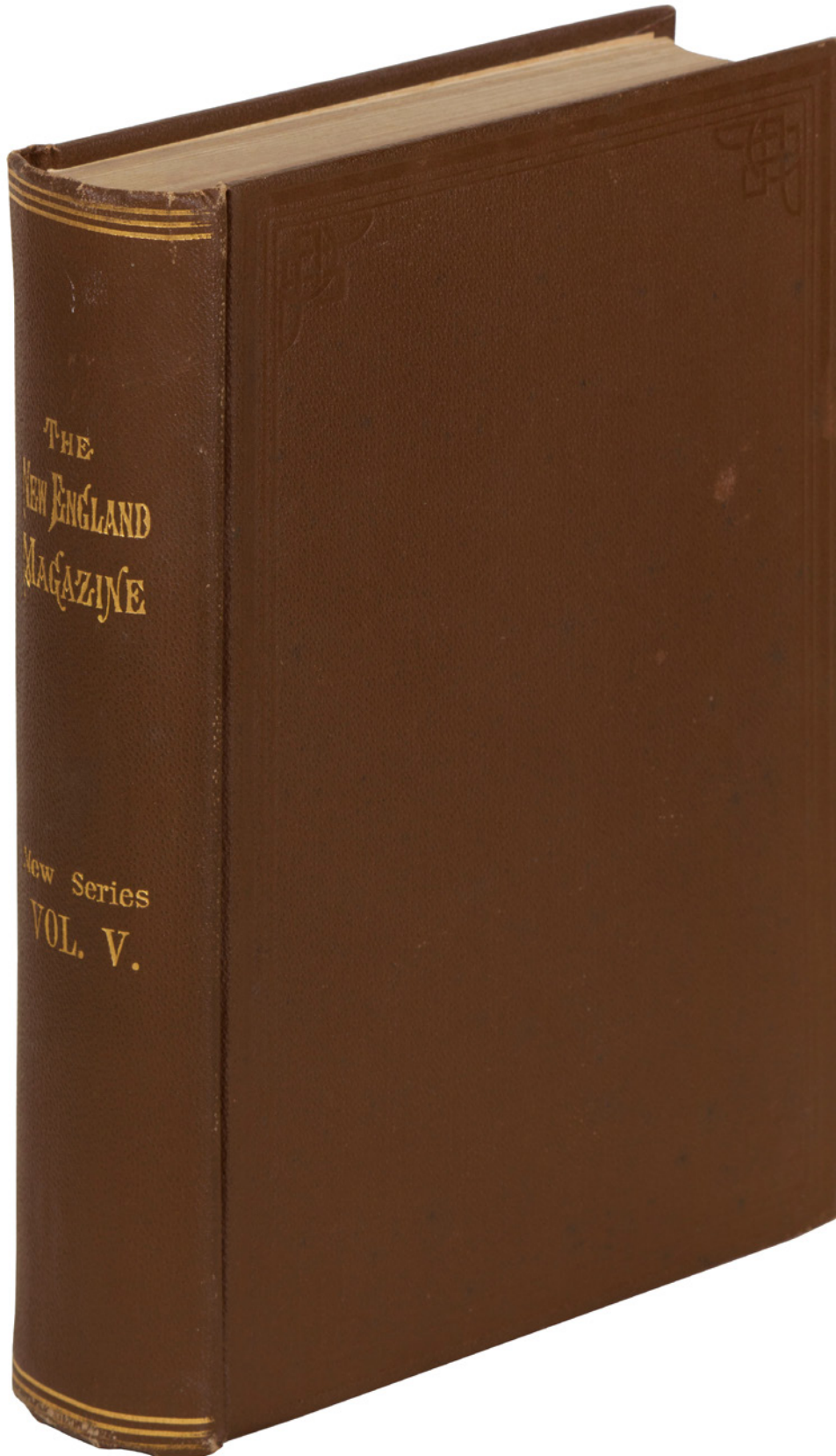


Charlotte Perkins Stetson (Gilman)

The Yellow Wall Paper [in] New England Magazine: An Illustrated Monthly. New Series, Vol. 5. Old Series, Vol. 11. September. 1891 - February, 1892

Boston, Mass.: New England Magazine Corporation 1891-1892

\$5500



First edition. Royal octavo. 824pp. Illustrated. Bound in publisher's brown cloth gilt. Boards with a couple of tiny spots on the front board, and a trifle rubbed, slight soiling on endpapers, just about fine.

The first appearance of the famous short story, contained complete in the January, 1892 issue of *New England Magazine*, seven years before it appeared as a separate volume in 1899. The classic short story of psychological terror, of a discontented wife and mother who weaves a fantasy of repressed creative longing and sexuality out of the wall paper in her room. this story of a woman's mental breakdown trapped in traditional marriage roles was inspired by Gilman's own life experience: it is "one of the most reprinted of all psychological horror stories ... This feminist horror tale is Gilman's only work in the genre, but it is enough to ensure her an important place in its history." (Sullivan, p. 171). A beautiful copy of the first appearance, which unlike the 1897 edition, is illustrated.

[BTC#409010]

New England Magazine

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

—CONTENTS—

New Series, Vol. 5.

Old Series, Vol. 11.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.—FEBRUARY, 1892.

BOSTON, MASS.:
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE CORPORATION,
86 FEDERAL STREET.

WITCH.

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ried by an...
the rest of the...
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of their...
years and...
hand the...
in turn the...
over the...
sea.



"I am sitting by the Window in this Atrocious Nursery."

THE YELLOW WALL-PAPER.

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson.



T is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted

house, and reach the height of romantic felicity—but that would be asking too much of fate!

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and *perhaps*—(I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind—) *perhaps* that is one reason I do not get well faster.

You see he does not believe I am sick! And what can one do?