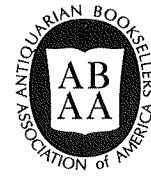




The A B A A NEWSLETTER



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ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

WINTER 1997

ABAA Begins Publicity Campaign

by Esther Fan

As ABAA Publicity Coordinator, I thank those of you who have been so helpful in getting me started in these beginning months. In November, I sent out a survey to learn more about those of you actively promoting yourselves as antiquarian booksellers and ABAA members. To date, I have received about sixty responses—and some interesting comments. Many of you agree that visibility for the ABAA needs to be improved, so we will be working on how to increase the level of publicity. Some of you have generously offered to join our speakers' bureau, and I am looking forward to helping develop this idea.

I took my first few steps by touching base with most of the promoters who work on ABAA book fairs, asking them to send me summaries of past publicity, press clippings, and samples of PR materials. We will organize this information, see where successful tools can be applied to other areas, and develop new ones as well.

I have also contacted ABAA chapter chairs, asking them to keep me informed about each chapter's news, events, and activities. As Publicity Coordinator, it is important that I know what exciting things are going on, and that I make the book loving public aware of what the ABAA does, what it represents, and how they can benefit from the expertise of ABAA members.

continued on page 9



Members of the 1996-1997 ABAA Planning Committee (left to right): Jordan Luttrell, ABAA President Bob Fleck (behind), Priscilla Juvelis, Natalie Bauman, Tom Congalton, and Tom Boss.

An Antiquarian Odyssey: Random Recollections of a Life in Bookselling

This is the first of three installments in which Jens Christoffersen reminisces about his sixty-six years in the antiquarian book trade

by Jens J. Christoffersen

As I was reading the ABAA Newsletter recently I was startled (and amused) by a short notice to the effect that I "had retired after sixty-six years." I recalled that on my routine notification of my change of address I had scribbled a line about my retirement and compared my sixty-six years in the booktrade to a noted colleague's fifty years. I greatly appreciate Rob Rulon-Miller's congratulatory words, but they made me take a second look: how can someone spend two-thirds of a cen-

tury in a profession that is supposed to be reserved for adulthood? Some quick thinking assured me that the mathematics was correct and that the answer to the question would have to be: Well, if you start early enough and live long enough.

It also made me ponder for a moment: What really happened during this long time span? What did I accomplish? Was the world any better for it? Where do I look for my great lasting contribution? I began to feel like Faust, as Goethe presents him in the opening lines of the poem. So let me take the Fifth on the last three questions and try to come up with an answer to the first. It will take some toil but certain details might benefit or amuse some of my colleagues.

continued on page 9

Letters to the Editor

*From: Donnis de Camp
Schoyer's Books*

"ABAA policies that affect us all and consume our money are legitimate topics of discussion." Mr. Manasek's statement surely is something we can all agree on. [*Newsletter* VIII, 1.]

What would an equitable solution be to the problem of attracting new exhibitors to the New York book fair—a problem whose solution seems critical to the fiscal viability of the fair? A reduced booth fee could have been offered to all new exhibitors, rather than a scholarship offered to a selected few. But, as book fairs are planned and their policies decided by the sponsoring chapter, the Mid-Atlantic Chapter's decisions are no longer any of my business.

However, I'm sure that I am not the only reader of the ABAA *Newsletter* who was shocked by the snidely discourteous *ad hominem* reply of the Editor to the concerns expressed by Mr. Manasek in his original letter. Perhaps the organization is in a stable enough situation financially to be able to afford a competent and experienced professional writer for its house organ?

*From: John Crichton
Brick Row Book Shop*

I enjoyed your article about our cataloguing practices ... but I must take issue with you on two points: I don't think there is anything wrong or misleading about stating "not in the NUC," or "only two locations in the NUC," etc. It is merely stating a fact, such as "not in Wolff," "not in BAL," etc., which might make the described item more interesting to a potential buyer, and it certainly gives them some information about it. If a bookseller uses information like this to intentionally mislead, then that is wrong, as we all know that some things with many holdings in the NUC are, in fact, rare, while others with few or no holdings are common or certainly not as scarce as the few recorded holdings imply, whether NUC, RLIN, OCLC, BL or wherever.

And, I have myself often thought about incorporating the use of "first and only

edition" in descriptions. I think it quite succinctly states this is the first edition and there were no subsequent one, no second, third or fourth editions, etc. I do not think that is redundant.

For whatever it is worth, I now have the habit of using a search on my catalogue copy before I print out the final version, locating every time I have used "scarce," "rare" and "uncommon." Last catalogue I was down to under twelve for all three. Recovery!

*From: Carol Maltby
Wilsey Rare Books*

I missed the modern first flame wars on the ABAA list-server, and I doubt they are worth recapitulating at this point. However, I felt that your "Commentary" in the *Newsletter* [VIII,1] deserved to hear from another perspective.

I'm quite involved with an e-mail community outside of the book world, and occasionally what starts out as a trivial matter there escalates to a flame war, deeply polarizing the members and raising everyone's blood pressure, whether they are involved or not. No one wins these, yet recently I see in my online community that these confrontations are inadvertently acting to sharpen our communication and mediation skills in a very positive manner. Perhaps many ABAA members are too new to online communication to have a feeling for the dynamics of this hybrid form, which is not entirely letter writing, nor entirely typed conversation, but a whole new set of written skills.

I see these online dialogues as an ongoing class that covers literary analysis, counseling skills, and diplomatic tactics. It's all laid out in front of us, we can see where the buttons get pushed and what sends some normally sensible people into frenzies. After enough of these flame wars we can see what the patterns are, start to get a feeling of where a debate is shading into testiness that could lead to fireworks.

Don't fault the Internet for breakdowns in communication. We're all adults, we're responsible for what we type. We're capable of hitting the backspace key to erase


the insults, we're able to wait an hour to cool off before sending a hotheaded message guaranteed to provoke another round of ire. "The immediacy of the Internet made me say it" is no more valid an excuse than my five year old saying her beanbag pig made her do something wrong. This medium can sharpen our communication skills if we pay attention, and if we share what we've learned about how to use it well. Be generous with positive feedback to those who are using it positively and constructively, learn to analyze the flash points to avoid future confrontations. The Internet asks us to show our true selves in front of a large group of people, and to hold ourselves accountable for what we write. I don't think that is too much to ask.

A person's inner strengths and weaknesses often shine through in online communication, in a way that years of book fair encounter, catalogue reading, and phone calls may not have revealed. I was heartened to hear you report that "the unlikelyst of members emerged as peacemakers." The strengths of this community will be starting to emerge, and they won't always be from the people you expect. The evolution of online communication is a challenge that can help us grow both as individuals and as a community of booksellers. For all our talk about our rationality and our deep care about books and words, incidents such as this can show the gulf between the ideal and the reality.

We can use the Internet to maim, and we can use it to heal. We must each take the responsibility for our words, and use them wisely. Don't blame the medium. Those of us who use it are responsible for choosing whether our words will provoke a brawl or unite us, and should be willing to face the consequences of our choices. ■

Send your letters to:
Editor, ABAA Newsletter
400 Summit Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55102

From the President's Desk

 **Bob Fleck**

No matter what your political persuasions happen to be, the big news on all sides this last year was and continues to be A BALANCED BUDGET. Guess what! The ABAA Board has recently spent five very difficult hours doing what the Federal Government can't seem to do—agree to balance our budget.

The finances of the ABAA have varied all over the map for the last few decades. We almost went bankrupt in the 1980s while defending our right to police ourselves. We had growth in our assets after that, mostly as a result of the growth of revenue from book fairs. Our dues have stayed the same for the past eight years (what a bargain!), but our expenses have gradually increased to the point where we lost about \$100,000 of our assets over the last three years.

At the end of this year, our excellent treasurer, Don Heald, estimates we will have about \$300,000 in the treasury, of

which \$100,000 is in our legal contingency fund and is not supposed to be touched in the day-to-day running of the organization. This amount is approaching the rock bottom amount we need to have in our treasury, remembering the cyclical nature of our income from dues.

The November Board meeting in Boston is always the scene of the presentation of the budget for the upcoming year. Each committee head on the Board is asked to submit requests for funds at this meeting. Those requests are then discussed by the entire Board, a vote taken, and a final budget presented to the members at the February meeting.

At the last Boston meeting, we were shown that if all committee requests were passed, the ABAA would have a deficit of over \$100,000 in 1997. This could and would not be. We began the very difficult process of making decisions. Entire programs were scrapped in some cases, not

because they wouldn't be good for the ABAA, but because some other program had a higher priority in this year of fiscal responsibility. Other programs were totally funded, and some were partially funded. Some operating costs were cut.

At the end of the evening, we added up all the cuts, figured in all the programs left, and had to cut some more. Finally it was announced by Don Heald, that his calculation yielded the magic break even point. The budget was passed unanimously. I felt real pride in that group of volunteer men and women who spent so much time and energy doing such a difficult job for the ABAA.


I will continue this story in the next *Newsletter* with a report describing the programs passed after final adoption of the budget in February. ■

Please, remember the Benevolent Fund

Boston Fair Celebrates 20 Years

The Boston International Antiquarian Book Fair, held the weekend of November 15-17, celebrated its 20th anniversary with a successful show featuring more than 140 national and international exhibitors.

"As the Book Fair celebrates its 20th anniversary, it's more popular than ever," says Ken Gloss, owner of Boston's Brattle Book Shop and chair of the Book Fair committee. "We've seen an increase in both the number of exhibitors and attendees, while witnessing a growing popularity in book collecting. The Boston Book Fair continues to be successful because of its highly eclectic selection and the friendly atmosphere—and the fact that it takes place in a city with a strong literary history."

 The Boston Book Fair, one of the oldest and largest in the country, included extensive collections of antiquarian books, modern first editions, maps, rare photos, autographs, and ephemera on dis-

play and for sale. Some of the most popular items at this year's Fair were a collection of books from Jackie Kennedy Onassis' personal library and Beatles singer Paul McCartney's working autograph manuscript of *Maxwell's Silver Hammer*.

Highlights of the 1996 Boston Book Fair included a talk by author Nicholas Basbanes, who discussed the passion for collecting books based on his highly acclaimed book, *A Gentle Madness: Bibliophiles, Bibliomanes, and the Eternal Passion for Books*. He also signed copies of his book. A silent auction of drawings by well-known illustrator Barry Moser created especially for the Fair was held throughout the weekend. Proceeds from the book signing and auction will benefit the Antiquarian Booksellers' Benevolent Fund. Attendees at the Book Fair also had the opportunity to have items from their personal collections evaluated and appraised by ABAA members. ■

New York Book Fair Sells Out

This year's New York Antiquarian Book Fair will have a full complement of exhibitors and booths, according to MAC Book Fair co-chair Tom Congalton. This is the first time in several years that the New York Fair has sold out.

In 1996, 130 dealers from the USA and abroad exhibited selections from their stock in New York. This year, the fair plays host to about 170 dealers exhibiting in 150 booths.

The New York Fair takes place April 18-20 at the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Avenue at 67th Street, New York. Admission is \$10; a three-day pass is \$20. Admission to the Thursday evening preview is \$25, and includes re-admission for the run of the show.

Let Your Fingers Do the Walking

by Harry Stern

My first mid-life crisis occurred when I left the family supermarket business over disagreement with the company's strategic direction. I had worked for nearly a decade in the wine department as a salesman, buyer, and manager. However, fast action to find new employment was crucial since I had three growing children at home.

That evening I consulted the yellow pages of the Chicago telephone directory, figuring that every category of work would be represented in its pages. Only three categories survived the cut: banking, insurance, and the esoteric-sounding antiquarian booksellers.

I had good contacts in the banking and insurance industries, but neither field really stirred my juices. The third one, however, piqued my curiosity because Ken Nebenzahl was listed, and I had known his wife, Jossie, since childhood. In addition, I had earlier spent a year as an itinerant book peddler.

I went to see Ken on Friday. He was especially busy because his assistant, David Lasswell, had just left to join Sotheby's (Parke-Bernet) in New York. After a brief but cordial interview, Ken said that if I was really interested, I should come back Monday to work on a trial basis.

We all know that timing is everything. For Ken, a live body had come through the door when greatly needed. For me, an exciting new opportunity had arisen which seemed to fit my interests in history, geography, and books in general. Besides, Ken had also once been in the wine trade. It was an apprenticeship that lasted ten years. Not only did I get to spend every day researching and describing antiquarian material of the first order, but Ken and I developed a rapport that has never diminished despite my spinning off independently in 1975.

It was fortuitous that my education and past experience had helped prepare me for the antiquarian book trade. The elementary school I attended initiated French instruction in kindergarten and Latin in the seventh grade. In college, I had majored in history, Latin, and Greek. My subsequent military service was spent mainly as a German translator at the Pentagon. I then took the GI Bill for a year at the Interpreters School of the University of Geneva. Incredibly, Switzer-

land in the mid-fifties was one of the cheapest countries in Europe. The \$150 a month I received from Uncle Sam made me one of the richest students on campus, since room and board were only \$60 a month and academic courses a dollar each per quarter.

The next year I sold encyclopedias door to door in Germany and France (my first stint as a bookseller). Depending on which markets were hot, I kept apartments in Wiesbaden, Chinon, and La Rochelle. For recreation, the bookshops and outdoor cafes of Paris were never more than a day's drive away. Little did I realize that a penchant for wine was another prerequisite in the antiquarian book trade. Although dealers and clients often clouded their minds with wine and spirits at book fairs in the sixties and seventies, bottled water now seems to be the norm.

One anecdote about the woes of John Barleycorn should suffice. I once chanced to stop by Ray and Carolyn Walton's premises on the way to the Austin Airport after a lengthy visit to the Jenkins walk-in bank vault. We knocked down a few martinis. When I recovered from my stupor on the flight back to Chicago, there was the \$10,000 invoice for the collection of F. Scott Fitzgerald I had bought. Fortunately, the magic words "ninety days" appeared on it. The books arrived a few days later in several cartons; but my depression over the incident kept me from opening them. I left them on top of a table, too queasy to bother examining the fruit of my impetuous error.

However, salvation arrived almost immediately in the form of the late Larry Kinnetka, who wandered into my then open shop on a courtesy call. He found nothing but Americana and Classical literature on the shelves; and upon leaving, he asked what was in the unopened boxes. I replied that there was nothing special—just a few hundred or so F. Scott Fitzgerald titles—a few high spots, but mainly foreign editions in Danish, Hungarian, and other weird translations.

Larry's eyes lit up and he bought the collection sight unseen without quibbling about the price. I asked for \$10,000 in thirty days plus the Kelmscott Chaucer that had been languishing on his shelves for two years (it was then a \$4,500 book). Thus did my self-inflicted disaster teach me to avoid mixing booze and business.

I had a second mid-life crisis in 1975 when I realized that my three children were about to enter college. Although Ken was generously paying me in the mid-twenties, I also had the dream of every red-blooded American boy to be independently self-employed.

It was a decision I have never regretted, although monetary success has eluded me. That, however, was never the real purpose. As a proprietor, the hours are longer, the cash flow worries deeper, and the stress level is more profound. But the exhilaration of repetitive gambling—buying a book, enhancing its value through personal research, then re-selling it at a profit—that is an overwhelming narcotic.

The real success is in the friendships that have grown over the years. I would not have survived the downside periods without the loyalty and support of local colleagues like Terry Tanner, George Ritzlin, Jack Monckton, Ken Nebenzahl, Mary Beth Beal, Jim Borg, and many others in this country, Canada, and abroad. The greatest support has come from my wife, Petie (a collector of English poetry, science fiction, and books about the Swiss Alps), whom I met when she wandered into my shop in 1978 looking for some special books of poems.

Travel has always been one of my passions. What business is more conducive to travel than the antiquarian book trade? Since I gave up an open shop fifteen years ago, it has become considerably easier to visit colleagues and attend the many book fairs in North America and overseas. Nothing is more pleasing to me than strolling in the urban centers of London, Paris, San Francisco, Milan, and other cities visiting bookshops, map dealers, and collectors. It is also the best way to keep your finger on the price level of the market—a particular asset if you do much appraisal work. I have always sought appraisals because they help pay the rent and often lead to important purchases.

Looking back, I was extremely lucky to have been born with a silver spoon, to have received a first class, family-paid education, and to have drifted into the antiquarian book trade after facing little of life's trauma. Contrast that with the remarkable odyssey of Fred Schreiber (*ABAA Newsletter*, VIII, 1), who had to survive incredible hardships and overcome innumerable obstacles to reach the same goal. ■

Yale Exhibits Bernard M. Rosenthal Collection

Five-hundred-year-old school books with student marginalia, sixteenth-century doctors' manuals with notes about cases, and tomes from the Age of Copernicus with handwritten observations by astronomers are a few of the items on display at the Beinecke Library through March 28, 1997. The exhibition, called *Renaissance Readers*, is drawn from the Bernard M. Rosenthal Collection of 15th- and 16th-century annotated books, recently acquired by the library.

Rosenthal, a long-standing and active ABAA member, served as the organization's president from 1968-1970.

The 160 volumes in the his collection, all of which will be on display, document the diversity of Renaissance reading, from classical authors to patristic and biblical studies, from vernacular poetry to Reformation theology, from law and medicine to drama, farming, and geography. The books all contain extensive manuscript notes, comments, criticisms, and reactions to the texts supplied by the people who first owned and read them. These annotations provide a

personal perspective on the reading public in Europe during the Renaissance.

Although the books on display were printed in thirty-two cities, the greatest numbers come from Paris and Leipzig, where local printers produced texts for university students. These volumes give us insight into 16th-century educational practices and curricula, and a firsthand record of how specific texts were read and interpreted. The Parisian volumes are largely Aristotelian and philosophical in nature, the Leipzig imprints primarily belles lettres, especially classical poetry. Most of the books are in Latin, but Greek and Hebrew are also well represented, as are Italian, French, and German.

If the primary interest of the Rosenthal collection as a whole lies in the evidence it provides about the reading habits of the general public, the collection is not lacking in books annotated by well-known scholars, including Joseph Scaliger, Daniel Heinsius, and Hieronymus Wolf. In addition to the medical and astronomical texts annotated by practicing physicians and scientists, there

are plays with stage directions added by 16th-century actors, the working books of lawyers and notaries, and volumes used by editors preparing new editions of the works.

Berkeley resident Rosenthal began forming his collection in 1960. At that time handwritten additions were widely regarded in the trade as blemishes to the printed book, but Rosenthal saw these annotations as vital evidence of the interests and reactions of the original audience of the books. In time, he says, he came to feel that a book was somehow defective if it lacked such evidence of use. Scholars and academic libraries have long recognized the importance of these records of early readership, and the study of annotated books has recently taken on new life under the rubric "reader response criticism."

For more information about the exhibit, *Renaissance Readers*, contact: Robert G. Babcock, Beinecke Library, PO Box 208240, New Haven, CT 06520-8240; phone: 203-432-2968; email: robert.babcock@yale.edu. ■

ABAA Fights Fraud Here and Abroad

In recent months, many booksellers have received letters from a David Holt of New Zealand and, later, Latvia. Mr. Holt offered books convincingly described and priced at low (sometimes ridiculously low) wholesale levels. The quotations were convincing of their kind, looking for all the world like the hand-written or badly typed quotes of the part-time bookseller that most of us receive daily. Indeed, they were all too convincing: for those who sent payment, the letters continued to arrive, but the books did not. In this way a significant number of booksellers in England and the US were defrauded. How many, and by how much, is hard to establish, but an informed estimate is that Holt has received about \$10,000 from the US trade and quite

possibly as much from the trade elsewhere. The activities of Holt, who described himself as an American dealer visiting family in Latvia, gained notoriety among participants on the ABAA-booknet listserver.

Some dealers bemoaned the fact that they had not merited inclusion on Holt's mailing list; others proudly announced that they were among his chosen targets.

The discussion had its light side, it is true, but Holt's actions did not escape serious scrutiny. ABAA Security Chair Edward Ripley-Duggan compiled a dossier on Holt, which he was able to bring to the attention of Latvian authorities through an ABAA member with extensive contacts in the consular service. In mid-January, Ripley-Duggan reported that Interpol and law enforcers in Latvia were actively pursuing investigation of Holt. Indeed, at one point (on a misunderstanding) it was thought that Holt had been arrested.

It would be agreeable to report that these efforts have put a halt to David Holt, but an ominous development occurred in mid-February. Michael Ginsberg and several other ABAA members reported receiving letters from Holt postmarked Hialeah,

Florida. Holt may have tired of the winter chill of Latvia, but it is more likely that he became aware that police there were monitoring him and skipped the country. He apparently has eluded authorities before: an English book trade journal reported that police action was attempted against him in New Zealand, but that he disappeared before it was successful.

At this point, any bookseller—ABAA or otherwise—who has been defrauded should file postal fraud charges. We are attempting to make the Post Office aware of the full extent of Holt's victimization of the trade.

The FBI, responding to a complaint originating in Oregon, are continuing to investigate Holt's activities.

If you are aware of fraudulent activities in the book trade, please notify Edward Ripley-Duggan, Wilsey Rare Books, phone: 914-657-7057; fax: 914-657-2366; or e-mail: erd@mhv.net. ■

The Power of the Pretentious Press

by David Aronovitz

I have a confession to make. At one time I wanted to become a professional writer. After all, I know that I can write. Write well in fact. And most importantly I realize that I have the ability to write better. However, I'm not ready to cash my chips in on the "who you know, not what you know game" (at least not for the moment, even though I do indeed know many authors, publishers, editors, and agents). Yet, this very same desire to write, along with the revelation below, is the key to my beginnings as a publisher.

After several years of collecting the printed word, I found myself (like many before me) drawn to the ownership of authors' first books. Perhaps it was the joy in locating them. Perhaps reading them and making that inescapable comparison to a later and/or perhaps better known work was the fascination. Or just maybe the fact that in this most competitive world we live in, the word "first" has such an emotional grab that I, too, became entangled in the web of (as Woody Allen might say) "firstosity." Whatever the reason or reasons, I was (and still am) a first book junkie.

Yet it wasn't long after this avenue of passion had consumed me that I realized that I was often laboring under a misconception. That is to say (and I came to this knowledge with infinite more glee than despondency), it became all too apparent that an author's first book was not necessarily his or her first publication. That distinction was most often to be found in periodicals: periodicals of all types, encompassing anything from pulps to slicks to literary small presses, fanzines, and even high school and college literary magazines. Armed with such (new) knowledge, my task and enjoyment then increased exponentially and was rewarded by not only finding these earlier publications, but also by discovering several that bibliographical scholarship had missed!

In 1984, simultaneously celebrating three years as a full time bookseller and bemoaning four years as a non-writer, I had once again an urge to create something other than yet another book cata-

logue (which certainly is an art in itself). As the short story was a more comfortable mode of creative expression for me than the novel, I commenced to execute one on the new computer I had just purchased. (And perhaps there lies some of my motivation as well.) Having recently read a collection of stories by a writer who I had not read before, but whose stories had always delighted me (ever since I was first introduced to his work on television in the fifties—yes I'm a boomer), I decided to write a story emulating this author's style, but touching upon a subject matter on which he never would have gambled. It was about a bookseller of the future named Antiquities Smith and his friends Dust Jacket Johnson, Second State Susie, Reprint Rupert, How Much How Much Berman, Little A Lenny, et al. Thus my Damon Runyon pastiche was born.

Much to my delight, giving birth was not difficult. In fact it was down right exhilarating. But now what about publication? This proved to be an even easier task than the writing. I would simply do it myself! And on nice paper stock chosen from my local printer! This left me with a distribution problem which was likewise overcome quite simply when I decided to inscribe all one hundred copies to my best customers, mailing them out as an end of the year gift and thanking them for their patronage. So what if a number of my clients had not heard of nor read anything by Damon Runyon. So what if this was a vanity publication. What would one expect from a new publisher which called itself "The Pretentious Press?"

The next year witnessed the second publication from the press, again from my fingers and my word processing program. It was a horror story with the perhaps not too frightening name of *1001: A Crayola Odyssey or House of Wax Two*. It was about a young girl named Alicia, who as a contest winner, received a tour of The Crayola Company and the right to aid in the name of the 1,0001st color. The owner of the company had quite another idea in mind, however. The year after that, yet again another booklet was released. This

third volume had an amusing tie-in with the 1986 Tor publication of Gene Wolfe's novel entitled *The Soldier of the Mist*. I had provided Gene with a multi-volume set of the works of the Greek historian Herodotus, and Gene had acknowledged my "help" with the novel by kindly surprising me with a fictional reference to this in the book's introduction. He implied that he had purchased from me some long lost but recently found secret scrolls upon which his novel was based. This was the origin of *Dealer of the Mist or How I Found the Scrolls*, and how I dealt with the mischievous Dr. Falafel. As before, each of these was printed in a quantity of one hundred, inscribed, and sent out to a select group of clientele.

My next publication was indeed my first commercial venture. It came about when a consensus of my fellow collectors and customers who were most interested in obtaining all of the hard-cover publications of Ballantine Books revealed that no one exactly knew which Ballantine Books were produced in this format. As I appeared to be the only one among us who knew Ian Ballantine, I took up the staff. With Ian's help *Ballantine Books: The First Decade* (a Bailiwick Books production) was published in an edition of 597 copies in 1987. But it was the concept of the fourth publication of the Pretentious Press which excited me most. And it no doubt had its origin well steeped in "firstosity"

I published *Little Brothers* by Isaac Asimov in 1988. It came about when I learned that Dr. Asimov's first appearance in print was in fact not "Marooned Off Vesta" in the March 1939 issue of *Amazing Stories*. He had three letters appear in the "Letters to the Editor" column of *Astounding Science Fiction* in 1935, 1937, and 1938, as well as a similar letter which appeared in the science fiction fanzine *Imagination* in October of 1938. I knew this as I owned all of these periodicals and had asked Dr. A. to sign them for me (over a period of years). Each time he did, however, I couldn't help notice that an element of pleasant surprise would accompany each signing. The way he caressed them so lovingly, it

seemed as if he had forgotten about each of these early appearances and was undertaking some spiritualistic reacquaintance.

And when I asked him if there was yet anything earlier, he would answer in the negative until On one visit he in fact did recall an earlier work. A first work. *Little Brothers*. An essay he wrote at the age of fourteen lamenting the birth of his younger sibling and how it would change his life forever. It seemed that Isaac had indeed forgotten this published work as well. Sensing a wonderful chance to publish this bit of "firstosity", I boldly asked Isaac (who had received my three earlier Pretentious Press publications) if he would like to be the guest author for the fourth. When he said, "Sure"—with the proviso that I let readers know that this work was written when he was only fourteen years old—perhaps a nanosecond elapsed before I said, "OK. You've got a deal." And so my first venture into a different type of publishing began. One hundred twenty-six copies were printed with accompanying tipped-in photos of the young Asimovs, signed by the elder, and properly distributed.

Now if perhaps you doubt the statement, "Isaac Asimov forgot," or the even more implausible, "Isaac Asimov forgot something about himself," let me assure you that your trepidation is well-founded. Isaac did not forget these early works. He in fact mentions them in his 1979 Doubleday publication, *In Memory Yet Green*. So what happened? I am firmly convinced that he was just playing the gentleman; that he did not want to embarrass this young publisher by drawing to his attention what he should have already known. To this I have no defense save that often the curse of a full time bookseller is that he or she is so engrossed in the buying and selling and processing of books that little time is left to read them.

Pretentious Press publication number five was somewhat like number four. That is, another was invited to take part in the year end celebration. However, unlike number four, the publication of number five contained work which had never been published before. Ever. It happened like this: while perusing the deep recesses of the Ackerman-sion (the home of Forrest J. Ackerman, often deemed as science fic-

tion's number one fan, among many other things) in the Los Feliz section of Los Angeles, I came across a number 101 blue bond notebook. Upon opening it, I noticed that it contained several poems, stories, and essays written in what appeared to be a relatively young script. I quickly deduced that this might indeed be Forrie's own early handiwork, and I began reading the words out loud as I approached the office where he sat quietly reading the morning mail. The look of horror on his face told me that I had guessed rightly. But before Mr. Ackerman could say "sci-fi" (a phrase which he himself had long ago first minted), he was soon overcome by my charm.

Authority to publish was asked and granted. Then, showing both mercy and appreciation for his generosity, I continued to read on, silently this time, when an idea emerged. It seemed that Mr. Ackerman had been at the head of his class in 1929. I thus saw the potential of a Poe pastiche. And it wasn't long before *The Pirate and Other Poems by A. Valedictorian* had been set in type (very much like the title page to *Tamerm-lane*), printed in an edition of 126 copies, signed by its author, and timely delivered.

The Parrot Who Met Papa. You either lovingly recognize it or you don't. If the story rings a bell (nay—peals like a great clap of thunder), you know it to be one of Ray Bradbury's most enduring works. A homage in it's own "write" to Hemingway, it is also a wonderful fantasy about one of Hemingway's least known confidants: El Cordoba, the parrot that swung from his perch over Hemingway's shoulder at the bar in the Cuba Libre in Havana. It seems that this very same creature was not only privy to any and all remarks that Hemingway reserved for himself about his peers (such as Norman Mailer, who, according to Hemingway via Bradbury, "couldn't remember the alphabet," or Gertrude Stein who, again according to Hemingway via Bradbury, "suffered from undescended testicles"), but also had full retentive memory of Hemingway's last unpublished manuscript of which no surviving copy existed. And this is only the beginning of the story. To finish it, you can pick up one of Ray's short story collections (such as *Long After Midnight* or *The Stories of Ray Bradbury*). Or you could perhaps also try to track

down a copy of Pretentious Press number six, which not only reprints the story, but also prints a new continuation. By yours truly. Hey. Don't get upset. I told you it's the Pretentious Press. With Ray's kind permission, 126 copies were again struck, this time with tipped-in photos of El Cordoba (I had taken on yet another new assignment as photographer), signed by both authors, and soon exhausted.

In 1992, I tracked down and finally acquired the earliest printings of Gene Wolfe's first two stories, which had appeared in his college literary magazine, *The Commentator*, in November 1951 and January 1952 respectively. I obtained them when Gene found his own copies and sent them to me as a gift. Nice man, Gene Wolfe. And of course not much imagination need be exerted here to predict the eventual outcome of these offerings. Pretentious Press publication number seven, a Sherlock Holmes pastiche entitled *The Case of the Vanishing Ghost*, with an original authorial introduction, and Pretentious Press number eight, a ghost story entitled *The Grave Secret*, also with an original authorial introduction, once again marked a return to "firstosity" (although Pretentious Press number eight holds that title a bit dubiously as it followed the original 1951 publication of number seven by two months. See above). This time eighty-five copies of each were printed with different tipped-in photos of a young Gene Wolfe, duly signed by the author, and distributed.

A return to vanity heralded the 1993 Pretentious Press publication, publication number nine. A story that I had within me a long time but never gave due process finally made its way out. It was a retelling of the Rumpelstiltskin myth but this time from Rumpelstiltskin's point of view. It was entitled, not oddly enough, *Rumple*, and again eighty-five copies were prepared, signed, and dispatched.

The Thing was the holiday offering of 1994, aka Pretentious Press number ten. This indeed was not the original nor John Carpenter's remake of John Campbell's story into film, *Who Goes There?* It was rather much-loved author Robert Bloch's first appearance in print taken from his

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Aronovitz

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high school literary magazine when he, too, was just fourteen years old. A Lovecraft pastiche from one who was soon to be a long-time Lovecraft friend and correspondent is indeed quite a find, and I was quite pleased to locate it. It came to me in the same manner as Gene Wolfe's first publications. A gift from its originator. A short time later, eighty-five copies were prepared with an original authorial introduction, signed by the author, and sent on their way with a marvelous tipped-in photo of a young Robert Bloch.

Also in 1994, I had a return to the commercial venue. An unpublished short story by Stanley Weinbaum (a science fiction writer of considerable renown in the early 1930's before he was struck down by a brain tumor at the age of thirty-five) came into my hands from the owner of the actual work, who also held the copyright. I was about to publish it, thinking that I would be able to utilize one page of the actual manuscript for each copy, when I found, much to my chagrin, that I had been incorrect in this assumption. Considering cancellation of the project, two most interesting and fortuitous things developed. First, in a salvage attempt, thinking to locate someone living who knew Stanley Weinbaum well, and who could perhaps write an introduction, I recalled that the very person whose work I had just published, namely Robert Bloch, might fit the bill. He most certainly could have known Stanley Weinbaum as in fact they both grew up in Milwaukee, and shared similar interests. And sure enough, Bloch, who was some fifteen years younger than Weinbaum, did indeed know him, as for a time they were members of the same writing group, the Milwaukee Fictioneers. One letter later, an agreement was reached, and I was another step closer to doing the project after all. Then the owner of the manuscript called me to say that Weinbaum's widow, who was then in her eighties, had sent him a copy of a photo of the Milwaukee Fictioneers, a photo which not only pictured some of the group sitting about a large table in discussion, but indeed pic-

tured Weinbaum and Bloch seated right next to each other! Well, hey. Sometimes even a non-believer can read the signs. And thus I was now determined to go ahead and publish the story. But there was a serious problem. It turned out that Mrs. Weinbaum only had a horrible unreproducible copy of the photo and could not recall who had sent it to her. The project then once again assumed a "maybe" status. However, as luck or some such would have it, I did in fact know the most likely candidate who perhaps had indeed sent her the photo copy. Incredibly, one phone call later not only netted the prize, but also a second original photo of the Milwaukee Fictioneers standing outside their meeting place. Again with Bloch and Weinbaum in close proximity. The project was back on.

As I saw this publication as perhaps the first in a series of such productions (unpublished works by deceased authors), I decided to take on a new name, and the Posthumous Press was born. Eighty-five copies were printed with a tipped-in photo of the Milwaukee Fictioneers and signed by Bloch, who indeed rendered a wonderful seven-page introduction. Much to my horror and unknown to me at the time, however, was the fact that Bloch was terminally ill. He died just before final publication. What an opener for the Posthumous Press, which indeed sold out the entire print run without benefit of advertisement. The book was offered once in a catalogue and taken to several book fairs before being exhausted. No doubt a testimony to both authors.

Needless to say, this sort of ill-timed occurrence could not happen again. But astoundingly enough, it did! Pretentious Press number eleven, entitled *And the Darkness was Harsh*, offered the first printed works of Roger Zelazny. Taken from his senior high school literary magazine when he was sixteen, it contained an original authorial introduction; a short story whose idea and punchline coincidentally reached fruition in a much later televised episode of *The Twilight Zone* (scripted by Charles Beaumont); a Bradbury pastiche; and a poem. Once more eighty-five copies were produced with a most charming high school photo of Roger, who kindly added his signature in the appropriate place. The finished book-

lets were then distributed. And once again (unbeknownst to myself), suffering from a fatal illness, the author died soon afterwards (apparently in this type of marriage the publisher is always the last to know?).

The last Pretentious Press publication to date, number twelve, is the early work of a writer whose work I have admired greatly but whose writing career took a down turn when he became a full time academic. Entitled *The Evolution of William Tenn or Myself When Young*, it contains an original authorial introduction, two short pieces, two short stories, and a poem. Tipped-in is again a very nice photo of the author taken at a time shortly after these tales were composed and published, while he was at New York University. Of the eighty-five copies produced, signed by the author, and sent off to postal oblivion, I can only hope that they all reached their destination. And today I am happy to report that for over a year now, Philip Klass has been retired from Penn State University and has returned to writing full time.

This takes us right up to date. But in closing, let me say that soon to make an appearance is yet another commercial *nom-de-plume*, The Portentous Press, the contents of which will be immensely appreciated by all those with a sense of wonder and imagination. Also the Posthumous Press has been given its go-ahead for a second publication in 1997. But the Pretentious Press, my first love, is on the brink of publication number thirteen. And like the twelve mentioned here earlier, it too will be distributed, exhausted, dispatched, and disseminated, but never initially sold. A truly amazing accomplishment unparalleled among any publishers today, and only achieved by the good heartedness of its contributors. ■

*The Newsletter welcomes accounts
and anecdotes from booksellers' lives*

Send your contributions to

ABAA Newsletter
400 Summit Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55102

On the heels of the November Boston book fair, I issued a feature article and a news release about books stolen from John Quincy Adams's library—including the Bible given to Adams by the Mendi tribe for his defense of their fight for freedom—to book trade media, organizations, and several national media contacts. The press release described how FBI agents, television media, and ABAA exhibitors stood at the ready to apprehend the thieves should they show up at the Boston fair in order to sell their ill-gotten treasures. Due to the high profile of the case and the historical significance of the items taken, no less than six TV crews and reporters from major TV stations—including ABC, NBC, CBS, Fox, and cable networks—interviewed the ABAA president, visitors, and booksellers about the theft and the impact it made. A broadcast of the interviews and event was even picked up by CNN nationwide.

The press release also emphasized that the ABAA is an organized and responsive network of booksellers ready to aid the FBI and other authorities in helping to recover stolen books. It is important for book collectors, institutions, librarians, and other booksellers to know that ABAA members are active in the book world, sometimes going as far as putting themselves on the line to thwart book theft. So far, publications such as *Harvard Magazine*, *American Libraries*, *Bookdealer*, *Antique Week*, the New York Public Library Retirees Association *Newsletter*, and the *Newsletter* of the Association of Private Libraries have published or will pick up the story. Even as I am writing this, I have just had a call from the editor of *Bookselling This Week*, a weekly newsletter published by the American Booksellers Association, wanting to do a feature. The good news is that as of January 16, two of the four books taken, including the Mendi Bible, have been recovered in New Hampshire. However, details are limited because of the two other books still missing. One must

wonder what the visibility attending this theft would have cost the ABAA in terms of display advertising!

Over the next month, we will begin hammering out an "editorial" plan to issue more press releases. We will also try to come up with other ideas of getting publicity for the ABAA and its members. In the meantime, I have been building up my database of media contacts, and finding organizations with which the ABAA might possibly form alliances, such as Center for the Book at the Library of Congress. However, I believe feedback and ideas from this organization's members are also important. I hope that those of you who see the possibilities of what we have started will feel free to contact me about what great things you are doing for the world of books. I look forward to hearing from you.

Contact me at: phone: 302-326-1976; fax: 302-328-7274; email: Esther.Fan@oakknoll.com. I have an answering machine available to take your calls at all hours.

Christoffersen

continued from page 1

I was born in Denmark and spent the first thirty-three years of my life there, except for two and one-half years during which I lived abroad. In February of 1930, at sixteen, I was apprenticed to a century-old bookshop in Copenhagen, Andr. Fred. Høst and Søn, "by Royal Appointment," meaning that it was frequented by the royal family, the landed gentry, and anyone else of importance. The shop was on Bredgade, a few blocks from the royal palace, a block from the fashionable Hotel d'Angleterre, the Academy of Arts, and the Royal Theater. It was founded in 1836 but, alas, went out of business some time after the Second World War.

When I use the word "apprentice" it is because it is an employer-employee relationship that seems to be unique to the Scandinavian countries, Germany, and maybe a few other countries on the Euro-

pean continent. It is a legally binding contract that obliges the employee to remain in the job for a specified number of years, usually three to four, against receiving a thorough and rounded training in the particular trade, including three-year courses in a school of business, paid for by the employer. The pay is minimal, usually what would correspond to some \$100 a month. Applied fairly, it can be of mutual benefit to both parties.

Høst was a firm of great domestic and international prestige doing business not only with the Danish elite but having significant import-export departments, with a large inventory of foreign literature, and supplying foreign academic libraries with Scandinavian scholarly books. The John Crerar Library, headed then by Jens Chr. Bay, was just one of the many important American customers. Jean Hersholt ordered any Hans Chr. Andersen first edition offered to him, provided he did not already have a copy. So it was a great place to learn all aspects of the book-

trade. The first year, to be sure, was spent putting books back in their respective alphabets and unpacking and checking in shipments from Simpkin-Marshall, Baker and Taylor or the German Barsortiment. There is much to be learned from handling the books and magazines coming in from the world centers.

When the time came in the rotation schedule for the antiquarian department it did not take me long to decide that this was my bailiwick. Under the tutorship of Erik Paludan, the department head, I participated in the usual chores of a second-hand book department, but for the most part in bibliographical work, cataloguing books, and the production of catalogs. Høst was a healthy mixture of a general and a university book shop, and through its many connections with the academic community it became the natural depository for libraries formed by university professors and left behind at their deaths.

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Christoffersen

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I cannot now remember just how many such libraries we handled but they were many and important. Large catalogs were issued in many fields: medicine, philology, anthropology, theology, art, etc. etc., some of them up to 3000 items. The department slowly developed into what the Germans would call a *wissenschaftliches Antiquariat*, on the order of Harrassowitz, Hiersemann, Gustav Fock, and the like. Naturally, it also became important in the field of bibliophile and old and rare books because the professorial libraries most often comprised many items in these categories.

One such library that stands out in my memory was that of Frederik C. C. Hansen, the anatomy professor of the University of Copenhagen, Medical School, for some thirty or forty years. It was acquired at his death in the mid-thirties but there was no way that we could make a priced bid to the estate: the books, I believe some 20,000 of them, were piled up five feet high in a six-room, fourth floor, walk-up apartment, with just enough of a narrow aisle in the middle to walk through. To be sure, there were book shelves along the walls but they had been blocked solidly for years, if not decades, by books piled in front of them. There were books in the bedroom and in the kitchen, probably in the bathroom, too. Professor Hansen had been a bachelor all his life and one of our best customers, as he was most likely a prized customer of most of the European antiquarian book shops as well.

We had Hansen's library removed by truck—a crew carrying the books down the stairs on their tummies—and installed in a warehouse where it could be shelved and inspected. Then, and only then, could the library be appraised and finally acquired. Needless to say, what turned up from the bottom of the book mountains were sometimes stunning surprises, not the least in the field of early medicine. I remember holding a copy of Freud's *Traumdeutung* in my hands, original gray wrappers, untrimmed (but not unopened,

Hansen actually read his books!) in mint condition. I also remember that perhaps half the early medicine items went to Professor Waller in Uppsala. Unfortunately, I no longer have a copy of the catalog, and it is just as well—it would make me sick to see the prices prevailing at the time.

Another such library was the cause of my first picture to be published in a newspaper. We were picking up the library of the late professor Harald Høffding, an internationally known philosopher and teacher to a generation of university students. He had been the occupant of what was called the Honor Residence on the grounds of the Carlsberg Breweries, the former manor of the late Carl Jacobsen, Carlsberg's founder. As we were carrying the books out from the manor a press photographer happened to come by, snapped a picture that was published the next day under the heading "Making Room for Niels Bohr". Bohr was scheduled to become the next honorary resident. I found the forgotten clipping sometime ago and mused over the fact that next to the picture was an article captioned "Hitler Ready to Support Hindenburg." The issue was dated Jan. 8, 1932.

I think the years at Høst's were some of the most formative in my life. There was a degree of sophistication and dignity, the clientele was elite, and the number of dignitaries, writers, artists, and, from an antiquarian standpoint, book collectors who dropped in and out was significant. Not to mention the royal family and the aristocracy: the queen, then Crown Prince Frederik; Crown Princess Ingrid (now the queen mother) would drop in a few times a year, particularly at Christmas time. The aging shipowner A. P. Møller, who founded the Maersk Line in 1912, was a steady customer.

I stayed on a few years beyond the end of my apprenticeship, now at a decent salary as an assistant. The time had come to consider some years abroad. It was almost a MUST for young book dealers to spend some time in bookshops in other countries, sort of a period of *Wanderjahre*. It was not cheap because such ventures were on an unpaid basis, and many of the top firms, particularly in the rare book

business, did not care to employ volunteers. It was also an awkward time because of the political situation (1936). My professional inclination was Germany and France (I was by then pretty fluent in German, French and English); several Paris firms declined, England was no problem, but how about Germany? Hitler's sway was looked upon with concern and suspicion by the rest of Europe, and going to a German firm might be mistaken for having the wrong leanings. At Høst we had then two former German rare book dealers working, Hans Götz, the former owner of Bücherstube Hans Götz, Hamburg, and a Mr. Johansen, a former employee of Breslauer. I must say that I learned enormously from both. One suggested Leipzig, in spite of all. I thought it over and came to the conclusion: What The Hell!

On August 8, 1936, I set out for Leipzig, having obtained an agreement with Bernh. Liebisch Antiquariat, to work there for six months. Passing through Berlin, the banners from the Olympics were still flying on *Unter den Linden*. Liebisch turned out to be a dull place, and there was not much to do but catalog a boring theology collection. I did meet Bernhard Wendt, the second in command, and formed a life-long friendship with him. Shortly thereafter he published his textbook of antiquarian bookselling *Der Antiquariatslehrling*, of which he sent me an inscribed copy. I left Liebisch by friendly agreement and went to K. F. Koehlers Antiquarium, the antiquarian branch of the well-known Koehler and Volckmar concern, in the center of the famous publishing district, today virtually non-existent.

The stay at Koehler was interesting and informative but, again, the business tended more toward the scholarly side of antiquarian bookselling. The boss was Dr. Hans Graeser, a Swiss citizen who had obtained the position because his physician father had cured Dr. Frenzel, a member of the Volckmar family (so the anecdote went). He was most kind and helpful, and I was allowed to go through the mail with him each morning in his office. Also, being fluent in German, I was given a secretary and took care of much of the correspondence. I met some nice colleagues, specifically Otto Zeller and Kurt Schilling, all of whom

turned up in the Stuttgart area after the war. With Otto and a few other employees there were daily lunch/political sessions in the backroom of a nearby café. These people were surely not Nazis.

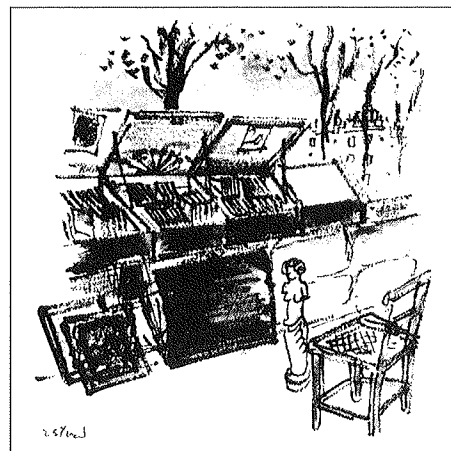
Altogether, my Leipzig sojourn was perhaps more interesting in a political sense. I guess that in 1996 there are probably very few non-Germans who have had the experience of living in Nazi Germany. To be sure, things were not quite as revolting as they became in 1937 and 1938. There were rumors of uniformed soldiers maneuvering in the nearby country side, there were plenty of uniformed guys (brown or black) running around in the streets, and, in case you had forgotten where you were, you could always stop at a street corner and read *Der Stürmer* which was posted on the wall. At the annual Booksellers' Convention I actually heard Dr. Goebbels deliver a speech. I also had the opportunity to hear Dr. Karl Goerdeler, Leipzig's mayor, several times. There were concerts at the *Gewandhaus*, weekly motets by the St. Thomas Boy's Choir, and a great opera program. There was good skiing in the *Erzgebirge* on the Czech border.

Speaking of Dr. Goerdeler, I have to relate a strictly non-antiquarian event. On my way to and from work I had to pass the *Gewandhaus* on my bike. One morning I had to do a second take: the famous bronze statue of Mendelssohn was gone. There had been nothing unusual the evening before. The yellow brick pavement on the sidewalk seemed undisturbed, although the sand looked conspicuously fresh. It was discussed at our lunch session, but nobody else knew about it, and there was nothing in the papers for several days. The usual rumor mill, typical of a society such as this, soon presented the story: Dr. Goerdeler, a strictly non-Nazi (as history eventually found out), had been pestered by his deputy mayor Dr. Hase, a brown-shirt *apparatchik*, to have Mendelssohn removed (the statue must have weighed ten to twelve tons) but steadfastly had refused. While Goerdeler was on a lecture tour in Finland, the deputy gave his order, and the monument was transported away in the dark of night. Furious, upon his return Goerdeler resigned and was offered a seat on the Krupp board. As we have

learned, Goerdeler was the top of the Hitler opposition and, sadly, was executed after the July 20 assassination attempt.

As far as Jews are concerned there were few left. The exodus had progressed far; yet, walking down the famous fur-traders' street, *Brühl*, one could still see quite a few standing in the doorways of their shops, very little activity, two-thirds of the shops closed. In the booktrade there was an anomalous case: the owner of the then world-famous firm Gustav Fock G.m.b.H., Leo Jolowics (the father of Walter J. Johnson, of Johnson Reprint, and an ABAA member) was still in charge and in residence. When discussed at our lunch sessions the explanation became obvious: he brings too much foreign currency into the country!

Well, so much for Leipzig. In the middle of June 1937 I left the city for a short vacation and a bike ride with my brother across Thuringia, on my way to Frankfurt. The bike was shipped back to Copenhagen, and I continued on foot down the Rhine to Koblenz, enjoying the magnificent landscape and the vineyards. From Koblenz by train to Ostend, Belgium, and by ferry to Dover, England. I had arranged to work at W. and G. Foyle, London, for a few months. Not at the rare book department, unfortunately, because the English, like the French, were aware of international competition and not too keen on employing foreign students (I had been turned down by Maggs). I worked in what was called the educational department (textbooks), which had its busy season in September and October. Not much fun, just hard work, but at least it gave me an opportunity to get around in the Charing Cross Road and Oxford Street neighborhood with frequency. Christina Foyle, the charming and glamorous daughter of William Foyle, the founder, offered to let me to stay as a paying guest at their house in northern London. That in itself was a bit of a boon because it made me privy to many of the managerial discussions conducted after hours, particularly in the chauffeur-driven Daimler limousine back and forth between house and office. The Foyles were an extremely kind and friendly family, and I have the fondest memories of these few months. It was yet before the purchase of



Drawing by Danish book illustrator Leo Estvad, from *Hundrede Aar Mellem Bøger* by Peter Christiansen, published on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the Copenhagen book seller, Andr. Fred. Høst & Søn, 1936.

Beeleigh Abbey in Essex and the transfer of the Rare Book Department there, under the name of Beeleigh Abbey Books, but I had a chance to drive down to Essex from London with Richard Foyle, Jr., (grandson of the founder) during a business trip to London in the sixties.

To round off my stay in England I arranged to work for a month at B. and H. Blackwell, Oxford. Not much can be gained by a few weeks' work but, again, the intention was really more to get the flavor of this venerable university town and its colleges. I got to know Basil Blackwell, a gentleman in every sense of the word; worked for Mr. King, the antiquarian; visited the Bodleian across the street, about to be moved to its new building next to Blackwell's; and attended some concerts in the historic Sheldonian Theatre, or Clarendon Building, first home of the Oxford University Press. When I revisited Oxford many years after the war Blackwell had, of course, expanded the old shop to occupy the huge space beneath the Trinity College grounds. I got back to Copenhagen for Christmas (1937) and resumed my old job at Høst's that was waiting for me.

I could presumably have stayed in Høst's antiquarian department as long as I chose but at the end of the thirties things began to happen. On September 3, 1939, I had gone to Tivoli Park with some colleagues, first to a concert, later to look around. We decided that none of us had

continued on next page

Christoffersen

continued from previous page

been on a roller coaster since we had become dignified booksellers—so—why not! On one of the top loops I looked across the roof-tops to the City Hall Square and caught a glimpse of the news flashes streaming around *Politiken's* (leading liberal newspaper) building, announcing: Hitler Marches Into Poland. That's where, how, and when I learned about the beginning of World War II.

For seven months nothing much changed other than the increased anxiety which a war brings about, a depressed market, and a lot of uncertainty. Then on April 9, 1940, I was awakened in my small apartment in a northern suburb by the noise of airplanes. It was about five in the morning, and the few airplanes Denmark owned were not in the habit of exercising in the morning, at least not over Copenhagen's suburbs. From my small balcony I then eyed the big Junkers flying low over the houses, and everybody now knew that something unusual was afoot. At the train station passengers were advised through loudspeakers not to get off the train at certain stops and to remain on the train until a downtown station. At the intermediary stops uniformed German soldiers were seen patrolling the platforms. They had been brought ashore during the night from three coal ships anchored outside the harbor, the men being stowed like cattle in the holds. Denmark was now part of the war, at least as an occupied country, and five hard years followed. The rest is recorded history.

Early in 1941 Aksel Bagger left Boghallen's Antikvariat, which he had managed since 1924, lately as part owner. It is part of the large bookshop occupying much of the ground floor of the building facing City Hall Square and housing the editorial offices and printing presses of *Politiken*, Denmark's largest newspaper. He formed a partnership with Volmer Rosenkilde to form the well-known firm Rosenkilde and Bagger elsewhere in the city. His position became vacant, and it was a dream job for a twenty-seven year old bookseller. So I went to get it.

Mr. Bagger had done an excellent job in building up the business, so I had a great tradition to defend. Denmark was now cut off from the rest of the world and international trade was non-existent, except perhaps for Sweden, a neutral country. The German market was open (naturally) but few dealers with some self-esteem wanted to engage in export to Germany. On the contrary, what few desirable collector's items turned up on the hungry antiquarian market were hidden away so as not to tempt German military personnel on shopping sprees. To refuse a sale once a book had been seen was not advisable. As the war wore on and Germany came near collapse, antiquarian book business became quite irrelevant anyway.

The antiquarian department is in the basement of the building, with a significant walk-in trade typical of the center of a big city. The character of the business was different to that of peace time, but no different to that of other European capitals in the time of war: isolation from the outside, no trading across national borders, limited buying possibilities, inflation-dictated fear of parting with real-value assets, etc. It was five years of trading strictly in domestic products: Danish literature and history, local history, bound sets, plus whatever came on the market of items of international interest. We expanded the business considerably in old maps and prints, easily marketed through window and shop display. Several important libraries were acquired, one from the estate of the late Professor Otto Jespersen, internationally known philologist and expert on the English language. In another library I discovered a copy of the editio princeps (Latin translation) of the Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf*, published in Copenhagen in 1815 by Danish philologist G.J. Thorkelin who had studied the until then unpublished manuscript in an English library. The book is not particularly rare but this copy had belonged to the Danish nineteenth-century churchman, bishop N.F.S. Grundtvig and had his handwritten notes throughout the margins. This was quite a sensation because there had been a well-known literary and linguistic feud between Grundtvig and Thorkelin, and the manuscript notes could shed further light upon the matter.

Grundtvig published a Danish *Beowulf* translation in 1820 which, incidentally, is the first in a modern language (seventeen years before Kemble's first edition of the original text). I was fascinated by the whole story, did some further research, and published a paper on it in *Bogvennen*, a Danish bibliophile journal (N.S. v.2, 1946, pp. 19ff).

The political situation, however, was what had the greatest impact on our lives, and as the years passed it grew increasingly tense. Underground resistance, sabotage and counter sabotage (German terrorism), a few allied bombings—but surprisingly few because the domestic sabotage appeared to satisfy the allied command. During the not infrequent air raid alarms it was mandatory to go to the shelter, which was the press rooms located elsewhere in the substructure and where the preferred spot was under the protruding parts of the Hoe presses. Toward the end the fear of German terrorism was of overall concern. We were in a newspaper building, a desirable target for German counter sabotage, and the liberal newspaper *Politiken* was not exactly popular with the occupying power. The publishers had all basement windows cemented up, a security guard was present at all times to check book shelves for placed bombs. Whatever valuable items of international interest I could acquire were hidden away, out of sight, for a better day. This applied also to books on the German black list: books published by Allert de Langen and Querido Verlag, the German opposition publishers, formerly in Holland, and early books on the concentration camps (Seeger's *Oranienburg*). If they were found you were in trouble. I treasured my copy of Rauschnig's Hitler biography, one of the tops on the black-list, which was also in the closet.

Early 1945 came the liberation. This is not the place to describe the event; it is the subject of hundreds of books. However, few days had passed before I had the first visit by an American book scout, George Staack from New York. We went out to lunch, and later we opened the secret cabinets of books which had been held back. As my American colleagues may know, George was a Danish-American banker, formerly of Paris, who had turned anti-

quarian. How can one Dane resist another in such unusual circumstances? George went away quite happy, carrying, among other things, two early herbals.

At lunch we had a long chat about conditions in general, about bookselling in America, and about prospects for a speedy European recovery, most particularly, for a resumption of international antiquarian trade. I confess that I was somewhat pessimistic and brought up the possibility of emigrating to the United States. Underlying that idea was also the thought that some day I planned to start my own business, preferably in a part of the world that promised greater stability. Under the old immigration laws a personal sponsor was needed, and George became it. Looking back today, it becomes clear that my estimate of Europe's chances of eventual recovery was on the gloomy side, albeit it was an opinion shared by many. To most people then the name George Marshall was just that of a successful American general, not synonymous with the far-seeing statesman who would one day contribute so much toward filling a gaping void in central Europe.

The decision to emigrate, however, was not made lightly or hastily. The idea remained on the back burner for the rest of the year while enough U.S. dollars could be secured to cover initial expenses, something currency regulations made difficult. Then a possibility presented itself from an entirely unexpected direction: the U.S. Army occupying Germany needed civilian personnel and advertised in England and Denmark for qualified bilingual persons, particularly translators. It seemed like an excellent way to earn dollars, the contract was for one year only, and it might be an interesting experience to see what a war-destroyed Germany was like. It sounded like a nice sabbatical.

My language qualifications made me a shoo-in, and early in 1946 I gave notice to leave my job. In May I joined a group of some hundred other Danes setting out on a train ride to Stuttgart. It was an eerie experience to travel through Hamburg in the dark of night with the city in total darkness, but with sufficient light to discern the ominous silhouettes of burned-out buildings. Frankfurt and Stuttgart presented

similar sights. We eventually reached the city of Esslingen, some seven miles south of Stuttgart, a charming old town in the Württemberg hills, completely untouched by the destruction of war. Here we found out what it was all about.

We were to be part of an intelligence operation to extract from the mail and other means of communication information that could be used in the efforts to catch war criminals, thwart a nascent black market, facilitate de-nazification, ascertain possible involvement by big businesses, like I. G. Farben, in the past war effort, and to uncover possible abuse on the part of allied personnel—postal censorship for short. Top priority: find Martin Bormann! There were five or six similar centers throughout occupied Germany. Hundreds of native Germans attached to major postal centers would open part of the mail, write reports in German if contents bore upon certain topics, and we were to convert this material into translated reports.

It was an easy, problem-free life, just the sabbatical that I needed and quite interesting at that. We had PX privileges, clubs, weekend retreats in the mountains, and freedom to travel. I was able to visit Munich, Berchtesgaden (Hitler's retreat), Salzburg, Berlin, and, on the last day of public admission, Aug. 29, 1946, the Nürnberg Trial. It was an awesome experience for me to gaze down from the visitors' gallery upon the row of accused war criminals, with Goering and Hess on the flank, Speer and Jodl farther down the row.

The work itself was not uninteresting, and even here I encountered serendipity: one day I spotted the name Otto Zeller in a report involving Military Government in Aalen. Was it my former colleague or wasn't it? I got on the telephone (against regulations) and got through with some difficulty. Yes, it was my Leipzig friend. He was now married and was employed by military government as a court interpreter. Otto had a degree in Germanic languages and had studied at Oxford before the war.

I hitched a ride to Aalen and visited him and his family in their nice house. He told me an incredible tale of being on the Russian front, deserting toward the end, traveling by night on foot until he reached

the American line where he had no problem obtaining clearance as to his political background. He was now preparing to get back into business, and soon started his Scientia Verlag, which was taken over by Kurt Schilling when Otto moved to Osnabrück. There were some other perks as well: I was able to dig up a few choice books from dealers in southern Germany, they were taken back to Copenhagen and eventually shipped to the U.S.

Returning to Copenhagen in May of 1947, I now finally decided to emigrate. The summer was spent with preparations, obtaining a visa, and, above all, packing my private library, including a large collection of dealers' catalogs, for shipment. Finding passage on a boat was very hard in 1947, demand was surprisingly high. I had a standing order with Cook's, and not until August did they find space on a new ship on her maiden voyage out of Liverpool, which was fine with me because I could spend a little time in London first. However, the passage was canceled, and travel by air was now the only possibility. So on September 27, 1947, I boarded an American Overseas Airlines DC-4 for the trip, which was to take about twenty-four hours with three refueling stops: Prestwick, Reykjavik, and Gander. I mention this to remind my younger colleagues that such was trans-Atlantic travel at that time! We hit a storm over the Atlantic that forced the plane out of its course and made the pilot skip Gander for Moncton, New Brunswick. Finally, on a glorious Sunday morning, we arrived at LaGuardia Airport in New York.

Cook's had made reservations at a midtown hotel, and after a shower and a meal I walked out to survey the surroundings. George Staack had supposedly arranged for me to work at Brentano's Rare Book Department, so I might as well see what the store looked like. I reported the next day to Laurence Gomme, who was at that time head of the rare book department. He received me most cordially, introduced me to Mr. Brentan, and asked if I would want to start work at once. I asked to be excused for a few days until I could find a permanent abode but was ready to start the following Wednesday.

Thus began my life as a bookseller in the United States. ■

Obituaries

Phyllis Nelson Mott Sheffield, Massachusetts

ABAA and ABA member Phyllis Nelson Mott passed away on January 13, 1997, after a long illness, in Sheffield. With her late husband, Howard, and her son, Donald (Rusty), she worked for over forty years as an antiquarian bookseller, building a mail-order business of international scope. She was among those visionary dealers who, in 1960, organized the first American antiquarian book fair in New York City.

Born in Boscawen, New Hampshire on January 2, 1912, Phyllis was the daughter of Ernest E. Nelson and Lena Brooks Nelson. Her mother died in 1917; her father and eight close relatives died within a three-week period two years later, during the devastating flu epidemic which killed over a half million Americans. Phyllis went on to live in a succession of orphanages and foster homes, and with various relatives. Her happiest time was that spent with her bachelor uncle, Rufus Nelson, who became vice-president of New England Power. In the 1920s, she spent two happy years with her uncle Jimmy, who, upon his death, left her and her late brother a string of twenty-eight race horses. Various nefarious relatives managed to swindle them out of the horses, in lieu of a trainload of Maine potatoes which was left to rot on a siding.

Because she was an orphan, and possibly because of her rambunctious character, Phyllis's education was haphazard. The number of grammar schools she attended is unknown, but she wore as a badge of pride the fact that she attended no less than seventeen high schools, some of which she left by choice. But graduate she did—from high school in Pittsfield, Maine.

While training to be a nurse in Waltham, Massachusetts, Phyllis met her future husband, Howard Mott, then a sophomore at Harvard. After completing her nurse's training, she attended Tufts Medical School for about a year and a

half, eventually dropping out because of lack of funds. Her guardian could not afford tuition, and the country was deep in the Depression.

Phyllis and Howard married in 1937 and moved to White Plains, New York. There Phyllis worked in the White Plains hospital laboratory, became a diagnostic hematologist, and was an early member of the Society of Clinical Pathologists. She helped to establish the first blood bank in Westchester county, New York, and worked a stint with the criminally insane at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. After World War II Phyllis headed the lab at Englewood Hospital in New Jersey. An executive with her own secretary, Phyllis made the princely sum of \$125 per month, and helped to support her husband's still young book business.

In 1953 Phyllis left medicine to enter Howard's business—at a time when there were relatively few women in the profession. She quickly found that she had a natural flair for autographs and manuscripts; in part, she said, because she liked to read other people's mail. Books and manuscripts were not easy to sell even though prices were low, yet she joined the trade at a time I have always considered as a golden era. Phyllis and Howard's New York friends and colleagues included dealers John Kohn, Mike Papantonio, Mary Benjamin, Peter Decker, David Randall, Jack Bartfield, the Sallochs, Madeleine Stern and Leona Rostenberg, the Eberstadt brothers, the O'Malleys, Walter Goldwater and Eleanor Lowenstein, Bob Black, Walter Schatzki, Lathrop Harper, Charles Grand, Dick and Carola Wormser, and many others. There were great collectors and librarians as well. All were giants in their fields, and those now dead are too little remembered—if at all—today.

Although times were not always easy, Phyllis was a strong and able woman. She helped supplement the family income by teaching dancing for Arthur Murray in New York, selling magazines over the telephone, and making costume jewelry in her dining room. One of her specialties

was costume jewelry designs on children's yo-yos. She once even went to a friend's very large house in Quogue, Long Island, for a long Memorial Day weekend and ended up staying until after labor Day with her children, while she and four or five other wives ran the house as a hotel with as many as twenty-five paying guests, all for just room and board. The husbands worked in New York during the week and came out for weekends. It was an adventure, and she liked adventures. She also worked as an interior designer, and she would even put up your wallpaper if you paid her.

Phyllis had a keen eye for paintings and antiques and liked to be surrounded by things old. She formed two collections of American publishers' trade bindings, and, as she said later, "the more glopped up with gold or silver, the better." The first was sold to the late Bob Metzdorf, who combined it with his collection and gave the whole to Princeton University. The second collection she expanded to include eighteenth- and nineteenth-century leather bindings. She was proudest of her collection of printing on silk. She was not interested in small bookmarks or ribbons, but in larger broadsides and books. The collection ranged from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries. Her largest single purchase was 450 large illustrations on silk depicting scenes from the novels of Sir Walter Scott, purchased from a nun in Kentucky.

Phyllis's strength and determination were never more evident than during the worst period of her life, when her eldest son, Newcomb, was arrested for trespassing on Russian soil, tried, convicted, sentenced to three years in Siberia in 1965, and subsequently murdered in January, 1966. She remained undaunted, confronting the State Department, the Soviet authorities, the cold of an Arctic winter in Murmansk, and the international media with equal resolve. Her private moments were sheer terror, but publicly she was a rock for the whole family to lean on.

Her favorite part of the trade was buying and researching material relating to

the West Indies. She was the acknowledged expert in the family business in that field, and she played a great part in building the Walter Beinecke, Jr. Collection of the Lesser Antilles, now at Hamilton College. Her love of the West Indies and its people led to frequent travel to the region, where, as often as not, she could be found dancing the night away to the music of steel drums.

Phyllis will be remembered as an excellent member of our honorable trade, and a loving and fiercely loyal wife, mother, and grandmother. Although the circumstances are different, I have always liked what Carl Van Doren said upon learning of the death of Elinor Wylie, and I think it applicable to my mother: "Her end was as neat as her art."

Phyllis Mott is survived by her son and business partner, Donald (Rusty) Mott, and two grandchildren. Rusty will continue the business as usual.

Rusty Mott

Jörg Schäfer **Zürich, Switzerland**

Jörg Schäfer passed away on January 3, 1997, after a short but difficult struggle with lung cancer. I know that many of you knew him.

Schäfer was born near Aarberg, in the canton of Bern, Switzerland, on May 17, 1935. As a bookseller he worked first with Hans Huber in Bern (1953-1956) and then briefly with De Nobele in Paris. In 1957 he went to Erasmushaus, assisting Adolf Seebass. Two years later he became the manager of Gilhofer and Ranschberg in Lucerne, which was at that time owned by William Schab in New York, where Jörg also briefly worked. His training thus was accomplished in the heart of Swiss bibliophily.

From 1971 until last year he operated his own firm in Zürich, trading under his own name and issuing forty-seven catalogues strong in the Reformation and humanism. He supplied truly rare humanistic and religious tracts, full of real intellectual interest, to the greatest libraries in Europe and America, and these and books in other fields to numerous private collectors.

He served both the Swiss antiquarian booksellers' organization, VEBUKU, and the ILAB in various capacities, editing the ILAB *Newsletter* for several years. He attended the ILAB Congress in Tokyo in 1990.

Jörg Schäfer built tremendous personal collections of Hus and Erasmus, his lifelong interests. He kept immaculate files of the movement of Reformation literature in the trade. These were all paper-based. He never touched a computer and considered mastery of the electric typewriter as far as his technological interests went. He found this as humorous as everyone else did; but there was no doubt of the prodigious amount of work he accomplished in his own way. He worked like an American scholar-entrepreneur: alone, tirelessly, with vigilant and lively scholarly interests.

He was as expert as anyone at spotting, in the midst of some vast German auction, that rare tract with an inscription by a great early scholar or reformer that no one else noticed. His triumphs in this way were many, and they lit up his eyes and the eyes of the librarians and collectors who turned to him in expectation of such finds.

He thus trained in and added to a long tradition of bookselling by his scholarship, fairness, and gentility. We all will miss him.

Bennett Gilbert

Dr. Mitsuo Kodama **Hino-City, Tokyo, Japan**

Dr. Mitsuo Kodama, known as one of the best and greatest book collectors and bibliophiles in Japan made his passing on September 23, 1996, at the age of 81. Dr. Kodama's specialty was occidental books, and as president of Meisei University, he designed and created an institution which became famous internationally. The Meisei Library has a sister relationship with the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, and holds one of the best collections of Shakespeariana outside of the Folger Library.

Meisei Library's Shakespeare collection was started when the University bought valuable duplications from the Folger

Library some twenty-five years ago. This collection is now the second largest in the world and includes twelve nice first folios with a total of more than ninety folios in all. Meisei's collections include not only Shakespeare but also famous collections in early STC books, including the largest number of incunables in Japan, and in the history of education, British parliamentary history, history of science, English and American literature, and children's books. In addition to these, the University has one set of Audubon's *Birds of America* found only in Japan and a wonderful collection of Abraham Lincoln which is famous outside the USA.

Dr. Kodama served as Chancellor of the University, and through his leadership the institution increased its number of faculties to four. Iwaki Meisei University, a subsidiary, was also founded during his term as Chancellor. As a charter member of the Japan Grolier Club and a leading bibliophile in Japan, he became well known through his contacts and friends worldwide. He was loved by all those who met and came to know him.

Dr. Kodama was a notable scholar in the history of education, specializing in the Swiss reformer, Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi; he wrote many books and articles in journals. He was a member of the Association of International Bibliophiles and received the Thomas More medal from the University of San Francisco Library.

A memorial service for Dr. Kodama was held on November 11, 1996 at Meisei University.

Mitsuo Nitta

In memory of

Maggie DuPriest

the Antiquarian Booksellers'
Benevolent Fund has received
a gracious donation

Summer Study Opportunities for Bibliophiles

• Reference Sources for Rare Books

This May, the Indiana University Division of Continuing Studies and the Lilly Library will sponsor a week-long course on rare books, *Reference Sources for Rare Books*. This course will be taught at the Lilly Library on the Bloomington campus and will draw from the Lilly's extensive collection of bibliographical resources that include a large reference collection and an extensive collection of rare books and manuscripts.

Scheduled for May 12-16, the course is intended for librarians (with or without rare books experience), researchers, collectors, and those in the antiquarian book trade. Participants will be introduced to the different uses of reference sources in working with rare books, an overview of some of the most useful general sources, and a detailed discussion of many of the principal reference works in specific fields.

Among the fields to be covered are early printed books, British and American literature, Americana, voyages and travel, maps and atlases, science and medicine, the book arts, and auction records and price guides. Most of the reference sources to be discussed are currently available only in printed forms, but there will also be coverage of the growing number of electronic sources (including the World Wide Web) that are valuable for rare book research and cataloguing. Class sessions will consist of lecture, discussions on the selection of sources, and practical experience.

Joel Silver, Curator of Books at the Lilly Library, is the instructor for the course. Silver also teaches course in descriptive bibliography, history of the book, and rare book libraries and librarianship at the IU School of Library and Information Science. He joined the library staff in 1983 after working in the antiquarian book trade.

Tuition for the course is \$405 and includes all instructional materials and refreshment breaks. Housing, parking, and meals are not included in the tuition. Enrollment is limited and early registration is recommended. The registration deadline is April 18.

For more information contact Jane Clay, Bloomington Division of Continuing Studies, 204 Owen Hall, Indiana University, Bloomington, IN 47405; phone: 812-855-6329; fax: 812-855-8997; e-mail: jclay@indiana.edu; website: <http://www.indiana.edu/~scs/bookarts.html>.

• The History of the Book in American Culture

The American Antiquarian Society (AAS), through its Program in the History of the Book in American Culture, announces the summer 1997 offering in its series of seminars in the interdisciplinary field of book history. These AAS seminars are intended for literary scholars and historians (including advanced graduate students), librarians, archivists, and bibliographers, and other scholars who are working on topics involving the interpretation of the cultural role of books and other forms of printed material. AAS maintains a research library rich in the American printed record through 1876, although the collections contain a surprising amount of material related to the history of the book in America in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

This year's seminar, *Getting into Print*, explores the social, cultural, economic, and institutional factors that have shaped the creation of printed texts in nineteenth- and twentieth-century America. Participants will consider the forces enabling and limiting access to print, and examine such issues as authorship, identity, and professionalization; the activities of agents, editors, publishers, and other mediators; the effects of copyright, censorship, and self-censorship; the development of religious, immigrant, and alternative presses; the growth of self-publishing; and the influence of the transatlantic book trade. *Getting Into Print* aims to bring cultural history's concern with the socially mediated nature of publishing to bear on the close analysis of printed texts.

The seminar runs from Monday, June 9 through Sunday, June 15, 1997. Seminar Leaders are Joan Shelley Rubin (History,

University of Rochester) and Meredith L. McGill (English, Rutgers University). The faculty consists of Ann Fabian (History, Columbia University), and Michael Warner (English, Rutgers University); and members of the AAS staff.

Applications for the 1997 seminar will be accepted until all slots are filled. Applications received by Thursday, March 20, 1997, will be accorded priority. Further details, including information on fees, financial aid, and housing, and application forms are available on the Society's on-line gopher (gopher mark.mwa.org or use the URL: gopher://mark.mwa.org/). You may print out and complete the application as it appears on the gopher, but you may not submit your application electronically.

For more information, contact John B. Hench or Caroline Sloat, American Antiquarian Society, 185 Salisbury Street, Worcester, Massachusetts 01609-1634; phone 508-752-5813 or 755-5221; e-mail: cfs@mwa.org.

• Technology of the Medieval Book

Dedicated to preserving traditional handcrafts, Jack C. Thompson, Thompson Conservation Laboratory, Portland, Oregon, and craftspeople Jim and Melody Croft, Santa, Idaho, offer a two-week workshop on the materials, structure, and techniques of early bookmaking. Thompson and Croft introduce participants to the growing, harvesting, and processing of flax to make thread and paper; to the splitting and processing of oak for binding boards; and to the manufacture of parchment, alum-tawed skin, and brass clasps. No modern materials or methods are used; each participant leaves with his/her own brassclasped book handcrafted using twelfth-century techniques and traditional materials.

The workshop, held in Santa, Idaho, is scheduled for July 14-18 and 21-25, 1997. The first week focuses on "Fiber Preparation through Papermaking and Sizing;" the second, on "Bookbinding with Oak Boards and Fore-Edge Clasps." Participants may register for the entire two-week session, or for the week of their choice.

The registration deadline for the workshop is June 1, 1997. Tuition is \$900 for the two-week session and \$550 for either week; both fees include room and board, and are also due on June 1. For further information and to register contact: Jack C. Thompson, Thompson Conservation Laboratory, 7549 North Fenwick, Portland, OR 97217; phone and fax: 503-735-3942; e-mail: tcl@teleport.com. Information on the workshop is also available on the website, <http://www.teleport.com/~tcl>.

• Books at Virginia:

Rare Book School 1997

RBS, established in 1983 by Terry Belanger, offers a collection of five-day, non-credit courses on topics concerning rare books, manuscripts, and special collections. Students make a full-time commitment to any course they attend, from 8:30 am to 5 pm, Monday-Friday; most students also attend an informal dinner on the Sunday evening before their first class on Monday. In addition to the formal classes, there are early-evening public lectures and other events throughout the four weeks of RBS.

This year's Rare Book School runs from July 14-August 8, 1997.

The educational and professional prerequisites for RBS courses vary. Some courses are primarily directed toward research librarians and archivists. Others are intended for academics, persons working in the antiquarian book trade, bookbinders and conservators, students of the history of books and printing, and others with an interest in the subjects being treated.

The tuition for each five-day course is \$595. Low-cost, air-conditioned dormitory housing will be offered on the historic central grounds of the University, and nearby hotel accommodation is readily available. Students are encouraged to take advantage of RBS's housing to arrive a few days before their course, or stay a few days later, in order to give themselves (and their families) a better chance to explore the Charlottesville area, which includes many sites of historic interest as well as various vacation attractions.

For an application form and a copy of the RBS 1997 Expanded Course Descrip-

tions (ECD), providing further details about the courses offered this year contact: Rare Book School, 114 Alderman Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, VA 22903-2498; phone: 804-924-8851; fax: 804-924-8824; e-mail: biblio@virginia.edu; website: <http://poe.acc.virginia.edu/~oldbooks/bap.html>.

• Out-of-Print and Antiquarian Book Market Seminar

This annual seminar/workshop for booksellers and librarians is an intensive weeklong program of study and practical workshops on the out-of-print, antiquarian, and rare book markets presented by leading specialists in the field. Scheduled for August 3-8, at Colorado College in Colorado Springs, the seminar/workshop is for both new and experienced booksellers who have never had the advantage of formal training, or who wish to exchange ideas on the latest development in the field.

William P. Barlow, Jr., one of the nation's most active and dedicated book collectors, will keynote the program. The distinguished faculty also includes James Canary, Robert D. Fleck, Michael Ginsburg, Edwin V. Glaser, Lois J. Harvey, Jennifer Larson, Jean Parmer Joel Silver, Mary Francis Young, and Jake Chernofsky, Seminar Director. They will be leading participants to a greater understanding of topics including the mail-order book business, bibliographic description, pricing and appraisals, computer technology for the antiquarian book trade, and the auction market for antiquarian books, among many others.

The registration fee is \$695.

For more information and application forms, contact: Book Seminars, Inc., PO Box 660, Lodi NJ 07644-00660; phone: 201-772-1904; or, *AB Bookman's Weekly*, PO Box AB, Clifton NJ 07015; phone: 201-772-0020; fax 201-772-9281; email: abbookman@aol.com. ■

Scholarships Available

The Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund of the ABAA is offering two scholarships to *Out-of-Print and Antiquarian Books Market for Booksellers and Librarians*. The annual seminar and workshop is an intensive weeklong program for new and experienced booksellers who have never had the advantage of formal training, or who wish to exchange ideas on the latest developments in the field. The 1997 program will be held August 3-8 at Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Competition for the two awards of \$1,250 each is open to all. To enter, please send a simple statement of need and purpose, of 500 words or less, to: The Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund, ABAA, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, Lobby Floor, New York, NY 10020. Applications must be postmarked no later than June 30, 1997.

The successful candidates will be notified by phone or fax, and by mail. The awards will be presented at the seminar registration in Colorado Springs by an ABAA member.

These awards are in memory of
Elisabeth Woodburn,
ABAA President, 1982-1984,
and for many years in addition
a distinguished bookseller.



Briefly Noted

• *Canvassing Books, Sample Books, and Subscription Publishers' Ephemera 1833-1951 in the Collection of Michael Zinman*. By Keith Arbour. Ardsley, New York: The Haydn Foundation for the Cultural Arts, 1996. 517pp., illustrated, cloth. \$90

reviewed by Rob Rulon-Miller

I started collecting Michael Zinman, who generously gives his name to the title of this book, a dozen years ago when he sent me a small Greek dictionary he had turned up—"turned up" meaning it was an unwanted part of a larger acquisition—and which bore the Zinman imprimatur, meaning it was defective. Laid in the book was a typed note, which I extracted way back when and put up on my wall because of the deep philosophy in the message it bore: "Send me a credit if it's worth anything. Michael Zinman." Not a day goes by that I don't look at this postcard, boldly imprinted with the Earthworm logo, and feel oddly enriched. (Earthworm, one of Mr. Zinman's several concerns, buys and sells earth-moving equipment in secondary markets. Rats, not Cats, as he exclaims in his self-published *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Raterpillar Tractor Company: A Modern Business Saga*, 1986.) The postcards are ubiquitous. Recently a small box of books arrived from Mike, unsolicited. Inside the cover of one was the Earthworm postcard scrawled in long-hand: "If these have any value, send a check—if not, put them in the pile. Do not return!!" The pile is becoming prodigious. Were my hospital ever to have a name it would be Zinman Memorial. Is it any wonder, then, that Mr. Zinman's interest was so piqued by a body of literature, the individual parts of which by their essence "share a crucial trait: incompleteness"? And given our history, how could I have been surprised when I received a call from him not long ago asking if I would review a book of incompletes for the *Newsletter*? The book arrived, with an invoice: \$90 less ten percent, plus another \$4.50 for "P and H"—

\$85.50 total. At the bottom was this note: "If you review it in the *Newsletter*, it's free. If you review it favorably in the *Newsletter*, I will pay my outstanding bill."

In his Preface Zinman gives due credit to Robert Seymour of the Colebrook Book Barn for having assembled the main of the collection; a holding which, Zinman tells us, was "more than seven times greater than any other institutional or private collection." In fact, the book is dedicated to Bob Seymour. The finished catalogue includes approximately 2,600 entries of which 1,784 are separate volumes, and another 809 "additional titles prominently promoted ... within those volumes."

But in fact this is Keith Arbour's book, not Zinman's. It is Arbour who gives the collection both reason and order. In his informative Historical Introduction, he carefully explains the differences between a canvassing book: "generally a thinnish volume comprising...specimen pages, specimen plates, one or more leaves of promotional text (usually at least conditions of sale), and subscription leaves;" and a sample book: "a complete, or intentionally incomplete copy of the volume being canvassed *without* subscription leaves and with or without additional promotional text and binding samples;" and a dummy: a sample book "consisting wholly or largely of blank leaves bound in the complete binding." Arbour also provides the historical background that made canvassing books possible—indeed, necessary—and he touches on the broader subjects of business and finance in the publishing world. Although it is far from being a complete listing, this wonderful effort is not soon to be superseded, and it will almost certainly be cited as a standard reference. The entries are as complete as possible based on observation, and contain description of all the contents, including sample-pages and plates, inserted broadsides and other advertising matter, tipped-in sales speech slips, subscription leaves, bindings and binding samples, handbills,

leaflets, and sales advice pamphlets. Collocations, which—given the often haphazard assembly process—would be speculative at best, are not included. But there are extensive indices (publishers, places, copyright holders, titles, and languages other than English); and twenty pages of illustrations. The book is nicely printed and bound, but the publisher skimmed a bit on the reproductions.

Canvassing Books, Sample Books, and Subscription Publishers' Ephemera, 1833-1851 is available from: The Haydn Foundation for the Cultural Arts, Inc., 495 Ashford Avenue, Ardsley, NY 10502; phone: 914-693-0400; fax: 914-693-3824. Trade discounts apply.

• *Antiquarian, Specialty, and Used Book Sellers: A Subject Guide and Directory*. Second edition. 1997-98. James M. Ethridge and Katherine Ethridge, editors. Detroit: Omnigraphics, 1997. 861pp. \$85

reviewed by Rob Rulon-Miller

Hands down, the Ethridges' *Guide and Directory* is the best compilation of its kind, and far superior to the first edition, which was only about half the size. The second edition contains 5,261 listings of other-than-new book dealers in the United States, arranged alphabetically by towns within states, and indexed by the name of owner/manager, store name, and subject specialties—from Books by George in Birmingham, Alabama to Star Valley Books in Thayne, Wyoming. This tome makes the ABAA *Directory* look like a broadside. Each entry is enhanced with broad lists of particulars about the business, including addresses, telephones and fax, e-mail and web sites, year established, closed or open shop, hours, terms of business, stock size, specialty services, and professional affiliations. Each dealer appears to have been allowed an unlimited list of specialties, and those dealers using Interloc and AB's Automated Bookman are so indicated. Some dealers have even advertised their discount schedules.

More than anything, perhaps, this *Guide and Directory* gives a sense of the magnitude of our trade. I wanted more statistical data than the brief introduction provides; a full study of the economy and demographics of booksellers still begs to be done. The work's only drawback is the absence of brethren paperback and comic book dealers, who were specifically excluded. Given the facility this great volume affords, their inclusion would have caused no hindrance and would otherwise have given us a virtual union list of other than new booksellers in the United States.

The *Guide and Directory* is available from: Omnigraphics, PO Box 31-1601, Detroit, MI 48231; phone: 800-234-1340; fax: 800-875-1340.

• ***The Nineteenth Century Short Title Catalogue Project (NSTC). Series I and II (1801-1870).*** Personal research edition. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Averro Publications, [1996]. CD-ROM. \$160.

reviewed by Tracy E. Smith

Many a bookseller, collector, and rare book cataloger would welcome a worthy continuation of the bibliographical documentation of sixteenth- to eighteenth-century English books found in the STC, Wing, and ESTC records. Since 1983, the Nineteenth Century Short Title Catalogue (NSTC) Project has labored to produce this successor, one documenting "British books" from 1801 to 1919.

The NSTC Series I and II, covering the years 1801 to 1870, were first available as sixty-two bound volumes, then as electronic institutional versions. Now, the complete text of these tomes—entries for approximately 663,000 works—is available for purchase by individuals on a single CD-ROM disk with sophisticated searching capabilities, at a very reasonable price.

The *NSTC 1801-1870* on CD-ROM is, without a doubt, a highly commendable step towards the bibliographical documentation of English-language books of the nineteenth century. For the bookseller and rare book cataloger, however, the electronic version as it now exists may prove to be of limited use.

First of all, *The NSTC 1801-1870* on CD-ROM can only be used on IBM compatible computers running Windows. Macintosh users are just plain out of luck; I found nary a reference to future plans for multi-platform formats in the accompanying literature.

Second, for any PC-using bookseller or researcher looking for holdings in the United States, the NSTC does not provide one-stop shopping. The printed literature and on-line introduction accompanying the NSTC disk state that "British books are taken to include all books published in Britain, its colonies and the United States of America; all books in English wherever published; and all translations from English." The project would seem to strive for breadth of scope and inclusiveness, but in fact it encompasses a select few printed and computerized library catalogues in the United Kingdom and the United States. Series I of the NSTC utilizes records from the British Library, the Bodleian, Cambridge University Library, Trinity College-Dublin, the National Library of Scotland-Edinburgh, and the University of Newcastle upon Tyne for British books printed between 1801 and 1815. For the second NSTC series, covering the period 1816 to 1870, the holdings of Harvard University and the Library of Congress are also consulted. Although individual records include "Library Location," this information is drawn only from the eight libraries consulted.

Finally, if you're desperate for a collation or a plate count, don't look to the NSTC for immediate help. For a bookseller, the NSTC records contain decidedly cursory data in six categories: Author, Title, Imprint, Library location(s), Subject classification(s), and a Reference number. It is the "Imprint" data that is most cursory, including date of publication, place of imprint (city), and format (8vo, 4to, etc.), with multiple editions placed on separate lines, rather than in separate records. (A "Notes" field mentioned in the manual seemed promising, but I found no records utilizing it.) The imprint field does not include publisher names; nor is there any collation, pagination, or number of plates and illustrations listed. Information on bindings is also lacking.

Catalogues of both Harvard University and the Library of Congress are accessible, free of charge, via the Internet, however, so I was able to track down more details on books the NSTC located at these institutions. Like I said, no one-stop shopping!

Records in the NSTC may not be inclusive enough for some booksellers' needs, but the project's searching mechanisms are easy to use and can handle complex criteria. There are ten "browse" indexes—scrolling alphabetical lists that can be searched for specific items. The ten indexes are searchable by keyword in title and imprint fields, and by title, author, author epithet, subject, date or place of publication, classification number, library location, and reference number. The software allows multiple windows and indexes to be opened simultaneously, so that increasingly complex queries can be built. A "Boolean Search Window" adds to the NSTC's searching power.

Series III, covering the years 1871 to 1919, promises to remedy some of the shortcomings of the previous installments of the NSTC. It will have an improved record structure, with multiple editions of a single work enjoying distinct entries. The publisher also promises more detailed bibliographic data, including collations and printer/publisher statements, when provided by participating libraries' printed or computerized records. Series III, which will contain about 1.2 million records on a single CD-ROM, will be available to individuals sometime after the turn of the century.

The NSTC 1801-1870 on CD-ROM runs on 386 or higher PCs under Windows 3.1 or Windows 95. It requires at least 4MB RAM (Windows 3.1) or 8MB RAM (Windows 95), 5MB of hard disk space, 3.5" floppy disk drive, at least a VGA monitor, mouse, and a CD-ROM player meeting ISO 9660 standard.

It is available for \$160 plus shipping and handling from: Averro Publications Ltd., 20 Great North Road, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 4PS, United Kingdom; phone: 191-261-5790; fax: 191-261-1209; e-mail: NSTC@newcastle.ac.uk. ■

ABAA Welcomes New Members

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

FULL MEMBERS

Darwin Labordo, 738 Valle Vista Drive, Sierra Madre, CA 91024; phone and fax: 818-355-0647.

Leif Laudamus, Fine and Rare Books, 752 Greenfield Road, Leyden, MA 01301-9418; phone: 413-774-5722.

Ken Sanders, PO Box 26707, Salt Lake City, UT 84126; phone: 801-467-1490; fax: 801-467-1495.

Alfonso J. Vijil, Libros Latinos, PO Box 1103, Redlands, CA 92373; phone: 909-793-8423; fax: 909-335-9945; e-mail: libros@concentric.net.

Deadline for submissions
to the next *Newsletter* is

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Membership Updates

Acorn Books has a new address: 1436 Polk Street, San Francisco, CA 94109-4616

Marjorie Parrott Adams has a new address: PO Box 40, Lancaster, MA 01523.

Amber Unicorn has a new address, phone, and fax: 1800 Catalpa Trail, Las Vegas, NV 89108-1901; phone: 702-648-9303; fax: 702-648-9311.

Antiquarian Bookworm has a new address: 7315 Wisconsin Avenue, Bethesda, MD 20814.

Argonaut Book Shop has a new e-mail address: ArgonautSF@aol.com.

J.N. Bartfield now has an e-mail address: bartfield@aol.com.

F. A. Bennett has a new address, phones, and e-mail: 144 Lincoln Street, Boston, MA 02111; phone: 617-350-7778; fax: 617-350-7722; e-mail: bennett@tiac.net.

Books of Wonder has a new address: 16 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011.

Cahill's Book Store has a new name, address, and phone: **Cahill's Rare Books**, 31 Golden Rain, Aliso Viejo, CA 92656; phone: 714-643-0243.

Cavendish Rare Books has a new address, phone, and fax: PO Box 1036, Charleston, SC 29402; phone: 803-883-3994; fax: 803-883-5008.

James Cummins has a new e-mail address: cummins@panix.com.

Dawson's Book Shop has a new e-mail address: dawsonbk@ix.netcom.com.

Dower House has a new e-mail address: Ann_Swindells@prodigy.net.

The Fine Books Company has a new e-mail address: finebook@mich.com.

Robert Gavora has a new address and phone: 108 South Front Street, PO Box 448, Talent, OR 97540; phone: 541-512-9000.

Paulette Greene has a new area code: phone: 561-347-1948.

Susan Heller now has an e-mail address: hellersu@cyberdrive.net.

Isaiah Thomas Books now has an e-mail address: isthomas@aol.com.

Lombard Antiquarian Maps and Prints now is online: e-mail: lamp@cybertours.com; website: <http://www.cybertours.com/~lamp>.

G. B. Manasek now has an e-mail address: manasekinc@aol.com.

Mosher Books has a new phone and fax: phone and fax: 717-872-9209.

Edward D. Nudelman has a new address: PO Box 25004, Lake City Station, Seattle, WA 98125.

O'Gara and Wilson, Books has a new address and area code: 1448 East 57th Street, Chicago, IL 60637; phone: 773-363-0993.

Old London Bookshop now has an e-mail address: OldLondon@aol.com.

The Phoenix Bookstore has a new address: PO Box 8066, Bend, OR 97708.

George Ritzlin has a new area code: phone: 847-433-2627; fax: 847-433-6389.

Rykken and Scull now has an e-mail address: Rykken@wclynx.com.

Schoyer's Books has a new toll-free number: 800-356-2199.

David Schulson now has an e-mail address: schulson@aol.com.

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Bea Siegel, Books has a new name: **Bea and Peter Siegel, Books**.

Henry Stevens, Son and Stiles has a new area code: phone: 757-220-0925; fax: 757-229-1809.

Stubbs Books and Prints has a new address: 330 East 59th Street, Floor 6, New York, NY 10022-1537.

Thomas and Ahngsana Suarez have a new e-mail address: suarez@mci2000.com.

Sumner and Stillman now has an e-mail address: sumner@biddeford.com.

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