

A Man for All the Write Reasons

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A buzzword du jour pegged to start-up businesses is “scale.” Potential investors and Wall Street pundits poke and prod the fledgling new invention or operation to guesstimate whether it “will scale.” Because I’ve been involved with merry bands of wordsmiths for all my publishing career, I chafe when an innocent and previously perfect word or form of punctuation gets bastardized by trends or twits. For instance: rightsize, mindshare, ideation, whiteboard as a verb, react as a noun, and opportunity used oxymoronically, or is it oxy-opportunity used by morons. Also consider the poor period, which is now known to millions of hipsters only as “dot.” Last, the sad collection of semi-colons and parentheses that get nonsensically smooshed together to be, supposedly, a sideways, winking smiley face. p.s. I also take umbrage at “smiley.”

This minor tirade is not venting without purpose; I needed a starting point that allowed me to stray in the vernacular of verbs while hearkening back to the time when books were first read by the clerisy. But as one final aside, let me assure you that the semi-colon in the previous sentence stood for nothing except “pause slightly longer here.” I confess to feeling like a fussy Victorian, but without standards, how long will England remain the imperial monarchy of the civilized world, right?

Gutenberg has to be credited, at the very least, as the stepfather of the publishing since his trail-blazing movable type led rather directly to the printing press, which led in our time to *Catcher in the Rye* and *Catch-Her-Any-Way-You-Can*, a.k.a. *60 Shades of Grey*. But I don’t think Gutenberg ever for one second wondered about whether his invention would “scale.” His creation did jump the shark, also a modern tag, over a century ago when yellow journalism stirred the barely literate into a lather with outrageous lies and impersonal libel. Rather like the current presidential debates. It’s fair to conjecture that, akin to the recent movie “Spotlight,” Gutenberg might have simply been trying to pry ownership of the written word away from the stained (let’s hope with ink) hands of the Church.

As a quick aside, it might also be that Gutenberg was the first of the one-name celebrities, a historic, literate Beyonce or Cher of the pre-Renaissance Age. Or it could simply be we refer to him by last name primarily since his full name was Johannes Gensfleisch zur Laden zum Gutenberg and that obviously takes too long to say or write, much less set into type.

As the members of the Cincinnati Literary Club, I doubt that any one of us can recall a time when books were not parts of our lives, though the trim size and binding of those books probably depended on whether you grew up in a city or, as they say, out in the county. For a golden period of the Literary Club’s members’ collective youth - which admittedly stretches wider than the waistband of the fat man in the freak show at the circus -- books held a prized position as a must-have item in the home, independent of and sometimes in contrast to the homeowners’ income or education. Books were as common in our childhoods as cavities, although their intended purpose was to fill a different hole in our respective heads.

Still and all, books have endured, although they've been rumored to be on life support since the 1880s. Most recently, the computer was going to kill off the so-called dead tree artifact, that is until a whole host of printed how-to books were necessary for users to figure out how to turn on their newfangled gonkulators. Before that it was the TV, prior to that the movies, before that the radio, and tracing all the way back, it was the public's mania for the bicycle in the late 19th century that was going to vanquish the book because folks were so enchanted by tottering along on their penny-farthings that they had no time to read.

In the rugged and rambling American countryside, often the printing and production of books was easier to secure than the distribution of finished volumes. Unlike England with its reliable train service and manageable size, here in the colonies as civilization spread along the East Coast, the two thousand mile backyard was vast and without reliable nor easy delivery. The waterways and boats that trawled them back then were all the rage for moving goods, but the soggy conditions of the canals and currents tended to have a dampening effect on books.

Fast forward a bit, an entire generation of door-to-door World Book and Funk & Wagnall's encyclopedia salesmen are out there toasting their good fortune that books were both coveted and hard to ship. A contrarian reason for their success was that in many cases a parent's lack of education lit up the buy button for many of these out-of-town dwellers, sometimes equal to the promise of indoor plumbing. Before anyone is offended by that time capsule comparison, if it weren't for moving the toilet inside the house, a large swath of the American public would still be unread while bathroom time would be cut in half.

Even up to sixty years ago, access to printed information, if not delivered directly to the home, was effectively controlled by a handful of book dealers per city. Indicative of how they regarded their position as merchants of culture, these stores were known to publishers as "carriage trade" because their clientele had the wherewithal to travel from their brownstones to the shoppe (that's with two p's and an e) via horse-drawn covered coach. So while our free market economy was theoretically democratic, many socio-economic factors limited the spread of knowledge via reading.

Bringing us to where the subject of this paper is finally revealed.

For hundreds of millions of American readers, Ian Ballantine was perhaps the most important person in the history of publishing since Gutenberg set his first typo into print. His name is not widely known, but his contributions were profound. In short, his life's work was not only deciding which books to publish, but equally important, how to distribute these books, moving the entire industry forward with his insight and imagination.

The saying "a giant among men" stirs images of towering size and an oversized ego, but in Ian's case, his manner and mien was relatively quiet, relatively unassuming and always kind. He didn't stride into a room, instead he shuffled, or more precisely, he shambled. He also had the quirk of wearing winter boots for about half the year, the kind with metal buckles, so you could hear him coming down the hall, Marley-like. In many ways, he resembled a gnome, and that would be high praise for him as Gnomes was also the title of one of the most famous illustrated books he published. But that's getting ahead of the story.

Born in 1916 to a bohemian couple with a Greenwich Village zip code, Ian was blessed by having eccentricity and books in his bloodline. His father was a painter, sculptor and actor. His uncle, Saxe Commins, served as an editor at Random House during the glory days of Bennett Cerf; Saxe's authors included Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Gertrude Stein, Auden, Stephen Spender, James Joyce, James Michener, William Carlos Williams, Isak Dinesen, Eugene O'Neill and Faulkner. Ian loved to tell the story of staying overnight at his Uncle Saxe's apartment only to awaken to stones pinging off the window. Under the thin guise of wanting to talk about his book, O'Neill stumbled in, needing a place to sleep it off.

Ian's mother's aunt went undercover as E.G. Smith, although most folks knew her as the orator, anarchist and founder of "Mother Earth" magazine, Emma Goldman. One lasting bias Aunt Emma convinced Ian of while he still an impressionable lad was that his vote was never, ever going to matter and that the system was rigged, hence Ian never registered nor entered a polling station in his life.

Most of all, Ian read all his life like his hair was on fire: quickly, deeply and needing a surprise cold bucket of water in order to get him to put the book down for the night. Hence Ian's childhood was drenched in passionate commitments to quirky, talented tipplers and lost causes, which frankly is a pretty solid background for publishing.

As the capstone to his undergraduate years at Columbia, Ian wrote a paper about the woeful state of American publishing. Suffused with youthful vigor and a negative opinion of the then-current powers-to-be, it's not surprising that this work wasn't followed by a job offer. Suffering the thundering silence, he lit out across the pond. Upon graduation from the London School of Economics in 1939, he tried again to shake up the publishing industry with another printed, pointed indictment of continued malaise. Again his efforts were met with indifference. Perhaps he should have printed up his version of the Ninety-Five Theses a la Martin Luther and nailed them to the doors of Elaine's or wherever it was that the publishing powerbrokers gathered and grazed back then.

Personally and professionally, Ian did succeed in terms of bringing invaluable assets back to America from England. The first and most important was his new (teenage) wife, Betty, who was to be his work and life partner for the rest of his days. Betty was the pixie to Ian's gnome, moreso, her editorial expertise was the bookend to his sales moxie.

In terms of publishing, Ian Ballantine did what was required in order to manifest his dream – to paraphrase Walt Kelly's "Pogo," he met the enemy and he became them, a sheep in wolf's clothing. Tapping all his resources, better known as Papa Ballantine, for funding, he then reached out to Allen Lane, the founder and managing director of Penguin Book whose major achievement was the creation of the mass-market size paperback. Lane correctly surmised that there would be a previously untapped market for books that cost less by having less costly production values – namely, a soft cover, smaller size and paper stock that was closer to newsprint. Lane then added a smidgen of marketing – orange spines for literature, green for crime fiction, purple for essays and cerise for travel and adventure -- and the British reading public politely applauded this new twist on books and bought them in droves. Ian struck a deal with Allen Lane to bring Penguin's bestsellers to America, which was Ian's second import victory. On the ledger side, this arrangement was a brilliant move for a start-up publishing venture – and Ian definitely always thought about scale, as you'll

soon see. By eliminating the usual red ink (which is the bad kind unless it's an illustrated medical textbook) which happens when needing to pay in full for a whole print run 6-8 months before any revenues offset the costs, the company's overhead was minimal. Toting a trunk stocked full of Penguin books, Ian and Betty sailed west for the U.S. to introduce the mass-market paperback in America. Upon arrival, she set up the offices while he walked every city block in Manhattan, trying to place this new size book at bookstores. They were primed for publishing plentitude.

What he didn't anticipate was that those carriage trade bookstores wanted nothing to do with these low-cost, or in their eyes, low-class editions. Virtually every door was shut in his face. If that wasn't bad enough, and clearly in terms of starting a business it was dire, World War II had begun – another good reason to ship stateside from England. Like the other squat bulldog leader in Britain, Ian would never, ever, ever give up. Instead of the war being the death knell for his business, he realized he could both serve the war effort and better his business.

As noted in an obituary from *Locust* magazine, armed with “a contract with the army to produce books for the troops, they were also given a substantial paper quota to produce other books ‘useful to the war effort.’ The first of these...was *What's That Plane*, written, laid out and published from the Ballantine's kitchen table.” His father chipped in not just with a financial foundation, but he also drew covers for some of the books.

Quoting again from *Locust*: “By the end of the European war in 1944, Ian Ballantine had a distribution deal with the Curtis Circulation Company, the largest of the magazine distributors.” More importantly, countless soldiers read these mass-market paperbacks that were distributed for free on the front in order to raise morale and occupy their attention in the trenches. Upon returning home when the war ended, they wanted more of these books that just cost a quarter. They also had a GI Bill for education but didn't want to spend it all on hardcovers.

In time, though, the distance and differing viewpoints of Allen Lane and Ian Ballantine ended their relationship. Ian wasted no time in starting a publishing house on his own, which he named Bantam Books, founded with someone he trusted intimately – Mrs. Betty Ballantine. She assumed editorial responsibilities, he took on the sales and marketing, and they were, just like that, in the big leagues. But he decided to write his own playbook.

Step 1 – change the lineup. I still have the fax I received from Ian that detailed the first 10 Bantam titles, published in January 1946, which included Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*, *Nevada* by Zane Grey, Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Great Gatsby* by Fitzgerald, and the *South Moon Under* by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. That's like fielding a new team stacked with Willie Mays, Johnny Bench, Stan Musial, Babe Ruth and Sandy Koufax penciled in as starters. Dear Aunt Emma, Johnny Bench was different sort of Red.

Step 2 – change the numbers. As noted in his *New York Times* obituary, “No longer were Americans, many of them former servicemen and women in the habit of reading paperback books distributed during World War II, limited to the costly hardcovers found in urban bookshops. They could now buy paperbacks in train stations and other retail outlets

throughout the country as well. Hardcover editions had sold for \$2 or more; the paperback cost 25 cents.”

The first ten Bantam books each carried a 200,000 copy first printing, a huge step up from hardcovers being issued in printings of one thousand or so. But he was able to print and sell everything out the gate, thereby gaining and banking an incredible economy of scale for once the printing press was running, it was like printing money. What the production department hated was turning off those big ink drums – printers’ set-up charges were metered by the tenth of the hour, so every six minutes notched up another pre-pub increase. But once the machine was in motion, you could get 300 printed copies in a minute’s time.

It was Ian’s firm belief that the vast American public would very much like to buy and read a great quantity and wide variety of books if publishers could make them affordable and accessible, which, or course, was the profound culture contribution of the mass market paperback book. So he did. And they did.

Instead of going only through bookstores, Ian presented his books to new trade customers, i.e., the wholesalers who stocked the newsstands with newspapers and magazines. Backed by Ian’s assurance that there was a waiting audience (as well as guaranteed sale terms), the buyers at these distributors found a kindred spirit in Ian. They didn’t believe that low-price books were demeaning to anyone, in fact, they represented a step up from glossy mags and were a natural extension of the short story market that Colliers, Scribners and McCall’s had built by publishing the fiction of Hemingway, Fitzgerald and others. So for his maiden list, his sales targets included much more than the 1500 bookstores in existence at that time, it also included **100,000** magazine vendors.

Step 3. Change the economics. Back to the *Locus* article. “From the beginning, the Ballantines were concerned with the welfare of authors. They regarded authors as partners with them in the great adventure of publishing. Their most innovative plan was to do simultaneous paperbacks and low-priced hardcovers, either by themselves or in conjunction with other publishers.”

As Robert Silverberg in a letter also pointed out: “When the going rate for a science fiction novel in paperback form was \$1,000 or so, Ian set a price of **\$5,000** for the books he and Betty published...paying big advances (and \$5,000 in 1952 had the purchasing power of at least \$75,000 in today’s money [and as this letter was written in 1995, that’s well over six figures by today’s conversion]) was actually the lesser of Ian’s two writer-friendly innovations. The other was the invention of the hard-soft contract, by which the writer received not only full royalties on the hardcover edition of his book, but full royalties on the paperback as well (it was then the custom for a hardcover publisher to retain paperback rights, then license them to a reprint house like Bantam or Pocket Books and split the proceeds fifty-fifty with the writer. Ian Ballantine published his own hardcover editions and let the writer draw full royalties on both editions. This practice is now all but universal in the publishing industry. Hardcover books don’t stay in print very long, but their paperback avatars often linger on in printing after printing for decades, and Ian saw to it that [writers] would garner twice as much per copy sold in royalties as had been the practice before his day.”

Here's one of the things Ian would only admit in private: he truly didn't care or much like running a publishing company. Nor was he very good at it. All he really enjoyed was publishing books. So in due time, just like with Penguin, he parted ways with Bantam, the company he founded which had by then grown into the world's largest paperback publisher. He and Betty went across the proverbial street, and in 1952, as noted in the *New York Times*, "Ian and Betty Ballantine founded Ballantine Books, turning their focus to paperback originals, or books first published in paperback form instead of hardcover. While broad-based in their selections, they found their industry niche by publishing the science fiction, fantasy, western and mystery genres."

For the next twenty years, in a line perhaps never before tied to the book business, Ian Ballantine tore a new one into the publishing industry. And for one last time, he tore a new one for himself: in 1974, after another rash of questionable business decisions, Ian sold his eponymous company to Random House, and retreated back across Fifth Avenue to Bantam once again, where he'd stay until his death in 1995.

Many people in the book industry repeatedly asked Ian to write an autobiography. In front of others, he'd just smile and wait for people to stop talking about an idea that he had no intention of doing. In private, he called it navel-gazing.

He couldn't help himself to search out new ideas and authors. Although he did have an ego, for the most part, he'd only harumph when provoked. If perhaps you thought his uncle Saxe as a big dog, here is a shortlist of the authors Ian, and Betty, nurtured, edited, published and always thanked: Ray Bradbury. Arthur C. Clarke. J.R.R. Tolkein. Tom Robbins. Shirley MacLaine. Chuck Yeager. Bev Doolittle. Isaac Asimov. Frank Frazetta. James Gurney. Robert Silverberg. Carlos Castaneda. They published, in the words of Irwyn Applebaum, the subsequent publisher of Bantam and Pocket Books, "the major works on the environment, health, African-American and Native American issues. Ian would gleefully recount for you his successes with publisher the first anthology from MAD Magazine."

At his home in Bearsville, NY – he and Betty lived in what might have qualified as the most energy-efficient home of its time as a result that every wall was a floor-to-ceiling bookcase, upon which sat at least one copy of every book he had ever published. Considering that he was in the business for 50 years and most reprint houses did a monthly list of 10-20 books, that house was stocked better than many libraries, while it might be most accurate to describe it as a soundproofed firetrap. Since he dismissed out of hand the notion of an autobiography, we pleaded up him to simply go over to any bookcase, turn on a tape recorder, and just tell the story behind every book on that shelf. Ian published, in his time, the asbestos cover *Fahrenheit 451*. *I. Robot*. *Lord of the Rings*. And another three thousand authors. He published Gnomes. And Faeries. Also Frank Frazetta's musclebound cave-man warriors. He carefully coaxed Bev Doolittle from art prints to printed books, and Jimmy Doolittle from his version of the Great Santini to New York Times Book Review martinis. What an incredible gift to the industry that would have been. But Ian deferred again, saying he'd do it later when he had time.

The house and the village was a hive of curious behavior. In the morning, Betty would swim laps in the pool out back. Year-round. Sometimes exiting the pool meant

navigating the snow back into the house. That probably explains the boots. The Ballantines coterie of neighbors, from Todd Rundgren to Peter Mayle, subsequent head of Penguin Books U.S., would check in on them. One time, as Peter recollected to me, he passed Ian in the hallway outside the Emergency Room at the local hospital. Ian was being released as Peter was being admitted...because Peter fell out the door of his van as he was driving down the road. It's no coincidence that Woodstock took place just up the road.

In the late 80s, I accompanied Ian on a trip to Boston where he had been invited to be the keynote speaker for the New England Booksellers Association. At that point in time, I was responsible for representing Bantam Doubleday Dell to all the independent bookstores nationally, a job I loved and have wished every year since that I could go back to that position. The New England booksellers group was one of the premier associations in the country. Ian asked me to come along because he wanted to learn what I knew – not surprisingly, this was a ruse akin to a Freudian slip; I did all the learning.

As was his *modus operandi*, he boarded the plane with 6 different titles in the Bantam Air & Space Library series in his satchel, a list that included Ernest Gann's *Flying Circus*, *Tex Johnston*, *The Legendary DC-3*, and *The Fastest Man Alive*. He gave these to the stewardess (which is what a flight attendant was called back then) and asked that she to present them to the pilots as his gift. As this was almost 20 years before September 11, 2001, this sort of access of the cockpit and exchange of goods was allowed. About five minutes later, Ian's name was called out over the speaker system as he was invited to sit up in first class per the captain of the plane.

When we landed at Logan, Ian hustled us into a cab, gave the driver \$40, and directed him to take us to four different bookstores, he didn't care which ones. Remarkably, pre-GPS, the cabbie was literate enough to know where to find four stores and how to get there. At the first three, Ian asked the cabbie to wait twenty minutes as we'd be right out.

Ian didn't ask to see the manager or the buyer; instead, he made his way to the front counter and asked whoever was working at the cash register which titles were selling best and if there were any surprising hardcovers in that lot (Bantam was still a reprint house at that point, so picking up a relatively unknown but ultimately successful hardcover for song was a bulls-eye). Only when this impromptu interview was done would Ian rise up on his toes in order to reach across the counter, shake hands with the clerk, introduce himself and tell his new best friend that if he or she was ever in New York City, he'd be delighted if they could stop by his office.

That was the drill for the first three ambushes; at the fourth, as it was almost noon, he shuffled in and point-blank asked the clerk when his lunch hour was. The said it'd be in about ten minutes. Ian asked if he'd and if he was amenable to joining us for a sandwich - the clerk said yes – and if he could recommend a nearby restaurant. The ninety-minute literary interrogation that followed was warm, spirited and nourishing in many ways.

Hours later, when Ian moved the microphone at the podium way down in order to address the gathered booksellers, he started by mentioning a couple of the stores we had visited and commending the group at large for having such a diverse and engaging staff of booksellers. He then repeated his earlier offer to everyone in the room – if any one of them

was ever in NYC, he or she should come visit him at the office. Because this group knew the pivotal role he played in the industry and the importance of his list in terms of their stores' sales, there was a quick jotting down of the address and phone number that Ian provided before beginning his speech.

That night, we caught the last flight back to the city. Out came another set of Air & Space books and once again Ian was whisked up front. I was grateful for the hour to collect my thoughts – it was hard keeping up with this seventy-year-old Tasmanian devil.

In the cab coming from the airport, I asked him if he followed this sort of itinerary every trip he took. He told me, “yes, of course, if I can.” I asked him...why. “Because there’s so much I don’t know. Anybody in the business will tell you how many copies of a book they printed, but that doesn’t count. All that matters is which ones are selling, and only the clerks know that.” Then with a little twinkle in his eye, he added, “it also keeps anyone from bullshitting you by telling you what they think you want to hear.”

People always want to know about the future. Ian would harrumph here a little bit when asked, and tell that person “I already know. It’s all in these books. You just have to read Asimov and Ray Bradbury and Arthur C. Clarke.” And he was right. All those magical telecommunication devices in our pockets, watches that buzz and talk, a space station, rockets that return to Earth, and life on Mars, all these were described on the pages published by Ian and Betty Ballantine.

In the mid-80s, Ian asked me to set up a dinner for one of his new authors. The venue: Washington D.C. The book was entitled: *Out on a Limb* and had been written by Shirley MacLaine. This book essentially ushered in New Age publishing.

What Ian and I set out to do in the nation’s capital, in a city of three-piece suits, toupees, and hot air, was bring in the cultural vanguard to hear about a new “category” of publishing. For an Ohio boy in New York publishing, I was a fish out of water. That is, I didn’t know a borough from a bagel. I was blue-collar, semi-rural, and only literate enough not to move my lips while reading. But I loved every second – publishing was the well I dove into daily. New York, especially in those *Bright Light, Big City* days of Jay McInerney and Brett Easton Ellis (although he was Left Coast) daze, was a boom-boom-blow world that kept it out of my taste, so I kept balanced by staying tethered to people west of the Hudson. In this case, my cousin Bob who had also grown up in NE Ohio at that time lived in the Adams-Morgan neighborhood in D.C. while working on his doctorate at Maryland.

For small, intimate lunches, we’d invite about 25 booksellers to a cool, but not hot, restaurant that poured heavy but didn’t judge by A-list attendees. So with author, publisher, and a couple guests, including Bob, we sat at three 10-person tables.

The schedule was to move the featured guest, who was in this case Shirley, from one table to the next to the third during a three-course dinner. Essentially by abdicating your seat as the designated vassal, she would move from the first table where she had been originally seated, and at some point between appetizers and the main course, to my still-warm seat at the second table...and then between the main course and dessert, repeating the switcheroo to join the third table (the second seat which I had just vacated), thereby

ensuring that over the course of the evening, that she had chatted intimately with every invited guest. Also ensuring that the only course I had ordered was the first, the appetizer, and I was amazed at the selections that followed.

But it also meant, that as I was initially sat next to my cousin, during the main course he sat at the right hand of Ms. MacLaine. Or perhaps, more to the point, he sat next to whoever she claimed to be channeling that evening as she was a big advocate of past life reincarnations. As confabs go, it was pleasurable and successful.

About midnight, after dropping Shirley off at her five-star hotel, with Ian and Bob in the back seat I steered our humble Avis rental car all around the district.

“What did you think of Shirley?” Ian asked Bob.

Mincing no words, Bob simply said: “She’s off her nut. She’s a kook.”

Ian replied: “Yes. So am I. But all that matters is that millions of readers will think she’s the right stuff.” Oh, and a few years later, he published Chuck Yeager’s biography, the man who broke the sound barrier and the ringleader of *The Right Stuff*.

Isaac Asimov’s wife wrote that Ian was “a first-class human being, a good friend, and a beloved mentor.” Imagine being a mentor to Asimov, the man who wrote or edited over 500 books and 90,000 letters or postcards.

Ray Bradbury wrote, “Ian changed my life, changed many many lives, with his imagination and kindness. Good lord, what a gentleman he was. Rare words in these distempered days.” Elmer Kelton added “I have long delighted in Ian’s telephone calls that always seemed to catch me by surprise and leave me feeling great about the world. He was truly a giant in the industry, yet a most human and humane man.

I suspect all of us gathered in this room could substitute a list of beloved books devoured as the equivalent of the pencil marks our parents made to chart our growth on the kitchen wall. Although you probably didn’t know it before now, Ian Ballantine may have played a direct role in at least 30 per cent of those titles. And in terms of getting those books from a publishing house to our house...he was The King.

Tonight’s audience probably cannot imagine our world without words written, edited and shared on paper, still the book business is a relatively young industry. I feel so fortunate to have been able to work with many of the pioneers, what inspirational men and women they were. Publishing is self-described as the Accidental Occupation. Although there are a few unruly exceptions, by and large, those of us who toil in the service of authors, booksellers, librarians and readers are more comfortable hiding behind our colophons than standing front and center. That’s why we needed Ian, and Betty, to lead us into battle. Our world is so much a wiser, kinder and more imaginative place because of them, their courage, their commitment, and their charm.

I know this is somewhat out of order, but I'd like now to introduce my last guest, our son Ian, a high school senior at Purcell Marian who was indeed named after Ian Ballantine. Like his namesake, just two days ago he too did his best to take Manhattan by storm when auditioning for a spot in Fordham's theater program. Ian has always known whom he was named after, but not precisely what Ian Ballantine did. As he is now on the brink of what we hope will be an engrossing, exciting and challenging next chapter, I hope he was stirred by Ian's life, and as part of that, he realizes what big galoshes he has to fill.

So perhaps this is simply my way to metaphysically introduce the two of them. If there was ever anyone in my life who I thought might just have a slip of chance to nudge the mortal coil into a reappearance or two, it would be Ian Ballantine. Who knows, he might be in this room with us tonight and I think he'd be absolutely delighted with the company here. If so, Ian B., you're among friends. And Ian H, this is not a mantle to wear lightly, yet at the same time, the elder Ian would not want you to be cowed or somehow supplicant. Simply remember and respect his lessons and you'll be fine: Engage Others. Listen. Revere books and authors. Never, ever quit.