

#### Waldo Hunt, 1920 - 2009

Ann Montanaro  
Salt Lake City, Utah

When Waldo Hunt died on November 6, 2009, journals and newspapers around the world celebrated his life and his contributions to publishing. *The New York Times* noted that he “was almost single-handedly responsible for the postwar revival of the pop-up book in the United States.” Wally was the founder of Graphics International and Intervisual Books, two of the leading producers of pop-ups in the late 20<sup>th</sup> century. He was also an avid collector who amassed an extensive collection of pop-up and movable books, many of which were donated to the University of California, Los Angeles.



Waldo Hunt

I had the opportunity to know Wally; we met in person on several occasions and shared many long telephone calls. I appreciated all of the help and encouragement he gave me with my own research and with The Movable Book Society. During our calls he was always willing to answer my questions, share insider

gossip, discuss trends in publishing, and critique the work of new paper engineers. He loved pop-ups and mechanical ingenuity and was especially proud of the artists and paper engineers whose work he fostered and produced.

Wally’s family and friends paid tribute to him on December 5<sup>th</sup> at a scenic ranch near the Sequoia National Forest in Springville, California. During the afternoon event a continuous slide show presentation featured highlights of his life and work. Stacks of pop-up books on each of the dinner tables reminded the guests of the wonderful titles that had passed through his hands. Wally’s wife Pat and his daughters Kimberly, Jamie, and Marsha shared their recollections and memories with guests. Other family members, friends, and business colleagues also helped to paint a full picture of Wally as a man who loved to both work hard and party, enjoyed singing and was partial to “King of the Road,” and was “generous with his things and his person.” He was a charming, talented, and influential man whose legacy will live on. It was a privilege to know him and to learn from him.

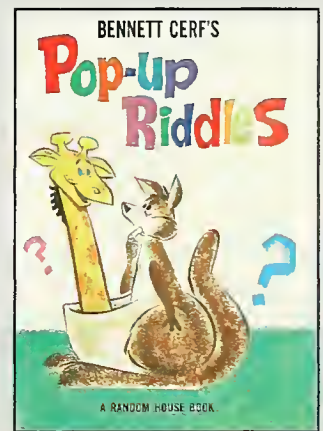
#### The Makings of “A Multi-dimensional Man”

Michael Dawson  
England

*This well-deserved characterization of Waldo H. Hunt was first coined by paper engineers David A. Carter, James Diaz, and David Pelham when dedicating their Random House pop-up classic The Universe to him in 1985.*

*I first got to know Wally (as he was known to friends) a few years later when my wife and I were dealing in old children’s books – especially pop-ups and movables – as proprietors of Ampersand Books, a mail-order business in the U.K. He was a valued trans-Atlantic customer, occasionally also asking me to act as his buying agent when interesting antiquarian items came up at British auctions. Sometimes, if these proved to be damaged, he asked me to repair them along with others purchased elsewhere that had been found mechanically defective. In due course, in 1994, while we were staying in Carmel, California, he and his wife Pat came to see us. We were then invited to attend the opening of his new Museum of Childhood that was to take place at the Intervisual headquarters in Santa Monica the following month. It was fascinating to see some of the things I had acquired on his behalf and others I had painstakingly resuscitated included in the impressive display.*

*Later he visited our home in Bath. After a convivial lunch I mentioned articles that I had recently published about notable pop-up innovators and asked whether he would agree to being interviewed for the same purpose. He readily agreed, saying “When better than to start now?” With the tape recorder running, I started by asking how he had entered this specialized field. Two and a half hours (and two tape cassettes) later he reached the point where he had produced his first independent pop-up in 1967: Bennett Cerf’s Pop-up Riddles. What follows is an edited transcript of the afternoon’s leisurely recollections – reprinted here as a tribute to his memory.*



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## The Movable Book Society

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**The deadline for the May issue is April 15.**

### Waldo Hunt, continued from page 1

I was born in Chicago, Illinois. At the time, in 1920, my father was studying at the University of Chicago, getting a doctorate in theology. We moved to King City, California after he graduated – his first church. I was about one year old so don't remember much of that time but when I was around four we moved on to Salt Lake City, in Utah where he became minister of the First Unitarian Church... maybe it was the first in the whole of Utah, I don't know.



**Waldo Hunt**

Having graduated from Mercer University and Newton in Boston, then taken a masters' degree in Chicago, he was very well read, very intelligent.

I grew up in Salt Lake City, and went to grammar school there. It was a happy childhood. I had one sister who was eighteen months older than me (she now lives in Santa Barbara) and a kid brother five years younger (who is now in Oregon). As the minister's children we had status in our community, but, although the Unitarians are about as liberal as you can get in America, he gradually became disillusioned as a preacher. He found increasingly that he couldn't preach as he wished – the wealthy members of his congregation only wanted to hear what they wanted to hear.

**Continued on page 13**

## Olivier Charbonnel Ingénieur Papier Français

Theo Gielen

The Netherlands

Last October, during the Frankfurt Book Fair, I had the opportunity to meet one of the younger paper engineers responsible for the recent revival of original pop-up books in France. When preparing for the fair, I found announcements for two new French pop-up publications that intrigued me for their subject and their paper artwork, but, as well, for their paper engineer. His name had been introduced to me a decade before when Ron van der Meer showed me two of his remarkable dummies. Since then I had followed his work. After the publication of three of his early books in the millennium, I, unfortunately, didn't find any more titles by him. But, in recent years, his name has popped up again in one or two books a year and in a Kubašta look-alike published in 2007. This drew my attention once more. So, a couple of weeks before the 2009 book fair I contacted Mr. Charbonnel and asked if he planned to attend the fair and would be willing to meet me. He replied saying that he hadn't planned to attend but that my request could change his mind. And it did. So we met for a working lunch in Frankfurt and had a pleasant conversation about his work.

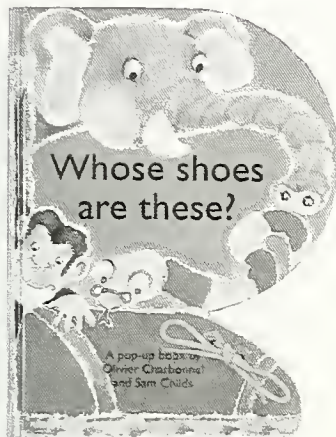


**Olivier Charbonnel**

In 1998, when Ron van der Meer first showed me dummies of books by the then unknown Olivier Charbonnel, I asked who he was and how Ron had come in contact with him. He then told me that Olivier was a French paper engineer who had come to the stand of Van der Meer Publishing to show him his work. Ron was interested in the unusual formats shown in the dummies, made by a person, he characterized, as "a quiet, bit shy, young Frenchman," of whom he otherwise didn't know anything at all. But he had seen potential in the artwork and offered to package/publish his books.

That was exactly my first impression when we met: a good looking, friendly Frenchman with a dreamy look rather than the prejudicial flamboyant Paris artist look marked by life and absinth. After some compliments on my part about his new books that I had already seen at the fair - to break the ice - I asked how long he had been in the pop-up business. He answered quietly, in a well-cured, slightly sing-song southern French, that his first movable book had been published ten years before in 1999, and he showed me a copy of *Don't Do That!* This first book was done entirely by himself (text, art, and paper engineering), and it tells, in a humorous way, the consequences of teasing animals. It has tab/flap mechanisms,

of which two use hidden elastic bands, and a very unusual final pop-up of a turtle that transforms into a party scene when its shell is lifted. It was packaged by White Heat, and published in Japan, the Netherlands, and the U.S. - however, not in his homeland France.



**Whose Shoes are These?**

five pop-up spreads, and real shoe laces running through the covers. No wonder Ron van der Meer, whose trademark used to be his showy red shoes, was enthusiastic about the dummy when he showed it (and the next book) to me in 1998.

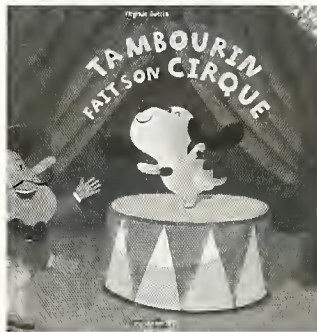
In 2001 Van der Meer Publishing also packaged and published Charbonnel's *Santa's Factory*, another shoe-shaped (or is it a stocking?) pop-up book with three floors and an attic, incorporating an innovative unfolding technique. With the binding on the top, the book unfolds into a dollhouse-like Santa's factory by opening its cover in an unusual way over the top of the book. It is a nice and pleasing format, kind of a variant carousel book, in form not seen before. Unfortunately, Olivier's work with Van der Meer Publishing proved to be in the period when the company was in financial trouble. So, when the company shortly thereafter collapsed, he became one of the creditors of the insolvent estate of the glamorous but short-lived packaging company, and he was never paid for his work. Almost the complete run of his two books ended up bargained — respectively destroyed. Not too lucky a start for a beginning paper engineer!

No wonder Olivier turned away from the pop-up business during the following years and concentrated on illustrations for magazines and (children's) reference books. This is, as he told me, still his main occupation and how he earns most of his income.

It was a good moment in our conversation, I thought, to ask him about his education, and where his interest in pop-up books originated. Had designing movables and three-dimensional works been part of his education? He kindly told me of pleasant memories of his childhood in Marseille, the Mediterranean port in southern France where he was

Neither was his next one: *Whose Shoes are These?* published in the millenium year in English by the then-leading packager Van der Meer Publishing . It was distributed in the U.S. by Abbeville Press. It is a quite large shoe-shaped pop-up book featuring five different animals trying on a pair of shoes. This delightfully simple, but funny, book features humorous illustrations,

born in 1966. He remembers as a boy having had just one pop-up book, the Graphics International production *Notre Corps* (Our body), published in 1969 by Edition Hallmark in Paris. He loved that book which he still has and cherishes. After high school he left for Paris where he got his education at the prestigious ESAG, the *École supérieure de design, d'art graphique et d'architecture intérieure*. For his final examinations he did a pop-up project on dream-related poetry that was never published, and he graduated as a graphic designer in 1989. Since then he has lived with his wife in Montreuil, near Paris.



**Tambourin Fait Son Cirque**

Although French publishers had little interest in movable and pop-up books in the 1990s, his personal interest in this specific kind of graphic design continued. In France he didn't have much opportunity to develop his skills, so, when there was a chance to work as an intern at White Heat, he eagerly left for Santa Fe, New Mexico. He

warmly recalled the years 1997-1998 when he worked in their studio under the supervision of master paper engineers James Diaz and Lynette Ruschak, and was initiated in the ins and outs of movable and three-dimensional paper artwork, down to its most minute details. What is more, he was stimulated to design also own works, and was inspired by the creative environment and other young interns. Other young paper engineers who worked there at the time included American Jane McTeigue and German Antje von Stemm. There he created and finished his first movable book, *Don't Do That!* which was eventually packaged by White Heat. The first dummies of *Whose Shoes are These?* and *Santa's Factory* were also done while in Santa Fe (thus resulting in their overall American appearance. TG).

Anyway, after the unlucky (financial) experiences with Van der Meer Publishing it was another five years before Olivier returned to paper engineering. The Paris publishing house of Casterman asked him to engineer – rather basically – one of their 2006 publications: the cute, poetic *Tambourin Fait Son Cirque* by Virginie Guérin. In it the circus performance of little dog Tambourin has been made movable by the use of tabs, flaps, and a final pop-up. The association with Virginie Guépin at Casterman continued



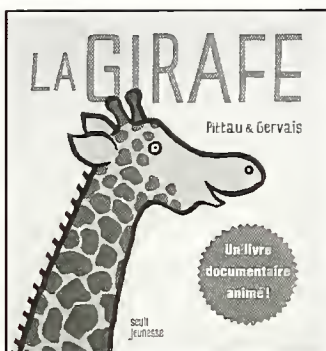
**La Marmite de la Sorcière**

in 2007 with the movable picture book *La Marmite de la Sorcière* (The witch's cauldron), again with tab-flap mechanisms and a pop-up at the end. Another renowned house, Seuil Jeunesse, similarly commissioned the (simple)

animation of two titles by Pittau and Gervais, a well-known couple who author/illustrate French children's books: *La Girafe* and *Le Kangourou*, that he did with Jane McTeigue, an old White Heat acquaintance. Their 2007 title *A la Mer* (At the seaside) was engineered by Olivier as well. By then he was also involved in the engineering (though not credited for it in the book) of the funny *Where are You, Mona?* in which the portrait of Mona Lisa surprisingly pops up in various other famous works of art in the Louvre museum.

The full use of his engineering skills, however, was required for the adults-only 2006 book *Le Pop-Up de Fluide Glacial*, a jubilee edition commemorating the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the well-known – though often for its sexual explicitly disputed – French comic magazine *Fluide Glacial*. Its nine, full, double-page spreads, illustrated by as many comic illustrators of the magazine, are rather complex animated and three-dimensional pieces using pop-ups, pull-tabs, lifting transformational mechanisms, and lift-the-flaps with sliding figures.

In 2007 he got the opportunity to design another complex pop-up book for the famous house of Gallimard: *Le Château des Rois et Reines* (The castle of the kings and queens), a spin-off of the best-selling series of picture books for young children by author/illustrator Alex Sanders, featuring the characters of imaginative young kings and queens (Les rois et les reines). A one-spread panoramic model of a colorful castle-in-the-air, the book unfolds into a massive 30 x 77 cm. scene that rises up to 35 cm. It comes with an illustrated story booklet and eighteen punch-out figures. This book placed him in the center of the renewed interest in pop-up books in France, a leading paper engineer of what is sometimes being called the “new French school.”



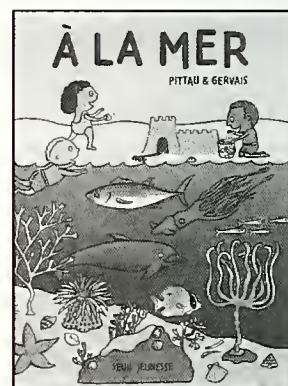
*La Giraffe*

In 2008 Gallimard commissioned him to animate the *Pop-up Circus* by Lionel Koechlin, a poetic children's book with animated and 3-D sideshows of a magician, acrobats, animals, a fakir, and charming clowns. Although the title suggests otherwise, this book was only published in French.

The eye-catcher at the Gallimard stand at this year's Book Fair was a huge, freestanding display of their major publishing project for which Olivier did the paper engineering. A team of some ten authors, artists, and members of the publisher's staff worked together to realize this new series of shadow-theater books: *Le Petit Théâtre d'ombres*. First copies of the four initial parts were ostentatiously shown and promoted on custom-made

displays and point-of-sales materials, informative leaflets, and full-color flyers in glossy layout. The boxed-shaped books open out to unfold into a stand-up shadow theater, offering settings and characters for the child to put up a show, and an “ecological” torch (with a hand-driven dynamo). Contained within are removable elements specific to each story: five settings; up to twelve characters for the puppetery show; a decorated pediment to frame the stage; and an illustrated hardcover booklet with a short illustrated version of the tale, indications for staging, and the dialogues of the play. The format allows for a re-use of the theater with other stories, whose elements are available as “refills.” Two – apart from their color scheme identical – “packs” were presented: *Little Red Riding Hood* and *Puss in Boots*; as were two “refills”: *Sleeping Beauty* and *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. This is a great, collectible paper toy, indeed, of which Olivier modestly said he had done “just the engineering of the framework of the theater with the stage, the interchangeable prosceniums, and the frames for the shadow-pictures to insert.”

He showed more (restrained) pride when he showed me his copy of this year's pop-up book: *Je Vous Écris de Versailles* (I'm writing you of Versailles) co-published by Casterman, Réunion des Musées Nationaux, and the Palais de Versailles. A sideways opening pop-up book of seven spreads, it shows the complex architecture of the Versailles palace and its gardens. Six different places within the palace and gardens, and as many essential moments of the life at the court in the times of the Sun King Louis XIV are well-documented, pictured, and described by a young man through pasted-in “hand written” letters to his family in the countryside. The book closes with a string, ending in a “royal” seal. Olivier told me he had done a lot of research to make sure that all the information and the architectural details of the pop-ups were historically correct. His only regret was the choice of the – rather laminated – paper that was used for the book.



*A la Mer*

So far our conversation focused on and included a presentation of the movable and pop-up books Olivier Charbonnel had done until now. When I asked what would be his dream for the future in regards to pop-up books, he answered without thinking: “Making a pop-up book without the interference of a publisher!” He explained that it was still difficult in France to work on your own project and to get it published. Mostly he was asked to do “some animation” for other people's books, something that he didn't like too much, and, as a result, mostly refused. Nevertheless, he is now in the lucky position of being able to spend about two thirds of his working time on movable and pop-up books. Plans for a new pop-up book have already been discussed with Casterman and

that book should be an international publication.

Asked if he thinks the climate for movable books in France is changing, since at the moment some people talk of a “new French school” of pop-up book designers, he replied that he doesn’t know if that is true. Since he has a studio in Paris in a building with the studios of some ten

other illustrators, he has a lot of contacts in that direction. But other French paper engineers had been unknown to him until November, 2007 when Jacques Desse and Thibaut Brunessaux organized their first “Salon du livre animé” (movable book fair, book signing party) at their *Boutique du livre animé*. Only there had he first met fellow engineers like Marion Bataille, Gérard Lo Monaco, Gaëlle Pelachaud, Jean-Charles Rousseau, and Philippe Huger. To



*Le Château des  
Rois et Reines*

already speak of a French school of paper engineering with its own characteristics, he thinks is premature.

Asked if there is any art or graphic design academy in France that has a course of pop-up design included in its program, he told me that he recently was invited to do a one-week workshop at the *École des Arts Décoratifs* in Strassburg and that it had been a success. But, he didn’t know of any regular opportunity to be educated in this field in France. I told him that the day before in Frankfurt I had seen an amazing new French pop-up book, *Popville*, published by Hélium, a new small publishing house in Paris apparently connected with the studio of Gérard Lo Monaco, and co-published in different European countries and the U.S. (Roaring Brook Press). It was designed by Anouck Boisrobert and Louis Rigaud, two young people who had just graduated from that very Strassburg school. Olivier said that he also had seen the book just that morning at the fair.

At the end of our conversation I had a surprise for Mr. Charbonnel. The day before we met, I had a meeting with the German paper engineer Antje von Stemm who also attended the Book Fair. When I told her that I would see Olivier Charbonnel the next day, she asked me to give him her card, onto which she wrote her mobile number, and urged me to make sure that he would call her for a meeting after my interview. She wanted to see him again; it had been so many years since they had last met and worked together at White Heat. So I gave Olivier Antje’s card and her message – and he, too, looked pleasantly surprised at the prospect of a reunion with her. The open look that had grown during our conversation changed again, I thought, into the dreamy look of our first meeting.

As a last question I asked Olivier if he had seen any remarkable new pop-up books at the fair that I too must see. He pointed to some nice, colorful pop-up books that he liked, seen at the Italian publisher D’Agostini by artists unknown to him. Finally, he presented me with a copy of the Dutch edition of his first movable book and signed it. He ended with the promise that by the time this article was published, all his movable books could be seen at his website [www.oliviercharbonnel.com](http://www.oliviercharbonnel.com), then still under construction. We exchanged cards and said goodbye.

When I walked to the stand of D’Agostini, I thought what a nice, friendly French paper engineer I had met. The bright and colorful Italian pop-up books proved to be the first results of the newly founded company of Agomas in which the illustrator Agostino Traini works with paper engineer, Massimo Missiroli, a fellow-member of The Movable Book Society. But that is another story.



*Pop-up Circus*

P.S. In a later mail Mr. Charbonnel told me that his meeting with Antje von Stemm that day had been a very pleasant reunion and had immediately resulted in a renewed collaboration: together the two will make a pop-up book to tie in with a children’s television series.

#### **Books by Olivier Charbonnel**

Olivier Charbonnel, *Don’t Do That!* Ills and paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. New York, Infinity Plus One, 2000. 1-58260-007-4.

Also published in Holland: *Doe dit nooit!* Amsterdam, Ploegsma, 1999. 90-216-1502-9; and in Japan by Dainihon Kaiga in Tokyo.

Ruth Hooper, *Whose Shoes are These?* Ills Sam Childs. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Amstelveen, Van der Meer Publishing, 2000. 1-902413-39-3.

Ruth Hooper, *Santa’s Factory*. Ills David Mostyn. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Amstelveen, Van der Meer Publishing, 2001. 1-902413-51-2.

Caroline Desnouëttes, *Où est-tu Monna?* [Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel]. Paris, Réunion des Musées Nationaux, 2006. 978-2-711-86042-6.

English edition: *Where are you, Mona?* Réunion des Musées Nationaux, 2006. 978-2-711-85178-2.

*Le Pop-Up de Fluide Glacial*. Various illustrators. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Paris, Editions Audie, 2006. 978-2-85815-457-9.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art - *Masks. Spectacular Masks to Pop-up, Pull Out, and Put On.* Design and paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel and Heather Simmons. New York, Dorling Kindersley, 1997. 0-7894-2454-1.



*Le Petit Théâtre d'ombres.*  
*Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*

Virginie Guérin, *Tambourin Fait Son Cirque. Livre Animé.* Ills Virginie Guérin. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Paris, Casterman, 2006. 978-2-203-13923-7.

Pittau & Gervais, *La Girafe. Un Livre Documentaire Animé.* Ills Pittau and Gervais. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel and Jane McTeigue. Paris, Seuil Jeunesse, 2006. 978-2-02-055178-6.

Pittau & Gervais, *Le Kangourou. Un Livre Documentaire Animé.* Ills Pittau and Gervais. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel and Jane McTeigue. Paris, Seuil Jeunesse, 2006. 978-2-02-055176-4.

Pittau & Gervais, *A la Mer.* Ills Pittau and Gervais. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Paris, Seuil Jeunesse, 2007. 978-2-02-063793-0.

Alex Sanders, *Le Château des Rois et des Reines.* Ills Alex Sanders. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Paris, Gallimard Jeunesse / Giboulées, 2007. 978-2-07-057808-5.

Virginie Guérin, *La Marmite de la Sorcière. Livre Animé.* Ills Virginie Guérin. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Paris, Casterman, 2007. 978-2-203-00677-5.

Lionel Koechlin, *Pop-up Circus.* Ills Lionel Koechlin. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Paris, Gallimard Jeunesse / Giboulées, 2008. 978-2-07-061982-5.

*Le Petit Théâtre d'ombres. Le Petit Chaperon Rouge.* Ills Volker Theinhardt. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Paris, Gallimard Jeunesse / Giboulées, 2009. 978-2-07-062826-1.

*Le Petit Théâtre d'ombres. Le Chat Botté.* Ills Volker Theinhardt. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Paris, Gallimard Jeunesse / Giboulées, 2009. 978-2-07-062827-8.

Marie Sellier, *Je Vous Écris de Versailles.* Ills Vincent Dutrait. Paper engineering by Olivier Charbonnel. Paris, Casterman / Réunion des Musées Nationaux / Palais de Versailles, 2009. 978-2-203-01978-2.

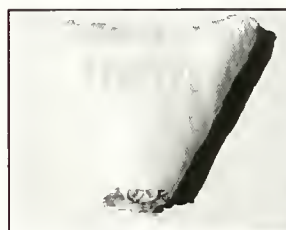
## Scissors: Pop-up A National Exhibition of Contemporary Movable and Handmade Books

Linda Godard  
Coral Springs, Florida

I laughed at Mick Wells' comment in the August edition of *Movable Stationery* when he said that "in a moment of as yet unexplained stupidity" he offered to send in a piece for the newsletter, because that's how I feel about this piece. During my visit with Ann this fall, she mentioned she wished she could attend the Scissors exhibit in St. Petersburg, Florida and wondered how far it was from my house (5 hours). Before I had time to remember how much easier it is for me to edit someone else's writing than to write my own article, I had committed to attend and then write about it.

The exhibit turned out to be a great excuse for me to go to St. Petersburg for the first time. The setting was perfect; a beautiful gallery on a quiet corner in a pretty part of downtown St. Petersburg, with early morning sun coming through the large windows. It was encouraging to see a few people already waiting for the doors to open on the Saturday morning I was there. I think the *St. Petersburg Times* art critic's positive review helped create interest in the exhibit. He described it as "all whimsy and charm... an elegant visual and kinetic tour of paper sculptures, mechanical marvels and the whimsical children's book."

I was immediately struck by the variety in both subject and medium, used to create the books. Many of them did not fit any definition of a traditional "book," and that's what made the exhibit so enjoyable. With so much visual texture and color everywhere, it was a terrific display of unique talents and visions.



*Secrets*

Much credit should go to the museum's curator, Elizabeth Kowzloski, for the stunning way she displayed the books. She told me how carefully she had decided which pages to show in each book, and which were her personal favorites. She also lent me a nice pair of white cotton gloves and allowed

me to help her remove the plastic covers protecting the books and to look completely through any that I wanted to see. Because the *Times* art critic had mentioned his frustration in not being able to open and read the books, I really felt privileged!

It was interesting hearing Elizabeth tell what she liked most about each one. One unusual book was Rosemarie Charlione's display of women's panties hanging on the wall. It was Elizabeth's idea to hang some of them on the wall because the actual book was enclosed in a big white diaper-

like cloth. According to Ms. Charlione, this book addresses the coming of age of a girl from an early age to a woman with hand-painted tattoo-like markings of text on panties... "the secrets in the underwear." Elizabeth told me that someone had come to the exhibit and wanted to buy the individual panties!



*Old Fear/New Fear*

One of the books I particularly enjoyed being able to handle, was another of Rosemarie Charlione's, entitled *Homelessness*. It was a very large book, consisting of drawings with indelible ink on clear Dura-Lar end sheets, with a hard bound cover of canvas stained with dirt and coffee grinds, covered with plastic. Ms. Charlione later wrote to me that she intended her

ink drawings of homeless individuals on transparent pages to "appear like a crowd in a mist. The images move creating a kinetic disappearing frenzy as each transparent page is turned," and that she intended for this book to "evoke reaction and interaction, making the art a conduit for social activism." My appreciation for the message was greatly increased by being able to turn each individual page and see how they built on each other. The whole book had a great feeling of motion.

Another notable book, one of the smallest in the exhibit, was made from porcelain and wound with beautiful beaded wire. The artist, Mary Klein said she was intrigued by the idea of participating in a book show simply because her medium is not really conducive to making books, since the enamel on copper that she works with is rigid. Thus, the book cannot be opened and the contents cannot be read. She said that the secrets contained in this display: *Ravings of a Gentle Woman II* will always remain "my" secrets. The viewer is free to speculate on just what those pages may contain, and the buyer is free to loosen the binding and take a look as the book falls into pieces and loose pages, or the buyer can choose to keep the secrets within the bindings and add more secrets of their own.

One of Martin Casuso's exhibits, *Old Fear/New Fear*, was a real teaser. It was made of printed Dymo labels rolled up and put in tiny acrylic boxes, which were stacked on top of each other. For those who couldn't handle the individual labels and roll them out like I was able to do, all they could see were the first words from the beginning of each roll, such as: "Stopping on an empty stretch of desert highway," or "feeling very vulnerable," or "outside your oasis of a car."

I was drawn to nostalgic mediums in the exhibit, as well

as the neat, tidy, symmetrical books, and Mr. Casuso's book, *Drive*, made from vintage postcards, paper, Dymo-lettering, old map, and vinyl wallpaper was one of those, made so much more enjoyable when I was able to look at each page.

Another nostalgic medium was in Patrick Lindhardt's book, *Mapscapes* (monotype artists' book) It was made from old maps. My favorite title from a purely nostalgic view was Neverne Covington's *My Mother Told Me to Pick the Very Best One and...* made from report card grading systems: leather, chads, and rice paper. I wonder if anyone was able to read that title without finishing it in their minds; "...and it is not you!" I remember that phrase from a childhood chant and was drawn to the title as well as the old familiar report cards — looking at them I was instantly back in third grade in my mind. I'm sure anyone who saw it could relate to the medium.

Ruth Pettis had six very large books of *William Shakespeare's Sonnets* done in acrylic inks and watercolor on bark paper. They were displayed beautifully on the wall. The size difference between them and Mary Klein's tiny porcelain book, was representative of the varied messages and mediums throughout the exhibit.

If you review volume 15 of *Movable Stationery*, you will recall Kyle Olmon's article "The Next Generation of Pop-up Artists: Shawn Sheehy." The article has great pictures Shawn's book: *Beyond the 6<sup>th</sup> Extinction: A Fifth Millennium Bestiary*. I enjoyed being able to see all of the pages for myself at this exhibit, as an onlooker watched in apparent envy. The book is striking with its clean lines, color palette and subject matter.

It was interesting to see how many artists had contributed more than one book and how much variety there was even within each artist's contributions. Ms. Kowzloski expressed her delight in the fact that fifty artists had contributed between them, over 100 pieces. I left with a great appreciation for an interesting and thoughtfully presented exhibit- fun, serious, and thought provoking. It was clear that each artist had tremendous passion, not only for the subject matter they chose, but also for the medium they used. It was wonderful to see such varied and vivid expressions. Book artistry is alive and well.

### **Fold, Pull, Pop and Turn Books that Move**

Smithsonian Libraries Exhibition Gallery  
in the National Museum of American History  
Washington, D.C.

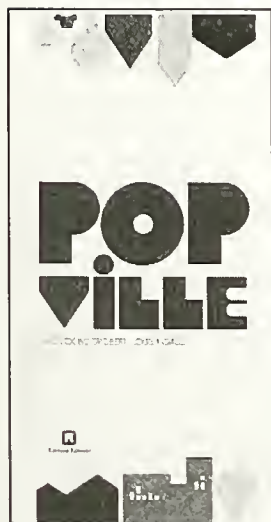
May 2010 - April 2011

## 2<sup>ème</sup> Salon du Livre Animé

Theo Gielen  
The Netherlands

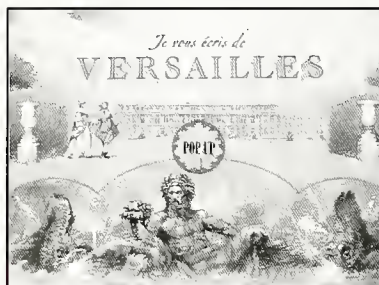
On December 3, 2009 the Boutique du livre animé – in collaboration with the French pop-up site *livresanime.com* – organized the 2<sup>nd</sup> Movable Book Fair at their premises in Paris. For the second year in succession Thibaut Brunessaux and Jacques Desse offered collectors, and other interested buyers, the opportunity to meet the “fine fleur” of current French paper engineers and to buy their signed pop-up Christmas presents. Where last year at the first Salon only six of the paper engineers were present, now a full crew of nearly everyone active in paper engineering in France put in an appearance to show their recently-published books, to sign and dedicate the purchases, to show off with not (yet) published projects, and to meet the fans. People were queuing around the corner before the Salon opened at 6:00 p.m., eager not to miss any moment of the happening and to be first to purchase copies.

Gérard Lo Monaco, the Nestor of the troupe – both in age and in engineering experience – signed lots of copies of his pop-up edition of Saint-Exupéry’s *The Little Prince*, just published in various languages worldwide. With its complete text of the original book, it is the most elaborate pop-up book ever, for sure. He sold out all of the copies available that night, which also proved to be the last copies of the first edition! Gérard also showed dummies of future projects, a new pop-up edition of *Moby Dick* and *L’Homme qui Plantait des Arbres* (The man who planted trees), a cult eco-fable with two pop-ups, at the beginning and the end. Lo Monaco was accompanied by the young paper engineer Bernard Duisit who works at his studio – and who, by the way, is thanked in the *Pop-up Little Prince* “for the lesson on paper-engineering” he apparently gave to the old(er) master! He proved to be a nice, interesting man who showed some very attractive dummies of hitherto unpublished work. Mind his name!



It is no wonder that the new pop-up book by Jean-Charles Rousseau was very popular as well. His *Tout Toutou* is a cute, humorous book on various kinds of dogs and sold out, as well, within a couple of hours. As did the complete stock of *Popville*, the wordless pop-up book published by Hélium, a small new publishing house related to the Lo Monaco studio. It is the first work by two young men (both born in 1985) and, in this company, rather timid artists, Anouck Boisrobert and Louis Rigaud. Both just graduated from the École Supérieure des Arts

Décoratifs in Strassburg. The book was co-published in various languages and seems to equal the success of last year’s *ABC3D* by Marion Bataille (who attended the party but didn’t yet have anything new to share). They also showed the first paper artwork of a pop-up book scheduled to come out next year.



*Je Vous Écris de Versailles*

Jean-Charles Trebbi was another young paper engineer who caught the attention of the public with a giant pop-up book, a shadow theater, and five or six beautifully designed but unpublished books that he assembles/realizes on demand. His is also a name to be

remembered. Already better known is Olivier Charbonnel. He took part last year and now this year had come to promote his new pop-up book on the architecture of and the life at the famous palace of the Sun King: *Je Vous Écris de Versailles*. He also showed a colorful series of shadow theater-packs *Le Petit Théâtre D’ombres* that he engineered.

Star of the evening, however, was the voluminous new pop-up book *Jeux T’aime*, published by Tana in Paris. The title is quite difficult to translate since it is a combination of “jeux”(games) and “je t’aime” (I love you), but illustrated with slightly erotic contents is a magnificent pop-up extravaganza – only for adults and collectors. In a lace-like(!), finely detailed, laser-cut dust jacket, it contains five quite different spreads illustrated by eight female illustrators.

It has rather complexly-engineered mechanicals by Camille Baladi (currently a very prolific paper engineer in France) and Arnaud Roi (both from the studio Upupud3D in Toulouse) and Eric Singélin, another young paper engineer who attended the show. A variety of mechanisms is included in this book: large scenes of complex pop-ups, flaps (with hidden small pop-ups), gatefolds, pull-tabs, a wheel, a peepshow, elastic bands - the



*Jeux T’aime*

whole range of diverse techniques seems present. The public was greatly enthused about this book and queued up to get their copy for the asking price of a mere £39.90, and to get it signed by one of the artists involved. The enthusiastic members of the team who did attend, told me that they hope to shortly do a second edition, correcting some mistakes made in the first edition, and augmented with another spread.

The phenomenon of movable and three-dimensional artists’ books, popular in France for a long time, was



represented this night by the “house-artist” of the Boutique du livre animé, Philippe Huger, aka UG, who offered both *Trésor*, the second part of a triptych entitled *Les Croisés* (The crusades), that was published in September in a limited edition of 100 numbered copies and exclusively available at the Boutique; and the third part of this triptych: *Œuvre* launched that very night. (The first part, *Armure*, was published in June and has already sold out.) UG also showed another wonder of cut-out paper artwork that will be published shortly in a limited edition of only 15 copies.

Gaëlle Pellachaud presented some new artists’ books as well. They are very well-balanced and elegant works of (paper) art with designs based on photographs. And of course, Tom de Pékin, whose exhibition in the Boutique du livre animé was still on view at the time, was there to sign his *Gorgeous Boys!* This book, claimed to be the first ever gay pop-up book, was engineered by Philippe Huger and was published in a limited edition (250 numbered copies). It was presented only two weeks before in these very rooms.



As said, a lot of people took the opportunity to attend this event: over 400 were counted by the organizers, double last year’s number. The attendees were, in general, (upper) middle-class and rather high-brow people; no families with children were seen. There was a pleasant atmosphere, with clearly many new contacts and encounters, and sales were above expectation. People were surprised and impressed by the variety and the quality of the books offered for sale and the unpublished materials showed by the artists.

Among the visitors were several people from the main French publishing houses. Recognized, for instance, were Anne de Bouchony (Gallimard Jeunesse), Patrick Couratin (Crapule Productions), and Brigitte Morel, who just founded her own publishing house, but was before, the assistant of the famous Monsieur Binstock, director of the house of Du Seuil in its heyday, and the first one to publish Robert Sabuda in France. Also spotted were some people from the library of the city of Toulouse who are preparing four exhibitions of movable and pop-up books - the main one focused on the work of Philippe Huger - to be held simultaneously in October 2010. Several journalists attended the presentation and were enthusiastic about what they saw and heard. This resulted in a positive broadcast program on the event.

The paper engineers and other artists literally signed every second from 6:00 until 9:00 p.m., though it has been said that they took five or ten minutes for every inscription,

often adding a drawing, a collage, or a small pop-up element to their dedication. They are not yet spoiled by public attention for their work in France! In the end, they all were enchanting, indeed.



*Gorgeous Boys!*

The organizers, Jacques and Thibaut, raved about the success of the evening, and were very, very satisfied. The Salon proved to be a great marketing tool to promote movable books in Paris. But they were also a bit worried about the huge number of visitors that had reached, or even surpassed the reception capacity of their premises. They will have to think of larger rooms for next year, and a longer duration for the fair. What a luxurious problem, “Gorgeous Boys!”

Pictures of the Salon can be seen at [boutiquedulivreanime.blogspot.com/](http://boutiquedulivreanime.blogspot.com/) and some of the published pop-up books are nicely pictured (and reviewed in French) at [www.livresanimés.com](http://www.livresanimés.com).

### Going West

A New Zealand Book Council film, using paper craft animation to promote books and reading, has become a YouTube hit. It is a paper cut animation of Maurice Gee’s novel *Going West*.

The film was produced for the Book Council by Colenso BBDO, who worked with Andersen M Studios in London. They developed a concept that would show Gee’s classic New Zealand novel coming to life through hand cut pop-up scenery springing up from the pages. What resulted was eight months of hard work and intricate paper cutting to create the two minute film, which can be viewed on YouTube at <http://bit.ly/k0IQE>. “The idea that lies at the center of this project is that reading is an activity that surprises, delights, challenges, and ignites the imagination. We wanted to grab people’s attention for just one moment in the hurly burly world of modern media and direct them to the adventure that can be had in one’s own head at the flick of a page.” Book Council executives created something that achieved that and more by literally bringing the book itself to life.

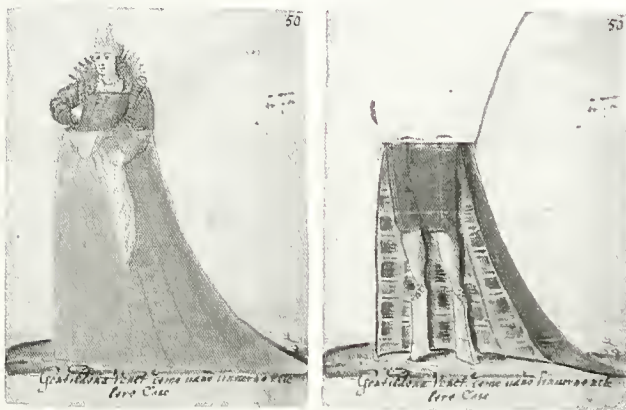
Everything in the film is made by hand. “The piece is a result of plenty of scalpel blades, paper, and a lot of preparation and patience.” In preparation for the film the artists researched New Zealand extensively. They found the visceral language and detailed descriptions of scenery in *Going West* particularly helpful in creating the three-dimensional scenes in the film.

## A Naughty Movable 16<sup>th</sup> Century Book

Kees Keijzer  
The Netherlands

In Nijmegen, The Netherlands, from October 10, 2009 to January 3, 2010, there was an exhibition of one of the most famous breviaries (getijdeboeken) of the Middle Ages: the breviary of Katherina van Kleef, made in about 1443. Because of the restoration of this dear manuscript, it was possible to see many of the separate pages. My wife Gemma and I and our friends Kees Moerbeek and Carla Dijks, who are living in Nijmegen, enjoyed the very small, beautiful, precise miniatures with religious scenes, showing in the world of the 15th century.

*Kuustschrift* is an art magazine in The Netherlands that comes out six times a year. Each issue covers one subject, usually about a big exhibition or a subject related to such an exhibition. The October-November issue was about "The world of Katherina van Kleef." Because of the detailed illustrations in the breviary, you get a good view of the clothes and shoes of the people in those days. One chapter of the magazine was titled "Langer, hoger, breder, Schoenen in de late middeleeuwen" (Longer, higher, broader, shoes in the late Middle Ages).

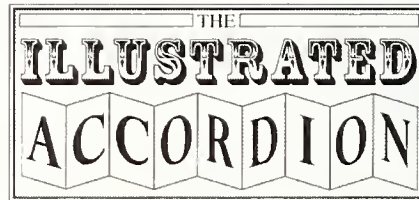


In those days people used wooden soles "trips" under their shoes because of mud in the streets. They also used chopines (*zoccioli* in Italian), enormous wooden soles like stilts, sometimes with a height of 50 cm. The purpose of the high-soled shoes was also to make the bearer look taller and to give them a special social status. In the magazine, on page 33, they showed a picture - a movable one - of another book: *Varij Vestitus in Pecturis Praesertim Venetianorum et Quorundam Italarum* (1589) by Pietro Bertelli with a drawing of a Venetian courtesan. You can lift up the lower half part of her dress so you can see her underwear and her chopines. When a person walked in the streets on chopines two people were needed - one on either side - to prevent the walker from falling. Because of the fact that other - "distinguished" - women in Venice also

started to use *zoccioli*, in 1430 it was forbidden by law for women to use high *zoccioli*. Shoemakers risked a monetary fine or prison if they sold shoes with soles higher than 10 cm. But the drawing by Bertelli shows us that it was easy to hide the *zoccioli* under the dress.

The Victoria and Albert Museum in London (<http://aands.org/raisedheels/Pictorial/illustrations.html>) has two black-and-white engravings of a Venetian courtesan by Bertelli, one with her skirt on and another in breeches and *zoccioli* (but without a movable flap). They are also dated 1589, but the clothes and the attitude of the woman in London are a little different when compared with the picture in *Kuustschrift*.

I didn't know of this old movable picture. Are there any movable book collectors who know something about the other pictures in this book by Bertelli? Are they movable? This is picture number 50. Is it the fiftieth picture in the book or is it page 50? If you know, please contact me: [keijzer.c@wxs.nl](mailto:keijzer.c@wxs.nl).



The Kalamazoo Book Arts Center (KBAC) announces a call to artists for the non-juried exhibition "The Illustrated Accordion," which will be held in the KBAC Gallery, April 2-30, 2010. Open to all emerging and established artists, this 2<sup>nd</sup> annual exhibition focuses on books created in the accordion form. All media, variations, and interpretations of this style of book will be accepted and included in the exhibition. There is no charge to participate. Artists are limited to one entry for the exhibit. Books must be received by Friday, March 26 at 5:00 p.m. Books should be hand delivered or mailed in a padded envelope to the KBAC:

Kalamazoo Book Arts Center  
326 W. Kalamazoo Avenue, Suite 103A  
Kalamazoo, MI 49007

For more information call the KBAC Gallery at 269-373-4938 or email [info@kalbookarts.org](mailto:info@kalbookarts.org).

### Catalogs Received

Aleph-Bet Books. *Catalogue 93*. 85 Old Mill River Rd. Pound Ridge, NY 10576. [helen@alephbet.com](mailto:helen@alephbet.com). <http://www.alephbet.com>.

## Poppits

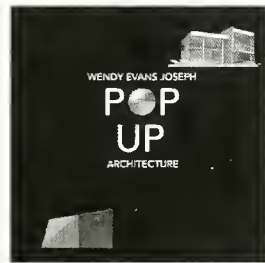
Ellen G.K. Rubin  
Scarsdale, New York

Note: The Popuplady is not responsible for ads before and after some of these videos. We all have fast-forwards anyway.

If you are sending long URLs or listing them in a bibliography, there is a way to shorten the URLs. Go to: <http://bit.ly/> and put in the long URL; the website will give you a shorter one. Most of the URLs below reflect the bit.ly shortening.

I'm sure most of you collectors are familiar with the work of Robert Crowther. I had the pleasure—along with Theo Gielen—of meeting Crowther in London at the October '09 meeting of the Children's Books History Society. A review of the meeting should be ready for the next newsletter. Crowther was warm and engaging and conducted a brief workshop. Here is his website: <http://bit.ly/5fPm7q>.

On October 21, 2009, an unconventional monograph in the form of a pop-up book was presented: *Wendy Evans Joseph POP UP Architecture* (ISBN 978-1-59591-060-8). The full-color, large format book features projects of this New York architect - not in the usual way of a volume of photographs into which architects typically gather their work, but in a way that “represents” the buildings in 3-D models rather than merely to depict them. The paper engineering for Melcher Media Inc., was done by Dutch engineer Kees Moerbeek. The result is a boxed, massive, and precious trade card. A video of the book can be seen at <http://bit.ly/4wOZx3>.



Wendy Evans Joseph  
Pop Up Architecture

A city built of paper...lit up! Don't miss this! <http://bit.ly/a8nU>.

A preview of the one-hour documentary *Between the Folds* can be seen at <http://www.greenfusefilms.com/>. It uses origami as a metaphor to explore the intersections of art and science. Movable Book Society member Sally Rosenthal was the Executive Producer.

Why am I including this? Because you have to see this demonstration of “artificial intelligence” then try to imagine it made of paper. The creator calls these “creatures” Animalus. <http://bit.ly/2p3mt>.

These popables take paper engineering to another level. Talk about adding bells and whistles! <http://bit.ly/3Ve6IZ>.

There have been raves for Bruce Foster's *Wow! The Pop-up Book of Sports!* Here is an interview with the *Los Angeles Times* covering how he made the pop-ups from *Sports Illustrated's* photographs: <http://bit.ly/10A1Br>.

Those who know paper engineer Andy Baron, know he is, to say the least, his abilities and collections. He recently was part of a PBS History Detective show. He provided the theremin used on it and, you can be sure, other expertise. <http://bit.ly/6tloWe>.

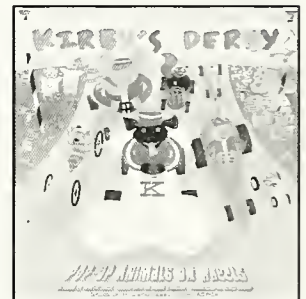
English pop-up artist Paul Johnson will be in New York at the end of April en route to teaching in Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., and Boston. He will give a talk “A suitcase full of Pop-up books” at the New York Center for Book Arts. Check their website for the date as well as other events <http://www.centerforbookarts.org>.

### For a laugh:

Remember the Will Farrell Bush impersonation with the pop-up book? [You'll find it on the [www.popuplady.com](http://www.popuplady.com) links page.] Hear Bush himself refer to pop-ups. <http://bit.ly/6ub9oH>

### Exhibits:

“The Wonderful World of Pop-ups from the collection of Carolyn S. Hughes” will feature more than 100 books on display at the Cincinnati Public Library Rare Book Department from April - June, 2010. The library is located at 800 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Bruce Foster is a guest of the library and following a reception on Sunday, April 11 at 1:30 he will give a talk, a demonstration, and sign books.



*Kirby's Derby.*  
Engineered by Bruce Foster

Check out the Getty Museum exhibit on-line, or if you are really lucky, get to see it. “Migrations of the Mind: Manuscripts from the Lawrence J. Schoenberg Collection,” November 17, 2009 - April 18, 2010, <http://bit.ly/6pSt3H>. Be sure to scroll down to the revolving wheels from a Spanish book, *De Zifras* (On ciphers), ca. 1600. Enlarge the image for more information.

Osborne Library exhibit-Toronto. This exhibit, “When Cinderella Went to the Ball: Five Hundred Years of Fairy Tales,” is now over but the website is loaded with information and images worth seeing. <http://bit.ly/79QHyb>. A 90-page exhibit catalog was prepared by Martha Scott to accompany this exhibit of materials at the Toronto Public Library's Osborne Collection of Early Children's Books. The exhibit was held in 2009. The catalog includes 16 movable books.



**The Movable Book Society  
Conference  
September 23 - 25, 2010**

**Portland, Oregon**

**Hilton Portland & Executive Tower**

**For complete information:  
movablebooksociety.org**

*Handmade Paper in Motion* is the ninth in a series of distinctive portfolios of handmade papers. “This extraordinary assortment of collaborative artwork, fourteen pieces by twenty-seven artists, features pop-ups, movable devices, and other forms of dynamic paper engineering. The motion and imagery is enhanced physically and conceptually by the use of handmade paper designed and made specifically for each edition.

“The movable elements are as captivating as an African mask or a working sundial, as intriguing as a sealed packet or a ‘magic window’ into plant fiber mysteries, as surprising as a spilled ink bottle or a jar of snakes! Imaging techniques include suminagashi marbling, woodcut, linocut, letterpress, *pochoir*, pulp painting, and screen print. The paper is enhanced with watermarks, natural inclusions, double couching, multi-colored pulps, and other innovative methods. The artists incorporate a wide variety of the paper fibers. Some are utilitarian and traditional such as cotton, abaca, and flax; others are more unusual such as yucca, ginkgo, and bamboo.”

A custom-made clamshell box houses the work, each in a protective folder imprinted with the artists’ names. A hand bound booklet contains statements from each artist and a commissioned essay by Ann Montanaro.

Many members of The Movable Book Society are participating in the production of this portfolio. The paper and pop-up artists, both juried and invited, are: Richard Aldorasi and Colette Fu; Tom Balbo and Michael Durgin; Michelle Bayer and Kyle Olmon; Rachele Chuang and Joan Michaels Paque; Helen Hiebert and Betsy Cluff; Amy Jacobs and Philip Bell; Jeanne Jaffe and Hedi Kyle; Tom Leech and Sally Blakemore; Bridget O’Malley and Emily Martin; Margaret Prentice and Ed Hutchins; Winnie Radolan and Pamela Wood; Erin Robin and Mary Tasillo; Shawn Sheehy, Lynn Sures, and Carol Barton. The portfolio is designed by Steve Miller and edited by Mina Takahashi.

The edition is limited to 150 copies. All proceeds benefit Hand Papermaking, Inc., a non-profit organization dedicated to advancing traditional and contemporary ideas in the art of hand papermaking. Request further information or place your order by writing or calling: Hand Papermaking, PO Box 1070, Beltsville, MD 20704, 800-821-6604 or 301-220-2393, [info@handpapermaking.org](mailto:info@handpapermaking.org).

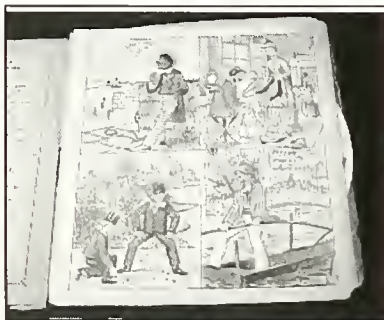
Pre-Publication Price: \$395 until June 30, 2010; \$495 thereafter. Add \$15 for insured shipping in the US. Add \$35 for airmail delivery outside the US. Visa and Mastercard are accepted.

**Questions and Answers**

**Q.** Do any other members collect vehicle related pop-ups and movables? Some of the items in my collection include a 1950 and 1954 Chevrolet, a 1989 Corvette, a 1937 Ford, a 1954 Mercury, a 1938 Pontiac, a 1951 Plymouth, and a 1994 Chrysler mini van sales book. I would like to find someone else with a similar interest.

Ray Geweke  
Sherwood, Wisconsin

**Q.** I recently purchased *Funny Faces: A Revolving Picture Book for Young People*, an English-language movable, printed in Germany. The No.530 appears on the bottom left with, I assume, the



*Funny Faces*

publisher’s mark, SC or CS, intertwined. On each page, divided into four parts, is a die-cut hole for a face. A wheel that extends slightly past the book edge provides nine faces for each person in a quadrant. Can anyone tell me the publisher and possibly the date? It looks to me like 1890s.

Ellen Rubin

Father was always independently minded, so after ten years he decided to leave the ministry. He pulled up stakes and headed back to California, settling in the San Francisco peninsular area, near San Bruno. That would be in 1932.

Father decided to go into insurance, which suited him fine – more or less like having his own business. Mind you, it wasn't the best timing in the middle of the Depression for him to be starting this new life! We certainly knew all about the hardships of those times. We never actually went hungry, but money was rather scarce and I had to do paper and magazine rounds to contribute to family funds. I remember that it brought in \$18 a month, which was quite an important amount then. In fact, I wasn't able to go in for sports in high school because of my rounds until I got into the final year. By that time, I got weekend work caddying at the golf course which made it possible for me to play football and tennis at school.

In fact, I had been delivering magazines to earn a few bucks since early days in Salt Lake City – probably from the age of about eight. That's how most magazines were sold in those days – *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Liberty*, and so on – delivered door-to-door. So you could say that I had experience on the fringes of publishing from an early age!

With hindsight I suppose there were several indications at about that time of the direction I was moving. Like many other kids I joined the Boy Scouts and eventually became leader of a patrol. I got access to one of those early duplicating devices and wrote news items on a carbon sheet then ran off pages to make our own little magazine. Then, when I was twelve, I went off to San Bruno High School. I originally signed up for a college preparatory course, but my father also wanted me to have some practical accomplishments, so I took typing and one period in the school print shop. Now the teacher in charge of this department took the view that pupils who enrolled for only one lesson a week were just trying to goof it – had no interest in printing whatsoever. So I had minimal instruction and really nothing constructive to do. So I decided to start a freshmen's news sheet...using the equipment to put out a weekly student paper. Also, when I was a little older, I did some freelance writing for a local paper in San Bruno.

Up to that time I'd thought myself pretty smart in the classroom but, for my final year, I switched to San Mateo Junior College near Hillsborough and Bel Air – you know, an up-market neighborhood. Suddenly I found I was the dumbest guy in the class! Not only that, the girls wouldn't talk to me because I seemed unsophisticated, didn't wear gabardine slacks, hadn't a car. I didn't like that so I said to myself: "I'm going to make myself so important." Maybe I did wear jeans and maybe I did wear dad's cast-off shirts with frayed sleeves – but I knew I was smart enough.

I planned what I was going to do. I became secretary of the Boys' Club; then President of the International Club – the college history society. I marched in the school band and even played flute (which I didn't like much because it didn't seem sufficiently manly!) Because of my paper rounds I hadn't participated in serious sports up until then but now – in my final year – I wanted to make a mark. I had always followed the football teams: now I determined to play. I only weighed 140 pounds. Very small, they called me "The Mighty Midget!" But I managed to gain confidence. I became a football hero and eventually was elected student body president. I achieved my aims so there wasn't anyone who could snub me then!

Even at that stage I was beginning to show signs of entrepreneurial flair. There was a radio station in Oakland, California – across the Bay – that all the high school and junior college kids listened to. A sixteen year-old friend called John McNaughton and I hired the Devonshire Country Club to promote dances that we advertised for them on Radio Oakland. They proved a great success. Then we started acting as booking agents for the four or five swing and dance bands operating in the peninsular area. We organized their engagements, fixed dates, made sure they stayed busy. A college would need a dance band for their "spring folly." We would offer promoters several options – maybe even arrange auditions. Then when everything was confirmed, we'd expect 10% of the taking as our commission.

Perhaps it was a bit audacious of us? I guess I was about nineteen and John was still in high school, two or three years younger. Anyway, the experience stood us in good stead when, years later, we both set up an advertising agency together in Los Angeles, and he has remained a firm friend ever since – he is still on my board of directors at Intervisual Books. even now.

I guess that was when I got into the way of making things happen, rather than letting things happen to me. That's when I built the confidence to do what I did in the Army and later when I started in advertising and so on.

Anyway, I graduated from junior college in 1940 or '41. For a brief period after that I worked as a mailing clerk but my first proper job was with a company called Ital McCulloch. My sister's husband worked for them and it was through him that I was lucky enough to get a post working in the Chemical Department. The firm manufactured radar tubes that were

then becoming very important because of the war in Europe. I had no special training. I started on the shop floor but fairly soon was promoted to supervisor. It was during this period that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and then America really was in the war. It became a boom business. No one had any experience, we were all learning on the job. Eventually I became foreman of the Chemicals Department with about sixty people working under me. Because of the importance of this work as part of the war effort, I was deferred from military service and didn't get drafted until 1944.

Radar tubes are similar to tv tubes except they are more sensitive; very intricate. Platinum is a vital element. This had to be welded with copper but then removed before going into the vacuum; otherwise the copper would destroy the tubes. It had to be burnt off with chemicals. We handled deadly materials; acids that had to be stored in wax containers because they would burn through anything else.

Perhaps because of my previous experience producing student newspapers and as a freelance journalist, I was also asked to start the company's house journal. On top of my regular monthly salary of \$275, I was paid an extra \$100 for producing a twenty-four-page weekly pictorial magazine - \$4,500 a year was a lot of money for a young man to be earning in 1943. When I eventually joined the Army it was at \$15 a week, initially!

The magazine was produced mainly to keep all employees informed about what was happening at the plant. But we also sent free copies to personnel who had left to join the forces, as well as husbands and boy friends of factory workers as a way of keeping everyone in touch. Then, when I joined up too, that magazine followed me to all my postings wherever I was stationed. It created a marvelous bond, which still exists – only last year I attended a reunion of people who worked at Ital McCulloch's during the '40s.

The war continued. The company expanded. When I joined there were 300 working at the plant; by the time I left three years later this had grown to 3,000. At twenty-three I got married to a colleague at the factory, but not long afterwards I was drafted into the Army – the government didn't allow unlimited deferment but, in any case, I was anxious to join up like all my friends had done earlier. Looking back, I'm glad I was conscripted in time to get seven months of combat: to have the satisfaction of having participated.

I was drafted into the Army as a private in the Infantry and undertook seventeen weeks of basic training at Camp Roberts, California. I was actually inducted at Monterey – that's where I received my uniform. Afterwards I went on to Camp Campbell in Tennessee where I joined the 14<sup>th</sup> Armored Division – training to use tanks and half-track vehicles. We were there about two months and were then sent to New York for embarkation to Marseilles and the war.

This was in October 1943 after the D-Day landings in Normandy. General Patch took the 7<sup>th</sup> Army through Marseilles. We went through the Vosges Mountains and up into Alsace where we ran into the German army. We penetrated Germany in December of '43... on Christmas Eve. The Bulge was taking place up north and there was a minor bulge in the south where we were fighting. There was some pretty intensive action. I often think I must lead a charmed life because I was never wounded, though I had several narrow escapes. After my first thirty days of combat I was promoted from private to sergeant and then, in April '45, after the bulge, when we were preparing for the final assault, I was given a battlefield commission; was moved up to second lieutenant. By the time the war ended, we had just encircled Munich and were heading towards Berchtesgaden on the Austrian border – Hitler's former hideout.

With the conflict in Europe over, most of my long-serving fellow officers were sent back to America because, at that point, it was assumed that they would be needed for the invasion of Japan. But, because I had been on active service for only six or seven months, and an officer for even less, I was asked to stay on as part of the Occupying Forces until February 1947. The same applied to all the others who had been conscripted late in the war who had made commissioned rank. As it turned out, I didn't regret it, for this proved a marvelous experience. With all the senior staff officers gone, who was left to take charge? To my surprise I ended up running an engineering regiment without knowing a thing about engineering! That was the 4<sup>th</sup> Armored Division based in Regensburg. Then I was selected to be an Assistant Trial Judge Advocate and transferred to Nürnberg where the war crimes trials were just beginning. The Trial Judge Advocate is the prosecuting attorney of the division, representing both GIs and civilians working on U.S. bases at trials that could involve murder, larceny, and a whole range of other serious crimes. So there I was, a twenty-five year old with no legal or courtroom experience whatsoever, helping to prosecute murderers!

The Army set up something called the Information and Education Program (I&E for short) to provide vocational training courses. They set up a center in Shrivenham, near Swindon in Wiltshire, England and brought over university staff and other specialists to act as tutors. I applied, never imagining that I would be eligible, but one morning, when I came down to the

mess, they announced: “Hey... you’ve been selected!” So, off I went – it was my first visit to the U.K. – for a six week course studying journalism; learning to be a reporter and how to edit. I enjoyed it immensely.

Returning to Germany, I was first posted to an engineering regiment at Gröningen near Stuttgart, based at the Märkln train factory. Soon after that I got what many would consider the best job in the Army. I was made the Post Exchange Commissary Officer for the whole military area between Stuttgart and Munich that included the towns of Schwäbisch, Göppingen, Ulm, and so on – a huge patch. I was in complete charge of warehouses packed with cigarettes, perfume, watches, silk stockings, candy bars – everything GIs needed but couldn’t get in war-torn Bavaria. The job not only consisted of receiving and storing such goods arriving from the U.S. but setting up and supervising the retail outlets – Post Exchanges as they were called.

By this time the Army was also bringing over the families of those serving overseas, so my wife joined me, and they even shipped over my Chevrolet convertible...so for a while I had at my disposal a Mercedes coupe, a Jeep, and my own Chevrolet convertible! Naturally we were provided with accommodation appropriate to my new status and the staff to run it; we had a hausmeister who took care of the boiler and garden plus a maid for general housework. Of course, I haven’t enjoyed such indulgences since – though I do still run a Mercedes!

The Post Exchanges were like subsidized department stores within the Army camps. Soldiers could go there anytime to buy packs of cigarettes for \$1, Chanel No 5 perfume for \$5, and Swiss watches for a little more. I set up a couple of ice-cream plants to supply the stores and provided beauty shops, barbers, bakeries...everything needed to service the American community. I was even responsible for some establishments off the bases – for instance, I set up a couple of snack bars on the autobahns. I remember that one was called “Jabba Junction” that remained for twenty years after the war. And there are *still* two gasoline stations on the autobahns near Stuttgart and Munich that I first set up in 1947.

All this was, of course, wonderful experience for a young man and I relished having the responsibility. Obviously, handling such quantities of expensive goods, in a country that had been completely devastated by the war – most of the citizens were nearly starving – presented constant temptation. With all that wealth in one’s control, all that power, it would probably have been easy to exploit things to my own advantage. Schwäbisch Gmünd was nearby and was the silver center of Germany. But I was young and idealistic, so I guess my attitude was honorable when I said to myself: “I’m quite smart enough to make it without having to be dishonest.”

I’d like to think I was perceived as being absolutely straight, but it may not always have been 100% true. The Post Exchange was a commercial venture, though obviously it wasn’t run for profit. Mind you, the authorities didn’t expect it to make a loss either. Anyway, we had accounting procedures and there was a 1% allowance for “wastage.” At Göppingen I had some real problems; a convoy would come down carrying a consignment of cigarettes and a truck would get a flat tire. By the time it had been fixed, most of the cargo was gone! Just before I arrived at the compound there was another incident; some of the soldiers had rioted in the canteen and thrown all the provisions out of the windows. Their buddies outside collected it up and ran off with it all. So you see, it was a real challenge.

What I had to do – and fast – was develop a strict inventory control system and then make sure it worked. American soldiers were supervising German civilian personnel, most of whom were very, very poor. Opportunities for pilfering were rife. So I had to figure out how to run things without anyone getting court marshaled and sent to prison because of missing supplies. It wasn’t easy. One time I had to persuade the camp doctor to condemn 50,000 candy bars that had gone bad. We had to destroy the lot! Of course we didn’t really; it was just a ruse to cover a deficit that couldn’t be accounted for in any other way. We only did that once. On the whole, things worked out well – at the end I got a letter of commendation from the Quarter Master General. It wasn’t an easy job but it was one that tested my resources – it was a marvelous preparation for the challenges to come.

I got back home in 1947. Meanwhile, the firm I’d worked for in San Bruno – Ital McCulloch – had diversified. They were still making radar equipment, of course, though now for peacetime applications. But they were looking for areas to expand that were more consumer-orientated. They developed the first FM radio station in northern California and I was offered the chance to be one of its disc jockeys. They hadn’t actually been waiting for my return but it was, no doubt, remembered that I had started the company’s house magazine (which had won many awards) and also run its social activities. So, when they realized I had a good speaking voice and quite a lot of background experience, I guess they thought I was right for the job. Anyway, being a disc jockey wasn’t onerous at all! At first it was kind of fun saying: “And now we’re going to hear Carmen Miranda sing “Down Mexico Way” or: “Here’s Stan Kenton and his band playing ‘Peanut Vendor.’” But as time went on my mind was drifting from the records somewhere else. Frankly, I wasn’t very good at producing an endless stream of inconsequential chat so, at the end of the year – by mutual agreement – it was decided I should move on.

For three semesters I attended Stanford University but I guess by that time I was really too experienced to settle down as a student again. It would have needed three more years to graduate, so I decided that I'd already lost so much time because of the Army I'd be better off starting in business.

Advertising had always intrigued me. My friend from the old days, John McNaughton, had served in the Navy but on demobilization had gone to work for the big advertising agency J. Walter Thompson in Los Angeles. We'd kept in touch throughout the war and eventually I decided to move down to join him there so that the two of us could set up an advertising agency of our own. I suppose it was a bit audacious; he had had some experience in that field but not much; for me, it was a completely new departure. But, both of us had worked together in the past and both of us had that strong entrepreneurial flair.

So we set up our agency. It was a really hard struggle at first. There was a lot of competition in LA, but there would have been even more if we had decided to do it in San Francisco. That was the reason I went south. San Francisco was – and still is, of course – a big financial center. Los Angeles was just a pueblo when San Francisco was already an established city, but being so well established made it a tougher place to break into. LA was – still is – a place for entrepreneurs. But you don't just walk in and get the Standard Oil account!

To survive, we had to accept any work that was going. I remember that I got an account from a barbeque fast food restaurant somewhere in downtown LA. TV was in its infancy at that stage, but I'd managed to fix a deal with a local station called KCOP. Once a week I'd go and collect a barbequed chicken and rush it to the studio for a presenter called Al Jarvis who fronted a live eight-hour-long all-day program. He would eat the chicken "on camera" licking his lips and saying: "Oh, isn't this wonderful! It's from such-and-such's eatery." Free advertising and the restaurant paid us \$50 a month for that.

We had a one-room office in an old building on Wilshire Boulevard where I had a roll-up bed. (We weren't supposed to sleep in the building so it had to be hidden during the day.) By this time my marriage was over – a casualty of the war, I suppose. I had very little money, maybe a few thousand dollars at most. I'd read about the difficulties ex-service men faced back in civvy-street getting themselves on their feet again; it could be a psychological abyss. Well, I seemed almost to have reached that point one evening when I was sitting alone in the office. Except for my colleague John McNaughton, I had no close friends in the whole of Los Angeles. I had no family nearby, seemingly few prospects, and was camping in a single room surviving on hamburgers and milk shakes!

In the middle of these gloomy speculations a guy called Elgin Davis came by to show me some artwork – it turned out he had a small design studio not far away. He must have sensed my mood because when we were through he said: "Why not come home for dinner?" I was thrilled. So, I went back with him for a meal and ended up sleeping on his couch for the next six months! We became firm friends and have remained so until this present day. He and I eventually started Graphics International, but that was still to come.

After a while John McNaughton and I broke up the partnership and went our separate ways. I formed another agency called W. H. Hunt and Associates. I became a specialist working with retail clothing stores, preparing advertisements that had to be submitted to newspapers by Wednesday night to appear in the Sunday editions. Working for cut-price dress shops and for down-market mail-order warehouses, I became the specialist for selling women's dresses by mail-order for a manufacturer called Lanz of California.

Then I got a particularly lucky break. I had a friend called Bob Peterson. He had never finished high school, but worked as a runner at the MGM studios – a runner being someone who delivers papers around the offices. Like me, he had a strong entrepreneurial streak. He was mad about cars (he still is; he's now got a fine motor museum in LA) and when I got to know him, was just starting *Hot Rod* magazine. It launched a craze for hot-roding that swept the country. The journal filled a niche – it was a phenomenon. You see, it wasn't just kids but doctors with Buicks who wanted to soup-up their engines to get more power. So I ended up getting into the magazine mail order advertising business. We became very skillful at making these adverts pay – making them profitable both for the advertiser and ourselves. We developed a real feel for what the public wanted. Putting it into words, communicating in a way that stimulated a brisk response.

So the business began to develop. We were creating ads for various mail-order companies, writing the copy, coordinating the artwork, then deciding where to place them. In America, magazines – unlike newspapers – are distributed nationally through subscriptions and by appearing on newsstands across the states. *Hot Rod* proved so successful it began to be imitated; there was a proliferation of similar titles. I became the authority – the United States authority – on preparing mail-order ads to go in them. I was a good copywriter and Elgin Davis did a lot of the visuals. We found that if you ran something



successfully in *Hot Rod*, then the winning formula might work equally well in *Popular Mechanics* and *Popular Science*. Through *Hot Rod* we serviced companies that developed all kinds of automobile accessories; tuning kits, longer exhaust pipes, etc. to make your car go faster or look sharper. Obviously women's dresses were advertised in different places: *Vogue*, *Women's Journal*, *Teen*, and so on.

At one point my agency was so successful that I said to my friend Elgin: "Do you realize that 80% of all the advertising in *Hot Rod* is coming out of my agency? It doesn't make that much money out of its subscriptions! I think I virtually own it. So why don't I just take control?" To which he replied: "Wally, what do you know about publishing? I think a shoemaker should stick to his last." Well, Bob Peterson has just this year (1995) bought himself an eight-story block on Wilshire Boulevard and has his \$20 million Museum of Motor Cars and heads a company probably worth \$50 million, of which he owns every single nickel. Who can say which of us was right all those years ago?

Anyway, my connection with motoring magazines then led me to Volkswagen. I'd first seen their cars in Germany – the Army versions. But at this time in the early 1950s they were just beginning to import them into California. By now the mail-order side of the agency was running smoothly. I had a small staff but was looking for expansion. I guess I was beginning to get aspirations of making it to Madison Avenue. So I organized the Volkswagen dealers in California, persuaded them to put \$20 a car into advertising, coordinated their campaigns, got them into newspapers, magazines, and on tv. Eventually it proved so successful that I took over responsibility for advertising all the VWs throughout the western United States.

Another automobile-related account that came along was from Lodge Spark Plugs – high performance plugs made of platinum. At that time Lodge was trying to break into the American market; desperate to make an impact. I helped them mount a campaign. The idea was to get their plugs into cars that were going to race at Indianapolis – that was the big show at the time that got all the media coverage. Now Champion Spark Plugs had a 30-year history of winning every race; they got all the drivers to give them free "plugs." I helped Lodge fit their plugs into four cars and to sponsor a short national TV program. In the first year these cars fitted with Lodge were runners up – no good at all! Ours had to WIN. The next years we *did* sweep the board. The people at Champion were so self-confident they already had their advertisements ready; billboards, TV commercials, the lot – all announcing: "Champion Wins Again!" Lodge, on the other hand, had so little money in their advertising budget that they really weren't able to exploit this success.

Despite this missed opportunity, it proved a useful experience for me. I ended up getting one of my partners to sponsor TV coverage of motor racing – weekly television on the NBC network. I remember we had the King Sisters to do the commercials – a singing group rather like the Andrews Sisters but maybe not quite as popular. So I got television experience both through advertising and helping produce shows. I felt I was successful enough to get into the big time – to be an advertising man on Madison Avenue. New York has always been the center of the action in the world of advertising, beside it Los Angeles is small potatoes.

So when the chance came along in 1956 to sell out to Comptons – one of the major U.S. agencies (much later to become part of Sacchi & Sacchi) – I naturally grabbed it. I didn't get much money from the deal but I became Vice President of Comptons, in charge of its L.A. operation. We had a luxurious suite of offices on Wilshire Boulevard, a large staff, and national standing. Meanwhile, I had continued building up the Volkswagen business that I brought with me to Comptons as an extra account. I was making \$20,000 a year – which was a lot of money in the 1950s – and had a fine house in Beverley Hills. But what I discovered was that the problems of running a large agency are identical to the problems of running a small one. For instance, Barr Cummings (the President of Comptons) picked up his paper one day and found he'd lost the TWA account that was worth \$20 million. In other words, fortunes can change overnight in the world of advertising... whereas I was beginning to look for stability.

I stayed for four increasingly frustrating years as Vice President. During this time I continued to nurture the Volkswagen business. First I had organized the dealers in northern California, then the whole of the west coast, then Texas. It was slowly growing into a national account which would have been worth about \$4 million a year. Just as this was happening, Comptons was asked to bid for the Buick account, which would have been worth \$20 million a year. Against my advice, the account executives tried to land the bigger fish. They went for Buick: they lost it. In so doing they also lost Volkswagen, which I found bitterly discouraging. I had spent years building it up just to see it slip away. I thought: "Advertising is like quicksand – you think you've reached firm ground but it's still treacherous, especially when account executives start to run agencies."

Now I've always said to myself that for me, advertising wasn't an end in itself – it was a means to an end. That's it: you get experience in a whole variety of jobs that enables you to choose what you really want to do.

Having split with Comptons in 1960, I was ready to start in a new direction. I had become something of an expert in electronics – not as a scientist, of course – but as an authority on marketing. This was the time of the electronics boom in southern California, with hi-tech firms being set up all over the place to make computer components and so on. I ended up handling about a dozen transistor manufacturers.

It was also at about that point that I went into partnership with my old friend Elgin Davis to form a new company. Well actually, *he* started it, set everything up, and gave it its first name, which was “Printernational.” His idea was to use Japan as a cheap source of printing for the American advertising industry. Of course, at that time, Japan seemed almost like “never-never land” to most Americans – a completely unknown quantity. Elgin hired a young man in Japan, called Yoshiya Sekimoto for our enterprise. The printers in LA were not very happy about this. They had people in Japanese kimonos going round trying to take business from me! Immediately I sensed that we needed a complete change of image, so I came up with a new name: “Graphics International.” Elgin and I each put \$40,000 into the venture to get it properly capitalized. Then I said: “We’ve got to create some prestige.” So I set up an impressive Board of Directors including Harrison Chandler of the *Los Angeles Times* and Bob Peterson of Peterson Publications – people of standing.

Then I made my first trip to Japan with the idea of doing deals with some of the biggest printers over there. I succeeded in getting good terms from some of the second rank companies, but one of the really big operators just refused to reach a decision...stalled around for weeks. They were entertaining me lavishly but I just couldn’t get them to make up their minds. Finally I got tired of waiting, so I invited some of the senior people to dinner – the managing director of what they called their “foreign department” and his staff. I gave them American steaks. When we had finished I said: “Gentlemen, I’ve enjoyed this experience. Now I want you to join me in a toast because I’m leaving for America tomorrow.” So I went home with nothing finalized. Six days later the managing director was in Los Angeles with a contract for us to sign.

Now I don’t know where I got the guts to do this. Graphics International hadn’t much capital; no experience of trading with Japan. But I knew they wanted business. Up until then, the foreign sales divisions of their firms mostly made their money by producing calendars and diaries for selling as gifts to the U.S. fleet moored in Tokyo and Yokohama harbors. They were rivals for the business and the way they competed was to invite the quartermasters and his guys out to a party where there would be as much drink and as many girls as they could handle. The firm that provided the most lavish entertainment got the job of supplying the ship’s souvenirs! So although it might sound like a big deal that I struck, they really were desperate for an entrée into the U.S., which is what I was offering.

So far so good. We began shipping orders across the Pacific and completed consignments came back. It took us a year and a half to realize that if we sold a big job – for instance, if a customer required a long run of color brochures of magazine inserts – it was cheaper to have them done in Chicago. For small jobs, the Japanese quality was way below American standards – and advertisers were beginning to demand only the best. So we had a big headache, especially as we still had contractual commitments in Japan. I was beginning to see everything going down the drain again. What could be done?

Then Elgin found some Vojtěch Kubašta pop-ups and showed them to me. They originated from Czechoslovakia, but a firm called Bancroft & Co. in London was publishing English language editions and importing them into the states. I’d never seen anything like them before – children’s books had been comparatively rare in our family and certainly I’d never owned a pop-up. At once I said: “God! Here’s the answer. Things of this sort have to be assembled by hand.” At that time, 1960, that was exactly what Japan could offer: plenty of low-cost hand-workers. Also I realized straight away that the quality of printing required for pop-ups needn’t be so critical as for high-quality advertisements. It seemed like an answer to a prayer. We could do pop-up magazine inserts, direct mail pieces, promotional gimmicks... and that’s exactly what we started doing.

The first magazine insert we did was for Del Monte in San Francisco – in *Progressive Grocer*. In the U.S. we have a rating service known by the acronym STARCH, which asks people who’ve read through journals which advertisements they particularly noticed. The Del Monte ad got the first 100% recall in the history of advertising in America. The die was cast! We were hot: Graphics International was up and running again.

We became specialists in packaging this eye-catching form of promotional material that – because it was dimensional – gave advertisers a unique competitive advantage. A lot of west coast firms started coming to us because they realized that we could provide adverts that were more dramatic than anyone else’s. We became even more ambitious. About 1964 I made a trip to New York. By this time I had decided that we weren’t selling the idea of Japanese printing any more: we were selling the concept of promoting goods and services by means of three-dimensional display advertising, in the form of magazine inserts, direct mail pieces, promotional give-aways, even supermarket displays. It also occurred to me that pop-up

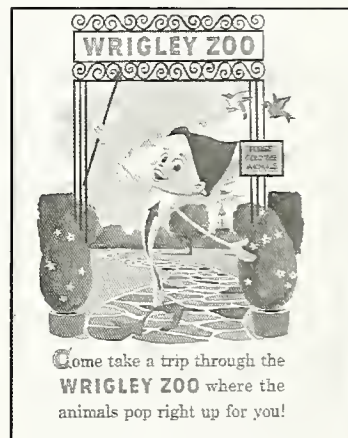
greeting cards might have a big potential. So I headed east in order to spread these ideas around and find out what response I got.

Our accountant, Bob Cummings, introduced me to several potential clients – one of them was the department store, Segers. He also fixed up for me to be interviewed, towards the end of my stay, by a reporter from the *Wall Street Journal*: an opportunity to publicize any deals that had been struck. Another thing I wanted to do on this trip was to see some of the big greetings card manufacturers. Now the three big players in this field at the time were Hallmark Cards in Kansas City, Gibson in Cincinnati, and American Greetings in Cleveland, Ohio. I said to myself: “Hallmark is big... I’m not about to catch much attention there.” So I made an appointment to see the people at Gibson’s first, then planned to go on to Cleveland for American Greetings afterwards. Well, I arrived in Cincinnati, found the factory, made my presentation – showed them some of our commercial pop-up advertisements, some ideas we’d roughed-out for greetings cards... even some Kubařta books – but nothing made the slightest impression. When I’d finished they said: “Thank you Mr Hunt, we’ve got your card, we’ll call you if we need you. Goodbye!”

So there I was, having come all the way out to Cincinnati – seemingly for nothing. Then I remembered another firm in the town called Osborn Temple Thomas, a very old, established printer specializing in making calendars. Not as big as Brown & Biglow, which was market leader in that field, but a well-regarded company. It seemed a long shot, but I thought it might just be worth going over to see them in case I could persuade them to diversify into pop-ups. So I went over and again went through my presentation. I was impressed by the people: they seemed very professionally-minded. When I finished they asked: “What are you doing here in Cincinnati?” So I replied: “Well, I came to show my things to Gibson’s and now I’m on my way to Cleveland to talk to American Greetings.” “No you’re not,” was the response, “you may not realize it, but Osborne Temple Thomas is now a part of the Hallmark Group and John Oakson (its vice president) is coming here tomorrow and we want him to see what you’ve got to offer.”

Naturally I hung around even though my money was running out and I hadn’t got a credit card with me. However, John Oakson was so impressed when I showed him my things that he insisted I cancel my plans for Cleveland so that I could return with him to Kansas City. When I got there I was escorted into the Hallmark headquarters – a beautiful building – and he called together about fifty of his top people, inviting me to put on the display again. So I started getting things out of the briefcase, arranging the pop-ups all over the room. No one present had seen anything like them before. You know how dramatic it is, opening pop-ups? Everyone was bowled over. Anyway, by the end of the session it was agreed that we were definitely going to do business.

I was elated, of course, but because of all these delays and changes of schedule I found that I’d got about \$10 left in cash – with the *Wall Street Journal* interview in New York slated for the following morning. So I flew back to New York using my pre-booked ticket, called the Waldorf Astoria to reserve a suite, got a guy to share a cab into Manhattan, signed in, and ended up with \$1 to tip the porter who took my bags up to the room. That was Thursday night. The next morning – flat broke! – I was interviewed in my suite and ended up on the front page of the *Journal*: “Young entrepreneur successfully introduces promotional printing from Japan.” I’ve still got the article.



Pop-up Wrigley Zoo

On that one trip I had opened up a whole new market through Hallmark. We eventually ended up with almost all of our biggest customers on the east coast. It began to seem inevitable that Graphics International would move to New York, too. But before that happened, I visited London and sought out Roger Schlesinger who was running Bancroft Books – the firm that was importing Kubařta pop-ups from Artia in Prague. Maybe I had the idea of getting some of my printing done in Czechoslovakia. Also, I wanted to find out if Artia (state printers and publishers) could handle a really big order if I could fix a deal for it to produce promotional material – gift books and so on. We did have a lot of trouble educating the Japanese. At that time – the 1960s – they just didn’t understand how sophisticated American advertising was. They really had no idea about mass-marketing, merchandising, point-of-purchase displays, and so on. I had to spend hours with every new order explaining exactly what we wanted. It was like a double job: selling in the U.S. and training the printers in Japan.

Everything at that time was customized to the advertiser’s specific needs. I cut a wide swathe down Madison Avenue giving presentations to all the main agencies – explaining my philosophy that we would work only with one customer in each field. We ended up with clients of the caliber of Budweiser, TWA, IBM, and Hallmark by offering an exclusive package for agencies to provide for their clients with our special dimensional competitive advantage. They liked it! All of a sudden

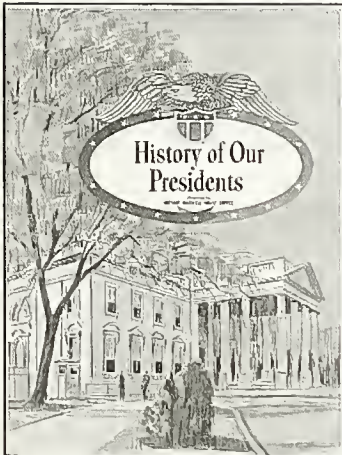
I found we were handling material for over fifty of the biggest names in advertising. It became vital to move the office to New York because that's where all the business was.

At that stage, I hadn't produced a single book. Hallmark just wanted 3-D-greetings cards, table decorations, that sort of thing. We made some simple spirally-bound carousels for them in 1965: a development from the table decorations. They were booklets, of a sort, but with soft covers that could be sold alongside their range of greetings cards – gift items. We also started to develop window displays for Hallmark: for instance, a big foldout haunted house to promote the firm's range of Halloween items. Another eye-catcher that we pioneered was a cheaply-produced motorized turntable on which Easter and Thanksgiving cards could be displayed. The Hallmark "connection" became an increasingly important one for both sides.

Although Graphics International was now a very busy company with a growing staff and order-book, we really hadn't made any big money – all our profits were being reinvested. Maybe we had \$10,000 in the bank because we could manage on that because we got a lot of credit from advertisers. But the prospect of shifting everything from California seemed daunting – you know, uprooting whole families, renting expensive office-space, having to buy houses in Scarsdale... it just didn't seem feasible. But then we had an amazing – almost unbelievable – stroke of luck.

I made a sale to the Wrigley Company (the chewing gum manufacturers in Chicago) to do a series of inserts in a kid's magazine called *Jack & Jill*. We developed the Pop-up Wrigley Zoo for them. Young William Wrigley, son of the firm's president, was handling the advertising and we got to know each other quite well. One day, out of the blue, he rang me to say: "Look Wally, we are coming to the end of our financial year and I find I've got a lot of money left in my advertising budget. If I don't spend it in the next few days I'll lose it. Would you mind accepting an immediate check for \$137,000 as an advance payment?" After a few seconds of stunned silence during which I thanked my lucky angel, I replied: "Well I guess it will be OK, I'll ask my controller!" We got the advance of \$137,000 a few days later, which made it possible for Graphics International to move eastwards, relocate all its staff, set itself up in suitable offices, and expand – we were even running an eight-man branch in Tokyo.

The first pop-ups we undertook were advertiser's premiums – the sort of things where you had to collect so many rings from the tops of coffee tins then send them off with a dollar postage for your free gift. Jerry Harrison was with Dutton & Bowes Advertising in New York – today he is Chairman of Random House Juvenile Books and is considered maybe the top authority on children's books in the states. Back in the 1960s he was handling promotional material for General Foods and we sold an idea to him as a marketing campaign. I had this picture of a supermarket display featuring American presidents: John F. Kennedy at Cape Canaveral, Teddy Roosevelt charging up San Juan Hill, George Washington crossing the Delaware, and so on. Linked with it, we produced a premium pop-up book which also featured these historical incidents. It [*History of Our Presidents*] was an enormous success.



Bennett Cerf was co-founder and Chairman of Random House, the publishers. He was well known as a newspaper columnist, TV personality, lecturer, and author who had already edited a number of joke books, both for kids and grown-ups. We approached him to do another riddle book for us, but one that would have the added attraction of pop-up features and pull-tab movements, the idea being that we could offer it as a follow-up to the General Foods promotion similarly launched with supermarket display features. He agreed to collaborate and was thrilled with the results. The first order was for a 100,000 copies, which we sold to General Foods – I remember Bennett Cerf's royalty was 11 cents a copy. He got such a kick out of it that he bought a further 50,000 copies for Random House – and that's the first time Graphics International got its name onto the shelves in bookshops.

All very impressive but the costs increased with our development, of course. Without serious capital we were constantly having to reinvest the profits. In 1966 we decided to sell out to Hallmark and move the team again, this time to Kansas City.

*Tantalizingly, at this point Wally felt he'd done enough reminiscing for one day. "I'll finish the story some other time," he promised. When I'd transcribed the interview, I sent it off for him to check my spelling and approve the editing, mainly intended to preserve his recollections in chronological sequence.*

*Several months went by after posting the manuscript. Then I received a fax saying he'd lost some of the pages on an airplane: could I send another copy? This I provided immediately but it elicited no further response. For a year or two afterwards I sent occasional reminders but received neither corrections nor indication of his wish to proceed. Alas! The chance has now passed.*

## New Publications

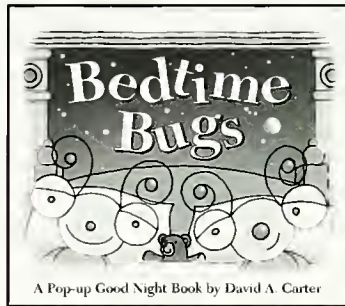
The following titles have been identified from pre-publication catalogs, Internet sources, book store hunting, and advertising. All titles include pop-ups unless otherwise noted and are listed for information only - not necessarily as recommendations for purchase.



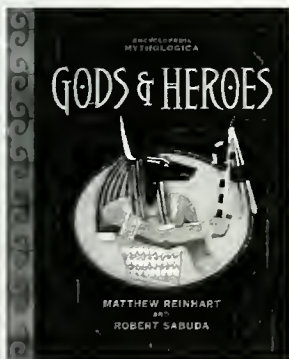
*123 on the Farm: Pop-up Book for Learning to Count Up to 10.* April. Euro Impala UK Limited. £9.95. 9781907169076.

*Armour: A 3-dimensional Exploration.* Tango. £14.99. 9781857076646.

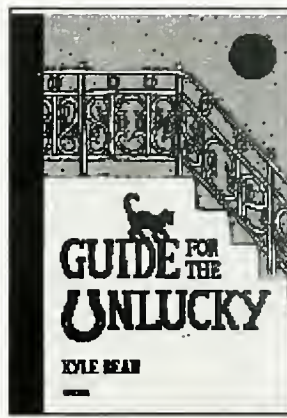
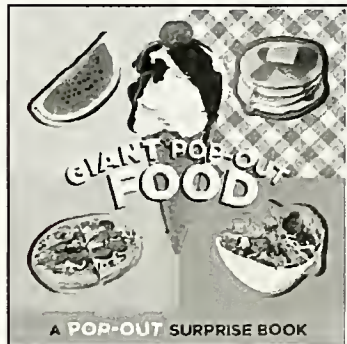
*Bedtime Bugs: A Pop-up Good Night Book* by David A. Carter. May. Little Simon. \$11.99. 9781416999607.



*Encyclopedia Mythologica: Gods and Heroes Pop-up.* Matthew Reinhart and Robert Sabuda. \$29.99. Candlewick. 9780763631710. Also: Special Edition. \$250.00. 9780763634865.

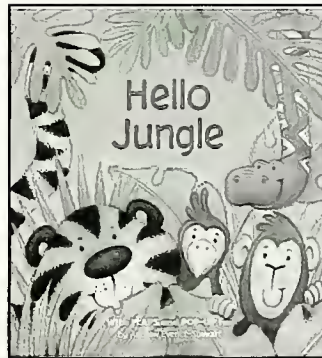


*Giant Pop-out Food: A Pop-out Surprise Book.* March. Chronicle. \$10.99. 9780811874786. Also: *Giant Pop-out Ocean.* 9780811874793.



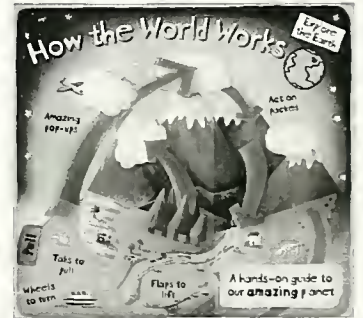
*Guide for the Unlucky: A Pop-up Book.* March. \$19.95. Universe. 9780789320667.

*Happy Home.* Colourful Carousels. April. Campbell Books. £6.99. 9780230712959. Also: *Farmyard Friends.* 9780230712935.



*Hello Jungle: With Flaps and Pop-up Fun.* Barron's Educational Series. \$7.99. 9780764163357. Also: *Wake Up Farm.* 9780764163364.

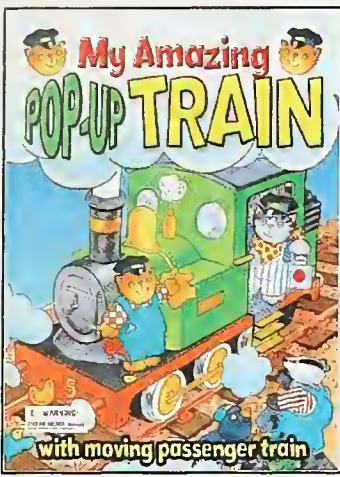
*How the World Works: A Hand-on Guide to Our Amazing Planet.* Templar. \$17.99. 9780763648015.



*I Love to Read.* Tango. £8.99. 9781857077421.



*Lace up! With Pop-up Shoe.* March. Dorling Kindersley. £5.99. 9781405351935.



*My Amazing Pop-up Train.* My Amazing Pop-ups. May. School Specialty Publishing. 9780769662183.  
**Also:** *My Amazing Pop-up School Bus.* 9780769662176.  
*My Amazing Pop-up Fire Engine.* 9780769662169.



Popville. May. Roaring Brook Press. \$16.99. 9781596435933.

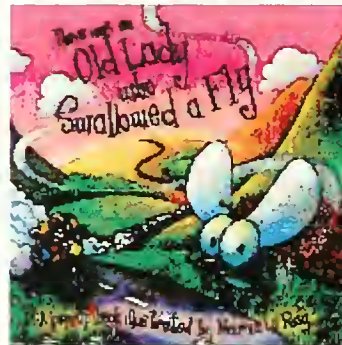


*My First Lunchbox.* Fun Pop Up Book. By Yvette Lodge. Tango. £4.99. 9781857077407.

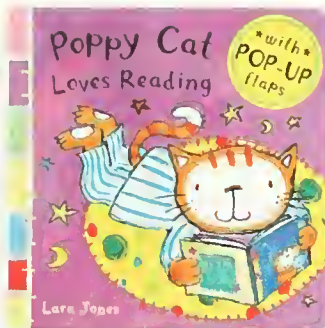
*Snow and Ice.* Planet Animal. Carlton Books. \$19.95. 9781847322760.  
**Also:** *Under the Sea.* 9781847322777.



*Paper Blossoms: A Book of Beautiful Bouquets for Your Table.* March. Chronicle. \$35.00. 9780811874199.



*There Was an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly.* April. £8.99. Tide Mill Press. 9781846666636.

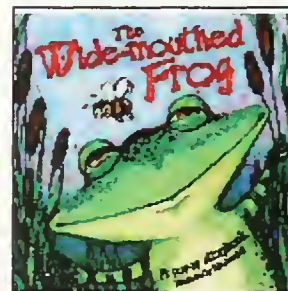


*Poppy Cat Loves Reading!* May. Campbell. £5.99. 9780230742116.  
**Also:** *Poppy Cat Loves Parties.* 9780230742123.

*Watch me Go!* [lenticulars] Scholastic. \$12.99. Scholastic. 9780545146999.  
**Also:** *Watch me Hop!* 9780545146982.



*Shoe Love: In Pop-up.* Thunder Bay. \$19.95. 9781607100867.



*The Wide-mouthed Frog.* April. £8.99. Tide Mill Press. 9781846668852.