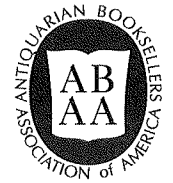


The **A B A A** NEWSLETTER



VOLUME TWELVE, NUMBER 2

ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

WINTER 2001

INSIDE: *A Day in the Life of a Rare Book Dealer in 2101*. By M. Hollander. . .PAGE 5

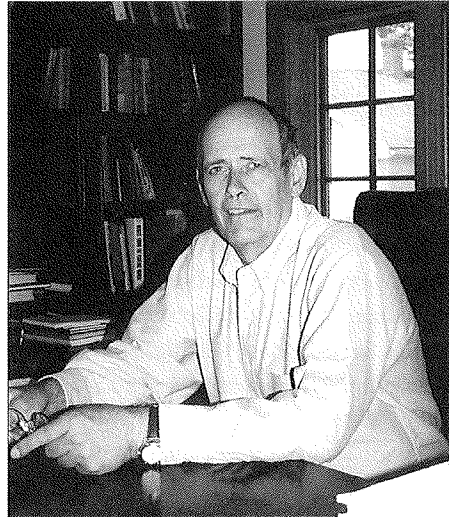
In Memoriam: Richard Edward Oinonen

by Kathleen M. Keroack and Leif Laudamus

Richard Edward Oinonen, auctioneer and owner of Oinonen Book Auctions, Sunderland, Massachusetts, died on January 23, 2001, after a yearlong battle with cancer.

He was born February 16, 1944, and grew up in Townsend, Massachusetts, attending local schools. After high school, he briefly attended Franklin Pierce College, then joined the Navy and served as a medic with the Marines in Vietnam, where he was stationed at Quang Tri. He returned to Boston, where he worked at Massachusetts General Hospital as an inhalation therapist, met his future wife, Kathy, and bought books at Morgan Memorial to read during bus trips to Cape Cod to visit his parents. The most significant of these books was *Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora* by Felix Shay, a book that, unknown to him at the time, would be the start of his many collections.

In the 1970s Richard left Boston to attend the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, where he studied anthropology and also took courses on Lizzie Borden, Horatio Alger, Mark Twain, and children's literature, among others, fueling his desire to learn about all kinds of books. While a student, he began working at Amherst Auction Galleries, where Dick found that he loved antiques and had a sixth sense for finding interesting and unusual items. He also helped put together several book auctions and became a book dealer, setting up at a few shows in the late seventies



Photograph courtesy of Leif Laudamus

Richard Edward Oinonen, 1944–2001.

and early eighties. In 1980 Richard established Oinonen Book Auctions with Leif Laudamus as partner and chief cataloguer. The firm's first catalogue was published in June 1980: the typed and Xeroxed lists were collated on the dining-room table; the cataloguing was done in the kitchen, along with the packing; and the unfinished barn and front porch were overflowing with boxes of books. The next year Kathy left her teaching job to help full time, and the business has grown from those simple beginnings to fill the renovated barn as well as the house next door. For the past twenty years, Oinonen Book Auctions has held twelve catalogued sales per year, as well as twelve uncatalogued auctions to disperse lesser material.

Richard was diagnosed with cancer in January of 2000 and underwent several treatments and surgeries. Still, anyone who found him on the other end of a phone conversation heard a strong and

The Costs of Doing Business by Catalogue

by Ed Lefkowitz

Being an antiquarian bookseller isn't what it used to be. Time was, a fountain pen, a little capital, and a bit of knowledge and salesmanship would get you into the business. When I ventured out on my own, the additional requisites were a typewriter (IBM Selectric), a modest reference library, and proximity to a post office. I certainly had no particular knowledge of, nor interest in, the economics of the book trade, apart from the hope—need, actually—of making a living at it. I had taken Economics 101 in college, which I managed to pass, but hardly with flying colors. I don't think I met a bookseller who knew much about the business of running a business until Ken Rendell spoke at a New England Chapter meeting about the costs of issuing catalogues. The second was probably Peter Howard, who wrote a revealing article in *AB* on the specifics of his business.

Gordon Hollis's recent article on rare bookselling and the Internet illustrates, along with the specifics of the situation he describes, some concerns facing the antiquarian book trade today. Hollis gives a clear picture of how the technology of the Internet changes the nature of the marketplace to the point where a bookseller has to modify the nature of his business—what he buys and sells, how he prices it, and how he sells it—in order to survive and prosper. This phe-

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Letters to the Editor

From: Jennifer Dean, Lincoln, NE

This letter is in response to Kevin MacDonnell's article, "Life is Short, but the Day is Long," featured in the Fall 2000 ABAA Newsletter.

Mr. MacDonnell, I may fall somewhat into the "assorted time-wasters" category "catalogue collectors." You see, I live in an area with NO antiquarian bookshops, but I am so eager to learn about this wonderful business and its wonderful books. Presently I cannot afford to bring these books into my home, but I want to know what's "out there." I am so interested in possibly working in this business someday, and catalogues are invaluable references for me (including auction catalogues). I realize that time and expense go into these productions; I've recently begun to offer to pay booksellers for their catalogues. I just wanted you to know not all catalogue collectors are time wasters, and I've paid for every book I've ever bought, in full, on the spot.

You don't sound like a "catalogue collector"—you sound like a "book collector" who feels guilty about not buying enough books. You, mon cheri, are what booksellers' dreams are made of.

As I mentioned in my article, catalogue collectors often can't even spell what they claim to collect. They spend more on postage sending out postcard requests for catalogues than they would spend if they broke down and subscribed to the annual auction records. They spend more time sending out email requests than the time it would take them to look up the same books in any of the Internet book databases. If they ever manage to psyche themselves up to buy a book (some never do, even after a decade), they pay only ten cents on the dollar, and even that makes them tremble.

But can you blame them? Reading rare book catalogues can be addictive. Newton, Carter, and a host of contemporary writers on book collecting have written essays (odes really) on the joys of reading catalogues. They are to a collector

what the Sears Roebuck catalogue was to a child at the turn of the last century.

I save very few auction or rare book catalogues that cross my desk—I give most of them to a retired librarian who can't kick the habit. It's a harmless vice, and unlike other vices, collecting rare book catalogues will not cause cancer, damage your chromosomes, or destroy lives on our roadways. But buying what's in them can lead to divorce, bankruptcy, and hefty profits for auction firms if your ungrateful children (assuming you took time to have some) dump your books for cash after you are dead.

Catalogue collectors don't run this risk, and stay shuttered safely inside reading their ill-gotten booty. You, Jennifer, are outside and about to take the plunge, so allow me to mingle into the moshpit of booksellers below and join their chorus:

Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!

Kevin MacDonnell

From: Owen Kubik

Gordon Hollis's great article about how the Internet has destroyed the traditional concept of the specialist bookseller was one of the best articles I've ever read in our Newsletter. Gordon's experiences are eerily similar to my own. You could take many of his anecdotes, change the names and dates a bit, and be telling stories of my career as well.

The Internet has caused major changes to the book trade, which have yet to be fully studied and understood. As Gordon points out, however, certainly one change has been in the concept of the specialist dealer. While the specialist dealer has greater knowledge and understanding of both the scarcity and the importance of books in his field, the efficiency of the Internet makes it harder for him to charge a premium for that knowledge.

The specialist therefore faces the challenge of running his business in such a manner as to maximize his unique skills and knowledge of his field. Gordon's solution—changing his business model to deal only in truly antiquarian mater-

ial—is one method. It would be interesting to know how other specialists approach the issue.

However, I see the major impact of the Internet on the heart of the antiquarian book trade: the open shop. As more and more booksellers close their open shops to become Internet-driven mail-order businesses, one wonders about the future of the trade.

I would venture to say that virtually everyone who reads this had their first experience of book collecting in some general used book store. After all, the development of a reader into a collector is a process. Generally, one first starts thinking of owning the books one reads (instead of using the public library). Then, perhaps of owning nice hardcover copies. For out-of-print books, this means finding a used book store.

At some point, a percentage of the people who look to buy older, used books get hooked on the idea of first editions. They start collecting. A smaller percentage gets more and more involved, discovering book shows, catalogues, and the ABAA. Some will discover the Internet as a tool to building their collections.

Where the problem lies is if there is no open shop to educate the reader. Nowhere to learn about book collecting, see firsthand the difference between a leather or clothbound book. Nowhere to swap tales with other collectors. Nowhere to have that love of books nurtured into an appreciation for books as artifacts, as collectible objects of beauty in their own right.

Personally, I developed as a book collector by haunting the used book stores of Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio. Twenty years ago, there were eight general used hardcover book stores in Dayton and its immediate suburbs. Cincinnati held two massive stores (Acres of Books and Ohio Bookstore), which each had several hundred thousand books. Today, there is one bookstore left in Dayton. Acres of Books is long gone.

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“Slender Threads”— Operative Forces at Work in the World of Rare Books

by Kent Bicknell

Robert Johnson, the Jungian psychoanalyst, refers to the notion of “slender threads” in all of our lives. These are the oft-invisible lines of fate that connect us to people, events, times, and places, and that frequently become apparent only after the passage of time.

I love rare books and manuscripts, particularly what is known in the field as “association copies.” On the shelves of my library are two main categories of books: reference works about a small group of nineteenth-century authors and a number of books from the libraries of those authors. That is, the very copies of books read, pondered over, and sometimes written in by the Alcotts, Emerson, Hawthorne, Sarah Orne Jewett, Melville, and Thoreau (and Jack Kerouac!). Why do I collect these and what do I get from them? I have been asked those two questions often enough that it is time to stop ad-libbing and commit an answer to print.

I was formally educated at Yale, graduating *cum laude* as a Scholar of the House in 1970. I spent my entire senior year holed up in the chauffeur’s quarters of an old estate outside New Haven, completing a study of the sixteenth-century mystic, San Juan de la Cruz, in relation to the fourteenth-century esoteric writings of Walter Hilton and the anonymous author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*. My advisors were renowned professors Jaroslav Pelikan and A. Bartlett Giamatti—who, after he went on to head Yale, became the Commissioner of Baseball (no doubt due to his association with me) until his unfortunate early demise.

Upon graduation I began a short-lived stint at Columbia University’s School of Library Science (where the staff was actually quite radical), but I soon fled to my native New Hampshire and began work in a day-care center as the assistant teacher in a class of four-year-olds. In the next two years I moved up to Program Director while earning a master’s degree

in early childhood education from Goddard. After a year as childcare consultant for the state of New Hampshire, I left to become the founding principal of the Sant Bani School, a country day school that began with six students in my house in the fall of 1973. I still head Sant Bani, and we now serve 170 students in six buildings on a fifteen-acre campus. Along the way I picked up a doctorate in curriculum design from Boston University.

Two very strong threads have run throughout all of the above. Originally I was to be the Class of ’69 at Yale, but as a true child of the sixties, I did indeed “drop out.” After hitchhiking around the country, I met my wife, Karen, in Denver, and we have never looked back. Our first son, Christopher, was born in New Haven in 1970, and our second child, Nicholas, saw the light here in New Hampshire in 1975. Both were veteran lifers at the Sant Bani School. Chris went on to Middlebury and then Fordham Law, and now lives in Brooklyn. Nick, after a year at West Point, headed off to Oberlin, where he spent his entire senior year on a study of Jack Kerouac. He now works in the rare and used book department of amazon.com in Seattle. Thread One is thus my family.

Thread Two is a long-time connection with a spiritual path and the two living Masters I have known who taught and lived this Way: Sant Kirpal Singh (1894–1974) and Sant Ajaib Singh (1926–1997). I first went to India in 1970, and since then have been back more than twenty-five times—usually for spiritual retreats of intense meditation lasting anywhere from two to four weeks. Along with that I live on an “ashram” here in central New Hampshire and, because I speak Spanish, have accompanied the spiritual teacher on numerous journeys to the countries of Central and South America.

My mother was a collector, and I caught the bug from her. As a teenager I gathered an impressive array of Civil

War artifacts, most of which I sold to pay for furniture that we still use. When my two boys were growing up there was little time and no resources for anything beyond school, the spiritual path, and youth hockey (every weekend for months on end). Grow they did, however, and when their beds were empty I found snatches of time to pursue renewed old interests. As an undergraduate I had been drawn to the study of the Mayan Indians, and when (in 1987) the opportunity came to apply for a summer grant from the National Endowment of the Humanities to study the Maya at Tufts, I did and was accepted. I used my \$2000 stipend to buy research books and artifacts. A few years later I noticed an ad in the local paper for a rare book show at the ice arena where I had logged so many cold, cold hours. I thought it might be fun to locate an original edition of the Stephens and Catherwood book, *Incidents of Travel in Central America*, so I went and—behold—the world of rare books opened unto me!

I was astounded at what I found. Most intriguing was a high-end dealer’s catalogue I brought home with me that offered, among other treasures, Longfellow’s copy of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s revised *Twice-Told Tales*. I had loved Hawthorne in high school and college—and now began to reread his old classics. I devoured biographies—along the way learning a new term, “hagiography,” to describe the gilded pieces written by those near and dear to Hawthorne. I bought a first edition or two (certainly not of *The Scarlet Letter*), but it was not until I held my first piece of Hawthorne manuscript that I really was hooked. I bought a rebound copy of a first of *Twice-Told Tales* with an envelope addressed to William Ticknor in Hawthorne’s hand tipped in. I removed the envelope, kept it, and sold the book for more than I had paid for it. *Voilà!*

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ILAB Book Fairs

2001

March 23-25

Cologne, Germany (VDA)

April 19-22

New York, NY (ABAA)
Park Avenue Armory

April 26-28

Amsterdam, The Netherlands (NVvA)
RAI Congress Centre

May 17-20

Paris, France (SLAM)
La Maison de la Mutualité

June 7-10

London, England (ABA)
Olympia Exhibition Centre

October 12-14

Florence, Italy (ALAI)

November 8-11

Boston, MA (ABAA)
Hynes Convention Center

2002

February

Los Angeles, CA (ABAA)

June 6-9

London, England (ABA)
Olympia Exhibition Centre

September 12-14

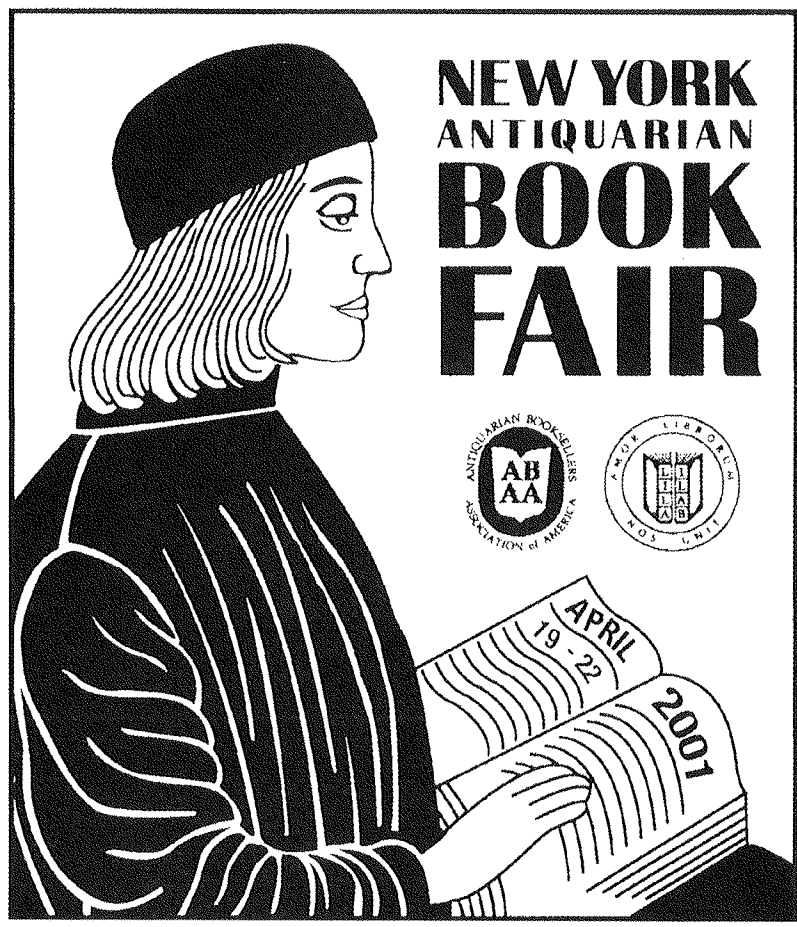
Copenhagen, Denmark (ILAB)
19th International Book Fair

2003

June 5-8

London, England (ABA)
Olympia Exhibition Centre

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



Preview Thursday April 19, 5PM-9PM

Admission \$25 (includes run-of-show readmission)

Friday April 20, noon-8PM

Saturday April 21, noon-7PM

Sunday April 22, noon-5PM

Admission \$12, Three-day pass \$25

Park Avenue Armory, Park Avenue & 67th Street, NYC

The New York Antiquarian Book Fair, sponsored by the Mid-Atlantic Chapter of the ABAA, is the oldest and most prestigious antiquarian book fair in the country. The fair features 200 exhibitors, with the finest in rare and collectible books as well as autographs, manuscripts, maps, documents, ephemera, and much more. Offerings exist for every enthusiast, including: African American, Civil War, Cooking, Architecture, Alchemy, Law, History, Music, Philosophy, Poetry, Travel, Art Deco and Nouveau, Exploration, Fairy Tales, Detective, Children's, Botanical, and Fashion. This is only a fraction of the countless categories of books and related items that will be available for fair visitors. Visitors are encouraged to bring in, with a paid show admission, rare books or manuscripts for appraisal on "Discovery Day", which will take place on Sunday from noon-3pm.

The New York Antiquarian Book Fair is sponsored by the Mid-Atlantic Chapter of the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America. For more information call 212-777-5218 or visit www.sanfordsmith.com/nyabf/nyabf.html

A Day in the Life of a Rare Book Dealer in 2101

by Michael Hollander

I have been asked to report on my daily activities since we entered a new century, the twenty-second, as of midnight. I imagine that this will be a sort of written time capsule that a hundred years from now will evoke some thigh-slapping laughter for our primitive way of life.

The day starts off, as usual, when my wife/clone II brings me my morning cup of green tea blended with prune extracts and two eggs from happy, free-range, and daily-massaged chickens. Took my cloned dog, Gutenberg III, out for a stroll. Amazingly, he craps exactly where Gutenberg I and II did. This cloning stuff is great. No surprises. I hate surprises.

Turning on the televiewer, which lowers from the ceiling, I find out that first-class mail is going up. Again. Three hundred and ten dollars for a letter, and I remember when it was only a hundred! Usual diet of news: four-hundred-and-eighty Israeli-Palestinian peace talks and President George W. Bush IV talking to someone about lowering taxes (will we ever get rid of that family?—they get dumber with each generation). Has it really been 100 years since a Democrat (male or female) has been President? You would think that with over 140,000 descendants and clones of former President Clinton one could be found with his vote-catching abilities. Oh well, no point in getting my synapses in a bunch. Time to take that invigorating electron bath. Good thing scientists finally figured out in 2060 that fresh water causes cancer.

Time to go to work. Amazing how plentiful rare books are since the Republicans made special collections in universities illegal once they microdot copied the books. Oh, what's this? I see I have an order for Biafra imprints from the Nigerian civil war of 1975. Who would believe that these would be the hottest items in the rare book trade? Let's see if my voice-activated search engine is fixed. I've got to try to not cough this time. I am still getting over the seven

kilos of books I got from Uzbekistan. How could I have known that my cough sounded like "please send all books on explosives" in their language? My universal translator still has a few glitches.

The chimes on my communicator are ringing. Another bunch of ethnic cleansing broadsides are being offered by a dealer in Bulgaria. Let's see, are these the rare ones from 2011 or the common crap from 2018? Crap it is. All these massacres in the Balkans have had one salutary effect: the lowest population density in the world, even including the Sahara. I see that this Bulgarian genius checked all the world's databases and found a small library near Sofia that might buy this common junk. Too bad his great-grandparents murdered all the current librarians' great-grandparents back in 2073. Now he has to deal with me. I'll lowball him an offer of only \$6 billion. He'll take it; he needs the money to buy more ammunition.

I have to get tickets for the next ILAB congress in Tehran. I heard Iran Air has those nifty suspension sleeping systems where you literally are sleeping on air. I am still perplexed by the discovery that mattresses cause heart disease. Who could have known? At least their food is easier to swallow than ours. Who would have known that chewing food causes tumors? The Iranians are a lot friendlier since we allowed them to take over Arabia, Afghanistan, Iraq, and Pakistan.

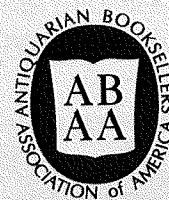
Hark! A knock at the door. That must be the arrival of my clone. Boy is he a big help. Kinda handsome too. He's great with collating, packing, dealing with people—all the things I hate about this business. Just a tiny tweak of the genes, and *voilà!* I'll get him started processing the orders we got today.

Just sold the first Harry Potter book for over \$900 million. That boom just goes on and on. Oh crap, I see the ABAA search engine is acting up again. Will they ever get it up and running? Maybe in the twenty-third century!

I heard on the news that Donald Heald, our Treasurer, is now the world's

richest man, even beating the Bill Gates clone. Still, at 147, he cannot be having too much fun. Okay, sour grapes on my part. I've got to visit the local nursing home today for my annual rare book lecture. Last year was amazing. Over 30,000 turned up and the minimum age admitted in was 100 years old. We should raise the age limit to 105, since they are still pretty feisty at 100, and I like a quiet crowd.

When you (whoever you are) open this Palm 2427 letter 100 years from now and read this, I just want you to know that I hope the twenty-third century will be better than the twenty-first was. With over two billion people, and sixty percent of those in nursing homes, the United States has gotten too quiet. What we need is some excitement, such as a discussion of whether dealers in antiquarian computers should be admitted to the ABAA. Time to walk Gutenberg III again. Boy, can that dog pee. I'll fix that in Gutenberg IV. ■



The ABAA Newsletter

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

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

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EMAIL rulon@rulon.com

Update on ABAA.org

by Carol Grossman

The ABAA search engine has a new look. As of January 1, 2001, the Dutch firm, Rockingstone Information Technology, took over providing us with search engine support, and www.abaa.org no longer uses the Alibris search engine. The left-hand panel that is displayed when a customer links to our search facility is now our familiar red and gold! Visitors will also notice that several of the search options are different. Rockingstone had been running a search engine in prototype mode on the ILAB site for several months last year, and as a result of experiences gained with that and the ABAA's experiences, we have been fine-tuning the search options and the information that is returned with a search. Undoubtedly, we will be continuing to tweak the search engine as more people use it. The Internet Committee encourages all to try the search engine and send any comments or suggestions for improvements to Carol Grossman, Four Rivers Books, 7228 Four Rivers Road, Boulder, CO 80301; phone 303-530-7567; fax 303-530-2251; email carolg@fourriversbooks.com.

As was the case with the Alibris search engine, customers can access books by searching the entire database, by going to member entries on the ABAA.org site and clicking to search only an individual dealer's books, or by linking to the ABAA.org search page from members' Web sites. In addition, Rockingstone provides, at a slight additional charge, the ability for dealers to integrate the actual search page into their individual Web designs, so that customers are not even aware that the database is not on an ABAA member's Web site! With this option, it is even possible to rearrange the search fields or just use a subset of them. Examples of integrated search facilities include the Between the Covers site (www.betweenthecovers.com) and the Joslin Hall site (www.joslinhall.com).

The Internet Committee is continuing to work with Rockingstone to provide additional enhancements to both the search engine and the functions available on the ABAA Web site. If you have any particular capabilities you would like to see, by all means contact me.

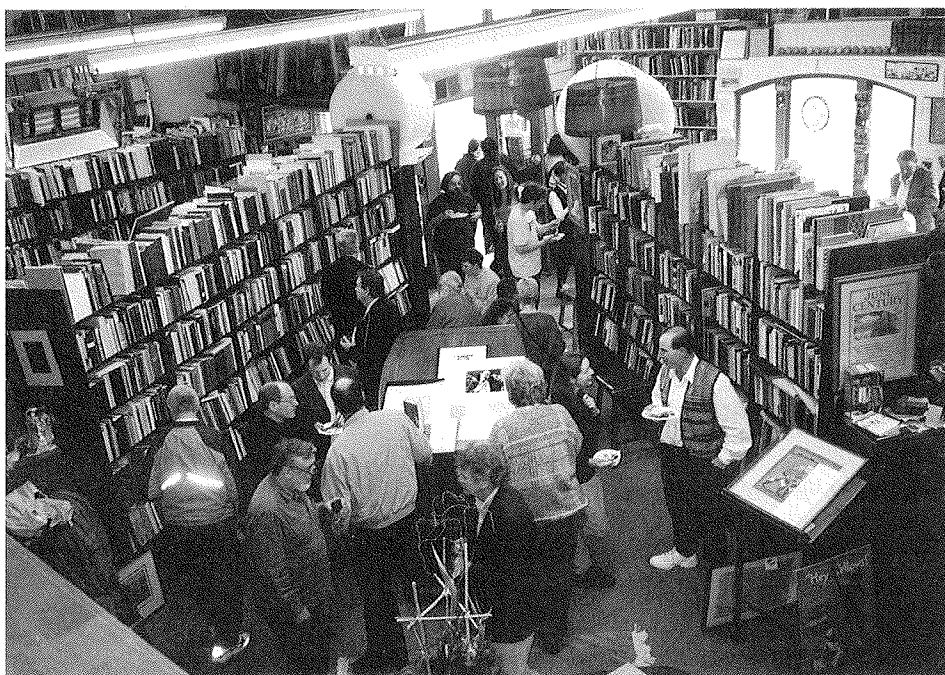
The conversion to the new search engine has been pretty smooth, and we

have tried to fix all problems as we went along. There are still a few we are working on, but rest assured that they are getting attention. Rockingstone has been very cooperative and eager to help with all problems, whether clarifying instructions or addressing bugs. All the folks who have converted to the new search engine have been great to work with and have helped us make this a smooth transition.

For ABAA members who have missed all the action so far, we have a very good arrangement with Rockingstone. For a fee slightly less than that charged at the ILAB site, we have our books searchable at both the ABAA site *and* the ILAB site, and we get both with one upload! Details of the fee structure are available at the Members-Only page of the ABAA site; if you do not subscribe to the basic members' Web site services, please contact me.

Bob Fleck, recently returned from an ILAB meeting in London, reports that the ILAB site is growing stronger every day under the able Web mastery of Rockingstone. The firm now provides Web services for SLAM, the French association, at www.slam-livre.fr, and they will be bringing in all of their books starting April 1, 2001. Rockingstone has also become the Web master and search engine provider for CLAM, the Belgian association, and is currently negotiating with the Australian, Swiss, Canadian, and Dutch associations to take on this same role.

Because of the many different combinations of options now available to ABAA members, we ask that you sign up for monthly automatic credit card charging or check authorization, for the basic member services as well as the various search-engine options. This is the same method used by most of the other online search facilities. The manual effort to keep track of all of these could become overwhelming, particularly as people start using more of the functions. We appreciate your understanding in trying to keep the administrative costs under control. ■



San Francisco exhibitors at a pre-fair party at Peter B. Howard's Serendipity Books.

Cow Mad

by Sheila Markham

British book dealer Sheila Markham, who has contributed a half-dozen articles to the ABAA Newsletter since 1995, is the noted interviewer of prominent booksellers, collectors, and librarians for Bookdealer. Texts of her interviews are available on her Web site at www.sheila-markham.com/sheila_markham.html. The following article was first published in Bookdealer in April 1996, at the height of the BSE (Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy) scare in the UK.

I do like to eat calf now and then. Full calf is my favorite, although I often have to settle for half or even quarter calf. Nowadays if I am eating an English book, I always take care to remove the spine, as one cannot be too careful about BSE. For those who only eat cloth, this is no time for complacency. British beef byproducts are present in most of our stock and, before you have another slice of buckram, remember that it may well have been softened and glued with paste made from

old cows. The paper may also have been sized with gelatin. This is a risk that applies equally to prints and drawings, which should be eaten with extreme caution and never fed to children.

You might think that I worry unnecessarily and that book eating is by no means as common as my anxieties suggest. Peignot nevertheless thought it worth entering in his *Dictionnaire raisonné de Bibliologie* (1802-1804), where it appears simply as "Bibliophage... celui qui mange des livres." There is a certain matter-of-factness about this definition that suggests contemporary readers were all too familiar with the habit.

To a certain extent I accept that nowadays most people do not eat books. But as Peignot has shown, this was not always the case and is certainly worth remembering in any discussion of a book's rarity. Rosenbach, for example, claims that the first edition of *Alice in Wonderland* is rare because most copies were eaten by children (*Books and Bidders*, 1927). In the light of recent developments, I am simply

suggesting that the habit of book eating should certainly be investigated in any suspected cases of bibliomania.

Since opening my clinic for book-eating disorders, the Prophet Ezekiel is the worse case I have come across. At the outset of a very promising career, he was instructed by Yahweh to eat a scroll. Obviously one can question the wisdom of accepting food from a stranger, but I do not feel that this approach would be entirely helpful to my client. It may have been a vellum scroll, probably made from the creamy skin of a young calf, in which case we are looking at a slightly better prognosis. However, in view of Ezekiel's condition, I fear the scroll was made of hide, manufactured from the skin of older animals in which the occurrence of BSE is considerably higher.

Shortly after eating the scroll, Ezekiel developed the full-blown symptoms of something very nasty. First of all his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth

continued on next page

Universal Access and worldbookdealers.com

by Rob Rulon-Miller

My apologies to Elinor Hodgson! What a shock she must have received when, at the recent ABAA Book Fair in San Francisco, she approached me as a representative of worldbookdealers.com, where she is the managing editor, and inquired as to why I had declined to sign up.

I have been associated with the ABAA Board of Governors since 1987, when I first began attending Board meetings as Secretary of the Midwest Chapter; with the exception of perhaps four or five meetings, I have been attending them ever since in various capacities. Throughout my so-called career as a Midwest representative, as a governor, as vice-president, and finally as president, I worked very hard to see that our organization was as democratic and as equitable as possible. I worked to make sure that all ABAA

members were given the same rights at book fairs, and much to the chagrin of some, I opposed seniority as a means for allotting booth spaces at book fairs. In my work on our By-Laws and the ABAA Code of Ethics I made sure that each chapter was given representation on the Board of Governors and that each member of the Association, through chapter representatives, had a voice at the Board level. I made sure that all full members of the Association would have an avenue to the Board of Governors via an equitable nomination process. I worked to make sure that members accused of ethical violations had rights of appeal. I worked to make sure that the committees of the Board of Governors would be open to the rank and file, excepting the Ethics and Membership Committees, which are excluded for legal reasons.

During my four years on the ILAB Committee I worked for every member of ILAB using these same principles of fairness and equality for all, but here, I am sorry to say, with a lesser degree of success. In short, I worked to see that these organizations did not discriminate against any member based on geographical location, seniority, standing in the trade, the types of books they sell, or, most of all, pocketbooks, for there is nothing more loathsome to me than seeing one member of our trade discriminate against another for reasons of the purse.

So perhaps I bring more to the table in terms of my philosophy about the trade than do other ILAB dealers vis-a-vis worldbookdealers.com—the brainchild

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Markham

continued from previous page

resulting in bouts of dumbness on more than one occasion. Then he spent 390 days lying on his left side and forty days on his right side. His family and friends thought this was all part of being a prophet, but thanks to the enormous advances in medical science, I can confirm that he was suffering from catalepsy, hemiplegia, and a touch of alalia.

According to Ezekiel, the scroll tasted "sweet as honey" which no doubt encouraged others to try it. I think we can safely assume that Richard de Bury ate a scroll on more than one occasion and that he was encouraged to do so by Ezekiel's example. In the *Philobiblon* we read "Eat the book with Ezekiel, that the belly of your memory may be sweetened." And this is of course the tragedy of the condition that the initial sweetness of the memory in time gives way to a general sponginess as the brain breaks down into a network of holes. But I am keen not to fan public hysteria; my purpose today is simply to establish the possible connection between book eating and madness.

Bibliomania is in general a disorder that has been woefully neglected by the medical profession. Many attempts have been made to describe its symptoms but rarely in clinical terms. And to the best of my knowledge no attempt has yet been made to link its occurrence to the eating of books. This is curious given that the vocabulary of book collecting is steeped in the imagery of food and drink. Readers talk quite routinely of devouring or consuming books, digesting their contents, while bibliophiles savor or even salivate over them.

Thomas Frognall Dibdin (1776-1847) made a pioneering attempt to understand the disorder in *The Bibliomania; or, Book-madness* (1809). While he did not actually nail the disease to the consumption of calf, he nevertheless made a number of valuable observations. One must remember that the classification of diseases was still in its infancy and it was very much a time for amateurs to come forward with their own diagnoses. Sir Thomas Phillipps, a near-contemporary of Dibdin and a certified bibliomaniac, isolated his own particular strain, laughing off the gravity of his condition by calling himself a "vellomaniac."

Now one cannot say that mad cows are implicated in all cases of vellomania, for the simple reason that vellum may also be produced from goatskin. As a rough guide to identifying at-risk bindings, goat vellum is generally used for large books and calf vellum for smaller books. Similarly, vellum used for printed or manuscript pages may usually be classed as a beef byproduct.

In the field of epidemiology, Dibdin's name is still remembered for his observation that bibliomania tends to strike in large numbers. This was supported by Seymour de Ricci's study of a particularly severe epidemic that occurred in the UK at the beginning of the eighteenth century when "several members of the British nobility became simultaneously seized by a violent desire to collect incunabula" (*English Collectors of Books and Manuscripts*, 1930).

At the turn of the nineteenth century the disease struck again with similar ferocity, again confining itself to members of the aristocracy. This time they were ravaged by a different strain, identified by Dibdin as "Black-letter-omania," which was in many cases aggravated by repeated bouts of "auctionmania." The timing could hardly have been worse:

Just as the patients were developing full-blown bibliomania, a number of distinguished libraries came on to the market. Ignoring doctors' advice, patients sat all day in the rooms "absolutely biting each other, and whomsoever they met." (*Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, 1836.)

For those who do not suffer from the disease, it is difficult to understand why anyone would want to fill their home with dead cows. It is of course an enormous subject that has recently been tackled by Nicholas Basbanes in *A Gentle Madness. Bibliophiles, Bibliomanes, and the Eternal Passion for Books* (1995). Basbanes makes the sobering claim that book collecting is the only hobby to have a disease named after it. Although I have my suspicions about the cause of this madness, it is perhaps too early to call the book *A Gentle Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy*. ■



Lynne Winslow (R) and office manager Saifon Tachavirat (L) of Winslow & Associates welcomed incoming exhibitors to the 34th California International Antiquarian Book Fair.

Rulon-Miller

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web site of John Curtis of The Bookpress, Ltd. in Williamsburg, Virginia, and Hugh Pagan of London, England. Worldbookdealers.com was founded with good intentions (great books from great booksellers at a sophisticated site) out of frustration with ABAA, which had partnered with Alibris, much to the consternation of many in the Association; with ABA, which had only just begun to explore the possibilities of a sophisticated web site; and finally with ILAB, which could not get anything even approaching a consensus from the twenty-one member nations on how to pay for, let alone structure, its own site. I understand the impulse for Messrs. Pagan and Curtis to forge ahead. But I was opposed, right from the get-go, to their policy of "by invitation only."

Worldbookdealers.com has restricted itself to inviting only ILAB members to join and by doing so, I believe, has aligned itself, *de facto*, with ILAB aims, principles, and ethics, almost all of which the site embraces. It is to be applauded in this regard. Worldbookdealers.com knows what much of the book world knows already: that within the ranks of ILAB are the best booksellers, uniformly offering the consumer expert advice, the confidence of successful and rewarding transactions, and unconditional guarantees. But those behind worldbookdealers.com have committed, in my opinion, an unconscionable error in their business plan. Yes, they are willing to allow only ILAB members to join, but only *select* ILAB members. This policy is an outright disservice to and usurpation of ILAB and its members.

I was told by Mr. Curtis at the recent San Francisco fair that all ILAB members are eligible to apply; this is a change from the original plan where ILAB members were asked to join by invitation only, and this change may be indicative of a lagging response. Nonetheless, even though all members are eligible to apply, someone at the site (and I'd just as soon not know who) makes a thumbs-up, thumbs-down decision as to whether an applicant's

books, personality, good looks, whatever—qualify a dealer for admittance into the worldbookdealers.com site. I wouldn't be able to sleep at night if I were that person, casting verdicts like that from above: "Thank you for applying, Mr. or Mrs. ILAB member. We don't think your books would do well on our site. But your colleague from across the street is more than suitable. Come see us again in a few years." I get shivers just thinking about it.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are colleagues. Our League is a brotherhood and sisterhood, and it is obligatory, in my opinion, that we do not tread upon the weak or impecunious. Twenty-five-dollar books can be as exciting and even as important as \$25,000 books, and as long as worldbookdealers.com discriminates against ILAB dealers who only sell lesser materials, the site will not have my support. I am saddened and more than a little surprised to see that others who have worked so tirelessly on behalf of ILAB and ILAB's ideals have quietly joined worldbookdealers.com as well.

Don't get me wrong. The notion of a site with great books and great dealers is not anathema to me. But there are more palatable and diplomatic ways to go about doing it with respect toward all the members of our international League. Here are some suggestions:

- 1) Open worldbookdealers.com to every member of ILAB, just as every book fair coming under the ILAB aegis is open to every member. (At least in theory. Several ILAB fairs, in practice, are still not equitably available to all.) Worldbookdealers.com could raise the subscription price from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year, or even \$5,000 a year thereby making it unlikely that smaller dealers will join. This plan would mirror that of ILAB fairs. Some fairs, such as London and New York, are so expensive that many members cannot participate. I'm a capitalist at heart, and limiting dealers by attrition is a far better thing than excluding them absolutely by policy.
- 2) Open worldbookdealers.com to non-ILAB dealers as well. Once the exclusive alignment with ILAB is bro-

ken worldbookdealers.com can do as it wishes.

- 3) Create a tiered structure at worldbookdealers.com whereby smaller dealers can be included, just as smaller ILAB dealers can be included in the major fairs by offering them shared booths or, in ABAA, discounted booths in less than premium locations.

Mr. Curtis and Mr. Pagan are honorable and honourable men. They mean to help the upper end of the rare book market. Their site is more than just a database to be searched. It is by most standards miles ahead of ILAB in terms of technology and content offered. But as long as they tap ILAB, and only the upper crust of ILAB at that, for membership, they shouldn't send the beleaguered Elinor Hodgson to me unless they also send her to the hardworking booksellers in our League whom thus far are poison to the well-to-do members of worldbookdealers.com. *Amor librorum nos unit*. Not.

Worldbookdealers.com Responds

by John Robert Curtis, Jr.

I appreciate Rob Rulon-Miller bringing a number of assumptions about worldbookdealers.com to my notice and for giving me this opportunity to put the record straight.

First, as a member, former board member, and vice-president of ABAA, I have always supported the same equal rights of universal access that Rob puts forward. The ABAA is a trade organization spending its members' dues, and that is the correct way to function. But worldbookdealers.com is *not* a trade organization. It is a private business which has invested hundreds of thousands of dollars to develop the most sophisticated web site offering a dedicated and personalized marketing service for dealers in rare and antiquarian books. It is a carefully targeted commercial marketing operation focused on seriously rare books, and it

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Curtis

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follows that dealers need a sufficient quantity of these books to make good use of our service.

Just as each ABAA member business must make its own decisions regarding which book fairs to attend, where to advertise, and what specialized books to purchase, worldbookdealers.com had to make choices regarding a balance of its own offerings, both geographic and by specialization. In November 1999 when worldbookdealers.com launched, it followed the normal procedure of inviting a small group to participate during the preview period. I believe the ILAB site took a similar approach during its preview.

We have no in/out committee for dealers who apply to participate. Like any commercial service operation, we have

an open approach. Since the preview launch, more than fifty of our colleagues in ILAB have decided to participate in worldbookdealers.com. As a result of Elinor Hodgson's visit to San Francisco, another ten dealers decided to participate during the coming months. Interested dealers simply need to give our marketing team basic information about their books and business and then proceed to discuss the actual personal services they might receive. Experience shows it is usually clear whether we can offer an appropriate value to them or not.

Worldbookdealers.com is a commercial operation which provides a specialized marketing service which trade organizations cannot, but we do so in a manner which is wholly supportive of the ABAA and ILAB. Worldbookdealers.com has promoted every ABAA and ILAB book fair and did more than all the other web sites in the world put together

to promote the ILAB Congress and Book Fair 2000.

As a result of Elinor Hodgson's visit to the San Francisco ABAA Book Fair, worldbookdealers.com put up the first, most complete, and lively coverage of that book fair. During our launch, I kept the chairman of the ABAA's Internet Committee updated on our plans and twice offered to fly our brilliant technical director from England to participate in one of their meetings to explore if there was a way we could work together and provide services to the ABAA. Since we were never invited, that did not occur, but we continue to be interested in seeking ways to work together.

I hope that Rob will, in time, come to view that we are a good and useful ally to have out there in the wild www. ■

Lefkowitz

continued from front page

nomenon of changing business methods to meet changes in the marketplace has been at work for some time: the antiquarian book trade was once dominated by bookshops. Most of the major shops have gone—largely, I suspect, victims of increasing urban rents—and most of those shops remaining no longer depend on the shop alone as a sales tool.

The catalogue has always been a major part of my business, although never the largest. (I still sell most of my books and manuscripts by direct quotation, a method probably better suited to a specialist with collectors with well-defined interests than to a generalist.) As the Internet grew as a means of selling, I looked for a way to compare the actual costs of selling books by catalogue and selling them by other means. I devised the following method, which I think is applicable to catalogues, the Internet, or any other means of selling.

The cost of running a business is traditionally divided into two categories: fixed and variable. Fixed costs remain essentially the same whether you do business

or not: rent, salaries, insurance, advertising; these are all fixed. (This is not to say they are set in stone; you can move to cheaper premises, cut down on advertising, and the like.) Variable costs vary with the amount of business done: if you issue more catalogues, your catalogue costs will rise; if you do more book fairs, book fair expenses will rise. I made these assumptions in my methodology: I did not include the cost of buying the books—I'd have to buy them no matter how I sold them, so I looked at this as a fixed cost. I also did not include the cost of writing a catalogue description for each book. My descriptions are detailed and lengthy, a practice appreciated by customers who may not be familiar with the particular book described. I looked at this, too, as a fixed cost because I'd have to catalogue a book no matter how I sold it. So general business overhead, including salaries, is part of the fixed cost of doing business. What remains is the variable cost of marketing and selling.

In doing business by catalogue, the direct costs are these: time (that is, salaries) to assemble the catalogue from the catalogue entries, time to edit the catalogue, time to produce and edit the photos

or scans to be printed in the catalogue, time to proofread the catalogue; printing, binding, mail preparation, and mailing costs; and cost of advertising the particular catalogue. One could also make a case for including opportunity cost: between the time you segregate the stock for the catalogue and the time it hits the mail, some of us either take the books out of circulation completely or at least don't list them on our Web sites or on Internet listing services. Opportunity costs include the time value of the cost of the inventory and the possibility that someone might buy this week, but might be out of funds or out of interest in three weeks when the catalogue is mailed. Discouraged? Read on.

Let's take a look at a particular catalogue, in this case a catalogue that didn't perform very well. My *Catalog 24* was mailed in November 1999. It included 311 items with a retail value of \$170,660, and the production and mailing costs were \$5,405. Sales attributable to the catalogue itself and not to other means were a modest \$31,026, only 18.2% of the value of the cataloged books. (*Catalog 25* was much more successful, I'm happy to say.)

The cost of producing *Catalog 24* was \$17.38 per item listed. This, folks, is a lot

of money. Why so much? Production costs were high: the catalogue had a color cover and interior illustrations. Mailing costs were high: I send domestic catalogues by first class mail and overseas catalogues by air mail. (These costs, with the recent increases in postal rates, will rise.) The other reasons for high costs are attributable to the fact that my descriptions are, well, descriptive and can get long, and the catalogue was set in 11-point type, both of which take up more room on the page than the two- or three-line descriptions in a smaller typeface that some booksellers can use (this is probably the only aspect of the modern first edition business that I envy).

Before I look at what this all means, I want to look at the cost in a different way, and that is the cost per dollar value sold. Expressed in percentage terms, this cost is the same as cost per revenue dollar. For *Catalog 24*, this was \$.17 per dollar, or 17% of revenue. (For the hell of it, I just took a look at Barnes & Noble's 1999 financial statement; their cost of selling, general, and administrative expenses were 18.7% of revenues. I'm not trying to compare my business with Barnes & Noble's particularly, but we both do sell books. Pick a company you like better and make the same comparison.)

These numbers led me first to fear and then to some conclusions. First, catalogues are an expensive way to sell books. Seventeen percent of revenue is a lot—and that's just the direct, variable cost. When you add the fixed overhead, the profit margin is squeezed thin. Second, at over \$17 per item sold, it became clear that I could not afford to sell inexpensive books by catalogue. I pay, on average, over 50% of the sales price for inventory, so if I try to sell \$35 or \$50 books by catalogue, I'm losing money when the other business expenses are taken into account. When you add the fact that more and more of the inexpensive books are easily and cheaply available on the Internet, it doesn't make sense, as Gordon Hollis pointed out, to deal in them. Third, the costs of issuing shorter lists—I used to issue more frequent eight-page *Bulletins*—was not very much less than the cost of more elaborate catalogues. Although the cost of mailing

a one-ounce *Bulletin* is only \$.34 per copy, I can nearly triple that size and still get a catalogue out for \$.55 per copy and save on mail preparation costs, too.

Do I still issue catalogues? Yes, indeed. Still illustrated, still mailed first class and airmail. Why? Partly because catalogues are good exposure for my business in general. Partly because some collectors and librarians are still not on line. Partly because it's still easier to read a catalogue than a computer monitor in the bathroom. Partly because there are always books on the shelf and on line which will sell through a catalogue. But I'm also quot-

ing even more, a sales method made easier by email. Quotes, especially email quotes, decrease the turnaround time, too. I've also started issuing shorter special subject lists of four pages or so, done at the local quick printer, mailed only to collectors and libraries with specific subject interests. With print runs as short as 100 copies, these focused mailings cost less than a third of the cost of catalogues on a per item and per revenue dollar basis, and the returns are higher. And, of course, I continue to list on the Internet bookselling sites and I update my Web site frequently. ■



A portion of the 34th California International Antiquarian Book Fair, San Francisco.



ABAA dealers and friends at a party hosted by Glen and Cathy Miranker in San Francisco: (L to R) Jeff Marks, Peter Stern (back to camera), Dr. Constantine Rossakis and his wife Jennifer, Cathy Miranker (in doorway), Michal Smith, Ken Lopez, and John Hellebrand. San Francisco book fair exhibitors were also feted at gatherings hosted by John Crichton and Peter Howard.

In Memoriam

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cheerful voice, with the oftentimes dry wit that was such a part of who he was. He supervised the auctions with a firm control throughout year, especially the preparations for the sale of his personal library, which was held December 4 and 5, 2000. Richard was able to actually sell the first 150 lots of that sale from the podium, a role that he had relinquished to Leif several months earlier. A week later, Dick underwent another surgery, and his strength faded. He died peacefully at home on a Tuesday (between auctions of course), exactly one year, to the day, after his adoptive father had died.

Richard not only loved books, he also loved the search for information about books, and he loved talking to anyone else who felt the same. His reference library, only about half of which was sold in December, covered all areas of reference: books about books and bibliographies as well as books on art, antiques, and collectibles.

His personal collections included Roycroft books and artifacts, Mark Twain, William Pickering, Dibdin, and many others. If someone called or wrote to him concerning a book that Richard didn't know, he would find and buy a reference

book providing the answer. Over the years, Oinonen Book Auctions sold in all subject areas, finding an audience for whatever came through the door. One area that was especially strong was that of sporting books, starting with the sale of the H. A. Darbee Collection of Angling Books in October of 1987. Richard went on to handle the libraries of Joseph D. Gates, Col. Henry A. Siegel, Eugene V. Connett, Ed Zern, Robert P. Arthur, Eugene S. Martin, J. Watson Webb, Vernon S. Hidy, George E. MacCabe, Donald F. Catalfimo, Wendle L. "Tom" Collins, and Jack Ragonese, among others.

Oinonen Book Auctions will continue under Leif Laudamus with a full schedule of auctions for the remainder of the year. Consignment inquiries, subscription information, and auction schedules can be obtained from OBA, PO Box 470, Sunderland, Massachusetts 01375.

Richard is survived by his mother, Elaine T. (Dodge) Oinonen, of East Harwich, MA; his father, Richard E. MacLeod, of Newbury, MA; his wife, Kathleen M. Keroack; children Elizabeth and Evan, both at home; and brothers William of Pepperell, MA, and Gary of Merrimack, NH. His adoptive father, Alvah Oinonen, and his brother Mark predeceased him. A memorial gathering to celebrate Richard's life and career will be held on March 2,

2001. Memorial donations in Richard's name may be sent to The Henry N. Flynt Library at Historic Deerfield, c/o Donald Friary, PO Box 321, Deerfield, MA 01342.

Paul P. Appel

I'm sorry to report that Paul P. Appel died on March 1, 2001, at the age of ninety, having spent over seventy years as a bookseller and publisher. His wife Pat and daughter Joy have asked me to let the ABAA membership know of his passing as he was one of the oldest active booksellers in the country, if not the world. He was present at the last New York book fair, though no longer exhibiting, and he had fairly recently gone online with his publishing and book-selling activities. The family has asked not to be contacted with regard to the disposition of his inventory as arrangements have already been made. Any other requests for information can be directed to me or to his daughter Joy at gaudium@flashcom.net. (Full obituary in next *Newsletter*.)

John Windle

Aveve Cohen Somers, New York

ABAA member Aveve Cohen, who with her husband Herman ran the Chiswick Book Shop for over sixty years, died recently while vacationing with family in Florida. Aged in her early nineties, Viv issued the last Chiswick catalogue last spring.

The Veatchs

Robert Lucas Blandford, Massachusetts

It is with great sadness that I report that Robert Lucas died on February 10, 2001, after a long illness. He is survived by his wife Patricia and daughters Jessica and Sheila.

A memorial service was held Sunday, February 25, 2001 at Stanton Hall in Huntington, MA. Donations can be made in Bob's memory to Friends of the Library Endowment Fund, W. DuBois Library, University of Massachusetts, 154 Hicks Way, Amherst, MA 01003. (Full obituary in next *Newsletter*.)

Scott De Wolfe ■

A contribution to the ABAA Benevolent Fund or to the Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund is a meaningful way to honor the memory of a departed colleague. A contribution can also be a thoughtful celebration of an important event in the life of an antiquarian bookseller—a birthday, an anniversary, or a retirement.

The Antiquarian Booksellers' Benevolent Fund is a non-profit charity fund established by the ABAA in 1952 to benefit any antiquarian bookseller in time of personal need. The Elisabeth Woodburn Memorial Fund offers financial assistance for education and scholarly research relevant to the antiquarian book trade.



Direct your contributions and inquiries to:
Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America
20 West 44th Street
Fourth Floor
New York, NY 10036

[The following poem, written for Richard Oinonen by Lynn and Tucker Respass, is here printed with their permission.]

Winkin', Wavin', and Nod or, A Thousand and One Lots in a Night

With apologies to Mr. Field, but none to eBay and those who would cast their Net over all

**Winkin', Wavin', and Nod one night
Checked in for their bidding cards,
Hailed each other, as ever polite,
But kept their wits on guard.
Time was too short to review all the lots,
Just those most dearly wanted
Were inspected again for missed faults.
None found so, undaunted,
They strained their bid limits and planned their assaults,
Our Winkin', Wavin', and Nod.**

**The Auctioneer eyed the motley crew
As they rummaged before the fray.
The usual suspects' habits he knew,
And he hummed above the array.
At half-past six, he called to begin,
But their chattering drowned him out.
"Time now to start," he uttered again.
"LOT ONE!" he pitched near a shout,
And stilled the unruly roomful of scouts,
Like Winkin', Wavin', and Nod.**

**On lot upon lot their bidding rose
Or it fell if the stuff was too new.
First the Sage at the front took his pencil pose
(An old familiar cue),
Then the winker fluttered and the waver flailed,
As if they could not stop,
But the first, bidding last, was knocked down, holy-grailed,
And bagged that book for his shop
As often the Veteran Pencil topped
Winkin', Wavin', and Nod.**

**Still, Winkin' and Wavin' bought gems of their own,
And Nod nabbed a nifty lot
The quibbler raised his usual moan
But stacked up what he got.
The hour was late and the auction-wise
Ignored his predictable lip.
Twice-monthly the Auctioneer's enterprise
Was a Biblio-Serendip
For buying and boxing, then bidding good-byes
Till next time with Winkin', Wavin', and Nod.**

Letters

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The move to Internet-based book-selling is also fraught with perils of its own. I hear many shop owners tell me they plan to sell it all on the Net and how they count on large dotcoms like Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and Alibris to keep them going. But as I read the newspaper and see these outfits downsizing, closing warehouses, and changing their marketing strategies, I wonder how many of the new Internet-only stores might face a world of hurt if their chief customers decided to give up the used books end of their Web sites.

In conclusion, the book trade faces many challenges from the Internet. As we feel our way through the great advantages and perils of this brave new world, let us share our insights with one another. We're all in this one together.

From: Frank Ogden Walsh, III

Gordon Hollis's lengthy article was a gift to our trade for its insights, and I too thank him for it.

We've tried all along to be somewhat "specialist," so I think this observation does apply. Our own experience with having an open shop for twenty-five-plus years is simply that the buying habits of our old line customers have changed—and a lot. They almost ALL go to the Net anyway, even if they still drop by here. The new crop of book enthusiasts (is there really a new crop after all? This prospect distresses me even more) don't seem to come in much in the first place. Where once we had ten to twenty or more customers a day, we now may have five to ten only, except around Christmas. This is retailing? Our location demographically is not bad either—or so we thought.

Fortunately, like most shopkeepers, we still have a clientele to call in for better material. They save us! We are now also selling (lesser books usually) at three different quality antique malls around North Georgia. I heartily recommend this tack

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Letters

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if you can bear to dump off most of your dupes, etc., once and for all. You have to swallow some pride here. It takes some driving, but that's OK for me, for the extra money. And of course the Internet itself: on eBay for the least of the titles or the real oddball material (about half price is better than nothing, right?) and fixed price sites for the quality inventory list. All this, just to get our sales volume back to where it was before the Net experience hit so hard, maybe two or three years ago now by our reckoning. We now also handle a variety of goods we used to think rather less of, particularly in the realm of paper ephemera. And we will deal in small antiques such as militaria, CS money, coins, antique jewelry... you name it. This can be a lot of fun, too, and it opens up all kinds of new doors to the rest of the antiquarian world, which generally is vibrant but changing around just like ours.

Buying for us is tougher now, both through the front door and through telephone call ins. They—those great old leads—have rather dried up! We feel we are getting bypassed by sellers who go straight to the Net, to sell or at least to get prices and then hold them over our heads. Just having a reputation and being around forever does not cut it much any more. It is the same problem everyone is having. We have loved traditional open shopkeeping and hate to see it die. (And we really dread the prospect of selling off the shop with all the associated agonies.) We just keep hoping the dust will finally settle, and the retail survivors will get some of their old market back. But the rent goes on. Lease renewals will be only from year to year from now on. We'll likely peddle old and rare books and such till we're eighty, but it just won't be the same.

As a last note, five years ago there were about forty booksellers (about twenty had true retail shops) in all of Georgia. Now if you check out the ABE directory, there are some 113 here (and

maybe many more not listing on ABE), the vast majority being Net sellers only. But we all dip into the same local resource pots as the Net guys, if we are open shop types and can't travel a lot just to buy. The Atlanta area stores all seem to have these same general gripes. We may not ever get to the "top" of the trade, what with the Net flux, but we're still having at it for now. And it's yet a little fun. We old timers know that knowledge is still our ace-in-the-hole and should carry us through, but now we have to be versatile and hustle more than ever, like a youngster.

We have been doing appraisals for institutions, insurance companies, and individuals for well over twenty years. We enjoy it and find it to be a good income assist as well as an important referral point for book contacts we would never have developed just as shopkeepers. And, further, we assist the local historical societies with their annual old book evaluation days for their membership. I obviously recommend to anyone not yet bothering with it to try this kind of extracurricular work to further help offset any Internet diminished revenues from your traditional open shop sales. Most of us in ABAA by now should feel very confident in our knowledge to appraise almost any material coming before us from the antiquarian book world. We have our own resources, our helpful colleagues in the Association, and the mixed blessing that is the Internet to make what was once a scary or onerous appraisal task much easier.

From: Ed Pollack

I too thought Gordon Hollis's article in the *Newsletter* was an excellent evaluation of the present situation regarding the Internet's effect on specialty book-selling. I continue to sell art books over the Internet, but I cannot recall the last one I bought there (barring of course *catalogues raisonné* on printmakers that I buy aggressively for my own reference collection).

Although I am becoming more wary, I have the constant experience of going to other shops or book fairs and finding

something I've never seen before that seems just great (i.e., great subject matter, great object value, great condition, great price), only to discover that I could have bought several copies online for the same or less cost. The obverse of this is that when doing a book fair, I notice a lot of "note-taking" by browsers. If, as sometimes happens, I get a call a few days later for the item, I know that they went home and checked online and found that nice little me has the best or cheapest copy in the whole wide world (a good feeling, no?).

This is why open shops and book fairs are suffering. But the reality is, you can only shop online if you know what you are looking for. Thus everyone who exhibits at a fair or who has an open shop is in essence now running a showroom or museum, the real beneficiary of which is the online dealer who has a cheaper copy (his copy can be cheaper because you are paying his overhead). There doesn't seem to be an answer to this problem. You shoot yourself in the foot if you withhold your merchandise from the Internet and only show it in your obsolescent shop or book fair.

And of course there is the matter of disintermediation. When we were specialists we could find stuff in generalist bookstores or in the stock of specialists in other fields, and there would be some arbitrage to be realized. Now the Net makes price research easy, and you find (at least I find) that a book sold cannot be replaced for less than what it was sold for, usually more, because it only got sold because it was the lowest priced.

For myself, following Gordon's example, I am concentrating on artists' prints (etchings, lithographs, etc.) and drawings, where there is a greater quality of rarity, even of uniqueness. But I am also busily cataloguing all the art stuff I still have and selling it online, for there is still a market out there. However, I don't schlep it to shows anymore (some may be happy to know) and consider most of it to be in the nature of an albatross or millstone. ■

Bicknell

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It was at this time that I contacted the pre-eminent Hawthorne collector of the second half of the twentieth century, C. E. Frazer Clark, Jr. His status is legendary, as a scholar as well as a collector, and he used his own vast collection of tens of thousands of Hawthorne pieces to produce the definitive Hawthorne bibliography for the University of Pittsburgh. Mr. Clark, from the moment I first contacted him by phone in 1991, was very kind and supportive. He passed on some advice that had served him well—wise counsel he had received from the legendary bookman, Charles E. Feinberg: First, if you are going to collect someone then know him or her well. You will be able to discover connections that slip by unnoticed, as rare book dealers by nature must be generalists. An innocuous ownership inscription in a book could be that of a college roommate of your author. So, Rule Number One is, “Know your author!” Rule Number Two is that if there is a really good item then buy it now and figure out how to pay for it later. This is important because it may quickly disappear. Correlatively, Rule Number Three is, if it seems to cost a lot today it will—if it is a quality piece—cost more tomorrow.

Along with that he told me that if you feel a bookshop has something for you then it is a good idea to buy something on your first visit. Many dealers keep special items hidden away somewhere, and, Clark suggested, if you ever hope to shake that tree then let the dealer know that you are serious.

Thus, on a very limited budget, I began collecting Hawthorne. I bought a letter that, while signed by Hawthorne, was not written by him. I proudly took it to show Paul Richards, who, upon holding it up to the light, casually pointed out to me that an entire middle section had been neatly excised from the letter (undoubtedly to make it a better fit when tipped into a book). I returned the letter. As I continued my study of Hawthorne I kept bumping into his eccentric neighbors, the

Alcotts, and I became more and more intrigued with the parallels in our lives. A. Bronson Alcott was into matters spiritual, including studying the scriptures of the East like *The Bhagavad Gita*. He was a vegetarian and very committed to alternative, child-centered education. When a letter from Louisa May showed up in a Richards’ catalogue that said something like, “I have not seen my honored Pa today, but when he finishes communing with the oversoul I will tell him your message,” I could not resist. Had not I myself been trying to commune with the oversoul for years? A phone call to Madeleine Stern began a supportive relation with the reigning dean of Alcott studies.

At the Boston Book Fair in the fall of 1993, Howard Mott displayed the copy of *Little Men* that Louisa had given to her mother, inscribed, “Marmee from Jo.” There was no doubt in my mind that it was the star of the show. At \$8500 it was far too expensive for me, yet I could not believe that no one had bought it. Apparently (like many of my current treasures) the only reason it had made it as far as it had without joining the ranks of its institutionalized brethren was that its condition had been so appalling that no one recognized it for decades. The Motts explained that they chose to have it recased—and thus condition was a problem for the dealers and collectors who had seen it. That made no sense to me. Is one supposed to wait for a better copy of the *Little Men* that Louisa gave to her mother?

I went home determined to land the book. My mother had passed away and left me a small sum, and I had purchased an Emerson letter addressed to Elizabeth Peabody. As the letter made reference to both Margaret Fuller and *The Dial*, I knew its worth to be far more than what I had paid for it. I did some more research on the letter, wrote up an exciting description, and offered a combination of letter and cash to the Motts. They kindly accepted. When the book arrived, I received two additional thrills. First, I discovered a textual correction in Louisa’s hand that now allows me to distinguish among true first printings and

later ones. Second, my first reading of *Little Men* utilized that very copy that Louisa gave to her mother—the person to whom she tried to give the first copy of any of her books on their arrival from the publisher.

As I added more Alcott to my collection, I became aware that a manuscript of hers was on the market—two in fact. Through a rare book dealer in New York, the Alcott heirs were offering the manuscript of the third book in the *Little Women* trilogy, *Jo’s Boys*, along with an unpublished gothic thriller. I called the dealer and was shocked to find that although the manuscripts had been advertised for a year, they were still available. And, yes, they could be purchased separately. I spent the next year trying to figure a way to raise the money for the manuscript that interested me, Alcott’s “lurid tale of blood and thunder,” *A Long Fatal Love Chase*. Finally a close friend offered to loan me the purchase price, so I traveled to New York and spent two days reading through the yellowed pages. I was caught up in what was clearly a potboiler but one that touched on many of Alcott’s favorite themes, including love, passion, supportive friendship among women, gender equity, illicit affairs, murder, suicide, cross-dressing, and drugs—all set against a European backdrop quite familiar to the author, who had just returned from her first trip abroad. The dealer and I completed the arrangements, and the manuscript was shipped to my home in central New Hampshire.

From the beginning I had told the heirs that I wished to divide the revenue from publication (if any) equally among the Orchard House (home of the Alcotts), the heirs, my school scholarship program, and me. Random House ended up offering an advance in seven figures, and I was very pleased that so many were able to benefit from this windfall. After a debut in the “Talk of the Town” section of *The New Yorker*, I suddenly was in demand for NPR, the “Today Show,” *The New York Times*, et al. Random House sent me around the country on what I

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called the “dead author’s tour,” and I had a great time talking about the Alcotts, from San Francisco to Atlanta. The book, which I edited, made several bestseller lists, including that of *The New York Times*. My favorite moment was when Stephen King reviewed it positively for the same newspaper. I would come home to find twenty-six messages on my answering machine rather than two, and thus my very own fifteen minutes of fame came and went in a flash. For dessert I was named one of the country’s top collectors by *Arts & Antiques* magazine, which chose to do a big feature on my collection side by side with the Hollywood collection of Debbie Reynolds! And then it was back to my rich daily life of running a school.

Professionally, I have co-authored with Madeleine Stern a piece on Louisa May Alcott and phrenology that was published in the 1995 *Studies in the American Renaissance*. More recently, I wrote three of the articles in the *Louisa May Alcott Encyclopedia* (2001). I work frequently with scholars, sharing whatever I find that may further their work. Brenda Wineapple, author of *Sister Brother: Gertrude and Leo Stein*, spent a day at my house pouring over unpublished Hawthorne material for her forthcoming biography. I send Xeroxes to Hershel Parker, Melville biographer *par excellence*, of anything new Melvillian that I encounter, and I am always delighted to hear that yet another piece has been added to the seemingly endless *Melville Log*. I have shared Brontë information with Margaret Smith (editor of the newly published *Letters of Charlotte Brontë*) and Thomas de Quincey material with the editors of his writings. I understand the collector who hoards; it is simply not my style.

I enjoy reading the books in my collection. I am aware that many wise people would frown upon this, but that is why I prefer association copies, where the value of the book is embedded in an historical context rather than that of pristine condition. I would much rather have a

rebacked and foxed association copy than one in a spectacular state of preservation. By remaining mostly in the nineteenth century, I successfully avoid dust jackets. While I also enjoy manuscripts, the inner dialogue I have with them tends to fall short when compared to that I have with association copies. I study an A.L.s so much that I have it memorized. Marginalia, on the other hand, offers an opportunity for endless engagement with the author, the original reader (who is also the author of the marginal notes), and me (“What was going through Louisa May Alcott’s mind when she wrote her father’s initials next to that particular passage in her copy of the *Memoirs of Ralph Waldo Emerson*?” and “Why (or for whom) did Sarah Orne Jewett sign the marginal comment she wrote in her copy of Whittier’s *Life and Letters*?”). And the absence of checks, underlining, or words in the margin may lead to more questions. As someone who enjoys working all day with live people in a busy educational setting, I treasure my evening hours of quiet dialogue with my extended library.

My interests continue to tend toward the Concord crowd of Hawthorne and the transcendentalists, Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau—and Melville as well. I have some pretty neat association books, including books from the libraries of all of those authors. A couple of favorites in my collection are Henry Thoreau’s copy of *A Manual of Buddhism* [sic], which he bequeathed to Bronson Alcott from his deathbed and that was delivered to Alcott by Emerson, and a set of scientific biographies in a Ticknor & Fields gift binding given by Ralph Waldo Emerson to his nephew and inscribed, “Uncle Waldo.” Lately I have branched out a bit and have been very active as regards the nineteenth-century Maine writer, Sarah Orne Jewett. My Jewett collection includes twenty-five inscribed copies of her books (mostly to family and close friends), over a hundred letters to and from Jewett, a manuscript short story and a couple of poems, over a hundred books from her library, signed photographs, etc.

I do enjoy building collections the underpinnings of which are the connec-

tions of the author and his or her times. As noted above, Robert Johnson, the Jungian psychoanalyst, coined the term “slender threads” to describe the not-so-apparent threads of fate that connect us to the universe. Bringing those slender threads to light—some of which are 150- to 200-years old—is where the joy in collecting lies for me. Sharing these pieces with my twelfth-grade English class adds to the dynamic. The distant immortals become quite human to adolescents as they read an original A.L.s of Hawthorne wherein he frets over daughter Una’s teething and hopes that Providence will soon “untie its purse strings a little more bountifully.” As I pass out chatty teenage letters between Sarah Orne Jewett and her friends for the class to decipher I fondly remember the spark I felt as an undergraduate on holding a first edition of *Don Quixote* in the Beinecke Library. The author of “A White Heron” is suddenly brought more into reach.

If I were asked what the biggest thrills in my collecting have been, I would not include “finding” the Alcott manuscript. It was no discovery, since most Alcott scholars had known of its existence for years! No, what I really love is when my hunches pay off. A couple of years ago I received a catalogue from the UK that advertised a copy of the 1886 biography, *The Brontë Family: With Special Reference to Patrick Branwell Brontë*. This work by Francis Leyland intended to answer the slurs on brother Branwell implied in Mrs. Gaskell’s more famous book. Leyland was an acquaintance of Branwell, and his brother had been a good friend. The book was inscribed to someone named Merrall. Looking in my wife’s various Brontë biographies, I found that the recipient was a friend of the Brontës from childhood. I reasoned that, upon reading the book, Merrall might have had comments to make along the way—so I ordered it.

When it arrived there were indeed several comments in pencil in the margins. Mostly these commented on the nature of Emily Brontë (“E. was not timid—in her way she was the reverse”), but also made some scathing remarks about Branwell—especially at the notion that he

had (even remotely) authored *Wuthering Heights* ("he was untruthful and did nothing he talked of"). I shared this information with Robert Barnard, the most recent biographer of Emily, and was gratified to find my name in the acknowledgements when he sent me an inscribed copy this summer.

My most rewarding detective work took more than a year to accomplish. I had purchased a copy of Hawthorne's *Our Old Home* with an inscription in Hawthorne's hand that read, "Dr Gason/12. Via della Mercede." While dealers and scholars alike agreed that it was indeed Hawthorne's distinct chirography, there was no signature. A pinhole suggested that there might have been a note attached, but that had disappeared long ago. The only other clue was the presence of A. Edward Newton's bookplate, but a search of his auction records and books shed no light on the provenance.

I needed to connect the good doctor and the author—the obvious starting point being the Hawthorne family's sojourn in Italy (Rome and Florence). I poured over every Hawthorne reference I could find, consulted C. E. Frazer Clark and others, and talked with a friend from Italy, but I could locate nothing. I visited the Beinecke and sifted through the unpublished correspondence of Hawthorne's governess in Italy, Ada Shepard, and although I found an interesting saga of unwanted sexual advances by an Italian doctor, it was not Dr. Gason. I examined the correspondence of other literati/artists who were residing in Italy at the time, such as the Brownings and William Wetmore Story, but continued to come up empty.

Finally it occurred to me to look at a Murray's *Handbook to Rome* for the relevant period. I acquired a copy of the 1860 *Handbook*, and indeed found a Dr Gason listed as a physician. Unfortunately, the address was not the same, and I left it to percolate. One night I imagined the circumstances wherein Hawthorne might write someone's name in a book. I saw him sitting in the Boston office of his good friends and publishers, William Ticknor and James T. Fields, with a copy of the just-pub-

lished *Our Old Home* (1863) in his hand. It struck me that he might reach for a copy of the *latest* Murray's for reference—and that the year would have been 1863, not 1860. The next day I called a friend in New Haven who was willing to check out the 1863 *Handbook* in the Yale Library. That evening I received a call: in 1863 Dr Gason was listed as living at "12 Via della Mercede, second floor, near the Piazza di Spagna." The fact that Hawthorne was known to frequent the bank and reading rooms in the Piazza di Spagna was the last nail in the roof of the good doctor's *Our Old Home*! Sharing the thrill of that connection with the eminent Mr. Clark was much more rewarding than sharing print with Debbie Reynolds!

Collecting brings me sustenance. I have been practicing what some would consider an odd spiritual Path for over thirty years. I am vegetarian, meditate, travel to India a great deal, etc. In an era when the word "guru" and the spiced hot tea from India known as "chai" have entered the average American's lexicon—when Glade air freshener for bathrooms now calls itself "Aroma Therapy"—when "spiritual" teachers lead their followers to fiery deaths, suicide, and murder—it becomes easy to feel a psychic chipping away of the core values I embraced in the 1960s. To read of the spiritual searches, struggles, and discoveries of some of America's brightest nineteenth-century luminaries gives much nourishment to my soul. Sitting

down to meditate in the wee hours of the morning, there is nothing quite so inspirational as cracking open (carefully) my rebacked copy of Henry Thoreau's *A Manual of Budhism* and reading a few pages. For me the book's very nature—its essence—propels it way beyond the term "artifact."

This summer I was quite fortunate to be able to acquire the perfect letter to "wed" to the book above, as it makes specific reference to the collection of which *A Manual of Budhism* was part. Henry, writing in December of 1855 to his friend H.G.O. Blake, describes the nest of books on Eastern religions that he had just received from a friend in England and closes with words most fitting to end this reflection:

My books did not arrive till Nov. 30th, the cargo of the *Asia* having been complete when they reached Liverpool. I have arranged them in a case which I made in the meanwhile, partly of river boards. I have not dipped far into the new ones yet. One is splendidly bound & illuminated. They are in English—French—Latin—Greek—& Sanscrit. I have not made out the significance of this godsend yet. Farewell, & bright dreams to you!

I also have far to go before I make out the significance of all of these "slender threads" in my life. ■

The deadline for submissions to the next issue of The ABAA Newsletter is

Monday, April 30, 2001

Send your articles, letters, announcements, book reviews, and photos to



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Yale Names New Director for Beinecke Library

Yale University President Richard C. Levin announced in January the appointment of Barbara A. Shailor as the new director of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library.

Since 1996, Shailor has been dean of Douglass College at Rutgers, The State University of New Jersey, where she is also professor of classics. Douglass College is the largest undergraduate women's college in the United States. She has also taught at Bucknell University and served in senior administrative positions there. Shailor was born in New Haven and attended Hamden High School, Wilson College, and the University of Cincinnati (Ph.D., 1975). She is a specialist in Latin manuscript studies, the transmission of classical texts in the Middle Ages and Renaissance, and women in classical antiquity and the Middle Ages.

Shailor has long been associated with the Beinecke Library. From 1970 to 1995 she spent most of her summers and two sabbatical leaves in New Haven completing her magisterial three-volume *Catalogue of Medieval and Renaissance Manuscripts in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library*. In 1988 the library published her award-winning exhibition catalog, *The Medieval Book*. In

1989 she co-directed with Robert G. Babcock, the Edwin J. Beinecke Curator of Early Books and Manuscripts, an NEH Summer Seminar on paleography and codicology. Shailor is a member of the *Comité international de paléographie latine*.

In announcing Shailor's appointment, Levin described the special attraction for Shailor of the teaching functions of the Beinecke Library and her wish to extend still further the library's central involvement in the academic life of Yale. "The Beinecke Library is one of Yale's greatest jewels," Levin said. "It houses truly remarkable collections in dozens of fields. Barbara Shailor brings to this great library a working knowledge of one of its great collections, distinguished scholarship, administrative creativity, a passion for the book and manuscripts, and a deep and abiding commitment to teaching."

Shailor will take up her work at the Beinecke Library in the summer of 2001. Until then, Patricia C. Willis is the acting director of the library. Willis is the Elizabeth Wakeman Dwight Curator of the Collection of American Literature. She succeeds Ralph Franklin, the director of the Beinecke Library for eighteen years who retired in December 2000. Levin acknowledged the distinction of

Franklin's leadership of the library and expressed his gratitude to Willis for her service as acting director.

Since its opening in 1963, the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library has assumed a leading role among the world's major rare book and manuscript collections as a center for advanced research in the humanities. It is Yale's principal repository for literary papers and for early manuscripts and rare books in the fields of literature, theology, history and the natural sciences. With collections ranging from ancient papyri to the avant garde, the Beinecke's holdings cover a wide variety of authors and subjects, many of them in great depth. The library is especially renowned for its resources in the areas of incunables, pre-1600 Western manuscripts, British, American, and German literature, Western American history and modernism in art and literature. The library is open to the public, 8:30 A.M.–5 P.M., weekdays and 10 A.M.–5 P.M. on Saturdays. A Gutenberg Bible and two volumes of John James Audubon's life-sized *The Birds of America* are on permanent display on the mezzanine floor of the library, along with temporary exhibits from the Beinecke collections. ■

Decorative Design: Publishers' Cloth Bindings at Smith College

Nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century American bookbindings are highlighted in the exhibition *Decorative Design: Publishers' Cloth Bindings in the Finison Collection at Smith College*. The exhibition, which runs from March 12 to May 29, 2001, presents an important overview of the stylistic developments in book design from 1865 to 1928.

The exhibition contains 150 items which document American publishers' use of bookbinding as a creative artistic design and the book itself as an object of attraction. On display are designs by some of the most famous commercial artists of the time: Will Bradley, Sarah Wyman

Whitman, Margaret Armstrong, Amy Sacker, Frederic Goudy, and Frank Hazen, as well as many unidentified designers.

Decorative Design focuses on bindings from 1890 to 1915 and organizes them into the categories "Books Before 1890," "The Use of Gold," "The Poster Style," "Typographers," "Macmillan Publishing Company," "Continental Design," and "Book Designers: Sarah Wyman Whitman and Margaret Armstrong."

The items on display are selected from approximately 2000 volumes donated to the Mortimer Rare Book Room at Smith College in December 1999 by the family of Harvey and Myrtle Finison. The Fini-

son Collection contains dazzling examples of books by at least 130 American and English designers.

On Wednesday, April 18, 2001, book-binding historian Sue Allen will present a lecture, "The Book Cover Art of Sarah Wyman Whitman," at 4 P.M. in the Mortimer Rare Book Room, Neilson Library, Smith College.

For more information, contact Barbara Blumenthal, Mortimer Rare Book Room Assistant, Neilson Library, Smith College, Northampton, MA 01063; phone: 413-585-2901; fax: 413-585-4486; email: bblument@smith.edu. ■



Executive Director Liane Wade models the newest ABAA wear.

Coming Soon: *The ABAA Membership Directory 2001*

ABAA Executive Secretary Liane Wade has informed the *Newsletter* that the *ABAA Membership Directory 2001* will be available in time for the New York Antiquarian Book Fair, which previews April 19, 2001, 5 P.M. through 9 P.M.

Copies of the *Membership Directory* will be mailed out to all 475 ABAA members before the New York fair. Additional copies will be available for member dealers by request.

After April 15, 2001, non-members may request a copy of the *ABAA Membership Directory 2001*, which contains up-to-date contact information and hours for ABAA member booksellers and is indexed by geographical location, specialties, and personal names, by contacting Liane Wade, ABAA Headquarters, 20 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036-6604; phone 212-944-8291; fax 212-944-8293; email lwade@abaa.org.

Library of Congress Announces Rare Book Forum

The Rare Book and Special Collections Division and the Center for the Book proudly announce a series of occasional programs, entitled The Library of Congress Rare Book Forum. Our inaugural event takes place Wednesday, April 4, 2001 with a program of speakers addressing the relationship between "Private Collectors and Special Collections in Libraries." Alice Schreyer, Curator of Special Collections at the University of Chicago, opens the program with an historical view on the influence of private collectors on the development of special collections in libraries. ABAA member William Reese, the influential rare bookseller from New Haven, follows with a discussion of recent changes in book collecting and how they have affected the relationship between libraries and collectors. In the final address of the morning Robert H. Jackson, a noted private col-

lector and benefactor, examines the question of whether the private collectors of today will be the donors of tomorrow.

In the afternoon, panelists will discuss the dynamic and sometimes delicate relationship between librarians, collectors, and booksellers and its influence on the process of cultivating institutional giving. Are there values intrinsic to book collecting that are shared by institutions, collectors, and the trade? Why do some collectors choose to give, while others avoid making institutional gifts? How, and to what extent, does the rare book trade facilitate building collections and directing them to libraries? What can institutions do to encourage and benefit from the culture of collecting?

Panelists include: Merrily E. Taylor, Joukowsky Family University Librarian, Brown University; private collectors John Warnock, founder of Adobe Sys-

tems, San Jose, CA., and Edmond Lincoln of New York City, former acting Rare Book Librarian at the Winterthur Museum and long-time supporter of the Winterthur Library; and Selby Kiffer, Senior Vice-President for Books and Manuscripts at Sotheby's.

The Library of Congress Forum will begin promptly at 9:30 A.M. on April 4, 2001 in the Mumford Room, sixth floor, Madison Building of The Library of Congress, 101 Independence Ave., S.E. The program will end at 4:30 P.M., followed by a reception. The event is free and open to the public, but we encourage those of you who expect to attend to contact the Center for the Book to make a reservation: telephone 202-707-5221; fax 202-707-0269; or email at cfbook@loc.gov. ■

New Members

The ABAA *Newsletter* welcomes the following new members accepted at the Board of Governors' Meeting in February.

Lewis J. Buckingham, Buckingham Books, 8058 Stone Bridge Road, Greencastle, PA 17225-9786; phone: 717-597-5657; fax: 717-597-1003; email: buckingham@innernet.net; web site: www.buckinghambooks.com

Jeffrey D. Carr, P.O. Box 29557, Oakland, Ca. 94604; phone: 510-261-2149; email: jpcarr@compuserve.com

Harvey Jason, Mystery Pier Books, Inc., 8826 Sunset Boulevard, West Hollywood, CA 90069; phone: 310-657-5557 or 888-410-5557; fax:

310-657-3616 or 310-657-5566; email: mysterypierbooks@aol.com; web site: www.mysterypierbooks.com

Jeffrey Robinson Maser, 558 33rd Street, Richmond, CA 94804; phone: 510-233-3144; email: maser@detritus.com; web site: www.detritus.com

Brent Lee White, Bookseller, 808 Washington Avenue, Albany, CA 94706; phone: 510-525-2210; email: brtwh@aol.com

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Melissa Sanders, Ken Sanders Rare Books, Salt Lake City, UT.



The ABAA is again offering quality T-shirts, sweatshirts, and caps with the ABAA logo. The T-shirts and sweatshirts feature a small logo on the left breast in front and a large logo in back, and come in black or white. Caps also come in black or white. T-shirts are \$12.00, sweatshirts are \$25.00, and caps are \$8.00. Shirts and sweats are available in Small, Medium, Large, Extra Large, and X-Extra Large. They will be available at the New York Antiquarian Book Fair April 19-22, 2001, on the ABAA web site (www.abaa.org), and through Liane Wade at ABAA headquarters, 20 West 44th Street, Fourth Floor, New York, NY 10036-6604; phone 212-944-8291; fax 212-944-8293; email lwade@abaa.org.

The deadline for submissions to the next *Newsletter* is

April 30, 2001

Send your contributions to:
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The ABAA Newsletter

(ISSN 1070-7000X)

is published quarterly under the auspices of the Publications Committee of The Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America
20 West 44th Street, Fourth Floor
New York, NY 10036-6604.
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Annual postpaid subscriptions are \$20.00 domestic; \$25.00 Canada and Mexico; and \$32.00 overseas.

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