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with your thumb and index finger,
then lift to unlock

Catalog 64 reflects the current incarnation of Bibliotopus.
If you did not like our previous catalogs, don't bother giving us a second chance.
If you did like them, be aware that the selection of items in this one differs,
shaped by our analysis of shifting collector taste.
Its asides differ too, shaped by the haphazard drift of my curiosity.
But you will recognize it, and you are gracious, so you won't stay disappointed.



"Now old friends are acting strange,
They shake their heads; they say I've changed..." —Joni Mitchell, Both Sides Now

1

His Last Bow
(An Epilogue of Sherlock Holmes)

It was nine o'clock at night upon the 2nd of August - the most terrible August in the history of the world. One might have thought already that God's curse hung heavy over a degenerate world for there was an awesome hush and a feeling of vague expectancy in the sultry and stagnant air. The sun had long set but one blood red gash like an open wound lay low in the distant west. Above, the stars were shining brightly, and below the lights of the shipping glimmered in the bay. ^{The} ~~Two~~ two famous Germans stood beside the stone parapet of the garden walk, with the long low heavily gabled house behind them, and they looked down upon the ~~white~~ ~~line~~ of the broad sweep of the beach at the foot of the great chalk cliff on which Von Berk like some wandering eagle had perched himself four years before.

v. They stood with their heads close together talking in low confidential tones. From below the two glowing ~~eyes~~ of their cigars might have been the amouldering eyes of some malignant fiend looking down with darkness

A remarkable man this Von Berk - a man who could hardly be matched among all the devoted agents of the Kaiser. It was his talents which had first recommended him ~~to~~ for the English mission, the most important mission of all, ^{but} ~~and~~ since he had taken it over those talents had become more and more manifest to the half dozen people in the world who were really in touch with the truth. One of these was his present companion Baron ^{von} Herling, the chief secretary of the legation, whose huge 100 horse power Benz car was blocking the country lane as it waited to waft its owner back to London.

"So far as I can judge the head of events."

"You will probably be back in Berlin within the week."

The Secretary was saying "When you get there, my dear Von Berk,

I think you will be surprised at the welcome you will receive. I

happen to know what is thought in the highest quarters of your work in this country" ^{He was a huge man, the Secretary, deep, broad, and tall, with a slow heavy fashion of speech which had been his main asset in his political career.}

Von Berk laughed.

"They are not very hard to deceive" ^{remarked} ~~said he,~~ "a more ^{double} simple folk could not be imagined"

"I don't know about that" said the other

thoughtfully "They have strange limitations and one must learn to observe them. One's first impression is that they are entirely soft.

Then one comes suddenly upon something hard, and you know that

Bibliotopus

1st editions of the classics of fiction

Catalog 64

A Premeditated Flash or, The Canons of Conscience

Books, manuscripts, and a surfeit of related items, 180–2019,
many included to emphasize our range of prices, types, and vintages,
many more you will not see elsewhere, and others you will never see again,
all priced under our guiding ethic of victoria sine victimas (victory without victims),
most described in the unruly and bawdy style you've grown to expect and agreed to accept,
several with rants, scoldings, truths, and assaults from the scrolls of book collecting (Book Code),
and quite a few with departures that wander onto that philosophical terrain we claim as
The Tao of the Octopus.

The fourteenth catalog in an ongoing series,
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,
and then to publish the liveliest 2 1/2-hour read in all of commercial catalogs,
while retaining the form, virtues, traditions, and outspokenness we embrace,
as our own to alter, at any time, and in any way, it suits us to do so.



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The brash vanities that drive our realism,
reimagined, reinvented, remodeled, reconstructed, rebooted, and remade,
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.

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Basics: Catalog 64 is dense and it is layered. What can be had from it will match the extent to which the reader has explored collecting, but all entries include the 8 bookselling essentials with no nonsense (our propriety), typically in the following order: 1. Author (or subject on related items), 2. Title (or its equivalent on related items), 3. Place made (if certain, or if unsure addressed in the text), 4. Publisher, 5. Date published (or circa), 6. A candid bibliographical conclusion, 7. A confessional physical description, and 8. A price (prices are in U. S. dollars, conversion is chilling). Practical limits, in a 36,000-word commercial listing, preclude a complete analysis for every item, but any chosen detour from the central subject, in any one entry, follows the evaluation of many relevant factors, their effect, interdependence, and comparative importance. We strive to weigh them fully and make choices that 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, scope, and depth. You can decide if it has merit.

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Methodology: In a stumble towards neo-scholarship we apply 1. intellectual history (place within a body of work), 2. iconology (social symbols), 3. iconography (symbols that indicate meaning), 4. connoisseurship (comparisons within the corpus), 5. semiotics (signs), 6. formalism (subjective data), 7. historiography (history's changing interpretations and what else was going on), and any other tools that seem natural, edifying, or helpful, without any of the stifling confines habitually imposed by academia, formality, or gentility.

Plagiarism: New words examine old perspectives and vice versa, so all intact quotations are in quotation marks and attributed, but as we are creatively inadequate, disparate pithy aphorisms, wry epigrams, dry metaphors, coy similes, literary conceits, metonyms, quips, tropes, and bons mots (these are general truths tersely chiseled to fit), have been stolen, kidnapped, hijacked, purloined, pillaged, plagiarized, embezzled, and pirated, from everywhere and everyone, then distorted, corrupted, inverted, perverted, twisted, combined, debauched, and misapplied, all for your breezy reading.

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Free Delivery: All catalog purchases are sent to you at our expense, those over \$250 by second day Federal Express; however, we may take a week to get them wrapped.

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Belief: Declaring that we sell aspirational quality, goads us to deliver that expectation. We know that excellence makes people nervous, but if you will trust your own instincts, we will earn your confidence the old-fashioned way, by being worthy of it.

Timeliness: All copies of Catalog 64 were distributed, in chorus, from a detached and independent postal mailing service, but logically, everything is subject to prior sale.

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W. D. Shipman

Number 60.

December.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

**AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS**

BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

SUBSCRIPTION OFFICE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN,
713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
1869.

Price, 20 Cents.

NOVEMBER, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 52
 OCTOBER, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 53
 SEPTEMBER, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 54
 AUGUST, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 55
 JULY, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 56
 JUNE, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 57
 MAY, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 58
 APRIL, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 59
 MARCH, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 51
 FEBRUARY, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 50
 JANUARY, 1869 — OUR YOUNG FOLKS — No. 49

Catalog 64 is dedicated to the memory of the great John F. Fleming

Aldrich, Thomas

The Story of a Bad Boy

(Boston [Fields, Osgood], Jan.–Dec. 1869).

12 vols. 1st edition, the 1st appearance anywhere, in the original 12–part serial issue. Publisher’s wrappers (Our Young Folks, nos. 49–60) as issued. Part 1 has 2 small circular shadows on the front and 2 bookplates, the other parts have one bookplate, there’s light wear to the spines, and pencil signatures to some front covers, still, all 12 are very good, complete, partly unopened, and honest as a calculator. Bound sets are always available as is the later book edition, but this parts issue, in original wrappers, is now scarcer than people who have never cleared their internet search history. Old cloth slipcase. Collation: 8vo, continuously paginated 1–856, title and contents pages at the end of part 12. Reference: B. A. L. 269. Ex–Bradley Martin, Sotheby’s 1990. ABPC (the auction record) lists 3 other sets sold since 1975, the last one 12 years ago, and our set is finer than any of them. **NOTE:** We cite auction records because, for all their foibles, they are less subjective than other price or frequency sources. **1,000**

Here’s how it happened. In 1867 Horatio Alger wrote Ragged Dick and created a new literary breed, the American rags to riches novel (in fact, rags to respectability), now called The American Dream (the capitalist’s Cinderella). He followed it with another novel, then another, and ultimately 30 of them, all on the same theme. The traits of his impoverished boy heroes were bravery, sincerity, optimism, self–reliance, determination, thrift, pluck, and hard work, and with those 8 integrities (consistently supplemented by some timely luck) they outwitted urban villainy, in all its perverse forms, and rose to middle–class security. And Alger quickly became the most socially influential writer of his day, and his ongoing parable became our national ethos.

By 1868, after Alger’s 3rd rags to riches novel, Thomas Aldrich had groaned enough. So, he wrote this anti–Alger, devising, for the first time in a novel, a credible young American boy (Tom Bailey) who is not really all that bad, but is impulsive, irrational, immature, unruly, primitive, and jaunty, and therefore rebels, misbehaves, vandalizes, schemes, and plays pranks. He joins a boys’ club called the Centipedes and, among the nuisances related, they fire off a timeworn cannon at the dock’s pier to confuse the town folk, push an old carriage into a 4th of July bonfire, and 4 of them get a boat and sail it to an island where they can pretend independence and, along the way, Tom discovers, and unravels, a long–standing local mystery surrounding a missing man. And, in the end, the young troublemaker does grow up to become a successful adult.

The serialization drove magazine sales, and the 1870 1st book edition was a bestseller, but don’t waste your money buying the 1st book edition because a colossal number of them were printed and it is now more common than open mike slurs, and its value will have less permanence than a U. S. Indian treaty. Needless to say, Mark Twain was taken by it. He maligned it at first, but that was competitive pique, and in 1874 he conceived, then quietly went to work on, a version of his own, publishing Tom Sawyer in 1876, and later, Tom’s sequel, Huckleberry Finn, and then, even later, he admitted his admiration for The Story of a Bad Boy as an inspiration, praised it, and called Aldrich (being only 99% sarcastic), “the wittiest man in the past seven centuries.”

In 1869 the bad boy was mischievous. In 1993 the bad boy invented AutoCorrect.

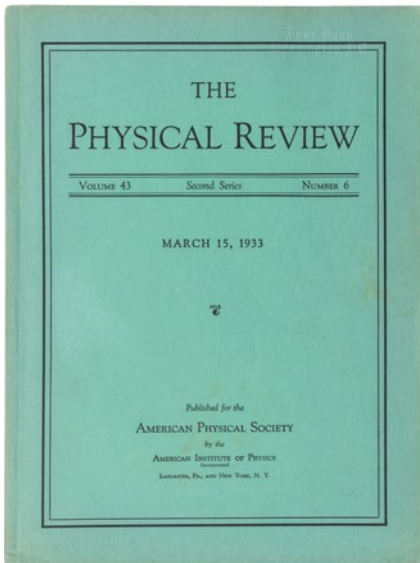
the discovery of antimatter

Anderson, Carl

The Positive Electron

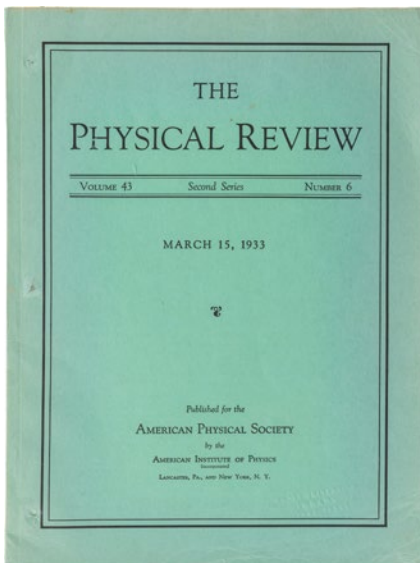
(Lancaster [The American Physical Society], 1933).

1st edition, the first appearance of Anderson's Nobel Prize winning paper (Nobel in 1936) citing his discovery of the electron antimatter counterpart (positron) a particle with the same mass as an electron but with an opposite electrical charge (like men and women). Our book is the journal issue of The Physical Review, vol. 43, no. 6, Mar. 15, 1933, pages 491–494 (7 13/16" X 10 1/2") in original wrappers, and near fine. It is not the later annual volume, or worse, the pages torn from it (don't buy torn out pages). ABPC lists no auction sales since 1975, and though it's not nearly that rare, it



is not common either, even though we have 2 of them. Ex–Ross Gunn, with his 2–line blindstamp on 2 pages and the cover's upper corner. Gunn was a physicist separating uranium isotopes by thermal diffusion in the earliest days of The Manhattan Project, that vast engineering venture towards an atomic bomb, realized without modern technology in a time when ram and mouse were only animals, surfing included getting wet, software meant comfortable clothes, undo typing needed an eraser, laptop was what disappeared when you stood up, semiconductor was a part time orchestra leader, hard drive was a day trip on bad roads, new window required ordering glass, microchips were small snack foods, website was where a spider lived, and personal computer meant your own brain. **1,800**

Antimatter had been predicted, in theory, 3 years earlier by Paul Dirac, but it was Carl Anderson who identified it and then photographed it (15 times) in cosmic rays and 4 of his photographic proofs are reproduced here to accompany the text. And to verify his discovery, Anderson



devised a gamma ray experiment in which he created positrons (electron pairs). One (the “one” being “you” or “I” or even “we” or “they” in this grammatical incident) cannot overstate the impact of Anderson's paper as the first proof of antiparticles (more recent observations have seen that black holes and neutron stars produce vast amounts of positron–electron pair plasmas in astrophysical jets).

Anderson, Carl

The Positive Electron

(Lancaster [The American Physical Society], 1933).

1st edition. The journal issue, exactly as above in original wrappers. It would be in very good condition except it is unhappily marred by 3, barely successful, attempts to punch 3 holes near the spine for securing

it in a binder (it is reassuring for the rest of us to know that at least one physicist could not skillfully operate a hole punching device). **900**

What may seem, at first glance, to be a random array of artifacts scattered through our catalogs that are neither books nor manuscripts, do relate to one another in that all are written, printed, painted, minted, engraved, embossed, typed, drawn, signed, stamped, sculpted, decorated, annotated, corrected, photocopied, mimeographed, autographed, photographed, or lithographed. all of those justified as allied forms of imprinting or writing (our vertical integration). We have assembled unrivaled public and private collections of each, some of them transcendent, some relatively valuable, and some modest. Interested? We can gather one for you, guided by your preferences, and overseen by our singular experience with, perspective on, and contrastive sense of, the similarities, dissimilarities, and promise, of 30 different disciplines, in 30 different markets, with 30 different means of clarifying value, and we will explain our vision and each step we take in language that is clear and lucid.



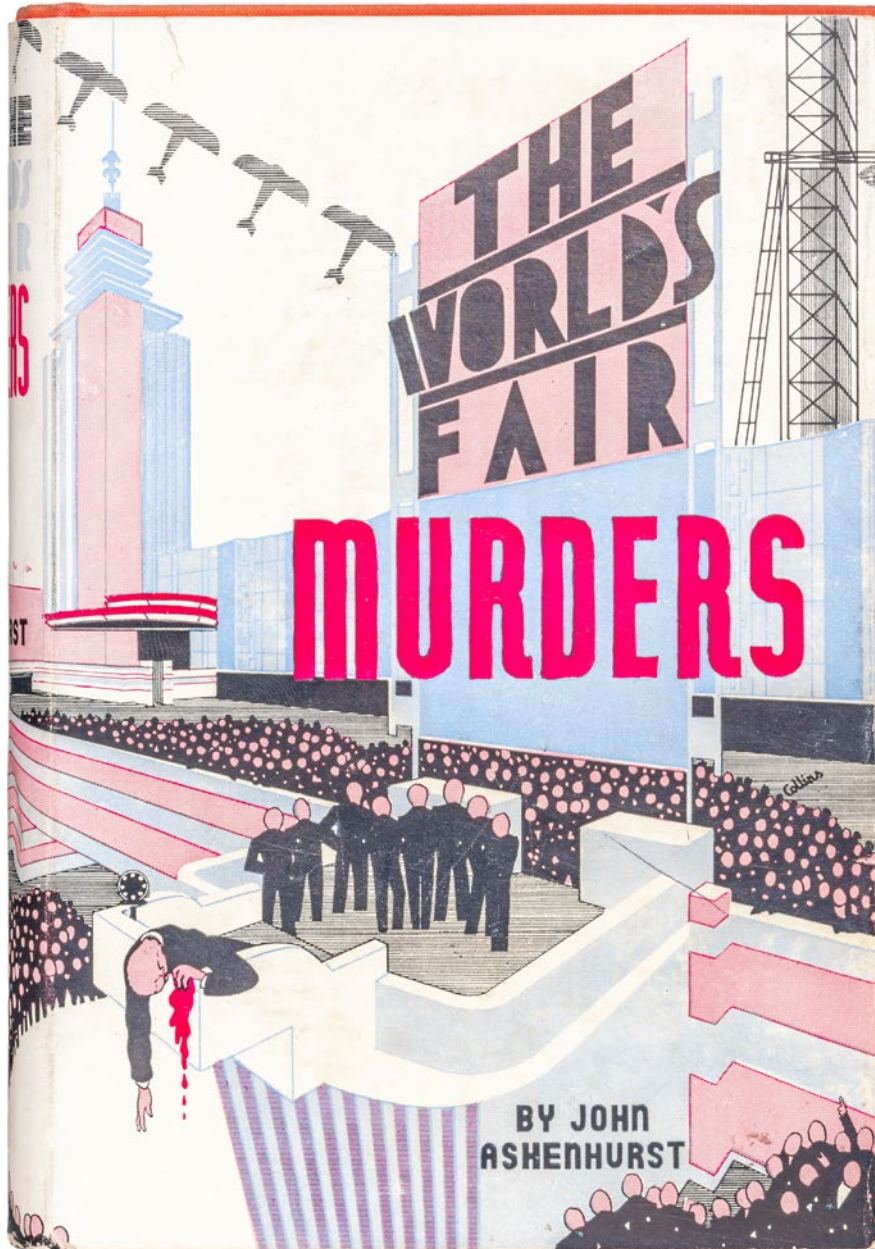
a piece of The Pinta

[Apollo]

A fragment of Apollo 11
(Cape Kennedy [NASA], 1969).

Composition hatch plug, flown to the Moon and back on Apollo 11 (the first manned landing). 1 1/2" long X 3/4" diameter. An actual piece of the legendary Columbia command module, removed to shut down the electrical systems and open the hatch during ocean recovery. Scorched on one end from re-entry else fine, in a handmade 18K gold cage, hand engraved on the side, "Flown to the moon on Apollo 11" and ringed to an 18K gold, 27 inch, handmade chain. Ex-Dick Williamson, the recovery chopper film technician with the frogmen helicoptered from the first ship to reach the module as it floated in the Pacific. **[with] Williamson's note of provenance signed in ink.** 17,000

Apollo 11's Columbia is now in the Smithsonian, intact as a national relic. The hatch plugs and some screws were among the only components of the ship itself that had to be removed and could be expected to remain in the hands of collectors today. And if you wait a few years, regardless of price, you are going to have to use the Dark Side of the Force to buy an authentic piece of the spacecraft from this specific mission. Setting Armstrong (a civilian) and Aldrin (a Colonel) on the Moon, and bringing them back alive, was the most ambitious and complex of all human achievements so far. In 1,000 years, it may be the only event anyone remembers to associate with the 20th century. This was the United States its maximum sensational, and America is still the best promise. For the record: Apollo 1 caught fire. Apollos 2 through 6 were unmanned tests and Apollo 7 was a flight in Earth orbit. Apollo 8 orbited the moon and was the first manned ride on the Saturn 5 Rocket. Apollos 9 and 10 also orbited and tested the landing craft, but it was Apollo 11 that fulfilled the pledge, landed Armstrong and Aldrin on the surface, and brought them safely home. A mythic remnant with a failsafe future, spiritually connecting the wearer with the otherworldly energy of a human's first flight and landing from Earth to somewhere. The maker of stars is the maker of us.



Ashenhurst, John

The World's Fair Murders
(Boston [Houghton, Mifflin], 1933).

1st edition. Fine in a dustjacket with 3 short tears and 5 threadlike pen test scribbles on the back else near fine. ABPC lists no auction sales since 1975 but they missed one at HA (Heritage Auctions) for \$718 in 2020, and such infrequent appearances suggest that the next copy seen in a jacket will look like a birthday cake left out in the rain. Conversely, art deco jackets that look like this one cause Stendhal syndrome. 350

At the 1933 Chicago World's Fair a scientist prepares to announce an invention so revolutionary and dangerous that he will not give it to any one country, and instead determines to share it with all the nations in the world concurrently. At a podium in the fair's science center, as he begins to speak, he is shot through the heart, but look again, the last word in the book's title is a plural.



[Atlas]

A General Atlas Describing the Whole Universe

by Thomas Kitchin

(London [Sayer & Bennett], 1782 [-1787]).

1st edition. Folio (16" X 22"), 23 maps on 35 double sheets, all hand colored in outline, with some areas fully colored. A milestone on the trail of progressively expanded versions, a lineage that evolved from Kitchin's single country atlases to the entire world starting in 1773 (the same year he was appointed royal hydrographer to King George III). It is meaningfully dated 1782 on the title page and decidedly distinguished by the

earliest map of the nascent United States with its new borders, settled in 1782 and reconfirmed during the Jan. 1783 stage of the Peace of Paris (the treaty ending the American Revolutionary War, finally signed on Sep. 3, 1783). Contemporary boards, rebaked in calf, else fine throughout, the finest of these we have seen, emitting all the elegance of differential calculus, and scarcer in this condition than reliable reports on where the tooth fairy gets all her money. ABPC lists 2 complete copies (incomplete ones don't count) sold at auction since 1975, one of them defective (Sotheby's, 1995), the other one repaired (Sotheby's 2005) meaning no further intact copies were sold in the last 17 years. Ex-Sir George Shuckburgh Bar. Haughty quality and resplendent condition, though the title claiming "the whole universe" is a reach too far. **15,000**



A recent survey revealed that 75% of Americans under 30 could not efficiently access an atlas. 15% could. The other 10% did not know what atlas meant.



never blame the monkey when the organ grinder is present



Audebert, Jean **Histoire Naturelle des Singes And Makis**
(Paris [Desray], 1798 [parts 1–2], 1799 [parts 3–10]).
10 parts in 2 vols. 1st edition (in French). Contemporary boards, rubbing and wear at the edges, rebacked and recornered in calf, else near fine, tall (12 1/2" X 19 1/4"), clean, complete with the half–title, ad leaf, subscribers' list, all 61 engraved color plates (using the earliest technique for color printing and finished by hand), and 2 uncolored anatomical plates. Superb quality, Audebert's first original work, the only one published in his life using his name, and the first illustrated monograph devoted to primates. **14,000**

Babbage, Charles

On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures
(London [Knight], 1832).

1st edition, 1st state title page. Contemporary calf recently rebacked, else very good. It lacks the leaf of ads, but it has the 1833, 1st separate edition of the 32–page pamphlet, *On Currency*, bound in at the end (a prominent and valuable item on its own). **1,000**

Here is resounding genius from the inventor of programable computers. In visiting factories and plants so he could, at first, understand how his Calculating Engine might be built, Babbage could not help noticing that certain principles he had learned in his engineering efforts would prove practical in manufacturing. So, he wrote this book hoping that some industrialist, who was directly involved, might chose to use his principles. And in considering that his imagined audience would not abide much scientific terminology, he kept his text colloquial, and laid it quieter than a feathery zephyr wisping through the discord in a broken promise.

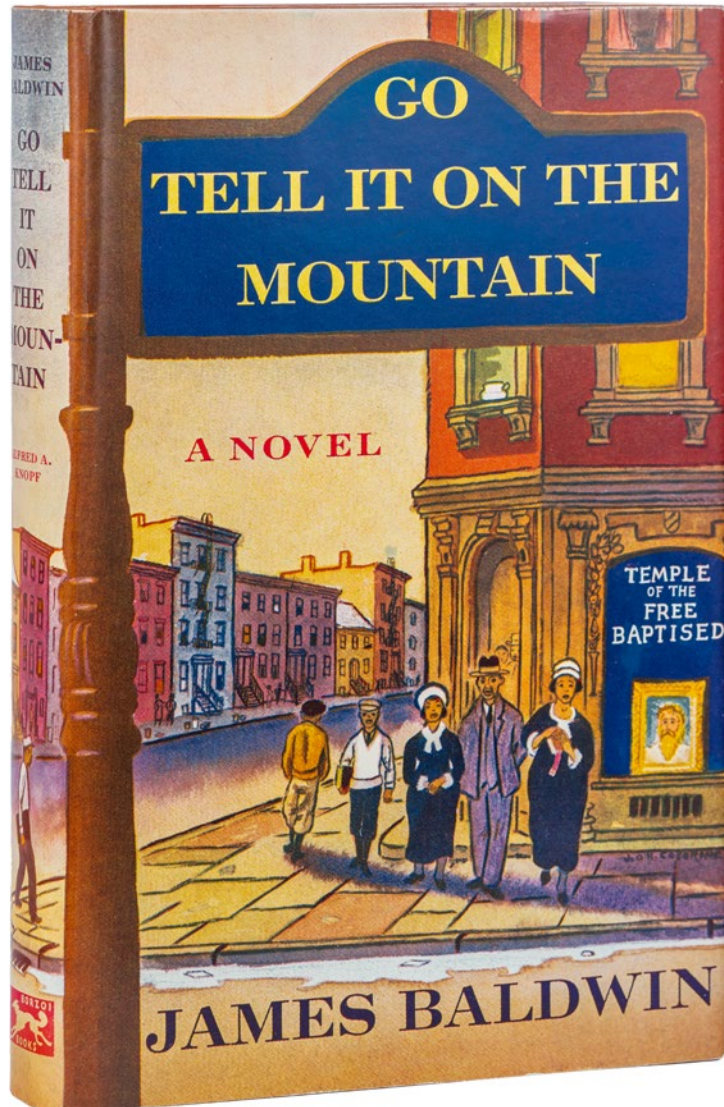


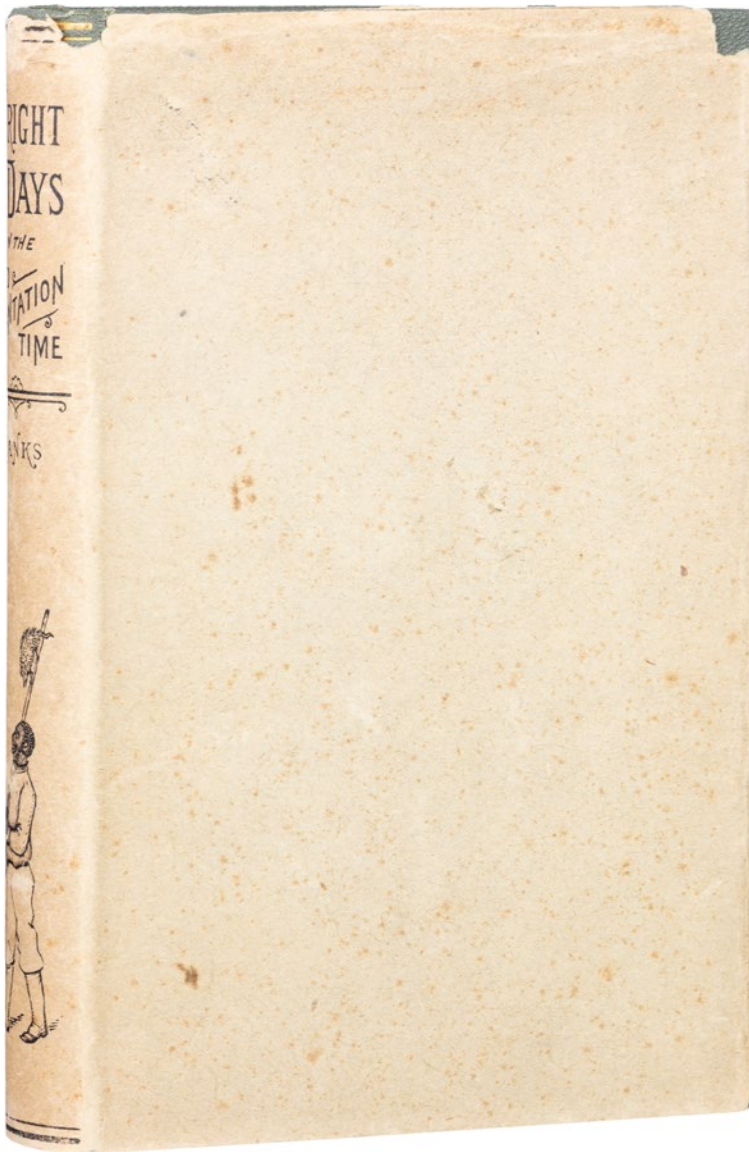
Baldwin, James **Go Tell it
on the Mountain**
(NY [Knopf], 1953).

1st edition. Fine in a fine dustjacket, a perfect copy, as sharp as the shards of Narsil. **10,000**

Go Tell it on the Mountain is an enormously great novel written with a nonlinear structure, so though it takes place in one day, it flashes back 70 years.

It needs no explanations but we will give you 2 anyway: It is an unparalleled insight (besides other insights) into the religious awakening of a 14–year old youth based on Baldwin’s own experiences as a young storefront preacher in Harlem. And there are indirect ideas too, among them (for just one example) about insecurities, saying that fancied superiority is always insolent because it is always accidental.





**in the publisher's
1882 dustjacket**

Banks, Mary **Bright Days
in the Old
Plantation Time**
(Boston [Lee and
Shepard], 1882).

1st edition. 15 early, African American, dialect stories, published the year after Uncle Remus. 1st binding in green pictorial cloth, gilt (the 2nd binding is scarcer but few care). A 1 1/2" bookplate else fine in a dustjacket with 3/8" chips to 3 corners and teeny specks of wear to the back panel, still very good. A delicate, 140-year old dustjacket that pixies tear and starlight darkens, but it is clean, integral, unrepaired, the only copy in a jacket we have seen, and it well represents valiant endurance from the realm of disbelief. Ref: Wright, 286. **6,500**

We suppose this is as good a place as any to mention that, though there is one dustjacket (Biggers) with some unnecessary old tape, there are no (zero) restored dustjackets in catalog 64.

Any folk tales remindful of slavery are justly derided by the rightly sympathetic. That said, and not to dismiss or diminish it, Banks' stories echo their time, and that time was 100 years before genetics proved that we are all 99.9% alike at the DNA level, and that the human race cannot be divided into races (a socio-cultural construct, as if we divided dog breeds only by coat color). And in capturing the notions of some in their day, these stories are, in that way, more authentic than much of what passes for history in some approved schoolbooks. Several of them are completely original, others are altered retellings, and among the latter is a different account of the Tar Baby fable.

Do we need to explicitly say that this book is rare in a dustjacket? I didn't think so.

Do we need to explicitly say that 19th century dustjackets were meant for disposal and, thus, are generally rarer than, say, 20th century collectible plates? I didn't think so.

[Baseball]

Babe Ruth Baseball Card

(Boston [Goudey], 1933).

1st edition. 1933 Goudey Gum Babe Ruth baseball card, number 144 (2 3/8" X 2 7/8").

PSA authenticated, slabbed, and graded "Excellent 5" (printed 1/8" off center as most are, but all 4 white margins are showing). **33,000**

The 1933 Goudey, 240 card set is properly called, consummately symbolic of card collecting. It was Goudey's first baseball card set, and though earlier cards had been issued with tobacco, and a few with various candy or gum, this was the first baseball set designed for children, and packaged with bubblegum, and then wholly and directly marketed to them, and sold in the stores they frequented, and naturally, Ruth was, and is, the most desired player in the set.

Let's get past price in 5 quick citations:

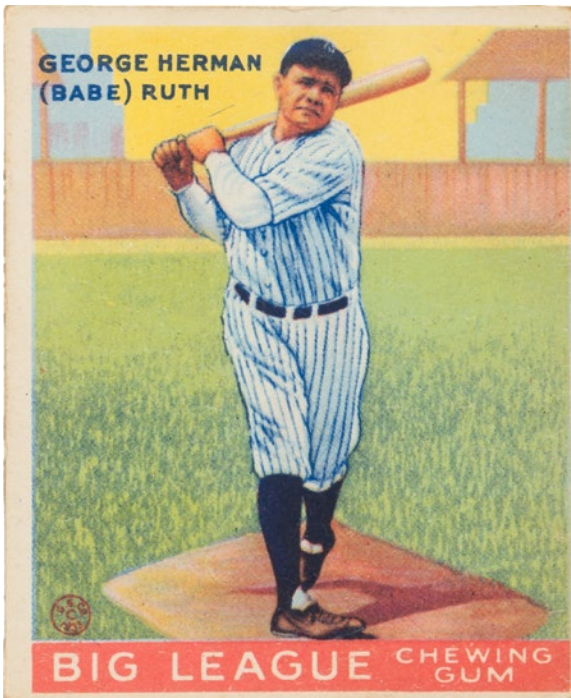
1. The public auction record for this exact baseball card, slabbed in this exact condition grade ("Excellent 5"), is also the most recent sale for one graded "5" and it brought \$78,000 (HA, Aug. 28, 2022). Our card is less than half that price, a value not to be found elsewhere (we do this when we can and it is easier to do it in a spiritedly rising market). **2.** An earlier one (also graded "5") sold for \$47,970, at Goldin Auctions, Oct. 27, 2021. **3.** Another, graded 4.5, did \$46,240 at Collect Auctions, Nov. 20, 2021. **4.** And, for contrast, a badly worn one, graded "Good 2" (slumming), sold for \$42,699 at eBay on Mar. 30, 2021 (admittedly, a crazy aberration). **5.** Value increases dramatically for each point of grade and the all-time auction record for this card is \$528,000, graded 9 at HA in 2019, and even that record setter was slightly off center in both directions. So, the plain math of the comparables says our price should feel cozier than an armful of sleeping puppy.

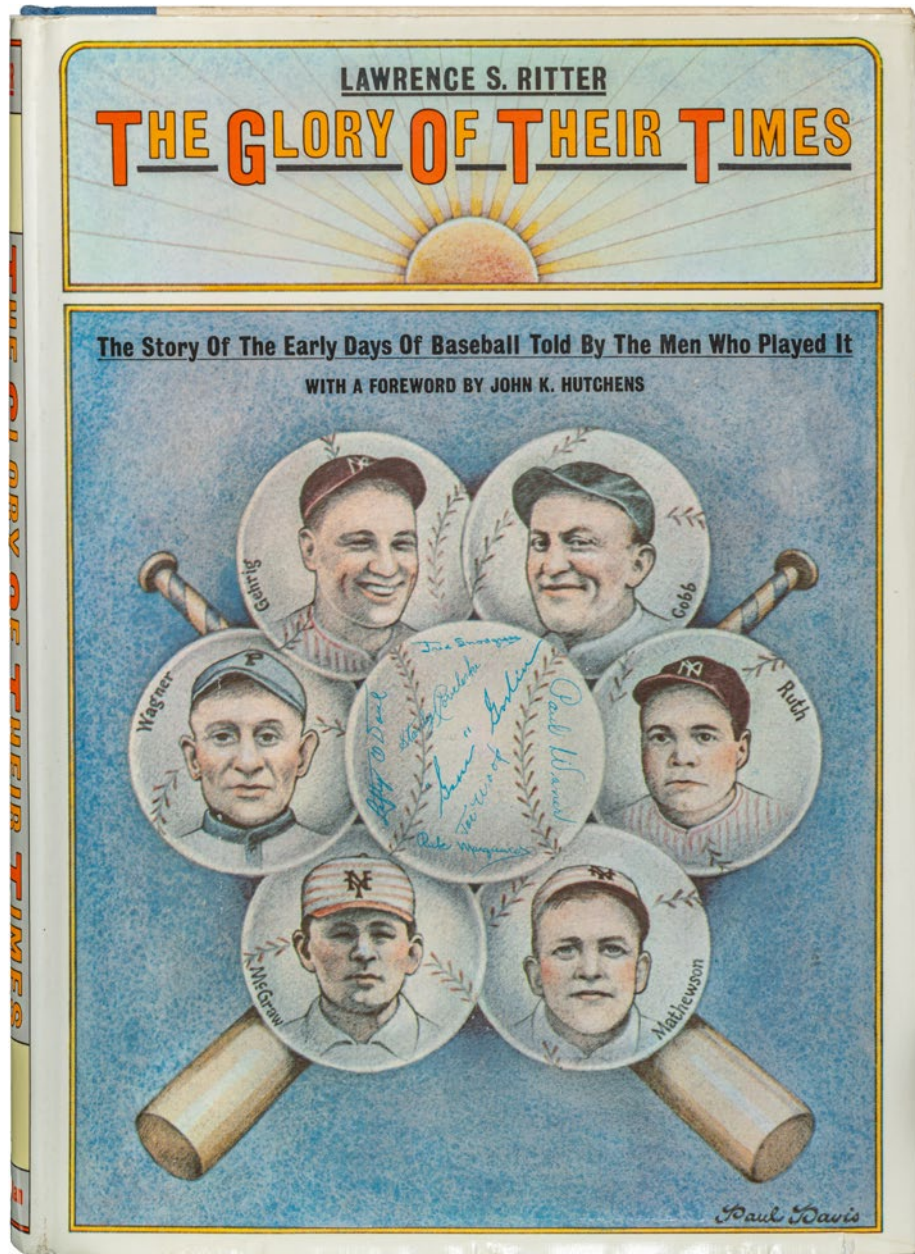
——> **This is to booksellers:** Commercial printing is our shared domain. In it these cards are getting a lot of attention and tens of millions of dollars thrown at them every year, and yet, not one praiseworthy baseball card is for sale on the A. B. A. A. website. There is plenty of money and action for all and, more important, there is much good service we could do for interested collectors with our standards. Biblioctopus should not be the only bookseller playing this game. That goes for comic books too. There is nothing devious here. We are trying to be helpful.

"Strange it is to be beside you, many years the tables turned,

You'd probably not believe me, if I told you all I've learned."

—Bob Dylan, Love is Just a Four-Letter Word





[Baseball]

The Glory of Their Times

By Lawrence Ritter
(NY [Macmillan], 1966).

1st edition. Broadly advanced as the greatest baseball book ever. 1st printing with the \$7.95 dustjacket price (a vital point but not the only point). **Contemporary, signed presentation copy, inscribed, in ink, on the title page, "For Dave Grote – in remembrance of a pleasant evening – Larry Ritter"** (Dave Grote was the Public Relations Director for The National League). Fine in fine dustjacket, a glistening copy for the discerning collector, and a lack of discernment is a vast desert for which there is no compass. This is our confident applicant for the best copy of The Glory of Their Times in the world, and looking for a better one has all the cluelessness of debating, "is the cup half empty or half full?" with the person who has never owned a cup. 750

Basile, Giambattista (pen name of Gian Alessio Abbattutis)

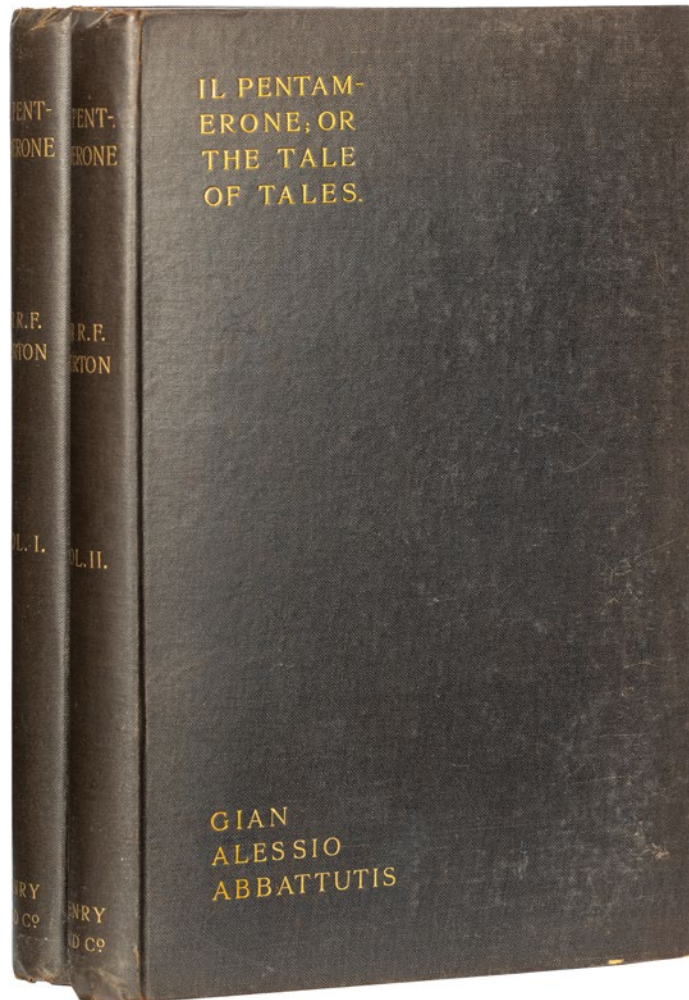
**Il Pentamerone;
or, The Tale of Tales**

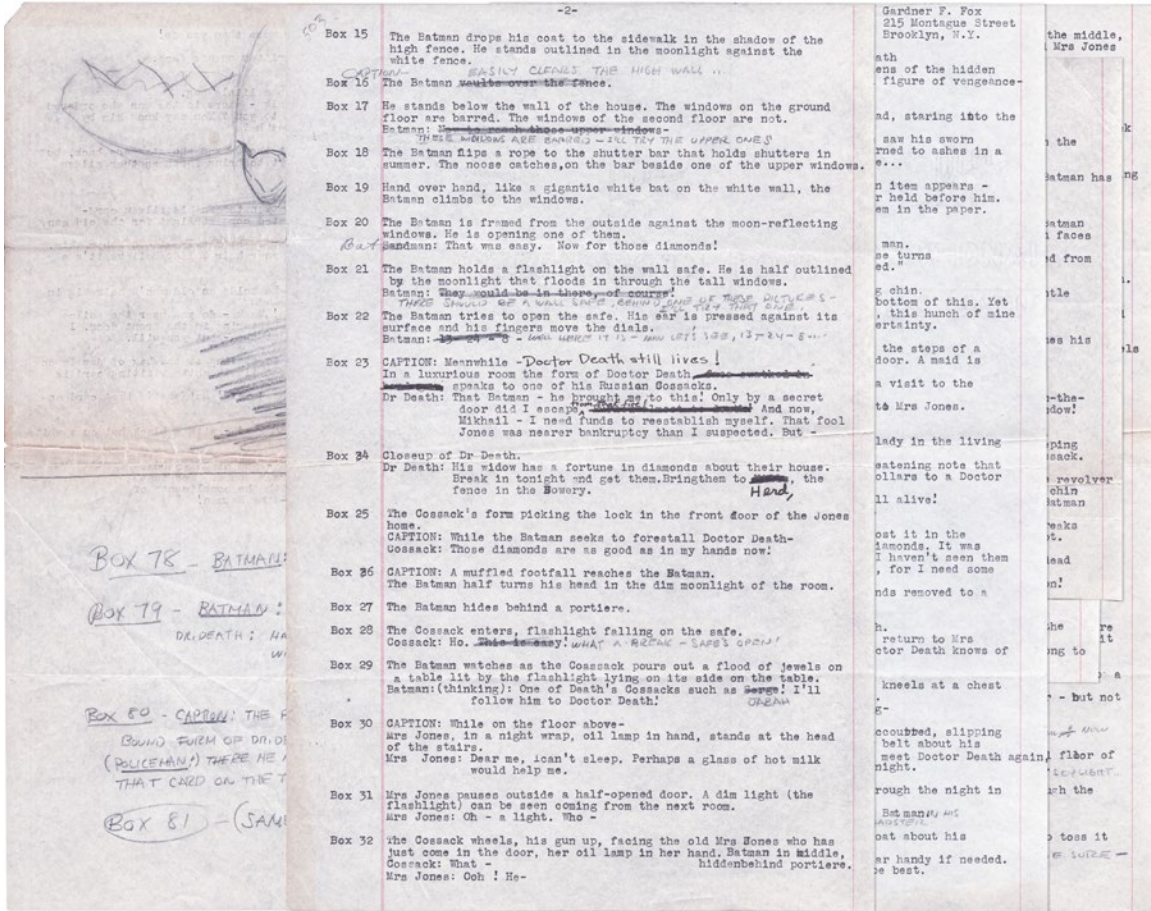
Translated by Richard Burton
(London [Henry and Co.], 1893).

2 vols. 1st edition of this English translation of Basile's 50 fairy tales, and it is a large paper copy of it with the colophon stating 165 sets, but the number space has been left blank, and we are sure that more than 165 were printed and bound, simply because Henry and Co. did not believe literal limitation numbers mattered, all in keeping with their poorly conceived, ineffectually operated, and financially unstable business that only lasted 6 years. Ref: Penzer, 155–156. Original cloth, fine condition, unopened, as perfect as a canceled meeting, and fresher than an Italian bachelor. 300

Hush little metaphor, don't you cry,
You'll be a cliché, by and by.

The real 1st edition (also in 2 volumes, Naples, 1634 and 1636), and similar collections from the same time, included short fiction that would later be called fairy tales, and also had their foundations in the 8th to 13th centuries, but Basile's compilation was the first in which all the stories fit that category. He wrote them in dialect, preserving oral intonations, and was among the first to do so. The tales contain the nuclei of Cinderella, Puss in Boots, Hansel and Gretel, Sleeping Beauty, and 46 others. Our 1893 edition is called more comprehensive, scholarly, and precise, than earlier English translations but for all the praise heaped on Burton, I think, where comparable, it is not a radical improvement over John Taylor's 1st edition in English (London, 1847–1848) if it is any improvement at all. And while its addition to our catalog says we think it is a chic book, the shyness of our price says we know that few agree. And one more thing. You can easily go online and buy a different copy from someone else but be careful, because what you will find is that after you have read their posted description, and thought you were on the right track, the disappointing book arrives, and you realize you were on the wrong train.





1939 Batman manuscript

[Batman]

Original Manuscript for the 4th Batman Story
 by Bob Kane and Gardner Fox
 (NY [DC Comics], August 1939).

Original hand corrected typescript of the 4th Batman story ever. The complete text from Detective Comics number 30, here titled "The Batman and the Diamonds of Death" (the title changed to "The Return of Dr. Death" when it was published). 6 pages (8" X 13") on 5 leaves (one leaf cut in half to accommodate a change with no loss), 1,500 typed words plus 196 words of handwritten ink and pencil changes, additions, deletions, and corrections, that include a last page rewrite of the final scene accompanied by a 1/2-page pencil drawing of a gliding Batman. Very good (untouched, no repair). Fine full morocco case. Ex-Bob Kane. Ex-Mario Sacripante, who identified it when it was in a 1975 dispersal of Kane's abandoned papers that included some page proofs and sketches but only this one manuscript. **60,000**

Here is Dark Knight incunabulum, and as rare as a one ended stick. No other Batman manuscripts from this vintage, or even from near this vintage, are known. In fact, no other DC superhero manuscripts prior to 1945, are known to us, so there are no direct comparables, but try these. The published Detective Comics no. 30, with our story in it, sold at auction for \$19,120 in 2012, graded 9. The auction record for any issue of Detective Comics (May 1939, graded 7) is \$1,500,000 in 2020. And for any Batman

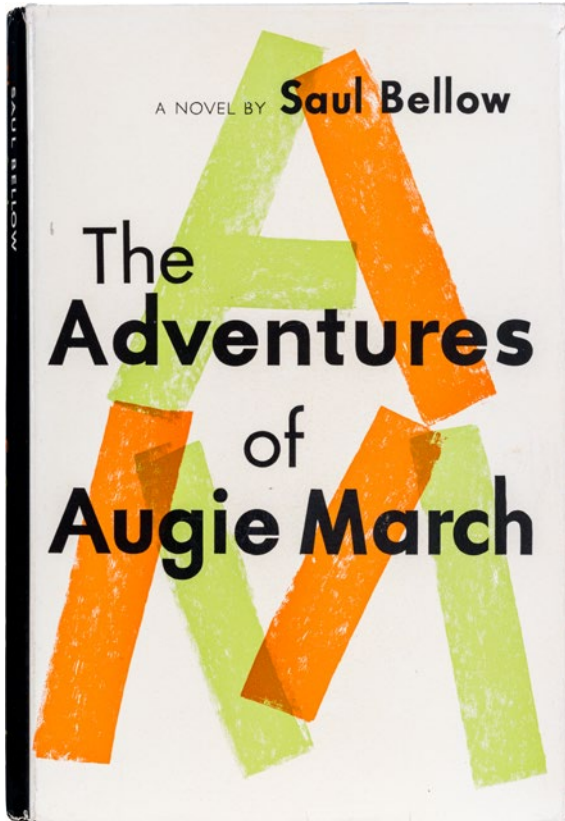
comic (Spring 1940, graded 9.4) it is \$2,220,000 in 2021, 4 times the price of the most expensive 20th century 1st edition novel, so something big (and real) is going on here. And all those prices are for a single, printed comic book, of which dozens of each are known, making our peerless manuscript seem not so expensive. Need more? In 2022, the painting for a 1986 Batman cover set the record for any original, published, comic art at \$2,400,000. Our manuscript gives you a chance to play in the comic book game from a unique perspective, in a market that has otherwise passed you by, and the chances of finding anything else, even vaguely like it, match the chances of sitting in a chair with your mouth open and having a nicely roasted duck fly into it.

Batman is a titanic international mythos, his fame crossing borders and language, and he is the model for all modern superheroes without superpowers. Fueled by a superior intellect, and supported by his fabulous toys, he first showed up in Detective Comics no. 27, created and illustrated by Bob Kane in a story he wrote with Bill Finger. Finger then wrote the second story. When DC noticed its popularity, they called in Gardner Fox who took over and wrote the next 6 (including this one), adding a dazzling idea, a run of theatrical villains to rival Batman. Kane loved it. Sales soared. In Jan. 1940, with the exposition settled, DC gave it back to Finger for Detective Comics no. 35, and then for Batman's own comic in March, while Fox moved on to a long and influential career at DC, co-creating Flash, The Sandman, Hawkman, and the first superhero team-up (The Justice Society of America, precursor of The Justice League), and it was Fox who devised the Multiverse and introduced it to DC in 1961.

————> What follows are 2 realities not to be ignored. The first sets up the second.

First: Don't doubt it for a minute, comic books are books. 10 different titles now rank as the 10 most expensive 20th century books of any kind. Our manuscript is the only early DC one known, and it is from one of their 2 most valuable series (Superman is the other). The 2 saddest words in life are "if only" and this will be looked back on in a few years with regret captured in the thought "Why didn't I buy that?" The answer is, because there were no comps (comparables or price points), and only the most experienced, enlightened, and self-assured collectors can calculate value without comps.

Second: Beyond comic books, what about the broader, traditional, rare book market, the one we usually occupy? Collector taste changes. Collector insight changes. The signs that point direction are only apparent in reflection (you can only connect the dots looking backwards). Some, more stubborn, booksellers continue holding to their view of what is in demand from a generation ago (tailors and booksellers must mind the fashion), while others, who think themselves cunning, strategize to direct the collector taste and insight that powers demand towards obscure books they can buy cheaply so as to extract large profit margins by outlandishly overstating the significance of those obscurities. But the best collectors are immune to the illusion of market rigidity and the deceit of seller manipulation, since the savviest among them know that the market is not static, and they watch carefully as the deck is shuffled and then focus on the center of the new radar. Whichever is the cause, all but the nimblest booksellers get ambushed, and in the confusion and isolation ensuing from their own folly, they ascribe their disorientation to the collapse of enthusiasm for book collecting, when the only real disinterest is for the poorly chosen books they are trying to sell (Book Code).



Bellow, Saul



The Adventures of Augie March
(NY [Viking], 1953).

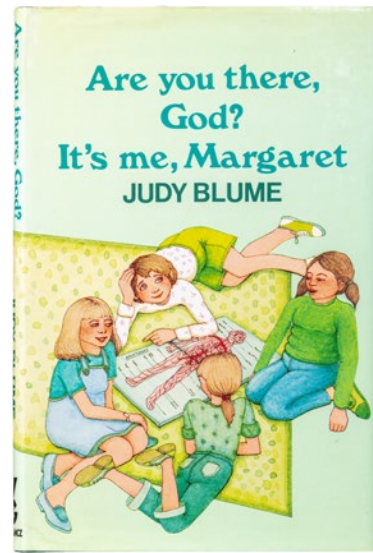
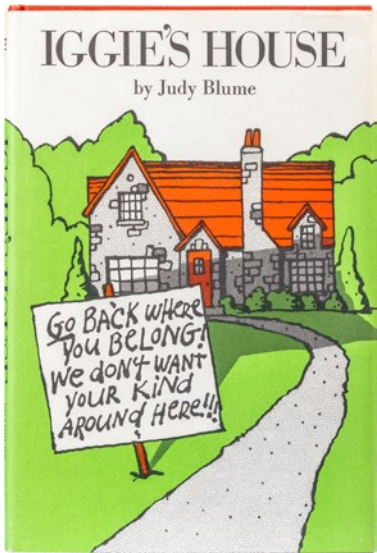
1st edition, 1st printing (Vail–Ballou below copyright, top edge orange). Fine in a 1st printing dustjacket (\$4.50, no blurbs, Steinbeck ads to the rear flap), slight rubs else fine, with no nicks or tears and its orange spine letters unfaded, a scarce and valued combination of excellences. Bellow fused his ideas in Augie March and poured eccentricity all over the runaway American dream. It won the National Book Award in 1954 and, with his other books, won him a Nobel Prize for Literature in 1976. **1,750**

Biggers, Earl

Seven Keys to Baldpate
(Indianapolis [Bobbs–Merrill], 1913).

1st edition. His first novel, a bestselling, still hailed, mystery, and the source of 6 films. Rear inner paper hinge deftly strengthened else fine in a 1st printing dustjacket, the flaps blank, the lettering and \$1.30 price in gold (a G&D reprint looks similar), 5 pieces of unnecessary tape on the recto, a chip to the front foreedge, light wear to the spine's edges, a scratch to the front panel, but good condition and, despite its flaws, tolerable to most for a 109-year old jacket when it's such a scarce one on such an avidly sought title. ABPC lists one auction sale in jacket since 1975, and that was 20 years ago. **2,000**

Baldpate is a summer resort closed for the winter (as to the other seasons, spring always comes too late, and the autumn wind is a Raider). A writer hoping to work alone is given, what he is told is, the only key. Then 6 more keys progressively appear in the hands of unanticipated visitors, none of whom are telling the truth. The cardinal question is, who is orchestrating the events? But that is not the only secret.



Blume, Judy

Iggie's House

(Englewood Cliffs [Bradbury], 1970).

1st edition. Fine (library binding with no priority). 1st printing dustjacket (Blume bio to rear flap, etc.), later owner's name to front flap else fine (as new). **Signed presentation copy, inscribed in ink, with a self-sketch.** Her 2nd book, altering the manner, themes, intent, and design of writing for young adults, an inquiry without judgments, having an implied respect for the reader's intelligence, and rising above the terror that haunts modern artists in all arenas, a fear of doing what has been done before. **1,250**

Are You There God? It's Me, Judy

Blume, Judy

Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret

(Englewood Cliffs [Bradbury], 1970).

1st edition, 1st printing (not a book club). Name to endpaper else fine (library binding, no priority), 1st printing dustjacket, 1/4" chip to the spine top, 4 short tears, other lesser wear, very good, and scarcer than university parking. A refashioning of young adult novels, often suppressed by the puritans in their war against reality, and a great book notwithstanding all those who say it's a great book. **3,000**

Blume, Judy **Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret**
(London [Gollancz], 1978).

1st English edition. A scarce edition but the American edition precedes so it is cheap. Fine in a fine dustjacket, tight as 2 coats of sunblock, and smooth as a Rodeo Drive bikini wax, and sellers who use the word fine to describe a book that is just nice cannot claim to be sincere, much in the same way that drivers who politely tap their car horn while running a red light cannot claim to be good citizens. **200**

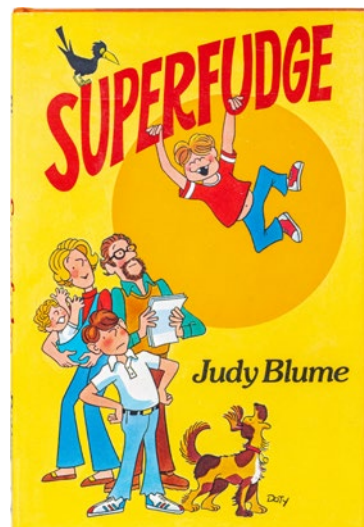
Blume, Judy

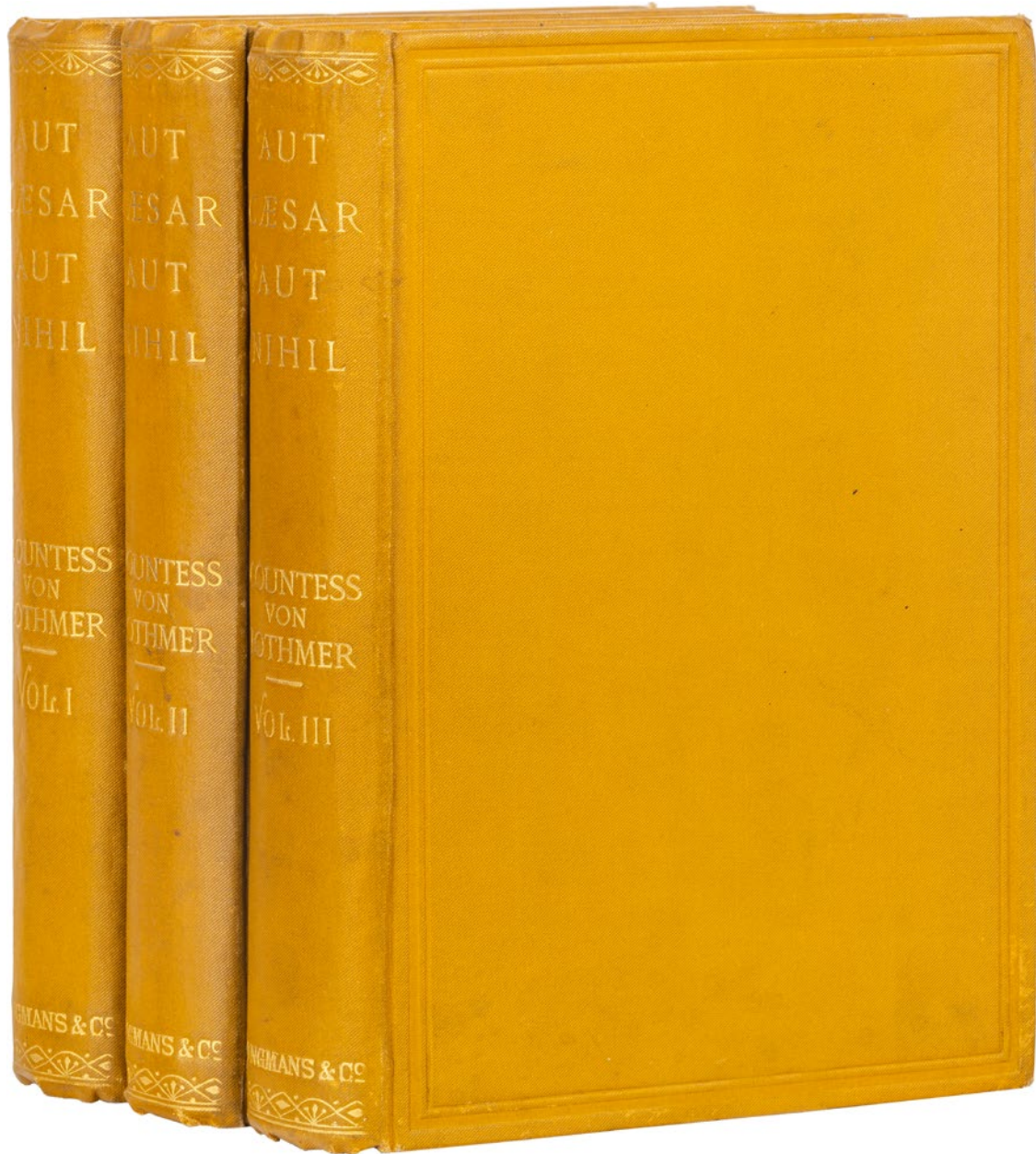
Superfudge

(NY [Dutton], 1980).

1st edition. Fine in a fine dustjacket.

125





Bothmer, Mary

Aut Caesar Aut Nihil

(London [Longmans, Green], 1883).

3 vols. 1st edition (it's in English no matter the Latin title, that translates as, "Either a Caesar or Nothing"). Fine (impeccable) and rare like this. Only one copy, frail and worn, has sold at auction in the last 50 years, and though 14 sets are listed on OCLC's library holdings, not all are in cloth, and few (if any) are in condition close to ours. **1,000**

Bothmer was born in London, married into diplomatic nobility (she was a countess), and then travelled the more politically active areas of France, Germany, and Russia. *Aut Caesar Aut Nihil* is her 4th, last, and best novel, a romantic thriller tapping the assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881, and it is a pretty good read, and because she knew the turf, it is true to the period's details, dealing, as it does, with revolution, plots to murder the Imperial family, exploding bombs, and Russian nihilists running amok.

“Her girl could not have a better watch-dog than the honest, blunt young Englishman to whom, she instinctively felt, every girl was as yet as sacred as his own sisters. As a matter of fact, Hudson had no sisters, being that risky product; an only child.”

—Bothmer, *Aut Caesar Aut Nihil*

—> In the mid 20th century Bothmer’s 1st editions were vigorously chased by astute collectors, charmed by the good looks of any 3 volume Victorian novel in original cloth, and even outside of the 25 or so recognized landmarks, they did so with the boldness of an inner city racoon, and an undisciplined zeal for pretty shelves over literary essence. This is traceable to early 20th century education that taught a generation how to read but was less successful in teaching them what to read. Or why. The triple decker fetish got stale in the late 1970s when a new generation of collectors entered the market and decided that rarity, quality, and beauty, while meaningful, were subordinate to significance, and then broke up with the Victorians except for the commonly identified utmost of them, because like all passions for the superficial, eventually the substance gets some attention, and with books that means the inner content. We all know that booksellers can avoid mentioning faults by using the all-encompassing “very good,” but a lack of significance is more difficult to dance around, because the hardest thing to hide is something that isn’t there. So, though *Aut Caesar Aut Nihil* is still an agreeable read, and still in print, it isn’t *Jane Eyre*, and any tangible ardor for it will only reemerge in some antiquarian renaissance, a theoretically plausible cycle of revival that has little historical precedence. These days, all 4 of Bothmer’s novels reside on a long list of rare 19th century 1st editions that were never highly regarded for their narratives, and were ultimately trampled in the collector stampede for 20th century authors, their novels, and their dustjackets, especially those books that some collectors and librarians thought might, on a moving frontier, hypothetically become modern classics, and the identification of a 1st edition novel worth treasuring, and pursued with ready cash, was taken out of the hands of the academics, the critics, and the aesthetes, and redefined by the connoisseurs with a single, guileless, 7-word question; Do people still read it for entertainment? (Book Code).

That last paragraph expounds on shifting tastes and gives an example. It warns against ignoring the vogue when it is market driven, because if you don’t like change, you are going to like irrelevance even less. But it is not difficult to tell the difference between a bookseller with a grievance and a summer breeze, so even a gentle bump like that one stirs opposition from sellers promoting what once was, as still is, even when it isn’t.

“There’s gonna be opposition, ain’t no way around it.” —*The Killers, Dying Breed*

Now, who wants to be a bookseller? Well, people like me who are too comfortably settled in the business to start collecting, too lazy to be a book scout, too inept at babysitting to be a literary agent, too independent to team as a librarian, too sympathetic to try being a critic, too smitten by some of life’s luxuries to be an underpaid editor, too self-respecting to absorb the rejections of an aspiring author, and too much in love with books to become a publisher. And since I am addressing bookselling, Mattel Toys has just announced that next summer they will release Bookseller Barbie. She’s just like Malibu Barbie except she can’t afford to live in Malibu.

Byron, George Gordon

Don Juan

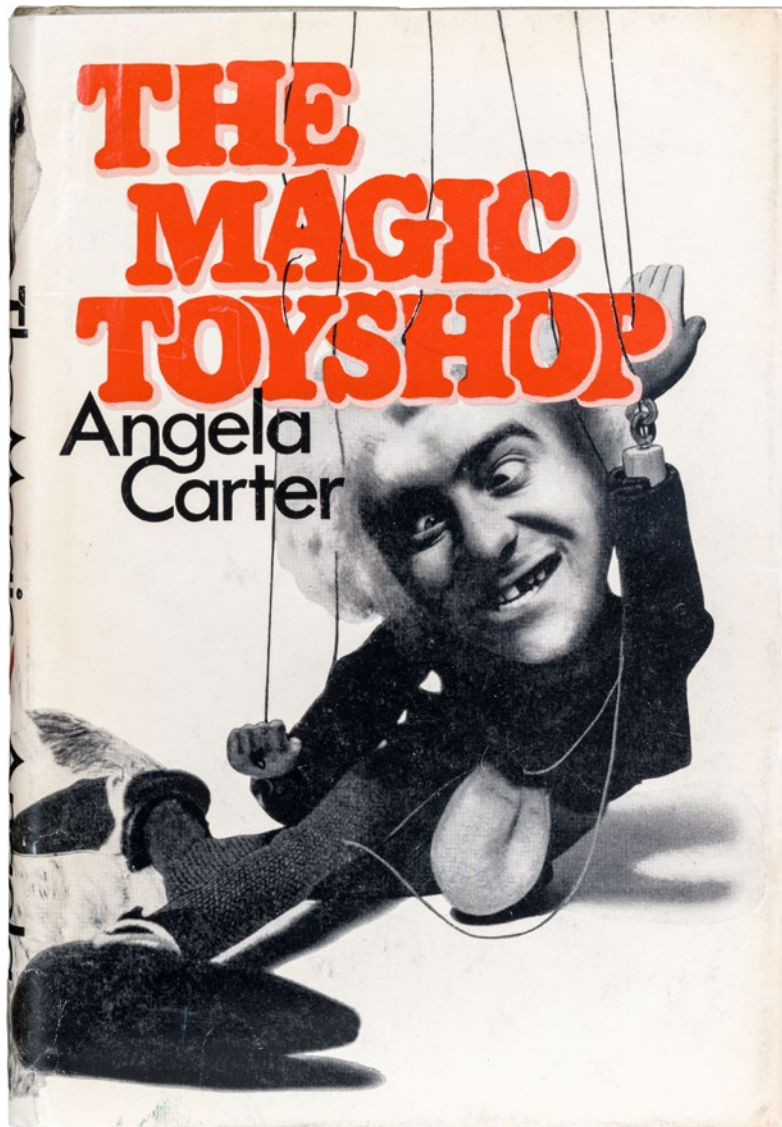
(London [Davison, cantos I–V, Hunt cantos VI–XVI], 1819–1824).

6 vols. 1st edition. Vol. 1 (cantos I and II) is 4to., vols. 2–6 (cantos III to XVI) are 8vo. and large paper copies limited to 1,500 each, as published. Original boards (all 6 vols. in boards including the first), paper labels (one is gone, 2 are fragments, one is chipped), vol. 1 was neatly rebacked long ago, other joints strengthened, boards worn else very good, uncut, complete with all half–titles, errata, and ads. A recent reprint of the unfinished Canto XVII (a 112–line fragment, first published in 1903 as part of Byron’s works) is laid in. Scarce these days this way. ABPC logs one sale at auction of a 1st edition set, in original boards, in the last 10 years (\$15,000, Christie’s, in 2021). **12,500**

Don Juan (pronounced Ju–ahn) is the peak of Byron’s genius. He considered it a satirical epic, but Byron the romanticist could not avoid giving vent to numerous lyrical and rhapsodic lines. Every facet of his complex nature finds full and vivid expression in this sweeping poem. His impassioned love of liberty, his implacable hatred of hypocrisy, and his cynical and romantic moods are all reflected in it, providing a moving view of Europe in the early 19th century, and it raised Byron’s prestige on the continent to greater heights than that of any other English romantic poet. But it didn’t last long. Whatever bargain he had made with some devil expired in April 1824. He caught a cold that would have passed but he was bled with unsterile instruments, and on April 19 he died of the infection.

Juan is a 16–year old gentleman from Seville. Because of an intrigue with Donna Julia (the jam that is made from forbidden fruits), he is sent abroad by his mother. A shipwreck puts him in an overcrowded longboat where first his spaniel and then his tutor are eaten by the crew. Cast up on an island, he is returned to life by Haidee, the bewitching daughter of a Greek pirate. They fall in love, but the girl’s father finds them together and binds Juan in chains. Haidee goes mad and dies while Juan is sold as a slave to Gulbeyas, Sultana of Constantinople. She loves Juan but he loves one of her harem girls and this so arouses the sultana’s jealousy, that he barely escapes with his life, this time to the Russian army, busy besieging Ismail. Because of his gallant conduct in the battle, he is sent with a dispatch to St. Petersburg. There he attracts the attention of the Empress Catherine who, in turn, sends him on a political mission to England where Byron intermingles sardonic accounts of English social conditions with attacks on the victims of his scorn and enmity, and Don Juan’s delight in being pursued by a quixotic troupe of tempting women, but all 16 plus cantos are riddled with digressions on every sort of subject, the character of Juan providing the constant in a vast social comedy intershot with Byron’s inspired and fiery wit.





feminism's paramount mythologist

Carter, Angela

The Magic Toyshop
(London [Heinemann], 1967).

1st edition, preceding the American. Her 2nd novel and much her rarest, a fiendish horror that's hardly ever for sale at all, and never for sale this nice (the scary jacket illustration was quickly replaced for Heinemann's 2nd printing). The book has a 3-line gift inscription otherwise it is fine. The 1st printing dustjacket has a single 1/2" edge tear otherwise it is also fine, and this jacket fades easily and soils even easier, but the whites on our jacket are so white that they call the cops on all the other jackets. **2,000**

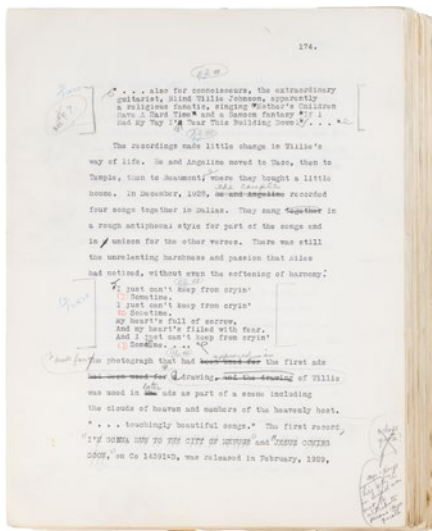
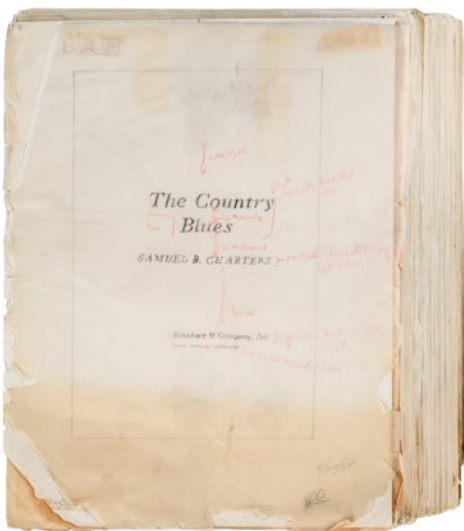
The Magic Toyshop found some praise from reviewers but sold slowly and it took her a few more books to get a following of readers. Now, 30 years after her death, she remains the principal maker of women's lore. The universities know all about her, and their students hear lectures on her all the time but, so far, her 1st editions have not been eagerly hunted by collectors to the degree they will be, and The Magic Toyshop is the one to start with or it will be the one you never get.

rescuing the blues from oblivion

Charters, Samuel

The Country Blues
(NY [Rinehart], 1959)

7 items: **1. 320–page original typescript, heavily corrected by Charters on nearly every page, with a thousand or so changes, additions, and deletions in his own handwriting, and the printer's notes in red and purple crayon, pencil, and ink (the setting copy used to print the book and the only extant manuscript).** Universally acknowledged as the first scholarly book length study of the blues, a groundbreaking work of high charisma saving, what was in 1959, a disappearing art form (see below). The first 7 leaves (the preliminary pages) are on different paper stock that is browned, brittle,



and chipped (no text has been lost). The rest of the manuscript (all on nicer, still white paper) has some light wear, marks, and staple assembly, otherwise it is very good. But what is most important about the condition is

that it is all here, and it is authentic, and influential, and it effervesces with character (see below). Awesome half morocco case.

2–3. 2 sets of long galley proofs for the printed preliminaries dated Aug. 6 and Aug. 27. **These have some thoughtful changes between them.**

4–5. A pair of 1st editions, very good in very good dustjackets, one with the usual copyright page, the other one with 4 rubberstamped song copyrights in blue ink.

6. A Folkways Records LP album of the same name was issued to complement the book, with 14 cuts, most recorded between 1927 and 1931, from 12 of the bluesmen and 2 of the groups profiled in the book (Washboard Sam, Blind Willie Johnson, Peg Leg Howell, Leroy Carr, Big Bill, Lonnie Johnson, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Bukka White, Tommy McClennon, Sleepy John Estas, Blind Willie McTell, and Robert Johnson, along with The Memphis Jug Band and Cannon's Jug Stompers), well representing the musicians and styles, (a fine 2nd pressing of the vinyl LP is here too).

7. Da Capo Press reprinted the book in 1975 with a new author introduction. **Included is the disassembled, hand revised, and reassembled, Rinehart 1st edition used by Charters and De Capo to create the new edition, with markups, corrections, paste-ins, and Charters' signed note on the endpaper (a splendid item on its own).**

Ex–Sotheby's, \$5,292, on Jul. 16, 2021, for 3 of the 7 parts that make up this archive.

Together: 7 items 12,500

From the post–Civil War field cries and work chants of Southern Blacks came a rich and vital music called the blues, an intensely personal expression of the pains and pleasures of African American life. Early sheet music publishing of vaudeville songs with “blues” in their titles trace to 1908, and recordings of them trace to 1914, but they were not the real blues. The true songs, from the darkest reaches of life but almost always with a wry humor, were first recorded in the late 1920s, by men like Blind Lemon Jefferson, Robert Johnson, Texas Alexander, Bo Weavil (sic) Jackson, and Peg Leg Howell, however, by 1940 they were belittled as reminiscent of slavery, were not being widely sung anymore, and had evaporated from the memories of all but a few.

In 1951 Samuel Charters was an economics student at The University of California, Berkeley in love with music. He began traveling back and forth from California to New Orleans to better study jazz and the blues, and their historical and traditional connections, but his feelings got particularly taken by the lyrics of the blues and their mid–19th century origins. So, he reset his aims, focused on the blues, and quickly realized that he was racing against a great, impending artistic loss to save the roots,



effects, and results of a vanishing genre. He roamed the South, from Georgia to Texas in 8 years of range work hoping to write a book that might be an elixir of formal, comprehensive, and devoted scholarly research. Then, in the late 1950s there was a folk music revival that suggested a new and potentially appreciative audience. Charters' pioneering study of an unjustly neglected music gave the blues to that potential audience. His book recreated the special world of the country bluesman, that lone Black performer accompanying himself on his acoustic guitar, the songs a reflection of his own emotional life, and it reconstructed the blues' origins, evolution, and dissemination, from the first, tentative, 19th century soundings on the Mississippi Delta. Charters' carefully researched biographies of raw performers (Tampa Red, Lonnie Johnson, Blind Boy Fuller, etc.), coupled with his perceptive discussions of their recordings, paid tribute to a breed of primal artistry that will never be heard again. And his portraits of Sonny Terry, Muddy Waters, Lightnin' Hopkins, etc. showed the blues' continuing vitality and strength (partly rewritten from De Capo).

Few books can be said to have had a resurrecting impact, like this one, on any disappearing, but now prevailing, discipline of arts and culture. Further, the blues are purely American, this manuscript and its accompanying archive are pure Americana, and we think it should stay in the United States. So, though we are commercial sluts and usually sell our wares to the first person ordering them who has the coin, we will not export this gathering and only sell it to somebody inside the U. S.

Awfully cool and organically heavy, a rare union these days. A manuscript archive of such impact that, being for sale, it is so close up that it can be hard to focus on it properly.



first appearance in print of Murder on the Orient Express

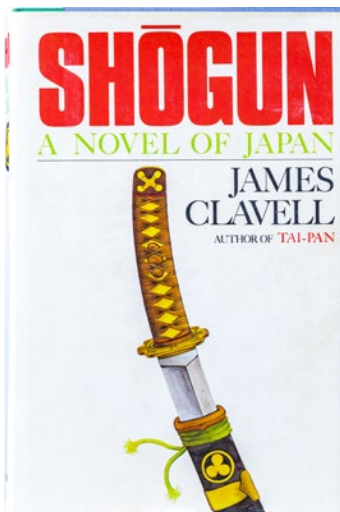
Christie, Agatha

Murder in the Calais Coach
(Philadelphia [Curtis], 1933).

6 vols. 1st appearance anywhere of Murder on the Orient Express, under its original title, Murder in the Calais Coach, in 6 issues of The Saturday Evening Post from Sep. 30 to Nov. 4, 1933 (illustrated by William Hoople). It precedes British serialization in Grand Magazine (Mar. to May 1934), and both book editions (London, Jan. 1, 1934, and NY, Feb. 28, 1934). Original wrappers, very good and well preserved, and these are fragile paper ephemera so any other set is likely to look like a plush toy washed on hot, and have a murky description ignoring its wounds, like The Black Knight in Monty Python, his arm cut off and gushing blood, saying, "Tis but a scratch." **1,500**

A rousing Christie showpiece circling an assassination on a moving train that soon becomes snowbound. There is a first-class coach filled with passengers using aliases, false clues, and convincing alibies, but it is a collaborative kabuki dance quickly penetrated by Hercule Poirot's discovery that all 12 passengers and the conductor are guilty of a painstakingly plotted murder for revenge. Poirot reflects that some things blow up and some things blow over, and after deciding that the earlier crime (kidnapping and murder) was justly redressed, he lets the 13 assassins go free.

Fiction is the most fertile of arts because it encompasses everything that didn't happen, and reading it provides peaceful, private, and quiet escape from everything that did.



Clavell, James

Shogun
(NY [Atheneum] 1975).

1st edition. Near fine in like dustjacket, the whites as white as a marshmallow, the reds as red as a baboon's butt. **100**

The most effective postmodern novel of cross-cultural encounters, a time machine cloaked as a book, not only safe passage to an unfamiliar land, but a journey as effortless as that of a fragrance being exhaled from a flower, and you get to go there with your smartest, most observant, and most patient, friend. Contrast that lost, natural, agrarian world against our time when the trendy drinking water is from imported bottles not local wells, and the snippy crowd get it flavored and oxygenated because they can't get past the boredom they coddle for the banality of anything that hasn't been enhanced.

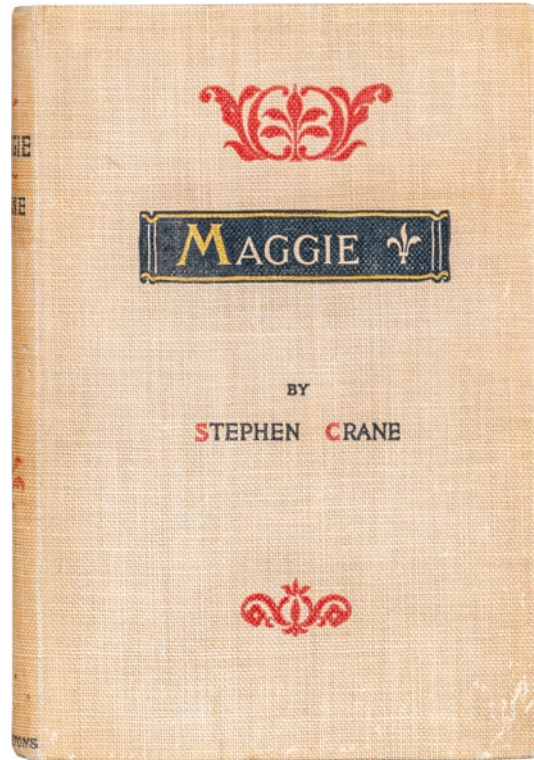
**the activation of American naturalism,
and a new and genuine literary expression of realism**

Crane, Stephen

Maggie. A Girl of the Streets
(NY [Appleton], 1896).

1st hardbound edition. B. A. L. state 1 (title page in 8 lines, title letters in upper and lower case). Precedes the London edition and is preceded only by an 1893, self-published edition of 1,100 copies in paper wrappers (financed by a bequest from his mother) that had sales slower than bluff erosion (10 copies sold, 83 given away, the remainder trashed, 38 known to survive). A neat name on the endpaper still near fine. 250

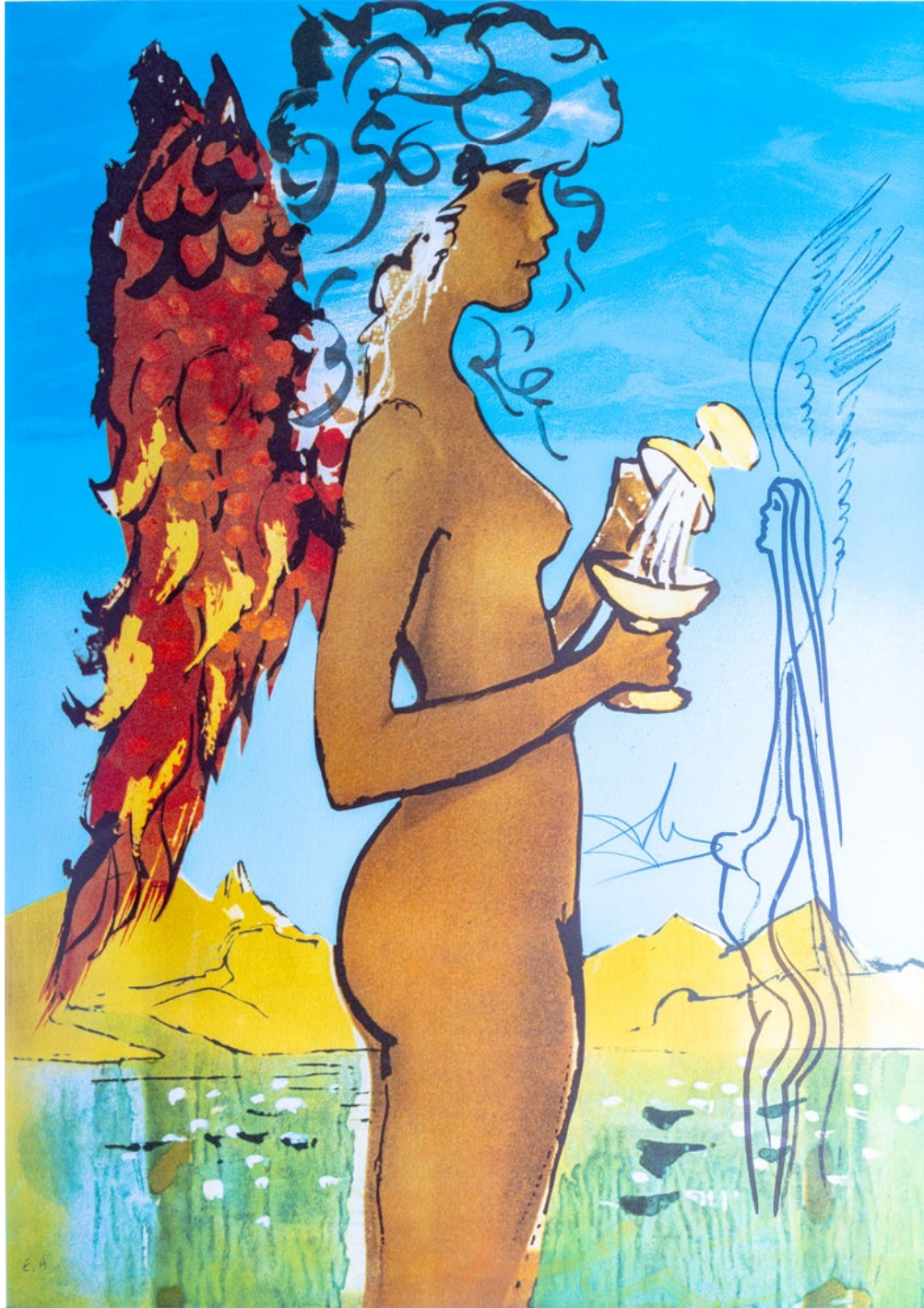
Maggie (the book) is set in Hell's Kitchen, a dark and sordid environment, with its tenements, squalor, cruelty, bigotry, insanity, hypocrisy, false morality, fatalism, alcoholism, violence, fear, spite, self-righteousness, social disorder, and architecture of dejection. All of it snaked around Maggie (the girl), angelic enough to break the heart of Skeletor, but heedless of what envelops her because she has a romantic nature, with its little glimmers of love, innocence, sympathy, loyalty, and dreams, turned to abuse, downfall, prostitution, and suicide, the shroud on it stripped away by Crane's intensity and irony, sifted through a stark realism that never lays blame, and is slickly melded with shards of naturalism, determinism, symbolism, and humanism, all of it cold and indifferent.



"There is a crack, a crack in everything. That's how the light gets in."

-Leonard Cohen, Anthem

In testifying to condition and detailing bibliography we hold to an alliance between language and truth, and in this catalog especially, we relentlessly expose, condemn, and attack bad bookselling. We also force variety into our catalogs, explore exotic ideas, add our unbridled ambition to take the reader on capricious, discursive detours, and quote from colorful sources. We make the effort because we sense you are tired of dry descriptions or, worse, those fixated on avoiding the anxieties of honest bookselling, some of them, these days, by utilizing distractions like (rudeness alert) pious greenwashing, or intolerant advocacy of tolerance, or rigid presentism, or loudly self-promoted virtue signaling that goes far beyond not hurting anyone's feelings. And these are dispensed with all the vivacity of miscalculation, and are often mere sleight of hand, employed to misdirect the targeted buyer away from intentionally abridged condition reports, scandalously hazy bibliographical essentials, and desperately exaggerated significance allegations, most of those accounts written with the awkwardness of one hand trying to wash itself, and the annoying monotony of bad wallpaper (Book Code).



Dali, Salvador

Love's Promise
(Barcelona [Levine], 1976).

1st edition. **Original lithograph on arches paper (21 3/8" X 29 3/4")**, signed by Dali, **in ink, directly on the image in the field of blue sky just below the cups**. The edition was 290, allocated into 4 concurrent issues of 20, 20, 100 and 150, ours being one of the 20 on arches paper, but Dalí's limitation numbers are problematic, and meeting with art expert committees, to get clear-cut information, is like being nibbled to death by parakeets. Dalí wanted to paint enigmas, but this one is decoded through the tarot

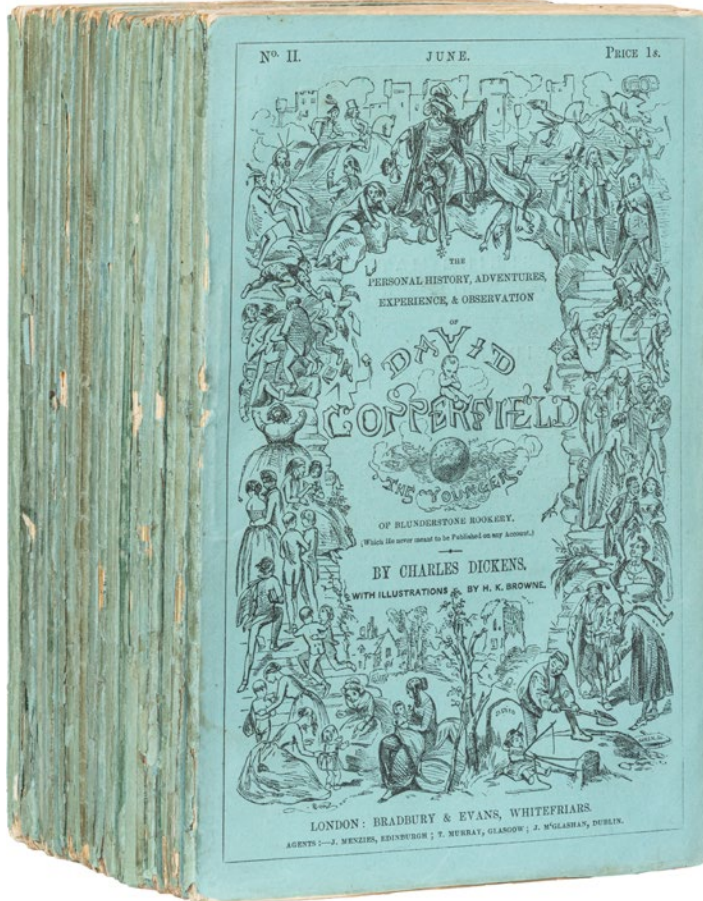
**an entire set with all points, ads, and covers correct
and both states of all the plates**

Dickens, Charles

The Personal History of David Copperfield

(London [Bradbury & Evans], May 1849–Nov. 1850).

20 vols. in 19 (as issued). 1st edition in monthly parts, preceding all other issues. Spines nicked and neatly strengthened in a few places but not rebacked (mostly tacking down partially loose flakes), light wear at the edges, a 1/4" chip to a corner of part 1, but a very good set (the old time very good). A serialization sequentially published over 1 1/2 years, and read the next sentence deliberately because the distressing phrase



you inevitably see in accurate descriptions (and inaccurate descriptions abound) is “almost every” while the happy phrase you are about to see is “each and every.” Our set conforms to each and every point in Hatton & Cleaver. That means correct covers, all the ads, all the samples, and all the errata. And that is crucial in any Dickens parts serialization because missing pieces make it imperfect, and later ads are always a telltale sign of later issue, because the ads changed, within weeks, so they identify with accuracy when the parts were bound and recognize if any part is identical to what was available on publication day, meaning each of our parts mirrors what that part looked like on the first day it was for sale, and any part that varies, does not (variant usually means

later). Also, popular parts were reprinted, and some of the reprints have uncorrected text, so the ads can sometimes, also, signal later printing. This is so often obfuscated by sellers, that collectors and librarians have gone deaf to what should be presented as forthright warnings, but instead are glossed over as nuances in descriptions that wobble through the facts with the stumbling gait and leaning hesitancy of a one-eyed man. And do not discount comprehensiveness as mere frill because the knives of error are sharpened on details, and bookseller’s bibliographical specifics should address the whole, and their condition specifics should be a confession, but articles 2 and 3 of the ABAA Code of Ethics are so collectively ignored and infrequently enforced these days, as to have been rendered inert. The 40 inserted illustrations by H. K. Browne were printed in 2 states and marvelously (not necessary, but nice), this set includes both states of all 40 (80 in all), making our set an unequalled paragon of completeness.

Rarely offered for sale this honest, upright, intact, and all-encompassing, a union of precedence, inclusiveness, and quality, all coupled as certainly as being a snob and being laughed at. If you want a complete Copperfield, and the 1st of it throughout, and don't enjoy being duped, our set will fit, and you can burn a barrel of sage while praying that you are a book magnet, but you will not see another copy like this one. Full morocco case. Coll: 8vo. (8 1/8" X 5 9/16"). [i-vii] viii [ix] x-xii [xiii] xiv [xv-xvi], [1], 2-624. Ref: Hatton and Cleaver, pp. 253-272. **12,500**

The paragraph above is not the first in this catalog to rant on bad bookselling and it will not be the last. We all make mistakes, but bad bookselling is about intentional deceit. We know we can't change such behavior just by calling it out, but it is so rampant that someone has to publicly poke it, and ridicule is a civilized substitute for murder, and bad bookseller murder is too utopian an idea to be advanced very far in a book catalog.

Raising his game, at the height of his sway, Dickens tries writing in the first person and achieves the great novel of initiation, finding an ideal balance between the bustling energy of his earlier books and the mature sense of design exhibited here for the first time. The storyline is slashed by an unsettling exposé of the torments, treatment, and terrors inflicted on children in an urchin-powered Victorian London, and this is buttressed by poignant perceptions about coming of age, most of which apply in any era. Among his more subtle ideas is that bad, or clumsy, parenting is widespread, and that a child isn't a coloring book for parents to fill in with their favorite tones, and successfully concluding his journey, the book ends with a glimpse of the grown man. Dickens began writing it as a fictionalized autobiography, but he found the naked facts too personal, and though many of the events are drawn from his own experiences, many more are adapted from his keen reconnaissance of life. However, Micawber can be no other than Dickens' father, and there is no doubt that David Copperfield is Dickens himself (much fiction is autobiographical, and all autobiography is, of course, fiction, and as to biography generally, it is usually little people's revenge on big people). And knowing that the finished novel had exceeded his expectations, he openly stated, more than once, that Copperfield was his favorite from among all his books.

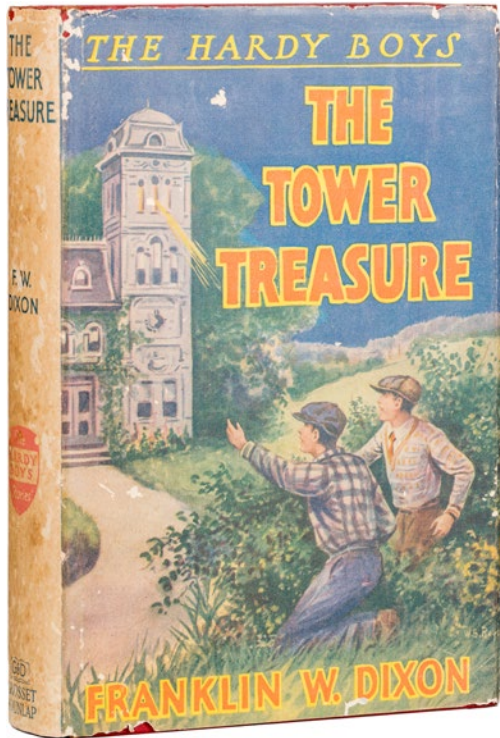
We have no advice, or fortitude, for fussy collectors who are fussy in the sense that the books they are currently saying they want to buy must be ideal, and then not purchasing them when such books are offered, imagining that the bluster of their requirements somehow dupe the bookseller into believing that they themselves are as perfect as the standards they are setting for the books they would not buy in any case. But we do have some time-driven advice for you active-aggressive collectors who are actually hopeful of finalizing a transaction. If you want to work your collection's peripheries, shaping the whole as well as the parts, and regularly keep busy doing something then, on a yearly basis, purge your library. How? you ask. Carve off the bottom 5%, sell it, and use the money to add a great book or 2 at the top. And do your buying and selling as if you have been reincarnated into a second lifetime, sent back for previous lapses, and tasked with avoiding your prior carelessness (Book Code).

As for us, we have an ongoing quarrel with nature over our books. We think they are a fine array worth protecting. She thinks they are the remnants of dead trees, and tries her best, with mishaps, sunlight, pollution, humidity, and insects, to return them to mulch. And speaking of insects, if your spirit animal is a bookworm, don't shop here.

the first Hardy Boys in dustjacket

Dixon, Franklin (a house name, this book by Leslie McFarlane) **The Tower Treasure** (NY [Grosset], 1927).

1st edition of the first Hardy Boys detective novel, the forerunning inaugurator of what was, for 30 years, the most popular series of American young adult fiction, and remains a societal marque, the series still selling a million copies a year. Carpentieri &



Mular's format 1, with every 1st state binding, dustjacket, and text point including a complete "t" on page 31, line 12, and correct ads on the jacket's verso. Spine slightly faded, one crease, a small spot to the upper edges of the ads and rear endpaper, still very good in a dustjacket with the spine unevenly faded to tan, little edge chips, tears, and rubs, but very good, never repaired, and scarce. ABPC lists one copy in a real jacket (chipped and repaired) sold at auction since 1975 (14 years ago), and we found 2 more that ABPC missed, a reminder that while ABPC has been a trusty view it is not perfect, and we augment it when we know. Ref: Carpenrieri & Mular, page 61. See: Leslie McFarlane, Ghost of the Hardy Boys, pages 65-76. 5,500

Our dustjacket is finer than other Tower Treasure jackets that are called very good and some that are called fine, though there have been few for comparison, and we have priced it like a barely interesting postmodern 1st edition that many readers would say is an insult to ink and paper. And as to postmodernism generally; it has gone on far too long, its defining traits never meant as much as its adherents proposed (every generation thinks they have redefined truth), and we are over-ready for the new modern (we submit that 20th century is now an indivisible cluster, 21st century is the new modern, and the new postmodern awaits).





doggos and puppies

[Dogs] **An Amazing Archive of Canine–Americans, with Some Canine–Europeans**
 (Various Places [various photographers], ca. 1850–1900).

164 photographs. All are 19th century, and all are of dogs, and dogs alone (much rarer than photos of dogs with people). There are no adults using their companions as props, no children tugging at the sitter's ears, and no hands seen at the edge of the frame to prompt a position. Meticulously assembled for cuteness, by us, over many years. Almost all are from North America or Europe, and are naturally posed, serious portraits though a few show the dogs doing tricks, and almost all are very good, with a few lesser. **12,000**

These are souvenirs of unconditional love, unhesitatingly given and warmly felt in both directions, and undeniably captured here. "Good boy." "Good girl." "Woof."

39 albumens, larger and smaller than CDVs from 9 1/2" X 7 3/4" to 1 1/4" X 1 1/2"

4 ambrotypes in gutta percha or wood cases

73 carte de visites

6 cyanotypes (4 of them post cards)

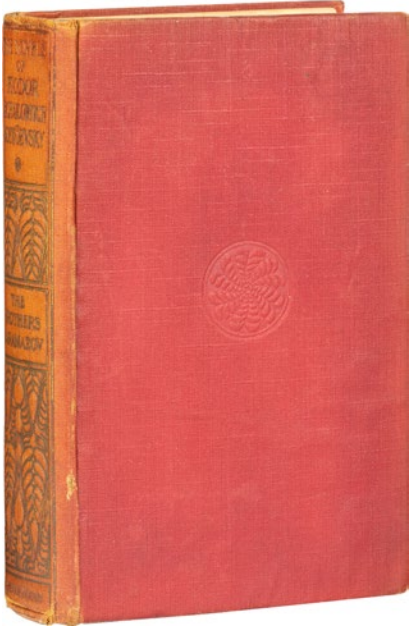
3 real photo post cards

3 stereoscopes

36 tintypes in a multiplicity of frames and sizes from 16th plates cut down to pins and locket, up to trimmed half plates, some in gutta percha or wood cases.

One we can't categorize, so it's not counted in the 164, but it's sweet, and it's mirrored.





Dostoevsky, Fyodor **The Brothers Karamazov**
Translated by Constance Garnett
(London [Heinemann], 1912).

1st edition in English of a heavyweight, preceding Macmillan's American edition. 1st binding and issue with Dostoevsky's full name on the spine (stamped in black). Original cloth, spine faded but less so than usually seen, 2 small dots of wear, rear inner paper hinge professionally strengthened, else near fine. And here's a prompt: If nothing else comes to mind, "Karamazov" is always a good thing to shout just before you stab someone. **6,000**

"The supreme summit of all fiction." –Albert Einstein

"[It] made a deep impression on me [...] he created some unforgettable scenes [...] Madness you may call it, but therein may be the secret of his genius." –James Joyce

"I am indebted to Dostoyevsky. We are blood relatives." –Franz Kafka

"The most magnificent novel ever written." –Sigmund Freud

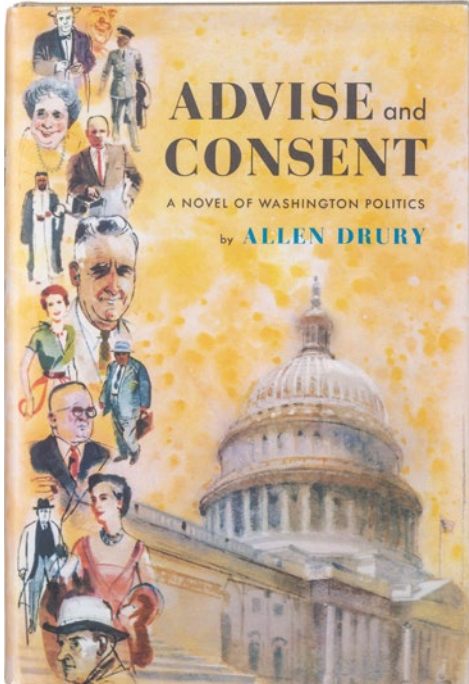
Sherlock Holmes manuscript

Doyle, Conan

His Last Bow
(Crowborough, 1917).

Original handwritten manuscript, signed (entirely in black ink). A real, working manuscript, extensively corrected more so than most other Holmes manuscript we've seen. 2,881 words neatly written on just the recto sides of 14 leaves (of 24) including the first page and the last, in various sizes from 8" X 12 3/4" to 8" X 4" because Doyle cut this up and reworked it obsessively (the last page cut in half without loss). It is not complete, but it is what survived the publisher's use. Stains on the blank backs, a small hole in each upper left corner for a securing brad, a few small chips at the blank edges, else very good. The most recent Holmes manuscript sales at auction (comparables) are for *The Adventure of the Greek Interpreter*, \$350,000, HA, Jul. 16, 2022. and a single page from *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, a berserk anomaly at \$423,000, HA, Nov. 6, 2021), and though *The Hound* is more famous to be sure, 14 pages is better than one page, and *The Hound* page was not signed, and our manuscript is signed. **200,000**

Chronologically, this case was Holmes' last employment, an espionage tour de force, set on August 2, 1914, 2 days before Britain's entry into World War I, foretelling the war's inevitability, and written while the war was still ongoing. It has Sherlock, at 60, drawn out of retirement by Britain's Prime Minister, and playing an English–German double agent (Altamont) in disguise as an Irish American spy, with Watson as his chauffeur. The whole tale takes place in one evening and is the conclusion and dénouement of a 2-year case, and it is universally acknowledged as among the finest Holmes short stories, and the only one collected in a 1st edition that was titled after it. Said as simply as possible, but not any simpler, Sherlock Holmes is the most durable character in all of fiction and the tales are the most imitated, parodied, and adapted works in the English language.



a gripping Pulitzer Prize winner
(Pulitzer voters are not often that good at this)

Drury, Allen **Advise and Consent**
(Garden City [Doubleday], 1959).

1st edition with “1st edition” stated below the copyright, “1959” on the title page, and “A21” on the inner edge of page 616. Fine in a fine, gleaming, 1st printing dustjacket with the \$5.75 price below another price that the publisher has blacked out (as issued). The jacket’s spine also has the title and subtitle above the author’s name, and Doubleday at the base, if that means anything. 350

Nearly a genre starter, a tense, cold war, political intrigue, set in Washington D. C. where congress played their Chicken Little, nuclear apprehension games while children were being told they would be safe hiding under their school desks.

Are you planning a visit to Washington D. C.? Be sure to test the echo in the Library of Congress reading room.

The ultimate thrill ride

Dumas, Alexandre **The Three Musketeers**
(London [Vickers], 1846).

1st English edition, so loosening the corset of historical romance that every writer who followed could fondle her breasts. It is not the 1st edition in the English language because 2 U. S. translations preceded it (Baltimore, Taylor Wilde, 1846, published Dec. 5, 1845, and NY, William Taylor, published shortly thereafter), both abridged and bowdlerized, but so were all the other translation into English before Richard Pevear’s in 2006, and any claims of a full translation before 2006 are a joke. Our Vickers London edition was serialized in penny parts from Jan. 1846 to May 8. Bruce and Wyld’s London edition (The Library of Foreign Romance) ran in sixpence parts from Mar. to May 12, and the 2 book issues followed promptly in the same order, a priority with which both bibliographies (Munro and Reed) agree, and though it is a snug priority, there is no



evidence against their conclusions. Despite all that, we see Bruce and Wyld's later, much more common, and always overpriced edition incorrectly promoted as the 1st edition in English (it's the 4th edition in English), without qualifiers or details, when the conclusions in the best references are available to all (language skills turned to deceptive cataloging are like manual skills turned to picking pockets). And if you are selling Bruce and Wyld's edition, or any other book for that matter, and do not think you need to research it thoroughly, or describe it candidly, or will not be able to sell it if you explain it fully, or cannot buy it if you have to price it fairly, it may be time to stop trying to make wind appear solid, leave the world of the under-described and overvalued, shake your inner Etch A Sketch back to a blank screen, and start over. And if you do start over, and do so with gritty honesty, you will like what you are doing more. And you will like yourself more. Our book is bound with 4 additional novels written by others, in thick and stout, contemporary 3/4 morocco (6 1/4" X 9 1/2"), the sides rubbed, else very good, tall, and unrepaired, the text printed in minute but exquisitely clear type, and it is complete with the contents pages and all 16 illustrations. A rare book, 10 times rarer than any of the other London editions. No auction sales in ABPC going back to 1975. OCLC lists 5 copies, British Library, British Library Reference, Yale, No. Carolina, and Aberdeen, and this is just the 2nd copy we have ever seen for sale. Tous pour un, un pour tous. **30,000**

The Three Musketeers is the most exhilarating of reads and the guiltiest of pleasures, a whirlpool of conspiracy, treachery, solidarity, assassination, sex, betrayal, adventure, politics, vengeance, murder, espionage, suspense, scandal, love, justice, and injustice, and only Charlotte's Web comes close to matching it as a tale of friendship.

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

Dunbar, Paul

Howdy Honey Howdy
(NY [Dodd, Mead], 1905).

1st edition. Illustrated with photographs by Leigh Miner. Fine in a dustjacket with chips along all its edges and folds, but still integral (not separated or held together with tape), and it is in good condition, and almost as scarce as you would suppose for a 117-year old dustjacket. **1,000**

—> We do not usually bother to say if a book (or anything else) is by a Black person, or by someone from any other group that is not the most commonly met with, or expected, for the item being offered, because if you care you know, so it looks like rusty artillery wheeled up to fire any handy shards of scrap metal when the cataloger is low on quality ammunition. But in this case, we will point out that Dunbar was the first American Black poet to gain national prominence, and the first to be published by any mainstream American publisher, and that is historic. And since we are into this now, it is not often remembered, and it is less often mentioned, that the previous book (Dumas' The Three Musketeers) was also written by a Black man.

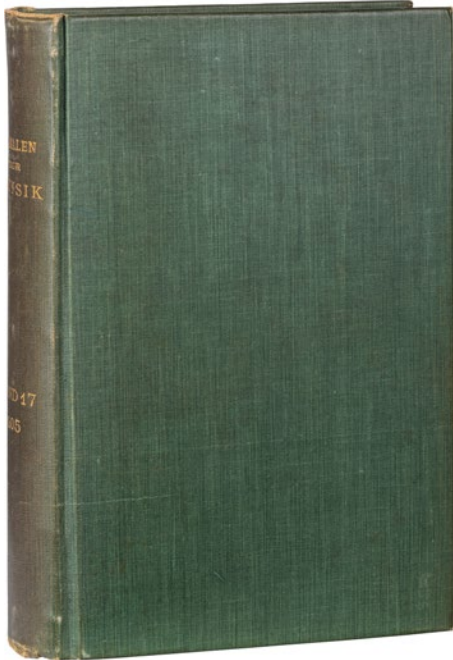


Einstein, Albert

Annalen der Physik, vol. 17

(Leipzig [Barth], 1905.

1st edition (in German), the first appearance anywhere of 3 exalted papers by Einstein, each of them dealing with a different subject, each now recognized to be the beginning



of a new branch of physics, and each now accredited to be a masterwork. Our 3rd paper (The Special Theory of Relativity) was followed by a 4th paper, later in 1905, that tied mass and energy together, and his General Theory of Relativity followed in 1915. Original cloth (?), complete with half-title and index, rubs to the spine tips still near fine, exceptional for this book and, unusually, without stamps or other marks. Half morocco case. All 3 papers are in this volume, as issued, and it's superior to, and not comparable to, extractions, because everyone knows that torn out pages are not a book, Multiple copies of the offprints, of one or another of the 3 specific papers, have sold at auction since 1975, and individual issues are also seen, as well as extractions, but, surprisingly, it looks like ABPC lists only 11 complete copies of our volume sold at auction in the last 47 years (most in poor condition or

in later bindings), the most recent one in 2019 and, typically, that one was an ex-library copy, shaken, and with stamps on the pages and edges. Compared to the individual issues or the offprints, our book seems scarce enough when it's complete, and yet, it is often wrongly thought of as available on demand, and it is nearly impossible to edify collectors about something that runs counter to what they suppose they already know. For instance: an atom smasher is really a subatomic particle accelerator, the origins of the Renaissance were not in Florence but in Padua, coyotes are actually 15 mph faster than roadrunners, and ignorance is not bliss or more people would be happy. 35,000

The first paper:

**Über einen die Erzeugung und Verwandlung des Lichtes
betreffenden heuristischen Gesichtspunkt**

[On a Heuristic Viewpoint Concerning the Production and Transformation of Light]

March 1905 (pages 132–148).

Announcing his discovery of the law of the photoelectric effect, an explanation for the emission of electrons from some solids when struck by light. He also proposes that light is composed of individual quanta (later named photons) with wavelike behavior demonstrating properties unique to particles. It is for this paper, and not for The Special Theory of Relativity (see our 3rd paper below), or for the later General Theory of Relativity in 1915, that Einstein was awarded his 1921 Nobel Prize in Physics. Here is the essential sentence from his introduction:

“According to the assumption to be contemplated here, when a light ray is spreading from a point, the energy is not distributed continuously over ever-increasing spaces, but consists of a finite number of energy quanta that are localized in points in space, move without dividing, and can be absorbed or generated only as a whole.”

The second paper:

**Ueber die von der molekularkinetischen Theorie
der Waerme geforderte Bewegung von in ruhenden
Fluessigkeiten suspendierten Teilchen**

[On the Movement of Small Particles Suspended in a Stationary Liquid
Demanded by the Molecular-kinetic Theory of Heat]
May 1905 (pages 549–560).

A new view of the universe, proving (ultimately past argument) that there are atoms, the first proof that molecules exist, and providing the first mathematical model of the phenomena of Brownian motion, instigating the field of statistical mechanics (I think that sentence is right, but physics is not my best game, and, in fact, the only things I do well, these days, is sit, write, and plot revenge).

The third paper:

Zur Elektrodynamik bewegter Koerper
[On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies]
September 1905 (pages 891–921).

Presenting The Special Theory of Relativity, a treatise beyond compare and without precedent, revolutionizing mechanics and generally thought to be the most consequential publication in physics since Newton's Principia, saying that the laws of physics are invariant, and that the speed of light is fixed and not relative to the movement of the light's source or the observer. It sets up $E=mc^2$ (light speed is the c^2), originally written as $m=L/c^2$, that went on to say that energy and mass are equivalent.

A scarce trio of papers when (as here) in their complete book. For one contrast of scarcity, ABPC lists 10 copies of our 3rd article's offprint sold at auction since 1975 (with a high price of \$60,000). That compares to 11 copies of our complete volume, with all 3 papers, sold at auction in the same 47 years. Do you think it is our hype that these 3 tracts were unequaled in physics? In 2005, The International Union of Pure and Applied Physics commemorated the 100-year anniversary of Einstein's 1905 papers as the "World Year of Physics," but that was just confirmation by them because the physics community had long called 1905 "annus mirabilis" (the miracle year). See: Printing and the Mind of Man, 293, 371, and 408. If you want to start a physics collection, or think you just want one or 2 books, buy Newton's Principia, then buy this book. The debate only begins over what would be third.

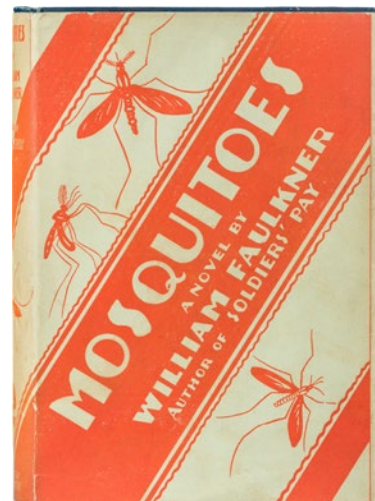
Faulkner, William

Mosquitoes

(NY [Boni and Liveright], 1927).

1st edition of the Nobel Laureate's 2nd novel. Fine (the yellow lettering is not flaked). 1st printing dustjacket (the 2nd printing cardplayers jacket is much rarer), a 3/8" tear else near fine. Cheaper than any copy close to this fine, and finer than any copy close to this cheap. Mosquitoes is Faulkner before he deserved applause, but it set him up to become what he became. In it he confines a mismatched group on the yacht of a matronly, literary lion hunter and feeds none of their appetites, so we learn that characters wrapped up in themselves make very small packages.

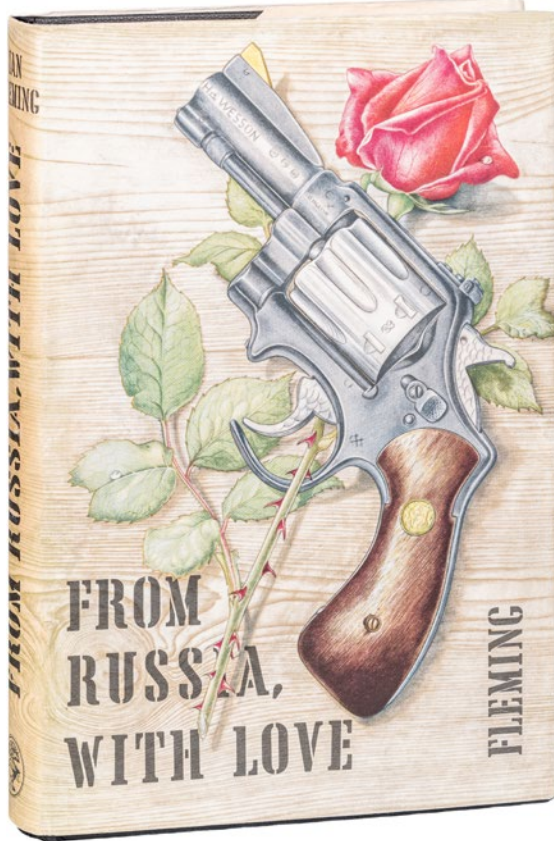
4,250



Fleming, Ian

From Russia, with Love
(London [Cape], 1957).

1st edition, 1st printing (correct copyright page, the misprints sexuality for asexuality, page 18, line 1, and all others). Fine in a fine dustjacket. Full chagrin case. The word love is in the title, but in the narrative, we only find love's softer sounds like buttons, snaps, ties, hooks, belts, and zippers. **7,000**



“Personally, I think From Russia, with Love was, in many respects, my best book.”
–Ian Fleming (a majority agree)

This is about the quality of a 1st edition with other copies of it always for sale, but seldom for sale in a dustjacket like ours. The undemanding math says that fine 1st editions, of most mid-20th century books, when they are accurately described, are 10 times rarer than not fine ones for twice the price, showing that the bargains are still at the top of the market. And if you can get a fine copy in a fine jacket of a book you want, then that becomes a rule of guidance easily obeyed by even beginning collectors. But what about a fine book that is overpriced? It is like the last donut in the box, everybody says they won't take it, but somebody always does. And hear this: For buyers focused on condition no explanation is necessary, for those focused only on price,

no explanation is possible (the finest copies of the greatest books don't always go up in value the fastest, but that's the way to invest).

2,600 years ago, The Bible's Book of Joshua told of moles sent into Jericho where they recruited Rahab, a prostitute and innkeeper, for counterespionage. Fenimore Cooper wrote the first 2 secret agent novels, *The Spy* (1821) and *The Bravo* (1831). Then Alexandre Dumas fabricated Milady de Winter in *The Three Musketeers* (1844), the first regime spy to have all the modern subtleties, including a license to kill in the form of a *carte blanche* handwritten by Cardinal Richelieu, Louis XIII's Minister of State. From there the genre bumped along with various takes on Dumas, until the media driven Dreyfus Affair (1894–1899, ongoing to 1906) and that got the attention of a generation of novelists. Kipling's *Kim* (1901), Childers' *Riddle of the Sands* (1903), Orczy's *The Scarlet Pimpernel* (1905), Conrad's *The Secret Agent* (1907), and Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (1915), set the base, Doyle's *His Last Bow* (1917, a short story) raised it half a notch, Maugham's *Ashenden* (1928, connected short stories not a novel) chased reality with the skepticism of disenchantment, Hammett's *Red Harvest* (1929), laid its harshness bare, and Greene elevated it 3 times (beginning in the 1930s). Then Ian Fleming stood on their shoulders and reinvented it with *Casino Royale* (1953), but maybe if everybody knows your name, and your drink, you are not a very good spy.

Fleming, Ian

From Russia, with Love

(London [Cape], 1957).

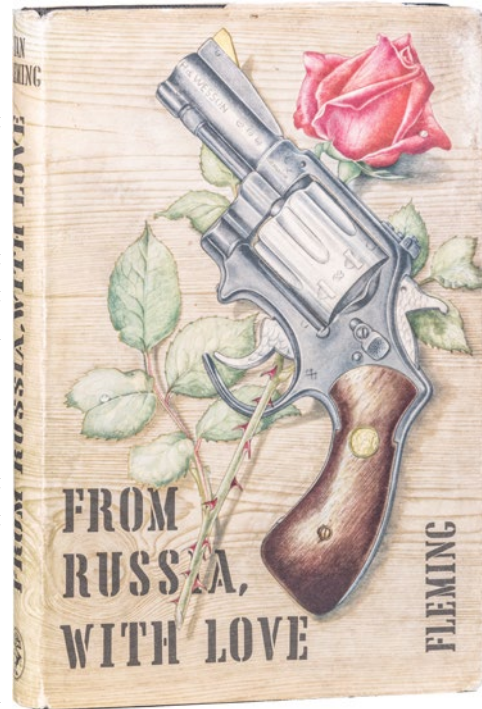
1st edition? It is not but watch out. Here is a complexity we can simplify. Our book's copyright page conforms to the 1st printing because the 2nd printing adds "reprinted 1957" and it has not been added on our copy. But page 18, line 1, has "sexuality" corrected to "asexuality" a staunch marker of the 2nd printing. This mix of pages (1st printing copyright and 2nd printing text) is not noted (or we could not find it noted) in Gilbert's brilliant bibliography (he cites 2 cloth types but with no priority, so unless you want both, they don't matter). Our dustjacket is priced "13s. 6d. net" agreeing with the 1st printing, and worth our \$1,500 asking price, and it is all the value here but, like the copyright page, the jacket can't be trusted in judging priority for the book. Fine in a dustjacket with 2 chips to the back fold and some other, less bothersome wear, otherwise it is very good. **1,500**

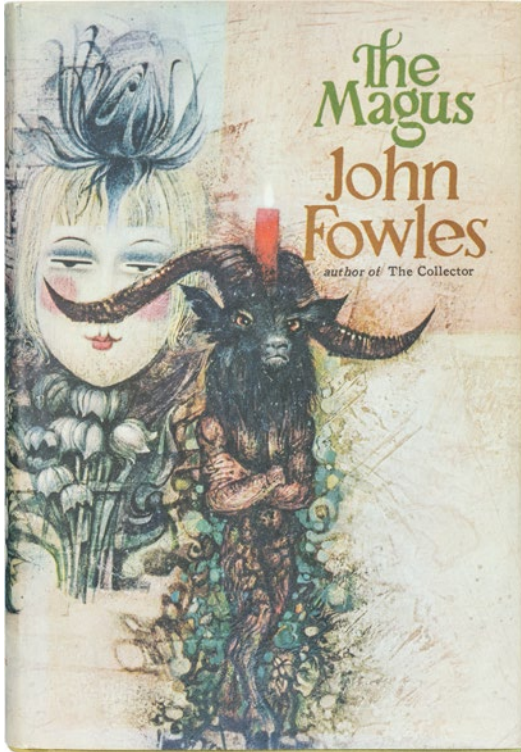
Maybe Cape just used up the sheets for the 1st printing of the text before the sheets for the 1st printing of the preliminary pages ran out, and maybe some additional copies were bound, like ours, using 2nd printing text and 1st printing preliminaries. Maybe it is more complicated than that, or maybe it is less complicated, or maybe it is something nefarious though our book does not look to have been tampered with.

We bought this copy at an auction before the bibliography came out in 2012, looked at the copyright page, assumed it was a 1st printing and sold it. After the bibliography was published, we eventually visited our customer on other matters and looked at the book again. When we saw that the misprint had been corrected, money was returned, the book was taken, and here it is. It might prove to be a rare state, or might not, though if it is rare, it is not the kind of rarity that is normally esteemed.

Now, lean in. We may not have the only copy like this because more than a few of them may have been issued like ours and honorably sold before the bibliography was published. Or careless bookshops may have sold copies like ours since 2012 and called them 1st printings. And if there are more of them, I'll wager that some are for sale right now, and being described as 1st printings, though they are 2nd printings with the corrected page 18, etc., so be a careful buyer. And if you own a copy of From Russia, with Love look at page 18 and see if it has the misprint, and if it doesn't, then try to get your money back. And if you can't get your money back and your dustjacket is correct then try to find another copy of the book that is fine enough to take your jacket.

Plainly, any other copy of From Russia, with Love that matches our book is low rent housing and, at its best, it is the 1st state of the 2nd printing and should not be called the 2nd state of the 1st printing (Book Code, from Octo, with love).





Fowles, John **The Magus**
(Boston [Little, Brown], 1965).

1st edition, preceding the invariably overpriced London edition by 4 months. Fine in a fine dustjacket, the book is as tight as the rivets and seals on a new submarine, the jacket is brighter than optimism. *Magus* 1st editions that are not fine, or misdescribed as fine, are everywhere and if you want 20 copies by nightfall, no problem. Fine ones are not, and with modern books, the quantity of worn ones makes the glory of fine ones, like the blood of soldiers makes the glory of generals. What we have here is quality and value together, the pairing that most irritates the booksellers who most deserve to be irritated. Ex-Harry Cohn Jr. (1946–1991) who, secretly and quietly, sparked, centered, and guided the 1960s cultural uprising. He was a surpassingly smart guy, perilously handsome,

visionary, worldly, magnetic, kind, and always invisible, partly freed up to be so because he was indecently financed as the heir to his father's Columbia Pictures fortune. 250

Contrarily, Fowles was a 1950s guy, locked in a 1950s mentality, and warped past sympathy by simplistic biases and an ill-fitting affair with existentialism, but he could really write, and even better, he could really rewrite. He worked on *The Magus* for 12 years, a postmodern metafiction, published at the dawn of an idealist social revolt that Fowles never saw coming. But the book's performance mysticism and escalating tension were taken up by the flower power legions anyway, and in exactly the way that Fowles intended, except for one thing. He drew his Nicholas as an everyman, but the '60s generation saw Nicholas as an idiot and enjoyed being confirmed in their belief that idiots never get satisfaction.

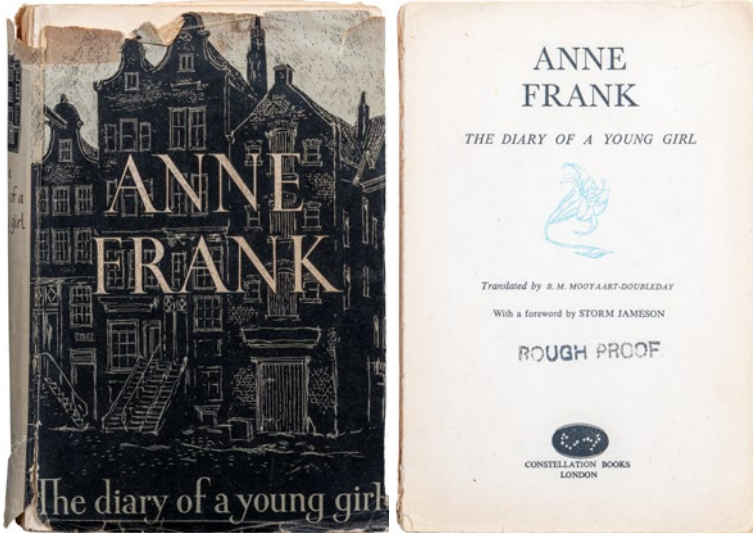
unmatchable

Frank, Anne

The Diary of a Young Girl
Translated by Barbara Mooyaart–Doubleday
(London [Constellation], 1952).

Page proofs of the 1st edition in English (the London edition precedes the NY edition and is many times scarcer). A "rough proof" so stamped on the heretofore unseen original title page that varies from the published book's title page having the flower turned 45 degrees, the publisher's logo deleted, and some type reset (compare the photo of our proof title page to that in the book's London 1st edition). Unbound sheets, without covers, but held by a plain, brown paper, securing strip to the spine (as made), with little chips at its corners. Also, the 2 end blanks are here but were not used in the published book, another unforeseeable marker. The half-title and portrait are

loose, there are 3 small spots to the page edges, and the final blank is chipped, but it's complete with the 5 printed photographs, and it is laid into a 1st printing dustjacket, chipped, and torn, with 2 tape shadows (tape is gone) else in good condition. Not many more (if any more) than this one proof were made for in-house assessment and never intended for reviewers, and it is the very first form that *The Diary of a Young Girl* ever took as a book in English. Further, this is the only recorded copy of the London proof, with none listed by OCLC in libraries, none listed by ABPC as sold at auction, and none we have seen, nor heard of, offered in the trade. Did we say that it is unique? Oh yah, we just did. And by the way, unique means the only one, so regardless of common usage it is remiss to modify unique with an adverb. Sumptuous half buffalo case. 7,500



Constellation Books was a fledgling, small, specialized, and inexperienced publisher in 1952 and did not know what they were doing so, their edition of *The Diary of a Young Girl* failed to get any attention until Doubleday published it in the U. S. later that year, where it became a bestseller and an intrinsic 20th century book distinct from any other.

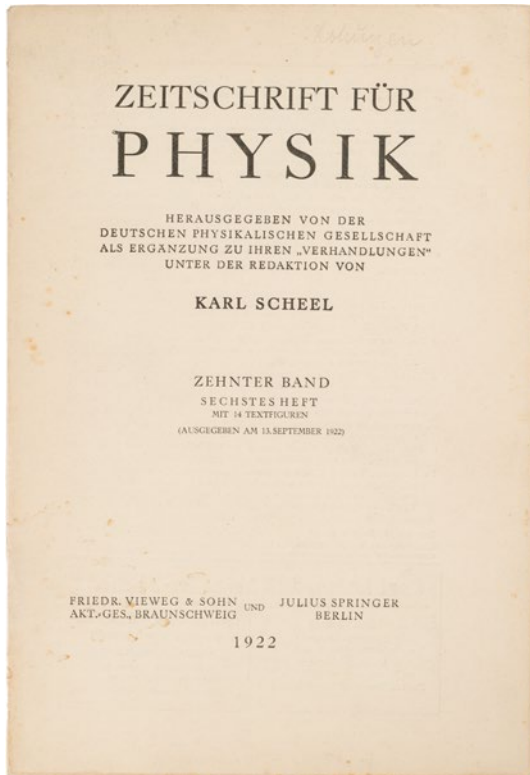
On the surface it is a civilian chronicle of war that in some ways supersedes accounts written by journalists, analysts, novelists, scholars, soldiers, politicians, partisans, witnesses, judges, or historians. Look deeper and Anne's themes of hope, confinement, fear, loss, becoming a woman, missing her childhood, and the inner and outer self, are sung in a forthright, optimistic, and moving voice of truth, only possible from an extraordinary young woman, and this provisional and inceptive copy of her book, radiating importance in the translation that made it famous, should find a home in a place worthy of, and appreciative of, its primacy over all other copies.

"At the age of 11 or thereabouts, women acquire a poise, and an ability to handle difficult situations, which a man, if he is lucky, manages to achieve somewhere in his later 70s." –P. G. Wodehouse, *Uneasy Money*

No proof copy of Constellation's *The Diary of a Young Girl* was known to survive or even to have been made. Now, here it is for sale obliging recognition. It serves as a reminder that we should keep our facts fluid, so they do not become corpses, and that means having an open mind. But a mind should not be so open that it keeps nothing in or keeps nothing out, and at times its doors must be closed, or it gets a little drafty. That said, every truly rare and enviable book that one sees for sale, and then does not buy, and then does not see again, becomes a nostalgic specter (Emilia Earhart books), with nothing to do about it but keep a space on the library shelf available, most often in futile hope.

**the first verification of an expanding universe and the first hint of the Big-Bang,
with Einstein's dismissal of it, his self-acknowledged biggest blunder**

Friedmann, Aleksandr



**Über die Möglichkeit einer Welt mit konstanter
negativer Krümmung des Raumes**

[On the Possibility of a World with Constant
Negative Curvature of Space]
(Berlin [Springer], 1922).

[with]

Einstein, Albert

Bemerkung zu der

Arbeit von A. Friedmann

Über die Krümmung des Raumes

[Comment on A. Friedmann's
Paper on The Curvature of Space]
(Berlin [Springer], 1922).

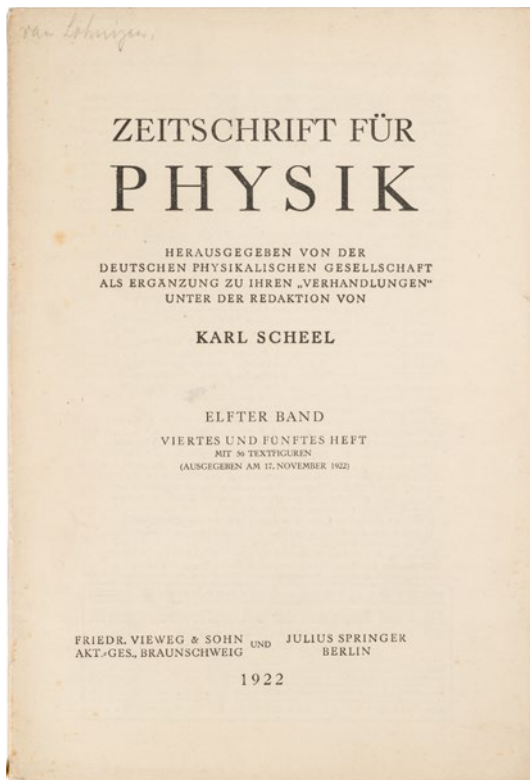
2 vols. 1st editions (in German), the first appearance of 2 distinct papers, in 2 separate periodical issues, Sep. 13, and Nov. 17. Both are complete in original wrappers. Near fine (small pencil name on the Nov. cover). Seems to be surprisingly rare. ABPC lists no auction sales of Friedmann's article title and date since 1975, and only one copy of it is listed by OCLC (maybe our searches were flawed), but copies of the bound annual, Zeitschrift für Physik, are regularly available and should not, in this case, be considered, in any way, equivalent to our set in publisher's wrappers.

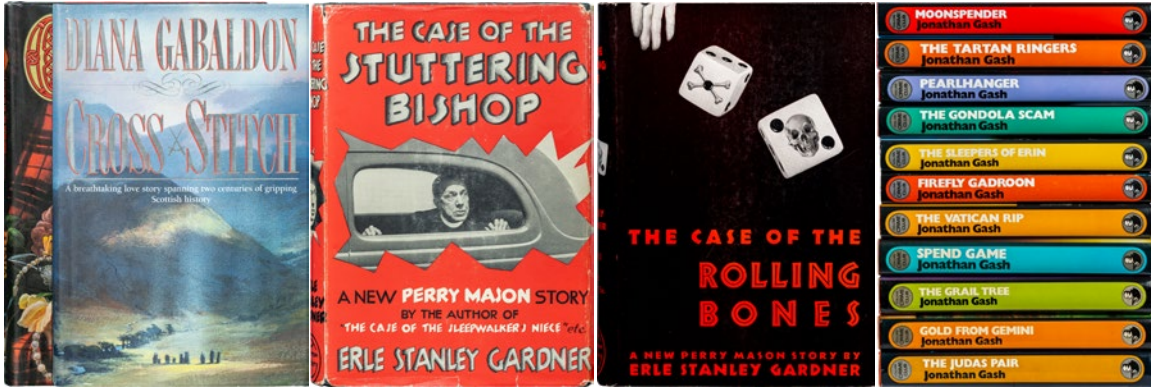
1. Friedmann's pioneering paper, the first to seriously apply general relativity to cosmology without the stabilizing cosmological constant, theorizing and mathematically formularizing, an expanding universe, dragging cosmology into a branch of physics. In Zeitschrift für Physik, Band 10, He 16, Sep. 13, 1922, pages 377–386,

“Here we have, for the first time, the idea of an expanding universe originating in a singularity—a big-bang.” –Helge Kragh, *Cosmology and Controversy*, page 24

2. Einstein's critical remarks on Friedmann's paper that he retracted in 1923. In Zeitschrift für Physik, Band 11, He 4/5, Nov. 17, 1922, page 326.

Together: 2 vols. 11,500





Gabaldon, Diana

Cross Stitch [Outlander]
(London [Century], 1991).

2 vols. 1st edition of Cross Stitch, possibly preceding the NY edition (both are here). Pages tan else fine in fine dustjacket. Cross Stitch was her title. The London publisher (Century) was ok with that, but the NY publisher (Delacorte) thought it evoked embroidery, so she offered them Outlander, and they took it. She sold the U. S. rights first, but publication on June 1 may have first been in London. We are in a minority on this, and it is a guess, and you can taunt us if we are proved wrong, but it doesn't matter who is right it only matters what is right, and we have priced it as if we are wrong (\$200), and we add a fine NY edition (\$50), meaning the pair are a safe buy at \$250, and the London edition (2,000 copies) is 10 times scarcer than the NY edition (25,000 copies) so, you will either hear more about the London Cross Stitch in the future or it will be like your crazy aunt, who moves to New Mexico to make jewelry, and is never heard from again. **Together: 2 vols. 250**

This book is ranked first, or near first, on all recent surveys of reader's favorite novels. high achievement in historical fantasy where anything well done is rare.

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

—Paul Simon, The Boy in the Bubble

Gardner, Erle

The Case of the Stuttering Bishop
(NY [Morrow], 1936).

1st edition. Early Perry Mason but by 1936 they are not scarce. Faint crease, near fine in a dustjacket with small corner chips, and edge tears, very good, nicer than most, and fairly priced. And if you missed it, HBO's series is riveting (season 2 in Feb.). **225**

Gardner, Erle

The Case of the Rolling Bones
(NY [Morrow], 1939).

1st edition. Murder by trickery, imaginative detecting, and Perry Mason spinning courtroom suspense with disturbing surprises. Soft rubs, name to endpaper, else fine in a dustjacket with faint scratches else fine, crisp, and impressive. **325**

Gash, Jonathan

The First 11 Lovejoy Novels
(London [Collins], 1977–1986).

11 vols. All 1st editions. **All signed in ink.** All fine in dustjackets with tiny rubs else fine. All are captivating reads, underappreciated, and undervalued. Lovejoy is in reboot as a new television series with everything in place for it to be stellar. **Together: 11 vols. 3,000**



[Goddess] **Wonder Woman Ring**
(NY [DC Comics], 1977).

Brass ring with a gold luster finish and an image of Wonder Woman under a plastic lens cover that's naturally toned, but not scratched. Fine condition and enticing. Adjustable band. No batteries or assembly required. **250**

There is not a census, but this ring might be rare since it is the only one we have seen, and the only one we know of, and that is confirmed by it not being listed in Hake's Price Guide to Character Toy Premiums, so unseen by him too.



**if you think your marriage will be perfect,
you must still be at your wedding**

[Goddess for a Day] **Bridal Shower: Party Games**
(Toledo [Leister Game Company], 1946, 1952, 1957).

3 vols. 1st editions of each. A scarce triple decker (a 1982 edition followed but it is common). OCLC records one copy of the 1946 edition but none of the 1952 or 1957. Original, spiral bound, stiff pictorial wrappers, 66, 42, and 62 pages, printed on rectos only. Near fine condition, complete and unused, as issued, Games for the bride's crew, all of whom are compelled to play their roles like Inky, Blinky, Pinky, and Sue.

Together: 3 vols. 225

Show me a bride who will smoke a cigarette through her veil, and I'll show you a woman who has gained her independence from her mother. And yes, that is a flippant line, mocking mothers on what, for them, is frequently a day of swelling mixed emotions, and I may regret having said it, someday, but hey, a conscience is made of scar tissue.

a 2-book run of
nightmares

Greene, Ward **Ride the
Nightmare**
(NY [Cape], 1930).

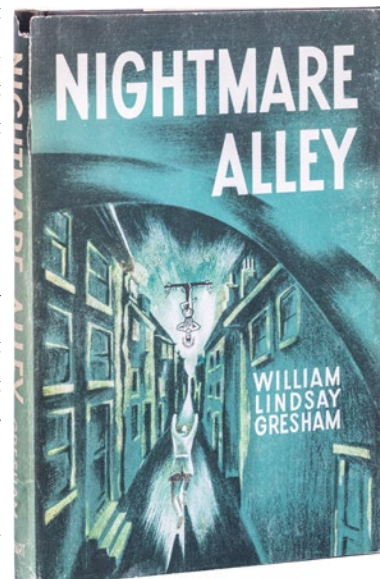
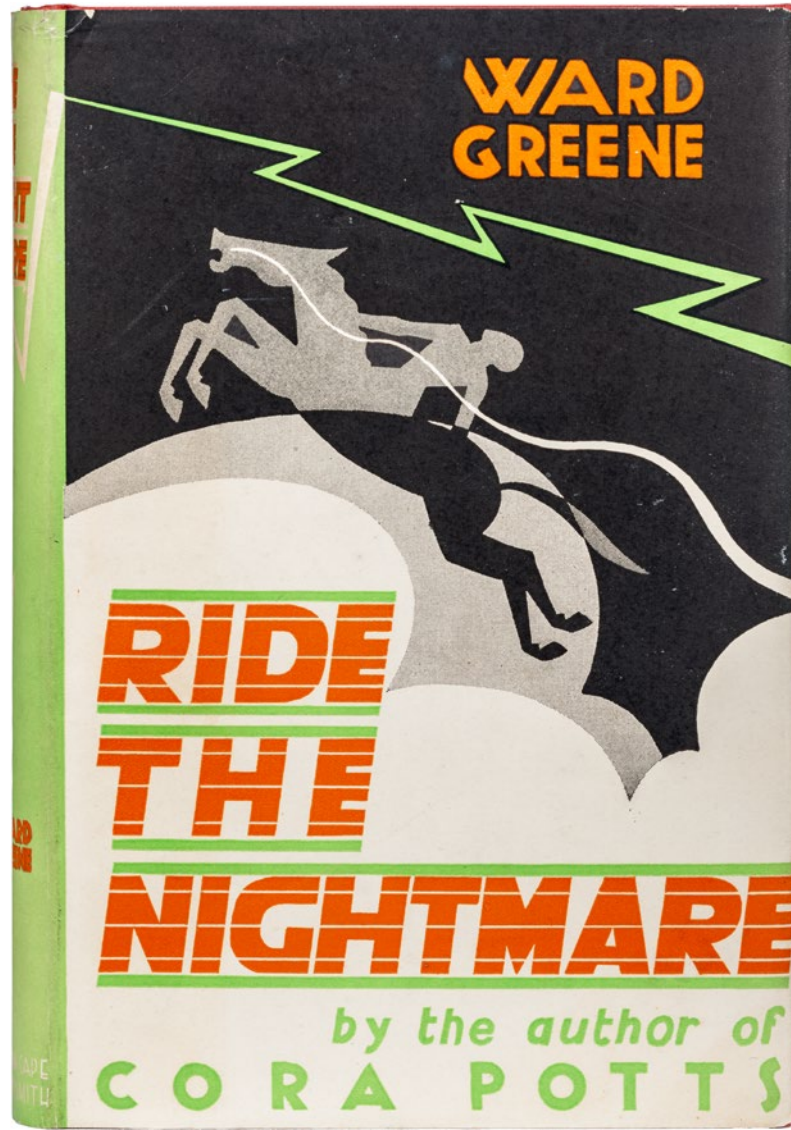
1st edition of a paradigmatic American novel about reaching for all that life can bring. Fine in a dustjacket with a crease and 2 short tears else it's fine, and as fresh as a fountain soda. 400

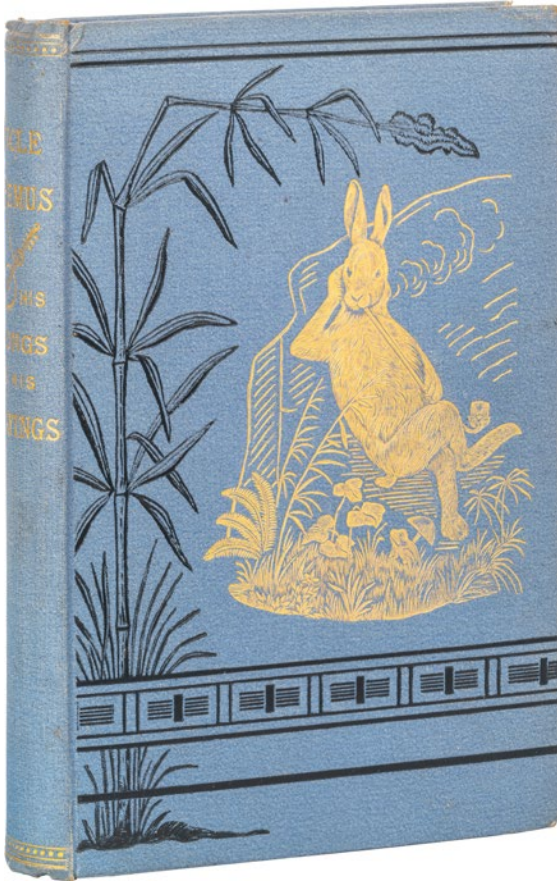
More than an author, Greene was a playwright, journalist, editor, and the managing general director of King Features Syndicate, but he is best remembered for his 1945 *Cosmopolitan Magazine* story, *Happy Dan*, the *Cynical Dog*, that Disney later developed into the film *Lady and the Tramp*.

Gresham, William
Nightmare Alley
(NY [Rinehart], 1946).

1st edition. Endpapers foxed, one small and faint smudge, else fine in a very good dustjacket marred only by a 3/8" chip to the spine's upper corner and light wear to its base. Seldom seen in a jacket this nice, but the chip stifles our price ambitions, or maybe \$2,000 is already too ambitious. You will let us know. 2,000

An acclaimed model for postmodern noir, but if you like books with happy endings, don't bother. 2 films (1947 and 2021) were also good but also not cheery. It is set at the lowest level of shady carnival life with the corrupt hustlers and schemers that are its seedy inhabitants, their crimes, cons, torments, treacheries, exploitations, deceits, and betrayals, driving a downward spiraling plotline with a more hopeless ending than an eternity spent feeling around in a dark cave for a black flashlight that isn't there.





Harris, Joel

Uncle Remus

(NY [Appleton], 1881).

1st edition, 1st printing, 1st binding (right ads), as per B. A. L 7100. His first book. Blue–gray cloth (6 colors with no priority), 3 miniscule specks to spine else fine (superlative). Blue–gray seems the scarcest color, and it is prone to fading and soiling, so it also seems the hardest to get in fine condition. Old half morocco case. **4,500**

The first classic American beast fable, teeming with tricks and troublemaking, repeatedly wise, and replete with keen observations on human frailties that seldom contradict experience. The Tar Baby tale says that when it is not necessary to be offended, it is necessary to not be offended, The Briar Patch tale says that if fools are arrogant and ornery enough, they will do what you tell them not to do. And there are 32 other stories, along with some songs and proverbs, that take turns reminding the reader that cunning often outwits itself, that some days

you're the puddle and some days you're the mop, that moral victories don't count, that if it were not for the last minute nothing would get done, and that the only normal folks are the ones we do not know very well. Undeterred by all that, the understandably irritated reject indulging Uncle Remus as folklore of its time, primarily, but not entirely, because the depiction of its narrator stereotypes the formerly enslaved.

Erté painting

[Haute Couture] Erté, i. e., Tirtoff, Romain de

Fashion Design

(NP [Paris], ND [ca.1953]).

Gouache (opaque watercolor), painted on wove paper (7 3/4" X 11 1/2"). **The verso annotated in red ink, "N:15.160" and "Groupe de Danseuses" (group of dancers), ours being one survivor from a suite of them, and stamp signed (thus authenticated) by Erté.** A pair of 1" tape shadows on the back, else near fine. Matted and framed (double acrylic), a little nick to the frame. Ex–HA, \$1,006, Oct 29, 2021, lot 23003. The last 2 Erté gouaches we noticed at auction sold for \$3,750 and \$2,125 both at HA in 2022. Limited and unlimited serigraphs, lithographs, posters, and production prints of Erté's designs are always for sale, but this is a hand painted, working, illustration, and resides at a higher level of snootiness. **1,400**

Modern haute couture traces back to Rose Berlin (1747–1813), dressmaker to Marie Antoinette. Berlin was the first celebrated French fashion designer, and the reason Paris was viewed as the center of that world, but for 15 years she only had one patron. In those days the anonymous needleworker visited the client's home for measuring, design

approval, and fabric choice. Then, in 1858, Charles Worth (1825–1895) invented the haute couture salon where his customers came to him. The new idea was embraced by the nobility, and soon after by the untitled wealthy. His salon became the place to be seen, interest surged, and he soon employed 1,200 workers. He was the first to establish the dressmaker as the artist, the first to put a brand label in his apparel, the first to replace dolls with live models, and the first to have seasonal showings. In 1868 he formed *Chambre Syndicale de la Haute Couture*, the society that still governs high dressmaking. Worth dominated elite fashion in the late 19th century, and his business model became the template for a new generation that was emerging. Jeanne Paquin (the first woman) set up shop next door to Worth, and Jacques Doucet did so 4 doors away, and it was Doucet who introduced lighter fabrics and evanescent colors, and though Worth had offered dresses without crinolines or bustles, by 1905 Doucet had abandoned them entirely (Doucet was also an extoled art collector who bought *Les Femmes d'Alger* directly from Picasso). Among their peers were Patou, Lanvin, Soeurs, Callot, Redfern, Cheruit, Doeuillet, and Fortuny, followed shortly thereafter by Schiaparelli, Mainbocher, Poiret, Vionnet, the great Balenciaga, and the even greater Chanel.



This was when Erté first appeared, and though his aura glowed, he left Paris and followed the money to Hollywood, where he excelled, designing costumes and sets for films in the 1920s. When the depression came his opulent style lost favor and he returned to Europe and faded, mostly doing magazine covers and a few fashion assignments. After WWII Dior led the next generation, a time of giants, among them the immediate return of Balenciaga, then Chanel in 1954, and they solidified the industry during what became a golden age, dominated by a guild of geni at the summit of design innovation. Each house employed workers of talent and some with talent became prodigies, and some of the prodigies became maestros and maestrass, and their names, designs, fame, and influence are well known. Meanwhile, Erté stayed alive on minor jobs until he had a sudden and unpredictable revival when some friends held a 1967 NY exhibition of 100 Erté gouaches and The Metropolitan Museum of Art bought them all. And because The Met promoted him, in some public circles he is now more famous than his betters.

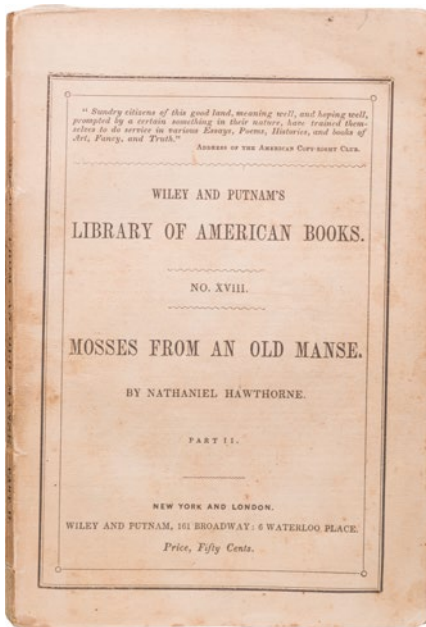
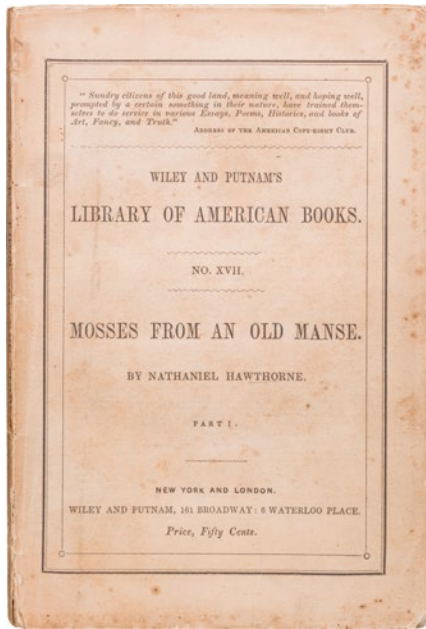
So, the couturier and couturière are only 164 years old, and their paintings are not yet widely or systematically collected, but I believe they will be. and soon, even though I can't time it. Just as I believe in the rotation of the Earth, even though I can't feel it.

Now, that is all fashion, but there is still room for 2 sentences about style. Wearing clothes with words on them is not style. I mean if people don't want to listen to you, what makes you think they want to hear from your purse, or your hat, or your t-shirt?

Hawthorne, Nathaniel

Mosses from an Old Manse
(NY [Wiley & Putnam], 1846).

2 vols. 1st edition of an American bequest to world literature. Original wrappers (copies in cloth are later issues and any contention that they are concurrent is wrong).



1st printing (Clark A15.1.a) with every point, 1st binding, state A of the front covers and spines, and matched backs of Wiley & Putnam ads with 18 titles listed ending with Mosses. Clark lists 5 back covers with no priority, and publishers typically first used the ads most recent to the book, and ours are therefore the tidiest, but in this case the back covers were probably issued randomly and ordering them past question is like 5 people try to divide a Kit-Kat. Small spine chips (the tips are intact), splits to 3 of the 4 joints invisibly closed (tacked back down), vol. I half-title and title short at the blank bottom (as issued), first 2 and last 2 leaves foxed (the rest clean), still, very good. A wonderful set, the nicest one known to us, of the few sets known to us (see our last paragraph below). Ex-Natalie Blair, the first great woman collector of Americana, sold at Christie's for \$8,750 in 2016, and then resold at Sotheby's, for \$2,250 on Dec. 16, 2020, where we bought it, on a nervous Covid plague day, when the book community was distracted by virus nightmares. Old, full morocco pull-off case. 11,000

The modern short story was the first American literary innovation, and Mosses is the 3rd vital link in the chain following Irving's Sketch Book, 1819, and Poe's Tales, 1845. The 25 stories launched a new, wickeder, deeper, and more erudite approach to fiction with disturbing moral and psychological insinuations (no kawaii in these). Here's a peek at just 3 of them. 1. Rappaccini's Daughter could have been titled "Leave Your Daughter at Work Day." Giovanni falls in love with Beatrice, a sublime young woman whose father experiments with a garden of poisonous plants. She has tended the plants from childhood and has become immune to their toxins, but they have contaminated her, and rendered her venomous to any who touch her, past redemption by love or science. 2. Young Goodman Brown is an allegory on the depravity of public morality and the perception of evil, hinting at The Scarlet Letter 4 years later. In a dark forest, the title's paradox namesake has an encounter with 17th century Salem witchcraft leaving him cynical, wary, embittered, and disillusioned with everyone around him. 3. The Birthmark critiques the quest for perfection. Georgiana is idyllic and saintly (and a stand-in for the reader), who marries Aylmer, a gifted scientist. She has what she

thinks is a good luck charm, a red birthmark on her left cheek shaped like a little hand that disappears when she blushes. But Aylmer is obsessed by it, certain that it ruins her flawlessness. Foreshadowing infiltrates the tale creating the horror (we know where this is going) as the deranged Aylmer's work is constantly beset with unintended consequences, and Georgiana is disposed to submit. Resolved to remove the birthmark himself, Aylmer plans the procedure and gives her a potion he has invented to do it while she sleeps. As she sleeps, the birthmark fades away, and she awakens but dies. And there are 21 more stories of equally unanticipatable imagination (especially 175 years ago), tied in a firmer rapport than obsession and recklessness, plus an opening essay describing the Concord parsonage where Hawthorne wrote them. Mosses was rightly praised in contemporary reviews by a magic circle of Hawthorne's peers:

"Extraordinary genius, having no rival either in America or elsewhere." –Edgar Poe

"It is unfair that his book competes with imported European books. Shall real American genius shiver with neglect while the public runs after this foreign trash?"

–Walt Whitman

"The American Shakespeare [...] deep as Dante [...] A wondrous symbolizing of the secret workings in men's souls [...] You may be witched by his sunlight–transported by the bright gildings in the skies he builds over you; but there is the blackness of darkness beyond; and even his bright gildings but fringe and play upon the edges of thunder–clouds." –Herman Melville (*Moby–Dick* was dedicated to Hawthorne

because Melville said that Hawthorne's tales showed him how prose could be utilized to explore the hidden madness latent in men's minds).

But few 1846 readers were up for these kinds of stories and Mosses found few buyers, and a new edition was not called for until 1854, after Hawthorne had been validated for *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), *The House of Seven Gables* (1851), *A Wonder Book* (1851), and *Tanglewood Tales* (1853), but that is hardly shocking. In 1846, indifference was the public's routine response to any new wave of real art, presaging America today, where not reading their own great literature is the national pastime.

What is rare? The old–time definition of a rare book was one that a specialist in that book saw once every 10 years (scarce meant once a year) and we still use that gauge here. These days too many sellers lie foolishly about rarity (and anything else they think they can get away with) but the marriage between an unreliable bookseller and an intelligent collector is always going to end in adultery. ABPC shows 5 other auction sales of Mosses' 1st printing in wrappers since 1940, and, unlike ours, not all were the 1st state throughout. McMichael's set (Sotheby's 1992) was defective and repaired. Bradley Martin's (Sotheby's 1990) was chipped and repaired. Another (at Christie's, 1988) was crudely repaired. Gerald Slater's (Christie's, 1982) was fouled by black spots all over vol. II's wrappers. And I didn't see Paul Lemperly's set (sold in 1940). One more set (Sotheby's 2011), had a 2nd printing of vol. II. Our pair seems finest of all, and they are correct bibliographically, so if you fancy American literature, and want the best, for priority, condition, content, and effect, here it is, a tangible case in point that the pursuit of quality means trying to buy books that are a little better than necessary. Of course, when you don't like the price, you can flee quality from time to time, but if you want to build a great library leave a forwarding address (Book Code).

“Come look Caroline, I think I’ve found a new planet.”



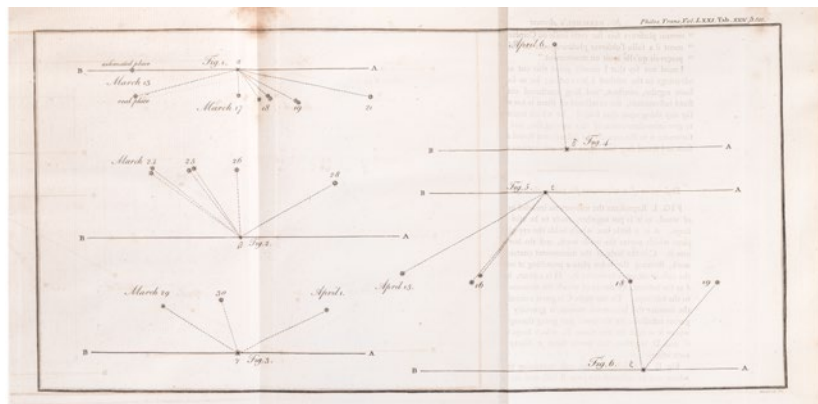
Herschel, William

Account of a Comet

In *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* [...], vol. 71.
(London [J. Nichols], 1781).

1st edition, 1st printing anywhere of Herschel’s paper (read Apr. 26, 1781) announcing his sighting of Uranus, the first new planet discovered since antiquity. Herschel thought what he had seen was doubtless a planet, and excitedly showed it to his sister Caroline, but as an amateur, and not a member of The Royal Society (the handcuffs on progress are made from red tape), he modestly titled his article with reserve, and referred to the object in his paper as a comet, but he included specifics pointing out its location in the solar system and assumed other, more trusted, astronomers could find it and decide what it was with certainty. And they did so quickly and confirmed it was no comet but a new planet. The public was exhilarated, telescope sales increased fortyfold, Herschel became a rock star, and George III appointed him “The King’s Astronomer.” Our book is the entire, 582–page vol. 71 of the Royal Society’s Transactions, with Herschel’s paper and all 3 folding plates on pages 492–501. Contemporary full calf, rebaked in the 19th century, original ornately gilt spine preserved and laid down, endpapers replaced at the same time, some petty scuffs and wear, else very good, a beautiful book with boardwalk margins, the sheets 10 13/16” tall. Ex–Henry Beaufoy (an MP and a member of The Royal Society). See *Printing and the Mind of Man* number 227, who exhibited (and cataloged) a later paper by Herschel (*On the Proper Motion of the Sun and Solar System*, published in the 1783 volume of the Royal Society’s Transactions), but the PMM entry is headed “A New Planet,” and it emphasizes his 1781 discovery, and it details how he accomplished it, but it is our book, not theirs, that contains the paper

proclaiming it. And our book is rare. ABPC lists no copies of it as having sold at auction going back to 1975, and only one sale for any scrap of our 1781 paper, a fragment of torn out pages, 14 years ago, and even apprentice collectors know that



torn out pages are not comparable to complete books. What seems doubtful, despite the rarity, is that PMM could not locate a copy of our 1781 *Account of a Comet* when they assembled the books for their exhibition, yet the alternative (that the 1783 book they did exhibit was just a poor choice) would have been such an obvious mistake that it seems equally doubtful. Whatever the cause, their 1783 book was a placebo. Our book is not. And though it isn’t *The Starry Messenger*, it is a something. A huge something. **15,000**

invention of the detective story

Hoffmann, E. T. A.

Das Fräulein von Scuderi

[Mademoiselle de Scudéri]

(Frankfurt [Wilms], published in 1819 for 1820).

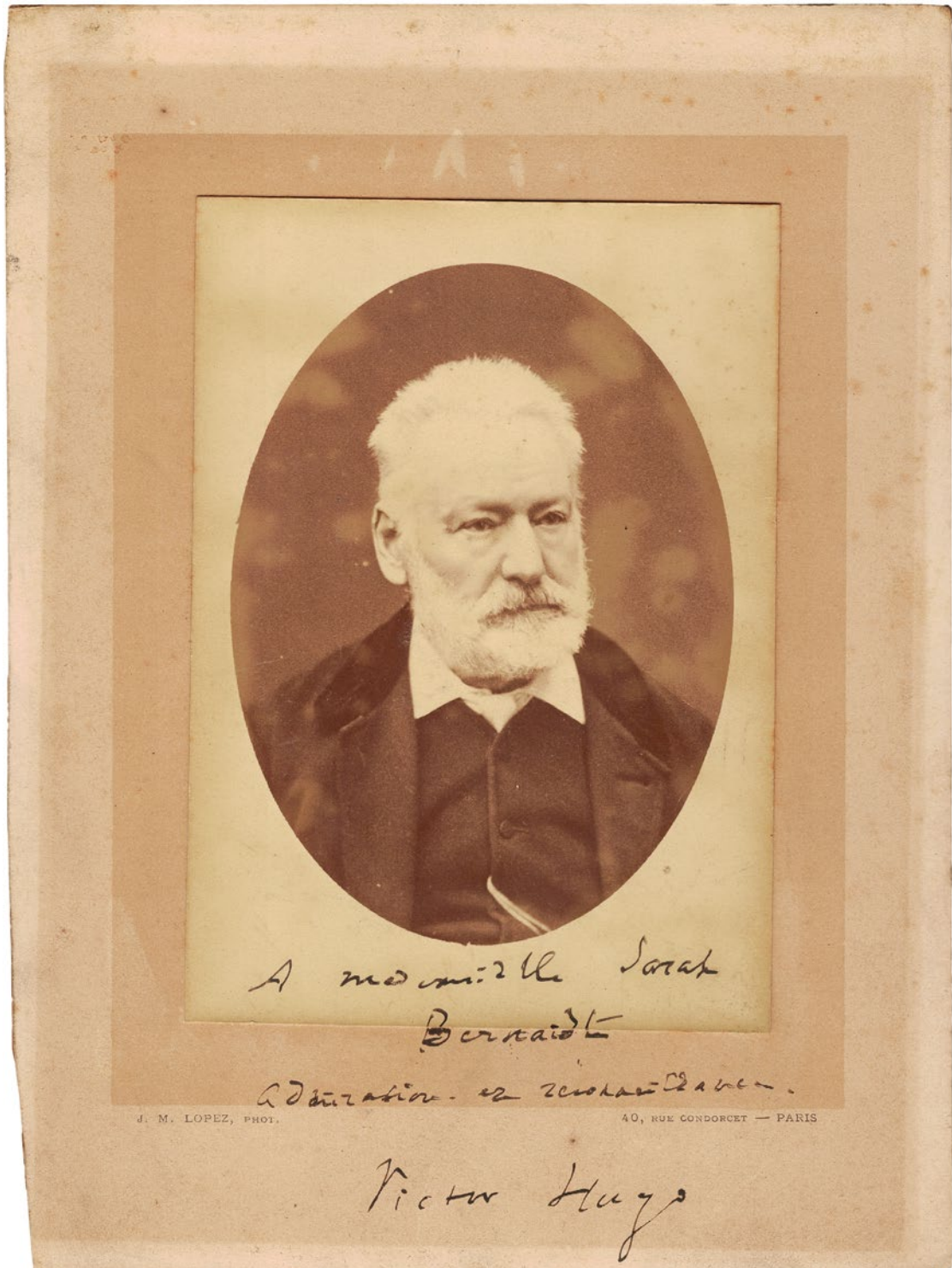
1st edition (in German). The 1st appearance anywhere in Taschenbuch für das Jahr 1820—Der Liebe und Freundschaft gewidmet [Dr. St. Schütz]. 12 illustrated poems on unnumbered pages at the front, then Hoffmann's novella is printed on pages 1–122. The remaining 208 pages are additions by others (an almanac). Contemporary full morocco, bound as a leather lined wallet with a pocket and pencil sheath at the back, mirror green endpapers, aeg, 3 little chips to the flap, some small worn spots, frontispiece with one tideline, still very good, complete, the pages white, a little jewel of a book, and rarer than someone who is exactly like their online persona. ABPC lists no auction sales in the last 47 years, OCLC lists just 2 copies in libraries (Waseda and Emory), and though we have always looked for it, we have only had it once before (the copy now at Emory). Coll: Frontis + (6) + 24 pages + 12 monthly plates + 330, pages + 5 plates. **6,000**

The notion that Poe invented the detective story in 1841 from the air is a canard (the wheel is spinning but the hamster is dead). What he did invent was C. Auguste Dupin, out to prove (and explain) his method of analysis. What Poe imitated was an amateur who takes up a Paris murder to save a wrongly charged man. Madeleine de Scudéri



Sc. aus der Erzählung: 'Das Fräulein von Scuderi' von E. Hoffmann.

(a 50-something poetess) develops a theory (induction) in an earlier series of Paris murders because of compassion for the victims, then tests her theory (deduction) to rescue a falsely charged man, but she regards herself less seriously than Dupin and feels no need to openly demonstrate her methods (Poe read this tale in translation and was inspired). So, we ask, is the detective story about unraveling crimes, or is it about subtleties surrounding the detective's motivation? Brush off Sophocles' play Oedipus Rex (429 B. C.), The Three Apples (The Arabian Nights, ca. 1,000 AD), Voltaire's philosophical comedy Zadig (1747) even with some puzzle solving, and all the other pretenders, and we will give you 3 convincing supports for the preeminence of our novella in the detective chronology. **1.** A series of unexplained murders occur at the beginning, continue, and are resolved at the end. **2.** There is an innocent suspect, and the real killer is a character in the story but is unsuspected. **3.** The innately reluctant detective is naturally curious, and though she is not a private investigator or the police, she, like Agatha Christie's Miss. Marple, mostly draws on interviews and conversations, and her meddling leads her to untangle the facts. And the clues, inquiries, discovery, reasoning, and the resolution are clear, orderly, and plausible. Works for us.



Hugo, Victor

Presentation Photograph, Inscribed to Sarah Bernhardt
(Paris [J. M. Lopez], ca. 1872).

Bust portrait of Victor Hugo (3 7/8" X 5 3/8"), mounted on its original card (6 1/4" X 8 3/8"). **Inscribed, in black ink (trailing from the photograph down to the card), "A mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt admiration et reconnaissance. Victor Hugo" (To Miss Sarah Bernhardt admiration and gratitude. Victor Hugo).** The card

is backed with contemporary framing craft paper and mounted to it is an image of Bernhardt's study, showing this very photograph (a fillet on the former frame) hanging on the wall centered over her desk. Slight edge darkening and slighter spotting to the photograph, but very good, the inscription sharp and unfaded, the card to which it is mounted has some mat burn and a few spots of foxing, its edges cleanly cut, but the lower left corner was cut on a slight angle. **25,000**

A monumental association between (at the time) the most famous author and the most famous actress, and there are no 19th century comparables like this one, that are nearly as great as this one.

Here is a précis of Bernhardt's story. She was born in 1844 and attended her first play at 15 with her mother and 2 of her mother's friends, Charles de Morny and Alexandre Dumas. She was so emotionally taken by it that she cried throughout. Dumas calmed her afterwards, spoke with her at length, and told her mother that Sarah's intellect, and emotional wiring, destined her to be an actress, and a star. Morny, who was half-brother to Napoleon III, fixed her acceptance into the Paris Conservatory, Dumas coached her, and she made her professional debut at 18. A dozen other roles followed but she left Paris for Belgium, had a sultry romance with The Prince of Linge, then returned to Paris to have their child. In 1866 she signed with Théâtre de L'Odéon and in 1868 became the star Dumas had predicted, playing the lead role in the revival of his play *Kean*. She served as a nurse during the Franco-Prussian war (converting the Odéon into a hospital) and when the French 2nd empire was replaced by the 3rd republic, Victor Hugo returned to France from a 19-year political exile and met Bernhardt.

Once the siege of Paris was over and the theaters reopened, Hugo's play, *Ruy Blas*, was staged in Jan. 1872 to celebrate his homecoming. Bernhardt played the lead role as the Queen of Spain, and her fame, already prodigious, rose to the pinnacle with a triumphant performance. The bond between author and actress combined mutual respect and appreciation, a victorious professional relationship, unparalleled satisfaction for an adoring public, and a well-known, ongoing tryst, recounted with intimate details and frankness in the book *My Erotic Life*. Already the most renowned actress in France, Bernhardt toured England, Belgium, and Denmark with her own troupe in 1879 and 1880, then sailed to America, toured 51 cities, and returned to France with \$194,000 in gold coin. Now the most famous actress in the Western world (the first superstar), she performed across the rest of Europe (except for Germany) then returned to Paris and shined there again. Other world tours followed, and she came home from one of them with 3 1/2 million francs. In 1893 she bought the Théâtre de la Renaissance where she performed and directed, sold it 1899 and leased a larger concert hall where she staged whatever struck her mood often playing male roles, and every time she wanted more money, she would do another tour. She injured her leg in a stunt leap on stage, had to have it amputated in 1915, weathered W. W. I., continued to perform, made a few films, and died in 1923, still the most acclaimed actress in the world. We have already said that she was the first superstar and so, she was, of course, the earliest born person awarded a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

"There are five kinds of actresses: bad actresses, fair actresses, good actresses, great actresses—and then there is Sarah Bernhardt." —Mark Twain

1st issue hunchback

Hugo, Victor

Notre-Dame de Paris
(Paris [Gosselin], 1831).

2 vols. 1st edition (in French) with the misnumbered pages (vol. II, 339 for 439, etc.), The 1st printing was 1,100 copies, divided into 4 issues of 275 each. Our copy is the 1st issue, the only issue without Hugo's name on the title pages, and "2nd edition" "3rd edition" and "4th edition" were added on the 3 reprinted title pages in succession, along with Hugo's name, and those additions are value killers. And if a seller's accounting



does not mention them, they are trying to sell you a suit of clothes that is only being shown to you inside out, and you can assume their set is wrong, and they have refused to assert the facts, and (alarmingly) they feel relaxed about not doing so. Now, book world is a small part of, and a reflection of, the wider world, and we live in strange times when ordinary common honesty is called courage. But that is no excuse for being sneaky, and sellers would be better served supplying all sides of all the details candidly or, failing that, staying open and dumb as a gutted bell. In fact, it is easier to be honest than it is to struggle with appearing honest and, on the path to getting there, it is also easier to behave your way into a new mode of thinking than it is to think your way into a new mode of behaving. A towering set in contemporary (first half of the 19th century) 3/4 calf, spines

complexly blind tooled, joints smoothly strengthened but not rebacked, light wear, and rubs, spots to the calf spines, small paper flaws to a few blank margins, an occasional stain, and some scattered foxing (mostly to the first and last pages), but we are being scrupulous and picky, and it's surely a very good set, tall, and complete with the volume half-titles (ads on versos), the fly-titles, and all 9 inner half-titles, a set as pleasing as cheerfulness in an old face. And take note: Almost all copies in fancier bindings are later bindings. ABPC only lists one 1st issue in a contemporary binding sold at auction since 1975, and even if they missed a set, or missed 3, when you see a real 1st issue for sale in a contemporary binding, you can assume it is scarcer than a "smokers only" elevator. Ex-William Standish, a direct descendant of King Edward III. **30,000**

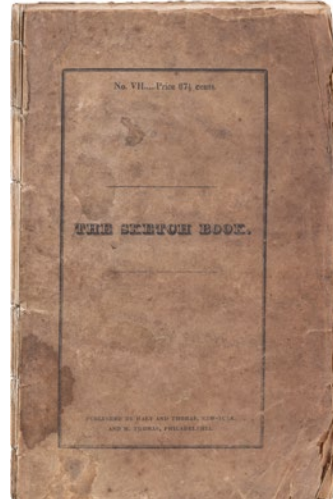
A divine work of art and a revolutionary leap in world literature, amalgamating the Gothic and the realist into an historical romance reimagined from a foundation for it laid by Thomas Leland, Clara Reeve, Sophia Lee, Maria Edgeworth, Elizabeth Hamilton, Jane Porter, Walter Scott, and Fenimore Cooper. Everybody remembers Quasimodo, but this is really a fateful tale about the destiny and tragedy of Esmeralda. Hugo set it 350 years in the past but that sneaks up on you like leaking electricity because he makes the time so accessible while still managing to capture its remoteness.

Irving, Washington

The Sketch Book Part VII
(NY [Van Winkle], 1820).

1st American edition, 1st printing (all points per B. A. L.). It is the last in an 1819–1820 (7 vol.) series in which Irving invented the modern short story, but the 4 tales in our volume form a distinct and complete book with individual pagination (the first 5 vols. are continuously paginated), and even on its own it is laudable. Original wrappers, spine gone, covers loose but holding, a cover stain at 8 o'clock, a large chip to the blank corner of A2, the first half-title (no text lost), pencil notes to rear blanks, but good, and rare, and real, and the only right copy in wrappers we have had. Ex—E. S. Litchfield. **2,000**

The NY edition of *The Sketch Book* was published serially in 7 parts in paper wrappers, the London edition in 2 volumes in boards and labels. The NY edition's part IV (Nov. 19, 1819) preceded vol. I of the London edition with parts I–IV (Feb. 16, 1820), but vol. II of the London with parts V–VII (Jul. 20, 1820) preceded the NY's part VII (Sep. 13). Correct 7 vol. NY sets are rare because (for one reason) identifying the 1st printings of some parts rests entirely on the wrappers, and the text points only confirm an early, not a 1st, printing, since the first reprints left some (all?) errors uncorrected. So, rebound NY sets can't be verified as correct and calling one a 1st edition without qualifying context is a deception, no matter how easy it is to do it. ABPC lists 2 complete sets in wrappers sold at auction since 1975 (Stralem and Martin), neither with all the parts right. In fact, no complete and correct set in wrappers has sold at auction in 100 years. Sets offered today have one or more incorrect wrappers noted in proper descriptions, while evasive descriptions hide it by lacking full details (vague book cataloging is not normal it is just common because some truth deceives better than no truth). Now, misdescribing *Sketch Book* particulars is a trifle and a poor example of seller misdeeds for us to use, however there are sellers who regularly exercise the same tactics with all their books looking for an edge, though most of them do not think it shows. But it does, and they are abandoning potential customers with 3-digit IQs who avoid commerce with the tricky, and this hunt for stupid collectors and negligent librarians is seen across the generations, but it is most prevalent among younger booksellers and that is a depressing sign for the future. So, here is our advice. If your book is a reprint, or some part is missing, or wrong, or even unsure, just say so and be done with it, like a professional.



Hmmm, you hum, why do some booksellers do this? 2 reasons. **1.** Most of their books are not worth the price they are asking so they forsake accuracy and shape their descriptions to read like they are for books that might be worth it. **2.** To them, you are not yourself. You are a performer in their lives, cast for a part you do not even know you are playing. They are predatory, contemptuous, and vain, and like most vain people, they are in denial, and self-buffered to think that no one could possibly be any smarter than they are and that no one sees through their thin deceptions. But we do. And we remember. And we are not the only dog barking. And we all talk about them. And we shop elsewhere. And we advise others to do the same. And we point out why. And they lose the best collectors, librarians, and booksellers, and lose them forever. And they never know it.

Come to the dark side. We have cookies.

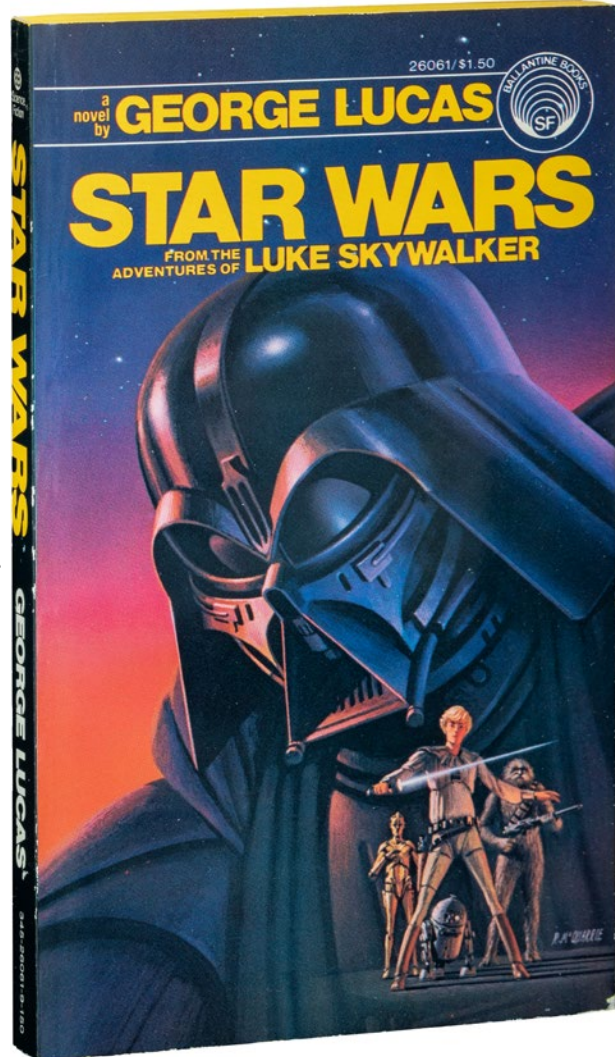
Lucas, George

Star Wars
(NY [Ballantine], 1976).

1st edition. Fine in wrappers with no excuses. The first appearance of Star Wars in any form, a loyal novelization (Alan Foster), published in Nov. 1976, preceding the first film (May 25, 1977) by 6 months. All the other editions of Star Wars, in any other binding, are later, including the Marvel comic book (issued in Apr. 1977 though dated July and, also preceding the film), the Science Fiction Book Club edition (Jun. 1977), and the movie tie-in trade edition (Oct. 1977). The 2 hardbound books are frequently, and faithfully, offered as 1st editions without any qualifiers (like being told you can't buy anything specific because you are in a general store). And those later editions are often cataloged with a falsely attributed 1976 date in printed catalogs and on internet sites that ought to be taken as more insulting than being pre-denied by mail for a Visa card that you did not apply for (there are online booksellers who should have a brother in the slave trade, so they would have someone to look up to). Furthermore, copies of our 1st edition are always for sale, but they are almost never fine, despite being called fine, and most of them look as if they have been stapled to the asphalt at the entrance gate of a Taylor Swift concert, then picked up the next day, for sale to the gullible on eBay or ABE, and deserve the response, "What do you take me for?" **200**

I am the chip on my own shoulder when it comes to post-1970 paperback 1st editions, and when I do buy one, it is with all the wariness of Frogger crossing the arcade highway. Moreover, I concede that venerating Star Wars

could lead me into some terrifically bad company, but it is the modern galactic epic, an enormous literary touchstone, a hallmark of "Made in America," the prevailing saga of our time, an incalculably valuable franchise, and the prettiest child of space opera. And though its fame is predominantly for its cinematic visual distractions, profusion of humanoid characters, technology, backstory, depth, milieu, robots, political premises, spacecraft, heroic women, psychological motifs, and Jedi mysticism, it also showcases themes of family, destiny, hope, purification, and redemption, and it repeatedly poses a lofty and piercing idea: It is a single light that shines from 200 billion trillion stars.



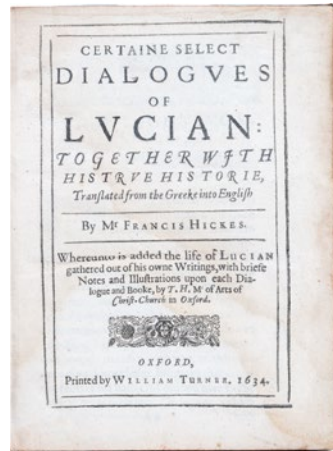
the invention of science-fiction

Lucian (of Samosata)

Certain Select Dialogues of Lucian Together With His True Historie

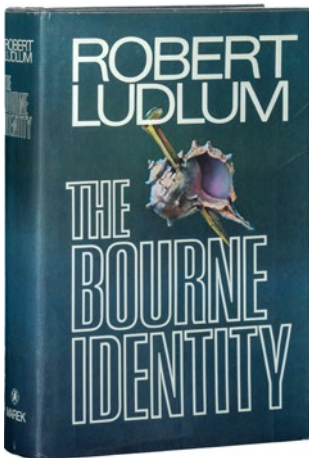
Translated from Greek to English by Francis Hickee
(Oxford [Turner], 1634).

1st edition in English. Contemporary full calf, rebaked (original spine chipped and worn but saved and laid down), boards a bit bowed, a tideline to first and last pages and some fox spots, 1/2" tear to the B1 blank margin, chips to the B2 inner margin taking 5 letters, 1/2" hole to the C2 blank margin, else good. Obstinate rare. ABPC lists one auction sale since 1975, (21 years ago in feckless modern cloth) so, no copy seen recently, and another is unlikely to be seen soon, or maybe again.



Lucian (125–180) was the slyest of Romans, a satirist and rhetorician who sarcastically chastised magic, religious practices, superstition, and the occult, and did so by exercising a variety of means to forward his intentions, including his Dialogues, like the original version of The Sorcerer's Apprentice, and his Histories (all of them fiction, and none of them the history of anything) like his impressively influential creation of science-fiction, with his travel to outer space, aliens, and interplanetary warfare. He was immensely popular throughout the reign of Marcus Aurelius (161–180), a forbearing emperor who was delighted by Lucian's candor and craftiness. I think it's just as well that Lucian died mysteriously in 180, the same year that Aurelius died, or Commodus would have had him killed. Or maybe he did. 7,500

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Ludlum, Robert

The Bourne Identity (NY [Merek], 1980).

1st edition, asking, who is Jason Bourne? Fine in near fine dustjacket. **A contemporary, signed presentation copy and a good association that meant a lot to Ludlum, inscribed, in ink, "4 • 16 • 80 For Miss. Dinah Shore—From a very dedicated fan. It's been my honor. My best to you. Robert."** It was published in Feb. and hit number 1 on the NY Times' bestseller list on Mar. 23, and stayed there for 16 weeks until Jul. 6, coinciding with Shore's television interview of Ludlum. The last inscribed copy we saw at auction did \$1,437.50 (HA, Dec. 10, 2021), but do not take that seriously. Yet. 600

"The second-best spy novel of all time after le Carré's the Spy Who Came in From the Cold." –Peter Cannon, Publisher's Weekly

And speaking of taking things seriously, the only thing such a review tells us is that an author has friends who owe him a favor, and some of them are cross-blurbers.

Marguerite de Navarre **The Heptameron**
Translated by Arthur Machen
(London [Dreyden Press], 1886).

1st edition of this translation. The 1st French, 1558, 1st in English, 1597, and those that followed, were terribly abridged so this is the first complete and thorough translation into English (see below). Contemporary morocco (5 1/2" X 8 1/2") by Kaufmann. Portrait and 8 plates. Near fine. A dutiful text but a common book, and since you should never discount beauty, ours is a good way to want it, in an extravagant binding. Now, we have priced this book half what we paid for it, because we re-mark our books to market when we catalog them and today \$400 is what it's worth. 400

Marguerite (1492–1549), often hailed as the first modern woman, was Queen of Navarre, and forebearer of the Bourbon Kings of France through her grandson Henry IV, first of his line and the last amiable French King of the people. She was smart, adeptly educated,

a humanist, and a reformer, and hosted Leonardo at the Château d' Amboise after he left Italy and sheltered John Calvin and François Rabelais in her court. She took The Heptameron's frame narrative from Boccaccio's Decameron, but her 72 tales emphasize love, and though her aim was for them to have an elevating and civilizing impact on her readers, the greatest authors are seldom reticent or even respectable, so the tales got away from her higher ideals and wander well past love into lust, plots, intrigue, ruses, suspicion, seduction, deception, infidelity, jealousy, trickery, misadventure, revenge, passion, grudges, desire, conniving, and all the other allied subjects orbiting romance. And though many of the tales twist into irony, others manage to have happy endings.

"It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well,
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle,
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell,
'C'est la vie,' say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell."

–Chuck Berry, You Never Can Tell

The Heptameron's stories were the most famous, and remain the most popular, French stories of their time, but their road to eminence was long and rocky. Marguerite died before the 100 stories she planned could be finished, and for 300 years all the editions of the 72 she did write were slashed up, bowdlerized, and stripped of their vitality in the name of duplicitous morality. Finally, in the mid 19th century, a more faithful edition, was called for and about that time a 16th century manuscript was uncovered and published, and our edition is a translation from that one, redacting only quaint redundancies. And in the end, here's the thing about censorship (and propriety) today. If there are subjects people cannot discuss freely, people will be timid on all subjects.

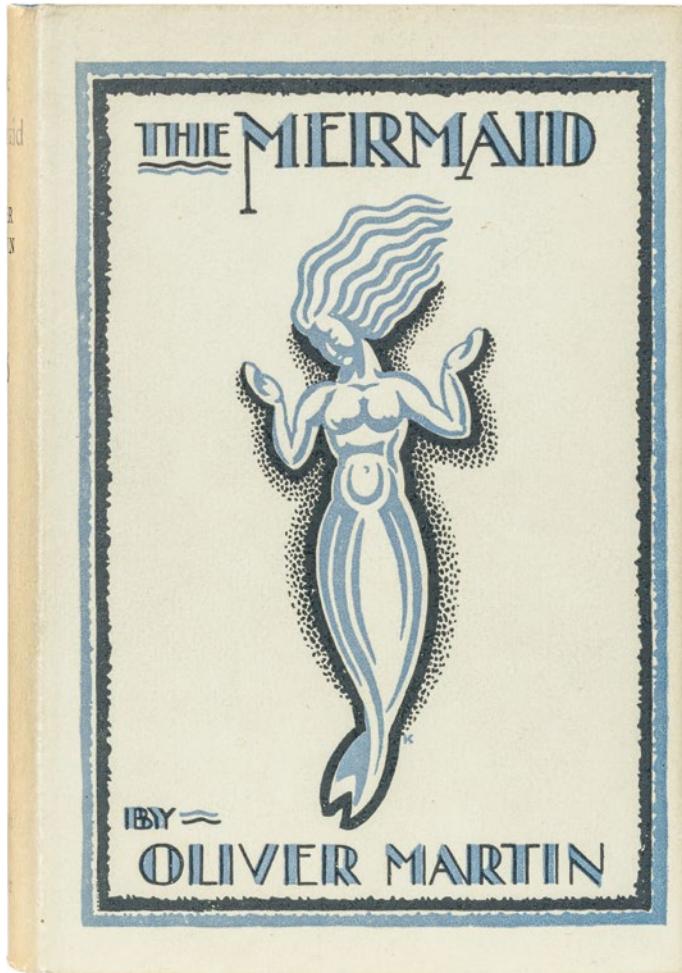


Martin, Oliver

The Mermaid

(London [Faber & Gwyer], 1926).

1st edition. Fine in a dustjacket with the spine faintly faded but otherwise fine. Not a scarce book but all 1920s art deco jackets, in this condition, at this price, find excited buyers so disappear quickly. **100**



Don't be taken by the title. The Mermaid is not a fantasy. It is a detective novel trailing thieves who have taken a 400-year old mermaid sculpture cast in silver.

“For the villainy of the world is great, and a man has to run his legs off to keep them from being stolen out from underneath him.”

—Bertolt Brecht,

The Threepenny Opera. Act 1

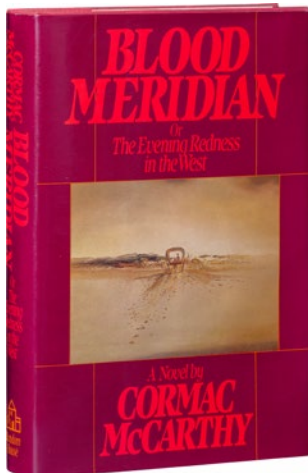
McCarthy, Cormac **Blood Meridian**

(NY [Random House], 1985).

1st edition. 1st issue with no remainder mark (one of the first 1,883 sold). **Signed in ink.** Fine in fine dustjacket. And by the way, putting a piece of paper signed by the author into a book, and calling it a signed book, is a lie. **10,000**

Is Blood Meridian the great novel of the 1980s? 37 years out is still

too soon to tell because the affection for a book, and attraction to a book, within its own generation of collectors, only identifies the time in which they grew up, like having a tattoo of their favorite band only identifies in which decade they were the most drunk.



McCarthy's themes juggle power, desolation, theodicy, anonymity, lack of loyalty, gnostic religious tragedy, the dehumanizing impact of atrocities, manifest destiny, and a love of violence, all 9 spiked by horror without warning, meaning you can't count on seeing your name spelled out by flies on your bedroom wall before Satan decides it would amuse him to fuck with you. And another thing, Blood Meridian has all the charm of cutting into a loaf of bread and finding a dead mouse, so don't take a shower before reading this book, because you are going to need a long one afterwards.

“When crimes begin to pile up, they become invisible.”

—Bertolt Brecht, Selected Poems

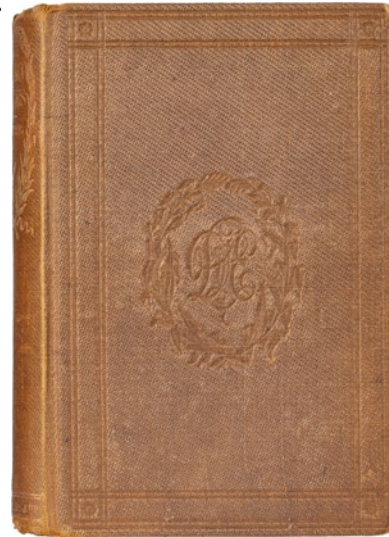
Melville, Herman

The Piazza Tales

(NY [Dix & Edwards], 1856).

1st edition. His only book of short stories. Original brown cloth (5 colors, no priority), spine faded but the gilt's all there (often oxidized away), a 1/4" split to the spine's tip, and light wear at its base, front inner paper hinge strengthened, a bookplate, and a 3/4" blindstamp, else very good, and most copies look like a well chewed pen top. **6,500**

6 tales fill the 431 pages. The Lightning-Rod Man is the shortest. It is a moral story saying, "don't be this guy," but its absorbing ingenuity and sarcasm would be a career marker if credited to any other name. The Bell Tower is a psychological spellbinder, of ambiguous devilry, that advances Edgar Poe. The Piazza, outing the delusions of idealism, and The Encantadas, a narrative hellishly reimagining the Galapagos Islands, are longer and just as fine. All 4 are unlike anything written before them and more intricate than most novels, but it's the 77 pages of isolation in Bartleby the Scrivener, and the 161 pages of good versus evil and the nature of perception in Benito Cereno, that soar to the heights and stand tall at the zenith. Every word of narrative, characterization, atmosphere, and theme (the 4 pillars of short fiction) are fused in an unfamiliar manner that is, nonetheless, easily recognized as clear, reliable, symmetrical, seamless, and readily welcomed, but it was all too late for Melville.



By 1856 he could not believe what was not happening to him. He had already decided that mind is to spirit as wave is to ocean, and unthreatened by failure, he wrote as brilliantly as he could, for as long as someone would pay him, and scorned his publishers' advice to write down to his readers and critics and enjoy a lucrative commercial career (his publishers did not understand that lions are not farm animals, and Melville did not understand that money is coined liberty). As to the inflexibility of Melville's martyrdom, or the shallowness of 19th century readers, neither justifies why, in our time, 100 years after Melville's rediscovery, this 1st edition is still irrationally undervalued. And as for critics, then and now, a few years ago I wrote a paper on the inability of most 9-year olds to recognize timeless literature. I had intended to write an essay here on the inability of most critics to recognize what would become timeless literature on a first reading, but in reviewing the earlier essay I realized that the two essays were the same.

We can cogently (though not irrefutably) argue that this book is American literature's finest assembly of short stories. The 1st printing was 2,500 copies and sales moved slower than postal chess (1,051 sold), ironically, though repeatedly, the public's reaction to real art so, it was not startling that, in 1857, after one last novel (The Confidence Man, an overlooked masterpiece with fiction's uttermost circus train of characters), Melville was excommunicated from literature (stubborn pilots lose big ships), failed to have his prose published again in his life (the bee gives her soul with her sting), and like so many virtuosos before him, he was never rescued.

"Saviors on horseback are seldom met with in practice."

—Bertolt Brecht, *The Threepenny Opera*, act 3, scene 9

the first American to win The Nobel Prize in any science

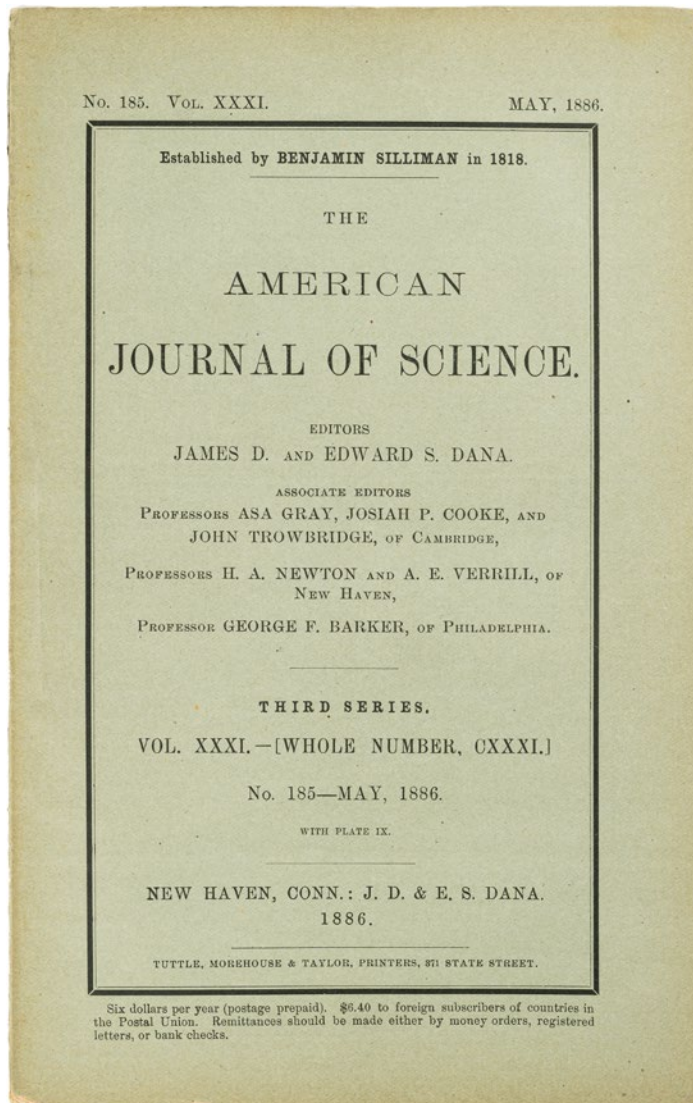
Michelson, Albert [and] Morley, Edward

Influence of Motion of the Medium on the Velocity of Light

(New Haven [The American Journal of Science], 1886).

1st edition, the 1st appearance anywhere of Michelson's and Morley's central paper reporting on the experiments that won Michelson his 1907 Nobel Prize in physics, showing that light consisted of waves, and later that the waves were not in, or of, anything, such as ether. The Nobel committee also recognized him for the instruments he created, for his achievements with them, and for his measurement of light speed at 186,380 miles per second in 1879, and then, with Morley, showed it to be a constant. Michelson's prize paper exemplifies Americana because it breached the Swedish citadel for the 300 or so American winners in medicine, physics, and chemistry, whose work followed it (the only American Nobel before Michelson's was Theodore Roosevelt's Peace Prize in 1906). This is the entire separate issue (5 3/4" X 9 1/8") of The American Journal of Science, May 1886, vol. 31, no. 185 (Michelson's paper is on pages 377–

386). It should not be compared, for rarity, or for value, to the much more common bound volume, or the even less worthy pages torn out of (extracted from) that volume. Original wrappers, tiny nick to the base of the front cover, small chips to the spine tips, a short crease to the back cover's corner, still very good, clean as the fingernails of a housekeeper washing dishes by hand, and it is rare (unexpectedly, ABPC lists no auction sales in 45 years, but fearful that maybe we missed one, we have priced it modestly). Opportunities vary. Sometimes you crash the front gate in daylight, other times you sneak around back at night and cut a hole in the fence. This book obliges the former as we are not likely to find another copy. See: Printing and the Mind of Man 378 (Lorentz), 401 (Minkowski), and 408 (Einstein). **5,500**



Michelson's experiments, their predecessors, and continuations, kindled new thinking for Lorentz

(the Lorentz contraction equations), and Einstein (the special theory of relativity). Alongside its hallowed and historic stature as a milestone in the American chronicle (defining Americana), this paper (the fundamental one), and its related reports, are among the most famous and important in the history of physics – the result,

“held revolutionary implications which led directly through Lorentz and Einstein to the acceptance of new standards of reference of time and space from geometry and cosmometry [measuring the universe]”–Dibner

“It is no doubt that Michelson’s experiment was of considerable influence upon my work insofar as it strengthened my conviction concerning the validity of the special theory of relativity.” –Einstein

Ah, booksellers: When explaining a book’s importance, or outlining its bibliography, or confessing its condition, or weighing its rarity, set yourself free. It is liberating to not pretend, and being fully honest will feel fully good, because a time comes for every flower when the reassurance of staying tight in the bud finally becomes more painful than whatever risk it takes to blossom. And that touches on one reason Bibliotopus is here. To defend collectors and librarians against careless, ambiguous, dishonorable, and irresponsible cataloging, and to make it as uncomfortable as we can for the booksellers who do it, and to press them to change their ways. To blossom. For themselves.

Ah, collectors: Spontaneous action enhances a great library and diminishes a mediocre one, like a storm feeds an ocean and floods a village.



[Money]

Silver Denarius of Marcus Aurelius
(Rome, 179–180 AD).

[AR] denarius, the primary currency in 2nd century Rome [19mm. 3.40 grams]. Obverse: Laureate bust of Emperor Marcus Aurelius facing right, draped and cuirassed. M AVREL ANTONINVS AVG around. Reverse: Fortuna (the Roman religion’s goddess of luck) seated, facing left, holding a rudder and a cornucopia. TR P XXXIII IMP X COS III PP around. **NGC slabbed and graded “Gem Mint State”** (their highest grade). A flawless coin, with blazing white luster, that looks fresh enough to eat, an 1,842-year old perfection from the last series of dated coins struck during Aurelius’ lifetime, a short series of only 3 types (2 denarii and one aureus). Refs: RIC III (Mattingly) 409 (he only saw it just cuirassed). RSC (Seaby), 972b fj (he also saw it just cuirassed, but saw it draped and cuirassed as well). BMC (British Museum Catalog) 805. Ex–HA, Aug. 20, 2021, lot 34234, \$4,800 (that seems enough). **4,800**



[Money]

Chinese Printed Paper Currency

(China [Ming Emperor Hongwu, 朱元璋], 1368–1398).

1 Kuan note produced under Hongwu (Zhu Yuanzhang), the first Ming Emperor. Block printed, in black ink, on gray mulberry paper. It's the largest paper money ever (8 3/4" X 13 3/16"), from a series of the earliest numismatic printing and the earliest obtainable commercial printing on paper, 2 generations before Gutenberg, however, it's 700 years after any block printing, and 500 years after the first block printed book. Small chips and tears at the edges, (most are natural to the deckled edges of 14th century paper making, and all are outside the borders), a 1/4" hole (paper flaw) in the left dragon border, and the red seals are a little faded. **PMG (the leading assessor**

of currency) slabbed and graded “Very Fine 25” and do not buy any currency that is not slabbed and graded and thus certified authentic above dispute (crucial), and not repaired (almost as crucial with currency, because any repair annihilates value). The Chinese text at the top reads “Da Ming tong xing bao chao” (right to left, in regular K’ai Shu style), translating as “Great Ming Circulating Treasure Note.” Below that is the denomination in 2 characters “yi guan” translating as “one string” with 1,000 copper coins (equaling 1,000 cash) pictured in 10 groups of what are meant to be 100 coins, then worth one tael of purse silver or 1/4 tael of gold. The center is flanked by 8 Chinese characters “Ta Ming Pao Ch’ao, Tien Hsia T’ung Hsing” (in Chuan Shu style), translating as “the Great Ming note circulates everywhere” then rules for use, a threat to punish forgers, and an outer surrounding frame of dragon patterns. **And overprinting all are red handstamps on each side, having the function of signatures on modern banknotes (the reverse one is the imperial seal).** An ancient banknote, from a nation that has long prided itself on advanced science and medicine, but also seems determined to connect them to its primal heredities, so (for one example) they have just bred a man with a rabbit to produce a human with a lucky foot. Ref: Pick AA10 S/M#T36–20. **6,500**



China was the first country to use paper money (credit currency) and tested it regionally in the late 10th century, with notes limited by time. A national issue (state backed by gold or silver) began in 1265, and our note is among the oldest examples now available whole, as earlier survivors are almost all seen in fragments, scattered in university and national libraries, museums, and their kin. Marco Polo saw the forerunner of our paper money in the 13th century and referred to it as “flying money” and he likened the ability to print money (that was equal in commerce to gold) as alchemy.

Here are Polo’s own words, translated from his Book of the Marvels of the World:

“All merchants arriving from India, or other countries, and bringing with them gold or silver or gems and pearls, are prohibited from selling to anyone but the emperor. He has 12 experts chosen for this business, men of shrewdness and experience in such affairs; and these appraise the articles, and the emperor then pays a liberal price for them in those pieces of paper [money]. The merchants accept his price readily, for in the first place they would not get so good a one from anybody else, and secondly, they are paid without any delay. And with this paper money they can buy what they like anywhere over the Empire, whilst it is also vastly lighter to carry about on their journeys. And it is a truth that the merchants will several times in the year bring wares to the amount of 400,000 bezants [a gold coin associated with Byzantium] and the Grand Sire pays for all in that paper. So, he buys such a quantity of those precious things every year that his treasure is endless, whilst all the time the money he pays away costs him nothing at all. Moreover, several times in the year proclamation is made through the city that anyone who may have gold or silver or gems or pearls, by taking them to the mint shall get a handsome price for them. And the owners are glad to do this, because they would find no other purchaser giving so large a price. Thus, the quantity they bring in is marvelous.” –Chapter 24



We don't care. We don't have to. We're the U. S. mint.

[Money]

Jefferson Nickel Mis-struck on a Penny Blank
(Denver [United States Mint], 2000).

What? 2000-D Jefferson Nickel. Double denomination, mistakenly struck on a one cent, copper colored blank. **PCGS slabbed and graded "MS 66 RD"** (MS is mint state and as made, including the cloud in front of Jefferson's face, 66 is gem uncirculated, and RD is red, the original undulled, untoned penny color). 25 or so are known to us in all dates (this is the only 2000-D), and "MS 66 RD" is the highest grade for any of them in any date though a few with higher grades exist for other kinds of errors. Finest of all, so matchless for its condition, and for its date, so far, and explaining it seems as unnecessary as directions on a shampoo bottle, since its startling oddity is visually obvious immediately. Ex-Don Bonser, the foremost collection of error coins at auction in recent times (HA, \$2,406 in 2021, probably what it's worth for now). **2,500**

Orwell, George

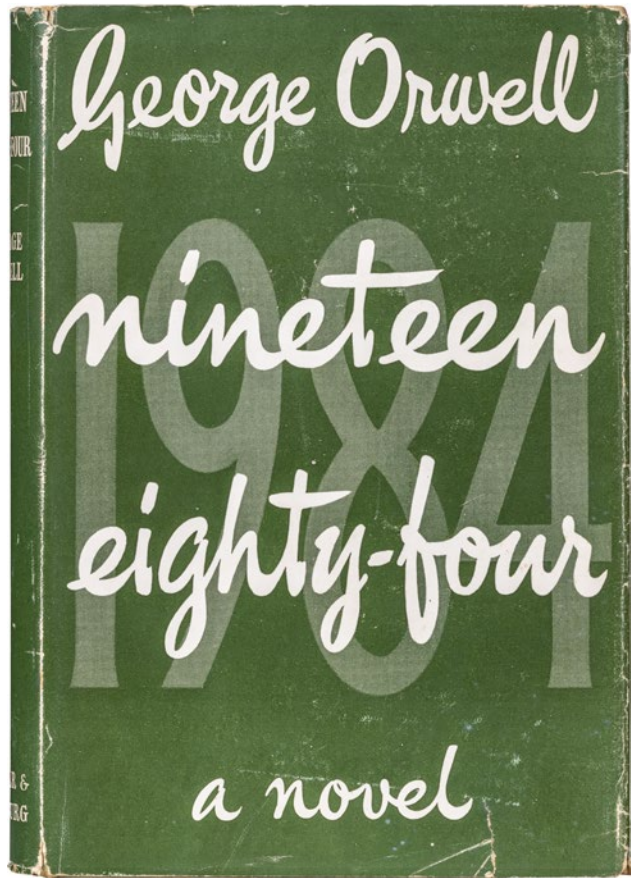
Nineteen Eighty-Four
(London [Secker], 1949).

1st edition. Fine in the green dustjacket (also seen red with no priority and any relative scarcity between the 2 colors is overstated), small chips at the spine tips and corners, short edge tears, still very good, never repaired, and it's fresh (and that is what is most desirable and most scarce with this jacket), the whites are bright white, and the greens are true. We suppose a perfect copy, in a perfect, unrepaired jacket, is a \$30,000 book. This one is 1/5 the price and not in an overpraised, browned, grubby, spine faded, or worse, restored jacket, and those that are should be arrested for loitering whenever they show up at a book fair. It is ranked 4th on a consolidation of the credible lists ordering the 20th century's best novels, behind only Ulysses, The Great Gatsby, and The Grapes of Wrath, but all those lists have a stiff, passé, and witlessly biased aspect to them, all have laughable omissions, and all cry out to be revisited and revised. **6,000**

Orwell knew that capitalism rewards people unequally, while totalitarianism only rewards the ruling dictatorship, yet to read the propaganda of ether was more tiresome than being stranded on a desert island with Nancy Grace in the capacity of secretary. So, he stripped the then current rage (communism) naked and used the novel (this novel) to deflate its juvenile aphorisms, ridicule its pretentious enthusiasms, taunt its intellectual appeal, dismiss its inevitability, humiliate the romance supporting its idealistic lie, disdain its pompous leadership, and thus, shape the march of events. And he was patient enough to

publish it at exactly the right moment, because the man who is never in a hurry is always on time (he had it fabricated and framed by 1944, then waited until he was dying and could wait no longer). Newspeak, thoughtcrime, unpersons, blackwhite, doublethink, hateweek, joycamp, etc. Maybe it all happened right on schedule, and we just missed it in slepthrough.

And here is my thoughtcrime, old as the first itch, somber as the last hymn, and simple as a straight line. The most able U. S. politicians combine a disposition to preserve and an ability to improve, and the astute ones know that the domestic aims of all regimes should be no more than, and no less than: **1.** Individual liberty, **2.** Economic efficiency, and **3.** Social justice, the very aspirations candidates claim when they are courting votes. But once in office they get lax, and obsessed with raising money, and forsake those integrities, because in drawing up legislation the **3** often appear mutually exclusive, and hard work is required to reconcile them honorably, meaning, to do the most good and the least harm. So instead of doing unappreciated hard work, our elected officials keep the public scared (hence clamorous to be led to safety) by menacing them with an endless array of bogeyman threats.



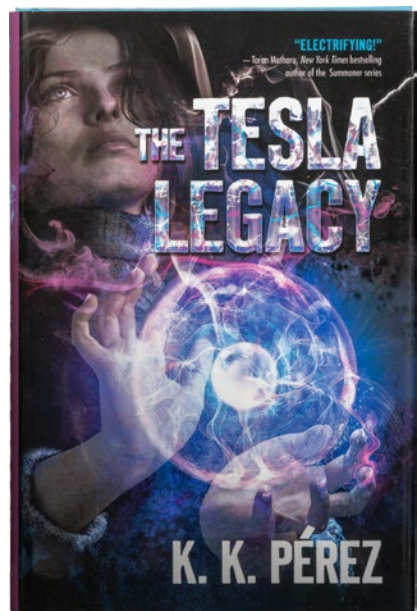
Why is this here?

Pérez, Kristina

The Tesla Legacy
(NY [Macmillan/Tor], 2019).

1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket. **Signed and inscribed, in ink, "Embrace your power! K. K."** Flyer for a K. K. Pérez book signing laid in. **20**

There is always a reason. Anabelle Rose is the manager of our Bibliotopus showroom and gallery in Century City. However, she also works as an actress and a model, and one of her modeling jobs was for the depiction of The Tesla Legacy's heroine on the dustjacket of the 1st edition (yep, that's her). And she spells her name backwards (Ellebana) when she does nightwork as an assassin for the Illuminati, a reminder that everyone at Bibliotopus has a secret identity.

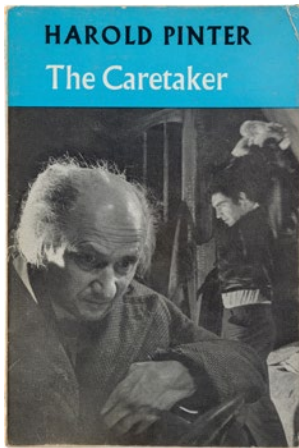


his own corrected copy

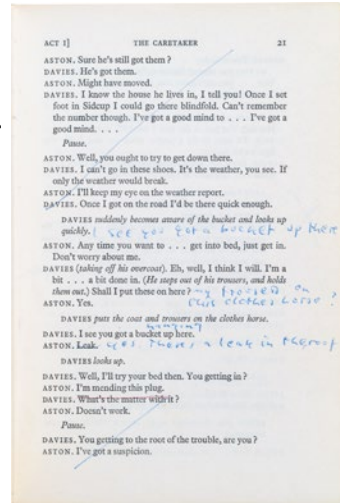
Pinter, Harold

The Caretaker
(London [Methuen], 1960).

1st trade edition (a Samuel French acting edition precedes). **The Nobel laureate's own copy (Pinter's salient beloved) of his first major success with his extensive, handwritten corrections, deletions, additions, and notations on 52 of the 77 pages. 22 of the additions on 17 of the pages are dialog, from a word to a line, and 18 pages indicate the book was also used by him as a prompt copy. Research rich with unique changes and thoughtful adjustments here, that**



never appeared in any subsequent edition, and it is a careful editing, in different color inks and pencil, certainly done in many steps, by revisiting it regularly over a long time. Original wrappers (Methuen also issued it hardbound simultaneously), one small corner crease and some edge rubs else very good, game used but never abused. The Caretaker was Pinter's first appreciable commercial success, a theatrical dynamo, that is, to postmodern plays, what Customer Service is to condescension, and this is the best copy of it in the world. Cloth case. Ex-Edwin Erbe. **35,000**



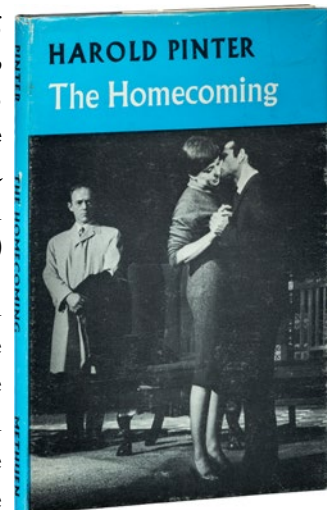
**presentation copy,
the ultimately personal and professional association**

Pinter, Harold

The Homecoming
(London [Methuen], 1965).

1st edition. Near fine in a very good dustjacket (just rubbing to its edges). **Contemporary signed, presentation copy, inscribed in ink using his stage name, David Baron, to Vivien Merchant, his wife, the lead actress and the only woman in the play (she is seen on the jacket in a scene from the play).** Half morocco case. Ex-Edwin Erbe, publicity director at New Directions. **45,000**

In 1965 The Homecoming premiered at London's Aldwych Theatre. In 1967 it went to Broadway where it won the Tony Award for Best Play and became a driving force behind Pinter's 2005 Nobel Prize. It was a sizeable rotation in drama, accentuating the spoken word as weapon and the unspoken word as eloquence, and it was a potent child of the 1960s, though plays are one of the less differentiated (less recognized) of the arts invigorated by the cultural revolution. This was the play that established Pinter, and we apologize for the redundancy, but again, this is the best copy of it in the world.

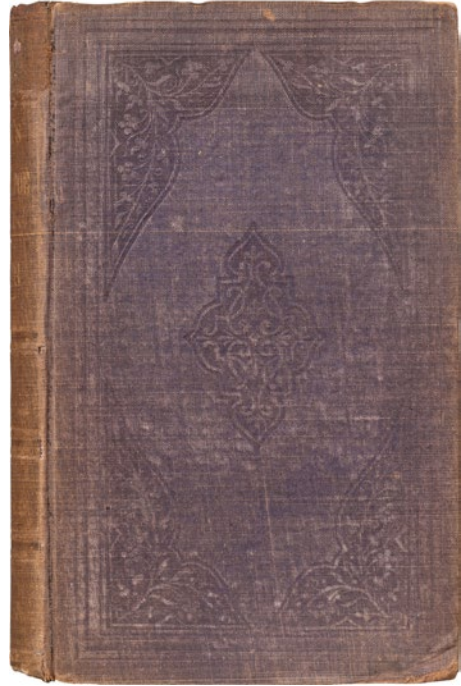


murder in deed, indeed

Poe, Edgar Allan

Tales
(NY [Redfield], 1850).

1st edition of his 3rd collection of tremor inducing stories. 1st printing, with all points as per B. A. L. 16158, as well as binding style A. Original brown cloth (also seen in green and purple), a 1" chip at the spine's top replaced with similar cloth, the joints and hinges strengthened, a corner bumped, the last 4 leaves foxed (most copies have more spots than Jack the Ripper's shirtsleeves), else good condition, and not terribly unsightly, and though we have pointed out some frightening defects, the price reflects the condition, and it has all the essentials. It is the real 1st printing in original cloth, and the primary binding of it, and it is complete with Poe's portrait, and the 4 pages of ads. The 1st printing is scarce, scarcer than you imagine. And it is important, reprinting the 16 best of Poe's previously published stories, and conspicuously adding, for the first time in any of his 1st editions, 15 new stories from his haunted carnival that include, The Pit and the Pendulum, The Oval Portrait, The Tell-Tale Heart, The Masque of Red Death, and 11 other new and ominous tales, also of surpassing distinction. The 2nd printing is invariably available, and descriptions of it try to hide that it is a reprint by miscalling it 2nd state, or 2nd issue, or early printing (some booksellers will only use the words "2nd printing" if it occurs to them as a solution to a clue in the Times crossword). Our 1st printing is seldom for sale, less often complete in original cloth, it has long been under appreciated and undervalued (still is), and its standing among Poe's books is crazily misunderstood. **3,750**



A 1st edition that is an unavoidably requisite part of any collection of Edgar Poe, or of horror literature, or even of American literature, because of the new stories that first appeared in it. And because of those stories, no gathering of any of the above-mentioned collections can be deemed comprehensive without it, and any bookshelf would be measurably enhanced by its addition. Further, 1st editions of his 2 earlier books of Tales are much more expensive, and neither of them has all his finest older stories, or any of the 15 new ones, so this is a chance to own a substantial Poe 1st edition, and the best for content, at the cost of a lesser book, and most books are lesser.

And why do we make such an effort to explain our 1st editions? Because you are always better off doing nothing with your money than doing something you do not understand.

In this catalog you get Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville, the celestial nucleus of American short fiction from the first part of the 19th century, and if you reread our descriptions for all 4, a good sense of that majestic era cannot be avoided.



Poe, Edgar

The Raven

Illustrated by Gustave Doré
(NY [Harper], 1884).

1st edition. There was also a London edition dated 1883 but both were issued the same day in Dec. 1883, and Doré was hired by Harper, so our edition is the principal one. Original cloth (14 1/2" X 18 1/2"), 24 full page engravings and 2 smaller ones, all by Doré (it's the last book he illustrated), a few small marks to the back, light rubs to the tips and corners, else near fine, and brighter than Apollo's breastplate. And here's a fact: Poe did not die in the street from alcoholism; he died in a hospital from rabies. **2,000**

Ravens are really smart. Among other ingenuities, they are one of only 4 animals (with bees, ants, and humans) that have demonstrated displacement, a language skill defined as the ability to communicate about objects or events that are distant in space or time. You say you want to eat a raven? Put it in a pot of boiling water with a hammerhead. When the hammer is soft, the raven is ready.

[Pokémon]

Doduo, Number 48

(Renton [Wizards of the Coast], 1999).

Unlimited base set trading card from the 1st U. S. issue (1st Japan set 1996, U. S. demo set 1998, 1st U. S. set 1999). **PSA slabbed and graded “Gem Mint 10” the highest grade obtainable.** The 2021 census records 86 in this grade, not many considering millions of players and 40 billion total cards produced, but don't get too excited, more 10s will be found. Artwork by Mitsuhiro Arita. Doduo has 2 heads, and when it evolves, into Dodrio, it grows a third head (our card is the less rare state A, of 2, with a yellow and black neck). The auction record for any 1999 Pokémon card is \$420,000, in case you're wondering if anybody with money, and older than 12, really cares (the history of collectibles is a history of surprises). 100

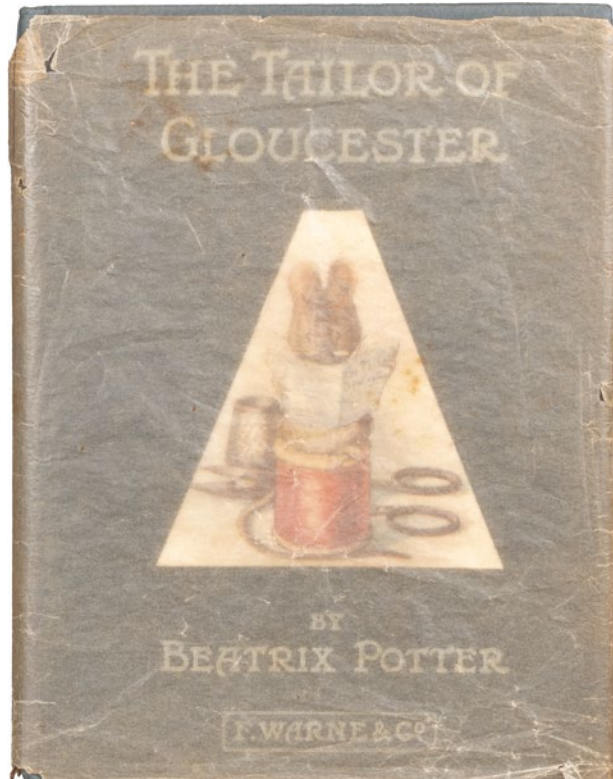


the way of the mouse (industry in quiet places)

Potter, Beatrix

The Tailor of Gloucester (London [Warne], 1903).

1st trade edition, 1st binding (one endpaper design repeated 4 times). Her 3rd book. Green boards (also seen red with no priority). Fine in a 1st printing glassine dustjacket, a chip to the back taking a corner of the border (no text lost), other lesser wear to the edges, some wrinkles, else very good and integral (the jacket, when seen, is often in 2 pieces or shredded). 27 color pictures. An inferior, privately printed issue, with 11 fewer pictures and no jacket preceded but a hoard of them was found in the 1990s, in new condition, so they will be common for quite a while (78 sales at auction since 1975), and some copies were also bound in cloth and in leather, but boards in jacket is the way to have this book. ABPC lists only one copy in jacket sold at auction in the last 15 years (Christie's, \$8,125, Sep. 14, 2021). Fine half morocco case. 8,000



Peter Rabbit is Potter's most famous character, but The Tailor of Gloucester is her best book and she always called it her favorite. It is a sensitive, tender, and humble story about selflessness, it is perfectly illustrated by her, the text is highly literate for a children's book, and 119 years later it remains an exalted parable of Western literature.

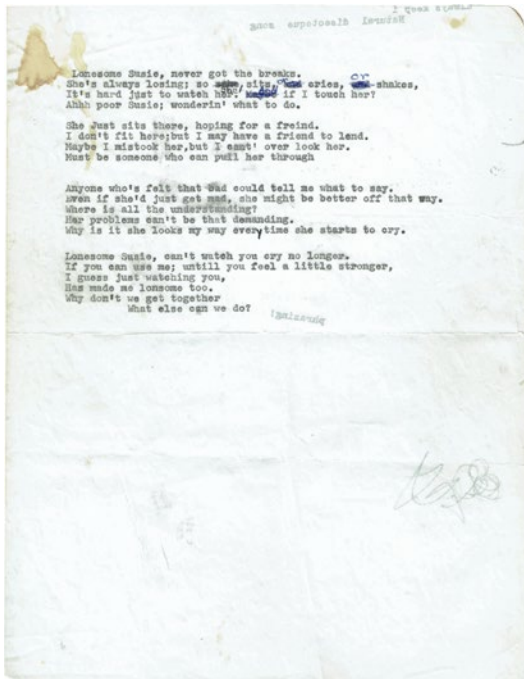
We know that rock & roll descended from swing, blues, and rhythm and blues, and we know there is a debate over rock & roll's arisings, but this is not the place to sort it out. In May 1954 Bill Haley cut Rock Around the Clock ("1, 2, 3 o'clock, 4 o'clock rock") and my ears tell me that was it. In July 1955 Chuck Berry dropped Maybellene (sic), the beginning of rock guitar (descending pentatonic double-stops). Later that year The Cheers hit with Black Denim Trousers and Motorcycle Boots (rock & roll drums and a song that told a story), and Little Richard charted with Tutti-Frutti ("a-wop-bop-a-loo-mop-a-lop-bam-boom"). January 1956 saw Frankie Lymon's Why Do Fools Fall in Love, Carl Perkins' Blue Suede Shoes, and Elvis Presley's Heartbreak Hotel. After that, the game was on.

a song from Big Pink

[Rock & Roll, The Band]

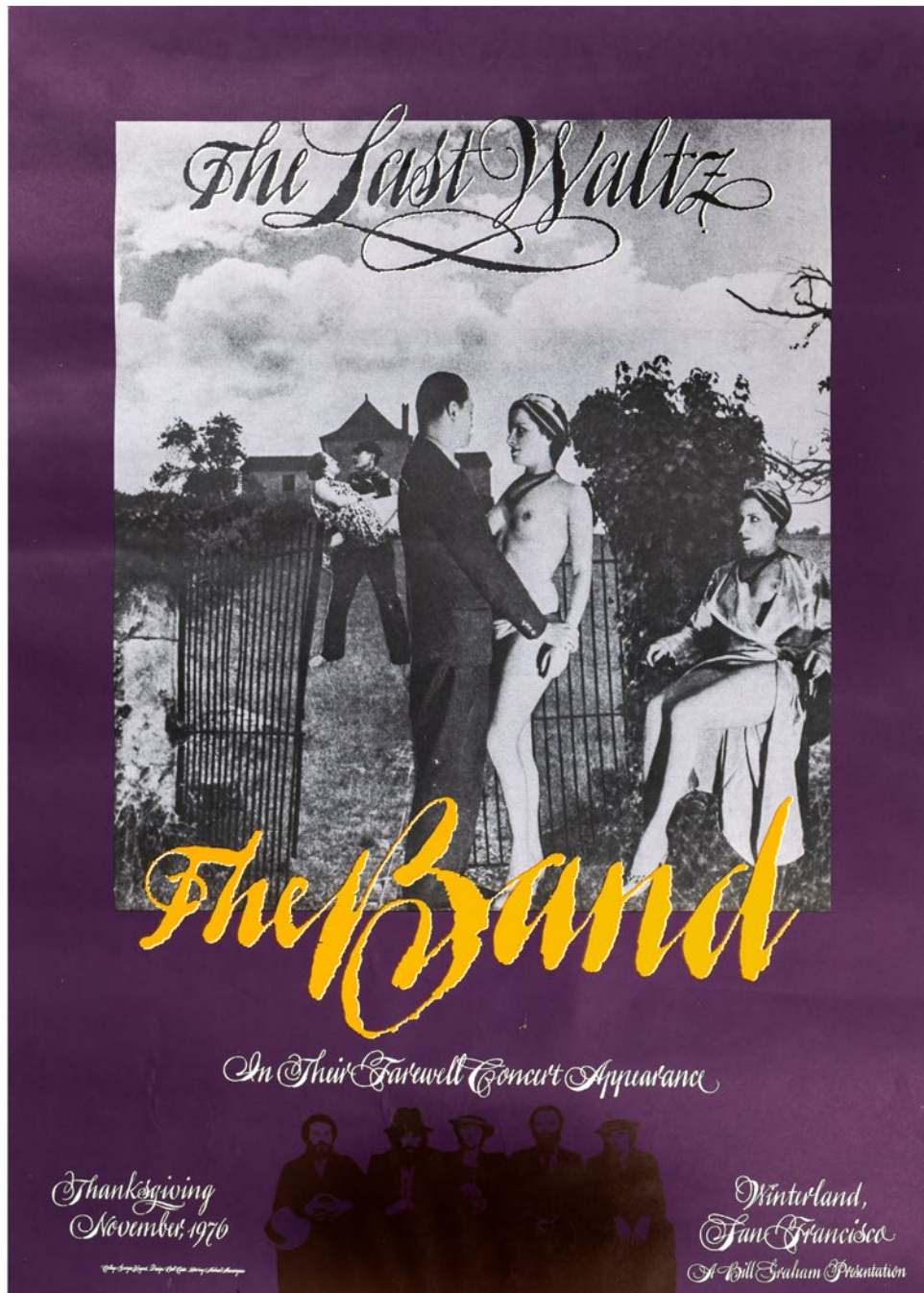
Lonesome Suzie
(West Saugerties, 1968).

Richard Manuel's original, typed, working manuscript (not a fair copy) of Lonesome Suzie (she's still Susie in our manuscript, respelled after recording), with his 5 final handwritten changes, in ink, amending the lyrics from the song he wrote to the one The Band recorded as the 9th track on their 1968 debut album,



Music from Big Pink. The complete lyrics, 19 lines, 159 words, all on one side of an 8 1/2" X 11" sheet of paper. Some wear, stains, a pencil scribble, and a few unrelated words, else very good. A surreal song about a sad young woman who got no breaks and cried a lot, but I heard she was weird (for one thing she insisted on sleeping in a derby hat). This is the only authentic manuscript, of any song on Music from Big Pink, we have seen for sale, and it's cooler than sending somebody else to pick up your laziest person award. Ex-Monty Diamond, ex-Bonnie Diamond, an unbroken chain of ownership provenance tracing back to 1968. Ex-Sotheby's NY, Dec. 10, 2016 (bought by us through private treaty). **20,000**

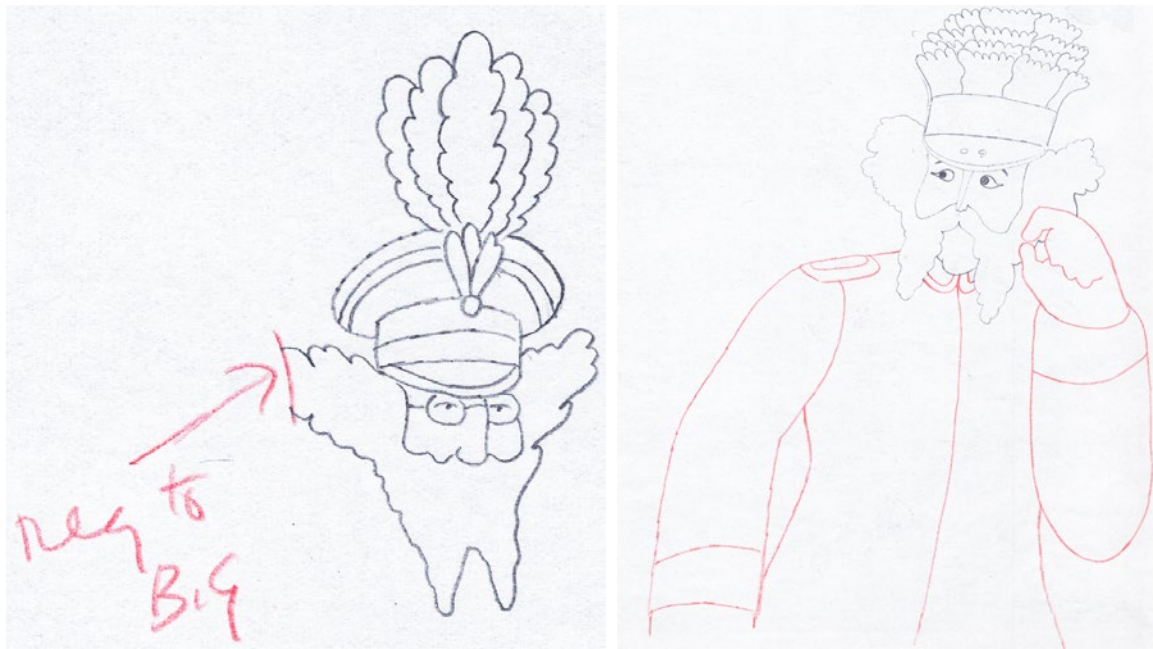
Starting in 1966, what would become The Band, played behind Dylan in his live concerts, continued to do so into 1969, also backed him on a few of the Blonde on Blonde takes and were his co-musicians on The Basement Tapes. Big Pink was the name personifying the house that 3 of them shared in West Saugerties, NY. Dylan wrote, or co-wrote, 3 songs on the record, painted the cover, and guided their introduction with élan. The album had a storied impact across rock & roll. Eric Clapton said its roots rock style convinced him to quit Cream, and Roger Waters said it affected Pink Floyd deeply, calling it "the second most influential record in the history of rock after Sgt. Pepper." All 5 of The Band's musicians played on Lonesome Suzie; Richard Manuel-piano (and the lead vocal), Robbie Robertson-electric guitar, Rick Danko-bass guitar, Garth Hudson-organ and soprano saxophone, and Levon Helm-drums.



[Rock & Roll, The Band]

The Last Waltz
(San Francisco [Bill Graham], 1976).

1st printing. Original poster (20 1/2" X 28"), wavey (not hard) creases from being rolled, else very good. The grand finale of their farewell tour, in a concert called The Last Waltz, at San Francisco's Winterland Ballroom, Thanksgiving Day, 1976. Guests included Van Morrison, Emmylou Harris, Muddy Waters, Eric Clapton, Ringo Starr, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Bob Dylan, and Neil Diamond. The event became a 1978 UA film (same name) directed by Martin Scorsese. The last copy we tracked at auction did \$239, HA, in 2018. Sellers who don't have one for sale say it's only worth \$50. We point out that when we don't have one for sale, it's only \$25. 75



original drawings of George, Paul, and John

[Rock & Roll, The Beatles]

Yellow Submarine

(NP [United Artists], 1968).

6 original production drawings for the animated feature film, Yellow Submarine. All 6 show The Beatles in their Sgt. Pepper band uniforms, Paul, and John with beards, each on an individual 16" X 12 1/4" sheet of 16 field paper, all in black graphite, and 5 of the 6 with parts of the drawings or the numbering in red. All are very good. **1,000**

Individually:

1. George: The image (head and shoulders) is 4 1/2" tall, in black, his beard has not been added but space has been left for it, there are 4 numerical notes in the margins, another by the image, his tuba is behind him, and a borderline is in red.

2. Paul: The image (half length) is 9" tall, in black and red, with 6 numerical notes in the margins, one of them deleted (2 pieces of clear tape on the reverse).

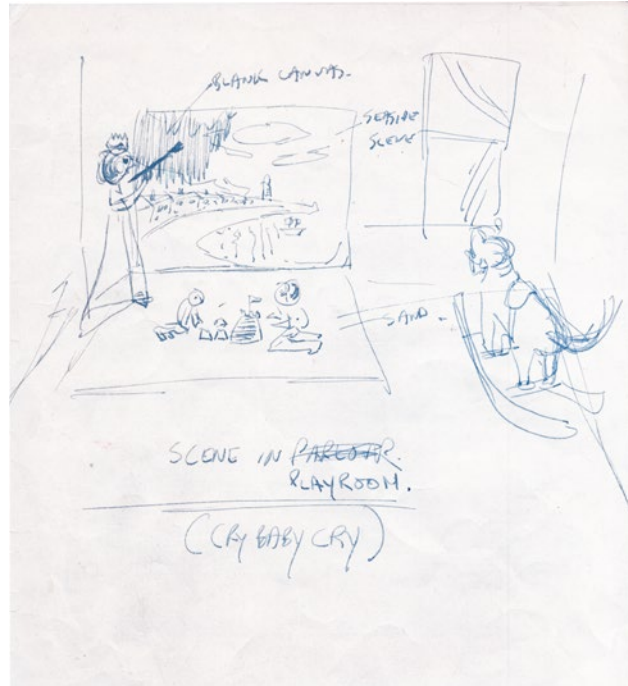
3. Paul: The image (half length) is 9" tall, in black and red (he is saluting), with 4 numerical notes in the margins.

4. John: The image (head) is 2 1/2" tall, in black, with 2 numerical notes and a scale in the margins, and another note near the image.

5. John: The image (head) is 2 1/2" tall, in black, with 2 numerical notes in the margins, and another note near the image.

6. John: The image (head) is 5 1/2" tall, in black, with 4 numerical notes and a scale in the margins (3 pieces of brown tape and 2 pieces of clear to the edges).

Number 2 comes with a 1995 COA from Gallery Lainzberg and number 6 comes with a 1998 COA from Legend Animation Art, but all 6 are ex-HA, June 21, 2020, lot 99015, and all 6 have a money-back, guarantee of authenticity from Biblioctopus, and if you don't trust us, then why are you reading this catalog?



[Rock & Roll, The Beatles]

The White Album
(London [Apple], 1968).

3 hand drawn and annotated set designs (concept drawings) by Mal Evans, for 2 Beatles songs, aimed at proposed music videos or record covers.

- 1. Helter Skelter (one image, 13 words, all in blue ink).
- 2-3. Cry Baby Cry (2 images, 12 words, one deleted, all in black ink).

All 3 are on the verso side of a recycled 18 1/2" X 12 1/2" lead sheet left behind at the Apple Boutique after filming a scene in the movie Hot Millions. Very good. Nice relics. Scarce. Ex-Julien's Auctions, April 10, 2020, lot 145. **1,000**

Mal Evans was first hired by The Beatles in Aug. 1963 and stayed with them until their 1969 breakup (last studio session Jan. 3, 1970). Early in 1968 Evans preceded The Beatles to India for an inspection of Maharishi Yoga's Ashram. Once The Beatles arrived, the 5 of them were taught meditation and The Beatles wrote many of the album's songs. Lennon, McCartney, and Starr then returned to London and finished the formation of Apple Records giving Evans the title of personal assistant, while Harrison and Evans first flew to New York City then drove to West Saugerties and stayed with Bob Dylan and The Band while they rehearsed at Big Pink (The Band's house). In May, The Beatles began recording The White Album at EMI (released in November). In July, Evans persuaded Apple to sign The Iveys (the first band Apple signed). He produced their first Apple sessions and changed The Iveys name to Badfinger. Our drawings seem to be from October with Evans rendering McCartney's vision for Helter Skelter (British slang for a spiral playground slide), and Lennon's vision for Cry Baby Cry (provoked by the nursery rhyme, Sing a Song of Sixpence).

"The King was in the garden, picking flowers for a friend who came to play
The Queen was in the playroom, painting pictures for the children's holiday."
-John Lennon, Cry Baby Cry

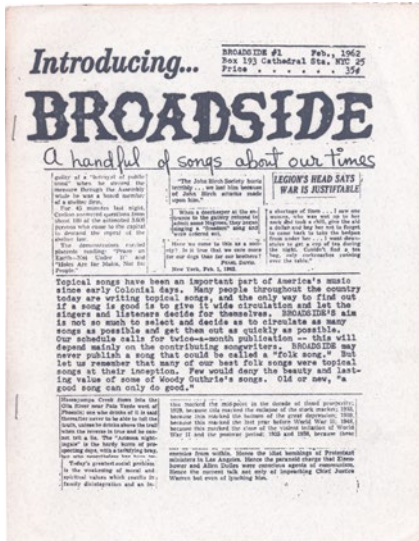
the first appearance in print of any original lyrics by Dylan

[Rock & Roll, Bob Dylan]

Introducing Broadside

(NY [Turner and Cunningham], Feb. 1962).

1st edition of issue number 1. Stapled wrappers (8 1/2" X 11"), 6 leaves, 5 printed on rectos only (as issued). Soft crease to one corner, near fine (no ex-library marks), and you will only see a finer copy in the dreams you will have after breathing deeply over an open paint can. The 1st publication of any of the Nobel Laureate's original, copyrighted lyrics, a full printing of Talking John Birch [Paranoid Blues], along with 4 more songs and a poem written by others. Talking John Birch was recorded (April 24, 1962) for The Freewheelin' [Bob Dylan], his 2nd album, but Columbia Records ultimately suppressed the album over that song. John Birch was replaced just before the album's release, as were 3 other songs because, by then, Dylan thought he had 3 better ones (he did). But a few original copies, from old metal stampers, escaped and the 1st version, with the 4 quashed songs, is rare and lewdly expensive at auction (\$150,000 stereo, \$11,000 and \$30,000 mono, all in 2022). John Birch was finally released in 1991 on the first album of the Bootleg series. **2,000**



The circle of the arts includes sculpture, architecture, literature, furniture, painting, drawing, goldsmithing, printmaking, landscaping, ceramics, industrial design, photography, gastronomy, haut couture, music, dance, cinema, animation, drama, and 30 other domains.

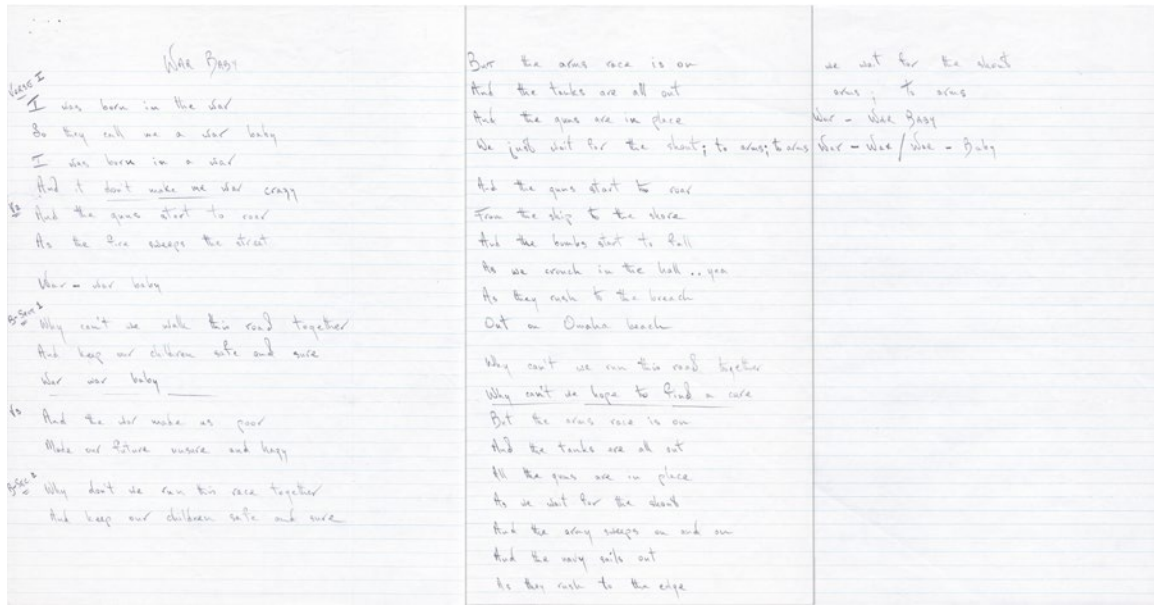
Their influence waxes and wanes with the fashion (industrial design seems foremost right now, just look at your iPhone), but in the 1960s, music shaped a surfacing generation's zeitgeist more than any other art discipline, and Bob Dylan's lyrics were undeniably the most impactful of all. 60 years later he is still around, mitigated, but capable of surprising us at any moment. Our book though, is from the breaking dawn, Dylan as beginner, the hatching of a matchless human manifestation, unlike any other.

"The way that Elvis freed your body, Dylan freed your mind. He showed us that just because the music was innately physical it did not mean that it was anti intellect. He had the vision and talent to make a pop song so that it contained the whole world. He invented a new way a pop singer could sound, broke through the limitations of what a recording could achieve, and he changed the face of rock 'n' roll for ever and ever." –Bruce Springsteen (1988)

"In Paris in 1964 was the first time I ever heard Dylan at all. Paul got the record from a French DJ. For 3 weeks in Paris, we didn't stop playing it." –John Lennon

"He's like our Walt Whitman." –Mick Jagger (2016)

"We did one of those non-handshake handshakes. I was with all guys, and Dylan shook hands with all of them, and then they said, 'And this is Kate,' and I put my hand out, and he didn't put his out. And then I took my hand away, and he put his out. It was one of those. We finally did shake. And then I fainted!" –Kate Moss (1995)



stone alone

[Rock & Roll, Mick Jagger]

Handwritten manuscript of War Baby
(Hilversum and St. Phillip [Columbia], 1987).

Original handwritten manuscript for War Baby. 37 lines, 233 words of neatly written lyrics (the whole song), in pencil, all in Mick Jagger's handwriting, on 3 sheets of 8" X 10" lined paper (rectos only). Titled at the top, the verse and bridge notations in the left margin. This is a recording session draft, 1987, for his second solo album, Primitive Cool (his 1993 biography was also titled Primitive Cool). War Baby was the last song on the album. Jagger did the vocals and also played guitar, percussion, autoharp, and harmonica. The band featured polished supporting performances from 20 musicians including, Dave Stewart, Vernon Reed, G. E. Smith, and Jeff Beck. Left edge minutely trimmed (1/8" with no loss), 4 inconsequential staple holes at the upper left, blank corner, otherwise fine condition and rare. **55,000**

We have been selling these rock & roll manuscripts for 40 years and Jagger lyrics are mystifyingly uncommon (he told me keeps them). Other than a group of routine letters that happened to contain rewritten lyrics for Monkey Man (Sotheby's, \$234,500 on Dec. 12, 2012), Jagger's manuscript lyrics that are complete, recorded, performed, published, and for sale, are apparitions, and I have not heard of any authentic ones (not one) at auction or in the trade, making them rarer than the manuscript lyrics of all his analogous contemporaries. And this song is his shot at an antiwar message, not quite Give Peace a Chance or Blowin' in the Wind, but we have sold 22 manuscripts by various Beatles, and more than that by Dylan, yet this is the only Jagger manuscript we have seen. And though Jagger could have retired long ago he keeps working, because every time he saw a safe harbor, he tacked north, bought himself a little more ocean, and kept on sailing. I guess he wants to stay on top. As if the world has a top.

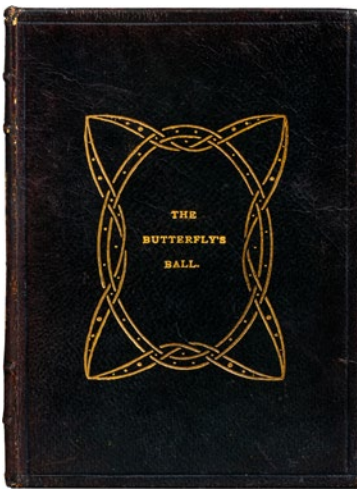
Back in the 1960s I met a lot of rockers and became friends with some of them too but, personally, I only miss one, The Beach Boys' Carl Wilson, the gentlest and goodest of guys. I think about him often.

Roscoe, William

The Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's Feast

(London [Printed for J. Harris], January 1, 1807).

1st edition, 1st printing (the 1st book edition) preceded only by George Smart's musical version and 2 periodical appearances, all 3 in 1806, but this is the foundational, 1807 book. 1st state (issue?) with a blank at the end and conforming to 2/3 (the tricky priority is unsure), like the copy at The Museum of Childhood, Edinburgh. 19th century full morocco (the binding $3\frac{3}{4}$ " X $5\frac{3}{16}$ "), near fine, with large margins and unrepaired. The original yellow wrappers with a border of zigzags (priority also unsure) are bound in. Engraved frontispiece plus 13 plates, all finely hand-colored, 12 of them bound in 6 pairs (some offsetting), each on one side of a page opposing each other, and a final one mirroring the frontispiece, as issued. Coll: 16mo. [16 leaves], the last blank attached to the back wrapper. Ex-Schiller. Refs: Marjorie Moon, John Harris's Books for Youth, 1801-1843, no. 725 (4). Gumuchien 4967. Osborne I, 76. 1,750



Modern nursery rhymes descended from Newbery's 1744 genre source (A Little Pretty Pocket Book, that also has the first mention of baseball), but Roscoe's book seems to be the first for nurturing young readers with pure fancy, imagination, and whimsy, (not rules, threats, or guilt) that totally shed any pretense of having a latent instructional moral, and it's the oldest one that is still commercially successful and somewhat widely read today. It is a poem about a party of joyous revelry for personified bugs and small beasts, illustrated by William Mulready, and though human children are seen in the pictures, I don't think Roscoe wrote it intending for children to be at the party, so either Mulready did not read the poem, or he misread it

(the pictures were changed for what is called the 2nd issue but is, really, the 2nd printing in today's terms). There have been 15 auction sales of both 1807 printings in the last 45 years, from \$65 to \$1,914, many of them in trashed condition, or bibliographically wrong, or in drab modern bindings, and the most recent copy that ABPC unambiguously calls the "1st issue" but not necessarily the 1st state, sold 17 years ago. The Butterfly's Ball was inventive and impactful, and it has exhibited the survival skills of Chucky. 215 years later it is still in print, through uncountable editions, and it is still selling in 10 or so illustrated variations and, thus, William Roscoe found his immortality with it.

—> And since we have broached immortality, dig on this: *Turritopsis dohrnii* is an immortal jellyfish. Predators can kill it, but it does not die of old age. The adult animal, when facing some environmental or health threat can revert back to its immature polyp stage and begin its life cycle anew. This switching back and then growing up again means they can theoretically live forever, the only animal proven to have this ability. Hydras, while not unequivocally immortal, have such an abundance of FoxO genes (proteins), the regulators of cell renewal (we have them too, but less of them), that they are nearly immortal, a pursuable clue for medical research seeking some kind of more slowly deteriorating human life extension far exceeding our norm, but I remind you: None of us are going to live forever and for each of us death whispers in our ear, "Enjoy your life while you have it," he says, "I am coming."

Shakespeare Insult Kit [plagiarized from Scholastic.com]:
Take one word randomly from each of the 3 columns below, place them in order (1–2–3),
then preface it with “You”

Column 1

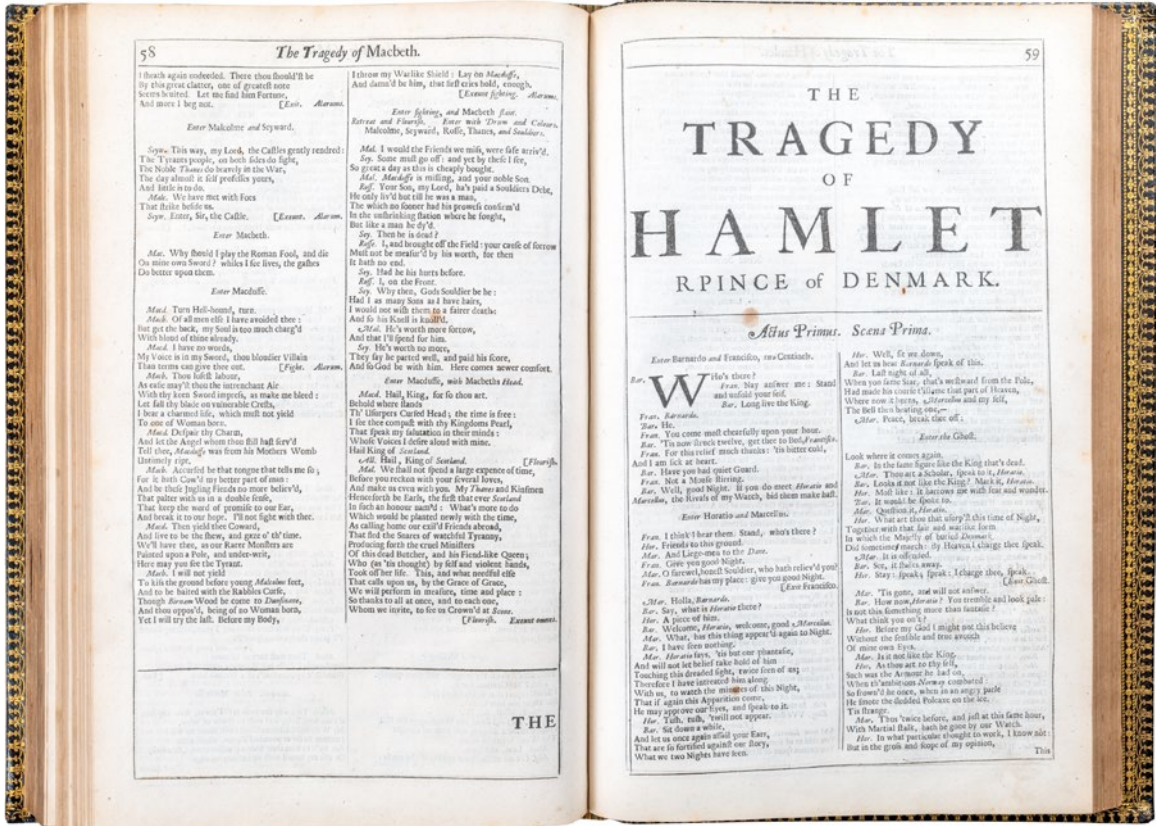
artless
bawdy
beslubbering
bootless
churlish
cockered
clouted
craven
currish
dankish
dissembling
droning
errant
fawning
fobbing
froward
frothy
gleeking
goatish
gorbellied
impertinent
infectious
jarring
loggerheaded
lumpish
mammering
mangled
mewling
paunchy
pribbling
puking
puny
qualling
rank
reeky
roguish
ruttish
saucy
spleeny
spongy
surly
tottering
unmuzzled
vain
venomed
villainous
warped
wayward
weedy
yeasty

Column 2

base-court
bat-fowling
beef-witted
beetle-headed
boil-brained
clapper-clawed
clay-brained
common-kissing
crook-pated
dismal-dreaming
dizzy-eyed
doghearted
dread-bolted
earth-vexing
elf-skinned
fat-kidneyed
fen-sucked
flap-mouthed
fly-bitten
folly-fallen
fool-born
full-gorged
guts-gripping
half-faced
hasty-witted
hedge-born
hell-hated
idle-headed
ill-breeding
ill-nurtured
knotty-pated
milk-livered
motley-minded
onion-eyed
plume-plucked
pottle-deep
pox-marked
reeling-ripe
rough-hewn
rude-growing
rump-fed
shard-borne
sheep-biting
spur-galled
swag-bellied
tardy-gaited
tickle-brained
toad-spotted
unchin-snouted
weather-bitten

Column 3

apple-john
baggage
barnacle
bladder
boar-pig
bugbear
bum-bailey
canker-blossom
clack-dish
clotpole
coxccomb
codpiece
death-token
dewberry
flap-dragon
flax-wench
flirt-gill
foot-licker
fustilarian
giglet
gudgeon
haggard
harpy
hedge-pig
horn-beast
hugger-mugger
joithead
lewdster
lout
maggot-pie
malt-worm
mammet
measle
minnow
miscreant
moldwarp
mumble-news
nut-hook
pigeon-egg
pignut
puttock
pumpion
ratsbane
scut
skainsmate
strumpet
varlot
vassal
whey-face
wagtail



“such stuff as dreams are made on” –The Tempest, act 4, scene 1

Shakespeare, William

Comedies, Histories and Tragedies

(London [Herringman, Brewster, and Bentley], 1685).

4th folio, 1st issue. All 39 of Shakespeare's plays (the heart of English literature). 19th century full morocco (9 3/8" X 14 1/2"), in fine, unrepaired condition, good looking beyond good fortune, and as bright as the brass fittings on a new coffin, an acutely appropriate and resonant antique. That said, these folios should be valued from the inside out and that is where this one's merits excel. Flaws first: The portrait has 2 thin lines of foxing in the blank fields, the title page has 2 swashes of a tan stain, 5% of the text pages have smaller, intermittent stains (not bothersome), there are a few little chips and edge tears all to the blank margins, tiny rust holes of no impact, and 3 margins are very slightly miscut at an angle by 1/32 of an inch, but don't be distracted by our fussy attention to particulars and blunt disclosure of them. The book is complete and genuine, with fresh white pages, every letter of text is authentic, meaning not even one letter is in any form of facsimile, pen or otherwise, and better still (remarkably so) no pages are remargined or extended, and other Shakespeare folios, offered over many years, cannot honestly make such claims including those being offered today for more money. A 337-year old beauty, tall and wide, an exemplary and glorious copy of what continues to prevail as the English language book of books. Ex-Elizabeth Young, the first owner, with her neat ink signature to the title page. Ex-Thomas Jefferson McKee (1840-1899), with his bookplate, sold at his auction (Anderson Galleries, NY, April 29-30, 1901, lot 2602), and the McKee sale was a spectacular one, the greatest American library auctioned up until that time, featuring a broad range of rarities that

have become impossibilities. For just one example of that range, he had 529 English quarto plays printed before 1700, and a 1st edition of Poe's Tamerlane. And that connects this folio to a strictly applied standard of quality that was higher 121 years ago than it is today, having been selected by a seasoned collector, from among scores of 4th folios available then. Coll: O2, A4, A-Y6, Z4, BB-ZZ6, *AAA- DDD6, EEE8, AAA-ZZZ6, AAAA-BBBB6, CCCC2, 458 leaves with the usual mispaginations. Refs: Bartlett 123. Greg III 1119. Pforzheimer 910. Wing S 2915. Jaggard 497. **180,000**

We have been selling these Shakespeare heirlooms since 1980. We only buy complete ones, and reject 9 out of 10 that are complete for every one we buy, and the folios available elsewhere, these days, both cheaper and pricier, are offered with descriptions better suited to real estate advertising. Average copies, presented with unwarranted praise, having missing letters of text replaced, or repaired pages, or whole pages stolen from broken copies, or worse, pages in facsimile (mock books), are reminders that you can't make a wit out of 2 halfwits. Others, in worn or restored bindings, or worse yet, new bindings with their veneer of shimmer like some farm girl sculpted from marzipan, may be made to appear lifelike by morticians in the guise of conservators, but a chicken sent traveling does not come back an eagle. So, if you want a stalwart folio, that will bring lasting pride of ownership in the most urbane and cultivated of libraries, this is it, a book that will draw your admiration of quality out of its hiding place.

And here are 3 realities about Shakespeare folios in this condition: **1.** Unequivocal timelessness is a given. **2.** Better copies are unavailable. **3.** On those unpredictable, future occasions, when a copy as nice as ours will be for sale, the zaniest inversion of inevitability, is to fantasize that the next one will be finer and cheaper.

Shakespeare needs no updating, or reinventing, and he should be left alone, but he gets raped regularly by literary necrophiliacs looking to connect their name with his. That said, this is Biblioctopus, where we blow the dust off primness, so we will give you one guy's shot at molestation, that happens to be a take that all of us here kind of like.

"A lovestruck Romeo sang the streets of serenade,

Laying everybody low with a love song that he made,

Finds a streetlight, steps out of the shade,

Says something like, 'You and me, babe, how about it?'

Juliet says, 'Hey, it's Romeo, you nearly gave me a heart attack,'

He's underneath the window, she's singing, 'Hey, la, my boyfriend's back,

You shouldn't come around here singing up at people like that,

Anyway, what you gonna do about it?' [...]

Come up on different streets, they both were streets of shame,

Both dirty, both mean, yes, and the dream was just the same,

'I dreamed your dream for you and now your dream is real,

How can you look at me as if I was just another one of your deals?'

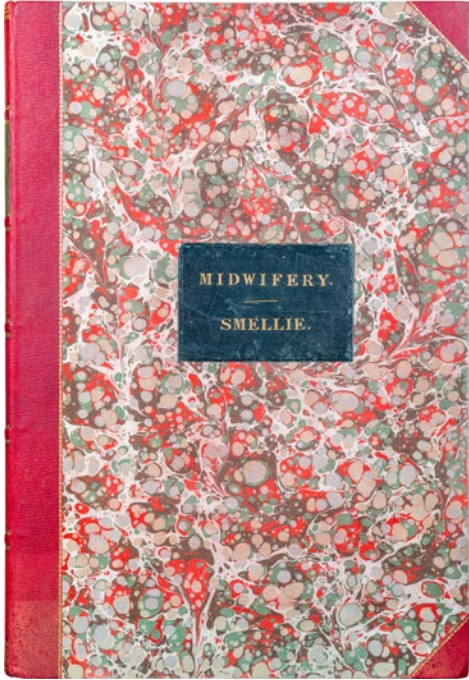
'When you can fall for chains of silver you can fall for chains of gold,

You can fall for pretty strangers and the promises they hold,

You promised me everything, you promised me thick and thin, yeah,

Now you just say 'Oh, Romeo yeah, you know I used to have a scene with him'"

-Mark Knopfler [Dire Straits], Romeo and Juliet



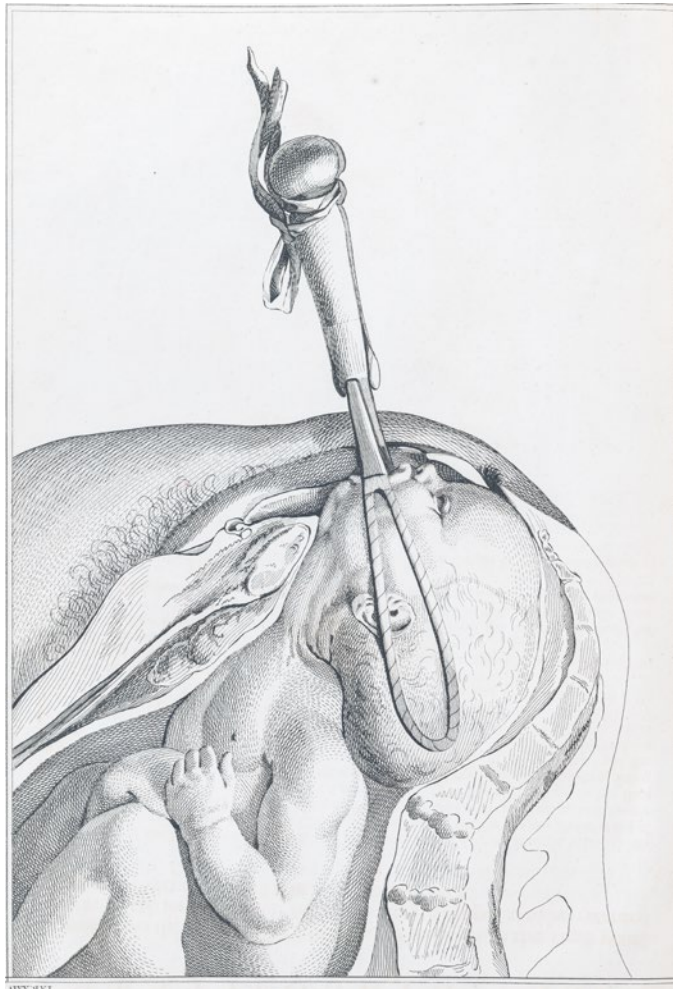
Smellie, William **A Sett of Anatomical Tables,
with Explanations, and an Abridgement,
of the Practice of Midwifery...**
(London [Wilson], 1754).

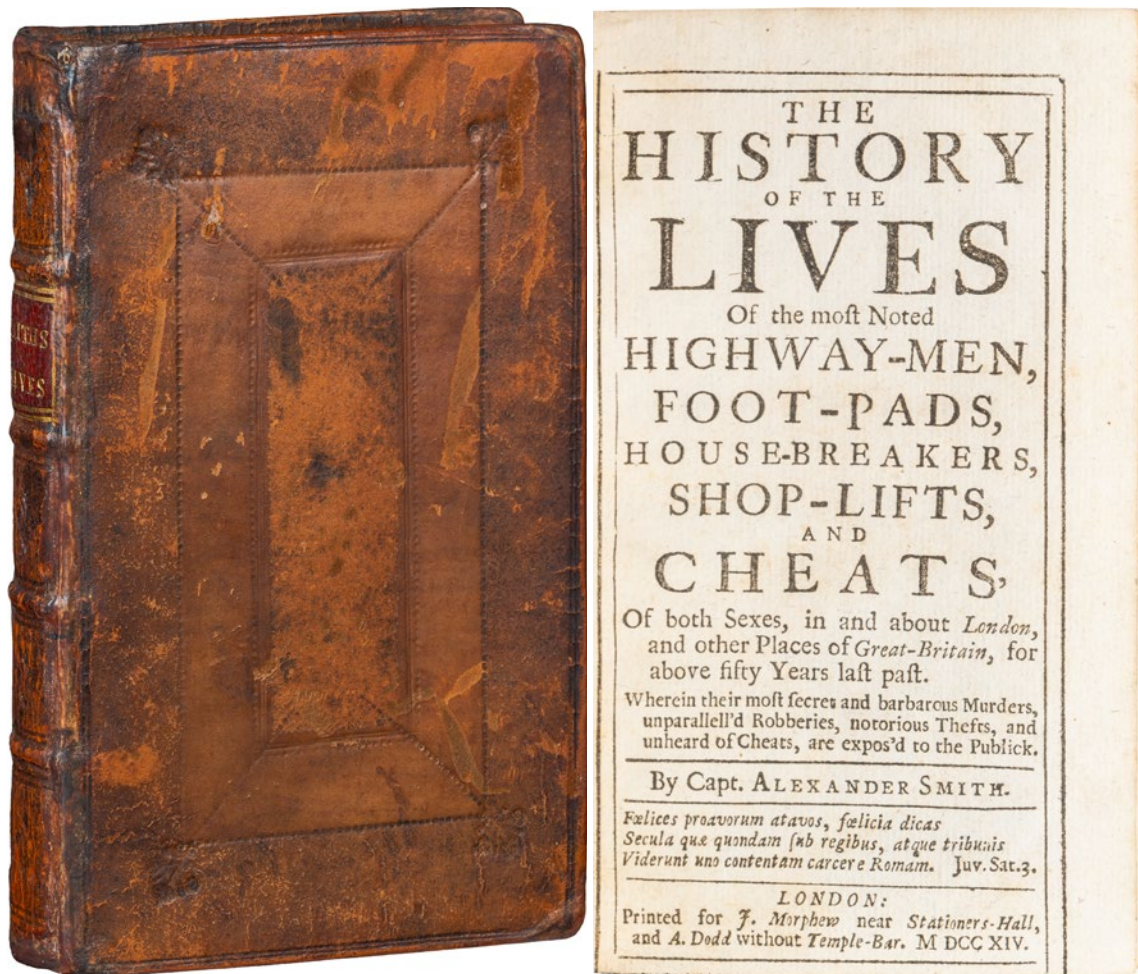
1st edition (Norman says, “presumably issued in only 100 copies”). The finest, largest, and most accurate obstetrical work issued up to that time. Folio (14 9/16” X 21 1/2”), 39 engraved plates supported by 22 leaves of text, the errata on the last leaf. (as issued). 19th century half red morocco, black morocco label to the front cover, marbled boards, near fine, no repairs, no stains, and while faulty copies can sometimes be had, it is a rarity in this exceptional condition. The trailblazing illustrations gave the world, for the first time, a true to nature representation of the relationship between mother and child, contributing more to spreading correct ideas about labor than any book ABPC lists only one complete 1st edition sold at

previously written on being born. auction in the last 15 years (2015) and it was nowhere near the quality of our copy, and there was another one, that ABPC missed (at Forum), but it was in even worse condition. Refs: Garrison–Morton 6154.1. Heirs of Hippocrates 826. Norman 1955. Grolier Medicine 43B. **12,500**

“Smellie, the foremost obstetrician of the eighteenth century, described more accurately than any previous writer the mechanical relation of the fetal head to the mother’s pelvis during parturition. [...]Smellie was the first to lay down rules for the safe use of the forceps; these remain valid today. He also invented several [other] important obstetric instruments” –Grolier Medicine

There is quite a lot that can be said about babies, but there is one thing that seems most felt, by most parents, most often. A baby is a living message to a future time.





the title says it all

Smith, Alexander **The History of the Lives of the most Noted Highway–Men, Foot–Pads, House–breakers, Shop–Lifts, and Cheats**
(London [Morphew and Dodd], 1714).

1st edition, doggedly researched by Smith during police court surveillance and in direct interviews, and it is the prototype for all the 18th, 19th, 20th, and now 21st century books, factual and fictional, on crime and criminals. 1st printing, identified by a title page dated in Roman numerals, preceding Smith's reprinted editions of 1714, dated in Arabic numerals, and others in 2 or 3 volumes including editions of 1719, and Johnson's versions of 1724, and 1734, all many times more common. To those trying to sell the later editions, our 1st edition has been like the mansion ghost. No one had ever seen it, but everyone was afraid of it. Now it is proven to be, not only real, but more than that, obtainable here and now. Contemporary, full paneled calf, some binding repairs and wear, a few scuffs, text a bit toned, lower margin tight, else very good, complete, and sound. A sensation in its day, and a fabled rarity. ABPC says one worn copy at auction in the last 110 years. All others listed (1912, 1914, 1971) look like later printings. OCLC says 3 copies in libraries and ESTC adds 2 more, but some of them are, and all of them may well be, the 2nd printing (it's complicated). Half morocco case. **35,000**

“Obviously crime pays or there would be no crime.” –Gordon Liddy

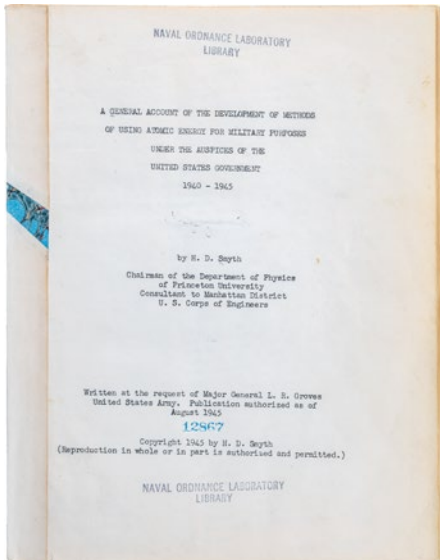
thunder

Smyth, Henry

A General Account of the Development of Methods of Using Atomic Energy for Military Purposes

(Washington, D. C. [Government Printing Office], 1945).

1st edition, about 1,000 copies lithoprinted (7 1/2" X 10"), and issued Aug. 12th, 1945 (Hiroshima was Aug. 6th, Nagasaki Aug. 9th), and then reprinted in an altered form. The U. S. Military's first official report on the atom bomb, an appallingly full, unnecessarily early, overly candid, and excessively detailed, account of the Manhattan Project (Foreword by General Leslie Groves). Paper covers gone, neatly rebacked (secured by a small wedge of marbled paper), else very good and fairly priced, but more important, it is complete, and most copies are not complete, as there was an impetuous rush to collate and assemble them. Ours is the correct 1st state (serial no. 12867), intact with 3 leaves in chapter 9 on different paper (rectos only), and the confidential page, VI-12, listing plutonium production details intended only for the military, their contractors, engineers, and scientists. This page was excised from the press copies and replaced with a blank page, or no page, but the Soviet Union got a copy that had it, and it led them to an insight that saved them time in figuring out that their reactor bred plutonium was unusable in the gun-type trigger they were designing.



The printing was small and the book ephemeral but it is not rare, questioning the linguistic gyrations used to claim it is so by sellers not realizing they are making themselves appear as desperate as cannibals during a shortage of missionaries. Our copy is also an excellent association, one of 2 sent to the U. S. Navy and parked by them in their Naval Ordnance Laboratory Library (before deaccession as a duplicate) with Naval Library stamps. Ref: Printing and the Mind of Man number 422e, an unavoidable inclusion, even with PMM's goofy, Eurocentric bias against American books. **1,000**

The development of the atomic bomb was the most ambitious scientific exploit realized during the first half of the 20th century. It demonstrated that some theoretically possible ventures are worth trying even if they defy what might seem to be feasible within existent, lawful, scientific probabilities at the time, because some routine actions encourage optimism by breaking science laws daily. For one example, take the law of gravity. We all know that trouble is easier to pick up than it is to drop.

4 years later the Soviet atomic bomb caused fabulously manipulated hysteria despite a general awareness that the perils of nuclear war were insane, and would certainly be avoided, since they threatened all civilizations, even those that were too humble to be a threat, or too dispersed to be a target. And anyway (paraphrasing Charles Schultz), the world can't end today because it is already tomorrow in Australia. But keep paying attention. When the kangaroos start tunneling it's going to be bad weather everywhere.

1st edition of El Cid in English

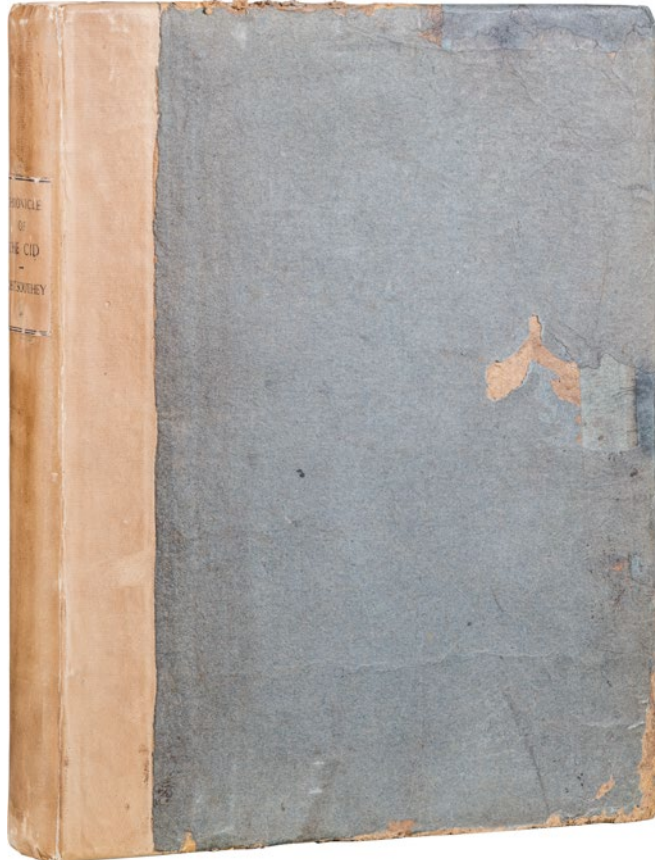
Southey, Robert (editor and translator)

Chronicle of the Cid

(London [Longman, Hurst, etc.], 1808).

1st edition in English (the first fully realized prose version in any language) of the great Spanish, epic, a realist recounting of the heroic life of El Cid (Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, 1040–1099). Original boards and paper label (all other bindings are later), uncut, some surface scrapes, else near fine (amazing), honest as a yardstick and tighter than the union between failure and bitterness.

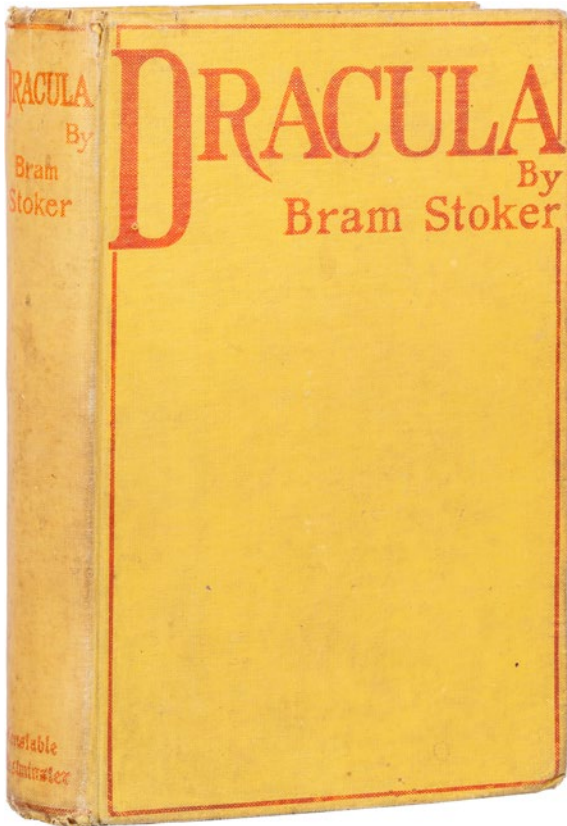
The text is clean, and complete with both half-titles, the notes, the errata leaf with its ads on the back, and the engraved map of Iberia (a faint stain to a corner of the map's blank verso), and most appealing, it is untouched by little fix it hands. Rare like this, and we think it may prove the finest copy in the world. Cloth case. Ex-Ted Baum, Christie's, \$750 in 2021. **3,000**



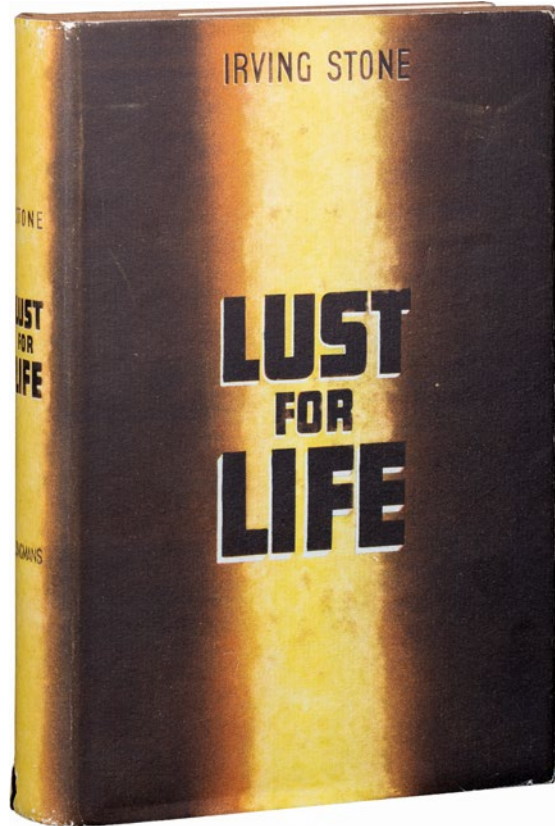
A thorough rendering, describing the 11th century deeds of the factual Castilian warrior known as El Cid, during the Reconquista period that took back northern Spain from the Moors. Its 4 sources were: **1.** The medieval saga, Poema del Cid (Cantar del Mio Cid), written about 1140, as a metrical history by an unknown poet (the Homer of Spain) with the earliest known manuscript, dating from 1207 (now preserved at Vivar) and first published by Tomas Sanchez in 1779. **2.** The 1512 Crónica del Famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez Compeador (another poem based on a 13th century manuscript). **3.** Partly from the 1604 edition of La Cronica General de Espana. And **4.** Corneille's 1637 French play, Le Cid. Our book (the first in prose) is acclaimed across literature, with its predecessors neither integrated nor wholly fulfilled in a previous edition. And it is the primary source for the long, lavish, 1961 film starring Sophia Loren and Charlton Heston, nominated for 3 Academy awards in more innocent days of yore before millions of viewers tuned in the Oscars to gleefully watch the rich, the vain, and the beautiful squirm, and then react to not winning, in merciless, unflinching close ups.

And here is a deplorable diss. There are more stars on the Hollywood Walk of Fame for dogs (3) than there are for those who were, or are, solely (exclusively) screenwriters (0). As someone who buys, sells, and honors the written word I am embarrassed for my city.

And here is something unexpected. El Cid's sword (he named it Tizona), still exists, and now resides in Castile, at the Museo de Burgos, for all to see.



Stoker, Bram



Dracula

(Westminster [Constable], 1897).

1st edition, 1st printing with no ad for The Shoulder of Shasta on 2C4 (the last integral leaf). Copies with the ad are not 2nd state or 2nd issue, they are reprints (the 2nd to 4th printings) and buying one is worse than gum in your hair, so do not be fooled. 1st binding (no publisher's catalog). Cloth a bit dustsoiled and worn, inner paper hinges invisibly strengthened, else very good. The most famous Victorian novel, a world-wide cross-cultural myth in the bloodstream of pop culture, saturated with images of arcane epic power, and rarer than reckoned. The dark castle, the veiled moon, the earth lined casket, the man who is a bat, the specter in the mist, the cold shadow, the overwhelming gaze, the kiss, the dream, the hunters, and the chase. **50,000**

starry nights and dark days

Stone, Irving

Lust for Life. A novel of Vincent Van Gogh

(London [Longmans, Green], 1934).

1st edition. **Signed and inscribed, in ink, "With my best wishes Irving Stone."** Spine gilt a bit tarnished, else fine, dustjacket with a 1/2" edge tear, else near fine. **750**

"I put my heart and my soul into my work and have lost my mind in the process."

—Vincent Van Gogh

Now, if you were a time traveler, and decided to walk the avenues of Paris in the spring of 1886 and, while walking, you had noticed Van Gogh across the street, sitting alone in a café, having a coffee, and you had called out to him with "Van Go" or "Van Gof" he would not have turned around, because he pronounced his name "Vahn Khokh."

the invention of the modern superhero

Sue, Eugène

Les Mystères de Paris
[The Mysteries of Paris]

An introduction:

The *Mysteries of Paris* (1843) was a gigantic ingenuity, the steamy, tightly plotted harbinger of all noir, the first crime novel to combine multiple characters from all levels of urban society, the earliest mystery thriller developed to this degree, nearly the first detective novel, and the first to exploit the rewards of newspaper serialization (in *Journal des Débats*). Further, it was the first successful use of the novel for propaganda directed at the plight of the poor, causing such an uproar that it forced the government to pass helpful legislation, and it lit a fire that became the 1848 revolution (prompting the 2nd republic), it established the notion of spotlight that produced the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* effect, and one of the book's concepts was a powerful literary model, because it reached into the 20th century as the origin of our modern, metropolitan superhero.

Listen-up. Sue's historic prototype is Rodolphe, Prince of Gerolstein, a 19th century Batman, though the role of Robin is divided between Sir Walter, an Englishman, and David an accomplished Black doctor who used to be enslaved. Disguised as a painter of fans (the costume), Rodolphe roams the nighttime neighborhoods of squalor adjoining Notre Dame (the sentinel) on a moral crusade (the driving purpose) among those who find it inconvenient to be poor (the defended). He solves crimes (the detecting), captures the culpable (the action), protects the worthy (the belief), bares social injustices (the deed), represents the forces of good (the judgment), navigates all the social strata and classes (the access), and fights with his immense physical strength, wealth, and intelligence (the powers), against a carnival sideshow of preying, neo-Gothic villains that include masterminded street gangs, a serial killer with a mutilated face, and a demonic whore-mistress (when the rats in your house are racing for the closest exit, it means your whore-mistress is coming for a visit). The belle heroine (Fleur-de-Marie) is an orphan struggling to stay alive on the streets among rogues, knaves, killers, thieves, requins, parvenus, demimondes, slashers, and bandits, all painted with flamboyance by Sue. In a spectacular climax, after a surfeit of hazardous adventures, Rodolphe saves her from the evil lawyer Jacques Ferrand, who has hidden her origins from Rodolphe (but not from the reader), and when her true identity is finally revealed to Rodolphe, he realizes that she is his long-lost daughter. And catch this review:

“Rodolphe [...] traverses the world to separate the good from evil [...] in order to punish the latter and reward the former. The representation of good and evil has stamped itself so deeply in his [...] brain that he believes in the physical existence of Satan, and would like to catch him alive. On the other hand, he tries to reproduce on a small scale the devil's antithesis, God.” — Karl Marx, *The Holy Family* (1845)

The *Mysteries of Paris* was the sensation of its day in Europe and America, only equaled in popularity by *The Count of Monte Cristo*, serialized in the same newspaper, a year later. Sue's innovation influenced authors across the Western world, but among those most noticeably and directly inspired was Victor

[Continued] ——>

Hugo, who eventually turned that inspiration into *Les Misérables*. And when influence and inspiration were insufficient, there was imitation, and the book was imitated everywhere, creating a wave of best-selling novels exploring the secrets of metropolises. In America, Poe was floored by it. He admitted to enjoying its tense, dramatic situations (and advancement of his *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*), then (with the sound of axes grinding), he called the writing, a confusing “paradox of childish folly and consummate skill.” Alexandre Dumas said it was the unprecedented success of *The Mysteries of Paris*, that caused *Journal des Débats* to approach him with the general proposal that led to *The Count of Monte Cristo* (1846), Johnston McCauley said it outlined his model for *Zorro* (1919), Walter Gibson used its descendants to shape *The Living Shadow* (1931), and Bob Kane said it was the primary example of vigilante storyline for him when he created *Batman* (1939).

And it's still in print for you to read but do it right. Penguin Classics' 2015 edition is the first ever, full, 1,365 page, unabridged, and unbowdlerized translation into English.

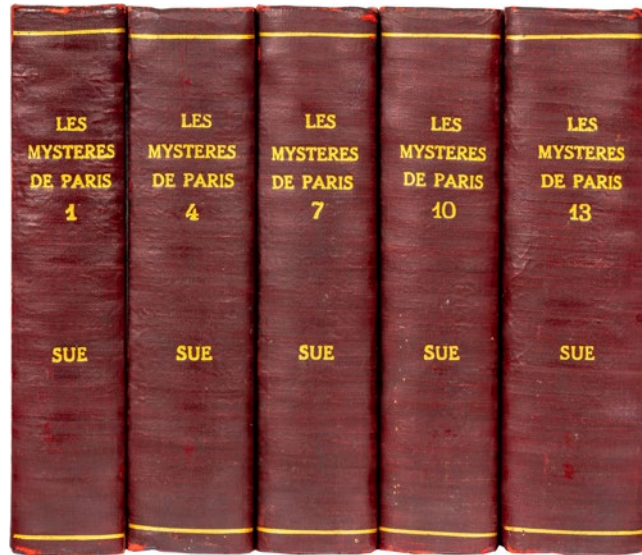
Now for the 1st edition:

The original serialization of *Les Mystères de Paris* was in a newspaper, *Journal des Débats*, from Jun. 19, 1842, to Oct. 15, 1843. The first 3 Brussels book editions (from Hen/Lebègue, Hauman, and Jamar) and the first Paris book edition (from Gosselin, with its many fake title pages alleging numerous reprintings) were all copied (typeset) from the journal's installments starting in 1842 and then published in multiple volumes, one at a time, as soon as enough journal issues had been released with adequate text to make up a small volume's obligatory number of pages, and they are the only 4 editions with the critical 1842–1843 title page dates (reprints by those 4 publishers and all other editions by other publishers either start after 1842 or end after 1843). With competing book editions, of sequentially issued novels, from serialized periodicals, over 2 calendar years, and lacking convincing publisher's records, the means of identifying which of the publishers (in this case 4) issued their last volume first (completing publication, and defining the 1st edition), is to lay priority on the edition with the smallest percentage of it issued in the 2nd year (in this case 1843). Here are the numbers: Ch. Hen/Alph. Lebègue, 68.8%, Société belge de librairie Hauman, 69.2%, Gosselin 80%, and Jamar, 81.2%. So, the Hen/Lebègue and the Hauman editions (what we offer on the next page) surely precede those from Gosselin and Jamar, but the Hen/Lebègue and Hauman editions are so close in percentages as to not establish (order) priority between them with certainty. What is certain is that if one of the 2 could secure priority as the real 1st edition, it would be much more expensive, but the arguments we have heard posed on both sides are fallacious. All 4 of the correctly dated 1842–1843 editions are scarcer than an end of the world prediction that anyone sane takes seriously. ABPC lists no auction sales, of any of the 4, since 1975 and OCLC is unclear on which Hen/Lebègue or Hauman editions libraries have, because both publishers reprinted many similar looking and closely dated editions. Of course, they can't possibly be that rare, but they are scarce enough, and the main reason for that is because a slightly later (1843 throughout), fully illustrated, and now ridiculously common, Gosselin, Paris, 4 vol. edition followed quickly, and because it was illustrated, it was the one readers bought and it is plentiful today, while the first 4 editions are not.

Finally, what we have here:

Sue, Eugène **Les Mystères de Paris**
[The Mysteries of Paris]
(Brussels [Ch. Hen/Alph. Lebégue],
vols. 1–5, 1842, vols. 6–16, 1843).

16 vols. in 5 (15 numbered vols. plus
an unnumbered, one vol. epilogue).
Hen published vols. I–III, and
Lebégue published vols. IV–XVI),
all as issued. 1st edition (in French)
with the vital 1842–1843 dates and
68.8% of it published in 1843, parallel
with the edition from Hauman (see
next). Full, red, striped cloth (hard to
date). former owner's name (Emma Louise Brown) in each volume, a very good set,
complete with half-titles.



5,000

Sue, Eugène **Les Mystères de Paris**
[The Mysteries of Paris]
(Brussels [Société belge
de librairie Hauman],
vols. 1–4, 1842, vols. 5–13, 1843).

13 vols. in 3 (the epilogue is vol. XIII),
as issued. 1st edition (in French) with
the vital 1842–1843 dates and 69.2%
of it published in 1843, parallel with
the edition from Hen and Lebégue
(see previous). 19th century half
white cloth (untitled on spines),
marbled boards, bookplates of
Alexander Max Vallas in each volume, a very good set, complete with half-titles.



5,000

A note about the price:

Both our copies of *Les Mystères de Paris* are rare enough and important enough to be worth more than we are asking, but the bibliography is esoteric, and heretofore uncharted, so a future set might get into the hands of a bookseller who does not understand it, and who prices it one-tenth of our price. and if that happens, as it sometimes does when new explanations are first disseminated, we have acknowledged its possibility.

Contrarily, there is also the possibility that one or the other of our editions, or both, may be rarer than we think, and that you will wait a while, or quite a while, to see another correct set for sale, and it may not, necessarily, be cheaper.

Thackeray, William

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

2 vols. 1st edition, preceding the London edition by 3 years. This is one of the scarcer



1st state sets with vol. I dated 1852, maybe issued tenuously, or not, but certainly published singly before vol. II, and even the more usual sets, with both volumes dated 1853, are not seen on many shelves. 19th century 3/4 morocco, both half-titles, very good. **1,500**

Barry is a lucky rogue, a sybaritic grifter and gambler, handsome and fearless, yet fatally flawed. He benefits from the most favorable circumstances, but is ultimately undone because he burdens his good fortune, with more personal baggage than Lady Gaga on safari. Thackeray's minor theme says the chief advantage of being born into society is that one can see

what a tawdry public play it is. Thackeray's major theme (from the first sentence) says villainy is revealed through self-justification.

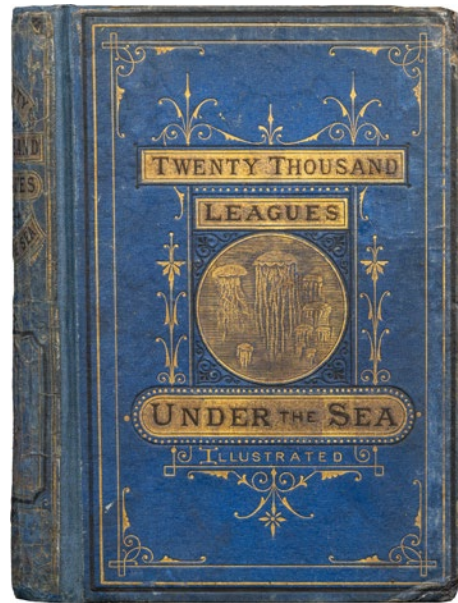
Now for a roundabout, that we think we have right, and will get us to Barry Lyndon eventually. Before novels (now taken for granted as an art form) became décor in every home, they struggled to be born in the earliest days of the Renaissance, a time that was unaccepting of fiction as moral. The prevailing conviction, in a hypocritical establishment beset with lingering dark age spasms of bewildered moral purity, was, why would we tolerate any book that we know is a lie? But the public's mood was changing and scorning permission or approval, they ignored imperious suppression and finally, on those who could read, censoring left a lasting impression lighter than that of an oar upon the water. The time was the 14th to 16th century, and the place was Iberia, and the new form ascended along 4 lines. First was the chivalric romance exemplified in *Amadis de Gaul* (original author unsure), written early in the 14th century, circulated clandestinely in manuscript, imitated 50 times less successfully, and finally printed in 1508. Next was the dramatic novel, of which *La Celestina*, 1499, a novel entirely in dialogue and also anonymous (maybe by Fernando de Rojas) is the archetype, and it might be the first novel printed and published, depending on how one defines novel. The final 2 types are from the mid 16th century. The pastoral novel, often surrounding a shepherd and in praise of rural life, was invented by Bernardim Ribeiro, in *Menina e Moça*, written secretly sometime before 1552, outspokenly feminist, published posthumously in 1554, and translated into English as *Girl and Girl*. Written later, but published a year earlier, was the first picaresque novel, the story of an adventurer who lives by his wits on the fringes of society, typically realist, often a satire, narrated in the first person, and episodic in form. The first one to deliver all the pieces was *Lazarillo de Tormes*, 1553 (in English, 1576), a colossus of literature, again by an unknown author, and 300 years later a spur to Thackeray, and of which Barry Lyndon is a direct descendant (Book Code).

Verne, Jules

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas

(Boston [Osgood], 1873).

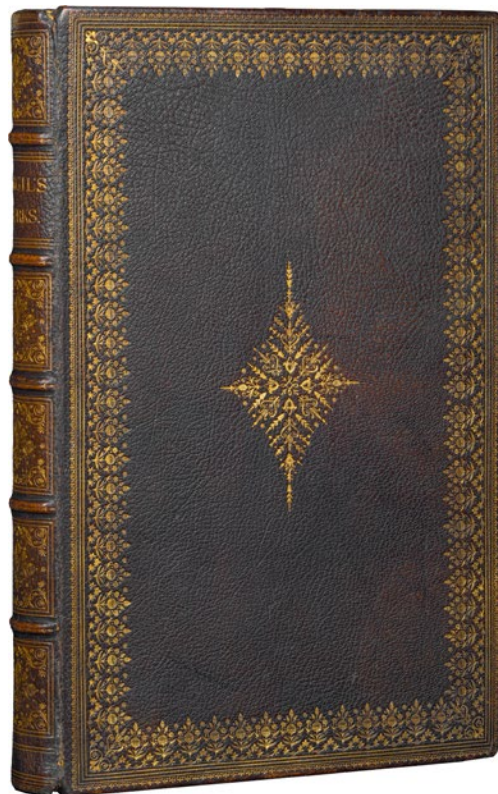
1st edition in English, 1st printing, the American issue of it using Sampson Low's London sheets with a cancelled Boston title page, and both issues were published late in 1872 preceding Smith's 1873 edition. Blue cloth (one of 4? colors), soiled, worn, rubbed, and rebacked (original spine preserved and laid down), else good. This issue (Osgood not Smith, gilt jellyfish and "Sea" on the cover, "Seas" on the title page, and "The End" on page 303) stimulates the most consistently repeated misstatements about rarity in all of 19th century 1st editions. It was once, honestly, thought rare but now we know it isn't. It isn't even scarce, with 6, or more, copies consistently for sale. Sellers still connect that illusory rarity to a Nov. 1872 Boston fire that may, or may not, have burned some warehoused copies but imported sheets, needing only a cancel title page and cloth covers, would not be assumed to have laid in a warehouse very long. And even if most copies were fire victims, they are now seen so frequently that citations claiming an issue of only 50 to 100 copies are irrationally inaccurate and not even close to the truth, and sellers still citing those numbers know better. Or should. The book is just another, vanilla, Jules Verne in English, although it is a wonderful novel. Here is the first realistic price adjustment in 25 years.



1,750

Virgil (translated by John Ogilby) **Works**
(London [printed by Warren], 1654).

1st edition of the revised translation into English. Ogilby did the 1st English translation of Virgil's complete works in 1649, an 8vo without plates, but our edition is the folio (sheets 16 5/8" tall) with 100 fantastic engravings. Full morocco, gilt, by Watson, neat repair to the last leaf, else very good, complete with the portrait of Virgil and the double page map (some copies have an added portrait of Ogilby, not this one, so you can say it's missing something, though we'd say that's wrong). 23 copies have sold at auction since 1975, many imperfect, most in gloomy condition, but more germane, no complete copy has sold since 2013. These Works include Virgil's national epic, The Aeneid, that opens with the fall of Troy and ends with the romanticized founding of Rome, but The Aeneid's real 1st edition in English was in 1553 and before that Caxton did a loosely translated and somewhat abridged edition in 1490. 2,500





Voltaire, François **Candide, ou l'Optimisme**
traduit de l'allemand de Mr. le Docteur Ralph
(Genève [Cramer], 1759).

[bound with]

Candide, ou l'Optimisme, Seconde Partie
likely written by Henri-Joseph Dulaurens,
(np, 1761).

[and]

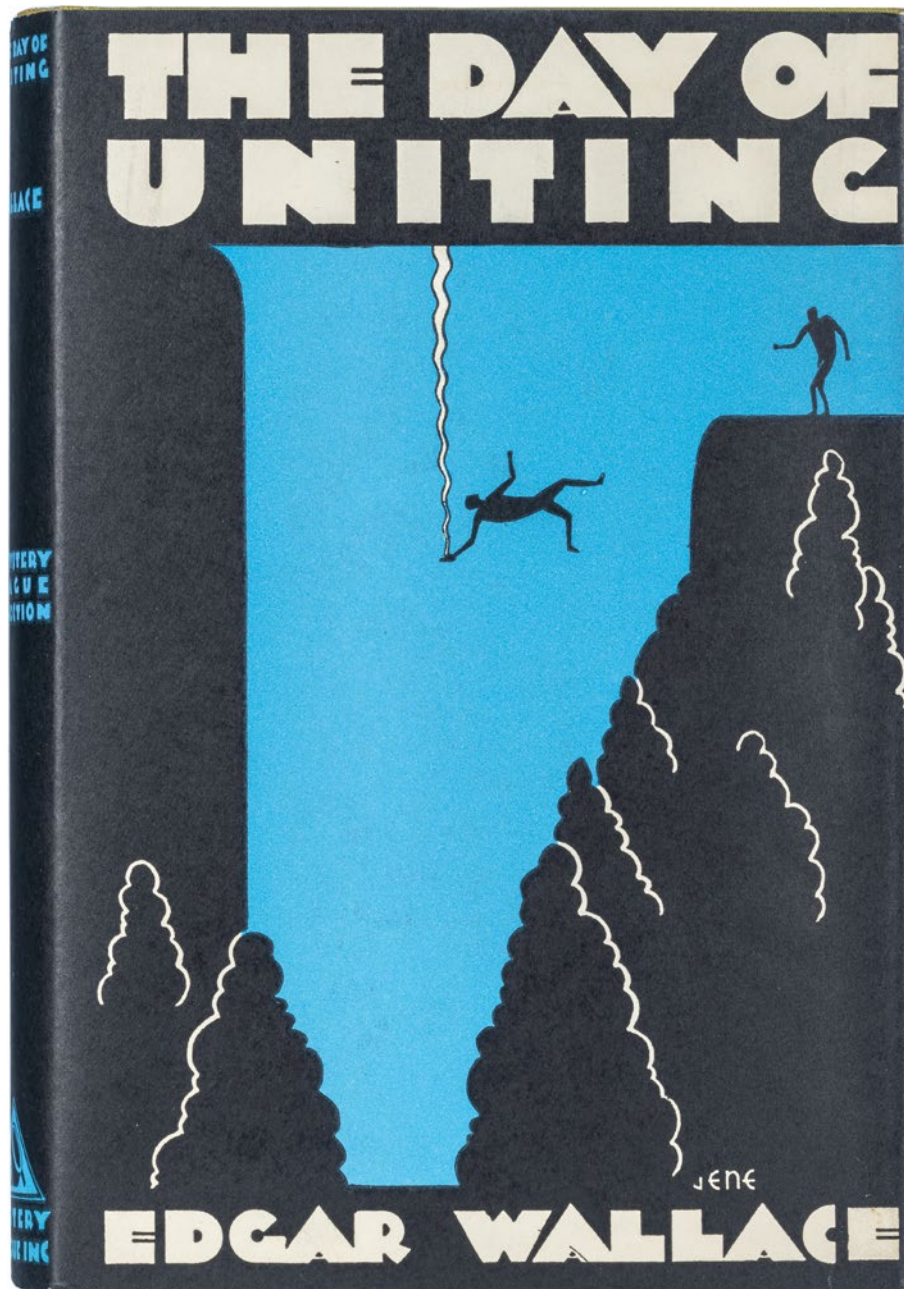
Remercîment de Candide à Mr. de Voltaire
attributed to Louis-Olivier de Marconnay.
(Halle [Schneider], 1760),

3 vols. in 1. 1st edition, 1st printing (in French) of the great 18th century philosophical narrative. The 2 sequels are nice to have but do not really increase value. All the Candide points are correct, the 3 usual cancels, the right title page ornament repeated (pages 193 and 266), the misprints of "que ce ce fut" (page 103 line 4) and "précisément" (page 125 line 4), the correction removing a paragraph break (page 31), the rewritten lines about the Lisbon earthquake (page 41), etc. Contemporary full calf, red calf label, rebacked with the original spine saved and laid down, recornered, marbled endpapers, gilt rubbed, inner paper hinges strengthened, old ink signatures on the endpaper and front blank, tiny signature on the title page, one tissue strengthened tear at the bottom of A2 touching the last 3 lines of text without any loss, otherwise internally quite nice, clean, and very good. Bound without N7 (a blank) and N8 (a notice to the binder) as is usual, agreeing in all respects to what you would have received if you had purchased a copy in sheets, on publication day, then bought the sequels, and then handed them over to the most local Swiss bindery. Ref: Printing and the Mind of Man 204, one of only a dozen or so novels thought worthy of inclusion with their 424 examples of printing's impact on Western civilization (typical establishment misunderstanding of fiction's importance). **20,000**

There were 18 editions of Candide in 1759. It took 221 years for a clear and convincing bibliography to, first sort them out, and then get accepted, and once accepted our real 1st edition was confirmed as rare. In the last 15 years however, that bibliographical data has been more widely circulated and several 1st editions, that weren't on the original 22-copy census, have come into market. It is still scarce, more so in a contemporary binding, and it abides as the epitomic philosophical fable of the French Enlightenment and the genotype of irony without exaggeration, and though it's laced with more salt than the postwar streets of Carthage, it repeatedly tolls a reminder that, light hearts live long.

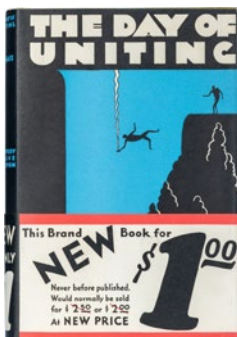
"Do you believe," said Candide, "that men have always massacred each other as they do to-day, that they have always been liars, cheats, traitors, ingrates, brigands, idiots, thieves, scoundrels, gluttons, drunkards, misers, envious, ambitious, bloody-minded, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, hypocrites, and fools?"

"Do you believe," said Martin, "that hawks have always eaten pigeons when they have found them?" –Voltaire, Candide



Wallace, Edgar

The Day of Uniting
(NY [The Mystery League], 1930).



1st American edition. Fine in a dustjacket with a crease by a fold else fine, and a fine \$1.00 wraparound band, having the book's only price on it, implying that all 1st editions came with it. An unimportant book and a common one but the band is scarce and copies without it back up in the trade like the inbox emails of dead computer owners and could all be flung into Mount Doom and not be missed. Wallace wrote mostly mysteries (this one a sci-fi/detective novel) and he finished his career with an exclamation point, writing the first draft of the screenplay for the 1933 film King Kong. 50

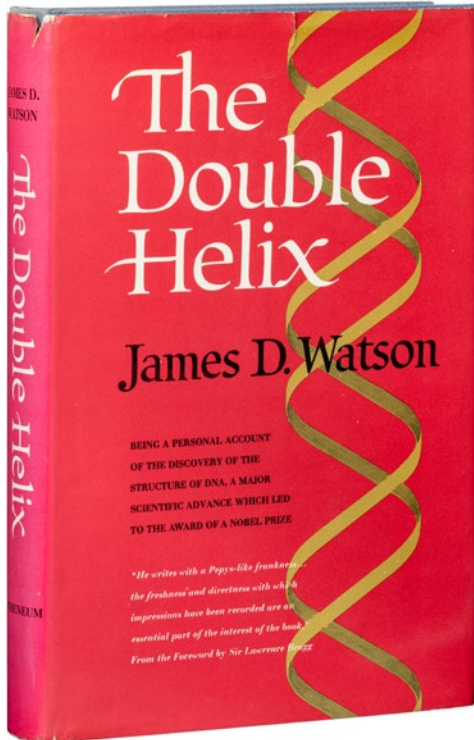
**Confused about DNA and RNA?
DNA is the recipe. RNA is the cook.**

Watson, James

The Double Helix.

A Personal Account of the Discovery of the Structure of DNA.
(NY [Atheneum], 1968).

1st edition of Watson's autobiographical account of his 1953 co-discovery of DNA with Francis Crick and Maurice Wilkins that won all 3 a Nobel Prize. **Contemporary, signed presentation copy, and a fine association, inscribed in black ink, on the red endpaper, from Watson to George Wald, a 1967 Nobel laureate in Medicine, and**



Ruth Wald, an emeritus biology professor at Harvard, "For George and Ruth, from J-" (Watson and George Wald were colleagues and friends at Harvard). A thin line of fading to the base of the spine but near fine in a dustjacket with a short tear to the top of the spine and slight wear to the corners, else near fine. 11,000

For a long time, the only signed 1st editions of The Double Helix were presentation copies (gifts from the author), almost all of them inscribed at the time of publication because Watson soon ran out of 1st editions and was loath to buy more during the short time they were available. After that he refused requests to sign the book. Then he wrote other books, and did some book signings for them, and at those signings he relented, and also signed The Double Helix (vows are made in a state of mind that is going to change). So, real presentation copies are 20 times scarcer, and understandably

more substantial and valuable than those that are just autographed, especially when they are, as here, both a close social and professional association.

And by the way, straight signatures are much easier to fake than longer inscriptions that have more handwriting and often have a recipient's name to trace them to, and the most accomplished counterfeiters can forge a simple signature beyond detection by experts because both the best forgers and authenticators know the same tells, habits, details, and subtleties and, for that reason, thousands of autographs done by the most skillful villains (not those by incompetent fabricators or innocent secretaries) have been authenticated as genuine, while fewer long inscriptions have slipped past any half serious examination.

Watson, James

The Double Helix.

A Personal Account of the Discovery of the Structure of DNA.
(NY [Atheneum], 1968).

1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket. **Signed by Watson, in black ink, on the red endpaper.** The jacket is finer than, but looks much like, the previous copy so, despite our reputation for redundancy, we have not bothered to picture it. 1,100

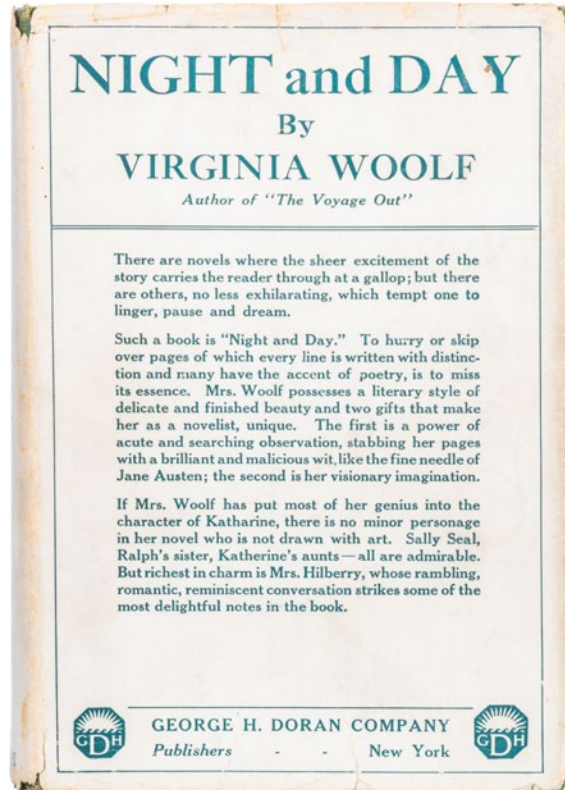
Woolf, Virginia

Night and Day
(NY [Doran], 1920).

1st American edition of her 2nd novel. Cloth with little corner rubs (light as a cat's footfall), else fine, in an unrepaired dustjacket with the shadow of a handwritten number on the spine, corner chips, and edge tears, else very good. **10,000**

Here is 37-year old Woolf, shrewd as an insurance adjuster, trying her hand at contrasts by portraying 4 young people who idealize different kinds of independence and yet, as is conventional with young people, insist on each other's support and fail to see any irony in that.

Duckworth's 1919 London 1st edition of *Night and Day* is aggravatingly rare in a dustjacket, and one as nice as our NY edition, would be 10 times our price, and if you can find one, and if you can afford it, buy that. This 1st American edition in jacket is less rare, but ABPC says only one copy has sold at auction since 1975 (34 years ago), and were it thought to be fairly valued at, say, \$5,000, every copy that showed up in the trade would be quickly spoken for and you would never see a nice one for sale. But collector enthusiasm for Virginia Woolf's books legitimately drives up her prices, and a rising price softens demand keeping copies of this NY edition of *Night and Day* sporadically for sale.



Woolf's prose has nuances only successfully realized by women, but we will move past gender. The great portrait painter's brush captures the outer person more adeptly than the great writer's pen ever can, and it even reveals some of the inner person too. However, the writer's pen interprets samples of the superficial that we might have missed in the painting, and it more deeply captures the inner person more entirely than any brush. At their finest they are both art, different, and yet with the same aims.

Between the candle lit and the candle cold there is a whisp of gray smoke. It looks like Virginia Woolf's whisp is going to last a long time.

End of Catalog 64



I've flown airways into book fair heat, and into auction snow,
But now I'm home to stay and feeling free.
And I wonder 'cause I'm weary, wonder 'cause I'm tired and old,
If when I'm gone, will you remember me?

Coming Soon

Catalog 65

Shaken at Waking
or, The Price of Dreams



How We Lost \$39.50
or, Satisfaction is Less About What Happens, and More About Your Attitude

A few years ago, a man walked into our New York book fair booth and stopped at a small table on which we had placed short stacks of 5 different Bibliotopus catalogs. He was clean but his overcoat was tattered, and his shoes had been cobbled twice too often. He picked up one of our catalogs and spent 3 or 4 minutes looking through it, put it down, picked up another, gave it another 3 or 4 minutes, and then glanced at a third without opening it, turning it in the light to see the play of colors on its hologram covers. He asked how much they were. I pointed to a sign next to them that said \$8 and replied that they cost us \$14 apiece to print, and \$7 to mail, and that we send them free to our customers, but charge \$8 for them at fairs just so everybody doesn't grab one of each. He reached into his front pocket and pulled from it a \$10 bill and a single. He put the loot on the table and asked if he could buy one or 2. I asked if he had any more, and he reached into his pocket again, and produced 2 quarters. I pushed his \$11 back to him, took the 50 cents, gave him one each of the 5 catalogs we had brought, and put them in a canvas, Bibliotopus shopping bag. He left me smiling and, I think, feeling more content, for that moment, than most of those in the crowd around him. I envied what easy access he had to happiness.



————> **Harken** <————

Mark Hime, the writer of this catalog, has written a 100,000–word novel. I think I want it published by, what is called, a small press because I think I am too lazy, too naïve, and too easily annoyed, to navigate the layers and gyrations of mammoth mainstream publishing. Maybe I am wrong about that. I often am wrong about what I don't understand. Nonetheless, if you are a professional publisher, and think you might be interested in an historical novel, lightly dusted with fantasy and the whims of metafiction, let me know.