

with myself at the present.
alone but not lonely.

One of Acker's inscriptions in
I Dreamt I Became (or Was) a Nymphomaniac, 1974
Item 1 (3a)

∞

Nota Bene:

Biblioctopus catalog numbers 54, 55, and 56 were all single author or single subject collections printed in small numbers of 5, 12, and 4 copies respectively. All copies of them were distributed, the contents of each were sold en bloc, no items from any of them remain available, and the new owners of all 3 chose not to have them listed online, so there is no possible response, to requests for any of the 3, other than "sorry no." However, if you like to buy large collections and feel left out, see the **red note** in this catalog just before the first entry for "Dumas." And for those of you who prefer your collections in smaller sizes, we have a complete, single author assembly (Kathy Acker), that leads this catalog as its first item (6 pages of it), a complete series run (Baum's Oz books) as the 4th, and yet another (Doyle's Sherlock Holmes in the original parts) as the 32nd. Waiting in line are 2 other substantial gatherings, already detailed, that will find their way into print one day soon, and these will be full size, illustrated catalogs. And we are sitting on 2 more that still demand further work, but we can dodge those labors when we get to them.

Biblioctopus

1st editions of the classics of fiction

Catalog 57

Sustained Ambitions

or, The Eccentricities of Endurance

Books and manuscripts, allied with a multiplicity of related items, 165 to 2014,
all connected by subject, form, appearance, manufacturing mode, or creative process,
all described with a presumption of familiarity, and in our unruly, bawdy, and quixotic style,
many with rants and assaults from the scrolls of book collecting (Book Code),
and some others enhanced by, or if you prefer, diminished by
those hopefully tolerated detours and digressions,
captured under the banner we fly as,
The Tao of the Octopus.

The seventh catalog

in an unfinished 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,
without abandoning the self-actualizing forms, protocols, disciplines, and traditions we embrace
as the internally guiding, and externally comforting, virtues of the past.

Biblioctopus is womanned by Jen the Zen (the jenerator)

Director: Alex Hime

Text by Mark Hime

All 3 are members of:

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The brash vanities that drive my realism,
reimagined, reinvented, remodeled, rebooted, and then recontrived,
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

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

Basics: All entries include the 6 bookselling necessities, 1. author (or subject, or its equivalent, on related items), 2. title (or its equivalent on related items), 3. place of publication (if confirmable and undisputed, or if disputed, addressed in the text), 4. date of publication (or circa), 5. a bibliographical conclusion, and 6. 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 comparable items of like kind and grade, so everything is marked to market (or has been remarked to market) by recent world wide survey, the resolute and ongoing commitment being that; **no one is offering a finer example at our price, and no one is offering an equal example for less.** And there is a conspicuous mutuality present here, so we rapidly identify, are acutely conscious of, and actively shield you from, all detrimental business externalities.

Methodology: In a stumble towards neo-scholarship, we apply 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 contrivances, frameworks, tools, or techniques that seem interesting, insightful, revealing, 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 because I am creatively inadequate, disparate pithy aphorisms, literary conceits, wry epigrams, dry metaphors, and coy similes, are stolen, kidnapped, embezzled, pirated, pillaged, and plagiarized, from everywhere and everyone, then inverted, corrupted, abridged, combined, reinterpreted, reconfigured, debauched, diminished, and mis-employed, all for your breezy reading.

Illustrations: Photography is accomplished with a zealous industry using a macro lensed 24.3 megapixel full frame camera that conveys reliable views of all items. We covet pretty pictures, but nothing is deliberately positioned to hide its flaws, the associated text candidly and completely depicts the item being offered, not just the deficiencies peculiar to, and observable in, the photo, and those angles on, or sides of, items that are not visible, have their failings articulated with special clarity.

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, unbelievably fine, or unimaginably fine. We shun all rules linked to use of the comma and overuse parentheses, employing both as it suits us to support tempo. We are friends with grammar but do not serve it. Bibliographical conclusions are all given as, “pending new discovery.” Any cited census data (ABPC, OCLC, etc.) is our best effort to read it fairly. Restoration and repair are aesthetic, directed at soundness, and plainly noted, without the use of evasive terminology (argot). 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 any assigning of leather species is only our ablest evaluation. Ellipsis (...) in quotations cut nothing that would change the meaning. “Postmodern” as used here means “after W. W. II” no more, no less. The notation “Book Code” follows general book collecting guidance, attacks, and rants. Declaring that we sell aspirational quality drives us to deliver that expectation (see “coda” on last page).

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 *Bibliotopus Catalog 57*, communally boast a collective soul.

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

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

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

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

Ecology: *Bibliotopus* is 100% green with the carbon footprint of a raindrop. Every item for sale has been recycled, most 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.

Assurances: Every item is guaranteed to be genuine, as described, and way cool, regardless of vintage, but all manuscripts fashioned by the living are particularly burdened with, and isolated by, specific and uneditable disclaimers of warranty.

Insufficient Thrills: Everything is deemed to be sold on approval, and may be returned, with notice, within 8 days, for any reason, or no reason, for a full refund. Everything continues to be the lawful property of *Bibliotopus* until it is wholly paid.

Gratuitous Armor: Copyright, ©MMXVII, by *Bibliotopus Nation*, but contrary to established custom, we will wholly or partially subsidize the timely reproduction and distribution of *Bibliotopus Catalog 57* anywhere in the world, provided that said reprinting is, in all ways, and in our judgment, absolutely accurate (indistinguishable).

words: i sit in the twilight,
 high on beer, amusing
 myself & the straight
 people call it art, & put
 frosted polish on my
 fingernails. the secret
 of my success is that i
 can have a good time
 all by myself, thinking of
 other people also, being
 with them in my thoughts +

DREAMT I WAS A NYMPHOMANIAC: IMAGINING

Kathy Acker

i'm on a journey of self-
 discovery. in discovering
 myself, i discover
 the world
 we are all lost, all looking
 for what?

I want to and have been sending these books out free dislike asking for money. I've now run out of money and people to borrow from. It costs approximately \$100. to send out each of these issues. If you can spare the money, please do. You'll receive these of course whether or not you can help pay costs

COLUMBUS WAS LOOKING FOR AMERICA. WE ARE STILL LOOKING FOR AMERICA

JOHN KENNEDY, MALCOLM X, MARTIN LUTHER KING, JOHN KENNEDY

2 IRISHMEN, 2 BLACK MEN GOT SHOT

you + i are still alive... looking into our hearts + souls + bodies

The Flashpoets of Sin Return



Acker's inscriptions in, and decorations to, *I Dreamt I Became a Nymphomaniac*, 1974

Catalog 57 is conceitedly dedicated to the memory of
the great John F. Fleming

Acker, Kathy

A Comprehensive Collection
(VP, 1972–2002).

24 titles in 52 volumes, plus papers. **Includes all the 1st editions published in her life, most signed, one posthumous book, a few pointedly pertinent proofs, some half significant typescripts and letters, and one piece of ephemera.** 20,000

For 25 years Kathy Acker poured irony all over the American dream, while hyperventilating her way through her own exaggerated, alternative, invented lives, never once the pixie, always pugnaciously sassy and copulation positive, more energetic than a gamma ray photon, more personal than a set of fingerprints, more stubborn than those styrofoam cups that will not biodegrade, experimentally relentless in her deflating strike on the rules of language, and steadfastly bohemian in her overt and deadpan display of the psychic bruises and emotional scars from a willful rebellion against, and a scornful dismissal of, all things romantic.

“I thought love was only true in fairy tales,
Meant for someone else but not for me,
Love was out to get me, that’s the way it seemed,
Disappointment haunted all my dreams...”

–Neil Diamond, I’m a Believer

The following physical and bibliographical descriptions of Acker’s 24 books are dry, and may prove boring to read if you are not keen for details. If that describes you, just skip them and move along. If you think you might care, here they are:

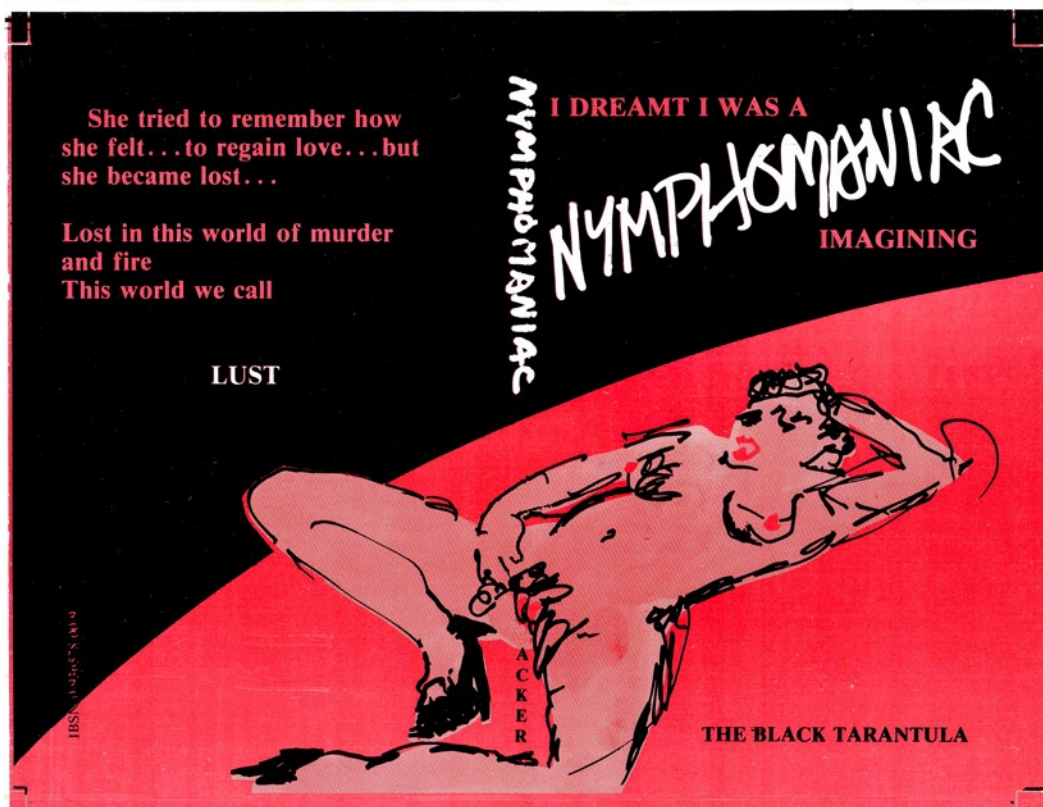
- 1.** **Politics** (n. p., 1972). 1st edition of her first book. Publisher’s clothbacked stiff wrappers, one corner bumped else near fine. Annoyingly scarce. **Signed presentation copy inscribed on the title page, “Dear Paul, for everything, not least of which yr, jail poems which I just read, + for these few days: Love Kathy.”**
- 2a.** **Childlike Life of the Black Tarantula** (San Diego, 1973). 6 vols. Complete 1st edition in the original serialized parts, mailed to subscribers only. Wrappers, near fine. The first and rarest of her parts issues, the one you can’t get. **Laid in to pt. 5 is a contemporary 61 word handwritten note, by Acker, in blue ink, to the subscriber referencing pt. 5, inviting a rendez-vous, and signed as TBT (the black tarantula).**
- 2b.** **Childlike Life of the Black Tarantula** (NY [Viper’s Tongue], 1975). 1st trade edition. White photographic pictorial wrappers. Very good. **Signed presentation copy inscribed, “For Josh, Wow! All love, Kathy.”**

[continued]

2c. **Childlike Life of the Black Tarantula** (NY [TVRT], 1978). 1st printing of a different (better distributed) trade edition. Green pictorial wrappers. Fine. **Presentation copy inscribed, "This book is for Burt – love – (with Acker's drawing of a tarantula)."**

3a. **I Dreamt I Became a Nymphomaniac** ["Was" for "Became" parts 2–4]. (San Francisco, 1974). 6 vols. Complete 1st edition in the original serialized parts, mailed to subscribers only. Wrappers, near fine. **Splendid signed presentation copy with: 1. A note in pt. 1 "No more Tarantulas left. Hope this new series suffices. Enjoy Kathy."** [and] **2. A long inscription and elaborate decorations in pt. 2 (see pictures on previous pages 2 and 6).** [and] **3. An inscription in pt. 4 "Thanks for stuff! Love, TBT" (the black tarantula).**

3b. **I Dreamt I Was a Nymphomaniac** (n.p., 1974). An unbound set of photocopied proofs (rectos only) taken from the 1974 edition in 6 parts, but with the title now settled upon. 192 pages (2 pages each on 8 1/2" X 11" sheets). Complete. **Signed by Acker. 3 notes in text.** The proofs are laid into her homemade, tape-backed, black manila folder.



3c. **I Dreamt I Was a Nymphomaniac** (NY [Traveler's Digest], 1980). 4 pre-publication proofs. To wit: **1.** A near complete set of cut-up, pasted-up page proofs, before illustrations, for the 1980 Traveler's edition. The glue has dried and most of the text fragments have come loose and scrambled, else good. **Signed "Kathy Acker" on page 3.** [and] **2.** A mostly corrected proof with illustrations for the 1980 Traveler's edition, but there are some additions, drawings, notes, etc. Loose sheets laid into a proof of the pictorial covers. Very good. **Signed "Kathy Acker."** [and] **3.** An unfolded, untrimmed mock-up proof of the Traveler's pictorial covers (see photo above). Fine. [and] **4.** 2 sets of printer's sheets (8 pages per sheet) for the Traveler's edition. Near fine.

- 3d.** **I Dreamt I Was a Nymphomaniac** (NY [Traveler's Digest], 1980). 1st trade edition. Near fine. **Inscribed, "To the best dirty bookseller in the world, Love, Kathy."**
- 4a.** **Adult Life of Toulouse Lautrec** (NY, 1975). 6 vols. Complete 1st edition in the original serialized parts. Wrappers, thin stain to the blank back wrapper of pt. 6 else near fine. Not a biography, but a novel, with all the charm of fire ants.
- 4b.** **Adult Life of Toulouse Lautrec, Part 6, The Life Of Johnny Rocco** (NY, 1976). **30 page typescript (title + 29pp.) in very good condition, no corrections, but complete, and signed "Kathy Acker" on the first page.**
- 4c.** **Adult Life of Toulouse Lautrec** (NY [TVRT], 1978). 1st trade edition. Wrappers. Fine. **Presentation copy, inscribed by Acker, "For Burt, All my Love, Tooloose [sic] Lautrec."**
- 5.** **Florida** (Providence, 1978). 1st edition. Wrappers. Fine. **Signed presentation copy, inscribed, "For Lorie, All love, Acker."**
- 6a.** **Kathy Goes to Haiti, A Trip to the Voodoo Doctor** (n. p., 1977). **3 page typed manuscript, very good, with corrections, signed at the top "Kathy Acker."** An early version for the appearance in Traveler's Digest, vol. I, no. I (a copy of the periodical is included).
- 6b.** **Kathy Goes to Haiti** (Toronto, 1978). 1st edition. Pictorial wrappers. Fine. **Signed and inscribed, "For Johre [?], dealings, Kathy, love."**
- 7a.** **Inside High School (Parents Stink [and] The Scorpions), from Blood and Guts in High School** (n. p., 1978). Mimeographed typescript of an early draft, varying from the printed text of the published novel, which was copyright in 1978 but not issued until 1984. Parents Stink is 25 pages. The Scorpions is 30 pages (23 pages of text, and 7 pages of captioned illustrations) with 3 minor corrections. **The Scorpions is signed, "Kathy Acker."**
- 7b.** **Blood and Guts in High School** (NY, 1984). 1st edition. Fine in wrappers.
- 7c.** **Blood and Guts in High School Plus Two** (London, 1984). 1st U. K. edition. The "Plus Two" are Great Expectations [and] My Death, My Life by Pier Paolo Pasolini (an Acker pseudonym). Fine in a very good dustjacket.
- 8.** **The Seattle Book** (n. p., 1980). 1st edition. Privately printed. 17 pages (2 + 13 pages of text + 2 pages of illustrations). Near fine. A rarity, never seen for sale.
- 9a.** **Persian Poems** (London, 1980). 1st edition. Wrappers. Fine. **Signed presentation copy, inscribed, "For Harry, All my love, Acker,"**
- 9b.** **6 letters (3 handwritten, 3 typed, all signed) to Michael Perkins, circling the 1981 New York Poetry Project.** Near fine.
- 10.** **N. Y. C. in 1979** (Buffalo [Top Stories], 1981). 1st edition. Pictorial wrappers. one corner crease, else fine. **Signed presentation copy, inscribed, "For Harry, All love, Acker."**
- 11.** **Hello, I'm Eric Jong** (NY, 1982). 1st edition. Wrappers lightly toned else fine. **Signed presentation copy, inscribed, "For Harry, All love Acker."**
- 12a.** **Great Expectations** (San Francisco [Re/Search], 1982). "Advance proof copy" of the withdrawn 1st edition. Pictorial wrappers designed by Enrico Chandoha and with a pencil note by him on the endpaper recalling that Acker pulled the book from this publisher. Not as great as Dickens' version but a lot more fun than say, the Wikipedia entry for rope.

[continued]

- 12b.** *Great Expectations* (Barrytown [Open Book], 1982). 1st edition. Pictorial wrappers, one corner crease else fine. **Signed, "Kathy Acker."**
- 12c.** *Great Expectations* (A March 11–12 performance at "The Kitchen"). Pictorial flyer (10 3/4" X 8 3/8"). one tiny edge nick else very good. **Signed, "Kathy Acker."**
- 13.** *Implsion* (NY, 1983). 1st edition. Pictorial wrappers. Light rubs, near fine. **Signed presentation copy, "This book, not to be stolen, is for Rhys! Cause I love him!! Kathy."**
- 14a.** *Algeria* (London, 1984). 1st edition. Pictorial wrappers. Spine faded, a corner creased else near fine. **Inscribed, "Yours, Kathy Acker."**
- 14b.** *Algeria, The Problem of We the Colonized* (1984?). **One page photocopy of an early typescript with one minor spelling correction. [and] Lotted with this page are (and always were) 2 other identical looking photocopied Acker typescripts, published elsewhere, On My Mother's Death (4 pages), and, Miss. Slavey and Mr. Henry James Jr. (3 pages).**
- 15a.** *Don Quixote* (London, 1986). Bound proof of the 1st edition (published April, 24). Wrappers. Fine.
- 15a.** *Don Quixote* (NY, 1986). Bound proof of the 1st American edition (published Oct. 31). Wrappers. Fine.
- 16.** *Literal Madness* (NY, 1987). 1st edition. Collects (reprints) Haiti, Florida, and My Death My Life. Fine in fine dustjacket. **Inscribed, "Love Acker."**
- 17.** *Empire of the Senseless* (NY, 1988). 1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket. **Signed, "Kathy Acker."**
- 18.** *In Memoriam to Identity* (NY, 1990). 1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket. **Signed, "Kathy Acker."**
- 19.** *Hannibal Lecter, My Father* (NY, 1991). 1st edition. Collected from periodicals and earlier books. Wrappers. Fine. **Inscribed, "For Denis, All my love, Kathy Acker."**
- 20.** *Portrait of An Eye* (NY, 1992). "Uncorrected proof" (really an advance reading copy) of the 1st edition. Wrappers. Fine. **Signed, "Kathy Acker."** Collects (reprints) Black Tarantula, Nymphomaniac, and Toulouse–Lautrec.
- 21.** *My Mother: Demonology* (NY, 1993). 1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket. **Signed, "Kathy Acker."** Hugs are prison, cookies are shackles, moms are a male plot.
- 22.** *Pussycat Fever* (Edinburgh and San Francisco, 1995). 1st edition. Pictorial wrappers, a good copy. **Signed presentation copy, inscribed, "For Caroline, All my love, Kathy."** Publishes a part (75 pages) of Pussy, King of the Pirates.
- 23a.** *Pussy, King of the Pirates* (NY, 1996). "Uncorrected proof" (really an advance reading copy) of the 1st edition. Wrappers. Fine.
- 23b.** *Pussy, King of the Pirates* (NY, 1996). 1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket. **Signed, "Kathy Acker."**

24a. Rip-Off Red, Girl Detective and the Burning Bombing of America (NY, 2002). “Uncorrected proof” (really an advance reading copy) of the posthumous 1st edition. Wrappers. Fine.

24b. Rip-Off Red, Girl Detective and the Burning Bombing of America (NY, 2002). 1st edition. Pictorial wrappers. Fine.

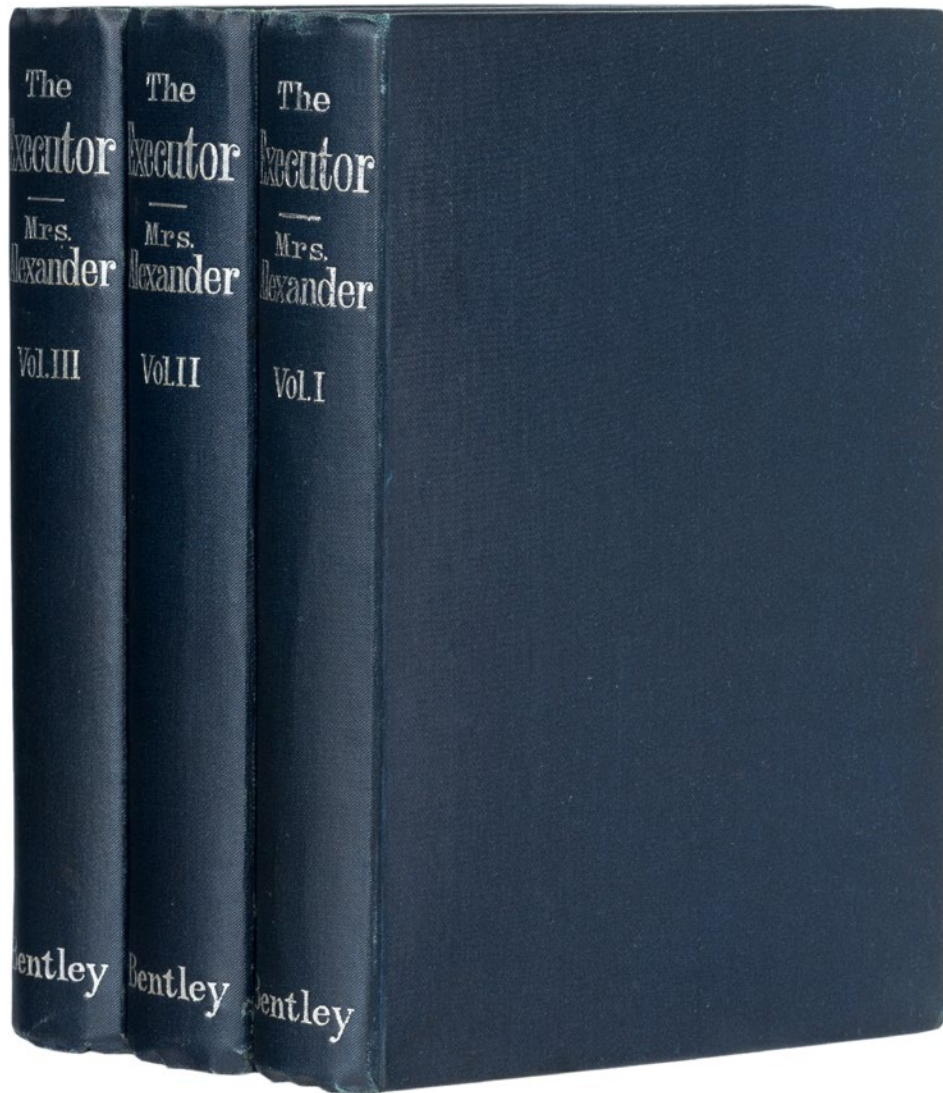
A harvesting of the core, and a pure one, free of padding, and a collection like this is not going to be obtainable anywhere else (a lack of choices clears the mind), so I shouldn't have to sell it very hard. I mean, a bridge doesn't run around the town looking for people to carry across the river, it just stands there and says, “Here I am.”



Kathy Acker (1947–1997) remains locked in an elliptical orbit, outside the orthodox rare book market, but her implacability, courage, style, mutinous originality, and feminist influence, as well as some standout rarities, and the minuscule editions of her early self-published novels in parts, all mark her as an author whose collectability will be a force some day. That's some day. Today her narratives go on being way too edgy. The post-punk writers, happily cruising in her aftereffect, seem to be doing fine, but enthusiasts in the mainstream continue to feel intimidated by the first of the pissed-off grrrls. So here's The Kathy, now dead 19 years (we all have an expiration date) and still too primal to collect. She would have loved it.

“I want to get out of here means, I want to be innocent.”

— Kathy Acker, *My Mother: Demonology*

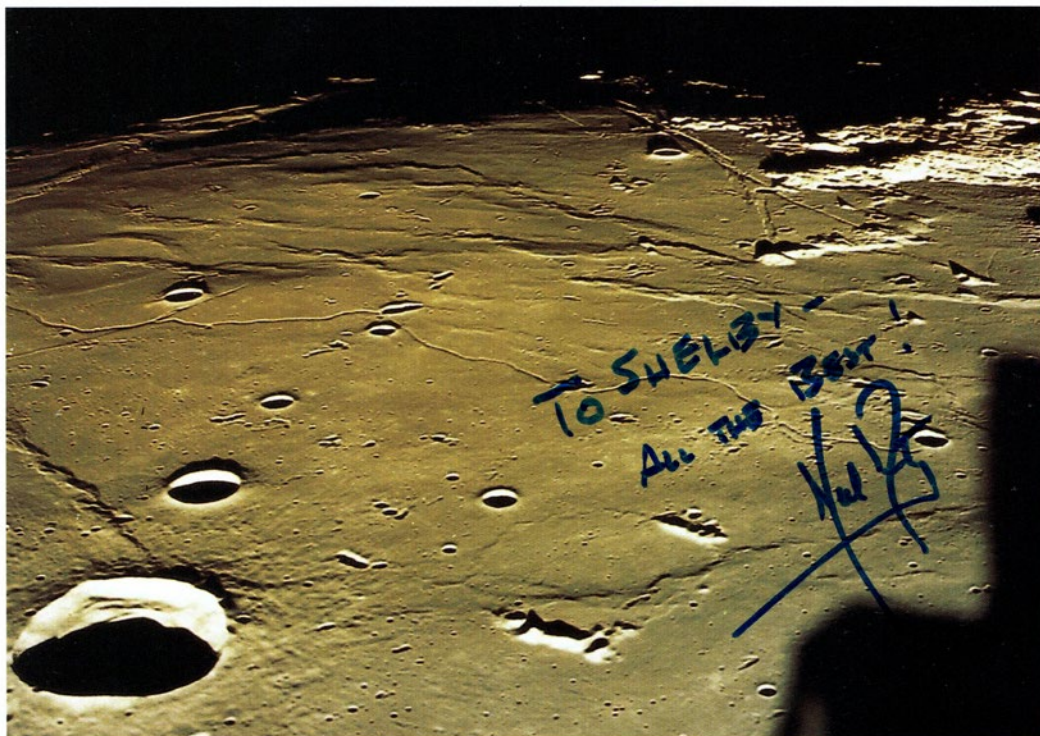


Alexander, Mrs. (pseudonym of Annie French Hector) **The Executor**
(London [Bentley], 1883).

3 vols. 1st edition. Original cloth. Fine, fair as a star when only one is shining. Scarce in any condition, freaky scarce like this. No auction sales in 50 years. OCLC lists just 7 sets in libraries, Scotland, Cambridge, British Library Reference, British Library, Wisconsin, Illinois, and U. C. L. A. Reference Sadleir 34. **1,000**

From 1875 to 1902 Annie Hector wrote novels like a revolving lighthouse, one radiating into the surrounding gloom, then another that relapsed into darkness. This one is among her brightest. They all sold well in Britain but even better in the U. S. where she was popular with readers and esteemed by critics, 2 achievements not always attained together. But she never used social media, and stayed quieter than the hotline for people in denial, so we know little of her informal life except she once danced with a doctor, who had written a cocaine prescription (C₁₇ H₂₁ NO₄) for a young woman, who later lent her umbrella to The Princess of Bavaria.

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, carved, cast, stamped, typed, drawn, engraved, embossed, photocopied, mimeographed, lithographed, or photographed.



evidence

Armstrong, Neil

Moon Surface Photograph, Signed
(NP, ND).

Printed color photo card (5 3/4" X 4 1/8") of the lunar surface landing site (The Sea of Tranquility), signed and inscribed, in blue ink, to the granddaughter of Astronaut Deke Slayton, "To Shelby-All The Best! Neil Armstrong." Fine condition. Ex-Bobbie Slayton Collection (a concrete association, fortifying the validity beyond doubt). Ex-Goldberg, Dec. 7, 2015, lot 1052. 1,250

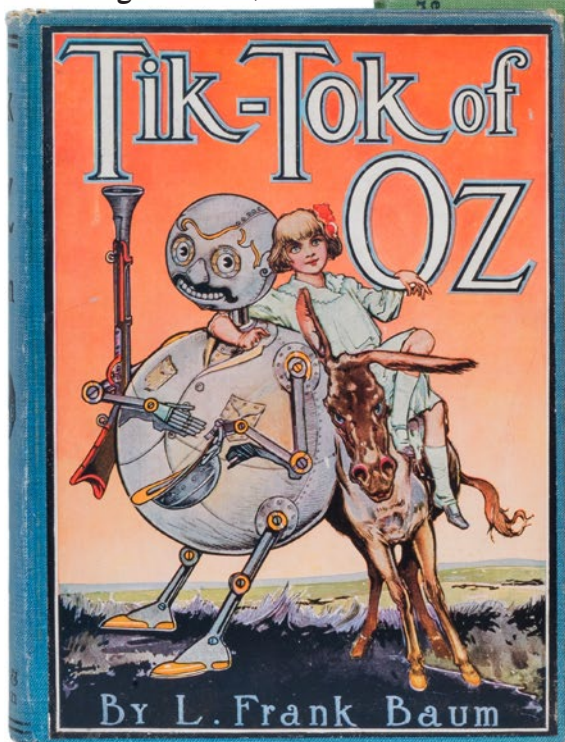
Donald (Deke) Slayton was an original Mercury 7 astronauts, but an irregular heart rhythm got him reappointed as NASA's Director of Flight Crew Operations, with full responsibility for crew assignments throughout NASA, from 1963 until 1972, when his heart returned to normal, and he flew the last Apollo mission in 1975.

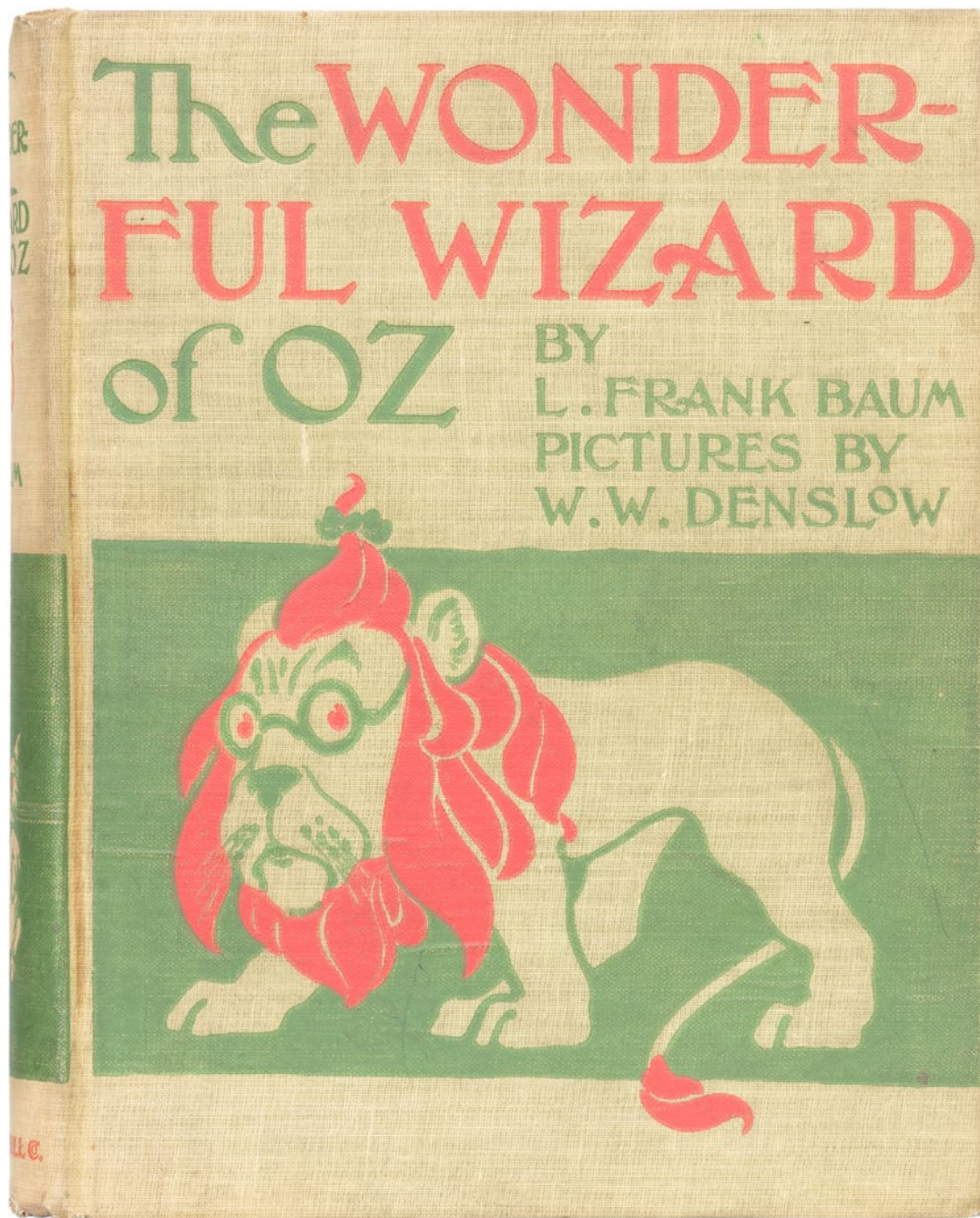
All praise Neil Armstrong, the first living organism to walk on the moon, the only Apollo astronaut who was a civilian, and the obvious nominee to reign as the single most famous 20th century name 1,000 years from now. But by 3016 this artifact will have passed through 50 pairs of hands and be owned by one of those alien bugs from Men in Black, or be framed and glazed in the library of the Sith, a reminder that we bibliophiles are like fleas arguing over who owns the dog.

Baum, L. Frank A
Complete Collection
of His Oz Books
(Chicago, 1900–1921).

15 vols. 1st editions.
11 of the 15 are the
1st issue throughout,
2 (Wizard and Land)
are a later issue and
binding, one (Ozma)
has a 2nd state publisher's
spine imprint, and one
(Patchwork) is the 2nd
state and binding. Light
fraying to a few of the
spine tips, 4 of the 30
inner paper hinges
expertly strengthened,
else near fine, clean,
and beautiful, a truly
superior set. 15 vols.

Together: 28,500





This set has no direct comparable for sale (rarely does), but at \$28,500, the 15 vols. average \$1,900 each, and there are some copies of just The Wizard for sale, in the same binding, despite the consciously strategized half truths used to misrepresent them, that are no finer than our Wizard, but offered for more money than we are asking for the entire run. Further, 12 of our 14 other titles are finer than, and 2 are as fine as, any of the solitary copies being offered for sale. And that should make you say, "hmmm" and then concede that buying some other Wizard or compiling your own collection of 15, makes less sense than dry cleaning a goat (Book Code).



Beeding, Francis (alias of Palmer and Saunders) **Death Walks in Eastrepps**
(NY, 1931).

1st American edition. Fine in a fine dustjacket, the only condition to consider for any title so close to the outermost edge of book collecting's radar (a bubble book).
References: Pronzini & Muller, 1001 Midnights. Haycraft–Queen Cornerstone. 50

erratic fanatic meets neurotic despotic

[Beowulf]

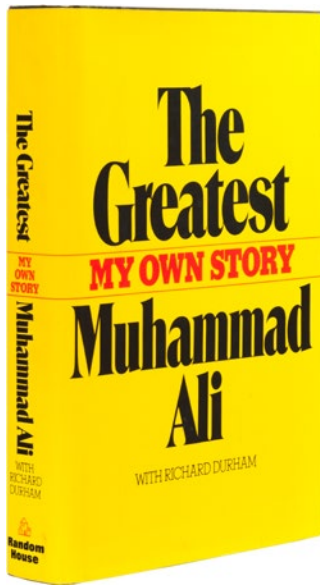
Bjowulfs Drape

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

1st edition in Danish of Beowulf, the 1st printing in any modern language, only preceded by Thorkelin's 1815 Latin edition, but Grundtvig's edition eclipses the Latin, adding 45 full pages (!) of corrections to Thorkelin's errors of translation and transcription, and it can be rationally praised as the 1st dependable Beowulf of all. Contemporary full calf, light rubs, near fine, gorgeous, and complete with all notes and vocabulary, scarce anyway, and rare in such atypically sublime condition, a book preserved for 196 years with all the care one exercises when brushing a fly off a sleeping leopard. OCLC found 3 dozen in libraries world wide, but most were parked there long ago, so it isn't that ordinary. Conversely, ABPC lists no sales at auction in 40 years, but it isn't that scarce. Past those generalities to what's more specific, here's something immediate. The imaginary copy you've been waiting for, that matches the condition of this one, is being held for you at the make-a-wish foundation. **3,500**



Beowulf is the monumental, 1,000 year old, anonymous, Anglo-Saxon epic, written in old English, and set in 600 AD. It's the earliest surviving long poem in old English, a gloriously written, dark age, pagan horror, and a classic of surprising arete, and incalculable literary impact. The sole extant manuscript is in the British Library (BL Cotton Vitellius A. XV, the numbering from Robert Cotton's system, "Vitellius" being the particular Roman emperor's bust in that section of his library, "A" being the first shelf, and "XV" marking the 15th manuscript on that shelf). Cotton's grandson gave it to the Library in 1700, but neither gifter nor giftee had a clue what it was. So there it lay, invisible and dormant, its gist unknown, until Thorkelin's curiosity led to its 1786 discovery.



[Boxing]

The Greatest. My Own Story
by Muhammad Ali
with Richard Durham
edited by Toni Morrison
(NY, 1975).

1st edition. Page edges foxed else near fine in a very good dustjacket with a crease to each flap and some ripples, but bright as a spark. **Contemporary signed presentation copy, 24 words, in ink, the association and provenance confirm the authenticity beyond doubt: "To Dinah Shore from Muhammad Ali. Service to others is the rent you pay for your room here on Earth. Mar. 4-75. Love + Peace always."** 800

Ali and Shore were friends, and he was, twice, a guest on her daytime talk type TV show, Dinah! I once suggested she contemplate losing the exclamation point, and she confessed it made her cringe, but that her producer was enamored with it. 6 pages dog-eared by Shore while reading it, and she's marked a few passages in the margins. Laid in is a staff written card, all caps, in ink, with a quote from the book that D. S. used as a cue for one of her questions. The book was published, and the inscription, with its wonderful aphorism, is dated, while Ali was Heavyweight Champion (what you should want), 4 months after beating George Foreman (the Rumble in the Jungle) and 7 months before Ali-Frazier III (the Thrilla in Manila), and he returned as a guest on the show, for a second time, in December, just after that fight. Obiter dictum: I have long tried to admire these biographies as much as I admire their subjects, and am now obliged to desist from the experiment in despair.

Brand, Max (one of Frederick Faust's pen names)

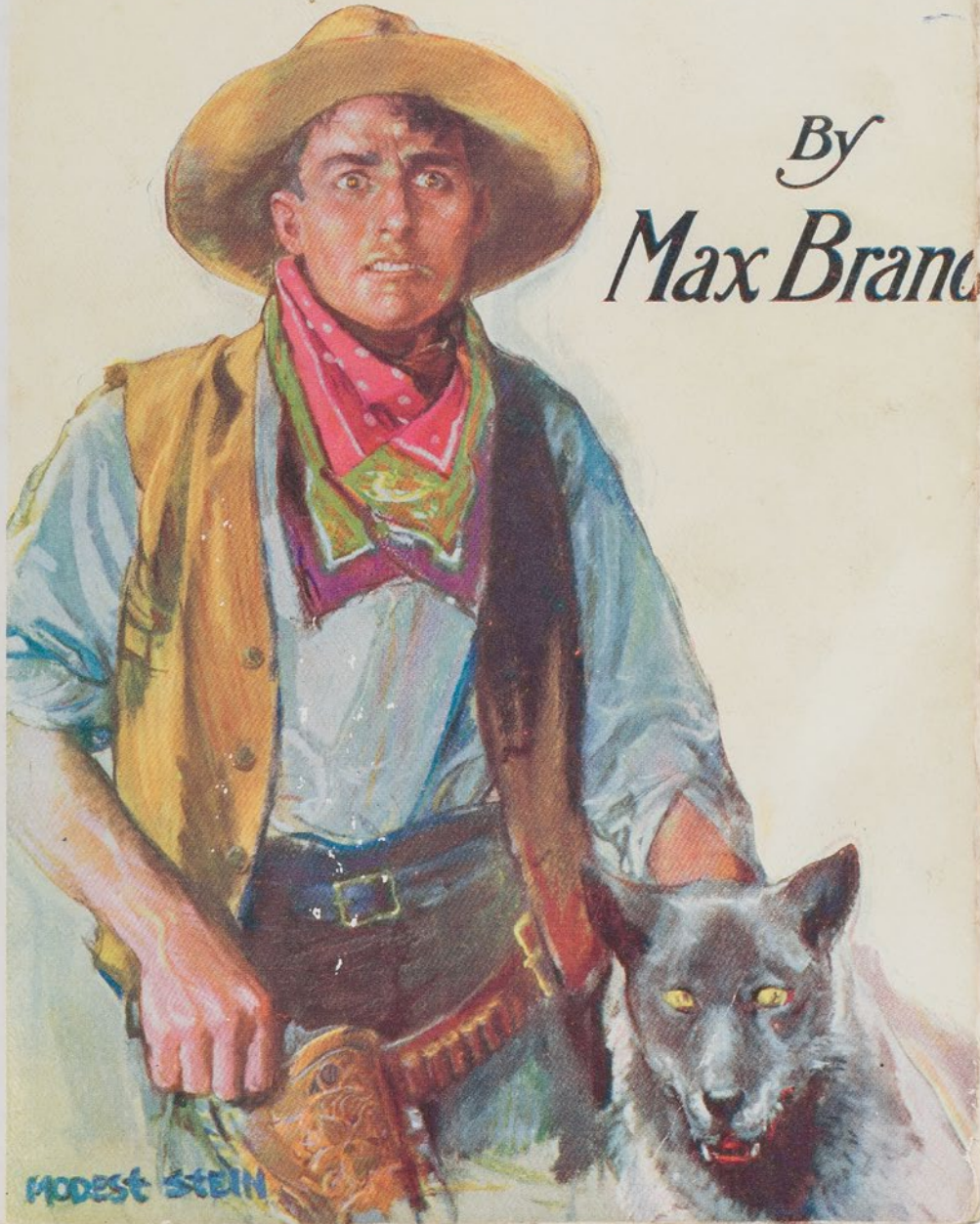
The Untamed
(NY, 1919).

1st edition of his first book, an advance reading copy bound in the dustjacket with the flaps. Cover stamped "Published Mar 15" as issued. Very good, and fresh, 2 corner chips, a partial split to one flap fold, and a crease to the front corner. Scarce in any kind of dustjacket. Rarer in this form than a feral Yorkie. Brand found instant fame and easy cash fusing the Western with the mystery, so The Untamed was immediately filmed in 1920 with Tom Mix. 2,500

The UNTAMED

PUBLISHED MAR 15

By
Max Brand

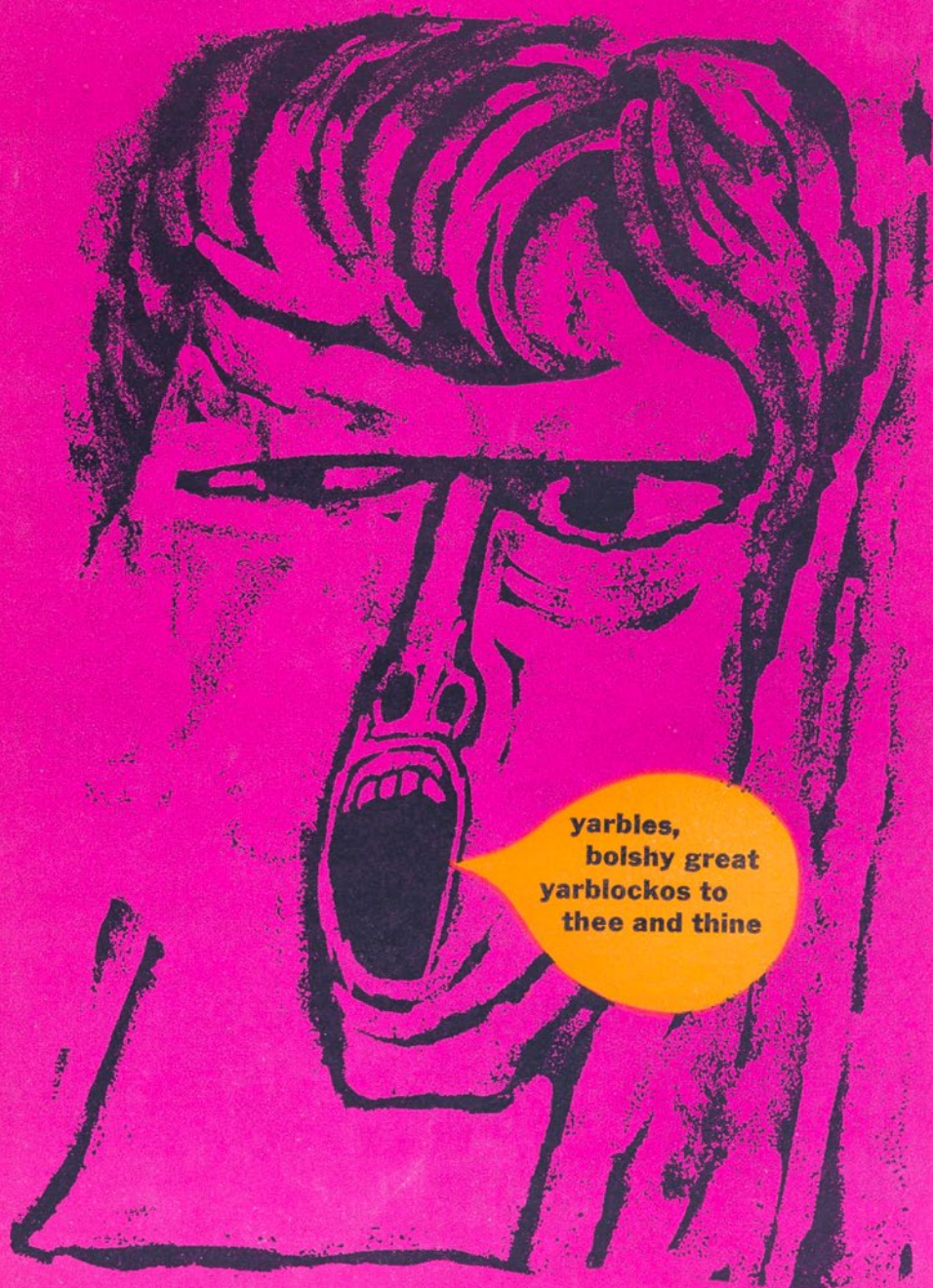


MODEST STEIN

ANTHONY BURGESS

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

ANTHONY BURGESS



yarbles,
bolshy great
yarblockos to
thee and thine

signed by Burgess

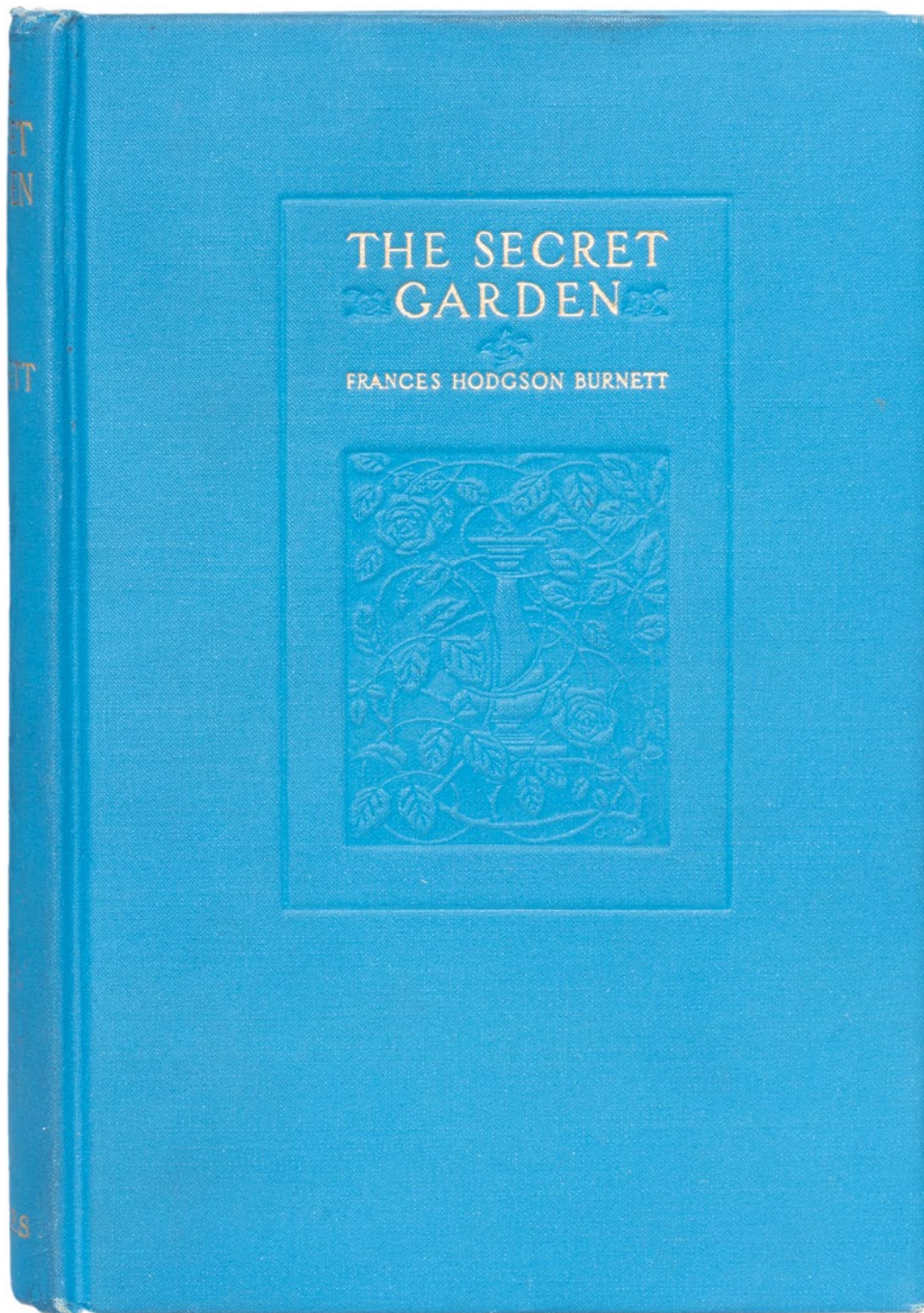
Burgess, Anthony (born J. B. Wilson)

A Clockwork Orange
(London, 1963).

1st edition, 1st binding in black cloth. Fine in fine 1st printing dustjacket priced "16s" with no faults at all. **Signed, in ink, on the title page.** Let's get this down right now. A signed scrap of paper, or a letter, or a check, or a signed bookplate, laid into, or pasted into, a book, does not make it a signed copy, any more than carrying a matchstick makes you a dragon, and calling such a thing a signed book, indicts the deceiver as the carry side-show act they are (Book Code). **12,500**

Both the U. S. book edition and Kubrick's X-rated 1971 motion picture (one of only 3 X-rated movies ever nominated for an Oscar) changed the ending, slashing the book's last chapter in which Alex is reformed. Almost every register of the 100 greatest modern novels included A Clockwork Orange, apart from the stupid ones, but I'll say that, in one way or another, all these greatest lists are stupid, even ours.

A superb copy (see photo), the kind that triggers excitement like a child's first taste of ice cream, and other signed 1sts, called fine, will trigger disenchantment fatigue, even those at higher prices, because there is invariably something about them that's like the 99 Cents Store, where everything is just a little bit off. That is unless fine is being used as a vague adjective that can be modified to include flaws that the describer thinks are acceptable for a fine book to have, and this is lying. And in rare book world, there is a war of ethics being waged, in the sin filled gap between language and truth. Condition is a hostage in that bardo, but its fellow captives are rarity and bibliography. So what is a fine book? What is a rare one? And what is a 1st edition? Limited space allows only simple answers. A fine book is not repaired and looks new. A rare book shows up once every 10 years. A 1st edition exactly replicates the book as it was for sale on publication day. Are there exceptions? Yes. Let's take them in order and lay some examples. **1.** Condition: A Shakespeare folio (any of his 17th century folios), in its original boards, uncut, with 10 short tears to the blank margins, a handful of stains, and a rust hole, is going to be much the finest copy known, and calling it fine is hardly a con. **2.** Rarity: We once did a New York book fair with two 1st editions of Melville's *The Whale* (London, 1851) for sale in original cloth. It was rare then, it is rare now. **3.** Bibliography: Winnie the Pooh's 1st edition was issued in 2 sizes, same type, just wider margins, and multiple bindings of each size. Among the varieties were 20 numbered, large paper copies bound in vellum, and a smaller trade edition in cloth and jacket issued a day later. They are both 1st editions and no distinction of priority need be attached to a description of the trade edition. But none of the exceptions above justifies declaring a book with worn spine tips, a fine copy. Or calling a book rare, when there are 5 of them for sale online. Or saying a book is a 1st edition when it exhibits changes only seen in copies for sale after publication day. All of these examples require qualifiers such as, otherwise fine, or rare in wrappers, or 2nd issue. And then we reset, and begin to dissect those qualifiers, and their kin, for their own horrid and widespread abuses (Book Code).



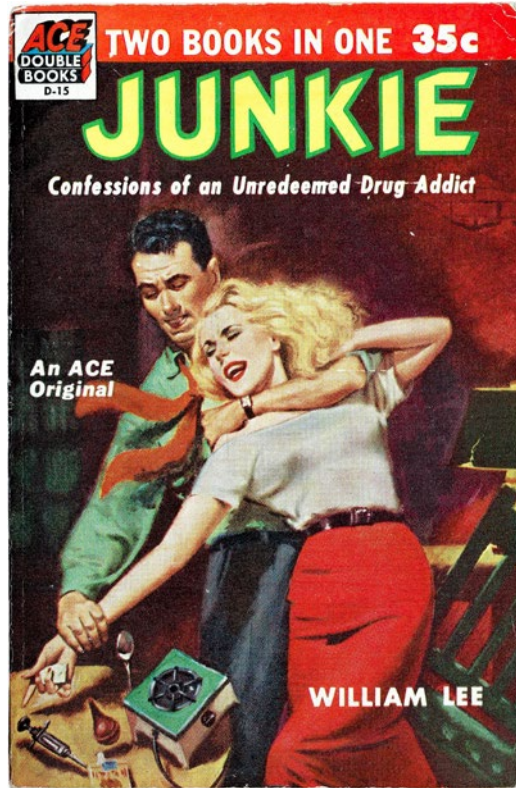
Burnett, Frances

The Secret Garden
(NY, 1911).

1st edition, prior to a London edition that's more common than Mardi-Gras beads. B. A. L.'s binding A (A states sound nice but there's no issue priority, so you should ignore it, like you ignore the dog that telepathically keeps telling you to set fires). Fine condition, but no fine copy should ever meet a magnifying glass. **750**



Burroughs, Edgar



The Beasts of Tarzan
(Chicago, 1916).

1st edition, 1st printing. Near fine in a neatly, but extensively, restored 1st printing dustjacket. The 3rd Tarzan, among the scarcest in jacket. So, you may ask, why is it so cheap? Well, I am a creature of no convictions. At least I think I am. 2,700

Burroughs, Edgar The War Chief
(NY [Argosy All-Story Weekly], 1927).

5 vols. Complete 1st appearance in original parts. A nimbly paced historical novel about the Apaches, up to the death of Cochise. Pulp paper tanned, covers strengthened (no tape), tears, and chips, worst to a blank corner of the back and last 10 leaves of the 4th issue, but no text lost, else good. 600



Burroughs, William (hiding under the false identity of William Lee) Junkie
(NY, 1957).

1st edition, first book. Wrappers, very good, finer than others called very good and some called fine. **Signed on the title in ink.** The pro-drug wanderings of writing's man on a wire, and heroin's model literary champion, more amusing and erudite than most autobiographies, but like almost all bios it reveals how much of life is wasted, a consistent takeaway that's harder to hide than a nagging cough. 1,400

whole set in boards and labels

Byron, George

Don Juan

(London, 1820–1824).

6 vols. All 16 cantos, complete in 6 volumes, as issued. 1st “foolscap octavo” edition of vol. I (cantos 1 and 2, were originally issued in an 1819 quarto followed by an 1819 demy octavo). 1st editions of vols. II–VI (cantos 3–16), also in foolscap octavo, concurrent with another issue in demy octavo. Original boards and paper labels, uncut, spines of vols. I and III chipped and their joints strengthened, but not rebacked, base of vol VI repaired, else very good, with all half–titles, fly–titles, ads, and blanks, honest as the opinion of a 4 year old, and though rebound sets are unfailingly for sale, none of them have the charisma or scarcity of an untrimmed set in boards, few of them are complete (good spaghetti sauce covering bad noodles), and many of them are the quality that gets left behind after a burglary. **1,500**

Don Juan, pronounced here as the trisyllabic *dɒnˈdʒuːən/* or Don Ju En, is Lord Byron’s acknowledged masterpiece, a 5 year emanation from the apogee of his genius (poem wasn’t built in a day). Although it was thought of as a satirical, or mock epic by Byron himself, Byron the romanticist could not help giving vent to numerous lyrical and rhapsodic lines. Every facet of his complex nature found full and vivid expression in this sweeping poem. His impassioned love of liberty, his implacable hatred of hypocrisy, and his cynical and idealistic moods, were all reflected in his stirring view of early 19th century Europe which assured that Byron’s reputation on the continent would be greater than that of any other English poet alive at that time.

Juan, a young gentleman from Seville, is sent abroad by his mother at the age of 16 after an intrigue with the married, 23 year old, Donna Julia. A shipwreck puts him in an overcrowded longboat, where first his spaniel and then his tutor are eaten by the crew. He is cast up on a Greek island, and uncovered by Haidee, the bewitching daughter of the Greek pirate Lambro, and she angelically returns him to life. The pair fall in love but Lambro finds them together and places Juan in chains. Haidee goes mad and dies while Juan is sold as a slave to Gulbeyas, Sultana of Constantinople. She loves him too, but he falls for one of her harem girls, so arousing the sultana’s jealousy that Juan barely escapes with his life, this time to the Russian army, which is besieging Ismail. His gallant conduct during the battle, leads to him being judged trustworthy, and he is sent with a dispatch to St. Petersburg where he catches the eye of the Empress Catherine who, in turn, sends him on a political mission to England. Here Byron intermingles Juan’s succumbing to delightful women with a sardonic account of English social conditions. The last canto is especially filled with attacks on the victims of Byron’s scorn and enmity, defense turned to offense (like the English Opening in chess), but all 16 cantos have asides on every sort of subject, with the character of Don Juan as the epicenter of an expansive communal comedy punctured with Byron’s intrepid, and ardent wit. And because Byron was both more romantic and more modern than his peers, he

wasn't satisfied with the mere freedom to drift and digress, so he bathed the whole poem in a moral atmosphere that went beyond his scorn of pretense and duplicity, and rose to an unyielding inquiry into a superseding concept of emancipation and social justice, and he did it before it was fashionable to do it, in the midst of Britain's orphan-powered (or more precisely, urchin-powered) industrial revolution.

Here are 2 smallnesses about the Romantics that on the surface might seem to be mutually exclusive, in that the first speaks about them collectively, while the second rages against confederating them. So you can accept the inconsistency or flip a page.

1. Enjoying the Romantic poets is an acquired taste for most readers in 2016, beyond the predictable obstacle of; we don't like what we don't understand. No single theme is shared by all of them, though there is frequently a mild sieving of emotion thorough the intellect, the arcane pursuit of unity, or at least the unification of those 2 centers, heart and mind. And modern readers get some help if they will exert themselves, and try to fathom the techniques the Romantics cultivated for writing what is personal and natural, without decaffeinating their intuition.

2. The expedient but understandable penchant of scholars to group the early to mid 19th century poets under the collective title of "Romantics" is a disservice to literature, semantics, and history, and an obstacle to any continuing examination, exploration, explication, or evaluation of them, as well as any education about them, individually, or as an aggregate; and you can throw a "re-" in front of all 5 of those words that begin with an "e" and end with an "ion."

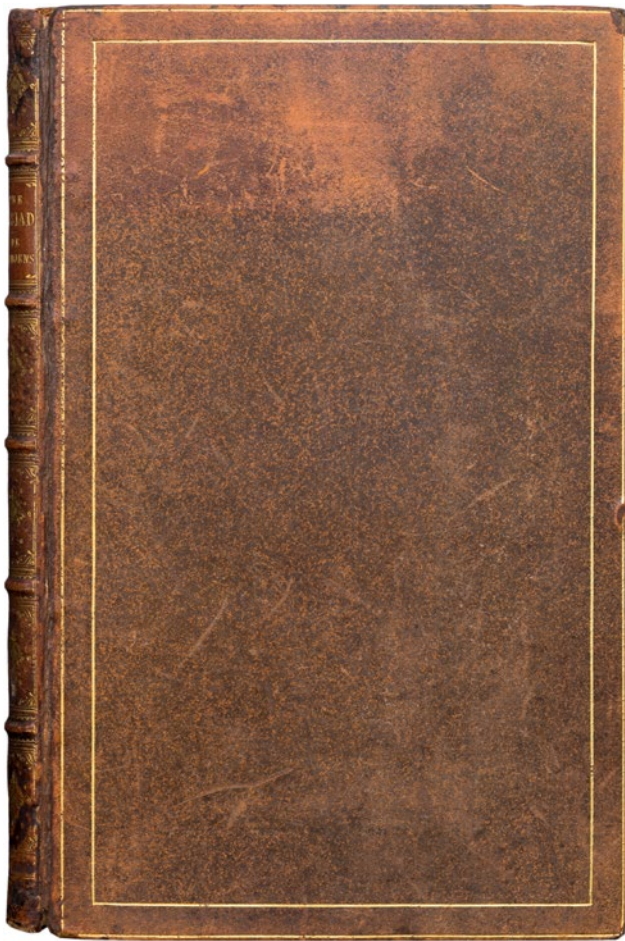


the Portuguese epic

Camões, Luis de (translated by Richard Fanshaw)

**The Lusiad,
or Portugals Historicall Poem...**
(London [Humphrey Moseley], 1655).

1st edition in English (the Portuguese 1st was 1572). 19th century full calf, spine base chipped, top and joints strengthened, frontispiece and title darkened, as are the text margins, some stains, spots, and marginal tears, frontispiece of de Camões neatly mounted, 1/4" chip from its upper corner, small chip from the title page's fore margin repaired, else very good (6 1/2" X 10 7/8"), and we're being fussier here than is usual with a 361 year old book. Not really a rare edition, but an undying



one, and not for sale at this price elsewhere these days (check it out), and our copy has the large portraits of Henry the Navigator and Vasco de Gama neatly folded at the borders, not trimmed, to fit. Ex-George C. M. Birdwood, his name on the title page, some brief notes in the text, others nearly filling the rear binder's blank, and his symbol (the whirlwind of life) in a few places too. Coll: 4to. [xxii], 224 pages. Ref: Pforzheimer 362. **7,000**

The heroes are the Lusians, the children of Lusus (the Portuguese people). They believe the deities have deemed them predestined to do heroic deeds. Jupiter tells them that their victories over the Moors and Castilians anneals them to discover new worlds, spreading their law, culture, and ideals, and that in the end, they would

become gods. And they did open Japan (1543), and took a dominant position there, and they explored West Africa and dictated its trade for 150 years, and they established Brazil, that place with a brazillion problems, and the 3rd most famous Amazon, after the U. S. company and the mythic women warriors. The book's last canto closes with the ultimate revelation, a glimpse at the apparatus dei, the machine of the world (máquina do mundo), the supreme appliance, transparent and luminous, all parts seen at once, the painting that talks.

rarer than
scissors beating rock

[Cards] **The Fantod Pack**
by Edward Gorey
(L. A., 1969?).

1st edition, pirated, never reprinted, and preceding the 2nd edition by 26 years. Gorey's idiosyncratic take on the Tarot deck's Trumps Major. A complete, 20 card set, printed in dark purple on fluorescent green card stock. The 1995 1st authorized edition was just black and white. The cards are wrapped in a printed yellow sheet of text, and an outer blue title sleeve, all as issued. Cards and text sheet are fine, the outer sleeve neatly opened, and a \$2.00 ink price canceled, else it's near fine. Gorey's rarest item. OCLC located only one copy, at The University of California, Santa Barbara (the other holdings listed are 2-D images), so you're going to be the only kid on your block who has one, unless you live on the same block as U. C. S. B. Ref: Toledano A113c.

4,500



We own this in partnership with Between The Covers, in Gloucester City, New Jersey, and you can buy it from whichever one of us annoys you the least. Or you can buy it from either one of us and pay the other, or vice versa (no PokéCoins please), or you can join us in a trio of apathy about how this gets done, inasmuch as we only have one set, and we aren't going to ever see another.

**The First African–American to perform an action
that would win him The Congressional Medal of Honor**

Carney, Sergeant William H.

Hand Tinted Photograph

(NP, ca. 1900).

Full plate tintype photograph (7 1/4" X 10") of William and (his wife) Susannah Carney, the Sergeant wearing his Medal of Honor. Scratched on the back: "Sgt. Wm. Carney, 54th Mass. Vols. 1900" (the date might be 1901). Left side corners clipped, flaking of the emulsion around, and to, his right leg and shoes, surface craquelure, the tin wavy, else very good condition, the image fantastic. Rare. **8,500**

The Emancipation Proclamation (Jan. 1, 1863) officially authorized recruiting black soldiers for the first time in the Civil War, so in March, William Harvey Carney joined the, all black, 54th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, commanded by 26 year-old Colonel Robert Gould Shaw. Because of Carney's education and leadership skills (he had studied to be a Preacher) he quickly rose to the rank of Sergeant. In July, the 54th Massachusetts was sent to James Island, South Carolina, where, on July 18, Shaw offered to lead the charge against Fort Wagner (the attack on Fort Wagner was depicted in the film *Glory*). During the battle Shaw and his flag bearer were pinned down beneath the parapet of the fort. Trying to rally his men forward, Shaw and the flag bearer fell, both mortally wounded. In that moment, Carney became both sides of his African–American hyphen. He seized the colors, prevented the flag from touching the ground, struggled up the parapet and, though wounded in the legs, chest, and arm, planted the colors at the top of the rampart. Despite his wounds and the heavy gunfire around him, Carney was able to keep the flag aloft, though he, and the rest of the 54th Massachusetts, remained pinned down until reinforcements arrived and the shredded unit was able to withdraw. Struggling back to Union lines while still carrying the colors, Carney collapsed saying: "Boys, the old flag never touched the ground." He spent the next 11 months recuperating, but was never fit again, and because of his wounds, he received an honorable disability discharge in June, 1864.

Carney's Medal of Honor citation reads: "When the color sergeant was shot down, this soldier grasped the flag, led the way to the parapet, and planted the colors thereon. When the troops fell back he brought off the flag, under a fierce fire in which he was twice severely wounded."

Most Civil War Congressional Medals of Honor were awarded decades after the action, and some African–Americans received theirs before Carney, but his was for the earliest battle and he is unanimously acclaimed (Google away) as, "the first African–American Medal of Honor winner." The National Archives puts it plainly: "Sergeant William Carney of New Bedford, MA, became the first African–American awarded the Medal of Honor for most distinguished gallantry in action..."

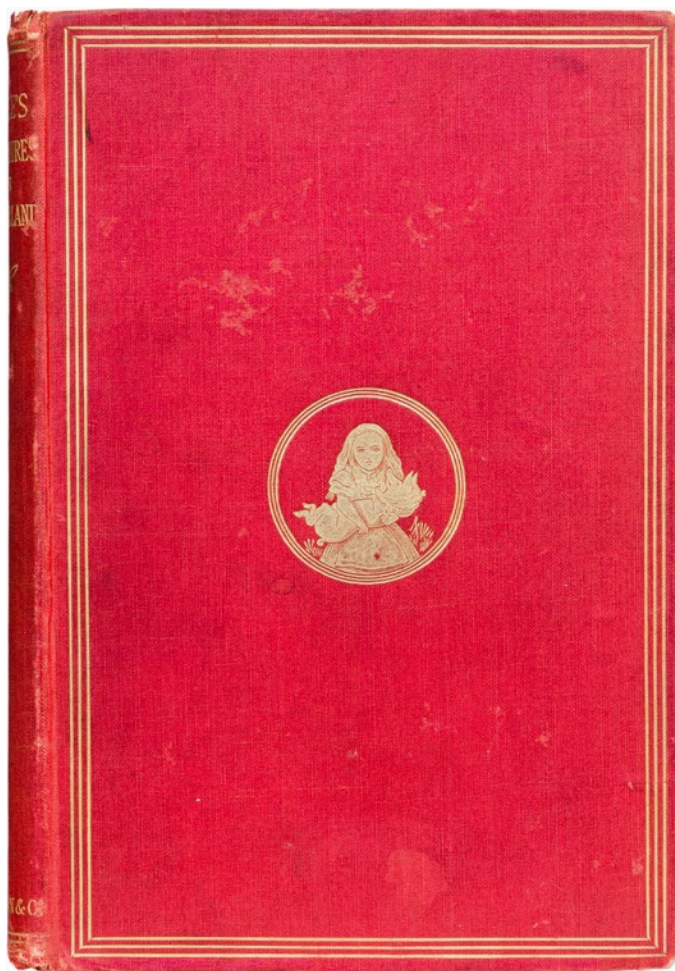
And Historynet.com states it just as clearly: "William H. Carney, transcended good to become great, and was the first black U. S. soldier to earn the Medal of Honor."



Carroll, Lewis (i. e. Charles Dodgson)

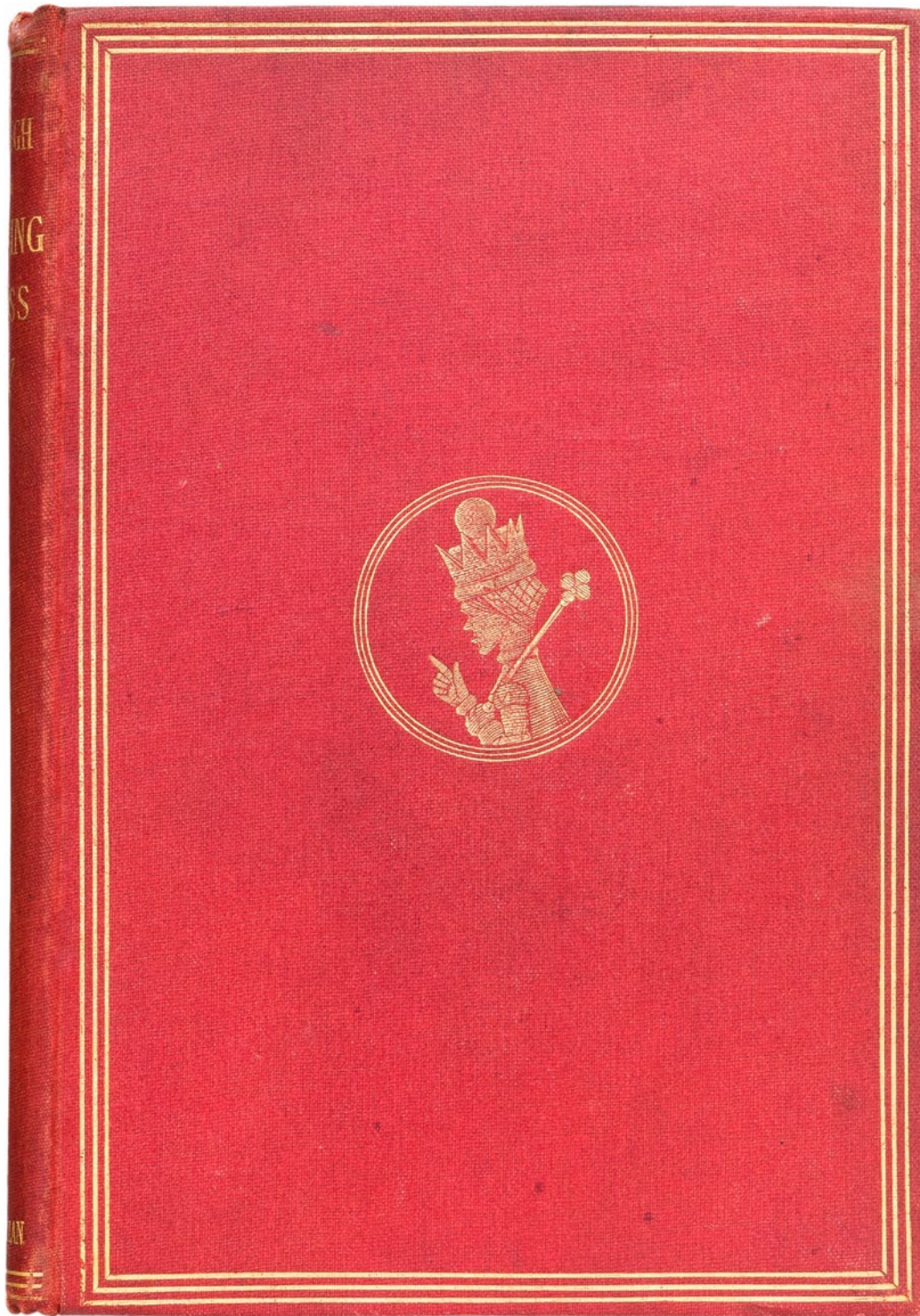
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
(NY, 1866).

1st edition, 1st printing, 2nd issue. Original cloth, spots to the front cover, and a thin, light streak to the back, some wear to spine tips, and hairlines of wear in places along the rear joint, else a very good, solid copy, and perfect copies of this book are like perfect little girls. Everybody's heard about them but nobody knows for sure how to get one. Half morocco case. **20,000**



The chronology is well known, but here are some details. 2,000 copies were printed by Macmillan and Co. with a London, 1865 title page. 48 of them were sent in advance to Lewis Carroll for his personal use. He inscribed some and sent them off. When John Tenniel, the illustrator, got his copy he threw a temper tantrum, complaining that the wood block engravings done from his drawings were imperfect (the flaws are minor). Carroll tried to recall the copies he'd given out and got some back but not all, and later he donated some others to hospitals for children, and so, 23 total, from both groups of them, survive today. Macmillan then doubled down and reprinted another 4,000 copies of the book, to the satisfaction of Tenniel,

published it with a London, 1866 title page (the 2nd printing), and sent the 1,952 remaining 1st printing sheets (the ones dated 1865) to Appleton in New York who had 2,000 new title pages printed by Macmillan (on 1,000 double sheets), used 1,952 of them, and issued the book with a "New York, 1866" title page (the original 1st printing, and the 2nd issue of it). Anyone can call a London 1866 Alice anything they want, but what they should call it is the 2nd printing, and if you favor having the 1st printing, you can spend a million dollars, or a large fraction of it, and get one imprinted "London, 1865" or you can buy our NY issue, or someone else's if you prefer, with the same, exact 1st printing sheets, and the New York, 1866 title page, and have enough money left over to create your own private wonderland.



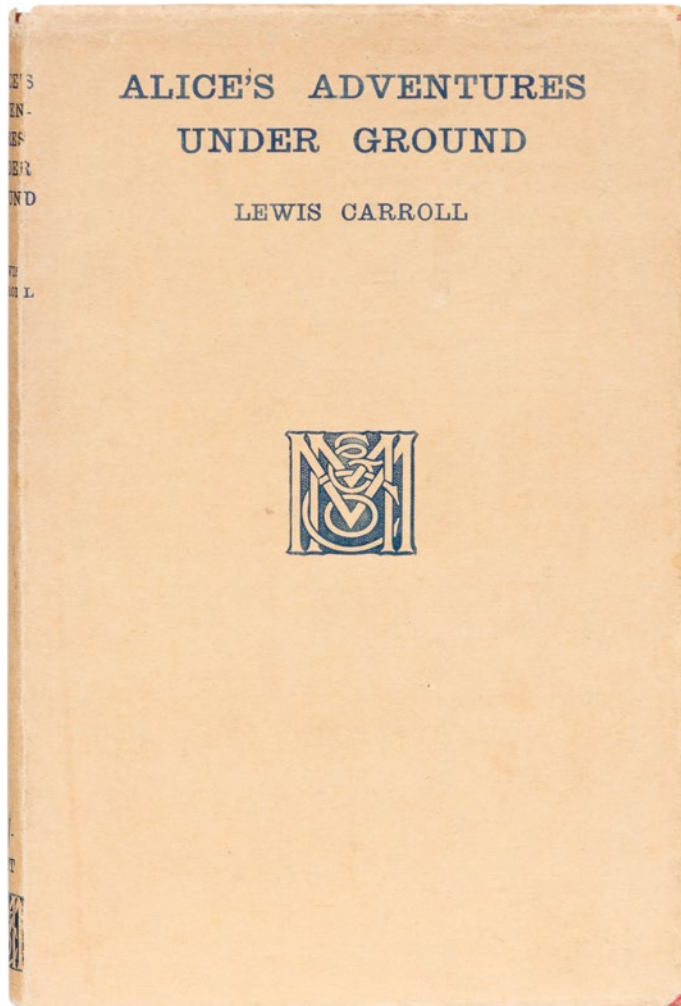
Carroll, Lewis **Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There**
(London, 1872).

1st edition, 1st state with the "wade" misprint, but most 1st editions have it. Original cloth, one spot on the back else very good. Half morocco case. **2,500**

in dustjacket

Carroll, Lewis

Alice's Adventures Under Ground
(London, 1886).



1st edition, 1st printing of 5,000 copies, 2nd binding with white endpapers, matching 2nd dustjacket with the back panel ads, all as issued. Fine in cloth and a dustjacket with little nicks to the corners and a 1" tear at the top of the rear flap fold once closed by a small piece of tape, but the tape's been removed, the jacket's very good, and very clean, and though copies show up in funky or grubby jackets, those that are this pure are not to be found on every shelf. The book duplicates Carroll's original manuscript for Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, before he changed the title, added 2 chapters, and removed some personal references, and it faithfully reproduces the author's own design, his own handwriting, and his own 37 illustrations.

The story is set in a dream, and the characters in it are unaware of their journey or what is going on around them, like the journey of a raindrop from cloud to pond, quick, inevitable, predetermined, but the drop knows nothing of it. **2,750**

Some troubled and snooty self-righteous types, the suspicious ones who obsess about projecting their 21st century false middle class gentility, say that Lewis Carroll had an irregular interest in little girls. But I would say that if we are going to apply modern norms, he never bought them cigarettes. And he did give them Alice in Wonderland, a book that spoke in an innovative and au fait voice, to both genders in a generation of mannered, civilized children, tempered by the prevailing religious conviction, and a generally secure and unassuming home life. Compare that to our day, when the only thing modern children openly worship are their smartphones, and their home life is less stable than a midnight car ride, on a rutted country road, with Mr. Toad, and an open bottle of gin.

1st editions of her first 4 novels, all inscribed to her Uncle

Cartland, Barbara **Jig-Saw** (London [Duckworth], 1925).
1st edition. Cloth faded, spine soiled and with a tear to the tip, otherwise good condition. **Signed presentation copy inscribed, "To Dear Uncle Willie with love from Barbara Cartland, 9-3-25."** Armorial bookplate of William Hall.

[with]

Cartland, Barbara **Saw Dust** (London [Duckworth], 1926).
1st edition. Cloth faded, otherwise good. **Signed presentation copy inscribed, "To darling Uncle Willie to whom I am indebted for many of the thoughts in this book, and especially for the interest, kindness, and helpful criticism always accorded me. With my best love, Barbara. March 20, 1926."**

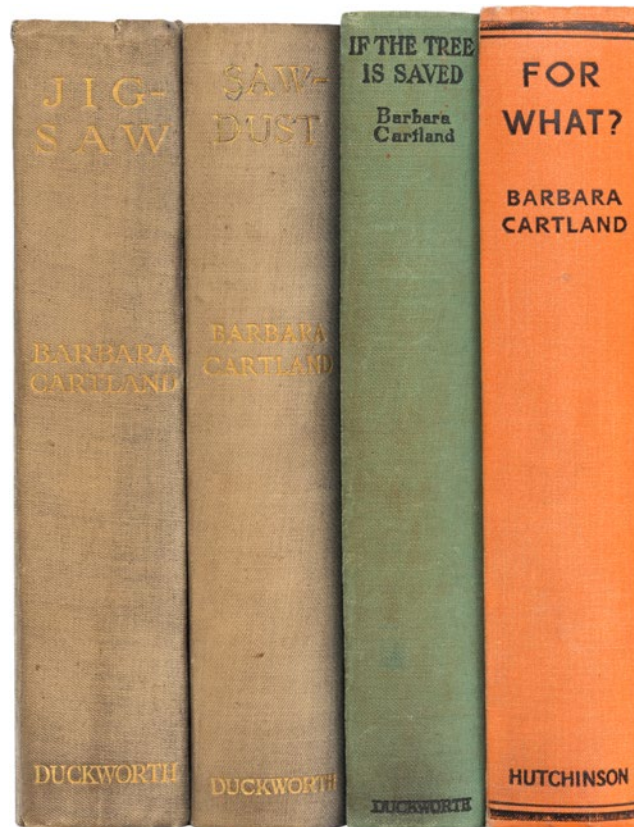
[with]

Cartland, Barbara **If the Tree Is Saved**
(London [Duckworth], 1929).
1st edition. Cloth faded, otherwise good. **Signed presentation copy inscribed, "To darling Uncle Willie with love from Barbara."**

[with]

Cartland, Barbara **For What?**
(London [Hutchinson], 1930).
1st edition. Cloth faded, edges soiled, one spot, else good. **Signed presentation copy inscribed, "Uncle Willie with love from Barbara."**

4 vols. Together: 1,500



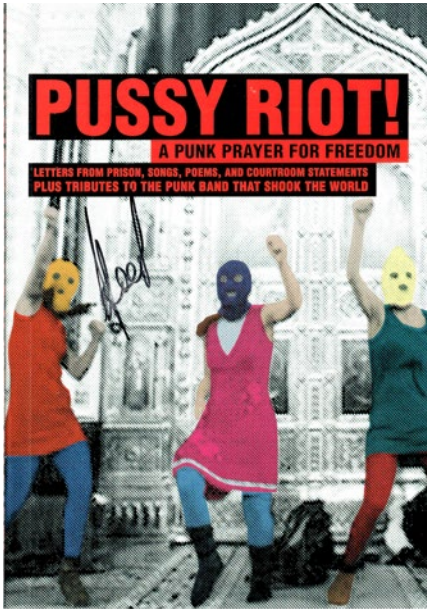
Barbara Cartland is the 3rd best selling author of all time (1 billion books), trailing only William Shakespeare and Agatha Christie. Our 4 books are all frustratingly scarce 1st editions, even without their dustjackets, just try and get any one of them. And it is only pretentious and crusty, subject scorning, literary snobbery (romance novels are trash), that prevents them from being 10 times as expensive as they are here, and your odds of finding another inscribed set (chasing the horizon), are lower than the chicken vote for Colonel Sanders, though I suppose you could try saying "Beatlejuice" 3 times, and see if that leads to anything.

amicorum (друзья)

[Catnip]

Pussy Riot! A Punk Prayer For Freedom
(NY [The Feminist Press], 2013).

1st edition of their first book in English, and the 1st edition in any language of this compilation, preceded only by an e-book a few weeks earlier. **Signed by 4 (one on the cover, 2 on the half-title and one on the title)**. Wrappers, retail price tab else fine. Despite the title, this is not a book about rampaging cats, and thankfully so, because most cat books are so poorly written, you'd think they were autobiographies. The book is, instead, the essential document, containing



essays, letters, poems, songs, tributes, and courtroom statements, arguments, tirades, and transcripts, from the, Moscow based, Russian, feminist, anti-Putin, punk rock, guerrilla protest group of 11 women, first formed in 2011. They perform masked, but their identities are well known to the public, and everything else about them is certainly well known to the police. **300**

Simple liberty implies the independence to do what you want with the inseparable willingness to accept the consequences. Modern liberty includes, or chases, free inquiry, pursuit of ideas for their own sake, open mindedness, and respect for privacy, all without arbitrary restraints, but Pussy Riot isn't there yet. They just want attention to sermonize against repression and for regime change. Figuring that if you set yourself on fire, people will come from miles around to watch you burn; these women are notorious for confronting a Russian government that's less diverse than a bag of marshmallows, and treats opposition with frontier justice. So they have the right enemies, even if they haven't done enough to earn them. But when dissent starts to look like a rocking horse, with lots of action and no progress, such notoriety passes quickly, so Pussy Riot will have to cut a Faust like deal with the Devil in order to stay famous, or slip away like Shelley Long.

"I go down to Speaker's Corner, I'm thunderstruck.

They got free speech, tourists, police in trucks.

Two men say they're Jesus, one of them must be wrong.

There's a protest singer singing a protest song,

He says, 'They wanna have a war to keep us on our knees.

They wanna have a war to keep their factories.

They wanna have a war to stop us buying Japanese.

They wanna have a war to stop Industrial Disease."

—Mark Knopfler [Dire Straits], Industrial Disease



[Coinage]

An Immaculate Set of American Gold (NP, 2014).

4 U. S. gold eagles. All are perfect first strikes from flawless dies, in 1 ounce, 1/2 ounce, 1/4 ounce, and 1/10 ounce, the only sizes minted. All 4 are graded by PCGS as “MS 70” the highest rank possible, and though every U. S. coin is uncirculated the minute it’s made, few are perfect, so there are 10 escalating grades of “mint state” meaning a newly minted coin can range in quality from 60 to 70 based on minutia, and less than 1 in 100 rise to the apex, and are given this ultimate classification. **3,000**



Who am I?

Collins, Wilkie

The Woman in White
(London, 1860).

3 vols. 1st edition, 1st printing. Antiquated and inept bibliography wrongly bestowed sequential priority on Harper's New York edition, and the persistent citing of it by booksellers is, at best, a genetic fallacy, and at worst, a knowing fraud employed to tout a plentiful American edition. But it's been well established, since

1982 that the 2 editions were published the same day, and when you see the honest mistake you can sigh, but when it's the calculated misuse of obsolete bibliography, it should do more than dismay you, as it exposes a bookseller's weakness of character that probably permeates everything else they write or say (Book Code). Oh, and this London edition is 15 times as rare. Full polished calf, **stamp signed by Rivière**, near fine, bluer than a choking Smurf, tighter than the shore and the sea, unrepaired, and complete and most sets are not complete, with all 3 fly-titles, and the 16 pages of Aug. 1, 1860 ads in vol. III (the book was published in August, and when those ads ran out, left over May ads were used, and they identify the last sets bound). And whether you buy our copy or not, don't buy one that is missing anything. Lower priced sets are sometimes for sale, but in a blaze of boring they will prove incomplete, or flawed, or ugly as a mud fence, while ours is an admirable 1st edition that will bring lasting pride of ownership in the finest library, and make you happier than a fruit fly watching the cantaloupe channel. **6,000**

What a book! The iconic Victorian horror, with mystery and detection sharing the structure (plot, theme, and narrative), a fusion of artistry and flair outside prediction, from the aroused pen of Wilkie Collins. Beyond rational argument, it's the first modern mystery novel. What does stimulate an interesting debate are attempts to call it the first detective novel, and the quarrel hinges on one's definition of the word "detective." The plot has a complexly assembled suspenseful conspiracy, credibly motivated swaggering villains, a secret Italian criminal society, an eerie but realistic atmosphere, hidden riddles, lost identity, elaborate detail, deceiving appearances, kidnapping, imprisonment, murder, romance, psychology, deduction, and a seamless unraveling, with a solution that seems inevitable once it's revealed. But the detecting is not done by the police, or a private investigator, the mystery is pursued and resolved by the Woman in White's half-sister, aided by her drawing teacher. The themes are dense, exploiting the 18th century Gothic, and foreseeing, but never preaching about, 20th century women's rights, yet it's unalloyed 19th century Victorian fiction set exactly mid-century, mostly narrated from multiple perspectives, but sometimes epistolary, and it's in the period's archetypal format, the triple decker. It was an instant and sensational bestseller. The 1,000 copy 1st edition sold out the first day, and spurred countless imitations, and the franchise peripherals (an alien industry in 1860), included Woman in White perfume, Woman in White cloaks and bonnets, and Woman in White parties, where they danced Woman in White waltzes and quadrilles, cats were named Fosco, and Laura and Walter became fashionable names for babies. Even Charles Dickens had not known such incidental publicity.

"...in one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me. I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick. There, in the middle of the broad bright high-road—there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from the heaven—stood the figure of a solitary Woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments; her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London..." —page 28

never rebacked, restored, or repaired, in any way, whatsoever

Cooper, James

The Last of the Mohicans

(Philadelphia, 1826).

2 vols. 1st edition of the first American novel that was a bestseller in the U. S. and concurrently so in England, and on the continent, and it goes on holding sway as the earliest American novel still widely read for diversion. Original paper boards, spines with hefty chips at the bottom, original labels rubbed, corner of the blank rear endpaper chipped (the fragment laid-in), a fox spot here and there (endemic with this paper), but there's much less of it than infects even the nicest copies, and most sets are foxed to nasty. Mighty imposing quality, untouched as a secret service crime scene, uncut with full margins, perfect with all blanks, and never besmirched by little fix-it hands, an absolutely chaste and virtuous American antique. Repaired, restored, rebacked, or rebound 1st editions are perpetually for sale, but compared to our set, they're all 9 hour plane rides with a small child kicking the back of your seat. Ex-Barton Currie, Sotheby's, May 7, 1963. Ex-H. Richard Dietrich, Jr. Ex-Christies, Dec. 4, 2009, \$25,000, and that price was achieved at the absolute nadir of the recession and the acme of its fears and angst. ABPC records that the previous, real, unmended set in boards and labels before this one, sold for \$30,800 (Christie's Dec. 9, 1993), and once every 15 years or so seems about right for such a book (another set sold at Sotheby's, on Dec. 10, 2013, had repairs that were unmentioned in Sotheby's catalog entry). I've priced ours at mach 77, a price I'm not worried about, because it's big enough to take care of itself. Ref: B. A. L. 3833, state A with the 2 misprints, and with the 2 copyrights reading "a Book" (a matched pair is best with this book). French shagreen case by Bruce Levy. **55,000**

In our time, words like "important" or "influential" or "distinguished" or "historic" are deviously tossed around like rice at a wedding, their force now softer than doctor's cotton, but if you have any respect for American novels, this 1st edition outshines all others in one unchallengeable way, and not just for being our first, and breakthrough, bestselling novel, but for being earliest and for enduring. Cooper's first novel, *Precaution*, 1820, was a take (a pastiche) on Jane Austen, and nobody cared then, or cares now. In 1821 he wrote what would come to be seen as the first major American novel, *The Spy*, and it got him a little notice, and it founded an everlasting genre, for which he is rarely given props. The first novel in his *Leatherstocking* series, *The Pioneers*, followed in 1823, and then *The Pilot*, which sold pretty well, and raised some excitement in European literary circles. But all 4 would have been forgotten were it not for *Mohican*, which was so broadly read and so broadly translated, that it assured Cooper's fame. And unlike most instant phenomena, 190 years later it continues to be read for entertainment (the only objective test of a novel's immortal stature). It's set in 1757, during the French and Indian Wars, and the historical battles and fictional pursuits that drive its heroic plotline are enhanced with Native American lore, and graphic accounts of the new world's now lost wilderness. And there's a call for tribute on another level, because Cooper's

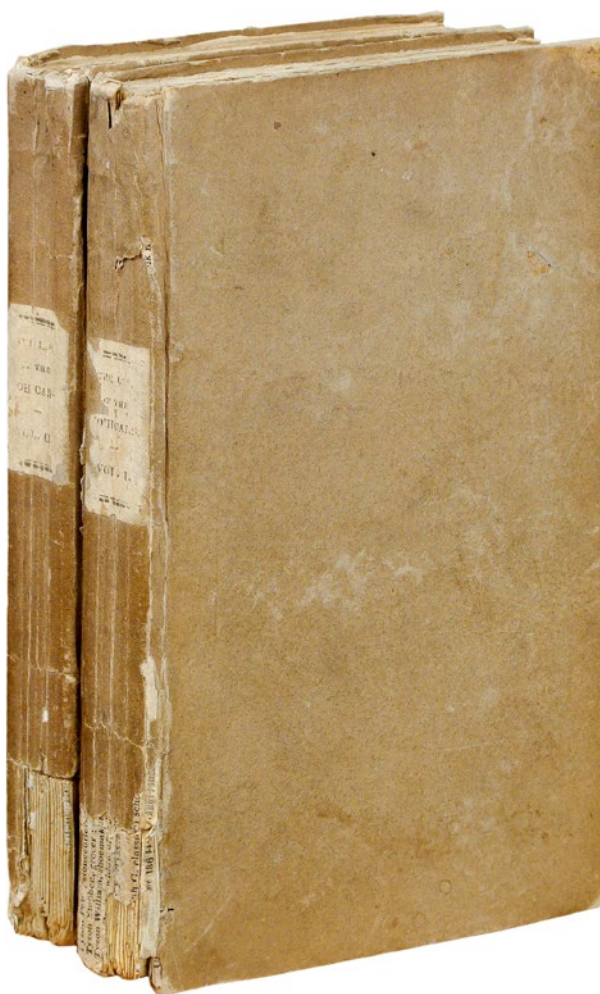
noble savages, with their deductive parsing of clues during tracking, set a primitive but essential foundation for Poe's formulation of the detective story 15 years later.

Mohicans' expository history is a trail littered with sour grapes, even respected critics withering in their own hostility, ever envious of its forerunner status, and its continuing popularity with readers willing to suspend their disbelief, and modulate their objections, for a time machine ticket to the northeastern wild of pre-Revolutionary America, 571 pages of rapid action, and the animated vitality that drives its timelessness. In a poetic American literary paradox, the first of our landmarks is *The Last of the Mohicans*.

Let's talk about unanimity. American fiction made its first triumphant appearance on the world stage with Washington Irving's short story collection, *The Sketch Book* in 1820, the first of all extensively read and admired American fiction, but novels are something else. Scribble up a chronological list of the dozen preeminent 19th century American

novels, and it will inescapably include *Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *Scarlet Letter* (1850), *Moby-Dick* (1851), *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852), *Walden* (1854, if you will call *Walden* a novel), *Little Women* (1868), *Tom Sawyer* (1876), *Portrait of a Lady* (1881), *Uncle Remus* (1881, if it's not seen as connected short stories), *Huckleberry Finn* (1885), and *Red Badge of Courage* (1895). That's the 11-title consensus. The 12th can be your choice from among the pretenders. In their American 1st editions, and in their original publisher's binding, with absolutely no repairs at all, only *Last of the Mohicans* is rare and only *Little Women* is scarce, and all the others cause booksellers to drain the last drop of irony from the word rare, and are dependably available whenever you want one, condition being the financial variable (Book Code).

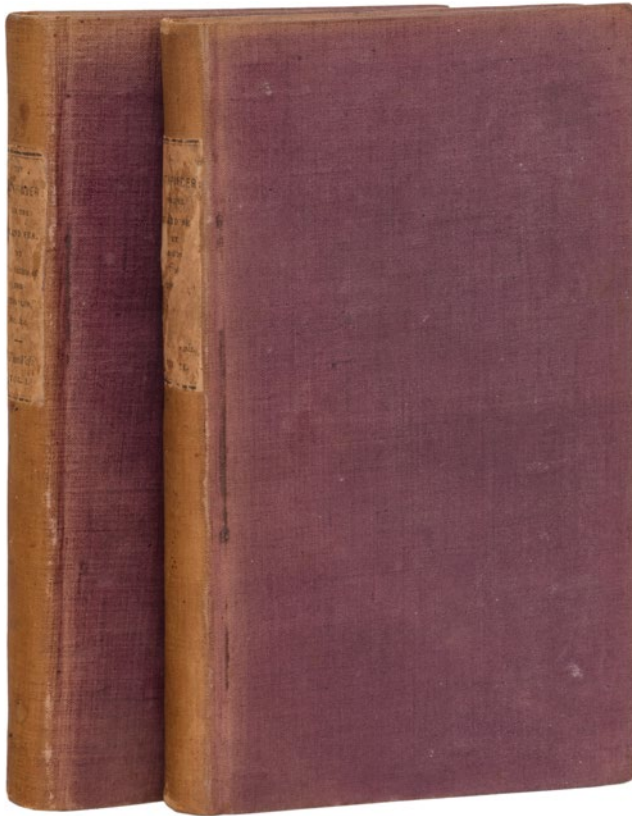
If you collect 19th century American novels and buy our Mohican, you have reached a snow-capped summit. Behind you lay the valleys. Before you other, higher, whiter summits. You may climb some but not all. And so you stand, and wonder, and ponder. Which will it be?



Cooper, James

The Pathfinder
(Philadelphia, 1840).

2 vols. 1st American edition (London edition precedes), 1st printing, B. A. L.'s 1st state of 4 with the printers' (T. K. and P. G. Collins) and stereotyper's (J. Fagan) names centered, and no copyright notice in vol. I, exactly like the set deposited in The Library of Congress. B. A. L. says his 4 (so called) issues/states may (in fact) be 4 separate printings. There is no "may" about it. The 3rd lists I. Ashmead, not Collins, as the printer and different printer safely equates to different printing. But plain as that is, it hasn't stopped all 4 printings from being misleadingly vended as the 1st edition, in ambiguities (fog machine bibliography) that spread from one cataloger to another like some ominous gray vegetation, inflating the apparent supply and diminishing the apparent scarcity. And some of this traces to calculated



evasiveness, and some is because bibliography has its limits, while abuse of terms is not so burdened, and some is because the last time someone made an ordered list of the integrities to be found in book descriptions, full discloser snuck in at number 29, and some of this is because even a good bookseller is not, per se, a good writer, any more than a good drunk is automatically a good bartender (you and I are alive and thus not here to adulate what is said or unsaid, but to question it). Original purple muslin, paper labels, that on vol. II rubbed, spines faded to tan, foxing to first and last few pages, but from then on lighter and mostly at the margins, else very good, never repaired or

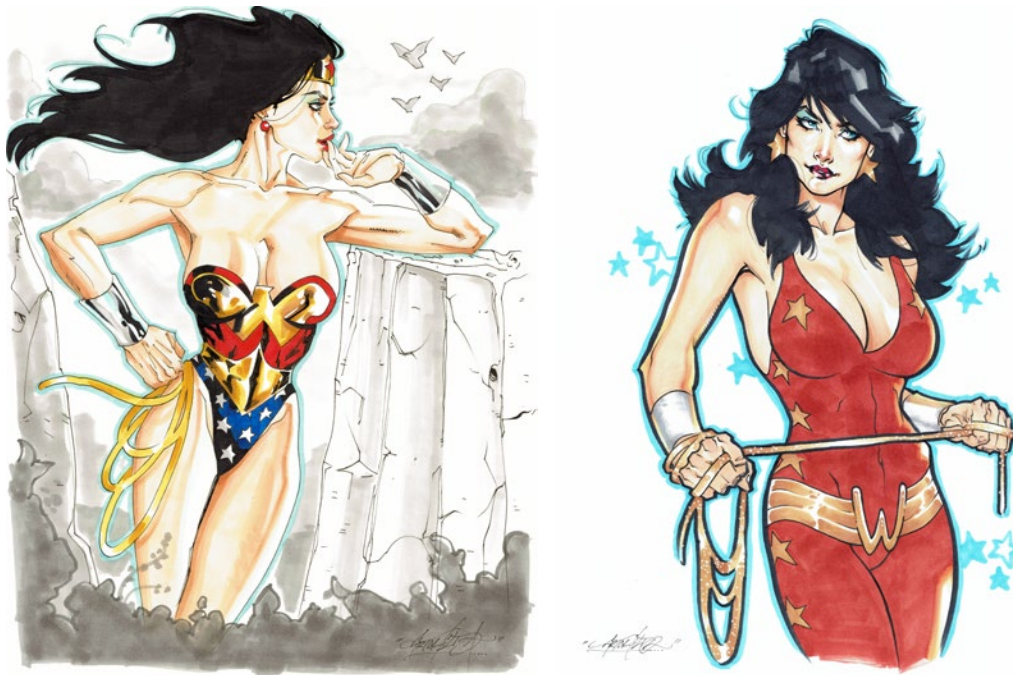
rebacked, assuaging quality for this book, and we have priced it cheap beyond reason, though there are always other choices about how to spend your money. For instance, \$550 would buy you a lot of alien abduction insurance. **550**

The Pathfinder is the 4th of the 5 novels published in Cooper's Leatherstocking series. He wrote it for the loot when he needed a sure bestseller, in response to, and in the ongoing aftermath of, the Financial Panic of 1837. It followed The Pioneers (1823), The Last of the Mohicans (1826), and The Prairie (1827), and it preceded The Deerslayer (1841), though it is the 3rd of the 5 chronologically,

It's set in 1759, during the back half of the French and Indian War, just following *The Last of the Mohicans* (1757) and Cooper sited it on and around Lake Ontario and subtitled it *The Inland Sea*, when and where the unspoiled new world was idyllic in its way and appealing in our 21st century, as Mother Nature slips into menopause. The plot is propelled by fast-paced narrative adventure, larger-than-life action, and invasive realism, resting upon majestic portrayals of America's vanishing 18th century boundaries, and it provides a convincing vision of early frontier life, with its Indian raiders, and defenseless settlements. On the surface, the novel finds Natty (or Hawkeye, or Leatherstocking, or Deerslayer, the protagonist of many names), now 42 years old, more mature, resourceful, dynamic, high-minded, and self-reliant, as the fully realized American Western hero and arbiter of rectitude, torn between his romantic love for a young woman, and the love he has long held for the untouched wilderness that sustains him in his beliefs. Deeper, the author uses Natty's distrust of cant, especially in its fabricated decorum, for an aloof view of transition, as the American vigor, in its original rawness, disintegrated into something more subtle, and outpost metamorphosed into nation.

I'm going to break out ad hominem rhetoric for this one paragraph, and though I know it to be a tainted device, that doesn't make it wrong (I'll feel bad that I don't feel worse). To wit (don't write me about usage of "to wit"): Nothing is often a good thing to do and always a good thing to say. The trouble with words is you never know whose mouth they've been in, but the critics of Cooper's writing, his fame, and his resultant wealth, have included the truly great, the incontestably mediocre, the barely notable, the ambitious nonentities, the deservedly obscure, the undeservedly celebrated, many who are known for their abilities and distinctions, and many who are known only for their criticism of Cooper. They may claim they can flap their arms and fly, but that doesn't make it so. Their communal fiber is not the bearable illiteracy of recent arrivals struggling with English as an alien language, but rather the polemics of mechanical envy, and to say they are their own worst enemies is to provoke a chorus from odd corners of the literary world of, "Not while I'm alive!" In their dogged, 175 year long campaign to hold their breath and turn purple until everyone agrees their scorn of Cooper is warranted, they have just turned mauve.

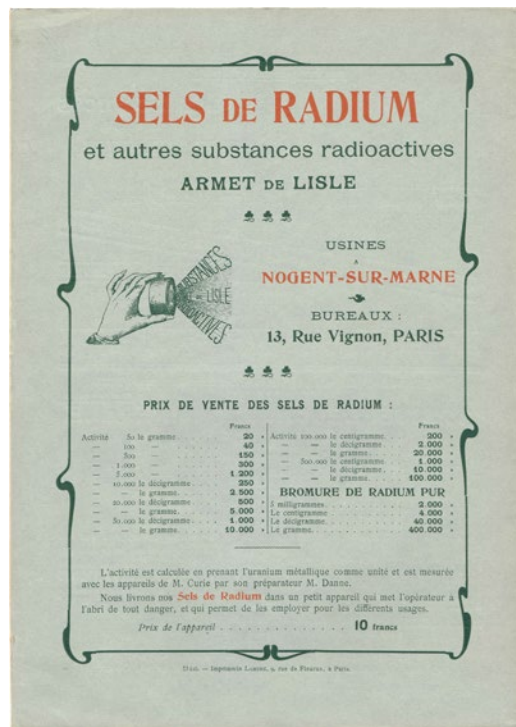
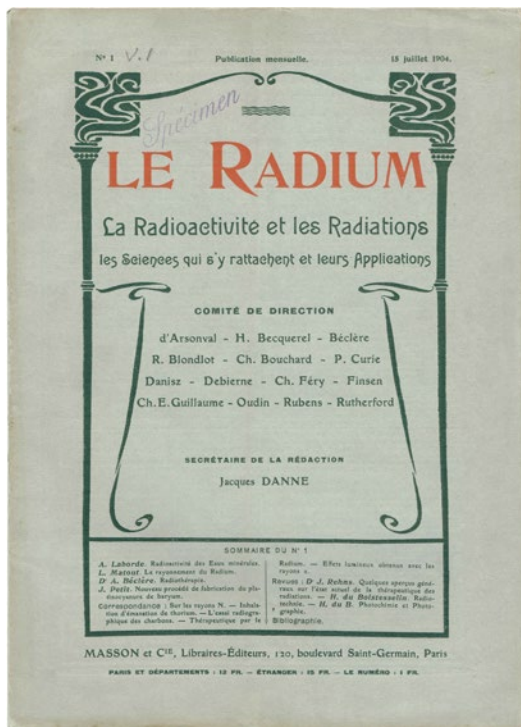
The early American novel and the myth from which it comes, cannot be separated from the early American insight, and that insight tolerated, and theoretically will keep tolerating, a raucous inefficiency (an incompetent bureaucracy is safer than a competent one) in order to house, among its protections, a recognition that one persuasion over any other, was (is) most responsible for the slaughter of innocent beings on the alter of historical principles. The belief that somewhere, in the past or in the future, in the pronouncements of history, or science, or politics, on the glib lips of one who proclaims that they alone have seen the light, or on the smiling countenance of a self described messenger, in divine revelation, or in the mind of an ordinary citizen, in the evil heart of a madman, or in the simple heart of an uncorrupted good one, there is a final answer, an easy path, or a perfect solution. To anything.



[DC Comics] **Original paintings of Wonder Woman and Wonder Girl**
(NY [DC], ca. 2000).

2 separate illustrations. On the left is Wonder Woman (Diana of Themyscira), in a thoughtful pose, and on the right is her sometimes Tonto, or twin sister, or orphan daughter, Donna Troy, in her red jumpsuit from her years as a Teen Titan. Both are in ink and color marker on Bristol board, both are 11" X 14" and both are signed by one of DC's orbiting artists. Fine. **2 paintings, Together: 375**

Wonder Woman was the barrier breaking, prototypical female superhero, by many times the most famous, and by many times the most popular. She was devised by William Marston, a Harvard psychologist, an acknowledged prodigy, and an early feminist, whose research work at Harvard led to the invention of the polygraph. In a 1937 NY Times interview he predicted the U. S. would become a matriarchy within 100 years. In 1941 everything in Marston's world merged into the making of a modern goddess. Under the pen name Charles Moulton he created Wonder Woman, the Amazon princess curvily drawn by Harry Peter. The comic character pressed several buttons in the reader's subconscious; American patriotism, ancient Greece, the gods, democratic ideology, warrior women who shave their legs and underarms, and quiet women hiding behind librarian spectacles, who duck into closets and become something else. Over the years her eyes, mouth, and breasts got larger, and her star spangled panties shorter, but her comic stayed in print, Gloria Steinem put her on the cover of the first issue of Ms. Magazine in 1972, reiterating Marston's original pro-feminist intent, she's appeared with Batman, Superman, etc. in countless superhero team-ups, and her 1970s TV series with Linda Carter lives on, syndicated, and raptly watched by girls growing up around the world.



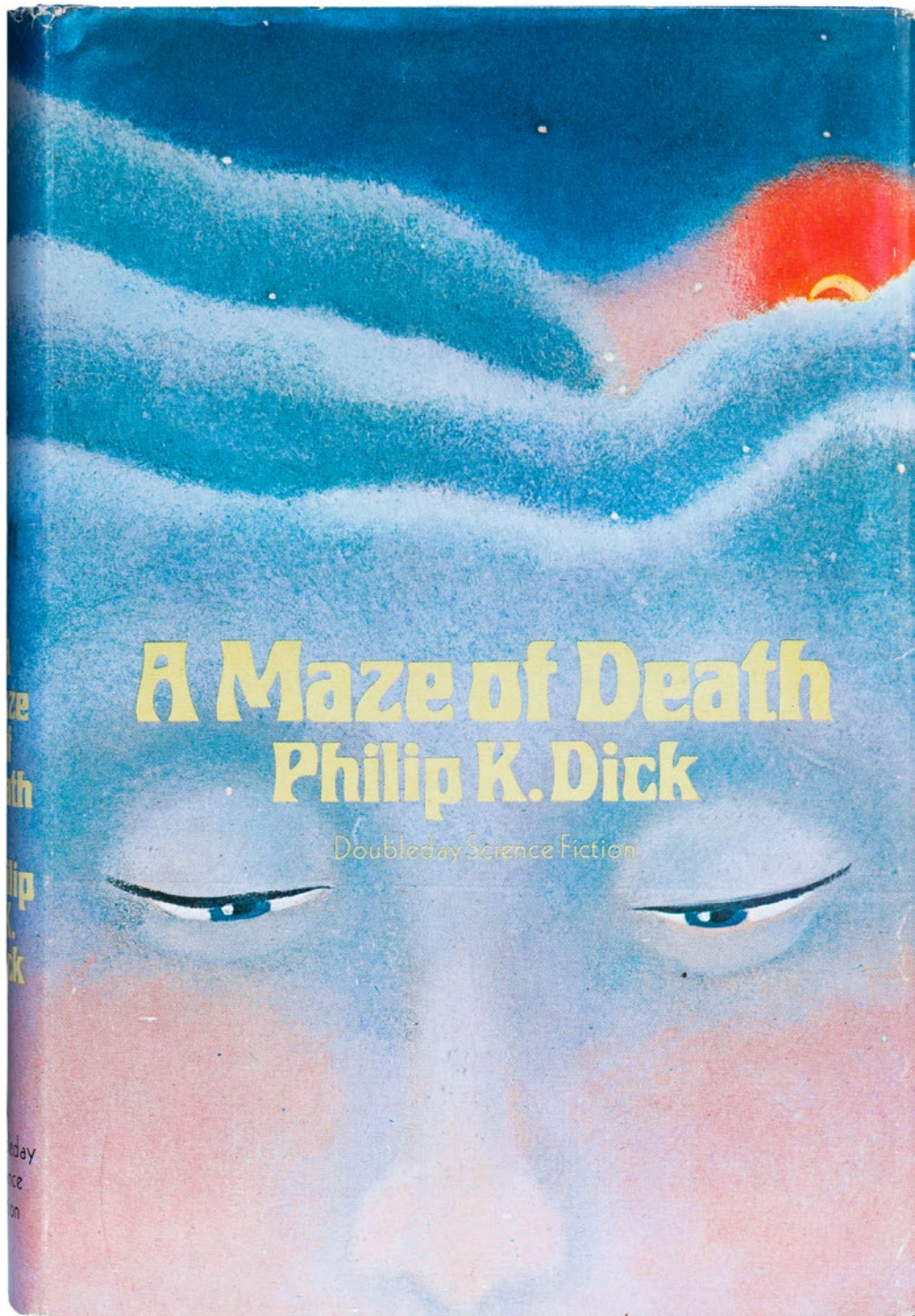
Danne, Jacques (editor)

Le Radium
(Paris [Vol. I, No. 1], 1904).

1st edition (in French). Original wrappers (8 3/8" X 11 1/2"), 32 pages, illustrated. Near fine, and complete with the tipped in notice to subscribers, and the laid in subscription card. Front wrapper stamped "Specimen" (maybe the publisher's file copy). Scientific acumen permeates from first page to last, but in a hilarious demonstration of how far physics was (is?) from medicine, death is marketed on the back cover (see our photograph on the right advertising radium salts) where it costs a little more to die a little quicker. 1904 saw the introduction of at least 10 periodicals dedicated to the study of radioactivity, the first year they hit the streets. This one is scarce if you want to buy a copy, with ABPC recording none at auction in 40 years, but 23 libraries have it, so it can't possibly be that scarce. 500

Danne was given the title of editor, but he served Le Radium's directors, who included 3 distinctly famous Nobel laureates, Henri Becquerel, who discovered spontaneous radioactivity, Pierre Curie, who, with his wife Marie, discovered nuclear energy, and Ernest Rutherford, who investigated the disintegration of elements, and was the world's first real alchemist, the transmuter of one element into another.

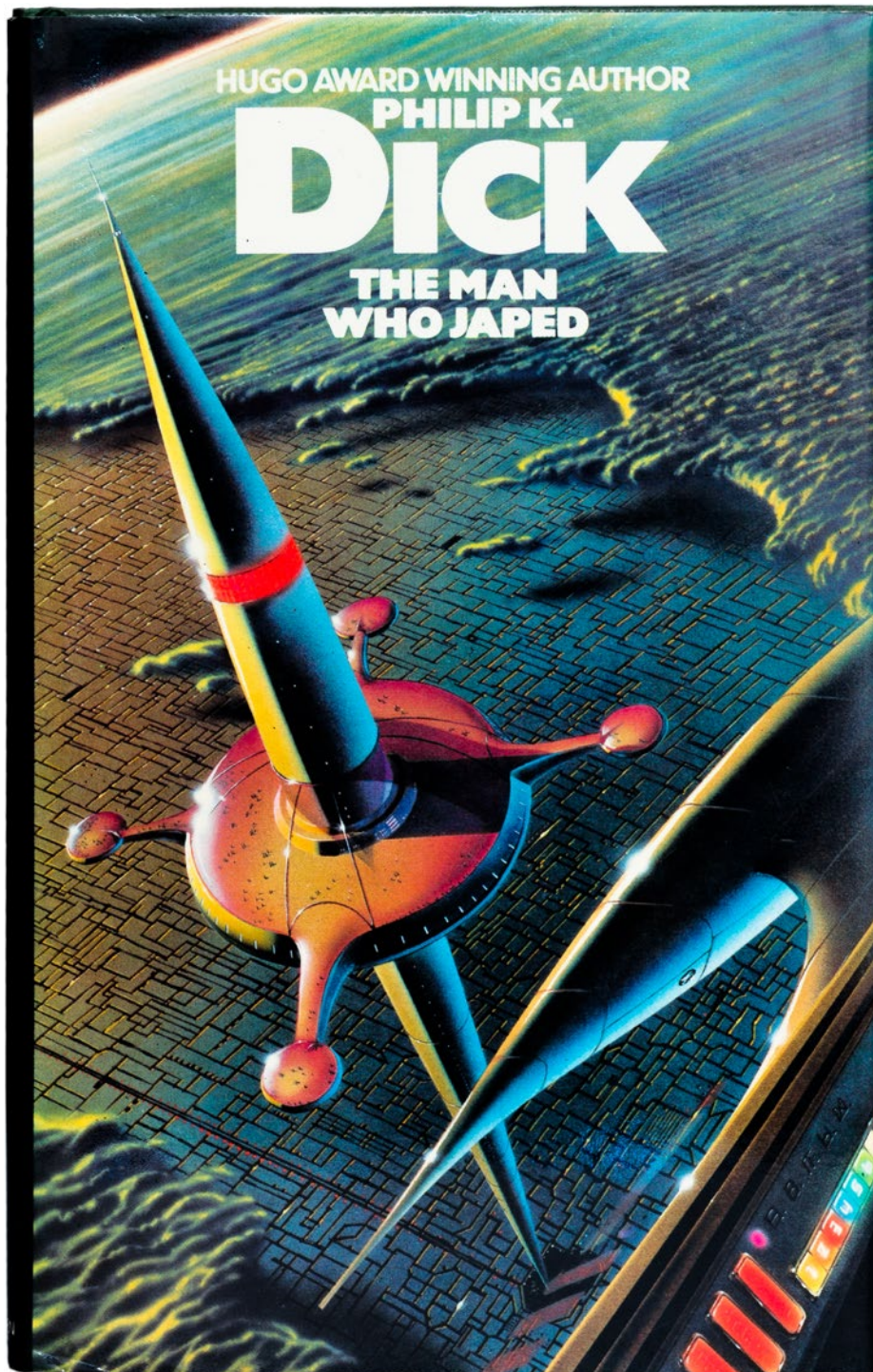
Would I waste your time promoting this item's relevance when you can Google, something like, early findings in radioactivity, and reckon for yourself what its magnitude must have been? I think not. But this is le chemin de la pieuvre (the way of the octopus) a chronic trespass upon the abrupt and unexpected redirection, requiring a requisite capitulation to it, so I will point out that 1904 was also a milestone in the world of fine art, being the year Picasso ran out of blue paint.



Dick, Philip

A Maze of Death
(Garden City, 1970).

1st edition. My vote for Dick's darkest novel, throwing so much shade on reality versus perception as to make it seem a trope. Bookplate with a halo of glue stain on the free endpaper, but if you can get past that, fine in near fine dustjacket. 500



Dick, Philip

The Man Who Japed
(London, 1978).

1st hardbound edition, preceded by an Ace paperback. Fine in fine dustjacket, perfect as a Masamune blade. Dick designs an outwardly utopian world with authoritarian enforcement of joy, and then, a prankster defies order. 250



Sherlock Holmes in the individual parts

Doyle, Conan **An Astounding Run of All the Holmes and Watson Stories,
As Well as 2 Complete Novels, in the Separate Strand Magazines**
(London and NY, 1891–1927).

75 vols. 1st appearances anywhere, in the original monthly parts, of all 56 stories and both of the novels (*The Adventures*, *The Memoirs*, *Hound of the Baskervilles*, *The Return*, *Valley of Fear*, *His Last Bow*, and *The Casebook*), being every Holmes story that Doyle ever wrote, and the 2 novels published serially in these magazines (only *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of Four* were not published in the Strands). All are the “London and NY” issues except *The Hound* which is imprinted “NY and London.” Half the spines faded, some chips, tears, and strengthening, else very good, and most crucially, it’s all here, and rarer than a football player blaming God for a defeat. And it is quite a beguiling time capsule of wide ranging content, fashion, illustration and advertising. **75 vols. Together: 85,000**

The first modern media event, and the model for all that followed, exploded when these Strands were issued. After the first 2 or 3 stories, unprecedented buzz generated long queues, stretching for blocks, at newsstands on the day of the months that each was published. Yet, despite those sales, sets in wrappers are now of acute rarity, but in reverse of their chronology. *The Adventures* and *The Memoirs* are seen occasionally, and sets of them are 100 times rarer in wrappers than when they’ve been rebound, or in the annual Strand collected clothbound form that is so often seen, or even the later cloth 1st editions. *The Hound* is 5 times scarcer again than *The Adventures* or *Memoirs* and the same proportions hold true for its relative scarcity over the bound Strands or the clothbound 1st edition. Then it gets crazy. Complete sets of *The Return* and *Valley of Fear*, in wrappers, are rare, and significantly less obtainable than their predecessors, and complete runs of *His Last Bow* and *The Casebook*, might as well be impossible. In fact, hopes for finding any of the last 4 in wrappers, complete with all their covers, other contents and ads, belong in the morgue, as few booksellers, collectors or librarians, have ever seen a single set of them for sale, at any price, in any condition.

Sherlock Holmes is the most durable, and most famous, character in the entire landscape of literature, and the stories are sheer stardust, the morphine drip of impeccably contrived, logically reasoned, mind expanding detective fiction, and the most often imitated, parodied and adapted works in the English language.

NEW YEAR FICTION NUMBER

THE
STRAND
MAGAZINE

Don't get
run down
—take

OXO



A. Conan Doyle Arnold Bennett
Denis Mackail Edgar Jepson Cosmo Hamilton
A NEW **SHERLOCK HOLMES** STORY

Harken: Over the last 10 years we have carefully assembled, and are now holding, an incredible, \$350,000, collection of Alexandre Dumas 1st editions, beyond the 3 books offered below. It's a zero fat compilation of 65 books in 200+ volumes, but confined to only the 18 major historical novels, 14 of them rare, all of them in their French 1st editions, most of those in multiple Paris and/or Brussels 1st editions or issues, and many in their 1st English language editions too. Anyone genuinely interested in purchasing this unmatched gathering, can contact us and ask for a printout of the 50 page, 20,000 word catalog that fully describes it.

the first of the greats

Dumas, Alexandre

Le Chevalier d'Harmental

[The Conspirators]

(Paris [Dumont], 1842).

4 vols. 1st edition. Reed's bibliography (A Bibliography of Alexandre Dumas Père, 1933, 1974) lists Dumont's 1843 Paris imprint of this title as the 1st edition, so he didn't have, or see, or hear about this one dated 1842 (Munro's bibliography gets the date right, but he whimsically scrambles the authorized Paris and pirated Brussels editions). A rare book. ABPC records no sales at auction in 40 years. OCLC lists only 2 sets in libraries world wide (Indiana and Yale), and a half set, vols. I and II only (at The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris), and even if that misses one or 2 buried somewhere in the backwoods, it's nearly a chimera. Contemporary 1/2 speckled roan, rubs to paper sides, very good, unrepaired, nice margins, complete with half-titles, ads, and contents. A noble copy, ex-a German Prince with his armorial stamp to each title page. **18,000**

Le Chevalier d'Harmental unleashed Dumaspalooza, the first of his towering and best selling historical romances (romans d'or), and his first novel researched by Maquet (you can talk about the miracle, but you never talk about the angel). Here is a 4 year wedge of the history that led to it, your trail of breadcrumbs. In 1838 Dumas serialized, and then published as a book, his first novel, Le Capitaine Paul, to temperate notice. For 3 years he pressed on, sharpened his skills, perfected his craft, surmised the intricacies of historical romance, and intuited the preferences of his audience, then unified all 4 into a new ritual of high art, exploding on the scene with this ingenuity, the first coupling of an historical novel with a cloak and dagger thriller. It's set (1718), in the midst of The Cellamare Conspiracy, a critical pivot in Europe's saga, following the 1715 death of King Louis XIV and the French throne's passing to his 5 year old great-grandson, King Louis XV. It's more sinister, sophisticated, and malicious, than any historical novel that preceded it, and it's grimmer and grittier than most of those that followed. The regent, the Duc d'Orléans, and the regency council, led by the Duc d'Maine, quarreled, plotted, and tried to murder each other in factions. The Spanish ambassador, Cellamare, got involved, and forged a seditious intrigue, but lost his gamble to play one clique against the other and install the Spanish King as the new regent.

"The history of ideas is the history of the grudges of solitary men." –Cioran

Le Chevalier d'Harmental is an unquestionably weighty book in the chronicles of literature, no less than the modern historical romance's genotype, an evolved descendant of ideas first conceived, explored, formulated, and executed by others, but Dumas leaves none of them undeveloped. He interrogates their assumptions more deeply, and traces their implications more exhaustively. Where (earlier) others insisted in general terms, he undertakes a famously comprehensive, exacting and sustained reconnaissance, investigation, deconstruction and reconstruction, of the subject. Where others had cautiously compared, he expounds a bold, amplified, highly matured conception of writing as a science, a systematically self-reflexive mode of engaging the reader and knowing the world.

Between 1842 and 1854 Dumas wrote historical novels, that stand time's test, better than anyone. His leggiest dozen or so are mammoth classics, integrating adventure and romance into roller coaster rides that, to this day, yank readers on quivering lifts to the zenith of reading, and the 1st Paris editions of almost all his grand titles are impossibly rare.

Whoa, hold it, you say. If this book is so important and so rare, why is it that these outliers in the wilderness of California have it for sale?

Specifically, it's just a brief aberration in an inefficient rare book market unsuited to put an accurate value on a 1st edition so infrequently encountered, that it has no comps.

And generally, it's that antiquarian bookselling is ill fitted to grasp the shifting vagaries of refined appreciations that prompt evolving tastes (Book Code).



**hypocritical alliances, illicit trysts, veiled traps, covert conspiracies,
clandestine assassinations, accidents, audacities, poisonings, betrayals,
treacheries, murders, escapes, and a midnight massacre of 5,000 innocents**

Dumas Alexandre

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

6 vols. 1st edition, preceded by a serialization in the newspaper *La Presse* (Dec. 1844–Apr. 1845), and generally coinciding with, or preceding, the Brussels pirated editions. Contemporary 1/2 speckled roan, small chip to the spine base of vol. IV, rubs to paper sides, else very good, unrepaired, nice margins, complete with half-titles. The first Valois novel, a high beam book, both great (Dumas at the pinnacle of his genius) and rare (ABPC shows no auction sales and OCLC lists just 2 sets in libraries, world wide, Yale and Cal. State Northridge, and though we found another in France, 3 plus this one is still as elusive as any novel from his pen). A noble copy, ex—a German Prince with his armorial stamp to each title page. **22,000**

La Reine Margot is an electrifying tour de force, and an enrapturing read, pulsating with life (*une grande classique*). It opens in 1572, initiating a trilogy that devalues family values, and novelizes the events surrounding the last French dynastic transition (from Valois to Bourbon), and it's entrenched among the very finest historical romances of all time, but why listen to me? I'll quote from F. W. Reed, bibliographer, collector, and academic champion of Alexandre Dumas, builder of the comprehensive library, and a serious intellectual, who was not generally given to exaggeration or overstatement, and most assuredly was not, when his subject was equating one Dumas novel to another.

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

And Douglas Munro, the bibliographer of Dumas' editions in French, states clearly, and without much argument that:

“...it [*La Reine Margot*] was seen to be better constructed and, by and large, better written than the immortal ‘*Les Trois Mousquetaires*.’”

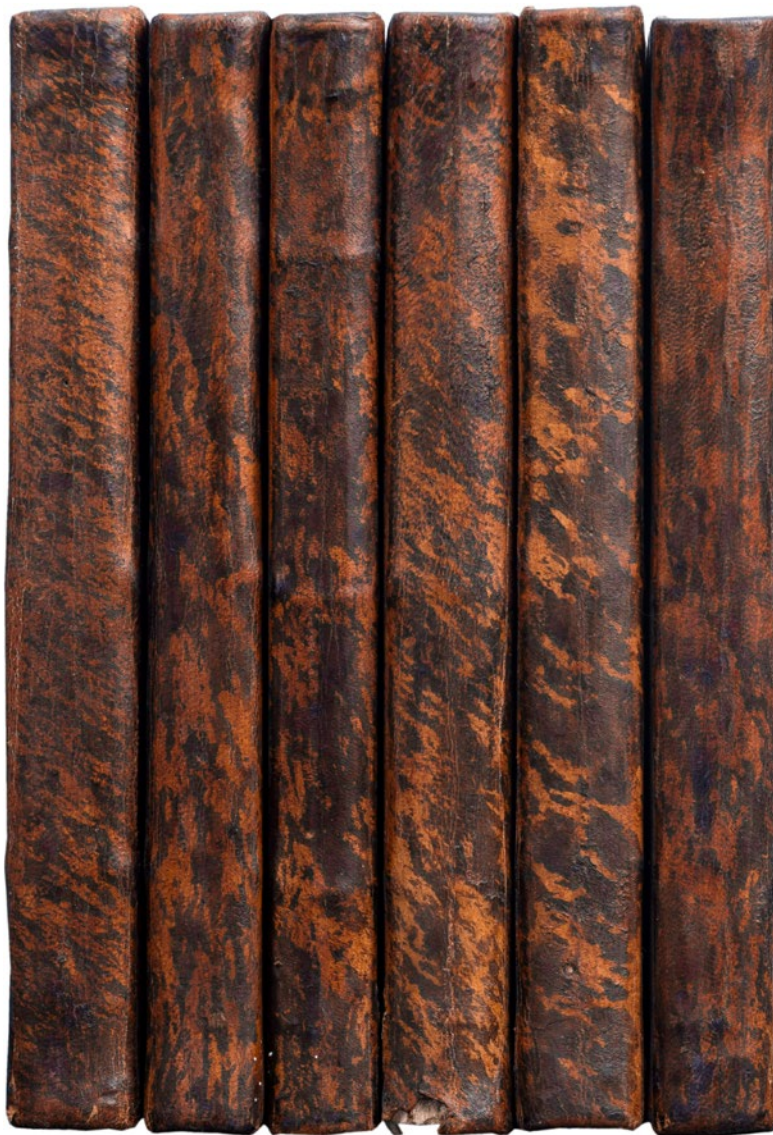
Not as famous in America as *The Three Musketeers* or *The Count of Monte-Cristo*, due to it being more serious, authentic, bloody, tenacious, political, and following history more faithfully. The pace is mercilessly fast, and the action is constant, and all the clashing, scheming, factions believe they serve a higher, noble purpose, so it is replete with complexities, and a shifting choice of heroes, and therefore, was never seen as a straightforward, movie friendly swashbuckler. And yet it lingered, cinematically irresistible, until an exotic, and prodigious, and

expensive, French, German and Italian financed, Patrice Chéreau directed, film was finally written, made, and released in 1994. It starred Isabelle Adjani, Daniel Auteuil, Virna Lisi, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Dominique Blanc, and Vincent Perez, and is well worth an Amazon download if you're ready to turn your sofa into a shock station.

And unlike most movies based on historical novels, this one captured much of Dumas' darkness, daring, villainy, valor, and wicked intrigue. And yes the sex is in your face, but hey, you can always wash your face.

And as for books and films generally: Rooting for the lame book you overpaid for to be made into a film to help you out, is like the collectible ceramic plate industry rooting for Taylor Swift to have a tragic death (Book Code).

Not unexpectedly, the book is even better than the movie, and, like most books adapted to film, it is so just because it is reading, because reading is amazing. It is cheap, it consoles, it distracts, it unfolds at exactly the pace you choose, it is blissfully silent, it can be companionship for your feelings, or escape from them, it is simultaneously exercise and rest for your mind, you can read with focus or skip judiciously, it tells you other peoples' thoughts and lets you compare them to your own, it gives you knowledge of your world, and experience of the wider world, you can read to remember or read to forget, it is morally illuminating, and further, we live at the level of our language, so reading's uplifting possibilities bestow the gift of wings. Knowing that a good book awaits you at day's end, makes that whole day happier.



Dumas, Alexandre

Le Collier de la Reine
[The Queen's Necklace
(Brussels [Meline], 1849–1850).

6 vols. 1st edition (?), following the 1849–1850 serial in La Presse's newspaper (a newspaper is what generation Z call a hobo laptop), and roughly parallel to 5 other Brussels editions, one from Leipzig, one from Berlin, 2 partial ones from New York in French, and Cadot's 11 vol. Paris edition. Here is the cut and thrust of your one ride per catalog on the bibliographical hamster wheel. Munro (the bibliographer) decided to project his chronology from an unreliable canon of how few volumes were dated 1850, but in a giddy fit of fang bibliography, he did so sterily, and listed 2 unfinished NY editions as the 1st of all (being



incomplete, they didn't issue any volumes in 1850). And he stated, "they were certainly unfinished" but then assigned order as if they were, without proof that even one of their volumes was issued first. So, he was only correct that the NY publishers completed printing first, but that advantage always resides with those who quit on a book before the final chapters are

written. And it descended from there. He abandoned precision, in this case, and wrongly applied his own math. For one example, Lebègue's Brussels edition that Munro listed 6th, would be the real 1st based on his own arithmetic, with just 29% of it dated 1850 (all the others more, with ours at 50%), so I know his chronology is wrong for this title, from any perspective. Complicating matters, Meline, our set's publisher, also issued a 7 vol. 1849–1850 edition, but Munro rightly says that our 6 vol. edition precedes it. Contemporary 1/2 dark green morocco, red labels, vol. II label 20% chipped, spines darkened, paper sides rubbed else very good, complete with half-titles. OCLC found 10 sets in libraries, ABPC says none sold at auction, but the OCLC stats better reflect reality. 650

The second book in Dumas' 4 novel series charting the French Revolution, the reign of terror, and its immediate aftermath, that beheading of thousands of poor human beings in the name of some pitiless abstraction. His plot pierces a byzantine conspiracy trained on Marie Antoinette, using diamonds as the bait, propaganda as the aim, and a necklace as a marker for the guillotine. It's written in Dumas' consummate style, and flings its light over the prelude to a horror that was worse than the day Miley decided to stop following you on Twitter.



surveying the consumer's id

[Earl, Harley]

Harley Earl and the Dream Machine

Text by Stephen Bayley
(London, 1983).

1st edition, same day as the NY and Toronto editions. Fine in a fine dustjacket. 60

[Earl, Harley]

Harley Earl and the Dream Machine

Text by Stephen Bayley
(NY, 1983).

1st edition, same day as the London and Toronto editions. Fine in a dustjacket with a single 3/4 " tear at the top edge, but otherwise fine. 35

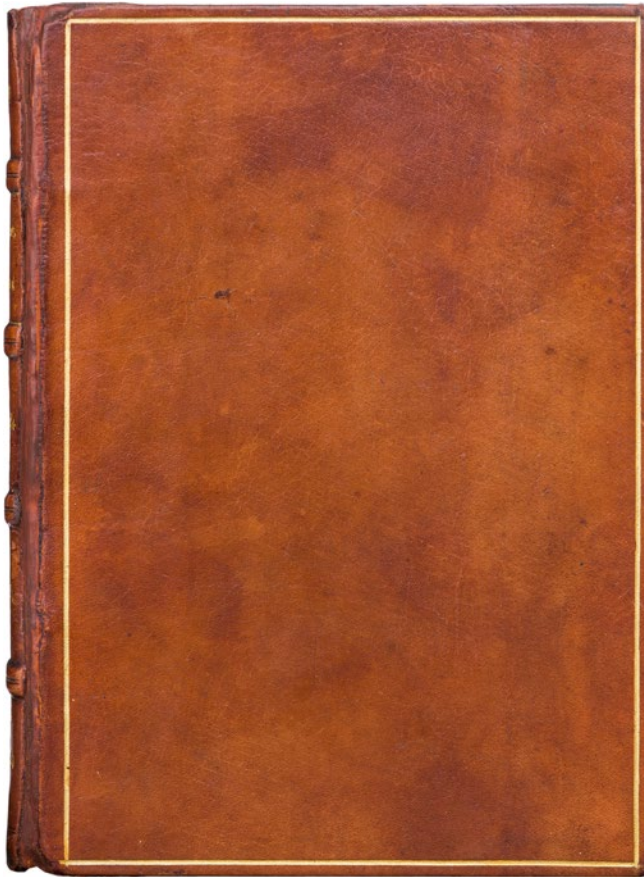
Earl's soaring American industrial design became legendary with fish tailed fins on the 1948 Cadillac, followed by Dream Cars exhibited to the dumbstruck at General Motors Motoramas in the 1950s, then produced and sold in the millions, a domination of manufacturing concept and style that generated an excitement like turning the key in one's first apartment, and an industrial supremacy not to be seen again until the second arising of Apple. He became a rock star at GM, but unseen in the background, fate was quietly icing the stairs, and when his patron, Alfred P. Sloan, retired as GM's chairman in 1956, Earl's new bosses (insecure accountants envious of his prestige) built his 1959 models, took a portfolio of his future concepts, up to and including the 1963 Stingray, and fired him.

women's civil liberties taken up for the first time

Edgar, Thomas [editor]

The Lawes Resolutions of Women's Rights
(London, 1632).

1st edition. Full calf, rebacked, lacks (A1) the front blank (a binder's blank replaces it), small notes to title page, else very good. The first English book



addressing the concept of women's rights directly and/or in any detail, citing statute summaries, relevant Biblical quotations, and individual cases on inheritance, property, rape, divorce, dowry, lawsuits, adultery, and assault, and so it is the original literary strike against the notion that women are inferior to men. Are there some things women can't do? There is always some woman who can do any thing, but not every woman can do every thing. Just like men. So, first, let's dismiss, in perpetuity, the idea that there are only a few jobs suitable for women (nurse, secretary, school teacher, stewardess, maid, and tooth fairy). And second, we can trash the practice of, and the excuses for, male tyranny

(scarier than a baby with a blowtorch), long founded on clichés that are no more valid than (for only 3 cases in point) women are less inclined than men to kill and dispose of large insects, or investigate mysterious house noises at night, or fix anything on a roof. These days, looking back on it in reflection, women's rights seem to have been grudgingly, and yet progressively granted, but it's all been as stingy as the guy who gives each kid a single raisin on Halloween, and the history of men's opposition to women's emancipation is in some ways more interesting, or say curious, than the history of that emancipation itself. **8,000**

"Was she asking for it? Was she asking nice?"

If she was asking for it? Did she ask you twice?"

—Courtney Love (Hole), Asking For It

This book isn't scarce and the grim reaper won't visit if you happen to be very busy. This book isn't important and Dumbo doesn't smell like an elephant.



Fleischer, Max



Original Drawing of Betty Boop
(NY, ca. 1933).

A pre-Hays Code model drawing of Betty Boop topless (!), dressed as a belly dancer. Near fine condition. The full-figure graphite image measures 4" tall, on a 12" X 10" sheet of 3-peg hole animation paper. Drawn (probably by Grim Natwick) for a theatrical short untraced by me. There is no sure way to assign origin, but the date range is easy to assign. From Apr. 1930 to Jan. 1, 1932, Betty was an anthropomorphic poodle (modeled on singer Helen Kane), like the Betty above but with a black nose and floppy dog ears (that became hoop earrings). Natwick made her human for the Jan. 1932 Talkartoon, Any Rags (so after that), and the nudity had to be before Jul. 1934 when stricter enforcement (post-grace period) of the 1930 National Legion of Decency Production Code (Hays Code) ruined all the fun. Need I say this is a rarity? **1,500**

Fleischer, Max

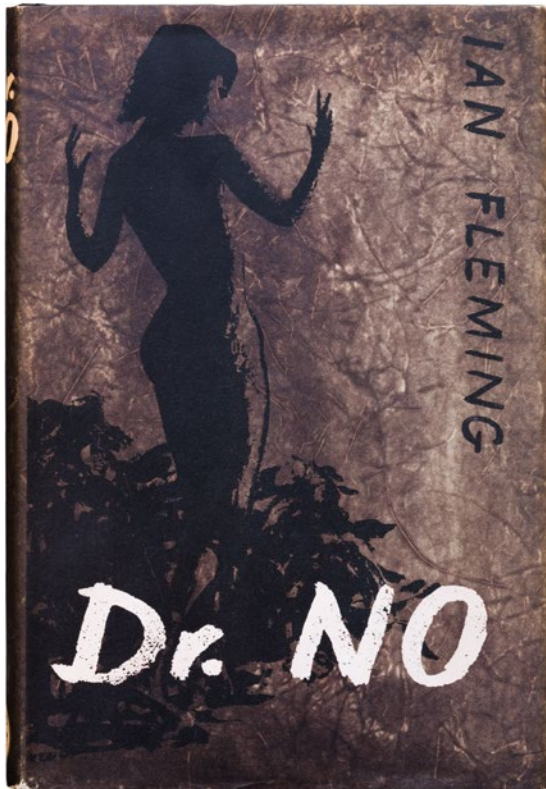
Original Drawing of Betty Boop
(NY, ca. 1935).

Animator's (maybe Grim Natwick) model drawing of Betty Boop, out for a winter walk. Near fine condition. The full-figure, stylized image in graphite, measures 5" tall, on a 12" X 10" sheet of 3-peg hole animation paper. Much more detailed than usually seen, and drawings this good, are scarce. **800**

Fleming, Ian

Dr. No
(London, 1958).

1st edition, 1st binding (defining the book's 1st issue) with the front cover cloth blank, 3 times scarcer than the 2nd binding with a woman's silhouette on the front, and when any description of Dr. No fails to mention the cover, you can assume it's wrong, or if it says the offered copy has a silhouette, but the seller doesn't call it a 2nd binding, that bookseller is opportunistically careless, and may be radioactive, and this evasiveness, if seen repeatedly, will function as your trusty Geiger counter. Fine in a 1st printing dustjacket (priced "13s 6d"), minute rubs to 2 front panel



corners, the white spine letters a little tan, else the jacket is also fine. 1,500

All the Bond 1st editions are overpriced. Want proof? 17 copies of Casino Royale in jacket are for sale right now, and that's the scarcest of the 1st editions. In the case of Dr. No, there are 35 for sale, and it is overpricing that always makes supply overwhelm demand. \$1,500 is the lowest price for one in this flashy condition (see "Sticker Joy" in our terms on page 4), but if you shop elsewhere, don't buy Dr. No in the wrong binding or in a price clipped jacket, and if you do not understand this, I'm sorry, but you're outside our demographic (Book Code).

Dr. No was originally written as a made for television movie, or (if it had been popular) the pilot for a TV series, both to be called Commander Jamaica.

And from its inception, the story had a central villain modeled on Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu, and was fixedly set in and around Kingston, a city that gets stripped of copper wire nightly by roving gangs of 12 year olds. But, like cartoon dogs on newly waxed linoleum floors, the plans for a TV show expended a lot of energy but never went anywhere, so the ever halcyon Fleming took what he had, and twisted it into a Bond novel that he first titled The Wound Man, and during the rewriting he flushed out his theme, the meaning of power. British critics (singly a horde of predispositions held together by envy, and collectively less useful than an inflatable dart board) derided the novel, but U. S. reviews were better, and the book sold surprisingly well, and when Saltzman and Broccoli bought the 007 film rights, they picked Dr. No to be the first movie. Maibaum, Harwood, and Mather wrote a great script, Terence Young directed, and someone made 2 inspired decisions, Sean Connery to play James Bond, and Ursula Andress to step out of the ocean as Honeychile Rider.



Fleming, Ian

Goldfinger
(London, 1959).

1st edition. Fine in fine 1st issue dustjacket. The jacket's flap point is vital but the binding flaw isn't an issue point as both states of it were sold on publication day. Goldfinger 1st editions are omnipresent (24,250 printed), and zany expensive, with 30 of them for sale, but at \$900 for our fine one, you'll be safe enough. 900



[Football]

**Jerry Kramer's Silver Anniversary
All-Super Bowl Team Lombardi Trophy
[and] His Signed Document of Provenance**

(Named Dec. 12, 1990, then presented at the SB in Tampa, Jan. 27, 1991).

Ooooooh. Rare trophy, awarded only to the 27 members of the all-super bowl team from the first 25 years of the game. The NFL says it's "crystal" but we put a 100x microscope on it and saw trace bubbles, so it isn't optic crystal. **Engraved by hand, "Silver Anniversary Super Bowl Team Jerry Kramer Guard."** 8" tall, fine (as new) in its original velvet lined, wooden box, the box hinges weak, light scratches to the wood, else near fine. **15,000**

Kramer starred for the Green Bay Packers teams that won Super Bowls I and II. He played 11 years with them, led the famous Packers' sweep, made the most notorious block in NFL history to win the 1967 Ice Bowl, was honored as an All-Pro 5 times, was voted to every all time Packers team, was also a member of the 1969 NFL 50 Year Anniversary team, and he authored the book, Instant Replay. 26 players and a coach (all of them Super Bowl winners) were named to this elite club, and 27 total makes this trophy the rarest of all those surrounding the game, twice as rare as a winning team's Lombardi trophy itself, or a Super Bowl MVP award, and a 100 times rarer than a Super Bowl ring.



The 27 were:

Coach:	Vince Lombardi (Packers).
Wide receivers:	Lynn Swann (Steelers), Jerry Rice (49ers).
Tight end:	Dave Casper (Raiders).
Off. Tackles:	Art Shell (Raiders), Forrest Gregg (Packers, Cowboys).
Guards:	Gene Upshaw (Raiders), Jerry Kramer (Packers).
Center:	Mike Webster (Steelers).
Quarterback:	Joe Montana (49ers).
Running backs:	Franco Harris (Steelers), Larry Csonka (Dolphins).
Def. Ends:	L. C. Greenwood (Steelers), Ed Jones (Cowboys).
Def. Tackles:	Joe Greene (Steelers), Randy White (Cowboys).
Outside linebackers:	Jack Ham (Steelers), Ted Hendricks (Colts, Raiders).
Inside linebackers:	Jack Lambert (Steelers), Mike Singletary (Bears).
Cornerbacks:	Ronnie Lott (49ers), Mel Blount (Steelers).
Safeties:	Donnie Shell (Steelers), Willie Wood (Packers).
Punter:	Ray Guy (Raiders).
Place kicker:	Jan Stenerud (Chiefs).
Kick returner:	John Taylor (49ers).



Fowles, John

The Collector
(London, 1963).

1st edition, preceding the American. His first book. Variant binding in black cloth, top edge unstained, and copies in black were actually sold in retail stores, so it is a published issue. Near fine in near fine 1st state dustjacket (no reviews on flap). **2,250**

I try to deny myself delusions when I am writing, and I think this allows me to deny them to others when they refuse to keep their fantasies to themselves, and this book inspires more than its share. Our jacket's not price clipped and among the wild claims attached to Collectors in black, is that all copies were sold in price clipped jackets. And that's not the only myth attached to this issue. It's said to be rare when there are 5 copies for sale right now. It's called a trial binding, or an export issue, with no proof at all. And whether it's (likely) the 1st binding in standard Cape black cloth used while awaiting delivery of, or deciding upon, the terracotta colored cloth normally seen, or (less likely) the 2nd binding in standard Cape black used for the final sets of sheets when the terracotta had run out, or been abandoned for a while, it's not a \$10,000 book. It's not a \$5,000 book. And it should be wrapped in crime scene tape when it's sold to anyone guileless enough to buy one at any price beyond our price. It is, however, 30 times scarcer than the regular binding for 3 times the price here, so the math supports our premium and decrypts its relative value (Book Code).

Fowles, John

The Collector
(London, 1963).

1st edition, terracotta cloth, top edge stained to match but faded, else near fine in 1st state dustjacket with tiny nicks and tears else near fine. **Signed by Fowles. 750**

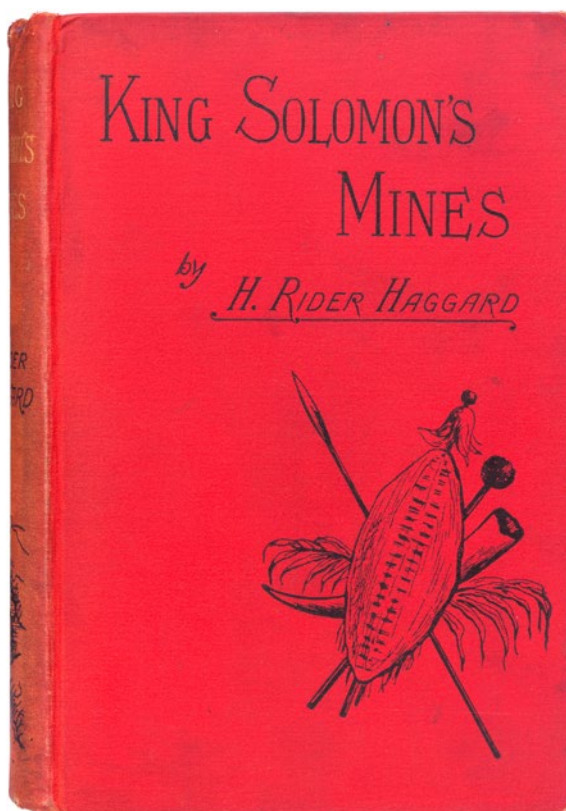
This book is an exemplar of the post-modern novel in all its originality, rooted in the mind of a sociopath who, desperate for companionship, stalks a woman, then kidnaps and imprisons her. Now it's 2016, and this class of crime no longer need exist, at least in the U. S., as there are now 5.2 million more American women than men, a fact raised here in case you guys who aren't getting laid, don't feel bad enough already.

the author as fabulist

Haggard, Rider

King Solomon's Mines
(London, 1885).

1st edition, 1st printing, 1st binding with the "5G. 8. 85" ads (these Aug. ads were closest to the book's Sept. publication). Descriptions of this book trumpeting text errors as issue points are a hoax (flamboyant labels on empty luggage) because every copy of King Solomon's Mines' 1st printing had all the same mistakes. And why do booksellers try this kind of thing? They do it to appear scholarly and thorough, when, in reality, it is a lazy and robotic attempt to appear so, revealing a blasé disrespect for their customers' intelligence (Book Code). Publisher's cloth, spine faded, wear to the tips, one spot on back, a tear to the folding map repaired but another map without a tear is laid in, else very good, and a 1st binding of this book, so nice in original cloth, is scarcer than a fitted sheet that's easy to fold, and when other copies in cloth do get irregularly offered for sale, they look like Robocop's Detroit. 7,500



King Solomon's Mines was the first lost world novel (we're not counting the likes of Gulliver's Travels, or Arthur Gordon Pym, or Journey to the Center of the Earth). It's also the first modern adventure novel, in the wake of Treasure Island, but cutting new tracks, to solidify a new genre, with huge impact in its time, and in the 131 years since. 2,000 copies were printed, of which only 1,000 were initially bound (the 1st binding and the 1st issue of it) exactly mirroring the book as it was for sale on publication day, with another 500 sent to New York for the later U. S. issue (the last 500 were part of the 2nd binding along with the 2nd edition).

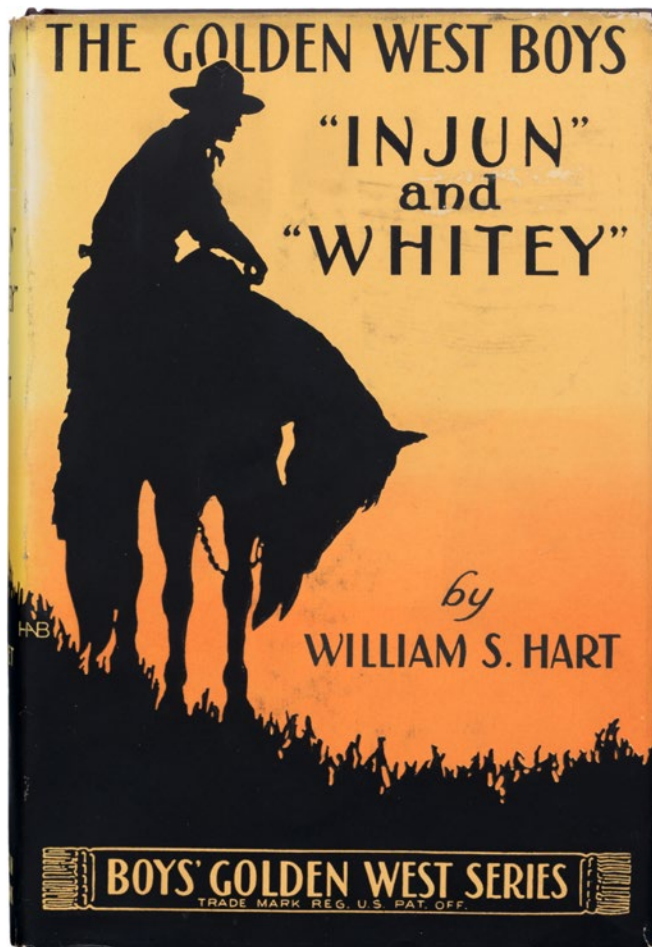
Early in 1885 Haggard bet his brother 1 shilling he could write a novel as good as Treasure Island, but he didn't go about it unaided. He reached back to Walter Scott and appropriated all he could of Scott's historical novel template, and then co-opted Stevenson's style, writing King Solomon's Mines in the conversational first person subjective, as against the ornate omnipresent third person view, so prevalent in late Victorian fiction. Haggard's recipe rightly fit his plot, and the book made him famous, and considerably more cash than a shilling.

Hart, William S.

Injun and Whitey

(NY [The Britton Publishing Co.], 1919).

1st edition of the first novel by Hollywood's first Western movie star. Our Britton Co. edition precedes both the Houghton-Mifflin edition (1920) and the one by



Grosset & Dunlap. Near fine in a very good dustjacket, nice looking, and plenty scarce. The jacket is probably in its only state, with no other state of it recorded, despite there being a front flap ad implying either simultaneous or pending publication of the sequel, *Injun and Whitey Strike Out for Themselves*, which the short-lived Britton Co. had the rights to publish, and planned to publish, but I've never seen a copy with Britton's imprint and I doubt they ever did produce it (Houghton-Mifflin published it in 1921). That's my theory, and when a theory fits all the known facts it has merit, but all reasonable conjectures must be tested before they can be accepted as true, or in this case, confirmed by evidence to be accepted as

a fact, and I have not found proof, nor have I found a credible way to go after proof that would require less than \$800 of my time. If I am wrong, there will be an anodyne Bibliotopus "product recall." If I am right, \$800 is a bargain. **800**

In the very earliest days of American cinema there were Westerns, and they evolved to where there were many magnificent films, and we all know which ones they were, from *Tumbleweeds* (1925) to *Rango* (2011). Then there were the others, celluloid monuments to public patience. It isn't like if you've seen one you've seen them all, it's more like if you've seen them all, you feel like you've seen one.

In the ongoing effort to build a library, you are going to want friends, because friends will make the process less subjective. And you are going to want quality, because quality will make you happy, so here's the 5th rule of book collecting. Judge the friends you would make with a genial and patient sympathy, and judge the books you would buy with a godlike and superior impartiality (Book Code).

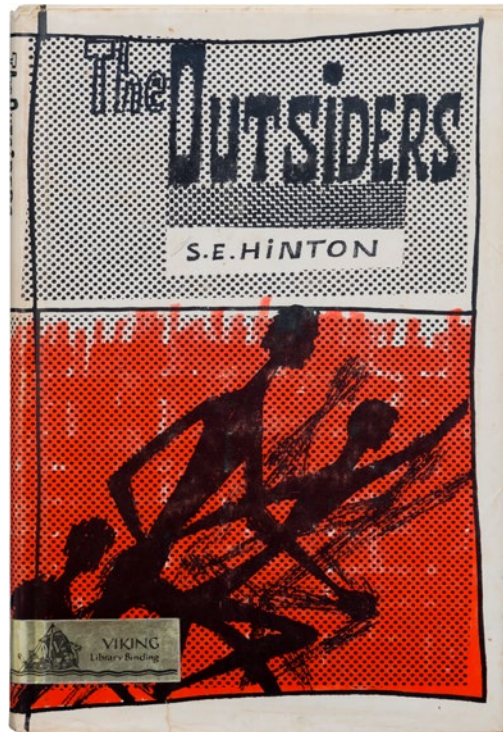
Are you there God, it's me Susy?

Hinton, S. E.

The Outsiders
(NY, 1967).

1st edition of Susy Hinton's first book, an insider's view of outsiders. She renders 1960s teenageness as a culture choked by class conflict and schools performing as factories for the production of echoes, and I'm not sure if it's drama, or just life with the dull parts cut out, but there was no other book like it before it, a deviation from the old rule that everything worth doing has been done, so, anything entirely new should be given a wide berth. Fine in the publisher's library binding (no library marks) of pictorial boards, the trade binding is plain black cloth. The 2 covers have no priority, but this one is scarcer. The dustjacket imitates the binding, with the, small and partial, Viking gold label, and the \$3.77 price at the front flap's base (where it should be), a 1/2" edge tear, a 1/8" tear to a spine fold, and little corner nicks, else a near fine, unfaded jacket, choice condition for this 1st edition. 1,000

Few 49 year old books for which there is some lively demand, are honestly scarce, but this one is scarcer than most. Maybe its 50 or so printings in 1967 diluted the 1st of them which was small, but you won't find its equal for less than \$1,000 in a bookshop, or at auction, or online, or even from your invisible friend, but if 1st editions of The Outsiders were \$5,000, then 10 copies might suddenly become available, so scarcity has to be carefully judged until a 1st edition is old enough and expensive enough, to have been tested against greed. Nonetheless, the only function of book price forecasting is to make belief in ghosts look respectable (Book Code). And anyway, if ghosts can walk through walls, why don't they fall through the floor?

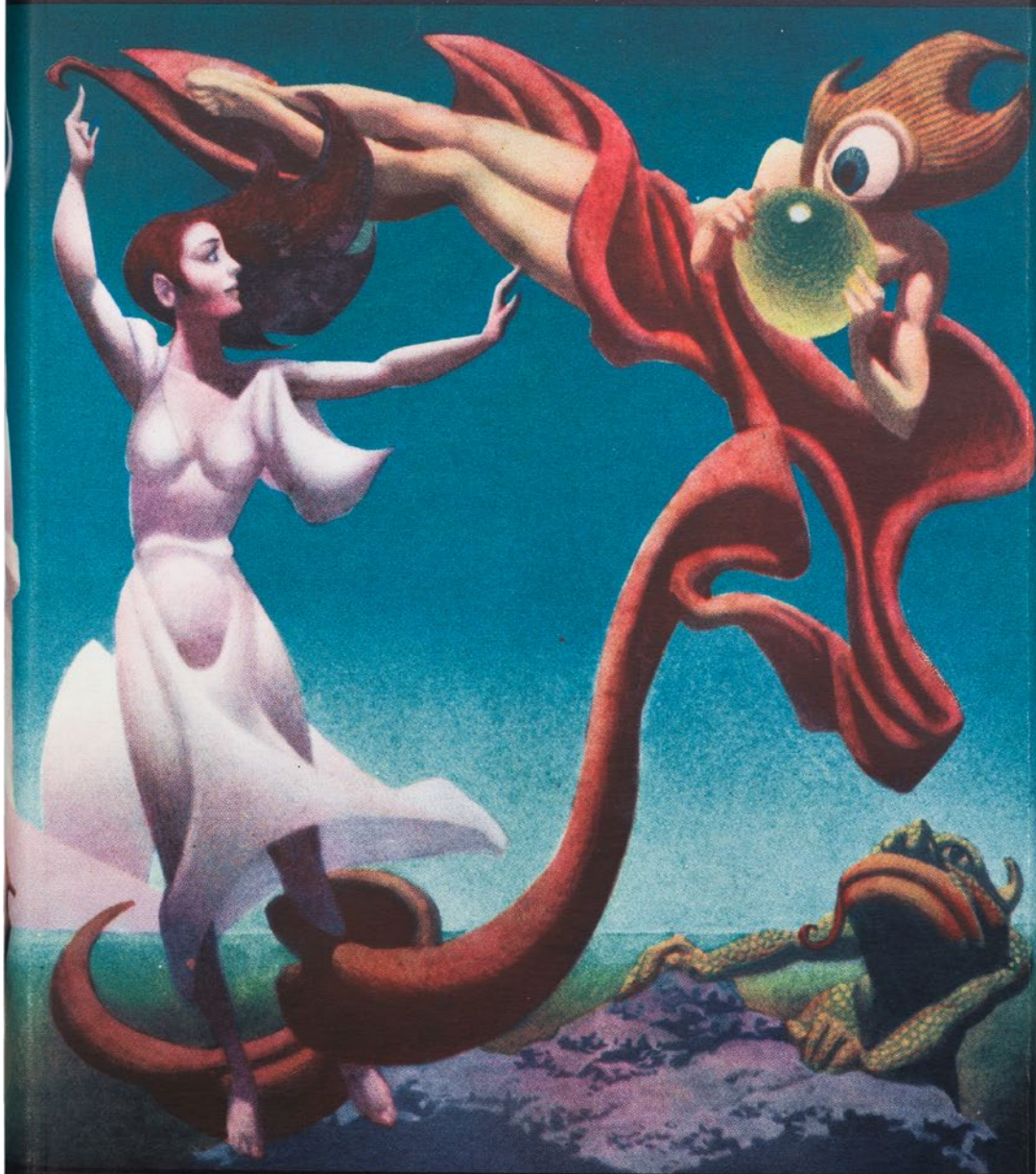


The Outsiders is now found at the top of a very slim but nonetheless unexpected fraction of the "My Favorite Books" lists, and Francis Coppola's 1983 film, had that rare directness that frees us from the itch to interpret. It was one of 2 forerunners of brat pack movies, featuring a cast of future somebodies, among them, Emilio Estevez, Diane Lane, C. Thomas Howell, Patrick Swayze, Tom Cruise, Ralph Macchio, Matt Dillon, Rob Lowe, Sofia Coppola, playing a little girl credited as Domino, and S. E. Hinton herself, making a brief appearance as the nurse.

"We are the kings and the queens of the new broken scene..."

-5 Seconds of Summer, She's Kinda Hot

SKULL-FACE AND OTHERS



ROBERT E HOWARD

Howard, Robert

Skull-Face and Other Stories

(Sauk City, 1946).

1st edition of his first American book (only a 1937 book of Western tales published in London was earlier). Collects 22 stories, 2 poems, and an essay. Fine in fine, flawless, dustjacket that sparkles like the silver fittings on a coffin. And other copies, near to, but not equal to, the condition of ours, are priced more, and those priced less look like they were found in the cleanup after Coachella. **1,000**

The Serious Literature Police hold a dogma that endorsing science fiction, fantasy, or horror as legitimate prose, is a chore worse than bomb disposal, and bust all 3 on sight, biased past argument by images of stereotypical fans serving baby blood at the Illuminati temple, or massed on moonlit city rooftops with aluminum foil mayonnaise packets on their heads trying to chant down Ilzar the Space Bender.

Robert E. Howard (1906–1936) was from central Texas. He wrote stories of adventure, mythology, fantasy, horror, historical fiction, sports, and the West, as well as a couple of novels, and some spectacular poetry. He invented Sword and Sorcery culminating in his devising of Conan the Barbarian, and he got dozens of his stories printed in pulp magazines (mostly in *Weird Tales*), but he only earned \$10,000 in a 10-year career, and never had a book published in his lifetime. When he was 30, his mother lapsed into a coma, and when her nurse told Robert that she would never wake up, he thought he'd lost the only person who truly loved him, so he walked outside and shot himself in the head.

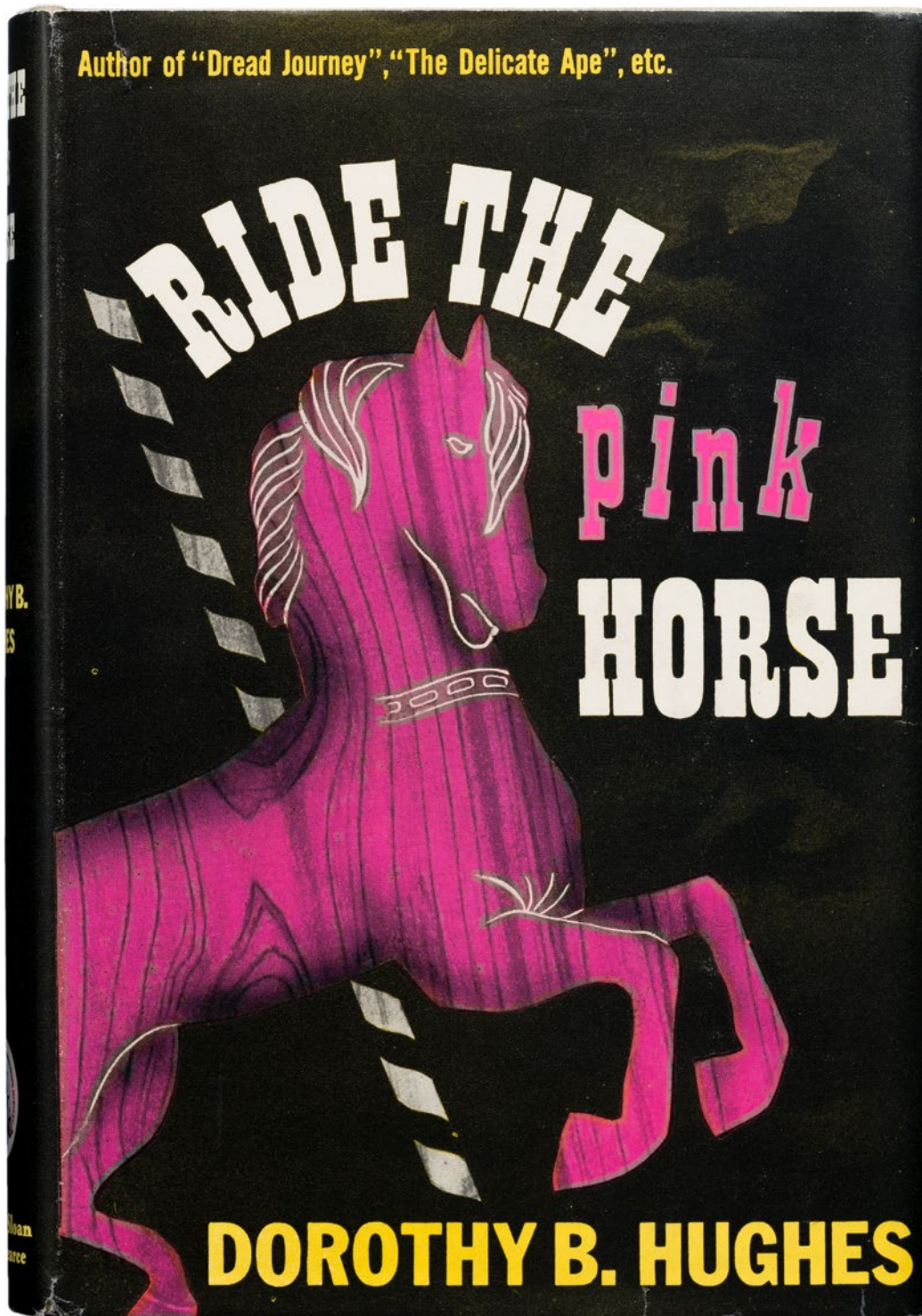
“Something tapped me on the shoulder, something whispered, ‘Come with me,
Leave the world of men behind you; come where care may never find you,
Come and follow, let me bind you, where, in that dark, silent sea,
Tempest of the world ne'er rages; there to dream away the ages,
Heedless of Time's turning pages, only, come with me.’

‘Who are you?’ I asked the phantom, ‘I am rest from Hate and Pride.
I am friend to king and beggar, I am Alpha and Omega,
I was councilor to Hagar, but men call me suicide.’
I was weary of tide breasting, weary of the world's behesting,
And I lusted for the resting, as a lover for his bride.

And my soul tugged at its moorings, and it whispered, ‘Set me free.
I am weary of this battle, of this world of human cattle,
All this dreary noise and prattle. this you owe to me.’
Long I sat and long I pondered, on the life that I had squandered,
O'er the paths that I had wandered, never free.

In the shadow panorama, passed life's struggles and its fray,
And my soul tugged with new vigor, huger grew the phantom's figure,
As I slowly tugged the trigger, saw the world fade swift away.
Through the fogs old Time came striding, radiant clouds were 'bout me riding,
As my soul went gliding, gliding, from the shadow into day.”

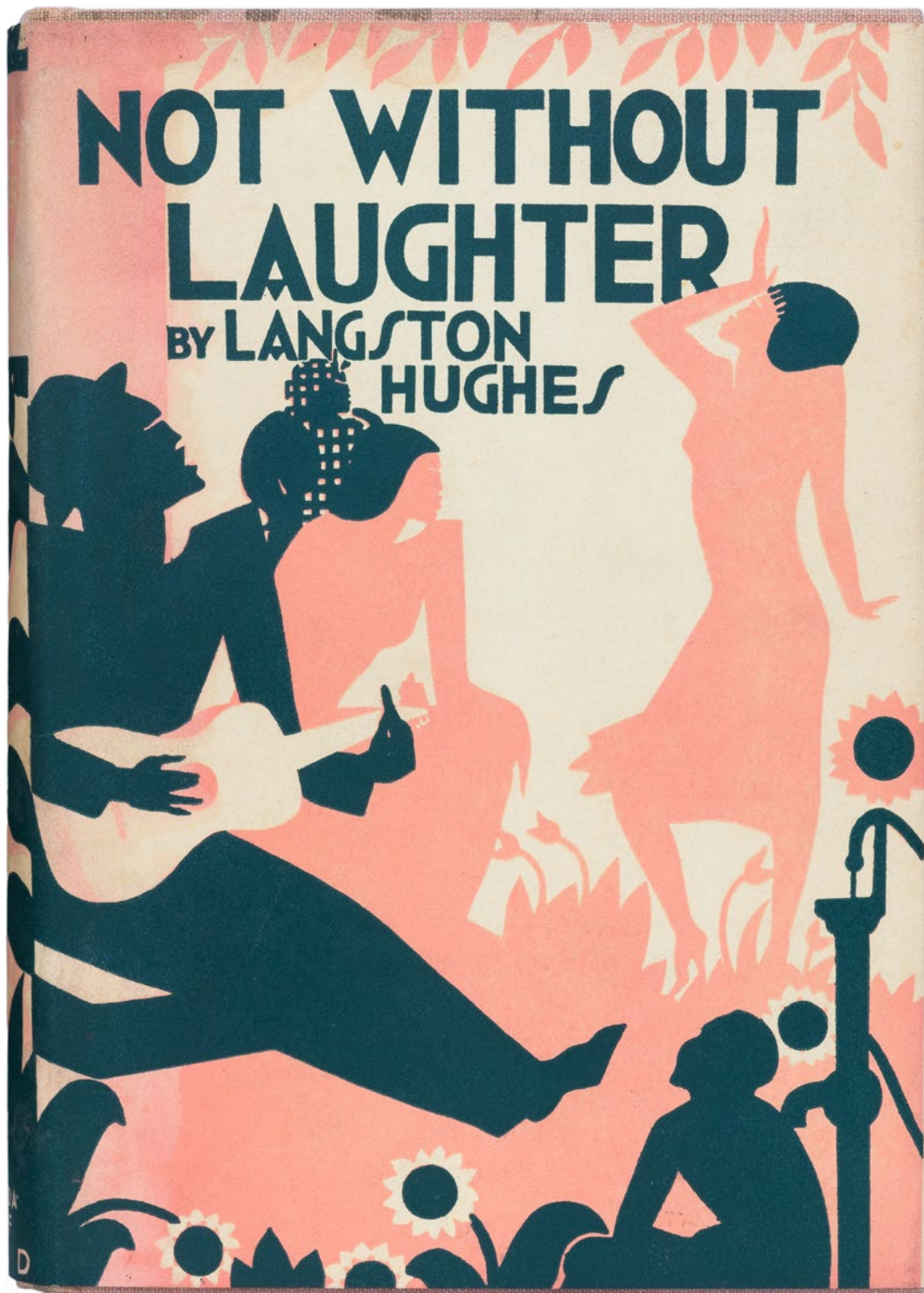
–Robert Howard, *The Tempter*



Hughes, Dorothy

Ride the Pink Horse
(NY, 1946).

1st edition. Beige cloth stamped in 2 shades of red. Text paper tanned else fine in very good dustjacket (some tears), the pink on the spine still pink, the plot pure noir. 200



Hughes, Langston

Not Without Laughter
(NY, 1930).

1st edition. His first novel, a pioneering contribution to American literature. Fine in fine 1st printing dustjacket, and a rare thing in this condition.

10,000



Irving, Washington

The Sketch Book
(London [Miller vol. I, Murray vol. II], 1820).

[and]

Tales of a Traveller
(London [Murray], 1824).

4 vols. total. 1st editions.

The Sketch Book first: 2 vols. 1st edition, to be explicit, the 1st book edition, and also the 1st complete edition, following publication of the first 6 parts of the 7 part serialized U. S. issue in wrappers, but our book precedes publication of the U. S. part VII, so this London edition was the first to get the whole book for sale to the public. 1st printing of both volumes, and the 1st state and 1st issue of vol. I with Miller as publisher, and this 1st issue is unacknowledged for its scarcity. Full calf, half of the vol. II title label chipped, corners rubbed, else near fine.

Now for Tales of a Traveller: 2 vols. 1st edition, 1st printing of the sequel, preceding the American edition. 1/2 calf, spines somewhat similar to those on our copy of The Sketch Book, but they're not a pair. Paper sides rubbed else very good.

4 vols. Together: 3,800

If you're the kind of person who is puzzled about where the sun goes at night, or who pops up the next Kleenex, or you believe that a salad seasoned with ground up dinosaur bones will make you stronger, you will find this paragraph on The Sketch Book's timetable confusing, but here's the sequence for the rest of you.

The 7 vol. U. S. parts issue in wrappers (29 stories and essays) was published sequentially from Jun. 1819 at the latest, to Sept. 1820, the exact month some parts were issued hovers in debate, and all 7 parts were reprinted many times before the 1st U. S. book edition in 1824. I'll say this as simply as possible but not any simpler. The text points do not confirm the 1st printing, nor do the dates on the title pages, and it requires the wrappers to prove that any one part matches that part as it was when it first went on sale. And no correct set of 7 has been sold at auction in over 100 years, and no set offered in the trade was, or is, correct either, and descriptions of parts sets calling them 1st editions without stating that they can't be verified as the 1st printing, and are mathematically unlikely to be so, are as bogus as the books they are describing, and often written so loosely that you could add a tail and call them a weasel. In Feb. 1820, a month after part 5 was published in the U. S., John Miller published vol. I of The Sketch Book in London, in an edition of 1,000 copies (the first 17 stories and essays with The Author's Account of Himself rewritten). 7 weeks later Miller went bankrupt and wholesaled his unsold sheets (most of the 1,000 copy 1st printing) to John Murray. Murray reissued those 1st printing sheets of vol. I with a new title page stating "Second Edition" (non vere), and then published vol. II (the final 12 stories and essays plus 3 new ones) in July, versus publication of the U. S. part 7 in Sept. and he later reprinted both volumes many times. The Sketch Book includes Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and more obscure but just as great, The Spectre Bridegroom, a mocking of the Gothic novel point by point, and yet to read it is to be a victim of Irving's mastery at delivering fear. The Tales of a Traveller is nearly as compelling, the writing is a bit more elegant, and it proved The Sketch Book was not a one-off. But the fame of The Sketch Book's 2 best known stories have dimmed the second collection's glow. Historically, the 4 volumes could hardly be more significant. They were the very first American fiction bestsellers in Europe, a revelation to the rest of the world that Americans are just like everybody else, except more so. And the English literary elites noticed:

"Positively beautiful..." –Walter Scott

"I know it by heart..." –Lord Byron

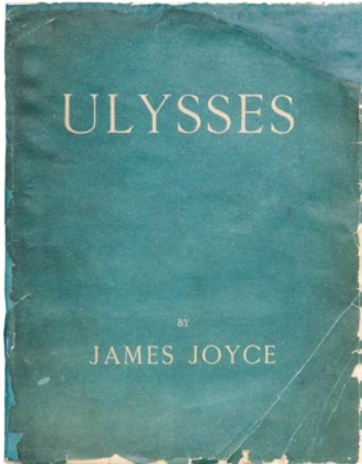
And they are the earliest works in the all-inclusive vista of American literature that anyone still reads for diversion, but equally important, it is in The Sketch Book that Irving contrived the modern short story, the first lasting fiction creation by an American. From that proud beginning, contrast our 21st century when core American literature has been removed from the SAT and ACT exams and replaced with a new section that tests the student's ability to pay tuition and make post-graduate donations.

Joyce, James

Ulysses

(Paris [Shakespeare and Company], 1922).

1st edition, 1st issue of 750 copies (the first ones on Feb. 2nd), before the 100 on Dutch paper (Feb. 13th) and the 150 on large paper (Mar. 4th). Original printed paper wrappers, rebacked, one corner, one edge flap, and 5 blank page corners repaired, rear endpaper restored, little chips along the edges, else good condition, complete, and we're being precise, and other depictions are suspiciously vague. 1st editions of Ulysses for what we're asking are gone. The cheapest equivalents start at twice our price and go up from there, and the only thing 4 generations of "1st thus" reprints share in common is declining demand, but a new generation of readers is on the rise. They've heard it's the supreme modernist novel and industrial strength psychological realism, and they're told it was condemned as scandalous erotica, in the days when safe sex meant a padded headboard, and they've read it was stoutly suppressed by authorities fearful of any novel portraying chastity as an unlit lamp, or adult abstinence



as malnutrition. But millennials don't care what squares thought about sex 95 years ago, or that from the 1940s to the 1970s Ulysses' meaning was mused upon as a cypher in some language twins teach each other. They just face it as a long and arduous 732 page, 265,000 word legacy, a test of focus, set in turn of the century Dublin, and only worth the effort because it recaptures life in a signally fascinating time and place. So the motivation for reading Ulysses has been protean in each generation, but it always stayed the best of its type, and that flexibility of appeal is the profile of conscious art. **11,000**

Let's try to narrow the gap between you and James Joyce. Here he is on the moon:

"Her antiquity in preceding and surviving succeeding tellurian generations: her nocturnal predominance: her satellitic dependence: her luminary reflection: her constancy under all her phases, rising and setting by her appointed times, waxing and waning: the forced invariability of her aspect: her indeterminate response to inaffirmative interrogation: her potency over effluent and refluent waters: her power to enamour, to mortify, to invest with beauty, to render insane, to incite to and aid delinquency: the tranquil inscrutability of her visage: the terribility of her isolated dominant resplendent propinquity: her omens of tempest and of calm: the stimulation of her light, her motion and her presence: the admonition of her craters, her arid seas, her silence: her splendour, when visible: her attraction, when invisible." –Ulysses

Ready to read it? Here's a boost. Don't hesitate. Proceed aggressively. If your comprehension lapses—even for pages at a time—it's better to push on seeing as you're going to get lost in the random flux, where things encountered early are not explained until much later, so you'll have to reread it anyway.

Ist appearance in print of $\epsilon = Mc^2$

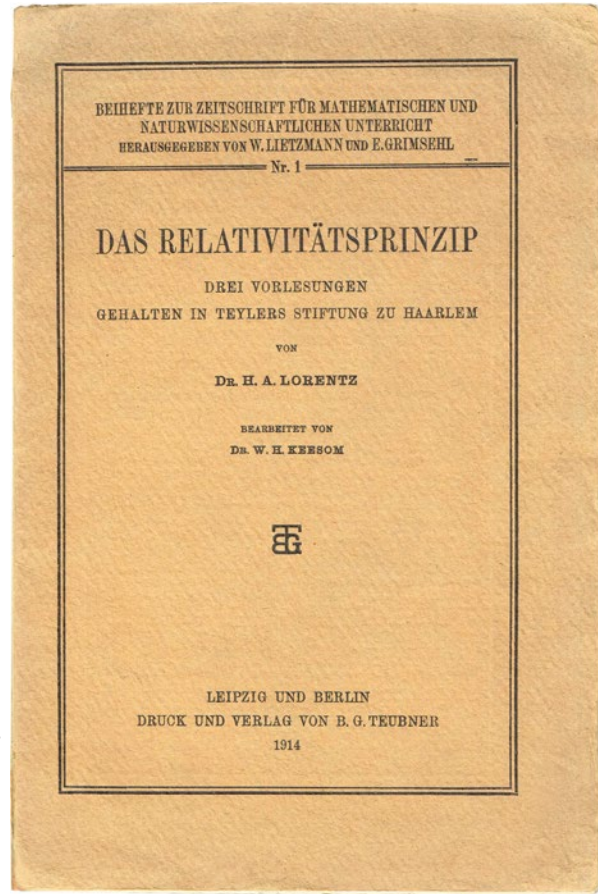
Lorentz, Hendrik

Das Relativitätsprinzip

Drei Vorlesungen Gehalten In Teylers Stiftung Zu Haarlem

(Leipzig and Berlin [Druck und Verlag Von B. G. Teubner], 1914).

1st edition (in German), with the first appearance in print (page 24, note 50) of H. A. Lorentz's (the 1902 Nobel laureate in physics) distilling of Einstein's original 1905 sentence, or his 1907 formula, for the Special Theory of Relativity, $L/V^2 \cdot A$, or $\epsilon_0 = \mu V^2$, or some variation of that, into its most famous order, $\epsilon = Mc^2$, the first time anyone put energy on the left side of the "equals" and put mass and speed in their ultimate order on the right side. Original wrappers, spine tips chipped, very good. Einstein's General Theory of Relativity followed in 1916, though a unified theory, fusing the cosmic and atomic, eluded him. But wait, there's less. What struck me was that Lorentz did not single out $\epsilon = Mc^2$ from many other variations of the formula in his article, and Einstein didn't adopt what Lorentz discovered (the exquisite form, universally praised as art), in a printed article until the April, 1946 issue of Science Illustrated (pages 16-17), as $E = mc^2$ and a very good copy of that magazine is included here. **2 vols. Together: 750**



Wenn wir die Masse M einführen, so ist

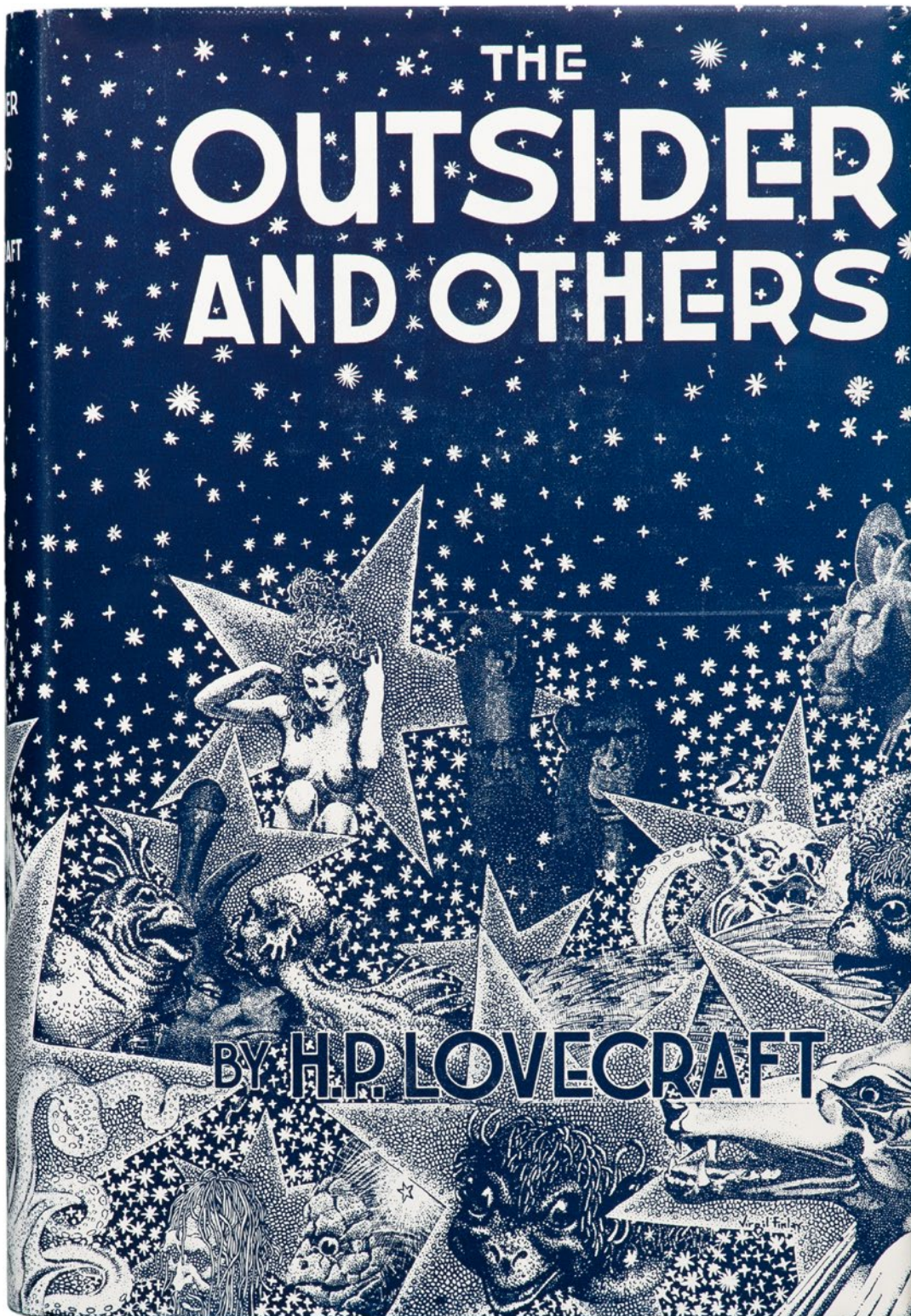
(50)

$$\epsilon = Mc^2,$$

A quick aptitude for science, and a natural eye for the art in it, do not necessarily exist in the same person, and though experimental proofs would fail to confirm it, I see indications, not without some allure, that the strongest force in the universe is gossip, and that twerking will shake out all your luck. And here's my science formula: 1 bee+2 flowers=a garden. And here's my science question: How much deeper would the ocean be if there weren't any sponges in it?

THE
**OUTSIDER
AND OTHERS**

BY **H.P. LOVECRAFT**



Lovecraft, H. P.

The Outsider and Others
(Sauk City, 1939).

1st edition of his first collection of stories (36 of them). The first Arkham House book. 1,268 copies printed. Fine in a dustjacket with one scratch else fine, fresher than a fountain soda, bright enough to outshine glass, and sharp enough to cut it. A facsimile jacket has been circulating out there for decades, but buying one is worse than letting Mom's boyfriend run Christmas. Ex-Donald Wandrei. 10,000

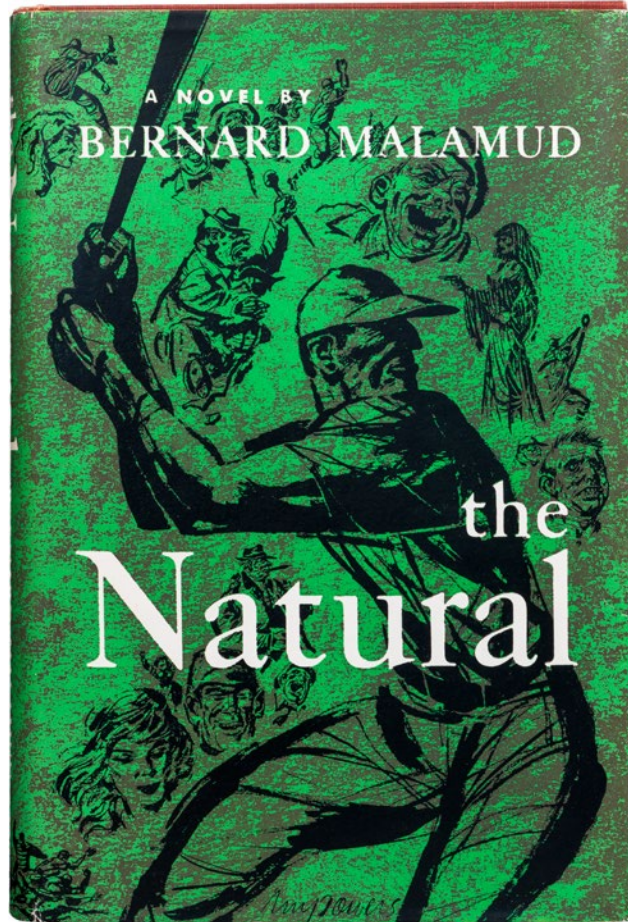
the woman in black is the raven of death

Malamud, Bernard

The Natural
(NY, 1952).

1st edition. His first novel. **A contemporary (dated 1952) signed and inscribed presentation copy.** Fine in red cloth, one of 3 colors with no priority. The dustjacket has a 1/4" tear, and a crease to the rear flap, else the jacket's also fine. 8,000

Specifically, *The Natural* is a baseball novel set in the 1930s, but it's really a Gothic novel taken out into the sunshine and set between the chalk lines. Its primary theme is the tragic flaw, while its minor themes touch a succession of juxtapositions including, choices and consequences, morality and responsibility, and rise and fall. Woven through the plotline is a symbolic myth of initiation and isolation, drawing from models of lore as distant as Chrétien de Troyes' *Sir Percival* (the original Arthurian quest for the Holy Grail), and as near as T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and so it is a knight's tale of betrayal, lost virtue, redemption, and extinction, a chilling read, that's dark, deep, leveled, literate, mythological, supernatural, and profound.



Generally, it's a reminder that novels are a circus, a carnival, a traveling troupe of secret charm, and of thought in cold storage, a small object that fills an immensity. Novels are, no less than, the history of everything that didn't happen (Book Code).

Martin, George

A Game of Thrones

Book One of: A Song of Ice and Fire
(London, 1996).

1st edition of the first book in the series, preceding the endlessly plentiful American (NY) edition and all others, a book so hot you could forge a sword in it. **Signed by Martin on the title in ink.** Fine in fine dustjacket. **3,500**



A Game of Thrones is fundamental epic fantasy (the night is dark and full of terrors) girded by, and melded with, most of historical romance's obligations, rules, and themes (the return of the queen). And Martin is due major veneration for realizing the potential in merging them, responding to the necessities of both so well, uniting them so seamlessly, and detailing a vast topography able to absorb his titanic creation. The 5 books published so far total a medieval 4,000 or so pages depending on the edition, with 2 further books promised, or more, if Martin's mood wills it. But these days he's kind of a dandelion, wafting wherever the wind opts to blow him, he hasn't delivered anything to his publisher in 5 years, he's missed 3 his of own deadlines, and he may well be in a downward

spiral, that ends with him as the guy in a wheelchair at Happy Sunsets, who combs his hair with a balloon, and tries to bite anybody who walks by too closely.

Of the 5 books so far, this one is the first 694 pages. It's the only one, and the only edition of it, that's actually scarce, and if the series has a pricey future, it'll be carried to that future by this one. That's "if." So buy it with conviction or dismiss it, but don't be caught in the hype of FOMO (fear of missing out). And speaking of fear, I'm bothered by heights, but that's offset since I have no fear of widths. And speaking of me, I'm going to tilt my head, roll my eyes, turn up my palms, throw out a price, and not reflect on whether any 20 year old book is worth \$3,500, or fret if nobody buys mine. And I'll find my self-respect by offering a 1st edition that readers are attracted to like golf balls are attracted to water, and if nothing else, can be shelved with hope, pride, and even some hip (Book Code).

McCarthy, Cormac

Blood Meridian

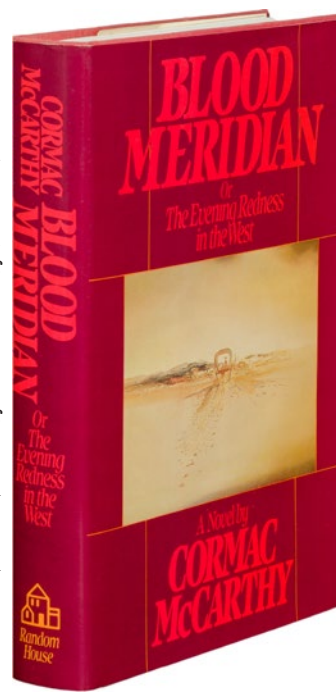
(NY, 1985).

1st edition, 1st issue with no remainder mark. **Signed by McCarthy, in ink, on the title page.** Fine in fine dustjacket. Seems to me to be the paramount 1st edition of the 1980s, but 31 years out is too soon to tell if that will hold, as the magnetism of a book, for those in its own generation, just identifies the decade

in which they grew up, like having a tattoo of their favorite band just identifies in which decade they were the most drunk. McCarthy's themes are desolation, anonymity, theodicy, power, manifest destiny, love of violence, lack of loyalty, gnostic religious tragedy, the world of hazard, and the dehumanizing influence of atrocities, all 10 spiked by horror without warning, meaning you can't depend on a visit from a talking fly, advising you to change your ways, before Satan decides it might amuse him to fuck with you. And one more thing. Don't take a shower before reading this book, because you're going to need a long one afterwards. **11,000**

“And I lift my glass to the awful truth,
Which you can't reveal to the ears of youth,
Except to say it isn't worth a dime...” –Leonard Cohen, Closing Time

“A legion of horribles, hundreds in number, half naked or clad in costumes attic or biblical or wardrobed out of a fevered dream with the skins of animals and silk finery and pieces of uniform still tracked with the blood of prior owners, coats of slain dragoons, frogged and braided cavalry jackets, one in a stovepipe hat and one with an umbrella and one in white stockings and a bloodstained wedding veil and some in headgear or cranefeathers or rawhide helmets that bore the horns of bull or buffalo and one in a pigeontailed coat worn backwards and otherwise naked and one in the armor of a Spanish conquistador, the breastplate and pauldrons deeply dented with old blows of mace or sabre done in another country by men whose very bones were dust and many with their braids spliced up with the hair of other beasts until they trailed upon the ground and their horses' ears and tails worked with bits of brightly colored cloth and one whose horse's whole head was painted crimson red and all the horsemen's faces gaudy and grotesque with daubings like a company of mounted clowns, death hilarious, all howling in a barbarous tongue and riding down upon them like a horde from a hell more horrible yet than the brimstone land of Christian reckoning, screeching and yammering and clothed in smoke like those vaporous beings in regions beyond right knowing where the eye wanders and the lip jerks and drools.” –Blood Meridian



On handwriting: McCarthy's autograph is less common than most, although more common than once thought. And he often prints, so he likes to lift his pen even while writing his own name, making his signature easy to imitate, as a forger can construct it a few letters at a time. But ours has a sweeping speed, and even an amateur can look at photographs of signed Blood Meridians online and guess, with some accuracy, which are fake. And though I respect sellers who say they don't care if handwriting is forged, as long as it has a certificate of authenticity, I don't respect them for anything except their self-incriminating bluntness (Book Code).

An Absorbing Murder Mystery Story

The CURSE of RED SHIVA

VIVIAN MEIK



LIFFEY

OF
SHIVA

MEIK
of
etc.

6

NEW
LENGTH

ALLAN

Meik, Vivian

The Curse of Red Shiva
(London [Philip Allan], 1936).

1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket, a blazer. Red Shiva's jacket is rare in any condition (go and find another), and ours looks like it was plucked out of a 1936 time capsule. Rarity, quality and beauty in the extreme. **1,000**

Vivian Meik (1894–1955) was born at sea and traveled extensively from Africa to Japan in careers as a soldier, war correspondent, railway engineer, and author of supernatural and mystery fiction (stories and novels). *The Curse of Red Shiva* is his second novel, his last, and his best, a detection thriller driven by the British Secret Service, lawless Europeans, ruthless Eurasians, murders (mostly stranglings), and an ancient Indian curse, with its secret cult fanatically devoted to destroying England, and it's written in prose that's alive with all the ghastly tension of waking up from a Bosch-like dream, in a hospital bed, with someone yelling "clear."

Melville, Herman

Omoo
(NY, 1847).

1st American edition of his second book. A fine copy, with no wear, no repair, and no foxing whatsoever, extraordinary condition for a book that's pervasive enough with faults, and scarce enough without them, a 9 word phrase that applies to most of Melville's books. And if any reading of the future can be extrapolated from the trends of the present, his 1st editions in fine condition (I did say in fine condition) are like a fault zone that's been earthquake free too long, and post jolt, they'll sell for unthinkably fantastic prices a generation from now. **2,500**

Melville presented *Omoo* as a recounting of his own adventures aboard a whaling ship in the South Seas, a mutiny on that ship, imprisonment in Tahiti, his release, and his wanderings there with the ship's doctor. The story's skeleton was a true accounting, but it was so fleshed out with other source material, and so fictionalized from the author's imagination, that it is right to view it as a novel, and that is how it ought to be read. And though the Western characters may have been drawn from Melville's fellow sailors, they were colored by his creative forces, and the exotic descriptions of Polynesia are of his own remarkable visualizations. And there is an excursion, in which Melville writes an insightful analysis of the cycle of dependency and idleness caused by the French colonization of the Tahitians, who had abandoned their traditional economies of tapa-making, coconut harvesting, and canoe-building, to accept handouts from their colonial authorities.

Omoo was a commercial success, stature partially ascribable to the flatness of the surrounding American landscape in 1847. It was Melville's last such triumph, and as he turned his pen to metaphysics and cognitive realism, his abandoned readers felt confused, as if they had misplaced their brains and had their heads filled with Build-A-Bear stuffing, so they stopped buying his novels in favor of simpler fare.

[Omoo photograph on next page]

Call me Herman.

Melville, Herman

Moby–Dick
(NY, 1851).

1st American edition of Melville's ungraspable phantasm of life. B. A. L.'s 1st binding (and most are) with Harper's circular logo. Orange endpapers darkened (the standard color), foxing only to the preliminaries and ads, the text is clean. Near fine, a copy that will delight you like seeing old enemies who are down on their luck, and this book is no longer generally available in such condition, when most copies look like grandma's knee. And here's a warning. Buying a worn or (worse) restored Moby–Dick, while a copy like this one is for sale, is to jump overboard, into a vortex, tied to a bag of anchors. **125,000**

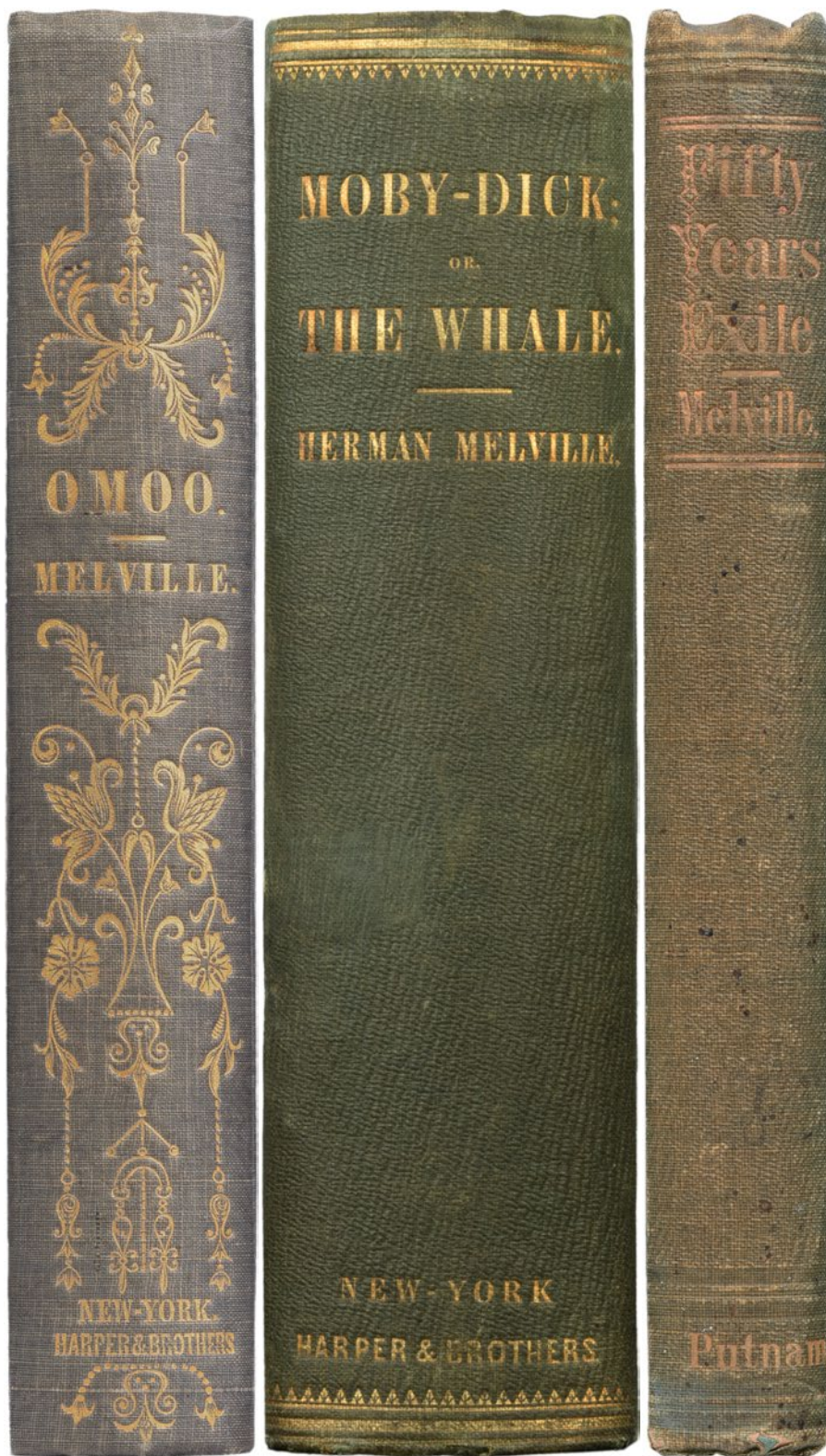
Moby–Dick is an American prose epic with the ultimate richness of substance, style, imagery, power, purpose, presentation, and vocabulary, all enforcing Melville's deployment of fate's deceptiveness, and sifted through the mellow narration of Ishmael, the comforting observer, articulate reporter, active participant, and lone survivor. It's branded as Romanticism, and like other praxes gathered under that clustering, it is emotional, but it is awash in such realistic depictions of whaling, psychology, and human interaction, as to make one recoil with wincing at our routine preconceptions of any term derived from the source word roman (ce).

And apropos of romance, I love this book, and irrationally so. This book and I are a scandal.

And apropos of fish (yes, I know whales aren't fish), I have an epileptic goldfish. She's fine in the water but take her out and she has a fit.

Melville was a unique human, one of those who arrive on Earth in a flash of red lightning. He wasn't a snob, but more an elitist, ever frantic for mental incentive, and ever a rebel against boredom and conformity, usually a hopeless search for a life where ugliness and need do not rule, but instead one filled with a vitality of intellect and kindness, of wit and wickedness, that does not hurt anyone else.

Seeking such an authentic existence, Melville wrote to become, not to acquire, so he gave the world Moby–Dick, but a baffled world said, "no thanks." 2,915 were printed, they sold slowly, an 1853 warehouse fire burned the last 257, and the reprints totaled only 780. "Write down to your readers," advised his publisher. The failure harpooned Melville, but great ships seek deep waters. Faced with pandering to the masses or forsaking all commercial success, he cast off from his own time and sailed to his genius. His career waned (the tallest trees should dread thunder) and he died in obscurity, bitter, alone, and forgotten, a poisoned virtuoso, choked into silence by the antidote. And he stayed forgotten until his rediscovery in the 1920s, undeniably the major academic encounter, archaeological literary discovery, and ensuing renaissance in the entire pageant of American literature.



[Israel Potter: His Fifty Years of Exile description on next page]

Melville, Herman

Israel Potter: His Fifty Years of Exile
(NY, 1855).

1st edition, preceding the London edition by 2 months. B. A. L.'s 1st printing, 1st binding (the 1st issue). Tiny spots to spine else near fine. A book often for sale worn (juice not worth the squeeze), but rarely seen in this condition. **3,500**

By 1855, Melville was on his version of a rock band's "We Ran Out Of Money" tour, so he fought off ennui by trying his hand at historical romance, in the hallowed footsteps of Leland's Longsword, Scott's Ivanhoe, Cooper's Last of the Mohicans, Hugo's Notre-Dame, Dumas' Three Musketeers, and Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter. It's based on an obscure soldier who fought at Bunker Hill, and his chance meeting with 2 founding fathers, George Washington who incites him with rhetoric, and later, Ben Franklin, who recruits him as a spy. The other major historical players include Ethan Allen, John Paul Jones, and George III, during and after the Revolutionary War. Attached to them are connecting fictional characters, and each of them, as well as the intricacies of the plot, the descriptions of the settings, and, of course, the dialogue, are all from the divine imagination of Herman Melville, every bit of it captured in his unmatched prose and serving his artistic purpose. It's recorded as a commercial failure but it had 3 printings so it wasn't a total catastrophe, and since it is short (60,000 words), and since it is historical romance, it stands out for its accessibility, being among Melville's easiest novels to read.

America's Revolution was dynamic and seminal, but it didn't bloom in a void. It was the 3rd act in a 275 year long, slyly masterminded, generationally secret, deftly manipulated, and nightmarishly callous, Western world conspiracy to topple all the European monarchies. The plot began with 2 dizzying historical events of volatile rebellion that spread through France and England in 1648, coincident and synchronized revolts against the absolute power of the crown, the seditions in France of the first Fronde (which collapsed into the Peace of Rueil, when the allied nobles and law courts came to a gunfight armed with a fork), and that in England of Cromwell's second Civil War (which ended in the 1649 execution of King Charles I, and the establishment of a Puritan Commonwealth). However, revisionists get revised, and Cromwell was wired more like a dictator than a democrat, so his Commonwealth imploded in 1660 and the former King's son, Charles II, returned from exile to regain the throne, but did so in a primitive Parliamentary monarchy that, over the years, slowly and rhythmically, diminished the King's absolute power. By 1750 the superiority of blood had been proven a sham (the best blood gets equally into fools and mosquitoes), and inept kings gave the title a bad name, so the idea of government without a royal line became seductive. It reached across the ocean to inspire the American Revolution, moved back to and through Europe, lit the 1789 French Revolution, parliamentary democracy in The Netherlands (1848), constitutional monarchy in Denmark (1849), another in Italy with its 1871 unification, Finland's universal suffrage in 1906, and culminated, at the end of World War I, with the fall of the Russian Czar, the Austrian Hapsburgs, the German Kaiser, and finally, the Turkish Sultan in 1922.

in dustjacket

Miller, Henry

Tropic of Cancer
(NY [Medusa], 1940).

1st American edition of 1,000 copies, pirated by Medusa (arguably a fictitious name), and printed for them in Mexico (arguably a fictitious place of origin), but the date is right, so 21 years before it was legal in the U. S. Near fine in the 1st binding (1st issue) of green cloth, famously prone to fading, and this one is indeed quite faded, but more of the green lingers than on other overpraised copies, maybe helped some by the original tissue jacket (our photo in the jacket), chipped and worn but in one piece, and though it isn't the scarcest of jackets, it is as scarce as L. A. brunettes with blonde roots. 500

Tropic of Cancer is set around 1930, mainly in Depression era, Bohemian Paris, where the locals could stay up on New Year's Eve and watch their hopes drop. It's half autobiography, half exaggerated fantasy, but almost wholly lighthearted, and its promiscuous carnal ardor is from a more sincere time, before we had to put up with (for just one example) The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, crying wolf with their idiotic, razor's edge, Doomsday Clock, that's been set at a few minutes before midnight for 69 years.

The book was banned in, and hard to buy in, or even bring into the U. S. until 1961, and the 1,000 copies of this edition (and an overprinting and later binding of 500 or so in other cloth colors) didn't help its distribution, or make it readily obtainable, migrating to my first question about moral, as opposed to political, suppression. If some novel depraves and corrupts, why then is the person chosen as the censor always the person who is the most depraved and corrupted? And there was a 1970 film in which Sheila Staefel played Anais Nin (Tania). Sheila lost.

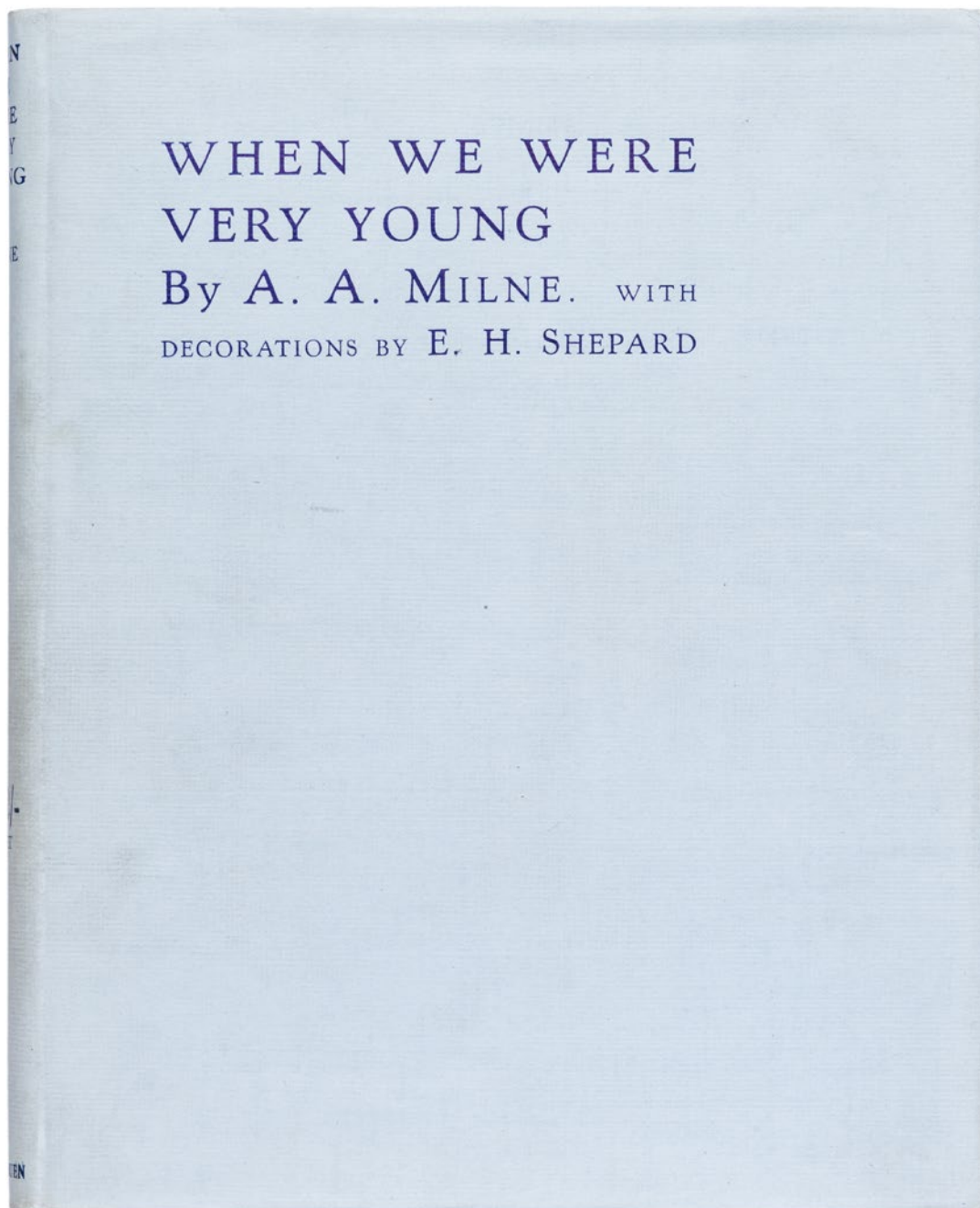
Now it's the 21st century, and if you want a Tropic of Cancer reading copy, you can doubtless find one for free in the dumpster behind the Hustler store, that place where they sell glow in the dark condoms, raising my other question. How do these things enhance sex, unless a woman wants to read during the dull parts?

"I found out long ago, it's a long way down the holiday road..."

—Lindsay Buckingham (Fleetwood Mac), Holiday Road

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nLiQBV6A7c>

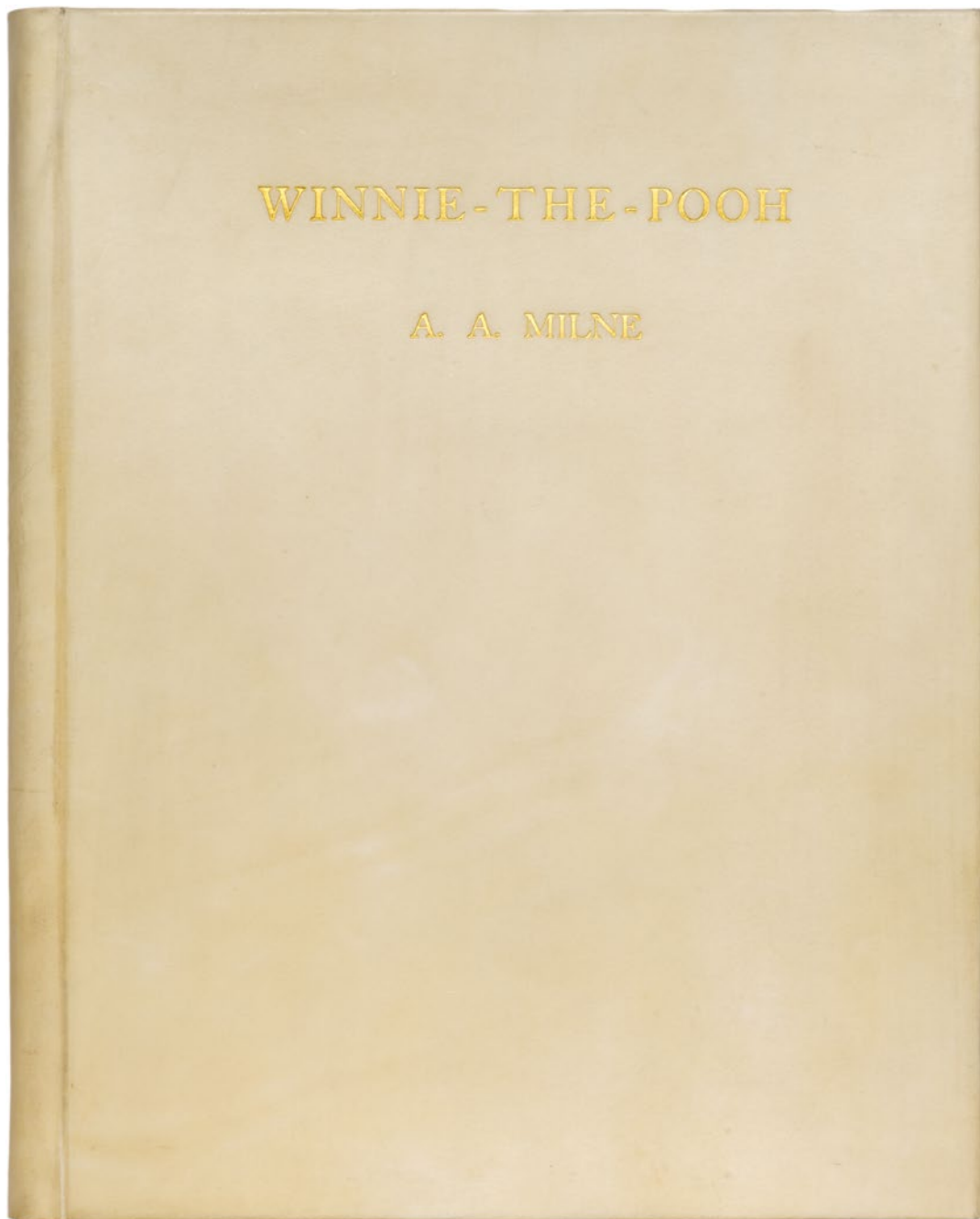




Milne, A. A.

When We Were Very Young
(London, 1924).

1st edition. The first of the 4 Pooh books. **One of 100 large paper copies, the smallest limitation for this title, signed by Milne and Shepard.** Fine in fine dustjacket, a pristine jacket, with the spine wholly unfaded and pure blue, and on this book, that is a rare thing. Other copies in jacket offered elsewhere (chipped, torn, browned, or faded) are a practical joke on value, even when they're priced less than ours, because they're never enough less. Finest copy in the world. **22,500**



Milne, A. A.

Winnie the Pooh
(London, 1926).

1st edition, 1st issue, preceding the trade issue by a day. **One of 24 deluxe copies (20 numbered, and 4 for presentation, ours one of the 4) printed on and bound in vellum, signed by Milne and Shepard. A "binority" having 2 unique attributes. It's a presentation, inscribed by Milne to the book's publisher, and other copies aren't, and it has its original, plain paper, dustjacket (photo without the jacket) and other copies don't. Fine, a 1.618-1 Winnie, the best copy of it on Earth. 45,000**

Hajji Baba in original boards and labels

Morier, James

The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan
(London, 1824).

3 vols. 1st edition, 1st printing with the dedication to Dr. Fundgruben intact. The first peek into Persia, the best ever capturing of what it was in that time, fact or



fiction, and still the most popular Oriental novel in English. Original boards, sympathetically rebaked with identical gray paper, original paper labels laid down. Vol. I label 70% chipped, vol. III label with a smaller chip, all 3 grubby, name on pastedowns, but very good, scarcer in boards uncut, than Internet clicks on the "I am under 18" button, and not to be compared to rebound sets, or mistaken for its sequel, The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan in England (1828), which is easy to find, even in boards. **1,000**

At a pressing point of British colonial power, the Crown established a mission in Persia with an 1809 treaty of alliance. In 1810 they sent James J. Morier as Secretary of Embassy, and from 1814 to 1816 he served as Chargé

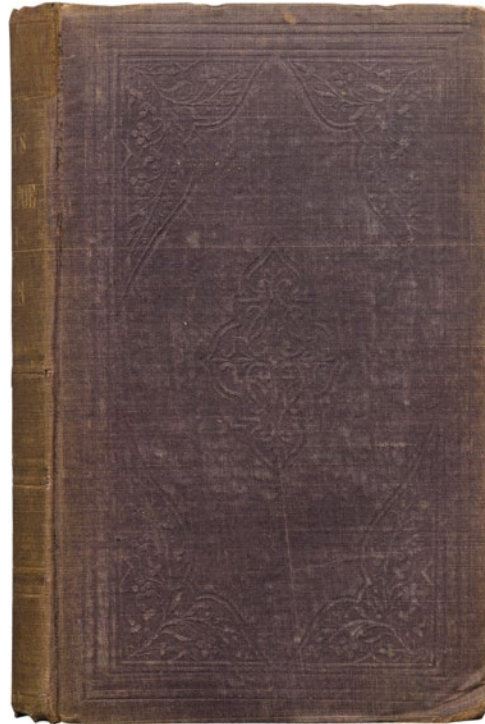
d'Affaires. The choice was a brilliant one. Sir James observed without appearing to do so, represented Britain while seeming a fair arbiter, advanced their interests under the pretext of cooperation, made his presence digestible by adopting Qajar Persian customs, stayed quieter than a painting on a wall, and came away with an essential grasp of the culture, and an insight into the regime, not visible even to the natives. He returned home, published reports, and accounts of his travel, and then this novel, which he coyly disconnected from by presenting the picaresque narrative as merely his translation of the coming of age autobiography of one Hajji Baba, a wholly fictional, Candide like, character. In the charade, Hajji Baba tells the tale of his rise from poverty to become the Shah of Persia's emissary to Britain, but when he's recalled in disgrace, and possibly execution, he entrusts the diary of his life to Morier as his chosen facilitator for publication. It's an adventure to be sure, drawing splendid character portraits, and descriptions, but it's a satirical one, ridiculing Persian society as violent, the culture as scandalously dishonest and decadent, and the people as rascals, cowards, fools, and puerile villains.

Poe, Edgar

Tales
(NY, 1850).

1st edition, B. A. L's 1st printing (!), binding style A. Purple cloth, one of 5 colors with no priority. His 3rd book of stories, a serial killer's fever dream of lofty American literary magnitude, published by Redfield a year after Poe died at 40 (his dying words were, "clear my browser"), but this is no zombie book. In it are 16 of Poe's finest earlier stories, but most important, it prints 15 more of them in a book of his for the first time, including some of his greatest and most everlasting. Original cloth, spine faded to tan, joints and hinges strengthened, a chunk at the spine's top repaired with similar cloth, edges worn, else a good, sound copy, and it's complete with the frontispiece portrait. Ex-Maunsell Field (bookplate), author, diplomat, judge, and Lincoln's Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. **3,750**

Lend me your ear. This 1st printing is scarce, scarcer than you'd think, notably publishing for the first time in any of Poe's 1st editions, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Oval Portrait*, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, *The Masque of the Red Death*, and 11 others of surpassing quality. The 2nd printing is routinely for sale, often mis-described as the 2nd issue, sometimes inane, but usually an intentional distortion, having all the disingenuousness of a hooker's whispers. Dissimilarly, this 1st printing is seldom seen for sale, to say nothing of it in original cloth, it's long been underappreciated, has always been undervalued for its import and scarcity, and it remains misunderstood. It's an essential and requisite part of any collection of Poe, or horror literature, or even American literature, and any cache of any of them would be measurably enhanced by its addition. And, "in the for what it's worth department," here is the world record for a story's fragment most densely populated with dashes and exclamation points.



"It grew louder-louder-louder! And still they chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!-no, no! They heard!-they suspected!-they knew!-they were making a mockery of my horror!-this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!-and now-again!-hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!-"

"'Villains!' I shrieked, 'dissemble no more! I admit the deed!-tear up the planks!-here, here!-it is the beating of his hideous heart!'" -*The Tell-Tale Heart*, page 386

Jab Jive Joey told me everybody's fly...

Ramone, Joey (the artist formerly known as Jeffrey Hyman)

Helpless
(NP, ca. 1991).

Joey Ramone's handwritten lyrics for, and very minor but peculiar adjustments to, the D Generation song Helpless. 2 pages, rectos only, 4

FATHER COLLECTED 50'S RECORDS
 BUT HE WAS RACIST
 MAMA GREW WITH FRANK SINATRA
 RAISED TWO HIP HOP KIDS
 → NA NA NA NA NA
 HELPLESS

OUR PARENTS GAVE US TELEVISION
 & VANISHED IN THEIR CARS
 TEACHERS GAVE US ~~TELEVISION~~ BAD RELIGION
 STOMACH ACHES + SCARS
 NA NA NA NA NA
 HELPLESS

I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER
 I WAS LOST FOREVER
 I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER NOW

SOLO

I'VE BEEN STRANDING IN THE SHADOWS
 YEARS SINCE YOU WERE BORN
 COMIC BOOKS + DIRTY LOOKS
 + PROTESTS ON THE LAWN
 I BEEN STRANDD ON THE FREEWAY
 & I'VE SEEN THE BERLIN WALL
 I'VE BEEN TRYING TO MAKE CONNECTION
 BUT I STILL DON'T QUITE BELONG
 NA NA NA NA NA
 HELPLESS

I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER
 I WAS LOST FOREVER
 I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER NOW
 I'VE SEEN ALL YOUR DRAMA
 HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR KARMA
 BACK ON WONDERAMA NOW
 NA NA NA NA NA
 HELPLESS

verses (151 words with one change), in ink, on the photocopied backs of a flier (8 1/2" X 14 1/16"), and a magazine page (8 1/2" X 11"), folds, creases, small edge tears, and some light soiling and toning, else very good. 2 letters of authenticity (1 from

the Joey Ramone Estate), but these certificates (COAs) are a bogus industry, with less weight than a hole in the sky (if you lack faith in the warranty

of the person you are buying from, you should buy from someone you trust, or go collect something that's free, like fruit stickers). As for me, I have a large collection of swings that I've scattered in parks around the world. 1,000

"Father collected 50s records, but he was a racist.
 Mama grew with Frank Sinatra, raised two hip hop kids.
 Na na na na Helpless
 Our parents gave us television, & vanished in their cars.
 Teachers gave us bad religion, stomach aches & scars..." –Helpless

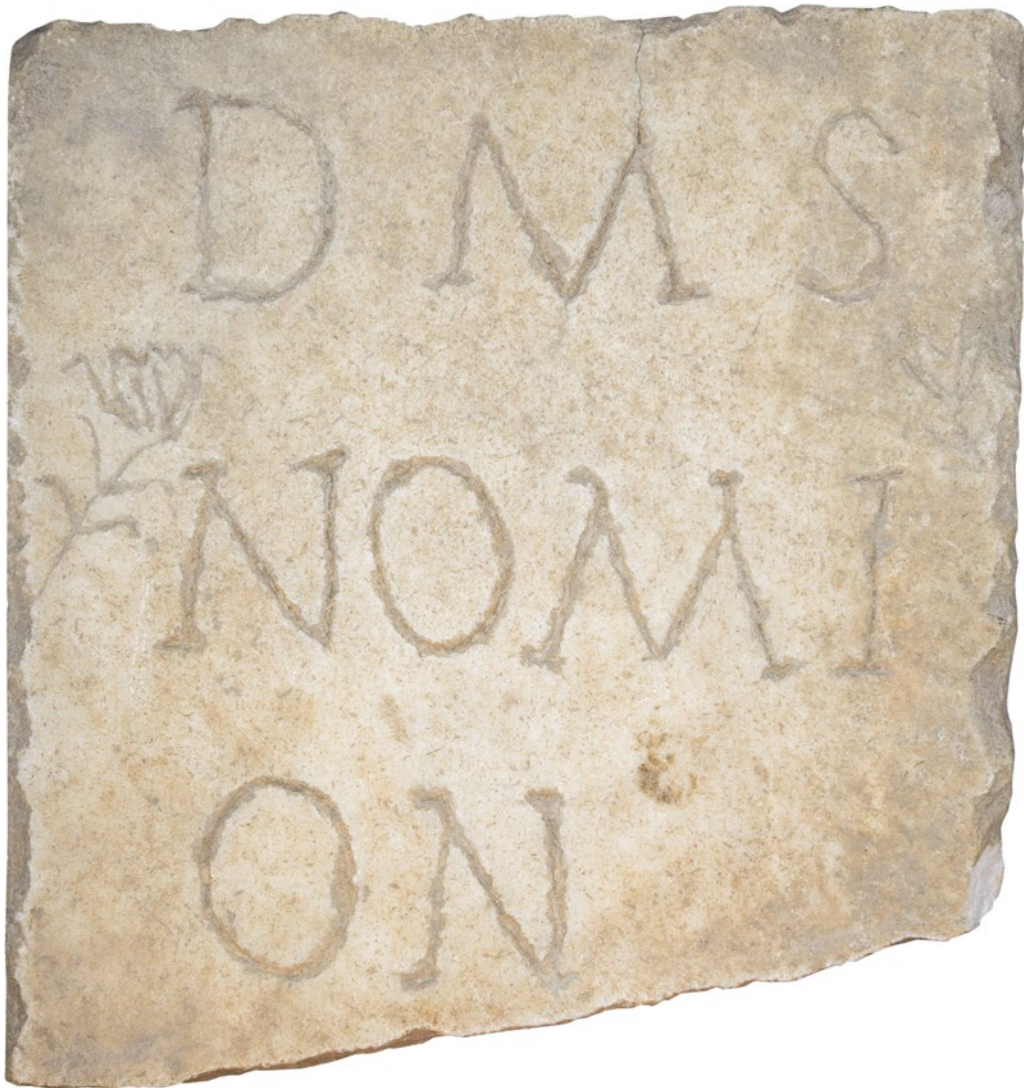
Remarque, Erich

All Quiet on the Western Front
(London, 1929).

1st edition in English, prior to the ubiquitous American edition, copies of which pile up for sale like newspapers on the doorsteps of dead homeowners. Fine in near fine, bright, and fastidiously preserved dustjacket. A superior copy of the first seriously detached view of W. W. I., still the most famous, and maybe still the best. In an oft forgotten sidebar to The Great War, the immense wealth of the empires, amassed over 4 centuries, was tossed into the woodchipper of W. W. I, and any left over went into the next one 20 years later, handing the U. S. 3/4 of the world's gold, and planet wide financial domination. 6,000

ALL
QUIET
ON THE
WESTERN
FRONT

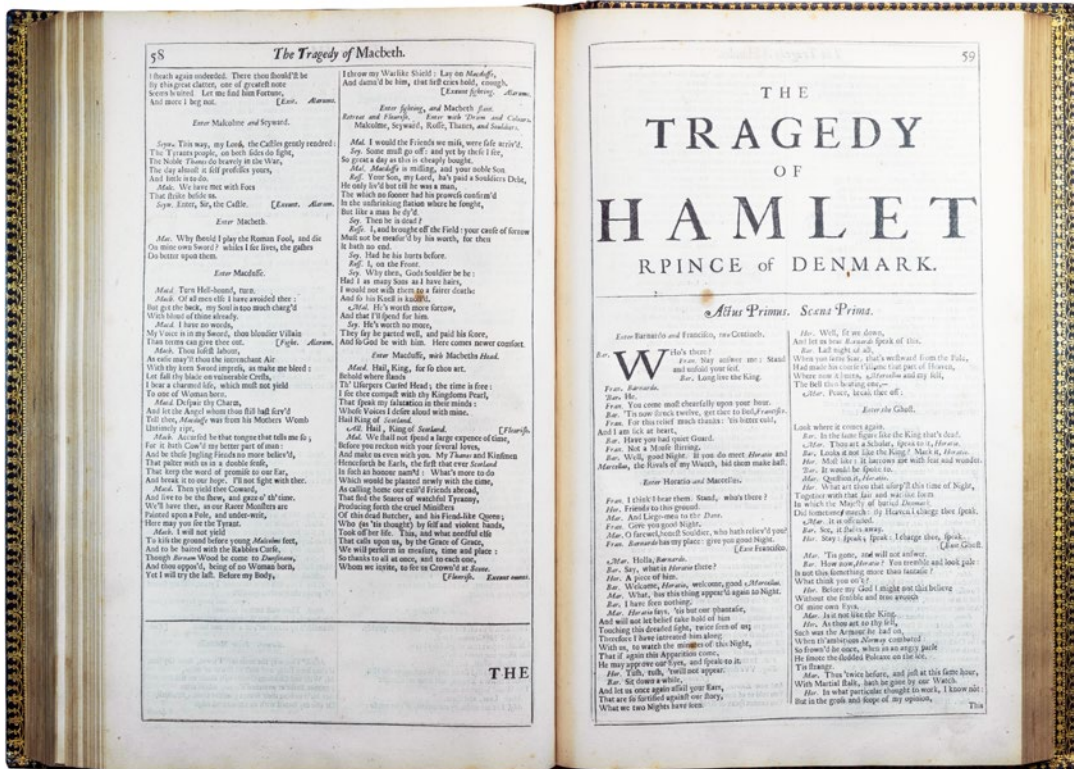
Erich Maria Remarque



[Roman Engraving]

Letters and Pictures Cut Into Stone
(Rome, 2nd Century AD).

1,850 year old, 6 1/2 pound stone (9 1/2" X 10" X 1/2"), neatly incised, DMS (Dis Manibus Sacrum, "sacred to the gods below"), NOMI ON (NOMION split, or a Greek [?] name, or nomi [ne] "name"), a sharp pictorial flower on the left and a faint one on the right. Very good. Any 2nd century writing is fabulous (the human hand reaching across the millennia), and scarce, as it's problematic to export anything ancient with text on it from its origin country, so what's reliably legal has been here a while. Its genesis must be post Trajan (117 AD) as, during the republic and early empire, Romans always cremated, rejecting the tenets of their former masters the Etruscan who buried. By Hadrian's time (117–138) they had grown confident enough to dismiss (escape from) the shadow of Etruscan culture and changed their tastes, favoring tombs, marked with stones, so I'm guessing ca.165 (reign of Marcus Aurelius, 161–180). **1,850**



Shakespeare, William

Comedies, Histories and Tragedies
(London, 1685).

4th folio, 1st issue. Shakespeare's complete plays, the preeminent work in all of English literature. 19th century full morocco, edges gilt, the binding fine and unrepai red, an expressly appropriate and righteous antique. All the same, a Shakespeare folio's quality should be dissected where it's valued, from the inside out, and this one is exceptional. There are short tears to some blank margins, 2 small rust holes, old stains to the frontispiece and title page, and lesser ones here and there in the text, but the paper is otherwise white and supple, the book is complete and perfect, and most important, every single letter of type, every rule, and every line of engraving is absolutely genuine with nothing in facsimile, and not a single leaf has been extended or remargined, and other Shakespeare folios cannot honestly make this claim. A 332 year old beauty, with no repairs, tall and wide (14 1/4" X 8 7/8"), an exemplary and glorious copy of what continues to stand tall as the book of books. Coll: O², A⁴, A-Y⁶, Z⁴, BB-ZZ⁶, *AAA-DDD⁶, EEE⁸, AAA-ZZZ⁶, AAAA-BBBB⁶, CCCC², 458 leaves with the expected mispagnations and misprints (see "Prince" in Hamlet's title in our photograph). Refs: Jaggard 497. Greg III, 1119. Pforzheimer 910. **175,000**

If you want to understand the implementation of genius, read William Shakespeare. If you want to understand the insignificance of learning, read his commentators.

Romeo, Romeo, is it in yet Romeo?

Carly Simon

Carly Simon

You walked into the party
like you were walking onto a yacht
Your hat strategically dipped below
One eye

Your scarf it was apricot
you had one eye in the mirror
As you watched yourself gavotte
And all the girls dreamed that they'd

be your partner...

They'd be your partner

And...

You're so vain

You probably think this song

is about you, you're so

vain - I'll bet you think

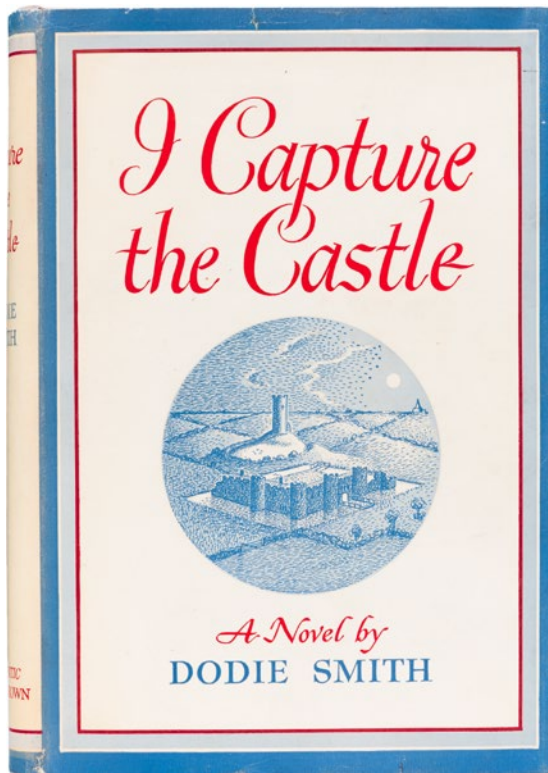
this song is about you?

Don't you don't you?

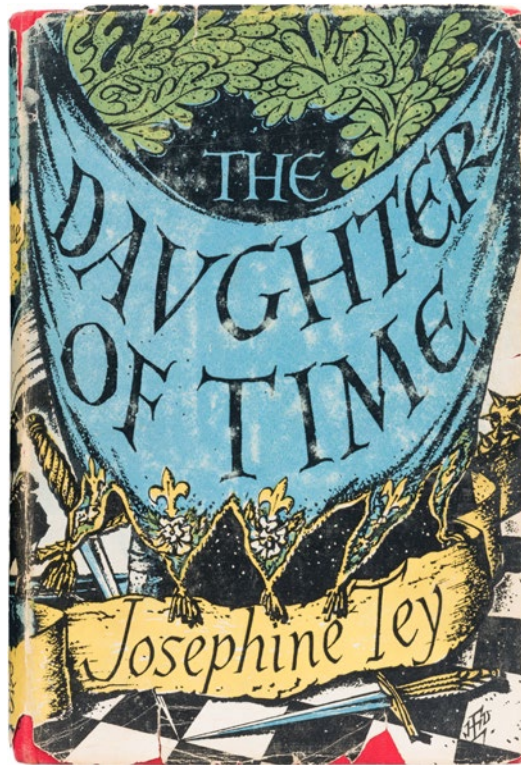
Simon, Carly

You're So Vain
(NP, 1972).

Handwritten manuscript, signed in the upper left corner. A verse and bridge, 78 words, in black ink, on both sides of her 6 1/4" X 4" personal imprinted card. Ranked #82 on Billboard's Greatest Songs of All-Time, and #216 on RIAA's Songs of the Century. Speculation persists on the identity of the song's subject (target), with the tediously conceited and desperately needy, frantically lobbying for the unsavory honor, but she told me it was about 3 different people. 5,500



Smith, Dodie



I Capture the Castle
(Boston, 1948).

1st edition (Oct. 1948), preceding the 1949 London, and she wrote every word of it while living in California. Her first book, the coming of age journal (a voyage to the interior) of a 1930s teenage girl, who grows into a young woman while living in dignified poverty, in a ruined British castle. It's bright, eccentric, witty and nearly picaresque in its mischievousness. Smith pumps her breaks often enough to keep it from overflowing with literary references, but there are a lot of them, including, Perrault's *Sleeping Beauty*, Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*, Poe's *Fall of the House of Usher*, Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Grimm's *Hansel and Gretel*, *The Bible*, Charlotte Bronte and her *Jane Eyre*, Jane Austen and her *Emma*, Silvius from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, *Becky Sharp* from Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, and a flock of poets, among them, Keats, Chesterton, Shelley, Swinburne, Herrick, and Nash. Near fine in near fine dustjacket. Banal copies, in worn, faded, or soiled jackets, are everywhere, but getting them in your hands and comparing them to their online descriptions suggests a new drinking game. Every time you read a lie, have a margarita. Before you finish reading you'll be dead from alcohol poisoning. 1,500

Tey, Josephine (sobriquet of Elizabeth MacKintosh) **The Daughter of Time**
(London, 1951).

1st edition. So scarce. Near fine in a good 1st printing dustjacket, chips, splits, price clipped but not near cutting the words "second printing" and price isn't an issue point. Don't know this book? Leave it. Someone's been waiting since the ark docked. 500

1852

Thackeray, William

The Luck of Barry Lyndon
(NY, 1852, 1853).

2 vols. 1st edition (preceding the London edition by 3 years), and the rare 1st state of it with vol. I dated 1852. I suppose all Barry Lyndons with the 1853 date in both volumes could be tagged 2nd editions, if only there was some evidence that any 1852 copies were actually sold in retail book stores. There isn't. So if you want to call an 1853 copy a 1st edition and ignore the existence of this one, I won't mock you, and may even do it myself. And if you choose to designate it something else (2nd state, 2nd issue, 1st published edition, or whatever term you wish to apply), I'd think that admirable. And if you don't care what I think, that would put you in the majority. OCLC records just 3 copies dated 1852, and ABPC lists none sold at auction. The standard 1853 issue is amply scarce anyway (no auction sales in the last 30 years), and I've never seen another 1852 dated copy in private hands, and the fact this one has survived in such nice condition is just luck (echoing the title), more fortunate than the timely canceling of your vacation on Alderaan, and it's the category of luck, that won't be met with again soon. Oh, did I say soon? I meant to say ever. 3/4 morocco, ca. 1900, by James Macdonald, who purchased The Club Bindery from the estate of Robert Hoe (all of us should raise a glass to Robert Hoe). Spines darkened else near fine, original covers bound in at the end (!), and the ads on the backs of them are identical, making the books look enough like a set to argue convincingly that these 2 volumes started out linked together, no matter what their source. And one more thing. Every rare and substantial book one sees, and does not buy, and then does not see again, becomes a poignant phantom (Emilia Earhart books), with nothing to do about it but keep the library door open in hope (Book Code). **3,500**

Thackeray spins a darkly plotted coming of age novel, a picaresque satire that's harder than braided steel and more athletic than a verb. Barry is a lucky rogue, a grifter, gambler, and bounder, handsome and fearless, and yet fatally flawed. He benefits from the most favorable of circumstances, but is ultimately overcome, because he burdens his good fortune with more personal baggage than Madonna on safari. Thackeray's minor theme is that the chief advantage of being born into society is one can see what a tawdry public play it is. Thackeray's major theme is that villainy is revealed through self-justification. Narrated by the title character himself, chapter I opens with the line, "Since the days of Adam, there has been hardly a mischief done in this world but a woman is at the bottom of it" and that's only the first of many rationalizations, portending a fatal version of hubris.

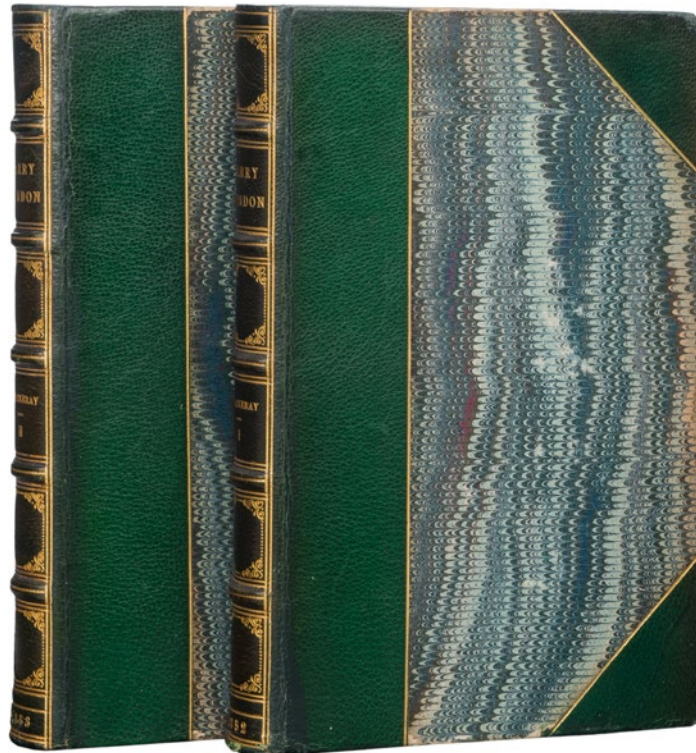
In 1844 the novel was serialized in Fraser's Magazine, but it wasn't immediately issued as a book while Thackeray contemplated various aspects of the criticism that blew back on him from reader's discomfort with, and resentment expressed at (empty trucks make the loudest noise) the amorality perceived in this particular incarnation of a "lucky" anti-hero (the mid-Victorians defined luck as when God

opts to interfere anonymously). He tinkered around the plotline's flanks, trying to validate the realism he had achieved, without ever feeling quite right about it, so he tossed it aside like a single sock, and hoped Barry Lyndon would be forgotten, and disappear into the landfill of history, leaving less of an impression than that of a footprint on a windswept desert. But late in 1852, the NY publisher Appleton, tired of waiting for Thackeray's revisions, and feeling unconstrained by the law, and unapologetic in a time of copyright anarchy, decided to publish the Fraser's magazine text as a book. This awakened the author, and in 1855 he imperceptibly softened and edited the text, and then had an epiphany about the respectability argument over Barry's luck. He then altered the title from "The Luck of Barry Lyndon" to "The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon" patted himself on the back for handling the matter so cleverly, and in 1856 had Bradbury & Evans publish it in London.

As time passed, generational dispassion, allowed the novel's reputation to grow, and Stanley Kubrick's 1975 film of it reaped wide acclaim as moviemaking wonderment, and insider's acclaim as the single greatest feat of lighting in the history of cinema, with an impact on illumination greater than the impact of the Pakistani Intelligence Service on American naïveté. Now it's out on Blu-ray, and worth a Netflix rental, if you're up for a transfixing adventure of fallen vanity, and don't mind being hypnotized for 3 hours by the beauty of real art.

A consequential book, rarer than a 120 year old attributing their longevity to random chance, and it's attractive, and not expensive, a combination of traits often proclaimed, but seldom truthfully. Yet, here it is, like spooling up 100 yards of needlessly strong fishing line, suitable only for a sea creature too big to possibly live in the small pond in which one is angling, and pulling out a chest of treasure instead.

I write a description like this one as plainly and directly as possible without being self-important about it (that failing is easily found elsewhere in this catalog), because I can be proud of being lucid and logical, and still remain lucid and logical, and I can be proud of being reflective and orderly, and still remain reflective and orderly. But I cannot be proud of being plain and direct, and still be plain and direct.



signed by hand

Toulouse-Lautrec, Henri de

Étude de Femme
(Paris, 1893).

1st printing, 1st issue, Wittrock 11, the rare state A, of 3 (A, B, and C). This state A precedes the edition of 100 and is geometrically more limited. A fine lithograph on laid Japan paper, with full margins (9 5/8" X 15 1/2"). **Signed by the artist with his monogram in black pencil, and it is anomalous to find his lithographs of this type signed by hand, as what is usually seen are his initials applied in the plate**



or with a stamp. The ownership chain tells a fully comforting tale. Ex-Roger Marx, his tiny indicator in the corner, and his pencil note, in French, along the bottom edge. Ex-The Museum of Modern Art, New York, from their own collection, and sold to subsidize their Acquisitions Fund, an impeccable provenance for the certainty of the lithograph, but even more importantly, for the certainty of the pencil signature. Framed. **9,000**

There is a painting, on cardboard, of the same young woman, in the same pose, at The Musee Toulouse-Lautrec in Albi, but it isn't a great painting, inasmuch as it has none of the background, and she isn't drawn as pretty.

Toulouse-Lautrec was 4 feet 8 inches tall, with a normal size body on child

size legs, but he was a superstar post-impressionist painter, the first artist to hang in the Louvre while he was alive, and he lived in the Montmartre, and chilled at Le Moulin Rouge (The Red Mill), where a table was always reserved for him, so he ate well, drank fine cognac, and got laid a lot, by dazzling babes, who really liked him.

Condition 101

[Underground Comix]

**4 copies of Zap Number 1
in various degrees of fine condition**

By Robert Crumb

(San Francisco, 1967 [actually Feb. 1968]).

4 individual vols. All are 1st printings of Zap 1, hailed as the first underground comix, the book that lit the fuse for a thousand of its descendants. And though there were a dozen or so forerunners, each produced randomly with no connection to one another, that are now seen as, and collected under the heading of, underground comix, Zap 1 inaugurated the genre. Offered here are 4 different copies, in 4 different calibers of fine condition. All 4 are graded and slabbed by Certified Guaranty Company (CGC), the preferred, the fussiest, and the most prestigious comic grading service, and all other such services, with pretensions to authority, should be viewed as dubious, and this is a drag to say, but ungraded comics are more dangerous than an IRA built exclusively with Beanie Babies, as unslabbed comics can't be resold, and your view of condition means nothing to a future buyer, and CGC may flippantly downgrade one for a blemish you didn't notice, or pardoned as a trifle.

Copy 1: 1st edition, 1st printing (25 cents, etc.). Fine (as new), slabbed and graded by CGC as near mint "NM 9.4" and others graded 9.4 have sold at auction for 4 times our price (\$28,680, \$26,290, HA, both in 2010), but all comic auction sales prices are paragons of oscillation, in a patently inconsistent market smothered in a virulent haze of naïveté. **7,000**

Copy 2: 1st edition, 1st printing (25 cents, etc.). Fine (as new). Slabbed and graded by CGC, as near mint "NM- 9.2" and though I can see no difference between this copy and the one above graded 9.4, the number is the number so it has to be priced a little less. Fogel's Underground Comix Price Guide puts \$10,000 on this grade. **6,000**

Copy 3: 1st edition, 1st printing (25 cents, etc.). A fine, copy with no flaws, marks, creases, or repair. Slabbed and graded by CGC, as very fine "VF 8.0." Fogel's Guide says \$6,800 in this grade. **3,800**

Copy 4: 1st edition, 1st printing (25 cents, etc.). Names (in blue ink) to 2 blank margins of the back cover, else fine (no other flaws), and despite CGC's considerable deduction in grade for the names, this comix was slabbed and graded by them, as very fine "VF-7.5" suggesting that the real grade, beyond the back cover names, would be conspicuously high. The last similar auction sale was for a "FN-VF 7.0" (\$2,210 in Aug. 2016). **1,900**

Every word of the stories, all the interior art, the cover drawing, and its coloring were by Robert Crumb. 1,500 (the printer's number) to 3,500 copies (the publisher's number) were produced on Charles Plymell's own press, shepherded by Don Donahue. Crumb's wife Dana, and her friend Mimi, sold 82 copies the first day,

[continued]

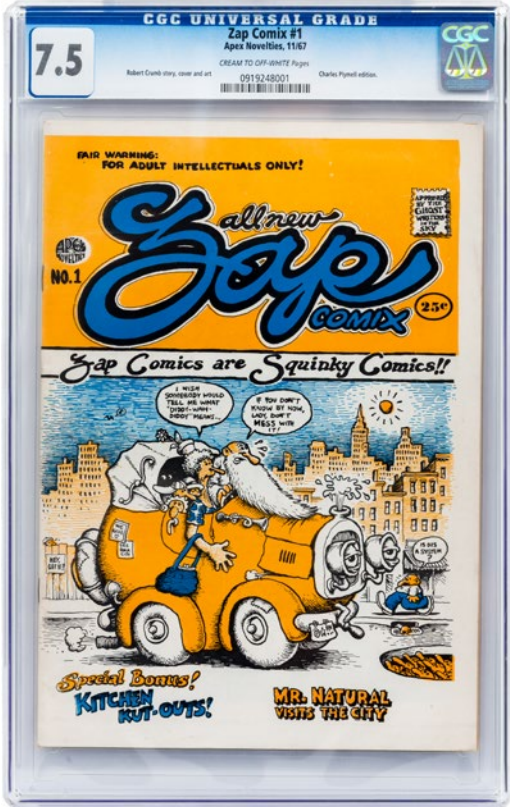
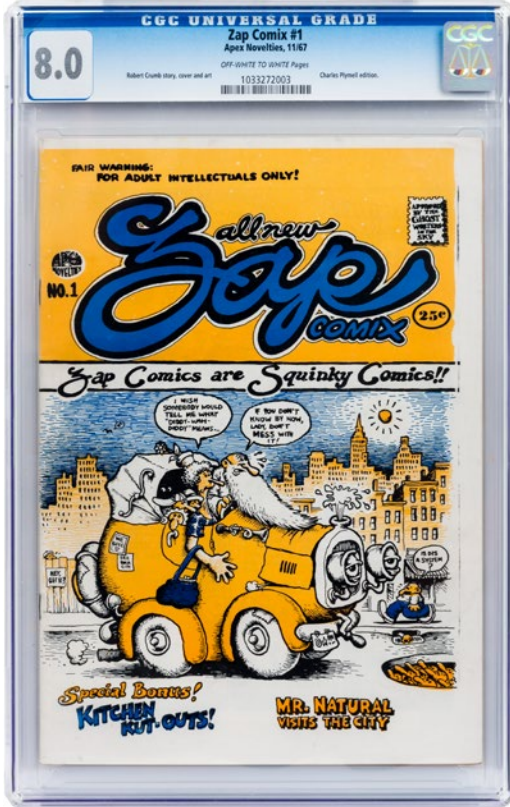
out of a baby stroller, on the streets of San Francisco (mainly Haight St.). Shortly thereafter, Bob Rita, a distributor (Third World Distribution on Haight), purchased 1,000 copies, and 400 or so more were destroyed in a 1969 fire at Mowry's Opera House where Donahue had rented space, all before Zap 1 was reprinted. But whoever sold copies of the 1st printing, wherever and whenever they sold them, and whoever bought them, not many were set aside as potential artifacts.

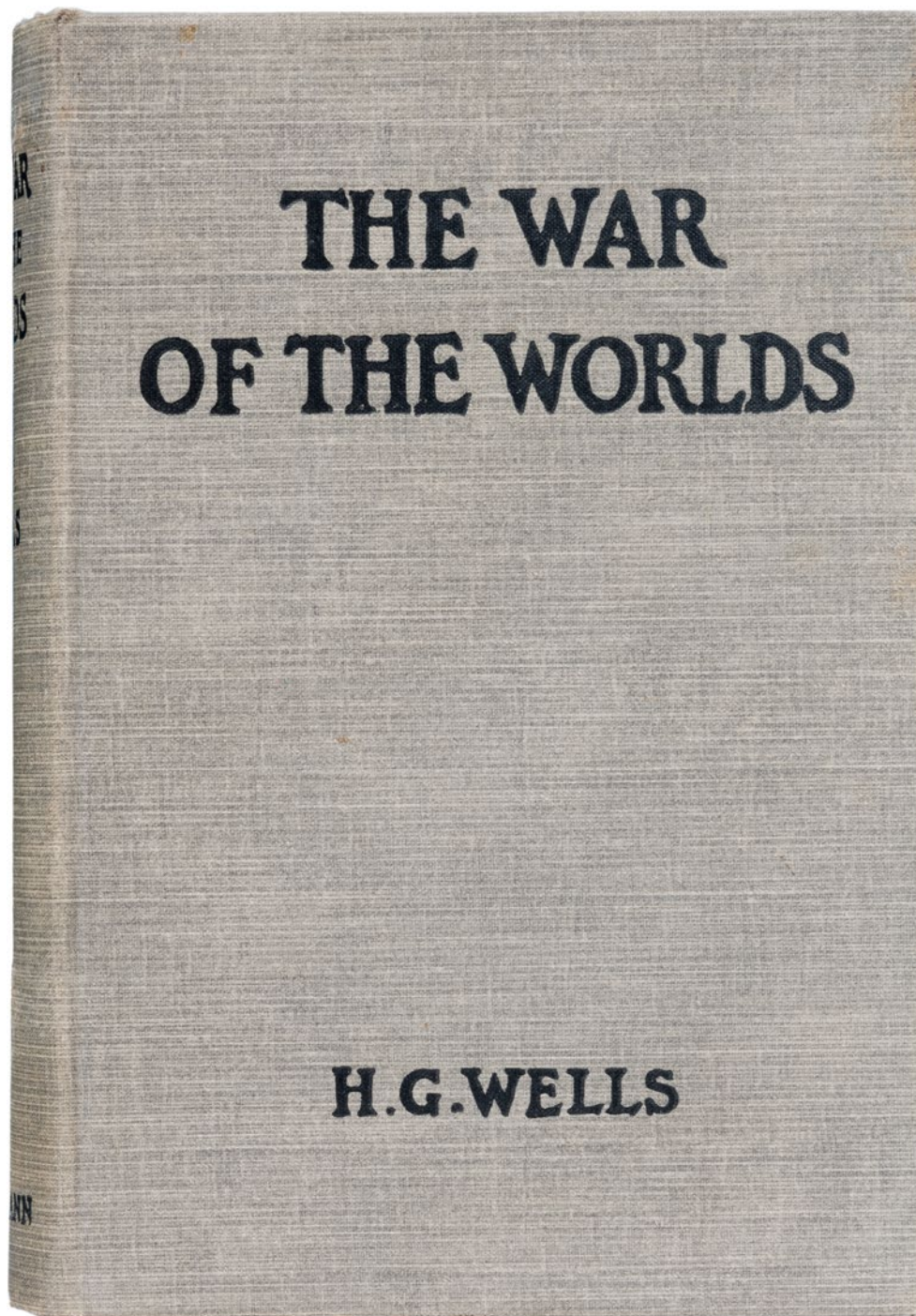
Crumb played quarterback for a dirty old art form that he remade as legitimate. In doing so he expended frenetic effort and held to a "stay busy" work ethic (act decisively even in the absence of certainty), or in his phrase, to "keep on truckin'." Zap no. 1 was his breakout, setting him on a career of honors, wealth, and fame.

Underground comix were as shocking as a dead mouse in a loaf of bread, but beyond shocking they were also innovative, influential, irreverent, indecent, radical, unanticipated, unconstrained, unnerving, obstinate, brazen, macabre, and as irrevocable as a haircut, for their independent writers, artists, publishers, and retailers, and for people like me, the 20-somethings of 1968, who casually sought philosophical terrain, and social reform, but never at the expense of amusement. 48 years later, I no longer hearken to the alarms of Chicken Little, I dare not sniff anything racier than crushed up Lipitor, and I embrace with an easy tranquility, having been doctrinally excommunicated from both the right and the left.

The 1960s are now most frequently and nostalgically recalled for assaults on materialism, segregation, conformity, government deceit, hypocritical censorship, victimless crimes, colonial war, parental duplicity, official corruption, generational bias, gender inequality, and abuse of the environment, and it all came lightning fast. You didn't dare blink or you'd miss something that today would be stretched into a 2 month news cycle. Much of its motivation was neither entirely innocent nor entirely upright, and all those causes have seen their successes wax and wane, but even the credulous campaigns waged were empowering and exhilarating, and they continue to buffet our lives today. Less understood and less academic, was the counter culture itself, a new kind of confusion that hatched a new way of thinking more generously, that went beyond the beads, the hair, the seers, the sex, the drugs, the rock, the communes, the gurus, the mini-skirts, the tie-dye, the charred bras, and the geodesic domes. And that freedom of thought (at least the concept of it) was never undone, so its influences live on, in a manner that political revolutions do not.

Always seeking some perspective, the Tao of the octopus submits that every generation strives to be a secret society, keeping its interests, indulgences, tastes, enthusiasms, and partialities, an incommunicable mystery to both its predecessors and to posterity. And because every new adjustment creates its own corresponding crisis in self-esteem, rapid change is easier for the young who possess the least fixed and thus most flexible natures, and are not apprehensive about adapting. That said, the philosophies of youth are unfailingly fickle, and as intentionally unintentional as my existential map, with "You Are Here" written all over it.





Wells, H. G.

The War of the Worlds
(London, 1898).

1st edition, with Autumn 1897 ads, always called the 1st binding, but an undated catalog with no books after this one may precede. Endpaper corner mended, small stamp to half-title, else fine. Scarce so clean (the gray cloth famously quick to discolor). Soiled, darkened, or streaked copies are common, begging the response,

are you kidding? One like ours is 20 times rarer for twice the price (trust the math), a reminder that the bargains are still found at the top of the market. **4,500**

In a robust 13 years, the late Victorian reader got Haggard's King Solomon's Mines (1885), Stevenson's Jekyll and Hyde (1886), Doyle's Sherlock Holmes (1887), Wilde's Dorian Gray (1890), Kipling's Jungle Book (1895), Stoker's Dracula (1897), and Wells' Time Machine (1895), Dr. Moreau (1896), Invisible Man (1897) and War of the Worlds. All were immediately identified as literary invention beyond foreseeing, unlike anything written before them, and they solidified their authors' recognition as singular artists capable of conceiving singular novels, of unimaginable originality, at any time, liberating all of them from the need to ever defend themselves to anyone. So, as is often the case, the rest of their careers became a losing struggle to re-reach the unreachable, and live up to their reputations. In one way, Wells just gave up, and sought new attention as an outspoken Socialist. Worse yet, he insisted on writing about it, showing that the political preferences of authors are no more insightful than the reading preferences of politicians.

The War of the Worlds is the story of a battle lost against alien (Martian) invaders, a war that was then won in the end, by an unexpected miracle.

“The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

—Lord Byron, The Destruction of Sennacherib, H. M. page 46



the first issue

Wenner, John [publisher]

Rolling Stone, Vol. I, No. 1

(San Francisco [Straight Arrow], Nov. 9, 1967).

1st edition. The 1st installment of the preeminent rock & roll and counterculture publication, a home to some of the finest writers and investigative journalists, those often shunned by the mainstream press. Tabloid newspaper (11 1/2" X 17"), folded once (our photo folded). Fine (yummy), now scarce in this condition. 500

This may be the wrong place to rag on political correctness, but it deserves a poke for its abuse by militants, who augment it beyond etiquette to include their own petty prejudices. PC is an afterward of the 1960s, and it shares a principled moral ground with pluralism, but that's all it shares when it's translated as, "always watch what you say and never offend anybody." The "always" and the "never" allow its martinets to generate a low ethos, non-debate about non-issues, that encourages euphemisms, sanctions language murder, inhibits dissent, and mandates conformity. What alarms me is that for the first time in our history, those who seek an extension of rights, also advocate an abridgment of speech.

"A paraplegic demands to join the Marine Corps, and cries discrimination when turned down. At once you can predict three things. First, the majority will weary of the good cause of the disabled. Second, the paraplegic will come up with a euphemism for his or her condition. Third, there will be those who say that the issue of Cherokee paraplegics has not yet been addressed as a specific agenda." –Christopher Hitchens

2 typescripts

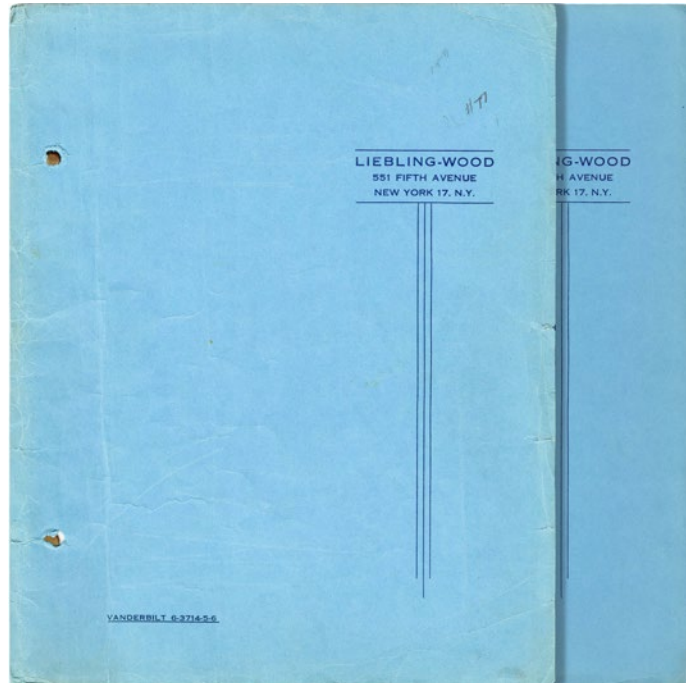
Williams, Tennessee

Camino Real
(NP, 1952).

1. Original carbon typescript (the first draft of Williams' final version of his play). Title page + 133 pages, bound in the blue Liebling–Wood folder of Williams' agent, Audrey Wood. Near fine.
2. Original carbon typescript (the first corrected draft of Williams' final version of his play). Title page + 143 pages (with 23 pages of Williams' inserts and revisions), in the blue Liebling–Wood folder. Near fine.

2 vols. Together: 15,000

A fantasy set in an isolated Spanish–speaking town from which everyone is trying to escape. The players include Lord Byron, Casanova, Dumas' Camille, Proust's Baron de Charlus, Cervantes' Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Hammett's Gutman (from *The Maltese Falcon*), Hugo's Esmeralda and her gypsy mother (from *The Hunchback*), and the 1940s American, pop culture, graffiti cartoon, Kilroy. It was expanded from Williams' one act play after Elia Kazan said he'd direct it. Kazan wrote Williams (Nov. 1952), upon receiving the version listed here first, with his ideas for changes. Williams complied by writing our second version, but Kazan rejected those changes in favor of his own, and Kazan's writing had less



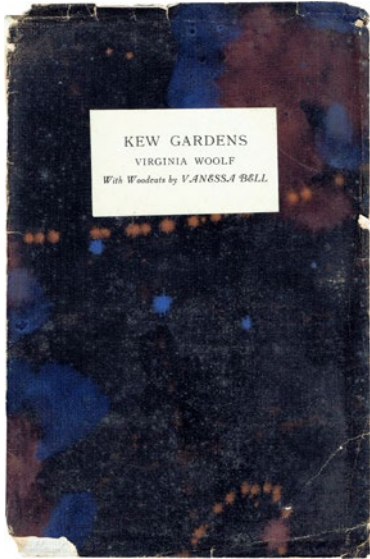
life than a 3 day old glass of champagne, so the play opened, miscarried, and closed. But I suspect Williams was on to something valiant, even a brush with magical realism, and if he had found a less stubborn or a more farsighted director, or just walked away from the partnership and parked the play, spun it in his mind awhile, moved on to something else in the interim, and then reworked it a few years later, he might have progressed to a momentous drama, touching revolutionary theater, and, if he could have secured a film production, a wild movie. Now it's too late because, even if rewritten perfectly, we live in a time when getting such an atypical screenplay well filmed (hard) and well marketed (harder), is like trying to wash a car by having a succession of people each walk by and lick it.

more personal than humiliating desires

Woolf, Virginia

Kew Gardens
(Richmond, 1919).

2nd edition of her 3rd book. 500 copies printed in June, 1919, preceded by a similar looking, 150 copy, 1st edition, printed in May. Original wrappers, paper label, sheets loose, edges chipped, spine and corners worn, else good, with no repairs. **500**



I've seen this 2nd edition rapaciously priced thousands of dollars and disagree. Many 2nd editions are scarcer than their 1st edition, but only a minuscule few of them are defensibly valuable. This one's neither, just an inexpensive placebo, and I'm wagering on my view with my \$500 price and no regrets, and if I get 20 orders for it, well, you know it won't be the only book in this catalog that gets ordered 20 times.

4 groups of people, on a summer day, pass by a flowerbed in the botanical garden. None are alone but each is lost in their own thoughts. The themes are decidedly numerous for such a short story, including modernization, isolation, regret, youth, uncertainty, awe and amazement, women and femininity, men and the natural world, society and class, memory and the past, and different versions of reality. The flowers, insects, and a tenacious snail, contribute their own part in the story, as does the surrounding garden, its colors, noises, heat, and movement. Kew Gardens is often called modernism (when feeding a modernist place the food in your palm, hold your hand flat, stand motionless, and let them approach you). It's also called a feminist story from the jubilant days when women won the right to vote, contrasted against our time when some organized women's alliances have gone on a humor strike (hey, I'm just trying to figure out where the line is, so I can cross it).

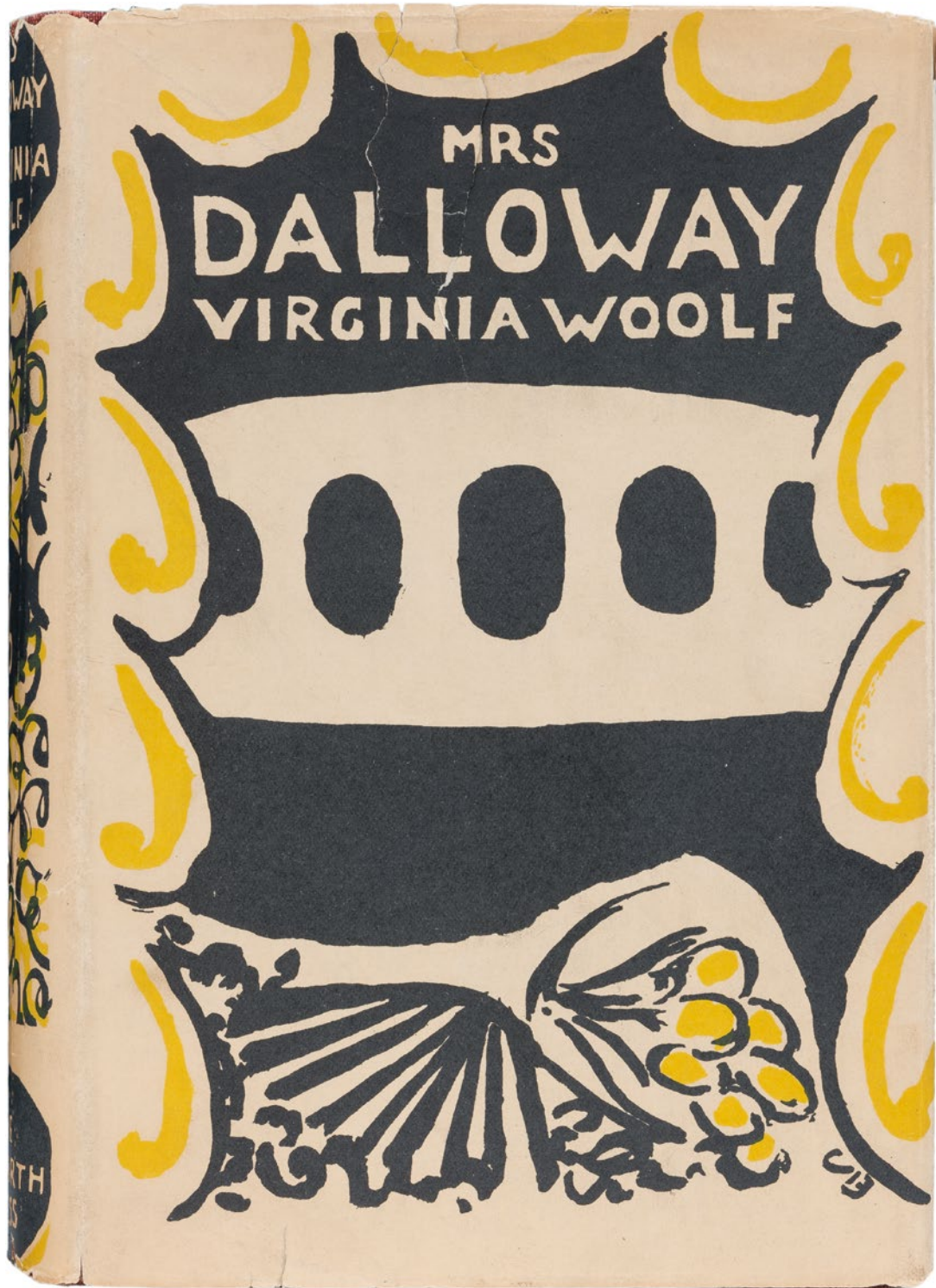
contact versus privacy

Woolf, Virginia

Mrs. Dalloway
(London [Hogarth Press], 1925).

1st edition (the later NY edition isn't scarce, even in jacket). Fine in an evanescent dustjacket with 2 tears to the front panel's top edge, small chips, and a spine panel split closed on the verso with a thin strip of tissue, else very good. **21,500**

Let's talk about great. Just because many voices say a book is great doesn't mean it's a great 1st edition to buy, but here're 4 facts about this one. Mrs. Dalloway is a great novel, by a great novelist, and a great book to collect for its significance, and it's of great scarcity in its fragile jacket (check, check, check, check, Book Code). Most label it modernist, some say formalist, feminist, or post-impressionist. I'll just say it's quieter than a wispy draft, misting through the breaches in a broken heart.



TAIL STICKS

Coda: Ask a company's founder, owner, president, director, proprietor, or investor, "What is the goal of a business?" and habitually the answer will be "making money." At Bibliotopus the answer is, "making customers" even if it means sacrificing some money to do so, as that has proved to be the correctly emphasized formula for our ongoing success. So we shape Bibliotopus to that aim above all, and then externally consider and realistically ponder the shopper's journey, encompassing the whole path our customers follow, from first learning of our company, their introduction to our reigning philosophy (victory without victims), their recognition of the process based focus and standards we apply in buying each item, the virtue and value inherent in every sale (see "Sticker Joy" in our terms on page 4), our deference to the buyer's dignity, and our amplified attention after purchase. How we anticipate and respond to what our customers experience along that course differentiates us from other booksellers, and even from other, unrelated companies. Here is a glance into just one of our algorithms. We sometimes parachute into items that we are unable to analyze in depth beyond confirming their authenticity, but require an immediate judgment. Though we may suspect there is merit to be found once we investigate and research tiers of potential importance, it might be a lengthy study curve, and a resolution to buy, or not, is called for without all, or in some cases even a majority, of the obligatory data. In such circumstances it is a guiding principle that can tip the computation, allowing any company, in any business, to make executive decisions without sufficient facts. And what, you may ask, is an example of such a principle that from the outside might appear instinctive? One of them, in our arena, is fidelity to the 4 pillars supporting all antiques, significance, quality, rarity, and beauty. Each breed of antique prioritizes the 4 in a different order but for books it always starts with significance as 99.999% of published books have zero collectible appeal, and thus no demand, and no fair price. After significance come quality and rarity, and these are assessed by all booksellers, who then disseminate their assessment with varying degrees of honor. Lastly there is beauty, supreme over all in many other antique disciplines, but these days often unheeded in books. And since the law of the pendulum portends that it will be overheaded one day, we stress it in a commanding way, and though we certainly buy and sell plain or dull looking books, beauty, whenever possible, becomes a potent part of our intent to take care in the extreme. And speaking about taking, take this catalog. It serves as a good physical illustration because you have it in your hands. The objective here is not to publish catalogs that are difficult for others to replicate, it is to publish catalogs that are impossible for others to replicate. It starts with a brash, disruptive attitude, but one that is backed by integrity, and then united with content, balance, production, methodology, credibility, appearance, thoroughness, range of material, reliable physical accounts, abandonment of deceptive jargon applied to bibliography, scarcity, and condition, narratives that are entertaining to read, with their capricious and barbed asides, insights upon value as they relate to the art of collecting, the scholarly study and use for clarity of candid literary rhetoric, and never omitting pertinent facts while instead dressing out accounts with deceiving, misleading, fanciful, or misused argot. I don't know if we are all the way there yet, but our effort should be obvious, and when we have perfected what we are trying to do, then you can confirm it for us.