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Booth 105

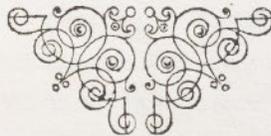
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LES TROIS  
MOUSQUETAIRES

PAR

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

—  
Tome premier.



BRUXELLES,  
ALPH. LEBÈGUE ET SACRÉ FILS,  
IMPRIMEURS-ÉDITEURS.

—  
1844

**The real 1st edition of The Three Musketeers (see Dumas)**

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

# *Biblioctopus*

*1st editions of the classics of fiction*

## **Catalog 58**

### **Optimism's Muse**

**or, The Refractions of Authenticity**

**I. L. A. B. Book Fair**

**Pasadena, California**

**February 9, 10, and 11, 2018**

### **A CATALOG OF ITEMS ON DISPLAY AND FOR SALE AT BOOTH 105**

Books and manuscripts

interspersed with an unanticipatedly wide array of connected items, 650 BC–1987 AD,  
all intentionally selected to demonstrate the range of disciplines in which our curiosity manifests,  
most cataloged in the disruptive and bawdy style you have come to expect and seem willing to indulge,  
some enhanced by rants and assaults from the scrolls of book collecting (Book Code),  
and others that drift into those philosophical diversions captured as  
The Tao of the Octopus.

The ninth 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,  
without abandoning the pleasantest forms and traditions, loosely characterized as  
the virtues of precedent.

**Biblioctopus is womanned by Jen the Zen (The Jeneral)**

**Director: Alex Hime**

**Text by Mark Hime**

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

**Warning Label: Catalog With An Attitude**

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

**Basics:** All entries include the 6 bookselling necessities, **1.** Author (or subject, or its equivalent on related items), **2.** Title (or its equivalent on related items), **3.** Place of publication (if confirmable and undisputed, or if disputed, addressed in the text), **4.** Date of publication (or circa), **5.** An externally considered, morally stalwart bibliographical conclusion, and **6.** A physical description, typically in that order. Practical limits in a commercial listing of 25,000 words preclude a complete, all-embracing analysis but any aspect selected for an aside in any single entry, follows the evaluation of many relevant factors at once, their interdependence, comparative importance, and consequences. We strive to weigh the possibilities fully, and 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 whether it has merit.

**Sticker Joy:** We price everything to challenge other comparable items of like kind, type, brand, and grade, so everything is marked to market (or has been remarked to market) by recent world wide survey, the resolute and ongoing commitment being that no one is offering a finer example at our price, and no one is offering an equal example for less. And there is a conspicuous mutuality present here, *victoria sine victimas* (victory without victims), so we rapidly identify, are acutely conscious of, and actively shield you from, all detrimental business externalities. That said, this is a live book fair, and someone may show up with an item we could not track.

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

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

**Trust:** Declaring we sell aspirational quality drives us to deliver that expectation. We know that excellence makes people nervous, but try to get past any general fears of something new, and rely on your own good instincts.

**Timeliness:** Mailed catalogs are distributed together from a detached, and independent postal service, but logically, everything is subject to prior sale.

**Illustrations:** Photography is accomplished with a zealous industry using a macro lensed 24.3 megapixel full frame camera that conveys reliable views of all items. We covet pretty pictures, but nothing is deliberately positioned to conceal its flaws, the connected text candidly, and completely, depicts the item being offered, not just the deficiencies peculiar to, and observable in, the photo, and those angles on, or sides of, items not visible in the picture, have their failings articulated with tenacious clarity. And because this catalog describes a live exhibition, everything is here for you to see.

**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 employing hypnotizing enhancements like fine plus, fine indeed, very fine, unusually fine, extremely fine, exceptionally fine, exceedingly fine, unbelievably fine, or unimaginably fine. We shun all rules linked to use of the comma and overuse parentheses, employing both as it suits us to support tempo. We are friends with grammar but do not serve it. 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. Items accredited as “Ex–somebody” were once owned by that person. “Contemporary” (as used here) means parallel to publication day. “Vellum” (as used here) means any parchment made from, or made to appear as from, animal hide (not explicitly calf), and any assigning of leather species is only our ablest evaluation. “Postmodern” (as used here) means “after W. W. II” no more, no less. The notation “Book Code” follows book collecting guidance, attacks, and rants.

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

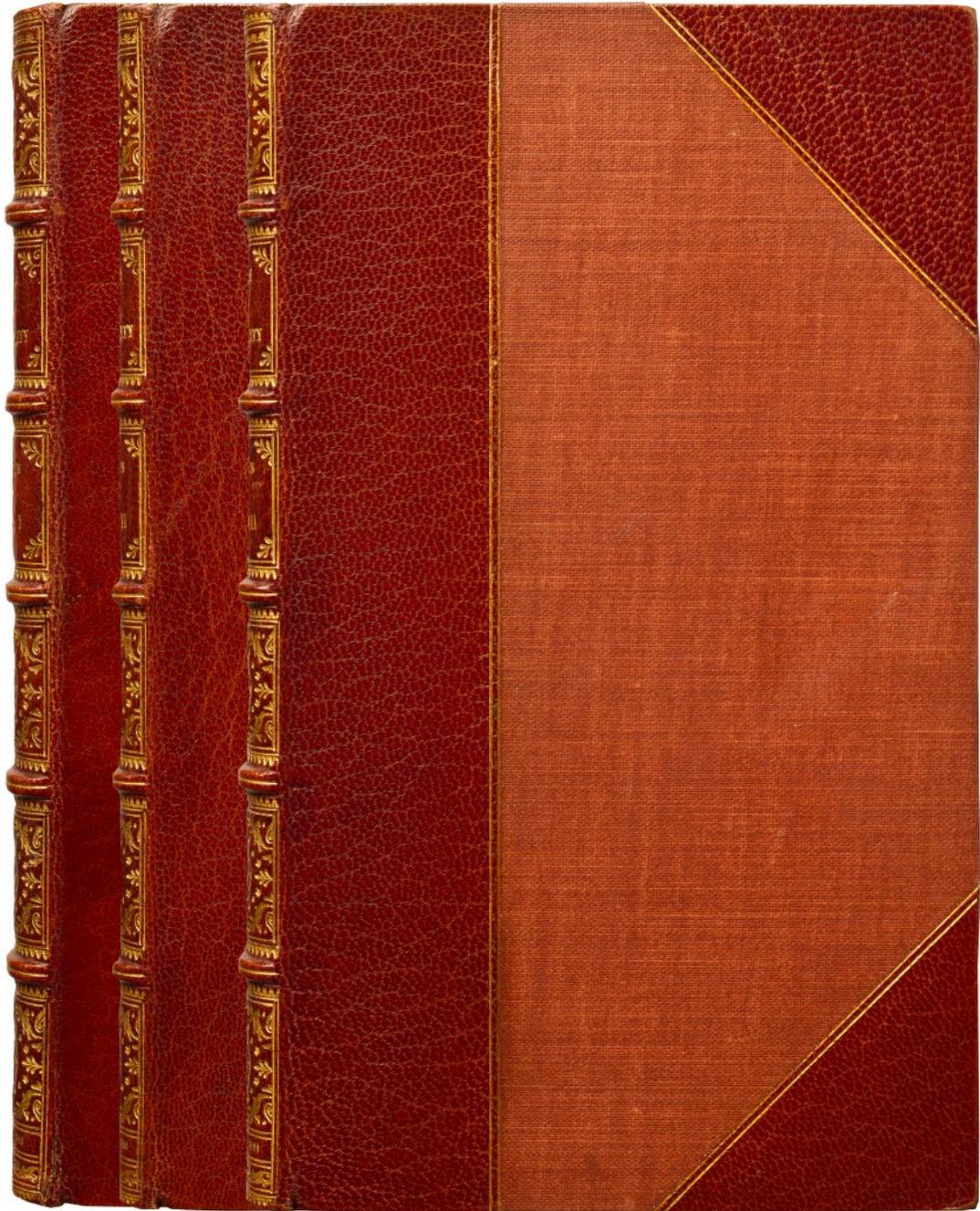
**Free Delivery:** You can take your book home from the fair or have it sent by second day FedEx at our expense, though we may take a week to wrap it.

**Ecology:** Biblioctopus is 100% green with the carbon footprint of a raindrop. All items for sale have been recycled, most more than once, but (see Free Delivery) we don’t use secondhand packing materials, so if consuming Fed–Ex boxes to ship your items causes the polar ice caps to melt, I’m sorry, surf’s up.

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

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

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Austen

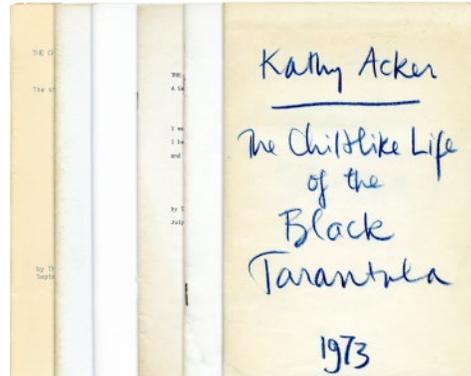
**Catalog 58 is Conceitedly Dedicated to the Memory of the Great  
John F. Fleming**

**mutinously bohemian**

Acker, Kathy

**The Childlike Life  
of the Black Tarantula**  
(San Diego, 1973).

6 vols. 1st edition of her rarest book, the first of her 3 novels serialized in sequential parts, printed on varying paper, self-published, and either mailed or given to subscribers only. Title written on the cover of part 1, else near fine, and complete. **3,500**



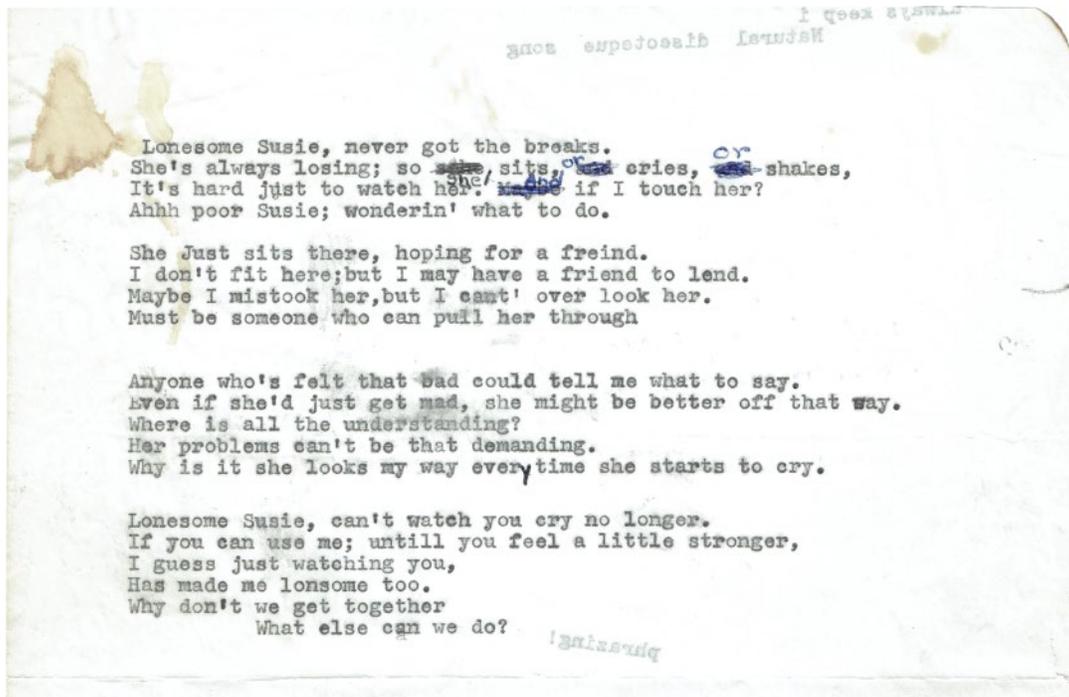
Here's The Kathy, feminism's perennial porcupine, always copulation positive, more personal than a set of fingerprints, and more energetic than a gamma ray photon. But now it's 2018 and genderness has transformed, so here are 2 clothing tips for you single guys. If she puts on an apron don't say a word, and if she gets undressed, and her underwear matches, it wasn't you who decided to have sex.

Austen, Jane

**Sense and Sensibility**  
(London, 1811).

3 vols. 1st edition. Her first and rarest book (753 copies printed). 19th century 3/4 brown morocco over lighter brown cloth. Fine, cleaner than alpine air, and smoother than a record company executive, and it's complete, with all 3 genuine half-titles, and buying a 1st edition of Sense and Sensibility without the half-titles is more dangerous than handing a gun to a monkey. **65,000**

Jane Austen arrived on Earth in a ray of sunlight (komorebi) and proceeded to invent romantic comedy. Sense and Sensibility's reigning theme contrasts neoclassic and romantic, but its minor themes are plentiful, insisting that the best proof of love is trust, regretting that excitement and familiarity are hard to find in one person, speculating that all tests of love end badly, whispering in a voice quieter than decency, that the days that make us happy are the days that make us wise, showing that none of us are any better than the things that annoy us, revealing that love is what's left of a relationship after all the selfishness has been removed, and cautioning us to be suspicious of all extraordinary and groundless civilities. And Austen employed her ideas with such an artful touch that 207 years later the book is still read and beloved, well beyond the cult that worships her. Some academics call it satire, some call it social criticism, but the guiding motivation is really irony, and my only complaint is that the young women are all milkshakes, leaving me yearning for an occasional cup of coffee.



a song from Big Pink

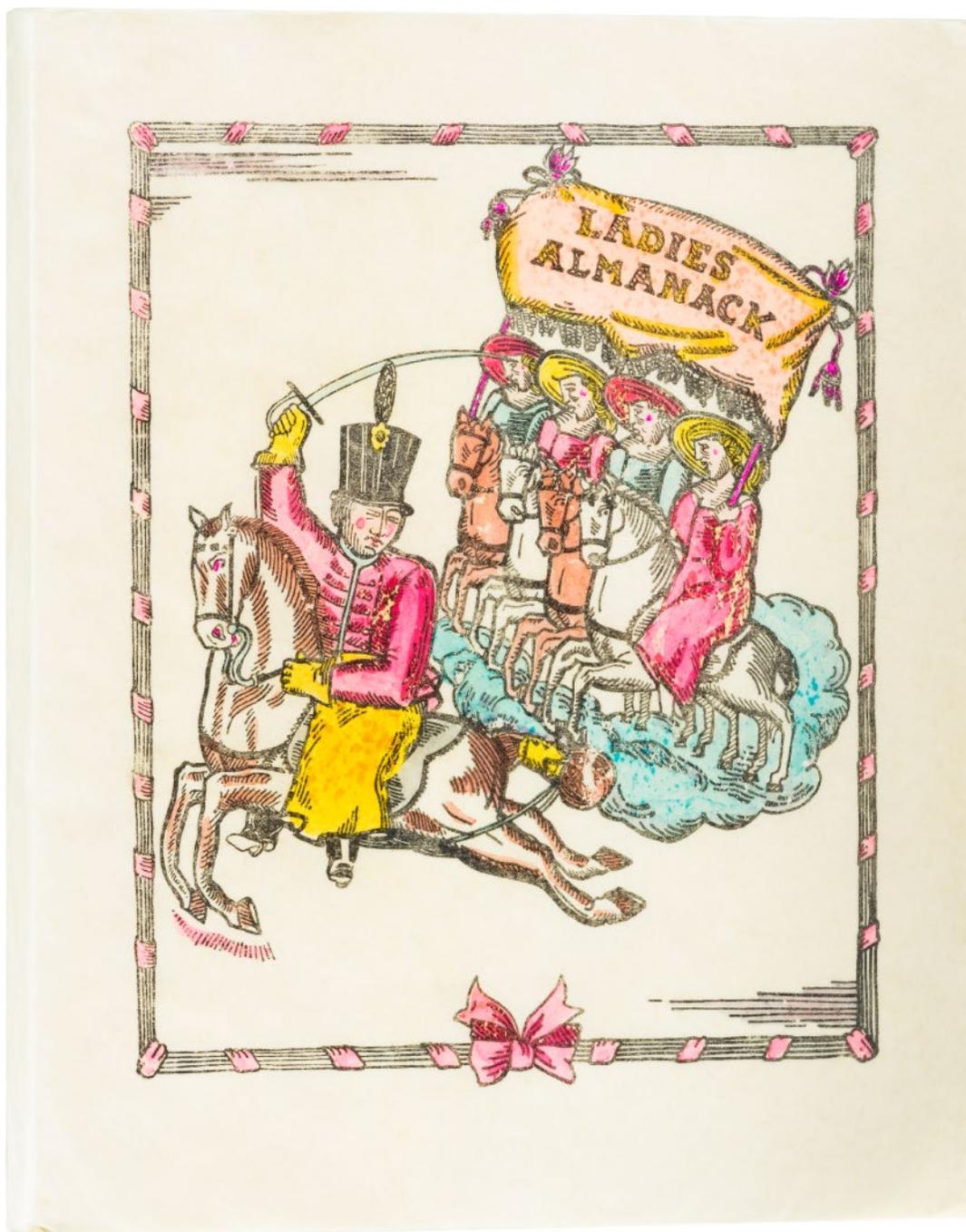
[The Band]

Lonesome Susie

(West Saugerties [NY], 1968).

Richard Manuel's typed, working manuscript of Lonesome Susie, with his 5 final handwritten changes, amending the lyrics from the song he typed to the song as recorded. The 9th track on The Band's 1968 first album, Music From Big Pink. The complete lyrics in 19 lines (159 words), on one side of a sheet of 8 1/2" X 11" paper. Some stains and edge wear, a few unrelated, typed words and a pencil scribble on the back, else very good. The only manuscript from Music From Big Pink that I have ever seen for sale, and this one is cooler than sending somebody else to pick up your laziest person award. Ex-Sotheby's NY, Dec. 10, 2016, lot 3 (purchased by private treaty). **8,000**

In 1966 and 1967, the 5 members of The Band played behind Bob Dylan in all his live concerts, and were his co-musicians on The Basement Tapes. Big Pink was the name given to personify the house shared by 3 of them in West Saugerties, New York. Dylan wrote 2 of the album's songs, painted the cover, and guided their debut with élan. The album became legendarily influential. Eric Clapton said Music From Big Pink's roots rock style convinced him to quit Cream, and Roger Waters said it affected Pink Floyd deeply, calling it, "the second most influential record in the history of rock, after Sgt. Pepper." All 5 musicians played on Lonesome Susie, Richard Manuel-piano (he also sang the lead vocal), Robbie Robertson-electric guitar, Rick Danko-bass guitar, Garth Hudson-organ and soprano saxophone, and Levon Helm-drums.



Barnes, Djuna

**Ladies Almanack**  
(Paris, 1928).

1st edition (in English). Number 4 of only 10 copies on Verge de Vidalon, hand colored by Barnes, signed by her, and also a presentation copy to Lady Rothermere, and signed again. Original wrappers, fine in fine dustjacket, a fresh, faultless copy, and other copies aren't.

18,750

What may seem like a random array of items cast through our catalogs, that are neither books nor manuscripts, do relate, in that all are written, printed, painted, minted, stamped, typed, cast, carved, drawn, autographed, annotated, corrected, engraved, embossed, photocopied, mimeographed, photographed or lithographed (I justify these techniques as, after all, a form of imprinting). We have built incomparable private collections of all of them. Interested? We can gather one for you, guided by your preferences and piloted by our unique understanding of 20 different disciplines and 20 different markets, their similarities and dissimilarities.



iconic Los Angeles artifact

[Baseball]

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

14-karat white gold World Series ring presented to Don Zimmer (shortstop). The original 1/2 carat diamond is set in the face, with "Los Angeles World Champions" in raised lettering around the perimeter (their first L. A. championship). The left shank has bats, a ball, and Zimmer's name, the right has the team logo, "1959" and an image of the L. A. City Hall. **"Balfour 14K" stamped inside the band.** Fine condition. Genuine. Rarer than a thirsty fish. **30,000**

Championship ring production numbers, in all sports, increased geometrically after 1965, and actual player rings are many times scarcer and carry a core authenticity that is many times more desirable, than rings for surrounding personnel. The L. A. home games were stunning, played before 92,000 fans at The Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum while Dodger Stadium was being built.

# 1939 Batman manuscript

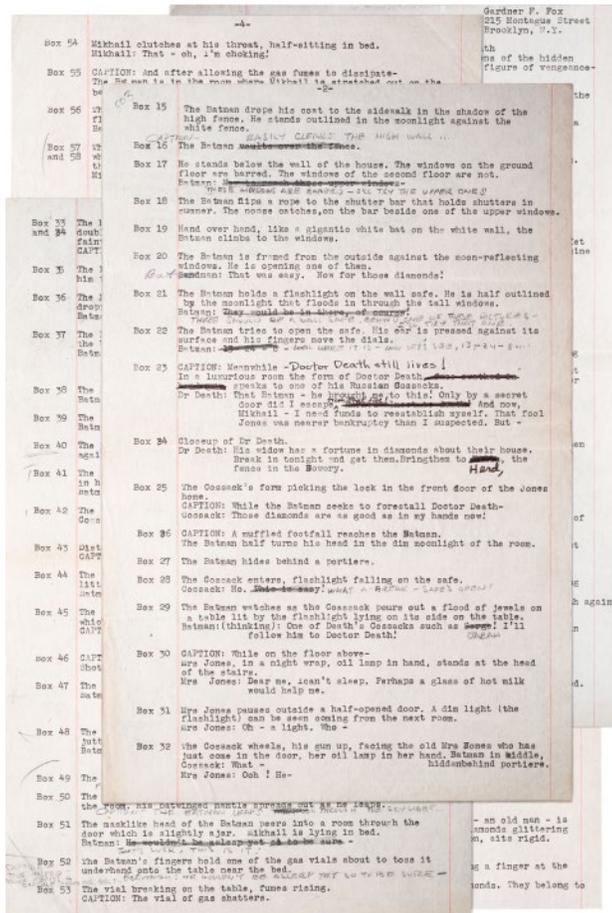
[Batman]

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

Original hand corrected typescript. The complete story from Detective Comics #30, here titled "The Batman and the Diamonds of Death" (the title was changed when it was published to "The Return of Dr. Death"). 5 pages (8" X 13") 1,500 words plus 196 words of handwritten ink and pencil changes, additions, deletions, and corrections, including a rewrite of the last scene on the back of page 5, with a pencil drawing of a gliding Batman.

Very good. This is Dark Knight incunabulum, and rare as a one ended stick. I know of no other Batman manuscripts from this vintage, or even from near this vintage. In fact, all DC superhero manuscripts before 1945 are rare. Ex-Bob Kane. Ex-Mario Sacripante, part of a dispersal of Kane's abandoned papers that included the only known proof pages from Detective Comics 27, the first appearance of Batman. So this is a one-off, and the chances of seeing something like it again are the same as the chances of sitting in a chair with your mouth open and having a nicely roasted duck fly into it. 19,000

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

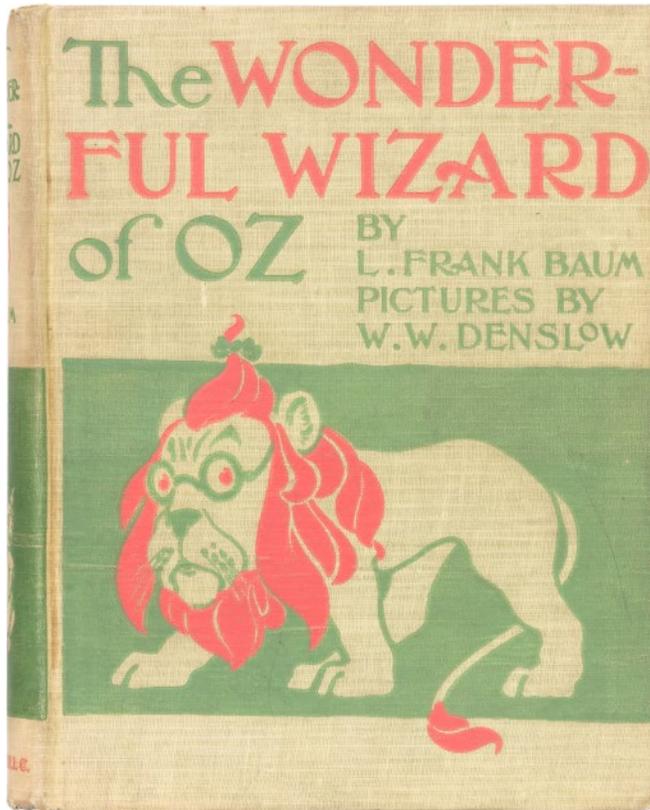


## let's get honest about bibliographical terms

Baum, L. Frank

**The Wonderful Wizard of Oz**  
(Chicago, 1900).

1st edition. Technically, by antiquated formalities, a later issue of the 1st edition, but this is terminology being raped. Let me say this clearly. All copies of the 1st printing of this book have the publisher's imprint at the base of the spine in green, and every copy of this book with the publisher's spine imprint in red is a later printing, because the book was reprinted many times before any changes were



made to the text, plates, or title page, so descriptions that articulate printing points and don't mention that the copy is still a reprint are a deception. These days, 1st edition implies 1st printing, and few book descriptions dare to describe a 2nd or later printing as a 1st edition without stating clearly that it is a later printing. Not so with this book. Descriptions of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* rarely mention printing or do so erroneously, and this gets supported by archaic or inept bibliography, but every copy of it, that was sold on publication day, and for at least a month after, has the lower spine imprint in green, and that is the only real identifier

of copies from the 1st printing. So, again, any copy with the spine imprint in red and the 1st state of the text or plates is still a reprint. Now for our copy. Like most, it's a later printing. But this one is a fine copy, splendid condition, clean as a distant, utopian future, and other copies, even those for much more money do not compare in beauty to this one, anymore than a thick and oily glop of grease fit only for wagon wheels, compares to a cool little pat of butter from the neat hands of a dairymaid. And here's the jag about condition generally. Book world is like an unmonitored kindergarten class, with hundreds of bewildered toddlers trying to spell "fine" with the wrong blocks (Book Code). **4,000**

Only in America could a children's book like *The Wizard of Oz* rise up through popular culture to become the prevailing dream, and more than that,

the defacto American epic, with striking comparisons to any of the traditional epics. For just one example, we can contrast it to Homer's *The Odyssey*. The central figure comes from the heartland (Kansas), travels (in this case unwittingly) to a far away place, engages in a dangerous journey home, finds allies (head, heart and body) and overcomes incredible perils and supernatural enemies along the way. And though the protagonist is an innocent girl, not a heroic warrior, and the galaxy of bazaar supporting characters seem like what happens when circus trains collide, the epic parallels are unmistakable, and until someone writes one that captures the prevailing spirit in a way that transcends it, *The Wizard of Oz* will reign as the unique American novel that it is.

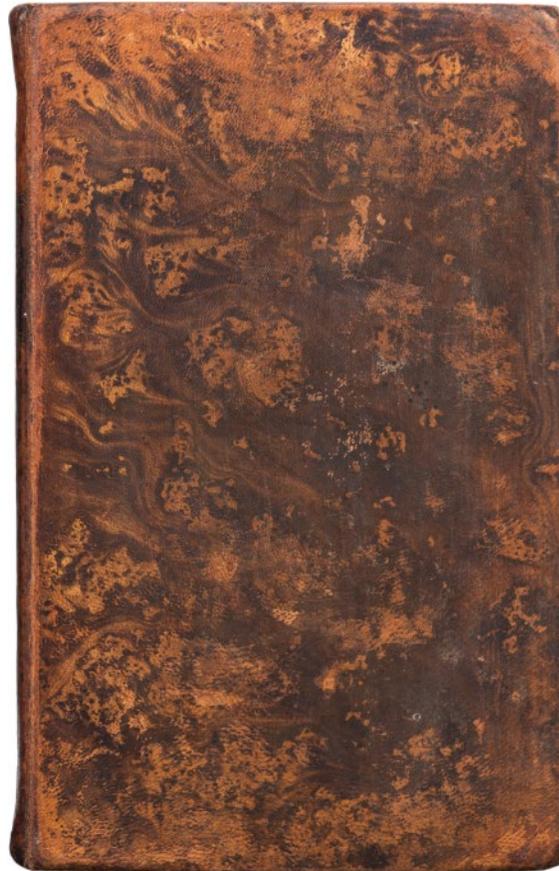
A book that would not be written today for, among other reasons, the witch's fate, which would be recast so she's embraced in an atmosphere of forgiveness and love, helped by intervention, counseling, and a support group, and led to see the error of her ways so she could become a productive member of the Oz community.

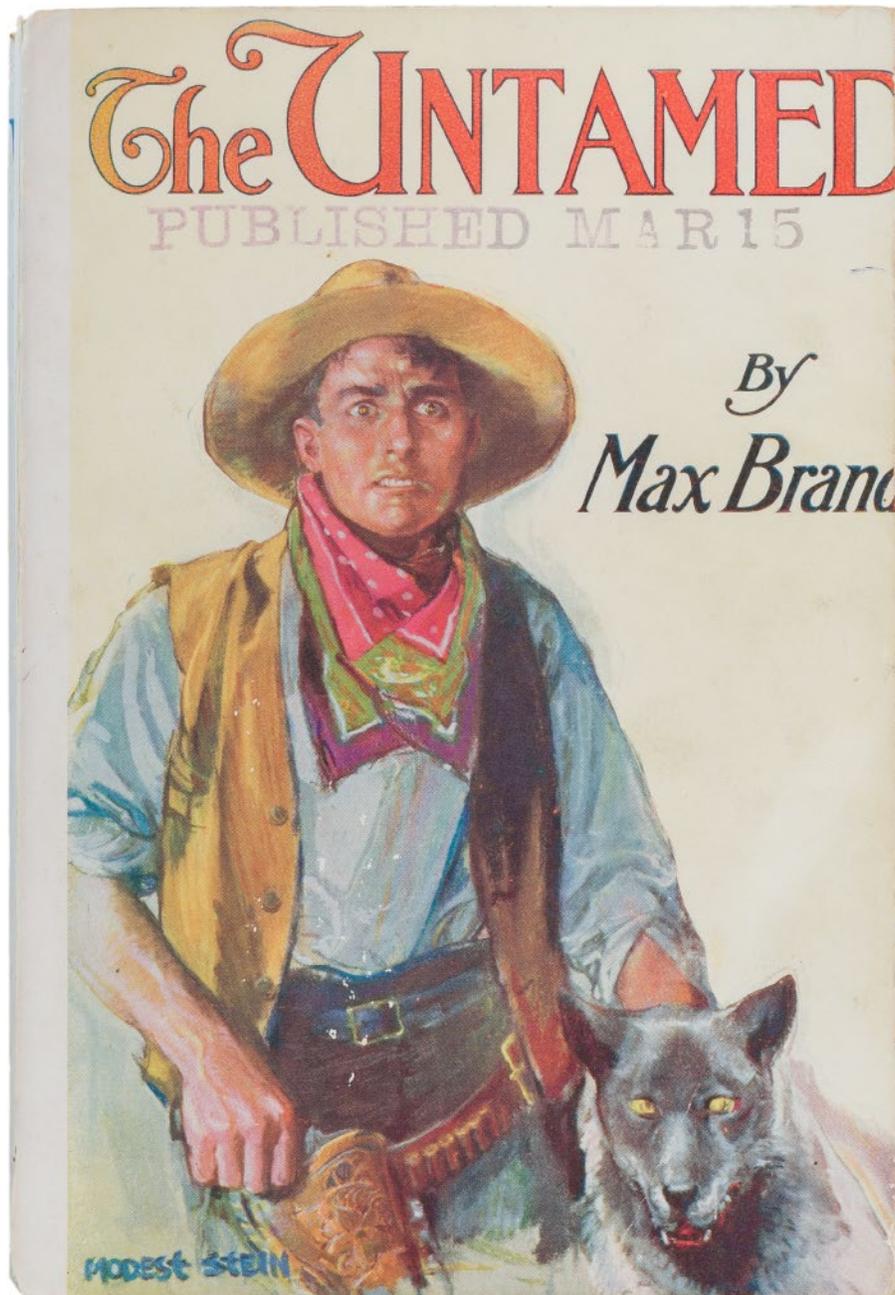
#### **scarier than ignorance in action**

[Beowulf]                    **Bjowulfs Drape**  
Translated by N. F. S. Grundtvig  
(Copenhagen, 1820).

1st edition in Danish of Beowulf, the 1st printing of it in any modern language, only preceded by Thorkelin's 1815 Latin edition, and our Danish edition is a much more accurate and more complete translation, the first adept one in any language. Contemporary full calf, fine, unrepaired, clean, and complete, a scarce book anyway, and a rarity in this superb and unexpected condition.                    **3,500**

The archetypal Anglo-Saxon epic, from an anonymous, 1,000 A. D. manuscript, older than the Marinelli Bell Foundry and monumentally British as a Beatle. Here is a copy of an acknowledged epic, surviving in a state of ideal quality that's never seen, the kind of artifact we all look for without knowing where to find it, like drunkards who look for their house, knowing only dimly that they have one.





Brand, Max (one of the pen names of Frederick Faust)

**The Untamed**  
(NY, 1919).

1st edition of his first book, an advance reading copy bound in the dustjacket with the 1st issue flaps, and "Mar 15" stamped on the cover. 2 corner chips, partial split to a flap fold, and a crease to the front corner, but very good. Any copy is rare in jacket, especially one so fresh, and the advance issue is rarer than a feral Yorkie. Brand found instant fame and easy cash fusing the Western with the mystery, so *The Untamed* was immediately filmed in 1920 with Tom Mix. **2,500**

the first noir novel

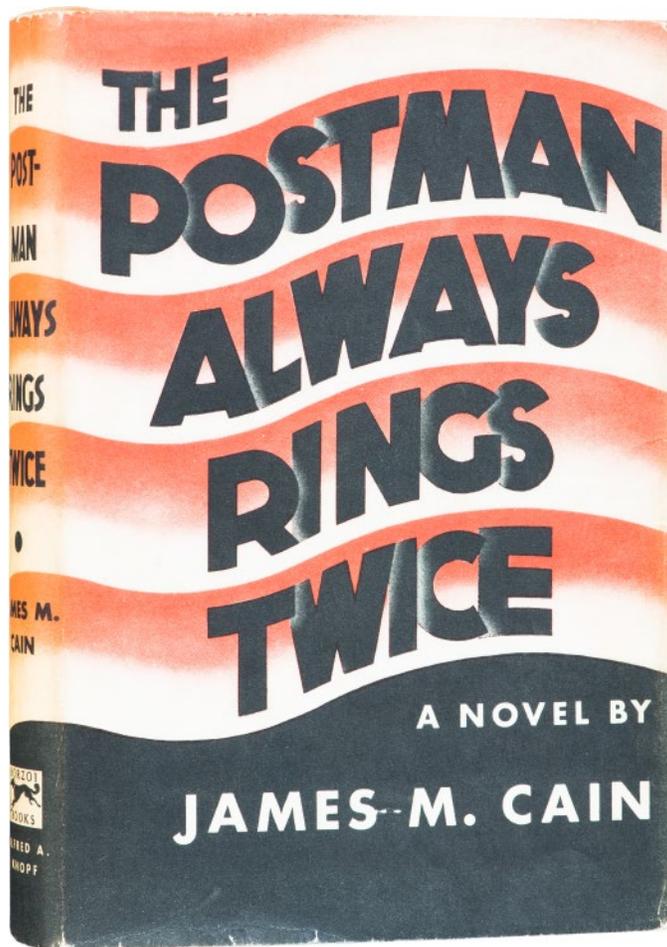
Cain, James

**The Postman Always Rings Twice**  
(NY, 1934).

1st edition. Fine in dustjacket with tiny specks of wear, and the white on the spine a light tan, but near fine, 20 times scarcer than a very good one for 3 times the price, the math to use when you want to calculate the kind to buy. Or you can wait for the prequel, *The Toaster Only Rings Once*. **5,500**

There are no postmen in this novel. What is in it are 2 kinds of sins, those of weakness and those of malice, and they intersect in a couple who find that deceit is the claws they weren't born with. Cain tosses them into a roller-coaster plotline, cross stitched with more dark skies than a Russian play, and he rallies a nimble deployment of prepositions and conjunctions (the necessary components of any serious lie) and lays them on a realistic topography for greed, murder, cruelty, and a carnal collision between a fire hose and a quicksand pit.

Addressing the running head of this entry, there are other candidates for "the first noir novel" (the French applied it to 18th century English Gothics), but *The Postman* is generally regarded as the first of the modern meaning, and/or the first by an American. Noir is distinct from the earlier hardboiled novels that preceded it by 5 years, like Hammett's *Red Harvest* (more a detective novel), and Burnett's *Little Caesar* (more a gangster novel) both books 1929. The central character in noir is often not a detective but a criminal, or suspect, or victim, straining, in a steamy, corrupt system, with the ingrown life below the line of light. That's my take, but looser descriptions include the exact opposite,



so you can agree with my definition, or someone else's, or voice your own.



**the first ticket  
from a complete set of 40**

[California Lottery]

**Unscratched Scratch-off Tickets**  
(1985–1990).

40 printed tickets. An unbroken run from the first 5 years of the California lottery, a total of 40 different games. Each ticket is numbered from 1 to 40 (#26 is a proof). Each ticket is unscratched. Fine condition (as new), alluringly printed in glowing colors, the silver coatings are unblemished. Rare.

**Together: 40 tickets 2,500**

Though individual, used (scratched) tickets are sometimes available, we ran advertisements everywhere we could think of, including in the L. A. Times, headlined “WE WILL BUY” and we got lots of calls. But we were never offered a single unused ticket from this vintage, at any price, let alone a complete set.

Would be impressive framed.

The lottery is adventure and romance finally reduced to their level of minimum effort and repute.

**the Portuguese epic**

Camões, Luis de

**The Lusiad,  
or Portugals Historicall Poem...**

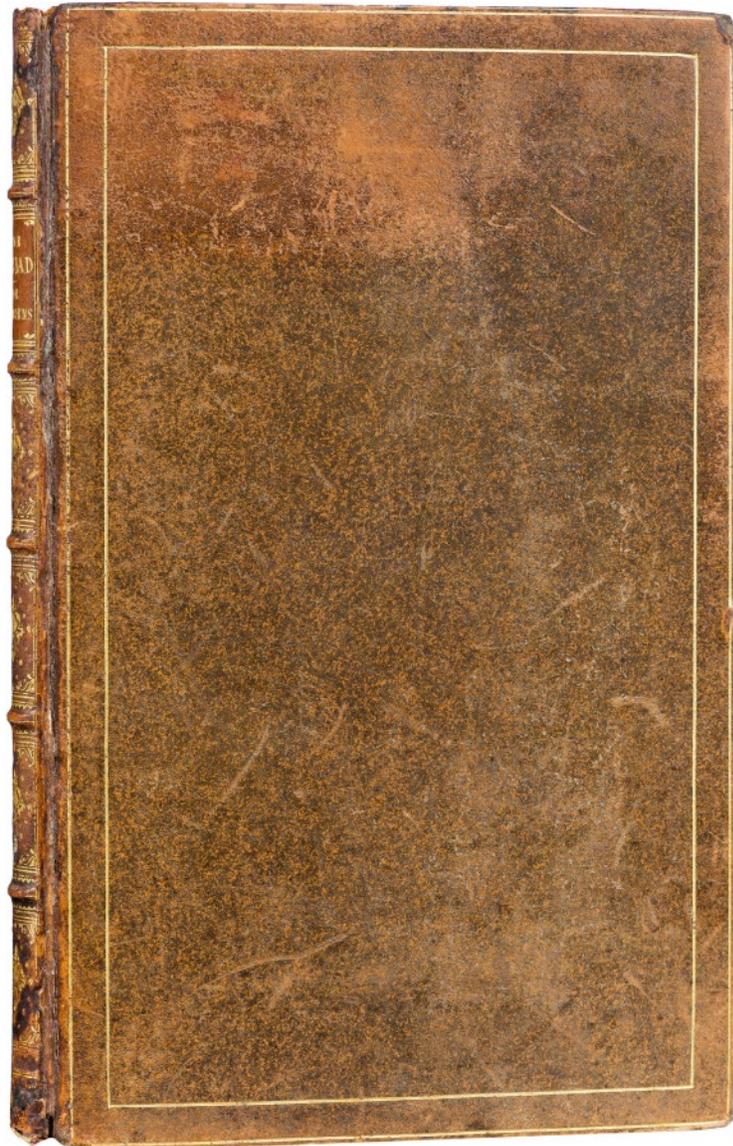
Translated by Richard Fanshaw  
(London [Humphrey Moseley], 1655).

1st edition in English (the Portuguese 1st edition was 1572). 19th century full calf, spine base chipped, top and joints strengthened but not rebacked, title page, frontispiece, and text page margins darkened, some stains, spots, and marginal

tears, the frontispiece portrait of de Camões' is neatly mounted and has a 1/4" chip from its upper corner, the title page with a small chip from the fore-edge margin repaired, else very good (and we have been fussier here than is usual with a 363 year old book). A seldom seen edition, never seen at this price these days (go ahead and check it out), and our copy has the large portraits of Henry the Navigator and Vasco de Gama neatly folded at the borders (not trimmed) to fit. Coll: 4to. [xxii], 224 pages. References: Pforzheimer 362. Wing C397. Ex-George Christopher Molesworth Birdwood, his name on the title page, some of his notes in the text, and others that nearly fill the rear (binder's) blank, along with his symbol (the whirlwind of life) in a few places too. **7,000**

The heroes are the Lusians, the children of Lusus (the Portuguese people), self-deemed as predestined by the Gods to do heroic deeds. Jupiter tells them that their victories over the Moors and Castilians anneals them to discover new worlds, spreading their law, culture, and morals. Then he promises them that in the end, they would become gods. And they did open Japan (1543), and took, a dominant position there, and they did establish Brazil (that place with the 3rd most famous Amazon, after the American company and the mythic women warriors).

The last canto closes with the ultimate revelation, a glimpse at the autem deum (the machine of the world or máquina do mundo), the supreme apparatus, transparent and luminous, all parts seen at once, the painting that talks.

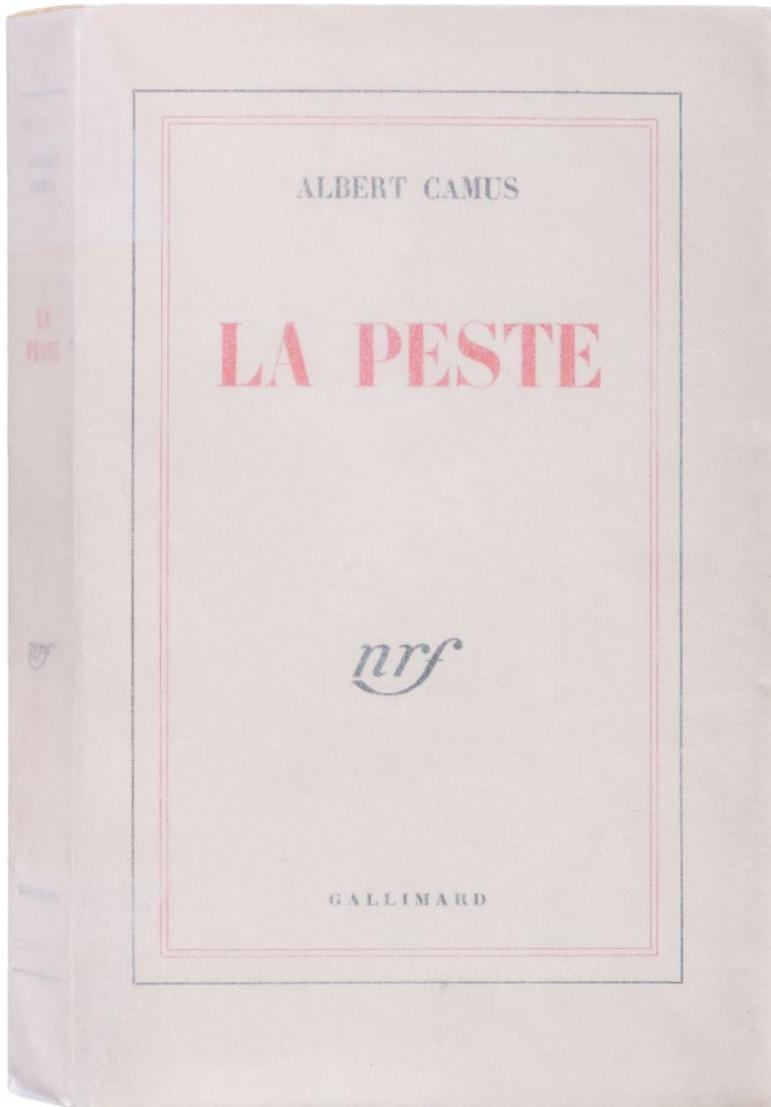


superstition, escapism and despair

Camus, Albert

**La Peste**  
[The Plague]  
(Paris, 1947).

1st edition. A pre-publication (SP), signed, presentation copy, inscribed by Camus (in ink) to André Frénaud (a keen post-surreal French poet) "...these memories of a common quarantine" referring both to their shared moral quarantine in the war, and that which was generational, and how they are mirrored in the book's quarantine where the town's gates are shut, and it is sealed to exit, entrance, rail, and mail. Original wrappers, glassine dustjacket (photographed in the glassine) text paper a bit tanned (a recurrent occurrence with French review copies), else near fine. **5,000**



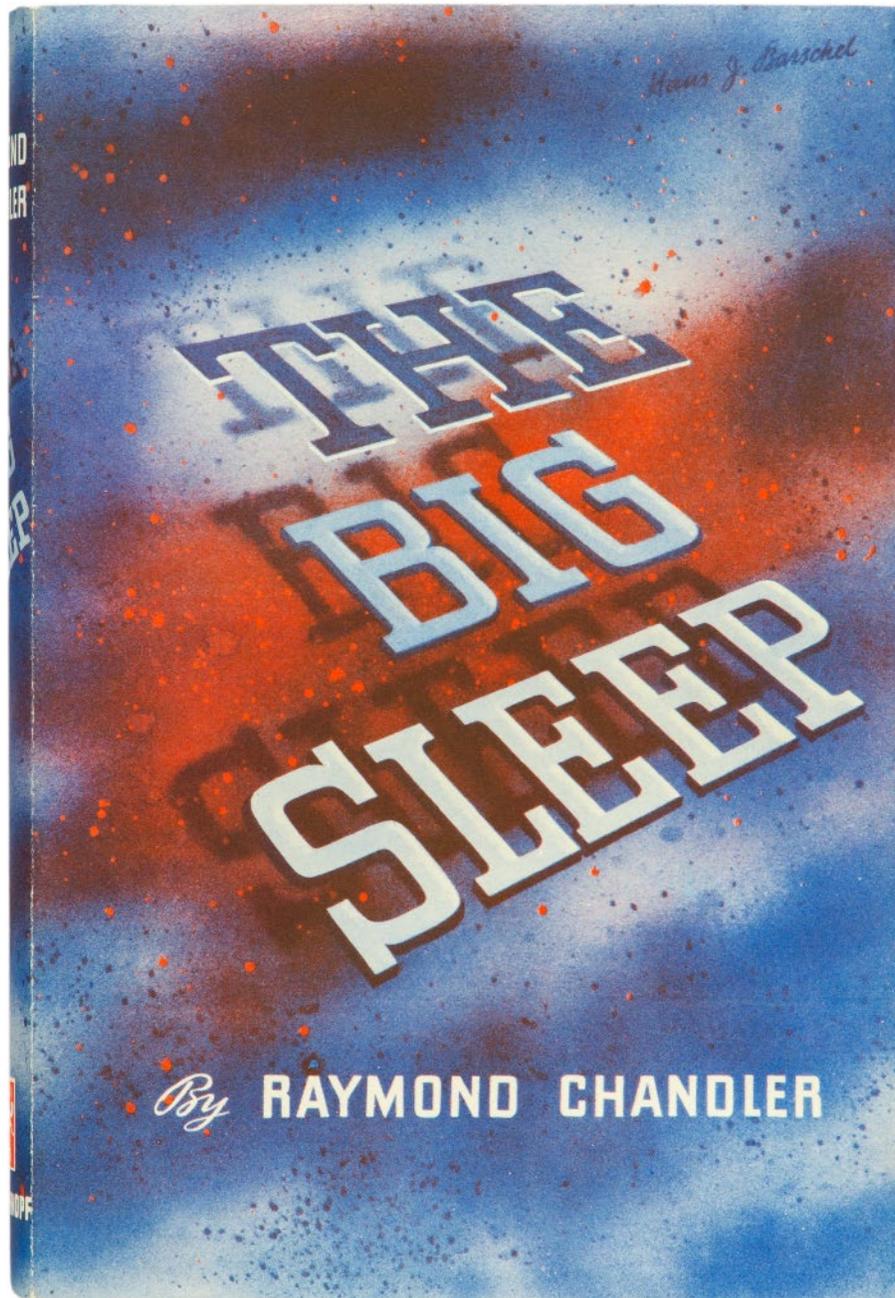
Camus was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1957, largely on the strength of his philosophie de l'absurde (embrace the absurd conditions of existence but defiantly explore a search for meaning). Its values are exemplified in this wonderful novel, 5 years in the writing, a down and dirty ride in impressionist realism, with a narrative tone that hearkens Kafka (Camus pays homage to *The Trial* by having his stupidest character read, study, and misunderstand it). The setting is an Algerian port town where the rainbows are brown. The plot is direct enough.

As bubonic plague sweeps across the landscape, Camus dumps his characters

into a scene of widespread horror and death, so as to record their answer to the primary question of destiny, "Why are we here?" The irony is in the presentation of freedom, the citizens suddenly enslaved by the isolation of their quarantine, contrasted against their previous enslavement to their habits. The focal figure is Doctor Rieux who consciously and hopelessly does all he can to alleviate human suffering if only for a few moments, by focusing on the possibility of some abstract future joy (illness is the dark side of a dual citizenship we all hold, in the kingdom of the well and the kingdom of the sick, with the sole redeeming aspect of the latter being that poor health makes practicing virtue easier).

After World War II, Camus was among the West's leading artistic, upholding voices for strength, direction, and human dignity in the face of what he saw as the senseless. His themes first emerged in *The Stranger* (1942), but *The Plague* remains the most thorough presentation of his mature thinking. Beyond the specifics of the book, Camus poses that in a paradox of heroic futility, man is absurd because he has neither metaphysical justification nor essential connection to the universe. He is part of no divine scheme and, since he is mortal, all his actions, both individual and collective, eventually come to nothing. God exists but religious dogma is both untrue and insane. The general uncertainty then is how to deal with this senselessness? Camus' answer is perseverance in a revolt against humanity's condition, a labor to create one's own meaning in a world without it (I resist, therefore I am). Man struggles in spite of (because of) the fact that, ultimately, he must lose. If this denies man's cosmic meaning, it affirms his common bond. Since all men must die, all men are brothers, and mutual cooperation, not self-indulgence, is the logical ethic.

That said, here's another take. I admire Dr. Rieux's actions, especially his optimism in hopelessness, given the circumstances in which he finds himself, but I dismiss the conclusions Camus drew from the observations he made during his own life as non-sequiturs, a smothering realism that misprioritizes the meanings of living and concludes that revolt is the only option, a futile resistance against the imperfections in an imperfect world, because that perspective ultimately morphs into an unknowing assault supporting the wrong side in the war on joy. First of all, every person is connected to the universe, in the same way that every drop of water is connected to the sea, it may be a small part, but the sea is diminished by its absence, no matter the degree. Second, we've seen this before, since everything changes except the avant-garde. And third, *The Plague* was written at the dawn of a postwar age that was all signposts and no destination, by a man who took it all too seriously, never understanding that life is just something you do when you can't sleep. If *The Plague* is existential (when you sit down, it's on your own ass, and no one can sit on it for you) it is a profound statement of it, but Camus refused to label it as such, seasoning his values with humanism. And if *The Plague* is not existentialism it raises existential questions, that nuzzles up against it so closely as to chill any differences, suggesting to me that if the French promise not to tell us how to be happy, we won't tell them how to jump on a grape.



Chandler, Raymond

**The Big Sleep**  
(NY, 1939).

1st edition of his first book. Near fine in a dustjacket with one crease on the back but otherwise perfect, a glittering jacket, brighter than the glaze on a Sung vase, and more satisfying than happy prospects, but it would be bombastic of me to puff up like popcorn just because I have this gem for sale, and you're smart, hence you get it, so it would be undignified (and unnecessary) for me to further amp up the exaltations like some priestly hustler peddling indulgences. **30,000**

Chandler, Raymond

**Farewell My Lovely**  
(NY, 1940).

Advance issue of the 1st edition. Original wrappers, bound into the dustjacket as issued. 1 scratch to the front cover, else fine with no fading, even to the spine. Publisher's stamp on the top page edges, review slip laid in, both as published. This perishable state (5% of the 7,500 copy 1st printing) precedes the hardbound book. It isn't rare but is quite so in this flashy condition. And since scarred copies are always available, desperate sellers try to portray them favorably by conjuring up flattering physical descriptions, that half reveal to half conceal, then wickedly employ excuses and subterfuge spun out of the air like cotton candy, in a dervish dance of shifty lingo, reminiscent of the Cirque du Soleil contortionist. **6,500**

Chandler (1888–1959) was born in Chicago but raised and educated in France, England and Germany. In his 20s he was a journalist, then served with the Canadian army in WWI. After the war he returned to the U. S. and worked as an officer in a string of oil companies. He lost his job in 1932 (a victim of the depression), eyed crime from both sides, and then in 1933, began moonlighting as a writer of mysteries for the pulps, first finding acclaim in Black Mask Magazine with the short story, Blackmailers Don't Shoot. More stories and steady success ensued, culminating in 1939 with his first novel, The Big Sleep, followed by 6 more novels over 19 years. In them he reinvented the hardboiled style, with singular characters, sarcastic metaphors, moral ambiguity, derisive descriptions, rapier sharp dialogue, and misdirection driven plot lines, none of it ever strained, and though imitated by infinite wannabes, he's yet to be surpassed. In the 1940s, Hollywood snuck up on Chandler like a bug sneaks up on a windshield. Totally ready for studio cash, he rewrote the scripts of others, and helped translate his own books to film, but his genius was more comfortable in isolation, so it is the 7 novels that remain his legacy. In them he painted the most witty, gritty, broadly famous, and still undying picture of mid 20th century Los Angeles in those pastoral days before Southern California took itself seriously, and he peppered his novels with women who chose money over love, then decided they wanted both.

“City girls just seem to find out early,  
    How to open doors with just a smile,  
A rich old man and she won't have to worry,  
    She'll dress up all in lace and go in style.  
Late at night a big old house gets lonely,  
    I guess every form of refuge has its price,  
And it breaks her heart to think her love is only,  
    Given to a man with hands as cold as ice.  
So she tells him she must go out for the evening,  
    To comfort an old friend who's feelin' down,  
But he knows where she's goin' as she's leavin'  
    She is headed for the cheatin' side of town.” –Eagles, Lyin' Eyes

ALL,  
my



**FAREWELL**  
*my Lovely*

*By Raymond Chandler*

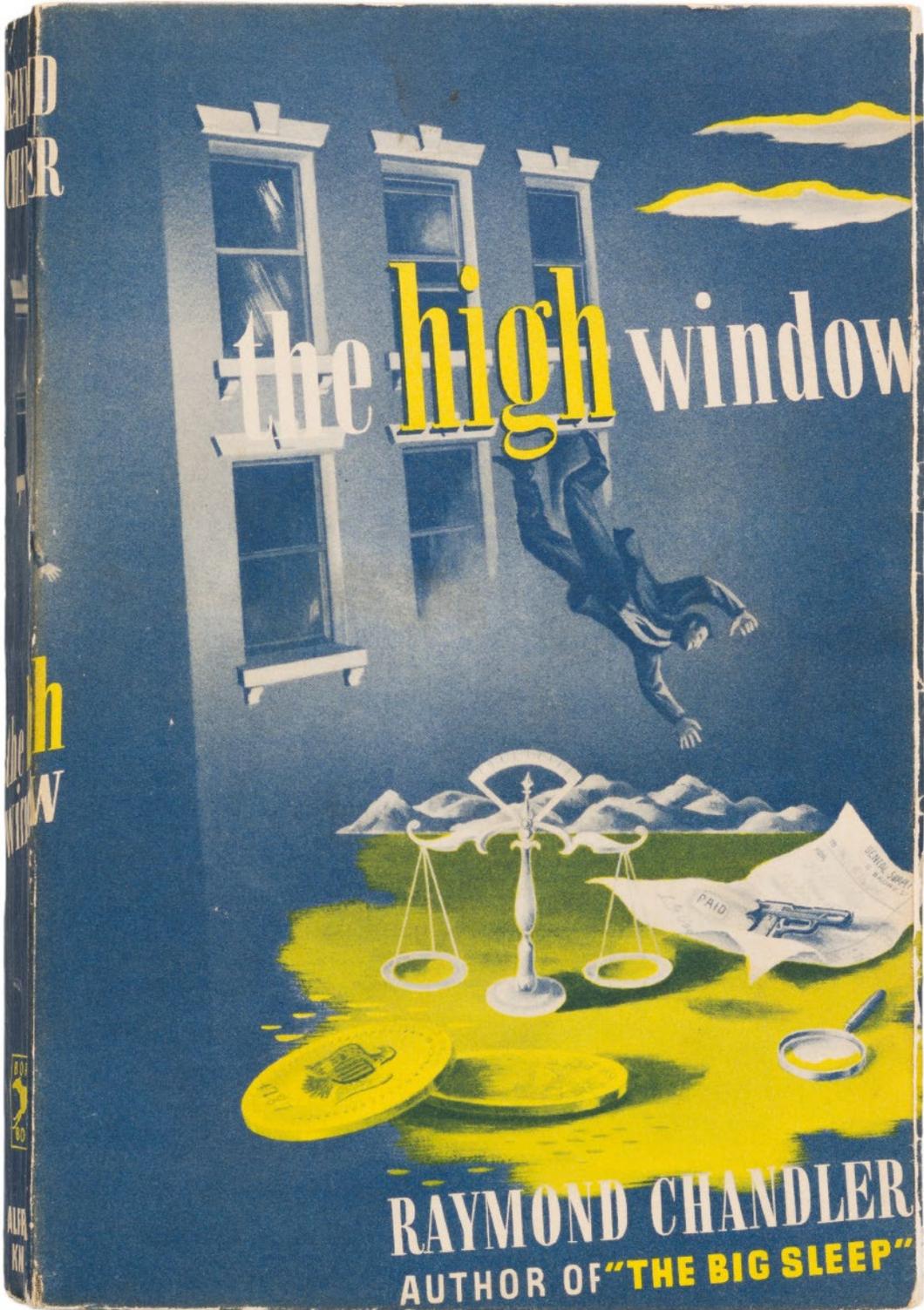
**AUTHOR OF "THE BIG SLEEP"**

Book  
No.

ALL,  
my

BOA  
10

ALP  
KIN



## delegate of the ethical

Chandler, Raymond

**The High Window**  
(NY, 1943).

Advance issue of the 1st edition. Original wrappers (bound into the dustjacket as issued). Publisher's stamp on the top edge, "Sample Copy Not For Sale." (as with all authentic copies), a thin, hairline rub along the front flap fold, else fine (no chips, tears, repair, soiling, or fading), blue as a bruise, fresher than NASCAR road-kill, and copies in this easily wounded binding state (probably 5% of the 6,500 copy 1st printing) are rarer in fine condition than things that get better by talking about them, and buying any of Chandler's books in less than fine condition is a ride over an active volcano in a poorly maintained hang glider. **7,500**

Chandler has managed an additional level of fame, first because unsophisticated readers, with their literal minds, were baffled by his irony, and sought explanations that only intensified the joke, and second because those writers who did not have his acute powers of accurate observation, simplistically scorned them as cynicism. So he remains unequalled by his counterfeiters (those literary equivalents of Judy Garland impersonators) who regarded how he wrote as easy to exceed, if one just wrote "grumpy" and then, of course, they did so inadequately (when they came to shoe the horse, the beetle stretched out his leg). High Window is his 3rd novel of 7, and apart from Playback (unfairly disparaged), and no matter how anybody ranks them, you can throw a pinned-up tail at the donkey poster comprised of the other 6, and wherever it lands, you have pricked a great book. This one opens with a woman who's face looks like a thumb and who's personality is like pepper spray, and then is progressively packed with town folk who display all the allure of cracked plaster, and overanxious criminals who track their prey with the dedication of Elmer Fudd (shake car keys over their grave and they would rise from the dead to steal a ride). But Chandler manages to tattoo a soap bubble, and elegantly move them all through a convoluted plotline with no more uproar than a jellyfish. The themes remind the reader that vanity speaks to honor while conscience speaks to justice, that violence is not the problem, it is a consequence of the problem, and that there are 2 types of skepticism, the kind that prods you to incite sincerity, and the kind that is just built into poor quality people, prematurely disenchanting with the future. And there's something heavier here too, something arcane. The profound idea that the detective novel is not about murder, it is about restoring order.

If you look carefully, some chance copies, of these advance issues, of Chandler's early novels (the first 4) in wrappers and dustjacket, are going to be out there, but they will all bear the wear of previous mishaps, or be encrusted with alluvial deposits, and then disappointingly burdened with weak excuses for their condition, borne out by a careful reading of the descriptions attached to copies called fine, which are filled with more buried lies than MPG ads. Any as fine as this one have always been rare, and that is the trial of patience now demanded of those who would collect Raymond Chandler, since you can always find multiple copies of his 1st editions for sale, you just can't find any that are in unassailably fine condition.

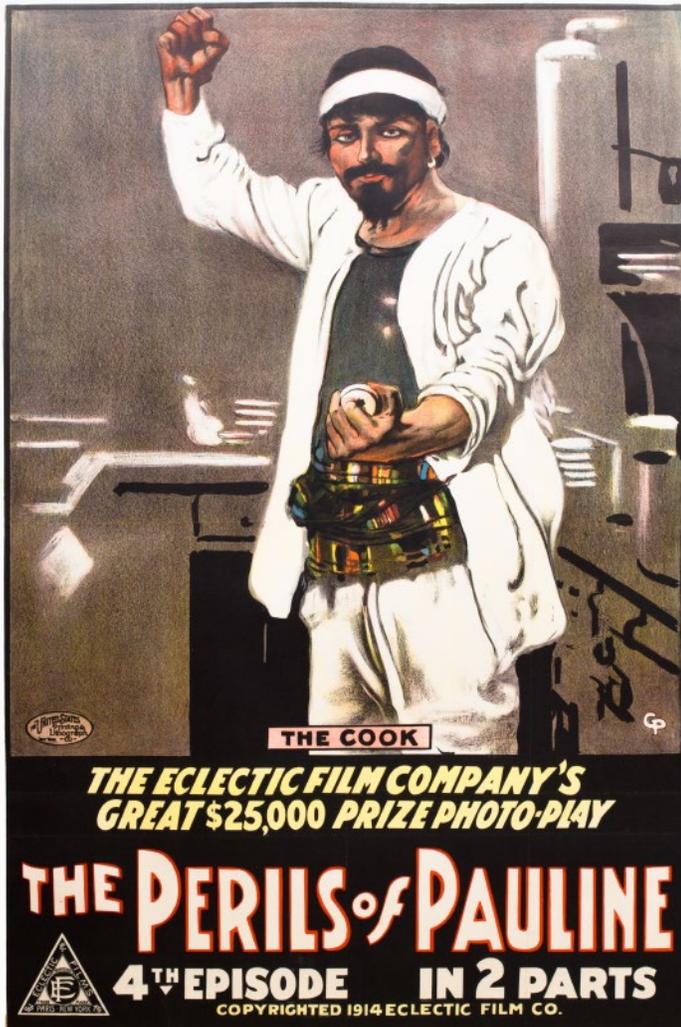
**the most famous serial in the history of cinema**

[Cinema]

**Vintage Poster from The Perils of Pauline**

(Chicago [United States Printing and Lithograph Co.], 1914).

Striking color pictorial one sheet, 41" X 27" (lithograph). A classic of cinema incunabula, from the original serial by Charles Goddard for the Eclectic Film Co. (episode 4). Little specks of wear and rubbing restored, near fine, neatly backed. Framed. Rarer than an honest movie trailer, especially when compared to posters from the talking pictures era. My tracking of posters is imprecise but I found 3 Perils of Pauline one sheet auction records from Christie's long ago (random, from



among 20 serial episodes, each with a different image), \$6,600 in 1992, \$8,000 in 1995, and \$7,500 in 1996. Ex-Camden House, 1985 (their grade was "condition A").

[with]

A 1st edition of the sheet music is included.

**Together: 7,500**

Pauline (Pearl White) evades attempts on her life by pirates, rats, Indians, gypsies, sharks and her dastardly guardian Her most symbolic plight is being tied to railroad tracks in front of a rapidly approaching train. The upcoming 21st century sequel, with a plot that turns towards realism, finds a periled Pauline giving her Visa number, expiration date, billing address,

and social security number to 15 different, now defunct and desperate dot-coms. And speaking of modern movements in the 21st century, as the adverse dominates movies, artists across American feed on the new economy and rape the new culture with their own movement for film, theater, literature, music, sculpture, paper, and canvas, begging to be called 21st century depressionism.

## the most important things in life aren't things

[Cinema]

### **Gone With the Wind**

Screenplay by Sidney Howard

[from the novel by Margaret Mitchell]

(Los Angeles [Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer], 1939).

Authentic shooting script (11" X 9") for *Gone With The Wind*, and more than that, the original one for the commencement of principal photography (collation: title, blank, pp. 244, blank). Here's the chronology. The burning of Atlanta was staged on Dec. 10, 1938. Once that was out of the way, Vivien Leigh was announced as Scarlett O'Hara on Jan. 13, 1939, this screenplay is dated Jan. 16, and filming began on Jan. 26. Our script lists George Cukor as director (fired after 3 weeks) and Oliver Garrett as Howard's co-writer, but over the next 5 months 2 other directors and a dozen other writers participated (mainly reducing the screenplay's length without losing the essence) before filming was completed on July 1 (the premier was Dec. 15, 1939). Original yellow/gold paper covers, original brads, the perforated distribution receipt section at the title page's base is in a file somewhere (the code number is "9640"). The cover states, "This script is final as to general continuity, sets, and cast. It is over-length and temporary as to dialogue; also temporary as to business, camera angles, etc." Near fine condition. Scarcer than interim scripts (between Jan. 16 and July 1) and much scarcer than the final ones (created to parallel the finished film) or souvenir scripts (lame).

**10,000**

Note: The last page gives Mammy (Hattie McDaniel) the final line, another feature of the script as it was on the day that principal shooting began.

The film ran 238 minutes (the longest sound film at that time), won 10 Oscars (the record at that time), sold 60 million tickets in its initial 4 year release (also a record), and including its various re-releases earned the equivalent of \$3.44 billion in 2014 dollars according to *The Guinness' Book of World Records*.

Once the South fell, it was foreseeable that a great historical romance would be set during the Civil War as soon as enough time had passed to legitimize the perspective. Mitchell didn't write a cheery book, and Selznick didn't want a cheery film. Mostly both are deadly serious, and the sad, callous, grasping disillusionment of the leading characters, mocks them, and in the end what remains is only an empty loneliness, but Scarlett archetypically communicates a certain essence of redoubtable American behavior, spirit, and willpower. And the reason both book and film have legs is because these romanticized histories never seem to die, especially if the events surrounding them stay of interest, and no one comes along to write a better one that's set in the same period.

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

Selznick International

presents

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

from the novel

by

Margaret Mitchell

SCREEN PLAY

by

SIDNEY HOWARD  
and  
OLIVER H. P. GARRETT

This script is FINAL as to general continuity, sets, and cast. It is over-length and TEMPORARY as to dialogue; also TEMPORARY as to business, camera angles, etc...

Produced by:  
David O. Selznick

Directed by:  
George Cukor

January 16, 1939.

[Cinema]

**4 James Bond screenplays.**

**All are from real 007 novels actually written by Ian Fleming.**

**All are 8" X 13 1/8"**

Fleming, Ian

**You Only Live Twice**  
(London, 1967).

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

Fleming, Ian

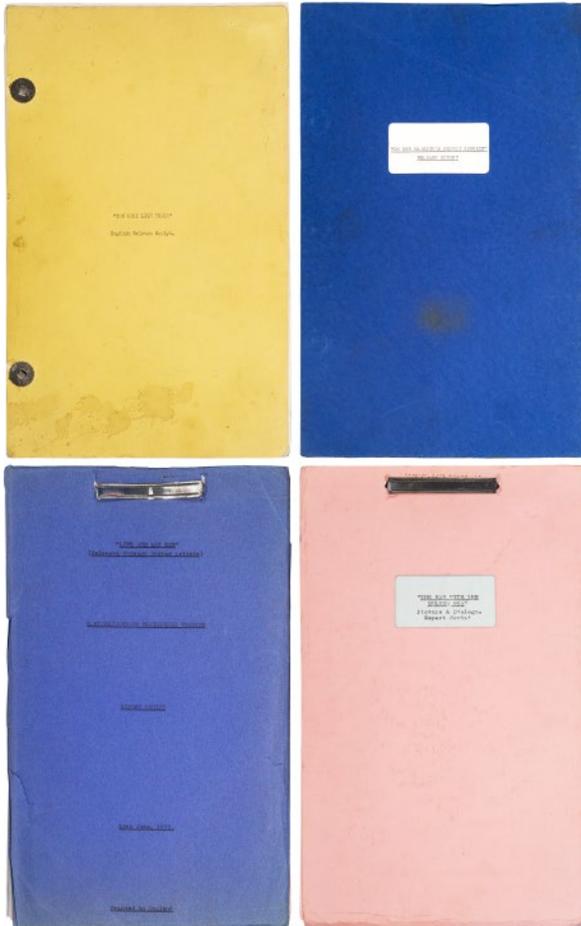
**On Her Majesty's Secret Service**  
(London, 1969).

"Release script" by Richard Maibaum, for the 6th Bond film. Original dark blue wrappers, white pages. Very good.

Fleming, Ian

**Live and Let Die**  
(London, 1973).

"Export script" by Tom Mankiewicz, for the 8th Bond film. Original purple wrappers, pink and blue pages. Very good.



Fleming, Ian    **The Man With the Golden Gun**  
(London, 1974).

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

**Together: 4 scripts, 4,500**

The Bond films are famous for, among other traditions, Q's gadgets, and a string of young and beautiful actresses, beguiled by 007. Do I have anything to say about gadgets? I don't. Do I have anything to say about young and beautiful actresses? I do. Contrary to perceptions there are some who loathe animals, resent the poor, ridicule the third world, prefer their aerosols to the ozone layer, and wouldn't touch an orphan with a bargepole, but somehow, their handlers keep them quiet.



**manuscript**

[Cinema]

**Blade Runner**  
(L. A. [Warner Brothers], 1980).

**Heavily corrected 145 page manuscript of the screenplay (complete), 9" X 11" dated Dec. 22, 1980.** Two writers were given screen credit, Hampton Fancher and David Peoples, and the work of both is distinctly evident. Here's the brief history. Philip Dick's 1968 novel, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* was the source. It was optioned in the early 1970s. Failed scripts followed. Fancher took over the writing in 1977. Ridley Scott joined as director in Feb. 1980. His differences with Fancher were unresolvable so Fancher left the venture on Dec. 21, 1980 and Peoples took over. **Our manuscript, dated the next day, is a Xerox of Fancher's last draft, with hundreds of words changed, added, rectified, and deleted by Peoples, most of them overtyped on white out, correction tape, or thin strips of paper, some of them initiated by blue pencil notes handwritten, in the upper margin.** This is the exact moment of transition between Fancher and Peoples, and our research found no other parallel working manuscript from this time, probably because *Blade Runner's* paperwork was lost during relocation of the production offices in 1981. Near fine. No punch holes, covers or brads. Rare. A groundbreaking fusion of noir and science-fiction, voted the best science-fiction film ever made in a 2004 poll of 60 eminent world scientists. **7,500**



**the first commercial currency**

[Coinage]

**The First Coin in the World**  
(Ionia [Greece], 675–650 B. C.).

1st edition. Electrum trite ( $1/3$  stater), 4.66 grams. Electrum is a naturally occurring alluvial compound, an alloy of gold and silver, about 75% gold, 25% silver, and the form most available in riverbeds, as metallurgy had not yet progressed to the stage where one metal could be easily separated from the other. The obverse is plain, the reverse is stamped with a double incuse punch. Here is the antecedent of all money, and a charismatic antiquity. Despite any lingering debate over the priority of its successors, this is certainly the archetype of all coins, the first one stamped from a die to a standardized weight. Scarce in this larger size (a  $1/3$  stater was about 10 days salary for a soldier). Fine condition (technically grades as very fine), and obviously subject to little circulation before being buried for 25 centuries. Reference: Linzalone, *Electrum and the Invention of Coinage*. Kraay, pl. 3, 50. SNG von Aulock 7762. Ex-Philip DeVicci, a first-class provenance.

**5,500**

Sear notes Kraay's smaller, unpunched globule (just a lump of electrum) in a  $1/8$  stater weight of 1.77 grams (see: Sear, *Greek Coins*, vol. II, no. 3432, pp. viii–ix, xi, 321), and Kraay only mentions a tiny  $1/48$  stater size (.30 grams) in this punched variety. Both the plain lump, and this punched coin were found during the British excavation of the Temple of Artemis (The Artemisian find, 1904) at Ephesos, Ionia (90 coins total of all types including some of a slightly later vintage).

The last electrum trite I tracked at auction sold for \$5,175 at CNG, Triton XIV, lot 295, in 2011 (ours is slightly finer). Another sold at Triton XXI on Jan. 9, 2018, but it sold after this catalog was printed, so if you care, just ask me at the booth and I'll tell you what it brought).

Most people understand that the easiest way to make a million dollars is to turn a hundred million dollars into a hundred and one million, but even unlimited wealth has its limits. For instance, Jeff Bezos can't buy a saber-toothed tiger.



[Coinage]

**The First Gold Coin in the World**  
(Lydia [Greece], 560 BC).

1st edition and the 1st issue (1st state) of it. Gold (AV) Stater (the prime unit of Greek commerce), Sardis mint, 16.5mm, 10.76 grams. Fine (grades extremely fine). This is the original “heavy series” from the first bimetallic currency (silver and gold) issued by King Croesus for a short time before the first devaluation of about 20% called the “light series” weighing 8.5 grams, and the “heavy” is not just earlier, but much scarcer and much more desirable. The obverse features the imprinted confronting foreparts of the Alyattes lion and the Croesus bull, the reverse with 2 incuse punches (coins with designs on both sides had not yet been invented). Refs: British Museum Catalog 30. Le Rider Naissance, pl. V, 2. Boston MFA 2068–9. SNG Ashmolean 759. Gulbenkian 756. *Traité* I 396. **28,000**

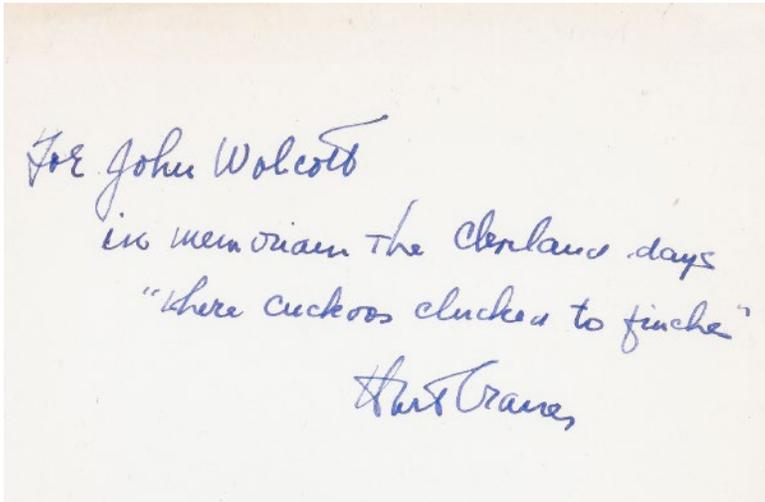
The original elitist shopping tool, precursor of the modern gold card, and the cause of more mayhem and mischief than any other byproduct of the planet Earth. 10 or so different dies were used with zero evidence of any provable priority. That hasn't stopped enthusiastic numismatists from guessing, and then tossing special snowflake names at the die they're trying to sell. For example, one of the 2 most common dies has been called a prototype, but the theories supporting its priority are hilarious, yet this word, and others like it, get repeated, and applied with whimsy by the lazy, and you can safely attribute such words to hype, and the motivation to duplicitous greed. This gold (heavy) Stater sells at auction, world wide, about twice a year in comparable condition to ours. The market is an inefficient one so the record price is \$150,000 (CNG, Triton XV, lot 1243, in 2012), but here is a fair range of some others in comparable condition: \$35,000 (Gemini, U. S., Auction V, lot 134, in 2009). \$31,335 (Numismatik Lanz, Germany, Auction 154, lot 195, in 2012). \$130,000 (CNG, Triton XVIII, lot 656, in 2015). \$84,324 (Roma Numismatics, Great Britain, Auction 11, lot 430, in 2016). \$120,000 (CNG, Triton XIX, lot 244, in 2016). \$47,500 (CNG, Auction 105, lot 361, in 2017). And the 2 most recent sales, \$129,250 (Heritage, Signature Auction, lot 30071, on Aug. 3, 2017), and \$54,625 (CNG, e-Auction 403, lot 205, on Aug. 9, 2017). If that doesn't make it obvious that our coin is priced with love and respect for our customers, go collect something free, like fruit stickers.

inscribed with a line from the book

Crane, Hart

**White Buildings**  
(NY, 1926).

1st edition of his first book (500 printed). **Contemporary signed presentation copy inscribed by Crane (in ink), "For John Wolcott in memoriam the Cleveland days 'where cuckoos clucked to finches' Hart Crane."** The quote is from Crane's poem, For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen, page 37 of this book (I found no other copy of White Buildings inscribed with a quotation). Very good in a 1st printing dust jacket, the spine faded and one fold strengthened, else very good. Rare, one of only 2 inscribed copies sold at auction in the last 40 years, the other one in a defective dust jacket. Canceled title page with Allan Tate's name correctly spelled, but only review copies had the uncorrected state so our copy is



For John Wolcott  
in memoriam the Cleveland days  
"where cuckoos clucked to finches"  
Hart Crane

not a 2nd issue since it exactly replicates the book as it was for sale on the day it was published, and Crane's own copy was also in this state. **26,500**

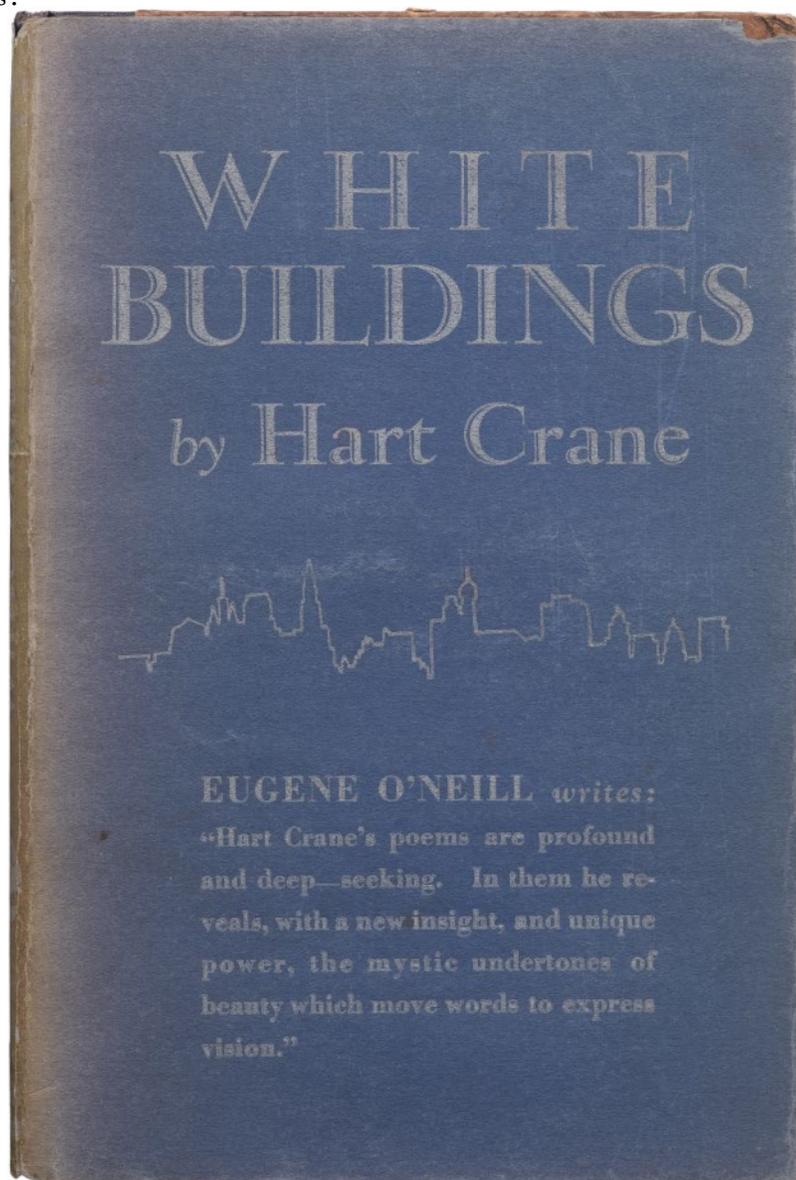
Crane was beyond modernism and in fact a symbolist. The publication of White Buildings was delayed

by Eugene O'Neill's struggle (and eventual failure) to articulate his appreciation in a foreword to it; and many critics since have used Crane's obscureness as an excuse for a quick dismissal. Even a young Tennessee Williams, then falling in love with Crane's poetry, could hardly understand a single line. Of course the individual lines aren't supposed to be intelligible. The message, if there actually is one, comes from the total effect. It was not lost on Crane, then, that his poetry was difficult. Some of his best, and practically only, essays originated as encouraging epistles: explications and stylistic apologies to editors, updates to his patron, and the variously well-considered or impulsive letters to his friends. It was, for instance, only the exchange with Harriet Monroe at Poetry, when she initially refused to print At Melville's Tomb, that urged Crane to describe his logic of metaphor in print. But describe it he did, then complaining that: "If the poet is to be held completely to the already evolved and exploited sequences of imagery and logic—what field of added consciousness and increased perceptions (the actual province of poetry, if not lullabies) can be expected when one has to relatively return to the alphabet every breath or two? In the minds of people who have sensitively read,

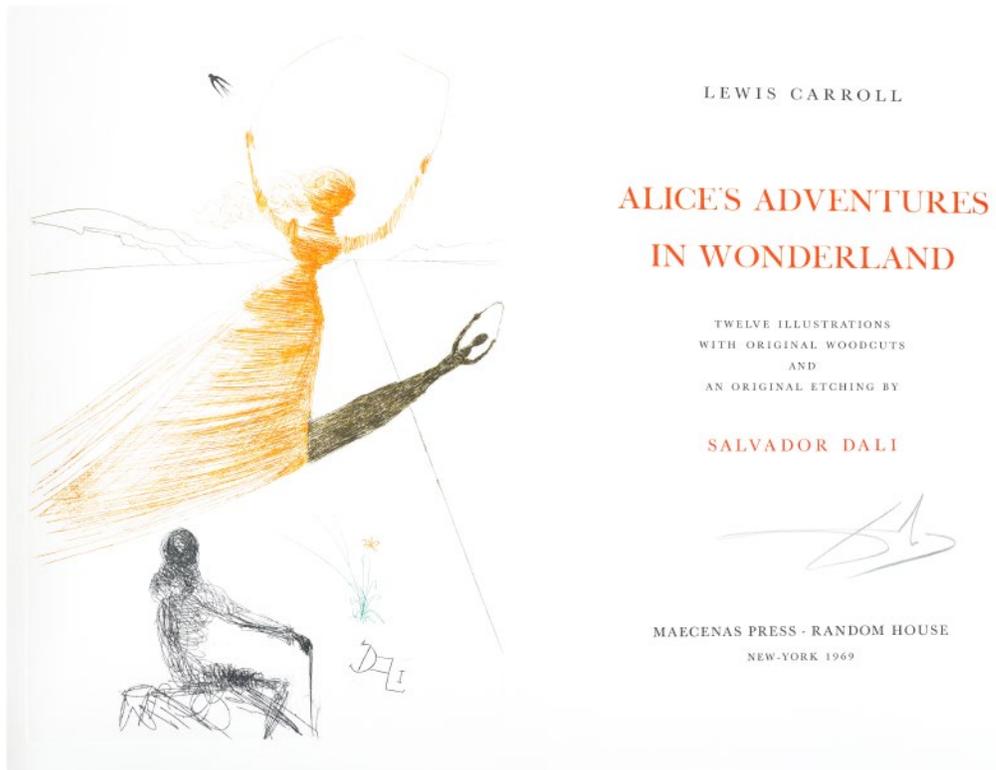
seen, and experienced a great deal, isn't there a terminology something like shorthand as compared to usual description and dialectics, which the artist ought to be right in trusting as a reasonable connective agent toward fresh concepts, more inclusive evaluations?"

The line "Where cuckoos clucked to finches" appears in the second to last stanza of the second part (of 3) in Crane's poem, *For The Marriage of Faustus and Helen*, considered by critics one of his greatest. It appears on pages 37–44 in the 1st edition of *White Buildings*.

"O, I have known metallic paradises. Where cuckoos clucked to finches. Above the deft catastrophes of drums. While titters hailed the groans of death. Beneath gyrating awnings I have seen. The incunabula of the divine grotesque. This music has a reassuring way."



The line may suggest the animated conversations taking place at a frenzied jazz club. Crane grew up in Cleveland, in the north tower of his family's large home (his father invented Lifesavers, and other candies) at 1709 East 115th Street, his "sanctum de la tour." Wolcott was almost certainly one of the childhood friends that Crane left behind when, at the age of 17; he abandoned Cleveland for New York. This is the first book (of only 2 before his suicide at the age of 32), and a significant copy of it, from one of the preeminent and influential modernist poets.



### **lithomaniac**

[Dali, Salvador]

**Alice's Adventures in Wonderland**  
(NY, 1969).

1st edition. **One of 2500 copies signed by Dali on the title page.** Loose sheets laid into a cloth chemise and half morocco case as issued. Outer case with a nick to the spine tip, and neatly strengthened in a few places, else very good, the chemise with a small mend, the contents in fine condition. **3,500**

Carroll casts Alice's Wonderland as a dream. Dali interprets it from his own. So here is my question to you. If dreams were for sale, what would you buy?

“...I'll have a cup of tea, and tell you of my dreamin'  
Dreamin' is free.” –Debbie Harry (Blondie)

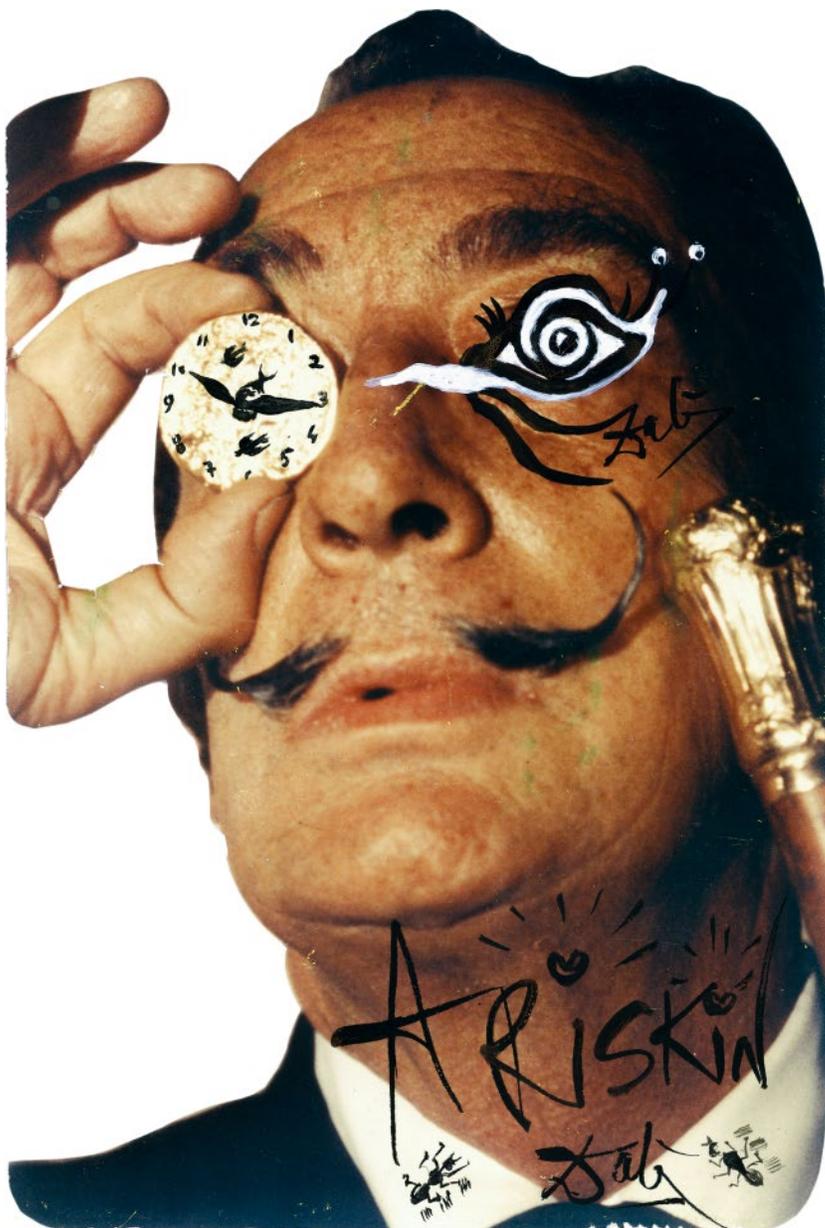
**painted and signed twice**

Dali, Salvador

**Overpainted Photographic Cutout Portrait**  
(NY, 1970)

**Amazing, multimedia self-portrait of the greatest surrealist painter in the entire panorama of art. Pictured in a suit with a gold cane, an arresting image, carefully scissors cut on the contours by Dali himself to 7 1/2" X 11 1/8" with attention and forethought, his right eye hand-painted as a bird**

clock (in the original Piaget sitting it was a gold rondure), his left eye painted as a snail, 2 typical Dali ants (beetles?) on his shirt collars, highlights in gold and a trace of light green. Inscribed in black ink to A. Riskin with a pair of beaming hearts, and signed twice by Dali, once following the inscription and again on his upper left cheek. Faint creases at margins, trace of paste on the back, else near fine. Archival mat, ultra-violet glaze and fine gold frame. Ex-Chevalier (The Order of Arts and Letters), Martin Riskin, N. Y. 20,000



Unique yet prototypical, and not at all like his usually seen post 1960 compositions, most of which were thin, wispy, often careless, and produced as prints in editions for pelf, defying ethics and credibility, a storm of mass-manufactured collectibles for the gullible, and which the pragmatic buyer was (and is) sufficiently savvy to largely avoid. But our portrait is not that at all. It's a one-off flash from the master's vision and whimsy, executed with attention and with exceptional

care to be presented as a personal gift. And it's fetching enough to hang in the finest home, office, gallery, salon, or museum, and it's not duplicated elsewhere in the canon of Dali's work.



Damianakes, Cleonike

Wind  
(N.P., 1934).

1st printing. A fine etching, on wove paper, full margins (10 1/2" X 12 1/4"), titled "Wind" and signed in pencil "Cleon Damianakes" in the lower margin. 1/4" tear to a blank corner else near fine, framed, and scarce, with no other example that I could find in the auction records. 1,500

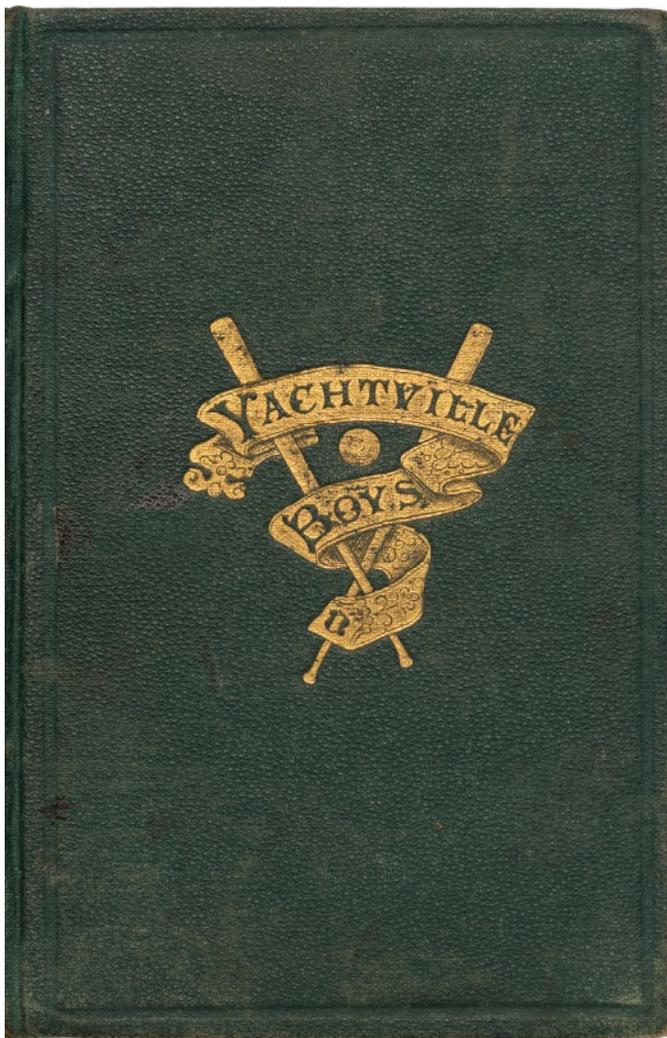
Painter, muralist, illustrator, and etcher, Cleo Damianakes (1895–1979) was born in Berkeley, and studied there at the University of California. She lived in Hollywood until about 1940, became a member of both the California and Chicago Societies of Etchers, moved to New York, variously used Cleo, Cleon, and Cleonika as her first name, and in later years used Wilkins, her second husband's name, as well. She produced a striking and famous mural for the Berkeley High School Auditorium, her work is featured by the Art Institute of Chicago and Toronto Museum of Art, it's held by many others, and she exhibited widely during her career, but is especially well known in literature for her notable dustjacket designs, that evoked a uniting of sex and Hellenistic Greece, for dozens of authors, but most famously for Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, and *A Farewell to Arms*, and for Fitzgerald's *All The Sad Young Men* (see Fitzgerald in this catalog).

## the budding of baseball

Davis, Caroline

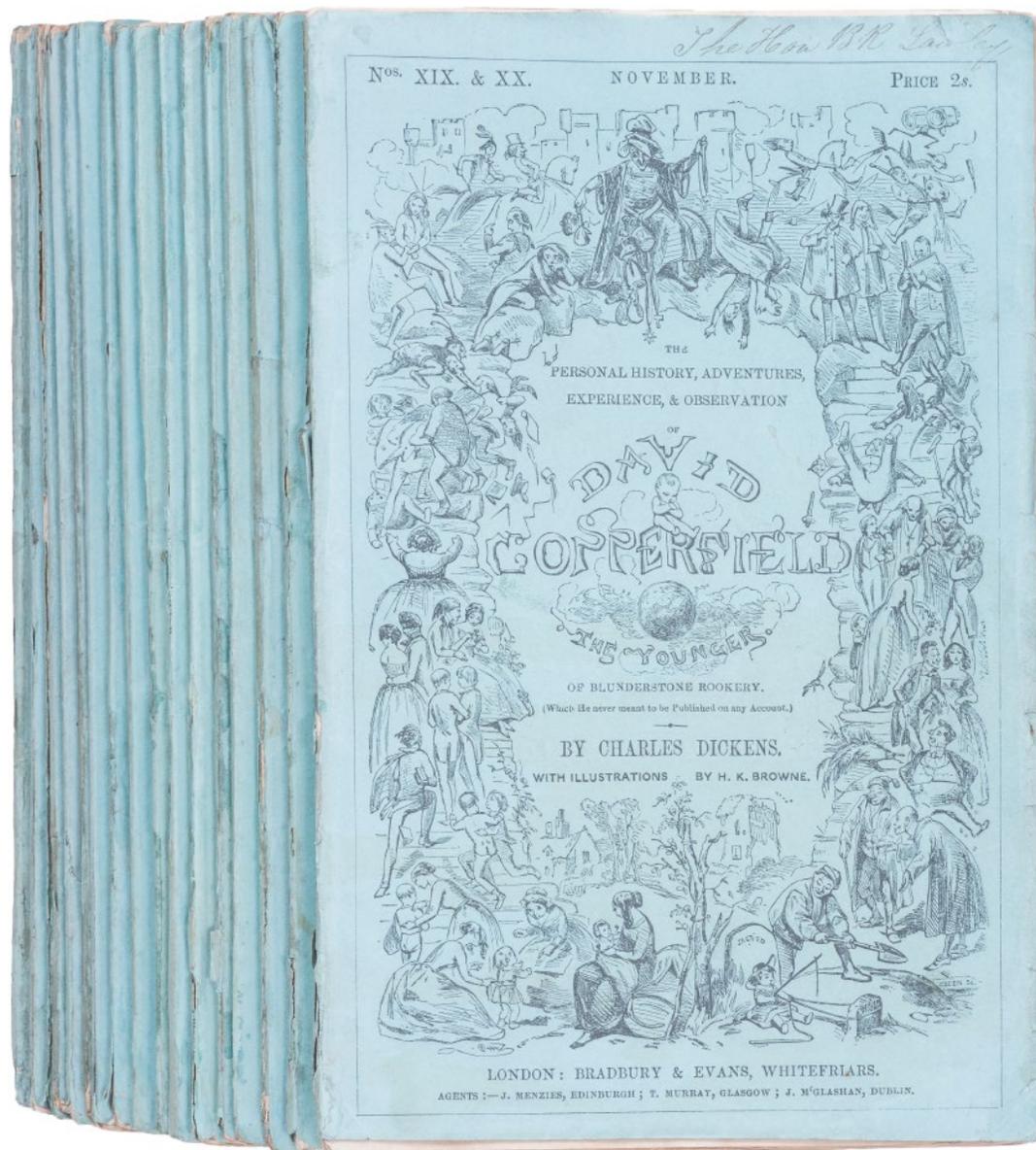
**The Yachtville Boys**  
(Boston, 1869).

1st edition. Publisher's cloth, some rubs, spots, and wear to the spine tips and corners, inner paper hinges deftly strengthened, else very good, sound, and with no major flaws, a superior copy for this book. And though cheaper copies show up occasionally, they are in such poor condition that pride of ownership is non-existent. The 3rd baseball novel ever, preceded by Oldfellow's Uncle Nat (1865), and Everett's Changing Base (1868), but The Yachtville Boys is the scarcest of the 3, with just a single defective and corrupted 1st edition sold at auction in the last 50 years (1993). OCLC verifies that scarcity, locating only 7 copies in libraries worldwide (Notre Dame, Kansas, Wisconsin, Brown, Yale, U. C. L. A. and The Am. Antiquarian Society). And though it's the 3rd baseball novel, The Yachtville Boys cuts some new path too. It's the first one written by a woman, and the first one with a frontispiece



illustrating the game being played, although the plate was by an artist who had never seen baseball, so the view looks more like a deformed cricket match, even though the detailed account of the game, as played out in the text, leaves no doubt that the boys are contesting American baseball and no other sport. **9,000**

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



**an entire set with all ads and not rebacked**

Dickens, Charles

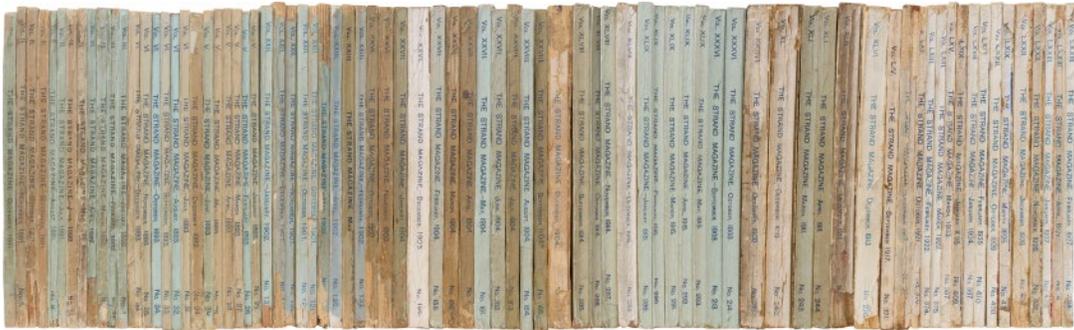
**The Personal History of David Copperfield**  
(London, May 1849–Nov. 1850).

20 vols. in 19, a serialization sequentially published over 1 1/2 years. 1st edition, 1st issue, in the original monthly parts, preceding all other editions, and read the next sentence deliberately, because the distressing phrase you inevitably see is “almost every” while the happy phrase you are about to see is “each and every.” This set conforms to each and every point in Hatton & Cleaver (all erratum, the correct covers, all ads, all samples, and both states of all 40 inserted plates by H. K. Browne, including the frontispiece and vignette title).

And perfection is important in a Dickens parts serialization because missing pieces means an imperfect copy, and later ads are the telltale sign of later issue (that means later printing), in many cases months later, so do not discount comprehensiveness as mere frill, or turn your back on it the way you would on a drunk woman, haphazardly seated nearby at a dinner party, who relentlessly keeps insisting that you talk about Game of Thrones. Original wrappers, light wear at edges, else a very good set (the old-fashioned very good), infrequently offered for sale this clean, complete, upright, and intact, a stirring combination of quality, magnitude, precedence, and inclusiveness. Full morocco case. Collation: Octavo (8 1/8" X 5 9/16"). [i-vii] viii [ix] x-xii [xiii] xiv [xv-xvi], [1], 2-624. Ref: Hatton and Cleaver, pp. 253-272. Eckel, pp. 75-77. **20,000**

Raising his game, at the height of his powers, Dickens explores writing in the first person and achieves the great novel of initiation, finding the ideal balance between the bustling energy of his early works and the mature sense of design exhibited here for the first time. The plotline is pierced by an unsettling exposé of the treatment inflicted on Victorian children, and this is buttressed by poignant statements about the terrors and torments of youth coming of age, most of which apply in any era. Among the more subtle ideas is that a child isn't a coloring book for you to fill in with your favorite shades. And successfully concluding his quest, the novel ends with a glimpse of the grown man. Dickens began to write it as pure autobiography, but he found the naked facts too personal, accordingly, many of the events are drawn from his personal experiences, but many more are fictionalized from his keen reconnaissance of life. However, Micawber can be no other than Dickens' father, and there is no doubt that David Copperfield is Dickens himself. And knowing that he had laid the needle against the redline pin on the great-ometer, he openly stated, more than once, that Copperfield was his favorite from among all his books.

I have no advice for (or endurance for) those fussy collectors who are fussy in the sense that the books they are currently not purchasing must be perfect (imagining that the bluster of their requirements somehow dupe the bookseller into believing that they themselves are as perfect as the standards they are setting for the books they would not buy in any case). But I do have some time-focused advice for you active-aggressive collectors who are actually hopeful of completing a transaction. If you want to work your collection's peripheries, shaping the whole as well as the parts, and always keep busy doing something, then on a yearly basis, purge your library. That means scrape off the bottom 10%, sell it, and use the money to add a great book or 2 at the top. And on a daily basis, buy and sell as if you have been reincarnated into a second lifetime, sent back for previous mishaps and tasked with avoiding your prior carelessness. As for me, I have an ongoing misunderstanding with nature over my library. I think it's an array of fine books worth protecting. She thinks it's the remnants of dead trees and tries her best to return them to mulch.



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

75 vols. 1st editions. The 1st appearances anywhere, in the original monthly parts, of all 56 stories and both of the novels (The Adventures, The Memoirs, Hound of the Baskervilles, The Return, Valley of Fear, His Last Bow, and The Casebook, being every Holmes story that Doyle ever wrote, and the 2 novels that were published serially in these magazines (only A Study in Scarlet and The Sign of Four were not published in The Strands). All are London issues, except The Hound which is New York. Some chips, tears and minor repairs, half the spines faded, else very good, and most crucially, it's all here, and rarer than a pro football player blaming God for a defeat, and it's quite a beguiling time capsule of wide ranging content, illustration and advertising.

**75 vols. Together: 85,000**

The first modern media spectacle (and the model for all that followed) exploded when these Strands were issued. After the first 2 or 3 stories, unprecedented buzz generated long queues, stretching for blocks at newsstands on the day of the months that each was published. Yet, despite those sales, sets in wrappers are now of the utmost rarity, but in reverse of their chronology. The Adventures and Memoirs are seen occasionally, and sets of them are 100 times rarer in wrappers than when they've been rebound, or in the annual Strand collected clothbound form that is so often seen, or even the later cloth 1st editions. The Hound is 5 times scarcer again than The Adventures or Memoirs and the same proportions hold true for its relative scarcity over the bound Strands or the clothbound 1st edition. The Return is rarer still, on all counts. A complete Valley of Fear, in wrappers, is immeasurably less obtainable than its predecessors, and complete runs of His Last Bow and Casebook, might as well be impossible. In fact, hopes for finding any of the last 3, in their publisher's wrappers, belong in the morgue, as few booksellers, collectors or librarians, have ever seen a single set of them for sale, at any price, in any condition. And bound sets are just good pasta covered with bad sauce.

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

## the first surfing book

Drummond, Ron

**The Art of Wave Riding**  
(Hollywood [Cloister Press], 1931).

1st edition (500 copies) of the first printed book devoted to surfing. Delicate wrappers in fine condition. Complete with the portrait and 12 illustrations. Scarce, OCLC found 4 copies in libraries, 5 sold at auction in 40 years (the library

and auction copies may in some cases duplicate each other). I haven't looked over all of them, but most (all?) are unlikely to be fine like this one. **2,500**

An illustrated instructional guide to bodysurfing, written to address "the pitiful sight of thousands of swimmers, young and old, men and women, always trying and never succeeding." And to encourage "...this superb sport which in my opinion is still in its initial stages of development."

Body surfing was already a part of Los Angeles' history when this book was published 86 years ago in Hollywood. From one point of view surfing can be seen as the first Southern California

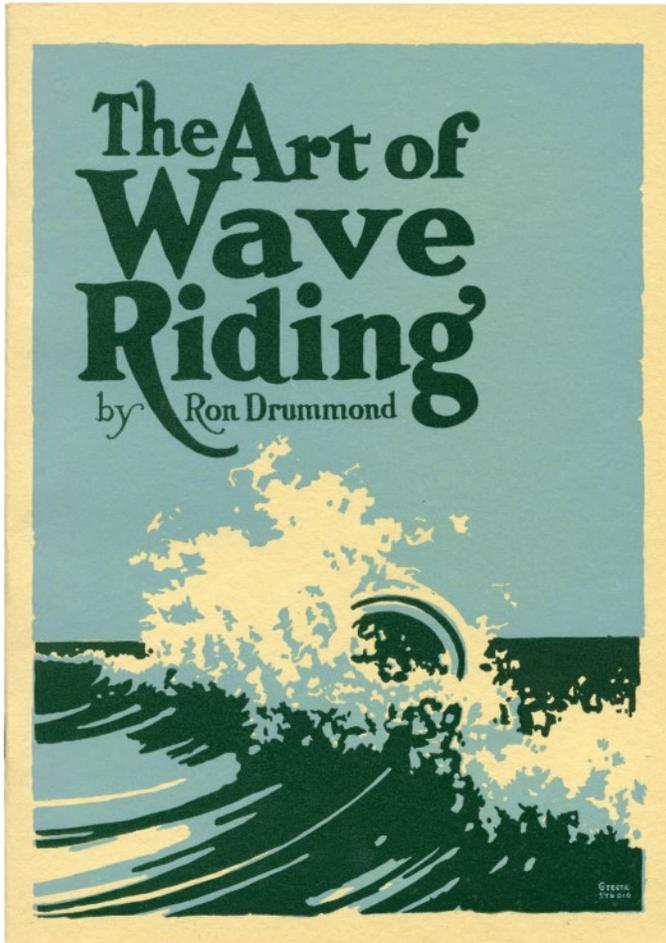
youth counter-culture movement of the 20th century. From another it is a "how to" or "self help" book from the early days of them, leading to our time when what gets published is, "33 Candles You Need to Smell Before You Die."

"If everybody had an ocean, across the U. S. A.

Then everybody'd be surfin' like Californiay,  
You'd see 'em wearing their baggies, Huarachi sandals too,  
A bushy bushy blonde hairdo, surfin' U. S. A."

—Chuck Berry and Brian Wilson (The Beach Boys)

"In the beginning God created the ocean and the land, and he divided them with surf." —The Surfer's Bible



Dumas, Alexandre

**An Unmatchable Collection**  
(VP, 1833–1855).

59 books (61 items) in 155 volumes. An amalgamation comprised almost entirely of the 18 major novels, with no fluff. It includes 1st editions published in Brussels and in Paris, and 1st editions in English too. An unillustrated but comprehensive catalog is available at the booth, and though no single books are for sale, everything is individually priced, as a guide to how we came to, and added up, the collection's cumulative value. **525,000**

**1,637 words about how I amassed this collection**

Good results sometimes follow failed judgments, since the faculty of judgment often hinders me from undertaking things that would succeed if carried through without thinking (nothing courageous would be attempted if all possible objections had to first be overcome). What is being offered here is the consequence of a game stroke, a misstep in the right direction, a reach beyond my abilities, and what might seem an irresponsibly juvenile indulgence of my baseless inclination to excessively test the limits of my intellect in public. So you say, why do that?

**First** of all, I aim for the zenith because falling short will produce excellence. And I'm not that smart, so I often overreach my mastered skills, and thus, I am well practiced, overly ambitious, and indefensibly brash in that particular void, and have a warmth towards, a familiarity with, and the patience for, its nuances.

**Second** are the numbers. 300 odd books carry the masters name, including verse, drama, short stories, travel, history, essays, political tracts, and of course, the novels. Called on to do something, I was free to abandon any thoughts of doing everything, so this collection was, and the catalog of it is, directed at those historical romances for which Dumas' fame is immortal. And less than that, those of his novels that are proven, that is, those 18 that appear in all the manageable sets of his works, remain in print in 50 or more languages, and have been read for entertainment by every successive generation since they were written (the only objective definition of a novel's classic stature). The 18 novels are really 9, that is 3 trilogies, a 4 novel sequence (all written consecutively), and 5 that stand alone. For context, the collection sets them up with 4 precursors, starting with 2 early ancestors, a history finessed with some fiction (*Gaule et France*, 1833), and a group of stories riddled with much history (*Isabel de Bavière*, 1835), both books unable to hide the unfolding of Dumas' technique for illuminating fact with the light of fiction, in the years just before he began writing novels. Those first 2 are followed by a 3rd (*Le Capitaine Paul*, his first novel, 1838), and a 4th, (*Acté* an intermediate or transitional novel, 1838) in which he got historical romance right except for where and when he set it (Rome, 54–68 AD). But after those 4, and from then on, I exclusively focused on the core novels, being the ones widely seen as his great works, and over 20 years, I gathered those of them that I could, with focused, diligent pursuit, but without abandoning reason.

**Third** is the rarity, a comforting virtue for any book to possess, especially when it is a given, as it is with Dumas' 1st editions, but exasperating to confront

as an ongoing trial. The fact is, all the French 1st editions of Dumas' significant novels are scarce by any measure. Most are rare. A glance at 40 years of ABPC's auction records reveals 10 sales of the Paris 1st edition of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, and 2 of its 6th Brussels edition (the one published by Meline), 2 sales of early (1846) Brussels reprints of *Le Comte de Monte-Cristo* (Christo in its earliest issues), 2 Paris 1st editions of *La Tulipe Noire* (sold in 2001 and 2016), 1 (the most recent sale of a major novel) Paris 1st edition of *La Reine Margot* (Trajan, Paris, Sept. 14, 2017, lot 177, €31,594 converted to \$37,596), and a pair of 1st editions of *La Maison de Savoie*, sold in the 1970s (but that book is more common than the auction record implies). The other 1st editions in French offered here (Paris or Brussels) had no sales. None. Zero. Does that mean they have not existed? No. ABPC is not the world. Some 1st editions would have been sold in places beyond the edge of ABPC's radar, some would have been lotted with other books and so unrecorded, and others would have been rejected at the point of vending, as not thought able to reach auction house thresholds. But it does indicate that all are rarer than widely presumed, conforming to my own experience, as most often, I saw a 1st edition, bought it, and never saw another copy for sale. In a few instances I did see a 2nd copy, bought it, kept the finer and sold the lesser. Of the novels I did see for sale, few were in their publisher's bindings (mostly multi-volume issues in printed paper wrappers). Nor was I able to demand the noblest contemporary rebindings, reflecting the skills and artistry widespread in mid-19th century France, but I half surprised myself, and fully pleased myself, with what I could assemble, in one place at one time. Further, there are many 1st editions in English here too, most of them inexplicably rare, with only Chapman & Hall's, London, 1846 *Monte-Cristo* registering regularly at auction, and only Simms & M'Intyre's, London, 1847, *Memoirs of a Physician* regularly for sale in the trade, though always rebound, with the one cataloged here the only exception I've seen in original boards. Try building a collection like this on your own. I'm guessing you will only come to wish you'd bought it here and now.

**Fourth** is the bibliography. Publication of nearly all of Dumas' great novels arose serially in Paris newspapers, journals, or magazines, sometimes running for a few months, other times for a year or more, followed by an authorized Paris, multi-volume book edition, also often issued sequentially during the periodical's serial publication. At the same time, myriad pirates (publisher's printing without authorization), in many cities (though the earliest editions primarily originated in Brussels and Leipzig), issued quickie print, pocket sized, multi-volume editions, paralleling the periodical publication, that is, one volume at a time, as soon as enough of the novel had been serialized to make a small book's worth of chapters, and some of those editions ran 10 volumes, or more. Usually a half dozen publisher's followed this pattern. *Le Comte de Monte-Cristo*, for example, was serialized in a weekly newspaper (*Journal des Débats*) from 1844 to 1846, with 2 Paris book publishers (Pétion and Baudry) issuing competing 18 volume sets one book at a time, in the journal's wake, as soon as it was possible to do so. 4 Brussels

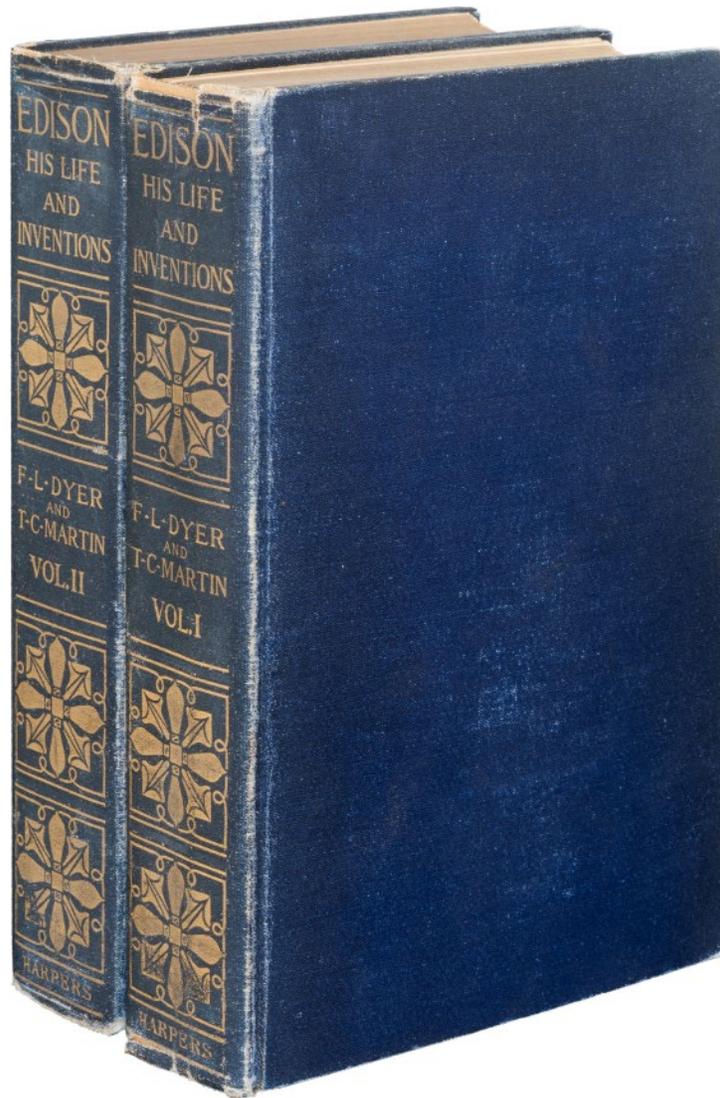
publishers did the same, so 6 different Monte–Cristos were hitting the streets in chorus, 1 volume at a time. This pattern held true for most of Dumas' other major novels, and whether any title saw any publisher, get each and every one of their volumes out for sale, before every other publisher, in every case, is a mythic tangle. Even which publisher got their first volume out first, or their last volume out first, is sometimes unsure, despite the efforts of D. Munro and F. Reed, both of whose bibliographies overflow with data, but the conclusions drawn from that data are often non–sequiturs, beset with guesses, and attempts to spin priority from deficient facts, using faulty formulas, and wavering principles lacking any fidelity, producing chronologies of wayward precedence, based on simplistic math, and raising the specter of entropy, not in its use in thermodynamics, or as a measure of societal decay, but in its street usage, that is, how do you put a value on information that's missing? And I mostly avoided other continental editions (Spanish, German, Italian, etc.) as even a perfunctory glance demonstrated the capriciousness of those publisher's claims, and their records. What I have done in this catalog is apply practicality, beginning with a general dismissal of editions for which one fickle publisher or another issued a fragment of a particular novel and then stopped publishing before the book was completed. And after eliminating those, I analyzed the remaining concurrent editions, laying preference mostly, but not entirely, upon the date of the last volume published, that is, I gave priority to the 1st successful publication of the complete novel. And when the evidence was conflicting or missing, I have tried to supply the facts I could verify, and even those that seemed plausible, in my description, and leave the matter open to your conclusion or additional investigation. So there was a sharpening of, and a satisfying test of, my interpretive and deductive skills, as well as, the occasional thrill of discovery, all of which kept me awake, intent, curious, engaged, and parenthetically, vaccinated against boredom, but that said, all bibliographical conclusions and their explanations are given here as, pending new discovery.

**Fifth** is language. My French is from grade school. My teacher is not alive, or she would testify that I was an indifferent student. Worse, I have poorly used what little French I was taught (spotted throughout the catalog in short bursts), and know well that my French grammar is going to be hilarious, but when I was buying, I got better at French as I went along, learned enough of Continental bookseller slang to scan a description in French, German, Spanish, Italian, etc. and determine if it was portraying a book I might want to own, and if so, to translate the description and examine it more thoroughly, and though I often blundered, when I did blunder, I blundered forward, acknowledged that the error was an error, paid for the purchase, pushed the book out the Biblioctopus back door, and did not encumber this assembly with its presence.

Does that mean what remains is pure and perfect? Hardly. But the collection does bring together 1st editions of all the 18 romances that never imitated anybody, and which nobody has ever been able to imitate. Come to the booth and take a look. I think you'll enjoy seeing it, and you are not going to see its like again.

The 18 Dumas novels that comprise this collection,  
 listed chronologically by the times in which they were set.  
 Publication dates are in parentheses, English titles are in brackets.  
 Each and every title is present in multiple 1st editions.

1528–1580	Le Page du Duc de Savoie (1852–1855) [The Page of the Duke of Savoy, Emmanuel Philibert]
1572–1575	La Reine Margot (1845) [Marguerite de Valois, Queen Margot]
1578–1579	La Dame de Monsoreau (1845–1846) The Lady of Monsoreau, Chicot the Jester]
1584–1585	Les Quarante–Cinq (1848) [The Forty–Five, The Forty–Five Guardsmen]
1625–1628	Les Trois Mousquetaires (1844) [The Three Musketeers]
1648–1649	Vingt Ans Après (1845) [Twenty Years After]
1660–1673	Le Vicomte de Bragelonne (1848–1850) [Ten Years After, The Man in the Iron Mask]
1672–1675	La Tulipe Noire (1850) [The Black Tulip]
1708–1716	Sylvandire (1843) [The Disputed Inheritance, Sylvandire]
1718	Le Chevalier d'Harmental (1842) [The Conspirators, The Knight of Hermental]
1719	Une Fille du Régent (1844) [The Regent's Daughter]
1770–1774	Mémoires d'un Médecin (1846–1848) [Memoirs of a Physician, Joseph Balsamo]
1784–1785	Le Collier de La Reine (1849–1850) [The Queen's Necklace]
1789	Ange Pitou (1851) [Ange Pitou, Taking the Bastille]
1789–1794	La Comtesse de Charny (1852–1854) [The Countess of Charny]
1793	Le Chevalier de Maison–Rouge (1846) [Marie Antoinette, The Knight of the Red House]
1815–1838	Le Comte de Monte–Cristo (1844–1846) [The Count of Monte–Cristo]
1841	Une Famille Corse, Les Frères Corses (1844) [The Corsican Brothers]



Dyer, Lewis [and] Martin, Thomas

**Edison His Life and Inventions**  
(NY, 1910).

2 vols. 1st edition. **Signed presentation copy, inscribed and signed in full by Thomas Edison, in black ink on the front free endpaper.** Original cloth (lacking the dustjackets and slipcase), worn at spine tips, but good, sound, and unrepaired. Only 1 signed, 2 vol. set of the 1st edition is recorded at auction by ABPC (\$1,400, at Darvick, 23 years ago), and we found a 1929 reprint with 2 letters (\$1,750 at Heritage in 2012), so while this is not a fine set, it is the cleanest shirt in the hamper. Half morocco case. **2,500**

Edison was the model for the American work ethic, famed for his unceasing and tireless effort, but this is the 21st century, the lazy era, and in a related story, ants across the U. S. are petitioning for a 23.9 hour workday.

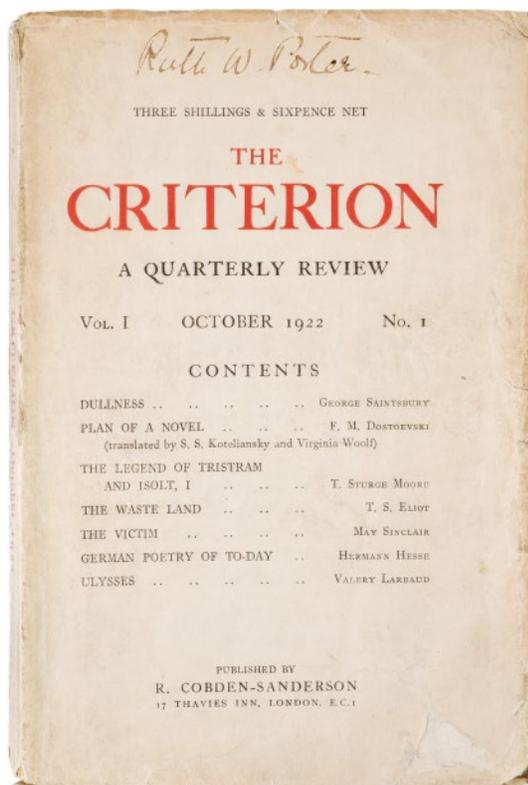
## the 1st printing of all

Eliot, T. S.

**The Waste Land**  
(London, Oct. 1922).

1st appearance anywhere, of the iconic modernist poem, in *The Criterion* (Vol. I, no. 1), a quarterly Literary magazine founded and edited by Eliot himself, primarily for the purpose of publishing *The Waste Land*. Original 2 color printed wrappers, a small skinned patch, frayed at the overlapping edges, light foxing, a little dusty, but still very good, nice for this book. Something of an association copy. Ex—Ruth Wadsworth Porter (her signature on the cover), the wife of James Foster Porter, and mother of Fairfield and Eliot Porter, T. S. Eliot's (2nd?) cousins, so it's not irrational (considering the relation) to propose that our copy of *The Criterion* may have been a gift to her from T. S. Eliot himself. Or not. **4,500**

*The Waste Land* first appeared in this periodical in early October, but let's follow the continuing history as it unfolded. The second appearance (the first in the U. S.) was in the Nov. 1922 issue of *The Dial* magazine (actually issued later in Oct.). In Dec. 1922, *The Waste Land* was first published as a book (in New York) by Boni and Liveright (1,000 copies), adding the author's notes, and as part of their agreement, *The Dial* bought 350 copies of Boni and Liveright's book, being 70% of the copies that have long been singled out as the book's 1st binding and 1st issue (calculated as 500 by their numbering). And then, in Sept. 1923, along came the first U. K. book edition (The Hogarth Press, 450 copies). Now forget all that. Our *Criterion* is the original, *The Waste Land*'s first glimpse of the light, a genesis so overflowing with significance, that it being offered at such a sensible price, brings us to contrasts so absurd, that they're even noticed by the mentally unemployed, and I say that thoroughly sterilized of even perfunctory regret. And its sorta scarce with only 1 copy listed in ABPC's auction record for the last 10 years (2014), and in the same 10 years, copies sold in the trade have been awful (you can look them up in the tornography), but I can tell you that all of them were more unlikeable than someone who sets a wet glass on your favorite book.





**in a never repaired contemporary binding**

Fielding, Henry

**The History of Tom Jones**  
(London, 1749).

6 vols. 1st edition (2,000 printed) complete with the errata in vol. I, and all of Rothschild's cancels as called for (vol. I, B9/1. vol. II, B4/5. vol. III, H8/10, M3, Q11. vol. V, N8. vol. VI, B5). And now for a sentence you won't read often about the 1st edition of Tom Jones: Contemporary full calf, unrepaired in any way, neither rebound, restored, repaired, or rebaced, untouched both inside and outside, and you can draw a chalk outline around your dreams for another copy so unbesmirched, because Tom Jones is a fantasy in this natural state, and just not offered for sale anymore. Spines worn, chipped at the tips, joints worn but holding, sides rubbed too, some stray foxing, 8 pages in vol. IV (gathering O), bound slightly out of order, all of these flaws dismissible for such a book, as sets in this unadulterated state are not only rare in 2018, but have been rare for 50 years, raising the question, why would you buy this title repaired, or worse, rebaced, or worse yet, in a 19th or 20th century binding, when an undishonored 1st edition like this one is available for no premium? Ex-Lord (Charles) Townshend (1700–1764) with his neat ownership signature

in each volume. Ex—Alexander Hamilton (bookplates), a good 18th century sailor, not the great 18th century Treasurer and bad 19th century duelist. **8,500**

Reading Tom Jones is like having a friend you can lay down on a table, much in the same way that owning a doll is like having a baby you can leave in a hot car. Underlying the plot is a message. That men and women are like 2 locked trunks each containing the key to the other. Fielding had a passion for taking the novel to new heights, to be a fireball eating all the oxygen, and he teased this passion with his 1842 novel, Joseph Andrews. But Joseph Andrews was a response to, and a side story of, Richardson's Pamela, with essentially the same characters. By comparison, Tom Jones made construction an art, in a perfect union of theory and practice. It presented the fully developed narrator in all of his detachment, and exploited the sly and intentional use of misdirection. It was to earlier novels what the machine gun was to horse cavalry, a flash-mob of creative initiative that used the shoulders of its predecessors, not to stand on, but to leap from.

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

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

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

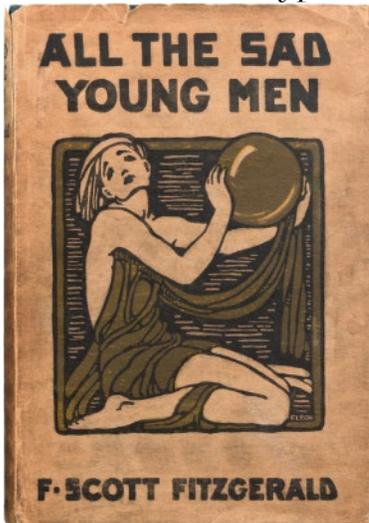
## The Great Gatsby's Chia Pet

Fitzgerald, F. Scott

**All the Sad Young Men**  
(NY, 1926).

1st edition. Fine in a dustjacket with soiling (darker on the spine), small chips, tears at edges and along folds, else good condition, and in 1 piece, with no repair, nicer than some copies called very good. **1,500**

The first 3 printings (16,170 total copies) were not differentiated in any way by the publisher, and the bibliographer failed to separate them too, but he did note that there was some type batter to the folio on page 90, and to the text on pages 38



and 248, so, of course, booksellers use this data to declare their copy without batter, a 1st printing or a 1st issue, both of those conclusions absurd. And there's more. Progressive type batter to the lips of the woman on Cleonike's jacket has led even honest booksellers, as well as their dishonest counterparts, to trumpet some special status to the copy they are selling. For the record, our copy has perfect type in all 3 places and perfect lips on the jacket, and we proclaim nothing for it except that it's the 1st identified state within the 3 print runs, certainly coming off the press before sheets and jackets exhibiting the batter, but in which printing the battering began is unknown to us, and to everyone

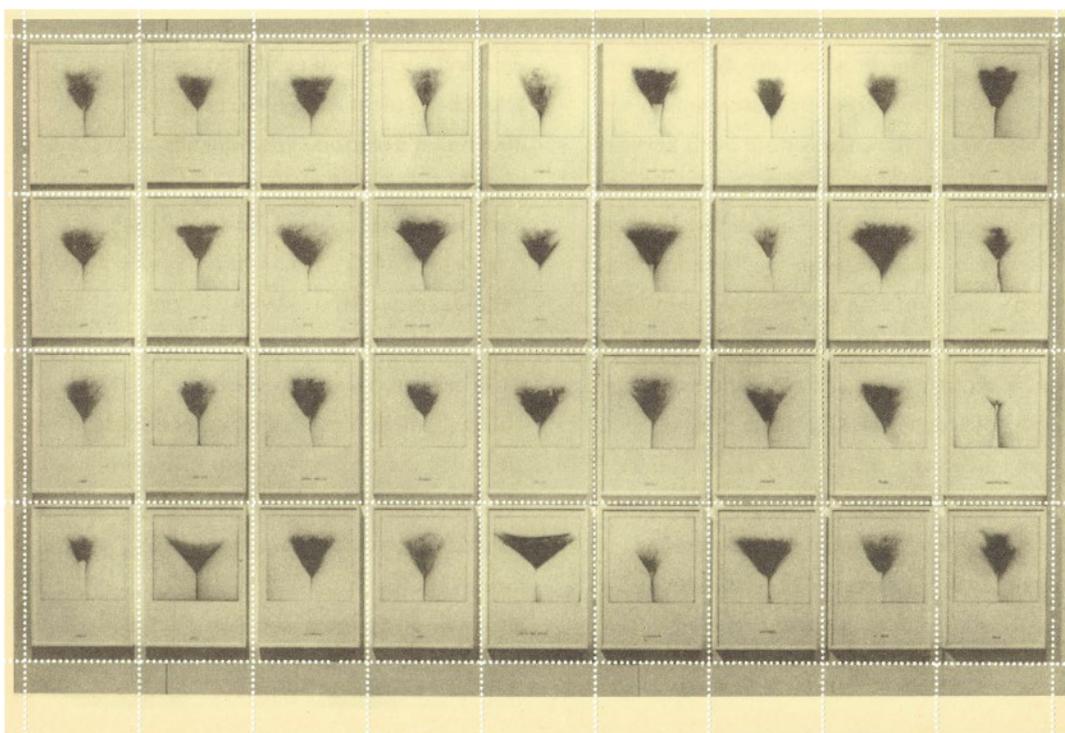
else. Some contemporary dated presentation copies have none of these flaws, and some do, so none of this has any sure impact on issue, as it is well known to those interested in the truth (the ever shrinking minority) that the first sheets off the press, or even the first bound copies, often find themselves on the bottom of a pile as later ones are stacked on top of them prior to shipping, and if the printing or binding or jackets is/are all completed before sending them to retail bookstores, the last copies printed or bound (residing at the top of the stacks) may be the first copies shipped, and thus, they are sometimes, the first (and only) copies sold on publication day, and therefore, the 1st copies issued (Book Code).

Want more? This is Fitzgerald's most common lifetime book in dustjacket, it has never been scarce, and it should always be relatively inexpensive.

All 9 stories salute the author's perennial themes, the most recurrent of which are the search for true love, and the damage that wealth can inflict on character, the latter specifically and highly wrought in the book's first story, *The Rich Boy*, a subtle and penetrating psychological portrait in which the third paragraph begins with one of the author's most famous lines:

“Let me tell you about the very rich. They are different from you and me.”

Fitzgerald is, knowingly, generalizing, and we all know wealthy people whom he is wrong to portray in the way he does, but it's fun to watch him do so, and he touches those differences astutely. And this is not just some essay on found money. It is short fiction at its most engaging, a precise novel in miniature offering a peek into Fitzgerald's search for true love. It's conjoined, in this book, with 8 other stories (and they with most of his other stories) to form a complex, multi-layered biography, telling of an author and his era. Every word of plot, characterization, atmosphere and theme (the 4 pillars of short fiction) are fused in an unfamiliar formula that's nonetheless easily recognized as truthful, seamlessly symmetrical, and readily welcomed. In their content, style and structure, they are concerned with the most elusive of subjects, the human heart and its dreams, and their trajectory arcs from joyous wonder to sad understanding.

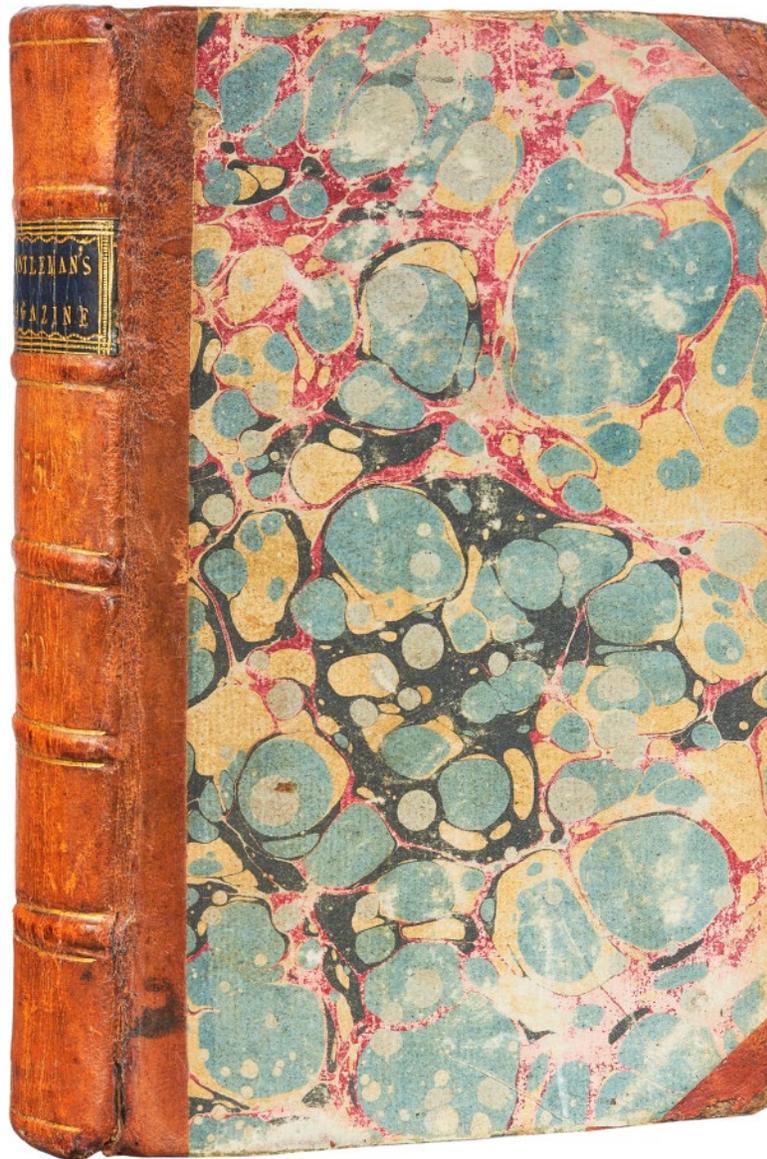


stay close

[Flesh Art]

**Set of French Kitty Stamps**  
(Paris [?], ca. 1930).

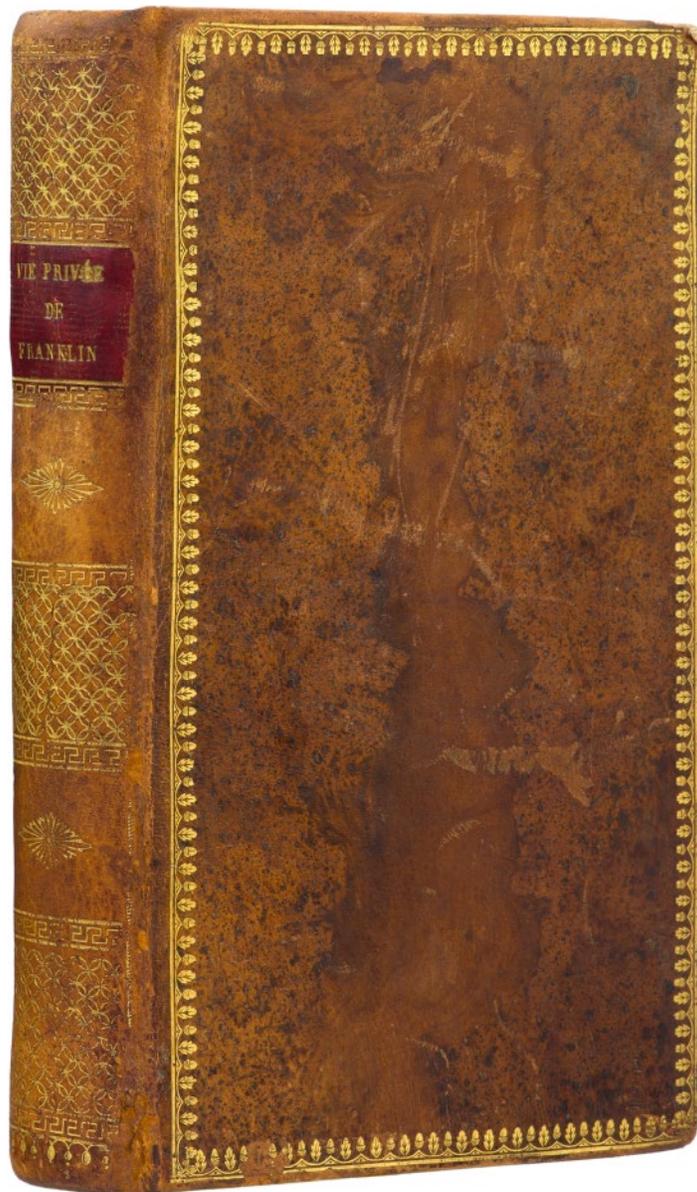
1st edition, 1st (and only) printing. Not a government issue, and not usable for postage (no denomination or country printed), but rather an art piece depicting the naked laps of various French women. The whole sheet, in fine condition with full margins (12 1/2" X 8 1/2"), perforated as issued, undisturbed glue on the verso (ironically, licking these would lower their value). Not really Art Deco, Moderne, or Surrealist, but from that period. Rare, we saw just one other set in a library, off a sincere, but obviously not reference rich, world wide search. **1,500**



### Franklin shocks the world

Franklin, Benjamin      **The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Chronicle**  
(London, 1750).

1st edition (vol. XX). Contains the first 2 appearances in print anywhere, announcing Franklin's discoveries and experiments with electricity. The Jan. 1750 issue (p. 34) reprints a letter from Franklin identifying electricity as "the electrical fire" and saying, "...it is a real Element, intimately united with all other matter, from whence it is collected by tube, or sphere." The May 1750 issue (p. 208) reprints a second letter from Franklin announcing his invention of the lightning rod. Contemporary half calf, worn and strengthened but not rebaced, a few pages bound out of order, else a good, solid, heavyweight book.      **1,750**



Franklin, Benjamin

**Memoires de la Vie de Benjamin Franklin**  
**Ecrits Par Lui-Meme, et Asresses a Son Fils**  
[Memories of the Life of Benjamin Franklin]  
(Paris, 1791.)

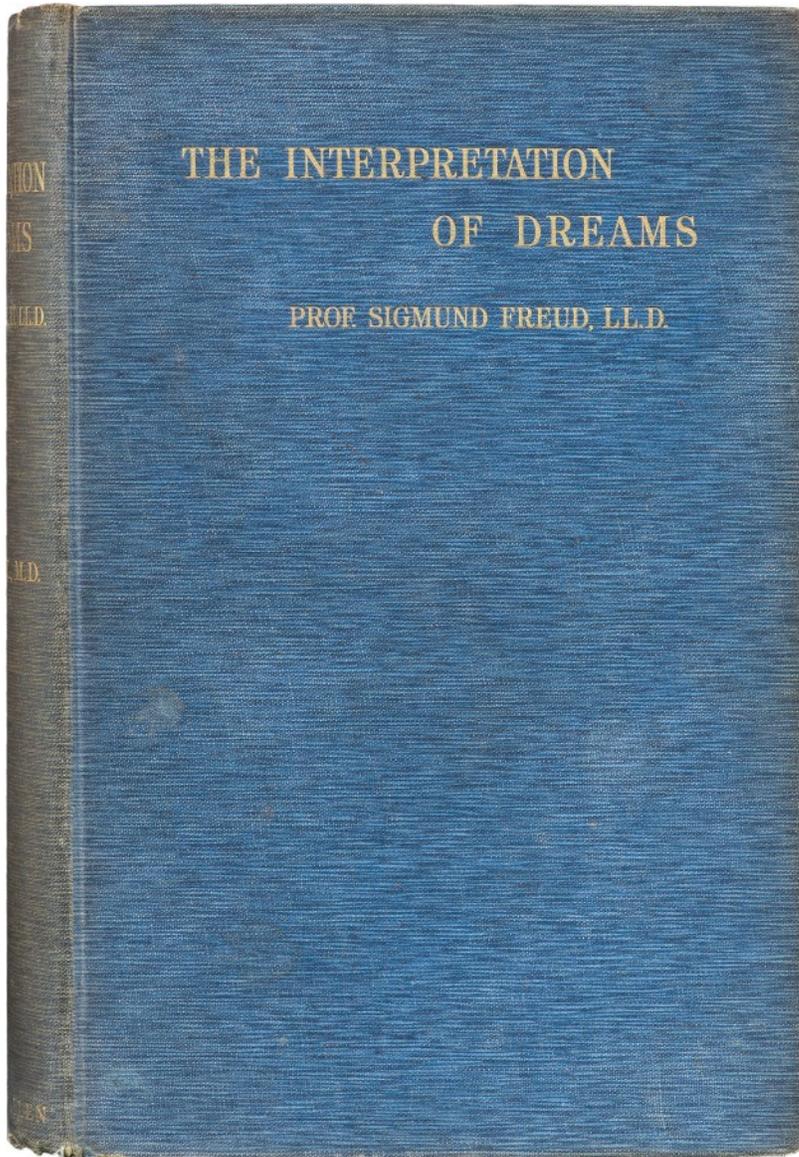
1st edition (in French), preceding all others, including any edition in English by 2 years. Contemporary calf. Very good. This is high water Americana, among the greatest autobiographies ever written, and it's the best portrait of colonial life in 18th century Philadelphia. Franklin tells of his ascent from poverty to success and influence, by wisdom and thrift, his recounting is candid and insightful about people, events, and his own motives, he doesn't take himself too seriously, and he writes it all with his renowned humor and piercing wit. **2,200**

wish fulfillment

Freud, Sigmund

**The Interpretation of Dreams**  
(London, 1913).

1st edition in English, 1st printing, the scarce 1st state, and also the 1st issue. But why is it the 1st state? Let's snuggle up against the bibliography without falling into it, for what'll be your one ride per catalog on the bibliographical hamster wheel.



All the 1st edition sheets were printed in England, but only a small fraction of them were issued there with an integral London title page. That's because the London issue was reserved for, and only sold to, "the medical, scholastic, legal, and clerical professions" and never sold to the public, and in the 1st issue of it, a printed publisher's note was tipped-in to all copies for sale on publication day, ratifying this, and the slip is present in our copy, while often missing in others. Almost all of the sheets were sent to the U. S. for the New York (1st American) edition,

and these were then issued there with a cancel "New York" title page, followed by copies with an integral "New York" title page (likely a case of initially printing a title page to be tipped in as a cancel, and then printing a single sheet bifolium which was sewn in for the integral title page, but not reprinting the text, that came even later). Exact publication dates are not known but the London edition

is, inarguably, the 1st state with its integral London title page, exactly as the book was 1st printed, and it precedes, the NY edition, probably by a week, or 2. And besides it being the primary edition, it's 20 times (40 times?) scarcer than the NY edition, of which there are always copies for sale. For contrast, ABPC records 8 copies of the NY issue sold at auction since the mid-1970s, against no copies of this London issue. Original cloth (not known by me to exist in, or have been issued in, a dustjacket, but this is, of course, pending new discovery). First and last few leaves foxed, 3 faint spots to the cloth, spine faded, else near fine (see the photograph). **6,000**

Want more? It's a superb association copy. Ex-Dr. Alan W. Tyson, eminent psychiatrist, assistant editor of Freud's Works, and the translator of 3 of Freud's books, as well as 3 of his clinical papers. Our copy has 6 pages of Tyson's apt, tightly written, pencil notes on the 4 rear blanks and endpapers, the notes themselves a dissection of the text that is as earnest as any published. This is impeccable provenance, compared to some other copy, with some lame lineage (usually a bovine aristocrat whose ancestor did something 600 years ago entitling his heirs to waste their lives doing nothing except abusing privilege, and futilely posturing), or lamer still, an orphan of a copy with all the pedigree of a rain forest snake from the reptile pound's illegal import lockdown.

And here's a clear and unambiguous little axiom from the Tao of the Octopus: The earliest copies of the greatest books don't always go up in value the fastest, but that's the way to invest.

Incorrect attributions of priority for the N. Y. edition follow a simple minded projection from insufficient data. That since the translation, was done by an American (A. A. Brill) the N. Y. issue must precede, another case of convenient but erroneous conclusions (bikinis cause hot weather, or spoons make you fat) here drawn from the guesses of expediency, motivated by either materialism, since it is the N. Y. edition that booksellers always have in hand to sell, or can easily find for a lazy customer (if a bookseller can get you asking the wrong questions, they don't have to worry about the answers), or an inability (moral exhaustion?) to be honestly discerning, like having garbage can security judged by raccoons, or tennis ball inflation judged by Golden Retrievers. Our book is the genuine article, and comparing this London issue to the NY issue is like comparing a peach, to peach scented room freshener.

And in the end we will toss you a social warning: "Let me tell you about my dream last night..." is, at all times, an introduction that calls for the interjection, "Hold it right there!"

"Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you,

Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you..."

-Gus Kahn, Dream a Little Dream of Me



**the real 1st printing, signed twice by Hall**

Hall, Manly P.

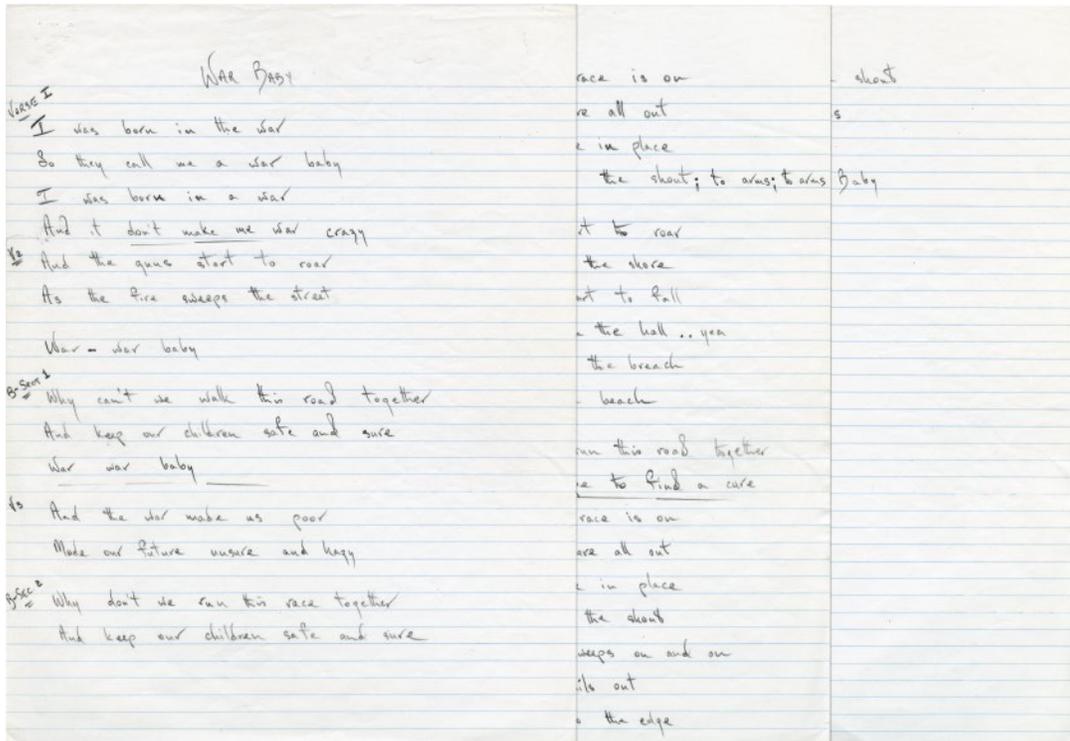
**An Encyclopedic Outline  
of Masonic, Hermetic, Qabbalistic  
and Rosicrucian Symbolic Philosophy...  
the Secret Teachings...of All Ages  
(San Francisco, 1928).**

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

Hall's encyclopedia is often lauded as a dreamlike monument to the precursors of science that ought to be studied, and one of the elite books ever published. Or it is scorned as a fall into the shadows, written at the command of his insect overlords that ought to be burned and the ashes sprayed with Lysol. It encompasses everything, so is firm on nothing, reminiscent of spiders getting stepped on, and not knowing what hit them, but explaining it with an esoteric name like, spontaneous compression. The symbolism (in its plates) is unmatched in other books, and the text has a veneer of historical data that is mostly factual, despite its focus being mostly magical, and it's the confusing kind of magic usually practiced by those who have no flair for conversation.

Not that 21st century astrophysicists or cosmologists have much flair for conversation either, and for confusion these overconfident absolutists take a credible observation, such as that the universe is currently expanding, and then declare that it will expand forever, despite having not yet uncovered the laws (gravitational lensing won't work) governing what constitutes 85% of the known (dark matter) and now drives it (dark energy).

So what are you to believe? Well, what's safe to believe is that this is a phenomenal book. The maximus color plates are stunning, the alchemical and numinous subjects are comprehensive, the layout is accessible, the text is economical and congenial, and though there's a lot in it that feels like sewing a button on custard, and there isn't much in it that's more secret than the recipe for ice, the coalescing of philosophy, imagery, religion, and science is prudent, intriguing, and judicious, and it's an atypical mingling, meaning, not to be found elsewhere in literature. But Hall knows his limits so he doesn't ask or answer the paramount metaphysical question: Why is there something instead of nothing?



you're with the band

Jagger, Mick

Original handwritten manuscript for War Baby  
(1987).

**Complete, original handwritten manuscript for War Baby. 37 lines of neatly written lyrics (233 words) in pencil, all in Mick Jagger's handwriting, on 3 sheets (!) of 8" X 10" lined paper (rectos only). Titled at the top, the verse and bridge notations in the left margin. A recording session draft, 1987, for his second solo album Primitive Cool (his 1993 biography also titled Primitive Cool). The band featured polished supporting performances by Dave Stewart, Vernon Reed, G. E. Smith and Jeff Beck. Left edge minutely trimmed (no loss), 4 tiny staple holes at blank corner else fine. I've been selling these Rock & Roll manuscripts for 25 years and Jagger lyrics are mystifyingly rare. Those that are complete, published, recorded and performed are chimeras, rarer than the manuscripts of his parallel contemporaries, and this song is his shot at an antiwar message, not quite Give Peace a Chance or Blowin' in the Wind, but I've sold a dozen manuscripts by various Beatles, and more than that by Dylan, yet this is the first Jagger manuscript I've ever had my hands on. 25,000**

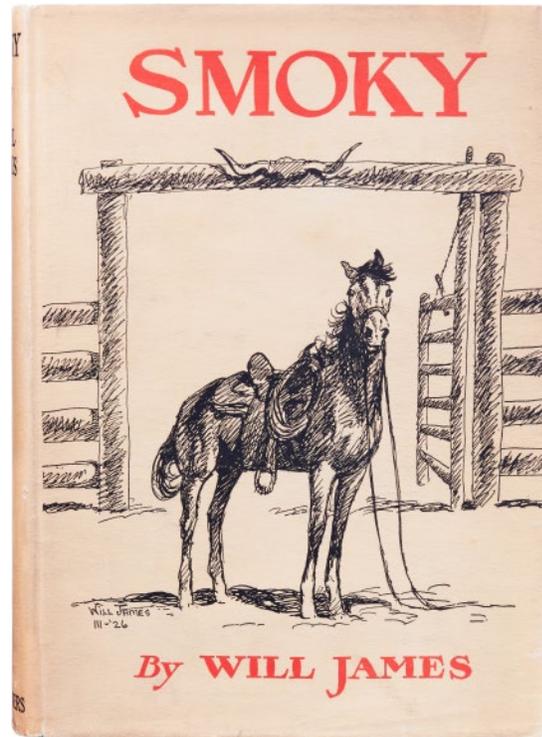
Smoky the Cow Horse

James, Will

Smoky  
(NY, 1926).

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

1st printing with "1926" on the title page and only 3 lines on the copyright page. **Signed and dated (in ink) on the endpaper, "Will James III-'26."** Small, neat, original owner's name on pastedown, else fine in near fine, unrepaired 1st printing dustjacket (\$2.50 price, and no later printings signified on the spine), the most notable flaw being a 1/2" tear to the top edge of the front panel (tears are to chips as mist is to rain). Complete with the original laid in pictorial bookmark, as issued. Soiled and/or worn copies sell for half our price (repaired ones should be even cheaper), but this is the finest one I've had, and it's much finer than the others out there, even the ones described candidly, and most are not. And when you do see an honestly described 1st edition of Smoky in jacket the copy has either been so abused that social services should come knocking on the door, or repaired with more paint and touch-up than Princess Amadala, or so grisly it couldn't get raped in jail. **6,500**



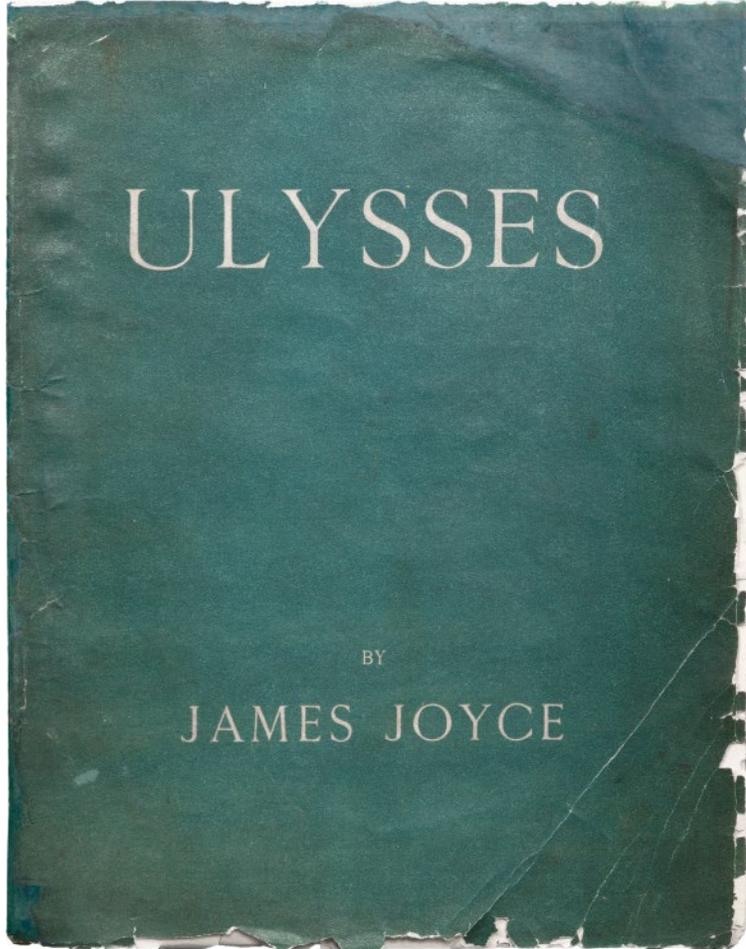
A plotline tracking Black Beauty but set in the American West in the early days of the 20th century, and injected with enough modern realism, to craft a cowboy landmark from the day it was published, and win the 1927 Newbery medal and it's a scarce 1st edition when it's in an unadulterated dustjacket in this condition. Numerous reprints of the jacket have been married to 1st editions of the book, so beware if the cloth is worn, or faded, or soiled, or looks like it hasn't been covered with a jacket all its life. And any repaired Smoky jacket should immediately awaken your skepticisms, especially if it's backed, or the repairs touch the spine, as that's where the reprintings are noted, and fine sandpaper can remove them, or pulp can patch them, and the repairs can then obscure the evidence that anything was printed there before it was repaired, leaving you with a book that is like a blacksmith's bellows, it breathes but it does not live. And here are 5 adages to recall when you are suspicious of any book, or its description: Generalities are spoken so that truth may be concealed. Don't confuse the momentarily unseen with the everlastingly nonexistent. Luck is infatuated with the efficient. Book collecting has no prizes or penalties, but there are consequences. "No" is a complete sentence. And write this down in your Dora the Explorer Day Planner: Your library is your portrait, and dubious jackets should always arouse your disdain, and buying one, especially when an irreproachable sparkler like this one is selling for such a modest premium, is an error that ranks with the 1212 Children's Crusade (Book Code).

Joyce, James

**Ulysses**

(Paris [Shakespeare and Company], 1922).

1st edition, 1st issue of 750 copies, published February 2nd, before the 100 on Dutch paper (February 13th) and the 150 on large paper (March 4th). Original wrappers, rebacked, edges chipped, 1 corner, 1 flap, and 5 blank page

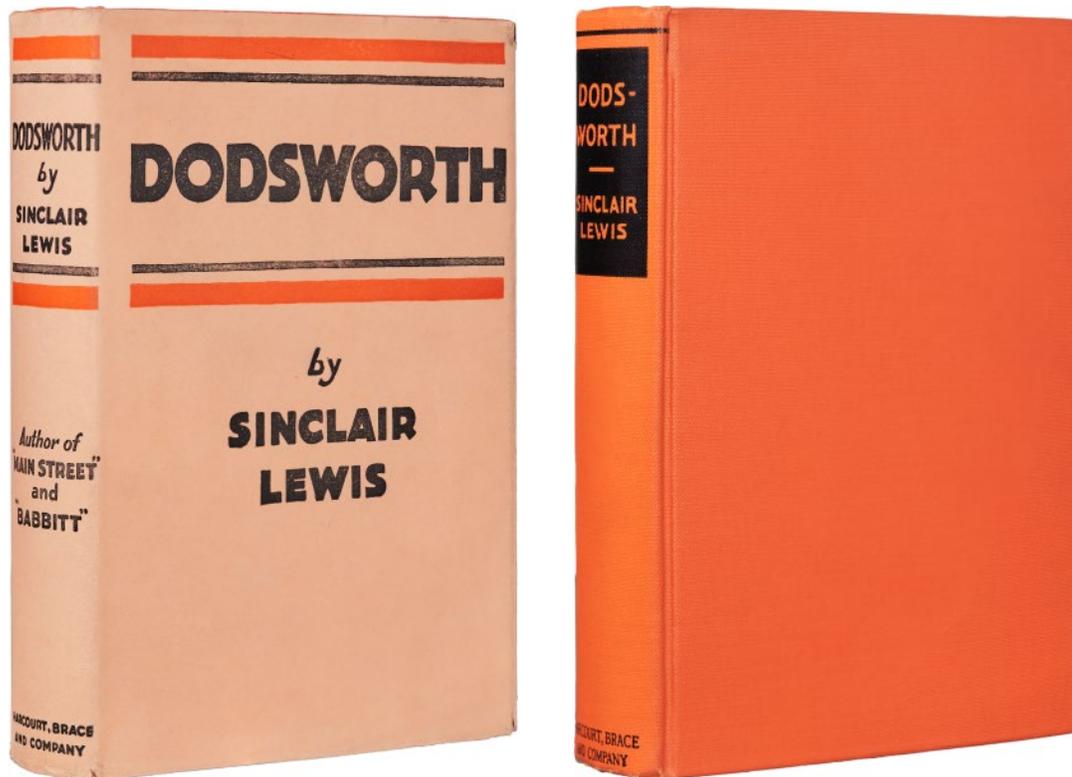


corners repaired, rear endpaper restored, else a good, complete copy, not pretty but it is in wrappers and it is uncut, and we're being precise here, and other descriptions are suspiciously vague.

**11,000**

1st editions of Ulysses in this price range have disappeared (the least expensive comparables start at twice our price and go up from there), and the only thing 4 generations of "1st thus" reprints share in common is declining demand. But a new generation of readers is on the rise. They've been told it's industrial strength psychological

realism, and the supreme modernist novel. And they've read it was condemned as scandalous erotica in the days when safe sex meant locking the door, and then robustly suppressed by authorities fearful of any novel suggesting that chastity is an unlit lamp, or that adult abstinence ranks as a purity alongside of malnutrition. But generations Y and Z don't care what squares thought about sex 95 years ago, or that from the 1940s to the 1970s Ulysses' meaning was mused upon as a puzzle in some language twins teach each other. They just face it as a long and arduous 732 page, 265,000 word legacy, a test of focus, set in turn of the century Dublin, and only worth the effort because it recaptures life in a particularly fascinating time and place. So the motivation for reading Ulysses has been protean in each generation, but it always stayed the best of its kind, and that flexibility of appeal is the profile of conscious art.



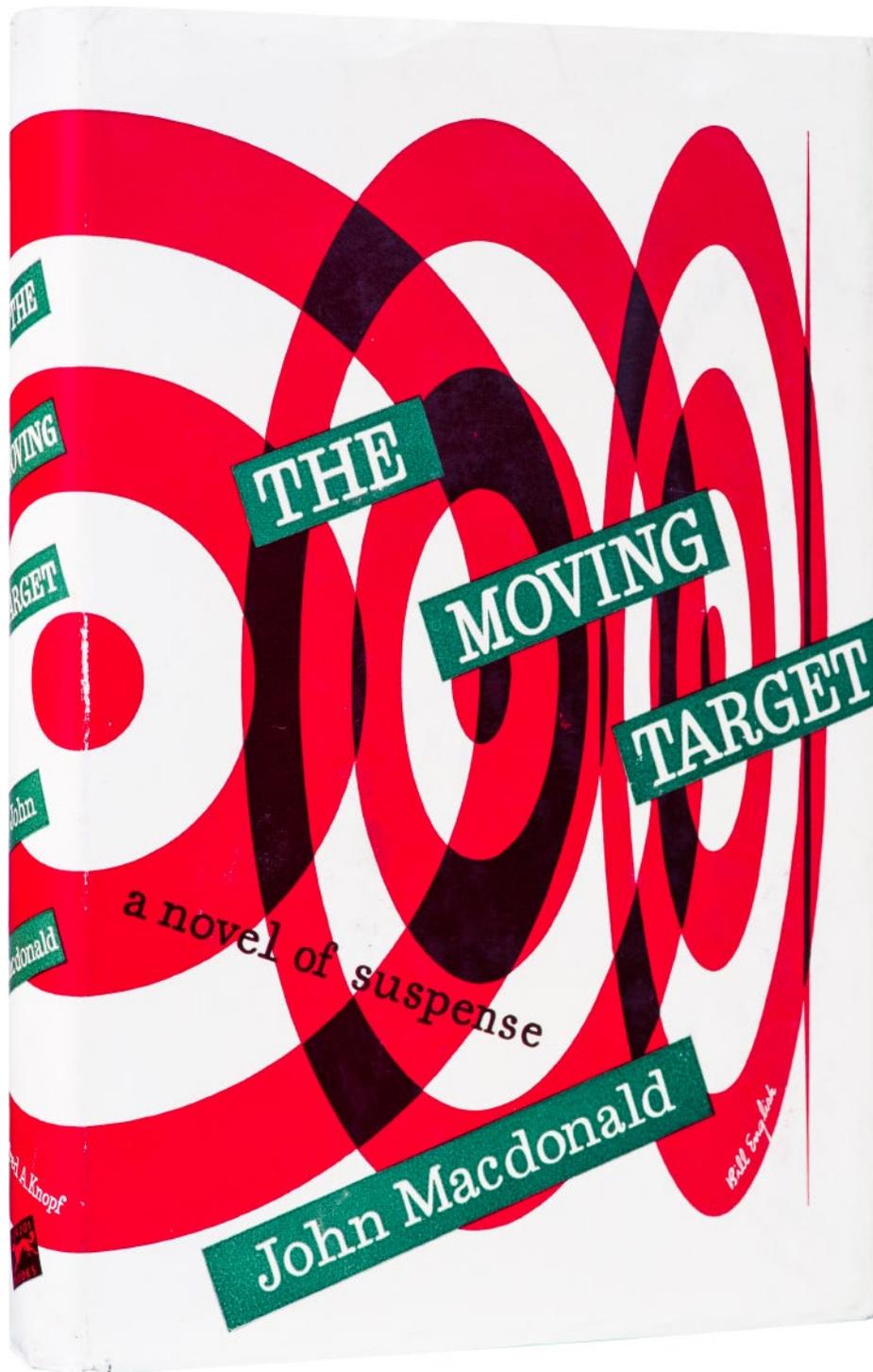
**just the copy you would want and the only Dodsworth that's scarce**

Lewis, Sinclair

**Dodsworth**  
(NY, 1929).

1st edition, 1st binding, one of something less than 1,000 copies in orange cloth, issued in late Feb. 1929, preceding the 2nd binding in blue cloth, issued in March, which was about a billion copies (Lewis isn't on Facebook or I'd ask him exactly how many were published, and by the way, the only reason to go on Facebook these days, is to monitor which of your former classmates has the least attractive children). Fine in a near fine 1st issue dustjacket with no reviews on the front flap, a beautiful copy of a famous book, at a kindly price, the combination that threatens all the right people. **2,750**

Most copies in the orange 1st binding were issued without a dustjacket, but the cloth on this one is so new looking as to lend credence to the idea that it always had a jacket on it, and that's what is rare, Dodsworth in orange cloth that's so fresh as to convincingly look like it had been covered by a jacket all its life, and the same value proportions apply, as does the customary warning: Do not buy this book without a dustjacket, or even with a jacket if the cloth shows any signs of not having always been protected by one from its day of publication. And that is shrewd advice to follow for all 1st editions obtainable in a dustjacket. Oh, and don't buy this book in the 2nd (blue) binding which is more common than forgotten promises and can only be resold at a loss if you grow tired of it (Book Code).



Macdonald, John [Ross] (a pen name of Kenneth Millar)    **The Moving Target**  
(NY, 1949).

1st edition of the first Lew Archer novel. Fine in a dustjacket with 2 tiny nicks and 2 small tears all at the ends of the folds, else a fine dustjacket, particularly

bright and fresh with no tanning of the white and no fading of the red, even on the spine, and this is the state of preservation that makes this book scarce. 6,000

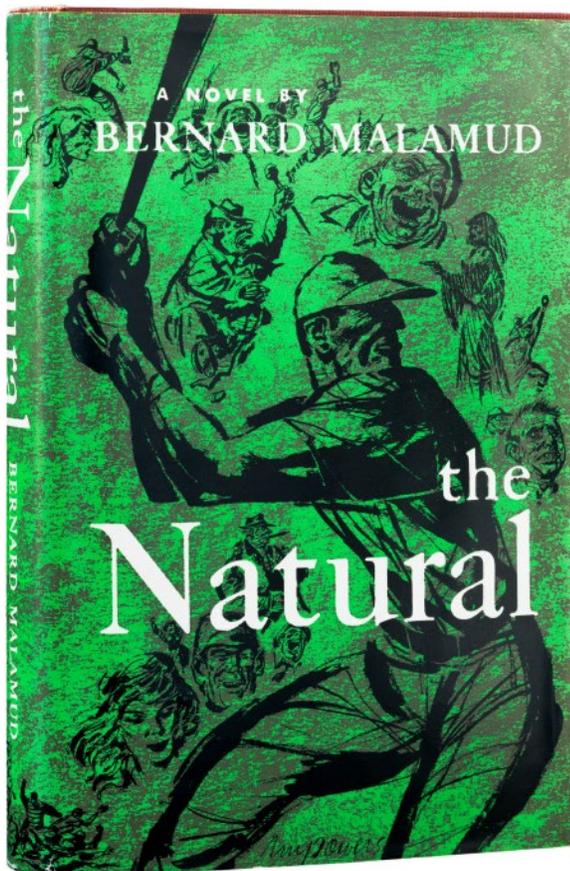
Ross Macdonald (Dr. Ken Millar, his PhD is in Literature from Michigan) wrote short stories for pulps, and then his first novel, a spy thriller (*The Dark Tunnel*) in 1944. Another spy story followed in 1946, then a noir of detection without a professional detective (1947), and another like it in 1948, that twisted the mental aspect. In between them he wrote a short story, *Find the Woman*, in which he introduced detective Lew Archer, and then reprised him in 1949 for this novel, that redefined the role of the American private eye and gave the crime novel a psychological depth and moral complexity only hinted at before. 17 more novels followed, and in 1966 *The Moving Target* was made into the film *Harper*, with Paul Newman as Lew Archer.

Malamud, Bernard      **The Natural**  
(NY, 1952).

1st edition of his first book. The Gothic novel taken out of the castle, into the sunshine, and between the chalk lines. **Signed presentation copy, inscribed "For Bonnie, Hector and the boys. Affectionately Bern. July, 1952."** Fine in a dustjacket with a crease to the rear inner flap, and a 1/4" tear, else fine. 8,500

More than a baseball story, Malamud reaches for the stars. It is, arguably, the best baseball novel, or the best sports novel, or the best sports film, but of any genre, or by any standard, it's a high calorie book with enough light for those who are inclined to see, and enough darkness for those more comfortable in the shadows. Literate, layered,

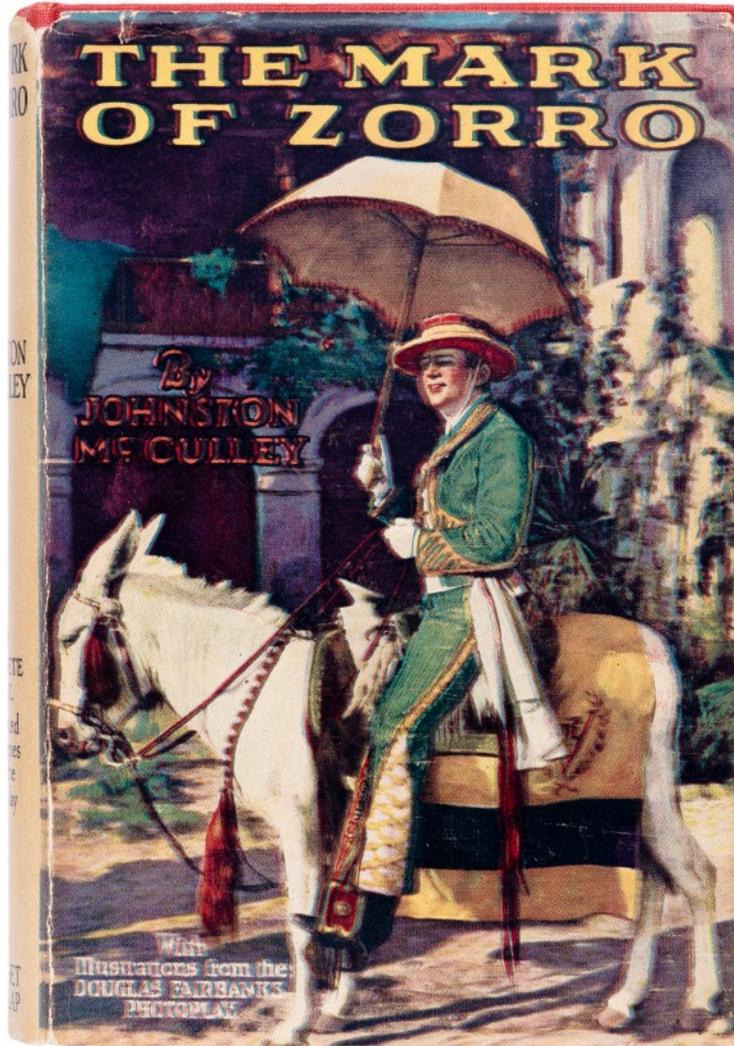
arcane, and profound, *The Natural* is a knight's tale of lost virtue, redemption and death, and by changing the ending it was made into a fulfilling 1984 film, co-written by Philip Dusenberry and Roger Towne, directed by Barry Levinson, and starring Robert Redford, Kim Basinger, Robert Duvall, Glenn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



McCulley, Johnston

**The Mark of Zorro**  
(NY, 1924).

1st edition of the California epic. The shroud of tyranny, the call for liberty,



the vision of destiny, the double identity, the secret oath, the waning moon, the hidden passage, the dark rider, the cape, the mask, the spurs, the sword, and the sign of the Z. Fine in the 1st printing dustjacket without the Grosset and Dunlap logo ("G&D") on the spine, and with Dec. 1924 ads on the verso. The dustjacket has small chips to the corners else it's near fine, and 1st editions of Zorro in the correct jacket are rarely offered for sale, and most copies in jacket are in the reprint jacket, and those few that are correct, usually look like they've been tortured by Torquemada and then shot by the Death Star. And buying a copy without

a jacket is just a submission to hasty expediency or misguided frugality. **7,500**

Grosset & Dunlap published mostly reprints, but not this one. There was a 1919, abridged version in All-Story Magazine titled The Curse of Capistrano, followed by an expansion of the story (written by McCulley, Eugene Miller and Douglas Fairbanks using his pen name, Elton Thomas) for the 1920 U. A. film, from which came this novelization, in 1924, but reports of a 1920 book edition are a hoax.

"Andrea: Unhappy is the land that breeds no hero."

"Galileo: No, Andrea, unhappy is the land that needs a hero."

-Bertolt Brecht, Life of Galileo, scene 12

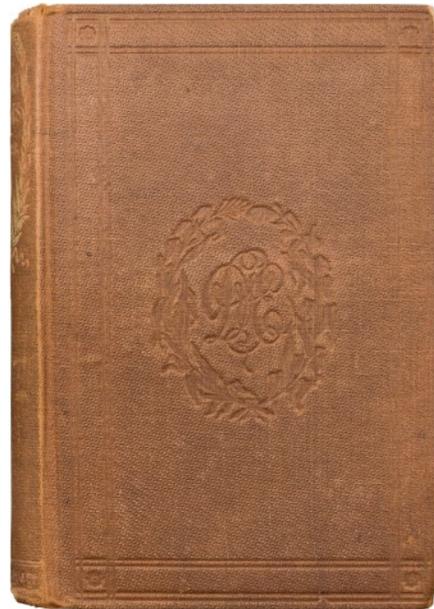
Melville, Herman

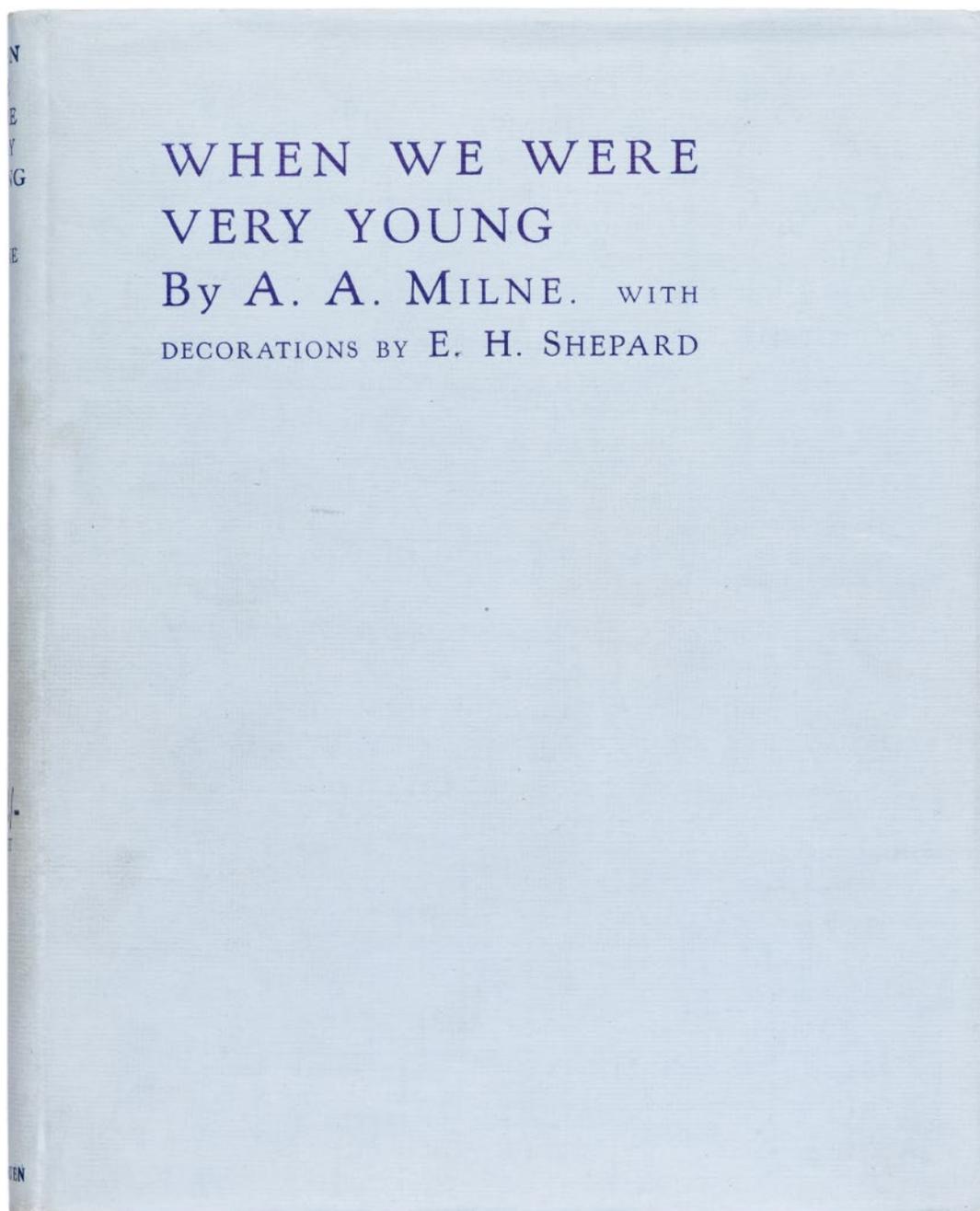
**The Piazza Tales**  
(NY, 1856).

1st edition of Melville's first (and only) book of short stories. Original brown cloth, gilt sharp (usually oxidized away), wear to spine tips, lightly foxed, else very good, tolerable for this cheaply made book. **4,500**

Setup first, details to follow. Looking back to the American short story's roots there was Irving's Sketch Book (1820), the invention of the modern short story, and the first American book that was a bestseller here and in Europe. Then came Poe's Tales (1845), Hawthorne's Mosses From an Old Manse (1846), and after *The Piazza Tales*, there were Twain, James, Crane, Bierce, and O. Henry, then Fitzgerald and Hemingway but this is the one book that touches them all.

Its 431 pages are filled with 6 stories. The Bell Tower is a psychological gripper that's an advance of Edgar Poe. The Lightning-Rod Man is the shortest but it's of such absorbing invention and depth that it would be a career marker if credited to any other name. The Piazza (the delusions of idealism) and The Encantadas (sketches of the Galápagos Islands) are longer and just as fine. All 4 are half a century ahead of their time and more intricate than most novels, but it is the 161 pages of Benito Cereno (good versus evil) and the 77 pages of Bartleby the Scrivener (isolation) that soar to the heights and stand tall at the pinnacle. Every word of plot, theme, characterization, and atmosphere are fused in an unfamiliar manner that is nonetheless easily recognized as truthful, seamlessly symmetrical, and readily welcomed, but it was all too late for Melville. By 1856 he couldn't believe what wasn't happening to him. He'd already decided that mind is to soul as wave is to ocean, and unbumped by the threat of failure, he wrote as brilliantly as he could for as long as someone would publish him, and dismissed his editor's advice to write down to his readers and enjoy a successful commercial career (Herman was a genius who never realized that money is coined liberty). But Melville's martyrdom or the ignorance of 19th century readers does not justify why in the 21st century, 95 years after Melville's rediscovery, this 1st edition continues to be undervalued beyond reason. In many ways it reads like it was written 62 years ago not 162, and I can cogently argue that it's American literature's finest collection of short fiction. The 1st edition (which may include 3 printings) was a small one (2,500 copies), sales were slower than bluff erosion (1,051 sold), the publishers (Dix & Edwards) went bankrupt, and Melville himself was dismissed from literature a year later, all these events ironically, though repeatedly, the journey of real art.



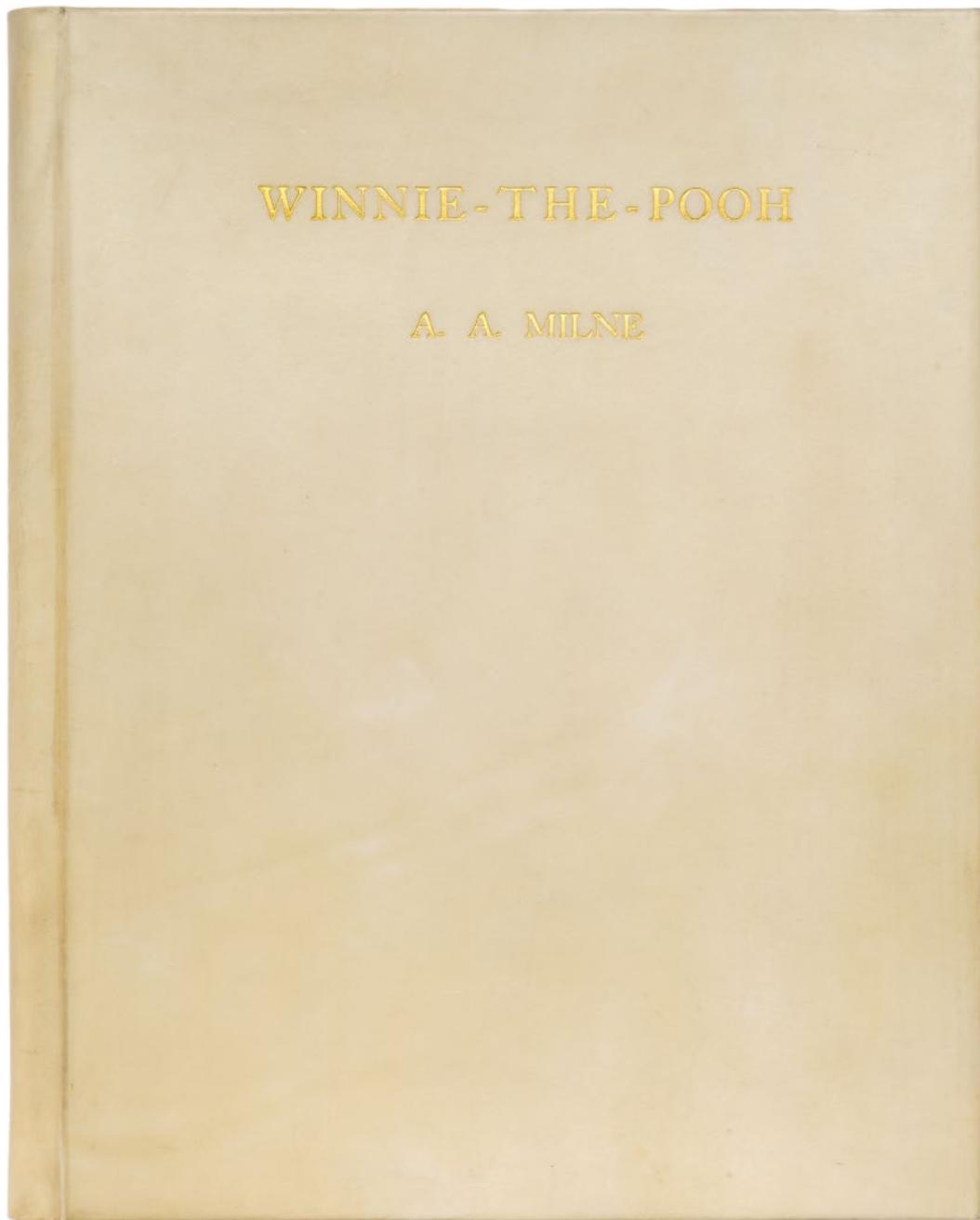


the first book of poems

Milne, A. A.

**When We Were Very Young**  
(London, 1924).

1st edition. The first book in the Pooh series. **One of 100 large paper copies, signed by Milne and Shepard (the smallest limitation for this title).** Fine in fine dustjacket, pristine. **17,500**



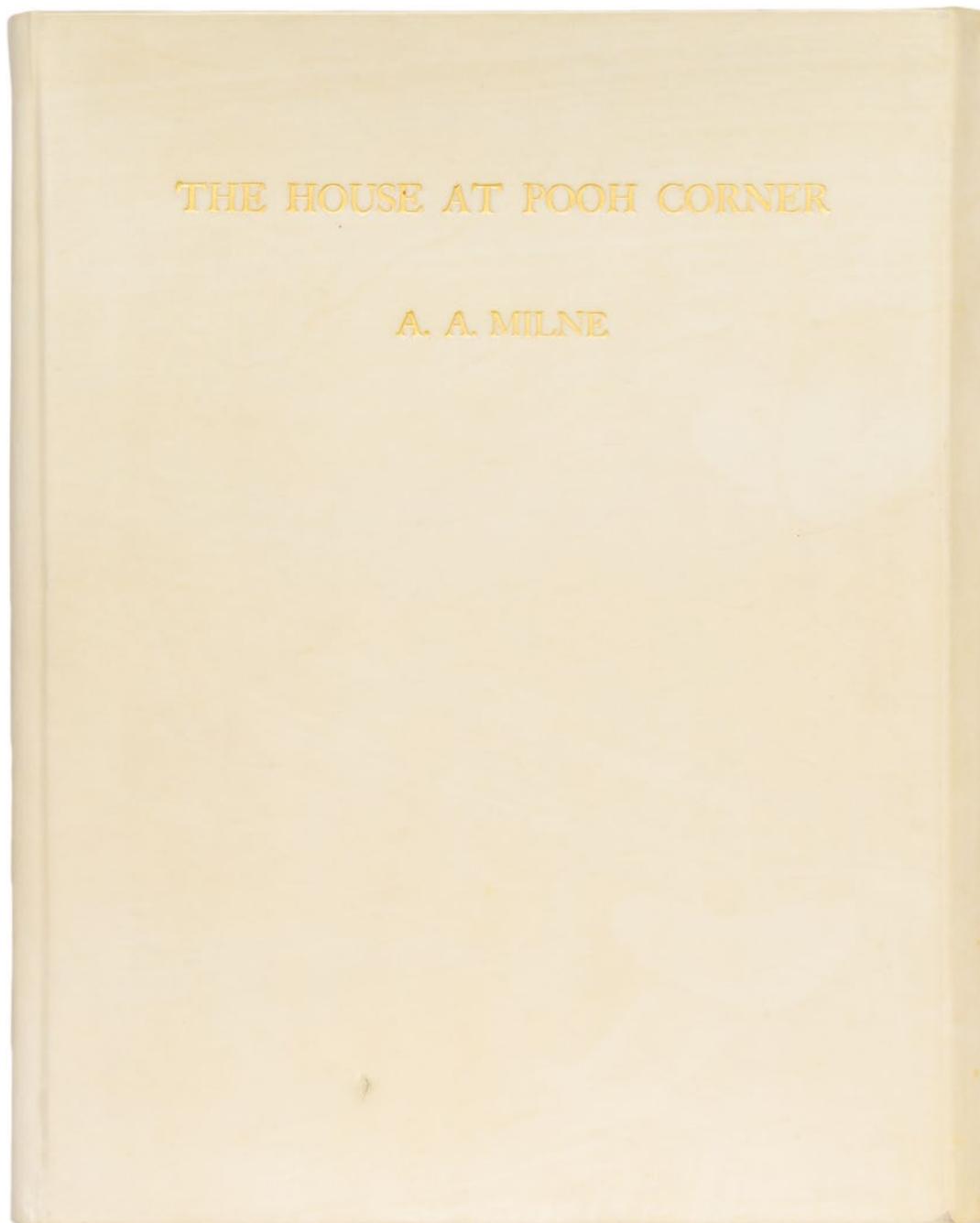
**the first book of stories**

Milne, A. A.

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

1st edition, 1st issue, preceding the trade issue by a day. **1 of 20 deluxe, large paper copies printed on and bound in vellum (as issued), signed by Milne and Shepard.** Fine condition, flawless.

**30,000**

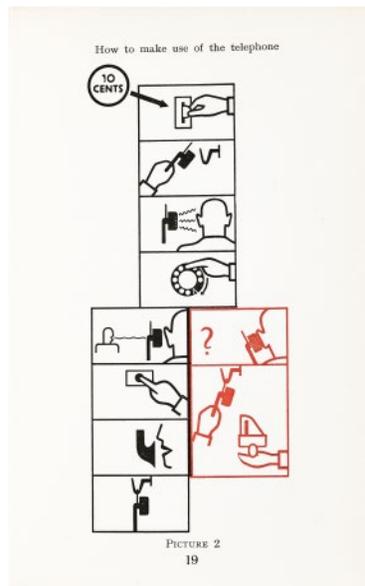
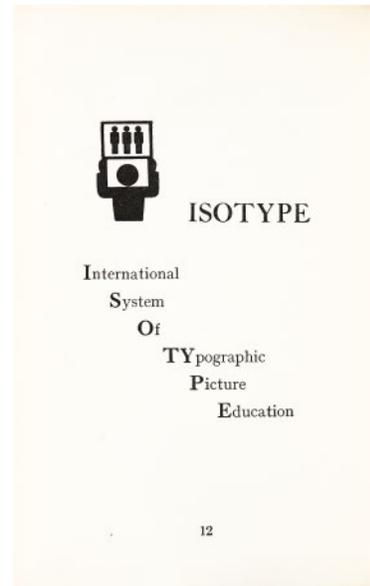
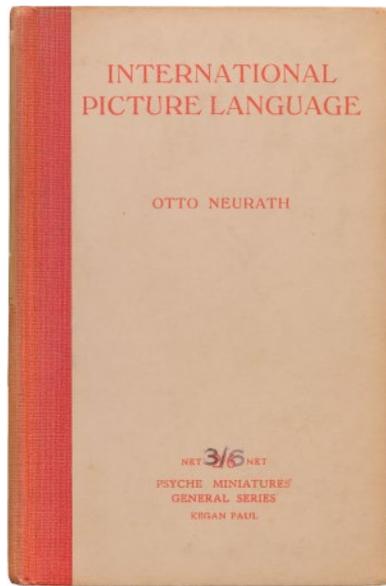


**the second and final book of stories**

Milne, A. A.

**The House at Pooh Corner**  
(London, 1928).

1st edition, 1st issue, preceding the trade issue by a day. **1 of 20 deluxe, large paper copies printed on and bound in vellum (as issued), signed by Milne and Shepard.** 1 tiny bump else fine condition. **20,000**

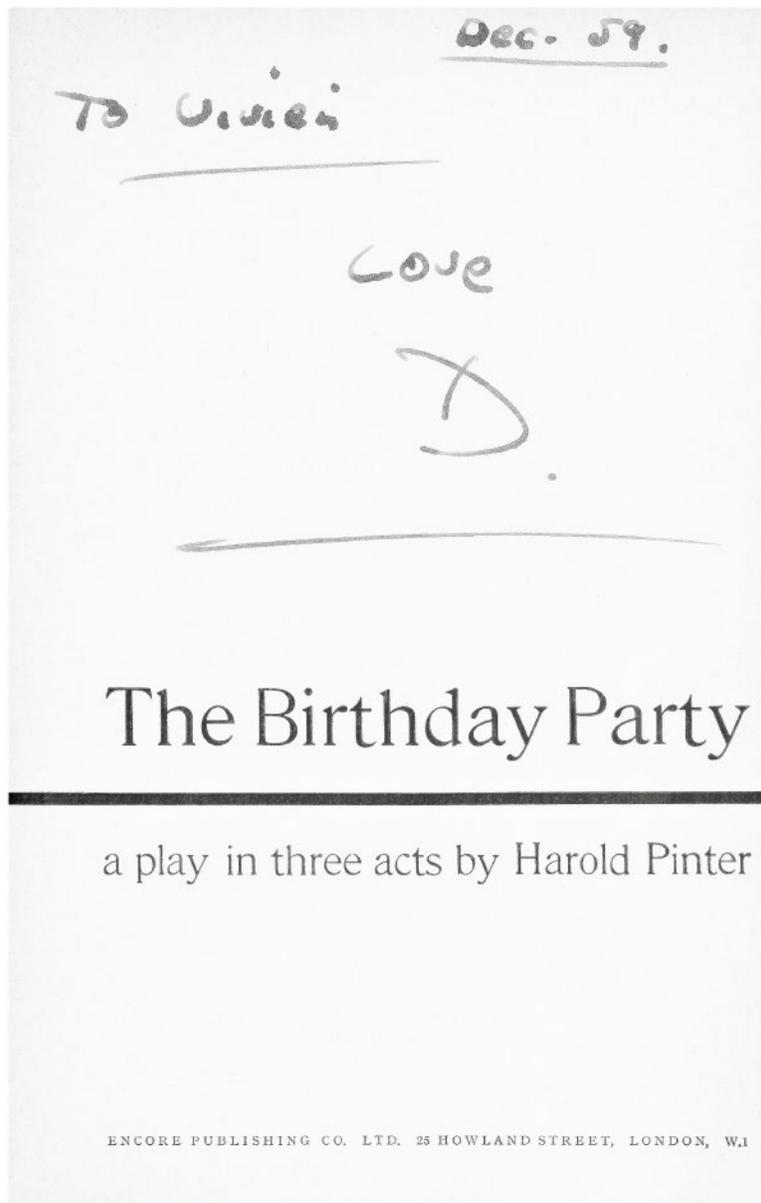


Neurath, Otto

**International Picture Language**  
(London, 1936).

1st edition in English, 1st printing with the fold out table. Original clothbacked boards, paper label, 2/6 price over stamped 3/6 in blue (of the other 2 copies I could find, both were also over stamped, but one was in red and the other in black). Spine faded, short tear to fold out table, otherwise near fine, a scarce and fragile book, and one of commanding impact. **3,000**

I don't think I have to hype Neurath's book much, just look at the pictures. This is the guy who invented these, a visual language, symbolically representing quantitative information via easily interpretable icons, an invention that's now taken for granted because we see them everywhere.

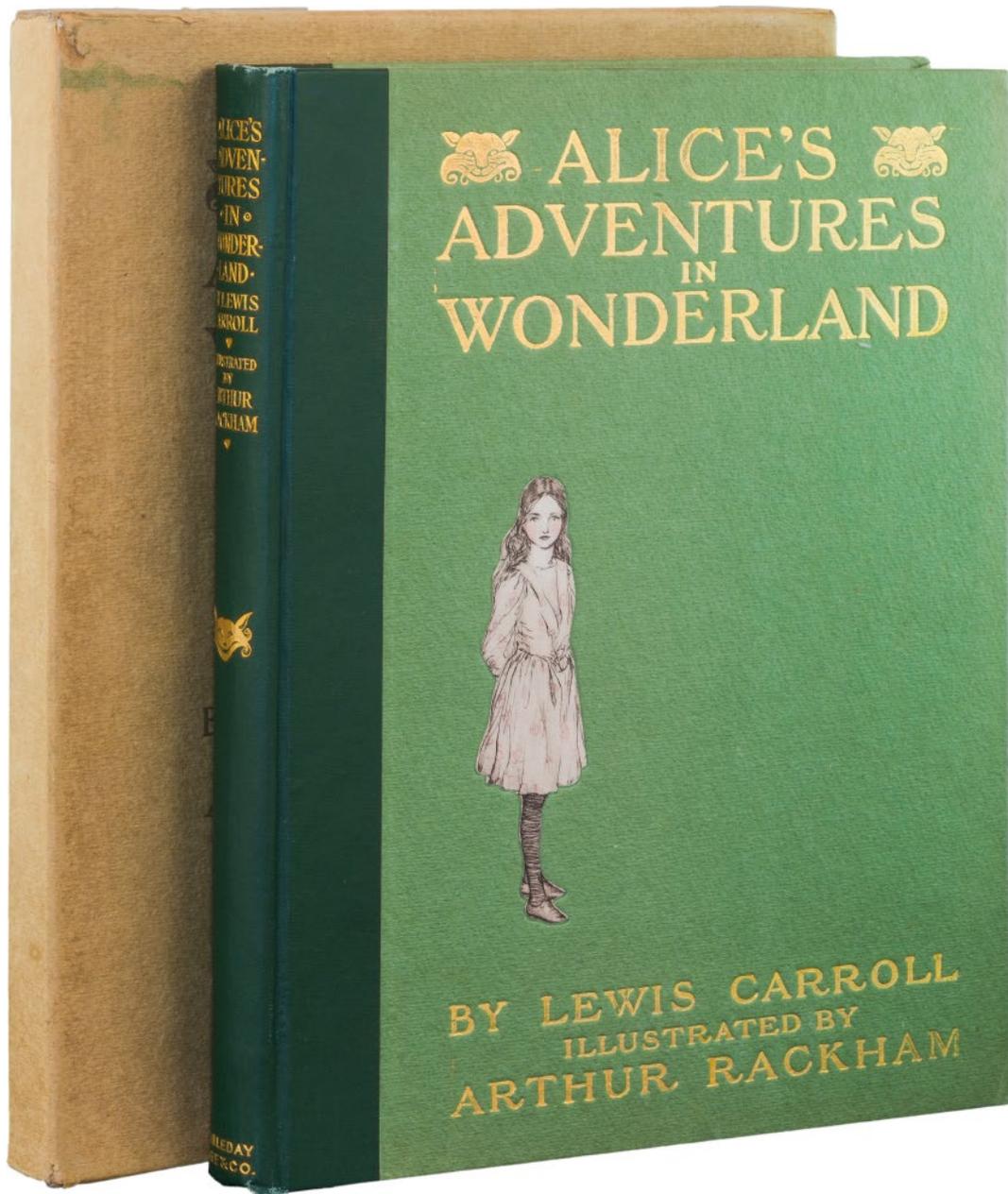


**the dedication copy**

Pinter, Harold

**The Birthday Party**  
(London [Encore], 1959).

1st edition, preceding all others. The first book by the winner of The Nobel Prize for literature in 2005. Wrappers, near fine. **Presentation copy inscribed to his wife, signed "D" (for his stage name, David Baron) and dated Dec. 1959.** The dedication was not confirmed in type (a printed publication) until the 1961 American edition, but this is it, the best copy of The Birthday Party in the world. And it's hard to imagine any copy, of any book, being more important to Pinter himself than the dedication copy of his first book. **40,000**

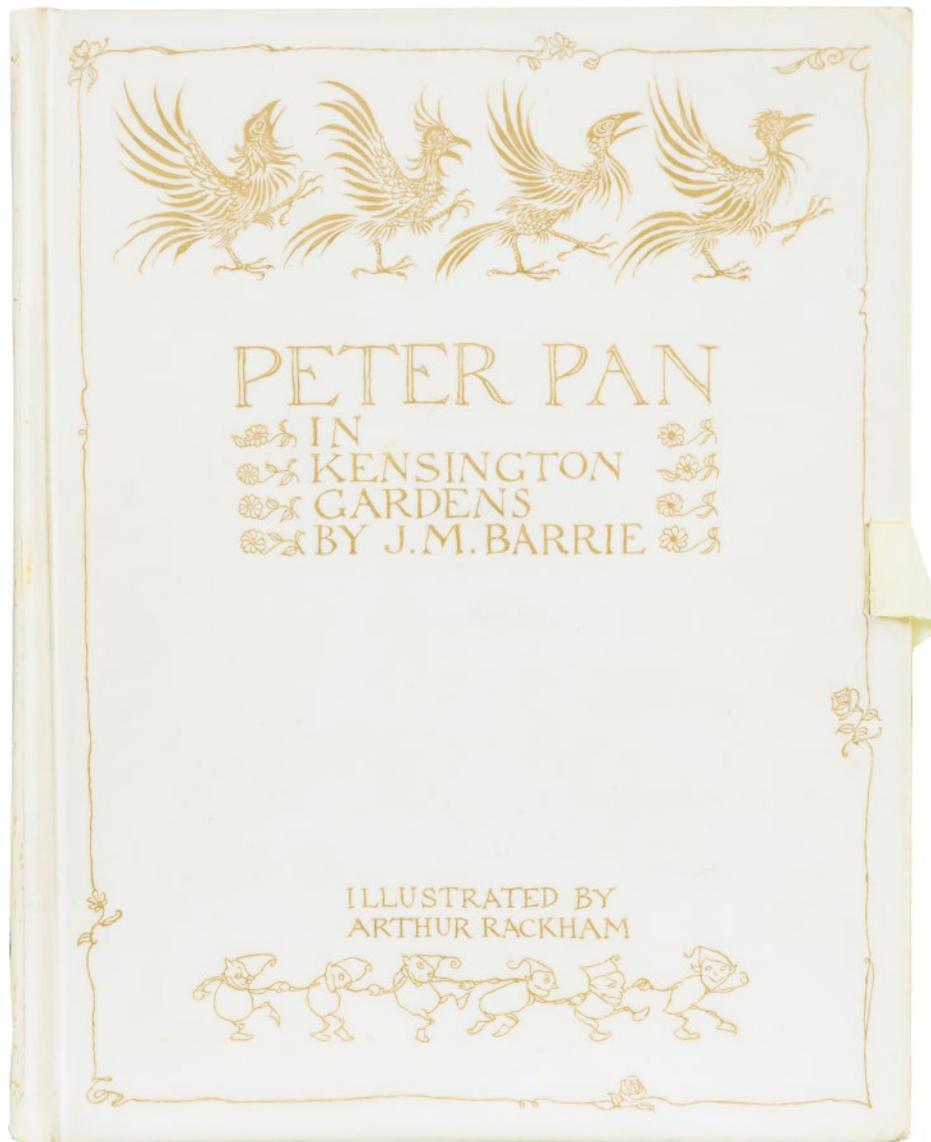


in the original box

[Rackham, Arthur]

**Alice's Adventures in Wonderland**  
by Lewis Carroll  
(London [and] NY, 1907).

1st edition, deluxe state. 1st printing of 1,680 copies, 1130 of them issued in London and the other 550 issued in New York, this being one of the latter. A fine copy in the publisher's pictorial box as issued, the box's only flaw is rubbing at the upper left corner (see picture), else it's near fine, superior condition for this item since the book is fine and almost every other copy lacks the box. **2,000**



[Rackham, Arthur]

**Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens**

by James Barrie

(London [Hodder & Stoughton], 1912)

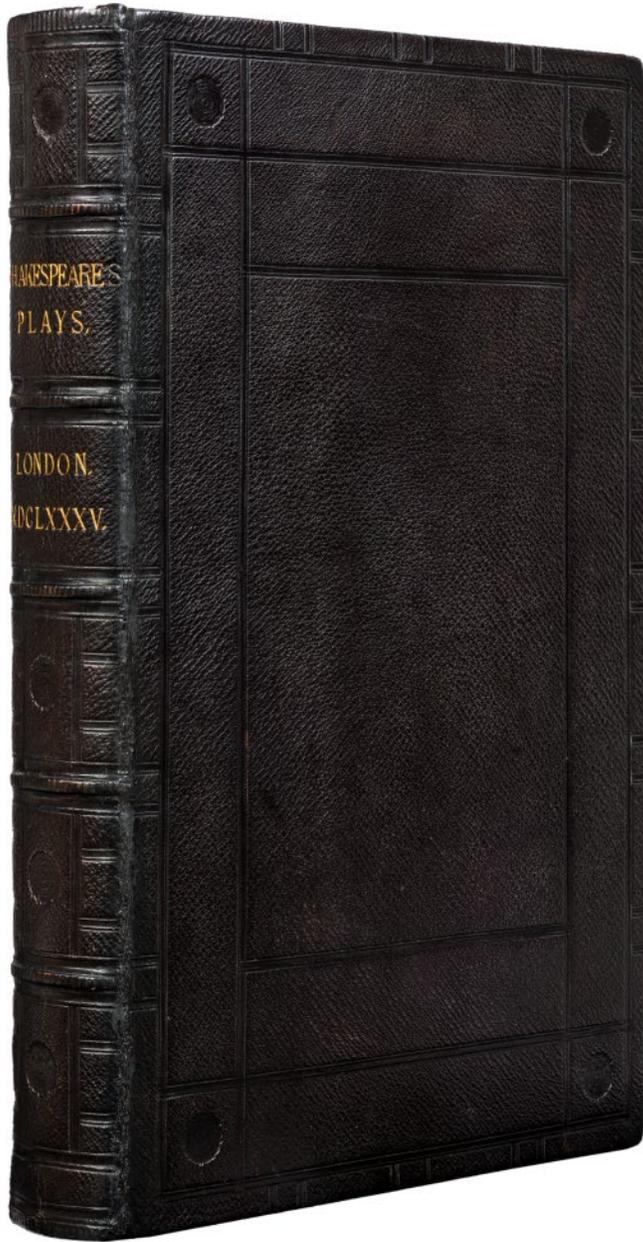
A new, deluxe edition illustrated by Rackham, a revision of the 1906 edition with the type reset, an additional color frontispiece (Peter Pan as a little boy) and 7 new drawings. 50 tipped-in color plates total, with titled tissue guards, and illustrated endpapers. Original gilt pictorial full vellum (11 3/16" X 8 3/4"). Fine condition, dazzling, a book preserved for 106 years with all the care one employs when sliding the remote out of the clutching hands of a sleeping grandpa. Sketchy evidence suggests that only 53 copies were issued, but that's probably a fantasy. No slipcase but a clamshell case. Both the 1906 edition and this one from 1912 are always around in multiple copies, and overpriced. Don't be ripped. **2,500**

all the world's a stage

Shakespeare, William

**Comedies, Histories and Tragedies**  
(London, 1685).

4th folio, 1st issue. Shakespeare's complete plays, the preeminent work in all of English literature. 19th century full morocco, all edges gilt, the binding fine and unrepaired, an expressly appropriate antique, but Shakespeare folio quality should be dissected where it's valued, and that's on the inside, and this one is

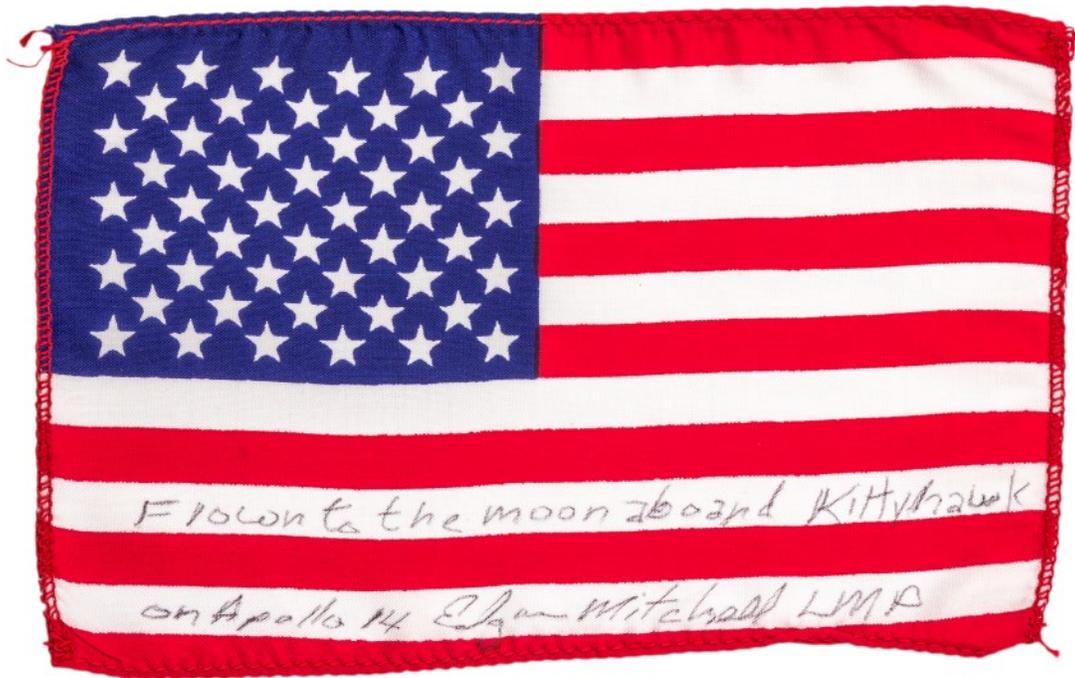


exceptional. There are short tears to some blank margins, 2 small rust holes, and old stains to the frontispiece, title page, and here and there in the text, but the book's complete and perfect, the paper's rather white and supple, and most important, every single letter of type, every rule, and every line of engraving is absolutely genuine with nothing in facsimile, and not a single leaf is extended or remargined, and other Shakespeare folios cannot honestly make this claim. A 332 year old beauty, stalwart, unrepaired, tall and wide (14 3/8" X 8 7/8"), an exemplary and glorious copy of what continues to stand tall as the book of books. Coll: O<sup>2</sup>, A<sup>4</sup>, A- Y<sup>6</sup>, Z<sup>4</sup>, BB-ZZ<sup>6</sup>, \*AAA-DDD<sup>6</sup>, EEE<sup>8</sup>, AAA-ZZZ<sup>6</sup>, AAAA-BBBB<sup>6</sup>, CCCC<sup>2</sup>, 458 leaves with the usual mispagnations. Refs: Wing S 2915. Jaggard 497. Greg III 1119. Bartlett 123. Pforzheimer 910. **180,000**

3 generations ago Shakespeare was the people's playwright, as he was in his own time. Today

many think he is only for elitists, but that's because theater seats are so often filled with the same idiots who clap when the airplane lands.





[Space]

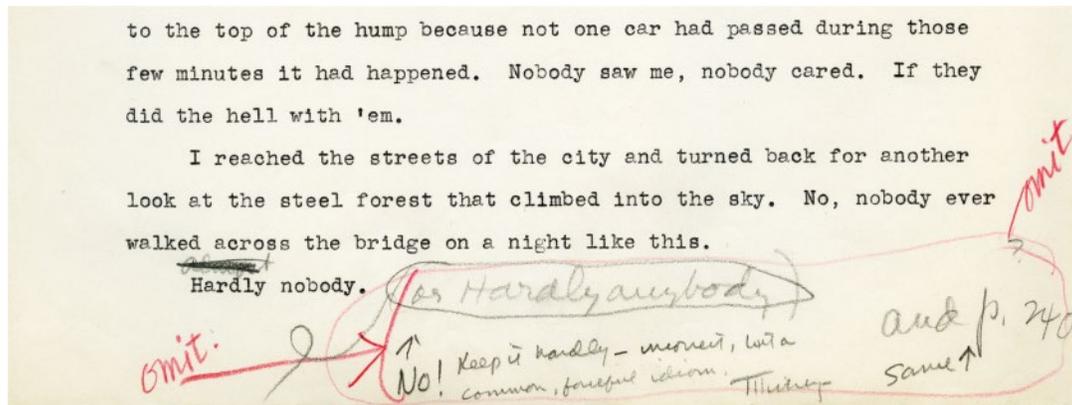
**Signed U. S. Flag Flown to the Moon**  
(1971).

Way cool, silk American flag (4" X 6") carried to the Moon and back aboard Apollo 14. Fine condition (gleaming). **11,000**

**This comes with an incontrovertible signed letter of provenance on Apollo stationery, but that's not enough because the letter can be used to accompany any other flag that looks like this one and has never been flown anywhere. So what is dispositive? Additionally and more pointedly, and reassuringly, and transcending documentation, this flag is titled and signed, in black ink, directly on 2 of its white stripes, with 13 words in the handwriting of Apollo 14 Lunar Module Pilot Edgar Mitchell, "Flown to the Moon Aboard Kitty Hawk on Apollo 14, Edgar Mitchell, LMP" an undetachable authenticity, that is better than letters or certificates which can be shuffled (and shuffled they are), as the majority of these flags when seen (if seen) are glued at the corners to a printed certificate, from which they can be removed and replaced with any flag. Furthermore, left over (or faked up) certificates can have "any flag" added, but not this one, since the signed stripes are indivisible from the flag, and they affirm exactly what it is, and do so on sight, a nice feature if you want to frame it.**

"The central problem of our age is how to act decisively in the absence of certainty." –Bertrand Russell

That's what was wonderful about Apollo, bold action in the face of well-founded doubt. And we hail these engineers and astronauts via our inheritance of Thomas Jefferson's America, "a democracy of opportunity, an aristocracy of achievement."



**original, and early, Mike Hammer manuscript,**

Spillane, Mickey

**One Lonely Night**  
(1950).

**253 page typescript setting copy with hundreds of handwritten changes, corrections, deletions and additions, signed twice and dated "9-27-50" (the book was published in 1951). The 253 pages (rectos only), are comprised of 7 pages of preliminaries, plus 246 pages numbered 1 to 240, and 6 inserted pages. Some of the corrections are in the hand of the proof reader, or the type setter, but Spillane's deletions are substantial, and his own changes and corrections are considerable (found on nearly every page), all of them are in his own handwriting, and 2 of the marginal notes to the editor are signed "Mickey." Usual signs of production rites, but very good condition. Rare. 15,000**

Former WWII assassin Mike Hammer so frightens a woman he was trying to rescue that she leaps to her death from a bridge. Discovering that the woman was a Communist, Hammer attends a meeting and is mistaken for a spy from Moscow, and that's just the set up for a mystery, written at the summit of Spillane's energy and imagination. It's the 4th book of the Hammer series, a furious espionage thriller with more ins and outs than a fiddler's elbow. The plot is charged by a surfeit of violence, love, hate, sex, deceit, sadistic crime, corrupt politics, moral ambiguity, and national peril, following a case that sets Hammer (as the angel of death) against an American cell of Communist agents (anticipating James Bond and his license to kill by 3 years) in the earliest days of the cold war.

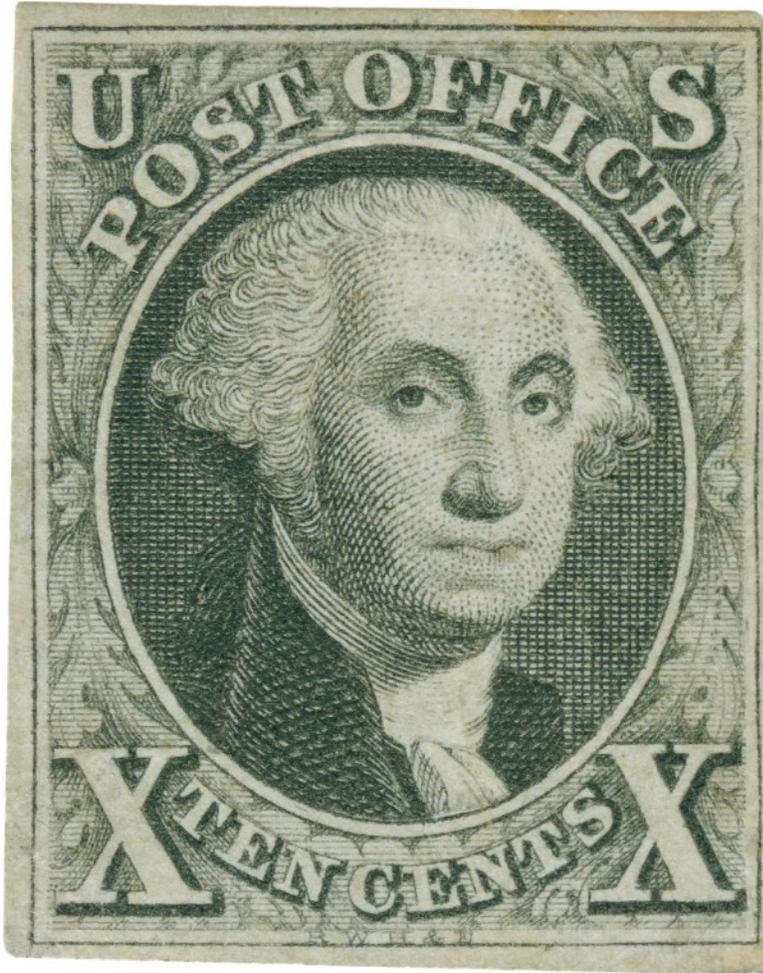
The unique, complete manuscript from which the 1st edition was actually printed, and these days, noir manuscripts of such magnitude, and vintage, are usually not within my (your) frustrated reach, at any price. Spillane wrote in a distinctively blunt narrative prose, with no attempt to make his reader giggle. Beginning in 1947 he achieved early and immense popularity, wrote constantly for 25 years, took a 12 year break in 1972, then returned to popularity with a new generation of readers in 1984.

## historic moment of printing on paper

[Stamps]

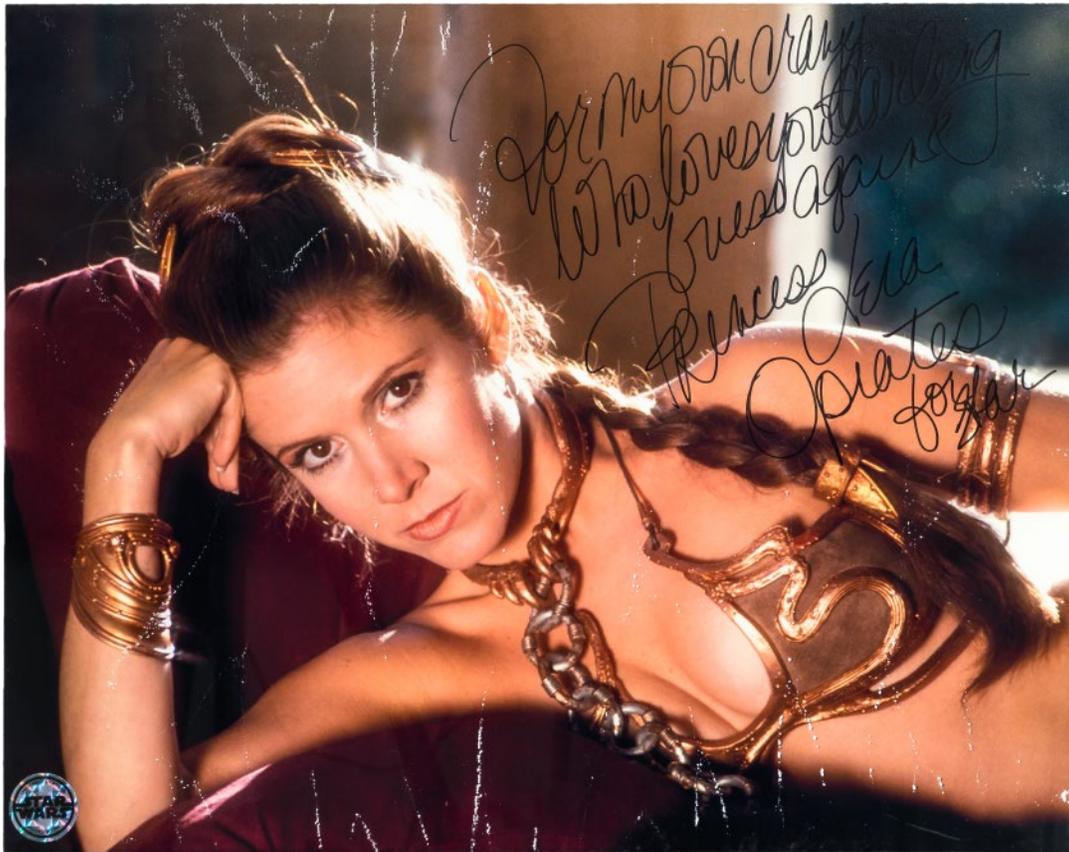
**The first American postage stamp**  
(1847).

United States 10 cent stamp, never used and carefully preserved. Printed portrait of George Washington. Fine condition (grades as Scott's "unused, very fine") with 4 full, well balanced margins and enough of the original gum on the verso to verify it was never used beyond its lack of a postal cancel. The only faults under a precise and fastidious microscopic examination are faint signs of dust on the surface, and an infinitesimal crease, diagonally across the extreme blank corner of one margin. **1987 signed, certificate of authenticity from the Philatelic Foundation of New York.** Ref: Scott 2, preceding Scott 1, the 5 cent version (with Franklin's portrait), also 1847, but the 10



cent stamp was first used on July 2 while the 5 cent was first used on July 7. Of even greater interest, the 10 cent stamp is many time rarer and much more valuable, as it was only produced for, and charged for, the minutiae of mail to such distant places as The Oregon Territory, American outposts in California, and a few other destinations over 3,000 miles. And much of the mail to the far west was paid for by affixing two 5 cent stamps, so 10 cent stamps weren't even sold for all the small fraction of mail for which 10 cents was the rate. **5,000**

The first United States postage stamp, preceding all others, a moment of some significance in the history of American printing, but what we're all still waiting for is the disgruntled postal workers series, featuring stamps of psychotic employees.



**low hanging fruit, waiting to be picked**

[Star Wars]

**Photograph, signed**  
(NP [Return of the Jedi], 1983).

Sensational, original, presentation, color photograph (16" X 20") of Carrie Fisher as Princess Leia, in her gold bikini slave costume from Star Wars VI. **Boldly inscribed by Fisher, in black ink, to her psychiatrist, Dr. Arnold Klein, "For my own crazy. Who loves you darling [?] Guess again. Princess Leia. Opiates for sure."** With the original hologram sticker ("Officially Licensed Star Wars Photograph") in the lower left corner. 2 dozen surface scratches that look like the glass once broke (incident or game use), else near fine. Framed. **4,500**

Anyone who knew, or knows about, Carrie Fisher, understands the magnitude of this association, and the significance of its reference to opiates. One might rank a different, imaginary association higher, but this one is as great as any, and it's not imaginary, it's for sale. My take? Carrie's Princess Leia is one of the enduring, world wide, magnetic babe fantasies. And speaking of babes, when we do employment interviews at Bibliotopus, we give the women a bite-sized Snickers. If they take the wrapper off before eating it, we hire them as catalogers. If they eat it with the wrapper still on, they get hired for Security.

**Down with war!  
Up with miniskirts!**

[Underground Comix Archive]

**A Spectacular Hoard**  
(V. P., 1964–1970).

1st editions, 1st printings of a California invention (where else?). A huge, and essentially complete library, from various publishers, unreplicable elsewhere, comprising the best of the best, the earliest of the early, and the gnarliest of the gnarly. Hundreds of fastidiously chosen comix, including all the high spots, low spots that will become high spots one day, some zines, newspapers, digests, all of the major pre–1968 precursors (1964–1967) each produced randomly with no connection to one another, that are now seen as, and collected under the heading of, underground comix, and the precursors' own ancestors, a foot high stack of Tijuana bibles. Some stupendous proofs too. Almost all are in fine condition with just a few less. Reference: Kennedy, *Underground and Newave Comix* (Cambridge, 1982).

**Together, a bazillion volumes: 90,000**

The vast majority grade from CGC's "very fine to mint," most of them are unread, untouched, as new examples, set aside at publication. Some of them came from a distributor with a widely based standing order. A large portion came from 2 significant publisher's files, firstly The Print Mint (publishers of among others, Zap, from issue 2 onward), and secondly, Mad Magazine (whose Harvey Kurtzman showed his admiration for comix by doing a cover for Bijou in 1973). Both Print Mint and Mad maintained files of unused complimentary copies sent by other publishers, and examples from both files are included in this collection (purchased by us from Sotheby's, in the 1990s). The collection is heavy with number ones, it's extensive, and most important, beyond the precursors, it's confined to the first 3 years (1968, 1969, with a small percentage from 1970) before printing numbers escalated. These are the heart of 1960s culture in print, they're just beginning to be recognized (R. Crumb's cover for Fritz sold for \$717,000 in 2016), their future is irreversibly trucking out of the underground and into the fast lane, and there's always that unparalleled Biblioctopus quality.

A comprehensive core collection, just what you'd want, but as literature, these are a psychological bungee jump. The artwork and printing were hardly consistent, the original guide was outdated 35 years ago (though it's now been reprinted), publishing information remains sketchy, some of the bibliographical questions have still not been settled, in a few cases the first 2 or 3 printings are indistinguishable because even when the differences are clear, priority is not always so, relative importance and rarity have just begun to be debated, laws against sale still exist in some backwater communities, and underground

**CONTINUED —>**

CGC UNIVERSAL GRADE

9.2

Zap Comix #1  
Apex Novelties, 11/67

CREAM TO OFF-WHITE Pages

Robert Crumb story, cover and art

1171932002

Charles Plymell edition.



FAIR WARNING:  
FOR ADULT INTELLECTUALS ONLY!



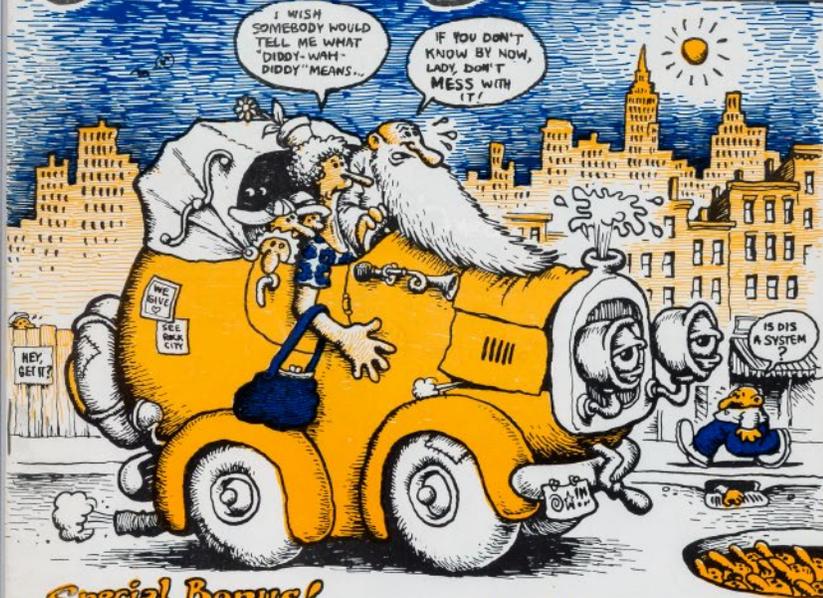
NO.1

# all new Zap Comix

APPROVED BY THE GHOST WRITERS OF THE SKY

25c

Zap Comics are Squinky Comics!!



Special Bonus!  
KITCHEN  
KUT-OUTS!

MR. NATURAL  
VISITS THE CITY

## <— CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

comix are still disparaged for being popular among, and associated with, those prone to living in cars with messages painted on the fenders. So swallow a toad before reading these books, if you want to be sure of finding nothing still more disgusting before you finish.

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

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

Looking back, Underground Comix remain exactly what their creators intended them to be, an unleashed manifestation of free speech, and a new art released as pure tribal shock from the counter culture, unanticipated, appalling, innovative, upsetting, influential, brazen, obstinate, novel, scandalous, radical, and as irrevocable as a haircut, for their independent writers, artists, publishers, retailers, and for people like me, the 20-somethings of 1968, who casually sought philosophical terrain, and social reform, but not at the expense of amusement.

Now here I am 50 years later, and if I want to sniff anything it better be crushed up Lipitor, and if I want to inject anything it better be a flu shot, and as for politics, I'm happily settled into a serene and detached life as a voter but not an activist or persuader, and I embrace with tranquility and some pride, having been doctrinally excommunicated from both the right and the left.



When people say  
 “It’s not the money it’s the principle”  
 it’s the money.

[U. S. Currency]

**The First Dollar Bill**  
 (1862).

The first American printed paper dollar, from the first series of U. S. legal tender. Fine (as new), flashier than a Hollywood smile, grades as Friedberg’s “uncirculated” and will CGC grade and slab as such Serial No. 72327. Portrait of Salmon P. Chase, originator of the national banking system and the sitting Secretary of the Treasury (Washington’s portrait replaced Chase’s in 1869). This is the authentic printed symbol of power, more potent than a pretty face, and more famous than rice. World renown, always redeemable, scarcer than anyone thinks, and still not very expensive. Collecting Federal currency has legs like Barbie. As the world goes electronic and nostalgia sets in, these first American dollars, from the first year’s circulation, are the model and standard for all that followed. Reference: Friedberg 17a, with “National Bank Note Company” and “American Bank Note Company” printed in the lower border. **3,500**



**\$10,000**

[U. S. Currency]

**Ten Thousand Dollar Bill**  
(NY, 1900).

Ooooooh. An authentic \$10,000 U. S. gold certificate (states “payable in gold”). Serial No. M147694 (plate A9). 1900 was the last series of American \$10,000 gold certificates (replaced by Federal Reserve Notes in 1918). Obverse portrait of Andrew Jackson, highlights in gold, red seal, 4 full, balanced margins, reverse blank as issued (former owner’s neat signature on back). 3 vertical folding creases else near fine (authenticated, slabbed and graded by PCGS as “very fine 20”). That’s all nice enough, but here’s what’s meaningful. When the government recalled this denomination, each bill was punched with numerous holes and then perforated with a treasury stencil. Ours is unpunched and unstenciled and it’s of redoubtable rarity in this natural state, but since \$10,000 gold certificates are no longer legal tender, you can’t take it to the (any) bank and demand your tower of gold coins. Small stamp (“to the order of”) Federal Reserve Bank of NY, dated Aug. 3, 1917.

**5,000**

Reference: Friedberg (1995), page 144, design No. 156, reference No. 1225, stating that there were 3 series of \$10,000 gold certificates (all of them printed between 1882 and 1900) consisting of 12 total varieties, and here’s a reality check. Finding one of the other 11 is harder than taking an eel out of a tub of water.

Friedberg’s census, and his analysis that flows from it, clearly states that of the 11 other varieties that were issued, there is one type that he calls “extremely rare” (so much so that he lists no value for it). 7 others are characterized as “unknown” and the other 3 are remarked upon as “all redeemed [with] none outstanding.”

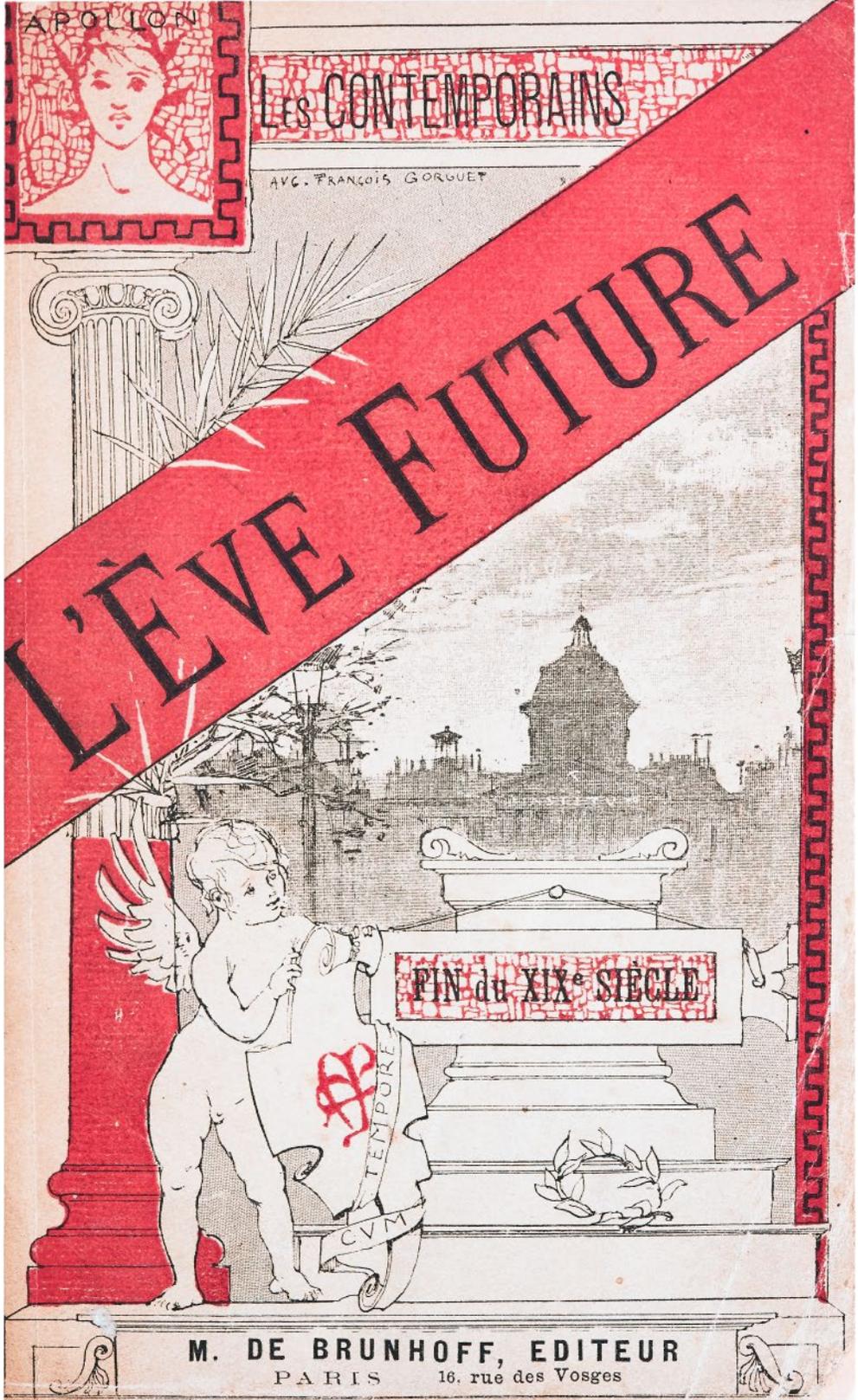
“Money isn’t everything, but it sure keeps you in touch with your children.”  
–John Paul Getty

APOLLON



LES CONTEMPORAINS

AVC. FRANÇOIS GORGUET



L'ÈVE FUTURE

FIN du XIX<sup>e</sup> SIECLE

TEMPORE  
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M. DE BRUNHOFF, EDITEUR  
PARIS 16. rue des Vosges

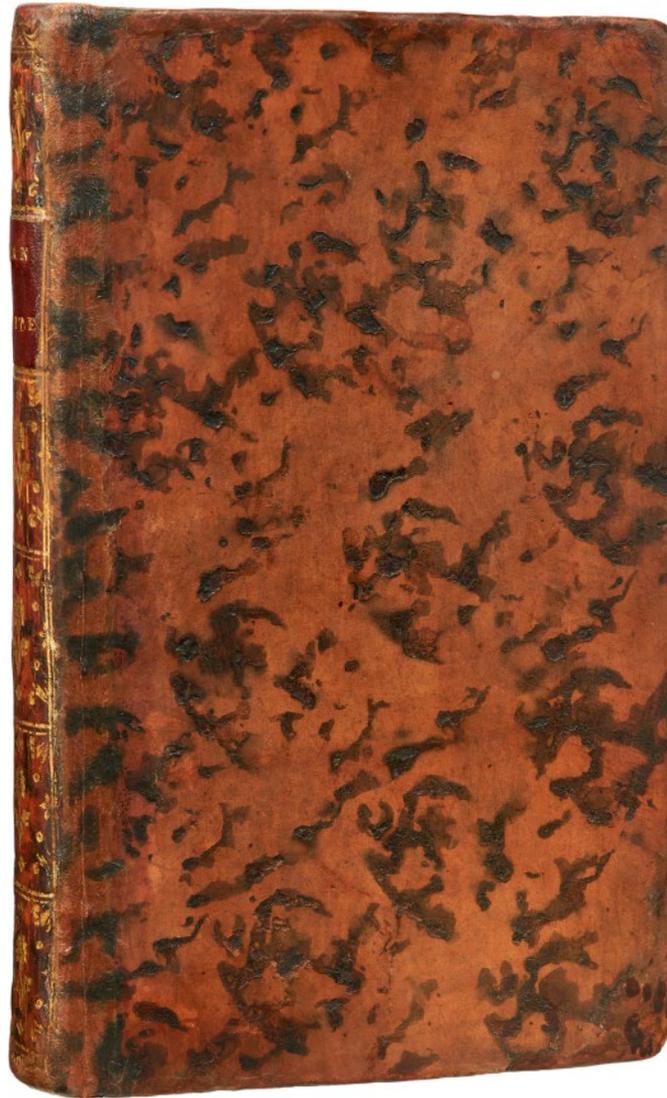
**the symbolist novel  
and the first modern use of the word android**

Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Auguste, Comte de **L'Eve Future**  
(Paris [M. de Brunhoff, Editeur], 1886).

1st edition (in French), only preceded by a weekly magazine serialization. Full pebbled French morocco, top edge gilt, others untrimmed, original wrappers (illustrated by Francois Gorguet) bound in (see picture). Near fine condition. Certainly scarce, probably rare. ABPC records only 3 total copies at auction in the last 40 years, but even that number is an aberration. All 3 were sold at Sotheby's Paris, all on Dec. 15, 2010, all were from the same collection (a one-off happening not to be seen again), and all were inscribed (\$18,774, \$10,639, and \$7,510). Coll: 12mo, pp. [1-6] [i] ii-iii [iv-vi] 1-379 [380: blank]. **2,500**

Lord Ewald, is young, handsome, dreamy, but still half authentic. He is engaged to Alicia Clary, a goddess-like beauty who is all surface and no substance (in our day her last name would quickly be followed by the word syndrome). A caricature of Thomas Edison plays the role of essential inventor in a cultural trope; a role that H. G. Wells would revisit 10 years later, but Wells would wisely give his scientist a fictitious name. Ewald takes Alica to America on a visit to his great friend in Menlo Park, which Villiers describes in exaggeratedly mythopoeic terms. After agreeing that young Alicia seems to be an ideal female physically, Edison creates for Ewald an impeccable android duplicate named Hadaly, whom he fits up with internal mechanical mentalisms, to make her far more cultivated and interesting than poor Alicia. Oh, and there are obscure hints that Hadaly is capable of having sex.

L'Eve Future is a symbolist novel, not quite hermetic, but definitely static, rebellious, and spiritual in style. Its ungainliness reveals all of the unavoidable problems associated with adapting and reshaping this particular art and poetry movement's aesthetic to prose (narrative) fiction. I don't know if L'Eve Future is just experimental science fiction or if it is the first symbolist novel, but it was close, and it has all of symbolism's ingredients and contrasts. It's philosophical, ironic, and mockingly contorted, and it features the first modern use of the word "android" (androïde in French) originally coined in 1863 for small automaton toys, but here transmuted for use to describe an artificial synthebot-like human. There are no major (successful) American symbolist novels but Poe's stories influenced the form's creator, Baudelaire, and the poems of T. S. Eliot and Hart Crane fall under symbolism generally, as do some of Bob Dylan's lyrics (A Hard Rain's a'Gonna Fall, It's Alright Ma, All Along the Watchtower) although they are not vers libre. Wilde's Dorian Gray might barely qualify as a British symbolist novel, and Joyce toyed with it too (some would say he mastered it, exploited its full potential, and extracted all of symbolism's higher possibilities). And symbolism's imagery is evident in dozens of films from the first 2 or 3 decades of American cinema, but I have digressed. And now I can't find my way back.



**stay in your own lane**

Voltaire, François

**Candide ou l'Optimisme**  
[Candide]  
(Geneva, 1759).

1st edition (in French), 1st printing anywhere, preceding the 17 other editions that were published in 1759 (all of them superficially alike). Rare. The census records 24 or so genuine copies, a number akin to those logged for the 1865 Alice in Wonderland. Contemporary full speckled calf, a short hairline split at the end of 1 joint along with a few minute specks of wear cunningly detailed, but never rebacked. A near fine copy, elegant and beautiful, authentic as a toothache, and one that will make you happier than seeing an old enemy who has run out of luck. The publisher's cancels (B4–B9 and D6–D7) are present, as is both proper and usual, and the final blank (N7) and the binder's instructions (N8) excised,

the binder's instructions leaf meant to be deliberated then routinely discarded before sewing, along with its companion blank, agreeing in all respects to what you would have received if you had purchased a copy for sale in sheets, on publication day, and handed them over to the most local Geneva bindery. **65,000**

Candide endures as the Romanée Conti of French literature, a 259 year long legacy of, and homage to, the joy of reading. Ref: Printing and the Mind of Man 204, one of only a dozen or so novels thought worthy of inclusion with their 424 examples of printing's impact on Western civilization (the tiny number attributable to typically intimidated, scholarly prejudice against fiction, the greatest of all the arts, because it encompasses everything that didn't happen).

Late 20th century analysis of the various 1759 editions of Candide has irrefutably determined that this one (published by the Cramers in Geneva) is the real 1st edition, with all the myriad idiosyncrasies necessary to identify it, and to differentiate it from all of its contemporaries and from any of its facsimiles. This 1st printing has Voltaire's last moment revisions eliminating an unnecessary paragraph break on page 31, rewriting a few lines about the Lisbon earthquake on page 41, (related to the B4-B9 cancels) and eliminating a paragraph critical of German poets on page 242. These changes and corrections are not found, for example, in the 1759 London edition, which was copied from an early set of Geneva proofs, stolen prior to the Voltaire's final revisions, but earlier text or not, this Geneva edition was published prior to the London edition. Similar convolutions and peculiarities abound with each of the other 1759 editions, but the sorting out and prioritization, are now untangled beyond contention.

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

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



And in the end, 2 sentences about me. My ambition is to write wise and noble things, but in the meantime I am content to write about wise and noble books, and to write my small things about them, as if somehow, by proximity, what I was writing was wise and noble. And I don't take myself too seriously, knowing well that every bug that squeezes through a window screen thinks it's Columbus.



# *Coming Soon*

## *Catalog 59*

Historical Romance at the Pinnacle  
or, Fiction Stages Fact

## *Catalog 60*

Revised Arisings  
or, Ladders to the Sky



## *Catalog 61*

A Premeditated Flash  
or, The Canons of Conscience

