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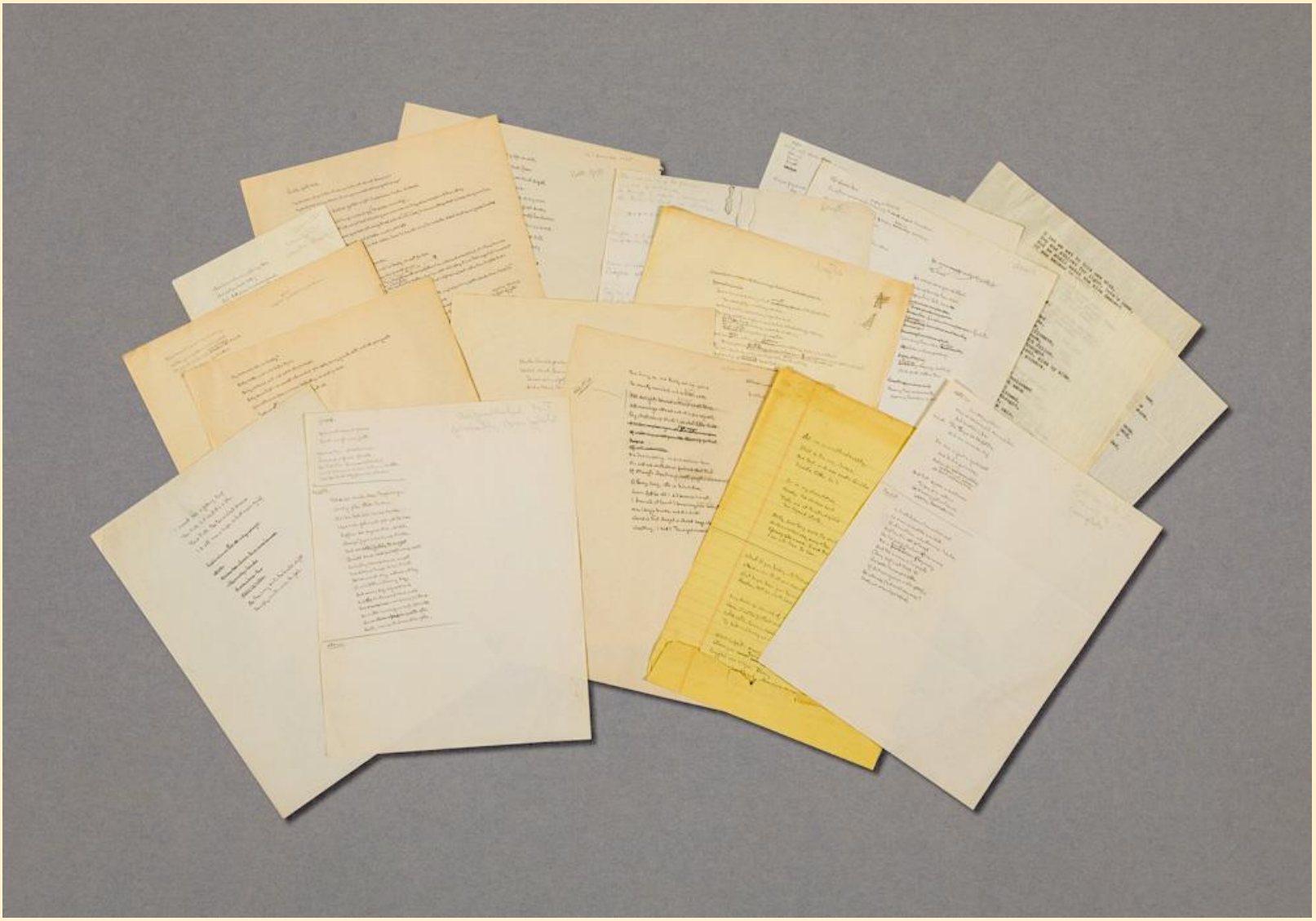
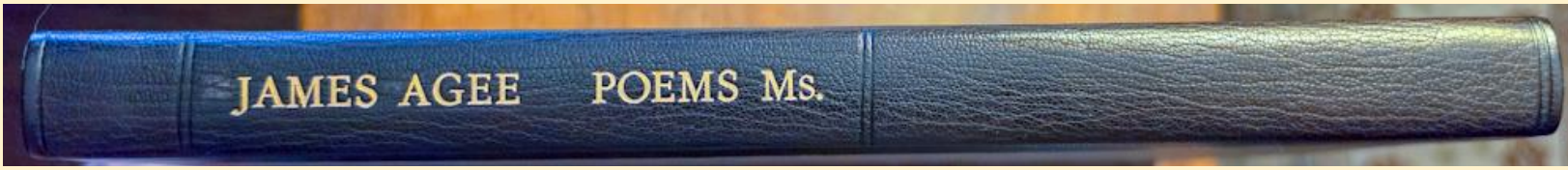
LITERARY MANUSCRIPTS & LETTERS
Part 8

ITEM 26: PART OF LARGE AL PURDY ARCHIVE




JAMES AGEE POEMS Ms.

1. **AGEE, James.** ***ARCHIVE OF 16 AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT POEMS, Most Unpublished.*** A collection of 16 ***MANUSCRIPT*** poems, all unsigned and undated but for two dated "16? November 1945," written in pencil on 14 8-1/2" x 11" sheets and one smaller sheet; housed in a custom quarter morocco clamshell box. Four of the poems appear in *THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES AGEE*: "Now on the World and My Life as Well," "As in a Woodland Rarely," "Home Again Blues" (titled in manuscript as "Veteran" and containing an unpublished last line in the second stanza--"We had too much before"), and "The Passionate Poet to His Love" which has changes from the published version and a ***SIGNED*** pencil note on the verso: "Will be away for week or so will wire changes of address. Please wire immediately some news from Tennessee. Love, Jim." In addition there are 4 titled poems ("Glance," "Laughter," "Gentle, Gentle Dark," and "President") that appear complete, 4 untitled poems with corrections that appear complete, and 4 rough drafts of poems with deletions and corrections, as well as an additional 7 poems on the 3 typed sheets ("Resume," "Apotheosis," "January 1" (apparently unpublished), "A Lover's Delight," an untitled poem of 6 stanzas, the first line reading, "The sun, that late below our bed" (apparently unpublished), an untitled sonnet beginning "Lovers flame-fresh and lovers whose love wanes" (apparently unpublished), and "The Rendezvous." Agee is best known for his movie criticism and for two books: *LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN*, an important work in the history of 20th-century photo-documentary illustrated by Walker Evans, and the posthumous *A DEATH IN THE FAMILY* which won the Pulitzer Prize. Some sheets creased along old folds; mild toning; some edgewear; scattered mild staining. Near Fine in a Fine clamshell box.

From the William A. Strutz Library via Hamill & Barker, Chicago. (#022564) **$7,500**

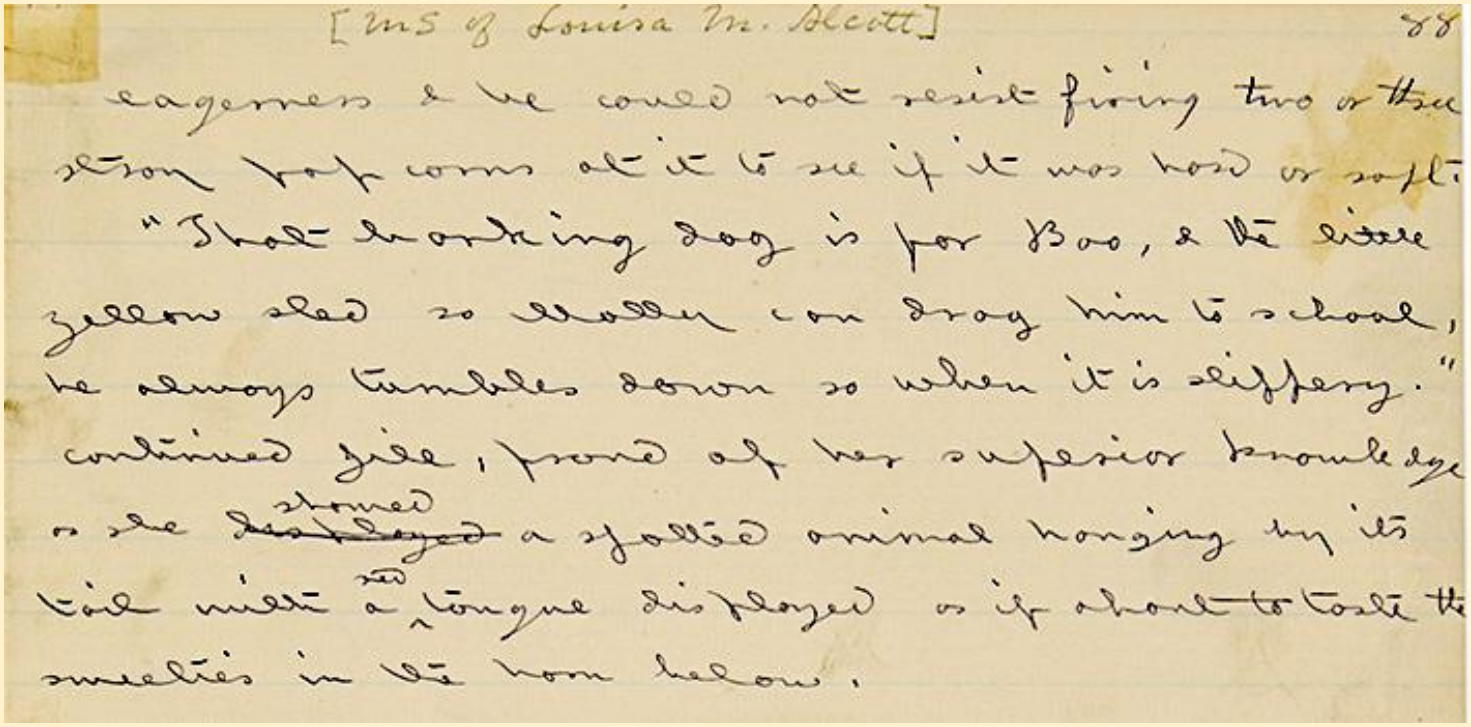
eagerness & he could not resist firing two or three stray pop corns at it to see if it was hard or soft.

"That barking dog is for Boo, & the little yellow sled so Molly can drag him to school, he always tumbles down so when it is slippery." continued Jill, proud of her superior knowledge as she ~~displayed~~ showed a spotted animal hanging by its tail with a red tongue displayed as if about to taste the sweeties in the horn below.

"Dont talk about sleds for mercy sake! I never want to see another, & you wouldn't either if you had to lie with a platison tied to your ankle as I do." said Jack, with a kick of the well leg & an ireful glance the weight attached to the other that it might not contract while healing.

"Well, I think plasters & liniment & suh-hing as bad as platisons any day. I dont believe you have ached half as much as I have though it sounds worse to break legs than to sprain your back." protested Jill, eager to prove herself the greatest sufferer, as invalids are apt to be.

"I guess you wouldn't think so if you'd been yanked round as I was when they set my leg. Caesar


[MS of Louisa M. Alcott] 88

eagerness & he could not resist firing two or three
stray pop corns at it to see if it was hard or soft.
"That barking dog is for Boo, & the little
yellow sled so Molly can drag him to school,
he always tumbles down so when it is slippery."
continued Jill, proud of her superior knowledge
as she ~~displayed~~ showed a spotted animal hanging by its
tail with a red tongue displayed as if about to taste the
sweeties in the horn below.

2. **ALCOTT, Louisa May.** ***AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT: from JACK AND JILL: A VILLAGE STORY.*** ***AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT*** on a 7-5/8" x 9-3/4" lined sheet, 24 lines (@220 words) in Alcott's hand. In part: "'That barking dog is for Boo, & the little yellow sled so Molly can drag him to school, he always tumbles down so when it is slippery,' continued Jill proud of her superior knowledge, as she showed a spotted animal hanging by its tail with a red tongue displayed as if about to taste the sweeties in the horn below...." Much more. With typed transcript and an old auction description with the following florid statement: "Genius of joy and laughter, heartache and pathos-- here is a Beautiful Memento of the One Writer of American Child-Life, whose niche in the closely-guarded immortal Hall of Fame is secure--while sturdier and more oppressive reputations founder and perish with the passing of years." Minor smudging to text at right edge (still legible), remnants of prior mounting along right edge verso. Very Good.

This fragment appears on page 59 of Jack and Jill, Beacon Hill Bookshelf edition, Boston, 1929. (#022525) **$4,500**

W. H. AUDEN

KIRCHSTETTEN (WESTBAHN)
HINTERHOLZ 6
N.-Ö., AUSTRIA

July 23rd 67

Dear Antony:

Got back yesterday from three weeks in England to find your letter of July 3rd.

You're right. 'We' never retire.

Also, you and I can thank God daily that we were born and raised as British Pharisees.

"The best psychological" advice I know of is what the (White Queen(?)) says to Alice.

"Say the French for a thing when you can't think of the English, turn your toes out as you walk, and remember who you are."

With all best wishes for a brightening day

Yours

Wystan

P.S. A true story. A lady wrote to the Third Programme asking them to play records of her favorite piece Christian and his ~~Sol~~ Soldiers. After much correspondence and research, they discovered that she meant Tristan und Isolde

3. **AUDEN, W. H.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED Quoting the Queen in ALICE IN WONDERLAND.*** Austria, 23 July [1967]. Fine one-page ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED*** as "Wystan" on 8-1/4" x 11-1/2" Kirchstetten, Hinterholz 6 stationery by the poet to Anthony Rossiter, saying that he got back yesterday from three weeks in England to find his letter of 3 July: "You're right. 'We' never retire. Also, you and I can thank God daily that we were born and raised as British Pharisees. The best psychological advice I know of is what the (White Queen(?)) says to Alice. 'Say the French for a thing when you can't think of the English, turn your toes out as you walk, and remember where you are.'" With a post script: "A true story. A lady wrote to the Third Programme asking them to play records of her favorite piece *CHRISTIAN AND HIS SOLDIERS*. After much correspondence and research, they discovered that she meant *TRISTAN UND ISOLDE*." With original hand-addressed envelope by Auden. Crease from mailing, otherwise Fine.

Anthony Rossiter (1926-2000) was an artist and writer obsessed by mystical intimations which he found in everyday things and landscape. He was commissioned in the Welsh Guards and while inspecting a cookhouse in Greece "sensed a transcendental state of glory." He felt "as if the secrets of the world had been unfolded before me, and I was walking with God in the Garden of Eden." Rossiter was put in a straitjacket and suffered a nervous breakdown and a femoral thrombosis which temporarily deprived him the use of his legs and was invalided out of the Army in 1947. He studied under Henry Moore and Robert Medley and became absorbed by landscape painting, teaching at several different schools. (Information taken from the ART UK website.) His works also included portraits, most notably that of Auden. (#022531)

SOLD

Normans Date . a story (1)

Norman comes in the bar & tells me this. One night.

Norman always had great stuff to say. About poverty & people he knew & Europe. Personalities & marvelous accomplishments. Fashionable kinda stuff in a way. But one night he comes up w/ this. It knocked me out.

He's drinking. He's got one hand holding up his very expensive trenchcoat. He's got a Gauloise dangling out the his mouth. (That's his usual stance.) He says, I met a woman, huh, the other night. Boy! He's talking & puffing the Gauloise, his coat pushed back, a couple a guys & me listening, we got drinks. It's not even late. Nobody's drunk.

Yeh I'd been at the 5 spot, he says. He's talking like its real – he's ernest, you know. I was listening to Monk. And I see this babe standing by the bar digging the music. She's listening – she smiles – she's wearing, she's got a glass. Ya know. I start watching her.

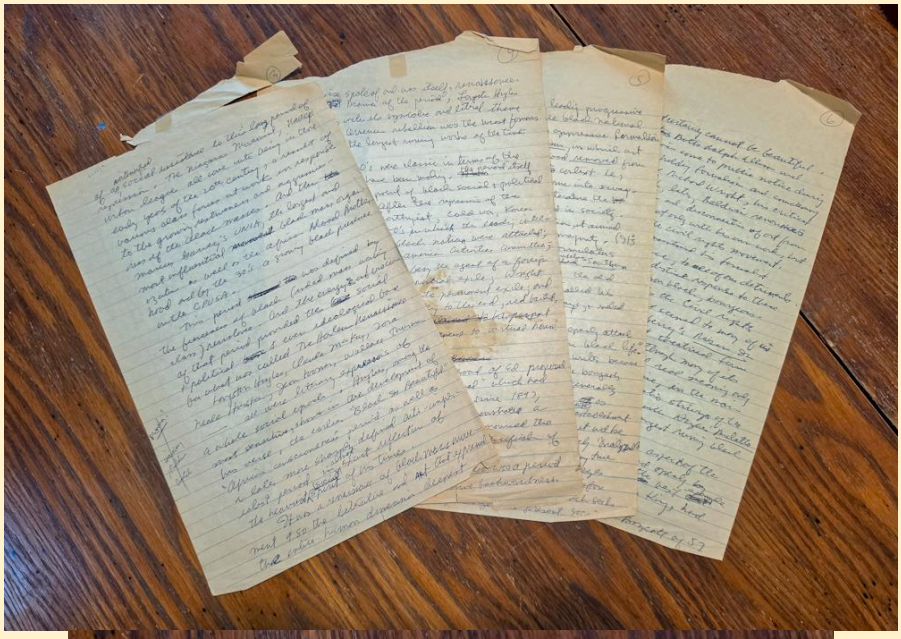
She's great, man. Great looking. Long & slender, blonde. And dolled up. But good taste. Even some goddamn jewelry. And I hate jewelry, but on her, it looks great! Really great.

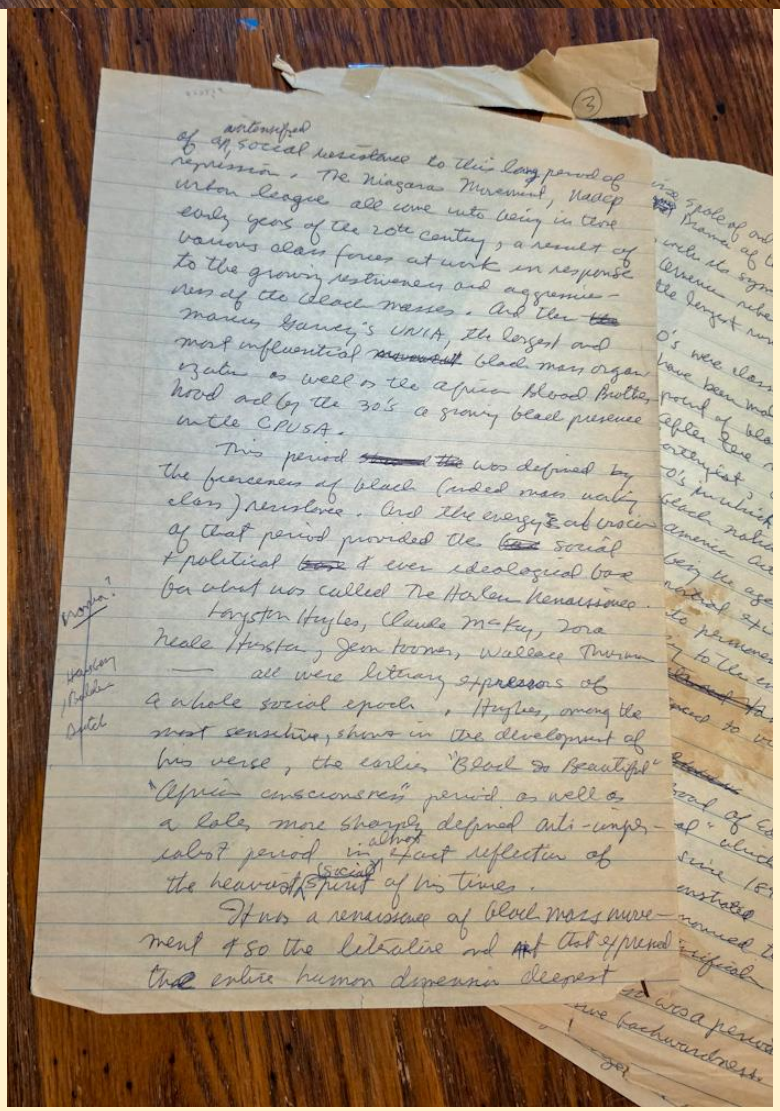
And she spots me after awhile. I was playing it cool. Ya know I thought maybe her ole' man was in the John & was comin right back. Shit. I didn't want no trouble. The music's great too. That crazy Monk. And Wilbur. And that goddamn trone is learning to play Monk's tunes, ya know? Norman holds up his glass & gestures at us, there were maybe two others & me in an knot. He gestures for drinks all around. He's lighting another gauloise with the stump he's got in his mouth.

He shrugs acknowledgment as we hold up our glasses [illegible] Norman was a kind's [illegible]

4. **BARAKA, Amiri (LeRoi JONES).** ***AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT of the Short Story NORMAN'S DATE.*** Handwritten ***ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT*** by Baraka consisting of 4 yellow legal-sized sheets written on rectos only for his short story "Norman's Date." A partial manuscript of this story which first appeared in *PLAYBOY* in 1982 and later collected in Baraka's 2006 book of short stories *TALES OF THE OUT AND THE GONE*. Present here are pages numbered 1, 2, 3, and 5. The story takes place in the legendary jazz hotspots The Five Spot and the Cedar Bar and is about a one-night stand that goes wrong. Baraka later dismissed this piece as a potboiler. Right margins ragged. Very Good. (#022568) **$1,500**

5. **BARAKA, Amiri (LeRoi JONES).** ***AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT on Mid-Century African-American Literary and Social History.*** Handwritten ***ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT*** by Baraka consisting of 4 yellow legal-sized sheets written on rectos only for an essay on Mid-Century African-American Literary and Social History. A partial manuscript, possibly unpublished. Present here are pages numbered 3, 4, 5, and 6. Baraka discusses Harlem Renaissance authors and black social movements. "The 60's were classic in terms of the proposition I have been making. The period itself was one high point of black social + political resurgence.... When Brown vs the Board of Ed proposed the end of 'Separate but equal' which had been the law of the land since 1897, America Apartheid, it demonstrated a change in the period and announced the expansion and intensification of the civil rights movement." Among the writers Baraka mentions are Langston Hughes, James Baldwin, Richard Wright, etc. Top blank margins torn and creased; stain to the middle of one page. Very Good. (#022569) **$1,500**



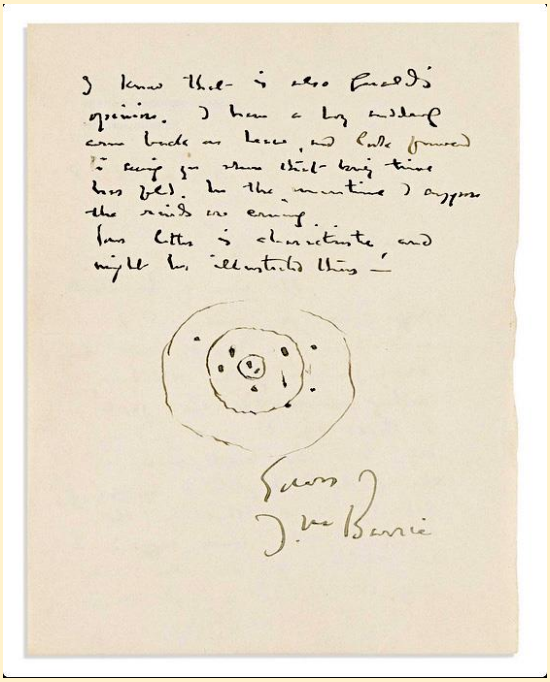


of an intensified social resistance to this long period of repression. The Niagara Movement, NAACP, Urban League all came into being in those early years of the 20th century, a result of various class forces at work in response to the growing restiveness and aggressiveness of the black masses. And then ~~the~~ Marcus Garvey's UNIA, the largest and most influential ~~movement~~ black mass organization as well as the African Blood Brotherhood and by the 30's a growing black presence in the CPUSA.

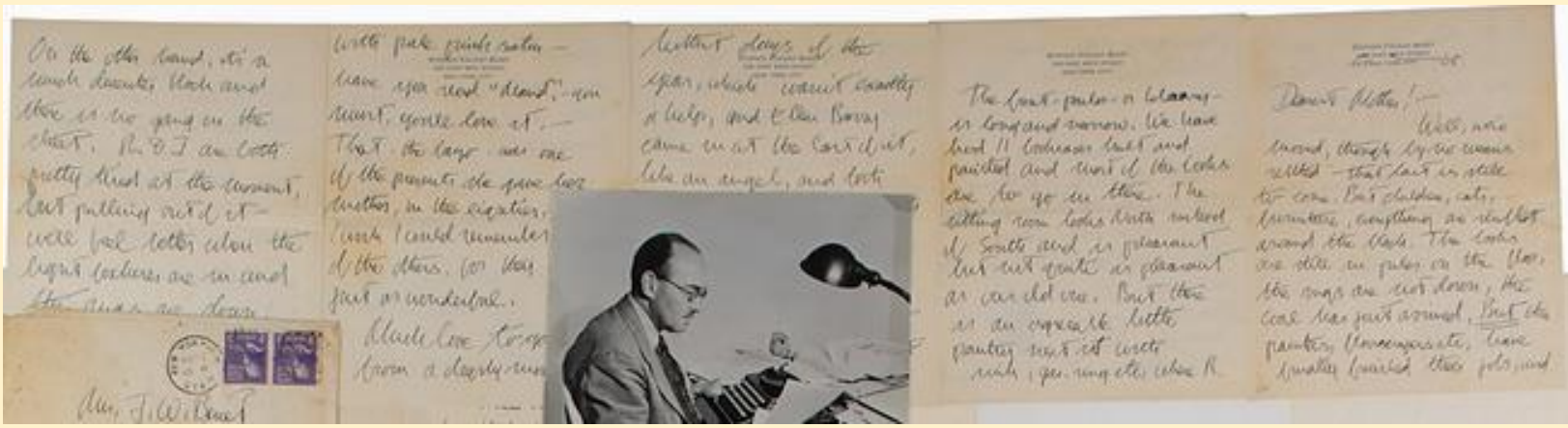
This period ~~[illegible]~~ ~~the~~ was defined by the fierceness of black (indeed mass working class) resistance. And the energy & advocacy of that period provided the ~~[illegible]~~ social & political ~~[illegible]~~ & even ideological base for what was called The Harlem Renaissance.

Langston Hughes, Claude McKay, Zora Neale Hurston, Jean Toomer, Wallace Thurman — all were literary expressions of a whole social epoch. Hughes, among the most sensitive, shows in the development of his verse, the earlier "Black so Beautiful" "African consciousness" period as well as a later more sharply defined anti-imperialist period in almost exact reflection of the heaviest (social) spirit of his times.

It was a renaissance of black mass movement & so the literature and ~~art~~ that expressed the entire human dimension deepest



6. **BARRIE, J. M.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED to the Actress who Created the Role of Wendy in PETER PAN.*** Two-page letter to Hilda Trevelyan on both sides of 5-1/2" x 7-1/8" Adelphi Terrace House stationery ***SIGNED*** "J. M. Barrie." He praises her performance, hoping to write a better role for her one day, remarking that her letter might have been illustrated, and demonstrating this by his own ***ORIGINAL DRAWING*** of concentric circles at the letter's conclusion, suggesting a target. "It was a beautiful performance you gave, and I won't have you meddle with it. The part is rather shadowy, nothing at all like the part I should like to give you some day, and my heart was in the father & daughter scene mainly, with the result that in the writing, the other scenes suffered. I can think of no one who would play... as well, and I know that is also Gerald's [du Maurier?] opinion.... Your letter is characteristic and might be illustrated thus [drawing of target showing scattered hits]." Hilda Trevelyan performed as "Miss Thing" (Cinderella) opposite Gerald Du Maurier's policeman in Barrie's 1916 play, *A KISS FOR CINDERELLA*. The role of Cinderella demonstrated a motherly aspect recalling Trevelyan's performance of Wendy, the role she created in Barrie's play, *PETER PAN*. Fine. (#022530) **SOLD**



7. **BENET, Stephen Vincent.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED to his Mother.*** New York, [17 October]. Ten-page ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED*** on both sides of five 5-1/2" x 6-3/4" sheets of personal stationery to his mother. In part: "Well, we've moved, though by no means settled -- that part is still to come. But children, cats, furniture, everything are shifted around the block. The books are still in piles on the floor, the rugs are not down, the coal has just arrived, But the painters, floorscrapers etc., have finally finished their jobs, and for the first time in years we are living in an absolutely clean home. It won't stay clean very long of course, but at least we'll have a week or so to remember. It's like this [here Benet has drawn a floor-plan of the new apartment]...." He then describes the physical layout of the apartment, room by room, and continues: "I think it will work out very well. It is not as sunny as 220 and you hear the El more. On the other hand, it's a much decenter block and there is no gang in the street.... Much love to you both from a deeply moved family. Stephanie says we've got a real residence now and she's going to bring all her friends home. I hope she doesn't till we get the windows washed.... SWB the moving man." With the hand-addressed envelope and a 6-1/4" x 7-1/4" photograph of the author. Normal folds from mailing. Fine. (#022542) **$750**

I can see a chance to further your wish I shall do so with all my heart; for apart from any personal considerations I think you are the best man in the army for the place. I want to meet you too, and that seems to be about the only way to get you to Washington permanently. I've been talking the matter at the War Department and my friends there will help — Gen. Ainsworth, particularly, I feel sure of, and he is pretty "close" to the Secretary. He has made no promises, nor been asked to, but that is not necessary; if he could do it, or would do it, help he'd tell me so. I shall see Commissioner Ware and if he can suggest anything that I can do I'll do it.

So you are studying the Santiago campaign. This is good news to those who love to "sit at your feet" as students of strategy — of whom I am the devoutest disciple. Pray, let us have a book about it.

I am very sincerely yours,

Ambrose Bierce.

April 8, 1903.

I think you are the best man in the army for the place

8. **BIERCE, Ambrose.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED on his Efforts to Obtain a Position in the War College for Colonel Sargent.*** Washington DC, 8 April 1903. Three-page ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED*** in full to Colonel H. H. Sargent on three panels of one 10" x 7-3/4" sheet of paper folded. "I'm glad to know that you are still desirous of the place in the War College, and want to assure you that whenever I can see a chance to further your wish I shall do so with all my heart, for apart from any personal considerations I think you are the best man in the army for the place." Bierce is talking to his friends, including Gen. Ainsworth, at the War Dept. He adds, "So you are studying the Santiago campaign. This is good news to those who love to 'sit at your feet' as students of strategy -- of whom I am the devoutest disciple. Pray let us have a book about it." During the Spanish American War, Sargent had commanded the 5th U.S. Regiment, which was sent to Santiago de Cuba. Short, closed tears at top and bottom with discreet tape repairs; expected creases from mailing; ink dark and clear. About Fine.

Bierce, perhaps the greatest writer to emerge from the Civil War, is best known for his DEVIL'S DICTIONARY and the story "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." Enlisting as a private, Bierce experienced combat at numerous battles, including Shiloh, eventually rising to the rank of Major and serving as a staff officer in a Brigade. He was shot in the head at the Battle of Kennesaw Mountain. In 1914, he set out to cover the Mexican revolution traveling with Pancho Villas' forces. He was never heard from again. His letters are scarce. (#022534)

$1,800

12/VII/86

Dear Mr. Hinterding:

Thank you for sending the translation of the critical piece about the Rotterdam concert. I'd be willing to wager that the reviewer considers Wagner more important than Satie!

Unfortunately I have no unpublished stories for Killa Kossa. I write only three or four a year, and sometimes fewer.

I'm glad you found the experiences recounted in Their Heads Are Green believable.

Best, Paul Bowles

MARRAKECH
95.301.13 - Place Djemaa El Fna

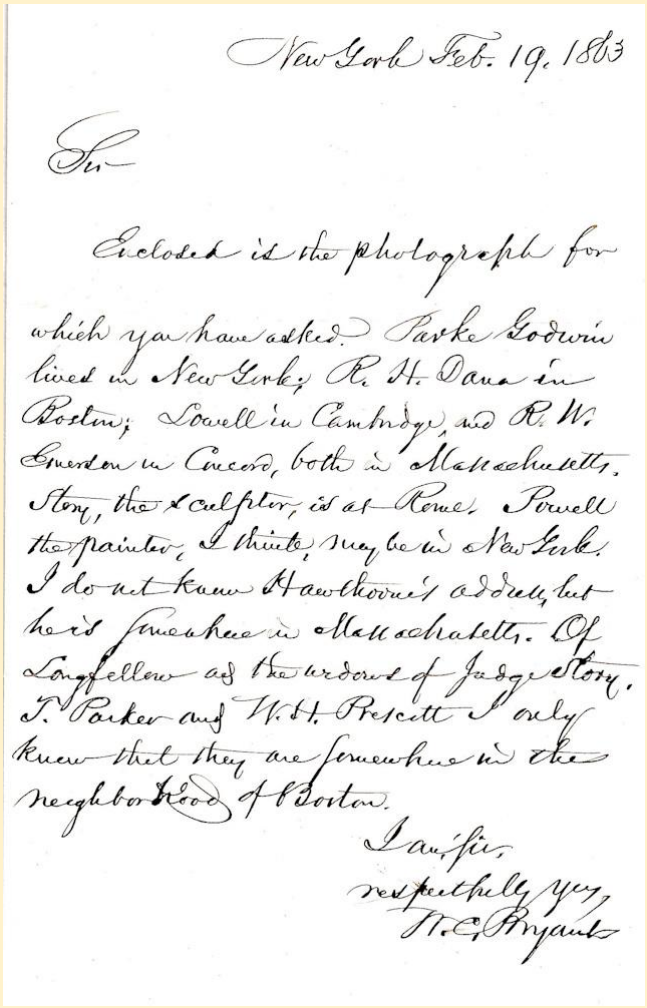
* Photo véritable *

Editions "La Cigogne" - SOCHEPRESS - CASABLANCA
(Exclusivité de Fabrication André Leconte)

"In the past, such a couple has been stoned to death"

9. **BOWLES, Paul.** ***ARCHIVE OF 6 TYPED LETTERS SIGNED, 1 AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED, and 1 DOCUMENT SIGNED Regarding his story "Midnight Mass."***
[Tangier, Morocco], 1986-87. Archive of 8 items, ***SIGNED*** letters and a document, plus a snapshot photograph of Bowles and 8 envelopes typed or hand-addressed by Bowles. All of the letters are on 8-1/2" x 11" onionskin paper except for the handwritten postcard, and are addressed to publisher Tim Hinterding regarding creating a separate publication in Dutch for Bowles's story, "Midnight Mass." The document is a ***SIGNED*** contract for that publication. The ***ALS***, 2 July 1986 on a postcard, in full: "Thank you for sending the translation of the critical piece about the Rotterdam concert. I'd be willing to wager that the reviewer considers Wagner more important than Satie! Unfortunately, I have no unpublished stories for *KILLA KOSSA*. I write only three or four a year, and sometimes fewer. I'm glad you found the experiences recounted in Their Heads are Green believable." From one of the typed letters, dated 12 February 1987: "Your account of the two girls who accompanied you to your hotel was amusing, although it could have had seriously unpleasant results. It is very much prohibited for a European male to be with a Moroccan female. On occasion, in the past, such a couple has been stoned to death, or both have had their throats cut. It's surprising that your two friends were not arrested.... From their behavior ... I'd say they were both prostitutes, which I suppose you guessed, anyway." Near Fine. (#022559) **$2,500**

Paul Bowles was an American composer, author, and translator who spent the last 52 years of his life in Tangier. He is best known for his first book, *THE SHELTERING SKY*.



New York Feb. 19, 1863

Sir

Enclosed is the photograph for which you have asked. Parke Godwin lives in New York; R. H. Dana in Boston; Lowell in Cambridge, and R. W. Emerson in Concord, both in Massachusetts. Story, the sculptor, is at Rome. Powell the painter, I think, may be in New York. I do not know Hawthorne's address, but he's somewhere in Massachusetts. Of Longfellow as the widows of Judge Story, T. Parker and W. H. Prescott I only know that they are somewhere in the neighborhood of Boston.

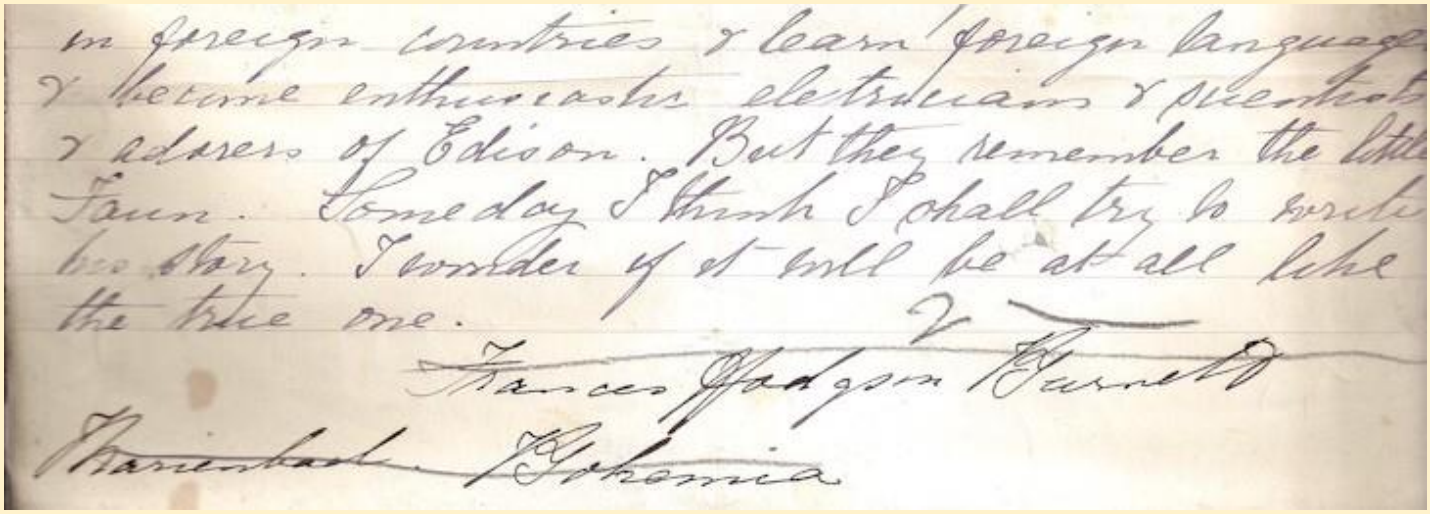
I am, sir,
respectfully yours
W. C. Bryant

10. **BRYANT, William Cullen.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED Listing Fellow 19th Century Luminaries.*** One 5" x 7-7/8" sheet addressed to "Sir" and ***SIGNED*** "W. C. Bryant." A remarkable letter in which Bryant lists the names of famous contemporaries. In full: "Enclosed is the photograph [not present] for which you have asked. Parke Godwin lived in New York; R. H. Dana in Boston; Lowell in Cambridge, and R. W. Emerson in Concord, both in Massachusetts. Story [William Wetmore Story], the sculptor, is at Rome. Powell [William Henry Powell] the painter, I think, may be in New York. I do not know Hawthorne's address, but he's somewhere in Massachusetts. Of Longfellow as the widows of Judge Story, T. Parker and W. H. Prescott I only know that they are somewhere in the neighborhood of Boston." Normal folds from mailing. Fine, bold and dark. (#022535) **$1,000**

[illegible]
see because he was a Faun he had only sweet happy joyous impulses & did not know what selfishness was & he did not think of even opening his treasure until he had carried it back to share it with his little fellow Faun even though no one expected for a moment that he would not simply enjoy it by himself.
The next day we went to the sea side & I never saw my little Faun again. When we returned in the Autumn I did not see him dancing before his door for several days & so I spoke to a servant about him.
"Do you know where the pretty little curly boy is?" I asked "The one who was always dancing from one leg to the other?"
"No, Macam I dont." was the answer "His mother has a dress maker and she moved away in the hot weather. I never heard where they went."
I was very sorry. I wanted to know my Faun better. I felt sure he had a sweet, lovable nature and I had thought I might do things to please him. I have never forgotten him & I often wonder if he is as happy now that he is a big boy. He must be a big fellow now. Boy & the Socialist have had time to grow tall & travel in foreign countries & learn foreign languages & become enthusiastic electricians & scientists & adorers of Edison. But they remember the little Faun. Someday I think I shall try to write his story. I wonder if it will be at all like the true one.

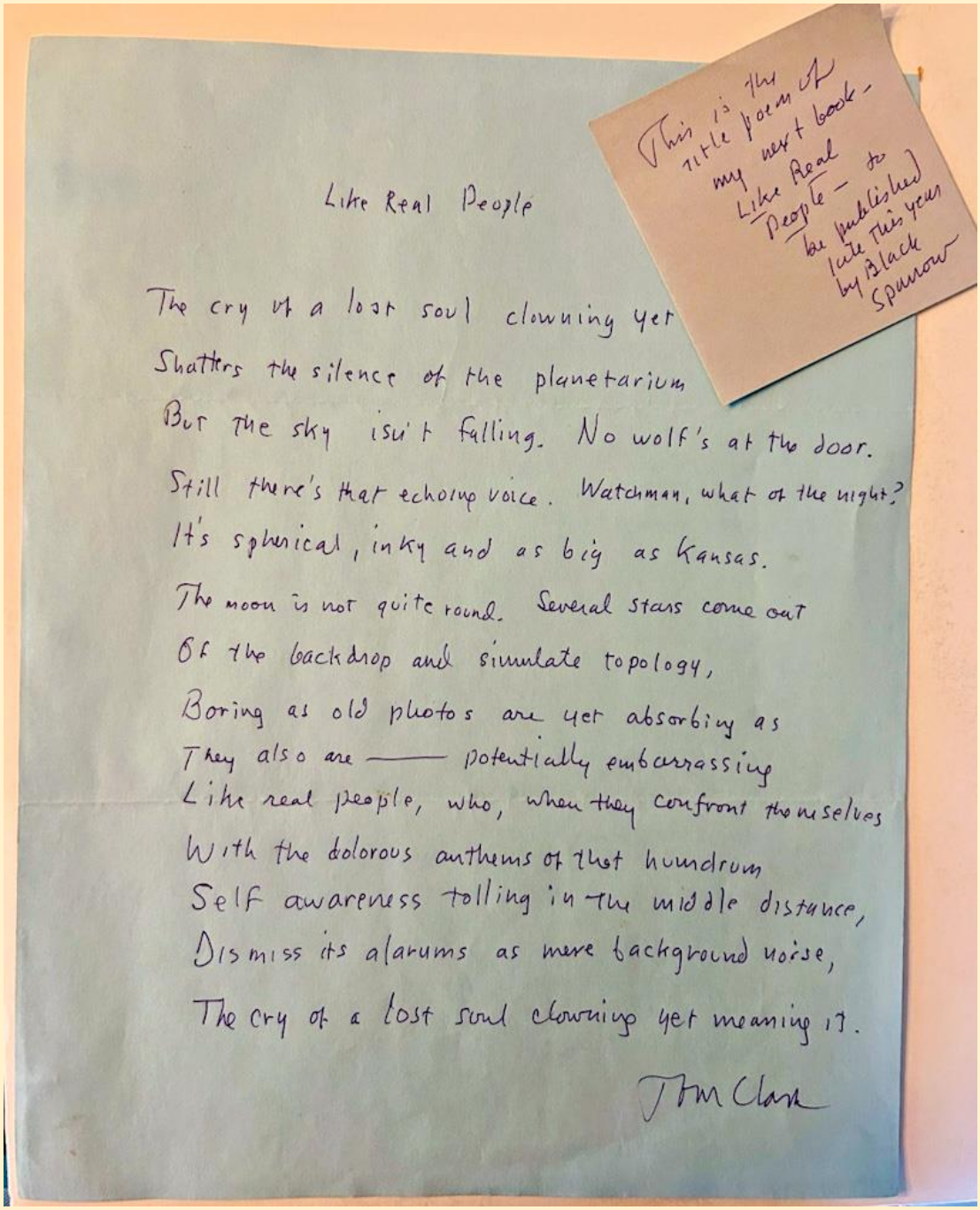
Frances Hodgson Burnett

Marienbad Bohemia

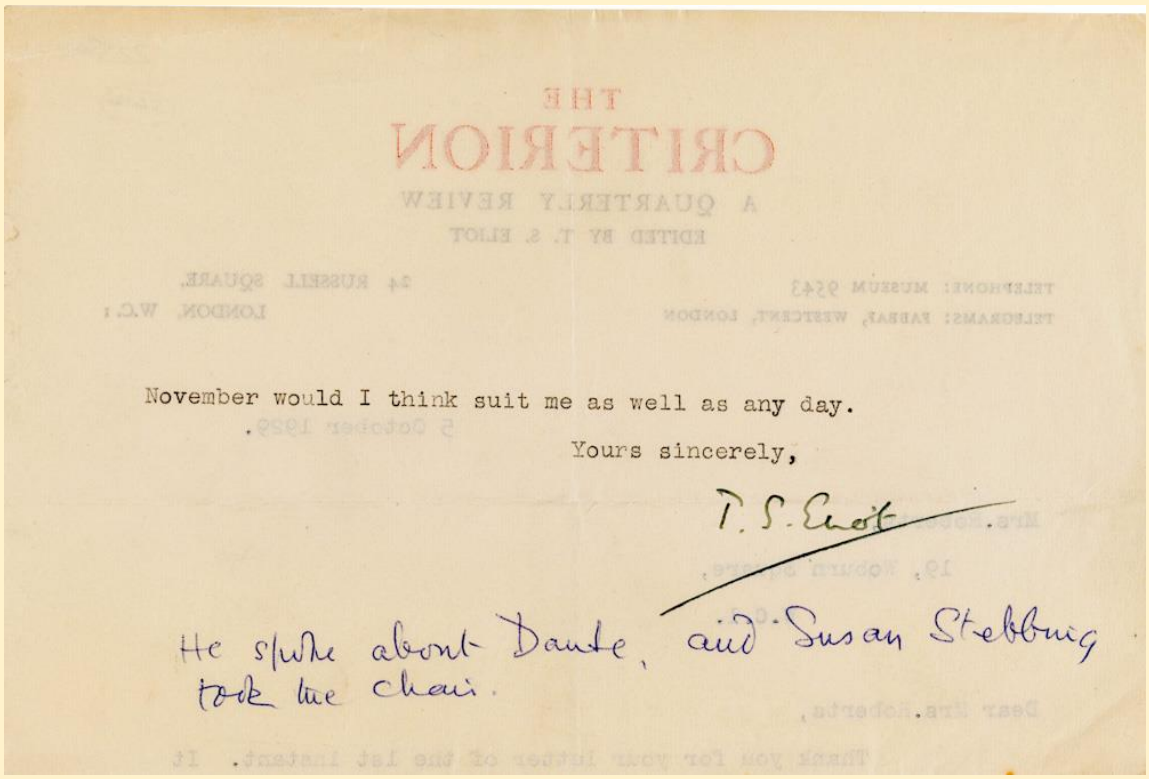


11. **BURNETT, Frances Hodgson.** ***AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT SIGNED.*** Seven 8-5/8" x 13-1/4" smooth-finished sheets (the first page about a third of that size) handwritten by Frances Hodgson Burnett of the ***ORIGINAL SIGNED MANUSCRIPT*** of most of her short story "A Little Faun" from her 1892 book *GIOVANNI AND THE OTHER: CHILDREN WHO HAVE MADE STORIES*, a collection of short stories based on the real experiences of Burnett's children and those she met while traveling in Europe. This particular story is based on a real toddler who lived on Burnett's street in Washington, D.C and is considered to be the inspiration for the famous character Dickon in *THE SECRET GARDEN*. The pages are numbered 7 through 13 and comprise the last 6 pages of the 11-page story. Occasional pencil notes of identification. Lot 104 in the 1929 Anderson Galleries sale *SELECTIONS FROM THE LIBRARY OF EDWARD GOLDMAN NEW YORK CITY* comprised a 63-page signed manuscript titled "Giovanni and the Other," the title story of this volume, but we were unable to locate a sale of the present manuscript. Manuscripts by this famous children's book writer are scarce. Pages are currently rolled; soiling and some wear. Very Good.

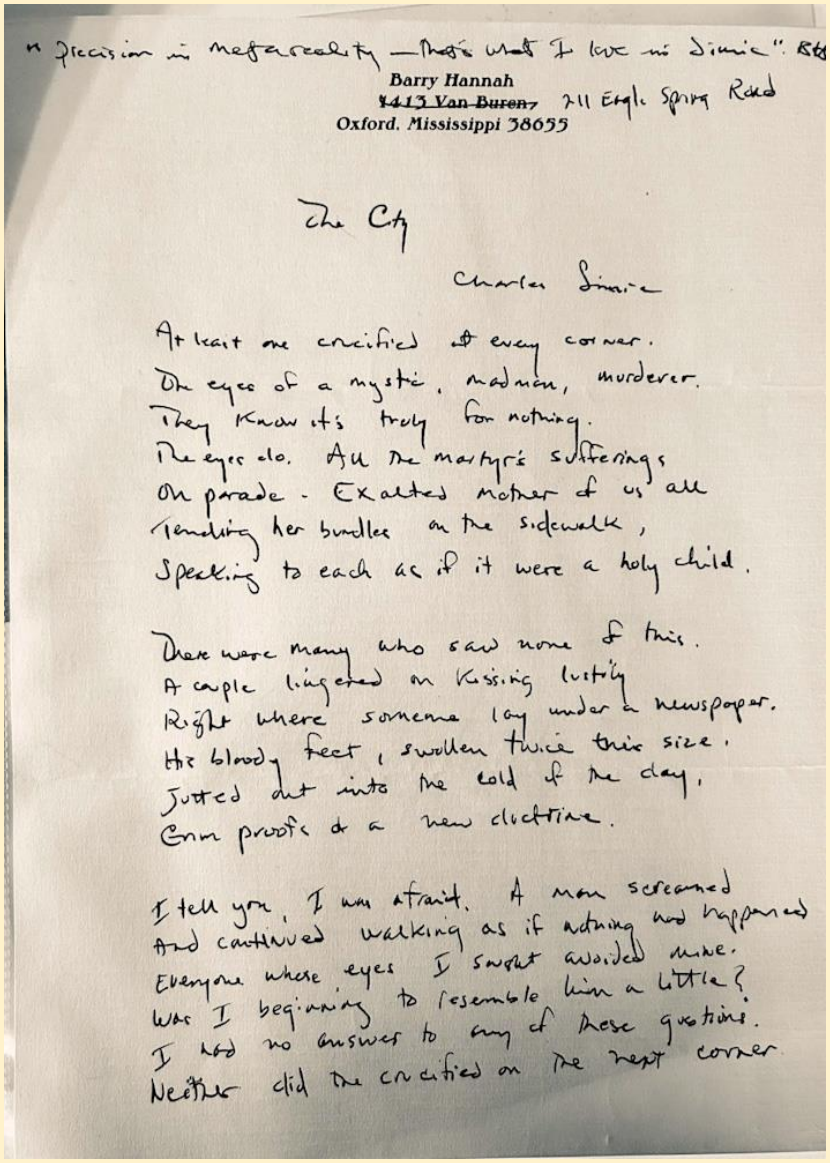
Frances Hodgson Burnett was the author of more than 30 books, most notably A LITTLE PRINCESS, THE SECRET GARDEN, and LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY. (#022545) **$4,500**



12. **CLARK, Tom.** ***AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT SIGNED.*** On an 8-1/2" x 11" sheet of blue paper, the poet has responded to a request for a poem by writing out "Like Real People," the title poem of his new book, which he has ***SIGNED*** at the conclusion. On a post-it note Clark writes, "This is the title poem of my next book--*LIKE REAL PEOPLE*--to be published late this year by Black Sparrow." With envelope hand-addressed by Clark. Fine. (#022527) **$150**



13. **ELIOT, T. S.** ***TYPED LETTER SIGNED.*** London, 5 October 1929. One-1/2 page typed letter on both sides of *THE CRITERION* stationery ***SIGNED*** by Eliot addressed to "Mrs. Roberts." Eliot asks about appropriate topics for a speech he is to give for the "St. George's Renovation Fund." He writes, in part: "...in order to make it easier for me, I should be grateful I if you would give me some notion (1) of the kind of subject suitable and (2) of the kind of audience you expect. (1) really depends on (2). Will it be parishioners, or people interested in literature, or interested in something; or will it be prosperous snobs whose half-guineas we are to extract for a good purpose? Perhaps it would help me if I knew who are the other speakers, and what they are to talk about. You see, it is rather important to me to be able to prepare something that I could use later in some other way. I will make suggestions for a chairman, if necessary, when I hear from you." ***SIGNED*** "T. S. Eliot" with an annotation in blue ink in another hand at the end: "He spoke about Dante, and Susan Stebbing took the chair." Lightly toned with smoothed folds; minor edgewear. Near Fine. (#022524) **$1,000**



"Precision in metareality — That's what I love in Simic." BH

Barry Hannah
~~1413 Van Buren~~ 211 Eagle Spring Road
Oxford, Mississippi 38655

The City

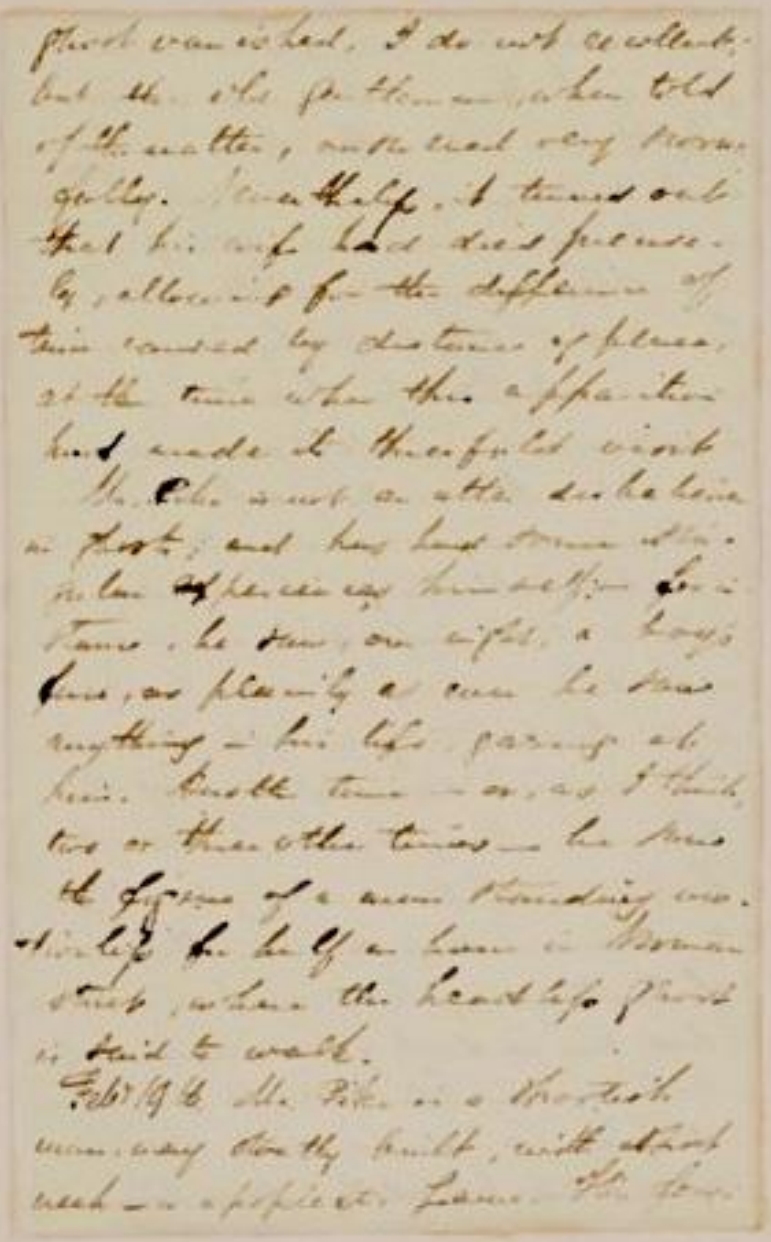
Charles Simic

At least one crucified at every corner.
On eyes of a mystic, madman, murderer.
They know it's truly for nothing.
The eyes do. All the martyrs sufferings
On parade - Exalted mother of us all
Tending her bundles on the sidewalk,
Speaking to each as if it were a holy child.

There were many who saw none of this.
A couple lingered on kissing lustily
Right where someone lay under a newspaper.
His bloody feet, swollen twice their size,
Jutted out into the cold of the day,
Grim proofs of a new doctrine.

I tell you, I was afraid. A man screamed
And continued walking as if nothing had happened
Everyone whose eyes I sought avoided mine.
Was I beginning to resemble him a little?
I had no answers to any of these questions.
Neither did the crucified on the next corner.

14. **HANNAH, Barry.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED and AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT.*** On 2 pages of his personal 8-1/2" x 11" stationery, Hannah responds to a request to write his favorite poem. In the letter, which is ***SIGNED*** in full at the conclusion, Hannah states, "I'm very happy to share (in hand) this great and disturbing poem by Charles Simic." He goes on to say, "I may be, by the way, the last of the few dozen writers in the USA to write by hand everything I do. I'll never give up the touch of pencil on paper." On the second sheet, he has written a copy of Charles Simic's "The City," with a note at the top: "Precision in metareality -- That's what I love in Simic." Fine. (#022528) **SOLD**

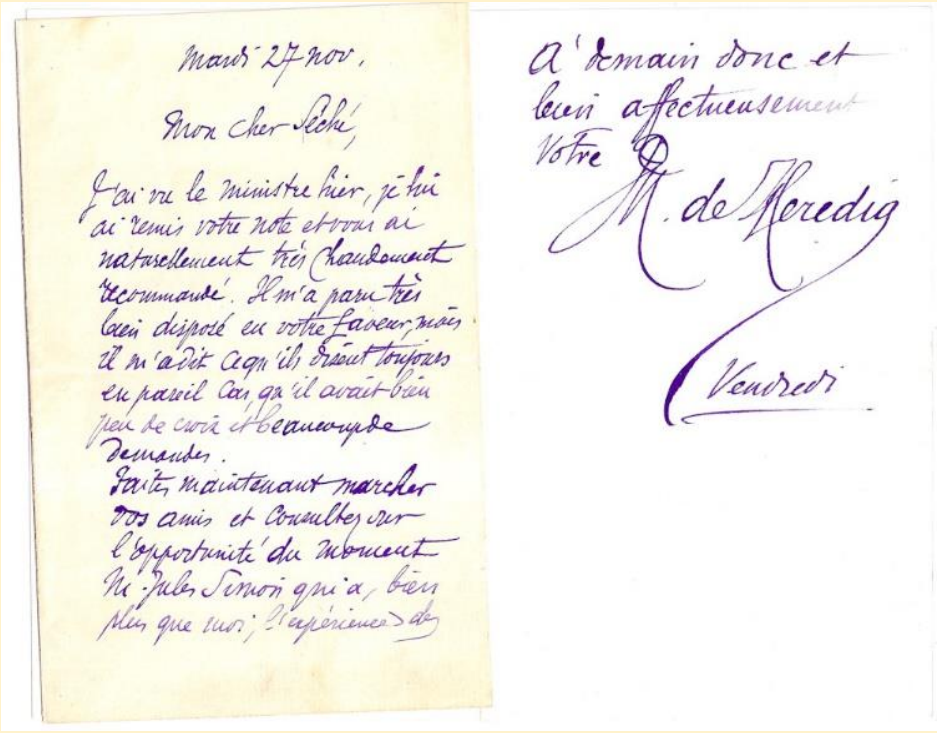


A LEAF OF HAWTHORNE'S MANUSCRIPT
FROM A DIARY, 1839

HAWTHORNE ON GHOSTS

15. HAWTHORNE, Nathaniel. ***AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT: A Leaf from his 1839 Diary Discussing Ghosts.*** [Boston], [15] & 19 February [1839]. Two pages on one 3-3/4" x 6-1/8" sheet laid into a larger 5-3/4" x 8-1/2" sheet with printed caption below, housed in a handsome red half morocco clamshell box. A leaf from Nathaniel Hawthorne's 1839 diary, written during his tenure at the Boston Customs House. First published in 1896 in the *ATLANTIC MONTHLY*, the present leaf concludes a lengthy meditation on the existence of ghosts and then moves to a detailed description of William Pike, the inspector of the Boston Custom House. In an entry for 15 February Hawthorne recounts Pike's tale of the discovery of a headless skeleton in Salem and their discussion about ghosts, specifically, the appearances of the ghost of a woman who had just died: "[How the] ghost vanished, I do not recollect; but the old gentleman, when told of the matter, answered very scornfully. Nevertheless, it turned out that his wife had died precisely, allowing for the difference of time caused by distance of place, at the time when this apparition had made its threefold visit. Mr. Pike is not an utter disbeliever in ghosts, and has had some singular experiences himself: -- for instance, he saw, one night, a boy's face, as plainly as ever he saw anything in his life, gazing at him. Another time -- or, as I think, two or three other times -- he saw the figure of a man standing motionless for half an hour in Norman Street, where the headless ghost is said to walk." Several days later, Hawthorne added his next entry with a discussion of Pike's visage and health problems: "Feby. 19th. Mr. Pike is a shortish man, very stoutly built, with a short neck -- an apoplectic frame. His forehead is marked, but not expansive, though large -- I mean, it has not a broad, smooth quietude. His face dark and sallow -- ugly, but with a pleasant, kindly, as well as strong and thoughtful expression. Stiff, black hair, which starts bushy and almost erect from his forehead -- a heavy, yet very intelligent countenance. He is subject

to the asthma, and moreover to a sort of apoplectic fit, which compels him to sleep almost as erect as he sits; and if he were to lie down horizontally in bed, he would feel almost sure of one of these fits. When they seize him, he awakes feeling as if [his] head were swelled to enormous size, and on the point of bursting -- with great pain. He has his perfect consciousness, but is unable to call for assistance, or make any noise except by blowing forcibly with [his mouth, and unless this brings help, he must die.]" Mild toning at extreme margins. Near Fine in a Fine clamshell box. (#022541) **$9,500**


Mardi 27 nov.

Mon cher Séché,

J'ai vu le ministre hier, je lui ai remis votre note et vous ai naturellement très chaudement recommandé. Il m'a paru très bien disposé en votre faveur, mais il m'a dit aussi qu'il serait toujours en pareil cas qu'il aurait bien peu de voix et beaucoup de demandes.

Faites maintenant marcher vos amis et consultez sur l'opportunité du moment M. Jules Simon qui a, bien plus que moi, l'expérience des

à demain donc et bien affectueusement votre

J. de Heredia

Vendredi

16. **HEREDIA, Jose-Maria de.** ***TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS SIGNED.*** Two ***AUTOGRAPH LETTERS SIGNED*** by the Cuban-born French Parnassian poet. One letter is to prolific French poet Léon Séché and mentions the philosopher/statesman Jules Simon. The other is addressed to Andre, likely the French poet André Theuriet who received the prix Vitet from the Académie Française in 1890. A translation into English of the latter letter is included and concludes, "I await impatiently the reading of the poem, and I am happy that you won the prize under such honorable conditions." Near Fine. (#022566) **SOLD**

40 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET

Oct. 10, 1895.

Dear Mr. Browne;

12 East 58th Street,
April 19, 1912.

Dear Mr. Browne:

17. **HOWELLS, W[illiam] D[ean].** ***ARCHIVE OF 3 AUTOGRAPH LETTERS SIGNED with an Original Photograph Portrait and 3 Letters from his Daughter to the Editor of THE DIAL Magazine.*** The three letters by Howell total 7 pages and are ***SIGNED*** "W. D. Howells" and include two hand-addressed envelopes and a cabinet card albumen photograph (4-1/4" x 5-7/8") by Reynolds Photograph Co. These letters, as well as the later letters by Mildred Howells, are addressed to Francis F[isher] Browne, editor of *THE DIAL* magazine

which he founded as a revival of Margaret Fuller's transcendental periodical. In the first letter from W. D. Howells, dated 15 January 1888, he sympathizes with Browne over the recent death of his young daughter: "I often wonder how people can bear what you have had to bear.... Will death tell us the meaning of death? This is what I ask myself especially when the young die. As you have lived under your sorrow, you must have found support in it, and you don't need my condolence. Still I offer it with a cordial hard clasp." Howells refers to the execution of the anarchists from the Haymarket Affair Chicago on 4 May 1886 in the 1895 letter: "Your effort to avert a great wrong has remained to me an indelible passage in the history of those black days of eight autumns ago." In the 1912 letter, Howells states, "Men are endeared to one another by community of endeavor for some good object which most other men do not hold good. We have that tie, and I can never think of you without affection." The letters from Mildred thank Browne for offering her father's letters, expressing special interest in "the Chicago Anarchist letters": "I am especially anxious to get everything quite straight about the anarchists, as I am very proud of my father's stand about their trial.... I am also glad to have the details about the Irish executions." Near Fine.

Francis Fisher Browne--author, editor, bookseller--was an intimate friend of many authors including John Muir, John Burroughs, Joaquin Miller, Walt Whitman, J. G. Whittler, J. R. Lowell, O. W. Holmes, and Howells. His bookstore, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and located in Chicago's Fine Arts Building, struggled and closed after 5 years. (#022550) **$750**

Last evening to my great surprise, as I was writing in my room, Lofft Irving hastily presented himself as if he had dropt from the clouds, or risen ~~from~~ emerged by some enchantment of the palace. He had arrived at Gibraltar a few days from England, & having left Seville for this place, & that I was extremely desirous to see him, he took horse and set off on his travels in quest of me: after a journey of four days he arrived here; and with great difficulty traced me to the Alhambra. He is an engaging handsome young man, with a family resemblance to Theodore. I have had very good accounts of him from different quarters, as an intelligent and promising officer. He is a great favorite with his captain (Kearney) and with all the officers of the squadron. I hope to keep him some little time with me. The Packet sets off for Malaga, Cadiz &c in the course of three or four days. As I find myself situated so regularly and well here that I shall be tempted to linger here for a time, and shall have leisure and quiet to put my manuscripts into order before I launch into the bustling world.

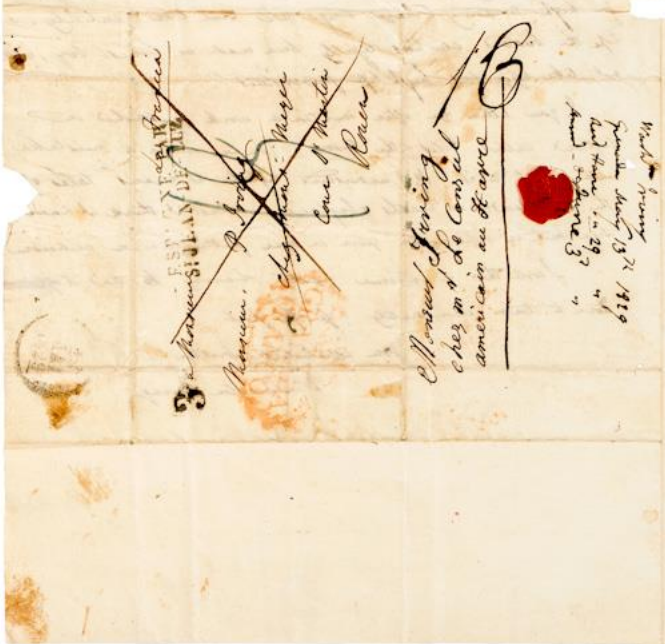
I am sorry to hear of the misfortune of the Dusty, but I suppose that sort of thing is the kind he had always such a passion for high company. Large dogs and fine blue feathers. I hope the bastard who has legally been such an honest boy, will not take after his high life progenitor.

In your letter you often mention a work published in England called Tales of the Moors. You are under a mistake with respect to it. If I understand rightly it means tales of the Moorlands or heaths of England. At least I think I have read but an explanation given in some publication or criticism.

I write this in extreme haste, having to send it down to town immediately, for the post.

Yrs affectionately brother
Washington Irving

Mrs Duncan Stewart
care of Messrs Stewart & Carnie
Liverpool

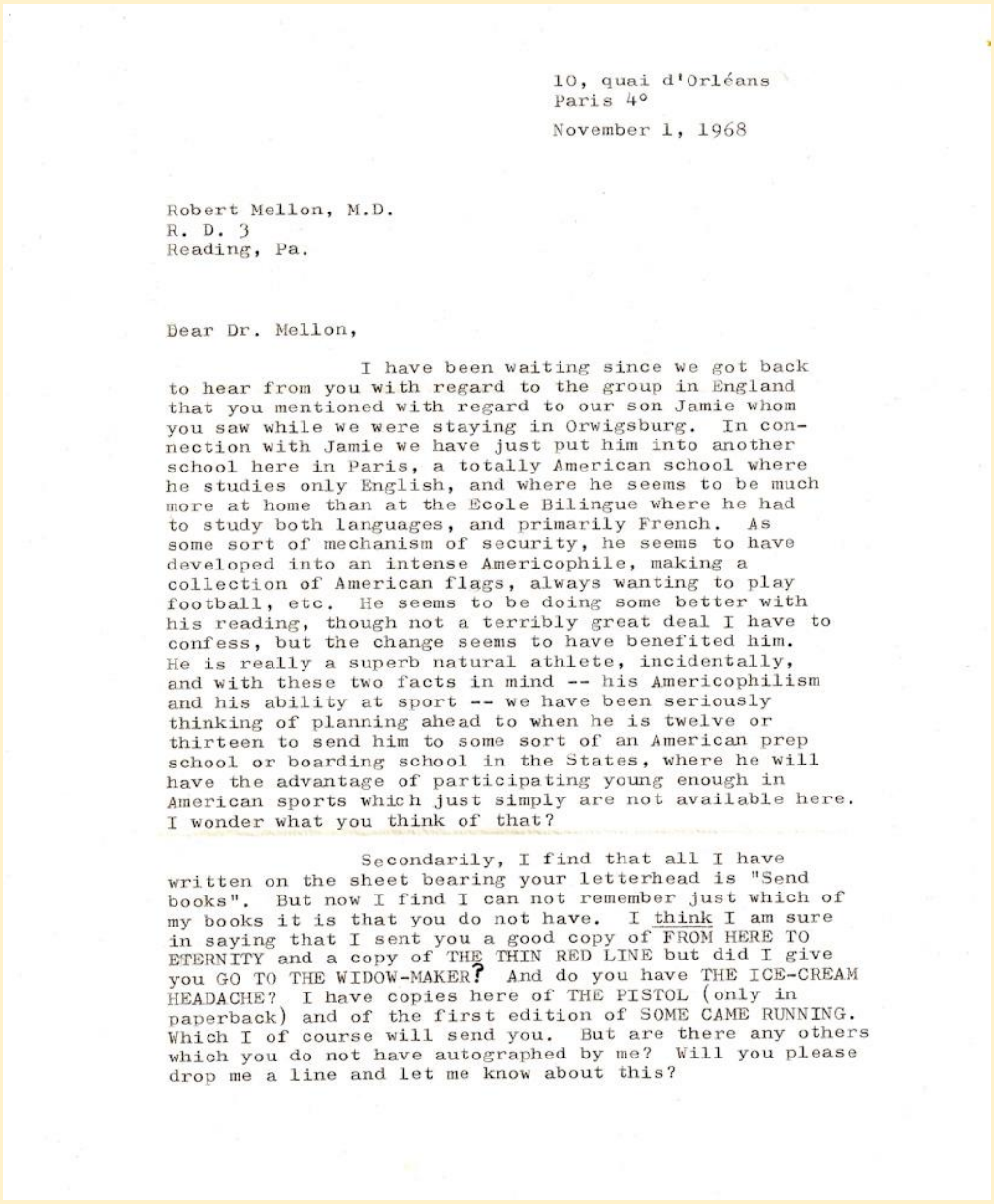


Alhambra May 13th 1829

My dear Preston,

You see I date my letter from the Alhambra Palace itself: for yesterday, by permission of the Governor of the Alhambra, the Prince & myself moved into one of the vacant apartments. You may easily imagine how delightfully we are lodged, with the whole pile at our command, to ramble over its halls and courts at all hours of day & night without control. The part we inhabit is retired for the Governor quarters, but he prefers at present residing down in the city. He has an excellent old dame and her good-humored bright eyed niece, who have charge of the Alhambra, who arrange our rooms meals &c. with the assistance of a tall honest boy; and thus we live quietly snugly and without any restraint. Elevated above the world and its troubles. I question if even poor Charles of Jorjoby was as comfortable in his palace

18. **IRVING, Washington.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED to his Brother.*** Alhambra, 13 May 1829. Three-pages from the creator of Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow on two 7-1/2" x 9-3/4" sheets with the fourth side containing the address in Irving's hand with postmark and red wax seal. ***SIGNED*** at the conclusion "Your affectionate brother/Washington Irving" to Peter Irving. In part: "...Yesterday, by permission of the General of the Alhambra, the Prince & myself moved into one of its vacant apartments. You may easily imagine how delightfully we are lodged, with the whole file [library] at our command ... on its halls and courts at all hours of day & night without constraint.... Last evening, to my great surprise, as I was writing in my room, Edgar Irving ... presented himself as if he had dropped from the clouds.... He had arrived at Gibraltar.... He is an engaging handsome young man, with a family resemblance to Theodore.... He is a great favorite with his captain (Kearney) and with the officers of his squadron.... The Prince sets off for Malaga.... I shall be tempted to linger for a time.... I am sorry to hear of the misfortune of the Duchy, but I expected something of the kind. He had always such a passion for high company.... In your letters you often mention a work published in England called Tales of the Moors ... it means Tales of the Moorland, of heaths of England...." At the time of this letter, Irving was enjoying free rein of the substantial libraries containing manuscripts of the history of Spain located in the palace of Mauricio Nicolás Álvarez de las Asturias Bohorques y Chacón, Duke of Gor. His research culminated in the 1829 publication of *CHRONICLE OF THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA*, a romanticized account of the 15th century Granada War. Irving's stay also resulted in the 1832 publication of *THE ALHAMBRA: A SERIES OF TALES AND SKETCHES OF THE MOORS AND SPANIARDS*, a collection of pieces blending history, folklore, and personal observation. Some splitting to the intersecting folds and small tears. Very Good. (#022522) **SOLD**



10, quai d'Orléans
Paris 4°

November 1, 1968

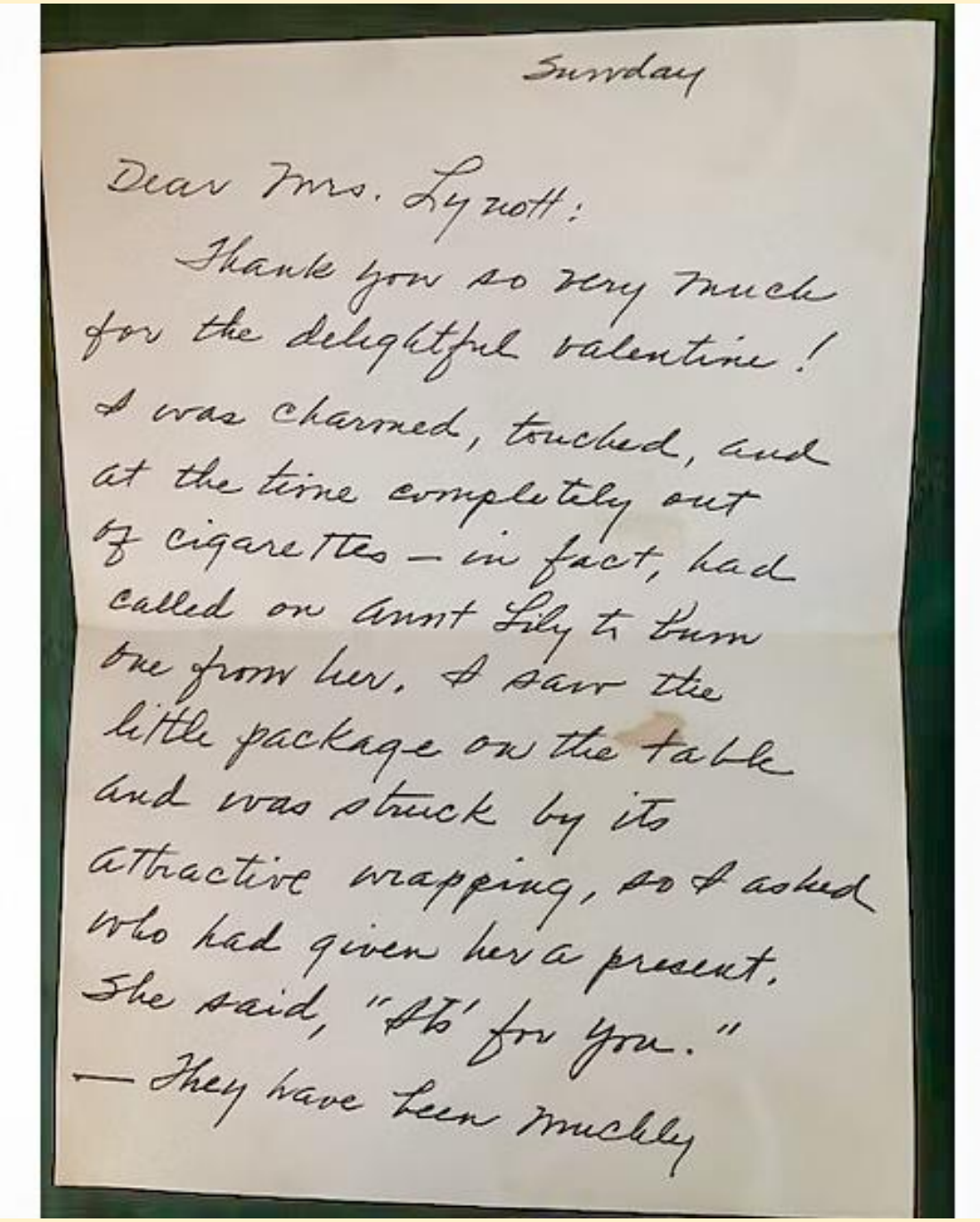
Robert Mellon, M.D.
R. D. 3
Reading, Pa.

Dear Dr. Mellon,

I have been waiting since we got back to hear from you with regard to the group in England that you mentioned with regard to our son Jamie whom you saw while we were staying in Orwigsburg. In connection with Jamie we have just put him into another school here in Paris, a totally American school where he studies only English, and where he seems to be much more at home than at the Ecole Bilingue where he had to study both languages, and primarily French. As some sort of mechanism of security, he seems to have developed into an intense Americophile, making a collection of American flags, always wanting to play football, etc. He seems to be doing some better with his reading, though not a terribly great deal I have to confess, but the change seems to have benefited him. He is really a superb natural athlete, incidentally, and with these two facts in mind -- his Americophilism and his ability at sport -- we have been seriously thinking of planning ahead to when he is twelve or thirteen to send him to some sort of an American prep school or boarding school in the States, where he will have the advantage of participating young enough in American sports which just simply are not available here. I wonder what you think of that?

Secondarily, I find that all I have written on the sheet bearing your letterhead is "Send books". But now I find I can not remember just which of my books it is that you do not have. I think I am sure in saying that I sent you a good copy of FROM HERE TO ETERNITY and a copy of THE THIN RED LINE but did I give you GO TO THE WIDOW-MAKER? And do you have THE ICE-CREAM HEADACHE? I have copies here of THE PISTOL (only in paperback) and of the first edition of SOME CAME RUNNING. Which I of course will send you. But are there any others which you do not have autographed by me? Will you please drop me a line and let me know about this?

19. **JONES, James.** ***TWO TYPED LETTERS SIGNED.*** Paris, 1968-1969. ***TYPED LETTERS SIGNED*** to child psychiatrist Robert Mellon about his son's progress and education as well as mentioning several of his books that Jones is sending to Mellon after signing them including *FROM HERE TO ETERNITY* and *THE THIN RED LINE*. Also included is a handwritten letter from Mellon discussing Jones's son and the author's works. Both envelopes from Jones are present as well as a formal invitation to William Styron's wedding to Rose in 1953. Creases from folding. Near Fine. (#022565) **SOLD**

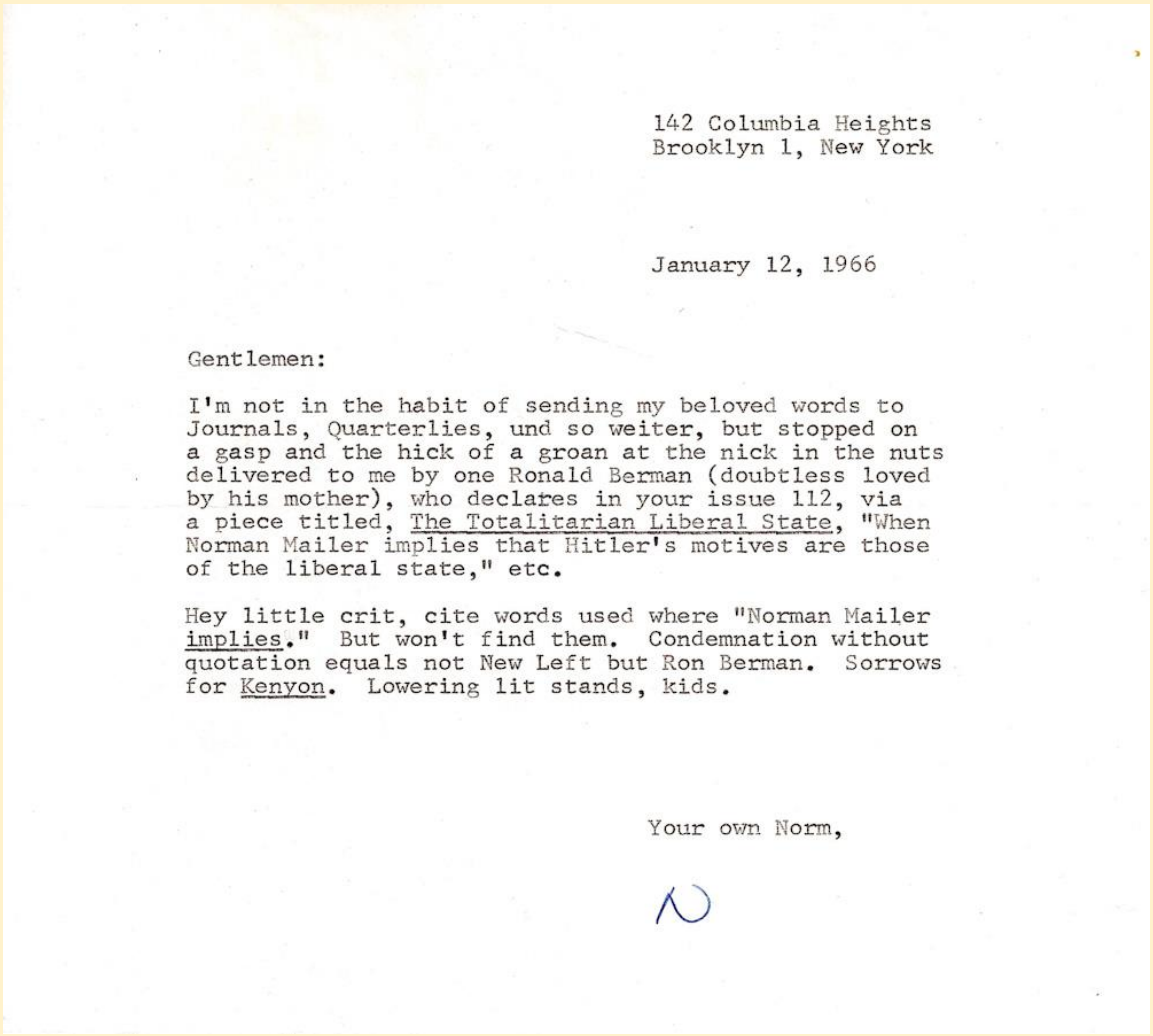


Sunday

Dear Mrs. Lynott:

Thank you so very much for the delightful valentine! I was charmed, touched, and at the time completely out of cigarettes — in fact, had called on Aunt Lily to bum one from her. I saw the little package on the table and was struck by its attractive wrapping, so I asked who had given her a present. She said, "It's for you." — They have been muchly

20. **LEE, Harper.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED.*** A 1-1/2 page undated handwritten letter ***SIGNED*** in full at the conclusion on a 5-3/4" x 7-3/4" sheet to a neighbor, Mrs. Lynott, thanking her for a valentine. "I was charmed, touched, and at the time completely out of cigarettes -- in fact, had called on Aunt Lily to bum one from her." A couple of small stains but still quite attractive. Very Good. (#022526) **SOLD**



142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York

January 12, 1966

Gentlemen:

I'm not in the habit of sending my beloved words to Journals, Quarterlies, und so weiter, but stopped on a gasp and the hick of a groan at the nick in the nuts delivered to me by one Ronald Berman (doubtless loved by his mother), who declares in your issue 112, via a piece titled, The Totalitarian Liberal State, "When Norman Mailer implies that Hitler's motives are those of the liberal state," etc.

Hey little crit, cite words used where "Norman Mailer implies." But won't find them. Condemnation without quotation equals not New Left but Ron Berman. Sorrows for Kenyon. Lowering lit stands, kids.

Your own Norm,

N

21. **MAILER, Norman.** ***TYPED LETTER SIGNED.*** Brooklyn, 12 January 1966. Single-spaced, sarcastic typed letter on an 8-1/2" x 11" sheet to the editors of *THE KENYON REVIEW*. In full: "I'm not in the habit of sending my beloved words to Journals, Quarterlies, und so weiter, but stopped on a gasp and the hick of a groan at the nick in the nuts delivered to me by one Ronald Berman (doubtless loved by his mother), who declares in your issue 112, via a piece titled, The Totalitarian Liberal State, 'When Norman Mailer implies that Hitler's motives are those of the liberal state,' etc. Hey little crit, cite words used where 'Norman Mailer implies.' But won't find them. Condemnation without quotation equals not New Left but Ron Berman. Sorrows for Kenyon. Lowering lit stands, kids." ***SIGNED*** with his initial: "Your own Norm, N." Minor creasing. About Fine. (#022570) **SOLD**

Lacan de Loubressac
par Bretenoux
Lot, France
28 June 1965

Dear Bill,

A few months ago Peter Davison wrote telling me about a new translation center, that had money to commission translations or to abet the schemes or something of that nature, and he seemed to think that I might be elegible for some of these benefits. Unlikely though it sounded, the next time I was writing to Peter I asked for more information to see whether my ineligibility weren't somehow apparent in the very charter of the new body. Peter has written back suggesting that I write to you. Dear Bill, I know small English and less of any other tongue; and as you will remember, my character is one large pitfall; what talent I may have supposed I had, at intervals, obeys laws of its own which I have never thoroughly understood. I don't know whether these qualifications fit me for anything in the plans of the new center, but I had one or two possible translations in mind for the general future, and it would of course be nice to be driven to it like a donkey to pasture, the stick taking the form of a steady income. If you think it's likely, I'd appreciate it if you let me know.

It would be good to hear in any case. I think in fact that the last letter between us, which I've kept somewhere, was from you, some years back. It must have been ag es ago, because it seemd some time since it had arrived, when I saw Joe in Berkely, in 1961 (good God!) and I believe we got so soppy over old times that we drank everybody's health and one round in particular was yours and Jean's. We nearly broke down and made some sherbet sucksickles to send to Texas, and deferred only at the thought of your inevitable embbrrassment, at their arrival. There's less and less link, evidently, with the rather weedy Princeton we knew; now Blackmur's gone, there's another great break. Not that I ever felt the remotest nostalgia for institution - any more than I imagine you did. The town, quite empty as it was those first two summers, before the postwar processing started; and a handful of friends, are about it. I've seen Ed Cone a few times, in the past years, with great pleasure, and when we were living in New York in 62-63 there were several marvellous encounters with Sid Morns. They had a special delight because the disappointment that sometimes descends on meetings with people onds known for years but seldome seen, wasn't anywhere in sight, but quite the opposite: we seemed to have far more to gas about than we ever had had at Princeton. I've had some marvellous letters from him since.

As for you, sir, I hear of successive triumphs, and I've liked the things of yours I've read in the last few years. The Petronius must have made some money, because I hear it sold very well indeed. Thomse Mentors are quite astonishing, the sales figures they seem to command. Even the Cid sold, so that I am still working out theories about why people buy paperbacks, and how, for it can't always be just because they want to read the book, I tell myself.

Ah well, as I say I don't seriously imagine that the translation thing concerns me, but I'd appreciate your letting me know if it might, and a word anyway about what you're up to,

Blessings to both of you,

Yours,

Bill

de Loubressac
etenoux

3, 1967

e Pavese as you were writing
it's a magnificent book. in-
hrough, and was dimly aware of the
ibe, though of course with noth-
it. The individual dialogues
nd moving. What a sad, but what
t of suffering it carries: that
ping each other to appear lighter
't know the Italian of course, but
kable poise, transparence, edge.
f the book: obviously if once one
e back to. Thank you again for

s to Jean and you, by the way,
ood book says) is the one that
Yorker a few weeks ago, called
ise. We get the magazine always
came out last month, I think. it's
t, which is to come out, I'm told,

ides, using the Hadas and Greene
for the moment. (I'm most grate-
oxed copy of the Pitt Press edition:
course it's just a draft and will
t when I've got more versions and
e to bring to bear, but on the
lines I'm whetted to do more.
ter in the year. I'm off on more
Chamfort xx text, by the way, is
raft anyway, for the Center and I'll
I haven't been drowning in trans-
ne things of mine done.

s to you both,

Bill

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Blessings to both of you,

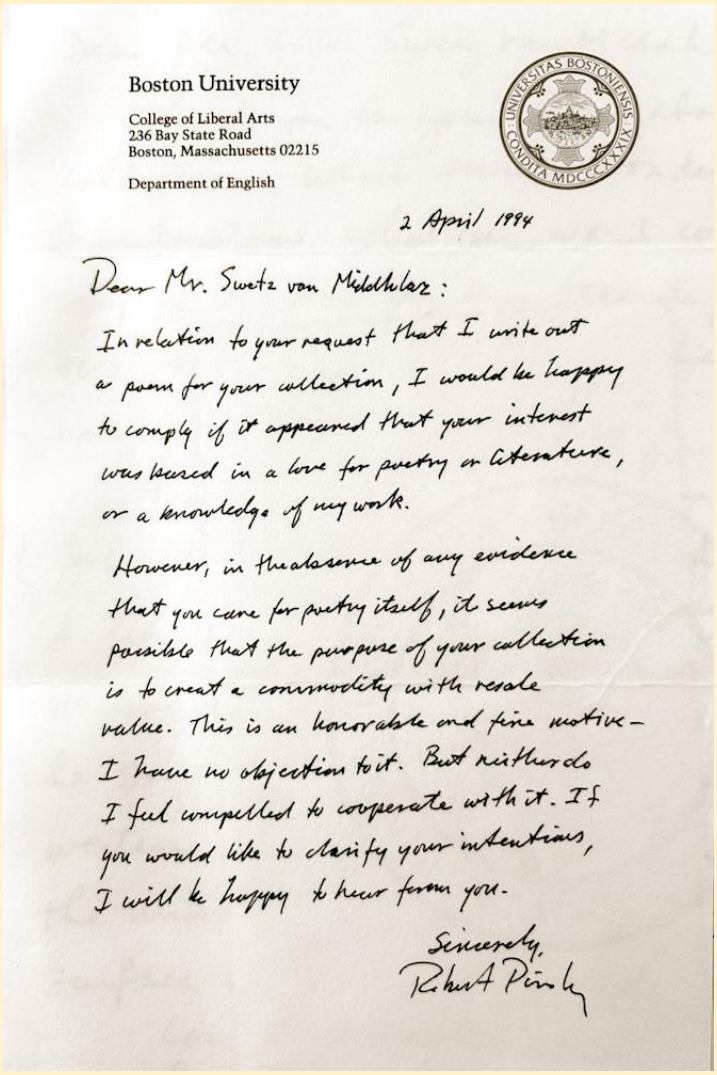
Yours,

Bill

22. **MERWIN, W. S.** ***ARCHIVE OF FOUR EARLY SIGNED LETTERS to William Arrowsmith.*** Lacan de Loubressac, 1965-1968. Archive includes 4 ***TYPED LETTERS SIGNED*** by Merwin dated 28 June 1965; 31 December 1966; 13 June 1967; and 13 June 1968. Three and one half closely typed pages, on four quarto sheets of airpost paper. Four excellent literary letters, addressed simply as "Dear Bill" [i.e. William Arrowsmith], reestablishing previous connections and catching up, prompted by Merwin's interest in participating in a "new translation center," and a referral from Peter Davison: "A few months ago Peter Davison wrote telling me about a new translation center, that had money to commission translations or to abet the schemes or something of that nature and he seemed to think I might be eligible for some of these benefit... Peter has written back suggesting that I write to you." The reference is almost certainly to the Translation Center that Arrowsmith cofounded at UT Austin, in association with the periodical *DELOS*. He continues: "Dear Bill, I know small English and less of any other tongue; and as you will remember, my character is one large pitfall; what talent I may have supposed I had, at intervals, obeys laws of its own which I have never thoroughly understood. I don't know whether these qualifications fit me for anything in the plans of the new center, but I had one or two possible translations in mind for the general future, and it would of course be nice to be driven o it like a donkey to pasture, the stick taking the form of a steady income...." The letters continue, bridging time and distance, with discussions of each other's work and works in progress ("As for you, sir I hear of successive triumphs, and I've liked the things of yours I've read in the last few years. The Petronius must have made some money, because I hear it sold very well indeed, Those mentors are quite astonishing, the sales figures they seem to command. Even the Cid sold, so that I am still working out theories about why people buy paperback, and how, for it cant' always be just because they want to read the book...." In 1966, he notes: "And now there's a Russian poet, a

contemporary, and not one of the current tub-thumpers, whom I've started translating with the help of a French text and a Russian professor in Paris; I wonder whether I dare propose or ask for assistance, for the professor at least, for a job like that, while the Chamfort is still not finished... Do you get to New York to talk about these things with Cal Lowell, for instance?... The trip to Princeton was strange, by theway [sic]. Odd to go back with no Blackmur there. And then other changes - not that it was a place either you or I cared about...." In 1967, Merwin writes: "I must have been finishing the Pavese as you were writing your letter, or very near it. It's a magnificent book. Indeed I did read it straight through, and was dimly aware of the overall development you describe, though of course with nothing of your detailed view of it... What a sad but what a stirring book; what a weight of suffering it carries...a remarkable poise, transparence, edge... Thank you again for sending it.... The poem I want to dedicate to Jean and you, by the way (ladies before gents as the God Book says) is the one that you may have seen in the New Yorker a few weeks ago, called Looking for Mushrooms at Sunrise... It's the last poem in the new book, which is to come out, I am told, in August... I've tried a bit of the Euripides, using the Hadas and Greene versions, which is all I have for the moment... Of course it's just a draft and will have to have a lot done to it... The Chamfort text, by the way, is done, in a reasonably firm draft anyway, for the Center and I'll be sending it off...." His June 1968 letter anticipates a trip to the U.S. and advises he will await sending on his typescript translation of Iphigenia until then due to the recent French postal strike. He provides contact information while he is in New York, and suggest the possibility of spending time in Vermont. He closes this final letter: "Hope to see you soon. Love to you both, Bill." A warm and informative sequence of letters, approximately 1250 words +/-. Folded for mailing, a few short edge tears and corner creases, but Very Good. (#022529) **SOLD**

23. **O'CASEY, Sean.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED.*** Torquay, 10 September 1956. Two-page ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED*** to a Jesuit priest, remarking on the hypocrisy of Catholic ecumenicalism. Fine. (#022536) **SOLD**



Boston University

College of Liberal Arts
236 Bay State Road
Boston, Massachusetts 02215

Department of English

2 April 1994

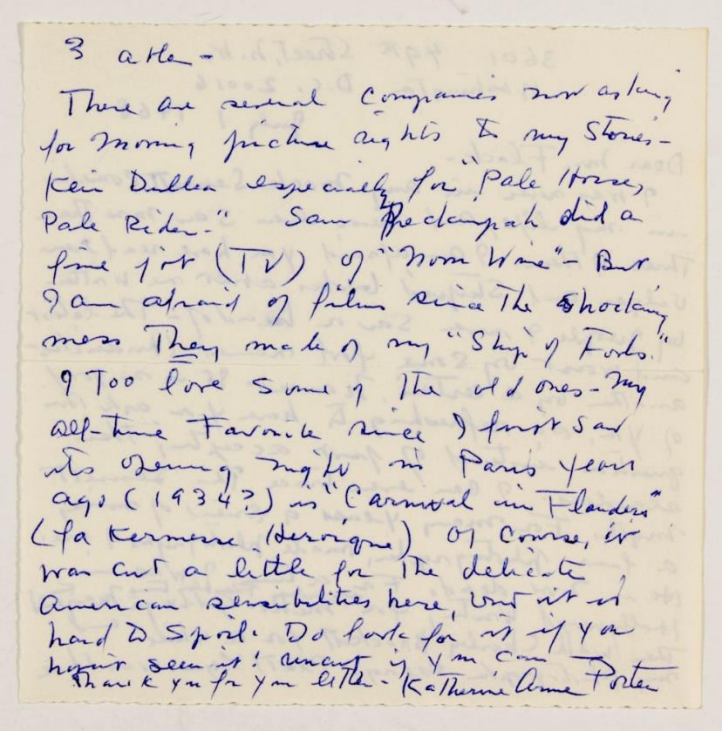
Dear Mr. Swetz von Middlelaz:

In relation to your request that I write out a poem for your collection, I would be happy to comply if it appeared that your interest was based in a love for poetry or literature, or a knowledge of my work.

However, in the absence of any evidence that you care for poetry itself, it seems possible that the purpose of your collection is to create a commodity with resale value. This is an honorable and fine motive – I have no objection to it. But neither do I feel compelled to cooperate with it. If you would like to clarify your intentions, I will be happy to hear from you.

Sincerely,
Robert Pinsky

24. **PINSKY, Robert.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED.*** One page on Boston University letterhead (5-1/2" x 8-1/2")" responding to a request to send a manuscript poem to him: "I would be happy to comply if it appeared that your interest was based in a love for poetry or literature, or a knowledge of my work. However, in the absence of any evidence that you care for poetry itself, it seems possible that the purpose of your collection is to create a commodity with resale value." With envelope addressed by Pinsky. Fine. (#022561) **$150**



25. **PORTER, Katherine Anne.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED.*** Washington DC, 1 July 1968. Fine three-page ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED*** on three sides of two 5-3/4" x 5-3/4" sheets to a Mr. Flack. In part: "I was never in any Mack Sennett comedies, and never even saw more than three of them. I am afraid you have read some vulgar and stupid books about me written by people I never saw or heard of--the latest and worst by some fool named Hendricks--another by a certain Nance-- It is so good of you, so refreshing to have you ask this question instead of just accepting their slanders. I can even trace this Sennett myth.... For a time I was in Hollywood.... My photographer George Platt Lynes was there working for *VOGUE*, I believe, and he remarked that I looked like a twin for Phyllis? Haver, His favorite Mack Sennett bathing beauty.... And to this day the myth has never died-- I hope you will help to destroy it. It is just so silly…. There are several companies now asking for moving picture rights to my stories -- Keir Dullea especially for *PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER*. Sam Peckinpah did a fine job (TV) of *NOON WINE*-- But I am afraid of film since the shocking mess they made of my *SHIP OF FOOLS*." Fine. (#022532) **$1,500**

R.R.1, Ameliasburgh KOK 1AO, Sept. 22 or 23, '83

Dear Alan:

Re Percy, I was kidding about your advance cutting off his book. When I wrote him I said that the Nazis were responsible for the delay in his book--if you carry the thing back: if no Nazis then no Abrams book, hence no LesOrp delay, etc. Bad logic of course, but then when did you ever know my logic to equal Eurithe's? Glad to hear your door has been clearedof wolves, even if temporarily.

I haven't seen the boxed Between Friends, but they (McStew) sent me the cheap one free. I traded it somewhere. So many copies printed I doubt that'd be worth much. But the boxed, I dunno. I'd say $45. to $50. for the Smith, but that could be under. Used toiletpaper is worth that any more. But just try and sell a book to a dealer for anywhere close to his price. I've thought of writing Neville, but after King (especially), think better of it. Anyway, the Smith is a damn good book, I mean monetarily, and will keep its value. It's not all that bad as lit either. And I keep seeing my own books go higher and higher in cat. value, and wish I could realize some of it. But I'd hafta turn straight dealer to make that happen, I guess. Too much work and bother. (Yeah, I have the Smith book.)

Andros....well, it brings it home how vulnerable we all are... It also demonstrates how little we know each other, what's going on behind the face facade.

I think I mentioned the Gavarni to you (small, detached leather covers, initialed repros. of paintings, listed in Gale--but not this particular one), and thinking I lack the final quality of bibliophile: too much trouble to explore all avenues finding out about a book. (I just ask Abrams.) There are so many other places to write to, friends, editors and publishers etc. It's still too much trouble.

I am pleased Gervais gave you some work, for whatever reason. I/you/we may have misjudged him?

We took a run into the U.S. meaninging to go farther than Utica, but so hot we turned around and came back. Near 30 C. Thrift shops are pricing their books high these days, a buck at one Utica place (which had the best ones). If I were a dealer I'd make a mint on all the acquisitions made when I wasn't a dealer. But as a dealer I'd not be able to afford these jaunts.

Heard from Tom Nicely (spelling?), wants the book prices books, Vol 20 on, which of course I don't have. If I did tho, I enjoy lookin up things too much to part with them. He doesn't want the First Printings. Says give his best to Alan if I see him before you do. Untangle that sentence quickly.

No, migawd a movie on Buk? Gazzara is too handsome for Buk tho. He (Buk) is like a water buffalo with smallpox in physiognomy.

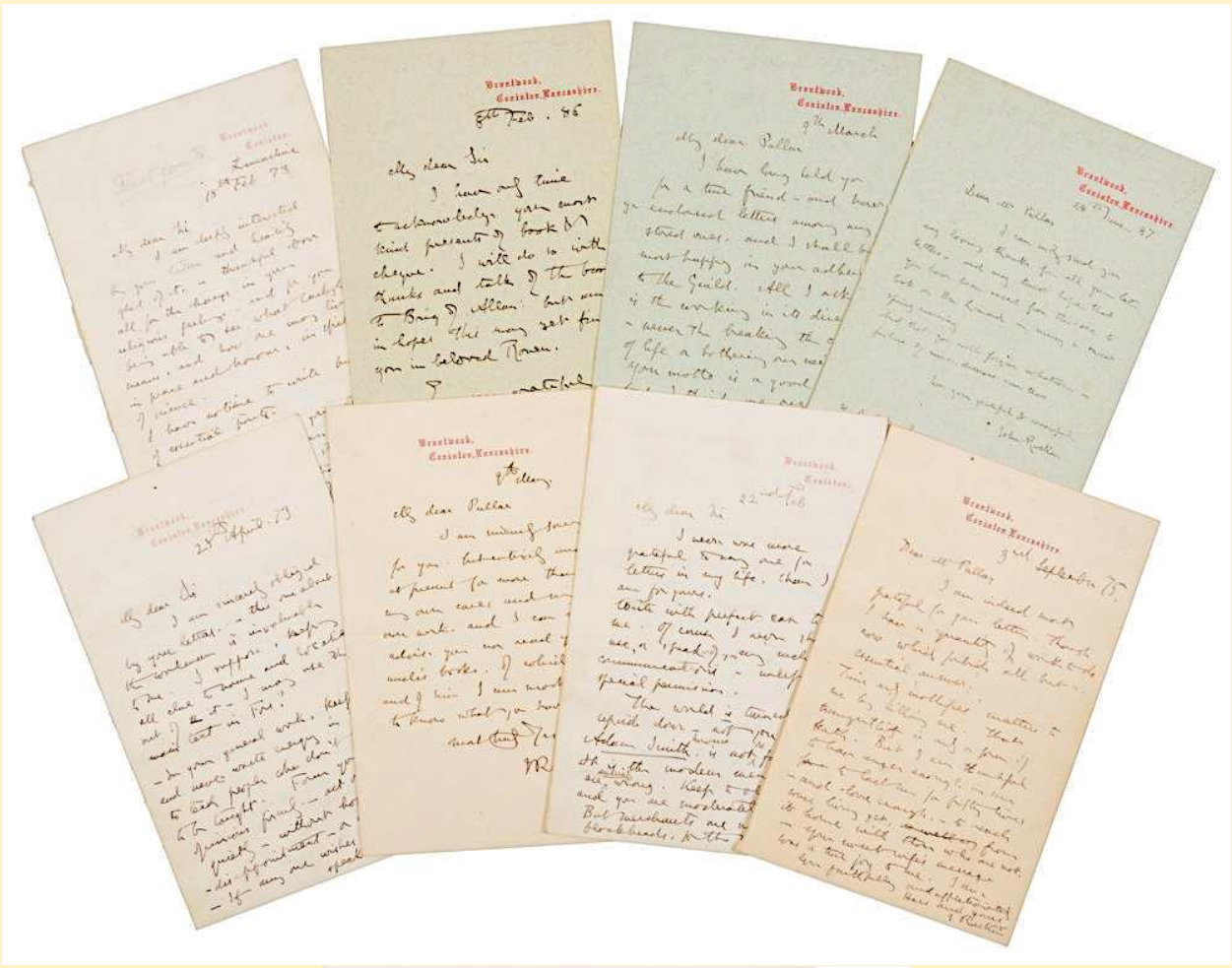
Christ, you'll go nuts before that book is finally published, just dealing with people, let alone publishers. I'm still sure it's a winner tho, as I think you are. Don't give up the ship, but if you do make sure they pay at highest marine rates.

Bob

LARGE ARCHIVE OF LETTERS FROM CANADA'S CHARLES BUKOWSKI

26. **PURDY, Al.** ***LARGE ARCHIVE OF SIGNED LETTERS, MANUSCRIPTS, and RELATED ITEMS.*** A large archive of material sent by Al Purdy to poet Alan Abrams from the 1970s to the early 1980s consisting of over 175 pieces including over 150 ***SIGNED*** letters--nearly all typed, several with more than one page, and most envelopes present, 6 ***SIGNED*** hand-written postcards, 25 ***SIGNED*** typed poems, 3 ***SIGNED*** book reviews, a ***SIGNED*** interview, and ***SIGNED*** documents relating to the incorporation of the Dalloway Press Limited. Subject matter is varied with a concentration on book collecting, their work, and other writers including Charles Bukowski, Irving Layton, Margaret Atwood, Norman Mailer, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Denise Levertov, and others. A couple of excerpts: "I've been through this contract biz so often in the past, I know I know-- Jesus publishers! Hangem up by by [sic] their uncircumsised foreskins like the Indian sundance; trouble is many are Jewish and don't have foreskins" (2 August 1983) and "No, migawd a movie on Buk? Gazzara is too handsome for Buk tho. He (Buk) is like a water buffalo with smallpox in phsyiognomy" (22 or 23 September 1983). Al Purdy is often referred to as English Canada's "unofficial poet laureate" and Canada's Charles Bukowski. He published 39 books of poetry over a period of over 50 years. Near Fine.

Alan Abrams is an American-born poet, editor, and "bootleg architect" who spent a portion of his career working in Canada. (#022563) **$25,000**



Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire.

girl September 87

Dear Mr Pullar

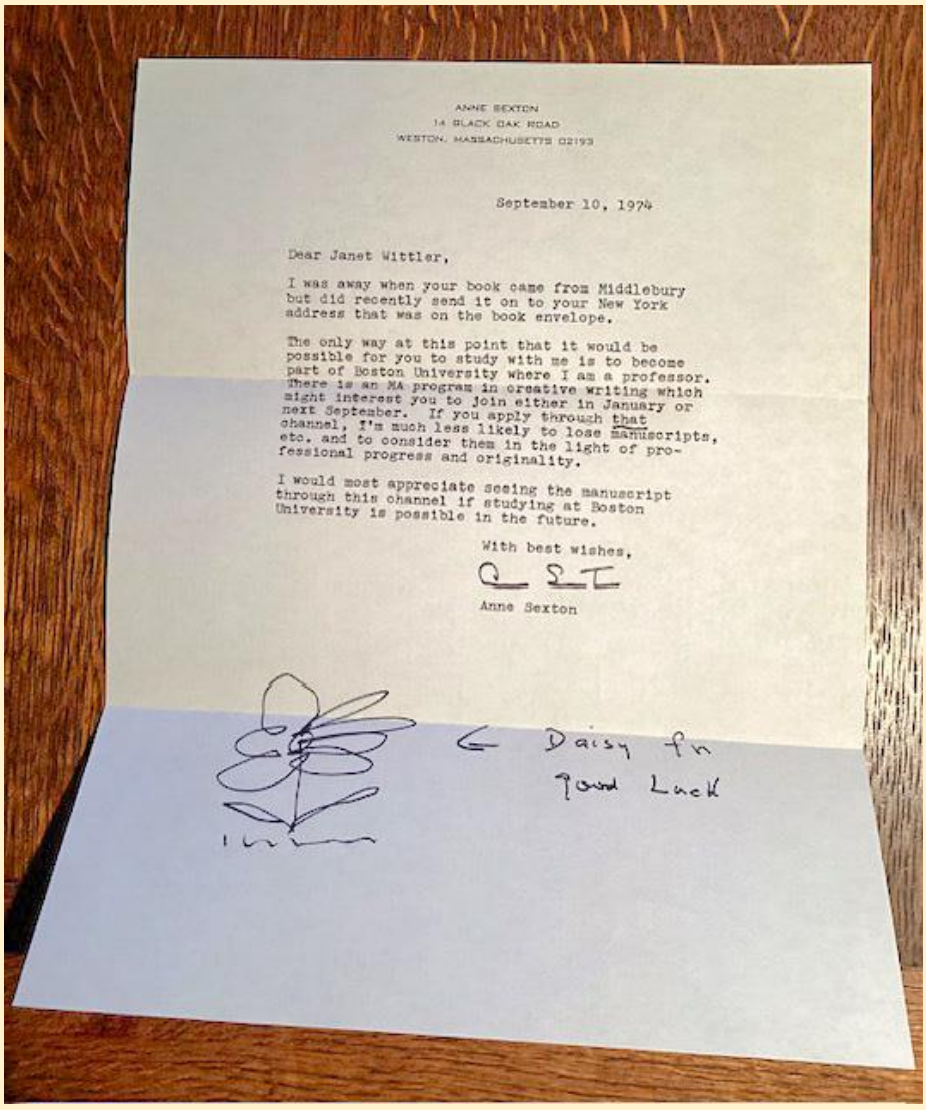
I am indeed most
grateful for your letter. Though
I have a quantity of work to do
now which includes all but
essential answers.
Time and multiplied matters to
me by letting me. Thanks
enough for it. But I am thankful
to have eager earnest men
and clear enough - & much
more living yet, unembittered from
to bring with them who are not.
- upon worst-ruled message
- upon worst-ruled message

RUSKIN DISPENSES LIFE ADVICE

27. **RUSKIN, John.** ***ARCHIVE OF 8 AUTOGRAPH LETTERS SIGNED (ALSs).*** Eight ***AUTOGRAPH LETTERS SIGNED***, one as "John Ruskin" and the others the more typical "J Ruskin." All are to Sir William Lawrence Pullar and consist of 13 pages total on his Brantwood, Coniston letterhead. The letters discuss a number of subjects including Adam Smith, the difficulties of labour and equal pay, the workman's lot, etc. Apparently, Sir William, who donated generous gifts of money to Ruskin and was one of Ruskin's benefactors, strongly believed in looking out for his workers. Some excerpts: "I am deeply interested by your letter and heartily glad of it. -- thankful above all for the changes in your religious feelings, and for you being able to see what Carlyle means, and how one may live in peace and honour, in spite of science." "I have long held you for a true friend -- and have yr enclosed letters among my stored ones, and I shall be most happy in your addresses to the Guild." "In your general work, keep cool, and never waste energy in trying to teach people who don't want to be taught. Form your own opinions firmly -- act on them quietly -- without hope, fear, -- disappointment -- or anger. --If any one wishes to hear -- speak: if any one questions you, answer-- & be ready to meet all honest questioning." "The world is turned upside down -- not you -- Adam Smith however is not so far away. It is the modern men who are entirely wrong. Keep to old Adam and you are moderately safe. But merchants are such blockheads." Creasing from mailing. Near Fine.

The Pullars opened a small dyeing establishment in Burt's Close, Perth, at the height of the Industrial Revolution. In the face of numerous difficulties, they slowly expanded until by the mid-19th century, "Pullars of Perth" had become a by-word for fast and efficient service, especially in dry-cleaning, in London, Paris, and Berlin. They also owned woolen mills. (#022548)

$8,500



ANNE SEXTON
14 BLACK OAK ROAD
WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02193

September 10, 1974

Dear Janet Wittler,

I was away when your book came from Middlebury but did recently send it on to your New York address that was on the book envelope.

The only way at this point that it would be possible for you to study with me is to become part of Boston University where I am a professor. There is an MA program in creative writing which might interest you to join either in January or next September. If you apply through that channel, I'm much less likely to lose manuscripts, etc. and to consider them in the light of professional progress and originality.

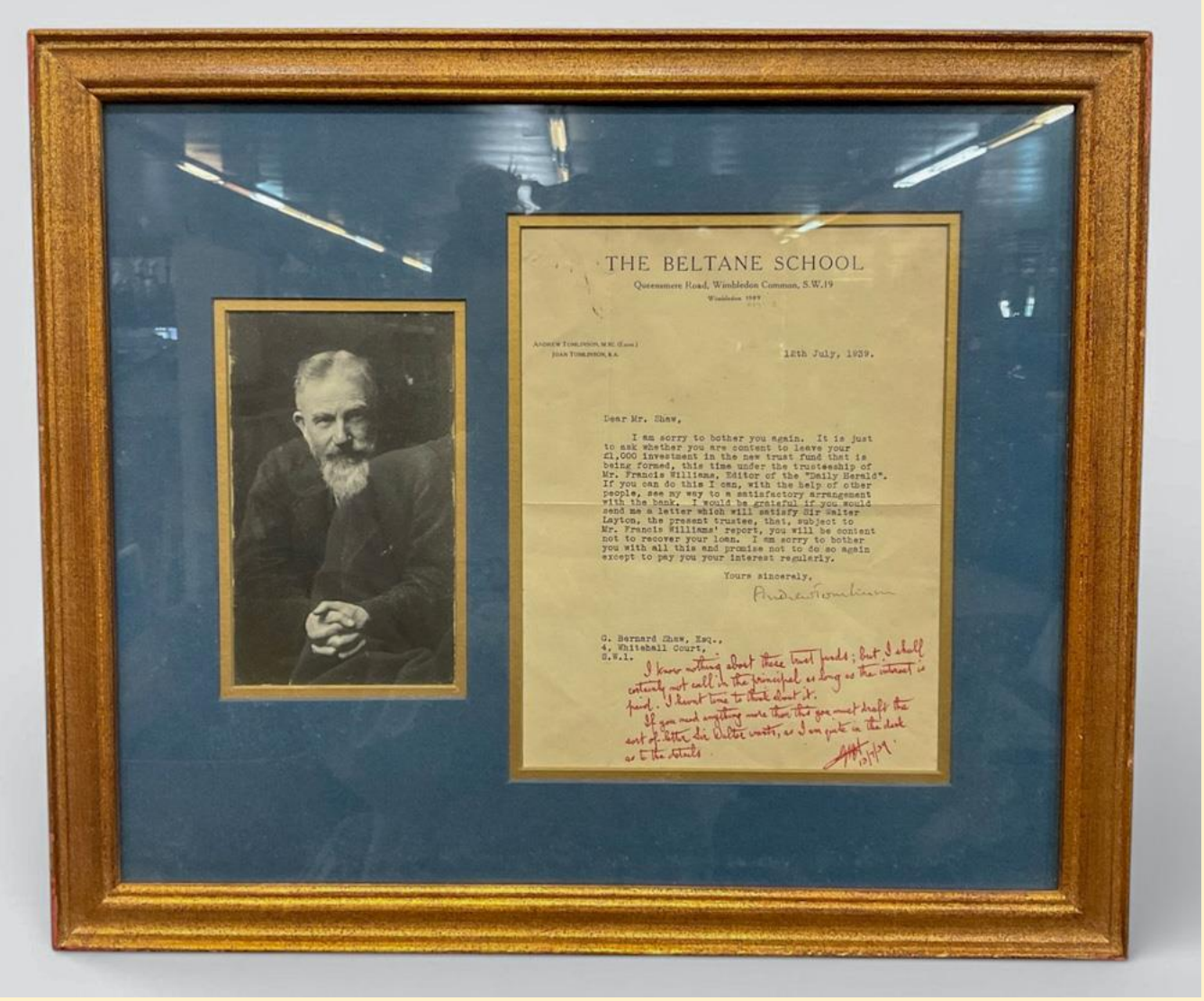
I would most appreciate seeing the manuscript through this channel if studying at Boston University is possible in the future.

With best wishes,

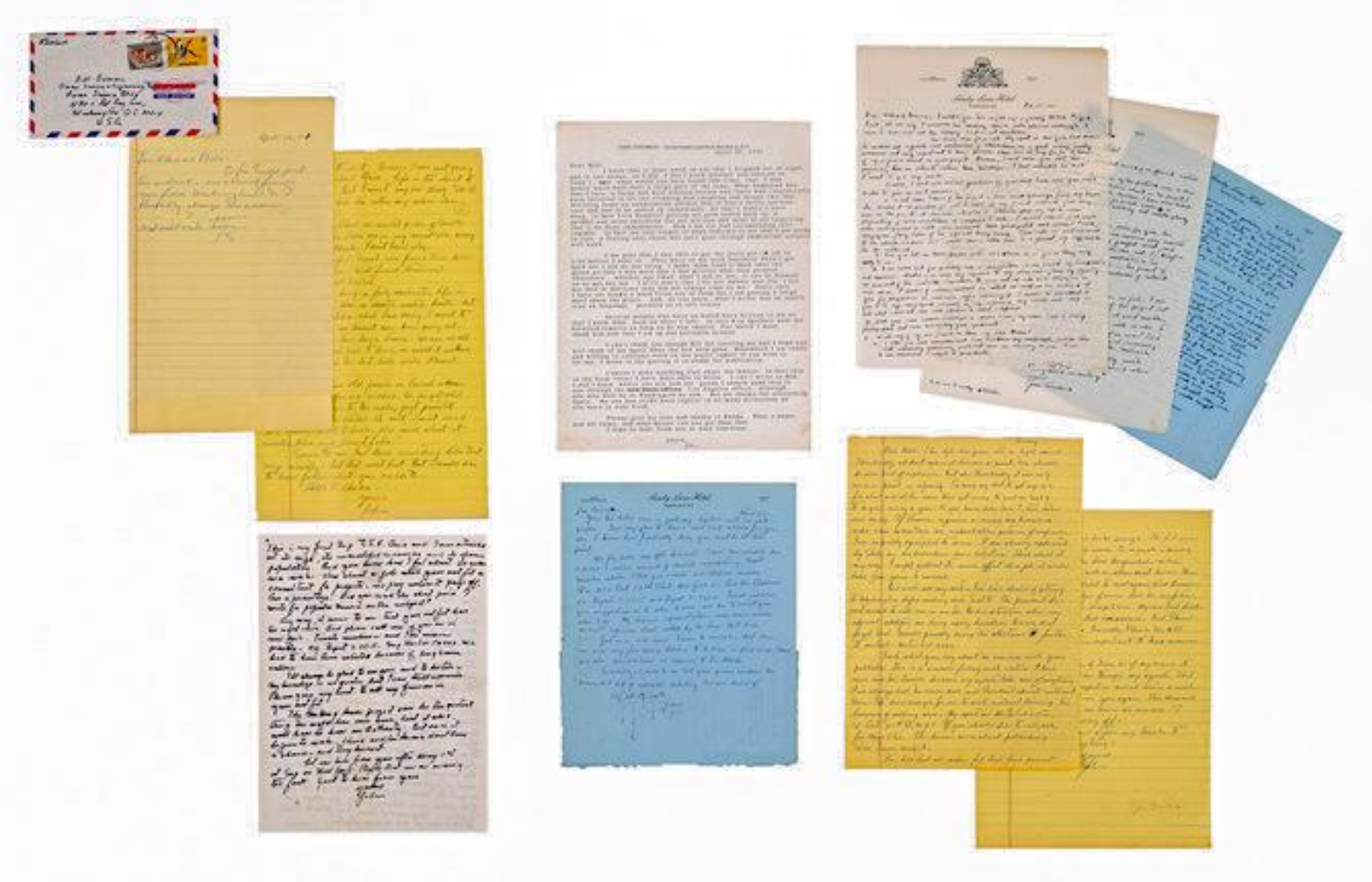
Anne Sexton

← Daisy for good Luck

28. **SEXTON, Anne.** ***ARCHIVE OF THREE SIGNED LETTERS.*** Weston, MA, 1974. Archive of 3 ***TYPED LETTERS SIGNED*** by Sexton to a young poet preparing to study with her just before Sexton's suicide, two of the letters with an ***ORIGINAL DRAWING***, all with envelopes. While the letters are not very long, they contain some good content: "One just stumbles over the keys of a typewriter or the scrawls of a pen and lets the blood flow onto the page." Two letters with a drawing of a daisy by Sexton, one of which she annotates, "A daisy for good luck." Sexton wrote a poem, “The Day the Daisies Came” (20 April 1974). The first line: “Some daisies came/and they mocked you --/they yelled ha-ha at your smile.” Normal creases from mailing. Near Fine. (#022539) **SOLD**



29. **SHAW, George Bernard.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED.*** [London], 13 July 1939. On the bottom blank portion of a typed letter to Shaw regarding finances from Andrew Tomlinson of The Beltane School (7-1/2" x 10"), Shaw responds in red ink: "I know nothing about these trust funds; but I shall certainly not call in the principal as long as the interest is paid. I haven't time to think about it. If you need anything more than that you must draft the sort of letter Sir Walter wants, as I am quite in the dark as to the details." ***SIGNED*** with his initials and dated. Framed with a portrait print of Shaw to an overall size of 19" x 16". Not examined out of frame, but appears to be, other than the normal mailing folds, to be Near Fine. (#022543) **$1,000**



30. **STEINBECK, John.** ***ARCHIVE OF 8 SIGNED LETTERS and a Sweatshirt.*** Includes 6 ***AUTOGRAPH LETTERS SIGNED*** ("John Steinbeck," "John," or "JS"), 1 ***TYPED LETTER SIGNED*** ("John"), and a partial ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED*** ("John"), all to Willard Bascom regarding Project Mohole and other matters, 11 pages total, various sizes and papers, from Barbados, Singapore, and New York, 15 February 1961 to 4 March 1967, including autograph transmittal envelope for March 4. Willard Bascom was a scientist and adventurer, who in 1961 led the first phase of Project Mohole, the world's first attempt to sample the Mohorovičić discontinuity ("Moho"), where the earth's mantle and its crust meet. Bascom invited Steinbeck to join the expedition, and Steinbeck wrote about the venture in an April 1961 *LIFE MAGAZINE* article. These letters reveal the foundations of their relationship as

well as Steinbeck's participation and assistance to the project's beginnings, exhibiting his relationships to the President and Washington: "It occurs to me to ask whether you will have motion picture cameras for recording purposes. Such a record would be valuable. It might also have some value in prying more money for future experimental work from either from the congress or from the president.... For my own part I intend to make the President personally aware of the project as soon as I have a proper understanding and basis." He also offers insight into the *TIME MAGAZINE* relationship: "I made them read it back to me on the phone so I was sure that I had written what they printed." The letters show a developing friendship with Bascom and reveal the personal Steinbeck as he moved through his final years. Of a potential trip, Steinbeck writes, "I am not going any places any more without Elaine. Life is too short to be away from her." He continues discussing his work [presumably on *TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY*], "I have been living a fairly anchoretic life in this tower [their NYC apartment]. Working like a death watch beetle. Not only am I interested in what I am doing, I want to get it finished." These letters reveal the life of Steinbeck in the 1960s, both professionally and personally. WITH: A sweatshirt given to Bascom by John Steinbeck on the expedition, navy blue knit cotton hooded sweatshirt, front pouch pocket, without maker's label or size indication, unevenly faded, soiling, stains and some paint flecks. Steinbeck, who bunked with Bascom on the Mohole expedition, bought the sweatshirt for Bascom, fearing that he would be cold as he was "working his tail off" on board ship. It matches one Steinbeck wore himself on board. See Benson, *JOHN STEINBECK, WRITER*, New York, 1984, pages 894-6. Some folds, clean. Near Fine. (#022558) **$25,000**

Dear Janet -

Thanks for writing and for sending the photo of you and David. Oh well, what can I say? I am moved by your concern, by your fear of what will happen to David. Do you think it would help if he talked to me. I'd be happy to speak with him, of course, but he may not find me overly sympathetic - that is, from what I can gleen from your comments he seems very self-absorbed and self-pitying... not unusual characteristics for a poet. And I am pretty rootless and self-confident (in my odd way). Probably because I have enough support from the world already, I don't care if I get any more, besides, I consider myself lucky not even to write, but even to spell my name. Tell David to call me - 673-4029.

I have a job for next year at Brandeis, $24,000! And then it appears I'll have a Guggenheim - since they said they'd postpone it. So - no need for me to go to U. of Wisconsin. Thanks for enquiring. (I didn't like the chairman's tone, anyway.)

I've been reading Keats. David should. Tell him to read the Aileen Ward biography and then the Bate biography. He should read the poetry along with them and the letters between books.

* * *

What is ailing you, Janet? What difficulties do you allude to? When you talk of a break, do you mean that if David kills himself (which he won't) that you will have a nervous breakdown? Take hold. Love yourself. Poetry is written. No amount of drama in our lives will ever take its place. The best poets live day to day, taking it easy, holding on, eating, drinking, fucking. Take care.

Mark.

31. **STRAND, Mark.** ***ARCHIVE OF TWO SIGNED LETTERS.*** [New York], 1974. ***TYPED LETTER SIGNED*** and an ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED*** by Strand, both as "Mark," to a young poet discussing his work situation and the suicidal thoughts of a friend of the young poet, with two envelopes, one hand addressed and ***SIGNED***. In part: "As you can see, we're back in NY. Iowa was okay, but I had had it after just one semester. I wasn't doing any work and it was getting cold, so now I'm back at Yale for one semester. Another stint at Breadloaf this summer! Then unemployment. I couldn't land a job for next year. My career is so spotty; I've taught in too many places and have skipped around too much, preferring motion over tenure, motion over security. And now there are no jobs. And I don't really care. I felt like a fly on the big turd of academia too long…. When you talk of a break, do you mean that if David kills himself (which he won't) that you will have a nervous breakdown? Take hold. Love yourself. Poetry is written. No amount of drama in our lives will ever take its place. The best poets live day to day, taking it easy, holding on, eating, drinking, fucking." Normal creases. Near Fine. (#022540) **SOLD**

465 Nassau Street
Princeton, N. J.
August 19, 1951

Dear John:

I had a very interesting talk last night with Jacques Maritain, and I think it worth reporting to you in some detail. It has a direct bearing upon our plans to approach the Ford Foundation.

The subject came up accidentally. I referred to a friend of ours, one of the best living critics and a man of perfect integrity, who because he has no Ph.D., is kept on the academic fringe and who may not have a job at all after the coming year. Jacques remarked that there are many of his sort, that the universities were hopeless, and that "an institute for the humanities, to be staffed by critics, philosophers, and poets, in all respects as strong and distinguished in its field as the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, should be founded."

Since this is exactly our idea, I took him at once into our confidence. He was immensely enthusiastic.

He expects to see Hutchins on September 23, and he wanted to know whether he could discuss our plans at that time. I told him to wait, that it might give Hutchins notions that he would proceed to apply elswehere, etc. We must remember that Jacques Maritain is an old friend of Hutchins, and has great influence with him. I suggest that we ask him to cooperate with us, and if you approve, won't you write to him and ask him to join us?

I rather think that this would be proper in view of the fact that the Big Project would go far beyond the present organization of the School of Letters. I should think also that he might be asked to join you and Phil in making the formal application to the Ford Foundation.

His immediate understanding and insight into the significance of the project was impressive. He particularly emphasized his belief that this new School should be autonomous, and should seek a connection with a university on its own terms, lest it be absorbed into departmental politics and routine.

Anyhow this is my report, Jacques' address is 26 Linden Lane, Princeton.

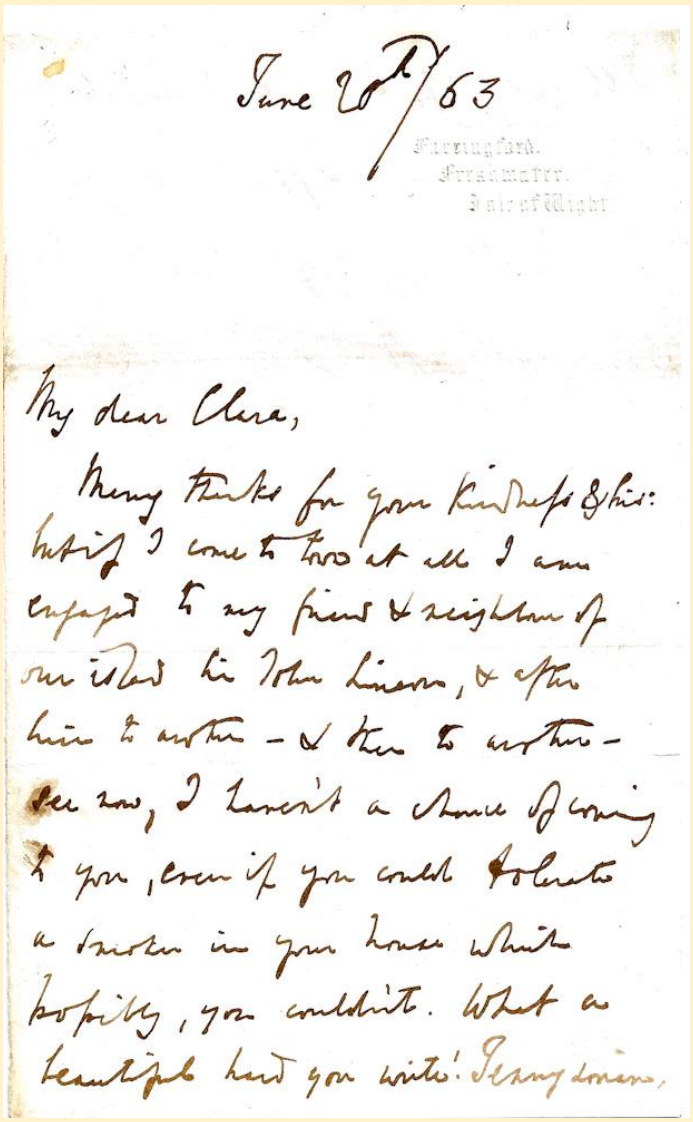
Affly.

Allen

(I told John I was sending you this.

32. **TATE, Allen.** ***ARCHIVE OF 5 TYPED LETTERS SIGNED & 1 AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED.*** Sewanee/Princeton/ Minneapolis, 1945-1952. Collection of 6 single-page letters on 8-1/2" x 11" sheets including *THE SEWANEE REVIEW* stationery to philosopher Philip B. Rice who served as associate editor of *THE KENYON REVIEW* from its founding in 1939 until he died in 1956. Subject matter mostly concerns their critical work. In the earliest letter dated 2 May 1945, Tate asks Rice to write a review of George Santayana's *THE MIDDLE SPAN* telling him he is the ideal man for the job. In a letter dated 23 May 1950 Tate writes, "I have just had a letter from Alexis Leger (St. John-Perse) asking me what, if any, American quarterly might be interested in publishing in translation an essay on his poetry by Paul Claudel.... I admire this man's poetry tremendously." In another letter dated 19 August 1951, he mentions a conversation he had with Jacques Maritain that would bear "upon our plans to approach the Ford Foundation," and in a second letter written on the same date, Tate states that Maritain "emphasized one of our cardinal points -- that our School should be autonomous. This, of course, goes against John's [Crowe Ransom] more limited conception of cooperation with the 'old-line' scholars. Quite frankly, I was much disturbed by your latest report of John's views. If his plan should succeed in getting the subsidy, it would fail eventually in its working out; for the 'old-line' scholars would absorb the school. If John insists on going ahead on this basis, I should want to be counted out; for I think the present School of Letters, with its semi-autonomy, is preferable." All letters are ***SIGNED*** as "Alan"; one envelope is present. The poet Tate was a leading figure of the Southern Agrarian movement along with Ransom. Minor creasing. About Fine. (#022572)

SOLD


June 2nd/63

Farringford.
Freshwater.
Isle of Wight

My dear Clara,

Many thanks for your kindness & this: but if I come to town at all I am engaged to my friend & neighbour of our island Sir John Lubbock, & after him to another - & then to another - See now, I haven't a chance of coming to you, even if you could tolerate a smoker in your house which hospitality, you couldn't. What a beautiful hand you write! Yours ever,

33. **TENNYSON, Alfred Lord.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED to his Cousin.*** Isle of Wight, 2 June 1863. One-page ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER*** (4-1/4" x 7") ***SIGNED*** "A. Tennyson" on the verso to the poet's cousin Clara [Tennyson d'Eyncourt]. A warm, somewhat humorous note, in which Tennyson thanks her for her kindness and ends with praise: "What a beautiful hand you write!" According to the article "Cousin Clara Vere de Vere" by Alice Chandler [*VICTORIAN POETRY*, Vol. 5, No. 1 (Spring, 1967), pp. 55-57], the poet's brother Charles may have been in love with Clara and that her refusal of him may have provoked Tennyson to write his famous ballad—"Lady Clara Vere de Vere"--as a rebuke. Folds from mailing; a few smudges. Near Fine. (#022537) **$750**

620 West 116 Street
15 March 1942

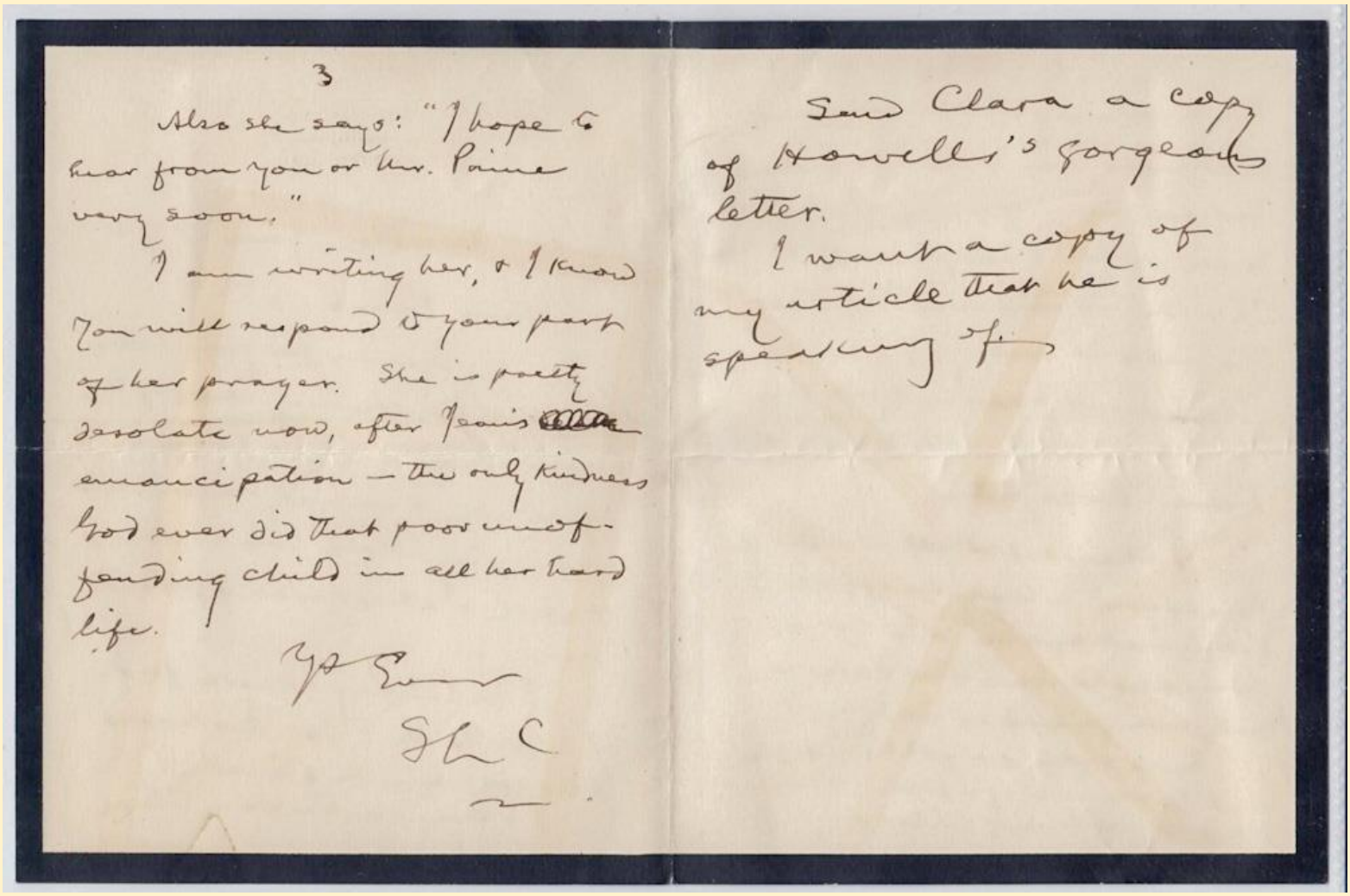
Dear Phil:

The news about the end of the Kenyon is shocking. I knew, of course, that there was danger, but I had the idea -- I think from something Ransom wrote me -- that you were sure of at least another year. In itself the news is bad enough but worse as a sign of the times. How lightly rooted literature seems to be. To me it's a great personal loss not to have the Kenyon to write for. I always had a great sense of comfort and easiness in working for it, the result of the niceness and good sense you and Ransom always showed in all our business; the result, too, of the civilized manner of the whole venture. I felt as if I had a personal part in it; when your letter came I was, ironically enough, planning to write you some ideas I had for the improvement of the magazine: I felt close enough to it to be sure that you would not think I was presuming.

Naturally I am very much gratified by your thinking of me to carry on the Kenyon under a different name. I have thought about it for the week since I got your letter so that I would be sure of my feelings. I think I can't possibly undertake the job. As a university review, supposing that my department would want to back it, it would be under great pressure of a kind you know. My department is a liberal one and it looks benignly on criticism and on non-academic writing about literature, but it doesn't really feel sure it knows what criticism is. It would be hopelessly compromising for a junior member such as myself to undertake a departmental editorship; he would be constantly pushed toward stuffiness and he would be everlastingly involved in embarrassments with professorial writers. There has been talk, it is true, about the department starting a magazine; but what they have in mind is something that would awaken interest in the culture of other countries; we are going in heavily for internationalism as a literary idea; and that would scarcely be an idea that in itself would continue the Kenyon tradition. Then I am not at all sure that I would make a good editor, though naturally the possibilities of such a job are in many ways most attractive to me; and running a review would interfere with my writing plans which have been suffering much too long for postponement. So, tempting as the offer is in many ways, I'm afraid I'll have to put it by.

It would be good if the end of the Kenyon gave you more time for your own work. You certainly haven't been writing nearly enough in the last few years. But I can see how bleak your situation would be without either the review or Ransom to bear you company and I can understand how you might want to break away into something like Donovan's outfit. But those offices I hear are not entirely happy places and I'd urge you to look into them carefully before you decide to make the change. Still, under even fair

34. **TRILLING, Lionel.** ***ARCHIVE OF 6 TYPED LETTERS SIGNED.*** New York, 1940-1954. Collection of 6 typed letters, mostly on 8-1/2" x 11" sheets including Columbia University stationery, totaling 11 pages to philosopher Philip B. Rice who served as associate editor of *THE KENYON REVIEW* from its founding in 1939 until he died in 1956. Subject matter mostly concerns their work, social news with his wife Diana, and the status of the periodical which, in a letter dated 15 March 1942, Trilling turns down an offer "to carry on the Kenyon under a different name" at Columbia University: "My department is a liberal one and it looks benignly on criticism and on non-academic writing about literature, but it doesn't really feel sure it knows what criticism is." Much interesting content. The first paragraph of the earliest letter--17 November 1940--set the tone of the correspondence: "No: of course don't bother to run a correction of the error in my article. When I wrote to [John Crowe] Ransom I was under the spell of authorial egotism which descends when one first sees a piece in its final public form and when the sense of one's own magic is still alive. But now that has staled: I make, wryly enough, the discovery that even careful and interested readers did not find the misprint on their own. Also I think of the poor fellow whose story, 'Roman,' in the Partisan Review lost three of its pages on the way to the printer and no editor and no reader knew of it, only the author himself! So tell Ransom that there need be no question of an erratum. I hope that I did not sound peppery in my note to him; if I did, I'm sorry." All letters are ***SIGNED*** as "Lionel"; three envelopes are also present. Minor creasing. About Fine. (#022571) **$1,000**


3

Also she says: "I hope to hear from you or Mr. Paine very soon."

I am writing her, & I know You will respond to your part of her prayer. She is pretty desolate now, after Jean's emancipation — the only kindness God ever did that poor misunderstanding child in all her hard life.

Yr friend

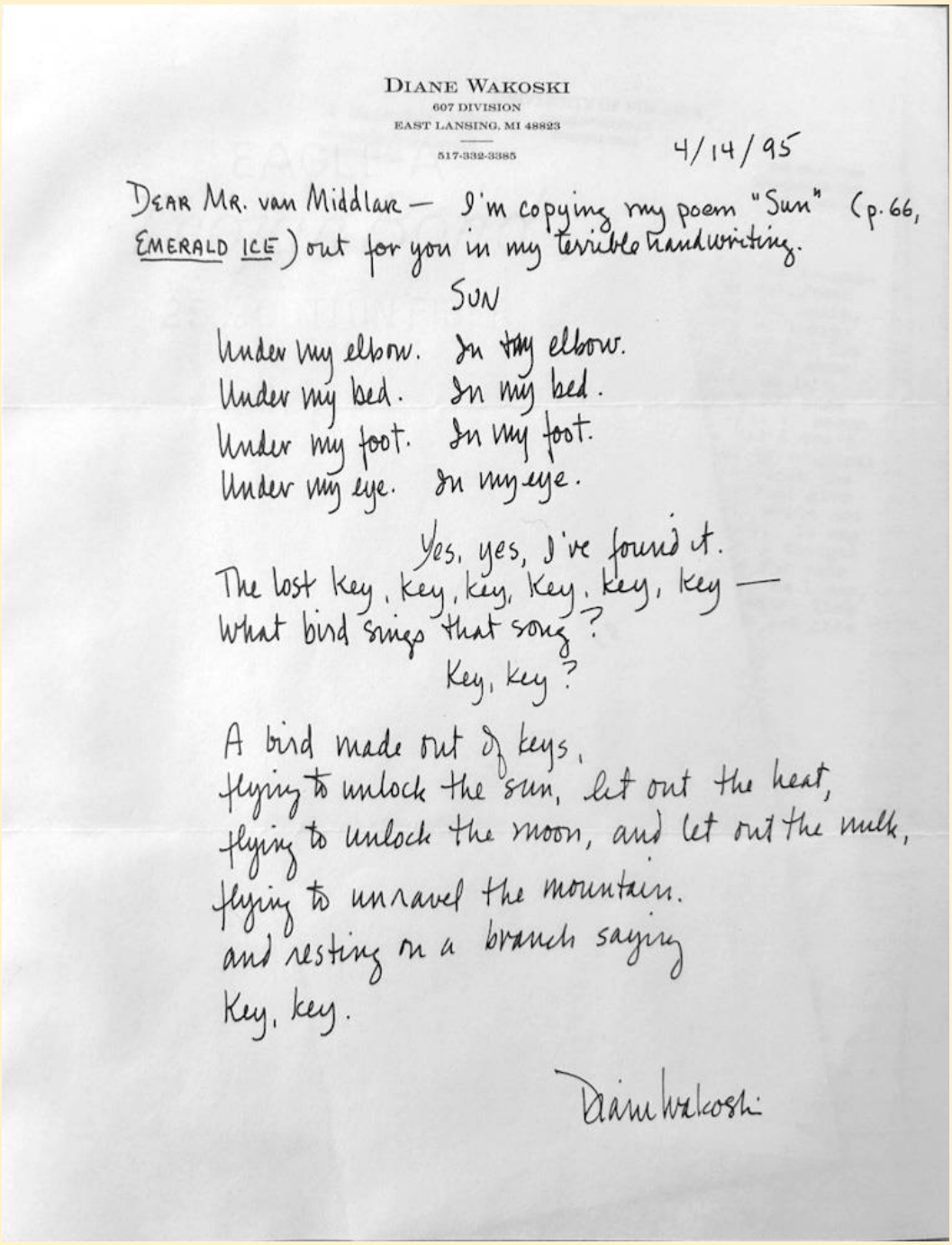
S L C

Send Clara a copy of Howells's gorgeous letter.

I want a copy of my article that he is speaking of.

35. **TWAIN, Mark [CLEMENS, Samuel].** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED to Albert Bigelow Paine, his Biographer.*** Hamilton [Bermuda], 21 January 1910. A fine four-page handwritten letter on bifolium mourning stationery ***SIGNED*** "S. L. C." to his biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, mentioning the death of his daughter Jean less than a month earlier. In full: "Thanks for your letter, and for its contenting news of the situation in that foreign and far-off and vaguely-remembered country where you and Loomis [Edward E. Loomis, a nephew by marriage and primary executor and trustee of Twain's final will] and Lark [Charles T. Lark, Twain's attorney] and other beloved friends are. I have a letter from Clara [his daughter] this morning. She is solicitous, and wants me well and watchfully taken care of. My, she ought to see Helen and her parents and Claude administer that

trust! And she says: 'I hope to hear from you or Mr. Paine very soon.' I am writing her, and I know you will respond to your part of her prayer. She is pretty desolate now, after Jean's emancipation--the only kindness God ever did that poor unoffending child in all her hard life." He adds a postscript: "Send Clara a copy of Howells's gorgeous letter. I want a copy of my article that he is speaking of." The "gorgeous letter" concerned Mart Twain's article "The Turning-point in My Life," which appeared in *HARPER'S BAZAR*, Volume XLIV, pages 118-119 (Feb., I910). It was subsequently collected in *WHAT IS MAN? AND OTHER ESSAYS* (New York and London, 1917). Bibliographer Merle Johnson said the article may be called Mark Twain's final literary effort. In point of time it was followed by "The Death of Jean," but that was not an article written for sale but rather a personal tribute from a father which was put on paper because such was Mark Twain's lifetime habit. Howells wrote to Twain about "The Turning-point in My Life" on 18 January 1910, a letter Twain likely had not yet received when he wrote this letter. Howells said of the article: "While your wonderful words are warm in my mind yet, I want to tell you what you know already: that you never wrote anything greater, finer, than that turning-point paper of yours." An epileptic, Jean was found dead at Twain's estate on Christmas Eve morning. She was 29. Samuel Clemens died four months later on 21 April 1910. With the envelope addressed in Twain's hand. Near Fine. (#022567) **$8,500**



DIANE WAKOSKI
607 DIVISION
EAST LANSING, MI 48823
517-332-3385

4/14/95

Dear Mr. van Middlar — I'm copying my poem "Sun" (p. 66, EMERALD ICE) out for you in my terrible handwriting.

SUN

Under my elbow. In my elbow.
Under my bed. In my bed.
Under my foot. In my foot.
Under my eye. In my eye.

Yes, yes, I've found it.
The lost key, key, key, key, key, key —
What bird sings that song?
Key, key?

A bird made out of keys,
flying to unlock the sun, let out the heat,
flying to unlock the moon, and let out the milk,
flying to unravel the mountain.
and resting on a branch saying
Key, key.

Diane Wakoski

36. **WAKOSKI, Diane.** ***AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT SIGNED.*** East Lansing, MI, 1995. On her personal stationery, the poet has responded to a request for a poem by writing out "Sun" from her collection *EMERALD ICE* which she has ***SIGNED*** at the conclusion and dated "4/14/95" at the top. What she calls her "terrible handwriting" is actually quite attractive. With envelope hand-addressed by Wakoski. Fine. (#022521) **SOLD**

He is quite a good man, but he is not nearly good enough for the higher occasion he faces on our behalf ⊙

postal servants contented. He has neither the intellectual vigour nor the force of character to control this reconstruction, and it is highly desirable that ~~[illegible]~~ more creative and experienced minds should be brought in from the world outside the party games of Westminster, to supplement or replace him. A man of the type of ~~Sir~~ Dr Michael Sadler for example, with broad constructive experience and no parliamentary habits, would be ~~infinitely preferable~~ a great acception to the world ⊙

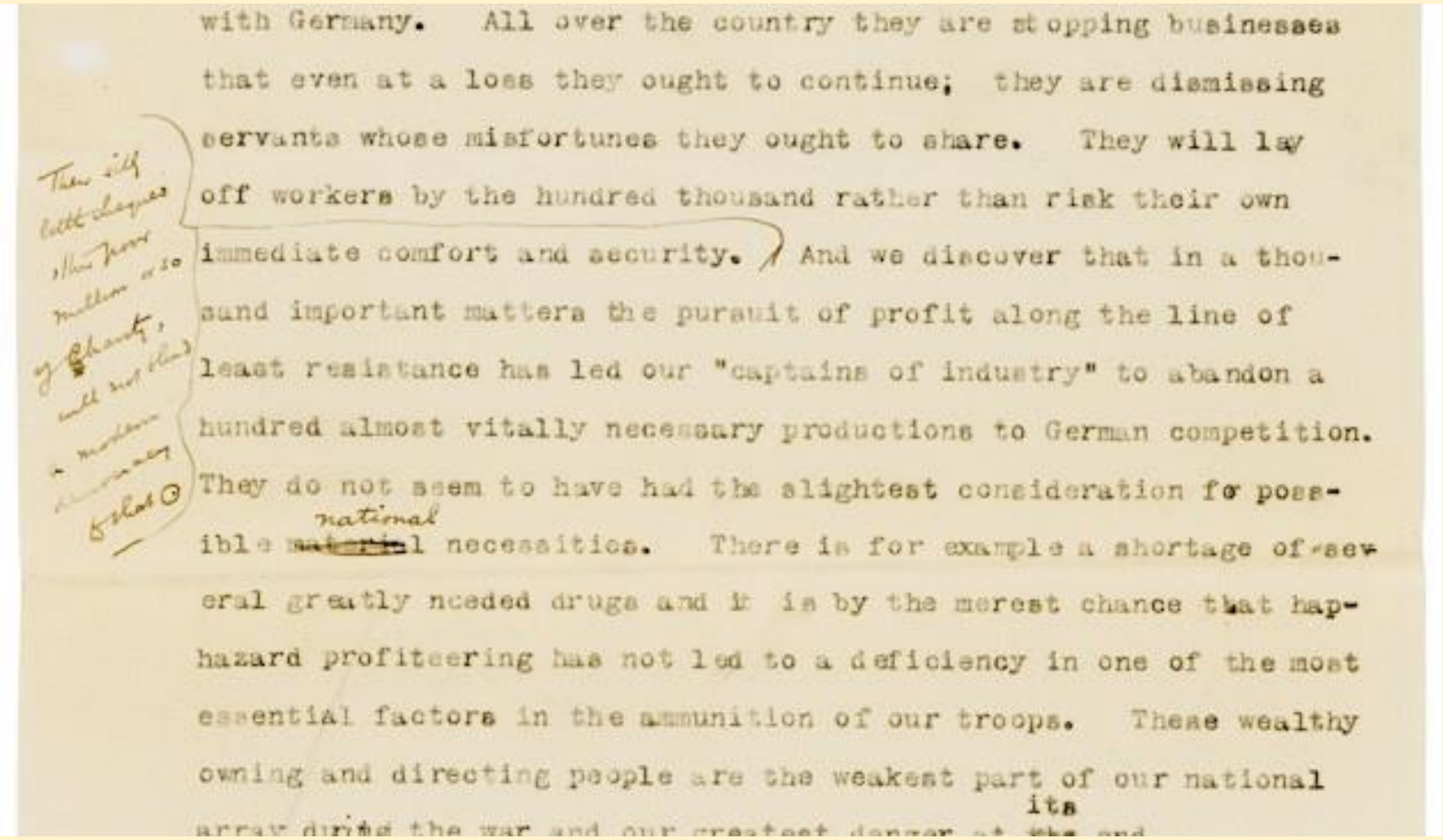
This is no time for party figure heads and the graces and courtesies of ~~political~~ party charity. We want the best men leading us at home quite as much as abroad. At present behind the fighting line we are not being led at all. ~~Things happen, and that is the way to disaster.~~

The general disposition is good but the general direction is terribly poor ⊙ What we need is indeed men

~~H. G. Wells.~~

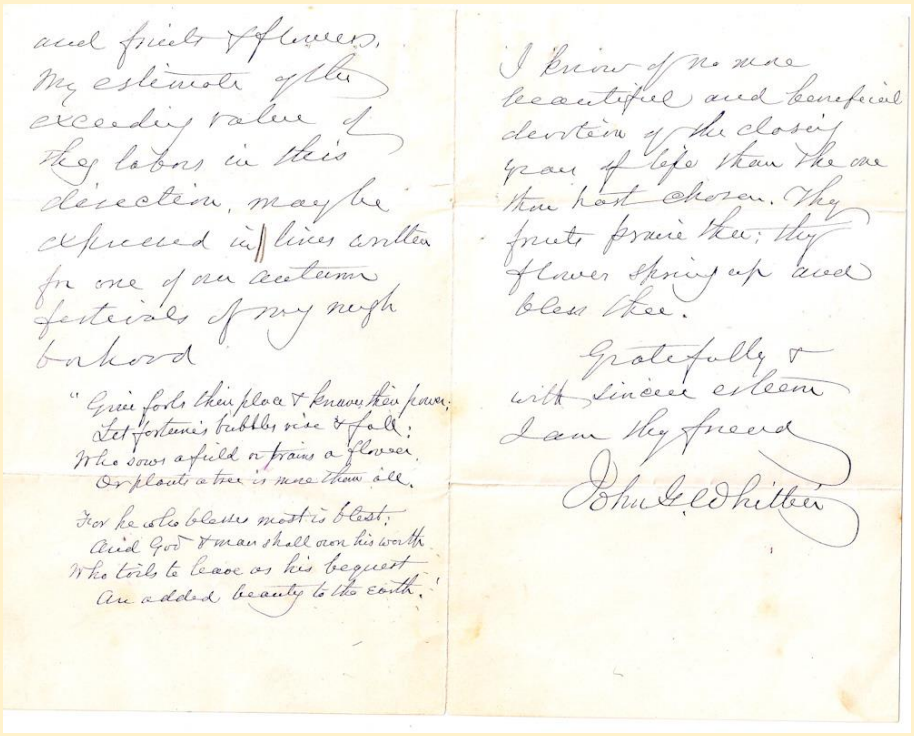
and by the election of saints & the minds & wills of archangels but Heaven does not send such men to ~~undeserved~~ undeserving nations ⊙ Pygmies though we are & hampered by all the narrow & selfish habits, the mean ~~[illegible]~~ waviness, the accumulated insincerities of the years of unstable peace that are now at an end, we have to address ourselves to the greatest administrative readjustments that were ever forced upon a community as the alternative to destruction

H. G. Wells



with Germany. All over the country they are stopping businesses that even at a loss they ought to continue; they are dismissing servants whose misfortunes they ought to share. They will lay off workers by the hundred thousand rather than risk their own immediate comfort and security. And we discover that in a thousand important matters the pursuit of profit along the line of least resistance has led our "captains of industry" to abandon a hundred almost vitally necessary productions to German competition. They do not seem to have had the slightest consideration for possible national necessities. There is for example a shortage of several greatly needed drugs and it is by the merest chance that haphazard profiteering has not led to a deficiency in one of the most essential factors in the ammunition of our troops. These wealthy owning and directing people are the weakest part of our national its

37. **WELLS, H. G.** ***TYPED MANUSCRIPT SIGNED.*** Six legal-sized watermarked pages (8" x 13") fastened with a clip in the upper left corner; with ink manuscript corrections throughout by Wells, the last page with a long manuscript addition ***SIGNED*** by Wells. In this ***UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT*** titled "The Need for Strength and Clearness," Wells argues for a more transparent, robust, and rational approach to government and education to navigate an increasingly complex modern world. He concludes, "We want the best men leading us at home quite as much as abroad. At present behind the fighting line we are not being led at all." Faint creases from folding; some toning. Near Fine. (#022544) **SOLD**



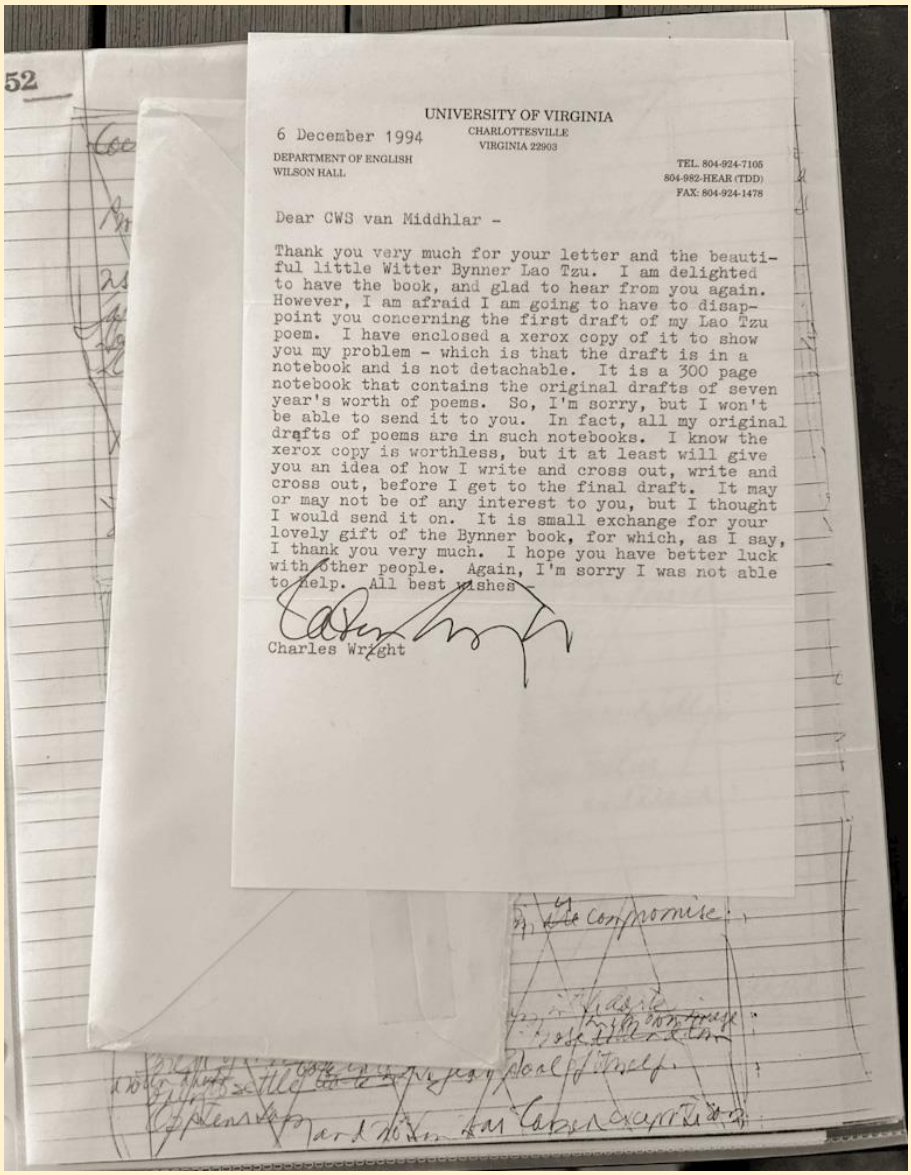
38. **WHITTIER, John Greenleaf.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED*** Oak Knoll, Danvers, MA, 10 August 1881. Fine three-page letter on a 9" x 7" sheet folded into quarters ***SIGNED*** "John G. Whittier" to Marshall Pickney Wilder, President of the Massachusetts Senate and longtime president of the American Pomological Society, addressed as "Dear Friend." Whittier comments on enjoying reading an address by Wilder, "a farmer & a farmer's son. I have always loved agricultural & horticultural pursuits--the sweet air of country living and fruits & flowers." He then quotes two four-line stanzas, "lines written for one of our autumn festivals of my neighborhood," from his poem "A Song of Harvest":

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

Whittier concludes: "I know of no more beautiful and beneficial devotion of the closing years of life than the one thou hast chosen; Thy fruits praise thee; thy flowers spring up and bless thee." Minor creasing from mailing with short, closed tear. Near Fine. (#022454) **$1,000**

39. **WHITTIER, John Greenleaf.** ***AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED Stopping his Newspaper Subscription.*** Danvers, MA, 21 November 1881. A 1-1/4-page letter on two panels of an 8-5/8" x 6-3/4" sheet folded into quarters to the publisher of the *HAVERHILL GAZETTE* asking them to stop his newspaper subscription. "As I shall be away much from this place, (as I have been during this past year) I must ask you to stop my paper. I do this with the [?] that when able to read it, I have found the *GAZETTE* a well-edited and interesting paper." ***SIGNED*** "John G. Whittier." With envelope addressed by Whittier. Minor creasing from mailing; short tear at fold. Near Fine. (#022546) **$250**



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
CHARLOTTESVILLE
VIRGINIA 22903

6 December 1994

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
WILSON HALL

TEL. 804-924-7105
804-982-HEAR (TDD)
FAX: 804-924-1478

Dear CWS van Middhlar -

Thank you very much for your letter and the beautiful little Witter Bynner Lao Tzu. I am delighted to have the book, and glad to hear from you again. However, I am afraid I am going to have to disappoint you concerning the first draft of my Lao Tzu poem. I have enclosed a xerox copy of it to show you my problem - which is that the draft is in a notebook and is not detachable. It is a 300 page notebook that contains the original drafts of seven year's worth of poems. So, I'm sorry, but I won't be able to send it to you. In fact, all my original drafts of poems are in such notebooks. I know the xerox copy is worthless, but it at least will give you an idea of how I write and cross out, write and cross out, before I get to the final draft. It may or may not be of any interest to you, but I thought I would send it on. It is small exchange for your lovely gift of the Bynner book, for which, as I say, I thank you very much. I hope you have better luck with other people. Again, I'm sorry I was not able to help. All best wishes -

Charles Wright

40. **WRIGHT, Charles.** ***TYPED LETTER SIGNED.*** One page on University of Virginia letterhead (5-1/2" x 8-1/2")" thanking the recipient for a book and letting him know he is unable to fulfill his request for a manuscript poem: "…the draft is in a book and is not detachable. It is a 300 page notebook that contains the original drafts of seven year's [sic] worth of poems." With 8 pages of photocopies, 5 of which are crossed out and the typed envelope. Creases from mailing. Fine. (#022562) **$200**

Our next catalog--Stage & Screen--is due in September.