



Catalogs 59, 60, 61 and 62 were not sent to the entire mailing list. The first 2 contained single authors and sold as collections, the other 2 were hasty e-lists. Here is catalog 63, posted to everybody. It has its own abnormality (see below).

391 words about the inexpensive.

In the 1980s, Bibliotopus catalogs contributed a prominent fraction of our total sales. Today they don't, and I write them primarily to maintain nostalgic continuity, to remind you that I am still scrappy, to weigh my eagerness against the mistakes I will make that are ambition's inevitable repercussions (and for which you will forgive me because you are gracious), and to polish the company badge, so as to pass on to my heirs the maximum honor and the most flexible possibilities. Accordingly, we choose and assemble their content more like the architecture of city planning and strive to keep 7 types of equilibrium within them. One of the equalizations in our formula is price, with a balanced assortment of individual items between \$50 and \$500,000 (archives and collections are oftentimes more). Catalog 63 is an intentional exception to the pricing protocols of our model. There is only 1 entry in it of \$100,000 or more, only 5 that are \$10,000 or more and over half the listings are less than \$1,000. Consequently, the catalog's total cumulative value is 30% of our last major publication, and 20% of some catalogs we published before that one. It doesn't matter because, as has long been the case, it is the sales made outside our catalogs, and the costlier ones of them, that carry the expenses and allow us the extravagance evident in such matters as free Fed-Ex shipping, market bettering prices, lavish catalog fabrication, compliant flexibility for librarians, unconventional philanthropy, catalog distribution beyond frequent purchasers, customer entertainment, discounts on all transactions inside California to neutralize state sales tax, annual bookseller revelries, experimental inclusions apart from books and manuscripts, an easygoing manner, discerning fellowship within the trade, and integrity undiluted by hubris, desperation, or greed. Furthermore, the contents of Catalog 63 are not an accumulation of previously unsold leftovers. In fact, every item is being tendered in a Bibliotopus printed catalog for the first time.

So, you say, why do that?

We mail 1,500 copies of these published productions. They consistently sell 70% of their content within 5 days, so though participation is ample, it is not as inclusive as we think we'd like. Catalog 63 is configured to encourage more extensive involvement. If you have not purchased something from Bibliotopus recently, this catalog provides an economical opportunity to do so. Or to try.

① ✓ **EVERYBODY LETS GET STONED**  
MUST by BOB DYLAN

**A WOMAN**  
by BOB DYLAN

**VISIONS OF JOHANNA**  
by BOB DYLAN

**PLEDGING MY TIME**  
Words and Music by BOB DYLAN

**WORKING MAN'S BROTHER**  
Words and Music by BOB DYLAN

**RAINY DAY AFTERNOON**  
Words and Music by BOB DYLAN

**DAY WOMAN**  
Words and Music by BOB DYLAN

© 1966 (pub) by DWARF MUSIC  
15 East 48th St, N.Y.C.

Handwritten notes and lyrics are visible throughout the manuscript, including: "I Well, early in the morn-in' / I got a poi-son head-ache / right / I'm pledg-ing my time to you - hop-in' you'll come through, too." and "I Well, I (put) into your hallway / lean against your velvet door / I watch upon your scorpion / who crawls across your cream floor".

Part of Bob Dylan's 58 page publishing archive for Blonde on Blonde  
(see: Rock & Roll)

# *Biblioctopus*

*highlights of low-tech*

## **Catalog 63**

Revised Arisings  
or, Ladders to the Sky

Books, manuscripts and a surfeit of related items, 1700 B. C. – 2014 A. D.,  
a majority of them selected primarily because they are less expensively priced,  
many described in the unruly and bawdy style you've grown to expect and agreed to accept,  
all cataloged and priced governed by our ethic of victoria sine victimas (victory without victims),  
some with exothermic scolding, assaults, and rants from the scrolls of book collecting (Book Code),  
and others that drift into that philosophical terrain, lit by whatever radiance we can muster as,  
The Tao of the Octopus.

The thirteenth catalog in an ongoing series of undetermined length,  
reinforcing the bookseller's avant-garde and heralding the winds of change,  
through our once concealed, but now revealed, aim of crafting book catalogs as folk art,  
while retaining the virtues, form, traditions, and eccentricities we embrace,  
as our own to alter, however and whenever it suits us to do so.

∞

**Biblioctopus is womanned by Jen the Zen (the Jenerator)**

**Director: Alex Hime**

**Text by Mark Hime (blame no one else)**

All 3 are members of

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

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**Website: [www.biblioctopus.com](http://www.biblioctopus.com)**

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

**Warning Label: Catalog With An Attitude**

## Compass

**Nota Bene:** We take our work seriously, but take ourselves lightly, so the books at Bibliotopus are always greater than the booksellers. However, since it is we who have disassembled (to conceive again) and reassembled (to initiate anew) an altered realm of cataloging, devised with sympathy for the reader, and empathy for the purchaser, it is we who expound the standards therein, and you, as our accomplice, are obliged to adjust and conform to our demeanor. Abide willingly, and you will discover innovation in which you, the delighted buyer, become our fellow conspirator in the satisfying mutuality of a frictionless experience.

**Basics:** All entries have the 7 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 of publication (if certifiable, or if it's disputed addressed in the text), **4.** Date of publication (or circa), **5.** A candid bibliographical conclusion, **6.** A physical description, and **7.** A price (prices are in U. S. dollars, conversion is chilling). Practical limits in a commercial listing of 30,000 words precludes a complete analysis of every item, but any aspect chosen for an aside, in any one entry, follows the evaluation of many relevant factors at once, their effect, interdependence and comparative importance. We strive to weigh them fully, then 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, and depth. You can decide if it has merit.

—> **Sticker Joy:** We price everything to challenge comparable items of like kind, type, and grade, so everything is marked to market (or has been remarked to market) by recent world-wide survey, the ongoing commitment being that no one is offering a finer example at our price or an equal example for less (the price-value covenant). We maintain a conspicuous existential camaraderie with our customers, captured in our guiding principle of victoria sine victimas (victory without victims), so we rapidly identify, and actively shield you from, detrimental business externalities. In response to peevish grumbling, Catalog 63 is replete with lower priced items, but rarity, quality, significance, and beauty remain uncompromised.

**Methodology:** In a stumble towards neo-scholarship, we apply intellectual history (place within a body of work), iconography (symbols that indicate meaning), iconology (social symbols), connoisseurship (comparisons within the corpus), semiotics (signs), formalism (the subjective data), and any other tools that seem insightful, edifying, appropriate, entertaining, or helpful, without any of the stifling confines usually imposed by either academia or gentility.

**Ecology:** Bibliotopus is 100% green with the carbon footprint of a raindrop. Every item for sale in Catalog 63 has been recycled, most of them more than once, but we do not use secondhand packing materials (see **Free Delivery**), so if consuming Fed-Ex boxes to ship your acquisitions, causes the polar ice caps to melt, we're sorry, surf's up.

**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.

**Belief:** Declaring we sell aspirational quality drives us to deliver that expectation. We know that excellence is rare, so it 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 63 are distributed, in chorus, from a detached and independent postal mailing service, but logically, everything is subject to prior sale.

**Illustrations:** Photography is accomplished using a macro lensed 50.3 megapixel full frame camera that conveys reliable views of all items. We covet pretty pictures and overall catalog symmetry, but nothing is deliberately positioned to conceal its flaws, the adjoined text candidly describes the item offered, not just the deficiencies peculiar to, and observable in, the photograph, and those angles on, or sides of, items, not readily visible in the picture have their failings articulated with a forthright clarity.

**Plagiarism:** New words examine old perspectives and vice versa, so all 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, tropes, and bon mots (these are truths chiseled to fit), are stolen, pillaged, pirated, plagiarized, kidnapped, hijacked, and embezzled, from everywhere and everyone, then inverted, perverted, twisted, abridged, corrupted, combined, debauched, and misapplied, all for your breezy reading.

**Jargon:** We brazenly disparage booksellers willfully living in the argot matrix, so we never spin “fine” into a term to describe an item with faults by exploiting hypnotizing enhancements like fine plus, fine indeed, very fine, unusually fine, extremely fine, exceedingly fine, unbelievably fine, or unimaginably fine. We shun all rules linked to use of the comma and we overuse parentheses, employing both as we please to support tempo. We are friends with grammar but do not serve it (we know when to use “which” or “that” but write for the sound we like). All bibliographical conclusions are given as, “pending new discovery.” Any cited census data (ABPC, OCLC, etc.) is our best effort to read it fairly. Restoration and repair are aesthetic, directed at soundness, and plainly noted, without the use of evasive terminology. “Contemporary” (as used here) means parallel to publication day. “Vellum” (as used here) means any parchment made from, or made to appear as from, animal hide (not explicitly calf), and any assigning of leather species is only our ablest evaluation. “Postmodern” (as used here) means “after W. W. II” no more, no less. “Holograph” (as used here) means handwritten. Items accredited, as “Ex-somebody” were once owned by that person. The notation “(Book Code)” follows book collecting guidance, facts, attacks, insights, tirades, realities and rebukes as an informal vade mecum. Can’t make up your mind but want to play? Try Bibliotopus omakase.

**Assurances:** Every item in Catalog 63 is guaranteed to be authentic, as described, ethically sourced, and way cool, regardless of its nature or vintage, but all manuscripts fashioned by the living are particularly burdened with, and isolated by, specific disclaimers of warranty.

**Insufficient Thrills:** All sales are deemed to be on approval, and any item may be returned, with notice, within 8 days, for any reason (or no reason), for a full refund. Everything remains the lawful property of Bibliotopus until it is paid for in full.

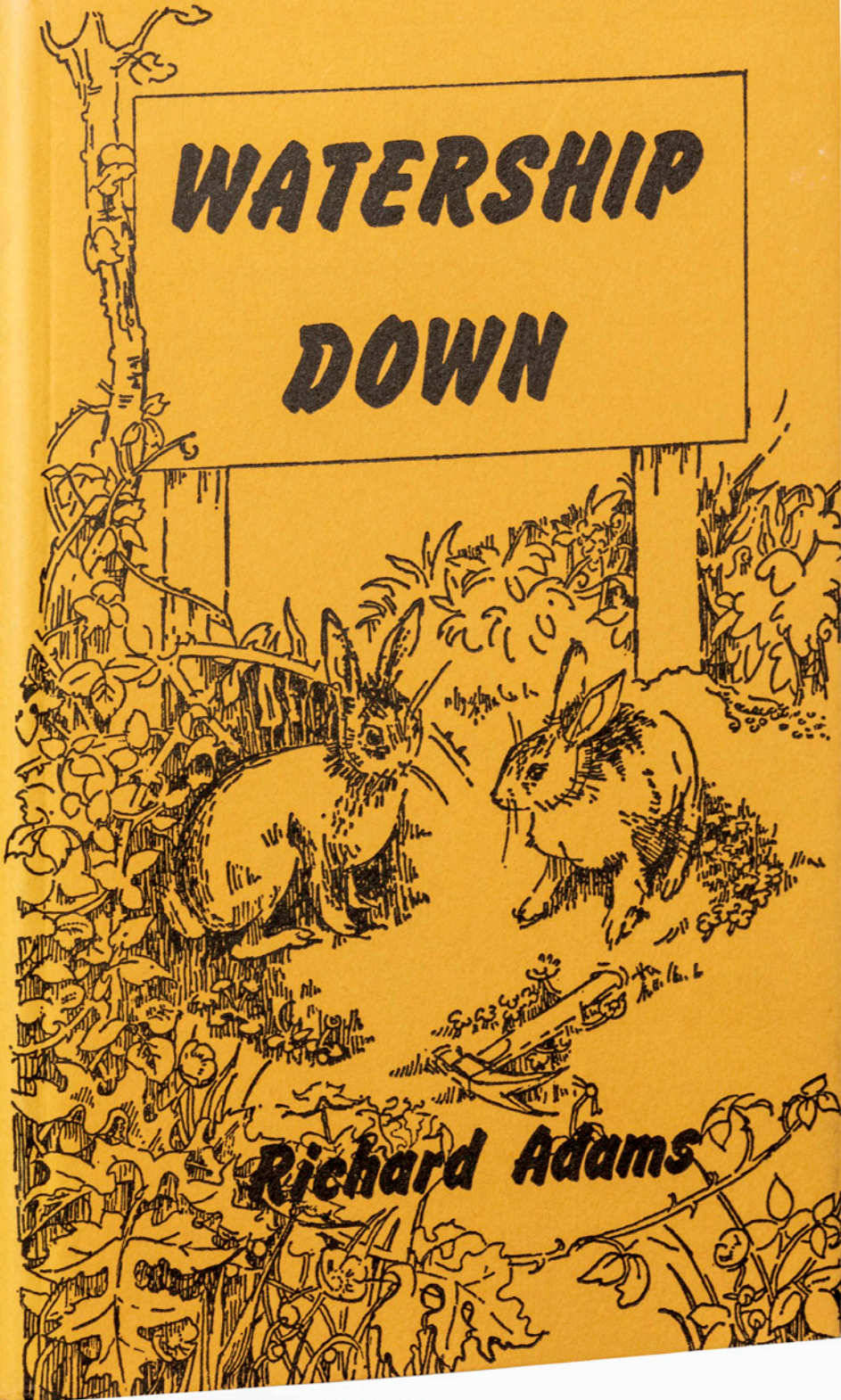
**Taxes:** California residents must be charged 9.5% state sales tax, but we automatically give all homeboys and homegirls a 9.5% discount to even things out.

**Gratuitous Armor:** Copyright ©2020 by Bibliotopus Nation, with all rights reserved, but contrary to established custom, we will wholly or partially subsidize the timely reproduction of Catalog 63 anywhere in the world, provided that the reprinting is, in every way, and in our sole judgment, absolutely accurate (indistinguishable).

DAMS

Watership  
Down

# WATERSHIP DOWN



*Richard Adams*

REX  
ELLINGS

Catalog 63 is conceitedly dedicated to the memory of  
the great John F. Fleming

show me the bunny

Adams, Richard

**Watership Down**

(London [Rex Collings], 1972).

1st edition of his first novel, preceding the undated, but 1974, American edition. 4 light stains to the blank endpapers else fine in fine dustjacket (that means no flaws to the jacket of any size or type), fresher than a peppermint snow cone, brighter than optimism, and tighter than the bond between stupidity and spite.

1,500

Check your airbags on books of this vintage, because crashes are coming on many of relative value; given that most popular novels historically slide off the radar, out of print and into the black hole of the uncollectible. Not so *Watership Down*, a naturalistic beast fable of imposing scholarship and enviable ingenuity that drew on epic themes from Homer and Virgil. It was unlike any book written before it (or since) and will overcome the hex of being a number 1 bestseller, as 48 years later, with 50 million copies sold, it's still being read for recreation (the only objective test of a novel's classic stature) and is now entrenched in grade school libraries where it's force fed as a monument to each new generation of readers.

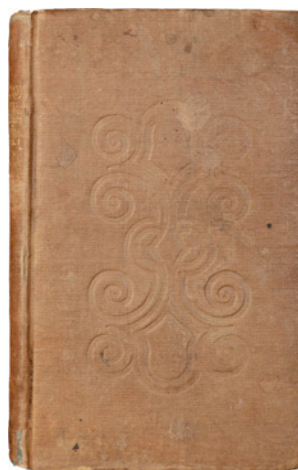
The 1970s were the 'me' decade, with everyday activities spiraled up in therapy so as to have ontological magnitude, and a generation was nurtured on the refrain, it's not your fault. And though the era has been trashed as a weak decade for fiction, there were some demi-triumphs. Carve up a list of English language novels still being avidly consumed by readers not even born in 1972, and alongside of *Watership Down*, said list will showcase *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*, *Fear of Flying*, *The Killer Angels*, *The Crystal Cave*, *In Patagonia*, *The Dispossessed*, *The Optimist's Daughter*, *The Princess Bride*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *The Day of the Jackal*, *Gravity's Rainbow*, *Breakfast of Champions*, *Going After Cacciato*, *The World According to Garp*, *A Morbid Taste for Bones*, *A River Runs Through It*, *Nine Princes in Amber*, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, *The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, *Interview With a Vampire*, *The Silmarillion*, *The Bluest Eye*, *The Right Stuff*, *The Stand*, *Humbolt's Gift*, *Sophie's Choice*, *The Exorcist*, *Star Wars*, *Centennial*, *Suttree*, *Shogun*, *Ragtime*, *Roots*, *Crash*, *Jaws*, and *Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret*. Are there others? There are. I've only picked one by each author, and we all have our other favorites. Go ahead and add your own preciouses, then we can watch together as perspective shapes that list over the years (certainly shrinks that list, because that's what happens). So, which of these novels, if any, will persevere? Everybody guesses. Nobody knows. It is a paradox. It is Schrödinger's Cat.

Tell me the decade you love (or hate) and I'll tell you who you are.

## unabashed propaganda unleashed

[African American]                      **The Anti-Slavery Record. Vol. I, numbers 1-12**  
by William Lloyd Garrison  
(NY [R. G. Williams, for the American Anti-Slavery Society], 1835).

12 vols. in 1. 1st edition of the opening salvo in the brusque and unrestricted campaign against slavery in the U. S. 1st issue with installment number 12 (Dec.) stating "First Edition" in letterpress at the top of its first page. 1st binding with blindstamped decorations to the front cover and no blindstamped rules. The book is a collected run of the 12 monthly issues from the first year, bound by the publisher in cloth, and adding an index at the front and a critically important 30 page appendix at the back. Original cloth, gilt titled spine, light wear, some spots, cords a bit loose in a few places but holding firmly, the free endpaper, flyleaf, and page 73 each with a chip to the lower blank corner, 3 former owners names to the endpapers, but withal very good, unrepaired, honest as a sunburn, and complete with all 3 blanks and all the grizzly woodcuts. Coll: 8vo. pp. [i-iii] iv, [1] 2-174. Ref: Afro-Americanana 622. Slavery in the United States I:161. **4,500**



Seems rare. OCLC located 6 copies in libraries, not all of them the 1st issue or in the publisher's cloth, and just 1 copy (a 2nd issue) has sold at auction in the last 40 years. Credible data supporting the conclusion that 1st state, 1st binding copies are analogous to the Abominable Snowman whose footprints are everywhere, but who is nowhere to be seen. This book has some pensive heft and yet few collectors are seeking it, because buying 1st editions has similarities to picking raspberries. You have to look from more than one angle, or you are going to miss a lot.

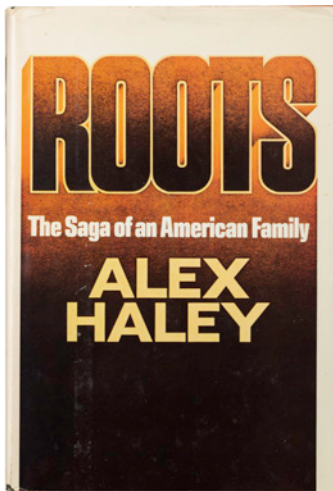
The American Anti-Slavery Society was the largest, and most influential, organization opposing slavery up to the Civil War, and William Lloyd Garrison was identified as "the chief apostle" of abolitionism by no less than Frederick Douglass himself. Garrison began by editing *The Liberator* (an anti-slavery newspaper) in 1831, when the topic was stickier than a campfire marshmallow. In 1832 he founded The Abolitionist Anti-Slavery Society of New England, reformed it into the Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, and began publishing this monthly in 1835. From the first issue he pressed free Americans to identify, and to understand that though slavery is the unequalled horror, in any life filled with violence, poverty, ignorance, monotony, pain, hopelessness, and bigotry, we are all brothers and sisters because such a life will crush your soul no matter what color you are. The first 7 issues sold well enough and the 8th issue (Aug.) sold out and was reprinted, as were the other issues thereafter. At year's end, coinciding



with publication of the Dec. number, Garrison added an index and the sagacious 30 page appendix, and offered this bound volume of the accumulated 12 issues. The first 7 issues were, at the outset, the unsold remainders from their 1st (only) printing. The next 4 issues were the unsold remainders from the 2nd printing. The final number (Dec.) drew from the 1st printing until copies were depleted and then from a 2nd printing, and it is this identifier of the Dec. number that is what differentiates the 1st issue of the book from the 2nd issue of it. Filling these 12 installments are reports on the slave trade and slave auctions, contributions by abolitionists such as Timothy Weld, Elizur Wright, and John Rankin, and eyewitness accounts of violence committed against slaves including narratives, and images of torture and murder, that would embarrass a shockproof watch.



A book so central to African American history that it ought to have a horn section. The 11 unrestrained woodcuts (starting in no. 2) dramatize the evils of slavery, over such titles as “The Flogging of Females” and “The Desperation of a Mother” shown about to kill her two infant children, rather than lose them (see the illustration above). A caption underneath this woodcut is a question sent to the publisher, reading, “Why do you narrate the extraordinary cases of cruelty? These stories will not convert the cruel, and they wound the feelings of masters who are not so.” The publisher’s curt reply was, “Cruelty is the fruit of the system.” A 12th illustration, in the appendix (only issued with the bound volume), depicts both sides of the British Abolitionist Commemorative Medal.



[African American]

**Roots**

by Alex Haley

(Garden City [Doubleday], 1976).

1st edition. **Contemporary signed presentation copy, and it's a good association, inscribed in ink, "September 1976. Dinah Shore, lovely, gracious lady – from our family to your family! Sincerely, Alex Haley."** Some storage unit mustiness, else near fine in a very good dustjacket. **500**

This is Haley's quest for his genealogical history, starting in 1750 (contrast today when "roots" means the Church of the Magic Moonbeam tracing its origins all the way back to 2004). And Roots was a 'just what it needed' contribution to America's bicentennial, historically enlightening and emotionally rewarding. It won a well-deserved Pulitzer Prize and, in 1977, it became the prototype television documentary miniseries, winning 9 Emmys.

Alger, Horatio Jr.

**Digging for Gold**

(Philadelphia [Porter & Coates], 1892).

1st edition. **Contemporary signed presentation copy, inscribed, in ink, on the first blank, "George Fairbanks, jr. from his affect [ionate] friend Horatio Alger Jr. Christmas 1892."** Inscribed 1st editions of all Alger's novels (but only his novels) are seldom seen, though they are not as rare as the newspaper headline we never see, "Psychic Wins Lottery." Original cloth, complete with the 12 pages of ads, some ripples to the front cover (visible in our photo), inner paper hinges expertly strengthened in a few places (no other repair), but easily very good, sharper than a paper cut, a slumbuster for any undisciplined buyer, and as pretty in your hands as it looks in our picture. **750**

In 1867 Alger created a new genre, the modern American rags to riches novel (actually, rags to respectability), the tycoon's Cinderella. The integrities of his impoverished heroes were self-reliance, thrift, bravery, pluck, determination, cheerfulness, honesty, and hard work, and it was with those 8 virtues (always supplemented by some timely luck) that they outwitted urban villainy, in an assortment of perverse forms, and rose to middle-class security. Alger's novels were more wholesome than an organic grape, and had less variety than the single tissues in a box of Kleenex, but big doors need dependable hinges and it was through that fidelity that he became the most socially influential writer of his time, and he fully realized his doctrines in Digging For Gold, a Western influenced evolved expression of the gilded age (post-transcendentalist) recipe for the American dream, and his myth became our national ethos. And here's a statistic not to be dismissed like some sock lost behind the dryer. Alger still reigns as the all time, bestselling, 19th century American novelist.

# DIGGING FOR GOLD

HORATIO ALGER



DIGGING FOR GOLD

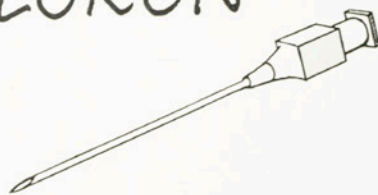


A NOVEL

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NEVER COME MORNING'

NELSON ALGREN

~~THE~~



MAN

WITH THE

GOLDEN

ARM



KAROL

THE  
MAN  
WITH THE  
GOLDEN  
ARM



NELSON  
ALGREN

DOUBLEDAY

Algren, Nelson

**The Man With the Golden Arm**  
(Garden City [Doubleday], 1949).

1st edition. Fine in fine dustjacket. A flawless jacket and others aren't, so ignoring condition standards cuts a channel into which falls all other reasoning. **Signed presentation copy, penned in ink on the half-title, "With golden good wishes to Merle Clayton from Nelson Algren. Chicago, April 17, 1950."** A National Book Award winner but the avalanche of awards these days has rendered them almost meaningless. Even more pathetic are 21st century dustjackets carrying the feeble pretension, "nominated for the X award." **800**

"Never play cards with a man called Doc. Never eat at a place called Mom's. Never sleep with a woman whose troubles are worse than your own." –N. Algren

This's as good a place as any to define the differences between presentation copies, inscribed ones, and those that are just signed, and then prioritize them, but it'll have to be simplified in a commercial catalog of 100 pages. Definitions first: **1.** A presentation copy was a gift from the author with some gist in the author's handwriting upholding the seller's premise that a gift is what it was. It may be signed with the author's full name, or in closer relationships only a first name, or may say "from the author" as was frequently the taste pre-20th century. If it's dated within a year or so of publication, then it is a contemporary presentation copy. There're also publisher's presentations (a lesser species when deciding value), whether prompted by the publisher, or directed by the author to a specific recipient, but the signs are, or the handwriting is, by the publisher or a secretary, and few were ever within the author's proximity. **2.** Inscribed copies have writing in the author's hand beyond an autograph but were not given as a gift. **3.** And signed copies are just that. I am spurning books signed by someone else, though a book with, a gift inscription from, or the ownership signature of, George Washington, or Marilyn Monroe, or D. B. Cooper, has its own cache and value, but laid in signatures are a hoax. Now for the hierarchy. Presentation copies are usually worth more than inscribed ones, and should be, either because the link between author and recipient is interesting, or was close, or the recipient is a luminary, whether for literary fame or something else. The "usually" is because it is easy to reckon that a pithy presentation copy, given to an author's neighbor out of courtesy, would not be as valuable as a copy inscribed to nobody when the inscription is a 50 word quotation from the book. And both presentation copies and inscribed copies are more valuable than generic signed ones as more handwriting supports genuineness, since it is much easier to convincingly forge a signature than additional words of handwriting, and simple autographs are exactly what are broadly counterfeited beyond the detection of experts because a skilled and practiced forger knows all the tells that an authenticator looks for. So, these validation experts solely reject fakes done by innocent secretaries or incompetent villains, and their certificates of authenticity transfer less real weight than an empty wind tunnel, before dawn, quietly waiting for work (Book Code).

What may seem, at first glance, to be a random array of artifacts cast through our catalogs, that are neither books nor manuscripts, do relate, in that all are written, printed, painted, minted, autographed, annotated, decorated, corrected, lettered, typed, drawn, drafted, carved, cast, stamped, etched, embossed, engraved, photocopied, photographed, mimeographed, or lithographed (I justify these techniques as allied forms of imprinting or writing). We have assembled unrivaled private and public collections of each. Interested? We can gather one for you, guided by your preferences, and overseen by our singular experience with, perspective on, and contrastive understanding of, the similarities and dissimilarities into, and out of, 20 different disciplines in 20 different markets.



[Antiques]

### Glass Seal

by Louis Tiffany

(NY [Tiffany & Co.], ND but ca. 1900.

Tiffany Studios, favrile (iridescent) glass seal (1 1/8" X 5/8") for imprinting in wax. Original engraved monogram, probably a stylized "N" or an even more stylized "M" (see picture above). Fine, intact, and never repaired. Characteristically colorful (Tiffany devised favrile glass) and with an ergonomic feel in the hand typical of practical objects from this studio in that time. 375

Louis Comfort Tiffany (son of the company's founder Charles Tiffany) was a prodigy, an artist focused mainly on interiors, and especially enamored with stained glass. He ranks prominently among a small guild of a dozen or so geni at the zenith of design innovation, along with the likes of Charles Worth (creator of the couture salon), Jules Chéret (originator of the color lithograph poster), William Morris (arts and crafts), Pablo Picasso (fine art), René Lalique (art deco glass), Georges Claude (commercial neon), Walter Gropius (modernism), Harley Earl (the General Motors dream car), Kelly Johnson (exotic aircraft), Steve Jobs (personal tech), and Frank Gehry (curvy architecture).



[Antiquities]



**Clay Tablet**

(Old Babylonia, 1900–1700 B.C.E.).

An ancient document on medium grain, hard (fired) tan terracotta, 23.65 grams (1 1/4" X 1 3/8"). **13 lines of cuneiform figures on both sides in tight calligraphy, a business letter fixing a trade involving barley.** A complete message, not a fragment. Very good, intact, and unrepaired, high quality for such an elderly artifact. This is the human hand reaching across 4 millennia. **1,200**

[Antiquities]

**Ceramic Tablet**

(Assyria, 700–600 B.C.E.).

An ancient document on a triangular tag, of hard (fired) tan ceramic, 6.07 grams (1" X 1"). **Cuneiform figures on both sides, and a seal impression.** A complete message not a fragment. Very good, intact and never repaired. Ex–Rihani (collection formed in the '70s and '80s). Ex–A North London Collection. Ex–TimeLine, May 23, 2017, lot 2648. **400**



Cuneiform (font characters evolved from rebus pictographs), was deciphered in stages beginning in 1625, when the Roman traveler Pietro Della Valle reasoned it was read from left to right. In 1634 Thomas Herbert deduced the figures could be translated. In 1767 Carsten Niebuhr brought accurate copies to Bishop Friedrich Münter who made out the spaces and translated the first word (“King”). In 1802 Georg Grotefend assigned correct values to 12 symbols. In 1836 Eugène Burnouf identified 30 of them, and that same year Henry Rawlinson found the Behistun Inscriptions in 3 languages, the Rosetta Stone of Cuneiform. An 1857 London meeting untangled the rest (alphabet, about 30 sounds, tracing its origins to around 1650 B.C.E.).

“Mares eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy...”

–Milton Drake, Al Hoffman, and Jerry Livingston, Mairzy Doats

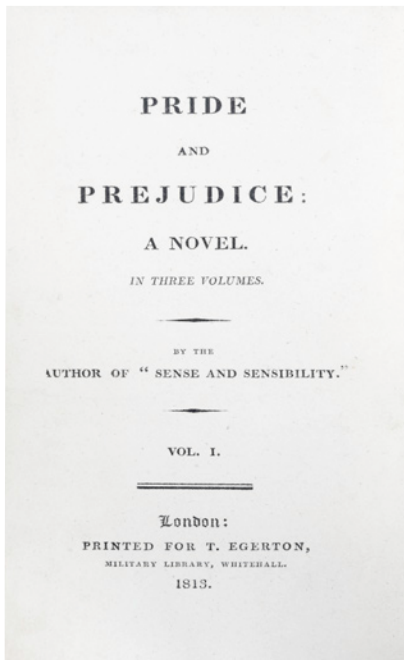
close to the truth is close to the nerve

Austen, Jane

**Pride and Prejudice**

(London [T. Egerton], 1813).

3 vols. 1st edition. The little black dress of 19th century novels, among the few that credibly carry the attribute enduring legacy. Contemporary 3/4 green calf, half-title in vol. 1 only, very good, unrepaired, and nicer than most sets sold in the last 75 years that were called very good in buffered descriptions of cant soaring on the thermals of bookselling's lowest common denominator, and parsed not to inform the reader, but to protect the writer, by telling you the most of what you need to hear the least, while burying the necessities under the kind of misinformation that would raise eyebrows among the crew of an inner city street gang. And though such descriptions are aimed at those who stare at stop signs waiting for them to turn green, if you bite and buy, well, too bad for you. **55,000**



The eminent books we all buy, define us to others. Those we fail to buy, define us to ourselves. *Pride and Prejudice* is about the search for self. Austen lifted the title from a line in Fanny Burney's *Cecilia* (1782), but her principal theme is her own, the importance of environment and upbringing in developing the character and morality of young people, as tested against ineffectual parenting. The book is filled with irony, social pretentiousness, satirical wit, complex and subtle observations of human nature, sensitive moral discrimination, exquisite pen portraits and a modest and inconspicuous perfection of style. Though there are a few timely accidents, I remind the reader that it is only in novels that coincidences seem unnatural. When Jane Austen puts these elements to work, her little domain

of struggling families, country fools and snobs, husband hunting mothers and daughters, and eligible landowners and clergymen, is elevated into a sweeping and ageless microcosm of the wider world. And it's all wrapped in a foaming and yeasty benevolence, made audible by the cheerful clatter of the author's dairy cans as she skips through the pages dispensing the milk of human kindness.

In 1813 young women were sent off to parties with more false and dreamy expectations than the first 4 hours of a diet and armed only with a warning to cover their feelings. Now it's 2020 and, unless they are Tinker Bell or Thumbelina, women are sent off to parties with a warning to cover their drinks.

"When I finally met Mr. Right, I didn't know his first name was Always."

—Rita Rudner





Austen, Jane

**Northanger Abbey [and] Persuasion**

(London [John Murray], 1818).

4 vols. 1st editions of her last 2 published novels. Contemporary half calf, worn and rubbed but sound, joints strengthened (not rebacked), 2 of the 4 half-titles present (2 are not), endpapers replaced with old, sympathetic paper watermarked 1833, some stains mostly at margins, else very good, and the difference between this book in a contemporary binding and one in a new binding, is like the difference between an apple and apple scented room freshener. **9,500**

Northanger Abbey parodies Gothic novels, while Persuasion is about loneliness. I'll praise and berate the Gothic another time, but in good news for the lonely, scientists report that they are developing a pill to cure the despair of romantic isolation, unaware that we already have one called a Cinnabon.



Banksy

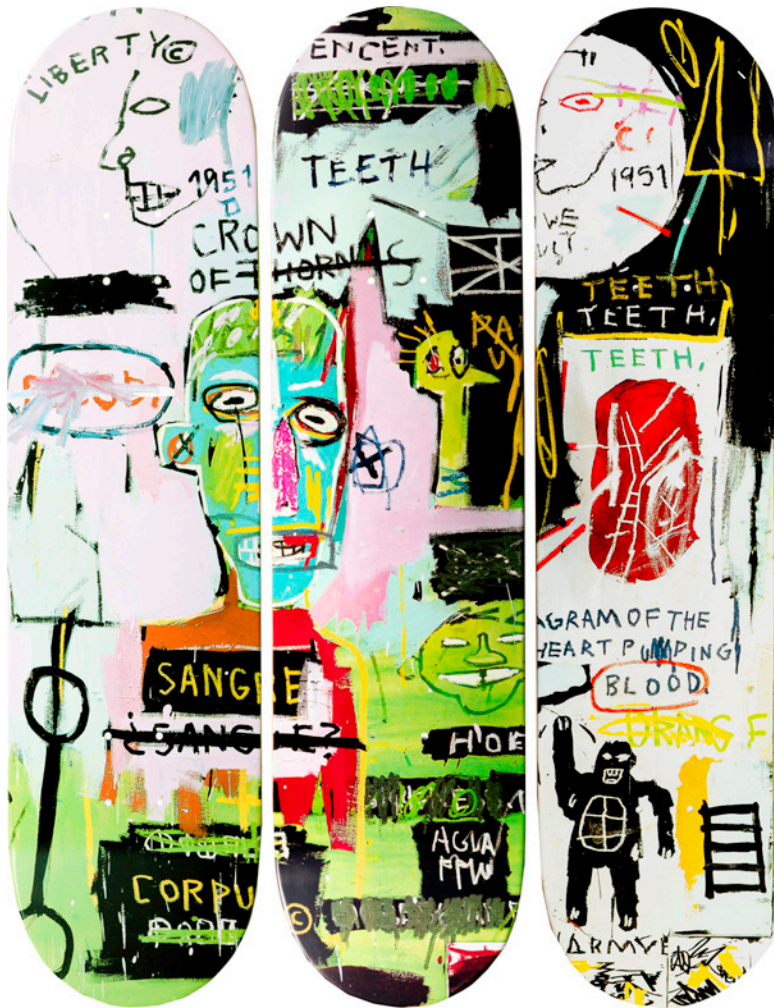
**Di-Faced Tenner**

(NP [Pictures On Walls?], 2004)

Whimsical 10 pound British note (5 5/8" X 3"). Offset lithograph in colors, on currency paper. The recto headed "Banksy of England" (**thus signed in the image by default**), below it the words "I Promise to Pay the Bearer on Demand the Ultimate Price" and below that a portrait of Princess Diana (celebrity in the Social Media age is measured by the number and rapaciousness of a person's parasites). The verso has Darwin's portrait, above the words, "Trust No One." Fine. The last auction sale I saw for one as fine as ours was \$1,625 (HA 16159, lot 43019, Oct. 7, 2020).

**750**

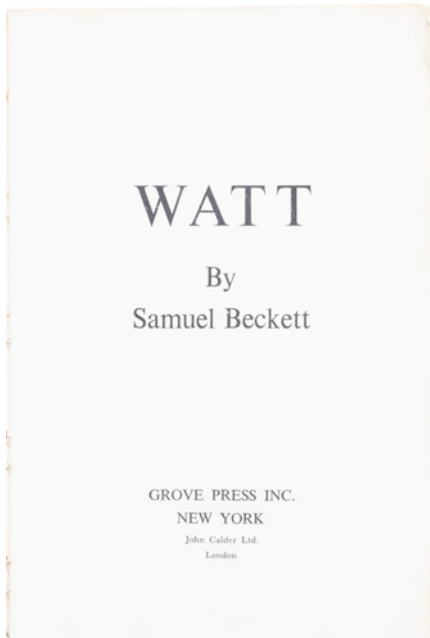
These were first dispersed at a 2004 Notting Hill Festival, then with invitations to a Santa's Ghetto exhibit at Pictures On Walls. Since then thousands of fakes have been produced and are now for sale at prices from \$15 to \$1,500, on eBay and elsewhere, backed by fabricated provenance and duplicitous assurances, having all the reliability of phone numbers on a restroom wall, but ours is indisputably original. Banksy is as likely as not the alias of Robin Gunningham (married to Joy Millward), and if you've never heard of Banksy, just move along.



Basquiat, Jean-Michel "In Italian" A Skateboard Triptych  
 (Brussels [The Skateroom], originally 1983, these 2014).

3 offset lithographs (screen prints), in colors, on 7-ply Canadian Maplewood skate decks (each is 8" X 32"). **Signed in type on the back of each board, "The Skateroom X Jean-Michel Basquiat."** Produced in collaboration with Artestar, under authorization from the artist's estate. Unframed, as issued without wheels or trucks. Fine in the 3 original plastic sleeves and "The Skateroom" cloth bag. The most recent auction sale I saw was \$500 (HA 5444, lot 66317, July 22, 2019). Your money back warranty of legitimacy and provenance is Bibliotopus, and that'll have to do, and in this world you won't do better. 400

Basquiat holds the world record at auction for a painting by an American artist, \$110.487 million (Sotheby's NY, May 18, 2017), bought by Yusaku Maezawa. I don't know what that says about American artists, or Japanese businessmen, or money, or postmodernism, or 2017, or art generally, or about skate decks. Maybe everything, maybe nothing, but in a sign of the times for paintings, there are ongoing reports of art gallery mice throwing themselves on the traps.



### **publisher's hand corrected proofs**

Beckett, Samuel Watt  
(NY [Grove Press], 1959).

Uncorrected, publisher's working proofs for the 1st U. S. edition of Beckett's 2nd novel. Unbound, uncut sheets, folded and sewn, an in-house product, not some advance copy. **Old and intriguing pencil and ink corrections that look like publisher's work towards a future edition.** Small chips and tears to the first and last leaves else very good, and clearly rare. **3,500**

Watt is a willing servant, but his unexplored capacity bumps up against unexplained need.

### **signed and inscribed**

Beckett, Samuel End of Day  
(London [New Arts Theater Club], 1962).

1st edition. Program for the London first run of this 1 man play featuring Jack McGowran. 8vo. 8 pages. Pink, stapled wrappers, near fine. **The cover is inscribed, in ink, to the Director of Publicity at New Directions (one of Beckett's publishers) "For Edwin Erbe cordially, Samuel Beckett Nov. 1962."** The play would go through several revisions into the 1970s, with McGowran earning the 1970–71 Obie for Best Performance by an Actor for his off-Broadway performances in the show. Rare signed. **2,500**

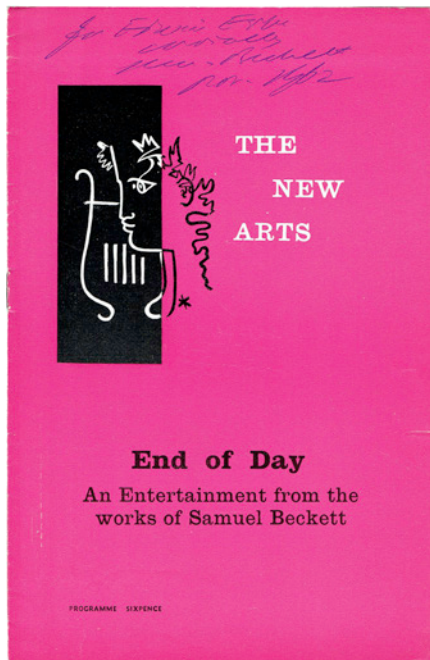
### **signed and inscribed**

Beckett, Samuel Happy Days  
(London [Royal Court Theatre], 1962).

1st edition. Program for the London debut (Nov. 1, 1962). 8vo. 20 pages. Stapled wrappers. Fine, with the gold "First Night" sticker on the front. **Inscribed on the cover, in ink, to the Director of Publicity at New Directions, "For Edwin Erbe cordially, Samuel Beckett Nov. 1962."** Rare signed, maybe the only one that's signed and inscribed. An immensely great play but also an immensely strange one, so it exasperatingly angers those obsessed with knowing what it means. **2,500**

"It's a most unusual play,

Feel like throwing my tickets away..." –Allan Sherman



FIRST  
NIGHT

*Alfred Esdaile  
officially  
presented  
Nov. 1962*

ROYAL COURT THEATRE  
BOARDE SQUARE S.W.1 LICENSED BY THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL TO ALFRED ESDAILE

**BRENDA BRUCE**

**HAPPY  
DAYS**

**SAMUEL BECKETT**

The English Stage Company From November 1  
nightly at 7.30 matinees Thursdays at 2.30 Sats 5 & 8.15 SLO 1745

## dissing Newton

Bernoullii, Johan.

### **Commercium Philosophicum et Mathematicum**

[Correspondence Philosophical and Mathematical]

(Lausannæ & Genevæ [Marci–Michaelis Bousquet], 1745).

2 vols. 1st edition (in Latin). Contemporary half calf, rebacked, small stamp “Bibl: Publ Basileensis” on the verso of each title page, else very good, complete with all plates and the portrait that’s sometimes lacking, but this is Biblioctopus, so it’s best and cheapest, the easiest twin touchstones to access; because the differences



between a decent seller of books and one successfully posing as a decent seller, are superficially negligible. Ex–Désiré Roustan (the French philosopher). 1,750

Gottfried Leibniz (1646–1716) was a German mathematician who conceived differential and integral calculus independent of, and simultaneously with, Isaac Newton, and though Leibniz’s notation ( $dx$  and  $dy$ ) was always deemed superior, Newton’s notoriety swept him aside, kicked him down a dark alley into the abyss, and then bricked up the entranceway. But Leibniz’s inner fires were never dampened by disappointment, so he didn’t outlive his enthusiasm. He developed his laws of continuity and homogeneity, and many inventions in mechanical calculators. In 1673 he designed the Leibniz wheel used in the arithmometer and in 1685 he described a pinwheel calculator. So Bernoulli (the extra “i” at the end of his name on the title page is an 18th century affectation) wrote this book to resurrect Leibniz from obscurity, and Leibniz did get a fame bump, but not until the 20th century when his work with binary numbers was rediscovered and put to use as a foundation for computers, reminding us that there are 3 sorts of people. Those who can do math and those who can’t.

This book was a vital adjustment to the history of calculus, and thus the history of math, but it’s a laborious and dry read, slower than being stoned to death with popcorn, and having all the thrills of a coma without the worry and inconvenience. What’s less dry, but has been taking scientists too long to figure out, is a unifying formula for the clash between the cosmic (general relativity) and the atomic (quantum mechanics), to give physicists (they know our whole story except for the first paragraph), what they call, a theory of everything. So, in thinking about Sgr A\*, I did it this morning, and pass it along:  $li(c) = ns^2$ .



[Bits] 9 Items of Ads and Articles Detailing the First U. S. Personal Computers (NY, Newington, Peterborough, Albuquerque, [Various Publishers], 1971–1976).

13 vols. All are the 1st appearances anywhere. All in original wrappers, near fine.

1: **Scientific American**, Sep. 1971. Page 194, the first ad for the first personal computer (Kenbak-1).

2: **QST**, Mar. 1974. Page 154, the first ad for the first Mini-Computer (Scelbi-8H).

3: **Radio-Electronics**, Jul. 1974. Pages 29–33, Jonathan A. Titus: Build the Mark 8 Minicomputer (the first magazine project microcomputer).

4: **Popular Electronics**, Jan. 1975. Pages 33–38, Edward H. Roberts [and] William Yates: Altair 8800 Minicomputer (part 1).

5: **Popular Electronics**, Feb. 1975. Pages 56–58, Edward H. Roberts [and] William Yates: Altair 8800 Minicomputer (part 2).

6: **Byte Magazine**. First 5 issues, Sep. 1975–Jan. 1976. Loaded with goodies.

7: **Computer Notes** [Altair Users Group], Nov.–Dec. 1975. Page 19, Bill Gates: The Status of BASIC (the primitive interpreter, originally on paper tape, first revealed in Mar. 1975, a month before Gates and Allen founded Microsoft).

8: **Computer Notes** [Altair Users Group], Jan. 1976. Page 1, announcement of the first Altair Convention. Page 13, Bill Gates (article on programming). Page 14, Bill Gates (article on software). Issues of Computer Notes are all scarce.

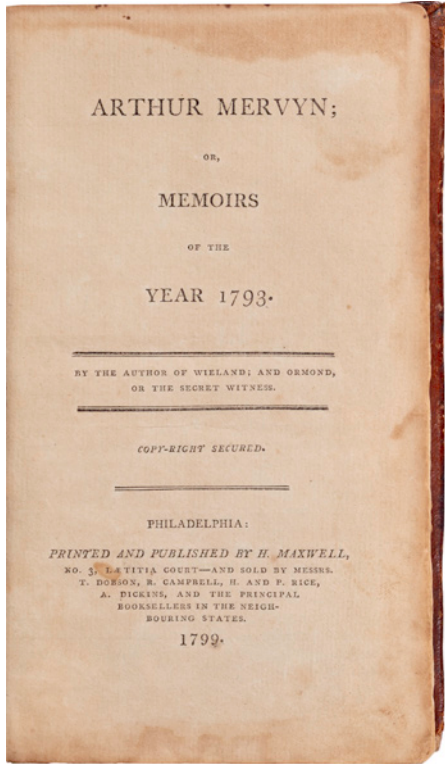
9: **Computer Notes** [Altair Users Group], Feb. 1976. Faint stains. Page 3, Bill Gates: An Open Letter to Hobbyists (Feb. 3). A highly important statement outlining what became the Microsoft business model, and clarifying distinctions between proprietary vs. open-source software (Altair licensed Microsoft BASIC).

Footprints on the summit are soon blown away, but each of these items made their mark briefly for those who cared at the time, so remain worth revering. In Jul. 1975 the first computer store opened (in L. A.). In Mar. 1976 Albuquerque hosted the first World Altair Computer Conference (see no. 8) and by then, even novices knew something was happening. And I note that the word “something” as I’ve used it in the last sentence has no synonym. **Together: 13 vols. 2,500**

the 3rd novel by America's first successful novelist

Brown, Charles

**Arthur Mervyn, or Memoirs of the Year 1793**  
(Philadelphia [Maxwell], 1799).



1st edition. Brown is neglected, in the same way that every dry river gets no thanks for its past, but historically he is an American giant. In Arthur Mervyn he chokes the Gothic novel, taking it out of the castle and on to the streets of Philadelphia during the city's 1793 Yellow Fever epidemic, but this book is no "ring the doorbell and run." Leaving little to the reader's imagination Brown plots his tale with forgery, murder, romance, intrigue, betrayal, theft, and seduction, and if he'd known about murder hornets, he'd have thrown them in too. It's framed with an introductory section, then the first 3/4ths of it are a backstory, followed by a conclusion. Contemporary full sheep, small chip to the spine's base, first 2 and last 4 pages tanned else very good, not rebacked or repaired, appealing quality for any American novel even close to this vintage. Scarce. ABPC lists 4 copies (making 5 appearances) at auction since 1975. Ref: B.A.L. 1498. 750

If she trembles in your arms, her lips are on fire, and her breathing is heavy, she's not in love, you idiot. She has yellow fever.

**groan up**

Burnett, Frances

**Little Lord Fauntleroy**  
(NY [Scribner's], 1889).

Later edition, 3 years after the 1st of 1886 (the design is the same). Fine in a dustjacket with spots and short tears, else near fine (a fairly flabbergasting refugee from the law of averages). There's probably a copy in a 1st printing jacket out there someplace but I've never seen one, so this will have to do for now, much in the same way that where there are no lions, the bobcat feels enormously self-important. 500

A bestselling and decidedly influential novel in its time, that's been flippantly blown off as sappy by those who haven't read it, but saints bring people to the fullness of their lives by making moral decency attractive (the irony is that a full heart has room for everything while an empty heart has room for nothing). And though it's easy to poke fun at a halcyon novel centered on goodness, ponder this. Goodness is recurrently conjoined with kindness, and kindness is love in repose.



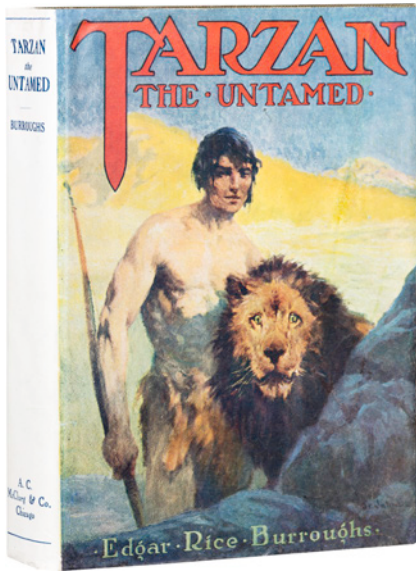
LITTLE  
LORD  
FAUNTLEROY

HODGSON  
BURNETT

SELLERS

LITTLE  
LORD  
FAUNTLEROY



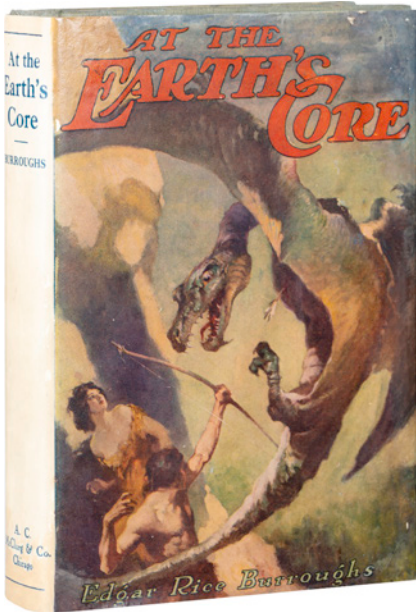


Burroughs, Edgar                      **Tarzan the Untamed**  
(Chicago [McClurg], 1920).

1st edition. 1 inner paper hinge repaired else fine in a restored dustjacket.                      **675**

Burroughs, Edgar                      **At the Earth's Core**  
(Chicago [McClurg], 1922).

1st edition. Dinosauriana. 1 inner paper hinge repaired else fine in a restored dustjacket.                      **650**



Let's talk some truth about restored dustjackets, but only those that have been professionally restored by the capable and skillful. The first rule to remember is that they are worth no more (or no less) than they were worth before the work was done, and sellers who imply they are worth more have tailored their descriptions for witless façade zealots, ready to sacrifice reality for the appearance of it. And don't ever buy anything, at all, from sellers who use words like "enhanced" or "benefited from", or say "sophisticated" instead of "repaired" (insidious jargon), in fact, leave skid marks. Some collectors avoid renovated jackets no matter how little work has been done, and some of those same collectors will also avoid jackets in the condition they were in before the renovation (Goldilocks). Standards vary among this segment of buyers and most do weigh a 1st edition's age and rarity, so the customer for Fleming's Dr. No, who insists both book and jacket be perfect, might rush to buy Wells' The War of the Worlds with a torn and chipped, or heavily restored jacket, and properly consider it a

triumph. Now, how about you who'd buy a 1st edition in a repaired or restored jacket even when the book is available in a fine or near fine untouched jacket? You would, understandably, be hunting a deep discount. That's ok too. Just exercise the caution you'd take crossing Frogger's Highway and always be sure the book you're buying has that really hefty discount, and still isn't ugly after, or because of, the restoration. Like the pair of books we offer here. And 2 more things. **1.** Dustjackets married to worn or grubby books are like a mangy Hermit crab that has found a pretty shell. **2.** Facsimile dustjackets are like plastic blow up girlfriends. Embarrassing. Always mock those who circulate them (Book Code).

"You've got to...know when to walk away, and know when to run."

—Kenny Rogers, The Gambler



Burroughs, Edgar

**The Eternal Lover**  
(Chicago [McClurg], 1925).

1st edition. At 5,000 copies, among his smaller print runs, but it's not scarce. Near fine in an unrepaired dustjacket with corner chips, 2 short tears and a small tape shadow (no tape) inside the jacket, still very good, and brighter than a Raja's ring. Tarzan isn't a central character, but he does make an appearance. 850

## literature finds a rock star

Byron, George Gordon

**Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice.**

**An Historical Tragedy in five acts [and] The Prophecy of Dante, a poem**

(London [Murray], 1821).

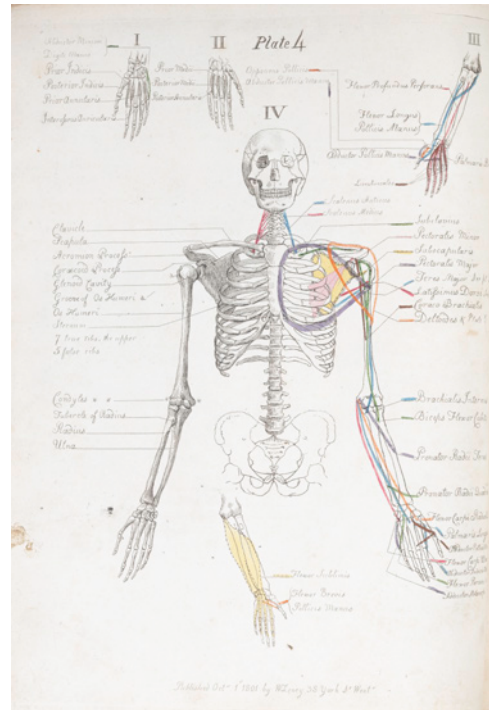
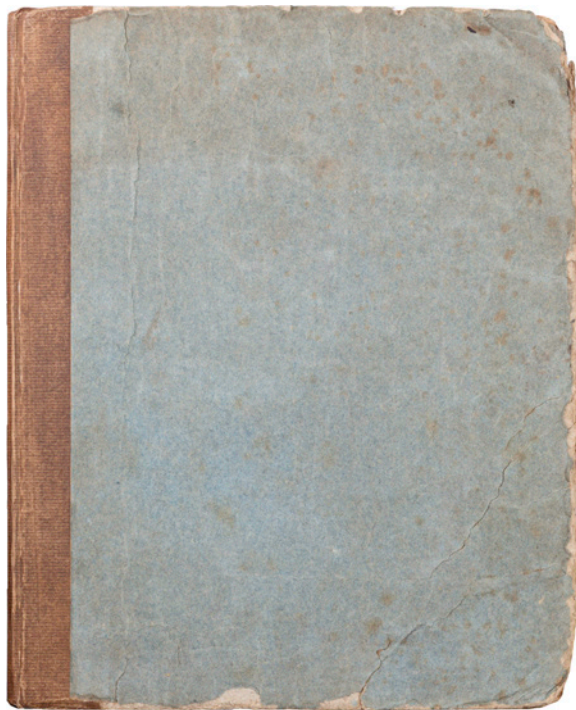
1st edition, 1st issue (5 1/2 line Doge's speech on page 151, "my" for "thy" page 152, 21 text lines to page 154). Original boards, uncut (plain as hunger), spine mostly chipped away, joints strengthened but not rebaced, still a good copy externally, fine internally, complete with half-title, blank, and ads. 200



Books of prose fiction were called romances before the novel was devised or named, but the English romantic age was 1770 (Chatterton) to about 1830, and Byron was its most glamorous individual. The era resisted definition because the romantic temperament favored the indefinite and boundless. What drove Byron were the values of visionary originality, emotional self-expression, fanciful spontaneity, and the choice of wonder, desires, and dreams over everyday realities, a shift away from the classical standards of order, balance, restraint, proportion, and objectivity.

In 1346, Marino Faliero led Venetian forces to victory over Louis I of Hungary. In 1353 he was rewarded with election as Doge of Venice but soon afterwards the Genoese triumphed over the Venetians, and Faliero, angry with patricians who had insulted his family, joined dissatisfied plebeians in a plot to assassinate the nobles, overthrow the oligarchy, and make himself dictator. The scheme was discovered, and Faliero and his abettors were tried by the Council of Ten and executed. 466 years later, Byron, while living in Venice, decided to immortalize him, but the play failed in Drury Lane, polluting the water upstream, and considering the price of this copy in boards, continues to irrationally do so.

I search myself for illusions like a chimpanzee looking for fleas and still I am perplexed. How can such a book be so cheap? I give up. Fold. Tap out. But I'm the bookseller and supposed to know, and I can't totally default, renounce books, put on a cape and go fight crime. So, I'll guess it's just a lack of demand, or appreciation, or if you will, the fashion, an inequitable reality of transitory evanescence, but one we've seen before, in which the most reliable values in 1st editions are still for those written with a dipped pen. Contrast them against the spurners of safety, the limitless supply of third rate, modern 1st editions, spiraling upwards to unsustainable price levels, only justified when compared to one another, a house of straw with a captivating power that is more contagious than yawning, and less permanent. I warn you all, watch out (Book Code).



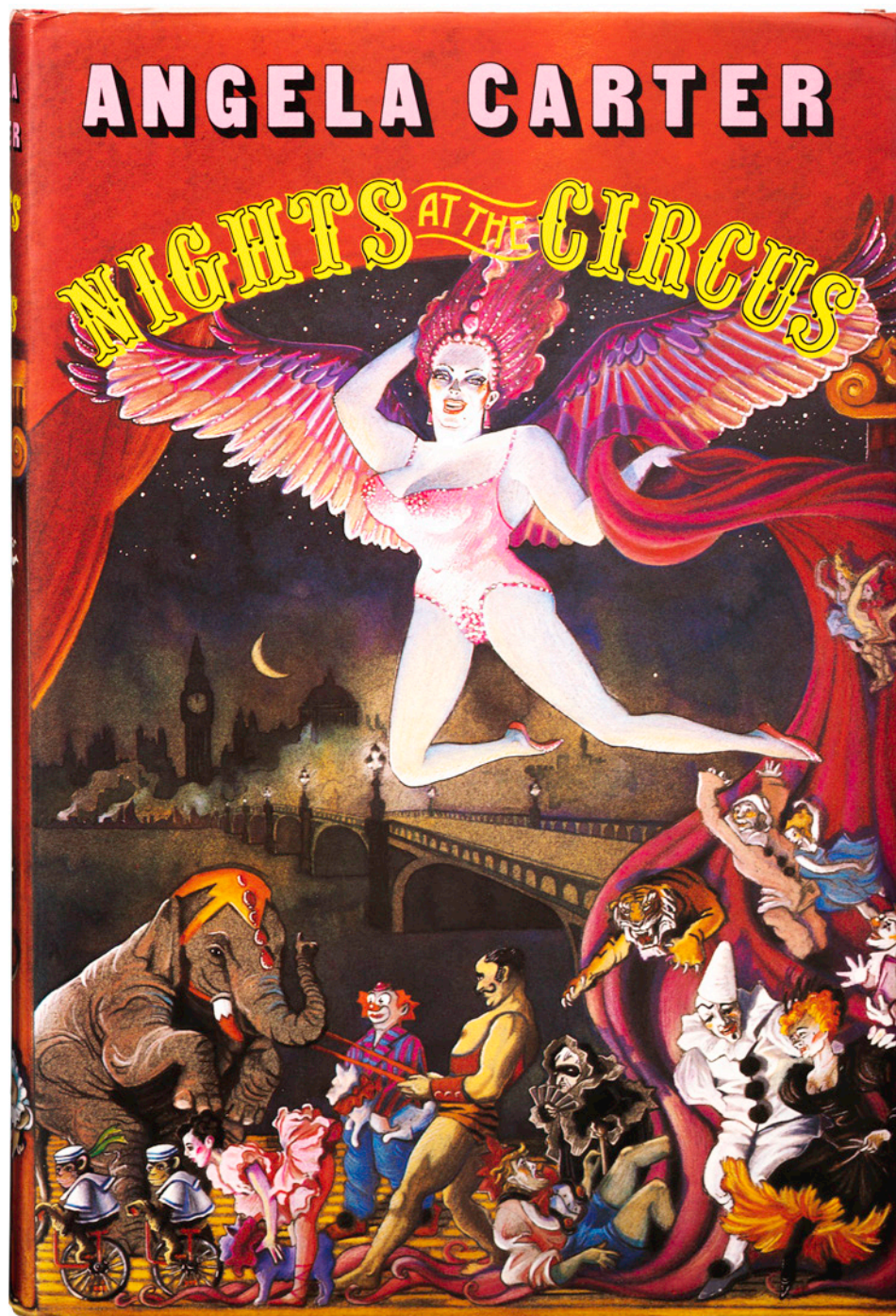
### the father of modern plastic surgery

Carpue, Joseph

### A Description of the Muscles of the Human Body as They Appear on Dissection... (London [Lewis], 1801).

1st edition. The great surgeon's first book, a feted rarity, captivating as a magnetar, with no auction sales since this one sold at Sotheby's in 1967 and once every 53 years is rare by any measure, so you won't find another. And this is not just any copy. It's in original boards, worn and neatly rebacked, else very good, uncut, and complete, and despite the wear, exemplary condition. 4 of the 7 fantastic engraved plates are lightly hand colored (as issued). Coll: 4to. pp. xii, 55, [1, blank], [8] (7 plates). Ref: Freshwater: Joseph Constantine Carpue and the Bicentennial of the Birth of Modern Plastic Surgery. *Aesthetic Surgery Journal* 35 (2015), pp. 748–758. Not in Norman. Ex–The Medico–Chirurgical Society of Aberdeen with their stamp on the first and last text leaves. **7,500**

Joseph Carpue joined the surgical staff at the Duke of York's Military Hospital in Chelsea in 1799 and, in 1800, began teaching anatomy and surgery. He pioneered rhinoplasty and many surgical proprieties that were previously unrecognized, devised the first prospective observational study using exclusion criteria, set a standard for preoperative disclosure, established ethical approval, had independent documentation of his preoperative and postoperative findings, and maintained patient confidentiality, all a century before these measures were codified. We all live under the same sky. Dr. Carpue just had a wider horizon.



flyng blind

Carter, Angela

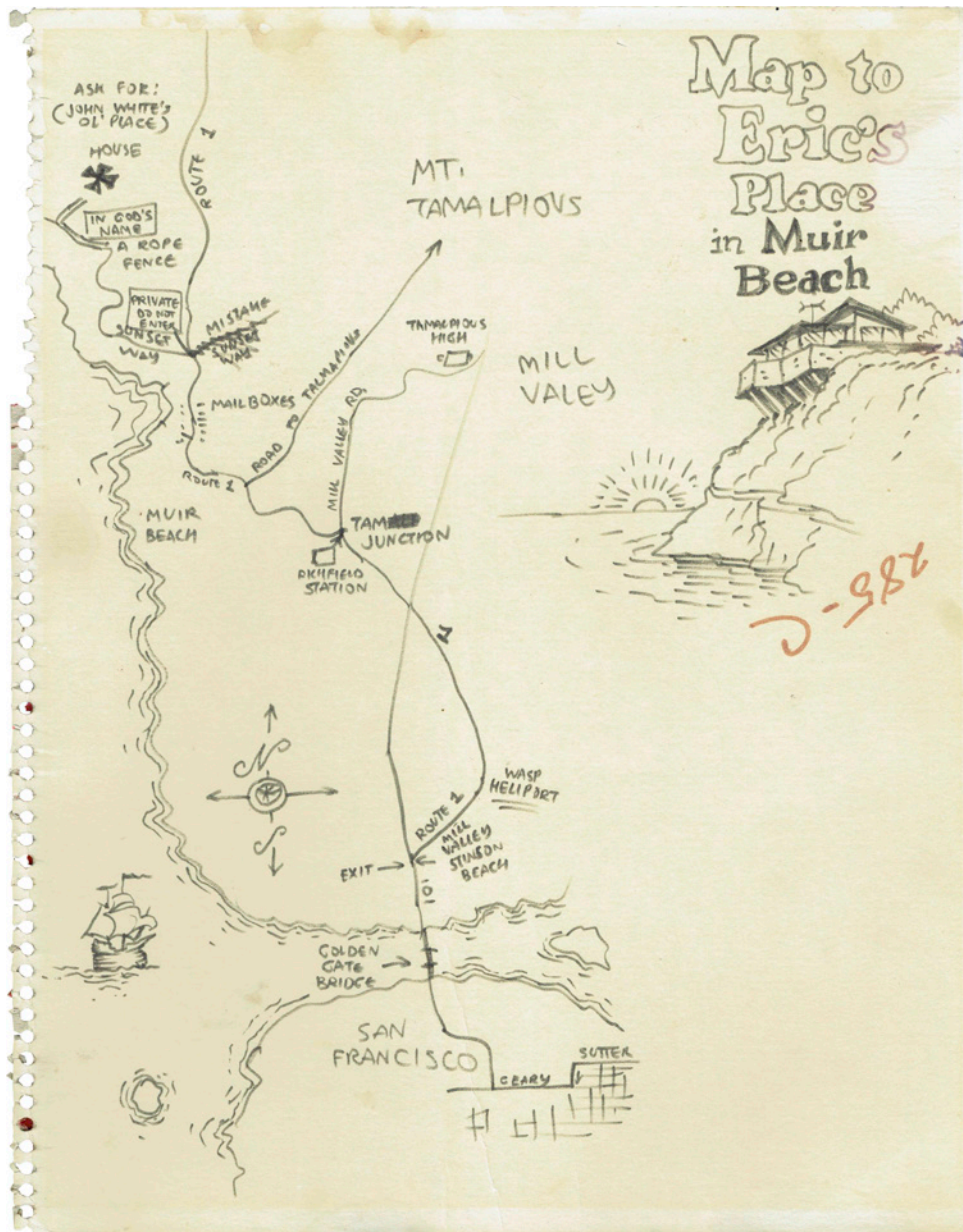
Nights at the Circus

(London [Chatto & Windus, The Hogarth Press], 1984).

1st edition, preceding the NY edition. Fine in fine dustjacket, with no need to look further if this is a 1st edition you want, just as there is no need to travel around the world, if all you want to do is count the number of cats in Baltimore. 100

Get ready to duck because in the perpetual vertigo that is 20th century books, here come the 1980s, a decade with an engine but no engineer, filled with 1st editions that are younger than hope. Right now the decade is just an unfolding of miscalculations because it's still too early to tell which of the '80s novels will deserve eager pursuit by, and ready cash from, collectors a generation from now. I'll try a quick take on this one: *Fevvers*, a baby, is found on the doorstep of Ma Nelson's brothel in a basket of eggshells and straw (deliberately recognizable pre-vision). She's raised as the common daughter of 6 working mothers until, at 14, the constant itching in her shoulders heralds the breaking out of her wings, symbolic of female liberty and volition. She matures some, works herself through a series of persecuted employments where she is exploited as a freak, and develops some of the qualities of a confidence woman, finally landing at the *Cirque d'Hiver* as the "aerialiste." She then joins Captain Kearney's Grand Imperial Tour and becomes the new living legend, applauded by the rich and mighty around the world. She takes up with (but does not fuck) Walser, a journalist who has joined the circus as a clown to be near her. A train wreck, between Russian touring engagements, separates them in Siberia. He is saved by Olga, an escapee from a grotesque women's prison (a subplot with another of Carter's subversive takes on feminism), while Fevvers, hampered by a broken wing, is herself saved by a wandering male radical, whose political group is in league with Olga's activist society. In the end, Fevvers and Walser are reunited, but that's the only splinter of this novel that approaches normalcy. Now, take a step back because *Nights at the Circus* is a door that opens inward. By 1984, Carter was unshackled through her literary success, and secure as feminism's pre-eminent mythologist, so she cultivated the tenaciousness of an iTunes update. Constrained only by the limits of her inspiration she discarded all organizational method and unleashed a new literary anatomy with all the gusto of a piece of machinery that has pulled up its bolts from the factory floor and gone off on its own. The book is a lively tribute to 'young woman as goddess' but it's no little girl in her mother's pearls. Carter's literary form of fusing individualism, unites realism, surrealism, and post-feminist lore into a distortion of the historical romance, wherein time loses its meaning and magic mocks 19th century events. Her themes are sometimes visible and sometimes cryptic but here are 5 that are clear. **1. Time:** controlled, manipulated, and distorted. In one example, the brothel clock is always set at 12, so Fevvers takes it with her to hold power over time. **2. Appearance:** self-alteration to what is called for, and the duality of the factual versus the perceived. **3. Deception:** the characters have different motives, but all deceive to accomplish them, including the author's intentional bewildering of the reader. **4. Class and wealth:** always socially inescapable and therefore, contorted by the players so they seem to conform, and to allow themselves to rise. **5. Individualism:** the striving of atypical people for their own success and well-being, but also for the success of the group as well.

That was a hard entry for me to write cohesively because I am unfocused and get easily distracted, and then I get sidetracked, and ooooh, look, something sparkly.



keep on truckin'

[Cartography]

Hand-Drawn Map by Robert Crumb

(San Francisco, ca. 1972).

Original art by Crumb, in black ink, on a large (10 1/4" X 13 1/2") white board that was once the recto side of a spiral drawing pad's back cover. Titled "Map to Eric's Place in Muir Beach." Minor smudges to the top edge, remnants of the spiral perforations on the left edge, the verso side (the red cover of the pad's back) is scraped, but the map is near fine. The detailed beyond reason drawing takes the traveler from Geary Blvd. in San Francisco, north through Mill Valley, to Muir Beach. Crumb adds a nice depiction of Eric's house overlooking the



Pacific in the upper right corner, and he fills the lower left corner with a portrayal of an antique sailing ship. He's also drawn a lovely compass just northeast of the ship, some quixotic keys such as mailboxes, a Richfield station, and a rope fence, some more usual ones like The Golden Gate Bridge, and a few droll annotations ("WASP Heliport" and a sign "In God's Name") and he's made 2 corrections, changing "Tamali" to "Tam" and crossing out Sunset Way going east, and altering it to west, adding "mistake." The drawings, road lines, and 62 words in ink, are all in Crumb's hand. Charming. Rare. Just 1 other Crumb map, "Come to beautiful Potter Valley" is recorded. 11,000

We take maps for granted but they are an idea at the pinnacle, with science, aesthetics, and technique applied to the premise that reality can be modeled in ways that communicate spatial information effectively. This one's from the time when Crumb had overcome his depression (the inability to construct a future) and was cashing in on the first wave of Underground Comix (1968–1973), while commuting from San Francisco to Potter Valley, from Kathy Goodell to his wife Dana, and the ranch they had just bought with a \$5,000 advance from Ballantine for the collected Fritz the Cat. And parenthetically, Crumb's cover art for Ballantine's self-same Fritz the Cat sold for \$717,000 (HA, May 18, 2017), the highest price ever paid for any original comic artwork (not an earlier painting used later on a comic), eclipsing every one of the super-heroes from both D. C. and Marvel, and everything by Disney, from ducks to princesses.

And here's a 1 sentence rant about art. It's silly when people say, "I know what I like" when in reality "they like what they know" since the more educated one is about art, the wider is one's understanding and appreciation (Book Code).

Crumb's Zap Comix no. 1 (Feb. 1968) launched a new genus of art, its timing perfect for the era. The 6 years of U. S. counterculture (1964–1969) are now most often recalled for assaults on conventional values, the military draft, segregation, poverty, victimless crimes, hypocritical censorship, orthodox lifestyles, official corruption, sexual prudery, gender inequality, media barriers, parental duplicity, environmental abuse, government deceit and colonial war, each of them satirized by Crumb and his followers in underground comix. I witnessed the entirety and engaged fully, and I always knew that much of our motivation wasn't entirely innocent or upright, but the establishment was never efficient enough to bust us all. And while each of those causes have seen their successes rise and subside, even the credulous campaigns waged were empowering and exhilarating and they coerced an American pivot and continue to impact our lives today. And my Flower Power allies did answer one perennial question. How do we rebel and conform at the same time? Our answer? Defy our parents and copy each other, and we did so with our hair, beads, sex, drugs, seers, communes, mini-skirts, rock & roll, psychedelic regalia, geodesic domes, charred bras, and our underground comix.

"I was not caught, though many tried. I live among you, well disguised."

—Leonard Cohen, Nevermind



**the first complete translation into English**

Catullus, Caius Valerius

**The Poems**

(London [J. Johnson], 1795).

2 vols. 1st edition in English. Contemporary full calf, complete with Dr. John Nott's translator notes, the escorting Latin text, both half-tiles, and William Blake's 2 engraved frontispieces (foxed in vol. I, offset to the title page in vol. II), joints strengthened (not rebacked), else very good. **750**

In the late days of the Roman republic, Catullus (84 BC–54 BC) was their most celebrated neoteric poet (poetae novi), writing poems about private life, and doing so with bubbling enjoyment. He deeply influenced Ovid, Horace, and Virgil, and his works gave an insight into daily life in ancient Rome unlike anything prior to them, and certainly stimulated Plutarch to codify it all. There had been previous attempts to translate Catullus' poetry into various languages, some more successful than others, but it was not until this book, from the one extant manuscript, that the monumental task of a complete rendition was finally accomplished in English.

A significant and worthy 1st edition in English at a fair and tempting price. It may not be for you, but its merits are easy to understand, and they allow you to take some solace in an antiquarian book market that is still offering weighty 1st editions at moderate prices. It doesn't prove anything universally, it isn't the slammed door of domestic arguments, but it is a sampling, and supports a belief that book collecting remains founded in actuality, that honest prospects still exist, and that one can rightly ignore those (with their dogged commitment to being resentful, and depressed by their memory of once being happy) who see the results of their

own folly and call it the collapse of collector interest, then loudly and relentlessly prophesize the imminent demise of antiquarian bookselling, but hang around prepared to play any role in its burial, except that of a mute (Book Code).

Chandler, Raymond

**The Long Goodbye**

(London [Hamish Hamilton], 1953).

1st edition (the American edition was 1954). Plotline, dialogue, structure, milieu, and style, all at the apogee of fiction. Fine in a very good dustjacket, finer than other jackets called very good, and some called fine. The last of Chandler's Los Angeles novels (Playback, 1958, is set in Esmeralda, California). In The Long Goodbye, L.A. Country's population was 1,970,303. Today it is 12,447,930 of which 759,008 are pitching a screenplay and 1,517,294 are up for a series. **1,500**

# THE LONG GOOD-BYE



Raymond Chandler

—————> an interlude about reading <—————



Books are at the heart of Bibliotopus and books are about reading and reading is amazing. It is cheap, it consoles, it distracts, it is blissfully silent, it unfolds at exactly the pace you choose, it can be companionship for your feelings or escape from them, you can read with focus or skip judiciously, you can read to remember or read to forget, it is simultaneously exercise and rest for your mind; it tells you other people's thoughts and lets you compare them to your own, it introduces unknown friends, and gives you knowledge of your world and familiarity with the wider world, you get to experience the consequences of peoples' choices without putting yourself at risk, it is both morally illuminating and inspires empathy for the innocent, it is portable and yet gives you some place to go when you have to stay where you are, it is a window into your essential nature and it amplifies your curiosity, strengthens your ability to concentrate and analyze, and it helps you sleep better, it expands your vocabulary and improves your writing, and unlike conversation it freezes a thought and offers it up for inspection, so you can stop and reflect, or look up a word, its definition, synonyms, and antonyms, and because we live at the level of our language, reading's uplifting possibilities bestow the gift of wings. Knowing that a good book awaits you at the end of a day makes that whole day happier.



Christie, Agatha

**The Hound of Death and Other Stories**

(London [Odhams], 1933).

1st edition. Cloth spine faded, but barely so, and much less than is usual for this book, else fine, in a bright dustjacket with chips and tears (the longest tear 1 1/4" seen in our picture) else very good. The first book appearance of The Witness for the Prosecution, preceded only by a pulp publication in Flynn's magazine. You think you can get one of these cheaper online? Every book description on the internet is true except for the portrayal of the copy you happen to buy. And unless you are greedy, and thus easily duped, it's simple to tell the difference between the shifty lies of a bookseller and the honest love of a puppy. 300



the first U. S. Dollar

[Coinage]

**United States Flowing Hair Dollar**  
(Philadelphia [U.S. Mint], 1795).

1st design, Robert Scot's flowing hair image, 2nd issue (minting) with a 1795 date. Dollar (100 cents), 39.1 mm. 26.9 grams. 89.24% Silver, 10.76% Copper. Beginning on Oct. 15, 1794, the 1st issue of 1,758 coins, with a 1794 date, were minted on a press too small for clean strikes. A larger press was constructed in May 1795 and the 2nd issue coins, with a 1795 date, were minted from May to Oct. completing the first year's production after which the design was completely changed to the Scott-Erickson draped bust image. Survivors of the 1794 1st issue, depending on condition, have recently sold for \$85 thousand (damaged) to \$10 million (Stack's, 2013, the world record for any coin), and if you can afford it, that's the one to buy. Our 2nd issue is still from the first year of striking U. S. dollars (Oct. 15, 1794–Oct 15, 1795) and from the original design, and it is a nice one, without major flaws, slabbed and graded by NGC as "Fine 12" with light amber and lilac-gray toning at the edges under magnification (the 4 white grips of NGC's slab are just visible at the rim in our picture). Reference: B-5, BB-27 (3 leaves), NGC ID #24WZ. **3,000**

At the urging of George Washington, and after a study by Alexander Hamilton, the Congress' Statute 1 (the Mint Act of 1792) authorized the dollar as the standard unit of money along with fractional coinage in a decimal system. The Philadelphia Mint's foundation stone was laid on Jul. 31, 1792, David Rittenhouse was appointed Director, and Albion Cox Assayer. After copper cents and half cents were produced in 1793, and a few silver half dollars (Overton's numbers 105, 106, and 108) were delivered on Oct. 15, 1794, the first silver dollars were struck beginning Oct. 15 and given to Rittenhouse for distribution to VIPs as souvenirs. Silver dollars continued to be minted and circulated until 1935 when production ceased. They stayed in circulation until the 1960s, and then became unredeemable on Jun. 24, 1968, but even before then the value of the silver exceeded a dollar, so they'd become collector's items. Those available today contain \$20 in silver, and no one sells them for a dollar.

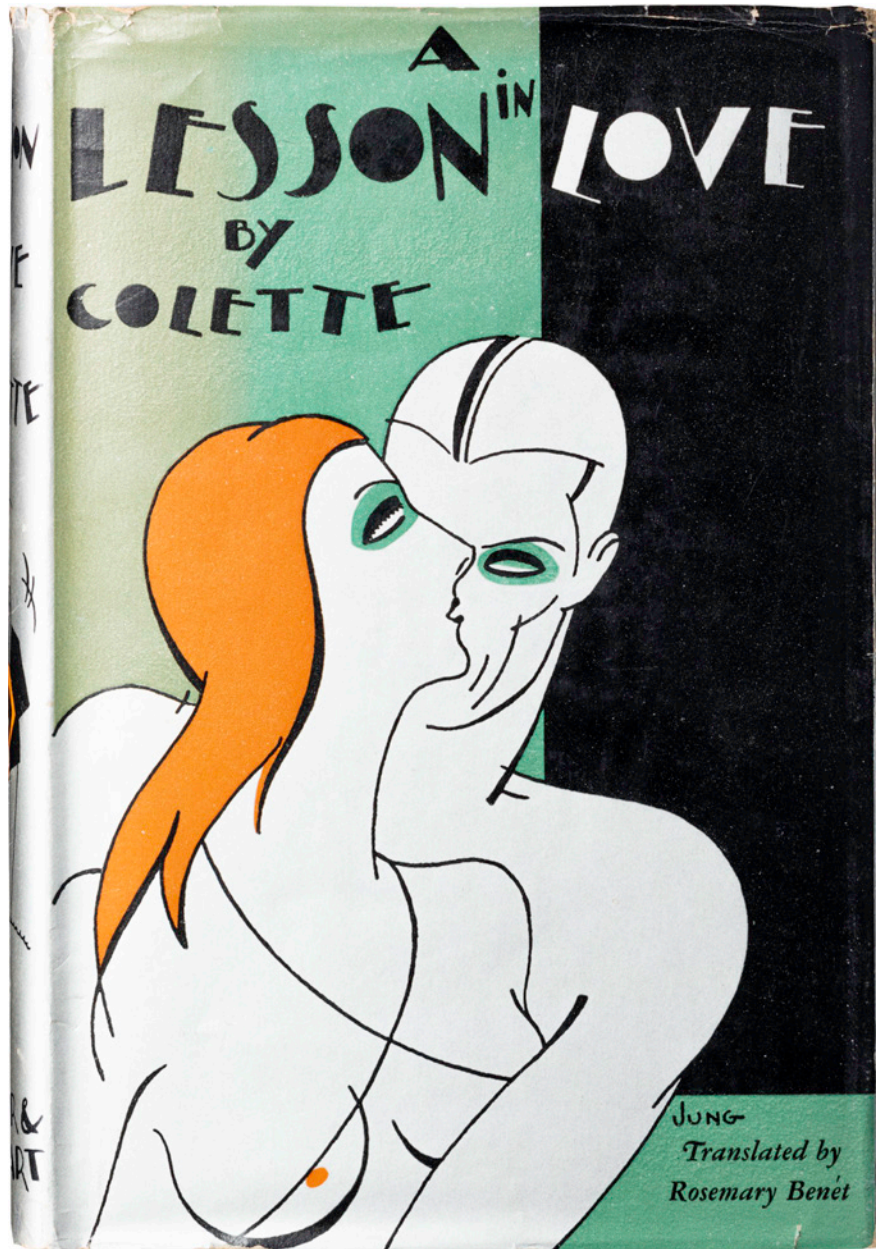


[Coinage]

**United States Liberty Standing Quarter Dollar**  
(Philadelphia [U.S. Mint], 1918).

1st full year issue for type 2, a slight redesign of the 1916 and early 1917 type 1. Quarter dollar (25 cents). 24.3 mm, 6.25 grams, 90% silver (.18084 troy oz.), 10% copper. Uncirculated condition, a few flecks, but never cleaned, with some of the original mint luster and ice blue toning when turned in the light under magnification, and it's wholly struck with a full head on liberty, an ample right knee (the obverse high point) and all 16 shield rivets. Now 102 years old, so an antique by established definition. Ex-CNG e431, lot 539. **225**

Debate lingers over who was sculptor Hermon MacNeil's model for Liberty. Doris Doscher (Doris Doree as an actress) was long acknowledged without dispute. Then revisionists, seeking scandal as they always do, proposed Irene MacDowell, claiming that her identity was hidden because she was MacNeil's friend and MacNeil's wife saw her as a romantic rival (an effortlessly dismissible premise). Another apocryphal tale besieging the design is that prudishness forced the mint to cover the right breast of liberty, which was exposed in the 1916 and early 1917 type 1 depiction. But flesh fixated conspiracies are the white noise alternative to art credibility, and the fact is that MacNeil complained to the mint about the reverse, saying that on his initial version the eagle looked like it was landing, and the mint agreed to let him redo the dies to add 3 stars below it. And while MacNeil was re-cutting he added chainmail armor to Liberty's chest, bolstering U.S. entry into World War I, and armor was a motif choice he was making on all his other sculptures at that time. The coin remains an evocative relic of American art nouveau, and on it symbolism abounds. When it was first struck, in 1916, the thrust was peace (non-involvement in W.W.I). By mid-1917 the chainmail was added when the theme became victory and Liberty's readiness to have a wargasm. By the end of 1918 the war was over and all the symbolic cyphers were forgotten in the terror of a Spanish Flu Pandemic that killed 50 million people worldwide. The design was minted continuously through 1930, then in 1931 (the depths of the depression) there was little demand for new money, so no quarters were struck. In 1932, to commemorate the anniversary of George Washington's birth, a new quarter, with his head, replaced this one.



Colette, Sidonie–Gabrielle

**A Lesson in Love**  
(NY [Farrar & Rinehart], 1932).

1st edition in English, 1st printing (F&R's logo on the copyright page). Fine in a very good dustjacket with fading, ripples and edgewear (all visible in our photo). Her most autobiographical book, published in French as *La Naissance du Jour*. It's not truly a lesson in love, but here are a couple: **1.** Before the unzipping and unbuttoning, ask, what do (or don't) you like? **2.** Accept that fulfilling sex entails abandon, and therefore isn't going to be dignified. **150**

If you bet on page 40 as the place this catalog would go off the rails, you win.



**“It’s not hard contacting the dead,  
the problem is getting through to the living.” –Sally Poplin**

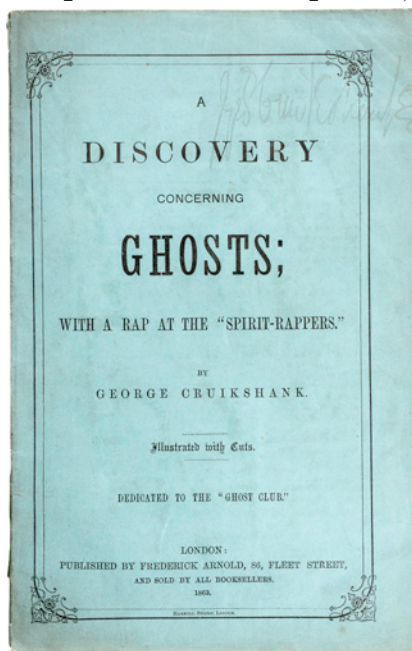
Cruikshank, George

**A Discovery Concerning Ghosts**  
(London [Frederick Arnold], 1863).

1st edition. **Written and illustrated by Cruikshank and signed by him on the front cover in pencil.** Original wrappers, little chips but very good, and it’s complete, as issued, without a traditional title page. Not scarce, even in wrappers, but it won’t be easy to find another signed one, in this world or the next. 650

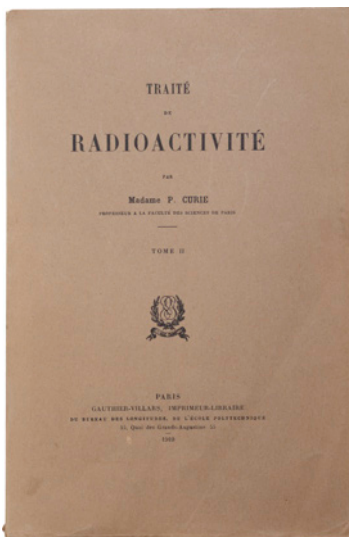
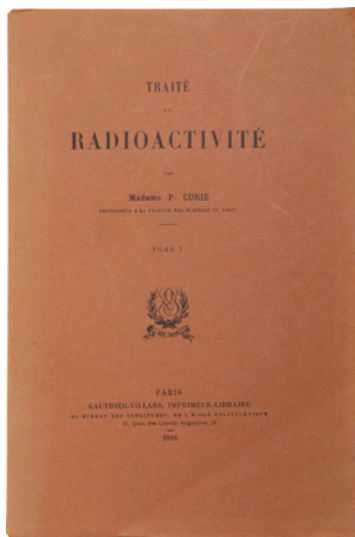
A satirical strike on apparitions starting with the author’s rejection of ghosts, based on the consistency with which they are reported wearing clothes (fabric as impossibly adjoined to the soul and thus possessing an afterlife), and his ridicule of séances, and of those who bolster such ruses, like seers, mystics, diviners, and mediums.

My girlfriend’s a medium; at least that’s what it says on her underwear.



**publisher’s wrappers**

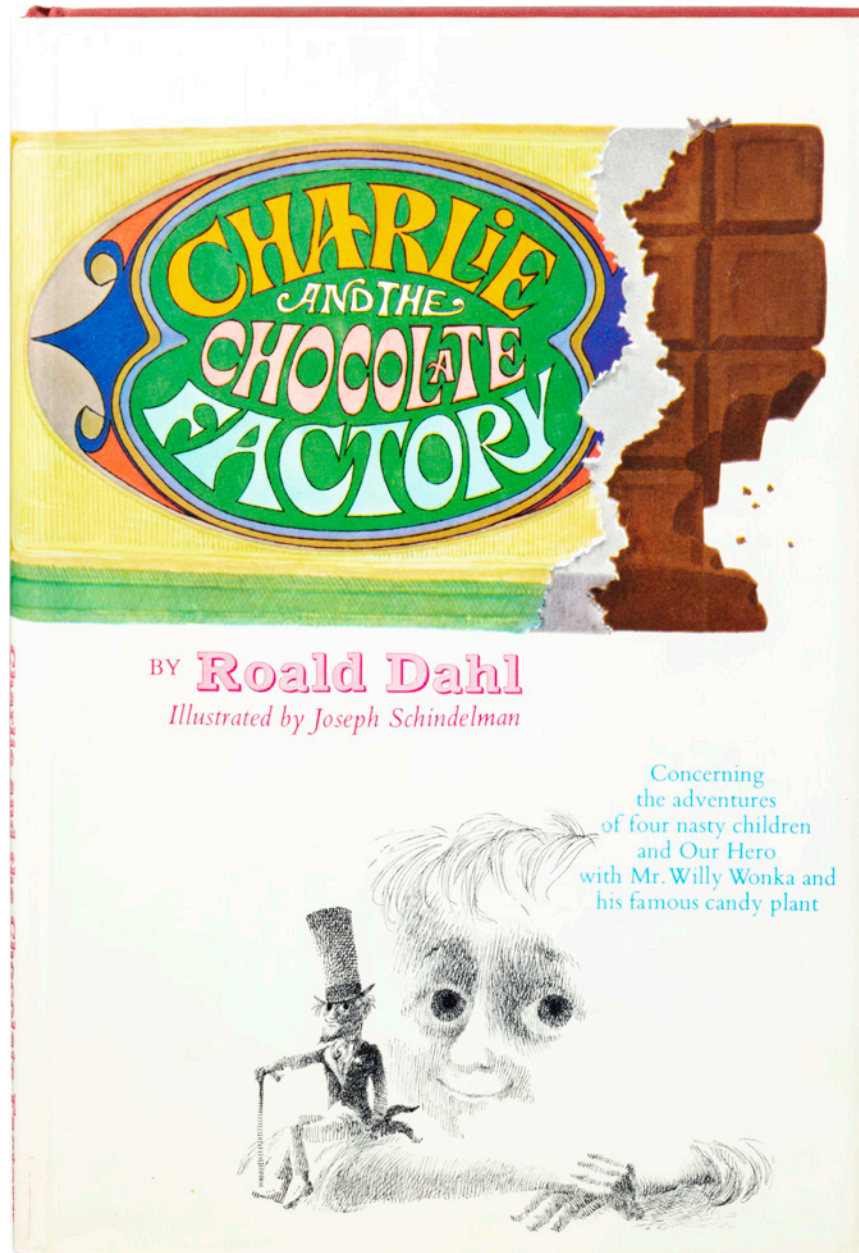
Curie, Marie



**Traité de Radioactivité**  
[Treatise of Radioactivity]  
(Paris [Gauthier...], 1910)  
2 vols. 1st edition (in French). Original printed wrappers (1 tan, 1 gray), fine beyond chance, heavy beyond sorrow. Rebound sets are common, those in wrappers aren’t, especially when they are this sharp. Ref: Sparrow MOS, 41. Honeyman II, 789. 850

Marie Curie was modern science’s first Doc Star.

After her husband died, she continued their research with the obstinacy of a weed and, in 1910, finally isolated radium in its pure state (radium is toxic and, like being in a dark closet with an angry bee, it’ll get you eventually). This book is her collected papers, and for her effort she won the 1911 Nobel Prize in chemistry.



**chocolate makes your clothes shrink**

Dahl, Roald

**Charlie and the Chocolate Factory**  
(NY [Knopf], 1964).

1st edition of Willy Wonka, preceding the London edition. Fine in fine dustjacket, the colors unfaded and the whites as white as old school chalk, and most copies have a layer of dust on them that looks like they've been sprinkled with the ashes of a cremated gopher (in every ruined book there's a fine book wondering what the hell happened?). Bibliographically, this book can be an icy road. Ours is in a 1st printing jacket with no ISBN number on the back, and it's the 1st printing

book too, with a 6 line (not a 5 line) colophon on the last page, and a copy with 5 lines is a reprint, and any description calling it a later issue, or later state is fraud dislodged from its natural home in the bibliographical wasteland of the 1920s. And such mishandling of terminology is either willful misdirection (what business analysts call moral hazard) or a palooza of not knowing what one is talking about, and this sort of abuse is so repeatedly utilized by rogue booksellers that it first numbs a buyer's ability to recognize its preposterousness (like leaking electricity) and then dulls a buyer's ability to remember that they ought to be insulted (malware for your brain). And speaking of the preposterous, this book is not scarce, even when its fine, and the most obvious lies, and therefore the most self-defeating for the liar (the incurable rash), are calling any book scarce when there are 10 copies of it for sale online, or calling it fine when an adjoining picture shows that it's not. And when sellers with no code of ethics say, "The last thing I want to do is take advantage of you," it just means they have other things to do first. Brown top edge, if that turns out to be meaningful. A flawless copy, as it should be, tighter than a hole and its patch, and cleaner than a baby's conscience, and settling for less (copies that could only be sold to Mr. Magoo), when a 1st edition like ours is here to be had for such a small premium, exposes one's discernment as resembling the diet of a goat, and such goat-like taste will inescapably cause disenchantment fatigue, and prove to be the harbinger of remorse. Can you buy a misdescribed or flawed one cheaper? You can. But in the same way that needing a large shopping cart to hold all your groceries at a 7-Eleven underwrites and promotes substandard food, every time you buy a second tier 1st edition, you cast a vote for the kind of book world you want (Book Code). **4,750**

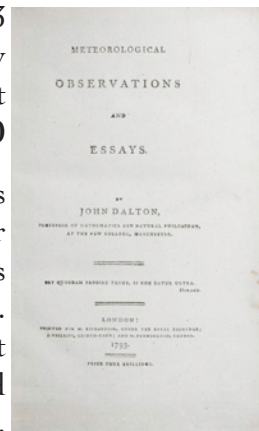
The nearest star is 4.37 light years away. At 3 million miles per hour, getting there would be a voyage of 1,000 years and, with our current technology, the fuel required for such a journey would equal the mass of our Sun. It doesn't matter. There's no need to go anywhere. Earth is the only planet that has chocolate.

Dalton, John

**Meteorological Observations and Essays**  
(London [W. Richardson], 1793).

1st edition of Dalton's first book, 1st state with a 1793 date on the title page and "price four shillings" just below it. Contemporary full calf, partial split to upper joint strengthened else very good and complete. **1,000**

The book was drawn from the author's observations and his interpretations of them, and it elevated the study of weather from folklore to science. The Subscriber's List registers Benjamin Harrison, and George Harrison, but the U. S. President would not be born for 40 years, and the Beatle not for 150, reminding us that although Alexander the Great and Billy the Kid have the same middle name, they aren't related.



Dickens, Charles

**Master Humphrey's Clock**

(London [Chapman and Hall], 1840–1841, issued in order over 14 months).

3 vols. 1st editions of 2 separate novels published together (The Old Curiosity Shop and Barnaby Rudge). Original cloth, 1st binding (?) with clocks on the covers indicating the volume numbers, yellow endpapers (H & C say they are the 1st state but I'm unconvinced), some tiny specks and slight wear, a small worn spot to the blank margin of page 181 in vol. II, else near fine. Ref: Smith 6. 750



The contrivance is that Master Humphrey is reading the 2 novels aloud, and the first part of vol. I dallies with that. Once Dickens gives up this framing device, it is typical of his early work (before 1850), lacking the pure sense of design that began with David Copperfield. But Master Humphrey's Clock is filled with Dickens' emotion, power, style, and most typically, all the bustling life he describes with his wonderful rhetorical effects. The Old Curiosity Shop is Gothic-like, contrasting themes of family and maliciousness, and featuring one of his most famous characters, Little Nell, "a small and delicate child of angelic purity of character and sweetness of disposition," who ultimately dies, famously wrenching readers around the English-speaking world. The often-disregarded Barnaby Rudge, is so because it was entirely different from everything else Dickens was writing in 1840. It was his first try at historical romance (A Tale of Two Cities, 1859, was his second and last). The plot is set mostly in London and eventually surrounds the 1780 Gordon Riots, but it's also a mystery that opens with an unsolved murder. And there are, of course, some remarkable fictional players. Among them (to name just a few) are Edward Chester and Emma Haredale, caught in a Romeo and Juliette episode, Gabriel Varden, a locksmith, his scheming wife Martha, their beautiful daughter Dolly and their maid Miggs, Ned Stagg, a wily blind man, Old John, keeper of The Maypole Inn and his son Joe, and the Ridges, the loving Mary, the mysterious, lurking stranger who (in the end) turns out to be her husband, and the murderer, and the title character, their son Barnaby, a simpleton who keeps a loquacious pet raven named Grip, upon whom Edgar Poe patterned his Raven 5 years later. Beyond the fictional characters, and keeping the historical in historical romance, Lord Byron makes an appearance, as do the inept Lord Mayor, and Edward (Ned) Dennis, the hangman of Tyburn, with his chilling desire to "work people off."



[Disney, Walt]

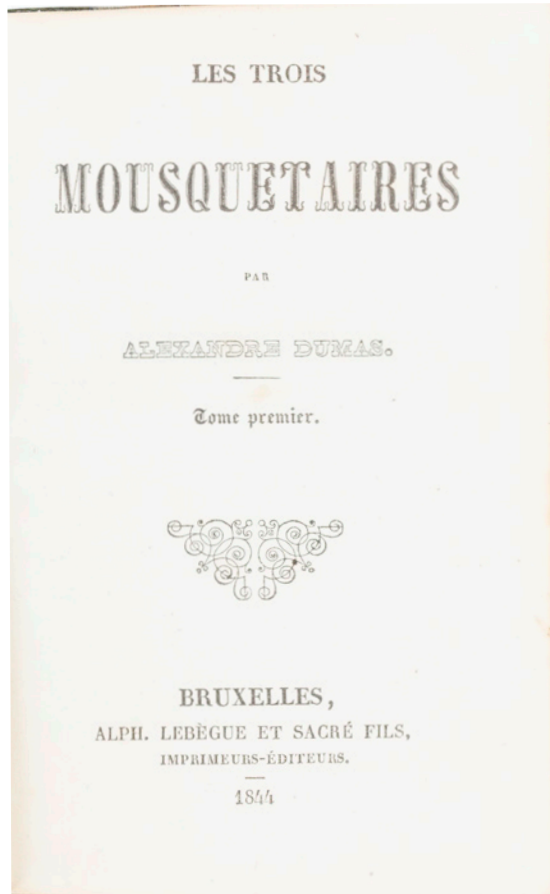
**Archive of 17 Original Drawings of Winnie the Pooh  
and 1 Original Drawing of the Hundred Acre Wood**  
(Burbank, [Disney Studios, Buena Vista], ca. 1966).

**18, balmy, Disney Studio drawings, on 18, individual, 14" X 10" sheets of 5 peg-hole, 16 field animation paper, 17 of them in black graphite, and 1 in blue pencil. The images of the 17 Poohs range in size from 6 1/2" tall for full figure, to 2 1/2" tall for expressive portraits. The 2 full figure drawings are numbered 77 and 107, the rest are portraits or 3/4, numbered 3, 5, 11, 55, 61, 65, 69, 73, 81, 89, 93, 127 and 129. The drawing of the Hundred Acre Wood, in blue, is a full page, 14" X 10" sketched background. Near fine. 875**

Pooh is awfully sweet and still popular, even in our edgier time when we're all going to Hell unless God starts grading on a curve. And he's widely acclaimed, with a nearly spotless social record, having been banned in only one small community, where anti Pooh Bear forces squealed that he caused YTD (youthful tendency disorder). Winnie was the last animation labor shepherded by Walt himself. The studio launched it with 3 shorts beginning in 1966 (Honey Tree, Blustery Day, and Tigger Too) then combined them into a 1977 feature film (The Many Adventures), which holds a unanimous critic approval rating of 100% on Rotten Tomatoes. And during all 4 film productions, no animals were injured.

one of 4 known copies of the real 1st edition

Dumas, Alexandre



**Les Trois Mousquetaires**

[The Three Musketeers]

(Brussels [Alph. Lebègue], 1844).

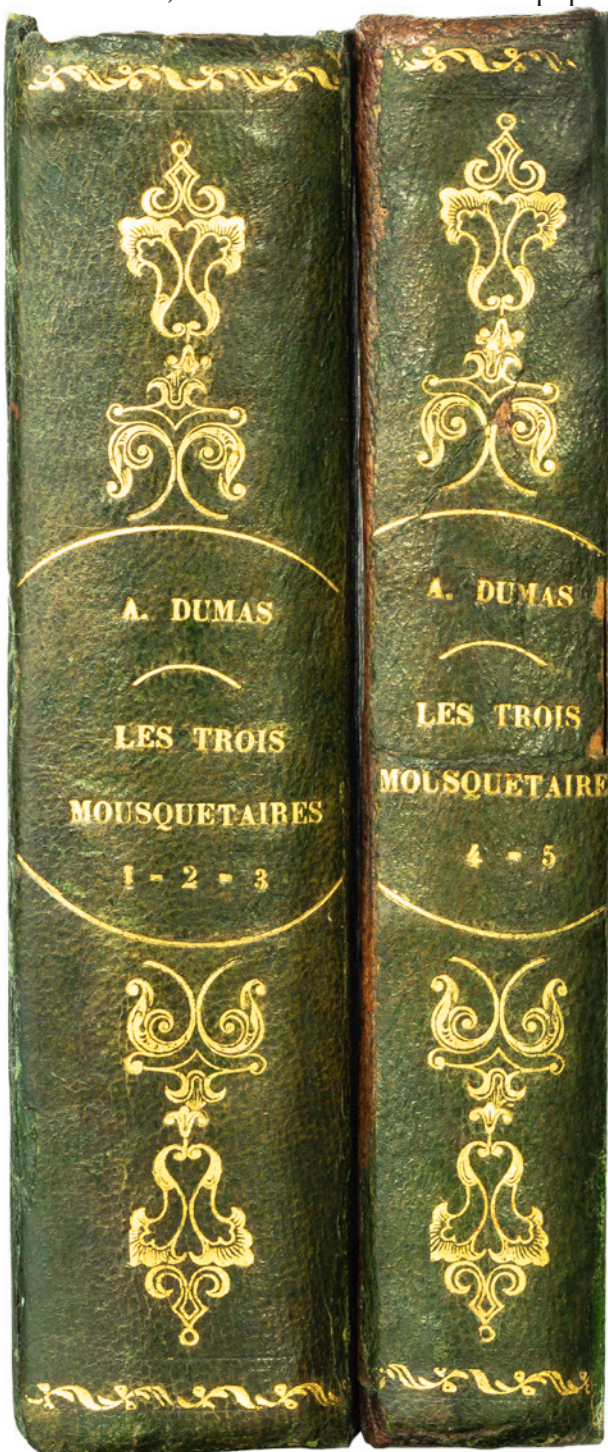
5 vols. in 2. 1st edition (published by Lebègue), 1st issue (in 18mo.). Undoubtedly the real 1st edition, listed first by Munro (Alexandre Dumas Pere. A Bibliography of Works Published in French), its priority undisputed by anyone credible, and preceding all other 1844 editions, including those from Meline, Muquardt, 3 editions from Librairie Hauman, Lebègue's reissue in 24mo., and Baudry's 1844 Paris edition (issued last of all the 1844 editions and the most common). Contemporary half calf, some rubbing and wear, joints strengthened, else very good, and complete with all 5 half-titles. Collation: [1]–181, [1 blank]. [1]–172. [1]–171, [1 blank]. [1]–163. [1 blank]. [1]–223, [1 blank] pp. Fine half morocco case. **85,000**

A scream out loud unearthing, rare by any criterion, and read the next sentence slowly. This is the rarest 1st edition, by census, of any novel, by anyone, that could accurately be called a classic. Munro's bibliography lists a set he saw, so with our set that's 2, and we've located 2 others in private hands. That means 4 are now known. No copies of this Lebègue edition are listed as sold at auction. The only other Brussels editions sold at auction since 1980 were 2 copies with Meline's Brussels and Leipzig imprint, the 2nd of Meline's editions, the 6th overall, and the most regularly seen of the 8 Brussels issues from 1844. More surprisingly OCLC/World Cat located no (zero) sets of our Lebègue 1st edition in any National or University library and only single volumes I, II, and V at Sommerpalais, Germany. OCLC does, of course, record libraries holding multiple sets of the other, later Brussels editions, but "who cares?" comes to mind. Let me repeat. This is the correct 1st edition of Les Trois Mousquetaires, one of 4 known copies, and in rare book world that is colossal. If I had a tail, I'd wag it.

Tous pour un, un pour tous.

The 1st appearance was a daily serialization in the newspaper *Le Siècle* (The Century, or some translate it as The Age) from Mar. 14–Jul. 14, 1844. Our Alph. Lebègue edition holds priority over all other book editions, and it is also the rarest. The reason (in this case) that all the 1844 Brussels editions of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* precede the 1844 Paris edition, is because after the newspaper serial was completed, and with at least 4 of the Brussels editions fully published and being sold, Dumas casually opened Paris book publication rights for bidding while he (unnecessarily) wrote a short preface and slightly revised the text. Most who have read both texts concur that the original is better than the revised. The winner of Dumas' auction for Paris book rights (in a feisty rivalry) was finally Baudry, and he paid a lot for the privilege, so he published a larger edition than was usual for the Paris editions of Dumas' novels up to that time. And yes, it's odd (I'm amazed if there ever was one) that Baudry's (Paris) edition of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* is the most common of the Paris 1st editions of Dumas' major novels, while Lebègue's (Brussels) edition of it is the rarest Brussels 1st edition of them all, and yet most booksellers continue to offer the Paris edition at excessive prices, without mentioning that it's the 5th edition, because that's the edition they can find, and so they snuggle up against it like a sick kitten to a warm brick.

You think you've read it in English? Maybe not. Richard Pevear's 2006 translation is the first complete, uncut, unsanitized, unbowdlerized edition in English ever published.



Dumas, Alexandre

**Le Collier de la Reine**

[The Queen's Necklace]

(Brussels [Meline], 1849–1850).

6 vols. in 3. 1st edition, following the 1849–50 serialization in *La Presse* (Paris' first penny newspaper), but our edition precedes Cadot's 11 vol. Paris edition, and is generally simultaneous with 5 other 1849–50 Brussels editions, 1 from Leipzig, 1 from Berlin, and 2 partial NY editions. The exact issue date of each volume of

each edition is not clear and the guesses lack the facts to be credible, but here is what seems to be. Lebègue's Brussels edition that Munro (Alexandre Dumas Pere. *A Bibliography of Works Published in French*) lists as the 6th edition, is almost certainly the 1st with only 29% of it dated 1850 (the data that usually forecasts earliest issue of the complete novel when publication occurs over 2 calendar years), with all other editions more (ours at 50%). And though the title page dates are not entirely dependable, that's all we can lean on



in lieu of firmer conflicting data. In a giddy fit, Munro, lists 2 NY editions in French as the 1st and 2nd, extrapolating his chronology from too rigid a count-up of the dates (the NY editions had no volumes dated 1850). But the reason was that both NY publishers quit publishing their failed editions before the book was finished. Munro does note that the NY editions were “certainly incomplete” but instead of ignoring them in favor of publishers that actually put out the whole book, he idly assigns prime order of issue to them as if they were complete, and as if their publishers finished printing first, rather than stopped printing first, an advantage always available to those who fold a sequential publication before the end of a book is written. Further, Meline (our book's publisher) also issued a 7 vol. 1849–1850 edition, but Munro (if you have any faith left after what you've just read) says our 6 vol. edition precedes the one in 7 vols. and he's likely right. Contemporary 1/4 calf, some rubs, but very good, unrepaired, and complete with all 6 half-titles. Gilt initials “B. P.” on each cover (definitely not Brad Pitt or the Black Prince). OCLC lists 10 sets in libraries, ABPC lists none sold at auction in a generation, but the OCLC stats better reflect reality. **1,500**

The second of 4 separate but connected novels in Dumas' stirring portrayal of the French Revolution, that beheading of hundreds of poor human beings in the name of some pitiless abstraction. It's an historical romance, thus the reader knows how it ends, but Dumas is a literary magician, so the pages are filled with



the kind of tension felt by fugitives when they hear bloodhounds in the distance. It slyly unmask a conspiracy using diamonds as the bait, and propaganda as the aim, it's written in the best Dumas style, so it moves fast, fascinates, and regales, and it has the virtuoso's perfect voice and descriptive technique. Like many historical novels there isn't much to analyze as to themes, motifs and symbols (though foreshadowing is a given in all historical novels, as plots follow known events). So, it isn't a favorite in 19th Century Literature classes, where each nuance is picked apart in the belief that everything has meaning, and yet, because Dumas is the ultimate storyteller, it remains vitalizing entertainment.

**WORTH A READ** ———> Dumas' novel taps history but the necklace's cold facts are bizarre beyond any fiction. Here is a sketch of what really happened.

In 1772, the grand diamond necklace was designed by the Parisian jewelers Boehmer and Bassenge in response to a request from King Louis XV that it exceed any necklace extant. Louis planned to gift it to his mistress, Madame du Barry, despite the price of 2 million livres (maybe \$40 million today), but in May 1774, while the diamonds were being assembled, Louis XV died of smallpox and his heir, Louis XVI, banished du Barry from court. Boehmer and Bassenge tendered the necklace to the new king, and he offered it as a gift to his wife, Queen Marie Antoinette, who refused it, not wanting jewels designed for another woman, especially a concubine she disliked, and one who had usurped the previous Queen. The jewelers tried to place the necklace outside of France, but potential buyers were thinner than butter spread on toast, the effort failed, and fearing bankruptcy, Boehmer and Bassenge fell into a despondent anxiety.

Enter Comtesse Jeanne de la Motte, a married grifter with a flamboyant scheme whispered to her in outline by Giuseppe (Joseph) Balsamo, who was residing in Paris, in disguise, under the alias Count Alessandro di Cagliostro. Balsamo was the founder of the Masonic mother lodge "The Triumphant Wisdom of the Egyptian Freemasonry" at Lyon, and the head of an unnamed, indecently financed, international secret society that was already plotting the French revolution as part of a larger intrigue to topple all the European monarchies.

First Balsamo introduced De la Motte to Cardinal Louis de Rohan, a wealthy man but out of Royal favor and desperate to regain it. She immediately seduced him. While still Rohan's mistress, she wedged herself into the Versailles Royal circle as the concurrent mistress of Rétaux de Villette, an officer in the gendarmerie with a position at court. She then convinced Rohan that she had the Queen's ear and that, through her, he could regain the Queen's favor. With this lie firmly in place, she accelerated the conspiracy with her husband and de Villette, and launched an allegedly secret correspondence of genuine letters from the gullible Rohan and forged letters (written by de Villette) from the unknowing Queen, that convinced Rohan the Queen was in love with him. **[continued]**

This led to a clandestine meeting, on a dark night, in a Versailles garden, between Rohan and a prostitute, hired by de la Motte, who happened to resemble the Queen. After a few kisses, and with Rohan fully deceived, de la Motte approached the jewelers and arranged a commission for herself if she could place the necklace. A counterfeit letter to Rohan, purportedly from the Queen, followed, asking Rohan to buy her the necklace for which she would repay him. Now Cardinal Rohan was rich, but he wasn't that rich, so after emptying his bank for a substantial deposit, the necklace was given to de la Motte who said she would deliver it to Marie Antoinette. Instead she gave it to her husband who sailed to London, broke up the necklace, and began selling the diamonds individually.

The affair came to light when Rohan missed his payment schedule, and the Cardinal, Comtesse de la Motte, Rétaux de Villette, and Nicole d'Oliva (the courtesan who resembled the Queen) were all arrested. Also arrested was Count Cagliostro (his alias unveiled), who had centered the affair as designer, plotter, and instigator. The King, unwisely, demanded a public trial to defend his uprightness, but even a king doesn't own a crystal ball, and the trial had the opposite outcome as the French public, inflamed with disinformation spread by Cagliostro's agents, came to believe the Queen to be both greedy and guilty. The Cardinal was acquitted as a stooge, but he was exiled. Nicole d'Oliva was acquitted as an unknowing hired entertainer. Rétaux de Villette was found guilty of forgery and also exiled. Cagliostro was acquitted but exiled anyway. As for Jeanne de la Motte, she was judged guilty and condemned to prison for life. She managed to escape disguised as a boy (to the joy of the public), and fled to London where she rejoined her husband, shared the profits from the diamonds' sale, and wrote a book that justified her actions and cast the blame on her primary victim, Marie Antoinette. She wrote her book in French but the 1st edition was a translation from her manuscript into English and published in London.

A French translation from the English 1st edition was quickly accomplished and was (not unexpectedly) a sensation in Paris. The French people believed her account, anger heated, rebellious conspirators plotted, rioters filled the streets, and it all boiled over 2 years later when the Bastille was stormed, and the French Revolution was lit. 2 years after that de la Motte was assassinated (probably by agents of Alexandre Gonsse de Rougeville and his Carnation Plot collaborators of La Maison Rouge), beaten to death in a London hotel and pushed from a high window so as to cloak the assault as an accidental fall or suicide. 2 years after that, Marie Antoinette was guillotined while someone sang La Marseillaise.

“Well, six white horses that you did promise,  
Were fin'ly delivered down to the penitentiary.  
But to live outside the law, you must be honest,  
I know you always say that you agree.  
But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?”

—Bob Dylan, Absolutely Sweet Marie



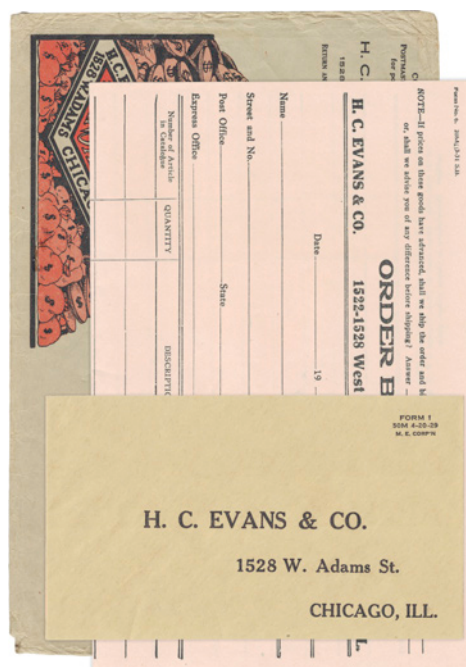
signed by Erté

Erté

**A Rayonnement (radiance) Ring**  
(NY [CFA], ca. 1978).

Limited edition, number 100 of 250. 14K gold, sapphire, diamond, and mother of pearl, art deco ring, 6.13 grams (1 1/8" X 7/8" X 3/4"). **Signed with marks stamped inside the band "© CFA 14K 100/250 ERTÉ."** Faint use, else fine. The only recent one at auction sold for \$2,000 (HA, Feb 21, 2020, lot 21088). A bleak, costume jewelry replica of our ring can be had from the Met for \$60. **1,500**

Romain de Tiroff, (1892–1990) was a Russian born French artist and designer known by the pseudonym Erté, simply from the French pronunciation of his initials AIR and TAY, not to be confused with areté, from a Greek word meaning excellence, or arête, a French word meaning a sharp mountain ridge. In 1907 he visited Paris as a 15 year old and tried Art Nouveau sculpture, then returned there in 1910 and adopted Art Deco while he worked for Paul Poiret (1913–1915). Harper's Bazaar hired him for a cover in 1915 and his career hatched. More magazine covers followed (Harper's, Ladies' Home Journal, Cosmopolitan, Vogue, etc.), then costumes (Gaby Deslys, Mata Hari, etc.), stage sets (Ziegfeld Follies, Bal Tabarin, Théâtre Fémina, Folies Bergere, Le Lido, etc.), and then prints of his pictures. In 1920 he designed the costumes and sets for *The Restless Sex*, a William Hearst film starring Marion Davies, and in 1925, Louis Meyer brought him to M. G. M. where he designed film sets (Paris, Ben-Hur, Time, The Mystic, The Comedian, Dance Madness, etc.). When the depression arrived in a cloud of soot, Erté's opulent images lost their allure. Out of fashion he learned that in Hollywood lying is just good manners, lost custody of his inner child, and after W. W. II his Art Deco got trampled by modernism. Erté's magazine work carried him through, and when the mid-1960s cultural revolution revisited Art Deco he starred in the form's revival. In 1967, 170 of his works were exhibited in New York, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art bought them all. With his fame resurrected, he returned to bronzes and initiated wearable art, especially jewelry, and our ring is from that incarnation.



it's not exactly gambling if you can't lose

Evans, H. C.

**The Secret Blue Book**  
(Chicago [Evans], 1932).

1st edition. Evans & Company's catalog of gaming and gambling contrivances designed for cheating. Loaded dice, slot machine slugs, magnetic tables, crooked roulette wheels, marked, trimmed and stripped cards, various boards, holdout sleeve machines, shiners, etc. along with books on mastering straight games. A fine copy, 80 pages, fully illustrated. Apparently the largest and most complete amalgamation of such items ever published. More amazing is our copy's peerless condition, and most copies look like the damp rag used by engine drivers for wiping their hands. And it's complete with the laid in order blank broadside, the envelope for sending it back (both also fine), as well as Evans' original, outer mailing envelope, addressed in ink, in which the catalog was sent to their customer in Oakland, California (the mailing envelope intact and in good condition). And these additions are like the zeroes in arithmetic, not worth anything in and of themselves but adding a great deal of value to everything else, because beyond completing the cluster, they are all helpful in distinguishing our original from the facsimiles. And it's rare like this, rarer than a situation where having money made it any worse. **1,000**

Evans was the principal manufacturer of regulation gambling equipment sold to both legal and illegal casinos, from what, in Jan. 1932, was still Al Capone's Chicago. This catalog was a grant to swindlers, a side show to Evans' larger business, and also a reminder that, though it's tamed down these days, for a long time Chicago manufactured more crime than could be consumed locally.

## the first modern narrative novel

Fielding, Henry

**The History of Tom Jones**  
(London [A. Millar] 1749).

6 vols. 1st edition, 1st printing of 2,000, complete with the errata leaf in vol. I, Rothschild's cancels (B9-10 in vol. I, B4-5 in vol. II, H8-10 and M3 in vol. III, and N8 in vol. V), and the blanks. Contemporary full calf, title and vol. number labels, tips and joints strengthened, former owner's name and tiny stamp, else very good, and a set of this 1st edition in a new binding is a rhinoceros in hot pants. Inferior sets are more expensive, comparable ones much more so, but that shouldn't be a surprise. Coll: 12mo. lxii, [2, errata], 214; [2, title], 324; [2, title], 370; [2, title], 312; [2, title], 291; [2, title], 304 pages. 2,500

Is a Tom Jones 1st edition priced like ours easy to find? No. It requires patience, and while patience is not the most important virtue, it is the one that sets up all the others. So, you ask, what is the secret to patience? It's having something else to do.

The invention of the novel, as we know it, is open to diverse interpretations. Amadis de Gaul (1508), Don Quixote (1605), and Robinson Crusoe (1719) are among those often championed as early precursors of their respective centuries. However what's broadly accepted as the move from harbinger to modern followed 3 steps. The first was Richardson's Pamela (1741), but Pamela is an epistolary novel, the plotline revealed in a series of letters, and these types of novels are about the act of writing in which the characters write about, rather than experience, life. The second was Fielding's Joseph Andrews (1742). In it Fielding defined the novel as art in a new mode. But Joseph Andrews still connected to Pamela by its very characters (Joseph is Pamela's brother). Conversely, Tom Jones was to prior novels what the machine gun was to horse cavalry, an ambrosial fiesta of breakout ingenuity using the shoulders of its predecessors not to stand on but to leap from. And Fielding knew it, and in his elaboration of the rules for his new form, he concluded that it is truer than history, having a greater and deeper veracity. The 1963 film was one of cinema's greatest. It won the Oscar for best picture and though it isn't as intricate as the book, it still offers a night of exhilarating joy for the price of a Netflix download. Repeat after me. Light hearts live long. Say it again. Light hearts live long.

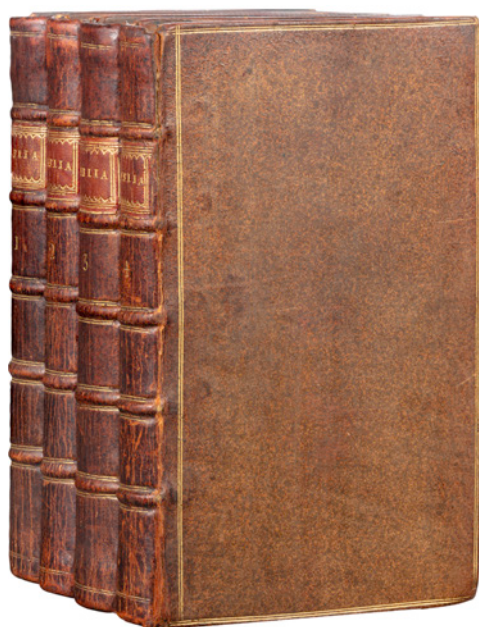


Fielding, Henry

**Amelia**

(London [A. Millar], 1752, but published Dec. 1751).

4 vols. 1st edition. A novel of distress, tenderness, social protest, and reform, with an extended theme of validating female intellect and opening education for them (goal diggers). 19th century full calf, light wear to spine tips and joints but very good and complete with the Register–Office leaf at the end of vol. II. It seems that variations in the text like “at the folly” or “the at folly” in vol. II, page 191 line 4, are because the 1st printing was divided between 2 printing presses, with 2 settings of type, each with its own errors, and both settings were available on publication day. An anticipated 2nd printing was cancelled, and Rothschild’s reference to it (853) is wrong. **450**



**NOTE:** When printing 18th–19th century novels generally (not particularly this one), some had corrections made during the printing, and these changes are properly called states. However, as individual signature sheets came off the press they were often stacked with the earliest ones on the bottom and the last ones printed on the top. When they were gathered for binding the first sheets grabbed were frequently from the top of the stack and therefore, the last ones printed. So, the earliest sheets printed (the 1st state), were not necessarily the first bound (the 1st binding), or the first shipped and sold (the 1st issue) either for deposit in

libraries or sale in retail bookstores (Book Code).

Fowles, John

**The Collector**

(London [Cape], 1963).

1st edition. **Signed, in ink, by Fowles.** His first published book (The Magus was written first, but fearing that such a strenuous effort would be ignored as an author’s first book, he wrote The Collector to establish himself). Fine, the usual binding in brick colored, cloth–like paper, the top edge stained to match, in near fine 1st state dustjacket. **700**

The Collector is a paradigmatic exemplar of the mid 20th century novel, rooted in the mind of a lonely sociopath who, compulsively desperate for companionship, stalks a woman, then kidnaps her. Now it’s 2020 and stalking is just called following.



## the Swiss epic

Florian, Jean

**William Tell; or Swisserland Delivered**

Translated by William Hewetson

(London [Sherwood, Neely, Jones], 1809).

1st edition in English. Contemporary 1/2 calf, boards, spine rebacked with new calf, boards worn, frontispiece foxed and lightly offset onto the title page but the rest is clean, it lacks the half-title otherwise it collates complete with the 5 pages of ads at the end, and it's very good. Coll: 12mo. iii-xxxvi, 115pp, [5]. Ref: Gumuchian only notes Harris' 1823 edition, not this one. COPAC lists just the The British Library copy. OCLC lists 3 copies total in libraries, and ABPC lists none at auction in 40 years, and it is scarce, but it can't possibly be that scarce or I've priced it way too cheap. 500

In medieval lore (written records only trace to the 1480s), William Tell, from Bürglen in the state (or administrative division or canton) of Uri, was known as a sharpshooter with a crossbow. In 1307 (the same year France purged the Templars) the Habsburg emperors took possession of Uri, and Hermann Gessler was appointed Austrian Vogt of Altdorf. To assert his control, he put his hat on top of a pole in the village's central square and ordered all who passed to bow before it. As Tell walked by he ignored the hat, was immediately arrested and sentenced to death unless (because of his repute) he could shoot an apple (the fruit not the smartphone) off the head of his son, Walter. If he failed, both would be executed. Tell placed 2 bolts in his



quiver, set one of them in his crossbow, took aim and split the apple. Gessler hailed Tell then asked about the second bolt he carried. Tell answered that had he missed the apple and killed his son, he would have reloaded his crossbow and killed Gessler. This infuriated Gessler, though once pardoned Tell could not be executed, so Gessler had Tell brought to his ship so as to take Tell to his castle at Küssnacht, but in a Lake Lucerne storm, Tell managed to escape. Now it's well known that in driving a rear engine sports car through a corner at high speed, the back end will come around, and when it does the driver has to avoid the breaks and accelerate to straighten it out. Like such a car, once on land, Tell hit the gas. Brave enough to follow a burning fuse in search of an explosive, he raced to Küssnacht, arrived before Gessler, then ambushed, shot and killed him. This defiance of the Austrian Habsburgs provoked rebellions that, in 1386, finally lead to Swiss independence and the founding of their Confederation.



[Football]

**Set of 1958 Topps Football Cards**  
(Brooklyn [Topps], 1958).

132 cards, a complete set, printed on both sides, the obverses in full color, the reverses in red and white. Very good to fine, no tears, stains, or creases (we guess they'll grade from PSA 4 to 6). The set features all the NFL stars of 1958, led by the Jim Brown rookie card that, alone (graded 9), has sold at auction for \$358,500 (Nov. 17, 2017). At \$5 per card, our set is economical nostalgia. 650

Want an axiom that's true across all team games? Speed never slumps. Want an elevated idea at the peak? City on city games are a civilized substitute for war. Less axiomatic and less elevated, NFL football players come by the name professionals the same way as call girls, because they are both in the business of ruining their bodies for the pleasure of strangers. Some football coaches come by the name genius the same way as some insects come by the name centipede, not because they have 100 legs but because many people can't count past 11.

"Not all of Mozart's paintings were perfect." –Andy Reid, coach, KC Chiefs

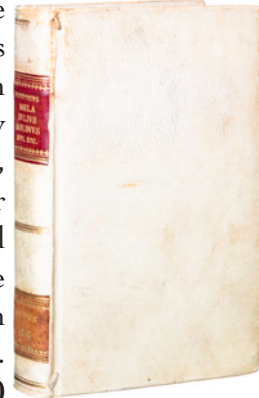


### Aldine press

[Geography] **Ivliivs Solinvs. Itinerarivm Antonini Avg. Vibivvs Seqvester.**

A Description of the World by Pomponius Mela...  
(Venice [Aldus], 1518).

1st and only Aldine edition (in Latin), from the press founded by Aldo Manuzio, the most lionized scholar–printer of the Renaissance, and the inventor of the portable (pocket size) book. This one is Mela's 43 AD Roman geography, first printed (the real 1st) in Milan in 1471, and though our little book will quench your curiosity about comparing what was once thought to what is now known, beyond that, it has all the exhilaration of waiting for an elevator that barks at you in bells but whose doors never open. Later full vellum, morocco labels, vellum spotted, small chip from the title page's corner and a short closed tear, else near fine, complete with b8 (P · Victor.), the addition on cosmology, and the colophon. Not common in this condition, but only in this condition. **1,000**



Godman, John

**American Natural History**

(Philadelphia [Carey & Lea], 1826, 1826, 1828).



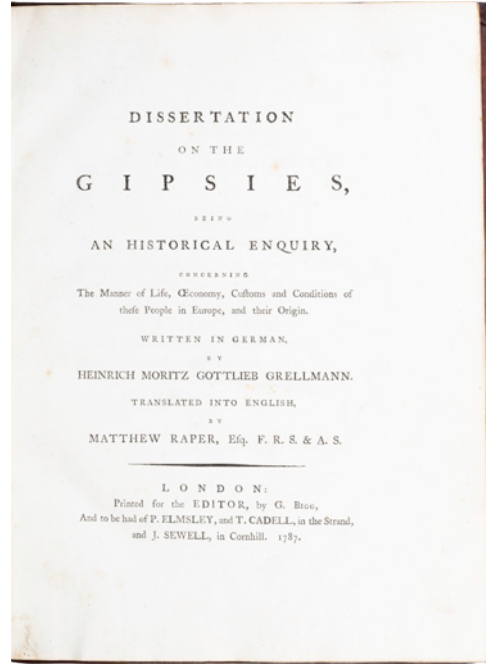
3 vols. 1st edition of the first American zoology book based on firsthand observation (technically preceded by *Fauna Americana*, 1825, a guess filled compilation of European texts). Contemporary half calf, joints strengthened (not rebacked), light foxing else very good, complete with all 51 plates. Ex–Thomas Barbour, director of Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology from 1927–1946. **425**

It's comforting to know that most animal species went extinct before humans had a hand in it. We weren't around for the Permian extinction (the PT boundary) or the Cretaceous extinction (the KT boundary), but we helped the Quaternary extinction. And now that we all carry cameras, why aren't there more videos of Bigfoot?

When we say a book's had its joints strengthened, we mean the work was done professionally, skillfully, and aesthetically, not what is often seen, which is older books crudely overhauled by heavy handed, night school workshop trained repair students, or worse, booksellers masquerading as restorers, molesting the books they sell with felt tip pens, sticky tape, and that goofy flex glue that Phil Swift yells at you to buy on TV. And someone tell these people that just because they were unpopular in high school is no excuse for becoming conservators. Or booksellers for that matter. And another thing. I know the frequency with which my diatribes on shameful bookselling appear in this catalog bother those who engage in it. Too bad. Grow up. I hope they don't bother any of the rest of you. If they do, I'd like to say I'm sorry. But I'm not. They need to be said, and anyway, you and I can be blunt with one another. Candor implies equality (Book Code).



Goya, Francisco de



**Allá Vá Eso**

[There it goes]  
(NP, ND but after 1868).

Etching on paper, 1st published in 1799, this issue ca. 1875 (later ones are dogfood). Plate 66 from Los Caprichos, the sheet 8" X 10" the image 4 7/8" X 7 3/8" (the full margins are not pictured). Titled at the base, plate number at the upper right. Good. Unframed. A supernatural allegory of a witch and her cat flying over the landscape on a crippled devil who looks like a surgically humanized warthog from the island of Dr. Moreau. The theme is conflict, much smaller than, but not unlike that between matter and anti-matter, or between education and disaster. Ref: Delteil 103. Harris 1964 101.III? **300**

"O man, take care! What does the deep midnight declare?

'I was asleep—from a deep dream I woke and swear:—

The world is deep, deeper than day had been aware."

—Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spake Zarathustra

Grellmann, Heinrich

**Dissertation on the Gipsies**

Translated by Matthew Rapper

(London [G. Bigg], 1787).

1st edition in English (originally in German, Dessau and Leipzig, 1783). Contemporary full calf, rebacked (neat but wavy where the calf conjoins), corners worn, light foxing, else very good, complete with half-title and errata. The first scientific examination and the first anthropological description of gypsies, and the first tracing their origins to the Indian subcontinent, pursuing a suggestion based on linguistics, and because it was the first reliable scientific examination of the Romani people, it is respected to this day for its findings. **575**

## imperial gothic

Haggard, Rider

**She. A History of Adventure**  
(NY [Harper], 1887).

1st edition, published Dec. 24, 1886 preceding the London edition of Jan. 1, 1887, though both title pages are dated 1887. Also preceding Munro's pirated edition in wrappers dated Dec. 31, 1886 and Harper's re-issue in wrappers. Original (publisher's) 3/4 cloth (also seen in 1/2 cloth), sides rubbed but little other wear, name on endpaper, very good. 375

Our Harper U. S. edition is the real 1st edition. It's 5 times rarer than Longman's U. K. edition, and it has 15 illustrations by Edward K. Johnson (the U. K. edition is not illustrated). Now, the U. K. edition of an English author when the U. S. edition precedes, shades the U. K. edition of an American author when the U. S. edition precedes, but sellers who advise you to ignore the true 1st edition and always buy the 1st from the author's country regardless, most often say so when they are trying to sell you a common and overvalued book, and are telling you to live your life in their little snow globe of passé bias



where paper beats scissors. And they should be granted no more credibility than you'd grant a raving street corner derelict yelling "Defcon One" (Book Code).

She is a foundational work of fantasy literature. In it Haggard formulated the Lost World subgenre (earlier novels like King Solomon's Mines and Journey to the Center of the Earth don't strictly qualify on all counts). Tolkien said it had the most influence on him of any novel. There have been 11 films of She, the first in 1899 by Georges Méliès (as The Pillar of Fire), but more important in literature, She is the 10th best-selling (hardbound) novel of all time. So, you get fame, scarcity, significance, and quality for \$375, another poke at today's rare book market, ridiculing its inefficiency. Saving you a search, here are the 9 novels that have outsold She (in order): Don Quixote, A Tale of Two Cities, The Lord of the Rings, The Little Prince, Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone, The Hobbit, And Then There Were None, Dream of the Red Chamber, and Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (Count of Monte-Cristo and Christmas Carol belong, and their sales numbers are huge, but not reliable). And that is quite an impressive list to be on, but whether She, or any of the others, will still be read for fun in the future is unfailingly unpredictable, the undeterminable unknown.

### the authentic 1st printing

Hall, Manly      **An Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, Qabbalistic  
and Rosicrucian Symbolic Philosophy...the Secret Teachings...of All Ages**  
(San Francisco [H. S. Crocker for The P. R. S.], 1928).

1st edition of Hall's omnibus of mysticism, the arcane, the esoteric, and the dark arts. Profusely, and astonishingly, illustrated in color by J. Augustus Knapp. 1st printing, being the specified "Subscriber's edition" preceding 4 other 1928 editions (King Solomon, Theosophical, Rosicrucian, and the 5th edition), totaling, in all, 2,200 copies, and then further reprintings, each one ever more inferior, with blurrier pictures and the type traits of a ransom note. **No. 312 of 550 signed copies, this one for Juliette Davidson.** Folio (19" tall), original 1/4 vellum, spine label chipped along its edges, paper covered wood case with 2 nicks, otherwise a fine and beautiful copy. Ex-Haven O'More (bookplate)!      **4,700**

Views of Hall's encyclopedia are divided. Its champions call it a monument to



the precursors of science, well worth studying, and among the elite books ever published. Its scorners call it a fall into the shadows, written at the command of Hall's insect overlords. It encompasses everything, so is firm on nothing, reminiscent of ants getting stepped on, and not knowing what hit them, but explaining it with an enigmatic name like spontaneous compression. The symbolism (in its plates) is unmatched in any other book, and the text has a veneer of historical data that is mostly factual, despite its focus being mostly antiquated, implausible, or magical, and it's the confusing kind of magic practiced by those with

no flair for concise conversation. So, what are you to believe? Well, what's safe to believe is that this is a phenomenal book. The maximus and dreamlike color plates are stunning, the alchemical and numinous subjects are comprehensive, the layout is accessible, the text is efficient and congenial, and though there is a lot in it that feels like sewing a button on custard, and there is not much in it that is more secret than the recipe for ice, the coalescing of philosophy, imagery, religion, and science is prudent, intriguing, and judicious, and it's an atypical mingling, meaning, not to be found elsewhere in the entire panorama of literature. Ah provenance. Haven O'More, was a genial narcissist with an autobiography fattened on bombastic exaggeration. His oft asked question was, "Do you know who I am?" It should have been, "Do you know who I think I am?" He found a rich investor, Michael Davis, and with Davis' loot he built a staggering library, that he planned to place at the center of his zanily conceived, "new sacred city." But O'More was holding aces and eights, and Davis got bored with his antics and forced a 1989 sale at Sotheby's, titled The Garden Ltd. A copy of the extraordinary catalog (ending with O'More's capricious life story) is included.



Copyrighted Novelty & Art Co. **PHYSIOLGY OF CRISTINA.**  
Though Pythagoras could prove the parallelism of the opposite sides of a square, he could not prove that the diagonal is incommensurable with the side. He was the first to show that there are numbers which cannot be expressed as the ratio of two integers. This discovery was the first step toward the development of the theory of irrational numbers, which has since become one of the most important branches of mathematics. Pythagoras was also the first to show that the sum of the squares of the two sides of a right-angled triangle is equal to the square of the hypotenuse. This discovery led to the Pythagorean theorem, which is one of the most fundamental principles of geometry.



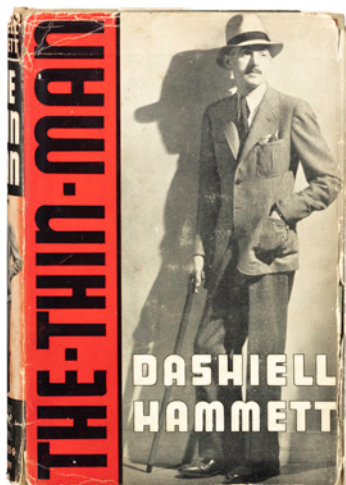
Copyrighted Novelty & Art Co. **MAGICAL INVOCATION ELEMENTAL.**  
The magician, having drawn forth the forces of elemental fire, the power of the sun, the power of the moon, the power of the planets, the power of the stars, the power of the winds, the power of the clouds, the power of the earth, the power of the water, the power of the fire, the power of the air, the power of the ether, the power of the universe, the power of the divine, the power of the sacred, the power of the holy, the power of the blessed, the power of the glorious, the power of the magnificent, the power of the sublime, the power of the exalted, the power of the elevated, the power of the eminent, the power of the distinguished, the power of the noble, the power of the illustrious, the power of the famous, the power of the renowned, the power of the celebrated, the power of the honored, the power of the revered, the power of the respected, the power of the admired, the power of the praised, the power of the glorified, the power of the immortalized, the power of the eternalized, the power of the glorified, the power of the immortalized, the power of the eternalized.



Hammett, Dashiell

**The Thin Man**

(NY [Knopf], 1934).



1st edition of his most common novel. The misprint “seep” for “sleep” is found in all copies through the 3rd printing, and booksellers or auction houses that cite it as a 1st edition point of priority are inept. Very good (no wear but the cloth is faded) in a 1st printing dustjacket with fading of the red on the spine, chips and tears, 2 of the tears with shadows on the back from once being taped, but the tape’s now gone, and the dustjacket is otherwise very good. There are 6 forms of the jacket. 1–2. It comes green or red with no priority. 3–4. It’s seen with or without a Book of the Month Club sticker with no priority yet. 5–6. The front flap of the 1st printing jacket has hype while the 2nd printing jacket has blurbs (reviews). The blurbs are not from, or referring to, a Dec. 1933 printing in Redbook magazine (a dexterous but wishful theory). Laid in (as issued) is the 4 page flyer with 2 of the 3 blurbs that were added to the jacket when it was reprinted. 1,000

You know our attitude on pricing, worn, or repaired or, in other ways, flawed modern books. All of them are verifiably too expensive or there wouldn’t be so many of them for sale, backed up online like bad plumbing. And, in fact, that’s why so many 20th and 21st century 1st editions, that are not fine, remain unsold and are always available. But our price on this one is the righteous price.

Hazelton, Joseph **Scouts, Spies and Heroes of the Great Civil War**

(Jersey City [Star Publishing], 1892).

1st edition. Original cloth, inner paper hinges inconspicuously strengthened in a few places, else near fine, a handsome thing and not without interest. 150

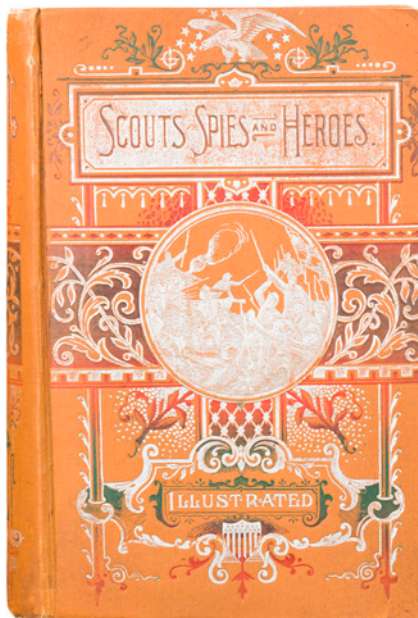
I wrote a hyperactively long and detour filled, essay about war, its causes, its consequences, and how to avoid it or how to instigate it, for our description of this book. On reading it over, I erased it. I hope you approve.

Howard, Robert

**Red Nails**

(West Kingston [Grant], 1975).

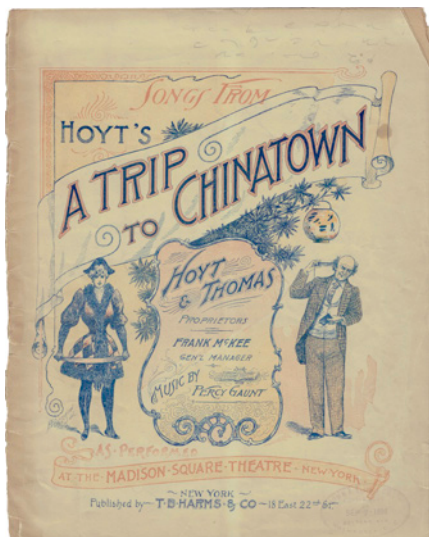
1st separate edition and the 1st illustrated edition (one of Geogr Barr’s illustrations is on the opposite page). Fine in fine dustjacket. Red Nails was the last Conan story that Howard wrote. He shot himself, at the age of 30, a month before it’s 1936 serialization. 25





## the longest running Broadway musical of the 19th century

Hoyt, Charles (lyrics) [and] Gaunt, Percy (music) **A Trip to Chinatown**  
(NY [Harms], 1892).



1st edition of the vocal score. Original self-wrappers, 20 pages (9 1/4" X 11 5/8"). Upper right corner chipped else good and complete. I guess it's scarce, but I have no easy way to census that, and I don't care enough to work at it. Opening night was Nov. 9, 1891. The score was likely first published in 1892, once it was thought there'd be some demand. Our copy is stamped as sold in Sep. 1893, but still, plausibly, from the 1st printing. In this description I have used the words, "guess," "likely" and "plausibly," confirming that I'm not absolutely sure about any of this, and that's why it's \$250, but don't be shocked. I'm the dope who lives on a one-

way, dead end street and I still don't know how I got there. A Trip to Chinatown held sway as Broadway's longevity champion for 27 years with 657 consecutive performances, a record not surpassed until Irene in 1919. **250**



Irving, Washington **Tales of a Traveler**  
(London [Murray], 1824).

2 vols. 1st edition, 1st printing, state A, preceding the American (B. A. L 10115). Irving's sequel to The Sketch Book (1819) with some of his most baroque supernatural horror stories. Original boards and labels, uncut, chips and wear, else good, complete with half-titles, ads and blanks, the original state you should want, and not surrender to the fatigue of failed pursuit and buy a contemporary rebind, or worse, one in a new binding glowing with all the glossy dumbness of a dead fish. Rare (B. A. L. did not locate a single complete and unrepaired set in boards). **625**

Irving the traveler, 200 years ago, was not like you and I, the travelers of today. So, here's some advice from a wise source:

"The length and grandness of a hotel's name are an exact opposite reflection of its quality. Thus the Hotel Central will prove to be a clean, pleasant place in a good part of town, and the Hotel Royal Majestic-Fantastic will be a fleabag next to a topless bowling alley." -Miss Piggy, 1981

Prevalent in hotels these days is that each room comes with its own time machine, a metal box called a mini bar, in which you can see the price of a Snickers 50 years in the future.



Lang, Andrew

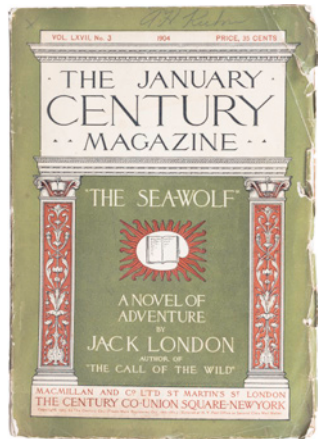
### The Blue Fairy Book

(London [Longmans], 1889).

1st edition. Large paper, limited issue, no. 96 of just 113 copies (versus 5,000 copies of the trade edition) with a preface by Lang on the origins of these tales that is only printed in this deluxe issue, and had an acknowledged, consciousness shaping impact on a generation of the interested. Original 1/4 vellum, paper label, spine toned and slightly frayed at the base, joints unnoticeably strengthened, else very good, and most copies look like they should be dispatched to the land of broken toys. **875**



Lang wrote 11 more fairy books, but the others are all empty spoons, retelling stories that nobody has ever heard of, but our book is the best editing of the best stories. It features, Cinderella, Rumpelstiltskin, Hansel and Gretel, East of the Sun, Goldilocks, The Forty Thieves, Jack the Giant Killer, Puss in Boots, Beauty and the Beast, Sleeping Beauty, Red Riding Hood, Aladdin, Snow White, and 2 dozen others.



in parts

London, Jack

### The Sea Wolf

(NY [Century], 1904).

9 vols. 1st appearance anywhere, serialized in 9 issues of Century Magazine, Jan.–Nov. 1904 (also the year Picasso ran out of blue paint). Original wrappers, chipped and worn, else good, with all the covers and contents. 4 half morocco cases (!). The 9 parts, complete in wrappers, are plenty scarce. In contrast, the book edition, published parallel to the serial's conclusion in an edition of 40,000 copies, will never be scarce, though copies in dustjacket are rare (the last one we had in jacket was 15 years ago in our catalog 32, for \$37,500). **1,000**

The Sea Wolf's plotline is absorbing, and the characters are even better, but the romantic tringle side story is a dud suggesting 3 things. See truly to write truly, karma is just around the corner, and London didn't know much about women.

## The Lost Patrol

Macdonald, Philip

**Patrol**

(London [Collins], 1927).

1st edition, preceding Harper's common and, if you are aware, avoidable, U. S. edition (1928). *Patrol* is a psychological novel set during World War I, that was made into a stalwart 1934 film (*The Lost Patrol*) directed by John Ford, just prior to enforcement of the Hays code. Near fine in a dustjacket with a spine chip, smaller corner chips, tears at 3 folds, 1 at an edge, and some pink spots on the back, else very good and still attractive, despite its failings. A scarce jacket, and the only other one I've seen recently was so dampstained that a rainbow formed over it. **1,250**



## GAME OF THRONES

Martin, George

**A Song of Ice and Fire**

(London [Voyager], 1996–2011).

5 vols. 1st editions. Near fine (1 faint crease, 1 small dent) in fine dustjackets, more satisfying than an unsolicited hug from a child. **Vol. 5 is signed.** Every book in the series that's been published so far (*A Game of Thrones*, *A Clash of Kings*, *A Storm of Swords*, *A Feast for Crows*, *A Dance with Dragons*). **3,800**



These precede Bantam's U. S. editions, the lame placebos often sold as 1st editions, raising a query. What should you expect from your bookseller's or auction house's portrayal of a book? Well, the connection of description to book is like that of bikini to surfer girl. It should cover the requisite

imperatives but leave little to the imagination. And many ABAA booksellers, and some outside ABAA, and some auctioneers too, do color within the lines, but the rest would be better engaged keeping rabbits, so you'd be judicious to test them. And how might I test them you inquire? The most thoughtful collectors ask the seller when they don't know, and sometimes when they do (Book Code).

A cult of insatiable groupies waits on Martin's rewrite of HBO's ending.

Melisandre: "What do we say to the God of death?"

Arya: "Not today"

Michener, James

**The Drifters**

(NY [Random House], 1971).

1st edition. **Deluxe limited issue, no. 435 of 500 copies, signed, in ink by Michener.** Fine in full brown cloth (the correct binding), in fine publisher's acetate dustjacket and fine slipcase with matching number, all as issued. **250**

In *The Drifters*, Michener tried to chronicle the flower power generation and because he recognized that there was a subjectivized gap, between himself and them, he finessed the shortcomings of his perspective by creating a 60-year-old traveling investment banker, tracking new business opportunities, to narrate the story. In 1969, banker George befriends 6 young runaways of different types and backgrounds, brought together by chance and bonded by age and viewpoint, and joins them in their travels through Portugal, Mozambique, Morocco and Spain, plus some places, either visited or mentioned, that are fictional. The plotline is as predictable



as that the Miss. Universe winner will be from Earth, and it ends in routine clichés, because it was formulated by a writer who had not experienced the Cultural Revolution from the inside and was doomed to remain a trespasser. But Michener could really write, and he knew how to use steadfast nouns, fanciful verbs, swaggering adjectives, and transitory adverbs, and he felt secure that by making his narrator approximate himself, he could explore, and honestly explain, the enthusiasms, interests, indulgences, tastes and biases of his young travelers. And he did explain them well, but he never understood them because the essence of the 1960s, that became its legacy, remained an incommunicable mystery that Michener never got. His style stayed unaffected, and thus the writing wasn't incompatible with the subject, but he was blind in his quarantine from the transitional cusp of social, cultural, economic, and ideological change, when the preoccupations of the 1950s had ceased to function and had been replaced with a totally new system of values. So this sort of novel gets written by an author caught in a moment of suspension, a strange and hybrid interregnum, the last gasp of the past, and what was, at the time, a fine novel on the subject and an enchanting insight into the places, is now seen as something quite different from anything Michener intended or fully grasped, a subtle realization of revelation, seldom encountered elsewhere in literature, on the obstacles that blocked cross-generational communication, exposed by a skilled author's struggles to write about it. After *The Drifters* he retreated to the strain of books his public loved: *Centennial*, *Chesapeake*, etc. And both he and his readers were much happier.



Miller, Frank      An Archive of His Unprecedentedly Influential Comics  
(VP [DC, Marvel, Dark Horse, etc.], 1978–1998).

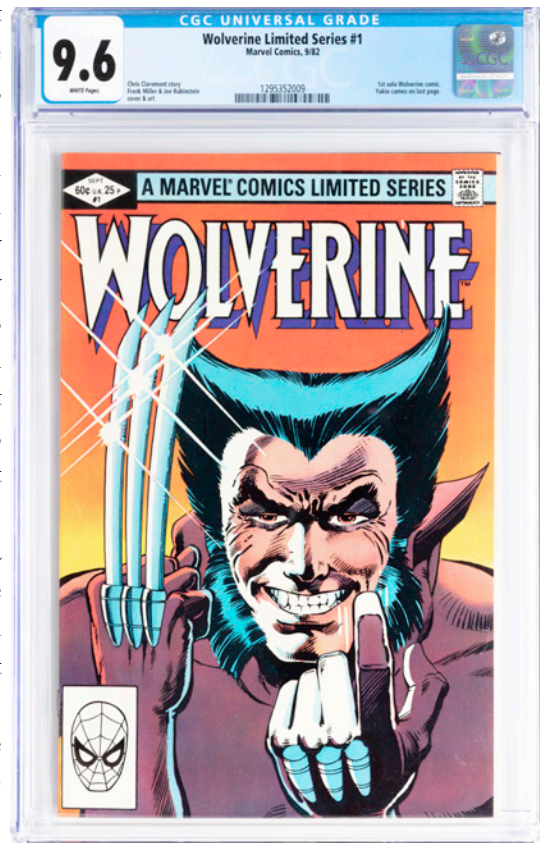
50 vols. All 1st editions, all 1st printings. The first 20 years of Frank Miller's transmutational comic book take on the art of noir, accented with his dramatic shadows and edges, illustrating tales that were more sinister and perilous than ever before. The first book is CGC slabbed and graded very fine 8.5, but 38 of the others are CGC slabbed and graded mint state 9.6 or 9.8. The other 11 (the least valuable) are ungraded but they are all mint state too. **Dark Knight III is signed on the cover by Miller, in gold ink, with his sketch of Batman. It's also signed by Brian Azzarello, Andy Kubert and Klaus Janson, and not many were signed by all 4. Warlord #18 (Miller's first Marvel appearance in 1978) is also signed. And we add to this archive, 3 unique, original, setting copy, color cromalin proof sheets (16 1/2" X 23 1/2"), 2 of them for The Dark Knight Returns #2, and 1 for #4 (Dark Knight Falls), both 1986. All 3 are game used, but near fine, with the printer's handwritten notes. 6,500**

It's not a proprietary Bibliotopus company secret that comic books are books. Nor that the 10 most valuable postmodern books, of any kind, are all comics, led by *Amazing Fantasy #15* with an auction record of \$1.1 million (graded 9.6). In this ascending and insurgent comic arcade, what we offer here is a cozy move



to a position in that market, piloted by Miller, whose (for 1 example) black and white cover drawing for The Dark Knight Returns #2, sold for \$478,000 in 2013.

Comic books were first aimed at children who like to know that their heroes will triumph, and are open to learning that damaged villains are dangerous because they know they can survive. These days comics generate billion dollar movies, and, in both print and film, they remain low level, but highly prized, diversion across all social classes, but especially for the perpetually unemployed, so they won't demand mad luxuries like cookies and windows. However, if most book readers won't read comics and most comic readers won't read books, there's little use in my identifying the great and separating them from the good, and here is some support for that. In a recent study on how trends impact the growth of both illiteracy and apathy in the U. S. today, sociologists report that 85% of Americans, under the age of 30, identify the main value of learning as the ability to read social media, and 101% of American pot smokers don't care.



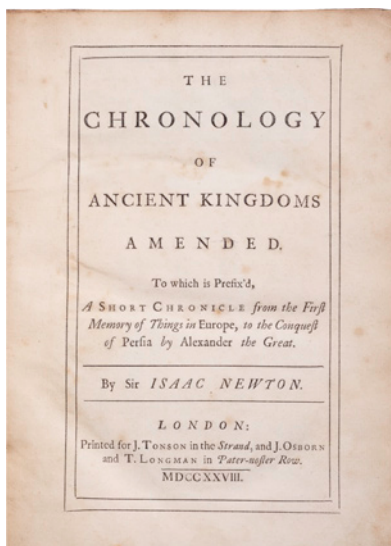
Now, beyond all that, if you are one of those people who hate seeing comic books in rare book catalogs, you can try voodoo. Go paint my name on the back of a beetle and feed it to a meerkat.

Oh book distinctive, book intense, written in defiance of common sense

Newton, Isaac

**The Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms Amended**

(London [J. Tonson], 1728).



1st edition of his posthumously published account (edited just before he died in 1727) on the rise and fall of various ancient kingdoms from 1125 B. C. to 331 B. C. (“History repeats itself, and history never repeats itself, are about equally true” –Trevelyan). Contemporary full calf, rebounded, corners worn, light marginal stains to the first 20%, else very good, and complete with the 3 fold-out plates detailing the layout of Solomon’s Temple. **750**

This book was a deviation for the otherwise stately physicist, who in his final days opted for this slow ride to the last stop on the crazy train. Not since Ptolemy VIII’s 145 and 126 B. C. purgings of

Alexandria’s intellectuals and the initial decay of the city’s library (long before its 48 B. C. partial burning), has such a guardian of science rattled a stick in a bucket so loudly, and been so wrong, about so much, with so little humility. Newton’s book is interlaced with insupportable chronology, mythological figures presented as historical, and theological claims beyond reason, and Newton clung to all of it with the tenacity of the itchy bitsy spider. I’ve tried to find it charming over the years but now fear I must desist from the experiment in despair. And I don’t understand why he wrote it, but such concerns fall into the general category of; why question the intentions of a road crossing chicken? And yet, I can’t resist the opening. So, why did the chicken cross the road? Hemingway–To die in the rain, alone.

After that ripping of Newton, let me throw him some bright. He is the 4th pillar of astronomy’s celestial mechanics. Here it is simply. Copernicus theorized it, Galileo saw it, Kepler proved it mathematically, and Newton explained it.

Here’s my harangue on this copy’s provenance. Ex–Airedale College Library (bookplate) with no sign of deaccession, but Airedale closed in 1888, the year of Jack the Ripper. Coincidence? I think not. Airedale was supplanted by Yorkshire United Independent College, and they merged into The Lancashire Independent College in 1958 to become Northern College, and if Northern wants to chase after our copy, under the haughty lunacy that it was stolen from them, I’ll defend my clear title until I win, or throw the book away in vindictiveness.

Book pricing is not only more inefficient than we suppose, it is more inefficient than we can suppose, so failed collectors often find the wrong copy of the right book, or the right copy of the wrong book, sort of the way golf balls find water. But our copy is right on both reckonings, and that should be more reassuring than hearing that the high school homecoming queen was rejected for a prom date.



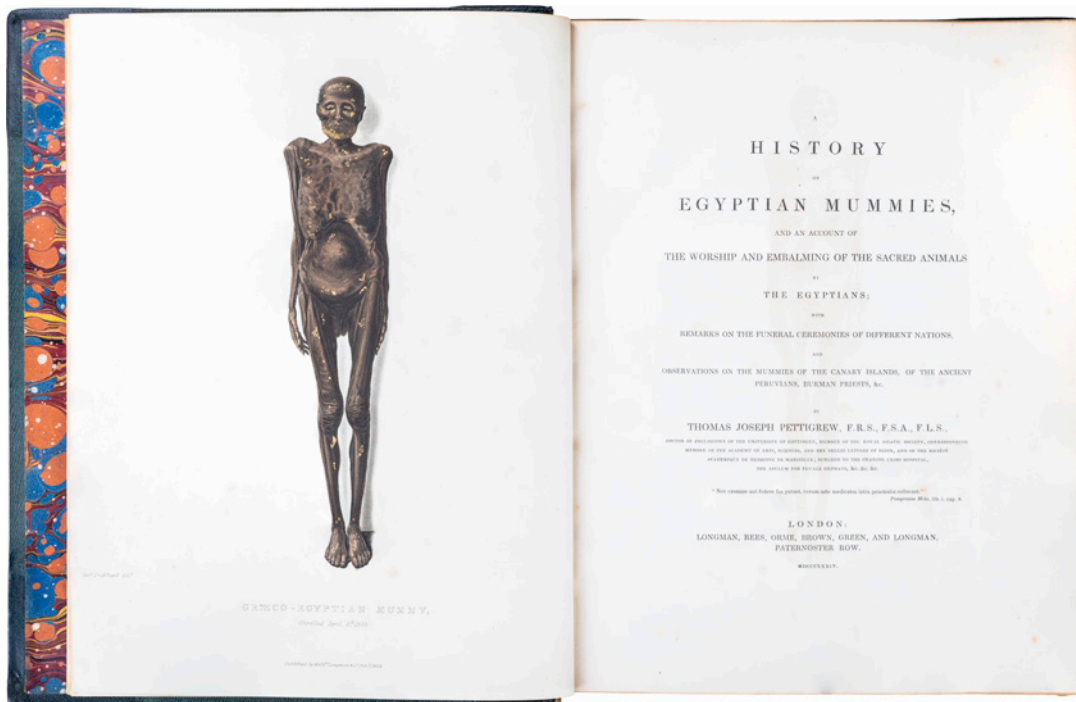
1st printing of the first nationally distributed comic book

Outcault, Robert

**Buster Brown and His Resolutions**  
(NY [Frederick A. Stokes Co.], 1903).

1st edition. 68 huge pages (16 1/4" X 11 1/4"), printed in full color, rectos only. Though it was preceded in newspaper strips by Outcault's Yellow Kid, Buster was the first comic character to have his strips collected in a book sold nationwide (by Sears & Roebuck). Original clothbacked wrappers, half the blank back cover is gone, and the front cover has tears and chips, but it collates complete, it's integral, and it's in good condition, and seldom seen. Overstreet's guide calls it rare, rates it among the Top 10 Platinum Age Books, and values it at \$1,600 graded 2.0, but as the first ever, its significance is unsurpassable. Once in a long lifetime a fine copy comes along. Until it does, I'd like to sell you this one. **800**

Outcault created Buster Brown, his sweetheart Mary Jane, his dog Tige (the first talking animal in comics), and a supporting cast. He drew the first strips, for Joseph Pulitzer's N.Y. Herald, starting on May 4, 1902. This book followed in 1903. It was reprinted later that year in London, and in the U. S. along with other Buster Brown books in the years following, but ours is the real 1st edition. In 1906, William Hearst coaxed Outcault away from Pulitzer (George Washington said, "Few men have enough virtue to withstand the highest bidder."). Undeterred, The Herald just stole the characters, and a legal food fight ensued when they hired other artists to draw a competing Buster Brown, while Outcault continued to draw the strip for Hearst's newspapers. Finally, in 1911, Pulitzer gave up.



Pettigrew, Thomas

**History of Egyptian Mummies**  
(London [Longman, et. all], 1834).

1st edition. The first scientific analysis in English (the main one in any language), of ancient Egyptian funerary practices. Contemporary half morocco, a bit foxed, else near fine. Complete with the errata page and all 13 plates, 10 by Cruikshank, 4 of them hand colored, and 2 luxuriously highlighted with gold leaf. **875**

In his time, Pettigrew was England's preeminent expert on ancient Egyptian mummies. Our book is the sum of his knowledge after years of research and remains a cornerstone of the subject. It also addresses papyri, tombs, manuscripts, theology, sacred animals, the embalming of those animals, and identification of forged mummies. But Pettigrew was a nerd, and one day he slipped out of the house to sneak an afternoon at fantasy-con, and the girl in his basement escaped.

I have a gnawing itch here to talk about plagiarism, not the iniquitous kind employed to make the slothful thief seem intelligent, and justified by the reminder that vultures die last, but only as plagiarism applies to similes, anecdotes, jests, bon mots, and the like. That sentence I wrote at the end of the last paragraph, the one about nerds, fantasy-con, and girls, is the nature of quip that someone surely said, in some similar way, before me. If I had seen it and stolen it word for word, I would have put it in quotation marks and attributed it, but I didn't see it. And if I had seen some analogous phrase and stolen the idea, and shaped the words to please myself, I wouldn't have imposed my texts on someone else's name by attributing them. That's my rule. Some people whine indignantly about repeating other people's words, and spend their time sleuthing out a source of similarity (living



a life of banal discovery, hunting for the bubonic plagiarist) and then judgmentally complain. And some of their complaints reach beyond the stealing of phrases to add the stealing of concepts, followed by a defense of their petty grievance constructed using a straw man. Fine. I don't. And I do not think these literary detectives can distinguish plagiarism anyway, because to know plagiarism one must understand originality. Imagine if a conductor refused to play Beethoven's Ode to Joy (the 4th movement of his 9th symphony) because someone in his or her audience might have already heard it. And that last sentence has certainly been said before too, in some similar way. And, in fact, Beethoven stole the title "Ode to Joy" from Friedrich Schiller who wrote a real ode (a lyric poem of exalted feeling and style), by that exact title, 39 years before Beethoven, and no conductor of Beethoven's 9th mentions Schiller before commencing. Clear plagiarism is lethargic fraud combining a refusal to work and think, with a willingness to counterfeit and hoax, to impress. Without that, to allege it, is often a perception, and perception, as it is used today, has become subjective, a judgmental opinion, and has wandered far from the meaning of its affiliated word, perceptive. I say, get over it.



So, you confess that you like playing plagiarism detective and need some help to break the habit. Try the Hokey Pokey Rehab and turn yourself around.



[Photography]

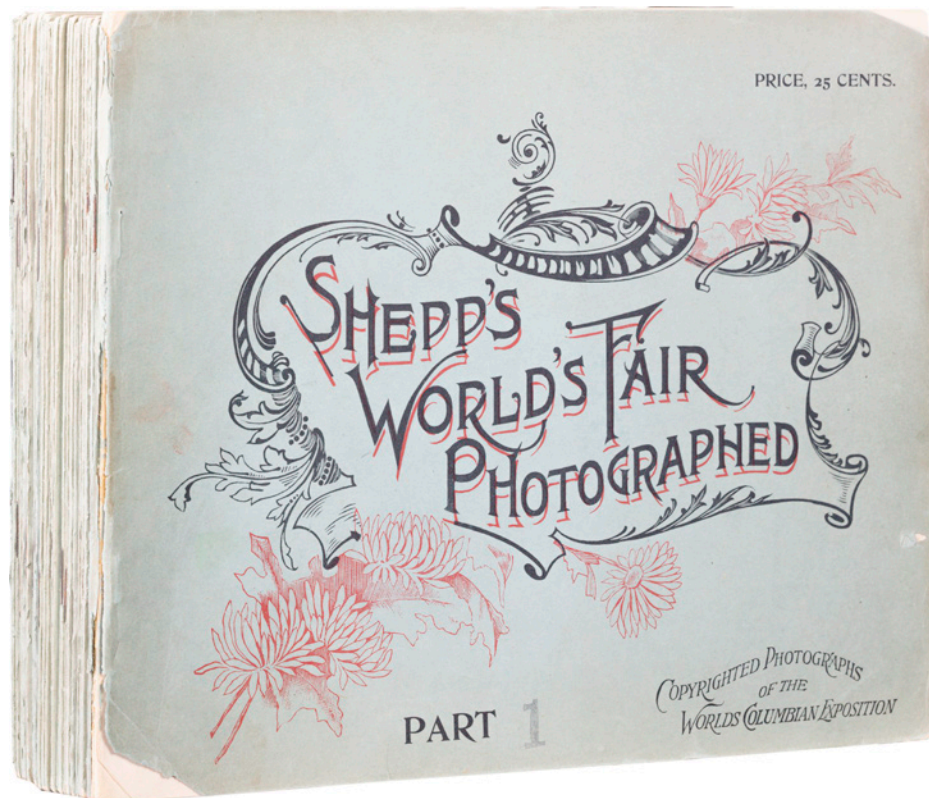
**Niagara**  
by Charles Bierstadt  
(Niagara Falls [Self-published], 1869).

1st edition. 17 photographic illustrations of Niagara Falls on 19 leaves, rectos only. Each photograph is circular in format, 2" in diameter, and all are connected together, accordion like, and bound with 2 title pages in an embossed snap-locked binding of brass. Near fine, unrepaired, a fragile and scarce piece of Americana. I don't know how many were made but most were doubtless damaged in handling and finally thrown away (jetsam) while others were just lost (flotsam), but this one was preserved with all the care one employs when sliding the TV remote out of the clutching hands of a sleeping grandpa. 550



Charles Bierstadt (1819–1903) was, for a time, the most prominent photographer in western New York, keeping offices at number 2 Main Street in Niagara Falls. He was the older brother of Albert Bierstadt, the rather famous American luminist painter, so Charles wasn't the party, he was the apartment below the party, but he holds an honorable place in the pantheon of American photography.

Niagara Falls is famous for romance so here's a reminder for all of you women: To let a fool kiss you is reckless. To let a kiss fool you is stupid.



in parts

[Photography]

**Shepp's World's Fair Photographed**  
by James W. Shepp and Daniel B. Shepp  
(Chicago [Globe], 1893–1894).

32 vols. 1st edition. A complete set in wrappers, sold sequentially by subscription (each priced 25 cents). 528 pages with ca. 500 superlative printed photographs of every exhibit and building. Part 1 has corner chips, a number, and 2 perforation stamps, part 32 with the wrappers neatly reattached, the other 30 are near fine, and you'll need a lean dog for the long hunt to find another. Bound copies are more common than blame, and they're later, despite descriptions with the same (or wrong) date that don't say they are later. And take note. My relentless tirades against widespread antiquarian bookselling nonsense are not frenzies of moralism. They advocate a partnership between language and truth. 400

The World's Fair (The Columbian Exhibition) came to Chicago in 1893 to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Christopher Columbus' arrival in the new world. The layout and communal areas were designed by Daniel Burnham and Frederick Olmsted after Beaux Arts (French neoclassical) principles, then built on 600 acres, with canals, lagoons, and pavilions from 46 countries, and it had a profound and lasting impact on American Arts and Architecture. 27 million visitors attended over its 6 months, far exceeding, in scope and grandeur, any previous World's Fair, a statement of emerging American exceptionalism.



[Photography]

**Police Crime Scene Album**  
(Oregon, 1948).

Photo album (15 1/4" X 11 1/2") with 115 Weegee like crime scene photographs shot by a Portland Oregon policeman that are equal parts gruesome and businesslike. **Many of the photographs have handwritten captions, in silver ink, often with gallows humor.** Oblong 4to, paper boards, "Photographs" in gilt on the cover, and 75 string-tied pages. The pictures range from 3 1/2" X 2 1/2" to 8" X 10". Edges of the binding worn, else very good, the photos near fine. **6,500**

The album unflinchingly documents various crime scenes visited by a Portland patrolman from Jun. to Oct. 1948. Half of it are images of car crashes, boating disasters, fires, and bee swarms. The other half are a series of macabre images of the recently deceased, some of them murdered. Many, like a murder victim dumped by the side of the road, are disturbing, but it gets worse. There are bodies recovered from the Willamette River and other nearby waterways (the officer calls them "floaters"), along with victims of suicides or weird accidents. All the corpses are in various states of mutilation, the decay of time, or bloat from the water, that makes for harrowing viewing. A compelling, stark photo collection, rarely seen by the public, not for the faint of heart, and almost as scary as the string of actors recently hired to portray Colonel Sanders.



you betcha

[Photography]

**The Coen Brothers, at Work, on the Set of Fargo**  
(Minnesota or North Dakota, 1995).

Original outdoor photograph from the set of the film Fargo. 9 1/2" X 7" matted to 9" X 6" then framed and UV glazed. Fine condition. The image shows Joel and Ethan Coen looking into a monitor, puffily dressed for the cold weather, but it's not really cold weather (really cold is when the wolves start killing the sheep for the wool). Vintage, on set photographs of the brothers actually working on the Fargo shoot, are bafflingly sparse, and though you can Google a few others, there's nothing out there for sale as good as this one. 400

The Coen's wrote, directed, and edited Fargo, a black comedy of violent crime that soars on its unforgettable quirkiness in answering the question, what could possibly go wrong? It won the brothers Academy Awards for Best Screenplay, and Frances McDormand an Academy Award for Best Actress. Joel Coen won the Prix de la Mise en Scène (Best Director Award) off Fargo's premier at The Cannes Film Festival, and the film won the New York Film Critics Award for Best Picture. In 1998 The American Film Institute named Fargo the 84th Greatest American Movie of All Time. It remains an ideal of coupling originality with execution in a manner perhaps equaled, but not exceeded, by anything in modern cinema, and while not unique for it, the body language, and notably the accents, schooled into the actors were, essentially, characters in the movie.



[Photography]

**Southern Gothic**

by Maggie Taylor (American, b. 1961).  
(Gainesville, 2001).

Digital color pigment print, 2005, 14 1/2" X 13" (the image 9" X 9"), this issue for the Halsey Institute, College of Charleston. **Signed, titled, dated, and numbered 3 of 10, in pencil, in the margin.** Light foxing (verso only), else fine. Framed and UV glazed. Ex-Gay Burke, acquired by her from Taylor. **1,850**

The tension between art and technology is almost over, though a few crusty traditionalists linger. Maggie Taylor was there at the beginning, a surrealist photographer of mysterious narrative riddles, and a major one, if not "the" major one (you can look her up). I think *Southern Gothic* is her best, and the association is a good one too, being that Gay Ann Burke (1946–2017) became the first female full professor at the University of Alabama Department of Art and Art History, where she developed a distinguished fine art photography program, and became the "Mother of Alabama Art Photography" before retiring in 2015. You're not a perfected artist until you have learned to cheat for the sake of beauty.

**everything is true  
until it isn't**

[Photography] 9-11  
(NY, 2001).

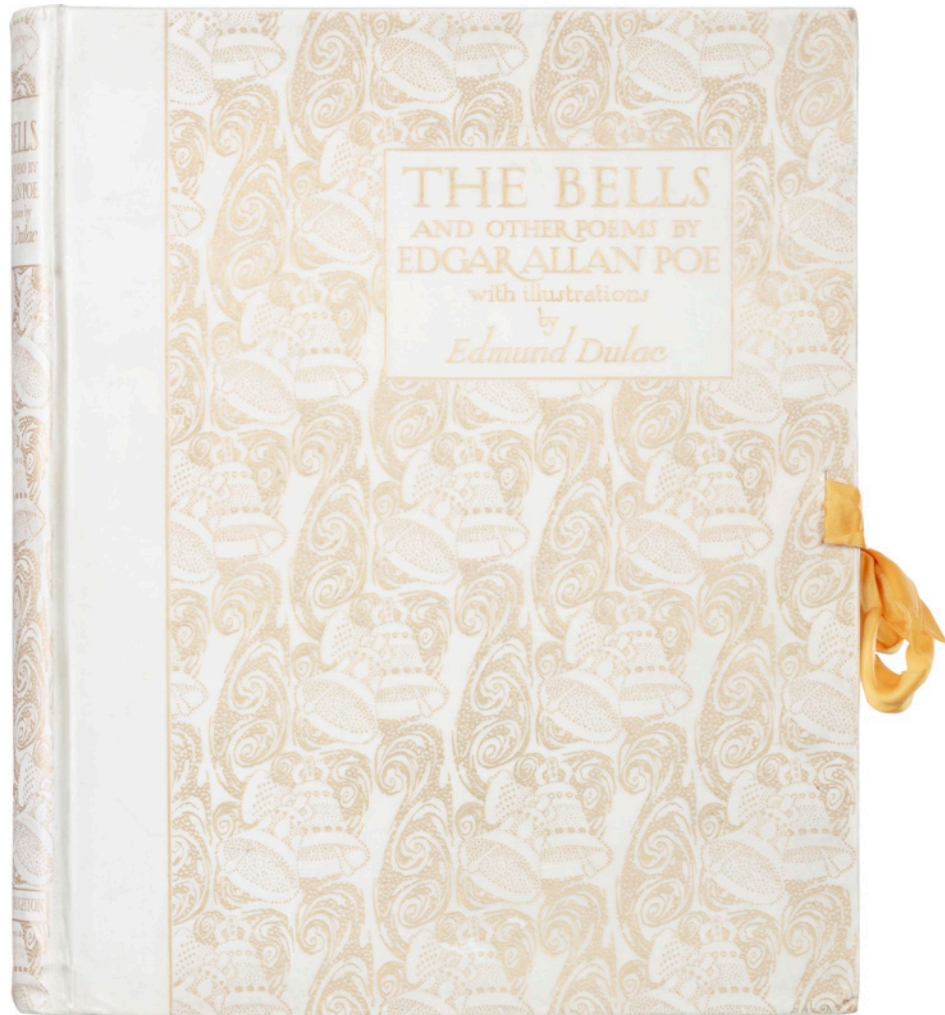
Original color photograph (10 1/4" X 15") of a totally engrossed Twin Towers observer in a pose that, though it shows she is engaged and coupled by cell phone to someone who shares her awe, it also captures the renowned nonchalance, and urban cool nature of the hardened souls living in Manhattan. Near fine. Framed, matted, and glazed. 300

I bought this picture at a salient traveling exhibit of 9-11 photographs when it came to L. A. shortly after the event happened. And this particular exhibition was a good one, and I have been to some that were so bad that a



casual observer would think they must be fronts for the Mafia. So, I walked around and looked around, with my untrained civilian eye, and just bought this picture impulsively, because I liked it, and I forgot to record the photographer's name. I probably paid \$300, and now it's in this catalog, and I don't think I deserve to lose any money, just because I wasn't being entrepreneurial, fastidious, calculating or a careful recorder of pertinent facts at the moment.

9-11 (Tues. Sept. 11, 2001) was the single most deadly day of direct outside attack within the boundaries of the U. S. 2,977 people were killed (some counts vary slightly), 415 of them police and firefighters, and thousands more were injured, most of them in N. Y. City, but others in Washington D. C. and Shanksville Penn. However, 9-11 pales next to other explosive historical calamities, the foremost of which, in human times, being the Toba eruption, 75,000 years ago, that (by the most recent data) killed 98% of the people on Earth, leaving in its wake some 3,000 Adams and 3,000 Eves to repopulate the planet (the genetic bottleneck).



Poe, Edgar

**The Bells and Other Poems**

Illustrated by Edmund Dulac

(London [Hodder and Stoughton], 1912).

1st edition. **One of 750 copies signed, in ink, by Dulac.** 1 bumped corner, else fine. Another one of those rapaciously overpriced books, with 15 copies out there for sale, most at prices only the imprudent would pay for them, but at \$750 ours is, by a shade the finest and, by enough, the least expensive. **750**

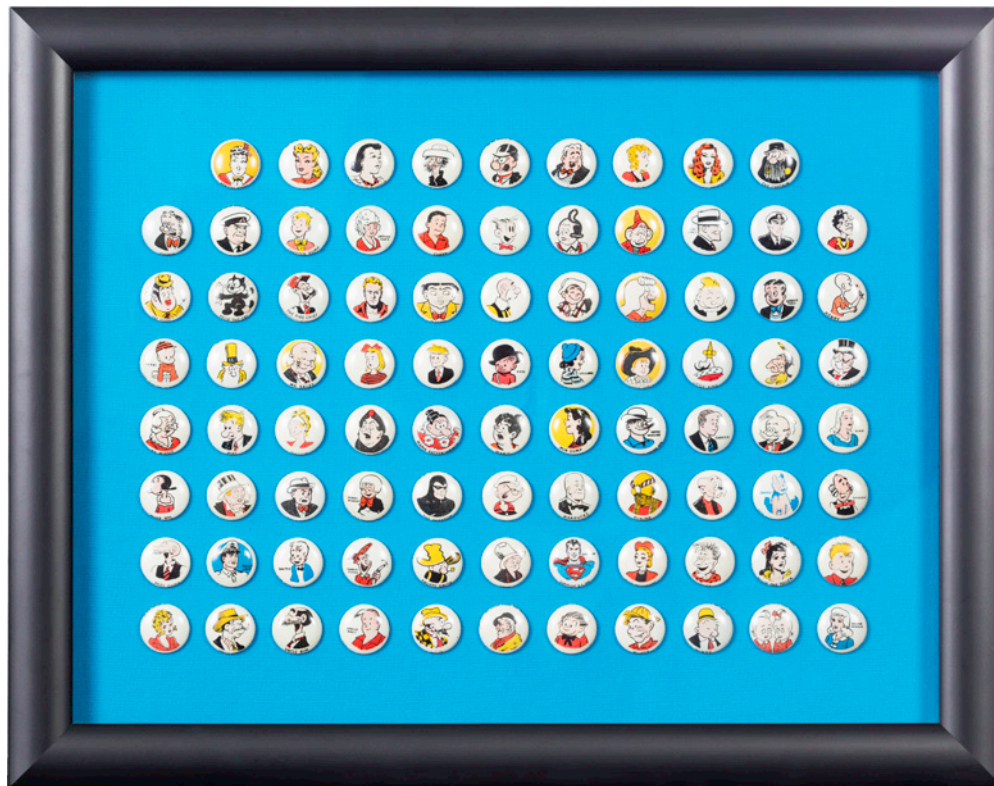
The Bells is majestic poetry, but this book is more about the 45 “Other Poems.” 28 have splendid tipped in color plates by Dulac, and the whole collects all of Poe’s best work, including, Lenore, The Raven, The City in the Sea, Eldorado, Dream Land, and Annabel Lee. Some are gallantly psychotic, but they cover a broad array, from the purely horrific to agonizingly painful lost love.

“Since she put me down I’ve been out doin’ in my head,

I come in late at night and in the mornin’ I just lay in bed...”

–Brian Wilson (The Beach Boys), Help Me Rhonda





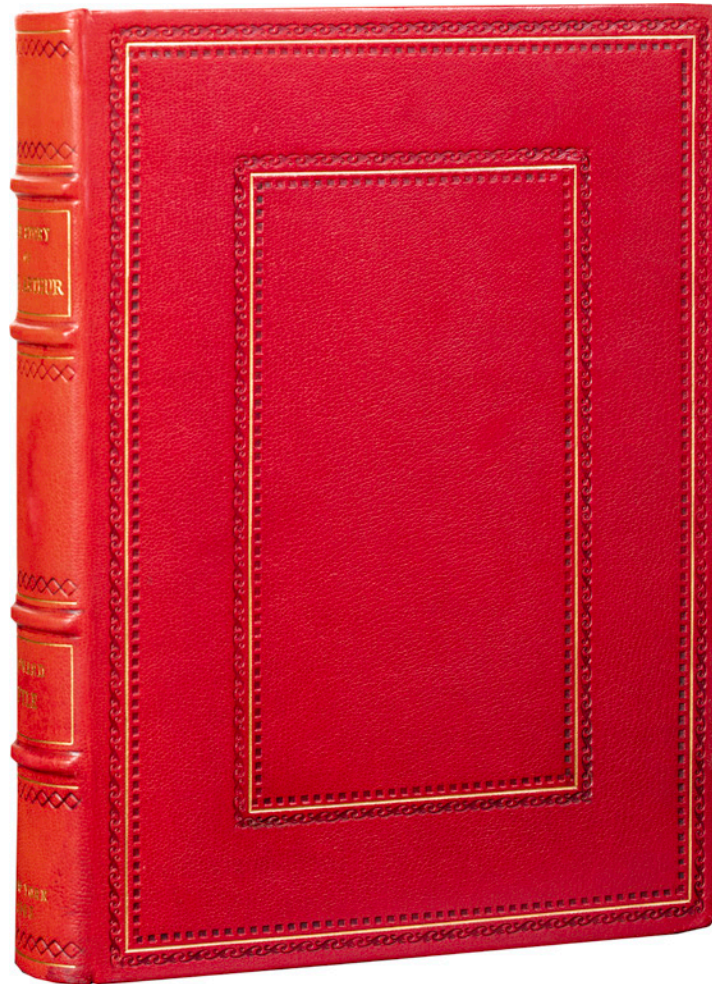
[Premiums]

### Kellogg's Pep Cereal Pins

(Battle Creek Michigan [Kellogg Company] 1945–1946).

A complete set of all 86 original newspaper cartoon character pins found 1 per box in Pep cereal. Fine. Each is 13/16" and each has the character's name. Unintendedly deviceful, postmodern art, capturing wholly and forever the first generation of these beloved personalities. Replicas and worn originals are out there but our set is vintage 1st editions in bright, fresh condition. Framed and glazed. The auction record for a set as fine as ours is \$1,314.50 in 2006. **1,000**

From mid 1945 to mid 1946, American children nagged their parents to buy Kellogg's Pep (an instant, vitamin fortified, whole-wheat, breakfast cereal) in search of these beautiful little pinback buttons. Millions of bowls of Pep were consumed in the enticing search for a complete set, but few were assembled because the buttons were issued in 5 series progressively, and each series ended when the next one began and was never produced again. Hence, even the steadfastly determined were stymied, and most kids settled for a few and wore them out on a coat or cap. And the Superman button was issued with each series, so at 5 times the number of the other pins, and Kellogg's didn't just trust accidental discovery to drive eagerness. Pep sponsored Mutual Radio's The Adventures of Superman series where the cereal and its prizes were hyped to a cohort of innocents who didn't realize that there even was such a thing as hype. In 1948 Topps issued their first bubblegum trading cards, and children's collectibles entered a new era, as "youth" became a recognizable (and valued) class of consumers.



Pyle, Howard

**The Story of King Arthur and His Knights**  
(NY [Scribner's], 1903).

1st edition. Rewritten by Pyle from Caxton's translation of Malory's original and illustrated by Pyle with 48 engravings. **A contemporary signed presentation copy, inscribed in black ink, amplified with a small sketch of Guinevere, and dated "New Year's Day, 1904."** Late 20th century full morocco, spine faded a shade else near fine. Presentation copies of this 1st edition are scarce; those with a drawing more so, and comparing our copy to an unscribed one is to not grasp the difference between a bottle of Romanée-Conti and a handful of grapes. **600**

As an artist, Pyle was the epochal American who founded the Brandywine school. As an author, his 1st editions were spiritedly chased by collectors who were thought to be shrewd not so long ago. But the vogue for him waxes and wanes in rhythmic rotations, as it does for most authors, and though his Story of King Arthur is an agreeable read, still in print, and a standard of natural description, it isn't Caxton's archetype, and rampant ardor for it only reemerges in locust-like cycles tied to the sun, and the next solar maximum isn't until 2024.

Pynchon, Thomas

**Gravity's Rainbow**  
(NY [Viking], 1973).

1st edition. Fine, tighter than tar and feathers, in a fine, unfaded, and brilliant dustjacket, nearly phosphorescent (take it outside and it'll be visible from outer space). 50 or so 1st editions in jacket are for sale online right now, a clear warning to stay away, because when that many copies are for sale, the laws of supply and demand attests that the book is priced far too high. Except here. **500**

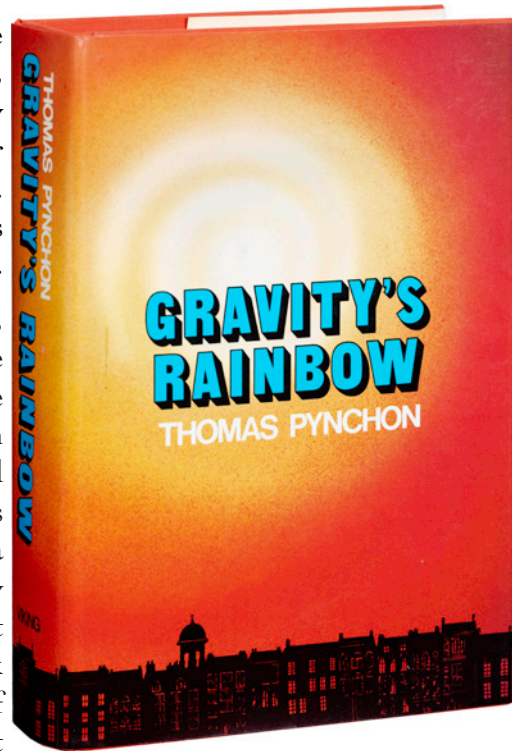
Some people suspect nothing, and some people suspect everything, both are fools, but only the gullible and naive would buy this book for any price higher than our price or in any condition less than perfect. That said, when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, all the pigeons gonna run to him.

The historian's cardinal question is, how did this come out of that? For the historiographer the question is, what else was going on? They are 2 questions worth asking about any novel as unprecedented as Gravity's Rainbow, a narrative that's wound up from the ground up. It's a great book despite all the people who say it's a great book, a 300,000 word direct descendant of Melville's Moby-Dick and Joyce's Ulysses, and a harbinger of Wallace's Infinite Jest on the miniscule list

of encyclopedic novels that are both momentous and satisfyingly adept. All 4 are testing, lavish, intimidating, multidimensional, crowded, and deep, and all 4 display a disorienting command of intellectual artillery, bold linguistic risk, a surreal maze of references, and a fluid and divergent transition between styles and subjects, and their plots and sub-plots are replete with an overwhelming and disparate range of knowledge. Without claiming the tribute for themselves, Gravity's Rainbow, Moby-Dick, and Infinite Jest, are a 3 pointed pin that punctures any puffed-up pretensions about somebody else writing The Great American Novel, but here's the rub. If you pick up Gravity's Rainbow at 2:00 and read for 3 hours, when you look at your watch it will say 2:30. And if you like your books to ally with some movie, then clearly, Gravity's Rainbow is not for you.

**Calling Sweden.** You carelessly missed your chance with Joyce and Wallace. Give Pynchon his Nobel Prize for Literature before he's as dead as the others.

Looking for a surrogate? We have 3 copies of the 1st edition of Pynchon's Slow Learner left in stock. Fine in fine dustjacket. **14.95 net (the flap price)**



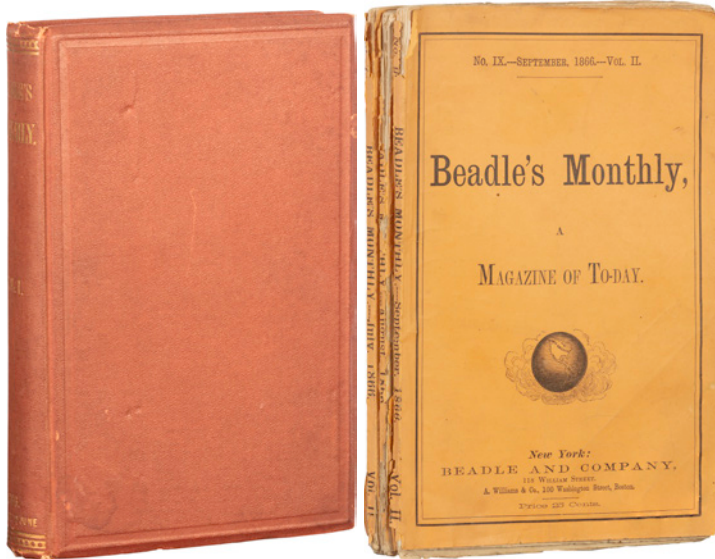
## the first detective novel by woman

Regester, Seeley (pen name of Metta Victor)

### The Dead Letter

(NY [Beadle's Magazine], 1866).

1st edition in 9 parts as issued. A posited 1864 edition is a chimera, reports of it stir needless uncertainty, all serializations with dates after 1866 are reprints, and all spellings of the author's pen name as "Register" are careless mistakes. Depending on how one defines "detective novel" The Dead Letter is arguably the first one by anybody anywhere, it is certainly the first detective novel written by a woman irrespective of how detective is defined, and it's the first by an American of either gender. Parts 1–6 (Jan.–June) are together in their original copper colored cloth, as issued, the only publisher's hardcover binding, 3 tiny dents to the front cover, a few rubs, and a small inscription, else near fine, fresh, unrepaired, and unexpectedly well preserved, and copies in leather, or any other cloth, are all rebound regardless of how they're described or what they are called. Parts 7–9 (Jul.–Sept.) are in their individual, original (publisher's), paper wrappers. All 3



have tears to their edges, the Aug. wrapper with a 1 1/2" chip, and the other 2 with smaller chips, else good, sound, integral and complete. All 9 vols. in a fine half morocco case. Rare like this, on the outskirts of probability, and even rebound copies are not common. 7,500

Using the very loosest definition of documented detective narratives, they trace back to Sophocles' play Oedipus Rex (430 BC). More modern materializations as short stories, having some of the markers but lacking some too, include The Three Apples in The Arabian Nights (ca. 1000 AD), Voltaire's Zadig (1748), Hofmann's Das Fräulein von Scuderi (Miss de Scuderi, 1819), and Burton's The Secret Cell (1837). Unquestioned as detective stories are Poe's The Murders in the Rue Morgue (1841), The Mystery of Marie Roget (1843), Thou Art the Man! (1844), and The Purloined Letter (1845). Novels are a more modern, but inevitable, invention and both Zadig and Miss de Scuderi can be ignored as only long enough to qualify as novellas. The first real novel with an all-knowing narrator was Fielding's Tom Jones (1749), but the only parts of it harkening detective fiction are the mystery surrounding Tom's birth and Fielding's liberal use of misdirection. The Gothic novel (tracing to the 1760s) always had

a mystery, and usually a crime, but not a real detective. Hansen's *The Murder of Engine Maker Roofson* (1839) is indeed a crime novel but it also lacks a professional, or even an amateur detective (an assessor plays the role). Alexandre Dumas read Poe, recognized it immediately and wrote *Une Fille du Régent* (*The Regent's Daughter*, 1844). It's a detective novel in all ways. The crime is a planned assassination, and the clues that lead to its uncovering are clearly and logically presented, but fans nitpick it because the detective is Cardinal Dubois, a court politician draped in red, not a private eye or the police. The fans are wrong. The honor, practicably, belongs to Dumas, but we'll pass him by for now. From there, Dickens' *Bleak House* (1853) has a Scotland Yard police inspector but he is mostly confined to a subplot. Collins' *The Woman in White* (1860) qualifies, with the only complaint against it (like with *The Regent's Daughter*) being that amateurs do the detecting (the victim's half sister, assisted by her drawing teacher). Hugo's *Les Misérables* (1862) has a Paris police detective, and he plays the most prominent of roles, but the only mystery is whether Valjean will be caught. Charles Felix's (pen name of Charles Adams) *The Notting Hill Mystery* (1863) has its detecting done by an insurance company investigator (like in Cain's *Double Indemnity*), and though it has all the other pieces in place, the pieces aren't very good. And then there is Metta Victor's (as Seeley Regester) *The Dead Letter* (1866) with its Mr. Burton, a working private detective. It's followed by a different twist in both Dostoyevsky's *Преступление и Наказание* (*Crime and Punishment*, 1866) and Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* (1867), then twisted back to the straighter path in Gaboriau's *L'Affaire Lerouge* (*The Case of the Red One*, 1866), and Collins' *The Moonstone* (1869), wherein the type was perfected. I'll also mention Green's *The Leavenworth Case* (1878) and call it no more than an overly acknowledged late arrival, and the mother of nothing. And certainly the plotlines, and the detective himself, or herself, were improved upon delightfully, in cycles over the next 150 years, from Doyle's *Holmes* (1887), Christie's *Poirot* (1920) and *Marple* (1927), Hammett's *Continental Op* (1923) and *Sam Spade* (1929), Chandler's *Marlowe* (1939), Kane's (and Finger's) *Batman* (1939), and even to Ruby and Spears' *Scooby Doo* (1969), and Butcher's *Harry Dresden* (2000).

Metta Victor was an incredible woman and a titanic literary figure. Beyond her place in the detective fiction hierarchy, she inaugurated an industry, writing the first original "Dime Novel" (*Alice Wilde*) in 1860. It was part of what became a 321 book series called "Beadle's Dime Novels" that sold 5 million copies. The first Beadle Dime Novel (number 1) was Stephens' *Malaeska, The Indian Wife of the White Hunter* (1860), but it was not an original Dime Novel, being a reprint of its 1839 1st edition, while Metta Victor's *Alice Wilde* was written for Beadle by design, and its publication in the Dime Novel series (also 1860) was its 1st edition. Beadle's template activated a rise in U. S. literacy and spread to dozens of publishers (Victor wrote 100 of them). The aim was to astonish readers rather than oblige critics, and while exact total figures are unsure, The University of Minnesota claims to have a collection of 65,000 titles.

## Dylan's own hand corrected publishing proofs

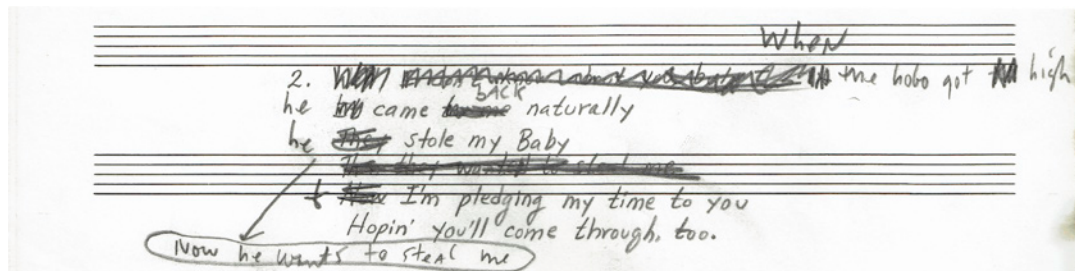
[Rock & Roll, Bob Dylan]

### Blonde on Blonde

(NY [Edoardo J. Di Biase for Dwarf Music], 1966).

Dylan's working scores and lyrics for the publication and copyright of the Blonde on Blonde songs, with his changes and corrections. A 58 page file (2 pages of prelims, 56 pages of music and lyrics), most on staff paper folios from Music Publishers Holding Corp. first written out in pencil by Di Biase (with his sharp ear for turning recorded sound into a written score) before being given to Dylan for his review (akin to galley proofs sent to an author for corrections). 8 songs had title changes, 3 of them more than once. All the lyric and title changes either handwritten by Dylan, or directed (to Di Biase) by him. Dated Mar. 18, 1966 (3 months before the album), most sheets 9 1/2" X 12 1/2" some 8 3/4" X 11". The archive comprises the complete album, 12 songs written out, 2 songs (Memphis Blues Again and One of Us Must Know) in their finished, printed versions without annotations (the latter because it was published when released as a single in Feb.), 1 draft of Visions of Johanna is a xerox but with handwritten annotations in pencil, the other draft of it is in pencil. First preliminary page torn and stained, the second also stained, a few other leaves with marginal stains, and a 3" tear to the Visions of Johanna staff leaf, else very good. A wondrous archive. Ex-Edoardo J. Di Biase (composer and music copyrighter), thence by descent. A masterpiece that imitates nobody and that nobody else could imitate. **125,000**

"The closest I ever got to the sound I hear in my mind was on individual bands in the 'Blonde on Blonde' album. It's that thin, that wild mercury sound. It's metallic and bright gold, with whatever that conjures up."—Bob Dylan, 1978



The second verse of Pledging My Time bears typically substantial annotations in Dylan's handwriting with the original 2nd verse scratched out and rewritten.

The crossed-out transcript reads:

"Well I don't know about you but I

It came to me naturally

They stole my baby

Then they wanted to steal me."

The revised transcript reads:

"When the hobo got high

He came back naturally

He stole my baby

Now he wants to steal me."

This aligns more closely, though not exactly, with the lyrics on the take chosen for release. Other of the more noteworthy annotations in Dylan's handwriting here, are on drafts of Temporary Like Achilles, and Obviously Five Believers.

### **The chronological context:**

Highway 61 Revisited released Aug. 30, 1965. Blonde on Blonde recorded in NY Oct. 1965–Jan. 1966, Nashville Feb.–Mar. 1966, mixed in L. A. Apr. 1966, released Jun. 20, 1966 (the first significant rock double album). Motorcycle crash Jul. 29, 1966. Recuperation Aug.–Sep. 1966. The gap of detachment that extricated Dylan from an unsustainable lifestyle Sep. 1966–Sep. 1967. John Wesley Harding [sic] recorded in Nashville Oct. 1967, released Dec. 27, 1967.

### **The details:**

**Rainy Day Woman #12 & 35:** 2 handwritten drafts, 7 annotations, title changed 3 times (first Black Dog Blues, then Everybody Must get Stoned). A note on 1 of the drafts reads, "Redone 3/18/66. Final Copy. This one checked by Dylan."

**Pledging My Time:** 2 handwritten drafts, 6 annotations, title changed once.

**Visions of Johanna:** 2 drafts, 1 of them a xerox but with pencil annotations, the other is handwritten with 21 annotations, the title changed once. A note at the end of the corrected xerox reads "Taken off dub 12/12/1965, EDB" and "Taken off dub again 2/22/66 as Visions of Johanna."

**One of Us Must Know (Sooner or Later):** 3 pages of printed sheet music (as it was issued for a single in Feb. 1966).

**I Want You:** 1 handwritten draft, 4 annotations.

**Just Like a Woman:** 1 handwritten draft, 7 annotations.

**Leopard–Skin Pill–Box Hat:** 1 handwritten draft, 2 annotations.

**Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again:** 2 printed drafts (a 3 page xerox, and a printed leaf, 2 of the 3 pages, laid into a blank staff sheet).

**Most Likely You Go Your Way (and I'll Go Mine):** 2 handwritten drafts, 3 annotations, 1 alternate title then changed again before publication.

**Temporary Like Achilles:** 2 handwritten drafts, 8 annotations, among them the word "Achilles" added as the first word in the 5th verse, that became the 4th verse. The name Achilles (initially replacing Hercules) ultimately migrated to the song's title (in our drafts the song is titled, I've Been Here Before).

**Fourth Time Around:** 2 handwritten drafts, 1 of them only lyrics, in pencil, on typing paper and not in Dylan's or Di Biase's hand, the other in manuscript on staff paper with 2 annotations.

**Absolutely Sweet Marie:** 1 handwritten draft, 7 annotations, title changed later (in our drafts it's titled, Wanted Together).

**Obviously Five Believers:** 2 handwritten drafts, 9 annotations, title changed once and then again before publication (in our 2nd draft it's titled, Most Likely Five Believers). A note at the top of 1 draft says, "corrections by Dylan."

**Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands:** 2 handwritten drafts, 1 of them only lyrics, in pencil, on typing paper and not in Dylan's or Di Biase's hand, the other in manuscript on staff paper with 7 annotations, title changed later (in 1 of our drafts it's titled Lady of the Lowlands).



[Rock & Roll, The Beatles]

**Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band**  
(London [Parlophone], 1967).

1st edition, 1st pressing (Parlophone PCS7027). Gatefold, stereo LP of the most famous album in the history of rock & roll, preceding the U. S (Capital Records) release by 7 days, and our 1st edition is 10 times rarer than Capital's 2nd edition. 1st issue with "YEX 637-1" and "YEX 638-1" matrix numbers, "sold in U. K." on the label, and no visible bands between the cuts. Complete with the inner sleeve and a crucial price sticker, on the cover's upper right corner, confirming its sale in a retail store. Slightest corner rubs else fine. Ex-Stan Panenka (the self-proclaimed, "ultimate Beatles collector"). Ex-HA, \$875, Nov. 17, 2017. **1,250**

If you're 1 of the 6 people left on Earth who hasn't heard the 1,400 feet of grooves on Sgt. Pepper, what are you waiting for?

"See the worst thing about doing this, doing something like this, is I think that at first people sort of are a bit suspicious, 'You know, come on, what are you up to?'" –Paul McCartney, chattering behind A Day in the Life

Nobody wants to have a lonely heart (romantic isolation) in any of its realizations. I'll try cutting out just one slice from the wider spectrum of relationships and solely address you guys who are looking for a woman, and remind you that lipstick traces on your coffee cup does not qualify as an erotic encounter. And for you guys who are trying to hang on to the woman you have, and find yourself hunting a romantic gift for her, I've got 3 words of advice: Don't Shop Here!

You can say it with wine, and flowers are fine,  
And diamonds are better, and surer to get her.  
A poem can be nice, or champagne on ice,  
And there's no bigger hit, than a swimsuit that fits.  
But I'll save you some trouble, and this isn't subtle,  
If you say it with books, you'll get one of those looks.



Rohmer, Sax

## The Golden Scorpion

(London [The Illustrated London News], 1918).

1st appearance anywhere. The complete novel, in the newspaper's 64 page Christmas issue, preceding all book editions. Self wrappers (11 1/2" X 16"), repaired tears to the margins of pages 37 and 64, and some lesser tears, else very good for such fragile ephemera, delicate as a tropical fish, integral, whole, clean, sound and rare. 400

The setting is London's Chinatown and orbits the deeds of Dr. Fu Manchu's temporary successor as head of the Council of Seven while the insidious doctor is recovering from a bullet wound. And though Fu is only briefly on stage in The Golden Scorpion, the plotline is exactly what the reader would expect from a tale in the Fu Manchu series.

Adam Worth (portrayed in press accounts as the prototype for the criminal mastermind) had a scandalous career from 1866 to 1900. Conan Doyle borrowed Worth's press enhanced image for his Professor Moriarty (in Sherlock Holmes), as did L. T. Meade for her Madame Koluchy (in The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings). But with Rohmer's Fu Manchu the model was finalized and hasn't

been much improved on since, whether in comics (Lex Luthor in Superman), in novels (Ernst Blofeld in 007), or in films (Darth Sidious in Star Wars).

We don't sell many newspapers (millennials call them hobo laptops) so this is my chance to write about them. I have plenty to say about how reporters root for chaos, but I'll pick on what papers call "a retraction." Here's a case in point:

"Instead of being arrested, as we said in our headline story last week, for strangling his wife, lighting her remains on fire, and then dancing over her flaming corpse, humanitarian Peter Goodcup died 7 years ago unmarried."



**his first success as a writer**

Rousseau, Jean Jacques      **Discours Qui Rempporté a L'Academie de Dijon,  
En l'année 1750, Un Discours sur les Arts et Sciences**  
[A Discourse on the Moral Effects of the Arts and Sciences]  
(Geneva [Chez Barillot & fils, but really Paris, Noël–Jacques Pissot], 1750).



1st edition (in French), of Rousseau's first acknowledged philosophical work. 1/4 calf, some rubbing, 4 leaves soiled at margins, but very good.

**[bound with]**

2 Voltaire plays,      **La Merope** (Arkstée & Merkus, Amsterdam, 1744).

**[and]**                              **L'Orphelin** (Jean Nourse, London, 1756).

All 3 works are uncut. Reference: Gagnebin 2, variant.                              **2,000**

So began the philosophy that Rousseau continued to expand upon for the rest of his life. Nature (in this case morality) versus society (in this case arts and science) would be a requisite theme in his *The Social Contract* (1762), and most of his other work. Here's how it happened. Rousseau had read about an essay competition sponsored by the Academy of Dijon on the theme of, "Whether the development of the arts and sciences had been morally beneficial," with the winning essay to be published in the magazine, *Mercure de France*. While walking to Vincennes (just outside Paris), Rousseau had an epiphany. He realized that he could take the con side (the less popular and more difficult argument to make, but the less competitive one) asserting that the arts and sciences were responsible for the moral degeneration of humankind, who were basically good by nature. He wrote the essay and submitted it for the prize, fearing it would meet universal dissent, but there was unexpected acclaim, not so much in accord with his position, but with admiration for his reasoning. It won him the prize and was subsequently published. Instilled with confidence, hailed as a professional writer and philosopher, and suddenly freed to follow his inclinations, he became a powerful Enlightenment voice on human nature and political theory.

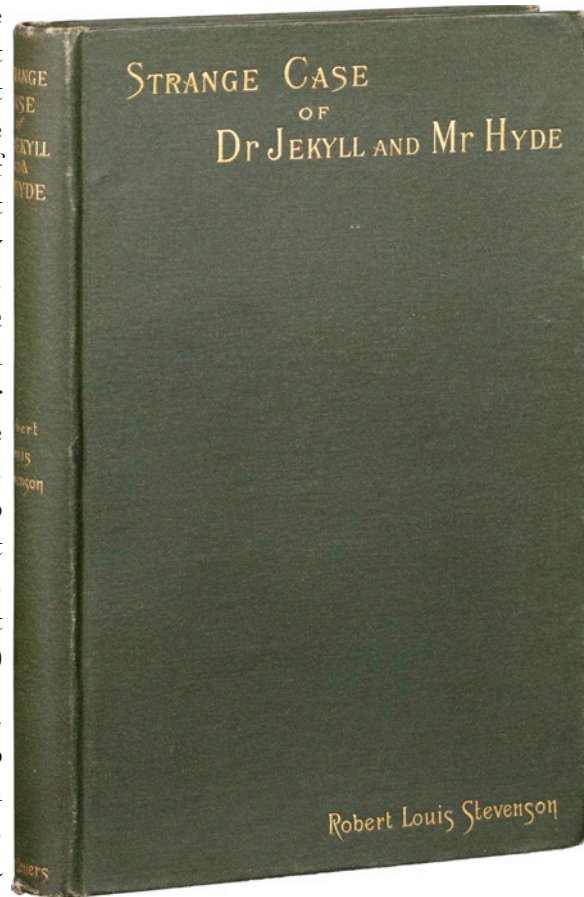
Stevenson, Robert                              **Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**  
(NY [Scribner's], 1886).

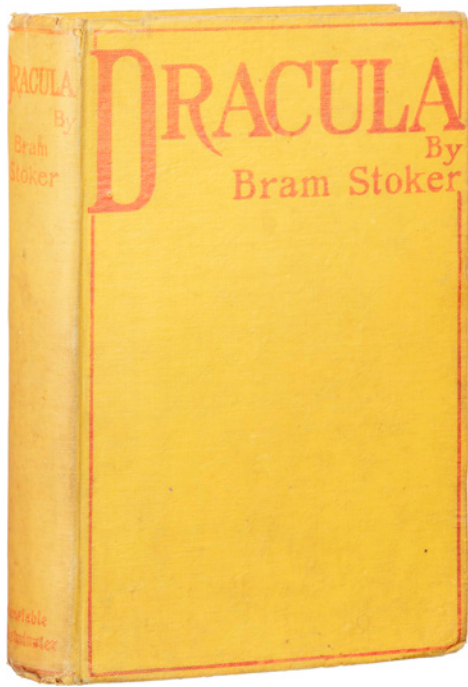
1st edition, 1st printing, preceding the London edition in wrappers by 4 days and that in cloth by 11. Equally important, our copy is in the 1st issue cloth binding, measuring 7 7/16" tall (28.6% of the 1st printing). The later issue cloth binding (almost identical) was made up from 1st edition sheets, rescued from unsold copies that had been previously trimmed for their binding in wrappers and by necessity bound to a smaller size (7 3/16"), and they are often sold, in anodyne portrayals, as 1st editions without any warning attached that they are the 2nd binding and the 2nd issue, and if a description doesn't address the binding with

measurements, or at least qualifiers, expect the copy offered to be wrong (full disclosure in book descriptions is, like AA batteries in toys, seldom included). And this kind of bibliographical deviousness exposes the low level of honor cultivated by many online booksellers, some of it just ignorance, and some of it willful, as the 2nd cloth binding is not only later but more common, as is the London edition. And the tragedy of many current booksellers is not that they know less, it's that inaccuracy bothers them less. Tiny rubs to cloth, first 3 leaves darkened from acidic offset, still near fine, and its unspoiled beauty will satisfy the urges of your id, while its price will satisfy the moral conscience of your superego, a satiating equilibrium leaving no mediation work for your ego (the last copy at auction was the 2nd binding, 2nd issue, and it sold for \$9,375 at HA, Oct 15, 2020, lot 45123). **7,000**

An historic and acclaimed 1st edition. The original concept occurred to Stevenson in a nightmare, and after one discarded manuscript, he was pressed to re-engage by a plea from his wife. He rewrote the

story in 3 days, but he didn't pull the idea out of the air. His literary influence descended from some of the greats, Hoffman's *The Devil's Elixir* (1814–1816), Hogg's *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (1824), Poe's *William Wilson* (1839), and Gautier's *The Double Knight* (1840), and though Stevenson's denouement is famous, it isn't revealed until the last chapter. What comes right away is a neat burial of the exposition enveloped in an overlooked, unappreciated, and now forgotten, but cleanly articulated inspection of Victorian life at the end of that era, based on the author's own experiences with a milieu he knew well, the upper middle class, highly communal world of authoritative men. And in examining their existence, Stevenson targets the shallow hypocrisy of a social strata in which concerns about façade, such as appearance and dress, are everything. He is subtle about it, but he questions the common sense of a worldly acceptance that rests on a delusion, the strange error that personal worth depends on the thoughts, opinions and applause of strangers who are just as insecure and insincere as those they are judging, and that it is a weird life indeed (true in social media today), to be always living it in somebody else's imagination.





Stoker, Bram

**Dracula**

(London [Constable], 1897).

1st edition, 1st printing with no ad for The Shoulder of Shasta on the last integral leaf (2C4). 1st binding with no publisher's catalog. Original cloth, soiled, wear to corners and tips, inner paper hinges undetectably strengthened, small pen mark to page 54, else very good. A bibliographically correct Dracula is much scarcer than widely assumed so if you want the real 1st edition (see below) and a sound copy of it, ours is for you. **40,000**

In a reaction to the overthought and over explained, let's hike the bibliographical path of fact (facts aren't interested in your feelings) so as to carve a sturdy chronology for the 1st edition of Dracula, eliminating superfluous data, nefariously deceptive argot,

and the dizzying abuse of terms, while remembering that few bookseller's sales tactics are more sinful than knowing a book's bibliography and lying about it for undeserved profit, and few disputes are more bitter than the quarrels between those who believe an idea today and those who will believe that idea tomorrow.

**1.** The 1st edition (1st impression): All 3,000 copies of the 1st printing have the last integral leaf blank, with no ad for The Shoulder of Shasta. Copies with the Shasta ad, even with no printed avowal that they are later impressions, are not later issues, or later bindings, or later states, they are all reprints (the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th printings), and in today's candor they should not be called 1st editions (despite A. B. A. A.'s archaic glossary of terms), and when they are, it is a wicked duplicity, rationalized by now antiquated terminology, misused to mislead. And you should pay no more, percentagewise, for a Dracula with the Shasta ad than you would pay for any other book that stated "2nd impression" or "2nd printing" or "2nd edition" or had a number line ending in "2" or "3" or "4" (Book Code).

There were 2 bindings of the 1st printing, priority as below.

**A.** Bound without a publisher's catalog. The rational argument for the priority of our state A is that all of Stoker's presentation copies dated in late May and June, all of the earliest publisher's presentation copies, a deposit copy, and all the early review copies, have no catalog (there may be an outlier but in my 45 years I've seen dozens of these markers). This evidence should be dispositive.

**B.** Bound with an undated publisher's advertisement catalog listing no books published after 1897. The last book published that's listed in this ad catalog is Warren's editing of The Faerie Queene, its first 2 volumes published early in 1897 (Dalby's bibliography missed it). The frail argument for the equality of state B is convoluted, with 4 "ifs", but here it is. **If** all 3,000 copies of the 1st

printing were bound before publication (there is no indication of this), and **if** the ad catalog was inserted into the first available copies until the supply was exhausted, and **if** the remaining copies of the 1st printings were bound without a catalog seeing as no subsequent catalog was yet available, then it could be fantasized, that **if** the publisher aimed to get the maximum number of copies with his ads into the hands of the retail buying public, he might have chosen, as a business strategy, to send author's copies to Stoker, deposit copies to wherever, free copies to reviewers, and publisher's copies to friends, without the catalog.

**Reality:** The analysis for 1-A stands beyond lucid argument. It's the 1st binding. The analysis for 1-B, hinging on the publisher intentionally, exclusively, and successfully, selecting those copies with an ad catalog for retail sale only, is an illusory strategy that has not been demonstrated elsewhere in late Victorian publishing. Also, *Dracula* (published May 26) did not sell all that fast and it is almost certain that not all copies were initially bound, and the B binding was in fact bound later, adding the catalog. It's the 2nd binding, and the 2nd issue.

2. The later editions: Copies of all the earliest re-printings carry an ad for The Shoulder of Shasta on the final integral leaf. The fact that the leaf is integral to the last signature is what separates this ad point from the usual ones as it is part of the text's printing process and inseparable from the actual text, and it was printed with the text. This is much like additions to, or deletions from, the text in books of this vintage that often signify later printings. Clearly then, all copies with the Shasta ad are reprints, being the 2nd, 3rd, or 4th printing, and calling them "1st edition, 2nd state" or "1st edition, 2nd issue" is a charade, and if you own one, you have been duped. The 5th printing added "fifth impression" to the verso of the title page. Trying to divide and identify the 2nd, 3rd and 4th printings from one another is imprecise but the 2nd printing has the Shasta ad and most copies of it were bound with no inserted catalog of other ads following this leaf. The 3rd printing also carries the Shasta ad and most copies of it have an undated inserted catalog following this leaf listing some books published after *Dracula's* May 26, 1897 publication date. The 4th printing still includes the Shasta ad and most copies of it have an inserted catalog dated 1898 following this leaf. And, as noted, copies of the 5th printing have the notation, "fifth impression."

**NOTE:** Mixed states (bindings) occur but it is the blank integral last page with no Shasta ad, on which one should reliably lean as the definer of the 1st edition.

**NOTE:** At some point the supply of paper used on the earliest copies ran out and the new supply of paper was coated and thinner. Since no copies of the 1st printing were printed on thinner paper, and many copies of the 2nd printing were printed on thicker paper, it isn't a factor, only a distracting confuser. Ignore it.

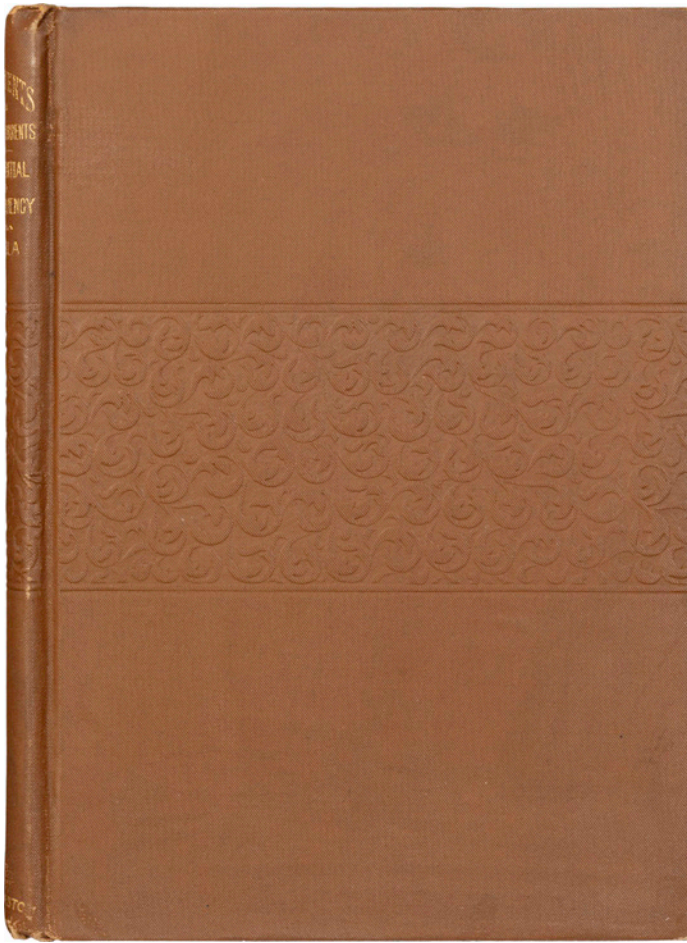
**BEWARE:** Reprints in original cloth are seen with the Shasta ad removed and replaced with a blank leaf of similar paper. Savvy buyers should examine this area with all the care exercised by porcupines during sex, and mistrust (avoid), for that reason, any rebound copy, unless it is an early dated presentation copy.

## the oscillating zap

Tesla, Nikola

### **Experiments With Alternate Currents of High Potential and High Frequency** (NY [W. J. Johnston], 1892).

1st edition. Contains a brief biography, a portrait, and 146 pages of text and illustrations describing Tesla's celebrated May 1891 lecture at the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and connected lectures to electrical engineers in Europe. In them he expounded the merits and integrities of alternating curret



and demeaned the failings of direct current, a visionary insight that drove the world to adopt Tesla's findings and use them to power civilization to this day. Original brown blindstamped cloth (also seen in light tan and green), 4 pages of ads at the end, inner paper hinges neatly strengthened, a big chip to a corner of the rear free endpaper repaired, else near fine, the cloth noticeably brilliant. Often called rare, and then priced as if it is rare, but it isn't. **800**

Electricity is composed of minute particles called electrons which you can't see unless you are using very high quality drugs. As for me, I still don't understand why I can't toast a grilled

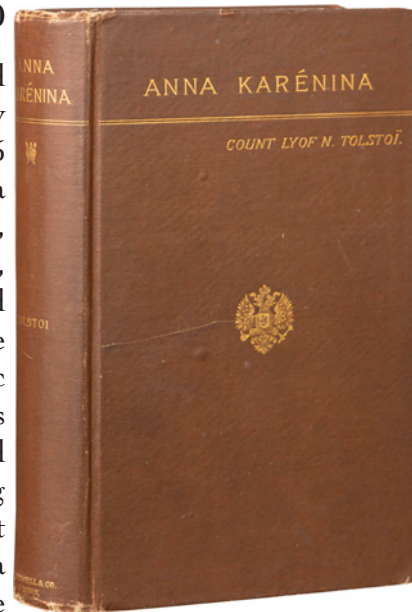
cheese sandwich on an electric guitar, but I do understand business, and the reason Tesla never got rich (his life was a melancholy country song) was because he kept trying to wow people instead of trying to sell to them, and anyway, all the money made on electric power went to the company that thought up that meter they hang on your house. And speaking of domestic utilities, I would not want to give up the benefits of modern home electricity, but it does not escape me that the technology powered by it is a sneaky, attention demanding servant, that has enticed us to turn our backs on quiet and become more tolerant of noise. So unaware, and high on ease, we stand by and watch, as silence slips into legend.

Tolstoi, Lyof [Leo Tolstoy]

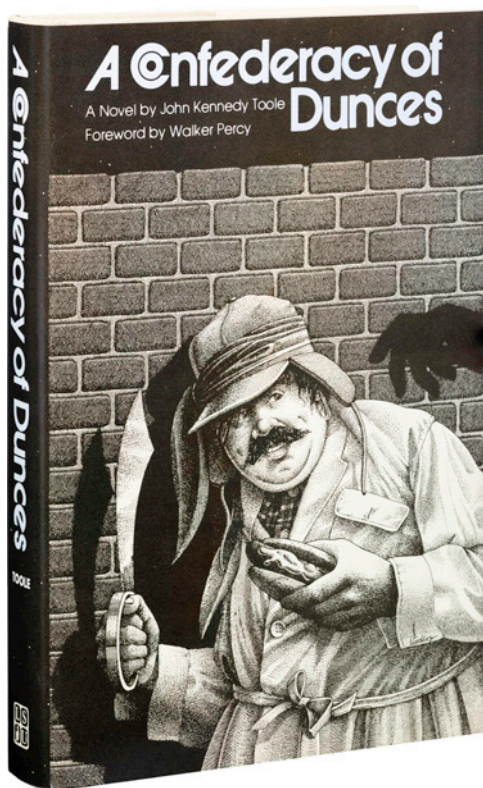
**Anna Karenina**  
(NY [Crowell], 1886).

1st edition in English, preceding the London edition. 1st printing with Crowell's signet on the title page and the page opposite blank, and if the signet is missing it's a reprint, and when wrongly called a later state, or later issue, or ignored, it's deceit, and though such self-defeating tactics are so prevalent in bookselling that they can't be outlawed, they should be outgrown. Are there sellers who do it right? There are. And their essential and exceptional maturity differentiates them from the others. 5 pages of ads at end (4 is ok too if no Russian translations are listed), Rand Avery imprint (Ward Avery also seen and that is puzzling). Original cloth, bookplate, spine tips worn, else very good. A common 1st edition, scarcer when it's correct but customarily overvalued. **500**

After writing *War and Peace*, Tolstoy realized that every facet of war could be found in any respectable domestic relationship, so he took 5 years to write *Anna*, a serious bid to construct a perfect novel. His themes integrated hypocrisy, society, jealousy, fidelity, family, faith, progress, passion, and the agrarian connection to the land contrasted against city life. His dual plotline paired the, at first, contented but ultimately tragic story of Anna and Alexei with the, at first, tenuous but ultimately fulfilling marriage of Kitty and Konstantin, the key figure in each being the young officer Vronsky. Tolstoy only said of Anna that she was beautiful and could see in the dark like a cat, leaving her image for the reader's eye, and he carefully crafted his technique to suit the characters and events. Each scene has its distinctive cadence, syntax and imagery, and the style, content, and structure are polished and refined into an utterly symmetrical pair of relationships, places, and events. He announced his premise and predicted this symmetry in the opening sentence, saying, "All happy families resemble one another, every unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion." Kitty and Konstantin find meaning, not because their life is without sorrow but because they sacrifice for each other, pardon each other, and desire each other's happiness. Anna's story is one of fatal attraction. For what appears to be love, but on a deeper level is ego, Anna and Vronsky renounce family, reputation, health, and finally life. Her last chance at recovery passes when her husband won't risk the consequences of a divorce on his career and threatens her with the loss of her son, a separation she refuses to consider. Today she'd just insist on a divorce, at any price, forsaking everything, because children grow up, and shape their bond with each parent for themselves, time passes, and all but the most bruised move on. And speaking of moving on, I've now been divorced so long, I'm starting to forget what's wrong with me.



Toole, John



**A Confederacy of Dunces**  
(Baton Rouge [LSU Press], 1980).

1st edition. **Signed on the title, in ink, by Walker Percy who wrote the introduction and helped get the book published.** Fine in fine 1st printing dustjacket with the title lettering on the front cover in the palest gray (not darker gray or blue), matching review copies. A jacket at the apex, not compromised in any way, and there's something soothing about a book that's flawless, because books from this vintage, are fairly common when they have any wear at all. And though not fine copies can look similar to fine ones, so do hemlock and parsley, and the value of imperfect 1st editions from the 1980s will, ultimately, disappear like soap bubbles, prove more dangerous than a 2 year old with a hammer, and bestow less joy than an afternoon of electroshock. Behind every flawed postmodern 1st edition is an opportunity somebody wishes they'd missed. **7,000**

Vargas, Alberto

**It's a Survey, Darling,  
They Want to Know What You're Watching**  
(Los Angeles, 1977).

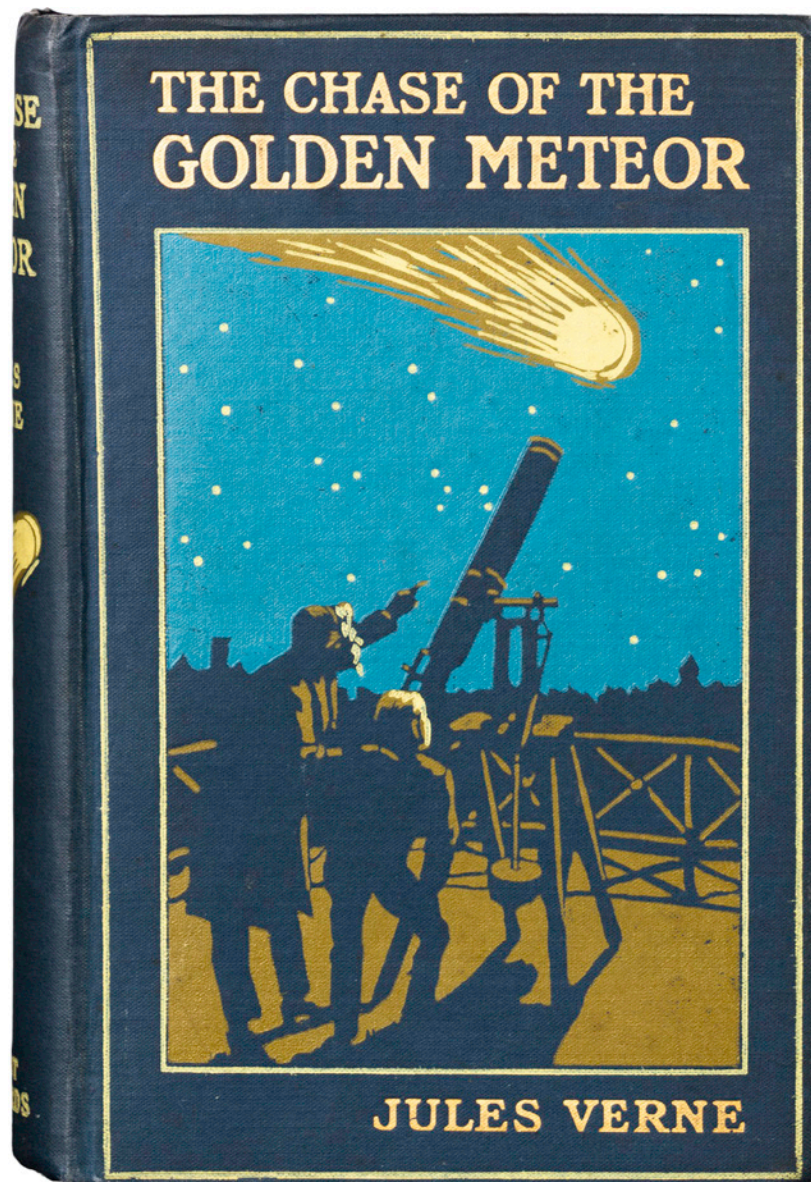
**Fabulously ethereal watercolor and graphite on thin paper (20" X 28").** Painted for a Feb. 1977 Playboy Magazine interior illustration (and not all are). **Pencil note to the printer in the upper right corner reads, "Redhead, black smoke negligee, black satin ribbon, white phone" (the ribbon was changed to ice blue when published and all the color was intensified, but in Playboy's printed picture she didn't turn out quite as pretty).** A lackluster alternative caption in pencil ("Please talk loud and clear Mister Reid. This butterfly coming out of the cocoon will bug you!"), is written along the extreme upper margin (not shown in our picture). Near fine. Framed with UV. Ex-Alberto Vargas, his estate stamp of authentication on the verso, an irrefutable provenance since it is attached to the art. Vargas (1896–1982) was dismissed in fine art circles as merely an illustrator. He laughed, bathed in his fame, and didn't care. **11,000**

The auction record for a Vargas Playboy interior painting is \$179,250 on Feb. 27, 2010. 2 more recent sales were \$68,750 and \$100,000 both on Oct. 12, 2018, and a similar, lesser version of our painting, on board, sold for \$25,000, also in 2018.



REDHEAD  
BLACK SMOKE NEGLIGEE  
BLACK SATIN RIBBON  
WHITE PHONE





Verne, Jules

**The Chase of the Golden Meteor**

(London [Richards], 1909 but really November 1908).

1st edition in English. Original blue cloth (the hottest stars are blue). Fine. 200

The plot is Verne's take on H. G. Wells' *In the Days of the Comet* (1904) and this edition of it has never been scarce, even when it's fine. Right now there are 20 copies in cloth for sale, with fine ones at \$500 to \$800, verifying that sellers can't find buyers at those prices (obstinate sellers, cautious buyers), and the only way seller and buyer can defeat this kind of inertia, is to unite at a fair price in a market driven alliance of reason. So seek union but don't support irrationality, and hide your frustration, since it will do you no lasting good to call out a stubborn bookseller and tell him, or her, "your end of the boat is sinking" (Book Code).

## more personal than humiliating desires

Woolf, Virginia

**Kew Gardens**

(London [Hogarth], 1927).

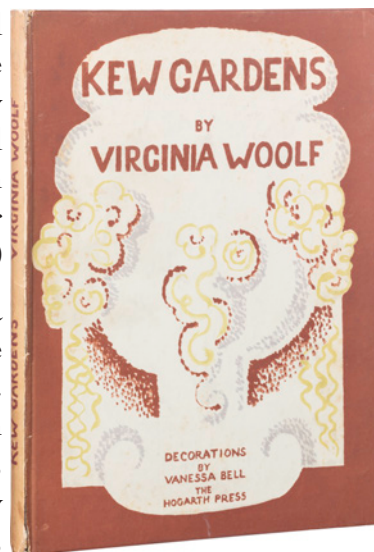
1st hardbound separate edition, the 3rd separate edition of all, and the 1st fully illustrated edition (“decorations by Vanessa Bell”). Woolf’s 3rd book, 1 of 500, after editions in wrappers of 150 in May 1919 and 500 the next month. Original boards, edges and spine worn (not rebacked), else very good. Increasingly common and easy to find, but usually valued beyond its worth, that is, at its fall guy price plus a premium for the wear and tear on the seller’s conscience for demanding it. But our price is the right price. 450

4 groups of people, on a summer day, pass by a flowerbed in London’s botanical gardens. None are alone but each is lost in his or her own thoughts. Woolf’s devices are laid milder than the breath of a hummingbird, embracing imagery, allegory, and symbolism, and her themes are outrageously numerous for such a short story, joining passion, regret, modernization, contentment, uncertainty, love, indirectness, connection, passivity, youth, paralysis, senility, letting go, awe and amazement, society and class, memory and the past, loneliness and isolation, women and femininity, men and the natural world, and different versions of reality. A snail and the flowers contribute their own part to the story, as does the surprise in children’s voices, along with the surrounding garden, its heat, colors, noise and movements. And in the end Woolf’s focus retreats from the garden to the city for a final contrast.

Kew Gardens is a modernist tale awash in the trivial (to feed a modernist, place the food in your palm, hold your hand flat, stand still, and let them approach you). It’s also a feminist tale, originally written in the jubilant days when women won the right to vote (U. K. 1918, U. S. 1920), though what’s still needed is 1 line in the U. S. Constitution saying: “Men and women have equal status under the law.” Contrast those days, 100 years ago, against our time when, in reflection, the history of men’s opposition to women’s enfranchisement, is in some ways more interesting, and in all ways more peculiar, than the history of that enfranchisement itself.

∞ *End of Catalog 63* ∞

“I lift my glass to the awful truth,  
Which you can’t reveal to the ears of youth,  
Except to say it isn’t worth a dime.  
And I miss you since the place got wrecked.  
And I love you now there’s nothing left,  
It’s closing time.” –Leonard Cohen (scrambled from his original)



**CODA:** What is behind a Bibliotopus catalog?

What you hold in your hands is a calculatedly biased selection of our wares, this one swollen with the less expensive. Even so, Catalog 63 is an overview of what we sell and how we sell it, and the descriptions of the items should be an insight into what we do and how we do it, and within that insight is an outspoken philosophy, a candid exposure of what we think and why we think it. For 40 years we have been innovating all aspects of bookselling. Now we are inclined to hold our outward form, to superficially appear a constant, but within that glittery exterior we will continue to revolutionize uninhibitedly. What we buy will shift to mirror shifting demand and our analysis of why tastes have changed, but we will hold to our way of selling it. Can we produce commercial catalogs that harken folk art? No one cares but us. Can I write within commercial confines and evoke literature? On that, here is Bob Dylan in response to winning his Nobel Prize:

“I was out on the road when I received this surprising news, and it took me more than a few minutes to properly process it. I began to think about William Shakespeare, the great literary figure. I would reckon he thought of himself as a dramatist. The thought that he was writing literature couldn’t have entered his head. His words were written for the stage. Meant to be spoken not read. When he was writing Hamlet, I’m sure he was thinking about a lot of different things: ‘Who’re the right actors for these roles?’ ‘How should this be staged?’ ‘Do I really want to set this in Denmark?’ His creative vision and ambitions were no doubt at the forefront of his mind, but there were also more mundane matters to consider and deal with. ‘Is the financing in place?’ ‘Are there enough good seats for my patrons?’ ‘Where am I going to get a human skull?’ I would bet that the farthest thing from Shakespeare’s mind was the question ‘Is this literature?’”

The end of Dylan’s ambling thoughts circle back:

“Like Shakespeare, I too am often occupied with the pursuit of my creative endeavors and dealing with all aspects of life’s mundane matters. ‘Who are the best musicians for these songs?’ ‘Am I recording in the right studio?’ ‘Is this song in the right key?’ Some things never change, even in 400 years. Not once have I ever had the time to ask myself, ‘Are my songs literature?’ So, I do thank the Swedish Academy, both for taking the time to consider that very question, and, ultimately, for providing such a wonderful answer.” –Bob Dylan, 2016.

Now, if Bob Dylan (the unrivaled lyricist) and William Shakespeare (the unrivaled playwright) were unlikely to have deemed their works literature, who am I, writing these Bibliotopus trifles, to do so when book catalogs are geometrically more distant from the core of literature than are lyrics or plays? The plain answer is, I don’t, and never have. I facetiously call them folk art, but it’s not about redefining, it’s about personal aims. My aims. I am a curious fellow, and ambitious, but I am lazy, and yet, my sole tenet is that good writing is obsessive rewriting in search of perfection. So I push past my laziness, rewrite slowly, accept that I will make both mistakes and poor choices, but zealously struggle for, and then fall short of, the impossibly haughty and unrealistic goal of perfect writing, because striving for, then falling short of, that ideal is the only way I know to at least generate excellence, and that is what carries me to unnaturally lofty performances. Far beyond what might be imaginable from the ordinary guy who is myself.