated knowledge and a truck-stop exterior, died the week before Demon of the Waters was released.* ■

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which they arose. It will then compare the rights and duties of dealers under the UNIDROIT Convention and the UNESCO Code to the rights and duties of dealers under current U.S. law and the ABAA Code of Ethics.

The modern history of stolen art, books, and manuscripts begins with the rise of the Third Reich, in particular in January of 1933 when Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. Hitler wasted no time in commencing his campaign against Jewish interests, establishing a concentration camp at Dachau by March of that year and by April launching a boycott of Jewish businesses. The human devastation of the ensuing years is well known, but only in recent years has much attention been paid to the large scale looting and plundering of the cultural property owned by various disfavored cultural groups, primarily by Jews, both in Germany and throughout its occupied territories. Tens of thousands of stolen paintings, *objets d'art*, books, and manuscripts were recovered by the U.S. Army and other allied forces at the end of the war. After collecting the material from various Nazi storage sites and moving it to a handful of military collecting points, the Army then embarked on an elaborate restitution program under which it endeavored to return everything it collected to the governments of the nations from which it had been taken. These governments were then responsible for returning objects to their individual owners who, through the endless tragedies wrought by the war, might include individuals now living in other countries, public institutions that had been destroyed, or the unknown heirs of individuals killed during the war.

The complexity of this monumental task obviously gave rise to disputes about title and ownership, and the Army properly did what it could to refer these disputes to the governments involved. U.S. courts were rarely involved until the 1990s, when two books were published that provided the story, in great detail, of

the methods and scope of Nazi plundering: Lynn Nicholas's *The Rape of Europa* (1994) and Hector Feliciano's *The Lost Museum* (1997). Thereafter, in 1998, Congress unanimously passed and the President signed Public Law 105-186, which established the Presidential Advisory Commission on Holocaust Assets in the United States and endowed it with the mission of studying the Army's collection and disposition of cultural property and financial assets and of recommending to the President and Congress "such legislative, administrative, or other action as it deems necessary or appropriate."

With respect to fine art, books, and manuscripts, the Commission's work led to three letters of agreement with the Library of Congress, the American Association of Museums, and the Association of Art Museum Directors (a fourth letter with the New York Bankers Association covers financial assets). Each of these organizations and their members agreed to undertake steps to identify and disseminate information about objects in their collections that did not have complete and unblemished provenances and that met all of the following criteria: they were created before 1946, acquired after 1932, and located in Europe at any time during that period.

The conclusion to be drawn from this recent history is that stolen art and cultural property is a topic of some considerable interest and currency. Institutions and other collectors of art have begun to ask questions about provenance in situations where, in the past, they were happy to rely on the reputation of a well-known dealer or auction house. Reports in *ArtNews* and *Art & Auction* reveal that the prices fetched even by important and expensive works can be affected if questions arise about their provenance. Books may so far have escaped a good deal of this attention because they tend to be less expensive and they are nominally multiples, a characteristic that materially complicates the burden of proving any particular copy has been stolen. Prices are rising, however, and every good dealer knows that almost any book, especially one printed over fifty years ago, has in some way become unique. The well-known case of the

Quedlinburg Manuscripts, where an American soldier allegedly stole a ninth-century manuscript of the Gospels and other religious objects, is illustrative of the problems book dealers could face if they handle books that have historical clouds on their titles.

A different but related legal development began at about the same time with the unauthorized excavation of archeological sites. Rising prices for archeological artifacts increased the incentives for art market participants to remove them from their origin countries and take them to other countries without an indigenous source of supply but with a sophisticated retail trade in art. The origin country, normally the situs of an ancient civilization, attempts to stop what it perceives to be a drain on its cultural heritage through an elaborate regime of export regulation, which usually is not limited to archeological artifacts. Export regulation is common among art-rich origin countries but not so common among art-collecting countries with large art market infrastructures such as auction houses, wealthy collectors (and their advisors and lawyers), and large, well-endowed museums. Mexico, Egypt, and Italy, for example, all have comprehensive and well-known export regulatory regimes, while Switzerland and the United States do not.

Italian law illustrates how a stringent regime of export regulation works in practice. It first broadly defines the material that is subject to control: all fixed and movable objects of artistic, historic, archeological, or ethnographic interest including objects associated with prehistory or primitive civilizations; objects of numismatic interest; and manuscripts, autographs, and other documents including incunabula, books, and rare prints. Works by a living artist or works less than fifty years old are exempt. The law then provides that all property meeting the definition cannot be exported without a license and cannot be destroyed or modified. If a sale occurs to a foreign buyer, the government must be notified, and it can either prohibit the export entirely or, in the alternative, purchase the object at a price equal to the lesser of the purchase price or the value declared for customs purposes.



The UNIDROIT Convention and the UNESCO Code resulted from both evolving bodies of law. The legal rules are not the same, however, so dealers in cultural property, including dealers in rare books and manuscripts, need to make an important distinction between the two different types of illegally obtained material. The objects that were described first constitute one type, viz., objects that have literally been stolen by a common thief, albeit in some cases a sovereign state, and then subsequently transferred in some way into the mainstream of cultural commerce. The second comprises objects that have not been stolen but have been exported, usually from their country of origin, in contravention of the export laws of that country. U.S. domestic law makes a sharp distinction between these categories and attaches far less onerous consequences to the handling of illegally exported objects than it does to the handling of stolen objects.

The divide between stolen objects and illegally exported objects can disappear in the case of some archeological artifacts. Many countries, such as Mexico, Guatemala, Italy, and Egypt, have declared state ownership over anything of a certain age that is buried in the ground at the time of the passage of the law. These so-called patrimony statutes make the government the legitimate owner of anything unearthed by an unauthorized or even an authorized archeological dig. If unearthed, removed from their origin country, and sold in an art market country, these objects can be considered both illegally exported and stolen. This was the theory used by the U.S. Department of Justice last February when it successfully secured the conviction of Frederick Shultz, a noted Manhattan antiquities dealer and past president of the National Association of Dealers in Ancient, Oriental and Primitive Art, for conspiring to receive stolen property.

Since rare books and manuscripts are not typically discovered by way of excavation, booksellers don't need to worry much about running afoul of these foreign patrimony laws. But it was the broader problem of archeological arti-

facts that led, in 1970, to the first multilateral effort to curtail the peacetime international trade in illicit cultural property. This initial effort was undertaken by UNESCO, the same international body that nineteen years later promulgated the Code of Ethics that was condemned last November at the ILAB meeting.

The UNESCO Convention on the Means of Prohibiting and Preventing the Illicit Import, Export, and Transfer of Ownership of Cultural Property (1970) was undertaken and ratified on the hope that it would deal a fatal blow to archeological looting. The scope of the Convention extends to categories of property much broader than archeological artifacts, however, and it applies directly to most kinds of cultural objects including most of the stock in trade of a rare book dealer. It covers any property "of artistic interest" such as, among other things, "pictures, paintings, and drawings produced entirely by hand," "original engravings, prints, and lithographs," and "rare manuscripts and incunabula, old books, documents, and publications of special interest... singly or in collections." It complemented an earlier post-war treaty called the Protocol to the Hague Convention for the Protection of Cultural Property in the Event of Armed Conflict (1954,) which prohibited Nazi-style looting by sovereign states from foreign territories occupied by their armies. The UNESCO Convention applied the same prohibition to the peacetime actions of private parties.

The Convention requires its member countries to do essentially two things. First, to restrict the import of any objects from another signatory country where the archeological or ethnological heritage of the requesting country is in danger of being damaged by unauthorized looting. This is a significant deviation from the general rule, followed in the United States as well as in most other countries, that an importing country will not enforce the export laws of a foreign nation; a country that chooses to restrict exports traditionally has the obligation of enforcing those restrictions at its own border.

Second, and more relevant to the daily operations of book dealers, the Conven-

tion requires member countries to provide a means by which cultural property that has been stolen from a public institution such as a museum, library, or church can be physically returned to its owner. In contrast to the illegal export provision, this provision is not a significant deviation from the general legal rule in common law jurisdictions such as the United States or the United Kingdom. Under the common law, courts follow the so-called rule of *nemo dat qui non habet* ("he who hath not cannot give") to the effect that a thief cannot convey good title to a subsequent purchaser, even to one who purchases in good faith and without knowledge of the theft. This rule continues to apply to every subsequent transaction, so that even a good faith purchaser who pays full market value to a reputable dealer, who in turn is several transactions removed from the actual thief, still does not acquire good title. In that situation, the original owner can sue the last good faith purchaser to recover possession of the stolen article, and he or she can do so without the payment of any compensation. The only recourse the good faith purchaser has is against the immediate seller, and that seller against his or her seller, and so forth on up the line.

While consistent with the common law, the UNESCO provision is a departure from the normal rule in continental European countries that follow the civil law tradition. Civil law, at least in this instance, has more concern for the integrity and predictability of market transactions than for victims of theft, and as a consequence, it treats them somewhat less kindly. Swiss law is illustrative. Switzerland, a country with an active commercial art market, accords good title to a good faith purchaser so long as an action to recover the property is not filed within five years of the theft. While this five-year statute of limitations may not seem to be too different from comparable common law rules, it is important to remember that it begins to run immediately at the time of the theft even if the owner has no idea that the theft has occurred, does not know where the object

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is, or has no information about whom he should sue in order to recover it. A thief who is smart enough to plan ahead, therefore, could hide a stolen object for five years and then be able to transfer good title to a good faith purchaser.

Another dimension of the Swiss legal system that is problematic for victims of theft is that good faith on the part of a subsequent purchaser is presumed. The claimant must therefore not only prove that an object is stolen but that the current possessor of it either knew or had reason to know that it was stolen. This can be a daunting task, especially with objects like books where a theft of a single copy doesn't necessarily imply anything about the provenance of any of the others. (As an aside, and for the sake of completeness, one should note that a recent court decision in Switzerland increased the burden on dealers, as opposed to mere collectors, to establish some reasonable amount of due diligence in the acquisition process before they can avail themselves of a good faith defense. This decision calls into question the presumption of good faith for those who have special expertise in the trade.)

The UNESCO Convention's embrace of the common law was not complete, however. Its use of common law restitution rules was ameliorated, from the vantage point of civil law jurisdictions, by the provision of compensation to be paid by a recovering institution to a good faith purchaser in possession. As mentioned earlier, in the United States a good faith purchaser of a stolen object runs the risk of losing it without compensation if the true owner brings a timely action for recovery. This is still the law in the United States for most cultural property, but Article 7(b) of the UNESCO Convention provides that cultural property stolen from a public institution should be returned subject to the condition that the public institution pay "just compensation" to the possessor. This rule became part of U.S. domestic law with the passage and signing of the Cultural Property

Implementation Act of 1983, enacted twelve years after the United States signed the UNESCO Convention.

The United States was one of the few art importing countries to ratify the UNESCO Convention. This lack of acceptance among art market countries has reduced its impact on the trade in stolen or illegally exported cultural property. Most academic commentators contend that the Convention also suffers from other problems. First, its language has been described, accurately in my view, as "mere rhetoric" with very few concrete obligations. Many of the amendments to the original draft were proposed by art importing countries and had the effect of inserting qualifying phrases intended to reduce the effectiveness of the legal requirements: "as appropriate for each country," "consistent with national legislation," "to the extent feasible," and "as far as [a country] is able." Second, it is said that the Convention has limited application because it focuses only on cultural property stolen from a public institution such as a museum, a library, or a church. This, and the fact that claims are handled through diplomatic channels, eliminates any right to a private cause of action to recover property stolen from an individual collector. Finally, the Convention is criticized because it does nothing about the acquisition by private individuals of illegally exported property. The exact language requires each signatory merely to agree to take steps to prevent its own public institutions from acquiring cultural property that has been illegally exported from another signatory country. Relatedly, some criticize the Convention because it does not have what they consider to be an effective remedy for illegally exported cultural property. A provision in an earlier draft that had required the return of illegally exported property to its origin country was deleted during the negotiations at the request of the United States.

In light of these criticisms, at the request of UNESCO and with its participation, efforts were made by the International Institute for the Unification of Private Law (UNIDROIT) to come up with a new document that would do two

things: expand the scope of international protection to privately owned cultural property and widen the basis for its restitution to origin countries. UNIDROIT, based in Rome, is an organization of over fifty nations designed to promulgate treaties and disseminate information that will "harmonize" the laws of different countries. The result of the efforts it undertook at the request of UNESCO was the UNIDROIT Convention on Stolen or Illegally Exported Cultural Objects (1995) that was specifically discussed at the ILAB meeting in Boston. It came into force in 1998 when the critical mass of five nations ratified it. Like the UNESCO Convention, it has not proven popular with major art importing countries, and only three—France, the Netherlands, and Switzerland—have signed it. The United States is not a signatory.

The UNIDROIT Convention is not a replacement for the UNESCO Convention but rather a complement to it. It uses the same definition of cultural property and, like UNESCO, attempts to set forth the circumstances in which it should be returned to its lawful owner, in the case of theft, or be subject to the claims of its country of origin, in the case of illegal export. It has two principal differences from the UNESCO Convention: it substantially amplifies the meaning of due diligence in art market transactions, and it provides for the actual return of cultural property that has been illegally exported. Each will be discussed in turn.

As noted earlier, the UNESCO Convention augmented the common law rule providing for restitution of stolen property by providing for just compensation to what it called an "innocent purchaser." That phrase was not further defined but obviously refers to the concept in both the civil and common law systems of a good faith purchaser, *i.e.*, one who neither knows nor has reason to know of any defect in the title transferred to her by the seller. The UNIDROIT Convention goes into considerably more detail. It does not require the payment of compensation to buyers unless they can prove that they "exercised due diligence when acquiring the [stolen] object." This due diligence would ideally include an

assessment of all the circumstances of the sale, the character of the parties involved, the price paid, consultation with art loss registers and law enforcement agencies, and a review of "any other relevant information and documentation which [the purchaser] could reasonably have obtained."

While the UNIDROIT Convention is not the law in the United States, or for that matter in most of the art importing world, its influence has been growing considerably, primarily because it follows the line of reasoning used by the New York Court of Appeals (the highest court in that state) in recent cases fortifying the rights of those from whom cultural property has been stolen. In 1991, in the case of *Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation v. Lubell*, a Chagall painting was stolen from the Guggenheim Museum and subsequently was purchased by a private collector named Lubell from a reputable dealer in Manhattan, the Robert Elkton Gallery. In an action brought by the Museum to recover the painting, the Court of Appeals undertook a rather technical analysis of the New York statute of limitations and essentially rendered it unavailable, except in very rare and unlikely circumstances, as a defense for good faith purchasers of chattels such as rare books and fine art. Still available, however, was a similar defense called laches, an ancient relic of English chancery courts that has much the same effect of a statute of limitations but only by way of a much more complicated evidentiary process. Using it would require good faith purchasers to adduce evidence proving that they took appropriate steps to determine if an object they had acquired had, or could have had, a cloud on its title.

The Court of Appeals in *Lubell* sent the case back to the trial court for adjudication of how much diligence was appropriate for a wealthy purchaser of an expensive painting by a major artist. That question was never answered, however, due to a pretrial settlement. The UNIDROIT Convention's listing of steps to be taken provides some help on this issue, and there's little doubt that courts in the United States and abroad, facing a

dearth of authoritative guidance from other sources, will be easily persuaded to apply the UNIDROIT standards to stolen cultural property cases.

I believe the Convention will have less influence with the position it has taken on illegal exports. The UNESCO provision that had been removed at the request of the United States was resurrected by UNIDROIT, and this time it survived the negotiations as Article 5 of the Convention: "The court or other competent authority...shall order the return of an illegally exported cultural object if the requesting State establishes...that the object is of significant cultural importance for the requesting State." Compensation is available to a good faith purchaser.

The United States unsuccessfully sought an exemption from this provision for UNESCO Convention signatories. The current law in the United States as well as in the United Kingdom, and in France and Switzerland at least before they ratified the UNIDROIT Convention, is that an illegal export of an object does not in and of itself bar import, does not affect the transfer of good title to a good faith purchaser and, as a consequence, does not justify restitution of the object to the origin country. Changing these legal rules would not garner wide support, in my opinion, because one can argue convincingly, as many collectors, museums, and dealers have, that restrictions on export should be narrowly drafted and infrequently applied. They distort prices, limit the scope of meaningful cultural exchange, and retard the processing of legitimate market transactions. The position of the UNIDROIT Convention that all export regimes deserve the utmost respect of importing nations, regardless of how overreaching or confiscatory they might be, will in my view continue to be an obstacle to its wide-spread acceptance.

After the draft of the UNIDROIT Convention was finalized and made available for ratification, UNESCO decided that the next step in the cultural property debate would be to promulgate and promote a voluntary multinational code for dealers. Like the UNIDROIT Convention, the UNESCO International Code of Ethics,

which the ILAB opposed, would require the return of both stolen and illegally exported cultural property. UNESCO has stated that its Code will offer a number of improvements in the market for cultural property: the harmonization of numerous national dealers' codes (such as the ABAA Code of Ethics), the segregation of dealers who adopt the high standards of the UNESCO Code from those who don't, and the provision of another way by which the illicit trade in cultural objects can be curbed. In substance, however, the UNESCO Code adds little to the legal requirements already embodied in the three treaties discussed above.

With respect to stolen property, the UNESCO Code does not differ significantly from the ABAA Code and could even be viewed in some respects as less onerous. The ABAA Code provides: "An Association member shall be responsible for the passing to the buyer clear title to all material sold, and shall not knowingly purchase, hold, or attempt to resell stolen materials." It also incorporates the requirement of due diligence: "An Association Member shall make all reasonable efforts to ascertain that materials offered to him or her are the property of the seller." Curiously, the UNESCO Code imposes no affirmative obligation of due diligence, even though due diligence has been a hot topic at UNESCO, at UNIDROIT, and in other international legal circles for years. The UNESCO Code even has an express provision that allows a dealer to avoid the ABAA-required guarantee of good title in situations where the dealer is acting as an agent for a seller whose identity is disclosed to the buyer.

Article 6 of the UNESCO Code, although having nothing to do with theft or export, contains a provision with which most booksellers would agree but which has not found its way into the ABAA Code. It provides that "[t]raders in cultural property will not dismember or sell separately parts of one complete item of cultural property."

Finally, the UNESCO Code departs significantly from the ABAA Code in the

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area of enforcement, and this is an area in which the ILAB expressed particular concern. The UNESCO Code requires the pertinent national dealer association to investigate any complaint lodged by "a person aggrieved by the failure of a [dealer] to adhere to the principles of this Code" and to make the results of that investigation public. The ABAA Code provides for such an investigation, but it does not guarantee dissemination of the results to the public.

In conclusion, the importance of this international political debate to the economics of the rare book trade is difficult to exaggerate. The ABAA's decision to get involved in the process is a good one. The ILAB criticism of the UNIDROIT Convention and the UNESCO Code is understandable to the extent that the

ILAB wishes to oppose a significant expansion of the enforceability of foreign export controls over lawfully owned but illegally exported cultural objects. It is also understandable to the extent the ILAB opposes the idea of making public the results of investigations into complaints against dealers. With respect to stolen property, however, the UNESCO Code would change little for American dealers. The United States is already one of the most claimant-friendly jurisdictions for the recovery of stolen property, and the ABAA Code is unambiguous in its requirement that members "shall be responsible for the passing to the buyer clear title to all material sold...."

On the other hand, dealers and collectors should not overlook an important possible benefit of these international negotiations. Compensation for a good faith purchaser of stolen cultural property, whether a dealer or one of his customers, is generally not available under current

U.S. domestic law, but it would become available under the international legal regime that the various treaties discussed in this article are attempting to establish. This would reduce the risk of handling expensive materials whose provenance, despite everyone's best efforts, remains either unknown or incomplete. In that respect, the rules that have been promulgated by these international institutions can reduce the risks associated with significant rare book transactions and, as a consequence, can promote the long run stability and predictability of the rare book market as a whole.

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## ABAA Presidents

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If nothing else, I was willing to provide whatever time was required. I had prepared the staff at my own business, and particularly my assistant, Dan Gregory, to be me for significant but as then yet undetermined amounts of time. I thought conservatively that I would devote about sixty percent of my business time to fulfilling the requirements of the position. I would be full-time ABAA President for three full days out of each five-day work-week. I could work late and weekends if my own business needed additional attention, something I and, I suspect, most booksellers do routinely anyway.

As it turned out, I wildly overestimated the constant vigilance required of the ABAA President. Aside from a few meetings and a very few other occasions, rarely did I devote a full day to ABAA business. What was more the routine was that I would spend perhaps an hour a day re-acting to events or responding to correspondence from committee chairs and general members. Occasionally, when

important issues, an impending board meeting, or a similar event loomed, I might spend the better part of a single day in preparation.

So the question that must be occurring to all of you right now: was I the laziest ABAA President ever? And if so, was that a good thing?

I am always startled by the inability of individuals to see themselves and their actions clearly, and I suppose I am no exception, but I think the answer to both of the above questions is yes.

I think the reason that I could afford to be a lazy president was that much of what was accomplished in my administration was done by others, more specifically, the various committees and particularly the committee chairs.

Beginning with penultimate ex-President Bob Fleck, and particularly my immediate past predecessor, Priscilla Juvelis, two overwhelming principles have been promulgated by ABAA presidents: balance the budget and do the work in committee, not at board meetings.

The first was accomplished easily enough. Our bookkeeping is not complicated, and our (now ex-) treasurer, Don-

ald Heald, was not shy about pointing out the consequences of our actions. When faced with a budget shortfall we could either cut expenses or raise revenues. We, and by we I mean mostly Don, made a serious effort to monitor our spending and cut expenses where possible. To increase revenue we raised dues in a two-part increase, something that hadn't been done in over a decade. While "tax-cutting" may be the national mania these days, I am unrepentant about our dues increase. It was needed, and much to my surprise, and either to the credit of our membership or perhaps due to the inattentiveness of same, it has been little remarked upon. Thus I leave ABAA finances in much the same way that I found them, with a balanced budget, sufficient funds for promotion of both the organization and our website, and with sufficient financial contingencies for any reasonably rainy day.

The second was a little harder, but accomplished nonetheless. When I first came to the board over eight years ago, seven- and eight-hour board meetings were routine and woolgathering the norm. If we were discussing the newslet-

ter, we'd have to start with a discussion of moveable type, move on to the invention of the staple, and so forth, or at least so it seemed to a board who, like as not, had just flown across country, endured a stressful book fair set-up, and had to be back at the fair by 7:00 the next morning.

Bob Fleck laid the groundwork for the alleviation of this circumstance by insisting that committees do their wool-gathering in committee, not during the board meetings, which helped result in shorter meetings.

Bob's amiability, one of many qualities that has helped make him the first American nominated by the ILAB Committee for president of that august body in nearly forty years, occasionally prevented him from squelching the longwinded; still, the groundwork was established.

Priscilla Juvelis was of a different temperament entirely. She was more than willing to handbag down the committee chair or board member who had the temerity to appear at a meeting unprepared, or any other board member who strayed off the reservation and into the rosy realm of creative musing. Thus, the meetings became much more focused and efficient.

I was content to build upon the good works of my predecessors, and although it might seem somewhat less inspiring than slogans like "The Father of Our Country" or "He Kept Us Out of War," if political-style campaigns were a feature of ABAA elections, my slogan would have to have been "He Kept the Meetings Short." A curious fact is that each meeting I chaired, according to our esteemed legal counsel, Larry Fox, set a new ABAA record for brevity, concluding with the April board meeting, where, under the anxious eyes of several board members who had been invited to attend the Ricky Jay show hosted by William Reese to benefit the Benevolent Fund, we clocked in at just thirty-six minutes.

Although I'd like to claim full credit for this efficiency, the truth is that what allowed me to be a lazy ABAA President were the long hours of work by our committees and their chairs, especially Shelley Caney of the Membership Committee, John Crichton of the Ethics Committee,

Ken Sanders of the Security Committee, and Ken Lopez and Carol Grossman of the Internet Committee. They made the duties of the board mostly very simple: to vote on concrete proposals that had been endlessly debated and honed in committee.

So, what was accomplished in the past two years? On the Internet front, and again through the good offices of Bob Fleck, we found a new webmaster and independent search engine provider, Jelle Samshuizen of Rockingstone (who is also the ILAB webmaster), with the capabilities and, perhaps more importantly, the staff to efficiently service the site. We have provided funds to have the database searched by both Bookfinder and AddALL, which has greatly increased both sales and traffic. Additionally, a cosmetic overhaul of the site is due to begin shortly. Through the good offices of our member Dan Gaeta of the John Bale Book Company and his associate and friend, non-member Arthur Boutiette, the Internet Committee has secured the domain name ABAA.com, which had eluded us since we had set up the site. While our current website address, ABAA.org, is sufficient for everyday purposes, securing ABAA.com in order to protect our trademark and reputation is a positive development, and a preventative against future headaches.

We have provided the necessary additional revenue for aggressive print advertising for the website, the Benevolent Fund, and the organization itself, an effort that had fallen by the wayside the last several years because of a lack of funds.

We have, through the efforts of Greg Gibson and the Publications Committee, restored the publication of the printed directory on a regular basis, a circumstance that for a little while had become erratic due to financial concerns (another small point perhaps, but Greg's innovation of distributing spiral bound copies of the directory to the membership has met with great approbation). Greg has now devoted himself to the long overdue process of updating the membership notebooks, altogether a splendid effort by someone who also maintains full-time careers as both a bookseller and author.

We have increased membership, albeit modestly, and in keeping with the ethical and professional standards we wish to maintain for the organization.

One of the reasons I could be a lazy president was that I was not allowed by the chairpersons of the Membership and Ethics Committees to be a lazy committee member (and I still hold this against them). The diligence, care, and wisdom brought to bear by the respective chairs, Shelley Caney and John Crichton, was beyond the call of duty for a volunteer organization. Members who think that board decisions occasionally seem arbitrary or difficult to comprehend are reminded of the countless hours that committee members devote to making the organization stronger and of more utility for all of us.

What about ILAB?

Ever since I've been on the Board, and before, it seems that there has been a constant low level of aggravation by the ABAA and its members with the International League of Antiquarian Booksellers. The general notion here was that ILAB was a European men's social club that paid scant attention to the concerns of the ABAA, which provides a quarter of the League's members and about a third of its budget. On a number of occasions, the ILAB Committee rejected our candidates for the committee, arbitrarily, at best, and disrespectfully, at worst.

The ILAB view, as near as we could discern it, was that the ABAA was a whiny group of scofflaws, mavericks, and gadflies habitually late in paying our dues and mostly interested in disrupting the smooth workings of the Committee.

Frankly both sides were to some degree right, but it does little good to dwell upon our past grievances. Thanks to patient communication between the Committee and successive ABAA representatives Rob Rulon-Miller and Bob Fleck, relations have been normalized and improved. Rob's hard work on the ILAB *Newsletter* and on its Ethical Code have, despite some occasional ill feelings, helped to make that organization more responsive to ABAA concerns.

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# ABAA Presidents

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Bob's work on the ILAB Internet Committee, along with the work of his colleagues, has served to make the League a much more modern and relevant entity to ABAA members. The ABAA has attempted to be more prompt in the payments of our dues and book fair levies (although not always as prompt as ILAB Treasurer Poul Poulson would like, as disparities over when book fair revenues are received from the various chapters have occasionally frustrated efforts to keep remittances entirely up to date).

The League itself has adapted and addressed at least some of the ABAA concerns. It elected its first woman President, Kay Craddock of Australia, whose patient goodwill and endless understanding have gone a long way towards improving communications between the various member nations. An ABAA proposal at the Edinburgh Presidents' Meeting, to have workshops allowing the national presidents to discuss the issues that face the League, resulted in the national presidents, at the subsequent Boston Presidents Meeting, to become better acquainted, to reach general consensus on a broad range of issues, and to make incremental progress on others still unresolved (see my article in the ABAA *Newsletter*, vol. XIII, no. 2, for those who just can't get enough of the details). After two days of frank discussions about specific issues, it was difficult to maintain the nationalistic posturing that had apparently plagued previous meetings, and the various presidents left the meeting feeling great progress and, at least, modest understanding had been achieved, and that the groundwork for future progress had been laid.

The result of all this is that, from a very few years ago when ABAA frustrations had reached the point where board level discussions of pulling out of the League altogether were not uncommon, we have become more fully and actively a part of the League and, I hope, more sympathetic to the underlying collegiality that the League at its best engenders.

Two other results of these improved relations have accrued to the ABAA's benefit: Bob Fleck's hard work has been rewarded by his previously mentioned nomination by the ILAB Committee to its presidency, and ILAB has accepted the Mid-Atlantic Chapter's invitation to host the 2006 ILAB Congress and Book Fair in Philadelphia and New York. I hope that despite the occasional frustrations that are bound to occur, both organizations will work hard to maintain this very much-improved relationship.

## The Future of the ABAA: A Modest Proposal

Steeled with the courage that I won't be the one that will have to deal with the repercussions of its implementation, I'd like to make a modest proposal based on my observations of the past eight years. Being aware that in the book trade, as one distinguished bookseller has observed, a gathering of seven booksellers will produce at least ten different opinions on every subject, I do not expect it to be particularly popular. I mention it for future debate and consideration.

With that in mind, I feel that while the distinct ABAA local chapters have served some purpose as social entities and, especially, as pools of candidates for the local book fair committees, they have outlived their usefulness as political and financial entities.

Even as social entities, they have become somewhat obsolete. In an era when geographical barriers seemed greater, and a long distance phone call was an exciting event, a gathering of one's ABAA colleagues at a chapter meeting or function was a special occasion. That time has changed. Now, with easy travel and frequent book fairs, it is often a special occasion when one DOESN'T see one's ABAA colleagues. Further, in a time when Internet communication has become so easy that our members feel free, through our Internet discussion group, to share the vicissitudes of their digestion, post jokes, riddles, and restaurant reviews, or rhapsodize over minor points of spelling and grammar, do we really need frequent chapter meetings?

Likewise, the requirement that each chapter should have separate representation on the board has resulted in a board that at its worst can be cumbersome and inefficient. A meeting of sixteen board members and officers, our executive director, legal counsel, and visiting chapter chairs can make for a very ungainly meeting. For a long period of time, one smaller chapter was represented alternately by the two different members of a single firm, apparently the only two chapter members who could be prevailed upon to serve.

The vast majority of our members come from the four chapters that currently produce book fairs: Mid-Atlantic, New England, and Northern and Southern California. I suggest that the four largest chapters maintain permanent representation on the board and the current at-large board members be chosen from the smaller chapters, thus resulting in a more streamlined and efficient board.

Also, I believe that the maintenance of large balances in the chapter treasuries is probably the most destructive threat to the organization that I have encountered. At any one time, the total of the bank balances of the four largest chapters can rival or exceed that of the ABAA itself. I have been privy to more than one discussion by members of various chapters trying to determine the best method of retaining funds for the already bloated chapter treasuries, funds that might otherwise go to the national board for use in projects that would benefit the whole organization. A large percentage of these chapter revenues has resulted from book fairs, and a redistribution of book fair profits might go a long way towards delaying future dues increases or increases in book fair booth taxes.

I will leave to incoming President Ken Lopez and future boards to determine whether substantive changes should be made to the relationship between the chapters and the board, and whether changes should be made in the structure of the board.

Finally, after eight years on the board, it is my opinion that steady, incremental and careful progress in ABAA affairs benefits us perhaps more than fitful

bursts of frantic activity. That model has been used to develop the website, discuss strategy towards improving relations with ILAB, increasing revenue, and making the chapter treasuries more accountable for tax reporting purposes.

I do not doubt that activist presidents have done much to benefit this and other organizations. However, this organization does not necessarily suffer from the focused and benevolent, but not necessarily constant, attention of a lazy president.

### What the Future Might Hold

by Ken Lopez

When I was elected President of ABAA, I didn't have to run on a specific platform and lay out a case for my candidacy—an argument for people to vote for me instead of the opposition. I didn't even have to run on a throw-the-bums-out reformist platform, by which I could define myself by articulating what I was against rather than what I was for. For better or for worse, ABAA didn't require that of me. In my view, it was for better, since for the most part my sense has been that ABAA does what it does pretty well. Right now, in particular, there are a lot of things ABAA is doing well and I don't want to change. At best, I want to keep a steady enough hand on the tiller, as it were, that these things continue to go well.

There are a few things, however, that strike me as areas that could use some effort at improvement. In one of them, I'll take my cue from a member of the ABAA Internet Committee, Kevin MacDonnell, who said a couple of years ago that he hoped the ABAA could establish a presence on the Internet commensurate with its standing in the rare book world in general. I think Kevin's point is well-taken, and I would expand it a little bit: I would like to see ABAA have a standing—both on the Internet and with the public at large—commensurate with its standing in the book trade in general. That is, the longer I've served on ABAA's Board and on its various committees, the more I've seen that, within the book trade, ABAA is widely and implicitly respected: book dealers in general seem to know, or believe, that ABAA dealers are the most knowledge-

able, have the best books, etc., despite the fairly constant low-level hum of background griping about ABAA or ABAA's dealers. The griping itself seems to imply that ABAA is a force to be reckoned with and therefore a suitable target for gripes.

Often this implicit respect for ABAA and its dealers translates into an overly high set of expectations about what ABAA is and what it can do. I know that as Chair of the Ethics Committee, we received numerous complaints about dealers who were not ABAA members: the public doesn't seem to necessarily understand who we are and who our dealers are—a subset of the rare book trade—and often assumes that we are some sort of overriding organization that can police the trade at large and has some standing over any and all booksellers. Interestingly, I found in a number of those cases that we were in fact able to negotiate settlements and agreements between non-ABAA dealers and members of the public, and I believe the reason we could was that implicit respect that ABAA commands in the book trade: you may not be an ABAA dealer, and ABAA may not have any official clout to force you to do something or other, but you don't necessarily want to get on the bad side of ABAA, especially if it can be avoided in a relatively painless manner.

So, I would like to see ABAA have the presence and respect in the book trade in general—among collectors and the public at large—that we currently have among booksellers and, I believe, librarians.

This leads to a second, related area where I can see room for improvement. Kevin's original comment was offered in the context of trying to develop ABAA's website and overall web presence. Again, I'd like to take it a small step further. With the growth of the Internet, we've entered an arena—and a market—where all individual dealers potentially have access to a much greater body of customers than has ever been the case in the past. We've been busy trying to figure out how to turn this to the advantage of our members; we've taken some pretty effective steps with our website and search engine, and with the connection to

ILAB's website and the searching of the ILAB database by such meta-searches as Bookfinder and AddALL. Also, many of our members have taken steps individually that have not only helped them but can help other members as well. This is all to the good. However, there's another side to this: the Internet has also given a much wider market and customer base to those dealers who are not ABAA members, may not adhere to high ethical standards, or in some cases may be—and some are—outright frauds. ABAA has traditionally not had to deal much with this, and the occasional case where we may have helped settle a dispute between a customer and a non-ABAA dealer has only been a drop in the bucket of the number of such disputes going on at any given moment. In the past, this was fine: ABAA could be the safe haven people could eventually discover, where they would be treated fairly, would be dealing with knowledgeable dealers, etc. Unethical dealers and outright frauds usually only had access to a tiny local market. Their behavior didn't hurt the vast majority of collectors and dealers, and didn't have a great influence on the marketplace as a whole.

Now, however, individual dealers of dubious ethics can and do affect the market broadly and generally. Whereas most of us know better than to, as the old saying goes, spit into the well we drink from, there hasn't been much we've needed to do in the past to keep others from spitting into their own wells. In this environment, however, fraud on the Internet hurts our customers, hurts our dealers, and hurts the market in general in a way that was never possible in the past. A recent editorial in *The New York Times* pointed out that after 9/11 a number of the people in Silicon Valley who had been the greatest proponents of the free flow of information over the Internet realized that there had been an assumption of some sort of trust implicit in their views of how that medium should work, and that they hadn't been prepared to anticipate people using it who did not share those assumptions of

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trust. I think, in a much smaller way and with presumably lower stakes, we're seeing the same phenomenon at work in the book trade: a small number of people of ill will can pervert an entire medium to the extent that all matters of trust become suspect. The losers in this are not the scam artists—they're not making any assumptions about trust to begin with, only about gullibility and vulnerability—but rather the rest of us.

So this is an area in which, it seems to me, ABAA must deal with a challenge unlike others it has faced in the past. Our old strategies and approaches do not cover these new situations; we're going to have to find new models and new behaviors to counter these new activities, and we're going to have to find strengths we haven't needed in the past to do so. Can we police the Internet and the rare book trade in its entirety? I

don't think so. Can we do more than we've been doing so far? I believe we can. To again use an analogy taken from the larger world, it's as though ABAA is the only "superpower" within the antiquarian book trade in the U.S., and although this doesn't mean it can do anything it wants to with impunity or with a complete guarantee of success, it does mean it has certain capabilities that no other player has, and a certain responsibility to try to use those capabilities for the general good. I think there's room for us to take a more active role in some of these issues affecting the trade in general, and I think doing so will strengthen ABAA, engender respect for the association, and enhance our visibility and effectiveness within the trade. It's an enormous challenge and at the same time an enormous opportunity: if we can figure out how to deal with some of these problems, we will have taken a giant step toward the first goal I laid out above—that of raising our presence in the market in general to a stature com-

mensurate with our standing within the trade. There are risks involved with this: to the extent that we fail, or bite off more than we can chew in a given case, we run the risk of looking stupid and ineffectual, even more so than if we had done nothing. At the same time, the possible benefits are real and significant. We are already taking steps to make the ABAA's website an important location for purposes beyond our members' selling their books: the information and resources in the Collector's Corner area of the site are impressive, and the proposed stolen books database, which should be up and running later this year, will fill a very large and important information gap in the trade and be a huge boon to both booksellers and libraries. ABAA's providing these kinds of services to the trade can only help reinforce our standing within the trade, and I believe that in this current market, such efforts will be widely appreciated and highly useful. It strikes me as a worthy effort to make. ■

## Thompson

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part, the arrangement worked. I will let others debate the politics of this, but let it be stated very clearly here that even if there were no premium booths, there was no way that another standard booth could have been wedged in. The premium booths were deeper, not wider, and eliminating them would have only widened the aisles. Of course, the premium booths could have been standard sized to begin with, but what would have been the point of that? Many dealers desire premium booths, and every poll has shown that the majority agree that we should allow them.

The most significant new feature of this year's fair was the introduction of an internal database that could be accessed through any of five kiosks arranged in the entrance hall, and this proved very successful. Only books exhibited at the fair could be listed, and only some of the exhibitors participated, and even then, many listed only some of their fair inven-

tory. There were problems, but they seemed small and easily correctable for the next fair. The biggest drawback was that it was a new idea, and many weren't comfortable with it. We are indebted to the considerable talents of Fernando Arras; we plan to continue to use his concept in the future.

The Huntington Library staged an exhibition on book repair and conservation in the main entrance foyer. It included a continuously running movie demonstration by some of their staff. Various other book-related organizations, such as the California Center for the Book and the Rare Books and Manuscripts Section of the American Library Association, joined the ABAA by occupying booths, passing out literature, and making friends.

Move-in and move-out went smoothly, with GES providing help with shipping trunks and boxes home after the fair, and with Hugh Tolford's friends on the floor finding efficient solutions to the usual glitches during the fair. It seems to me that security was particularly good, guarding both books and purses.

Box lunches were provided to exhibitors, compliments of the fair organizers, and the exhibitor's lounge was especially well looked after, with much more available than the usual bagels and cream cheese or coffee and doughnuts. Such amenities made it very nice for dealers too busy to take time off for lunch.

As always, the social event of the fair was the Saturday night party at Heritage Book Shop. Buses provided convenient transportation, and they had arranged a large tent alongside their building to accommodate the crowd. The catering was innovative and delicious, and of course, Heritage's recent acquisition of the Joan and Daryl Hill collection provided many new books to examine.

All in all, it was a very good fair, worthy of the great deal of work and attention given by the committee, who were, for the record: David Brass (Chair), Bennett Gilbert, Gordon Hollis, Mark Hime, Ken Karmiole, Eric Kline, and Michael Thompson. And of course, Hugh Tolford and Associates did their usual great job of doing most of the work! ■



# In Memoriam

**Fred Goetz  
Portland, Oregon**

**"For the lonely, Tuesdays won't be the same"**

He disappeared on Tuesdays. He never said where. He didn't leave a trail of bread crumbs. He didn't feel the need to explain where he was going or why.

Week after week, Fred Goetz crept under the bridges. He marched down the alleys and the dim hallways. Sometimes he went alone, sometimes with a street minister named Gary Smith. "They went into what Father Gary called the bat caves, the terrible dark rooms where people suffer in loneliness," said Mary Sue Richen of the Macdonald Center in Portland's Old Town.

"They rolled away the stone from the tombs where those people lived and allowed a little light into their lives."

He didn't talk much about the tombs when he got home. He didn't talk much about his Tuesdays. "We didn't know," said James Goetz, his oldest son, "that he did this for thirty years. He kept his spiritual things quiet."

He died on a Thursday. He was returning home after consoling an aging and ailing priest. Fred Goetz had realized, at the age of eighty-three, that one day a week wasn't nearly enough to do the Lord's work.

His wife, Ann, was driving. She probably never saw the car that police say ran the stop sign at Southeast Thirty-Third and Franklin Street at more than forty-five mph and plowed into Fred's side of the car.

Four teen-agers from Cleveland High. Coming back from lunch. The seventeen-year-old at the wheel, who already had a suspended permit for driving uninsured, was charged with second-degree manslaughter and third-degree assault.

The following day, Principal Bruce Plato and the faculty at Cleveland did their best to spin some resolve from this recklessness. No one is foolish enough to believe a learning moment is worth much compared to the life of Fred Goetz, but it's even sillier to think such a moment is

possible without the evidence that he was far more than an old man in a Buick.

He was born in Baltimore with the kind of voice that allowed him, in the early 1940s, to belt out songs with Kate Smith when the Liberty Ships rolled down the ramp at the Bethlehem Fairfield shipyards.

He followed those boats into the service, enlisting in the merchant marine. After the war, Goetz moved to Oregon and found the perfect environment for his passions.

He was an outdoor writer for the *Portland Reporter* and numerous hunting and fishing magazines. He was always picking fights with the chemical companies and paper mills that were ruining the rivers he loved. He was forever campaigning to protect the fish against the polluters and the commercial gill-netters.

He was a book scout, a lover of old paper, a collector of outdoor books and modern firsts. In 1976, Goetz bought Cameron's Book Store from Robert Cameron, its founder, and brought the store back to life. He built the famous catwalks in the back room. He gave food and clothing to the homeless when they stumbled through the door.

Goetz ran Cameron's for almost thirteen years before selling the place to Jeff Frase in 1989. "He was like a third grandfather to me," Frase said. "A mentor. He taught me this business."

After he sold the business, Goetz didn't lose his love for it. Every Tuesday, he'd drop by to chat and pick through the store, searching for something he could mark up on the Internet. He always left Frase feeling as if the visit was the most important part of his day.

And he never told Frase where he'd been or where he was going when he left. Goetz never told him he was taking the bag full of paperbacks into the jail cells or the fleabag hotels and leaving them with old friends.

He didn't talk about the missions or the bat caves. He didn't share much about the despair he found or the loneliness he relieved. He simply left the foot-

prints that four kids from Cleveland High might want to follow if they want to pay proper respect to Fred Goetz.

He was buried on a Wednesday. Ash Wednesday. The day many of us are marked with the dust of which we will all return.

*Steve Duin*

*Courtesy of The Oregonian*

**Robert G. Hayman  
Carey, Ohio**

**"Ramble, didn't he ramble: The passing of a beloved colleague"**

Bob "Pops" Hayman, affectionately remembered as the "Dean of Midwestern Bookselling," died April 9, 2002, after a long illness in his hometown of Carey, Ohio.

Before he entered the trade of book selling in 1957, Bob's career covered a lot of bases (as he, an avid baseball fan, would probably say). Born in Carey on April 23, 1921, he graduated from his local high school (where he was senior class president). He attended Toledo University and Findlay College before being drafted into the U.S. Air Corps. He trained in signaling and Morse code at Yale, where he attained the highest speed and proficiency in his class. During the War, he taught Morse code and attained the rank of first lieutenant. After the War, he completed his college education at Findlay College, graduating with a B.A. in education. At Findlay he served as his class president (1946) and played varsity football—and even played semi-pro football in Ohio after graduation.

With degree in hand, Bob took a job teaching junior high school English and history (as well as coaching basketball and baseball). He later got a job with Ohio (now Marathon) Oil Company. It was while working for the oil company that Bob, as he later told it in his article, "A Bookseller on the Trail of the Old Northwest" (*AB Bookman's Weekly*, - May 30, 1988), "learned about a fellow in Mansfield, Ohio, who was making a

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# In Memoriam

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living selling old books. This was a fascinating discovery for me since I had never given any thought to the fact that such a world existed.”

The man was Ernest Wessen, who with his wife, Yetta, operated the Midland Rare Book Company. At the time, Wessen was one of the leading Americana dealers in the country. Bob drove over to Mansfield to meet Wessen, and “one thing led to another, and before I knew it, I was working as a book scout for him.” This was, in effect, Bob’s apprenticeship in the trade, and one of the best anyone could experience. Wessen “introduced me to the inside workings of the rare book trade. He showed me how to use bibliographies, recommended the proper ones, and helped me to learn how to research a book. All of which stood me in good stead in succeeding years. Without his help I would not have made it.” Bob later reciprocated this generosity by always being available to other dealers with advice and help with research as well as sharing his knowledge and experience in print (as in the above-mentioned AB article). Owen Kubik, another Buckeye bookseller, said, “Bob Hayman was a guiding light to a generation of Midwest booksellers. His enthusiasm for Americana and his professional ethics are well-known to those of us who had the honor to share his passion for books.”

In early 1960, “Robert G Hayman, Antiquarian Books” issued its first catalogue, and between then and 1997, “Pops” published 150 catalogues (his personal annotated set of these catalogues is now at the American Antiquarian Society). After his marriage to his beloved Arne in 1978, she became—as he was always quick to note—his partner in the business. Not surprisingly, the format of Bob’s inaugural catalogue was much like the well-known Midland Rare Book catalogues: 8” x 11”, mimeographed, stapled on the side, with a cover. But in many ways, Bob and Arne surpassed the Midland productions, fill-

ing each issue with a profuse amount of humor as well as displaying sheer pleasure in the material. As he once told me, the combination he enjoyed most in a catalogue was “a lot of individuality and originality with some humor thrown in.”

Bob cast a wide net, embracing all forms of Americana, not just the known high spots, and he had a particular love for pamphlets, broadsides, and ephemera. The arrival of a Hayman catalogue was a drop-everything event because the recipient was competing with collectors, librarians, and book dealers from around the country. In his catalogues, a reader would discover works by itinerant preachers, beggars, reformed (and unreformed) drunks, office-seeking politicians, book agents, quack doctors and patent medicine show performers, and the ever-loved sweet singers—those purveyors of bad verse who for some odd reason are found in abundance in the Midwest. Often a catalogue would be devoted to a single topic, such as Catalogue 49 (1972), “Presidential Campaigns and Other Political Americana,” or would have special sections, such as on the writings of Daniel Webster or Armed Forces Editions or the American Temperance Movement.

Michael Vinson, our ABAA colleague in Wyoming, recently offered this warm tribute to Hayman’s catalogues: “The Americana in his catalogues represented the primary sources of American history: books, pamphlets, and broadsides dealing more often with the everyday occurrences of history rather than the ‘Important’ events. His catalogues were written on a typewriter and reproduced on newsprint. I always looked forward to the arrival of one in the mail and then tried to phone as soon as possible to order something. Bob could get particularly excited about some obscure but intriguing pamphlet from Ohio or other states in the Midwest. His catalogues reflected his passion in the hunt for Americana.”

Considering Bob’s “passion for Americana,” it’s not surprising that when he became a member of the ABAA, in 1966, his sponsor was Wright Howes of Chicago—and he took pride in Howes’ support of his work. Late in his career,

Bob’s passion was also awarded with what he considered the greatest of honors: in 1997 he was elected a member of the American Antiquarian Society. At the time, the late Joe Dush, a well-known collector of Midwestern and legal history, said, “Hayman was elected because he possesses a true, deep, meaningful grasp of American books and through them a deep understanding of what Americans think about themselves” (quoted in a feature article on Hayman, “The Bookman of Wyandot County,” *Ohio Magazine*, Oct. 1997). Richard Morgan, preeminent collector and bibliographer of Ohio imprints and one of Hayman’s AAS sponsors also said at the time, “I’m just in awe of his mind and his honesty. I particularly respect him because he is such a good example of how people of great stature can choose to live in small towns and modest lifestyles and still make a significant impact on the larger society.” As a bookseller, Arne said, Pops “found a contentment few people obtain in their chosen fields.”

Between 1992 and 1997, Bob and Arne wrote a bi-monthly column simply entitled “Antiquarian Books” for *Antique Week* magazine. Here they contributed an array of feature articles on numerous topics (such as “Collectors may have to beg for mendicant literature,” Jan. 18, 1993), and the couple answered a wide variety of questions from readers regarding books. Besides the contributions to the book-selling community, Pops also was active his local community. He served on the Carey Board of Education for eight years (one year as President), and for many years he coached Little League Baseball.

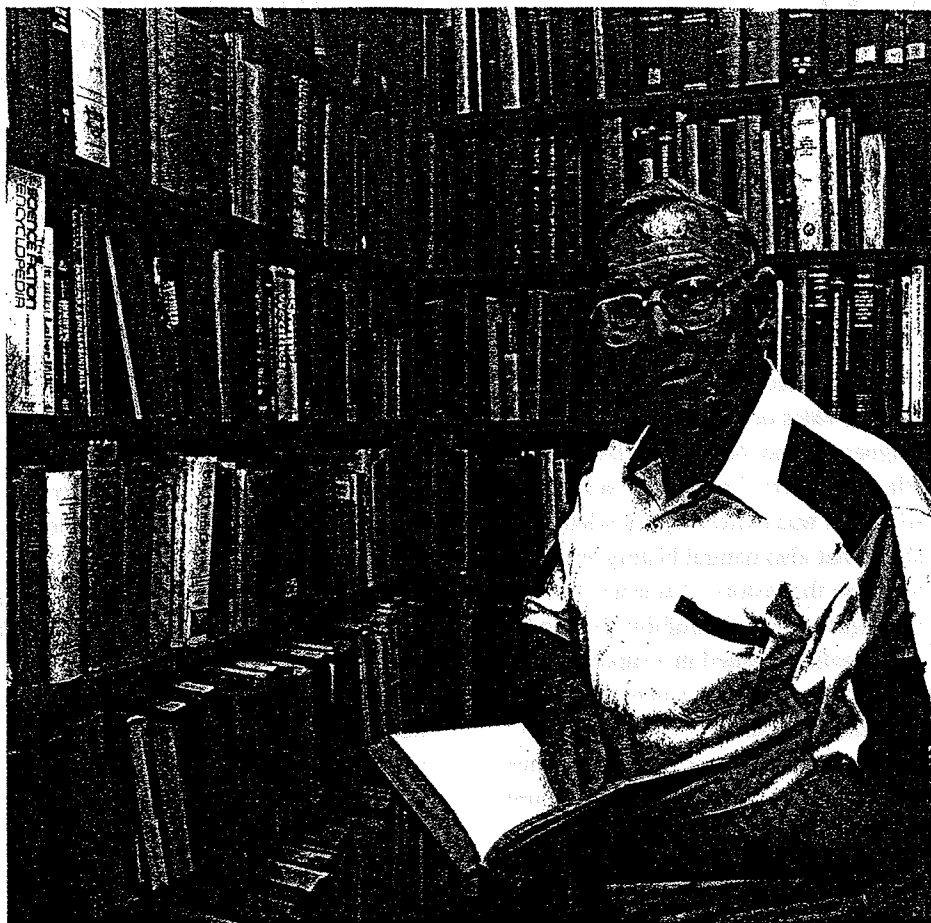
Bob’s other passions were baseball—watching a game with him was as much fun as watching one with Peter B. Howard—jazz, and detective fiction (his personal collection of detective books and magazines is now part of the Kent State University Special Collections). Bob was perhaps most passionate about bird watching, an activity that began when he was a fourteen-year-old Boy Scout. He was active in the Audubon Society and in many bird-banning projects. Book scouting frequently served as an excuse for the Haymans to travel

around the country, watching birds and recording their sightings. Once he prefaced a letter to me by writing, "I want to make it perfectly clear that throughout my long and boisterous career I have had an unbreakable rule never to apologize to anyone for anything." Then he apologized for his delaying in writing—and for issuing a new catalogue: "The primary reason has been that the month of May corresponds to the peak of the bird migration season. Arne & I have just spent about every free moment for the past month in birding, mostly at Crane Creek State Park on Lake Erie. It's been fun but now it's time to do a little work."

The Haymans started to slow down in 1996 when they sold the bulk of their stock to Ed Hoffman of Columbus. Over the next two years, Bob and Arne continued to scout for books, and they issued a few shorter lists. But the sale of Hayman's impressive reference collection to Oak Knoll Books in 1998 marked the formal closure of the establishment. Oak Knoll honored this acquisition—and Bob—by issuing a special catalogue: No. 208, "The Americana Reference Library of Robert G. Hayman." Arne contributed a fine introduction to this catalogue, accurately noting Bob's "thirst for knowledge can be seen in this eclectic collection of books about books—the heart and soul of his long love affair with the printed word."

One occasional feature of a Hayman catalogue would be a section of fictitious books by real authors—such as "White-water Rafting, A Beginner's Guide" by Bill Clinton—accompanied by invented bibliographical information and annotations. Bob once concluded one such satiric romp with this entry:

"HAYMAN, ROBERT G. *What, Me Worry? Thirty-Five Years in the Salt Mines*. 1120pp., cl. Carey, 1994. All too brief—slightly over 1100 pages—but nonetheless lively and entertaining memoirs of an alleged antiquarian bookseller. He is known for his perverted sense of humor and for his questionable taste. Probably, though, he will best be remembered as the co-founder many years ago—



Reproduced courtesy of The Toledo Blade

Robert G. Hayman (1921-2002) at work.

with the late John Stark, a.k.a. Ohio Bookhunter—of the SPCED, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Book Dealers. Rumors abound that the book is about to be made into a movie, starring George Burns."

Bob is survived by his wife Arne. It is fitting, considering his love of books and his love of his hometown, that Pops specifically wished contributions to be made in his memory to the Carey Public Library, 236 E. Findlay St., Carey, OH 43316.

*Marc Selvaggio, Schoyer's Books*

Bob sponsored me for the ABAA and was one of the first ABAA dealers I ever met. This is a true story and one I think is nice: Another Ohio bookseller uncovered some unusual nineteenth-century Ohio imprints and had no idea what to do with them. He offered them to Bob, who asked how much they were. The dealer made up a price he was comfortable with, and Bob said OK. About a

week later, Bob called the dealer and explained that once he researched the material, it turned out to be more valuable than he had thought. He was therefore mailing the dealer a check for more money. Yes, he understood the first dealer had set the price and was happy with his profit already, but Bob didn't want to take advantage of the other's haste to turn over some quick cash.

I always thought Bob was one of the classier people in our trade.

*Owen Kubik, Kubik Fine Books*

### Nico Israel Amsterdam, The Netherlands

On April 4, 2002, the prominent Amsterdam rare book dealer Nico Israel died at the age of 83. He was the *primus inter pares* among his Dutch colleagues, and he was also widely known and respected internationally.

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# In Memoriam

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Between 1950 and 1995 his shop on the Amsterdam Keizersgracht was a meeting-place for private- and institutional collectors and of antiquarian booksellers from all over the world. Conversely, during his active years Israel traveled a great deal mainly in Europe and the United States in order to visit auction-sales or to meet with his colleagues abroad. Nico's specialties were atlases and travel relations—a subject in which he was extremely knowledgeable—but also natural history, early books in the history of science, etc.. His excellent taste and infallible feeling for high quality resulted in a superior stock in which the intrinsic value of the books was most successfully combined with fine condition. One of Nico's great merits was his constant attention for lacunae in Dutch libraries and collections. Through his intermediary many important old and rare books were added to the Royal Library in The Hague, his favored Amsterdam University Library, and several other libraries including those of the well-known maritime museums of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. This way he made a substantial contribution to the conservation and development of Dutch cultural heritage. This aspect of Nico's activities was *inter alia* demonstrated by an exhibition, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, in the university library of Amsterdam where a selection was shown of the books that the library had acquired through his agency. But a great many private and institutional collectors outside the Netherlands have also widely profited from Nico's expertise. Those dealing with him in one capacity or the other were always in agreement in praising his extraordinary knowledge, which he paired in the most felicitous way with personal amiability.

Nico Israel, born in 1919, was one of the sons of a well-known Dutch Jewish family of booksellers residing in Arnhem (Guelders). His eldest brother, Salomon, was murdered by the Germans in 1942. Other brothers were Bob Israel (who

died in 1970) and Max Israel, an equally successful and well-liked antiquarian bookseller who died last year. At the end of World War II, Nico and his young wife Nanny succeeded in escaping to Switzerland and in this way survived the holocaust. After some years of cooperation after the war, Max and Nico went their own ways, and both opened their own businesses in Amsterdam.

One of Nico's great strengths was the way he succeeded in maintaining strong personal contacts with his many customers. In this connection it is remarkable that, during the period of forty-five years that he was active in the trade, he only issued a comparatively small number (some twenty-five) of catalogues. As he had an excellent insight in the specific interest of his clientele, his acquisitions were often sold promptly, and there was hardly any need for offering them in more traditional ways through catalogues, lists, or special offers.

Starting in the early 1960s, Nico branched out into publishing as well as bookselling. It was hardly amazing that his first publication was a large two-volume catalogue of the holdings of the Amsterdam Maritime Museum. Reprints of such bibliographical standard works like Sabin's *A Bibliography of Books Relating to America*, later to be followed by C. Koeman's *Atlantes Neerlandici*, an impressive five-volume bibliography of all Dutch atlases up to 1880, and many other cartographical and book-historical works. Nico was also a co-founder of the international book-historical periodical, *Quaerendo*. More important than his great successes in our trade were Nico's many human qualities. During his active career, but also afterwards, he was a help and an oracle for many younger colleagues. In essence he was a very modest man, hospitable and amiable to others. Nico, who is survived by his wife of many years, Nanny, will be sadly missed by his many friends.

*Bob de Graaf, NvVA Past-President  
and ILAB President of Honour.*

A rare book librarian could have no better friend than Nico Israel. I had not known of Nico prior to my first book-

buying trip to Amsterdam for the James Ford Bell Library in 1954. I had received a catalogue from his brother Max, so I called there, and when Max heard of our desiderata he said I should visit Nico. He escorted me to the apartment where Nico and Nanny lived, and it was not long before we were looking into a cabinet containing perhaps two dozen books—very choice books.

It did not take long for Nico to understand what our library was about, and a long and fruitful relationship developed between us. Each year and for many thereafter I visited Nico in Amsterdam. Sometimes we also met in London or Paris. At every visit a selection of books awaited me—books of travel and exploration, books and pamphlets on the Dutch East and West India Companies, maps and atlases, books about products in early international trade. We talked about the rarest of books in my library's field of collecting, and of how he would find them. And he did. He delighted in knowing what great finds I had made elsewhere. Between visits there was a fairly steady correspondence between us—offers of books he had found. Twice he came to Minneapolis to visit the library.

Our friendship was not just about books. Nico and Nanny took me to see the tulip fields in bloom. We went to fine restaurants in Amsterdam and to more humble ones in small towns. Nico was always concerned for the well being of my family.

From the modest beginnings of that cabinet in the apartment, Nico became one of Europe's leading booksellers, respected by his peers and by librarians whom he served with integrity and with pride in what he was helping them accomplish: building outstanding collections for scholars' use. He was a noble member of a great profession.

*John Parker  
Minneapolis, Minnesota*

*The Newsletter notes with regret the death of John Sinkankas on May 17, 2002, after a short illness. An obituary will appear in the next issue.* ■

# Recent Books by Members

● *Demon of the Waters. The True Story of the Mutiny on the Whaleship Globe.*

By Gregory Gibson. Illustrations by Erik Ronnberg and Gary Tonkin.

Boston [et al.]: Little, Brown and Co., 2002. 8vo, 308 pages; hard cover, dust jacket. Illustrated. ISBN 0-316-29923-5. \$24.95

Reviewed by Rob Rulon-Miller

In a world where death is as certain as the setting sun, and is as perniciously random as the scattering of galaxies, it's no wonder that death—tragic and unexpected death—is the lifeblood of so much literature and history. I note in passing today's Sunday *New York Times* cover story on the horrific final minutes of those top-floor employees in the World Trade Towers as recorded in their desperate calls from cell phones or email messages—calls not so much for help as calls already from the afterlife. I also note but will not elaborate on Mr. Gibson's own life-altering foray into the nether world and back: his struggle to cope with the tragic death of his son Galen, who was murdered by a fellow student in a random act of violence at Simon's Rock College in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, in 1992, a journey Mr. Gibson brilliantly recounted in his critically acclaimed *Gone Boy: A Walkabout* (Kondansha International, 1999).

In *Demon of the Waters*, Gibson revisits death, examining the murderous and most bloody mutiny that occurred 175 years ago on board the whaleship *Globe*, where the loved sons of mothers and fathers were savagely mauled and killed. Successive generations have been captivated by the gruesome event, and it remains, arguably, the most disturbing case in the annals of American maritime history. The *Globe* mutiny has been well-documented and often recounted in maritime anthologies as well as in contemporaneous accounts, including two by the brother of the perpetrator, William Comstock (one in manuscript, one published), and another by two of the survivors, William Lay and Cyrus Hussey. The story falls into Mr.

Gibson's lap with the discovery, in Indiana of all places, of a previously unlocated journal recounting the subsequent rescue of the stranded crew on the Marshall Islands in the western Pacific.

The antagonist of the story, Samuel Comstock, is a young man—a mere teenager when we first meet him—at sixes and sevens with his Quaker upbringing on Nantucket, nothing but a burden for his family and an annoyance to any friends he might have had. When his family moved to Manhattan from Nantucket, Samuel fell in with a street gang named the Downtowners, “who passed their time battling the rival Corlears Hookers. In the manner of many troubled youths, Samuel kept his own hours and often came home late at night, bloody and bruised.” To keep Samuel from straying further, his father found him a berth on a merchant ship bound for Liverpool. Four months later Samuel was home again, and to his repertoire of extracurricular activities he now added the chasing of women. The strict Quaker school he was sent to in Poughkeepsie did little more than harden him against authority. Whoring and street fighting were in his blood, and it seems there was little to do with him. Before finally shipping on the *Globe*, Comstock filled out his teenage years by sailing on the *Beaver* with a shipment of arms for rebels in Chile and then on the Nantucket whaler *George* after having spent “some months ... languishing in a Chilean jail” for gunrunning.

The captain of the *Globe* was Thomas Worth, and at age 29, it was his first command. The ship was manned by a crew of twenty, not one of them older than 26 and half of them teenagers. Samuel Comstock at the time was a mere twenty years old, although already well beyond his years. Departing Martha's Vineyard in December 1822, the *Globe* followed a usual course to the Pacific, which meant sailing east towards the Azores and the Cape Verdes, where ships would pick up the northeast trade winds that would blow them south and west towards Cape Horn. Ordinarily ships would stop in the Azores

or the Cape Verdes for supplies, but because Captain Worth was delayed in leaving and anxious to get to the Pacific whaling grounds in season, he chose not to put in at either group and continued sailing towards the Horn.

In the south Atlantic the *Globe* captured its first whale, and it is here we learn from Samuel's younger brother, William, who was also on board, that “contact with the whale oil caused Samuel great distress, ‘filling him with biles and inflaming his flesh.’” By March of 1823, the *Globe* rounded the Horn and headed up the South American coast towards Valparaiso, a usual stopping point for provisioning and relaxation after the arduous passage. But again, Captain Worth chose not to stop, and instead continued to head towards the rich whaling fields off the coast of Japan. By May, after five continuous months at sea, the *Globe* arrived at Hawaii; nor did she stop here. Nonetheless, provisions—including women—were brought from shore. Captain Worth forbade the women to spend the night, but Samuel Comstock disobeyed the order, and the next morning, according to William, “Lady Comstock made her appearance, emerging from steerage, with an air of great dignity, dressed in a new Scotch bonnet...” Captain Worth made no remark, and it was apparent to the rest of the crew that Samuel was becoming a favorite of the captain. “However,” writes Gibson, “by allowing Samuel to openly flout his authority, Worth weakened his credibility and risked disrupting his relations” with the rest of the crew, and “alienated Samuel, a recipient of special privileges, from the mates.”

By summer the *Globe* had reached the hallowed cruising grounds off Japan. Here, they spent nearly five months chasing whales, but it was not a very successful hunt. “During these months of hard work and unspectacular results, the situation on board the *Globe* began to deteriorate. Samuel Comstock did his best to rock the boat.” A wrestling match ensued

continued on next page

## Recent Books

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between Comstock and the third mate, Nathaniel Fisher, which Comstock lost, a humiliating defeat he did not readily forget. On another occasion, one of the crew was put in irons, and on another, the cook was struck by the captain, both incidences on account of Comstock. There were complaints all around by the crew about the meager rations; even so, the crew complained that they didn't have enough time in which to eat them. So, after not having set foot on land for nearly a year, after being confined for that long to ninety feet of boat with twenty other men, the crew of the *Globe* returned from the Japan grounds and put in at last at Hawaii. Gibson writes, "All the ingredients for insurrection were there ... indifferent success, bad food, capricious exercise of authority by an inexperienced captain, bullying and physical beatings from the officers, long confinement aboard the ship with no liberty, and the concerted, pernicious influence of a malcontent." On Hawaii six of the crew—it's amazing the number was as small as it was—deserted, and the replacements Captain Worth found ashore—"a rough set of cruel beings" in the words of George Comstock—"seemed so spectacularly ill chosen that one has to wonder about Thomas Worth's grasp of human nature." Of the seven replacements, five were eventually involved in the mutiny.

On December 9, 1823, the *Globe* departed Hawaii to hunt whales along the Equator. The captain was edgy and the crew tense. There was a flogging by Captain Worth of Joseph Thomas, who had signed on in Hawaii. Comstock took the side of Thomas, and—this being the last straw—with four other conspirators, in the very early morning hours of January 26, 1824, went down into Captain Worth's cabin and, in the sentence we've been waiting for, brought down an axe, "with such force that it nearly severed the top of the captain's head from his body." Silas Payne, who had also shipped in Hawaii, went after the first mate, William Beetle, with a knife, but he botched the job. Com-

stock was left to finish it by placing the axe in the mate's skull. Beetle was left "gurgling in his own blood and brains."

Nor was this all. Samuel Comstock, the putative captain now, in the next twelve hours managed to shoot, bayonet, stab, disembowel, and throw overboard a total of five men, including the three mates and a black man, William Humphries, who for good measure was hanged from the foreyard for attempting to aid those who has been brutalized.

The mutineers and the rest of the stunned and stupefied crew then sailed west to what is now Mili Atoll at the southern end of the Marshall Islands. Comstock, in what at this point in the story seems like a workaday chore, was murdered by his co-conspirator, Silas Payne, for bribing the natives with precious provisions from the ship. Less than a week later, six of the innocent crew serendipitously escaped in the *Globe* and managed to sail some 7000 miles across the Pacific to Valparaiso and safety.

Fast forward to Vevay, Indiana, where in 1978 a local book scout, Jay Small, and his younger partner, John Mullins, unearthed a handwritten account dated 1825 by a sailor on board the *Dolphin*, a United States naval vessel. The *Dolphin* had been ordered to sail to the Marshall Islands, at the insistence of no less than Presidents James Monroe and John Quincy Adams, to capture the mutineers and learn of their fate. This journal found its way into the hands of ABAA dealer Owen Kubik, who in turn sold it to Gibson. (It is now at the Kendall Whaling Museum.) It contains an eyewitness account by one Augustus Strong, midshipman, of the rescue of the only two survivors on Mili Atoll, Cyrus Hussey and William Lay, and recounts the story they told on their voyage back to civilization.

Gibson's book brings the Augustus Strong account to the public for the first time, and for this reason alone the book will stand as one of the most important scholarly works on the terrible event. But, in fact, this journal occupies a minor part of the story as published, much of the recounting of its surfacing having ended up on the editor's floor. As these two expunged chapters may be of inter-

est to our readers, they will run in concurrent issues of this *Newsletter*.

Gibson is becoming a seasoned, if not a flashy writer. His sentences move at an even pace, and his style is more that of a four-wheel drive Land Rover than a turbo-charged Ferrari. On the surface the facts of this story are practically unbelievable, but Gibson is very adept at making all the bizarreness and surreality of this debacle of a voyage seem possible—even plausible. He teaches us the ways of the sea and the sailor. The passion and intensity that suffuses *Gone Boy* is not so apparent here, but death on the *Globe* could never be so close and personal. Nonetheless, the recounting of the mutiny itself is gripping, and Gibson fixes it firmly in the historical context of American interests in the Pacific in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The thirty-odd pages of Notes at the back are helpful and informative, and the extensive bibliography attests to Gibson's penchant for meticulous research. If there is a flaw in the book, it may be that it was over-researched. Some of the early chapters, especially those on Quaker mores and the building of the *Globe*, seem a little ponderous, as does the chapter on the management of whaleships and the business of whaling. But my tastes notwithstanding, these arcanæ must be addressed for the mutiny to be understood in full, and Gibson is successful in getting all the essential information on the page with only minor irritation. The illustrations by Erik Ronnberg and Gary Tonkin are appealing, if not striking, and I would have liked to have seen more illustrations from contemporary sources.

● *Strings Attached: Dorothy Abbe, her Work and WAD.* By Anne C. Bromer. Boston: Boston Public Library, Society of Printers, 2001. Edition limited to 500 copies, 8vo, 41 pages; hard cover. Illustrated. \$75.00.

Reviewed by Tracy E. Smith

Although an accomplished and successful book designer, typographer, printer, photographer, teacher, writer, and lecturer in her own right, Dorothy Abbe (1909-1999) is best remembered as William Addison

Dwiggins' assistant in the Püterschein-Hingham Press and the proselytizer of his work, especially through her *The Dwiggins Marionettes* and *Stencilled Ornament & Illustration*. Abbe was not a silent, suffering witness to the omission of her achievements from the public record; instead she purposefully "demurred the limelight" offered by admirers, and she consistently belittled her talents and artistic products. In *Strings Attached*, Anne Bromer, to whom Abbe turned, professionally, for books and appraisals and, personally, for friendship, finally brings some well-deserved illumination to the life and work of this important contributor to American printing history and book design of the mid-twentieth century.

Abbe first met Dwiggins in 1933 while she was employed as a bookbinder in Boston, and on his advice, she turned to the craft of typesetting. Over the next twenty-three years, until his death in 1956, Abbe's association with Dwiggins deepened, yet she proved herself an independent talent. In 1938, while teaching Latin in Hingham, Massachusetts, where she kept house for her father following the death of her mother, Abbe designed and printed her first book, *Old China* by Charles Lamb. The influence of Dwiggins, who was also living in Hingham at this time, is evident in her use of stencils for this work. Over the next two years she produced two other books from the cellar studio she established with the printing press given to her by her father. In 1941, she worked with Dwiggins for the first time, on John Phillips' *The Bomb that Wouldn't Go Off*.

After the death of her father in 1939, Abbe held influential production positions with publishers on both coasts: Princeton University Press, Ginn & Company in Boston, Columbia University Press, and Stanford University Press. In 1945, she returned to Columbia University Press, where she worked, sometimes as a freelancer, until 1959. During her tenure with Columbia, Abbe received three AIGA awards for books she designed, incontrovertible evidence of the esteem with which her peers regarded her work.

By 1947, Abbe was a well-established presence in the printing field, yet she

chose to work in the shadow of Dwiggins, not just as his printing assistant but also as housekeeper, nursemaid, and cook to the ailing designer and his wife in their Hingham home. Abbe printed and bound all fourteen of the Püterschein-Hingham productions, but, as Bromer reveals, she also was responsible for much of their design work, especially as Dwiggins' health declined. Abbe refused to acknowledge the extent of her contributions to the Press, insisting that her role remained that of "disciple" throughout its existence. Abbe's self-effacement extended to the work she did for Columbia: in 1948, after winning an AIGA award for *Zulu Woman* by Rebecca Hourwick, she refused an interview for a trade journal, labeling herself a "newcomer."

Abbe's determined avoidance of the spotlight continued after Dwiggins' death in 1956, although she was committed as ever to printing and book design. Rather than re-embarking on a career of her own, she remained at Dwiggins' home, nursing his wife, Mabel, through her death in 1968, and she devoted her considerable talents to promoting Dwiggins' work. Even in 1988, more than three decades after his death, she eschewed the spotlight, thwarting a magazine interviewer's attempts to shift the discussion from Dwiggins to Abbe herself, insisting that "the point is Dwiggins and not I."

Bromer is successful where others have failed in illuminating Abbe's life and work in large part because she was able to access the extensive personal archive Abbe placed with the Boston Public Library. Twenty letters from Dwiggins to his "disciple" are currently sequestered, but the diaries, production materials, photographs, correspondence, and unpublished reminiscences it contains, along with revelations from friends and relatives, and from Abbe herself in the waning days of her life, say what the humble artist fiercely refused to say during her active years. Still, Bromer tempers her research with the sensitivity of a friend; she takes Abbe at her word, creating a touching tribute written with the non-judgmental acceptance of true friendship.

*Strings Attached* is available from Bromer Booksellers, 607 Boylston

Street, Boston, MA 02116; phone: 617-247-2818; fax: 617-247-2975; email: books@bromer.com.

● "Checklist of Pre-Twentieth-Century Women in Cartography" by Alice Hudson and Mary McMichael Ritzlin. *Cartographica*, vol. 37, no. 3 (Fall 2000, published February 2002). Illustrated.

Inspired by the scope of *Tooley's Dictionary of Mapmakers*, ABAA associate member Mary McMichael Ritzlin and Alice Hudson, Chief of the Map Division, New York Public Library, sought out female participants in all aspects of map-making for their "Checklist of Pre-Twentieth-Century Women in Cartography." The *Cartographica* printing is the first appearance of their compilation, a handy reference for cataloguers of antiquarian maps, atlases, and travel books containing maps.

Nearly 300 women working from the Middle Ages to 1900 are highlighted in the "Checklist." Representing western Europe and North America almost exclusively, these women filled myriad roles in the production of maps: from patrons, publishers, and philanthropists to engravers, editors, and colorists to map sellers, missionaries, and mountain climbers. Ritzlin and Hudson found these women referenced in the cartographic works they created or in secondary sources.

The "Checklist" entries, alphabetically arranged by the women's names, include the subject's occupation, nationality or country of work, and dates, followed by information on the cartographic work to which she is linked. Most entries also include a key number referencing the thirty-five secondary "Works Consulted" by Ritzlin and Hudson, which are cited in full at the end of the article.

This issue of *Cartographica*, a special number devoted to women in cartography, also includes Ritzlin's "The Bountiful Baroness: Angela Burdett-Coutts, Victorian Map Patron."

Copies of *Cartographica* are available by contacting Evelyn Holmberg, Journals Division, University of Toronto Press, 5201 Dufferin Street, Toronto, Canada M3H 5T8, or at [www.utpjournals.com](http://www.utpjournals.com). ■

## New Members

The ABAA Newsletter welcomes the following new members accepted at the Board of Governors Meeting in April:

**Larisa A. Casell**, Green Gate Farm Antiquarian Books, 16236 Highway 13, Richmond, MO 64085-8894; phone and fax: 816-776-6735; email: greengatebooks@aol.com

**Robert DeSarro**, Legends Fine & Rare Books, 196 Garfield Avenue, Pomona, CA 91767; phone: 909-868-0997 or 866-

350-6100; fax: 909-86800754; email: mail@legendsbooks.com; website: www.legendsbooks.com

**Anthony Freyberg**, Quaker Hill Books, 31 Topstone Road, Redding, CT 06896; phone and fax: 203-938-9565; email: quakerhillbooks@hotmail.com

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

**Tracy E. Smith**, Rulon-Miller Books, St. Paul, MN ■

## Membership Updates

**Antipodean Books** has a phone number correction: 845-424-3867

**Robert F. Batchelder** has a new email: rfb1779@aol.com

**Bohling Book Company** has a new address, phone, and email: PO Box 22850, Sacramento, CA 95822; phone: 916-441-2985; email: bohlingbook@earthlink.net

**Jutta Buck** has a phone number correction: 518-398-1495

**Harold M. Burstein & Company** has a new email: books@hmburstein.com

**Cahill Rare Books** has a new email address: cahillrarebooks@cox.net

**Elaine S. Feiden** (emeritus member) can be reached at: PO Box 625, Mamaronck, NY 10543; phone: 914-698-6504;

fax: 914-698-5143; email: e.feiden@worldnet.att.com

**Jeffrey D. Mancevice** has an email correction: incipit@sprynet.com

**Plaza Books** now has email and a web site: plazabks@sonic.net; www.plaza-books.com

**Quill and Brush** has a phone number correction: 800-372-5299.

**Richard C. Ramer** has an email correction: rcramer@livroraro.com

**Ralph Sipper/Books** has a new email: carolsipper@cox.net

**Richard and Mary Sykes** (emeritus members) of **Sykes and Flanders** can be reached at: 83 Woodbury Road, Weare, NH 03281. ■

### CORRECTION

The last issue of the *Newsletter* misreported the email of William E. Binks. *Absolutes: Master Sells* was *of* *Quill and Brush*. The correct number of pages is 21.

The deadline for submissions to the next *Newsletter* is

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