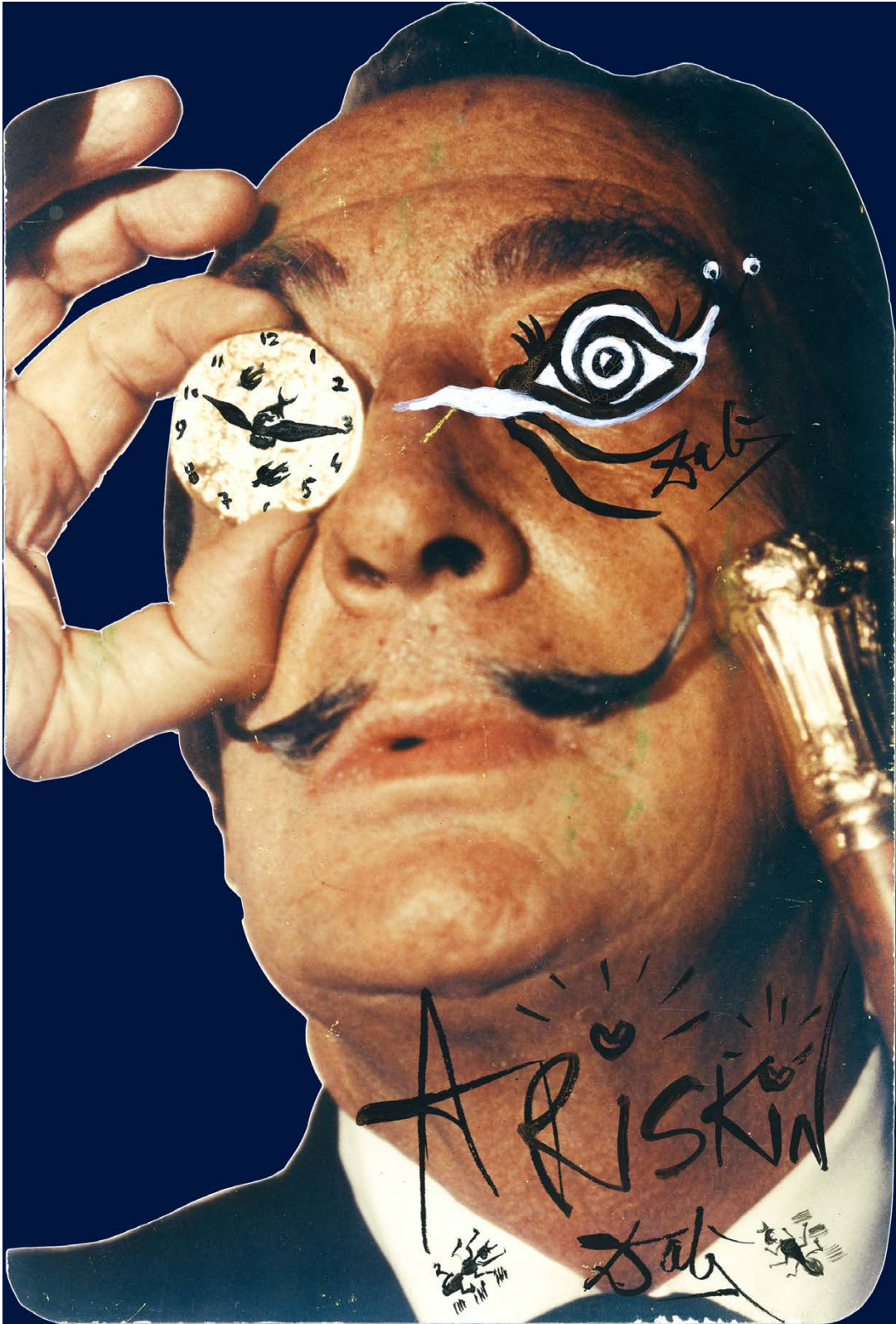


100% CHARGED 



Dali's overpainted photo portrait signed twice [see "Spanish Art"]

Biblioctopus

1st Editions of the Classics of Fiction

Catalog 53 Pricey Ice Cream or, The Inefficiencies of Silence

Books and manuscripts, 1250 B.C.–2014
escorting an assortment of affably related items,
here systematically gathered as an ongoing confirmation of
the range and the array we assume is both expected and accepted.
All described in the idiosyncratic style to which we have now become enslaved,
most amplified by the historical, bibliographical, cultural, personal, uniting, artistic, or esoteric,
some with new maxims or sharp rants from the scrolls of book collecting (Book Code),
and interspersed throughout are those drolly allied reroutings aerated as,
The Tao of the Octopus.

The third catalog in a new series of undetermined length,
reinforcing the bookseller's avant-garde, and heralding the winds of change,
through our once concealed, but now revealed, aim to craft book catalogs as folk art,
while sustaining the traditional form, as proof that we have not abandoned, and in fact reclaim,
the still familiar, functional, and pragmatic rituals of the past.

Biblioctopus is womanned by Jen the Zen (the jentle one)

Director: Alex Hime

Text by Mark Hime

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The brash vanities that drive my realism,
reimagined, reinvented, remodeled, reconstructed, 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

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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 25,000 words, preclude a complete analysis but any aspect settled on for an aside in 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 everything to challenge other equivalent items of like kind and grade, so everything is marked to market (or has been remarked to market) by recent world wide survey, the intention being, that no one is offering a finer example at our price, and no one is offering an equal example for less. And this is an obvious mutuality, so we rapidly identify, are acutely conscious of, and actively shield you from, all detrimental business externalities.

Illustrations: Photography is accomplished with a macro lensed 24.3 megapixel full frame camera that conveys a reliable view of the item. Nothing has been deliberately positioned to hide its failings, the associated text candidly and completely depicts the item that is being offered, not just the deficiencies peculiar to, and observable in, the picture, and those angles on, or sides of, items that are not illustrated, have their flaws articulated with special clarity.

Methodology: In a stumble towards neo-scholarship we apply, for example, intellectual history (place within a body of work), iconography (symbols that indicate 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 confines usually imposed by academia.

Plagiarism: New words examine old perspectives and vice versa, so attributed quotations are in quotation marks, but as I am creatively inadequate, disparate pithy aphorisms, literary conceits, twisted tropes, coy similes, wry epigrams, 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.

Jargon: We never spin “fine” into a term that can safely be used for an item with faults, so we don’t use hypnotizing enhancements like fine plus, fine indeed, very fine, unusually fine, extremely fine, exceptionally fine, exceedingly fine, phenomenally fine, astonishingly fine, implausibly fine, unbelievably fine, or unimaginably fine. We shun all rules linked to use of the comma, always favoring tempo to grammar. Any cited census data (ABPC, OCLC, etc.) is our best effort to read it fairly. Bibliographical conclusions are all given as, “pending new discovery.” Restoration and repair are aesthetic, directed at soundness, and plainly noted, without the use of evasive terminology (argot). Ellipsis (...) in quotations cut nothing that would change the meaning. Items accredited as “Ex–somebody” were once owned by that person. “Contemporary” (as used here) means parallel to publication day. “Vellum” (as used here) means any parchment made from, or made to appear as from, animal hide (not explicitly calf), and all assigning of leather species are just our ablest evaluation. Postmodern means “after W. W. II” no more, no less. General book collecting maxims and rants are followed by the notation “Book Code.” Declaring that we sell aspirational quality drives us to deliver that expectation.

Shared Essence: While the seeming dissimilarity and range of material may veil it, under the premise that unity in variety is the blueprint of the universe, the items chosen for inclusion in Catalog 53, communally boast a collective soul.

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

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

Ecology: Bibliotopus is 100% green. Every item listed for sale has been recycled, almost all of them more than once, however (see **Free Delivery**) we do not use secondhand packing materials, so if consuming Fed–Ex boxes to ship your purchases, causes the polar ice caps to melt, I’m sorry, surf’s up.

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

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

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THE
QUEEN'S
HOUSE

LIZZIE
WELDRIDGE

VOL. I.

BENTLEY

THE
QUEEN'S
HOUSE

LIZZIE
WELDRIDGE

VOL. II.

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THE
QUEEN'S
HOUSE

LIZZIE
WELDRIDGE

VOL. III.

BENTLEY

**Catalog 53 is conceitedly dedicated
to the memory of the great John F. Fleming**

the noble and the nobility have always been at odds

Alldridge, Lizzie

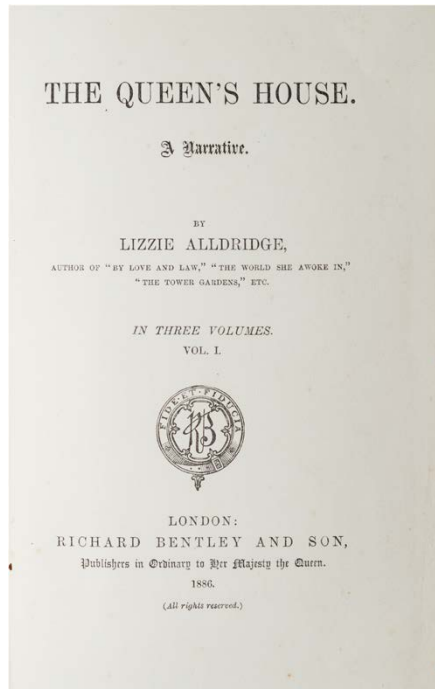
The Queen's House
(London, 1886).

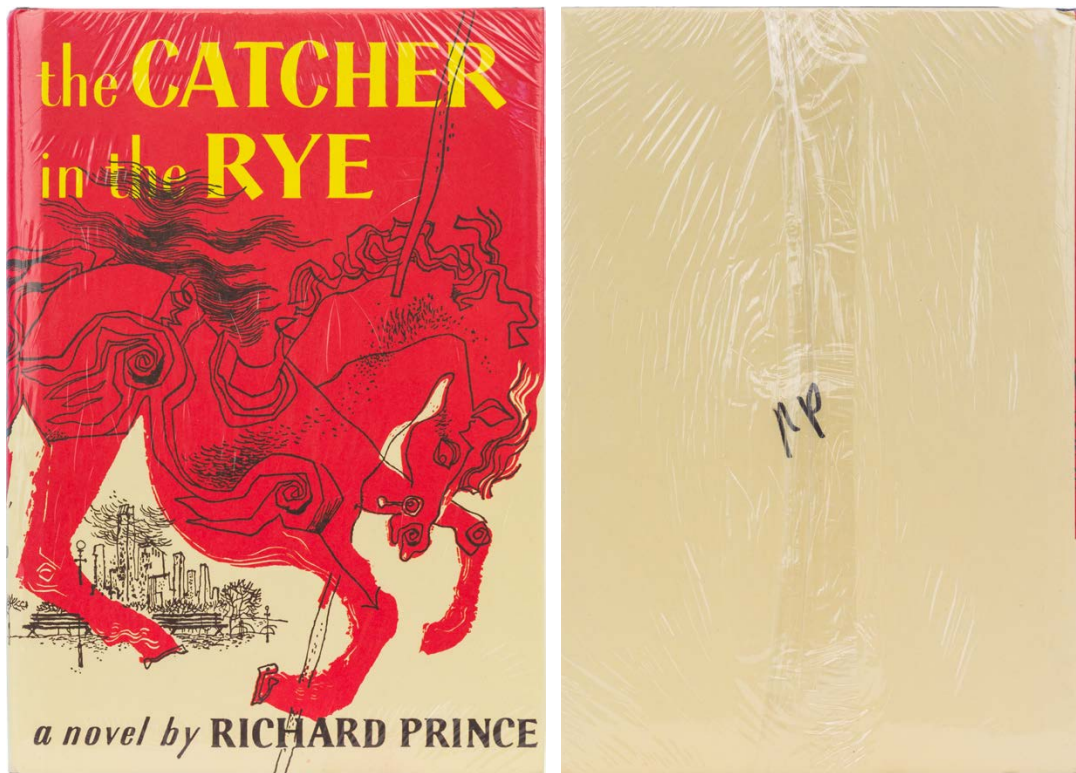
3 vols. 1st edition. Publisher's cloth, fine condition, a paragon of beauty and preservation. Rare. No sales at auction in 50 years though copies may well have been sold lotted with other books and therefore not recorded in ABPC's auction records. However, only 9 sets have been located by OCLC and COPAC in national, and university libraries around the world, and these global library cooperatives deliver a more reliable census for raw numbers, but can be misleading in their own way because they include the imperfect, the defective, the misdescribed, the repaired, the rebound, the abused, the broken, the now lost, the ugly, the spectral, and the forsaken.

1,000

The title is taken from the old name of the Lieutenant's lodgings in the Tower of London, and the Tower itself is a presence in (almost a character in) the tale of a young woman, bookish and antiquarian, who choses wrongly in a man, and learns that love won't die of starvation, and can barely be killed by indigestion.

"I met a girl, she sang the blues, and I asked her for some happy news,
But she just smiled and turned away..." –Don MacLean, American Pie
www.youtube.com/watch?v=tr-BYVeCv6U





signed by Prince

[American Art]

The Catcher in the Rye
by Richard Prince
(NY [American Place], 2011).

1st edition (printed in Iceland). Fine in dustjacket, wrapped in plastic as issued (photographed in the wrap). Of 500 produced (other avowals say 300) ours is from the fraction of them (Richard Prince told me 20) that he signed with initials ("RP" in ink), on the jacket's back panel (the blank panel is the artist's indulgence of the author's 1951 request that his photo be removed after the 1st printing). Technically a sculpture, but in form a commandeered facsimile of Salinger's first book. The text is identical but with the author's name replaced where it occurs, the copyright and flaps altered, and few other changes. **2,000**

Here is the polymorphic Richard Prince, in his egalitarian guise as appropriator (a civilized term from the art world), but clearly it is Prince the intrepid pirate, patch on eye, rum on lips, parrot on shoulder, buckles on boots, and cutlass in belt, spitting on his hands, to hoist the skull and bones over a toney and stale art establishment in urgent need (but unaware that it is) of this American maestro's call for self-determination. And here's my appropriation:

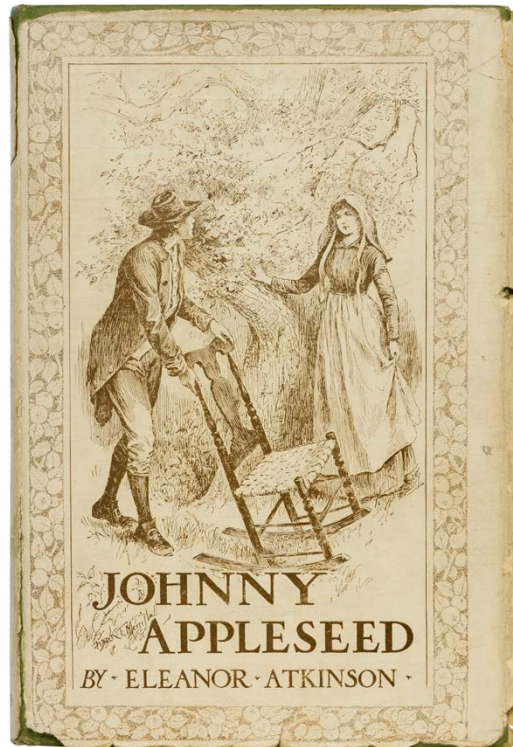
"If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is why I picked *Catcher*, and what my lousy reason was, and how my life was occupied and all before I did it, and all that Agony and the Ecstasy kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth."

Atkinson, Eleanor

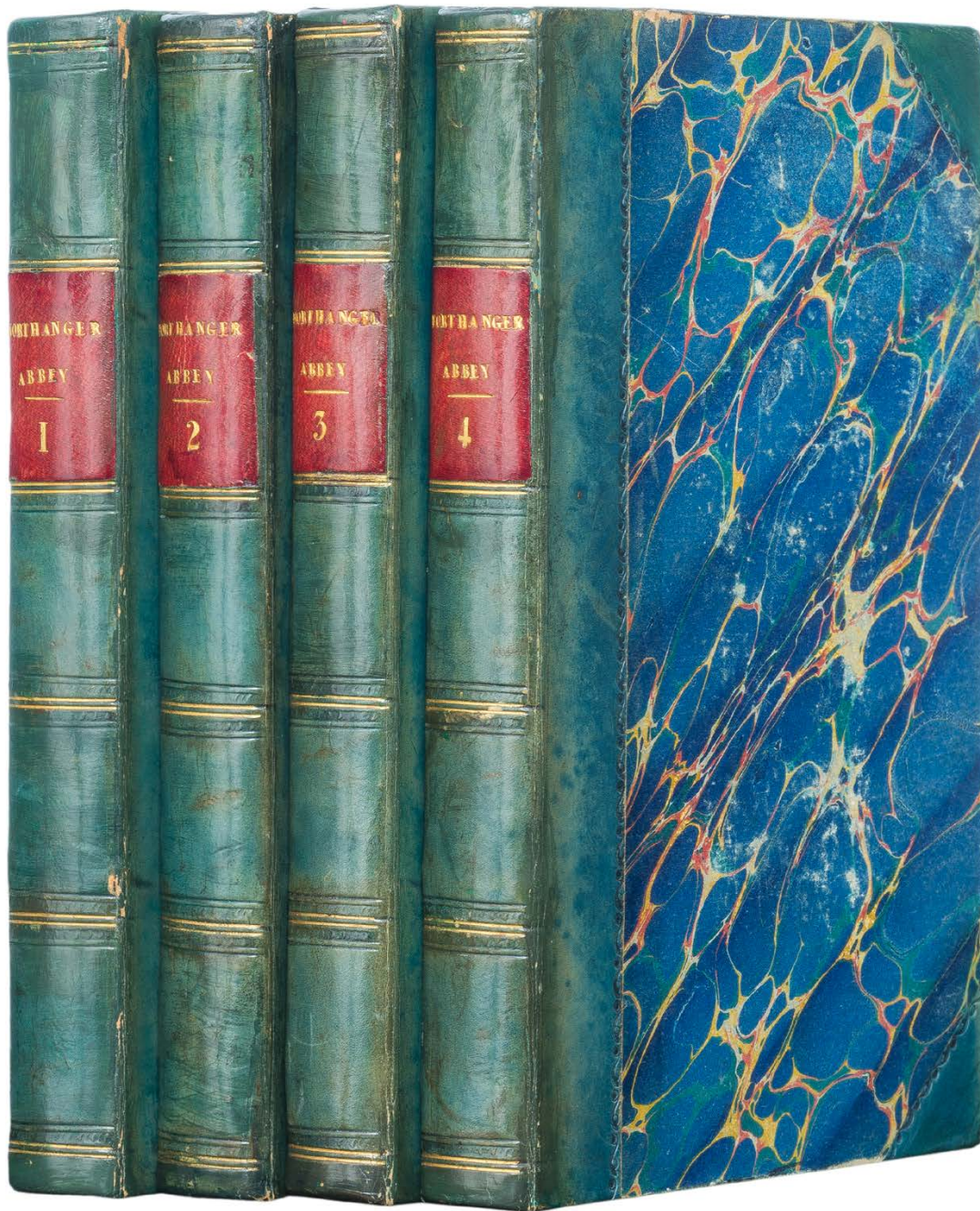
Johnny Appleseed
(NY, 1915).

1st edition, with the 1st printing code "C-P" (March, 1915) on the copyright page. Fine in a 1st printing dustjacket (not the color reprint), some chips and irritating splits to folds but still integral (1 connected piece), a good jacket, unrepaired, and one that's not going to be found on every shelf. Anybody can count how many seeds are in an apple, but nobody can count how many apples might be in a seed. 200

The novelization of an historical figure's real life on America's lost frontier, capturing all of his spirit, tenacity, bravery, humbleness, quaintness, and resourcefulness, an avuncular cultural broker between slices of society that distrusted each other. So it seems to be a humanist novel, proposing themes of personal fulfillment through reason, values, rationality, and the dignity of all people, as well as the promotion of their welfare. And Johnny's outlook goes beyond that which is scholastically ascribed to the rebirth of humanism in 13th century Padua, initially a narrow philological exercise chiefly concerned with classical scholarship and a definable curriculum, that was limited



to grammar, rhetoric, history, poetry, and moral philosophy. In the Renaissance it exploded into a movement, an all-encompassing but extrinsic look at ancient Greece and Rome, and only later was it distorted by the faithless so it could be exploited as an alternative to religion. Johnny's 19th century humanism is a bridge of passage to our modern take on it, reflecting the reconceived, broader, intellectual and cultural values engaged with ethics, art, literature, science, justice, fellowship, political thought, and all branches of philosophy, with wider sources than the rigid medieval view, since we revisit its ancient antecedents, its Renaissance expansions, its enlightenment successors, its American democratic rectifications, and our 21st century egomanias, wherein conformity is cynically marketed as diversity, leaving people so starved for individuality, and its accompanying airs of fame and attention, that they magnify the most intimate trivialities of their hollow lives on social media, and then measure their worth in an anesthetizing tally of voyeuristic "followers" and inane "likes" always living in other people's judgments, never being quite sure how much of their life they have given away, or how dependent they are on the caprice of someone else's imagination to maintain their reality, if that reality still exists at all.



with the ad leaf and all 4 genuine half-titles

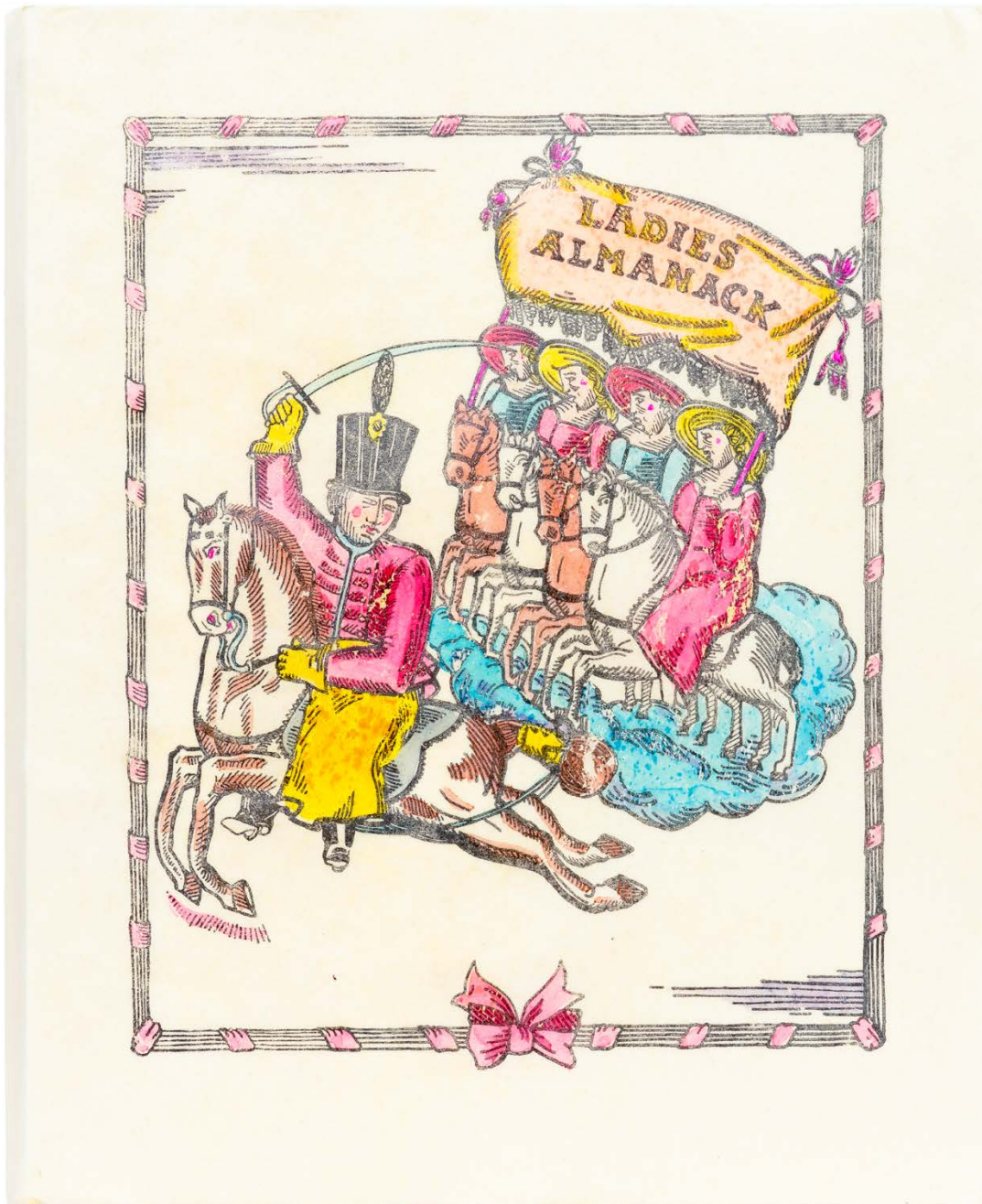
Austen, Jane

Northanger Abbey [and] Persuasion
(London, 1818).

4 vols. 1st edition of both novels, together, as published. 19th century half calf and marbled boards, a few little breaks at the joints smoothly strengthened, the original color die on the calf has faded unevenly, still very good, tighter than 2 coats of lipstick, but more vitally, it's a complete set with the 4 half-titles,

and the ad leaf, all usually missing in the sets that are offered, and which are imperfect because of their absence (assume half-titles and ads are lacking from any Austen book when the account of it fails to mention their presence), and reprint half-titles, or facsimiles of them, are too often found inserted and sold as real. The collation calls for 2 blanks at the end of vol. IV and our set is only bound with 1 of them, but this is a trifle compared to skeleton copies lacking everything except the bare bones of text and title pages. Go ahead and read the online descriptions of other copies being offered for more money than ours and see how the describers of those sets try to distract you from, or gloss over, their failings, with the carny side-show slight of hand at which so many booksellers have become so irksomely adept. And sets for less money than ours should only appeal to collectors and librarians equipped with a white stick and a guide dog. In contrast, we offer a 1st edition that's whole, and it's in an understated, slinky binding of quiet, unassuming, appropriate elegance, and the completeness guarantees it can be approached with confidence, the price confirms it can be purchased with safety, and the condition assures it will be owned with pride. Ex-The Earl of Shannon (his armorial bookplate) and a stalwart modern library (a small bookplate). **10,750**

People are quick to overpraise a famous name, but Jane Austen, with her faint penumbra of saintliness, deserves all she gets, chiefly, but not solely, because in 6 novels she fabricated modern romantic comedy and reshaped fiction forever. These last 2 of them, are filled with her exquisite moral discrimination, complex and subtle views of human nature, precise pen portraits, katana sharp dialogue, satirical wit, rustic values, tender skepticism, and an unobtrusive diligence of style, all laid into a pair of plotlines that are warm enough to bake a pizza and honed enough to slice it. When Austen puts these elements to work, her little world of struggling families, husband hunting mothers and daughters, eligible clergymen and landowners, and country fools and snobs, is elevated into a timeless miniature of the wider world where a man has to do what a man can do, and a woman has to do what he can't. And she reworks a favorite theme (though less polemically and more subtly than in her previous novels), that no addiction is stronger than privilege and no privilege is more strongly addicting than that which is not earned by merit. Less subtle is an undercurrent, proposing that even if women understood men they wouldn't believe it, but Austen not only grasped men, women, and their relationships better than her peers, she also understood it all more keenly than the most insightful women authors who followed a generation later (say, the Bronte sisters or George Eliot) even though they had the perspective of having read her novels, and the advantage of having been able to stand on her shoulders. And then there is her balancing of love against property, a dispiriting disunion of what on the surface may seem to be divergent objectives clashing in a mutual exclusivity, but romance and finance are conjoined beyond being words that happen to rhyme, in that when one or the other is missing, it's hard to think about anything else.



1 of 10

Barnes, Djuna

Ladies Almanack
(Paris, 1928).

1st edition (in English), the most deluxe and limited state from a total edition of 1,050. Number 4 of only 10 copies on Verge de Vidalon, with both covers of the vellum dustjacket and all 22 line drawings painted in color by Barnes with her own hand and signed by her as "A Lady of Fashion." And our copy

is also a contemporary presentation copy, inscribed to Lady Rothermere, (in ink), signed again by Barnes, this time with her real name, and dated “Paris, 1928.” Original full vellum self-wrappers, vellum dustjacket, more delicate than a sea monkey, yet fine condition (others aren’t fine), a tribute to the care Lady Rothermere took with the contents of her library and, needless to say but I’ll say it anyway, a rare book when it’s 1 of 10 (no copy at auction in 50 years), a state often mentioned but never seen for sale. Of the 1,040 remaining copies of the 1st edition, the 1,000 on Alfa were neither colored nor signed, and the 40 on Rives, were colored (with less attention) but also not signed. 22,500

This is the Paris lesbian’s roman à clef, written under a pseudonym because of legal uncertainties, and Edward Titus (the printer) blocked out his name on the title page for the same concerns. So the establishment searched the left bank to identify the author with the focus of an undertaker scrutinizing the obituaries for trade, but Barnes’ decision to inscribe this copy with her real name begins to explain how word of the Almanack’s authorship became public rather quickly.



Novelist, dramatist, artist, and poet, Djuna Barnes was held by many of her loudest and liveliest 1920s peers as their generation’s most talented American writer, of either gender. Her companion (Natalie Barney) suggested the Almanack as a series of satirical biographical sketches of her fellow Parisian expatriates. Apart from Barney (in thin disguise as Evangeline Musset), there are character keys based on Romaine Brooks, Janet Flanner, Una Troubridge, Radcliffe Hall, Solita Solano, Elisabeth de Gramont, and Dolly Wilde, a who’s who of the Left Bank lesbian elite, and affixed to them is a take on Mina Loy, portrayed as Patience Scalpel, the lone heterosexual. The Almanack is told in a voice of Joycean obscurity and bawdiness, with a digressive, circuitous, calendiac storyline. Its theme is simple; never trust anyone with a penis, but the form is looser than a wizard’s sleeve, and it’s just as drolly amusing and affectionate, as it is serious and biting. 22 beguiling illustrations accompany the text (feminized zodiacs, medieval grotesques, sexual caricatures, baroque cherubs, parodic iconography, and other emblems archaic and arcane), all tame these days but risqué in their time.

Over 87 years, interest in this book has moved to and fro, like The Imperial Hotel during the 1923 Tokyo earthquake, but it has always been (and remains) radically representative of the underground in a transitional time, an awakening for all authors and for all artists, and our copy is both unflawed, and (indisputably) rare, so it won’t be equaled very soon, or very often, if ever (meaning never).



1 of 5

Beauvoir, Simone de

Le Deuxième Sexe
[The Second Sex]
(Paris, 1949).

2 vols. 1st edition (in French). Copy "C" of 5 lettered sets (marked A to E) on vélin pur fil Lafuma-Navarre, undoubtedly de Beauvoir's private supply, and the book's rarest state by some geometric factor (the trade edition was 2,000). Contemporary (original?) 3/4 morocco by Henri Duhayon (the master binder of Nice), top edge gilt, others uncut, original wrappers bound in, morocco tipped wood grain slipcases. Fine, a book of the highest measure, and likely (unchallenged as) the best copy of it in the world. The first post-modern assaying of the female condition and a trial of patriarchal society, igniting the current, ongoing, incarnation of the women's movement, and encouraging any repressed appreciation of feminism to crawl out from under its hiding place. First, best, finest, rarest. Could one want more? Powerfully influential? That too. **6,500**

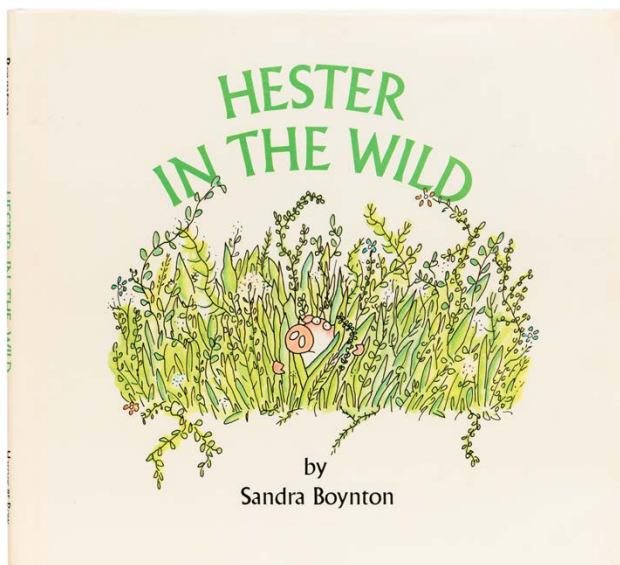
Diabolique in dustjacket

Boileau, Pierre [and] **Celle**
Narcejac, Thomas **Qui**
N'était Plus
[She Who Was No More]
(Paris, 1952).

1st edition (in French). Fine in printed wrappers and near fine dustjacket (narrow strip faded at the bottom). 575

The archetype for all modern psychological thrillers that look to manipulate urbanized, vigilante, domestic revenge as a plot device, and the source for Henri Clouzot's dark and dense suspense film, *Les Diaboliques*, a consistently acclaimed cinema landmark, with Simone Signoret, Paul Meurisse, Charles Vanel, and Véra Clouzot.

The rationale for vengeance insists that karma is too slow.



Boynton, Sandra **Hester**
in the Wild
(NY, 1979).

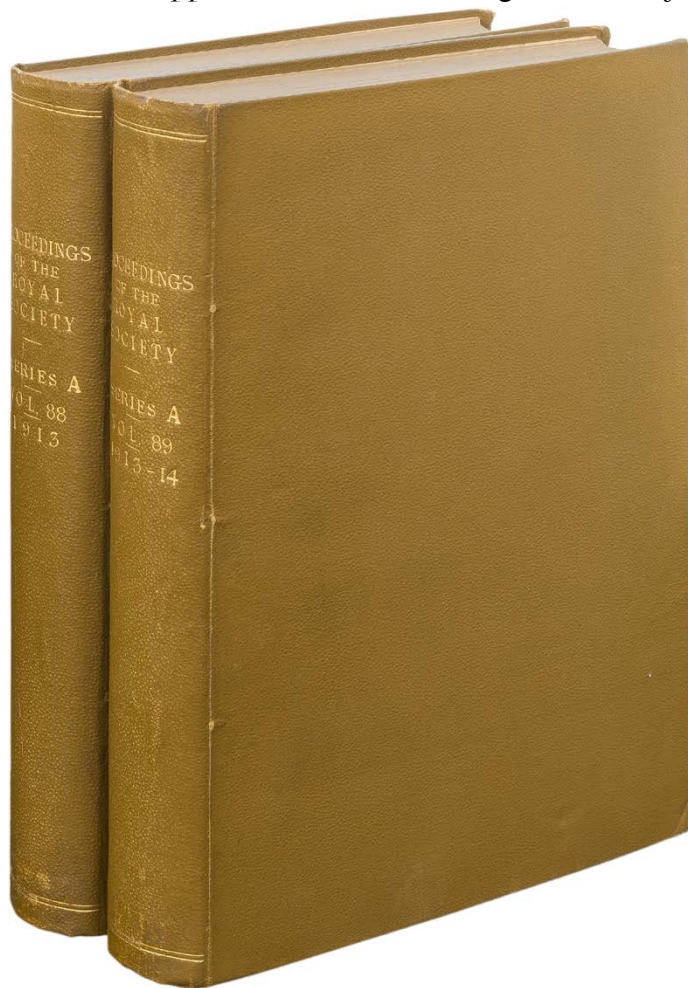
1st edition of her 2nd book. Fine in fine dustjacket, price clipped, but the price has no bibliographical significance. Oink. 50

Pigs are cute and smart, but not high priority for animal rights groups who are more opposed to fur than leather because it's safer to call out rich women than it is to harass motorcycle gangs.

the foundation of molecular biology

Bragg, William Henry [and] Bragg, William Lawrence **The Reflection
of X-Rays by Crystals**
(London [Harrison & Sons], 1913).

2 vols. 1st appearance, in Proceedings of the Royal Society of London (nos. 88
and 89). Vol. 88 contains



part I (pages 428–438), vol. 89 contains part II (pages 246–248). Contemporary cloth, remains of a library mark to the base of the spines else very good. Ex–Queen’s College Oxford (not a bad association), with their small circular stamp to the verso of the title pages and at the end, and their “canceled” (release) stamp to the front and rear free endpapers in both volumes. Reference: *Printing and the Mind of Man*, 406. Norman, 312+313. Leicester, pp. 54–65. **1,500**

These are the essential papers conceiving the new science of X-ray crystallography. It studies the structure of solids, particularly crystals, with X-ray as the primary tool,

and their discoveries won the Braggs (father, W. H. and son, W. L.) a 1915 Nobel Prize in physics (“for their services in the analysis of crystal structure by means of X-rays”). Along the way they formulated Bragg’s law of diffraction ($n\lambda=2d \sin\theta$) and they invented the X-ray spectrometer, and their physics leaked into chemistry through Moseley’s nearly simultaneous reconstruction of The Periodic Table, and then later, Perutz’s contributions to the recognition of life’s chemical basis (DNA). But wait, there’s less. William Henry served as President of The Royal Society from 1935 to 1940.

“It was Einstein who made the real trouble. He announced in 1905 that there was no such thing as absolute rest. After that there never was.”

–Stephen Leacock, 1947

Bronte, Charlotte

Jane Eyre
(London, 1847).

3 vols. 1st edition (497 printed). 19th century 3/4 morocco. A fine set (no flaws), with all 3 genuine half-titles, and pretty as a diamond flush. **44,000**

Jane Eyre is a tension filled psychological romance of gothic naturalism, so intentionally layered as to court deconstructing. It marked a new event in adult fiction just as Jane herself was a new breed of heroine, intelligent and passionate but lacking the grace, charm and beauty usually associated with romantic luminaries, one of those naïve women who believe that the lion won't attack her because she's a cat person. Superficially it's a high art moral tale, akin to a folk fable with the ambiguities in society, situation, and character omitted. Deeper it's a fairy tale full of superstition and myth, and it's a symbolic novel, pervaded with elements of nature that epitomize an incident or person in Jane's life. And that symbolism is Bronte's foreshadowing tool, showcasing the weather to presage cryptic or disastrous events. Woven through all this are character foils and analogous situations, gathering like distant cousins for the reading of a will, with seemingly chance happenings gaining significance in an impartial rhythm as the novel unfolds, so each previous circumstance is echoed in the next. Most of Jane's choices are easy ones. Her only difficult decision is whether to become Rochester's mistress, or leave Thornfield alone and penniless even though she has no family or friends to prompt her with their disapproval and no one who would be hurt if she consented, except herself.



But, it's not what she thinks that counts; it's what she comes to think in time, so she matures, and in a real world way, without her disposition changing greatly. And all of this is written with a dexterously crafted composition, in a first person narrative, designed to grip the reader in Jane's ardor and intensity.

"My Plain Jane never wear, no lipstick or paint,

You know she'll never try, to be what she ain't," –Doc Pomus, P. J.

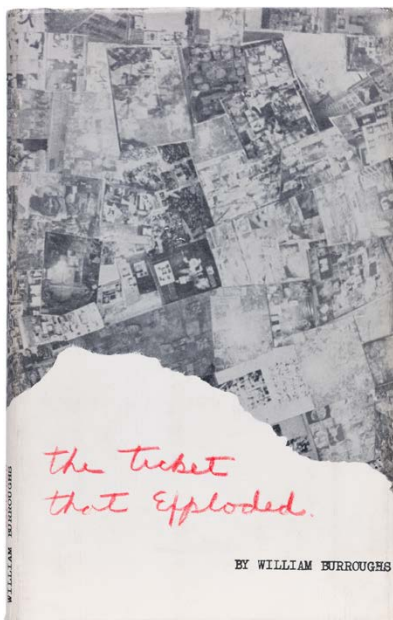
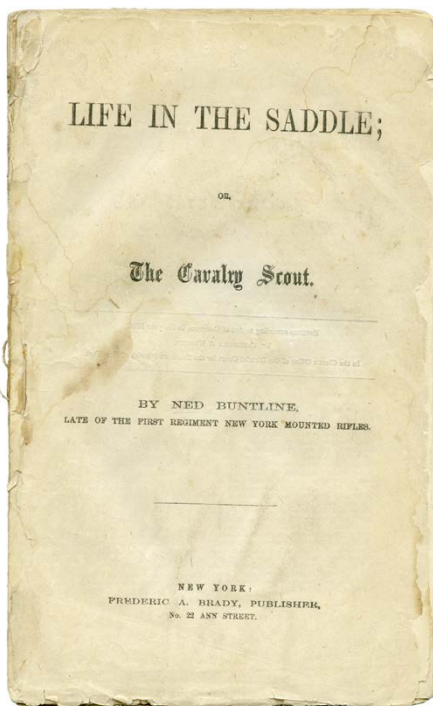
Do I love this book? I do. Do I have anything critical to say about this author? I do. Every Charlotte Bronte book was half as good as the previous one.

Buntline, Ned

**Life in the Saddle;
or, The Cavalry Scout**
(NY [Brady], 1864).

1st edition. A dime novel (6" X 9 1/2"), set in the U. S. Civil War. Wrappers gone (some of the original printed spine remains), else complete and good, uncut with full margins, unrepaired, and scarce. Coll: title page+3-8+8pp. of ads. **250**

Ned Buntline was the pen name of Edward Zane Carroll Judson, a N. Y. cavalry sergeant, navel midshipman, journalist, and publisher, thought (in his day) to be the wealthiest writer in America. Among other exploits, he coaxed Buffalo Bill to join his theater company, leading to Bill's Wild West Show, and he gave his pseudonym to the Colt .45 revolver with a 12" barrel, ostensibly carried by Wyatt Earp.



Burroughs, William **The Ticket That Exploded**
(Paris, 1962).

1st edition (in English). Fine in printed wraps and fine dustjacket (impeccable). **500**

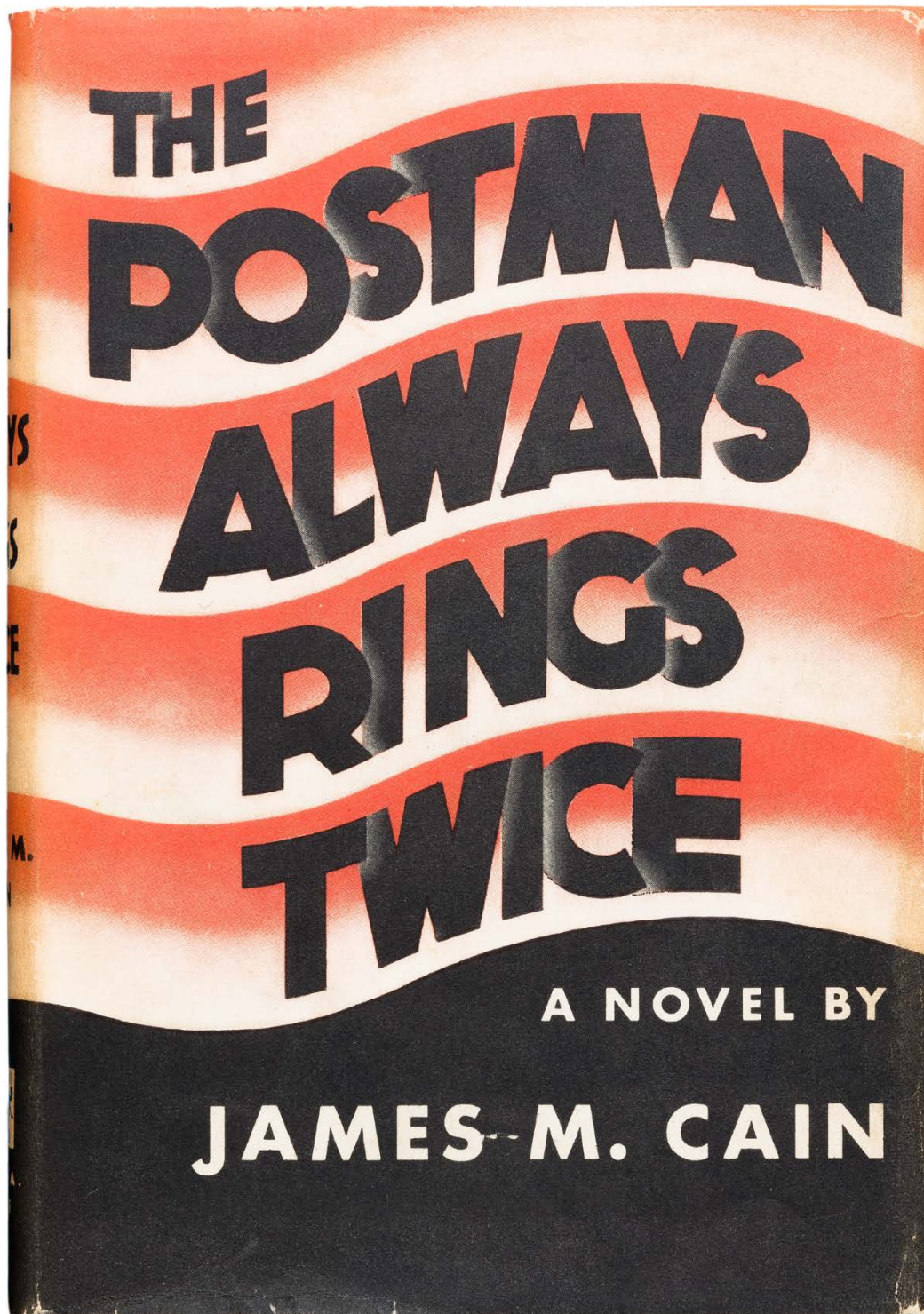
An unequivocally counter culture, and desensitizingly pushy novel, fixated on the American spiritual void, in a world without belief, where religion has been reinvented as the worship of chemicals. It's also a novel about mind control, saying that language is a virus, and if you think you are free, you're probably infected, anticipating our time of feckless media journalism, only sometimes biased against a particular policy, position, party, persuasion, or point of view, but always biased against understanding. And since this is a book about

the effects of drugs on the mind, here's what I've learned: Avoid all drugs that make me more boring than I already am, or nervous enough to thread a sewing machine while it's running, or lead me to suppose I should give myself a haircut.

Cain, James M.

The Postman Always Rings Twice
(NY, 1934).

1st edition, his first novel. Fine in near fine dustjacket. A rollercoaster plotline,



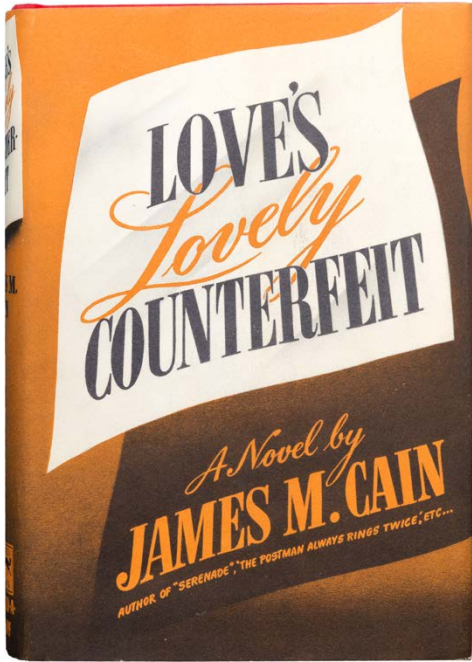
cross stitched with more dark skies than a Russian play, and a nimble deployment of prepositions and conjunctions (the necessary components of any serious lie), rallying realistic topography for greed, murder, malice, and a carnal collision between a pneumatic hammer and an electric squat machine. 5,500

unfinished business

Cain, James

Love's Lovely Counterfeit
(NY, 1942).

1st edition. Endpapers tanned from the glue used to secure the pastedowns, otherwise a fine book in a fine jacket, razor sharp, oozing a newness that hangs in the heavens much in the same way that bricks don't. This is an easy 1st edition to



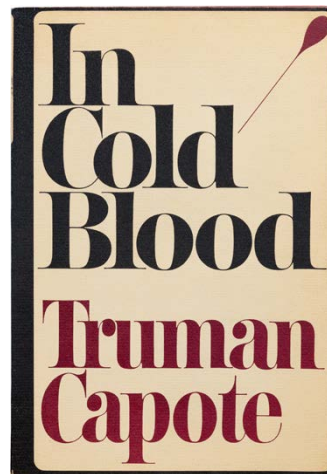
find, but almost any 73 year old crime novel in dustjacket is going to be annoyingly hard to find in this idyllic condition (all fine jackets are just 1 chip away from humility). Here's the math. It's 20 times as scarce as a not fine copy for 2 or 3 times the price, and that's why the bargains still reside at the top of the market. Similar ratios occur with other 20th century 1st editions, and access to these values only requires patience and the will to act at the opportune moment. So rather than making the certain mistake of buying worn copies when fine ones will, in time, become available at an affordable premium, just get naked, smear yourself with honey, and march assertively through bear country. At least there's a chance you can outrun the bear (Book Code). 700

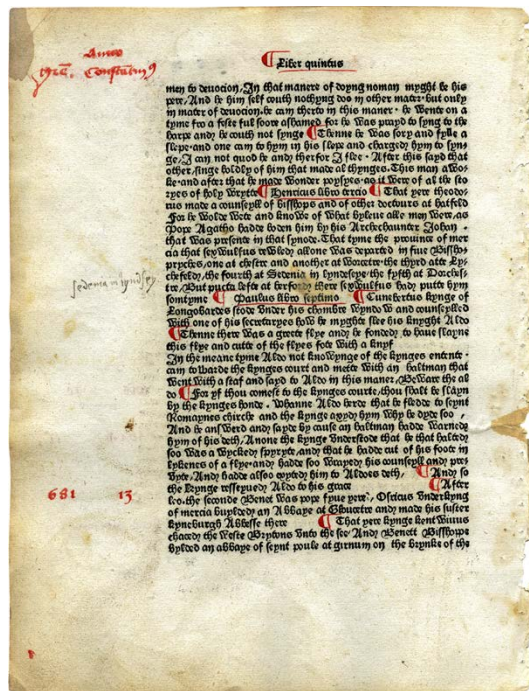
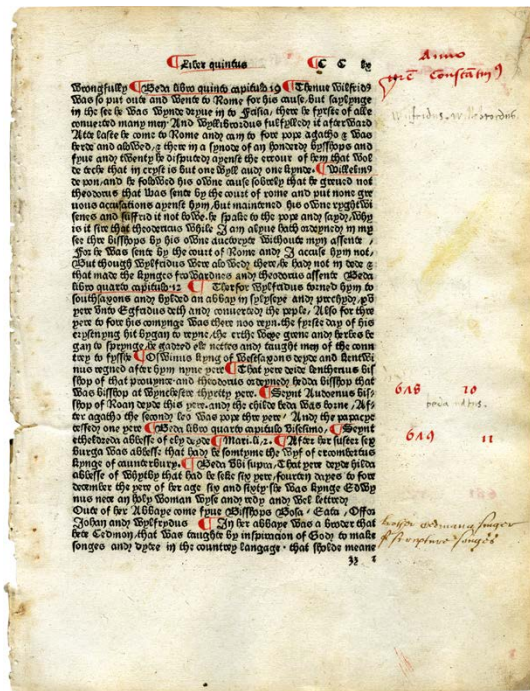
Written in the full bloom of Cain's ingenuity, just after *Mildred Pierce* in 1941, and just before the 1st book edition of *Double Indemnity* in 1943. It swathes itself in a frisson filled plotline with less charm than a Brazilian snuff film, but underlying the action and scheming is a question: There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, which of us ought to reform the rest of us?

Capote, Truman 2450

In Cold Blood
(NY, 1965).

1st edition (advance reading copy). Fine in red wrappers and fine dustjacket. In 1959 Kansas farmer Herbert Clutter, his wife and 2 of their children were murdered. Capote read about it, grabbed Harper Lee to play his Watson, traveled to Kansas, and began to snoop. Police soon captured the killers, but Capote continued to (with Lee) interview the locals, and the investigators, in order to write about it. 6 years later he had this book, the first, modern, true crime novel, though works in the genre trace all the way back to Villette's, *Annals of Newgate* (1776). 450





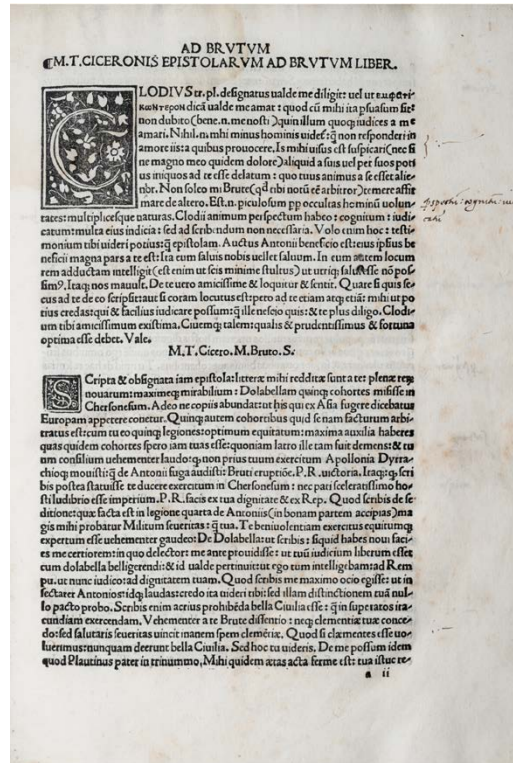
[Caxton, William]

Polycronicon
by Ranulphus Higden
(Westminster [Caxton] 1482).

1st edition. 2 pages, on a single printed leaf (8 1/4" X 11"), 1 column of 40 lines on each side in a strain of black letter. Pertinent marginalia, small stains, but good condition with no repair, a sublime artifact of print on paper. Ref: Goff H-267. Duff 172. Our leaf is number 209 of 418 (book V), set in 678-681 (in Rome). 1,450

The Polycronicon is a history of the world written by Ranulf Higden (ca. 1299-1363), a monk of Chester, and like most histories it's abundantly biographical, and like most biographies it reminds us how little of life is well spent. It was originally compiled in Latin and first translated into English in a 1387 manuscript by John of Trevisa (the Earl of Berkeley's Chaplain), and as expected, his rendering retains scholars' interest for its English usage, and Caxton's edition is of further historical import as being the first printed history in the English language. The whole was revised by Caxton and then extended up to the year 1460, and this continuation is the only extant piece of his own composition.

William Caxton (1422?-1492) learned printing in Cologne from Johann Veldener, one of the German originators, but it was in Bruges, in 1472, that he printed his first book (Le Fevre's History of Troy, 1473, translated into English from the French by Caxton himself). He then went back to Cologne, bought Veldener's press, printed 4 books there, disassembled the press, and brought it to England. He reassembled it at Westminster in 1476, and printed the first English books (100 or so), many of which he edited or translated himself, and he willingly played the role of retail bookseller for most of them.



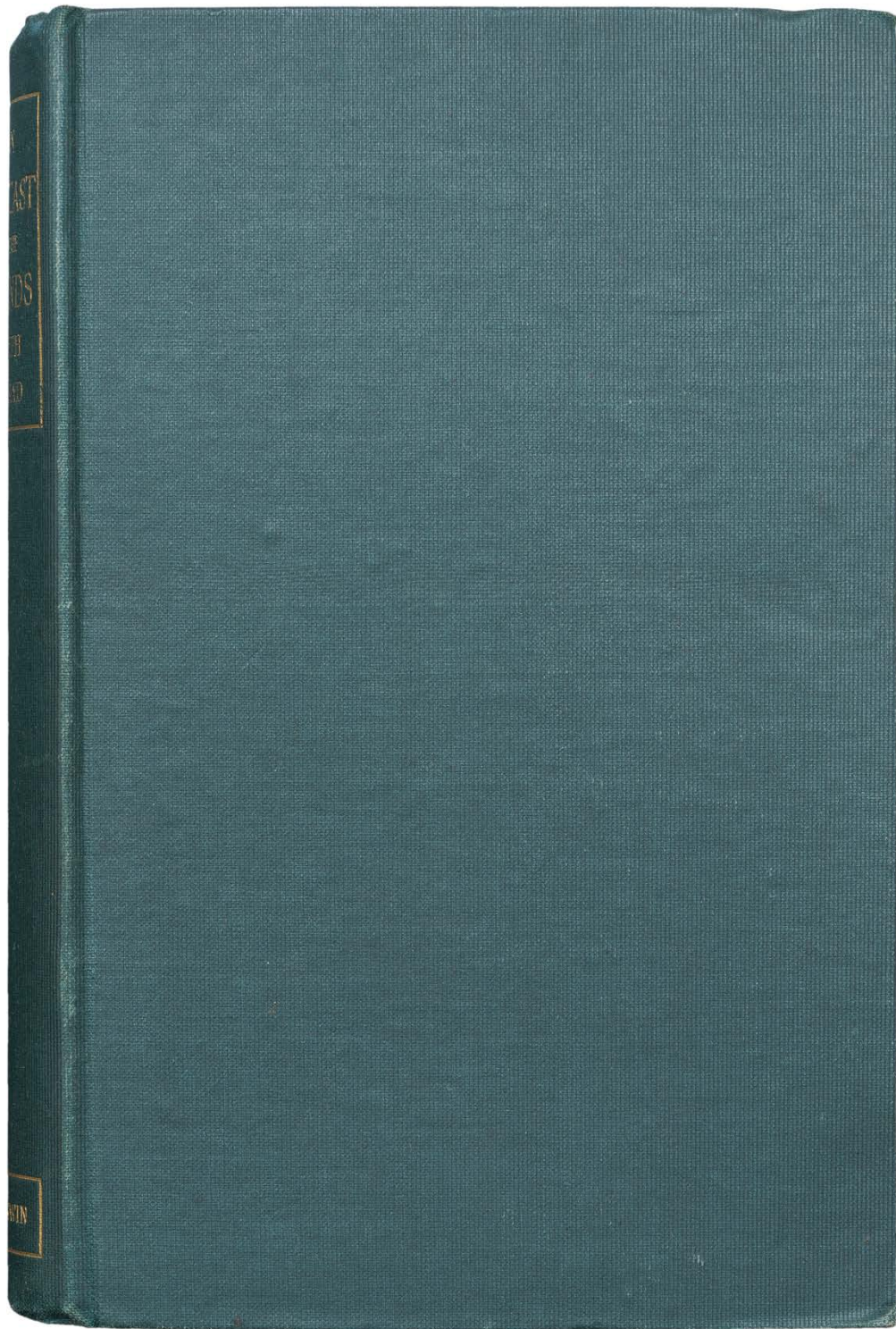
the letters of Cicero

Cicero, Marcus

Epistolae ad Brutum, ad Quintum Fratrem, ad Atticum
(Venice [Phillipus Pincius], 1499).

2nd Pincius edition (in Latin), adding to his 1495 edition, a useful note to the reader by Julius Pomponius Laetus. Contemporary calf backed oak boards, 2 dozen small holes (see 1st photo), spine worn and repaired, lacks clasps (leather remnants remain), medieval vellum manuscript leaves used as pastedowns, light water stain to upper inner corner (see 2nd photo), and outer margin of last 13 leaves, a 1/8" wormhole (some letters affected), contemporary marginalia, small number stamped at the end, a library mark removed, yet withal, a good and complete book, with bright, supple pages. Scarce (no other copy at auction in the last 30 years). Coll: a–q8, r4 (8 1/4" X 12 1/8"). 132 leaves [+ 4 added leaves with a handwritten contemporary index, rust hole in 1 of them]. Type 16:108R; Greek type 80 Gkb. Ref: Goff C503. And there you have it. A 15th century book description without using the word incunabula. Oops. **4,500**

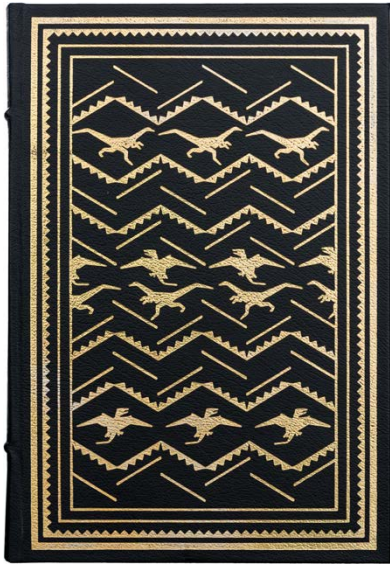
This is Cicero, the greatest orator in the ancient world, with an influence on Western literature, language and ideas, deeper than any other prose stylist. Petrarch found some of these letters, assembled others, and lit the Renaissance, which began as a revival of Cicero, and they accurately expose the range of Cicero's melodies, from informal and relaxed (written in the colloquial mood of the moment) to serious labors (treatises mirroring his speeches, i.e. dialogues of political questions, elaborated with his rhetorical dexterity, to shape public opinion).



Conrad, Joseph

An Outcast of the Islands
(London, 1896).

1st edition. His second book saying, sometimes the pond gets too big for the fish.
Fine. Reference: Cagle A2a1 (deep bows to the illustrious Bill Cagle). 750



signed by Crichton

Crichton, Michael

Jurassic Park

(Franklin Center [PA.], 1990).

1st edition, preceding the trade edition. Publisher's full leather. **Signed.** Fine. 3,200 were planned vs. 100,000 (!) of Knopf's trade edition, but the buzz is that Crichton quit signing them after 1,000 or so. An opulently imaginative literary child of Shelley's Frankenstein, exploiting biological meddling to recreate dinosaurs, harder to restrain than Jack's beanstalk, ferocious, smart, and fast, but the fastest animal (at 125 mph) is still a cow dropped out of a helicopter. And 1 more thing. The sooner all animals are extinct, the sooner we can find their money. 400

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



[Cuneiform]

Clay Tablet

(Babylonia [former Sumerian region], circa. 1250 BC).

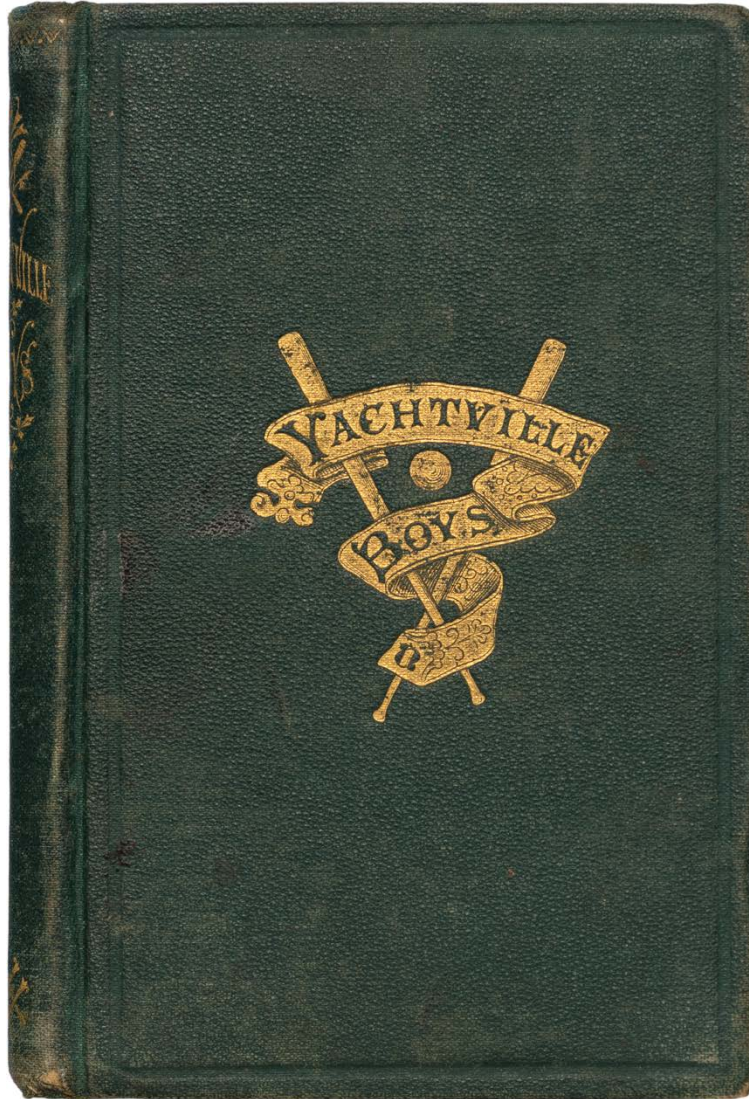
Ancient document on fine grain, hard (fired) pink clay (1" X 1 1/4"). **11 lines of cuneiform figures (both sides) in a deft, studied, and especially artistic calligraphy.** Fine (tiny catalog notation in ink), completely intact with no repair or flaws, consummate for such an elderly specimen. And this is no pebble without a cause. It's the human hand, reaching 3,000 years across the millennia. 1,000

the budding of baseball

Davis, Caroline

The Yachtville Boys
(Boston, 1869).

1st edition of the 3rd baseball novel ever, preceded by Oldfellow's Uncle Nat (1865), and Everett's Changing Base (1868), but The Yachtville Boys cuts some path too. It's the first baseball novel written by a woman, and the first one with a frontispiece illustrating the game being played, although the plate was engraved by an artist who had never seen baseball, so the view looks more like a deformed cricket match, even though the detailed account of the game, as played out in the text, leaves no doubt that the boys are contesting American baseball and no other sport. The Yachtville Boys is also the scarcest of the 3, with just a single defective 1st edition sold at auction in the last 50 years (1993). OCLC verifies that scarcity, locating only 7 copies in libraries worldwide



(Wisconsin, Notre Dame, Kansas, Brown, Yale, U. C. L. A. and The American Antiquarian Society). Publisher's cloth, some rubs and wear to the spine tips and corners, (see photograph), inner paper hinges invisibly strengthened, but very good, sound, and with no major flaws, a superior copy of this book. **9,000**

Watch city on city (or country vs. country) team sports, and it's easy to forget that something higher is behind them all. Something so refined and cultured as to defy comparison. These games are no less than, a civilized substitute for war.

What would Scooby do?

Doyle, Conan

The Hound of the Baskervilles

(NY and London [The Strand Magazine], 1901–1902).

9 vols. 1st appearance in the original parts, serialized in the separate, monthly consecutive issues of The Strand Magazine from Sept. 1901 to May 1902 (our NY issue trails the London issue by a month but it's equally scarce). Original wrappers, chipped, torn, worn, soiled, and strengthened, larger chips to back of part IX else a good set, seen less often than a dog trying to pee on a moving car. The (later) Strand 1/2 year volumes are everywhere. The London 1st edition book (also later) is even more plentiful, with 40 overpriced copies always for sale at fees suggesting hotel mini-bar mark ups, and they wouldn't sell out if



the price of every one was cut in half (assume any 1st edition is priced far too high when there are 40 orphaned copies for sale). You say you'd rather sail north? We have a finer, complete 75 volume run of every Sherlock Holmes appearance in the individual Strands for

sale (you can find it in the "Highlights" clickbait on bibliotopus.com). **1,250**

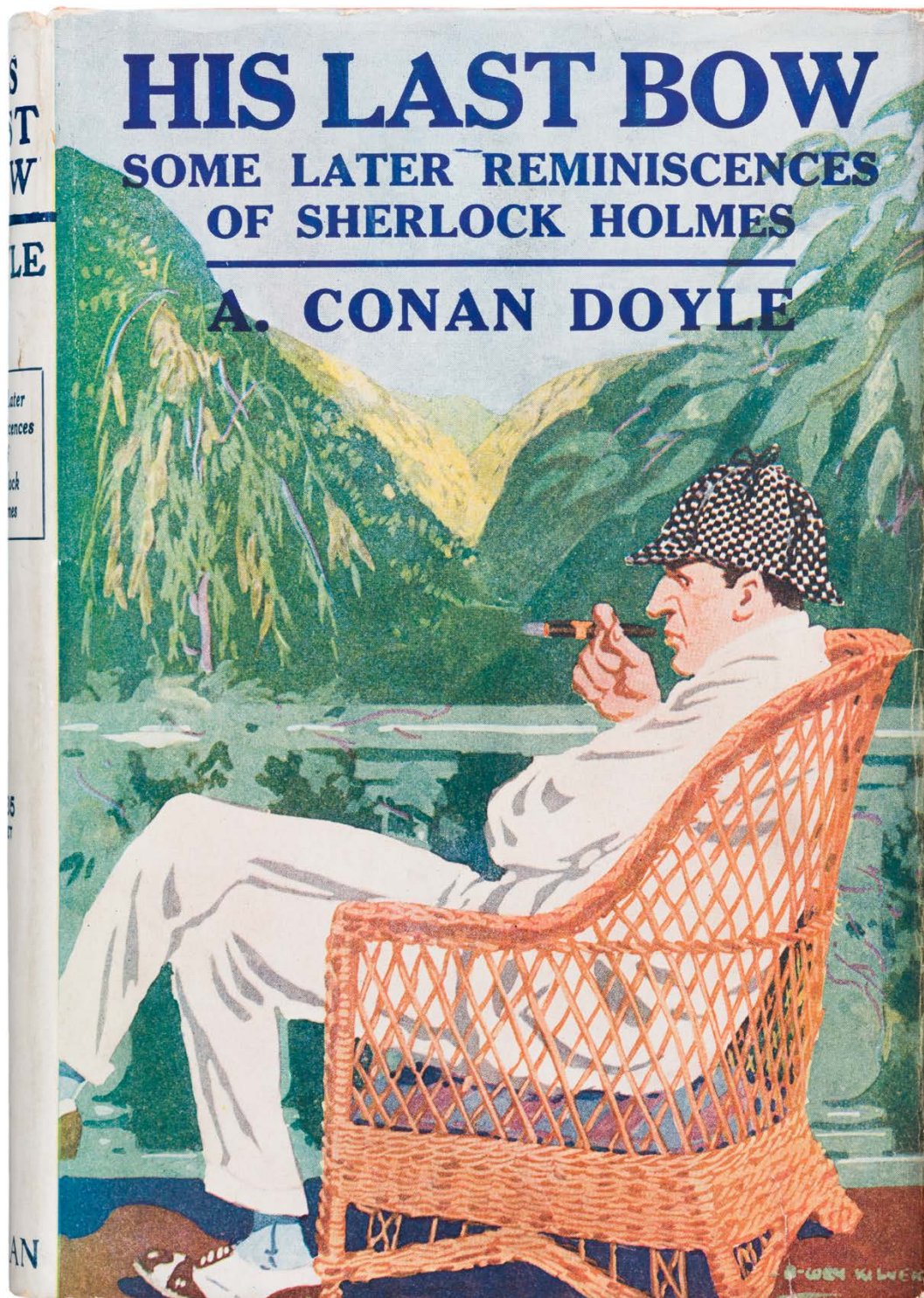
The 4 pillars of all antiques are rarity, significance, beauty and quality, but each breed (kind) of antique prioritizes the 4 in a different order. For books it always starts with significance because fine 1st editions of undesired books are worthless, raising a question. How would you calculate the value of an unwanted book? Or maybe what I mean is why? Now weigh our set in parts. Rarity? Ample. Significance? It's *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Beauty? Like a pair of worn out Levis these are scruffy but have a faint cool factor. Quality? The condition is a drag, but relative to what? You'll not soon see a finer set in wraps for sale, or any other set for that matter, and check the compensating cost (a fine run of these would be \$15,000). I've reacted to this puppy's battered history with a dose of conspicuously thrifty pricing, not excuses powdered and painted with hype. And though I've reasoned it out truthfully, and alternatives to it are a rip, most of you won't care, and some of you won't get it, because (to paraphrase Confucius) when a finger points at the moon, the imbecile looks at the finger.

Doyle, Conan

His Last Bow

(NY, 1917).

1st edition, 1st binding. Priority is uncertain between the London edition (published Oct. 22) and the NY edition (published in Oct. with no firm day), but there is some evidence. The NY editions of the 2 previous Holmes books (*Return and Valley*) precede the London, and the one that follows (*Case Book*) was a same



day issue. Fine in a jacket with 1 short edge tear, else fine, and rare in such condition. His Last Bow in dustjacket has 5 auction sales since 1975, 3 for the London, 2 for the NY, all 5 of them worn, and copies in chipped jackets are always out there for sale, but ours is something else, the finest one I've seen. **8,000**



Part 1

Price 4d.

**MARIE
ANTOINETTE;**

OR, THE
Chevalier of the Red House.

A TALE OF
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,
IN 1793.

By the celebrated
ALEXANDER DUMAS.

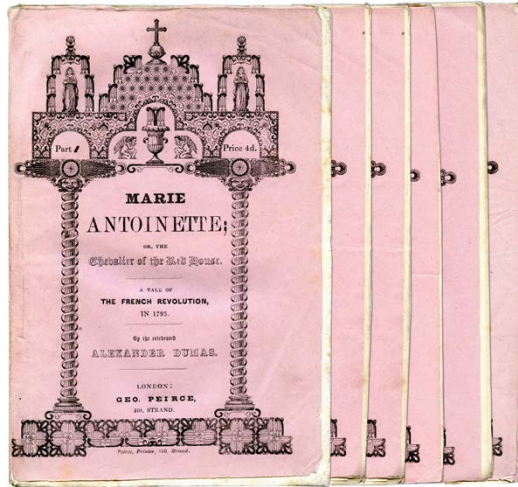
LONDON:
GEO. PEIRCE,
310, STRAND.

Peirce, Printer, 310, Strand.

monthly parts in original wrappers

Dumas, Alexandre **Marie Antoinette; or, The Chevalier of the Red House**
[Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge]
(London [George Peirce], 1846).

6 vols. 1st edition in English, 1st issue in parts (all covers numbered by hand). Original wrappers, part VI with chips to the back, else very good, complete, unrepaired, and rare as rooster eggs. Dumas wrote this adventure as a high tension anxiety (ticking clock/jail-break plotline), to be the central novel in his series about the French Revolution, but as he got deeper into the others (*Memoirs of a Physician*, 1848, *Queen's Necklace*, 1850, *Ange Pitou*, 1851, and *Countess of Charny*, 1854) the nuances of the series' overlapping cast (mainly Phillipe de Taverney) no longer fit. So he let the novel stand alone, and it does so with resilient fame. Ex-Bob Jackson, this very set (not that they could have found another) was last seen 19 years ago at the Grolier Club, in their exhibit, *Essential Parts* (recorded on page 16 of their 1996 catalog). **27,000**



The Red House (*La Maison-Rouge*) were the ferociously dedicated, and heroically resolute, personal guard of King Louis XVI and his family, so named for their brilliant red cloaks. Dumas resurrects their shadowy leader, The Red Knight himself, as his secret agent in disguise, the tip of a royalist spear, leading Batz's inspired intrigue (*The Carnation Conspiracy*) to rescue Marie Antoinette from the prison at the *Conciergerie*. The result is breathtaking reader whiplash, remindful of the disquiet in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* (the exemplar for a choice of heroes, wherein both sides are positive they are in the right), and it presages with a clear prescience the James Bond bravura of action spy, and the *Mission Impossible* style of whirlpool count-down plotline.

“‘Speak only in a whisper,’ said the intruder, ‘or you are a dead man.’

‘What do you want, sir?’ stammered the turnkey...

‘I wish,’ said *Maison-Rouge*, ‘to be allowed to go down there.’

‘What for?’

‘That is not your concern.’

The turnkey regarded the person who had proffered this request with the most profound astonishment; but in the mean time his interlocutor fancied he detected in the man's look a ray of intelligence.

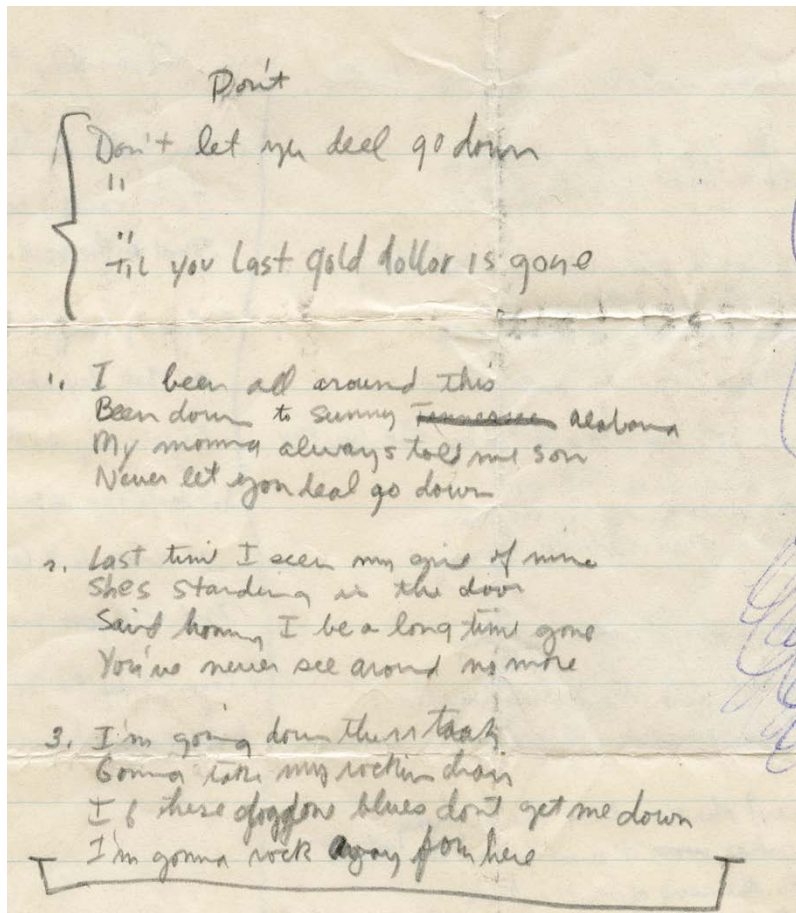
He lowered the pistol. ‘Would you refuse to make your fortune?’

‘I don't know. Hitherto no one has made me proposals on the subject.’”

–vol. IV page 215

Mary of The Wild Moor

1. It was on one cold winter night
When the wind blew across the wild moor
When Mary came wandering home into her child
Till she came to her own father's door
2. Father dear father she cried
Come down and open the door
For the child in my arms will perish and die
From the winds that blow across the wild moor
3. Why did I leave this fair spot
Where once I was happy & free
I am now turned to roam without friends or a home
And no one to take pity on me
4. But her father was deaf to her cries
Not a sound of her woe did he hear
So the watchdog did howl & the village bells tolled
And the wind blew
5. Oh how the old man must in fact
When he came to the next moor
And he found Mary dead but the child still alive
Clasping grasping ~~in~~ his dead mother's arms
6. In anger he tore his grey hair
And his tears down his cheeks they died poor
When he saw how that wife who had perished & died
From the winds that blew across the wild moor
7. In grief the old man pined away
And the child to its mother went soon
And no one they say, how lived there
And the cottage to ruin was gone
8. But the willows point out the spot
When the willows grow over the door
Saying that Mary died once a young village bride
From the winds that blew across the wild moor



in the beginning...

Dylan, Bob

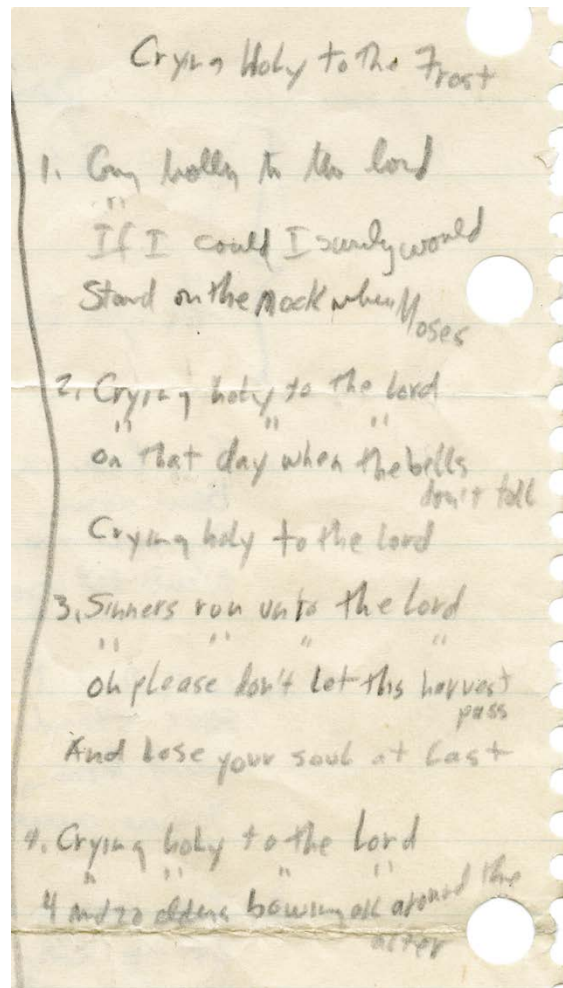
Handwritten Lyrics for 4 Different Songs
(NY, 1961).

A way cool micro–archive embodying the neophyte Dylan’s arrangements of, and slight alterations to, 4 different songs he learned to sing and play for his earliest performances in Greenwich Village, at The Cafe Wha?, The Gaslight Cafe, and Gerde’s Folk City, shortly after his arrival in Manhattan, from Minneapolis, in January, 1961. They are (in the order they are pictured):

1. Mary of the Wild Moor, a traditional ballad (264 words)
2. Don't Let Your Deal Go Down, by Roy Acuff (86 words)
3. Crying Holy to the Frost, by Irene Amburgey (70 words)
4. Wreck on the Highway, by Dorsey Dixon (153 words)

All are complete (not so often the case with Dylan), and all are from his first few months in New York, before he was discovered by John Hammond, before he was writing his own songs, and before he had recorded anything.

“I can’t say when it occurred to me to write my own songs. I couldn’t have
[continued]



come up with anything comparable or halfway close to the folk songs I was singing...I guess it happens to you by degrees...Opportunities may come along for you to convert something...That might be the beginning of it...It's not like you see songs approaching and invite them in. It's not that easy."

—Dylan, *Chronicles I*, page 51 (NY, 2004)

So here he is, the converter, at his own arising.

80 lines total, 573 words (!), huge for any Dylan sheet of manuscript, in pencil, on both sides of a single piece (7 1/2" X 10") of lightly lined notebook paper, every word in Dylan's precise and tiny handwriting (his signature spider tracks). A few changes and corrections too. Folded and carried, with light soiling down 2 of the creases from being pocketed, 10 lines of *Wreck on the Highway* fainter than the rest (the outside segment when folded, so the pencil slightly rubbed), a pen test scribble in a blank corner, else very good condition. **70,000**

Dylan was still singing *Mary of the Wild Moor* during (16 of) his concerts in 1980, and still singing *Don't Let Your Deal Go Down* in concert up until 1992.

I didn't hear nobody pray, hear brother
I heard the crash on the highway
But I didn't hear nobody pray

④ I wish I could change the sad story
That I am sure fell
But there is no way to change it
For somebody's life is more than

⑤ They they no roll had been called by the master
They died in a crash on the way
I heard the moans of the dying
But I didn't hear nobody pray

⑥ Who did you say it was brother
Who was it fell by the way
When whiskey and blood were together
Did you hear anyone pray

② When I heard the crash on the highway
I knew what ~~was~~ it was from the start
I went to the scene of destruction
And a picture was stamped on my heart

③ There was whiskey & blood all together
Mixed with glass where they lay
Death ~~has~~ played a hand in destruction
But I didn't hear nobody pray

The circle of the arts includes sculpture, theater, architecture, literature, dance, drawing, painting, goldsmithing, landscaping, printmaking, industrial design, animation, cinema, music, ceramics, gastronomy, photography, and a dozen other domains. Their sway waxes and wanes with the fashion (industrial design seems most prominent right now, just look at your iPhone), but in the 1960s, music influenced an emerging generation's zeitgeist more than any other art discipline, and Bob Dylan's lyrics were undeniably the most impactful of all. 50 years later he is still around, fully capable of surprising us at any moment, but these manuscripts are from the breaking dawn, Dylan as apprentice, the hatching of a matchless human manifestation, unlike any other.

<http://www.rollingstone.com/music/news/read-bob-dylans-complete-riveting-musicares-speech-20150209>

Epic, as defined here and now:

From the ancient Greek adjective, ἐπικός (epikos) from επος (epos), word, poem, story, pertaining to a (usually) long, serious, heroic, poetic (or sometimes prose) composition, the older ones at first oral, or assembled from oral sources, centered on a champion endowed with a civilization's values, in which a series of events are narrated in an elevated style, typically encompassing historical incidents saturated with mythological elements, and focused on a journey (often home), or the transition from one age to the next, or a quest, or war, or a nation's founding, religious origins, survival, unification, or destruction. And all epics are dependably immortal, so certain to stay in print in some form, and to be read with awe until the zombie apocalypse.

[Epics]

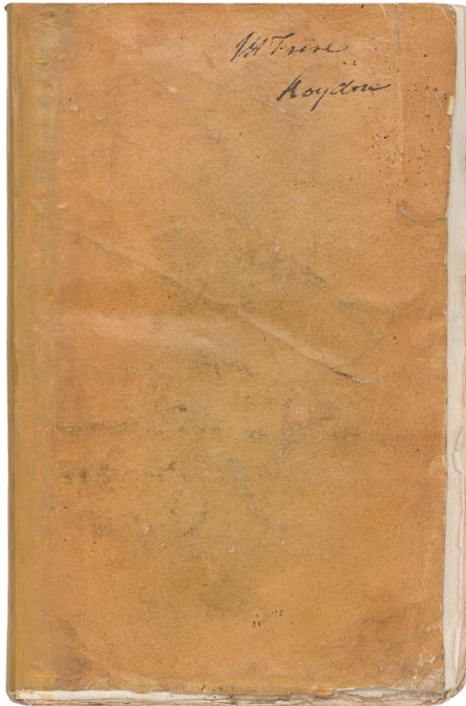
Der Nibelungen Lied

[The Lay of the Nibelungs]

Edited from the old German by F. H. Von Der Hagen
(Berlin [Unger], 1807).

1st edition (in German). Original unprinted, double layer front wrapper (name at corner), spine and rear cover renewed to match, uncut (!) with full margins and original sewing, 2 small circular stamps at the beginning and end, small number stamp on verso of title, else very good. 1/2 French morocco case. Seems rare. OCLC lists up to 30 copies, 11 of them in the U. S. (I had trouble counting this entry) but no 1st edition is recorded at auction in 50 years (the ordinary 1810 reprint is what gets sold as the 1st edition). That said, degree of rarity on such a book is hard to positively verify without traveling, but even if you can find another copy (good luck), it won't be untrimmed in wrappers like ours. **10,000**

The uneven first attempt to bring The Nibelungs to a life in print, yet, despite a somewhat inconsistent translation, a book of the highest significance, respected primarily for its proud aims, but also, for prompting Professor of philology Karl Lachmann to begin a careful study of the 11 known, more or less complete manuscripts in 1816, to order them chronologically, then collate, correct, translate, and amalgamate them, and then to articulate the rules of textual criticism, and elucidate the phonetic and metrical principles of Middle High German, so as to ultimately produce a scholarly edition, which lead to a fine rendering into modern German, followed by translations into 50 other languages.



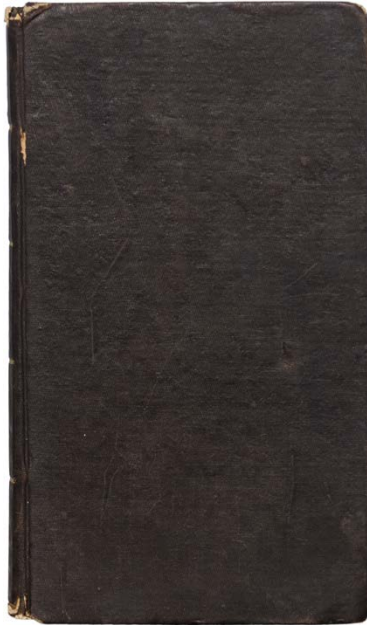
Der Nibelungen Lied was originally written by an anonymous massive-aggressive, in the 12th century, about events in the 5th or 6th, and recounts the deeds and trials of Siegfried the Dragon Slayer (the Germanator), his betrayal and murder, and the revenge of his wife Kriemhild (the real heroine). It remains a pillar of European literature, and later on, was among the footings for Richard Wagner's opera, and, even later, for J. R. R. Tolkien's The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings.

[Epics]

Bjowulfs Drape

Translated by N. F. S. Grundtvig
(Copenhagen, 1820).

1st edition of Beowulf in any modern language (Danish), the 2nd edition ever, preceded only by (and translated from) the 1815 Latin 1st edition. Cloth (later 19th century?), joints, spine and corners chipped, small stamp, else good condition, complete, and not a bit common (29 copies in libraries worldwide, 20 of them in the U. S. but they must have been parked there long ago because my reading of ABPC lists no sales at auction in the last 40 years). **1,875**



The 10th century manuscript laid dormant in the British Library, its content a secret, even after a listing by Wanley in his 1705 survey of all the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts held in Britain (*Antiquae Litteraturae Septentrionalis*) since he only translated 1% of it. In 1786, Grímur Thorkelin, an Icelandic scholar in the Danish civil service, received a royal grant “to study the treasures of the British libraries” enabling him to visit England. He reassessed Wanley’s entry, felt the poem might lend some insight into early Danish history, examined the Beowulf codex, sensed he was beholding splendor (the inscrutable workings of providence), made 2 copies and over 25 years, unlocked its mysteries. In 1807 while Thorkelin worked, Sharon Turner hastily mistranslated a fragment of it (20%) in the 2nd edition of his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*. Turner’s rendition was so disjointed and inaccurate (shuffling pages, overlooking one, decoding “Grendel” as “swamp” or misreading Beowulf’s fight with Grendel as Hrothgar committing a murder) that any hint at the poem’s essence stayed hidden. In 1815 Thorkelin’s full Latin translation revealed it to scholars, but it was Grundtvig’s 1820 Danish translation (correcting some of Thorkelin’s errors) that revealed it to the world for what it was, the monumental pagan heroic tale, and a magnificently written tour de force of surprising literary merit, long preserved in oral tradition, then carried to England by Danish invaders where it was overlaid with a coating 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 Völsungs, and Grendel, the monster of monsters, who regularly visits Hrothgar’s hall to carry off and devour his warriors.

L'épopée française

[Epics]

Roland ou la Chevalerie

[The Song of Roland]

Translated from old French to new by E. J. Delécluze

(Paris [Jules Labitte], 1845).

2 vols. 1st edition of the first direct translation of Le Chanson de Roland into modern French, not one of those half-hearted revampings corrupted with the affectations of editors seeking petty immortality by trying to impose their own graffiti. It is the oldest known major work of French literature, an anonymous, 1,000 year old ambition merging history and myth. And also in this edition of it are excerpts from other epics, including The Song of the Saxons, and some parts of King Arthur. Contemporary 1/4 French calf, spine tips chipped, light wear to corners, a 3/4" X 1/2" skinned streak to the vol. II board (see picture), foxing mostly at margins, else very good, uncut (!), not unattractive, and complete with half-titles, fly-titles, contents and the 6 page ad. It looks like OCLC locates 4 dozen copies, in varying condition, and it isn't even that scarce, however when it's complete and uncut, it's as scarce as husbands who vacuum. 400



The Song of Roland is a 4,000 line heroic poem of warfare, parlay, deceit, withdrawal, treachery, ambush, loyalty, bravery, valor, revenge, victory, trial, and justice, in that order. It was written between 1040 and 1115, but it's set during the first medieval renaissance in 778 (the Carolingian era) when Charlemagne's Franks defeated the Spanish Muslims at the battle of Roncesvalles. 9 somewhat contemporary manuscripts are known in various forms of Old French. The earliest of them (written in Anglo-Norman, ca. 1129–1165) is now at The Bodleian Library (Oxford). The author is unknown. A name (Turol) is at the base of the Bodleian manuscript but whether he was its author, its scribe, or the oral singer, remains in debate. What is known is that the poem was written in non-rhyming laisses, or stanzas of irregular length, each line having 10 syllables, each being divided by a caesura after the 4th syllable, and with each line's last stressed syllable having the same vowel sound as every other line's last stressed syllable in that stanza. The genus is chanson de geste, a medieval literary form that spotlights action rather than introspection, so the individuals are typecasts, delineated by a few prominent features, with little explanation, (beyond what is apparent) for their behavior. The story moves at a fast pace, only slowing down to recount a central scene more than once, so as to concentrate on different details, or show it from different perspective, with all the views and anti-views, parallelism, objectivity, and contrasts that implies.

[Epics]

The Mabinogion

from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest, and other ancient Welsh Manuscripts
translated by Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Guest
(London, 1849).

3 vols. 1st edition English. Technically the 1st complete edition, or, 1st book edition in English (the earlier volumes of this edition's serialized parts issue, 1838–1849, precede, but the last part and this book were a synchronized issue). The Mabinogion collects the primitive traces of British myth and legend, among them one of the primary bases for King Arthur. Contemporary full morocco, the covers and spines include the monogram of someone who took themselves far too seriously, edges gilt, 2 bookplates, 1 presenting the set, and 1 identifying the giftee, else very good, and most copies look like they've been tortured in the library of Torquemada. Coll: vol I: p. xiii, 411, vol II: p. 444, vol 3: p. 400 (complete with all 3 half-titles, facsimile documents, vignettes, etc.). **700**

11 (chiefly medieval) Welsh tales collectively referred to as The Mabinogion. They hail from oral tradition, most before 1100, and are preserved in 2 Welsh manuscripts, the Llyfr coch Hergest (The Red Book of Hergest, ca.1375–1425),



and the Llyfr Gwyn Rhydderch (The White Book of Rhydderch, ca.1300–1325). Mabinogion (a scribal error for mabinogi) originally referred to 4 of the tales, also called the 4 branches, but Lady Guest settled on Mabinogion as a general title for the entire compilation. Its depth is hidden on its surface, so from shell to core are contrasting accounts of battles and quests, gods and men, penance and vindication, heroes and beasts, kinship and kingship, and birth (the crying sunrise) and death (one day you get sick and you don't get better). It transmits much of ancient British culture, and adeptly combines the mysticism of Celtic mythology, feudal Europe's Age of Chivalry, and Arthurian legend. No data links The Mabinogion, as a muse for Chrétien de Troyes' Yvain (The Knight of the Lion), but Culhwch and Olwen (from The Mabinogion's

Red Book) was fully referenced by Geoffrey of Monmouth for the Arthurian section in his *Historia Regum Britanniae* (The History of the Kings of Britain), 1136, which was Thomas Malory's fount for *Le Morte d'Arthur*, although for the wrongly educated (worse than the uneducated), who are steadfast in their conviction that Geoffrey's book is the original source for everything English, I might as well shout my chronology into a sock and throw it off a bridge.

an urgent call for harmony in a world of disorder

[Epics]

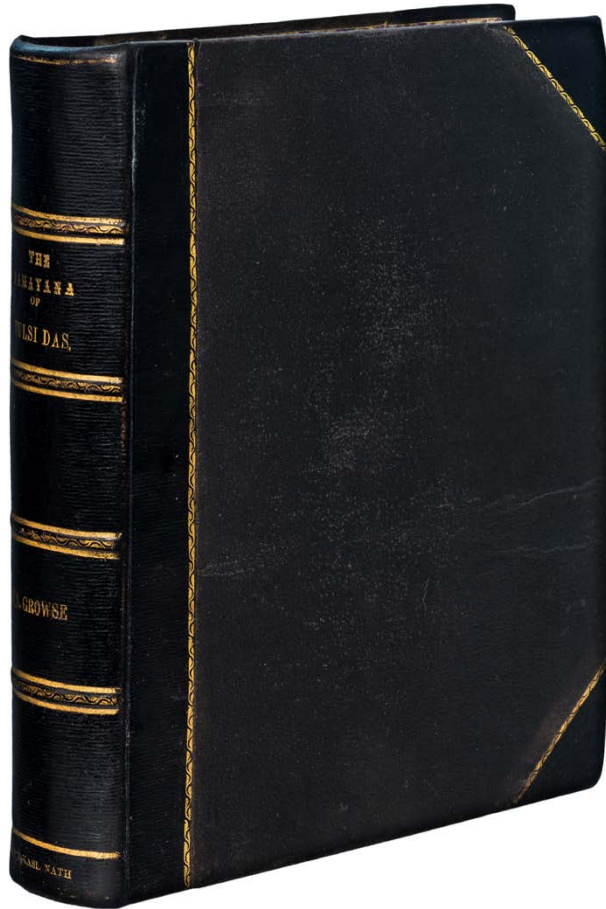
The Ramayana

From the Hindu of Tulsī Das. Translated into English by F. S. Growse
(Allahabad [North–Western Provinces and Oudh Government Press], 1883).

1st complete edition in English preceded only by an abridged, 1878 partial edition of 201 pages, against the 612 pages of our edition, which contains a considerably more complete, dependable, and comprehensible text, and adds a frontispiece and 16 plates (1 double page). Contemporary 3/4 black calf, inner paper hinges reinforced, else very good condition. OCLC locates (what I count as) 6 copies of our edition, and 3 more of the 1878 edition in libraries. ABPC records no copies of either edition sold at auction in the last 50 years. Ex–The Garden Library Jaipur and Pundit, Kasinath Nerher (3 small stamps). **3,800**

Rāmāyaṇa (Rama's Journey) is the Indian epic from the 5th to 4th centuries B. C. by the Hindu sage and Sanskrit poet Valmiki, edited by the Hindu poet and philosopher Tulsī Dās (1532–1623) and it is his adaptation that was translated into English by Growse for this edition. It introduces dharma, explores values, and outlines the ideal models for various mortal roles, concepts now flippantly condensed in our 21st century Western synopsis as: all the guiding principles for a meaningful life can be found in ironing a shirt.

The 17 plates, that suitably introduce scenes from the tale, are taken from an illuminated manuscript in the Maharaja of Benares' library, and added to them are germane photographic scenes of some historic importance.



Faith (in all of its innumerable sincerities) has survived the discovery that the Earth is not the center of the solar system. It has survived the discovery that the Sun is not the center of the universe. And it will survive the discovery that the universe is not the center of anything.

End of Epics



in a never repaired contemporary binding

Fielding, Henry

The History of Tom Jones
(London, 1749).

6 vols. 1st edition (2,000 printed) complete with the errata slip in vol. I, and all of Rothschild's cancels as called for (vol. I, B9/1. vol. II, B4/5. vol. III, H8/10, M3, Q11. vol. V, N8. vol. VI, B5). And now for a sentence you won't read often about the 1st edition of Tom Jones: Contemporary full calf, unrepaired in any way, neither rebound, restored, repaired, or rebacked, untouched both inside and outside, and you can draw a chalk outline around your dreams for another copy, because Tom Jones is an anomaly in this natural state, and just not offered for sale anymore. Spines worn, chipped at the tips, joints worn but holding, sides rubbed too, some stray foxing, 8 pages in vol. IV (gathering O), bound slightly out of order, all of these flaws dismissible for such a book, as sets in this unadulterated state are not only rare in 2015, but have been rare for 50

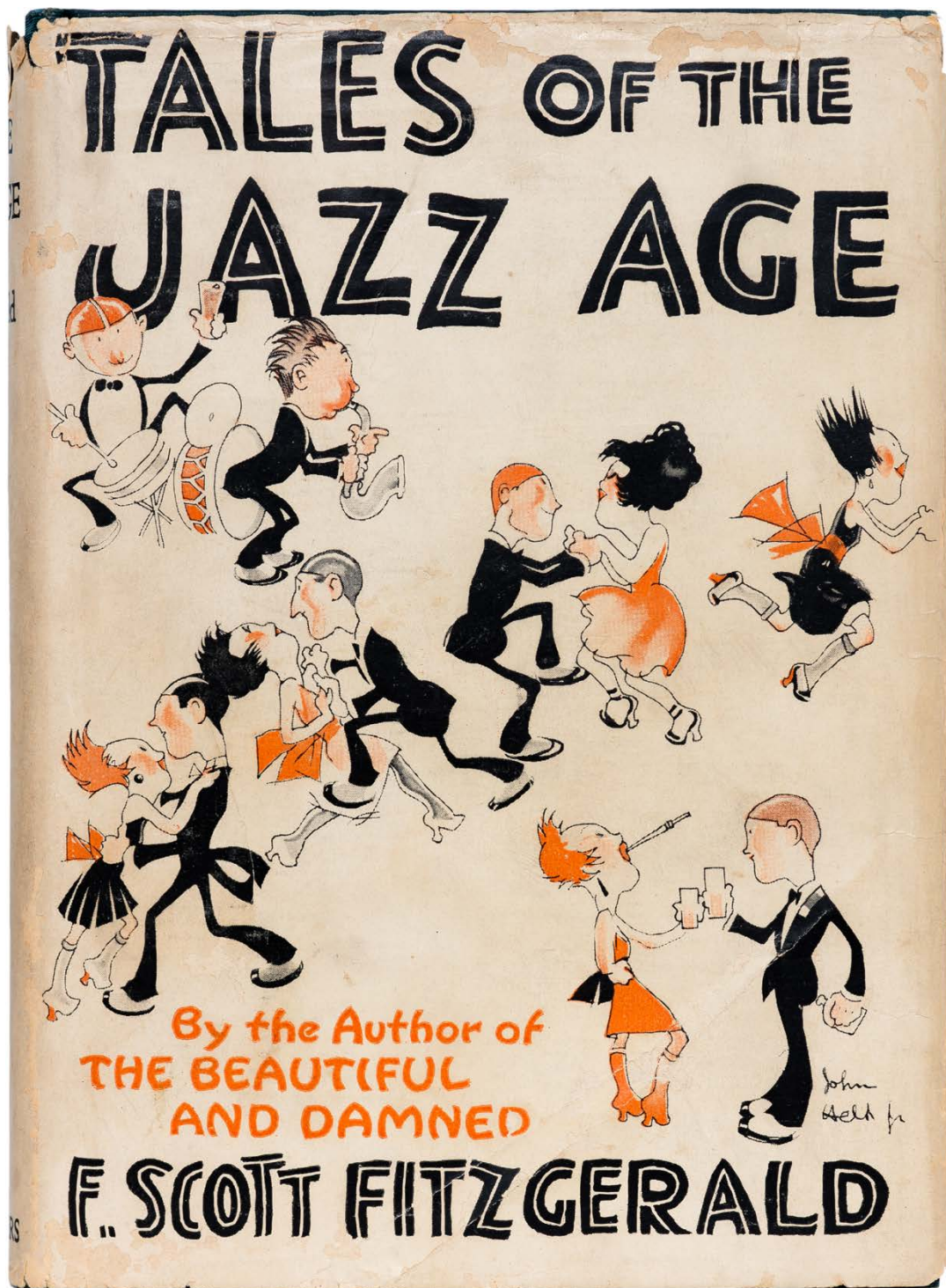
years, raising the question, why would you buy this title repaired, or worse, rebacked, or worse yet, in a 19th or 20th century binding, when an undishonored 1st edition like this one is available for no premium? Ex–Lord (Charles) Townshend (1700–1764) with his neat ownership signature in each volume. Ex–Alexander Hamilton (bookplates), a good 18th century sailor, not the great 18th century Treasurer and bad 19th century duelist. **8,500**

Fielding had a passion for taking the novel to new heights, to be a fireball eating all the oxygen, and he teased this passion with his 1742 novel, *Joseph Andrews*. But *Joseph Andrews* was a response to, and a side story of, Richardson's *Pamela*, with essentially the same characters. By comparison, *Tom Jones* made construction an art, in a perfect union of theory and practice. It presented the fully developed narrator in all of his detachment, and exploited the sly and intentional use of misdirection. It was to earlier novels what the machine gun was to horse cavalry, a flash–mob of creative initiative that used the underpinnings of its predecessors, not to stand on, but to leap from.

The film was among cinema's unconditionally greatest. It won the 1965 Oscar for best picture, and though less intricate than the book, the pace is just as frenetic, and it offers a night of exhilaration and joy, while patently modeling the crux of what makes films great, all for the price of a Netflix download.

A few words about positioning *Tom Jones*. It is widely known as the first of something important (more often than any other book it's hailed as the first modern novel), but it did not appear in a void, and so, it is, as much, the last (the culmination) of something even more important, that reaches back 600 years. And though I am no historian, I'll touch that past for its connections. From the 12th to the early 16th century, the major lay intellectuals of Western Europe were in Italy. Whereas elsewhere on the subcontinent, ecclesiastics controlled educational institutions and intellectual life generally, in Italy (primarily in the northern and central parts of the peninsula), laymen played a key role as early as the 12th century and became dominant after 1300. Before that, lay intellectuals were largely associated with legal studies, but after 1300, Italian humanism emerged, a movement that ultimately established layman's lives as equal in value to those of the clerics and monks. Originally, its genesis was founded in rhetoric, a legacy from the medieval *dictators*, and only later did it become a philosophy of life. But the methods and goals of its education were clearly defined by the 15th century (yay Padua), originally tied to professions, and then dispersed to become the underpinnings of elite education in all of Western Europe, in many ways, until the upheaval of W. W. I.

So, what does this have to do with *The History of Tom Jones*? Well, Fielding's novel is a consequence of the mighty struggle between education and disaster (and disaster almost won), and for all the awakened advance of invention that it was, it had a base, and that base traces to the dawn of humanism, of which it is just one (albeit a glorious and presaging one) of its many aftermaths.

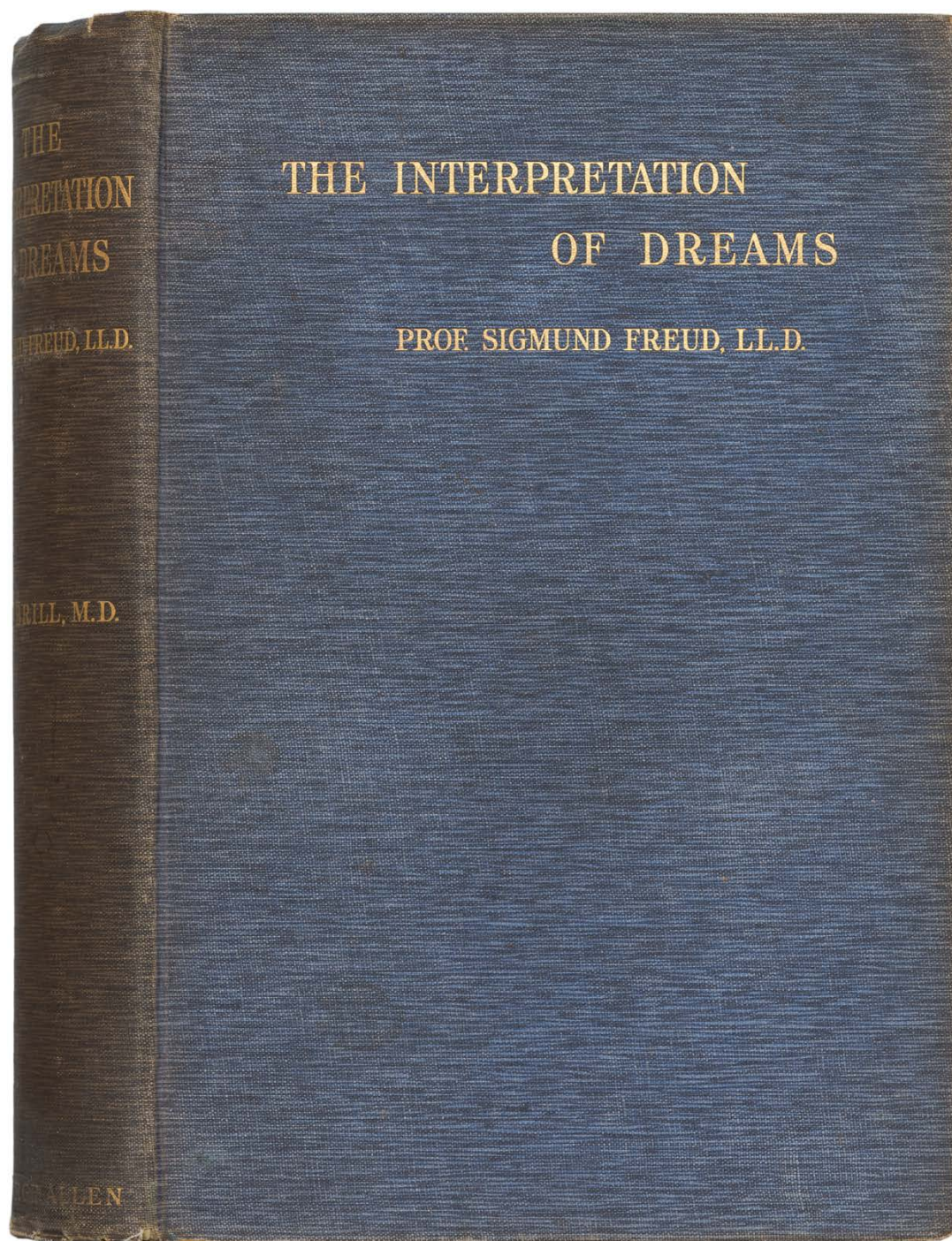


even "too late" comes at its proper time

Fitzgerald, F. Scott

Tales of the Jazz Age
(NY, 1922).

1st edition of the self-same book that gave the era its name. Brucoli says 8,000

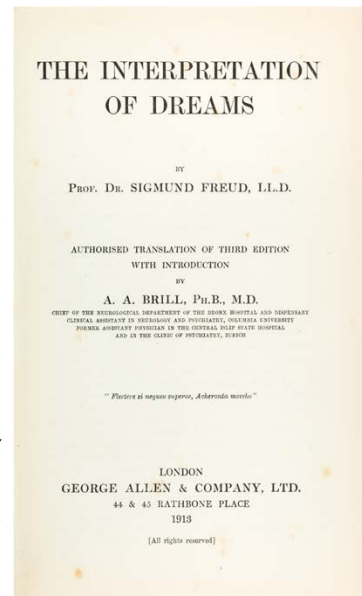


Freud, Sigmund

The Interpretation of Dreams
(London, 1913).

1st edition in English, the scarce 1st state, and also the 1st issue. But why is it the 1st state? Let's snuggle up against the bibliography without falling into it. All the 1st edition sheets were printed in England, but only a small fraction of them were issued there with an integral London (George Allen) title page.

Almost all of the sheets were sent to the U. S. for the New York (1st American) edition, and they were issued there with a cancel title page, followed by copies with an integral title (likely a case of initially printing a title page to be tipped in as a cancel, and then printing a single sheet bifolium which was sewn in for the integral title page, but not reprinting the text, that came even later). Exact publication dates are not known but the London edition is, inarguably, the 1st state with its integral London title page, exactly as the book was 1st printed. It precedes, the NY edition, probably by a week, or 2. And besides it being the primary edition, it's 20 times (40 times?) scarcer than the NY edition, of which there are always copies for sale, mostly because the London issue was reserved for, and only sold to, "the medical, scholastic, legal, and clerical professions" and never sold to the public, and a printed publisher's note, tipped-in to all copies (present in our copy, missing in others) ratifies this. For contrast, ABPC records 8 copies of the NY issue sold at auction since the mid-1970s, against no copies of this London issue. Original cloth, not known by me to exist in, or have been issued in, a dustjacket. 3 faint spots to the cloth, spine faded a shade darker, first and last few leaves foxed, else near fine (see photograph). Want more? It's a superb association copy. Ex-Dr. Alan W. Tyson, eminent psychiatrist, assistant editor of Freud's Works, and the translator of 3 of Freud's books, as well as 3 of his clinical papers. Our copy has 6 pages of Tyson's apt, closely written, pencil notes on the 4 rear blanks and endpapers, the notes themselves a dissection of the text as earnest as any published. **6,000**



Incorrect attributions of priority for the NY edition follow a simple minded projection from insufficient data; that because the translation, was done by an American (A. A. Brill) the N. Y. issue must precede, another case of convenient erroneous conclusions (bikinis cause hot weather, or spoons make you fat) here drawn from the guesses of expediency, motivated by either materialism (given that it is the NY edition that booksellers always have in hand to sell), or an inability (moral exhaustion?) to be honestly discerning (like having garbage can security judged by raccoons, or tennis ball inflation judged by Golden Retrievers). But our book is the genuine article, and comparing this London edition to the New York edition is like comparing a peach, to peach scented room freshener. And here's a social warning. "Let me tell you about my dream last night..." is, at all times, an introduction that calls for the interjection, "Hold it right there!"

"Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you,
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you..."

-Gus Kahn, Dream a Little Dream of Me
www.youtube.com/watch?v=NLkCzeeR91c

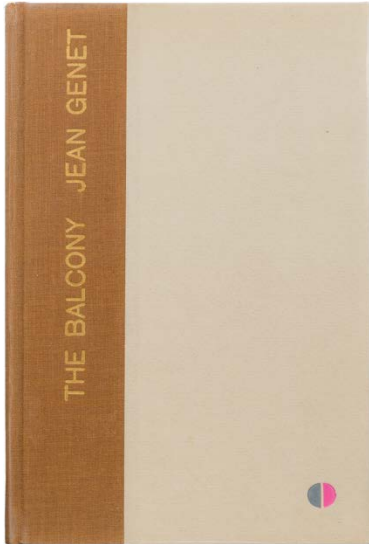
Genet, Jean

The Balcony
[Le Balcon]
(NY, 1958).

1st edition in English of the expressionist play. The book is fine, the original acetate dustjacket has some small chips and tears, but even unprinted, transparent jackets are an essential component in the collecting of post-modern books. The 1956 Paris edition (the editio princeps), is abundant. **Contrarily, our book is one of 26 lettered copies signed by Genet, and it's self-evidently scarce in any condition, and scarcer in jacket.** **2,500**

I suppose by now you have surmised that the asides in this catalog are not a values-free inquiry, but if you haven't, what follows, should leave no doubt.

Being unaware that there are intricacies to be understood within any area of



collecting generally, and the rare book market in particular, is the private affair of buying your books as the whims of accident take you, like playing solitary Nerf basketball in your own living room. On the other hand, recognizing that there are intricacies, and having identified quality as one of them, and still buying lesser copies when you can afford better ones, either because you let yourself be duped, or dupe yourself, is like playing pro basketball in public and betting against your own team. An adjoining trial is book descriptions that trample the truth about rarity, bibliography, or condition (it's not the sin it's the cynicism) piled on by bookselling's creepy Uncles, who lie and lie, until there is no one left to lie to.

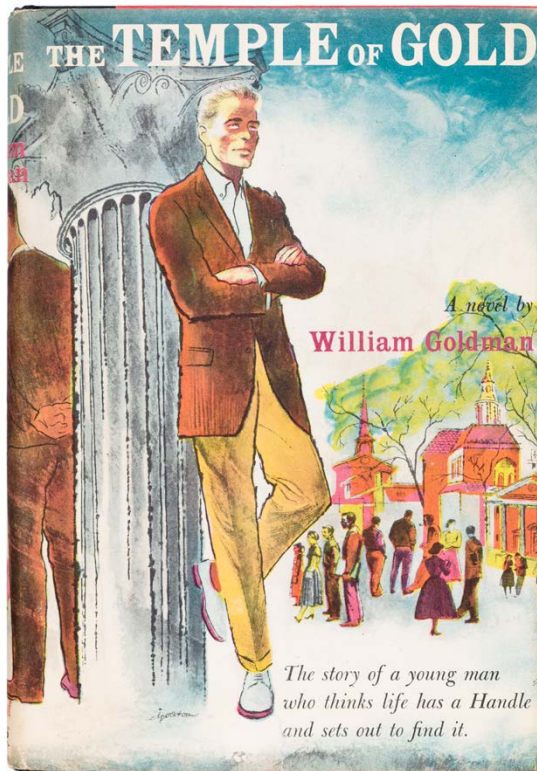
For the book buyer: Sundry styles of lying can only be identified in sundry ways, best analyzed during the untempted, coherent interval. And like a trio of guppies named Behemoth, Goliath, and Leviathan, there are 3, hard to accept, paradoxes, each more alluring than the NY Post's "Headless Body in Topless Bar."

1. The seducer's desire to seduce is less of a threat than our desire to be seduced.
2. The deceiver's unscrupulousness is less of a threat than our childishly energized curiosity to investigate the deception.
3. The liar's need to think of us as inferior is less of a threat than our need to feel so smart (or so important) that we need to be lied to.

For the bookseller: "The fallacy of composition" is one of Maynard Keynes economic laws, bearing down upon the little world of antiquarian books in a degenerating spiral through fib-filled catalog or online descriptions. Keynes law states that a strategy designed in the conviction that what works for one will work for all is a fallacy. An oft-used example is that if a single bank hoards

cash it will be more financially stable, but if all banks hoard cash the economy will collapse. Another is that if 1 person stands up at a baseball game, that person can see better, but if everyone stands up, none can see better and all are less comfortable. By extrapolation then, if one book cataloger always lies in his or her narratives, that seller may profit for awhile, although eventually the only customers they will have left are the kind of idiots who, in an imagined emergency, frantically search Google for 911's phone number, and this idiot club will reinforce the liar's notion that all librarians and collectors are stupid. But if most catalogers lie, the entire field is corrupted, the confidence of all buyers is lost, and they fade away as certainly as the pastel Easter bunny colors on the spine of a sunstruck dustjacket.

Seeking to grasp the macro by surveying the micro, I'll isolate, and fix on, physical accounts (condition), though misuse of "rare" is just as bad (only an inept con calls a book rare when 5 copies are plainly for sale), and deceitful bibliography is many times more depraved (it's a brazen lie to substitute 2nd issue just because a seller is afraid to admit their book is a 2nd printing). The twisting, flailing, tumble to the bottom began with the mutation from a pure definition of "fine" (a book that looks new) to a comparative one (a book noticeably nicer than the median considering its age), and this warp traces back to the early 19th century, and for 100 years after, it was a handy way for buyers to test a seller's standards, at least for those who knew (or cared) about such things (the ones disparaged by the trade as "too fussy"). By 1900 condition guidelines began to oscillate, with praise filled auction house portrayals tied to books of slightly better than middling fitness, and by the 1920s some retailers began to mimic them, then found new lows by offering books constructed like Frankenstein's creature without citing their assembly. In the '50s the pendulum swung back towards accountability, and by 1970 warranted trust was almost recovered. Then greed began to methodically overwhelm conscience, and by 1995 (hello internet) bad sellers began coming over the top rope for good buyers with every imaginable trickery permeating their descriptions, especially, but not limited to, those posted online, and the slipperiest argot has passed from one Pinocchio to another, and these emulsifiers of idioms (giving mercurial notions the strength of steel) are now armed with a war chest full of nakedly evasive terms used to square circles and mug the shell shocked shopper. So any old binding is smugly called original, the word "good" gets attached to a book that looks like a wedding cake left out in a rainstorm, the words "very good" are glibly replaced by "excellent," the word "fine" is shamelessly attached to copies with flaws (always a signal to run), repairs and restorations are depicted as a beneficial enhancement, glue sticks and scotch tape are deemed archival, the welts, bruises, and gaping wounds of outright abuse are dismissed as usual wear, or worse, buried under the sweeping refuge of "above average," and small faults are mentioned (the bone the burglar throws to the dog) while disfiguring scars are ignored, and this last technique is utilized like the blind date description that speaks the first 4 words clearly and drops the last 4, such as, "he's a great guy, except when he's angry" or (gender equality) "she's a beautiful girl, except for her face" (Book Code).



Goldman, William

The Temple of Gold
(NY, 1957).

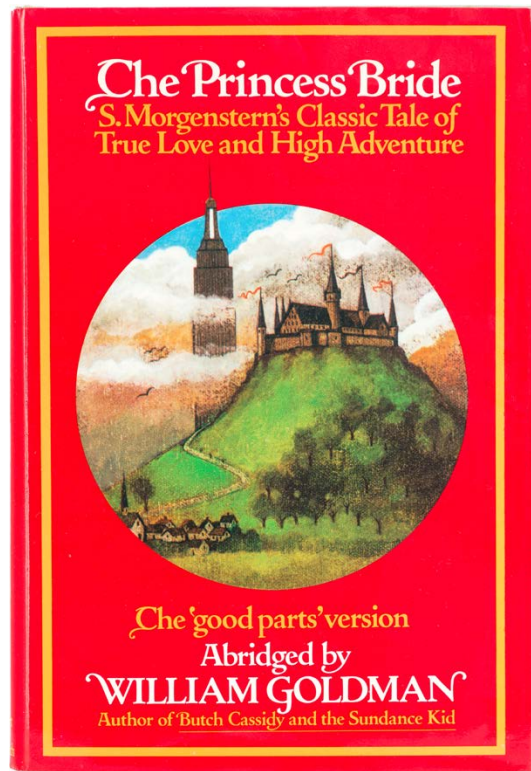
1st edition of his first novel. Fine in a dustjacket with a single 5/8" edge tear, otherwise fine, price clipped, but price is not a point of printing or issue. 100

Guillermo Orohombre, you killed my father, prepare to die

Goldman, William

The Princess Bride
(NY, 1973).

1st edition. Fine in fine jacket, and buying a copy with wear is like buying a lighter and thinking you're a dragon. Princess Bride is the leap, a modernization of fairy tales unlike anything ever written before it, a herald to those that followed, and to those yet to be envisioned, and though it is not yet exalted for its invention to the extent it should be, a fact remains a fact, even if it's ignored. The novel premiered a dozen pioneering ideas to thrill the reader's mind with a vortex of new experiences, but being practical, its \$625 price in a commercial catalog, prevents me from giving it the 2 pages suitable for even a shallow autopsy, however, here's 1 cut: Goldman repeatedly inverts traditional, romantic fairy tale situations, setting predictable, familiar scenes, then upending them, obliging the reader to reassess any previous expectations of literature. 42 years later we don't expect new ideas from novels, and find our innovation in smart phone apps, chocolate desserts, internet scams, pro football game plans, résumé enhancements, Manolo Blahnik sandals, and excuses why your name is on Ashley Madison. 625

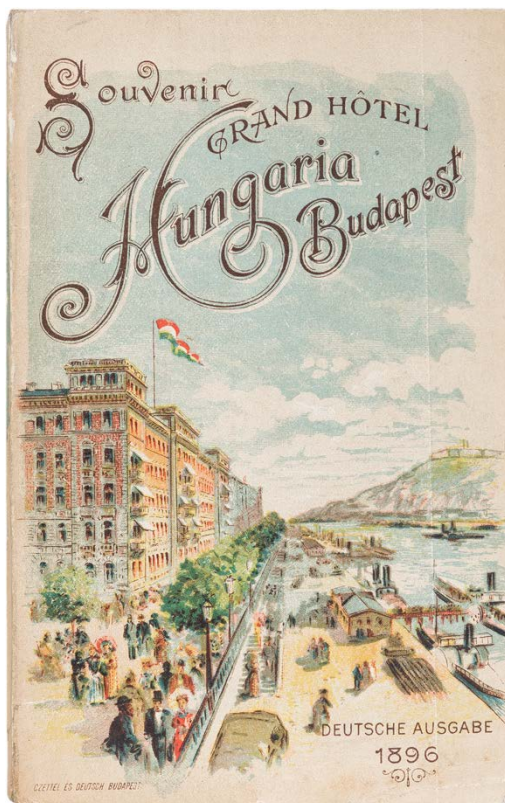


[The Grand Budapest Hotel] **Das Grand Hotel Hungaria in Budapest** (Budapest, 1896).

1st edition (in English!). A 132 page souvenir brochure from the utopia on the Danube. Original wrappers. Illustrations, ads, etc. Fine. Rarer than a winner who acknowledges that the victory was all luck. **200**

An ingeniously bizarre 2014 film was set in a dreamlike recreation of this hotel, and you can download it if you're bored with the sameness of modern movies.

You say you like to travel? Well, unless you've found a new hallucinogenic, you aren't going to vacation in this hotel as it was in 1896, so here's an idea. Why not just stay home and tear up a \$10 bill every time somebody smiles at you?



Gray, Harold **Little Orphan Annie** (NY, 1926).

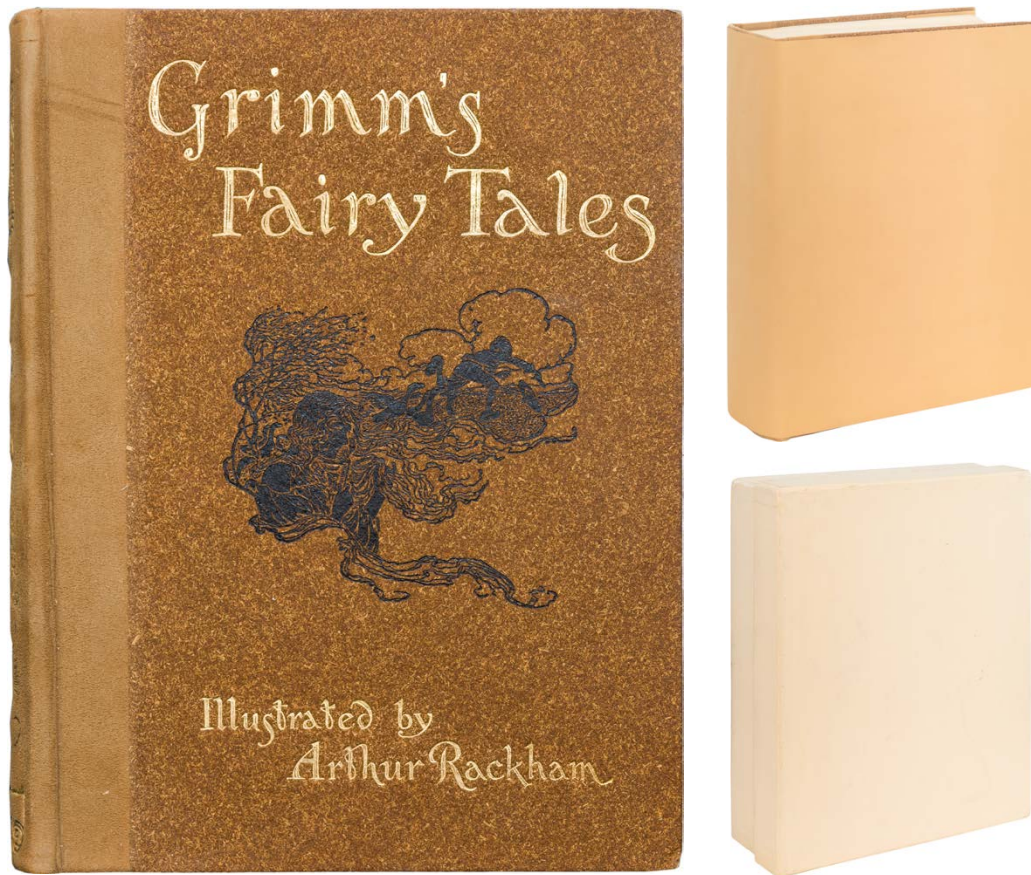
1st edition (50¢, etc.). The first Annie book, preceded only by newspaper strips beginning in 1924. Pictorial boards, wear to corners else near fine, in a dustjacket with some chips and tears else very good. **250**

Gray created Annie when he met a street urchin while wandering around Chicago looking for cartooning ideas.

"I talked to this little kid and liked her right away. She had common sense. Knew how to take care of herself. She had to. Her name was Annie. At the time some



40 strips were using boys as the main characters; only 3 were using girls. I chose Annie for mine, and made her an orphan, so she'd have no family, no tangling alliances, but freedom to go where she pleased." –Harold Gray, 1952



in original dustjacket and box

Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm

Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm

Illustrated by Arthur Rackham (NY, 1909).

1st edition, 1st printing, American issue (both issues of the 1st edition were printed simultaneously in England, with some randomly selected sheets imprinted London and some NY without priority). Original 1/4 suede, fine condition (blazing), in the publisher's unprinted dustjacket and box, tears to the jacket and splits to the edges of the box once tape repaired, the tape now gone and the tears and splits expertly restored (jacket now looks fine, box near fine), and a rarity when all of its components are present, and only the NY issue was published in this format. There was also a limited, signed state of 800 copies (750 London and 50 NY) but this trade edition is 10 times scarcer when it's in jacket and box, and ours (albeit expensive) is the best copy of it in the world so far. 40 fabulous color plates and 55 line drawings, vastly superior to Rackham's lowly 1900 Grimm, done with only 1 color picture (a frontis), and all the other drawings in black and white. This is the illustrator's greatest book, and the greatest illustrated Grimm, a perfect blend of artist and tales, not always so with Rackham, as some of his best work was wasted on incompatible subjects, and some of his best subjects got a hurried Rackham who painted like he was reeling from turpentine intoxication, for which he then took bows as if he had just been un-nailed from the cross. **5,000**



Hansel and Gretel



The Pythagorean Theory of Music and Color

the real 1st printing, signed twice by Hall

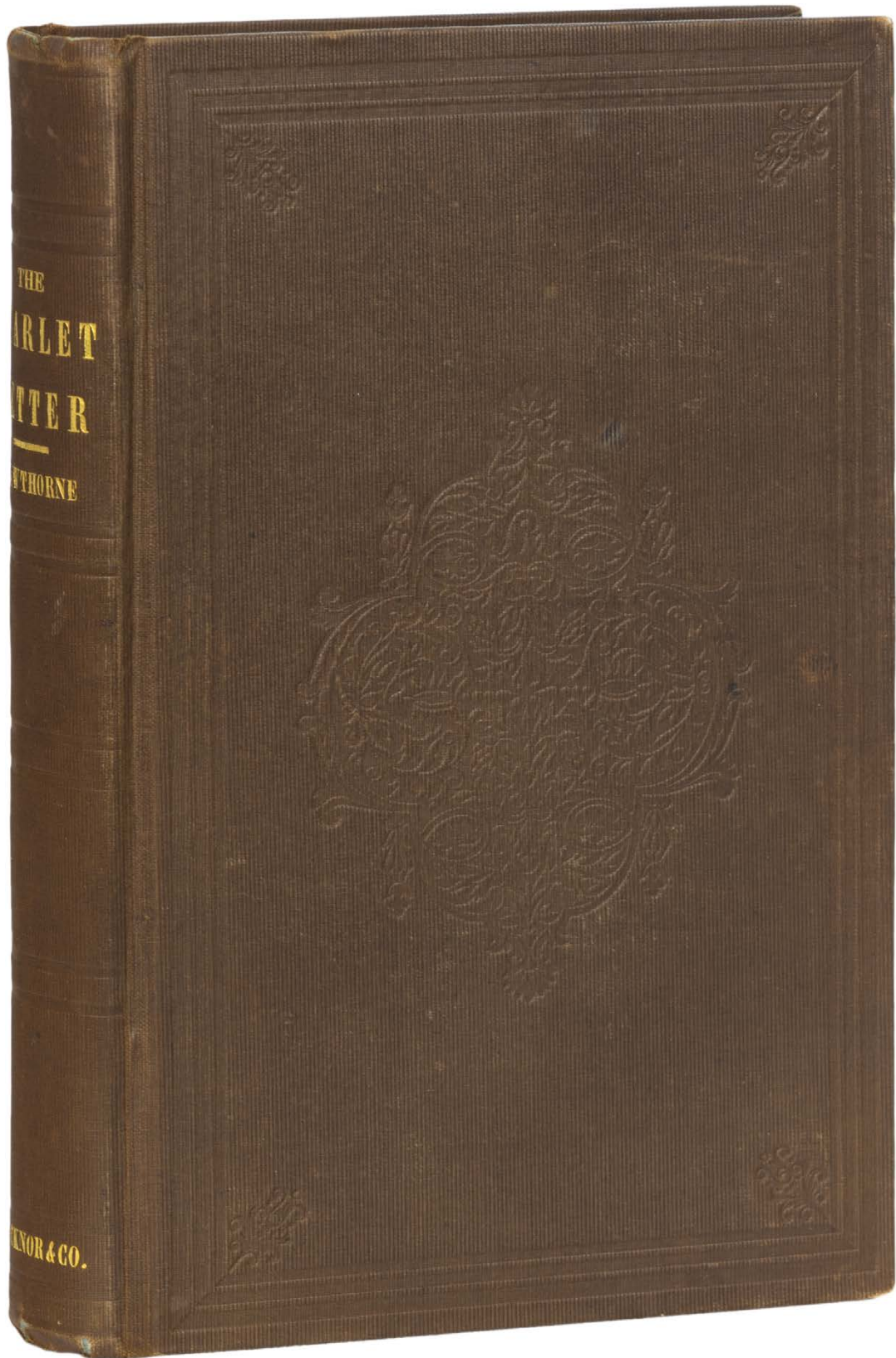
Hall, Manly P.

**An Encyclopedic Outline
...the Secret Teachings...of All Ages
(San Francisco, 1928).**

1st edition, 1st issue, being the authentic Subscriber's Edition, which was followed by 4 other (later) 1928 editions (King Solomon Edition, Theosophical Edition, Rosicrucian Edition, and the Fifth Edition), totaling (in all) 2,200 copies, and then further reprintings, each of them ever more inferior, with blurrier pictures, and the type traits of a ransom note. **One of 550 signed and numbered copies, and while not called for, this one is also inscribed, and signed a second time.** Folio (19" tall). Original 1/4 vellum, paper covered boards, title label, and paper covered wood slipcase (photographed in case). 2 short breaks to the spine at the joints neatly strengthened, little dots of wear, else near fine. **3,500**

Hall's encyclopedia is often lauded as a dreamlike monument to the precursors of science that ought to be studied, and one of the elite books ever published. Or it is scorned as a fall into the shadows, written at the command of his insect overlords. It encompasses everything, so is firm on nothing, reminiscent of ants getting stepped on, and not knowing what hit them, but explaining it with an esoteric name like, spontaneous compression. The symbolism (in it's plates) is unmatched in other books, and the text has a veneer of historical data that is mostly factual, despite its focus being mostly magical, and it's the confusing kind of magic usually practiced by those who have no flair for conversation. Not that 21st century astrophysicists have much flair for conversation either, and for confusion these overconfident absolutists take a credible observation, such as that the universe is currently expanding, and then declare that it will expand forever, despite having not yet uncovered the laws (gravitational lensing won't work) governing what constitutes 85% of the known (dark matter) and now drives it (dark energy). So what are you to believe? Well, what's safe to believe is that this is a phenomenal book. The maximus color plates are stunning, the alchemical and numinous subjects are comprehensive, the layout is accessible, the text is economical and congenial, and though there's a lot in it that feels like sewing a button on custard, and there isn't much in it that's more secret than the recipe for ice, the coalescing of philosophy, imagery, religion, mysticism, and science is prudent, intriguing, forthright, and judicious, and moreover, it's an atypical mingling, meaning, it's not to be found elsewhere in literature.





THE
SCARLET
LETTER
—
BY
MARY W. THORNE

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM & CO.

almighty condition

Hawthorne, Nathaniel

The Scarlet Letter
(Boston, 1850).

1st edition of his first novel (2,500 copies that sold out in 10 days), with all the long itemized printing errors (“reduplicate” for “repudiate” page 21, line 20, etc.) but B. A. L. notes that these printing errors are not points of issue as all 2,500 1st editions are textually identical. And I’ll note that bookseller’s descriptions citing those errors to support claims of 1st issue, are bookseller nonsense, and a sign of that seller’s willingness to expand the gap between language and truth. 4 pages of ads at the front dated March 1, 1850, the ads you would expect to see in a book published in March, and the ads almost always seen in 1st editions of The Scarlet Letter. And though October, 1849 ads are seen occasionally, they also show up in the 2nd edition, indicating that they were used when the publisher ran out of March ads, and if this is true, then they would represent the last copies bound up, not the first, all meaningless as 1st editions were arbitrarily shipped to retail bookstores on publication day. Ref: B. A. L. 7600. Clark A16.1. Original brown cloth (also seen black with no priority), and though the publisher advertised the book as being available in both cloth and paper wrappers, copies of the latter are a chimera. Fine condition, 3 dots of faint rubbing to the base of the spine are more identifiers than defects and less weighty than dust on a scale, a glimmering copy, with no cloth spots, tighter than the relationship between stupidity and cruelty, never repaired, finer than the other 1st editions seen for higher prices, even those for much higher prices (see photo), and copies out there for lower prices have flaws (disclosed and undisclosed) the size of Mussolini’s ego, and you should back away from them faster than a house cat backs away from an over-flowing bathtub. And speaking of house cats, 2016 will be the year they re-take control of the internet, with a new feline viral rage, The Mice Bucket Challenge. **12,000**

The historical novel effectively rotated into psychological romance, and a chilling vision of the ease with which infantile, imitation sorcery usurps religion, (superstition crowds out faith). It’s sculpted with a strictly American perspective, and set from 1642–1649 in vapid, stiff, stagnant, meddling, and painfully small minded Puritan Boston (more frightening than a world without conscience), where it reconnoiters sin, and its 11 orbiting themes of alienation, humiliation, passion, spiritual regeneration, solitude, identity, morality, loyalty, legalism, guilt, and the search for dignity, and it does so with a triumphant employment of symbolism and allegory, all captured in 180 pages of Hawthorne’s impeccably dense and terse craftsmanship. At the epicenter of those orbits is a voyage into 17th century wickedness (apple and serpent), a frenzy of moralism so peculiar and suffocating as to seem extraterrestrial in our 21st century, when Christianity has relaxed to such an extent that the 7 deadly sins have transmuted into food, housing, taxes, respectability, children, clothing, and work, and though the angels still play Bach while going about their task of praising God, when they’re on their own time, they play Blondie.



Hilton, James **Goodbye Mr. Chips**
(Boston, 1935).

1st Illustrated edition (the real 1st was 1934). An adored book despite a title that sounds like what might be yelled just before somebody gets stabbed in the neck. **One of 600 signed by Hilton and R. M. Brock, the artist.** Fine in Vellum backed boards, tissue dustjacket, chipped and with a long tear, but integral and otherwise good (photographed in the jacket), and paper slipcase, spine faded but near fine, and complete as published. The book and slipcase are

everywhere, but the jacket is scarce, and like all tissue jacketed books it carries the orthodox guidance: Whether or not you buy our copy, do not buy this edition without the dustjacket. That said, signed limited editions are to presentation copies of the trade edition, as zoo animals are to wild animals (Book Code). **135**

the so gorgeous copy

Hughes, Dorothy

The So Blue Marble
(NY, 1940).

1st edition of her first novel, a dark, hardboiled, enigmatic, bad dream, set in New York and pierced by a missing treasure, an elegantly high fashion female protagonist (Griselda), a pair of dashing twin killers, a psychotic little sister, and a string of rhythmic murders, sieved through a plotline packed tighter than a ballpark sausage, with concise sentences and succinct prose. 1 faint spot to cloth else fine, a gleaming copy, in an equally gleaming dustjacket with 2 small tears at the folds, but otherwise in fine condition (looks fresh enough to eat and bright enough to leave you blinking as if you'd stared at the sun too long), price clipped but price has no bibliographical substance. A scarce book, even in a worn out dustjacket, and 1st editions of *The So Blue Marble* in this splendid condition, are rarer than an Armageddon prediction that gets anyone's attention, and all rational hopes of finding an equal copy are as dead as Hannah Montana. **3,850**

Hughes' success foiled gender bias, and cut brush on the track for a dozen sober women authors of murder, mystery, detection, and noir, who followed her lead a decade later. And for what it's worth, 4 of her novels were filmed: *The Fallen Sparrow* with Maureen O'Hara and John Garfield (1943), *The Corpse Came C. O. D.* with Joan Blondell and George Brent (1947), *Ride the Pink Horse* with Wanda Hendrix (proof that you can only sleep your way to the middle) and Robert Montgomery (who also directed), from a screenplay by Ben Hecht (1947), and *In a Lonely Place* with Gloria Grahame and Humphrey Bogart (1950).



THE BLUE MARBLE



by **DOROTHY B.
HUGHES**

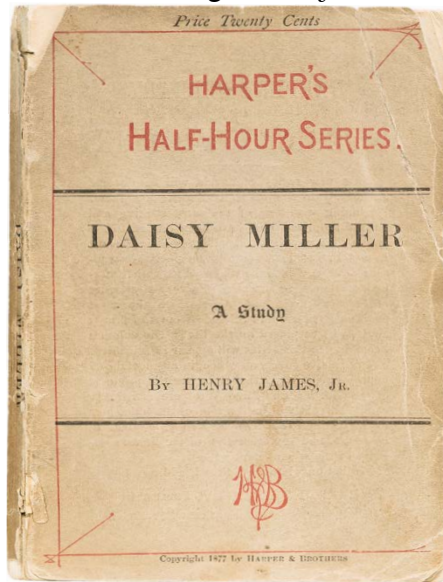
James, Henry

Daisy Miller

(NY, 1879, actually Nov. 1878).

1st edition, preceding the London edition, 1st binding and 1st issue in publisher's wrappers with the ads listing 79 titles (B. A. L. 10538). Wraps with tears, and chips to the corners and spine tips, else very good, complete and unrepaired, a rare book in wrappers, especially when it's intact. 3 copies register in the auction records going back 30 years, 2 defective copies that sold for cheap (both 20 years ago, and none after that) and 1 copy (Bradley Martin, Sotheby's, 1990) that was finer than ours, and I confess to being the underbidder for it at \$16,000. 5,500

James perfected a premise. The free and assertive but provincial American abroad, meeting worldly and cultured but feudal Europeans (or Americans who



had become Euroized), raising the question, which is more frightening, European manners or none at all? Here the form is a novella, and although he sustained it longer in *Portrait of a Lady* (an 1881 novel), and he developed it with more complexity in (among other novels) *The Ambassadors* (1903), he never did it any better than he did in *Daisy Miller*. James fancied European education over American incivility, and American earnestness over European artifice, but in this book, he studies something graver that he would revisit later, the un-lived life (safe but sad), and he doesn't simplify it by suggesting it is the absolute birthright of either continent. His favored motifs are gossip and

innocence, and though his symbols are few, the Coliseum is an obvious one, as are the names, Daisy, a flower in full bloom that dies in winter (her "Roman fever" is malaria), and (in contrast) Winterbourne. James tells his tale in an intriguingly hybrid voice, neither all-knowing, nor personally involved. And exhibiting that he was at the apex of his powers, those powers were already in wane 2 years later when he tried to turn *Daisy Miller* into a play, and made the sappy mistake of screwing the ending into a happy one (stumbling on his chains trying to prove that he was free), so, of course, the play failed. And he didn't learn from his mistake because in 1909 he revised the novella for a NY edition, forsaking most of its spirit and all of its immediacy, making it harder to read than it was to write.

So you think you'd like to be a bookseller, without working for a bookseller?

Click on and watch the video of Mark's, Feb. 9, 2014, A. B. A. A. interview at:

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

Or at:

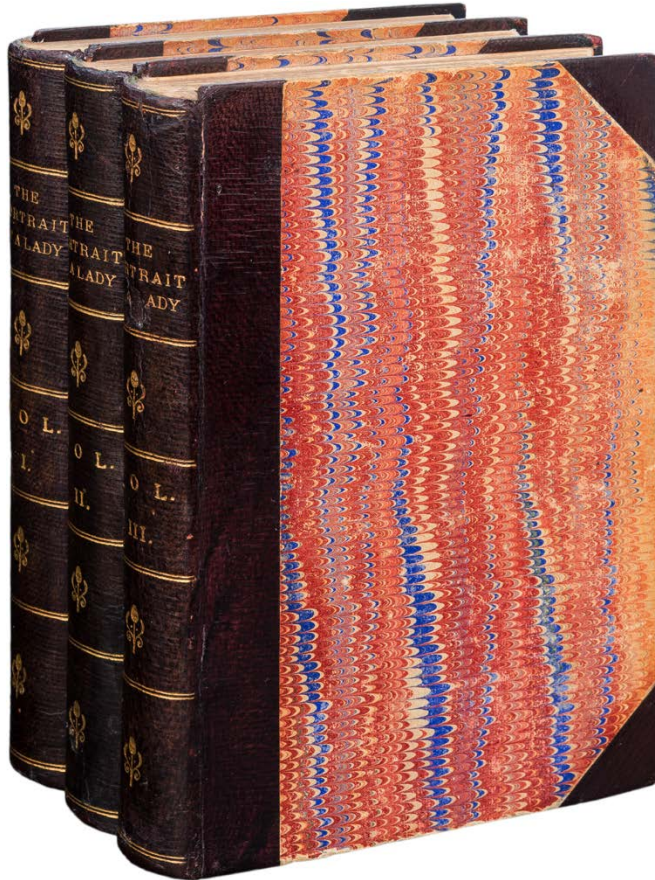
www.youtube.com/watch?v=FsR7jD7DLS8

James, Henry

The Portrait of a Lady
(London, 1881).

3 vols. 1st edition, preceding the American. 750 printed. 3/4 morocco, with all 3 genuine half-titles, spines chipped, joints and hinges strengthened, fading to sides (see photo), else very good, compassionately priced, and scarce these days (fiercely pursued by collectors and librarians, without respite, since the 1940s). **3,850**

All Victorian triple deckers are easy to criticize when they are rebound and are therefore less than the ideal, but a strictly fine set of this one in original cloth, is going to cost \$50,000, if you can find one, which you cannot, and those who would demean this one to make a statement, are only stating that they are plucky enough to scorn one when they don't have one, aren't going to get one, or have run out of medication.



Portrait of a Lady stages small lives with big themes, and an undressing of both feminine independence and sexual politics, and it's generally conceded to be the first modern novel in English. It's

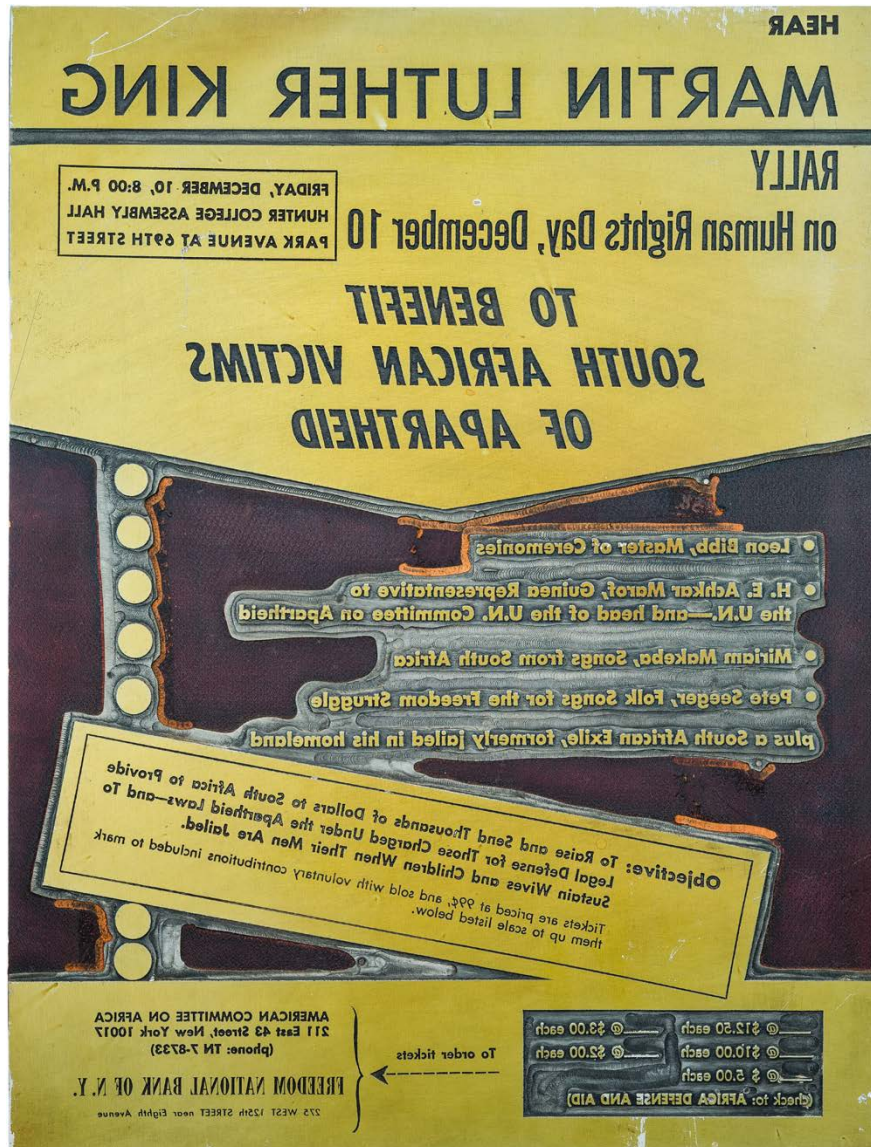
also the first novel to breathe a soul into the subject of Americans in Europe, the dominating anxiety of expatriate Paris and the Lost Generation of Americans in the 1920s, but take a step back, this door opens inward. James technique is one of refracting life through the mind and makeup of an individual, in this case Isabel Archer, young, high minded, intelligent, and liberated, but unsophisticated, a romantic protagonist cast by the author into a realist novel wherein her self-reliance and courage are used against her, a young woman doomed by her gradual acclimatization to the traditions and decadence of an older culture.

“‘You are too fond of your liberty.’

‘Yes, I think I am very fond of it. But I always want to know the things one shouldn't do.’

‘So as to do them?’ asked her aunt.

‘So as to choose,’ said Isabel. ” –page 84



King, Martin Luther, Jr.

Hear Martin Luther King

(NY [American Committee on Africa], 1965).

Zinc printing plate (12 1/4" X 16 1/4"), a relic mounted on hardwood, for the "Rally on Human Rights Day" Dec. 10, 1965, to "Benefit South African Victims of Apartheid" (raising money for the legal defense and family support of political prisoners, including Nelson Mandela). Fine condition, eyelet and wire on verso. The plate was used, posters were printed, but no copies are known, though I located 2 extant examples of a smaller leaflet with similar text. The Hunter College (NY) rally included Dr. King, Miriam Makeba, Leon Bibb, Pete Seeger, and H. E. Achkar Marof, chairman of the U. N. Committee on Apartheid (and Guinea's Delegate to the U. N.). A unique 1960s vestige, and the opening nexus formally unifying the Civil Rights and Anti-Apartheid movements. **15,000**

“this dark chest of wonders”

King, Stephen

The Stand
(NY, 1978).

1st edition of King's 823 page, post-apocalyptic fantasy, a staggering display of lofty aim, unyielding energy, and majestic imagination. **Signed and inscribed.** Fine (no remainder spray) in a dustjacket with just the teeniest (1/32") tears at the spine tips, else fine. **1,250**

Aside from his limited editions, collecting fervor for Stephen King often emphasizes his books from the 1970s, I guess because they were the first ones collectors read, and the ones printed in more modest trade editions. He's written a lot, not because he is hasty, but because he is very good at it, so it's going to take a generation or 2 for readers to sift through his books and decide which of them are classics, and readers will identify them in the way that classics are always identified, by continuing to buy them in large numbers, continuing to read them for entertainment, and continuing to pass them along with animated praise. Once that's been settled, the academics will re-engage,



and a deeper clarification of each book's relative weight will be resolved, together with the occasional spark of rediscovery, but there is no doubt that King will emerge from the shuffle as a giant, and his dismissal by cranky mainstreamers as a genre author, will not be thought rational, as it sometimes is today. In fact, the time will come when the only excuse for ignoring Stephen King will be that the Men in Black flashed you with one of those memory erasing sticks, because he's going to be in print, and he's going to be a force, 100 years from now. And speaking of 100 years hence, the trend towards an inclusion rich future will ultimately sanction people with a stubborn rash, those with no airline miles, idealists, the left handed, the forgotten on Valentine's Day, compulsive pokers of sleeping dogs, vegetarians, blackout drunks, and nymphomaniacs, as qualifiers for The Special Olympics.

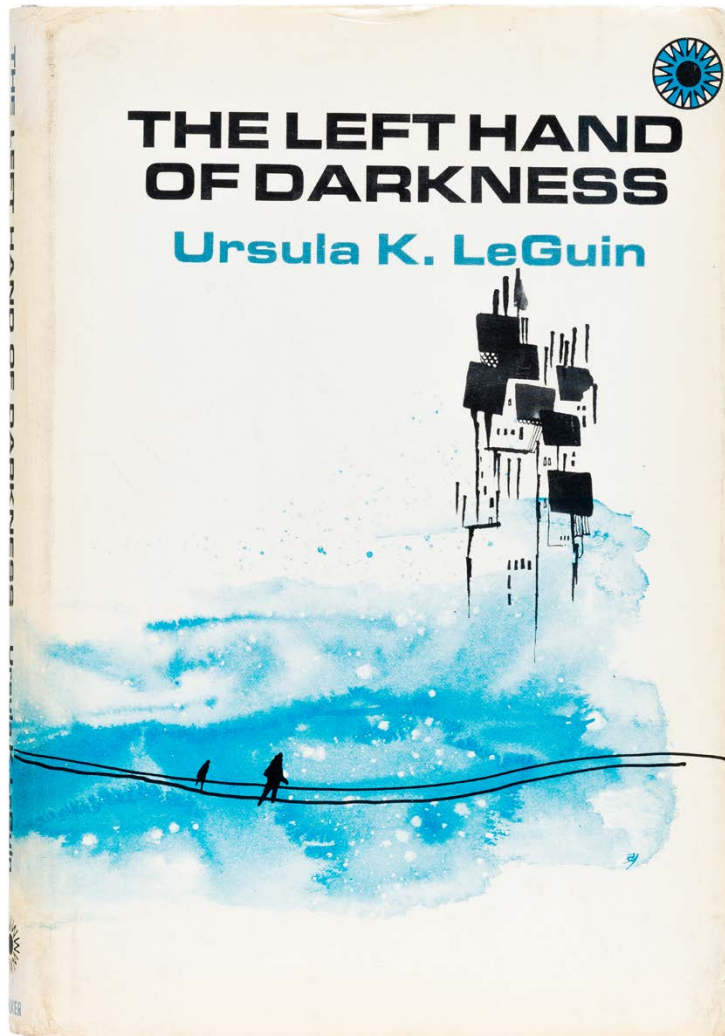
What are you this month?

Leguin, Ursula

The Left Hand of Darkness
(NY [Walker], 1969).

1st hardbound edition (a 1969 Ace paperback precedes). Near fine (a few small, thin, and very shallow dents, not breaking the surface), in a near fine dustjacket, no fading, chips or tears, but the jacket was once needlessly reinforced on the inside, at the ends of the folds, with paper tape, the tape now gone leaving no damage and only the faintest silhouettes. 675

A Hugo and Nebula double award winner for best novel, and voted by Locus subscribers (the science fiction and fantasy magazine) as the number 2 sci-fi novel of all time. And though *Left Hand of Darkness* is outwardly sci-fi, from just below that coating, into all of its seams, to its deepest root, it is an utterly groundbreaking, fully realized, acutely analytic, and now overly studied, wipe-out of what we label as gender, in all of its infinite materializations.



“I’m so excited, and I just can’t hide it...” –The Pointers, I’m So Excited
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3UKQothzJMM>

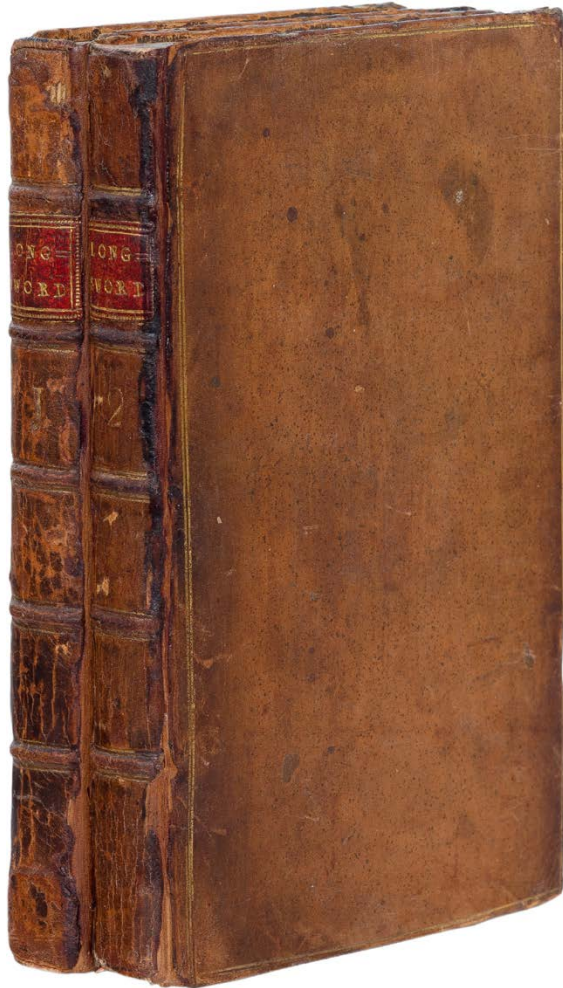
Credibility is the chief obstacle for most readers when they pick up a science fiction or a fantasy novel, and that’s why background is so inordinately important, and each reader judges the matter in his or her own way. Beyond background there are the specifics. For instance, take *The Wizard of Oz*. I can suspend my belief long enough to concede a wizard who lives in a city made of emeralds, flying monkeys, or even a talking scarecrow. But I cannot believe that when your house falls on a witch, it doesn’t involve some paperwork.

a King's copy of the first historical novel

Leland, Thomas

Longsword, Earl of Salisbury
(London, 1762).

2 vols. 1st edition of his only novel, in concept, as revolutionary as Donatello's bronze David, in originality, sway, and lasting influence, as important as fiction



ever gets. Is this fawning Octo hyperbole for a book so little known? Well, the deeper the river, the quieter it flows, so I'll try arguing this as if I think I am right, not as if I know I am right. Here are the facts. Longsword radiates invention on 4 courses.

1. It's broadly acknowledged as the first national novel, and that should be enough stardom for any book, but there's more. 2. It's also the recognizable forerunner of all historical novels, with all of that form's necessities, except that the leading role is played by an historical figure (Longsword was the illegitimate son of King Henry III), but he is such a minor historical personage, that this single divergence from Walter Scott's formula is a tenuous distinction. 3. Leland's novel also precedes, by 3 years, what is classified (see PMM 211) as the first gothic novel (Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, 1765), but Longsword is filled with gothic sites (castles, monasteries, and abbeys), their

fittings (dungeons, dark battlements, and subterranean passages), the gothic gadgetry of amazement (sliding panels, trap doors, and secret staircases), gothic plots (imprisonment, usurpation, abducted damsels, and forced unions), and gothic emotions (ambiguity, claustrophobia, surprise, fear, pain, and revenge). 4. Because of that, Longsword is also listed as the first modern horror novel (!), with all the jolt of a fork in the toaster, and it's confirmed as such by being the first one logged in Barron's *Horror Literature, A Reader's Guide*, a compilation in chronological order that begins in the year 1762, Longsword being that 1762 first marker, and I quote, "...it is impossible to deny to Leland's Longsword its status..." Contemporary full calf, rebaked, original spines and labels preserved and laid down, calf worn, preliminary (first few) leaves foxed, else a very good,

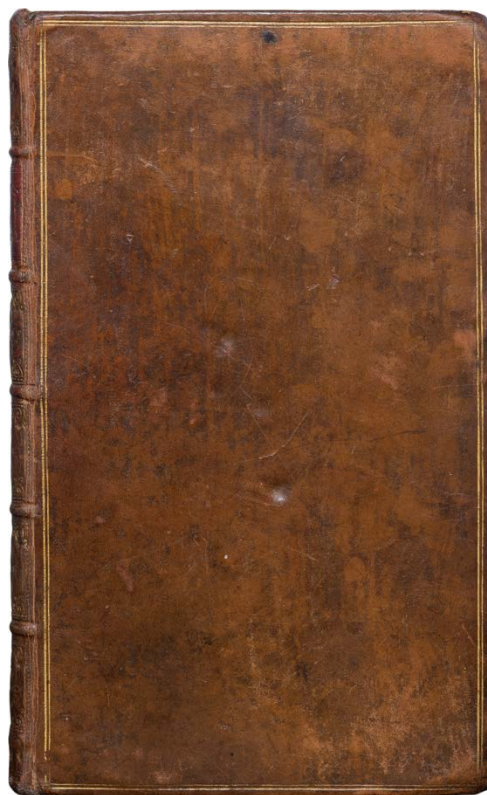
complete set (frontispieces, half title, ad leaf), and a noble one too. Ex–Ernst Augustus II, the 5th son of King George III, born during the latter days of Bonnie Prince Charlie (the only man nicknamed after 3 sheepdogs). Ernst was a Prince of England, and later the King of Hanover, and both volumes have his Shelburne bookplate, ca. 1786, when he was Knight of the Garter, but before he was Duke of Cumberland. Only 2 sets have sold for the auction record in the last 40 years. This one brought \$442 (we are a full disclosure octopus) 9 years ago, at an unpublicized, lightly attended backwater auction in Cirencester (sorry, we didn't buy it there), a market town in Gloucestershire, 93 miles north of London, so that sale price should not be taken as any signal of Longsword's real worth. And alluding to Gloucestershire, the BBC reports that a recent excavation in an old Cirencester house, found a dry skeleton, in a secret corridor, with a medal around its neck reading, "Gloucestershire Hide–and–Seek Champion 1922." **3,000**

Leland, Thomas

**Longsword,
Earl of Salisbury**
(Dublin, 1762).

2 vols. in 1. 1st Dublin edition (maybe pirated). Contemporary full calf, very good. Rare. No copies at auction in 40 years (against 2 of the London 1st) and OCLC/COPAC list (what reads like) 6 real holdings of this edition in libraries, against 25 or so of the London edition, making it the scarcest 1762 Longsword, but curb your jubilation. It's not the real 1st, so though the price leads to an easier purchase, it will be a less gratifying one, in the same way that the easiest shot in golf is the 4th putt. **900**

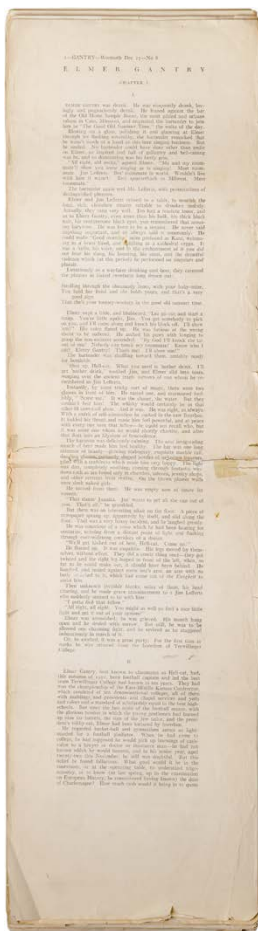
Both of these editions are rare enough, but not hopelessly so, a nuance worth addressing. For example, Juan de la Cuesta's 1605 Cervantes (Don Quixote) is also not hopelessly rare, but to hold any hope of owning one you better have \$10 million in disposable book money, and you may (or may not) get a chance to buy one. On the other hand, William Caxton's 1485 Malory (King Arthur) is beyond hope (1 complete copy is known, parked forevermore in The Morgan Library), and all zones of impossibility should be conceded, faced directly, and cordoned off with the intent of keeping them from polluting the arenas of likelihood. Further (as noted above), this is Leland's only novel, and important as it is, don't let your enthusiasm for it lead you into amassing his other books. In fact, there are many authors whose best book is enough for any library, and collecting such author's in depth ("cluster addiction") just ruins (dilutes) the value of the 1 book you were wise to buy (Book Code).



Lewis, Sinclair

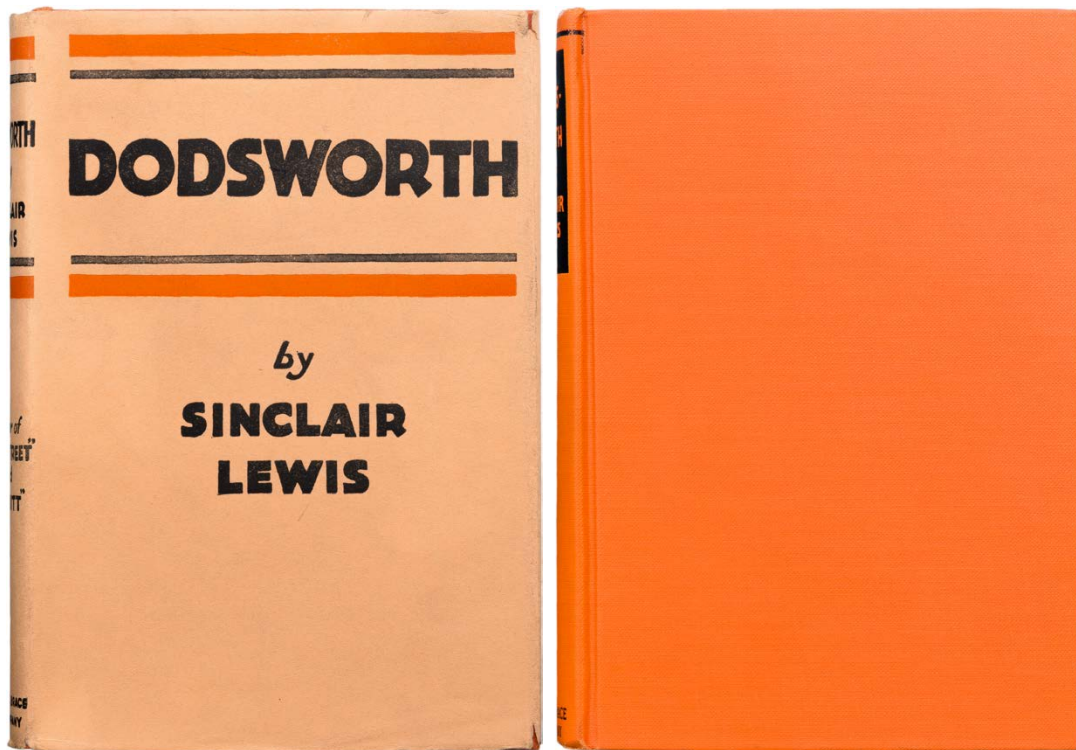
Elmer Gantry
(NY, 1926).

Long galley proofs of the 1st edition (6 1/2" X 24"), printed on thin proofing paper (rectos only) dated "Dec. 27" [1926]. The first setting in type (book was 1927) of an immortal scrap of Western literature, the transit stage linking manuscript to 1st edition. Manufactured in a handful of copies to correct misprints and mis-settings before page proofs. Split across leaves 1 (see photo) and 123 rejoined with tape, some edge tears taped, last 3 leaves missing, but the missing text is supplied with 1st edition pages, connected to vaguely correspond, else good condition. Spartan cloth case. Despite being worn and imperfect, it's such a rarity that there is some chance it will turn out to be the finest (only?) known set, and with more than 100,000 1st editions printed (20,000 in the 1st binding), it's the only form of Elmer Gantry that will ever be rare. 1,450



Upon publication the book was greeted with outrage by the exposed peddlers of empty promises, who called Lewis, an instrument of the Devil. But those who joined the whining failed to notice that Elmer Gantry rightly captured the temperament and distillate of a specific type of Midwestern revivalism callously engaged in bleeding those who didn't know the difference between being born again, and being born yesterday. It remains a tartly satiric, and dependence jangling, reminder that the cardinal doctrine of a fanatic's creed is that his enemies are the enemies of God. But God, by all testimonies, is not in danger (has no viable enemies) and, at worst, is only disappointed in those who wimp out and refuse to meet their human responsibility, that is, to live their lives testing the limits of their highest possibilities, and then to die with composure, like a hero going home. Lewis declined a 1926 Pulitzer Prize for Arrowsmith, 1925, because the prize

was not awarded for literary merit but, "for the American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the highest standard of American manners and manhood," both major targets of Lewis' satire (the romantic equivalent of sex in a Waffle House parking lot) and the reason why so many sleepy books have won it. In 1930 he became the first American to win the Nobel Prize for Literature, calming a national impatience that had become like an ingrown toenail. He accepted it, and the fat check that came with it, breaching the Swedish citadel for his fellow Americans, Eugene O'Neill, Pearl Buck, T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Saul Bellow (an American born in Canada), and a handful of more recent honorees, whose lasting worthiness will ultimately be decided in the reflections of history.



Lewis, Sinclair

1st edition, and a scarce copy of it. 1st binding, one of the first 500 (900 also reported) in orange cloth, issued in late February 1929, preceding the 2nd binding in blue cloth (March) which was about a billion copies (Lewis isn't on Facebook or I'd ask him exactly how many were published, and by the way, the only reason to go on Facebook anymore, is to monitor which of your former classmates has the least attractive children). Fine in a near fine 1st issue dustjacket (no reviews on front flap), and at a kindly price, the combination that threatens all the right people. **2,000**

Though most copies in the orange 1st binding were issued without a jacket, the cloth on this one is so new looking as to lend credence to the idea that it always had a dustjacket on it, and the same value proportions apply, as does the customary warning: Do not buy this book without a dustjacket, or even with a jacket if the cloth shows any signs of not having always been covered by one from its day of publication. And that is a shrewd rule to follow for all 1st editions obtainable in a jacket (Book Code).

Dodsworth
(NY, 1929).

DODSWORTH

By
SINCLAIR LEWIS

Sam Dodsworth has just sold out his automobile business to a great motor trust and now has money to go after the things which he feels he has missed and which his wife desires. They close their house in Zenith and go abroad for an indefinite stay. The book is of these two and of how they get along together in their new surroundings. It raises the question of what successful business men are going to do with their leisure when they have made their "pile" and retired. Where do they belong and what friends can they have? Incidentally, Mr. Lewis gives a picture of Europe quite different from the romantic one so often painted. He shows a Europe where travelers can be thrilled, but where they can also be lonely and uncomfortable and lost.

Above all the book is the story of the American husband and American wife—a study of American marriage, its confusions, its endeavors, perhaps its futility. It asks what all classes are asking today—is the American husband wife-ridden? Are American husbands unskilled in holding the affection of their wives? Are men and women aiming at the achievement of different values?

\$2.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Do you really want to be normal?

Logan, John

The Art and Making of Penny Dreadful
(London, 2014).

1st edition. Logan's sinister Victorian biosphere for Showtime. **Signed by him on the title page, in ink (a quick signature, easy to imitate, but I witnessed the autographing).** Publisher's pictorial boards (not issued with a jacket). Fine condition (assumed in a 1 year old book). 25



Who is this John Logan and what is he doing to us?

Since 2000 he's been reigning as the preeminent screenwriter in all of Hollywood, having left a trail there with *Gladiator*, *The Last Samurai*, *The Aviator*, *Sweeney Todd*, *Rango*, *Hugo*, *Skyfall*, and half a dozen others.

And he wrote *Red*, and swooped onto Broadway with it, and swooped away with the 2010 Tony Award for best play.

Penny Dreadful is copiously something else. What else? Like nothing else ever seen before on television. It's 18 nights locked up in *The House of*

Shock, and I'm not fluent enough to describe it fully or properly, but you can download seasons 1 and 2 on demand, or over the net, and if you survive (and if you are weak, you won't survive) you can gear up for season 3, next spring, just like all the rest of us.

"Expensive watch, but thread-bare jacket. Sentimental about the money you used to have. Your eye is steady but your left hand tremors, that's the drink, so you keep it below the table hoping I won't notice. You've a contusion healing on your other hand, the result of a recent brawl with a jealous husband no doubt. Your boots are good quality leather but have been re-soled more than once...I see a man who had been accustomed to wealth but has given himself to excess and the unbridled pleasures of youth...a man much more complicated than he likes to appear." –Vanessa Ives to Ethan Chandler, *Penny Dreadful* Season 1

made in America

Lucas, George

Star Wars
(NY, 1976).

1st edition. Fine in pictorial wrappers (the only binding), and though Star Wars 1st editions are always for sale, few are fine, despite being depicted as such, with most of them looking like they've been stapled to the asphalt at the entrance gate of a Taylor Swift concert. The novelization is a faithful one. It was published in November of 1976 and precedes the first film (May 25, 1977), and all other editions of the book in any format, including the Science Fiction Book Club edition (June 1977), and the movie tie-in trade edition (October 1977), both of which are frequently, and deceitfully, offered as 1st editions without any amplification, in printed catalogs and descriptions online, that deserve the response, "What do you take me for?" 150

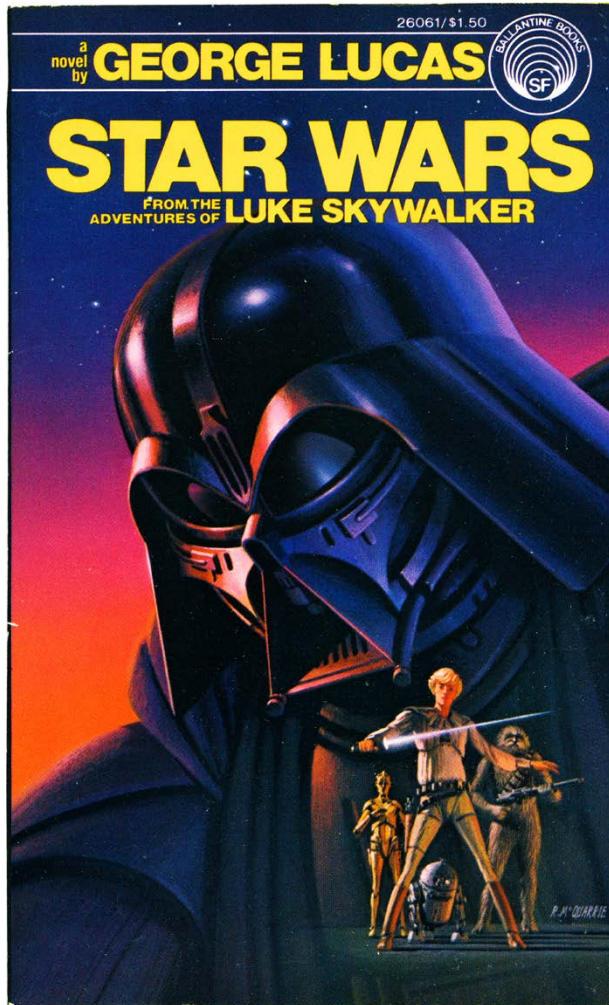
I'm the chip on my own shoulder, and I keep myself on a short pitch count, when it comes to any 1st edition this young, and when I buy one, it's with all the wariness of a rabbit crossing the dog track. And I recognize that admiring Star Wars could lead me into some terrifically bad company, but it's an enormous literary touchstone, the prevailing myth of our time, the modern galactic saga, and the prettiest child of space opera, and though its fame is predominantly for its cinematic visual distractions, galaxy of characters, political themes, and Jedi mysticism, it shines throughout with a humbling idea: It is a single light that beams from a hundred trillion stars.

Breaking news headline from May 25, 2025:

Walt Disney Studios Was Burned to the Ground Today By a Crazy Mob, 30 Minutes After Announcing that Star Wars 12 Would Have an All Female Cast.

"Every generation throws a hero up the pop charts..."

—Paul Simon, Boy in the Bubble
www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hk7MCvCHNQA



Machiavelli's History of Florence and Art of War

Machiavelli, Niccolo



Historie di Nicolo Machiavelli

[The History of Florence
(Vingia [i.e. Venice, Domenico Giglio], 1554).

[Bound with]

Libro Dell' Arte Della Guerra

[Art of War]
(Vingia [i.e. Venice, Domenico Giglio], 1554).

An early, pocket-sized (portable) combined edition (in Italian), The History of Florence first published in 1532, and The Art of War first published in 1521. Contemporary vellum, title and author inked on spine, 2 names and a date to the first title, petite marginalia, marks to endpapers, else very good, a complete copy of both books. **2,000**

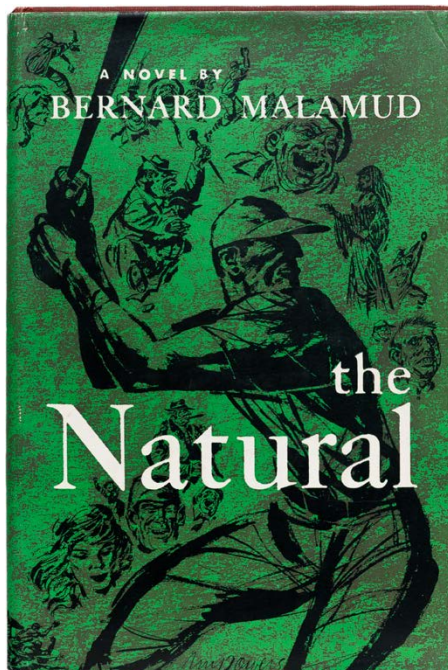
An unexpectedly scarce pairing. From 355 recorded sales at auction in the last 40 years, of books by Machiavelli printed before 1555, ABPC lists only 2 copies of this 1554 History of Florence, and just 1 copy of this 1554 Art of War, and no copy of them bound together.

Malamud, Bernard

The Natural
(NY, 1952).

1st edition of his first book, the Gothic novel taken out into the sunshine and set between the chalk lines. Red cloth, 2 corners bumped else fine in a dustjacket with just the thinnest and tiniest rub lines to spine tips (see photo) else also fine (no nicks, tears or fading). **3,000**

Literate, layered, arcane, and profound, The Natural is a knight's tale of lost virtue, redemption and death, and by changing the ending it was made into a fulfilling 1984 film, co-written by Phil Dusenberry and Robert Towne, directed by Barry Levinson, and starring Robert Redford, Kim Basinger, Glenn Close (also the 102nd biggest star in 101 Dalmatians), Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Robert Prosky, and Barbara Hershey (as Harriet Bird, the woman in black).



Mann, Thomas

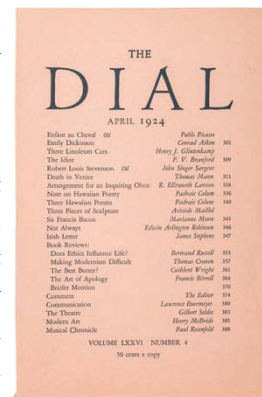
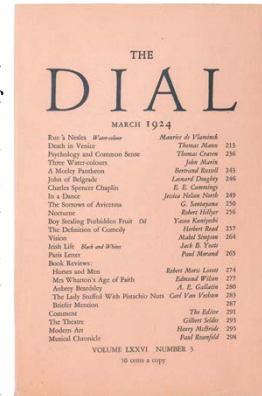
Death in Venice

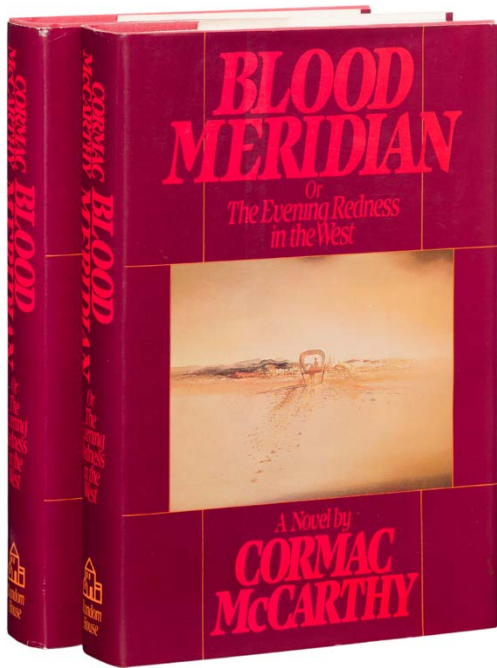
(Camden [The Dial Magazine], 1924).

3 vols. 1st appearance in English anywhere, serialized in The Dial for March, April, and May. The Nobel laureate's brooding novella, a construction of myth plus psychology, set in a place famous for being wetter than a Rhinemaiden. Original wrappers, fine (look new). Can you assemble a trio yourself? You can. Can you assemble a set in this condition? You cannot. 250

Here's the chronology. The 1st appearance in print (as Der Tod in Venedig) was in the Oct. and Nov. 1912 issues of the literary magazine Die Neue Rundschau. The 1st book edition, München (Munich), Hyperion Verlag Hans von Weber, 1912, was a limited issue of 100 copies, following the periodical, later in November. The 1st trade edition was published by Fischer (Berlin, 1913), in a 1st printing of 1,000 copies, and 18 reprintings of it (in letters of 1,000) carry the 1913 date, but they also carry the mention Zweite, Dritte, Vierte (second, third, fourth), etc. on the copyright page (all the above texts in German). The 1st appearance in English was serialized in these Dial magazines, followed by the 1st book edition in English (Knopf, NY, 1925), and even later by the 1st British book edition (Secker, London, 1928).

Catalog 53 unveils a contrariety, that is, some of the most substantial and enduring narratives (like this one), and even some of the rarest (not like this one), are among the least expensive, a reaction to, and an assault upon, a decidedly inefficient book market, in which booksellers' laziness and intractability have overwhelmed contemplation and critical thinking, and so their calculations of significance have been frozen (like an old snapshot of a radar screen instead of a working, changing radar display), artificially driving a baseless spike in prices for 20th century 1st editions that were once obvious (trendy demand by the aware) and valued fairly (irregular but eventual supply). Many of them have now become stale, yet prices have been theatrically propelled to overvalued heights, promoted by implausible prose evoking rainbows and unicorns, so demand has been dampened, and copies are now always available. And 7 years ago, when the economy stopped supporting errors in judgment, these highest cost books, now aimed only at the naïve, were neither adjusted in value, nor in relative importance, and hence have deservedly (karma) backed up in dealer's stock like traffic behind an overturned bus, underscoring the bookseller's canard, that inventory (all of their mistakes) equates to wealth, the harshest of fallacies thrust upon their comical business models, and finally, upon their disenchanting heirs (Book Code).





McCarthy, Cormac **Blood Meridian**
(NY, 1985).

1st edition (no remainder marks). Fine in fine dustjacket. The novel of the '80s. **2,000**

McCarthy, Cormac **Blood Meridian**
(NY, 1985).

1st edition (red remainder stripe on top page edge). Fine in near fine dustjacket with just 1 rubbed corner (see photo). **1,000**

The themes include manifest destiny, love of violence, lack of loyalty, anonymity, power, gnostic religious tragedy, the dehumanizing impact of atrocities, theodicy, and horror without warning, meaning you can't depend on seeing your name spelled out in the sky with flies, before you get a visit from Satan.

the first professional female assassin (hit-babe)

Meade, L. T. [with] Eustace, Robert **The Sorceress of the Strand**
(London, 1903).

1st edition. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. Cloth, 1 pinhead sized dent (see photo), foxing to the title page, else fine, and very scarce. Coll: [1-6] 7-312 [313-320: ads]. Ref: Queen, *The Detective Short Story*, p. 73. Hubin (1994), p. 566. **4,000**

A series of 6 sensational crime stories linked by a killer, the lovely, ruthless, and evil genius, Madame Sara. Earlier women in fiction had murdered as part of their adjacent work (consider Richelieu's agent Milady, in Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*, a spy who killed without hesitation when her objectives were threatened), but the sorceress of the Strand is the first female specialist in murder, where homicide was the structural, and the preferred, tool of her trade. The tales are as much crime study as they are detective stories, and include a wide variety of baroque deathtraps including one with a woman who is training a Siberian wolf for nightwork, another with the first fictional murder in which poison was administered by a temporary tooth filling, one with a booby-trapped artificial palm tree that disperses carbon monoxide gas, and even one that has a supernatural element (a haunted castle).

4 years earlier, Meade (Elizabeth Thomasina Meade Smith) devised fiction's first female criminal organizer, Madame Koluchy in *The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings*, 1899 (an easy 1st edition to find), but Mme. Koluchy was more a criminal society director than an activist, while the Sorceress of the Strand is twice as violent, and (more importantly) her 1st edition is 20 times scarcer, and fine copies of it can be counted on the fingers of a narcoleptic wood shop teacher.

THE SORCERESS
OF THE STRAND



L. T. MEADE



Merritt, A.

Dwellers in the Mirage
(NY [Horace Liveright], 1932).

1st edition, preceding the London edition. Huge lost race fantasy set in Alaska. Contemporary signed presentation copy, inscribed on the verso of the fly-title

in ink, "Dear Vanderclock – The Face in the Abyss was the first door to Dwellers – although few realized it. A. Merritt." Fine in a dustjacket marred only by some tiny (1/32") nicks to the spine tips, else fine, with the \$2.00 price present (don't buy it in a price clipped jacket). Real presentation copies of the 1st edition are scarce, as is the 1st edition jacket in such dazzling condition. The combination is rare (quality is like oxygen, the higher you go, the less of it there is). **3,500**

The illustrator's own copy

Milne, A. A. **Winnie the Pooh**
(London, 1926).

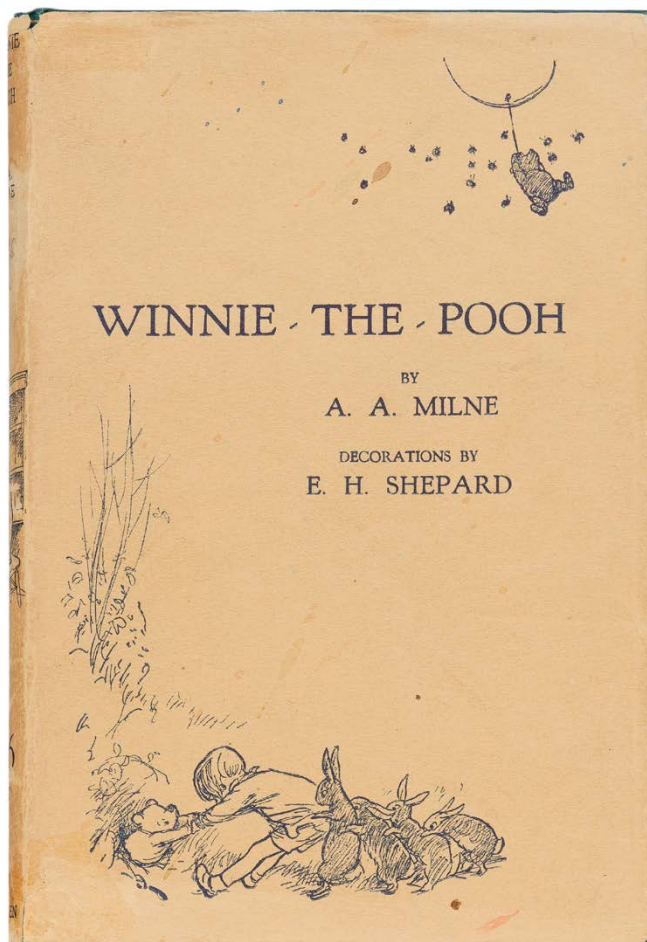
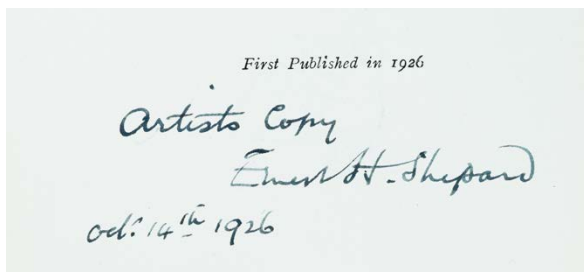
1st edition, and an incredible copy of it, E. H. Shepard's own, inscribed by him (in ink) on the

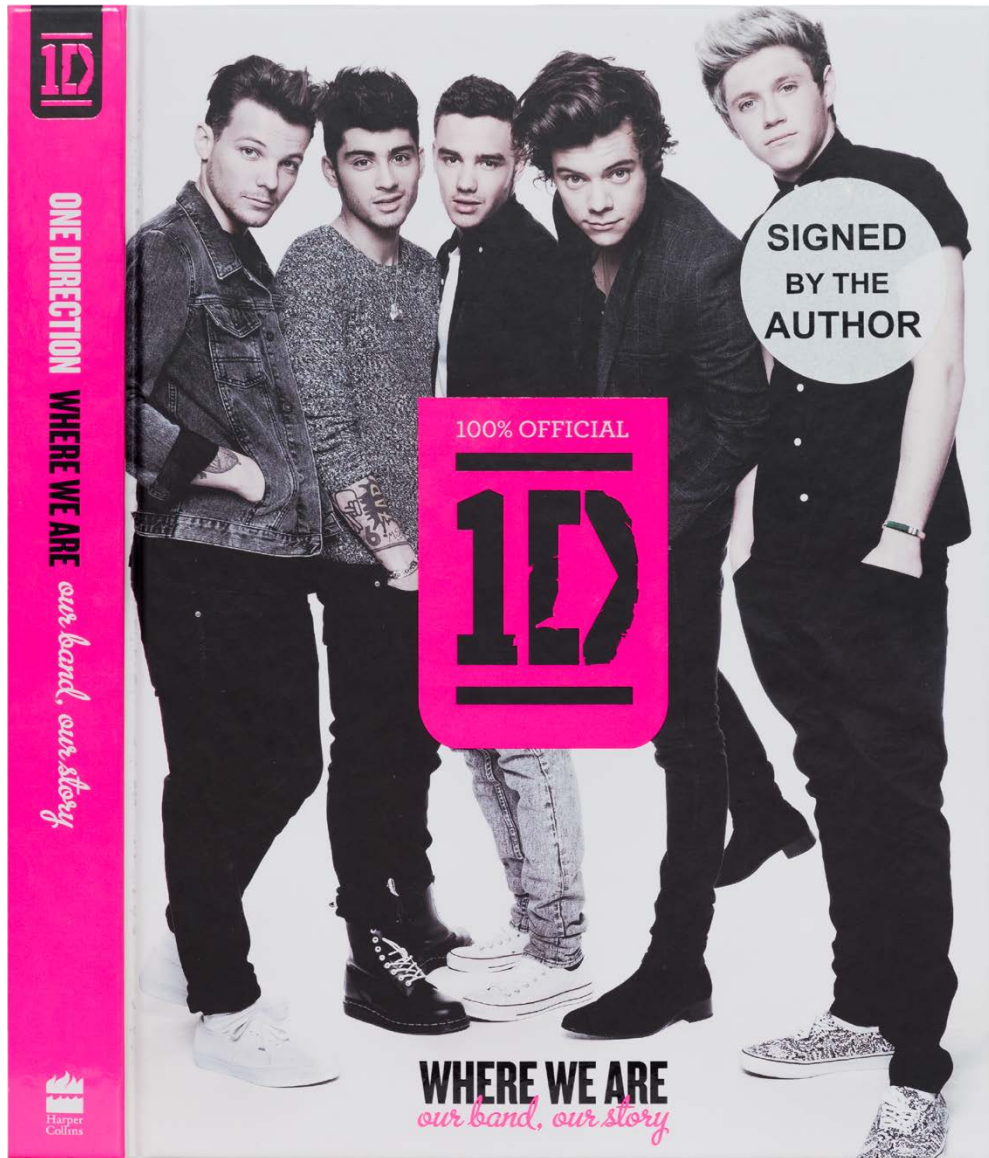
copyright page, "Artist's Copy Ernest H. Shepard Oct. 14th 1926" (the day

of publication). And tying the dustjacket to the book, in a hallmark of authenticity, Shepard has also signed the dustjacket on the spine, with tiny initials, "EHS" and a "1" (the first copy he got). Fine in a very good dustjacket, with a few streaks, small chips and some edge tears that were once unnecessarily secured with 2 pieces of tape, but the tape has been professionally removed and only indistinct shadows remain on the inside. **50,000**

3 other copies of Winnie the Pooh are known that were given to Shepard, by Milne or the publisher, over the years, but all 3 were passed along to him later, all 3 are gilded lilies, and all 3 are more than a little bit bogus. Our Winnie is the valid article, the actual book

received on publication day by the man responsible for its iconic illustrations, the 1st edition that he took home, read, admired, loved, and always thought of as (and called) his own, and the copy he kept with him until the day he died.





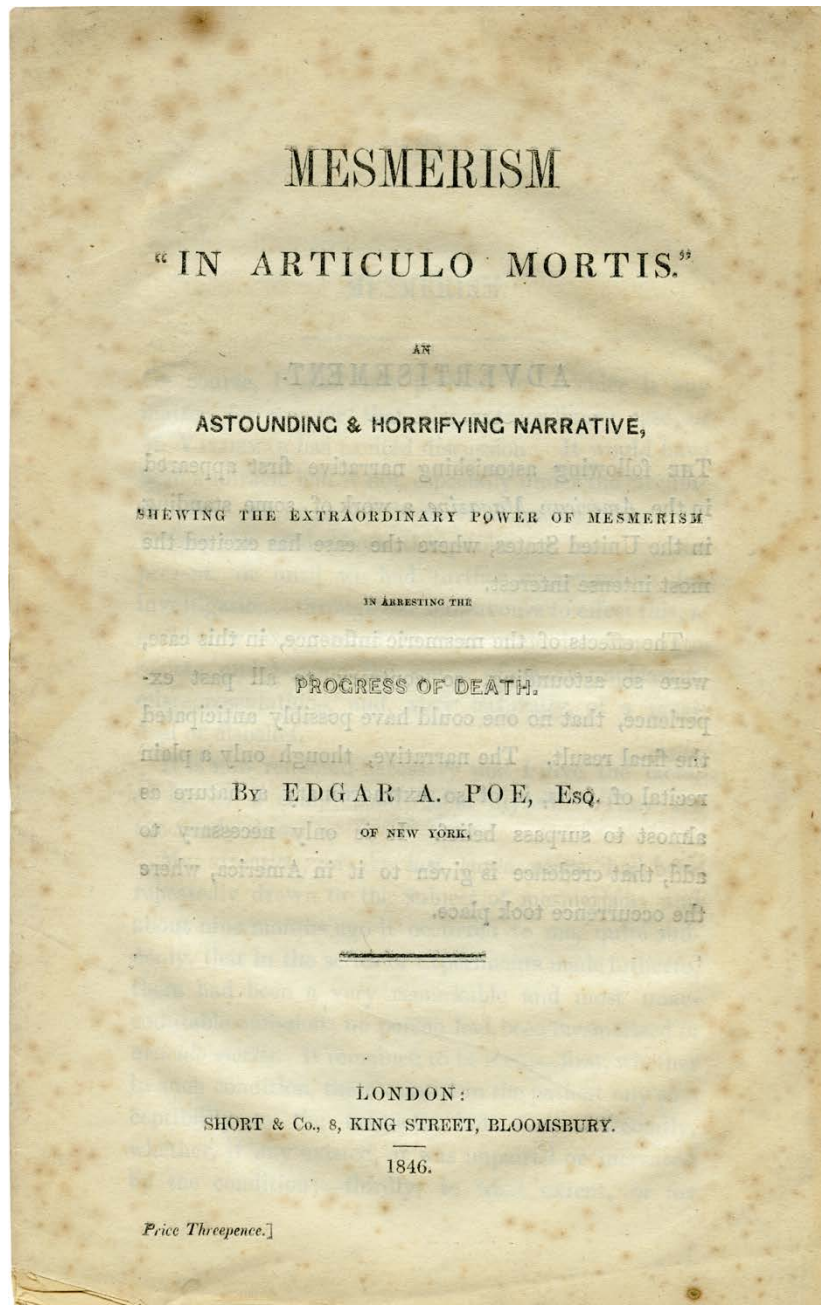
signed by all

[One Direction]

Where We Are. Our Band, Our Story
(London [Harper], 2013).

1st edition. Their first book, more personal than regrets, and riveting if you care, but if you couldn't care less, it's a glacier of annihilating boredom. **Signed in ink by the founding 5 rock doyennes, Harry, Liam, Louis, Niall and Zayn, on the front blank.** Boards, bookstore sticker else fine, not issued in a jacket. 400

If you don't know who this is, just turn the page and move on. If you do know who this is and think it's too expensive, try infiltrating their security to get your own copy signed, or you can buy one with 5 forgeries "online" (an international crime syndicate that occasionally sells a genuine rock & roll autograph).



Poe, Edgar

Mesmerism
(London, 1846).

1st edition. Original self wrappers, foxed (see picture), else near fine, uncut, and complete as issued. Poe's tale of a mesmerist who attempts to explore the prolonging of life by hypnotizing a man at the moment he is dying. And the mesmerist succeeds in suspending his subject between not quite alive and not quite dead, with all the terrifying consequences and horrifying gore typical of Poe, the nomadic fallen angel, at the pinnacle of his dexterities. **4,000**

The Address of the Lords and Commons, to his Majesty, on the present State of America, &c.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, of Feb. 11.
St. James's, February 9.

THIS day the Two Houses of Parliament presented to his Majesty the following ADDRESS:

The humble Address of the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliaments assembled.

Die Martii, 7^o Februarii, 1775.

Most gracious Sovereign,

WE, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, return your Majesty our most humble thanks for having been graciously pleased to communicate to us the several papers relating to the present state of the British colonies in America, which, by your Majesty's commands, have been laid before us. We have taken them into our most serious consideration; and we find, that a part of your Majesty's subjects, in the province of Massachusetts-Bay, have proceeded so far to resist the authority of the *Supreme Legislature*, that a *rebellion* at this time actually exists within the said province; and we see with the utmost concern, that they have been countenanced and encouraged by unlawful combinations and engagements, entered into by your Majesty's subjects in several of the other colonies, to the injury and oppression of many of their innocent fellow-subjects, resident within the kingdom of Great-Britain, and the rest of your Majesty's dominions. This conduct, on their part, appears to us the more inexcusable, when we consider with how much temper your Majesty and the two Houses of Parliament, have acted in support of the laws and constitution of Great-Britain. We can never so far desert the trust reposed in us, as to relinquish any part of the Sovereign Authority over all your Majesty's dominions, which, by law, is vested in your Majesty, and the two Houses of Parliament: And the conduct of many persons in several of the colonies, during the late disturbances, is alone sufficient to convince us how necessary this power is for protection of the lives and fortunes of all your Majesty's subjects.

We ever have been, and always shall be, ready to pay attention and regard to any real grievances of any of your Majesty's subjects, which shall, in a dutiful and constitutional manner, be laid before us; and whenever any of the colonies shall make a proper application to us, we shall be ready to afford them every just and reasonable indulgence: At the same time, we consider it as our indispensable duty, humbly to beseech your Majesty, that you will take the most effectual measures to enforce due obedience to the laws and authority of the *Supreme Legislature*; and we beg leave, in the most solemn manner, to assure your Majesty, that it is our fixed resolution, at the hazard of our lives and properties, to stand by your Majesty against all rebellious attempts, in the maintenance of the just rights of your Majesty, and the two Houses of Parliament.

St. James's, Jan. 4. It is his Majesty's pleasure, That all Officers belonging to his Majesty's 17th regiment of light dragoons, 35th, 49th, and 63d regiments of foot, now serving in Ireland, do immediately repair to their respective corps in that

kingdom, except such as may be employed in Ireland on the recruiting service. ROCHFORD:

Feb. 11. Of all the American papers given into the House of Commons by Lord North, none appeared so obnoxious to Government as that titled "A League and Covenant;" and it is said, the crown-lawyers have given it as their opinion; that all the Bostonians who signed it have committed an overt act of high treason.

The following we hear, is an exact list of the reinforcement intended for Boston: Three regiments of foot, one of dragoons, seven companies of marines, a large train of artillery.

Advices from Madrid mention, orders having been sent to all the sea ports in Spain, to register a great number of seamen immediately.

Lord Chatham on Friday last in the House of Lords, at the conclusion of a most excellent speech made a motion, for an humble address to be presented to his Majesty for the removal of the troops out of Boston, as the first step of a reconciliation.

In an answer to Lord Chatham, Lord Suffolk greatly condemned the conduct of the Americans; said, that Government had tried every gentle method in their power, but to no effect; that things were at last come to that crisis, that either the mother country must assert her authority, or resign it; that himself, as one of his Majesty's Ministers, advised *coercive measures*, and would abide by such advice at all hazards.

Lord Littleton supported Lord Suffolk, and rested the principal part of his argument on the infallibility of acts of Parliament, which any power that resisted against, he said, should be compelled to submit to.

Lord Gower, Rochford and Weymouth avowed the settled intentions of Government of compelling the Americans to the immediate obedience of the legislature of the mother country.

The question was put, when on a division there appeared, not contents 77, contents 18.

Yesterday the Hon. Gunning, brother to her Grace the Duchess of Argyll, kissed his Majesty's hand at St. James's, on being promoted to the rank of Colonel, and at the same time took leave of his Majesty, previous to his departure with his regiment for Boston. He did Generals Howe and Burgoyne on the same occasion.

Orders are given for all the ships which are destined for America and Newfoundland to take on board their full complement of seamen and soldiers immediately.

Yesterday Major General Clinton took leave of his Majesty at St. James's, and will embark in a few days for America; and not General Burgoyne, as before mentioned.

On Tuesday last the Constitutional Society resolved unanimously that 100l. sterling be sent by that society to Dr. Franklin, requesting that he will transmit the same for the relief of the distressed inhabitants of Boston.

Extract of a letter from Dublin.

"The transportation of so many battalions to North America, is a measure which has thrown the people of this country into the utmost consternation; particularly as Spain has so large a Squadron, and such a multitude of land forces ready for embarkation."

first printed words that war is coming to America

[Revolutionary War]

Great Britain Declares an American Insurgency
(Boston [Edes & Gill], 1775).

Letterpress broadside (7 1/2" X 9 3/4"), reprinting (in the first week of April),

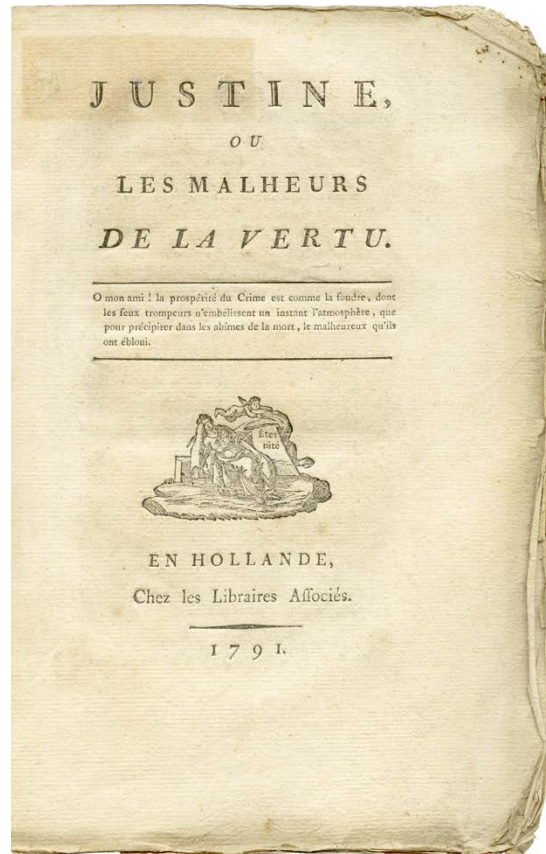
The following we hear, is an exact list of the reinforcement intended for Boston : Three regiments of foot, one of dragoons, seven companies of marines, a large train of artillery.

“The Address of the Lords and Commons to his Majesty, on the present State of America, &c” an extract in 2 columns, with a 2 line title, from The London Gazette of 11 February, 1775. Hard evidence in extravagant prose, a report from Parliament to King George III (Feb. 7th with attachments to Feb. 11th), in which Parliament finds that the province of Massachusetts Bay is in outright revolt against the Crown (“a rebellion at this time actually exists”). It makes provisions to quell the insurrection by urging action (initially a march on April 18, to arrest John Hancock and John Adams in Lexington, and to confiscate the colonial arsenal in Concord), and by supporting a declaration of war with the dispatch to the colonies of reinforcements (4,500 additional troops arrived on June 17). Chips to the blank margins, and only the blank margins, paper toned to tan, else very good, complete and never repaired, welcome condition for American paper of this vintage. 8 other copies of similar versions of this broadside, printed in New York and Philadelphia, are recorded (1 of them in private hands, the other 7 institutionalized just where you might expect them to be, in the high profile university and national libraries), but this is the only known copy of the one printed by Edes & Gill in Boston (identified by type match, and now registered with the American Antiquarian Society for their National American Imprints Project). The 2 month delay from the text’s appearance in The London Gazette approximates the time it took for a merchant ship carrying copies of the newspaper to load items of higher priority than newspapers and sail to Boston (or Salem, or Marblehead). **65,000**

The news may have been alarming but it was not surprising, and the public posting of these broadsides certainly steeled the resolve of the colonists to sharpen their organization (The Minutemen and The Sons of Liberty). A watch was set (“one if by land and two if by sea”) by Robert Newman and John Pulling (key holders of the Old North Church) for Dr. Joseph Warren, Paul Revere, and William Dawes. On April 18th the British marched out of Boston, and crossed the Charles River to Lexington. 2 lanterns were hung, Revere and Dawes, on separate routes, met in Lexington, alerted Hancock and Adams, then set off for Concord. On the way, they met Samuel Prescott, who, alone, rode to Concord in warning. Troops clashed at dawn on April 19th, first at Lexington, then at Concord, Lincoln, Menotomy (Arlington), and Cambridge.

“...the shot heard round the world.” –Emerson, Concord Hymn

Did I adequately convey this document’s imperious significance? I hope so. Did I mention that only 8 similar copies are recorded, and that this is the only known survivor of the underlying version printed in Boston? Oh yah, I did.



Sade, Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de **Justine**
 (Hollande [Holland, but probably Paris], 1791, 1791).

2 vols. in 1. 1st edition (in French) of the Marquis de Sade's first published book, the onset of Gothérotique, a wildly successful species born in the days when safe sex meant handrails on the headboard, but now tamed and marketed to sensitivity dulled readers as Erotic Romance Novels. French marbled wrappers (ca. 1830s), printed paper label (original?), wraps chipped, spine faded, some other minor, unsurprising flaws else very good condition. 1/2 French morocco case. The first volume, uncut and singular with full margins, is the printing in 8vo. (the 1st). The second volume is the printing in 12mo. (the 2nd), with the margins painstakingly and expertly extended 180 years ago to match in size, with only the text and title page, but the rare "avis de l'éditeur" and the "explication de l'estampe" (often missing) are present here, though moved to the front of vol I. And as for our vol. II being in 12mo. see the next paragraph for the 2012 set's auction record. **38,500**

ABPC lists 5 copies (all flawed) sold at auction in the last 40 years, 3 of them since 2000, \$65,639 in 2001, \$87,856 in 2009, and \$104,116 in 2012 (Christie's Paris, Oct. 30, lot 16) with both volumes of that set in 12mo. (misreported by ABPC as 8vo.), exactly like our vol. II, soothing any concerns that it is some cheap alternative, when it is, in fact, famously rare, and has been so for more than a century. Another set (not yet logged in ABPC) sold for \$74,338 in 2014.



In the ongoing quest for excellence, charisma, and individuality, our Justine satisfies at the highest altitude, and as to value, it's an obvious given, seeing as our price is less than half the average (\$82,987) of the 4 sets sold at auction in the last 15 years.

Ah choices. Which path to take in writing about such a book. The author? The story? Its crimes? Their violence? The bibliography? The milieu? The times surrounding it? All 7 deserve some debunking. The significance? The quality? The infamy? The rarity? The innovation? The endurance? The allure? All 7 deserve some cheerleading. But you don't want to read, and I don't want to write, the 20,000 word essay that could uncover a lot that hasn't been written before, since I'm not keen to revisit the Justine Amber Alert, or the fiendish exploits inflicted upon her, but I'll throw out this thought:

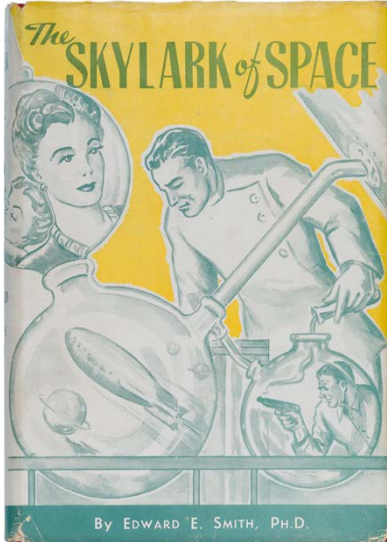
De Sade (the man) was (and still is) confused with the fictional characters in his books, and Justine (the book) was not suppressed entirely for its debauchery, but somewhat for de Sade being such an outspoken libertine who threatened all authority equally, whether it was kingdom, revolution, republic, or empire.

“And why do you complain of your fate when you could so easily change it?”
—de Sade, Justine

the invention of space opera

Smith, E. E. [in collaboration with Garby, Lee] **The Skylark of Space**
(Providence [Buffalo Book Company], 1946).

1st edition (preceded only by the novel's appearance as a 3 part serial in *Amazing Stories* magazine). Smith's first book Just 500 copies were published (Hadley's 1947 edition is a reprint). Near fine in a very good dustjacket. Ref: *Anatomy of Wonder* (1995) 2–114, "The archetypal pulp space opera..." **1,500**



Although earlier snippets of science fiction, imaginary voyages, and futuristic military fiction, touched the concept of what is now called space opera, *The Skylark of Space* is the modern template, the first significant science fiction sub-genre development since H. G. Wells, and one of monumental effect, encompassing among its themes the vast interstellar stage, horrific alien civilizations (the despotic circumstance), and ongoing battles with arch-enemies possessing advanced technologies, laying the baseline for the likes of Asimov's *Foundation*, Herbert's *Dune*, Roddenberry's *Star Trek*, Lucas' *Star Wars*, and all those that followed (and will follow) in their wake.

the Big Bang of detective fiction

Sophocles

The Tragedies
(London, 1729).

2 vols. 1st edition in English, gathering *Philoctetes*, *Ajax*, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, *Electra*, *Oedipus Coloneus*, *The Trachiniae*, and *Antigone*, but it is *Oedipus Tyrannus* (*Oedipus Rex*) that resonates loudest today. It's a play (Greek tragedy) that premiered at Athens' Theatre of Dionysus in 429 B. C., wherein a mystery is deduced in an evident process, and though the method is more interrogation than it is investigation, it remains the earliest extant bygone phenotype, and the seed of all detective fiction. The 2 vols. are not a set (the bindings differ), but both are in full contemporary calf, worn, small chips, joints strengthened, else very good, and complete, including the frontispiece of Sophocles in vol. I. And here's a thought. The best tragedies clash good versus good, and so we despair. **2,000**



Southern, Terry [and] Hoffenberg, Mason **Candy**
(as Maxwell Kenton) (Paris, 1958).

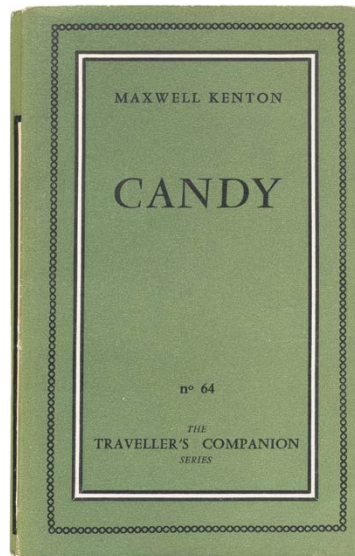
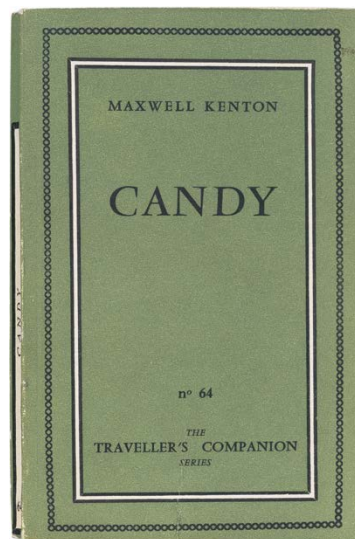
1st edition, 1st binding and the 1st issue of it with the price on the back unadulterated. Original wrappers, slight wear, short and light vertical crease at the bottom of the front cover (see photograph, it's accurate), else near fine. **5,000**

Southern, Terry [and] Hoffenberg, Mason **Candy**
(as Maxwell Kenton) (Paris, 1958).

1st edition. 1st binding, but the 2nd issue of it, identical to the 1st issue except the printed price on the back cover is over stamped by hand reflecting a revaluation of the French franc. Original wrappers, not chastely fine, but not far from it. **1,750**

An unintentional burlesque of Voltaire's *Candide*, circumnavigating 18 year old Candy (the young woman), warm, kind, nubile, agreeable, uninhibited and unsophisticated, a blithe spirit who passes life's troubles like a freight train passes a hobo, softer than a chocolate covered marshmallow Santa Claus, affectionate as a wet dog, harder to ignore than an unscratchable itch, with a beautiful face unclouded by thought, a body so perfect it would break the heart of John Calvin, a smile that could open a clam at 20 paces, and kissed more often than a Mafia capo's hand, and by much the same kind of people.

Candy (the novel), is unalloyed post-modernism, by definition, a transitional cusp of social, economic, cultural, and ideological history when modernism's high-minded principles and preoccupations have ceased to function, but before they have been replaced with a totally new system of values (our time seeks a fiction that can house all the narcissistic zaniness of a Twitter centered world wherein Warhol's 15 minutes of fame has been trashed as insufficient, and everybody demands to be famous all the time). It took 6 years, and a fling with Federal judges, to clear the atmospherics for Candy's U. S. publication because the slice of fundamentalists who were reactionary, stood fully capable of mustering potent forces in their war on joy. No loss, it's just a book, and while such people can be harmless, democracy has always been vulnerable to a scary tyranny of the minority (from the left and the right), since our neighbors, that occupy both peripheries of the political spectrum, must be abided respectfully and with good will. But they must also be kept off balance, because it's not that they want you to think as they do, it's that they want you to do as they think.



Painted and signed twice by Dali

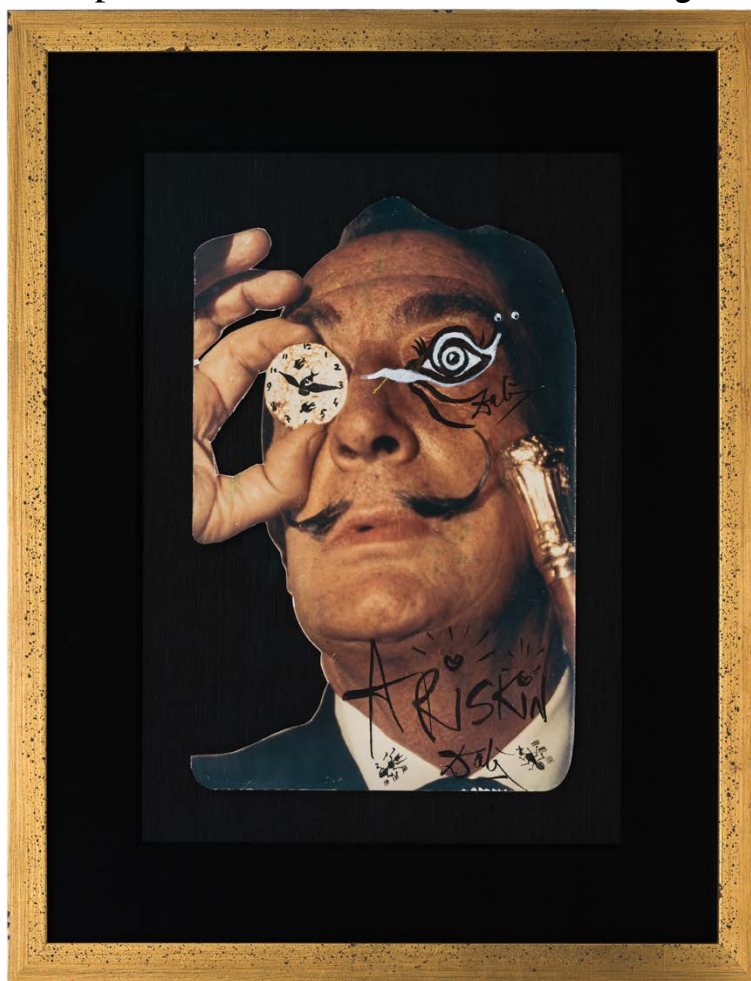
[Spanish Art]

Overpainted Photographic Cutout Portrait

by Salvador Dali

(NY, 1970).

Amazing, multimedia self-portrait of the greatest surrealist painter in the entire panorama of art. Pictured in a suit with a gold cane, an arresting image,



carefully scissors cut on the contours by Dali himself to 7 1/2" X 11 1/8" with attention and forethought, his right eye hand-painted as a bird clock (in the original Piaget sitting it was a gold rondure), his left eye painted as a snail, 2 typical Dali ants (beetles?) on the shirt collars, highlights in gold and traces of light green. Inscribed in black ink to A. Riskin with a pair of beaming hearts, and signed twice by Dali, once following the inscription and again on his upper left cheek. Faint creases at margins, hint of paste on the back, else very good (see this

catalog's frontispiece). Archival mat, ultra-violet museum glaze, and gold frame. Ex-Chevalier (The Order of Arts and Letters), Martin Riskin, N. Y. 20,000

Unique yet prototypical, and not at all like his usually seen post 1960 compositions, which were mostly thin and wispy, often careless, and produced as prints in editions for pelf, defying ethics and credibility (mass-manufactured collectibles for the gullible), which the pragmatic buyer was (and is) sufficiently savvy to largely avoid. But our portrait is not that. It's a one-off flash from the master's vision and whimsy, executed with exceptional care to be presented as a personal gift, enticing enough to hang in the finest home, office, gallery, salon, museum, or even throne room, and not duplicated elsewhere in the canon of Dalí's work.



[Sports]

Bowman Baseball: First Card of Satchel Paige
(Philadelphia, 1949).

1st printing of Paige's initial baseball card (issued during the same season as his 1948-49 Leaf card). Number 224 from Bowman's set of 240 (324 with variations), the historic first color set to include a piece of gum with every card. Fine condition (grades excellent to mint, 6), bright, sharp, well centered, no creases, and with none of the often seen wax or gum stains on the verso. Paige (Hall of Fame, 1971) was a pitching artist, and the most famous player in the Negro Leagues for 22 years. One year after Jackie Robinson integrated Major League Baseball, Paige followed, to star in Cleveland, at the age of 42. **2,000**

5. Where the Bands Are

I hear the guitars ringin' out, ~~babe~~
Ringin' out down Union Street
I hear the lead singer shoutin' out, girl
I wanna be a slave to the beat
Yeah, tonight I wanna break my chains
Somebody break my heart
Somebody shake my brains
Downtown there's something that I wanna hear
there's it's a sound, little girl, ~~it's~~ *keeps* ringin' in my ear

CHORUS:

I wanna be where the bands are
I wanna be where the bands are
Where the bands are
I wanna be where the bands are

I get off from work and I grab something to eat
I turn the corner and I drive down your street
Little gray houses ~~but it~~ looks like nowhere *(darling)*
But hey I know you're hiding in there
Come on out for just a little while
You know that heart of stone, girl, it just ain't your style
Tonight I wanna feel the beat of the crowd
And when I tell you that I love you
I wanna have to shout it out loud
Shout it out loud

(CHORUS)

I hear the guitars ringin' out again
Ringin' on down Union Street
I hear the lead singer shoutin' out ~~again~~ *and girl*
I wanna be a slave to the beat
And I want something that'll break my chains
Something ~~to~~ break my heart *shout*
Something to shake my brains
there's a Little rocker ~~special~~ on tonight
So meet me on down
~~Be~~neath the neon lights

(CHORUS)

Springsteen, Bruce

Where the Bands Are
(1980).

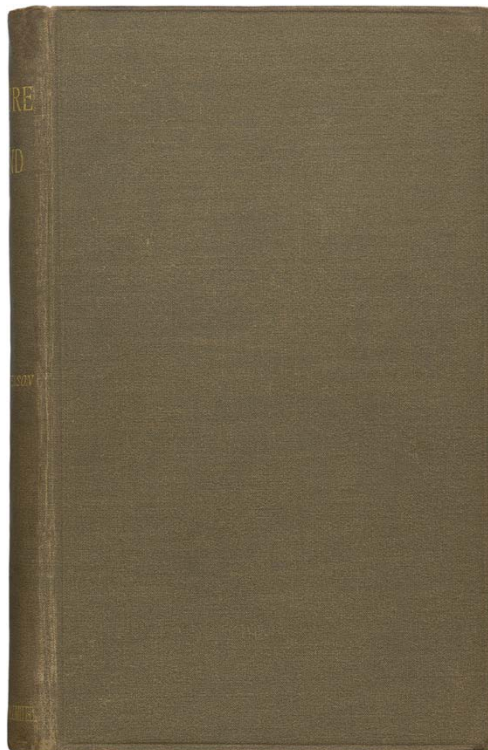
Hand corrected working typescript (not working too hard here) for Where the Bands Are, 33 lines of lyrics, all on the recto side of an 8 1/2" X 11" sheet. You could call it sterile looking, but Springsteen has made 6 changes, and 2 deletions, and he has made 1 change that he then reconsidered and crossed out, all in red ink, in his own handwriting. 2 staple holes else fine. Recorded for the 1980 album The River, but unreleased until appearing on his 1998 4 disc box set Tracks. 500

map of a straight line through the bibliographical labyrinth

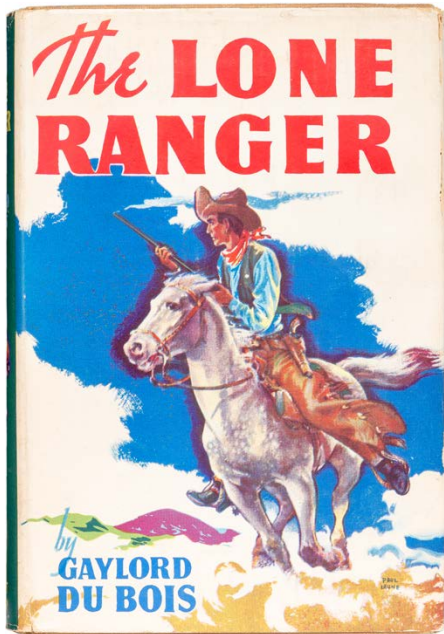
Stevenson, Robert

Treasure Island
(London, 1883).

1st edition (2,000 printed) with all of the long identified printing errors (worse for worst, etc.), not a single one of which has anything at all to do with the sequence of issue, since the errors occur in all 2,000 copies, and most of them creep into the 2nd edition. And any description that struts a list of the myriad printing points, hoping to misrepresent a copy as, textually, the “1st issue” is doing so to make a given bookseller seem scholarly and scrupulous, and to make a given copy seem like a special snowflake. The former is robotic, the latter is premeditated, and neither is true because text wise, all *Treasure Island* 1st editions are, in fact, vanilla, room temperature copies, and where there is type wear, it is irrelevant, as sheets were mixed and bound randomly. And though I respect those who assert that their biased misapplication of terms is a tool of salesmanship, I don’t respect them for anything but their honesty in admitting it. What does divide one 1st edition from another is the 1st binding and our copy is it, with October ads (5R–1083), given that those ads were the newest available, dated prior to and closest to publication day (November 14, 1883) and logically, commercially, and commonly, that was the publisher’s preference, as opposed to (in this case) left over July ads (5G–783), used in the book as an expediency, when October ads had been exhausted (no cogent argument opposes this analysis). Furthermore, October ads unquestionably precede December ads (5R–1283), which did not exist on publication day, and may identify the last copies bound. They may also mark the 2nd, or even the 3rd issue, depending on whether or not copies with July ads were also for sale on publication day (an unknown fact) alongside of copies with October ads (2nd binding doesn’t always mean 2nd issue). And sometimes the meaningless cannot go unmentioned, so I’ll note 2 states of the October ads, and 6 cloth colors, both with no priority. Light wear to corners and spine tips, threadline break to inner paper hinges, very good. **17,500**



Treasure Island is set in 1757–1758 (Stevenson does not give the exact year but it is easily reasoned from dates in the text and on the map). It boasts a cast of gritty, multifaceted eccentrics, and it stands tall as the first modern adventure novel, and still the greatest one ever written, a classic of its type without peer.



Who was that masked man?

Striker, Fran

The Lone Ranger

novelized by Gaylord Du Bois
(NY {Grosset & Dunlap}, 1936).

1st edition of the first Lone Ranger novel, with Du Bois name on the title page (the key point), and it is reprints that are routinely sold as 1st editions, despite their misrepresentations. Fine in the correct binding with Du Bois' name on cover and spine, and near fine dustjacket with light wear at edges, also correct, with Du Bois' name on the front and spine, 14 Bar X titles on flap, and only 1 Ranger title listed on back. Du Bois' name was progressively replaced everywhere by Striker's (starting with the title page) when Striker amended the book upon retaking control of all things Ranger (see the last paragraph on this page). 500

Striker, Fran

The Lone Ranger Number 1

(Chicago {Trojan Publishing Corp.}, 1937).

1st edition (April, 1937). Original wrappers, overlapping edges a bit frayed, back cover with an irritating chip from the top left corner, only taking 1 letter from the ads, else very good condition, supple and bright. The first appearance of "The Phantom Rider" a (the first) 68 page illustrated, Lone Ranger novella. Scarce, and historic in the evolution of American Westerns, and a catalyst for the shaping of crime fighting super-heroes, 14 months before Superman (Action #1). 1,100

Fran Striker (who also created The Green Hornet, and Sgt. Preston of the Yukon) conceived The Lone Ranger for a 1933 radio show on WXYZ Detroit, devised the lawman's genesis and ongoing guidelines, and wrote all the individual episodes. It achieved quick success, and was picked up by other stations around the country, and its popularity motivated the show to license some Whitman Big Little Books that put radio show plotlines in print, and a single Grosset & Dunlap book (1936), publishing a novel in 15 chapters (see previous item). G&D gave the writing job to Gaylord Dubois who petted the backstory, and flushed out a plot and much of the dialogue from the earlier radio episodes. When the book found an unexpected audience, Striker quickly visualized, designed and wrote the pulp series (of which we offer the first issue) so as to present (publish) new stories planned intentionally for the novella format. Once the pulp had been established as a successful monthly, Striker went back to G&D and offered to write original novels for book sequels. G&D agreed to publish, so Striker revised Du Bois' book for its later editions, had Du Bois' name removed from the title page, and eventually, little by little, from everywhere else, and wrote the continuations himself from 1938 to 1956.

The
LONE RANGER
10 CENTS
Magazine

April

a complete novel
The Phantom Rider
featuring
The Lone Ranger
and his wonder horse
"Silver"
with Tonto, the Indian





signed and in dustjackets

Wells, H. G.

The Works of H. G. Wells

(London [T. Fisher Unwin], 1924–27).

28 vols. 1st edition, 1st issue, one of 620 numbered sets for the U. K. signed

by Wells (there was also

a U. S. issue of 1,024

sets that were printed

at the same time as this

one, but the London

issue was published

first, and of course,

the American issue is

twice as widespread).

The cloth is fine. The

28 white jackets, have a

few tears, but are fresher

than Alpine raindrops.

A cursory glance at the

marketplace reveals that

rebound sets of both the

English and the American

issues are available

whenever you want one,

and sets in original cloth

are out there too, but



it is hard to find this London issue in all of its original dustjackets, and it is

agonizingly rare to find a set in jackets that are all so unspoiled.

10,000

Ah, the great Wells, accelerated evolution, air war, time travel, nuclear power, manipulated biology, alien invasion, invisibility, and on. All of them done ably for the first time. And beyond his science fiction novels, this set adds his fantasies (oooh, mermaids), his short stories, the whole of his other, more conventional fiction, as well as his essays and journalism, but it does not include his work from the last 18 years of his life, when his writing was being judged by his reputation, rather than his reputation being judged by his writing, a period of time when book after book demonstrated that he had earned the right to spend the remainder of his days as a reader, rather than as a writer.

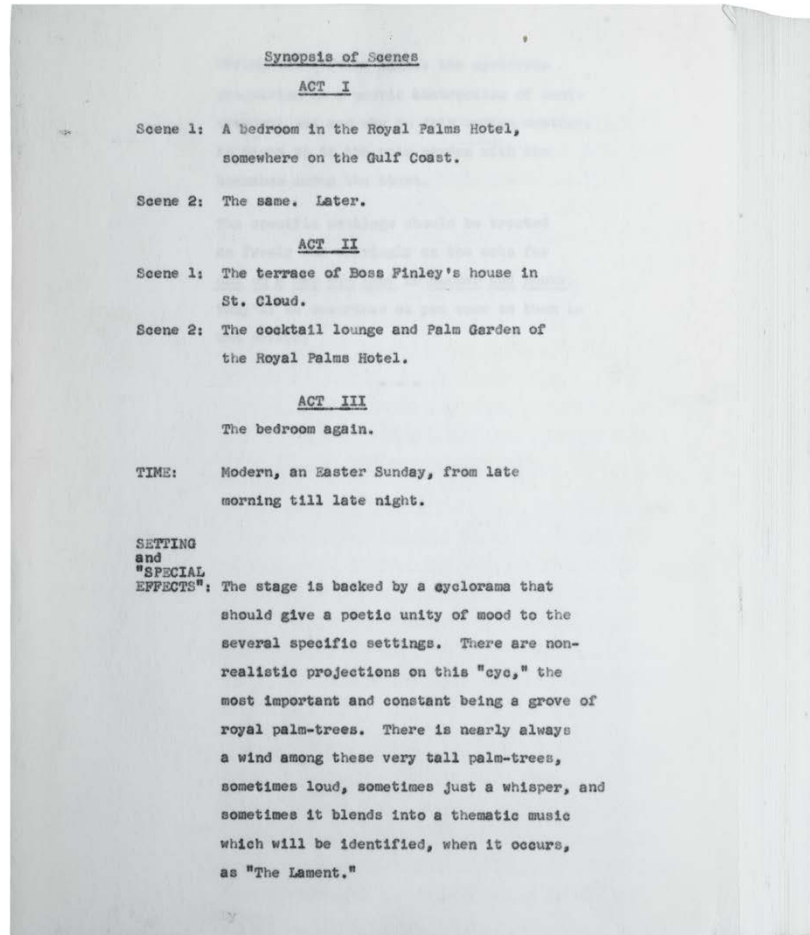
manuscript for the 1st edition

Williams, Tennessee

Sweet Bird of Youth
(NY, 1959).

Clean carbon typescript. 126 (of 127) pages. 1 page (1-2-39) is missing, and 1 more (2-1-3) is in mimeograph. Near fine in the original envelope, addressed to New Directions and bearing their note (in the hand of editor Ned Erbe) that this is the manuscript from which they (as the publishers) set the 1st edition. 2,000

Despite having a title that sounds like the name of a 1990s boy's band, Sweet Bird of Youth began life in 1956 as an unconjoined pair of plays; a 2 character version of the finished play with only Chance and the Princess, and a 1 act play called The



Pink Bedroom, that Williams later developed into Act 2, adding Boss Finley and his family. Once amalgamated, the finished play opened at New York's Martin Beck Theatre on March 10, 1959, and its central refrain is a simple one, that (the sweet bird of) youth always flies away. It also has some of Williams' favored, and repeatedly revisited, themes; sexual purity, desperation, time, and ridicule, and he added to those old friends of his, the symbolism of Easter with its promise of resurrection, and a heckler, distinctive as the only voice of conscience.

"To get back my youth, I would do anything in the world except get up early, take exercise or be respectable." –Oscar Wilde, The Picture of Dorian Gray

And I'll add to Wilde's 3 exceptions:

Give up the understanding gained from painful experience.

the first American woman writer of Gothic fiction

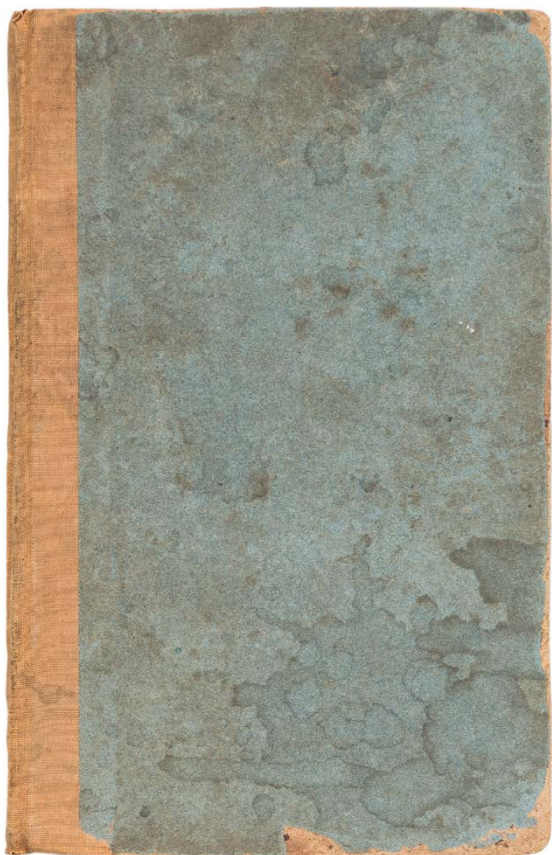
Wood, Sally

Tales of the Night

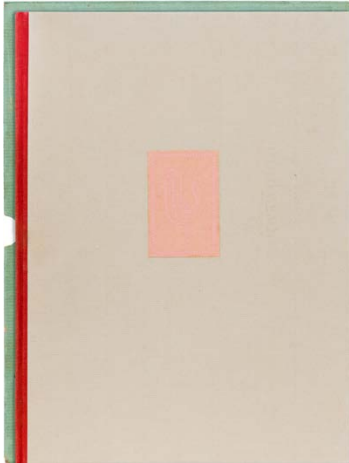
(Portland [Thomas Todd], 1827).

1st edition. 2 novellas, *Storms and Sunshine* (70 pages) and *The Hermitage* (88 pages). Original muslin backed boards, rubbed at edges, uncut with full margins, rear free endpaper frayed at fore-edge, minor stains, but very good, a wondrous

copy with no repair. Rare. Zero sales at auction in 40 years. OCLC lists 14 libraries with 1st editions, but few of them look like this one. Ref: Wright 2758. **2,500**



Sally Wood (Sarah Sayward Barrell Keating Wood, 1759–1854) married at 20, had 3 children, then woke up one day at 25 and found herself a widow. Once the children were older and stabilized, she turned to writing and, between 1800 and 1804, published 4 Gothic thrillers with surprising success for an American, and unprecedented success for an American woman. In the first one's introduction, she paints herself as modest and domestic, then reinforces that stereotype in all 4 by depicting her protagonists as passive, victimized heroines, more wholesome than a bowl of cornflakes. In 1804 she married General Abel Wood and abandoned writing (*Cinderella returns to the ashes*). He died in 1811 and she began to grow more self-assured and independent, and since all final decisions are made in a state of mind that's going to change, and because illusions cannot be abolished but can be outgrown, 16 years later, the now mature Sally Wood returned to writing with this book. In it her female types still promote virtue, but that promotion is warily counterpoised against 19th century women's fear of having no escape, and being prey to the real life materializations of Gothic fiction's secrets, mayhem, and anxiety. However, her players are not weak and stupid about it, half mirroring whom Wood had become during the lucid interim when domestic duties and propriety prompted her to park her pen. Now it's the 21st century, and the therapy generation parks their domestic duties and propriety, and modern homes are allowed a descent into disorder, and when strangers come to the door and behold the chaos, they are greeted in feigned amazement with, "Who could have done this to us, we have no enemies?"



Woolf, Virginia

Beau Brummell
(NY, 1930).

1st edition. **One of 550 numbered copies signed by Woolf.** Fine in 1/4 cloth, boards, and very good (a few spots) slipcase, both with labels. An essay on Brummell, the architect of men's fashion during the Regency. His fitted, well-cut, dark suits and ties, supplanted the 18th century's breeches and bright, fancy trimmings. He was society's darling, a super celebrity with fanatical admirers, but his vanity cost him his friends, his friends cost him his position, his position cost him his income, and it ended so fast he thought the film broke. **900**

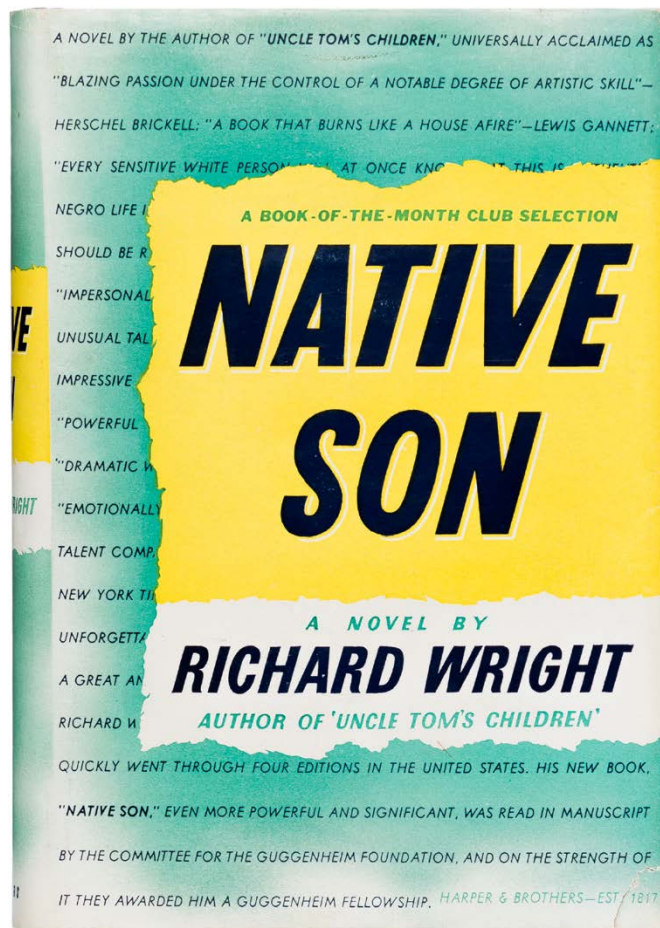
Wright, Richard

Native Son
(NY, 1940).

1st edition of Wright' first, and most impactful, novel, spurring among others, Ellison's Invisible Man, 1952, and Baldwin's Go Tell It On the Mountain, 1953. Fine in a radiant dustjacket with a 1/2" corner tear else it's also fine, and a relative rarity when it glows like this.

1st editions in worn or faded jackets are commonplace, and signed copies are always for sale, but our dustjacket, with its luminous pastel colors unsoiled and unfaded, even on the spine, looks like it's been camouflaged in Office Depot's highlighter aisle. **7,500**

Subjective definitions of the word "racist" are uncountable but a consensus in biology (specifically genetics) tells us that our traditional superficial concepts are a sociocultural construct (as if we classified dogs only by coat color), and that as we readjust our language, the only objective definition of the word racist is: "one who still believes that the human race can be divided into human races."





If you can talk you can write, and the best ideas for what I should write about, come from conversation. And though good ideas are not good all the time, it is what I gain from mulling over their inconsistencies that inspires my writing choices. So I am dependent on booksellers, and collectors, and librarians to talk to me, because all of them know something I don't know, and many of them understand some things I misunderstand. And supplementing that, are exchanges with my social friends that provide insights beyond the usual subjects associated with books, and bookselling, and writing, and literature. And it is those unanticipated observations, and my ability, such as it is, to find connections for them to the objects of my attention (when before their union they were perceived to have no relation) that contribute the most to what makes these catalogs interesting, if interesting they be. And so I follow my own curiosity, and if somebody doesn't want to follow along, they can turn the page and choose to, or choose not to, follow along on a different topic. Further, while I'd like to please everyone, such an aspiration risks pleasing no one, so I please myself, and leave you to your own assessment, on any basis you like. And 2 final reroutings:

"I'm so glad, it's gonna be fine,
I learned my lessons from a real good kind.
They said '...tread lightly on the land that you find...
And you can be happy for the rest of your life.'
'Do what you love and what you believe in.'
I learned my manners from a real good team.
They said: 'when you have to, you change your ways,
And you'll be healthy for the rest of your days.'
So be thankful, and speak your mind.
Give love to the treasures you'll find.
When you can, try to be on time,
And you'll be happy for the rest of your life."

—Jenny O, Learned My Lessons

www.youtube.com/watch?v=gIKpuSFBNO0



"...and I hope we've passed the audition."

—John Lennon, the last live words of The Beatles as a quartet

http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x8ehh4_beatles-get-back-live-the-rooftop-c_music





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