



PLAY

An Epic of the Wheat.

THE OCTOPUS

A Story of California

By FRANK NORRIS

The story of this remarkable novel is founded upon an actual piece of History almost unknown in the East—what is known as the "Mussel Slough Affair"—when the wheat-growers of the San Joaquin Valley came into actual conflict with the railroad ("the Octopus"), which they believed was trying to defraud them of their land. The situation portrayed gains particular interest and excitement from the fact that "Trusts" and the people have never before been treated of in a work of fiction. Altogether it is a tremendous tale, handled in a masterly way. Mr. Norris has never before had a theme so suited to his virile pen, and he has veritably produced an epic of the wheat-growers.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK

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Biblioctopus

1st editions of the classics of fiction

Catalog 52

Oculari Octopi or, The Light Around You

Books and manuscripts
from Candide to Batman, and from 1900 B.C. to 2007,
amplified by multiple bolts from an excess of capriciously allied items,
that in the cumulative glare may seem a little more hip than usual, maybe too hip,
but every item is described in the photosensitive style to which you have become accustomed,
with sparks of the historical, bibliographical, cultural, personal, artistic, and esoteric,
as well as illuminations from the scrolls of book collecting (Book Code),
and the whole is aglow with barely related digressions,
and pierced by radiating flashes from
The Tao of the Octopus.

The second catalog
in a new series of undetermined length,
reinforcing the bookseller's avant-garde, and heralding the winds of change,
through our now revealed aim of crafting book catalogs as folk art,
and dependent on nothing except the whims of the scrivener,
in all his raging instability.

Biblioctopus is womaned by Jen the Zen (the Jeneral)

Director Alex Hime

Text by Mark Hime

All 3 are members of
The Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America (A. B. A. A.)
and The International League of Antiquarian Booksellers (I. L. A. B.)

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as we persist in our preference to answer your inquires, or confirm your orders, by telephone.

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The brash vanities that drive my realism,
now re-imagined, reinvented, reconstructed, remodeled, and rebooted,
the same way that the ancients rebuilt their cities, over time, and with an altering plan,
on top of the ruins of what once was.

Warning Label: Catalog With An Attitude

Nota Bene: We take our work seriously, but take ourselves lightly, so the books at Biblioctopus are always greater than the booksellers. Nonetheless, since it is we who have deconstructed, and then reconstructed, a new realm of cataloging aimed at empathy for the reader, it is we who have invented the standards and rules therein, and you, as our accomplice, are obliged to adjust and conform to our style. Abide willingly, and discover innovation, in which you, the delighted buyer, become our conspirator in a frictionless experience.

Basics: All entries include the 6 bookselling necessities, author (or its equivalent on related items), title (or its equivalent on related items), place of publication (if available), date of publication (or circa), a bibliographical conclusion and a physical description, typically in that order. Practical limits, in a commercial listing of 28,000 words, preclude a complete analysis but any aspect chosen as an aside for any single entry, follows the evaluation of many relevant factors at once, their interdependence, their comparative importance, and their consequences. We strive to weigh them fully, and then place them alternately and rhythmically in relation to one another, so that what gets written is not accidental, but rather the byproduct of an encompassing view, that should have width, breadth and depth. You can decide whether it has merit.

Sticker joy: We price to challenge other equivalent items of like kind and quality, so everything is marked (or remarked) to market, by recent world wide survey, the intention being, that nobody is offering a finer example at our price, and nobody is offering an equal example for less.

Plagiarism: New words examine old perspectives and vice versa, so attributed quotations are in quotation marks, but because I am creatively inadequate, disparate pithy aphorisms, literary conceits, wry epigrams, coy similes, and dry metaphors, are stolen, kidnapped, plagiarized, embezzled, and pillaged from everywhere and everyone, then combined, corrupted, inverted, abridged, debauched, and mis-employed, all for your breezy reading.

Methodology: In a stumble towards neo-scholarship we apply, for example, intellectual history (place within a body of work), iconography (symbols that point to meaning), iconology (social symbols), formalism (the subjective data), semiotics (signs), connoisseurship (comparisons within the corpus), and then, any other techniques that seem interesting, helpful, or appropriate, without any of the stifling limits usually imposed by academia.

Illustrations: Photography is accomplished with a 24 megapixel fullframe camera and Leica lenses that convey a straightforward view of the item. Nothing has been deliberately positioned to hide its failings, the associated text candidly describes the item itself, not just the deficiencies peculiar to, and obvious in, the picture, and those items, or sides of items, that are not illustrated, have their flaws articulated with special clarity.

Jargon: We never spin “fine” into a term that can safely be used for a book with faults, so we don’t use hypnotizing enhancements like fine plus, fine indeed, very fine, unusually fine, extremely fine, exceptionally fine, exceedingly fine, extraordinarily fine, astonishingly fine, phenomenally fine, implausibly fine, unbelievably fine, or unimaginably fine. We shun all rules linked to use of the comma, and always favor tempo to grammar. Restoration and repair are aesthetic, directed at soundness, and clearly noted, without the use of evasive terminology (argot). “Contemporary” (as used here) means parallel to publication day. “Postmodern” means “after W. W. II” no more, no less. Bibliographical deductions are all given as, “pending new discovery.” Items attributed as “Ex–somebody” were once owned by that person. General book collecting maxims are followed by the notation “Book Code.”

Loving your eyes: Text typeface is large (12 pt.) and wide, so it’s easy to read.

Shared essence: While the seeming dissimilarity and range of material may veil it, under the premise that unity in variety is the plan of the universe, the individual items selected for inclusion in Catalog 52, boast a collective soul.

Timeliness: All catalogs are distributed simultaneously from a detached mailing service, but logically, everything is subject to prior sale.

Taxes: California residents must be charged 9% sales tax, but we automatically give homeboys an equal discount to even things out.

Ecology: Bibliotopus is 100% green. All items listed for sale have been recycled, almost all of them more than once, however (see “Delivery”) we do not use secondhand packing materials, so if consuming Fed–ex boxes to ship your books, causes the polar ice caps to melt, I’m sorry, surf’s up.

Delivery: Everything is sent by second day Federal Express, entirely at our expense, though we may take a week to get it wrapped.

Assurances: Everything is guaranteed authentic, and way cool, regardless of its vintage, but all manuscripts created by the living are particularly burdened with, and isolated by, specific disclaimers of warranty.

Insufficient thrills: Everything is deemed to be sold on approval, and may be returned, with notice, within 8 days, for any reason, for a full refund. Everything remains the property of Bibliotopus until it is paid for in full.

Gratuitous armor: Copyright, ©MMXV, by Bibliotopus Nation, but contrary to established custom, we will wholly or partially subsidize the timely reproduction and distribution of Catalog 52 anywhere in the world, provided that the reprinting is absolutely accurate (indistinguishable).

THE ADULT LIFE OF TOULOUSE LAUTREC

Henri Toulouse Lautrec

1975

Catalog 52 is conceitedly dedicated to the memory of the great John F. Fleming

hello kitty

Acker, Kathy

The Adult Life of Toulouse Lautrec
(San Francisco, 1975–1976).

6 vols. 1st edition. Self-wrappers, as issued. A few stains but very good condition. Her 4th book and 3rd novel, hand made, self-published in an edition of 100 or so copies, and then mailed serially to subscribers only. **1,500**

Acker does her usual rendition of the pissed-off grrrrl and punk-proud of it, with a stupefying tundra of wanton sex, smashed up rules of language, piston hips, a constant foiling of time and place, and every word you wouldn't use in front of children, all of it titillatingly autobiographical in her distinctive, post-nouveau roman, bohemian-realist, experimental pastiche, gangsta deadpan, copulation-positive style of literary terrorism, willful, rebellious, deflating, innovative, and shaped by her life experiences of privileged academics, social exclusion, working the pole, and fucking guys for the free t-shirt. And she's still unappreciated for the ground she broke (not that the world's ready for her anyway), but 20 years from now Kathy Acker Day will be celebrated across America, as mothers on the ragged edge come together for lightning raids on gynecologists' offices, to tear down pictures of cheery babies, and replace them with photos of sullen teenagers moping at the family breakfast table.

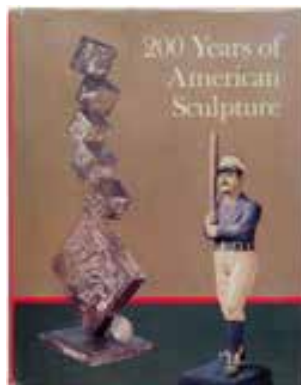
“Look at me, I'm in tune, references around my room,
Just another secret school, another cycle going by...”

–Jimmy Destri, Debbie Harry (Blondie), Walk Like Me

Jackie's copy

[American Art] Armstrong, Tom, et al. **200 Years of American Sculpture**
(NY [Whitney Museum of American Art], 1976).

1st edition. From the private library of Jacqueline Kennedy, a refugee from Sotheby's demi-fabled 1996 sale of Jackie's estate, so with her bookplate. The first thorough study of the subject, published for the U. S. bicentennial, comprehensively cataloging and liberally illustrating (548 plates, 68 in color) an expansive display of American statues and sculpture, from fine art to commercial, and from modern to aboriginal. Biographies and bibliographies too. Fine in a very good dustjacket. And beyond being a comprehensive view of sculpture, ponder this: Our book is a \$350 copy



of a \$35 1st edition, but that premium buys this copy's lineage, so it'll make an eccentric gift, or you can throw it on a coffee table and impress the kind of visiting company that prides themselves on being unimpressible. **350**

the discovery of antimatter

Anderson, Carl

The Positive Electron
(Lancaster [PA], 1933).

1st edition of The Physical Review, Vol. 43, no. 6, Mar. 15, 1933, publishing (pages 491–494) Anderson's Nobel Prize winning paper (Nobel in 1936) announcing his discovery of the positron (the electron antimatter counterpart), a particle having the same mass as an electron but with an opposite electrical charge. The complete issue (not the 4 page extract or bound volume) in original wrappers (8" X 10 1/2"), near fine. Antimatter had (in theory) been predicted 3 years earlier by Paul Dirac, but it was Anderson who identified and photographed it (15 times) in cosmic rays, and 4 of his photo-proofs are reproduced to accompany the text. And to verify



his discovery, Anderson devised a gamma ray experiment in which he created positron–electron pairs. One (the “one” being “you” or “I” or “we” or “they” in this grammatical incident) cannot overstate the impact and magnitude of Anderson’s paper (or check the reviews on Amazon if you want to know what crazy people think about this book). Ex–Ross Gunn, his 2 line blind–stamp to the cover and 2 pages. Gunn (1897–1966), was quite a prominent physicist (separating uranium isotopes by thermal diffusion) in the earliest days of The Manhattan Project, that vast engineering venture realized in a time when personal computer meant your own brain. **4,000**

If you believe the scientists, nothing is true until they prove it. If you believe the doctors, nothing is wholesome. If you believe the military, nothing is safe. If you believe the theologians, nothing is innocent. If you believe the shopkeepers, the internet will steal your identity. If you believe the playwrights, reading makes you blind. If you believe the novelists, TV makes you incapable of ridiculing pop culture. And if you believe the online booksellers, 2nd state is an honest substitute for 2nd edition, and “fine” is a loose term germane to books with flaws. And to you booksellers who nefariously misuse such terms with all the abandon of a pig playing in the mud, but don’t like being called out on it, your thin skin will not be healed by the amputation of bibliographical integrity.

What may seem like a random array of items cast through our catalogs, that are neither books nor manuscripts, in fact relate, as all are written, printed, painted, minted, autographed, corrected, annotated, stamped, typed, cast, carved, drawn, engraved, embossed, photocopied, mimeographed, photographed, or lithographed.



3,900 year old document

[Antiquities]

Cuneiform Tablet

(Babylon, circa 1900 B. C.).

Administrative document of hard (fired) clay from the Old Babylonian period (1 3/4" X 2 1/2"). **11 lines of cuneiform figures (8 recto, 3 verso) written in a quick, provincial hand, recording 3 separate accounts (spaces between).** 1 crack strengthened (letters untouched) else good condition, fitting for such an elderly survivor. Ex-Barney Rubble. Man's archaic hand reaching 4 millennium across the eons with a message, roughly equivalent to a modern invoice. 750

Sumerian cuneiform (meaning: wedge shape) was the earliest known manner of writing (first deciphered and translated into English in 1837). Its attending number system was based on 12, so there are 12 tablets in Gilgamesh, our dozen has its roots there, as do the Greek's 12 Olympians, and the 12 zodiacs, our day is divided into 2 halves of 12 hours, our hour into 60 minutes, and our minute into 60 seconds.

"...now they know how many holes it takes to fill The Albert Hall..."

—Lennon/McCartney (Beatles), A Day in the Life



Penny Dreadful?

[Antiquities]

**Cartonnage
Fragment**

Egypt,
circa 675 B. C.).

25th dynasty painted
linen (5" X 10 1/2"),
the central portion
from the coffin of a
mummy, depicting
standing figures of
Sekhmet (protector
of the Pharaoh),
Osiris (God of the
underworld), and
Anubis (guide to
the underworld).
Fragile, but in 1
piece, authentic, and
good, exemplary for
fabric of this vintage.
Nicely framed to 11"
X 17" (see picture
below). 2,000

Egypt has a long,
proud history but
it's hard to take any
civilization seriously
that worshiped a
jackal.





[Antiquities]

Ornate Offering Plaque

(Roman Empire, circa 200 A. D.).

Ancient lead religious object, 2 3/8" X 2 3/8" square. Elaborate relief design centered by the deity Artemis, flanked by Nike, Athena, 2 horsemen, and columns around which snakes are twined. Above Artemis are 2 levels, the first with an eagle and stars, and the second with busts of Helios and Selene and more stars. Below Artemis (the lower register) are copious representations (a man holding amphora, a wreath, 2 standing figures, a vase, and animals, including a cock, a lion, a ram's head and a fish on an offering table). The complex and interwoven (overloaded?) symbolism is the terrain of archaeologists who would prejudicially guess at its meaning with gravitas and authority, but we will only stand for its authenticity. A desperately detailed relic, featuring an extensive cluster of figures. Very good, contrasting light/dark brown patina, complete as created, and rarer than a number 1 pencil. And if you feel cordial towards paganism's deities this proffering might get you 3 wishes at the altar of Minerva. **1,100**

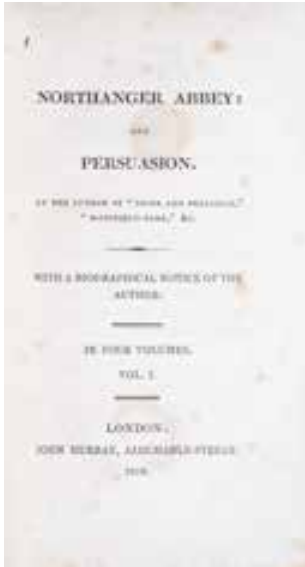
opposites attract, and then aggravate

Austen, Jane

Northanger Abbey [and] Persuasion

(London, 1818).

4 vols. 1st edition. Her 5th and 6th novels, together as originally issued. Publisher's boards and labels, uncut, neatly rebacked preserving the original spines and printed paper labels, which retain their original price stubs (24s). Some foxing to the preliminary pages and blank margins, else



fine, and complete, a copy with all of its decisive elements, the ad leaf in volume I (consistently missing), the 2 terminal blanks in volume IV (usually missing), and all 4 genuine half-titles (often missing). And while authentic half-titles are the indispensable preservation feature for each of Austen's 1st editions, this copy has all the additional essentials as well, and other sets don't. Check the comps: 5 real copies, uncut in original boards, have sold for the auction record in the last 20 years, \$55,825, \$45,375, \$24,000 (worn), \$60,000, and \$27,665 (missing a blank). **28,000**

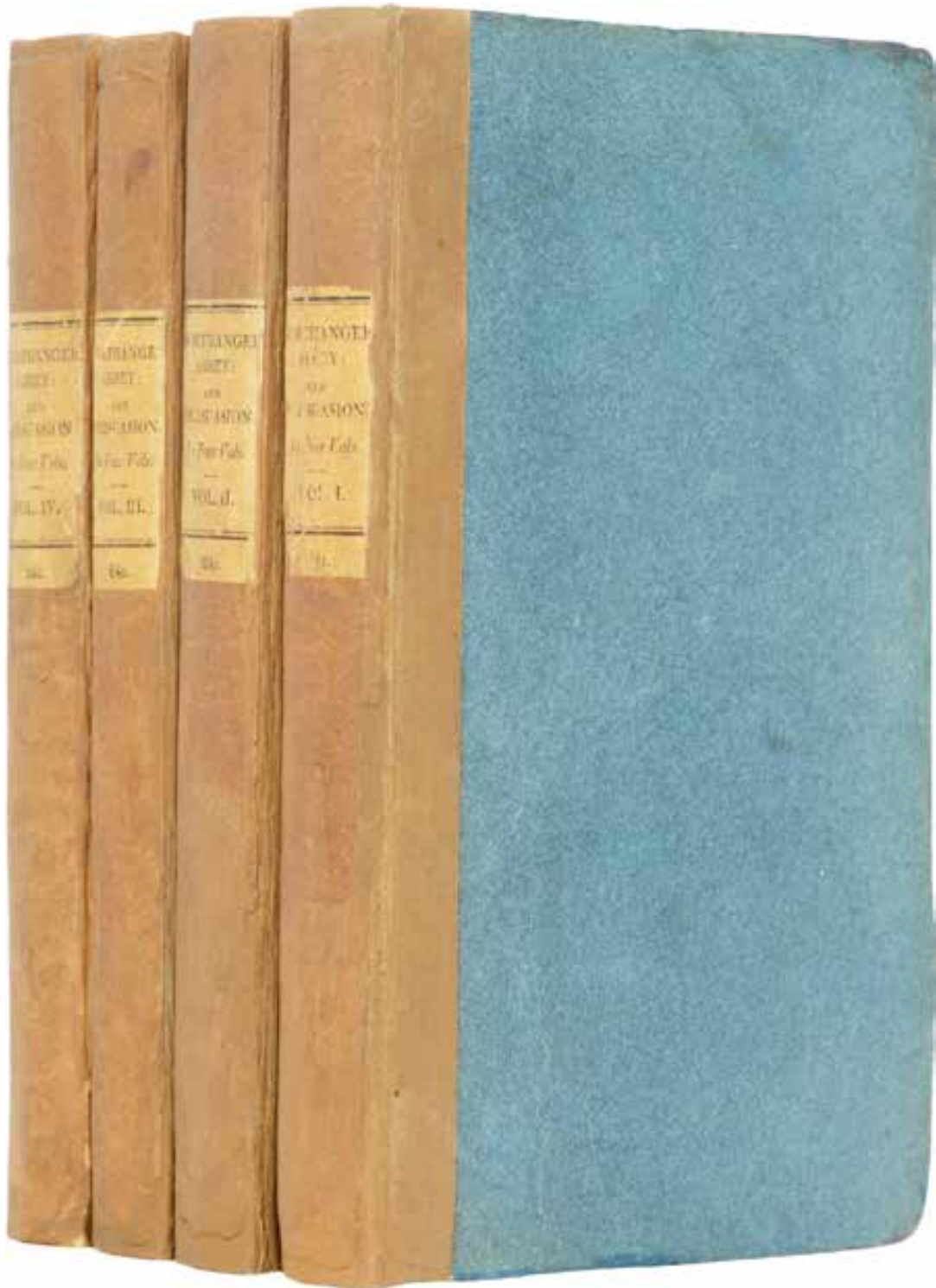
1st editions that have been trimmed and rebound are half our price (or should be), those in modern bindings, or those that are incomplete (what's out there for sale) should be even cheaper, but the mother of imbeciles is always pregnant (often with twins), so there's a permanent crowd to buy lame (and therefore overpriced) copies of great books, because the slickest, most sinister, and last mastered, nemesis of book collecting success, is identifying the right book (title), and then buying (being sold) the wrong copy of it, a road to ruin that's a gradual, lulling, downhill slope, comfortable and soft underfoot, pacifying and undemanding, without sudden turnings, obstacles, signposts, checkpoints, or milestones (Book Code).

"Sometimes you think you're crazy, but you know you're only mad,

Sometimes you're better off not knowing, how much you've been had..."

—Traveling Wilburys, The Devil's Been Busy

Northanger Abbey is gentle art, suffused with, a perversity of fate that's dryer than Lawrence of Arabia. It's essentially social criticism, sharp parody and a comedy of manners, rotated by Austen's chic into a straight-faced rip of gothic novels. She started it in 1799 then poked it and buffed it until 1803, turning to the Western novel's literary origins by drawing on Cervantes' plotline (the dangers of believing life is the same as fiction), but substituting the impact of gothic novels on her heroine Catherine Morland, for the impact of chivalrous novels on Don Quixote. For 15 years she was unable to find a publisher, so in 1817, at the height of her powers, and after having



learned that genius is about the infinite capacity for taking pains, she reworked it with all the retrospective vision she now enjoyed in the serenity of her intrepid, post-distracted absence of agitation. She gave it everything she had,

but died 5 months before the book was posthumously published. The text is preceded by a Biographical Notice, with a revelation of the author's name (her previous novels were all anonymous), and though there were practical business reasons for her secrecy (widespread anti-female bias), she also knew well that obscurity and efficiency were preferable to fame, with its inescapable accessory of bluff.

Northanger Abbey's themes were as diverse as they were pointed, including, the contrived densities and monotony of society (especially as it applies to matchmaking), the conflict between marriage for love and marriage for property, the maturation of the young (youth is stranger than fiction) into skeptical adulthood with its corresponding loss of imagination, innocence and faith, the obsession of living life as if one was a character in a novel filled with illusory dangers and intrigues, and in the end, growing up to finally discredit the products of one's fantasies, and accept that things are not what they appear to be at first.

And there's one more allusion of note. The first mention anywhere, that I could find, of baseball,

"...her elder daughters were inevitably left to shift for themselves; and it was not very wonderful that Catherine, who had by nature nothing heroic about her, should prefer cricket, baseball, riding on horseback, and running about..."

Persuasion is a different kind of smart, with Anne Elliot (the central character) resigned at the outset, but worldly and fulfilled by the end (Austen's favored finale). The title plainly exposes the author's main theme, and the satire is more biting than in her previous writings (closer to the truth is closer to the nerve), and though the 2 novels were published together, Northanger Abbey connects to Persuasion only in that both are partly set in Bath. It's a more natural romantic comedy, evoking an undertone of Cinderella, with the eventually contented characters, high spirited as always, but a little more grown-up into men who take the kind of melodramatic pauses that if they had a mustache they'd be twirling it, and women who exchange the kind of glances women only use when no knife is handy.

"Louisa seemed the principal arranger of the plan; and, as she went a little way with them, down the hill, still talking to Henrietta, Mary took the opportunity of looking scornfully around her, and saying to Captain Wentworth,

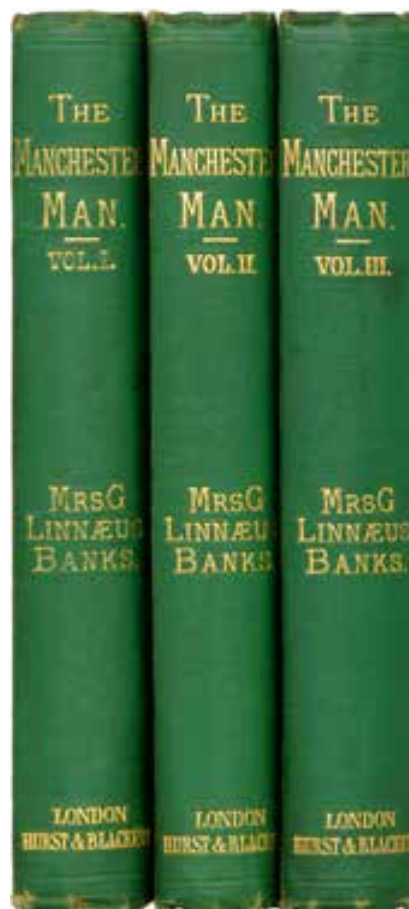
'It is very unpleasant, having such connexions! But I assure you, I have never been in the house above twice in my life.'

She received no answer, other than an artificial, assenting smile, followed by a contemptuous glance, as he turned away, which Anne perfectly knew the meaning of."

Banks, Isabella

The Manchester Man
(London, 1876).

3 vols. 1st edition of Banks' foremost contribution to literature, and no small one. The setting is the world's first industrial city, in the years prior to the 1832 Reform Act. The novel tracks a hero's rise from the void (paralleling Manchester's own) and it captures the lives of the city's working people juxtaposed against its founding fathers, all swept up in the prototype for transitioning from a backwater of trade to a center of industrial production, before such a thing was understood. The plotline contrasts harsh accuracy and sympathetic compassion, in a manner that only a feminist author, born in Manchester, could execute, and it touches all the surrounding historical events including a dissection of the 1819 Peterloo Massacre. Publisher's cloth, shadows from the removal of small bookplates (no surface damage to endpapers), 2 of the 6 inner hinges smoothly strengthened, light rubs and smudges, else near fine, greener than a chia pet, a 1st edition that will make you happier than a housecat sleeping in a pile of cashmere sweaters that were once worn by a tuna. And citing cats, we owe them our gratitude, because without cats, the internet would just be boobies.



5,000

iconic Los Angeles artifact

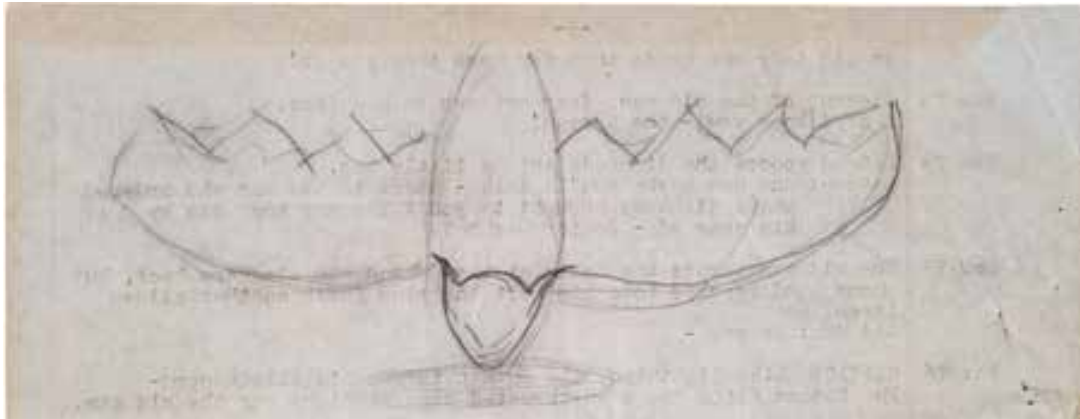
[Baseball]

1959 L. A. Dodgers World Championship Ring
(Los Angeles, 1959).

14 karat white gold World Series ring presented to Don Zimmer (shortstop). The face is set with a 1/2 carat diamond. "Los Angeles World Champions" in raised lettering around the perimeter (their first L. A. championship), the left shank with bats, ball and Zimmer's name, the right shank with the team logo, "1959" and an image of the L. A. City Hall. **"Balfour 14K" stamped inside the band.** Authentic. Fine. Actual player rings are many times scarcer than rings for surrounding personnel, and championship ring production numbers (in all sports) increased geometrically in the 1970s. The L. A. home games were stunning, played before 92,000 fans at The Coliseum while Dodger Stadium was being built.



30,000



1939 Batman manuscript

[Batman]

Original Manuscript for the 4th Batman Story

by Gardner Fox

(DC Comics, [August] 1939).

Original hand corrected typescript. The complete story from Detective Comics #30, here titled "The Batman and the Diamonds of Death" (the title changed when published to "The Return of Dr. Death"). 5 leaves (8" X 13"), 1,500 typed words plus 196 words of handwritten ink and pencil corrections, deletions, changes, and additions including a rewrite of the last scene on the back of page 5, with a sketch of a gliding Batman. Very good. This is Dark Knight incunabulum and rare as a 1 ended stick. I know of no other Batman manuscripts from this vintage, or even from near this vintage. In fact all DC super-hero manuscripts before 1945 are rare. Ex-Bob Kane. Ex-Sacripante. And (full disclosure) Ex-HA, \$5,676, Nov. 23, 2013. 19,000

Batman is the model for the modern super-hero without super powers. Always cryptic, fueled by his incomparable intellect, and powered by his fabulous toys, he first showed up 75 years ago in Detective Comics #27 (May, 1939) in a story written by Bill Finger and illustrated by Bob Kane. Finger also wrote the second story (in Detective Comics #28). Then Gardner Fox took over, writing the next 4 (including this one). Finger and Fox collaborated on the 7th story (in Detective Comics #33), then Fox wrote the 8th one alone before moving on to a long, influential, career at DC, co-creating The Sandman, Flash, Hawkman, and the first super-hero team-up with The Justice Society of America (forerunner of The Justice League).

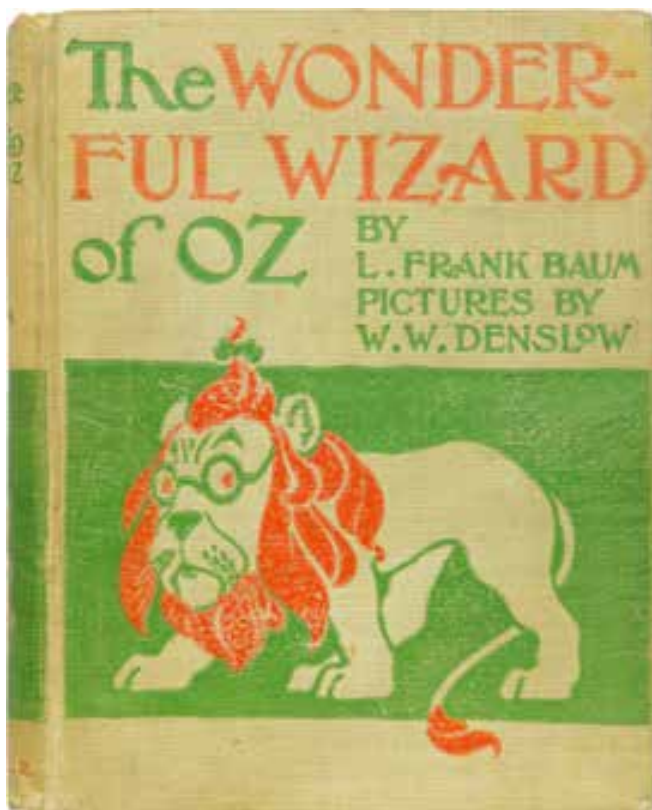
Literary super-heroes trace back, at least, to Gilgamesh, and then through Achilles, Aeneas, Beowulf, Merlin, and Robin Hood, to shout out a few. They divide on 2 lines, some with super powers, some without. The modern take on the independent super-hero without super powers began with Rodolphe in Sue's Mysteries of Paris, followed by such as Monte-Cristo, Sherlock Holmes and Zorro. And then there was Batman. And since then, no one's done it better.

the unintended blowback of collateral damage

Baum, L. Frank

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz
(Chicago, 1900).

1st edition. The text, plates and binding are not in the 1st state but (remarkably) the title page is in its 1st state of all, having the verso blank and no copyright notice. The panicked publishers first amended the title



page into its 2nd state by promptly hand impressing a hurriedly conceived rubber stamped copyright notice on the verso of it, followed by a reprinting of the title page with 2 versions of a typeset copyright. The mix of printing progressions in this specific copy exposes a kind of manufacturing process one might expect from a publisher who had heard about books but had never actually seen one, so from the beginning, the plates, text, title page and binding, were all produced separately (and not in equal numbers), then assembled as needed (in this case a 1st state title page was combined with corrected

elements later in the edition). Fraying to the extreme spine tips, 2 faint creases to the front cover, inscription on the blank back of the final leaf, a few short tears to blank margins, 1 plate has the tiny edgetears expertly strengthened, inner paper hinges also expertly strengthened, but don't be distracted by the fastidiousness with which we have articulated what are not major faults. This is a very good copy, clean and attractive (see photo), with no grubbiness, and with no horrid flaws, and we've valued it with a firm grip on reality, so the price assures that it can be bought with confidence, and the condition assures that it can be owned with pride. **7,500**

The Wizard of Oz maintains a 115 year residence at the apex of American literature, largely because it has more layers than the math of Blackjack. One layer I have found says we are all here on this earth to help others. What on earth the others are here for, I have not found.

Now for the first 3 barely connected digressions in a catalog that is full of them:

1. We never say our copy is finer than the average copy. It is of course, but “finer than the average copy” never means anything, because the average copy, in all its mediocrity, never matters, is going to be overpriced, then misdescribed with unwarranted adjectives, and misrepresented as a special snowflake. And it can only be sold to the naïve who will resent the seller for it eventually (one day the truth emerges, like a corpse in the water). So, average is a dangerous standard in book world (feckless collections of the unsalable), and a blurry standard in the wider world, since average impersonates a clear and precise midline, but is really (ironically) too encompassing, carrying all the extremes within it, and this is captured in a corollary to the law of bad statistics known as Jensen’s Inequality (don’t walk into a river because you are told it has an average depth of 4 feet).

2. There are disciplines (in the other arts that are not literature) striving for the same aims as literature, including human expression and ethical reflection. Architecture, music, drawing, dance, photography, industrial design, sculpture, theater, painting, and gastronomy, are some of the more notorious. They rise and fall in prominence through the cycles of fashion, and unnecessarily compete with one another, often bitterly, and they reveal in those conflicts their weaknesses of the moment. For 1 example: These days, authors and poets (except for those poets that are rockers) stand scornful and envious, of the easy money and free promotion enjoyed by painters. Glamour, adoration, and instant success seem more accessible to the sketcher than the scribbler. And this is shamelessly advanced and sponsored by the art reviews and periodicals that are self-evidently brash and brazen puff-papers. Unlike writers, painters seem to function as a winged street gang, a flock of the migratory, alighting together in a boisterous squawk, at staged exhibitions from Tokyo to Los Angeles to New York to Berlin, and since bad painters always admire each other’s work, they bury one another in hugs, applause, laurels and bouquets.

3. So you secretly aspire to become an Antiquarian bookseller? Here’s some help:

First: Business strategy generally. Creativity (systematic innovation, and reimagined product) and truthfulness (with customers and self) are the reliable assets to bravely have and hold, when starting any American enterprise, but it’ll all be tested against making money. Most people struggle at first, so they’re visited by the phantom of doubt, exhaust their nerve, distrust their creativity, and abandon their truthfulness, because they aren’t patient enough with them to start making the loot, and so, they unknowingly sacrifice to the unactualized, their higher, future possibilities (you can fall so fast you think you’re flying).

Second: A string of personal, foundational, spontaneous recollections in context.

Watch the video of Mark’s, Feb. 9, 2014, A. B. A. A. interview at:

http://www.abaa.org/bookseller_interview/details/mark-hime-biblioctopus

Or at:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=FsR7jD7DLS8



1st printing of the Devil's Dictionary

Bierce, Ambrose

Collected Works
(NY, 1909–1912).

12 vols. 1st edition. Publisher's original 3/4 brown morocco. Fine condition. **From the total edition of 250 sets, this one is from the deluxe issue of just 25 for presentation, with "Compliments of" printed on a leaf in each volume and with those pages in vols. 1, 2, and 4 signed in pencil (his implement of choice) by Ambrose Bierce.** **6,500**

The set's contents dissect in 2 paragraphs worth a read. The first half of The Devil's Dictionary (only letters A through L, about 200 pages) was published in 1906 as The Cynic's Word Book, but the complete 1st edition of it (letters A through Z, 376 pages) is published for the first time anywhere as volume VII of this set. And there's more to these books than is generally assumed to be in an author's works because they are filled with 1st appearances and 1st editions, but why trust me? I'll quote from The Bibliography of American Literature:

"...Volumes I, IX, X, and XII are practically new volumes in all particulars [writings published for the first time in any book], while Vols. III, VIII, and XI have been so enhanced as to make of them important new volumes in most particulars (these 7 new vols. constitute more than half the set). It is certain that Vols. IV, V, and VI have sustained changes and additions, although for the most part they are made up of old [previously published] material, that the last half of Vol. VII is new, and that Vol. II has been rearranged." –B. A. L. page 223

And as you would properly expect, 3 samples from the Dictionary:

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| FIDELITY, n. | A virtue peculiar to those who are about to be betrayed. |
| ROAD, n. | A strip of land along which one may pass from where it is too tiresome to be to where it is futile to go. |
| TWICE, adv. | Once too often. |



Topps' first color card set

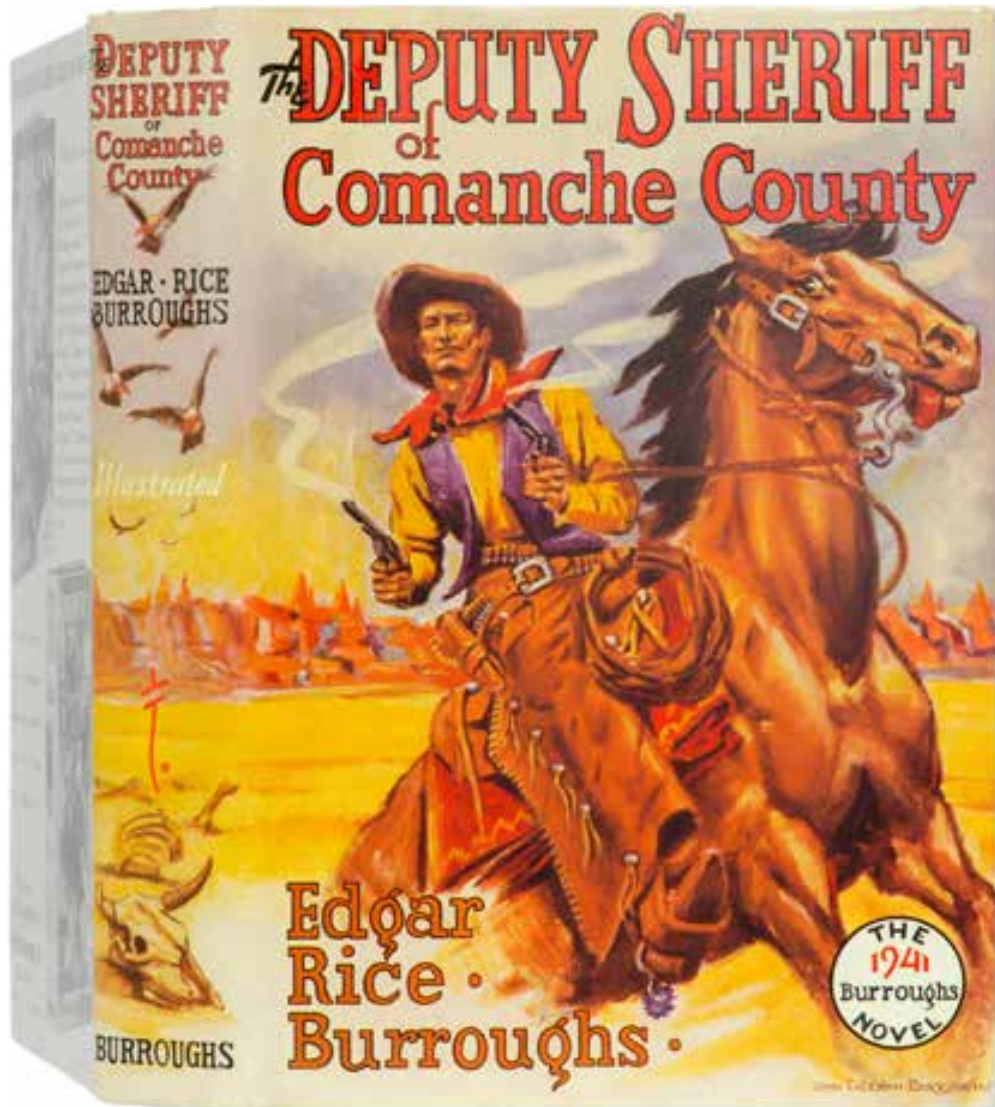
Buck, Frank

Bring 'Em Back Alive

(Brooklyn [Topps: R714-2], 1950).

100 numbered cards (2 5/8" X 2 1/16") a complete run (1-100), in 5 sub-series. Buck (1884-1950) wrote 8 books about his work, and (need I say?) other Topps trading card sets of authors are nonexistent. The 5 series chronicle his amazing adventures (exploits and encounters) in collecting wildlife for zoos, fairs and circuses. Each card has an action scenario (from a painting) pictured on the recto and a brief description of it on the verso. Near fine (grade excellent or better), each 65 year old card out of a wax gum pack, with square corners, lurid color, no wear, and no creases, the variations in grade somewhat from the unavoidable gum shadows on the versos, but mostly from consistently terrible centering, as Topps' first cards were infamous for notoriously poor margin balance, their cutting machinery being primitive until it was re-tooled beginning in 1951, so in 1950 they shrugged, and held centering to be irrelevant. 500

The reasonable person adjusts to the world. The unreasonable person tries to adjust the world to themselves. As a consequence, progress depends on the unreasonable person. In his day, Frank Buck was the paradigm of humane conservationism, a hunter in all of its most dangerous aspects with the added burden of capturing the animals unharmed, constructing cages in the wild, transporting them to the coast, and then shipping them to new homes while maintaining their health and well being. Today, he'd be justifiably pilloried by animal rights activists, but the definition of humanitarian compassion evolves, and Buck was at the forefront of an emerging environmental movement. The menagerie brought back alive by Frank Buck between 1911 and 1942 (usually from Asia, but also from Africa, Australia, South America, and India) included: 49 elephants, 60 tigers, 15 crocodiles, 18 African antelope, 20 tapirs, 2 giraffes, 63 leopards, 9 pygmy water buffalo, 2 gaurs, 120 antelope and deer, 20 hyenas, 60 bears, 5 rhinoceroses, 90 pythons, 10 king cobras, 25 giant monitor lizards, 100 gibbon apes, 52 Asian orangutans, 5,000 or so smaller monkeys, more than 500 different species of other mammals, and nearly 100,000 wild birds.



inscribed to his daughter

Burroughs, Edgar Rice

The Deputy Sheriff of Comanche County
(Tarzana, 1940).

1st edition. Fine in near fine 1st state and 1st issue (unlaminated) dustjacket. **Signed presentation copy, inscribed (in ink) to his daughter on Christmas Eve, "To Joan with lots of love Papa. Honolulu Dec 24 1940."** 3,500

E. R. B. mates a mid-20th century Western, to a mystery/detective novel, an idea that was an ingenuity in 1940, but a fusion of genres that's commonplace today. In related news a British scientific team in London has mated a zebra and a pony, creating a long eared horse with a bad temper, named a zony. Not to be outdone, researchers in America have crossed a dog and a cat, creating an oversexed barker, that won't come when you call him, named a husband.

literature's first rock star

Byron, George Gordon

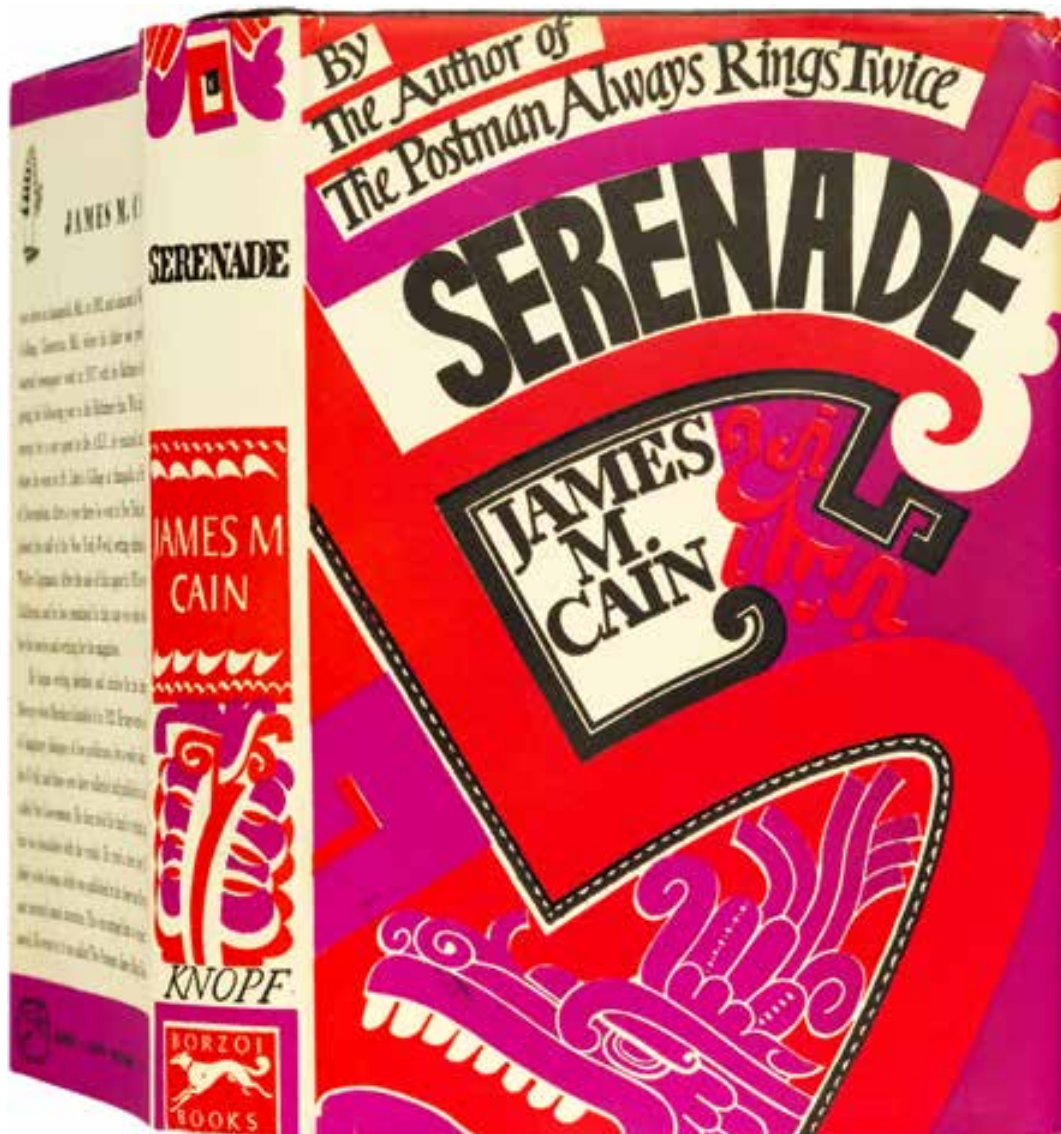
A Collection
(London, 1807–1823).

21 titles. All are 1st editions, 1st issues, except as noted. The quality high, the opportunity apparent. Details upon request. Byron was more romantic, and at the same time more modern, than any of his contemporaries. **55,000**

1. Hours of Idleness (London, 1807). 1/2 calf (Fare Thee Well, 1816, bound in!).
- 1a. Hours of Idleness (London, 1807). The large paper issue (an unauthorized 2nd printing, with minor type variations). Original boards.
2. Poems Original and Translated (London, 1808). Later boards.
3. English Bards and Scotch Reviewers (London, 1809). 2nd issue. Original boards.
4. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Cantos I–IV (London, 1812, 1816, 1818). Original boards.
5. The Giaour (London, 1813). Original wrappers.
6. Lara, a tale [and] Jacqueline, a tale (London, 1814). Original boards.
7. The Corsair (London, 1814). Original wrappers.
8. Hebrew Melodies (London, 1815). Original wrappers.
9. The Prisoner of Chillon (London, 1815). Original wrappers.
10. The Siege of Corinth — Parasina (London, 1816). Original wrappers.
11. Monody On the Death of the Right Honourable R. B. Sheridan (London, 1816). Contemporary wrappers (originally issued without covers).
12. Lord Byron's Works, 4 Vols. (London, 1816). Original boards.
13. Manfred (London, 1817). Original wrappers.
14. Beppo (London, 1818). Original wrappers.
15. Don Juan, Cantos I–XVI (London, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1824). Original boards.
16. Mazeppa (London, 1819). Original wrappers.
17. Marino Faliero — Prophecy of Dante (London, 1821). Original boards.
18. Letter to **** ***** on the Rev. W. L. Bowles' Strictures on The Life and Writings of Pope (London, 1821). Wrapped in blue paper with white vellum covers.
19. Sardanapalus — Two Foscari — Cain (London, 1821). Original boards.
20. Werner (London, 1822). Original wrappers.
21. The Age of Bronze (London, 1823). Original wrappers.



Ref: F. L. Randolph (Wise is useless). Ex–Dr. Jack Turner, his catalog included.



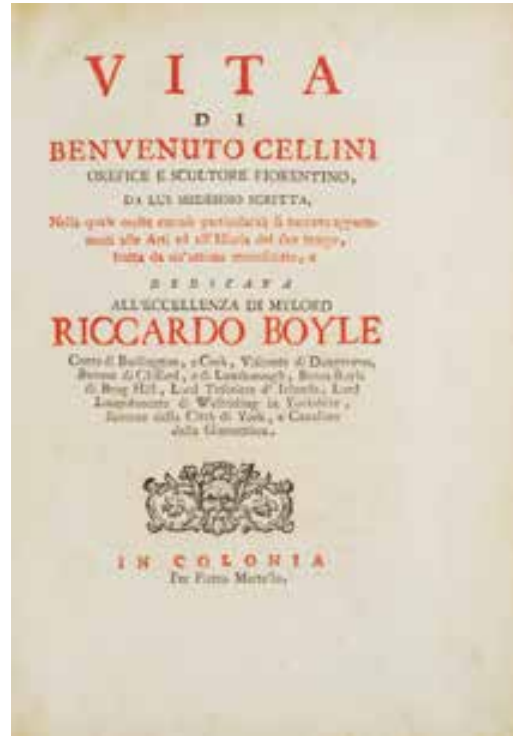
I haven't been to nowhere but it's on my list

Cain, James

Serenade
(NY, 1937).

1st edition. Fine in a dazzling jacket, short edgetears but fresh beyond hope, the white on the spine whiter than a ghost eating marshmallows in a snowstorm, and you'd never know it started out white by looking at other copies. Seldom seen like this and defying condition to replicate. Ex—a person of interest, but anybody caught reading Cain is potentially a person of interest. His second novel, the tale of an exile trapped in the gathering darkness of a free-fall plotline that's opaque, hard-boiled, fatally sexual, and alas, broken hearted. 750

“Tis not love's going hurts my days,
But that it went in little ways.” —Edna St. Vincent Millay



the life of lives

Cellini, Benvenuto

Vita Di Benvenuto Cellini

[The Adventures of Cellini]

(Colonia [i.e. Naples, Pietro Martello], 1728).

1st edition (in Italian). Contemporary full vellum, spots, and tiny pinholes to spine (see photograph) else a near fine copy of a towering classic, arguably the greatest autobiography ever written, and more than it being a great work, it is the story of a great man. And by great, I mean dramatically larger than life, Harry Houdini great, and P. T. Barnum great, but also Hieronymus Bosch great, and Wolfgang Mozart great, that is, a man who chooses a discipline with a long history of practice by, and attraction to, geniuses, and then imitates nobody, and does work so fine that nobody can imitate it. Coll: [8], 318, [2] blank, 8pp. Ref: Graesse II 99. Cicognara 2231 (incorrectly stating "Florence, 1730"). Gamba 337 (noting the 1792 counterfeit edition). Ex-Bernardine Murphy (bookplate). **2,500**

Benvenuto Cellini (1500–1571) was THE divine goldsmith and fearless sculptor, and it is for his supremacy in those 2 skills that he is remembered in the pantheon of art, but it is the other aspects of his titanic personality that make this book colossal. He was a hero and a villain, a libertine, duelist, drunkard and murderer, charming, sensuous, vain, vicious, vengeful, trenchant, and at the same time disarming and passionate, a beloved friend of Michelangelo, (mutual worship), active defender (with sword not just word) of the Pope when France attacked Rome, sculptor to the

first Medici Duke of Florence and also to the King of France, creator of the immortal Perseus that stands in the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence, the finest and largest bronze of the Renaissance, and he was the goldsmith of Francis I's wondrous Saltcellar, the finest single work of enamel and gold ever (including Fabergé). Cellini may (or may not) have been the premier swordsman in all of Italy but he never lost a duel, and other fencers of broad repute avoided provoking him, and if he wasn't the greatest rogue in the Renaissance, he was the most energetic. In fact, everything one discovers about Cellini is somehow apt, and his autobiography is grander than those of Casanova and Berlioz (with which it is sometimes compared). He finished it about 1560, but the manuscript was apparently circulated, suppressed, lost, found, circulated again, and lost again, over 170 years, until the donkey finally caught the carrot and this 1st printing was published. In addition to a vivid recounting of Cellini's antics, the book is a significant document constituting the most detailed record of the working life of a Renaissance artist that has come down to us. It is a first person account of his fast and frantic life, its art, thrills, violence, intrigue, appetites, and zeal in 16th century Italy, but it also recounts some of the more mellow and everyday aspects of Renaissance intimacy:

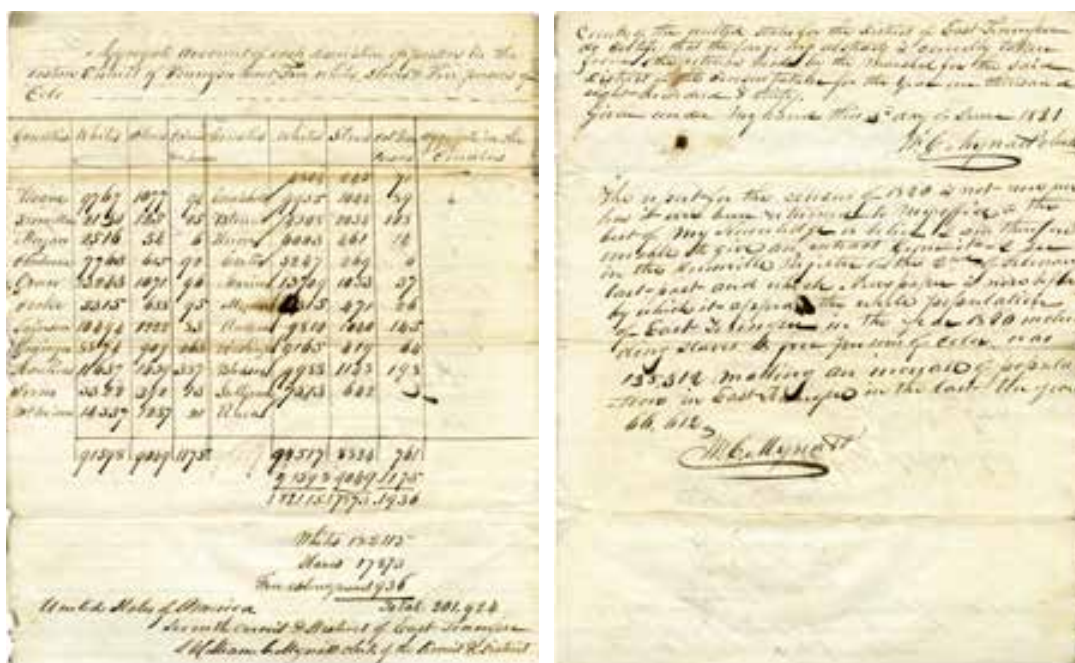
"The plague [in 1560 they called flu, cholera, typhoid, etc. "the plague"] had by this time almost died out, so that the survivors, when they met together alive, rejoiced with much delight in one another's company. This led to the formation of a club of painters, sculptors and goldsmiths, the best that were in Rome."

Cellini, Benvenuto

The Life of Benvenuto Cellini
(London [T. Davies], 1771).

2 vols. 1st edition in English. 3/4 calf and cloth. There's nothing jubilant about a 1771 book like this in a 20th century binding, but you don't just throw it on top of the cadavers when the death wagon rumbles through town. 1 spine is a little lighter than the other, and there are 3 minor margin flaws, but it's a very good set, and it's a complete one, and most pleasing, the price (transactional) doubly rewards the quality of the read (transformational). And though it doesn't increase the value at all, a copy so solid is good for 100 reads, and I'll always goad you to read your 1st editions (a book is safe on a shelf, but that is not what books were made for). Your eyes read. We love your eyes.





just countin'

[Census]

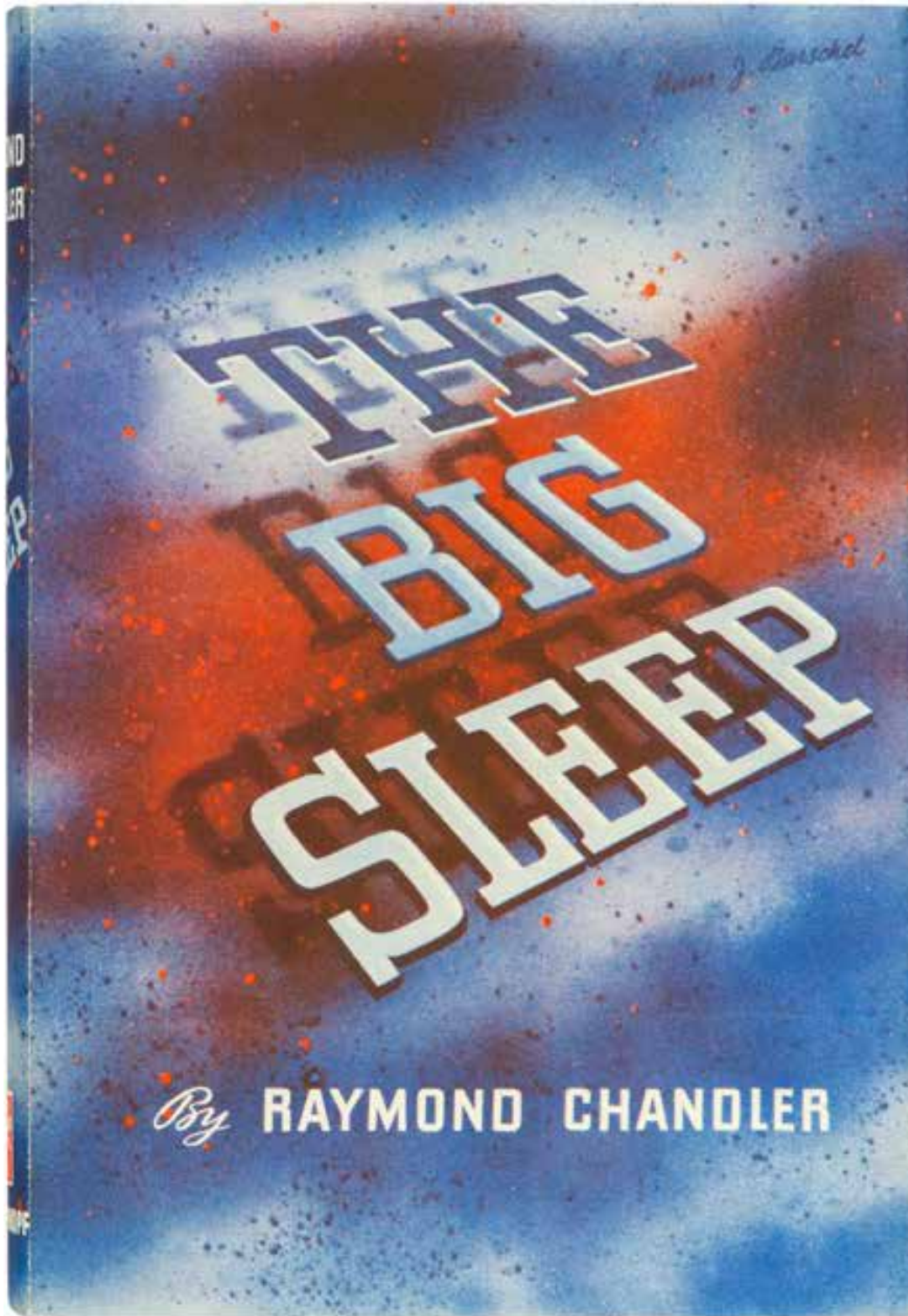
East Tennessee Survey
of Whites, Slaves and Free Persons of Color
(Knoxville, 1831).

ADs. 2 pages (8" X 10"). All in black ink on off-white paper. Very good. 350

Recto: A neatly columned handwritten tally for "The eastern District of Tennessee" calculating the residents of 22 counties, detailing how many were white, or slaves, or free persons of color, in each county. Signed in ink at the end by William C. Mynatt as Clerk of the 7th Circuit & District County of the U. S. for the District of East Tennessee. The totals recorded were, Whites - 182,115. Slaves - 17,873. Free colored - 1,936. Proportions like these changed dynamically in the South with widespread zeal for the use of cotton gins and the ensuing increased percentage of slaves leading up to the Civil War (Cotton production grew from 750,000 bales in 1830 to 2,850,000 bales in 1850).

Verso: 20 lines of handwritten form legalese in 2 paragraphs, stating a variety of statistics including the increase in population from the previous census. Each paragraph is signed by Mynatt (an aid-de-camp to General Cooke during the War of 1812, and later Mayor of Knoxville).

It may seem odd to some people that skin color (which really means a person's appearance) was once of more interest than say, age, or gender, but in those days racism was a given, while in these days it is unnecessary because there are so many good reasons to dislike people on an individual basis. And if that sentence disturbs you, write to us, and we'll send you a dog toy, and you can chew on it until you calm down.



Chandler, Raymond

The Big Sleep
(NY, 1939).

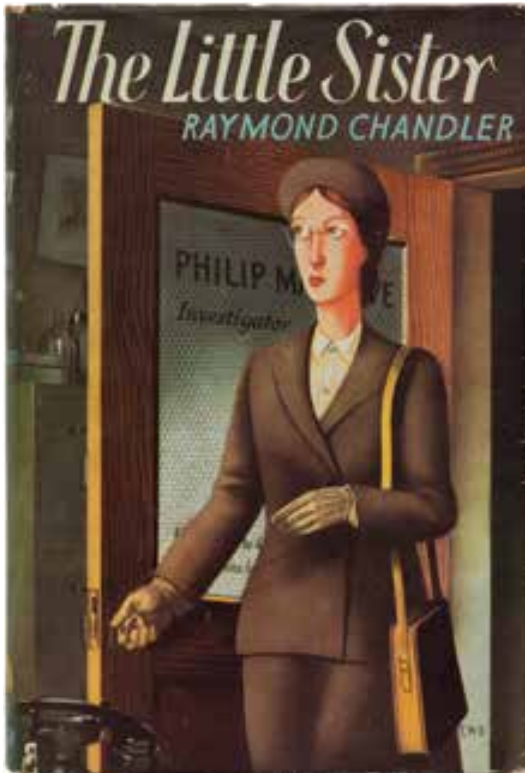
1st edition of his first book. Near fine in a fine dustjacket, a crease on the back,

but fresher than an Italian bachelor, luminous and pristine, with lively colors (whites on the spine are bright white), a fugitive from the law of averages. **30,000**

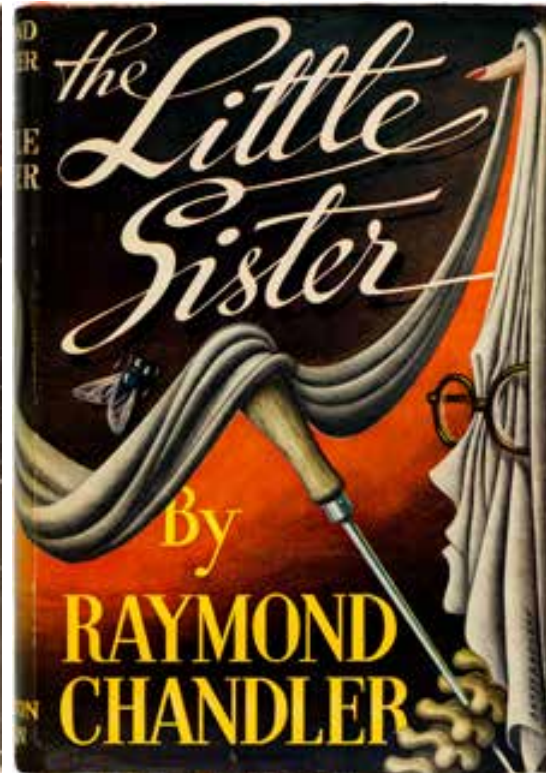
Here is a dustjacket that glows in places that other jackets don't even have places, one that could only be brighter if it had an arc of blue electricity around it, ideal for an old elephant hunting the youngest leaves at the top of the tree. In contrast, for half our price, you can buy one in a very good jacket (repaired ones should be even cheaper), but copies that are not fine will prove common forever, and deliver all the lasting pride of a Thanksgiving Day trash bag torn open in a winter wind. And don't fall for spangled online descriptions praising other Big Sleep jackets as being in fine condition compared to this one, because the itch to hedge such narratives spurs more lies than taxes, sex, diets, profiles, and resumes, but our copy is all good chi. Welcome to the high ground. Breathe the clean air in the biblioctosphere.

The Big Sleep introduces Philip Marlowe (the detective), patient as a sorrow and solitary as an oyster, poking around a rootless L. A. run by The Combination, in the days before SoCal took itself seriously, half a sleepy town, half an emerging metropolis, filled with all the risks and none of the monitoring still commonly met with in adolescent cities. The Big Sleep also introduces Raymond Chandler (the writer), polished and subtle, skilled beyond his genre of choice, and able beyond even his mainstream peers. He sets the novel in his present, during the depression, so money influences all the action, and everybody is disillusioned and cynical, including Marlowe, but Marlowe owns his morality, a white cavalier alone in the noir, and Chandler's control of symbolism pictures him (in the beginning) posed as a knight in a stained glass window, and later (in action) with a knight's move on a chess board. And there are contrasts, like the deserted oil fields with rusted pumps, the very oil fields that made General Sternwood his millions, analogized against the luxury of his home, grand and gaudy, which has come out of the oil fields, although the place from which the money came is a ruin. And Chandler can paint too, and does so with an ambiance that is thick and shady and corrupt, but still familiar, and there is foreshadowing ("It was going to rain soon. There was pressure in the air already"), so the reader is inclined to guess where events are going but seldom gets it right. And then there are his characters, who all get double crossed, but behave believably, and his lovely tropes, sarcasms, and rhetorical devices, and most obvious of all, is the complexity of his plotline, wherein sequence flows from necessity, though not all the loose ends get tied in resolution (Who killed the Chauffeur?). And at any point in the story someone, or something, new may enter from stage left with potent impact.

“There's always some new stranger sneakin' glances,
Some trigger-happy fool willin' to take chances,
And some old whore from San Pedro to make advances,
Advances on your spirit and your soul.” –Bob Dylan, Billy 1



Chandler, Raymond



The Little Sister
(London, 1949).

1st edition of his 5th novel, preceding the American edition. Irregular fading of the orange cloth along the fore-edges else near fine, in a very good dustjacket, and this is the old fashioned “very good” as opposed to characterizations today when “very good” means “it isn’t.” Marlowe adopts both the way of the panther (patience and focus) and the way of the mongoose (run and find out). 2,000

Chandler, Raymond

The Little Sister
(Boston, 1949).

1st American edition, 1st binding in orange cloth. The London edition precedes, is more valuable, and is scarce, while the American edition is common, but our book responds to all that, with a different kind of rectitude. It’s fine in a restored dustjacket and priced accordingly, in fact priced so inexpensively that for those of you who seek this kind of fair play, it will turn out to be more satisfying than the suspicion that people are plotting to please you. 350

“The pebbled glass door panel is lettered in flaked black paint: Philip MarloweInvestigations.’ It is a reasonably shabby door at the end of a reasonably shabby corridor in the sort of building that was new about the year the all-tile bathroom became the basis of civilization. The door is locked, but next to it is another door with the same legend, which is not locked. Come on in—there’s nobody in here but me, and a big bluebottle fly.” –page 1

Emma

[Cinema]

Clueless
by Amy Heckerling
(NP, 1994).

Very early photocopied screenplay dated August 1994 (the film was released by Paramount, a year later, on July 19, 1995, but in August 1994 their name is not on the script). Yellow wrappers, 123 pages (printed on rectos only), the title written along the spine in ink. Very good. 90

Heckerling wrote and directed this twinkling jewel of a satire, starring Alicia Silverstone, Paul Rudd, Brittany Murphey, and Stacey Dash. It was a thinly disguised appropriation of Jane Austen's *Emma*, captured Austen's irony flawlessly, transformed her rustic values into contemporary hip, and became the Beverly Hills teenage epic, with trendsetting style and groundbreaking slang. And it has a cult shadowing that has endured for 20 years, so it's rediscovered, downloaded, and watched in spellbound rapture by every new generation of teenage schoolgirls with the excitement of a puppy being let out of a car, many of them screening it dozens of times. Shot in 40 days, *Clueless* opened at number 2 (behind *Apollo 13*) and grossed \$11,000,000 its first weekend (total box office was \$56,000,000), and if the A. F. I wasn't quite so stiff, it would rank somewhere on their list of the best American comedies. And *Clueless* has a underlying message, something insightful, astute, acute, and arcane, the knowing innuendo that not since the invention of the modern mirror has there been a man who could please a woman as much as a swimsuit that fits.

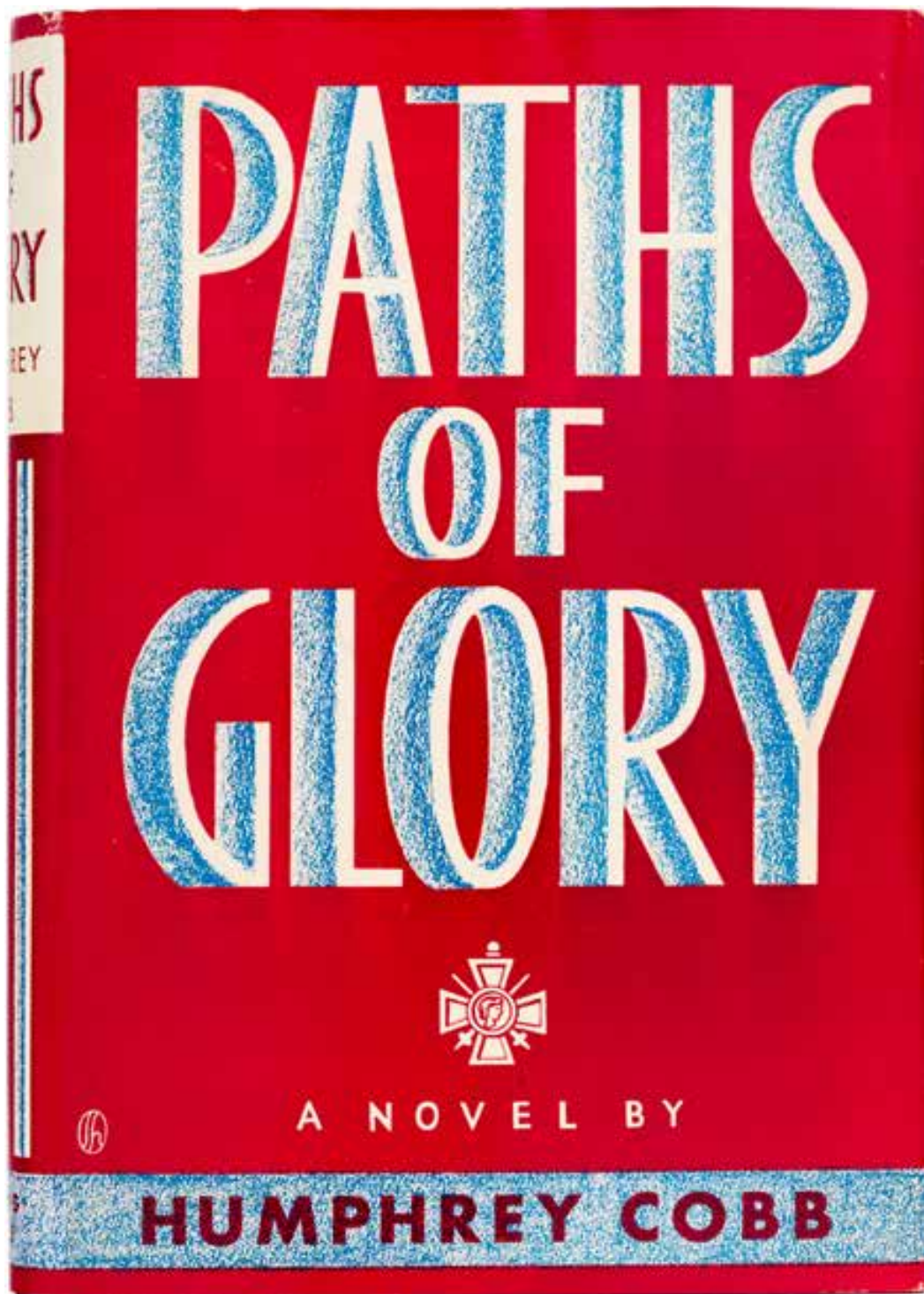
1, 2, 3:

In the 21st century, here is the first thing a young woman should learn:
Never make death threats on Twitter.

And here are the 2 things she should remember:
1. Don't accept rides from strange men.
2. All men are strange

And here are the 3 little words that all modern women want a man to say:
"I'll clean up."





Cobb, Humphrey

Paths of Glory
(NY, 1935).

1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket, the kind of quality that collectors stare at transfixed in awe, like devil worshipers stare at campfires. **Presentation copy,**

signed and inscribed in black ink, “For Jean Hersholt from Humphrey Cobb (a fan of yours).” Basis of the acclaimed 1957 film set in France during W. W. I, directed by Stanley Kubrick and starring Kirk Douglas. **2,500**

Let’s talk fine condition. You can buy your books in overamped frenzy, like a blind dog in a butcher shop, or you can learn to be discerning. In fact, you can get your books for free if you go to The Fiesta Book Fair in Rio, and catch whatever they shoot your way from a t-shirt cannon. This jacket, admittedly, has a design more appropriate for a cereal box (the graphic art of surrender), but both book and jacket glitter like a new penny, so no more need be said (Book Code).

Now let’s talk fine association. Jean Hersholt was an elegant actor with, ultimately, 140 pictures to his credit, but so were many others. It is what he did outside his career that sets him apart. In 1939 he was the driving force behind the realization of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, fashioned to support industry employees with medical care when they were in the grip of life’s descending octave. The fund was used to create the Motion Picture Country House and Hospital, in Woodland Hills, California, and it led to the 1956 establishment of the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award, an Oscar given to an “individual in the motion picture industry whose humanitarian efforts have brought credit to the industry.” He was President of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences from 1945–1949, won 2 academy awards (1940 and 1950), the Golden Globe’s Cecil B. DeMille Award in 1955, and has 2 stars on the Hollywood walk of fame, 1 for film, and 1 for radio. And he had a great library of rare books in consummate condition (see Nordhoff in this catalog for 3 of them), and an extravagant collection of Hans Andersen from which he wrote an edifying bibliography.



Collins, Suzanne **The Hunger Games** (NP [but produced in NY], 2007).

A 1st state proof (9” X 11”) directly from the 2nd draft of the manuscript before any setting of type, (headed “Not Final Copy”) and preceding the 2008 1st edition by 9 months. Fine. **Laid in is a letter from Ellie Berger, President of Scholastic Press (the publisher) soliciting comments. 1,500**

Since too many 1st editions were printed for them to be scarce anytime in the next 100 years, our pre-publication copy (probably rare) is the surest way to own The Hunger Games with anything like the honor of scarcity.

**Despite the biases of false middle class gentility, comic books are books.
What follows is a complete run of the most literate ones ever attempted.**

[Comic Books]

Classics Illustrated [Classic Comics]
(NY, 1941–1969).

169 vols. 1st editions. A finished set (numbers 1–169) in original color pictorial wrappers. Every title is the 1st printing from the month of issue. Numbers 1–34 are titled “Classic Comics” as originally published before the name was changed to “Classics Illustrated.” Near fine (grade fine to very fine), lightly used and carefully so (a small nick, or rub, or tiny tear at some edges), but there is no repair, restoration, recoloring, or touch–up whatsoever, and no abuse or spine splits, and no glue or tape. The collection was assembled with fussiness, and an eye to pride of ownership, and complete runs of 1st printings, in this unadulterated condition, are now out of the practical reach of even dedicated enthusiasts, especially if you value your time at more than 10 cents an hour. In their day, most 1st printings were grabbed off a magazine stand, or received in the mail by subscription, and then passed around and read to dust, to be replaced with a later issue reprint ordered directly from the publisher, because this was the only series of golden age comics that were continuously reprinted and long available by mail from an order coupon that could be cut out of the back cover. Many of the titles had 10 or more later editions, and were sold in reprint for years, and each later printing is bibliographically distinguishable, creating over 1,000 identifiable points of issue for covers, ads, price and text, but our set is the 1st state of each title, and perfect on every single one of those 1,000 points. **35,000**

The sexy little sister of The Limited Editions Club, but the literary establishment hated them from day one (clams don't praise clam chowder), in fact Western culture has spent centuries drawing lines and boxes around interconnected phenomena, chunking the world into pieces instead of exploring its naturally webby nature. Grade school students quickly noticed that their teachers were unable to discern the veracity of book reports turned in by them with a Classics Illustrated to supplement the assigned book, but the publishers had a deeper (higher) purpose than selling crib notes, and their mischief actually worked, as the series harvested a street wise segment of (at least) 2 generations, and legitimately turned them on to those classics of fiction. Don Quixote, Jane Eyre, Treasure Island, Les Miserables, Earth to the Moon, Call of the Wild, Last of the Mohicans, War of the Worlds, Mutiny on the Bounty, Last Days of Pompeii, King Solomon's Mines, Ben–Hur, Crime and Punishment, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Three Musketeers, Seven Gables, 20,000 Leagues, Wuthering Heights, Christmas Carol, Moby–Dick, Robin Hood, Tom Sawyer, Sherlock Holmes, Lorna Doone, Jungle Books, King Arthur, Uncle Tom, Black Beauty, Scarlet Letter, Gold Bug, Red Badge, White Fang, Dr. Jekyll, Julius Caesar, Marco Polo, Monte–Cristo, Frankenstein, Copperfield, Cleopatra, Hiawatha, Gulliver, Ivanhoe, Cellini, Iliad, Odyssey, Octopus, Alice, Zenda, Typee, Crusoe, Moonstone, Hamlet, Hunchback, Huck, and 115 others.

No. 30

CLASSIC COMICS

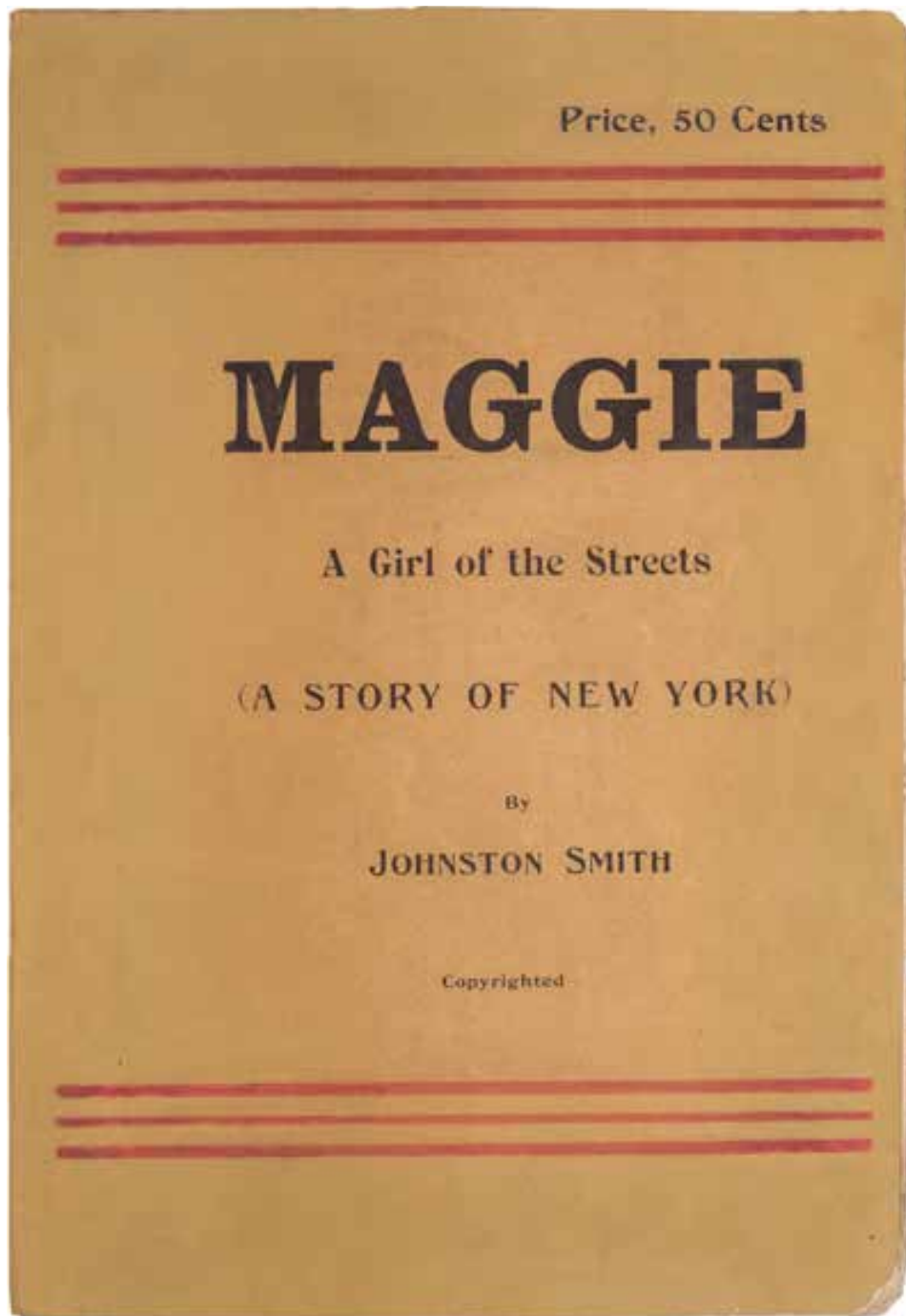
FEATURING STORIES BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS

The MOONSTONE

by WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS

10¢
PBC





**the activation of American naturalism,
a new and genuine literary expression of realism**

Crane, Stephen

Maggie. A Girl of the Streets
(NY, 1893).

1st edition of his first book, a back street classic, whispering that death always announces itself with silent sounds. This is the real 1st printing written under the guise of Crane's pseudonym Johnston Smith. Original printed wrappers,

some neat, deft, and expertly accomplished restoration, else very good, and this is a rare book in any case, even rebound, and it's acutely so in the original wrappers. 1,060 copies of the 1st editions were printed and only issued in this binding (the hardbound edition being a later, 1896, reprint to take advantage of the success of Red Badge, and it was a bowdlerized and embarrassingly faulty editing without due respect for Crane's own text). 1st edition sales were nil. Crane gave away 100 or so, and the rest were repurposed as kindling. The Katz census (Stephen Crane Newsletter) logs 38 survivors, including the rebound, the disbound, the defective, and the imperfect, most of them more brittle than potato chips. Real 1st editions used to show up for sale once every few years, and quickly vanish faster than complimentary cupcakes at a marijuana dispensary. After this one, or maybe the next one, they'll be gone for a while, only to return in the magnetic draw of a new (perhaps substantial) spike in price. And our copy has 1 more virtue. It's ex-William Howe Crane, Stephen Crane's brother and the de facto publisher, as William gave Stephen half the money to have Maggie's 1st edition privately printed. **The ownership is confirmed by an inscription on the back of the title page, "To Cortland St. John by Wm. H. Crane his esteemed cousin and brother of Stephen Crane the author. March 31st. 1900" (the year Stephen died at 28).** Oh, and our book is in an old half morocco case by James Macdonald, NY, the man who bought the illustrious Club Bindery from the estate of Robert Hoe, when Hoe died in 1912. Ref: B. A. L. 4068. **20,000**

A crushing novella pushing the reader to go ahead and bite the hand that feeds you if it keeps you from feeding yourself, and marking the American passage from romance to realism to naturalism in a way not unlike that experienced by art in the Italian Renaissance, 420 years earlier, when Antonello Da Messina painted his portrait series *Ecce Homo*, with its shift from dead to alive (especially in the 6 that look right at you). *Maggie* (the book) is set in Hell's Kitchen, with its tenements, cruelty, violence, squalor, hypocrisy, intolerance, indifference, fatalism, alcoholism, fear, insanity, social disorder, self-righteousness, false morality, and architecture of dejection, a dark and sordid environment snaked around Maggie (the girl), pretty enough to break the heart of John Calvin, but blinded by a romantic nature, with her little glimmers of love, sympathy, truth, innocence, hope and dreams, turned to abuse, prostitution, downfall and suicide, the veil on it stripped away by Crane's intensity and irony, sifted through a stark naturalism that never lays blame, and is slickly fused with shards of realism, symbolism, determinism and humanism.

"Every night and every morn, some to misery are born,
Every morn and every night, some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to sweet delight, and some are born to endless night."

—William Blake

Can you tell I like this book? I do indeed, but I only have one copy, and can't get another. So everyone doesn't have to like it, preferably, only one of you. I mean if everybody liked the same thing, then everybody would be after my girlfriend.



the first copy of his first major project

Crumb, Robert

Big Yum Yum Book
(Cleveland, 1963).

4 items: 1. A hand made mock-up, conceived by Crumb himself, containing individual photographs of each page of the manuscript (295 distinct illustrations), mounted separately (rectos only), each hand numbered on the back in green pencil (92 of them corrected), and then spiral bound together to make a book, a creation aimed at instituting copyright, and shopping publication privileges to potential publishers. 143 leaves (3 1/2" X 5" X 1 1/2" thick). Very good. The inside front cover is stamped, "This book is the property of - Dana Crumb Associates - 819 Eddy Street - San Francisco, California 54109 - Must Be Returned - Within 30 Days of Receipt." The manuscript was written, drawn and colored (beautifully executed in Prismacolor pencils) by Crumb, over 6 months in 1962 and 1963. He gifted it to his wife Dana, made up this sample in 1974, got it published in 1975 (Scrimshaw Press, San Francisco), then left this original with their lawyer Albert Morse (indeed, all the items in this lot are ex-Albert Morse).



2. Distinguishing this primary copy from any other pre-publication sample (should any other exist), is the inclusion of Dana Crumb's wood handled rubberstamp that was used to imprint the inside front cover.
3. Also present is a dummy of the hardbound book as originally conceived by Robert Crumb (black cloth, titled in silver and blue, blank pages).
4. A 1st edition of the published book in pictorial boards and jacket.

Robert Crumb's hand made mock-up, Dana Crumb's rubberstamp, Robert's concept dummy, and the printed 1st edition. Together: 4 items, 6,500

From the dustjacket flap of the published book: "I drew this story when I was nineteen years old and still a virgin... Now I'm thirty years old and the book seems somewhat adolescent and immature to me. I gave the book as a gift to Dana when I first met her, as a token of my love. We got married shortly after. It has been hidden away all these years, along with some early sketchbooks of mine, and other sophomoric-romantic works done in the throes of horny passion. But now the time has come to review it to the world. I guess. My lawyer Albert Morse thinks it'll sell like hotcakes and make a lot of money. I dunno."

Other lawyers think procrastination isn't the problem it's the solution. I dunno.

High Noon

Cunningham, John **The Tin Star**
 (Springfield [Collier's,
 Dec. 6,] 1947).

1st appearance in print, anywhere,
 of the story adapted by Carl
 Foreman for the legendary
 1952 Western film, High Noon
 starring Gary Cooper and
 Grace Kelly. Original pictorial
 wrappers, near fine, untouched,
 complete, clean, and integral.
 Abnormally nice, and hard
 to find in any condition. 450

The 85-minute movie runs in
 nearly real time, from about 10:30
 AM to just after Noon, serving as
 a reminder that, we are here, it is
 now, and all the rest is a dream.



Cooper won the Oscar for Best Actor, the A. F. I. ranked High Noon the 27th best picture of all time in 2007, and in 2008, they cited it as the number 2 Western.

Universally acclaimed, with a near spotless social record having been banned on only 1 small cable channel where anti-Western puritans grumbled that it caused CTD (cowboy tendency disorder).

“The code of the West
 ain’t some words on a page,
 You...naturally know it
 when you come of age,
 You eat when you’re hungry,
 you drink when you’re dry,
 You look every man in the eye.”

—Roger Miller,
 Joe Steck, and Blake Edwards,
 The Ballad of Waterhole #3

Warning: Those of you who have had a previous drug or alcohol problem may develop a fetish towards *Bibliotopus* and thus be more likely to abuse it.

De Quincey, Thomas

Confessions of an English Opium-Eater
(London [Printed for Taylor and Hessey], 1822).

1st edition. Original boards and label, the gray/brown paper surface layer worn along spine exposing the white paper layer underneath, but the covers are all there (see picture), and this is a very good copy, untrimmed, and unrestored. Some 1st editions have an advertisement leaf at the end, apparently depending on which retailer or library, or part of Britain, or part of the empire, it was destined for, our copy without it, but the ad has no stature for bibliographical priority. 10 times as rare as a rebound copy for 2 or 3 times the price, so if you're partial to value, opting for this book rebound is an unnecessary, unwise, and counterproductive concession (Book Code). **5,000**



A seamless rendezvous between autobiography and fiction, but it's much more of the former than the latter, and that's correctly how it should be, since the book focuses on the author's life from the age of 17 (in 1802) to 35 (in 1820), when his reality exceeded the imagination of most other writers. His primary motif is a romantic and nostalgic recollection of the days recounted, that left him with an innate concern for the poor, and a fondness for wandering the streets of London (a primitive flâneur), and though the narrative is chilling and authentic, the language and style impassioned, and the literary merit unchallenged, that very nostalgia left many critics (drunk on Haterade) whining that De Quincey's eulogized memory of his opium experience outweighed his warnings against its painful consequences. De Quincey didn't care. He knew that opium meant waking up with someone ugly, but *Confessions* was his first major book, and writing it was his rehab, and becoming a professional author made him a lot of money.

"When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro." –Hunter Thompson

Who is the fairest one of all?

[Disney, Walt]

Original Drawing of Snow White

(Los Angeles, [Disney Studios, Hyperion], 1937).

Production Drawing (animation art) for the 1937 film Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Graphite and red ink, almost certainly by Grim Natwick (a Vienna trained artist hired in 1935 specifically to draw young women).

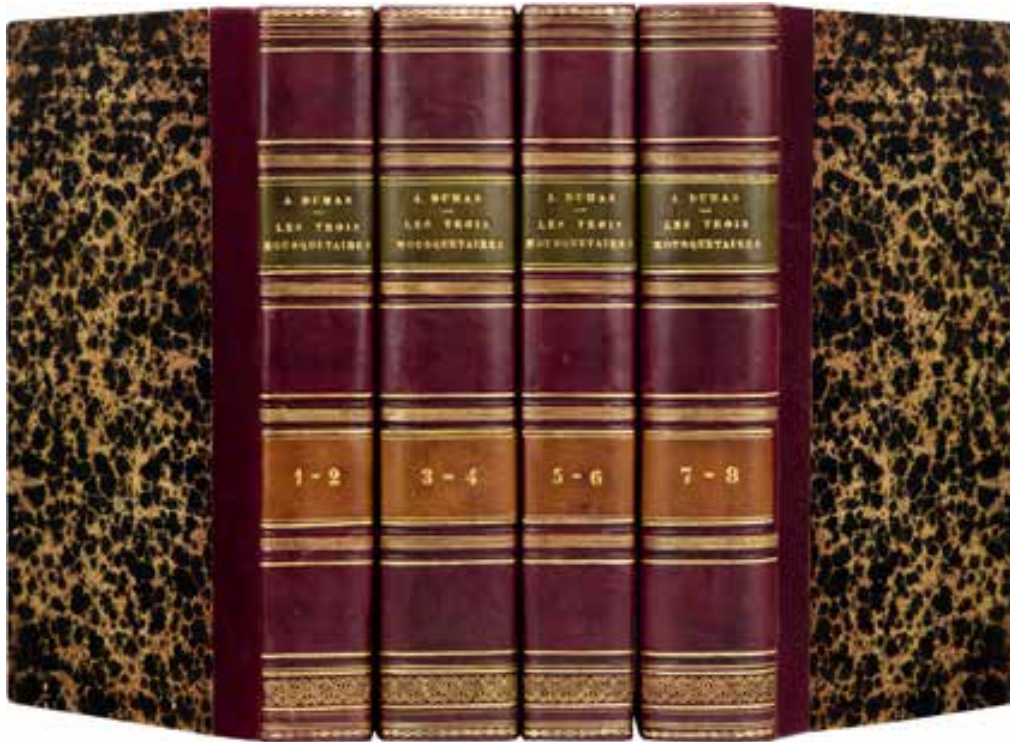


The image is 6 1/2" tall, on a 12" X 10" sheet of 12 field, 5 peghole animation paper, stamped "Prod 2001, Sequence 13A, Scene 10" (2 pencil notes to right). Frayed along right border, the perimeters toned, a single 5/8" edge tear (all outside the figure), and there is either a light pink wash across the image or damp in the center has caused some of the red ink to bleed and the paper to lightly ripple, but withal good condition, authentic, scarce, and this will mat and frame nicely (the ripples will flatten some), and look fine. **1,500**



I don't know how Snow White's been feeling, but this is 2015, so Cinderella has Podiatry Neuroma, Dumbo's gone deaf, Porky Pig

was bar-b-queed, The Little Mermaid has mercury poisoning, Donald Duck had a stroke, The Powerpuff Girls aren't speaking, Elmer Fudd's been hospitalized with an accidental, self-inflicted shotgun wound, Winnie the Pooh is dead from multiple bee stings, and Wile Coyote had his tail blown off, sued ACME, and lost.



“Tous pour un, un pour tous.”

Dumas, Alexandre

Les Trois Mousquetaires
The Three Musketeers
(Paris [Baudry], 1844).

8 vols. in 4. 1st edition (in French), the authentic authorized Paris 1st printing. Scarce (OCLC lists 7 sets). A daily serialization in the newspaper *Le Siècle* (The Century) precedes, as do some of the multi-volume serializations by the Brussels pirates. Half French morocco, light foxing to first and last few pages, else fine, tall, wide, and complete (8 volumes, 8 half-titles, 8 contents leaves), unmarked internally by pen, pencil or stamp, and unworn externally. A superior copy of the most famous historical romance in the history of literature. **75,000**

If *Le Chevalier D'Harmental* (1842) is Dumas' first great historical novel (and it is), then *Mousquetaires* is the one that is most universally applauded as his best, despite *La Reine Margot* (1845) being equal in plotline and characters, and finer in style. *Le Comte de Monte-Cristo* (1845) is also *Mousquetaires*' equal from every aspect, but it is the odd Dumas novel that is not, strictly, historical romance.

“During this century, there was no more popular figure than Alexandre Dumas; his successes are better than successes, they are triumphs; they resound like a fanfare. The name of Alexandre Dumas is more than French, it is European; it is more than European, it is universal.” –Victor Hugo

“I do not say there is no character as well drawn in Shakespeare as D'Artagnan. I do say there is none that I love so wholly.” –Robert Louis Stevenson

LES TROIS
MOUSQUETAIRES.

PAR

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

I.



PARIS.

BAUDRY, LIBRAIRE-ÉDITEUR,
34, RUE COQUILLIÈRE ;
ET RUE DE LA CHAUSÉE-D'ANTIN, 22.

M DCCC XLIV.

LA REINE
MARGOT,

PAR
ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

I.



PARIS.
GARNIER FRÈRES, LIBRAIRES-ÉDITEURS,
PALAIS-ROYAL, GALERIE D'ORLÉANS, 215 *bis*,
ET RUE RICHELIEU, 40.

—
1845.

masterpiece

Dumas, Alexandre

La Reine Margot

[Marguerite de Valois]
(Paris, [Garnier], 1845).

6 vols. 1st edition (in French). A newspaper serialization in *La Presse* precedes, Brussels pirated editions probably don't (to grasp the Dumas bibliographers you have to know much about vagary and conceit). *La Reine Margot* is both great (Dumas at the zenith of his genius) and rare (a minute edition published for the gentry), and is now as fitfully seen as any novel from his pen (I only traced 2 sets held institutionally, and none at auction, world wide). Contemporary French half morocco, complete with half-titles, spines ably restored (not rebacked), 1 cover corner mended, diminutive paper repairs to a few blank margins, and some foxing, but c'mon, this 1st edition is otherwise very good, and an impossible individuality. **55,000**

An electrifying romance pulsating with life, and an enrapturing read. It opens in 1575 and begins a trilogy novelizing the last French dynastic transition (from Valois to Bourbon), and it's embedded among the finest novels of all time, but why listen to me? I'll quote from F. W. Reed (1933) builder and bibliographer of the comprehensive Dumas library, a serious scholar, never known to exaggerate or inflate when comparing one Dumas novel to another.

"Some of Dumas finest historical portraits are to be found here [*La Reine Margot*], indeed it is probable that...they have left their indelible stamp upon the historians... [including], Charles IX, Catherine de Medici, Henri de Navarre, Marguerite de Valois [and] Henri [Duc] de Guise. [The fictional characters] La Mole and Coconnas are only surpassed by the Musketeers themselves, as types of the truest of friends, and brothers-in-arms."



Not as recognized in America as *The Count of Monte-Cristo* or *The Three Musketeers* since it's more serious, dark, and political, and less a movie friendly, single plotline escapade. But this is Dumas, so there are escapades in profusion, and a glaringly phenomenal (faithful and expensive) French/German/Italian financed, Patrice Chereau directed film (1994), starring Isabelle Adjani, Daniel Auteuil, Virna Lisi, Jean-Hugues Anglade, and Vincent Perez is well worth a Netflix download if you're ready to turn your sofa into a thrill ride, and unlike most movies based on historical novels, this one captures much of Dumas' valor, villainy, blackness, and wicked intrigue, and though the sex is thrown right in your face, hey, you can always wash your face.



signed

Dylan, Bob **Hohner Harmonica**
 (Glen Allen [VA.], ND).

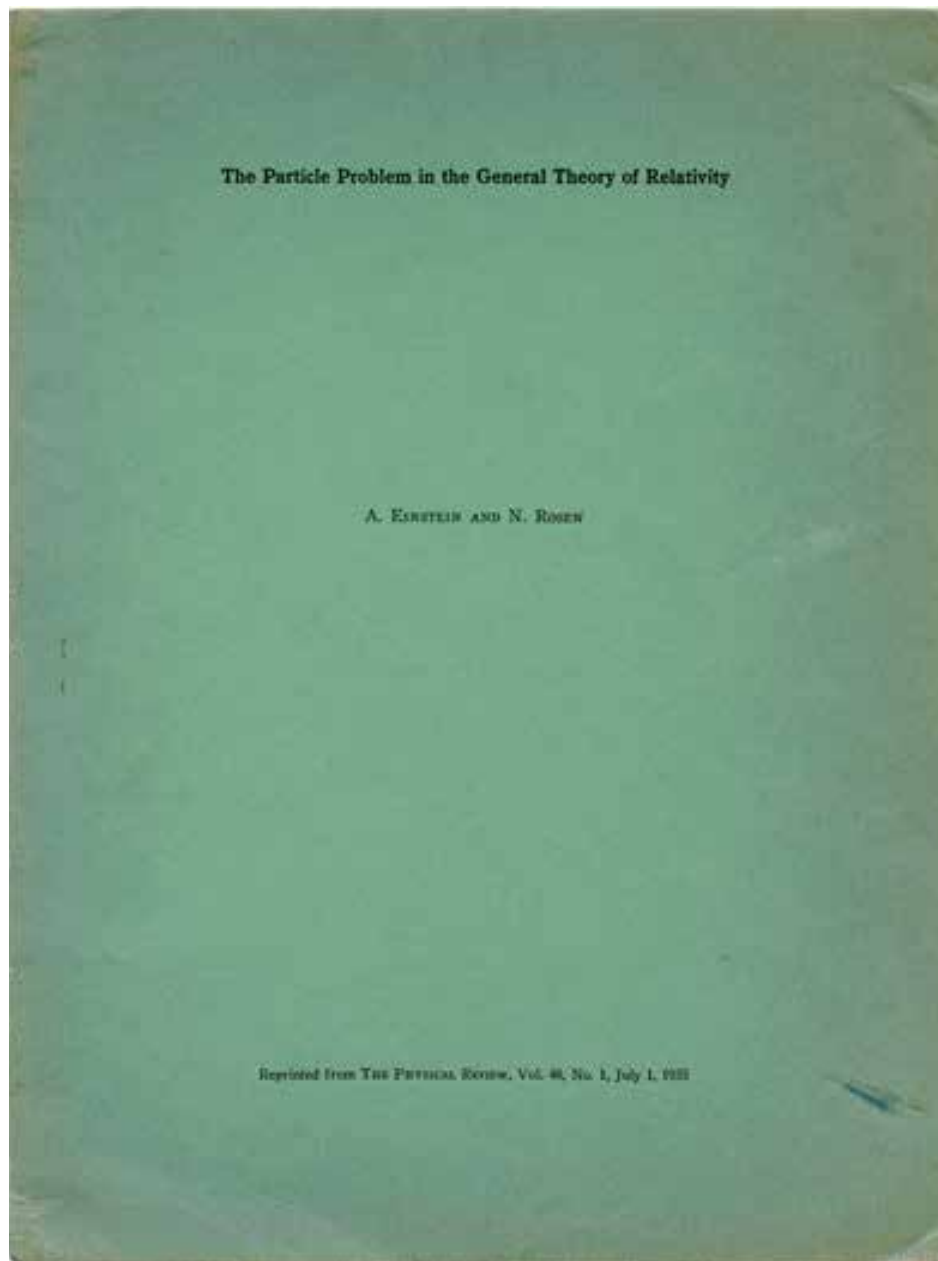
Hohner Chromonika III (key of C), signed in black ink by Bob Dylan (Hohner is the brand with which Dylan performs, as well as endorses, favors, and sometimes gives as gifts). Authentic. Played (light surface wear), very good (see photo) in original box. **4,500**

Dylan, Bob **Handbill for the**
 Isle of Wight Festival of Music
 (Woodside Bay, 1969).

1st edition. Original flier. Recto printed in purple ink on white paper, verso with ad copy (5 1/8" X 10"). Scarce. Fine. Framed. **900**

Setting aside his place at the pinnacle of music, Dylan is arguably the most influential, inventive, accomplished, and enduring, living figure in all of the arts. Because his lyrics are poetry he is eligible for a Nobel Prize in literature. If someone could wake-up the Swedes and remind them of their prohibition against being a third world charity, and their mandate to be impartial arbiters, not dancing bears, they might do the obvious, apologize for the delay, and invite Dylan to Stockholm.





wormholes through space

Einstein, Albert [and] Rosen, Nathan

**The Particle Problem
in the General Theory of Relativity**
(Lancaster [PA.], 1935).

1st edition. Offprint (not the mag or the commonly seen bound volume) from The Physical Review, Vol. 48, no. 1, July 1, 1935, publishing (pages 73–77) the breathtaking “Einstein–Rosen bridge” paper in which the authors introduced the earliest concept of a wormhole. Original wrappers (8” X 10 1/2”), very good, complete with the final blank. Reference: Weil 196. Boni 228. **3,750**

“In the last decades of his life, Albert Einstein tried endlessly to unify electro-magnetism with his own theory of gravity, general relativity. These efforts are mostly now regarded as quixotic, but a short proposal written in 1935 with a colleague has survived in unlikely fashion as the source of science fiction ideas for speeding across the universe by means of ‘wormholes’ through spacetime. From the modern perspective, the paper also illustrates how general relativity posed mathematical and conceptual difficulties that foxed even its creator. Einstein and Nathan Rosen, both at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, wanted to rid physics of singularities – points where mathematical quantities become infinite or otherwise ill defined—such as the concept of a particle that has all its mass concentrated into an infinitely small geometrical point. They imagined a path tracing radially inward. Instead of trying to cross the imaginary spherical shell at the singular radius and proceeding down to the center, Einstein and Rosen showed how to match the path onto another track that emerges outward again but into a separate section of spacetime. Imagine funnel shapes pulled out of two adjacent rubber sheets and connected at their necks, providing a continuous, tube-shaped path from one surface to the other. This construction makes a smooth connection or bridge between two distinct pieces of spacetime”

–Lindley, *The Birth of Wormholes*, Physical Review Focus, Vol. 15, p.11, 2005.

At the end of the maze, theoretical wormhole metrics (spacetime geometry), also imply time travel, and it comes in 2 flavors, the traversable:

$$ds^2 = -c^2 dt^2 + dl^2 + (k^2 + l^2)(d\theta^2 + \sin^2 \theta d\phi^2)$$

and the non-traversable (the Schwarzschild solution)

$$ds^2 = -c^2 \left(1 - \frac{2GM}{rc^2}\right) dt^2 + \frac{dr^2}{1 - \frac{2GM}{rc^2}} + r^2 (d\theta^2 + \sin^2 \theta d\phi^2)$$

If the Einstein–Rosen bridge (guarded by a troll who will ask you a riddle) has been deferred today, it may be resurrected on some future day, or may provide an insight, or clue, to some new theory, either provable or usable, or both, because science is a sphere of which the center is everywhere and the circumference is nowhere. And despite it having been tabled by science, it has been hugged and cuddled as fact (the softest and most compliant use of the word “fact”) by writers of science fiction, especially in science fiction’s sub-genre, space opera, less as a means of time travel, but in its more frequent usage, as a solution to the problem of moving from place A to place B faster than the speed of light. As a “not the best example” it is faster to run through a mountain in a tunnel than to run around its base. And there’s more. Though travel via wormhole from 1 place in the universe to another would be very quick, the Einstein–Rosen bridge also proposes almost instantaneous travel from 1 universe to another, parallel universe.

As for me, I’m looking to bridge the time it takes to make myself a cappuccino.

Editio Princeps of Beowulf

[Epics]

De Danorum Rebus Gestis Secul. III & IV. Poëma Danicum Dialecto Anglosaxonica.

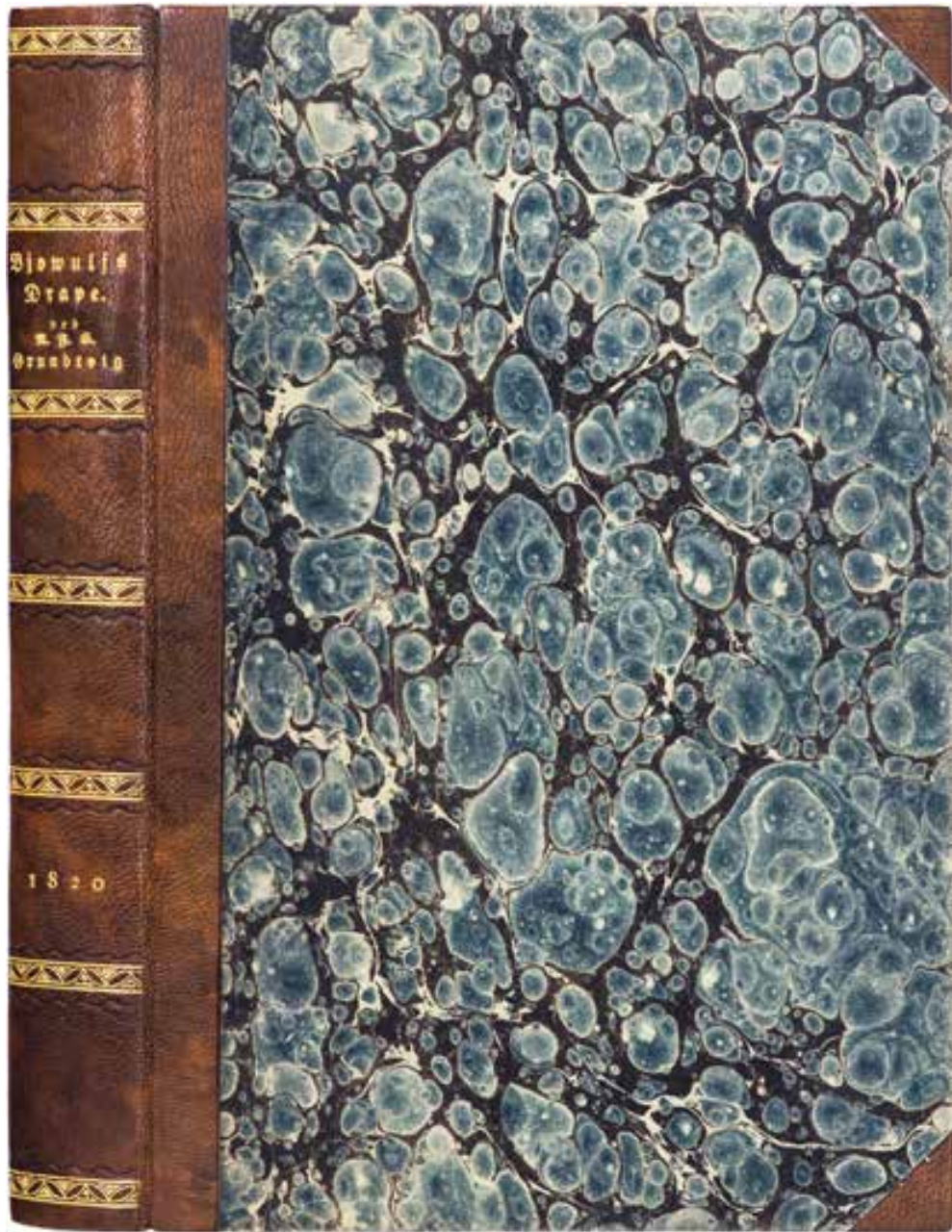
(translated from the Beowulf manuscript) by Grím. Jóhnsón Thorkelin
(Hauniae [Copenhagen, Th. E. Rangel], 1815).

1st edition (in both Old English and Latin) of the Anglo–Saxon epic, [BL Cotton Vitellius A. XV]. Contemporary calf, uncut, spine and 1 scratch darkened, neat, small contemporary notes and corrections in the blank margins of pages 4–25, else near fine, complete, and untrimmed with extraordinary boardwalk margins. Scarce (ABPC says no copies sold in 40 years). Coll: 4to, xx, 299, [4] pp. **18,000**



The 10th century manuscript laid dormant in the British Library, its content a secret, even after it was listed by Wanley in his 1705 survey of Anglo–Saxon manuscripts (*Antiquae Litteraturae Septentrionalis*) because he only translated 1% of it. In 1786, Grímur Jóhnsón Thorkelin, an Icelandic scholar in the Danish civil service, got a royal grant “to study the treasures of the British libraries” enabling him to visit England, where he reassessed Wanley’s listings and felt the poem might bestow some insight into early Danish history.

He examined the Beowulf codex, sensed he was beholding splendor, made 2 copies, and over 25 years unlocked the mysteries of its true content. In 1807, while Thorkelin worked, Sharon Turner hastily mis–translated a fragment of it (20%) in the 2nd edition of his *History of the Anglo–Saxons*. His rendition was so disjointed (Turner trying to milk a bear) and inaccurate (translating “Grendel” as “swamp”) that any hint at the poem’s meaning remained invisible. Finally, in 1815 this full and accurate translation exposed it to the world for what it was, the monumental pagan heroic tale, long preserved in oral tradition, then carried to England by Danish invaders where it was overlaid with a veneer of Christian theology, and transcribed into Old English, by an unknown poet, 1,000 years ago. It’s set in 6th century Denmark and fuses Norse legends and Danish historical events in 3,182 lines of alliterative verse. Here is Beowulf, the super–human mercenary, Hygelac, Beowulf’s lord and ruler of the Geats, Hygd his queen who offers Beowulf her son’s throne after Hygelac’s death, Hrothgar, King of the Danes who adopts Beowulf as his son, Wealtheow, his Queen who gives her own sons over to Beowulf’s care, Wiglaf, last of Beowulf’s kin and his heir, Fitela and Sigemund, the legendary Volsungs, and finally Grendel, the paradigm monster of monsters, who regularly visits Hrothgar’s hall to carry off and devour his warriors.



[Epics]

Bjowulfs Drape
translated by N. F. S. Grundtvig
(Copenhagen, 1820).

1st edition of Beowulf in any modern language (Danish), the 2nd edition ever (translated from the 1815 Latin 1st edition). Mid-20th century 3/4 morocco, wholly uncut, the original wrappers bound in (!). Scarce (ABPC lists no auction sales in 40 years), and rare when complete and untrimmed with the wrappers. Fine. An unanticipatably superb copy of a magnificently written masterpiece of surprising literary merit, and by any standard a notably important book. **7,500**

4 James Bond screenplays

All are from real 007 novels actually written by Ian Fleming, all are 8" X 13 1/8."

Fleming, Ian

You Only Live Twice

(London, 1967).

"English release script" by Roald Dahl, for the 5th Bond film. Original yellow wrappers, white pages. Splash marks, small chip from back, else very good.

"Sc.1. Total 61.12. Ftg. 61.12. MUSIC IN. Animated white dots enter L over black background and move to R. Dots blend together to form iris which fills frame. VLS MAN enters iris R and moves L, iris moving with him. MAN faces FG and fires to FG. Red color bleeds in from top frame to bottom frame. Iris fades to black. Dot moves L and R, losing MAN R. Colour of dot changes to white."

Fleming, Ian

On Her Majesty's Secret Service

(London, 1969).

"Release script" by Richard Maibaum, for the 6th Bond film. Original midnight blue wrappers, white pages. Smudge to upper cover else very good.

Fleming, Ian

Live and Let Die

(London, 1973).

"Export script" by Tom Mankiewicz, for the 8th Bond film. Original purple wrappers, pink and blue pages. 3 short tears to upper cover, else very good.

Fleming, Ian

The Man With the Golden Gun

(London, 1974).

"Picture & dialogue export script" by Richard Maibaum and Tom Mankiewicz for the 9th Bond film. Original pink wrappers, pink and blue pages. Very good.

Together: 4 scripts, 8,000

All praise to Bond, and his descendant George Smiley, for the best entertainment that came out of an otherwise grim Cold War. And here's some news from cinema world: Bond movie number 24 is arriving in the winter of 2015. The scripts wandered off Fleming's plotlines by the 6th, left them after the 9th, lost their way, found it (and Daniel Craig) for 21, and returned to élan with 23, Skyfall. Like Skyfall, John Logan delivered the plotline for Bond 24, the reigning maestro in all of Hollywood, so anticipating a great film carries less risk than anticipating sunrise. And though Logan's doing the writing, the films dutifully hold to their traditions. Among the more noticeable of them are Q's gadgets, and a string of young and beautiful actresses, beguiled by 007. Do I have anything to say about gadgets? I don't. Do I have anything to say about young and beautiful actresses? I do. Contrary to perceptions, there are some who loathe animals, resent the poor, ridicule the third world, prefer their aerosols to the ozone layer, and wouldn't touch an orphan with a bargepole, but somehow, their handlers keep them quiet. And my advice to all young actresses: Never go to an audition being held in a van.



Fremont, John C.

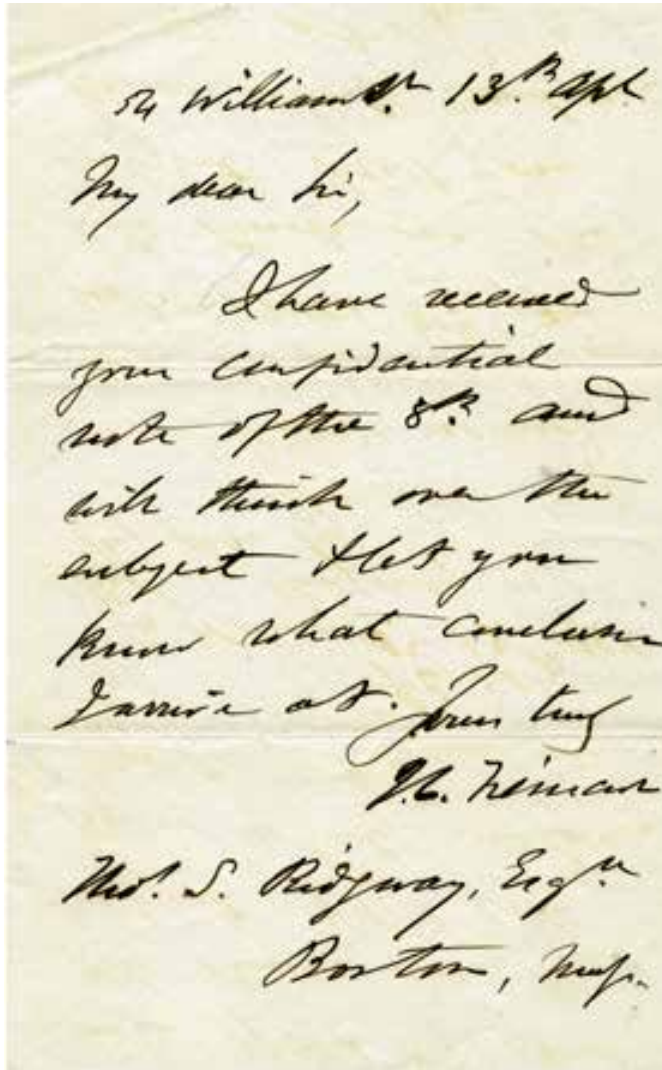
Autograph Letter signed.

(NY ["54 William St."], "13 April" 1867 [?]).

ALs to Thomas S. Ridgway, Boston, 1 page (5" X 8"), 38 words in black ink, and since it's Fremont, typically enigmatic and mysterious. Near fine.

"I have received your confidential note of the 8th and will think over the subject & let you know what conclusion I arrive at. Yours truly J.C. Fremont."

Ridgway knew he was to be a delegate at the 1868 Republican Convention, so the letter's topic may have been political. Or not. 54 William St. was the address of The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company of which Fremont was President in 1866 and 1867, so the topic of the letter may have been business. Or not. And as to letters generally: They live on as the final device for (paradoxically) enjoying both solitude and good company simultaneously. 500



54 William St. 13th Apr
My dear Sir,
I have received
your confidential
note of the 8th and
will think over the
subject & let you
know what conclusion
I arrive at. Yours truly
J. C. Fremont
Thos. S. Ridgway, Esq.
Boston, Mass.

In writing my take on Fremont I have avoided the mock-sterile diligence of those overly schooled historians who collected all the facts from each of their predecessors, left out nothing, and therefore contradicted one authority with another (crossing the road only to get to the middle of it), permitting their own texts to devolve into dazed and lifeless essays floundering in the fog of cloudy ambiguities. I have no aim right now to be a peacemaker, or to collect every fact. My aim is to tell a California story, and if you judge my story to be historical romance, I will not argue the matter, but you would be wrong. I mean, I could write an historical romance with Fremont (let's say) meeting an aging, retired, but visionary Zorro,

or blundering into what would become Area 51, for aid from sympathetic intergalactic aliens, and I may write such a story one day. But not this day.

Forgotten by most is that the U. S. won California with an assigned army of just 60 men (which was thought sufficient for the task at the outset) an army that in its progressive expansion never exceeded 607. Here's the short and sweet of it.

U. S. Army Captain John Fremont had led expeditions to survey and explore territories between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, the Oregon Trail and the Sierra Nevada during the 1830s and 1840s, and he was picked as the trigger-man in a well-hidden conspiracy, the leadership of which passed, upon Andrew Jackson's death (June 8, 1845), into the hands of James K. Polk. Polk had won the U. S. presidency in the deviously manipulated election of 1844, and assumed office as the 11th President on March 4, 1845 with a promise not to run for reelection. No problem. 4 years was enough for Polk and his league of patriots, freed of political considerations, to adeptly act with impunity. While the rest of the government (and the country) was absorbed with the overriding American question of slavery, Polk and his cabal knew that Civil War was coming, but not coming immediately, and they had a critical agenda, which included expanding the U. S. before the distractions of inevitable war. This included bringing Texas into the Union, grabbing the West coast at the expense of Mexico, and to a lesser degree seizing the Pacific Northwest from Britain and France. But in Polk's eyes, the main prize was California where secret information indicated that, unknown to the Mexicans and the public, large deposits of gold were waiting to be officially discovered (Marshall arrived at Sutter's fort in the fall, but gold was not announced as "discovered" for public consumption until January 12, 1848).

To this end, Polk dispatched Fremont (late in 1845) with Kit Carson as his guide, and a band of 60 sharpshooters (mid-19th century Navy Seals), surrounded by a zone of legality and under the guise of a mapping expedition, but actually to acquire California through any efficient means whatsoever. The U. S. didn't declare war against Mexico until May 13, 1846, and it took over a month (until the middle of June) for definite word of war to reach California, and alert the Mexicans. Meanwhile, American consul Thomas Larkin, stationed in Monterey, was under instructions to maintain the peace between the U. S. and the small Mexican military garrison, led by José Castro, until Fremont arrived. Fremont and his ninjas entered California in December 1845, and were inferring a slow march to Oregon to reinforce ongoing treaty negotiations with Britain, which were ultimately signed on June 16, 1846. But Fremont knew well that war was upon him, and had already abandoned this feint and turned south, riding on Sonoma. On June 15, 1846, roughly 30 settlers, mostly American citizens, staged a revolt and seized the small Mexican garrison there. Now it was the official U. S. Army, led by Fremont, who took over on June 23. Commodore John Sloat, upon hearing of war and the revolt in Sonoma, ordered his troops to occupy Monterey (the capital) on July 7 and raise the U. S. flag. San Francisco (then called Yerba Buena) was occupied on July 9, and on July 15, Sloat transferred his command to the much more aggressive Commodore Robert Stockton (a great man, playing Little John to Fremont's Robin Hood),

who put Fremont's men technically under his orders. On July 19, this California Battalion, swelled by 160 additional men from newly arrived "settlers" near Sacramento, entered Monterey with some of Stockton's sailors and marines. Within days Fremont controlled San Francisco, Sacramento, and Sonoma, and the war in the North was over. The South would prove more difficult.

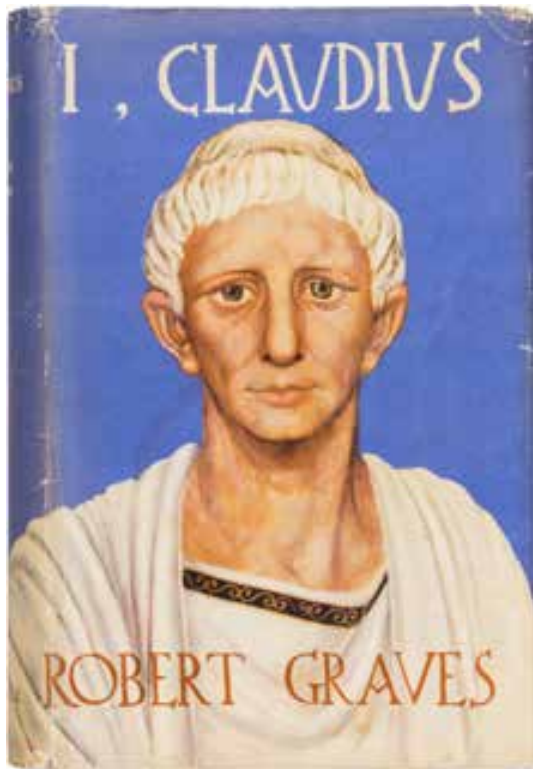
Mexican General José Castro and Governor Pío Pico fled southward from their northern base in Alta California, so Fremont and his men followed, like flies on a summer day, and Stockton's marines sailed south to San Pedro in a classic pincers maneuver. Stockton sent 50 marines ashore. On August 13 they entered Los Angeles unresisted. With this success (the so-called "Siege of Los Angeles") the nearly bloodless conquest of California seemed complete. That's seemed.

Fremont and his mounted rifles went hunting for any remaining opposition but Stockton left too few men in Los Angeles, and in September, the Californios, under the leadership of José María Flores, acting without help from Mexico, rushed the American garrison, and forced a retreat. Flores' rancho vaqueros had banded together to defend their land, and fought as Californio lancers. This was an unanticipated opponent. More than 300 American reinforcements, sent by Stockton and led by Navy Captain William Mervine, were repulsed in the Battle of Dominguez Rancho from October 7–9, 1846, near San Pedro. Meanwhile, General Stephen Kearny (a dependable soldier but one who was emotionally petty and politically naïve), led a squadron of 139 dragoons on a grueling march from New Mexico, across the Sonoran Desert, and finally reached California on December 6, 1846. He fought the Californio lancers at the Battle of San Pasqual near San Diego, and though Kearny's dragoons were bloodied and in poor condition, he pressed on until they had to assume a defensive position on Mule Hill near present-day Escondido. The Californios besieged Kearny for 4 days until Stockton's forces arrived and saved Kearny. The resupplied, combined Americans, began a march to Los Angeles on December 29, entered it on January 8, 1847, and linked up with Fremont's sharpshooters there. Americans now totaled 607 soldiers and Marines, and this army overwhelmed 300 Californios, under Captain-general Flores, in the decisive Battle of Rio San Gabriel. The next day, the Americans won the Battle of La Mesa, and on January 12, the last significant body of Californios surrendered. That marked the end of armed resistance in California, and the Treaty of Cahuenga was signed (by Fremont for the U. S.) the next day, and by January 16, California was an American territory, and so ends my tale.

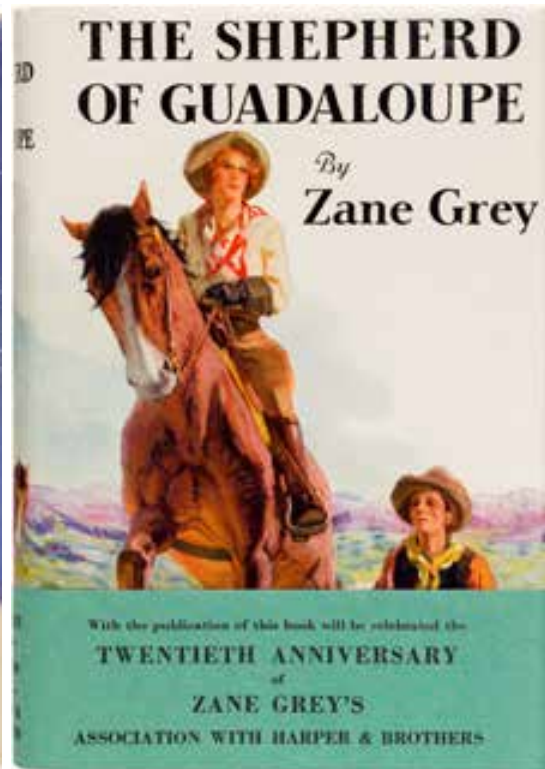
The next 20 years of Fremont's life were less like those of a super-hero but here's a quick synopsis. In 1847 he was appointed the California Territory's first Civil Governor. The assignment was made by Commodore Stockton. When orders were received shortly thereafter from Washington appointing General S. W. Kearny to that position, a serious conflict ensued between Stockton and Kearny. Fremont's refusal to obey orders from Kearny led to his court martial,

and, in a frenzy of moralism, after a trial which lasted more than a year, he was eventually convicted of “mutiny” i.e. “disobedience to the lawful command of a superior officer” and “conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.” He was sentenced to dismissal from the service. Publically, Polk approved of the conviction for disobedience and mutiny, but Fremont was his collaborator, so he remitted the penalty, and let Fremont resign. Polk’s term ended on March 4, 1849, and he died 3 months later. One of their fellow conspirators, Gen. Zachery Taylor, succeeded Polk as President, but died in office 16 months later and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, a man who was not in on anything, and could be distracted from any labor by an ice cream cart passing by outside. Left to his own ambitions, Fremont returned to California in 1850, won a seat as the state’s first U. S. Senator, and then, campaigned for the U. S. Presidency as the 1856 nominee of the newly formed Republican Party—the first man in fact, to run for the Presidency as a Republican. The Republicans heralded their candidate, with the chant, “Free Soil, Free Labor, Free Speech, Free Men, Fremont.” The heroic Fremont inspired great enthusiasm in the North, but in the South he was branded a “Frenchman’s bastard” and, incorrectly, a secret Roman Catholic. His Democratic Party opponent was James Buchanan, a weak man, and a compromise candidate, but he defeated Fremont (perceived as too Northern, which he was) 1.8 million votes to 1.3 million votes (the electoral vote was 174 to 114). Despite the loss, Fremont’s candidacy established the Republican Party as viable, and dominant in the North, and he turned the party over to Abraham Lincoln’s supporters, who won the Presidency 4 years later.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, President Lincoln named Fremont a Major General, and put him in charge of the poorly defined Department of the West, headquartered in St. Louis. It was here that Fremont was the first to spot U. S. Grant as a potential leader of Union armies. When Fremont (annealed in the belief that you can never be too assertive) declared martial law in Missouri (August 30, 1861), Lincoln feigned disapproval, and removed Fremont from his position, fearing Missouri might react and join the Confederacy. Lincoln then sent him to Virginia. On June 8, 1862 he was greeted by Stonewall Jackson at Cross Keys, proving that The Civil War was not unlike the court of the Borgias, where you don’t drink everything that’s offered to you. 50,000 total soldiers were engaged on both sides. Fremont was primed, but Jackson held the bridges, preventing Union army reinforcements. And Jackson was Jackson, so he immediately sent General Trimble to lay an ambush and then successfully attacked Fremont, but Jackson refused to engage in a prolonged battle against larger forces that he might lose, so with less than 1,000 men killed on both sides, Jackson slipped away, defeated Brigadier General Tyler at Port Republic, and rejoined General Lee. Lincoln, recognizing that Fremont might be more useful as an agent than as a General, brought him back to Washington, secretly resurrected his role as hand of the President, and from 1862 to 1864 sent him on an assortment of covert missions, the details of which are still undisclosed, and thus remain lost to history.



Graves, Robert



I, Claudius
(London, 1934).

1st edition (a sequel, Claudius the God, is not scarce). Bookplate, name on endpaper, else fine in a jacket with a 3/4" chip at 1 corner else very good, price clipped, but it's not the book club edition and price is not a point of issue. **2,000**

Graves honed his biographical skills by writing a study of T. E. Lawrence in 1927, and an analysis of David Copperfield in 1933. With the wind at his back, his feted literary trickery was to write an historical novel disguised as the 1st century emperor's autobiography, exposing how Rome discovered that even "too late" comes at its proper time, and accidentally stumbled onto its first Caesar since Augustus who knew that power meant freedom, but didn't mean license. The BBC's 1976 miniseries (U. S. 1977) inaugurated the format's setting in antiquity, and brought renewed fame to the BBC, to the book, to Graves, and to Claudius.

Grey, Zane

The Shepherd of Guadalupe
(NY, 1930).

1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket and fine green wraparound band (all 3 components are flawless). A common book when it's not flawless, so this is the kind of 1st edition of this title you should buy, and the kind we should sell, if we are both to stay allied to what is right, meaning our fates are tied, and to say they are not tied, is to say your end of the boat is sinking (Book Code). **250**



Sam Spade

Hammett, Dashiell

A Man Called Spade (NY, 1932).

Too Many Have Lived (NY, 1932).

They Can Only Hang You Once (NY, 1932).

3 vols. 1st appearances in print of the only 3 Sam Spade short stories that Hammett ever had published, following his 1 Spade novel (*The Maltese Falcon*, 1930). All 3 are illustrated by Joseph Clement. The first 2 are not scarce, the 3rd is. These publications precede the 1st printing of the 3 stories in a book edition (*The Adventures of Sam Spade and Other Stories*, 1944) by 12 years, and that was followed by 245 Sam Spade radio shows (30 minutes each) written by anonymous others from 1946–1950.

Together: 3 vols. 225

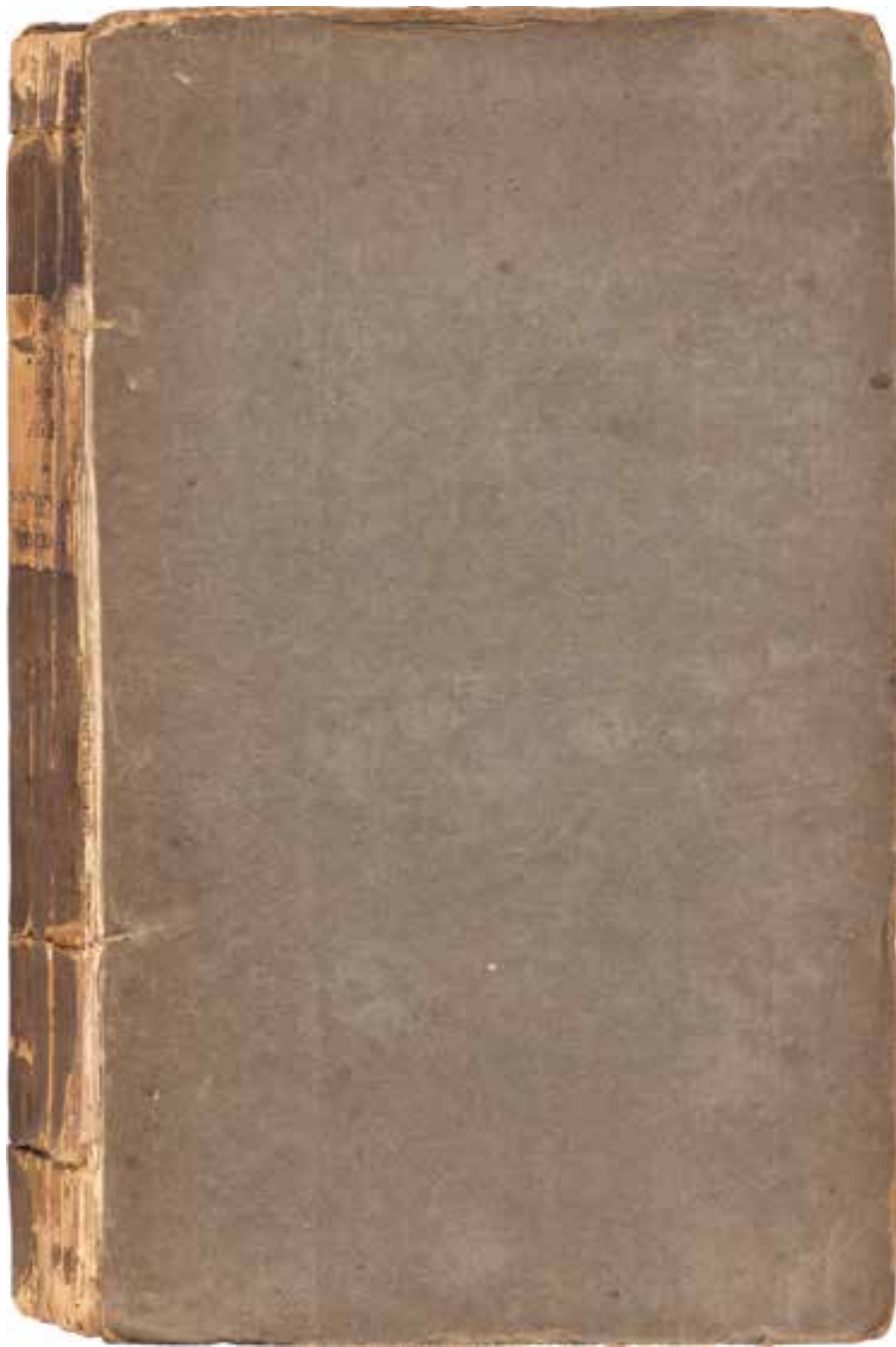
1. **A Man Called Spade**, in *The American Magazine* (the mag, not the common book), Vol. 114, No. 1 (Jul. 1932). Very good.

2. **Too Many Have Lived**, in *The American Magazine* (the mag, not the common book), Vol. 114, No. 4 (Oct. 1932). Near fine.

3. **They Can Only Hang You Once**, in *Collier's Weekly*, Vol. 90, No. 21 (Nov. 1932). Foxing, mainly along the spine, else very good.

Most people conform to a severely condensed version of the 10 commandments, the part about murder. Spade regularly stumbled upon those who overlooked even that one. Now it's the 21st century and gangsters have been rubbed aside by the 3-way blood war happening daily on urban street corners between U. S. mail carriers, UPS drivers, and Fed-Ex deliverers.

Hammett's biography is well known and impressive. His novels are even more well known, and even more impressive. Put the 2 together and they suggest that one can drink with abandon and write with brilliance until about the age of 40.



Hazlitt, William

The Spirit of the Age
(London, 1825).

1st edition. Original boards and label, worn, 2 short spans of the front inner paper hinge strengthened but otherwise unrepaired, solid, and very good. 500

2 dozen contemporary sketches of prominent figures, half of them literary, and most of those romantics (Byron, Godwin, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, etc.), that first generation of flower children enamored with dying young.

in jacket

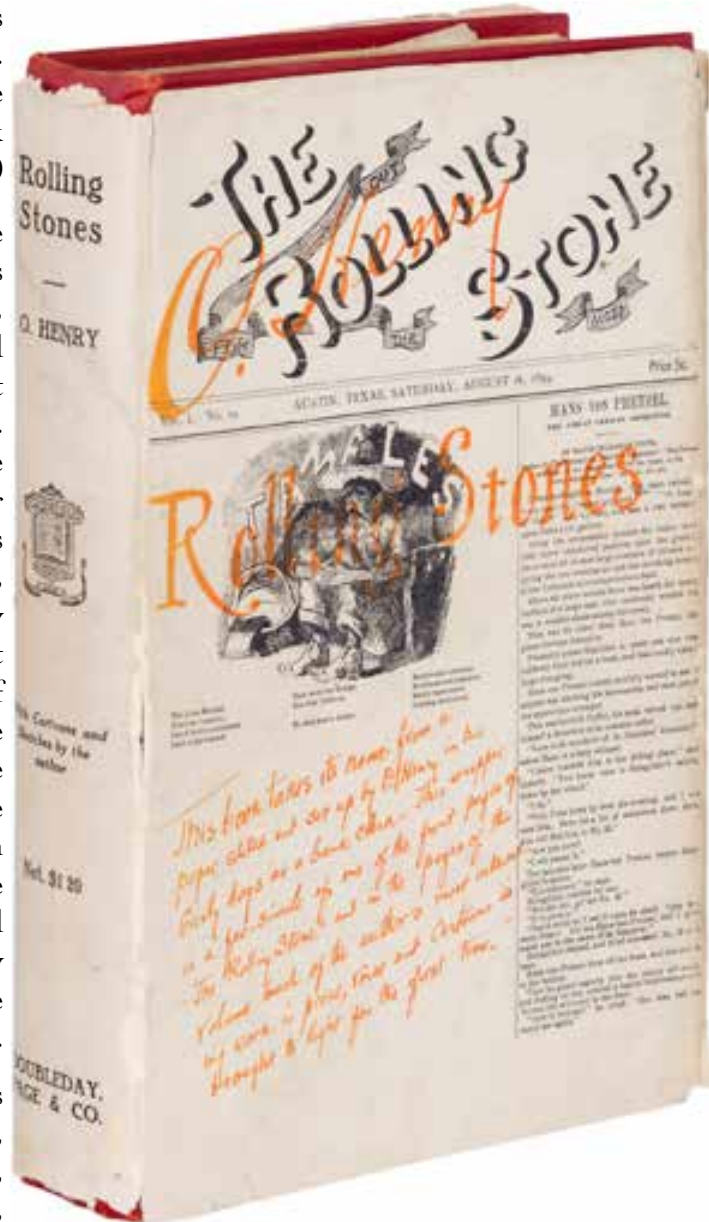
Henry, O.

Rolling Stones
(Garden City, 1912).

1st edition. Fine in a dustjacket that's chipped and torn at the edges, and tissue strengthened behind the folds with a touch that's lighter than canary breath, but it's otherwise very good, and 1912 jackets, on meaningful literature, are like a lamp casting its light over the entire book. A complete copy with the publisher's order blank laid in as issued. 700

O. Henry (the pen name of William S. Porter) was a master of short stories, many of them laced with irony (irony is not the opposite of wrinkly). So, ever since 1919, the ongoing annual award for the best short fiction has been named after him, assuring his immortality throughout the 21st century when the books of countless other laudable writers will slide off the literary radar into the landfill of print on paper, to sleep forevermore with the self-published byproducts of money from home and the unopened junk mail.

Rolling Stones collects a few of his essays, along with some poems, letters, and cartoons, but the foundation of this 1st edition is 20 ingenious short stories, including his last story (The Dream), discovered in his hotel room, on his desk, a few days after his death, but all the contents of the book confirm what you've always known, that reading is the original, authentic, voices in your head.



5 in a row signed by Chester Himes

Himes, Chester

For Love of Imabelle (Greenwich, 1957).

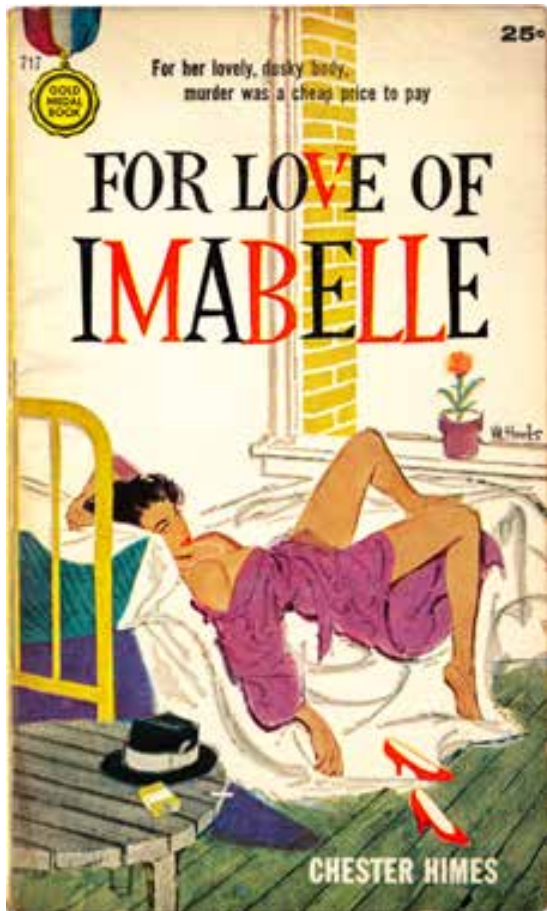
Real Cool Killers (NY, 1959).

The Crazy Kill (NY, 1959).

The Big Gold Dream (NY, 1960).

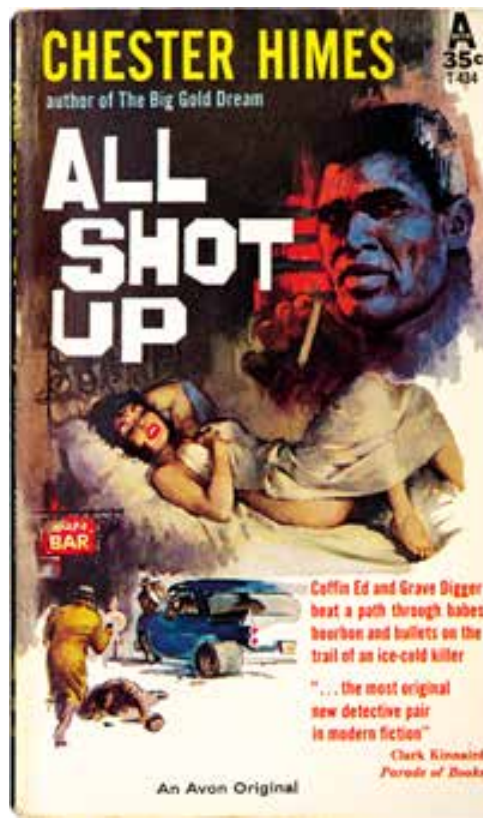
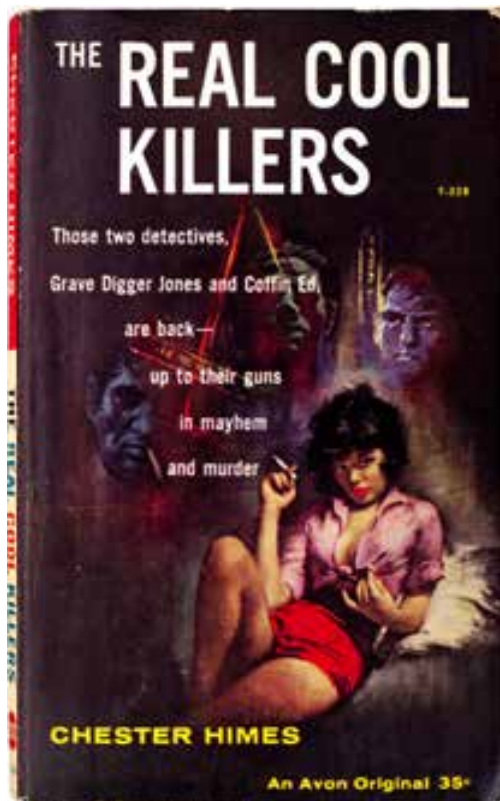
All Shot Up (NY, 1960).

5 vols. 1st editions in English (preceded only by editions in French), of the first 5 novels in Himes' series of Harlem crime stories starring his gritty and wily police detectives Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson. All are in original wrappers (preceding the hardbound editions). Paper toned to light tan in 3 else all are nearly fine. **All 5 are signed in ink (4 are also inscribed). And all are plenty scarce when they are mutually pretty and signed, but only when they are both.** Together: 5 vols. 2,100



Chester Himes was angry about the racism he saw in college, got expelled, then busted, and then imprisoned, and while there began to write about black protagonists doomed by white racism and self hate. He was ignored at home but admired overseas, so in the mid-1950s he self-exiled to France. Marcel Duhamel, a French actor who used his money to found the Série Noir Publishing imprint, met Himes, intuited that he was writing the wrong plotlines, and handed him a \$1,000 advance for a detective novel. Himes had read Dashiell Hammett while in prison, so it only took him 1 false start, (Spanish Grin, unpublished) to learn how not to write the genre. Hearing about a con called "the blow" he used it as the heart of a new novel (For Love of Imabelle) introducing Jones

and Johnson, his so suave, post-Chandler, hard-boiled detectives, always involved, but never attached. In the first novel they are on the edges of the story. By the second they are the core. For Love of Imabelle won the 1958 Grand Prix for best detective novel (filmed as A Rage in Harlem), initiated 7 sequels, brought Himes international acclaim, and all the money he needed, and are today his legacy, a unique one in all of detective fiction.



the first detective story

Hoffmann, E. T. A.

Das Fräulein von Scuderi
[Mademoiselle de Scudéri]
(Frankfurt [Williams], [1819] 1820).

1st edition (in German), 1st appearance anywhere, in St. Schütz (Taschenbuch für das Jahr 1820—Der Liebe und Freundschaft gewidmet).

Hoffmann's tale is printed on pages 1–122. Half calf, original pictorial wrappers laid onto boards, very good, and rarer than someone who is exactly like their online persona. Coll: Frontis + (6) + 24 pages + 12 plates (1 each month) + 330 pages, with 5 engraved plates. **3,000**

Poe's 1841 invention of the detective story from the ether is a canard. What Poe did do was professionalize the investigator. So (I ask), is the detective novel about detection, or is it about the detective? Brushing off Sophocles' Oedipus Rex, a play from 429 B. C. and the earliest extant bygone phenotype (it solves the mystery by interrogation), and also dismissing



Voltaire's Zadig (an 18th century philosophical comedy, despite some deductive reasoning), as well as all other pretenders, I'll give you 3 irrefutable supports for the preeminence of Mademoiselle de Scudéri in the detective chronology.

First: A series of unexplained murders occur at the beginning, and are resolved at the end.

Second: There is an innocent suspect, and the real killer is a character throughout the story, but is unsuspected.

Third: The detection is ambling but clear, though the detective is not

the police, a private eye, an injured party, or a relative, but rather a reluctant 50-something lady (Miss. Marple?), innately curious and organically detached.

Works for me.

I don't know what is meant by "rare" these days. It used to mean that a specialist in that book saw a copy for sale once every 10 years, while "scarce" meant that said specialist saw a copy for sale once a year. That was before the internet

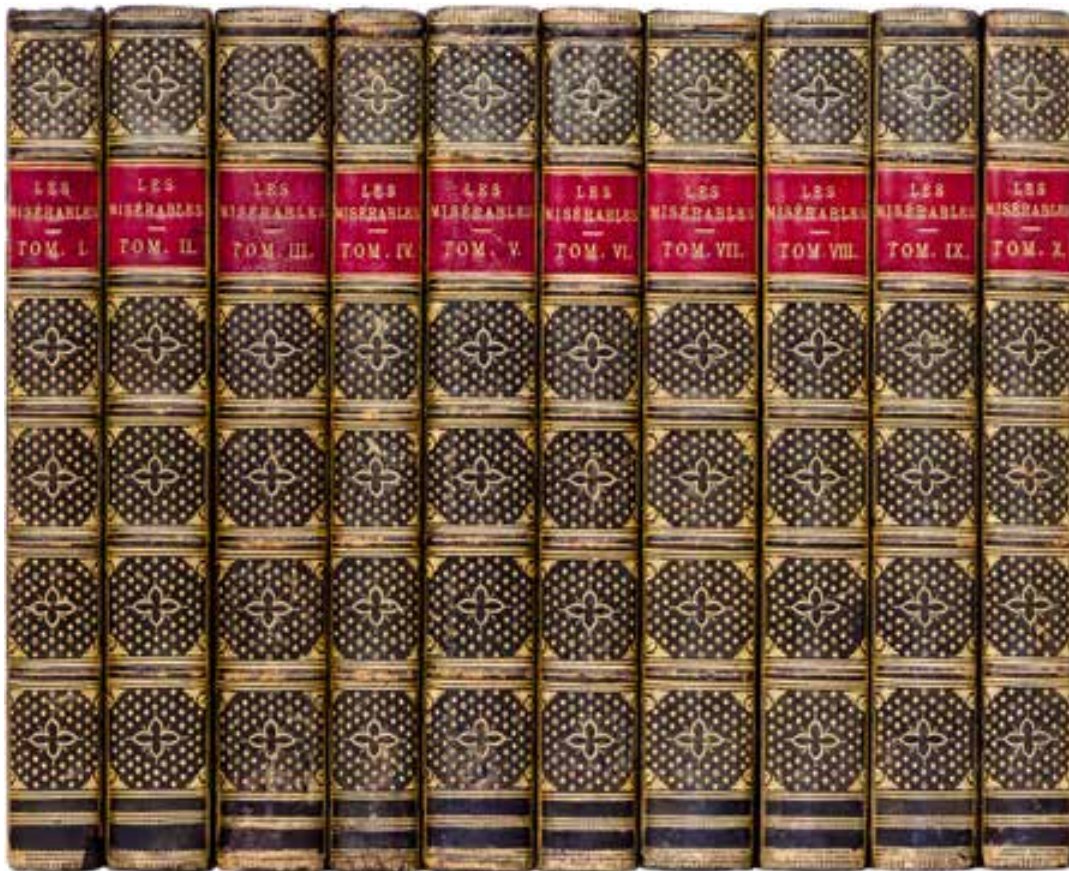


and the devaluing of words. Today "A.B.E" is the web's word for the law of the jungle, and in that jungle, books are called rare when there are 5 copies listed for sale. Such books are not rare. Such books are not scarce. And calling them either should raise the question, what do you take me for? But no copy of this book has sold at auction in 25 years, you can't find a 1st edition of it (or many of the other books in this catalog) online anywhere, or in another catalog, or at a book fair, or in your travels, or with money, or with voodoo. So for \$3,000 you get a weighty and enviable book that nobody else has. Nice.

And while I'm engaged with delineations, I'll drift (as I do) and assault 2 more:

Condition: There is something liberating about not pretending.

Bibliographical conclusions: The harshest controversies are over matters for which there is no clear evidence either way, but at least the quarrels are honest. Dishonest is the scandalous use of archaic, superseded bibliography in support of the consciously strategized half-truth, which is defended, by the wicked booksellers who repeatedly utilize these selective patches of improvisation, as "not a lie" but rather as "an orthodoxly cautious reluctance to embrace new, and thus imaginably impeachable data, creating an unfortunate false impression."



the first detective novel?

Hugo, Victor

Les Misérables
(Brussels, 1862).

10 vols. 1st edition (in French), preceding the Paris edition by 3 days. Contemporary 3/4 morocco by M. Ward, Belfast, marbled sides a bit rubbed, 6 joints professionally strengthened (not rebacked), no half-titles, else very good, the contents fresh as a farmer's breakfast, with no foxing or staining. **2,000**

Crime in literature traces back as far as storytelling itself, and misdirection of the reader traces (at least) as far back, as Tom Jones (1749), but the detective structure and its mystery component began in Hoffmann's Fräulein von Scuderi, and were first codified in the short stories of Poe. The first detective in a noticeable novel was Inspector Bucket in Dickens' Bleak House (1853) and the first modern mystery, was Collins' The Woman in White (1860), wherein the puzzle was deciphered by the victim's half-sister aided by her drawing teacher. But Bleak House was no detective novel, nor was The Woman in White, and Les Misérables (to answer the question) was not a detective novel either, because the only real detection ambiguity in it orbits the pursuit of Valjean and whether he will be caught. The novel's skeleton however, mimics Poe's formula. Javert, the policeman who can't be put off with a stake dipped in holy water,

is a character throughout, and plays the most prominent of roles, but *Les Misérables* is something more. It's an unparalleled saga of the people of Paris, a reconnaissance of change, and a sweeping social chronicle, ranging widely in its 20 year account, beginning in the last days of Napoleon. It moves at a breathless pace with a curling and complex construction, but always returns to the author's premise of salvation attained through good works, and his search for the 3 sovereign political principles, social justice, individual liberty, and economic efficiency (commonly trumpeted but rarely implemented), and all of this glistens with veracity because of Hugo's eye for detail, his grasp of narrative, and his effective understanding of the joys and sorrows of the average man and woman, set against the pathos of individual struggle caught in the dynamics of history.

"People weighed down with troubles do not look back; they know only too well that misfortune stalks them." –Hugo, *Les Mis*

Hugo, Victor

The Man Who Laughs

[L'Homme qui Rit]

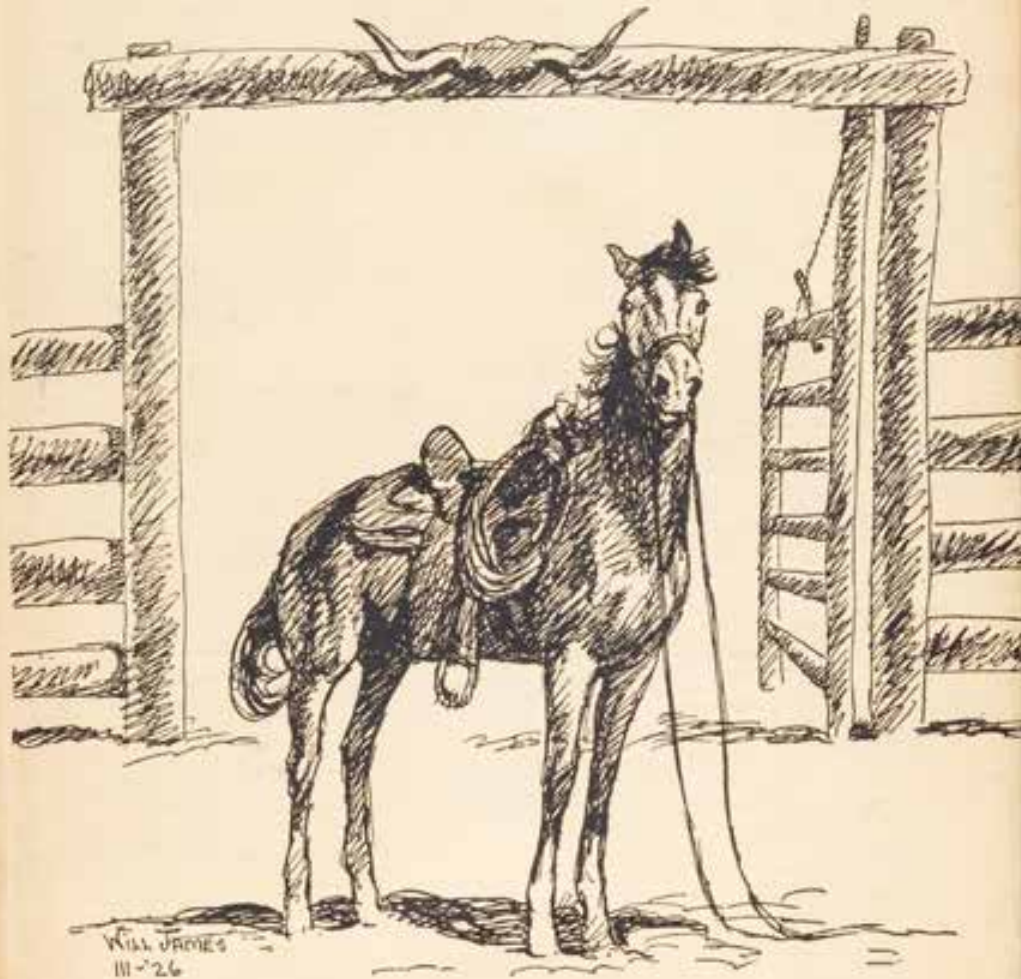
(NY [Appleton], 1869).

1st edition in English preceding the Dana Estes and Caldwell American editions, as well as the London edition, and all others. Original brown cloth (1 of 3 colors with no priority), a good, sound copy. Historical romance, twirled into a work of art, from the fully amplified pen of Victor Hugo, at the apogee of his literary self-restraint. But that self-restraint only applied to his writing. Accounts from his social connections allude to Hugo talking so much that his friends had to hood him like a falcon just to get some sleep. 150



Outwardly a love story, but deeper a whirlwind indictment of the aristocracy, a satire with fangs that's punctuated with horror throughout, searing, smothering and disturbing, nearly from the outset. The second chapter fairly faithfully illumines the *Comprachicos* (Spanish for "child buyers"), the novel's makers, a secret, nomadic, multi-ethnic, criminal society that roamed Europe, financed largely by the extorted purchase of babies, their mutilation, vivisection, and satirical disfigurement by villainous surgeons (malformed bones, deformed faces, and stunted growth, a human bonsai), their training as mountebanks, and finally, their sale (typically after reaching maturity), to Lords (as court fools or pages), or to traveling sideshows (circuses of the grotesque).

SMOKY



By **WILL JAMES**

Smoky the Cow Horse

James, Will

Smoky
(NY, 1926).

1st edition of his first novel (later re-titled Smoky the Cow Horse). The real

1st printing with "1926" on the title page and only 3 lines on the copyright page. **Signed and dated (in ink) on the endpaper, "Will James III-'26."** Small, neat, original owner's name on pastedown, else fine (brilliant) in a near fine, untouched 1st printing dustjacket (\$2.50 price, and with no later printings signified on the spine). The most notable flaw is a 1/2" tear to the top edge of the front panel (tears are to chips as mist is to rain). Complete with the original laid in pictorial bookmark, as issued. Soiled and/or worn copies sell for half our price (repaired ones should be even cheaper), but this is the finest one I've had, and it's much finer than the others that are out there, even the ones described candidly, and most are not. A plotline tracking Black Beauty but set in the American West in the early days of the 20th century, and injected with enough modern realism, to craft a cowboy landmark from the day it was published. It won the 1927 Newbery medal, and is a scarce 1st edition when it's in an unadulterated dustjacket in this condition. Numerous reprints of the jacket have been married to 1st editions of the book, so beware if the cloth is worn, or faded, or soiled, or looks like it hasn't been covered with a dustjacket all its life. And any Smoky jacket that's repaired, should immediately awaken your skepticisms, especially if it's backed, or the repairs touch the spine, as that's where the reprintings are noted, and fine sandpaper can remove them, or pulp can patch them, and the repairs can then obscure the evidence that anything was printed there before it was repaired, leaving you with a book that is like a blacksmith's bellows, it breathes but it does not live. **6,500**

And I'll throw you 7 adages to recall when you are suspicious of any 1st edition:

1. Generalities are spoken so that truth may be concealed.
2. Do not confuse momentarily unavailable with everlastingly nonexistent.
3. Bibliography can usually be trusted but has its limitations. Guessing is not thus handicapped.
4. "No" is a complete sentence.
5. If you are talking to the wrong booksellers, getting a second opinion has no more value than switching slot machines.
6. Book collecting has no prizes or penalties, but there are consequences.
7. Luck is infatuated with the able.

And write this down in your Dora the Explorer Day Planner: Your library is your portrait, and dubious jackets should always arouse your disdain, and buying one, especially when an irreproachable sparkler like this one is selling for such a modest premium, is an error that ranks with the 1212 Children's Crusade (Book Code).

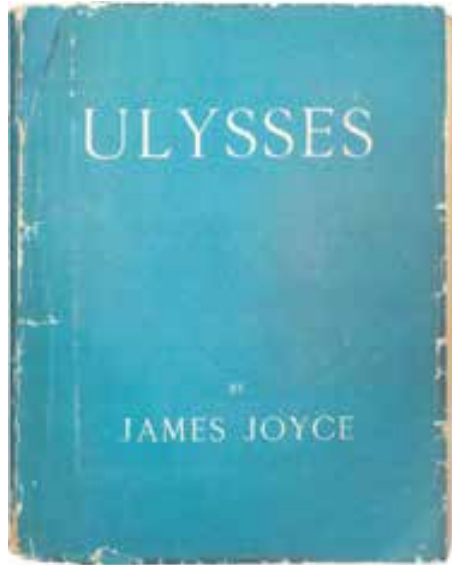
"If you're going to do something right, you don't do it right once in a while, you do it right all the time." –Vince Lombardi

Joyce, James

Ulysses
(London, 1922).

1st English edition (London imprint but actually produced in France). No. 697 of 2,000, only preceded by 1,000 with the Paris imprint. Original wrappers, wear at edges, 1 corner chip repaired, else good, sound, not rebacked, authentic as a stubbed toe, and complete with the (often missing) 8 pages of errata. **2,200**

Joyce so overflowed with talent that he sometimes stood in the puddles, and since everyone around him agreed he was unique, he could not believe what wasn't happening to him. He had such poor vision that he could have married anyone, and yet his wife was cute. They met on June 10, 1904 and tried out sex for the first time on June 16. I guess it went ok, because he remembered it warmly enough to memorialize it as the very date on which he chose to set Ulysses. Besides the sex, she filled a vital role (if you're going to do something brave, make sure there is a witness), but few geniuses are revered in their own households, so though she was there as a witness, she was also among the first who noticed that while his books reached great depths. their sales only released little bubbles, and that his writing career was all gong and no dinner, and she didn't let him forget it.



reached great depths. their sales only released little bubbles, and that his writing career was all gong and no dinner, and she didn't let him forget it.

“Why don't you write books people can read? –Nora Joyce

Joyce, James

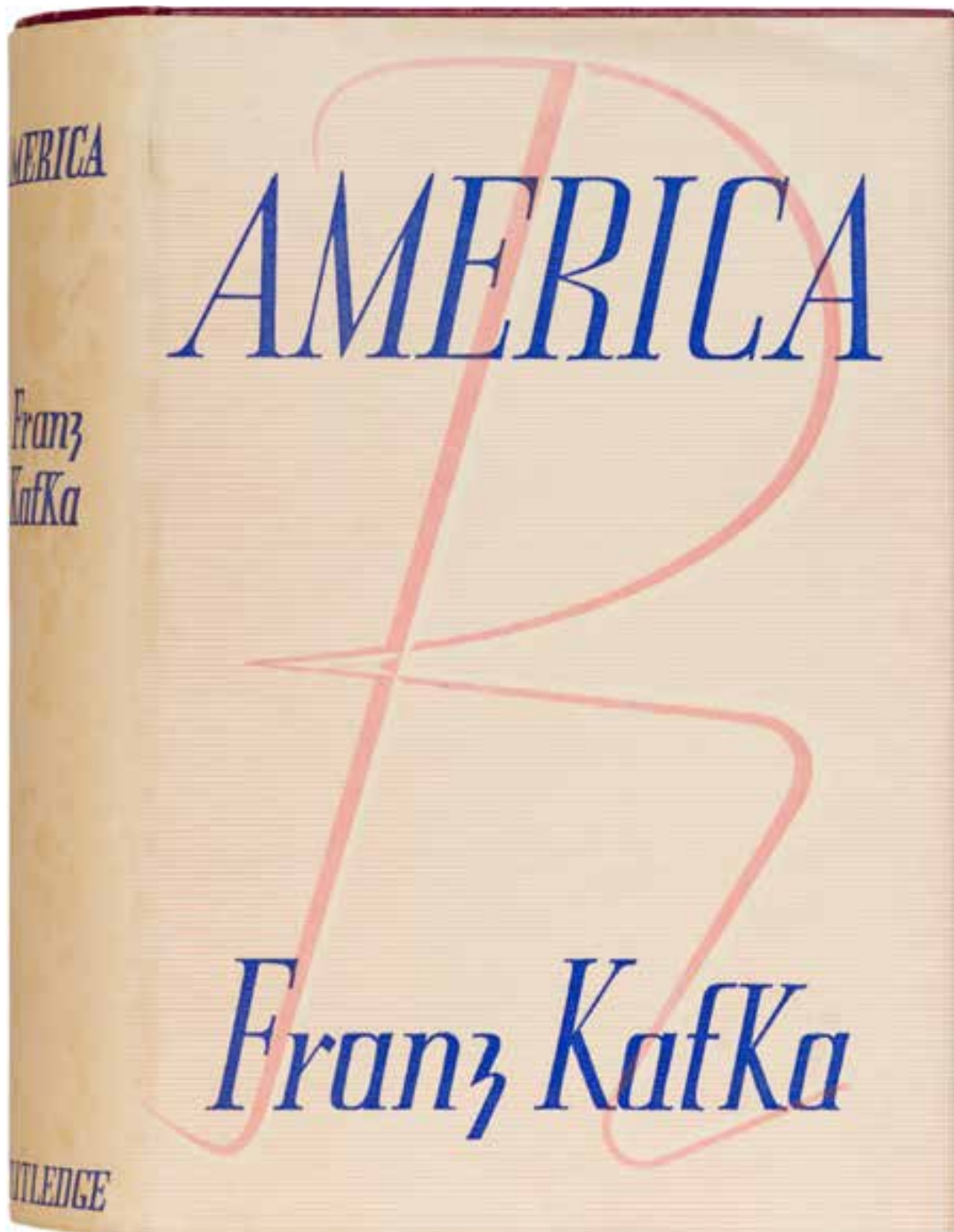
Collected Poems
(NY, 1936).

1st edition. Number 561 of 800 copies, gathering the poems in Chamber Music and Poems Pennyeach, and printing Ecce Puer for the first time. Original boards, near fine, lacking the unprinted glassine jacket. **150**

Some people suspect nothing, some suspect everything. Both are fools. And only the most willing victims would buy this book with a flaw at any price, or buy it without the plain jacket at a price greater than the \$150 we've put on it as compensation, but when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, all the pigeons gonna run to him.



Joyce's novels are like the ancient Roman galleys, large scale, heavy, and mostly profound, sitting low in the water even on those pages when the cargo is light. His poetry then, was a diversion, pithy and blithe, an anti-habit of improvisation.



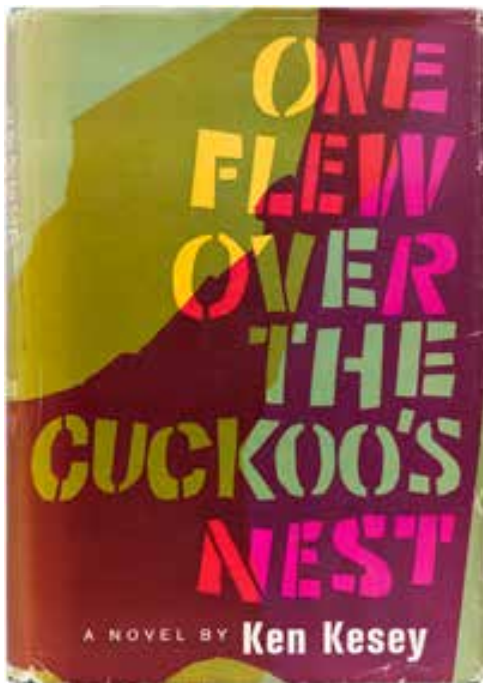
Kafka, Franz

America
(London, 1938).

1st edition in English (the 1st U. S. edition was 1940). Publisher's reply card laid in (maybe some kind of review copy, but probably not). Fine in a dustjacket with faint fox spots to the spine otherwise the jacket is also fine. **3,250**

Kafka was a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs, and he died at 41, so

like everyone who dies young, he is remembered as vital, intense and filled with potential, a figure made of promise, legends, myths, and memories, not facts. This is the earliest written, but the last published, of the 3 tragicomic novels (with *The Castle* and *The Trial*) in his trilogy of loneliness. He began it in 1912 and originally called it *The Man Who Disappeared*, or by the title of its first chapter, *The Stoker*, but he regularly referred to it as his American novel, so when it was posthumously published, his executor (Max Brod) titled it *America*. It is more explicitly humorous and slightly more realistic than most of his works, although there is symbolism galore including (for 1 example) *The Statue of Liberty* holding a sword and not a torch (imagine what Kafka might have symbolized out of our witness protection program). *America* shares the thesis of an oppressive and intangible system putting the protagonist (naïve, fragile and optimistic) continually into bizarre labyrinthine situations in which he must plead his innocence to remote and mysterious figures of authority (if you are charged, you must be guilty of something), and it uses many details of the life experienced by Kafka's relatives who had immigrated to America. The book is always called an unfinished novel, but it's 298 pages long, so "essentially finished" would be closer to the truth. and I can finish it for you right now, because it's the only novel for which he ever considered an optimistic ending, It already includes the first part of the last chapter (*The Nature Theater of Oklahoma*) and Kafka repeatedly told friends that he only had to write the reconciliation, with his young hero "finding a profession, his freedom, and his old home and family, all as if by some celestial witchery."



Kesey, Ken

**One Flew Over
the Cuckoo's Nest**
(NY, 1962).

1st edition of his first book, and among other messages, a reinforcing prompt that you don't pay the prostitute for sex, you pay the prostitute to leave. Conforming to all 1st state points but some of those points may be bogus. Fine in a very good 1st state dustjacket (Kerouac blurb), with the spine almost bright (check the picture). The film won all 5 major Oscars; Best Picture, Actor, Actress, Screenplay, and Director. **3,500**

"You lock the door,
you throw away the key,
There's someone in my head,
but it's not me." –Pink Floyd,
Dark Side of the Moon

Babe

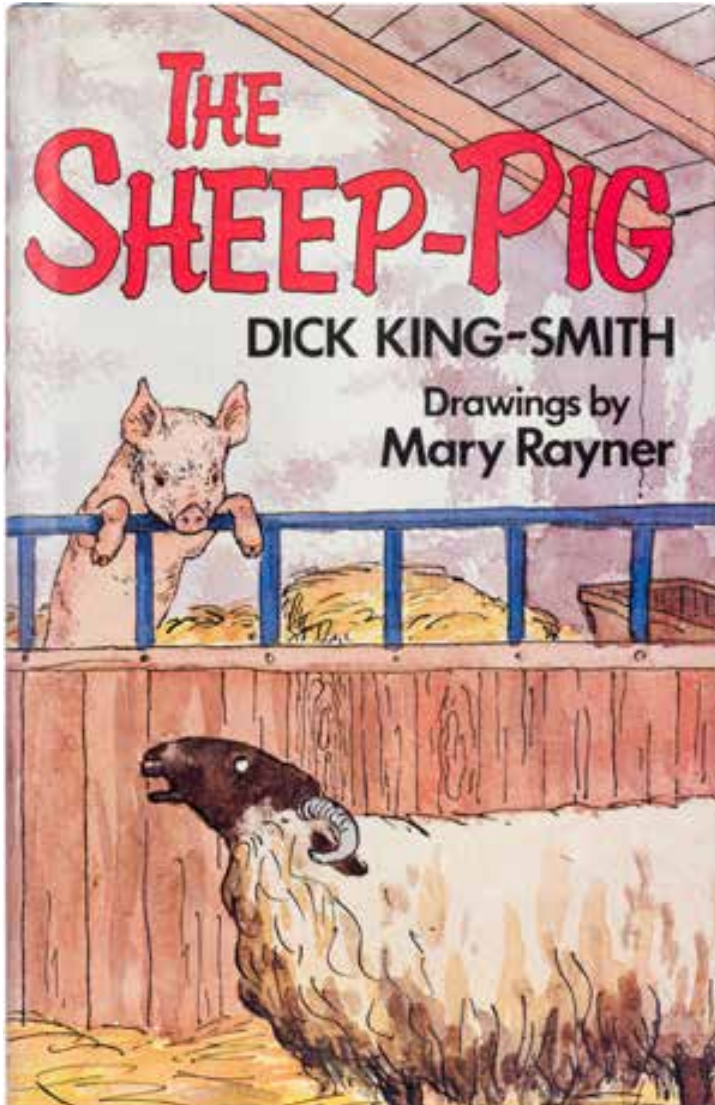
King-Smith, Dick

The Sheep Pig
(London, 1983).

1st edition (preceding the 1985 U. S. edition retitled "Babe, the Gallant Pig").
Signed by King-Smith (in ink) on the title page (ooh, a King-Smith sighting).

Fine in fine dustjacket, perfect, and not common when it's signed, an exemplar of a "book code" imperative saying that even if every book you buy doesn't ultimately make you happy, always buy the best of them so as to deserve it. The 1995 film (Babe) won the Golden Globe for Best Picture (!) and is well worth a download. And reminiscing about 1995, take this as a life warning if you're young enough to benefit from counseling. Getting a tattoo of your favorite band signifies nothing, except in which decade you were drunk the most. **400**

In 1984 King-Smith won the Guardian Children's Fiction Award for this book, a once in a lifetime honor judged by a panel of British children's writers, quite different from awards presented these days, in a blaze of boring, by corporations to employees treated like children for "team" morale, or bought for cash by admiration starved philanthropists, or randomly handed out in Hollywood to skinny blonde women, or to former American Idol contestants 6 months before they begin their real careers making pizza, and start wearing sweat pants as a necessity. And all of these accolades are bestowed at artificially formal events, attended by the kind of people who clap when the airplane lands.

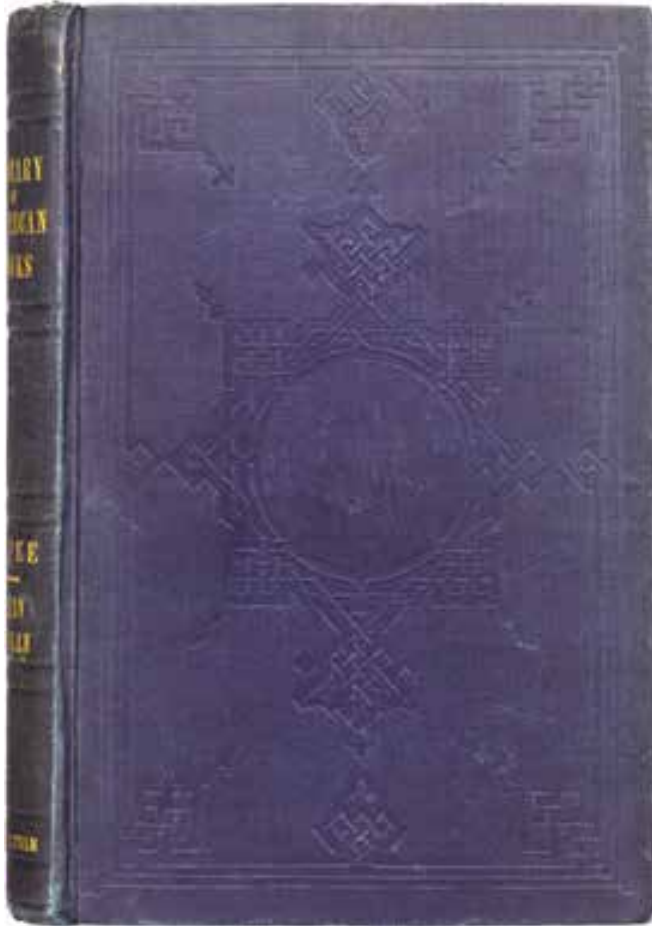


the soothing comfort of uplifting condition

Melville, Herman

Typee
(NY, 1846).

2 vols. in 1, as issued in original cloth (B. A. L.'s 1st binding). 1st American edition, 1st printing of Melville's first book. 2,000 were printed, 1,500 of them bound in



wrappers, and 500 bound in cloth. Near fine, an apparition in this condition, but "near fine" can be vague, and form drives me to be meticulous, even though I'm aware that no completely accurate description ever goes unpunished. Corners slightly worn, 4 pinpoint sized specks of wear (2 to spine tips, 2 to joints), 2 small rust spots on each free endpaper, a small stamped name to the front one, and the oval morocco bookplate of Harriet Borland on the front pastedown. But look at the picture. Our book glows like it's ex-The Plutonium Institute, and that bugle you hear is Taps being played for Typees like this one. Further, such quality is seldom seen in any Melville 1st edition, with

most of them uglier than a featherless bird, and in fact, this publication of Typee was a title from "Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books" series, and the 1st printings, issued under that imprint, habitually have multiple scars, and most are scandalously scarce in fine condition. **7,500**

And as to scars, I am now a veteran bookseller, and scarred enough to know that one difficulty I face in writing book catalog descriptions is equilibrium. Meaning, that even the barely cultivated mind is largely admired when it is private, reticent, and discreet, when it has no audience, is satisfied with individual contentment, and with its celebrations kept solitary. However, Octo catalogs are printed, and distributed publicly, and because I recognize a kind of duty to sometimes argue for complexity in (for just 1 example) bibliographical phenomena, it is exploits of focus that help what is written

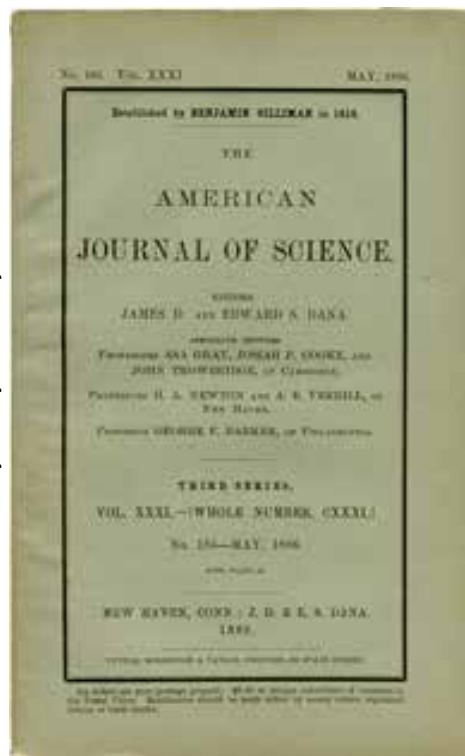
make sense, and oblige that density not be abridged, sloganized or reduced to easily repeated formulae, even when such efforts might be dismissed as, necessary but incidental. Other times bibliography is simple and need not be obfuscated, especially when what is called for are the terse but dreaded words “2nd printing” or simply, “reprint.” And I try to deny myself all convenient illusions, and believe this entitles me to deny them to others when they refuse to keep their fantasies to themselves. And when writing complexly on any subject, I appreciate that after being asked to digest one of my long and winding rants, some dessert is appropriate for the oft abused reader, and to this end I unduly rewrite, vary, and edit my text, searching for the mot juste, the apt, latent literary connection, the unmasking of pretensions, the sharp aside, or the sudden bawdy metaphor, and much added (hidden) effort is aimed at making it appear easy to write, like the sun ripens fruit, naturally and effortlessly, as if it had nothing else to do, raising the equipoise question; How should I describe my books so my catalogs are informative and candid beyond the usual, and still feral, robust, and fun to read, with prose that inspires curiosity, amuses, holds, cajoles, interests, and bonds with the reader, without that prose being so slickly written as to suggest that I am unworthy of buying from?

**the first American
to win the Nobel Prize in any science**

Michelson, Albert [and] Morley, Edward

**Influence of Motion of the
Medium on the Velocity of Light**
(New Haven, 1886).

1st edition of The American Journal of Science, vol. 31, no. 185 (the individual issue not a bound annual), containing (pages 377–386) Michelson and Morley’s report of their first experiments with Michelson’s own invented instruments, the continuation of which (in 1887), negated classical scientific theories on the existence of a universal ether. The findings held revolutionary implications that led directly to (and through) Lorentz (the Lorentz contraction equations) and Einstein (special relativity), to the acceptance of new reference standards of time and space from geometry and cosmometry (measurement of the universe). Michelson won his 1907 Nobel Prize in physics, both for creating the instruments he used in his experiments, and for his achievements with them. Original wrappers (5 3/4” X 9 1/4”), very good. No copies cited by ABPC as sold at auction in the last 35 years (it is scarce, but it can’t be that scarce). **4,500**





felicities of simplicities

Milne, A. A. **Matchless Set of the Limited, Signed, 1st Edition Pooh Books**
Illustrated by E. H. Shepard
(London, 1924–1928).

4 vols. 1st editions. **Each is a large paper copy, in its most deluxe state and smallest limitation, each is signed by the author and the illustrator, and each is in fine condition (blindingly shiny).** The first is in original half cloth and its

printed dustjacket (also fine condition), the others are in vellum, and unopened or partially unopened, the second is in its plain paper jacket, the other 2 were not issued with printed jackets and are not known to me as issued in plain ones.

When We Were Very Young (1924). One of 100 signed by Milne and Shepard (there was no 1 of 20 on/in vellum for this title, our 1 of 100 being the smallest limitation). Fine in fine dustjacket, totally unfaded and the very finest of other jackets you might see, will be faded, especially on the spine.

Winnie the Pooh (1926). One of 20 printed on, and bound in, vellum, signed by Milne and Shepard, and this one is a binority, having 2 unique characteristics. It's an unnumbered presentation copy, inscribed by Milne to E. V. Lucas (the publisher) and other copies aren't, and this copy has its original (unprinted) plain paper dustjacket (pictured without the jacket) and other copies don't. Fine. A 1.618–1 Winnie, the best copy of it in the world.

Now We Are Six (1927). One of 20 printed on, and bound in, vellum, signed by Milne and Shepard. Fine (not known to have been issued in a jacket).

The House At Pooh Corner (1928). One of 20 printed on, and bound in, vellum, signed by Milne and Shepard. 1 pinhead size bump to front cover, else fine (not known to have been issued in a jacket).

Together: 4 vols. 135,000

Our set was assembled with refined sensitivity and an inflexible devotion to quality, and comparing it to other sets, is like comparing real animals to balloon animals. And since I'm alluding to animals, I'll say 3 things that connect to them:

1. Wayward writers of modern children's books (blemishes on public decency), who now repent and seek some dignity, turn away from their own published monuments to the sloppy and extravagant simplifications of the overdone, and go back to A. A. Milne, the way a sick dog instinctively grabs at the grasses, herbs, and roots that are its right medicine.

2. Though these 4 books are not exactly anthropomorphic beast fables, they are primarily about animals, now seen with new eyes in our 21st century, a time when "humane" requires its final vowel more than ever, because it is commonly witnessed that those who belittle animal rights are the same people who find the pain of humans easy to ignore. But even more annoying are those who, upon finding a rattlesnake in their child's bed, place their first call to PETA.

3. The elementary animal in these books is Winnie the Pooh, the softer than Charmin bear with an insatiable lust for honey. And as to honey, go make friends with the bees, because you aren't going to find it in a cereal from Kellogg's, that company harvesting profits making candy you mix with milk.

"And I forget just why I taste, oh yeah, I guess it makes me smile
I found it hard, it's hard to find. oh well, whatever, never mind."

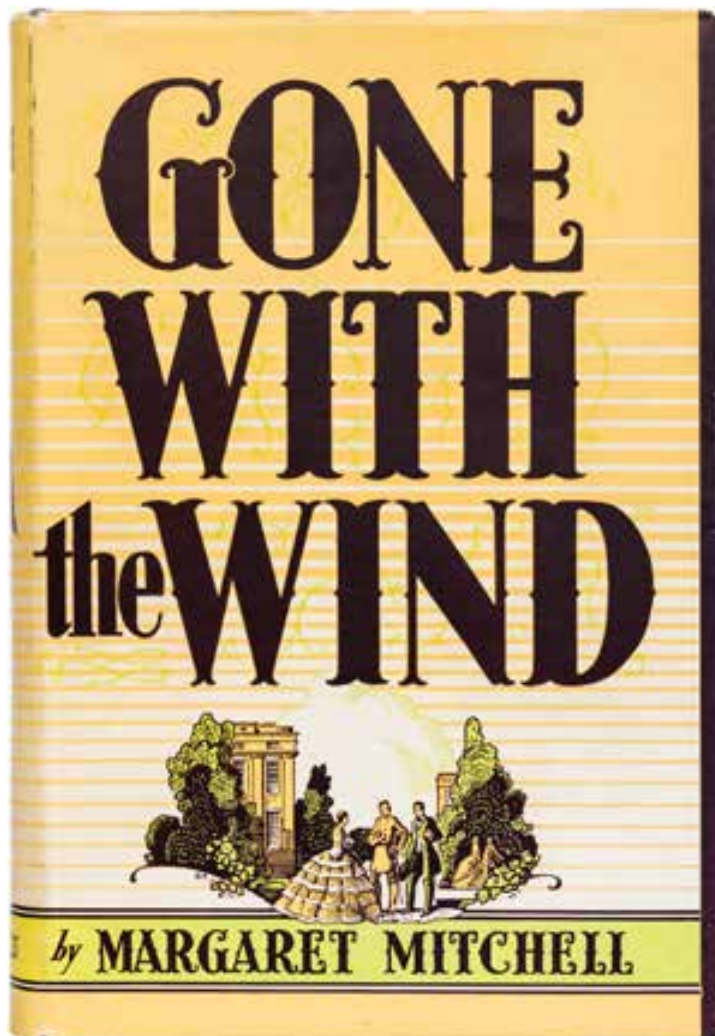
–Kurt Cobain (Nirvana), Smells Like Teen Spirit

pride is mostly decried by those having nothing to be proud of

Mitchell, Margaret

Gone With the Wind
(NY, 1936).

1st edition, 1st printing. **Signed by Mitchell (in black ink).** A fine copy in a near fine 1st printing dustjacket, bright and beautiful. **24,000**

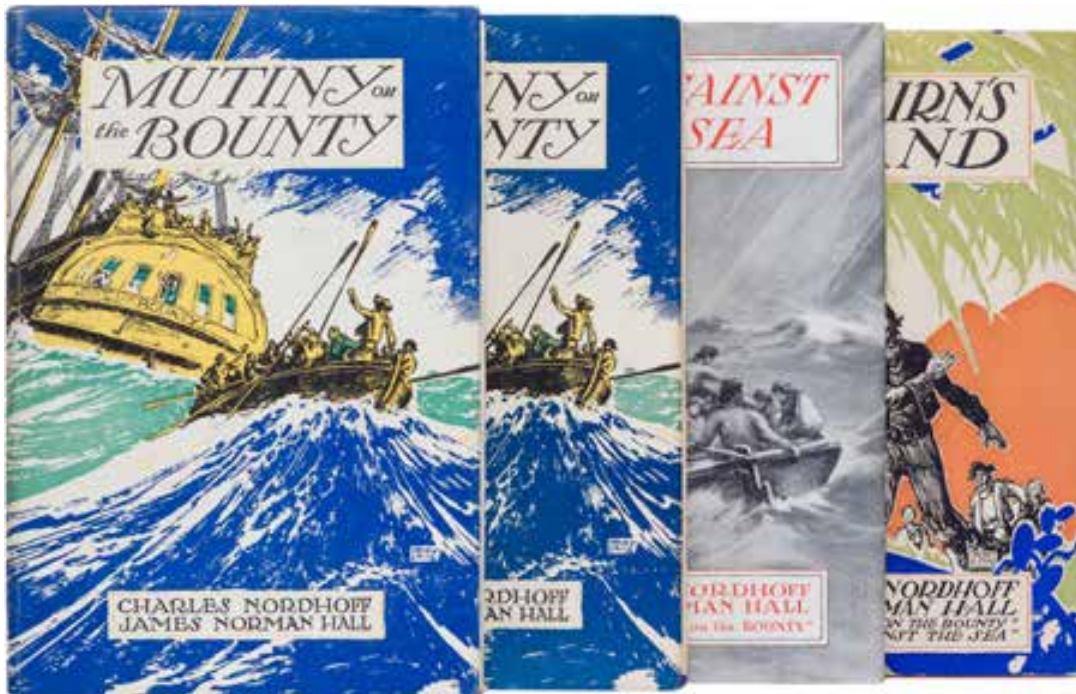


Once the South fell, it was foreseeable that an epic-like historical romance would be set during the Civil War once enough time had passed to legitimize the perspective. It isn't a cheery book, mostly it is deadly serious, and that gravity is amplified by a reoccurring undertow, so the sad, callous, grasping disillusionment of the leading characters, mocks them, and in the end what remains is only an empty loneliness. But Scarlett archetypically communicates a certain essence of redoubtable American behavior and willpower, and anyway, these historical novels never seem to die, especially if the events surrounding them stay of

interest, and no one comes along to write a better one set in the same period.

The Confederacy's motto was Deo Vindice (God on our side) but, in the end, the war was won by those who thought God might be of a different opinion.

Margaret Mitchell's motto was, I am a one trick pony (as it was the motto of her literary descendant Harper Lee), and her trick earned a Pulitzer Prize with a plotline as predictable as a Togo election, men who like to play "what's wrong now?" and women with a problem for every solution, but kites rise against the wind, not with it, so dissing these components is just cold spite because *Gone With the Wind* stands tall as the Energizer Bunny of American literature.



artocarpus altilis

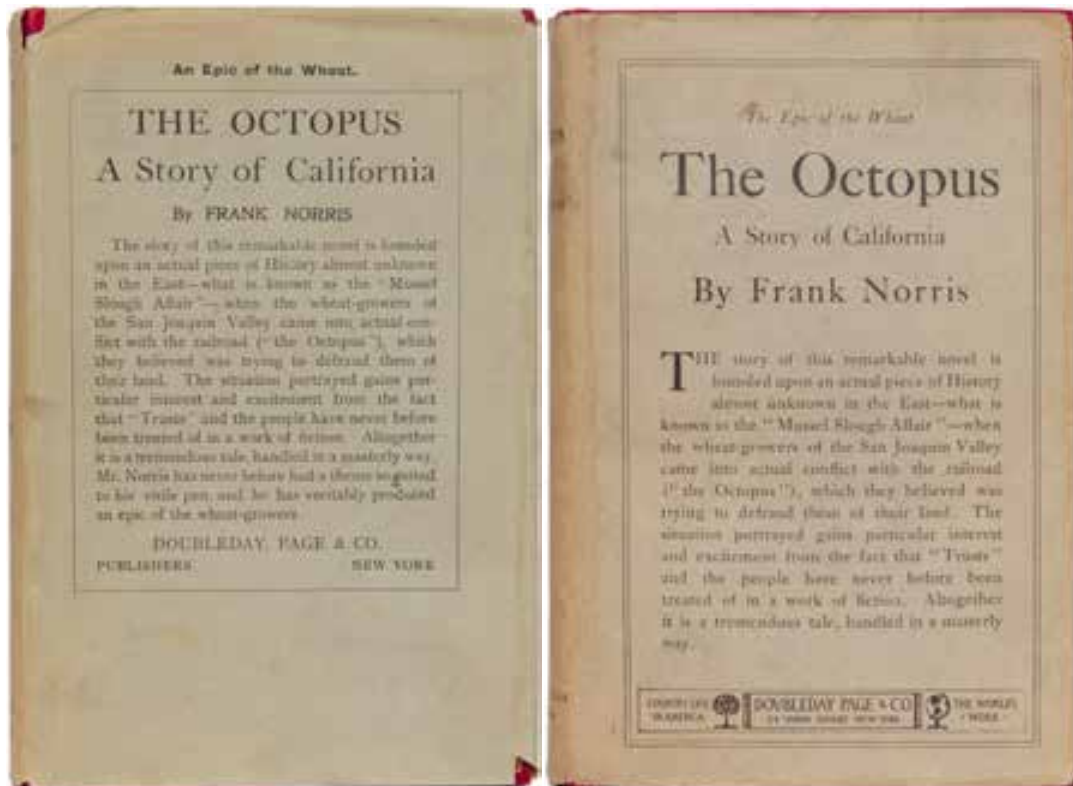
Nordhoff, Charles [and] Hall, James **The Mutiny on the Bounty Trilogy**
 (Boston, 1932, 1934, 1934).

3 vols. (plus 1 added volume). 1st editions. All are fine in fine dustjackets. The basic triple decker is ex-Jean Hersholt. His first volume (*Mutiny on the Bounty*) is a 1st edition in the 2nd binding, with pictorial endpapers, however, supplementing his copy is a 1st edition of it in the 1st binding with plain endpapers, and this additional copy is also fine in a fine dustjacket. The reasoning was to keep the 3 Hersholt books together because they are a suite of such outstanding quality, but not to have them diminished by the 2nd binding endpapers in vol. I. The trilogy's second volume (*Man Against the Sea*) is the 1st edition and there are no eccentricities of issue, state, or binding, and it is the scarcest of the 3 in fine condition. The third volume (*Pitcairn's Island*) is also the 1st edition with no bibliographical complications. **Together: 4 vols. 3,500**

"The empire on which the sun never set, was also the empire on which the gore never dried." –Christopher Hitchens

"The sun never sets on the British empire, because God can't trust it in the dark." –paraphrased from, and originally attributed to, Abraham Lincoln

Grasping the difference between intelligence and ability strengthens the specific cerebral powers most useful when buying 1st editions. Natural intelligence is an ally because it provides a quickness to apprehend. But ability will serve you better, because ability is the capacity to act wisely on what is apprehended (Book Code).



2 copies in dustjacket!!

Norris, Frank

The Octopus
(NY, 1901).

1st edition of American naturalism's great tour de force, seasoned with an ominous reincarnation of realism. 1st printing with J. J. Little's device on the copyright page and all the text points, but more importantly (as these points are also found in the 2nd state), this copy is marked by the 2 features that distinguish the 1st state (and probably the 1st issue) from the 2nd, that is pages 525–526 uncanceled, and the last line of page 526 in its earliest form (as misprinted). Fine, in a 1st printing dustjacket without the publisher's (Doubleday's) imprint on the front panel, "The World's Work" advertised on both flaps, and the ad on the back solely devoted to Glasgow's *The Voice of the People*. Little chips but very good (pic on left). This is the only recorded copy in the 1st printing dustjacket.

[with]

Norris, Frank

The Octopus
(NY, 1901).

1st edition, 1st printing as above, but the 2nd state with pages 525–526 cancelled, and the last line of p. 526 corrected. A complete copy with the blank leaves laid in before and after the new page to assure that the ink does not offset (this state issued this way, the blanks meant to be discarded, and it is rare with them

present). Fine, in a very good 2nd printing jacket with Doubleday's imprint at the base of the front panel, hype for "Country Life" on the rear flap, and ads for "Popular Fiction" (15 titles) on the back. Also a rare jacket (pic on right).

Both dustjackets are integral and unrepaired.

Together: 2 vols. 33,000

Few novels actually changed history. The most well known and successful novel of propaganda was Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852). Its most obvious immediate predecessor was Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* (1843), and its descendants included such as Dickens' *Hard Times* (1854), and in the next century, the likes of *The Octopus* (1901), Sinclair's *The Jungle* (1906), and Orwell's *Animal Farm* (1945), but *The Octopus* had the most immediate impact. Published in April, it was a huge bestseller, with some buzz among the anarchists (that marathon for working men where everybody finishes first but nobody ever wins anything). 5 months later (Sept. 14) President William McKinley (the Presidential choice of the Wall Street elite and winner in the business vs. workers 1900 election when 73% voted) died of gunshot wounds from the pistol of an anarchist assassin. He was supplanted by his Vice-President, Theodore Roosevelt, a progressive, placed in that position of no influence (where he would presumably wither into obscurity) by the same business tycoons who had funded McKinley, so that Roosevelt would be out of their way in New York where he had been Governor. The new President's agenda included fragmenting the very monopolies that had put McKinley in office, and his first target was the railroads, which (thanks to Norris) had little support from the public and appeared most deserving of an assault on them by government lawsuits. Roosevelt did fracture the railroad trusts (Justice Dept. action in 1902, Supreme Court decision on the railroad's appeal in 1904), and used antitrust legislation (Elkins Act, 1903, Hepburn Act, 1906) to make them illegal. He then disintegrated 43 other corporate cartels, and saw even more dismantled by his successor William Taft.

And how was Norris able to ply his propaganda? Norris understood railroads, and in *The Octopus* he dramatized the conflict between California ranchers and wheat growers on the one side and the railroad and its political machine on the other. He modeled his fictional Pacific and Southwest Railroad after the Southern Pacific, and he got the business practice details, and the essence of the players' right, and he captured the reasons why people hated them. If the freight rates are to be adjusted to squeeze its victims a little harder, it is Norris' character, S. Behrman, who regulates what the people can barely stand. If there's a judge to be bought, it is Behrman who does the bargaining. If there is a jury to be bribed, it is Behrman who handles the money. If there is an election to be jobbed, it is Behrman who manipulates it. And though S. Behrman was fiction, he was also a composite of men who were real enough: W. H. Mills, Creed Haymond, W. W. Stow, Boss Billy Carr and others who supervised Southern Pacific interests in California during the 1880s and

1890s. Norris knew California and the Southern Pacific, and Behrman did what actual railroad operatives did. But for all his grasp of the details that made his fictional railroad plausible, Norris was less interested in how railroad corporations worked than what they meant. He was intent on making a larger argument about the nature of American society in the late 19th century and about American modernity in the days before Roosevelt, his shattering of consortia, and the balancing of healthy American corporate enterprise with efficient and rational American markets.

The Octopus was the literary apotheosis of industrial power, ruthlessness, and efficiency during the second generation of mechanical industry, and so the novel soared from the emotionless power of the locomotive to the soulless power of the corporation:

“...the galloping monster, the terror of steel and steam, with its single eye, Cyclopean, red shooting from horizon to horizon...symbol of a vast power, huge, terrible, flinging the echo of its thunder over all the reaches of the valley, leaving blood and destruction in its path; the leviathan, with tentacles of steel clutching into the soil, the soulless Force, the iron-hearted Power, the monster, the Colossus, the Octopus.”

Norris patterned the railroad's president Shelgrim after Collis P. Huntington. Shelgrim was “a giant,” a man with “an ogre's vitality,” who had “sucked the life-blood from an entire people.” He was a man who could destroy entire states and yet know in detail, and sympathize with, the travails of a bookkeeper. He insisted that he only rode, and did not control, the railroad. It was a creature of “forces, conditions, laws of supply and demand,” the equivalent of nature itself. But for all its impressive detail, *The Octopus* was still a novel, and Norris's corporation was fiction. Behrman did what Southern Pacific operatives did, but, to be fair to his corporate counterparts, he was far more competent. Looking for Behrman's equivalent in the railroad's archives is like looking for fire and finding only fireflies. The real agents of the Southern Pacific were not only fallible, they were frequently bumbling. Spend some time in Collis Huntington's correspondence, and Norris's account of omnipotent powers, and precisely directed strategies is laughable. Huntington and his Associates were not giants, their railroads were not forces of nature, and their story was not a stirring novel. The actual Octopus was a sadly conflicted monster. Those tentacles of steel were as likely to be poking at each other, or tied in knots, as securing prey. The cold potency of the corporation actually amounted to a group of divided, quarrelsome, petulant, arrogant, and often astonishingly inept men. With the possible exception of the Canadian Pacific, this was true of all of the transcontinentals, and most of the western railroads. There was an Octopus, and it was fantastic, but unless you were directly impacted, it was usually more funny than fearful. It was more like watching an Octopus sports team mascot, or cumulatively, a group of fat men in Octopus suits, with all the awkwardness that insinuates.



American landscape

[Painting]

Desert Light
by Lockwood De Forest
(1878).

Original oil painting on board (12 1/4" X 10"), signed in the lower left corner ("L de F May 15, 78"). Fine condition. Framed (16 1/4" X 13 3/4"). 1,500

De Forest (1850–1932) was a Hudson River School Easterner, a leading figure in the American aesthetic movement, the first and foremost designer in the Indian craft revival, and a California Impressionist. In 1879 he set aside his painting and became a founding designer with Associated Artists where he partnered with Candace Wheeler, Samuel Colman, and Louis Comfort Tiffany, forming a side business with the latter called (not surprisingly) Tiffany and De Forest, for an assault on the Orientalist and later the Art Nouveau movements (in 1887 Tiffany named his daughter, Julia DeForest Tiffany, in tribute to his partner). In 1902 De Forest half moved to California where he wintered and began to paint once again, and then moved there permanently in 1915. Now it's 100 years later and America is burdened with a toney and plutocratic art establishment in desperate need of a younger, coercing vigor to mock its stale and elitist pretensions.

Polidori, John

The Vampyre

(London [Sherwood, Neely and Jones], 1819).

1st edition of the vampire's debut in English prose fiction, sadly giving "suck" a bad name. 3/4 calf, spine gilt, complete with half-title, lightly rubbed along the joints else a near fine, clean copy. 1st issue, identified as Viets' III (who misuses the term "issue" in his bibliographical article) with the 4th state of the title page (the earliest state without Byron's name and the 1st sold to the public), and (critically important) the unaltered "Extract of a Letter From Geneva" with page xiv of it set in 24 lines not 23. Bookseller's descriptions drawn from Viets, as he relates it to, issue usually repeat his misapplication. It happened thusly: Shrill arguments over the publishers designating Byron as author in a periodical appearance (The New Monthly Magazine, April 1) caused them to reprint the book's title page 3 times before publication. No confirmed copies were issued



(sent to retail bookstores for sale) with any of the 3 suppressed title pages, and only 2 survivors (file copies?) of the 2nd (Colburn) and 1 or 2 of the 3rd (Sherwood) are recorded. The first ones issued (those for sale on publication day, about April 3), all had the 4th state title page (listing no author) and all had the original extract with page xiv in 24 lines not 23, and our copy conforms exactly. Shortly after publication, the entire extract was reprinted to remove (among other changes) a line about revels with 2 sisters, and the extract with page xiv in 24 lines was replaced, with one of 23 lines, in all copies retained in sheets by the publisher, and corrected copies (the actual 2nd issue) only became available later in April. **6,000**

The Vampyre's origins initially trace back to Byron's 1813 poem Giaour, and from there to the summer of 1816, when the first fragment of it was his contribution to the ghost story reading/writing entertainment (carpe noctem) that also produced Shelley's Frankenstein, and led directly to The Burial in Byron's own Mazeppa, and maybe some of the darker slivers in cantos I and II of his Don Juan (all 3 in 1819). Polidori (Byron's physician) liked his patient's vampire fragment, took it when Byron abandoned it, and flushed out the story, further confirmation of the old adage that vultures die last.





rolling alone

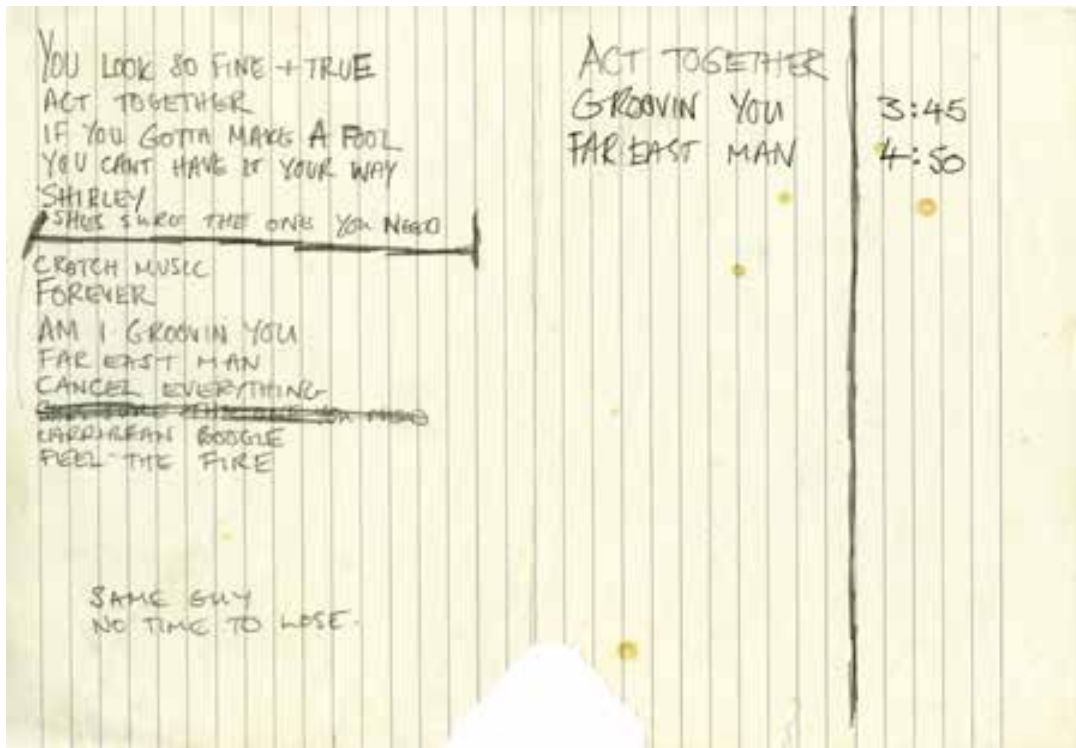
[Rolling Stones]

War Baby

(by Mick Jagger, 1987).

Original handwritten manuscript of the complete lyrics for War Baby. 3 pages, rectos only (the 3rd page with only 2 lines) of 8" X 10" ruled paper, 37 lines (233 words), neatly written in pencil, all in Jagger's own handwriting. Titled at the top, verse and bridge notations to the left. An authentic recording session draft, 1987, for his 2nd solo album Primitive Cool (his 1993 biography was also titled Primitive Cool). The band featured polished supporting performances by Dave Stewart, Vernon Reed, G. E. Smith, and Jeff Beck. Left edge trimmed 1/8" (no loss), 4 staple holes, else fine. 15,000

I've bought and sold these rock & roll manuscripts for 35 years, and Jagger lyrics are mystifyingly rare (I guess he intentionally keeps them and chases after them). Those that are complete, published, recorded, staged, and for sale, are scarcer than the manuscripts of his analogous contemporaries, and War Baby is nothing less than his shot at an antiwar message, not up to the heights of Give Peace a Chance, or Blowin' in the Wind, but I've bought and sold a dozen manuscripts by various Beatles, and twice that many by Dylan, and this was the first (of only 3) Jagger manuscript I've seen for sale, with its ring of authenticity sure enough, for me to buy it (the other 2, at Sotheby's, 24 June, 2014, seemingly withdrawn on dispute over clear title (?), reaffirming that these are hard to buy and always will be.



near stone

[Rolling Stones]

Act Together, Am I Grovin You, Far East Man

(by Ron Wood, ND but ca. 1974).

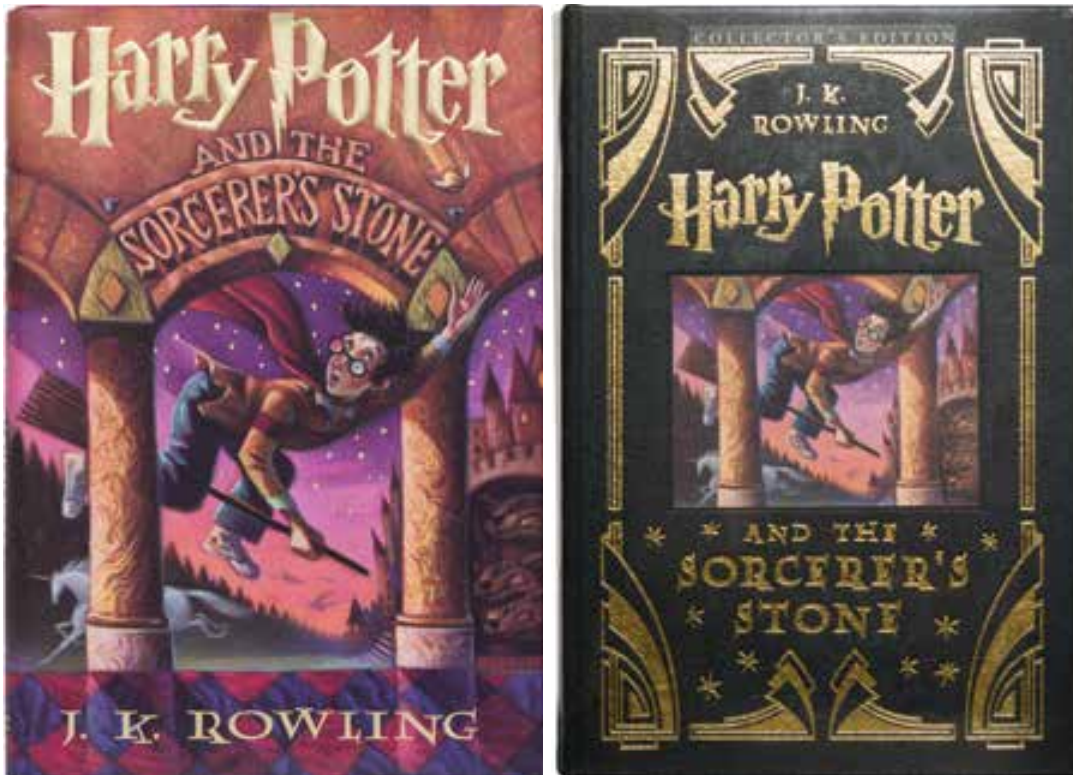
Original handwritten manuscript, being titles or small fragments of songs from his first solo album, *I've Got My Own Album To Do* (1974). 18 lines (a 19th line is crossed out), 59 words, all in Wood's handwriting, all of it in pencil written sideways on an 11 1/2" X 8 1/4" sheet of yellow lined paper. 1 hefty chip at the bottom touching nothing, else good condition. 900

Act Together (written by Mick Jagger and Keith Richard, recorded and released by Wood, and also recorded by the Rolling Stones but not released).

Am I Groovin You (written by Bert Russell and Jeff Barry, recorded and released by Wood).

Far East Man (written by Wood and George Harrison, and each recorded and released their own version of it, though Harrison played and sang, and Mick Taylor played, on Wood's recording).

In 1975 Ronnie Wood replaced Mick Taylor (who had replaced Brian Jones, in 1969), as The Rolling Stones guitarist (Wood is a Stone to this day) after interim tryouts by Jeff Beck (who, predictably, wasn't interested) and (mirabile dictu) a lineup of guys who couldn't write a song in a malaria dream, and couldn't play a snowman in the traveling troupe of *Fargo the musical*.



unsurpassable association copy

Rowling, J. K.

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone
(NY, 1998).

1st American edition ("Philosopher's" was changed to "Sorcerer's" in the title for the U. S. edition). Fine in fine 1st state dustjacket. **Signed presentation copy inscribed in ink by Rowling to her stepmother and her father, "To Jan and Dad with lots of love Jo."** Is this the best copy of the 1st American edition in the world? If not, it's close. Ex-Christie's South Ken. Nov. 16, 2004, lot 449, £6,000 (\$11,164), so our \$15,500 price is awash in restraint. What was Dad thinking when he chose to auction his book? Rowling is still annoyed. **15,500**

Rowling, J. K.

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone
(NY, 2000).

1st printing of the "collector's edition" an overproduced frill, issued at a price of \$75, and as a vanilla book, still not worth it. For 40 years I've been trying to find something likable about gift editions generally. I am now obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. And, in being brutally honest about them, I have to monitor myself to be sure I am taking less pleasure in the brutality than I am in the honesty. However, this copy has some merit. **It's an authentic presentation copy (a real gift from J. K. R.) to one of her literary assistants, signed twice, and inscribed, in ink, on the title page, "To Eva—with lots of love and thanks as ever—Jo or: J. K. Rowling."** Fine in original, printed acetate jacket. An inexpensive chance to buy a half valiant copy of the first Harry Potter. **750**



Scott, Walter

Waverley Novels
(Edinburgh, 1901–1903).

48 vols. Scott's collected novels. **Number 684 of 1,040 sets signed by the publishers. This set with a tipped-in ALs, 1827, 1 page, 140 words in black ink, all in Scott's handwriting.** Contemporary full tan calf (the original binding was cloth), Scottish Royal coat of arms on the covers in red and gilt, tartan fabric endpapers (representing a specific region, but I can't tell you which region), some scuffs and spots, labels faded from green to tan, but a plush set, very good, unrepaired, tighter than Bert and Ernie, and here temptingly priced at \$25 a book, as most of these leather sets should be priced, but aren't. **1,200**

If you've read any of our earlier ramblings, from previous catalogs, on the role played by Scott in the evolution of historical romance, and had enough, this account is not much changed, and you can skip it if you like and turn 2 pages.

The historical novel traces its roots to the Greek epics, and then the classics of Chinese literature, but it found its current shape in the early 19th century, 200 years into the development of what are called novels (we're picking Don Quixote, 1605, as the beginning but other novels can be argued lucidly as the first), and 50 years after the nearly synchronized arrivals of modern novels, Henry Fielding's Tom Jones, 1749 (see Fielding in "highlights" at biblioctopus.com), and it's brother in time, Thomas Leland's Longsword, 1762 (see Leland in "highlights" at biblioctopus.com). The immature, but invaluable, attempts following Longsword, included Clara Reeve's The Champion of Virtue (The Old English Baron), 1782, Sophia Lee's The Recess, 1785, Maria Edgeworth's Castle Rackrant, 1800, and Jane Porter's Thaddeus of Warsaw, 1803, but the blueprint had not been cogently articulated nor fully realized.

In 1804 Elizabeth Hamilton wrote Memoirs of the Life of Agrippina. It was not quite biography and not quite historical novel, but it takes a lot of history to make a little literature, and this book straddled both, in an advance of what came before it, and as a forerunner of what was to come. Outwardly it was magnified biography, but the tells are incidents, conversations and inner thoughts for which there is no record, and which can be traced back no farther than the pen of Elizabeth Hamilton. This occurs so frequently in Agrippina as to be no occasional flushing out of a biography, but rather, an almost fully attained historical novel, and something else about the book is profound. The text is preceded by a lengthy preface, reiterating Leland's preface ("advertisement") in Longsword, containing an extended theoretical defense of "faction" (the earliest analytical explanation of it I can trace) and it surely furthered, in readers of the period generally (and Scott in particular)

the debate over what is fact, and what is fiction, an omen of a tipping point for the emerging supremacy of the form.

In 1810 Jane Porter, reflecting on the success of her 1803 *Thaddeus*, and inspired by Lady Morgan's *The Wild Irish Girl*, 1806, wrote *The Scottish Chiefs* (more a national novel than an historical novel). Scott, an accomplished student of history, had read them all, and saw the potential magic, and at that moment he was abandoning poetry faster than a house cat runs from a fire hose, so in 1814 he wrote *Waverley* (PMM 273) which is credited as the original, mainly because Scott (with the audacity of a housefly) scrutinized the genre, recognized the significance of evoking cultural and community subjects and then, over the next 18 years, established historical romance as long fiction's dominant ritual in the first half of the 19th century, and whoever makes an idea conspicuous gets credit over he, or she, who envisages it first. But none of this notice would have flown to him if he hadn't followed up *Waverley* with something better, and he did so with 2 excellent books, and did so rather quickly.

First: In late 1817 (publication date 1818) he wrote *Rob Roy*, a high adventure novel set in Scotland that made Scott the popularizer of the domain. He wound it out of the English Civil War, wherein Oliver Cromwell defeated Charles I's Royalist armies, had the King executed (1649), and replaced him with The Commonwealth, in theory a parliamentary government, but since Cromwell was wired more like a King than like a democrat, he actually ruled as a dictator (democracy is rule by the uneducated, aristocracy is rule by the wrongly educated). Cromwell's son succeeded him, and was himself overthrown. Charles II was recalled from exile, and restored to the throne, but he was required to share power with elected representatives, to which he agreed in word, but not in deed. When he died (1685), his brother James II became King. He lasted 3 1/2 years, fled into exile, to be followed by William and Mary, who signed a Bill of Rights (1689) institutionalizing the English Parliamentary Monarchy, and (in 1701) the Act of Settlement, excluding Catholics from the throne. In 1702, they were followed by Queen Anne who died heirless in 1714. The supporters of James, and his descendants (called Jacobites), made a play for the crown, and it is the political intrigues surrounding these Jacobites, and their 1715 rebellion, that is the historical axis of *Rob Roy*,

Second: In late 1819 (publication date 1820) Scott left the Scottish themes of his previous novels, turned to England and the Middle Ages (the late 12th century), and delivered *Ivanhoe*. He divided the story into 3 parts, each climaxing with a great military spectacle. Time is condensed, so Robin Hood is a key player even though he lived (if he lived at all) a century later. Richard the Lion-Hearted is the moral and political center. His native humanity, love of life, and heroic qualities, stand out against his brother John, an ineffectual ruler, and a corrupter of the chivalric code, whose own followers despise him. Richard is mostly off stage, first materializing to fight the

mysterious Black Knight, disappearing again, and then returning for a midnight feast with Friar Tuck. The Saxon champion is Wilfred of Ivanhoe, surrounded by a cast of characters who are colorful, energetic, and filled with amazing verisimilitude, and Scott drew upon his massive knowledge of history, to clothe out his fiction. But it is the chivalric elements that dominate Ivanhoe's plot, and have driven its popularity for 195 years. Deeper, the narrator (and even the characters themselves) analyze chivalry, reckoning it no more than a mixture of heroic folly and dangerous imprudence, setting up a complexity of attitudes towards the romantic traditions, an ambivalence that saturates the novel with the tensions of contrast.

After Ivanhoe, Scott was the best selling author in the Western world, inspiring imitation, much of which surpassed him. Those descendants included: Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans* (1826), Hugo's *Notre Dame* (1831), Dumas' *Three Musketeers* (1844), Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* (1850), Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon* (1844), Melville's *Israel Potter* (1855), Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities* (1859), Tolstoy's *War and Peace* (1869), Wallace's *Ben-Hur* (1880), Hardy's *Trumpet-Major* (1880), Stevenson's *Kidnapped* (1885), Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis* (1895), Crane's *Red Badge* (1895), Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* (1936), and postmodern novels like Shaara's *Killer Angels* (1974), Doctorow's *Ragtime* (1976), and Pynchon's *Mason & Dixon* (1997).



All follow Scott's enduring rules, with only carefully considered and slowly progressing alterations. Among those rules:

1. Historical figures play the subordinate roles, while fictional characters (or obscure historical personalities) are the heroes and heroines, often sitting at a crossroad of societal tiers, so as to explore and tie cultural and historical conflicts simultaneously.
2. Time is compressed for dramatic effect.
3. The story is set against a factual background, radiating integrity and allowing the reader to relate it to the time and place in which it occurs.
4. History is under explained to add an air of realism, so the novel is not over-stuffed with historical data, which would retard the imaginary narrative.
5. The surrounding history should be well known to the reader, so an idea of the resolution provides a magnet that draws the reader towards the end.
6. The plot is never allowed to lapse into the improbabilities of the Gothic.

That description was too long. So long I had trouble rereading it, reminding me of a recent medical study reporting that Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD) is over diagnosed...or something...I got bored and didn't finish the report.

Know all men by these presents that I
Eli E. Bass of the County of Boone and State of
Missouri hath this day bargained sold &
delivered and by these presents do bargain
sell and deliver to John Bryant of said County
of Boone and State aforesaid a certain negro
man named Jonathan, aged between forty
five and fifty for and in consideration of the sum
of one hundred and fifty dollars to me in hand paid
the Receipt whereof is here by acknowledged
The Right and Title to which Negro man Jonathan I
obligate myself to warrant and defend against
the Claims or Claims of any person or persons whatsoever
In Testimony Whereof I hereby set my name and
affix my seal this the twenty seventh day of
February eighteen hundred & thirty three
Eli E. Bass Seal
Attest
James M. McCalland

[Slavery]

Bill of Sale

(Boone County [Missouri], 1833).

Autograph Document signed (ADs), from Eli E. Bass, of Boone County, Missouri, to John Bryant, 2 pages (7 1/2" X 7"), 178 words in black ink, selling "a certain negro man named Jonathan, aged between forty five and fifty for...one hundred and fifty dollars." Attested at the end. Very good condition. 6 other slaves and their prices are listed on the back (not pictured here). 250

The chronicle of slavery is a rutted road with origins before Western history bothered to record civic details (go back far enough and all of us had slaves in our ancestry at some time). It was a universal custom in antiquity, renewed with Viking thralls, found a path to institutionalization in medieval Europe under the guise of serfdom, unabashedly surged in the Caribbean when sugar became the New World's first cash crop, was abolished in England in 1807 (no need for slaves when you have a rigid nobility, and essentially maintain slavery in your workhouses for the poor, and in your Navy), and increased tenfold in the U.S. with the prevalence of cotton gins. And slavery still exists today, on 6 of the 7 continents, hidden (and ignored under different names, by cultural traditions, apathy, and deviously constructed laws.

any fingertips left. When I was finished he looked like the remains of a scarecrow that had been up too many seasons. I grabbed an arm and ~~xxx~~ a leg and heaved him over the rail, and when I heard a faint splash many seconds later my mouth split into a grin. I kicked the pieces of the cloth and his gun under the rail and let them get ^{lost} in the obscurity of the night and the river. I didn't ^{even} have to worry about the bullet. It was ^{laying} right there in the snow, all flattened out and glistening wetly.

I kicked that over the side too.

Now let them find him. Let them learn who it was and how it happened. Let everybody have a laugh while you're at it!

It was done and I lit a cigarette. The snow still coming down put a new layer over the tracks and the dark stain. It almost covered up the ^{path} of cloth that had come from the girl's coat, but I picked that up and stuck it in with the rest of the stuff.

Now my footstaps were the only sound along the ramp. I walked back to the city telling myself that it was all right, it had to happen that way. I was me and I couldn't have been anything else even if there had been no war. I was all right, the world was wrong. A police car moaned through the pay station and passed me ^{and} its siren was dying down to a low whine. I didn't even give it a second thought. They weren't going anywhere, certainly not to the top of the hump because not one car had passed during those few minutes it had happened. Nobody saw me, nobody cared. If they did the hell with 'em.

I reached the streets of the city and turned back for another look at the steel forest that climbed into the sky. No, nobody ever walked across the bridge on a night like this.

~~Hardly~~ nobody.

omit:

Hardly anybody

No!

Keep it hardly - moment, but a common, frequent idiom

Thick

omit
and p. 243
same

original, and early, Mike Hammer manuscript,
extensively hand corrected by Spillane and signed twice

Spillane, Mickey

One Lonely Night
(1950).

Setting copy of an important novel, the actual hand corrected typescript, with hundreds of changes, corrections, deletions and additions, signed twice ("Mickey" and "M. S.") and dated "9-27-50" (the book was published in 1951). Complete in 251 pages (rectos only), with 7 pages of preliminaries, and 244 pages of novel numbered 1-3, 5-240, plus 5 inserted pages. Some corrections are in the hand of a proof reader, or type setter, but Spillane's deletions are substantial and his own changes and corrections are considerable (found on nearly every page), and all are in his own handwriting. Usual signs of production rites, but



very good. Rare. Prominent in its clique. Full morocco case. The 1st edition is itself scarce in a fine dustjacket, as are proofs, but what we're offering is both unique, and geometrically greater, the complete manuscript from which the book was actually typeset and printed, and these days noir manuscripts of such magnitude and vintage, are usually not within my (your) frustrated reach, at any price. **15,000**

Spillane wrote in a distinctively blunt narrative prose, with no attempt to make his reader giggle like an Asian princess. Beginning in 1947 he achieved early and immense popularity, wrote steadily for 25 years, took a 12 year break in 1972, then returned to fame with a new generation in 1984. One Lonely Night is a mystery, written at the summit of his energy and imagination. It features his impudent Mike Hammer (4th book in the Hammer series), in a furious spy thriller with more ins and outs than a fiddler's elbow. The plot is charged by a surfeit of violence, love, hate, sex, deceit, sadistic crime, corrupt politics, moral ambiguity, and national peril, following a case that sets Hammer (as the angel of death) against an American cell of Communist agents (anticipating 007 and his license to kill by 3 years) in the earliest days of the cold war, when everyone assumed (based on every precedent) it would heat up lethally at any moment.

"Everybody sees themselves, walkin' around with no one else..."

-Bob Dylan, Talkin' World War III Blues



The 47 Ronin

Tamenaga, Shunsui [Sasaki Sadataka]

Seishi Jitsuden Iroha Bunko

Official History and True Tales: 正史實傳いろは文庫
(Edo, Tenpo 7 [1836–1872]).

54 kan in 18 vols. 1st edition (in Japanese) of Tamenaga's novelization, and Tamenaga Jr.'s (his son's) continuation to completion, of the bushido legend, Japan's arch samurai epic. Illustrated (woodblocks) some of them in color, by Eisen (溪斎英泉). Original paper wrappers and labels (see picture on opposite page at upper left), decorated with the crest of Oishi Kuranosuke (leader of the Loyal Retainers), a design called futatomoe (2 commas) visually denoting the saga of the 1701–1703 historical Ako incident. Insect nibbles to some of the pages almost entirely at the margins else a near fine, all inclusive, set. Rare. Over the 36 years, there may be printing details (points) that I've (everyone's) missed, even as they apply to what would be the 1st complete edition, but our set conforms to the institutionalized 1st editions. OCLC, dysfunctionally vague, lists 7 sets, and we found another at the British Library, so the outside number may be 8, or may be as few as 3. If you don't know the tale of the 47 Ronins and you're curious, check it out, and if you don't know Tamenga's version of Chushingura (忠臣蔵), or about his invention of ninjobon fiction, you can explore that too if you'd like, but if what you want is to buy this book, try to buy ours because your next chance to get one may not happen until Miss. America's hopes for world peace come true.

[with]

Tamenaga, Shunsui

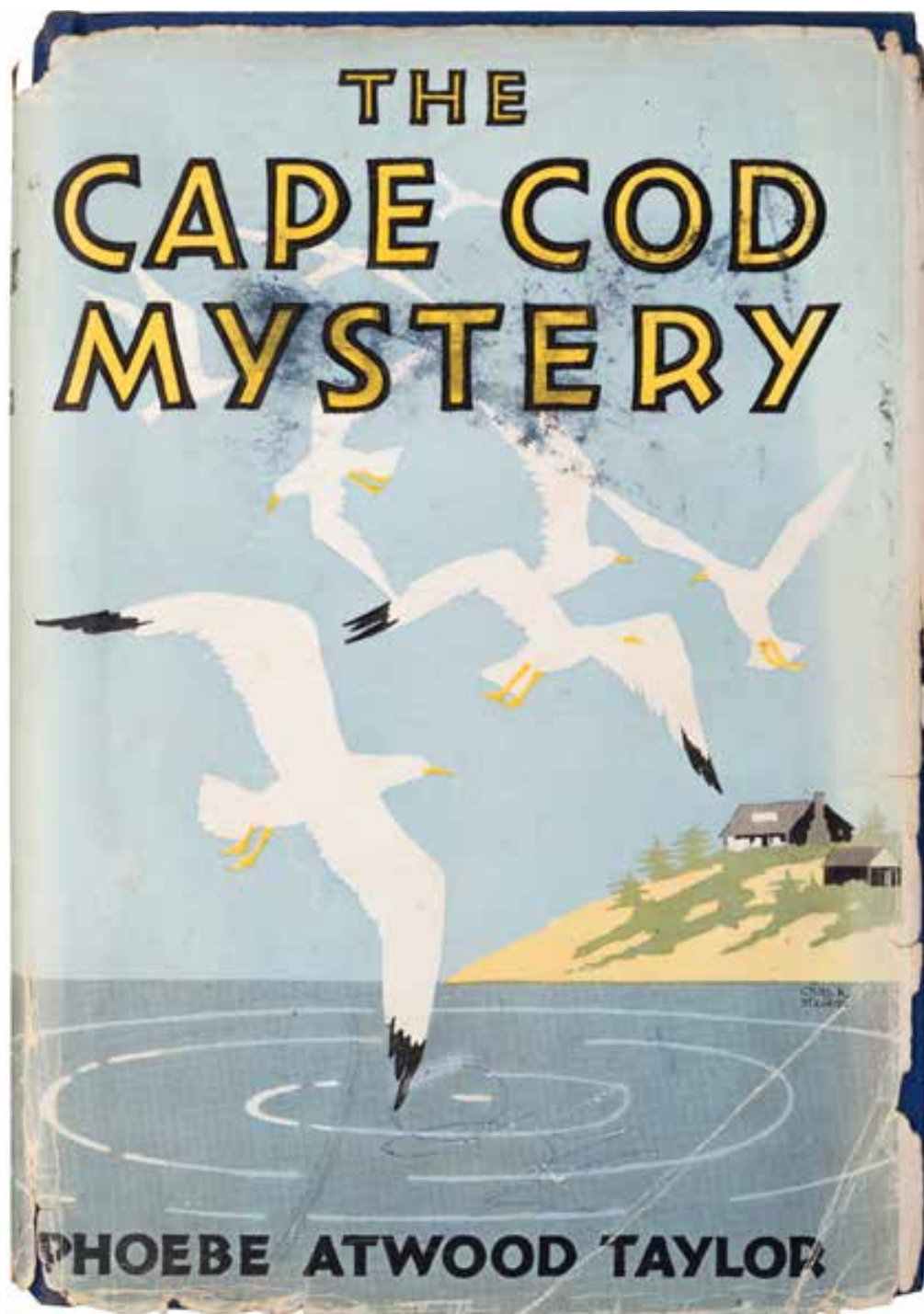
The Loyal Ronins, An Historical Romance

Translated From the Japanese by Edward Greedy and Shiuichiro Sato
(NY, 1880).

1st edition in English. **Contemporary (1881) presentation copy from Greedy, signed twice, and a killer association copy, to Ernest Fenollosa** (an early American Orientalist based in Japan as professor of political economy and philosophy at Tokyo Imperial University in the generation just after the 1854 visit of Commodore Perry). Half calf, original covers bound in. Near fine.

Together: 18 vols. in Japanese and 1 vol. in English, 4,700





coincidence is no accident

Taylor, Phoebe Atwood

The Cape Cod Mystery
(Indianapolis, 1931).

1st edition. Her first novel. Near fine in a good dustjacket, soiled, chipped and worn, but still integral and unrepaired, and a scarce jacket in any condition. 1,200

石头记

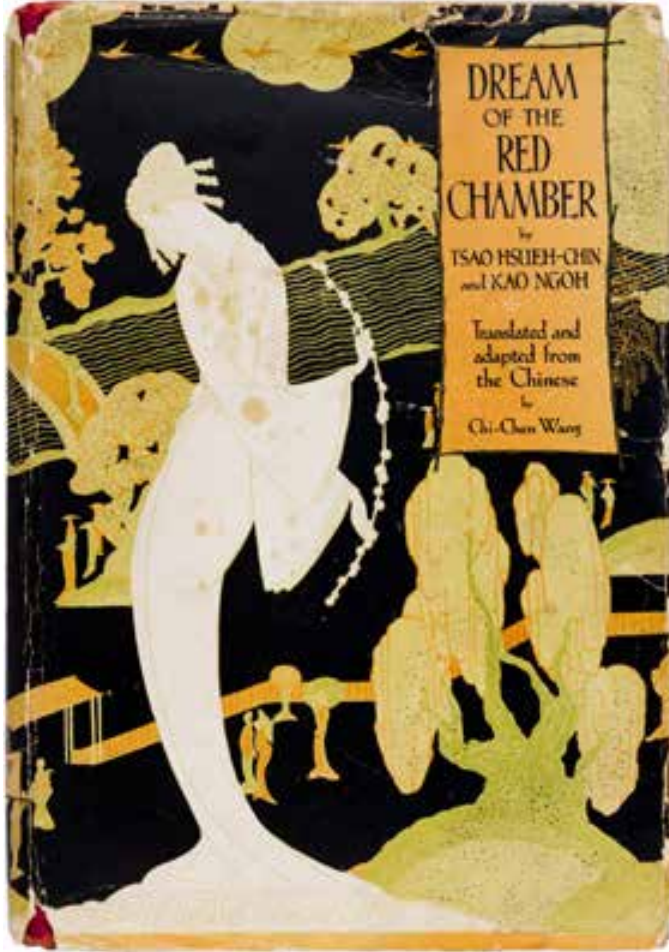
Tsao Hsueh-chin, [and] Kao Ngoh,

Dream of the Red Chamber

[红楼梦]

(NY, 1929).

1st American edition (in English) of the all-time best selling Chinese novel.



A laid-in clipping has offset at page 208 else very good in a price clipped dustjacket with chips, tears, and neat strengthening, but a good jacket, and yes it's flawed, but the old anvil laughs at many broken hammers, and it's the only one I've had (the cleanest shirt in the hamper) because this book has been hard to find in jacket since the ark docked. 500

A novel written in, and set in, the 18th century (Qing dynasty) about conflicts undermining a sizable household, their rise and fall, contrasted alongside their loyalties to, and their plots against, one another, a microcosm that often mirrors the macrocosm of Qing Imperial politics, its ethics,

customs, education, religion, economics, laws, culture, and intrigues, during the last period of China's feudal era.

Our 1st American edition is preceded in English by a quirky 1892–1893 Hong Kong edition, but quirky or not, that's the real 1st edition in English and thus it's worth more money. The rule that "1st editions are always more valuable than reprints of them" has its exceptions, but the exceptions are so few, and the individual reasons for their exception vary, and vary so haphazardly, that all attempts to form guidelines turn into a long climb up Mt. Anthill, and habitually lead to treeing the wrong bobcat. And in the "so few exceptions to the rule department" here's my query: Is Kim Jong-un, the only Asian who tests badly?



stay in your own lane

Voltaire, François

Candide ou l'Optimisme,
(Geneva, 1759).

1st edition (in French), 1st printing, preceding the 17 other editions published in 1759 (all superficially alike). A rare book. The census lists 22 or so genuine copies (a number akin to those logged for the 1865 Alice in Wonderland), most of them in later and woefully inappropriate bindings, but not ours. Contemporary full French speckled calf, the final blank (N7) and the binder's

instructions (N8) are not bound in, as is both proper and usual, the instructions routinely meant to be deliberated and then discarded before sewing, along with its companion blank. The publisher's cancels (B4–B9 and D6–D7) are present, and this is again, as is proper and usual, agreeing in all respects to what you would have taken home if you had purchased a copy in sheets, on publication day, and handed them over to the most local Swiss or French bindery. Wear along upper joint strengthened (not rebacked), a few minor specks of wear cunningly detailed, else near fine, genuine as a toothache, the Romanée Conti of French literature, and a copy of it in the kind of authentic calf, that will make you happier than seeing an old enemy who has run out of luck. Ref: *Printing and the Mind of Man* 204, one of only a dozen or so novels thought worthy of inclusion with their 424 examples of printing's impact on Western civilization (typically threatened, scholarly prejudice against fiction, the greatest of all the arts, because it encompasses everything that didn't happen). **77,500**

A real copy, of a real book, in a real binding, looking for a real collector, and long ago, when I was a collector, I'd have schemed to get it, prized it every day I owned it, and never contemplated selling it. But time passed, circumstances changed, choices were made, and I became a bookseller, whored-up, and put a price on everything.

Late 20th century analysis of the various 1759 editions of *Candide* has irrefutably determined that this one (published by the Cramers in Geneva) is the correct 1st edition, with all the myriad idiosyncrasies necessary to identify it, and to differentiate it from all of its contemporaries and its facsimiles. This 1st printing has the proper fleurons, as well as Voltaire's last moment revisions eliminating an unnecessary paragraph break on page 31, rewriting a few lines about the Lisbon earthquake on page 41, and eliminating a paragraph critical of German poets on page 242. These changes and corrections are not found, for example, in the 1759 London edition, which was copied from an early set of Geneva proofs, that were stolen prior to Voltaire's final revisions, but earlier text or not, this Geneva edition was published prior to the London edition. Similar convolutions and peculiarities abound with the other 1759 editions, but the sorting out and prioritizing, is now untangled beyond contention.

Those who would reap the benefits of bibliography must undergo the fatigue of supporting it, support that is rightly (and should continue to be) unfair because the honest bookseller is compelled to share all rational views at the time of sale, while the honest collector can let bibliography order itself before deciding which book to buy, avoiding the Aladdin's cave of multiple choice (Book Code).

Candide abides as the epitomic magnum opus, steadier than the north star. It's the philosophical fable of the French Enlightenment, and the genotype of irony without exaggeration, and though it's laced with more salt than the post war streets of Carthage, it sings out in an angelic voice, that light hearts live long. Repeat after me, and remember it well: Light hearts live long!

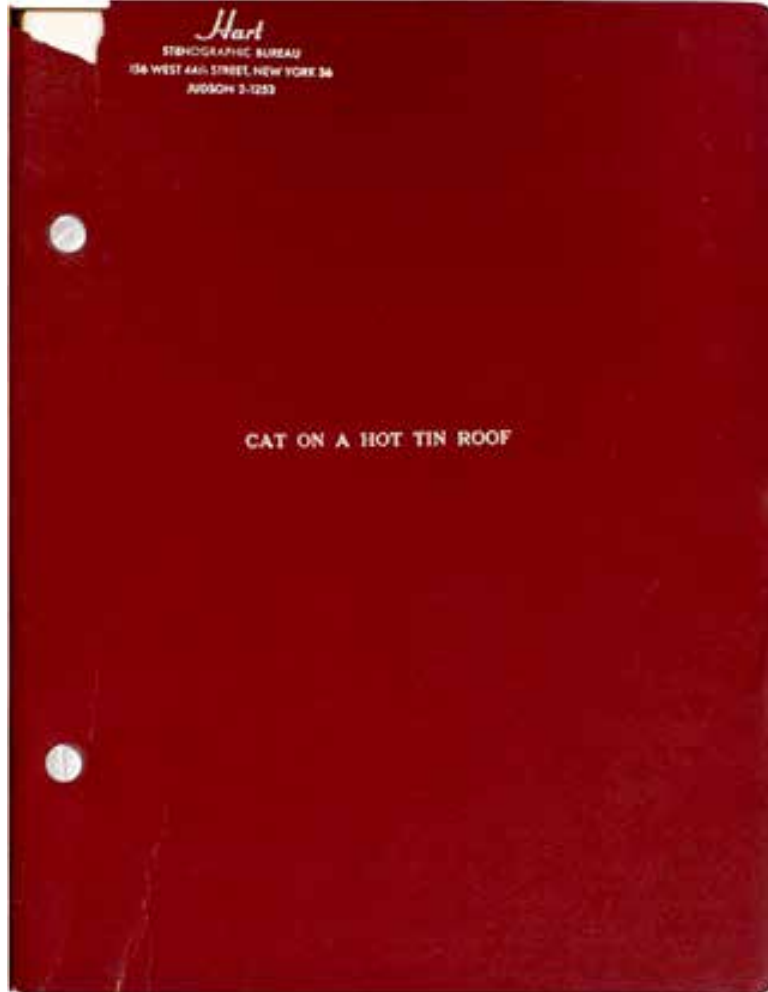
oppressions of circumstance

Williams, Tennessee

Typescript of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*
(1954).

Complete, typed carbon manuscript of the play's early version, prepared for the production's pre-Broadway tryout, in Philadelphia. Collation: 4to. (2), 2, 35, 48, 35pp.

Brad bound in Hart Stenographic Bureau wrappers. Chip to a corner of the upper wrapper, else very good condition. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (of course) won the 1955 Pulitzer Prize for drama, and Williams chose it as the most beloved from among his own children, often saying that *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* was his favorite play. 8 total typescripts are known. Several of them are a later state, including some in the Liebling-Wood or Anne Meyerson wrappers. 15,000



All the pre-Broadway versions of the play

have Williams' exquisite complication (it's hard to have a baby when your husband is in love with a ghost), all have a brief scene following Big Daddy's elephant joke that was cut before the Broadway debut on March 24, 1955, and replaced with the "mendacity" speech (the joke itself was cut shortly thereafter), and all have Williams' recurring motifs, such as greed, social mores, sexual desire, superficiality, repression, deception, dishonesty, decay, and death, but it is only the earliest renderings (matching ours) that have the key feature of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*'s initial form, being Brick's last scene admittance that: "I might be impotent, Maggie."

"Since unhappiness excites interest, many, in order to render themselves interesting, feign unhappiness." —Joseph Roux



Wollstonecraft, Mary

**A Vindication of the
Rights of Woman**

(London, 1792).

2nd edition (same year as the 1st), saying (naturally) that the rights of women should be exactly the same as the rights of men. Old marbled boards, rebacked in new calf, inner paper hinges split but sound, 2 small bookplates, else very good. Ref: PMM, 242. **2,500**

“‘Crimes of Passion’—that phrase drives me crazy. A man murdering his girlfriend is not a crime of passion. Premature ejaculation, that’s a crime of passion.”—Hellura Lyle

Woolf, Virginia

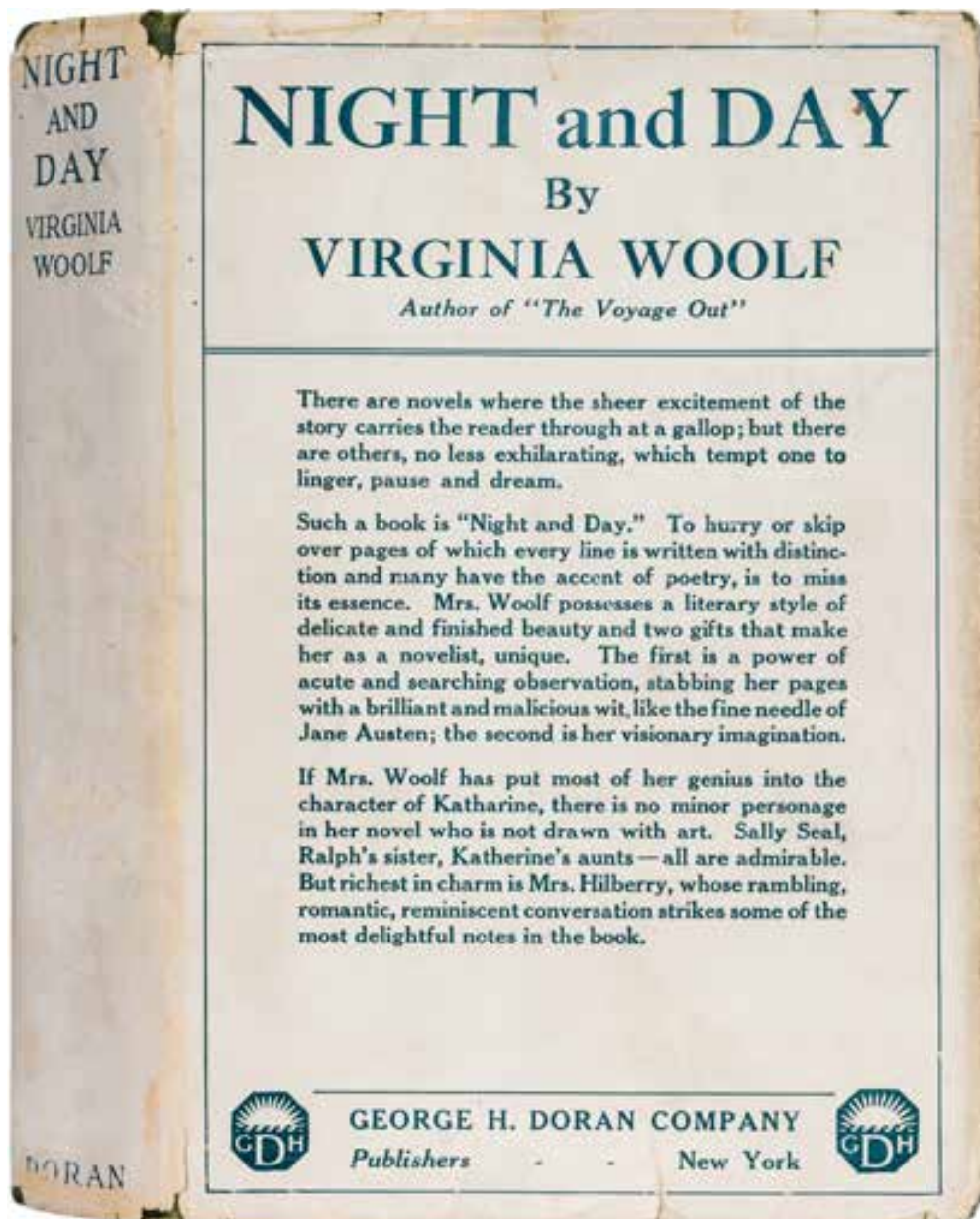
Night and Day

(NY, 1920).

1st American edition of her second book, mining Shakespeare’s *As You Like It*. Near fine (edges slightly faded), in a very good jacket, faint shadow of a number on the spine, edgetears and corner chips, but no repair, and for this jacket, more pleasing than doing good in secret and being found out by accident. **7,000**

In answer to Albee’s question, I’m afraid of Virginia Woolf. There’s not enough space here, and I’m not smart enough, nor enough of a researcher to tell you much about her you don’t already know, but I’ll take my shot at stepping into the shoes of a great lady, and externally considering her for a paragraph attentive to outside events that invaded her inner peace and twisted her life, all because no one ever told her that detachment is the sure, and only, road to serenity

She was entitled. Her mother was a Pre-Raphaelite model so she got her babeness by gene. Her father was a Sir of letters with a gigantic personal library, and as a result her home-schooled education was an erudite exhibition of late Victorian society (the way of the mouse, symbolic of industry in quiet places). At 13 her mother died and she crumpled into a (her first) nervous breakdown. She was 18 when the 20th century arrived, so she regrouped, laced her shoes tight and, like most of her generation, met it teeming with hope. But in the background, fate was already icing the stairs, and during the 20th century’s first decade the dull were full of themselves, and the bright were full of doubt, so the wealth of the empires (amassed over 5 centuries) was trashed in the woodchipper of W. W. I. Virginia reeled, but she knew that a part of every process is only discipline, so she buffed-up with the competence of stout feminist instincts, and the resolve of *The Little Engine That Could*, became an exalted author and publisher, surrounded herself with a circle of brilliance, and pursued ideas for their own sake. Then the depression flipped her out, and W. W. II shook the ground beneath her feet (and a German bomb flattened her house), and the



pressure inside her spirit began to build (you can hide the fire but you can't hide the smoke), and like the pressure in the atmosphere, she didn't sense it, but it was still there, at 15 pounds per square inch, and mistaking feeling for thinking (the undiagnosed bipolar), she guessed that 59 was old enough, and that coping might be the mesh through which real life escapes, so she spit the bit, channeled her inner Billy Joe McAllister, donned an overcoat, filled the pockets with stones, walked into the River Ouse, and never came back.

And on the subject of suicide, I've noticed that hundreds of disheartened souls (hopelessly unable to construct a future) have jumped off The Golden Gate Bridge, and surprisingly, to me anyway, not one of them has worn a cape.



[World War II]

X Marks the Spot
(Santa Monica [Douglas
Aircraft Company], 1943).

1st edition. Original pictorial wrappers. A 40 page book, primarily (and rationally) fixated on job safety (Job Instruction No. 11) at Douglas, where 17% of all U. S. W. W. II aircraft were manufactured. The text is more somber than the Greenland weather, and it's riddled with anti-Nazi propaganda, depicted on every page in fashionably harsh illustrations by John Coleman Burroughs (E. R. B's. son). A delicate item, in very good condition, and a scarce one, with maybe 5 copies counted in private hands and none recorded by OCLC in any Western World Library. But even if physics rids itself of singularities, or mathematics chooses to limit the acceptable use of the word infinity, it will remain true that the number of people,

who will not buy a book, they do not want to own, is unlimited. **300**

In between the world wars we saw an acceleration of barbaric ambition to our west, and to our east. Flanked by 2 oceans we laughed at the bellicose leaders of these military dictatorships, at their comic inversion of democratic certitudes, and we felt refreshed. But as we laughed, we were watched by faces beyond our borders, and on those faces there were no smiles.

People argue about the age of the human race but all agree that it is old enough to know better, and yet even those who are most devoted to peace and most opposed to war, sometimes decide that certain things are, after all, worth fighting for.

∞

Sometimes I wish there was more of a link,
Between you and me than this paper and ink,
Then I blink and decide to let things be.
But I won't go on writing forever,
And when I'm gone, or I'm too old, whichever,
I wonder if you'll ever think of me.



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